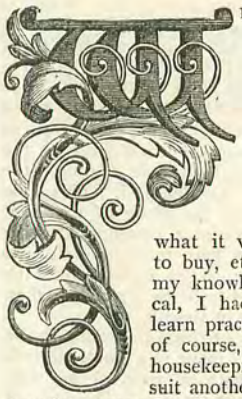
HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.



WHEN I commenced housekeeping it was not with the idea that to be a housekeeper it was only necessary to know something of cooking, and be able to order a dinner. I had definite notions of what it was most profitable to buy, etc., but as much of my knowledge was theoretical, I had a great deal to learn practically, and though, of course, no one person's housekeeping could exactly suit another, I hope that my experience may be of use to those who, like ourselves, have but limited means, but who do not mind taking a little thought and trouble about their arrangements in order to have a really well-regulated house.

I must premise that we are three in family, two ladies and one gentleman, all young, and all water drinkers; we rent a small house (of which the landlord does the repairs) in a suburb of London within four miles of Charing Cross.

Our house contains four bedrooms, two sitting-rooms, kitchen, pantry and scullery, and has a very small garden, just large enough for us to grow a few flowers and ferns, and some parsley, mint, and sweet herbs.

We keep two servants, the elder is twenty, the younger fourteen or fifteen years of age. When I began housekeeping I debated with myself as to whether we should have one or two. One would be more economical, but then we like to dine late, to have our dinners nicely sent up, and to be waited on at table, and we should neither of us cared to have stayed in or answered the door when our domestic went out; so I decided that my economy should be exercised in some other direction, where it would interfere less with our comfort, especially as I calculated that with two servants I could have all the small things and the table napkins, kitchen cloths, etc., washed at home and so reduce the laundress's bill considerably besides saving the linen. How we do the washing I will tell my readers in a future article.

The question of servants decided, I took a pencil and paper to make an estimate of our probable expenditure, doing my best that the items should be commensurate; but there were so many things to put down, that the task was not an easy one, and I am sure that many will be surprised at the number of things that have to be paid for besides food. The following is a copy of my estimate:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent, per annum	40	0	0
Inhabited house duty	1	10	0
Parish rates (rated at £35)	7	10	0
Water rate	1	16	0
Pew rent	3	0	0
Fire insurance on furniture, etc.	0	10	0
Gas	4	0	0
Coals	9	0	0
Wages, cook	14	0	0
Wages, girl	5	0	0
Entertainments	12	0	0
Extra expenses during the summer holiday	12	0	0
Wear and tear on house linen and crockery	3	0	0
Charities and subscriptions	5	0	0
Newspapers, periodicals, stationery, etc.	2	14	0
Chemist	2	0	0
Fifty-two weeks' board and washing at £2 8s. a week	124	16	0
	£247	16	0
Balance for sundries	2	4	0
Total	£250	0	0

It will be seen that clothes have not to come out of the £250, which, however, covers all other expenses. There is nothing put down for medical attendance; all I can say is that should we be unfortunate enough to have illness in the house, we must that year do without entertainments; and, perhaps, it even might happen that we could not all take a summer holiday.

It would appear from my figures that scarcely any margin is left; this is not quite the fact, for there is a sum put down for entertaining, but there is no reduction made for our being out sometimes, so that, in truth, I always have at the end of the year a small balance from the £2 8s. put down for board and laundress.

With regard to the second, third, and fourth items in my list, I often hear ladies say, "Oh, I know nothing about rates and taxes." But why know nothing about them? A housekeeper should know everything connected with her house, and be able to tell whether the charges are right or not; they are, too, like most things, very easy to understand when once explained.

The inland revenue, generally called "Queen's" taxes, are collected once a year. They are:—The income-tax, which is so much (variable from year to year) in the pound on the rent, and has to be paid by the tenant, but the rent being the landlord's income, he is bound to allow the tenant, on the production of the receipt, the amount back out of the following quarter's rent. The inhabited house duty, which is always ninepence in the pound on the rent, is the tenant's tax.

These two are paid by every householder; the others are special, such as a horse, carriage, using armorial bearings, under which head comes crested note-paper, or wearing a ring with a crest on it, licence to keep a dog, etc.

The next are the parish rates. Houses are generally rated somewhat below the rental, except in cases where the rent is below the value of the house; this frequently happens where have been for a long time in a house and the neighbourhood has improved; the house is then assessed at the fair value. The parish rates are collected twice a year, and vary a little; all particulars are given plainly on the papers themselves with the rateable value, and anyone who will read them through will find no difficulty in understanding them.

The rates vary very much in amount in different towns and parishes, being much higher where there are many poor; then, too, some country towns and parishes have special tithes and rates. The water rate is collected twice a year, and is four per cent. on the rateable value, with an extra charge for special services.

Some of the water companies now give particulars on the back of their accounts, from which one may easily calculate what the bill should be.

My readers must now see that they will altogether have five tax or rate papers sent them every year.

I always have young servants. I do not at all mind having to teach them; when I engage a fresh servant for the kitchen I inquire if she likes cooking, which is of far more importance than the little she may chance to know; the same with the younger servant. I would not take one who did not like waiting at table, for I find it is almost impossible to teach them things they do not care for. With young cooks I find it answers best to tell them how to do things, making them repeat to me the instructions, so as to find out if they have really understood me; then in a week or two, when they may be supposed to have mastered some of the rudiments of cooking, I lend them recipes, and I must say that I very rarely have anything spoilt.

As account book I use Letts's "Housekeeper enlarged." This contains a tradesmen's summary, by which I am able to see how much each article of consumption has cost during the year, and to know on what I may spend a little more or must spend a little less the next year. It also contains a register for gas, taxes, etc. I enter my receipts and expenditure daily, and have no sundries; everything is put down separately.

I go down into the larder every morning directly after breakfast and see what is required, but I do not then say what will be for dinner, for I always go to the shops, see the meat and other things weighed, and pay for them. By doing this I am sure that I am better served. I do not say that the butcher actually charges me less, but that he trims the meat better, so I have not so much skin and bone to pay elevenpence a pound for. The reason for not ordering dinner before going out is that prices vary very much from day to day, and though one might like to have chickens or salmon, either would do as well on a day when it was plentiful as when it was scarce, and consequently dear.

I have no bills except the milkman's and the baker's, and these I pay weekly. There is a basket hung by the back door, in which are two books, one for the baker, the other for the milkman. In these they write down daily the bread and milk taken. I look through them every week, and by them check the weekly books. On my return from marketing I go to my store cupboard (in which I always keep a white bib-apron and a pair of gloves) and give out what is needed for the day.

Though I have a store cupboard with a great variety of things in it, so as never to have so send out fer anything, I do not keep large stores. Storerooms sometimes lead to a great deal of extravagance—people are so apt to forget the cost of what is in the house. I know a housekeeper who, to be economical, orders her grocery in large quantities once a quarter from stores. I think she would be astonished if she calculated how much it cost her a week. She is careful in most things, but, having it in the house, she does not think whether it is better to give sago at 2½d. a pound for kitchen puddings, or Rio tapioca that costs 6½d. a pound; and so with many other things.

I am frequently asked what I "allow." I order in certain quantities of things, and I expect them to last; but I do not ever say to a servant that "I allow" so much, and if they asked me for a little more of anything, if they were on the whole careful, I should give it. I neither allow beer nor beer money, but sometimes I have been asked for a little coffee. I give out every Saturday, for the two servants, two pounds of moist sugar and half a pound of tea; out of this they often bring us up two cups in the afternoon. They have a pound of butter a week, as much treacle as they like, and usually we all eat from the same cheese; soap, soda, matches,

wood, &c., are also given out each week. We use about a third of a pound of yellow soap (exclusive of washing) a week, and a bundle of wood has to light two fires.

I neither allow meat breakfasts nor suppers in the kitchen, excepting Sunday, when they have eggs for breakfast, or at any time that I want something finished. They frequently have soup or such vegetables as marrow or haricot beans for supper. I find they like it, and it costs no more than cheese. Baked potatoes and stewed onions also make good suppers for them.

The following list of our meals for a week will give an idea of how we live. There is no gentleman at home to lunch; we are not great meat eaters, and often prefer soup or pudding to meat in the middle of the day. It is the rule that whatever soup or pudding is made for the kitchen dinner comes upstairs first, whether we want it or not. This is done to insure its being made, and being properly made, for sometimes cooks are negligent over kitchen cooking, and badly made things are probably wasted.

On Sundays we always have a joint and dine early. The servants dine after us.

SUNDAYS. — Breakfast: Fried cod and boiled eggs. Dinner: White onion soup, roast leg of mutton, cabbage and potatoes, baked apple dumpling, small water melon. Supper: Sardines, stewed spinach, and home-made tartlet.

MONDAY.—Breakfast: Sardines and curried eggs. Midday dinner: Cold mutton, potatoes, treacle pudding. Late Dinner: Whiting, pudding, some slices of underdone mutton fried in paste and breadcrumbs and served with tomato sauce and mashed potatoes, boiled lemon pudding.

TUESDAY.—Breakfast: Fried bacon and remainder of sardines served on toast. Midday Dinner: Pea soup, cold mutton and potatoes. Late Dinner: Haricot beans stewed in gravy, roast fowl, boiled bacon (piece of flank) and cabbage, ground rice soufflé.

WEDNESDAY. — Breakfast: cold bacon. Midday Dinner: Baked haddocks and potato pie made with the remains of the cold mutton. Late Dinner: Palestine soup, chicken croquettes (made of the pickings off the fowl bones), beef olives, potatoes rubbed through a sieve, macaroni cheese.

THURSDAY.—Breakfast: Cold bacon and remainder of croquettes or beef olives made hot. Midday Dinner: Pudding made of neck of beef, ox kidney, and Jerusalem artichokes. Late Dinner: Soles au gratin (with mushrooms), roast ribs of beef, stewed carrots and potatoes, fried jam puffs.

FRIDAY.—Breakfast: Stewed eels. Midday Dinner: Potato soup, cold beef, and baked potatoes. Late Dinner: Boiled haddock and egg sauce, cold beef, salad, and potato balls, baked currant pudding.

SATURDAY.—Breakfast: Fishcakes (made of the remains of the haddock and egg sauce), and eggs au plat. Midday Dinner: Remains of the beef stewed with carrots, potatoes, and onions, bread pudding with plums in it. Late Dinner: Macaroni soup (made from the beef bone, etc.), scrag of mutton, haricot, pancakes.

I must append the result at the end of the week. I regret that space does not allow me to give the copies of my bills in detail, so I must give the totals.

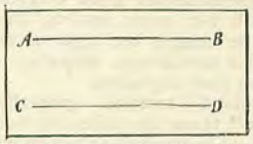
	s.	d.
Butcher (and fowl)	17	6
Fishmonger	4	2
Eggs	1	6
¾ lb. fresh butter	1	1½
¼ lb. cooking do.	0	7
1 lb. kitchen do.	1	2
½ lb. kitchen tea	0	9
2 lbs. kitchen sugar	0	5
½ lb. tea	1	0
¾ lb. coffee, 9d.; 2 oz. chicory, 1d. ..	0	10
Milk bill	2	3
Bread	3	6
Flour	0	7
Bacon and cheese	3	0
Greengrocer	3	6
Used from stores, grocery, &c. ..	2	8
Total	£2	4 6½

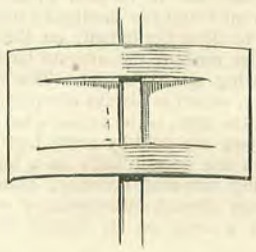
Add to this three shillings to be paid the laundress for things sent out, and the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will perceive that at the end of my first week I had 5½d. in hand out of the £2 8s. allowed for housekeeping.

HOW TO MAKE A METRONOME.

MY metronome is a very cheap, yet a very efficient and useful little instrument. You will allow it is cheap when I tell you that the materials cost me nothing, and are such as can be found in any house. It is quite simple in construction, and is such as any handy boy or girl could easily make in an hour. It can be set agoing with a single touch, and continues moving for several minutes. It indicates any rate of movement with perfect accuracy, and it cannot go out of repair.

I shall now describe how I made it. I first got a piece of lead to form the bob of the pendulum; I cut and hammered it to the





size and shape of half a crown, only very much thicker, for it weighs three ounces. I then bored a hole through it from edge to edge; this hole was made about large enough to admit a pocket-book pencil. The next thing was to procure a small piece of hard wood—oak was what I used, but the kind is immaterial. This piece of wood was 13¾ inches long and rather less than ⅜ of an inch thick each way. I then pared the greater part of it quite thin, leaving only two inches untouched at one end. The little rod was now, for all but these two inches, rather less that ⅛ of an inch in thickness, the breadth remaining as before, rather less than ⅜ of an inch.

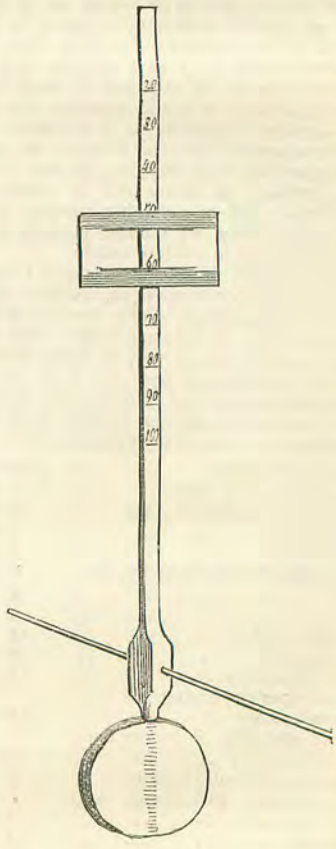
The next proceeding was to pare 1¼ inches of the thick end so as to fit in tightly into the hole in the leaden bob. This was then fitted and fastened in, the flat sides of the rod being parallel with the flat sides of the bob. The arrangement by this time looked very much like a common pendulum. I next measured exactly 1⅝ inches from the lower edge of the bob, and bored a small hole through the square part of the wooden rod. This hole was at right angles to the plane of the bob. I next drove a piece of a common knitting wire about 6 inches long into the hole and through until it projected equally on each side. This wire had to be rather larger than the hole in order to fit tightly.

The next thing was to form the counterpoise or regulator. This I made of a small piece of tinplate clipped with a pair of ordinary scissors from an empty tin can. The size of the piece was 2¾ inches by 1¼ inch.

I then cut with a chisel two slits, A B C D, and bent the part between slightly backwards and the parts above and below slightly forwards, so as to admit of the regulator being slid on to the thin wooden rod.

To make the regulator more readily visible in all lights, it is well to paint the upper and lower part red or blue, and leave the middle part bright.

Having slid on the regulator, trial may now be made to see how the pendulum acts. Place the metronome on the top of a large tumbler or jam pot, or bowl, or tin, so that the knitting wire shall rest on the two edges. A very slight touch will now set the pendulum agoing. If the regulator is placed near the top, the pendulum will swing very slowly, if near the bottom, very quickly. It will be found, if rightly made, to continue its motion



"She set out from Riobamba on Oct. 1 1769, and (traversing the Andes without misadventure) arrived at the village of Canélos, where they were to embark on the little river Bobonaza, which falls into the Pastassa, and subsequently into the Amazons. Her father, who had preceded her about a month, had found the village inhabited, and had continued onwards to arrange for her reception, knowing that she was to be accompanied by her brothers, by a doctor, the negro, and three servants. But in this interval small-pox had broken out amongst the Indians, who, seeing that those died who were first attacked, fled from the village, and took refuge in the forests. My wife had started with thirty-one Indians, to carry her and her baggage, for you know that the track is impracticable even for mules. Her Indians, who, according to the bad custom of the country had been paid in advance, had scarcely arrived at Canélos before they turned tail and deserted her. You know how often they did the same with us, without the least cause, when we were carrying on our work in the Andes.

"The party, however, attempted to proceed. There were only two Indians in the village who had escaped the small-pox, and they had no canoe; but they promised to make one, and to convey her to the Mission of Andoas, about twelve days lower down the Bobonaza, perhaps 140 to 150 leagues distance. They, too, were paid in advance*, and when the canoe was finished all started from Canélos, and rowed downwards for two days, coming ashore at night. On awaking the next morning it was found that the two Indians had vanished, and the travellers continued onwards without a guide, the third day passing without any accident. On the morrow they came across a convalescent Indian, who agreed to go with them to steer their boat, but shortly afterwards, whilst endeavouring to recover a hat which had fallen in the water, he tumbled overboard, and, being weak, was drowned. The unsteered canoe, full of people who did not know how to manage it, soon became swamped, and they were compelled to come to land, at a distance of about four or five days from Andoas. The French doctor offered to go there, and left in the canoe with another Frenchman and the faithful negro, who went to assist them. 'I blamed my wife,' said M. Godin, 'for not also sending one of her brothers to get assistance at Andoas, but she said that neither of them would venture in the canoe after the accident which had happened.' The doctor promised, at leaving, that within fifteen days a canoe and Indians should come back to them.

"Instead of fifteen days they waited twenty-five, and having lost all hope of succour, made a raft and embarked upon it with some provisions and baggage; but it was badly managed, and soon struck upon a submerged tree and tumbled the whole of its occupants and their belongings into the river. No one was drowned, and Madame Godin was saved by her brothers after she had sunk twice. Finding themselves even worse off than before, they determined to follow the banks of the river on foot, and before doing so returned to their last encampment to get the provisions which they had left behind. It was evident that the windings of the river much increased the length of their journey, and to avoid them they struck into the forest and shortly afterwards lost themselves.† Torn by briars and spines, and dying of hunger, they were compelled to subsist on seeds and wild fruits, and at length fell to the ground exhausted, unable to rise again. In three or four days all, except Madame Godin, died one after the other. This unfortunate party of seven persons perished some time between December 25 to 30, 1769."

Our heroine, it is said, remained two days by the side of the corpses, bewildered and stunned, worn out, yet tormented by horrible thirst; shoeless and half-naked, barely covered by two shawls and a bramble-torn chemise. She cut the shoes off her brother's feet and tied them on her own, and essayed to travel alone. From well-ascertained subsequent dates, and from her own account, it appears that nine days elapsed since she witnessed her brothers and her servants draw their last breath before she again reached the banks of the River Bobonaza. Madame Godin declares that she was alone in the forest during *ten* days—two in lying by the side of her dead brothers, expecting that every moment would be her last, and the other eight in dragging herself here and there. On the second day of her solitary journey she found some water, and on the following days some wild fruits and green eggs that she did not recognise, which seemed to have belonged to a species of partridge, but she was so feeble that she could hardly avail herself of them.

"If you were to read in a novel," said M. Godin, "that a delicate woman, accustomed to all the luxuries of life, was precipitated into a river and extricated half-drowned, became buried in a pathless forest, and wandered there, lost, for several weeks, suffering hunger, thirst, and fatigue to the point of exhaustion; saw two brothers far stronger than herself expire under their privations, as well as a nephew, a valet, and three young female servants; that she alone survived, remained two days with the corpses, in a place infested by jaguars and dangerous snakes, yet without seeing a single one; and then wandered in rags through the recesses of the forest for eight days until she again arrived on the banks, you would accuse the author of gross exaggeration; yet it is the simple truth, which is attested by various letters from the missionaries."

On the eighth or ninth day, according to the reckoning of Madame Godin, she found herself again on the banks of the river, and at daybreak heard a noise a short distance away. Her first feeling was to hide herself, but a moment's reflection told her that she could not be worse off, and consequently had nothing to fear. She saw two Indians about to push a canoe into the water. When they came towards her she entreated them to convey her to Andoas, and they proved to be two of the natives who had fled from Canélos on account of the small-pox, and were themselves about to descend the river. They lavished the greatest care upon her and conducted her to the village, where she would have stopped several days for the repose of which she had so much need but for the missionary to whose tender mercies she found herself handed over—indeed, she would not have stopped a night there if she could have avoided it. Denuded of almost everything, and not knowing how otherwise to reward them, Madame Godin took two gold chains which were still around her neck, weighing about two ounces a-piece, and gave one to each of the Indians who had saved her life; but the priest seized them, even in her presence, and gave the Indians in exchange only three or four ells of common cotton cloth. She was so angry at this injustice that she made immediate arrangements for departure, and set out the next morning for Laguna.*

While Madame Godin was wandering in the forest, her faithful negro reascended the river with some Indians from Andoas. The French doctor did little to hasten the despatch of succour to his benefactors, and had scarcely arrived at Andoas before he set out again with his comrade and his baggage, and went on to Omaguas, much lower down the Amazons than Laguna. When the negro arrived at the place where he had left his mistress and her brothers, he followed their track into the forest, and discovered the bodies. But they were already unrecognisable, and believing that all had perished, he returned, gathered up their property, and returned to Andoas before his mistress arrived there, and went on to Omaguas, to hand everything over to the doctor, who took possession of the effects, and sent the negro back to Quito.

During this time Madame Godin, with the canoe and Indians from Andoas, arrived at Laguna, a place which is not situated on the Amazon, but some miles up the Guallaga, one of its affluents; and the negro Joachim, not being aware that she was there, passed upwards and missed his mistress again. At this place madame remained six weeks, receiving every attention from the authorities, who despatched an express down the river to advise her father of her safety. The French doctor then thought it advisable to pay her a visit, and brought a portion of her property, remarking that all the rest had rotted; but madame indignantly reminded him that golden bracelets, emerald earrings, and objects of that nature do not rot, and ordered him to take himself off, as it was not possible to forget that he was the cause of her misfortunes and losses; and with almost equal warmth she repelled the suggestion made by the authorities at Laguna that she should return to Riobamba, who warned her that, although she had accomplished a long journey, she had a far greater voyage before her, which might be full of risks. She declared that to do so would be flying in the face of the Providence which had watched over and preserved her, and that the one motive which had prompted her to start, and the sole wish she had, was to rejoin her husband.

It is needless to say more than that she did so a few months later. After travelling several hundred miles farther by canoe, she met the captain of the Portuguese ship, and sailed down the entire length of the Amazons to Para. News reached her husband at Oyapok that she was coming; and, said he, "At this intelligence I went out in a galliot which belonged to me, and cruised up and down to meet the ship which I expected. On the fourth day it came, and, after a separation of twenty years, I rejoined a dear wife, whom I scarcely expected to see again."

The name of Madame Godin is no more heard of in history. It is said that her hair turned white on this journey, and it is to be hoped that she enjoyed in later years such an amount of connubial happiness as rewarded her for her extraordinary devotion and wonderful courage.

*It is still universally the custom in this region to pay Indians in advance who are to come as porters, or to perform services. They will not come except they are paid in advance, and frequently upon the least pretext (and sometimes without any whatever) they desert the traveller, leaving him to shift for himself as he can.

† As they might very easily, if unprovided with a compass, of which there is no mention in the narrative.

* Andoas is about half-way between Canélos and Laguna.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

II.—Our Christmas Week.

Early in November I commence my preparations for Christmas. To begin with, I have a good deal of needlework to do for the poor, for as we only calculate to spend a small sum of money out of our income in charity, we have to give much time, as we like by the end of the year to make our gifts equal to a tithe, or tenth part of our income.

As a matter of fact, we always manage to do this, but it compels me to work for a couple

of months before our drawing-room bazaar in September, about which I intend to tell the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; and again for six weeks before Christmas, besides what I do at different times during the year. For this Christmas I knitted little shawls, comforters, and cuffs. We made some good, warm petticoats out of strong, grey woollen stuff, to which we put grey cotton bands, and on each a large flat pocket of grey cotton, as they were intended for old women. We also made a lot of double (back and front) chest-preservers out of pieces of flannel, silk, or cotton, which we joined together, putting cotton wool between, and then quilted with the sewing machine. Then I was able to beg from friends some woollen dresses that were too shabby for them to wear. Of these we unpicked the skirts and draperies, and washed them in warm bran water; then had them mangled. We made the pieces up into suits for quite little boys, and into frocks and jackets for little girls. These garments would, I knew, wear very much longer than if they had been made out of new cheap materials, and gave great satisfaction to those who received them, for they looked quite new and fresh, and were adapted to those who had them, which is rarely the case when one gives an old dress away.

In September I plant my hyacinths; for then, if I am tolerably fortunate, I have some pots in bloom by Christmas. Last year I sent two or three pots to poor invalids, but for this purpose I chose those not quite in bloom, to give them the pleasure of watching them. I finished my work a week before Christmas. The next thing that claimed my attention was the mincemeat. This and the plum-pudding I invariably make myself. The former should be made at least a week before it is required. The quantity I make lasts us six weeks or two months; the following is the recipe I use:—

Mincemeat.—Wash, pick, and dry thoroughly in a cloth before the fire 1½ lbs. of currants, stone and chop 1 lb. of Valencia raisins, blanch and cut into pieces ½ lb. of Valencia almonds, cut up ¾ lb. of candied mixed peel, chop very fine 1 lb. of beef suet, add ½ lb. of brown sugar, 1 lb. of chopped apples (weighed after they are peeled and cored) half a nutmeg grated, the grated rind of two lemons, and the juice of four lemons. Mix all together, and chop in a bowl or on a board; only chop it for a few minutes, then put it in a stone jar, and press down as hard as you can; tie over, and put aside in a dry place that is not warm. Always stir mincemeat well before using it, as there will be most moisture at the bottom.

It must be remembered that mincemeat that has no wine or spirit in it is difficult to keep; therefore, it is necessary to see that the currants are perfectly dry before they are used. To ensure the jar not being damp, it should be stood on the stove until it is quite hot, then allowed to get cold before the mincemeat is put in it. This quantity of mincemeat costs 3s. 6d.

Some days before Christmas I make some inexpensive soda cakes. These cakes are always better for being kept in a tin three or four days before they are eaten. The following recipe is for one cake:—

Soda Cake.—1 lb. flour, ½ lb. brown sugar, ½ lb. clarified dripping or lard, ½ lb. currants, a good half-pint of milk, a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Rub the dripping well into the flour, add the sugar and currants, and, if you have any lemon peel, you can grate it or chop it very fine and put it in; make the milk warm (not hot), mix the soda with it, then mix all together quickly and put in a warm tin that has been buttered; put into a quick oven immediately. When the cakes have been in the oven a short time, pull the damper out for a minute or two to let the steam out, but do not open the oven door until they have been in forty minutes. They will take from an hour and a half to two hours to bake. Cost of cake, not counting the value of the dripping, sevenpence halfpenny.

My plum pudding I made thus:—¾ lb. of currants, ½lb. of Valencia raisins, ½ lb. of sultanas, ½ lb. of mixed candied peel, 2 oz. of Valencia almonds, ½ lb. of good raw sugar, ¼ lb. of flour, ¼ lb. of bread crumbs, ½ lb. of beef suet, and the grated rind of one lemon. Prepare the fruit as for mincemeat, mix these ingredients well, then add six eggs (yolks and whites) well beaten. Next stir in the strained juice of two lemons; stir all well for fifteen minutes. With the raw sugar and juice of two lemons no wine or spirit is required. Well butter a tin pudding-mould, fill it, and cover with a buttered paper, put the lid on (if there is one), and tie up in a cloth that has been dipped in water and floured.

This pudding, sufficient for a large party, must be boiled seven hours. A kettle of water should be kept boiling all the time, so that the pudding saucepan may be filled up from time to time, as the water in it evaporates.

I always have a large ox-cheek at Christmas time; they are better then than at any other season. I ask the butcher to break the bones before he sends it.

I use it thus:—Lay the cheek for an hour in strong salt and water, then clean it thoroughly, using two or three waters, and put it to drain. Put in a stock-pot a piece of butter the size of a walnut, any bacon rinds or bones you may have, three good sized carrots cut lengthways, a head of celery, or some celery tops, three blades of mace, four lumps of sugar, a bunch of sweet-herbs, some parsley, a little basil, two bay leaves, a good teaspoonful of whole black pepper, the same of salt, two thick slices of bread that have been toasted slowly until they are dark brown, not black, an onion with four cloves in it, and an onion that has been baked a nice colour, and two pieces of lemon, out of which the juice has been taken for the pudding (see that there are no pips in the lemon, as they would spoil the soup). Add the ox-cheek, put the lid on the stock-pot, and set the whole over the fire for a quarter of an hour, then add five quarts of cold water; when it gets to a boil take off the scum, keep the lid well down, and simmer the whole for four hours, or longer if the head is not quite tender. When quite tender take it out, remove the bones, and cut the meat in small square pieces, put half aside to be served in the soup; for the other half, mix together chopped parsley, sweet-herbs, chopped lemon-peel, black pepper, salt, and, if liked, a very little shalot; sprinkle this mixture over the pieces of head to taste, then place in a round cake tin; when full pour over one tablespoonful of the stock, and put a little pressure on the top. When cold turn out of the tin, and put a frill round. This is a very good dish, and is our standing breakfast dish for Christmas week.

The soup is strained through a sieve, and may be served clear with the pieces of head in it, or may be thickened with a little flour that has been well dried in the oven. Small force-meat balls can be served with the meat in the soup if they are liked. If the directions have been properly followed the soup will be a nice colour, and a good flavour, and require nothing added to it.

Christmas Eve was a very busy day for us all: we arranged to make our dinners in the middle of the day off some cold meat. After the shopping was done, we had the rooms to decorate; holly was dear and red berries were scarce; but that did not much matter to us, as in the autumn we had had the opportunity of collecting a number of ash and other berries. These had kept very tolerably, hung on strings in my store-cupboard, and we now mixed them with box and other evergreens.

We had sent word to those of our poor friends for whom we had presents that we should be glad to see them if they would come in any time between four and six on Christmas Eve; so directly dinner was over we commenced arranging our presents on the dining-table. There was our work—a few toys, a plant or two, destined to be sent to invalids, and also a little tea and sugar for the same purpose. To each gift we attached a pretty card, with a motto or text on it for the coming year. These texts had been some trouble to select, as our endeavour was in each case to choose a motto that would be useful to the recipient of the gift. On the sideboard I had a large urn of hot coffee with milk, and some of my soda cakes, and each person was given a cup of coffee and a slice of cake—standing, of course—for we have not room to give a regular tea; a servant was in the room, and washed the cups as they were used. The little refreshment was a surprise, and gave pleasure, I think. Christmas morning the ground was so covered with snow that I wished we had some children in the house to follow the pretty custom they have in Norway of sticking up ears of corn on that day, to give the birds a breakfast.

I always give the servants their choice of having their Christmas dinner on the 25th of December or of having it on New Year's Day, when each, if she likes, may invite a relation; this year, as usual, they chose to put it off until New Year's Day. We were to dine at four o'clock, as out of the party of eight three would be children. Our dinner was quite simple:—Ox-cheek soup, roast turkey, Bath chap, stewed celery, spinach, brown potatoes, mince pies, plum-pudding, and, instead of sauce, boiled custards, and dessert after. Some neighbours had promised to come in in the evening. There being some children in our party we had some quiet games, such as, "What is my thought like?" "Proverbs," and the "Traveller." As I do not think this game is as well known as the others, I will describe it.

The Traveller.—One of the party personates the traveller, and asks for a night's lodging. His request is granted, and he is asked in payment to give some account of his travels. He complies, and names in order the cities, rivers, and mountains he professes to have seen, giving some account of the productions of countries through which he has passed, with the habits of the people he has seen. If he is detected in any mistake he is at once turned out of the lodging, and a forfeit is demanded of him; but should anyone accuse him wrongly of error he demands a forfeit from the accuser. The player who detects a mistake takes the traveller's place.

This was followed by one or two pencil games, such as drawing a pig or an elephant with one's eyes shut, or drawing comical portraits. These last are done by each player having a piece of paper, on the top of which he writes the name of another player or of a public character, folds the name back out of sight, and passes the paper to his neighbour, who, without looking at the name, must draw a head and throat, fold the paper again, leaving only the throat visible, and pass it to the next person to draw a body. The papers are then folded and put in a basket; they are drawn in turn, and each player when he opens the paper must say why the portrait is like the person whose name it bears. Much merriment was caused by the opening of the papers. One player had drawn a hat in place of a head, so a gentleman appeared with his hat down to his shoulders; while a lady was apparently ready to race in a sack; and on a third paper a bald head and whiskers showed

above the edge of a cask. After the games we had a little music. Gounod's "Nazareth" and his "Bethlehem" were sung, also the Christmas and several other hymns.

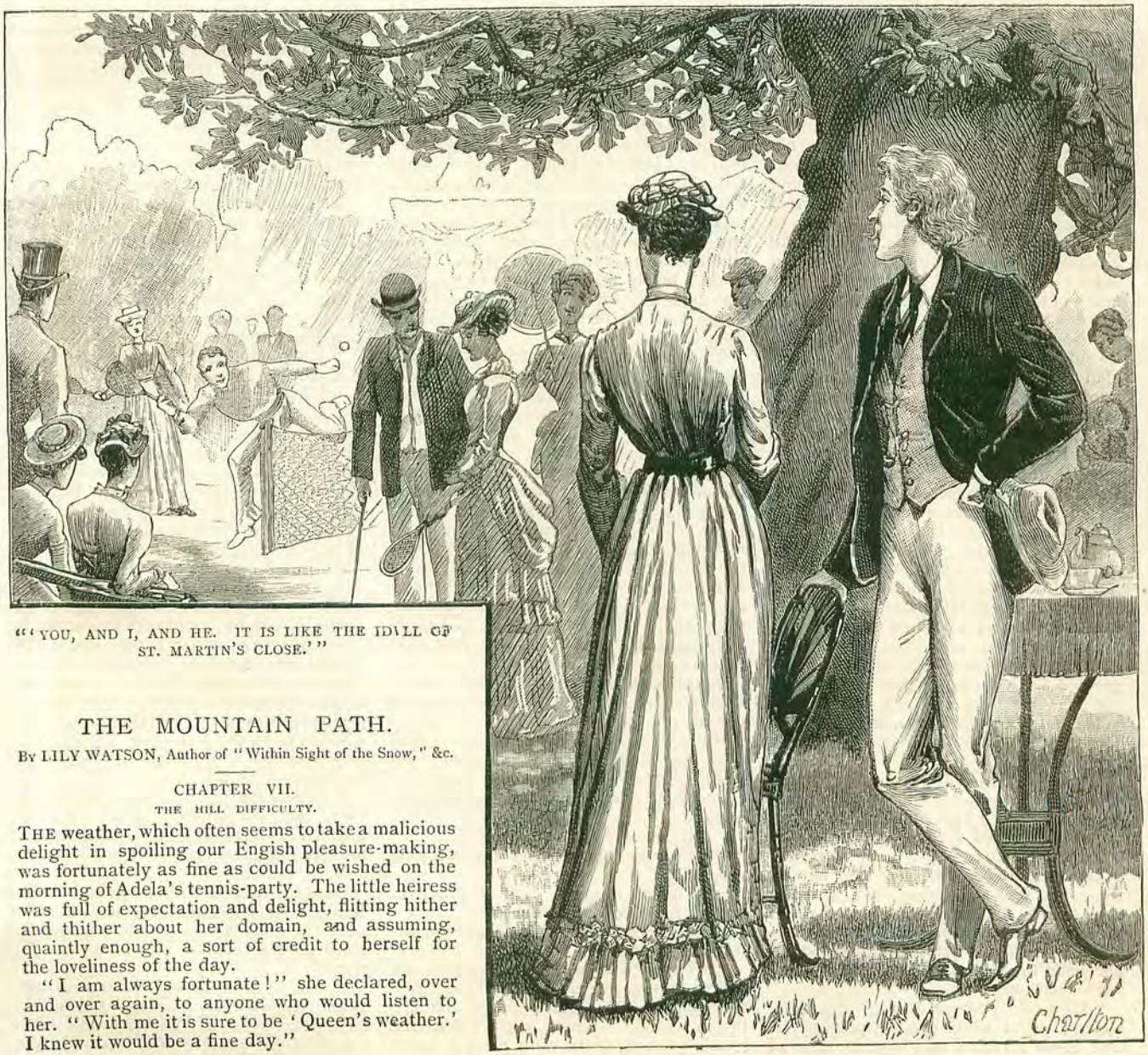
The day after Christmas Day I had arranged to have a large juvenile tea-party, but when I invited the children I told them that they would each be expected before the romps commenced to do something toward the general amusement. My young guests arrived about three; we had one or two games to make them feel at home together, then each either recited, told a story, or played on the piano. I had brought down before they came a number of things that they like for dressing up in, so some gave their recitations in character. They next acted two charades; the words chosen were "hornpipe" and "corkscrew."

We had tea at half-past five, after which the table was pushed on one side, and romps and noisy games were declared for.

We began with blind man's buff, then, while some rested, we let the boys work off a little of their energy in a fettered fight, after which we played at the Zoological Gardens. This game is played like family coach, but instead of choosing a town, each player says what animal he will represent; and when the keeper of the garden says, for instance, that the lion and dog will change cages, those animals must as soon as they gain the opposite chairs make their usual noise instead of saying "done!" or they are to be considered as caught. When feeding-time is called all change places, and each animal make his habitual noise. This noisy game was followed by a cat's concert; for this each player chooses his own imaginary instrument, and plays on it his favourite tune; no two players must choose the same tune. Any player detected playing his neighbour's tune or instrument must pay a forfeit.

After this we cried the forfeits. Cups of chocolate and glasses of lemonade, with cakes and biscuits, were handed round, and my young guests went home, having apparently much enjoyed themselves. The next evening we finished our Christmas festivities by asking a few friends to come in in the evening, without ceremony, and have a little music and a dance. The evening went off very well; our friends took coffee when they came, and sandwiches, cakes, grapes, prepared oranges, and lemonade were on the table in the dining-room all the evening for anyone who liked to help themselves.

New Year's Eve I gave the servants ½ lb. of Valencia raisins, 1 lb. of currants, ½ lb. of suet, ½ lb. of sugar, a lemon, and two pieces of candied peel, telling them they could use two eggs, and make their pudding to their own liking as regarded milk, bread, and flour. I ordered roast pork, apple sauce, and vegetables for their dinners, and gave them dessert. They had—one her mother, the other her sister, coming to spend the day with them. We always dine out on the 1st of January, so they had only themselves to wait on. On Christmas Day I always send down a slice of my pudding and a mince-pie for each of the servants, but I generally reserve my little Christmas gifts to them for the New Year.



"'YOU, AND I, AND HE. IT IS LIKE THE IDYLL OF ST. MARTIN'S CLOSE.'"

THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HILL DIFFICULTY.

THE weather, which often seems to take a malicious delight in spoiling our English pleasure-making, was fortunately as fine as could be wished on the morning of Adela's tennis-party. The little heiress was full of expectation and delight, flitting hither and thither about her domain, and assuming, quaintly enough, a sort of credit to herself for the loveliness of the day.

"I am always fortunate!" she declared, over and over again, to anyone who would listen to her. "With me it is sure to be 'Queen's weather.' I knew it would be a fine day."

the last Report will describe better than we can the guests at the teas.

"Other 'stars' were there that afternoon. 'The Bijou Transformation Dancer,' to whom we had written from time to time; Sybil, the 'Infant Serio-comic Vocalist,' barely six years old, who once interrupted a Bible-class to sing the hymn solo, 'Jesus loves me, that I know,' adding 'That's my favourite, because it's true;' the 'Champion Zither Queen,' barely nine, yet accustomed to sing, play, and dance for twenty minutes in from three to five halls nightly; the 'Two Flirts,' known to us for years, and now 'come out' and talking of their 'agents' as if they were 'old stagers.' At a table by themselves were very small children, ranging from three to seven years old, 'members of the Ladybird ballet troupe,' and many others representing the *bonâ fide* theatrical-class, reached by our constant efforts from time to time."

This extract takes us to the dining room, whither our forty, not "thieves," but actresses, gladly repair for tea, cake, and bread-and-jam. The friends would have done good work had they merely taught the children to sing their grace so reverently, but they have also taught them how to behave themselves.

"You haven't put no sugar, please," says a tiny mite, reproachfully, as we pass down the steaming cups. We remark that the "text girl" takes especial care of her wee sister, and, indeed, family love is not extinct in this assembly, most of the members of which talk of, and labour for, fathers out of work, or sick mothers, or endless brothers and sisters. As usual, thanks to the Religious Tract Society, we are enabled to distribute picture cards, which are received with great delight.

It is now that the religious influence is brought to bear on the children as it was on their elders. They form a small congregation, and, with well-worn hymn-books in hand, raise their youthful voices in praise to Almighty God for His mercies. Mrs. Todd leads them, and so earnestly vigorous are they that she is obliged to say, "Sing softly." Then their kind friend and director addresses them, and calls for texts on various subjects, which are answered simultaneously by all who remember them. The new text for the evening is, "Be sure your sins will find you out," and it would be impossible for the dullest to forget it, after the reiteration of it, word by word, by each individual present. The stern fact and moral are engraven on the minds of the impressionable youngsters by anecdotes and stories, which they would also find it difficult to forget.

"This is, perhaps, the only religious instruction many of them will ever receive," whispers a friend at our side, who founded, some fourteen years ago, the theatrical teas at the Crystal Palace for the juvenile pantomimists, described in a book called "Pantomime Waifs."

But the seed is sown, and already bears fruit a hundredfold. Mr. Todd tells his juvenile congregation that his family is now so large that it is difficult to keep his children under his eyes, but we know that they carry with them to their theatres, north, south, east, and west, the thistledown that contains the seed, in the shape of Bibles, texts, and religious instruction. From the grains dropped at the Crystal Palace, trees have sprung which bid fair to overshadow with cooling and healing influence the theatrical world, and each child before us may, with God's grace, "help to raise the tone," as the phrase goes, of a profession beset with no ordinary dangers, yet capable of extraordinary influence for good or evil.

Their faces are earnest, their manner reverent, and the instruction they receive seems, at least, to penetrate to their heart. It is very touching to hear them sing harmoniously "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and to feel that those tender arms can enfold them all, and lead them to fountains of living waters. Very pathetic, too, is it to watch them shield their eyes with their hands when they are dismissed with a final prayer, and to reflect that they are about to quit the shelter of their own "parlour," for that strange world called "The Stage."

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

HOW I ARRANGE THE DAILY ROUTINE WORK.

N this paper I purpose going through the house work day by day, but before doing so I will take the work that has to be done every day. It is hardly possible that this should be the same in any two houses, yet I am sure that many young housekeepers will find it an assistance to see on paper the ordinary work to be done in a house. One is so apt to say, "Oh, the servants have only so-and-so to do," forgetting the numerous small things that take time. The result is, we often expect too much, then complain of work being negligently done.

Our servants are down by half-past six. As I object to disturbing the rest of the household by ringing for the servants, I never call them; if they say they cannot get up without, I tell them they must wake or go. The result is that they do wake. Perhaps being an early riser myself keeps them to it. I always come down at ten minutes to eight, and certainly should not be pleased if everything were not in order and prepared for me. At the same time, I make a point of not appearing before my usual hour. Every day before breakfast the cook lights the kitchen fire and cleans the hearth, cleans the boots, does the dining-room, and prepares the breakfast; the housemaid does the drawing-room, or sweeps the stairs, takes the hot water to the bedrooms at seven o'clock, lays the breakfasts in the dining-room and in the kitchen, and after prayers, puts our breakfast on table at exactly eight o'clock, and goes down to her own.

They finish breakfast in the kitchen before we do in the dining-room. Cook then does the door and steps, and the housemaid goes up to strip the beds and open the windows. In each room the bed clothes are stripped right off the bed and placed on two chairs, and the mattress is turned over the foot of the bedstead; every bed has to remain open an hour to get thoroughly aired and cool, except on Sunday mornings, when they are made as soon as the washstands are done, to enable the housemaid to get to church in good time. When the beds are stripped the housemaid attends to the baths and washstands. As soon as she has done them and filled the jugs and cans and put filtered water in the water bottles, she goes downstairs, washes out her basin cloths, hangs them up to dry, and fills up the filter. Meanwhile, the cook has washed up the breakfast things, tidied the kitchen, and been out to the larder with me, and is ready to go up with the housemaid to make the beds. The housemaid carries up with her whatever she will need in the way of brooms, dust pans, cover sheets, etc., for any room she is going to clean. The cook answers all bells during the morning, and lays the luncheon and the kitchen dinner; the housemaid brings up lunch, we wait on ourselves, and she goes down to her dinner. If we are to partake of any dish that is intended for the kitchen, we take at once what we wish, and the dish goes down again immediately. The cook washes all up after lunch, except the silver and glass from the dining-room, which the housemaid does; afterwards she washes out her teacloth and puts it to dry, so as to have it nice for the dinner glasses. She always has two teacloths in use, and washes one out every day. In the afternoon, any dusting that there has not been time for in the morning has to be done by the housemaid, who then gets the kitchen tea. After tea a little needlework is done, either for me or for herself, until it is time to lay the cloth for dinner. A clean washleather is kept in the sideboard drawer, and I always expect each spoon and fork to have a rub with it before being placed on the table; if this is done regularly, silver wants very little cleaning, and always looks nice. The table has to be ready a quarter of an hour before dinner-time, and everything (such as cold sweets or cheese) that can be brought into the room before dinner is placed on the sideboard ready. By adopting this plan of having the table ready a little before time, I find my little maids rarely forget anything, and soon become quite good waitresses; it gives them confidence to know all is ready, whereas if they lay the table in a hurry they are flurried and nervous all dinner-time.

There is in each bedroom a second jug or small can. Half an hour before dinner, and again when she goes to bed, the housemaid takes up a large can of hot water, and from it pours some water into each of the jugs provided for the purpose. The cook washes up the dinner things after dinner, and the housemaid her glass and silver, takes the latter upstairs, and prepares her bedrooms for the night. They have supper in the kitchen at nine, and go to bed at ten.

If hot-water bottles are required, the servants take them up with them when they go to bed. To prevent the bottles singing, and the water oozing out, they should be screwed down as soon as filled, then after they are taken upstairs unscrewed again to let the steam escape, and screwed up again as tightly as possible.

In the afternoon, while she is cooking the dinner, the cook stews down any bones she may have, or makes soup for the next day, or if there is a cake or pastry to bake it is done while the late dinner is being cooked, as doing so saves the expense of much fire being kept up during the morning.

If there is suet in the house, that is chopped in the afternoon so as to be ready for use, and it keeps better when the veins are taken out and it is chopped and covered with a little flour. Any pieces of bread should, at the same time, be carefully dried white (not brown), pounded in a pestle and mortar, and put in a tin ready for frying fish or other things. The housemaid (as we call her) being really a very young girl, the other servant has to help upstairs some mornings in the week, so that anything that can be is arranged the afternoon before for the midday meal.

Having gone through the general work, I will now take the special work of each day:—

Monday morning. — Housemaid sweeps stairs before breakfast. Immediately after, the beds are made, the clothes are looked out for the wash, I sort out and write down the things that are to go to the laundress, and put aside those that are to be washed at home, and also see what wants mending, for table-linen, sheets, etc., should always be repaired before being washed; shirts and starched things should be rough dried before they are mended. The mending done, I go down to the kitchen and give my orders and take a look round; occasionally the inside of the dust-bin

and the coal cellar are examined, the former to see that there is no waste of cinders, coals, or other things, the latter to notice whether the dust and small coal are being burnt fairly with the lumps of coal.

I always arrange on Saturdays that there shall be enough in the house for Monday's meals without my going out, so I have a clear morning to look after things in general, see to my cupboards, and give out soap and starch for the washing. I have so often lived in places where all the washing for the household is done in cold water at the edge of a lake or stream, or in a sort of stone trough, through which water is always running—done, too, with most satisfactory results as to colour and cleanliness—that I have long abandoned the idea that it is necessary to boil clothes; even our kitchen cloths keep nice washed in cold water. The great advantage of our way is that we have no smell of washing in the house. My cook manages the wash in the following way :—

A quarter to half a pound of cold water soap (depending on the amount of washing to be done) is cut up and boiled in two quarts of water. The saucepan must be kept covered to avoid the smell of soap in the house. When the soap is all melted one quart of the liquid is mixed with three or six quarts of cold water, according to the quantity of soap used. The things to be washed are put in two pans or tubs, and the boiled soap that has had the water added is poured over them. They are then left to soak until Tuesday morning, but occasionally, as cook passes, she gives them a stir with a copper-stick. Tuesday morning the things are taken out of the water in which they have been soaked (and which is always quite dirty), and washed in the remainder of the boiled soap, to which sufficient cold (or in winter just tepid) water is added; no extra soap is used, but plenty of clean cold water is used for rinsing in. I believe those who try cold water washing for the first time will be astonished at the result, for the things are often nearly clean when taken out of soak; but I warn them that they will have a good deal of prejudice to overcome on the part of servants who cannot understand that hot water often fixes the dirt in things; but I find that when they once get into the way of it, they do not seem to mind how much washing they do, for of course there is no steam to make them warm, it is much quicker out of the way, and cold water does not draw the hands as much as warm does.

This process does not answer for coloured goods or flannels. The latter should not be put in soak, but should be washed out quickly in warm water in which soap has been boiled (no soap rubbed on), and rinsed in plenty of warm water.

After the clothes are sorted on Monday morning and the beds made, the housemaid turns out and sweeps the largest bedroom, cleaning the washstands, fittings, windows, etc.; this occupies her until lunch time. In the afternoon, after she is dressed, she dusts the other bedrooms.

Tuesday morning.—While the cook is washing, the housemaid does the second large bedroom and dusts before lunch. In the afternoon the clothes are folded and put ready for the mangle, and any starching is done.

Wednesday.—The stairs are swept before breakfast, and after the housemaid does the two remaining bedrooms. The mattresses on one bed are brushed each week in turn, and the blankets shaken in the garden; in this way every mattress is brushed and every blanket shaken once a month. The cook cleans her tins and coppers, and scrubs her kitchen during the morning; in the afternoon the fire is made up, and they do the ironing between them.

Thursday morning.—After breakfast, the drawing-room is done; the two servants do it together, so to get the hall clear again as early as possible. The housemaid dusts the bedrooms after the drawing-room is finished, and in the afternoon when she is dressed she cleans the silver; as it is always carefully washed and kept rubbed, it really requires very little cleaning.

Friday morning.—The dining-room is thoroughly done, the grate before, the remainder after breakfast; the two servants do it together. The cook then does the hall, and the housemaid the stairs and landing thoroughly, cleaning sides of stairs and rods when necessary. Cook cleans her larder in the afternoon.

Saturday.—The kitchen flues are cleaned before breakfast; after the breakfast things are washed up and the beds made, the kitchen is cleaned, so that the horse can go round the fire and the linen for the week be aired. Then, too, sometimes I like to make a little pastry or some cakes on Saturday, and a clean kitchen is pleasanter to work in. Saturday morning I give out the wood, black lead, soda, kitchen tea, sugar, etc., and anything that may be wanted; also fill dining-room caddy, sugar basins, etc. I then go out and do my shopping, which takes me until lunch time.

At half-past two I go into the kitchen: the servants' dinner is cleared away, and all looks clean and tidy; what I require is on the table ready for me, and while I am making any little things I wish, I superintend the airing of the clean clothes and also the drying and sorting of what the laundress has brought home, and see if any buttons or strings are off. Meanwhile cook is cleaning her scullery, passages, and lower stairs.

The housemaid cleans her pantry on Saturdays, and also looks to her water bottles, filters, bread platter, knife-box, etc.

I am about an hour in the kitchen doing what I have to do. I generally spend the rest of the afternoon in the garden. The housemaid comes to me as soon as she has finished, and we get an hour or an hour-and-a-half's work done there before tea.

Sundays I have as little work done as possible. The housemaid goes to church in the morning, and as I do not require her to be back until half-past one, she can if she likes take a little walk after service.

The cook lays the dinner cloth, and she may go out as soon as she has washed up from dinner, tidied her kitchen, and put ready what will be required for the dining-room tea. The cook has to come in at half-past-nine punctually. I always interest myself in her movements, and, without my appearing inquisitive, I frequently learn the nature of her outings, the church she has attended, and the friends she has visited. I never allow the housemaid out in the evening, but occasionally the cook dresses herself for the afternoon to allow the housemaid to go for a walk.

I expect the servants to fasten up properly at night, but I go down now and then after they have gone to bed, and examine the bolts and bars and see that the kitchen fire is quite out, and everything left as it should be. The knowledge that I may go down keeps things right. Small as our household is, it must not be imagined that it can always be managed without trouble, nor can a young girl who probably knows worse than nothing be at once turned into a good little servant; it takes time and great patience to accomplish this. I often think of what a noted violin player said to a pupil who had learnt a little before he went to him: "I can always teach, and my pupils make progress, but it is the unteaching that troubles me."

Having to study economy in every part of my housekeeping, I have adopted a plan that I find considerably lessens breakages. I have a list of the kitchen crockery pasted up in the kitchen, and a list of the housemaid's glass and china fixed up in the pantry. At the bottom of each list is a blank space; in these spaces is written what is broken, when, and by whom. These lists are revised every six months, and, of course, account for all missing things. Servants much dislike posting their breakages, so are generally more careful. Of course, this plan has also an advantage for them, as one is apt to forget when a thing has been broken upstairs. In going through the crockery, sometimes I find something that does not quite match the set, but I always pass it without comment, understanding that the breaker has done her best to remedy an accident in preference to posting it, and will be more careful in future.

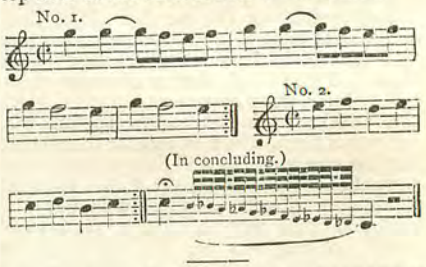
VARIETIES.

Music in Type.

Few of our readers are aware of the careful work required when music is printed from type, as it is in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The type is built up of many small pieces, and the nature of these is shown in the following examples. It will be seen that the single quaver and its stave are composed of seven small pieces, which are dissected and shown separately in the second example. The same is done for the group of three quavers, which is made up of no less than eighteen separate pieces :—

New Zealand Chants.

The following are two chants sung by the natives of New Zealand. They are sung over and over again, without interruption, fifty times, and even oftener. The conclusion of the second chant is only a dragging of the voice, without marked intonations, from the top note to the bottom note of the octave.



Answers to Charades, etc., Appearing in "Snowdrifts."

Solutions to the "Arithmorems."

1. Milan.	11. Leeds.
2. Iceland.	12. Mecca.
3. Calvados.	13. Clonmel.
4. Devon.	14. Siam.
5. Memel.	15. Clyde.
6. Simla.	16. Medina.
7. Volga.	17. Delft.
8. Malacca.	18. Cumberland.
9. Evenlode.	19. Nineveh.
10. Colombo.	20. Malvern.

Answer to Charade I.

CHAR—IN—G (CROSS.)

Answer to Charade II.

FARE-WELL.

Solutions to "Buried Animals, Birds, Fish," etc.

(1). Eagle, Rat, Condor, Wren, Finch, Lark, Dog, Barbel, Weasel, Coral.

(2). Plover, Horse, Ferret, Thrush, Nag, Daw, Mastiff, Grouse, Ostrich, Heron.

(3). Pelican, Egret, Wasp, Hornet, Raven, Gnat, Lemur, Oyster, Osprey, Otter.

(4). Siskin, Bison, Camel, Toad, Frog, Beaver, Salmon, Moth, Adder, Snake.

between the two periods of heating the furnaces; these are from February to June and from August to December. In the off times they work in their gardens, in the fields, or in cutting and bringing in wood. The glass-masters rarely work themselves in the glass-house, but overlook their workpeople in the houses, and, by strict supervision, preserve the secrets of their trade—for they have a peculiar method, known only to themselves, for colouring and manipulation, and as this has stamped their work with excellence, they guard it with great care from those outside.

The packing of all the glass toys is quite a business of itself, and is done principally by girls and women. Everything is separately cared for, and thus there is very little breakage in the transport of these very fragile articles.

I must not forget to mention a rule in force among the glass-blowers, who, as you know, purchase the materials for their work themselves—it is, that they must always pay *ready money* for what they buy. There is no debt amongst them, and he who breaks this law must submit to the fine.

Whenever you have a Christmas-tree, remember that all the pretty and graceful toys which give it its grace, charm, and brightness come from Lauscha. When you play solitaire, remember that those pretty coloured balls come from Lauscha. When you look at your dolls, remember it is Lauscha that has provided them with eyes. When your young children are getting their first lessons in arithmetic, by means of the coloured balls, remember that it is Lauscha that has enabled them to learn the lessons without difficulty, and almost with pleasure. When, too, you hear that some person has a glass eye, so perfect that you cannot tell which is the real and which the false, be sure it comes from Lauscha.

VARIETIES.

On Picture Frames.—The primary object in framing a picture is to separate it from the surrounding surface and objects, so that our attention may not be distracted from the effect aimed at by the artist. The least that can be expected of a frame is not to interfere with this effect, and the most that a frame can achieve is to enhance it.

Music and Song.—Every lover of ballad music must have observed that the most popular ballads are those set to the best music. Indeed, everyone's memory and observation will supply her with numerous examples of catching and beautiful melodies keeping persistently the heart of the people though wedded to very poor words. On the contrary, the finest songs of Moore, Byron, Scott, Tennyson, unallied to popular airs, scarcely make any impression upon the age.

Once on a Time.

Our love was like most other loves;
A little glow, a little shiver,
A rosebud, and a pair of gloves,
And "Fly not yet" upon the river;
Some jealousy of someone's heir,
Some hopes of dying broken-hearted,
A miniature, a lock of hair,
The usual vows—and then we parted.
Fraed.

American Girls.—"An English traveller," says a writer in an American magazine, "once declared of American girls that they compare with his countrywomen as delicate Sèvres ware compares with Delft; and another so far forgot himself as to write that 'the English face is moulded, the American is chiselled.' Making the usual allowance for travellers' exaggeration, we may venture to say that there is a period when the oft-repeated rhapsodies of European visitors have a show of reason in them. But how soon it passes! In half-a-dozen years at most the blooming damsel has become thin, haggard, dyspeptical; her rounded curves have sunken into lines and angles, and the lines of her face have deepened into a drawn look of suffering resignation, oftentimes before she has reached the age when an English girl is at her best."

A Good Character.—A good character, when established, should not be rested in as an end, but only employed as a means of doing still farther good.—*Atterbury.*

Meekness.—Meekness is a grace which Jesus alone inculcated, and which no ancient philosopher seems to have understood or recommended.—*Buckminster.*

Favourite Dishes.—Dr. Rondelet, an ancient writer on fishes, was so fond of figs that he died in 1566 of a surfeit occasioned by eating them to excess. In a letter to a friend, Dr. Parr confesses his love of "hot boiled lobsters, with a profusion of shrimp sauce." Pope, who was an epicure, would lie in bed for days at Lord Bolingbroke's, unless he was told that there were stewed lampreys for dinner, when he arose instantly and came down to table. A gentleman treated Dr. Johnson to new honey and clouted cream, of which he ate so heartily that his entertainer became alarmed. All his lifetime Dr. Johnson had a voracious appetite for a leg of mutton. "At my Aunt Ford's," says he, "I ate so much of a boiled leg of mutton that she used to talk of it. My mother, who was affected by little things, told me seriously that it would hardly ever be forgotten." Dryden, writing in 1699 to a lady, declining her invitation to a handsome supper, says, "If beggars might be choosers, a chine of honest bacon would please my appetite more than all the marrow puddings, for I like them better plain, having a very vulgar stomach."

Hypocrisy.

"What is a hypocrite?" said a clergyman to a youngster.

"When a man walks lame as hasn't nothing the matter wi' him," answered he.

A Musical Elephant.

An elephant was advertised in Florence to play a sonata on the piano. A great crowd assembled, and money was refused at the doors. There was a very solid platform and a grand piano.

The elephant "came on," and was received with deafening applause. The *impresario* led it up to the instrument, when it suddenly turned tail and walked away. Nothing could be done to induce it to come back, and the audience got excited, and seemed to think they were the victims of a fraud. Whereupon the manager addressed them, and announced that the animal, usually so docile, had recognised in the notes of the keyboard of the piano the teeth of its mother, and positively declined to play on that instrument.

The Italian audience was as much amused with the story as they expected to be with the sonata, and the elephant coming on again and doing a few tricks, was cheered; and dangerous consequences were averted.

Wise Economy.—An old woman in Sussex having been ordered to take "old" port as a tonic, and finding it expensive, was told by the shopkeeper that she could have a newer wine threepence a bottle cheaper. She accordingly bought a bottle a fortnight in advance, calculating that at the end of the time she would have saved threepence, and by having kept the wine so long, would still be able to drink "old" port.—*Rev. J. C. Egerton.*

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

General Hints and "Reasons Why."

In the household economy there is nothing of greater importance than that everything that goes into the kitchen should return its full value to the housekeeper—that there should be no waste, no extravagance.

Young housekeepers and cooks must remember that if two pennyworth of what are called pot vegetables can be procured, the plea, so common amongst us, of "nothing to cook with," cannot be allowed. A week ago I heard a cook say that she could not send up good dinners because her mistress allowed nothing to make things nice with. On inquiry I found that she could have herbs, vegetables, lemons, sugar, and dripping, but the grievance was that no sauces were allowed. I consider that she was no cook if she could not do without these expensive adjuncts.

Count Rumford, a very clever man, and a writer on scientific cookery, said that he found the richness and quality of soup did not depend on the nutritious ingredients employed, but on the proper choice of them, and the management of the fire in the combination of the ingredients. I believe this to be true to a great extent, but not so entirely as to advocate the following recipe, which I saw in an English pamphlet a short time ago:—"A substitute for beef tea: Stew half a pint of kidney beans in a quart of water in the oven; strain off the liquor, season and serve (without the beans). If too rich (?) add more water." Now, I do not think the best cook in the world could make anything at all approaching beef tea out of kidney beans alone.

There are so many things that one does habitually, because they are customary, without knowing the reasons for them, that I shall endeavour in this and my next article to give the explanation of these customs. It is scarcely an intelligent way of working to do things without understanding the reason, and not a way in which the readers of The Girl's Own Paper can like to work.

We will first consider the boiling of water. When the bubbles rise to the top of a pan of water the water boils—that is to say, it has reached a temperature of 212 deg., or boiling point; but suppose you get it to boil fast, as people call it, the water is then no hotter, but a good deal is wasted in steam, as there must be evaporation. In our ways of heating water I believe it is impossible to raise the temperature above boiling point; therefore when the kettle boils it is best to make the tea at once, and not wait for it to boil fast, for every minute you keep the water boiling tends to spoil the tea and make it flat, as you boil all the air out of the water.

If you take two pans, one of well boiled cold water and one of unboiled, and put a live fish in each, you will find that the fish in the boiled water will be uncomfortable and will soon die, while, of course, the other will live. It is to be remembered that water that has been kept boiling is too hard to use for cooking purposes.

Meat should be put into water that is nearly boiling; the reason is that it contains albumen, and albumen coagulates in water that is boiling or just below boiling point. When meat is put in very hot water the albumen coagulates, and forms a sort of film on the outside of it; this film suffices to keep the juices in the meat, but as meat is not a heat conductor like metal, the heat of the water is not at once communicated to the inside of it, where we do not wish to coagulate the albumen, as it would make the meat hard to do so. Having put it in hot water, it must be cooked without being allowed to come to a boil. For the same reason fish must be put in hot water, with the exception of mackerel, which must only be put

in warm water; this difference is on account of their very tender skins, which break if the water is hot, and that spoils the appearance of the fish. I have seen salmon come to table quite white from being put into cold water to cook. It reminded me of what I have often heard is done by the inhabitants of some places where salmon is a staple food; they cut it up into little pieces, and put it in plenty of cold water to boil it, in order to draw out all the flavour. Well, salmon is not so abundant in England that we need tire of having it with the flavour in it.

If fish or meat is to be used for soup, of course the treatment is just the reverse, as we then want the nourishment out of the materials instead of in them, so we put our stock-meat in cold water, and let it get hot slowly (albumen dissolves in cold water), nor should salt be put in the stockpot until the meat is cooked, for the reason that it tends to keep the juice in the meat in the same way as hot water does.

Beef for beef tea should never boil, nor should beef tea need to be skimmed; in reality the juice from lean meat can all be drawn out by chopping the meat fine or cutting it up and pounding it in a mortar and soaking it in cold water. When beef tea is boiled and skimmed the albumen is lost. The best way to make it is to chop the meat, put it in a covered jar, 1lb. of beef to half a pint of cold water and a few black pepper corns, no salt, and keep the jar in a saucepan of boiling water for three hours. The saucepan lid need not be put on; with the evaporation from the water sufficient heat will not be communicated to the jar to make the meat boil. Supposing you put the beef in a saucepan and boil it well and skim it as the scum rises, you will obtain quite a different result, for while the beef tea made in the jar will be a brown gravy, that made in the saucepan will be a lighter colour, and probably a jelly, much more resembling Liebig's extract in its nutritive qualities than proper beef tea.

We use bones for stock for the sake of the gelatine which they contain. They should be put in cold water—plenty of water. Suppose it takes a pint of water to cover the bones, add another pint, and reduce by evaporation in boiling to half the quantity; it is necessary to keep the water quite boiling to extract the gelatine. While writing of bones, I would remind my readers that gelatine is of very little value as food, but I think many soups and gravies are much improved by the addition of stock from bones; it gives them a consistence that they have not without it.

Useful jelly can be made quite as well from fish bones as from others. If the jelly from fish bones is to be used for adding to meat soup, the bones must be first scalded, then laid for a short time in cold water, then they may be boiled down. Of course if they are to be used for making fish soup or sauce they need no preparation. The bones of turbot, brill, or plaice will, with a calf's foot, make excellent mock turtle. A rusty nail kept in soup in hot weather will often prevent its turning sour; this is not a fiction, like most of the sayings about old iron, but a fact that can be chemically accounted for.

While on the subject of boiling, I would recommend my readers to avail themselves of a very simple contrivance for cooking some delicate things and warming up others; this is having a pudding basin with a rim just the size of a saucepan, the rim of the basin to lodge on the top of the saucepan. Put water in the saucepan, then put the basin in, and a saucer to fit, with a weight in it, over. We frequently have slices from a cooked leg of mutton warmed this way in gravy: if the water is kept boiling, they take about three quarters of an hour to get hot, and are never hard.

All vegetables except potatoes should be put in boiling water; even when they are used for flavouring only, the stock must be boiling when they are put in. This is because what we wish to do is to soften the tissue of which they are principally composed; this tissue is partially soluble in hot water. If we could raise water above boiling point in cooking vegetables it would be rather an advantage than otherwise.

Eggs are lighter and more digestible if they are not boiled; they may be very easily cooked otherwise. The white of an egg is almost pure albumen (the word is derived from the Latin *Albus*, white). Albumen coagulates, or, as we call it, the "white sets," at a temperature of 180 deg., so no greater is needed to cook an egg. If you put an egg into a pint of boiling water, stand it on the side of the stove, or cover it over well to keep it hot, and let it stand from ten to fifteen minutes; you will find a well cooked egg, of which the white is set, but not hard. In the same way an egg poached in a tea-cup stood in boiling water is more digestible than one put directly into a saucepan.

Passing from the boiling of water, stock, &c., we come to what is called the boiling of fat, but before I speak of cooking it I would call readers' attention to the fact that two kinds of lard are brought to market—the best the lard in bladders, the other the lard in tin pails; this latter is always apparently cheaper—I say apparently, because it is not really. Very frequently it is the same quality as the bladder lard, but it contains a certain percentage of water; if that were removed, it would be found that a shilling's worth of bladder lard and a shilling's worth of lard out of a tin pail weighed about the same. Of course the lard with water in it is not nearly as nice to cook with; it splutters dreadfully in a frying pan, and does not make such light pastry. I do not much care to use lard, and generally make dripping, as we do not (our family being small) have very many joints, but use a great deal of fat. I buy fat at the butcher's for the purpose. Veal suet, when it can be got, is far better than any other. I make dripping, clear skimmings off the stock pot, and purify fat that has been used, in the following way: Chop finely 3 lbs. of fat, place it in a saucepan with 1½ pint of cold water, put it over a slow fire, stir often with a strong skimmer, which press on the bottom to break the pieces. When there are only bits of skin at the bottom, and little beads rise to the top, it is done. Take from the fire, stand by five minutes, strain the fat through tammy into a dry stone jar into which you have put some bay leaves, which remain in the dripping to perfume it. Note that to render fat well you must have a nicely lined saucepan; an old black one will not do as well.

Unlike water, fat or oil are not boiling when they bubble. The bubbles are caused by the moisture in the fat; in fact, it is the water in the fat that is boiling; when this is thrown off in steam the fat is ready for cooking in. We are accustomed to say that fat is boiling when it is quiescient after bubbling; that is not quite the fact, but near enough, as it is the cooking point. An inexperienced cook should try her fat before she begins to cook anything in it by throwing in a little piece of bread; if the fat is ready for use the bread will at once take a gold colour. It is much better to boil things in fat than to fry them. I use a brass lined pan into which a wire frying basket fits. I need scarcely say both are kept bright. I keep three pans of fat; one is used for fish, one for meat, and the third for such things as apple fritters. Each pan is purified now and then in the above mentioned way. Being carefully used in the bright pan, it never gets burnt, and is added to from time to time. I prefer boiling in fat to frying, because things are not so rich. I think people will not believe this without my explaining the reason why they are less rich. It is very simple. Suppose you plunge a fish or a cutlet into boiling fat, steam is immediately generated in the article you have put in, and this steam keeps the fat out of it; but suppose, instead, you place your cutlet in a pan in which there is a quarter of an inch of fat, as the meat gets hot the steam is thrown off on the side not covered with fat, and the fat can get in. If anyone would cook two croquettes or rissoles in the two different ways, they would notice, if they were served immediately cut in two, the fried one would be hot, but the boiled one would be hotter—steaming hot in fact; when it was cut, they would understand how the boiling had imprisoned the moisture.

There is another kind of boiling, differing from both water and fat—namely, sugar boiling, but it is not of sufficient general utility to be treated of here, beyond the making of caramel for colouring or for pudding sauce. Caramel for pudding sauce or to serve on the top of baked custard or milk puddings is made thus:—Dissolve over a gentle fire in a brass or copper-lined saucepan two good tablespoonfuls of pounded loaf sugar; stir it all the time with a wooden spoon. When it is a golden brown colour, stir in slowly half a pint of cold water, then add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar; boil for a few minutes, let it stand aside to get a little cool, then bottle for use. It may have a little vanilla essence added if wished. Caramel for colouring is made thus:—Put the sugar in the pan, stir it until it is quite brown, add the water only (no more sugar), boil a few minutes, and bottle for use. This is a much better and more economical colouring than a bit of sugar burnt in an old spoon. We must next consider baking, a thing frequently done in a very slovenly way. Because it is easy, no trouble is taken, and things are very often burnt and spoilt. In baking meat, water should always be mixed with the dripping (unless a double pan taking water in the lower part is used) to prevent the fat burning and giving a disagreeable flavour to the meat. The reason is that the steam from the water prevents the fat getting hot enough to burn. I do not think that many things annoy me more than to hear an oven door slammed when cakes, bread, or pastry are baking; it should be shut as gently as possible. I have known an ovenful of light pastry quite spoilt by the door being slammed. It is easy to understand the reason of this. We open the oven door when we think the pastry has risen, to turn it (which should also be done very gently, as a jar or a knock may send it down again); then if we shut the door gently we have let the steam out, and the pastry will set. But suppose we slam the door, we send a current of cold air in, this cold air is heavier than the hot air in which the paste has risen, and if it is at all delicately made it will probably sink as flat as when it was put in the oven.

Grilling or broiling is an operation not always well performed. Chops, fish, or other things must be broiled over a glowing fire. There should be no black coals in it; red cinders give off more heat, and do not smoke the thing to be cooked. It is quite certain, though, that when you put a fat chop on the gridiron over the brightest of fires the fat will drop on the embers and make a smoke, but this smoke, though it may black the chop, will not make it smoky, as cooks know. The reason is simply this: the black coals would give off coal smoke, whereas the fat does but deposit fat smoke, which has not at all the same flavour as coal smoke. In my next paper I shall treat of bread and pastry making and the use of different cereals.

despair. Florence, fortunately, was wise enough to discern that the lesson, usually so easily learned, was to-night simply insurmountable, and gave permission to lay it aside till early morning hours.

But, when Grace had gone to bed, Winny stuck fast, as before. If her little sister's naughtiness had rendered her unable to study, Winny's temper had made her unwilling. Florence had never before seen her so defiant and obstinate, and at last, every other expedient having failed, was obliged to send her early to bed in disgrace. Then, though with rather a heavy heart, she sang to her father and played chess with Bertram the rest of the evening. When at last she went to her own room for the night, it was not to lie down to rest.

Florence's heart was very full. She felt that a great question, which had been gathering force, and pressing more earnestly for a final answer every day during the last few weeks, must be no longer put aside—must be faced as in God's sight and settled, cost what it might. Stirring the fire into a cheerful blaze she threw on a dressing-gown, and sat down in her easy-chair within its warm, flashing light. On a little table by her side lay a small pile of missionary books and papers, one in Chinese, and her Bible. But Florence glanced at none of them. Her eyes rested thoughtfully on the glowing coals, and as she fell into a deep reverie there rose up before her the fair and noble scheme of missionary usefulness, of a life set apart from all care and pleasures exclusively to the Redeemer's service in seeking out, in His name, the dark and ignorant, and bearing to them the light of life, a work for which she was, doubtless, in many ways, specially fitted, a work to which she was putting her hand with no mean motive to secure the praise of men, but out of genuine devotion to the Lord whose service was her greatest delight. What other work, compared to this, could be worth doing, what call could have any higher authority? None, it was true, if this was indeed the call of God. But Florence was just beginning to fear that she had, possibly, mistaken the dictates of her own will for the distinct voice of God, and to question if she did not hear His voice now in quite another and unexpected direction.

Here were two motherless little girls thrown entirely on her hands. The influence, the guidance, the example about their young lives now would mould their characters for life, perhaps for all eternity. Would any stranger love and care for them as she could? Would not all the patience, the love, and the toil needed in heathen lands be demanded now in her own home? Was the Lord calling her to claim these young souls for Him by loving, watchful care, and if so, could she put the task aside?

"Oh, if they had only been more amiable, more pleasing children," sighed Florence, "it would be more encouraging."

But this, she knew, was quite wide of the point in question. It was not "Did she like the task?" but "Had God appointed it?" and, at the bottom of her heart, Florence was only really desirous of finding an answer to the latter inquiry. And, on her knees that night, she found it. Not without a terrible struggle, it is true, not without a wrench of the deepest anguish, not without heart-wrestling and tears. But the answer came—came, as in the midnight darkness the sweet, assuring tones of Christ's voice came to the terrified disciples, storm-tossed and weary, from that shining figure so mysteriously moving at their side. And with the Divine voice came the hush of peace. Florence had been perplexed and bewildered. She had listened for the Master's voice, and now she had laid down her own will that she might immediately obey His will, and to her could never fail the blessing promised to those who "hear the word of God and keep it."

The next morning, while the children were at school, Florence found her father taking a turn in the nut-walk over the thickly-fallen leaves. In the winter sunlight the dying year was putting on as cheerful a face as possible. Florence slipped her hand within her father's arm, and in a few words told him of her new resolve.

"God has 'chosen' for me, dear father," she said, earnestly. "I see, now, the missionary plan was my own choice: a good one in its way, but not His. Not that it was a fancy, just to please myself. I was entering it for His sake, but not, I find, at His call. He has really given me Winifred and Grace to love and care for. I will stay with you and with them, and however troublesome and disobedient they may be I think I shall have patience to do the work I am quite sure God has given me."

"God bless you, my little Flossy," returned her father, fondly. "I would not say a word, my darling; I thought you were finding out the way, and God could speak better than I. He will bless my own daughter in her obedience, and teach her to train my two little grandchildren for His service."

And Florence Hamilton never had occasion to regret her resolve. She spared no pains to increase and turn to the best account the children's affection for her, at first so sullenly withheld, but which grew closer and dearer as years went by. She entered into all their pursuits, encouraged their love of flowers and gardening, and almost turned Owlet's Hall into a permanent menagerie for the accommodation of the various creatures that were housed and petted by the girls. And she had her reward—a reward which her most sanguine dreams had not pictured. Of course, it was not surprising that both Winny and Grace should be, as they grew up, very much interested in that work which lay so near to their aunt's heart, for Florence never lost her eager sympathy in foreign missions. She established a flourishing working-party among her friends in the neighbourhood, and was the means of sending many goodly sums to the zenana mission. Winny and Grace were always among the busiest workers, and took the management in Florence's absence; but it was with joy, not unmixed with surprise, that she first learned that they had resolved to give themselves to the work. And so at last Florence drew forth from its long seclusion, with many memories of the past stirring at her heart, the old Indian exercise-book, and was able to help her two nieces very materially with their studies. In due time the two young missionaries departed to their field of labour, to do, Florence hoped, just double the work she might have accomplished had her early desires been fulfilled. But Winifred and Grace do not leave Aunt Florence alone. Her father, it is true, no longer needs her loving care, for he dwells in still tenderer keeping, but another is now claiming her love and devotion. Florence is the wife of a country minister, and in her quiet, love-lit home is still doing the Master's work just "as He chooses," comforting the aged, teaching the young, ministering to the sick.

And, though her heart is often over the sea, she is very happy and blest in her lowly work, as she goes through country lanes and fields on loving missions, and when her dear husband cannot be at her side, Dido and Gip, her nieces' two favourite dogs, are always her companions. And such happy, bright letters come back from India with records of successful work in the mission-field to which these two faithful labourers have, indeed, been "called and chosen." And often as she reads these letters with glad and thankful heart does Florence rejoice that she was able to yield up her own will, and "meek" enough to be taught His way, for it is those who fear the Lord that He teacheth "in the way that He shall choose."

THE END.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

General Hints.—Second Paper.

In considering the cereals, or edible grains, wheat comes first as by far the most important in England.

Wheat-flour is used for bread-making in preference to any other, because it contains more gluten. It is this gluten in wheat-flour that enables us, with the addition of yeast, to obtain a very elastic dough, such as we could never get by employing oatmeal or barley-meal in the same way, as they hardly contain any gluten.

When flour is kept in a damp place, the gluten becomes decomposed, or partially decomposed, hence the difficulty of making good bread with flour that has been damp. The addition of a small quantity of alum to it, when making bread, will sometimes enable one to produce good results from flour that is not perfectly sound in this respect, as alum, to some extent, prevents or arrests the decomposition of flour; bakers use it to avoid bread turning sour.

When wheat-flour is made into bread it still retains the gluten, and it is for this glutinous quality that we put a slice of bread in the stock for most soups. In pea soup, for instance, the bread put in will in a manner hold the vegetable substance in suspension, and prevent the peas settling at the bottom of the soup tureen; it is on exactly the same principle that medical men order mucilage or gum to be put in medicine with insoluble powders, such as chalk. In connection with bread-making, yeast must claim a little of our attention. I believe that many people have a prejudice against German yeast, though it is often purer than other, and is much more easily obtained. I have never had bread bitter when made with it. In reality, the so-called German yeast is only brewers' yeast with nearly all the moisture taken from it. It should be a greyish colour.

Yeast itself is a plant. This plant produces fermentation. The fermentation is arrested by baking, as the heat of the oven kills the yeast.

In making Vienna bread, dough is saved from one baking to the next, when more yeast and flour are added; sometimes yeast and flour are added four or five times.

As the dough must be allowed to rise each time after yeast is added, the process of making this bread is, as may be imagined, a very tedious one, and necessitates nearly a day in the kitchen. My own way of making bread is very different, as I can make a small batch comfortably in fifteen minutes. I would not say that everyone would think my bread equal to bread that had taken more time; but it is always light and sweet, so I shall give the directions, under the impression that many readers of The Girl's Own Paper can spare a quarter of an hour to go into the kitchen, while other avocations may prevent their going down to set the sponge, then a second time to knead the dough, and yet a third to make up the bread.

To make bread expeditiously, take 4lbs. of flour that has been kept in a very dry place, put it in a pan, make a hollow in the centre; take 1oz. (even weight, not to turn the scale) of fresh German yeast, a quart all but two tablespoonfuls (equal to 1oz.) of warm water, about 95 degrees Fahrenheit; in hot weather it should be a little cooler, in frosty weather

a little warmer. Put the yeast into a basin, and with a little of the water make it into a smooth paste; gradually add the remainder of the water, stirring all the time; th n throw in a teaspoonful of salt, pour the mixture into the flour, and knead well, bringing up the flour well from the bottom and sides of the pan until all is thoroughly incorporated. *If you are trying bread-making* for the first time you will probably think that the dough is too dry, and that you will never get all the flour mixed in; but never mind, go on kneading; when your bread has risen you will be surprised to find how wet the dough is. When it is well kneaded, and no loose flour shows anywhere, divide into three loaves, put them into half-quartern tins that you have slightly warmed and floured inside (not greased), and stand in a warm place, covered with a cloth, for an hour and a quarter, unless the loaves happen to rise very quickly, when an hour will be long enough; then put them in a brisk oven. When they have been in half an hour see if they need moving, but shut the door again as soon and as gently as possible, and leave for three quarters of an hour. The opening the oven door when the bread has been in half an hour lets the steam out; but, beware when you are baking of being over-anxious and looking too often; a little practice will soon teach you how long things take in your particular oven, and it is always best to bake by the clock, if you want to do it well. My oven bakes my three loaves at once; the first half-hour I put them all on the top shelf, then move them on to the second shelf to finish.

The 4lbs. of flour, ounce of yeast, and water yield 5lb. 1oz. of bread. I buy household flour, 28lb. bag at a time, and take the opportunity of baking when we are obliged to have a good fire for other things. My home made bread costs me nearly a penny a quartern less than bakers' bread.

The loaves may be baked without tins, but it is best for a beginner to make small loaves, and bake them in tins as I have directed. Perhaps some of my girl readers may not know that *though a quartern loaf* must weigh four pounds, a quartern of flour only weighs 3½lbs. While speaking of flour I must tell you how I make my pastry for ordinary use.

I take ¾lb. of dry flour, and place it on a pasteboard; I cut a quarter of a pound of salt butter in slices, and place them on the flour. I then flour the rolling-pin with some of the flour on the board, and roll each slice of butter out as thin as possible; each flake as it is rolled I take up carefully with a knife, and place it at the corner of the board. When I have rolled all the butter I do the same with 4oz. of lard or good dripping, being careful always to have flour enough on the rolling-pin to prevent its sticking. I then scrape the remaining flour, and any crumbs of lard or butter there may be, into the middle of the board, make a hollow in the centre, and scrape in as much rock ammonia as would lie on a shilling, and a little salt; I then add a little less than a quarter of a pint of the coldest water I can get, then roll the dough out as thin as possible. I next take the flakes up one by one (beginning with the lard), and cover the paste with them, fold it up, and roll it out again, repeating the process until all the flakes are used, then roll out for use. No extra flour must be used. This quantity of paste made with butter and lard costs about 7½d.; it is sufficient to cover a small fruit tart, make an open tart and twelve tartlets.

Note that in making the paste it should be rolled up and down only, not sideways, and should be kept in the same position on the board; if turned round it would alter the rolling. The harder the butter and lard are the lighter the pastry will be. It need not be baked as soon as made if it is stood in a cool place. This paste is none the worse for being made the day before it is wanted, put aside in the cool, and rolled out when needed. All pastry bakes best in hot ovens, and generally rises most on the top shelf.

Another cereal, barley, is consumed in comparatively very small quantities in England to what it is in Scotland; we might use it more with advantage. It is in various ways very different to most grains; it grows apparently in almost any climate; it ripens in the short summer near the frigid zone, while in warm climates they get two barley harvests a year. In the plague of hail the barley in Egypt was smitten because it was in the ear, while the wheat was not yet come up. We all know how useful barley water is in illness. I believe the reason it is so much approved as a drink in many cases is that it supplies a little nourishment, and allays thirst without exciting circulation.

Pot, Scotch, and pearl barley are all much the same, the only difference being the exterior of one is a little more ground off than that of another. These preparations are simply ordinary barley off which the outer husk has been ground in a mill constructed for the purpose.

Patent barley is ground pearl barley, but barley meal is ground barley. This latter is not suitable for use in our kitchens, as it has a strong flavour, owing to the husk. Pearl barley is better for mutton broth than any other cereal, because it has the property of uniting well with the fat extracted from the meat as it boils; for this reason it is not nice in chicken broth, as the fat from poultry has not a pleasant flavour; we prefer to be able to take it all off the top of the broth, so rice is far preferable for it.

Pearl barley boiled in water until it is tender, then the water poured off and milk added, makes a very nice porridge for children's breakfast, in change with oatmeal.

Apropos of barley, barley sugar was once sugar boiled with a decoction of barley; but I do not think there is now any barley about it but the name.

Oatmeal, another of our useful cereals, we use a great deal of during the winter, not only for porridge, but also for soup for the poor; we use the coarse oatmeal only. I also make oatmeal cakes to eat with cheese. For these I take ½lb of coarse oatmeal and half a pint of boiling water, with half an ounce of salt butter melted in it to make the cakes crisp; pour it quite boiling over the meal, stir it as quickly as possible into a dough, then turn it on to the pasteboard and roll it out as thin as possible, so that it will just hold together. I cut mine into squares, then place them on a large baking sheet, and dry them on the top of the stove, finishing them in the oven.

While speaking of farinaceous foods, I may mention that I have been told by an analyst that he found no difference in the properties of the best Bermuda or the much-thought-of missionary arrowroot, which is I believe sold at 3s. a pound, and Natal arrowroot, worth about eightpence-halfpenny. Arrowroot is really the purest form of starch, and nothing more than starch; the cheaper kinds require a little more to be used, as they do not thicken quite as much in boiling.

It is of so much importance in economical housekeeping to understand how to lay out money to the best advantage, that I give a great deal of thought to it, and even then I sometimes find things do not turn out as well as I expected.

We do not go to co-operative stores as much as most people; in fact, I never go to the stores for anything that I can buy of the local tradesmen at the same price and of the same quality. When we went into our house I went to good tradesmen in the neighbourhood, told them I always paid cash, and asked them if they were prepared to serve me at Civil Service prices. They assented, and I am very well satisfied. I consider them, by ordering as I should from the stores, so that they have not to be incessantly sending small parcels, and they serve me very well. I think it is only fair that we should give local tradesmen the chance to supply us at cash prices, as they are necessities, and we should be much inconvenienced if they all shut up their shops. They would, doubtless, be better off if they could make no bad debts.

With regard to meat, we English are so apt to forget that there are more pieces of beef to be bought than loins, ribs, or rounds; and the same with regard to other meats. I frequently buy some neck of beef—parts of it make better beef-tea than the shin; it makes, too, a very good stew or pudding. Shin of beef is also very good stewed, and is cheaper than steak, but not so much cheaper, although it is less in price; for owing to the sinew in it, it does not go so far when cooked.

A housekeeper should know that when a butcher tells his cash-taker the price of the meat, it is almost invariably by the stone or 8lbs. Thus, if he say, "six shillings," you know in a minute that he is going to charge ninepence per pound; or "six-and-fourpence," ninepence halfpenny, and so on; and can easily calculate if the bill given you is correct.

We always salt our own beef, and pickle pigs' heads for brawn; also tongues and pork.

Beef we leave four days in pickle, as we do not like it very salt; and heads six days. If not left in longer, the water they are boiled in is good for soup, particularly from the pig's head.

The following is the pickle I use; it is from a Yorkshire recipe:—1oz. of saltpetre, 1oz. of bay salt, ½lb. of coarse brown sugar, ½lb. of common salt.

Pound the ingredients together in a mortar, rub the meat all over with the mixture; no water is used, but the meat must be rubbed and turned every day. If for brawn or collard head I add a tablespoonful of bruised black pepper and a teaspoonful of bruised allspice to the pickle. There is so much difference in marketing for families that every housekeeper is in a great measure bound by the appetites for which she has to cater. Some people do not think they have dined if they have not partaken of a joint. We prefer some fish and a little dish of cutlets, or some other small thing, followed by a sweet or savoury dish. I could not keep house on what I do if a joint were *de rigueur*. For my own part, I find nothing so extravagant as a loin of mutton. If young housekeepers would, when they begin, adopt the plan for a short time of counting how many people have dined or lunched off a joint, and calculate how much it comes to a head, they would learn wonderfully soon the relatively profitable joints, &c. Thus, say a leg of mutton has cost 5s. 6d. and we dine off it twice upstairs—that is six dinners; they dine off it three times downstairs—that is twelve dinners altogether. The mutton has cost fivepence-halfpenny a head per meal, so I consider it has been a satisfactory joint. I give this to explain clearly what I mean; it is also a guide to calculate it thus when one fancies a joint has gone too fast.

With regard to vegetables, we do not generally make nearly enough of them in this country. In our house we are all very fond of vegetable soups, and also of dressed vegetables. We very frequently have them served alone. Lately celery roots have been brought to market; they are a very delicate vegetable; we cut them in slices, boil them, and send them to table with white sauce over. The water in which they are boiled is a welcome addition to the stock pot. They are also very good cut up and stewed in brown gravy.

Haricot beans, French beans, salsify, Brussels sprouts, tomatoes, mushrooms, arti-

chokes, carrots—any vegetable, in fact—may be cooked to be suitable for a second course; even potatoes, as the following recipes will show:—

Potato croquettes.—Take 1lb. of well-boiled floury potatoes, mash them well, or pass them through a sieve; add to them 2oz. of butter, some salt, and the yoke of an egg; make them up into little balls, roll them on a floured board, then egg-and-bread-crumb them, and boil them in fat (take care the fat is sufficiently hot when you put them in); serve very hot on a napkin with fried parsley.

Pommes de terre farcies.—Well wash, and bake in a gentle oven, eight well-shaped potatoes; when done cut a round hole at the top, and carefully empty the potato skins with a small spoon; mash the potato, add to it 2oz. of butter, the yolk of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of milk or cream, a little salt, nutmeg, and a pinch of white sugar; then add gradually 2oz. of grated parmesan or other cheese. With this mashed potato fill the skins, heaping it high over the hole; put a little parmesan and butter on the top, replace in the oven for twenty-five minutes, and serve.

Cheese puddings and soufflés often make a rather elegant finish to a dinner; for these it is a great advantage to put as much bi-carbonate of potash as will lay on a threepenny-piece into the milk you use, as it renders them more digestible.

I regret that space does not permit me to give recipes in this paper for cheese puddings and the many economical dishes that may be made with macaroni.

TOYDONIA; OR, THE LAND OF TOYS.

By Emma Brewer.

Skin Toy Animals of Rodach.

Our next visit is to Rodach, a village but little known outside the borders of Toydonia. Taking Coburg for a centre, it lies about ten miles in an opposite direction to Sonneberg, but still in Thuringia; there is no railroad to it, and it is therefore only to be reached by carriage.

Very rarely, indeed, is it visited by strangers—which accounts, perhaps, for the kind way in which we were received at the village inn, a large, old-fashioned building. The little hostess came forward to shake hands and help us off with our wraps, and finding we were famished, hurried away to prepare food for us. In a short time we sat down to a dainty little meal, embellished by a bunch of roses on each of our plates—good coffee and milk, new-laid eggs, sweet bread-and-butter, and a variety of cakes, all placed on a spotless table-cloth. Seeing that we were pleased, she told us all the neighbours had contributed our meal—some had sent the flowers, others the butter, and the cakes were made and sent in by someone else. And this was not all. While we were despatching the food, this pretty girl, the daughter of the host, sat down to a good grand piano and played us some of Mendelssohn's *Lieder*. Can you wonder that we treasure the memory of Rodach and the hostess of the village inn, and give them a place in the foreground of our memory picture of Toyland?

Rodach is celebrated for the manufacture of the very best skin animals in Toydonia.

If you remember, we saw some animals made in Sonneberg, and although they are very good, yet they are not of the same class as those made here. Herr Strecker told us that not a single common article was ever sent out of Rodach. This is saying a great deal, and we were curious to learn the cause of the excellence. I brought one or two of these toy animals home with me, and they are so beautiful in form, colour, and finish that even clever men and women look at them with surprise and pleasure.

This Rodach, which sends into the world toy animals so perfect as at once to amuse and educate the young, contains only two thousand inhabitants, and yet it makes and sells on an average annually a hundred thousand dozen animals, all harnessed and decorated as in real life. This means, if you leave out Sundays, three thousand eight hundred and thirty-three animals a day! Of these Paris alone takes yearly to the value of £1,500.

We had a letter to the manufacturer, who, in a quiet and intelligent manner, showed us over the works, permitting us to see for ourselves, and to ask any questions we pleased. In and for this factory about two hundred people are employed, including men, women, and boys, the work being done under both forms of "factory" and "house industry." The women are mostly occupied in the early stages of the work; the men invariably are entrusted with the finishing. First of all the models are made by the best artists, then casts are taken and moulds made of limbs, head, horns, and bodies, always in halves and in precisely the same manner as the dolls were made in Sonneberg, and of the same material, viz., *papier-maché*.

But here we must pause to note a departure from the usual method of making the *papier-maché*. As we look at the sodden mass of pulp before us, which women and girls are pressing into the moulds, we are told that there is a difference in this and that used in Sonneberg. For the Rodach toy animals the paper used must, of necessity, be made from rags—that formed from straw or wood would not answer at all; the chalk used must also be of a particular kind and quality, and ground in mills, according to a special system, until it is as fine as sand. In a similar manner the meal is subjected to grinding until it is as fine as it is possible to get it. These materials, having passed through the refining process, are mixed into a pulp by means of glue water, and become *papier-maché* of the finest kind, of which all the Rodach toy animals are made. After watching the women at their work, and seeing it, when dry, passed on to men to put the various parts of the animal together, we were shown to the top of the factory, where was a very large loft or attic, lighted by one good-sized window. The roof sloped down to the floor in some places, but, where practicable, wooden bins had been erected. These were filled with animals, unpainted and without skins, merely in their *papier-maché* forms. We could scarcely find a place to put our feet on in the loft, as the whole floor was covered with piled-up heaps of animals, each heap containing one sort and size. Here, for example, hundreds of horses, there a heap of cows; here lay hundreds of camels, there as many elephants, all just as they had been brought in by the workmen. I noticed that the legs were, as a rule, made of wood, and not *papier-maché*, and heard that the wood was used for strength. This loft was intensely hot, as the sun was shining directly into it, hardening and perfecting with its warm, bright rays the thousands of animals awaiting their skins, eyes, horns, saddles, and panniers, to render them presentable and acceptable to the little ones of the world.

The adjoining attic was filled with moulds of animals of every sort and size; and numerous as these were, they were arranged with great order, a little ticket attached to each, descriptive of size, form, and number, so that in selecting and giving out work there need be no loss of time, for you know the motto of the toymakers, "Zeit ist geld" (Time is money).

Our next point was to see of what and how the horns were made, which on the finished animals looked so natural. For the cheaper—mind, I do not say the commoner, for that is a term neither Herr Strecker nor Rodach will sanction—the horns are made of soft wood, which is first well soaked and then cooked in water till it is capable of being bent into any form; for the higher-priced animals the horns are made of natural horn, turned and shaped by the turner. You will observe that it is these little differences of material which act upon the price—the form being equally perfect in the dear and cheap toy.

The eyes of the animals, of course, all come from Lauscha.

We were greatly interested in seeing and learning about the covering of the various animals. We stood by and saw the men cutting and glueing on to the *papier-maché* bodies the softest of skins, which, when finished, looked as though they must have grown there. As I felt them I knew they were not those of ordinary animals, they were so pliable, so soft, so glossy, and yet of perfect colours; and I listened with great interest while it was explained to us that the skins were those of animals still-born, or born dead, as it is called; that the supplies came chiefly from Hungary, Russia, and Buenos Ayres, where they were dried before being sent to Rodach, and that on their arrival they went through a process of special tanning, quite new, and known only to Rodach. The weight of one of these skins, when ready for use, is from one to two and a half pounds. Some few of the animals are not so covered, but are painted, and, while wet, powdered with ground hair or skin.

The harnesses, belts, and leather trappings for the animals are all made here, under the manufacturer's own eye; the only articles obtained from outside are the eyes and the basket-panniers, which last come from Lichtenfels. We saw some men harnessing the horses, and learned that they were occupied in so doing from one year's end to another. Of course, by this they obtain a rapid and masterly method of working.

The work, you see, is somewhat complicated, and demands many hands and a good deal of brainwork before a first-class skin toy-animal finds its way into the nurseries of our children. There is the preparation of the various materials for the manufacture of *papier-maché* requiring expensive apparatus; there are also commercial dealings with foreign countries, in order to obtain the skins; there are tan-yards for the special tanning; there is, again, the employing of good artists to copy from nature, and of others to make moulds and to fill them; there are, too, the leather workers and the turners and many more, difficult to count up. Added to this, there is great anxiety that these toys should be sold quickly and for as little money as it is possible to ask, so as to pay expenses and get a little profit. I think it will enhance the value of toys if children learn something of how they are made and of the people who make them.

The toymakers of Rodach are none of them poor, neither are they rich; they own, as a rule, a piece of land where they grow potatoes sufficient for their household. Their way of living is simple and inexpensive, and very free from the wear and tear which much contact with the world creates.

The school of Rodach is excellent, and the children are not only taught reading, writing, and arithmetic well, but are instructed in the higher branches of learning. I noticed that the children specially prided themselves on the writing of essays. Attendance at school is compulsory for boys and girls between the ages of six and fifteen.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

Our Spring Cleaning.

THE second week in April I begin to make my preparations for the "spring cleaning." The first thing I do is to look out the white curtains that were taken down in the autumn, mended, and rough dried; these we have starched and very carefully and evenly pinned out over sheets on the floor of the spare bedroom; the short blinds are done in the same way, and the counterpanes are washed so as to be ready when the rooms are done. The blankets are not washed when the house is cleaned, as the sun is never powerful enough in April to dry them quickly, so we leave them for a warm week later in the year. They are always washed at home. Coloured tablecloths, crewel antimacassars, or any coloured woollen things we wash in warm water with bran in it, and rinse in warm water. If we wash crochet or knitted things, we tie the bran in muslin before putting it in the water. I then have store, linen, and other cupboards and drawers cleaned and dusted out, and at the same time I notice anything that requires to be replaced or wants repairing, making a list as I go through the house.

I next order in what I think will be required for use during the cleaning, and for making polish, &c. The following is my list; of course, I have not to order everything on it, as many of the articles named are already in the house:—One quart of turpentine, half a pint of linseed oil (raw), half a pint of vinegar, a quarter of an ounce of butter of antimony, four ounces of beeswax, a lump of whiting, two ounces of pumice stone, four ounces of fuller's earth, half a pint of oak stain, one pound of size, half a pint of pale oak varnish, one bottle of Berlin black, one threepenny tin of brass polishing paste, two pounds of soft soap, half a pint of droppings of sweet oil, half a gallon of silver sand, bath brick, steel or knife powder, and one bottle of Brunswick black.

I then make my furniture polish; I find it more economical to make it than to buy it. The quantity given lasts twelve months, sometimes longer; but it is not one of the polishes that "requires no labour," it must be well rubbed on; it should be put on with a piece of flannel and rubbed off with a piece of old linen (not cotton), or a piece of an old merino vest is very nice for polishing with. I always put them aside for this purpose.

Recipe for Furniture Polish.—Half a pint of raw linseed oil, half a pint of turpentine, quarter of a pint of vinegar, and a quarter of an ounce of butter of antimony. Put in a bottle, cork securely, and shake well every day for a week. Shake well when used.

I next prepare the beeswax and turpentine that we shall require by scraping the wax, putting it in a pot, and rather more than covering it with turpentine. It should be stirred occasionally, and when the wax has dissolved, should be about the consistency of honey.

It must not be melted by the fire, for if made with heat it will always be sticky instead of polishing off easily.

The following I prepare for cleaning white marble and Parian:—Two ounces of whiting, two ounces of pumice stone, half a pound of Scotch soda, and a quarter of a pound of baked fuller's earth, to be well pounded together. When required for use, some of the powder must be mixed with boiling water, and laid all over the marble while hot (the longer the mixture is left on the better); afterwards the marble must be washed with water and rubbed dry.

We begin our work with the top rooms, and finish at the scullery. All being prepared, we generally manage, if there is no whitewashing or paperhanging to be done upstairs, to get through our spring cleaning in a week. Of course, we two ladies help; we always wash or dust the ornaments, glass shades, picture frames and glasses, and many other things; we infinitely prefer helping to having the house longer in disorder; besides, if it is not done quickly, the first rooms get dirty before the last are done, as there is not time to attend to them. It is on this account that I have cupboards, and all that can be, done before we commence the rooms.

I need scarcely say that house cleaning week I reduce the cooking to a minimum. Monday morning of the last week in April all the stair carpets are taken up before breakfast, and the stairs swept down; directly after breakfast the beds are covered with dust sheets, the curtains taken down, and the carpets taken up in two of the bedrooms; these, with the stair carpets, are taken into the garden, shaken, laid on the grass, swept twice on each side, and folded up until they are wanted. The chimneys are then swept, if necessary, and as there is a marble washstand and mantelpiece in one room, some of the preparation is laid on them hot; the floors are then swept, and the bedding is all taken off the bedsteads, which are iron; the bedsteads are well dusted; if they look dirty anywhere, they are cleaned with benzoline, a little brush being used, afterwards wiped with a dry cloth. Clean papers are then laid over the laths of the bedsteads to keep the dust from the bedding; the bedding is thoroughly brushed, every tuft in the mattresses being brushed under, blankets are shaken, and the bed covered over again with a dust sheet.

We next take down any pictures, and sweep (with a broom kept for the purpose) ceilings, walls, and blinds, and wipe the dust from tops of window-frames, doors, and wardrobe, and remove the dust from the other furniture, brushing the backs and cords of the pictures, of which the glasses may then be cleaned, and they are then re-hung. The paint is then washed; it is ordinary paint, so is cleaned with whiting and hot water and rinsed with clean cold water. Paint should never be touched with a flannel, either a sponge or a leather must be used, and one must have plenty of clean cloths to dry it with. The windows are next cleaned. The grained furniture is washed with soap and water, and the mahogany or other polished furniture is well dusted and polished; if any of it needs cleaning, I find the best plan is to wash it with half turpentine and half hot water, as it polishes well afterwards. The preparation is then washed off the marbles with hot water, and the centre of the floor where it is not stained is scrubbed, but where it is stained it is only rubbed with a dry cloth and then polished with beeswax and turpentine; as sometimes a floor needs re-staining, it may be useful to some readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to know how it is done. If a floor has been beeswaxed, it is best to have it well scrubbed before staining. The process is exactly the same if for the first or second time of doing.

Dilute some stain (oak stain is generally used) to about the shade you wish your floor, remembering that it will be a little paler when finished; go over the boards with it as evenly as possible with a paint-brush, let it dry, then melt some size with water (I use one part size to two parts water); go over the stain with the hot size, being careful not to work it, as it will become frothy and unmanageable if you do, but do it gently, taking the brush straight along each time; be careful to go over every bit, for if any place is missed the varnish will not dry. Wash the brush after the size in warm water, and dry it ready to use for varnishing. The size will not be dry enough to varnish over until the following day. In staining and varnishing, pass the brush with the grain of the wood, never across it; use as little varnish as you can. Note that in no case will varnish dry unless the articles to be varnished are first sized. Never attempt to thin varnish with anything; it will be thinner and easier to work if put in a warm room (not by a fire) some hours before using.

To return to our rooms. As soon as the floors are dry we lay down the carpets, which are square, but not nailed down, except before the doors; care must be taken not to tread on the beeswax polish for an hour or two after it is done. When the baths are dirty I have them rubbed with silver sand and salt; the same with basins. Sometimes, from, I suppose, some fault in the glaze, soap sticks to crockery, and makes little black marks; salt and sand removes them easily. The rooms then only want finishing off, which we do while the cook goes down and washes out the towels we have used for the paint, &c., ready to be used the next day. This is done every day.

Tuesday we proceed with the other two bedrooms, which are done in just the same way.

Wednesday we do the drawing-room, beginning by taking down the curtains, then brushing and moving out all the furniture we can, next taking up the carpet; as our rooms are small, and we have a bordered carpet with the floor round it polished, the servants are quite able to sweep it and turn it about on the grass, which they do while the chimney is being swept; also shake and brush the curtains. I meanwhile wash all the ornaments and the gas globes, &c., in the dining-room. Then ceiling, walls, and blinds (the latter on both sides) have to be swept. We do not take the pictures down, but they are held out from the walls, and the backs are brushed. The ormolu gaselier we clean with a little brush and cold water, and dry it with a leather; neither soap nor soda should be used for ormolu or brass, as it is apt to turn black after either.

The marble slab and mantelpiece are cleaned with the preparation. We use steel or knife powder and turpentine for the bright fender and grate.

Our drawing-room paint being what is called flatted, does not clean very well, so we only do it where necessary, using tepid water and whiting with a sponge, and drying it very carefully afterwards. The windows are cleaned at the same time as the paint, then the floor is polished, and the carpet put down; the furniture is dusted, polished, and brought back into the room, the ornaments arranged, and the curtains put up.

Apropos of curtains, I always have white curtains made with a three-inch hem at the top, and run the curtain-rod through it; they keep much tidier than with hoops or rings, and do better, as one never requires to draw white curtains backwards and forwards.

Thursday morning we commence the dining-room, proceeding in the same way as in the other rooms, except that we must take down the pictures to clean the paper; this we do with bread thus:—Take a household loaf a day old, cut off the top and bottom crusts, cut the loaf in half, and beginning next the ceiling rub the walls all over; it is generally best to rub round with the bread, it sometimes makes the paper look streaky, if you rub up and down. It is quicker and less wasteful to use the half loaf to rub with than small pieces. A moderate-sized room, if the paper is really dirty, will take a quartern of bread.

We have some oil paintings in our dining-room; I only dust these with a silk handkerchief. I clean any frames that need it. There are many preparations sold for this purpose, but I have not found anything as good as cold water and a camelhair brush, removing as I go on as much of the water as I can from the frames with the brush, and draining them afterwards. They must not be dried, as a cloth might injure the gilt.

The paint in our dining-room is grained and varnished, so we wash it well with soap and water, and rub it with dry cloths afterwards. The mantelpiece is black marble; it is polished with the furniture polish; which, of course, must be well rubbed off, so as not to remain greasy.

The brass window pole and rings are washed in plain hot water, and polished with a leather; they look quite new again. As soon as we finish in the dining-room, our little maid goes down to clean the stair-rods; these she does with brick-dust and droppings of sweet oil, as they last longer without tarnishing than when cleaned with brick-dust and water.

Meanwhile the cook goes to prepare her kitchen, which must be whitewashed; every possible thing is taken out. The man comes on Thursday evening to wash the dirt off the ceiling, as that must always be done, and the ceiling allowed to dry before it can be whitened. Friday morning the sweep comes before breakfast, and the whitewasher directly after. While the man is doing the ceiling the servants sweep the staircase walls, clean the stairs, polish the handrail, put down the carpets, beeswax the oilcloth in the inner hall, beat the mats, face down on the grass, and scrub the tiles in the doorway with soft soap and silver sand.

By the time they finish in the hall the whitewasher has gone, and they begin in the kitchen. As I am very particular about things being always kept clean in the kitchen, there is not really very much more than the ordinary work to do, excepting that all the paint has a good scrub with soap and water, or rather we generally use washing powder and hot water for kitchen paint.

Our coppers are kept bright with soft soap and silver sand. I fancy some of my young readers will be astonished at my preference for plain water for so many purposes, and so they would be if I were to mention all the things for which we use silver sand; there is nothing better for scrubbing platters, kitchen tables, dressers, etc. Saucepans we clean by boiling ashes, soda, and water in them. The metal dish covers are all washed inside and out with hot water and soda, and then cleaned with brass polishing paste. We use the same kind of paste for the brass door handles.

The kitchen, pantry, larder, scullery, etc., are finished on Saturday, and I go through the house and paint all the black stoves and fenders with Berlin black, so that during the summer they need only be dusted. I prefer Berlin black to Brunswick for this purpose, because it is comparatively dull. Brunswick black we use to paint the insides of bedroom pails and cans; it dries much more quickly than paint, preserves the can equally well, and does not make the water taste after once or twice using the cans. Hot vinegar removes ink marks from mahogany and other polished furniture. Sometimes we have done a little whitewashing ourselves round the sides of the larder, or other small places. The following is the way to make whitewash:—Take a lump of whiting, break it, and put water enough to it to form a thick paste. Melt half a pound of size with half a pint of water; when quite hot stir to the whiting. If you want the whitewash stone-colour, add a little blue black and a little yellow ochre. Home-made whitewash smells less than bought.

I think in mentioning what is wanted for the spring cleaning, I should have put down "good temper," for certainly it is impossible to get over the most disagreeable week in the year quickly and well without this. I do not forget to show my servants how I think they have done their part, either by a little present or by taking them to some entertainment.

NEW MUSIC.

KEPPEL AND CO.

At the Fair. Written and composed by Luscombe Scarelle.—A pretty, lively, and effective composition, presenting no difficulties.

A Passing Cloud. Song. Written by A. W. Music by Harriet Young.—An attractive and pretty song, the melody agreeable, and the accompaniment ably written.

Bright Days of My Childhood.—Can be well recommended as a pathetic and expressive song of moderate compass.

Can You Forget?—A song of average merit. Would suit a contralto.

A Regal March. By the same composer.—Is well worthy of notice by our young friends as a drawing-room pianoforte solo.

W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

There came a little child to earth. Sacred song. Written by Emily Elliott. Composed by Franklin Peterson.—A charmingly-conceived song set to beautiful words, which we have pleasure in recommending.

CHAPPELL AND CO.

The Singing Brook. Capricietto. For piano. By Barry M. Gilholy.—A pleasing solo, suitable for small hands.

Scottish Melodies. Arranged by F. G. Randallson.—Twelve of the most familiar Scotch airs arranged in an easy form to suit young pianists.

WEEKES AND CO.

Chanson Anglaise. Mélodie originale. Par George F. Vincent.—A showy and agreeable pianoforte solo, with a melodious theme, and brilliant arpeggio passages.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO.

Danse Espagnole. Par George F. Vincent.

E. DONAJOWSKI.

Staccato and Legato. Capricietto. By the same composer.

Both these pianoforte solos are worthy the attention of fairly able pianists. The *Danse Espagnole* is rather impregnated with Spanish character, and is a charming composition.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER, AND CO.

Love that hath us in the net. Words by Lord Tennyson. Music by E. Hatzfeld.—An interesting and singable composition, considerably above the average merit.

Arise, Beloved. Written and composed by Kate Ralph.—This song displays a great deal of talent; the accompaniment is most effective, and in keeping with the words.

At the Feet of my Love. Composed by Kate Ralph. Words by Hamilton Aidé.—This is a charming and uncommon composition, refined and wholesome.

Fourth Tarantella. By Walter Macfarren.—This will be received with much favour; it is characteristic, and not too difficult.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Beyond the Stars. Words by J. S. Lyons. Music by Edward Marlois.—A graceful theme, perfectly in consonance with the poetry. We recommend it to the notice of our young friends.

Mai tout en fleurs. Music by Edward Marlois. Words by Victor Hugo.—This is also worthy the attention of young vocalists.

Birds of Balmy Woodlands. Tyrolienne. By J. B. Wekelin. Words by W. Czerny.—A sparkling and brilliant composition; may be recommended as a good vocal piece; requires a good soprano and flexible voice to render it full justice.

The following instrumental pieces will be found worthy the attention of our youthful pianists:—

Repose. Sketch by Berthold Tours, with violin and violoncello accompaniment.

Canzona. Par J. Raff.

Fragments Favoris de J. S. Bach. Transcription par D. Broccar

Viola. By Max Schröter.

Also an excellent and useful arrangement of all the major and minor scales in double notes from thirds to octaves, with all the major and minor chords by Czerny.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

Jeu d'Esprit. By H. C. Burnham.

The Minstrel's Harp. By Farley Newman.

Souvenir d'un Bal. Par Henri Logé.

Valse de Salon. Par Frank Austin.

These compositions are all worthy of notice.

The Daisy. Words by J. Montgomery. Music by Frank Austin.—This is a pretty, simple song, very suitable to a small voice, and is of easy compass.

ORSBORN AND TUCKWOOD.

At Prayers. Words by M. Summerling. Music by Berthold Tours.

The Orphan's Prayer. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Berthold Tours, with *ad lib.* harmonium accompaniment.

Both these compositions are full of feeling and pathos, and charmingly sympathetic with the words.

Only a Memory. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Vernon Rey.

Unseen Singers. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.

The Realm of Bliss. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Arthur Briscoe.

These songs are far above the average, and we cordially commend them to the attention of our young vocalists.

Glistening Waves. Morceau de Salon. Composed by Henri Stanislaus.—A melodious and acceptable little piece, presenting no undue difficulties to young pianists.

The Vesper Voluntaries. For organ or harmonium. By Arthur J. Greenish.—Book No. 5 before us contains a series of twelve progressive and original voluntaries; they are very pleasing, and have the merit of being within the compass of moderate performers.

again, so that the relief is graduated from the highest part to the sides.

A tool similar to the rounded one, also made in various sizes, is used to force into relief such fruit as almonds, pears, figs, and objects that are smaller at one end than the other, and yet round in form. This tool is also useful to push out stalks of flowers, any flowers of a bell shape, patterns of mouldings and borders, oval leaves, and parts of the wings of birds and conventional animals. The tool is of an oval shape, and though convex at the end, less so than the rounded tool.

After the work has been thrown into higher relief the chasing of fine lines upon the pattern may require touching up. These fine lines, that give with their few touches so much expression to the design, are worked with any fine-pointed tool lightly beaten down on the surface. They can be done after the outline is worked and the background finished, and before the work is turned, if the relief is not required to be great; or the brass can be again fastened to the pitch, and the lines chased as the final working. These lines consist of the features in heads, with details of limbs, drapery, and jewellery, the shading of rounded fruit by a few round strokes, the marks upon flowers, the scales of fish, feathers of birds, etc. When making these chasings, work in as few lines as possible, and indicate what is intended by a few clear and perfect strokes in preference to a number of blurred and unmeaning lines. The amount of chasing required upon small figures, birds, and animals is shown (fig. 1 and fig. 3). The cabinet panel illustrated in fig. 3 is a difficult design, and only intended for good workers to copy if attempted in the size given; but it is a design which is capable of being enlarged to twice its original size without losing in attractiveness. Four specimens of groundwork are introduced into this cabinet panel in order to show some of the fancy backgrounds that can be done. The design, besides being used for a cabinet panel, is fitted for an over-mantel space, or for the back of a candle bracket; it could also be used for a door-plate, but is rather too elaborate for the latter, a simple pattern like that shown in the first article being good enough for that purpose.

When the piece of brass is sufficiently worked up, and is warmed and finally removed from the pitch, it will sometimes appear uneven, and curled up at one side, instead of being quite flat. To remedy this, place the piece upon a flat board, and beat down its sides and edges with a wooden mallet until they are straight, and should the beaten-down ground look crinkled, touch that also with a small and light hammer. The edges of brass objects cut out at home from sheet brass require to be flattened, thickened, and finished by being beaten down, and slightly curled over on the wrong side, while door-panels, mirrors, and other flat articles are backed with a plain sheet of metal to hide the beaten-down under-surface. This background is generally attached for the amateur at an ironworker's; there is no particular difficulty in attaching it neatly, but the process must be learnt.

Brass, when sold in rolls or sheets, is dull in hue, and must be polished and cleaned after the work upon it is done if its surface is to be bright and shining. Wash it thoroughly with vinegar and salt, and then dry it. When perfectly dry, warm the article, and while still hot rub it with rag steeped in oil and rotten-stone, or in methylated spirits. Put on several coats of one of these mixtures, and do not discontinue the process until a bright surface is obtained. When the brass article is in constant use, clean it every week by laying on a coating of cream of tartar made into a paste with water, and when the paste is dry, rub it off with a small but hard brush, then wash with soap and hot water.

Articles that cannot be regularly cleaned are lacquered.—After cleaning these once, and bringing up the surface, buy some shellac, dissolve this in spirits of wine, and lay a thin coating over the article. Use a large brush, and work quickly, as the varnish dries and looks uneven unless applied with rapidity. Methylated spirits are used to thin the shellac, or spirits of wine, if it is made too thick, also to clean off the varnish when it has been badly laid over the brass surface.

There are many ornaments that are enriched by hammered brass-work, and that can be made by amateurs. Amongst these, for flat work, are candle wall-brackets. These are made of all sizes and shapes, but always flat. The designs most suitable are fruit and flower subjects and arabesques.

Brass Trays, oval or round in shape, flat with a small raised rim. The largest size tray is useful for a tea-tray, the smallest to place small vases upon, and the intermediate sizes for wall decorations, salvers, and card trays. The designs upon trays are always either Moorish or geometrical.

Over-mantel panels are either long or square shaped designs for the long panels, figures, birds, or flowers; for the square, fruit or geometrical.

Blotting-book Cases.—The flat piece of brass is made to fit a strong wooden or velvet blotting-case, and is attached to its upper side with small brass nails, for which small holes are punched in the border of the design. These blotting-cases shapes are easily made, are most useful, and can be attached without professional aid. The designs upon them are fruit, flowers, Moorish, or landscape, with large figures as foreground. A variety in shape is an oval piece of brass fixed to the centre of the case, and allowing the velvet or wooden background to show beyond it.

Newspaper Rack.—A long square piece of brass is here required. This is beaten out, backed with plain brass, and hung on the outside of a plain brass newspaper stand. It is attached to the rack by holes punched in its upper surface, through which a brass wire is run, and fastened to the outside support.

Medallion upon Drawing-room Bellows.—An ordinary pair of small wooden bellows, or a black *papier maché* pair, forms the background, the piece of rolled brass is cut to the shape of the bellows but smaller, holes are punched at regular intervals along the edge and small nails hammered through these holes and into the foundation when the pattern is worked out.

Fruit and flower designs are the best; any design selected is enclosed in a plain border of an inch or three quarters of an inch in depth.

Squares of brass to ornament the front of a coal-scuttle are made and put on like the bellows ornament, as are squares for a four-sided flower pot, and for letting into the sides of boxes.

For round articles the shape is hollowed out at a shop and then filled with pitch, and the patterns are designs that fit the surface, and enlarge or contract as the curves of the article require. The most useful articles are finger bowls, ornamental drinking cups (used for holding flowers), round flower pots, oval and round jardinières, round card-trays and bread-baskets.

Any brass object used for holding flowers in earth should be fitted with a tin lining, while breadbaskets require a plain brass lining to them. The open round coal-scuttles are made of brass of extra thickness to that required for less heavy articles.

Instructions in the work are given in London by Mr. Karl Krall, metal worker to the Ecclesiological Society, and of the firm of Barkentin and Krall, 289, Regent-street, also by Madame Amélie, 40, North Audley-street.

B. C. SAWARD.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

OUR DRAWING-ROOM BAZAAR, AND WHAT WE MADE FOR IT.

To have a profitable drawing-room sale it is necessary to be very careful about the outlay; it is possible to procure all one requires for a very little money, if one makes up one's mind to suit the work to the materials, not the materials to the work.

I generally apply at the shops at which I deal, for patterns to be used for charity work; in doing this it is best to make the application by letter, as your name is then entered, and you will probably receive a parcel at the next distribution; it may be of cotton or it may be of woollen pieces. The last packet I received was a large bundle of patterns of French merinoes, of some of which I made little petticoats, matching the shades of colour as nearly as I could; of the remainder I made a quilt. I cut the pieces into nine-inch squares, joined them together with the sewing machine, and lined the whole with unbleached calico. At the sale a lady bought it as a gift for a poor woman.

I have also bought patterns and cuttings from dressmakers and upholsterers. In one parcel I received a lot of strips of cloth and coarse serge; these I made into boys' turban caps—they were too narrow for anything else. As I machine-stitched them and lined them with black cotton twill (at threepence-halfpenny a yard), they were not much trouble to make, and sold easily at eightpence each.

As I made a point of mentioning my intended bazaar to all my friends and acquaintances some time before it took place, at the same time informing them of the object to which the money received was to be devoted, I received several contributions of work, and, what was better, orders for various articles, such as illuminated texts for bedrooms. These I executed to the dimensions wished, and with the texts selected. A crimson plush cushion, on which I embroidered white passion flowers, was also an order. I drew the design on the plush myself in Chinese white, and then worked the flowers from an Easter card.

As regards the best and most saleable articles to prepare, I find nothing sells better than clothing for the poor. There are so many people who have all they want in the way of fancy work, who willingly purchase things they can give away, but these things must be well cut and put together, made to fit a living being, not, what one often sees, a frock apparently for a child of four or five years, with a waist or armhole suited only for the said child's doll.

Children's print frocks sell well, also little washable woollen frocks for babies and children, little coloured petticoats made with high unbleached cotton bodies, boys' thick woollen blouses trimmed with cheap braid and buttons, and children's bodices made out of scraps of flannel, lined. These I make three-quarters high without sleeves; they are very much

liked. I do not bind them, but stitch them round on the right side with ingrain red cotton, as they wash better than when bound.

Men's double (for chest and back) chest preservers sell well. I buy for these a cheap red flannel, almost a baize; it is inexpensive and warm. I cut them long enough to be a good protection for the lungs, leave them square at the bottom, both back and front, and make them to fasten at one side of the throat with a bone button. They are not lined, but are neatly bound with grey stay binding.

I also made some underclothing for women and children out of unbleached calico; children's and women's print aprons with bibs; postmen's cuffs knitted with coarse worsted or yarn (these were ribbed like sock-tops and knitted on three pins), infants' cloth and flannel boots.

For ornamental things we made pompadour bags of seal-brown plush lined with satin, with double drawing cords long enough to slip over the hand; the bags being the size to carry five or six tradesmen's books, square at the bottom, and large enough to leave a two-inch heading above the drawings; inside each bag a little pocket for pence was stitched to the lining. One of these bags was an order, and so had a monogram worked on the side of it in brown silk, outlined with gold wire. To work a monogram on plush or velvet, I find the best plan is to cut the letters out in card, colour them with water colour to match the silk, fix them on the plush with fine silk, and embroider over them. These bags were much admired, and sold directly.

I painted on two tambourines suitable Spanish figure subjects. These were done with ordinary oil colours, and no preparation or medium was used. They were eleven-inch tambourines, and cost 1s. 6d. each, but each took me four whole days to paint. When dry, I put a rim of Judson's gold paint over the edge of the wood where it touched the parchment. I then made some pompons of odds and ends of coloured wool. These pompons are made in the same ways as children's woollen balls. They must be about an inch in diameter, and it is best to fasten one on to each end of a piece of crochet-wool chain four inches long. Put three pairs of pompons on a tambourine, and three bunches of bright-coloured ribbons; these latter must hang about twelve inches. Where you cannot attach the trimming to the holes in the tambourine you must bore a small hole and fasten a wire in it; also fix a wire loop at the top for hanging against the wall. These tambourines, if nicely painted, sell for from fifteen to twenty-one shillings. I need scarcely tell readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that they are not for playing on, but simply to hang up as pictures.

Door panels and screens painted in oils on lincrusta sell at a good price, and do not take long to do in comparison to many other things. Drawing-room bellows may be very prettily decorated if first painted with black or grey enamel paint.

For other artistic work Indian ink etchings on terra cotta plaques, painted terra cotta plates and vases, all sell, if well done. I sold a dozen very pretty d'oyleys; they were etched with marking ink on jean. The lady who did them was indebted to the pretty collection of poems and pictures called "A Crown of Flowers" for all the designs; some she copied, some she adapted to the purpose. We trimmed two palm-leaf fans with flowers and ribbons. I made some pretty shoe-bows out of pieces of black satin which I embroidered with silk and beads. They were not much trouble, and sold for eighteenpence and two shillings the pair.

I had a cosy made of crazy patchwork, and also one embroidered in silks on cloth. I made for a promised purchaser a set of cases for handkerchiefs, gloves, ribbons, and shoes for travelling. They were made of dark holland, bound with narrow dark blue ribbon, each case having a monogram worked on it in dark blue silk. They looked very neat, and, of course, had the advantage of taking up less room than more elaborate cases do. The handkerchief and ribbon cases were made like envelopes, the glove case to fold. We had also some shoe bags made of dark blue linen for gentlemen's shoes. These bags had rings sewn on the backs of them, and were meant to hang against a wall, or at the bottom of a gentleman's hanging wardrobe. Pincushions are now often to be seen on drawing-room tables; they are generally made four or five inches square, and must, of course, be very ornamental. I made a very pretty one thus: a five-inch square of crimson plush, with apparently one corner turned back showing a white satin lining (this was really a triangular piece of satin put on the plush the reverse way); this piece of satin was worked across with silver thread to form little diamonds, and a small white jonquil embroidered in silk showed itself on the corner from which the satin appeared to be turned. The cushion was made up with a piece of strong millboard at the bottom, so that it rested flat on the table, and finished with a cord and small loops at each corner; a few pins were stuck in the unworked side of the plush. I used silver thread instead of gold, because the pins looked better with it. Some long purses, made of velvet and plush and lined with silk, looked pretty.

We made a good many pretty little scent satchets, into which we put pot pourri of our own making.

We had also a bedroom screen made with a clothes horse; for this purpose we painted the legs and the top of the horse with grey enamel paint. We bought some pretty cheap chintz, which we put on the horse full, making three runnings in it, at the top, the bottom, and in the middle; we then put in a lining of pink cotton. The chintz and the lining were both made to take off, being fastened on with strings.

These screens are much lighter than others, and are very convenient in case of illness to put round a couch or bedstead. Besides all the things I have mentioned, there were many small ones that could be sold for a shilling or sixpence, such, for instance, as toilet mats, brush and comb bags, pincushions, hairpin cushions (these latter are knitted wool cushions, made like little bolsters, and hung by a ribbon, fastened at each end, at the side of a looking-glass), shaving cloths, tidy pockets, small round pincushions (made out of kid gloves) for gentlemen's waistcoat pockets, small leather cases, with almanacks in them, to hold season tickets; these were very neatly made, being bound and lined with silk, with a sort of half-pocket inside to hold, but show, the railway ticket.

A fortnight before the day fixed for the sale, I had one hundred notes of invitation printed on tinted paper. They were worded thus: "There will be a sale of useful and fancy needlework at the house of Mrs.——, Treherne Villa, Richmond-road, on Thursday, the 14th inst., from 12 to 6 o'clock. The proceeds of the sale will all be given to" (here must follow the name or names of charities that it is proposed to benefit). "Your presence will be much appreciated." These notes cost about three shillings to print. I sent them round by hand to people in the neighbourhood who I thought were likely to come, and to some few friends farther off.

On the day of the sale, as our rooms are small, I arranged to give up the dining-room as well as the drawing-room for the bazaar, so I was able to place all the clothing for the poor on the dining-room table, reserving all the pretty things for the drawing-room. In the latter we had an extra table placed, and the small ornaments, cushions, antimacassars, footstools, etc., were all taken out of the room to leave space for the articles for sale. Everything was ticketed at a reasonable price, rather below than above a shop price. What we can sell at the price affixed we do, but I make a point of only selling at the marked prices. I never "sacrifice" the things at less than their value, for if put away carefully they will probably sell another time, or, if suitable, can be given to the poor at Christmas. I provide myself with £5 worth of silver and copper before the sale, and am most particular always to give change, even if it is only a penny. I do not permit raffles or auctions, so our bazaars are very quiet. This year I asked a young friend to come to help us, for as we were using the two rooms it was necessary to have three to sell, but no one was pressed to buy anything; more is sold by allowing people to select quietly what they like, for, as a rule, no one comes to a drawing-room sale without intending to lay out some money for the benefit of the charity. When two charities are named on the invitations, sometimes people sending articles for sale, or purchasing, will express a wish that their contributions should be devoted to the first or to the second named charity, as the case may be. I placed on the mantelpiece, in a conspicuous place, the result of the last year's sale, with the letter of thanks from the treasurer of the charity to which the amount realised was sent. I made the room look as pretty as I could by having one or two nice plants about; they helped to show off the goods for sale to the best advantage. I also took care to let in as much light as I could by putting the curtains quite back, and leaving the windows free.

At four o'clock I had tea and cakes placed on a side-table in the dining-room; a servant attended to this, offering some to everyone who went in. Fresh tea was made as required, and it was kept there until six o'clock, when all left. When I made up my accounts in the evening I found that, without having spent much money, my returns were £27, of which I should have £25 to hand over to the charity.

The following is a list of some of the articles sold, with the prices they fetched:—

	£	s.	d.
4 children's woollen frocks, at 3s. and 4s.	0	14	0
9 children's cotton frocks, at 2s. 6d.	1	2	6
6 ,, warm petticoats with bodies, at 1s. 6d.	0	9	0
5 boys' woollen blouses, at 2s. 6d.	0	12	6
8 chest preservers, at 1s.	0	8	0
Women's and children's underclothing	1	10	6
6 children's print bib aprons, at 7d.	0	3	6
10 women's ,, ,, at 10d.	0	8	4
8 pairs postmen's knitted cuffs, at 1s.	0	8	0
1 dozen etched d'oyleys	1	1	0
1 Holland set, with monogram	0	10	6
4 illuminated texts	0	12	0
1 night-dress case and comb bag	0	8	6
2 sets gentlemen's boot bags, at 2s. 3d.	0	4	6
1 Roman satin-worked cushion	1	5	0
1 plush embroidered ,,	2	12	6
Horse for bed-room screen	1	1	0
Drawing-room pin-cushion	0	15	0
2 painted tambourines, at 15s. 6d. and 21s.	1	16	6
2 tea-cosies	1	5	0
1 embroidered tablecloth	2	10	0
6 collars and ties for ladies	1	1	6
3 ladies' caps	1	1	6
11 servants' muslin aprons	0	11	0
Dolls and many small articles	4	10	0
Total	£27	1	10

It is hardly possible to say exactly what a bazaar costs one, for so many things are used up that one has put away from time to time; for instance, embroidery silks, crewels, lining, bits of silk, etc., left from dresses. Many things of no appreciable value are used and become of actual value. If I am asked to do anything on an expensive material, such as silk, velvet, or plush, I deduct the price of the material from the receipts, giving my work; otherwise some orders for mantel boards, cushions, etc., would be more costly than I could afford. I was at a drawing-room sale a few weeks ago, where there was music during the afternoon; it made it very pleasant, but financially it was a great mistake; people stayed longer, so the rooms became too crowded, and they bought less; the music took attention from the object of the afternoon. The worst of these sales is that one has to depend so much on the weather; a really wet day is almost certain to make it a failure; the only thing to be done then is to fix a second day, and hope for the best. In deciding what to have it is very necessary to consider the people who are most likely to be purchasers.

(*To be continued.*)

AUNT HESTER'S SECRET.

By EGLANTON THORNE, Author of "The Old Worcester Jug," "It's All Real True," "In London Fields," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A WITHERED ROSE.

THERE was no occasion for Marian Armitage's wedding to be long delayed. Mr. Ralph Hunter was a man in easy circumstances. He had a pleasant country house within a short distance of London, which needed only a little fresh decoration and new furniture to make it a home worthy to receive his bride. He was not inclined to wait for his happiness longer than the weeks which these preparations would require, and ere Marian's visit to his parents' home was over he had persuaded her to name a day in August for their wedding.

Dora professed to be in despair at the thought of losing Marian so soon, and the other sisters shared her regret. Nor could Mr. Armitage look forward to the wedding day without a sore pang at the thought of parting with his eldest child, whose companionship was very dear to him, since she constantly reminded him of her mother. Lamentations were so general, indeed, that Aunt Hester had

an outsider, Caleb; all your hands are honest, aren't they?"

"It could not have been an outsider. Is it possible a stranger, even if he got into the fleece-room, should choose out this particular lot of German fleeces from hundreds of others and run off with them? Besides, they would be certainly detected if they attempted to sell them. No; someone in the workshop has done it, unless by any chance we have overlooked them. I am going to have the whole stock overhauled to-morrow in the master's presence, and then if they are not found I shall know what to do."

"What will you do, Caleb?"

"Never mind, wait till the time comes," said Caleb, pushing his supper away almost untouched, and then lighting his pipe he sat in silence for the rest of the evening, pondering over the mystery of the German fleeces; only occasionally ejaculating some such remark as:

"Most extraordinary. The best fleece I ever touched. Fifty-two years and never lost a sample. Unaccountable."

The next morning was spent in overhauling the fleeces, each lot being brought to Caleb to pronounce upon, his opinion being infallible; but though the other men, who were anxious to hush the matter up, tried to induce him to acknowledge some very fine fleeces as the German, Caleb was inexorable, though his master would not have been a bit the wiser had he done so.

"Well, it is very clear they are not here. Just come to my office, Caleb," said the owner, when the search was ended.

"Do you suspect any of your hands of dishonesty?" said the owner, when he was alone with Caleb.

"No, sir; I can't say I do," said Caleb, slowly.

"Well, it is very strange; but I don't see what is to be done. Keep a sharp look-out in future, and say no more about it. It is a heavy loss."

"About fifteen pounds; but that is not what I mind. We must make that up, of course, among us, and I must ask you to find another foreman for the fleece department, sir."

"Another foreman! nonsense, Caleb, we can't do without you, as you know you are invaluable to us."

"I am very sorry, sir, but I can't remain unless the fleeces are found. I have failed in my trust, I am responsible for them, and they are gone, and I must go, too."

In vain the owner pleaded and argued. Caleb remained firm; nothing should induce him to remain; if the fleeces were found he would return, not otherwise. He would not even accept a pension, declaring that as he was leaving under such circumstances he was not entitled to it. Then his master offered to raise his wages if he stayed, but Caleb declined; they were already four pounds a week, and he had saved enough to keep him and his wife comfortably for the rest of their lives.

"But you could easily get work elsewhere, Caleb," said the owner.

"I shan't try, sir; I could never bear to work in any other factory," said Caleb, in a most husky voice, and shortly afterwards he took leave of his master and walked home in his long, white smock, not trusting himself to go into the fleece-room again.

An hour later Mrs. Jordan was startled to see Caleb enter the kitchen, where she was dining, in his working dress.

"Caleb, are you ill?"

"No, wife, no; I have resigned. I have left the factory. We shall be poor now, Mary; but it won't be for long, we are getting old," and Caleb sank into his easy chair, buried his face in his hands, and burst into tears.

It was a bitter trial to him, for he loved his work, but he felt he had failed in his trust; his employers might very justly suspect him, though he knew they did not, and he was much too proud to remain at his post while the least breath of suspicion could attach to him. Poor old Mrs. Jordan could not see the matter in the same light as her husband, but she knew by long experience that all argument would be lost upon Caleb when he had once come to a decision; her only hope was that perhaps Alice might persuade him to change his mind, for she had great influence over her grandfather, who thought highly of her judgment. But, to Mrs. Jordan's disappointment, when Alice came home and learnt what had happened, she took her grandfather's part, and agreed with him that he had done the only thing possible.

"Grandfather, do you suspect anyone?" said Alice, as she sat holding her grandfather's hand after Mrs. Jordan had gone up to bed.

"Yes, and no, Alice; it is only possible for the fleeces to have been taken by one of us five in the fleece-room, and I am as certain of the honesty of three of those five as I am of my own. The only thing it is difficult to see is what the object of the person I half suspect can be, for he dare not try to sell the fleeces if he has taken them."

"I know whom you suspect, grandfather—Patrick Kelly—so do I; but I can guess why—to be revenged on me. He and Polly Gould, and all that set, hate me, and I heard Polly say one day that the best way to tease me was through you, and she is always throwing out hints that the time is coming when our pride will be taken down; and I think Patrick would do anything to injure us since you spoke to him about annoying me."

"You may be right, Alice; you may be right—time will show. I am afraid you will have a hard time of it at first, Alice; some of them will say bitter things of me very likely, but you must try and bear it. Please God, it will all come right some day, though I may not live to see it."

Caleb was right in his conjecture. Polly Gould and her companions lost no opportunity of annoying Alice by throwing out hints that Caleb had taken the lost fleeces; but Alice bore it patiently, and was careful to hide her troubles from her grandfather, who was like a fish out of water now that his occupation was gone. At first many of the girls shunned Alice's society, but they soon forgot all about Caleb, and gathered round her during the dinner hour for her reading, which had now become an established thing. It was a great opportunity, Alice felt, for it not only kept the girls from mischief and idle talking, but by choosing judicious books she was able to give them many excellent lessons, though quite unconsciously Alice's best lesson of all was her example. Already many of the girls had copied her style of dress, and found that the money they had formerly wasted on tawdry finery went much further in sensible clothing; while, at the same time, Alice's good plain dresses were far more becoming, and their own sense told them Aliee's quiet, modest manners were far more attractive than the loud, rough ways of Polly Gould and her friends.

Since Caleb had resigned, Alice always walked to and from the factory with Susie Kelly, of whom she had grown very fond. She had begun by pitying her, for there was nothing very attractive in poor, plain Susie, who was often peevish and irritable from bad health, and who, when Alice first knew her, was most slovenly in her appearance; but when Alice took to walking home with her, Susie soon grew ashamed of her dirty aprons and draggle-tailed skirts, and a visible improvement took place, and when Alice knew her better she contrived, by making her presents and offering to trim a hat or mend a dress for her, to make her so neat and tidy that the other girls noticed and remarked upon it. One cold winter day, two or three months after Caleb had resigned, Susie, whose cough had been very troublesome all day, and who was scarcely able even with Alice's support to drag her weary limbs up the hill, broke a blood-vessel just as she got to her own door. Alice, who never went into the house for fear of meeting Patrick, who lived with his mother and sister, could not refuse to go in now and do what she could for Susie, whose mother was so frightened she could only stand and wring her hands, while Alice got her daughter to bed.

"She must have some ice," said Alice, "and then I'll run home and get grandfather to go for the doctor."

But Mrs. Kelly would not hear of this, and without waiting for Alice to consent, went off for the doctor herself, not caring to be left alone with Susie, who was lying as pale as death on her bed. While Mrs. Kelly was gone, Alice wanted a hammer to break the ice in the water-butt, not daring to give Susie anything else till the doctor came, and knowing that would be the first thing he would order; and in searching in the next room, which she knew was Patrick's, to which Susie had pointed when Alice asked where she would be likely to find one, she opened a large cupboard, where, to her surprise, she saw a quantity of fleeces. That these were the lost fleeces Alice had not a doubt, but to make assurance doubly sure, she pulled off a piece of wool and put it in her pocket to show Caleb when she got home. Then, having found a hammer, she got some ice and administered it in small pieces to Susie to stop the bleeding, and then waited as patiently as she could for Mrs. Kelly's return, hoping she would at least have the thought to tell her grandfather as she passed where she was, and dreading that Patrick should come home while she was alone with Susie. To her joy, in about half-an-hour, Mrs. Jordan and Caleb came to ask if she was there, and finding what had happened, Mrs. Jordan insisted on Alice going home with Caleb to supper while she remained with Susie.

Alice forgot all about the fleeces; she was thinking so much of poor Susie, until she was going to bed, when she suddenly remembered, and pulling out the piece of wool, she handed it to Caleb, saying carelessly as she did so—

"What kind of fleece is that, grandfather?"

"Eh! What! Alice! Wherever does it come from? It is a piece of that German fleece," cried Caleb, peering eagerly at Alice over the top of his spectacles.

"I thought so. Don't ask me any more till to-morrow, please, grandfather—then I'll tell you all about it."

"Well, well, as you like, my dear child," said Caleb, seeing that whether he asked or not, Alice had made up her mind to tell him nothing more till the next day; so, shaking his head and muttering it was a bad business, he feared, he went slowly up to bed.

(*To be concluded.*)

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

How we Entertained our Friends.

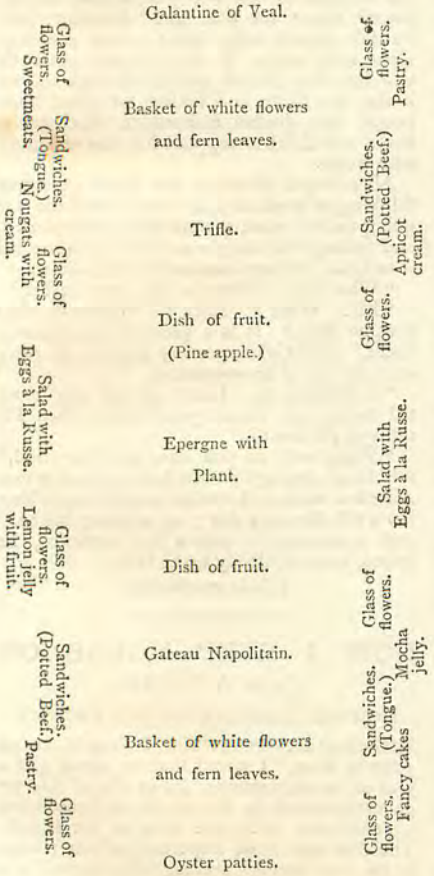
In the first articles on "How I Keep House on £250 a Year," I stated that we spent £12 a year on entertainments. £9 or £10 of this we generally spend in the month of June, when we endeavour to receive most of our friends. The first and most important of our parties is an "at home" evening, the second is a little dinner for eight, and the third a high tea for twelve; this last we give more particularly on account of a few friends at a distance, who

can only come to an early entertainment; then towards the end of the month I generally manage to have an afternoon party.

To begin with our evening. As I do not wish my friends to expect too much, I do not give more than a fortnight's invitation, though I take care before sending out my cards to insure a few musical friends by asking them to promise me their assistance. I invite fifty people, for one cannot expect in June to get more than forty acceptances out of fifty invitations.

We make everything, except the cakes and biscuits, at home; it is very much less expensive to do so, and really takes no longer than making half, as one can attend to several dishes at the same time. The reason we buy cakes is that the oven is too much occupied with other things for us to bake them. Of course, nearly all our supper is cooked the day before the party. On the evening my servants had the assistance of a waitress, who poured out tea and coffee, which was served on the landing. We had to hire a few extra chairs for the drawing-room. Our supper was a standing one, excepting a few chairs that were carried in from the drawing-room for some elderly ladies, so that really there was very little expense beyond the supper. Of course, had our income been larger our arrangements would have been different; but, as it is, we can but do our best, and try to give pleasure to our friends without unnecessary outlay. As we give no wine, we are perhaps more particular that what we provide should be really good of its kind.

The following was the arrangement of "our supper-table," of which there is also a coloured illustration at the commencement of this part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER:—



There was on the sideboard a reserve of sandwiches, a second dish of oyster patties, bread, lemonade, syrup, soda water, &c.

I give the recipes from which some of the dishes were prepared.

Galantine of Veal.—Take 2 lbs. of veal cutlet (cut thin from the fillet) and 3 lbs. of the best end of the neck of veal; remove the skin and bones, and place them in a stewpan with an onion stuck with four cloves, a teaspoonful of black pepper (bruised), a bunch of sweet herbs, a large carrot, two bay leaves, some bacon rinds or bones, a large blade of mace, a branch of parsley, a teaspoonful of sugar (browned, not burnt), a little salt, and three pints of water; let this stew for an hour before the galantine is put in. Meanwhile, prepare the meat thus:—Place a thin cloth, of a suitable size, on a board; on this lay the veal flat, ready for rolling; spread over the meat a thin layer of forcemeat made of sweet herbs, grated lemon rind, chopped parsley, a finely chopped shalot (if liked), pepper and salt; then lay on some pieces of ham (about 1 lb., nearly all lean), a few button mushrooms, some pistachio kernels, and, if you are intending to have a tongue, you can put into the veal some of the trimmings off the root; then roll the meat carefully, so as not to disturb the arrangement of the forcemeat, &c., which should give a tempting appearance to the galantine when it is cut. Sew the cloth down the side of the meat and tie the two ends of the roll, which must be of the same size all the way down, and not measure more than 11 or 12 inches round; put it into the stewpan on the bones, cover closely, and let it simmer gently for three hours, then take it up and place it on a dish with a second dish and some weights over it to press it into shape, as in the illustration. When cold, it should be about 2½ inches thick. Leave it under the weight until the following morning, when you must remove the cloth and glaze the galantine in the ordinary way. After the meat is removed from the stewpan the gravy must be strained and cleared with the juice of a lemon and the white of an egg; it must then be poured on to a flat dish that has been previously dipped in cold water. If not sufficiently reduced, it will be necessary to add a little gelatine before clearing the gravy; part of this jelly is cut into diamonds to ornament the galantine, and part of it is broken up with a fork and placed round the meat. A galantine can be made equally well with an oyster of veal. The success of this dish depends on the neatness with which it is made.

Potted beef for sandwiches.—Take 1½ lb. of beef (fillet is the best for the purpose), cut it in small pieces, put it in a brown jar with a saltspoonful of brown sugar, the same of bruised black pepper, a blade of mace, and sufficient water to cover it; tie it well down, and let it stew in the oven for three hours; take it out, season it with salt to taste, strain off the gravy, then put the beef twice through a mincing machine, or, if you have not one, chop it on a board, and then pound it in a mortar; afterwards add enough of the gravy to make it moderately moist (in making potted meat never skim the fat off the gravy, it improves the meat if left in), put into pots, and when cold pour a little oiled butter over each.

For patties, tartlets, etc., I always use what the French call "Feuilletage à 6 tours." I proceed thus:—Take 2 lbs. of Hungarian flour, place it on a board, make a hollow in the centre, and put in it a small teaspoonful of salt, pour cold water on the salt to melt it, and continue to add water until all the flour is worked into a rather soft dough, no flour or bits of dough must remain on the board; put it aside in a cool place for ten minutes. Take 2 lbs. of good butter (which, if the weather is hot, must have been placed on ice for some hours), beat it into a square, sift flour over it, then roll the paste out to double the size of the butter, place the butter on it, and fold the four sides of the paste over it; with the rolling pin roll the paste up and down until it is about a quarter of an inch thick, then fold it in three by folding the top down and the bottom up, again roll out and fold in the same way; the paste has then had what is called two turns, and must be put in a cool place for fifteen minutes, then give it two more turns in the same way, put aside for another fifteen minutes, and give it two more turns, which will make the "6 tours"; then put aside for a little while, and it is fit for use. If properly made, this paste will rise three to five inches; this quantity was sufficient for our party. In making tartlets and oyster patties that are not to look "home-made," it is necessary to have two scalloped cutters, one 2½ inches across, the other 1¼; roll the paste out as thin as possible, cut a round of paste with the larger cutter, put it in a patty pan, then cut two more rounds the same size, but cut the centres out with the small cutter; place these two centres one on the other on a baking sheet, and put the two rounds into the patty-pan with a piece of bread in the middle; when the cases and tops are baked, glaze them as you take them from the oven with yolk of egg, and remove the bread; when cool, put in the prepared oysters, and then use the little rounds that were cut out as corners.

Salad with Eggs à la Russe.—For each salad boil twelve eggs hard; when they are cold, remove the shells, cut off the tops of the eggs and take the yolks out, cut a small piece from the bottom of each egg so that it will stand, mix the yolks with some chopped boned anchovies, and pass them through a coarse sieve. Take a portion of the lobsters and the tops off the eggs and chop small, with a little oil, vinegar, mustard, salt, and a pinch of white sugar; put some of this into each white of egg, then put the prepared yolks in, so as to leave a yellow cone showing above the white egg. Mix the lobster salads in the usual way, heap them well on flat dishes, garnish with the spawn and small claws, and stand the eggs round.

Gateau Napolitain.—Take a fresh madeira or almond pound cake, cut the top off to make it even, then cut the cake into rounds about an eighth of an inch thick; on the bottom slice spread marmalade, then put a slice of cake over and spread a layer of raspberry jam, repeat the marmalade, cake, and jam until all the cake is used, then glaze the outside with marmalade, and ornament the top with preserved fruits or sweets. Either orange or apricot marmalade will do for this cake.

Trifle, without Wine.—Soak a dozen macaroons and a quarter of a pound of ratafias in lemon syrup. Place some slices of sponge cake in the bottom of a trifle dish, cover them with raspberry jam, then put a layer of the soaked biscuits and another layer of jam, alternate the sponge cakes, jam, and biscuits until the dish is full enough. Make a custard with three-quarters of a pint of milk and the yolks of three eggs, two lumps of sugar only, and a little vanilla essence; when nearly cold, pour this over the cakes, run a knife through here and there, so that the sponge cakes may get soaked with the custard. Finish by heaping whipped cream on the top.

Mocha Jelly.—Make in a percolator one pint of strong coffee; use Mocha coffee, and be careful that the decoction is very clear. Melt one ounce of Nelson's gelatine in a pint of cold water, add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar, boil and clear with white of egg, pass it through a jelly-bag, then add to it the pint of hot coffee, mix well, and put it into a round mould that has a centre to it, or, if you have not one, stand a claret tumbler with a weight in it in the middle of another mould and pour the jelly round it. When it is turned out, the hole in the centre left by the glass must be

THE GIRLS OWN PAPER VOGELSANG & KAISER CHROMO-LITH. MUNICH LONDON

PASTRY. SANDWICHES FRUIT JELLY. SALAD EGGS A LA RUSSE NOUGATS. SANDWICHES. SWEETMEATS GALANTINE OF VEAL.
OYSTER PATTIES. BASKET OF FLOWERS. SANDWICHES. FRUIT EPERGNE. FRUIT TRIFLE. BASKET OF FLOWERS. SANDWICHES
FANCY CAKES. GATEAU NAPOLITAIN. MOCHA JELLY. SALAD EGGS A LA RUSSE APRICOT CREAM. FANCY PASTRY

HOW WE ENTERTAIN OUR FRIENDS – THE SUPPER TABLE

See "How I keep House on £ 250 per annum."

filled with whipped cream, which should stand up well in the middle.

Nougats.—Take 1 lb. of Valencia almonds, blanch and cut them small, place on a baking sheet and put in a cool oven to dry thoroughly; let them remain in the oven until they are rather yellow (but not burnt at all). Put three-quarters of a pound of pounded loaf sugar and the juice of a lemon into an untinned copper or brass saucepan, stir with a wooden spoon until the sugar is dissolved, boil two minutes without letting it colour, stir in the almonds, and take the saucepan off the fire. Have some Sutherland pudding-tins ready oiled and hot, put a little of the nougat in each, and work quickly all over the inside of the tin with the handle of a silver spoon that has been previously oiled. This must be done very quickly, or the sugar will set. When cold, turn the nougats out and fill them with whipped cream or with sweets. For "lemon jelly with fruit in it," it is necessary that the jelly be made rather firmer than if used without fruit.

When our guests arrived, tea, coffee, and cakes were served on the landing, for, of course, the supper was laid before anyone came; coffee was also ready for any who liked it before leaving. At supper we had soda and seltzer water, both in syphons, as being more convenient than bottles, lemonade made from lemons, raspberry vinegar and Seville orange syrup, the two latter for mixing with the aërated waters. The following is a list of the articles used for the evening, with the cost:—

	£	s.	d.
Veal and ham	0	7	6
Tongue (home cured)	0	4	6
Beef for potting	0	1	9
Fifty-four cooking oysters ..	0	4	6
Lobsters	0	3	6
Eggs, 2s. 6d.; flour and cooking butter, 3s.	0	5	6
Salad, parsley, etc.	0	2	6
One pound Brittany butter for sandwiches	0	1	6
Bread	0	1	6
Thirty-six halfpenny rolls ..	0	1	6
Cream	0	6	6
Greengage jam for tartlets ..	0	0	7
Marmalade and 2lbs. raspberry jam	0	1	6
Tin of apricots for cream ..	0	1	3
Sponge cakes and macaroons, etc.	0	1	4
Three packets Nelson's gelatine	0	1	1½
Poundcake	0	1	0
Almonds and sugar for nougats	0	1	3½
¼ lb. Mocha coffee, 5d., and ¾ lb. coffee	0	1	4
Sweetmeats and fancy pastry ..	0	3	0
Fruit, 10s.; flowers, 10s. ..	1	0	0
Mushrooms, tea, milk, lemons, sugar, etc.	0	5	10
Cakes and biscuits for tea ..	0	3	6
Aërated waters and ice ..	0	14	0
Waitress, 3s. 6d.; hire of twelve chairs, 5s.	0	8	6
Total .	£5	5	0

The expenses beyond these for extra fuel, washing table linen, lights, &c., were so small that they were more than balanced by what was left from the supper.

Our next entertainment was a little dinner. I chose for this dishes that could be prepared, almost entirely, early in the afternoon, and that were easy to serve, for I knew it would not be possible for my servant to prepare and serve sauces at the same time as dish up the dinner, which was served as six courses. The following was my *menu*:—

Soupe Brunoise.
Red Mullet.
Fillet of beef braised, with mushrooms.
New Potatoes.
Roast Chickens and Watercresses.
Salad. Asparagus.
Riz à l'Impératrice (cold).
Cherry Tart (cold) and Cream.
Cheese Straws (hot).
Dessert.

I had a young woman to help wait at table. The dinner cost 30s.; waitress, 3s. 6d.; fruit and flowers, 12s. 6d.; soda water, 5s.; coffee, tea, and cream, 1s. 6d.; total, £2 12s. 6d. The red mullet were baked in buttered paper, and lemons cut in quarters were handed with them. The new potatoes were served with a little butter in the dish, and some very finely chopped parsley sprinkled over the top of them. Oiled butter was handed with the asparagus.

The Riz à l'Impératrice is prepared thus: Take a pot of currant jelly and melt it with a little isinglass; line a mould with this as high as you can; when cold, sprinkle thickly inside the jelly chopped pistachio kernels. Boil rather less than a breakfast-cupful of rice in milk till it is soft enough to mash with a spoon; add a very little pounded sugar and some essence of ratafia; when cold, put the rice into the mould with the jelly; turn out and serve with a little currant jelly on the dish round the rice. This is a very pretty sweet.

Cheese straws.—Take a piece of puff paste, roll it out very thin, dredge all over it some grated Parmesan or other cheese and a little cayenne pepper, fold the paste up, roll it out thin, cut into straws with a wheel cutter. They can be baked at once, then made hot again when required, and served piled on a d'oyley.

Our high tea we managed without any assistance, as both servants were able to wait on us. On this occasion we made the cakes at home. For tea we had—

Herrings in Vinegar.
Pressed Beef.
Veal and Ham Pie.
Lemon Cheesecakes.
Gooseberry Fool.
Custard Cream.
Salads. Cakes.
Tea and Coffee.

Herrings in vinegar.—Take six large fresh herrings, remove the heads and tails, bone them and divide in two, sprinkle the insides with pepper, salt, sweet herbs, and chopped parsley, roll the pieces up, run them on skewers and place in a dish with two parts of vinegar and one part of water, a blade of mace, some allspice and black pepper; cover and bake them in a moderate oven.

Pressed Beef.—Take a piece of brisket or thin flank of beef, put it in a pan with 2 oz. of allspice, 1 oz. of saltpetre, 1 oz. of black pepper, 2 lbs. of salt, ½ lb. of brown sugar, pounded together in a mortar, rub the beef every day with this mixture for eight days, then drain the pickle from it, tie the beef up, place ½ lb. of chopped suet in the bottom of a dish, put the meat on it, pour over it the juice of three lemons, put more suet on the top of the beef, cover all with a flour-and-water crust, and bake for five or six hours in a moderate oven. When done, remove the crust, take out the meat, and place heavy weights on it to press it; when cold, glaze and garnish with jelly.

Custard Cream.—Soak ½ oz. of Nelson's gelatine in half a pint of cold milk, stir to it one pint of boiling milk, then four well-beaten eggs; put over the fire, stir gently until thick; it must not boil; remove from the fire, sweeten with pounded sugar and flavour with vanilla, stand the saucepan in cold water, stir until nearly cold, then put in a mould.

Our tea was not at all an extravagant one. For my afternoon party I had tea, coffee, lemonade, cakes, biscuits, strawberries and cream, and a melon. I never attempt to give ices—they are expensive, and require an extra person to attend to them. For strawberries, I generally have the cream whipped—not as much as for a trifle, but enough to make it thick; it goes so much farther this way; but it must then be served in bowls with spoons, not in jugs.

WHEN WE WERE GIRLS TOGETHER.

A STORY OF SCHOOL-GIRL LIFE.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

"It seems to me but yesterday
Since we were girls together."—OLD SONG (*Adapted*).

CHAPTER IV.

A CATASTROPHE.

"THAT'S young Ellwood's dog-cart, and the new bay."

Mr. Fowler had recognised the smart vehicle at a glance. The bay, a handsome young mare, had been lately bought by the son of the richest farmer in Brambletree, and was already known in the neighbourhood as a fiery thing, likely to do mischief. She had now fairly earned her reputation, and was galloping along the quiet road at the top of her speed, with the light, empty cart rocking behind her.

The highway leading from Brambletree to Parkley grew narrower after it had passed Chestnut Farm, and turned into a lane, deeply shadowed by trees in summer. The ground here was a sharp descent, well-known to farmers and carriers, who always went down the slope at a cautious pace. But there was no hand to guide the bay mare, nor check her mad career, and on she dashed into the gloom of the lane.

Mr. Fowler had opened the garden-gate, and hurried out into the road, followed by Derrick. In the stillness of the summer day, both had heard the sound of wheels coming from the opposite direction, and both were anxiously expecting a catastrophe.

In the next minute there were shrieks and loud exclamations, and the Fowlers ran with all their might to the scene of the disaster. The mare had galloped on, leaving behind her a cloud of dust, and a gig and two persons overturned by the

WHERE the forget-me-not groweth,
Down by the marge of the meads,
Down where the smooth river floweth
Still through the lilies and reeds;
Under the shadowy trees
Quiver the murmuring bees,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Where the marsh-marigolds gleam,
Softly the summer wind bloweth
Over the bend of the stream;
Bloweth to steal through the grass,
Cometh to whisper and pass,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Oh, let us wander to-day,
Now when the summer sun gloweth
Over the meadows of May;
Joyance and peace shall be ours,
Beauty and fragrance of flowers,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

Where the forget-me-not groweth,
Down by the marge of the meads,
Down where the still river goeth
Slow through the lilies and weeds;
Here let us linger with you,
Plucking the blossoms of blue,
Where the forget-me-not groweth.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

COOL DRINKS FOR WARM DAYS.

IT has often struck me what a small variety of beverages we have in proportion to the number of things we eat; more especially is this the case in houses where wine is not drunk. I know many who I am sure would willingly drink non-stimulating drinks were it not that the choice is so often limited to tea, coffee, water, wine, or beer. The two former, though very refreshing cold, are very rarely drunk so in England. I do not myself think a cup of coffee with a lump of ice in it is at all to be despised. In Miss Bird's book on Japan, I read that the Japanese do not make their tea with quite boiling water; they pour hot water on the leaves and let them infuse for barely a minute, thus producing a delicate and delicious infusion; tea made this way is very pleasant to drink cold. An infusion of this kind has not the injurious properties of "well drawn" tea.

In Italy, France, and Germany fruit syrups and fruit waters are drunk in very large quantities. I have now in my mind a large drapery establishment in Paris, where a glass of syrup and water is given to any who like to ask for it. The crowd of applicants is so great that the proprietors have been obliged to put up a barrier, so that people can only pass singly in front of the counter. Nine or ten glasses are placed on the marble table, a man-servant pours a little syrup, sometimes currant, sometimes lemon, sometimes mocha, or some other (they have many kinds) into each tumbler; another man fills the glasses up with water, the contents are instantly consumed, the glasses are passed to the washer, and more glasses placed, to be emptied as quickly as filled. This goes on continuously every afternoon. Doubtless the trade is the greater for there being no payment, but at the side there is a collecting box for charity, into which anyone may drop one or two sous.

In Germany and Italy the pretty little stalls at which aerated waters and syrups are sold for very small sums attract many customers, who were it not for them might be tempted to procure stronger drinks.

In England the great objection to syrups is their sweetness, for as a nation we like sugar less than our neighbours.

Among the simple drinks for quenching thirst oatmeal water is very good. Make it thus:—Take two tablespoonfuls of fine or medium oatmeal, pour a pint and a half of cold filtered water on it, stir it well, let it settle, and it is fit for use. Water may be poured a second time on to the meal. I have tried oatmeal water made with boiling water, and allowed to get cold, but we did not like it as well; it tasted flat.

Good Barley Water.—Rub in a cloth two tablespoonfuls of pearl barley; then put it in a jug with a very small pinch of salt, a lump of sugar, a piece of thin lemon rind, pour a quart of boiling water on the ingredients, stir well for two minutes, cover the jug over, let the barley water stand until cold. It is better if it is made twelve hours before it is wanted. The barley, like the oatmeal, may have water put to it two or three times.

Years ago toast-water used to be much used; now, I daresay, many have never tasted it, though it is often very useful. We used to prepare it thus:—A jug of quite boiling water was got ready, and when we had slowly toasted a piece of the top crust of a loaf of bread, toasted it so brown all over that it was quite ready to burn, we put it in the jug of boiling water, and covered the jug well over; when cold it was ready for drinking. Toast-water jugs are made with china covers and strainers.

The following is a French recipe for barley water. It is called

Limonade des Malades.—Wash six ounces of pearl barley, and put it into a stewpan with three quarts of warm water, boil it gently for an hour and a half, when it should be reduced to two quarts; strain it through a cloth. Make a syrup with a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pint of water, the pulp and juice of two lemons without the pips, and the grated rind of one; boil the syrup five minutes, let it stand on the stove a little while, then strain it into the barley water.

There are many different ways of making lemonade. The following I consider the best.

Lemonade.—Take the rinds of six lemons pared off without any of the white, and the juice and pulp of eight, being careful to remove all the pips, which would, if left in, make the lemonade bitter; pour two quarts of boiling water on the lemons and peel, and add half a pound of loaf sugar, cover over until cold, then strain through thin muslin.

Lemonade for keeping a short time.—Take the rind of a lemon that has been pared off without any of the white, put it in a jug with the strained juice of ten lemons and half-a-pound of the best loaf-sugar, stand the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, keep over the fire until the syrup simmers, then put aside and when cold bottle; do not cork the bottle, but put a little drop of salad oil on the top of the syrup. The oil is easily removed with a piece of cotton wool when the lemonade is required. A little of this in a tumbler of water makes a very pleasant drink. If twenty grains of carbonate of soda are added it will make an effervescing drink.

Lemonade without Lemons.—Take one ounce of citric or tartaric acid, one pound of powdered loaf sugar, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon; mix all well together in a mortar, then put in a very dry bottle and cork A small tablespoonful of this is to be put in a tumbler of cold water when required.

Ginger Beer.—Take the peel from two lemons, and put it with the strained juice into a large pan, with one ounce of thoroughly bruised ginger and one pound and a quarter of loaf sugar. Pour one gallon of boiling water over the ingredients, and stir. Let it stand until it is only just warm, then add one tablespoonful of good thick fresh yeast. Well stir the whole with a wooden spoon, and leave it to work in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Then the yeast and scum must be carefully removed with a skimmer, and the ginger beer poured off so as not to disturb the sediment. It must immediately be bottled, corked, tied down, and the bottles laid down in a moderately cool place—sufficient to fill sixteen or seventeen bottles.

Soda-water Powders.—Procure three ounces of bicarbonate of soda, weigh it out into thirty-grain powders. Do each powder up in a piece of blue paper; then take two ounces of tartaric acid, and weigh it out into twenty grains, folding each twenty grains in white paper. When done, if you have weighed carefully, you will have forty-eight blue papers and forty-eight white, sufficient to make forty-eight glasses of soda-water, for the cost of sixpence-halfpenny. The papers can be put aside to use again, and save the trouble of cutting more. In using mix the contents of a blue paper in half a tumbler of water, and one of the acid powders in a wineglassful of water. Pour the contents of the wine glass into the tumbler, and drink at once. Ice, syrup, fruit water, or milk may be added. It is necessary to be very accurate in making these powders, for if the right quantities are used a saline draught calculated to allay thirst is produced, whereas if either ingredient unduly predominates an alkaline or acid draught will be the result.

Strawberry Vinegar.—Take two pounds of good, full-flavoured strawberries that have had the tops picked off; put them into a jar, and pour three pints of good white wine vinegar over them; tie over with paper, and let them remain four days; then pour off the vinegar, and drain the fruit well through a cloth until all the juice has dropped from it, but do not press it, or you will make the vinegar thick; replace the vinegar in the jar, and add two pounds of fresh strawberries; let it stand four days again, and repeat the process with two pounds more fresh fruit, making altogether six pounds of fruit to the three pints of vinegar; put aside again for four days, then remove the fruit and weigh the vinegar; this is easily done by weighing the jar before you use it, and deducting the weight when the vinegar is in it; for every pound of vinegar add one pound of loaf sugar; stand the jar in

a saucepan of water, and let the vinegar simmer ten minutes, or else boil it for that time in an enamel stewpan. If boiled in a jar it must be well covered, or it will not reach the desired temperature. Let it stand until the next day, covered with a thick cloth, then put it into small bottles, but do not cork too firmly at first, for fear of the bottles bursting; in four days you can push the corks in tightly, seal the bottles over, and lay them down in a cool place.

Raspberry and black or red currant vinegar are made in the same way. If fruit is scarce it is not absolutely necessary to change the fruit more than twice, and where there is a garden the fruit can be added from day to day as it ripens.

A tablespoonful of strawberry or raspberry vinegar, with a lump of ice and some cold water, makes a most refreshing drink on a warm day.

Syrups.—The following is an old French recipe for making syrups:—Take two pounds of loaf sugar to one pound of any kind of fruit juice. Melt the sugar, and let it boil a few minutes, taking care that it does not colour; add the fruit juice; let it boil a few minutes. When cool, put it in bottles that have been thoroughly dried by the stove; cork the bottles with bits of paper until the next day; then cork properly and seal over.

The following are some of the syrups the most used abroad. I may mention that, besides being pleasant to drink with water, they make excellent pudding sauces.

Caramel Syrup.—Take a quarter of a pound of powdered loaf sugar, put it into a dry copper saucepan (the saucepan must be copper or brass inside, not tin); put it over the fire, and keep stirring it with a wooden spoon until it is a nice golden brown colour; then remove from the stove, and add slowly, stirring all the time, three-quarters of a pint of warm water; put on the fire again, and add one pound of loaf sugar and a pod of vanilla; boil it, stirring all the time until the syrup is thick enough to cling to a silver spoon. It can be used hot, or, when cold, bottled for keeping. The sugar must not when melting be allowed to burn black—only to brown—and care must be taken when adding the water to avoid scalding the hands, as the sugar is apt to splutter.

Cherry Syrup.—Take two pounds of any kind of juicy cherries, remove the stalks and stones, crack the stones, peel and chop the kernels, put the fruit into a pan with one pint of cold water; mash it with a wooden spoon and let it stand covered over for twenty-four hours; the next day boil it for five minutes in a copper pan, then drain the juice from the fruit through a tammy sieve, weigh the juice and put its weight of loaf sugar in the copper pan, let it come slowly to a boil, add the juice and the chopped kernels, stir and boil until well mixed, and you have a heavy syrup. Pine-apple, apricot, and plum syrup are made in the same way. The reason for boiling the sugar apart from the fruit is that the syrups thus made are so much brighter coloured.

Gooseberry, raspberry, strawberry, mulberry, currant, rhubarb, and green grape syrup are better made without any water, merely adding one pound of fruit juice to one pound of boiling sugar.

Seville oranges make a very pleasant drink, thus:—Take the thin rind from six Seville oranges and the pulp and juice of ten; cover them with one pint of cold water, and let them stand forty-eight hours; then boil them half an hour, strain through a piece of linen, weigh, and add the same weight of sugar; boil again until the syrup is clear and heavy; when cool, bottle and cork.

Mocha Syrup.—With a half pound of Mocha coffee make one pint of clear coffee; melt one and a half pounds of loaf sugar in the preserving pan; add the coffee to it; boil together a few minutes; when cool, bottle for use. If it is desired to keep syrups from year to year, they must have more than an equal weight of sugar to the juice. Made by the first recipe given, they will keep for years. The kernels may be strained from the syrups, if preferred; but I think that they much improve the flavour after the syrups have been kept.

Fruit Waters.—Take cherries, raspberries, strawberries, mulberries, currants, pineapples, or any other fruit that is to be had; crush well, and to each pound of fruit add one pint of cold water; stir well with a wooden spoon, again crushing the fruit, then strain through a tammy cloth, pressing the juice well out (it is a good plan to keep back a little of the water to pour over the fruit when you press it); add a little sugar to taste, and boil the liquor until it is clear. These drinks are not meant for keeping, and should be made the same day as they are required for use. Half a glass of fruit-water and half a glass of soda-water make a very nice beverage. With a little more sugar added these *eaux de fruit* make excellent ices.

Rhubarb is very pleasant used in this way, if the thin rind of half a lemon and the juice of a whole one is added to each pound of fruit. Of course, the rhubarb must be cooked to extract the juice.

The fruit, after draining, can be used for puddings; it is very good boiled with a little sugar, then put in a pie-dish and covered with a thick layer of bread crumbs and lumps of butter, then baked half an hour.

The following are three French recipes for suitable drinks for delicate people:—

Bavaroise au Lait—Put in a cup four teaspoonfuls of syrup of gum and three teaspoonfuls of orange flower water; mix them, and stir in gradually half a pint of boiling milk.

Lait de Poule.—Put in a bowl three yolks of eggs and two ounces of powdered sugar; work them together until they are frothy, then add slowly half-a-pint of boiling water. A little grated lemon-peel or nutmeg can be added at pleasure.

Petit-Lait (Whey).—Mix the juice of a lemon with a pint of milk; heat gently until it boils; add the juice of another lemon with a piece of the peel; when the milk has quite turned, strain it through a linen cloth, and let it cool. The whey may be drunk as it is sweetened to taste, or may be cleared thus: beat well the white of an egg, mix it with the whey, put it over the fire, stir it; when it begins to bubble put it on the side of the stove; let it stand five minutes, and then strain it. The milk curd makes good cheese-cakes. There are many other syrups, and *tisanes*, or teas, made from different flowers, but they seem unsuited to our climate; then again, there are many cups and drinks made with different kinds of wines and liqueurs, which do not come into my housekeeping. With regard to the use of syrup, I know no nicer drink than the following:—Put a tablespoonful of strawberry or any other syrup into a tumbler, add a tablespoonful of cream and a lump of ice, let it stand a minute or two, then fill up with soda-water. Milk may be used instead of cream, but, of course, it is not nearly as good. Those living too far in the country to obtain ice easily, can by means of the freezing mixtures that are sold make their own ice.

BLANCHE ELMSLIE'S PROGRAMME.

By LADY WILLIAM LENNOX.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the date of the evening mentioned in the last chapter, Blanche went on, to use a forcible proverb, "like a house on fire." Her own playing under the able tuition of Monsieur Dubois—who, when he left Morpeth House, still remained in the neighbourhood, and often came to see the Elmslies in their lodging—improved wonderfully, and as a result of that her fame spread so that her pupils increased in number in a way she had never dreamt of. Every morning now, without exception—save, of course, Sunday—she gave lessons from eleven to two o'clock. Then on three afternoons she had a lesson of an hour from the kind old professor, who absolutely refused anything in the shape of a fee, and, in fact, declared he was rich, and would not give instruction for money for the world, but only because mademoiselle had the true soul of an artist, therefore it delighted him to hear her play, and also he was charmed to say a little word which might help her. So her life went on day after day till the bright, warm tints of summer mellowed into the russet and gold of autumn, and those again gave place to the bare branches of winter.

It was a very cold December day, bleak winds blew over the country road—looking so hard and white now—across the fields, and through the leafless plantation, as Blanche trudged along as usual on her way to Alice Neville. She was well wrapped up in a fur-lined cloak, one of the comforts which owed its origin to her own earnings, and she had a thick woollen gown and a muff besides; but still the sharp wind struck her in the face as she met it, and the thought crossed her brain that it was hard for her to be obliged to go out in such weather, when her friend was basking in the warmth of her luxurious home, sitting at that moment most likely in a huge well-cushioned arm chair, with her feet on a carpet of velvet pile. She did not let herself dwell on this thought, though, but resolutely put it away, and struggled on, hair blown about and eyes full of the white dust which flew in all directions this windy day. It was a relief to find herself in the comfortable atmosphere of Morpeth House, and she sat down in a chair close to the fire and stretched out her feet to the blaze. Alice was not in the room when she arrived, but presently the door opened, and in she came, looking radiant, richly dressed in dark green velvet, and evidently so happy about some special thing, that Blanche, after one good look at her face, guessed the reason.

"Alice, dear," she said, "what has happened? Something delightful, I am certain. Is it anything to do with Charlie Fletcher?" and she smiled mischievously.

"You have guessed it, Blanche, quite right, and I am happy, very." She put her arms round her friend's neck and hid her glowing cheeks against Blanche's pale ones. "It won't be till the spring," she said, after a minute, "and you must be bridesmaid. Of course, Lucy and Mary will be, and I think two cousins of my own. Frank will be home on leave by that time, I hope. You and he might play duets, by the bye, as you are both fiddlers."

"How you run on, Alice, dear," said Blanche. "I haven't really been able to say yet how glad I am for you. You have known him so long, and your father likes him; it all seems so bright and happy, and no doubts behind. I have always thought that marriage with any doubts behind—I mean when one

OUR SUMMER HOLIDAY.—WHERE WE WENT AND WHAT IT COST.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

By MARY POCOCK.

NUMEROUS are the suggestions for our summer holiday; well are the *pro* and *con.* of different places discussed before we decide where it is to be spent; and so much is it the event of the year to us, that no sooner is one trip over than we begin to talk of where we shall go and what we shall do the next year. We all know that for us there would be no enjoyment in going to a fashionable seaside resort in its season, where one must pay exorbitantly for food and accommodation that is, as a rule, indifferent, to say the best of it; so we either go to an inland place or else to the seaside when the season is over and charges are more moderate. Fresh air and pretty country walks being our object, and not caring for society beyond our own party while we are away, this really suits us much better than being in a crowded place.

This year we were undecided between Malvern and the neighbourhood of Buxton, but eventually chose the latter, and have returned home more than satisfied with our visit.

One can start for Buxton by the London and North Western Railway or by the Midland. We decided to go by the Midland, as that line traverses some of the most interesting parts of the Peak districts. We took three third-class tourists' tickets; they were twenty-four shillings each, available for return up to the end of the year, and allowed us to break our journey at Matlock, Miller's Dale, and some other places if we wished.

Before starting we had to consider ways and means. There was the twelve pounds set aside for the purpose; then I calculated that the housekeeping expenses at home during our absence would be at least thirty shillings a week less, especially as I had given our younger servant permission to go home for a fortnight's holiday while we were away. Thus by arranging to take a three weeks' holiday we should have £16 10s. to spend for it. We thought that it would be more satisfactory to us, as there were several excursions to be made, to go for three weeks than to make £18 serve us for a month's visit.

We reside near enough to a Midland station to get our luggage conveyed without taking a cab. Of course we did not take much with us, but I took a small hamper of groceries. I had in it one and a half pounds of tea, one pound of ground coffee, three pounds of candles, some soap, a little sauce for cold meat or fish, cayenne, mustard and pepper, a knuckle of ham ready boiled for our teas when we arrived, and a home-made soda-cake, with some other little things. All these were, of course, paid for out of "our holiday funds."

We left London a little after ten on the day fixed for our departure. We took a few sandwiches and biscuits with us, so as to be free, on our arrival, to look for rooms. We reached Buxton at 2.15, placed our luggage in the parcels office, and proceeded to look for apartments. In doing this in a strange place I always let one thing guide me: if possible, I go up hill. So at Buxton we went to the higher part; near the Gardens were rooms much beyond our means; however, we continued our walk towards the outskirts of the town, and found in a new house some very clean, comfortable apartments, a dining-room and two bedrooms. For these we agreed to pay twenty-eight shillings a week; this rent included boot-cleaning and kitchen fire.

We purposed dining in the middle of the day, and having meat teas.

Our rooms taken, we got a porter to fetch our luggage from the station, and by six o'clock we had unpacked our hamper, and sent for bread, butter, eggs, milk, and a lettuce, and were quite prepared to do full justice to our tea, eggs, and ham. After tea, we went and took a family ticket for the Gardens to last us during our stay; for as there is good music there twice a day, and the concerts are held in the pavilion in the Gardens, we knew we should spend much of our time there.

We generally went to the market directly after breakfast, frequently carrying back our purchases with us to the lodgings. On the whole, though the Buxton season was not over, I did not find things dearer than in London; milk, eggs, and vegetables are cheaper, but meat and fish are more expensive.

Our marketing finished, we took our books or work to the Gardens and sat there until dinner-time listening to the band. In the afternoon we generally went for a long walk, sometimes for a drive; there are a great many wagonettes starting every day for the numerous excursions in the neighbourhood; occasionally we went in one of these, but not often, as they were so crowded. We returned to our tea about seven, then went again to the Gardens to hear a little more music; thus our time was passed very pleasantly. After we had been a few days at Buxton, we found that some people staying in the same house would be glad to join us in any excursions; as they were a party of four and we of three, it made quite enough to fill a small wagonette. We found this arrangement less expensive and much more agreeable than going in the public conveyances, especially as we could choose our own time for going and returning.

When we are away, if we make day excursions we always take provisions with us, as our purses will not admit of dinners or luncheons out; but while in Derbyshire we were often tempted to have tea out. I remember when at Chatsworth we had tea at a little farm near, and did ample justice to the bread, butter, cresses, and new milk; the good woman, who herself waited on us, made such a small charge that we felt quite ashamed of our appetites, especially when she insisted on our accepting a large bunch of flowers out of her garden.

With regard to the waters and baths at Buxton, these did not interest us, with the exception of the swimming bath. We were all in good health, and were content to "leave well alone," and simply get what amusement we could; nor did we go to evening entertainments, as we much preferred our evenings in the Gardens.

This part of Derbyshire has much to interest the tourist. Sir Walter Scott has invested many of the places round with a special interest.

During our stay we made excursions to all the places of note in the neighbourhood. Haddon Hall, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, and once the home of Diana Vernon, we visited on our way to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. It was in the old house at Chatsworth that Mary Stuart passed thirteen years of her captivity. At the time of our visit the lovely gardens and conservatories were looking their best. We also went to Castleton, and from there to see the Peak Cavern. I believe it is the largest natural cave in England. Thence we went to the Speedwell mine, where we had to descend about a hundred steps, and were then rowed to the "Devil's Hall," as the platform is called from whence one hears the water rushing into the (said to be) bottomless abyss. From Castleton the Blue John mine is also visited; it is an exceedingly pretty cavern. We also went to Dovedale; we took our luncheons with us, and had a most delightful little picnic, thoroughly enjoying the diversified scenery of the Dale. Besides these longer excursions, we had most charming walks—one to the "Lover's Leap," with its romantic story telling how a youth having courted a maiden and failed to gain her parents' consent to their union, he met her; they mounted his horse together and rode away, quickly pursued by the lady's parents; he made his trusty steed leap over the yawning chasm that divided the rock; the pursuers feared to follow, so the lover won his bride.

Then there was the walk round the Duke's Drive, and to Solomon's Temple, Poole's Hole, Black Wood, Monsal Dale, and other places. Suffice it to say that during the three weeks we were away we always found plenty to do, and to interest us; so many places, too, in the neighbourhood have stories attached to them; and however ridiculous a story or legend may be, I think that it adds greatly to the interest one feels in a place.

The commissariat was, of course, my department; it is so different in apartments to what it is in a house, that it requires a little consideration. The housekeeper has certainly one advantage to put against the indifferent cooking that she almost always has to contend with: that is, improved appetites (thanks to the country air) of those for whom she has to cater; indeed, when we are out all day we seem capable of enjoying most things. I found that our landlady's capabilities did not go beyond roasting or boiling. However, this is really a good deal, and when I know what to expect I can arrange accordingly.

Of course we lived plainly. The following list of what I provided the first week will give some idea of how plainly.

Wednesday.—Breakfast — Cold ham and boiled eggs. Dinner—Best end of neck of mutton roasted, French beans, potatoes, stewed fruit. Tea — Cold ham, lettuce, and marmalade.

Thursday.—Breakfast — Cold ham, eggs, watercress. Dinner—Pint tin of mock turtle soup, with water added to it, cold mutton, lettuce, potatoes, Bondon cheese. Tea—Remainder of ham, and dish of stewed fruit.

Friday. Breakfast—Fresh herrings and marmalade. Dinner—Roast fowl, with remainder of soup from day before, strained for gravy, vegetable marrow, potatoes, boiled rice, and stewed fruit. Tea—Eggs, sardines, and fruit.

Saturday.—Breakfast—Eggs, sardines, and watercress. Dinner—Roast shoulder of lamb, mint sauce, baked tomatoes, potatoes, baked tapioca pudding. Tea—Potted meat, sardines, and fruit.

Sunday (no cooking).—Breakfast—Potted meat, watercress, and fruit. Dinner—Cold lamb, lettuces, and hard-boiled eggs, corn flour blancmange and stewed fruit, Bondon cheese. Tea—Cold lamb, and remains of fruit and blancmange from dinner.

Monday. — Breakfast — Potted meat and eggs. Dinner—Piece of top of ribs of beef roasted, cabbage and potatoes, baked custard pudding. Tea—Eggs, lettuce, and fruit.

Tuesday.—Breakfast—A broiled fish and eggs. Out for the day. Took beef and hard-

boiled egg sandwiches and some cakes with us. On our return had cold beef, salad, and stewed fruit.

When in such apartments as we take, I do not think it is fair to require more than two courses for dinner; so if we have soup or fish we do not have pudding.

At inland country places we rarely have fish. If I have it at all, I order it to be broiled, and butter, pepper, and salt put on it. It is more economical than having it fried, unless one has a very amiable landlady, who will fry in dripping.

The following is the financial result of our first week's housekeeping:—

	£	s.	d.
Butter, eggs, and milk	0	4	0
Tea, coffee, marmalade, &c. ..	0	2	7
Two Bondon cheeses	0	0	5
Seven loaves, at 3d.	0	1	9
Grocer: Potted beef, sardines, &c.	0	3	0
Cake	0	0	6
Fruit and vegetables	0	3	3
Piece of ham and meat	0	12	6
Fish	0	0	10
Candles and sundries	0	1	0
	£1	9	10

It must be remembered that fruit, etc., was not bought each time it was on table; it was often left from a preceding meal. In taking rooms I am always very particular in arranging for no extras, save the washing of the linen we use, in order that I may be able to calculate my expenses. This time it will be seen that we did it so exactly that we returned home almost penniless. The following is the account of how we spent our money.

	£	s.	d.
Three tourists' tickets at 24s...	3	12	0
Luggage to and from stations	0	5	0
Parcels office twice, etc. ..	0	1	6
Three weeks' apartments at 28s.	4	4	0
Three weeks' washing (house linen)	0	4	0
Three weeks' washing (personal, no dresses, skirts, or ladies' collars)	0	8	6
Servant (gratuities)	0	3	6
Excursions	2	1	0
Fruit and milk out of doors ..	0	6	0
Three weeks' provisions, including cost of contents of hamper	4	9	0
Family ticket for Gardens ..	0	15	0
Balance in hand	0	0	6
	£16	10	0

The above shows that as regards the actual food, we live on about the same sum when we are away that it costs at home; but for other things it is quite astonishing how money seems to fly. Perhaps some may think the last item, the Gardens subscription, was rather an extravagance with our small means; but it must be remembered that it gave us pleasure every day, and we were away for a holiday. I would rather have foregone the distant excursions, much as I enjoyed them, than the pleasant summer evenings listening to the music. As Buxton is never very warm, and we did not wish much luggage, we ladies took no washing dresses; we generally wore thin serges, plain, but very well made. Most of the people at Buxton dressed pretty well; but I do not think it much signifies what material one wears so long as the colour is suitable and the dress well made and well put on. I would much rather wear a well-made linsey-woolsey than a badly-made silk or satin, and should, too, feel much better dressed in the well-setting dress.

When from home if we have a young girl to wait on us, as is generally the case, I always (unless she is really negligent) give her a shilling each week when I pay my bill, it stimulates attention wonderfully, and is, I find, much better than giving a present when one is leaving and wants no more attendance.

I often feel very sorry for lodging-house servants. Their mistresses are generally too poor to pay them much, so they partially depend on gratuities from lodgers; sometimes they are remembered, sometimes not. I can quite understand that when a girl has been doing her best she must feel anxious to know if she will get a little present "after the luggage is down." I think my way keeps them up to their work better, as they feel secure of their reward.

The girl who waited on us at Buxton was receiving eighteenpence a week as wages, and, of course, she had to find her own clothes. On leaving we gave her eighteenpence and some warm boots, etc., that were no longer fit for town wear. I need scarcely say that she was hoping we should come again next year.

On the day of our return home we left Buxton at 8.50 in the morning, and went as far as Matlock. We arrived there at 9.50 a.m., left our luggage at the station, and went to see as much of Matlock as we could in a day. We wished we could have spent a few days there. The country is lovely, and there is so much to be seen in the neighbourhood—indeed, Chatsworth and Haddon are both nearer Matlock than Buxton; but the air of Buxton is more bracing, and so suited us better. Unfortunately, small incomes do not admit of a party of three changing their headquarters often. We spent a very pleasant day at Matlock, and left by the 5.40 train for London, and in little more than four hours found ourselves at home again, after what had been to us all a most enjoyable holiday.

THE DUTCH ORPHANS; OR, THE DOCTOR'S FEE.

By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "God's Providence House," "The Manchester Man," "More than Coronets," etc.

CHAPTER III.

DRESSING A SCALD AND SPOILING A DRESS.

ANNA carried back to her master a pitiful account of the struggles and privations of the orphans, but she did not know to the full how sore had been the pinch of poverty when she went providentially to the rescue. Little or no money had remained for them when the undertaker was paid. The needlework entrusted to them (not without some hesitation, they were so young) had to be done before it was paid for, and payment did not always follow immediately.

Then their old employers lived in Leyden or Scheveningen, and Bertha or Joanna had to tramp five or six miles to and fro, over the dunes and dykes, to obtain or carry it home. They had come to Katwyk from the Hague in part for cheapness, in part for their mother's health, and so long as she had lived the needlework supplied by a few acquaintances of her better days sufficed to supplement her small income. It was another thing now that their needles were their sole dependence, and the narrow circle of patrons needed enlarging. But for the hotelkeeper at Scheveningen they must have starved outright; even the work from that quarter was intermittent. Their meals, too, grew intermittent and scanty; they had to husband their peat and wood lest some day there should be a fireless stove. Many a time when the bustling fishwives went hurrying past with their laden baskets, they had looked askance and with longing eyes at the silvery herring, or the scarlet-spotted plaice, so plentiful and so cheap, but not always cheap enough for them.

It was hard for the girl of seventeen to bear up against this hardship, and sustain the flagging hopes and courage of her younger sisters, and though the words of Anna dwelt in her mind, and found expression when her heart was failing, she had almost begun to doubt their truth, and abandon herself to despair, when the wrinkled old woman lifted their latch, and brought light into the darkness.

It was the turn of the tide for them.

Anna had brought money and food and work. And, more than all, she had strengthened their wavering faith in an ever-present Father of the fatherless.

Moreover, "Grumbling Anna" had grumbled to some purpose as she came along.

The very next day a little hand rapped at the brown door, and when Joanna rose to open it, there was a small child with straight full woollen-skirted frock, kerchief, apron, cap, and klumpen—a woman in miniature. In her hands she carried a fish fresh from the water, which seemed quite too much for the little maid's carrying powers.

"For the good meisje, with moeder's compliments," was her message, and scampering off, the fish was left at wondering Joanna's feet.

Only the previous week, Bertha, returning from Scheveningen with fresh work, had found that child crying all alone on the breeze-blown sands far away from Katwyk, too tired to drag its straying feet and heavy klumpen a step farther. The short day was near its close, the sky was red and angry; she could not leave the weary little one to perish there. Her arms were nearly full, but she lifted up the child, and though she soon staggered beneath the unaccustomed load, she managed to

have naturally omitted many which will be found easily by all searchers after what is beautiful; but it may be some help to intelligent and loving students of music to have the above list.

I have left to the last the greatest and the noblest of all musical work, the mass of religious music, which is the leaven in the world of harmony. St. Augustine says:—"Hymns are praises of God, accompanied with singing; hymns are songs containing the praise of God. If there be praise, and it be not of God, it is no hymn. If there be praise, and God's praise, and it be not sung, it is no hymn. It must needs, then, if it be a hymn, have these three things: both praise, and that of God, and singing. . . For he that singeth praise, not only praiseth, but also praiseth with gladness." [Note the joyfulness of true singing; see the Bible: "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace." (Gal. v. 22).] "He that singeth praise, not only singeth but also loveth Him of whom he singeth in praise; there is the speaking forth of one confessing in singing, the affection of one loving."

And to this complexion all comes at last. All lines in art, as in nature, are seen to tend to one point of sight, the Divine source from which all beauty, all love and joy, flow on. As, in the old legend, the sunflower turns to him whom she adores, so music rises to heaven, as the lark does, higher still and higher, as it pours its strains of joy and melody far out of sight. As the poet says in "Claudian"—

"Sweet heart of music,
Who sing'st thy matin hymns at heaven's gate,
To teach us how to worship."

"Now, to young singers I would observe that oratorio music requires a voice under firm control," as the able authoress of "Artistic Singing" remarks, "capable of sustaining long phrases and of commanding a dignified *timbre* even in passages of coloration. A respect for the religious sentiment will lead the singer to avoid all extravagant dramatic rendering of such music. The main features of style are, however, the same in this as in other music; so that in religious subjects, such as constitute the oratorio and the sacred cantata, there should always be the more reserved expression which becomes the solemn and mysterious nature of religion."

You may search through Handel's oratorios and find strength and nourishment for the highest development of your musical nature: and they may be had now for such a trifle; great thoughts and high imaginings for years would cost you the same little sum which is asked often to see a single picture. Indeed, you will not study any of Handel's oratorios without being the better for them; nor Mendelssohn's (also to be obtained at a small cost) "Elijah" and "St. Paul," and the Psalms he set to undying music, the 42nd, the 119 h, and others; not to speak of Bach's glorious Passion music, and his motetts and Psalms, for they need thorough practice and hard study; nor even to mention the great Italian writers of the old school of Palestrina Festa, Felice Anerio, Porta, Orlando di Lasso, &c. —musicians worthy of every research and patience, whose works, like all great works, remind one of the Apostolic sentence, "As helpers in your joy."

I have mentioned above artists composed of all schools; for the more you learn the more you will find to love and sympathise with in various forms of art. Ignorance is very dogmatic, and the lowest place in a funnel is the very smallest, which will only contain one small drop: so are people of one name in art —in any art. Through the hole of the old-fashioned rushlight-stand glimmers a little light, and the space over which it can spread its little light is very small, while the illumination is but dim at best; but the sun can awaken one world into radiance and harmony and have light and glory left for a whole universe besides. So, the higher you rise, in art as in other things, the larger your sympathies, the deeper your enjoyment of all good and noble things.

Here is a beautiful description of a Christian girl, written, I believe, by an old minister as a reminiscence of the impression made upon him by the girl he loved, and afterwards married. Will you be like her?

"They say," it ran, "that there is a young lady who is beloved of the great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her, and fills her mind with such exceeding sweet delight that she hardly cares for anything except to meditate on Him; that she expects after a while to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections, and you could not persuade her to do anything wrong or sinful if you should give her all the world. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and benevolence of mind, especially after this great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, and no one knows for what. She loves to be alone, walking in fields and groves, and seems to have some Invisible One always conversing with her."

There are such young Christian girls and women now. God grant their numbers may increase as the stars in heaven, to lighten the bleak night of this lower world, till the true day dawns and the great King comes to receive His own in the peace and joy which will never end!

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.

My Storeroom.—Pickles and Preserves for Winter Use.

PURPOSE this month to give the various recipes I use for my home-made stores. It cannot, however, be supposed that everything could be prepared at the same season, for though most preserves and pickles are made during the summer, there are some that must be attended to much earlier in the year.

I shall commence with pickles, the successful manufacture of which is, I suppose, one of the simplest and easiest things in cookery; but it is necessary to have very good vinegar, whether brown or white is immaterial. The vinegar should be boiled in earthenware or in an enamelled saucepan (not in brass or copper, as so often recommended). Pickles must be kept in a very dry place and well tied down; if with skins, it is a good plan to put two bladders one over the other, tying each down separately. The vinegar in the jars must always cover the vegetables.

Good Mixed Pickle.—As it is impossible to procure all the ingredients for this pickle at the same time, it is best to begin to make it in May and add the different vegetables as they come in season. Care must be taken that vegetables are wiped clean and dry before they are used; if it is necessary to wash them, they must be cleaned with salt in cold vinegar, not in water. The following vegetables can all be used: slices of hard white cabbage, cauliflower broken into small branches, small pickling onions, French beans, chillies, capsicums, gherkins, nasturtiums, celery, slices of cucumber, lettuce stalks, &c. Make the pickle thus:—Boil one gallon of best vinegar for twenty minutes with half a pound of salt, two cloves of garlic, half a pound of shalots, one stick of grated horseradish, two ounces of whole black pepper, one ounce of long pepper, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of mace, and a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger; then turn it into a jar that has been thoroughly dried by the fire. When the vinegar is cold, throw in the vegetables and cover the jar with a bladder. When all the ingredients are in, the vinegar must be drained off, a quarter of a pound of best mustard and one ounce of turmeric must be mixed with it, and then the vinegar must be boiled again, and poured over vegetables boiling hot. Care must be taken that there is enough boiled vinegar to cover the vegetables, which should be well mixed. As soon as cold, cover with a bladder and tie down. If the pickle is not hot enough, more chillies can be added. It should be kept for six months before it is used; it will keep for years.

Spanish Onion Pickle—(*hot*).—Cut a large Spanish onion in slices, then into little squares, mix a tablespoonful of chillies with it, put it in a pickle bottle; boil a pint of vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt, the same of whole pepper, twelve allspice, and a blade of mace; pour it while hot over the onion and chillies, press the onion down a little, and cork the bottle as soon as cold. This pickle may be used a few days after it is made, though it improves by keeping.

Pickled Walnuts.—Procure one hundred walnuts (young enough that they can be easily pricked; if the shell is felt at all they are not fit for pickling), prick them all over with a fork, make a strong brine by boiling four pounds of salt in a gallon of water, skim it, and pour it over the walnuts; let them remain in the brine nine days, stir them every day, then take them out, drain them, and put them on dishes in the sun; let them remain until they are quite black, which will be in about three days, then put them in a jar with four small onions (stuck with six cloves each) and twenty-four bay leaves. Take five pints of vinegar (rather less, if the walnuts are very small), boil it for ten minutes, with one ounce of allspice, two ounces of bruised ginger, and a quarter of a pound of whole black pepper, pour it boiling hot over the walnuts, let them stand near the stove all night, and tie down the next day.

Pickled Lemons.—Take six large fresh lemons, wipe them clean, then with a sharp knife make four cuts in each lemon from the stalk end downwards, cutting nearly to the middle of the lemons, then put as much salt as you can in each incision and place the lemons on a dish by a sunny window, turn them often and let them remain eight days, then put them in a jar with their liquor, twelve pickling onions, and a teaspoonful of chillies. Boil three pints of white vinegar with a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger, two ounces of whole black pepper, twelve cloves, and a quarter of a pound of mustard seed; pour this over the lemons boiling hot, cover with a plate, and the following day tie down. This pickle is not fit for use until it has been kept six months; it will keep for years; it is, like pickled gherkins, a great improvement to hashed mutton and some other dishes. A small piece of lemon should be

chopped up and added to the gravy just before serving the hash.

Pickled Gherkin.—Wipe some gherkins, put them in a jar, cover them with boiling brine, made with six ounces of salt to each quart of water, cover the jar, let it stand for twenty-four hours. Take out the gherkins, dry them one by one, and put them in a dry jar, with a few bay leaves; then put in a saucepan half a pint more vinegar than it took brine to cover them. For each quart of vinegar add one and a quarter ounces of salt, one ounce whole black pepper, and one ounce bruised ginger. Boil five minutes, and pour at once over the gherkins. Cover the jar with a saucer, and let it remain three days; then pour off the vinegar. Boil it up again; when it boils turn the gherkins into it, and simmer them for two minutes; then put back into the jar, cover with a saucer until the next day, then tie down. Other things may be pickled in the same way as gherkins.

To Keep Mushrooms in Brine.—Take small button mushrooms, cut off the stalks, but do not skin them, cover them with salt, leave them half-an-hour, then throw them with the salt into cold water, dry them with a cloth, and let all the moisture drain from them. For each quart of mushrooms boil three and a half pints of water, half a pound of salt, and a tablespoonful of white peppercorns. When the brine has boiled ten minutes, throw in the mushrooms, simmer them for five minutes, and then put the whole into warm bottles (small wide-necked ones are best). When cold, pour a little oil into each, then cork and tie over. Before using, the mushrooms should be soaked a little while in warm water, to draw out some of the salt.

Sauces.—Sauce to eat with steak or cold meat.—Put in a jar half a pint of mushroom ketchup, half a pint of walnut pickle liquor, half a pint of water, a little cayenne, half an ounce of grated horseradish, half an ounce of salt; pound in a mortar one ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, half an ounce of shalots, and four bay leaves; then add to the other ingredients; next brown four lumps of sugar in an iron spoon and add. Cover the jar well, put it in the oven, and let it simmer until there is only about a pint in it; put it away for a week, then strain it through linen, bottle, and cork it. It is ready for use.

Tomato Sauce.—Take fifty good ripe tomatoes, cut them in slices, salt them a little, put them in a jar, and bake in a cool oven until tender. Boil one quart of vinegar with half an ounce of mace, twelve cloves, one ounce of bruised ginger, one ounce of bruised black pepper, twenty-five capsicums, one clove of garlic, and a quarter pound of chopped shalots until the capsicums and shalots are tender; then add the tomatoes and their liquor; boil all together for half an hour, and then rub through a sieve with a wooden spoon. The sauce should be the consistency of cream. If too thin after the pulp is rubbed through, put it back in the saucepan and stir over the fire until it is thick enough. When cold, bottle, cork, and seal over. To be made in September or October.

Vinegars.—Tarragon Vinegar.—Procure fresh tarragon; pick and wipe the leaves, and fill bottles with them; then pour in vinegar just to cover them, cork the bottles, seal over, and lay down. Pour the vinegar off when it is required for use. Chervil and chilli vinegar are made in the same way. Either of these vinegars is an improvement to salads; also to some soups and gravies.

To keep Walnuts.—Wipe them and put them in jars; fill the jars up with well-dried salt, cover securely, and put in a cool cellar.

To keep Green Peas (French recipe).—Choose fresh young peas. To have them about the same size, pass them through a coarse sieve. Put them in small champagne bottles, add to each a teaspoonful of white sugar, and then cover them with cold brine—that is to say, with boiled salt and water strong enough to float a raw egg; cork the bottles, and tie them over. There should be half an inch of space between the cork and the peas. Stand the bottles in a saucepan with a plate at the bottom of it; half fill it with cold water; let the water boil, and then keep it simmering for two hours; do not remove the bottles until the water is cold.

Orange Marmalade.—Ingredients: Forty Seville oranges, ten lemons, twenty-four pints of water, and thirty pounds of sugar. Wash the oranges and lemons, and rub them well with a cloth, then cut them in quarters and remove the pips, put the pips in two quarts of cold water and leave them. Then cut the quarters of the oranges and lemons in thin slices. I find a cucumber slice answers well for this purpose; but whatever is used requires sharpening every now and then, as the oranges soon turn the edge of a knife, and the peel and pulp must be cut very thin; when it is all cut, put it in an earthenware pan and pour ten quarts of cold water over it; let it stand twenty-four hours, then boil until the peel is quite tender, put it back in the pan, leave it another twenty-four hours, add the thirty pounds of sugar, and boil for about an hour. When done, the peel will look quite clear, and the syrup will set easily if tried on a cold plate. Put in pots, and when cold cover with papers dipped in brandy or whiskey. I have made marmalade many times, and have always found that when finished it costs a little less than the price of sugar (whatever that may be) per pound.

Strawberry Preserve.—Pick the stalks from the strawberries, weigh them, and put their weight of loaf sugar into the preserving pan with a teacupful of cold water. As soon as the sugar boils put in the strawberries; boil them half an hour or until the syrup sets quickly on a plate. Do not cover the preserve until the next day. Plums, raspberries, or any other fruit preserved in this way will remain whole. I prefer it to jam.

Red or Black Currant Jelly.—Pick and string the fruit, put it in a piece of muslin, and squeeze out the juice. For each pint of juice add a pound of loaf sugar, boil for twenty minutes, remove the scum as it rises. Try the jelly; as soon as it sets quickly it is done.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Take gooseberries that are only just ripe, equal weight of red and green, bruise them in a mortar, then put them in a cloth and squeeze out all the juice. To each pint of juice add one pound of sugar, boil until it will set, then put in glasses. If sufficiently boiled it will be set half an hour after it is put in the glasses; cover with brandy papers when cold. This jelly is very nice as a dessert dish if turned out of the glasses. The following is also a pretty dessert dish.

Preserved Orange Peels.—Procure twelve Seville oranges, make a small hole at the stalk end, and carefully scoop out all the inside, then boil the peels in two waters, using cold water each time. The second time let the peels boil until they are tender, then measure how much water it will take to cover them; put the quantity of water with the scooped-out pulp into a stewpan, boil half an hour, then strain, pressing the juice out of the pulp; put the water back in the stewpan, and add a pound and a quarter of loaf sugar for each pint of liquor; let it boil ten minutes, then put in the orange rinds, which must be well drained on a cloth before the fire after being boiled in the second water; boil the rinds until they are quite clear; they will take about an hour. They must be very carefully done, so that they retain the appearance of whole oranges. When done, put them in jars and cover them. Look at them in a few days, and if the syrup seems thin pour it off and boil it down again; put it over the oranges boiling hot.

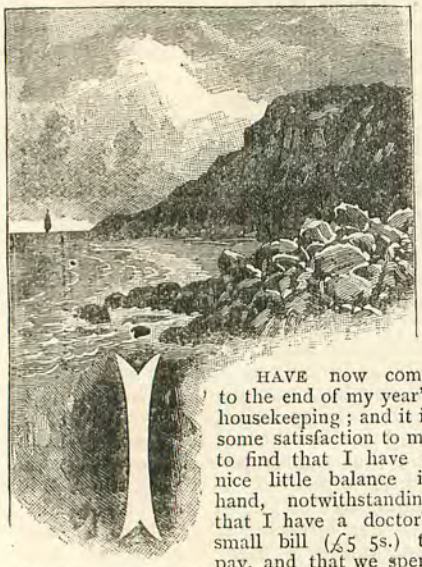
Preserved Melon.—Cut the melon in slices, take out the seeds, and remove the rind; then cut the slices into small square dice; weigh the fruit, and for each pound allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar broken small; put the melon in a pan, placing a layer of melon then a layer of sugar alternately; let it stand three hours, then turn the fruit and juice into a preserving pan, add the grated rind of a lemon for each pound of fruit, boil over a good fire, stirring gently all the time, until the syrup is thick—that is to say, until it will set on a plate; put it into pots and cover when cold. Not more than two pounds of melon should be preserved at a time. Either water or other melons may be used.

Apple Jelly.—Take any quantity of sound apples, those with red skins are the best. Wash, but do not peel them, put them in a preserving pan, and just cover them with water. Boil them to a pulp, then strain them through a hair sieve. To every pint of juice add one pound of loaf sugar, and a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. Boil until perfectly clear, and when it will set on a plate, put it in glasses.

To Preserve Cherries or Cerises Confites Misucre.—Choose large cherries (Kentish are the best for the purpose), remove the stalks, and take out the stones without splitting the cherries. For each pound of stoned cherries melt half a pound of loaf sugar. When the sugar boils throw in the cherries, boil them until the syrup is thick again, then turn them into a basin; let them remain six hours, drain the syrup from them by pouring them into a tammy, add a quarter the quantity of sugar you used at first to the syrup, and boil it; then throw in the cherries; boil for a few minutes. Leave them in a pan again for six hours, and repeat the last process with more sugar. Leave them in the syrup until cold, drain them again, and then sprinkle them with a little vegetable carmine; stir them from time to time, then put them on a sieve near the stove to dry. When dry and cold, pack them in a box in layers with a sheet of paper between each layer. The syrup from them can either be bottled as it is, or if boiled a little more, and poured on to an oiled baking tin, it will make delicious cherry caramels. To know when sufficiently boiled, drop a little in water, and if done it will be crisp immediately. When preserving the cherries it does not matter if they are left twelve hours instead of six. Sometimes if there is not much juice out of the cherries it is necessary to add a little water with the extra sugar.

The recipe given for preserving strawberries, etc., is not suitable for making jams for cooking purposes, such as roly-poly pudding, jam sandwiches, etc., though superior for tartlets and table use. Cooking jam I make by putting three quarters of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit, letting the fruit simmer before I add the sugar, then boiling it for three-quarters of an hour. For rhubarb jam I add the finely chopped rind and juice of one lemon for every two pounds of rhubarb, and boil the rhubarb and lemon for half an hour before I add the sugar. This is to prevent its shrinking as much as it usually does after it is put in the pots.

HOW I KEEP HOUSE ON £250 A YEAR.



I HAVE now come to the end of my year's housekeeping; and it is some satisfaction to me to find that I have a nice little balance in hand, notwithstanding that I have a doctor's small bill (£5 5s.) to pay, and that we spent the full amount I had calculated on, on our holiday, and only one pound less than estimated on entertaining. However, I saw when I made up my books at the half-year that I should make both ends meet without any trouble, as I was keeping well within the income; so that when a little accident occurred necessitating medical attendance in the house, I did not fear the extra expense.

We have certainly been fortunate in escaping illness. I do all I can to keep our house healthy. Our arrangements are good so far as the builder can make them; but I think in a great measure the general health of the household depends on the housekeeper; therefore a few words on this subject are not out of place here.

The first and most important things to be attended to are pure water and air.

With regard to the former, I am very careful—first, to have our cisterns cleaned out frequently, during the summer once a week. We have not a constant supply, so they have to be done early in the morning before the water comes in. The cisterns are swept and the water moved about with a soft broom, kept exclusively for this purpose; the taps are turned on to let all the water run away; a little water is then let in, and the balls hooked up while that runs away again, then the cisterns are allowed to fill. Of course, where there is a constant supply of water from the main, a cistern can be cleaned at any time by hooking up the ball, and so turning off the water while it is being done. I always keep two filters in use—one upstairs and one down; these are emptied and refilled every morning, and are cleaned from time to time with a solution of permanganate of potash.

With regard to air, it is also very necessary to be careful; for frequently what is not positively injurious causes a good deal of discomfort. People who do not sufficiently ventilate their rooms are apt to suffer from headache, languor, and depression; these often mean loss of appetite, and consequent indifferent health, so ventilation must not be neglected by the mistress of a house. I am no advocate of cold rooms; I like good fires; but I have frequently noticed on going down to breakfast in different houses in the winter that the air in the room felt heavy, and generally a glance at the windows has shown me that they were still bolted; if servants open windows in the morning to air rooms they never (in my experience) stay to bolt them when they shut them.

A very small escape of gas often causes a most disagreeable smell in a house, unrecognisable as gas. This happens sometimes from the inside tube of gasaliers being worn; and it is then difficult to discover where the escape is, as one cannot ignite the small quantity of gas that is escaping.

I do not know whether it is necessary to remind readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that it is requisite to let water down traps and pipes; also that a kettleful of boiling water should occasionally be poured down when the dish water is emptied, as the pipes are apt to get choked with grease. Many sink-pipes are cut off outside the house; if this is the case, it is as well also to pour boiling water direct into the outside trap.

With regard to upstair or housemaids' sinks, these are frequently causes of annoyance. Servants do not think it necessary to be particular about them, as only "soapy water" is poured down them; but soapy water decomposes and smells very quickly; they should be scrubbed round every day with a little clean water. Next I must mention what I consider as the great nuisance in many places—I mean dust-bins. This nuisance is greatly lessened by having a portable galvanised iron dust-bin, which is emptied by the dustman direct into his cart, thus saving a great deal of very unpleasant dirt. I never allow anything but ashes to be thrown in our dust-bin; all vegetable refuse is put under the kitchen stove at night to dry, and is burnt immediately after breakfast; bones and tea-leaves are also burnt—the latter, even if they have been used for sweeping, have to go in the fire, as they smell so soon if put in the dust-bin. *Apropos* of dust-bins, I think it is a pity that ashes are not more used; they cost nothing, and for many cleaning purposes are most useful. Our kitchen kettle, a large tin one, is always kept bright by being rubbed with fine ashes; pie-dishes, if burnt at the edges, are cleaned in the same way; ashes in soda and water boiled in a burnt saucepan will clean it thoroughly. Besides these, there are many other purposes for which they are not to be despised.

I am anxious to impress on my younger readers how important I consider the prevention of waste. I believe that in many houses where the tradesmen's bills are extravagantly large it is owing more to the amount wasted than to what is consumed. Probably with proper management the living would be quite as good and every member of the household have quite as much at a very much smaller cost. If there is to be no waste it is of primary importance that everything, whether for the kitchen or dining-room, should be well cooked. Ill-cooked or ill-seasoned things are sure to be wasted in the end. Then, of course, there is some knowledge required to know how to use up scraps of all sorts. The subject is too large for me to enter into here, but I must call attention to the things most often wasted. They are—bits of bread, crusts, liquor from boiled meat, poultry, and vegetables, skimmings, pieces of fat, trimmings from raw and cooked meat, and shank bones. With regard to pieces of bread, these are used in so many ways that I rarely have any to spare for puddings; the bits of crumb are dried white, pounded, and kept ready to be used as bread-crumbs for frying, or else raspings are made of them; the pieces of crust are well toasted and put in the stock-pot. Liquor in which meat, poultry, and some vegetables, such as celery or carrots, have been boiled forms the base of soup; skimmings are purified and used as fat; fat trimmings from cooked or uncooked meat are placed in a brown jar, lightly covered, and put in the oven to bake—no water should be added, as the fat does not melt as quickly with water; the fat can be poured off from time to time, and will be quite white and fit for anything. The favourite way of putting bits of fat in an open tin in the oven is most wasteful and objectionable in every way. It often makes an unpleasant smell, and you only get some brownish dripping that is almost useless, instead of the whitest and best you can have.

Then another extravagance is to put bones in the stock-pot without taking all the meat off them. There is often enough left on them to make some nice little rissoles, or some little breakfast dish that would be appreciated, whereas it does not make any perceptible difference to the stock. The shank bones that come with legs of mutton are sometimes boiled a little while and the liquor used to make gravy for the mutton. They might as well not be used at all as boiled for a short time; whereas, if boiled three or four hours some nourishing broth is obtained from them. While speaking of gravy, I would remind my readers that this should be made for roast meat by first carefully pouring the dripping off, then putting some boiling water into the pan, stirring it about with a spoon to get the gravy that has dropped from the meat off the tin, then pouring over the joint. Some cooks, instead of making the gravy in the pan, just pour some water over the meat, and waste the contents of the pan when they have taken the dripping.

As I said, I have a little balance this year. This is not from any difference in my arrangements, but simply from many things having been cheaper—though when I made the remark to a friend a few days back, "How cheap bread and sugar have been!" she said, "Do you think so? I have paid the same all this year that I paid all last year." To those who keep house with their eyes shut I suppose that living is never any cheaper, though sometimes, in times of scarcity, it must be as much dearer for them as for me. Flour, and consequently bread, meat, eggs, sugar, potatoes, fruit, and vegetables, have all been lower in price. I have found poultry and fish dearer. We have had less poultry in consequence.

The following is a copy of my accounts for the year, commencing with the commissariat:—

	£	s.	d.
One year for meat and poultry	39	0	0
Fish	11	0	6
Butter and eggs	10	8	8
Bread	9	0	0
Flour	1	4	4
Greengrocery	9	0	0
Grocery	17	0	0
Milk	6	10	0
Bacon	4	6	9
Cheese..	2	10	0
Laundress, for washing done out	7	10	0
Total	117	9	9

With these amounts the weekly average of each article is as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Meat and poultry	0	15	0
Fish	0	4	3
Butter and eggs	0	4	0

	£	s.	d.
Bread	0	3	6½
Flour	0	0	5½
Greengrocery	0	3	5½
Grocer	0	6	6½
Milk	0	2	6
Bacon	0	1	8
Cheese	0	0	11½
Laundress	0	2	10½
Weekly total	£2	5	3

On reference to my first paper on housekeeping it will be seen that I calculated my household accounts would average £2 8s. a week, whereas they have only averaged £2 5s. 3d.; so that instead of being £124 16s. for the year, the total is £117 9s. 9d., leaving a balance of £7 6s. 3d. on this part of my account—to which I ought to add the value of the present contents of my storeroom and jam cupboard: I began with both empty, but fruit and sugar being cheap, I have taken the opportunity to make a good stock of preserves and jams.

The following is a copy of my general account for the past year:—

	£	s.	d.
House rent	40	0	0
Inhabited house duty	1	10	0
Parish rates (rated at £35) ..	7	10	0
Water rate	1	16	0
Pew rent	3	0	0
Fire insurance on furniture ..	0	10	0
Gas	3	19	0
Coals	8	0	0
Cook, 6 months at £14 then £15	14	10	0
Girl, 6 months at £5 then at £5 10s.	5	5	0
Entertainments	11	0	0
Extra expenses during summer holiday	12	0	0
Wear and tear on house linen, crockery, etc.	3	0	0
Charities and subscriptions ..	5	0	0
Newspapers, periodicals, stationery, etc.	2	14	0
Chemist	1	15	0
Doctor	5	5	0
Garden	0	15	0
Board and washing	117	9	9
Total	£244	18	9

So it now stands thus:—

Income	£250	0	0
Expenses	244	18	9
Balance	£5	1	3

By referring to No. 249 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER my readers will see that this account differs very little from my estimate there given of the annual expenses; but of course there are no sundries in my present list—at the end of the year sundries must have become items. This year the garden has taken some of the money allowed for sundries. We are our own gardeners, but it is sometimes requisite to have a little manure or some seeds for it; this we have done this year.

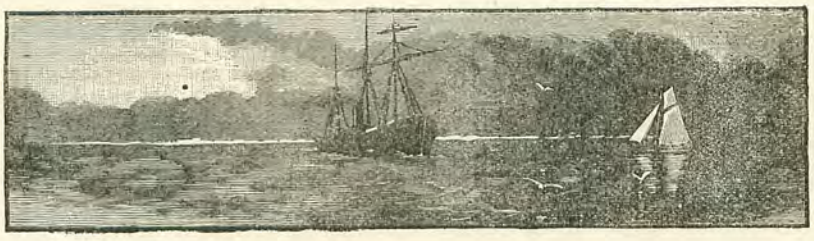
I shall begin my new year with a well-stocked cupboard, my stock of glass, china, brooms, brushes, and house linen rather improved than otherwise, and £5 1s. 3d. in hand. I consider myself, taking all things into consideration, £10 better off than I was twelve months ago. I should not care to have more in hand, for £250 is the income we think ourselves entitled to spend and to get as much happiness out of it as we can; and when that is the case, I think it absurd to try and save. We have had very few breakages (one of my reasons for raising the servants' wages); I have improved my stock of house linen—and while writing of this I would impress on young housekeepers always to buy good house and table linen; the best dinner would, in my opinion, be spoilt if served on an untidy cloth. I am most particular about mine being good and clean. I always have them brushed on the table and folded very carefully—never shaken, as that creases them and makes them look untidy. I buy double damask; it is, in the first instance, more expensive than single, but it wears better and does not need washing so often; being firmer, it does not soil or crease so quickly.

Before closing these articles I want to say a few words to my younger readers, more especially to those who are about to begin housekeeping. First, do not be discouraged by being told that this or that is impossible without going into the matter carefully yourself, for what has been done can be done again; nor must you think that it is more difficult to keep house on £200 a year than on £2,000. I have had experience in housekeeping on £250 and on six times that amount. The difficulties were not the same, but the petty troubles and vexations were as numerous in one case as in the other. Nor must any young girl fancy that she will be exempted. Do what she will, there are times when tradesmen will make mistakes or will send late, when servants will be careless or out of temper, when chimneys will smoke, when visitors will come into clean halls and on to new carpets without wiping the mud from their boots. Then, again, there are days when those for whom one has to provide lack appetite, and blame the dinner; but worst is the very hot weather, when nothing keeps, and people are apt to be cross about nothing. All these, and many more little worries, fall to the lot of the housekeeper, even when she is fortunate in her servants. Altogether, I think more philosophy and patience is required of her than is generally supposed. She is most successful who, when she has finished her household duties, can put aside all her little troubles, not to think of them again until needful. If advice is wanted it should by all means be asked for; but nothing can be more trying and tedious to those around than to make petty household matters the subject of conversation. You must remember that, whatever may be said or written to the contrary, housekeeping is not and never will be all *couleur de rose*.

If you make up your mind that you will live on a certain sum, you must remember that it is not mean not to do what you cannot afford; nor must you spend money unprofitably. A thing is not to be bought simply because it is nice or pretty, but because it is wanted. This rule must be strictly adhered to if you are wishing to do your best with a small income.

However, notwithstanding the difficulties, and that management is not as easy in reality as on paper, there is much pleasure in feeling one's house well ordered; and I often wish that more young people had the courage to begin life together quietly on their small incomes, instead of wanting to commence with large houses and superior servants.

MARY POCOCK.



COTTAGE MEETINGS.

By ALICE KING.

THERE is no strain complete without some part of the melody falling, for at least a few bars, into a minor key; it makes up the fulness and entireness of the whole composition, and if it was wanting we should miss something that nothing can replace. Our model village will, in truth, be wanting in the highest and sweetest note that will make up the harmony of its daily life, and fill its homes with household music, if there are in it no meetings in which pure, tender thoughts and feelings, that deal with things beyond this earth, are taught and spoken of, and brought earnestly and simply before the minds of our village people.

In the above paragraph the words "earnestly and simply" have been used, and they are two words which need to be used over and over again in a paper on the present subject, for simplicity and earnestness are the very two things we have most to strive after in organising, and carrying out, cottage meetings. Their very name, which stands at the head of this article, tells us that it should be so. Simplicity belongs, by right, to a cottage, and real, downright earnestness is, and always has been, a marked characteristic of the religion of our rural districts, whatever outward form of demonstration it may take. Those who set about establishing a course of cottage meetings may feel thankful that these are the two most essential things in their undertaking; for "simplicity and earnestness," if striven after simply and earnestly in their turn, are not things to which it is very hard to attain.

When we first resolve to start our series of cottage meetings, there are many things to be thought of before they can begin; they are not at all a matter to be taken in hand lightly, easy though the enterprise may appear when we turn our earliest cursory glance towards it. We must not try to establish them in the summer months; far from that, they should cease when the longer spring days are laughing in the land, for then our village folk need to spend their extra hours of daylight in their gardens, after their work in the fields or on the road is done. If we would have well-filled cottage meetings, we