

rather in the frozen agony of eternal despair. I staggered forward and fell.

"It seems to me that in those minutes I really passed through the valley of death, really suffered the whole punishment for my sin. I pray it may be so. At least the worst seemed past, for even as I fell, my head in falling rested not on the snow, which should have been my sepulchre, but on your icy cheek.

"Oh, of course I know how men of science would explain it all. The left leg takes a shorter stride than the right, (or some such theory,) and so, as was inevitable, I had wandered around in a circle until I returned to my starting point.

"Possibly they are right. I disagree with them. To me it seems that other aid than man's had led my erring steps back to the path of duty, ay, and was with me still as I lifted your body in my arms.

"Almost as if her dear voice was speaking in the wild night, I seemed to hear again the old, old story your mother used to tell to us children—how in that night after Inkerman, the brothers, one sore wounded, and the other sore spent, had held together manfully, and through the darkness of night had struggled back to their lines, almost dead, but not divided.

"Nothing seemed strange to me then. I knew that those brothers had come to me from that silent graveyard at Sebastopol, where both now lie 'forgotten with England's dead,' to save one son from death, and the other from death and dishonor.

"I hardly felt your weight as I lifted you on to my shoulder (did I lift you, I often wonder, or were they still helping me?)—you seemed so light! Utterly careless now of self, and acting under an impulse altogether beyond my power to control, I bore you forward, not now with any uncertain step, not now seeking any guide, but going direct to my point like one who knew his road and saw his goal before him.

"The snow still whirled about us, and covered us, until we must have seemed a part of the storm; the wind raved and mourned by fits, but I saw nothing, heard nothing any longer.

"All seemed to be gradually merging into a dream.

"Pain and weariness, cold and despair, the weight I carried, and the woe I suffered, were gone.

"Home voices were whispering in my ears, and when a flood of light streamed out through the storm the sobbing wind died away, and as I stumbled across the threshold of the wretched inn, and dropped with my burden on the floor, loud and full from the wild waste without broke upon my ears, which now seemed closing to all earthly sounds forever, the music of England's loyal soldier song, as they sing it, hands clasped, round the mess table:

"For auld lang syne, my lads,  
For auld lang syne!"

"For days and days the Russian peasants nursed us, as a mother might nurse her only child.

"You recovered consciousness first, and save for those two fingers which you left as spoils to the frozen north, were little the worse for that bitter night.

"After weeks of delirium, on the very threshold of the next world, I too recovered.

"Do you wonder now, Will, that I cannot look in the face of the man who calls me his preserver with the happy smile of a loyal comrade? It took nothing less than the presence of one risen from the dead to prevent my dying as your murderer. Through years of successful toil I have tried to keep my secret and forget—to keep you still in ignorance, so that I might always enjoy the love and trust you gave me.

"It could not be. Those haunting eyes have never left me, and now after ten years they compel me to give up my secret, as they compelled me then to retrace my steps and do my duty.

"There, Will, you have my story now—we'll say good-bye to-morrow; and, if you can, forgive me."

"Need I say any more; need I add that Hal did not leave my house that week; that Kimberley knows that successful engineer no more; that my nearest neighbor and my dearest friend is still cousin Hal, and that in my heart of hearts I look upon his story as the unfortunate remains of some terrible dream of his delirium, one other

burden which he took upon himself that Christmas night for me, and one more link to bind us more closely together?—*Temple Bar.*

### SALADS.

The *Queen*, the leading of the English ladies' journals, gives a long list of salad recipes from which the following are taken. The good cook will find them valuable:—

**COMMON POTATO SALAD.**—Small potatoes, which are wasteful to peel a d cook with larger ones, should be sorted out for salads. Boil them in their skins, and (while warm) peel and slice them thin. Mince chives, parsley, or onion very fine, and strew it over the potatoes in the salad-bowl. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over two or three spoonfuls of oil, and moisten the whole with vinegar and water mixed, that it may not be too sour. Chives or onion may, of course, be omitted. Several things are mixed with potato salad, both for flavor and appearance, such as pickled beetroot sliced, a fresh cucumber sliced as usual, a Dutch herring cut up small, or a few sardines minced. Only one of these things, be it understood, and it should be mixed with the potatoes before the oil and vinegar.

**CAULIFLOWER SALAD.**—Boil cauliflowers in salt and water, so that a fork will go through them, but not too soft. Lay them in cold water, and then drain them on a sieve. Divide them in tufts the size of a walnut; arrange them neatly in a shallow dish with strips of beetroot between, and pour over with a spoon a good salad cream.

**COLD MEAT SALAD.**—Any kind of cold meat, such as beef or mutton, which has been boiled in broth or soup, may be cut into very small slices or dice. Mince an onion very fine, and cut up any kind of pickle small, such as beans, gherkins or beetroot, in vinegar, and also a boiled carrot. Mix all together with the meat. Pepper it and pour over enough of the salad dressing No. 2 to moisten the whole. Let it stand half an hour before using. Garnish with celery, watercress, or red pickle of cabbage or beetroot.

**PEAS, LENTILS, OR BEAN SALAD.**—Dried peas, lentils, or white beans are boiled soft, well drained, mixed with chopped parsley, salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, garnished with cresses or endive, and served as salad.

**ARTICHOKE SALAD.**—The artichokes must be prepared and boiled as for table. Drain them dry without breaking, arrange them neatly, pour over them the salad cream No. 3 or 4. Fish of any kind may be used as a garnish.

**LETTUCE SALAD.**—Cut up good cos lettuce in the bowl; fry little dice of bacon minced fine; do not let them brown, but just melt the bacon fat, then add vinegar, salt and pepper to the bacon; pour the whole over the lettuce, and stir it up well. This must be served as soon as made, or the lettuce will lose its crispness.

**FISH SALAD.**—Cold fish of any kind must be divided neatly in flakes. A few shrimps or oysters may be added, and a nice portion of hard-boiled eggs, chopped small. All lightly stirred up together, with some thin slices of pickled gherkins or other green pickles. Pour over a salad cream, and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon.

**SARDINE SALAD.**—Rub two or three sardines in a mortar with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs. Add equal quantities of vinegar, wine, and cream or oil (about two tablespoonfuls of each), a little cayenne or white pepper, and a grate of nutmeg. Break up any remains of cold fish with forks, that it may be flaky; spread a layer of the fish on a dish; strew over it some capers and thin slices of pickled gherkins, then thin slices of smoked or Bologna sausage, and on the top, neatly arranged, sardines in halves, open the long way and the bones drawn out; if they are not dissolved, stir up the cream you have made, pour it over the dish, and garnish with sliced eggs, a wreath of any fresh salad, and slices of lemon.

**CUCUMBER SALAD.**—When cucumbers are bitter, cut off a good half inch at the point before peeling, or peel them from the stem downwards, leaving the point untouched, as it is there the bitter lies, and is dispersed by the knife going through it. Slice them very thin—a cucumber plane is best for this

purpose; serve them with any kind of dressing. They are especially good and wholesome with plain potato salad, but are more often served with pepper, salt, and oil, and white wine vinegar.

**FRENCH BEAN SALAD.**—String and boil French beans as for table in salted water. Drain them well, and when cold mix with them oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, finely chopped parsley, chives, or a little winter savory. This salad is very good with roast mutton.

**BEETROOT IN VINEGAR.**—Beetroots must be washed and boiled quite whole without cutting off either end, or they will be spoiled. Let them cool; then peel and cut them in thin slices. Lay them in an earthen or glass jar; cover them with cold vinegar which has been boiled with a handful of caraway seeds, and strained. Sliced horseradish should be laid with the beetroot. Either mixed with other salads or alone, beetroot in this simple form is good with any kind of meats.

**RED SALAD.**—Boil small red potatoes in their skins; when cool, peel and slice them a little thicker than a penny. Some of the inner tender part of a red cabbage must be sliced as thin as possible; mix equal parts of potato, of cabbage, and beetroot boiled. The dressing must be oil poured over, salt, pepper, and the above red vinegar from the beetroot jar, enough to color the potatoes.

**WINTER SALAD.**—Prepare potatoes as in the preceding directions; cut small slices of pickled beetroot, some apples and celery, equal portions of each, or any green pickle may be substituted for celery. Mix these lightly in a salad bowl, with treble the quantity of the sliced potatoes; avoid breaking them. Mix a dressing of oil, sour cream, a little vinegar, salt, and pepper; pour it over the salad, and garnish with a wreath of water or garden cress. Finely shred onions or chives may either be mixed in or handed with the salad.

**BACON SALAD DRESSING.**—Let no one condemn this homely sauce without tasting it. Cut three or four ounces of streaked bacon into very small dice, and fry them in a stew-pan a pale color, but crisp. Beat the yolks of three eggs with a spoonful of flour, a small wineglass of vinegar, and half as much again water; add a spoonful of made mustard, some salt and pepper. Put this to the bacon in the stew-pan, and stir it over the fire until thick and smooth. The bacon fat supplies the place of oil. When quite cold, use it for potato or any other salad. It must be stirred while cooling. Should it be thicker than cream, thin it with a little vinegar and water, well stirred in.

**WINTER CABBAGE SALAD.**—Boil an equal quantity of white and red close cabbage in plenty of water, each color separate. They must only boil about five minutes. Then throw them, also apart, into cold water; let them drain well. Cut the thin leaves into very narrow shreds; the ribs of the leaves must all be left out, as they are too hard for salad. Arrange the salad in alternate tufts of white and red, either in a dish or bowl; garnish it in any approved way, and give it either No. 2 or 4 of the salad creams when served.

### LUXURIOUS BATHING.

One does not need the Atlantic Ocean or even a river to get the benefit of a bath. A wash basin, a broad, flat pan to stand in, and two cans or jugs of water, hot and cold, will answer every purpose. The effect of the hot water followed by cold is very curious. I have the pleasure of knowing a lady who found it so good for her own ailments that she tried it on her plants. A fading fern revived at once to vigorous life. Try it for rheumatism and neuralgia. Try it for any maladies you may have. It is good for a local application; but general treatment is best in all cases if you can compass it. Make the whole body more alive, and every part will feel the benefit—besides, life flows where it is most needed. A good invigorating bath removes local congestions, and distributes as well as increases the forces of health.

In the English civil service there are 3,260 women clerks.

### WOMAN IN TURKEY.

The woman of Turkey—or she, at least, who has the good fortune to live in the big ger cities—is no longer as a sealed book. Those who run may look, and those who look may see her.

There are, of course, prominent examples of the advanced Turkish woman. Their histories are in many instances similar. A case in point would be that of the now fashionable Turkish lady who while an infant was sold by her parents to a Jew slave dealer, who, after the usual course of training, exhibited his prize to his customers with the rest of his live stock. It was in such a case, for women dealt with in this manner, a mere toss-up what she became—a fine lady's handmaiden or something worse. Even the lot of the handmaiden is not always an enviable one.

But fortune smiled on this heroine of the slave mart. A celebrated Turkish statesman, who patronized the Hebrew merchant, purchased her as a playfellow for his son. The children grew up together till the time arrived when the boy had to quit the harem. He was educated in France, and when in later years he returned he found the old partner of his romps a beautiful girl, and so—he fell in love with and married her.

His wife eventually became a widow and soon belonged to the advanced school, which has its acknowledged leaders, notwithstanding the fact that the free born wives and damsels look down on such of their sisters who have been sold and bought. So far, that following the example of one or two others of her friends, who, like herself, had not cared because they scandalized the stricter of their sex, she had started on a trip to the forbidden land of Christendom. Nor, indeed, was it much wondered at when it was whispered that she was betrothed to one not belonging to her church. But the announcement that she was received into the Church of Rome was a genuine surprise. Married or single, she could scarcely dare to return to Turkey. To leave the country without the permission which is hardly ever given to a Moslem female is an extremely grave offence, and apostasy is, by the sacred law, punishable with death. It is reported that, at the request of a relative, her name has already been erased from the list of Ottoman subjects.

### THE FACE AND COMPLEXION.

It is a woman's business to be as beautiful as she can be. Beauty has at times been a theme of song for poets. It has always been the object of adoration by artists, while philosophers and scholars have also in all ages made it the subject of serious study. A woman's first requisite towards pleasing others is that she shall be pleased with herself, for in no other way can be attained that self-praise which leaves her at liberty to devote herself successfully to others. Could a woman be made to believe herself beautiful it would go far towards making her so. No woman's longing for comeliness and yet conscious of an unattractive exterior need linger in the belief that there is no alleviation in her case, no chance of making her face and figure more attractive, and truer exponents of the spirit within. We may boldly set about renovating the outward form, sure that nature will respond to our efforts.

The essence of beauty is health. We must first secure purity of blood. To purify the blood take a teaspoonful of charcoal well mixed in water or honey for three successive nights, then use some simple purgative to remove it from the system, else it will remain there a mass of impurities, retaining all the poison collected by it. The action of charcoal is similar to that of colomel without its evil effects. This purification should be repeated every three months. Charcoal may be eaten at any time at the rate of an ounce per day without injury if a mild aperient be taken subsequently. In large cities it may be procured in the form of crackers. We know of nothing better to improve the complexion through purifying the blood than a free use of charcoal.