

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN.









## When the Tide Turned.

By EMMA MARSHALL,  
Author of "Dying," "Little and Good," "Life,  
Aftermath," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.  
QUESTIONS.

"HATEVEH have you got there, child?" Abigail exclaimed.  
"Isn't he pretty?" I said. "Oh, Abigail, he was washed when in the storm from a wreck." He kind to him, Abigail, and don't be angry with me for bringing him home."

Friella at Cromwell's was so kind. I pleased, she dressed him in those things, and fed him, and—

"Keep him he must go to the Union, of course. What have we got to do with a little washed-up him like him? If he is worth anything to any one there'll be a hunt for him, and a reward offered, and if he is worth nothing to no one, as is most likely, he must earn his bread. I'll carry him straight off to the workhouse at Spalding to-morrow."

"Oh, no, dear Abigail," I said; "I cannot part with him. See how he stings to me, for the poor baby, again undergoing the scrutiny of stranger eyes, looked towards me, and as before, nestled for safety in my arms."

"You are gone mad, Miss Charlotte, if you think you can keep a baby. You saw Miss Goodlake or Lady Smith, they'll soon give you their mind; or Miss Baker, or Miss What-do-you-call-her. Just you ask their advice, and you'll catch it pretty plain."

"But Abigail, I thought you never liked me to consult those ladies. And I say as well tell you that, if my father allows me to keep the child, nothing shall make me give him up."

"And who is to do for him?" Abigail asked. "If 'papa you are going to keep a nurse."

"I shall be his nurse," I said, "and you will help me. Oh! Abigail, you would not be so cruel as to send this poor little baby adrift again in the cold world?"

"Well, it's not my home," Abigail said, "and you ain't my daughter, it is true, but you are my dear mistress's daughter."

"He was bound to a rail," I said. "I saw the man bring him through the cart. You can ask Miss Adelaide or Mr. Hans Meyer. They were with me. A ship went to pieces off the Lee's Head, and a man was saved except his poor baby."

Abigail tossed her head, and tried to look very scornful.  
"These your papa's!" she exclaimed. "I must be getting late. I've no time to spend *fiddling* over children who come from no one knows where, and belong to no one knows who."

All this was very discouraging, and I could only sit by the fire with the baby, cover him with kisses, and hope for the best.

Thus my father found me, with very disordered hair and flushed cheeks, and then I exclaimed: "Oh, papa, do let me keep this poor baby—please, please do."

The very earnestness of my petition broke down my resolution, and I began to cry like a child myself, till I was kind and unkindled.

My kind father was very much concerned.

"There now, Lottie, don't cry."

And, as I luckily told the story, he said: "Well, well, I'll make inquiry. I'll advertise that the child is found and saved, and then I dare say his own people will come to claim him. He is a pretty

"Well, now, I thought he rather favoured my little Will," was Tom's unmoved reply. "So does Miss Charlotte."

I could not say I did, but Tom's well-directed shaft amused me.

"What are you going to call him, Miss?"

"Ah! that is what I don't know. He can't speak. I wish he could only say one word."

"He ain't old enough," he said, with paternal decision in his voice. "He ain't two years old, any one may see with half an eye."

"Oh! you are always a Solomon," said Abigail. "There, you ought to be at home and looking after your own children this time of night."

Tom went off with a toss of his head, but respectfully touching his forehead to me by a parting good-night as he departed.

I went early to the Rectory the next morning to see Miss Goodlake. I felt more really at ease with her than with any of the other Clister ladies.

She was very kind to me, a motherless girl, and though I had never gone to take lessons in cookery, or was quite as thifty as she thought I ought to be, she was sincerely attached to me.

I had begged my father to let me consult Miss Goodlake before he went to the Rectory, and he promised he would say nothing definite till I returned to his intentions.

He gathered up his papers and went to the office, while I, having seen my baby quietly asleep on the sofa, with two chairs pulled against it as guards, went off to the Rectory.

As I passed the kitchen I saw the vicar, Abigail? "Who's that?" was the sharp retort. "I've no time to waste over squalling babies."

But I knew perfectly well that Abigail would try to the rescue if the child woke and cried.

Clister was a plain creature, with acquaintances generally met in one of the four streets in the morning. I had not taken many steps from my own door when I met Miss Baker, with a basket returning from the grocer's.

"Well, my dear, and where are you off to so early? Non spring morning after this storm."

Next I came upon Miss de Saurmore, who was tall and "stuffy." A sort of reflection of military glory might be seen in her mien and bearing. She spoke in a voice as loud as her stature was high.

"Good-morning, Miss Dugal. I heard there was a wreck off the Lion's Head in the gale yesterday, and all hands perished. It is quite a calamity today, and she marched on.

Miss de Saurmore spoke in her ordinary pompous tone, and asked for no rejoinder.

## CHAPTER VI.

## A REMINDER.

THROUGH I reached the Rectory I had received at least half a dozen greetings, and I stood by the Rectory door Hans Meyer walked past.

He bowed and smiled, and asked, "How is the



"THE FIRST EYE SEEN BY WITNESS."—See page 21.

boy, Lottie, and no mistake. There! you are wroth with him; give him to Abigail, and go and smooth your hair. I'll not turn the child out of doors, but I'll speak to the Rector about him, and get advice. But I will not turn him out in the cold, you may rely upon it, though I may wish," he added in a lower tone, "he had never turned in here, poor little chap."

I was reassured by these words, and, to his further notice, Abigail, whom I had always more than her life, made up a little bed on my mother's old bench, covered with blue-and-white chintz, and then my little transgressor was put to sleep in my room, after a supper of bread and milk by the kitchen fire.

"He is a likely child," Tom said, as he came to look at him.

"As a deal better and more likely than any that ever called my father," was the retort.





## The First Robin.

The black winds blow, and the winter snow,  
Is melted or valley and woodland wide,  
And the ponds are covered with an ice so cold,  
On whom bright scarves the children slide;  
All the skies are grey, and the branches awe,  
Like slushes stripped of their summer pride.

And the snowing comes, to numberless horns,  
With an iron will and a stern command,  
And rules the world, while he waxes unfeared;  
His banner of snow in his palmed hand,  
And strikes a chill, that is woe to kill,  
To the hearts of many a human band.

And the robin sings, as a swiftness wings,  
His flight o'er many a barren wold,  
And seeks the door of the shivering poor,  
Who shud the coming of winter cold;  
And his song imports to their whining hearts,  
A little of comfort and cheer untold.

From the quivering spray, his rousing,  
The first red robin of winter tells,  
As he heralds in "the Arctic and fit,  
The heavy march from over the hills,  
The winter king, with his icy sting,  
With his snowy trappings, and crystalline bills.

And to tick and peep, for the crumbe in store,  
The robin comes to the opening wings,  
And loathes of snow, and the winds that blow,  
His song of winter he libidly sings;  
Oh may his song, as he sings along,  
Believe the heart of a thousand things.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

## What to do with the Frying-pan.

IT SEEMS clear, that it is unquestionably the best thing you should do with this useful culinary article, and then use it carefully with intelligence and knowledge, for I believe there is an method of cooking which is in little understood, and so much spoiled as frying.

Among a certain class of people, frying, or what they call "broiling," is very popular. It is so many through lack of knowledge, the dinner-table approaches, and nothing is ready—so easy to pop food in, and then push it about and tuck it "fric," that this is not frying, and the food, when it is what is called "done," is greasy, hard, and unpalatable; why the poor man has such a mind. Why? I should think it would almost upon an ostrich, and I say that marvellous kind said, "eggs, even iron made."

Let us see if we cannot do better than this. In the first place then, we see that your frying-pan is chosen. If the remains of former fryings still cling to be expelled, the favour of the food must be greatly impaired. Another important consideration:—What articles of food are suitable for frying; for the process of cooking them if properly carried out would spoil some things. Thus in our own opinion, chops and steaks are never good, and most probably loaves; they are therefore mainly better broiled over a clear fire.

Well, cutlets, however, are very suitable for frying, as also are tripe, lamb chops, sweetbreads, mince, potatoes, bacon eggs and bacon, "bubble-and-squash" (a capital plan of using up cold cabbage and cold beef, &c.), cabbage and onions, various kinds of fish, especially eels, smelt, herrings, and whitebait, and also various "fritters," and jamunks, &c., &c.

Now the great secret of success in frying is to put the food—especially animal food—into the fat when it boils, or nearly boils, and just as in boiling meat, it should be put into boiling water, so that the good part of the meat is to be retained, so in the same way the boiling fat "soak-hardens" the food so to speak, and causes it to be in the "goodness" and "tissue," and hence much of the outside power. Still more if the fat is boiling it will not get inside the meat and make it greasy.

Thus plenty of fat must be used—if you boil meat in water you do not use it; fry-pan only—this is well covered with water, and so it should be in frying; there should be plenty of boiling hot liquid fat, some cooks say enough to cover the article so much as this. To this rule, however, fat will be taken as an exception, as also do jamunks and omelette.

Do not require so much fat. But how are you to tell when the fat is hot enough for the article to be put into the pan? Well, you must wait until it ceases to make a crackling noise. Thus directly it ceases to "crackle," put in the veal cutlet or whatever you have to fry. Another plan is to throw in a crumb of bread and if it becomes a part of a golden colour, then the fat is ready.

And now as to the fat. The reader will observe I have used the word fat throughout, not lard—which is so often used—is about the worst thing possible. It makes the food greasy, and often spoils the flavour. Good butter is too expensive, and lard or inferior lard should never be used, moreover it requires very careful management, lest it burns. Oil is sometimes used, but many people do not like it; moreover it is expensive, and so it frequently boils over, it is difficult to manage. The best and most economical thing for ordinary frying is clarified fat, or, as it is called, "fat skinned off" swamps, which, instead of being thrown away or sold for a mere trifle, should always be retained. Wanting this, however, the use of one of these of meat, boiled and clarified, should be used. The best way of preparing this fat and oil is to take it from cold, and to use small pieces, put into a clean swamp, and then pour clean boiling water upon it and keep boiling for a better time. The fat rises, and the impurities sink to the bottom of the swamp. The liquid is then poured into a basin, when as it cools the water sinks to the bottom with the impurities, and the fat collects and rises at the top; when it should be removed as soon as cold.

It is not necessary to throw away the fat after frying, as it can be poured into a galloway and used again; the fat indeed can be used repeatedly, if care be taken to clarify it, should any impurities be left. However, that has been said for frying fish has generally a Bony taste, and therefore should be kept for frying fish only.

The fire for frying should be bright and brisk, but will not burn like a smoky fire will often, if not always, spoil the dish; unrequiring attention is also necessary, and the food must be occasionally stirred, and will burn.

A great point to be noted is, that the food should be perfectly dry when put into the pan. For this purpose food to be absorbed all the moisture; fish is also floured for the same purpose.

And now how are we to know when the food is sufficiently cooked? Generally it is of a nice light brown colour, also it seems "soft," and in fish the skin will curl away from the bone. When one side is done, turn the food over, and fry the other side.

In frying tripe, it should be cut into pieces about two inches wide, and should have been dipped into a good batter of flour, milk, and eggs, should then be put into the pan of boiling fat until it becomes a nice light brown colour. When served up with sauce, good "smelted butter" sauce, and mustard, then fried slices of tripe form a very appetising dish.

Fried potatoes, having been previously boiled, should be chopped small, the bacon—fat—rather than streaky—is then fried and kept hot by the fire while the potatoes are cooking; fried in the bacon. If stirred frequently, they may be browned very nicely, and when arranged neatly around the slices of ham, they form a very tempting dish for tea or supper. Cabbage and onion—"bubble-and-squash," as people in the same way—the cabbage being of course boiled in the same way. In frying eggs—save that they are not to be long enough.

Omelette is made by beating well together four or more eggs with salt, and other seasonings or herbs chopped fine. If preferred, (some cooks add a little light butter) and then frying in good butter. Omelette can be used the very few dishes (most) will be given below) for which we think better necessary for frying. This is because an omelette is a very delicate food, and all omelette is cooked with a more moderate heat than is generally used in frying other things. The direction given is for a simple omelette, though many other ingredients may be

added, such as chopped-up kidneys, fish, Potatoes, ham, tongue, or truffles, jam, &c. And now before we close our hints, we will give directions for a "fruit fritter," or "fruit fritter." Make a tablespoonful of flour and a quarter-pint of milk, and mix adding an egg well beaten up, a dessert spoonful of the powder, and then drop the fritter into the fat, and then pour into the frying-pan, and fry lightly in melted butter. But directly you have poured the batter into the pan together for the first time, it is in the pan, and fry lightly in melted butter. If you have added apples, &c., should be peeled and sliced. If you fry batter in oil, you may together for the first time, and then pour into the frying-pan, and fry lightly in melted butter. But directly you have poured the batter into the pan together for the first time, it is in the pan, and fry lightly in melted butter. If you have added apples, &c., should be peeled and sliced. If you fry batter in oil, you may together for the first time, and then pour into the frying-pan, and fry lightly in melted butter. But directly you have poured the batter into the pan together for the first time, it is in the pan, and fry lightly in melted butter.

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