

## QUERIES.

Any queries, domestic or otherwise, will be inserted free of charge. Correspondents replying to queries are requested to give the date of the question they are kind enough to answer, and address their reply to 'The Lady Editor, NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC, Auckland,' and in the top left-hand corner of the envelope 'A Query' or 'Query,' as the case may be. The rules for correspondents are few and simple, but readers of the NEW ZEALAND GRAPHIC are requested to comply with them.

Queries and Answers to Queries are always inserted as soon as possible after they are received, though, owing to pressure on this column, it may be a week or two before they appear.—ED.

### RULES

No. 1.—All communications must be written on one side of the paper only.

No. 2.—All letters (not left by hand) must be prepaid, or they will receive no attention.

No. 3.—The editor cannot undertake to reply except through the columns of this paper.

### QUERIES.

CHICKEN SOUP.—Will you oblige me with directions for making this? Also what garnish can be used with it?—ALICE.

CUSTARD PUDDINGS.—I cannot get these right, and should be so glad if any of your correspondents will help me.—MARTHA.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

'Mignonette.'—The following recipe for plain buns is a very easy one, and will, I hope, be what you want: Take one and a-half pounds of flour, and rub into it until smooth one and a-half ounces of butter, and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Mix one ounce of German yeast with rather more than half a pint of tepid milk until it is in a cream. Make a well in the centre of the flour, and pour the yeast mixture into it, and knead into a light dough. Then cover the pan with a cloth, and place in a warm place to rise for an hour and a-half. Then turn the dough out of the basin on to a floured board or slab, and mix with it a quarter of a pound of curraunts which have been well washed and dried. Divide the dough into small quantities, and with your fingers work it into the form of buns, and place them on a greased baking tin, and put the tin in a warm place for the buns to rise for a quarter of an hour; then brush them lightly over with a little warm milk, and bake them in a quick oven for about fifteen to twenty minutes.

'Clara.'—Here is a simple and inexpensive entrée which I have much pleasure in giving you.—Make a forcemeat of six ounces of white meat, rabbit, chicken, or veal; pound it until quite smooth, and then rub through a sieve. Add to this one and a-half ounces of beef suet finely chopped, one ounce of bread crumbs, two yolks and one white of egg, and season the whole well with pepper and salt. Then take six sheep's feet, and after they are thoroughly cleansed put them in a pan, cover with cold water, add a little salt, and bring the water quickly to the boil. Then drain and rinse the feet, and place them in a stewpan, cover with cold water, add some fresh vegetables, a bunch of herbs, some peppercorns, and a little salt, and let the whole simmer gently for about three hours until the feet are quite tender. Then take them out of the pan, split them open when they have cooled a little, and remove the bones; season the inside with finely chopped parsley, eschalot, and thyme, mignonette pepper, and salt, and spread a layer of forcemeat over the seasoning. Close the feet and tie them with string, rub them over with a little butter, and fry them a nice brown. Lastly, sprinkle some flour over them, and let them simmer gently for about half an hour. Then serve split open and arranged round a heap of some nice vegetable, such as spinach or green peas in the centre of the dish.

'Maggie.'—The elder-flower ointment was the thing our grandmothers relied upon to keep their skins free from sunburn and chaps. Elder-flower water was also regarded as a great specific in cooling and freshening the skin. Elder flower ointment is indeed infinitely preferable to modern creams and it is easily made. Go into the meadows and low places around streams, gather a basketful of the broad panicles of flowers that in summer make the elder bushes one mass of white blossom, strip the flowers from the stalks, and put a pound of them in a porcelain-lined vessel with a pound of nice sweet hog's lard. Simmer them until they become crisp, then strain while still liquid into little earthenware jars or cups. Anoint the face and neck with this both before and after exposure to the sun or to the hot dry winds that work such havoc with the complexion.

### RECIPES SUITABLE FOR SUMMER WEATHER.

COCONUT CAKES, OR MERINGUES.—Take equal weights of grated coconut (fresh) and powdered sugar, add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff, to one pound of the sugar and coconut. It should be a stiff mixture; add egg enough to make it so. Drop the size of a nut separately upon buttered paper in pans, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—To make elderberry (bourtrie) wine pick the berries, bruise and strain them, let the liquor settle in a glazed earthenware vessel for 12 hours, put to every pint of the juice a pint and a-half of water, and to every gallon of this liquor three pounds of sugar. Set in a kettle over the fire, and when about to boil clarify with the white of eggs well beaten, and then let it boil one hour. When almost cold put into a barrel with yeast, and fill up regularly with some of the saved liquor as it sinks by working. In a month it may be bottled.

PEACH MANGOES.—Prepare a brine. Boil together six quarts of water and a pint of coarse salt, and skim it until it is clear; then cool it. The quantity may be increased to suit the number of peaches, but the proportion of salt and water must be observed. Choose fresh, sound peaches, brush them with a soft brush, and lay them in the cold brine for three days. Then remove them from the brine:

cut a piece out of the top of each one, and take out the stone without enlarging the top; for two dozen large peaches mix together two pounds of brown sugar, one onion and a clove of garlic chopped fine, four ounces of grated horse-radish and white mustard-seed, one ounce of powdered cinnamon, and half an ounce each of ground cloves, nice, turmeric. Use sufficient salad oil to moisten these ingredients. Fill the peaches with them; close the cut with a piece of peach, and either sew or tie it in place. Put the stuffed peaches into glass jars, cover them with cold vinegar, pour two tablespoonfuls of salad oil in each jar and seal them air-tight.

DELICIOUS PEACH CREAM.—Take one pound of peaches, one-half pound of sugar, and rub through a sieve, the peaches being cooked very soft. Soak half a package of gelatine for an hour in enough cold water to cover it; then stir it into a teacupful of rich milk or cream, which should be boiling hot; and when well dissolved add it to the hot marmalade. When pretty cool and before it becomes firm, beat the peaches smooth and stir in a pint of whipped cream. Dip a mould into cold water, fill it with the mixture, and set it away to grow firm. Turn out and serve with a garnish of preserved peaches.

FROZEN ALMOND CREAM.—Blanch and pound one-half pound of Jordan almonds to a paste. Scald one quart of cream in a boiler; add the almonds, yolks of seven eggs and one-half pound of sugar (beaten together to a cream previously), and stir all over the fire until they begin to thicken; take from the fire and beat for five minutes. Strain through a fine sieve and freeze. When frozen, remove the dasher, and fill the centre with cherry, damson, and apricot jam; cover and stand for two hours. When ready to serve, dip can in hot water and turn on a dish.

RASPBERRY EXOTIQUE PUDDING.—For a small mould of this pudding there will be required—One pint of water, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca *exotique*, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one third of a teaspoonful of salt, and a pint and a-half of raspberries. Put the water in a saucepan and on the fire. When it begins to boil sprinkle in the tapioca *exotique*, stirring all the while. Cook for ten minutes, stirring continually; then add the sugar, salt and lemon-juice. Rinse a mould in cold water. Put a few spoonfuls of the tapioca into it; then a layer of raspberries, and again tapioca. Go on in this way until all the materials are used. Set the mould in a cool place for several hours. At serving time turn the pudding out on a flat dish, and serve with sugar and cream or soft custard. Tapioca *exotique* is a very fine French preparation of pure tapioca. It cooks clear very quickly.

### AT HOME WITH THE LADY EDITOR.

'CARLOTTA.'—Yes, you are quite right in your remark that now a-days ladies are adopting more sensible ideas with regard to mourning. In a hot country like ours, a mass of crape and heavy black draperies on a warm summer's day makes one even uncomfortable to look at! what must it be then to wear! I would suggest that you get one of those pretty black-and-white cotton gowns, which are fashionable, and quite light enough for summer wear. Have it made with a blouse bodice, and plain gathered skirt; or you can have it to fit you, with a properly boned bodice, and bell-shaped skirt, a graduated flounce appearing at the hem in front. Whalebone is of necessity used even in washing gowns when a basque bodice is required. Buy a black lace straw hat, trim it with thin black silk, wear black gloves, and use a black sunshade. Or you can have a very thin black material for a best gown. Do not wear crape. Have the courage of your opinions. For slighter mourning a black skirt and white blouse bodice is admissible, also a white hat trimmed with black—either ribbon velvet or silk. Some people are advocating no black at all, a band round the arm indicating that the wearer has lost a relative. Probably this sensible fashion will be arrived at in time; till then a modified form of mourning may well be adopted. Even if crape and black stuffs be worn, remember they are now laid aside much sooner than was the case a few years ago.

'GERTIE.'—No gentleman shakes hand with a lady until he has removed his glove, or if he is suddenly called upon to salute her, and she proffers her hand, he must say, 'Please excuse my glove.' Yes, I know it was done by the Bland Holt Company, but probably their first walking gentleman had not studied etiquette. I noticed his gloved hand extended frequently to a lady.

'BELLA MIA.'—I am so sorry for you. I do not think 'a good flirt with another man' will recall your recalcitrant lover. Certainly jealousy is very potent, but I think a really 'nice' man would only despise you for so readily taking up with some one else. Treat him with as much indifference as you can. Talk freely and pleasantly to other men in his presence, making yourself as agreeable as you can, without flirting. Let him see that others appreciate your society. This will bring him back, especially if he finds that a smile or a word from him has not the fascination for you that he fondly and conceitedly imagines. Men always prize most what is hardest to win. Write again if I can help you at all.

### JAPANESE COLD THREAD.

This article, which is used in finer embroidery on account of its elegant lustre, consists of a core of silk or of wool, and a spiral envelope of thin gilded paper. The strip of paper is only two-fiftieths to three-fiftieths of an inch wide, and, therefore, must be wound with great care. The thread thus wound is saturated with shellac, and then gilded. Compared to European gold thread these threads possess the advantage of greater flexibility and finer lustre. In this they equal the beautiful gold thread of the Middle Ages, the manufacture of which for a long time was a lost art, and was recently discovered by microscopic investigation.

Builders and others will save from one pound to thirty shillings per ton by using 'ORB' CORRUGATED IRON. ADVT.)

FLAG BRAND PICKLES AND SAUCE cannot be equalled HAYWARD BROS., Manufacturers, Christchurch.—(ADVT.)

## Ladies' STORY Column.

### 'WHAT SHE GAVE FOR HIM.'

A STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

(BY MRS L. FROST RATTRAY.)



It was a bank clerk and a general favourite. Like all similarly-situated young men, he found it extremely difficult to live up to his position, and within his very limited income.

It was the end of September, unusually mild and spring-like, and as Gerald Henston took his customary dinner-hour stroll up Queen-street, he decided that the Auckland girls looked at their best in the dainty light frocks which some of them had been in such haste to put on that they had failed to note the weather prophecy from Wellington, announcing rain at once and

colder weather.

'What a lovely day,' was Mr Henston's original greeting to a pretty, piquant girl, who seemed quite willing to stop and have a few moments' chat. The fact that she had told her bosom friend one minute before that she was absolutely starving, and must get some lunch at once, was apparently forgotten in the interesting weather discussion which followed. Presently Gerald gave a deep sigh.

'I shall have to clear out of this, Katie.'

'Why? Surely no fresh trouble?'

'It's my tailor this time. He is bothering me fearfully about the paltry bit of money that's owing him. Just as if I am not a first rate walking advertisement of his style and fit.'

'Can nothing be done?' asked Miss Cowen, sympathetically.

The success or failure of this young man to win a good position meant a great deal to her. They were not exactly engaged, but there had been some very tender looks and affectionate words interchanged at picnics and dances. But he was at present quite unable to offer any girl a home, and 'Katie Cowen's parents were too poor to give the young people any assistance.

'Why don't you marry some rich old lady?' suggested Katie, after a short silence.

'This was a favourite joke of hers, but she was a little startled to hear Gerald say gravely: 'Well, I believe I'll have to do that yet.'

'Who is the lady?'

'What do you think of Mrs Watson?'

'Oh! she has such a temper. Even her money would not make up for that.'

'Perhaps not. But, my dear girl, money covers a multitude of sins.'

Katie laughed, but she felt a trifle uneasy. She was not at all sure that her companion was not in earnest this time. And what was to become of her? She did not enjoy her lunch though she met several acquaintances in the ladies' room, and peeped across at the Bank in the usual manner, and with the usual remarks, pretending to be deep in the mysteries of Napoleons, or adding sugar in large quantities to the cup of coffee she generally ordered, if one of the young gentlemen on the opposite side of the street happened to glance casually in her direction.

That evening Gerald failed to appear early at the dance given by Mrs Cowen to celebrate her youngest daughter's birthday. It was quite eleven o'clock when he arrived, and Katie coldly him vigorously.

'Where have you been?' she asked.

'I went to see Miss Coldicutt.'

'Had she asked you?' very coldly.

'No, not specially. But I thought she might help me. Katie, I am really in a dreadful mess.'

'And Miss Coldicutt is going to get you out of it? I am so glad, but I have wronged the old lady. I always fancied her deep and designing, with no kindness for anyone but herself.'

Gerald was silent.

Katie knew him well enough to ask: 'What is the price you have to pay? Does she demand your diamond pin?'

'That went long ago. My uncle kindly keeps it for me.'

'Well?'

'I can't tell you, dear. Let us be happy just this one evening.'

And Katie asked no more questions.

The next day Auckland society was electrified with the news that the most fascinating young man about town was actually going to marry old Miss Coldicutt. It was a profound secret, so the news spread like a kerosene fire. Katie's youngest sister heard it first, and hurried home to tell her family.

Miss Cowen's discomfiture was too great to be easily hidden, though her sharp: 'What an absurd story!' tried hard to cover her real dismay.

She was convinced of the fatal truth that very afternoon. Passing a noted jeweller's shop, she ran against a couple rather slowly emerging from it. Her hasty apology, accompanied by a quick glance to see who they were, elicited a polite, but formal 'Pray do not mention it,' from Mr Henston. A middle-aged lady was with him, hanging on his arm rather than leaning on it. She was handsomely dressed, tall rather than short, her eyes dark and penetrating, her grey hair drawn back from her face in the prevailing fashion.

Miss Coldicutt smiled at the girl, over whose face flashed a hot, unappreciable wave of colour. She could afford to smile, for had she not won the girl's lover from her? Bought him, to tell the truth.

Katie turned away. What a very horrid, mercenary lot men were! And oh! what a particularly detestable woman was Miss Coldicutt!

The wedding was an exceedingly quiet one, and the