

"I'm awfully sorry for the ospreys, you know, but why do they grow such fascinating tips?"

That girl, you are to note, cast upon the ospreys the blame that attached to herself for wearing osprey tips.

In the case of those not endowed with fine social gifts, it is not always easy to make conversation with a person newly introduced without having recourse to a question which at one and the same time marks the person putting it as ignorant of grammar and lacking in good taste. The question is, "Who do you remind me of?" addressed to the newcomer, or, "Who does he—she—remind you of?" addressed to a third person. There are people who are veritably dreaded by other people for the simple reason that they cannot embark on conversation of whatsoever kind until they have settled in their own minds whom the persons newly introduced to them remind them of.

Less undelighting, while quite equally curious, is the phenomenon presented by those people, often maidens, who appear to be unable to originate the name of any object, while evidently knowing what it is, and who are equally, it would seem, unable to reply lucidly to any question, although they manifestly understand it. They suffer in a modified form from the disease termed by those who have given study to brain affections *aphasia*, whence the use by them of the expression, "Thingimy by Thingimbob," to denote a work the name of which is not Thingimy, and the author of which is not Thingimbob, and whence also on their part the vexatious reply which is broken off midway with the exclamation, "You understand what I mean!" the fact being that the speaker suddenly experiences not a reluctance but an inability to proceed.

The plain truth is that talking, as Mr. Tulliver said, is troublesome work, and the troublesomeness attaching to it is increased as

certain topics pass more and more out of favour—the weather, for instance. There are persons who express a lively regret that the weather is no longer as much to the fore in conversation as it used to be. These persons deplore what should not be deplored. It is not that the weather is an unimportant subject that it seems so desirable that it should cease to be what it was in times past, a matter of daily and almost hourly discussion. Stress of weather, as all know, some three centuries ago changed the political face of Europe in dispersing a large fleet sent out from Spain, and some century later it gave a new political face to Europe in keeping captive a little fleet which was meant to have been sent out from England. Tremendous issues are involved in the weather, but chatter on the subject of it really profits nothing.

A question which is one of the most important in connection with social intercourse is that involved in a case which, as stated by a German writer, stands thus—

"It is easy to hide hate, less easy to hide love, least easy to hide indifference."

It is, some assert, of the necessity of things that she who goes much into society shall meet persons who have neither her hate nor her love, the feeling which she has for them being, if not exactly indifference, yet a thing little removed from it. To spare such persons the shock which they would experience if given to understand what is the feeling that they inspire is the desire, it is further maintained, of every girl whose heart is not of pig-iron.

Good. But what about those girls who in intercourse with persons of their own sex conceive that indiscriminate kissing and use of the word "dear" convey an idea of general affectionateness calculated to diffuse happiness and ease?

They are egregiously mistaken. Indifference it is not merely difficult to hide, it is impossible to hide it, and all efforts in

that direction make it only the more manifest to those to whom it gives pain. It is, however, luckily by no means necessary to feel indifference towards those to whom are given neither love nor hate. There are persons to whom it is impossible to feel indifference towards anyone. These persons are by more than a little lower than the angels, but yet, ideally speaking, stand so fully head and shoulders above other persons that in society as elsewhere all bow down before them, treating them as queens and kings.

That is their high reward.

So far nothing has been said of that important thing—listening.

"To listen," says Disraeli of one of his society heroines, "was among many talents perhaps her rarest." Taken from its context that sentence is so worded as to allow of two interpretations, one of them not so favourable to Zenobia as the author of *Endymion* would desire.

This is the place in which it would be suitable if it were possible to set forth clearly what constitutes listening in that sense in which it is not merely preserving silence while others speak, a great number of people, among them many girls, being of the extraordinary opinion that listening is merely that. So far from that being even a main part of it, listening in the best sense which attaches to it is the speaking with every part of the face but the lips, so that your listener proper is by turns set aghast and agloom by all that is said to her, and not only that, but is, with nice adjustment of interest in the talk going forward, set facially querying, commenting, assenting, denying, praising, condemning, pitying, congratulating.

The girl who can silently do all that is no mere mummer, but is dowered with what society, too much maligned as mercenary, really sets the highest value on—rich sympathies.

(To be continued.)

FARCED OLIVES.

By "A. M. B."



ALTHOUGH there may be many people to whom recipes for serving olives in different forms will not appeal, for the taste is decidedly an acquired one, yet to a large number any new form of serving this delicious

little fruit will be acceptable.

On account of the cleansing effect olives have upon the palate, they are placed upon the dinner-table in small fancy dishes for the guests to partake of between the courses, but more often they are dressed in some dainty way as savouries, and it is for this course that I shall give recipes. They may also rank among *hors d'œuvres*, in which case tiny china plates are used, each plate containing enough for one person.

Before giving the recipes I must say a few words about olives. Those imported into this country are the Spanish, which is the largest, and a little more bitter than any other; the French, which is exceedingly good, and the Italian, which by many is considered the best of all. All are pickled in their unripe state—brine or oil being employed for their preservation. If very salt, soak in cold water an hour and wipe quite dry before using. A

bottle of olives costs from 6d. to 1s., and to have them in perfection they should be firm to the touch. If more are taken from the bottle than required, they can be put back again, but it is important to remember that unless covered in weak brine, they will lose their colour and become flabby. *Olives farcées* (stuffed olives) are also sold ready for the table, but of course the expense is rather more—1s. 6d. a small bottle.

The first dish shall be *Olive Croûtes*. The Spanish olive is most suitable for these. Take 5 olives, 5 small rounds of bread fried a pretty golden colour (small plain biscuits will do if more convenient), a few capers, 1 hard-boiled yolk, 1 oz. butter, juice of half a lemon, 1 teaspoonful of anchovy essence or paste, cayenne pepper and salt.

The olives must be "turned," as the stoning of an olive is termed. To do this you will require a small sharp penknife. Pass the point of it slantingly into the fruit until the stone is reached, then peel round it until the stone comes out clean. It must be carefully done, as the fruit should resume its shape and remain unbroken after the stoning process. Mix the lemon juice, butter, egg, anchovy, etc., on a plate with a broad-bladed knife until the ingredients are all incorporated; make a small paper bag of stout paper (the kind grocers use for wrapping up butter is best—note paper will do if that is not procurable) the shape of a cone, leaving a tiny hole as a sort of funnel—put the

mixture into this and force some of it into the olives. Now place each farced or stuffed olive on a round of bread fried lightly spread with anchovy paste or essence; all round the olive and on the top place the capers. A spot of the butter mixture forced between each caper gives the finishing touch: serve on a bed of cress temptingly arranged.

Real anchovies are an improvement; they should be passed through a hair sieve if used before being mixed with the other ingredients, and then instead of the capers take a thin slice or fillet of anchovy and roll round the olive. Shrimp or bloater paste may replace the anchovy.

Olives farced with Sardines.—Allow two or three to each person. For 6 olives take 3 sardines, 1½ oz. butter, 1 teaspoonful of tomato pulp or sauce, lemon juice, salt and cayenne to taste—just a dust of powdered mace. Skin and bone the sardines, pass through a sieve with tomato pulp, etc., turn the olives and farce as before with a paper cone. Have ready some nice white crisp celery finely shred, place on small *entrée* dish, sprinkle with vinegar and salad oil, salt and pepper, and then scatter finely-chopped parsley on the top. Arrange the olives tastefully on the bed of celery and use a little of the pale green part for decorating the top of each. When celery is not in season, lettuces, cucumbers, or other green-meat, may be used.

Olive Canapés.—Another simple way of serving a pretty savoury of olives and celery is to take, say, five oval *croûtes* of fried bread and place them on small plates. On each piece of bread place three *olives farcées*, on each side of the bread lay a little bundle of celery cut into extremely fine strips; season highly. Finish off with a little chopped aspic jelly; one tablespoonful of jelly goes a long way for purposes of this sort. Should more colour be liked, a few shreds of red chilé laid on the top of the celery will make a more brilliant savoury.

Olives in Aspic.—This is a more elaborate dish. Some tiny dariole moulds should be chosen, and after rinsing them in cold water leave them wet. Pour in to the depth of half an inch some well-flavoured aspic jelly. Let it set. Take an olive, stoned and stuffed, and place it exactly in the middle of the jelly, now pour in one teaspoonful of liquid cold aspic, and let that again set, and in doing so it will keep the olive

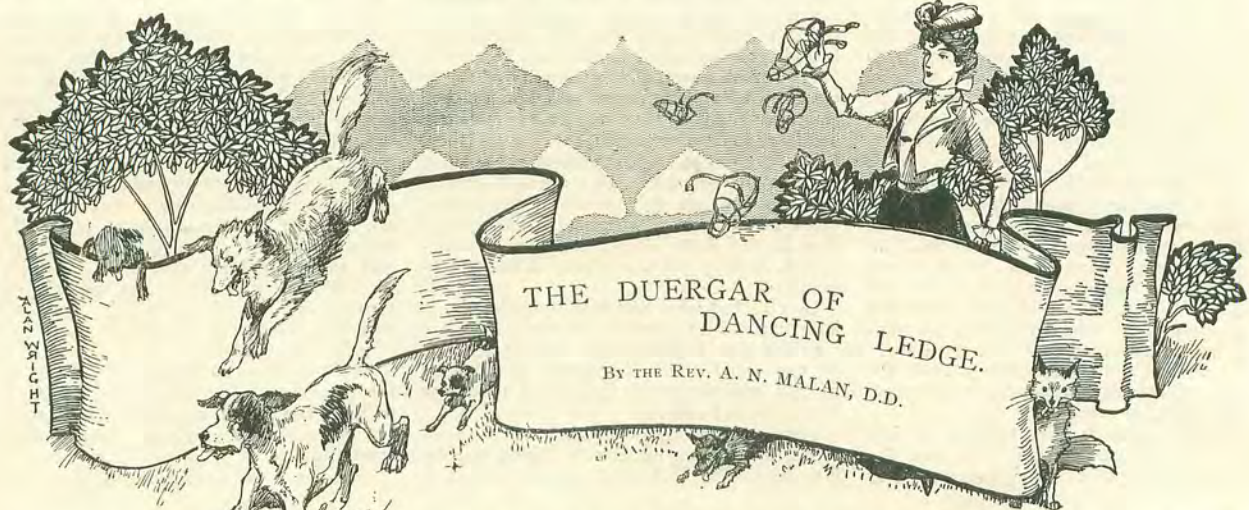
in place; a bowl of broken ice for the mould to stand on will cause the jelly to set almost immediately. Cover the fruit entirely now with jelly. When cold turn out carefully by dipping each mould in warm water for an instant. Serve on a bed of salad mixed with a tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing made thus:—put raw yolk of egg in a bowl and with a wooden spoon or fork, work in enough oil (gradually at first) to make it as thick as whipped cream, add vinegar to taste, also 1 teaspoonful of mustard, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of sugar and dust of pepper. The white of the egg can be put in a greased egg-cup covered with greased paper and cooked for ten minutes in boiling water till hard and firm and then used for garnishing the salad. Slices of cooked beetroot go well with it.

Olive Toast.—I have reserved the quickest and easiest recipe for the last. A slice of well-buttered toast cut into small squares, 10 olives,

1 tablespoonful of gherkins or capers all chopped finely and mixed with a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, half a teaspoonful of curry paste, a few grains of cayenne and salt if necessary. Spread thickly on toast and serve very hot (by placing in oven for few minutes).

Before concluding this article I must give directions for preparing olives for garnishing other dishes, *e.g.*, beef-steaks, chops, etc. Stone the olives, blanch them by putting them into cold water and bringing them to the boil, strain off the water and cover with good stock, and, if allowed, half a glass of sherry. Cook gently half an hour and then use for garnishing *entrées* or other dishes.

Olive Sauce is made by allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of stoned olives to $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of stock, lemon juice and seasoning to taste. Cook half an hour; or the fruit may be chopped and added to plain melted butter.



CHAPTER II.

WE must return to Seaview.

Miss Kitty had gradually regained her composure, and settled herself to prepare the German lesson, in readiness for Herr Oppenheim's visit at seven o'clock. She took special delight in German. Herr Oppenheim was a married man. His wife and child had lodgings in Essington. His fatherly instincts made him adapt his teaching to the tastes and tempers of his pupils. He understood Miss Kitty's disposition—fanciful and imaginative, shy and sensitive, with a keen appreciation of legendary lore. He taught her to sing wild songs of the Goths, and he won her attentive interest over many a Gothic myth and German romance, as recorded by Wolfram von Eschenbach in the *Heldenbuch*.

The legend which most captivated Kitty's fancy was that of the Giant Ymir and his offspring the Duergar—dwarfs dwelling in rocks and hills, noted for their strength, subtlety, and magical powers—the personification of the subterranean powers of nature.

Often would Miss Kitty weave day-dreams of the Duergar, while roaming in idle meditation over the cliffs—especially on wild autumnal or wintry afternoons, when the roaring winds and waves played grand symphonies of storm-movement; when the sea-mists wreathed themselves over the rocks in weird, sheeted phantom shapes, to dissolve into demons of darkness, and scour the dips and hollows under cover of approaching night.

Or on calm evenings, with only peace over

earth and sky and sea, when the moon held high court in the heavens, "so purely dark and darkly pure," Miss Kitty would feast her mind on the banquet of fancy. "Why do not the Duergar come out of the rocks, and dance on Dancing Ledge?" The question would rise in her mind, half in jest, half in earnest. The scene seemed so exactly suited to them, that, if there were a ray of truth in the legend, it ought to beguile them into some manifestation.

At times she would watch shreds of vapour float over the Ledge, till she almost believed that the Duergar were at last going to gratify her curiosity. But they always faded away when they seemed to be gathering substance, only to leave her in disappointment. It was too bad!

After the German lesson was ended that evening, she approached Herr Oppenheim on the subject, describing her desires, and asking an explanation for their failure of fulfilment.

The sober Teuton opened his blue eyes, and allowed a smile to play over his stolid countenance.

"Ach, my dear young lady, we live in too prosaic days. The Duergar are timid and frightened to cross the strip of silver sea. They have heard rumours of Röntgen rays, motor cars, great guns and torpedoes, wireless telegraphy, liquid air. They fear the modern English fashions, and will not venture to quit their trackless Carpathians, the home of the occult powers, vampires, lemurs, ghosts, duergar. You will not find them in respectable England."

"Ah, but, Meinheer, could we not conjure them to us by magical incantations? I heard them during that thunderstorm last week—mutterings of deep subterranean voices; the thunder talked to them and they answered."

"Ach, but I think not. We might go down in the moonlight and amuse ourselves by a representation. I would be Ymir, you and your two fair cousins the Duergar. We might dance on Dancing Ledge, and, if any one saw us from the cliffs, he would mistake us for spirits of the rocks. Ach, it is a good idea! Will you ask leave of your aunt? You and your cousins would wear white frocks, and let your hair stream free in the wind; I would wear black—black mask with horns, black tail. I should make an ugly giant! What do you think of my little plan?"

"Oh, Meinheer, it is splendid! Aunt would not mind, and Edith and Adelaide would be delighted! Let us get all ready, and go down to-morrow night!"

Kitty clapped her hands and ran off to obtain the required consent. Her quick return proclaimed the ready acceptance of the proposal; and Herr Oppenheim took his leave with a promise to have his disguise ready by the next evening, when he would call for the young ladies and escort them down to Dancing Ledge. His wife would come to chaperon the young ladies, and his daughter, Wilma, would like to see the fun.

He was true to his promise. In high glee the three girls tripped nimbly down the slopes. Each had prepared a loose white frock to slip over her ordinary dress, and while the German master made up in a convenient cave, the young ladies quickly performed their toilet. They nearly screamed when they saw him reappear as a black, horned monster of hideous aspect, wagging a long tail. The contrast in their respective disguises was immense—a veritable demon and three fairies. They joined hands and capered about. Then Ymir stood in the centre, brandishing his arms with