

## Choice Literature.

## The Bridge Between.

## CHAPTER XI.—DOROTHY ASKS A RIDDLE.

The two years were over, the early summer had come, and Adrian Fuller was due in England, and Dorothy Woodward was waiting for him. She was not impatient; the dream-castle she had been building all these months was so pleasant to behold that she hardly dared to enter it now that its door was almost creaking on its hinges. She wished, sometimes, that she knew precisely when he was coming; she should like to meet him under the sycamore-tree, she thought; to be sitting reading there with the boys and Sally about, and her father and mother in the study; to hear a step, and look up and see him and greet him quietly and composedly as if his absence had been all a delusion, and in reality he had only left them yesterday. "How we have altered in these two years," she thought, looking at her brothers and Sally, "and I most of all, especially lately." George Blakesley's talk in the firelight had been a sort of revelation to her which she understood well enough now. She was getting more thoughtful, too, and fonder than ever of reading and day-dreaming, and climbed great heights, and journeyed into far countries in imagination, as many of us do, for we should achieve mighty things and be great travellers, indeed, if we could tack our hands and feet on to our fancies.

"Dolly," said Tom, one morning, "I shall get away from the office at three to-day. If you like to meet me I'll take you for a long pull upon the river." Tom had a pound a-year now, had enjoyed that magnificent income for the last three months, and out of it kept a boat, and had invested in a tent, and occasionally camped out.

"Netta is coming to spend the day. She says it's so dull now that grandpapa is ill, and she cannot have visitors."

"Well, you don't want to see her."

"No, I would rather come to you."

"What have you done to scare away your valiant knight of the storky visage?" asked the Beauty that same day, while Dorothy was preparing to go forth and meet her brother.

"Nothing," she answered guiltily.

"But he never comes now; and he used to be so wonderfully sweet. I thought he was number two on your list of slain."

"I don't know what you mean," said Dorothy, colouring up.

"Don't you really?" she laughed.

"Take my advice, dear," she went on, "and get married as soon as you can, and as well as you can; I shall. We have no money and no position. I am sure I don't know what would become of me if grandpapa died, unless he left me some money."

"I wouldn't have any one for the sake of money," said her sister. One ought to be in love in order to get married."

"Nonsense. Love is all very well to dream about, but we have to live the best part of our lives wide awake. If you can catch your recreant knight take my advice and do. If Sir George Finch proposes I shall have him, and I'm sure I am not in love."

"I think it's wicked," said Dolly to herself, an hour later, as Tom pulled away at the oars; "and I am very glad that Mr. Fuller is poor."

In thought she always bound up their two lives together. "Tom," she asked, shyly, "do you know why Mr. Blakesley has not been lately?" for though meeting had been awkward, he had not altogether ceased his visits after her refusal.

"No," he answered; "but he seems to have cut Hampstead. Don't know why, I am sure, unless it's because he's getting to be a swell. I have not seen him for ages. Facts is," he added, carelessly, "he thought proper to say that in his opinion I'd no business to keep a boat, but should keep myself, or help my father, or some such bosh; just as if the governor couldn't afford to give us all a home. So I told him I meant to spend what I got on myself."

"Tom, that's selfish."

"Don't be a stupid, Dolly, it's nothing of the sort; every fellow does it. He said the governor's paper, too, was doing badly, but that's all nonsense."

"Tom, do you think people ought to work?"

"Men ought, of course," and he loosened his collar a little more (for the June sun was warm) with a consequential air which showed that he was speaking of himself among others. "Idleness is a disgrace; I told that young snob Barker so only yesterday. He was grumbling because he couldn't get into anything, and that his father had not been able to bring him up to a profession, and said that it was his misfortune that he had been born the son of a gentleman, and so could not go behind a counter. So I said yes, it is a misfortune, but why don't you sweep a crossing, that doesn't want much talent, and brooms are cheap; that showed him what I thought of his upstart speech."

"Yes, you were quite right, Tom," she answered, admiringly, watching the ripples on the water. "There is no disgrace in work of any kind."

"Of course there isn't," he said.

Then poor Dorothy sat and wondered what was the use of working to spend the money on one's own pleasure when, too, she could be just as happy—as she could for instance, with her books and treasures—without spending anything at all; it was no use to work to pay for pleasure which could be obtained in another form, and as pleasant a one, for nothing.

"I don't understand it a bit," she sighed, and then she said aloud, "Tom, I wonder, what we live for?"

"To eat, drink, sleep, wear out our clothes, and hang about; and we die till coffins."

"But what is the good of that?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. You had better write and ask Blakesley."

CHAPTER XII.—THE FATE OF THE ROY.

"I am so tired," thought Dolly, wearily, as she toiled along by the beach. She had left Tom behind to put up his boat, and had come home alone. There was a little

aching in her heart, as if she had been seeking for something and failed to find it—perhaps it was only that she was waiting for Mr. Fuller. She used to think it would be all right when he came. It was such a lovely evening, and the cloud mountains were clearly defined in the sky. She watched them for a minute or two, and in fancy, climbed them over and over, and up and up, and into heaven.

"I wonder if it is such a very lovely place," she thought, abstractedly, not feeling much interest in the matter; she had no occasion to do so for many a long year yet, not till she was old, and tired of the beautiful earth. She came in sight of her home at last. It was a dear old house, she thought—a dirty-white coloured house, with straggling creepers twining over it, and a careless happy look about the open windows as the lace curtains swayed gently to and fro in the evening breeze. "I wonder if Netta is there still," she said to herself as she entered. There was an odd look on Jane's face as she opened the door, but Dorothy did not notice it, and went straight through into the study. No one was there, and she looked out of the window, as, long ago, Netta had looked out and watched her brothers and sisters burying Venus. She started, with a cry that was almost pain. Will and Sally were together, reading, in the summer-house, and going towards them, as if to speak, were Mr. and Mrs. Woodward; and under the sycamore tree was Netta—Netta, with the last rays of the setting sun glinting through the leaves above to light up her golden hair; with a flowing robe of white about her, and a rose in her bosom, a wonderfully lovely dress it seemed to her sister, though it was merely a simple muslin one—and she was looking up at some one who was watching her face, and seemed to be lost in admiration of it, and that same one was Adrian Fuller. She stood staring at them for a moment, then went out to seek a domestic.

"When did Mr. Fuller arrive?" she asked.

"This afternoon, Miss Dorothy; just a little while before your papa came home. Master Will and Miss Sally were at school, and your mamma was up-stairs. He walked straight in when I opened the door, and into the study, and looked out at Miss Netta, who was reading under the sycamore tree, and then he went right away to her. I believe he expected it was you, miss."

She went slowly back to the study, and sat down in the twilight, without making any effort to meet her old friend. Netta had done that in the very place and manner in which, in her day-dreams, she had hoped she should meet him on his return, and since that was so, he should enter the house now before he saw her, just as two years before he had entered it to meet the Beauty. So she sat and waited, her heart beating, and her pulse throbbing beneath her self-imposed penance; but it was so long before they came, and she could hear their voices in the garden, and imagine how happy they were without her, and how he was talking to Netta while the stars came out. It was too bad; they might have guessed that she was home, and have come to see. But no they were quite content, and so at last, unable to bear it longer, she rose, and, going into the sitting-room, which was next to the study, opened the piano and began to play. Then, directly she had touched the notes she was afraid of the sound they made, and ashamed of her own foolishness, and yet more ashamed now to go into the garden and tell them how long she had been in the house. Then they, hearing perhaps the sound of the piano through the open windows, came in, and Dorothy rose, and stood in the middle of the room, while Netta entered, with a white shawl twisted round her slender shoulders, and Adrian Fuller by her side. He started forward in a moment.

"Dolly!" he exclaimed, forgetting the more dignified name by which he had said he should call her. "Well, I declare, here is my little dolly at last; and grown into a woman, too, as I feared she would!"

She was so happy.

"But I am just the same," she said; "I don't feel a bit different;" yet while she spoke the song came ringing in her ears—

"The same, the same, yet not the same, Oh never, never more."

"And I am so glad you have come home, Mr. Fuller,"—and she raised her eyes to his just as the Dolly of old would have done—"I have missed you so."

"That is a nice confession for a young lady to make," laughed Netta. Her voice made Dorothy start and colour, and brought her back with a bound from her old self to her new one.

"I did not mean—" she began.

"Never mind what you mean," he said. "I am very glad to see you again. We shall resume our old footing now, eh?"

"And what is to become of your faithful knight of the house of Blakesley?" asked Netta, almost mockingly. "My little sister is a sad coquette," and she looked up innocently at the returned hero. He was so very handsome, that she did not relish resigning him into the hands of her sister, especially as all that afternoon he had seemed lost in admiration of her lovely self. Poor Dolly, Netta seemed like a female Mephistopheles that evening.

"You know I have not seen him for months," Dorothy retorted, and she turned her brown eyes upon her sister with a flash.

"Haven't you, dear," answered the Beauty, and going to the piano she ran her fingers over the keys. "I think I shall come home and practice two or three times a week," she said; "grandpapa does not like the sound of a piano now that he is ill."

"Why don't you sing something, Netta dear?" Mrs. Woodward said, eager to show off her daughter—she was so proud of her.

"No," she said, hesitatingly, looking across at Adrian Fuller and Dorothy talking together in the window-seat. What could they have to say to each other? she wondered. It so annoyed her to see any one else getting attention which she considered she had a right to monopolize. He had heard Mrs. Woodward's request, however, and came towards her.

"Oh, do sing, Miss Woodward!" he said, and so she suffered herself to be persuaded, and sat down, and sang "Jock o' Hazel-dean" as hardly any one, perhaps, but

Netta Woodward could sing it, for she had a voice such as but few women possess—wonderfully sweet and sympathetic, and so carefully modulated, it thrilled and enchanted her listeners.

Adrian Fuller went to her side, and hung upon her tones, and forgot poor Dorothy altogether.

"Oh, do go on!" he said, entreatingly, when she stopped; and so she began again, and sang song after song to them as they sat listening in the twilight, till, almost unnoticed, the night had come, and the brougham was at the door to take the Beauty back to grandpapa's.

"One more," pleaded Adrian Fuller, but she rose from the piano with a laugh.

"No, I have finished. Dolly!" she called, looking towards the corner where her sister was crouching in the day, forgetting the singer in her delight in the music. "Come and sing something, dear."

Netta was always very affectionate to her sister before people.

"I!" said Dorothy, in surprise. "Why you know I can't."

"Yes you can," she answered, sweetly; "come and try."

"But you know I can't," she said, in amazement.

"Of course she does," said Tom, who would not learn to be polite, "that's why she asks you."

"How can you be such a bear, Tom?" laughed Netta, untroubled as ever, wrapping her delicate shall around her, and as she passed him she stroked Tom's hair with her fingers, and subdued him. "Why didn't you get yourself up?" she whispered, as she passed Dorothy, "you had plenty of time, and I never saw you look such a guy."

"I never even thought of such a thing," she answered.

"You won't forget your promise," Adrian Fuller said, as she gave him her hand to say good-bye.

"Was it a promise?" she said. "I did not know that, but I never break one. Mr. Fuller wants me to sit to him, Dorothy, dear, and mamma does not object. Do you know he was foolish enough to draw my face from memory, he says; he saw me, you know, the evening he left, when in my vanity I came to show myself."

"I lost the book, unfortunately, the next day—a pocket sketch-book I carried about with me," he said.

"Why, that was the book in which you put Dolly's rose," said Tom; "did you lose that too?"

"No," he answered, "I took care of that," and so the Beauty was not altogether triumphant, and as she drove away she saw that Adrian Fuller, with the privilege of an old friend, had drawn Dorothy's hand through his arm.

## CHAPTER XIII.—ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY.

"No, Dorothy, you foolish little maid, I never forget you," he said, "though it was a long time before I wrote;" and they walked on through the summer fields.

They were such happy days for her, those in which, for a little while, she lived within her dream-castle. She had forgotten her disappointment in not meeting him first, her half-unconscious jealousy of Netta, and her longings for beauty—forgotten everything save that Adrian Fuller had come home, and that he was her friend and companion again, just as in the happy days of old.

He was a handsome man, tall and fair, and well made, with all the tone and color which George Blakesley had lacked. Yes, decidedly a handsome man, an artist by profession, and full of vague ideas and indolent dreams. A man who was capable, and felt his capability, and so was satisfied. He could not rouse himself to do more than feel this; he so delighted in the summer and the long days of sunshine, and the evenings of shadow and twilight, and it was so pleasant to stroll about with Dorothy leaning on his arm, ready to talk or be silent, to walk long miles through the tall grass and flowery green lanes, or to sit under a tree, or linger about in the picturesque old garden, dreamily talking of books (poets and love stories usually) and trees, and all that appeared to his artist nature and the girl's love of beauty.

She never forgot those first days of his return, the days in which her father was at the office all day, for he was worried about matters there, and had little time for home; and Mrs. Woodward was away, for Colonel Wade was very ill, dangerously so, and had sent for her daughter at last; and Netta was a close prisoner to her grandpapa's house. Tom went to his work, and Will and Sally to their lessons, so Dorothy had it all her own way. Adrian Fuller had finished his two years' work, and wanted a rest, he said, and was glad to return to his old haunt at Hampstead, and spend his days with his former playmate. No one interfered or considered for a single moment how dangerous it was for this girl, who could hardly be called a woman yet, to pass hour after hour with a handsome fascinating man, who found time hang upon his hands. The end of all, or that there would be anything to end, was a thing no one troubled about. Dorothy was always hanging about, reading books or sitting under trees, her mother said, and she saw no harm whatever in her doing so when in company with Adrian Fuller; they had known each other for years, and he was like one of the family; besides, she was hardly aware, much less concerned, about the state of things, for she was at her father's house. As for Mr. Woodward, he was only too glad that there was some one who could talk to his daughter and direct her reading, and be there to discuss the affairs of the nation with him when he returned home of an evening.

"I thought you had forgotten me," she said, and added, half laughingly, for her jealousy had half vanished, "you know I am not pretty like Netta, and you never drew my portrait."

"But I shall some day, when I want a womanly little face and a broad low brow like Dorothy's," he answered, looking into the clear brown eyes.

She was so happy as she walked beside him, swinging her hat upon her arm, along the lonely picturesque paths that may even yet be found beyond Hampstead, that the expression upon her face made it one that might almost be called beautiful. He won-

dered at it, little realizing how much he had to do with it.

"And if I did draw Netta's portrait, I have lost it, remember, but I took care of the rose. I, too, never let any one take Dorothy's place, remember, and she let Blakesley, or whatever his name was, take my place."

"Oh, I never did!" she answered, and her eyes filled with tears; "I never, never did, indeed, Mr. Fuller!" She had never called him by his Christian name in her whole life.

He sat lazily down under a tree, and motioned her to do the same, laughing the while at her vehemence. "I was only teasing you," he said. "Now sit here and tell me about him."

"No, not now," she pleaded; "let us read a little while."

He threw off his cap, and opened his book, and she hers, and so they sat silent, but contented and happy in the way they liked. He, because he was enjoying the summer and the sun and the freedom from work, which he had not known for two years past; yes, and he liked being with his old friends again, and to tease Dorothy—he was fond of Dorothy in his way, she was such a nice child, he thought, and such a pleasant companion, and he was so thoroughly at home with her. She was happy because Adrian Fuller was there; and the summer, and the sun, and the trees she loved, and the books she read, and all else that appealed to her were simply as the setting of a jewel, or the frame of a picture, or the land marks of a garden in which those sweet June days were passed.

"Now tell me what the hero Blakesley was like," he said. This was in the evening time, when they were in the garden. Mr. Woodward was still at the office, but Tom was home, and sat trying to remember how many looks there were on the river between Oxford and London. Will and Sally were together, the former learning his lessons, the latter drawing grotesque figures, as usual.

"First, what did he look like?"

"Washed out," said Tom, looking up. "He didn't!" said Dorothy, indignantly.

She had a feeling of gratitude towards her old admirer; for had he not been the one person in the world who had told her in spoken words that he loved her?

"Yes, he did," persisted Tom, who had never cared about the interloper, in spite of what he had done for him. "He had a faded-looking beard, dull yellow hair, and a washed-out complexion."

"He was very clever, though," began Dorothy.

"That's right, Dorothy, stand up for him!" laughed Adam Fuller, amused at the scene, but she moved away offended, and going to the end of the garden, stood looking over the fence at the hazy distance, as she had one night long ago. He soon followed her. "I like you for standing up for him, you silly child," he said; "you needn't get angry. Now tell me about him yourself."

"He was very clever."

"More so than I am?" he said.

"Oh, no," she said, looking up quickly; "and he was very fond of work. Are you, Mr. Fuller?"

"No, I detest work. I like to dream my time away; and though I can conceive a dozen wonderful pictures and delight in beholding studies for them and in planning them, yet I hate the labour involved in painting them."

"I hate work too," she said, almost thankful to be able to express her views; "and I cannot always see the use of it."

"No, nor I," he answered. "If I had two hundred a year I would never do a stroke. I have no patience with men who go on earning money to supply themselves with luxuries. I'm thankful that I have simple tastes; and in the country, or by the sea, the common inheritance of all human beings, and a luxury for which none have to pay, I should be quite happy to read, and dream, and stroll, and so pass my life."

"Oh, so should I!" she said, feeling all her sympathies go out to him; for he had so described the life she would have thought blissful beyond all other in this world. Poor, thoughtless little Dorothy!

"I think sometimes I shall work hard for a few years, in order to put by just enough to do this. Then I shall take a cottage somewhere, and live like Robinson Crusoe."

"Full Man Friday comes," she said, turning her face away; for this plan of his included no other human being, she thought.

"You shall be the Man Friday," he said, without for a single moment thinking of the light in which his words would be taken. Her head dropped a little lower as she bent over the fence, that was all. It seemed so natural that he should say this, and she did not dream of taking it in any other sense; but one. It was what she had been waiting for since the morning that Venus was buried, the thing which she had felt would be, and which her mother and Netta had thought impossible.

"You shall be the Man Friday, Dorothy," he repeated.

"Yes," she said, simply.

"Unless Blakesley cuts me out again," he laughed, little thinking that he was talking to a child and being listened to by a woman. "But I don't believe I shall," he added, carelessly.

"No," she said. He went in soon afterwards; for Mr. Woodward came home, but Dorothy stayed there still, till looking round, she saw the sycamore-tree, and made her way to the ricketty seat beneath it, then she put her hands over her eyes, and swayed to and fro in the twilight. "Oh, I am so happy!" she said, softly and gravely, to herself; "I am so very happy!"

(To be Continued.)

In a book circulated under the authority of the Church of England, the following questions and answers are found: "Q.—What are those who separate from the Church of England called? A.—Dissenters. Q.—Are there different sorts of Dissenters? A.—Yes; Baptists, Independents, Quakers, and many others. Q.—Is it wrong to join in the worship of Dissenters? A.—Yes, it is wrong to join in any except in the Church of England.

## Scientific and Useful.

## SAGO PUDDING.

Two large spoons of sago boiled in one quart of milk, the peel of a lemon, little nutmeg; when cold add four eggs, little salt. Bake about one hour and a half. Eat with sugar and cream.

## SANDWICHES.

Boil a few pounds of ham and chop it very fine while it is still warm—fat and lean together—rub dry mustard in proportions to suit your taste through the mass; add as much sweet butter as would go to the spreading your sandwiches, and when it is thoroughly mixed split light biscuits in halves and spread the ham between. These will be found excellent.

## CURE FOR HOARSENESS.

A remedy for sudden hoarseness is this: Mix one teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a wineglassful of water. Take three times a day. Sing as frequently as you can in the open air; but do not let a day pass without singing a little, either indoors or outdoors. Daily practice will help very much. A spoonful of gum arabic dissolved in a half tumbler of water will often relieve an ordinary hoarseness.

GOOSEBERRY JAM, WHITE OR GREEN.

Equal weight of fruit and sugar. Select the gooseberries not very ripe, either white or green, and top and tail them. Boil the sugar with water (allowing half a pint to every pound), for about a quarter of an hour, carefully removing the scum as it rises; then put in the gooseberries, and simmer gently till clear and firm; try a little of the jam on a plate; if it jellies when cold it is done, and should then be poured into pots. When cold, stow away in a dry place.

DRINK LESS WITH YOUR MEALS.

If water with food is the cause of functional debility, much more objectionable is hot drink. Everything taken at a high temperature is relaxing. The teeth are injured by hot drinks; the throat and stomach are debilitated by them; and if we use tea, coffee, wine, etc., the mischievous effects are greater. Drink, then, should not be taken with the food. It is better, if one is thirsty, to take a draught of water thirty minutes before eating, or four hours after. Many men have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking even water during meals. No animal, except man, ever drinks in connection with his food. Man ought not to.

RECIPE FOR LEMON MARMALADE.

Take a dozen fine large lemons; with a sharp knife remove the top and bottom of the lemon so as to cut into the sour part; then pare down the sides, taking off the peel so as to cut also into the sour part a little; with your knife remove all the pulp and juice into a dish by itself, throwing away the seeds and the white tough skin which separates the lobes from each other; cut all the peels into fine strips with a sharp knife or a pair of shears; boil the fine cut up peels until soft or tender—they require a good deal of water; put it in a quart of boiling water at first, and add more if needed; when the peels are boiled soft add the pulp and juice, and sugar enough to sweeten to the taste; boil it until you have a nice syrup; you will find this lemon marmalade the most delicious relish you ever ate—the nicest flavour for cakes, pies, pudding, etc. This is just the season to make lemon marmalade.

POISONOUS DYES.

The London *Lancet*, in reporting another case of inflammation of the feet caused by the wearing of socks with orange-red stripes, attributes the malady to carmaline, the dye which has gained so much notoriety within a year or two. The *Lancet* thinks it impossible, under these circumstances, to avoid asking whether the sale of such dangerous articles ought not to be stopped. The color is certainly attractive, and has for some time been fashionable—so much so, in fact, that perhaps it is useless to caution the public against it. The *Industrie Blatter* also quotes from the *Deutsche Apotheker Zeitung* some stringent remarks on the recklessness with which poisonous substances are now employed, often in ignorance, by dyers of wearing fabrics. One of the most singular cases of similar poisoning has occurred in Stettin. A gentleman had bought a hat in a shop there, and, after having worn it for one or two days, was troubled with unbearable headache; at the same time little ulcers formed upon his forehead, and the whole upper part of his head became much swollen. It was evident that these symptoms were caused by the hat, and, upon examination by a chemist, it was found that the brown leather inside the hat was colored with a poisonous aniline dye. It appears that inflammation is unavoidable when the dye comes in contact with any part of the skin.

MICROSCOPIC EVOLUTION.

There is a story that an eminent microscopist had a bit of substance submitted to him to decide what it was. To an unaided eye it might be a morsel of skin which a baggage-master had knocked off the corner of a smoothly worn hair trunk. The *savant* applied his microscope. Entirely ignorant of this tiny bit of matter, except as he had taken counsel with his instrument, the wise man declared that it was the skin of a human being, and that, judging by the fine hair on it, it was from the so-called naked portion of the body, and further, that it once belonged to a fair-complexioned person. The strange facts now made known to the man of science were these: That a thousand years before a Danish marauder had robbed an English Church. In the spirit of the old-fashioned piety the robber was flayed (let us hope that he was killed first) and the skin was nailed to the church door. Except as a tradition or archaeological lore had it, the affair had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Time, the great erodent, had long ago removed the offensive thing. Still, however, the church held to its marks of the great shame, for the broad-headed nails remained. Somebody extracted one, and underneath its flat head was this atomic remnant of that ancient Scandinavian malefactor's pelt—that fair-skinned robber from the North—Prof. Samuel Lockwood.