

houses and examined the swelling buds of the single grape that struggled for existence in the scant soil; middle-aged men in dark counting-rooms turned the pages of their huge ledgers with an indolent and weary air, while younger clerks examined fondly their fishing-rods before going down to business, and talked all the way of trout brooks and snipe-shooting.

This strength of hope, the vivifying influences of the glowing sun, penetrated even to the sick-room of that quiet house in C— Street, and the wounded man was quite as generously happy in the prospect of his daughter's having a holiday as she was glad of a little relief from her vigil. She was happy and buoyant, but Walter found it hard to disguise his seriousness.

Their destination reached, they drove at once to the school on the edge of the pretty town. One of the pupils was playing upon a piano and singing in the next room to the reception parlor as they sat down, and the sweet girlish voice at once attracted Hilda's attention in a marked manner. Condon was regarding her closely, for he had arranged with the principal of the school that Elsie should sing at that time as she was doing, but he did not guess to what arts the music teacher had been compelled to resort to carry out the plan. Now Walter was watching to see whether Hilda would recognize the voice. He had not long to wait. Hilda turned to him with an eager gesture and swimming eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Condon, if I thought it possible, I should say that was Elsie's own voice!"

Then a light seemed to break in upon her—a light that radiated her countenance, and she cried out, "Who is it who is going to tell me about her? Is it—oh, is it she herself?"

There was no time for Walter to reply, for Elsie, little thinking who was awaiting her, and little caring, so delighted was she with the thought that her "brother" had come to visit her—Elsie, bright and winning, sparkling with the zest of study and keen enjoyment of existence—came running into the room.

She was thinking solely of Walter, but she saw some one else—a lady she could not find a place for in her recollection, yet whom she was intuitively certain belonged there, though whose face she had never seen. It was a dim, truly, but now reached farther than a moment ago. All this was instantaneous, an impression rather than a ratiocination, for before she had half checked her impetuous entry she saw this lady leap up, saw her reach out her arms, heard her cry, "Elsie!"

Then she knew her, and only saying, "Hilda!" was folded in her embrace.

Time swept on. Mr. Brand was won back to life through the inspiration of Elsie's return, as he had been sent astray by the culmination of his misfortunes in her disappearance. And not this only, but won back to sobriety. He seemed to remember only vaguely, as a disturbed chaotic dream, the life that he had led in the gutters of Washington and New York, shielding bitter tears over the disgrace he had brought upon his noble daughter, the brutishness and evil he had done. He himself sought excuse in the plea of insanity, but the more he learned of Mr. Brand, the more Walter became convinced that the unaccountable degradation of the old man—aged in tribulation rather than in years—proceeded from aberration of a brilliant mind unstayed by strong principles and impotent to endure sorrow.

His strength restored, Mr. Brand was glad to accept a position as proof-reader on one of the daily newspapers, obtained with Walter's help, while Hilda returned to her reportage. They installed themselves in a cosy little home near Condon's and Elsie continued her studies. So when the spring had fully passed, and Elsie came home for her summer vacation, affairs were moving quickly and happily everywhere.

September came again, and a year, to a day from the time when Hilda Brand came to our office to get some work to do, when Walter had first met and frightened her, those two went up with Elsie to her school, and left her beginning another year of study. They returned to New York by a steamboat in the evening, and sat long on the deck, watching the romantic shores sweeping by them. It was Hilda's first voyage on the noble river, and Walter interested her greatly by his graphic accounts of the villages and cultured housewifery that lie on the banks. But the deepening night and the passengers leaving the deck made her suddenly rise and say, "Shall we not go in?"

"Is it not too pleasant?" he replied. "Besides, I have not finished my cigar."

"Very well, then," and quietly resuming her seat, she watched composedly the dancing path of the moon on the river—more composedly perhaps, than if she had seen the intense, passionate look in the face of the man at her side, his cigar hanging idly from his fingers, his eyes on her countenance.

At last, with a half-trembling dread of the silence that had fallen between them she turns, with downcast eyes, and says, "You have been very, very noble and true to me and mine. How can I ever pay you?"

She does not anticipate the answer that comes with startling quickness:

"I ask a great price—even the gift of yourself; and having trusted me before, will you not trust me now?"

The burning blushes and the sweet eyes raised timidly to his do not say him nay.

THE END.

One of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

DAMP CLOSETS.—For a damp closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in it a saucer full of quicklime, and it will not only absorb all apparent dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight, or as often as it becomes slaked.

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES,—This month I purpose giving you a descriptive letter I have just received from one of my nieces. This lady had gone to visit some friends in the neighborhood of a little village about 20 miles from Ottawa. It is called the Carp, and some of the people are rather notorious as being very drunken and bad. Whilst there a fire, which originated in an unoccupied building, and could hardly have occurred unless an incendiary had been at work, broke out and burnt down in one night no less than thirteen houses and shops—the greater part of the village in fact, leaving many poor beings destitute and homeless. There was one poor old man and his wife, nice, kind and respectable people, who were burnt out in the fire and left penniless and homeless.

The owner of a tavern which was burnt down, dragged a barrel of highwines down into a deep gully near his house for safety. Some wretches, ever ready for such a chance, discovered it, and after some hard but eager work, opened it. Some procured tin cups, others drank it from the barrel or anyway, they did not care how, as long as they got it, and in a short time the place was filled with these brutal men, drinking the fiery stuff. We are told, as we may imagine that it was, a most fearful scene. The red flames of the burning houses all around lighting up the pit, as it were, where these wicked wretches were jumping about in a mad state with the liquor. My correspondent now goes on to say she has returned to her home, which is on an island. "Our house is in a very exposed situation on rather high ground, which slopes down a hundred yards perhaps to the lake, and the windows on the west side of the house, which open to the lake, are sometimes burst open with the winds. We have those horrid French windows and they are not very tight, so that the rain comes pouring in when it storms. My bedroom is on that side, and last night we had to fill our windows with everything we could lay hold of to soak up the water. If there is one thing I hate more than another, it is to jump out of bed on a cold night and go and pile things on the window sill. I think it would be far better to listen to the drip, drip, drip of the falling water down on the floor; really it is rather a comfort to know that the ceiling of the room below is being ruined; it's a pleasure to feel that you're not alone in being unfortunate. Now, my dear Minnie May, let nothing ever induce you to take up your abode on an island for more than a summer.

"Your niece,

"FANNIE."

We are very pleased to hear from you, Miss Fannie, and hope you will continue your descriptive correspondence. We would be glad to hear from more of our nieces, and to insert their letters in the paper when interesting.

MINNIE MAY.

Answers to Inquirers.

ALICE MAUD.—Yes, it would be quite improper; it is the gentleman's place to ask you to correspond.

COUNTRY GIRL.—Gold necklaces and chains, large gold bracelets and pendent locket, are not generally worn by ladies who know how to dress in the style demanded by the best society. Very little jewelry is worn by people of taste, except on occasions demanding full dress.

OMERA.—Pedestrians should always keep to the right. It would be polite to raise your hat to the lady that your friend, with whom you are walking, bows to; when shaking hands with a lady or gentleman older than yourself you should rise. To remain sitting is a decided breach of courtesy.

MARQUITA.—Any handsome black mantle or dolman can be appropriately worn with your dresses, either of silk or nun's veiling. A handsome black wrap of medium weight is always useful. A little dash of Strah ribbon on your black lace and jet beaded bonnet will brighten it sufficiently for fall wear. Furry felts and plush beaver bonnets will not be worn by fashionable women until after the 1st of November. Linen collars will always be fashionable with plain cloth, flannel or serge dresses.

LILY MAY.—Is it proper for a lady to ask a gentleman friend home to dinner with her when she is boarding at a private house? Also, is it proper for the gentleman to offer to pay for his dinner?—the lady having obtained permission to invite him. ANS.—It all depends on circumstances. As a rule young ladies should not give invitations to gentlemen. An elderly or married lady may do so, and when boarding in a private house of course no lady should invite friends without asking permission from the lady of the house. The gentleman should not offer to pay, but the lady would afterwards do so when settling her own bill. Some landladies decline to be paid for the occasional meals given to their boarders' friends, but boarders should always offer to pay until they know their landlady's views on the subject, and if she will not be paid the guest is of course as much hers as that of her boarder.

RECIPES.

BREAD SAUCE.

Two ounces of bread, one-half pint of milk, one onion, six pepper corns, one salt-spoonful of salt, one-half gill of white stock.

SUET CRUST.

One pound of flour, six ounces of beef suet, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half pint of cold water.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Five apples, twelve ounces of flour, four ounces of butter, one ounce of sugar, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one and one-half gills of cold water, one salt-spoonful of salt.

APPLE BUTTER.

"Apple butter that will keep may be made, as follows: Reduce a kettle of sweet cider about one half by boiling it down. Pare, core and quarter good sound apples while the cider is boiling. Add as many apples as the boiled cider will take, and cook until the fruit is thoroughly mashed and of a uniform color. Let the boiling go on briskly, and the stirring without cessation to prevent the mass becoming attached to the bottom and sides of the kettle and then burning. When nearly done flavor with spices to suit the taste. Apple butter is not done so long as the cider rises to the surface. When thoroughly cooked it should be thick and smooth as hasty pudding."

Our Recipe for Curing Meat.

As the season has arrived when curing meat is in order, we publish as of old, our famous recipe for curing beef, pork, mutton, hams, &c., as follows:—

To one gallon of water,
Take 1½ lbs. of salt,
1 lb sugar,
1 oz. saltpetre,
1 oz. potash.*

In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold pour it over your beef or pork. The meat must be well-covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface-blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this receipt is strictly followed, it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over the common way, or most ways, of putting down meat, and will not soon be abandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy and freshness of color. —[Germantown Telegraph.]

*Omit the potash unless you can get the pure article. Druggists usually keep it.