

Culinary.

"Every thing great is composed of many things that are small."—LATIN PROVERB.

Dainty Ways of Cooking Common Vegetables.

Beetroot is most useful for pickling, mixing with salad, garnishing, and also as a vegetable, but, as a change from the ordinary boiling, try this process: Choose moderate-sized beetroot, avoiding such as do not slightly give to the touch; wash them and wipe them with a clean cloth wrung out of ordinary spirit. Place a thin layer of moistened straw in the oven (which should be sufficiently hot to bake bread); stand the roots on the straw, covering each one with an earthenware jar, and leave them for eight or ten hours without increasing the heat. If possible, let them cool in the oven; when cold, peel and use as required.—*Betteraves Fricassee*: Cut them in slices, put them into a saucepan with butter, onions, parsley, chervil, and chives chopped fine, a taste of garlic, a pinch of flour, some vinegar, salt and pepper, and stew for a quarter of an hour.

Carrots—*a la creme*.—Scrape, wash, and cut them into pieces or slices as desired; boil them in water with salt and pepper; when nearly tender enough, strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfastful of thick, fresh cream, with a lump of butter; when this boils, add the carrots and let them simmer for fifteen minutes.

Trim a sufficient number of large leeks, remove the green part, and cut up the rest in two or three pieces; if they seem very strong, scald them in boiling water; if not, simply boil and strain them thoroughly to extract all the moisture. Chop them up, and brown them slightly in butter, flour, salt and pepper, moisten with cream or thick gravy, stir over the fire, and when done thicken with the yolks of two eggs. Serve with fried bread, or with cutlets, or fricandeau.

Turnips—*Navets Farcis*: Peel the turnips, boil them in slightly salted water till they are half done; take them out, slice off a thin bit from the bottom to ensure their standing firmly, and cut a piece off the top; scoop out the middle of the turnips, make a stuffing with minced veal, onions, parsley, a few truffles or mushrooms, and with it fill the turnips; use the slice which was cut off the top as a cover, tie them round with thread, place them in a shallow saucepan, pour over them some boiling broth (gravy is preferable), add a lump of butter, season and let them simmer till quite tender. Take them out, arrange them on a dish, remove the threads, thicken the sauce with the yolk of an egg, pour it over the turnips and serve hot. These will take about two hours.—*Navets a la Poulette*: Cut out little balls with a small-sized vegetable scoop, scald them in boiling water, make a sauce with a lump of butter, a tablespoonful of flour and some good gravy; when it is smooth add the balls, and let them simmer till done; this will reduce the sauce; stir in a teaspoonful of caster sugar, and just before serving thicken with the yolks of three eggs and a little piece of fresh butter.

It may not be out of place to remind the reader of the scrupulous care that is needed, or the washing of all vegetables, rinsing them well both before and after trimming, peeling, or otherwise preparing them. Carrots and turnips in particular should be well rubbed with the hands under water, changing the latter several times; the outer skin leaves the root impregnated with a bitter taste, which can only be obviated in this way; but, above all, they should never be washed after they have been cut or sliced.

Cabbage—*Chou a la Creme*: Cut up the cabbage, not too fine, scald it and partly cook it in salted water—strain very thoroughly; melt some butter in a saucepan, add salt, pepper, flour and a cupful of fresh cream; put in the cabbage, let it simmer for three-quarters of an hour, and serve.—*Chou-rouge au Vin*: Take a fine red cabbage, not too old, slice it very fine, scald it for two minutes in boiling water, and strain thoroughly. Put some bacon, cut in small dice, into a saucepan with a little butter; when quite hot, add the cabbage, and stir in broth or gravy and some French white wine. When quite tender the liquor must have assimilated itself entirely to the vegetable. This dish is often garnished with large, boiled chestnuts.—*Chou-farci*: Trim a large, firm winter cabbage; remove the heart and part of the hard stalk, scald and strain it, put it into cold water and strain again. Have ready some minced veal and bacon (equal quantities), or, if preferred, sausage meat; mix this with pepper, salt, chopped onions, chives and chervil, according to taste, and the yolks of two or three eggs. Place the cabbage carefully in a cloth, and wring the latter to press out all the water without damaging the cabbage, into which put all the stuffing, first filling up the middle, and then inserting some between the larger leaves. Tie this round and round with string, and put it into a saucepan with a bouquet garni, a couple of smoked sausages, onion studded with cloves, carrots, grated nutmeg, peppercorns, and any remains of meat. Cover the cabbage with strips of bacon, moisten freely with good stock and boil for three hours. After this dish up the cabbage, remove the string, take all fat out of the liquor, let it boil up twice, strain it, put it on the fire again to thicken with a little fecula, and pour over the cabbage.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Sunset at Old Point Comfort.

The myriads of gas jets twinkled from dome to base of the famed Hygeia Hotel; and the military dash, given by the gay uniforms of the officers from the garrison, lent quite a charming feature to the brilliant ball room. Ruth Raynor and I, had enjoyed the season here for only a week, when Lieut C— informed us, that there were great treats in reserve for us, if we were lovers of grand and

beautiful scenery, and as we are worshippers of Dame Nature's marvellous offsprings, we agreed upon an early hour for rising on the following morning. And when we gained the broad white shadowy beach, at the appointed hour to witness a sunrise on the great waters, we were already compensated for the sacrifice of a few hours sleep. The eastern sky had grown roseate, and as if some unseen hand were gradually lifting the fringed edge of a gilded canopy and sending its tinted glow out on the deep, broad waters in shifting lights and shades, the tint growing brighter, and brighter, till golden arrows darted up from the oceans breast, and as if to look back the melting drapery, that the great actor might burst forth on the stage, when in an instant, the gorgeous wheel of fire, rolls up out of his bed of sparkling waters, and like some hugh thing of life, flaming and flashing triumphantly from its morning bath. We watched the ocean changed under the magical effect; a moment before, it appeared angry and sullen, now it was one immense body of sparkling jewels. Almost in breathless ecstasy we drank deeply of the pure morning incense, when our companion remarked that when the mighty Giant of Light was about to set, he would like us to decide, which of the two, scenes we thought grander. Therefore when the shadows grew long about the pier, we walked upon the grassy ramparts of the grim old "Fortress Monroe," with its sullen guns peering out from rugged port holes just below and its silent mote, gliding like a stream of silver out to the bay. However we came to see the sunset, from this elevated and commanding point, never did I so heartily wish for language of a poet to describe the poetical beauty before me, where great billows of orange blended with banners of gold, and lay heaped up in the west, gorgeous as a couch of oriental splendor, prepared for the rest of the gods. No color or tint of an artist could duplicate the shifting cloud coverlets and drapery that became dazzling as the sun passed through them to his setting when He had withdrawn his last beam, there was a massive crown of gems, left resting on the horizons brim, where the great Monarch sank to rest: No royal diadem e'er flashed such pure opaline hues or glistening amethyst, while topaz tints settle beside the long line of onyx and pearl; and all blended in a radiant golden setting. The soft glow rested o'er the land and sea, and when we turned our faces away from the after glow, there, all trembling and silvery, hung the pale, new moon like a gilded crescent above the fresh flowing waves of the Bay, shedding a mild lustre, where the fiery Day God's glory-scarce had been withdrawn. I thought of our Heavenly Father's goodness in providing such beauty for the eye of those whose poverty debars them from the sight of the works of the old masters, owned only by the wealthy.

S. C. BOOKER.

Written for the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

A Trip to Sante Fe.

One's mind naturally turns to Sante Fe, N. M., the place to which I refer is a small village picturesquely located on the apex of a mountain in a cavity or hollow 8500 feet above sea level in old Mexico. The inhabitants are Aztec Indians about 200 in number presided over by a venerable Italian priest, who is at once law-maker, physician, and spiritual adviser. It happens that the general-in-chief of the Mexican army also lives in this place. We had the pleasure of meeting him while on a visit to that part of the world a few years since, and he invited a party of us to his home and to dine. The trip was a rather tiresome one, directly up the mountain, over rocks and stubble, a trail, no road being made. We were several hours making the journey on mule-back although but a few miles in extent. A fine natural prospect rewarded our efforts, gigantic mountains surpassing each other in grandeur and beauty to the tops of which grow luxuriant foliage. On reaching the summit, before us lay the little hamlet of mud huts and a most primitive condition of living, dress, manners, etc., greeted our civilized eyes. Our host requires a word of notice, his life and career being of the romantic type, in which the dime novel abounds and over which our boys have so often gloated and day dreamed. He is a Mexican, at one time a brigand of the true Claude Duval policy, ever demanding his booty at the point of the pistol, from the rich only, always gentle and considerate of the poor and unfortunate. Some years since, having amassed a competency he retired from his profession, married him a wife and settled upon a farm in this mountain top, where he invited us. A commodious house built of the boulders, conservatories, fine gardens under cultivation, numerous horses, sheep, and 200 Jersey cows, were amongst the features of his possessions up here. He has a large family and holds the position which I have named, bears an honorable name indeed his word is a bond at any time and his credit is above question (his name escapes me just at present). His history had greatly excited our interest and we were much disappointed to find on our arrival that important business had called him from home and we should not see the hero of our expectations at all; he had commissioned his wife and the priest to whom I have referred to receive and entertain us, which was done in true Mexican style, and means royal, lavish hospitality. After a sumptuous dinner and visiting the farm and other interesting features of the place, we were escorted by the inhabitants and a brass band to the church for vespers, the daily occurrence at 4 p. m. This church and its priest are quite as remarkable in their way as the general himself. The edifice built also of the boulders, was his work; and consisted of the assembly hall, organ loft, and three rooms in which he lived, one of which contained a wine press, from which he made most delicious native wine; in the next room was all his paraphernalia for bottling and preserving it, then the one in which he lived, at once sleeping and reception room, furnished with the necessary implements for cooking, an iron bedstead, table, chair, etc., all in the utmost simplicity. Here this scholarly man, lives and devotes his time to these poor, ignorant people and fulfils his calling as the un-

derstands it. Who's to judge of the reward he is to receive? He built the organ, of course he administers the service, breaking off when he required and playing the musical part on the organ, accompanied by the brass band, returning to resume his place in the chancel. On this occasion Sig. D'Auria played the organ and I sang the mass (organ and band accompaniments); the poor Indians never before having heard a human voice singing were awed to fear and believed they had heard an angel, an experience I shall never forget and that I think has fallen to few singers. So ended a day that has hung a picture in my store house of memory ever to be cherished.

Popularity of Black.

It is an interesting and anomalous fact that as black becomes more disliked and discarded for mourning wear, young people, becomes more pronounced. A few years ago anyone wearing black at a wedding would have been regarded as a bird of ill omen, but present Lady Dudley, at her wedding, in a daring disregard of old-time superstitions, surrounded herself with bridesmaids wearing nodding funeral plumes on their big black Tuscan straw hats, and drove away in a traveling-gown of gray whose "points," if one may be allowed the term, were black. Since every one must wear the somber color, let fair women hereby know that they will look younger and fairer in dead, lusterless materials like wool or velvet, while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk to wear black to advantage.

Every one must remember, too, that cheap black is an abomination in the eyes of men and a vexation to the soul of women. It will not wear and does not pay. Another thought in this connection: The black hat is to be supplemented with a cream veil of sprigged lace, which will be distractingly becoming to brunette beauty. Swagger girls are going without candy now for the sake of having the genuine point d'Alencon veiling, but only a connoisseur could distinguish the difference between the real thing and the Brussels net imitation. So firm a hold have these veils taken on the other side that a woman inquiring in a small Brussels shop for a black veil was told loftily "that a black veil was now so *demode* that madame must try elsewhere if she would procure one."

Correspondence.

The correspondence columns are open to all readers of the LADIES' PICTORIAL WEEKLY. Questions relating to fashions, etiquette, literature or any subject of interest to our readers can be sent in for reply. Address correspondence editor in care of this paper.

AGNES.—A carved cross on a board covered with purple velvet with a ring to hang on the wall; a daily text book, a roll to hang up with a verse for everyday of the year. A rosary, a little ivory tablet and pencil. Any of these would I think be acceptable to sister Mary.

EDNA.—Dr. Ryerson. I should certainly not delay having the growth checked. It must be most uncomfortable.

JENNET.—A girl of seventeen, tall and slim, should wear her dresses well below her ankles. I should think cadet blue, fawn, *Eau de Nile* green or pale grey would suit.

JACKSON.—A tercentenary is the three hundredth anniversary. For instance, Trinity College, Dublin, was founded in 1592, and this year holds tercentenary. The Centennial was the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence. It was held in 1879, at Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. That city was chosen on account of association. There is the old Liberty Hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed. Canada's centennial will be in 1967. We are only 25 years a Dominion.

MAVIS.—The bird is a thrush or a song thrush; its song is very sweet and clear; it is not a rare bird.

QUERIEST.—The word junket, meaning a feast of dainty food, is taken from the Italian word *giuncato*, a cheese made and served in a reed basket, and from the Latin *juncus*, a rush; it has lost its special meaning and now denotes any delicacy. Sometimes it is applied to a Devonshire dish made of lopped milk, sugar and rum, and very popular there.

MANUAL.—The word is the same, but has nothing to do with the organ. A Manual is a bank of keys. It is also the Romish Service Book, or any little book which can be carried in the hand. Manual exercise is really the military term for musketry and other drills. Yes, it is confusing to a foreigner.

Prof. Wickle's Prize Graphological Examination.

Special Notice.

The Ideal Wife Prize Examination closed on Dec. 15th. We shall continue to publish in this column the delineation of the different specimens of handwriting sent in for the Prize Competition until they have been completed.

Delineations.

482 Strong intuitive perception, attention to detail, penetration, pride, sincerity and originality, which is exaggerated into eccentricity by the love of effect and self assertion which are also characteristics of this specimen. There is also interest in the opposite sex, strong will, and egotism.

483 This example shows impressionability, impulse vivacity, an inclination to lavishness in money matters, no excess of sincerity, an obstinate will, and a generally uncultured and undisciplined mind. The subject is disposed to be affectionate, but rather self-centred.

484 Study signifies an extremely ardent and tenderly affectionate nature. The correspondent is impulsive and so candid as to be almost incautious. Deductive and intuitive judgment are to be traced, with simplicity of mind, clearness of ideas, and romance of feeling.