

till Louie's shriek of rage and pain would cause Barbara to rush in terror to the spot, thinking something had happened to her sister.

One day, more than a year after their entrance into the Roslin family, Barbara was dusting the nursery when Fred Mackenzie entered,

"I've news for you," he said smilingly.—"I am going away for good."

"Going away! oh Fred! how shall I bear my life when you are gone," she cried sorrowfully.

"Poor Bab! you must be patient a little longer; soon Ned will send for you and Louie to keep house for him at Winnipeg. By the way, you do not ask me where I am going."

"Where?" she asked, forcing a smile.

"To Winnipeg."

"To Winnipeg! then you will see Ned?"

"Certainly; have you anything to send?"

"I'll give you a parcel for him. Oh! I wish I could see him."

"So you will soon."

"Fred," she said, with a sob in her voice—"you must not tell him that we are unhappy here. He would be wretched if he knew."

"So you mean to say he knows nothing of what you have to put up with?" asked Fred in surprise.

"No; I have managed to keep it out of my letters. He thinks we are very happy. He loves Louie so, it would break his heart to think that she was harshly treated."

Fred was silent a moment, then taking her hand, said tenderly:

"My brave little Barbara! I never knew what a real heroine you were until this moment."

When Fred was gone her last ray of sunlight faded into utter darkness and life seemed hard indeed. Barbara was no saint and had it not been for her great love for Louie I know not what wild thing she might have done in her misery. This mighty affection for one weaker than herself upheld her, giving her the strength and endurance of a martyr. Without it, her trials might have worked great injury to her character.

"Mrs. Roslin, if you do not want me, I should like to go up and sit with Louie till she goes to sleep; she is not well." It was one evening, six months after Fred's departure. She had just put the three younger children to bed; though they were not asleep.

"No, you've got to stay here and tell Robbie and Willie a story," cried Gertrude rudely, before her mother could speak.

"Yes, tell us a story—a story" echoed the children, sitting up in bed.

"There's nothing wrong with Louie, and the children will not go to sleep if you do not tell them a story," said Mrs. Roslin calmly.

"Louie is ill and I must go to her," said Barbara resolutely, making for the door.

"No—tell us a story," shrieked the boys.

"You shan't go," cried Gertrude springing forward, seizing her arm with one hand and pinching it with the other. Freeing herself Barbara administered a sound box on Gertrude's ear and rushed from the nursery, up to her own room, where she bolted herself in and sank sobbing by Louie's bed. She was left in peace for that evening.

Next morning she became thoroughly alarmed for her sister. The child was feverish, with a bright glitter in her eyes and an incessant craving for water. She immediately informed Mrs. Roslin, who, becoming alarmed for her own children, ordered Barbara to keep away from them, and sent off for the doctor. He pronounced it scarlet fever of the worst type.

Mrs. Roslin, upon his refusal to allow the child to be removed from the house, immediately packed up and left with her whole brood, taking up her residence with an unmarried sister till some arrangement was made. Thus Barbara, the sick child and one servant were left in possession of the house. Mr. Roslin, at the entreaty of his wife, relinquished his intention of sleeping there. So no one entered the house but the doctor, during Louie's illness.

Day and night Barbara watched by the sick child, who indeed, would hardly let her out of her sight. Jane, the

servant, was a kind-hearted person and did all she could to help the young girl whom she sincerely pitied. At last the doctor gently told Barbara there was no hope for Louie; he could not save her. Her heart-broken agony was terrible, she told herself that it was not true, "her pet, her baby would not die. God would save her surely—surely."

So watching and praying by her dying sister, she spent two more nights. The third night the doctor left the house about half-past ten, as he could do no good by remaining. Jane was so tired that Barbara refused her offer to sit up. When she had gone, the girl sat alone in the dim fire-lit room, the child, wrapped in a shawl, lay upon her knee, and in dumb misery she bent over the little pale face, watching it with haggard eyes, wildly yearning for the sound of the lisping voice that would never speak her name again. How long she sat thus, she never knew; the fire had burnt out and gray dawn was stealing across the sky, when the sound of the door bell echoed through the silent house, and then Jane's footsteps descending the stairs. Barbara heard, without heeding the sounds. Presently there was a low knock at her door, and someone entered. She raised her head, and saw Fred Mackenzie coming towards her followed by Jane. She strove to speak, but her voice died away in a faint whisper.

"Poor Barbara!" he murmured, and stooping, laid his hand on Louie's face; it was icy cold. She must have been dead for some time.

"Barbara dear, let me lay her on the bed," he said, gently raising the little lifeless form as he spoke. While she, staggering blindly to her feet, pressed her hands wildly to her face, and then fell on her knees by the bed, where he had laid the dead child.

"Louie, Louie!" she cried and the work of pathetic entreaty in her voice cut Fred to the heart.

"She is dead," he told her, and led her, unresistingly, from the room. Fred had been in New York on business, and having heard from his brother of Louie's illness, and that Barbara had been left alone with the dying child, he had hastened to Canada; for he loved little Louie dearly, and besides he was full of pity for Barbara. He had arrived by the midnight train and had gone almost immediately to the house. Hence his unexpected appearance.

About a year after Louie's death, Barbara joined Ned in Manitoba; and if any reader is curious as to the history of her after life, I can only say, that Barbara Winthorne is no more; but in a pretty little Western homestead not far from the city of Winnipeg lives a bright, cheery-hearted matron, with five noisy, rollicking boys and one dark-eyed little maiden whom they call Louie, and upon whom Barbara's gaze lingers more often and more lovingly than upon any one of her handsome boys.

Ned too is happy; for is he not the adored Uncle and playfellow of six beautiful children; and the much-loved brother of Fred and Barbara Mackenzie.

### A Righteous Jersey Judgment.

Mrs. Mary Quinlan, of Jersey City Heights, has a husband who is a good patron of a beer saloon. She tried to persuade the owner to refuse to supply Quinlan with liquor, but he declared to her that Quinlan should drink at the bar as long as he could pay. One Sunday Mrs. Quinlan walked into the saloon. Her husband and two friends stood at the bar. Empty beer glasses stood before them.

The wife invited the men to drink, and Klein filled the glasses again and they all drank. No money was forthcoming, and Klein, growing anxious, asked who was going to pay.

"My husband," responded Mrs. Quinlan. "I have as good a right to spend his money for rum as he has."

There was an uproar, and Klein took hold of the woman to put her out. She threw three beer glasses at his head, one after the other. He dodged successfully, and the three glasses crashed through the front window. Klein subsequently demanded that she pay half the cost of replacing the broken window, but she refused, and he had her arrested for malicious mischief. Justice Stetsing, before whom she was arraigned, discharged her when he heard the story, and told her if Klein furnished her husband with any more Sunday beer to notify the court.