

turned startled eyes upon her. "Mr. Cameron is not ill, but still it is of him I wish to speak." Then as gently as she could, the kind woman made the girl understand what had caused her lover's strange behaviour. Laurella's look of incredulous horror went to her heart.

"It is not as if it were the first time, or the second," she went on in broken sentences. "One could hope then—there might be excuses—but we, living so near, have seen and heard—everyone is talking. Such a terrible habit grows so fast, and is so fatal, I felt it was my duty to tell you, my dear; and your father must be told, he will know what it is right to do."

Mrs. Garth was weeping frankly now, but Laurella shed no tear, she sat gazing with unseeing eyes through the window in front of her, every trace of colour having faded from her face.

"You are quite sure of what you have told me, Mrs. Garth?"

"Sure! oh, my dear child, what doubt can there be, such a failing cannot be hidden. Everyone knows, that is, everyone in these parts,

except Sir Cosmo himself, and there's no man in all the country side would dare to tell him."

"Then, dear Mrs. Garth, will you leave me now, I want to be alone."

Clasping the girl in a motherly embrace Mrs. Garth returned to her daughters, and by-and-by a letter was brought to her by a maid, with a request that it might be dispatched to Felloot as soon as possible; Miss Lonsdale at the same time begged to say, with her love, that she was now retiring to rest, and did not wish to be disturbed that night. Even Christie, stealing to her friend's door on her way to her own room, and meeting with no response to her timid knock, had to turn sorrowfully away.

Laurella meanwhile was face to face with her bitter sorrow, and like a brave soldier's daughter as she was, fighting and winning the first dread battle between right and wrong which raged in her own heart. "The alarm, the battle, and relief" followed each other so quickly in her case, that weary indeed was the young victor, when, her resolution at length firmly fixed, she sunk into dreamless slumber.

A painful interview ensued between the lovers next morning. Laurella gently and firmly made it clear to Charlie that the engagement between them was at an end. In vain he pleaded, promised, and remonstrated, for he was indeed deeply attached to her, and felt that in losing Laurel he was losing his life's happiness. But the girl was inflexible. "I cannot—must not marry you, Charlie," she repeated mournfully. "How could I stand at God's altar and promise to honour and obey one who—oh, Charlie—Charlie—we must either fight for God or against Him! How could I live my life for Him at your side! I looked to you to help me as a man should when we were together, but now it can never, never be."

Charlie dropped his face in his hands with a groan that was almost a sob, and fearing that her courage and resolution would fail her, at thus witnessing his agony of sorrow and shame, Laurella, lightly laying her trembling hand for a moment on his bowed head, fled from the room.

(To be continued.)

AFTERNOON TEA-CAKES AND SANDWICHES.

By DORA DE BLAQUIÈRE.



TEN years ago one would probably have enumerated muffins and crumpets, and given them the first place amongst tea-cakes, whether for what is called "high teas," or the lighter meal of a late introduction, which has risen into such world-wide fame, that the French have adopted it as a new word, and call it "five o'clocker." Here it is brought up as a matter of course every day, and is one of the usual afternoon entertainments, cheap, and at times rather dull. In Canada and America, it does not seem to have been so universally adopted, probably because high teas are the rule, and will never, I fancy, be ousted, the late dinner being nearly an impossibility in that region of few servants and surpassing difficulty in getting them. In the large cities and towns it is rather different; but even in these the afternoon tea seems still an entertainment for visitors, not a rule of the house. In New York I was introduced to the afternoon tea-table minus a teapot, and graced only with a handsome tea-kettle and spirit lamp, which was very boiling indeed. Instead of the teapot, a tea-infuser was used. This, as many of my readers may know, is an article in metal, of about the size of a very small egg, perforated with small holes, and having a chain and ring attached for holding it. It is filled with tea, and then dropped into a cup, which is then filled with boiling water, and you keep it in till your tea be as strong as you require it. Then it is passed on to another cup, and so on, till it be thought to be exhausted, and it is then replenished. But if the cups should be small ones, the amount of tea put in at first will usually go round, and be enough for half a dozen cups. Of course there is a great advantage in this modern method of tea-making, for you have what the medical men recommend, *i.e.*, five-minute tea, and, consequently, you are quite safe from all injurious consequences. I prefer, however, the old-fashioned style; but for anyone who wants a cup of tea early or late, in a hurry, the tea-infuser is extremely helpful, and as such I have used it many times. In

illness it is extremely useful; for the kettle is nearly always at hand in the invalid's room, when cold enough to require a fire, and no equipage is required.

I have begun by saying that muffins and crumpets would have formed part of the feast, but, strange to say, both these ancient and excellent articles of luxury seem to have gone out of fashion for the afternoon tea-table. I cannot, in fact, recall having seen them for the last few years. Their place has been taken by a score of things. By sandwiches, for instance, a concession to the many who nowadays do not eat sweets of any kind. An immense amount of small fancy cakes, and biscuits, made of almond paste, cream, chocolate, and sugar; and last, but not least, thin bread and butter, brown or white, which puts in an appearance on all occasions.

Hot buttered toast, in many houses buttered scones, or some form of tea-cake, such as Sally Lunn, is always seen; and it is generally the master of the house who wants such unwholesome things, or the boys at home from school. Sally Lunn, of Bath notoriety, never seems to lose her influence over her votaries; but her rivals, the muffins and crumpets, are no longer seen at fashionable teas. Two things have sent them out of date, I think. No one wants to soil their gloves, nor to take them off; and I don't think either of them are so nice as they once were; I know in the North of England they are twice as good as they are in the south, and much bigger. Many people would probably tell you also that the modern digestion is not the same as that of the last century, nor even when our sailor King was reigning.

In Scotland, or in a Scotch-English domicile, you will find, oh, such cakes; and if you never heard of "the land o' cakes" before, you will be a devout believer in its beauties to the end of your days. The Scotch scone is, of all cakes, when well made, and made at home, the best of all; even cold it preserves its supremacy. Next to them come potato-cakes, and that wonderful thing known in Yorkshire as fat rascals. The following is a Scotch recipe, tested and tried, *i.e.*, One pound of flour, two ounces of butter, one egg, one teaspoonful and a half of baking powder. Mix all together with a cup of cold milk, having first rubbed the baking powder into

the flour, and make into tiny cakes, the size of a penny; bake in a very quick oven and split, then butter and serve very hot. This is a small tea-cake that can be made and served in a few minutes, and there need be no difficulty in having them for afternoon tea at any time.

What is known in our English cookery-books as Benton tea-cake, is as follows. One pound of flour, four ounces of butter, and enough milk to make a paste; roll out very thin, and bake either on a hot hearth-stone or on an oven plate. Now this, which is a very old recipe, is evidently a kind of mother of all quickly-made tea-cakes, and is called granny cake in some parts of Canada and in Ireland; but the invention of baking powder has improved it. The Canadian recipe is very good, and has lost the butter. One teacup of milk, two cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Mix, roll into one flat round cake, and cook in a clean frying-pan. When done on one side turn the other up, cut into quarters, and serve very hot. This cake requires much butter.

The following has been sent me as the correct recipe for "fat rascals," but I cannot say if quite correct. Take two pounds of flour, mix in four ounces of butter and a pint of milk, three spoonfuls of yeast, and two eggs. Beat all well together and let it rise; then knead it and make into cakes; let them rise on tins before baking, which do in a slow oven. Split while hot and butter. This is done very profusely in Yorkshire.

A simple Scotch scone is taken from a good source, and is as follows. One pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, and the same of tartaric acid and a little salt. Mix with milk, roll out to the thickness of half an inch, cut into large rounds, and score with a knife into quarters, so that they can be broken easily when done. They require a hot oven, and to be baked for about twenty minutes. Nearly every cookery-book contains a recipe for scones, and when once made, you will quite understand how to manage so as to have good ones in future.

Now I suppose no notice of possible tea-cakes would be complete without a recipe for the famous American shortcake. This is another quickly-made cake, and is quite