

COOKERY RECIPES.

PUDDINGS.

GENERAL RULES FOR PUDDINGS.

1. When boiling puddings see that the water is boiling before the pudding goes into the saucepan; as the water boils away the water added should be boiling.
2. Mix the ingredients thoroughly.
3. Well grease the pudding-basin or pie-dish.
4. Scald and flour the pudding-cloth.
5. Tie the cloth tightly (except for boiled batter pudding), but leave room for the pudding to swell.
6. Puddings containing baking powder should be cooked directly they are made, and not allowed to stand about.
7. Do not bang the oven door.
8. Milk puddings should be put into a hot oven first, for the grains to swell, and then finish in a cooler oven. Cook them very gently. Good milk puddings can be made with skim milk if a little finely-chopped suet is added in place of the cream.

BOILED SUET PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two ounces of suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix.

Method.—Skin, shred and chop the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour and the baking powder; mix stiffly with cold water, tie in a scalded and floured cloth and boil two hours.

ROLY POLY.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of suet crust as for suet pudding, jam.

Method.—Roll out the suet crust thinly, spread with jam leaving a free edge, wet round the edge, roll up, tie in a floured and scalded pudding-cloth and boil two hours. This pudding can be made with dripping instead of suet, and baked; sift castor sugar over and sprinkle with water before putting in the oven. It only takes three-quarters of an hour to bake.

MARMALADE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Six ounces of flour, two ounces of breadcrumbs, two ounces of brown sugar, half a pound of marmalade, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, a little milk.

Method.—Prepare the suet and mix it in a basin with the flour, breadcrumbs and sugar; melt the marmalade and mix it with the soda dissolved in a little milk and stir into the other ingredients. Boil two hours.

FRUIT PUDDING.

Method.—Make in the same way as boiled beefsteak pudding, using fruit instead of beefsteak and kidney.

PLUM PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, quarter of a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of suet, six ounces of brown sugar, quarter of a pound of sultanas, three ounces of candied peel, two eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, a little milk, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Chop the suet, rub the sultanas in flour and pick them, wash and dry the currants and cut the peel up small; mix all with the flour, breadcrumbs, baking powder, spice and lemon rind in a basin; beat up the eggs with the milk and mix rather dry. Tie over a scalded and floured cloth and boil three hours.

GINGER PUDDING.

Method.—Make in the same way as baked treacle pudding, but mix rather more stiffly. Boil two hours.

BOILED BATTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, two eggs, one pint of milk.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin; break the eggs one by one in another basin and remove the tread; make a well in the flour and stir in the egg with the back of a wooden spoon; add the milk by degrees, keeping the batter very smooth, beat well, let it stand in the air for the grains to swell, pour into a greased pudding-basin, which should be quite full; tie a scalded and floured cloth lightly over and boil one hour and a quarter.

PANCAKES.

Ingredients.—Batter as for boiled batter pudding, dripping, lemon juice, sugar.

Method.—Melt about two ounces of dripping in a small frying-pan and pour it off into a cup; pour a little into the pan and run it quickly all over the bottom and up the sides. Heat this over the stove until it smokes; lift up the pan and pour in about half a gill of batter (according to the size of the pan), run this very quickly over the pan, then hold it over the fire, shaking it briskly; with a knife loosen it at the sides as it sets, and as soon as it is a golden brown underneath toss or turn it over. It will cook almost at once on the other side. Have ready a hot dish and turn the pancake on to the dish so that the side first cooked is against the dish. Squeeze lemon juice and sprinkle sugar on and roll up quickly. Keep hot whilst you fry the rest.

BAKED CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—Four eggs, one pint of milk, three ounces of castor sugar, a small piece of butter, nutmeg.

Method.—Butter a pie-dish, beat the eggs with the sugar and add them to the milk, pour into the pie-dish and grate nutmeg on top. Stand on a dripping tin containing a little cold water and bake gently till set.

CORNFLOUR CUSTARD.

Ingredients.—One quart of milk, one ounce and a half of cornflour, a piece of thin lemon rind, two eggs, three ounces of castor sugar.

Method.—Mix the cornflour smoothly with a little cold milk; boil the rest of the milk with the sugar and the lemon rind; take away the lemon rind and stir in the cornflour; stir and cook well; let it cool, and add the eggs well beaten. Pour in a jug and stand it in a saucepan of boiling water, stir for a few minutes with the handle of a wooden spoon to cook the eggs.

RICE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Two ounces of rice, one pint of milk, small piece of dripping.

Method.—Wash the rice and lay it on a greased pie-dish, pour on the milk, put in a hot oven for a few minutes and then let it cook gently for one hour.

BREAD-AND-BUTTER PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Slices of bread and butter, one pint of milk, two big eggs, or three small ones, sugar, sultanas and currants, candied peel, nutmeg.

Method.—Half fill a pie-dish with slices of bread and butter, sprinkle currants (washed and dried), sultanas (picked and floured), the candied peel cut in small pieces and sugar between each slice. Beat the eggs and milk together and pour over. Let the pudding soak half an hour, grate nutmeg on the top and bake in a gentle oven until the custard is set. It should be a nice golden brown.

BROWN BREAD PUDDING.

Ingredients.—Enough stale brown bread to equal a small brown loaf, one egg, half a gill of milk, one tablespoonful of flour, two ounces of suet, three ounces of brown sugar, a little vanilla essence, one ounce and a half of candied peel, jam, half an ounce of dripping.

Method.—Soak the bread, squeeze it dry and beat it with a fork; chop the suet and add it with the sugar and chopped candied peel to the bread. Mix the flour and milk smoothly and add them and the egg (well beaten); flavour with vanilla essence. Pour half in a greased pie-dish, spread a layer of jam and cover with the rest of the mixture. Put little bits of dripping on the top and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. An ordinary bread pudding is made by substituting white bread for brown and sultanas and currants for jam.

SWEET OMELETTE.

Ingredients.—Two eggs, one ounce of fresh butter, two ounces of castor sugar, jam.

Method.—Separate the whites and yolks of the eggs and cream the yolks with the castor sugar; beat the whites very stiffly and mix very lightly with the yolks. Melt the butter in an omelette pan and take off any salt; pour in the eggs and shake the pan while the omelette is setting underneath, loosen it at the sides with a knife; when it is a bright brown underneath put the pan in a hot oven for half a minute to cook it on the top. Take it out, pour a little hot jam into the middle, slip on to a hot plate, fold over and sift castor sugar on the top. Serve at once.

BAKED TREACLE PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, four ounces of suet, two ounces of brown sugar, one ounce of ground ginger, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, four tablespoonfuls of treacle, one gill of milk.

Method.—Chop the suet and put it in a basin with the flour, ginger, sugar and spice; melt the treacle in a saucepan with the soda and milk and pour the contents of the saucepan into the basin, mix well, pour into a greased tin and bake one hour.

TREACLE TART.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of flour, three ounces of dripping, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, water to mix; two tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, golden syrup, a little grated lemon rind.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin, mix in the baking powder, rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers; mix stiffly with cold water. Grease a tin plate; roll out the pastry into two thin rounds to fit the plate, and lay one round on; pour on a sufficient quantity of golden syrup, leaving the edges free; sprinkle the breadcrumbs and a little grated lemon rind over the syrup; wet the edges, put on the other piece of pastry and press the edges, ornament round the edge and bake half an hour.

BAKED SULTANA PUDDING.

Ingredients.—One pound of flour, six ounces of brown sugar, six ounces of sultanas, six ounces of dripping, one egg, half a pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Method.—Put the flour in a basin and mix it with the baking powder; rub in the dripping with the tips of the fingers, prepare the sultanas and add them to the sugar; beat up the egg with the milk and bake in a good oven.

FRUIT IN BATTER.

Ingredients.—One pint of batter, as for batter pudding, fruit.

Method.—Prepare the fruit and lay it in a greased pie-dish, pour the batter over and bake in a good oven three-quarters of an hour. Sift castor sugar over the top and serve at once.

GERMAN TARTLET.

Ingredients.—Half a pound of short pastry (as for treacle tart), gooseberries or cherries, golden syrup, castor sugar.

Method.—Line some rather deep patty pans with thinly-rolled pastry, put a few gooseberries or cherries in each and a little golden

syrup; put covers of pastry on each, sprinkle with water or castor sugar and bake twenty minutes.

APPLE CHEESE CAKES.

Ingredients.—One pound of apples, one ounce and a half of butter, quarter of a pound of brown sugar, two eggs, a little grated lemon rind, half an ounce of ground rice, a little milk, one dessertspoonful of lemon juice.

Method.—Pare and core the apples and put them in a saucepan with the butter, sugar, lemon rind and juice; put on the lid and let them cook to a mash; mix the ground rice smoothly with a little milk and stir it in and let it boil; add the egg well beaten. Line patty

pans with the short crust, fill with the mixture and bake in a good oven twenty minutes.

MINCE MEAT.


Ingredients.—Half a pound of currants (washed and dried), half a pound of sultanas (floured and picked), quarter of a pound of raisins (stoned and chopped), half a pound of suet (chopped), quarter of a pound of candied peel (chopped), half a pound of brown sugar, one ounce of mixed spice, half an ounce of ground ginger, a little golden syrup.

Method.—Mix together the currants, raisins, sultanas, sugar, peel, ginger and spice in a basin with just enough golden syrup to stick it together and use.

THE GROOVES OF CHANGE.

By H. LOUISA BEDFORD, Author of "Prue, the Poetess," "Mrs. Merriman's Godchild," etc.

CHAPTER XII.



IT was five minutes to eight on the evening of the fifteenth of May, and Deborah waited until the clock struck in the little room behind the platform where she would have to face her first public audience. Her mother was with her, also the elocutionist under whom she had studied for several years. As a rule Deborah scarcely knew the feeling of nervousness, but to-night was a far greater ordeal than any she had ever undergone. To recite in a private drawing-room was one thing, to aspire to rank amongst well-known professionals was another, and her face was as white as the frock she wore.

"I shall break down," she said, turning to her master. "I wish I had not undertaken this thing. It is too big for me."

"Give it up, dear," gasped Mrs. Menzies. "It would be too terrible if you fainted, or anything."

"Will you kindly go and take your seat? There is a chair for you in the first row," said Deborah's master, with sharp decision, to Mrs. Menzies. Then he turned to Deborah.

"You will not break down, I tell you. Don't think of your audience; think of what you have got to say and do. When once you are off you will be all right."

It was curious how Deborah felt her courage and colour return together as she looked at the room full of people before her, and recognised, close at hand, the friendly encouraging faces of the professor and his pretty little wife. She began with quite a simple piece of poetry, and she was conscious that she could get hold of her audience, that her voice was reaching to the far end of the room without any particular strain. Then her success was assured. Her programme was varied from grave to gay, from poetry to prose, but memory did not forsake her, and there was no

question that there was genius in the girl. She was herself no longer; she lived in the person or scenes that she represented. David Russell, at the far end of the room, drank in her triumph as if it were his own. At the pause in the middle of the programme he moved about, listening to the comments of the hearers which were generally commendatory. Presently he heard the strident tone of a voice that gave him an unpleasant twinge of memory, and turning to find its owner he recognised at the end of a row Mr. Dayrell and Monica, his wife. For a moment David stood quietly behind.

"The girl's a genius," said Mr. Dayrell. "She won't keep at this sort of thing much longer. An enterprising manager will get hold of her."

"Do you mean that Deborah will turn into an actress?" inquired Monica, with a short laugh. "She will do nothing of the sort, she is far too squeamish."

"She shall not do this any more," said David, between his set teeth. "It's hateful to hear her name bandied about by men like Dayrell, and her future coldly discussed," and then he smiled at his own folly. What control had he over Deborah's future?

After that he made himself known to Monica, and she received him with smiling grace, and David talked to her and her husband on indifferent subjects for some ten minutes.

"Then you will be sure and come to see us, said Monica, as he prepared to return to his seat. "Raymond, write down our address."

"Thank you," replied David pleasantly, reserving to himself the right of deciding whether he would, or would not, avail himself of Mrs. Dayrell's invitation.

The rest of that evening was divided between listening to Deborah, and inward musings as to what could have been the charm of that coldly classical face that had held him fast captive for seven years of his early life?

Week in, week out, after that eventful evening David Russell lingered in London, and nearly every day he and Deborah met, and Deborah rejoiced in

his coming nor asked herself the reason why.

Until Mrs. Menzies' late husband's affairs were legally settled they kept to their very simple mode of living, although it was now fully established that they would have an income of about three hundred and fifty pound a year, not riches certainly, but enough to keep them simply in some country place. Deborah's heart died at the prospect; she had grown fond of London life, and nobody but herself knew at what cost she resigned her profession; but the constant dropping of her mother's complaining was wearing away the stone of her opposition. It would be too selfish of her to keep her mother a prisoner in a small house in London whilst she spent most of her days away from her, so in direct opposition to the Professor's advice, and in the face of her master's bitter annoyance, Deborah determined to retire again into private life.

"I suppose I shall do the same as other girls," she said to David one night late in June, when he and she sat by an open window gazing down into the street below, "a little gardening, a little walking, an occasional tea-drinking, but it will be dull after a life like this."

"Better so than have you turned into a professional hack."

"Et tu, Brute," said Deborah reproachfully. "Mother and I are going down to Boscombe Hall for a few days next week. I'm twenty-one the day after to-morrow, and Mr. Debenham, our lawyer, has an offer for the Hall, a shockingly bad one, but I shall accept it if it's enough to clear off the mortgages. I want to leave the dear old place out of debt for grandfather's sake."

"Would you not rather let it on a long repairing lease?"

"No," said Deborah quickly. "I have thought a lot about it, but it seems to me as if the Menzies were played out there; it's time for somebody else to have a turn. Mother and I can have the most treasured family possessions wherever we settle down, china and family pictures, etc., but even out of them I mean to make a judicious selection. What's the good of keeping so many things? 'Let the great world