

Mr. Shafton Keen, who with a look of mischief in his quick eyes, and a slight elevation of his brows bowed to Mabel, told his little cousins with a peculiar emphasis they had 'a very kind brother to join their evening walks,' and then the two young men linked their arms, and departed for a cosy chat at Shafton Keen's lodgings.

Mabel, worried and worn with the events of the day, sought her pillow as soon as her interview with Mrs. Burnish terminated, who was full of thanks, and to whom Mabel stated her belief that Mr. Delamere Burnish had seen her speak to Mr. Boon.

"He did not see his face. He would not recognize him after these years. He would think it some friend of yours," was Mrs. Burnish's comment on the incident.

"Why, ma'am, should you fear his being seen?" said Mabel.

"Have I failed to make myself understood, after all I have confessed to you?" replied Mrs. Burnish, adding, "In the first, his annuity was given him by my husband, on the express condition that, if he visited England he should forfeit it; and Mr. Burnish would surely keep his word. His obstinacy in all that affects my poor brother is dreadful. He has such an aversion to the error of intemperance, that he would sooner pardon any other kind of sin. His sister's fate with that wretched Keen, has so embittered him. Then my brother has unfeeling creditors, who could proceed against him any day if they knew he was in London. He used to make bets, and draw checks, and sign papers at a fearful rate, when he was a little excited, or he would not have run through all he did, poor fellow! So you see, I've the strongest reasons for wishing to conceal his return. Besides, it's the only way to keep peace."

(To be continued.)

For Girls and Boys.

WHAT'S THE USE OF GRUMBLING?

Suppose, my little baby,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
'Till your eyes and nose are red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke,
And say you're glad "'twas Dolly's,
And not your head that broke?"

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be wiser
Than waiting like a dunce,
To go to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair?"
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

And suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan,
Whatever comes or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—Nebraska Good Templar.

A GIRL IN BLUE.

This was just the way Helen looked when her cousin Carrie peeped in at her from the crack in the door that led to the dining room. And this was much the way Carrie talked to herself about it:

"There she sits in her elegant new morning dress, nothing in the world to do but amuse herself, and I must stain my hands paring potatoes and onions and I don't know what for dinner. A dress with a train, and she only sixteen! only two years and a few months older than I am! How would I look in a train? I never expect to have such an elegant dress as she has on this minute, and it is only her morning dress. To-night she will wear the lovely garnet silk trimmed with white lace. Think of me in my old blue flannel! It is all I have to wear. I don't see why there should be such a difference between cousins: I wish Helen had stayed in New York. Why she wanted to come to see the country in the winter is more than I can understand. She isn't homesick a bit. I just think I'll stay at home to-night. Almost all the girls wear new dresses, and my old one will look older than ever beside Helen's grand one."

"Carrie," called that young lady's mother, and Carrie went to the kitchen.

There she gave her hands to the potatoes and her thoughts to the discouragement around her. At last she spoke of them aloud:

"Mother, I don't believe I'll go to-night after all."

"Not go to Kate's party! Why, what has happened? Is the child sick?"

"No'm, I'm not sick; only discouraged. I don't want to go and wear that old blue dress, and that's the truth. I shall look different from any of the others, and seeing me with Helen will make everybody notice it more."

"My child, Helen's father is worth a million, and your father isn't worth a thousand dollars besides what it takes to support his family."

"I know it ma'am; I'm not finding fault, only I don't want to go and be looked at, that's all."

The mother looked very sober, and something beside the steam that puffed out of the pudding dish made her eyes moist. Carrie split a large potato savagely in two, and looked gloomy. Then the mother said, speaking low:

"Won't you disappoint a good many people to-night, daughter? Isn't Kate depending on you to help with the charades and the music?"

"I can't help it mother. People must not depend upon me. Most every girl has a new dress for to-night, and I can't be going there just to help other people have a good time when I know I shall feel mortified all the evening."

"Can't you? Why, daughter, even Christ pleased not Himself."

After that, not another word was said in that kitchen for nearly an hour. Carrie finished the potatoes and ran away. Where she went, or what she did, mother did not know; but when she came to set the table her face was pleasant to look at, and she stopped on her way to the pantry to kiss her mother.

"I'm going, mother, and I'll have as nice a time as I can, and not grumble a bit."

She looked very pretty in her blue dress, with its deep lace collar and bright ribbons in her hair. At least her mother thought so, though when Helen came down in all the glory of her garnet silk and gold bracelets, there was certainly a difference.

It wasn't a young people's party entirely; in fact it was a sort of a family gathering, to which all the city aunts and uncles and cousins had come; and there were some elegant dresses there, and Carrie in her old blue one, did really feel a good deal alone. Yet she went cheerfully through the evening, helping with the charades and the music—helping in a dozen quiet little ways that nobody knew about, and yet trying to keep out of notice as much as possible.

Cousin Helen played and sang, and did both very nicely, while Carrie only played accompaniments for others to sing.

Later in the evening there was a whispering between two of the city cousins and presently it became known that Mr. Ames, who was Uncle Howard's college friend, was a wonderful singer and would entertain the company if anybody could be found who would play for him.