

HOW WE MANAGED WITHOUT SERVANTS.

By Mrs. FRANK W. W. TOPHAM, Author of "The Alibi," "The Fateful Number," etc.

CHAPTER I.



IT is no good, we can never manage it," cried Cecilly, half crying, throwing on the floor, as she spoke, the book she had been studying for the last half hour.

"Well, Cecilly, it is no good spoiling the book. That won't help us," I said, picking it up and smoothing its ruffled pages.

"It is just as silly as the others," Cecilly continued, starting up and walking quickly up and down the room. "These people did not put a majolica sink in their dining-room, or em-

broider their dish-cloths, but they spent fifty pounds in having water laid on to every bedroom, bought a new cooking-stove, and every other contrivance advertised for saving labour. If we had fifty pounds to spend to save ourselves trouble, we need not do without the servants. I see we shall have to give up the idea after all. Jack is right; we can never manage."

"Don't say that," I cried, for Cecilly had been the originator of the idea, and last evening had fought most hopefully every objection the boys had raised against our carrying out our plan of doing without servants.

It was only six months ago that the first shadow had fallen on our bright happy home. Our dear father had been suddenly struck down by illness, an illness which had seemed but slight at first, but which, as the weeks went by, grew graver day by day, till there came a long, long night when we waited in silent grief for the summons to bid him our last farewell. But God in His mercy heard our broken-hearted prayers, and gave him back to us and life.

His recovery was fearfully low and tedious, and no one was surprised to learn that the only hope for his recovery was for him to pass the winter abroad. It had been very difficult to find the means to take him away, but they were found. At first the change did wonders, but the improvement did not last, and in every letter we could read the anxiety mother was trying to hide from us.

The day before the one of which I write the first bright report had reached us.

"Father is really better," mother wrote, but even as we gave our shout of joy, Jack read these words: "but the improvement comes too late—our funds are nearly exhausted, and we must soon turn our faces homewards. The doctors say if only he could stay on for another few months, they are certain of his recovery. But that cannot be, and God knows what is best for us always." Again and again we asked ourselves what it was possible for us to do to keep him in Cannes, but there seemed no way. Cecilly had found a few pupils for music when dear father had first been ill, and she had left no stone unturned in trying to get more, but in vain. I too had sought for employment, but beyond going to read to an old lady two afternoons in each week, I had been unable to find any. Jack was in a solicitor's office, and already was filling up every spare hour with extra work, while Bob and Phil

were still at school. Everything of value our home possessed had already been parted with for the journey, so that it was no wonder we cried out in despair.

"Can't we give up meat?" Bob asked at dinner that evening. "Kitty is always moaning over the butcher's bill."

"Is it likely you can give up meat," Jack answered crossly, and I said—

"We might, but the servants would not."

Then it was that Cecilly had cried out, "Send the servants away. I am sure we could manage without them."

Jack was as indignant with Cecilly as with Bob, but she would not be quieted.

"Listen to me and hear reason," she cried. "We must have money somehow, and here is a way of getting it, or saving it, which is the same thing. Cook's wages are £20 a year, Ann's are £16. So in three months we should save £9. Nine hard sovereigns—not counting their keep. Oh, Kitty, what is their keep?"

"Quite ten shillings a week each, not counting their washing," I answered.

"And we should save the kitchen fire, except when we are cooking," said Cecilly.

"And the gas," said Phil. "They flare it away at every burner. I turned it out myself in the scullery last night."

"We should be able to live much more economically, of course," I said. "One dinner instead of the two we always have to cook now, must be a saving in every way. Oh, Cecilly, what a splendid idea yours is."

"It is all rubbish," said Jack. "Is it likely mother and father would allow you girls to turn into slaves?"

But Cecilly would not be silenced, and if she had her will would have rushed off into the kitchen and dismissed the servants there and then. She was up quite early and off to the stores to buy two or three books she had seen advertised on the subject of "How to manage without servants." But, as I have said before, the authors had all been able to spend the servants' wages for a year in labour-saving contrivances. Poor Cecilly had been so excited and hopeful the evening before that she could not endure facing all the difficulties the morning laid before her.

"Jack is right. We cannot manage," she cried again, and then burst into a flood of tears.

I was vainly trying to cheer her when the door opened and our dear old friend Mrs. Travers, whom we all call Aunt Jane, entered.

"Oh, my dears," she cried, in dismay, "you have bad news from your mother!"

I hastened to reassure her, while Cecilly cried out—

"Yes, the news is bad, Aunt Jane. He will never be well again, and we can't help him."

Then I told her mother's words, and all about our idea that had come to nothing.

"Why should your idea come to nothing?" she asked, and when we both asked her at once if she really thought we could manage, and she answered, "If you can face plenty of hard work, of course you can," Cecilly rushed at her to hug her in her joy. "Sit down, you scatter-brain," said the dear old lady, "and we will then talk seriously. There can be no doubt that you will save considerably if you do send away the servants, but the necessary work you will find very hard, far harder than you can yet imagine, especially at first. I speak from experience, my dears, for my early married days were spent in Canada, and there I learnt to use my hands. I have

known many girls and women as gentle and refined as any English lady, doing the entire work not only of a house, but helping husband, brother or father with poultry or dairy as well. And if our sisters in the Colonies can do without hired help, why can't we here? There is nothing so healthy as housework. Have your windows open while you work, and there will be no need for any more bicycle rides. The question is, Are you really prepared for hard work? Can you face the early rising, the spoiling of pretty white hands, a good many backaches, and a great many irksome duties?"

"Of course we can!" we cried at once. "If only we can give father this chance, we will face anything!"

"Then, my dears, the first thing is to give the servants notice."

"Luckily, Aunt Jane, Ann is going; she is only staying on till we knew when mother would be back."

"And I know of a place that would suit cook beautifully," said Cecilly.

"That's well," said Aunt Jane, "they are easily disposed of. When they are gone, you must find a little girl."

"No, no!" we both called out. "We will do everything ourselves."

"Hear me out, my dears," said Aunt Jane quietly, "and then raise your objections. I say you must have a girl just for one hour in the morning to clean the boots."

"Oh, I had forgotten the boots!" sighed Cecilly.

"I would have said a boot-boy, but a girl can clean your doorsteps, for you must not do that."

"Why not?" asked Cecilly. "I see nothing to be ashamed of in any work."

"Neither do I, my dear; but your mother would object to that, I am sure, and as you must have someone for the boys' boots, the someone may as well clean your steps."

"Why can't the boys clean their own boots?" Cecilly began, but I stopped her, for I saw Aunt Jane was looking vexed at her interruptions, and I knew mother would not like the boys to do such work while they were going to school among other boys.

"Next," continued Aunt Jane, "I should advise you to do away with your kitchen range and have a gas stove."

"No, dear Aunt Jane," I pleaded. "We must not spend anything to save ourselves."

"I am not asking you to spend anything, my dear, excepting a few shillings. The gas company will let out on hire any stove for a small sum, I believe about one shilling and eightpence a quarter. There will be the cost of setting it, but that will soon be paid for by the saving in coals. A gas stove can be turned off as soon as you no longer require it, so is economical in every way. I know I must not add that it will save you much work, both in cleaning and lighting, though that is the truth." We laughed as we told her we were quite lazy enough to be saved any labour, and she continued, "I will tell you another plan to lighten your work. Take up all the heavy carpets possible, especially in the bedrooms. A stained floor with rugs you can shake is far easier to keep clean as well as being more healthy."

"But we should have to have the floors stained," said Cecilly. "And every shilling will be wanted for father."

"I think you must spare one or two of them to buy a bottle or so of stains," replied

Aunt Jane, smiling. "Stain them, and then polish them by degrees with beeswax and turpentine. I had an oak staircase once that I treated in that way, and it looked beautiful. Of course, if you have mats and rugs, so much the better, but strips of carpet with the ends fringed out do very nicely. What you will find most irksome is the continual washing up. Take my advice and leave your evening dinner things till the next morning. I know it is far nicer to get them washed up overnight, but you must remember that your first duty is to make home bright for the boys. When dinner is over, put away all domestic duties and make the evenings as bright with music and suchlike as you do now. Now I must be going, and will only add this piece of advice. When you speak to cook and Ann, tell them the reason you are parting with them. They are both kind-hearted girls and

will, I am sure, help you in getting ready to do without them, and doubtless will be able to give you good advice too."

"I hope Jack won't be very vexed," sighed Cecilly.

"Never mind Jack," said Aunt Jane. "He is too sensible to be really vexed."

"Poor Jack," I said. "You know, Aunt Jane, how very friendly and kind Mr. Marriott has always been to him. Now, although he has been goodness itself in finding him extra work after office hours, we can all see he does not approve of the friendship between Jack and Cynthia. Cynthia comes to us in the daytime as much as ever, but very rarely in the evening when Jack is home."

"Mr. Marriott is quite right, my love. The way they are bringing up their daughters makes marriage with any but a rich man out of the question."

"Oh, Aunt Jane, Cynthia is the sweetest girl," we both cried, while Aunt Jane answered—

"The sweetest of girls can make the worst of wives."

After bidding our kind old friend good-bye, we went at once to the kitchen to tell our tale to cook and Anne. As Aunt Jane had predicted, they received our news with the greatest kindness, and immediately offered to help us in every way.

"You had better come into the kitchen every day while I am here, and let me teach you the young gentlemen's favourite dishes, Miss Kitty," cook said, and Ann, who was leaving because she had been so rude to Cecilly, sat down and cried because she could not bear to think of us having to "so bemean" ourselves.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRE OF LOVE.

By MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

"COME here, Lion."

It was not a dog that obeyed the summons, but a child, a sweet-faced, curly-headed child, with big, pathetic eyes, and soft smiling mouth.

Treading on tip-toe, so as not to disturb the sleeping figure on the sofa, Lion made his way across the room and crept up to his father's chair.

"What were you crying for?" asked Mr. Beresford, as he lifted the little fellow to his knee.

"Oh, daddy, how much, much too sharp your eyes are! I hid myself all up with my ship book, so as you shouldn't see."

"No ship book that was ever made would hide your tears from me!" said Mr. Beresford, in a tone that was evidently more for himself than for the child. "But never mind that now. I did see, and now you must tell me all about it. What were you crying for?"

"I don't want you to go away," said Lion, in a trembling voice. "Why must you go, daddy, and leave me alone with—"

The loyal little fellow caught himself up without finishing the sentence, but Mr. Beresford knew only too well what the concluding word would have been, and he sighed heavily.

A wealthy man, with congenial work to occupy him, with a lovely wife and a sweet little son, there were plenty of people who envied him with all their hearts; but Paul Beresford, like many of those who seem the most prosperous, had a secret sorrow that embittered his whole life. He had married young, believing that he had found the embodiment of grace and goodness in the beautiful girl to whom he had given his heart, only to discover too late that she was utterly selfish and cold-hearted. It was a terrible awakening for him, and many a man in his place would have made shipwreck altogether; but Paul Beresford only clung the closer to the hidden faith that sustained him, and solaced himself with the oft-quoted lines—

"My own hope is a sun will pierce
The darkest cloud earth ever stretched."

That hope seemed to him to be fulfilled when his baby son was first put into his arms and he felt the touch of the tiny fingers, and kissed the soft roseleaf face. Surely no woman could resist such a darling mite as this, and he looked forward confidently to the dawn of better days. But as time went on, the terrible

truth was borne in upon him that the child had only widened the breach between his wife and himself. Little as she had cared for his love in the past, she was jealous when she saw it bestowed upon another, and far from lavishing any tenderness on the little Lionel herself, she treated him with an indifference that made her husband's blood boil.

The child had never been strong, but no one but his father gave him much attention, for the nurse who had brought him through his babyhood was obliged to leave when he was five years old, and his mother's maid, who was supposed to have the charge of him, was as selfish as her mistress. But there was a courage and pluck in his slender frame that would have done honour to a boy of twice his age, and which well deserved his father's name of "Lion." He had early seen that it distressed his beloved "daddy" if he told him of the troubles he had to undergo, and the result was that he tried to keep them to himself with a self-control that was marvellous in so young a child.

But now a terrible trial had come for Lion. They had no sooner settled down in the little Cornish village that had been selected for their summer holiday, than a summons had come for Mr. Beresford to go out to his West Indian property on imperative business, and he was obliged to start as early as possible on the very next day. Somewhat to his surprise, his wife had made no objection to his sudden departure; he had expected a storm of tears and reproaches, but beyond the one cold remark that he seemed to be glad of any excuse for leaving her, she had said nothing, and he had felt thankful at being let off so easily.

If he could have read her thoughts, he might, however, have felt differently. She had given him no reason for her sudden desire to settle down in a quiet seaside village, and he had been too glad of the suggestion for the boy's sake to ask any explanations. But now it seemed to her that his departure was arranged as conveniently as everything else had been; she had known very well when she chose their holiday resort that Lord Barfield's yacht would be anchored in the neighbouring bay, and on board the yacht were people for whose society she cared far more than she did for that of her husband or child, people whom he distrusted, and had forbidden her to visit.

Mr. Beresford was ignorant of all this, however, and he tried to comfort his little son with parting injunctions; it was useless, alas, to hope that his mother would take any care of

him, but perhaps it might console his loneliness to tell him to take care of her.

"But mother won't let me take care of her," said Lion piteously.

"That must only make you try all the more," said his father, speaking out of the depths of his own bitter experience. "You must be very careful not to worry her, because you know that sometimes you talk too loud when she has a headache, or even slam the doors. Will you promise me that you will be very good while I am away?"

"Yes, I will, I truthfully will!" said Lion, drying his eyes with a brave attempt at a smile.

"I shall soon come back," said Mr. Beresford, "and I shall write you long letters while I am away, and tell you all about the shells and the snakes and the little black boys."

"And you'll write it like print, won't you?" said Lion, "so as I needn't bother mamma to read it, because that's just one of the things that vexes her so, when I ask her to read your letters."

He spoke innocently, little knowing the wounding power that his words contained, but Mr. Beresford was well used to hiding his feelings, and he made the required promise in an unshaken voice.

"That's all right, then," said Lion joyfully.

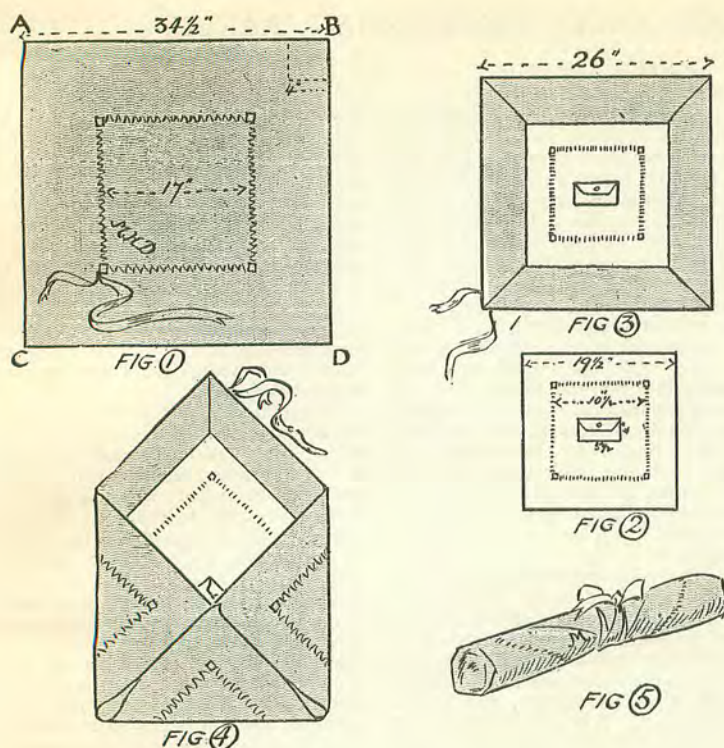
"But oh, daddy dear, you won't have me to curl your moustache for you, and you don't look a bit nice when it hangs all down like that," and throwing himself against his father, he proceeded to curl the offending moustache with his small fingers, while Mr. Beresford laughed at the sight of his earnest frown.

"I wish you would not let that child make so much noise," said a querulous voice at this moment, and leaving their play with a start, both father and son were hushed in a moment. Lion slipped down to the floor and took up his book, and Mr. Beresford went across to the sofa and tried to soften his wife's displeasure with his attentions.

The morning came all too soon, and Lion had hard work to keep a bright face through their hurried breakfast. Greatly to his relief Mrs. Beresford had chosen to remain upstairs, so that he had his father all to himself and could hang lovingly about him until the carriage came to take him to the station.

"Don't forget your promise," said Mr. Beresford as he drove away.

He spoke cheerfully, but his eyes were moist as he looked back at the lonely figure of the little six-year-old boy at the gate. If



FOLDING-UP WORK CASE.

To those of our "girls" who can do "hem-stitching," we commend this pattern, which was most kindly sent to us the other day from Glasgow. Fig. 1 represents a piece of pink (or any other colour) linen, $34\frac{1}{2}$ inches square. In the centre may be worked, in white linen thread, a conventional design, or, better still, the initials or name of the friend for whom it is intended; a border of hemstitching is then added, any nice open pattern of half an inch wide. The corners A, B, C, D, are then cut out four inches, turned over the other side and mitred down as in Fig. 3. Fig. 2 represents a small square of white linen with a narrower inner border of hemstitching, and a small pocket, feather-stitched all round, in the centre. This white linen is placed in the middle of the pink as seen in Fig. 2, and the edges of the latter are carefully hemmed down over it. A yard of strong white ribbon, an inch and a half wide, is then sewn on the outside near the initials as shown in Fig. 1. Be careful to notice that one end is long and the other short. When in use this case is spread out, like an apron, on the lap, and the method of folding is shown in Fig. 4. All the work materials are inside, and the little pocket contains thimble, scissors, etc. Roll it up from the lower edge, pass the long end of ribbon round it twice, tie in a bow, and behold! everything is compact and neat.

"COUSIN LIL."

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CHAPTER II.

THAT very afternoon we set to work, moved our belongings into mother's room, and dragged up the carpet in our own room. Ann washed the boards for us, while we went off to the stores for the stain. We had to wait till the next morning before we could begin our staining, but it did not take us very long to finish. Ann advised us to let her rub it over with boiled oil, and it certainly looked far better afterwards. That good-natured girl spent her afternoon in unpicking our old carpet to find the brightest pieces to turn into mats.

"Don't you go down on your knees, miss, to dust these boards," she impressed upon us more than once. "Where I lived last they had a deal of stained floors, and we always put our soft brooms into a bag of linen and dusted them with that."

The servants worked very hard, as we did also, so that by the time cook was ready for her new place we had "spring-cleaned" the house all through, staining the floors of the three bedrooms we were using, and putting away all superfluous glass and china, as well as some ornaments and nicknacks.

By cook's advice we decided to arrange the work as nearly as possible as she and Ann had worked. I, who had all my mornings free, was to be the cook, while Cecily, who had her music lessons to give, called herself "house-parlour-maid." Of course, we were always ready to help each other in every detail, and I feel sure that servants would find their work much lighter and pleasanter if only they would work together. The variety even would make it pleasanter, at least, so Cecily and I found.

It was rather an effort to turn out of bed at half-past six the first morning we were alone.

I ran down in my dressing-gown and set light to the stove before I took my bath, so that when we were dressed the kettle was boiling, and we could have a cup of tea and some bread and butter before we began our duties. I stayed in the kitchen to prepare breakfast, while Cecily went into the dining-room to sweep. I heard her making a great deal of noise, and when I was ready to help her, I could not help laughing at her preparations and efforts. She was scarlet and breathless with exertion, as she swept the carpet as if it were never to be swept again. She had moved every piece of furniture from its place that she could move, and would not believe that the heavy pieces were only moved out once a week on "turning out" days.

I took the broom from her and sent her for wood to light the fire, for the mornings were still chilly. Then we found the wood was damp, but we quickly dried it in the oven of the gas stove, and *never* afterwards did we forget to dry our wood directly we took it in.

We were just ready to ring the breakfast-bell when from upstairs came such a shouting from the boys, mingled with Jack's voice, angry and stern, that we both ran out to see what was wrong, and to our dismay found water pouring down the staircase into the hall. We at last learnt that Phil and Bob, who had their bath in their bedroom, had, in order to be helpful, tried to carry it to the bath-room to empty, the result being they had overturned it on the landing. They were so sorry, and had been acting from kindness, not mischief, that we stopped Jack's scoldings, and very soon we had sopped up the worst of the damage. Jack, however, insisted on their getting up as soon as we were down, so they could take their bath in the bath-room before he was ready for his.

Poor Jack! he did so hate our doing the

work of the house, but Aunt Jane had taken him in hand and made him reasonable, and it was she who wrote to mother, telling her of our plan, and begging her to consent to our giving it a fair trial.

I cleared away the breakfast, while Cecily ran up to air the bedrooms and beddings. Then together we washed up, and afterwards made the beds and tidied the bedrooms. Our house is a bright sunny one in West Hampstead, and the kitchen arrangements are all on the same floor as the living-rooms, which saved us many steps. One of Aunt Jane's orders was, "Always have something hot for the boys' dinner," and she gave me a list of dishes I could prepare in the morning, and leave them to "cook for themselves." The list was as follows.

Stewed Steak.—Put into your stew-pan a piece of dripping, two or three onions cut up, two or three carrots (according to size), lay your steak on the top of these, till all is a nice brown. Take all from the stew-pan and place in a brown jar (previously heated), add a few peppercorns, a pinch of spice, ginger, and three cloves, add sufficient hot water or stock to cover the meat, cover tightly, and leave in a cool oven for two or three hours. Before serving, strain off the gravy, thicken it with flour, heat to boiling in a saucepan. Put steak on dish and pour the gravy over. In preparing this dish our mistakes were—once we allowed it to cook too quickly, so that it was too hard; another time we cooked it too slowly, so that it was not done enough. We learnt that with all stews they must come to *nearly* boiling point, then put back just far enough to keep them from boiling.

Haricot Mutton.—Cook as above.

Steak Pudding, Steak Pie.—Beef steak answers perfectly for all these.

Canadian Steak Puddings.—Cut up two

pounds of steak into a pie-dish; pepper and salt freely. Pour on water just to cover steak. Take two ounces of suet, shred very fine; the crumb of a small loaf rubbed through a sieve. Mix together, moisten with milk, add two eggs well beaten, pour over the steak, and bake for two or three hours. This was a great favourite.

Curries.—Aitch-bone of beef stewed in the same manner as the steak, but not removed from the pan it is first put into. This requires stewing from four to five hours. When possible use weak stock instead of water, as it makes nicer soup for the following day.

But I must go back to our first day's experience. We had just finished tidying the house when the door bell rang, and when I ran to open the door, there stood dear Aunt Jane with a lovely bunch of flowers "to help poor Jack enjoy his first dinner without a waitress." She readily accepted my invitation into the kitchen, and it was certainly by her kind advice we were able to manage as well as we have. "Do you work regularly and methodically," was one of her maxims we endeavoured to follow, which has smoothed our way considerably. We made a plan of the daily work, turning out a room each day. On the first day Cecily turned out our room while I prepared the dinner. In the afternoon I was due at my old lady's, to whom I read for two hours, and to amuse her I told her of our plan. I saw she was greatly shocked, and I never was able to convince her we had succeeded satisfactorily. As I was hurrying home I overtook the two boys, one carrying a brown paper parcel, the other what looked like a broom-stick.

They refused to satisfy my curiosity concerning their packages until we reached home and Cecily had joined us. Then they disclosed to our view a carpet-sweeper, and on our exclaiming our delight and demanding to know how they had managed to get such a treasure, it came out that the dear old things had parted with their most cherished possession, having sold their stamp collection to a schoolfellow.

"Now Cecily needn't get so hot, need she?" asked Phil, but, on Cecily rushing to hug them, they both fled to their own room, refusing to listen to our thanks.

"Mother is right," I said to Cecily. "Hard times have their bright sides. We should never have known how sweet the boys really were if there had been no necessity for their sacrifice."

Our chief saving has been in the preparation of our food and in doing away with the early dinner. Luckily we have both such very good appetites that, eating heartily as we did at breakfast and dinner, there was no need for us to prepare a midday meal. Our luncheon consisted of anything we had to spare from the larder, sometimes of bread and cheese only, although we always indulged in a cup of hot cocoa afterwards. In the days when cook was in charge of the cooking I had to give her a special order for breakfast, either sausages, bacon, or fish. But now that I was cooking we learned (of course from Aunt Jane as well

as by experience) to make out of scraps plenty of suitable dishes. We found the following most liked by the boys:—

Breakfast Pies.—Mince through the machine any scraps the larder affords (ham, cold bacon, cold steak, pieces left in meat-pies—in fact, anything that is quite sweet and wholesome). Boil a cupful of Quaker Oats. Mix all together, add flavouring of Tarragon vinegar, pepper, and salt. Line patty-pans with pastry, fill with mixture, cover with pastry.

Beef Brawn.—Mince any pieces of cold meat, season well with pepper and salt. Boil some weak stock, with an onion, one or two cloves, and spice if liked. While boiling pour over gelatine (previously soaked). Mix all together and pour into a mould. To be eaten cold. Half an ounce of gelatine to a pint of water. Sufficient minced meat to nearly fill a pint measure.

Mulligatawny Pâté.—Mince or cut any pieces of cold meat very fine. Add equal quantity of boiled rice (boiled in stock when possible), add a teaspoonful of curry-powder. Line pie-dish with pastry. Put in mixture, cover with boiled rice, and bake.

Macaroni and Tomatoes.—Boil macaroni in stock, add any scraps of meat, two or three tomatoes cut in slices. Can be eaten hot, baked in pie-dish, or poured into a mould to be eaten cold. All these dishes can be prepared the day before, and only require heating up in the oven.

We always had stock by us, boiling down at once any bones that were in the house, and keeping all liquor that meat had been boiled in. Not being fat eaters we melted down for dripping all we did not consume, and I have often cut off the fat from a joint before cooking it to use as suet for puddings. If we had to buy suet, we bought Hugon's; it is cheaper and saves much labour in chopping than ordinary suet. But my advice to every housekeeper is, never throw away any fat, for every piece can be utilised.

Unfortunately none of us are fond of what the boys call "pap" puddings, and we had some difficulty in getting rid of our stale bread till Aunt Jane advised us to dip the pieces into milk and crisp them in the oven for the cheese course. The ones that were not eaten at dinner we broke up, ground through the coffee mill, and kept in a tin for when we were cooking fish, rissole, or anything that requires breadcrumbs or raspings. We also used our stale bread in fruit puddings. Fill a pudding-basin, previously well greased, with pieces of bread. Boil any fruit, such as currants, blackberries, etc., and while hot pour over the bread till the basin is quite full. Place a saucer or small plate on the top, stand a heavy weight on it, and leave till the following day. To be turned out and eaten cold.

Half-pay Pudding.— $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. suet, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. currants, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. raisins, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoonfuls dark treacle, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk. Boil for three or four hours. The longer this pudding boils the better it is. Apple charlotte, rhubarb charlotte, and Manchester pudding also used up our stale bread. It had always

been a difficulty when cook was with us to choose a pudding the boys would not call "pappy;" and now that every egg represented a penny to us the difficulty was greater, till it occurred to Cecily that we might substitute cakes for ordinary puddings, and the result was most satisfactory. We could use dripping, of course; and after a friend told us of "Paisley Flour," there seemed no end to a variety of nice and inexpensive sorts.

The boys delighted in *Ginger-bread*.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 6 oz. dripping, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoonfuls "Paisley Flour," $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. dark treacle (or more), $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. dark sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls ginger and ground spice, 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk. Dissolve the soda in a little milk, mix dry ingredients together, add treacle slightly warmed. Then pour in the soda, add the vinegar to the rest of the milk, stir all thoroughly, and bake immediately.

Vinegar Cake.—6 oz. dripping, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. currants or sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. moist sugar, 1 teaspoonful carbonate of soda dissolved in milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. flour, 2 tablespoonfuls "Paisley Flour," 2 tablespoonfuls vinegar to about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk. To be mixed in the same way as the ginger-bread.

Scones with raisins, plain scones, cheese biscuits, were all favourites; but as these recipes can all be made from the recipe for scones given with each packet of "Paisley Flour," I need not write them. In one of the books that had so annoyed poor Cecily in her search for advice how to manage without servants the lady had found her greatest difficulty in the door-answering; but that, I can assure you, never troubled us. Our friends came as often to see us as when Ann, in her flying white streamers, answered their knocking—in fact, they came more frequently, for it was no unusual occurrence for us to have three or four willing helpers in the morning to assist us through our work, Cynthia Marriott being our most regular assistant. Never was there a merrier, more laughing set of servants than we were, nor were there more elaborately decorated pies and tarts ever made than those made for Jack's dinner by the fairest hands in the kingdom. Sometimes I think we might have bored the boys by our domestic interests, had it not been for Aunt Jane impressing on us constantly the importance of making their home-life a social one. It was often a trouble to leave the kitchen just before serving up the dinner to change into an evening blouse; but we always did so for fear the boys would grow careless in their dress, and constantly our helpers in the morning would run in after dinner to help make the evenings as merry as when we had servants to answer the door. But the work was work, although we could play over it at times. There were many backaches and weary feet, many hot, depressing days when even the gas stove suffocated us with the heat as we stirred a saucepan or opened the oven door; but we bore it all bravely, as who would not, when she felt she was, at least, trying to give back health to a father, and such a father as ours?

(To be concluded.)

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

It is now authoritatively declared by medical opinion that it is dangerous to moisten many postage stamps with the tongue. It may lead to cancer of the tongue and other serious complaints in the mouth or stomach; and the stamp margin paper should never be used to put over an open wound.

MEAT baked in the oven is the cause of much indigestion.

NOTHING makes a room look more untidy than blinds drawn up crooked, and faded flowers on the table. Cultivate a spirit of neatness in all the rooms, but especially those in which you receive your friends.

LOOSE sofa covers and spare blankets should be constantly inspected in summer, and periodically shaken, to prevent moths fastening on them.

BEDS should never be placed against a wall except just at the top. If the side of a bed is against a wall, it cannot be properly made, nor can there be sufficient air moving around it for health.

It is well that one member of a family should keep a diary to record family and other events. These diaries prove valuable for reference in after years.

HOW WE MANAGED WITHOUT SERVANTS.

By Mrs. FRANK W. W. TOPHAM, Author of "The Alibi," "The Fateful Number," etc.

CHAPTER III.



THE hot July days brought us such good news from Cannes that our hearts were all light with the hope of soon welcoming our parents back, and Cecily was especially happy at being promised several more pupils after the summer holidays were over. Mrs. Moore, the old lady to whom I read, had hinted that she might require more of my time in the autumn, so we had every reason to be light-hearted and to forget the hardness of our work with so much to be thankful for. Only poor old Jack looked graver as the days went by, and my heart ached for him with his secret trouble.

It was nearly the end of July that one morning Cynthia came tapping at the kitchen door, where I was surrounded with materials for dinner.

"Where is Cecily?" she asked, and on my telling her Cecily was out, giving music lessons, she told me she had tickets for a concert that afternoon, and she knew how much she would like to go.

I knew so too, and at once said I would leave my cooking till the afternoon and finish a smart blouse Cecily had been making for herself.

"Do let me do the cooking while you sew," Cynthia asked, but I said she had better not as the dinner was to be what the boys called a triumph of "mind over matter," meaning a dinner was to be made out of scraps, which was always tramping work. But Cynthia insisted on being cook.

I had already sent Beatrice Ethel, the little boot-girl, out for a quart of skimmed or separated milk which Cecily made into *Sago Soup*: Take three or four onions and boil them in the milk till soft enough to run through a sieve. Boil six large potatoes and rub through sieve. Put all back into milk with pepper and salt. Add a teacup of sago, tapioca, rice, or some macaroni. But sago is best. Send up fried bread with this.

Our meat course was to be breakfast pies, and as there were some scraps over, Cynthia made a mulligatawny pâté, which would come in for breakfast.

Our pudding was a *German Pudding*: 1 lb. flour, 1 teaspoonful of carbonate of soda rubbed into the flour, 6 oz. of scraped fat, ½ lb. treacle melted in milk. To be boiled for three hours. This would have been sufficient for our dinner, but Cynthia begged to make a few jam tarts, as she "loved making pastry." Why they were finished, she had

a piece of pastry over, which she turned into *Cheese Puffs*. She rolled out her paste, sprinkled it thickly with cheese and "Paisley Flour," repeating the process several times. She brushed them over with a little egg, and baked them at once. I suggested, as we were well off for milk, she might make a custard to eat with our pudding, with "Bird's Custard Powder," but only on condition that she asked leave to come back with Cecily to help us eat such a grand dinner. Lately I had noticed that she had been allowed to accept our invitations for the evening, and although it seemed a mistake for Jack to be in her company too often, it was such a delight for him to find her with us when he returned home, I could not resist asking her.

Cecily had of course accepted Cynthia's invitation to the concert with much delight, and I, having locked up the house, had spent a pleasant afternoon with dear Aunt Jane, who had given me a great bunch of beautiful white lilies, and a basket of gooseberries for the boys.

I was only just back when I heard Cecily's knock, and finding her alone I asked if Cynthia were not coming to dinner.

"Yes, indeed she is," answered Cecily, "and what do you think? Mr. Marriott has invited himself also!"

"Oh, Cecily," I cried. "You must go at once and get some fish and some fruit," but Cecily interrupted me, saying—

"No, he stipulates that we make no change. He is coming to eat Cynthia's cooking, and I promised him we would have nothing extra, except some coffee."

Of course I brought out our best table linen and china, rubbed up our silver and glass, and with Aunt Jane's lilies for decoration our dinner-table looked as nice as possible. Cecily ran up the road to meet Jack to tell him the news as soon as she saw him, and we had to be quite determined not to be over-ruled, so anxious was he for various additions to our meal.

"Could you not run to Aunt Jane and ask her to lend us her maid," he asked, but I insisted on no change being made.

"Mr. Marriott is coming to see how clever Cynthia is, and not to quiz us," I replied, so Jack had to be content. The soup was a great success. We turned the Mulligatawny pie into an *entrée*, and added the jam tarts to the pudding course. Cecily and Bob fetched and carried the dishes, though I slipped out during the cheese course to make the coffee for dessert.

We were a very merry party at dinner, and Cynthia had many congratulations from us all. Jack and Mr. Marriott were a long time

before they joined us in the drawing-room, but when they came the evening was one of the pleasantest we had spent since dear father's illness. Jack was so much more like his old self, and Mr. Marriott so positive of father's recovery that every doubt and perplexity of life fled, and it seemed to me that all the pain of separation and the grave anxieties of the past were now fled for ever. Cecily and the boys had gone up to bed while I waited for Jack to return from walking back with Cynthia and her father, and when he came in I saw at once he had good news for me.

"Oh, Kitty," he cried, in his old boyish manner, "you can never guess what Mr. Marriott has said to me this evening. He said he always knew a good son would make a good husband, but that he felt his little girl would never make a good wife for a poor man. But, Kitty Mavourneen, he says you and Cecily have shown her the way, and if, when she is twenty-one, I like to ask her to be my wife, he won't send me away."

I was obliged to run upstairs to call Cecily to hear these good tidings, and Cecily in her dressing-gown, with her hair streaming down her back, rushed down the stairs at a bound to hug Jack in a way she had not dared to do since he had grown "so cross and old."

It was but a few weeks afterwards that we were welcoming father and mother back once more—father, older-looking certainly than before his illness, but no longer an invalid, while mother looked stronger and rosier than any of us could remember her. They were both surprised to find how well we could manage the housework, though father insisted on our keeping Beatrice Ethel all day to do the heaviest work.

"As soon as I am in work again," he said, "we must find a strong servant once more," and on our protesting he answered, "My darlings, you were perfectly right in doing without servants as you have done. Now there is really no necessity, and it is wiser for Cecily to spend her time over her music, to enable her to teach others. You, dear Kitty, we will gladly spare to Mrs. Moore, knowing you can help her in her infirmity. This work you are both fitted to undertake, and you can then conscientiously leave the housework to those other girls, who, not having had the education God has permitted you to have, can only labour with their hands and hearts. Your experience will make you better mistresses, I am convinced. You will be more competent to teach and more sympathetic over failures and shortcomings, and will never in all your life regret that all these months you have managed without servants."

VARIETIES.

SOME GAELIC PROVERBS.

Most shallow—most noisy.
The eye of a friend is an unerring mirror.
Oft has the wise advice proceeded from the mouth of folly.

As a man's own life, so is his judgment of the lives of others.

God cometh in the time of distress, and it is no longer distress when He comes.

The fortunate man awaits and he shall arrive in peace; the unlucky hastens and evil shall be his fate.

LIFE AND DEATH.

I live, and yet I know not why,
Unless it be I live to die:
I die—and dying live in vain,
Unless I die to live again.

AN ABSOLUTE CERTAINTY.—Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty that man is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed.

PASSING AN EXAMINATION.

Here is how Professor William James of Harvard, in his student days, passed an examination before the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The first question put to him was as to the nerves at the base of the brain. It so happened that Mr. James was well up in the subject, and he promptly gave an exhaustive reply.

"Oh, well, if you know that you know everything," said Dr. Holmes cheerfully. "Let's talk about something else. How are all your people at home?"