

USEFUL RECIPES.

CRACKERS.—Rub four ounces of butter in one quart of flour, make a paste with rich milk, knead it into a ball...

LEMONS CAKE.—One and a half cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, juice and grate the rind of one lemon...

HOME-MADE BAKING POWDER.—One ounce of tartaric acid, two ounces of carbonate of soda, two ounces of corn flour. Mix them thoroughly together...

STEWED BEETS.—Boil them first the usual way, then scrape and slice them, put them into a stewpan with a piece of butter rolled in flour, some boiled onion and parsley chopped fine...

BAKED MACARONI.—Three long sticks of macaroni broken in small pieces; soak in a pint of milk two hours. Grate bread and dried cheese...

LEMON TART.—Three dessert-spoonful of flour, one of powdered sugar, rind of one lemon, two ounces of butter, two eggs, and a little nutmeg...

POTATO BISCUIT.—Eight potatoes of medium size mashed very fine, four table-spoonful of butter melted, two cups of milk lukewarm, one cup of yeast flour to make a thin batter...

CHOCOLATE TABLETS.—A quarter of a pound of chocolate, one small stick of cinnamon, peel of one lemon, two spoonful of flour, six eggs, two spoonful of milk, sugar to taste...

JELLY OMELET.—Currant or other tart jelly, five eggs, four table-spoonful of cream, or the same of milk thickened with a spoonful of rice flour or arrow-root...

A Judge on Mustaches.—Among English judges and barristers there has always been a strong prejudice against hair on the face, and until within the last few years it would have been impossible to find a barrister with a mustache...

Education.—The main purpose of education is not to promote success in life, but to raise the standard of life itself; and this object can be attained only by those higher studies which call forth the powers of reason, moral feeling, and artistic taste.

When will you stop this stage-acting and come down to the legal facts of the case? asked a dignified old judge of a young lawyer who was speaking in the court the other day.

Why must we mourn for vanished light? asks a poet. It may be owing to the fact that it has been cut off at the meter because of the failure to pay for it.

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SIDNEY'S FOLLY

CHAPTER XIII.

Sidney's wedding-day came in "the time of roses." They were all in bloom in the old-fashioned garden at the rear of the Gray House...

Bessie's first impulse was to summon assistance, and she had taken a few steps in the direction of the bell, when she paused, and turning away again, went back slowly to the little white bed...

Bessie glanced around the room anxiously, but there were no other signs of disturbance; the pretty dressing-table, with its ornaments and knick-knacks, and the candles burnt down into their sockets...

More alarmed now, Bessie hurriedly brought water, and, lifting her mistress's head, held it to her lips, and then bathed her face and brow with it.

At last a glimmer of consciousness crept into the marble face lying on the bed, and the heavy lids were slowly raised, and Sidney's great dark eyes opened and stared up with a strange fixed expression of regard at the tender anxious face bending over her.

"You are better, dearie?" the old woman said, gently smoothing away the hair from the girl's white brow, and thinking anxiously how like the fair face as it lay among the soft white satin and flowers which lined her coffin.

"Better?" Sidney's pale lips muttered inquiringly, almost as if Bessie had spoke in some unknown tongue.

"Yes; you have been ill, dearie," Bessie said soothingly; "but you are better now, and I will fetch you some tea. Are you well enough to be left?"

Your thoughts wandered to? Have you forgotten what day this is? Surely not! No girl ever forgot on awakening that it is her wedding-day!

"Her wedding-day!" echoed Sidney, in the same hushed voice; and the slender drooping frame began to tremble so pitifully that Bessie ran to her and caught her in her arms.

"What has happened, my dearie?" she asked tenderly. "What has frightened you? Tell your old nurse, my dearie—tell Bessie."

The tender voice and touch moved Sidney as nothing else could have moved her; she clung to the old woman with her little feeble hands, and said faintly—

"Bessie, Bessie!" and again, in a few moments, "Bessie, Bessie," her hair falling round her, holding the little trembling figure in her strong arms, kissed and fondled her as if she had still been the child who had lain on her breast twenty years before.

"Can't you tell me, dearie? What has happened to distress and frighten you?" she whispered. "Shall I call the Doctor, Miss Sidney?"

"No, no, no," Sidney called out, in sudden passionate alarm—"do not call any one! There is nothing—What do you mean, Bessie? I was only a little tired, and I had had dreams—yes, I had had dreams—oh, such terrible dreams!"

"But the dreams are over now, my dearie," Bessie said tenderly; "they need not trouble you to-day. Look how brightly the sun is shining for you, Miss Sidney; and, if it is true that 'happy is the bride the sun shines on,' surely your wedding day will be happy, my dearie!"

The church was crowded to excess—the nave and aisles with eager onlookers, the chancel with wedding-guests in their costly array. There was hardly standing room for another person in the building, and outside, the churchyard was thronged with spectators, many of whom had clambered up on the railings round the back-ground to obtain a better view.

In such a crowd escape from notice, if it were desired, would be almost certain, and many strangers had come into Ashford, attracted by the wedding festivities—for Mr. Daunt's name was well known in the county, and Dr. Arnold's almost equally well.

The guests had all arrived; the clergymen in their spotless surplices were standing with their arms round the communion-table. Stephen Daunt looking somewhat pale, but calm and languid and proud, was in his place; the two bridesmaids, Dolly Daunt and pretty Bell Bevis, were waiting in the porch, daintily dressed in their fragrant roses in their backs, and, without the excitement was at its height, for Dr. Arnold's carriage was drawing near, the gray horses prancing as if proud of their mission that day.

"She's coming, she's coming!" arose the murmur among the crowd; and a man in the dress of a sailor, so bronzed and sunburnt that his face was of the hue of mahogany, swung himself up to the railings of the churchyard, and stood there to see the bride come.

The carriage stopped; Dr. Arnold sprang out and lifted out his daughter; and at Sidney's appearance a murmur of admiration broke from the spectators.

She was pale as a lily still, there was not a shade of color in her face or lips, and she kept her eyes downcast as she walked to the carpet pathway by her father's side. The sunshine fell upon her as she passed, lingering lovingly on the flower-crowned head, turning the brown of her hair into gold, shining on the glossy folds of satin, on the flashing diamonds on the throat and on the white wrists.

Almost like a royal bride she looked as she passed on into the porch, and then to where Stephen waited for her, while the rich soft music of the organ filled the church with melody.

Those who were outside could breathe more freely now, and some, having seen what they waited for, were willing enough to disperse; but the first to move was the sailor who had obtained such a good place on the railings. As soon as Sidney's long white train had disappeared within the church, he sprang himself down from his perch, shouldered his way through the crowd, and disappeared.

Her efforts. "More congratulations, I suppose." She took up the letter; but her fingers were trembling so violently that she could not open it; and she put it down hastily, glancing at Dolly to see if she noticed her intense agitation.

"What is it, dear? Are you ill?" she asked, running to her. "Ill?—with a little laugh. "Oh, no. But I wonder if, amid all the confusion and bustle down-stairs, it is possible to get a cup of tea?"

"Of course! Why not?" said Dolly, laughing. "No, don't run," Sidney opposed hastily. "Will you run down yourself, dear, and ask Bessie to make it for me? She knows how I like it, you know. It is a shame to trouble you."

"A great shame!" laughed Dolly, as she departed on her errand; and, as soon as the door closed behind her, Sidney snatched up the letter, and tore it open.

It bore no signature; but Sidney knew the handwriting too well to need one. Many a tender little note that she had received in time past had been written by the same hand, and by it too had been written the words which had reached her in the snows of the previous winter but one, and which she had never forgotten.

"I am innocent—be true to me," Frank Greville had written to her on the second day after the coroner's jury had found him guilty of "Wilful murder;" and the letter which awaited her on her wedding-morning was in the same handwriting.

It needed no signature for Sidney to recognize it as with fascinated eyes she stood staring at the pregnant words.

"I came too late to save you from the fate you have brought on yourself. Faithless and forsaken, how can you expect to be happy? Heaven help you, Sidney! You are indeed to be pitied now!"

A TERRIBLE NIGHT AT SEA.

A Crazy Captain Sets Fire to His Ship and Attempts to Shoot the Crew.

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He said to the mates that his nerves were excited, that in hearing the least noise he believed some body was speaking to him, and he answered. In the course of the day he ate and drank with the mates, made his observations and calculations on the chart, and gave general orders.

Toward evening the wind blew harder, and the captain ordered the taking in of some sails in a proper manner. When Mr. Wiggers stood on deck at about 6 o'clock in the evening the captain was on the after deck and was surprisingly quiet.

That was all. There was no date, no post-mark, nothing to show how the note had been brought, and Sidney could only conjecture.

"It was no dream," she said, pushing back her hair from her forehead, and wondering dimly if her senses were leaving her in this terrible extremity.

"What can I do?" she moaned. "I have no help on any side. I dare not trust Stephen—he believes him guilty—and my father will not help me. Oh, it is too terrible—it will drive me mad!"

He returned quickly, alarmed the crew, took a couple of mats as shields against the revolver bullets, and went again to the cabin.

SCIENTIFIC.

As a polishing-paste for cleaning and restoring tarnished nickel, use chalk or rouge mixed with talcum.

The Swiss railroad companies now cover a portion of their carriages with a phosphorescent preparation, which makes them visible at night.

Paper-mache is made by pasting or gluing sheets of straw or other thick paper together when wet and pressing to the shape of the mould, or making a pulp of the paper material and pressing the pulp into moulds.

Prof. Leeds gives the following formula for making cow's milk as near like mother's milk as possible: Take a pint of cow's milk, add to it a pint of water; then add two ounces of cream, then add 40 grains of milk sugar.

An English (Birmingham) firm has discovered and registered a new metal, which they have named "Alumite." This metal, an alloy of cadmium, is of great whiteness, brilliancy, and tensile strength, and can be produced at comparatively small cost.

French shoe-dressing: Vinegar, (two pints); soft water, one pint; glue, (fine), four ounces; logwood chips, eight ounces; powdered indigo, two drachms; bicarbonate potassium, four drachms; gum-tragacanth, four drachms; glycerine, four ounces. Boil, strain, and bottle.

Elevation of the head of the bed, by placing under each leg a block of the thickness of two bricks, is stated to be an effective remedy for cramps. Patients who have suffered at nights, crying aloud with pain, have found this plan to afford immediate, certain, permanent relief.

It is reported that the decayed and dead parts of white moss, abundant in Sweden and Norway, make a much stronger paper than can be made from wood pulp. Perhaps this discovery may lead to experiments with the superabundant trailing moss of our Southern forests.

Leather may be restored in color, if not too far gone, by a slight application of oil. If this is not effectual put on blacking; let it dry; brush it off, and go over it again very lightly with oil.

As a simple remedy for ringworm, use thimble-made mustard. With the top of the finger rub this ointment first outside the sore, then over it, always rubbing in a circle and gently, and for a few seconds only. Repeat twice a day while necessary.

Mountaineers in North Carolina and Tennessee have made a good deal of money by selling a small tin of silver—any silver coin will do; place the zinc on one side of the afflicted gum and the silver on the other. By bringing the edges together the small current of electricity generated will immediately and painlessly stop the toothache.

It is not every sort of leather that will take the black color equally well, says Gerberzeitung, the oak-tanned tanning color best, pine and birch bark leather taking it the worst. If the leather does not take the color well, it should receive some previous preparation. A solution of the carbonate of soda is generally used for this purpose, although the use of ammonia is less injurious to the leather.

Glass beads are made by drawing the glass into small tubes, and breaking the tubes into suitable lengths for forming the beads. The material is then placed on a flat plate like a frying-pan, which is heated just hot enough to allow the glass to draw the sharp edges into a round; at the same time the plate or pan is gently vibrated, so as to prevent cohesions of the softened beads. A cylinder is also used somewhat like a coffee-rotator on a small scale. Faceted beads are made by passing the beads into small moulds that have sharp edges and a punch, so that the eye is punched and the bead faceted at one operation, using small rods of glass heated in a muffle furnace.

DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT. If we had but more faith, we should have less care. Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell. We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors. A rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness. A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty. It is a great blindness and a great misery to seek rest where it is impossible to find it. If you want to do right, you must be right. There is no such thing as well-doing apart from well-being. It is by far more important for the welfare of the future man that he should find the right school than the right college. It is the crushed grape that gives out the blood-red wine. It is the suffering soul that breathes the sweetest melodies. Chivalry is not confined to the relation of the sexes. It is a sentiment which should rightly inspire all who are highly favored in any respect towards those who are less fortunate.