

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXIX.—DOROTHY REFLINETS.

"It is such a lovely morning," sighed Dorothy; "no one would think it was the end of October; and I should so like to go and sit a little while in the garden, with a cloak round me." I am so tired of trying to work, and doing nothing to do. And, after all, I never shall like work, and I cannot see its wonderful virtue, unless I gain money by it to help poor papa. Somehow," she said, with a sigh, "I think Mr. Fuller's idea of happiness was the right one—just enough to live on, and nothing to do."

She gathered a shawl round her, and then struggled against her longing to go and be quiet, and the feeling that she ought to find other things to do.

"I am very selfish," she said, presently—"very! I wish I could cure myself. I wonder what George Blakesley saw in me to love! It is so odd, too," she thought; "but since I have tried to work and to do better, I don't think he has cared so much for me. His love seems to be dying out, and I do not wonder at it. I am very, very selfish."

"Dorothy, will you come into my study?" called Mr. Woodward. I want to speak to you, my dear! I am not well."

So she laid down the book she had taken up, and threw aside her shawl, and went.

"Come here," he said, as she entered, "and sit down. You have been such a good girl lately, dear; I don't know what we should have done without you!"

And Dorothy's heart gave a throb of satisfaction.

"I want to talk to you, you know, about how things have gone lately at the office; I fear they are worse even than we imagined. Hunter, the manager, in whom we trusted thoroughly, has been playing us false, and the paper has gone altogether to smash. I thought perhaps something might be saved, but I see now it is impossible. I shall be in the *Gazette* next week, I suppose, and these things will have to be sold."

"Hold dear," he said, "I have been thinking that perhaps you and your mother had better go into some cheap lodgings before the crash comes. You must comfort her as well as you can, dear, and manage everything, for there is no money. The lease of this house will be sold, of course."

"And shall we never come back here?"

"I suppose not," he said, and turned sadly away; and she saw that there were tears in her father's eyes. "I wish I had settled your mother's money on her, and never risked it in this business. I shall never forgive myself as long as I live, but I did it for the best, and of course I have my children to think of, and I wanted to make some provision for you."

The words fell on Dorothy's heart like a reproach. He had ruined himself, hoping to provide for his children, and she had been dreaming her life away, and Tom had been spending his money in pleasure. She would make no promises, she thought, but things should be different in future, and she gave a long sigh, and thought how different her life might have been.

"I could never separate my dreams from my realities," she thought, "and sufficiently realise the latter."

"Do you think you could find some cheap lodgings, dear?" Mr. Woodward asked. "I want your mother to be out of this place by Saturday. It would distress her so to see all our things sold. You must get some furnished rooms for us. As cheap as possible, and get all your clothes away, and you and your mother and Sally and the boys must get there as quickly as possible. I wish Will could go on with his school a little longer. There, that is all, dear. I am very unwell; I wish I was not obliged to go out!" he sighed.

Then Dorothy kissed her father tenderly, and went to think about how she should manage all he wished.

"And while he was in all this sorrow," she thought, "I was thinking of going to read my book and idle about in the garden. I wish I could see Mr. Blakesley, he would help me. Oh, to think we must leave this house!" and she tried vainly to keep back her tears. "It will seem like the end of a life to us all; for we shall never have such happy days again!" And she thought of the early summer days, and all the happy hours she had spent with Mr. Fuller. "Those were the happiest days of my life," she thought, "and they are all gone for ever."

CHAPTER XXX.—DOROTHY IN THE WORKSHOP.

Dorothy went out an hour later, and, after a long search, found some furnished rooms which she thought would do, and took them, subject to her mother's approval. They were shabby, dreary-looking rooms, near to St. John's Wood, but the best she could get at the price.

"I wonder if Mr. Blakesley will come and see us this evening," she thought again. "He promised to try and get me something—among his friends, too."

It was strange how she was learning to lean on the man she did not love. Suddenly, as she passed a shop, she saw, written on a card displayed in the window, "Wanted, a governess. A young lady required to teach three children English, French, and Music; inquire," etc.

"I wonder if I should do for that," she thought. And, after a long deliberation, she determined to go and try. The address given was only a little way off, and so it was not far to go. "I don't know what to say," she thought; and her hand shook as she knocked at the door, and her feet lagged painfully as she ascended the stairs to the little showy drawing-room to which the servant conducted her. Then she remembered how often George Blakesley had said that work was always honorable and noble, and all her courage came back, and with it a thought that almost made her joyful—she, going to try and work in earnest now, and help her poor weary father! She had found something to live for!

There was something in the manner and the face of the quiet brown-eyed girl that

interested the lady of the house, when she appeared. Dorothy was no longer the frightened dreamy child, as she sat and told what she could do, and explained that she had never been out before, but that circumstances had arisen which made her wish to work, and she was ready to do so.

"But I should only want you to come for three hours in the morning, and I only thought of giving twenty pounds a year," Mrs. Gibson said, half afraid that the dignified lady-like girl would scarcely condescend to teach the three children of a poor doctor's wife, who had a struggle to make things look better than they were. But Dorothy said she would willingly undertake the office, and so, when she left, after playing some snatches on the piano to the mother of her future pupils, it was with the knowledge that if, on enquiry, Mrs. Gibson found that all Dorothy said was true, she was forthwith to be installed, for three hours daily, as the governess of the small Gibsons. One thing she had stipulated—i.e., that she should be paid weekly.

"It will be a comfort to me," she said, frankly, feeling it neither shame nor a sin to confess what so many try to hide—poverty; "for I am very poor, and this money will be a great help."

How she walked home that afternoon Dorothy never knew. It seemed as if she trod on air, as if her heart danced so wildly that her feet could scarcely help keeping time, and walking was a trial, when she longed to run, as she would have done a year ago, reckless of all appearances.

"I am so thankful," she cried to herself, "I am going to work. I am no longer human lumber, as Mr. Blakesley said. I am going to work, and to be of use."

This was the burden of her thoughts. She had a right now to the light of the sun, and to watch the falling leaves, and to breathe the fresh air of that glorious autumn day, and to walk over the world's pleasant paths; for was she not one of the world's workers, a part of its great machinery, necessary to others, and entering into their views, and making them, or having now the power of making them, better?"

"And I will!" she thought, while the tears came into her eyes; "and if I cannot make one thing good and beautiful, I may make many others just a little better, and doing this, I shall be satisfied."

Yes, Dorothy had found something to live for at last, and unconsciously, she was beginning already in the world's great workshop to make one thing beautiful, and that one her own life. She caught sight of her home, and all the light died out of her heart, for she remembered the shabby lodgings to which they were to remove. Her father was out when she entered, and her mother was sitting sadly alone, grieving, as was her wont.

"Do you know we are going to leave here next week, Dorothy?" she asked.

"Yes, dear mamma!" and she told her of the rooms she had taken, and Mrs. Woodward's tears began to flow.

"I am sure it will kill me!" she sobbed, "and your poor father too. It is such a pity he was so thoughtless, and he is not well either. It is breaking his heart as well as mine. He is so scrupulous, too; he will give up everything we have, and won't let me keep a thing back, excepting our clothes."

"He is quite right, dear mamma."

"Yes, but I don't know what will become of us," her mother said, sadly. "We shall be starving when the winter comes."

"Oh no, mamma; oh no! we will all work. And, oh, dear mamma, I have got help already, and she threw herself down on her knees, and put her head down on Mrs. Woodward's shoulder, and told her about her pupils.

"And so—will help papa, and we all will, and take care of you dear, dear mamma!" and the pent-up feeling in her heart gave way, and the tears rained down her cheeks, as she felt her mother clinging to her; but yet it seemed as if the old self whispered and reproached her with all the past idle years.

"How could I be so selfish! oh, how could I!" she thought, bitterly. "Oh, if I could only become better!" she longed, till, in her eagerness, the words became almost a prayer.

"Oh, Dorothy dear!" said Mrs. Woodward, an hour later, "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Fuller came, while you were out. He has been in the West of England, but is going abroad soon, and came to say good-bye. He said he should write to you."

CHAPTER XXX.—TOM DECLARES HIMSELF.

It was a chilly evening, but they had wrapped themselves up well, and stood for the last time under the sycamore-tree, Dorothy in the midst, striving hard to keep back her tears. Sally made no effort to hide here, but let them fall freely. It was their last evening at Hampstead.

"I shall get some work to do," said Will.

"So shall I," said Sally.

"Should like to know what a shrimp like you could do?" Tom remarked, scornfully.

"I can draw men and women," said Sally.

"So you can, darling," said Dorothy; "and it is such a blessing to be able to say you can do even one thing. I wonder if Sally could earn anything. Men and women are things we like to see, even in pictures."

"Oh yes, we're mighty fond of ourselves," remarked Tom.

"Tom, how much are you going to give to dad out of your money?" asked Will.

"Mind your own business!" was the polite reply. "Dorothy, when do you begin to teach your brats?"

"You shouldn't call them brats," replied his sister. "I begin on Monday."

"Oh well, Sally and Will, you had better go in. You'll find Blakesley there."

"Mr. Blakesley there?" said Dorothy, almost eagerly.

"Yes; they'll tell you he is out here; so if he wants to see him he'll come."

She was anxious to see him to-night. She wanted to hear what he would say when she told him that she had got work; but she was ashamed to confess it, even to herself, and so she remained behind with Tom. She pulled her warm shawl closer round her, and stood waiting for him to speak; but he said nothing—only stood whistling in an uneasy sort of way to himself. So she sat down on the seat—the

dear old rickety seat on which she would never sit again perhaps, and began to day-dream. It was strange how much George Blakesley entered into her thoughts, now that he had, as far as was in his power, withdrawn himself from her life. She was so anxious that he should see that she was not the mere weak girl he had thought, and that she could put some real work and earnestness into her life, when the time came that they were really parted. She did not care for him, but she knew that his praise was a thing worth caring for, because he only gave it when it had been earned; and so she waited, and tried to imagine what he would say to her first real step in a right direction.

"Doll, in upon her thoughts, and slowly breaking in, said Tom, thoughtfully, 'do you know I think I'm a beast.'"

"Tom!" she almost screamed, in her surprise.

"So I am, Doll."

"Why?" she anxiously inquired.

"Because, dear, the dad's ruined, and we are all on the highway to the workhouse, and you have exerted yourself, and are going to teach brats, and Will talks about grinding, and even Sally wants to help. And I can't do anything, though. I have fifty pounds a year."

"But why can't you?"

"Because I kept that boat all the summer, and you know what a lazy lot we were, and how you and all of us used to hang about."

Dorothy winced beneath his words, though there was no thought of reproach in them.

"And so I used to get off easily, and pay another fellow to take some of my work, and he's made a lot of mulls somehow, and now I believe I shall get dismissed—sent off, you know. I owe a lot on the boat score, and here I am. I am a regular beast, Doll! Blakesley told me as much when I began, but I wouldn't take it."

"Oh, Tom, can't you work hard and relieve?"

"I mean to try. I'm not going to be outdone by a girl. I have got out of the boat business, that's one comfort. Look here, Doll, I shall let you manage my money in future, and I'll pay off as fast as I can, and get into something else, if I'm kicked out where I am, and make a good trade. Oh, here comes Blakesley, so I'd better go. Give us a kiss, Doll. I'm glad you are going to be married; we should have missed you awfully."

(To be continued.)

Food for the Nerves.

The mind and the body are closely united, and can only act by the same laws; whether action proceeds from the muscular centres and is invisible, or from the nervous system, and is visible—it is action produced by force generated within.

The German Professor Helmholtz has lately brought the calculations of the force that has to be engendered within our comprehension, and if such a force has to be maintained, it can only be done by nourishment of food. Food consists not only of organic, vegetable and animal matter, but also of air and water, and therefore a change of air is often invigorating to the nervous system. Our ideas of the mind's work are still very confused, for all nervous action is produced by exertion or waste of force. Grief is nervous exertion; joy is nervous exertion; despondency is nervous exertion; every thought is nervous exertion, and all this exertion wants maintaining and feeding. Whenever exhaustion appears, or so called nervous disorders, it is nothing else but the consequence of want of nourishment. Grief makes a greater claim on the nervous centres than joy, and it is exceedingly wrong to avoid food in grief. Despondency is nothing but the result of incomplete nutrition of the nerves, which give way under onward pressure; it is only necessary to be judicious and give good nourishment to desponding persons, such as will invigorate and prove of tonic value, and the nervous system will return to its natural elasticity. Despondency exhausts the nervous system greatly, for all thought is action, and desponding thought wastes more force than joyous thought. Nervous diseases are the consequences of continued waste of nervous action and incomplete nutrition, and require nothing but judicious dietetic treatment. All nervous disorders and so-called lunacy can be greatly affected by healthy and judicious food moulds the character and nourishes the brain.

CHAPTER XXXII.—"ANOTHER GOOD-BYE."

"Well, Dorothy," said George Blakesley, in his usual quiet voice, "are you holding a reception under the branches of your favorite tree?" Then he sat down by her side, and Tom went in-doors, and Dorothy told him about her pupils. He seemed pleased, but he gave her no praise, and she was disappointed. "You can do more than three hours' work a-day," he said, "and I have heard of something that would do for you, I think, but I do not know whether you would have the courage to accept it."

"Yes I should," she said.

"It is this. Aunt Josephine is writing a book, something about the better education of women, and she wants an amanuensis. You write a good hand, and she would only want you in the afternoon or evening."

"But I should be so ashamed to go; they must think so badly of me!" and she turned her face away.

"No, they don't do that," he answered in a low voice. "I know it would be awkward for you at first; the consideration is whether you ought or not to lose the work." She sat considering for a long time, and she answered slowly, "I ought not to lose it."

"Then I will speak to her about it this evening," and he rose to go.

"Are you going now?" she asked. She thought he had meant to sit by her side and talk to her, as he used a month since, but he answered almost distantly, if not coldly, "Yes; I promised to be at my aunt's by seven; and, Dorothy"—he turned round and looked at her face for the first time that evening—"I shall see you again for some time. I am going away for three months."

"Going away?" she said, in dismay.

"What for?" He answered as if he resented the question, and she remembered suddenly that she had no right to ask it. "On business partly," he said, "and partly for health;" and then she, looking at his face, saw for the first time how worn it had grown, and how ill he looked; how all, save the kind blue eyes, seemed changed; she darted forward, and put her hand upon his arm.

"George, have you forgiven—?" but she stopped, and did not know what to do, for he stood and looked at her in surprise, and gently enough drew her hand away from his arm. "I will go and see Miss Josephine to-morrow," she said, meekly; "but shall I not see you again before you go?"

"No; I start for Paris to-morrow week. Good-bye, Dorothy."

"But you will come and see us before you go?"

"No, I shall not have time."

"Good-bye," she said, coldly, turning away to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Good-bye," he said, and went.

She returned to the seat under the sycamore-tree, and sat down. It was a terrible disappointment to her. She thought he would have been pleased, and have praised her. She felt as if half her efforts had been made to gain his approval; "and he could not have loved me very much," she thought; "for he seems to have forgotten all the past, and to have accepted the position of an ordinary friend quite contentedly—I wonder that he ever loved me at all, though."

She sighed. "Oh, my dear old sycamore, to think I shall never stand beneath you again!" And then she thought of the morning when Venus was buried, and all that had been since, and of the old vexed question. "I have answered that," she thought, "and found something to live for; but I wish life was not such a wearying thing—I am tired of it already."

She was so fond of the garden—she felt almost as if she could not leave it—there were so many memories bound up with it. But when she went in-doors at last she forgot the sycamore-tree, and the underwood, and the old seat, and Venus' grave, and every-

thing else; for there, awaiting her, was a letter.

"Mr. Blakesley took it in," said Sally, "and I told him it was from Mr. Fuller, for I know his writing."

"It is only to wish me good-bye," said Dorothy—"I was out when he came, you know." And she put it into her pocket. She executed all the little household duties, which lately she has taken on herself, and waited till she escaped for the night before she broke the seal of her letter. This was what he said:—

DEAR DOROTHY,—You were out when I came the other day, so we did not say good-bye. I shall only be away for a few months though, and when I come back my first visit will be to Dorothy, and perhaps she may have forgotten the past, or all in it that made her so angry. I think you were quite right to be angry, and I shall never forgive myself for all I said and did; but now—now that you are free, will you try and forgive me? My dear little Dorothy, I often think of the happy days we spent before Netta came and bewitched us all, and what excellent friends we were.

There is such a wild sea down on this rough Cornish coast; you would delight in it so. We are very much alike, Dorothy; I have often thought that, and we should both be content to dream our lives away in a place like this, I believe. I wish you were here. How could you be so foolish, child—I never forgot you—I was only fascinated. Before the spring comes I shall be back at Hampstead with you, and sitting under the sycamore-tree. Good-bye, child.—Yours ever, ADRIAN FULLER.

She looked up when she had finished reading it. It had made her heart beat and her fingers tremble, and the old feeling came rushing back, and Netta's words with it, that perhaps some day she should marry him; but the new feeling conquered it. "No," she said, "life is made for something better than dreams." Then she thought, with a sigh—"And I have no heart. I only love just my home people, and that is natural, but all my other feelings seem just to consist of restless longings and wishes, and something I do not understand."

The next day they left Hampstead, and in the afternoon Dorothy went to Miss Josephine's, and became her amanuensis.

(To be continued.)

Scientific and Useful.

BREWIS.

Place on the fire a pint or more of milk, according to the amount desired; let it boil a few minutes, then add a bit of butter, a pinch of salt and fine bread crumbs, enough to thicken it; heat through and serve.

A BEAUTIFUL SCARLET DYE FOR WOOLLEN.

One ounce pulverized cochineal; two ounces cream of tartar; two ounces of muriate of tin; one pound of cloth. Wet the cloth in weak soapuds. Put the cream of tartar into warm water sufficient to cover the cloth, and heat until it boils. Then stir in the cochineal, and afterwards add the tin, and dip your cloth instantly.

JOHNNY CAKE.

Scald the milk to be night; let it stand where it will keep slightly warm until morning; then, for any ordinary four quart panful, add sufficient sour milk to render the right consistency—generally a large teaspoonful is enough; saleratus, one tablespoonful; salt, at time of scalding the meal; if the meal is very fine, do not use boiling water.

A NICE DESSERT DISH.

Fill a quart bowl with alternate layers of thinly sliced apples and sugar, and add half a cup of water, covered with a saucer held in place by a weight; bake slowly three hours; let it stand until cold, and you will turn out a round mass of cleared slices, imbedded in firm jelly. For an accompaniment to a dessert of blanc mange, rennet custard, cold rice pudding, or similar dishes, or even with nice bread and butter, there is nothing nicer.

WHITE GINGERBREAD.

Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of flour, add half a pound of loaf sugar, which should be finely pounded and sifted, and the rind of one lemon very finely minced, one ounce of ground ginger and a nutmeg grated. Mix these well together; make one gill of milk just warm, stir in half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and work the whole into a smooth paste; roll it out into cakes, and bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes.

COCONUT PIE.

One-half pound grated cocoanut, six quarters of a pound of white sugar, three ounces of butter, five eggs (the whites only), two tablespoonfuls rose water, one teaspoonful nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar, beat till very light, and add the rose water; then add the cocoanut with as little and light beating as possible; finally, whip in the stiffened whites of the eggs with a few skilful strokes, and bake at once in open shells. Eat cold, with powdered sugar sifted over them. These are very pretty and delightful pies.

SUGAR KISSES.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, stir into this one-half pound of sifted white sugar, flavor to your taste. Lay it, when stiff, on heaps of white paper, each the size and shape of half an egg, and an inch apart. Place the sheet on tins, and put into a hot oven; when they turn a little yellow, take them out and let them cool five minutes. Take two kisses and press the bottoms gently together until they adhere, and so continue until all are prepared. They are very delicate and good, and look handsome.

TO COOK SALSIFY.

Anybody who is so fortunate as to have this excellent vegetable, will doubtless like it prepared thus:—Wash and scrape the roots; slice thin, salt and twenty minutes; season with butter, salt, and pepper, and turn into a large tureen, upon layers of buttered toast; or the soup may be served as usual, and eaten with oyster crackers; a bit of codfish cooked with the salsify increases its resemblance to the valuable beloved of epicures. For breakfast, make and mash; season, make up into cakes with a little flour, and fry in butter or lard.

DRINKING ICE WATER.

Water is undoubtedly the most wholesome beverage we can use, but there is a vast difference between water at a safe and natural temperature and the ice water which alone satisfies the abnormal cravings of the American throat. Let us by all means drink water, but let us decline to engender our health and degrade ourselves below the level of the beasts by drinking inordinate quantities of ice-water. There is not a single animal—except man—which ever dreams of contaminating wholesome water with ice. The ordinary water of the hydrant and the faucet satisfies the thirst of the wild elephant and the domestic cat. Poor fallen human nature, on the contrary, longs for ice, and gratifies its corrupt cravings at the cost of outraged stomachs and ruined teeth.

HOW TO BANISH FLEAS.

The Maryland Farmer gives the following useful receipt for exterminating fleas: The oil of pennyroyal will certainly drive these pests off; but a cheaper method, where the herbs flourish, is to throw your oats and dogs into a decoction of it once a week. Mow the herb and scatter in the beds of the pigs once a month. When the herb cannot be got, the oil may be procured. In this case, saturate strings with it and tie them round the necks of dogs and cats; pour a little on the back and about the ears of hogs, which you can do while they are feeding, without touching them. By repeating these applications every twelve or fifteen days, the fleas will flee from your quadrupeds, to their relief and improvement, and to your relief and comfort in the house. Strings saturated with the oil of pennyroyal and tied round the neck and tail of horses will drive off lice; the strings should be saturated once a day.

Let us comfort our hearts and brighten our lives with the sweet thought that God loves us, and out of His love springs His goodness to us. God's promise is to each of His children—"My God shall supply all our need." Something lies between us and our precious fulfilment. Perhaps we do not read it correctly. He does not say He will supply all our wants, but all our needs. We must learn the difference between wants and needs.

It is not one look, but the constant looking to Jesus, that sanctifies and comforts.

"Thou Lord wilt strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness"—i.e., strengthen him inwardly, as the outward man decays, so that he shall lie easy upon his bed, refreshed with the Lord's inward comforts, while the body is languishing. And when the body grows weak, when heart and flesh fail, when death approacheth, here is a cordial for the drooping spirit, "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our guide unto death. God shall be the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever." Blessed assurance! Oh! treasure it up, and praise the name of Jesus, who died to procure the application of these promises unto thee. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

—F. Meddock.