

There is a look about royalty which one can hardly mistake, and which makes it comparatively easy to recognise who are queens and who are not.

We have a friend much taken up by the idea that one can tell a man who is worth twenty shillings in the pound merely by looking at him, and though he pushes his hobby perhaps too far, still there is some truth in it. Now just as our friend reads in a man's appearance and manner whether he has command of a safe balance at the bank, so we may discover by a glance at a girl whether she is mistress of herself, and undisputed sovereign of the domain of her own heart.

No one having her mental being thoroughly under control can help showing it. A careful observer will note how she conducts herself with calmness and self-possession, even the grace of her every action indicating that all within is well ordered and harmonious. We could not imagine a queen existing like Mabel, whom we have mentioned in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER before, who is always ill at ease in her mind, and whose movements remind one of the awkward shuffling of an owl in a cage when it feels it is being stared at.

But the girl-queen is to be discovered by more than her manner. Her high standing comes out especially in her relationship to other people, in which she is always reasonable and kindly.

Amongst the most objectionable persons in the world are those who give themselves airs as if they were here on a mission to rule their neighbours. The girl-queen is of quite a different sort. "I rule," she says, "in my own domain, why should not others rule in theirs?" And so she is on her guard against interfering where she is not wanted.

Yes, the last thing she is ever likely to aim at is being a tyrant in her own circle. And speaking of that reminds us of one we first met many years ago who was a tyrant as a girl, and afterwards as a wife tyrannized over her husband, who could seldom even eat his dinner in peace, and who, as a widow—such is the justice of fate—is now despotically ruled over by her children.

When others differ from her in opinion it will be noticed that the girl-queen does not

fly into a temper as if she would jump down their throats, on the principle of the man who used to say, "I look upon my reasons as reasons, but upon your reasons as only prejudices!"

Her own opinion of course she sets a proper value upon, but she sees that, however sincere we may be in our search after truth, we do not all arrive at the same conclusions, and that for that reason no one should be over-confident in her own views or in the least degree contemptuous of the views of others. When everything is said, the differences which separate us are often very small; but in our pride and self-will we insist on magnifying them.

When our girl-queen does give her opinion, it is always modestly done, and thus her arguments gain in force, not to speak of her offending nobody. As a pattern girl we shall here mention one who lived two centuries and a half ago—the young daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater, for whom Milton, the poet, wrote the part of "The Lady" in his Masque of Comus. Of her Jeremy Taylor says—

"Though she had the greatest judgment, and the greatest experience of things and persons I ever yet knew in one of her youth and sex and circumstances, yet, as if she knew nothing of it, she had the meanest opinion of herself, and like a fair taper, when she shined to all in the room, yet round about her station she had cast a shadow and a cloud, and she shined to everybody but herself."

In her judgment of others our girl-queen tries to be just, which under the influence of prejudice, ill-nature and stupidity, is what a great many of us fail to be. "Deterioration of soul," it has been well said, "is a sure consequence of all mental injustice," and it is impossible that any can be queens unless they make justice all round a leading principle in their lives.

Her kindly way of looking at things prevents her from ever engaging in quarrels. Even under great provocation she never so much as speaks back. It takes two, they say, to make a quarrel, and the girl-queen is always the one who is unwilling. By this it must not be understood that she is a skim-milk sort of person, without character, and

wishing peace at any price. It requires more character often to keep the peace than to break it.

And not only does she recognise the rights of others; she goes farther and shows herself a kindly queen by trying to be serviceable to her neighbour's territory. "Doing good," says Sir Philip Sydney, "is the only certain happy action of one's life," and if a queen is not to set an example in this respect, who is?

She does not try to please everybody. She knows better than that. The brother of one of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER told us recently, that soon after settling in a country village, he was walking along a by-road one evening thinking how he could, by right means, become popular with everybody in the neighbourhood. Raising his eyes just then, what did he see?

He saw an ass on the hillside standing out large and clear against the sky.

This symbol of folly gave a new turn to his reflections. He took the ass both as a commentary and an answer, and from that time gave up thoughts of trying to please and be popular with everybody.

The girl-queen may have learned the lesson in a different way, but she has come to the same conclusion and does what she believes to be right without reference to the approbation and applause of other people. If she at any time becomes thereby unpopular, she has at least the approval of a good conscience, and everything else is worth nothing compared with that.

In this way she conducts herself royally not only towards others, but in relation to that spiritual and intellectual territory over which she alone has command—a fair-minded, peace-loving, kind, genial, helpful and sympathetic queen. An unmistakable queen, and giving herself no airs either, for those who are highest up are the most humble and unassuming.

Many other characteristics might be pointed out, but here must end for the present the elaboration of our fine scheme for the multiplication of queens.

Don't forget it. Do you wish to have as many queens as girls?

Then let every girl rule herself.



## COOKERY RECIPES.

### FISH.

FISH is not so nourishing, but is more easily digested than meat.

Fish may be divided into two kinds, (1) White fish; (2) Oily fish.

White fish have oil only in the liver, so when the liver is removed their flesh is easily digested and is most suited for invalids. Sole, whiting, cod, turbot, haddock and flounders are white fish.

Oily fish have the oil spread all over their bodies; they are richer and more nourishing, but not so easily digested as white fish. Such are salmon, red mullet, herrings, sprats.

#### HOW TO TELL IF FISH IS FRESH.

1. The eyes should be bright.
2. The scales should be bright.
3. The gills should be red.
4. There should be no unpleasant smell.

5. The flesh should be firm.

6. Turn the head of the fish towards you, put one hand on the head and with the other draw the tail down over the head; let go the tail; if the fish is fresh it will spring back quickly, but if it is stale it will be limp.

#### BOILED FISH.

This is not a very good way of cooking fish, as so much of the goodness goes out into the water and is lost. Fish should not do more than simmer, if it boils the skin breaks. Fish takes much less time to cook than meat. No hard-and-fast rule as to time can be given, as so much depends upon the size and shape of the fish. For a thick piece of fish, seven or eight minutes to the pound will be enough. Take away all scum as it rises or it will settle on the fish and spoil its appearance. A

tablespoonful of vinegar to every quart of water helps to whiten the fish and to keep it firm. When the fish is cooked drain it well before putting it on the dish and arrange it on a folded napkin, garnish it with parsley and slices of lemon.

#### BAKED FISH.

Baking is a good way of cooking fish, as in this way the goodness is kept in. The fish must be well basted or it keeps very dry.

#### FRIED FISH.

Before frying, well dry the fish by wrapping it in a thickly floured cloth for a few minutes, or the water in the fish will get into the fat and prevent its frying a good colour. If the fish is egged and crumbed, the crumbs should be carefully flattened on with a knife or they

will come off in the fat, turn black, settle on the fish again and spoil its appearance. Fat for frying should be quite still and it should smoke faintly. If it bubbles before the fish is put in it shows that it is not well rendered down—(see "To Render down Fat," Chap. xi.)—or that water has been left in it from the last frying. When the fish is put in the fat should bubble quickly; this is caused by the heat of the fat driving the water out of the fish and expanding the air in the water and driving it out in the form of bubbles. When the fish is fried drain it well on soft paper. It should be a nice golden brown colour.

#### FISH IN BATTER.

*Ingredients.*—Plaice or any suitable fish, quarter of a pound of flour, one gill of water, pepper and salt, fat for frying (deep fat if possible).

*Method.*—Clean and fillet the fish; a flat fish, such as plaice, is filleted by cutting with a sharp knife down the line on the skin to the bone and then holding the knife very flat, and gradually working the flesh clean off the bone on both sides. You get two fillets from each side of the fish. If the fillets are large cut them in half. Dry well in flour, dip in the batter and put them carefully in the frying fat with a skewer. Fry a golden brown and drain well. Dish in a circle with parsley in the middle. If preferred the black skin can be removed before dipping in the batter by laying the fillets skin downwards on the board, holding it firmly at the tail end by a cloth and cutting sharply between the skin and the flesh by a sharp knife held horizontally.

#### STUFFED HADDOCK.

*Ingredients.*—A large fresh haddock, quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, one shallot (chopped), one tablespoonful of parsley (chopped), one beaten egg, a little milk, pepper and salt, brown crumbs, dripping.

*Method.*—Make a stuffing of the crumbs, parsley, shallot, pepper and salt, mixed with the egg and a little milk, and stuff the fish with it. Sew it in with white cotton, brush it outside with milk and cover it with brown crumbs. Truss it into the form of an S with a skewer and lay it on a well greased dripping tin. Put plenty of dripping on the top and bake in a moderate oven till done, basting often. Remove the skewer and cotton and lay on a hot dish. Pour off the dripping and pour half a pint of stock in the tin; add pepper and salt and an ounce of brown thickening, stir over the fire, let it boil and pour round the fish. Put a piece of parsley in each eye-ball.

#### HERRING SANDWICHES.

*Ingredients.*—Eight herrings, forcemeat as for stuffed haddock, brown crumbs, dripping.

*Method.*—Scale and clean the herrings and cut off their heads; bone them by cutting them down the back to the bone and gradually working out the backbone from the head downwards, lay them open on the board and pick out any loose bones, spread four of the herrings with the forcemeat and lay the others on the top; sprinkle with brown crumbs on the top, and then cut each sandwich in half lengthways. Lay on a greased tin with bits of dripping on the top and bake twenty minutes. Dish in a circle with gravy made as for stuffed haddock—poured in the middle.

#### TIMBALE OF FISH.

*Ingredients.*—A medium-sized fresh haddock, quarter of a pound of boiled macaroni, two ounces of fine bread-crumbs, half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, two eggs, a blade of mace, a small slice of onion, pepper and salt, a pinch of cayenne.

*Method.*—Grease a pudding-basin; put the boiled macaroni in a basin of cold water until

you use it. Cut the macaroni in half-inch pieces, and with a skewer line the bottom and sides of the basin with it, packing them closely together and putting the holes of the macaroni against the basin; this can be done some time before the dish is wanted. Scrape the flesh of the fish and pound it. Boil the milk with the butter, onion, salt, mace and cayenne. When it boils take out the onion and mace and stir in the crumbs; stir and cook quickly over the fire until the mixture is very stiff; then stir in the pounded fish; rub all through a sieve and add the beaten eggs. Fill the basin that has been lined with macaroni with this mixture, taking care not to disarrange it; cover with a buttered paper, put the basin in the steamer and steam thirty-five minutes. Turn out and pour tomato sauce or white sauce round the base.

#### FILLETS OF SOLE WITH BUTTERED EGGS.

*Ingredients.*—A large lemon sole, four eggs, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt, white sauce.

*Method.*—Wash and skin the fish, then fillet it carefully; cut each fillet into two pieces, this will give eight pieces in all. Melt two ounces of butter in a small saucepan, beat up the eggs, season with pepper and salt, and stir the eggs into the saucepan. Stir and cook until nearly set, then lay a spoonful on each fillet, fold the fillets over, so that each forms a sort of sandwich, and lay them on a buttered tin with a piece of buttered paper over. Cook in a very moderate oven for ten minutes. Arrange the fillets on a hot dish one leaning on the other *en couronne*; have ready some hot white sauce, thick enough to cover, and pour it over; sprinkle a little very finely chopped parsley on each and serve at once.

#### FRIED FILLETS OF SOLE AND TOMATOES.

*Ingredients.*—One large sole, three-quarters of a pound of tomatoes, one ounce of cornflour, a little stock or milk, pepper and salt, egg, bread-crumbs, deep fat for frying, some cherry tomatoes for garnishing.

*Method.*—Wash, skin and fillet the fish. Cook the tomatoes gently in the oven until tender, rub them through a sieve and then put them in a small saucepan. Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little stock, stir it into the tomato *purée* and let it boil. Let it cool a little and spread some on each fillet; roll them up neatly and place them on a buttered tin, cover with buttered paper and put them in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Take them out, stand them on a plate, put another plate on the top and stand a weight on it; let them press till cold. Brush them with egg, roll them in crumbs, flatten these on with a knife, and place the fillets in a fry-basket. Have ready a pan of deep fat, heat it until it smokes, plunge in the fry-basket and fry the fish a good golden brown. Lift out the basket, pick the fillets quickly out with your fingers, drain them on soft paper and put them on a hot dish on a fancy paper. Have ready some cherry tomatoes, cooked tender without breaking, in the oven and arrange them round the dish as a garnish. Re-heat the fat until it is very hot, and fry some well dried sprigs of parsley for a few seconds; drain well and pile in the middle of the fillets. The parsley should be green after frying.

#### FRESH HADDOCK A L'ESPAGNOLE.

*Ingredients.*—A medium-sized fresh haddock, three-quarters of a pint of stock, a piece each of carrot, turnip, onion and parsnip, two mushrooms, two sticks of celery, one ounce and a half of flour, two ounces and a half of butter, brownings, bayleaf, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Fillet the fish and skin the fillets; cut each fillet into three pieces and lay them

on a greased baking tin and cover with buttered paper. Cook in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Prepare and slice the vegetables, and fry them all in an ounce of butter for ten minutes; pour on the stock, add the bayleaf, mace, pepper and salt, put on the lid and simmer for an hour. Strain the stock, melt one ounce and a half of butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour; fry the flour a good dark brown by degrees and stir in the strained stock, keeping the sauce very smooth, wring it through a tammy and re-heat. Arrange the pieces of haddock neatly on a hot dish and strain the sauce over them.

#### SOUFFLÉE OF DRIED HADDOCK.

*Ingredients.*—A good-sized dried haddock, three eggs, two ounces of butter, two ounces of flour, quarter of a pint of milk, quarter of a pint of cream, cayenne.

*Method.*—Soak the haddock all night in milk and water and in the morning cook it in plenty of butter until tender. Take the flesh off the bones and pound it in a mortar until smooth. Boil half the milk with the butter and mix the flour with the other half; when the milk and butter boils stir in the flour, stir and cook until the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan clean. Mix in the fish and rub all through a sieve; add the cream, the yolks of the eggs and cayenne; whip the whites to a very stiff froth and stir them into the mixture last of all. Pour into a buttered pie-dish and bake in a good oven twenty minutes—until well thrown up. Put a fancy paper round the pie-dish and serve at once.

#### LOBSTER CUTLETS.

*Ingredients.*—Six ounces of chopped lobster, one ounce and a half of butter, one ounce of flour, half a gill of milk, half a gill of cream, cayenne, pepper and salt, a little cochineal, egg, bread-crumbs, deep fat for frying.

*Method.*—Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, and stir in the flour, add the milk, stir and boil over the fire until very thick, and then add the cream, seasoning and cochineal. Stir in the chopped lobster (tinned lobster will do if care is taken to obtain a good brand). Spread the mixture on a plate to get cold. Flour the paste-board and roll it out to the depth of an inch, cut into cutlets with a cutlet-cutter, brush with egg, dip in crumbs, flatten them on with a knife and fry a golden brown in deep fat.

#### SCALLOPS AU GRATIN.

*Ingredients.*—Six scallops, one ounce of arrowroot, one tablespoonful of bread-crumbs, milk to cover, parsley, one teaspoonful of chopped shallot, two ounces of grated cheese, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Simmer the scallops gently in the milk until tender, strain off the milk and mince them. Boil the milk, mix the flour with a little cold milk and a few bread-crumbs, add the minced scallops, put the mixture into scallop shells, sprinkle with shallot, parsley and grated cheese, and brown in front of the fire.

#### OYSTER PATTIES.

*Ingredients.*—Two dozen oysters, one ounce of flour, one ounce of butter, one gill of milk, one gill of cream, salt, a few drops of lemon juice, cayenne.

*Method.*—Beard the oysters and cut each one in half, simmer them for a few minutes in the liquor from the oyster shells, but do not let them boil or they will be tough. Mix the flour with a little of the milk, boil the rest with the butter, stir in the flour and let it boil, add the cream, lemon juice and cayenne. Have ready eight patty cases, and fill them with the mixture.

## COD À LA BECHAMEL.

*Ingredients.*—One pound of cod-fish, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of milk, half a shalot, one blade of mace, salt.

*Method.*—Cut the fish in pieces about an inch square and put it in a saucepan with the milk, shalot, mace and salt. Put on the lid and simmer very gently for fifteen minutes. Take out the fish with a slice, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk and stir it into the milk in which the fish has been cooked, let it boil; remove the mace and shalot and put back the pieces of fish. Have ready a hot dish with a border of mashed potato on it, and pour the fish and sauce in the middle.

## FISHERMAN'S PIE.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of cooked fish, three ounces of well cooked macaroni (see "Macaroni Cheese"), mashed potatoes, a little dripping, half a pint of stock, half an ounce of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

*Method.*—Break the fish into flakes and take away all skin and bone. Bring the stock to the boil in a saucepan and add the brown thickening, and pepper and salt, stir until the sauce thickens; add the fish and the cooked macaroni, let them get hot in the sauce and pour into a greased pie dish; spread mashed potatoes on the top; score across

with a fork and brown in the oven for ten minutes.

## FISH BALLS.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of cooked fish, half a pound of mashed potatoes, two eggs, a little cold white sauce, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, bread-crumbs.

*Method.*—Flake up the fish and take away all skin and bone; mix it with the potatoes, parsley, pepper and salt, an egg well beaten, a little cold white sauce into a stiff paste; flour the hands, roll the mixture into balls, egg and crumb them well and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

## IN SPITE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.

## CHAPTER V.



OW is my mother, Richards?" was Michael's first hurried question of the groom whomethim at the station.

"A little better, sir; it was one of them heart attacks, sir. The master told me to tell you as we hoped the danger was over, sir."

"Thank God," said Michael beneath his breath. It was not till that moment of relief that he realised the intensity of his anxiety during the long journey.

It was now evening; the country was in its summer beauty. The moonlight shone on the fair and peaceful scene. For a moment Michael's thoughts reverted to Beattie. Last night he was with her at this time, watching the moonlight on the quiet sea. How long ago it seemed. Where space has been traversed the mind can hardly realise that time has not been traversed too. He was very silent during the five-mile drive; strangely so, Richards thought, for generally Mr. Michael had so much to say when he came home, and asked so many questions, and wanted to know all the news of hall and village and stable which the groom was so ready to impart.

Like most of the Hall servants Richards was a native of the village, and he and Michael had been acquainted since their boyhood. But for once at his home-coming Michael left behind him something more dear than he was going to. Beattie could not have kept him from his mother's bedside, but now that he was on his way to her his thoughts were drawn backward.

"Mr. Michael must have been rare and anxious," said Richards in the servants' hall at supper, "for after he

had asked after the mistress he had not a word to say till we was home. He sat sort of dreaming-like all the time."

As the dog-cart drove up an old gentleman came out of the library into the hall. He was a tall man, with a stern, rather joyless face. At present it looked more than usually haggard, but it lighted up at sight of his son.

"I am glad you came at once, my boy. She has been wanting you."

Michael did not explain why he had gone to the seaside. When the butler had relieved him of his coat he followed his father into the library.

"What made her ill?" he asked.

"I don't know. She was not quite herself and—well, Evelyn's birthday would have been this week—she always frets just then"—the old man's voice shook. He could never mention his daughter's name with calmness. "And she has been worried about Geoffrey. One never knows what one may hear now that he has gone to the front. And—and I have been a bit depressed too. Perhaps I tried her. We want someone young and cheerful about us, my boy. That girl at the rectory is away too, and your mother likes to see her when she is poorly."

"May I go up, or is it too late?"

"No. She knows you are coming. She will not sleep till she has seen you."

Michael ran up the slippery oak staircase with the ease only born of habit, and knocked at the door of his mother's room. The lady's-maid opened it, and seeing who it was, her face relaxed its rather grim expression. Few of the servants cared for poor Sir John, because they adored their mistress and fancied he was selfish towards her; but they were all fond of Michael.

"He've come, ma'am," she said gently to Lady Anstruther, and then withdrew to the dressing-room to be within call if she were needed.

Michael bent over his mother and kissed her tenderly. He was not as a rule demonstrative, but he was devoted to her and she knew it.

"How well you look, dear," she said when she could see his face, and she laid her hand for a moment on his cheek

tanned by the sea breezes. "One can see you have not come straight from London. But you were right to have a little sea air after all your work and that sprained foot."

It was like her to think of him before herself. Her voice was weak and low, but the usual motherly tone was in it.

"I have to keep in this position, on my side, so you must sit there where I can see you."

She took his hand and lay still watching him.

"You are better, mother."

She smiled.

"Yes. But we thought I might be leaving you all, and that you would like to say good-bye. I haven't spoilt your holiday, Mike, have I?"

He felt himself reddening.

"I should never have forgiven them if they had not told me you were ill," he said. "But you mustn't talk too much, mother, or you will be tired. I will sit with you a little while."

"But you haven't had your supper."

"That can wait."

No one knew what Lady Anstruther endured in being separated from her children. To have them with her was her greatest happiness, and as she lay there holding Michael's hand and watching him a great peace stole into her heart, and shone in her eyes. Geoffrey the soldier was her favourite, though no one knew it, for she was too true a mother to show her partiality, but Michael was the one most like herself, both in looks and disposition. The very love of healing was strong in both, though it took different forms for its manifestation, the strong protecting instinct was there, and the fiery temper and the unyielding adherence to any opinion once maintained, which meant at once loyalty and obstinacy and reliability. Only in Lady Anstruther the natural gifts were sanctified, the natural defects minimised by the grace of holiness.

"I heard from my little daughter this morning," she said presently. "She told me she had seen you."

The "little daughter" was Norah Gilman. Sometimes, but never in her husband's presence, Lady Anstruther