

for taking up cudgels in Cousin Mona's defence. It was loyal of him to stick up for his friend, and not allow an opinionative, censorious girl to undervalue her; and really if this were true, and she had really given up her lover for her brother's sake, I should be obliged to admire her too. I was only too much addicted to hero worship. I had quite forgotten Robinson Crusoe, and I fairly started when the door opened and I heard his shrill bark. I was so delighted to see the dear fellow again that, in spite of Cousin Mona, I took him in my arms and hugged him.

"Now, Rufa, I do call that almost wicked," she said severely, "to lavish affection on a dumb creature in that ridiculous way. What have you done with Roland. I expected him to supper."

"He was very sorry, Cousin Mona, but he had quite forgotten that he had an engagement. He asked me to wish you good-night as he had not a minute to spare. Where has Robin been all this time?"

"On the study rug," she returned curtly. "He followed Everard into the room, so we let him stay."

"That was very kind of you," I replied gratefully. "You don't really mind him, do you?" very coaxingly.

"I have long ago left off thinking what I mind," she answered with a sigh. "Everard makes no objection to him, so you need not keep the poor thing a prisoner. I am afraid Martha will never be reconciled to him, but there, we all have our likes and dislikes. Take off your hat, child, for Everard is waiting for his supper, and if you want to please me, don't waste the affection that ought to be spent on human beings on a dumb animal who has not the sense to value it."

I would not argue that point with Cousin Mona for I was far too happy, but I wisely resolved to be less demonstrative in public. I was really grateful to my cousin for giving way to me, and I determined to do all I could to please her in return.

After that day Robinson Crusoe had the run of the house with the exception of the kitchen. It was many a long week before Martha could be induced to allow him there, and for ten days at least she refused to speak to me. At the end of that time her temper mended, and one morning when I entered the Brown room I found the fire laid and the

scuttle full of coals; but I thought it best to take no notice, and after that we fell into our usual ways.

Strange to say, no one ever claimed Robinson Crusoe; that all Mr. Scott's inquiries could elicit was that a lady and a little girl, accompanied by a large black poodle, had stayed for a night at the Grantham Arms. She was an American lady, the proprietor said, and talked of going back to New York by the next steamer; she had left the maid and luggage in London. What her business was in Cromford and how she had contrived to lose the dog, were mysteries no one could solve.

I never could bear to think of that miserable day and night that poor Robin had spent. The porter at the station remembered seeing a large black poodle hanging about the place that day, but he could not come close enough to him to read the name on his collar. And two or three children saw him careering up and down the Parade like a mad thing. He would not allow any one to approach him, but he went up fearlessly to ladies, especially if they had children with them.

He was wonderfully happy in his new home and was very gentle and obedient. Lilian admired him immensely and gave me *carte blanche* to bring him to Hazel Cottage whenever I liked. I told her how grateful I was to Mr. Scott for all his kindness, and she looked excessively pleased.

"I am so glad you and Mr. Scott are better friends," she said simply. "You were very stiff and prejudiced, were you not, Rufa, but I am magnanimous and forgive you."

I tried vainly to find an opportunity of questioning Martha about Cousin Mona, but one evening, about a fortnight after Robin's arrival, I found her trying her eyes over a piece of fine work, and coaxed her to let me finish it.

The next evening when I took it to her, she seemed so surprised and pleased and thanked me so cordially that I resolved to stay uninvited. Robin was safely shut into the back parlour, and Cousin Mona was hard at work in the study. I had my evening to myself, and I was sure that my society would do Martha good, for she had a glum headachy look as though she were fretting. So I sat down by the table and began to arrange or disarrange her funny little painted cotton-box, and

Martha, with her brown spectacles well on her nose, darned a grey stocking in silence.

It was clearly not her intention to begin the conversation; she had thanked me sufficiently and had done her part; very likely she was wondering why I was lingering there so long.

"Martha, do you like Mr. Scott very much," I asked suddenly.

"I have not thought about it, missy," she replied after a moment's hesitation. "A person cannot well dislike a young man who behaves himself like a gentleman and is always civil-spoken and agreeable. What put Muster Roland into your head, if I may make bold to ask."

"Cousin Mona told me he was a great favourite of yours," I returned coaxingly. "Come now, Martha, why won't you own that you like him very much indeed. Think of all the nice puddings you make for him and the second helpings that he always takes to please you."

I saw a smile cross her face at this recollection.

"Well, then, I do like him," she returned with a snap of her worsted. "Will that satisfy you, missy. Young men are not in my line, but I will say that Muster Roland is better than most. Miss Mona sets great store by him, and so does the master. The sight of his cheery face in the house is like a streak of sunshine on a winter's day. It seems more warming to one's feelings than the summer sunshine."

Evidently Martha was thawing. I must pursue my advantage.

"I like him better myself," I replied carelessly. "He is kind-hearted and so ready to help one. Do you know he told me to ask you something. Do you remember that Sunday evening when we went to church together and Cousin Mona stayed at home?" And as Martha nodded, "Well, we had such a strange conversation. Mr. Scott began talking about Cousin Mona—he wanted me to like her as much as he did—he said she was splendid and had done splendid things." Here Martha took off her spectacles and looked at me sharply, but I went on with my sentence. "He said, 'Ask Martha to tell you all about it, for I am no hand at a story, but every one in Cromford knows that Miss Gordon gave up the man she loved for the sake of her father and brother.'"

(To be continued.)

RECIPES FOR PERFUMES.

CARNATION PINK.

Five ounces of rose triple, three ounces and a half of extract of cassie, three ounces and a half of extract of orange, three ounces and a half of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of vanilla, eight drops of oil of cloves aug.

NEW-MOWN HAY.

Ten ounces of extract of tonquin, five ounces of extract of jasmine, five ounces of extract of orange, five ounces of extract of geranium, five ounces of extract of rose, five ounces of rose triple.

NARCISSUS.

Ten ounces of extract of tuberose, five ounces of extract of jonquil, five ounces of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of rose, two ounces of extract of storax, three ounces of rose triple.

WALLFLOWERS.

Six ounces of extract of rose, four ounces of extract of violet, three ounces of extract of cassie, three ounces of extract of orange, three ounces of extract of orris, three ounces of extract of vanilla, four drops of essential oil of almonds, four drops of essential oil of cloves.

CAMPHORATED CHALK.

Four ounces of powdered precipitated chalk, one ounce of powdered camphor flowers, two ounces of powdered orris root, one ounce of carbonate of magnesia. Mix well and sift through fine muslin.

HAIR RENEWER.

Three ounces of oil of sweet almonds, three ounces of liquid ammonia 880, six ounces of honey water aug., twelve ounces of spirits of rosemary. Mix; apply with a soft sponge morning and evening.