

absorbed in each other, he came upon the lovers. And as for a second he stood and watched them, himself unnoticed, whilst slowly a suspicion of the truth dawned upon him, he saw Wynne bend her tall head, and Harry touch her lips with his own. After that, explanations were speedy.

"I wish I were as certain of Stella," meditated Guy, when in a few moments he left them once more alone. "I am thankful even to be able to dream of it again. But still—" He gave the old familiar shrug, as, in an aimless sort of a way, he wandered inside the opposite door, to find the dining-room occupied by a second couple. But this time the pair were brother and sister.

"I suppose I'd better go," Jack said. "That's the way with folks when they're engaged. They always want other people out of the way."

"Engaged!" echoed Guy, colouring to the roots of his hair,

But Stella, who had not understood where the mistake lay, only laughed. "What are you talking about now, my dearest one of all?" she inquired. Poor Jack stood aghast between them.

"Why, you don't mean to say, Guy—after what you told me, too—you surely haven't waited because of this stupid charge? And I made sure you'd settled it; though I did wonder nobody mentioned it in their letters."

Gradually, but far too swiftly for her comfort, Stella was gaining comprehension. The blood crept into her face, until she was as red as Guy; and then as both men looked at her, she pressed her hands over her cheeks, and made a rush for the door. But some one was too quick for her. Jack caught her in his arms, and took her straight across the room again to his ancient chum.

"If you'd had somebody to look after you long ago, old chap, it would have been far better for you. You've made a regular martyr of yourself for us. And now if Stella won't have you——"

Guy rose to the occasion then.

"Oh, Stella, if you would!" he exclaimed. And though Jack promptly left them and listened to no more, the ultimate result was known to all the world.

For Stella did.

THE END.

POULTRY KEEPING.

BY THE REV. G. T. LAYCOCK,

Editor of "Fowls."

EGGS! MEAT!! AND A PROFIT!!!



IF each reader of this headline were asked which he most fancied, eggs! meat!! or a profit!!! we are fain to believe he would experience some little difficulty in fixing his choice. An egg, perfectly new-laid, possessing that well-known bloom which bespeaks its freshness, and the introduction of the spoon which reveals a rich golden yolk, instead of now and again a half-developed chicken, is indeed a tempting morsel. To the strong, vigorous worker, eggs prove an excellent food; whilst in the sick-ward, what food is more welcome? They can be taken raw as they are, whipped up with various fluids, or cooked in a hundred different ways to tempt the failing appetite. Used simply as an article of diet, they are invaluable, and yet they prove of immense service in many other ways. The white is used by the manufacturer for fixing the colours in calicoes, muslins, etc.; also in book-binding, the facing of photographic papers, etc., etc. Then, further, they are used for egg-powders, etc.; and the dried yolk of egg is employed for