

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XIV.—COLONEL WADE'S WILL.

The next morning Dorothy and Tom and Sally and Will were all sent for. Their grandfather was dying, and wished to see his daughter's children once before he departed. So, with grave face and soft steps, they crept into his sick-room, and stood around his death-bed, and took their first and last look of the grandfather of whom they had often heard but never seen; and when the evening came, Colonel Wade was dead. Tom and Will and Sally went back to Hampstead, but Dorothy stayed with Netta, who was fretting, and afraid to be alone. It seemed so strange for those sisters, together for the first time in their lives for three consecutive days. Netta made Dorothy wait upon her, and Dorothy, who could not sorrow much for a relative she had only seen once, and was secretly happy in her own life, was only too ready to do her sister's bidding.

"I don't know what I shall do!" sobbed the Beauty. "No one will ever be like grandpapa to me; and now I shall have to come to that shabby house at Hampstead, unless grandpapa has left me some money!" "But, Netta, surely you are more grieved to lose grandpapa than your home!" "Yes, of course I am; but I shall so hate always being there; and it will ruin all my prospects, unless I let my friends visit me there, and then I shall be so ashamed!" "Netta, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Dolly, indignantly. "You ought only to think of grandpapa."

"So I do; but he is dead, and I live after him, and I must think of my life. If he has left me some money, of course it will alter things, then I could go and live somewhere."

"And not come home to us?" Dorothy didn't want her, but she was indignant. When Colonel Wade's will was opened, it was found that he had left his grandchildren, Robert and Netta Woodward, each £1,000, to his daughter Mrs. Woodward, £2,000 (which no one ever expected), and his household furniture, and the residue of his property to his sons. So the Woodwards were suddenly rich (as it seemed to them), and their shabbiness could vanish forever.

CHAPTER XV.—A FAMILY FIGHT.

"It has saved us from ruin," Mr. Woodward said, when he heard of his father-in-law's legacy. "The paper was going to the dogs. Now that we can put this money into it it will take out a new lease of life."

"We are not likely to lose it?" his wife asked, anxiously.

"Oh, no," he answered hopefully, and so the money was invested. Netta's money was settled so that she could only touch the interest, but Mrs. Woodward had absolute control over hers, and so, as confident in her husband as he was in himself, she placed it all at his disposal.

After the funeral and all the necessary arrangements were over, Dorothy returned to Hampstead again, and Netta with her; for when the Beauty found that her parents' circumstances were improved, and that all the belongings of her old home were to be used in making the shabby house smart, she ceased to demur.

"I shall invite all my friends to come and see me," she said; "and, of course, I shall marry soon; I dare say Sir George Finch would have proposed before this but for poor grandpapa's illness. I shall make a great deal, of course, and shall have to dress myself, and all that, instead of having a maid."

"Dorothy must wait on you, dear," her mother said; but Dorothy's eyes flashed. She would do anything in reason, she thought, but she did not intend to be her sister's servant.

They hardly knew the old house when it was covered with Colonel Wade's carpets, and decorated with his furniture. It seemed another place altogether, all but the study, and that Mr. Woodward refused to have touched, so the cosy room and faded chintz were left undisturbed.

"The garden must be done up," said Netta, "then the place will be much more presentable. I should like all that tall staring grass and rubbish at the end taken away, and the grass plot in the centre might have some more beds about it."

"It will spoil the place. I would not have the underwood cut away for the world!" said Dorothy.

"Your sister knows much better about these things than you do, Dorothy," Mrs. Woodward said, reprovingly.

"But it would never be the same if once a horrid gardener came and fiddled about in it. I should never care about reading there."

"You read too much, Dorothy, and get all sorts of notions into your head; why, don't you do something more feminine, some pretty fancy work, for instance?" but the tears were in Dorothy's eyes, and she could not answer. Tom did for her.

"Now you look here, Netta," he said, "if you think you are going to interfere here and make the place hot for Dolly, you'll find out your mistake. You may do fancy work yourself, but she isn't the sort of girl to make holes in a bit of rag and sew away at them, and call it embroidery."

"Much better than reading love-stories, Tom, dear," said the Beauty, in her softest tones; "they only put stupid notions into one's head, and make her think she's in love with Mr. Fuller, or he with her, which is so absurd."

"I believe he is much more in love with Netta," said Mrs. Woodward.

"In love with Netta!" exclaimed Tom, scornfully. "In love with a kangaroo, more likely!" For one minute the colour rushed to the Beauty's face, but she said nothing.

Dorothy carried the day with regard to the garden.

"Your sister may make the house look as glimmering as she likes," Mr. Woodward said, when she appealed to him, "but she shan't poach on the study or the garden. What has become of Fuller, Dorothy?"

"I suppose he has heard of our trouble, and has not liked to come yet," she answered. "I dare say he will soon."

CHAPTER XVI.—IN THE TWILIGHT.

Mr. Woodward became part proprietor as well as editor, on the strength of the money he invested in the paper. Another servant was added to the establishment at Hampstead, and Netta invited her friends to call, and persuaded her mamma to be at home one day a week, and fixed the dinner-hour at a later and more fashionable one than previously, and tried to polish up the family generally.

"We will have some musical parties in time, and Dorothy might learn to accompany me, or to play one or two nice pieces."

"I hate pieces one has to learn!" said Dorothy rebelliously.

"So do I," said Tom. "I hate people who go twiddle, twiddle, twiddle all over the piano, and making it sound as if it were a monster rattling its teeth."

"Tom!"

"So I do. Just as I hate people who think it so fine to get up to a certain note, and scream then. What is the use of it? It is not pretty, and it is not meritorious."

"What is not?" asked Adrian Fuller, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"Tom is so absurd, Mr. Fuller, and will talk about things he cannot understand. We were saying that some day, when we are happier, you know"—and she glanced down at her black dress and up at him, with a grave expression on her sweet face, for it was very sweet—"we might have some music."

"You were talking of parties," said Tom, bluntly, "only you didn't like to own it so soon after a funeral."

"Tom, you uncouth rascal, when will you learn manners?" asked Mr. Fuller, laughing.

"I thought you would never come again," Dorothy said, her heart beating, and her voice choked with shyness, for she felt that since that evening before Colonel Wade's death, she and Adrian Fuller had been on a different footing, but he answered quite unconstrainedly, "I did not like to come before, knowing you were in trouble. I have brought you 'Schiller,' Miss Netta."

"What for?" asked Dorothy.

"Why, to read, of course, you silly child."

"Let's come into the garden," said Tom, who seldom spent an evening off the river, and was impatient of any roof but the sky above his head.

"I don't think I can read it," said Netta, turning over the leaves of the book. "I shall want a dictionary."

"Yes, let's go into the garden," assented Dorothy. "Won't you come, Mr. Fuller?" but he was answering Netta.

"I'll bring you a dictionary to-morrow," he said, "and to-night you must use me as one. Yes, I'll come, Dorothy. Miss Netta, shall I get you a shawl?"

"No," she answered, gently, "I am not very strong just now. I shall go into the study, and read."

"Schiller?" Then let me come and be dictionary."

She looked up at him for a moment. He was very handsome she thought. She did not wonder Dorothy liked him, and there was something sympathetic in his manner. She wished Sir George Finch had been more like him; and she wondered if he should ever care much for any one.

Perhaps circumstances had been a little hard on her. She had been taught to think of herself and care for herself; even her grandfather, who had indulged her in every way, had yet been a selfish man, and unconsciously she knew it, and he had taught her to be selfish too. She had been brought up to think money and position everything, and she did think them everything, and yet for one moment, as she looked up at the artist, she understood her sister Dorothy for the first time in her life. "But it would never do for her to marry into poverty," she thought, "especially if Mr. Blakesley will have her."

"Don't you want to go with the others?" she asked; her voice was low, and graver than usual.

"No," he said.

"Tom, we will go into the garden together," said Dorothy; and she took her brother's hand, and they went out. "I wish I had something to care for very very much," she said, as they went down the pathway—that moss-grown pathway which Netta's influence was never to make neat and tidy. "I don't mean a human being, but something that never changed, and one could be quite certain of, you know."

"Why don't you keep a boat?"

"How can you be so absurd, Tom; I haven't any money."

"I'll treat you."

"Oh, no, Tom dear, a girl couldn't keep a boat. She might as well keep a white elephant!" and she laughed, with a touch of the old fun which used to be one of the secrets of her popularity with the boys.

"Then keep a cat or a parrot!" But she was looking back at the house, and saw that Netta and Adrian Fuller had entered the study, and were sitting by the window reading the German poet.

They came sauntering out into the garden an hour later, Netta with a shawl wrapped round her, and speaking in low tones to her companion. Dorothy did not hear what they were saying till they stopped in front of her.

"We are talking about the artist-folk, Dorothy," her sister said. "Why is it, I wonder, that as a rule, they have such beautiful wives? One seldom sees an artist with an ugly one."

"I can understand it," Adrian Fuller answered. "They have a greater love of beauty than the majority of other men; don't you remember Keats's celebrated line, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever'?"

"But human beauty soon fades," Dorothy said, gently. "There are a hundred things that have many summers—the simplest trees live and bloom, and are young with every year that comes; but human beings have only one youth, and then their beauty goes for ever." Netta shivered a little, and turned away with a touch of something vibrating through her that was almost feeling.

"It must be dreadful to outlive one's beauty in the eyes of those we love," she said.

"Love blinds one's eyes," he answered; "besides, it is something to create a picture for the memory of others, as beauty does."

"Must your wife be beautiful?" she asked. She drew her shawl round her, and

waited for his answer; and Dorothy stood still, her hands folded almost like one waiting to hear her fate.

He looked at the two girls before him for a moment—at Dorothy, with her black dress hard and grim, and her pale face set and grave, and at Netta, with the white clinging drapery she loved bidding her sombre attire, and twisted round about her graceful figure, and with the golden brown hair forming something that looked in the dim light almost like a halo round her shapely head.

"Yes," he answered, "above all things she must be beautiful!"

CHAPTER XVII.—"GOOD BYE."

Another six weeks, and only the beginning of August! What a long sunnier it seemed to Dorothy! and yet in all previous years she had so delighted in the sunbath, and missed and mourned for every flower when its day was over.

"How happy I was last year!" she said to herself; "and yet I was impatient, and wished the time away."

And they had been happy days too, though in them, as in all others, she felt as she felt now, waiting for something—for some life or some world she had not seen as yet, and the key to which she thought Adrian Fuller held.

Colonel Wade had been but little missed. Before the summer waned Netta filled the house with guests; and Sir George Finch and Major Henty, and all her admirers, came to her, bringing her books and flowers, and making water-parties and pic-nics; and elderly ladies, who like the *ecclat* of having a pretty girl under their wing, called to take her for drives, "and to brighten her up a little, for she has had a sad loss, you know." Netta was always ready, and pretty, and well-dressed; it seemed to Dorothy that if she were to be put on a sack, or dress herself in a blanket, she would do it gracefully, and she did not wonder that she was admired. There was a grave side to Netta's character, too, there were many sides, in fact, that fascinated even Dorothy—a time when she could, gravely and sweetly, in a low, almost sad voice, talk of her grandfather and by-gone days, or even of the poetry and the stories that Dorothy herself loved, and she would sing (in the twilight usually) wild weird songs generally, with some dainty refrain, or simple old ones, in a way that none who heard her could forget. There were days in which Dorothy almost loved her beautiful sister; there were others in which she tried hard not to hate her. Netta fascinated Adrian Fuller completely, and roused his sluggish nature as Dorothy never could have done. He was always by her side, reading or walking, or hanging over her chair while she flirted with her crowd of admirers at her mother's "at home," and when she sang he chose her songs, and pleaded for his favorite ones; and afterwards, on the clear summer nights, he would wrap her in one of her favorite wraps, lingering to put the folds in some way grateful to his artist eyes, and then they betook themselves to the garden.

"They might have left me the garden!" Dorothy sighed once.

Poor Dorothy! it was a dreary summer for her. She hated strange people and visitors, and when they came hid herself, or if she appeared, was shy and awkward, and so allowed to remain unnoticed. She hated the smart rooms, too, all loaded with glimmering, and kept neat and tidy; and the only one in the house untouched—the study—Netta and Adrian Fuller occupied all the morning, for the Beauty was sitting to the artist, and in the evening Mr. Woodward, if at home, sat there busy with his writing.

Mrs. Woodward's money had all been risked in the paper, and Mr. Woodward was busy and anxious. He was almost angry at the difference made in the household. "We must be careful for a time," he said, "for remember we have to wait till the paper has had a little run before we can launch out;" but Netta and Mrs. Woodward laughed at him.

"We must keep up an appearance," Netta said, "and live in a well-bred manner."

"Of course we must," assented Mrs. Woodward, ready to agree to everything, provided she was not troubled.

"Mamma," said the Beauty, later in the day, "don't you think papa could manage to send Sally to a boarding-school for a year? Sir George was saying yesterday that my sisters were more picturesque than beautiful."

"And exceedingly rude and ungentelemanlike it was of Sir George then!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Papa can't afford to send Sally to school; and, besides, I should be miserable, and Sally learns at home and at the School of Art well enough. You have taken Mr. Fuller from me, and now you want to take Sally!"

"Mr. Fuller, I want you to go and talk to my little sister Dorothy," the Beauty said, when he came. "She says I have taken you from her."

He went over to his old playmate, but both their tongues seemed tied. The old footing had gone for ever.

"So you are jealous of Netta," he said.

"We never talk of books or anything now," she said; "you make Netta your friend."

"But she is sitting for me, remember."

"Yes, but not all day."

"And we are learning German together. You are such a foolish child," he added, his eyes turning restlessly in search of Netta. Her eyes filled with tears.

"I am not a child!" she said, passionately; "you always forget that."

"But, Dorothy, you must be a child," he answered; "I have always considered you one; and he put his hand on hers.

The colour left her face, and then rushed back in a torrent. There seemed something terrible in his words, something that struck despair into her heart, while her cheeks burned with shame. Yet still she struggled against his words.

"But I am not a child," she repeated, helplessly. "Why, Netta does not think me one."

"Think you what?" asked the Beauty, coming to the rescue.

"A child."

"No, of course I don't. By the way, I

have written to ask your dear Mr. Blakesley here this evening."

"Mr. Blakesley!"

"Yes; so cheer up Dorothy. He does not think you a child either, I dare say."

"Netta is always thinking of marrying," Dorothy said, without meaning it, as her sister went into the next room.

"So are most young ladies," and he tried to laugh. "We will come to your wedding, Dorothy," he added.

Then she burst fairly into tears.

"How can you say such things, Mr. Fuller! I shall never be married—never! and you want to get rid of me, I believe, and do not care for me any more than any one else does; for you know if I married you should never be friends again."

"Why shouldn't we?" he answered; "I hope we should, if I liked your husband and he me." Then he looked at her; she was trembling with excitement, and she tried to return his gaze, but her eyes drooped and fell, and her lips quivered.

"My dear child," he said, kindly, and quietly taking her hands, "there is something the matter with you to-day; go and lie down a little while, and remember there is no reason why we should not always be friends, and you must not let any foolish notions get into your silly little head."

He let go her hands, and they dropped nervously to her side.

"Yes, I will go and lie down for a little while," she said. "Good bye."

He did not know how much there was in her "good-bye"; and she went. She met her mother on her way up-stairs, and she stopped and put her arms around her neck.

"Mamma," she said, "do kiss me. If you would only love me as you do Netta, and be proud of me!"

"Of course I love you," Mrs. Woodward answered; "but take away your arms, you crumple me so." The words were only said as a matter of course, and the girl felt it, and went up to her room. Once there, she locked the door, and threw herself, face downwards, on the bed; but she did not cry or grieve, or even feel very wretched—only thought, in a dazed sort of a way, of all the happy by-gone hours she had spent in the garden with Mr. Fuller, and of his words when he wished her good-bye, and those few cloudless days after his return. She could not believe that this was the end; through all the time that Netta had taken her place, she had yet thought he was true to her, and she could not believe that he meant what he had said, only that perhaps he was afraid of making Netta angry, as every one else was. How she hated Netta, and how she envied her—her beauty, and brightness, and self-possession, and everything else; and then she tried to remember his words again, and could not. But she remembered his look when he told her that she "must be a child," and her face burnt with shame.

Presently a knock came to the door—it was Netta.

"Let me in, Dorothy, she said."

"I have come to tell you we all think you are lost; it is nearly seven o'clock," this was all she had to say; and then Dorothy rose and smoothed her hair, and bathed her face, while the Beauty sat and watched.

"I wonder if Mr. Blakesley will come," she said; "you know he is an excellent match." Somehow Netta's manner was soft and kind that evening. But the tears swelled up into Dorothy's brown eyes again.

"Oh, Netta," she said, "I could not marry for money's sake!"

Her sister made no answer till she had finished her toilette, and was ready to go down-stairs, then she turned round and kissed her—she, Netta, who was usually so cold, did!

"Love is not all, Dorothy dear," she said; "perhaps it would be a good thing if it were; and they went down-stairs."

Dorothy felt afraid and ashamed to enter the room where Mr. Fuller was; but when she did, he only looked up for a moment, and then went on with a German book he was skimming over before reading it with Netta. He never forgot Dorothy that evening though, there was such a strange look upon the girl's face—a dazed, worn, and weary look, and yet she was evidently keeping a strong control over herself.

"Your faithless knight is not coming, I fear," Netta said, when the daylight faded and there were no signs of George Blakesley.

"He has forgotten me," Dorothy thought. "Even he does not care for me now!" and then she went to the piano, and, unasked, began to play.

She did not know what she played, but she kept on and on—she could play well when she liked—telling all her soul into her music without knowing it, asking herself all the time, in the bitterness of her heart, what she could be living for now, and for what reason life was given to her, and trying to answer her own question in the sounds her own hands made. Then, presently, with a start, she came to a standstill.

"Come and sing, Netta," she said, and rose abruptly; and when they were all listening to Netta's sweet voice, she stole softly from the room, and out into the garden, and on to the sycamore tree. She stopped beneath its shady branches, and looked up at the sky, and back at the house, almost hidden now by the darkness, and thought of all the hopes and dreams she had had on that very spot. Then she went and looked over the low fence (that bounded the garden) at the dim distance, and somehow crept along the fence till she stood almost behind the sycamore-tree, but yet was hidden from sight by the darkness, and the underwood, and the tall nodding grass and weeds, then she put her face down into her hands, and was quiet for a little while. It was such a blessing to be alone there where no one could find her. It was not for long though; she heard voices soon. Netta's and Mr. Fuller's, and they came and stood behind her under the sycamore, little thinking how near she was, but she kept quite still, and made no sign.

"Do you remember the day you came here, just after your return, Adrian?" she heard Netta say. Dorothy winced beneath the last word. She had never called him Adrian in her life!

"Yes, and found you in your white dress sitting here waiting for me."

Scientific and Useful.

A RECIPE BOOK.

When you find a recipe that you think is good, try it, and if satisfactory, copy it, and send to some paper for publication. Then cut out, and paste neatly in a blank book. This gives you a nice book with tested recipes in a more compact form than if written in a book. It also makes them known to others, and much benefit is derived from exchanging information.

CURE FOR "MAY FEVER."

Dr. J. S. Holden, in a recent letter to the *Lancet*, recommends the local application of quinine in the cure of "May fever," and offers the following formula: Quinine, 12 grains; Dilute Hydrochloric Acid, 80 minims; Water to make, 8 ounces; Bicarb Soda, q.s. to neutralize the solution. Two ounces of this solution is to be added to one ounce of hot water, and injected into the nostrils at the dawn of the complaint about three times a day, for a few days.

HEALTH VALUE OF LEMONS.

All do not know that lemons sprinkled with loaf-sugar almost completely allay feverish thirst. They are invaluable in the sick-room. Invalids affected with feverishness can safely consume two or three lemons a day. A lemon or two thus taken at "teatime," is recommended as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of Summer, and will often induce a comfortable sleep throughout the night, and give a good appetite for breakfast.

TO MAKE HONEY-WINE OR MEAD.

To a gallon of water put 2 lbs. of honey and 1 lb. of sugar; boil for an hour, put in the whites of four eggs to clarify, and skim it quite clear while boiling; then put it into a clean tub, and let it stand for a week, putting in a toast with honey to make it work; then put in a cask, adding the peels of three or four lemons, let it stand for a month, and then if it is not sufficiently fine put in more honey, and let it stand longer.

WHITENESS EQUAL TO PAINT.

The following recipe for whitewash sent out of the Treasury Department to all lighthouse keepers, makes an article that answers on wood, brick, or stone nearly as well as oil paint and is much cheaper: Slake half a bushel of lime with boiling water, keeping it covered during the process. Strain it and add a peck of salt; dissolve in warm water three pounds of ground rice, put into boiling water and boil to a thin paste; half a pound of powdered Spanish whiting and a pound of clear glue dissolved in warm water; mix these well together, and let the mixture stand for several days. Keep the wash thus prepared, in a kettle or portable furnace, and when used put it on hot, with either painters' or whitewash brush.

SIZE OF NAILS.

The origin of the terms "6 penny," "10 penny," etc., as applied to nails, though not commonly known, is involved in no mystery whatever. Nails have been made a certain number of pounds to the 1,000 for many years, and are still reckoned in that way in England, a 10d. being 1,000 nails to ten pounds, and 6d. being 1,000 to six pounds, a 20 penny weighing 20 pounds to the 1,000, and having just one half the number of nails to the 10 pounds of the 10 penny; and in ordering the buyer calls for the 8 pound, 6 pound, or 10 pound variety, etc., until by the Englishman's abbreviation of pun for pound, the abbreviation has been made to stand for penny instead of pound, as originally intended; and when it comes to less than one pound to the 1,000, such as tacks, brads, etc., they are reckoned 6 oz., 3 oz., 12 oz., etc., and the manufacturer who would make less than 1,000 nails to ten pounds for 10d. nail would be looked upon as a cheat, as in former times the difference in the cost of the manufacture of one pound of small nails over the larger sizes was much greater than now. As nails are now made and sold, the dealer only asks for the sizes needed by the usual designation, and the fact that there are now but about two-thirds of the number of nails formerly called for in the pound does not lessen the value.

HARD CORNS.

However painful, can be safely, easily, and promptly softened, without any discomfort, by soaking the whole foot in quite warm water for half an hour night and morning, rubbing in the water with the finger, into the corn, during this bath. In a day or two, sometimes, after the first soaking, the kernel of the corn can be picked out with the finger-nail; if this is removed there is no discomfort for weeks and months, if ever, after. If corns are "pared" with any sharp instrument, they take deeper and wider root, like a weed cut off on a level with the ground, growing harder and more painful. Medical works record cases where persons have bled to death from slicing off the top with a sharp instrument; no one ought to run such a risk when simple warm water is always sufficient. The hardest corn can be effectually softened in forty-eight hours by making a hole in two thicknesses of buckskin, or wash leather, loose enough to receive the corn, bind it on the toe, fill it with any ordinary ointment, cover it with a piece of oiled silk, and let it remain. Corns are made by wearing too tight shoes, or those so loose that there is a shuffling back and forth at every step, causing friction on the skin. In three cases out of four, new shoes are too tight; this can be easily prevented, if two pairs of the ordinary stockings are worn, and then having the shoe fitted, or measure taken without letting the shoemaker know anything about it, because the credit of a "neat fit" coming from his store is of more importance to him than the comfort of his customer.