

FIG. 3.—MAMILLARIA MULTICEPS (var. CRISTATA).

Care should be taken about their water-supply.

In January and December they must be kept almost wholly dry. After that they may have a little more water, and in the hot weather they may be occasionally sprayed with the rose of the garden-hose.

A great danger to cactuses is rot, so that the earth in which they grow must never become permanently moist.

Any necessary transplanting must be done in the spring, but this is not necessary every year, as the mamillaria, like other cactuses, need very little nourishment.

When larger pots become necessary, low and shallow ones should be chosen. The earth should consist of a mixture of leaf-mould, loam, and manure, with some coarse sand and gravel. The pot must have a layer of potsherds three-quarters of an inch deep at the

bottom, and the cactus must then be held in the pot with the left hand, at the same level as in the earlier pot, while earth is filled in with the right hand and pressed down fairly firmly. Cactuses have not much root, so the old earth may easily be shaken off.

Mamillaria cactuses are propagated by seeds. The bushy kinds may be increased by means of shoots separated from the mother-plants with their roots clinging to them, and planted out separately. Lastly slips may be taken.

These must be exposed for some days so as to dry the places where the incision was made, and then be set in a pot filled with sand, and kept almost wholly dry. The slips must be kept very warm and sunny.

The Mamillaria are better suited than any other cactuses for planting out in rockeries. They thrive wonderfully in rocky chinks, and are almost the only plants which are not injured at all by animals.

Fig. 1 is a warty cactus with white spines (*Mamillaria nivea longispina*). In summer it blossoms with little dark purple flowers.

Fig. 2 is a beautiful example of the horned warty cactus.

Fig. 3 is an example of the many-headed warty cactus, with strange contorted shapes like cocks' crests (*Mamillaria multiceps*, var. *Cristata*).

Fig. 4 represents a smoother example which is singularly suited to rockeries (*Mamillaria subechinata*).

I might enumerate many more kinds of Mamillaria, but those mentioned above are enough to tempt people who love experiments in gardening which may result in curious shapes and gay blossoms.

In other numbers we will consider other varieties of the cactus, and anyone who, like the writer, has experienced the pleasure of seeing the exquisite beauty of the great night-flowering cactus, will feel that research in cactus-lore is indeed its own reward.

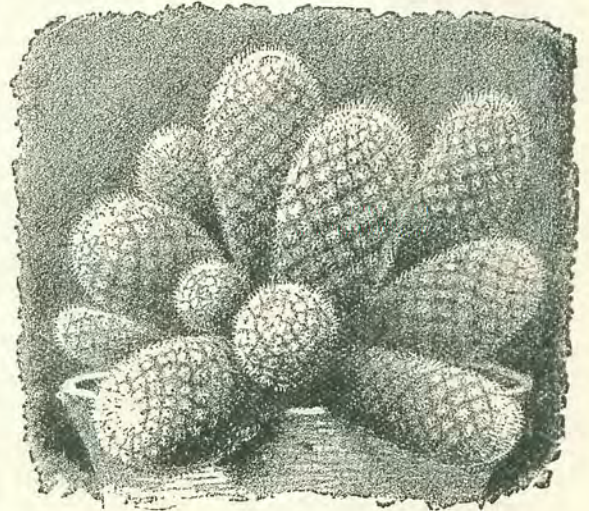


FIG. 4.—MAMILLARIA SUBECHINATA.

SOME RECIPES FROM AN OLD HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK.

Tansy Pudding.—Take a large teacupful of fine bread-crumbs, throw them into a pint of boiling milk, put in a saucepan over a cool fire, and let them simmer a few minutes; then add six ounces of good butter, stir until quite melted, remove from the stove, add four well-beaten eggs. Have ready the juice of a few tansy leaves mixed with a little spinach juice, to make it green, mix all well together, sweeten to your taste with pounded white sugar. Border a pie dish with puff paste, put in the mixture and bake in moderate oven.

Carrot Pudding.—Pound and sift four ounces of biscuits, beat with six ounces of butter to a cream, add the red part of five or six carrots that have been boiled and rubbed through a sieve, four eggs, a gill of cream, two ounces of chopped almonds, and sugar to taste. Put in a buttered basin with buttered paper and cloth over the top, and steam for three hours.

Sanders.—Mince very finely half a pound of any kind of meat or poultry (raw or cooked), with a small onion, a piece of lemon peel, and a boned anchovy; add four ounces of fine bread-crumbs, salt, a very little cayenne, and some nutmeg. Put two ounces of butter in a saucepan, when melted, add the mince, etc., stir over the fire to mix well, then stir in the yolks of two eggs and remove from fire at once. If the eggs are large, sometimes one is enough. Make into cakes, dip them in white of egg, roll in bread-crumbs, fry in boiling fat and serve.

Potato Pudding.—Mash half a pound of boiled potatoes with a fork, add six ounces of butter, four ounces of pounded loaf sugar, one ounce of chopped almonds with three bitter almonds, and four eggs; beat the whole for half an hour. Bake or steam with buttered paper over the top. If baked, it should be served directly it is taken from the oven.

German Puffs.—Two eggs, two ounces of flour, two ounces of butter, a gill of milk, a little nutmeg and salt. Beat the butter to cream, add the flour, then the eggs and other ingredients, beat for ten minutes; butter some dariole tins or cups, half fill with the mixture, bake half an hour and serve.

Boiled Ground Rice Pudding.—Boil five ounces of ground rice in a pint of milk, with a quarter of a pound of butter; when the rice is cooked, add a quarter of a pound of white sugar, with which a large lemon has been grated, and half a nutmeg grated, add four eggs beaten up with two tablespoonfuls of milk, stir for a minute over a slow fire to mix well, then put in buttered basin, cover, and boil for an hour and a quarter. Serve with sauce or preserve.

Cheese Pudding.—Grate half a pound of mild rich cheese, add two beaten eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sifted bread-crumbs, put in a saucepan, add sufficient milk to moisten, stir over a slow fire until cooked, then put in a buttered dish and brown the top. Pepper and salt can be added if desired.

Duke of Buckingham's Pudding.—Half a pound of finely chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of raisins weighed after they are stoned, a quarter of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, a little nutmeg and ginger, mix well; put in buttered basin, tie down close, boil for five hours at least. Serve with white sauce, or with wine and powdered sugar.

Muffins.—To one pound of flour put half a pint of warm milk, in which you have melted one ounce of butter, add one egg, and a large tablespoonful of fresh barm. Let the dough rise two or three hours. Make your bakestone very hot, rub it with a little butter wrapped in a linen rag, put a spoonful of butter on the stone; when done one side, turn it and cook the other. This is the instruction in the original receipt. I find a tile on my oven sheet answers very well for baking muffins in the oven.

Crumpets.—Two recipes for making them. Take a pint of warm milk and water and a large dessertspoonful of yeast, beat in as much flour as will make a batter, rather thicker than for a batter pudding, beat it well, let it stand to rise two or three hours, and proceed as for muffins.

Second recipe.—Boil a pint of new milk, stir in a piece of butter half the size of a walnut, let it stand until new milk warm, then add to it two eggs, and a dessertspoonful of barm; shake in, beating all the time, flour enough to make it a thick batter, let stand an hour to rise. Proceed as for muffins.

expense," said Winifred; "you do not think of that."

"They must be to be had, or what would hundreds of mothers do whose position requires them to have some free time; and as for expense, you know we can afford it. Come, now, Winnie, I want more of you and your society, that's the fact of it."

"I thought you only wanted me to go out to the Dellingshams, and places of that kind."

"I want both," said Eric. "You know you used to be interested in my career as a journalist, and have a rather good opinion of your humble servant, and it is to my interest to go about and know people, and I enjoy it better when I have my wife with me."

"I can't afford the dress," said Winifred, who had become so absorbed by nursery duties, that to get into a nice dress, and make herself look as well turned out as she was as a girl, was an ordeal she hated even to think about.

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Eric. "Why, when we first married you were always well dressed, and it astonished me to think you could manage it upon your allowance. Your simple things too looked twice as well as many of the grand clothes of lots of women. Somehow you had the knack of putting them on well, and choosing what became you. And I have told you, Winnie, that I am doing rather well just now, and that you can have more if you like it."

"There are the children to save for—their education in the future," said Winnie.

"I am laying by for that, and besides that there is a very good margin."

"So you want me to spend money on clothes?" said Winnie.

"Make yourself look nice," said Eric, "and don't, pray, don't let us live quite to ourselves as we are doing. Can't you pay more visits, and give a party now and then?"

"In this little house?" asked Winifred.

"We can move into another next year; meanwhile, if you only had things more shipshape, you know, Winnie, I could have a couple of fellows to supper now and then, and we could see a little of our fellow-creatures."

Winifred did not answer, and as a matter-

of-fact, she had hardly heard her husband's words. There was an absent look on her face. She was thinking of Basil's new clothes. She was rising to go upstairs when Eric spoke again.

"Winnie, could you come upstairs and just try the accompaniment of a song? You know I am such a duffer about reading music. I want to see if I have a voice left."

A look of positive horror came over Winifred's face.

"Play the piano, Eric, at this hour! why, what are you thinking of—it would wake the children."

"They ought to get accustomed to it. Oh, never mind, Winnie, it's of no consequence."

Eric sighed and then took refuge in the usual consolation of his pipe. He smoked a little, and then went up to his study again, where a bundle of proofs just come by the last post were waiting for him among many letters, etc.

He was soon immersed in his work, and it was not until late that he made his way to bed. He was a hard and conscientious worker, bringing high principle to bear upon every detail of his work.

The next day he had plenty to do, as usual, in the city, and coming back by the District Railway, in the foggy afternoon, he opened the evening paper, when he was greeted heartily by a good-looking young fellow opposite to him. It was Jim Furze.

"When are you coming down our way?" asked Jim as he lit his cigarette.

"When I can get Winifred to come," said Eric.

"Oh, domestic duties and all that kind of thing, eh?" said Jim. "Well, I suppose she likes it. I won't let Maud spend all her time over our pair of brats, and she manages capitally."

Eric was silent. Whatever he might say privately to Winifred, he was loyal to her and would never entertain any fault-finding to, or in the presence of a third person.

"You are on this line now, then?" said Eric, for he had not met Jim Furze before on his homeward journey.

"Yes, my chief has moved his office from Gray's Inn Road to the Strand, so I have a

season on the District. Well, mind you come soon. Maud was saying she had not seen Winifred for a long time. And if she cannot come, run down, will you, any evening and you will find me in. Why, I don't think I have seen you since our trip."

"No, where did you go?"

"Well we took a circular tour in Switzerland, and had a capital time," said Jim, whose good-natured face was an index to his sunny character. "Really, Maud and I were like a couple of children, we enjoyed it so much."

"Was it an expensive business?"

"Not at all. We got the addresses of pensions and moderate hotels, and upon my word we spent much less than when we went to the seaside two years ago; but then we had to take the whole caravan, nurse, babies, and all. Three years ago we went to the Ardennes, and the year before that to France."

"I remember hearing of it," said Eric, for the Furzes were then at Hampstead, and did not meet so often. For the last year they had been at Richmond.

"It must have been very nice," he continued. "I want to see Switzerland very much again. We went there on our wedding tour, but there are heaps of places we had not time to see."

"You must go some day. When you come down we shall show you our route and the views we bought. You and Winifred had better go next year, leave the chicks behind you, and have a renewal of the honeymoon days," and Jim laughed.

Eric smiled and wondered if any power on earth would induce Winifred to leave her children behind her, and go off for a thorough holiday with him. He doubted it, even if Mrs. Barchard came and took charge of the house and children for them, as she had so often offered to do. She was a childless widow, and loved children as so many such women do.

The next evening Eric finished his work early and was off to Richmond, where he arrived just after supper, and Maud made a pleasant hostess in her pretty drawing-room which she used and lived in. Winifred had refused to come on the plea of being busy.

(To be continued.)



LEAVES FROM AN OLD RECIPE BOOK.

Apple Cream.—Take the pulp of one dozen large baked apples, and bruise smoothly with a spoon. Add the whites of two eggs well beaten up, and add powdered sugar by degrees until sweet enough, also a little brandy. It must be well beaten for a considerable time.

To Preserve Oranges.—Take the fairest and finest oranges you can get. If Seville oranges, grate them and steep them in cold water for three days, changing the water twice a day. Then put them down to boil in water, and lay a board on them to keep them down; and as the water wastes, fill it up again with boiling water. This must be repeated until the oranges are soft enough for a wheaten straw to go through them. Then take them up, put them into a cloth, and lay them by till the next day. Then cut a small hole in the middle of each orange and carefully scrape out the seeds. Weigh the oranges and put them into white sugar, one pound to each pound of fruit, and enough water to wet it, in a preserving pan. Set it over the fire, skim it well, and when clear, put in the oranges. Let them boil until they look clear, and then put into glasses.

Orange Jelly.—Take the juice of ten China oranges and two lemons, a little lemon-peel, one quart of water, six ounces of sugar, two ounces of isinglass dissolved in a small quantity of water. Boil altogether and strain into shapes. A small quantity of saffron improves the colour.

Two Receipts for Cheese-cakes.—No. 1. Half a pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter, blanched and pounded not too fine, yolks of five eggs well-beaten, three-quarters of a pound of white pounded sugar. These ingredients must not be mixed until just going into the oven. Half-an-hour bakes them. This quantity makes twenty small cheese-cakes. The paste round them should be thin and not very rich. No. 2. Blanch and pound finely four ounces of sweet almonds and a few bitter with a spoonful of water. Then add four ounces of pounded sugar, a spoonful of cream, the whites of two and the yolk of one egg well-beaten. Mix quickly and bake in a pretty warm oven about a quarter-of-an-hour. Cover the patty pans with light pastry, and don't fill them too full, as the almonds rise very much.

Prune Shape.—Stone one pound of prunes, blanch the kernels and boil them with the fruit, a little water, and two or three spoonfuls of port-wine, half-an-ounce of dissolved isinglass, and a table-spoonful of brown sugar. Put it into a shape, and when cold turn it out. A mould with a false centre answers best. Fill the centre with good whipped cream.

Irish Rock.—Blanch one pound of sweet almonds, one ounce of bitter. Pick out a few sweet almonds and cut them like straws. Pound all the rest in a mortar with one spoonful of brandy, four ounces of loaf sugar pounded and sifted, and half-a-pound of salt butter well-washed. Pound all together until the mass looks very white, and set it in a cool place to stiffen. Then dip two table-spoonfuls into cold water, and with them form the paste as much like eggs as possible. Place the eggs as high on a dish as possible, putting a small saucer turned up under the napkin, ornament with the cut almonds some green sweetmeats and a spray of myrtle. It is a very pretty dish.