"Harold Waring! Why, he was a dear old friend of mine!" Mrs. Beaton was interrupted in her turn, and it was the man in flannels who cut her story short. "If I had only known that Waring had left a nephew alone in the world, I should have claimed him," he went on, with a ring of determination in his voice. "My name is Wayne—Arnold Wayne—you may have heard Mr. Waring speak of me?"

"Yes, sir, we have," Mrs. Beaton replied. "Here is Miss Kilner, who found your name in poor Miss Neale's manuscript. Miss Neale, sir, was engaged to be married to Mr. Waring."

"He wrote to tell me of his engagement," said Arnold Wayne, looking at Elsie. "What a complicated business this is! It seems that we each have an interest in this young gentleman," he added, with a smile at the fair lady.

"Mr. Wayne!" exclaimed Jamie's protectress, in her silvery voice. "We were to have met at Rushbrook last October, and you didn't come. I was staying with your cousins the Danforths. I am Mrs. Verdon."

"I'm delighted to meet you at last," he said cordially. "Mary and Lily were always talking about you. Isn't all this extraordinary? There never was anything like it in a three-volume novel!"

Then they both laughed with a comfortable air of old acquaintanceship, and Elsie suddenly had a sense of being left out in the cold.

(To be continued.)

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

THE houseplace, or kitchen, is, or should be, the very brightest, cheeriest part of the house. Is it not, indeed, the "heart of the house?" Certainly, it has more influence on the minds, tempers, and well-being of every member of the household than is exercised by any of the more dignified apartments, however faultless their arrangements may be.

Here it is that the true woman—especially if she be worthy of the old Saxon name of "lady" or "loaf-giver"—feels herself queen by every womanly instinct within her; and according to the amount of skill which she displays here will be the measure of her beneficence to all who come within her care.

How many of the troubles of the present day—matrimonial differences, troubles with servants, outbreaks and rebellions among working-people—have arisen since it came to be thought derogatory to the mistress of a house to follow the example of the wise women of olden days, who "sat among their maids to spin," who with their own hands fashioned the garments for their household, or concocted the wonderful dainties in cakes or cordials for their own tables, the broths and homely physic for their sick neighbours, made their own golden butter, tended their own gardens, fed their own poultry, and, while cultivating their sweet herbs and making their perfumes, cultivated in themselves and in those about them the sweet graces of womanly character. Little wonder that when the mistress thought it beneath her to put her delicate hand to the homely task the maid also should despise the same!

We learn wisdom slowly. After long endurance of domestic tyranny, during which we have suffered in mind, body, and estate, as individuals and as a nation, from inflictions and persecutions which peculiarly pertain to the unskilled and untutored class who have held undisputed sway over us, we are gradually becoming aware of a dawning of better things. From every quarter we hear whisperings: our women—those who are worthy of the name—are confronting a problem and solving it!

As "sisters of help" they are descending to our kitchens and basements, and in their quiet might are revolutionising or quelling rebellion, while gradually, almost insensibly, we are being drawn back to the good old ways of our grandmothers' days, when the queen bee was the most industrious of the hive, and the teacher lived with those she taught.

In the meantime we have lost the secret of many of the delightful conserves which used to adorn the shelves of the store or still-room. We have been content to leave the manufacture of our best things to be done on the wholesale system of the public factory, and have calmly swallowed the adulterations imposed upon us, troubling but little about them, except they became more glaring than usual.

How rarely do we now meet with the home-made tea-cake, crisp and fresh from the oven, the maker's very own recipe? or the shortcake, filled with luscious fruit and smothered in cream, the fruit cheeses rich and firm? to say nothing of quince and grape jellies, fruit cordials, and the delicious home-made wines!

But a truce to reflections! We will amend our ways. Henceforward the baker round the corner will know us no more; we will make our own bread and improve the shape of our arms at the same time. We will be beholden to none for our cakes, our creams, or our jellies, and we will bring our mathematics into use while we calculate to a nicety the proportions which Bridget has been used to "guessing at;" and natural science aids us when we come to study temperatures, or the reason why we form a coating of the albumen near the surface when boiling meat or vegetables.

Brains and cultivation tell everywhere. Why should they be accounted as less needful in the houseplace?"

To be able to solve a problem in Euclid does not unfit one for squaring domestic accounts, nor does the quickened artistic faculty suffer by being employed in embellishing gastronomic confections, homely upholstery, or the still more homely stocking-darning.

Ben Jonson's ideal woman is a noble one; after mentioning the "softed virtues" which he wished for her, he says—

"And yet, a learned and a manly soul, I purposed her,
That should with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

Are we enlarging the subject too much, do you say? Not at all. We can think and talk while our hands are busy.

How the sunshine lights up our shining pans, making them like silver!

Yes, in a kitchen where ladies work everything must be of the brightest and in most spotless order. The nice sense which brought such harmony of colouring into the drawing-room above, could not endure dirt or dulness here.

Modern inventions have brought out so many contrivances to lighten labour. If we are wise we shall avail ourselves of them, and so in some respects obtain an advantage over our grandmothers. Why spend time and patience unnecessarily when there are machines for stoning raisins, plums, and cherries, for slicing and shaping fruits and vegetables with a quickness and precision we can never attain by the hand?

Although the machine has yet to be invented that shall take in our soiled plates at one end, and turn them out clean at the other, there are many helps to lighten even this part of our labour. Hands need not necessarily be coarsened and roughened, nor need the process be the bugbear it so frequently is.

A few drops of ammonia or chloride of lime in stained vessels will be equal to the help of the cleverest kitchenmaid. The same will help to whiten tables and dressers, and make all wooden utensils sweet and wholesome.

Coarse sand and a piece of flannel will act quite as effectively as a scrubbing-brush, with half the labour.

What is it that makes our varnished paint and woodwork, walls and windows shine so brilliantly? Paraffin! The best paraffin essence mixed in tepid water; the surface is first washed with this, then rubbed with a soft cloth. It is a "magic cleanser" worth having. For old mahogany furniture, enamelled stoves, and mirrors too it is invaluable.

Each article has its own place in cupboard, closet or on wall, to which it returns as soon as done with, for we study method here, and economy of time as well as of pocket.

Comfortable chairs in which to sit? Why not? There are many things which can be done while sitting down, just as well as by standing, and it is our duty to consider our own physical health as well as that of others.

We have taken up housekeeping as a profession, you see, and the houseplace is our studio. We shall bring to bear in it the same faculties and reasonings that we should deem necessary for success in any other profession. If we do not regain the standard of excellence which our grandmothers attained to, it will not be for want of trying. "Women of faculty" they were, so will we be. Women of resource too, of influence in the outer circles of life no less than ever we were; sound in health, proud at heart, because the mainsprings are in thorough order, and we have no need to fear the most searching inspection.

Who will follow our example?

LUCY HELEN YATES.

composer of merit. Of singers and instrumentalists so many are distinguished, and so very well-known amongst all classes of my readers, that it would occupy too much of my space, and without due reason, to give any individual notice of them. I may, however, note the pleasing fact that a woman has gained, and for the first time, the Bonamy Dobrée prize for violoncello playing at the Royal Academy of Music. The lady thus honoured is Miss Gertrude M. E. Hall, the daughter of a gentleman residing at Brighton.

I regret to say that one, at least, of our most distinguished archæologists was removed from the sphere of her interesting researches and labours in April last year. Not only as an archæologist of a very high order was Miss Amelia Edwards distinguished, but as a writer, a musician, an artist, and a lecturer. It was she who founded, with the aid of Sir Erasmus Wilson, the Egyptian Exploration Fund, of which she was the Hon. Sec. She was also a member of various Oriental congresses, Vice-President of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, West of England branch, and a member of the Biblical Archæological Society, and of the Society for the promotion of Hellenic Studies. Only a few months before her death a civil list pension was awarded to her; and besides this recognition of her services in her own country, she had an honorary degree conferred upon her in the United States of America on the occasion of the celebrations of Columbia College. We may also cite the example of another distinguished contemporary archæologist, the Countess Ersilia Lovalelli, whose fame is said to be world-wide.

Another representative woman is Miss Ormerod, the entomologist for many years of the Royal Agricultural Society. She also held the appointment of consulting entomologist of that society, and of special lecturer on economic entomology at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester. How valuable her services have been, I think it would be needless to say.

This brief allusion to the field of her researches turns my thoughts very naturally from the theme of individual public work to the collective outcomes of women's intelligence and industry. I refer to the Agricultural College at Swanley, Kent, whence women are turned out fully qualified to carry out, in an active professional life, what they have acquired during their training, which is both theoretical and practical. There is a ladies' branch of the Home Produce Company, dairy work, stock-keeping, and vegetable growing, being all comprised in the course of the training. There is also a Women's Gardening Association. Market-gardening is now being very successfully carried out by women as well as landscape gardening; fruit-growing, and jam-making, and rose-farming, are all now in their hands. Miss Wilkinson, the landscape gardener, who has laid out the open spaces in London so well, considers that there is a great field for successful enterprise in horticulture. To attain efficiency in their vocation, women apply themselves to the study, not only of botany, but zoology, natural philosophy, improvements of soils, rotation of crops, management of glass-houses, practical chemistry, etc. Dairy-keeping is another department of a kindred nature which is being studied, together with poultry keeping, and the management of apiaries, in a scientific manner, carried on in Somerset and Gloucestershire, as well as in other counties under admirable institutions. Amongst the lady-managers of the Columbian Exhibition there is a very remarkable representative woman engaged in this department of work. She is the lady-manager of the Board for Indiana, and vice-chairman of the executive committee—*i.e.*, Mrs. Virginia Meredith, of Oakland Farm, Indiana. Her article on "The Privileges and Possibilities of Farm-life" was published in the leading papers of her own country, and re-published in England and Australia with commendation, and her pen has been regarded as an authority on live stock. A monograph of the live stock of her own state is one of the exhibits of the World's Fair. She acted as her husband's secretary and manager in the first instance, and then, as a widow, took the whole business into her own hands. Having received a collegiate education, and then studied the science of agriculture, and the rearing of herbs, she has proved eminently successful, and has lost nothing of those feminine attributes and characteristics which form the special charm of a woman in the eyes of the so-called stronger sex. Having no child of her own she has adopted those of a friend now no more, being devoted to children.

From the cultivation of what grows or exists above ground, under a woman's auspices, I will give an example of what she can do, and with as triumphant success as her male competitors underground. The idea is somewhat more novel when adopted into the ever-growing catalogue of work performed by women. Another lady-manager of the women's department at the World's Fair is Mrs. Clara McAdow, the mining millionaire. So far, I fancy her vocation in life's struggle for bread —and butter withal to improve it—is unique in the story of new occupations for the sex; but special opportunities may render it expedient in others to emulate this lady's astonishing enterprise and perseverance. Within the last eight years Mrs. McAdow has risen to the summit of her hopes and ambition, having accomplished what most people take a lifetime to do—made her fortune. She was recently appointed a delegate to the Mining Congress, the first of her sex to be accorded the distinction, and she was named to serve on the jury of awards in Mines and Minings at the Chicago Exhibition. Eight years ago this remarkable woman was in possession of four mines as yet undeveloped, only a sixty-foot hole in the ground preparing the way for her operations. She constructed new roads and bridges, she herself acting as her own engineer, over which she had machinery and building materials transported; she erected houses and crushing mills for the ore, and had the mining carried out under her personal direction. The "Spotted Horse Mine" (Fergus county) quickly developed into a grand institution in the best possible working order, she herself running it unaided. And this entailed the necessity for her riding some 120 miles or more over a rough and even dangerous country twice a year to Chicago and St. Paul for supplies. The mine is now 400 feet deep, has 100-foot levels provided with hoisting works, is timbered and car-tracked; has a twenty-stamp mill with twelve pans, and is lighted by electricity by a private plant. This remarkable woman now lives at Detroit in her well-earned palatial winter house, is an art critic and lover of literature, and is surrounded with objects of *vertu*, and is by no means "unsexed" by the days of struggle, and fatigue, and association in her labours with working men.

It is only within the last few years that women have been trained as lecturers on every variety of subject—scientific and literary and domestic economy. The National Health Society, of which Miss Lankester is the Hon. Sec., holds classes and prepares women for this profession. Sanitation, elementary anatomy, domestic and personal hygiene, physiology, and nursing in accident and disease; all these are included in the subject-matter of the lectures which duly qualified women are sent into the provinces to deliver to the country folks. There is also an association of women pioneer lecturers likewise formed for sending qualified persons into the country to lecture on science, art, history, literature in general. Local centres may be instituted to this end, and those desiring to engage the services of a lecturer, can obtain all necessary particulars from the Sec., Miss Bradley, 13, Gray's Inn Square, W.C. I should add that this useful association is in no way connected with the Pioneer Club.

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART II.

LET us first of all thoroughly understand ourselves. We want to disembue our minds of that foolish—nay, disgraceful—belief which keeps so many girls and women from admitting that they do housework, and that makes so many seek to fill positions for which they have neither capacity nor liking. I mean the belief that a lady is less really a lady when it is known that she employs no servants.

Now is it possible for any kind of work to lower the status of the individual who does that work?

Only in one way. "Servants' work" has come to be thought menial, because it has been performed in a menial manner, with as little trouble as possible and for the sake of the hire. Put away all such degrading notions, take up your implements, whether brush, mop or dish-cloth, and regard them, during the time you require to use them, as worthy of as much honour as the pencil, pen, or needle, which you will turn to with increased enjoyment by-and-by.

Take them up, too, as tools belonging to a profession, and see that they are kept in "professional" condition. If it is "a bad workman that quarrels with his tools," it is the good workman that keeps them rightly. The brushes that are used upstairs and downstairs alike will soon take the pile off the drawing-room carpet; and the floor-cloth, which has been used where grease has been dropped, is spoilt for its own proper work. Another wrinkle lies enfolded here. "Bridget" used to forget to shake out her window-leather after washing it, consequently it was hard and soon unfit for use, and a new one was needed; ours has been hung up on its own particular hook, and so is very little the worse for wear, and we may say the same of our floor-cloths, dusters, and towels, quite a pleasure to handle them again. What was it that someone said? "If we are to do Bridget's work and do it well, what time shall we have for other things, and if we have no time for them, what use was it to spend money and labour in acquiring them?" By other things, I suppose you mean music, drawing, reading or study. Now listen; this is precisely where your ladyhood, your brains, and your accomplishments come in. Because you have been trained and disciplined, you can understand that those only have "time" for everything who "make" time. Bridget felt bound to make some show of being occupied lest, finding her with idle hands, you should have been tempted to give her something more to do. We know better. This caring for the "meat that perisheth," though highly necessary and important, is not the only aim of our existence; we can do that, and we can do something more. By doing every task at its own proper time, doing it so well that it will not need to be done over again, wasting no moments, but buying up every minute as we go along, it becomes

really marvellous how much we are able to accomplish in a working day, and how much time we are able to devote to "other things." We soon learn exactly how long it should take us to make a bed and to do many other "regular" things, and we feel we have not done well if we fail to accomplish the task in the proper time; but what is the most trying part in all housework is the difficulty which all housekeepers find of regulating and keeping regular the daily duties and work, a difficulty too, which men are quite unable to comprehend. Still, to a great degree, it can be done, and every household is better for some proportion of strict discipline, but, here again, in the unforeseen delays, annoyances, and accidents, which come at times into the best regulated households, the lady's hand is the only one which can smooth matters straight again, and pour oil on the troubled waters.

Do not imagine that this little preachment comes from one who has reached the calm elevation which long years of practice enable us to attain to. Not so. With a great part (sometimes the whole) of the work of a fair-sized house to do, all the cooking, some washing, mending, brewing and gardening, the writer is compelled—by necessity—to make time also for a considerable amount of writing to be got through every day, for some teaching, for the practice of arts, some visiting and, what is of vital importance to every writer, the devotion of some time daily to close reading of papers, magazines and books. Yet, at no period of greater leisure was life half so enjoyable. Health is good, because there is no time for it to be anything else, and because the work is so varied its burdens are not felt as such, and if often very weary, sleep is sound, and rest is sweet. So you see, the secrets of our houseplace and its work are really secrets which have been learnt in the school of experience, and the argument with regard to the preservation of ladyhood springs from innate conviction.

Before going on to more practical details, I would like to say a word in behalf of the wholesomeness of properly-performed housework. The benefit which the lady-worker confers upon others by her superior methods, returns back upon herself in a better-developed frame, a healthier appetite, and an increased power of endurance; the latter especially is a quality becoming increasingly necessary in the severe strain which modern life puts upon us women. The woman who, as a girl, has been accustomed to brisk, active occupation, and who is resourceful in methods and economies, is infinitely better equipped for braving the battle with the world, if later on she is called to struggle for her own maintenance.

The text of "*mens sana in corpore sano*," which is being preached at us from one and every point of view, is, however, a faithful saying which typifies the ideal that will ere long be the standard of true beauty and womanliness for us all.

That wise man Burke said many good things, one of which exactly fits us now, viz., "It is only labour that makes thought healthy, and only thought that makes labour happy." That is very true.

It is quite possible to make a pudding and at the same time compound the plot of a story which shall be as wholesome, and to weed faithfully the garden-bed and meditate most thoroughly all the while. If any task is particularly distasteful to us, we can redeem it to a great extent by elevating our thoughts to something else, and there is no task so lowly, but is raised by the motive and the manner of doing it. Much as we may, and do, admire our grandmothers for their great skill and superiority in all household matters, there is one point on which we cannot quite accord with them, and that is where they held the belief that a woman's whole sphere was comprised in the perfect ordering of her household. She had no concern in politics, no need to raise her voice in legislation of country or social affairs, nor did her mind require the training or feeding that she was ready to allow as the right of men; limited in her outlook, she was quite willing to consider her barrier as divinely raised. Fifty years have seen those barriers and limitations swept away with a powerful hand; a woman's sphere is now only limited by her own capacities.

In the reaction, we have very nearly gone to the other extreme. We have so much despised our grandmother's opinions as to have almost lost sight of the arts which were so worthy in them. We have left the conduct of our interior sanctuary to minds that could not comprehend the value of the trust, and now we are called upon to face the fact that in a short time we shall be left stranded; helpers will not be had for hire, the services which were too lowly for us are also *infra dig.* to them. It is high time we began to look about us, to take up the reins of management again, rendering ourselves independent of unwilling workers, and redeeming some of the lost arts ere they have for ever faded into oblivion. Our sphere is enlarged, yes, thank God it is, and we would not for worlds do aught to prevent its further development. We want to deepen, to solidify the hold we have obtained of the government of the world, and how can we hope to do this if our home government shows flaws and failures, misrule and want of skill?

Oh, it is a grand thing to be a woman in these latter nineteenth century days! There are scarcely any positions which we really can fill that are withheld from us, it only lies with us to prove our worthiness to fill them.

"They talk about a woman's sphere,
As though it had a limit;
There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whisper, yes or no,
There's not a life, or death, or birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth,
Without a woman in it."

LUCY HELEN YATES.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

WAYNE'S COURT.

"Love in my bosom, like a bee
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet."

Rosalind's Madrigal.

MRS. LENNARD was a pleasant old lady with a sunny temper and a strong will. She always had her own way, and decided all doubtful matters with a charming imperiousness which offended nobody.

Elsie had been accustomed to look up to the rector's wife from her earliest days. To the rectory she had always carried her burdens and secret sorrows, and Mrs. Lennard's sympathy had sweetened many bitter hours.

The golden light was streaming into Elsie's room as she stood before the glass, dressing for the dinner-party at the Court. It was a quaint room, with a chest of drawers of Queen Anne's time, and slender-legged tables and chairs, black with age, and Elsie, in a soft trailing gown of cream-coloured silk, looked almost too modern for her surroundings.

After that stroll by the river on Wednesday morning she had schooled herself to take life in a calm fashion.

On Thursday she had called at the Cedars, and had been received with the utmost cordiality. Jamie had seized upon her with the freedom of long acquaintance, insisting that she should inspect the stock of toys he had brought from London. As a mark of special favour he dropped a tin soldier into her cup of tea, and presented her with a loathly green lizard out of his Noah's Ark.

On Friday he came to Willow Farm and gladdened the hearts of the two old ladies. Francis Ryan's enjoyment was less noticeable; he found the little fellow a decided bore. There was not a single quiet minute with Miss Kilner; she was devoted to the boy, and would not let him go out of her sight. Arnold Wayne, who dropped in unexpectedly, behaved in quite a fatherly manner to Jamie, and did not hesitate to rebuke him when his gambols went too far.

Looking back on the past four days, Elsie acknowledged to herself that they had been days of pleasantness. Once, Francis had openly remarked that he wondered how soon Mrs. Verdon and Wayne would come to an understanding? And Mrs. Lennard had replied that it was only the unexpected that ever came to pass.

The dear old lady, in her black silk dress and Honiton lace cap, came rustling softly into the room on this golden evening.

"Elsie," she said, "you are to wear my flowers. Mr. Ryan is cutting some in the greenhouse at this moment, but I am before him. Gloire de Dijon roses and scarlet geranium set in maidenhair! Isn't that a lovely spray? Your old friend knows what will become you best!"

"Of course she does," responded Elsie with a kiss. "They are perfectly beautiful flowers, and no one else could have arranged them so well. Flowers suit me ever so much better than jewels, Mrs. Lennard."

"Yes, my dear. But where are your mother's diamonds?"

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART III.

THE doom of the domestic cook is sealed, according to those who are looking ahead of the times, and who prophesy for us a complete revolution in domestic arrangements. For the majority of people, however, it will be many years before central kitchens and professional caterers will do away with the need of our houseplace; in the meantime we are going to recreate the latter.

Housekeepers and cooks, unlike poets, are made, not born. Some girls have greater natural liking for cooking and domestic work than others, and when properly trained these may become real proficients. But it is part of the necessary education of every girl that she be taught and trained to some degree at least; she is not "educated" at all, in the best sense of the word, without it. If what Americans call the "faculty" be not in her already, let her lay to it all the more strength of will —resolution, born of the just sense of the importance of the subject she is going to acquire. Once learned, the rudiments are never really forgotten, and she is mistress of herself in whatever position she may henceforward be placed.

As in learning anything else, the principle is the first thing to grasp. A cook who has mastered principles, when given the taste of a new dish should be able to form a fairly correct idea of its composition, and to reproduce, if not exactly that, something which shall at least resemble it.

We want, in our typical houseplace, to rise above the drudgery of our work, and look upon it in the light of science, art, and craft in one; also, we are going to follow the example of the precocious child, who is continually asking "why?" at every new thing; because there is a reason why for all we do, if we will only trouble ourselves to look for it.

How bright you girls do look this morning! Rose, that neat blouse looks quite workmanlike! I am glad to see you can turn the cuffs back; don't be afraid of showing your wrists.

What a splendid apron, Ethel! Why, it covers your skirt entirely, and has long sleeves too, and a pocket!

But, really, Margery's print gown, so plain, simple, and well-fitting, suits my taste best of all. Wilt lend me the pattern of it, Margie? Do you say you will follow my example and wear a little cap while at work? Well, you would find it kept your hair much nicer; there is always a deal of fine dust flying about, scarcely visible to the eye, which is quickly seen on dark hair.

Who said something about a "badge of servitude?" A badge of honour, if you please! What soldier, what nurse, or official of any kind, is ashamed to wear uniform? To be suitably dressed on every occasion is another sign of the true lady. I would not alter my attire if expecting the Queen to visit my houseplace.

Now let us see what work is awaiting us this morning. There is this leg of mutton to boil; from it and these vegetables we are to make both broth and joint. This fruit will require an accompaniment, and we must arrange something for supper besides finding time to polish those spoons and forks and clean up whatever mess we may make. And all before twelve o'clock, dears; we can't linger here all day!

So first let us grasp the principle of boiling a leg of mutton.

You know that when we desire to retain all the juices of meat, we endeavour to form a coating of the albumen near the surface as quickly as it is possible to do so. (The albumen in meat corresponds to the white part of an egg.) We accomplish this by plunging the meat into boiling water, or in roasting by putting it into a well-heated oven and maintaining it at the same temperature all the time. If we, on the contrary, wished to extract all the goodness from it and draw it out into the broth (or for beef-tea), we should cut the meat across several times, score it, and set it on in cold water, only allowing it to come to a boil by very slow degrees—in course of hours, in fact.

To day we have to unite the two processes.

First of all fill this pan three parts full of filtered water, please, then set it on the stove to boil. When it quite boils I shall put in the joint, let it boil again rapidly for three minutes, then draw the pan aside, add a cupful of cold water, cover it up close and only let it simmer until we add the vegetables. After then it must boil that they may be cooked through, but by no means fast. By this means we ensure the joint being full of gravy, and yet extract sufficient goodness to flavour the broth and make it acceptable.

While the water boils we will wash and prepare the vegetables. Oh, don't pare them so thickly, Ethel dear. Don't you know that the most nutritious part of all root vegetables lies just underneath the skin? A very inconvenient arrangement perhaps, but so it is. It is the same with potatoes also, that is why they are so much better when boiled in their "jackets" and skinned afterwards.

Pare those turnips as thinly as possible, scrape carrots and parsnips, take the outer skin off the leeks and tie them together in small bunches, split that small head of celery in two, and also tie together a sprig each of parsley, thyme, tarragon or chervil, and mint. Those are for the "bouquet," and give flavour and aroma to the broth.

Leave all the vegetables whole, if you please. They will cook more quickly (because they retain their own steam), and will have more flavour. We will trim them into shapes when ready to dish them up, and the turnips will require to be served in white sauce. A little finely-chopped parsley will be added to the broth at the last (after it has been skimmed). We must remember to season it well, too; the best soup tastes poor if the seasoning be not well-attended to. The poor man, when his soup was praised, said it was only the "seasoning wot did it."

What fruit have we here—bottled cherries? Stop, Margery; don't pour them all out in that indiscriminate way. Take this enamelled saucepan, weigh out a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, pour over that rather more than half the liquor in the bottle; let that boil quite five minutes, then strain the cherries, put them into your syrup and let them boil one minute more. Now you have a *compôte* instead of "stewed fruit," and you will see how much the flavour is improved. When cooking fresh fruit I always make the syrup first, putting the fruit in when that has well boiled, and letting the fruit cook only until it shows signs of breaking. This way is more economical too, as no more sugar is needed at the table.

What are we going to eat with this *compôte*? Pastry! No, not to-day. To-morrow we have cake to make, bread to bake, and a good fire will be needed for heating the oven. We must economise both time and fuel, so must have something simple to accompany this dish to-day.

Here is a quart of milk. Now I am going to manufacture three different things from that. You see this fine ground rice? Well, I shall stir four tablespoonfuls of that into the milk, and the same quantity of powdered sugar with half a teaspoonful of salt. Put this into an enamelled saucepan, and one of you stir it continuously until it boils. Then I shall fill this little mould with a portion of it that will turn out and be a "mange"; another portion will be mixed with a beaten egg and a little spice, then poured into a buttered baking dish and baked until a brown tinge forms on the top. These two dishes will be served with the fruit.

To the remainder of the rice I shall add a little cream and pour it into small teacups (we might colour half of it with a drop of cochineal and so have some of the cups a pretty pink); the cups will be put away in the cellar. At supper-time they will be emptied of their contents, the little shapes turned out on to a glass dish, surrounded with bright jelly and served with fancy biscuits. A pretty dish, made with very little extra trouble and less time, you see.

A few sandwiches made from that dry crust of cheese when it is grated, and some of the oaten biscuits will be all we shall require besides this dish for supper, so we can now set to polishing the silver and then clean up the pots and pans we have been using.

If one of the qualities of a good cook is shown in her ability to make as few utensils serve her purpose as possible, another is seen in her endeavour to clear them away as soon as done with.

Saucepans are easily cleaned if not allowed to become dry. Always remember to fill these enamelled saucepans with water the instant you have emptied them of their contents. Reason why, because the enamel retains heat longer than any other material, and anything left sticking to them hardens very quickly. Rub them inside and out with a little cloth dipped in rough sand; don't scratch them with a knife.

Wash your wooden spoons well in scalding water, rub your egg whisk thoroughly dry, and put everything back in its place again. Sweep up any bits, wash the table in clean soap and water, wipe the floor with the damp floor-cloth (it isn't cleaning day remember), then put on the table-cloth, fold up your aprons, I will doff my cap, give a final peep to see that the pan is boiling gently, and now we have done. We are ladies again, if we have ever been anything else; you can go to your music or tennis, I to my study. We have a good hour yet before we need lay the table and dish-up the dinner.

LUCY H. YATES.

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART IV.

HOPE all you girls have brought your weights and measures tables in your minds to-day, for I want you to remember that the old saying, "luck rules the baking" is relegated to the past, together with many other exploded notions and beliefs. "Bridget" and many of her kind have been so accustomed to laying their deficiencies upon the shoulders of this invisible, we have been apt to think there really was truth in their creed.

Laziness has more to do with failures in the baking line than almost anything else, although we must also bear in mind that it is an impossibility to make good bread, pastry, or cake from inferior flour and doubtful material.

It is very bad economy to purchase cheap qualities of flour, common margarine, etc., thinking that the exercise of artifice and skill will cover all defects.

Flour ought never to be bought in just as it is required. New flour contains a good deal of moisture, but this quality (which by-the-bye greatly militates against the lightness of your baking) largely disappears if the flour, being purchased some time in advance and in a good quantity, is kept safe from atmosphere and damp in a dry but cool place.

It is a mistake to attempt baking and cake-making when you cannot give your whole mind to it. If you cannot give the necessary time, or grudge the needful amount of labour and patience which it takes, better far become a customer to the bakery round the corner.

A mistake which amateur bread-makers are very prone to make is making the dough too stiff. It should be as soft as it can be well handled, not soft enough to spoon though.

Bread rises sooner, is lighter, more digestible, and keeps fresh much longer if this rule be followed.

The principle of good bread-making is that after thorough incorporation of your ingredients it be kept in an even moderately warm temperature, so that the process of fermentation which it has to undergo may proceed with ease and regularity. Cold arrests the process, too great heat carries it forward too rapidly. It is quite as possible for dough to contract a congestion, or, say, the influenza, as for you yourself to do so.

Now from preachment to practice.

A large wooden bowl or a trough is best for making bread and all dough cakes in. Stone or earthen panshions are too cold.

Margery, will you weigh out half a stone of flour?

Notice, girls, this flour is of a slight yellowish tinge, a sign of its purity and wholesomeness. Very white flour is only obtained after the most nutritious part of the grain has been extracted.

Now, you perceive, I make a hole in the centre and sprinkle a teaspoonful of salt round the edge, then I first set the "sponge." A large teacupful of this frothing balm, the same quantity of lukewarm milk and a tablespoonful of sugar; then pour this into the middle of the hole, with a wooden spoon lightly stir enough of the flour into it to form a stiff batter. Cover the trough. In the course of an hour this sponge will have worked sufficiently and be ready for kneading.

While we wait for that, let us get the pastry made and off our minds.

We want an apple tart, a rhubarb tart also —the latter shall be an "open" one with a *méringue*. Ah, Ruthie, your eyes twinkle at the thought of *méringues*, do they? Then with the claims of supper in the distance we will also make cocoanut cheesecakes.

All of these require very light and rather good crust. Not "puff" paste, oh, no, that would be a needless extravagance for ordinary family use.

The kind known as "flakey" paste will be very suitable.

Good pastry, unlike bread, requires perfect coolness. A cold basin, a cool place to make it in, a cool hand for the maker, and ice-cold water for the mixing.

Ethel, you are noted for the coldness of your hands, you shall have the honour of making the pastry to-day.

Rose and Margery will please prepare the apples; pare them thinly, slice evenly, and put a tiny morsel of lemon rind in the dish with them.

It is always well to part cook the fruit of a tart previous to putting on the crust. We must also put a tiny glass or cup in the centre of the dish to elevate the crust and prevent it sinking into the fruit.

I want one of you to wipe the stalks of this rhubarb and cut them into inch lengths, then cook them in a little clear syrup as we did the cherries. The fruit for an open tart requires to be cooked and become nearly cold before it is put on the crust.

Now then, Ethel, weigh out a pound of the flour, sift into it a good teaspoonful of baking powder, then take two ounces of this lard and with the tips of your fingers lightly rub it in. Mix to a firm dough with sufficient of this cold water; then, when it is a compact ball, turn that out on to your pastry-board, having dusted that over with flour. Flour your rolling-pin too, then roll the pastry out with long even strokes; when it is the thickness of an inch, spread the remainder of the half-pound of lard over it, squeeze the juice of half a lemon on that, fold it up again, roll out once more to the same thickness, fold over, then it is ready for use. Put your bowl in a cold place while we make the mixture for the cheesecakes.

We shall want an ounce of fine bread crumbs, an ounce of the desiccated cocoanut from that tin, two ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, an ounce of fresh butter, the yolks of two eggs (the whites we shall use for the *méringue*, Ruthie), and also a pint of milk. Put the milk into a lined saucepan; when it nearly boils add to it the sugar, salt, crumbs, cocoanut and butter, let all boil together, then pour on to the beaten yolks. Now that is ready for use; let it stand in a cool place until the pastry has been stamped out.

I think we had better look at that "sponge" now—ah, I thought so! it has risen and is full of little holes; we must proceed to knead our bread at once; the pastry will take no harm, Ethel; on the contrary, all uncooked pastry is improved by keeping it awhile in a cold place.

As we are going to have a French *brioche* hot for tea, I must take out a small quantity —about a wooden spoonful, of this sponge, and keep it covered in flour until we want it.

Will you bring me that jug, Margery? You see, girls, it contains a little milk; I am going to add warm water to it, enough to make a lukewarm liquid for mixing the dough · I think milk-and-water makes a nicer bread th n water only. Now turn back your sleeves, Rose, you are going to take first turn in kneading. You see I have mixed all the flour and the sponge together with the liquor, I think it is just the right consistency, if it seems too soft afterwards we can easily work in more flour.

Flour your hands well, take firm hold of the dough at the outer edge, work it into the middle with long, even strokes. It is a long process—when you are tired I will relieve you. When the dough leaves the sides of the trough with a "whistle" it has been worked sufficiently, then we shall cover it lightly with a cloth, and leave it in this warm sheltered corner for five or six hours.

We shall have to build up the fire again later in the afternoon, so that our *brioche* will be just ready for baking then too.

Before returning to our pastry, let us make this *brioche*.

We want half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter beaten soft, four spoonsful of warm milk, one of sugar, a few currants, and two eggs.

Work these together with the hand, then into the centre of this paste place the little lump of "sponge;" work all well together for ten minutes or so. Form it into a ball, put it (lightly covered) in the chimney-corner. We must knead it again at least twice during the time it is "rising."

There, now, let us finish those tarts. What sort of an oven have we? Not quite so brisk as I should like—pull out that damper, please, Margery, and clear the fire underneath—there, that is better!

Now then, Ethel, flour your board again, take a small bit of pastry, roll it out thin, cut into strips to lay round the edge of the dish for the apple tart. Brush the strips over with milk, roll out about half a pound of paste to a quarter of an inch thick for the crust, press the edge of it round by the slips, ornament the edges according to the most approved artistic design you can imagine—room for skill here you see! Set the tart in the oven now, not too near the fire yet; it should have opportunity to rise and cook through before browning too quickly.

Roll out a thin crust to fit this shallow tin, a strip to lay round the edge, ornament them both, and put it to bake in the hottest part.

Now another very thin sheet of paste, and stamp it into rounds for these patty-pans. Half fill them with the cheesecake mixture, put the pans on to a baking sheet, and as soon as the shallow tart is done, slip these into its place.

You say you wonder how the confectioners give that pretty frosted appearance to their pastry, do you, Margery? Very easily done. When the tarts are very nearly done, draw them out, brush lightly over with warm water, and sprinkle thickly with castor sugar. Return them to the oven for another moment or two.

This oper tart is ready now for filling with the cooked rhubarb, and I see Ruthie is getting anxious about the *méringue*.

Bring the whites of those two eggs and the clean whisk, if you please. I also want a tablespoonful of cream, and two of castor sugar. I whisk the eggs first, until they are solid, then lightly stir in the cream and sugar. Pile this "snow" in rocky pieces over the pink rhubarb; now you see we have a most artistic little confection!

This same *méringue* mixture might have been dropped on to a sugared paper and baked for about two minutes in a cool oven, then the hollow underside filled with sweetened cream and you would have had the confectioner's *méringue par excellence*.

Those cheesecakes must be done now. Slip them out of the patty-pans and arrange them on a dish, one of you; ah, now, doesn't our apple tart look nice—quite professional, don't you think?

You see, being ladies, we have the desire to please the eye as well as the palate of those we cater for. It is more trouble though, do you say? Well, a little perhaps, but it is worth it, don't you think?

While I think of it I must remember to tell you that the outside of that *brioche* (after it has been moulded into a round bun and set on a baking tin) will require to be brushed over with a little melted butter and lightly sifted over with castor sugar to give it the rich brown glaze which is always seen on the genuine article. We shall split it open when baked, butter each half, cut it in squares and eat while hot.

Now we have finished the pastry the fire can be allowed to go down, only keeping it in by a shovelful of wet cinders and small coal. About four o'clock I shall come in and rake it clear, build it up with cobbles, and when the oven has become thoroughly hot, take the bread up, knead the dough very lightly into shapes and put my bread in.

If cooked too slowly bread is apt to be puffy and sour, if too quickly it is crusty outside and pasty within. Like everything else it wants watching and care.

Now let us clear up. Take care to wash that pastry brush well in warm water.

We have done a good stroke of work this morning, I consider. As we are having yesterday's broth rewarmed, and the remainder of the joint served cold, we will prepare a tomato salad by-and-by.

They only require to be thinly sliced, then dressed with salt and pepper and vinegar, and a little oil; but I think a few shreds of onion give just the necessary sharpness to tomatoes which they generally lack. Lay one or two lettuce hearts with them at the last.

I did not tell you, but I washed the potatoes and put them at the bottom of the oven to be roasting while we were doing other things, so economising time as well as fuel, you see. And I always do think roasted potatoes go well with cold meat, don't you?

Now then, girls, away with you! You have time for a good game or a run before dinner; afterwards I shall want your help in cutting-out for the Clothing Club.

LUCY H. YATES.

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

BY S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

PART III.

YOU all are probably aware that women took a larger part in affairs at one epoch of English history—not those taken from the illiterate ranks of the community, but persons of the highest culture and most extensive influence. Outside the Houses of Parliament there were also those holding manorial rights, such as are not now exercised in all respects by the existing lady of the manor, some of whose rights and authority are held in abeyance, and will, probably, be never restored. The manors were originally called "baronies," and still entitled "lordships," and each lord or lady was empowered to hold a court, called the "court-baron," for dealing with cases of misdemeanour, and for settling questions of dispute between their tenants. You must not picture to yourself the incongruous presence of these "honourable women" (first above-named) in a bear-garden of roughs, but in an august assembly, where all honour and courtesy was shown them when taken into council. I name these historical facts, quite apart from the expression of any opinion on my part. On one occasion, we read that the special privilege of acting as a judge was granted by Henry VIII. to Mistress Anne Berkeley, of Yale, Gloucestershire, who appealed to him to punish some men who had broken into her park, killed deer, and fired her hayricks. But in response to her request, the king placed all authority for so doing into her own hands, and granted her a special commission to try them. Upon this she acted, empanneled a jury, heard the charge, and pronounced the sentence. In the present day we find that a woman, Mrs. Bartlett, has lately been elected justice of the peace; and, in balloting for the election of a United States senator, in the legislature of that state, votes were being given in her favour, but I am unable to say whether with ultimate success. Here, we have for some few years held appointments as Poor Law Guardians. A precedent has also been established in reference to the office of churchwarden, in the case of the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry, who has been re-appointed to that office for Machynlleth.

As regards the franchise, New Zealand has recently taken the lead amongst the various parts of the British Empire, and has accorded it to women, who have taken advantage of it, and already recorded their votes.

Miss Collett, M.A., of the London University, and who gained the Political Economy Scholarship, was recently appointed Woman-Labour Correspondent in the bureau of that department.

At the present date there are two ladies practising as conveyancers in London, *i.e.*, Miss Orme, who likewise does special work on the Labour Commission, and Miss R. E. Lawrence, who has just proved a successful candidate for the London LL.B. degree. In France, a lady has recently been called to the Bar, and another is practising as a barrister at Montana, U.S.A., and now seeking the appointment of attorney-general. These cases were mentioned by Mr. G. R. Dod, at a provincial meeting of the Law Society. In America there are more and exceedingly remarkable instances of great talent and efficiency exhibited by practising barristers and pleaders of our sex in those transatlantic States. In the Kansas towns, where women are police judges, the methods adopted are sometimes very original, and, apparently, equally successful. A sentence is very commonly to the effect that the tramp should have two baths daily for a week or ten days, and hard labour on a pile of stones (to be broken for roads), with the order that he was to be fed if he worked, and starved if he refused, thus carrying out the Divine decree, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat." The relief from their depredations and other misdemeanours has been marked, in view of all the baths that the lady-judges prescribe! In the State of Arkansas a woman has been elected assistant sergeant-at-arms.

A Health Committee formed of ladies has, I understand, been formed in several English towns and cities, who make house-to-house visitations, armed with soap and carbolic powder. These visitors make suggestions as to cleanliness, report on overcrowding, on discovery of infectious diseases, and on the general condition of affairs to the health authorities. An organisation of this kind has existed for the last ten years in New York, and one has just been instituted in Philadelphia.

A woman sanitary engineer was appointed to represent English women at the American Congress of Hygiene. She is the possessor of certificates for art, music, hygiene, divinity, physiology, and sanitary science. This lady does not play at her profession, nor spare herself in the most disagreeable and trying departments connected with it, for she visits slaughter-houses as well as workshops and dairies, and she understands the laying of drains and water-mains, connections, and so forth. In fact, she is thorough in all she undertakes.

Not only have we stepped into the field of sanitary engineering, but likewise into electric engineering, and that in the person of a thoroughly feminine representative woman, Miss Millicent Fawcett, of whose career and triumphs at Cambridge I have already spoken.

This branch of useful work has also been taken up in America, and with equal demonstration of efficiency. Miss Bertha Lamme of Springfield, Mass., has obtained the diploma of electrical engineer from the State of Ohio, and she has been engaged (some little time since) by the Westinghouse Electric Co., one of the greatest corporations in that line of the United States.

Architecture is selected as a new opening for women, and for those who have artistic taste and are good draughtswomen, it seems a very suitable profession. A well-known firm in London has recently arranged to take female pupils. Some will be failures, no doubt; but how many young men adopt professions and prove failures in every sort and kind of work?

As yet we have no women governors of jails; but for some few years past they have proved highly efficient in more than one great prison for women in the United States. They have the whole direction of them, and carry out their own special theories with very remarkable success. Their main idea is to coerce, punish, and train the wrong-doers with a view to ultimate complete reformation, to raise or bring into existence their self-respect, so utterly lost if ever possessed; to cultivate also habits of neatness and cleanliness, to make them feel that they may still be trusted and raised to the level of useful and respectable citizens. So their surroundings are bright and attractive, their dress is plain, but neat and even pretty. They have the enjoyment of a garden, and the cultivation of flowers; in fact, the best side of the faulty character is brought out and the highest feelings worked upon, and this, with such great and gratifying results that it were well if this talent for reforming the wrong-doers were made more extensively available for the benefit of the community at large in other nationalities.

Women as editors and journalists are now increasing in numbers in more countries than our own. Mrs. Emily Crawford is one of our leading journalists, having been French correspondent of the *Daily News*, *Indian Daily News*, *New York Tribune* and *Weekly Despatch*, besides being a contributor to *Black and White*, *The Century*, and the *Contemporary Review*, besides transatlantic reviews. Mrs. Crawford is a woman of great originality as well as of energy of character,

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART V.

HAT was I smiling at, do you say? Well, it was at Ethel's remark, she said it was "so clever" of me to have made that dishful of hot scones all at a moment's notice, when the Willoughbys dropped in for tea unexpectedly yesterday. I don't think I am endowed with any great cleverness, but I hope I have my wits about me, and seeing that little jugful of cream had become too "clotted" to use for table, and the oven was fairly hot (because Rose had been doing some fine ironing not long before), I knew they took but a few minutes making and baking, so they were no sooner thought of than done!

What did I put in? Only a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and flour enough to make a soft dough with that small quantity of cream. I rolled it out to about half-an-inch thick, cut it into little triangles, laid them on a baking-tin, and popped them in the oven in the hottest part. You see they are so light and flaky, and eaten hot with butter, they are generally liked even better than sweet cakes.

It is very bad management to be without a cake or bun or a few biscuits of some kind; some one is sure to call that day if not at any other time.

Most cakes are greatly improved by being a few days old, if kept in an air-tight box or tin. What was that you said, Margery? "If locked up;" well yes, that is quite true—in this house!

I do not quite agree with Ethel that "if people will come when they are not expected, they must take what they can get;" it is rather a grudging kind of hospitality that. It seems only right to me to try and make any one welcome to the fullest extent of my power, and if I have to put in a little extra labour in order to do so, I do it gladly.

I will tell you what is my ideal of true hospitality—I am speaking of people in our own circumstances, remember, not of those who keep a staff of domestics—it is this, to be able without the least fear of shame to take my guest, as the Scotch say, "farrer ben" than the best chamber, to make him or her feel that there is no room they might not go into, that their coming has not necessitated the preparation of one extra dish. Alas! it is an ideal rather difficult to maintain, for every house must have its seasons of overhauling, and accidents will happen at the least opportune moment. Still, because we are ladies while doing everything, we have regard to the manner, the time, and our own appearance while we are so employed, so that we are not ashamed of being watched by the most critical eye. Then, too, the dish which we had intended should serve for our own meal to-day—if only a *réchauffée* of yesterday's—will have been prepared with as much care and nicety as if it had to be set before a connoisseur. A hash of mutton, for instance, properly made, will suit most persons' palates quite as well as the joint freshly roasted; but if we have been careless over the preparation of it, have passed over bits of skin or fat (which are certain to show), have not troubled to put in the right seasoning or sauce, have forgotten the rice or potatoes, then indeed we have reason to be ashamed that we have nothing better than "hashed mutton" to set before our guest.

I believe in putting my own best side out, because I find it generally induces other people to do the same, and when people are pleased they will judge more kindly.

Where there is a marked difference between everyday and company manners, between the furnishing and laying of the everyday table, and the "spread" when guests are being expected, then of course the unexpected one finds that "pot-luck" is not always good fortune.

Where we are fastidious in entertaining ourselves only, no extras will be needed. Talking like this, however, reminds me that it would be just as well if we were to practice the making of a few dishes which could, if required, be manufactured at very short notice.

Supposing now that anyone were to drop in to dinner and you had only the remains of a piece of cold roast beef beside you. That with potatoes and a salad would have been all right for yourselves, and of course the "unexpected" one ought to find it so too. But if the day was rather cold, and the caller had come from a distance to see you, I am sure your hospitable instincts would demand something more cheering to set before him.

Nothing is so acceptable to the cold and hungry traveller as a plate of hot soup, and nothing gives a better impression at the commencement of a dinner. But where stock is not always on hand it is generally thought that soup is quite out of the list of "emergency" dishes. I do not advocate the use of Liebig's Extract as a rule, but if I had no stock or gravy I should certainly have recourse to it. A pot of this, a bottle or two of sauce, and a few tins of vegetables and fruits ought to be always found in everyone's store cupboard.

I have two soups before my mind's eye at this moment which are both very quickly made; one of them is tomato soup, made from the tinned fruit, with a little cream or the yolk of an egg to enrich it (you all know how we make tomato soup, but don't omit the onion next time you make it, Ethel). The other soup is a clear brown potage with poached eggs. I will describe it to you first, then we will prepare it for to-day's dinner.

To two pints of boiling water I should stir in a dessertspoonful of Liebig's Extract, then cut a thin slice of stale white bread into dice and let it boil gently in this. In a little stew-pan I should melt an ounce of dripping, mince very finely a small onion, a carrot and two or three leeks, letting these frizzle in the dripping until they were brown, then sift a little flour over to absorb the fat, add sufficient salt and pepper, then stir them into the stock. A spoonful of tomato sauce might also be added. When all had boiled for a minute I should pour it into the tureen, then drop in poached eggs singly, allowing one for each person at table. These could have been poaching while the vegetables were frizzling. This is a very tasty, nice-looking soup, and the eggs make it a very nourishing one.

If you had any qualms about the respectability of that joint of beef, or feared there might not be enough, you might very quickly transform its appearance, and make it go much further by first preparing a thick gravy with a few spoonfuls of the stock of your soup, thickened with more flour, made rich and savoury by the addition of a few spoonfuls of tomato sauce, mushroom ketchup, and seasoning of course, also a small tin of mushrooms and their liquor. Let this boil for quite two minutes, then draw it aside to simmer only; slice your beef (or mutton would be equally good) very thinly in small pieces, lay them in the gravy to become hot through, and after this has simmered for a few minutes longer, it is ready to serve. Never let once cooked meat boil after it is in gravy or sauce, it makes it tough.

For another way, if you had a sufficient quantity of potatoes boiling you might make a gravy similarly, only omitting the mushrooms, and cut the lean of your beef into dice, letting it simmer gently, while from the potatoes you made a "wall" by mashing them perfectly smooth with milk and a little salt, then forming them into the shape of a thick circular wall with a hole in the centre, on your dish. Ornament the outside of the edge with a fork, put fried parsley round the outer base, and fill up the centre with the minced beef, or, I should say, with the miroton of beef.

Your guest might have said, "Don't trouble, the cold beef will be all right," but if you set either of these dishes before him, you would rise immensely in his estimation, and he would be inwardly grateful to you for having taken the trouble.

Now supposing the guest chances upon you when you have not even the remains of a joint in the house, nothing, say, but the piece of raw ham from which the breakfast slices were cut, and a few eggs. Still you need not despair.

From the eggs you can make a savoury omelette, using a little butter, a pinch of dried sweet herbs, and a little chopped parsley, not forgetting the seasoning again, and taking care also that the butter is not only melted but frothing before you put in your lightly beaten eggs, four at least, and the herbs. While the omelette is cooking you can be watching the frizzling of the very thin slices of ham. They should roll themselves up of their own accord, if not, you must enable them to do so; then when your omelette, folded over like an envelope, is placed in the middle of your little dish, arrange the rolls around it and garnish with fresh parsley.

If with this dish you served also a cup of hot, fragrant coffee, and some thinly cut slices of bread and butter, you would have no reason to be ashamed of your impromptu repast.

Perhaps of all "emergency" dishes an omelette deserves to rank as premier. It is so quickly made and capable of being varied *ad infinitum*. From a perfectly plain one you may run a scale of such changes in savourings and sweets that you need never be at a loss for variety.

To all savoury omelettes a nicely dressed salad is a great addition. That reminds me, salads should also rank high on the list we are considering, for under this disguise a few cold vegetables, cold meat, fish or chicken, may reappear and become quite elegant too.

For an impromptu refreshment, when nothing so serious as a dinner or tea is either expected or desired, we generally have recourse to a sandwich.

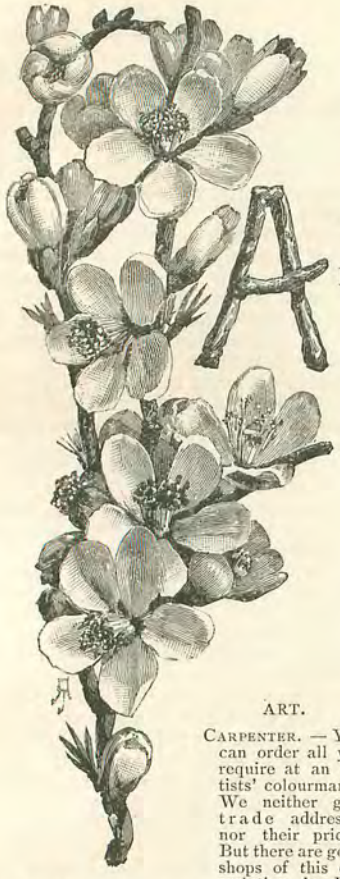
I am not going to say anything against sandwiches—so you needn't elevate your shoulders, Rose,—on the contrary, I consider them as a highly-useful class of confection. But there are sandwiches *and* sandwiches! Also, sandwiches are capable of being varied to an extent we rarely think possible.

Bread, stale enough to admit of being very thinly sliced, but not so stale as to be dry, is the first desideratum; the crust must all be cut off and the butter not stinted—desideratum number two. From various meats or poultry, sliced, potted, minced or jellied, we have grated cheese, chopped watercress, garden cress, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc. chopped nasturtium leaves, asparagus heads (cooked), with a little thick sauce, mushrooms stewed in butter, eggs boiled and sliced, sardines boned and minced, shrimp paste, lobster ditto, or anchovy, and last but by no means least some delicious sweet sandwiches are made by spreading stale milk-bread or rolls with golden syrup and putting a

layer of Devonshire cream between. You see the genus sandwich is not to be despised, Miss Rose.

Now we have talked enough about the possible, let us come back to the actual. Margery and Rose will please make that soup I spoke of; Ruth will see to the potatoes, one of you will make some apple flummery, while Ethel and I are busy with those beans. I am going to salt and store them for our use in winter, you know. Only think how much forethought a good housekeeper has to exercise; however could we have expected poor Bridget to look ahead; it needs more education and more brains than she possessed, poor girl.

LUCY H. YATES.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

CARPENTER. — You can order all you require at an artists' colourman's. We neither give trade addresses nor their prices. But there are good shops of this description in Regent and in Oxford Streets. We are glad you were interested in our article on marqueterie and wood-staining which appeared in Nov., 1892.

KODEX.—Miss Thoyts, of Sulhampstead Park, Berkshire, conducts a "Photographic Club." The subscription is only 1s. per annum (as we believe), and a packet is sent round every month.

MARIE.—We think that the designs for the door-panels might represent the seasons. For spring, you might have birds on branches of hawthorn, birds' nests and eggs, crocuses and snowdrops; and for figures, children. For summer, fruit and bright flowers—roses and such-like—and for figures, boating-scenes and fishing. For autumn, game, alive and dead, branches of tinted foliage, and in figures, boating-scenes, hunting, shooting, reaping, and harvest-waggons. In flowers—poppies, cornflowers, sunflowers, &c., wheat, and fruit of many kinds belonging to the season, including grapes and festoons of their leaves and tendrils. For winter—robins on snow-laden twigs, holly and mistletoe; and in figures—sleighing and skating-scenes; old folks and "goodies" in red cloaks. A selection from some of these will suit the panels well.

WORK.

MOLLY must make inquiries at shops where such things are sold.

A SEASIDE SCHOOLGIRL will find it much easier to purchase the toilet mats with the patterns ready traced. The material most in vogue seems to be linen; and the mats are to be found ready traced and hem-stitched round; and they can be trimmed with lace if required.

A. B. C.—Get a list from some Indian outfitter, and select from that, according to the capacity of your purse, 12 thin and 12 thick cotton combinations; 18 thin and thick nightgowns; 12 vests or combinations of India gauze; 6 flannel petticoats or knickerbockers; 12 white petticoats; a flannel dressing-gown and a white one; 2 short (washing) white dressing-jackets; 24 Lisle-thread stockings and 6 warm ones; 36 handkerchiefs; 12 pairs of kid gloves, 12 dog-skin, 12 thread or silk ones. A dozen dresses would be quite as much as you would need. Two white washing dresses, and two loose dressing-gowns, also white. Two afternoon dresses of some light material—*crêpon*, nun's veiling, or tussore. A cloth or serge costume, and for the rest, such as evening and dinner-dress, and riding habit, you are the best judge of what you are likely to need. Also, you do not mention the part of India you are going to, and that makes a great difference as to clothing.

MARIE.—None of the volumes you name can be obtained, except by private sale or advertisement; and the weekly numbers cannot be had.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUIRER.—As a nursemaid you would not take a place above the cook, who sits at the top of the table and carves for the servants, and if there be a butler, he sits at the bottom of the table and the footman at the side; your place would probably be between the upper and second housemaid. The lady's-maid is an upper servant and would take her place next the carver, but has precedence of her. At the same time where there were but one housemaid, and she an old family servant, while you were a young woman, you could not place yourself above her. Where there is a housekeeper there would, in a large establishment, be a housekeeper's-room, where she, the lady's-maid, the butler and valet would sit and dine together, also the steward if an unmarried man.

DORIS ELLIOT.—"Curfew shall not ring to-night," is a poem by Rosa Hardwick Thorpe.

KATIE.—Read the articles by "Medicus," and try to see whether you can improve your way of living. One thing is within your own power to accomplish, and that is, to pray to God to enable you to cast your cares on Him, and when you have done that, you must determine to look only on the cheerful side of everything and refuse to be troubled any longer.

RUBY.—Much obliged by your kind offer, but we must decline it.

HERMIONE.—You do not mention how the tomatoes are served at table, whether cooked, or as a salad, with oil and vinegar, so we cannot answer. If cooked, we should prefer eating them with a fork.

AVITH MOORE.—We do not recommend you to re-open the unpleasant subject. It could be of no benefit to either of you. There is an old proverb very applicable to the occasion, *i.e.*, "Let sleeping dogs lie." You seem disposed to take a morbid view of things.

ANXIOUS.—1. We think you might try kindergarten-work.—2. Certainly it is not wrong to require remuneration for your time and labour, and some return for your own expenses in acquiring a knowledge of your vocation. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," was a statement applied to the missionary-work of the "Seventy" disciples, by our Blessed Lord Himself; and if all clergymen and ministers and school-teachers are to be supplied with suitable salaries and means of subsistence, why should you scruple to be remunerated.—3. It is impossible for us to say when this, or any of our answers will be printed. Each will appear in due course.

SEVEN YEARS' READER.—1. We cannot tell what success may attend the publication of the story in question.—2. This depends on the fancy of the Editor, or Publisher; the number of MSS. on his hands; and the selection of the right man for the style of work. The writer seems to think it a very superior production, as she says, "The literature is pure and wholesome, the plot thoroughly worked out, and the reading interesting." We congratulate her.

WALTER'S SWEETHEART.—We are sorry to blight your high aspirations, but we are quite sure no career is open to you so long as you spell "paper" with two "p's," and we do not know how far marriage would be legal if spelt with one "r." So do not think of it, at least, till you can write and spell better than you do; and the soiled scrap of "papper" you send proves that you neither respect yourself nor us.

EDITH.—1. A widower generally waits from eighteen months to two years, before re-marriage.—2. If a man respects you, and wishes to marry you, he will find a way to make your acquaintance with propriety, and without accosting you in the street, which is an insult.

AMY.—1. We doubt any well-known author going in for such a plan; and at all times, secretaryships are hard to obtain.—2. Why not try to carry out your ideas and get the book corrected and looked over? This would be a much better way.

DIXNEUF, DAISY and TOM'S DARLING should undertake a regular course of reading. Turn to "The Girls' Year," in volume ix. of the "G. O. P."

WHITE ROSE.—No girl, even when old enough to go out into society, should have a separate card. Her name should be on her mother's. If taken to any entertainment at so early an age as "sixteen," your mother should take you with her when she calls on your entertainer afterwards.

TIRED OF WAITING.—1. The man has, apparently, been trifling with you, and your parents are the persons to call him to account for his conduct, not you.—2. How could it be "wrong" for you to "wear a ring that your sister gave you?" How could any one think it "forward?" You seem to have some very queer notions.

NIGHTINGALE.—When a paraffin lamp is upset or explodes, water will not extinguish the fire. A box of sand or earth thrown over it will put it out. Otherwise, throw a hearth-rug upon it and clap it out, excluding the air. Anyone who has taken fire, whether in this (the worst) or in the ordinary way, should lie down at once on the floor and roll, if possible, in the rug or any woollen material, the exclusion of the air being essential. Flame ascends; so to save the face, it should be kept down, and the person must lie flat on the floor. People who burn paraffin oil might keep a coal-box of sand in the room.

ROBIN.—Unless very gifted as a musician, or an artist, do not imagine you could make a living in either direction. If you learn dressmaking and plain sewing, millinery, and hair-dressing, and you are of good stature, you might be a lady's-maid.

SPRING.—The term "feet," as applied to poetry, signifies syllables. The verses you have sent are altogether incorrect in metre, and lack any originality. We regret to be obliged to give an honest reply which will prove unwelcome.

A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P" should have her teeth stopped, and then avoid rough usage in eating, keeping them thoroughly cleaned at least twice a day.

CHRISTMAS ROSE should procure the names of the owners of the crests and escutcheons from each person from whom she obtains one. It would be necessary to understand heraldry to be able to recognise the appearance of one by reading the technical descriptions of Coats of Arms, as given in the Peerages.

AMY.—"Piping Bullfinches" are very expensive, as the training is so long and difficult a process. The price of good ones varies from £12 to £20, or thereabouts. Good singing canaries can be had at a much less cost. Some 3000 of these birds are sent over from Germany every year; some are from the Black Forest, but the best are from the Hartz Mountains. We believe that as many as 130,000 are sent to America, and a large number to Russia.

DORA.—Spectacles would not prove in any way curative of a "cast" in the eye. When a child is born with it, the eye that moves freely and at will should have a slight bandage over it, without any pressure on the ball of the eye, and thus the eye that is caught and will not turn freely in one direction, is forced to work for both eyes, and will gradually work itself right, or nearly so. From your writing, we suppose you are still a child, and might gain some advantage from this method.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—It is best to say with love to yourself, and so-and-so. If a man, and not a cousin, you should send "kind regards," or "best remembrances," not your "love."

WHITE LILAC.—Do nothing without the knowledge and permission of your mother. You are under not only her training, but her absolute rule. You have no business to correspond even with one of your own sex unknown to her. It is for her to choose your acquaintances and associates.

H. M. B.—1. The name Henrietta is on the feminine of Henry, and that means "a rich lord."—2. There is nothing extraordinary in your canary laying an egg in January.

MRS. TASKER requests us to tell our readers of a "Home of Rest for Christian Workers," at Woodmancote, Alresford, Hants. It is at two hours distance from town; the air is bracing, and there are pretty walks. Apply to Mrs. Tasker, Alresford, Hants, for terms and all further particulars, sending a stamped and directed envelope.

HOPE.—The girl who "goes on loving a man, who is much older than herself, and who you think will never love in return," must have "all the lodgings to-let in her upper storey!" It is not a question of whether it be right morally, but whether she be right in her head! We recommend her mother to give her plenty of work to do.

WOLF HOUND should have a book on dogs—treating of all breeds.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—Legal steps would have to be taken to determine who was the proper guardian—we could not say.

This morning there was much to be said and talked about; arrangements had to be made for carrying some to the board-room in the evening to see the tree; others, who were disappointed at not going, had to be consoled; many had to be warned to be careful. The topic was of general interest, and the men took part warmly, those who were to go promising to tell their less fortunate neighbours exactly how the tree looked, and all that went on.

There was a short service in the chapel, and Constance had spared all her nurses except the one in the special ward to go to it, and as many of the convalescent patients as inclined went also. The chapel had been tastefully decorated by some of the chaplain's friends, and the bright, cheerful service was much enjoyed.

As Constance was doing her last dressings the church-goers returned, the patients sauntering leisurely back into the ward, talking together of what they thought of the service and how they liked the decorations, whilst the nurse and probationers hurried in, and set to work at once with preparations for dinner, as though to make up for lost time.

Dinner was hailed with delight, bringing real English roast beef and plum-pudding, which was served round to all who were considered fit to have it, and in a surgical ward there were only a few exceptions. These willingly took their beef-tea and milk-pudding, with the promise of some fruit in the afternoon or cake for tea.

"It does smell good though," said one lad quite pleasantly to his neighbour, "and it's many a year since I've tasted real plum-duff."

"Ah, well!" said another, "it's a bit different kind o' Christmas this, to what it was last year out at sea."

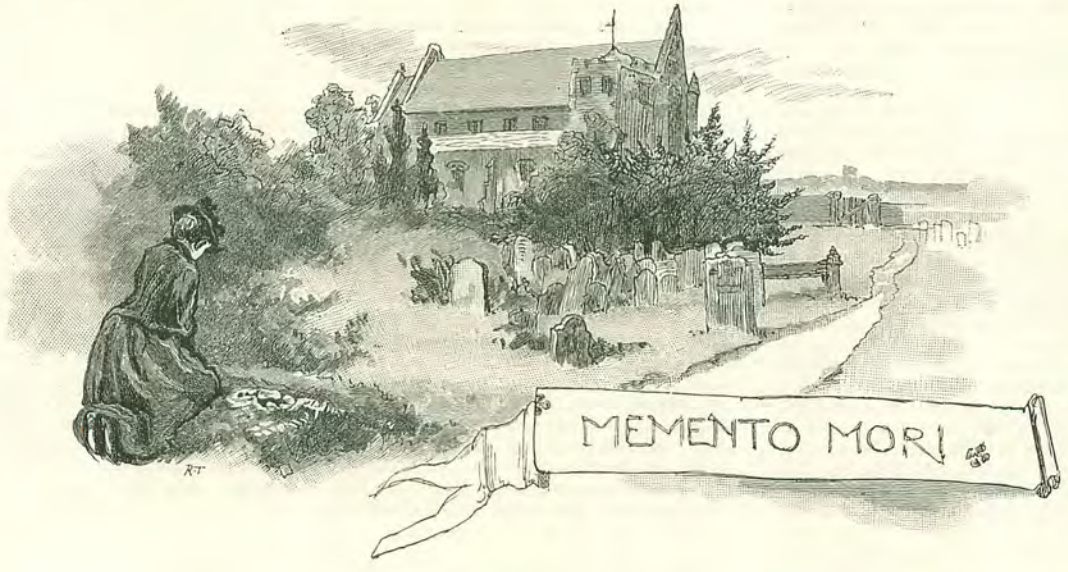
"Now for some of Jack's yarns," said several voices together. The sailor was a great favourite, and often beguiled a weary hour by telling stories of adventure, which were drawn more from a vivid imagination than from actual experience, but which nevertheless served to interest and often excite his hearers.

In the afternoon visitors were allowed in from two to four, and Sister Hamilton was kept very busy, speaking first to one and then to another, and looking out, too, for contraband goods, which were sure to be smuggled in in spite of the porter, and brought as a little Christmas offering to their friends. Slices of very heavy plum-pudding, rolled up in most untempting bits of newspaper, were given to some, and sister was begged, "if she wouldn't be too proud, just to take a taste." She could not hurt their feelings by a refusal, and cut off a small portion, but whether she really ate it we cannot tell.

She had hardly been out of her ward all day, for though poor Johnson was now almost unconscious and needed but little, she saw that the end was very near, and wished to be at hand. Just as she was assisting in cutting cakes for tea, one of the probationers ran up to her saying the nurse in the special ward wanted her at once. Constance went and remained until all was over. There was no struggle, only a stopping of the heart beats, an unutterable stillness, and then she knew that the poor worn-out body was at rest. The special nurse was only a probationer, and this was the first death she had seen. Constance saw she felt somewhat upset, and spoke a few kind words to her, adding, "When you have had your tea, you may assist in the large ward for half an hour, and I will take one of the older probationers to help me here."

The nurse went away, and as soon as the house-surgeon had been up Constance set about performing the last solemn offices for the dead. How strange is death, she thought, one moment here, and the next the lifeless, soulless body, left, as it were, discarded; and to think that death must come to each; surely a nurse, at least, cannot plead an insufficiency of reminders of the fact; the greater fear with some is rather that the very frequency of its occurrence causes callousness, for one has hardly time to pause and think much about it, as work must go on as usual.

(*To be continued.*)



IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART VI.

I WONDER if any of you have read *Gérard's Herbal*? It is a much more interesting book than you would imagine it to be, so full of quaint fancies and old wisdom. I have been reading it lately, and it has made me wonder if we could not try and add to our too limited list of culinary herbs, and also revive some of the quaint washes and drinks that he speaks of.

In any case, it is high time we gathered and dried the few herbs which our garden holds. When they are beginning to flower is usually the right time, and we must hang the bunches where they will dry most quickly without gathering dust; the secret of keeping dried herbs a good colour lies in this fact.

No store-room is complete without its dried herbs, its sauces and mixed seasonings; having a supply of these close at hand saves an incredible amount of time. I propose that we devote one of these shelves to holding the bottles — wide-mouthed glass bottles with good corks and labels, we must have. They will be no eyesore, quite ornamental, on the contrary.

It is difficult to keep either stores complete, or utensils in condition and to their proper use, when servants are made responsible for them. While it is false economy to make shift with improper tools, no good cook, as I have said before, will use more things, or have a greater number about her than is really needful.

Besides stores such as I have mentioned, there are a few things which it is very handy to have about, and which, in high-class cookery, are really indispensable; I mean such things as little paper cases, *cassolettes*, *coquilles*—or imitation oyster-shells—these latter are very dainty for serving morsels and making them look very appetising.

The little paper cases are easily made from white note-paper, pleated and pressed together, using two tumblers for the purpose.

Another thing we ought never to be without are bread raspings. All crusts of bread should be baked dry and brown, then we must crush them and grind them quite fine. One always requires those for rissoles, cutlets, etc.; and it is such a waste of time to have to make them on every occasion.

Margery has asked me to explain the meaning of a few terms—mostly French terms—that one continually meets with in cookery-books and papers, and especially on *menu* cards. She says she knows the translation of the terms (I should think she ought to, after taking a "first" in languages!), but doesn't quite know what they are meant to represent.

Do you know what is meant by *hors d'œuvre*? No? Well, they are trifles —

really "appetisers"—which are passed round at the commencement of a meal or between two rich courses, to remove the taste of one thing, or to sharpen the palate ready for what is to follow. They include such things as oysters, pickled herring, sardines, anchovies, shrimps, olives, radishes, beetroot, melon, cucumber, lemons, pickles (both vegetable and sweet), and almost any number of little fancy things which are passed round in the paper or pastry-cases I mentioned before. Ornamental *hors d'œuvre* are very often placed upon the table to help in its decoration; they also serve to occupy the attention of the guests while they are waiting between courses.

What is the difference between an *entrée* and an *entremet?* One is served before the principal joint, the other after it. Then *entrées* are chiefly hot, savoury, often rich, dishes, while the *entremets* are lighter in character, sometimes cold, very frequently made from vegetables, or eggs, or fruit.

Small things, as cutlets or sweetbreads, brains, kidneys, etc., in sauces and thick gravies; minces, stews, and most made-up dishes; vegetables and poultry giblets; fillets of fish, smoked and pickled fish; *vol-au-vents* and small game; all and sundry are some of the things which are classed as suitable for *entrées*.

What is the meaning of *marinade*, of *au gratin*, and of *fricassée*, *réchauffée*, etc.?

To *marinée* means to steep anything, for a longer or shorter time, in a preparation or pickle. Meat and fish intended for broiling over the coals are much improved by allowing them to lie in a *marinade* of oil and vinegar for not less than ten minutes previously. A few leaves of fresh herbs and seasoning are generally added to this *marinade*. Until its effect has been tried, no one has any idea of the difference between a steak which has been so treated and one which has been laid upon the gridiron and cooked without previous preparation.

Marinades very often contain wine, the wine replacing vinegar. What we term "brine," for salting meat or fish, or what is prepared for pickling fruits and vegetables, is also called a *marinade*.

The mode of cooking anything *au gratin* is one that is so eminently praiseworthy, for its daintiness and nicety, that I really must make it one of our standard methods. The dish is the first essential; it must be one that will bear the heat of the oven, yet one which is nice enough to be brought to table, as a *gratin* must never be changed from one dish to the other.

In France, where this method of cooking first originated, and where it is ever a favourite, the *gratin* dish is frequently a silver one; often it is an heirloom in the family it belongs to. But the many prettily-shaped shallow dishes which one sees in the new enamelled ware are quite suitable for the purpose. We will suppose we have a moderately-large sole, which we are going to cook *au gratin*. The dish must be well-buttered to begin with, then receive a liberal sprinkling of fine bread-crumbs (not raspings), also minced parsley, chives or shallots, and any nice herbs you may possess. On this "bed" the fish would be laid, then in the same order it would be covered over, keeping the butter for the top. Sometimes a glassful of white wine is poured over all, but the juice of a lemon is very nearly as good.

That is an ordinary plain *gratin*. To further enrich it oysters, mushrooms, cream and eggs, etc., would be added where it was intended to be kept white; for meat, cutlets, etc., tomatoes and a little vinegar or red wine with brown sauce, would give a rich appearance and flavour. Pepper and salt also, but *cela va sans dire*.

The difference between a *fricassée* and a *réchauffée* is that the former is invariably made from fresh meat (which is served in rich, thick gravy), and the latter is, as its name implies, cold meat re-warmed. The last-named may, however, be made to simulate the first very well, for a brown *fricassée* has its chief parts coated with egg and raspings, and fried brown, before its further additions are made.

The true secret of success in all these made-up dishes lies in the attention bestowed upon the making of their sauces. It has been well said, "the cook who has mastered the making of sauces is *un cuisinier accompli*," and I think it was the great *chef* Soyer who said that "what the gamut was to music, sauces were to cookery."

From time to time we shall practise the making of various sauces, but I want you now to make mental note of one or two principal facts concerning their manufacture.

Firstly, then, a too-rapid boiling ruins the flavour of any sauce; it must boil once, but should never do more than simmer afterwards.

Then potato-flour is infinitely preferable for the thickening of them to ordinary flour; less of it is required, and it has a clearer, brighter appearance. Also, don't fall into the mistake that so many amateur cooks make, namely, of thinking that an indiscriminate combination of flavourings—a pinch of this and a drop of that—will make a sauce. Not at all, there are a few "standards" which are invariably contained in all sauces; but all spices, herbs, etc., have each an unique character, which character they must and ought to maintain.

There is one custom that is so common in all good French kitchens, and which I am determined to introduce into our own, and that is to have a supply of *friture* or frying-fat always on hand. If carefully poured off from the pan into a little boiling water after every time of using, the same fat will keep good for months, provided, of course, that nothing with a strong flavour has been cooked in it. It is no uncommon sight to see a large pan containing some four or five pounds of fat, put upon the stove when frying is on the *tapis*—French cooks' mode of frying, meaning to literally boil in fat; really it is the correct method too.

Margery, you did the dusting here to-day, did you not? Well, you quite forgot to dust the window-panes. Never thought it was necessary? Did you not know that windows are always dirtier on the inside than upon the outside? It is so, however; much frequent washing of windows might be avoided if a practice were made of dusting them as often as we dust the furniture of our rooms.

Rose tells me she has been on her knees literally polishing the floor-cloth of the front hall with furniture cream; she wants us all to go and admire the result.

Very good, Rose! Infinitely better than merely washing it with water, although I hope you did that before you began to polish. You will now find that a rub with a dry duster every day will be all this will require for the next fortnight. Now let me tell you of a little "wrinkle" regarding linoleums and their kind; it is less labour than doing as Rose has done, and really looks quite as well. It is to wash the linoleum with a little stale milk, using a soft flannel for the purpose, then when it is quite dry to rub it with a soft duster. Too frequent washings—especially the free use of soap—have been the ruin of many good floor-cloths.

Now, girls, I have talked and preached long enough, it is time we set to work. We have these salmon trout to cook: one shall be boiled, one baked; the first will want egg sauce, the second *maître d'hôtel* butter; so there we shall practice two out of our list of sauces; and Ruthie shall make some rice cream to go with that apricot tart. To-morrow we have a stew in prospect, and I must talk to you about the science of stews. You didn't know that science had anything to do with stewing? Ah, but it has!

LUCY H. YATES.

"OUR LITTLE GENIUS."

BY MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER III.

THE tower which communicated with the roof was some little distance from Blanche's room. I ran my fastest, scrambled up a ladder and pushed open a creaking door. The fresh summer air blew hard. Huge chimney-stacks rose above me; the roof was steep in places; every now and then my foot slipped, but I kept on, clinging to copings and projecting tiles as best I could, and always making for the window where Blanche was waiting for me.

At last I saw her leaning out of the window, and a cloud of smoke was round her. She was ten or twelve feet below me, and I could only reach her by letting myself drop on to the parapet that was on a level with her room.

"Creep along the parapet," I shouted; "don't look down, but come."

"Oh, Nora, I can't—I should be killed!"

It was no use arguing that point; if Blanche would not come, I must fetch her. I let myself down the wall, feeling for a support for my feet; a projecting stone helped me, and I clutched a waterspout. Down further there was thick-growing ivy; the ivy gave way under my fingers, and I slipped on to the parapet. At that moment I heard shouts in the garden below; they were coming to our assistance at last. When I joined Blanche she was shivering and crying. A tongue of flame leapt out of the window, the ceiling was on fire.

"It is my fault, Nora, and we shall never escape! I went into the blue room and left the candle burning there."

"Never mind that now, give me your hand. We can't stay here any longer."

The men were hammering at Blanche's door, trying to force it. We could not return that way. Another flame leapt up quite close to us.

"Bring a ladder!" shouted a voice from the garden; and then another man cried out, "Hold fast, miss, the engines are coming."

In the midst of my distress I had time to wonder what use the engines would be to us. I must get Blanche into safety long before they arrived.