

of course, no word of love passes between you."

Michael was obliged to admit that Mr. Swannington had a good deal of common sense on his side, and to agree, though very down-heartedly to his plans. He felt convinced that unless her affection for him had taken a deeper root than he dared to hope, especially as he was compelled to keep silence with regard to his own feelings, someone else would be sure to want to marry Beattie long before the two years were over. However, he was as thankful for small mercies as the consideration of the greater ones denied him permitted him to be. He shook hands with Mr. Swannington and thanked him.

"I mayn't be able to see her again till many months have passed," he said, after a few moments' uncomfortable pause, during which Mr. Swannington had been heartily longing for his departure or his wife's return. "You'll let me say good-bye to Miss Margetson this afternoon, won't you, sir?"

"Of course, of course," said Mr. Swannington. "Doesn't she know you are here, I wonder?" And he rang the bell.

Beattie had been looking after the various pets from whom she had been temporarily separated, and was quite ignorant of the fact that Michael was in the drawing-room. Her aunt had not informed her. She was not anxious for Beattie to see him. Not that she believed her niece to be in love with the young man, but that she knew her to be at once so affectionate and so impressionable, that should she guess he was in love with herself she would be incapable of repulsing him, and would probably give him the warm young heart which was to be reserved for someone with a considerable balance at the bank. When he had left Crabsley there was no doubt she had missed him very much, and had been given to fits of meditation not much in accordance with her usual habits. Aunt Ella did not think the quiet seaside place any longer desirable for her, and being herself thoroughly tired of it, and hearing that her sister was going to Switzerland, had suddenly determined to take her niece where she would have plenty to amuse and interest her, and would have no time to indulge in silly fancies.

When the servant announced that her uncle wanted her in the drawing-room, and that there was a gentleman there,

Beattie never gave a thought to its being Mr. Anstruther. She said "bother," and turned the happy kittens in a heap off her lap on to the rug, put Polly in his cage, much to the disgust of that worthy bird, who expressed his displeasure more emphatically and even less elegantly than his mistress, and having waited to wash her hands and tidy her hair, which needed these operations sorely after fur and claws had made free with them, she ran down the stairs, jumping the three last of every flight in the school-girl fashion she had not yet abandoned. Aunt Ella heard her as the girl passed her room, and opened the door and followed in her own deliberate style. She thought Beattie's haste was due to her knowing who was there. Had she done so it is probable her progress would have been more hesitating and less direct.

When she saw who was with her uncle she paused a moment just within the door, blushing a sudden red. Then, closing it, she went to meet Mike who was striding towards her, and her eyes fell before his ardent gaze.

Then as he still held her hand she looked up with a bright smile of welcome.

"I did not know you were here," she said frankly, "I am so glad to see you again. And your mother is better, then."

She sat down near him and began talking merrily about Crabsley. In the happiness of being with her again, Michael's cloud was temporarily pierced by sunshine. Mr. Swannington left them to enjoy each other's society for the short time that remained to them and stood looking out of the window, but the prompt reappearance of Aunt Ella reminded Michael of his disappointed hopes. Still, he stayed on as long as he decently could. At any rate he was with Beattie; it was something to be able to look at her, and his memories would be all he would have for some months at least. By degrees something of his mood stole over Beattie. Her spontaneous joyfulness seemed to lessen. She grew quieter. She was naturally sympathetic, and she began to perceive that Michael was depressed and unlike what he had been on his holiday. She longed to ask him if something troubled him, but the presence of her aunt and uncle restrained her. When at last he rose to go the elders bade him good-bye very cordially, by no means sorry to see the last of him.

"You will much enjoy life in Paris, Mr. Anstruther," said Aunt Ella. "When next we meet you must tell me your experiences."

"Shan't we see you again before you go?" asked Beattie.

"I am afraid not," said Michael sadly, turning to her. She was the last to whom he said good-bye. And if the look of his eyes and the pressure of his hand could have told her anything, she might have guessed something of what it cost him to part from her.

Uncle Arthur accompanied him to the front door, talking loudly and cheerfully. Aunt Ella bade Beattie give her some more tea.

"That young man depresses me," she said. "And you, my dear Beattie, look tired. You had better have some too."

Beattie's mouth was drooping and her eyes were full of tears; she could not drink the tea which she obediently poured out. On her uncle's return she slipped away to her own room. She was not sorry for herself so much as for Michael. She recalled the look with which he had parted from her, and she realised that he was very unhappy. A longing to see him again, to comfort him, possessed her, and in an impulse she seized her little desk and began to write him a note. But it was scarcely finished before she remembered her aunt's prohibition. She hesitated. Those few lines, in which was nothing anyone might not have read, would have been of infinite consolation to poor Michael, just because they were from her, and he could have carried about the note as a precious thing which her fingers had penned. However, he never received it, for after a few minutes' indecision, Beattie tore it into fragments. But the mere writing of what she had not been able to say, the expression of her good wishes for his future and her hope of meeting again had been a relief to her, and though she was still saddened, the wretchedness she had felt was lessened. Still, for many days, even when she was far away in Switzerland, the thought of Michael was with her, and often, when in some sublime scene she was with less congenial companions, she longed for his presence.

However, Aunt Ella talking over the matter with Madame Lemercier, her sister, received congratulations on her decision, and had no doubt whatever but that she deserved them.

(To be continued.)

VEGETABLE COOKERY.

LEGUMINOUS vegetables and seeds, peas, beans, lentils, etc., yield double the amount of muscle-making food that we find in beef, at less than a quarter of the cost. Fresh peas and beans contain more water, and are therefore less nutritious, but on the other hand they are more easily digested. All dried vegetables require long and slow cooking, and sometimes a pinch of carbonate of soda will be needed, if they are very old.

Green vegetables such as spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, cucumber, kale, asparagus, turnip-tops and French or kidney beans, should be cooked in boiling salted water; immersing in hot water makes them more wholesome, as it dissolves the objectionable alkaloids. But green vegetables should never boil too long, as the flavour and quality will then be utterly spoilt.

Of all vegetables rice is the most nourishing

and most easily digested, and it forms the chief diet of half the inhabitants of the earth. The potato follows rice in the matter of nourishment, though it falls far below, and the parsnip runs the potato very close.

Potatoes alone are poor food; where meat is taken they are absolutely essential on account of the carbon they contain. If to potatoes, however, we add butter and milk, we give all the needful constituents to make a "perfect" food.

Potatoes cooked in their "jackets" are very much more savoury, and the salts in them are more pronounced; on the other hand, there is a poisonous alkaloid which lurks immediately beneath the skin that is better dissipated by removing a very thin peeling. In old potatoes this alkaloid is very pronounced, and they should not only be peeled but allowed to soak in cold water for a quarter of an hour.

Here is an American recipe for cooking cold boiled potatoes, which is excellent as a vegetarian dish.

Delmonico Potatoes.—Chop finely sufficient cold boiled potatoes to make a pint. In a saucepan dissolve an ounce of butter, mix with it a tablespoonful of flour, then add half a pint of milk, pepper and salt to season. Stir over the fire until it boils then add to the chopped potatoes. Turn all into a buttered baking-dish, sprinkle over the top two or three spoonfuls of grated cheese, and set the dish in a brisk oven until the surface is crisp and brown.

Potatoes which have been boiled and become cold should never be fried, as this is to make them most indigestible; there are many ways of serving these without having recourse to the frying-pan. For fried potatoes throw them whilst raw into boiling fat and cook quickly, but do not let them get too dry.

One of the most difficult of all vegetables to cook is *cabbage*. If the water boils rapidly while it is cooking the cabbage is unpalatable and the odour goes all over the house; if, however, it is put into boiling salted water with a pinch of carbonate of soda, allowed to boil up once, then drawn to the side of the fire and simmered for half an hour or so, it

will be found to be tender, green and full of flavour. Press it well in a colander to extract every drop of water, sprinkle it with pepper and chop finely, then arrange neatly in a dish. If liked a simple cream sauce could be made and poured over the cabbage, and this makes a very dainty dish—again a vegetarian one.

Onions, wholesome as they are, should be partly boiled in salted water, in order that the essential oil in them, which makes them disagree with some people, may be dissipated. An excellent way of serving large English or Spanish onions is to peel and quarter them, boil them for about twenty minutes, then set them in a stewpan or baking-dish with a little butter, pepper and salt, and cook them until they are thoroughly done through. Lift the onions out on to a dish, mix a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold milk, add a quarter of a pint more milk and pour this to the butter and onion-juice in the pan, stir until it has produced a thick creamy sauce, then pour over the onions.

Leeks may be cooked in precisely the same way, and a very dainty dish they will make.

A very delicious way of cooking such vegetables as tomatoes, beans, peas, potatoes, artichokes, carrots, turnips, and salsify is to place them after paring in a fireproof china pan with lid, to add to them a little nice dripping and seasoning, and to cook them in a moderate oven for an hour and a half to two hours. Carrots are particularly good done this way, and with seasoning, chopped parsley, and a little sauce or gravy, make an excellent dish.

Jerusalem Artichokes are one of our best winter vegetables, served alone with white sauce, *à l'Italienne*, with butter and chopped

parsley, or as the foundation of an excellent soup.

Chestnuts are not altogether as well known as a vegetable as they deserve to be; but, after boiling and peeling, they make a capital dish if served with a thick brown sauce.

Salsify—the oyster plant—is somewhat troublesome to prepare and difficult to keep white. As the roots are scraped they should be thrown into vinegar and water until all are ready for cooking.

Boil them in salted water until perfectly tender, then they may be drained and dipped into batter and fried, or added to a stew of meat (without frying), or mashed finely, mixed with a little dissolved butter, seasoning, and a beaten egg, put into scallop shells and baked in a brisk oven until slightly browned.

Fresh peas may be cooked with a little butter, a split onion, salt and pepper, and covered with a lettuce cut in half, then the lid of the stewpan put on, and all stewed gently for upwards of an hour. Remove the lettuce and onion, add the beaten yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of milk, then serve altogether.

Cucumbers pared, cut in finger lengths, and boiled in salt water until tender, then drained, are a nice accompaniment to veal, or with sauce, are very good also, with or without grated cheese.

It is worthy of special note that the addition of grated cheese is a very valuable one with many dishes of vegetables, besides supplying the fatty ingredient necessary to the perfecting of a vegetable diet. For this same reason we prefer the French method of finishing the cooking of vegetables in butter after part boiling them. L. H. YATTS.

DOCTOR ANDRE.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER IX.



It was a brilliant afternoon and Génie had finished all her household tasks. She took off her pretty white apron and sleeves and went into the kitchen, where Madame Féraudy was engaged in counting eggs by the dozen and putting them by in wooden cases buried in salt for sale.

"Maman!" she exclaimed, for of late she had learnt to call her old friend lovingly by that name, "I have a

great favour to ask of you. First of all, can I do anything more to help you?"

"Nothing my child. You have worked hard all the morning, go and play now. I shall be busy all the afternoon, for when the eggs are finished, Jeanne and I are going over the linen-press to put out all that wants mending."

"Then may I go to the shore, *maman*?" I would not ask to walk alone in the roads, but on the shore. There will be nobody within miles except perhaps old Battiste catching sand-eels. He will not hurt me, and I will bring some home in a basket, they will please Madame Canière."

"What can anyone find to amuse

them in walking in the sand by that melancholy sea!" exclaimed Madame Féraudy. "Yes, *mignonne*, if such is your taste, go, but do not stay too late. And wait, take these with you; young things like you grow hungry in the open air."

She took a handful of biscuits and some beautiful purple plums lying on a shelf and put them into a little basket.

"You can bring back the sand-eels when the basket is empty," she said. "The shore is quite safe, there are no treacherous sands; the tide comes in slowly, you can come to no harm, and just now the tide is out. Ah, foolish child!" for Génie had thrown her arms round her neck and kissed her fervently over and over again.

"Go away, *mignonne*, and do not interrupt me any more."

But when Génie with her basket had bounded off Madame Féraudy followed her to the door and stood looking after her with tender eyes, till her active little figure disappeared down the field-path which led to the sea.

She started, for a telegraph boy came up to her.

"For Féraudy—Maison Féraudy!" he explained briefly, and she opened the paper and read, "Shall arrive by six-thirty, stay one night—André."

"So he is coming," she said to herself, and the look of care settled once more on her brow. "He is coming!

my poor boy. I am glad he has lost no time, and we shall know the worst without delay."

She went slowly indoors, then calling Jeanne and Maturin she bustled them about to prepare all that was best for his comfort that night.

Génie tripped away down the grassy track to the shore. Little larks sprang out of the harsh grass growing on the sandy dunes, and winged their way up into heaven's blue, rapturous with song.

Génie would stop and with clasped hands watch till the tiny speck disappeared, and then go on her way, gathering the shivering grasses and trying her fate as she went.

"*Un peu! beaucoup! passionnément! point du tout! Un peu, beaucoup!* That is right! and now the thistle-down once! twice! away! Let me try again. *Un peu! beaucoup! ah! point du tout!* I deserve that for asking the flowers and grasses to tell me pretty stories. I wonder, how I wonder when Dr. André will come again; and when he does come, will he be so kind, so cold as he was when he said good-bye? Ah well, I shall never, never be able to thank him as I should, for this home of mine. He will not let me."

She went down the rocky steps on to the sands beneath, walking softly, for with all her love of sweet, wild nature, Génie Lacour was town-bred, and timid about climbing among rocks and difficult