

"We seem to belong to the same generation. We ought to lead the minuet together, for the sake of auld lang syne. Have you a dance to spare me?"

There was but one dance, the very last, left unclaimed upon Lill's Tablet. "Last, but not least," said she, as he wrote against it the name of Mr. St. Regis.

Lill glanced at the name and turned cold. Then she bent her gaze upon Mr. St. Regis himself, who returned it quietly, impenetrable as the Sphinx.

"Are you cold?" he asked. "Perhaps we are in a draught."

"No; only there is something uncanny about all this. Of course you are not really Mr. St. Regis, and I was wondering—"

"Who I really am? I don't believe you would be any wiser if I told you."

"No, not that; I was wondering how you happened with that name, because—because— Excuse me, here is my partner," and she was flashing through space like a meteor.

"And now I am wondering why my appropriation of St. Regis should startle you," he resumed, when they encountered each other the second time. "St. Regis is a family name of ours; this very costume in which I am tripping on the fantastic toe, regardless of the woes of my ancestors, comprises the wedding garments of my revered great-grandfather, St. Regis Raymond—or rather the garments in which he was to have married his first love, but for some lovers' quarrel. To tell the truth, I am the first person who ever wore them. My great-grandfather was a somewhat sentimental youth, I suppose, since he refused to marry his second love in this suit; perhaps he thought it unlucky; but was it not a pity to let such fine clothes out to the moths? Romantic, is it not? You are surely shivering; let me fetch you a wrap."

"No, thank you. I am clothed and in my right mind, I believe. And St. Regis Raymond's first love was one Elizabeth Langdone, was she not?" gasped Lill.

"So the gossips say. But how happened you to know so much of my family affairs, may I ask? Are you Elizabeth Langdone, revisiting the glimpses of the moon?"

"She was my great-grandmother," said Lill, "and I am capering here in the very gown in which she was to have married your great-grandfather but for that same foolish quarrel."

"Bless me, what a coincidence! We are some sort of relation, are we not? Allow me to say that I feel proud of my great-grandfather's first love's wedding gown!"

"And I feel almost wicked in it. Aunt Delia could never forgive, if she knew—"

"Aunt Delia?" repeated St. Regis.

"Oh, I forgot we were masquerading, and I must not give you a clue. But you'll be no wiser: you may read the Stockton Directory through without discovering Aunt Delia."

"She would object to this appropriation?"

"She would call it sacrilege. But I am Elizabeth Langdon's only great-grandchild and her namesake, and all this splendor is my own—only it has never seen daylight before, so to speak. I can't say but Aunt Delia had it insured with the silver last summer when we went to the mountains and left it behind us. It was lucky, however, that we didn't take it with us to the Silver Creek House, because it was burned to a cinder, and all our dry goods with it, and had this been among them, I should not have been here to-night."

"For which we may thank our stars. May I ask among what mountains you encamped?"

"The Franconia. Don't you love mountains?"

"Absolutely dote upon them," laughed St. Regis. "And so you were at the Silver Creek House when it burned down? I remember reading in the *Times* that the guests barely escaped with their lives. And Aunt Delia was with you, eh? Isn't she a kind of aunt of mine? Did you have a pleasant summer?"

"Yes and no," answered Lill. "One must take the bitter with the sweet, you know."

"Spiced with flirtations and conquests, I dare say?"

"No; with neither."

"I was thinking to-day how few seasons there were in our lives which we would willingly live over."

"Oh, I would like to live over last summer, above all things," cried Lill, impulsively.

"I wonder in what its peculiar charm consisted? Perhaps you had an affair, if I may guess."

"That depends upon what you call an affair."

"Why somebody fell in love with you, and you fell in love with somebody—unless that kind of thing has gone out of fashion, with our present toilettes."

"Oh, indeed! I believe you're a story-writer."

"Then I guessed happily? How impudent one grows behind a mask!"

"And what did you guess, Sir Impudence?"

"That somebody fell in love with you."

"I never heard of it before."

"Then why, pray tell me, would you care to live over that summer?"

"Perhaps to break a country heart."

"For pasture ere I went to town,"

laughed Lill. "Don't you think this is odd conversation for the descendants of our ancestors?"

"Rather," said Lill. "I wonder what they quarrelled about?" meditatively.

"Perhaps he wrote her a love-letter, and she took no notice of it."

"Perhaps he promised to write her one, and broke his promise—with a suppressed sigh."

"However, poetic justice demands that I should make a favorable impression upon you."

"Perhaps you have done so already," laughed Lill. "The violins are twanging. This is Mr. Amory's dance"—looking at her tablet—"a redowa. I hate redowas; but, all the same, au revoir. Certainly Mr. St. Regis was rather nice, and had a way not unlike Roger; and, besides, it was a bit romantic, and—well, she wished Roger could have known."

"Nice fellow!" said Conrad, breathlessly, echoing her thoughts. "Seems devoted—came down to Stockton with Bradford—chums at college. Bradford says he's suffering from an attack of unrequited love."

"Nonsense," smiled Lill.

"Yes; you'd think most any girl would give her ribbons for such a catch as Roger Roanoke."

"Roger—Roanoke?"

"Yes, that's his name. Didn't he tell you?"

"Roger Roanoke?"

"Yes, why not? Any objections, Lill? Sounds romantic; that takes the girls."

"Girls are not such fools as you men think, Conrad"—with a great effort. "My head is all in a whirl. I've danced too long. Take me out, please. I believe I'm going to faint."

"The room is deuced warm," and Conrad took her out, borrowed a smelling bottle, brought her a glass of wine, and fanned her as if she were a smouldering brand.

"Please order the carriage, Conrad, and send me home. These round dances always give me a headache. I'm just fit to go to bed, and nothing else."

To return to the ball-room, where Roger Roanoke waited for his promised dance, and to unmask at supper, were things beyond her powers of self-control. Perhaps, if she slipped quietly away, he would never remember to enquire for her. And had she not confessed to him that she could live over the days when he amused himself at her cost, that he had made the summer both sweet and bitter to her? How odd that their ancestors had loved and quarrelled before them! Surely "history repeats itself," thought Lill, waiting in an anteroom, her face hidden in her hand—waiting for Conrad to bring her wraps. Presently some one carefully adjusted the burnous upon her shoulders.

"Thanks, Conrad," she said. "Sue won't mind my leaving?"

"I begged Mr. Amory to allow me to take you home, Miss Elizabeth," said Roger's voice. "I wanted to ask you why you never answered my letter."

"Why I never answered your letter? Oh, Roger, because you never wrote it."

"I wrote you a love-letter which might have melted an iceberg."

"I never saw it. I expected it; I—yes, I longed for it. Perhaps somebody else got it; perhaps—oh, it may have been burned that night at the Silver Creek House!" with a sudden illumination.

"Perhaps it kindled the fire with its warmth," he laughed.

"Shall I write you its counterpart to-morrow?"

"Letters are not to be relied upon; all sorts of accidents happen to them."

"Perhaps I had better come and repeat the contents."

"If you can remember."

"The spirit remains, if the letter is lost. Here already? Well, if our ancestors hadn't quarrelled, we should have been cousins, Lill; and then I could have kissed you good-night without offense."

"I suppose so."

"And what's to prevent me from doing so now?"

"Is there anything?"

"I should think not. Cousins! I would sooner be a nearer one yet and a dearer one, an it please you, Lill!"

"Modest to the last."

"Yes," said Aunt Delia, at the wedding breakfast, "I always thought there was something between you two sly kittens. The letter which I slipped under your door, Lill, after you'd gone to bed with one of your headaches, the night the Silver Creek House burned up like a rocket, I was sure it was Roger's handwriting, for I had seen it with some very sweet verses in your album, Lill. No, you can't deceive old eyes, if they do wear spectacles."

BODY AND BRAIN.—Motion is the exercise of the body, thought is the exercise of the brain. Motion at length exhausts the body, thought at length exhausts the brain. Cessation of motion allows the body to be invigorated, cessation of thought invigorates the brain. The body must have rest, the brain must have sleep. When the body cannot rest, as in convulsive diseases, it dies; when the brain cannot rest, when a man cannot sleep, every hour is a step nearer to the mad-house. Some men work themselves to death; some men think themselves to death. Too little rest for the body, too little sleep for the brain, are false economies of time, and multitudes unwittingly bring on wasting and fatal diseases by practising these economies. Omnipotence rested and commanded man to do the same. Sleep a plenty, rest a plenty—these are the foundations of all great, safe and efficient activities of body or brain. We once heard a man say that no time should be lost, that a book should be always at hand, so that in waiting for dinner or a friend, we might read, even if it were but a line. He practised this. He was accounted one of the greatest minds in the nation; his writings will live when the names of kings will be repeated but once in an age. He lost his mind and died in his prime! The truly wise will, therefore, yield themselves to nature's apportionment.

WHAT A PLANT CAN DO.—A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First they cleaned the window, that more light might come to its leaves, then, when not too cold, they would open the window that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floors and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him home several evenings. After the work was done he stayed at home instead of spending his leisure hours at a tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then, as the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it better than ever before, and grew happier and healthier with the flowers. Thus the little plant brought a moral as well as a physical lesson.

Uncle Tom's Department.

MY DEAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES.—This month I want to talk a little to you about saving pennies, for you know the old saying is, a penny saved is a penny gained. I remember when quite a little boy my great-grandfather placed his trembling hand upon my shoulder and handed me a penny, saying:—There Tommy my child is a penny for you, keep it, and whenever you get another put with it and keep adding so that when you become a man you can buy something useful. This good advice I want to impress upon all my nephews and nieces, "never forget it," then you will always have money of your own, and soon save dollars. Farmer's children generally have money in their pockets, made by doing little chores on the farm, and in nine cases out of ten, as soon as they get inside of a village their money goes for trifles which they would be better without. How many pennies are foolishly spent by young boys in tobacco and cigars. I have seen boys with rags hanging around them who seemingly felt as proud as Lucifer if they could have a cigar to smoke and some to offer to their comrades. Were those boys to think for a moment before spending their money and remember they might as well throw it in the gutter—and what their about to buy will only last a short time—when money and it are both gone. Whereas, were they to resolve to deny themselves it would not only give them strength to resist greater temptations, but they would have money saved to purchase some useful luxury.

We have much pleasure in sending the chromos to our nephews—W. S. Mercier, (he having answered the greater number of puzzles correctly,)—and Royal Grafton, he being the successful competitor for puzzles. Very great credit is due you all for the many excellent puzzles you have sent, some of which are published in this volume, and others will be inserted in after numbers.

If Maggie C. Burns would send answers to her puzzles we might insert them. **UNCLE TOM.**

PUZZLES.

41—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters:
My 4, 8, 20, 2, 16 is great.
My 15, 5, 21, 22 is an abode.
My 18, 3, 11, 6, 1, 5 is a river.
My 10, 14, 19, 13 is close.
My 17, 7, 12, 9, 20 is to urge.
My whole may be seen in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

42—ANAGRAM.

Read smiter thiew,
Ew shiw ouy dogo higt;
Ew rea rosry ew nacton tyas gloren.
Ew evah naket nettwy-noc esge
Ta a nepyn a-cieep,
Dan felt het noumat hiwt eth ragend.

T. M. TAYLOR.

43—Whole I am a part of the human frame;
curtailed I change the form of a natural production;
behead and I am a sharp instrument; behead again and I am a preposition; curtailed I am a pronoun.
ROYAL GRAFTON.

44—PUZZLE.

My first is in wieter, but is not in spring,
My second in wiesdom and wise;
My third you will find very easy in cling,
My fourth is in silence and noise.
My fifth is in king, but is not in queen,
My sixth is in powder and pill;
My seventh is in every day to be seen,
My eighth is in gallon and gill.
My whole is a city in Canada.

MARY MAYFLOWER.

45—My first is a kind of grain; my second is a pronoun; my third is a body of water; my fourth is a beverage; my whole is a town in Canada.

ROYAL GRAFTON.