

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER I.—VENUS'S FUNERAL.

Venus was dead. Dolly was crying, and Sally was sobbing, and the boys were trying to hold aloof; but Tom looked very grave, and Will—tender-hearted Will—said, sadly, "Poor old thing! We'll dig a grave for her in the middle of the best flower-bed."

"Papa will be so angry, if we do," said Sally, looking up for a minute; "for we shall be sure to kill the flowers." Not that Mr. Woodward was very really angry with his children in his whole life.

"Well bury her under the sycamore-tree," said Dolly; "that will be better than the flowers, which die when the summer goes, for it stands there all through the winter, and its branches will keep off the cold." Dolly had always quaint fancies of her own, and to her the sycamore tree at the end of the long weedy untidy garden was a wise old friend, with a strange language and soft whisperings, which she alone dimly understood.

So the grave was dug, and Jane, the servant (who was as much grieved as anybody else), went first, carrying the remains of the lamented Venus done up in a piece of old carpet, and Dolly and Sally went next, both weeping bitterly, and, last of all, Tom, carrying a spade, and Will, looking half ashamed of his own grave face. And when the cat was buried, and they were all walking back—those old-fashioned Woodward children—Sally stopped suddenly, and exclaimed, breathlessly, "Dolly! there's Netta at the study window, with mamma, and she's been watching us all the time!" They came to a standstill, with dismay upon their faces, and the color rushed to Dolly's cheeks.

"Butter!" said Tom, energetically. "Won't she laugh at us, that's all!" said Will, a little ruefully.

"And tell old Cockamoro all about it, too—that's what she'll do."

"Tom!" said Dolly, solemnly, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak in that disrespectful manner of grandpapa!"

"I don't care! he never did anything for us; and he has made a nasty stuck-up thing of her. I am sure you need not stick up for her, Dolly, she always snubs you enough; and she'll only laugh at you when you go in."

"Well, and I don't care for that," she answered, stoutly; "I am not ashamed, or afraid either."

"Afraid! No, I should think not," said Will, admiringly. And this was half the secret of her popularity with the boys, that "she was always good for fun, and never afraid." Yet she was not by any means a made-up, in spite of her love of fun; on the contrary, she was an old-fashioned, womanly child, full of fancies, and day-dreams, and hero-worship, and longings after vague things she did not comprehend; a girl in whom it seemed as if womanhood and childhood were so blended together that she would never grow more out of the one than it was necessary that she should grow into the other—both had come to her together.

Then, with flushed and slightly defiant faces, they entered the house. They were not going to be bullied by Netta, the boys thought; and if she attempted it "they'd let her know."

"I never saw a cat's funeral before," said the Beauty—she was always spoken of as the Beauty by those jesting young brothers of hers. "How grandpapa will laugh when I tell him about it! The idea of Dolly going out to bury a cat! I shouldn't have dreamt of such a thing when I was sixteen."

"Dolly's only a child," Mrs. Woodward said; "and a good thing too, for I can't afford to let her grow up yet; girls cost so much more when they cease to be children."

"I am certain I shall never quite grow up," said Dolly, hopelessly.

"Oh, won't you?" laughed Netta.

"And," she added, "I wish you would not stare at me so. What do you do it for?"

"Because she chooses!" said Tom, valiantly, feeling that the fighting-time had commenced.

"Thank you!" she laughed, merrily. She was wonderfully good-tempered, though a little heartless perhaps, and with just a tinge of unconscious contempt for her less fortunate brothers and sisters. She did not mean to be unkind; but if fate or fortune set an example, why should she not follow it? It is such a common fault, this; not that she committed it knowingly, mind.

Mrs. Woodward had married against her father's wish, and, with the exception of Netta, neither she or her children had ever been welcome at old Colonel Wade's. Yes, he had been kind to the eldest son, Robert—had bought him a commission in the army, and occasionally sent him presents to India, where he was now stationed with his regiment. Netta had always been his favourite; her beauty won the day when she was a mere child, and, ever since, she had been petted and spoiled, sent to an expensive school, and, now that she has left it for good, lived with the colonel, who was to her the kindest and most indulgent of grandfathers.

CHAPTER II.—THE KEY OF EDEN.

There was no doubt about her beauty. Dolly looked at her longingly, almost enviously, many a time. A graceful, aristocratic-looking beautiful girl, who would grow into a still more beautiful woman, was Netta Woodward. She was fair, with masses of golden-brown hair, which she wore twisted about her head in the fashion of a crown; she had soft eyes, and a quick, bright, almost saucy smile, and a graceful figure; a girl lovely enough to win all hearts before her, with the exception perhaps of those belonging to her Bohemian-looking brothers and sisters. They stood before her, now eyeing her almost scornfully, all but Dolly, who forgot everything in the one thought of "how beautiful she is, and how happy I should be if I were but like her!"

"I have only come for a few minutes," she said; "the brougham will be here for me directly. Oh, Dolly! mamma says that yellow rose up there is yours," and she pointed to the one flower on the one rose-tree in the establishment. "I want to wear it to-night; we are going to a party."

"I can't give it to you," said Dolly, decisively, looking at Netta's silk attire and her own shabby garments; "I want it myself. You have lots of other flowers."

"Nonsense, Dolly!" said Mrs. Woodward; "go and get it. It won't suit you, and Netta wants it." Mrs. Woodward was always ruled by the strongest will present.

"I don't want it for myself," answered Dolly slowly; "I want to give it to Mr. Fuller."

"Whatever do you want to give it to him for?" asked Netta, scornfully. "As if he'd care for a stupid rose!"

"He is going to China for two years, and I shan't see him again; and he has always been kind to me, and taught me French, and all sorts of things. No one ever sent me to school," and she looked straight at her sister.

"Dolly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Mrs. Woodward, half-crying. "You know your father has not had the means."

"Tom," said Netta, "go and get me the rose at once."

"Shen't!" answered Tom, concisely. "It's too bad of you, Netta, when you know it's the only thing I have to give Mr. Fuller," poor Dolly said, her lips beginning to quiver.

"Very well," laughed her sister, smoothing back her hair—that lovely rippling hair, with the golden tint upon it, which poor Dolly envied so much—"I don't care. I should like to see what this wonderful Mr. Fuller is like, for you seem quite in love with him. I suppose you think he'll come back from China some day, rolling in money"—Netta always thought of money in connection with matrimony—"and marry you."

Dolly stood still, staring at her sister, while the colour came slowly to her face and deepened to crimson. Then she looked out of the window at the sycamore tree at the end of the garden, under which poor Venus had just been buried. It always seemed to her, in after years, as if a part of the old life went out from her in that gaze, and for the first time she understood that childhood is a sort of Eden, of which innocence, or ignorance—call it by which name we please—is the key. She looked out of her Eden for a moment, and for the first time, that morning. No one had ever mentioned love to her before as a thing that might appertain to her own life. It seemed like a bit of knowledge, of old-world knowledge, suddenly presented to her; and she lost her first sweet ignorance in that one long look out into the weedy untidy garden. Surely Netta was, unconsciously, a little cruel to her that summer morning!

Then the brougham came, and the Beauty rose and shook out the folds of her dress, and drew on her spotless gloves, while the children watched her reverently, and kissing her mother and brothers and sisters, she prepared to depart. And as she went Dolly roused herself, and, rushing to the tree, picked the rose, and flung it into her sister's lap as she was seated in the carriage.

"Here, Netta, take it. I did not mean to be unkind!" she exclaimed. But the Beauty flung it carelessly back, and, missing the girl, it fell on to the pavement—that rose poor Dolly had tended so carefully!

"I don't really want it, you little goose!" laughed Netta; "I was only teasing you." But when she saw the tears come into Dolly's eyes—brown eyes, and soft as were her own—she bent forward and kissed her, and said, "Good-bye, dear," in her sweetest tones, and fascinated that little dreamer her sister completely.

Then the brougham was quickly driven off, and Dolly stood watching it disappear, with the crushed rose lying at her feet. She had so speculated on the happiness of giving the flower to Adrian Fuller! Her beautiful sister had spoiled her dream, and Dolly was ready to weep—she did not know why, but probably it was more for the loss of the dream than the rose.

CHAPTER III.—UP AT HAMPSTEAD.

The house was very badly furnished, and, as a rule, it was always untidy; and yet there was an attractiveness about the poverty struck rooms, and even about the very untidiness. And as for the garden! every one who knew them loved that rambling old garden, with the long reedy grass waving and nodding to the wind, and the one cultivated spot, the middle bed, which looked blooming whenever it was possible that flowers could make it look so; and the summer-house, with the dusty painted table in the middle, on which all lost books in the house were generally discovered, especially novels, for they were an indolent, ease-loving, novel-reading set. And there was the sycamore tree—which was Dolly's favourite retreat—with the rickety seat beneath it, on which you had to sit down very carefully, and right in the middle, lest it should tip up at one end, and place you in a position more ludicrous than graceful. There was a tumble-down pigeon-house in one corner of the garden, too, which had always been a target for balls and stones; and as for weeds, and underwood, and overgrowth, and briars, and tall poppies, and fluffy dandelions, they were in all the cracks. There was a fence round the garden, and from the bottom a view of the dear old church, and the green trees, and a country which has not even yet left Hampstead. The Woodwards had always lived there, for the locality is one that has long been popular with artist and literary folk, and to the latter class Mr. Woodward belonged. He was a clever man, but it had been his misfortune perhaps that he had been liked and made much of in society, and that his talents were ruined by brilliant flashes, made when he roused himself to the occasion, rather than by any sustained effort. Then he fell into a literary set, one of the best, perhaps, but a dangerous one for a young man having his own way to make, and then he, to crown all, married beautiful Annetta Wade, against the wish of her father, who accordingly did nothing for them; and then he found that, unless he worked hard and steadily, he and his wife

would have a fair prospect of starving. They were such an indolent careless couple too; and though they accepted life and its burdens, and even its troubles, easily enough, they could not make themselves like work. Mr. Woodward could not, at least, and his wife always wore his lilies and dislikes as closely as he himself did. Luckily, he had a sub-editorship offered him just when their second child was born, and things were at a very low ebb, and five years afterwards he became editor, but the post was not worth very much, for it was a small weekly paper, only circulating among a certain educated class. They had been able to keep a home together, but they had never had a sufficient sum with which to buy furniture, and the rooms looked bare and shabby, so that the children, as they grew up and realised the fact, were ashamed to receive visitors, though they were seldom troubled with them. Yes; Mr. Woodward occasionally brought home some one he had known in early days, or some clever thoughtful man, to have a quiet talk and game of chess with him, but that was all; and the darning, laughing, Bohemian looking children, kept all the prim and proper inhabitants away—they were half afraid of their saucy faces. The boys went to a day school, but no one had ever spent a penny on education in favour of Dolly or Sally. But they were knowledge-loving children, and picked up things amazingly; and they could think, and the father was a clever man, and liked talking with his children; and what greater educators are there than thought and the companionship of a clever man? Once, long ago, when he happened to have a few pounds in his pocket, Mr. Woodward picked up an old cracky piano, and Mrs. Woodward indolently taught Dolly her notes, and somehow both the children, nay, all of them, had a knowledge of music in consequence; and once, Adrian Fuller—a great friend was Adrian Fuller, and a favourite with them all—had said it was a pity Dolly did not know French, and, half in fun half in earnest, gave her a few lessons. The result was that she had a pretty good knowledge of the language as far as reading it went, and Sally went quickly from her sister. So they picked up their education, and yet remained children—a group of quaint old-fashioned children not easily forgotten. Children? Yes, but Dolly was almost a woman, and no one yet had realized it, not even she herself perhaps, till she stood over the spilt rose on the morning that Venus was buried.

CHAPTER IV.—THE END OF A SUMMER DAY.

They were all in the garden, and had had tea beneath the sycamore tree, but now the breeze was playing and whispering among its branches, and the long summer day was dying out. Mrs. Woodward said it was chilly, and was going indoors. The boys had learnt their next-day lessons, and were throwing stones in at the door of the pigeon-house. Sally sat in the summer-house, with her elbows resting on the dusty table, reading the "Vicar of Wakefield," for the Woodward children always read grown up books, and Dolly was at the end of the garden. She was leaning over the low fence, looking at the trees, and the crimson sky above the church, and felt as if she was waiting for something, as if she had awakened to new feelings and understandings since the morning; but the new life incident to them had not yet commenced. At five o'clock, she was thinking and feeling that when the twilight fell about the tree to-morrow night, and all the nights for many a month to come, there would be no Mr. Fuller talking politics with her father beneath the sycamore tree, and she should miss him so! Just as Sally looked up to her, and set her life by Dolly's clock, so Dolly set hers by Adrian Fuller's. It was only a child's liking, though he was but six-and-twenty, and Dolly was sixteen, and could hardly be called a child, in years at any rate. She had known him since she was nine, and he had been the king of playmates to her, and was the king of heroes, and this losing him was the first great trouble of her life. She was not in love with him, in spite of her sixteen years; she was too much of a child to understand what that meant, save in the vague indistinct manner in which even a child understands it.

"Dolly, I am going in, the dew is too much for me."

"Very well, papa." She did not raise her head, but waited till Mr. Fuller came and stood close by her.

"What is the matter?" he asked, cheerily enough, and he followed the direction of her eyes, and watched the trees also for a moment; he knew the scene so well, and had sketched it many a time, but he never saw it with the shadows deepening on it as he saw it now, without a rush of feeling which made him think that he was an artist at least as well as by profession. Then he looked up at the soft sky and at the stars coming out one by one, and his thoughts reverted to the little figure by his side again. "Are you thinking what a different Dolly the stars will look down upon when I come back two years hence?"

"No, I was thinking how I shall miss you when you are gone," she answered, simply.

"Ah, you'll soon supply my place!" he laughed. "You'll be a woman before I return, and go and see your rich grandpapa, and forget all about Hampstead." He was as great a Bohemian as the Woodward children behind him, and there was something almost wonderful in his voice as he spoke of Colonel Wade. "What jolly days we have had in the old garden!" he went on; "many a good romp and long drowsy afternoon, oh Dolly?"

"Yes," she answered, sadly, still watching the dim stars. "They'll never come again."

"No, I suppose not," he said, with a sigh, speaking rather to himself than to her. "It seems such a little while ago that I sent in my sketch on the chance of its being accepted for your father's paper, and that we made acquaintance, and in time he brought me home here. What a queer little girl you were, Dolly," he laughed, while he rested her head on her hand upon the fence, and turned her face away, as if she were not listening to him. "I remember you so well, you took to your heels the moment you saw me, but I pro-

plified you later on by teaching you how to spin a whip-top. We soon became friends, didn't we?"

"Yes," she said, still with her face turned away; "and I wanted to thank you for teaching me French, and telling me what books were nice to read."

"Dolly," he exclaimed, "you are crying!"

"No," she said, but her head dropped lower and lower. After all she was such a child. "It is only—"

"Dolly! Dolly!" called Mrs. Woodward from the study window, "come in immediately. Your sister Netta is here!"

"Netta again, and at this time. Why, she said she was going to a party!"

"I will wait here," said Adrian Fuller. "I don't want see her."

"Come along, Doll," shouted Tom; "here's Netta again."

"Mr. Fuller, you are to come in, please, mamma says so!" and Will and Sally came down the garden path.

"Very well," he answered, disconcertedly. "I suppose I must pay my respects to the Beauty." He had never seen her as yet, and had taken his tone towards her from the children. Then he and Dolly, and that awkward Tom, with his mass of light hair pushed back from his grubby face (for he had been gardening after his own fashion, and showed traces of his industry), and quaint-looking Sally, still hand in hand with her favourite brother, went slowly down the moss-grown pathway towards the house. Adrian Fuller stopped for a moment, and the little crowd of children stopped with him, before they reached the house, and looked back at the garden, and at the shadowy view beyond, and up at the sky, with its many stars.

"How lovely it is," he said. "We'll come out again presently. There is nothing more beautiful than the end of a long summer day."

"But it is a little sad also," said Dolly, gravely, and they went into the house.

(To be continued.)

The New Sultan.

A writer in the *Opinione Nazionale*, who claims to be personally acquainted with the new Sultan, gives the following sketch of his life and character:—"The amiable ruler, Abdul Medjid, knew very well that his brother, Abdul Aziz, would reign before the heirs of his own blood; but instead of having the bowstring applied to him, he treated him with consideration, in the hope that he might treat Murad in the same manner after succeeding to the throne. A French professor gave Murad instruction in the French language and the piano; the young man had a special court of his own in the palace of Dolma-Bakche. During this time Abdul Aziz retired to an estate in the country, and awaited his chance for the throne. Abdul Medjid complained of this to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the former English Minister, whom he respected like a father. He said to the latter once:—"I treat my brother Aziz as my own child, and he avoids me; I gave him a fine steamer, and he makes use of it in order to get away from me. When I am dead Murad will be very unfortunate. You must beg your friends in Europe to protect him." Up to his twentieth year the present Sultan was a spoiled child, and lived almost in the European fashion. He was then often seen driving through Pera in his little open carriage, resembling a golden shell, drawn by two horses; he made trips to the country, visited the European society of Therapia and Buyukdere, and was even accused of having love affairs in some Greek families. He took a great interest in the horse-races, then introduced by Enad Pasha, went to the French theatre and the Italian opera, and never missed a circus performance. The Grand Vizier, Mahmoud Kupsrali, thought his conduct rather too free and easy, but he was too good a patriot to doubt his character, and made him acquainted with all the Royal Princes who visited Constantinople. Thus he met the Duke of Cambridge, Prince Napoleon, the Count of Paris and Chartres, the Count de Chambord, the King of Belgium, and many other of the most distinguished personages of Europe, without leaving Turkey, except when he made a short trip to the Vienna Exhibition. If he adopted some European vices, he probably, on the other hand, freed himself from those of the Turkish aristocracy, and from its fanaticism. Sir Henry Bulwer said of him: "He is boisterous and sickly, which is only a seeming truth. Murad will bring to the throne the fruits of the best exertions of Reshid and Aali Pasha. He is the child of England; Lord Stratford might be called his godfather."

"The young Sultan is 36 years old. He resembles his father, but lacks the latter's gentleness. He is courageous, bold, a little fantastic, well formed, but pale of face, he has a clear but restless eye, and his countenance is more European than Asiatic. It is known that he is the child of a Circassian woman. His voice is clear and shrill, and he speaks French with tolerable fluency. He is a splendid rider, but his health is already affected, and he is now usually apathetic except in moments of great excitement. In 1860, when Abdul Aziz endeavoured to introduce the law of direct succession, he would have been made away with, but for the prophecies of the Sultan's astrologer, who was even then deep in the councils of the 'young Turkish' party. The recent revolution has been slowly preparing for years; and it has been precipitated by the severe measures which Abdul Aziz adopted against Murad, ten days before his own overthrow."

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated in literature and in life. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but man can make a goose of himself in five minutes with one quill.

On the matchless power of silence! There are words that consecrate in themselves the glory of a life-time; but there is a silence that is more precious than they. Speech ripples over the surface of life, but sinks into its depths. Any pleasantness bubbles up in airy phantasms. Weak sorrows quiver out their shallow being and are not. When the heart is cleft to its core, there is no speech or language.

Scientific and Useful.

CURRENT JELLY WATER.

A tablespoonful of current jelly thoroughly mixed through half a pint of cold water. A sick person may drink as much as wished of this acid water. As with all other drinks for the sick, a little at a time and often repeated is the way it should be given.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.

Get one pint of naphtha and it will clean six pairs. Wash as if you were washing a rag, and rinse in clean naphtha; when rinsed, put on the hands; they dry in a few minutes; lay them in your glove box with a little perfume.

RAIN WATER FOR PLANTS.

Plants should be watered with rain water in the morning or at evening. The leaves of plants should not be sprinkled with water when the sun is shining hot upon them. If rain water cannot be had, well water can be used by exposing it to the air for a day or two.

AMBER PUDDING.

1 lb. white sugar, 1 lb. butter, boiled together for five minutes; when hot, pour it upon the yolks of eight eggs, well beaten; line a dish with puff-paste, put some marmalade in the bottom, pour the mixture over it, and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. This pudding is so rich that it is better eaten when cold.

A PLE CHEESECAKE.

1 lb. apple pulp, 1 lb. sifted sugar, 1 lb. butter, four eggs, the rind and juice of one lemon. Pare, core, and boil sufficient apples to make 1 lb. when cooked; add to those the sugar, the butter (which should be melted), the eggs (leaving out two of the whites), and the grated rind and juice of one lemon; stir the mixture well; line some patty-pans with puff-paste; put in the mixture and bake about twenty minutes.

OLD-FASHIONED BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

(Made, as it should be, without eggs). Take a large cup of meal and a teaspoonful of molasses and beat them well together; then add to them a quart of boiling milk, some salt, and a small piece of butter; let it stand awhile in the dish you are going to bake it in until it thickens, and when you put it into the oven, pour over it from half to a pint of milk, but do not stir it in as this makes the jelly. Bake two or three hours.

GLOSS FOR LINEN.

"Starch lustre" is a substance used for washing purposes, which, when added to starch, causes the linen to which it is applied to assume not only a high polish but a dazzling whiteness. A portion of the size of an old-fashioned cent added to a half pound of starch, and boiled with it for two or three minutes, will produce the best results. This substance is nothing more than stearine, paraffine or wax, colored by a slight mixture of ultramarine blue. The latter may be added at will.

UNCLEANLINESS OF ORDINARY BEDDING.

In looking out for an example in order to show what not to do, we should take the specimen of an ordinary bed in a private house; a wooden bedstead, two or even three mattresses piled up above the height of a table, with a valance attached to the frame. Nothing but a miracle could ever thoroughly dry or air such a bed and bedding. The patient must certainly alternate between cold damp after his bed is made, and warm damp before, both saturated with organic matter, and this from the time the mattresses are put under him until the time they are picked to pieces, if this is ever done.

DRIED BEEF.

An "old-fashioned" housekeeper sends the *Germanstown Telegraph* a capital recipe for drying beef: Pint of salt, teacup of brown sugar, teaspoon saltpeper, mixed well together, for every twenty pounds of beef. Divide the mixture into four equal parts; lay the meat on a board and rub one of the parts in every consecutive morning for four mornings. On the fifth or sixth day it will be ready to hang up. If the mixture is done in cold weather, and the mixture well rubbed in, it will keep during the hottest weather, or until used. We like it best without being smoked; it is nice boiled while new, or fried with cream; equally so chipped and eaten raw.

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

I heard a learned gentleman discussing various treatments for pulmonary complaints. He said a German physician told him that consumption, and all tendency to that disease, could be eradicated by the following German remedy: Get pearl barley—take two large spoonfuls and put it into a tin pail or dipper, having a cover that fits very close, so that no water can get in. Put this dipper into a kettle of cold water, and let it stay three or four hours, having the water boiling all the time. Then take it out, and the barley will be moist, just the right consistency. Give the patient a little for each meal, eaten with milk. Gave it a good trial, and let the patient eat it as freely as possible. This physician said the effect was magical, but the disease must be taken in the first stages. Try it. It is very simple and well worth trying.

FAMILY FLOUR.

The *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, in a well considered article on the effect of fine flour, says: "At the present time it is the practice, to a large extent, among millers to grind the finest, softest wheat into fine flour, and the poorest into what is called 'Graham flour.' This 'Graham flour' ought no longer to be used. It is a kind of general name given to mixtures of bran and spoiled flour, to a large extent unfit for human food. What we need is good, sweet, whole wheat flour, finely ground, and securely put up for family use. The brown loaf made from whole wheat is to our eyes as handsome as the white. It can be made with all the excellences of the white, so far as lightness is concerned, and it is sweeter and more palatable. With this loaf we secure all the important nutritive principles which the Creator for wise reasons has stored up in wheat."