

Winnipeg, May, 1910.

The gold plate, and mamma's ruby necklace, and Sir Humphrey's loving-cup. What is the meaning of it?"

She swept the candle-light down on the floor at her feet, letting it fall on the bundles and the loose valuables. Her more timid sister stood trembling beside her. Suddenly, with a little cry, Iris sprang on to the chest, dragging her sister with her.

"There's someone in the chest," she said. "Now, stay down there, whoever you are! You've got to stay till morning."

Alas! for Bill, his curiosity had been too much for him, and his bright eye advanced to the hole in the chest had revealed his presence to Miss Iris.

Now, anyone might have expected the young ladies to scream and swoon. But Vivash had not been heroic in the history of their country, giving great soldier-men and sailor-men to its service, without transmitting something of their qualities to the two little girls who were the only hopes of the race at this moment.

Dahlia shuddered, but kept her seat on the chest. As for Iris, she gazed

was going to do him any good he made a great mistake. The bundles had been conveniently placed for Miss Iris's purpose. They were immensely heavy in the aggregate. It took all her little strength to lift one. But when she had placed a few dozen gold plates on top of Bill Nixey he was far more securely weighed down than he had been by Miss Iris herself.

"Now, dear I must leave you for a little while," he heard her say.

"Where are you going to?" Dahlia asked, fearfully.

"I am going to bring help. They are still up at Margrave Court. I shall not be long gone."

"Oh, Iris, are you going to leave me alone with this dreadful thing?"

"Will you go, and let me remain? I shall have to cross the churchyard by the short cut. And think—we are saving mother's jewels for her! She thinks so much of her rubies."

"Very well, I will stay," Dahlia answered, whimpering a little, although she tried to be brave. "You won't be long, Iris?"

"Not more than half an hour. Just



"It took all her little strength to lift one."

about her over the floor, her indignation rising as she realized the full extent of the burglar's haul. Her mother's jewel-cases had been emptied of their contents and flung aside in a heap. Many of the jewels were heirlooms and priceless. Something stirred in Iris's heart that prevented her from being afraid. She was the elder daughter; she had indeed come into the world first, with Dahlia holding on to her foot, a method of arrival very significant to their relative positions towards each other in after-life.

Bill was lying low in the chest, uttering not a sound. It was becoming uncommonly uncomfortable. The lid as it crashed down under the weight of the twins, had caught Bill on his side and pinioned him so that he could not use what strength he had. He did make one or two desperate efforts to push up the lid, but in vain. The twins might have weighed a ton for all the impression he made against them.

He was just about to cry out for mercy when he heard one of them slip off the chest; but if he thought that

stay where you are. You will be quite safe. No one can lift the chest against the weight I have placed on it."

She pulled down a plaid from where it was flung across the shoulders of a man in armour, and, with a last adjuration to Dahlia not to stir, she was gone.

When the heavy door had clanged behind her the more timid sister sat shivering on the chest, at the farthest possible point from the eye. Was ever anyone in so horrible a position? She asked herself, and could have wept for sheer terror and self-pity. If she only knew what was attached to the eye, she thought, it wouldn't be so bad. But to be sitting there, aware only of that live eye, had something ghastly about it to poor Dahlia's mind.

She almost wished she had chosen the church-yard. The clock chimed half-past one, and an owl hooted suddenly outside the window. By this time Iris would be crossing the churchyard. Oh, how could she do it? It was so lonely, so dark, and there was the new mound outside the consecrated ground

will have a tender, burning, irritated skin unless you exercise care in choosing the soap to be used for his daily bath. Soaps containing strong alkali, coloring matter and adulterants, will dry and irritate the skin and destroy its softness.

—the pure, white, floating, oval cake—is baby's friend. It is made from edible products, and is just as pure and good as it looks.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, MONTREAL.

"Have You a Little Fairy in Your Home?"

RENNIE'S

SHORT SEASON SEEDS

OUR CATALOG IS THE FINEST EVER
SEND FOR IT

WM. RENNIE CO., LTD. . . . WINNIPEG

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.