

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER V.—"BUT OH! HER BEAUTY WAS FAR BEYOND."

Up they went to the sitting-room; but when they got to the door they stood still, staring at her. The gas was lighted, and under it was Netta, dressed, not as she had been in the morning, but in a long flowing white dress—delicate lace, it seemed to Dolly, with shining silk beneath—and there were flowers on her skirts and in her hair, and jewels on her neck and arms.

"Oh Netta!" Dolly gasped; and then they entered, and clustering round her, Adrian Fuller with the rest, forgetting the man in the artist. "Oh Netta!" she said again. "Why, whatever have you come for? and like that, too!"

"Didn't I tell you I was going to a party to-night? It is only a little way further on, and mamma asked me if I could call in as I passed, just to let her see me."

"I never saw her dressed for the evening before!" Mrs. Woodward's words seemed half pathetic to Adrian Fuller, as he stood leaning against the fire-place, for she was speaking of her own child. "Netta, dear, this is Mr. Fuller: Adrian, you never met my daughter before."

"I have so often heard of you, Mr. Fuller," and the Beauty held out her hand, and bent her soft blue eyes down upon him.

"Look at her hair," said little Sally; "it's as bright as gold. I think she looks just like an angel."

An angel has a crown on its head though!" said Will, reflectively.

"And an angel doesn't give herself airs, as he does," said Tom, with whom Netta had never been a favourite. Then they all turned upon Tom, all but Netta, who laughed merrily.

"I am sure I don't give myself airs, Tom!" she pouted. She was a born flirt, and coquetted even with her brothers. She was a born woman of the world too, for she added, "You must think me dreadfully vain, Mr. Fuller, to come and show my self in my finery, but I did not know that you would be here."

"Yes you did," said Tom, again breaking out. "Dolly told you he was coming when you went on so about her rose."

"What rose?" asked Adrian.

"Shall I tell him, Dolly?" Netta asked teasingly.

"No," said the girl, raising her eyes from Netta's glistening raiment to her beautiful face; "please don't, Netta!" The tone was so humble and entreating it touched the Beauty's heart, and she un-snapped a bracelet from her arm, and turned away her head quickly, and gathering her snowy wraps around her, said good-bye to them, and went back to the carriage, which, with her patient chaperon within it, was waiting for her.

"Good-bye," she said, looking back at the untidy sitting-room and the group of badly-dressed brothers and sisters. "Dolly, I want you," and Dolly obeying, followed her. "I want to give you this, dear," she said, putting the trinket she had un-snapped into her hand. It was not valuable—a little gold bracelet some one had given her years ago, but it seemed priceless to unsophisticated Dolly.

"Oh no, oh no, Netta!" then she looked up again at her sister's face—that little Dolly was such a beauty-lover—and timidly put her arms about the Beauty's neck. "Oh, Netta! if you would only care for me, and not laugh at me, I should like it far better than having a bracelet!"

"I don't laugh at you, you little goose," and she kissed her warmly back again. "And I am very fond of you, of course. There, now I shall put this round your wrist," and she fastened it on, and rustled out, and into the carriage. "Dolly," she said, looking back, "your friend, Mr. Fuller, is very handsome. I wish I'd seen him before!" and then she drove away.

"Let us come back to the garden," Adrian Fuller said, when Dolly returned to the sitting-room. "I have not said good-bye to it yet. We will not stay long, Mrs. Woodward," he said; "I only want to stroll round it once more." So the children followed him.

"Do you know," said Dolly, "I think trees know all sorts of strange things. I always feel as if they are my friends too." And she looked up at the sheltering branches of her favorite sycamore, through which the stars were glittering. "This is where we buried Venus," she added. "Netta came and caught us."

"Yes; and said Dolly was too big for that sort of thing," said Tom.

"What was that about the rose?"

"Nothing," said Dolly, hastily.

"I'll tell you," said Tom. "Dolly had a rose to give you, and Netta wanted it, and Dolly wouldn't let her have it."

"Le quiet, Tom!" exclaimed Dolly, angrily; "it's very mean of you to tell tales."

"And then," continued Tom, remorselessly, "Netta said Dolly was in love with you."

"Tom!" gasped Dolly, and burst into tears. Adrian Fuller laughed, he could not help it, till he saw poor Dolly's face, frightened, proud, and pale, ashamed of her position and her tears. Then he smoothed the dark hair off her brow.

"Never mind, Dolly, little woman," he said, soothingly. "Perhaps, when I come back in two years' time I shall be in love with you."

"Isn't sister Netta pretty?" asked Sally, when they were all in the house again. Mrs. Woodward looked up eagerly. She was so proud of her eldest daughter.

"Pretty!" he answered, "she has the loveliest face I ever saw in my life! I would give anything to get a chance of sketching it." Dolly looked up wonderingly at him, thinking vaguely that it was a great blessing to be beautiful, and he, seeing the grave childlike face, with the troubled look it had worn beneath the sycamore tree still upon it, forgot the Beauty, and talked to his old playmate, who would never be his playmate more.

"What did you do with the rose, after all?"

"It is there," she said, pointing to a side table, where it had lain since the morning. He went and took it up, limp and broken

as it was, and put it between the leaves of a pocket sketch-book.

"I shall keep it in remembrance," he said.

"He never wanted to paint you, Dolly," said Tom, a little later, when by the star-shine the children watched their friend out of sight. "And he did Netta? He thinks you a guy."

"Yes," answered Dolly, absently.

"Netta will out you out when he comes back," he added, obligingly. Dolly looked at him almost bewildered for a moment, she was thinking of Adrian Fuller's words, "Perhaps when I come back in two years I shall be in love with you," and he had taken her rose too! It seemed to Dolly afterwards that she had learnt so much in that day. She had strayed out of her Eden, and the penalty of knowledge is this—that ignorance cannot be regained.

"No she won't," she answered, sorrowfully, for she was thinking of his absence, not of his return, or of what would happen then.

CHAPTER VI.—OUT OF THE DREAM-WORLD.

"Well, mamma, he will come," said Netta. "He says his mother always used to talk about you, and that he should so like to see you."

"But I hate visitors," answered Mrs. Woodward, "unless they are any of your father's literary friends; they are as Bohemian as ourselves."

"Is he a jolly fellow?" asked Tom.

"Very, worth a dozen of your paragon Mr. Fullers, with his big eyes, and tawny moustache he was so fond of stroking."

"How dare you!" flashed Dolly, feeling that she was beginning to hate this interloping George Blakesley already.

"Well, so he is," she laughed merrily back. Netta never got out of temper, any more than she ever had any violent emotions. "And he's an excellent match. I advise you to set your cap at him, Dolly. Mr. Fuller has evidently forgotten all about you, for he has been gone an entire year, and not written once."

"He's not likely to look at Dolly," said Mrs. Woodward—referring, of course, to the coming Blakesley—"she is such a plain little thing," and she looked up at her eldest daughter. A year had only added to her beauty, and the summer sunlight was resting on the golden hair. "Why, I could not help seeing that Adrian Fuller was struck with the difference in the sisters the last evening he was here!" She did not say the words unkindly, or mean them to sound so, and Dolly knew this, and Netta's beauty and her own plainness were things Dolly had been aware of, and heard lamented all her life, yet the remark struck home, and the hot tears came into her eyes, and a wild w-h into her heart for just a little beauty. If her mother could only be proud of her as she was of Netta, or if some one older than herself would love her just a little. She had so longed for this happiness lately. She had no one to look up at now, no one to win praise or love from, save her younger brother and sisters; and her older wiser friends consisted of books and the old sycamore tree. There had been Mr. Fuller, and how she had missed him through all the long months that had formed the present year only Dolly's self knew; and how she had waited for a letter day after day, and week after week, until angrily, half sadly, she gave him up, it was sorrow even to remember. He was dead, she used to think to herself in the sad moments; and he had forgotten her, she thought, half sorrowfully in the angry ones. Be it which it might, however, she could not allow Netta to speak against him. It was her mother's speech, however, that out her on the tenderest point, for it spoilt what was as yet the sweetest memory of her life. Tom came to her rescue, as heretofore. Tom was sixteen now. How they were growing up, these Woodward children!

"Did he notice the difference?" he said, scornfully. "Netta got the worst of it, then, for he was always awfully fond of Dolly. Why, he said he should be in love with her when he comes back, which is more than he'd ever be with Netta, I know!"

"Is it?" laughed the Beauty. "Well, we'll see if over this wonderful man returns. I shall try what I can do."

"Oh no, Netta!" began Dolly, darting forward, and she put her hand on her sister's arm, and as she did so saw their two faces reflected in a queer old-fashioned looking-glass, before which Netta had been standing. She gazed for a minute almost in surprise, at their two faces; the one, with blue eyes and red pouting lips, and a flush upon her rounded cheek—a sweet, fair, English face, crowned with a wealth of golden hair; the other, grave and pale, with dark brown hair falling low on her forehead, and twisted into a knot behind, with grey eyes fearless and truthful enough, but with none of the fascinations of the soft blue ones that were watching her, and a mouth that was large and yet sweet and expressive, and so formed, perhaps, the best feature of her face.

"We are very different," she said, with a long wistful sigh, as she turned away. Then Sally crept to Dolly's side. The quaint child understood her sister better than any other perhaps.

"You would not like the people in books, and all the trees, if you were like her," she said, for these were their common friends.

"No," answered Dolly, looking back almost pityingly at the sister she had envied a moment or two before.

CHAPTER VII.—HOW DOLLY CHANGED HER NAME.

So George Blakesley, who had met Netta at her grandfather's, and who had been anxious to see Mrs. Woodward, because his mother and she had been schoolfellows, made his call, and saw Mrs. Woodward, and was liked, and was asked to come again and see Mr. Woodward, and did. At last he came to spend an evening, just after the fashion of Adrian Fuller of old, and then it was that he first made acquaintance with Dolly. She had determined that she would not see the possible successor of her old friend until she absolutely could not help herself, and she kept her resolution.

Mr. Woodward came home, and George Blakesley arrived, and still Dolly sat beneath the sycamore tree, with a book in her hand, and with Sally at her feet; and Tom standing behind looking over her shoulder. She always felt in after years that she had sat there waiting almost unconsciously for something that would happen, and when Will came down the garden pathway to her, with something hidden beneath his coat, and said, "Dolly, you are to come into tea in five minutes; and guess what I've got here!" she answered, without a moment's hesitation, "It's a letter from Mr. Fuller," and it was, and her heart gave a great bound when she saw it was directed to herself, and she was compensated for all the past months of waiting.

She broke the seal, and Tom leant her head forward, and Sally rose to her feet, and Will came round to her other shoulder, and so they read his first letter. He had been ill and lazy, he said, and hated writing, but he had not forgotten them, and in another year he should be home again. "I wonder if I shall find you all much altered," he went on. "You will be quite a woman, Dolly; you must be one already, and I shall call you Dorothy in future. I like the name, and the other is too babyish for you now. I hope I shall find you all the same," he repeated again at the end of the letter, after he had told her about his work and way of living, and the country round about, and said all that people far off invariably do say in letters.

"Why, of course, he'll find us the same," said Tom, when they were going towards the house. "What should we alter for?" and for answer Dolly felt the refrain of a song ringing in her ears, as she heard it for many a long day afterwards:—

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

She stopped at the garden door.

"Call me Dorothy in future," she said; "I am too old to be called Dolly any more."

And so the old childish name was dropped for ever.

CHAPTER VIII.—ON TO THE SYCAMORE TREE.

They had tea in Mr. Woodward's study sometimes, especially in the summer, for it looked on to the garden. It was a cosy room, untidy of course, as all the Woodward rooms were, with books and papers all about, and easy chairs and couches covered with faded grubby chintz. The few who knew it always remembered the room, and the group that gathered there, and loved in after years to linger over the memory.

George Blakesley had wanted to know the Woodwards. Mrs. Woodward had been his mother's friend in girlhood, and he had often heard of Mr. Woodward in his editorial capacity. So, when he went to Colonel Wade's, and met Netta there, it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should find his way to Hampstead, and he did. Mrs. Woodward had liked him on his first visit, and she liked seeing some one about the place who did not bother her; moreover, she was beginning to feel that Dolly was growing up, and she remembered that Netta had said he was a good match.

He raised his head half curiously when the procession, consisting of Tom, and Will, and Sally, and Dorothy, entered; he had never seen them before, and he was fond of children; but these were bigger than he had expected; and when he saw Dolly he forgot—for he was singularly absent—what was expected of him, and looked at her almost curiously. "That girl has a good face," he thought; "I should like to talk to her."

They found it pleasanter than they had imagined, having tea with the interloping Blakesley, as Tom had christened him, though he directed his conversation chiefly to their father, and the subjects of it were dry enough—mathematics, and so on. It gave them an opportunity of looking at him. He was fair and pale, with a straggling faded-looking beard and dull yellow hair, but he had a wonderful good head, and set kind blue eyes with dark lashes; he was not very tall, yet well-made and muscular; and with a quiet manner and voice that had withal a certain dignity.

"Well, what do you think of old pale face?" asked Tom, with his usual striking want of respect.

This remark was addressed to Dolly, when, the festival of tea having been completed, the younger branches of the house of Woodwards had betaken themselves to the garden again.

"I don't like him," said Dorothy, with almost a shudder.

"Then we'll serve him out," he answered, consolingly.

"I like him," said Sally, cramming her papers into her pocket.

Sally had a quick eye, and was always drawing crude pictures dictated by her quaint fancy.

"I heard father tell him he would always be welcome, and to come often," said Will.

"It's too bad," said Dolly, almost crying; and she thought, "I will never, never like him, never!"

And George Blakesley, looking out at the straggling garden, thought, "There is something in that girl's face, I like; but what a child she is!" and then he asked if he might go and look at the summer-house, and made his way for the first time to the old sycamore tree.

CHAPTER IX.—THE INTERLOPING BLAKESLEY.

It was six months or more since George Blakesley had first made his way to the sycamore tree, and the children knew him well, and liked him, and he was fonder of them than ever Adrian Fuller had been.

He was well off, as Netta had told them before his first appearance, having an excellent appointment as actuary to an insurance company, as well as an income from private sources; and he had some position too, besides that given him by birth—he had carried off high honours at the University, and was clever, nay, more than merely clever, for great things were expected from him in the future. Yet his manner, and ways, and tastes, were perfectly simple, and they seeing him at Hampstead quietly spending his evenings there, or content to pass his hours among

the merry group in the garden, scarcely thought, or could have realized how great and clever people sought him out, and asked him to their houses in vain. He had his own circle of friends too, who believed in him and made much of him, but thought he liked them, and valued their friendship, he only visited them by fits and starts. He never lost a friend, though he was sometimes long ere he made one, for he took no trouble to do so, and he was unobtrusive and unconvictional, crossing badly, never making calls, and wrapt up in his pursuits; but when people once learned to understand him, they learned to like him.

At Hampstead he had won Mr. and Mrs. Woodward completely. He talked science and philosophy with the former, and lent books to the latter. The children liked him; but they were true to Adrian Fuller, for they were loyal children—though they may not be called children longer—and constant to old friends.

They had so altered in these six months, and perhaps George Blakesley had had most to do with this. He was so apt to talk over their heads, and they, trying to reach him, insensibly climbed higher. Not, mind, that he ever talked great or grand knowledge. He would discuss the simplest things, but as only a thoughtful and educated mind could discuss them. He was a man who believed in trifles, and thought nothing too small to be considered, knowing how the smallest details have altered the whole world's way, and by what narrow paths the greatest cities are sometimes reached.

He had no mother or father, only three maiden aunts (sisters of his father), and these lived together somewhere up at Bayswater; but he himself lived not far from the pleasant ways of Hampstead, in a little house standing in its own garden.

"You must come and see my little place some day," he had said to Mrs. Woodward; but somehow the visit had never been effected, for she was indolent, and he careless and forgetful.

(To be continued.)

Hebrew Women.

Who does not think of Deborah, prophetess, poetess, and warlike chieftainess, who could awaken the dormant spirit of her people and lead them triumphantly to the battle? "She is," to borrow the eloquent words of Dean Stanley, "the magnificent impersonation of the spirit of the Jewish people and of Jewish life. On the coins of the Roman empire, Judea is represented as a woman, seated under a palm-tree, captive and weeping. It is the contrast of that figure which will best place before us the character and call of Deborah. It is the same Judean palm, under whose shadow she sits, not with downcast eyes, and folded hands, and extinguished hopes, but with all the fire of faith and energy, eager for the battle, confident of the victory. Here is the one voice of inspiration (in the full sense of the word) that breaks out in the Book of Judges. . . . Here is the prophetic word that gives an utterance and a sanction to the thoughts of freedom, of independence, and of natural unity such as they had never had before in the world, and have rarely had since." The very possibility of the existence of a Deborah speaks trumpet-tongued for the moral and mental worth of Hebrew women.

We may surmise that Deborah's heroic mantle fell, after the lapse of centuries, upon the shoulders of Judith, for in this second avenger of her people's wrongs we find the same patriotic zeal, the same independent action, coupled, it is true, with more questionable attributes. The cruelty to enemies which obscures the lustre of both characters, and which we often find in those hearts whose patriotism beats loudest, was, we must, in justice, remember, the reflex shadow cast by their intense love of race and country—a sentiment common among all young nations, and which only faded before the more perfect light of civilization. Even in Esther, the gentler and more delicately-drawn queen of Abasuerus, the Hebrew myrtle, blossoming on an Asiatic court of barbarous pomp, we find patriotism and self-forgetting courage darkened by an act of revenge and cruelty.

Courage and grandeur of character seem to have reached their acme in the story of the noble mother whose story is told in the Book of the Maccabees. Almost without a parallel in history is the Jewish woman, whose very name has fallen into oblivion, but who will ever be remembered as the heroic mother of seven heroic sons. This woman united the faith of Deborah with the bravery and devotion of Judith, and was, in truth, the forerunner of that great and holy army of martyrs, which, seen through the dim mist of ages, stands forth in colossal proportions, exciting in us the profoundest feelings of admiration and of awe. The author of the Book of the Maccabees tells her story in one short chapter. The Jews were under Syrian rule, the hardest, the cruellest they had yet suffered, and Antiochus Epiphanes was the tyrant who, in resolving to annihilate the Jewish faith, gave it fresh life and strength. The monarch insisted upon enforcing his decrees, which the Jews obstinately resisted, and day after day the most horrible scenes were enacted. A mother and her seven sons were called upon to eat unlawful meat, and having indignantly refused to obey were brought before Antiochus. The mother, we are told, was "marvellous above all, and worthy of honourable memory." As one of her sons after another was subjected to tortures, varied with fiendish ingenuity, each was upheld in his last moments of agony by the heroic woman, until the youngest alone survived. Antiochus, thinking it a disgrace to be thus baffled, promised the youth honour and riches if he would forswear the Jewish faith, and bade the mother counsel her son to yield to his persuasion. But the non-hearted woman laughed the tyrant to scorn, and bursting forth in her own Hebrew tongue, said to her son, "Fear not this tormentor, but being worthy of thy brothers, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy." Bereft of all her children, the mother at last, without a murmur, herself suffered death for her faith.—*Constance de Rothschild, in New Quarterly Review.*

Scientific and Useful.

FOR SICK HEADACHE.

Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drunk in half a tumbler of water, will often give relief to the headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid in the stomach.

BAKING POWDER.

(1) Tartaric acid, three ounces; bicarbonate of soda, four ounces; farina, six ounces. Powder each very fine, and then well mix. (2) Tartaric acid, fifteen ounces; bicarbonate of soda, nineteen ounces; make up to one hundred ounces with farina or starch.

FRENCH TOAST.

Beat four eggs very light and stir them in a pint of milk; slice some baker's bread, dip the pieces into the egg, then lay them in a pan of hot lard and fry brown; sprinkle a little powdered sugar and cinnamon on each piece and serve hot. If nicely prepared, this is an excellent dish for breakfast or tea—quite equal to waffles.

MANY HOUSEKEEPERS.

Injure themselves needlessly by lifting wash-tubs or wash-boilers half full of water. It takes longer, of course, to dip water out of a tub than to carry it away, but it pays it the long run; and what kind of forthright is there in setting the wash-boiler on the floor, filling it with water, and then lifting it on the stove? One such exertion of strength hurts a person more than a week's steady work.

TO MAKE ROMINY.

Put some concentrated lye in a kettle and dissolve, take five ears of white corn, shell, put into the lye and boil one hour or until the skins will wash off; then wash four or five times, or until free from hulls and the taste of lye, then put it into a kettle of fresh water and boil all day. When wanted for use, put in a skillet and fry with lard.

HOW TO SELECT MEATS.

An English journal gives the following hints on this subject.—Good and wholesome meat should be neither of a pale rosy or pink color, nor of a deep purple. The first denotes the diseased condition, the last proves the animal has died a natural death. Good meat has more of a marble look, in consequence of the branching of the veins which surround the adipose cells. The fat, especially of the inner organs, is always firm, suety, and never moist, while in general the fat from diseased cattle is flabby and watery, and more often resembles jelly or boiled parchment. Wholesome meat will always show itself firm and elastic to the touch, and exhibit no dampness, while bad meat will appear soft and moist, in fact often more wet, so that the liquid substance runs out of the blood when pressed hard. Good meat has very little smell, while unsound meat has a disagreeable, cadaverous smell. Lastly, bad meat shrinks considerably in the boiling; wholesome meat rather swells, and does not lose an ounce in weight.

THE HEALTHFULNESS OF LEMONS.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or sour apples, they would feel just as well satisfied, and receive no injury. And a suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan when lemons are cheap in the market. A person should, in those times, purchase several dozen at once, and prepare them for use in the warm days of spring and summer, when acids, especially citric and malic, or the acids of lemons and ripe fruits, are so grateful and useful. Press your hand on the lemon, and roll it back and forth briskly on the table, to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler,—never into tin; strain out all the seeds as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil in water,—a pint for a dozen pulps,—to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough, then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes; bottle it; and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon syrup in a glass of water, and you have a cooling, healthful drink.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SLEEP.

Anything favours asleep which has a tendency to abstract blood from the brain. Exercise does this, because the moment the weary muscles are at rest the blood rushes to them to repair their less, and is absorbed by them. Digestion and hot drinks produce the same result by drawing the blood supply from the brain to the stomach. Conversely, of course, anything that stimulates the brain, such as sights, sounds, thought, or anxiety, will keep a man awake. Thus, night is the period of sleep, because sources of disturbance or stimulation of the organs of sense are diminished or altogether lulled. Uniformity of impression practically is the same as no impression at all. Hence monotony, or uniform rhythm, tends to produce quiescence and predisposition to sleep. The commencement or cessation of the impression is the real stimulus, and therefore a person will awake suddenly when a constant sound is suddenly stopped. Finally, there is a tendency during sleep for the blood to find its way to the extremities and surface of the body. A careful consideration of these facts will furnish us with several practical recipes for a good night's rest. If we wish for that quiet slumber from which a man awakes refreshed and invigorated we must, to begin with, avoid all care, anxiety, and thought. Healthy exercise towards the close of the day—s, for example, a brisk walk home from business to dinner—will also have its effect. A judicious glass of some hot and comforting compound is not to be despised. Much can be done by wrapping the feet in blankets, and keeping them warm by artificial appliances, such as hot-water bottles, if need be. When all these means fail it is better to call in the family doctor than to take an opiate. The effect of all opiates is the same; they produce temporary congestion of the brain. This brings on sleep, but in precisely the same manner as does a violent blow on the head. The slumber, in other words, produced by narcotics is not sleep, but a species of coma, and people who find that they cannot get wholesome sleep by natural means will do best to take it for granted that they are in need of medical advice.