"You are my dear mother's brother," she said.

"You do not know what you promise, for I am not always master of myself. You have witnessed that," he went on with agitation, not heeding her words. "Yet I am not so heartless and egotistical as they fancy."

"Then come with me and cheer poor Mrs. Leste," she said, smiling persuasively, and trying, gently, to turn him back.

At this moment Mr. Sellon came up, puffing and groaning under his exertions. Le Roy had forgotten him, and grew suddenly as anxious to retrace his steps as he had been to hurry forwards.

"I shall be in time for the train, taking it leisurely," said Sellon. "I should die of apoplexy if I were to try to keep up with you, so I will say good morning. I hope to be back again in a few weeks, by which time we may have got hold of our missing link."

"Spare me an apoplectic fit; I should not know what to do with you, though I daresay Miss Marmont would," returned Le Roy, recovering his cold and stately manner. "I am sorry you cannot stay to dinner."

They shook hands and separated, Sellon giving Mimica a kind and pitying look, which she returned by one as bright, which reassured him.

"Perhaps I may as well get over the vicarage," said Le Roy, and thitherward they went. "They are strangers, and did not know me when I was a boy!" he added, sarcastically. "If there is one thing more aggravating than another it is to be reminded of what you were and what happened years ago, and of events you are striving to forget. Can one ever forget, Mimica?" He asked this question hoarsely, and again quickened his pace.

"I could not, uncle; but I could forgive," she replied. "And I think I am naturally so proud that I could overcome. Of course the grace of God would enable one to do this better than one's pride."

"Preaching again, Mimica. You are so like your mother."

"Am I? How delightful. Did she preach?"

"All women do; I wish they practised."

Mimica laughed so merrily that her uncle stayed his steps in astonishment. He so seldom said anything to cause so cheerful a sound, that he joined involuntarily, and then inquired what they were laughing at. Mimica scarcely knew herself; at any rate she could not tell him that it was at his solemn irony. His mind was diverted from himself, however, and when they reached the vicarage, he had returned to his normal manner. Helena, now a bright, handsome grown up girl, let them in. They found Captain Carew in the drawing-room with Octavius, and Mimica began to speculate. To what would this sudden return to intimacy lead? Helena, who went upstairs, came back with an apologetic invitation to Mr. Le Roy to go and see her mother, because she was unable to come down to him. He and Mimica went. They found Mrs. Leste much excited, and the usually reserved, quiet woman anticipated any thing Le Roy might have to say by pouring out a flood of gratitude which overcame him.

"Not for myself but for my husband I thank you," she said. "He will have ease, when most we need it, in old age. I have striven to throw all my care upon our Heavenly Father, but the fear of poverty for him has weighed me down. Now I see how sinful was my fear, since competence has come to him without the seeking. A grief one day, a joy the next—such is the Divine way of compensation. Oh! Mr. Le Roy, you have indeed benefited a good man, and the Lord will reward you, and we—we all shall be for ever grateful."

"My dear madam, I—I have only done what was natural," stammered Le Roy. "No one else deserved the living so well as he who has spent his life in working it."

"But it is not the way of the world, or even of the Church, to reward the most deserving," put in Barbara, who was sometimes cynical from circumstances.

"I believe neither in the world nor in the Church," returned Le Roy, looking at her; "but I am learning to believe in individual unselfishness. One example of such is worth all the preaching from all the pulpits."

"You have not heard Mr. Leste," put in Mimica.

"I hope to hear him preach his first sermon as Vicar of Courtleroy," he replied, with a majestic gravity, which made Mimica smile.

He turned the subject by making some casual inquiry of Mrs. Leste, which resulted in their discovering a mutual friend of long ago, and set them at their ease. This diversion enabled Mimica to tell Barbara that Captain Carew was down stairs.

"Mother cannot see him to-day. He has come to see her. Octavius went to tell him that we were expecting Mr. Le Roy, and she was not strong enough for more excitement to-day," returned Barbara.

"Will you not go and explain this yourself, Barbara? He looks so ill and dejected."

"I would rather not. I have seen him—we are friends—that is sufficient."

"Ah, Barbra! you are not like yourself."

"No; but I shall be, now 'carking care' is leaving us—I mean the grinding of perpetual poverty. Dear Mimica, forgive me all my injustice. You are far, far better than I."

This little whispered interlude was disturbed by Mr. Le Roy, who signed to Mimica that he meant to depart, and she rose to take leave. But Barbara remained with her mother, while Helena marshalled them downstairs, and Mimica knew that if Montague Carew had come to see his first love, he was disappointed. He left the vicarage, on the contrary, with her, his second *innamorata*, and she was undecided whether he was still playing at fast and loose or not.

(*To be continued.*)

WASTE IN COOKING, AND HOW TO AVOID IT.

WITHIN the last few weeks public attention has been called very forcibly to the waste of good food which is every day, either through ignorance, carelessness, or wickedness, perpetrated in our midst, and happily the public conscience is being forcibly aroused on the subject. Energetic folks have been very busy making suggestions as to the best way of dealing with the fragments that remain, in our kitchens and larders, and there had been some talk of an organised attempt being made to convert these into nourishing soups and stews which are to be sold to the poor. To my mind this action, though very well meant, is entirely mistaken. What we have to do is not to devise schemes for using up material which is being wasted, but to take steps to avoid the waste altogether. We need to realise that waste is sinful, and we have no right, just for the sake of quieting our consciences, to do a little cheap charity by giving our poorer brothers and sisters what we do not care to use ourselves. Example and habit go for a good deal in this world, and when we permit our servants and our young people to waste good food, we not only suffer loss ourselves, but we are doing them a grievous injury. When once a wasteful habit is established, we never know where it will stop; it grows and increases until it ruins the character of those who practise it.

I have often said, and I repeat now, that one reason why I rejoice that young ladies should take an interest in cookery is, that I hope and believe that they will study economy in the preparation of food, and, being educated, that they will understand how foolish and wrong it is to be extravagant and wasteful. The majority of the domestic servants of the present day do not understand this; they are simply careless and thoughtless; they want to be quick and "get through," and so they dash along heedlessly, wasting as they go. All the time they are preparing a rod for their own backs. In a little while they will leave service and have homes of their own, and then the unthrifty habits they have acquired will be a curse to themselves and to their families. Perhaps if they were to see that young ladies looked upon thrift as a duty, they might try to follow the example, and then who can say where the benefit would end?

I do not for one moment suppose that the careless and wasteful handmaiden intends to become the untidy, unthrifty wife and mother who drives her husband to the public-house, and neglects her children; yet it is almost certain that this she will be. If, now, she thinks about the matter at all, she imagines that when she has a home of her own she will change her character straight away, and be at once all that now she is not. It cannot be. Habit is a tyrant whose chains the wearer himself has forged. As Hannah More said:

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

It is much easier to prevent mischief by acquiring good habits early than by trying to throw off bad ones late.

It has been said that just now a few good people are vigorously endeavouring to ma! e

arrangements for the collection of wasted fragments, in order that they may be converted into soup. I do not know whether or not the scheme will be a success, but I am very much afraid that the evil which it is desired to arrest will grow in consequence of their action.

The most wasteful persons are subject to occasional qualms of conscience if they know that good food thrown aside will go to the pigs. But if they once get the idea that it will not be lost after all, but will go to feed the poor and hungry, they will put no curb upon their extravagance, but will come to regard waste as a sort of charitable duty to be carried on in season and out of season. Thus waste will be more rampant than ever, and we shall probably do more harm morally to the poor, whom we desire to help, by setting them a bad example, than we shall help them physically by selling soup to them.

All things considered, therefore, my idea is that in this matter it is the first duty of each one of us to take vigorous measures to avoid waste in our own homes. If every girl who takes an interest in cookery, through reading THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, would do this, and be thrifty in her own practice, the evil we deplore would not be done away with, but it would be lessened, and much good would be done. I propose, therefore, by way of helping on this good movement, to give here a few hints as to the plans which should be adopted for the prevention of waste, and after that to furnish a few recipes for dishes which may be made from odds and ends.

Curiously enough, one of the first steps to take if we wish to avoid waste is to spend money in buying necessary utensils for storing and keeping food, if these are really needed. It is a great waste to attempt to dispense with suitable receptables for sugar and groceries of all kinds. The good old rule, "have a place for everything, and put everything in its place," leads to economy as well as to order. What can be more wasteful than to allow tea, coffee, spices, and other articles whose value lies in their flavour or aroma, to become tasteless and musty through being left in the paper in which they were sent home, instead of being put into a canister at once and tightly covered? What waste, too, there is in leaving bread-pans without lids, vinegar bottles, essences, and sauces uncorked, and jams and pickles in an open glass. I have known cooks make a practice of bringing out their entire supply of butter every time they required a small slice, and allowing the dish containing it to remain in the hot kitchen for hours to melt away or become dusty, instead of putting a little upon a clean plate, as required. Butter bought by the half pound, sent home in paper, and kept in this same paper in a warm place, does not "go" nearly so far as would the same weight of butter turned into a basin, covered with salted water, and kept in a cool place. We are all, to an extent, the slaves of our imagination, and the mere fact that there is a quantity of food "to go at" will make people lavish, who would be sparing if their eyes did not rest upon abundance. Who likes to use treacle that is dusty? or jam and marmalade which is dry and candied through exposure to the air? The cheese which comes up dry and cracked, and is tossed aside, might have been used to the last particle if it had been put away properly, and covered with a damp cloth. The joint which is fly-blown and tainted might have been sweet and delicious if it had been laid upon a clean dish as soon as it left the table, and put into the meat safe. There is scarcely an article of daily food which may not be wasted through want of care, and it is false economy to begrudge the outlay which is required to preserve food in good condition, safe from dust, insects, and vermin.

The lack of proper utensils for cooking is a frequent cause of waste. An insufficient number of saucepans, for example, leads to all sorts of food being cooked in the same pan, which injures the flavour, and to hurry and bustle, the cause of many a dish being spoilt. We may take it for granted that food spoilt in cooking is almost certain to be food lost and wasted. The cake or pudding which is burnt, the soup which is smoked, the fish or meat which is under-dressed, will probably be got rid of as speedily as possible, for it is nothing but an annoyance and a disgrace. A knowledge of cookery, therefore, is one way of avoiding waste. Besides this there are one or two domestic appliances which are a great help to economy. Amongst these are a sausage machine, by means of which scraps can be minced for serving a second time, which would otherwise be useless; a rotary grater for grating bread and vegetables to the last particle; a chopper for breaking up bones of joints, so that they can be more perfectly stewed; a digester, in which bones and vegetables may be made to yield their nutriment to the utmost. Yet the possession of these aids to economy involves additional work. It is always well to recollect that the more appliances we have the more there are to keep clean. Cooks are sometimes very ready to grumble because they have not this, that, or the other article; forgetting that wealth has its duties as well as its privileges, and that utensils which are allowed to become rusty and dirty are no satisfaction and no help to anyone. One means of avoiding waste is to refrain from buying either more or less food than is actually needed. This seems so obvious that it is almost ridiculous to mention it; yet it is astonishing what a difference there is in girls in this respect. Some girls, when marketing, will always buy more than is required; then the surplus is in danger of being wasted. Others buy rather less than is required; then the deficiency has to be made up with an extra, and extras are almost always more costly than ordinary fare. It should be understood that stint is not economy—it has to be made up in extraordinary ways; while true economy is liberal, and renders stint unnecessary. The habit of ordering goods, instead of going to the market and choosing them for ourselves, is also a great source of waste, because it so often leads to our having sent to us food which does not answer our purpose.

Girls who wish to avoid waste must make up their minds to give a little trouble to the business. In the first instance it is much easier to be wasteful than it is to be careful, although in the long run much trouble is saved by systematic methods. Above all things strict supervision and forethought are needed if waste is to be avoided. The girl who desires to do what she can in this respect must make a practice of visiting the larder regularly every morning, noting what scraps and odds and ends are there to be found, and taking steps for their immediate use. She must collect all the scraps, and decide upon them daily; if she leaves them to be dealt with "some time" they will probably be spoilt; vegetables or stock will turn sour, bread will become hard and mouldy, and meat will be dry and flavourless. Procrastination is a great friend to waste.

Perhaps there are no two items which are more frequently wasted in ordinary households than bread and fat. In an article published a few months ago, entitled "Broken Bread, and What to Do With It," I tried to give a few suggestions as to the utilisation of pieces of bread. Fat, however, is a still more serious business—firstly, because it costs more, and secondly, because, according to our present method, it is a source of dishonesty as well as extravagance. There can be little doubt that through the custom of allowing cooks to regard household fat as their own particular perquisite, many a young girl has been led to entertain lax notions as to the rights and property of others, and thus has taken the first steps which lead to crime. Fortunately, this custom is much less common than it used to be; it has, in fact, become an exceptional thing for the cook to be allowed to sell good fat for fourpence per pound, while her mistress buys lard for ninepence or tenpence per pound to take its place. Yet, still strict supervision is needed if fat is not to be wasted. Fat is cut from the meat and left at the sides of the plates, fat is left from the joint, little scraps of suet remain after a pudding has been made; and it is so much easier to throw these oddments into the fire than it is to utilise them; but it is most extravagant to do so. If all the little pieces of fat which are found in an ordinary household were made the most of, the purchase of fat for frying would be an exceptionable expense. And yet I have heard of ladies, who were not specially partial to frying, as a mode of cookery, spending shillings a week for this object, and looking upon it as an unavoidable though unpleasant outlay.

Of course, in venturing to make a remark of this kind, we have to be prepared to see people shrug their shoulders and turn away from us in apparent disgust, saying, "Oh, dear; how disagreeable! Would you render the fat which had been left on the plates? I could not fancy that." If waste is to be overcome and avoided, it needs that a few people who know what they are talking about should speak out bravely on this subject. I would not willingly stand second to anyone in love, admiration, and appreciation of cleanliness, yet I cannot see anything opposed thereto in taking up with a fork fat which has been cut off with a knife and fork, and using it. In these days we eat our food decently; we are not accustomed to take it in our fingers. My remarks are not addressed to persons who do this. I would never allow fat to be touched with dirty hands, or left to lie about till it becomes unfit for food. I would have it taken up with a clean fork, put on a clean plate, and set aside in a clean larder until it could be put into a clean saucepan and melted down with clean, pure water—treated, in short, respectfully, as God's good gift of food should be. And let me say to fastidious objectors, that so far as cleanliness only is concerned, I would much rather trust myself in the hands of an economical cook, than I would in the hands of an extravagant cook, and I do not say this without experience of both. The extravagant cook is careless, and will be careless all through; the economical cook is careful and precise, and will be careful and precise all the way through—careful about cleanliness as about everything else, and the latter is much more likely to be reasonably fastidious than the former. Indeed, it would be safe to take it for granted that if one could secure the services of an economical cook, we might rest content, knowing that we had also a clean cook. And now for a few recipes.

I have already in a former article (on "Soups, and How to Make Them") given detailed instructions as to the way in which stock and soup may be made from bones and trimmings. I will not, therefore, concern myself with that now, but will name a few dishes which may be prepared from fragments.

Cold Meat à la Vinaigrette (made from fragments of cold meat).—Cut the meat into very thin, neat slices. Mix in a large spoon half a teaspoonful of mustard, a saltspoonful of salt, a sprinkling of pepper, and a little vinegar, to make a thin sauce. Pour this on the meat, and mix it well with a fork and spoon, adding a little more vinegar to make up two tablespoonfuls. When this is well incorporated with the meat, pour on oil, and mix this in also. Let the meat soak for half an hour.

Cover it with any remains of vegetables there may be, cut into small, neat slices, and arrange these in rows, with the colours contrasting; carrots and potatoes, or tomatoes and potatoes, may be made to look very pretty. If it may be allowed, an egg boiled hard and chopped may be added to this dish, or a little piece of onion the size of the thumb-nail, chopped as fine as dust, or one or two anchovies, boned and cut up, may be added.

Old-fashioned Irish Stew.—Supposing there is on hand a joint which is not bare, but which is not far from it, so that there is not meat to make hash or any similar dish, proceed as follows:—Cut off every particle of meat in pieces not too large to be eaten with a spoon; break up the bone well, and take out the marrow, if there is any. Carefully keep back sinew, veins, gristle, or any portions which are not quite good to eat. When cutting the meat off a bone thus, it is usually found that there is much more than there at first appeared to be. Put bones, meat, and all into a stew-pan, pepper and salt them well, and add three or four large onions sliced, and double the quantity of raw peeled potatoes cut up into quarters. Pour on stock made from bones, or water, to cover the whole, and boil all gently together for nearly three hours, being careful to avoid quick boiling, for fear the stew should burn. At the last, add a spoonful of ketchup, if approved, and serve in a soup-tureen. The potatoes, of course, will be in a mash. Considering of what homely materials this dish is made, people who do not know it will be astonished to find how good it is. It is very nourishing, and in cold weather very warming, and, for people who are not high-minded, is excellent for luncheon.

When cold mutton is very much broken up, so that it seems hopeless to make anything but mince of it, the following recipe, which comes from America, will probably be approved where mince is disliked, as it is very much by some people. Cut the meat up neatly, but do not chop it; measure it, and mix with it twice as much cold boiled potatoes, also cut small. Put a gill of stock into a stew-pan, with a slice of butter and a little pepper and salt; then stir in the meat and potatoes, and cook gently, stirring occasionally till hot through without browning. Serve hot.

Cut cold beef into neat slices. Put these in a baking tin, and sprinkle good veal forcemeat over them, and place on each slice a little piece of butter to keep it moist. Pour in some good gravy, and bake till hot through. Serve round mashed potatoes with the pieces overlapping each other, and the gravy poured over.

Cut about a pound and a half of cold boiled beef into slices about a quarter of an inch thick, cutting away all the fat, and setting aside the outer portion, if it is dry and hard. Take one pound of onions peeled and sliced, and fry them gently in a little butter or good dripping till they are soft and yellow, but not at all burnt; sprinkle an ounce of flour upon them, add a little salt and pepper, and let them cook five minutes longer. Take the pan off the fire, pour on a pint of stock, and then stir the sauce over the fire for twenty minutes. Add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, and a few drops of liquid browning. Put the slices of beef into a pie-dish, pour the sauce over, and bake in a gentle oven for twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which the preparation was baked. Cold beef thus warmed again is called miroton of beef, and it comes from no less an authority than M. Gouffé, the great French cook. Its flavour may be varied by putting a little curry paste or a few mushrooms with the sauce, and if the oven is not in working order the beef may be put into the pan and made hot with the onions.

In writing about different ways of using up scraps and trimmings, the great difficulty is to know where to stop, for the subject is exhaustless. Yet it is unnecessary to make a complete list, for I do not doubt that many dishes will suggest themselves to girls' minds, without the need of any words from me.

There are shepherd's pie, Cornish pasties, rissoles, croquettes, the time-honoured hash, mince with poached eggs, kromeskies, meat egged and breaded, or dipped into batter and fried. All these are most excellent, if only a little pains and trouble be bestowed upon them. This, however, is what we must make up our minds to in using scraps, or our failure will be deplorable. We can always comfort ourselves with the reflection that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and most certainly it is worth while to avoid waste.

CHRYSÉ.

A TALE OF ROME IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

By ARTHUR W. GROSER.

CHAPTER II.

WITH the morrow came other occupations and engagements for Chrysé and her father. For the latter there was public and private business demanding his close and immediate attention, and in the brief moments of relaxation in the society of his daughter, there was little time for discussing those plans of future benevolence which she had so earnestly yet imperfectly proposed. Her enthusiasm, however, for benefiting those around her had not cooled, nor was it limited to words and phrases. Her every thought was for others, though her position as the youthful mistress of a Roman household was naturally beset with temptations to self-indulgence and ease. She hated most warmly the institution of slavery, which degraded her servants to the level of unreasoning animals, and rendered half the ladies of Rome incapable of self-help. To better her slaves' condition, to minister to them, and to give them comfort and even pleasure, was her constant effort; and Parmenias found, with growing vexation, that his patrician notions of rank and authority were being unconsciously but vigorously combated. "She will forget all these things when she is older," he continually told himself. "She is little more than a child at present; and having grown up as she has done with the women slaves, there is no wonder that she has learnt much that is wild and unnatural. When she has seen something of Rome she will feel differently." And in his deep and ardent love for his child he planned a thousand pleasures for her future, promising himself a rich reward in seeing her gratification and delight.

In a few weeks the more pressing business attendant upon his return to Rome was completed, and the preparations begun for the removal of his household to the more spacious mansion that Octavius had presented to him.

Situated on the leafy Janiculum, and commanding a magnificent prospect over the glorious city, with its far-reaching roads and golden capitol, the palace had been built by a Roman general with the plunder of a hundred cities. Filled with Greek statuary, paved with ivory and mosaic, and hung with silks from the choicest Syrian looms, its chambers were of vast size and splendour.

Defeat and disgrace, however, had befallen its owner, who had shared the ill-starred fortunes of Antony. The mansion and lands were confiscated, and bestowed, as we have already seen, by the successful Octavius upon his valiant supporter.

The utmost secrecy was observed by Parmenias in arranging for his prospective removal until the final preparations were complete. He intended that the news of his master's present should come as a surprise to Chrysé; and as her sixteenth birthday was at hand, he determined to defer the announcement until then. Picturing to himself her excitement and joy in her new home, he looked forward to the time when he might show her its varied treasures, and bid her call them her own.

Rising early on the long-expected morning, the stern and unbending warrior whom men called cold, and whose outward life seemed passionless and repellant, waited his child's appearance with eager impatience. Her step was soon heard on the marble floor, and her voice calling to her birds sounded clear and musical.

Never was Chrysé more lovely in the eyes of her father. With her doves fluttering round her in answer to her summons, and a freshly plucked rose in her golden hair, now no longer flowing but fastened in a careless knot, she seemed, in her saffron coloured drapery, one of those fabled maidens whose legendary beauty the poet Ovid was to sing so sweetly.

Parmenias gazed at her with silent admiration as she drew near unconscious of his presence. The promise of future happiness in her society was mingled in his mind with an element of sadness and uncertainty, in the thought of past sorrow and bereavement. It seemed to him but yesterday since he first saw her mother, in her sunny home at Baiæ, and felt for the first time the promptings of that love which even Death himself was powerless to terminate. More than ten years of silent grief had gone by: ten years of labouring and fighting, for ends which less successful rivals called sordid. And now that the reward had come, position and fame and wealth had no charm unless they brought more happiness to his child.

Such were the thoughts and feelings of Parmenias, as he watched Chrysé standing in the soft morning light against the full red walls of the chamber, and with her dainty shoes peeping out from the soft folds of her linen robe.