

VARIOUS

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Various

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Содержание

CALLED AWAY	5
THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY	7
CHAPTER II	8
DINNERS FOR TWO	12
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	16

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CALLED AWAY

In the heart of the heartless town, where hunger and death are rife;
Where gold and greed, and trouble and need, make up the sum of life—
 A woman lives with her only child,
 And toils 'mid the weary strife.

No end to the tiring toil to earn a wage so small;
No end to the ceaseless care—ah! the misery of it all!
 While the strongest snatch the hard-earned crust,
 The weakest the crumbs that fall.

Oh, look at the pallid face as it bends o'er the dreary work;
The stitch, and stitch, and stitch that she knows she dare not shirk!
 Her strength is ebbing away so fast
 That she scarcely feels it go.

Oh, list to the weary sigh—a whole tale in one breath—
A widowed life, and a mother's love, and the fear of an early death.
 While there at her feet a pale boy sits,
 And weeps for his mother's woe.

* * * * *

She has called to her boy in the night; he has nestled beside her bed,
And clung to her neck with a smothered cry and a feeling of sudden
dread.

And thus they lie, till the mother strives
To speak with her tears unshed.

And then she tells him—so sweet and low, it sounds like a fairy tale—
How Jesus has sent His angels down to fetch her; that He won't fail
 To send His angel to watch o'er him
 When love can no more avail.

* * * * *

But still she holds him so gently firm, so close to her lifeless breast;
She speaks no more, he weeps no more, for God knows what is best.
 He has taken both from a world of pain
 To endless peace and rest.

E. A. V.

THE SHEPHERD'S FAIRY

A PASTORALE

By DARLEY DALE, Author of "Fair Katherine," etc

CHAPTER II

Up the old oak staircase three or four stairs at a time sprang the baron; then he walked quickly with beating heart down the long corridor to the west wing, where the nursery was, and pausing at the top of a spiral staircase which led to the side door he intended to go out by, he shouted impatiently to the housemaid who was left in charge of the baby.

"Marie! Marie! *Vite, vite*. Where is Monsieur Léon's malacca cane? It was in my dressing-room this morning. Fetch it directly."

The girl came running to do her master's bidding, and no sooner had the white streamers of her cap disappeared down the corridor than the baron darted into the nursery. A lamp was burning on a table at one end of the room, and at the other, carefully guarded from any draught by a folding-screen, stood a swinging-cradle, on pedestals of silver. The framework, the baron knew, was an old family relic, but the cradle itself was a new and wonderful creation of white swansdown and blue satin, lined with lace and trimmed with pale blue ribbons. In this mass of satin and lace lay the baron's tiny daughter, fast asleep, her small fingers grasping a lovely toy of pink coral with golden bells, which was fastened round her waist with pale blue ribbon. For one moment the baron hesitated. To tear the little creature from her luxurious home, and trust her to the tender mercies of some rough sailors for a day or two, and then leave her in the hands of strangers, who might or might not be kind to her, seemed hard even to the baron, whose mind was warped by jealousy; but then came the thought that all this luxury with which the child was so extravagantly surrounded was bad for her; if Mathilde persisted in pampering her in this way, she would grow up weak and delicate. The life he had chosen for her was far more healthy; and if she were inured to a harder life in her infancy, she was much more likely to develop into a strong, healthy girl; and as he quieted his conscience with these thoughts his hesitation vanished, and he stooped to pick her up.

But hark! there was a footstep. Was it Marie returning? What would she think to find him in the nursery, into whose precincts he had never before intruded, as the servants all knew well enough? No, it was a false alarm, no one was coming; and seeing that now or never was the time for him to carry out his plan, he picked up the baby, folded the quilted satin coverlet and the fine cambric sheet round it, and covered its face with a lace handkerchief that lay on the pillow; then, feeling that the swansdown quilt might not be warm enough on board the yacht, he glanced round the room, and seeing an Indian shawl which Mathilde often wore lying on a rocking-chair, he wrapped his burden entirely up in this, and then dreading every moment the child should cry and betray him, he stole out of the nursery to the spiral staircase. Here he paused for a moment to listen, but all he heard was Marie's voice far off entreating another servant to come and help her to look for the cane, as Monsieur le Baron was waiting for it.

"Be quick, Marie, I can't wait much longer," shouted the baron, and then, quick as thought, he dived down the spiral staircase, in his haste nearly precipitating himself and his little daughter, who still slept peacefully, to the bottom.

To let himself out at the side door was the work of a moment; and now, unless surprised by any of the servants who might be loitering about in the shrubberies with their lovers, he was safe. He had only to run down a winding path of about two hundred yards across the grounds to the gate where Léon was awaiting him. Once the baron started like a robber at a rustling in the bushes as he passed, but it was only a cat, and once again he breathed freely, and in less than five minutes from the time he entered the nursery he stood on the road by the side of the dogcart.

"Is it you, Arnaut?" asked Léon, anxiously peering through the twilight at his brother.

"Yes, yes, it is all right; here it is," said the baron, holding the bundle up to Léon.

"How on earth am I to take it? Where is its head? Can't you nurse it till we get to the yacht?" said Léon.

"No; how should I drive with this thing in my arms? Here, give me the reins, and take hold. This is its head. Thank you," said the baron, with an immense sigh of relief as he handed the baby to Léon.

Léon took the bundle so reluctantly, and handled it as delicately as if it were a piece of priceless china he was afraid of breaking by a touch, that the baron, who was not in the best of tempers, in spite of his successful expedition, growled out, "It won't bite you; you needn't be afraid."

"I am not, but my dear Arnaut you might make allowances; I never had a baby in my arms before in my life. I daresay I shall get used to it in time; use is second nature, they say. But I say, I don't believe it ought to be bundled up in this way; it can't breathe; it will be suffocated; I shall open this shawl a little," said Léon, proceeding to do so, and being immediately rewarded by a long, wailing cry from the infant.

"There," said the baron, with an impatient exclamation, "now you have woke it. Why didn't you leave it alone?"

"My dear fellow, it would never have woke again if I had; the poor little creature was choking," said Léon, sitting the baby up on his knees, as if it were a year old instead of a few months.

"It will cry the whole way now, and, if we meet anyone, betray our secret," grumbled the baron.

"Well, I'd rather it cried than have it suffocated, as it infallibly would have been but for me. Baby, in future years you may thank your uncle Léon for saving your life. Perhaps if I whistle it will stop howling. I'll try," said Léon, whistling, in which art he was a great adept.

But whistling had no effect on the baby, unless it was to make it cry louder, and Léon was in despair, and the baron getting furious, until it suddenly occurred to the former to jump the child up and down, as he had seen Mathilde do. This was successful; as long as Léon danced it about it was quiet; the moment he stopped it began to cry.

"I wish old Pierre joy if he has to spend the next twenty-four hours in this way. Drive on, Arnaut; my arms are aching so I can't keep this game up much longer," said Léon, as they entered the village of Carolles, where, luckily for them, all the inhabitants had already gone to bed, and they met no one till they reached the place where the yacht was lying.

A boat was waiting to take Léon on board with Pierre and the English carpenter, to whom Léon spoke in English, asking him if he were quite sure the baby would be well looked after where he proposed to place it, and on Smith's answering that he was certain it would, Léon turned to the baron, who did not understand a word of English, and told him he need have no anxiety about the child.

"All right; I don't want to know where you are going to take it; make any arrangements you like. If you want more money than I have given you, let me know and you shall have it. When do you expect to be back here, Léon?"

"Oh, not for a month at least; I shall keep away till all the fuss Mathilde will make about the baby is over; meanwhile, if you change your mind and want the baby back, write to me at my agent's and he will forward your letter. Adieu."

And Léon, who had handed the baby to Pierre as soon as they met, now kissed his brother on both cheeks and then sprang into the boat. Smith pushed her off and sculled them across the moonlit sea to the yacht, the baron watching them until they reached her and the boat was drawn up to its davits, when he turned and drove back to the château, wondering greatly how the baroness would bear the loss of her baby, and fearing a very bad quarter of an hour was in store for him when she learnt what had become of it.

A stiff breeze was blowing, but with wind and tide in her favour the yacht sailed smoothly across the Channel, all on board her, except the baby, being too inured to the sea to feel ill, and, luckily, the movement of the yacht seemed to lull the child to sleep. When she woke Pierre was always at hand with some milk, so that she was scarcely heard to cry during the whole passage, spending the time in sleeping and eating, and thereby enabling Pierre to earn for himself the character of a first-rate nurse.

From time to time during the next day Léon came into the cabin to look at his tiny charge, for whom an impromptu cradle had been made with some pillows in an easy chair, and who seemed to

have the happy knack of adapting herself to circumstances, for she slept quietly on, with a smile on her little face, all unconscious of the waves from which a few planks divided her.

"Poor little mite; I hope they'll be kind to her, Smith, these friends of yours. I am half sorry I brought her, though the baron wished it," said Léon, as he left the cabin; but the next moment he was whistling on deck as though no such thing as the baby existed.

Towards evening they came in sight of Brighton, whose long sea front, even in those distant days, stretched for a mile or two along the coast, and Léon, who knew the town well, and considered it one of the few English towns in which he could spend a few days without dying of *ennui*, was anxious to put in there, but Smith dissuaded him.

"If we put in here, sir, they'll be sure to trace the child; it would be far better to let me go ashore with it in the gig, while you lay outside."

"But where are we to put in then? Having come to England, I mean to go ashore for a day or two."

"Why not run up to Yarmouth, sir; the wind is fair; it is south-west now. You have never been there, have you? And there'll be no fear of anyone tracing the child there. If madame sees in the paper that we touched at Yarmouth, she may inquire all over that part of the country without finding the baby down in Sussex."

Léon considered the matter for a few minutes, and finally consented to this arrangement; and about eight o'clock that evening the gig was lowered, and Pierre, who would not abandon his charge till the last minute, went ashore with John Smith and the baby.

They landed on a quiet spot between Brighton and Rottingdean, and here Smith insisted on Pierre's remaining in charge of the boat while he deposited the baby with his friends. Pierre protested against this; but the carpenter was firm. It would not be safe, he argued, to leave the boat alone for two or three hours, and he might be gone as long as that; and there could be no danger in leaving Pierre there, for if anyone did question him about his business, he would not be able to understand them, as he knew no English.

Pierre found it was useless to make any further objections, so, reluctantly handing the baby over to the carpenter, he prepared to make himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted during Smith's absence. It was a beautiful warm midsummer evening, but Pierre began to feel chilly and tired of waiting long before Smith came back, though he managed to get several naps, curled up in the bottom of the boat. At last, about eleven o'clock, just as Pierre was getting very nervous, and dreading every minute that one of the white ladies of Normandy (those *dames blanches* who are so cruel to the discourteous) should appear to him, or a hobgoblin or a ghost, in all of which he was, like most Norman peasants, a firm believer, to his intense relief he heard the carpenter whistling in the distance, and a minute or two later Smith arrived, hot and tired, and by no means in a communicative frame of mind, only vouchsafing to tell the anxious Pierre that the baby was safe.

To Léon he was bound to be less reserved, and, according to his own account, he had had no difficulty in persuading his friend the shepherd to take charge of the child. He had asked no awkward questions, and was quite satisfied with the sum of money Smith had left with him. Léon carefully entered the name and address of the shepherd in his pocket-book, and then dismissed the matter from his mind, and gave himself up to enjoying his cruise.

A day or two later they put into Yarmouth, and the arrival of the French yacht, L'Hirondelle, owner M. Léon de Thorens, was duly mentioned in the shipping news of the daily papers. Yarmouth was not a place after Léon's heart, and he would have left the next day, but John Smith had gone ashore and had not returned, so their departure was delayed at first for a few hours; but as Smith still did not appear, Léon began to get anxious, and made inquiries in the town for him, but in vain. At last, after delaying several days, it became evident the man had deserted, and finally Léon set sail without him. His intention on leaving Brighton was to cruise round the coast of Great Britain, visiting the principal seaports on the way; but on finding Smith did not return, his suspicions were awakened

as to the safety of the child, and he determined to go back at once to Brighton and see if the child had really been left with the shepherd whose address Smith had given him.

But that night a dense fog came on, and a day or two later a paragraph in the English papers announced a collision had taken place off Harwich with an English trading vessel and the French yacht, L'Hirondelle, in which the latter sunk at once with all hands, not a soul remaining to tell the tale, but some life-belts and spars of wood which were picked up afterwards led to the identification of the yacht, which was known to have left Yarmouth the morning before the collision took place.

(To be continued.)

DINNERS FOR TWO

Many housekeepers complain of the difficulty of providing a change of dishes where the family is small. Really, the number of things that may be served for one or two people is very great, but the serving is important. The writer has endeavoured in the following twenty-four dinners only to give such dishes as with a little care and attention may easily be cooked by a general servant with a rather limited knowledge of cooking. They are also chosen with due regard to expenditure. There are not any extravagant dishes, no stock meat is required for anything, nor is any pastry included in any dinner.

In arranging dinners for a number it is easy to give the weights of the different things that will be required, as there will probably be an average of appetites, but this is not possible for one or two people; for where one person will eat nearly a pound of meat, another will only eat two ounces, so that of quantity the housekeeper must be the best judge, as she knows the appetites for which she has to provide.

1. Mulligatawny soup; fillet steak with mushroom ketchup; baked batter pudding.
2. Flounders water souchet; piece of best end neck of mutton roasted; steamed semolina pudding, lemon sauce.
3. Potato soup; steak and kidney pudding; apples stewed in syrup.
4. Filleted plaice (dressed white); veal cutlets, bacon, and baked tomatoes; cheese fondu.
5. Lobster salad; stewed breast of mutton; cake fritters.
6. Brown onion soup; roast fillet of beef; Spanish rice.
7. Slices of cod fried; toad-in-the-hole; Melbourne pudding.
8. Curried eggs; Irish stew; rice meringue.
9. Potiron; beef steak stewed with vegetables; blancmange.
10. Baked haddock; calves' heart roasted; bread-and-jam pudding.
11. Shrimp toast; roast fillet of mutton; strawberry cream.
12. Turnip soup; breast of veal stewed; apple charlotte.
13. Fried mackerel; boiled rabbit and onion sauce; cheese toast.
14. Brunoise; stewed mutton cutlets; baked rice pudding.
15. Fried herrings, mustard sauce; rump-steak aux fines herbes; jam roll.
16. Dressed crab; boiled knuckle of mutton with caper sauce; bread-and-butter fritters.
17. Tomato soup; mutton cutlets with onion purée; cocoanut pudding.
18. Fried smelts; a currie; boiled batter pudding.
19. Vegetable soup; rump steak; macaroni cheese.
20. Stewed fish; leg of mutton cutlet; raspberry sponge.
21. Vegetable marrow soup; one rib of beef (boned and rolled) roasted; tapioca pudding.
22. Fried soles; pounded meat cutlets in Italian paste with sauce; macaroni with tomato sauce.
23. Fried whiting; boiled knuckle of veal with parsley and butter, and grilled bacon; baked currant pudding.
24. Semolina soup; part of loin of pork roasted; Spanish soufflé.

Vegetables, though, of course, they are an important part of dinner, are not given, as they must vary according to the month of the year. The recipes which follow are as little complicated as possible.

Mulligatawny Soup (without meat).—Cut two onions and a small carrot into thin slices, put them into a stewpan with one ounce of butter, turn them about until they are a nice brown colour, but not burnt, then add a sprig of parsley and half an apple, stir in three teaspoonfuls of curry powder, add a pint and a half of hot stock from bones, or of hot water and a little piece of lean bacon, or a small bacon bone if you have one; let the soup simmer for an hour, skim the fat off, strain the soup, put it back in the saucepan, add to it the juice of half a lemon and a dessertspoonful of flour that

has been baked a very light brown and mixed with a piece of butter the size of a pigeon's egg; salt to taste. Serve the soup very hot, and hand rice as boiled for curry with it.

Fillet Steaks with Mushroom Ketchup.—Beat the steaks with a beater or rolling-pin, put a very small piece of butter in a stewpan, place the steaks in it, and brown them slightly on each side; add one tablespoonful of ketchup and one tablespoonful of water, also a little black pepper; salt is not generally wanted with mushroom ketchup; cover the stewpan closely, and keep the fillets hot for three-quarters of an hour at the side of the stove; serve with the gravy poured over them.

Flounders Water Souchet.—Wash the fish and remove the heads. Put three-quarters of a pint of cold water into a stewpan, well wash two parsley roots and cut them in fine shreds, put them in a stewpan with a little pepper and salt, simmer a quarter of an hour, put in the flounders with a tablespoonful of parsley broken into small sprigs, not chopped, simmer eight minutes, and serve with a plate of brown bread and butter and a cut lemon.

Semolina Pudding.—Boil one and a half ounces of semolina in three-quarters of a pint of milk until it is cooked, take the saucepan from the fire, add a little sugar and a very small pinch of salt; then stir in two well-beaten eggs; butter a small mould or basin well, pour in the mixture, cover the top with buttered paper, and steam the pudding for an hour either by putting it into a steamer or into a saucepan with boiling water half way up the basin and keeping the water boiling. Serve with lemon sauce over. Sauce:—Take a quarter of a pint of cold water, mix a teaspoonful of cornflour with it, add the juice of half a lemon and a little white sugar; boil all together, stirring all the time.

Potato Soup.—Take one pound of potatoes weighed after they are peeled; cut them up and put them in a stewpan, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and an onion cut in slices; cover the stewpan, and shake the vegetables over the fire for five minutes; add a pint of hot water; simmer for an hour. Pass the whole through a sieve; put back in the saucepan. Add nearly half a pint of milk, and pepper and salt to taste. Cut a thin slice of bread in small dice; fry it in butter; put it in the bottom of the tureen, and pour the soup over.

Stewed Apples.—Boil together a teacupful of cold water, a teacupful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of lemon-juice; peel and core six small apples as soon as the syrup is clear. Put the apples in and cook them over a slow fire until they are tender. They must be turned while cooking, but must not be broken. When cold sprinkle a little chopped almond on each, or else a small piece of red currant jelly can be put on.

Fillets of Plaice.—Double the fillets, put them on a buttered tin, with pepper, salt, and a squeeze of lemon-juice over each; cover with buttered paper, and bake for ten or fifteen minutes; then put them on a dish, and serve with following sauce round them:—Boil the bones of the fish a quarter of an hour in a quarter of a pint of milk and water; mix a good teaspoonful of flour with a little butter, cayenne, and salt; strain the liquor from the fishbones to it, also the liquor out of the tin in which the fish were baked; put into a saucepan and boil for a minute or two, then, pour round the fish.

Cheese Fondue.—Melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, stir one ounce of flour in; when quite smooth, add a quarter of a pint of milk and some cayenne pepper and salt. Stir the mixture over the fire until it is quite smooth; then add two ounces of cheese grated—Parmesan is the best, but any other cheese that is not blue and is dry enough to grate will do. Turn the mixture into a basin, add two beaten yolks of eggs, and, just before it is time to put it in the oven, stir in the two whites of the eggs, which must be beaten to a stiff froth; then put the mixture into a buttered tin large enough to hold double the quantity, as it will rise; bake twenty minutes in a brisk oven, and serve immediately.

Breast of Mutton Stewed.—Take a breast, or, if too fat, a scrag of mutton, brown it in a stewpan, add a sliced onion (which must also be browned), then pour in enough hot water to cover the meat. As soon as it simmers put in one turnip and one carrot cut into small dice, and a small head of celery cut fine, or a shred lettuce, according to the season, some black pepper, and some salt. Simmer for about an hour and a half before serving; mix a dessertspoonful of baked flour with a little cold water, and add it to the gravy. Skim, if too fat, before sending to table.

Cake Fritters.—Cut some thin slices from a stale cake, cut them in shapes, dip them in milk, then fry them in butter; spread jam or marmalade on the top of each, and serve them.

Brown Onion Soup.—Skin three onions, cut them in small dice; make an ounce of butter hot in a stewpan, and throw in the onions, shaking them about over the fire until they are golden brown (they must be coloured very slowly, or some pieces will get too dark); when they are brown, stir in a teaspoonful of flour, and add a pint and a half of liquor in which meat or poultry has been boiled, or the same quantity of water. Simmer for an hour, then rub through a sieve; put back in the saucepan; add pepper and salt to taste, and, if too thin, mix a little butter and flour together, add to the soup, and boil for three minutes before serving.

Spanish Rice.—Boil four ounces of rice, wash it in cold water, then dry it before the fire. Put half an ounce of butter in a frying-pan; when quite hot throw in the rice, fry it a light colour, add a dessertspoonful of grated cheese and a little cayenne and salt. A dessertspoonful of plain tomato sauce may be added or not. The rice must be served very hot.

Toad in the Hole.—Trim some neck of mutton cutlets nicely, or take some cold meat or fowl and place in the bottom of a pie-dish that you have first buttered. Then make a batter thus: take four ounces of flour, mix one egg with it, add half a pint of milk and a little salt, put pepper and salt over the meat in the dish, pour the batter in, and put in a tolerably quick oven; it will take about three-quarters of an hour to bake. Batter is best mixed some hours before it is wanted, but it must not be put in the dish with the meat until you are going to bake it.

Melbourne Pudding.—Boil half a pint of red currants with half a pound of loaf sugar for half an hour, add half a pound of raspberries and boil ten minutes. Butter a plain mould or pudding basin and line it with slices from a tin loaf or French roll, cut a quarter of an inch thick; the top pieces must be cut into triangles to make them fit neatly, while the side pieces are half an inch wide; pour the fruit into the bread while hot, cover the top with more bread, put in a cool place until the next day, then turn out and serve with custard or cream.

Curried Eggs.—Make a sauce with a quarter of a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of curry powder, a teaspoonful of flour, and a little salt; mix these ingredients together and boil them three minutes. Boil three eggs hard, remove the shells, put the sauce in a dish, put the eggs in it, then cut each egg in two and serve.

Rice Meringue.—Boil half a small teacupful of rice in milk; when done put it in a pie-dish, spread a layer of jam over the top of it, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, put it over the jam, sift about a tablespoonful of pounded sugar over it; put it in the oven to set, and serve hot.

Potiron.—Take one pound of pumpkin without seeds or rind, cut it into small pieces, put it in a stewpan with a quarter of a pint of water, simmer it slowly for an hour and a half; then rub it through a sieve with a wooden spoon, put it back in the saucepan, add three quarters of a pint of milk, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, a saltspoonful of powdered sugar and pepper and salt to taste, stir it occasionally, and serve it as soon as it boils.

Baked Haddock.—Wash and dry the fish, then mix a saltspoonful of salt with the juice of half a lemon, and rub it all over the fish and let it remain for three hours, then prepare some bread-crumbs, mix with them a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, a little grated lemon peel, cayenne pepper, and salt; next dry the fish and brush it over with egg, cover it with the prepared crumbs, put it in a greased baking dish with some small lumps of butter on the top of it, bake it from 25 to 35 minutes, according to the size of the fish. It must be basted with the butter that runs into the tin. When done put the fish on a dish, squeeze the other half lemon into the baking tin, pour it over the fish, and serve.

Bread and Jam Pudding.—Take a small pudding basin or mould, grease it well with butter; then shake brown sugar all over the butter. Take four ounces bread-crumbs, three ounces finely chopped suet, and three ounces of any preserve. Put these ingredients in the basin in layers, beginning with the bread-crumbs. Just before putting the pudding in the oven, mix an egg with rather less than half a pint of milk, and add it to it. Bake about three-quarters of an hour in a quick oven, turn out and serve.

Shrimp Toast.—Trim and fry three slices of bread in butter. Take two tablespoonfuls of shelled shrimps, put them into a saucepan with a dessertspoonful of milk, a lump of butter the size of a pigeon's egg, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a little cayenne pepper. Shake in a dessertspoonful of flour, boil for two minutes, stirring all the time; then put on the fried bread, and serve very hot.

Roast Fillet of Mutton.—Procure the thick end of a leg of mutton. Have it boned and tied round. It may be stuffed where the bone is taken out, or skewered up and roasted plain.

Strawberry Cream without cream.—Take a quarter of a pound of strawberry jam; rub it through a sieve. Add two ounces of pounded sugar to it, and beat it up with the whites of two fresh eggs until it is all frothy (it will take some time to beat); put it in a glass dish and serve soon after it is made.

Turnip Soup can be made the same as potiron, but a teaspoonful of flour should be added with the butter.

Apple Charlotte.—Cut some strips of bread from a tin loaf or French roll; dip them in oiled butter, line a mould or pudding basin with them. Peel and cut up a pound and a half of apples; boil them with a little sugar. When done, put them in the basin you have lined; cover the top with bread dipped in butter; bake half an hour, turn on to a dish, and serve.

Cheese Toast.—Beat up an egg, add two ounces of grated cheese, one dessertspoonful of milk, cayenne, and salt to it, make it hot in a saucepan, and pour it on to a round of hot buttered toast; cut in pieces and serve immediately.

Brunoise.—Take two tablespoonfuls of carrots, the same of turnips, onions, and celery, all cut in very small dice. Put a piece of butter (about an ounce) in a stewpan with a small teaspoonful of powdered sugar, toss the carrots in this until they begin to take colour, then put in the celery, then the turnips, then the onions; when all the vegetables are coloured, put in a pint and a quarter of hot water or liquor in which meat or poultry has been boiled, let the soup simmer two hours, skim, and serve with the vegetables in it. The vegetables must not be burnt at all, but only slightly browned.

Stewed Mutton Cutlets.—Cut two carrots, two turnips, and two potatoes into dice, trim some cutlets and toss them in butter in a stewpan, with a sprinkling of pepper and salt, till they begin to colour, then put in the carrots and three-quarters of a pint of hot water, a tablespoonful of tomato sauce, and a small bunch of sweet herbs and parsley; stew gently fifteen minutes, add the potatoes and turnips, and simmer about an hour or until tender; add a piece of butter rolled in flour, a small piece of glaze, and pepper and salt to taste. Remove the herbs and serve the cutlets round the vegetables, with as much of the gravy as is required.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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