

I was growing alarmed. If a man is wanted in this way, he has generally run off with something that does not belong to him, or, at any rate, done something to be ashamed of. But this one certainly did not look like a criminal. Curious he did look, and utterly puzzled into the bargain, but that was all.

"I wonder you did not light on the name, Mary," Jim went on; "you might have mentioned it."

"How could I," I interrupted eagerly, "when you will never allow a society paper into the house? If it had been in the *Argus*, then perhaps I might have seen it. But I have hardly looked at that for a month and more."

"Then listen, both of you." And then Jim told us that Frederick Calthorpe of Calthorpe Park, Blanksire, had been killed in a railway accident. His only child, born three weeks later, proved to be a girl, and the estate would, therefore, devolve on the younger brother, Hugh. But Hugh had left England, and no one knew where he was, or if he were dead or alive. Failing him, the land would go to a cousin, and it was this gentleman who was making these inquiries.

But it was not pleasure that shone in Hugh Calthorpe's eyes as he grasped the hand Jim held out to him in congratulation. His first thought was for the brother with whom he had parted in anger.

"So he is gone, poor old Fred!" he said

ruefully. "And we shall never see each other again."

"Well, it is no fault of yours," Jim said bluntly. And then I was forced to go back to my patient lest she should be alarmed at my absence. I had never left her for so long before.

When I returned the two men were concocting a telegram to the Calthorpe cousin. Jim put it into my hand with a grim chuckle.

"We have got to settle his hash, you see, Mary," he observed comically, "and the sooner it is done the better. I am going to take it into Melbourne myself. Calthorpe will wait here till Dr. Fulton comes and get his permission to see Essie—that is right, is it not?"

I agreed, though it was hard to withstand Hugh's pleading eyes. But the plan was not carried out. That same afternoon Frank and Davie, admitted to see Cousin Essie for the first time, pounced upon the photograph, and, with the unerring promptitude of childhood, informed her it was Georgy, and that he was then in their father's book-room writing letters.

Half frantic, Essie turned to me for explanation, when I, a little over-excited by recent events, broke down. The boys shouted for help, and who brought in Georgy I cannot say; but, when I came to myself, there he was, kneeling beside Essie's couch, and the

little ones staring at him with wide open eyes.

It was a risk, of course, to have brought him in so suddenly, Dr. Fulton told us; but his presence was the one thing needful to restore poor Essie's health—or her reason. From that day she improved steadily. Only one thing troubled her: her lover must leave her very soon. He had to go to England to take up his position there and to plead his cause with Uncle and Aunt Bolsover.

Then Hugh Calthorpe—rash young man—vowed there should be no separation, and a succession of telegrams passed between him and Essie's parents that must have cost a small fortune. They were not sorry to give in, I believe, although they said they were. It was nothing worse than extravagance that Hugh Calthorpe was accused of, and some of that may be forgiven in the possessor of twenty thousand a year.

It was a very happy Essie that came forward to greet us when we went on board the *Austral* to bid her "God-speed" on her journey. A new Essie, all smiles and brightness, or rather the old Essie, brought back to life by the touch of Love's vivifying finger. She would not hear of our taking a long farewell, and before the steamer started she had made Jim promise—as I had never been able to do—to bring me to England before the year was out.

[THE END.]

INFANT'S FLANNEL JACKET.

THIS pattern, we venture to think, will charm the hearts of all baby-lovers. No troublesome seams at armholes, and so easy to make. Half a yard of Saxony flannel, three skeins of embroidery-silk, and one yard of soft white ribbon are the materials required.

Cut the flannel according to Fig. 1, from A to B on both sides eight inches, from D to C

three inches and a half, and from E to F nine inches and a half, slope out the upper portion one inch, as illustrated.

Fold the top over from G to A at the dotted line, fold each A over to meet in the centre, and you have Fig. 2. The sleeve seams are continued right across the front, the edges of the flannel must simply be overlapped and

herring-boned with silk or very fine cotton on each side, by this means it will be found that no bungle is caused under the arm.

Iron off some Briggs' pattern, plain scallop and dot looks well, all round the jacket, neck, fronts and sleeves, trace it in flourishing thread, and button-hole it with the embroidery silk; round the neck an eyelet-hole should be worked in each scallop in place of a dot, Fig. 3, to admit of ribbon, and when running this through fold a box-pleat in the centre or back, and put the ribbon through three holes

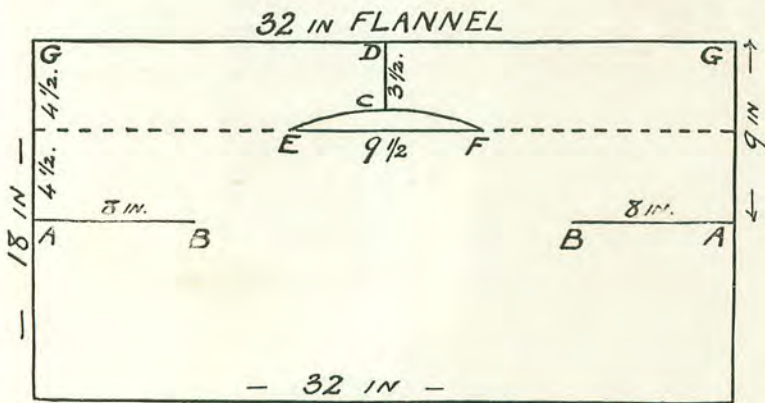


FIG 1

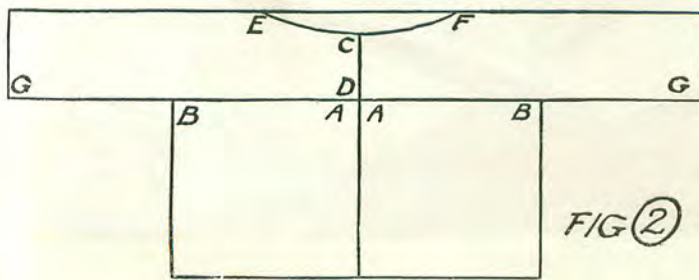


FIG 2

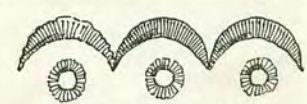


FIG 3

at once and then back through three more, this makes the back set better, and allows of the fronts being wrapped over. The ribbon is withdrawn for washing, and danger or shrinking is less than if the box-pleat were a fixture.

"COUSIN LIL."

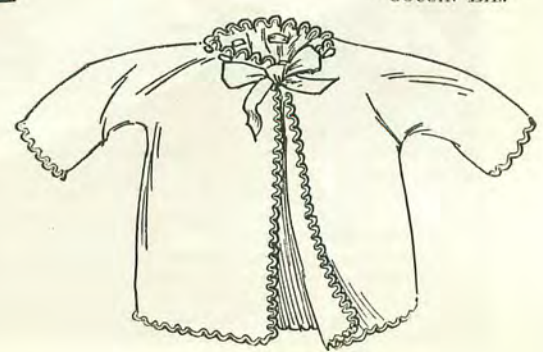


FIG 4