

orifice at night and syringe out the ear carefully in the morning. Never let a servant do this. Injudicious syringing and probing has led to permanent deafness before this.

The care of the teeth is fortunately occupying more of public attention than it used to do. Our maidens should be encouraged to use a tooth-brush not only at night and in the morning, but after every meal at which animal food has been partaken of. Powder on the brush twice a day is quite sufficient; pure clean water should be used at other times; soap is apt to soften the gums and make them spongy. The tooth-brush should be renewed every month. How often do we see it used until the bristles fall out.

The state of the hands is perhaps one of the greatest indications of our care of the King's daughters; ragged hang-nails, invisible crescents, harsh palms, digits in "mourning." How unsightly are they. Yet a little care will obviate all this. Do not think it extravagant to let our girls use the best of soap. Give them soft rain water and moderately hard towels. Let every washstand contain a nail-brush, a bag of oatmeal, a tin of borax, and a pair of scissors. See that they are used every day. Biting the nails should be severely discouraged. It implies lack of self-control, and

is almost a moral fault. Besides, it is always a sign, and often a cause of ill-health. Reflex, very, in its action, is this ugly habit. It is said by the unthinking to be a mark of ill-temper. But we know now that the black dog is only visible when there is a derangement in health. If May or Sophie bite their nails let them be examined by a doctor and put to rights. This will be a more certain cure than anointing finger-tips with aloe and mustard, or tying up hands in gloves. About the said gloves, I think little brown "puddings" are not at all ugly, and should advise our girls not to be compelled to wear them. A white hand is a pretty thing, but a far more beautiful thing is the hand a little roughened by work for others. A palm scorched a little from cooking for others, a forefinger pricked a little by sewing for others. Still, a child's hand is such a marvellously beautiful creation that it should be scrupulously looked after and kept.

The voice is another function that we should train in the King's daughters. It must never be heard in the discordant scream of passion. We should accustom ourselves to speak gently, and in a low tone at all times. The shrill squeak, trying to out-talk others, should not be allowed in our homes. It was once said of one whose voice was but the echo

of a gentle nature—"To hear him say your name is a lesson in acoustics."

Perhaps I cannot close this very short article better than by quoting some couplets left us by Frances Havergal. They raise the whole subject into a higher realm than that of mere physical care and culture.

"Keep my hands, that they may move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Keep my feet, that they may be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.
Keep my voice, that I may sing
Always, only, for my King.
Keep myself, that I may be
Ever, only, all for Thee."

Put "their" in place of the first personal pronoun, and we have a prayer which raises these "little things on little wings to Heaven."

This paper has been taken up with apparently trivial subjects. But across it I would fain write a motto in letters of crimson and blue and gold. A motto which has often been a help to me when spending time over just such trifling details.

"A little thing is a little thing.
But faithfulness in little things
Is a very great thing."

SISTERS THREE.

By MRS. HENRY MANSERGH, Author of "A Rose-coloured Thread," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



THREE years had passed away since Lettice Bertrand had bidden farewell to her Northern home and accompanied Miss Carr to London, but there was little sign of change in the big drawing-room at Kensington or in the mistress herself, as she sat reading a magazine by the

window one sunny June afternoon. When the purse is well-lined it is easy to prevent signs of age so far as furniture and decorations are concerned, while the lapse of three years makes little difference in the appearance of a lady who has long passed middle age. Miss Carr looked very contented and comfortable as she lay back against the cushions of her easy chair, so comfortable that she groaned with annoyance as the servant came forward to announce a visitor, and the frown did not diminish when she heard the name.

"Oh, ask Mr. Newcome to come up, Baker! I will see him here." The man disappeared, and she threw down the magazine with an exclamation of disgust. "That stolid young man! How I shall have to listen to improving anecdotes for the next half-hour. Why in the world need he inflict himself upon me?"

The next moment the door opened

and the "stolid" young man stood before her. So far as appearance went however, the description was misleading, for Arthur Newcome was tall and handsome, with yellow hair, a good moustache, and strong, well-set up figure. He came forward and shook hands with Miss Carr in a quick, nervous fashion, which was so unlike his usual, stolid demeanour, that the good lady stared at him in amazement.

"He is actually animated! I always said that it would take a convulsion of nature to rouse him from his deadly propriety, but upon my word he looks excited. What can have happened?"

The laws of propriety do not always permit us to ask the questions nearest our hearts, however, and Miss Carr was obliged to content herself with commonplace.

"It is a beautiful day. I suppose Madge got home safely last night? She isn't too tired after the picnic, I hope!"

"A little fatigued, I believe, but no doubt she will have recovered before evening. She is apt to get excited on these occasions and to exert herself unduly."

"Nobody can say the same of you, more's the pity," was Miss Carr's mental comment. "Madge rows very well, and the exercise will do her no harm," she said shortly, and relapsed into determined silence. "I suppose he has something to say, some message for Lettice most likely; better let him say it and take himself off as soon as possible," was her hospitable reflection; but Mr. Newcome sat twirling his hat and studying the pattern of the carpet in embarrassed silence.

Three times over did he clear his

throat and open his lips to speak, before he got the length of words.

"Miss Carr, I—er, I feel that I am—er—that you may be—I am deeply sensible of my own unworthiness, and can only rely on your kind generosity and assure you of my deep, and sincere—"

"What in the name of all that is mysterious is the man driving at?" asked Miss Carr of herself; but she sat bolt upright in her seat, with a flush on her cheeks and a pang of vague, indefinite fear at her heart.

"My dear Mr. Newcome, speak plainly if you please! I cannot follow your meaning. In what respect are you a claimant for my generosity?"

"In respect of what is the most important question of my life," replied Mr. Newcome, recovering his self-possession at last, and looking her full in the face, in what she was obliged to confess was a very manly fashion, "In respect to my love for your ward, Miss Bertrand, and my desire to have your consent to our engagement, to ratify her own promise."

"Her own promise! Your engagement! Lettice? Do you mean to tell me that you have proposed to Lettice and that she has accepted you?"

"I am happy to say that is my meaning. I had intended to consult you in the first instance, but yesterday, on the river, we were together, and I—"

He stopped short with a smile of tender recollection, and Miss Carr sat gazing at him in consternation.

Arthur Newcome had proposed to Lettice, and Lettice had accepted him. The thing was incomprehensible! The girl had showed not the slightest signs of preference, had seemed as gay and