

A short crust good enough for ordinary use may be made by putting a pound of flour and a tea-spoonful of baking-powder into a basin, and rubbing in, until fine as bread-crumbs, six ounces of lard or clarified dripping; if required for tarts, fruit pies, &c., a tea-spoonful of castor sugar may be put in. Sufficient cold water to make this into a stiff paste, and one roll out to size required, and it is finished; it needs no folding or cooling; and beginners must remember that if "self-raising flour" is used, no baking-powder is needed.

A very delicious *Short Crust* is thus made:—A pound of flour, which should be a mixture of Hungarian and superfine, or pastry flour alone; five ounces each of lard and butter, or all butter; a little sugar, the yolk of an egg, a few drops of lemon-juice, and sufficient cold water; mix as above directed; this should be dredged with castor sugar after baking, or, if preferred, it may be lightly sprinkled with cold water, or brushed with the white of an egg, and dredged with

sugar *before* baking, though it will eat harder if the latter mode be adopted; indeed, this kind of glazing is more suitable for puffs, &c., made with flaky or rough puff pastry.

A last word about *Suet Crust*, which is, in many instances, the most carelessly prepared of all, and this fact is the more regrettable when we consider how very suitable and valuable a diet it is for use in cold weather, and how digestible it *may* be made with very little more trouble than is taken in preparing the indigestible mess one sometimes sees.

For a nice "Family Crust" mix together fourteen ounces of flour, two ounces of bread-crumbs, a tea-spoonful of baking-powder, a little salt, and six ounces of suet, first skinned, then shredded, and lastly chopped as finely as it can be; for this a sharp knife and a well-floured board are essential. After mixing the dry ingredients, enough cold water must be added to make a stiff crust, the stiffer the lighter; it must be well boiled whatever the kind of pudding it is used for.

A WET DAY IN LONDON.



A WATERSPOUT.

IS there anything more conducive to a selfish state of mind than a wet, sloppy day in the streets of London? Each person seems to vie with the other in making his neighbour as uncomfortable as he can.

If you stay for a moment to look in a shop window,

though you may be buttoned and mackintoshed to the chin, you are lucky if a lady does not give herself the privilege of placing a rib of her umbrella in close proximity to your ear, and allow its trickling rivulet to wander down your neck.

As you walk along, your feet splash, splash on the slushy pavement, and the little muddy drops disport themselves on your nether garments, till you are ashamed to be seen—for there is so much self-consciousness in humanity that one forgets that under such circumstances each is intent on himself.

If you happen to be a woman, you are in dire dread lest the edges of your petticoats are becoming artistically plastered.

You turn round to gather them up in your hand to cross the road, and in so doing deluge your foot in a

puddle, and extricate it in all the glory of its tell-tale mark. You soon get tired, and make up your mind, in spite of all previous economical resolutions, that it is worth twopence to reach your destination under cover.

You stand—a human target—at the corner of the street waiting for an omnibus, feeling out of humour with every one, for there is something unpleasantly



CROSSING THE ROAD.

humiliating in being bespattered with mud from the whirling wheels of passing vehicles, whether they be those of a rattling hackney or my Lady Do-nothing's india-rubber tyres.

The omnibus you want is "full inside," the somewhat testy conductor tells you as you hail him with your umbrella, not being able to see for yourself through the windows, thick with mud and rain-drops outside, and steam within. The conductor of the next, though you whistle or shout at the top of your voice, remains with his back turned obstinately towards you, so you must needs wait for another.

In this, after wading through the mud, you see five persons on each side, all in blissful content until you appeared, develop into as many scowling faces as you succeed in closing your umbrella and "spat-spat" up the steps. There is the "thump-thump" of the conductor's feet on the foot-board,

"All right, Jim," and the horses flounder along with the jolting vehicle, while you cling helplessly to the rail overhead.

You look from side to side, recount five up and down; no one stirs an inch to make room for you, and you turn to the conductor—

"There isn't room!"

"Six on each side, sir," or "lady," as the case may be, at which a

wheezy old gentleman gathers up his coat-tails, and a stout old lady tries to squeeze her bulky person into a smaller compass.

You wedge yourself gingerly into the small space, resting just on the edge of the seat, with your knees painfully cramped, so as not to annoy your opposite companion, feeling indeed, as you are regarded by your fellow-passengers, an intruder, and remain with that conviction until by slow degrees you have slyly wriggled into your allotted seat by taking advantage of the slight movements of your neighbours, and another fare presents himself.

He is an elderly man, with a streaming umbrella, and moustachios still damp with the remnants of "a little something to keep out the cold," the fragrance of which he exhales as he passes along, and plants himself in the upper corner. He is evidently one who desires comfort above all things. He pulls up his trousers at the knees, which he places wide apart, and deposits his umbrella between them, the water pouring off the end of it into the grooves of the omnibus-floor, and the holes made therein for the

escape of such rivulets being stopped up with mud, it wanders on, and is eventually sucked up by the



"POKES HER UMBRELLA OUT OF WINDOW."

old lady's skirt. He shrugs his shoulders, puffs out his cheeks, and, rubbing his hands together to warm them, places one on each knee, buries his double chin in his high shirt-collar, and drops into a quiet doze.

Next to him, crowded into the smallest possible compass, is an æsthetic young lady in a dowdy and washed-out green Tam o' Shanter, hugging a wet canvas and begrimed palette in her arms, and a little basket containing brushes enough to stock a colourman's shop, which continually make an effort to escape therefrom, while her umbrella, with one rib broken, is persistent in its endeavour to cling to some one else's side, so she has a pretty busy time of it to keep her belongings in place.

The stout old lady becomes restless, and fumbles in her little leather bag for a threepenny-piece wherewith to pay her fare, and pokes her umbrella out of the window and into the ribs of the conductor, telling him to stop at Hanway Street. He takes the money with anything but an amiable expression, paying no heed to her direction.

But how can he be good-humoured? To begin with, the rain is driving in his face, and his hands are so benumbed that he can hardly feel that he possesses fingers at all, and the water is dripping off his hat on to his already soaking overcoat; as to feet, he might be without them for all he can feel, and his very boots are lost to view in the mud which bespatters them.

And, added to this, he is treated like a mule, poked and goaded to his work by the umbrellas and sticks of the world generally.

There are a couple of "City men," who discuss the state of the money market. One description does for all those members of society, except as to the cut of



THE CITY MAN.



THE ÆSTHETIC YOUNG LADY.



"GUARDING A HUGE NEWSPAPER PARCEL."

the hair on their faces ; if they do not glory in the mutton-chop whiskers and clean chin, there is the trimly-cut beard, but always tinged with grey, and their deep-set eyes, as hard as the metal they talk of, peer out of the crow's-foot drawing, which, with a little stretch of the imagination, might be read like the writing on the wall, and construed into one all-absorbing thought and word—"money."

The coat is faultless in cut, the hat of the glossiest, and of the latest mould, the umbrella silver-mounted, and the jewelled hands crossed on the handle.

The wheezy old gentleman whistles through his teeth as if scaring a dog, and by a commanding gesticulation bids the conductor stop the omnibus.

The check-string is touched, and the vehicle is pulled up in the middle of the road, to that individual's disgust, whose nether garments are turned up almost to his calves, and his face enveloped to the eyes in a silk muffler.

"Why didn't you drive to the pavement?" grumbles he, from the recesses of his wrapper.

"You said stop, and I did stop; what more do you want?" is the retort, as the old man spats down the steps, and hunts for a clean place to set his daintily-booted foot in the midst of the mud-pudding.



"I HOPE HE DON'T DISTURB YOU, MISS?"

The portly old lady (can she be an M.D.?) again shows her knowledge of anatomy by dexterously probing the conductor under the fifth rib with her gingham, and demands—

"Why didn't you stop at Hanway Street, as I told you to?"

"You said Newman Street."

"No; I said Hanway Street."

And the argument is continued even after she is landed on the pavement, some three minutes' walk from her desired goal.

But it would have puzzled the most acute lawyer to determine who had the last word.

In the farthest corner, on the opposite side, sits a round-faced country girl guarding a huge newspaper parcel—with sundry gaping cracks revealing its contents; beside her a mother with a child on her knees, who is divided in his occupations between cleaning his boots on his neighbour's gown and howling for her umbrella handle to play with; while she keeps up a flow of baby language with him, and sympathetic remarks with the mother.

"I hope he don't disturb you, miss?" and she wipes his sticky little face with a damped corner of a grey pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, no, m'm; I'm very fond of children; I've left a little brother at home just his size, m'm. Cluck-cluck!" and she pats his cheek with her finger and pinches his chin—"Pretty dear!" "Cluck-cluck;" "Did he, then!" and other interesting and dense nothings.

These remarks, in a somewhat loud key, disturb the young lady with a broad forehead and spectacles, who tries to bury her thoughts, as well as her nose, in a volume from the library.

And there is the dandy, with a glass at his eye and a downy moustache, which he amuses himself by twirling while taking sly glances at the æsthetic damsel, who blushes, and simperingly asks him to pass her fare on, and in the fluttering shyness of the moment drops some of her brushes, which he gallantly collects and returns to her.

In the corner by the door sits a foreigner, his piercing eyes gleaming from under his shaggy brows, his coat-collar turned up about his ears, and bony legs encased in thin and threadbare trousers; his hat, pulled down over his forehead, is mottled with raindrops, and the binding and band worn shiny and green.



STUDY OF A "READING GIRL."

At Chancery Lane the omnibus is besieged by newspaper-boys, who sing in a chorus, after the type of "Three Blind Mice"—"Standard, special; Globe, sir!" "Globe, special; Standard, sir!"

At Oxford Circus most of your companions alight, and a fresh bevy scramble in, when it is a case of the weakest being left standing in the gutter; and in the midst of the bustle there is an altercation between the driver, a policeman, and a brother of the profession, wound up by an exclamation from the conductor, emphasised by a volley of thumps on the unfortunate foot-board—

"All right, Jim; go on. Why don't you go on?"

intermingled with a few words not to be met with in the English dictionary.

At Bond Street the picture-gallery visitors, catalogues in hand, pack into what space is left vacant, and "Full inside, Jim," is received with a grunt by that personage, who smacks his lips, and answers, with a wave of his whip, "I wish I was."

After further floundering on the part of the jaded horses, and more showers of mud, you reach your destination at dusk, when the blinking gas-lights peer like weeping eyes through the mist and windows, and the ghastly electric light stretches defiantly across the sloppy streets.

M. H.

"HOW MY HEAD DOES ACHE!"

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.



ES, sir," said the old man with whom I was talking over the laurel hedge, "if I'm spared till March I'll be ninety-three—in my ninety-fourth year, sir; and I've never known what it was to be a day ill."

"Lucky man!" I said; "but of course you have had little bits of headaches now and then?"

"Never remember having anything of the sort, sir."

The old man has been a gardener in his younger days, and he still "potters around," as he calls it, with spade or hoe in hand, nor is there much likelihood of his shuffling off the mortal coil before he verges on a hundred.

I shook hands with an aged Waterloo veteran this year, during my summer rambles. He is about ninety-five; he never suffered from headaches. His eye is as white and clear as a baby's, and his complexion fresh and transparent. It was pretty early in the morning when I paid my visit, and I found him at breakfast—oatmeal porridge and new milk.

What would I have my reader infer from these illustrations? it may be asked. Why, merely this: that headaches, whether they be only isolated complaints, or symptomatic of other, and perhaps serious mischief, are inimical to the chance of long life. And the converse may also be held to be true, for that man or woman whose head is always as sound as a bell—to use a familiar expression—who therefore sleeps well and awakens every morning as fresh as the daisies, may entertain good hopes of longevity and a green old age.

Perhaps some whose eyes scan these columns may have been suffering from headache for many a long day. It is precisely for such as these I am writing. I want, if possible, to put them in the way of getting well, so that they may be able to enjoy life, and that their future may be bright and not black.

The first step towards so happy a condition must

be to find out the cause or causes of their peculiar ailment, for until this is done, until the *causa doloris* is removed, hope of cure cannot be entertained.

Now there are many different sorts of headaches. Happily, however, their diagnosis is not beset by any very great difficulties, so that the patient can, to a very considerable extent, benefit himself without the assistance of a physician.

In this paper I am going to consider briefly several kinds of headaches. One alone I must omit because it cannot be passed over briefly, and on some future day, if our Editor does not veto my intention, I shall devote an article solely to it—I refer to what is called the Megrims, or sick headache.

Probably one of the most common headaches, if not the most common, is that called nervous. The class of people who are most subject to it are certainly not your outdoor workers. If ever my old friend the gardener *had* had a headache, it would not have been one of this description. Nor does Darby the ploughman, nor Jarvey the 'bus-man, nor Greatfoot the ganger, suffer from nervous headache, nor any one else who leads an outdoor life, or who takes plenty of exercise in the open air. But poor Mattie, who slaves away her days in a stuffy draper's shop, and Jeannie in her lonesome attic, bending over her white seam—stitch, stitch, stitch—till far into the night, and thousands of others of the indoor working class, are martyrs to this form of headache. Are they alone in their misery? No; for my Lady Bonhomme, who comes to have her ball-dress fitted on, has often a fellow-feeling with Jeannie and Mattie. Her, however, we cannot afford to pity quite so much, because she has the power to change her *modus vivendi* whenever she chooses.

What are the symptoms of this complaint that makes your head ache so? You will almost know it is coming from a dull, perhaps sleepy, feeling. You have no heart and little hope, and you are restless at night. Still more restless, though, when it comes on in full force, as then for nights perhaps, however