Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXXIII .-- AFTER THEY HAD LEFT HAMPSTRAD.

"Doll, whatever shall we do? The dad wants change of air, and botter living, and lots of good things."

"He must have it too," she answered. "Ho must have it too," she answered.
"Let us all gather round and hold a council of war." Then Tom and Will and Sally clustered close to her. They were still in the shabby lodgings Dorothy had found for him six months before, and things had gone their very worst with Mr. Woodward; and, lastly, his health had failed, and a long illness had kept him in his bed nearly all the winter. Then it was that the children showed that, indelent and hay and fun-loving as they had been in the old days, they could work we en the time came.

they could work wren the time came.

Tom had retrioved his resition and paid his debre, and shown such a disposition to work, the this former shortcomings had been overlooked; and, careful and generous, he regularly brought his money to his sister. Will had got into an office, but had no salary as yet, though he hoped soon to gain one; and Sally had earned a little money once, for the grotesque figures she had loved to draw had proved useful as designs for Christmas cards, and now she was studying hard to improve herself in the art she loved so that she might gain cons ant employment. But it was Dorothy who had been the mainstay of the family when the day of sorrow came. She put away her story-books and poetry-books, and forgot her dreams, and left off building eastles, and worked in earnest, teaching Mrs. Gibson's children in the morning, and writing from Miss Josephine's dicta-tion in the afternoou, and semetimes till late in the evening, until her hand ached and the lines danced before her eyes. She had thought it would be so difficult to go and see the three old ladies, to ask for work. But she found it less so than she had imagined, for kind thoughtful George Blakesley had made all things smooth bofore her, and she had been received kindly for his sake; and as the months went on they learnt to like the girl who tried so hard to work and to win bread for her sick fatlier and broken-down mother.

Dorothy's labours did not end with the patting away of Miss Josephine's pens and paper, for of an evening she had to read the paper to her father, and to sit by his side and cheer him up as best she could. Sometimes, too, she used to play to him, for George Blakesley bought in the piano and sent it as a present to Sally, but at last he

got too ill to listen to her.
"The doctor says he must have a complete change," repeated Tom.

He and mamma must go romewhere and we must give up these rooms and take just two little bed-rooms, one for you and Will, and one for me and Sally, and we'll live upon as little as we can." And she stopped to consider how that plan would work, while Sally and Will nestled up closer to her, and Tom locked at her with

all his old boyish admiration. "I don't know what we should have done without you, Dolly," he said; "I was an awfully selfish fellow till you stirred me up by your example"—Tom was always frank, and never ashamed to own his faults ---" I don't wonder Blakesley was so spoony

"But he liked me before I ever tried to work," she answered; "he doesn't care for me now;" and her face flushed as she spoke of him, and hid for the moment the careworn expression which had lately crept over it.

"I think he cares for us all now as much as he does for you," said Sally, looking up and kissing her sister's cheek; and the in-nocent words had a sting in them the child never dreamt.

"I don't see where we can send papa," she said; "it is so difficult to move him, and we have so little money; I think we had better consult Mr. Blakesley." And when he came that evening (he had returned a week before) they called him into the sitting room (for he was going straight up to Mr. Woodward), and asked him how he thought it could be managed. They all had faith in George Blakesley.

"I think you had better wait a bit," he said, "and let him get stronger before you try to move him. By the way, a friend of mine has bought the lease of the old house at Hampstead, but he is not going to live in it just yet.'

"I hate him !" said Tom. " Why, pray?"

"Because we all must hate any one who lives in our dear old house," said Dorothy, the tears rushing to her eyes.

"Now, I have some more news for you, Dorothy. Your friend, Mr. Fuller, has returned, and called on me to ask your address. He is coming to see you." The children brightened up at the news, but Dorothy jurned away and looked quietly out of the window. George Blakesley followed her up. "I thought you would be pleased to see your old friend again," he said; "and he was quite anxious to hear all about you."
"Yes!" she said.

"You won't see me so often when he comes, for I am going to get a friend to live with me, and I have a great deal of

work also, and have little time."
"I see," she answered; and she thought. "He does not care to come now. He only does it out of kindness."

"You are not looking well lately, Dorothy. What is the matter?"
"Nothing much," she answered, "only papa's being ill worries me of course. Mr. Blakesley, is there anything else, excepting work and helping others, for which we may work and helping others, for which we may live—any happiness we may distinctly try to gain? Do you know," she went on, looking up into his face, "I get so tired sometimes, and feel as if I want some grand mental rest and sunshine."

"Talk to Aunt Milly, Dorothy; she will

tell you better than I can." And he turned away coldly, and wont up stairs.
"Ah," thought Dorothy, bitterly, "once, when I did not value it, I had his love, but when I the long winter months, when sor-dues not care for me a bit!" And so it was in the long winter months, when sorrow came to her and she had no one else on whom to lean, Dorothy had learnt to sweet.

see and to recognize all the nobleness in George Blakesley's character, to see and feel how kind and thoughtful and loving he could be, and to give him that thorough respect which is the foundation of all thorough love. He was no dreamer, who lived in long dreams of which he made himself the here, no sluggard, pining for ease, and without ambition save to earn enough to maintain himself, content to die without leaving the world one whit better for his life having been in it. No solfish weak man was Goorge Blakesley, but a noble, upright, God-fearing one, whom to know thoroughly, and to love as Dorothy in these her days of sorrow and striving was learning to love him, was in itself an incentive to well-doing. And this is in a measure a test of all our characters, the effect which we have on those who love us; for as we are, so, in a measure, we make those who lean upon us; and a woman who cares for a man greater and better than herself cannot love vainly, for even if she does gain his love in return, yet in the mere effort to become worthy of him, she teses a part of he old self in his nobler nature, and turns away from all baser lower ones to strugglo towards the height he has gained.

It seemed to Dorothy as if all George Blakesley's love for her went with his engagement to her. At any rate he had shown no sign of it since, and he had often almost pointedly spoken of Adrian Fuller, till she wondered if he knew or guessed of her old fancy for him. His manuor piqued her sometimes. He could not have had a very strong regard for her, she thought, if he could so soon forget the old footing and be content with the new. "When I did not want his love, and did nothing to de-serve it, I had it," she said to herself that evening. "And now that I have at any rate tried to be more worthy of it, it is out

of my reach."
"My dear," said Miss Milly, the next
day," "Josephine is not well enough to
write to-day. She is ill and loverish, and day," "Josephine is not we'll enough to write to-day. She is ill and loverish, and obliged to keep to her room. Sit down and talk to me a little while, will you. I am all alone." Dorothy was fonder of her than of either of her sisters, and sat contentedly down at her feet. "Would you mind telling about yourself and George, Dorothy?" she asked; "I never liked to ask you, but I have so often wondered why it was broken off!"

Then, without any reserve, Dorothy told her the entire story. "Strange," said the old lady, when it was finished, "that he should have got over it so completely as he scems to have done. He told me this merning that you had an old friend returned from abroad, and that he thought you and he liked each other."

"Oh no, Miss Milly!" Yet the crimson also in her fees decired the old lady.

"Oh no, Miss Milly!" Yet the crimson color in her face deceived the old lady. "I think you are right, George," she told her rephew next time he came. "Dorothy is in love with the artist." He made no is in love with the artist." He made no answer, but his visits to his old friends ceased almost altogether as soon as Mr. Woodward was sufficiently recovered to be down stairs again.

Miss Josephine was very ill—obliged to keep her bed for days, and unable to see any one. At last, when she partly recovered, she sent for Dorothy.

"I should like you to read to me," she said; and from that day, instead of writing, Dorothy sat by her side every afternoon and read aloud.

"My dear Dorothy," she said, one even ing, "I have often heard about you from my nephew, but I don't know much about your religious opinions; 1 should like to hear what they are." "Ob, Miss Josephine," she answered. "I

could not really explain them.' "Is religion a comfort to you? for that is what it should be."

"I don't know, Miss Josephine. I don't think I trouble very much about it, to tell

the truth."
"But you should, my dear. I fancy you want a secret friend, some one to go to for counsel and help, and sympathy and love; this has often struck me. Go to your Saviour and your Bible, dear; there is no friend like Him, no comforter like His Word; all others may fail, but these never. Don't let your religion or your love for your God be a task or a mere matter of duty; make it the thing nearest and dearest to your heart, until it becomes your staff and support and strength in everything and through anything. There is no thing and through anything. There is no happiness like this, my dear. It takes the bitterness from every sorrow, and gives you hope no mortal has power to dim or deprive you of, and it gives you not merely something to live for but to die for. I don't think I shall get well again, Dorothy; my strength seems failing daily, and I wanted to say this to you. Now kiss me, dear." And for the first time Dorothy kissed Miss Josephine's handeome face. 'I wish you had married George, dear. He will never have any one now—he seems to have given up all idea of it." From that time she failed; Dorothy never had another talk with her, though day after day she sat

by her side reading to her or watching.
"Dorothy," she said one evening, "are you h re?

"Yes, Miss Josephine."

"Yes, Miss Josephine.
"I want my sisters."

"We are here," they answered; and she held out her hands, but could not speak.

"Dorothy," she called, faintly, an hour later, "tell George I told you of the best friend for you, your Saviour. Make Him your friend, dear."

'Yes, Miss Josephine," said Dorothy, awed, and her heart solemnly repeating the premise.

"There is none other like Him," she murmured, and then Tortoiseshell turned her face to the wall and died royally.

CHAPTER XXXIV. -- NETTA'S LETTER.

Dorothy never forgot those dying words of Tortoiseshell's as long as she lived. Out of love for the kind old lady at first and for His own sake at last, she thought of that friend who "never failed," and so gradually the gap in the girl's life filled up, and new and holier thoughts took the place of the old ones, and Dorothy was no longer lonely, and would never be so again. She had found something now to dream about and think of, something which ueither spoilt her life nor stayed her energies, but which made all labour easy and all self-sacrifice

"Do you know, Dorothy, you have grown so protty lately," Sally said one day, as she looked up into her sister's truthful brown eyes, that had sometimes a far-off look in them, which the child only dimly understood then. "You are far prettier than

"Oh no, Sally," sho said, "Netta was a

" Well, so are you; and Mr. Fuller thinks so too now." The quick colour came to Dorothy's face. Adrian Fuller was always at her side again. Mo resumed his old footing in the family, even in the shabby lodging. His old footing with all but Dorothy. She was never the same, and never that the shabby lodging that the same are the same, and never the same are the rothy. She was never the same, and never could be again. She always remembered the summer days which had been so bright, and those dreary ones that followed, and above all the terrible day, in which he had all but accused her of the feeling he had himself fanned and encouraged, and that still more terrible evening when she had flung his meanness in his teeth. No, she could never be the same again. Her heart beat quicker when he came, the color rushed to her face when he entered a room where she was, and her eyes drooped be neath his gaze. The fearless, frank little Dolly, who liked him in former days, and felt no shame in owning it, had vanished and the Dorothy he knew now was a shy sweet maiden, who worked hard and la-boured, not for her own happiness but for the happiness of those around her, and who seemed to have some world of her own far away from his, and which raised her above and beyond him. She had a fascination now for him that Netta in all her glorious beauty had never possessed—a beauty which is as different as that which appeals to the senses only as is the flash of diamonds from the light of stars, a beauty which we feel rather than behold, and which brings all our better nobler feelings into play, until in struggling towards the light wo long to reach we leave our baser selves behind. So gradually Adrian Fuller learned to love Dorothy Woodward. But she never guessed it. Sho was too much engrossed with the work her hands had found to do and the new hereiness had found to do, and the new happiness her heart had found to dwell upon. And yet there was something still wanting in the girl's life, something that made her creep away sometimes, and sob and fret, and pray that she might have strength to put away all longings from her heart, and content with that happiness only which is to be found in the happiness of others.

They had not been many months in the shabby rooms befor Dorothy received a characteristic letter from Netta in answer to the one she had written telling her of the family misfortunes. The Boauty was vex-ed. "I am very sorry for you all," she wrote; "but it is of no use telling me these things. It only makes me unhappy, and I did not at all like my husband knowing that my people were obliged to go into lodgings, and my sister to teach the children of an obscure doctor. Now, I have a good bit of news for you: Robert (Robert was the elder brother, who was stationed within a few miles of the Beauty) seemed quite touched miles of the Beauty) seemed quite touched with the account of the family troubles, and its going to write by this mail, making over the interest of the thousand pounds left him by grandpapa to you until better days shall dawn. This is very generous of him, though of course he is well off, and can aftered it. I wish I could have done the same ford it. I wish I could have done the same, but have too many things to buy, for in this place one is obliged to dress so much, and my husband is so absurd, and never understands this. I hope you will get one and some of this because you will get one, and soon get into a house again. We must be in England again next year, for this climate does not agree with me at all. I wish you were here, Dorothy; you would soon get off. You will believe this when I tell you that a girl who came out in the same steamer as ourselves, not at all pretty, and with very provincial manners, has already had four offers of marriage. This will show you what an excellent hunting-ground there is here, and how different is the conduct of the men from the indifference which they sometimes exhibit in England."

CHARTER XXXV .-- CHANGES.

She was sitting talking with George Blakesley about the old house at Hamp-

"My friend wants to let it," he said. "My friend wants to let it," he said,
"and wants hardly any rent for it, merely
a nominal one, so that his house is
taken care of, and the garden—he likes
your garden, Dorothy—is left undisturbed.
It will be the best thing you can do to take
it. I will manage the getting it entirely
for you." She almost trembled with emotion. The happiness of going back into
the old house seemed too great a one to
bear.

"But we have no furniture now," she

eaid. "I know; I thought of that," he answered. "But I have given up the actuary business, and think of going abroad for two or three years.'

"Two or three years?"
"Five or six perhaps. I want change, and rest and time to work." There was and rest and time to work." There was such a weary tone in his voice, it made Dorothy's heart ache, and yet her lips were tied, and he did not notice row pale she had grown when he told her of his intention to grown when he told her of his intention to go away, and never even guessed how much he was unconsciously throwing from him. "I am going away," he continued, "and I thought that perhaps you would not mind taking charge of my furniture. It could be moved immediately, if you wouldn't mind this. It would save me wouldn't mind this. It would save me the trouble and expense of warehousing it, and be really a kindness;" and he looked as if he were asking a favour at her hands. She understood him though, and her eyes filled with tears. "It would make me so happy if you would, Dorothy," he added, in his quiet pleading voice.

She understood him, and answered, simply, "Very well, Mr. Blakesley," and so it were arranged.

so it was arranged.

Then an idea occurred to him.
"Suppose," he said, "we kept this little affair to curselves, and got the house ready, and then pretended to take them out one fine afternoon, and drove them back to the old house.

She clapped her hands with glee.
"Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "Oh yes!
only let's tell Tom!" So Tom was told,

and made joyful demonstrations there-

upon.
"He's a regular brick." he said to Dorothy, when they were alone. "Can't think what he sees in us to be so good. Why, he's the sort of fellow who does things not merely because it pleases him, but because he thinks he ought to be good to his fellow-creatures." The color went slowly out of Dorothy's face, and then came rushing

"Tom," she said, "do you think that is why he has done this? If so, I would a thousand times rather

"No, don't be a donkey," said Tom.
"But he is an awfully good follow. Why, last year, Doll, I got into no end of a mess about that beast of a beat, and was awfully in debt, and at last I told Blakesley, and asked him to lond me some tin, and he wouldn't."

"Well?" asked Dorothy, not seeing that

Well?" asked Dorothy, not seeing that this story was redounding to the honour and glory of the once interloping Blakesley.

"He said it would ruin me if I began borrowing money; it ruined almost every fellow who tried it on; and so he wouldn't unless he found I absolutely couldn't pull through without; then he investigated overything, and bullied me well, and helped me, and got me all straight [again, and went down to the office, and made them keep me on. Blakesley's an awful brick, I mean to say, and I shall be as 'glad as possible to see his old spider-leg chairs and crockery about the place."

"Yes," see said; "but if he only does it

"Now, look here, Doll, I think you ought to know him well enough to leave his motives alone, and trust to their being being the state of the Parising all right, I do, at any rate. Besides, think how the old folks will kick with delight at going back to the old place; you have no business to do them out of that

pleasure, just because you have taken an idiotic notion into your head."

"No," she said, after a pause, "you are right, I haven't." And so the matter was settled; but Dorothy was not happy about The fact is, Dorothy was not happy at all; the long strain on her energies had tired her, and her face was getting worn and thin. George Blakesley noticed the difference.

"You want rest," he said; "rest, and quiet, and freedom from care, and I think

you work too hard."
"Oh no," she said; "I shall be well again soon."
"You must try," he said, cheerily, "and now I want to tell you something. I go out of my house to morrow, so you can have the things moved in. My servants will help you, and Tom says he means to work hard at it, because, of course, you have your teaching to do in the day. Then when all is ready you can give every one a surprise; and, Dorothy, make your father and mother understand that they are really doing me a kindness in taking charge really doing me a kindness in taking charge of the things. And I don't think I shall be round again, for I am going down to Oxford to visit some old friends in the morning, and I shall not be back till the day before I start for America."

"Not be back! Shan't see you again, then?" Her face was blanched with a

then?" Her face was blanched with a sudden fear, and her heart stood still with then?

a faint sick feeling.

"In a year or two."
"Yes, but come and see us before you

go," she plasded.
"No," he answered, so coldly that she felt her pride coming to the rescue, and could not ask again. "I shall have so little time, and must say good-bye to my aunts. I wish you would go and see them sometimes," he added, as if asking a favor at her hands.

"Yes," she answered, "I will." "T shall come and see you all as soon as

I come back, from America I mean. I am only going for a few years, you know. I shall find you all in the old house, I hope;" he said this when he was taking a final leave; "or, at least, most of you. Perhaps you will be married."
"It no, never."

"All that is what they all say," he an-wared, with a wintry sort of smile. "But swered, with a wintry sort of smile. "But I hope you do not mean it, more than the rest. I should like to see you happy, Dorothy. She understood him now. He wanted

her to understand that he no longer took an interest in her. "Thank you," she answered, almost haughtily; "I will let you know when

the event is likely to take place." (To be Continued.)

Evils of Gossip.

I have known a country society which withered away all to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to jelly, and then ran away to water, only because of this: love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as stable as truth, evap-orated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this; a father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them; and a husband and his young wife, each strain-ing at the heated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal, and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions; but woe-ful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and dis-traction, most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the inno-cent all the burden and the strain of demonetrating their innocence, and runishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruelest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.—All the Year Round.

Scientific and Aseful.

CHEESE PIE

Four eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cup. ful sweet cream, two-thirds cupful butter, one spoonful flour. Nutmog to taste.

BREAKFAST PUFFS.

One half-pint of milk, one pint flour, two eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, or two of cream, and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake in hot roll pans. TO CURE TONGUES.

Four quarts salt, two quarts molasses, six ounces saltpeter, three gallons water. Boil and skim the ingredients, and when cold pour over the tongues.

CORN STARCH CAKE.

One and a half cupfuls sugar, one and a half cupfuls flour, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful cornstarch, one-half cupful sweet milk, yolks of six eggs. Flavor with nutmeg. One teaspoonful baking powder, TO WASH CALICOES.

In washing calicoes in which the colors are not fast, be careful not to boil them, but wash in the usual way with soap, and rinse with hard water. For dark colored rinse with hard water. For dark colored goods, add a little salt to the water; for light, a little vinegar.

A SUGGESTION IN WASHING CLOTHES. Before putting soiled clothing into the wash tub it should always be well shaken, to free it from dust, which would otherwise be fixed on the cloth or mixed with the

water, thereby increasing the labor of wash. ing or rinsing. CARBOLIC ACID AND HOUSE PLANTS.

Several of my nice geraniums began to look sickly, and, upon examination, I found little worms at the roots. I applied a 50. lution of weak carbolic acid quite freely to the earth, and found it restored the plants to health and beauty in a very short time. It will also kill lice upon the stalks, if applied with a swab or feather to the plants, without injuring the foliage.

BAR ACHE.

There is scarcely any ache to which children are subject so bad to bear and difficult to cure as the ear ache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it, dip in sweet oil, and insert it into the ear. Put a flaune! bandage over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

The following recipe has been used by some of our subscribers with wonderful re-sults, and we publish it with the hope that it may prove equally efficacious to others: Take one quart of water, he it until it simmers; then add six ounces of sugar. When the sugar is melted, add two ounces of iodide of potassa. When dissolved, cork up for future use. For a dose, a table-spoonful before each mean is sufficient for an acult.—Herald and Presbyter.

TO PICKLE RED CABBAGE.

Ohoose a medium sized fresh red cabbage; tear off the coarse outer leaves; quarter it; remove the stalk; cut the cabbage into slices of about the third of an inch in thickness; place in a bowl; stew amongst it two good handfuls of salt; letthe whole stand for twenty-four hours, stirring it once or twice; drain it as dry as possible; place it loosely in wide-mouthed ars, and fill up with strong raw vinegar, adding pepper corns, capsioums, pieces of ginger or what other spice you may fancy. By adding a few slices of beet root amongst it will make it a beautiful color, besides being a nice addition to the pickles.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.

Dr. R. H. Alnatt writes to the London Times: "The late lamentable accident on board the Thunderer, at Portsmouth, recalls to my recollection a remedy for burns or scalds, which was suggested to me some years ago by Lord Ebury. As an old medical man, and from personal observation, I can vouch for its efficacy, and, in the absence of professional assistance, the application may prove of inestimable value. The remedy is simply this:—The common whiting of commerce, reduced by cold water to the consistence of cream, is to be spread on a light linen rag, and the whole burned surface instantly covered, and thus excluded from the action of the air. ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by subsequent occasional sprinkling of cold water."

THE SPARE BED. One rule ought to be invariable every good housekeeper; that the bed in the guest chamber shall never be "made," except when it is to be directly used. Let it lie fallow between whiles, and turn the mattresses every few days, with all precaution against dampness gathering on them. Then when put in order with fresh sheets and blankets having the dry heat of the kitchen fire in them, there will be small risk of that chill which travallars dread. the kitchen fire in them, there will be small risk of that chill which travellers dread. We repeat it, a room kept undamped, sweet, and sun-wholesome, with a dry bed and plenty of well-aired bedelothes, is within the reach of the humblest to give their guests; and is all that sensible visitors ask. It is better than a hot stove in the room, or hot bottles, jugs, or indiarniber grannies in the head: and whose rubber granuies in the bed; and whose complains of this—let him complain.

CLEANSING BLANKETS-BORAX. It is quite as important to have the blankets on our beds clean as to have the sheets pure and white. "Put two large tablespoonsfuls of borax and a pint bowled soap suds into a tub of cold water. When dissolved, put in a pair of blankets, and let them remain over night. Next day rub and drain them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters, and hang them out to dry-Do not wring them." But this is not the only domestic use to which borax may be only domestic use to which borax may be put. Borax is the best cockroach externinator yet discovered. This troublesome insect has a peculiar aversion to it, and will never return where it has once been restricted. tered. As the salt is perfectly harmless human beings, it is much to be preferred for this purpose to the poisonous substance commonly used. For cleaning the hair nothing is better than a solution of borat water. Wash afterwards with pure water, if it leaves the hair too stiff. Borax dissolved in water is also an excellent dentification or tooth-wash."