

tired of playing at hide-and-seek. I want all the world to know that you are mine and I am thine."

"We must not do anything rashly," Mamie decided. "I am going down to the village after luncheon. If you like to go too and carry my charity basket, we can have a nice quiet talk, and perhaps hit upon some plan for bringing matters to a climax."

But this was done for them during their absence. Grandmamma Esdaile, though too deaf to hear a word without her trumpet, still retained the keenest of eyesight. She had seen the love-glances exchanged between her pet Mamie and Captain Hemsley; she had watched and approved their growing affection, and was first dismayed, then furiously angry, when she saw the gallant captain's place by Mamie's side usurped by the pale, reserved scholar, whom she looked upon as the wildest of men.

Something must be done to rescue Mamie from the spells cast upon her by this second Mephistopheles, and grandmamma looked around her for a more useful confidante than Mamie's easy-tempered, indolent mother.

At last her choice fell upon Sibyl Hardress, to whom she drew such a moving picture of the happy understanding that reigned between Mamie and Captain Hemsley, before that wicked Mr. Lowther came to the abbey, that when the agitated Sibyl made her escape she flew to the library to ponder over what she had heard.

Here, however, her tears and her trouble were witnessed by the scholar, who made his presence known by hurrying to her side.

"Dear Miss Hardress, something or someone has gripped you. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Yes," she answered, frankly; "you can tell me how you, so wise beyond other men, can reconcile it to your conscience to wrong your friend, and win away from him the affection of the innocent girl who loved him till you came between them."

"This is a strange charge! Who is my accuser? That I have loved you, Miss Hardress, with all my heart and soul, I will not deny."

"I am not speaking of myself," cried Sibyl, crimsoning with shame; "but of Mamie and Captain Hemsley. They were on the point of an engagement when you—"

"Impossible!" cried Gerald Lowther. "I only arrived here a few hours before you, and Hemsley told me—at least he hinted—that you were the lady of his choice. As for Miss Esdaile, it is true that I have held several conversations with her, but the subject has always been you."

"Then grandmamma has made a ridiculous mistake, and what must you think of me?" cried poor Sibyl, hiding her face in her hands. "I will go away to-morrow, and never again will I be induced to meddle in the love-affairs of others."

"And I will go away too, lest I grow envious of happiness it is not my lot to share."

He kissed Sibyl's hand, relinquished it with a sigh, and she took a couple of steps towards the door; then came back, having made a desperate resolution.

"Mr. Lowther, why did you leave Edinburgh so suddenly?"

"Miss Hardress, why did you suddenly grow cold to me?"

"Because some vile slanderer hinted that my fortune was my only attraction in your eyes."

"Go, then, and found a college with it. When you have done that, I shall be free to say, Sibyl, I love you for yourself."

"Ah, say it now!" and she threw herself into his arms.

When Mamie and her captain returned from the village and sought their friends in the library, there was a little laughing and crying on the part of the young ladies, and the heartiest of handshakings on the part of the gentlemen. Then grandmamma was fetched, and first bewildered then delighted, with the tidings that her congratulations were being asked for two pairs of lovers instead of one.

E. F.

The Secret of Sisterly Influence.

BY KATE TANNATT WOODS.

There are many ways by which the sister in a household may virtually influence the movements of her brothers without seeming to do so. If she approves of an excursion or a party, the boys go; if she thinks it unwise, they generally give it up, or if they do not, they usually wish afterward that her advice had been heeded. This influence is very beautiful, as is also the devotion shown by the brothers and sisters in the home. The question naturally arises, how does she exert this influence? Two words will explain it: womanly tact. The other power behind the tact rests with the parents themselves, who have trained the children to consider each other.

In a home where love rules, and where the father and mother are the beloved companions of their child-

ren, the latter are quite sure to love each other. It is unnecessary for them to think alike, or to show the same tastes or inclinations, but it is important for them to respect each other's opinions and to appreciate each other's virtues.

I have been in families where the young people seem to be constantly at variance, the daughters disputing over their possessions or their particular ideas, and the sons seeking friends outside the family circle. I have visited in other families where I enjoyed every moment, because each child was constantly endeavoring to show some good trait or accomplishment of the other, and was generously interested in the other's pursuits. The kindly jokes, the good nature, teasing and sharp-shooting in such households are refreshing after the conflict with the outside world. This is not all; it prepares the different members of the family for the world.

The sensitive, morbid boy or supersensitive girl can seldom be found in a family where daily friction and fun wear off sharp corners, and strengthen weak points.

It is a great blessing to be one of a large family. The boy who has a good sister to share his sports, or the report of them, to hear his little confidences and plans for the future is not the boy who becomes a defaulter or a villain, except in rare cases, where a depraved taste seems, for some unknown reason, inborn.

A great many mothers are obliged to act the part of sisters also. Many share all the sports of their sons from childhood up. And there are sisters who might prove a restraining power to younger brothers, and beloved companions to older ones, and yet they are blind to their power. I fear, indeed I know, that a great many girls absolutely throw away grand opportunities; they are so absorbed in personal decoration or in their girl friends that childhood passes and youth comes and goes, when suddenly they are amazed to find a brother gone wrong and the family disgraced. Not for one moment would I tax the wrong-doing of any young man to the account of a good mother or a kind sister. Not at all; but there was a time at some period of his life when the tender chord might have been touched, when the weak moral nature might have been strengthened, if one only knew when and where. Very many affectionate sisters are too modest and shy; they give up if once rebuffed, and they are easily discouraged. This is unwise, as the average boy needs line upon line. Preaching or scolding falls upon him, while kindness and love generally win.

It is now an established fact among women that men can be coaxed, never driven. There is a species of obstinacy in the genus homo, which bristles up and becomes aggressive when not properly managed. Our best scholars and thinkers admit this, and every wife and mother of experience will confirm it. Womanly tact steps in here and says: "Avoid irritation, control through kindness and persistent patience, and never attempt to argue on personal questions."

Samuel Butler wrote in the sixteenth century, and he doubtless understood the peculiarities of his own sex:

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."

It is quite as true to-day as then. Boys of a certain age feel that they know more than their parents, and sisters are often held to be of still less importance. This progressive stage amuses people of experience, and often annoys the sisters or the cousins who are domesticated near the boys. One need not be alarmed; he had the measles and lived; he triumphed over his fancy for the stage, or that other fancy for the railroad, or for going to sea, and, as is well known, the live American boy takes everything in its season. Again, patience is the remedy. Let a boy rant if he likes; let him announce that the whole machinery of the government is wrong, the majority of men idiots, and women ignorant creatures. It is not polite, it is neither courteous nor manly, but one can hardly be more ashamed of him than he will be of himself a few years later. It is sometimes wise to say to him: "I cannot agree with you," and allow the matter to rest there. Suggest, but never dictate; entreat, but never scold nor fret. If one wishes to hold a boy close to one's heart and help him all his life long, one should never scold. A word of reproof or kindly caution is imperative, and no sister will care to hear a reproachful, "Why didn't you tell me at the time?"

There is much to be said to boys, also, in relation to their sisters. I am not slow to recognize the mutual obligation and responsibility, but I am talking to girls only now, and no language can be too earnest in this matter. A young lady of my acquaintance has four fine brothers, all bright, all active and energetic, but the sister never thinks of any obligation on her part. If she wishes to attend the opera or theatre, she teases a brother to take her; if a concert interests her, she supplicates until one of the boys is pressed into her service, but she absolutely forgets that politeness has many eyes, and sees all sides of questions of etiquette. When these particular occasions are over she goes on her way with her girl friends, unmindful of her

brother's politeness, and naturally they drift farther apart. If it is possible a girl should make her friend her brother's friend also. I know what queer prejudices they take; I know how they chaff about a girl's pug nose or her brilliant hair, and how merciless they can be where a sister's friends are concerned. A discreet sister should not mind their small talk, and should avoid praising her friends. Men, and boys also, frequently dislike those who are represented as models, for no other reason than the absurd one, that they are expected to like them. They are quite capable of seeing for themselves the good and bad qualities of a sister's associates. Their criticism may be crude, but yet helpful. If a sister exhibits any temper or impatience the teasing will continue; she should simply exercise her wits, keep smooth her temper and answer banter with banter. A lady who had three teasing brothers once said that they made her life a burden when very young, but a joy when they grew older.

There is nothing a boy likes better than pluck, wit and good nature in a girl. No boy of spirit can enjoy a sister who sulks or frets, who is cowardly or nervous. A girl should forget her nerves, and they will not intrude; she should never think of fear, and it will be a stranger to her. The girl who is afraid to row for fear she will be drowned, who never dares the slightest risk, who screams for trifles and exclaims needlessly, is never the girl to influence brothers. On the contrary, she should be brave, courageous, cheerful, modest, loving, patient and true. If she holds fast the best ideals of girlhood and womanhood her brothers will respect and love her. "All true love is founded on respect," says the proverb; so, also, is all true comradeship. Such sisters are sure to be near and dear to their brothers while life lasts, and they will indeed be "ministering angels."

Hasty Judgments.

Here is the best advice not only to parents but to all. In the words of "Uncle Ben," an old country gardener "We caught not to be rash in judgin' until we know what a man's been through."

It is well to suspend judgment in many cases until we have had time to review circumstances and trace motives. Especially where children are concerned should we be very careful not to confuse their sense of right and wrong by acting with injustice, scolding or censuring them for mistakes due to their inexperience, and perhaps inflicting punishment where none was deserved. A little child once ran nearly a mile from her own home to that of a friend carrying an umbrella to her mother, whom she supposed to be there. Great gusts of wind arose, and streams of rain fell and drenched the little one before she arrived at her destination, wet, breathless, and quite unable to explain why she had come when met by curious eyes and amazed questions. The mother had seen the impending storm and gone home, and the result of the whole proceeding was—for this true story took place in sterner days than ours—that the child was shut up for many hours of the next day to think over the fault of equivocation.

A mother whose temper is impulsive should never trust her first hasty judgment in the management of her little ones.

In the larger affairs of the neighborhood and of society the prudent person refuses to judge hastily. He gives the benefit of the doubt wherever and whenever and to whomsoever he can. People have a right to ask that, before they are weighed in the balances and found wanting, their cases shall be looked at from all sides and from the most favorable point of view. It is not well to assume that blushes and down drooped eyes always indicate guilt. Innocence, falsely accused, is often ashamed to look its accuser in the face. Judge not, that ye be not judged, was said by the purest lips that ever spoke on earth.

The man or woman whose habit it is to indulge in snap judgments of any kind is necessarily narrow and undeveloped.

Cause of Red Hair.

Science explains the phenomenon of red hair thus: "It is caused by the superabundance of iron in the blood. This is it that imparts the vigor, the elasticity, the great vitality, the overflowing, thoroughly healthy animal life which runs riot through the veins of the ruddy-haired, and this strong, sentient, animal life is what renders them more intense in their emotions than their more languid fellow-creatures. The excess of iron is also the cause of freckles on the peculiarly clear, white skin which always accompanies red hair. This skin is abnormally sensitive to the action of the sun's rays, which not only bring out the little brown spots in abundance, but also burn like a mustard plaster, producing a queer, creasy sensation, as if the skin was wrinkling up."