

COD À LA BECHAMEL.

Ingredients.—One pound of cod-fish, one ounce of flour, three-quarters of a pint of milk, half a shalot, one blade of mace, salt.

Method.—Cut the fish in pieces about an inch square and put it in a saucepan with the milk, shalot, mace and salt. Put on the lid and simmer very gently for fifteen minutes. Take out the fish with a slice, mix the flour smoothly with a little cold milk and stir it into the milk in which the fish has been cooked, let it boil; remove the mace and shalot and put back the pieces of fish. Have ready a hot dish with a border of mashed potato on it, and pour the fish and sauce in the middle.

FISHERMAN'S PIE.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of cooked fish, three ounces of well cooked macaroni (see "Macaroni Cheese"), mashed potatoes, a little dripping, half a pint of stock, half an ounce of brown thickening, pepper and salt.

Method.—Break the fish into flakes and take away all skin and bone. Bring the stock to the boil in a saucepan and add the brown thickening, and pepper and salt, stir until the sauce thickens; add the fish and the cooked macaroni, let them get hot in the sauce and pour into a greased pie dish; spread mashed potatoes on the top; score across

with a fork and brown in the oven for ten minutes.

FISH BALLS.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of cooked fish, half a pound of mashed potatoes, two eggs, a little cold white sauce, pepper and salt, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, bread-crumbs.

Method.—Flake up the fish and take away all skin and bone; mix it with the potatoes, parsley, pepper and salt, an egg well beaten, a little cold white sauce into a stiff paste; flour the hands, roll the mixture into balls, egg and crumb them well and fry in deep fat a golden brown.

IN SPIKE OF ALL.

By IDA LEMON, Author of "The Charming Cora," "A Winter Garment," etc.



CHAPTER V.

OW is my mother, Richards?" was Michael's first hurried question of the groom whomethim at the station.

"A little better, sir; it was one of them heart attacks, sir. The master told me to tell you as we hoped the danger was over, sir."

"Thank God," said Michael beneath his breath. It was not till that moment of relief that he realised the intensity of his anxiety during the long journey.

It was now evening; the country was in its summer beauty. The moonlight shone on the fair and peaceful scene. For a moment Michael's thoughts reverted to Beattie. Last night he was with her at this time, watching the moonlight on the quiet sea. How long ago it seemed. Where space has been traversed the mind can hardly realise that time has not been traversed too. He was very silent during the five-mile drive; strangely so, Richards thought, for generally Mr. Michael had so much to say when he came home, and asked so many questions, and wanted to know all the news of hall and village and stable which the groom was so ready to impart.

Like most of the Hall servants Richards was a native of the village, and he and Michael had been acquainted since their boyhood. But for once at his home-coming Michael left behind him something more dear than he was going to. Beattie could not have kept him from his mother's bedside, but now that he was on his way to her his thoughts were drawn backward.

"Mr. Michael must have been rare and anxious," said Richards in the servants' hall at supper, "for after he

had asked after the mistress he had not a word to say till we was home. He sat sort of dreaming-like all the time."

As the dog-cart drove up an old gentleman came out of the library into the hall. He was a tall man, with a stern, rather joyless face. At present it looked more than usually haggard, but it lighted up at sight of his son.

"I am glad you came at once, my boy. She has been wanting you."

Michael did not explain why he had gone to the seaside. When the butler had relieved him of his coat he followed his father into the library.

"What made her ill?" he asked.

"I don't know. She was not quite herself and—well, Evelyn's birthday would have been this week—she always frets just then"—the old man's voice shook. He could never mention his daughter's name with calmness. "And she has been worried about Geoffrey. One never knows what one may hear now that he has gone to the front. And—and I have been a bit depressed too. Perhaps I tried her. We want someone young and cheerful about us, my boy. That girl at the rectory is away too, and your mother likes to see her when she is poorly."

"May I go up, or is it too late?"

"No. She knows you are coming. She will not sleep till she has seen you."

Michael ran up the slippery oak staircase with the ease only born of habit, and knocked at the door of his mother's room. The lady's-maid opened it, and seeing who it was, her face relaxed its rather grim expression. Few of the servants cared for poor Sir John, because they adored their mistress and fancied he was selfish towards her; but they were all fond of Michael.

"He've come, ma'am," she said gently to Lady Anstruther, and then withdrew to the dressing-room to be within call if she were needed.

Michael bent over his mother and kissed her tenderly. He was not as a rule demonstrative, but he was devoted to her and she knew it.

"How well you look, dear," she said when she could see his face, and she laid her hand for a moment on his cheek

tanned by the sea breezes. "One can see you have not come straight from London. But you were right to have a little sea air after all your work and that sprained foot."

It was like her to think of him before herself. Her voice was weak and low, but the usual motherly tone was in it.

"I have to keep in this position, on my side, so you must sit there where I can see you."

She took his hand and lay still watching him.

"You are better, mother."

She smiled.

"Yes. But we thought I might be leaving you all, and that you would like to say good-bye. I haven't spoilt your holiday, Mike, have I?"

He felt himself reddening.

"I should never have forgiven them if they had not told me you were ill," he said. "But you mustn't talk too much, mother, or you will be tired. I will sit with you a little while."

"But you haven't had your supper."

"That can wait."

No one knew what Lady Anstruther endured in being separated from her children. To have them with her was her greatest happiness, and as she lay there holding Michael's hand and watching him a great peace stole into her heart, and shone in her eyes. Geoffrey the soldier was her favourite, though no one knew it, for she was too true a mother to show her partiality, but Michael was the one most like herself, both in looks and disposition. The very love of healing was strong in both, though it took different forms for its manifestation, the strong protecting instinct was there, and the fiery temper and the unyielding adherence to any opinion once maintained, which meant at once loyalty and obstinacy and reliability. Only in Lady Anstruther the natural gifts were sanctified, the natural defects minimised by the grace of holiness.

"I heard from my little daughter this morning," she said presently. "She told me she had seen you."

The "little daughter" was Norah Gilman. Sometimes, but never in her husband's presence, Lady Anstruther