

He was evidently in great pain, and appeared to have forgotten the recent excitement that he was in.

"Now, Walter," said Hardy after a short rest, "do you feel well enough to walk again? You can take my arm, and when I'm tired Linton will help you along. We must rest every now and then, for we don't feel very fresh. How far is it to the nearest house?"

"Two hours' walk away there is a cottage; we can't reach Werhausen to-night. We must start at once, or we shall have the storm on us."

Without more talk they rose and set off. It was a weary tramp they began by retracing their steps for nearly an hour, and turned off by the side of a pine forest in the direction of Werhausen. By this time it had come to Linton's turn to help the invalid, and he could not refrain from telling him how mistaken he was about Nina.

"She had no idea I was coming to the cottage: I did not know it myself until a few days ago. And that neck-let that I gave her two years ago was when she was a child and nursed me when I sprained my ankle. Besides, Walter, when she found that you were angry with her for wearing it, she determined to give it back to me. Look here, here it is; she gave it to me before breakfast this morning, when you saw us together, and were so savage about it."

"Is that all true?" he asked.

"Every word, on my honor."

"Then I have been a jealous fool, and have come very near being something worse. I would have killed you if I had dared as we climbed up the side of the mountain this morning, and now you are saving my life, though you know I meant to leave you on the mountain to die. But look, the storm is coming; you must run and leave me. The cottage is round that next point; you will get there in time."

"No, you must come to; walk as fast as you can."

"No, leave me; I will shelter under this rock till it is over."

"Nonsense! you'll never be able to walk a yard by yourself. Lean on me as much as you like."

Walter had been getting more feeble during the last half-hour, and had once or twice shown symptoms of fainting; it would have been almost certain death to leave him alone now with a storm rapidly approaching. So the two friends toiled painfully on with their heavy burden, footsore and weary, and scarce able to drag one foot before the other. They had abandoned all hope of reaching the cottage before the storm broke: they knew that when once it had begun there was very little chance of proceeding, and hope of safety had almost died. Suddenly, however, Linton caught sight of a peasant making all speed for the shelter of the cottage; they shouted to him and he came to their assistance. Another moment and the rain came, a thick mist filled the air, and for all they could tell they might be a hundred miles from the little chalet. Fortunately the peasant knew the vicinity of his home blindfold, and after a struggle against the tempest, they were safely housed from its fury.

A night's rest revived the strength of all three. Under Walter's willing guidance they accomplished in a few hours the rest of the distance to Werhausen, where medical aid was procured. Before they parted Walter took Linton aside and begged him to let him have the necklet which Nina had returned to him.

"I will give it to her again," he said, "and will ask her to wear it always, and when I feel suspicious or jealous again I shall look at it, and it will remind me of the time that we have spent together on the road to Werhausen."

Sea-sickness.

Those so fortunate as to be exempted from sea-sickness are apt to exhibit their selfishness by making light of the sufferings of their less fortunate companions.

A writer in *Chambers' Journal* utters the following protest against such an exhibition:—

Some are guilty of real unkindness at such times; will "chaff" their unfortunate companions and offer them unsuitable refreshments. All this is very cowardly, and deserves the strongest censure. Could they but realize for themselves what sea-sickness is, they would at least refrain from adding to the annoyances which it entails.

The poor Irishman stated the case very neatly who said to his friend, "O Mike, it's just awful! At first, you're afraid the ship will go down; but afterwards, you're afraid that she won't."

It is too often the case, however, that the victim of sea-sickness has to endure ridicule as well. The crowds that sometimes assemble at watering-places to watch the landing of the drenched and exhausted passengers, too often behave in a way that does little credit to the civilization of the nineteenth century.

Few things are more distressing than sea-sickness, teeth-ache, and various forms of nervous disease. Yet they receive little sympathy, because they do not usually prove fatal.

Minnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES,—The competition this month has been largely responded to, and after due consideration the prize of a silver pickle-cruet has been awarded to Miss Jane W. Ferguson, of Kingston, Ont. Now, we offer a prize of half a dozen silver-plated teaspoons for the best method of canning or drying vegetables for winter use. All communications must be in by the 25th of July.

We received a very good essay on "Woman's Influence" from Miss Cora A. Argue, which, we regret to say, was too late for competition.

Now, a few words to those of my nieces who are housekeepers, and who desire to do their work as easily and economically as possible, we recommend the use of the coal oil stoves, which are being so generally adopted. They are most convenient; the cooking for a family of ten can be done equally as well as for a smaller one; two or three steamers can be used on top of the kettle, over one lamp, and the oven over the other. You can roast, fry or boil meat, do all sorts of baking and even iron by them, all at the cost of a few cents a day. They save heating the house, especially in warm weather, and no fuel is wasted, for the minute you have finished with the stove the lights can be put out. What could be more convenient at a picnic than one of these stoves? Set it in the wagon with the provisions, and when your destination is reached, that refreshing cup of tea or coffee is made without any trouble, and at the shortest possible notice. Not long ago we saw one used at a church social. The stove stood on a small table behind the refreshment table during the evening, on which was made all the tea and coffee required for the large company assembled. There was no disagreeable odor arising from the oil, as some might suppose. A stove of this kind is quite inexpensive, from the fact that it soon pays for itself in the saving of fuel. There are several different manufacturers as well as prices, but it is always best to buy a good article. The one we use is the Monitor, which gives great satisfaction, and we feel safe in recommending it to any of our readers who think of purchasing.

MINNIE MAY.

Answers to Inquirers.

BESSIE M.—1. The quotation beginning with the line, "Full many a gem of purest ray serene," is taken from Gray's "Elegy in a churchyard," 14th stanza. 2. When waiting at the table the maid goes to the left hand side always, with both plates and dishes. The plate or dish is held in her left hand also.

LOTTIE A. B.—That beautiful poem entitled "Curfew must not ring to night," was written by Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.

A READER.—We will insert your question under queries.

MRS. JOHN B.—The poem you desire has been forwarded us, but as it is rather lengthy, we shall be obliged to send it by mail instead of publishing it.

ELOCUTIONIST.—"Darius Green and his flying machine," was written of J. T. Trowbridge, and is to be found in "Dick's Readings and Recitations, No. 8," also in "100 Choice Selec-

tions in Poetry and Prose, No. 3," published by R. Oarrett & Co.

INQUIRER.—Almost any music dealer would be able to procure a copy of the song "Tennyson's May Queen;" music by S. Glover.

HARRIE & ALBIE.—1. You will find "trifle" and "Charlotte Russe" given under recipes in another column.]

2.—Flowers of any kind will grow very poorly on a hot dry hill unless kept well watered, and then most anything might do.

3.—"Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," is a quotation from Shakespeare's "As you like it," act II, scene I.

4.—If you desire to know what books would be most profitable to a school girl of your age, we suggest history, beginning with that of your own country, also travels and biography, and by no means forgetting the Bible.

5. We cannot at present give patterns for darned net, but you could procure them by sending to almost any fancy store.

6.—It is quite impossible for us to state in which life, married or single, you would be most useful, not knowing for which you are best suited, but surely you can make yourself useful in whatever sphere you are; "do the duty that lies nearest thee," with all faithfulness and diligence.

We will suggest that in future, Harrie and Albie do not encroach upon our time and space by asking so many questions at once, three or four should suffice. The description of rockery in our next.

Our thanks are due J. W. Forbes and Inquirer for information concerning "Dorius Green and his flying machine;" also to Jacob Moyer, Mrs. B. M. Thibl, Mrs. J. A. W. C., Gertie Heck, Edith Macdonald, Bertha Wilson and May G. Monk, for the verses, "Sleep little baby, sleep."

Queries.

A READER would be glad to receive information concerning the proper treatment for a cactus, whether dry or moist, shade or sunlight is best.

Recipes.

CARAMEL CAKE.—Whites of seven eggs, one cup of butter, two cups white sugar, two-thirds of a cup of rich milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in layers. Take three cups of New Orleans sugar, one and one-half cups of sweet cream, three level tablespoonfuls of butter. Cook to the thickness of candy, and flavor with vanilla to suit the taste. When nearly cold spread on the cake.

CHARLOTTE Russe.—Make a boiled custard of a pint of milk and four eggs, season it with vanilla, or any essence you prefer, make it very sweet, and set it away to cool. Put a half an ounce of isinglass or gelatine into a gill of milk where it will become warm; when the gelatine is dissolved, pour it into a pint of rich cream and whip it to a complete froth. When the custard is cold stir it gently into the whip. Line a mould that holds a quart with thin slices of spongecake, or with sponge fingers, pour the mixture into it, and set it in a cold place.