

o'clock, which might bring a letter from Folkestone.

"Then I will go to my district," said Salome; "I want to see all the people this week, since I shall be away from them for some time to come. Perhaps on the way I shall call at the Rectory, and see if the Hayeses have returned. They were expected home on Tuesday."

"Very well, dear," said Mrs. Tracy as she leaned back in her chair with closed eyes. She was very weary, and her head ached; but worse than languor or physical ache was that heavy sense of depression, which almost amounted to a presentiment of impending trouble. She found it impossible to sew or to read. She could only keep still, and endure.

The afternoon passed slowly on. Presently she lost herself in a doze, from which she was roused by the postman's knock. In a moment she was up and hastening into the hall to fetch the letter.

It was addressed to herself, and the postmark was Folkestone. She saw that instantly, but saw too that the writing was not Juliet's. Something had happened then. The presentiment of evil seemed already confirmed, as with trembling hands she tore open the envelope. In utter bewilderment she read the following words:—

"DEAR MRS. TRACY,

"We are in a state of mystification here because two letters have arrived addressed to our care for 'Miss Tracy.' At first we could not understand it at

all, for we never thought of Juliet till mother fancied she recognised your handwriting on the second letter that came. What does it mean? Has Juliet changed her mind, and is she coming to us after all? I suppose she has already left home, since you are sending letters here for her? Indeed it must be so, for our maid, Eliza, who went on Tuesday to spend the afternoon at Dover, astonished us on her return by declaring that she had seen Juliet walking there. So I am hoping every hour that Juliet will either arrive, or send us a line from wherever she is. It will be so delightful if she is able to join us. Meanwhile we will take care of the letters. Believe me,

"Yours affectionately,
"DORA FELGATE."

The letter dropped from Mrs. Tracy's nerveless fingers. Every vestige of colour had left her face, and her breath came in quick pants. The room seemed to be moving round with her; there was a sound like the sea in her ears as, with benumbed brain, she strove to take in the meaning of this strange, inexplicable letter.

She was dimly conscious of a step crossing the hall, and knew that Salome entered the room and stood beside her.

"Oh, mother!" cried Salome, as she saw her mother's face, "what has happened? Why do you look like that?"

"Read that letter," said her mother, faintly, "and tell me what it means. I—I cannot make it out somehow."

Salome hastily read the letter. Its contents did not surprise her as they had surprised her mother. But she did not speak directly she had grasped its meaning. She shrank from dealing the blow that yet could not be averted, and vainly sought for words that might soften it.

"Why do you not speak?" cried her mother. "Oh, Salome, tell me—where is Juliet?"

"Mother, dear," said Salome, speaking with the utmost gentleness, "I fear Juliet has done what is very, very wrong. Mrs. Hayes has just told me that she met her at Dover with a man whom she believes was Flossie Chalcombe's brother. I am afraid, I am very much afraid, that they have run away together."

"Salome!" exclaimed Mrs. Tracy, her tone sharp with indignation. "How can you say it of your sister? Juliet would never do such a thing. Mrs. Hayes ought to be ashamed of herself for suggesting it. It is wrong—it is wicked of her. But she never understood Juliet."

"Alas! mother," said Salome, too sorrowful to resent her mother's anger, "it does not depend on Mrs. Hayes' word alone. This letter says that the Felgates' servant saw her at Dover; and it is but too plain that Juliet deceived us when she professed to be going to the Felgates'."

Mrs. Tracy uttered a cry of despair, and sank back fainting.

(To be continued.)

MARMALADES.

IT may come as a surprise to many of our readers to find that the word "marmalade" is applied to any other article than the one made of oranges; and also, that its origin indicates that it belonged to quite another fruit, namely, the quince. For the word is derived from the Portuguese *marmello*, a quince, which comes again from two or more Greek words joined together. The quince is itself a native of the South of Europe, and there its juice, and a syrup prepared from it, are much esteemed as remedies amongst the people. A mucilage prepared from the seeds is used in America and probably elsewhere, to assist in keeping the hair in curl.

Marmalades, fruit pastes and jams differ little from each other in reality, the first name being applied to those confections which are made of the firmer fruits, such as apples, oranges, pineapples, quinces, and pears; while jams are made of the more juicy berries—strawberries, raspberries, or currants; and fruit pastes are a kind of marmalade, and consist of the pulp of fruits boiled to a proper consistency, and then mixed with sugar, and made very thick. It is then spread out on sheets of tin and dried in the oven, afterwards it is cut into strips and formed into any shape that may be desired—knots, rings and twists for desserts.

Of these fruit-pastes, the one we know best at present is what is called "damson cheese," but they are now rarely made in private houses, as their manufacture is difficult, and requires much care; and when the mistress of the house retired from the still-room, these, and the delicious home-made syrups and wines ceased to be made.

The Seville, or bitter oranges, make their

appearance in the London market about the beginning of February, and from that time to the middle of April is the proper season to manufacture the marmalade. But in all cases it is better to make it as early as possible, before the oranges begin to shrivel, for the amount of juice soon lessens in them. Most of the recipes used for the Seville orange will be equally good for the common kinds; but, of course, the marmalade will lack the bitter flavour, which makes the real thing so delicious a breakfast conserve. The home-made marmalade is always the best, even if you buy that of the best makers; and as it is so cheap to make it, and the personal trouble is all that is requisite, it seems a pity not to attempt it. But let it be a "law of the Medes and Persians" to do the thing yourself, and to choose a time when you can give your full attention to it. So shall your marmalade be good, and there will be neither waste nor disappointment.

In the early recipe books, those given for making it are of immense length, and of apparently insurmountable difficulty. In one old book it takes nearly a week to complete, and the description runs into a page and a half of respectably-sized print. In general, the method recommended is, to scoop out the inside part, the pulp, squeeze it to get out the juice, and then boil with the sugar, sometimes clarifying the syrup with the white of egg. The rinds are soaked and boiled in water, the white part cut out, and then cut up into very small slices. The amount of sugar is the same as we use to-day, a pound to a pound of fruit.

One of these old recipes I shall give

intact. It is taken from that celebrated cookery-book called *Meg Dods*, written by Mrs. Johnstone, a Scotswoman. *Meg Dods*, I daresay you may remember, is one of the best comic characters in low life, which appears in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, in the tale called *St. Ronan's Well*. She was the landlady of the Clachan Inn, in St. Ronan's Old Town; and there she reigned despotically, and was such a famous cook, that Mrs. Johnstone took her name for the title of her book.

"Scotch orange-chip marmalade," according to *Meg Dods*, runs thus:—"Take equal weight of fine loaf-sugar and Seville oranges; wipe and grate the oranges, but not too much. (This outer grate boiled up with sugar, will make an excellent conserve for rice, custard or batter puddings.) Cut the oranges the cross way, and squeeze out the juice through a small sieve. Scrape out the pulp from the inside of the skin (peel), and pick out the seeds, and boil the skins till perfectly tender, changing the water to take off part of the bitter. When cool, scrape the coarse white skin from the inside of the skins, and trussing three or four skins together for dispatch, cut them into narrow chips. Clarify the sugar, and add the chips, pulp, and juice to it. Add, when you have boiled for ten minutes, the juice, and grate of two lemons, to every dozen of oranges. Skin, and boil for twenty minutes; pot, and cover when cold."

The sugar is clarified by stirring into it the white of an egg beaten up in a wineglass of cold water.

Here the grating of the fruit strikes one as the odd part; and we should think it spoilt

the fine orange-yellow of the marmalade when finished. You will notice too, I dare say, that there is no mention made of the proper quantity of water to be used to make it; only that the syrup is to be made and clarified first.

The average cost of marmalade made at home is said to be from fourpence-halfpenny to fivepence a pound pot, the number of oranges used being one dozen, with either two or four lemons, a dozen pots of marmalade being the result. A small machine for cutting-up the orange-peel is now in the market, but, of course, it is only required where a large quantity is being made. In many houses where they make marmalade every year, pieces of planed board are used, like very small paste-boards, for cutting the oranges upon. Wherever the carpenters have been at work these small pieces, about half-a-yard square or probably less could be obtained.

I propose to give two excellent recipes for marmalade. The first is from a well-known cookery-book, and is as follows—

“Take any number of Seville oranges of a medium size with dark smooth skins, and one lemon to each dozen of oranges. Weigh them, and then with a very sharp knife cut them into as thin slices as possible, removing the pips but nothing else. Put both juice and fruit into a large jar, and pour on two pints and a half of water to every pound of fruit. Let it stand all night. Next day turn it into a preserving pan and boil till the rind be perfectly tender. In home-made marmalade the rind is frequently quite hard from lack of proper boiling. To prevent this the rind must be boiled before the sugar is added to it. It will take about two hours from the time it simmers equally all over. Then remove from the fire and let it become cold, weigh it again, and to every pound add a pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil again till the syrup will jelly, which will be in about twenty minutes.” The author of this is Phyllis Brown, who has been for many years a writer in the “G. O. P.,” and I have found it a very good recipe.

In America, however, last year, as well as in Canada, I found very delicious home-made marmalade, each young lady vying with the other in her manufacture of it; and I begged for the recipe of it, and I think it is really the very best I have ever tasted. In some ways it resembles the one I have just given.

To three dozen Seville oranges add six lemons. Slice them all up before boiling, taking out the pips and saving them carefully. Cover the sliced fruit with eleven quarts of water (if possible soft), and let them stand for thirty-six hours. Put the pips into about a quart of the same water and let them stand for the same time, and then strain the jelly from them and put the fruit and jelly on together to boil for two hours. Then add twenty pounds of loaf sugar and boil for two hours longer, stirring and watching it all the time for fear of burning, which it very easily does.

One lady gave me as her special quantity to make by this same recipe—One dozen Seville, one dozen sweet oranges, four lemons, seven and a half quarts of water, and fourteen pounds of sugar.

The next marmalade I shall mention is that made from quinces, which, if history may be believed, is the real “Simon Pure.” The quinces must be quite ripe. Boil them in a small quantity of water till they be tender, then peel and quarter them, cutting out the cores and all the hard parts. Put these and the parings into a pan with as many quarts of water (using also that in which the quinces were boiled) as there are pounds of pared and quartered quinces, and let them boil in this till reduced by one-half. When thoroughly done, strain the liquor through a jelly-bag. Now cut the quartered quinces very small and put into a preserving pan, and strew over

them a pound of sugar to each pound of quinces. Then pour over them the strained liquor, and boil them up into a rich marmalade, mashing the pieces of quince smaller as they boil. Use a wooden spoon for this purpose. When they are all quite reduced to a soft and thoroughly tender pulp, put the marmalade into pots.

Apple and pear marmalade are both made in a similar manner. Peel and quarter some of the best baking apples or pears, and boil them till quite tender and easily mashed, with a quarter of a pint of water and three-quarters of a pound of sugar for every pound of fruit to make a syrup. Clarify it with white of egg, and add for each pound a quarter of a pint of the liquor in which the fruit has been boiled, the quantity of which must be regulated accordingly when you pour it on the fruit in the first place. Boil this syrup till it adhere to the spoon, then put in the pears, and in from seven to ten minutes after it boils the whole will be reduced to a proper consistence. Then put it into pots. I have generally boiled the fruit in a quantity of water and used this water after measuring for the syrup, adding water if required afterwards.

I am sure those of my readers who have visited Switzerland or the mountainous parts of France will remember the conserves of barberries that one is sometimes lucky enough to get there. And as this conserve is a marmalade in reality I will give the recipe for making it, as I dare say it may be found useful by some of my readers. Wash and stone any amount of barberries, then boil them in a clean porcelain saucepan, with a quarter of a pint of water to each pound till they be reduced to a mash. Continue to boil this mash till it will almost stick to the pan, taking great care that it does not burn. In the meantime, prepare a syrup with a pint of water and a pound and a half of sugar to each pound of barberries. Clarify it with white of egg, and boil it till the syrup be reduced to almost one-half. Now put in the barberry paste, stir in well with the syrup so that they be thoroughly incorporated, but do not let them boil, though they must nearly approach the boiling-point. Take them off the fire and put the marmalade into pots. Though I prescribe the clarifying of the syrup on each occasion, I must observe that it is not needful where the marmalade is only for family use. It renders the whole beautifully clear, but is not actually necessary.

Carrot marmalade was, we believe, the invention of a famous London doctor, and was intended to be used as a breakfast confection by persons of a scorbutic habit. In fact, at Vichy, the only vegetable which the doctors allow to the patients at table is the carrot; and it appears at the *déjeuner* as well as the *table d'hôte*. The idea seems to be, that the carrot is more rich in potash salts or “pectin,” and will be useful in the cure.

Carrot marmalade should be made in the months of September and October, if possible, or at any rate, while they are not shrivelled. They should be washed and cleaned well, and brushed with a hard vegetable brush, the tops and tails cut off, and finally dried. Cut into pieces two inches in length, and throw away all parts that have changed colour, or are decayed. Put the pieces into a pan with as much water only as will prevent their burning. Cover them closely, and let them stew over a moderate fire till quite tender, and fit to mash thoroughly and well; and then pass them through a hair sieve. Then prepare and clarify a syrup, using for every pound of pulp a pound of sifted sugar and half a pint of water. Boil this up till it adhere to the spoon, then put in the pulp, boil it up till it become a marmalade, and put it into pots. It will keep a long time.

Pumpkin marmalade is an American con-

fection; so are peach, wild plum, and cherry marmalades. The last three all follow the lines of any ordinary recipe such as carrot, or apple marmalade. Pumpkin marmalade is, however, rather more recondite, and is so like an orange marmalade, and so cheap, that it is within the reach of the poor to procure. Cut the pumpkin first into slices, then peel those slices, and divide them into little bits. Stew these in a well-covered pan, with sufficient water to prevent the pan from burning. Let it simmer till soft enough to be rubbed through a sieve. Add to every pound of pulp a quarter of a pound of the pulp and juice of either the Seville, or the common orange. Then prepare a syrup with a pound of sugar to a pint of water for each pound of mixed pulp, and boil up till it adhere to the spoon. Then add the pulp, and boil the whole for a quarter of an hour or less, if it have reached the proper thickness during that time.

In parts of France a kind of coarse marmalade is made from the common black grape, boiled up with a cheap brown sugar. It passes under the name, I believe, of *raisinet*, and is rarely seen by strangers on the table, but it is thought to be most wholesome. A good grape marmalade can be made from any grape, either green or black, with fine loaf sugar. Make a syrup with a pound of sugar and a pint of water to each pound of grapes. Boil up the syrup, very well indeed, and add the grapes to it, having washed and picked them off the stems, and add them to the syrup, and boil the whole to a marmalade. This recipe may, perhaps, be found useful to those who have a difficulty in getting their grapes to ripen well; a small quantity should be tried first, for experience sake, to ensure success in a larger quantity.

Raisin marmalade is much to be recommended, as it is highly nourishing and life-sustaining to invalids. Stone the raisins and pound them to a fine paste in a stone mortar, and add to them their own weight of finely-powdered sugar-candy. Then put this into a pan with a quarter of a pint of lemon juice to every two pounds of the paste, and add two ounces of rose conserve to each pound of the paste; be careful it does not burn, and the moment it has boiled take it off the fire and stir into pots. Sir William Gull's opinion of the sustaining power of raisins was so great that he always had some in his carriage when out on his rounds, and thought with a biscuit and some raisins, and a glass of milk from one of the many dairies he passed, he had lunched well and sustainably.

In an old cookery book I find a recipe for egg marmalade, which seems more curious than useful, but I will give it for one reason, that is, to show how much people used to do, in fact were obliged to do long ago, in preparing suitable and nice dessert dishes. Beat for two hours the yolks of six dozen eggs, mix with them half a pint of orange-flower water, and an ounce of peach kernels reduced to a fine paste by pounding. Incorporate the whole well together with half an ounce of cinnamon powdered. Then stir-in four pounds of sifted lump sugar, and put it over a slow fire, stirring it one way till it thicken, but be careful that it does not boil. Put into pots, and when quite cold strew a little powdered cinnamon over the top of each pot, and over the cinnamon a little powdered sugar. Then put over it a paper dipped in brandy, tie a bladder over the pots, and over the bladder put white paper. This kind of marmalade must be used within three months after it is made, and was in those old days considered a very great treat. I fear at present we should, most of us, be staggered at the amount of eggs, and what should be done with the whites of them would need serious consideration.

DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.