not forget the expression of her face on the beach at Rotheneuf. I did not know what to think. But, as far as I could make out, nothing was passing between the two but what all the world might hear. The night was so calm that not even the plash of the waves broke the stillness, and long before we reached them I could hear all they were saying. It was only something about a box of plates Godfrey was to send out to replace those we had used.

"We had better turn back now," Isabel said to her cousin as we came up. "Good-bye, dear Kitty. Be sure you write soon." Then she put her hand in Godfrey's, but neither uttered a word of farewell. As I kissed her the tears were very near my eyes, but I caught Mr. Mortimer's half-satirical glance and resolutely forced them back. Godfrey, with only a formal bow to him, strode on.

"That's what I call friendly," Jack murmured, and there really was some excuse for his comment. "You will shake hands, I hope, Miss Wyndham. Good-bye, I am very sorry you are going. I am sure you and I would be friends."

I did not feel at all sure of it, but of course I did not say so. I shook hands with him, gave Isabel another kiss, and turned to follow Godfrey.

"Don't be jealous, Bell," I heard Mr. Mortimer say as he walked away, "but that is as nice a little girl as I ever came across. All the same, I shall be glad to have you all to myself, dear. It will be more like old times."

The next two hours were all bustle and confusion, though, as it proved, we had time enough and to spare. The boat did not start till eleven o'clock.

We had a long crossing, and on reaching home, I was glad to allege fatigue as an excuse for being disinclined to talk. Everybody was delighted to see us, and had innumerable questions to ask—questions that were sometimes a little difficult to answer.

"I am longing to see Miss Egerton," Norah repeated over and over again. "Is she really so nice? Does Godfrey admire her? But he never looks at a woman, does he? He hasn't said a word about her."

It was a great disappointment to them to find that Godfrey had derived but little benefit from his trip. My mother questioned him closely, but could elicit nothing to account for the relapse. I was no more communicative, though it was hard to keep silence when I was longing for her sympathy and advice. She thought me changed, I could see, and I heard her say to Norah, she would never let me out of her sight again.

Godfrey carried off the box of plates the very first morning, under pretence of taking them to be developed. Perhaps I should not say under pretence, for developed they were, and very well they turned out. But they had been well weeded. Not a single photograph that Isabel had helped him to take ever made its appearance in our drawing-room. I had hoped for an opportunity of making sure I had destroyed the Rotheneuf group, but he was too quick for me.

Isabel did not return home as soon as she had expected, for her aunt was loth to let her go. This I learned from her letters, which, though frequent, were short and unsatisfactory. By the time she came back we had gone to Scotland, and so our meeting was again postponed.

But soon after our return, she called, accompanied by Mr. Mortimer, and brought an invitation for me to stay with her. I tried, greatly to everybody's surprise, to make an excuse, but I was overruled, and it was arranged I should go to Norwood at the end of the week.

"Can Miss Egerton and Kitty have quarrelled?" Norah said to my mother the same evening. "It looks like it, I think. Only in that case, why did she ask her to her house?"

I was then lying half asleep on a sofa, and I tried to rouse myself and start some other topic of conversation, but before I could do so Chris interposed:

"I like that Mr. Mortimer, don't you, Norah? He has had such stunning adventures. Did you hear what he was telling me?"

"No, I was talking to Miss Egerton," Norah replied. "Mamma, do you think she is engaged to her cousin? Godfrey says so."

"Bosh," returned Chris, with all the confidence of his fifteen years, "much Godfrey knows. Why, Mr. Mortimer never took his eyes off Kitty the whole time he was here. watched him."

"I wish Godfrey would consult Dr. Egerton," interrupted my mother. "He gets worse every day. It makes me so anxious now he is going away so soon."

"Perhaps the voyage will do him good," suggested Norah, and then the subject dropped.

Godfrey had by this time passed his examination, and was making all haste to be gone, though his leave had not quite expired. I wondered if he would come down to Norwood while I was there. In common politeness he could hardly refuse if they asked him, but I dreaded the meeting. Mr. Mortimer was on a visit to his uncle, and his presence would make it the more painful.

Had it not been for these complications, I should have enjoyed myself extremely. The house and grounds were delightful, Isabel and her father the kindest of hosts, and Mr. Mortimer was always doing something to give me pleasure. The cousins were evidently much attached to each other, but my eyes having been opened by the shrewd remarks of Chris, I saw Mr. Mortimer's attentions were not those of a lover. Isabel was hardly so gay and bright as she had been in Brittany. I accused her of this one day and she answered gravely, "I am afraid you are right, Kitty. I suppose I am getting older."

(*To be continued.*)

ONE PORTION.

THOSE who have travelled or lived abroad, or who even in London are in the habit of accompanying their husbands to foreign restaurants when shopping, will know what a great saving of expense it is when dining with a friend to order "one portion." We will suppose two persons to enter one of these restaurants and take up the bill of fare and select the following dishes. From the soups: julienne, 6d.; eels fried, tartar sauce, 1s.; whitebait, 1s.; sweetbread, tomato sauce, 1s. 2d.; jugged hare, 1s. 4d.; and at the same time telling the waiter to bring one portion of each. We now have an excellent dinner at 2s. 6d. each, which at times forms an agreeable change to those who daily dine off a joint.

In many families the good old-fashioned joint of beef or mutton almost always forms the daily dinner, sometimes early, when there are children, and late when the family is a large one, composed of grown up persons. The cold beef is served with salad for lunch or supper, the cold mutton is hashed or minced, or sometimes curried, and in families numbering eight or ten persons, counting servants, a fresh joint daily is a necessity.

Most girls owe their knowledge of housekeeping almost entirely to their mother. If a woman is a good sensible housekeeper, and her daughter assists her in the housekeeping, the probability is that the girl in her turn will follow in her mother's footsteps; but the case is constantly arising where girls leave a household, consisting of father, mother, five brothers and sisters, and three servants, to take command of a new establishment, where the inmates are three in all, viz: the newly-married couple and the one servant, which they consider the limit of the number of domestics that they ought to keep at starting. Both husband and wife have in early life been accustomed to a late dinner, and they agree that dear Charles shall "lunch" each day in the city and come home to a seven o'clock dinner. Human nature is human nature, and who can say how much their future happiness may depend upon the success or non-success with which this seven o'clock repast is served.

We will suppose at first that the young housekeeper adheres to the old style of housekeeping at home. A leg of mutton hot is followed by hash mutton, and it is found that the hash is sufficient to last two and sometimes three days. Mary Ann in the kitchen seems to eat very little when her dinner consists of hash, and our young housekeeper will feel uneasy because, at the early kitchen dinner-hour, when Mary Ann ought to be regaling herself on hash, she fancies she can smell bloaters cooking. A still greater cause for uneasiness, however, is that she fancies dear Charles' appetite is beginning to fall off, and she has some idea that she ought to call in the family doctor. What a relief it would be to this anxious young wife were she to see dear Charles "lunch" in the city, after three dinners in succession, in which hashed mutton appeared on the *pièce de résistance*.

We will suppose, in order to come to the practical part of our subject, that the young housekeeper finds out, perhaps, after an anxious talk with her mother and father that, the old style of housekeeping is not the one best adapted for the altered state of things in the smaller house. She also finds out that dear Charles knows a great deal more about cooking than she does; that is, he seems quite at home and familiar with a number of dishes, with French names, that she never heard of. Then her mind reverts to that delightful tour, part of which was spent in Paris, and what wonderful little dinners they had, some in the open air, in which one portion between two, enabled them to dine so well and yet so cheaply. She remembers, too, that though as a rule she did most of the talking when shopping, &c., yet that, when it came to ordering the dinner, it was dear Charles who always seemed so much more at home than she did, and then, with a flush, she remembers the constant recurrence of cold beef and salad and hashed or minced mutton, and determines to make a change.

The question she asks herself is this: Is it possible, with due regard to economy, for a household, consisting of husband and wife and one servant, to so manage that each day a little dinner can be sent to table, consisting of three courses, corresponding in quantity and quality to a dinner at a foreign restaurant, where you would be able to order one portion between two?

Were we asked this question, we should unhesitatingly answer yes.

First, we must remember that we are cater-

ing for a certain class of appetite. Men who, prior to their marriage, have often a course perhaps of university dinners, settle down into lodgings, where they dine out, acquire certain tastes and habits, with regard to their food, different from those who have always dined at home, where the family is large. Probably a gradual change is taking place in this country, especially in large towns on this point. We are certainly getting more accustomed to French habits.

In Paris a young married couple, fairly well off, would never dream of dining at home, even among the working classes. Whether we shall ever reach this point in London, it is hard to say, but we will endeavour to give young housekeepers a few hints how to make home dinners more like those only obtainable at restaurants, at the same time showing how this is possible without waste, for waste is a crime.

First of all, we must be content to give up large joints altogether. The haunch of mutton, or even the saddle, the huge ribs of beef, so delicious when in joints of twenty pounds, and so inferior if we attempt to roast a single rib. In fact, as a rule, we must make our dinner chiefly off what in ordinary bills of fare would figure as entrées, and we must also adopt the French economical method of never dining without soup. A little bit of fish every day is cheaply obtained by making a bargain with the nearest fishmonger, to send enough for two each day, leaving it to him to send whatever suits him best, and at the same time arranging for a constant change. There are some fishmongers who are willing to enter into a constant order of this description and will supply fish for as little as threepence a day, or one and six a week; but we will leave the subject of the soup and fish for the present and will endeavour to give a few practical hints how to send up these little entrée dishes, enough for two—no waste—and yet a daily change.

We will first take that by no means uneconomical bird—a good-sized fowl. Spring chickens are somewhat dear and not in season for long. When out of season, very small fowls are too often of poor quality. We will suppose that we have obtained a good-sized fowl, weighing four pounds. What is the best method of turning this to account, in order to have, say, three entrées, varying from each other? Of course we can have the fowl roasted or boiled, the legs devilled for breakfast, and cold fowl and salad, according to the old English custom; but suppose we act as follows:—

First take the fowl and cut it up raw into joints. By this means we shall have two wings, two thighs, the breast, the merrythought, and two drumsticks. Reserve these, and put the rest of the carcase in a good-sized stewpan with an onion, and a stick or two of celery, and if possible a slice of carrot. Of course you will cut up the carcase into small pieces. Let these simmer gently for about an hour, and, we may here add, it is best to cut the two drumsticks in half, putting the bony end in with the carcase at starting.

Next add the joints, and as soon as the whole comes to the boiling point, let them simmer for ten minutes, remove the stewpan from the fire, and let the whole get cold in the stewpan itself, which is best if it is an enamelled one. Cover the stewpan with a plate or cloth while getting cold. The metal cover should be removed at once.

As soon as it is cold, take out the joints and put them by on a plate. Next scrape all the meat off the bones of the carcase, and put the bare bones back in the stock, and let them simmer gently for the remainder of the day; the stock can be strained off the last thing at night, when boiling hot, and allowed to get cold, and the grease removed in the morning.

We now have enough to make three dinners from the joints of fowl, each dinner varying from the other. The meat we scraped from the bones will make an excellent dish of curry. The stock or broth, obtained from boiling the fowl and bones, is the basis of excellent soup or gravy. We will not enter at present into the method of making each dish, but we will suppose you have a small bottle of tomato pulp (6d.) by you, and also a small tin of mushrooms, also (6d.).

Suppose we take first the breast and merrythought. We take about half a pint of the stock, and boil it down to about one-third of its quantity, and then add about a quarter pint of milk boiled separately. Add half the tin of mushrooms, and thicken the milk and stock with a little butter and flour. We should boil a bay leaf in the milk, and add sufficient pepper and salt to make the whole palatable. We warm up the breast and merrythought in this sauce. When it is sent to table it will taste exactly like freshly-cooked fowl, and not like fowl that has been cooked and warmed up. We will explain the reason of this by-and-by, but will finish our joints first.

Suppose we next take the two legs, *i.e.*, four joints. Again, we take half a pint of the stock, add to it a teaspoonful of extract of meat, and let it boil away till it reduces itself to half the quantity. Now add the remainder of the half-tin of mushrooms and thicken the gravy with a little brown roux, *i.e.*, butter and flour mixed and fried till it is a light brown colour. The four joints, viz. the two thighs and two drumsticks, can be warmed up in this, and sent to table. Some cooks would add a teaspoonful of sherry to this sauce.

The third time, we take the two large wings, which ought to have been cut so as to contain a large slice off the breast. Take half a pint of the broth, add a teaspoonful of extract of meat and a pinch of mixed savory herbs. Let it boil away till it is reduced to a third of its original quantity, and then add two large tablespoonfuls, or even three, of the tomato pulp. It is sometimes called tomato conserve, but a sixpenny bottle of tomato pulp is equally good. Warm up the two wings in this and send it to table.

The scrapings of the carcase and bones can be sent to table as a curry. Make some good curry sauce, pass all the fried onions, etc., through a wire sieve, and mix the scrapings of the fowl with the curry sauce, send it to table with boiled rice in a separate dish and see that the rice is handed before the curry.

We will now explain why this warmed, partially cooked fowl will be as juicy as fresh cooked fowl, but we may first mention that, in using the tin of mushrooms, the liquor should not be thrown away. On opening the tin we should add half the liquor to the sauce, with half the mushrooms, and turn out the remainder of the liquor and mushrooms into a cup. Remember, never leave anything in the tin after the tin has been opened.

In all restaurants, where "portions" have to be served at a few minutes' notice it is obvious that the meat must be cooked, or at any rate partially cooked beforehand. If we partially boil a fowl and let it get cold in the water in which it was boiled, the meat of the fowl will, when warmed up, be juicy. If, however, we had taken the fowl out of the water in which it was boiled, and let it get cold on a plate, the flesh when cold would be dry, and, when re-warmed, very different to the meat of the one we had allowed to cool in the water.

The reason is obvious. In the one case the juice runs out of the flesh. In the other case the juice does not run out, but keeps in the meat in the form of juice when hot, and jelly when cold. The same principles of cookery apply to cooking a ham. Unless the ham is allowed to get cold in the water in which it it was boiled, the ham will be dry when cut, and the dish, on which it was allowed to get cold, will be covered with the jelly that has run out of the ham.

A similar series of dishes can be made out of a good-sized rabbit, or a couple of rabbits, and in cold weather we can have intervals of other dishes, such as *filet de bœuf.*

A genuine *filet de bœuf* is not often met with in a private house, cooked and tasting exactly like one we should get abroad. In France the meat is cut up altogether differently to what it is in England. Which way is best we cannot say; there is much to be said on both sides. If, however, we want little dishes similar to the ones we are describing, there is no doubt that the French method is the best. Suppose we want a nice *filet de bœuf* for dinner in England, our only method is to buy a sirloin of beef and then cut out the filet, or what housekeepers call the undercut. If we buy a small piece of sirloin and cut out the undercut and cut this into slices an inch thick, we shall have the genuine filet the same as if we were at the Café Bignon in Paris. Cooks must bear in mind that there is a considerable difference between the filet and the ordinary good old-fashioned English rump-steak. The latter should be cooked on a gridiron, the filet is best done in a frying-pan. If sent to table plain, first chop up a little parsley very finely, and mix it with a lump of butter, till the whole lump looks green. The size of the lump should be, say, half a walnut, or a lump the size of a walnut will do for two filets. Fry the filets in the frying-pan with a very little butter. Press the meat against the frying-pan to brown it without in the least burning it; as soon as the filets are cooked, it should be red inside, not blue; place them on a hot dish and put a lump of this parsley and butter on the top of each, and send it to table just as it is.

Filet de bœuf can be sent to table in a variety of ways. You can have it with tomato sauce, in which case you proceed as before with the fowl. You can have *filet de bœuf à la Médire*. This means some good rich brown gravy, similar to that served with roast ducks, is poured over after first adding a tablespoonful of sherry. In fact you can have *filet de bœuf à la jardinière* and *à la* so many ways that only a French cook can remember the lot.

In the meantime, what are we to do with the remainder of the joint? We can have it roasted and sent to table as it is, and it will then do the second day cold with salad. Or we can cut out the upper portion similar to the lower portion. In fact we bone the joint very often the most economical way, as of course the fresh bones are put on to help to make the soup. In this case we can cut the meat in slices and have them grilled or part can be grilled one day, and part stewed with carrot and onion another, which when properly done and called a ragout, is very different to the pale stewed steak of ordinary households. The secret of good stewed steak is to fry the onion and carrot first. Brown the steak outside in a very hot frying-pan without cooking it, and then have the gravy rich, thick, and dark in colour.

Loin of mutton is very nice, but rather extravagant when cooked properly. That is not jointed first. You can cut off all the end raw. Roast a small loin, carve it saddle fashion, and with French beans and red currant jelly it is as good as a saddle. The end makes a capital Irish stew for another day, and the remainder of the cooked meat can be added to the stew.

Perhaps the most economical way of serving loin of mutton, under the household circumstances we are describing, is to bone the loin entirely. The upper part cuts up into thin slices for cutlets. These cutlets can be grilled plain, or egg and bread-crumbed and fried. This, to be good, means plenty of very hot fat and a frying basket.

Mutton cutlets can be served in an almost infinite number of ways, but the only variation is the sauce which gives it its name.

Of course when we bone a loin of mutton we put the bones into the stock-pot at once. The fresher the bones are the better.

As we observed, we cannot roast a single rib of beef, but a single rib, for all that, can be occasionally bought, if it can be cut thin.

The best way to cook it is, first bone it and put the bones on to help to make soup and stock. Next cut out the large lump of meat in the middle, which will be more than ample for two persons, and grill this like an ordinary rump steak. Some persons even prefer it. It is exceedingly nice, if properly cooked. Dark brown outside, red and juicy, but not blue in the middle. If a little horseradish sauce is sent to table with it, few better dinners can be served. The remainder of the meat can be cut up into pieces two inches long and used for making stewed steak, or we ought to say, ragout.

Perhaps the most important point on which we ought to try and get rid of old-fashioned custom or prejudice is, the soup. As a rule, cooks fail to grasp the idea of "little and good." They send to table for two persons a tureen containing enough for a dozen. One soup ladle is, as a rule, sufficient for each person. We remember some years ago a distinguished medical man criticising in confidence his opinion on the soup he had been serving in his own house. If the whole tureen had been reduced to one ladleful I should have enjoyed it. The great mistake ordinary cooks make in preparing soup is, they will not use enough vegetables. In summer white soups are very palatable. Perhaps we ought to say purées. A head of celery, or some Jerusalem artichokes fried in a little butter without being burnt, stewed gently in some stock, then rubbed through a wire sieve, and a little cream or milk, boiled separately, added, always form agreeable soup, and very little meat is necessary. The bones of joints and fowls, if used raw, are amply sufficient for the purpose.

In finishing up a dinner of this description, as a rule, the young housekeeper need not trouble much about sweets. A savoury at the end of dinner is far better. A small savoury custard, for instance. In other words, a little stock used for making a custard pudding instead of sweetened milk. Do not have a large pie-dish, similar to the good old-fashioned baked rice pudding of your childhood, but have the stock little and good, make it in a breakfast cup or even a tea-cup, for it will turn out. A little maccaroni cheese is another favourite dish. Have in the house always a bottle of grated Parmesan cheese. A capital savoury dish can always be made out of this, by making a small piece of hot buttered toast, with plenty of butter. Cover this with a couple of tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, and put it in the oven to brown, baste it once or twice with any oiled butter that may run into the dish. A small cheese *soufflé* is another popular dish. You will find, as a rule, that dear Charles will prefer these to the good old-fashioned jam roly-poly or the large apple pudding. You need not forget how to make these, as the time may come when once again they will form part of the household meals later on in life, when, perhaps, as soon as dinner is over, dear Charles will go to sleep in his arm-chair, and you will hurry off to the nursery.

NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOURS.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

HOUSE-WARMING AT COTTERELS.

"I DO wonder what the house will look like!" cried Susie, as the four sisters walked up the familiar hill-path together, followed by their father and Max. "It has been rather fun not knowing anything, and keeping away till everything was in order. I think Regina likes surprises, and there is something rather beautifully mysterious in not knowing anything; but I am glad the waiting is over now. I am in such a hurry!"

"And it's jolly that Harold and Leo will be there too," said Cecil. "One won't feel as though they had been turned out when one sees them helping to do the honours. Regina has no end of nice ideas. I'm awfully glad she bought Cotterels if it had to be sold."

Everybody in and about Coshington was glad of that. The advent of Miss Stanley-Devenish as a resident landowner was hailed by all the county with pleasure. She had been very busy these past weeks in getting the house ready for her habitation. Armies of work-people had been turned in, and things were carried through with an unwonted rapidity, carefully superintended by the young mistress herself. It was now October, but the summer had lingered long, and save in the early mornings and late evenings the heat was considerable, whilst the trees were still clothed with leaves, only that these had put on their rich autumn dress and glowed in the sunshine with splendid tints of crimson and gold. The next excitement for Coshington would be the double wedding of Mr. Tresham's two daughters with the Cotterel brothers, and their departure for Australia. But for the moment the house-warming at Cotterels was absorbing the minds of all; and it was thought very nice and friendly that Harold and Leofwin should be guests in the house at the time. It showed so thoroughly that there had been no friction between the old residents at the Manor house and its new mistress. The transaction had been carried through from end to end without the smallest antagonism or ill-will, and people who understood such matters knew that such a state of things reflected great credit upon both parties concerned.

Mrs. Devenish and all her tribe were established at Cotterels for a pleasant visit before the winter set in, and Mrs. Leslie arrived to institute a new order of things at home. Wilfrid had fairly earned his pony, and had been made perfectly happy by having one duly presented to him, and many were the ambitious plans laid by the little brothers of riding to hounds and exhibiting their prowess in the hunting-field, "if Mr. Percival and Regina would let them." They had learnt of their own accord to adopt this proviso, and surely more could not be expected of high-spirited boys.

Harold and Leo were on the look-out for the Tresham party, and came striding down the slope to welcome them.

"Come to see the improvements, eh? It is splendid to see the dear old house looking as it should do. Of course it isn't the time of year to do much to the garden. Improvements there will come later; but just look at the lawns! Did you ever see such turf now that it is kept close shaven? It is like velvet under one's feet. And don't the paths look different now that they are fresh gravelled and all free of weeds and properly rolled down and edged? Miss Stanley-Devenish is going to leave things very much as they are here, only put in a lot of the best roses that are grown now, and make great perennial borders in the kitchen garden, and get the wild growth of the neglected shrubs and creepers cut away and pruned in, so that they will bloom again as they used in the days when they were properly attended to. It is the greatest delight to think that things will return to their ancient fashion here now. We shall think of it with such delight when we are far away. We should have hated so to think of the old place being cut up into building lots, or going to rack and ruin with a bad tenant."

"But look at the house! Look at the house!" cried Susie, in great excitement. "Oh, what have they done to it? It is the same, and yet so different? It is lovely!"

"Oh, you see those old oak beams and all the black carved wood-work had been gradually almost covered up with whitewash when the walls had been washed over from time to time. One hardly knew it was there. But now it has all been cleaned and made to stand out again, and the walls all over have been scraped. I can't think why people took to whitening the house. The dark grey of the stone is so much prettier really, and now with all the black carving about it, and those overhanging gables it is charming. We never knew ourselves quite what a pretty house Cotterels was till we came back here two days ago."

Certainly it looked charming now. The creepers had been so carefully taken down and replaced that they had not