

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