

ful light, until she was no longer visible; then he turned in the direction of his lodgings, muttering to himself—

"What's the use of keeping a raw on an old post-horse if you don't cut into it now and again?"

CHAPTER XVI.—FAMILY MEETINGS.

"But oh! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted". —BURNS.

Any event that saved Miss Austwicke the trouble of decision in the perplexity into which she had fallen was welcome; and therefore, when there came a letter announcing the speedy return of Mr. Basil Austwicke and family to London for the winter, and containing a cordial invitation to her to accompany her niece home, she felt as if released for a time from the performance of her promise to her dead brother, and, shielded, by intercourse with the younger branch of her family, from the possible annoyance of many more interviews just now with Burke. Annoyance, not danger, was what she dreaded. As to the consequences of swerving from the beaten track, she had no fear, because, habituated to think that what she did was right, she could not clearly realize that she had diverged. It is only the humble and vigilant, who watch themselves with jealous care, who can plainly detect where the path gently curves and leads them out of the straight road.

For some days all was bustle at the Chace, arranging for the departure of Miss Austwicke and her niece; the former now added considerably to the wardrobe, which had been packed in a single portmanteau, and never since disturbed, in the hastily planned and abandoned journey for Scotland. At length—when the weather had completely broken, and the woods at Austwicke, after three days battling with stormy winds, were laying down their leafy banners in wet and faded heaps before the breath of the approaching conqueror, Winter—the old travelling-carriage was again on the road, and the ladies, with Martin inside, and the roof and rumble heavy with luggage, set off for town, leaving Mr. Gubbins in the undivided dignity of major-domo at the Hall, a position that sometimes brought him into such wrangling collision with Martin, that he did not greatly lament her departure—indeed, was so far propitiated that when, as her parting injunction to her fellow-servant, the waiting-woman said, as she walked by his side through the passages to the hall, "Don't you let Mrs. Comfit interfere; she's quite superannuated—wif sending any more of her hangers-on, or her nieces, or their cousins into the family. Gracious me! they're as thick, them Comfits, as limpets on a rock. When Betsy's married—and, goodness knows, she's talked long enough about it—you take and get somebody as is expairyanced; no more of your marrying minxes, a-hupsettin' everybody; mind that, Gubbins."

"Ay, ay; trust me. I'll have a staid 'un; I've heard of one."

"Not out of the village, Gubbins, surely."

"Village, indeed! no, from Southampton; a north-country 'oman."

"Well, well; I'm sorry I didn't see her, so as to have spoken to Missus — about it. But you can do all right."

"I should think I could by this time o' day. You mind as you does likewise."

That same evening saw the party arrive, not a little tired, from a journey that they might have performed in a third of the time, if Miss Austwicke had not yielded to her prejudices. However, she had the dignity, as a compensation for a headache, of driving up to her brother's house in Wilton Place with all the stateliness of smoking posters, soaking wet postillion, and mud-bespattered carriage.

The family had arrived a day previously; and as it was within half an hour of dinner-time, and Mrs. Basil Austwicke had expected her sister-in-law and daughter by train earlier in the day, she had given them up, and was comfortably making her toilet, which even when they dined *en famille* was elaborate, when the commotion in the house announced the arrival. Her vexed comment as she ascertained the fact—

"Posted to London. Absurd! In that lumbering Noah's Ark, with the Austwicke arms duly blazoned—idiotic!"

After which pithy verdict she resigned herself quietly to her maid, who was braiding her hair and now and then measuring her mistress's features in the glass so as to keep herself *au courant* with her mood, as a skilful waiting-woman should.

(To be continued.)

Central African Fashions.

BANGLES, necklaces and belts made of fine copper are commonly worn as ornaments by the native tribes of Central Africa. Miss Caddick, in her delightful account of her journey in Central Africa, describes the ingenious way in which the natives manufacture the wire from the rough copper. They draw it into the finest possible strands, which they twist on hair.

The men cut a hole through a tree, into which they put a piece of iron with a small perforation in it. The strip of copper is tapered to a point, and put through the hole in the iron. The natives catch hold of the end with a kind of pincers, then a good number hang on to it and pull it through. This process is repeated through smaller holes in the iron, till the wire is fine enough.

All the ornaments are beautifully made, and the wire is extremely fine and flexible.



THE LATE REV. DR. SCADDING, TORONTO.

Some of the men wear five copper wire belts, "manyetas," as they are called, which fit the body very tightly. The manyetas are very difficult to buy, and I was at first puzzled to account for this. After a time, I came to understand that the belts, being so small, were extremely difficult to get off. The poor men required time, and were obliged to use a good deal of oil, before they could wriggle out of them.

These manyetas are very heavy, and the weight and size greatly astonished me, as natives usually seem to dislike wearing anything tight or heavy. But fashion, in Africa as in England, makes martyrs. The women wear thick brass wire coiled round and round their arms from wrist to elbow, and in the same way around their necks in a deep collar, which must be heavy and uncomfortable.

Importance of Child-Saving.

CHILDREN are just what you make them. Under ordinary conditions of environment and training they will in time become good citizens, adding to the wealth and happiness of the community by their industry and uprightness. Neglected, they will grow up as the weeds and thistles, to be a plague and a curse—making life and property unsafe, and causing a tremendous expenditure of public money for police, jails, refuges, hospitals and asylums. Think of the army of boys and girls who, through a process of abuse, degradation and immoral training, have been sent



out to prey upon society, a burden to themselves and a menace to all good-living people. Our refuges and jails are full of people who have never had a fair chance in life, and who, if all the facts were known, would be found worthy of sympathy and commiseration rather than of condemnation. A stream cannot rise above its level, nor can a child prepare and educate itself for life's duties and responsibilities. It must look to those who are older than itself, and if the education is one of vice, profanity, begging, lying and stealing, there can only be one outcome, and that is a career of lawlessness and dependence upon public charity. There is too much indifference on this question, and the mission of the Children's Aid Society is to create and maintain an interest in the cause of the neglected and destitute child.

TORONTO.

J. J. KEISO.