

was rather sad, rather proud, and very resolute, her eyes full of wistful longing.

"Well, Miss Lily, tell me exactly what you think of it," urged the artist with some curiosity one day when the picture was nearly finished.

"I'm looking rather cross, sir," she said with a shy laugh; "that was what I was looking like that day you asked me to come; I was cross, I thought I should have to go and sing that evening, and I hated it, but Jem had nothing—not half what he wanted."

"What would you like me to call my picture?" said the artist, wishing rather to draw her out than in expectation of any answer.

"You might call it 'Nobody cares'; I look as if I was saying that. I was just saying that when you came up, nobody cares that Jem wants lots of things; only that wouldn't be a name for a picture, exactly. What do you call the colour of my hair, sir?" she added abruptly, before the artist, who was feeling deeply interested, could say anything; she had forgotten all the sad thoughts which the remembrance of that day had brought her, and her question was asked with a bright smile and childish eagerness.

"I call it auburn—a true auburn," he answered, greatly amused; his little model after all was letting him have a glimpse of the vanity he had counted her too proud to show.

"True auburn," she repeated. "I have heard that before, somebody used to say that." She coloured hotly as a wave of confused memories passed through her brain. "It's true auburn—it's not red, somebody said that." She pressed her hands to her forehead, and a bewildered, pained expression came into her eyes; then, a clock striking, she held out a brown little hand for her daily wage, and saying, soberly, "mother'll be waiting for me, good morning, sir," she slipped away.

"A very strange child that is," the artist said to his friend, and then he repeated the conversation, adding, "I saw no sign of tragedy in my little picture, but she evidently does."

"You have caught her expression exactly," replied his friend, "her eyes are full of patient, but somewhat proud, reproach; you would expect those lips to curl with a scornful smile, and yet her eyes are full of entreaty, and the lines of her mouth strong with some brave resolve; your picture will be a success, but I doubt the general public reading all there is in the face, even if you label it with that somewhat tragic name."

"No, that name would hardly do for the world at large," said the artist, smiling; "but whoever buys it shall hear the story as far as I know it of poor little Missie; it will add to the interest of the picture to most people. She is but a child by the way, much younger even than I thought her."

In spite of all the good food Jem was now able to have, he grew weaker day by day, and Dorothy waited on him with watchful devotion; though no one spoke of his death, the shadow of the sorrow that was coming rested on her, and she went about her work gravely, spending every spare moment with the invalid.

The money she had earned at the studio made everything easy; the little household had never been so rich, and soon Nance fell into the habit of going round with the cart by herself and leaving the children together.

She was feverishly anxious to put some money by for a purpose she did not dare to speak of, and she could not bear the pain of watching her boy die; active exertion helped her, and Jem could wait nothing if Lil was beside him. He was in bed now, and was only able to be lifted from it by his mother's strong arms. Although really more than sixteen, he still looked a mere child; he had always been small, now his frame was shrunken and wasted; his luminous dark eyes alone spoke of the life and energy of the busy brain which seldom rested.

In the midst of his weakness and weariness, many of his thoughts were fixed on his mother and adopted sister; for himself all things were well, but what would they do when he was gone; it was true he had long been only a burden for them, but still he felt he was wanted.

Who would take care of Lil when he was gone as he could have taken care of her, and each year

she would need more care. His mother, too, she would miss him; it was hard to leave them when he felt his courage high to do and dare for them.

Jem had read a good deal lately and thought still more; for long he had wished that those he loved so much were leading a different life; it would be safer and better for them if they had a settled home, such a home as he had read about, such a home as he sometimes seen; and in his dreaming fancies he pictured a cottage in a little garden full of flowers, basking in the summer sunshine.

There his mother might learn more, for there would be people to talk to her and teach her, and Lil might go to school; it was a dreadful thing to think she was growing up hardly less ignorant than Lisbeth and Ellen, and might by-and-by, when she was a woman, marry and live on this ignorant life where she heard of no good things.

His mother would seldom talk to him of what she thought or wished for; she feared God he knew, and often lately he had read to her, but she knew so little, and Lil, poor Lil, he knew longed bitterly for many things that were out of reach.

How would she get on without him, to whom alone she told of these longings; he could not wish her to grow content with things as they were, and yet how could things alter?

He had urged his mother to make some change more than once, to find some home where she and Lil might live together; people no poorer than they were, he had urged, had homes, but she had said she could not be happy in a house; she was used to wandering, she had wandered ever since she was a girl, and Lil knew no other life and was happy enough. She would take care that no harm came to her, it was better not to put fancies into the child's head, they could do no good, and it would break the child's heart if he spoke of leaving her.

"You won't die yet awhile," pleaded poor Nance, "and don't vex the child about it, she'll break her heart soon enough; you just wait a bit and you'll grow stronger, the spring'll be here soon."

But Jem could not wait, he felt his time was short indeed now.

To be Continued.

The Sick Room Temperature

Physicians tell us the proper temperature of a sick room should be from 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and the heat should not go much below or much above these points. Abundance of fresh air and sunshine is the rule in all cases, except where the order of the physician prohibits the light. There is far more danger of the patient becoming enervated by close, foul air than there is from ventilation. English physicians insist that an open fire is a necessity to the proper ventilation of the sick room, and an eminent authority on the subject says: "I do not consider any room suitable for a patient to occupy during a prolonged illness where there is not an open fire burning on the hearth, in order to secure proper ventilation."

A tight stove or a furnace register will not serve any such purpose. On the contrary, the stove throws out a dry heat which can only be partly counteracted by keeping boiling water on the stove. It does not solve in any way the problem of ventilation. The furnace register too often brings up a current of foul air from the cellar or the kitchen, into which the cold air box opens. Unfortunately it is quite the exception to have the cold air box open outdoors, as it should. Even where it so opens, the furnace register does not assist materially in ventilating the room. One of the best methods of removing odors is to take a shovel of burning coals, sprinkle it with coffee and pass it around the room. Where there is infectious disease a deodorizing solution should be obtained from the physician and used in the water in which the utensils of the room, the bedding, and clothing of the patient are washed.

A new industry has been started in the Natal Colony, the manufacture of cement (equal to Portland cement), by which the colonists hope to save from £40,000 to £50,000. A large syndicate has been formed for this object. Natal will soon supply herself, and her neighbors with cement as well as coal, sugar and tea.

Hints to Housekeepers

CHICKEN COOKED IN BATTER. Take a very young and tender chicken, joint it; wash and wipe dry and rub with salt. Make a batter with three eggs, half a cupful of sweet cream, a large spoonful of butter and flour enough to thicken; dip each piece in the batter, put a little butter in the spider; when hot cover the bottom with the chicken and cover closely for ten minutes, as the steam helps to make the chicken tender. Then uncover and let it brown.

ARE YOU DEAF, or do you suffer from noises in the head? Then send 18 cent stamp and I will send a valuable treatise containing full particulars for home cure, which costs comparatively nothing. A splendid work on deafness and the ear. Address PROF. G. CHASE, Montreal.

CROQUETTES OF TURKEY, CHICKEN OR VEAL can be made from this rule. Chop the meat fine, add one-third as much bread crumbs as meat, season with salt, pepper and yolks of hard boiled eggs, moisten with sweet cream or milk, make it into any form; cone or pear shape look well; dip each in a batter of eggs and roll in crumbs of bread or cracker, fry brown in butter, serve with bits of parsley around the edge of the platter.

GOOD DEEDS DONE. The good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in the ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES. Cut up a chicken and boil until tender, when cold take the skin off and cut from the bones and chop fine; put half a cupful of the liquor the chicken was cooked in into a stew-pan with two spoonfuls of butter, a little salt, pepper and a spoonful of chopped parsley; when boiling stir in two spoonfuls of flour which has been wet with cold water, then add the minced chicken and after mixing well set away to cool, then make into shape; prepare some rolled cracker or dried bread crumbs, which should be rolled or grated; beat two eggs well, dip the croquettes into the egg then into the crumbs and cook in a kettle of hot fat or fry in hot butter in the spider; if in the latter, turn over to brown both sides.

A PROMPT RESULT.—Dear Sirs,—Two years ago I was very ill with jaundice and tried many medicines which did me no good until I was advised to try B.B.B., when, after using half a bottle, I was effectually cured. Charlotte Morton, Elphinstone, Man.

COQUILLES DE VOLAILLE.—Take a chicken that will weigh at least three or four pounds, cut up and cook till tender, take the skin off and with a fork pick the meat from the bones. With a sharp knife, cut the meat in small square pieces. Take a cup of the liquor in which the chicken was boiled, add a spoonful of chopped parsley, teaspoon of chopped onion, put it in a spider over the fire; rub together one tablespoonful of flour and two of butter, then add a spoon of the hot broth, stir all into the broth over the fire and add half a pint of sweet cream, season with a dust of cayenne pepper and salt. Take from the fire and set away to cool, then add half a cupful of sweet cream and a large spoonful of butter; stir it in well. Slice a box of mushrooms over the chicken, then pour the gravy over the whole and dip it into shells, bake in a hot oven fifteen or twenty minutes and serve while hot.

COMING EVENTS.—Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

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