

"It isn't particularly flattering, is it?" she says. "Father always said it was a libel. But don't you remember the postscript in father's letter, and what the Colonel's wife——" But that sentence is destined never to be finished. In an instant she is in my arms, for the whole truth—the blessed, blessed wonderful truth—flashes across me. For the photograph in my hand is a photograph of myself, and only one short minute ago I had said, "Do you love this man?" and she had answered "Yes."

But she goes to Torquay after all. The Vicar's wife says she wants a holiday, and that

Mollie must have some wedding-clothes. So I give her what she calls "six weeks' leave," which time she spends very happily in an occupation dear to the feminine soul—i.e., shopping. I am not so dull as might have been expected. There are frequent trains from Helstonlee to Torquay, and as my tenants are behaving pretty well, and are making no complaints as to the smokiness of their chimneys or the leakiness of their roofs, I manage to go over once or twice and see how Mollie is getting on. ("Really, Reginald," says someone, impertinently peeping over my shoulder, "I can't imagine how you can say such things! You know you came over every single day for

the entire six weeks, and if it had not been for the Vicar's wife, I should have had no gown to be married in.")

Then, at the end of that time, the entire village takes leave of its senses. Decorations, arches, flowers, fun, and general excitement. Mollie is nearly buried in flowers, and I am half smothered in *confetti*. For the people have got back its darling and its treasure—"that's you," says the same person who spoke before)—and are quite sensible of their good fortune. There is one person, however, who values his blessings more than the entire village put together, and that is the triumphant bridegroom.

[THE END]

## GOOD SOUPS.

By the Author of "Scotch Cookery," etc.



FEW housewives know the valuable properties contained in a plate of good soup; and consider it too troublesome to make, so that soup does not come so regularly in the daily bill of fare as it ought to.

It may be a little extra trouble to make, but quite worth it, and economical it certainly is in many cases, as nourishing soup can be made out of many bones that might otherwise be thrown away.

My intention is to give directions for making such soups, and also for others, which require meat in the stock and which might be considered more extravagant, but then the recipes for these will be found useful too, as finer soups are wanted sometimes.

*Pea-Soup*.—For stock take either the water a ham has been boiled in (if not too salt) or else get a ham bone, put it into a pot with about three quarts of cold water and let it boil. The previous night have steeping a large breakfast-cupful of yellow split-peas; add these to the boiling stock, a little bit of onion, pepper and salt to taste, and either a stick of celery (perhaps you have an outside piece which does nicely for soup) or else a teaspoonful of celery seed, tied up in a little bit of muslin. The celery flavour is a great improvement to this soup. Boil all together till the peas are soft, about three or four hours, then strain and rub all smooth through a sieve and return to the pot to get quite hot. This soup should be thickish, not watery, so be sure all the peas are well rubbed through to make it nice and smooth. Serve along with it toast, cut up into little dice, and dried mint taken with it, is supposed to make it more wholesome. Lentil soup can be made in much the same way and no stock is required, only water; but it really requires a good bit of butter, about the size of an egg, put in, and to my thinking, it has not the same nourishing and heat-giving properties in it.

*Potato Soup* is a general favourite. In making it, the small potatoes can be used, as they are often wasted, because they are so troublesome to pare.

Any beef or mutton bone will do, or even a bone can be had for a copper or two, and gives the required flavour. Put the bone in a pot and more than cover it with cold water. Add to these, a little bit of turnip, carrot and onion, and about two pounds of potatoes, pared, and if large cut into pieces. Put in pepper and salt to taste.

Keep all boiling for three hours (if getting too thick a little boiling water will have to be added), stir pretty often to prevent it burning, and when the potatoes are reduced to a pulp, rub all through a sieve and return to the pot. Then when the soup has boiled up again, stir in a cupful of the red part of a carrot, grated. This is an improvement to the colour of the soup, but not actually needed. This soup also ought not to be thin, but have some "body" in it as old cooks call it.

*Sheep's-Head Broth*.—This is a capital soup for winter. Take a sheep's-head and the feet, wash them well in warm water, scraping any piece clean that may require it. Into a large pot put the head and feet and well cover them with cold water. When it begins to boil, add a good cupful of well-washed barley; half a large turnip, cut into small dice, two carrots similarly cut, a small onion, and half a pound of dried green peas, which have been steeped in water for twenty-four hours.

Skim carefully any scum that rises as the soup boils, add salt to taste and boil for three or four hours. The head and feet are lifted out, and served with boiled turnip round, and is a very nice dish.

*Veal Broth* is made in the same way only using about three pounds of knuckle of veal instead of the sheep's-head.

*Rice and Parsley Soup* is easily made. Make a stock of any bones you may have, adding a little bit of carrot, turnip or onion if you have it. Strain it, and put it into a pot, add a cupful of well-washed rice, pepper and salt to taste, and boil slowly for an hour-and-a-half. Have half a teacupful of finely-minced parsley in the tureen and pour the boiling soup over it, stir well and serve. Some people put the parsley into the pot and boil it a little, but the parsley then loses its bright green colour and the soup is not improved in any way. The white part of leeks, cut into quarter-inch lengths and boiled for an hour in the soup, makes a nice variety and has not such a "strong" flavour as leek soup, for those who object to the latter on that account.

*Velvet Soup*.—This is a very quickly-made soup, taking only about an hour. Put five ounces of good, well-washed tapioca into two quarts of cold water and bring gradually to boiling point, stirring all the while; simmer till the tapioca is tender (nearly an hour).

Beat two or three eggs in the soup tureen, and if you have it, half a teacupful of cream or good milk. Season the soup with pepper and salt, and when ready pour it boiling hot over the eggs in the tureen, stirring it quickly to

prevent curdling. If wished a tablespoonful of finely-minced parsley can be added as an improvement to the appearance of the soup.

*Onion Soup*.—Peel half-a-dozen good-sized onions, slice them, and fry them in a little butter till they are yellow, but not brown. Pour about three pints of water over them, and simmer gently till quite soft, then rub all through a coarse sieve. Put them back in the pot with about the same bulk in fine grated bread which has been soaked in milk. Add salt and pepper to taste, boil up, and if too thick add a little more milk. A large tablespoonful of grated cheese stirred in the moment before it is served gives a delicious flavour to this soup.

*Spinach Soup*.—Take a pound and a half of shin of beef and put it on to boil with ten breakfastcupfuls of water; when it boils up add half a pound of well-washed spinach, the stalks taken off and the leaves roughly cut up, a piece of carrot, turnip, and celery, or else celery-seed (in a bag), and an onion; a bit of parsley is also put in. Boil for fully two hours, then rub through a sieve and return to the pot with pepper and salt to taste, and a dessertspoonful of butter kneaded into a spoonful of flour. Boil up and serve with fried bread or toast cut into little square pieces. Green kale makes an excellent substitute for the spinach.

*Maigre Soup*.—Melt six ounces of butter in a pan, and add six onions sliced, and let them stew five or six minutes; add a head of celery, two handfuls of spinach, a small bunch of parsley, and two lettuces cut small. Stir for ten minutes, then add two quarts of water, some pieces of breadcrust, and pepper and salt to taste. Boil all for an hour and a half, and at the moment of serving add the yolks of two eggs, well beaten, and two teaspoonfuls of vinegar. Heat it up, but do not let it boil or it will curdle, and serve.

*Parsnip Soup*.—Take one pound of sliced parsnips, two ounces of butter, and one quart of stock (it need not be very strong), and pepper and salt. Stew the parsnips in a little butter, and let them simmer till soft. Then add the stock and boil together for half an hour; rub through a sieve and return to pot, add seasoning and one tablespoonful of corn-flour mixed in a little milk, add to the boiling soup, stir and serve.

*Vegetable Soup* (plain).—Take six potatoes, two turnips, if large, and two onions, some leaves of celery, a large slice of bread, salt and pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sauce, and six quarts of water. Put the vegetables, cut up, into a pot, add the bread toasted rather

brown, and the water, salt, and pepper. Simmer for three hours till the vegetables are a pulp, and the stock reduced in quantity, and rub all through a sieve. It should be of the same consistency as pea-soup. Warm up again, add the sauce, and more salt if needed.

*Carrot Soup.*—Put three ounces of butter into a pan, let it melt, then add two pounds of carrots, sliced; let them stew gently till soft, but do not let them brown. Add the stock, and boil all together for nearly an hour, rub through a sieve, return to the pan, add pepper and salt to taste, and boil.

*Clear Brown Soup.*—Clear soup is certainly a deal more troublesome to make than any of the foregoing, but as it is one greatly used and also the foundation, if I may use the term, of many other soups, I shall give directions for the making of it. For the stock you require four pounds of hough, five pints of cold water, one fair-sized carrot, half a turnip, a good big onion, one stick of celery, the white of a leek, a sprig of parsley and thyme, a bay-leaf, a blade of mace, and half-a-dozen white peppercorns. Cut the meat in pieces from the bone, remove the marrow and any fat. Put into a large pot the water, meat, and bone, put in the vegetables peeled, but kept whole, and just before it boils add a pinch of salt (it helps to collect the scum on the surface). Simmer slowly for four or five hours, then strain through a bag or fine sieve into a basin, and leave in a cool place till next day. The following day take off very carefully any par-

ticle of fat on the surface, and wipe the top clean with a clean cloth wrung out of hot water. If any fat is left on the stock it destroys the clearness of the soup. The meat and vegetables can be boiled up again for an hour or two with sufficient water to quite cover them, and so make "second stock" (good enough for making some of the plainer soups). Take the clear stock, which will now be a jelly, and put back carefully into a pot, keeping out any sediment at the bottom of the basin. Add a little bit of lean meat and the shells of two or three eggs, taking care they are clean; as the soup heats, keep whisking it till it boils, then draw to the side, let it simmer a few minutes to clear and collect any scum, and remove it carefully as it rises; then pour all through a flannel jelly-bag, through which some boiling water has been poured. The soup will now be clear, and like dark sherry wine. Return to a clean pan, add salt to taste and a glass of sherry wine, and serve hot. Grated Parmesan cheese is often handed round with this soup.

*Julienne Soup* is simply carrot, turnip, and leeks (about two teacupfuls), cut into thin straws and boiled in salted water till tender, about five or ten minutes, drained and turned into the soup.

*Spring Soup* includes green peas and French beans, with the other vegetables. For this soup you can get tins of "macedoines," i.e., vegetables ready prepared for this soup, and they just require to be boiled up in the soup to heat them, as they are already cooked.

*Royal Soup.*—Beat up one egg, take half a teacupful of the clear soup, add it to the egg with a little pepper and salt. Butter a teacup, pour in the custard, cover with a paper, set the cup in a pan of boiling water and steam it for a quarter of an hour. Cut up into neat little squares, and add to a tureenful of boiling clear soup.

For variety a handful of crushed vermicelli can be boiled in clear soup till tender, and is then *Vermicelli Soup*.

*Mulligatawny Soup.*—Take ten breakfast-cupfuls of "second stock," the bones and any scraps of chicken, and as soon as it boils add two onions, a little bit of carrot and turnip, celery, parsnip and an apple, and either a small ham-bone or a quarter of a pound of ham. Boil for two hours, then strain. Put into the pot, washed out, a tablespoonful of butter, a dessertspoonful of curry-powder, and a teaspoonful of good chutney if you have it, also some salt to taste: add the strained stock, boil up once and serve hot with a dish of rice boiled and dry as for curry.

I have not given recipes for hare soup, cock-a-leekie, hotch-potch, and a few others, as I gave directions for these some time ago in "Scotch Cookery," but, at some other time, as there are many other soups I could give did space permit, I may repeat them for the benefit of those who have not the previous article. In the meantime I hope the directions I have given may be found clear and easy to follow, and I feel sure that soups will be found good and wholesome.

## HIS EXCELLENCY'S ENGLISH GOVERNESS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER, Author of "In Furthest Ind," etc.

### CHAPTER XXVII.



It seemed a very long time that the two prisoners waited alone, and it was indeed long enough for the momentary excitement to pass away, and for Cecil to realise how very little she had to support her, in spite of her valiant words, beyond her innate British pluck and a determination not to be bullied. Um Yusuf was not a comforting companion. She passed the time in giving utterance to doleful prognostications, covering most of the contingencies which could reasonably be expected to occur under the circumstances, and ending up with—

"Yes, mademoiselle, this quite fixed in my mind. Not you nor I shall eat one morsel nor drink one drop more in this house."

"Well," said Cecil, with a half-hearted attempt to turn the affair into a joke, "if we must choose between being

starved and poisoned, Um Yusuf, I think the poisoning would be less painful in the end. It would certainly be quicker."

Um Yusuf gave a contemptuous sniff at her mistress's flippancy, and they waited in silence, until there was a sound of hurrying footsteps in the passage. The curtain was pulled aside, and Azim Bey darted in, radiant with smiles, while behind him appeared the faithful Masud, grinning from ear to ear.

"Oh, mademoiselle, my dear mademoiselle!" cried the boy, rushing to kiss Cecil's hand. "They have brought you back at last, then? But you have been ill, they have ill-treated you? Ah! they shall pay for it. But all is right now."

"Not all, Bey," said Cecil, grieved that he should so soon have forgotten the tragedy of the Kurdish hills, but he was too much excited to listen.

"Come, mademoiselle, don't stay in this wretched place. You will trust yourself in the *kajavahs* once more, if I ride by the side of the mule? There is a ridiculous formality to go through, and I want to get it over. My grandmother has promised you in marriage to a certain man, and he will not accept his dismissal from any lips but your own. That will not take long to do, will it, mademoiselle?"

"Certainly not," said Cecil, astonished at this sudden development of affairs, and smiling down at her pupil as he led her out. But at the door he stopped,

and looked her over with a dissatisfied face.

"Mademoiselle, your clothes are so old, so dusty. Have they taken away your other dresses?"

"I really have nothing but what I have on," said Cecil lightly. "Our luggage seems to have gone astray. It doesn't signify much, though, does it?"

"But it does, mademoiselle," returned Azim Bey, with deep seriousness. "I cannot bear that this man should see you so poorly dressed. You have to speak to him, you know."

"Well," said Cecil, "the Um-ul-Pasha sent me a dress this morning, which I refused to touch. If you like, I will put it on, though it scarcely seems fair to wear the dress she meant for a wedding to refuse the bridegroom in. What do you think?"

"Oh, mademoiselle, it is excellent. Do go and put it on at once. I will wait, only do make haste. I am dancing with excitement."

Cecil went away smiling to the room where she had passed the night, and with Um Yusuf's help, no time was lost in putting on the rejected dress. Over all came the great white sheet in which it had been wrapped, replacing the old blue wrapper, and Cecil returned to her pupil, who, if not actually dancing, was certainly fidgeting with impatience.

"At last, mademoiselle! Oh, come, come."