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with that great impulse of self-lowliness full upon her, and speaking what her heart most truly prompted, that she "was not worthy of him;" and he had silenced her with the glance of those grey eyes, and but two short words, "My love, my love." What, after that, had she to fear? And yet sometimes Miss Gower did fear.

Early the following day the Captain betook himself to his cousin. "I thought, Ethel," he said, as he seated himself at the table where she was writing, "that it would be a satisfaction to you to be assured that I am not in the unfortunate position of a rejected suitor, which, however, I verily believe you half-expected, and more than half-wished might have been the case."

"O no, indeed, George," Mrs. Fleming answered sweetly, giving her hand again to his, in congratulation. "I have been thinking it all over, and feel that my words last night in reference to Lora were unadvised. I passed my opinion hastily, and perhaps unkindly, and I ought to ask your forgiveness. She is very, very lovely, George."

"Thank you," said Captain Flamank. "If I am not mistaken, some day will see you and Lora fast friends."

"And there was no difficulty in any way or from any one. Tell me about it, George."

"No, none. Lora was—Well, I will not say what she was, for perhaps you would not believe me. Somerset as friendly and brotherly as he has always been, and more so; Lady Trevanion most gracious and agreeable to all. I went with them to Lady Emily's last night, so of course the affair will soon get wind, and I thought you ought to be prepared for congratulations."

"Somerset was pleased, I know," said Mrs. Fleming. "What a handsome fascinating fellow he is, George!"

He smiled inwardly, as he thought of Stella and the cavalier dismission to bed which Somerset had awarded her the night before. Certainly she considered him anything but fascinating just then. Was that her brother's usual style of procedure, he had several times since wondered within himself; and all the hitherto-discredited accounts of the feelings and behavior of elder step-brothers and sisters towards the younger had recurred to his mind, invested with a far greater semblance of truth than he had heretofore been accustomed to accord them. But he said nothing of this sort to his cousin.

"Yes, indeed; and his behavior throughout has been very kind and friendly. He was pleased to tell me there was no other man living whom he would so soon receive as his brother and Lora's husband as my unworthy self. And then his mention as Lora's brother and guardian of money matters was so frank and straightforward."

"Lora has a good fortune, has she not?" asked Mrs. Fleming.

"Not so much as is generally supposed, but very handsome. Owing to Colonel Gower's second marriage, a goodly portion of his property comes of course to the younger children; this, Somerset himself told me; and he spoke of it so easily and candidly, quite as if there were no uncomfortable feeling on their part about it, which I should have conceived just possible. So the greater part of the property comes from their mother, Lady Lora Gower, who secured it to them. Somerset explained all, in the most perspicuous manner imaginable; though, as I assured him times over, if he were to cut off a couple of the ciphers from the settlement, and leave me Lora, I should be perfectly content."

"I believe you would," said Mrs. Fleming smiling. "But how about your side of the business—was he content with that?"

"O yes, quite so." And he smiled, and played with his moustache as was his wont. Mr. Gower had been more than satisfied.

"And Stella," asked Mrs. Fleming, after a minute's silence, "did you see her?"

"O yes: I was forgetting Stella. She was only sorry on my account, poor child!"

"Poor child! she needs pity then, George, since you make use, on her behalf, of that appellation which you used always to be reproving in me."

"Yes, I want to speak to you about Stella, Ethel. They don't understand her, not one of them, it is my belief, and snub her fearfully. She resents it, naturally enough, and so seems all wrong, thoroughly wrong and uncomfortable; mis-

understanding on every side—a state of things which, when you are happy yourself, it is particularly annoying to witness in another. You must take her up, Ethel, and exercise your magic spell upon her."

"That is what I want to do—at least I sorely want to see the child. How shall it be?"

"I will arrange it. Are you engaged to-morrow afternoon?"

"No, there is nothing that will interfere. But will they let her come?"

"I think I may undertake that they shall; the greatest difficulty will be with Stella herself; she has a perfect horror of going out. But I think I can manage her. Shall she come about four o'clock, and I will fetch her myself, early?"

"Yes, that will do nicely. You will be in Belgrave-square a great deal now, George?"

"O, in moderation. Early in the new year, you know, I am bound for the east, with Lord Stanhope—length of stay uncertain."

"And it will be after your return, in the spring, I suppose?"

"Or summer: the early summer I should like, and a trip to Florence."

The mention of the early summer turned the lady's thoughts to Major Fleming. "He may be returned then," she said, with a fond smile for the absent one. "I should like him to be present."

"And so should I," rejoined Captain Flamank, heartily. "But now, Ethel, I must be gone."

(To be continued.)

Substitute nothing for K.D.C., the perfect cure. It acts like magic on the stomach. Free Sample, K.D.C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

A Vacation Rhyme.

O for a glad vacation rhyme,  
Set to a song of joy!  
Ho for a rhyme of the happy time  
That comes to the girl and boy!

To the tide-washed shore we find our way;  
We run on the beach and plunge in the spray,  
Or over the craggy rocks we roam,  
And watch the waves as they break in foam,  
Till the ebbing ocean reveals the home  
Where the tiny barnacle dwells,  
Where the starfish lie on the dripping sands,  
And where, as if waiting for eager hands,  
Are curious, fluted shells.

We spin along on our flying wheels  
With a thrill that the soaring swallow feels,  
And under the shining moon we make  
A glittering path on the silvery lake  
With our dipping oars, as we merrily take  
A row in our little boat.  
Oh! the song of these beautiful summer days  
Should ripple with laughter like runcundelays  
Trilled from a bobolink's throat.

Then, ho! for a glad vacation rhyme,  
Set to a song of joy!  
Ho for a rhyme of the happy time  
That comes to the girl and boy!

K.D.C. cleanses and strengthens the stomach without weakening and destroying the tissues.

Dancing Birds.

The love of dancing is found throughout the animal world, shown conspicuously in butterflies and other insects, also in large birds, and even in beasts. The "Naturalist in La Plata" has lately added some very curious instances to those accumulated by Darwin and others, showing the delight that certain birds take in moving together on the ground after a set fashion, which does not vary.

The Jacana, an aquatic bird, with very long toes and beautiful greenish-gold feathers under the wings, stops feeding every little while, six or a dozen of them rush to one spot, and then all move about in a cluster with wings raised. One species of rail does the same, but prepares smooth places beforehand for the dances, as the prairie chicken is said to do. Both these birds scream loudly while dancing. The most novel, as well as the most singular performance, is that of the spun-winged lapwings. These have a ceremonial for the reception of a visitor. They live in pairs, but often one lapwing will leave its mate and approach a pair. The latter advance to meet it, and place themselves side by side behind their guest. All

three begin to march in that order, the leader emitting loud notes at regular intervals, the pair keeping up a continuous sound like the roll of a drum. Then all three stop. The leader raises his wings and stands erect and motionless, still uttering loud notes; while the other two, with puffed-out plumage, and standing erectly abreast, stoop forward and downward, until the tips of their beaks touch the ground, and sinking their rhythmical voices to a murmur, remain for some time in that position. The guest then departs to its mate, and they in turn receive a visitor with the same ceremonies.

Eating Between Meals.

When a man or woman has sufficient appetite to eat three meals a day, it is more than unnecessary—it is suicidal—to eat between meals. But this does not apply to children, who have not yet brought their appetites under control, and cannot, or will not, do equal justice to each meal. The child is often called early in the morning, long before it has had its natural sleep, to eat its breakfast. Of course it has little if any appetite; a few mouthfuls is sufficient; and then think of going from five to seven hours without tasting food! But, you say, the child will eat a hearty dinner, and make up for the breakfast. Possibly; but be assured if it does it will overload the stomach, causing derangement and inflammation. But it is more than likely that the child will have passed the time when dinner would relish, and again very little food is required. The consequence is, that by and by he becomes pale and thin, and loses vivacity and colour, and puzzles prudent mamma by falling into confirmed ill-health. Now we argue that nature is a safe teacher, and when a child feels hungry his stomach is crying for necessary food. It may do very well for physicians to make rules, but people should remember that all rules have various exceptions. There is no doubt but the digestive organs should have time to perform their allotted duties. We are told, too, that we should rest at least an hour after eating, before attempting physical or mental labour. Who obeys this injunction? Not one worker in fifty; certainly not the little active one, who has houses to build, farming tools to make, mill-dams to erect, doll houses to care for, flowers to gather, butterflies to catch, birds' nests to hunt, and a thousand and one steps that mamma knows nothing about, besides as many more for parents, brothers, and sisters. Moral: Let the children eat when they are hungry, and because they are hungry; don't create false appetites by providing dainties for them at unseasonable times; a hungry child will enjoy a substantial piece of bread and butter more than a slice of cake or piece of pie; and if he refuses the bread, rest assured he is in no need of food, and can "wait till dinner time."

Do you read the testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla? They are thoroughly reliable and worthy your confidence.

Mites.

They are some people who get weary of life's work and become disheartened because they are kept all the time doing little things. They see here and there a man or woman doing great things, and their lives seem very unimportant in comparison. They long to be doing great deeds. They think God does not care much for the little they do. To all such the blessed Master says: "He that is faithful in that which is least," is the faithful man. Whoever does his lowly, humble work well and faithfully, day by day, and hour by hour, is pleasing God just as well as he who does great things. And nothing is small in God's sight which is done for love of Him.

Great men came far with their wealthy offerings for the temple treasury. There were gifts of gold and gifts of silver. The very smallest offering that day was the gift of the poor widow who came, sandal-shod, wearing tattered garments, and bearing on her face the stamp of hard, grinding poverty. Her gift was so small that it would hardly be counted among the great gold and silver coins that were poured into the treasury.

But Jesus sat by and watched how men cast in, and He said that she had done more than they all. Her gift pleased Him most.