

Helen Alister's life, creeping into it, as such things do, all unawares.

Just what his sister called him, "as good as gold," this new-comer might have made choice of a wife long before if his standard of womankind had not been higher than most men's. But through long service this bachelor officer showed no symptoms of changing his estate till leave of absence sent him to Ashby, there to find located by chance the very woman he seemed to have waited for through years and years.

Unpractised in the art of love-making, Mrs. Wynne's brother walked serenely on the road while his candid admiration for his sister's companion led him. The widow unwittingly ministered to the situation by insisting on Miss Alister's sharing every hour of the colonel's society. "She shall not feel she is friendless if I can help it," was her grateful thought. It was not in feminine nature to resist the influence which grew about her. Helen Alister felt in the deference of Herbert Grant's voice, in his watching for her glance, his waiting for her words, a new, delicious thralldom, which to know by its right name was to know herself most miserably.

(To be continued.)

Trusting Souls Always Hope's Music May Hear.

DART FAIRTHORNE.

Weary, so weary of snow and the sighing
Of wintry cold breezes and leaden-dull skies;
The Pines chant a requiem down in the forest,
The Hemlocks droop low and the river replies,
And this is the burden the Pine trees are chanting,
And this is the answer the rivers return;
No more through the earth do the warm breezes
loiter,
No more in earth's bosom do summer-fires
burn.

The flutter of bird-wings has ceased, and the singing
Of blithe summer breezes no more do we hear;
No Rose sends its fragrance, like incense to heaven;
Earth's pulses beat slowly,—the winter is drear.
Like castles clatter the icicle fringes,
The crystals shoot sharply and clear through
the morn;
In mockery grim shine the dazzling frost-jewels
Of the warmth and the light which in summer
are born.

Perceiving, our hearts sigh with pitiful yearning
For warmth and the joy which aforesaid was ours;
Far more neath the winter's white snow-drifts are
buried.
Than summer's sweet incense, her birds and her
flowers;
There are joys that have perished, and hopes
that are blighted,
And friends passed away whom no more we
shall greet,
And faith and affection have hidden their blossoms
Beneath the white snows that time casts at
our feet.

But, hark! through the river's monotonous moaning
An undertone deepens and breaks on the ear:
"The earnest soul finds in the world what it
seeketh,
And trusting souls always Hope's music may
hear.
O'er head shines the same sun that gladdened
the summer,
And time's golden cycle shall bring us again
The Rose and the Lily to gladden the garden,
The Daisy and Cowslip to dance on the plain.

"Again shall our hopes and our dreams rise in
beauty,
As tender-eyed Violets spring from earth's breast;
And faith and affection anew ope their blossoms,
The brighter for lying a season at rest."
Deep down in earth's bosom warm pulses are
stirring,
Not long shall the winter now hold us in
thrall;
Again shall our hearts know a summer of glad-
ness,
So trust ye, sad heart, for there's One who
guides all.

A simple silver plate or dish in low shape takes the place of the old covered butter-dish.

The centre of a dinner table for company diners is usually occupied by a round vial or square mirror in a plush frame, on which is set a large, low bowl, or basket of cut flowers or growing ferns.

Strawberries are often served in little wooden baskets with the stems on. The baskets are placed on a silver salver, and each guest helps himself when handed to him. It is not good form to use either fork or spoon when the stem is left on; simply dip each berry in sugar, and convey it to the mouth in the fingers.

Minnie May's Dep't.

MY DEAR NIECES:—Having given some general hints to my readers in my last letter regarding raising flowers for market let me suggest another industry which I have often wondered was not developed by farmers' wives and daughters. Many a housekeeper would gladly purchase a loaf of home-made bread were it to be had in the market, but I never have seen it. As the best of flower is to be had now for six dollars per barrel why not try your hand and establish a reputation for bread making, of which any young woman should be proud. Enough cannot be said against the generality of bread found in farmers' homes. It is sour, badly baked and worse raised. Bread is one of the staples of our households and no labor or care is lost that is bestowed upon its making. I would warn my readers that any sample of inferior quality will not sell at all, simply because it is home-made. In making bread for market it should be made the day before and the loaves should be made nicely brown and brought to market in a new basket with a clean, white cloth under and one over it. Ordinary farmers' flour will not make such reliable loaves as the best brands. Use the compressed yeast, which is easily managed and does not turn sour. So many different varieties can be produced, all tempting and delicious, from the favorite white bread to brown bread, corn bread, rolls and twists, with every variety of fancy bread with butter and eggs, such as muffins, buns of all varieties, currant loaves and breakfast rolls. You have simply to follow the directions laid down on the paper you receive with each package of yeast and success is sure to follow your efforts.

Minnie May desires to thank Miss Elizabeth S., of Lakeside, for a beautiful box of spring flowers received on the Queen's birthday.

MINNIE MAY.

Fashion Notes.

A fashionable critic says: "The head of a woman is the grand text of taste. The tendency of most women is to overload it with ornaments, thereby destroying its natural lines and beauties with excrescences." The old-time flowered lawns have again become stylish. A narrow fold of white crepe lisse, resting against a narrow fold or edge of white ribbon is used on the necks and sleeves of dresses. A suitable fabric for school-girls' dresses is a kind of firm smooth gingham. It is called Faile du Nord. These goods wear splendidly, wash and iron beautifully, and retail at 12½ cents per yard. Oh! The daintiness of spring and summer costumes! Such charming materials for their making! One were hard to suit not to find the wherewithal for a charming "set out." Then as to garnishing—the ribbons and laces, here, there and everywhere. Girls' hats are of colored straw with wide, straight brims and half-high crowns. They are trimmed often in two colors of ribbon, in loops and ends and bows and streamers. Often the back of the brim is caught up by a loop, holding it close to the crown. Dog collars and belts of jet are among the newest conceits. They may be worn with any toilette but are rather too heavy for summer wear. Gay colors prevail in the parasols of the season, but they can hardly be called elegant. Corsage bouquets are no longer

fashionable; a single blossom is allowable. The matron may wear lilacs, pansies, chrysanthe-mums, leaving the lillies, rosebuds and daisies for the younger ladies. A serviceable gown is made of white serge with the back draperies long and bouffant, the front long, reaching to the top of the hem and slightly raised on the right side. Deep collar and cuffs of any bright colored plush may be added, but they should be so arranged as to come off easily when the dress requires laundering. Loops of broad ribbon the same color as the plush can be worn at the side or back. Remember a bodice can easily be over-trimmed. Upholstered furniture is going out of favor for bed-rooms. Cane or willow are considered more wholesome. The most fashionable and artistic chamber set consists of a basin of Russian or Japanese lacquer, a large and small jug or picture of painted china, fanciful brush holders of glass, soap holder of glass or china, and two or three glasses in amber, opal or rose color. Sometimes the lounge is a long box mounted on six or eight castors and opening by means of a fringed lid. This box makes a good receptacle for a woman's best gowns which are best protected from wrinkles if laid in an ample place. The lounge should also have a moveable cushion. Two soft pillows should be placed at one end and two more for the back.

Recipes.

BANANA PIE.

Slice raw bananas, add sugar and a pinch of allspice, put some little bits of butter on the top and bake between two crusts.

LEMON PIE.

Grate the yellow rind off three lemons on a plate; squeeze the juice over, add three tablespoons of sugar and the yolks of three eggs; beat for twenty minutes; pour into a pie plate covered with nice light pastry, and bake in a moderate oven. When done beat the whites to a stiff froth, add three tablespoons of sugar, place on top of the pie and brown slightly in the oven. Orange pies can be made the same.

RHUBARB PIE.

Skin the stalks and cut in half-inch lengths; fill a tin or agate pie dish, put in plenty of sugar and a pinch of cinnamon; bake with an upper crust only, as the juice of the fruit renders an upper crust soggy.

GREEN CURRANT PIE.

Pick green currants, free from stalks and leaves, add sugar, and bake between crusts.

SNOWFLAKE.

Grate a large cocoonut into a large dish, and serve with cream or jelly.

FINNAN HADDIE.

Lightly scrape the outside, and lay in a dripping pan, skin side down; just cover with sweet milk, and bake in the oven until tender.

FRIED TROUT.

Wash and wipe, remove the entrails, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, fry a light brown in boiling lard or butter; serve with sprigs of parsley around.

BAKED FISH.

Take a salmon trout weighing three or four pounds; scale and clean it, wipe dry and place on a dripping-pan, back up; rub over with flour and bake for one hour, keeping it well basted with butter while it bakes. Fish should always be garnished. When served, there is no gravy around them, and they do not look so appetizing as when a few sprigs of parsley or cress, or even slices of lemon, are laid around them.