

They entered the house, and Bella saw poor Mrs. Blank lying on the sofa, moaning a little, with white lips and a frightened look in her pale brown eyes. Bella stepped quickly to her side, and said, "Mr. Blank sent your son for the doctor, and I came up to see if I could be of any use."

"Oh, I don't know, I'm sure," said the sufferer faintly. "I was just down the cellar cuttin' some pork to fry for dinner, and something fell up stairs and kind of startled me, and the knife slipped and cut my arm, and it's bleedin' fearful and makes me awful kind of sinky; and my bread is all to be kneaded, and Mehitable away to see her sick sister, and won't be back till night. Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" and the poor little woman's voice broke down into a sob.

Bella listened, with pity in her face, and then said, "It is bleeding very much, and you must have a bandage put on at once." A large handkerchief was knotted, and taking off the clumsy bundle the farmer had wrapped round the cut, she skillfully twisted it, with the help of a piece of stick, around the wounded member, above the cut. The flow of blood was arrested at once, and then bringing pillows from the room near by, she made the sufferer more comfortable.

During all this time the farmer had stood, curiously watching the "city girl" as she deftly arranged the bandage, and so gently and tenderly ministered to his suffering wife, and as he turned away to the window there was something like shame in his honest blue eyes, and he mentally admitted, "She knows something worth knowin' arter all."

The village was three miles from the blank farm, so it was some little time before George and the doctor returned.

When he had examined the arm he said, briefly and decidedly, "If it had not been for that bandage you must have died from loss of blood. It was skillfully put on, and I assure you the young lady's knowledge of the proper treatment has saved your life."

There was little for him to do except dress the wounded arm and give directions for its further treatment.

George drove him back again, and when he again returned he found the kitchen occupied by a little figure almost covered by one of his mother's large linen aprons and busily moulding loaves of bread on the great bread board.

"Why, Bella, what are you doing?" he cried, "Taking care of the bread for your mother," she answered. "It was running over the top of the pan."

Mrs. Cook, who had come over in George's absence, now came out into the kitchen.

"Why I did not know you could make bread," she said half laughing.

"I made it at home on a wager with father for six months," returned Bella.

Evening came. Mehitable was back, and Mrs. Cook and Bella were preparing to go home. Mr. Cook had come over to see if Mrs. Blank was any better, and his wife was almost ready to go back with him. Bella was standing in the porch, waiting for George, who had gone in again for a book he wished to return, when the farmer came out and said to her,

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for comin' up and doin' up that bandage on my wife's arm, fur—the doctor said it saved her life; and I don't know as you knew I called you a good-fur-nothin' city girl, but I did, and I'm mighty sorry now, fur I be foun' out that I didn't know nothin' at all about you, and I'm real glad that George had got more sense than I had," and the gruff old farmer wrung her hand, while his eyes looked suspiciously moist.

Bella was surprised at the frank apology, and said gently, "I am only glad I knew how to do it, Mr. Blank. I did not know when I read the directions how soon the knowledge would be of use."

George came down just then and said, "Bella, mother would like to speak to you again for a moment."

Bella entered the house once more, and Mrs. Blank said to her, "I didn't know as you had done my bread for me till just now. I'm sure, my dear, I thank you for all the kind things you've done today."

"Please do not mention it, Mrs. Blank. I am only too pleased to know that I was helping you. Good-bye, and I hope that poor arm will soon be well again."

Then the young lovers walked down the green lane and on the country road, quiet, but very happy, for Bella knew now that Mr. Blank was her friend, and George felt that his father would be as eager to help him in the future as he had been to retard him in the past; for while waiting for Bella in the porch his father had said to him, "I aint a goin' to go agin ye any more, George. A girl as can come into a house and bandage up an arm so's to save a person's life, and knead out bread and do everything without any fluster or flurry, is goin' to make a good wife; and I'm sorry for my hard words, my boy, fur she's a perfect treasure, with her pretty, bright face and willin' hands, and your Ma's as much took with her as I am."

So Mr. Blank's hasty judgment was recalled, and George and Bella had a bright future before them as they walked slowly along the country road that pleasant June evening.

Mental ability and acquirements, physical strength, personal capability, pecuniary possession—whatever it is, we do well to keep something not squandered abroad and strewn on the surface.

## Minnie May's Dep't.

### Crocheting Lace.

Weaving the white thread in and out  
With the shining little hook,  
And as I watch you, darling,  
With your earnest steadfast look,

I think of your life, my darling,  
Which has only just begun,  
And while you are crocheting  
These thoughts in my mind have been spun.

A space, then a block, my darling—  
A block of solid work;  
"Twill be so in your life little daughter;  
There's many a place to shirk.

But I pray there be more blocks, darling,  
For solid work wears the best;  
But full and smooth may you finish it, dear,  
If so it seemeth best.

But work with a will, my darling,  
Keep the thread still pure and white,  
And the hand that guides you, my darling,  
Will finish the work aright.

HARRIET TREMAINE TERRY.

MY DEAR NIECES:—In this progressive age, when any woman can earn her own living, if so inclined, and no remarks are made about it, she should try and cultivate business instincts, for if we enter the ranks with men, we must expect no quarter on the score of being a woman. Business is business, as we will be quickly reminded, were we to claim any privileges because of our sex. So many women make the fatal mistake of thinking if their employer is a man, he will be paying them all the numerous little attentions observed in social life. The men do not employ you because you are a woman. No; no such chivalrous motive influences him, he might have thought you would be more noiseless than a man, or that you would do the work as well; or more likely he got you for about half the salary he would have to pay a man for doing the same work. So stare the facts in the face before you begin, and not go out into the world with a number of erroneous impressions; and make up your minds to shoulder responsibilities when you take your place amongst the bread-winners. Probably your employer will never notice when you come or when you leave. Be punctual to business, better a little early than late. Dress neatly, and purchase only the most serviceable materials, for you will often be caught in a shower, and besides the making of clothes will cost you considerable. Do not affect cheap jewellery; nothing is in worse taste. Rather a bow of bright ribbon than a gaudy brooch. Wear your hair in some neat and becoming way that will look tidy until after business hours. You must cultivate a habit of reticence, and only speak when spoken to. Be patient and polite. Customers will not endure anything like fretfulness on the part of an employe, and a complaint to your employer will almost surely follow. All these things will be exacted of you when you go out to do battle with the world. It is good and praiseworthy for a woman to earn her own living, if she has it to do; but it is harder than you think, and unless dire necessity compels it, remain in your own homes, where you will be kindly cared for and protected.

MINNIE MAY.

Minnie May offers a prize of \$2.00 for the best and most interesting letter on "How I Spent My Summer Holiday?" Communications to be in our office by the 10th September.

Also, a prize of a beautiful leather purse for the best essay on "Duty of Parents to Children." Communications to be in by the 10th of August.

The use of orange-blossoms at weddings is said to have been derived from the Saracens, or at least from the East.

## Fashion Notes.

Full sleeves are so varied in shape that some pattern can be found to suit any figure. The moderately large leg-of-mutton, full above the elbows, are found to be most generally becoming. All such sleeves are worn long, covering the wrist entirely and very simply finished at the ends.

Sailor hats are again in favor; not merely for yachting, but for country wear. As their severe shape is not becoming to all faces, the milliners are trimming them much more elaborately; not with loops up and wings in front, but with broad, dark ribbon made into large, soft loops at the back. Another fancy wears a wreath of small flowers around the crown. Little girls wear very large chip straw, with ribbons of two colors almost covering the crown.

Empire waists are still worn, but to many the short-waisted appearance is not becoming. In fact, anything in the way of dress is fashionable that is becoming.

Some of the dress necks are cut out, and a soft frill of lace or muslin, turned over, leaving the throat and neck bare; but I need not say this style is only becoming to young women who have pretty throats.

A dainty little handkerchief is still worn tucked into the corsage.

Bonnets never were prettier or more generally becoming. Anything that suits the face may be worn; and flowers, flowers everywhere; but never wear them in the corsage, unless they are natural blooms.

Pretty, dressy little capes of every material are seen, but in warm weather will be discarded. Those made of jet are decidedly stylish, but very heavy and warm.

## Recipes.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Take three quarts of red raspberries and pour over them a pint of vinegar; let it stand twenty-four hours, then strain, and add one pound of sugar to one pint of juice. Scald twenty minutes and bottle tight.

Sweet Strawberry Cake.—Beat together to a cream, one cup of butter and two of sugar; add by degrees, five well-beaten eggs; sift three cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add this gradually, with one cup of milk, and bake in a slow oven on jelly-cake tins. When cool put layers of sugared berries between; ice the top.

Strawberry Shortcake.—To one quart of flour add a level teaspoonful of salt and three heaped teaspoonfuls of baking powder; sift three times or stir with a spoon. Work a level tablespoonful of butter into the flour, and make into a dough with one pint of sweet milk. Roll the dough one eighth of an inch thick; spread half of it thickly with butter; double over and cut into cakes about four inches in diameter; bake in a hot oven. They will come apart when cooked. Cover with berries and sugar, place on the tops, and eat with cream.

Strawberry Pyramid.—One pound rice, two quarts ripe, sweet strawberries, to four quarts of boiling water; sprinkle gradually in the rice after being washed. Do this so slowly that it will not stop the boiling, or, if it does stop, stir now and then until the boiling is resumed. Let it boil rapidly thirty or forty minutes; then skim out and place a thin layer of the rice upon a plate, having the edges smooth. Upon this place a layer of strawberries, then another layer of rice, and so on, making each smaller in the form of a pyramid. Then finish off with a spray of berries at the top, and set it upon a larger plate decorated with strawberry leaves.