

and perhaps never meet each other again in the busy whirl of life.

Amongst that homeward-bound company upon the "Lord Clive"—such was the name of the steamer—perhaps no passengers had received more notice and attention than had two little children, who were making the voyage alone, under the care of their dark-colored ayah. Dolly and Duke had been the pets and playthings of every one on board. They had been especially placed under the protection of the Captain, and from him the whole company soon learned that the little ones were the only children of Sir Marmaduke Temple, who held a high position under Government, in the North-West Provinces, and that they were now on their way home, to live under the care of their grandmother, the dowager Lady Temple.

This was about the sum of knowledge which the Captain possessed; but some amongst the passengers, who had grown interested in them, learned more particulars at different times from the children themselves, particularly from the elder one, the little girl, who seemed to possess unusual capacity for diving into family secrets.

Dolly was a grave, sedate little maiden of ten years. She had a round, childish face, a pair of large, dark grey eyes, with very long lashes, eyes that looked gravely and almost wonderingly out from under the overhanging brows, and seemed always full of thought. The expression of the little rosy mouth was sweet and trustful, though the lips smiled less readily than do most children's. The fair hair, which looked almost golden when the sun shone upon it, was brushed smoothly over the forehead and cut across it in a thick fringe, which almost concealed the high, broad brow; behind, it hung down in a neat plait, rather thick than long, and was tied up with ribbon to match whatever frock the little one wore. People called Dolly a "quaint, picturesque" child as far as outward appearances went, and those upon whom she bestowed her confidence asserted that beyond this she had a very "original mind." Dolly sometimes heard herself discussed in terms such as these; but as she did not know what the words meant, she could not tell whether they were spoken in praise or disparagement, and did not trouble her wise little head over the matter.

The six-year-old Duke was a beautiful boy, there was only one opinion as to that; a high-spirited precocious child, who had been sadly spoiled, partly on account of his beauty and engaging ways, partly on account of his delicate health. It was on his account, not on Dolly's, that the parents were at last sending the children to England. The little girl had stood the climate remarkably well, but the boy had never been robust, and now Sir Marmaduke and Lady Temple, fearing for him the effects of another hot season in India, had made up their minds to part with both, and send the little ones home to England.

"Are you pleased we are so near the journey's end, my child?" asked a lady of Dolly, as the great ship steamed on its way into port. She had little children of her own on board, and Dolly had seemed to cling to her, and to be attracted by her gentle, motherly ways.

"I don't know," answered the child slowly.

"It will be strange at first; but I think you will soon like England better than India. I think it is much prettier. Will your grandmother meet you at Southampton?"

"No, not grandmother; some of her servants will."

"And take you and Duke and the ayah home to grandmother?"

"No, not the ayah; grandmother won't have her; she won't have anybody from India at her house. The ayah will stay at Southampton and go back with the next ship."

"Shall you be sorry?"

"I don't know that I shall mind very much. Mamma said I was to try not to fret over little things; but Duke says she shall not go, he will have her with him. He is fond of her. I think he will get into a passion if they send her away."

Master Duke's passions were sufficiently well-known on board to make the listener think this highly probable.

"Where does your grandmother live, dear?"

"Somewhere not very far away from London, but I don't quite know where. Papa says it is a pretty place."

"I hope you will be very happy there."

"I am not expecting to be," answered the child, with great gravity.

"Why not, dear?"

"Because I shall miss my mamma and papa so very much, especially mamma, for I do love her so very, very dearly."

"But you will soon learn to love grandmother, and that will help you to be happy."

"I do not think," answered the child slowly, "that I shall love grandmother."

Dolly had thrown out hints to this effect before; but the lady had always refrained from questioning the child, lest she might betray more of the family history than strangers had any right to know; but now upon this occasion of a last talk together, Dolly seemed disposed to be more communicative than usual.

"The reason why I don't believe I shall love grandmother," continued she, in the same sedate way, "is that I am quite sure she does not love my mamma."

"Indeed!"

"I hear a good deal one way and another. Sometimes I think people must think children are deaf." Dolly spoke now in her quaint, old-fashioned way. "They say all kinds of things before them, and then seem so surprised that they hear. I hear a great deal; and I know quite well that grandmother was very angry when papa married mamma, and that she would not see mamma. That made papa very angry—of course you know it was sure to—and I think there was a quarrel, and then papa went to India. You know, he has never been home on furlough yet. People wonder why. I think it is because he doesn't wish to see grandmother."

"Hush, dear child! there may be other reasons that you know nothing of."

"I hear a good deal," persisted Dolly gently.

"I think papa is angrier than mamma, because it is she that always makes him write to grandmother when mail-day comes, and she who says all the kind things and never seems to get angry. It is papa who looks stern, and who says words in a hard voice, as though he were very much displeased. He thinks there is nobody like mamma; and I am sure—oh, quite sure—that there isn't—not in the whole world." And the little face grew so wistful, as the child turned it eastward to look over the tossing waves, that the lady stooped to kiss her, and the kiss was a very tender one.

"Poor little child!" she said softly.

"Don't!" cried Dolly, quickly, and the little lips quivered. "That makes me want to cry, and I musn't cry. I promised mamma I would be very brave. And if I cry, Duke will roar, and that would never do. Let me go on talking to you instead. May I?"

"Yes, dear, if you find it a comfort."

"I think I do. It makes me not think too much about other things. I was telling you about papa and mamma, wasn't I? When grandfather died—that was about three years ago—I was a little girl then, but I remember it quite well—people left off calling papa Mr. Temple and called him Sir Marmaduke, and they seemed surprised he did not go to England. I think mamma wanted him to,

if it was only for a little while, but papa would not. 'Not until she writes to you,' he would say sometimes, 'not until she asks pardon for all the slights put upon you.' Mamma seemed sorry and said a good deal; but when papa's mind is made up he is very, very hard to move. I think Duke is very like him for that."

The lady smiled. Duke's immovable obstinacy was well known on board the "Lord Clive" by this time. The gentle little sister had no chance beside him.

"And when it was settled that we were to come to England," continued Dolly, "papa meant us to go to a kind of school, where they take children like us, and where Duke and I could be together; but then letters kept coming from grandmother, and mamma pleaded very hard, and papa said 'no' for a good while; but by and by he gave way, and now we are to go to grandmother's instead of going to school."

"Are you glad, dear?"

"I don't know for myself; but I am glad to do what mamma likes."

"That is right, my child; and, Dolly, I would not say anything of this to Duke. He is too young to be told things like it, and besides, you may be quite mistaken about the quarrel. It may not have been one after all."

"I shall not say a word to Duke," replied Dolly, sagely, "he is much too little; and besides he would talk about it to every one, and ask questions of grandmother and the servants, and that would never do, would it?"

"No, certainly not."

"But there has been a quarrel, I know," pursued Dolly, "because the very last time I had a talk with mamma she said I must try and be the 'little dove with the olive branch,' and when I asked her what she meant, she said, 'The olive branch is a sign of peace, my darling.' And you know people do not have to make peace unless they have quarrelled first."

(To be continued.)

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels. By druggists.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

Interesting Tests Made by the Government Chemist.

Dr. Edward G. Love, the Analytical Chemist for the U.S. Government, has made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use, and as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following:

Name of the Baking Powders.	Strength: Cubic Inches Gas per each ounce of Powder.
"Royal" (absolutely pure).....	127.4
"Patapco" (alum powder).....	125.2
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5
"Rumford's" (phosphate) old.....	32.7
"Hanford's None Such," fresh.....	121.6
"Hanford's None Such," old.....	84.35
"Redhead's".....	117.0
"Charm" (alum powder).....	116.9
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9
"Cleveland" (short weight 3/4 oz.).....	110.8
"Sea Foam".....	107.9
"Czar".....	106.8
"Dr. Price's".....	102.6
"Snow Flake" (Gross, St. Paul).....	101.88
"Lewis's" Condensed.....	98.2
"Congress" yeast.....	97.5
"C. E. Andrews & Co's" (contains alum).....	78.17
"Hecker's".....	92.5
"Gillets".....	84.2
"Bulk".....	80.5

In his report, the Government Chemist says: "I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and Tartaric Acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

Dr. H. A. Mott, the former Government Chemist, after a careful and elaborate examination of the various Baking Powders of commerce, reported to the Government in favor of the Royal Brand.

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