

set in such a lovely spot. It never occurred to him just then that it was a home.

"Upon my word, Monteaule," said he suddenly, "I'm half inclined to buy the place myself. It would be easy enough to pull down that ugly little barn, and put up something really picturesque."

"Quite easy," said the squire.

"I know exactly the sort of thing I should like to build there," Cardigan went on. "Nothing showy, you understand, but something that would harmonise with the surroundings. Well, Monteaule, we must talk the matter over."

And the matter was talked over, and settled after dinner that very evening. Cardigan was not the man to worry about the price. The squire went up to his room that night with a lightened heart.

"I am sorry that the Bowers will have to turn out; that's the worst part of it," he said to his wife.

"Mrs. Bower and the girls are so nice," Letty answered. "And, oh, Alice Harper lives there, I was forgetting that! But they will easily find a place somewhere else, darling. It is such a relief to me to see that you have cheered up."

"The money will just set me straight, Letty," said he.

Ill news generally flies apace. The Monteaules' butler was one of Bower's old friends. A few days after the arrangement was made the farmer came in one evening with a downcast face.

"I couldn't have thought the squire would have done such a thing!" he cried. "He's sold the old place right over our heads! My father lived here, and my grandfather, and my great-grandfather. And now it's going to be pulled down, and a new place'll be stuck up to please a chap who comes from nobody knows where!"

Little Milly was listening with all her ears. She burst out crying, and ran at once into the next room to tell the doleful tidings to her sisters and Miss Harper.

Ethel Bower lifted her fair Madonna face from her work, and stared at the child in surprise. Ada, dark-eyed and pretty, tossed her head and said she didn't believe a word of it. And Alice Harper, putting the finishing touches to Mrs. Monteaule's tea-gown, said very earnestly that she hoped it was not true. But before she went to bed that night she learnt that it was really true.

With a sad heart she went to her latticed window and leaned out into the soft darkness of the autumn night. The air was full of those sweet earthy scents that breathed of home and rest. Under this peaceful roof she had found a safe refuge from the storms of life. A refuge, and something more. True hearts that turned to her for helpful love; young spirits trusting to her stronger spirit for that uplifting that she could give them. Simple souls, clinging in human fashion to the old walls that had sheltered them so long—must they be driven out to seek a new dwelling at a rich man's will?

Then Alice knelt down and prayed with all her strength, lifting up her face to the eternal stars above her. She prayed that she, who had come a stranger to this dear old house, might bring a blessing under its protecting roof. Lonely and sad, with a scanty purse and a tired body, she had come to dwell with these people, to work with them, and share their life. And He who had led her there would surely help her to assist them in their hour of sorrow and need.

She rose early next morning, and went downstairs to see sad faces at the breakfast-table. Just before the farmer went out to his daily tasks, it came into her head to ask him a question.

"Mr. Bower," she said, "did you hear the name of the person who has bought your farm?"

"Yes," he answered; "but it is a name not known to any of us. It's Cardigan. He's a young man, I'm told, who has come into a lot of money. The squire asked him to stay at the Hall, and it seems that he's taking a mighty fancy to the neighbourhood."

Alice's heart began to throb fast. If Robert Cardigan were the man that Mary de Vigny thought him, it might be very easy to move his heart. But when, and in what manner, could this be done?

Her brain was still busy with these thoughts while she was carefully folding up the tea-gown and packing it into a box to send it up to the Hall. It was carried to the house that very morning, and Mrs. Monteaule, when she took it out, was quite charmed with her new dressmaker's skill.

When the men came in from the covers that afternoon, the squire's eyes took note of the pretty gown.

"Why, Letty," said he, "where did you get that original-looking thing?"

He spoke in an undertone, standing near her little tea-table, and looking at her with an amused smile. Cardigan came up at the moment to have his cup refilled, and caught her reply.

"Alice Harper made it. A wonderful woman, isn't she?"

Had Alice Harper taken to dressmaking? Miss de Vigny had told him that she was working for herself. Later, he contrived to lead the conversation back to that tragedy which had been enacted, nearly three years ago, in Park Lane.

"I have often wondered," he said, "what became of poor Harper's daughter."

(To be concluded.)

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE HOUSEHOLD.



N a raw, foggy-looking morning in November, three happy-looking girls sat in their cosy little sitting-room, taking their breakfast by lamplight. Neither the bitter weather, nor the fact that it was only eight o'clock on a winter morning, had power to damp their spirits. Their lives were much too full and occupied for any time to be given to depression. The tall, handsome girl of eighteen, with the brilliant complexion and nut-brown hair is Jane Orlingbury, the

slighter one who sits at the side of the table near the fire is her sister Ada, the elder by five years. They are both eating their early breakfasts with hearty appetites, and quickly too, for there is not much time to lose. Ada is a type-writer in a very good office in the

City. She has got on so well that she is earning £100 a year. Jane is a cookery teacher in a distant parish, and she must start off with her sister, for although her work does not begin so early as Ada's, who is due at her office at nine o'clock, she has a good way to go, and the marketing for her classes to do before she starts work at ten o'clock. The bright-eyed little woman at the head of the table, who is pouring out the coffee, is Marion Thomas. In appearance she presents a marked contrast to the two sisters, for she is short, plump, and dark. She lives with them, and does the house-keeping of the joint establishment and nearly all the cooking. If it were not for Marion, Ada laughingly tells their friends, it is more than probable that she and Jane, who come back in the evening rather tired and certainly disinclined for housework, would live altogether on tea, eggs, and toast, as some flippant individual once remarked that all women would be sure to do if left entirely to themselves. The Orlingburys and the Thomases all lived in the same little village in Nottinghamshire. About a year and a half ago the Orlingburys' home was broken up when their father died. The two girls warehoused their little stock of furniture, and spent some of the little capital that was left them in training to earn their own living, and as they had no relations with whom they could conveniently live, they stayed in a boarding-house while Ada was at Pitman's and Jane going backwards and forwards to the cookery-school. But they both felt a great

lack of cosiness about the arrangement, and they were more than thankful when their old friend Marion, who had come to town a little time before them, and was staying with some cousins in Norland Square whilst she worked up a connection of music pupils, arranged to come and live with them.

Three months before our story begins they had taken unfurnished apartments in a little house in West Hampstead, for which they paid fifteen shillings a week. These consisted of a nice little sitting-room, a moderate-sized bedroom for the sisters and a small one for Marion, and a little room on the floor above the sitting-room, which had been fitted up as a kitchen, and the glories of which we will reveal later. They all made their own beds, and dusted their rooms before breakfast. On alternate weeks they took it in turns to get up half an hour earlier, dust the sitting-room, and lay and prepare the breakfast, for which everything was put ready overnight. The breakfast generally consisted of ham, brawn, pressed beef, or something similar. If any cooking had to be done, it was something that was finished very quickly, such as fried bacon or scrambled eggs.

Most of the furniture in the rooms belonged to the Orlingburys; they had brought it from their old home, so there was very little to buy. Marion was not an orphan, as they were; she was one of a very large family, and her father was a hardworking doctor. She was an excellent pianist and a clever housekeeper, for she and her sisters all had to help at home.

She was sorry to leave her country home, but her parents were quite willing for her to do so, as there was little opportunity in their remote village for her to make practical use of her musical talent, which had been excellently cultivated. Marion had thirty pounds a year of her own that had been left her by her god-mother, and she earned sixty pounds a year by her music pupils. As she taught only in the afternoons, her mornings were free for domestic matters.

Some of Jane's friends asked her once why she did not do the cooking instead of Marion, as she was duly qualified, but she declared that she had so much to do with food all the day long that she felt very disinclined to have to do with it after she got back in the evenings, whereas Marion had always been accustomed in her own home to spend her mornings in this manner, and she did not mind at all. In fact, the suggestion was Marion's own. Jane nearly always helped Marion in the final preparations, however, as we shall see. The friends had now been living together for three months, and the arrangement may be said to have answered in every way, for they were still on just as good terms as when they first set up house together.

"This ham toast is delicious, Jenny," said Ada. "You may make us some more whenever you feel inclined; but you must own you were lucky to have had Marion to cut it all up for you yesterday. Do you think you would have had the energy to do it all yourself this morning if she had not, or should we have had to eat the remains of the ham in all its bare coldness?"

"Don't tease, Jenny; I won't have it," laughed Marion. "I don't mind preparing the ham toast the least in the world. It is so seldom that we have anything for breakfast that needs more than five minutes cooking, and it would have been such a pity not to have ham toast when the opportunity came."

"Are you ever going to let Abigail do any of your cooking?" asked Ada. "Give us fair warning if you do, or, at all events, do not allow her to have too much scope for startling innovations."

At this the others laughed. Abigail was a girl of thirteen from the National School in the next street. She was a "half-timer." That is to say, she had only to spend half her time at school, either morning or afternoon, as she preferred. So she came from eight to nine every morning to brush the floors and wash up, and on every alternate morning she stayed until twelve o'clock and turned out a room, Marion superintending her work and giving her such help as she could spare from her cooking. Abigail was provided with breakfast, consisting of cocoa and bread and butter, and on days when she turned out a room she had dinner at twelve o'clock. Then she went home. She went to school in the afternoons, and at half-past six came back to "The Rowans," as the little house where the three friends lived was called (in honour of a mountain-ash in the front garden), to lay the table, dish up the seven o'clock dinner, clear away, wash up, and put everything ready for the next morning. Abigail's wages were two shillings and sixpence a week. Dinner was always over by a quarter past seven.

"I have not seen any signs of culinary genius at present," said Marion, "so I do not think you need fear for the present. In the meantime, have you two girls had enough? I must insist on your eating good breakfasts."

"Don't you begin to scold us, Mrs. Housekeeper," cried Jenny. "What about the

lunches that you eat? You let out some shocking facts about some biscuits and a glass of milk the other day. I shall bribe the hand-maiden to watch you and see that you take proper care of yourself."

Marion meekly promised to be constant in her attentions to the brawn or similar solid dainties, and the two sisters, who by this time had finished their breakfasts and put on their things, kissed their friend affectionately and set off.

Marion helped Abigail to wash up the breakfast things, and then set her to work in the sitting-room. Abigail's full name was Susannah Abigail Bellamy.

"Please, ma'am, we call 'er 'Susie' at 'ome," said her mother when Marion went to engage her, but the Orlingburys thought the name "Abigail" such a delicious one for a little housemaid that they insisted on using it, and Abigail grinned delightedly.

Ada and Marion had provided her with neat print dresses and good serviceable aprons, and Jenny had prevailed upon her to put back the larger portion of a very unbecoming fringe, and had even managed to get her to do her hair so that it did not stick out in tufts.

When Abigail had got to work, Marion did her marketing, bringing most of the things back with her in a wonderful marketing-basket, and then she went to her kitchen. This, as we have said, was a little room on the floor above the sitting-room. Just outside was a housemaid's sink, which was very useful, as Marion had no scullery. A nice gas-stove had been fitted up on the "penny-in-the-slot" system which the gas company did free of cost, and by this all the cooking was done. Gas for five hours could be had by putting in a penny; if it was not wanted for five hours right off, the rest of the same pennyworth could be used next time cooking was to be done. This arrangement was very economical and formed their only gas bill, for they used a lamp in their sitting-room and candles in the bed-rooms. The gas bill was under a shilling a week.

Two shelves went all round the walls, one above the other, with nails in the edge for hanging jugs, measures, the dredger, and the grater. The shelves served instead of a dresser. A very small kitchen table stood just by the window, with two drawers in it. In one of these the tea and glass cloths in use were kept, and in the other the knives and forks.

The iron and wooden spoons used in cooking were kept in a box on the shelves. By its side the paste-board and rolling-pin might be seen, the latter a good straight thick one that rolled very evenly. The dripping-tins, baking-tins, baking-sheet, and meat-rack were on the shelves as well, and also the small dinner-service of which the establishment boasted.

Under the shelves on one side was a cupboard, which Marion now proceeded to unlock. On the top shelf of this was a row of coloured tins, containing tea, coffee, brown sugar, loaf sugar, rice, lentils, tapioca, and sultanas, several jars of jam (which had been sent them from the country), a packet of corn-flour, and a few other things. On the lower shelf were kept all cleaning materials, soap, soda, sand, emery, and house-flannel, and a spare scrubbing-brush.

Fortunately there was a cupboard under the stairs in which the housemaid's box with its blacking-brushes and the zinc pail and pan used for scrubbing and washing up could be

kept. And on this cupboard Marion kept an sharp eye, and saw that it was kept very clean and the zinc pans well rinsed with hot water and soda after being used to prevent their getting greasy. The six enamel saucepans of varying sizes stood on a tripod stand in one corner.

The fittings up of the little kitchen were all new when the three friends started house-keeping, and it was economically managed, as the following account will show—

	£	s.	d.
Two small enamel saucepans at 8½d. and 6½d.	0	1	3
Two medium ditto at 1s. 2d. and 1s. 4d.	0	2	6
Two enamel stewpans at 1s. 9d. and 2s.	0	3	9
One paste-board	0	1	9
One rolling-pin	0	1	0
One dripping-tin	0	0	8
One dripping-tin with meat-rack	0	1	0
One baking-sheet	0	0	8
Three pint pie-dishes at 3¾d.	0	0	11½
Two large basins at 6½d.	0	1	1
Three pudding-basins at 2d., 4d. and 6d.	0	1	0
Three wooden spoons at 1d.	0	0	3
Three iron spoons	0	0	3
Flour dredger	0	0	8½
Fine wire sieve	0	1	9½
Enamel omelette-pan	0	0	6½
Small iron frying-pan	0	0	10
Enamel pint and half-pint measures, 4½d. and 6½d.	0	0	11
Three jugs, quart, one and a half pints, and pint (to hold)	0	1	9
Weights and scales	0	14	6
Set of skewers	0	0	4½
Tin fish-kettle	0	8	6
	£2	6	0½

The pretty dinner-service that they used belonged to the Orlingburys, and the tea-service was Marion's. The tea-service and the tumblers and wine-glasses were kept in a cupboard in the sitting-room. The house-linen was kept in a cupboard on the landing outside the Orlingburys' bed-room. A good deal of it they had brought with them and the rest had been lent to the establishment by Mrs. Thomas, Marion's mother.

Coals were only needed for the sitting-room fire, as the three hardy country girls never indulged in such a luxury as a fire in their bed-rooms, and they found that half a ton of coals lasted them for six weeks.

Marion arranged her cooking so as to have as little as possible to do just before the dinner was served. For instance, on days when they had soup it would be made in the morning and warmed up at dinner-time; pies and milk puddings the same. Fish would be filleted, egged, and crumbed, ready to be fried at the last minute; and so would rissoles or cutlets. As there were only three of them, they never had big joints. Stews and curries were made early and warmed up; also such dishes as macaroni cheese.

By eleven o'clock Marion had generally done her cooking, and was free to read or work until two, when she went to her pupils. She came back at six o'clock, having had afternoon tea in the course of her work, and by that time the Orlingburys were back as well. She and Jane finished the preparations for dinner between them, and at half-past six Abigail returned to dish up and wait at table.

(To be continued.)



loss philosophically. You should remember, however, that some lilies, especially *Lilium Longiflorum*, often lie dormant for a year, but come up the next year better than ever.

No lily will flower every year, and some lilies require a year or two to get accustomed to a new home. These will not flower the first year. As a rule, when a bulb does not send up a flowering shoot, the bulb itself grows to a very large size.

It is most annoying to see a lily which promises well belie itself and produce either a deformed or a cankered flower. The cause of the first is almost always green fly. To this we will refer later. The cause of the latter is either too poor soil, abuse of liquid manure, or continuous rain just before the flowers open.

Lilies like the rain. If the weather were arranged to please a lily, it would rain every day from the time when the shoot appears till the flowering period has arrived. But lilies

object to rain from the time that the buds begin to change from green to white, or whatever colour the bud will eventually become, until the flower is fully opened. It is here that lilies grown in pots have the pull over those grown in the open ground, for if a spell of rainy weather occurs at the wrong time, the pots can be taken indoors or placed under shelter, which is impossible in the case of lilies grown in the open. But something can be done for the lilies which are exposed to the weather. The buds can either be wrapped round with oiled paper, or else they can be sheltered by an old umbrella tied to a stick. By this latter means we have saved many valuable lilies from disaster.

Lilies vary much in their powers of enduring excessive rain at the flowering period. *Lilium Auratum*, *Candidum*, and some others are nearly always ruined when they happen to flower in a spell of rainy weather. *Lilium Gigantum*,

Concolor, *Tigrinum*, and many others stand rain at their flowering time with ease.

Do not be frightened at this chapter of possible calamities. Although it comes so early in our series, do not let it damp your enthusiasm. These diseases have to be described, and we have described them, but though they are, unfortunately, far from uncommon, if you grow lilies carefully you will not lose many from any of these causes. We have grown many hundred lilies, we have seen all these adverse conditions, but they have not damped our ardour. We lose a few lilies every season, but then there are plenty which give us full satisfaction; and lilies are such gorgeous plants! If you were to lose half of your stock, and the other half were satisfactory, you would not complain at the result, for the good half would delight you and your friends as no other flowers would.

(To be continued.)

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By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER II.

THE PLAN OF OPERATIONS.

As we have seen, the incomes of our three friends amounted altogether to £270 a year. In the winter months the accounts for the rent of the rooms, coal, gas, candles, and similar expenses came to £1 3s. 6d. each week, as the following accounts set forth—

	£	s.	d.
Rent of rooms	0	12	0
Abigail's wages	0	2	6
Gas-stove	0	1	0
Oil for lamp	0	0	4
Candles (½ lb. at 6d. a lb.)	0	0	3
Coals for sitting-room	0	1	10
Washing-bills (personal)	0	3	0
Washing-bills (house linen)	0	2	7
	£1	3	6

For about a month in the year the three were away, Marion in her own home in Nottinghamshire, and the Orlingburys staying with different friends and relations. Ada Orlingbury had only three weeks holiday in the summer, and not quite a week at Christmas, but was busy with her type-writing all the rest of the year. Jane had a far longer rest from her cookery classes than Ada from her work, and Marion had longer holidays than either. When all were away they paid rent for their rooms just the same, but, of course, had no other household expenses. Marion was a very economical housekeeper and understood how to keep down expenses as low as possible, whilst still having everything comfortable. We must admit that very acceptable "helps" arrived sometimes from their friends in the country. It might be a large box of eggs, or a "hand" of pork, or perhaps a bag of apples, but this did not happen very often. Once a week they had a dinner without meat, but this was no hardship to any of the three, for all liked vegetables, fruit and fish, and this arrangement made things much easier for the housekeeper.

Marion had quite grasped the fact that the best way to keep down the bills was to economise with the butcher's bill, for meat is the most expensive item of all. They had soup very often, as nice soup can be made for so little. They indulged largely in savoury dishes of macaroni and rice, some recipes for

which we shall give in the course of this account of the girl-chums and their doings.

Once a week, on Wednesday evenings, they went to a choral society to which they belonged, and, as they had to start at seven o'clock, instead of sitting down to dinner at that hour, they found it more convenient to have a sort of "high tea" on that evening and to have hot milk and cake or porridge when they came back.

We must not forget to say that on alternate mornings they had porridge for breakfast, which Marion cooked the day before in a double saucepan, whilst she was seeing to her other cookery and which was warmed up in the morning. They generally supplemented this with scones, which Jane, with her superior knowledge of food-stuffs, pronounced to be very nourishing. On Sundays they dined at two o'clock. For this meal they often had meat pie, as that could be made the day before and heated, or eaten cold, as they preferred, or they chose something that did not take long to cook, such as cutlets.

Marion found her path made easy by some of the tradesmen with whom she dealt, who were very accommodating to her wishes, and never in the least resented her subtle knowledge of ways and means, as they undoubtedly did in the case of some other of their customers' housekeepers of many years' standing and very much Marion's seniors in years! Mr. Calvesfoot, the butcher, for instance, let her have fat for rendering down at 2d. a pound, and so she was able to have a constant supply of excellent dripping for frying and for pastry at the slightest possible cost. She started her stock with four pounds at the beginning, and by straining it each time after using it, and by rendering down one and a half pounds of fresh fat each week and adding it to the stock, she always had plenty of good dripping. To do this she cut up the fat and put it in a saucepan with a little water, and then let it cook until the water had boiled away and the fat had melted, leaving nothing but crisp little brown bits; the liquid fat was strained off and the crisp brown bits saved for Abigail, by whom they were esteemed a great luxury. To others Mr. Calvesfoot was adamant, and declined to part with the fat under double the sum, but Marion (who was asked the extra price at first) refused to take "No" for an answer, and asked him calmly why he could not let her have it cheaply as well as the soap-boilers

whose carts she had seen waiting before his shop early in the morning, and who she knew only gave him a penny a pound for it.

At the exhibition of so much knowledge he was dumb, and fell in with her views with much meekness, as no doubt he would have done for his other customers if they had not allowed themselves to be beaten so weakly.

She always provided a hot dinner as she found that, with proper management, it cost no more than a cold one, and it was infinitely more appreciated. She had learnt just how much was required of any given thing, and so there was no waste. The little that was left over from their dinner was always worked into the next day's meals, or else was finished up by Abigail on the alternate days when she had dinner at "The Rowans."

Here we have the list of a week's dinners in February.

On Sunday they had a light supper at half-past eight, consisting of cocoa, boiled eggs, and bread and butter.

Saturday and Sunday were the only days on which they were at home to tea.

The breakfast for the week, on non-porridge mornings, consisted of brawn, which Marion had made a fortnight before, when they had had half a pig's face sent them from the country. The brawn was excellently flavoured.

DINNERS FOR THE WEEK.

<i>Sunday.</i>	Beef and Kidney Pie. Baked Potatoes. Pineapple in Syrup. Rice Mould.
<i>Monday.</i>	Cabbage Soup. Boiled Beef and Kidney Pudding. Boiled Potatoes. Cabbage. Jam Tarts.
<i>Tuesday.</i>	Irish Stew. Apple Pie.
<i>Wednesday.</i>	(High Tea Night.) Stuffed Herrings. Scones. Cocoa.
<i>Thursday.</i>	Potato Soup. Curried Fish. Ginger Pudding.
<i>Friday.</i>	Stewed Rabbit and Foremeat Balls. Brussels Sprouts. Baked Potatoes. Swiss Roll.
<i>Saturday.</i>	Brown Soup. Boiled Potatoes. Boiled Artichokes. Tapioca Pudding.

The beef pie which they had on Sunday and the beef pudding of Monday were both made out of a pound and a quarter of beef skirt, which, costing only ninepence a pound, makes just as good gravy as rump steak, and if cooked long enough is very tender. The half that was used for the pie was cut into rather thin pieces, and half the kidney was cut in dice; then all was dipped in pepper, flour, and salt, and put into a saucepan to stew gently for an hour before it was used for the pie. Marion always did this now, as she had noticed that if the meat was put raw into the pie, the pastry got overcooked before the meat was done. It was not necessary to do this with the pudding, however, as that could be boiled for a very long while—in fact, was all the better for long boiling.

For the pastry for the pie she used half a pound of flour mixed with a good teaspoonful of baking powder, and three ounces of dripping rubbed in lightly. Her hands seldom got hot, so she made delicious pastry, and as she was careful not to pour in too much water, when mixing the flour and dripping to a dough, it was not tough. She mixed in the water quickly and lightly, using a knife to begin the mixing and finishing with her hands, keeping it as cool as possible while it was being made, and being very careful not to squeeze it, or work it about more than was absolutely necessary. The pastry was rolled out quickly and lightly, and the pie was baked in a good hot oven, and it was voted a great success. The pineapple needed no cooking, being the contents of a sixpenny tin turned on to a glass dish. The ground rice mould was made with a pint of milk brought gently to the boil with two ounces of castor sugar and a bay leaf to flavour, two ounces of ground rice were mixed smoothly with a little cold milk while this was happening, and stirred into the milk on the fire; the mixture was stirred and cooked for a few minutes and the bay leaf taken out, then it was poured into a wetted mould to be turned out when cold.

On Monday Marion made the quarter of a large cabbage do for the soup, and the rest she cooked as a vegetable. The cabbage for the soup was cut up small and put into boiling water for three minutes to take away the disagreeable smell; then it was drained and

put with a small onion sliced, a bunch of herbs, a small piece of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and simmered for twenty minutes; half a pint of warm milk was added, and a beaten-up egg strained in. The soup was then stirred over the fire for a few minutes to cook the egg, but was on no account allowed to boil for fear of its curdling, as happened, alas! on one occasion when Marion left her handmaid Abigail to watch it for a minute or two.

All stews were done in a brown earthenware stewing jar that was one of her most cherished possessions. While the stew within it was cooking, the jar stood in a dripping tin containing water in the oven; by this means the contents of the jar never boiled, though the water outside it might do so, and if the stew cooked long enough it was always perfectly tender. As the heat of the fire did not hurt the look of the jar, the stews were always served in it, which arrangement had the double advantage of saving time and keeping the dish hot. The Irish stew of Tuesday was made with one and a half pounds of scrag of mutton, three pounds of potatoes, and half a pound of onions, all sliced and cooked gently for two hours. There was a good deal over, so it was used on Thursday, with the addition of a few more potatoes, half a pint of water, a gill of milk, and a piece of celery, to make a delicious potato soup. The milk was added last after the soup had been rubbed through a sieve and re-heated. For the apple pie a pound of apples of a good cooking sort were used, and these turned a beautiful amber colour in the pie. They had such a good flavour of their own that no cloves were needed to assist them.

The herrings on Wednesday were boned, spread with veal stuffing, rolled up, brushed with milk and rolled in brown crumbs, then packed in a greased dripping tin and baked for twenty-five minutes. They made a substantial meal; on the next day there were one and a half one over, which were sliced up and put into the curried fish. The scones were mixed with milk that was slightly sour, as they are always lightest when so made.

The forcemeat balls that went with the rabbit on Friday were made of veal stuffing, fried separately, and served on a hot plate instead of going in the jar with the rabbit. The Swiss

roll was made in the morning before the rabbit was put to cook. The brown soup of Saturday was made by frying lightly some pieces of carrot, onion, turnip and celery in a little dripping, and then pouring in the gravy from the rabbit, and adding any pieces or bones that were left. The lid was put on, and the soup simmered an hour and a half; then it was rubbed through a sieve, returned to the fire, brought to the boil, and thickened with an ounce of flour mixed with a little cold gravy.

When Marion looked through her accounts (which she kept scrupulously) on Saturday, she found that her food expenses had been as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1½ lbs. beef skirt	0	1	0
½ lb. ox kidney	0	0	5
½ lb. mutton suet	0	0	3
1½ lbs. scrag of mutton	0	0	10½
1 lb. fat for rendering	0	0	2
1½ lbs. buttock steak	0	1	3
Rabbit	0	1	5
6 herrings	0	0	6
8 lbs. potatoes	0	0	8
1 lb. sprouts	0	0	2
1 lb. artichokes	0	0	1
1 large cabbage	0	0	2
Tin cocoa	0	0	6
1 lb. cod (tail end) for curry	0	0	5
12 eggs	0	1	0
Milk	0	1	9
1½ lbs. fresh butter at 1s. 4d.	0	2	0
1 lb. brown sugar	0	0	1½
1 lb. loaf sugar	0	0	2
½ lb. bacon (to cook with rabbit)	0	0	4
Flavouring vegetables	0	0	2
½ lb. tin mixed coffee and chicory	0	0	9
¼ lb. tea	0	0	6
8 loaves at 3¼ l.	0	2	6
1 quartern household flour	0	0	5½
Sundries (ground rice for mould, etc.)	0	0	6
	£0	18	1½

With this account of her expenditure she was perfectly content. Her aim was to keep the money spent on food below ten shillings a head, and this week she was well within the margin.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MEDICAL.

ESTHER.—Feed the child on milk diluted with an equal quantity of barley-water. Do not give her any patent foods, as these are one of the most fertile causes of rickets. A little meat gravy or a very small amount of chicken or hashed mutton might be given to her occasionally with advantage. A teaspoonful of rich cream twice a day is useful as a preventive from rickets.

TORQUAY.—Why concern yourself with troubles which may never occur? How can you tell that you will have such anxieties as you suggest? The chances are very much against it. Again, the measures you mention are exceedingly prejudicial to your own health, for many of the most intractable cases of hysteria can be traced to this cause.

A LOVER OF BEAUTY.—You should try either brilliantine, cantharidine pomade, or a hair-wash made of rosemary to make your hair soft and wavy. You must not, however, be disappointed if you find that no preparation will produce the kind of hair that you desire.

NELLIE.—You cannot expect a physician to know what is the matter with you if you make a point of hiding your symptoms. We can only tell you that your trouble is probably either due to diabetes or to some local ailment. For the rest you must go to your doctor and tell him all about yourself. Your trouble may be one which a very little simple treatment may readily cure, but you may be suffering from an extremely serious disease, which you are allowing to run its course unheeded from a silly conventionalism. If you do not like to tell your own doctor about yourself, go to a stranger in a distant part. But pray get someone to treat you!

A WORKING WOMAN.—It is never easy to be sure as to the cause of noises in the head. So many unhealthy conditions may produce this most distressing symptom that it is quite a long work to exclude all possible causes save one, and so to come to a definite conclusion. You ask us whether the noises that trouble you proceed from the ears or head, but there is another possible cause of the trouble that you have not considered; that cause is anemia. This is very commonly indeed associated with noises in the head, usually surging, rushing, or hissing noises. Moreover, the noises are always more pronounced after exertion or fatigue. This agrees well with your own account, and we therefore think that as your general health improves, as it will do with proper treatment, the noises will gradually decrease and eventually disappear. The fact that your hearing is not at all affected, is a strong point against the noises being due to disease of the auditory nerve. It is not, however, an absolutely certain test of the condition of the nerve. When noises in the head are due to brain disease, they are almost invariably accompanied by severe and frequent, if not constant, headaches. The treatment that we advise is for you to attend to the general laws of health and diet. As regards drugs we think that you would derive most benefit from tabloids of bone marrow. These can be obtained from any chemist. The dose is one tabloid crushed up in a little milk three times a day after meals. They must be taken with great caution at first; on the appearance of trembling, headaches or profuse perspiration, the use of the tabloids should be discontinued for three days. If taken with care, this remedy is exceedingly efficacious and is perfectly safe.

LITTLE VILLAGE DOCTOR.—Your friend is suffering from one of those nondescript diseases which are so common, so difficult to clearly understand or explain, and so very refractory to treatment. We are not all born with the same amount of vital energy, and some of these indefinite illnesses which last for so long a time may simply mean that the suffering individual has not been endowed with sufficient life. We can only, therefore, give you some general information which may or may not prove of value to your friend. In *THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER* many articles have appeared on the subject of healthy living; and during the present year we hope to publish several more papers on the chief laws of health. It is obedience to these laws which is of utmost value in cases such as that of your friend. It is doubtful whether any drugs are likely to do her good. Those drugs which partake more of the nature of food may be useful. Cod-liver oil, maltine, thick cream, or possibly bone marrow, might be worth a trial.

JESSIE.—Probably you are suffering from flat-foot, and your doctor wished to take an impression of your foot to decide what form of boot you should wear. For the treatment of flat-foot is chiefly a question of well-made boots which bear some resemblance to the human foot. You will find an account of flat-foot in an article on "clothing" which appeared in last year's *GIRL'S OWN PAPER*. Puffiness of the ankle is very common in kidney disease; but as the ankles may swell from very many causes, of which kidney trouble is one of the least common, it would be rather rash to conclude that your kidneys were affected because your ankles were weak and swelled slightly.

They hurried back.

Was the poor little face changing?

"There, do it, doctor, do it! Have your way!"

The reluctant words were scarcely uttered before the clever strong hands were at work.

There was immediate relief, and for a moment they believed that the little life, hanging trembling on such a tiny thread, was to be given back. But suddenly the baby hands dropped, and the little head fell back.

Even then the skilful hands would not yield the battle. They persevered with artificial respiration. They tried every means, until the truth had to be faced. There was nothing more they could do. They must lay down the poor little buffeted body and let it sleep.

This is always a terrible moment for doctors and nurses, and it was with a face quivering with emotion that Sister Warwick left Margaret Carden to the sacred work of tending the little lifeless form, and, leading the poor young mother to her room, took up the harder task of trying to help her in the first bitterness of her grief.

Half-stunned with what had happened, the man sat in the shadows beyond the range of the light from the fire and lamp, and followed with his eyes the movements of the nurse as she went to and fro.

Let us hope that he was not realising the fact that his tardy consent had perhaps cost the child its life.

Mr. H— laid a kind hand on his shoulder once, with a hearty—

"I am awfully sorry for you;" and he murmured something by way of answer. Then he rose—still half-dazed—to meet his wife who was coming out of Sister's room.

They stood side by side, holding each other's hands—like the children they almost were—and looked long at the sleeping baby.

Nurse Carden had taken the buttercups and grasses from one of the vases on the ward table, and the little fingers were folded round the stalks.

The inexplicable peace of the presence of death stole into the hearts of the poor young

parents, and they went quietly away with bowed heads, sharing and bearing together their first real grief.

"Good night, Sister!"

The house physician was going back to his quarters and to the rest that was so often broken.

"Good night," she added, and then, with a half smile, she added: "Don't bring me a case like that again for a long time, please! And yesterday was his birthday too, they tell me—poor mite!"

The doctor's reply to this was a happy one. He said—

"Then we must wish him many happy returns of to-day instead!"

Sister Warwick could sleep no more that night—or early morning rather. She tried, with a conscientious remembrance of the day's work to come. But such episodes tore her tenderest sympathies in a way that the nurses, who thought her hard and cold, would never have credited.

She lay on her couch, not thinking so much in detail of the scene of conflict she had just been through, as of the ever-recurring wonder that such things had to be. These sudden, dashing, jangling chords in life seemed so inexplicable; and for children to suffer so, and for peaceful lives to have such dark passages! And then some lines of Browning flashed into her mind, and she repeated them to herself over and over again, till the meaning sank in and soothed her.

"Why rush the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?"

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear!

Each sufferer says his say, his end of the weal and woe;

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;

The rest may reason and welcome, 'tis we musicians know."

The quiet of the night was broken by a sudden trampling of feet in the hospital

square. Sister Warwick guessed what it meant—an operation in the theatre. She could hear the even tread of the porters as they carried the stretcher and the clank as it rested on the stone floor. Now a messenger was running round to the college and stopping beneath the students' windows. His voice reached her ears—

"Operation! Operation!"

Coming in the darkness and shrouded by night, it would all have seemed weird and uncanny if custom had not reconciled her to the strangeness of the sounds. As it was, the discordant noises only served—by some connection of ideas—to turn her thoughts to another anxiety—the special "crook in her lot" just now. She lay and tried to put the matter clearly before her mind.

There was no doubt that in spite of the fact that Nurse Hudson had passed her exams and won the nurse's buckle, she was not trustworthy. Something was probably exerting a wrong influence over her. It was sadly evident that, as a nurse, she was deteriorating, and Sister Warwick acknowledged bitterly that she herself had failed to arrest that course.

What could she do now? There were too many lives at stake to allow to remain unnoticed these recurring acts of carelessness, and, worse still, these signs of hardness and want of tenderness in her dealings with the patients.

Yet how her kind heart shrank from the strong measure of a complaint to the matron! She had spoken a few decided, and she hoped calm and "Sisterly" words of warning to her that very evening as she was leaving the ward. Should she now wait and see if they took effect? Surely it would be only fair to give her one more trial? Meanwhile she herself could use greater diligence in overlooking the work done in the ward.

After much thought she settled it so, and then tried to put the anxious matter aside. Did she err in her judgment? If so, it was on the side of mercy—the way we women would all prefer to lean.

(To be continued.)

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER III.

TWO LETTERS.



I AM afraid that as this account of the doings of our three friends unfolds itself, some of my readers may be tempted to complain that it seems to be always meal-time

at "The Rowans." Indeed, I must admit that from their point of view the complaint is a just one, but I would beg them to remember that my object is to give an account of the culinary doings of the household; their

meals, and how they were contrived, and the cost thereof; and as, like the old woman in the nursery song,

"Victuals and drink were the chief of their diet,"

the food question must perforce be continually before us.

As a girl of fourteen I had to take the reins of government and direct the house during my mother's long illness. It would certainly have helped me greatly to have been able to follow the chronicles of some young housekeeper and to have learnt how she arranged matters. But at that time Marion and the Orlingburys were all in short frocks and had no experiences to unfold for my benefit.

The trials of the members of our household during the time of my rule were doubtless very severe. The chief thing that I remember is that my favourite sultana pudding was served about four times a week, with sauce; on the last point I was most particular.

I had always a great longing to go down in the kitchen and cook myself, but my father forbade this, saying that if I worried the cook she would probably give warning; and that, in addition to my mother's illness and other present ills (of which I fear my housekeeping was one) we were left without a cook, he should not know what to do. This was a sore disappointment, for as yet I had never been able to make any attempt at cooking, except on one occasion, when at the age of six I had been discovered surreptitiously frying chocolate creams on the shovel in the dining-room, for which I was sent to bed. At a yet earlier period, having heard somewhere that toffee was made with butter and

sugar, I put a small pat of butter and a tablespoonful of sugar into an empty sweet-box, and, hiding it amongst my toys, waited with anxiety for it to turn into toffee, looking in the box with keen interest every morning and hoping for the joyful day when the sticky mess should become a neat brown slab of finest toffee; a day, alas, which came not, as was not strange, and the end of it was that the nurse found the hidden treasure and promptly threw it away.

To come back to "The Rowans," where Marion, having finished her morning's cooking, is reading a letter in the sitting-room. The letter is from an old playmate, now grown up and lately married, who is living on the other side of London.

"Tulse Hill,

"Jan. 10th.

"MY DEAR MARION,—Do not look for any interesting news in this letter, and make up your mind to exercise all your good nature."

"I am writing to you for advice and consolation, for I am at my wits' end. How I wish I were a clever housekeeper, like you, and how I envy the Orlingburys for having secured you to live with them. I should so like to run over for a chat, but you are such a busy woman, I do not know when I should find you at home without disturbing you in your work, and it would be too bad to make you talk business

on your only holiday—Saturday. Do tell me, Marion—in the strictest confidence—are you afraid of your servant? I am of mine—horribly! Oh, dear me! When I first married I thought I was going to do wonders; to do such a lot of cooking, and to manage and contrive so cleverly. Let me explain a few of my troubles.

"To begin with, I have a cook who was recommended to me as 'a perfect treasure,' but I do not find her any sort of a treasure, and I am happy to say she is now leaving. She has a terribly superior manner, and resents it very much if I go into the kitchen at all. On days when I have attempted to do any cooking she is frigid beyond words. She is not a good cook herself—I could put up with a great deal if she were that—and the only things we have that are nice at all are curries and fricassees made in the stewing jar after your fashion. I heard about the jar about a month ago from a mutual friend—your Aunt Anne.

"Cook makes the most abominable pastry and cannot roast at all; our poor little joints of meat are shrivelled up and hard, so she has really no need to give herself such airs. With regard to the roasting I really am most perplexed, and hope you will be able to advise me. I have by me a standard cookery book, which assures me most positively that a joint should be put in a hot oven to make a casing to keep in the juices, and then it is to be cooked more slowly. This, I know, has been done, but the result is far from satisfactory, and I wonder if the oven is too hot.

"Only last night a beautiful little piece of loin of mutton was served nearly black and as hard as a brick. I was so distressed for poor Arthur's sake. It does so worry me to think of his coming home hungry from his office to such a dinner. He was most amiable over it and only smiled, telling me not to worry, I would soon learn. But the question is, how long will he keep on smiling if he often has bad dinners? One must look these matters in the face, must one not?

"I do not want to vex him too often; in fact, I do not want to vex him at all, but what can I do? And then his mother is coming to stay in a week or two, and although she is kindness herself, and very fond of me, I feel quite sure that she will feel a profound pity for her unfortunate son if she sees a black joint on the table.

"Her pastry—I mean cook's, of course—is so bad, that a week ago I plucked up my courage. Venturing into the kitchen, I tried my hand at making some. I rubbed seven ounces of dripping into a pound of flour that had first been mixed with a teaspoonful of baking powder—that was right, was it not? Then I mixed it with water to a dough and rolled it out. It kept sticking to the board, and I got very nervous, for I felt the cold, unsympathetic glance of the cook was upon me. But I persevered and made it up into a pie and baked it; but every time I went to the oven to take a peep—about every three minutes—the dripping was running out as fast as it could. Surely pastry is very wasteful. What is the use of putting it in if it only runs out again? And to eat, it was hard beyond words! And to see cook's scornful smile when, on the following day, she asked politely if I wished the remains sent up to table.

"Now, as I tell you, she is leaving shortly. I have heard of a girl who might do. She makes good soups, cooks vegetables well, roasts and boils fairly well, and she is very clean. I know she is a nice girl, and not at all inclined to be refractory, if I could only make up my mind as to the best way of starting. As I tell you, my mother-in-law is coming to stay soon. Marion, do advise me.

"Your perplexed friend,
"MADGE HOLDEN."

Marion read all this very carefully and thought it over. Then she answered Mrs. Holden's letter.

"MY DEAR MADGE,—I shall be only too pleased if I can help you, but you must not overrate my powers, as I think you are inclined to do. To begin with, I have had opportunities of learning housekeeping such as few have. You see, we all have to help at home, and mother is such a good manager; it would be odd if I had not picked up some of her household knowledge. You ask if I am afraid of my servant. If you could see her, I think your own question would amuse you. She is only fourteen, and she knew absolutely nothing when she came to us; by dint of great exertions, I am gradually teaching her to dish up our dinners and to wait at table. She can also turn out a room (with assistance) and wash up, but as she has learnt this under me, it would be odd if I felt afraid of her. If I had a real cook and housemaid like you, I might perhaps tremble in my shoes, but really I think there is no need. I am glad you find the stewing jar useful. If your cook cannot even roast a small joint of meat without spoiling it, she has nothing to be very conceited about.

"The rule you quote from your cookery book is quite correct for large joints, but it does not do for small ones. If you put a big joint into a hot oven, it crisps the outside nicely, but a small joint put into the same temperature will soon become hard right through. Put small joints in a gentle oven and cook them slowly, basting often. Shortly before you serve it, let the oven get hot or else finish it before the fire, so that it may brown. Of course, the oven must not be too slow or the meat will not cook at all. This point you will gradually learn, and so will your new cook if she is intelligent. I am glad you allude to her as a 'girl.' A young person is, as a rule, more teachable, although an older person will probably know more. As Dr. Johnson remarked of Scotchmen, 'Much may be done with them if you catch them young.' When you engage your new cook, just say that you are in the habit of cooking occasionally—mention it as a matter of course. Do not start by being afraid of her. It is really most absurd.

"With regard to the pastry. You do not seem to have made it quite rightly, as it should not stick to the board. You made it too wet, and your oven cannot have been hot enough if the dripping ran out. Pastry should go into a hot oven, then the starch grains in the flour burst and enclose the particles of dripping; but if the oven is not hot enough, the reverse happens; that is to say, the dripping melts and encloses the starch grains so that they cannot burst. Try again.

"I am wondering if it would help you to see a list of our dinners for the week; I send one in case it may be of use and also my food bill. The quantities will seem very small to you, but you must remember we have no 'downstairs' to consider. Our girl only comes for a few hours each day. This makes a great difference in our expenses. In fact, if we did not make this arrangement, I do not think we could continue our present mode of living. Now, do not worry. If you are so anxious to have everything nice you will succeed in time, and if your mother-in-law is so kind and so fond of you, I am sure she will not pity her son too much, even if your cook does make one or two failures. Could you not get her to postpone her visit until you are a little more settled.

"Here is the dinner list—

Sunday. Stewed Steak. Mashed Potatoes.
Mince Pies.
(Supper.) Poached Eggs on Toast; Cocoa.
Monday. Tripe à la Normandie.
Sago Pudding.

Tuesday. Sheep's Head.
Vegetables and Dumplings.
Baked Treacle Tart.
Wednesday. (High Tea.) Fish Mould.
Gingerbread.
Thursday. Brown Soup.
Fish in Milk.
Cottage Pudding.
Friday. Mutton Cutlets.
Boiled Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts.
Macaroni Cheese.
Saturday. Celery Soup.
Minced Callops and Mashed Potatoes.
Cup Puddings.

"You see, we live very simply.

"The stewed steak was cooked the day before and warmed up; the mince pies also.

"The 'tripe à la Normandie' is made with a thick brown gravy; the tripe made in rolls with pieces of ham in each and a few mushrooms to flavour. We have half a ham in the house just at present, so it was a good time to have the dish. The brown soup on Thursday was made of the broth in which the sheep's head was cooked; the fish mould is made by pounding half a pound of bread-crumbs, one ounce of butter, a beaten egg and a gill of thick white sauce; season this well and steam in a buttered mould. The callops are minced beef, which I buy at threepence each callop.

"Here is the food account—

	£	s.	d.
One pound and a half of chuck steak		0	1 3
Two pounds of best end of neck of mutton		0	1 8
One pound and a quarter of tripe		0	0 9½
One sheep's head		0	0 7
Half a pound of suet		0	0 3
Four callops		0	1 0
Quarter of a pound of mushrooms		0	0 3
Flavouring vegetables		0	0 4
One pound of sprouts		0	0 2
Eight pounds of potatoes		0	6 6
Plaice		0	0 6
Fresh haddock		0	0 6
Half a pound of macaroni		0	0 2
One tin of cocoa		0	0 6
Best eggs, one dozen		0	1 6
Six cooking eggs		0	0 6
One pound and a half of fresh butter at 1s. 4d.		0	2 0
Milk		0	1 7
Two pounds of demerara		0	0 3½
One pound loaf		0	0 2
Half a ham (three pounds and a half)		0	2 4
Half a pound of tea		0	0 10
Eight loaves		0	2 6
	£	1	0 2

"Let me know if I can be of any further use,

"Yours affectionately,

"MARION THOMAS."

Three weeks later Marion received a hurriedly-written note.

"Many, many thanks, my dear Marion, for your letter. I have been waiting to profit by your instructions before writing to you, and now I am so busy I can only write a few lines. The new cook is an amiable girl, and I am getting on famously—thanks to you. Mrs. Holden is here, and I am enjoying her visit very much. She is so kind and helpful. You are quite right; it is ridiculous to be afraid of one's own cook, and I now enter the kitchen with an easy mind. Also, my cooking has improved so much, that I quite enjoy eating my own pastry, which I thought would for ever be an impossibility.

"Your grateful friend,

"MADGE HOLDEN."

(To be continued.)

with which his comings and goings were watched; of Mr. Asplin in the vicarage with his wife running to meet him, and Mellicent resting her curly head on his shoulder, and the figure of the old lord standing unnoticed at the head of his own table assumed a pathetic interest. It seemed, however, as if Lord Darcy were accustomed to be overlooked, for he showed no signs of annoyance; on the contrary, his face brightened, and he looked at the pretty scene with sparkling eyes. The room was full of a soft rosy glow, the shimmer of silver and crystal was reflected in the sheet of mirror, and beneath the garlands of flowers the young faces of the guests glowed with pleasure and excitement. He looked from one to the other—handsome Max, dandy Oswald, Robert with his look of strength and decision; then to the girls—Esther, gravely smiling, wide-eyed Mellicent; Peggy, with her eloquent, sparkling eyes; Rosalind, a queen of beauty among them all; finally to the head of the table where sat his wife.

"I must congratulate you, dear," he said heartily. "It is the prettiest sight I have seen for a long time. You have arranged admirably, but that's no new thing; you always do. I don't know where you get your ideas. These wreaths—eh? I've never seen anything like them before. What made you think of fastening them up there?"

"I have had them like that several times before, but you never notice a thing until its novelty is over, and I am tired to death of seeing it," said his wife with a frown, and an impatient

curve of the lip as if she had received a rebuke instead of a compliment.

Peggy stared at her plate, felt Robert shuffle on his chair by her side, and realised that he was as embarrassed and unhappy as herself. The beautiful room with its luxurious appointments seemed to have suddenly become oppressive and cheerless, for in it was the spirit of discontent and discord between those who should have been most in harmony. Esther was shocked, Mellicent frightened, the boys looked awkward and uncomfortable. No one ventured to break the silence, and there was quite a long pause before Lady Darcy spoke again in quick, irritable tones.

"Have you arranged to get away with me on Thursday, as I asked you?"

"My dear, I cannot. I explained before. I am extremely sorry, but I have made appointments which I cannot break. I could take you next week if you would wait."

"I can't wait. I told you I had to go to the dentist's. Do you wish me to linger on in agony for another week? And I have written to Mrs. Bouverie that I will be at her 'At Home' on Saturday. My appointments are, at least, as binding as yours. It isn't often that I ask you to take me anywhere, but when it is a matter of health, I do think you might show a little consideration."

Lord Darcy drew his brows together and bit his moustache. Peggy recalled Robert's description of the "governor looking wretched" when he found himself compelled to refuse a favour, and did not wonder that the lad was ready to deny himself a pleasure rather than

see that expression on his father's face. The twinkling light had died out of his eyes and he looked old, and sad, and haggard, far more in need of physical remedies than his wife, whose "agony" had been so well concealed during the last two hours as to give her the appearance of a person in very comfortable health. Rosalind alone looked absolutely unruffled, and lay back in her chair nibbling at her bon-bon as though such scenes were of too frequent occurrence between her parents to be deserving of attention.

"If you have made up your mind to go to-morrow, and cannot go alone, you must take Robert with you, Beatrice, for I cannot leave. It is only for four days, and Mr. Asplin will no doubt excuse him if you write and explain the circumstances."

Lord Darcy left the room and Robert and Peggy exchanged agonised glances. Go away for nearly a week, when before two days were over the calendar must be sent to London, and there still remained real hard work before it was finished! Peggy sat dazed and miserable, seeing the painful effort of the last month brought to naught, Robert's ambition defeated, and her own help of no avail. That one glance had shown the lad's face flushed with emotion, but when his mother spoke to him in fretful tones, bidding him be ready next morning when she should call in the carriage on her way to the station, he answered at once with polite acquiescence.

"Very well, mater, I won't keep you waiting. I shall be ready by half-past ten if you want me."

(To be continued.)



THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER IV.

JANE MAKES HERSELF USEFUL.

"I MET Norah Villiers yesterday, girls," said Ada Oringbury to her sister and Marion as they all took their seats at the breakfast-table on a gusty February morning.

"I wonder you had the audacity to speak to anyone so grand!" laughed Jane.

Norah Villiers was an old school friend who had married a very wealthy man.

"Oh, Norah is very sensible! She never

had any nonsense about her! Her money has not turned her head, as happens to some people. She looked perfectly charming in a sweet little toque all over violets, and she was so pleased to see me. But I could not help laughing to myself to find how very elderly and staid she had grown. Not in appearance, you know, but in manner."

"I suppose she gave a great deal of motherly advice for the benefit of three young things living together in an unprotected condition!" said Jennie. "What did she advise?"

Burglar-proof window fasteners, or cork soles, or what?"

"Don't talk nonsense, Jane!" said Ada severely. "She has made some excellent discoveries in the course of her housekeeping, and now that she is so wealthy she hails any very economical discovery with glee, as so many do when there is no longer any reason to restrict oneself within narrow limits. We talked for ten minutes on the subject of Australian meat, and she charged me solemnly to deliver the glorious news to you."

"What news?" asked Marion smiling.

"Norah declares that hardly anybody knows how to cook Australian meat properly; but that when it is treated in the right way, it is as good as any meat for which one could wish. And as it is much cheaper, that is good news to us if it be true."

"What does she recommend should be done to it?" asked Jane. "It has always been tough whenever I have tasted it."

"She says it should be properly thawed," went on Ada. "You see one forgets that as it is frozen meat it must be thawed before it can be cooked. The consequence is that as a rule when the meat is supposed to be cooking, it is only thawing. Norah says that the meat should hang in the kitchen for the whole of the day before it is wanted, and then should be put quite near the fire for an hour before ever you attempt to cook it at all."

"Well, we will certainly try it," said Marion. "I think Mrs. Villiers might be able to afford herself English-fed beef, but I have few prejudices, and I am glad to hear of anything economical."

"Well, let us then," said Ada; "for Norah was so urgent in the matter that I should not like to have to face her again unless I could assure her with a clear conscience that I have taken her advice."

"Well, on Thursday, then," Marion agreed. "I will get in the mutton on Wednesday morning, and it shall hang in our spacious kitchen all the day before. All meat is better for hanging, and I often regret our delicious country joints."

"You certainly always had splendid meat at Hawthornburrow," said Ada. "I remember hearing one of the curates from Fosley admiring it to my father. But I thought it was because of those black-faced little sheep that your father always buys."

"Partly that," answered Marion, "but principally on account of the long hanging of all the meat. We often have joints hanging for a fortnight if the weather is cold—hanging with the thick end upwards, I mean, so that the juices shall not run out. Consequently the flavour of the meat is infinitely improved."

"Marion talks like an elderly farmer!" cried Jane. "So much solid wisdom is overpowering to my giddy brain. Never mind, dear," she went on, patting Marion's head, "we all appreciate it very much. I can't imagine what we should do if we had to go and live in a boarding-house now that we have become accustomed to your nice cosy little ways. Oh," she cried suddenly as she helped herself to some marmalade, "to-day is Shrove Tuesday, and we must have some pancakes! I will fry them all if you will make the batter for them. No, I shall be home early and I will perform the whole operation. *Gare aux crêpes!*"

Making pancakes was Jane's favourite occupation as far as cooking was concerned. So the others laughingly acquiesced.

"How did they teach beginners to toss pancakes at the cookery school?" asked Marion.

"Oh, the teacher did the first one, and then we tried! There is no need to toss them really, you know; they are equally nice if you just slide a hot knife underneath when they are cooked on one side and turn it gently over. But, of course, no one was satisfied until she could toss them. I have seen an enthusiast work away with one long-suffering pancake until she could toss it and catch it again with ease, and each time it missed the pan, the blacker grew the pancake and the redder her face. How we laughed when it spun across the floor into a bowl of water! There is a great deal in not jerking the pan to the right or left, but just lifting your arm straight up when you toss it."

"Very well, you shall give us a practical

demonstration to-night and work off your superfluous energy," said Marion as she helped Jane on with her jacket. "Ada and I will sit in state at the table and wait for relays."

So a little before dinner-time Jennie went into the kitchen, first donning her professional apron and sleeves.

As she wanted the pancakes to be extra good, she allowed herself two eggs. She put four ounces of flour in a basin and stirred in the two eggs one by one with the back of a wooden spoon (first removing the tread and keeping the mixture very smooth). Then she stirred in half a pint of milk by degrees and beat all well with the front of the spoon. She then melted about two ounces of butter in a small saucepan and took off the scum and poured it off into a measure. This was to prevent the pancakes from sticking to the pan, as they would have done if she had left the scum (which is the salt) on. Before each pancake was made, a little of this was poured into the frying-pan to grease it well, and then poured off again.

For each pancake she poured about a tablespoonful and a half of the batter into the pan, doing this off the fire as, if it is done on the stove, the batter sets quickly and cannot be run over the bottom of the pan quickly enough to make nice thin pancakes.

She ran the batter round the edge of the pan, and then tilted it quickly so that the bottom was quite covered. Then putting the pan over the stove she shook it briskly, loosening it at the edges with a knife; and as soon as it was a light golden brown she lifted it off the stove and tossed it deftly in the air, so that it fell in the pan with the cooked side uppermost. A few seconds more over the fire and it was done. Now to turn it on to a warm plate, squeeze lemon-juice and sift castor sugar over, and roll up is short work. She had two hot plates; one to turn the pancakes out on to, and the other to put them on when folded over. When the last pancake had been made there was a goodly pile of twelve upon the dish which Jane carried triumphantly to the sitting-room, first sifting them with castor sugar. It was as well that Abigail did not care much for pancakes, for alas! there were none left.

True to her promise, Marion provided some Australian mutton in the course of the week, and treated it according to Mrs. Villiers's directions. She bought the thick half of a leg of mutton on Wednesday morning, and all that day it hung in the kitchen on a hook. The hook went into one of the joists, and so was perfectly firm. She cut a fillet of about a third of an inch thick to keep for Friday's dinner, and cut it as for veal cutlet in round pieces about the size of the top of a tea-cup. These she egged, and fried a golden-brown, and served round a pile of mashed potatoes. On Thursday they had the rest of the joint boiled to a turn, surrounded by turnips cooked with the meat. Marion was too practical a cook to fall into the usual error of letting a so-called "boiled" joint actually boil for more than a minute or two, and so become hard. The joint, which weighed four pounds when the fillet was removed, was put in the fish-kettle, with enough cold water to cover it, and was brought very slowly to the boil. It was allowed to boil for two minutes, and then was well skimmed; then the turnips were put in, the lid put on again, the heat was lowered, and the joint kept barely at simmering-point for an hour. All this was done in the morning. An hour before dinner the joint was put on the stove again to finish cooking and re-heat; it was then put quickly on a hot dish, and parsley sauce poured over. The joint was beautifully tender, and the water in which it was cooked was used for making a delicious carrot soup on the following day, and which preceded the filets, fried as we

have described. Marion always arranged her dinners at the beginning of the week, and she found it would be more convenient to have the boiled joint on the day before the fillet, as the soup made from the stock would come in so nicely before a little meat dish like the fried filets.

The small amount of mutton that remained was minced finely and made into some meat patties for Sunday's supper.

This is the dinner list for the week. They had fried bacon for breakfast on the mornings on which they did not take porridge.

Monday.	Milk Soup. Toad in the Hole. Artichokes. Baked Potatoes. Apple Dumplings.
Tuesday.	Lentil Soup. Fried Lemon Sole. New Carrots à la Flamande. Pancakes.
Wednesday.	(High Tea.) Curried Scallops and Rice. Dough Nuts.
Thursday.	Boiled Mutton and Turnips. Parsley Sauce. Welsh Rare Bit.
Friday.	Carrot Soup. Fried Mutton Cutlets. Mashed Potatoes. Rice Pudding.
Saturday.	Fried Steak and Onions. Boiled Potatoes. Steamed Marmalade Pudding.
Sunday.	Roast Fowl. Baked Potatoes. Oranges in Snow.

The last-named dish is such a pretty one, and so exceedingly nice, that as Marion does not mind we will give the recipe in full.

Oranges in Snow.—Make a syrup of half a pint of water and half a pound of loaf sugar. Pare six oranges very carefully and put them in the syrup; let them simmer very gently until they are perfectly tender but quite whole. Lift them carefully out with a fish-slice, and put in two ounces of tapioca. Let the tapioca cook until clear and soft in the syrup, by which time most of the syrup will be absorbed. Pour this into a glass dish and let it get cold, stand the oranges upon it, sweeten some whipped cream and pile it upon them, and decorate with a few hundreds and thousands sprinkled over.

Now follows the food account for the week.

	£	s.	d.
1½ lb. rump steak	0	1	3
5 lb. mutton at 7d. (Australian)	0	2	11
½ lb. suet	0	0	1½
1 lb. fat for rendering	0	0	2
1 lb. apples	0	0	3
½ pint lentils	0	0	1½
Flavouring vegetables	0	0	2
Turnips	0	0	3
Carrots for soup	0	0	3
New carrots	0	0	½
Onions	0	0	1½
Lemon sole	0	0	10
15 eggs	0	1	3
2 lbs. bacon	0	1	4
Fowl	0	2	6
1 lb. cheese	0	0	7
9 scallops	0	0	9
1 lb. marmalade	0	0	6
1 lb. tea	0	1	8
Tin of cocoa	0	0	6
1 lb. Demerara	0	0	1½
1 lb. loaf	0	0	2
8 loaves	0	2	2
Milk	0	1	9
Cream	0	0	6
8 lbs. potatoes	0	0	6½
1 lb. artichokes	0	0	1½
1 quarter household flour	0	0	5½

£1 1 8½

(To be continued.)

ABSENCE.

By INA NOEL.

I CALL to thee across the space that lies
Between us now and keeps thee from my eyes ;
But, like a tired swallow on the sea,
Words fall and die, unheard alas ! by thee.
No tone of mine can reach thee now, below'd,
No sound of human voice will bridge the deep,
Only my spirit calling through the dark
May stir a smile upon thy lips in sleep.



THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER V.

THE MARCH WIND BLOWS.

"WELL, Jane, tell us something interesting," said Ada, as the trio sat toasting their toes before the fire on a gusty evening in March.

Jane yawned, and the wind whistled eerily round the house.

"I can't think of anything," she said, after a minute or two. "My head feels as if it were stuffed with cotton wool. I wish this wind would go down."

"You have not told us any anecdotes of your children for ever so long. How are the little things getting on?"

"A detachment of volunteers came to drill in the school yard this afternoon, and they were all longing to look out of the windows and watch."

"Why could you not let them?"

"Oh, they never settle down to their work properly if interruptions like that are allowed," said Jane, getting more wide awake.

"Are your classes full?"

"There is a great deal of illness about, and that keeps some of them at home. The people are terribly poor. I wish I could persuade some of the better class people about to give me orders for dinners for the poor people. It would cost so little, and I would be very careful to give it to those who most needed it. I ask this of everyone who happens to come in to see the children at work, but except for a chance order now and then, it is very difficult to get rid of the food."

"Who buys the things that the children make?" asked Marion.

"The children are supposed to buy the things themselves; and they generally do buy rock cakes and gingerbread and things that are of no practical use to them. But more sensible dishes, such as stews and soup, are very difficult to sell without outside help. There are one or two people in some workmen's buildings just near who buy from time to time, and when the beef-tea lesson comes round, the vicar is very kind in buying it for anyone who is sick. It is very difficult to get along sometimes," added Jane, gazing dolefully into the depths of the fire.

"I was just thinking," said Ada meditatively, after a minute or two's thought; "I was just thinking if there was no one to whom we could mention the matter, who would be glad to help. Of course, one can understand that there are certain objections. For instance, if it became widely known that food was given away at the cookery school, people would be always coming in to beg, and it would be very inconvenient. Besides, there would be so much jealousy amongst those who did not get it, and it would be impossible to satisfy all. But I should think a few private orders might be managed, and they would certainly be a great help to you, Jennie, and if you told the people who came for dinners not to mention it to others, I should think it would be all right."

"They would not do that, I am sure," said Jane. "They do not like it known that they are taking charity, unless it is some widely recognised institution like a soup-kitchen. I have often noticed that."

"There are the Baddeleys, now; they live

near your school in Warrington Road. Do you ever see them?"

"No; I had forgotten about them. I do not think they know that I teach up there. I will write to-night and ask them to come and see me."

"I will write," said Ada, patting her sister's nut-brown head, "you are so tired."

"The wind has made my eyes ache."

So Ada wrote to Mrs. Baddeley, knowing her to be a philanthropic woman, and her appeal was warmly answered.

Mrs. Baddeley called to see Jane at her school two days after, to her great delight. The lady in question was an old friend of their mother's, but they had not seen her for some time. She had heard that the girls had come to live in London, but had not yet been to see them, and she had had no idea that Jane was teaching so near to her.

"I had heard that cookery was taught to the children in the schools, but I did not know exactly where. I am so pleased to come and see the cookery kitchen, and still more to find you in it," said the sympathetic lady, as she sat down in a chair by the dresser and looked round admiringly at the gleaming pots and pans which Jane's little scholars kept in order.

Jennie explained her difficulty to her genial friend.

"You do not have to spend your own money on the food for the classes, do you?" asked Mrs. Baddeley.

"No; I have some given me to start the lessons with, but if I do not sell anything for a day or two it is difficult to get along.

"Of course, it must be, but I think I see a way out of your difficulty. I shall be only too glad if you can manage to prepare three dinners twice a week for some poor old people whom I try to help. I will give you the names, and they shall call for the dishes. But I hope the dinners will be quite plain and simple but very nourishing."

Jane assured Mrs. Baddeley that she taught no dishes that were not plain and simple, and mentioned such items as Exeter stew, Irish stew, beef skirt pie, liver and bacon, and for puddings fruit in batter, milk puddings, baked ginger puddings, and so on.

And so the compact was made; Mrs. Baddeley's protégées came for their dinners punctually every other day at the appointed time, and the arrangement proved equally satisfactory to all concerned.

It was now near the end of March. On looking through her dinner lists, which she kept by her to avoid a too frequent repetition of any one thing, Marion noticed that the time for pork would soon be at an end, for she believed in the old saying that pork is not wholesome in any month that has not an "r" in it. So as April was the last "r" month, she treated her household to a nice little piece of roast loin, which they appreciated very much. It was allowed plenty of time to cook; about half an hour longer than a piece of beef or mutton of the same weight would have been, and it was so well basted that the crackling was beautifully crisp and very unlike the tough leathery pieces that are occasionally served only to be left on the plates of those to whom they are given. On the following day she cut up the remains into dice, and, having purchased half a pound of chuck steak and cut it up small, made it into a curry to which she added the remains of the pork.

This is her list for the week—

<i>Sunday.</i>	Roast Ptarmigan. Artichokes. Baked Potatoes. Lemon Sponge.
<i>(Supper.)</i>	Sardines. Brown Bread and Butter. Cocoa.
<i>Monday.</i>	Roast Pork. Apple Sauce. Boiled Potatoes. Stewed Prunes. Rice Shape.
<i>Tuesday.</i>	Curry and Rice. Boiled Batter Pudding.
<i>Wednesday.</i>	<i>(High Tea.)</i> Sausages. Oat Biscuits.
<i>Thursday.</i>	Pea Soup. Baked Whittings with Brown Sauce. Sea-kale. Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce.

<i>Friday.</i>	Stuffed Sheep's Heart with Force-meat Balls. Loch Lomond Pudding.
<i>Saturday.</i>	Fried Liver and Bacon. Cabbage. Baked Potatoes. Semolina Pudding.

Lest my readers should be startled to see sea-kale on the list, and think that our house-keeper was forgetting her economy, I will explain at once that it was not the expensive sea-kale at eighteenpence the basket that one sees wrapped in blue paper in the green-grocers' shops. It was some sold at twopence the pound—a quite small kind—that Marion had discovered at some local "stores" which she occasionally frequented. It was not as delicate as the expensive kind, but it was very nice. The salesman told her that they were the siftings of the finer kind. The ptarmigan she bought on a day when they were for sale very cheap, as there had been a large supply in the market, and they hung for a day or two until they were wanted. They took so little time to cook—about twenty-five minutes, that it was hardly more trouble to cook them than to warm up a pie or stew as they often did on a Sunday. The oat biscuits and the Loch Lomond pudding were both made from recipes given some years before to Marion's mother by a Highland lady famous for her good things. Here they are:—

Oat Biscuits.—Mix a teaspoonful of baking powder with six ounces of flour; mix in four ounces of fine oatmeal with two ounces of brown sugar; mix with beaten egg to a dough. Roll out, stamp into rounds with a wineglass, lay on a greased tin and bake in a rather slow oven about twenty minutes.

Loch Lomond Pudding.—Beat a quarter of a pound of dripping to a cream, stir in two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of raspberry jam, and half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; add four ounces of flour, and lastly beat in two eggs one by one. Bake in a buttered pie-dish about three-quarters of an hour.

The food bill for the week was certainly economical. The breakfasts on the alternate mornings, when they did not take porridge, were dried haddocks, Monday and Wednesday, and bacon on Friday. The haddocks were left to soak in milk and water all night and then cooked in a frying-pan in the milk and water until quite tender, skimmed carefully, drained on a fish-slice, put on a hot dish that had first been rubbed with a little piece of butter, and another bit was put on the top of

the fish. Then they were peppered and brought quickly to table.

Food account:—

	£	s.	d.
Two ptarmigan	0	2	0
Three and a half pounds of loin of pork	0	2	11
Half a pound of chuck steak	0	0	5
One pound of sausages	0	0	8
Four sheep's hearts at 3½d.	0	1	2
One pound of liver	0	0	8
One and a half pounds of bacon	0	1	0
Two haddocks	0	1	0
Four small whittings	0	1	0
One pound of artichokes	0	0	1½
Celery (for flavouring)	0	0	1
One pound of onions	0	0	2
One pound of small sea-kale	0	0	2
Cauliflower	0	0	3
Cabbage	0	0	2
Nine pounds of potatoes	0	0	7
One pound of prunes	0	0	6½
Tin of potted meat	0	0	4½
Small tin of cocoa	0	0	6
Half a pound of tea	0	0	10
Eight loaves of bread	0	2	6
Milk	0	1	9
Sundries (peaflour, jam, etc.)	0	0	6
Quaker oats	0	0	6
Fat for rendering	0	0	2
One and a half pounds of butter	0	1	8
Tin of sardines	0	0	10½
	£	1	2 7

Towards the end of the month, as oranges were getting much sweeter, and were very cheap, they made some excellent marmalade. Jane, Marion and Abigail cut up the oranges one Saturday morning, put them in a large earthenware pan with the right quantity of water, covered the pan and let the contents soak all Sunday. On Monday Marion cooked it until it was sufficiently firm and put it in jars, which she tied down on the following day. This is her recipe:—

Orange Marmalade.—Shred finely sixteen Seville oranges, twelve sweet ones and four lemons, carefully removing the pips as you do so, and put them to soak in an earthenware pan with six quarts of water, cover the pan and let it soak for forty-eight hours. Put in a stewpan or fish-kettle with eight pounds of loaf sugar. As soon as the sugar has melted, boil the marmalade, quickly skimming all the while for twenty minutes, and then let it simmer until the marmalade jellies.

(To be continued.)

CHRONICLES OF AN ANGLO-CALIFORNIAN RANCH.

By MARGARET INNES.

CHAPTER V.

OUR FIRST DAYS IN THE BARN.

THE route we had chosen, a drive of about eighteen miles, was supposed to be the least steep in its ups and downs; an important consideration, with our heavy load. When we crept round the last turning and could see our hill, with its little patch of brown earth turned up, and the barn which looked like a small wooden box, we felt that our difficulties for the day were conquered. At that moment we were passing a ranch which was just being enclosed with a fence made of narrow laths wired together; these were lying in large bundles at intervals all along the road for a distance of about a quarter of a mile. To our dismay, when Dan reached the first of these bundles, he put back his ears and gave a

sudden and most violent shy, almost lurching the surrey over, and then stood trembling, his legs planted apart in an obstinate manner, and absolutely refused to move an inch further.

We tried coaxing, then whipping, till Dan showed us his heels in a series of most vicious kicks, higher and higher, till we feared he would break some part of the harness, or the surrey itself.

Eventually he did allow himself to be slowly coaxed past, I making myself as broad as possible to try and screen that side of the road, and leading him, and my husband checking his evident desire to bolt after each separate bundle was left behind. By this time it was grey twilight, and when we reached our haven, we had to be satisfied with the simplest arrangements possible for the night.

As we were occupying the rooms which by rights belonged to the horses, they had to be staked out on the open hillside, and during the night Joe managed to get loose and went careering off, up and down and round the barn, so that we were awakened by the clattering of his hoofs. It was a brilliant starlit night, perfectly still and mild, and all the family turned out in their night gear to help to catch him and fasten him up again. It was a curious sensation to be so absolutely alone, and free, with nothing but the great ranges of big bare mountains lying spread out into the far distance.

The absolute stillness was very weird; the smallest sound from miles around reached us in the calm quiet. The plaintive call of the little brown owls had a sad uneasy ring in it, and the coyote's mocking yelp seemed most uncomfortably near.

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER VI.

AFFORDS SOME
ENTERTAINMENT.

HERE is a letter from Basil, Jennie," said Marion, as they settled down to work after dinner. "It came the first thing this morning, but you went away without noticing it."

"Thank you," said Jennie, with great dignity, "I saw the letter quite well, but I

know better than to open an epistle from a school-boy brother on the first of April before twelve o'clock. If he thinks he is going to play his *tricks on me*, he is vastly mistaken. You see I have waited until the witching hour of half-

past seven, so the joke turns against himself now. I wonder the masters at Oundle don't keep him better employed."

Marion suggested that it was more than probable that this letter, if its contents were as Jane suggested, had not been submitted to the masters for their perusal. She added further that perhaps the weight of advancing years was having a sobering effect on his unruly spirits, and that possibly the letter was only an ordinary one after all.

"Open it, Jennie," said Ada. "Brace yourself up for the effort, and don't keep us any longer in suspense."

So Jane opened it. The others watched her face, and laughed heartily as they saw her expression of triumphant indignation as she read her mischievous brother's letter.

"I knew what it would be," she exclaimed. "It is not a letter at all! Just a set of nonsense rules for housekeepers."

"Read it out," laughed Marion. But now Jane was laughing herself too much to do so. So Marion took up the paper and began.

"RULES FOR THE GUIDANCE OF YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS."

"Rule 1. If you wish to chop suet but have no chopper, go to the coal-cellar and take the coal-hammer. A good housewife will always do this."

"The idea!" cried Jane. "He once heard me reading out the notes I had made on a demonstration to working women that one of the teachers at the cookery school gave to the students. She was always telling us how to contrive cleverly, but she certainly never said that!"

Marion continued:—

"Rule 2. If a dainty savoury is required at a short notice, carefully remove the jam from some raspberry tarts of the first water, and fill in the vacuum thus obtained with selected portions of curry-powder mingled with lard."

"Is that another reminiscence of yours, Jennie?" laughed Ada.

"No, certainly not. But it reminds one of the sort of advice given in some of the 'answers to correspondents' in the cookery columns of a fashion paper. He must have bought one and got the style without the substance. He

and Jimmy Spriggins must have concocted this between them."

Jimmy Spriggins was Basil Orlingbury's chosen friend, and was known as his companion in mild practical jokes of this nature. Jennie took the paper from Ada and read on.

"Rule 3. A highly cultivated Gorgonzola cheese is a source of true economy." (Oh, the spelling!) "It is not necessary to eat it at all, as the full flavour may be obtained by holding pieces of bread on a toasting-fork before the cheese for ten minutes."

"Rule 4. To make sure nobody does eat the cheese, gum a notice on it: 'You are requested not to touch the Gorgonzola!'"

"Rule 5. It is quite time another cake came this way. Please see that the plums in it are well within shouting distance. The last was rattling good."

"Is that the end?" asked Marion.

"I should think so, and quite enough, indeed," said Jane. "The impudence of those two boys to wind up by calmly asking for another cake! Why, it is not a month since we sent them one."

"Well, Marion did," said Ada; "I don't know that you and I had much to do with it. I think the hint is to us this time."

"Well," returned Jane magnanimously, "I was young once myself, so I forgive the young people. They shall have their cake and eat it," she added, with the air of quoting a proverb. "I will make a cake between the classes to-morrow, and let it bake during the last class."

Jane had from twelve o'clock until two o'clock to herself, and her last class was from two until four.

True to her promise she made a substantial cake. We will copy the recipe out of her note-book.

BASIL'S CAKE.

Ingredients.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 1 lb. dripping, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. currants, $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. raisins, 1 lb. sugar, 1 dessertspoonful of baking powder, 5 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of milk.

Method.—Work the dripping to a cream; work in the sugar and cream that; beat in the eggs one by one, putting a little flour with each to prevent their curdling; stir in the currants, washed, dried and floured, and the raisins, stoned and chopped; mix in the flour and baking powder, and lastly the milk. Bake about two hours.

This cake was baked in a good hot oven, in a tin lined with greased paper and standing on a baking-sheet spread with a thick layer of sand.

Jane left it in her class-room on a sieve all night, and brought it home the next day when it was cold; and she and Ada packed it up and sent it to Basil at Oundle, where it was received with much rejoicing, and where it soon disappeared.

"It is just this, you know," said Jane meditatively, as she curled herself up in the armchair, one evening after dinner. "It is just this. I expect people are making jokes about our housekeeping and wondering how we are getting on."

"I daresay they are, my dear," remarked Marion with equanimity, as she looked up from her lace-work.

"No doubt many of our acquaintances are quite confident that we live chiefly on bread and dripping, with cold porridge as an occasional variation," said Ada, "but don't let that fact worry you, Jane. Think of the delicious soup we have just had and be thankful."

"Oh, I would not care if they did say so,

of course. But don't you think it would be quite delicious to give a little luncheon party and ask—"

"A very good idea, Jennie," broke in Marion. "Certainly we will have a luncheon party, but it must be on a Saturday, so that you can help me to cook."

"We will ask Julia and Mary Holmes, then," said Ada, "I have not seen them for an age, and I know they would like to know how we are getting on."

The Holmes were two school friends of the Orlingburys, who had come to London to study music and were living in a boarding-house in Bayswater.

"Whom will you invite, Marion?" inquired Ada.

"My cousin Madge, I think."

"Yes, do," said Jennie. "I want to hear all about her visit to Brighton. Can I ask Dora Hopwood? She is in town. I saw her to-day; she came to my class to see me."

Dora Hopwood had been in training at the cookery school at the same time as Jane, and the latter looked forward with a thrill of pride to showing her prowess to "one who knew."

"That will be as many as we can seat, then," said Marion. "If we invite any more, Abigail will have too much to do, and get flurried. Jennie, will you make a Charlotte Russe by way of a sweet? It can be made the day before."

"Yes, I can make that in the evening when I get home, and during the day I can make a Victoria sandwich—we shall want another sweet."

"Let me exhibit one of my few accomplishments," said Ada laughing, "and fry some fish. Would sole be too dear, Marion? We shall have to be very economical to make up for this extravagance."

Marion said she thought they might afford sole for once, so that was settled, and she suggested some fillet of veal by way of a meat course.

"Yes," said Jane eagerly. "Let us have a nice little joint of fillet of veal, with mushrooms and pretty little button tomatoes round it."

Marion reminded her that pretty little button tomatoes did not flourish in April, so she must forego them, and be content with the mushrooms, half a pound of which would suffice to garnish the dish.

"If we have mushrooms round the dish, I should think fried potato croquettes would be nice to hand with them, and some French beans," said Jane.

"I did not know beans were in season," said Ada.

"Not English beans, of course. These are foreign ones, at eightpence a pound. Half a pound are enough for a dish."

"I should think that from four to four and a half pounds of veal would be sufficient for the joint," said Marion meditatively. "Now, Jennie, here is our menu:—"

Fried Sole.
Roast Fillet of Veal and Mushrooms.
Potato Croquettes. Beans.
Charlotte Russe.
Victoria Sandwich.
Custard in Glasses.

The last item was Ada's idea, and she undertook to make it herself.

The invitations were sent at once for the following Saturday, and were promptly accepted. On the Friday before, Jane made some Victoria sandwich, and brought it home in the evening. She also prepared a small round cake tin ready for the Charlotte Russe. This is her recipe for the latter—

Charlotte Russe.—Dissolve half a pint of red jelly and pour a layer into the tin to the depth of half an inch. Let this set. Cut some finger sponge cakes to the depth of the tin and arrange them round the sides, sticking them together with jelly. Melt half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of milk, and when it is lukewarm stir it into half a pint of sweetened whipped double cream, with which two ounces of crystallised cherries have been mixed. Pour this into the prepared mould and turn out when cold.

On the Saturday morning, Ada made her custard. The fillet of veal was rolled and stuffed with a forcemeat made by boiling six ounces of calf's liver and chopping it finely and mixing it with half a pound of breadcrumbs, two ounces of chopped suet, two tablespoonfuls of parsley, pepper and salt, and binding all together with beaten egg. The mushrooms that surrounded the joint had been peeled, rinsed and cooked separately in a little butter. Marion prepared and cooked the joint and dished it up; she also made the delicious potato croquettes, not one of which burst in the frying, and cooked the beans.

On the eventful day Jane had nothing to dish up that was hot, so behold her dressed in her best, welcoming the guests in the sitting-room, which she had decked with sweet April primroses, and which looked its brightest. The table was laid for lunch, and in the kitchen Ada was even now frying the soles and Marion dishing the veal. In a few minutes they took off their large aprons, gave the beaming Abigail a few last directions, and joined the party.

Abigail's abilities had developed greatly of late, and she was fast becoming an intelligent waitress. On this occasion she served the fish with great promptitude, before it had

time to get cold, and she contrived to keep the joint perfectly hot and crisp until it was time to carry it in, and the vegetables likewise.

The guests were delighted with everything, and the Holmes said with enthusiasm that they wished they could find a delightful third to live with them and manage for them as Marion did for the Orlingburys. Dora Hopwood told Jane that she was going to stay near Oundle in a few days, and she promised to see Basil, and give him a full and particular account of the feast, which she did; but he declared that it was all thanks to the directions given in "Hints to Housekeepers," without which they would have known nothing.

We are glad to say that the lunch-party did not prove too great a strain upon the incomes of our three friends, as will be seen from the following lists—

<i>Sunday.</i>	Stewed Rabbits. Cauliflower. Baked Potatoes. Queen of Puddings.
<i>Monday.</i>	Fried Plaice. Stew (rabbits and neck of mutton). Boiled Potatoes. Rhubarb Fool.
<i>Tuesday.</i>	Tapioca Soup. Brown Stew of Beef. Apple Cheesecakes.
<i>Wednesday.</i>	(High Tea.) Rissoles (made of remains of yesterday's stew.) Brown Scones.
<i>Thursday.</i>	Stuffed Haddocks. Tomatoes and Macaroni.
<i>Friday.</i>	Mutton Chops. Boiled Potatoes. Sago Pudding.
<i>Saturday.</i>	(Lunch Party.) Fried Sole. Roast Fillet of Veal with Mushrooms. French Beans. Potato Croquettes. Charlotte Russe. Victoria Sandwiches Custard in Glasses.

FOOD LIST.

	£	s.	d.
Two rabbits	0	2	6
One pound of neck of mutton	0	0	6
One and a half pounds of chuck steak	0	1	3
Quarter of a pound of ox kidney	0	0	2
Three mutton chops at 5d.	0	1	3
Four and a half pounds of fillet of veal at 1s. 1d.	0	4	10½
Plaice	0	0	9
Fresh haddock	0	0	9
Two soles (one and a half pounds at 1s. 2d.)	0	1	9
Rhubarb	0	0	4
Half a pound of apples	0	0	1½
Small tin of tomatoes	0	0	4½
Half a pound of beans	0	0	4
Half a pound of mushrooms	0	0	6
Potatoes	0	0	6
Finger sponge cakes	0	0	6
Half a pint of cream	0	0	9
One ounce of gelatine	0	0	3½
Twelve eggs	0	1	0
Tin of corned beef (breakfast three days)	0	0	11
Quaker oats	0	0	6
Half a pound of tea	0	0	10
Flour	0	0	5½
Milk	0	1	9
Bread	0	2	2
Two pounds of fat for rendering	0	0	4
One and a half pounds of butter	0	2	0
One pound of castor sugar	0	0	3
One pound of loaf sugar	0	0	1½
One and a half pounds of demerara	0	0	2½
	£1	8	0½

(To be continued.)

"OUR HERO."

A TALE OF THE FRANCO-ENGLISH WAR NINETY YEARS AGO.

By AGNES GIBERNE, Author of "Sun, Moon and Stars," "The Girl at the Dower House," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.



In the year 1806 about twelve thousand British troops, under the command of Sir John Stuart, had in hand the task of saving Sicily from the grip of Napoleon; but the tortuous policy of their Sicilian majesties, the lack of honesty and of public spirit, and the underhand cabals and oppositions there, hindered far more from being done than was done.

A short time after the English

victory at Maida, in which and in the retreat following the French lost in killed and wounded over five thousand, while the English lost only about two hundred and fifty, Sir John Stuart was recalled, and old General Fox, brother of Mr. Charles Fox, then Prime Minister of England, was sent out. *Why* the brave Stuart should have been thus set aside does not appear, except that, as quaintly remarked by one of Moore's brothers, "it was a strong proof of fraternal affection" on the part of Mr. Fox.

Sir John Moore, who superseded Stuart, was appointed second in command under General Fox. And at this date occurred his one love affair.

Some mistaken reports on this subject have gained currency. Even lately the assertion has been freshly made that Moore, when he died, was engaged to Lady Hester Stanhope, niece of Mr. Pitt. This was not the case. Lady Hester was his friend; the most intimate woman-friend—though by no means the only one—that he had outside his own home circle; but though he both admired and loved her, it was as a friend only, not as a lover. He seems never to have thought of marrying her. On

the conclusive authority of General Anderson, who for twenty-one years was with him constantly in the closest possible intercourse, and from whom Moore appears to have had no secrets, there was but one whom Moore ever seriously wished to marry, and this was Caroline Fox, daughter of the old General in command at Sicily.

That the niece of Mr. Pitt should have been his most intimate woman-friend, and the niece of Mr. Fox his one and only love, reads curiously in the light of party politics. But Sir John was no party man. The great Minister, Pitt, had for him an unbounded esteem and affection, on the one side. And Fox, on the other, at a time when a movement was in progress to make Moore Commander-in-Chief in India, sent for him, and frankly informed him that "he could not give his consent" to this scheme. "It was impossible for him," he said, "in the state in which Europe then was, to send to such a distance a General in whom he had such entire confidence." Moore stood outside mere political warfare, grandly and simply, as representative of his country.

Amid the fighting, the difficulties, the perplexities, of Sicilian politics and

"My dear, I thought so at once," returned Mrs. Bray, "and I was a perfect match for her; for I showed no annoyance, and I highly commended you, saying that if all ladies were as prudent we should not hear of half the robberies which take place." Mrs. Bray gave a quick little nod of triumphant self-satisfaction.

"And, my dear," she went on, "that's not the sort of girl for you to have about your house. A creature who will turn her own misdemeanours into nettles to sting you with, is capable of anything. She should be at once sent off about her business."

"She is going off about it," answered Lucy. "The moment she knew she had done something which I could not pass over in silence, she gave me 'notice.'"

"Hoity-toity," cried Mrs. Bray; "and I hope you've got somebody else, and will be able to release her before her date?"

Lucy shook her head with a sad little smile. "But don't let me talk kitchen," she said, "I want to hear your impressions of the Royal Academy."

"It's been open for just a fortnight," said Mrs. Bray, looking keenly at her. "Of course, you've been? I know all about your bothering Institute classes, but there was Saturday."

"Last Saturday I had to stay indoors in hopes of interviewing servants," Lucy answered cheerfully, "and I shall have to do the same to-morrow."

"There now, my dear, you see that kitchen will come into our talk," returned Mrs. Bray, shaking a playful finger at her hostess. "You can't shut it out. It underlies all our living, and we ought to speak about what really concerns and interests us. It is called underbred to shrink from 'talking shop,' but after all it is the only talk worth engaging in. You verify my words, my dear, for you wanted to turn from the kitchen to pictures, that being 'the shop' you prefer. But the kitchen comes first, my dear. At bottom, the pictures depend on the kitchen. The greatest artists would tell you so, though they've left off glorifying copper pots and carrots as the good old Dutch school used to do."

By this time Lucy had set out her little afternoon tea-tray, and had summoned Jane to bring the kettle with boiling water. Everything else she did herself,

yet she was not too pre-occupied to be amused by her visitor's expression while the handmaid was in the room. It was the expression of a person unwillingly in the presence of a noxious animal. What pained and puzzled Lucy was, that this and Mrs. Bray's earlier diatribe seemed to have had a good effect upon Jane so far as making her move more softly and speak more respectfully. It acted as all her own justice, patience, and consideration had failed to do.

"A horrid girl," was the lady's comment as Jane departed.

"You see her at her very best," remarked Lucy, with a constrained little laugh. "You seem to have had a good effect on her. I must have made some mistake in dealing with her."

"She sees that I know her at her exact worth, or rather worthlessness," retorted the old lady, "and worthless people respect one for that at least as much as the worthy do for one's just appreciation. But don't distress yourself about your 'mistakes,' my dear. I'm only a visitor, and you are that hateful thing, a mistress; that gives her a different point of view. Above all, I come in a carriage, which, doubtless, she thinks is my own. My dear, make up your mind to the fact that to the common people 'the real lady, whom it is a pleasure to serve,' is the woman with money—the woman who does nothing, but expects everybody to wait upon her and to put her first. In their eyes, nobody who works for her living is 'a real lady.'"

"I don't think we need attribute these things to the 'common people,'" said Lucy quietly. "I notice the same feeling among the mass of women of my own class."

Whatever the old lady had originally meant, she was too keen and alert to deny the truth of Lucy's proposition. She adroitly parried it.

"My dear, the common people form the mass of every class. There are more of them in the lower classes simply because the lower classes are the larger. Sometimes, too, the others are too cowardly to put their creed into words, though they are faithful enough to it in deeds. But of course I don't know much about the young women of our class nowadays. I thought you had changed all that, and that all of you were running after 'careers.'"

Lucy laughed. "I don't think that makes any difference," she said. "A very plain distinction is generally drawn between the young woman who selects a career for her pleasure and her 'interest in life,' and the other who does the same thing for her livelihood."

"And I daresay nobody emphasises that distinction more strongly than some of your most advanced women," said Mrs. Bray, whose searching observation, despite her professed ignorance, had probably taught her all that Lucy could tell her and a good deal more too. "So that's the present-day way of it, is it? Well, my way would be that every girl should have her own father to give her a dowry suitable to her position, and her own husband who would do all the rest. I suppose that's Utopia. We all have Utopias, and that's mine. What does a woman want with a career, except for a living? Her grandmother and her great-grandmother (if she had any, poor dear!) found enough career in making the most of what the gods—I mean the men—provided."

"But even girls who don't need a livelihood may find it hard to occupy themselves," Lucy mildly suggested. "It seems cruel to deny work to any human being."

"Perhaps so, my love, but it's very mean of them to want to be provided for as women and working women at one and the same time. Let them be one or the other, whichever they choose; they've a right to freedom of choice, but they ought not to be both. Why, to be so is to be the very worst form of—what is it Mr. Bray calls the men whom labourers don't like?—black caps? No, black-legs—yes, the very worst form of black-leg. It's not ladylike. But here am I, rattling away about all sorts of women's social questions (which are but branches from the kitchen after all), and forgetting the kitchen itself. Do you know, my dear, the minute you said that this hussy is leaving, it occurred to me that I know somebody who can come in her place, who will probably suit you to a T, and who will regard me as a special providence if I get her the situation."

"Oh, Mrs. Bray," cried Lucy, "you make my heart leap with delight. This is so unexpected. Surely it is too good to be true!"

(To be continued.)

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAYSON.

CHAPTER VII.

VISITORS FOR MARION.

THE weather was now getting much warmer, the days were long and sunny, and the evenings light until late; so the girls began to make certain changes in their house-keeping arrangements. To begin with, the choral society which they had been attending on Wednesday evenings all the winter ceased in April, so they had late dinner every evening

except Saturday and Sunday. There was some talk of their joining a tennis club; but both Jane and Ada were generally too tired to play after their day's work, and, as the prudent Marion pointed out, if they joined a club it would mean that they would rush off to play directly they came home for as long as it was light, and get no solid food until past eight o'clock, when it would be too late to see about dinner. Jane thought that this would not matter in the very least, as it would

soon be getting too hot for anyone to think of eating; but she was over-ruled by her two elders, who insisted that, as none of them got a solid meal in the middle of the day, it would be a fatal thing if the one big meal were postponed altogether. So she was obliged to give in and be content with what tennis she could get at friends' houses on Saturday afternoons. This was not very much, and she had a good long walk to get it; but she thought it was better than nothing.

Early in May came a short note from Mrs. Holden to Marion.

"May 6th.

"MY DEAR MARION,—Are you ever at liberty to receive visitors, or are you perpetually busy? Do let me know if I may come over and see you next Saturday afternoon. I want to have a talk with you, and I have to come up to West Hampstead to look over some houses in your neighbourhood. I have written to a house agent for some addresses. Our neighbourhood here is getting so terribly built over, and it is too low down to suit Arthur, who suffers occasionally from bronchitis, so we are thinking of making a move in your direction, as Hampstead stands high. I shall be so glad to be near you, and I hope you will return the compliment.

"Do not think I intend to worry you to go house-hunting with me, for I should not dream of allowing such a thing. Arthur is too busy to come over with me; but my brother Tom is home on leave just now. I forget if you ever saw him—I think he was at school when you used to stay with us. It will do him good to have some sensible domestic occupation such as house-hunting. So I shall come and have a delightful cosy chat with you on Saturday if you will have me, and he shall look over the houses whilst we are discussing the affairs of the State. (By the way, why did some scones I made last week come out of the oven *freckled*? Don't forget to tell me.) Whilst we are discussing the affairs of the State, Master Tom can look over the houses and select the most suitable for me to inspect when you are tired of hearing me chatter.

"In haste,

"Yours ever,

"MADGE HOLDEN."

Marion laughed heartily over this letter, and read it out to the other two.

"What does she mean?" asked Ada in a perplexed tone. "How can the scones be *freckled*?"

"I have a vague recollection of something of the sort happening to some of mine once," said Jane; "but I have known so many accidents and failures that I can't possibly recollect them all. Oh, I know! How stupid of me! Of course, the carbonate of soda and cream of tartar were not properly mixed into the flour, and so wherever there was soda a brown patch was the result, as it always makes things darker when used alone."

"Bravo, Jennie!" said Marion. "I shall tell Mrs. Holden that you will write yourself and reveal the mystery of the scones. I am sorry you and Ada will not see her and her brother as you are going to the concert."

"Have you ever seen her brother Tom?" asked Ada.

"No, I don't remember having done so. But I heard of a schoolboy escapade of his years ago. His mother was entertaining visitors on a dark winter afternoon just at dusk; they had rung for the gas to be lighted, but the servant was a long time in coming. In the meantime they were considerably startled by a light that kept flashing in at the window and then disappearing. When everybody was well startled the cause was discovered. Master Tom and some boon companions were at the schoolroom window above amusing themselves by drawing a dark lantern up and down. Hence the phenomenon."

"How like a boy!" said Jane sedately.

On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Holden appeared, resplendent in a bonnet made of primroses, and with her a tall, sunburnt young fellow, whom she introduced as her brother, Tom Scott.

"But you must not stay, you know, Tom,"

said the lively lady. "You really must go and see about those houses, and we shall only bore you with our domestic talk."

Mr. Scott smiled languidly. He was ensconced in Jane's own particular rocking-chair and showed no disposition to move, but looked appreciatively round the sunny little sitting-room and at his bright-eyed little hostess, who sat by the work-table at the window with a bunch of sweet-smelling spring flowers in a vase beside her.

"I find this climate so trying after India," he remarked.

"Nonsense, Tom! Marion, he is too lazy for anything! How far is it to Thornicroft Gardens?"

Marion said that it was only two streets away.

"We must have tennis," said Mrs. Holden; "so, if the houses are nice, one of those might do, as I understand the gardens at the back have several courts. I am thankful Tom is an engineer; so if there is anything radically wrong with the house he will detect it, so I have not that responsibility! Now, Tom, do start off; and, if you are good, Marion will give you some tea when you get back! Be quick!"

So off he went, and for the next half-hour Mrs. Holden poured her domestic experiences into the ear of the sympathetic Marion.

"Tell me about calves' heads," she began eagerly.

"Whatever do you mean?" cried Marion, laughing. "You are like a child asking for a story. Tell me about fairies."

"Well, you know what I mean!" she said impatiently. "I want to know all about them, how much they cost, and if it would be feasible to have one, and if they are nice. But I won't have one if the cook is likely to make a hash of it!" she said energetically.

"Well, your cook might make a hash, and a very good hash too; but that is no reason why you should not have one. You need only have half a head, which will cost you about 3s. or 3s. 6d. Have it boiled the first day and served with white sauce over and bacon round alternately with slices of tongue, and hashed the second day."

"But don't you have to skin it, or do something like that first? I read something about skinning it in my cookery-book, and it puzzled me dreadfully."

"All that is done at the butcher's. It is as well to blanch the head by putting it in boiling water, bringing the water to the boil, and throwing it away. Then put it in a pan, with enough water to cover and vegetables to flavour, and cook gently about two and a half hours."

"That was just what I wanted to know. I understand about skinning the tongue and cutting it in pieces to put round the dish; but what are you to do with the brains?"

"Tie them in muslin and cook them for half an hour separately in water or stock, divide in small pieces and put round the dish. Before you go I will give you a nice recipe for hashing the remains. By the way, was the dinner list of any use?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Here is this week's then," said Marion, as she went to her desk and, opening it, gave the list to Mrs. Holden. "You see we have just been having calf's head ourselves."

DINNER LIST.

<i>Sunday.</i>	Veal and Ham Pie.
	Salad.
	Citron Cream.
(Supper.)	Anchovy Eggs.
<i>Monday.</i>	Spring Stew.
	Gooseberry Fool.
<i>Tuesday.</i>	Lettuce Soup.
	Roast Leg of Lamb.
	Mint Sauce.
	New Potatoes.

Wednesday. Cold Leg of Lamb.

Salad.

Swiss Roll.

Thursday. Calf's Head with White Sauce.

Lemon Jelly.

Friday. Hashed Calf's Head.

Cheesecakes.

Saturday. Cod and Mayonnaise.

Cucumber.

Cold Sponge Cake Pudding.

"You see, we have cold dishes rather often now the weather is getting warmer," said Marion as Mrs. Holden put down the paper. "Here is the food bill:—"

	£	s.	d.
1 lb. fillet of veal	.	.	0 1 0
Half a ham, 3½ lbs.	.	.	0 2 4
Leg of lamb (Australian)	.	.	0 3 1
Half a calf's head	.	.	0 2 9
1½ lb. neck of veal	.	.	0 1 0
Cucumber	.	.	0 0 4
2½ lb. new potatoes	.	.	0 0 5
3 lb. potatoes	.	.	0 0 3
2 lb. cod	.	.	0 1 0
Sponge cakes	.	.	0 0 6
Milk	.	.	0 1 9
Pint of gooseberries	.	.	0 0 3
1-pint packet lemon jelly	.	.	0 0 4
Small bottle olive oil	.	.	0 0 5½
½ lb. tea	.	.	0 0 10
1½ lb. butter at 1s. 4d.	.	.	0 2 0
½ lb. loaf sugar	.	.	0 0 1½
2 lb. Demerara	.	.	0 0 3½
1 lb. fat, for rendering	.	.	0 0 2
Fourteen eggs	.	.	0 1 0
Four lettuces	.	.	0 0 8
Eight loaves	.	.	0 2 4
	£	1	2 10½

"By the way, I have made a discovery. Oh, I know it will be no news to you; but I was proud of it, I assure you! It is, that there are several quite cheap pieces of veal that one can buy—breast of veal, for instance, and neck—for 8d. a pound. I always had looked upon veal as quite dear. But I don't know how to cook these joints. You can't make veal cutlet of them, can you?"

"No; they would not do for that. But the 'Spring Stew' that you see there is a dish made of neck of veal, new potatoes, spring onions and lettuce."

"Many thanks. It is of no use trying to get my people to eat cold meat; they simply won't. Tom is so accustomed to the good cooking of his native servants that he is a dreadful handful. I am so glad you taught me how to make a good curry; that at least is always appreciated."

"Is he graciously pleased to commend it?" asked Marion, laughing.

"Yes, indeed. He has a most extraordinary opinion of your talents, as he said he did not know such a thing as a good curry was to be had in England. Was that not rude? Now, I will not talk 'cooking' any more. Do play me something. I see the piano is invitingly open. It is ever so long since I heard you. Or will it tire you?"

"I am not tired at all," said Marion, and went to the piano. "What shall it be? Something calm and soothing, I suppose, and not at all suggestive of domestic worries."

So Marion played a delicious "Lullaby" of Rubinstein's, and Mrs. Holden lay back in the rocking-chair to listen—a graceful figure in blue.

"Thank you so much!" said a voice behind her as she finished.

Marion started slightly, and looked round to find that Mr. Scott had come back again, and had been let in by Abigail without her noticing the fact.

Mrs. Holden laughed mischievously.

"I have not had such a treat since I went to India," said her brother. "Pray do not

stop. You don't know how much I enjoy it," and he sat down prepared to listen to more.

So Marion played on. This time it was the "Spinn lied" from the "Lieder ohne Worte."

"Tom, you are positively improving," said his sister critically, as she finished and Abigail came in with the tea-things. "Just before you went away, I remember taking you to a Saturday concert at St. James's Hall, and you annoyed me by coming out in the middle. Marion's playing seems to have worked a sort of charm."

"Oh, nonsense, Madge, you must not give me such a bad character! I am very fond of music really, Miss Thomas," he said, turning to Marion; "but I always prefer it at home. Somehow, a concert always makes me feel very sleepy towards the end. I don't know if it is the heat, or what."

"You ought not to mind the heat, surely," she suggested, smiling.

He laughed.

"Well, at all events, it is not nearly so enjoyable."

"Well, what about the house, Tom?" asked his sister, as she drank her tea and ate Marion's crisp little home-made cakes appreciatively.

"Green Lawn, in the next street but one,

has just the number of rooms you want. Everything about it seems all right, and there is an excellent tennis lawn. Could you move by Lady Day?"

"Yes, I must. Did you see no others?"

"What was the good of looking at others until you had signified that this would not do," he remarked sagely.

"Marion, can you come and look at it with us?"

"Yes, certainly," and she went to put on her hat.

"You need not stay longer if you want to be off," said Mrs. Holden to her brother when Marion had left the room. "We shall manage quite well by ourselves. I know men don't care for fussing about over houses, and you said you wanted to go down to the club."

He seemed to think the club could wait, for he made no haste to be off; and soon Marion came in again, looking very charming in her pretty hat with pink primulas.

So the three walked through the sunny streets to Green Lawn. It did not take very long to look over the house, and Mrs. Holden was delighted with it, and quite decided to take it if her husband liked it as well as she did.

"So we shall soon be having you for neighbours, and how delightful that will be, my dear! I only hope I shall not worry you

by incessantly running in to ask advice. I really must be self-denying, and not run into the Rowans too often. Come and have dinner with me next week and talk it all over. Which day can you come? Come next Thursday if you can. You don't mind coming so far now the evenings are so light, do you? Tom can see you home."

Marion protested that she was quite equal to seeing herself home; but Mrs. Holden insisted, and so it was arranged. By this time they had arrived at the station from which Marion's friends were going back to Camberwell, so they said good-bye.

When she got home, she remembered that Mrs. Holden had not got the recipe that had been promised; so she wrote it out at once and posted it to her lest she should want to use it before they met next Thursday.

Hashed Calf's Head.—Cut the remains of a cooked calf's head into neat pieces. Chop a large onion and cook it in three tablespoonfuls of vinegar for ten minutes; add a dessert-spoonful of Chutney and two tablespoonfuls of flour mixed with a gill of cold stock. Stir until it boils, stir in a pint of the stock in which the head was cooked; season well and colour with browning. Put in the slices of head, and simmer very gently for half an hour.

(To be continued.)

FRUIT PUDDINGS.

By the Author of "Summer Puddings," "Savouries," etc.



So many people get tired of the ordinary way of serving fruit simply stewed or as a tart, that I hope the following collection of recipes of different and dainty ways of utilising fruit may be used to vary somewhat the monotony of a wholesome article of diet.

Apple Pudding.—Six apples peeled and cut up in pieces, one quince, half a teacupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the rind of half a lemon, one teaspoonful of lemon juice and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Put all into an enamelled pan and stew to a soft pulp and rub through a sieve. If the apples have been cooked very soft and are free from lumps, then it is not necessary to put them through a sieve.

Into the pulp stir three eggs, well beaten, a quarter of a pound of stale bread or cake crumbs grated, a dash of nutmeg, and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Pour into a tin mould previously well buttered inside and dusted with crumbs and bake in a good oven for quite an hour, turn out and serve with fine sugar over the top.

Apple Soufflé.—Butter the outside of a pie-dish and cover with pastry made as follows—

Six ounces of flour, three ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and the yolk of an egg. Rub butter, sugar, and flour together, then mix to a paste with the beaten yolk and a little water. Roll out in the usual way, cut to the size of your dish, cover, and put into a good oven to bake, and slip off, and then you

have a dish of paste. Meanwhile peel and core one and a half pounds of apples, and stew them with a quarter of a pound of sugar and juice and grated rind of half a lemon till quite soft; then stir in half-a-dozen ratafia biscuits and a penny sponge cake crumbled down, the yolks of two eggs and a drop of water. Cook on the fire again for a minute or two, then pour into the pastry-dish and spread over the top the whites of the three eggs beaten to a stiff froth with a tablespoonful of sifted sugar, dust sugar on the top and ornament with ratafia biscuits and preserved cherries to taste, then place in a nearly cold oven to slightly brown.

Apple Fritters.—Make a batter of a pint of milk, two well-beaten eggs, and flour enough to make a thick batter. Pare, core, and chop up into small pieces six apples, mix into the batter and fry in spoonfuls in boiling lard deep enough to cover the fritters. Fritters can also be made by slicing pared and cored apples, dipping them into thick pancake batter and frying them in butter.

Apple Dumplings.—Six apples pared and cored, six ounces of dripping, one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of sugar.

Put flour, powder, and salt in a basin, rub in the dripping lightly, then make into a stiff paste with water. Divide into six pieces, roll out and place an apple on each, fill up cores with sugar and work paste round each apple till covered, brush over with milk, place on a greased tin and bake from half an hour to three-quarters.

Apple Meringue.—Stew six apples pared and cored till soft, then stir in a small piece of butter. When cold add a cup of grated bread-crumbs, the yolks of two eggs, a tip of salt, sugar to taste, and a small cup of milk.

Butter a dinner plate, cover it with short crust or puff paste, make a fancy border, and bake till done. In the middle pour the apple batter, and heat up. Take the whites of the eggs, beat stiff with half a teacup of fine sugar

and a few drops of essence of lemon, pile on the top of apples to cover them, place in oven to set but not to brown. Sprinkle pink sugar over the top and serve hot or cold.

Apple Pudding (American).—One quart of milk, four eggs, three cupfuls of chopped apples, the juice of a lemon and half the grated rind, nutmeg to taste and a pinch of cinnamon, one quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda dissolved in a little vinegar, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Beat the yolks of the eggs very light, add the milk and seasoning, then the flour; stir hard for five minutes, then beat in the apples, then the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and lastly mix the soda well in. Bake in two square shallow tins, buttered, for one hour. Cover with a buttered paper when half done to prevent it hardening. Eaten hot with a sweet sauce.

Apple Meringue Pudding.—One pint of stewed apples, three eggs (yolks and whites beaten separately), a half cupful of fine sugar and one dessert-spoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of nutmeg and cinnamon mixed, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Add sugar, spices, butter and yolks to the apples while hot, pour into a buttered dish and bake for ten minutes. Cover while still in the oven with a meringue made of the stiffly-beaten whites, two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar and a little almond essence. Spread it smoothly and quickly, close the oven again and brown slightly. Eat cold with cream and sugar.

Apple Omelette.—Six apples, one tablespoonful of butter, nutmeg to taste, and a teaspoonful of rose-water.

Stew the apples as for sauce, beat them smooth while hot, adding the butter, sugar and nutmeg. When perfectly cold put in the yolks beaten well, then the rose-water, and lastly the whites whipped stiff; pour into a warmed and buttered pie-dish. Bake in a moderate oven till delicately browned.

Brown Betty.—One cupful of bread-crumbs, two cups of sour chopped apples, half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of cinnamon, and two



A GOWN OF LACE AND VOILE.

this ancient head-covering is always associated with black ostrich tips and pink roses, but I may find out as the seasons roll that new discoveries have been made in this also, and that will be a decided gain, for there was, if pictures may be trusted, an unpleasant sameness about the headgear of one's forebears.

The French sailor has been really distinctively the hat of the season. It is a wonderful hat, for it suits everyone, and especially all those difficult to suit on account of either having thin faces or possessed of a few years too many. The brim, moreover, is not too wide, and does not cast an unbecoming shadow. Many women invariably select this shape, and fortunately it is always to be found, as its popularity is quite assured. It is easy also to trim them for oneself, and select a black one trimmed with black net, relieved, if you choose, with a paste buckle; or else a white one trimmed entirely with white tulle or net. These were the most fashionable things of this last season. Fancy gauze is also worn, and the net and gauze ruchings that can be purchased ready-made can be used for them.

It has been also much in vogue during the last few weeks to have hats of this French sailor shape in colours, *i.e.*, greys, fawns, browns, even drabs, trimmed with tulle of the same colour. These have been very pretty, and will be in good taste for the autumn season, as they are suitable for wearing with travelling dresses, and they will be found to survive a good deal of hard wear. It is rather the fashion to wear a veil of the same colour with these hats, the meshes of which are chosen large and the veiling clear, with dots very far apart. Violets and blues seem to me very becoming, but I cannot say that I think the same of reds and pinks. Veils of white lace—washing lace as it is called—are very much used with sailor hats again.

Our illustration of a braided gown of fawn-coloured cloth shows the last new style for autumn wear. The braiding is done in a darker shade of fawn; or, in some cases, in black, or in white; but the dark shade of the same hue is more fashionable. The hat is a lace straw, trimmed with ostrich feathers and shaded roses of a dark hue, and strings of black gauze. This hat, and that shown in our illustration of the single head, are good examples of the autumn afternoon hat; and they are suitable both for visiting, and for garden-parties in the country. The autumn hat is of

a white chip, or Panama straw, with black feathers, black gauze, and a paste buckle; while under the brim is a cluster of chrysanthemums in mauve and red.

I wonder whether my readers have discovered for themselves the extreme usefulness of voile as a material? I have illustrated a dress which is, of course, suitable for dress occasions only, but which might be modified, and would be just as suitable during the winter for quiet evenings, as it would be for autumn garden parties.

The gown of cashmere is far more simple. It has revers of satin to match the colour of the cashmere, which is rather an uncommon shade of borage-blue—that delightful shade, so clear and yet not at all crude in tone. The hat is of blue, with a wreath of very tiny mauve flowers resting on a scarf of blue, of the very palest shade of the same.

If it should prove to be a fine autumn and winter, I hear it prophesied on all sides that red will be more worn than even during last winter: indeed, that all bright hues will be in favour.

My last few lines must be devoted to the question of "hats in church," which seems just now a burning question in America. I read an account lately, in an American journal, of the movement in a part of the Methodist body to do away with the wearing of large hats in church, where their use is even more objectionable than elsewhere in any place where people gather together in numbers. It is said by the advocates of the change that it is not contrary to Scripture, for at the time when St. Paul wrote, the women were in a state of servitude and more or less seclusion, and they are not so now. It seems probable that the movement will spread throughout America. You will find that at many public meetings there, and even here during the Congress, many women took their hats off while the meetings were going on.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

THE register of a bedroom fireplace should never be closed, but left open for free ventilation from above.

FIRE-IRONS and fenders not in use in the summer should not be neglected, but kept constantly rubbed up and not allowed to rust.

PARSLEY is injurious to fowls, and should not be given to them.

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WATER-PARTY.

"How did you enjoy yourself last evening, Marion?" asked Ada, on the morning after Marion had paid her promised visit to Mrs. Holden.

"Very much indeed."

"Was it a regular dinner-party?"

"Oh, no, only just ourselves, you know—and Mr. Scott!"

Jane looked very wise.

"Madge made a delightful suggestion," went on Marion quickly. "How should you like a water-party, Jenny?"

"The most delightful thing for this fine weather, but who would row?"

"Mr. Holden and Mr. Scott are both thoroughly accustomed to it."

"Jenny and I can take turns," said Ada; "we have always been accustomed to it, but you never went in for it, did you?"

"No, I can only steer," said Marion, laughing. "I told Madge that we would bring half the lunch and half the crockery. We can get tea at a cottage that they know of."

"But you have not told us yet where we are going," said Jane.

"Oh, I forgot. Madge and her party will meet us at West End Lane Station, and we will take the 9.20 train to Richmond; catch the one that goes on to Twickenham, row to Teddington, land on the bank and have lunch, and have tea at the cottage I spoke of."

"Just the very thing to brush the cobwebs out of our brains," cried Ada enthusiastically, "is it not, Jenny? We all want a treat, and we are all rather fagged out. Is it to be this next Saturday?"

"Yes, if we can arrange it in time."

"Well, there is very little to arrange, when one comes to think of it," said Ada meditatively, "unless Mrs. Holden thinks of inviting a big party."

"No, just themselves and ourselves."

"Did she say what part of the lunch she would prefer to bring?"

"She suggested the meat and also the drinks."

"Ah!" laughed Jane, "she thinks it wise to ensure something solid for her husband and

brother! And we are to bring the sweets, and so on? Then do have a tomato salad; it is the most delightfully cooling thing you can have on a hot day."

"My good girl, how in the world can we pack it? I suppose you mean to take the tomatoes and make it as it is wanted; but that is rather a nuisance. My experience of water-parties is that you never land for lunch until you are so famished that to make a salad is the last thing anyone wishes, and any materials of that sort are thankfully despatched in the raw!"

"But we can," urged Jane. "How can an old person like you be supposed to understand the latest contrivances of the age? We can slice the tomatoes and put them in layers in a jam pot with the oil, vinegar, chopped parsley and onion, and tie the whole down. It will stand up quite well in a corner of the hamper, and will not upset."

"Bravo, Jenny, we will certainly have one. Is that your own idea?"

"It is my own idea, and I intend to patent it," said Jane, with dignity, "so please see that you do not infringe my rights. Now one of you can suggest a suitable sweet."

"It is rather difficult," said Marion. "Shapes pack so badly, and pastry is apt to crumble. Jelly has an unfortunate habit of turning into soup just when it is wanted."

"Perhaps it will be better to stick to fresh fruit," said Ada.

"We must have something else," said Marion meditatively. "How would it be if we took the materials for a Cicely pudding? It only takes a few minutes to make."

This suggestion met with warm approval from the two others, for the Cicely pudding was an old favourite, the brilliant invention of a mutual friend in the country; but for the recipe thereof the gentle reader must be content to wait awhile.

"Very well," said Jenny, "Marion shall make the Cicely pudding, and I will make the tomato salad. What will Ada do?"

"Make the sandwiches," said Ada promptly. "There must be sandwiches, some of anchovy and hard-boiled egg, and some of cucumber."

"Shall I order a sandwich loaf?" asked Marion.

"No, I think not. I prefer 'Florentines,' they are handier in every way."

"Florentines" are little long-shaped milk rolls, something the shape of sponge fingers, but rather larger, and as they only require to be split and spread, much time is saved, and so it was settled.

On Friday evening, whilst Ada was making the sandwiches, Marion made up and looked over the weekly accounts up to that evening. She knew there would be no time on Saturday, as they would be late back. A box of fresh eggs had been sent from her country home on the Monday previous, and this had served famously for the week's breakfasts.

This is the dinner list:—

Sunday.	Fried Mutton Cutlets. Potatoes. Green Peas. Gooseberry Shape.
Monday.	Leek Soup. Veal Cutlets (cooked in the oven). Potatoes. Macaroni Cheese.
Tuesday.	Veal and Ham Patties. Poached Eggs on Endive.
Wednesday.	Boiled Neck of Mutton and Vegetables. Steamed Ground Rice Pudding and Jam.
Thursday.	Potato Soup. Fried Cauliflower in Batter. Bread and Fruit Pudding (cold).
Friday.	Cauliflower Soup. Grilled Mackerel. Stewed Gooseberries.

The food account was as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
1½ lb. neck of mutton (cutlets)	0	1	0
1 lb. veal cutlet	0	0	10
1½ qrts. gooseberries	0	0	9
1 lb. cheese	0	0	7
½ lb. macaroni	0	0	2
Leeks	0	0	2
Flavouring vegetables	0	0	3
Endive	0	0	2
Potatoes	0	0	8
1½ lb. neck of mutton (for boiling)	0	0	10½
2 cauliflowers	0	0	5
2 mackerel	0	0	10
8 loaves	0	2	4
Milk	0	1	9
½ lb. tea	0	0	10
1½ lb. Demerara	0	0	3
½ lb. loaf	0	0	1
Sponge cakes	0	0	6
Jug of thick cream	0	1	0
Small jar of greengage jam	0	0	6
2 punnets of strawberries	0	1	4
Tin of anchovy paste	0	0	3½
Florentines	0	3	0
1 lb. tomatoes	0	0	8
	£	0	19 3

"Where are the strawberries?" asked Jane as she looked over Marion's shoulder. "I have not seen them."

"We are to call for them at the greengrocer's the first thing, and have them directly they come from market. I was afraid to have them in overnight for fear of their getting too juicy."

Early next morning the sunshine streamed into Marion's room and awoke her with the promise of a happy day. She rose and dressed quickly and was down the first, looking delightfully cool and fresh in a white coat and skirt. She busied herself with packing the hamper, and as she set to work down came Jane, resplendent in blue. She got out the tomatoes, sliced them quickly and arranged them in layers in a large jam pot, sprinkling oil, vinegar, chopped parsley and onion in between. Then she tied a new jam cover over, and put her *chef d'œuvre* carefully in the hamper.

"You two busy bees make me feel so disgracefully lazy," cried Ada as she ran in a few minutes later. "I quite intended to be the first to-day. I will get you some breakfast to make amends," so saying she quickly laid the table in the sitting-room, and made the tea. As soon as the hamper was packed, they sat down to a hasty meal. As they were finishing there was a ring at the bell.

"I declare I had forgotten all about the post!" cried Jane. "A letter without a stamp, I suppose. I hear Abigail speaking to him."

But it was not the post, for the door opened, and Mr. Tom Scott was shown in.

"I hope you will excuse me, Miss Thomas," he said to Marion as he shook hands and was introduced to the other two. "I was so afraid that you might find the hamper with the crockery too heavy to carry, and my sister said she thought I might venture to call and see if I could be of any assistance."

"We are just coming," said Marion, smiling. "Thank you; I don't think we should have found the hamper too heavy."

Ada and Jane disappeared to make the final preparations; Marion picked up her hat from off the little side-table and pinned it on, listening to Mr. Scott as he discussed the day's proceedings. Soon Jane came back bearing the hamper in triumph, of which Mr. Scott immediately took possession, and so the party set out.

On the way they called for the strawberries as arranged. They got to the station just in

time to meet Mrs. Holden and her husband, who had just arrived, having taken the next train after Tom Scott. They had only a few minutes to wait for the Richmond train. Marion was just going to get the tickets for her party, but she was prevented by her friend Madge, who explained that the railway-tickets represented her husband's share of the entertainment and the boat her brother's, so it was no good protesting. So, as Jane afterwards described it (with a sigh of content at the recollection), "they went to Twickenham like dukes and duchesses in first-class carriages," adding sagely, "Being a working woman has one great advantage, for one certainly knows how to appreciate the good things of existence when they fall to one's share."

The day was glorious; a deep blue sky scarcely flecked with clouds, brilliant sunshine, not a breath of wind. The train was very full, and there were many other merry parties besides their own. Everyone seemed taking a holiday. At Richmond they had to run quickly over the bridge for the Twickenham train, which they just managed to catch; as they caught a glimpse of the river and saw how crowded and covered with boats it was just there, they all felt glad that they had arranged to start a little higher up, where they would have more space. At Twickenham they got out and walked through the hot streets of the quaint old town to the water's edge, where under the trees the boat was ready for them.

So they all got in—Mr. Holden and Tom Scott rowing, Jane and Ada comfortably reclining in the bow, Mrs. Holden and Marion in the stern. The boat glided gently along. Marion had never seen this part of the river before, as she had had little leisure for pleasure parties since she came to live in town, and she was delighted with the beauty of the scene. Tom Scott showed her Pope's Villa and other places of interest. In spite of the heat, Jane seemed blessed with a superabundance of energy, and after a time she took Mr. Holden's oar and rowed so well that he declared himself surpassed. Now they neared the towers of Hampton Court, and finding a suitable little island shaded by willows, they moored to a tree and prepared for lunch, for which they all had excellent appetites.

"We have to make our pudding, you know," said Marion, laughing.

"Going to do cooking out of doors?" asked Mr. Scott. "Shall I make a field oven?"

"No, we don't need to do any cooking, and it will all be ready in five minutes," she answered, and set to work.

She brought out the sponge cakes, split them in half, and put half of them at the bottom of a large pie-dish that she had brought with her; this she spread with a thick layer of greengage jam, then she put another layer of sponge cake. "Now, Jenny, the strawberries," she said; but Jenny had already got them out and was busy picking off the stalks. When this was done, she arranged them on the cake in a thick layer, sprinkled them thickly with castor sugar, and lastly spread thick cream, which she had brought in its own brown jar, over the whole. As a last touch, a few "hundreds and thousands" were quickly sprinkled over the top, and the dish was finished, amidst the admiring plaudits of Madge and her party.

Jane's tomato salad went excellently with the cold lamb which Mrs. Holden had provided, and the whole repast went off well. Ada's sandwiches kept perfectly fresh, as they were wrapped in a damp cloth before being packed, and they were much liked.

After lunch the indefatigable Jane washed up, Mrs. Holden and Ada helping her, and re-packed the hamper. They then rowed across the river to the Palace. Marion suggested

looking at the pictures, and Tom Scott offered to conduct her, with an alacrity that was quite surprising, considering that he had been expressing his absolute ignorance of the subject about five minutes before.

"Will you come, too, Madge?"

No; Madge preferred to be lazy and sit out of doors, admiring the orange trees—Mr. Holden also, and Ada. Jane thought she would like to go, and so the three started off. The cool shade of the great rooms was a delightful change after the glare of the gardens, and they sauntered through, admiring the pictures and carving and the beautiful views seen through the open windows. Jane was very much amused with an old Dutch

picture representing a street scene with no sky; the perspective was so odd that she declared the people were walking on the wall like flies. She ran back to the other two to tell them to come and look at it, but they seemed so deeply engaged in conversation that she did not disturb them.

"You can't think how delightful it all is after the lonely life I have been leading for three years," she heard.

When they went out again to the others, the afternoon was growing cooler. They all went back to the boat, for they were now to row a little way in the direction of Twickenham and to land at a cottage, where tea was ordered beforehand.

Jane rowed again, and by the time the cottage was reached was quite willing to let the old woman in charge make the tea as she was getting just a little tired. She did justice, however, as they all did, to the good things provided—the honey, which the old woman's bees had made, the strawberries from the cottage garden, the home-made bread and delicious country butter.

In the cool of the evening our merry party started to row back to Twickenham, Marion steering under Mr. Scott's direction, who was rowing just in front of her. They just caught the train at Twickenham, and so ended a very happy day.

(To be continued.)

SHEILA'S COUSIN EFFIE.

A STORY FOR GIRLS.

By EVELYN EVERETT-GREEN, Author of "Greyfriars," "Half-a-dozen Sisters," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.

BROTHERLY COUNSEL.



OSCAR, now that we are alone, now that nobody can interrupt us, I want to talk to you about my plan."

Sheila's face was flushed, her big eyes were sparkling. She looked less the child, Oscar thought, and more the woman than when he had seen her last. He had been struck by this when he first saw her on board the boat. He had thought the same thing many times that day as the thundering express bore them from Plymouth to London. Now they were alone in Sheila's room in the hotel where they were to spend the night. A big fire blazed on the hearth. The curtains were drawn, and brother and sister were alone together. The rumble in the streets below made a ceaseless murmur, but it was different from the rattle and roar of the train. They could talk at their ease now.

On the way up to town Sheila had poured her whole history into Oscar's ears, and had heard the story of his own trouble at home, and the shadow which rested upon him. She had not said much, there had been no excited outburst such as he had expected. Perhaps the presence of other people in the carriage was a check upon her, or perhaps she had learned something of the lesson of self-control and reticence.

Anyway she had been unwontedly quiet during the last hours of the journey, and Oscar, who had felt very weary after his long hasty night journey down to Plymouth, had dozed in his corner. But now, after their arrival here, after their substantial meal below, they had come upstairs for a confidential talk which had been impossible before.

"Oscar, I have thought it all out. It came to me first on ship-board, even before I knew anything about you and what had happened in the office. (Why didn't you tell me in your letters?) I

made up my mind then and there that I would never, never, never live at Cossart Place again. Aunt Cossart has behaved infamously to me. She has tried to spoil my life and make me always wretched and miserable. I will never forgive her. I will never see her again!"

Oscar looked straight at his sister, but said nothing, for Sheila was proceeding with her old impetuosity.

"You can't understand what it was like there. Even Mrs. Reid understood and was indignant. Oh, yes, I know she was, by the little things she said, though, of course, she would not say much. Everybody knew. I feel as though I could never bear to see any of them again. She is a hateful woman. The Barretts told me how furious people were with her when they knew she was going to send me home. Everybody guessed why—that was the horrid part of it. And I had been so happy. Everybody was so kind, and I had to go without even saying good-bye, but I felt I couldn't—I couldn't! The Barrett girls declared they believed everybody would cut them for it. I'm sure I hope they will! Oh, I can't help being angry—I can't indeed!"

"Sheila dear, don't get excited," said Oscar soothingly. "I can understand that it was very hard. It is very hard to be misunderstood, and to have things put down to us that we know we have not done, but we have talked over all that before. Tell me about this plan of yours."

"Oh, yes. Oscar, you will be twenty-one soon, won't you?"

"Yes. What has that to do with it?"

"Everything, for you will have command over our money then."

"Yes; at least over my half, anyway, perhaps over it all. But it is not much, Sheila."

"I know it is not; but it is enough to make us a little home. Now listen, Oscar, for I have it all planned out. You shall go on at the office if you must, because it's something to do, and Uncle Tom has been kind in a way, though if he suspects you—however, we won't talk

any more about that. But we won't go on living with the Cossarts any more, I'm quite determined on that. We shall have enough to have a little home of our own, even if it's only a lodging; and you will go to the office, and I'll try and get some music pupils, or little children to teach in the mornings, or something to help. And I'll keep our home as nice as possible, and we'll have cosy evenings together, and we'll have nothing to do with the people who have behaved so badly to us. Oh, I don't mean that we'll cut them or anything, but we won't go on living with them and eating their bread. I couldn't possibly dream of going back to Cossart Place ever; and they don't want me at Uncle Tom's, and besides, how could I go on living in the same house with that Cyril? I can't think how you can do it, Oscar, I really can't."

Sheila leant forward with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. Oscar was leaning back in his chair, his face a little in the shadow. Sheila had been struck on first seeing him with the sharpened look of his features, and the tired expression in his eyes; the same thing struck her again more forcibly at this moment, although she spoke no word of it.

"Say you think it a nice plan, Oscar, for I'm sure you do!" she cried eagerly.

"No, Sheila, I don't think it would do," he said slowly.

"Oh, Oscar, what do you mean? I'm sure it would. We should be so happy together, you and I. And it's often so horrid being with people who misunderstand us. I think we've had enough of that. Oh, don't say you won't think of it!"

"I am thinking of it, Sheila, I'm thinking hard, for I hate to thwart you; but I don't think it would do, and you would find that living in a very small way, and trying to earn something yourself, are two very difficult matters for people brought up as we have been."

"But, Oscar, we should belong to ourselves and each other. We should be free from those horrid things that happen in other people's houses."

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PROSPECT OF A CHANGE.



WEEK before Jane and Ada returned to town, a letter came from Marion which filled Jane with dismay and showed Ada's prognostications to be true. In this letter Marion announced her engagement to Mr. Tom Scott and the consequent breaking up of the household of "The Romans." Mr. Scott was returning to India in November and Marion was to accompany him. In the meanwhile she was with Mrs. Holden at Oban; in the course of a week or two she

was to go to her own home until her marriage, which was to take place the last week in October.

"Dear Marion, how we shall miss her! Jennie, how will you and I get on without her?" said Ada.

"I don't know," said Jane tearfully. "I don't want to be selfish, but I can't imagine how we will manage. I suppose we shall have to live on aerated dainties or go to a boarding-house. Oh dear, oh dear! just as we were so happy," and Jane's usually cheerful face got very woe-begone and lugubrious.

Ada seemed to take the matter more calmly. She had been looking very handsome of late and seemed wonderfully contented with things in general. As she wrote to Marion when congratulating her on her approaching marriage, "it is delightful to be amongst one's friends new and old." She was very much sought after at the tennis parties and picnics which were so plentiful in the Foxholme neighbourhood at this season of the year, but she was rather difficult of approach and kept most of her admirers at a distance; at least, so the rector remarked to Jane on the day after a certain little outing.

"I wish that Mr. Redfern would keep his distance then," returned Jane vindictively; at which the rector looked thoughtful.

One day Mrs. Oldham found poor Jane sobbing in the schoolroom, leaning her head disconsolately on a pile of Miss Edgeworth's *Moral Tales*.

"My darling child, whatever is the matter?"

"Oh, Aunt Joan, I am so miserable, I don't know what I shall do."

By degrees Mrs. Oldham calmed her and induced her to tell her what was the matter.

"I was in the kitchen-garden just now," said Jane, sobbing, "and Ada came along the other side of the wall, and Mr. Redfern was walking with her. She did not see me, neither did he, and I did not stay a minute; but I am quite sure from the way he was speaking that he had been asking her to marry

him, and she—oh, I don't believe she said she wouldn't!"

Mrs. Oldham could hardly help laughing, but managed to refrain.

"But, my dear, why should she say she would not? Mr. Redfern is very nice and so are all his family. I have known them for some time. I always thought dear Ada just suited to become a clergyman's wife. He has a nice little private income of his own, so there will be no need for a long engagement, which is always rather trying, I think. You, poor thing, of course, you feel the idea of losing both Ada and Marion Thomas, but we shall look after you. Uncle and I will arrange something nice. Don't be afraid that we shall let you live in a boarding-house by yourself," and she patted Jane's hands and dried her eyes and kissed her.

In the course of a day or two her uncle called her into the study, an old wainscoted room that looked on to the kitchen-garden. He made her sit down in the rocking-chair while he discussed the plan that he and Mrs. Oldham had contrived.

"I have been wanting to have cooking taught in my schools for some time," he began; "but there was a difficulty about getting a teacher. At last I have got four or five other villages to join with me, and by using the old brewhouse as a kitchen and making our village the centre, I think we shall manage very well. We shall be quite ready to begin at Christmas. You will live here. Of course, we shall be delighted to have you, whereas there would have been a difficulty about putting up a stranger. You will not earn quite as much as you earned in town, but on the other hand your expenses will be very much less, as you will have no boarding expenses to pay."

Jane was overjoyed at this arrangement, and after thanking the kind rector warmly, flew to tell Ada, who was most thankful to hear of it, for Jane's future had been weighing on her mind ever since her own engagement.

"Of course, you will always spend your holidays with us, darling," she said, and in this she was warmly seconded by Mr. Redfern.

So Jane recovered her spirits, and lest the household should think her a "Niobe—all tears," turned her interest with energy to the housekeeping, and at Mrs. Oldham's request arranged the meals for a week, choosing all the dishes and helping to prepare several herself. Here is the list of dinners. She said she found it a most delightful change not to have to be very economical over the eggs.

Sunday.	Jardinière Soup.
	Braised Leg of Mutton (cold).
	Salad.
Monday.	Plum Tart.
	Curd Cheesecakes.
	Hash in Piquante Sauce.
Tuesday.	Boiled Chicken and Cucumber Sauce.
	Curd Cheesecakes.
	Rice Pudding.
Wednesday.	Curry Soup.
	Roast Bullock's Heart.
	Boiled Roly Poly.
Thursday.	Hake with Brown Sauce.
	Mince.
	Veal Cutlets.
Friday.	Pancakes with Chocolate Sauce.
	Roast Ribs of Beef.
	Artichokes and Cheese Sauce.
Saturday.	Boiled Fruit Pudding.
	Tomato Soup.
	Cold Beef.
	Baked Potatoes.
	Beans à la Flamande.
	Bakewell Pudding.
	Roast Mutton.
	Rice Snow.

Here are the recipes for some of the dishes. The jardinière soup and the braised mutton were one dish divided into two parts, and were cooked on the previous day. We give the recipe for both dishes in one.

Braised Leg of Mutton.—Take a large lettuce, two carrots, one turnip, two onions, two tomatoes, a blade of mace, two bay-leaves, a small piece of cinnamon, a teaspoonful of celery seed tied in muslin, a dessert-spoonful of salt, and twelve peppercorns. Wash and slice the vegetables and arrange them in layers with the herbs and spices at the bottom of a large fish-kettle. Lay the leg of mutton on this bed of vegetables and pour two quarts of water over. Put on the lid and set the fish-kettle by the side of the stove for seven hours, turning the meat over when half done and basting it with the liquor from time to time. Do not let it boil. Remove the leg of mutton without sticking a fork in it, put it on a dish and let it get cold. Strain off the liquor in which the mutton was cooked into a basin, and when it cools skim off the fat. Shred a few slices of carrot, onion, and turnip and cook them separately. Re-heat the liquor and add them when it is hot. Serve the liquor and the freshly-cooked vegetables as jardinière soup, and the leg of mutton cold with a salad.

Hash with Piquante Sauce.—Slice an onion and put it in a small saucepan with two table-spoonfuls of vinegar and one of mushroom ketchup; put on the lid and simmer by the side of the stove until the onion is tender; pour in half a pint of stock and half a table-spoonful of salt; thicken with an ounce of brown thickening, add a teaspoonful of red currant jelly and one of chutney; put in a sufficient number of slices of cold meat and let them heat gently for an hour in the sauce. Serve very hot.

Cucumber Sauce for Boiled Chicken.—Pare and slice a large cucumber and remove the seeds; cook until tender in a pint of milk with a pinch of salt and four white peppercorns, and then rub through a hair sieve. Return to the saucepan, add a piece of butter rubbed in as much flour as it will take up, and stir until it boils.

Curd Cheesecakes.—Line some patty pans with good flaky pastry. Boil half a pint of milk with two ounces of castor sugar. Drain away the whey and beat the curd in a basin with three large eggs and an ounce of butter. Put some currants in each patty pan and a spoonful of the mixture on the top; bake twenty minutes in a good oven. The whey can be used to flavour custards.

Roast Bullock's Heart.—Well wash the heart in warm water and salt. Cut away the pipes and trim away most of the fat; cut the thick wall that divides the middle of the heart. Put the heart in a saucepan of cold water, bring this slowly to the boil and throw the water away; this is to blanch it. Make a stuffing of half a pound of breadcrumbs, two table-spoonfuls of chopped parsley, a table-spoonful of chopped mint and marjoram, a small onion chopped, and two ounces of finely-chopped suet; bind this all together with beaten egg and a little good gravy; season well with pepper and salt, and stuff the heart with it. Lay it on a dripping-tin and put plenty of dripping on the top; lay a piece of greased paper over and roast in a rather slow oven for an hour and a half; heat the oven and cook for another half-hour to brown well. If cooked quickly all the while, the heart will be hard. When done put on a hot dish; pour off the dripping and pour half a pint of

stock into the tin; add an ounce of brown thickening and a dessertspoonful of ketchup and boil up. Pour this gravy round the heart.

Chocolate Sauce for Pancakes.—Make some pancakes in the usual way, and before each one is rolled up, spread a spoonful of the following sauce on each:—

Put two ounces of chocolate on a tin in the oven to get soft, and then stir it into half a pint of warm milk. The chocolate used must be of the best quality; beat until smooth. Mix a tablespoonful of cornflour with a little cold milk; bring the chocolate and milk to the boil, stir in the cornflour and let the sauce thicken; add a very little brown colouring, and use.

Artichokes with Cheese Sauce.—Well wash some globe artichokes; cut off the coarse outer leaves and boil them for three hours until the leaves come out easily. It is best to float a plate over them to keep them under water. Drain and serve with the following sauce handed in a sauceboat:—

Cheese Sauce.—Boil half a pint of milk with an ounce of butter; mix an ounce of flour with a little cold milk and stir it in; stir in by

degrees two ounces of grated cheese; stir and boil well.

Beans à la Flamande.—Shred some French beans and cook them in weak stock with the lid off the saucepan and a sprig of mint with them. When tender, drain off the stock. Put a small piece of fresh butter in the saucepan, with a dessertspoonful of chopped onion and one of chopped and blanched parsley. Toss the whole well together and serve very hot.

Rice Snow.—Boil a teacupful of rice very gently in a pint of milk until the rice has absorbed all the milk. Separate the whites and yolks of two eggs. Take the rice off the fire and beat in the two yolks; add two tablespoonfuls of castor sugar and a few drops of vanilla. Pour into a buttered pie dish; whip up the whites of the eggs with a little castor sugar and pile on the top of the pudding; put in a moderate oven for twenty minutes. Eat hot or cold.

When the Orlingburys got back to town, they found "The Rowans" a very changed place without Marion. She was not coming back there at all, so they had to make their

daily plans as they best could without her. They found it simpler, now that there were only two of them, to give up the late dinner and have early dinner out in the middle of the day. This Jane could easily arrange at her cookery school. It was the easiest thing in the world to cook a chop, or, selecting a nice clean little girl who took a great interest in her lessons, to put her to make a diminutive pie or a steak pudding, and to cook a small quantity of vegetables. Ada took her dinner at a "Lyon's" shop or some similar establishment near to the office. They both had a good high tea when they returned at about half-past six, and our old friend Abigail was by this time sufficiently experienced to prepare this for them. On Saturdays Jane generally cooked a piece of gammon of bacon, ham, or pickled pork to last for breakfasts for the week. Mrs. Oldham kept them well supplied with eggs.

For the high tea they had one dish only that needed cooking. Jane was always able and willing to bring any cakes or scones that were required back from the cookery school.

(To be concluded.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GIRLS' EMPLOYMENTS.

AN ANXIOUS WAITER (Bank Clerkship).—In the Bank of England, and in one or two other banks in London, girls are employed as clerks, but in each case it is necessary for the would-be clerk to obtain a director's nomination. If you have any relations or friends employed at the Bank of England, or at Messrs. Rothschild's or Baring's banks, it would be advisable to make your wish known to them, and to ask whether they could give you an introduction to a director. You write a neat clear hand, which is an important advantage for clerical work. Should you fail in these quarters, you might apply to the Prudential Life Assurance Company, High Holborn. Otherwise we recommend you to work hard at shorthand, type-writing, and book-keeping, as, if you could make yourself really competent in these three branches of work, you would have no difficulty at present in obtaining employment, notwithstanding the melancholy accounts that clerks give of the "overcrowdedness" of their business. The majority of unsuccessful clerks either possess none of the accomplishments we have enumerated, or only possess one or two of them imperfectly.

YELLOW CROCUS (Qualifications of a Clerk or Secretary).—These are, a clear neat handwriting—yours, by the way, though excellent in other respects, covers rather too much space—impeccable type-writing, rapid shorthand, and, if possible, some knowledge of a modern language. A good general English education ought to be indispensable, and though we cannot say that it is so, it makes the difference between a permanently low salary and promotion. From your letter we infer that you have had a good education; it therefore only remains to study the subjects we have mentioned. Many thanks for your kindly expressed wishes for the future of the "G. O. P." It is interesting to learn that you, in common with so many of our readers, have derived pleasure from THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER since its first appearance.

S. B. F. (Laundry Manageress).—We are glad to see that you corroborate the advice we constantly give to girls to learn the laundry business in all its branches. The vacancy you mention you might try to fill by applying to the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, 60, Chancery Lane, though it is not always easy, as you know, to find girls possessed of the requisite trade experience. For the benefit of some of our readers we will quote a passage from your letter—"I can assure you on behalf of my colleagues in the trade that there is a great demand for women of fair education, who are sober, trustworthy, and able to take the oversight of the work in laundries. The great failings of nearly all capable laundry manageresses are drink and a low standard of morals, especially as regards honesty; and if a woman of superiority went in for the work, she would never lack a good berth, as all the hard work in laundries is now done by men." We quote what you tell us with the more satisfaction in view of the statement sometimes made by ill-informed persons that girls are likely to be ousted by men from the laundry trade. The demand for expert and honest laundresses and manageresses was manifestly never greater than it is at present.

IDA (Book-keeping).—If you wish to learn book-keeping by double entry in a thorough manner, you should attend classes at some technical institute in your neighbourhood. Were you living in London, we should advise you to join the Birkbeck Institute, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, or the Regent Street Polytechnic. Many excellent handbooks have been published on the subject, by the aid of which every determined and persevering girl could master the subject alone; but, of course, lessons in class make the difficulties much more readily surmountable.

FATHERLESS LASSIE (Additional Work).—As your present work consists in taking orders for a business firm, would it not be wiser to increase your utility in this line of work than to supplement your earnings with your needle, as you suggest? In these days it is almost always best to specialise, that is to say, to become peculiarly efficient in some one department of work. Now, if you could make yourself a thoroughly capable clerk, and could master as much about the coal trade, in which you are engaged, as it is in your power to learn, you would have the preference over an inexperienced girl for any better post in a coal order office later. Work hard at book-keeping and type-writing, and attend any good business classes that may be held in your neighbourhood.

OLIVE (Laundry-Work, etc.).—It appears doubtful from what you say concerning your health whether you would be strong enough for laundry-work; but it is quite certain that intellectual work is too severe for you, and it would be wise to give up the latter at once. We know too many teachers who break down under the strain in middle life to advise any girl to persevere who has already found the profession so trying as you have done. If you attempt laundry-work, you might take a year's training at some large steam-laundry (such as the London and Provincial Steam-Laundry, Battersea Park Road, S.W.), and afterwards try to start a hand-laundry, or to join someone in such an enterprise. But we fear the regular business of a steam-laundry would prove fully as trying to you as teaching. Consequently the best posts in the laundry business might always be beyond your reach. Dairy-work seems more likely to suit you, together perhaps with some other forms of country occupation, such as the care of poultry. It would be worth considering whether you should not go to the Agricultural College, Reading, unless you could obtain good instruction in some County Council classes in your own part of England.

MURIEL (Dressmaking, etc.).—1. Unless you have friends in Paris with whom you could stay, we should not advise you to try to enter a dressmaking firm in that city. It is possible that the Secretary of the Foreign Registry, Girls' Friendly Society, 10, Holbein Place, Sloane Square, S.W., could advise you in the matter; but probably the best firms might have no vacancy for an English girl, and the less good might prove to be extremely undesirable. It would be far wiser, in our opinion, to apprentice yourself to a London firm, concerning which your relations and friends could make the requisite inquiries.—2. On the subject of voice-production you should inquire of some large bookseller whether a volume was not published by the late M. Emilie Behnke, who was a great authority. We think you will find that such a book exists.

ANOTHER ANXIOUS MOTHER (Dispensing).—This occupation offers fair chances of a livelihood to a girl, as not only are medical men often willing to employ a woman as dispenser in their private dispensaries, but various hospitals have women dispensers, and there are many localities in which women might establish dispensaries of their own. The Pharmacy Act requires that a pupil should study for three years. The time may be spent either in working under a qualified chemist, or in the dispensary of some institution. Several lady chemists and dispensers now take pupils, and addresses of these could be obtained by applying to the Secretary of the Pharmaceutical Society, 17, Bloomsbury Square, London, or to the Secretary, London School of Medicine for Women, Arundel Street, W.C. The total expense of the course, including apprenticeship and examination fees ranges from £100 to £130. In this estimate board and lodging are not of course included. Your daughter would probably be advised to wait a year or two before beginning the course, as she is still so young.

MEDICAL.

M. J. GRAY.—We discussed the question of the best hydropathic establishments for rheumatism a few weeks ago. In England, Harrogate, with its sulphurous waters, is the most generally useful. But living at any of the hydropathic stations is expensive, and the English ones are about the most expensive of all. It is rather difficult for us to answer your question because we never advise any person to go "to take waters" unless her income is above the average, so we cannot tell you (at all events, not in this column), what a stay at any of the stations would cost. Aix-la-Chapelle, Barèges, Harrogate, Kissingen, Carlsbad, Contrexéville, Homburg, Marienbad, Selters, Vals and Vichy, are the springs most generally used. If you cannot afford a stay at one of these places, you may derive some benefit from taking the waters at home. Nowadays all these waters are exported. But the benefit of taking the waters at home is not comparable with the value of a stay at the place where they came from, probably not because the waters degenerate, but because the strict regimen and the good effects of travel are absent.

FIFTEEN STONE.—The latest thing for excessive obesity is extract of the thyroid gland. The preparation chiefly used is "thyroglandin," and is made from the thyroid gland of the sheep. We cannot say at present whether this treatment is going to be of any value, but we are investigating its action. Like all animal extracts, thyroid is a very powerful drug, and sometimes gives rise to very alarming symptoms. If it is going to be valuable, it will only be used for very marked cases of obesity.

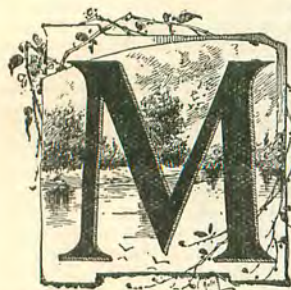
SIMPLE SUSAN.—Certainly round shoulders can be remedied by gymnastic exercises. The best of these are the dumb-bells or clubs—but light bells and light clubs. Half an hour's exercise or less every morning before breakfast. Dumb-bells should not weigh more than two pounds apiece.

GRANDMAMA.—Eczema is exceedingly common on the legs where varicose veins are present. The treatment is mainly that of the veins. Locally calamine ointment is very useful.

THREE GIRL-CHUMS, AND THEIR LIFE IN LONDON ROOMS.

By FLORENCE SOPHIE DAVSON.

CHAPTER X.



ARION'S wedding-day was near at hand. Mrs. Grant, her cousin, who lived in Norfolk Square, had very kindly offered to have the

wedding from her house, and this arrangement was the most convenient for everybody concerned. It had been at first intended that she should be married from her own home in Northamptonshire, but there would have been such a difficulty in putting up all the wedding guests, and Dr. Thomas's house was already a very full one. So when Mrs. Grant offered the loan of her house for the occasion it was thankfully accepted.

Marion was glad to be in London for a week or two beforehand as she was so busy with her *trousseau*, and it made the shopping and trying on of dresses so much more easy. Her mother came up to town to stay in Norfolk Square for a fortnight before the wedding to help her with her purchases. The rest of the family were coming up for the wedding on the day and were going back to the country as soon as it was over.

Marion was disappointed at not being married from her own home, but she saw plainly that the present arrangement would save her mother a great deal of fatigue and inconvenience, and as Mrs. Thomas was not at all strong now, that was a great point gained. Anybody who has experienced the difficulties of making ready for a party, added to the planning and contriving necessary to the disposal of guests in an already over-full house, will heartily appreciate the benefits of Mrs. Grant's plan.

Jane wrote to Mrs. Grant, whom she knew very well, and offered help for the wedding breakfast. As the cook in Norfolk Square had not been in her place very long and was rather inexperienced, Mrs. Grant was very glad to agree to Jane's suggestion. The wedding was to be on a Saturday. Fortunately the day before was a free day for Jane, and so she would be able to devote it to making ready for the wedding.

There was to be a sit-down breakfast in the old-fashioned style, for the guests were limited to the relations and very old friends of the bride and bridegroom, and as several of these would be coming up from the country for the day, they would be glad of a substantial repast. The bride was to be married in a travelling dress, and was only to have one bridesmaid—her sister Lily.

As the weather was already crisp and cold this was a very sensible plan, for nothing is more unbecoming than the utterly unseasonable attire in which brides and bridesmaids are sometimes seen shivering. Fortunately Marion was not to go straight to a very hot climate, as Mr. Scott had work at Ootacamund for the next year. She received many delightful presents. A very useful one from one of her pupils was a cookery-book for Anglo-Indians, which she treasured very much, as she knew how very useful it would be to her in her new home.

Mrs. Holden gave her several presents, amongst which was some very beautiful lace which Marion had made up on a white silk dinner dress.

The enterprising Jane made the wedding-cake with Ada's help. She had to buy a special tin to bake it in as she had not one big enough. It was cooked with the greatest care in the gas oven in which Marion had prepared so many meals in the days of their joint house-keeping.

The preparations took some days, for Jane had not very much time just then. She prepared half the fruit one evening and half the next. On the next afternoon she got home early, made the cake, and got it into the oven by six o'clock, and had it baked before they went to bed. The next evening she put on the almond icing and the plain royal icing, and on the next she ornamented it. It was allowed two or three days to set quite firm, and then the cake was wrapped in wadding, packed in a box and taken over to Norfolk Square in a cab, where it was kept under a glass case until the wedding. Our readers must have the recipe of this wonderful cake in case they may wish to emulate Jane's industry for the benefit of their friends. Mrs. Oldham sent up a special box of eggs for its concoction.

MARION'S WEDDING CAKE.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of Vienna flour, one pound of French plums, one pound of sultanas, one pound of currants, one pound of citron peel, one and three-quarter pounds of fresh butter, one and a half pounds of castor sugar, ten eggs, one pound of sweet almonds, and vanilla essence.

For the Almond Icing.—Two pounds of ground almonds, three pounds of castor sugar, almond flavouring, enough beaten egg to bind.

Royal Icing.—Three pounds of icing sugar, whites of egg to mix, lemon juice.

Method.—Rub the flour through a hair sieve, stone the French plums and chop them finely, wash and dry the currants, and pick and flour the sultanas; cut up the peel, sift the sugar, blanch and chop the almonds. Beat the butter to a cream, and then add the sugar and work together until very light; add the eggs one by one, flour the fruit well, and stir it in gradually, the almonds also: lastly, stir in the flour, the essence, and the brandy. Line a tin with paper that has been brushed with clarified butter; pour in the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

Almond Icing.—Mix the ground almonds and castor sugar together and then work in enough beaten white of egg to bind; knead and roll out, lay over the cake and put near the fire to dry.

Royal Icing.—Rub the icing sugar through a sieve and work in with a wooden spoon enough white of egg to make the icing of the right consistency to spread over the cake; add a little lemon juice. Dry the icing in a cool oven, taking care it does not colour. Ornament the cake the next day, using royal icing mixed rather more stiffly than that which was spread over first. Put it on with a forcier.

Jane declared that she only breathed freely when she had deposited the cake in Mrs. Grant's house, and saw it waiting for the wedding under a large glass globe!

Here we have the menu for the wedding breakfast.

MENU DU DÉJEUNER.

Ox-tail Soup.
Oyster Patties.
Glazed Pheasants.
Pigeon Pie.
Tongue.
Pistachio Cream.
Claret Jelly.
Fruits.
Coffee.

The cook at Norfolk Square and Jane both worked hard all the day before and everything turned out very well. To ensure the pheasants and the tongue being well glazed and looking nice, Jane made some good glaze and brought it with her. This she did by making a pint of good beef-tea and boiling it rapidly down to a thick syrup. The pheasants and the tongue had each two coats brushed on and were then suitably ornamented, the tongue with a pretty design in creamed butter put on with a forcier and slices of notched cucumber laid round the dish. The tongue was a smoked one and was soaked for twenty-four hours before being cooked. Jane made all the puff pastry for the patties and the pigeon pie; the cook made the soup, cooked the pheasants and the tongue and prepared the inside of the pie under her supervision. She also prepared the moulds for the creams and jellies. Here are the recipes for the soup, patties, creams, and jellies. The quantity made consisted of two quarts of soup, two dozen patties, two creams (quart moulds), two jellies (ditto), and two pies.

OX-TAIL SOUP.

Ingredients.—One ox-tail, one carrot, one turnip, two onions, two sticks of celery, two tomatoes, four mushrooms, bay-leaf, blade of mace, a bunch of herbs, twelve peppercorns, two teaspoonfuls of salt, two quarts of stock, two ounces of butter, three ounces of brown thickening.

Method.—Cut the ox-tail into joints and blanch it. Fry it well in the butter, add the vegetables washed and sliced, the mace, herbs, salt, and the stock, and simmer four hours. Strain and pick out the pieces of meat; take off the fat and return to the saucepan. Thicken with three ounces of brown thickening. Put in the pieces of ox-tail and the soup is ready.

PUFF PASTRY.

Ingredients.—Two pounds of Vienna flour, two pounds of butter, lemon juice, water to mix, two yolks of eggs.

Method.—Rub the flour through a hair sieve; wash the butter and rub one-third into the flour. Turn this on to the paste-board and make a well in the middle. Beat the yolks of two eggs with a gill of water and a little lemon juice and mix into the flour, adding more water if necessary until you have a flexible dough. Roll out to a strip, shape the butter to a third the size of the dough and lay it on; fold the dough over and roll out; repeat this and put it away to cool. Roll out again and repeat this four times. Roll out, cut as required, and use. For patties, cut into rounds with a cutter about the size of a wine-glass and mark it at the top with a smaller cutter. Bake in a very hot oven a pale golden brown, and when baked lift off the lid and scoop out the inside; fill with the required mixture and put on the lid again.

Mixture for Oyster Patties.—Strain the liquor from two dozen oysters and put it to

boil for ten minutes with a blade of mace, three peppercorns, a little lemon rind, and some salt; strain and mix with a gill of cream. Work half an ounce of butter with as much cornflour as it will take up, stir it into the liquor and boil up over the fire; cut the oysters in small pieces, put them into the sauce and heat gently for a few minutes without letting it boil again.

PISTACHIO CREAM.

Ingredients.—One pint of double cream, the whites of two fresh eggs, four ounces of castor sugar, a quarter of a pound of pistachios (chopped and blanched), one ounce of leaf gelatine, two tablespoonfuls of water, a half-pint packet of lemon jelly.

Method.—Take a plain round cake-mould that will hold a quart, and line the sides of it with lemon jelly. Sprinkle the bottom over with chopped pistachio, using a little melted jelly to set it. Whip a pint of double cream to a stiff froth, and mix it lightly with the stiffly beaten whites of two fresh eggs and the castor sugar (sifted). Pound the pistachios in a mortar, and add the sweetened cream to this. Have ready the gelatine, and when it is lukewarm stir it quickly into the cream. Pour at once into the prepared mould.

Before the wedding-day, Jane, Ada, and Marion had a little tea-party at "The Rowans," at which it must be confessed they talked a great deal and ate very little.

"Well, we have had a very happy year at all events," said Ada, "and if *circumstances* had not upset our previous arrangements, I should have been quite content to go on in the same way for a long time."

"As *circumstances*, named Tom Scott and Jack Redfern, intervened, our housekeeping is at an end," said Jane decisively. "I think I am the one to whom all apologies should be made. Of course, with you two gone, I could not bear starting the same sort of thing again with anyone else, but it has certainly been a most successful experiment. Has your dress come home yet, Marion?"

"Yes; and fits very well."

"It is the prettiest dress you can imagine," said Jane to Ada. "A grey Sicilienne skirt, with a grey glacé silk bodice, and cherry-coloured velvet at the throat and waist. A dear little cherry-coloured toque to wear with it, and a smart grey velvet cape with a delicate design in steel on it. I can't help talking like a fashion plate when I think of it! Our dresses are sent back at last, and there is nothing that needs altering."

Jane and Ada were to wear their new winter dresses of green cashmere and brown velvet; big brown "picture" hats with rowans under the brim. Marion's wedding-day dawned bright and sunny. The wedding was to be at two o'clock.

Jane had arranged to go over to Norfolk Square early to superintend the laying of the breakfast before the party went to church. The table was decorated with white flowers in specimen vases. Azaleas, chrysanthemums, and orange-blossoms, and sprigs of rowan-berries were laid on the pretty white satin table-centre which Ada had worked for her friend.

And now they are off to church.

Marion makes a charmingly pretty but very nervous bride. Everybody is bright and cheerful and there are no tears. Soon they come back and sit down to the breakfast, prepared with so much care. And now the time has come for us to bid farewell to our young housekeepers, whose plans and contrivances our readers have followed for so long. If their example will induce any to try the experiment for themselves, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Redfern, and Miss Jane Oringbury will feel that they have not worked in vain.

[THE END.]



LETTERS FROM A LAWYER.

PART XI.

The Temple.

MY DEAR DOROTHY,—As you are one of the members of the committee for the bazaar in aid of the Nursing Home for Old People, I may be able to give you a few useful hints to avoid certain illegalities which beset the path of the unwary promoters of such charitable entertainments.

The great feature of a big bazaar should consist in having as many side shows as possible, so that people may be able, by the expenditure of a shilling or two, to escape from the importunities of the stall-holders into a concert-room, waxwork show, or other attraction, and not be driven out of the bazaar altogether.

If you want to have anything in the nature of a farce, operetta or comedieta played in the building, you ought to inquire if the hall which you are going to hire for the bazaar has a licence for stage-plays. If it has not such a licence, the performers and those responsible for the entertainment will render themselves liable to a fine, unless the proper licence is secured.

Fish-ponds, bran-pies, lucky tubs, and similar contrivances, are doubtless, strictly speaking, illegal, but are always tolerated at bazaars, where people do not expect to get the value of their money; but it is advisable to draw the line at roulette tables or anything in the nature of a real gamble or a lottery.

On the last day of the bazaar, it is often the custom to sell off the undisposed-of stock of the stalls by auction. The person who holds the auction should be a person having an auctioneer's licence to sell by auction, otherwise trouble may ensue, as the auctioneers have recently made a determined stand against unqualified persons acting as auctioneers.

I think that these are the principal errors into which people who get up bazaars are liable to fall; but perhaps I ought to enlarge a little more upon stage-plays and the necessity for having a licence for their performance.

It is almost impossible to give any kind of a variety concert without unwittingly performing what is the legal equivalent of a stage-play; any song with dramatic action is a stage-play, and so are duologues and monologues, as distinguished from recitations.

Some people have an idea that so long as they do not take any money at the doors, they are quite safe and within the law in giving a performance in the cause of charity, but such is not the case. When money or other reward is taken or charged, directly or indirectly, or when the purchase of any article is made a condition for admission, the performers and the owner or occupier of the building render themselves liable to a fine.

This may sound very alarming, and would, no doubt, considerably startle those good

ladies who lend their houses for performances for charitable objects in the season; but every time they do so, and anything in the nature of a stage-play is performed, they may be prosecuted and fined, although personally they take no benefit from such performances. The fact that they frequently do so with impunity does not affect the law on the matter, which is perfectly clear. Why it has not been altered before now, I am unable to say; hardly a day passes without its being broken, exemplifying the old proverb that "one man may steal a horse from a stable, and another may not look over the hedge."

I know of a case where a gentleman who had turned part of his house into the Theatre Royal back drawing-room, and who permitted a performance of a play to be given on two occasions, to which admission was by ticket only, which could be obtained beforehand on payment of a fixed sum, in aid of the funds of a charity, was convicted and fined under the Act. The gentleman appealed against the conviction, but without success; the conviction was confirmed by the Court of the Queen's Bench. So be warned, my dear Dorothy, and do not allow your friends to disregard my advice, and be assured that it is much better to avoid these risky entertainments altogether.

Your affectionate cousin,
BOB BRIEFLESS.