

voila!" and I
to the top of the
great pain, and
armhouse on a
tree, the others
Claude," I asked
cl.
he said, rather
watching you
e did not say
he didn't wish
king about.
oo.
own accord. I
issing out his
wrong, and I
life, and I owe
enkes and the
I can safely be
use now," he
not wish for
me. And she
e Aiguille the
you had fallen
e to tell me at
I have beaten
I. I have done
in his honest,
ot your fault if
ow could any
with her, too!
his alternative
must get on
to see you."
had satisfied
us the matter
ken the force
e a good deal
ck, but had not
ran. So when
my little sit-
h and covered
ely happy and
he doctor was
confirmed my
ded rest and
Madame came
that she and
not as soon as
at Lausanne,
I saw in a mo-
me away from
quarters in all
; but Madame
at Lausanne
Evidently it
simple people
manage to fall
? Yes, Isaline
came in, those
with crying.
thought of my
I vaguely con-
in love with
the sofa and
"Mademoiselle
ed falling back
little while? I
once," Isaline
t, busy and
ward the door.
ed raising my-
wrench in the
me to sit up?"
own in the big
cup and help-
once in medi-
I said, "and I
has told me
your hand and
s was a little
I know what
wished to be
ot cry for M.
atters of my
free with his
nger."
"Your father
o-morrow and
never see you
th you for M.
much grati-
good man, a
arry him? I
make you a
r of your deci-
I know that
they may be
in the into-
leave one in
m. Her eyes
go. Ingrate
promise to M.

Claude, my eyes filled responsively, and I jumped to catch her and kept her from going, of course at the expense of another dreadful wrench to my poor back. "Isaline," I cried, unconsciously dropping the Mademoiselle, and letting her see my brimming eyes far too obviously, "Isaline, do wait awhile, I implore you, I beseech you! I have something to say to you." She seated herself once more in the big chair. "Well, mon pauvre Monsieur," she cried, "what is it?" "Isaline," I began, trying it over again, "why won't you marry M. Claude?"

"Oh, that again. Well," answered Isaline boldly, "because I do not love him and love somebody else. You should not ask a young lady about these matters. In Switzerland we do not think it *commo il faut*.
"But," I went on, "why do you not love M. Claude he has every good quality and—"
"Every good quality, and—he bores me," answered Isaline. "Monsieur," she went on archly, "you were asking me the other day what books I had read in English. Well, I have read Longfellow. Do you remember Miles Standish?"

I saw what she was driving at and laughed in spite of myself. "Yes," I said, "I know what you mean. When John Alden is pleading with Priscilla on behalf of Miles Standish, Priscilla cuts him short by saying—"
Isaline finished the quotation herself in her own pretty clipped English. "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

I laughed. She laughed. We both looked at one another; and the next thing I remember was that I had drawn Isaline's plump little face close to mine and was kissing it vigorously, in spite of an acute darting pain at each kiss all along my spine and into my marrow bones. Poor M. Claude was utterly forgotten.

In twenty minutes I had explained my whole position to Isaline, and in twenty minutes more I had Monsieur and Madame up to explain it all to them in their turn. Monsieur listened carefully while I told him that I was an English advocate in no practice to speak of; that I had a few hundreds a year of my own, partly dependent upon my mother; that I had thoughts of settling down permanently in Switzerland; and that Isaline was willing, with her parents' consent, to share my modest competence. Monsieur replied, with true Swiss caution, that he would inquire into my statements, and that if they proved to be as represented, and if I obtained in turn my mother's consent, he would be happy to hand me over Isaline. "Toutefois," he added quietly, "it will be, perhaps, better to rescind your journey to Lausanne. The Gilon doctor is, after all, a sufficiently one."
So I waited on in peace at Les Penes.

Madame had insisted upon telegraphing the news of my accident to my mother, lest it should reach her first in the papers ("Je suis mere moi-meme, Monsieur," she said, in justification of her conduct), and next morning we got a telegram in reply from my mother, who evidently imagined she must hurry over at once if she wished to see her son alive, or at least must nurse me through a long and dangerous illness. Considering the injuries were a matter of about three days' sofa, in all probability this haste was a little overdone. However, she would arrive by the very first *rapide* from Paris; and on the whole I was not sorry, for I was half afraid she might set her face against my marrying "a foreigner," but I felt quite sure that any one who once saw Isaline could never resist her.

That afternoon when school was over M. Claude dropped in to see how I was getting on. I felt more like a thief at that moment than I felt in my whole life before or since. I knew I must tell him the simple truth; but I didn't know how to face it. However, as soon as I began he saved me the trouble by saying, "You need not mind explaining. Mlle. Isaline has told me all. You did your best for me, I feel sure; but she loves you, and she does not love me. We cannot help these things; they come and go without our being able to govern them. I am sorry, more than sorry; but I thank you for your kind offices. Mlle. Isaline tells me you said all you could on my behalf and nothing on your own. Accept my congratulations on having secured the love of the sweetest girl in Switzerland." And he shook my hand with honest heartiness that cost me several more twinges both in the spine and half-guilty conscience. Yet after all, it was not my fault.

"M. Claude," I said, "you are an honest fellow, and a noble fellow, and I trust you will still let me be your friend."
"Naturally," answered M. Claude, in his frank way. "I have only done my duty. You have been the lucky one, but I must not say a grudge for that; though it has cost my heart a hard struggle," and as he spoke, tears came for a moment into his honest blue eyes, though he tried to brush them away unseen.

"M. Claude," I said, "you are too generous to me. I can never forgive myself for this."
Before many days my mother came on hand duly, and though her social prejudices were just a trifle shocked at first at the farmhouse, with its hams and maize, which I had found so picturesque, I had judged rightly that Isaline would soon make an easy conquest of her. My mother readily admitted that my accent had improved audibly to the naked ear; that Isaline's manners were simply perfect; that she was a dear, pretty, captivating little thing; and that, on the whole, she saw no objection, save one possible one, to my marriage. "Of course, Charlie," she said, "the Clairs are Protestants; because otherwise I could never think of giving my consent."
This was a poser in its way, for though I knew the people were Catholics while others were Reformed, I had not the remotest notion to which of the two churches Isaline belonged. "Upon my soul, mother dear," I said, "it has never struck me to inquire into Isaline's abstract opinion on the subject of the Pope's infallibility or the Geneva confession. You see, after all, it could hardly be regarded as an important or authoritative one. However, I'll go at once and find out."

Happily, as it turned out, the Clairs were Reformed, and so my mother's one objection fell to the ground immediately. M. Claron's inquiries were also satisfactory, and the final result was that Isaline and I were to be married before the end of the summer. The good father had a nice little vineyard estate at Pic-de-la Baume, which he proposed I should undertake to cultivate, and my mother waited to see us installed in one of the prettiest little toy chalets to be seen anywhere at the Villeneuve end of the lovely lake. A happier or sweeter bride than dearest Isaline I defy the whole world now or ever to produce.

From the day of our wedding, almost, Isaline made it the business of her life to discover a fitting wife for good M. Claude; and in the end she succeeded in discovering. I will freely admit (since Isaline is not jealous), the second prettiest and second nicest girl in the whole Pays de Vaud. And what is more, she succeeded also in getting M. Claude to fall head over ears in love with her at first sight; to propose to her at the end of a week, and to be accepted with effusion by Annette herself, and with coldness by her papa, who thought the question of means a trifle unsatisfactory. But Isaline and I arranged that Claude should come into partnership in our vineyard business on easy terms, and give up school mastering for ever; and the consequence is that he and his wife have now got the companion chalet to ours, and between our two local connections, in Switzerland and England, we are doing one of the best trades in the new export wine giving up growing Yvorne, except for our own use, confining ourselves entirely to a high priced vintage wine, with very careful culture, for our English business; and I take this opportunity of recommending our famous phylloxera proof white Pic-de-la Baume, London agents—but Isaline says that looks too much like an advertisement, so I leave off. Still, I can't help saying that a dearer little wife than Isaline, or a better partner than Claude, never yet fell to any man's lot. They certainly are an excellent people, those Vandois, and I think you would say so too if only you knew them as well as I do.

J. Arbuthnot Wilson, in Belgravia.

mediately. M. Claron's inquiries were also satisfactory, and the final result was that Isaline and I were to be married before the end of the summer. The good father had a nice little vineyard estate at Pic-de-la Baume, which he proposed I should undertake to cultivate, and my mother waited to see us installed in one of the prettiest little toy chalets to be seen anywhere at the Villeneuve end of the lovely lake. A happier or sweeter bride than dearest Isaline I defy the whole world now or ever to produce.

From the day of our wedding, almost, Isaline made it the business of her life to discover a fitting wife for good M. Claude; and in the end she succeeded in discovering. I will freely admit (since Isaline is not jealous), the second prettiest and second nicest girl in the whole Pays de Vaud. And what is more, she succeeded also in getting M. Claude to fall head over ears in love with her at first sight; to propose to her at the end of a week, and to be accepted with effusion by Annette herself, and with coldness by her papa, who thought the question of means a trifle unsatisfactory. But Isaline and I arranged that Claude should come into partnership in our vineyard business on easy terms, and give up school mastering for ever; and the consequence is that he and his wife have now got the companion chalet to ours, and between our two local connections, in Switzerland and England, we are doing one of the best trades in the new export wine giving up growing Yvorne, except for our own use, confining ourselves entirely to a high priced vintage wine, with very careful culture, for our English business; and I take this opportunity of recommending our famous phylloxera proof white Pic-de-la Baume, London agents—but Isaline says that looks too much like an advertisement, so I leave off. Still, I can't help saying that a dearer little wife than Isaline, or a better partner than Claude, never yet fell to any man's lot. They certainly are an excellent people, those Vandois, and I think you would say so too if only you knew them as well as I do.

J. Arbuthnot Wilson, in Belgravia.

Winnie May's Department.

MY DEAR NIECES.—You will doubtless be anxious, first of all, to know the result of the competition for the past month; the prize of half a dozen silver-plated teaspoons, for the best method of canning and drying vegetables for winter use, has been awarded to Mrs. Wm. Spring, of Millbank, Ont. This month we offer a prize of a silver-plated butter-cooler for the best essay on the subject of "Friendship." We shall hope to find a large number interested in this subject. Bear in mind that all communications must be in by the 25th of August.

Could I but see each of you now, enjoying your summer vacation, some in one way, some in another, what a pleasure would be in store for me. You are all aware of the interest I feel in my many nieces, therefore to know of your enjoyment would greatly enhance my own. Why cannot each of you write me a letter about your holidays. I feel quite sure there is not one among you but has had a few happy days, at least, during these charming summer months, of which you must be well deserving, for all who do their duty faithfully as I am sure my nieces try to do, cannot help finding pleasure even in their daily surroundings.

MINNIE MAY.

Answers to Inquirers.

FERN-LEAVES.—1. For a first-class governess, French and German are mostly required, as well as a thorough knowledge of English and music. 2. To wash a Shetland shawl, make a good soap lather by boiling $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of yellow soap in two quarts of water; put in your shawl, not having the water too hot. Shake it well about in the water, neither rub nor wring it, but squeeze the water out, rinse, and tack on a clean board or table to dry.

HARRIE AND ALBIE.—The recipe for trifle was overlooked last month, so we give it now. Arrange macaroons and sponge cakes in a deep glass dish, place about them little slices of currant jelly or jam, and saturate with wine or brandy; then pour over a thick custard and allow to become firm; then take a pint of cream,

flavor some sugar by rubbing it on a lemon until it takes the essence of the peel, and with it sweeten the cream to taste, then whip the cream to a light froth and pour over the whole.

LOTTIE, P. E. I.—1. Would you kindly tell me the origin of the expression, "That's a feather in your cap." 2. And also who was it that said there was no royal road to learning?

3. Can you give me the lines commencing, "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever?" Whom are they by? Ans.—1. It originates with the wild tribes of Asia and America, who add a new feather to their headgear for every enemy slain. A Caufirs of Cabul adorns himself with a new feather for every Mussulman slain by him. The custom was a common one among the Lycians and other nations of antiquity. It is intended to express a mark of distinction. 2. Ptolemy Soter once asked Euclid to instruct him in the science of geometry in a more concise manner. Sire, said Euclid, there is no royal road to learning.

3. We believe that the lines you refer to were first dedicated by Chas. Kingsley to his daughter. Two stanzas are as follows:

I'll teach you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark's, who hails the dawn o'er breezy
down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever,
Do noble things, not dream them, all day
long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

H. S. T.—If a young man goes to see a young lady, and her father, brother and two sisters persist in remaining in the room during his visit, what would you advise the young man to do. Ans.—Why should they not remain in the room? He surely has not the assurance to expect that a whole family should be turned out of their drawing-room so that he may have an opportunity to whisper soft nonsense to a young lady who probably does not wish to hear. Even an engaged couple have no right to expect that they shall always have a room to themselves: such is not customary in good society. In the case you quote the family is evidently more refined than the visitor.

SUBSCRIBER.—Which would be most proper, for the gentleman or lady of the house to rise first from the table while entertaining guests? Ans.—The hostess makes the first move, but must be watchful to see that all her guests have dined, before she shows any inclination to leave the table. Politeness demands that both host and hostess should make a pretence of eating 'till all their guests have quite finished their meal.

VIOLET.—1. Is it proper for a young man to pay attention to a young lady, whose parents are opposed to his advances, the lady herself being willing. Ans.—1. That is a difficult question. As a rule parents' wishes should be respected, but sometimes where affection is strong the rule seems hard. If the lady is of age, she may decide for herself, but it is always well to respect the advice of parents. Waiting is a good test both of love and character, and you know all things come to those who wait.

EDWIN SOREL.—We can hardly give instruct-