OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PUSS.

By Gordon Staples, M.D., R.N.,

Author of "Cats," "The Domestic Cat," "Friends in Fur," &c.

No fireplace, in my humble opinion, is complete without the harmless, necessary cat. She is the housekeeper, diecle, the sentinel of our friend the dog, the most affectionsate of all our pets, and yet, for all that, she is very frequently the most cruelly treated of any animal we own. In my time I have written a great deal both in books and in magazines against the many kinds of cruelty that cats are subjected to, but more people even go farther than this, and they eat, drink, and otherwise care for them in the matter of food, and that there is therefore no necessity for supplying them regularly, day by day, with something to eat and drink. They are also generally rather proud of the former, and innocently credulous and anxious concerning the latter.

And just at that time other trouble and sorrow entered the life of the convent-

row. To anybody who knew all the secret of those changed feelings from abroad it might almost have appeared that if they brought a deadly infection with them, or that they poisoned the poor mother's life blood and palsied the old father's limbs. For that winter, cherry, apricot, and peach, geraniums bright and faded; and Job himself, the hale, vigorous man, had a stroke of paralysis which, making his right leg almost useless, laid him aside for some time. For a long time Ruth's sweet face was not seen among the farmers' wives at Medmenham market, for both the two sick people and sole charge of the little household fell on her. But the two savings of happier days soon wasted away. They were but a tiny store, for the bequest for Harold's education had been so steadily kept to its proper use and expended thereon. And Ruth presently felt, with a sigh and a tear, that all the less perfect one and cleanliness, and reconcile themselves to the make-shift meals and irregular hours which must be often in the home of the housekeeper is also the breadwinner. They were all sheewd, sensible people, who could see the bearings of new facts, and did not require to state them to themselves or to each other in words, which are always troublesome to bear, precisely as a heavy weight would be harder to carry if it was wrapped in stinging-nettles. Mrs. Venn said nothing, with a sigh of regret, when in her married life clean curtains were not put up in the sitting-room on Saturday evening. When Job found that a sort grey comforter went to supply the place of the starchy collars which his wife and daughter had hitherto kept so daintily, he accidently dropped and cracked at himself in the glass, and said, "it was unfortunate for an old man, and hid up his poor, scraggy neck." (To be continued.)

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PUSS.

peateness and durability, and perhaps had a lingering prejudice against machines.

Elsewhere Ruth Venn was not often to be seen. She was a quiet, shy girl, and her mother had made her so much of a companion that she had never been in the habit of keeping company with anybody else. Her home was not a dull one. Job Venn, her father, had travelled his day—a young crumpled master—having talked to him about her and the gardener, and insisted that as nobody could help him so well as Job, Job must go wherever he went. Job had been in Flanders, and to France; but his observing powers had been sharpened by trying to get some interest and amusement out of the people whose speech he did not understand. At any rate, he came home a shrewed, clever fellow, whose wise sayings were worthy of note by deeper minds than those of his admirer little girl. And Mrs. Venn was a lively little woman, one of those whom years seem only to brighten and sharpen.

strict ways, the school he had attended, and the sort of book he read, the vanity and gaiety, and perhaps no such line existed in Harold Venn's simple nature. At any rate, he was half-flattered, half-grateful, and whom pleased.

Many and merry were the earlier letters which he wrote home; whether or not there were any secret misgivings in the parents' hearts, they openly expressed a satisfaction in which it pleased Ruth that she could not heartily join. She thought the fault lay in her own heart, and hated herself accordingly. She said to herself that surely she was jealous of those strange graceless sensations so fond, that surely she was envious of the pleasures and prosperity which seemed crowding round her darling brother. And yet there was no one to whom she could not bend down, even on her bended knees. In those days Ruth sat in the seat of humiliation and felt herself truly a miserable sinner.

The letters grew fewer and fewer by-and-by; fewer in number and vaguer in tone, with hints of much business and even of illness.

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"Take care who your first friends are, Harry. Better live lonely for a year than go haunted all your days."

And then the boy was gone. And Mrs. Venn and Ruth lost the women's part in the little tragedy of his, and away in his old clothes, sorted his school-books, stored his "rubbish" among their treasures, and set their minds to wait for letters and compose answers the should send.

Harold had gone out on a great line steamer, and he had a gay and pleasant voyage, for the ship was full, and the house was quiet and the garden. But there found most agreeable people among his fellow-passengers. Perhaps there were very few among those with whom he associated who did not know and could not see if they had seen him among the humble surroundings of the old house at Medmenham. Harold Venn was not a snob. He was not ashamed of his fine old father and mother, and he would not wilfully have added a pound to a statement of their income, nor a foot to a description of the size of their house. But people do not ask plain questions about these things, and Harold's innocent allusions to many matters of old-fashioned furniture and old-fashioned ways, the school he had attended, and the sort of book he read, the vanity and gaiety, and perhaps no such line existed in Harold Venn's simple nature. At any rate, he was half-flattered, half-grateful, and wholly pleased.

Many and merry were the earlier letters which he wrote home; whether or not there were any secret misgivings in the parents' hearts, they openly expressed a satisfaction in which it pleased Ruth that she could not heartily join. She thought the fault lay in her own heart, and hated herself accordingly. She said to herself that surely she was jealous of those strange graceless sensations so fond, that surely she was envious of the pleasures and prosperity which seemed crowding round her darling brother. And yet there was no one to whom she could not bend down, even on her bended knees. In those days Ruth sat in the seat of humiliation and felt herself truly a miserable sinner.

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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

beg just a little in a quiet kind of way; while you are eating, but not to jump up either on your chair, or on the table. It is better far for you to teach her to wait patiently and demurely, until you have finished, and to feed her immediately afterwards.

Do not forget that change of diet is quite as necessary to the perfect health of a cat as it is to a dog or to a human being for the matter of that. Oatmeal porridge with milk for breakfast for puss; this may be given one day, and bread steeped in warm milk the next. To this latter a little sugar should be added. A very few animal foods are known. I know of nothing better than well-boiled sheep's lights, with now and then a tiny bit of raw liver. I do not myself approve of horse flesh for cats, unless, indeed, it is extra sweet and tender. With pussy's dinner always mix a little well mashed vegetables. She will eat potatoes with a relish, and, as a rule, will not object to cabbage or greens. You know how very fond a cat is of fish. I have known many instances of cats catching trout and fish of other kinds, and of cats-fishing for expert at the piscatorial art. Let your puss, therefore, have an allowance of this delicacy as often as you can; she will thrive on it, and assuredly she will not forget your kindness.

Most people are given to cats every day of their lives; this is no news; I am fully aware of that, but my next sentence conveys a truth which is not so well known. I mean a great deal of the affection which every one who owns and loves a cat should possess themselves of. It resembles two saucers joined in one, or one saucer divided into two, the saucer being better. Now, many people think that one side of this dish is for food, and the other side for milk. No, kind reader, one side is for milk, and the other for pure water, and you should be careful to have it well rinsed out every morning.

I find that giving a cat a small bit of sweet butter, about as big as a bean, occasionally, clears her up better than she has her from more easily.

Cats are very cleanly in their habits and nature. They are so often taught to behave themselves well indoors, but gentlemanly and feminine towards them, and in no case do they deserve beating, nor even chasing out; treatment of this kind is certain to demoralize them, and cause them to hate instead of loving.

If your pussy has been absent from home all night, you should kindly welcome her return in the morning, and show your forgiveness by presenting her with a nice dish of warm milk sweetened with sugar. Some cats are fond of tea; if yours is, let her have it by all means; you cannot be too kind to a cat, and I do not think there is much fear of the tea injuring her nervous system.

I will now say a word or two about "monkeying" with cats. It has been my experience that any particular night you had better let her go. But on no account turn her out against her will, and do not make a practice of sending her out, or letting her out, as it will do you the least harm. You will get into all kinds of mischief, will turn dirty and disgraceful, and take up bad company in the shape of prowling houseless cats, and then will have nothing to do, when you want to go to bed. In the morning the next day, she will come out into the kitchen, and then you will have to follow her home again.

Cats are somewhat nomic in their tendencies, and like to have perfect freedom.

They never, however, abuse the liberty granted them, if they are well fed and cared for when at home.

Some people will tell you that all cats are dishonest, and that they are far more attached to the places where they live than they are to those who own them. But all genuine lovers of the domestic cat know better than to believe any such statement. If a cat is merely kept at anattoit home and not badly treated, then it is very likely she will steal whenever she can get the chance, for she must support life somehow; but if she be badly treated, then it is hardly reasonable to expect her to show very much affection for him. I myself owned a beautiful tabby, who for five or six years travelled in my company, by sea and land, fully twenty thousand miles. She was perfectly familiar with hotel life in all its phases; even on the first night of my arrival in a strange city or place I did not hesitate to let her out for a run if she wished to go, and she always came home with the milk in the morning. A more loving and gentle pet I never possessed, and as to her moral qualities I can tell you this, I oftentimes wished that some of the lodging-house keepers with whom I dwelt had been only half as honest as my own Pussy. But people who wall against cats, and who say they hate them, are only those who know very, very little about them, for really the more one studies the ways and the manners and the general character of our sagacious wee bedside favourites, the more one loves and admires them. The affection of a cat for its own offspring is perhaps nearly equalled by the fondness and love she exhibits for young children. I have known cats of a somewhat sulky and early temper, who would not permit themselves to be even crossed, possessed, and as to her moral qualities I can tell you this, I oftentimes wished that some of the lodging-house keepers with whom I dwelt had been only half as honest as my own pussy.

Cats are, as a rule, on the very best of terms with any animal which happens to be domiciled with them in the same house, and the most wonderful friendships are often cemented between them and animals altogether different in their nature and habits. The travelling cat I have already mentioned lived on the best of terms not only with my dog but with my stabling, a bird, by the way, which was never kept in a cage, but allowed to roam about wherever he listed. Cats can become very pretty and engaging tricks, but if you want to train pussy properly, her education must commence when she is very young, quite a kitten in fact. Before, however, you attempt to teach a young cat to do any thing, you must teach her to love you and trust you implicitly. If she does not she will learn her lessons quickly, and do all she can to escape you. By means of a hare's or rabbit's foot, attached to a sitting at the end of a rod, you can teach pussy to jump in quite a wonderful way; you will soon be surprised at the heights to which she will be able to spring. This gymnastic exercise will be best done through out doors, and it will be as good for your own health as for the pussy's. If you do not have anything well and wonderfully, treat her to a morsel of fish, and when the exercise is over present her with milk and water; she will generally prefer the latter.

You can next teach her to jump backwards and forwards over your arms, the hands and the feet being between you and the side and not in front of you, and gradually increasing the height, you will soon find she can jump through as well when you hold them up as when you hold them down, and commence her with loop exercise. If you give her half an hour of this regularly every day, she will soon come to take a great delight in it. The hoop should be about eighteen inches wide, made of cane or wood, and with a handle to it, and you may if you please have one in each hand. Puss will give you plenty of fun, I can assure you, and make even some around you laugh as well as yourself. A cat may be taught to beg like a dog, to give a paw right or left, to lie down "dead," to stand in a corner on its hind legs, to embrace you, to retrieve like a dog, and even to move rhythmically to music.

I sincerely hope that if you have a favourite cat, and are yourself in the habit of going to the seaside or somewhere else, for a summer holiday, that you do not leave her at home, either alone by herself or to the tender mercies of servants. To do so is exceedingly cruel and thoughtless.

I have told you how to treat our mutual friend in health. I will next have a few words to say about some of the ailments that affect cats at this time. Pet supplies, and as a word or two on the different kinds of cats.

(Tox be continued.)

THAT AGGRAVATING SCHOOL GIRL.

By the Author of "Wild Kathleen."

CHAPTER XXXI.

"FOR THE SAKE OF ROSE."

EAR decks for action! Landlubbers, below hatchets! Rose Bell and Clara Boswell, that means under the chairs. Be quick with your Chair decks, I say! Now, one—two—three—hurrah! Three cheers for one, and cat-o'-nines for two."

The above commands had been delivered by a clear, ringing voice from one end of the large class-room of Crofton House, and between the utterance of the "one, two, three," and the "hurrah!" the owner of the voice, a certain slim, bright-eyed, curly-haired young damsel, had taken a rush down the room, and a flying leap over the poker, laid across the backs of two chairs.

"Now, Ross," exclaimed Milly Wilmot, "make haste; it's your turn now. You know monkeys copy their masters."

"Ah, to be sure," said the heroine of the jump. "So that is why you try to copy me."

The absurdity of polly-poly Milly being accused of copying Miss Nelly in looks, manners, or gymnastics was too great for even Sybil Pinchley's well-bred
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, PUSS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.,
Author of "Cats," "Friends in Far," "The Domestic Cat," &c.

AXTED, who had never seen a more highly-bred cat than the honest and faithful but common grey grimmalkin, that lies on the cottage hearthrug, singing duets with the teakettle, or the common-etcher of the barn-door, would be greatly surprised if he happened to go to a large show of our favourites, at the wealth of feline loneliness and grace displayed upon the benches.

"A pity," I have heard some people exclaim. "I couldn't have believed there were such beautiful cats in the world.

"I don't," I have made reply, "What you see is simply the result of care and kindness, proper feeding and housing, and attention to the pelage or coats of the animals." Cats, especially the long-haired breeds, it will do my readers no harm to know, are becoming more fashionable every day as domestic pets, and people who care to keep good ones, and to rear them well, and show them, get very large prices for them. I am acquainted with ladies who sell their kittens even for two and three guineas each, and who would not take twenty for many of their full-grown pussies.

Let us imagine now that we are taking a walk around the great cat show at the Crystal Palace, London, the day before the great show. I feel sure I can tell you many things about the inmates of the pens that you do not know.

Well, then, first on the list of short hairs is a lovely specimen of a Manx. Here are two lovely Manxes: they are about the size of a large cat, and have no tail. They move with a curious gait, as though their paws were a little behind them. They are always in a frolicking disposition, and are great playmates for the larger breeds. They are very popular in the show world, and are always in demand.

Next come the tortoiseshell and white, the colours being yellow, red, black, and white, artistically arranged in those who have won prizes. They are the most graceful and elegant of the short-haired breeds, and are always in demand. They are popular in the show world, and are always in demand.

Now there are two types of Long Hairs, and you should not let it have a chance of distinguishing itself and

and a less blunt face with green eyes. Colour like Aberdeen granite, striped with deeper marks. They are very lovely and valuable. The red tabbies come next. They are splendid cats, with red-striped eyes, reddish in colour, marked with deeper red, and no white. Look at this one; he has been passed over by the judge because his colouring is too dark for the district enough. This breed is very clever, and they make capital hunters, but are apt to wander a long way from home; however, unless they fall victims to the traps of ready money, or too greedy guns of cowardly keepers, they never fail to come back again.

The red and white tabby is a great gallant fellow, and a fighter for life. In that pen is a spotted tabby. This cat may be any colour, only covered with stripes, composed of spots. I hope that is not an Irish bull. That gentlemanly-looking fellow there is a black and white cat. His coat is of jet, he wears white socks and gloves, and a front as spotless as the snow. He is as good as and probably as smart as his look. Indeed, he would hardly do to catch a mouse, but he likes a good dinner, and when he is out and working he does not mind a hard job, like a common mouser; no, he jumps up and lifts the knooker.

In the next cage is a cat you can scarcely see, so intense is it of all over. But he can see you and me, and he is glaring at us with his green, green eyes, evidently in no very amiable temper. What he wants to know is, what has he been imprisoned here for, instead of rowing wild and free in forest or field? But we must not judge him too harshly, for although he flew at the adjudicator of prizes he was too young, and at home he is naturally quarrelsome. These cats should be very large, with coats of glossiest black; even the whiskers must be black. They are not all alike, and whilst they are all very fine, but green is beautiful. Here we have a small but graceful puss, all one colour, namely, dark slate, not a light hair in her, not even in her whiskers. These cats are rare, and seldom fail to win prizes in a mixed class. They are called Maltese cats. Pure white cats are no favourites of mine. They are usually dull and ungraceful. Give a post of any description, but I would never expect a white cat to do anything very clever.

There are many other strange, short hair cats, Manx, American Shorthair, and Persian. There are a few on the Long Hairs, only passing for a moment at the cages filled with soft-looking kittens, brimful of folly and mischief and fun. Now there are two types of Long Hairs, and you should not let it have a chance of distinguishing itself and

and winning a prize. Do not be afraid that it will not get every attention, as far as can be given at a show. Nevertheless, do not fail to go with your favourite yourself, if possible. Take with you a small bottle of milk in a bottle, and attend to pussy's wants yourself.

And now a few lines about the ailments that cats are subject to. I fear, know little about them, and care less.

When a cat seems ailing and sick, and mooning and sleepily-looking, and if at the same time refuses all food and water, you have quite an emetic—half a teaspoonful of salt in a little warm water. Follow this up in an hour or two with a teaspoonful of castor oil.

Castor oil should be given a pressed oil-pot in toasts, where cats have not much fresh air and freedom. This flower-pot should be placed where she can easily see it and get at it. Or when you are walking in the country, you may roll some nice fresh green grass and place it in the corner of the kitchen, the ends being kept tight between two bricks. It is an excellent bowl for them. A kind of chronic inflammation of the stomach is common among cats, especially those who are not properly fed, or who have to pick their food off the floor. It is very common, and can find. The cat refuses food, gets thin and wretched-looking, and has frequent attacks of vomiting. Medicine—A grain and a half of the root of biennis, put on the tongue twice a day, and a dose of castor oil once a week. Food—Suet milk or cream, and fish. If much wasting, raw beef, chopped fine, twice a day.

To give a cat medicine two people are required. Pussy is rolled in a rug and placed on some one's lap, while you pour the medicine very gradually down her throat. If it is a pill or balsam, dip it in oil, and put it well back against the root of the mouth; but mind your fingers. You can hold the mouth open with the thumb whilst you manipulate with the other. Bronchitis is often fatal to cats; it attacks badly fed and badly housed pussies very often. There is a rough, dry, coarse, piercing cough, which is fiery, and the cat is very uncomfortable. Give a good feed on arrowroot, beef-tea, milk, &c., little and often. Then give this cough pill. Extract of comfit and compound squill pill, of each one grain, one grain; make into a smooth paste, mix with a little crumb, and divide into twenty pills; dose, one every night. Keep up her strength, and give a small teaspoonful of cod-liver oil twice a day.

For laxity of the system, a little common chalk mixture should be given three or four times a day, with one drop of the solution of nitrate of morphine in each dose. Or put two grains of trinitrate of bismuth on the tongue three times a day. Food: only milk, or milk with arrowroot, and a little egg may be allowed, but no meat.

Lung disease, or consumption, is known by the general appearance of the poor cat. There is a dyspncea, a desire for food, a peculiar appetite, and loss of all liveliness. Raw bones, beef-tea, strong housing, and cod-liver oil are needed. When the cough is troublesome I order the following prescription:—Cordial arrowroot, 1 dram; syr. salis, 1 dram; sol. mar. maphra, 15 minims; aqua, 2 oz.; mix. Label: A teaspoonful whenever required.

These are common in cats, and are almost too well known to require much description. The pusts must be caught and bled. With a lancet make a small incision at the end of the exuement. Let the blood flow by sponging with hot water. Or slit the ear with a fine pair of scissors.

If the cat is subject to this, order the following at a respectable chemist's:—Bromid,
potass, 10 grains; iod. potass, 5 grains; zinci sulph., 5 grains; mix. Make twenty pills with breast cream, and give one each night and morning.

If pussy is thin, give cod-liver oil. If the reverse, lower the diet, and give a little boiled sheep's liver twice a week.

For skin complaints use carbolic lotion; pure carbolic acid one part, water forty. Well shake before using it, and apply once a day, but not all over. An internal medicine, give a teaspoonful twice a day in milk of lime or arsenical, ten drops in one ounce of distilled water.

For eye inflammations, baths frequently in warm milk and water, and use a lotion of three grains of sulphate of zinc to an ounce of water.

Never deprive a cat of all her kittens at once. Never keep kittens that you are not sure of getting a good home for. Never let anyone persuade you that pussy is not one of the gentlest and most faithful pets we possess.

WAITING IN VAIN.

A GENTLEMAN on the point of marriage left his intended bride for a short time. He usually travelled in the stage-coach to the place of her abode. The last journey he took from her was the last of his life.

Anxiously expecting his return, she went to meet the vehicle. An old friend announced to her the death of her lover. She uttered an involuntary scream and a piteous exclamation, "He is dead!"

From that fatal moment, for fifty years, did that unfortunate woman daily, in all seasons, traverse the distance of many miles to the spot where she expected her future husband to alight from the coach, uttering in a plaintive tone, "He is not come yet—I will return to-morrow!"

FROM STRENGTH TO STRENGTH.

A STORY OF TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.

By Alice King.

CHAPTER VII.

HERE stood Ruby in the fast-gathering twilight; there stood Ruby, waiting for she did not know what. She was half frightened, and yet she did not know what she was afraid of; she was full of wonder at Mr. Lindhurst entering so suddenly that house, and her most lively conjectures could not form any probable guess about what he was doing there. Then that strange cry was still ringing in her ears, and it all meant: a brook not far off murmured in the wind, and the wind talked to the branches of the trees above her head. Such were the only answers which Ruby got to her question.

Still Ruby waited and listened, while the minutes seemed longer minutes than any minutes she had ever known in her young life. Yes, she listened, but no sound reached her from the house, only the ceaseless Louise stream and the winter breeze. By-and-bye these monotonous strains were broken by the lowing of a cow hard by, and afterwards by the rumble of a cart; but these did not answer Ruby any better than the wind and the water; her whole situation, standing outside that house, where the old man still remained hidden from her sight, was as complete a mystery to her as ever. More and more she felt as if she had somehow got into a part of a story of some one else's life, and as if the Ruby who led the commonplace life at the farm a few months ago was miles upon miles away.

At length the door of the villa opened, and Mr. Lindhurst appeared.

"Oh! what is it?" cried Ruby, running to meet him, the words coming involuntarily to her lips.

He did not say any words for some moments; he was looking calmer than when he went into the house. At last he said—"Ruby, we can go home now."

He spoke in a low, absent voice, and had evidently not taken in the meaning of her eager words. In her state of excitement and curiosity Ruby's first feeling at his manner, as was natural enough in a person of her quick temper, was great irritation; she broke through the form of courtesy with which Mr. Lindhurst was generally surrounded in her eyes, and cried indignantly,

"Mr. Lindhurst, it is a shame to treat me in this way; you left me at the door as if I was a walking-stick, and when you came out again you treat me as if I had no more sense and understanding than one."

Her words, and the vehemence with which they were spoken, roused him at length, and he half smiled as he took in their import. Then his face grew grave, but gentle, as he said,

"Ruby, child, forgive me if I have frightened you, but I did not expect you. I was alarmed myself when I went into that house, but I am more easy in my mind now. That is all I can tell you."

She was very full still of wondering curiosity, but his manner softened her.

"Had your going into this house anything to do with what you were telling me about before we came out?" she asked.

"Yes, it had," he answered; and then added, after a few moments of thought, "Ruby, I think, since you know so much, I ought to tell you that all this which has lately seemed so strange and unaccountable to you is nearly connected with yourself."

"With me!" she repeated, with a start, and then cried eagerly, "but if that is so, have I not a right to know more?"

"Listen to me, Ruby," said the old man, pausing and laying his hand on her shoulder, "as it happens that a certain mystery, which circumstances prevent being explained to you, must, for a while, surround your young life; signs of it may sometimes suddenly appear in your life, but you may not, any more from them than I have told you. There is nothing, believe me, in this mystery which is in any way wrong or which can lead you or any one else into anything wrong. Now that I have told you this, Ruby, will you trust me, and ask no further questions?"

"Yes," she answered, for there was something in his eyes which made her say so at once.

"Thank you, my child, for such confidence," he said, warmly; "I fancy that you are made of different stuff from most girls, and that when you say yes, like that, you mean it entirely, and that you will not go or do anything with vain conjectures on this subject, but will resolutely keep off any such morbid habit."

"I will try to be all you expect me to be," she replied, simply.

"And Ruby" began the old man again, in a low impressive tone, "I may tell you one thing more. Perhaps, some day you will be in a position which will enable you to do a great deal for God; try in your life to prepare yourself for it, if such should be your appointed lot."

More and more wonders were pouring in upon little Ruby. She, the neglected orphan, would one day have it in her power to do a great deal for God! She gazed up into the old man's face, her brown eyes full of an incredible, child-like astonishment, too deep for words to express:

"Yes, it is quite true, Ruby," he said, reading her looks aright, "strange as it may seem to you."

"I cannot understand it, I cannot understand it," she repeated two or three times to herself; then she clasped her little hands in prayer for light and strength, for all that she had lately heard had made her feel as if she were walking with a dizzy brain through a mist; and gradually, as her words went up to God, she began to grow calmer, and a certain clearness dawned within her. She had just been told that, in future, something might happen to her, which would make much good in the world, and yet she was told she must not ask anything further on this subject; it was still all very dim and incomprehensible, but her young soul blazed on the consciousness that her eternal Friend was near her, and she felt that if in all things she strove to tread step by step in the path He bade her, it would all be well with her, come what might. She did not, however, put anything of what was going on in her heart and mind into words; she probably could not have expressed half the stir and tumult which had been within her when she had heard her, she tried; she only said, very quietly,—"I will do my best everywhere and in