

Mrs. Lowenberg they had brought hope and a new lease of life. The Red Prince's daughter had written such delicately-tactful letters to the relatives in England and Germany, that perfect harmony was, ere long, restored in their respective families.

When the Princesses—as they will long be to Herman and Gretchen—paid their promised visit, they found that Mr. Lowenberg had regained his health, and was filling a good position with rare acceptance. His wife, though still far from strong, was happy in a comfortable home, the gift of her parents. Herman was a happy school-boy, whom his father had dubbed K.R.P.D., Knight of the Red Prince's Daughter. As for little Gretchen, her face radiated happiness. "Oh, Princess! it was you who brought my deaconess to live with us. I cannot love you enough—all my life," was her greeting. "I am so glad that she could come, and that she is living with you. Are you happy now, little one?" "Yes, if I could keep you, too." "Ah! little Gretchen, even your Princess has at times to take into consideration that important word of but two letters—If!"

The night after the ladies' farewell visit to the Lowenberg's in their new home, the deaconess, whom they had been the means of bringing to that far, western town, was nursing a child of the poor. Towards morning the little patient fell asleep, and the voluntary nurse went to the window to see the dawn of a new day. As she stood there, she thought of the illusion of her little friends about the two Princesses, who had been the means of her coming