"Harold Waring! Why, he was a dear old friend of mine!" Mrs. Beaton was interrupted in her turn, and it was the man in flannels who cut her story short. "If I had only known that Waring was related to me, I should have claimed him," he went on, with a ring of determination in his voice. "My name is Wayne—Arnold Wayne—you may have heard Mr. Waring speak of me." "Yes, sir, we have," Mrs. Beaton replied. "Here is Miss Kilner, who fond your name in poor Miss Neale's manuscript. Miss Neale, sir, was engaged to be married to Mr. Waring."

"He wrote to tell me of his engagement," said Arnold Wayne, looking at his wife. "What a complicated business this is! It seems that we each have an interest in this young gentleman," he added, with a smile at the fair lady. "Mr. Wayne!" exclaimed Jamie's mother, in her silvery voice. "We were to have met at Rushbrooke last October, and you didn't come. I was staying with your cousins the Danforths. I am Mrs. Verdon."

"I'm delighted to meet you at last," he said cordially. "Mary and Lily were always talking about you. Isn't it wise of us to be here? Extravagant! There never was anything like it in a three-volume novel!"

Then they both laughed with a comfortable air of old acquaintanceship, and Elsie suddenly had a sense of being left out in the cold. (To be continued.)

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

The houseplace, or kitchen, is, or should be, the very brightest, cheeriest part of the house. In it not only is the heart of the house engaged, its interest, but as it is the center of all the pleasures of the household, its beauty is of the utmost importance. How many of the troubles of the present day—matrimonial differences, troubles with servants, outbreaks and rebellions among working-people—have arisen since it came to be thought derogatory to the mistress of a house to follow the example of the wise woman of olden days, who "ate among their maids to spin," who with their own hands fashioned the garments for their household, or concocted the wonderful dainties in cakes or cordials for their own tables, the broths and homely physic for their sick neighbours, made their own golden butter, tended their own orchards, tended their own poultry, and, while cultivating their sweet herbs and secret of their perfumes, cultivated in themselves and in those about them the sweet graces of womanly character. Little wonder that when the mistress thought it beneath her to put her delicate hand to the homely task the maid also should despise the same!

We learn wisdom slowly. After long endurance of domestic tyranny, during which we have suffered in mind, body, and estate, as individuals and as a nation, from infections and persecutions which peculiarly pertain to the unskilled and untrained class who have held undisputed sway over us, we are gradually beginning aware of a dawning of better things. From every quarter we hear whisperings: our women—those who are worthy of the name—are confronting a problem and solving it! What they are doing according to our kitchens and basements, and in their quiet might are revolutionizing or quelling rebellion, while gradually, almost insensibly, they are taking back to the home and ways of our grandmothers' days, when the queen bee was the most industrious of the hive, and the teacher lived with those she taught.

In the meantime we have lost the secret of many of the delightful conserves which used to adorn the shelves of the store or still-room.

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

We have been content to leave the manufacture of our best things to be done on the wholesale scale of the public factory, and have calmly swallowed the adulterations imposed upon us, troubling but little about them, except they became more glaring than usual. How rarely do we now meet with the home-made tea-cake, crisp and fresh from the oven, the maker's own vinegar recipe or the shortcake, filled with juicy fruit and smothered in cream, the fruit cheeses rich and firm? to say nothing of quince and grape jellies, fruit cordials, and the delicious home-made wine?

But a trace to reflections! We will amend our ways. Henceforward the baker round the corner will know us no more; we will make our own bread and improve the shape of our arms at the same time. We will be beholden to none for our cakes, our cream, or our jellies, and we will bring our matheims into use while we calculate to a nicety the proportions which Bridget has been used to "guessing at;" and natural science aids us when we come to study temperatures, or the reasons why olive form a coating of the abumae near the surface when boiling meat or vegetables.

Brains and cultivation tell everywhere. Who shall not be accounted as less mindful in the houseplace?"

To be able to solve a problem in Euclid does not unite one for securing domestic accounts, nor does the quickened artistic faculty suffer by being employed in embellishing gastronomic confections, honestly upholstery, or the still more-homely stock-darning.

Ben Jonson's ideal woman is a noble one; after mentioning the "softed virtues" which he wished for her, he says—

"And yet, a learned and a manly soul, I purpose her,
That she should have all powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of destiny, and spin her own free hours."

Are we enlarging the subject too much, do you say? Not at all. We can think and talk while our hands are busy.

How the sunshine lights up our shining pans, making the fruit dance on the brilliant floor! Yes, in a kitchen where ladies work everything must be of the brightest and in most spotless order. The nice sense which brought such happy results to the drawing-room above, could not endure dirt or darkness here.

Lucy Helen Yates.
Market-gardening is now being very successfully carried out by women as well as landscape gardening, floral designing, flower-mixing, and rose-growing, and all are now in their hands. Miss Wilkinson, the landscape gardener, who has laid out the open spaces in London so well, considers the development of successful enterprise in horticulture. To attain efficiency in their vocation, women apply themselves to the study, not only of botany, but zoology, natural philosophy, improvements of soils, rotation of crops, management of glass-houses, practical chemistry, etc. Dairy-keeping is another department of a kindred nature which is taken up with poultry-keeping, and the management of apiaries, in a scientific manner, carried on in Somerset and Gloucestershire, as well as in other counties under admirable instruction. Amongst the lady-managers of the Columbian Exhibition there is a very remarkable representative woman engaged in this department of work. She is the lady-manager of the Board for Indiana, and vice-chairman of the executive committee—viz., Mrs. Virginia Meredith, of Oakland. An article on "The Privileges and Possibilities of feminine life" was published in the leading papers of her own country, and re-published in England and Australia. Mrs. Meredith's success and her pen have been regarded as an authority on live stock. A monograph of the live stock of her own state is one of the exhibits of the World's Fair. She is the secretary and manager in the first instance, and then, as a widow, took the whole business into her own hands. Having received a collegiate education, and then studied the science of agriculture, and the rearing of herbs, she has proved eminently successful, and has lost nothing of those feminine attributes and characteristics which form the basis of the character of the so-called stronger sex. Having no child of her own she has adopted those of a friend now no more, being devoted to children.

From the cultivation of what grows or exists above ground, under a woman's auspices, I will give an example of what she can do, and with as triumphant success as her male competitors underground. The idea is somewhat more novel when adopted into the ever-growing catalogue of work performed by women. Another lady-manager of the women's depart- ment at the World's Fair is Miss Ada McAlpin, the mining millionaire. So far, I fancy her vocation in life's struggle for bread —and but for her sex—has been unique in the story of new occupations for the sex; but special opportunities may render it expedient in others to emulate this lady's astonishing enterprise and perseverance. Within the last eight years Mrs. McAlpin has risen to the summit of her hopes and ambition, having accomplished all that people take a lifetime to do—made her fortune. She was recently appointed a delegate to the Mining Congress, the first of her sex to be accorded the distinction. She was married at an early age and was married to a story of awards in Mines and Mining at the Chicago Exhibition. Eight years ago this remarkable woman was in possession of four mines as yet undeveloped, only a sixty-foot hole in the ground preparing the way for her operations. She constructed new roads and bridges, she opened new heads of water, she built buildings, transported; she erected houses and crushing mills for the ore, and had the mining carried out under her personal direction. The "Spotted Horse Mine," Ferriz county, quickly developed into a grand institution in the best possible working order, she herself running it unpaid. And this enabled the necessity for her riding some 120 miles or more over a rough and even dangerous country twice a year to Chicago and St. Paul for supplies. The mine is now thoroughly worked, and the little horse-powered engines have been replaced by steam-driven forges; it is a fifty-stamp mill with twelve pans, and is lighted by electricity by a plant connected with the railway which lives at Detroit in her well-equipped palatial winter house, is an art critic and lover of literature, and is surrounded with objects of curio and natural science. The National Health Society, of which Miss Lankester is the Hon. Sec., holds classes and lectures to this profession. Sanitarians, elementary anatomy, domestic, and personal hygiene, physiology, and nursing in accident and disease; all these are included in the subject-matter of the lectures which duly qualified women are sent into the provinces to deliver to the country folks. There is also an association of women, whose lecturers likewise formed for sending qualified persons into the country to lecture on science, art, history, literature in general. Local communities, too, have added their quota, but that is more by the days of struggle, and fatigue, and association in her labours with working men.

It is only within the last few years that women have been trained as lecturers on every variety of subject—scientific and literary and domestic economy. The National Health Society, of which Miss Lankester is the Hon. Sec., holds classes and lectures to this profession. Sanitarians, elementary anatomy, domestic and personal hygiene, physiology, and nursing in accident and disease; all these are included in the subject-matter of the lectures which duly qualified women are sent into the provinces to deliver to the country folks. There is also an association of women, whose lecturers likewise formed for sending qualified persons into the country to lecture on science, art, history, literature in general. Local communities, too, have added their quota, but that is more by the days of struggle, and fatigue, and association in her labours with working men.

This brief allusion to the field of her researches turns my thoughts very naturally from the theme of individual public work to the collective outcomes of women's intelligence and industry. I refer to the Agricultural College at Swansea, Kent, whence women are turned out to do their duty. In an active professional life, what they have acquired during their training, which is both theoretical and practical. There is a ladies' branch of the Home-Producing Course, dairy work, stockkeeping, and vegetable growing, being all comprised in the course of the training. There is also a Women's Gardening Association.
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

really marvellous how much we are able to accomplish in a working day, and how much time we are able to devote to "other things." We soon learn exactly how long it should take us to make a bed and to do many other "regular" things, and we feel we have not done well if we fail to accomplish the task in the proper time; but what is the most trying part is all housework is the difficulty which all housekeepers find in regulating and keeping regular the daily duties and work, a difficulty too, which men are quite unable to comprehend. Still, to a great degree, it can be done, and every household is better for some proportion of strict discipline, but, here again, in the unforeseen delays, annoyances, and accidents, which come at times into the best regulated households, the lady’s hand is the only one which can smooth matters straight again, and pour oil on the troubled waters.

Do not imagine that this little preachment comes from one who has really reached the calm, elevation which long years of practice enable us to attain to. Not so. With a great part (sometimes the whole) of the work of a fair-sized house to do, all the housekeeping, cooking, mending, brewing and gardening, the writer is compelled—by necessity—to make time also for a considerable amount of writing to be got through every day, for some teaching for the practice of arts, some visiting and, what is of vital importance to every writer, the devotions of some time daily to close reading of papers, magazines and books. Yet, at no period of greater leisure was life half so enjoyable. Health is good, because there is no time for it to be anything else, and because the work is so varied its burdens are not felt as such, and if often very weary, sleep is sound, and rest is sweet. So you see, the secrets of our houseplace and its work are really secrets which all who have been long in the school of experience, and the argument with regard to the preservation of ladyhood springs from innate conviction.

Before going on to more practical details, I would like to say a word in behalf of the wholesomeness of properly-performed house-work. This, the lady-workers, conspire against others by her superior methods, returns back upon herself in a better-developed frame, a healthier appetite, and an increased power of endurance; the latter especially is a quality becoming increasingly necessary in the severe strain which modern life puts upon us women. The woman who, as a girl, has been accustomed to wish, active occupation, and who is resourceful in methods and economies, is infinitely better equipped for bearing the battle with the world, if later on she is called to make her own defense.

The text of "mens sana in corpore sano," which is being preached at us from one end and every point of view, is, however, a faithful saying which typifies the ideal that will ere long be the standard of true beauty and womanliness for us all.

That wise saying, Burke said many good things, one of which exactly fits us now, viz., "It is only labour that makes thought healthy, and only thought that makes labour happy."

It is quite possible to make a paddling and at the same time compound the plot of a story which shall be as wholesome, and to need fame as much, as meditate, most thoroughly all the while. If any task is particularly distasteful to us, we can redeem it to a great extent by elevating our thoughts to some of the most sacred, and there is no task so lowly, but is raised by the motive and the manner of doing it. Much as we may, and do, admire our grandmothers for their great skill and sympathy in all household matters, there is one point on which we cannot quite accord with them, and that is where they held the belief that a woman’s whole sphere was comprised in the keeping of her household. She had no concern in politics, no need to raise her voice in legislation of country or social affairs, nor did her mind require the training or feeding that she was really to allow as the right of men; limited in her outlook, she was quite willing to consider her barrier as divinely raised. Fifty years have seen those barriers and limitations swept away, but a powerful hand; a woman’s sphere is now only limited by her own capacities.

In the reaction, we have very nearly gone to the other extreme. We have so much despised our grandmothers’ opinions as to have almost lost sight of the arts which were so worthy in them. We have left the conduct of our interior sanctuary to minds that could not comprehend the value of the trust, and now we are called upon to face the fact that in a show of independence, many of our helpers will not be had for hire, the services which were too lowly for us are also infra dig to them. It is high time we began to look about us, to take up the reins of management again, rendering ourselves independent of unwilling workers, and redeeming some of the lost arts ere they have for ever faded into oblivion. Our sphere is enlarged, yes, thank God it is, and we would not for worlds do ought to prevent its further development. We want to remain, to solidify the hold we have obtained of the government of ourselves, and to see how we can hope to do this if our home government shows flaws and failures, misrule and want of skill?

Oh, it is a grand thing to be a woman in these latter nineteenth century days! There are scarcely any positions which we really can fill that are withheld from us, it only lies with us to prove our worthiness to fill them.

"They talk about a woman’s sphere, as though it had a limit; There’s not a place in earth or heaven, There’s not a task to mankind given, There’s not a blessing a woman owns, There’s not a whisper, yes or no, There’s not a life, or death, or birth, That has a feather’s weight of worth, Without a woman in it."

LUCY HELEN YATES.

A VANISHED HAND.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelsias Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

"Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet."—Renaud’s Madrigal.

MR. LENNARD was a pleasant old lady with a sunny temper and a strong will. She always had her own way, and decided all doubtful matters with a charming imperiousness, which offended nobody, and Mrs. Lennard’s sympathy had sweetened many bitter hours. The golden light was streaming into Elsie’s room as she stood before the glass, dressing for the dinner-party at the Court. It was a quiet room, with a chest of drawers of Queen Anne’s time, and slender-legged tables and chairs, black with age, and Elsie, in a soft trailing gown of cream-coloured silk, looked almost too modern for her surroundings.

After that stroll by the river on Wednesday morning she had schooled herself to take life in a calm fashion. On Thursday she had been lunching at the Cedars, and had been received with the utmost cordiality. Jamie had seized upon her with the freedom of long acquaintance, insisting that she should inspect the stock of toys he had brought from London. As a mark of special favour he dropped a tin soldier into her cup of tea, and presented her with a loathly green lizard out of his Noah’s Ark. On Friday she went to Horsham and gladdened the hearts of the two old ladies. Francis Ryan’s enjoyment was less noticeable; he found the little fellow a decided bore. There was not a single quiet minute with Miss Kinler; she was devoted to the boy, and would not let him go out of her sight. Arnold Wayne, who dropped in unexpectedly, behaved in quite a fatherly manner to Jamie, and did not hesitate to rebuke him when his gravity seemed too far.

Looking back on the past four days, Elsie acknowledged to herself that they had been days of pleasantness. Once, Francis had openly remarked that he wondered how soon Mrs. Verdon and Wayne would come to an understanding? And Mrs. Lennard had replied that it was only the unexpected that ever came to pass.

The dear old lady, in her black silk dress and Henton lace cap, came rustling softly into the room on this golden evening.

"Elsie," she said, "you are to wear my flowers. Mr. Ryan is cutting some in the greenhouse at this moment, but I am before him. Glorie de Dijon roses and scarlet geranium set in maidenhair! Isn’t that a lovely spray? Your old friend, Mrs. Lennard, would like to borrow it.

"Of course she does," responded Elsie with a kiss. "They are perfectly beautiful flowers, and no one else could have arranged them so well. Flowers suit me very much better than jewels, Mrs. Lennard.”

"Yes, my dear. But where are your mother’s diamonds?"
IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART III.

The doom of the domestic cook is sealed, according to those who are looking ahead of them in the prophesy for us a complete revolution in domestic arrangements. For the majority of people, however, it will be many years before central kitchens and professional caterers will do away with the need of our houseplace; in the meantime we are going to recreate the latter.

Housekeepers and cooks, unlike poets, are made, not born. Some girls have greater natural liking for cooking and domestic work than others, and when properly trained these may become real proficient. But it is part of the necessary education of every girl that she be taught and trained to some degree at least; she is not "educated" at all, in the best sense of the word, without it. If what American boys and girls be not in her order, let her lay to it all the more strength of will—resolution, born of the just sense of the importance of the subject she is going to acquire. Once learned, the rudiments are never really forgotten, and she is mistress of herself in whatever position she may henceforward be placed.

As to learning anything else, the principle is the first thing to grasp. A cook who has mastered principles, when given the taste of a new dish should be able to form a fairly correct idea of its composition, and to reproduce, if not exactly that, something which shall at least resemble it.

We want, in our typical houseplace, to rise above the drudgery of our work, and look upon it in the light of science, art, and craft in one; also, we are going to follow the example of the precocious child, who is continually asking "why?" at every new thing; because there is a reason why for all we do, if we will only trouble ourselves to look for it.

How bright are girls who look out for reasons, Rose, that neat house looks quite workman-like! I am glad to see you turn the cuffs back; don't be afraid of showing your wrists.

What a splendid apron, Ethel! Why, it covers your skirt entirely, and has long sleeves too, and a pocket!

But, really, Margery's print green, so plain, simple, and well-fitting, suits my taste best of all. Will lend me the pattern of it, Margie? Do you say you will follow my example and wear a little cap while at work? Well, you would find it keeps your hair out of the way—there is always a deal of fine dust flying about, scarcely visible to the eye, which is quickly seen on dark hair.

Who said anything about a "badge of servitude"? A badge of honour, if you please. What soldier, what nurse, or official of any kind is in the habit of wearing a uniform? To suitably dressed on every occasion is another sign of the true lady. I would not alter my attire if expecting the Queen to visit my houseplace.

Now let us see what work is awaiting us this morning. There is this leg of mutton to boil; from it and these vegetables we are to make broth for dinner. This fruit requires an accompaniment, and we must arrange something for supper besides finding time to polish those spoons and forks and clean up whatever mess we may make. And all before twelve o'clock, dear; we can't linger here all day!

So first let us grasp the principle of boiling a leg of mutton.

You know, but when we desire to retain all the juices of meat, we endeavour to form a coating of the alunnum near the surface as quickly as is possible. (The alumnum in meat corresponds to the white part of an egg.) We accomplish this by plunging the meat into boiling water, or in roasting by putting it into a well-heated oven and maintaining it at the same temperature all the time. If we, on the contrary, wished to extract all the goodness from it and draw it out into the broth (or for beef-casserole) we should cut the meat across several times, score it, and set it on in cold water, only allowing it to come to a boil by very slow degrees—in course of hours, not in seconds.

To-day we have to unite the two processes.

First of all fill this pan three parts full of filtered water, please, then set it on the stove to boil. When the water boils quite briskly I shall put in the joint, let it boil again rapidly for three minutes, then draw the pan aside, add a cupful of cold water, cover it up close and only let it boil on the vegetables. After it has boiled it must be boiled through, but by no means fast. By this means we ensure the joint being full of gravy, and yet extract sufficient goodness to flavour the broth and make it acceptable.

While the water boils we will wash and prepare the vegetables. Oh, don't pare them so thickly, Ethel dear. Don't you know that the most nutritious part of all root vegetables lies just underneath the skin? A very inconvenient arrangement perhaps, but so it is. It is the same with potatoes also, that is why they are so much better when boiled in their "jackets" and skinned afterwards.

Pure thyme, as think is possible, scrape carrots and parsnips, take the outer skin off the leeks and tie them together in small bunches, split that small head of celery in two, and also tie together a sprig each of parsley, thyme, tarragon or chervil, and mint. Those are for the "bouquet," and give flavour and aroma to the broth.

Leave all the vegetables whole; if you please. They will cook more quickly (because they retain their own steam), and will have more flavour. We will trim them into shapes when ready to put in the broth, and the turnips will require to be served in white sauce. A little finely-chopped parsley will be added to the broth at the last (after it has been skimmed). We must remember to season it well, too; the best soup tastes poor if the seasoning be not well-attended to. The poor man, when his soup was "seasoned," said it was only "seasoning went into it."

What fruit have we here—bottled cherries? Stop, Margery; don't pour them all out in that indiscriminate manner. The canned comfit, weigh out a quarter of a pound of lump sugar, pour over that rather more than half the liquor in the bottle; let that boil quite briskly, then take off the cherry, put them into your syrup and let them boil one minute more. Now you have a complete instead of "stewed fruit," and you will see how much the flavour is improved. When cooking fresh fruit I always make the syrup first, putting the fruit in when that has well boiled, and letting the fruit cook only until it shows signs of breaking. This way is more economical too, as no more sugar is needed at the table.

What are we going to eat with this complete? Pastry! No, not to-day. To-morrow we have cake to make, bread to bake, and a good fire will be needed for heating the oven. We must economise both time and fuel, so must have something simple to accompany this dish to-day.

Here is a quart of milk. Now I am going to manufacture three different things from that. You see this fine ground rice? Well, I shall stir four tablespoons of it into the milk, and the same quantity of powdered sugar with half a teaspoonful of salt. Put this in an unglazed tureen, and one of you stir it continuously until it boils. Then shall fill this little mould with a portion of it that will turn out and be a "mango"; another portion will be boiled up to a quite thick and a little spice, then poured into a buttered baking dish and baked until a brown tinge forms on the top. These two dishes will be served with the fish.

To the remainder of the rice I shall add a little cream and pour it into small tasseaux we might colour half of it with a drop of cochineal and so have some of the cups a pretty pink); the cups will be put away in the cellar. At supper-time they will be emptied of their contents, the little shapes turned out on to a glass dish, surrounded with bright jelly and served with fancy biscuits. A pretty dish, made with very little extra trouble and less time, you see.

A few sandwiches made from that dry crust of cheese when it is grated, and some of the oat biscuits will be all we shall require besides this dish for supper, so we can now set to polishing the bread and then clean up the pots and pans we have been using.

If one of the qualities of a good cook is shown in her ability to make as few utensils serve her purpose as possible, another is seen in her endeavour to clear them away as soon as done with.

Saucepans are easily cleaned if not allowed to become dry. Always remember to fill these enamelled saucepans with water the instant you have emptied them of their contents. Reason why the enamel retains heat longer than any other material, and anything left sticking to them hardens very quickly. Rub them inside and out with a little cloth dipped in rough sand and don't scratch them with it.

Wash your wooden spoons well in scalding water, rub your egg whisk thoroughly dry, and put everything back in its place again. Sweep up any bits, wash the table in clean soap and water, wipe the floor with the damp; floor-cloth (it isn't cleaning day remember), then put on the tablecloth and fold up trencher and I will doff my cap, give a final push to see that the pan is boiling gently, and now we have done. We are ladies again, if we have nothing else to do. We can listen to music or tennis, I to my study. We have a good hour yet before we need lay the table and dress up the dinner.

LUCY H. YATES.
PART IV.

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

We want an apple tart, a rhubarb tart also—the latter shall be an "open" one with a mixture of red and green new potatoes, perhaps a bit of the thought of marigots, do they? Then with the claims of supper in the distance we will also make coconutt cheesecakes.

All of which is good and rather good crust. Not "puff" paste, oh, no, that would be a needless extravagance for ordinary family use.

The kind known as "flaky" paste will be very suitable.

Good pastry, unlike bread, requires perfect coldness. A cold board, a cool place to make it in, a cool hand for the maker, and ice-cold water for the mixing.

Ethel, you are noted for the coldness of your hands; you shall have the honour of making the pastry to-day.

Rose and Margery will prepare the apples; pare them thinly, slice evenly, and put a little muscatel of lemon rind in the dish with them.

It is always well to part cook the fruit of a tart previous to putting on the crust. We must also make a tiny posy or cup in the centre of the dish to elevate the crust and prevent it sinking into the fruit.

I want one of you to wipe the stalks of this rhubarb and cut them into inch lengths, then cook them in a little clear syrup as we did the cherries. The fruit for an open tart requires to be cooked and become nearly cold before it is put on the crust.

Now then, Ethel, weigh out a pound of the flour, sift it into a good teaspoonful of baking powder, then take two ounces of this hard and with the palm of your finger, press the juice of half a lemon on that, fold it up again, roll once more to the same thickness, fold over, then it is ready for use. Put your bowl in a cold place while we mix the mixture for the cheesecakes.

We shall want an ounce of fine bread crumbs, an ounce of the destemmed coconutt from that tin, half a pint of salt, an ounce of fresh butter, the yolks of two eggs (the whites we shall use for the meringue, Ruthie), and also a pint of milk. Put the milk into a lined saucepan; when it nearly boils add to it the sugar, salt, crumbs, coconutt and butter, let all boil together, then pour on to the beaten yolks. Now that is ready for use; let it stand in a cool place until the pastry has been stamped out.

I think we had better look at that "sponge" now—oh, Ethel, I see it has risen and is full of little holes; we must proceed to knead our bread at once; the pastry will take no harm, Ethel; on the contrary, uncooked pastry is improved by keeping it awhile in a cool place.

As we are going to have a French "brioche" hot for tea, I must take out a small quantity—about a wooden spoonful, of this sponge, and keep it covered in flour until we want it.

Will you bring me that jug, Margery? You see, girls, it contains a little milk; I am going to add warm water to it to make a lukewarm liquid for mixing the dough. I think milk-and-water makes a nicer bread than water only. Now you are going to take first turn in kneading. I see you have mixed all the flour and the sponge together with the liquor, I think it is just the right consistency, if it seems too soft afterwards we can easily work in more flour.

Flour your hands well, take a firm hold of the dough, and using the other edge, work it into the middle with long, even strokes. It is a long process—when you are tired I will relieve you.

Then the dough leaves the sides of the trough with a "whistle". It has been worked sufficiently, then we shall cover it lightly with a cloth, and leave it in this warm sheltered corner for ten or six hours.

We shall have to build up the fire again later in the afternoon, so that our "brioche" will be just ready for baking then too.

Now returning to our pastry, let us make this "brioche".

We want half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter beaten soft, four spoonfuls of warm milk, one of sugar, a few drops of essence, and two eggs.

Work these together with the hand, then into the centre of this paste place the little lump of "sponge," work all well together for ten minutes or so. It must be smooth and even, and rolled into a round with a slight, sharp-fashioned design, which you can imagine—now for shell here you see! Set the tart in the oven now, not too near the fire yet; it should have opportunity to rise and cool through before browning too quickly.

Roll out a thin crust to fit this shallow tin, a strip to lay round the edge of the dish for the apple tart. Brush the strips over with milk, roll out about half a pound of paste to a quarter of an inch thick for the crust; press the edges round with the slighest pressure so that the edges according to the most approved antique design you can imagine—now for shell here you see! Set the tart in the oven now, not too near the fire yet; it should have opportunity to rose and cool through before browning too quickly.

Now another very thin sheet of paste, and again into rounds for these "patty-pans." Give them all a last turn of flour, put the pans on to a baking sheet, and as soon as the shallow tart is done, slip these into its place.

You say you wonder how the confectioners give that pretty frosted appearance to their pastry, do you, Margery? Very easily done. When the tarts are very nearly done, draw them out, brush lightly over with warm water, and sprinkle thickly with castor sugar. Return them to the oven for another moment or two.

This open tart is ready now for filling with the cooked rhubarb and ice Ruthie is getting anxious about the meringue.

Bring the whites of those two eggs and the cream which, of course, you Forms to a ball, put it lightly in the meringue, and ornament them both, and put it to bake in the hottest part.

Now another very thin sheet of paste, and again into rounds for these "patty-pans." Fill them with the meringue, and set them on to a baking sheet, and as soon as the shallow tart is done, slip these into its place.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

You see, being ladies, we have the desire to please the eye as well as the palate of those we cater for. It is more trouble though, do you say? Well, a little perhaps, but it is worth it, don't you think?

While I think of it I must remember to tell you that the outside of that brioche (after it has been moulded into a round bun and set on a baking tin) will require to be brushed over with a little melted butter and lightly sifted over with castor sugar to give it the rich brown glaze which is always seen on the genuine article. The flour should be open when baked, butter each half, cut it in squares and eat while hot.

Now we have finished the pastry the fire can be allowed to go down, only keeping it in by a showelful of wet cinders and small coal. About four o'clock I shall come in and make it clear, build it up with cobbles, and when the oven has become thoroughly hot, take the bread up, knead the dough very lightly into shapes and refresh it in the oven.

If cooked too slowly bread is apt to be heavy and sour, if too quickly it is crusty outside and pasty within. Like everything else it wants watching and care when baked.

Now let us clear up. Take care to wash that pastry brush well in warm water.

We have done a good stroke of work this morning. I consider we have spared having yesterday's broth remade, and the remainder of the joint served cold, we will prepare a tomato salad by-and-by.

They only require to be thinly sliced, then dressed with salt and pepper and vinegar, and a little oil; but I think you give just the necessary sharpness to tomatoes which they generally lack. Lay one or two leaves of lettuce with them at the last.

I did not tell you, but I washed the potatoes and put them at the bottom of the oven to be roasting while we were doing other things, so no time was wasted as well as fuel, you see. And I always do this - the potatoes go well with cold meat, don't you?

Now then, girls, away with you! You have time before lunch to have a run before dinner; afterwards I shall want your help in cutting out for the Clothing Club.

LUCY H. YATES.

THE PROGRESS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

At the present date there are two ladies practising as conveyancers in London, i.e., Miss Orme, who likewise does special work on the Labour Commission, and Miss R. E. Lawrence, who was the successful candidate for the London L.L.B. degree. In France, a lady has recently been called to the Bar, and another is practising as a barrister at Montora, U.S.A., and now seeking the appointment of attorney-general. These cases were mentioned by Mr. G. R. Dod, at a provincial meeting of the Law Society. In America there are more and more startlingly remarkable instances of great talent and efficiency exhibited by practising barristers and pleaders of our sex in those transatlantic States. In the Kansas towns, where women are police judges, the methods adopted are sometimes very original, and, apparently, equally successful. A sentence is very commonly to the effect that the tramp should have two baths daily for a week or ten days, and hard labour on a pile of stones (to be broken for roads), with the clause that if he felt if he worked, and starved if he refused, thus carrying out the Divine decree, if a man will not work, neither shall he eat. The relief from their dependence and from mere menial service which has been marked, in view of all the baths that the lady-judges prescribe! In the State of Arkansas a woman has been elected assistant sergeant-major.

A Health Committee formed of ladies has, I understand, been formed in several English towns and cities, which make house-to-house inspections, armed with soap and carbolic powder. These visitors make suggestions as to cleanliness, report on overcrowding, on discovery of infections diseases, and on the general condition of affairs to the health authorities. An organisation of this kind has existed for the last ten years in New York, and one has just been instituted in Philadelphia.

A woman sanitary engineer was appointed to represent English women at the American Congress of Hygiene. She is the possessor of certificates for art, music, hygiene, divinity, physiology, and sanitary science. This lady does not play at her profession, nor spare herself in the most disagreeable and trying departments connected with it, for she visits slaughter-houses as well as workshops and dairies. She understands the laying of drains at waterworks, and so forth. In fact, she is thorough in all she undertakes.

Not having stepped into the field of sanitary engineering, and that in the person of a thoroughly feminine representative of the Women's Mission, Miss Millicent Fawcett, of whose career and triumphs at Cambridge I have already spoken.

This branch of useful work has also been taken up in America, and with equal demonstration of efficiency. Miss Bertha Lamme of Springfield, Mass., has obtained the diploma of electrical engineer from the State of Ohio, and she has been engaged (some little time since) by the Westinghouse Electric Co., one of the greatest corporations in that line of the United States.

Architecture is selected as a new opening for women, and for those who have artistic taste and are good draughtswomen, it seems a very suitable profession. A well-known firm in London has recently arranged to take female pupils. Some will be failures, no doubt, but how many young men adopt professions and prove failures in every sort and kind of work?

As yet we have no women governors of hospitals, yet for a few years they have proved highly efficient in more than one great prison for women in the United States. They have the whole direction of them, and carry out their own special duties with remarkable success. Their main idea is to coerce, punish, and train the wrong-doers with a view to ultimate complete reformation, to raise or bring into existence their self-respect, so utterly lost if ever possessed; to cultivate also habits of neatness and cleanliness, to make them feel that they may still be trusted and raised to the level of useful and respectable citizens. So their surroundings are bright and attractive, their dress is plain, but neat and very pretty. They have the enjoyment of a garden, and the cultivation of flowers; in fact, the best side of the faulty character is brought out and the highest feelings worked upon, and this, with such great and gratifying results that it were well if this talent for reforming the wrong-doers were made more extensively available for the benefit of the community at large in other nationalities.

Women as editors and journalists are now increasing in numbers in many countries than our own. Miss Emily Crawford is one of our leading journalists, having been the first correspondent of the Daily News, Indian Daily News, New York Tribune and Weekly Press. She holds very high standing, and is the author of "Black and White," "The Century," and "The Contemporary Review," besides detective stories. Mrs. Crawford is a woman of great originality as well as of energy of character,
PART V.

I was smiling at, do you say? Well, it was a Frank Harris mark, she said it was "so clever" of me to have made that dish of rice with the tapioca last night, but it was all at a moment's notice, when the Willobys dropped in for tea unexpectedly. Now, I'll admit, I had to work a little, but I think I solved the problem pretty well. You see, the rice was ready, and the tapioca had been prepared the day before, so it wasn't too bad.

Yesterday. I don't think I am endowed with any great cleverness, but I hope I have my wits about me, and seeing that little jugful of coffee had become too "cholcolate" to use for tea, and the oven was fairly hot (because Rose had been doing some fine ironing not long before), I knew they took but a few minutes to make, so we were no sooner thought of than done!

What did I put in? Only a pinch of salt, a teaspoonful of baking-powder, and flour enough to form a matter of about a quart of cream. I rolled it out about half-an-inch thick, cut it into little triangles, laid them on a baking-tray, and popped them in the oven by the niece. Yes, if it is not a "cholcolate" of some kind; some one is sure to call that day if not at any other time.

Most cakes are greatly improved by being a few days old, if kept in an air-tight box or tin. What was that you said, Margery? "If locked up; well yes, that is quite true—in this house!

I do not quite agree with Ethel that "if people will come when they are not expected, they must take what they can get;" it is rather a gradual kind of hospitality that it seems only right to me to try and make any one welcome to the fullest extent of my power, and if I have to put in a little extra labour in order to do so, I do gladly.

I will tell you what is my ideal of true hospitality—I am speaking of people in our own circumstances, remember, not of those who keep a staff of people and who are not like us, but rather a staff of people who are not like us, and who don't expect us to do the work of a cook, but rather that we should do it for ourselves.

For an impromptu guest, when nothing so serious as a dinner or tea is expected or desired, we generally have recourse to a sandwich.

I am not going to say anything about sandwiches—so you needn't elevate your shoulders, Rose,—on the contrary, I consider them as a highly-useful class of confection. But there are sandwiches and sandwiches! Also, sandwiches are capable of being varied to an extent we rarely think possible.

Bread, stale enough to admit of being very thickly spread, and not so stale as to be dry, is the first desideratum; the crust must all be cut off and the butter not stinted—desideratum. For the filling, some strong brown bread, sliced, potted, minced or jellied, we have grated cheese, chopped watercress, garden cress, cucumbers, tomatoes, cie. chopped nasturtium, mayonnaise. A square of tartadine to a thick sauce, mushrooms stewed in butter, eggs boiled and sliced, sardines boned and minced, shrimp paste, lobster ditto, or anchovy, and last but by no means least some delicious sweet red wine. All these sandwiches are made by spreading stale milk-bread or rolls with golden syrup and putting a...
ART.

CARPENTER. — You can order all you require right here from our trade samples’ colourman’s. We neither give a carte, advise nor their prices. But there are good shops of this description in the Strand and in Oxford Streets. We are glad you were interested in our article on marquetry and wood-staining which appeared in Nov. issue.

KUNITZ.—Miss Thottets, of Shankharpott Park, Berks, conducts a ”Photographic Club.” The subscription is only 1s. per annum (as we believe), and a packet is sent round every month.

MARIE.—We think that the designs for the door-panels might represent the seasons. For spring, you might have birds on branches of hawthorn, birds’ nests and eggs, crocuses and snowdrops; and for figures, children. For summer, fruit and bright flowers—roses and such-like—and for figures, boxing-scenes and fêtes. For autumn, gossamer, alive and dead, branches of twisted boughs, and tiger, boxing-scenes, hunting, shooting, racing, and harvest-wagonloads. In winter—poppies, snowflakes, roses, sunflowers, &c., &c., &c., and fruit of many kinds belonging to the season, including grapes and festivities of their leaves and tendrils. For winter—candles on frozen trees, baby and mistletoe, and in figures—sleighing and skating-scenes; old folks and ”good-byes” in red cloaks. A selection from some of these will suit the panels well.

WORK.

Molly must make inquiries at shops where such things are sold.

A SAVAGE SCHOOLMARM will find it much easier to purchase the toilet mats with the patterns really traced. The material most in vogue seems to be cotton, and 12 thick cotton combinations of this and thick nightgewgaws; 12 vests or combinations of Indian dress; 6 flannel petticoats or knickerbockers; 12 white Petticoats; a flannel dressing-gown and a white one; a short (washing) white dressing-jackets; 2 flannel nightdresses; 1 flannel nightgown; 1 set of handkerchiefs; and 8 pairs of egg gloves, 12 dogkins, 12 threepence or silk ones. A dozen dresses would be quite as much as you would need. Two white washing dresses, and 8 loose dressing-gowns, also white. Two afternoon dresses of some light material—silk, satin, velvet, taffeta, tulle. A cloth or serge costume, and for the rest, such as evening and dinner-dress, and riding habits, you are the best judge of what you are likely to need. Also, you do not mention the part of India you are going to, and that makes a great difference as to clothing.

MAIZE.—None of the volumes you name can be obtained, except by private sale or advertisement; and the weekly numbers cannot be had.

MISS ROSE.—Now we have talked enough about the possible, let us come back to the actual. Margery and Rose will please make that soup I spoke of; Ruth will see to the tea. If you will make some apple flummery, while Ethel and I are busy with those beans. I am going to salt and store them for our use in winter, you know. Only think how much forethought a housekeeper has got to have! She could have expected poor Bridge to look ahead; it needs more education and more brains than she possessed, poor girl.

LUCY H. YATES.

MISS ROSE.—Now wait a minute; you don’t mean to say that you really think you can make those flowers on the table and for the servants, and if there be a better, he sit at the bottom of the table and the footman at the side? your place would probably be between the upper and second households. The lady’s maid.”

MARGERY.—I will look up the flowers. If you have done that you must determine to look only on the cheerful side of everything and refuse to be troubled any longer.

RUTH.—Much obliged by your kind order, but we must decline.

HERMIONE.—You do not mention how the tomatoes are served, whether boiled or as salad, with oil and vinegar or with cream. If boiled, we should prefer eating them with a fork.

AVON MOUNT.—I beg to excuse you to keep open the unpleasing subject. It could be of no benefit to you if you questioned me, as no one gives a very applicable to the occasion. Your dog is sleeping off his beef. You seem disposed to take a morbid view of things.

AXY.—I think you might try kindergarten work.—Certainly it is not wrong to require your mother and your time, and labour and your own exertions in acquiring a knowledge of your vocation. "The labourer is worthy of his hire," was an unquenchable applied to the missionary-work of the "Seventy" disciples, by our Blessed Lord Himself; and if all clergyman and missionary and writer be supplied with suitable salaries and means of subsistence, why should any such be neglected? I do not think it is impossible for us to say this, or any of your answers will be printed. Each will appear in due time.

SEVEN YEARS’ READER.—I cannot tell what common reader will have in the story, in the question. This depends on the fancy of the editor on the subject, the style of his pen; and the selection of the right man for the style of art. The writer seems to think it a very superior production, as she says, "The literature is pure and wholesome, the plot thoroughly worked out, and the reading interesting." We congratulate her.

WALTER’S SWEETHEART.—We are sorry to blight your high aspirations, but we are quite sure that a career is open to you so long as you spell "paper" with two "p"s and cannot imagine how marriage would be legal if split with one "g." So do not think of our having any connection with or spell better than you do; and the matted scarf of "papier" you send proves that you neither respect yourself nor us.

BENNET.—A widower generally waits from eighteen months to four years; if he marries, the court refuses two. If he marries, he has only one chance, that is, with a person of propriety, and without accosting you in the street, which is rare.

ANY.—I doubt any well-known author going in for such a plan; and at all times, secretaries are hard to obtain.—Why not try to carry out your ideas and get the book corrected and looked over ? This would save you half your time.

DICKSON.—Daisy and Tom’s Darling should under- take a regular course of reading. Turn to "The Girls’ Year," in volume III. of the "G. O. P."

ROSE.—No girl, even when old enough to go out into the world, should be too timid. Her name should be on her mother’s. If taken to any entertainment, say so early as to "miss Turner’s your mother should take her with her when she calls on your entertainer afterwards.

Tired of Waiting.—The man has, apparently, been shaving with you; and your younger person called to him to account for his conduct, not could he be "wrong." How do you to wear a ring that your sister gave you? How could any one think it "forward"? You seem to be quite mad.

NIGHTINGALE.—When a paraffin lamp is upset or cut, it will not extinguish the fire. A box of sand or earth thrown over it will put it out. Otherwise, throw a handful upon it, and clap it out, excluding the air. You are bound to put it out before it be an open fire, whether in this (the wax) or in the ordinary paraffin lamp. Where the floor is down and on the floor, it is not possible, in the rug or any woollen material, the lamp will not stick, and the candle will be put out. So to save the face, it should be kept down, and the paraffin lamp immediately put out over the floor. People who burn paraffin oil might be a little careful.

REGINA.—Unless very gifted as a musician, or an artist, do not imagine you could make a living in either, as you have no opportunity. Do not write plain sewing, millinery, and hair-dressing, and you are certain sure, you might be a lady’s maid.

SWING.—The term "tea," as used in society, signifies syllables. The verses you sent are scarcely connected in any originality. We regret to be obliged to give an honest opinion of a piece which has the above defects. A LOVER of the "G. O. P." should have her teeth cleaned, and then avoid rough usage in eating. Keep them out of your mouth, and you will be the better for it.

DULCE.—Jolting Dallashes are very expensive, as the training is so long and difficult a process. The price of a Shilling from East to West, or thereabouts. Good singing cannot be supported at a much less cost. Some 50 of these birds are sent from Europe at the cost of £5. They are bought at Black Forest, but the best are from the Hawks of Old Germany. Some 100 are sent to America, and a large number to Russia.

DORA.—Spectacles would prove in any case a bad investment of a "cast." Here is a girl who has been born with it, and the eye that moves freely and at will is much better than a slight knuckle which is pressed with pressure on the ball of the eye, and thus the eye is injured. If no proper assistance can be obtained in one place, it is forced to work for both eyes, and will gradually work itself right, or nearly so. From your writing, we suppose you are still a child, and might gain some advantage from this method.

CONSTANCE.—It is best to any with yourself, and so on. If a man, and not a cow, you should send "kind regards," or "best remembrances," not your "love."

WHITE LILAC.—Do nothing without the knowledge and permission of your mother. You are under no obligation, only her training, but her absolute rule. You have no right to correspond with any other than your own sex unless to her. It is for her to choose your correspondents, not for you to decide on them. The theme of "Joan of Arc" is an excellent one.

MOTHER.—The name Henrietta is on the feminine of Henry, and that means "a rich boy." There is no questioning connection, you know, and the egg in January.

MRS. MACK.—Reminds us to toll our readers a "Home of Rest for Christian Workers." It will wood-norms, and all other partridges, sending a stamped and directed envelope.

MAGNET.—The girl who goes on loving a man, who is much older than herself, and who you think will make a very good wife, should not let all the lodgings be in her upper story! It is not a question of whether he is right morally, but whether she is right morally or not. We think you are far from giving her plenty of work to do. We have had a letter on this subject, and believe you can add a sentence—trotting of all branch.

AN ASSURANCE.—Legal steps would have to be taken to determine who was the proper guardian—we could not say.
IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

This morning there was much to be said and talked about; arrangements had to be made for carrying some to the board-room in the evening to see the tree; others, who were disappointed at not going, had to be consolod; many had to be warned, to be careful. The topic was of general interest, and the men took part warmly, those who were to go promising to tell their less fortunate neighbours exactly how the tree looked, and all that went on.

There was a short service in the chapel, and Constance had spared all her nurses except the one in the special ward to go to it, and as many of the convalescent patients as inclined went also. The chapel had been tastefully decorated by some of the chaplain's friends, and the bright, cheerful service was much enjoyed.

As Constance was doing her last dressings the church-goers returned, the patients sauntering leisurely back into the ward, talking together of what they thought of the service and how they liked the decorations, whilst the nurse and probationers hurried in, and set to work at once with preparations for dinner, as though to make up for lost time.

Dinner was hailed with delight, bringing real English roast beef and plum-pudding, which was served round to all who were considered fit to have it, and in a surgical ward there were only a few exceptions. These willingly took their beef-tea and milk-pudding, with the promise of some fruit in the afternoon or cake for tea.

"It does smell good though," said one lad quite pleasantly to his neighbour, "and it's many a year since I've tasted real plum-duff."

"Ah, well!" said another, "it's a bit different kind o' Christmas this, to what it was last year out at sea."

"Now for some of Jack's yarns," said several voices together. The tailor was a great favourite, and often began a weary hour by telling stories of adventure, which were drawn more from a vivid imagination than from actual experience, but which nevertheless served to interest and often excite his hearers.

In the afternoon visitors were allowed in from two to four, and Sister Hamilton was kept very busy, speaking first to one and then to another, and looking out, too, for contraband goods, which were sure to be smuggled in in spite of the porter, and brought as a little Christmas offering to their friends. Slices of very heavy plum-pudding, rolled up in most tempting bits of newspaper, were given to some, and sister was begged, "if she wouldn't be too proud, just to take a taste." She could not hurt their feelings by a refusal, and cut off a small portion, but whether she really ate it we cannot tell.

She had hardly been out of her ward all day, for though poor Johnson was now almost unconscious and needed but little, she saw that the end was very near, and wished to be at hand. Just as she was arranging to cut cakes for tea, one of the probationers ran up to her saying the nurse in the special ward wanted her at once. Constance went and remained until all was over. There was no struggle, only a stopping of the heart beats, an unutterable stillness, and then she knew that the poor worn-out body was at rest. The special nurse was only a probationer, and this was the first death she had seen. Constance saw she felt somewhat upset, and spoke a few kind words to her, adding, "When you have had your tea, you may assist in the large ward for half an hour, and I will take one of the older probationers to help me here."

The nurse went away, and as soon as the house-surgeon had been up Constance set about performing the last solemn offices for the dead. How strange is death, she thought, one moment here, and the next the lifeless, soulless body, left, as it were, discarded; and to think that death must come to each; surely a nurse, at least, cannot plead an insufficiency of reminders of the fact; the greater fear with some is rather that the very frequency of its occurrence causes callousness, for one has hardly time to pause and think much about it, as work must go on as usual.

(To be continued.)

MEMENTO MORI

IN THE HOUSEPLACE.

PART VI.

I wonder if any of you have read Gérard's Herbal? It is a much more interesting book than you would imagine it to be, so full of quaintancies and old wisdom. I have been reading lately, and the trees, plants, and herbs with which it is filled are full of interest. If we could not try and add to our too limited list of culinary herbs, and also revive some of the quaint washes and drinks that he speaks of.

In that case, it is high time we gathered and dried the few herbs which our garden holds. When they are beginning to flower is usually the right time, and we must hang the bunches where they will dry in the sun without gathering dust; the secret of keeping dried herbs a good colour lies in this fact.

No store-room is complete without its dried herbs, its sauces and mixed seasonings; having a supply of these close at hand saves an incredible amount of time. I propose that we devote one of these shelves to holding the bottles — wide-mouthed glass bottles with good corks and labels for tea — we must have. They will be no eye-sore, quite ornamental, on the contrary.

It is difficult to keep either stores complete, or utensils in condition to their proper use, when servants are made responsible for them. While it is false economy to make shift with improper tools, no good cook as I have said before, will use more things, or have a greater number about her than is really needful.

Besides stores such as I have mentioned, there are a few things which it is very handy to have about, and which, in high-class cookery, are really indispensable; I mean such things as little paper cases, casserettes, coquilles—or imitation oyster-shells—these latter are very dainty for serving morsels and making them look very appetising.

The little paper cases are easily made from white note-paper, pleated and pressed together, using two tumbler lids for the purpose.

Another thing we cannot do without are bread rappings. All crusts of bread should be baked dry and brown, then we must crush them and grind them quite fine. One always requires those for rissòles, cutlets, etc.; and it is such a waste of time to have to make them on every occasion.

Mrs. R.'s housemaid asked me to explain the meaning of a few terms—mostly French terms—that one continually meets with in cookery-books and papers, and especially on menu cards. She says she knows the translation of the terms (I should think she ought to, after taking a "first" in languages!), but doesn't quite know what they are meant to represent.

Do you know what is meant by hors d'œuvre? No? Well, they are titres—
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

really "appetizers"—which are passed round at the commencement of a meal or between two rich courses, to remove the taste of one thing, or to sharpen the palate ready for what is to follow. They include such things as oysters, pickled herring, sardines, anchovies, shrimps, olives, radishes, beetroot, melon, cucumber, lemons, pickles (both vegetable and sweet), and almost any member of a large family. Little fancy things which are passed round in the paper or paupery-case I mentioned before. Ornamental hors d'oeuvres are very often placed upon the table to help in its decoration; they also serve to occupy the attention of the guests while they are waiting between courses.

What is the difference between an entrée and a main course? It is served before the principal joint, the other after it. Then entrées are chiefly hot, savory, often rich, dishes, while the entrées are lighter in character, sometimes cold, very frequently made from vegetables, or eggs, or fruit.

Small things, as cutlets or sweetbreads, brains, kidneys, etc., in sauces and thick gravies; minces, stews, and most made-up dishes; vegetables and poultry giblets; fillets of fish, smoked and pickled fish; vol-au-vent and small game; all and sundry are some of the things which are classed as suitable for entrées.

What is the meaning of marrowide, au gratin, and of fricasse, richhaut?

To make anything, for a longer or shorter time, in a preparation or pickle. Meat and fish intended for boiling over the coals are much improved by allowing them to lie in a marrowide of oil and vinegar for not less than ten minutes previously. A few leaves of fresh herbs and seasoning are generally added to this marrowide. Until its effect has been tried, no one has any idea of the difference between a steak which has been so treated and one which has been laid upon the griddle and cooked without previous preparation.

Marinades very often contain wine, the wine replacing vinegar. What we term "brine," for salting meat or fish, or what is prepared for pickling fruits and vegetables, is also called a marinade.

The mode of cooking anything au gratin is one that is so eminently praiseworthy, for its daintiness and nicety, that I really must make it one of our standard methods. The dish is the first essential; it must be one that will excite the appetites of a crowd, yet which is nice enough to be brought to table, as a gratin must never be changed from one dish to the other.

In France, where this method of cooking first originated, and where it is ever a favourite, the gratin dish is frequently a silver one; often it is an heirloom in the family it belongs to. But the many prettily-shaped shallow dishes, which are perfectly satisfactory, are quite suitable for the purpose. We will suppose we have a moderately-large sole, which we are going to cook au gratin. The fish is placed on a bed of crumbs in a gratin dish, then receive a liberal sprinkling of fine bread-crumbs (not rasping), also minced parsley, chives or shallots, and any nice herbs you may possess. The fish would be well cured, laid, then in the same order it would be covered over, keeping the breader for the top. Sometimes a glassy of white wine is poured over all, but the juice of a lemon is very nearly as good.

That is an ordinary plain gratin. To further enrich it oysters, mushrooms, cream and eggs, etc., would be added where it was intended to be kept white; for meat, cutlets, etc., tomatoes and a little vinegar or red wine with brown sauce, would give a rich appearance and flavour. Pepper and salt also, but cela va sans dire.

The difference between a fricassé and a richhaute is that the former is invariably made from fresh meat (which is served in rich, thick gravy), and the latter is, as its name implies, cold meat re-warmed. The last named was said to have been the first very well, for a brown fricassé has its chef parus coated with egg and rasplings, and fried brown, before its further additions are made.

The true secret of success in all these made-up dishes lies in the attention bestowed upon the making of their sauces. It has been well said, "the cook who has mastered the making of sauces is an cuisinier accompli," and I think it was the great chef Soyer who said that "what the gymnast was to music, sauces were to cookery."

From time to time we shall practise the making of various sauces, but I want you now to make mental note of one or two principal facts concerning their manufacture.

Firstly, then, a too-rapid boiling ruins the flavour of any sauce; it must boil once, but should never do more than simmer afterwards. Then potato-flour is infinitely preferable for the thickening of them to ordinary flour; less of it is required, and it has a clearer, brighter appearance. Also, don't fall into the common mistake of swamping a sauce, make, namely, of thinking that an indiscriminate combination of flavourings—a pinch of this and a drop of that—will make a sauce. Not at all, there are a few "standards" which are invariably contained in all sauces; but all spices, herbs, etc., have each an unique character, which character they must and ought to maintain.

One custom that is so common in all good French kitchens, and which I am determined to introduce into our own, and that is to have a supply of fricuras or frying-pan bacon. This bacon, which is cut from the rind of the fat from the pan into a little boiling water after every time of using, the same fat will keep good for months, provided, of course, that nothing with a strong flavour has been cooked in it. It is no uncommon sight to see a large pan containing some four or five pounds of fat, put upon the stove when frying is on the programme, and held literally boiling in fat; really it is the correct method too.

Marrow, you did the dusting here to-day, did you not? Well, you quite forgot to dust the window-panes. Never thought it was necessary? Did you not know that windows are always dirtier on the inside than upon the outside? It is so, however; much frequent washing of windows might be avoided if a practice were made of dusting them as often as the furnishing of the house was changed.

Rose tells me she has been on her knees literally polishing the floorcloth of the front hall with furniture cream; she wants us all to go out and change the rooms.

Very good, Rose! Infinitely better than merely washing it with water, although I hope you did that before you began to polish. You will now find that a rub with a dry duster every day will be all this will require for the next fortnight. Now let me tell you of a little "winkle" regarding linoleums and their kind; it is less labour than doing as Rose has done, and really looks quite as well. It is to wash the linoleum with a little stale milk, using a soft flannel for the purpose, then when it is dry rub it in with a soft duster. Too frequent washings—especially the free use of soap—have been the ruin of many good floorcloths.

Now, girls, I have talked and preached long enough, it is time we set to work. We have these salmon trout to cook; one shall be boiled, one baked; the first will want egg sauce, the second matelre d'hotel butter; so there we shall practice two out of our list of sauces; and Ruthie shall make some rice cream to go with that aspic tart. To-morrow we will have rice and meat in pilings; in fact, I mean to take you about the science of stews. You didn't know that science had anything to do with stewing? Ah, but it has.

LUCY H. YATE'S.

OUR LITTLE GENIUS.

By MARY E. HULLAH.

CHAPTER III.

A tower which communicated with the roof was some little distance from Blanche's room. I ran my fastest, scrambled up a ladder and pushed open a cracking door. The fresh summer air blew hard. Huge chimney-stacks rose, rose, rose, till the roof was steep in places; every now and then my foot slipped, but I kept on, clinging to copings and projecting tiles as best I could, and always making for the window where Blanche was waiting for me.

But first, the parasol that was on the floor was left. I could only reach her by letting myself drop on to the parapet that was on a level with her room.

"Creep along the parapet?" I shouted; "don't look down, but come."

"Oh, Nora, I can't—I should be killed!"

"It was so use arguing that point; if Blanche were not here, I should let myself down the wall, feeling for a support for my feet; a projecting stone helped me, and I clung on, till I reached the gap. Then further on there was thick-growing ivy; the ivy gave way under my fingers, and I slipped on to the parapet. At that moment I heard shouts in the garden below; they were coming to our assistance at last. When I joined Blanche she was shivering and crying. A tongue of flame leapt out of the window, and a cloud of smoke was round her. She was ten or twelve feet below me, and I could only reach her by letting myself drop on to the parapet that was on a level with her room.

"It is my fault, Nora, and we shall never escape! I went into the blue room and left the candle burning there.

"Never mind that now, give me your hand.

We can't stay here any longer."