

"I do not agree with you there, cousin; you have many noble qualities."

"And many bad ones to counter-balance them. Do you remember what was said of the Duke of Orleans by his mother? Good fairies had blessed her son with all noble endowments at his birth, but one spiteful member of the sisterhood had decreed that he should never be benefitted by them."

Bertha was better next morning, so much better that she felt strong enough to take a short ride on her favourite pony, "Jessie." He was saddled and brought round, greeting his long-absent mistress with a low whining of delight as he again felt the touch of her fondling hand.

"Let us ride down to Tommy's house and surprise him," said Bertha to Donald, as he assisted her into the saddle.

Donald assented, and they rode off. Tommy was busy at work in his little garden when he heard the sound of a well-