

doubt, my child did wrong in bestowing her ring, but I—I wish to know if he merits such a gift from her hands?"

"He merits it by his birth," answered Henri, "and his bravery is recognised; but—he is the unfortunate Sire de Glérolles, better known now by the name of Chevalier de l'Ourse. You are acquainted with his deplorable history. If I did not invite him to my wedding, it was because he shuns all fêtes and festivals. Besides, I would not for anything in the world wish Aloyse to see his face uncovered, so fearfully disfigured is it from the encounter he had with that wild bear. I expected to see him towards the end of the tournament, and recognised him by his handsome person, his silence and his skill. He now avoids all the ladies as much as he formerly sought their society. If he jousts for Gizèle, it was, I presume, because he looked upon her in the light of a child. You need not expect to hear of him again, much less of his offering himself for the hand of a bride."

"It is not, then, from that source," said Ermance, "the husband I would wish Gizèle to have. If only she could find one like her eldest sister, in whom is combined nobility, grace and courtesy!"

The tournament ended, return was made to the Castle, where feast and dance occupied the rest of the day. Much pleasantry fell upon Gizèle respecting her handsome Chevalier de l'Ourse, which she bore with gaiety, and declared herself quite willing to marry the possessor of her ring whenever he should come to claim her.

However, she did not dance the less, although for partners she had neither Chevalier de l'Ourse nor yet the one who had passed for him. The attractive Thiéry de Lasarraz took their place. Bright, alert, as fond of pleasure as Isaure's champions were of combat, he never allowed the merry girl one moment's repose. Carried away by the light-heartedness of her extreme youth, influenced by a *penchant* for coquetry which Isaure could not even dissemble, and which greatly distressed her, Gizèle was more flattered by the homage of this young Baron and more content with herself than, as Arthur's *fiancée*, she ought to have been. On this day of all others, when Arthur had displayed so many graces of courtesy and valour, when he had been generally mistaken for the bravest and handsomest knight in all Transjurane, Isaure's admiration of him was intensified, while Gizèle, so carelessly happy, the object of all his success, of all his hopes, Gizèle, destined to be his constant companion, was enjoying the dance with Baron Thiéry, or, her hand on his shoulder, stepping gaily through the rooms, now smiling, now blushing at his gallant conversation, provoked into being by her infantine allurements, giving no thought to Arthur, except when Isaure reminded her of him.

"How young and frivolous she is!" thought Isaure. "Will she ever know how to love Arthur as he deserves—Arthur, nobler a thousand times by his virtues and

feelings than all the Barons of Transjurane could be by their ancestry?"

That night, on retiring, she wished to emphasise this comparison, to which Gizèle, half asleep, retorted that Thiéry danced "twice as well as Arthur." And Ermance, imposing silence upon her, remarked that it was apparent Elise and Raymond had overlooked the fact that their adopted daughter belonged to the house of Vufflens.

After affectionate leave-takings, Ermance, Isaure, and Gizèle mounted their horses and set out, attended by many noble knights, followed by numerous pages. The Dowager rode in advance, at her side Thiéry's father, who retained at sixty all the chivalrous etiquette of his younger days. He entertained Ermance *en route* by telling of high deeds in arms and loyalty in love, and ended by declaring that had he known of her imprisonment in the tower, he would have consecrated his sword and his life to her deliverance. Isaure followed between the two undaunted knights, who never allowed either one to approach nearer to her than the other. They were in full chevalier costume, all barred with iron. Each looked furiously on his rival's token, vowing to become possessed of it.

"Once in the safety of my fortress, she shall not go forth again too quickly," thought the Baron de Montagny.

"If I once conduct her to my castle, I will guard her there carefully," the Châtelain des Clées told himself.

Poor Isaure! She was thinking of the pleasure of seeing Arthur and Elise once more.

The rivals broke silence rarely, then by some reflection analogous to their taste.

"What luscious grapes!" had remarked Lord Montagny when passing the vineyards of Lavaux. "What excellent wine they will make! How delightful, mademoiselle, to drink well of it to your health!"

"What forests!" had observed the Châtelain Clées when they were approaching the somewhat uncivilised city of Lausanne. "They should be overrun by wolves and bears and wild boar. What pleasure to hunt there with you at one's side, mademoiselle!"

The prospect over the beautiful plains of Vichy inspired no other thought in their minds than a field of battle scattered with dead and wounded.

Isaure was all alert to catch the first view of the Vufflens towers. Behind rode Gizèle and Thiéry, thinking neither of drinking, nor of hunting, nor of war—only of laughter. The young Baron caused his horse to prance, which excited the one on which Gizèle rode, laughed at her fear, and assured her that he was only teaching them how to dance.

As soon as the party entered the Castle courtyard, Ermance proposed a rest for her escort, and had served to them such collation as the Castle could command.

Before separating they asked permission to return, which being graciously accorded, they duly took their leave.

(To be continued.)

## FOREIGN CAKES AND SWEETS.

ALTHOUGH no foreign country comes anywhere near England in its variety and perfection of cake and pudding-making, there are still some Continental recipes which I feel sure would prove a welcome change and addition to many an English table. Now that the fruit season is in full sway, it has occurred to me that some of the delicious fresh fruit cakes of Switzerland and Germany would be acceptable to those of our girls who superintend their own

cooking and who are invariably pleased with novelties, especially if such novelties be cheap, simple and good.

The following recipes will, I trust, find favour with many a bonnie housewife.

### KÄSE KUCHEN (*Cheese Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Bread dough, or butter or dripping crust, half a pound of cheese, a breakfastcupful of cream or milk,

two eggs if cream is used, three eggs if milk is employed, two ounces of butter, pepper and salt.

Cover a large open tin with bread dough, or butter or dripping crust. Cut the cheese up into dice or scrape it. Beat the eggs into the cream or milk, add the cheese, and pepper and salt to taste. Pour this mixture over the dough, add some small lumps of butter on top, and bake in a moderate oven. Any sort of old pieces of cheese may be used up in this way. The cake must be served steaming hot.

#### APFEL KUCHEN (*Apple Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, two pounds of apples, sugar, cinnamon, and two ounces of almonds.

Make a nice rich butter piecrust with the butter and flour. Spread this out on a large buttered tin. Peel the apples and cut them into quarters (if very large, into eight pieces), lay them on the dough as near to each other as possible. Strew over them sugar, a little cinnamon, some finely-chopped almonds, and three or four little lumps of butter. Bake in a quick oven.

P.S.—It may be interesting to "Our Girls" who bake their own bread, to know that a delicious apple cake may be made by using the same dough as that used for bread. In Switzerland it is the custom to take round to the baker a dish full of cut-up apples and a couple of eggs mixed in a quarter of a pint of milk. For the small sum of threepence the baker strews a large pan with bread dough, places the apples, sugar and custard on top, and sends us in a steaming Apfel Kuchen.

#### ZWIEBELN KUCHEN (*Onion Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Two Spanish onions, two eggs, a breakfastcupful of milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste, bread dough.

Although this and the following recipe does not come strictly under the title of a sweet, it is yet such a simple and tasty dessert dish that I need no apology for inserting it. Shred up the onions very fine and fry them in butter until of a light brown colour. Have ready a large open tin covered with bread dough or dripping crust, smear this entirely over with the onions, which must have been allowed to cool, and over all pour the cream and beaten-up eggs, with some occasional small lumps of butter on top. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot.

#### HIMBEER KUCHEN (*Raspberry Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—One pound of raspberries, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of almonds, two ounces of flour, four yolks of eggs, and also the four whites. Butter crust.

Cook the raspberries and sugar together for about a quarter of an hour. Stir into this a quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of finely-chopped almonds, two ounces more of sugar, two ounces of flour, the four yolks of the eggs, and finally the four whites beaten to a stiff froth. Place this mixture on a tin covered with butter crust and bake in a hot oven.

#### KIRSCHEN KUCHEN (*Cherry Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Two pounds of stoned cherries, two gills of cream, four eggs, two ounces of almonds, two ounces of sugar, cinnamon, butter crust.

Take a large tin and cover rather thickly with butter crust. Lay the cherries closely together over this and strew over a handful of powdered sugar. Mix the cream, eggs, two ounces of pounded almonds, two ounces of powdered sugar, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon, pour over the cherries and bake the cake in a hot oven.

This cake is sufficient for eight persons. The crust should be made with half a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of butter, a dripping or plain bread dough can also be used.

P.S.—To stone cherries attach a hairpin to a little bit of wood, then draw out the stone with the top of the hairpin. This is more practical than any of the machines sold for the purpose, and should not be forgotten when the plum and cherry jam season commences.

#### PREUSZISCHER ZIMMTKUCHEN (*Cinnamon Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of almonds, half a pound of powdered sugar, one egg, ten tablespoonfuls of sour cream, cinnamon, peel of a lemon, butter crust. Pound the almonds and add all the other ingredients, chop up the lemon peel and mix all well together.

Lay this mass on a tin over which a good butter crust has been arranged, and bake in a moderate oven.

#### MANDELSPECK KUCHEN (*Almond Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, two ounces of almonds, juice and peel of half a lemon, four whole eggs, and two extra yolks, butter crust.

Mix the butter, sugar, almonds, lemon peel and juice, four whole eggs and two yolks together, until a thick paste is the result. Strew this mixture over a butter crust, cover with a very thin crust, and strew over white of egg and sugar. Cook in a moderate oven.

#### JOHANNISBEERKUCHEN (*Red-Currant Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—One pound and a half of currants, half a pound of sugar, breadcrumbs, cream, and butter or dripping crust.

Cook the currants and sugar together with a little water. When there is scarcely any juice left, turn out the fruit to get cold. Over the butter crust, which must be placed on a tin, put a plentiful supply of breadcrumbs moistened with cream or milk. Cover with the currants and bake in a hot oven.

#### SPECK KUCHEN (*Ham Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Four tablespoonfuls of flour, four eggs, two handfuls of bacon cut into small square pieces, and some finely cut up onion. Bread dough.

Cover a tin with the same dough as used for bread-making. Take four tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt and stir up in milk, beat up the four eggs into this mixture with the cut up bacon, and two tablespoonfuls of minced green onion. Put this mixture over the dough, cut up on top some small pieces of butter and bake until of a light brown colour.

#### BRUNE TORTE.

*Ingredients.*—Two yolks of eggs, half a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of flour, peel of one lemon, two ounces of almonds, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, a quarter of a pound of butter, three whites of eggs.

Stir the sugar into the egg-yolks for at least ten minutes, add the finely-shredded peel of the lemon, flour, cinnamon, butter (which must be melted), and lastly the egg-whites, which must have been beaten to a stiff froth. Place on a well-buttered tin, cover with powdered sugar and bake in a moderate oven.

#### MANNHEIMER KUCHEN (*Mannheim Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Two pounds of apples, ingredients for an ordinary butter crust, a quarter of a pound of macaroons, a quarter of a pound of sugar, yolks of four eggs, a pint of cream or milk.

Cut up the apples in quarters, peel them and lay them on a tin which must first be thickly covered with a good butter pastry. Strew over the sugar and cook in a moderate oven until half done. Over this mass add the macaroons, sugar, yolks of eggs, which must have been pounded up and well mixed together, and the cream (or milk). See that the apples are thoroughly covered with the mixture, and finish baking. Serve hot to table.

#### PANA ITALIANA (*Italian Cream*).

*Ingredients.*—One pint of cream or milk, one ounce of gelatine, the yolks of four eggs, one lemon.

Put the cream or milk to boil with the lemon rind and sugar to taste. When the milk is well flavoured by the lemon, strain it and add the beaten yolks of eggs. Place this mixture in a jug, and the jug in a saucepan of boiling water, stir until it thickens, but on no account let it boil. Take off the fire, stir into it the melted gelatine and juice of the lemon, beat well, fill a mould, and put to cool. When set turn out on a dish and garnish with stewed fruit or coloured jelly.

The girls would have done anything they could compass to comfort and entertain her. Sophy was as contrite for the relapse as if she had been its author—as if Louise had driven to the Bungalow at her urgent entreaty and by her express invitation. Sophy and Maggie would have sat silent if Louise had desired it; they would have talked softly together, trying to interest and divert her by their conversation; they would have read aloud to her by turns from whatever book she chose.

But Louise would have none of these things. Instead she exclaimed excitedly, "How would you like to lie here like a log, and know you had to fight not one enemy, but the whole world? That is the legacy my father has left his children, and you expect me to thank him for it. Your father has left you an honourable name which you can bear without reproach, which you are proud to bear; but wherever my father's name is known it will cover us with shame and disgrace. People will expect us to cheat and pilfer as he did. He saved us from temptation, did he? He secured money, part of his ill-gotten gear, for us and for himself that he might not starve when he came out of jail; and people will taunt us with the possession of it and with its source in the dishonest hands of the partner who robbed his firm, though we were to wander to the ends of the earth. And we cannot give it up and get rid of the unclean thing. The precious law which is punishing him puts obstacles in the way of his children stripping themselves. As for mother, she has an insane, old-world idea that duty and affection—as if affection could not be scotched out of existence—bind her to stand by and sustain the man

who has disgraced them both, and has wasted her substance as well as his own."

"Oh, be quiet, Louise," implored Sophy, "you are exciting yourself. Do your best, and people will not blame you."

"Will they not?"—with incredulous scorn. "Our former partners will turn their backs upon us, men and women will go out of their way to avoid shaking hands with us. When we enter a room we will be greeted with meaning glances and whispers—we do not need to have them shouted in our ears to know what the words are—'There go the daughters of the man Harris, who was tried for felony the other day and is undergoing his sentence. Oh, yes, they are quite well off, he took care of that for their sakes—and for his own.' To hear you pretend, Sophy, that the innocent do not suffer for the guilty! I have told you that we were a worldly lot, we Harrises, but I can say for the women of us and for Gerry, who is with his regiment in South Africa, we would not, if we could help it, take what is not our own. Even Marcia would not, though she might protest, like some of your Bible people, that she could not dig, and to beg she would be ashamed."

"And if you do suffer for your father's sin," cried Sophy, growing exasperated in her desperation, "he is your father, however little regard there may have been between you, and are you not willing, thankful for your suffering if it expiate in ever so small a degree his offence?"

Louise's only answer was a long stare before she closed her eyes wearily.

(*To be continued.*)

## FOREIGN CAKES AND SWEETS.

### SUDELTORTE.

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of butter, two eggs, half a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of almonds, half a pound of flour.

Stir up all the above ingredients together, not forgetting to melt the butter and pound the almonds. Pour into a well-buttered tin and bake in a hot oven.

### ZWETCHGENKUCHEN (*Plum or Greengage Cake*).

*Ingredients.*—Two pounds of blue plums or greengages, a quarter of a pound of sugar, cinnamon, two ounces of butter, ingredients for butter or dripping pastry crust.

Make a pastry of either dripping, butter or merely bread dough. Spread this out on a large tin. Halve and stone the plums. Place these as near to one another as possible on the crust. Strew over them breadcrumbs, cinnamon and sugar. Cut up some tiny lumps of butter and lay them on top. Bake in a warm oven.

P.S.—Like the apple cake, this plum cake may be made from simple bread dough, the plums laid on top and a cream of eggs and milk strewn over when it is half done.

### PASTA NEAPOLITANA (*Neapolitan Cakes*).

*Ingredients.*—A quarter of a pound each of sugar, blanched almonds, butter and flour, two eggs, half a pound of icing sugar, half a cupful of preserved cherries, jam.

Rub the butter into the flour, pound the almonds and add to the flour, then mix in the two yolks of eggs. Roll out the paste, cut it in rounds, bake till light brown on a buttered tin. When the cakes are cold spread each with jam, place on top of each other. Beat the icing sugar and whites of eggs together. Ice the cake and decorate it with the preserved cherries.

### KARTOFFEL TORTE (*Potato Tart*).

*Ingredients.*—Half a pound of sugar, six eggs, cinnamon, lemon peel, and half a pound of potatoes.

Mix the eggs and sugar well together, add, by degrees, the crushed potatoes with a flavouring of cinnamon and finely-shredded lemon peel. Pour the mixture into a form which must be first well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven.

### PUDDING AL' ITALIANA.

*Ingredients.*—A quarter of a pound of Osborne biscuits, two ounces of macaroons, two ounces of candied peel, one ounce of sultanas, one ounce of blanched almonds, eight eggs, half a pint of cream (or milk), a small glass of rum. Powder up the biscuits, chop the peel, almonds and sultanas very fine, and mix with three whole eggs, five yolks, the cream and rum. Pour the mixture into a tin which must be buttered and lined with paper. Cook in a "bain marie" for about three-quarters of an hour.

### PASTICCI DI RISOTTO (*a favourite Italian sweet*).

*Ingredients.*—A quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, half a pound of rice, a quart of milk, vanilla flavouring, egg and breadcrumbs, boiling lard.

Cook the rice, with the milk and sugar, over a gentle fire, and before it is quite done pour in some drops of vanilla. As soon as the milk has dried into the rice, retire from the fire and set it to cool. Form into round balls, cover with yolk of egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat until of a nice brown colour.

Serve hot in a doyley with an accompaniment of fruit jelly or syrup. Any remains of rice may be used up in this way.