

his return journey. Darkness added to the difficulty and the danger of the route.

Turning sharply round a corner into Baysditch Valley, Roger was hailed by a terror-stricken voice behind him. He pulled hastily up.

"What's wrong?" he asked.
Pant, pant, pant! and then a white face with awed, dilated eyes, gleamed upon him in the mist.

"Porley Dam be bursten!"
"No!—Sure?" Roger comprehended in an instant what that message meant, and his accents were as hoarse as the stranger's.

"Ay; certain. 'Tis tearing through t' embankment like a cataract. Gettin' bigger every minute, and noane can't stop it."

"Then Baysditch must be flooded?"
"Yes. I be goin' to warn 't."
"Jump up here." And Roger drove as if for his own life instead of other people's.

The alarm soon spread, and a scene of terror and confusion ensued which might have appalled the strongest. Water was swiftly rising in the single village street, and the mutter of the on-sweeping torrent grew louder every instant. Homeless, and sadly deficient in both food and clothing, dozens of families fled to the hillsides while there was yet time.

Where was Ada Carlit lodging? Milton Villa, old Luke Carlit's home, was some distance beyond the clustering village-roofs, and Roger experienced some delay in reaching it. The inmates, only three in number besides two maid-servants, were but just alarmed, and their retreat was cut off before even Roger was aware of it. Ada was as pale as death, but strangely calm and self-possessed. Roger remembered afterward how, at least once in that hour of awful peril, her eyes were fixed on his as if they would read his very soul. But it was a time for action and not sentiment.

From the edge of the lawn—now the bed of a roaring stream—the ground tumbled gently away to the uplands, and there the only hope lay. It was more than probable than the house would give way under the avalanche of water which had still to descend. "Porley Dam" was the current designation of the reservoir that supplied all Sharborough.

Roger Herlestone swam across with his horse and turned the animal loose. Then, estimating as best he could the distance and his own powers, he returned and briefly explained his plan. There was no boat within reach. Each member of the household must trust to him; and he would return for each. It was proposed that Ada should go first; but she refused, and time was too precious to be spent in haggling. Mrs. Carlit and her husband and the maids were all saved thus; and, nearly exhausted, Roger went back for the obstinate girl who still lingered. "Whether I die or live, this shall be my revenge," he muttered to himself.

Ada was in his arms now, and the cross-current running heavily against him. It was a desperate struggle, and growing every instant more dangerous by reason of uprooted trees, and other wreckage, that came swiftly down the valley.

Would he succeed? How the spectators held their breath and trembled! At last, with a faint "Hurrah!" he made *terra firma* with his burden. But then he fainted, and for the first time the rescued household observed that he was wounded. A tree-trunk had struck him, and inflicted a ghastly wound on the head. But for the present all they could do was to grieve, and tend him as he lay. They were outcasts, like dozens of others.

That flood will be long remembered, and not least by Roger Herlestone and the girl he saved.

Brain-fever supervened, and Roger was ill for many weeks. Ada Carlit was his chief nurse, and her character seemed entirely changed, so humble and assiduous was she.

There came a day when, with a new light in his eye, Roger looked up and whispered, "Ada!"

She averted her face. But he had caught the vision of a tear—one of thankfulness and joy. He took her unresisting hand. "I have a confession to make," he whispered. "It was in sheer revenge I saved you. Can you forgive me, Ada? And after all—care a—little?"

"Forgive! And I—let me tell too," she cried brokenly, "I loved you though I didn't know it, when you asked me first, Roger."

Minnie May's Department.

This month we offer to the ladies the handsome prize of a fine meteor alarm clock for the best recipes, mode of mixing, cooking, etc., for Xmas pudding and Xmas cake and mince-meat. Also, to the young ladies, we offer one of Lovejoy's Metallic Weather Houses for the best written article upon the subject "How to spend Christmas." Both communications to be in by the 25th November.

Answers to Enquirers.

TORSY.—It is not customary now to send bride-cake.

J. M. N.—Where is the Isle of France, spoken of in "Paul and Virginia?" **ANS.**—The Isle of France, or Mauritius, is an island of the Indian Ocean, east from the islands of Madagascar and Bourbon.

AN ANXIOUS OLD MAID.—If you are as old as you say, you ought to have too much sense to ask such silly questions, and answers to most of them have appeared frequently. Anxiety to get married will not be likely to help you in attaining your ambition.

NELLIE.—Golden brown is as fashionable a color this year as last, and you can make over the dress with a darker velvet or velveteen border, at the foot of skirt, and add a velvet vest, cuffs and col-

lar—and behold! your dress is a new one, and more becoming to your style of face and figure than it was when first arranged.

CONSTANT READER.—1. Please tell me what is the meaning of engagement. 2. How long should a gentleman go with a lady before being engaged? 3. How long should they be engaged before being married? **ANS.**—1. An engagement means a promise to perform. A marriage engagement means a promise between two young people that they will at some future time become man and wife. 2. This question is not nicely or properly put. You mean for how long should a young man pay his addresses to a lady before proposing to her. That is a question for individual judgment. As a rule a young man proposes as soon as he thinks he has made a sufficiently favorable impression on the lady to risk her answer. To propose before proving one's sincerity by devoted and respectful attention does not seem respectful to the lady, yet better too soon than too late, especially if there be other admirers in the field. 3. Just so long as may suit their personal convenience and circumstances.

SNOWDROP.—1. Would it be proper for a young lady to break her engagement with a man with whom she has kept company near three years, when she discovers later she loves another better, who also returns her love, when both have loved each other for years, but never found it out until the present time? 2. Is it proper for a young man to refrain from telling a lady he loves her, because he is not sure she will return his love?

ANS.—1. They must be a charmingly stupid pair, and so well matched that it would be a pity to part them. The idea of a girl who has been engaged for years suddenly discovering that she has been in love with some one else all the time is a little too absurd. Probably she will by and by find that there is still a third whom she has loved from infancy, and then what will she do? However, we would advise her to break her first engagement and let that poor fellow have an opportunity of getting a less fickle-minded wife. 2. Quite proper, if his love be not strong enough to cast out fear.

"To put his courage to the test,
And win or lose it all."

AN EXPECTANT BRIDE.—For a travelling dress you could select a blue cloth suit made with a velvet vest, cuffs, and collar, and a blue felt hat in "Henri Tro's" shape, and trimmed with blue ostrich plumes and bands of blue velvet, or with blue wings and a small blue and black bird on the front or nearer the right side, with velvet bands and a Rhine pebble buckle. Make your Ottoman brown silk over a velvet or velveteen skirt, i. e., a skirt of silesia or alpaca to match, faced up three eighths of a yard with velvet pleatings.

Pleat the front with the silk, or put it on in folds, and make a full drapery of long sagging puffs at the back. Cut the basque with points in front and at the back, and edge with a band of velvet, or put in a velvet vest and pipe the edges with a large cord of velvet. Have velvet cuffs and collar, and small velvet buttons set three-quarters of an inch apart. Pearl colored satin trim med with ecru lace and velvet would be handsome for the bridal dress, with long veil of tulle, and sprays of myrtle or orange flowers for the hair and corsage. Wear very long wrinkled white gloves. Yes, there has always been a sentiment concerning the selection of colors for a bride's wardrobe, and "green," which means forsaken, is never worn. The old rhyme runs that

"Something old, and something new,
Something borrowed, and something blue,"

should be worn by every bride to promote her success in life. And brides frequently wear their mothers' wedding stockings, and carry a handkerchief belonging to a friend. Of course these are silly superstitions, and the wise ones do not believe in them. Rice and old slippers are thrown after the happy pair as they leave the bride's home.

Recipes.

MOLASSES POUND CAKE.—Six cups flour, three cups molasses, one of sugar, one of butter, one of cream, three eggs, one tablespoonful ginger, one tablespoonful cloves, one of soda.

A very nice, satisfying pudding can be made on baking-day by taking a lump of bread sponge and working into it an egg, a bit of butter, sugar and salt; and steaming it after it has got light. Break off with a spoon, and eat with pudding sauce.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Knead six pounds of sifted flour into a dough, with two quarts of milk, half-

a-pound of yeast, and two ounces of salt; when the whole is well worked together, cover and leave it to rise. In two hours time, or when light, form it into rolls and lay them on tins; set them in a warm place for an hour, and then put them in a very hot oven. Bake twenty minutes.

CHEAP SOUP.—"Do not throw away the bones of turkey or chicken. Crack them and let them boil for two or three hours in a little water; put in also any nice bits of the fowl that are left, particularly the neck, which is never eaten. To this add any soup stock you have, and, with a little barley or sage, you will have a nourishing soup. Season with salt, pepper and any herbs you choose."

SAUCE FOR POULTRY.—With boiled poultry serve celery sauce. The celery is simmered until tender. Then make a sauce by putting a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, and when it bubbles up stir in slowly a tablespoonful of flour. When cooked season and add half a pint of stock and half a pint of boiling cream and the celery cut in small pieces. Let it boil up one minute. Serve hot. The sauce can be made without the cream and celery with a pint of boiling stock and the addition of two or three beaten yolks of eggs, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, pepper and salt.—[Exchange.]

FRENCH CREAM CANDY.—Making molasses candy is a time-honored household amusement, but pleasant as it is too much of it falls upon the children, and they find it an agreeable variation to make French cream candy, which is composed of sugar and water mixed in the proportion of four cups of the former to one of the latter. Boil eight minutes in a bright tin pan without stirring, and as much longer as is necessary to cook it hard enough to roll into a ball. Then take from the fire, and beat with a spoon, adding vanilla or peach flavoring as it begins to cool. Chopped raisins, currants, bits of fig or citron or nut meats may be mixed with the cream.

Cure For Stammering.

Many years ago a famous professor came to our town, and announced that he could "cure the worst cases of stuttering in ten minutes without a surgical operation." A friend of mine was an inveterate stammerer, and I advised him to call upon the wonderful magician. He called, was convinced by the testimonials exhibited, struck up a bargain, paid the fifty dollars, and soon called at my office talking as straight as a railroad track.

I was astonished, and asked my friend by what miracle he had been so suddenly relieved of his life-long trouble. He informed me that he had made a solemn pledge not to reveal the process of cure.

I knew two other bad cases—ladies; and, calling upon them, reported what had come to pass.

They were soon at the professor's rooms, came away elated, raised the hundred dollars, paid the cash, and in half an hour were ready, had the question been popped, to say "Yes" without hesitation.

I was soon made acquainted with several other cures quite as remarkable, and resolved to turn on my sharpest wits and wait upon the magician.

He seemed an honest man, and in two days I had made up my mind to pay him a large fee and learn the strange art, with the privilege of using it to cure whomsoever I would. Those who had been cured by the professor were solemnly bound not to reveal the secret to any one, but my contract gave me the privilege of using the knowledge as I pleased. And now I propose to give my readers a simple art which has enabled me to make happy many unhappy stammerers. In my own hands it has often failed, but in three-fourths of the cases which I have treated, the cure has been complete.

The secret is this: the stammerer is made to mark the time in his speech, just as it is ordinarily done in singing. He is at first to beat on every syllable. He begins by reading one of David's Psalms, striking the finger on the knee at every word. You can beat time by striking the finger on the knee, or by simply hitting the thumb against the fore-finger or by moving the large toe in the boot.

I doubt if the worst case of stuttering can continue long if the victim will read an hour every day, with thorough practice of this art, observing the same in his conversation.

As thousands have paid fifty and a hundred dollars for this secret, I take great pleasure in publishing it to the world.—[Dr. D. Lewis.]