

naturally to soft cushions or couches. "Let me see. No, not that"—as he scanned the page. "No, that's private and confidential! Oh, here's the paragraph I wanted! 'I have been a bit seedy the last three days. My indisposition culminated in a terrific headache last night, and I feel about as limp and washed out as possible this morning. 'Take physic, pomp; expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.'" I have been quoting King Lear freely. Dear old gran was quite frightened, and sent off for the doctor. She thought it was a sunstroke or brain fever at least. She has been begging me with tears in her dear old eyes to stay another week or so, and let her and Meg nurse and cosset me. But I put it to you, my dear fellow, how was I to accept this offer? I have been talking things over with old Meg. Humph—ha, I am not sure that I ought to read this; but you are as safe as a rock, aren't you, Berrie; and I know you won't repeat a word. 'I have been talking things over with old Meg, and she has let the cat out of the bag with a vengeance. My dear old gran has been getting poorer and poorer every year. Her little capital has dwindled, she gives up one little comfort after another. Indeed, how those two women have got along the last six months passes my comprehension; but of course, for the future, things will be on a different footing.' Oh, I must stop there, Berrie! The rest is in strict confidence. Of course, a fellow like Campbell, with his sense of duty, would not let his old grandmother want comfort. Lady Jean has been more like a mother to him, and he is devoted to her. There is just one sentence I want you to hear. 'Now, I have told you everything, my dear fellow, and I beg you to be equally frank with me. It is impossible for me to stay

here. The cottage, pretty as it is, is too small for three people. Even Dr. Stewart does not advise me to remain. But I am certainly a good bit run down, and I am afraid your people might consider me as an encumbrance. I believe Stewart is right when he says rest, quiet, and good nourishment are all I want, and that I should soon pick up. But say the word, old man, and I will just go off to Whitby or Scarborough for a bit by my own self until it is time for Ullswater.'"

"There"—folding up the letter carefully—"that's about all. He thinks that we shall not want him here now he is not well—that he will be a trouble, and that we shall be glad to be rid of him. That's what he means, Berrie, but it is confounded nonsense on Campbell's part. Don't you think he ought to come all the same?"—and Owen looked at me quite piteously, but my answer fully reassured him.

"To be sure I do. Write to him this very day, Owen my dear, and tell him to pack up and come at once. Why, as everyone knows, the air of Wyngate Rise is as bracing as possible, and Wildcroft stands high, and even on the hottest day we get a breeze. Oh, Mr. Campbell will pick up here in no time! A week of Mrs. Jones's chicken broth and savoury meat jellies will set him up nicely, and he can have new milk fresh from the dairy, and beaten-up eggs, and that will soon put fresh life in him."

"What an old brick you are, Berrie!"—and Owen looked at me gratefully. "There is some sense in talking to you about things. You always go straight to the point and do not misunderstand a fellow. Do you know?"—and here a faint blush came into the lad's cheek—"that is why I wanted Campbell to have the west room, because I knew he was

seedy, and I thought that big chair and writing-table in the bay window would just suit him. Mind you don't tell this to anybody. It is our secret—yours and mine. Hush, I can hear Aunt Faith's voice, so I will be off!"—and Owen gave me a nod and vanished. But all the rest of the day he was in high spirits.

Then I wished he had not told me to hold my tongue, for I should have dearly loved to have repeated that speech about the west room to Hope and Miss Faith, but I had to content myself with my own thoughts.

There we were all of us misjudging the poor lad, and thinking him cranky and obstinate, and it was just his thoughtfulness and consideration for his sick friend. How I longed for him to tell Miss Faith that Mr. Campbell was an invalid, for she did so love fussing over such people and waiting on them. I think she would have loved her worst enemy if he had happened to break his leg. With all her faults, she belonged to the league of ministering women; but I suppose Owen had his reasons for keeping his own counsel. Indeed, he told me as much as he was standing in the porch waiting for the dog-cart that was to take him to the station.

"I am glad Aunt Faith will be out this afternoon when Campbell arrives," he said, as I handed him his driving-gloves. "He does so hate any kind of fuss and questioning, and I expect he will be knocked up by the journey. I shall make him go straight to his room and lie down, and then you can bring him some tea. You will, won't you, Berrie?"—and Owen looked at me in his coaxing way. That boy plain? I think I never saw a sweeter smile than his, though Miss Faith will have it that he cannot hold a candle to Gordon.

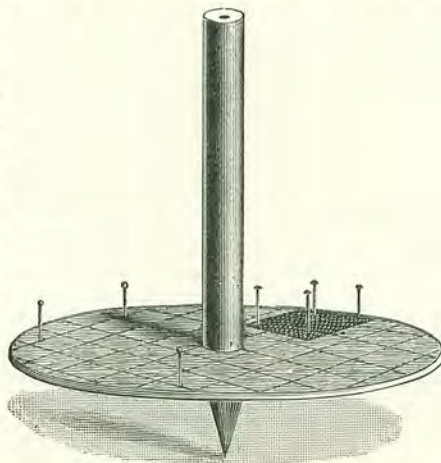
(To be continued.)

## SO EASY: A SIMPLE TINT-GAUGE.

How many girls there are, and for the matter of that men and boys as well, who, without being actually colour-blind, yet seem to lack the power of judging whether certain colours match, or whether two colours, or combinations of colours, will harmonise when placed in juxtaposition. For instance, to an inexperienced and not specially trained eye, it is no easy matter to say whether a trimming will match a material in which, perhaps, seven or eight colours are employed in various proportions, or what is the dominant colour in another material that consists of a medley of colours. As a man, this is a point which appeals to me strongly, and the following little device, which is only a homely adaptation of a toy to be purchased at most places, took my attention at once, as I recognised in it an aid to supply a want I had long been conscious of.

Take an ordinary piece of cedar pencil, from three-and-a-half to four inches in length, cut to a point; secondly, a circle of card-board, with a diameter of about four inches, and, having made a hole in the centre of this, thrust the pencil through it until the point is about an inch below the card-board; with a little gum or a drop or two of sealing-wax you can secure the disc to the pencil. You have now a kind of top or teetotum, which you will find spins very easily, and your apparatus is complete.

Suppose we want to find out if a trimming really matches some dress material; all you have to do is to cut a circular piece of the



material, four inches in diameter, make a hole in the middle of it, and put the longer portion of the pencil through this, when it will lie flat

on your card-board disc, to which you can secure it by small pins. Cut a small piece of the trimming, about three-quarters of an inch square, and fix it on the edge of your disc—see Fig.

You have now only to set your teetotum spinning and watch the result. If the material you are using had a pattern, that pattern disappears, and in place you get the general shade of the stuff, and the same with the trimming, so that if the two exactly match, the two shades will be the same; but if they do not, you will perceive a lighter or a darker ring at the edge of your disc.

If again you wish to learn if two materials, each composed of a variety of colours, will harmonise, proceed in exactly the same way, and the predominant colour in each will give the shade, and you will at once be able to ascertain if they clash. In the same manner you will be able to see if one single colour will "go" with a mass of others in a way pleasing to the eye.

My little dodge will probably be laughed to scorn by the artistic among my readers, but they should remember that all are not gifted alike; and any plan by which some of the hideous combinations which so frequently offend the eye may be avoided, is, I think, worthy of attention.

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.