but one that invariably excited interest in women's minds, and won him countless social invitations which his busy studious life compelled him to decline.

But Auriol's joy was very short-lived. Telling her that Herr Frickenstein, newly arrived in great German celebrity, was very anxious to be introduced to her, Claude Haviland led her very reluctantly, it must be confessed, up to a hairy-faced foreigner, and then left her, saying in a low voice, "I will try and get a few quiet moments with you later on." Auriol listened absently to the German's flattering comments on her writings, expressed in broken English, and tried to smile and look gratified as she told him how honored she felt; but a tinct of unhappiness was surging in her breast. Those "fancy men" who were they coming? Did he mean—? Could he mean—? And he had looked so agitated. Surely he would come to take her down to supper? But as no Claude Haviland appeared, the task devolved on Mr. Walter Rowlands, the genial novelist, whose delightful works of fiction have made his name a household word. On entering the room, but alas! women are frequently so door, and Auriol and her companion were kept waiting a few moments outside. Suddenly Auriol gave a start, and Mr. Rowlands glancing down at her saw her face had become deadly white, whiter than the dress she wore. Wandering a little at the sudden transformation he led her to a less crowded part of the corridor, and began vigorously fanning her face.

"If you will stay here, I will go and get you something," as he saw she was beginning to revive.

"No, thank you, I would rather go into the room. I was only a little faint. The evening is so warm."

What had Auriol seen? Only Claude Haviland gazing down with all his heart in his eyes at a slender childish figure leaning comically on his arm, her golden head touching his shoulder, and her melting blue eyes lifted up appealingly to him. What had she heard? Only two or three whispered words that she thought—shock! abash! should she have been hers, and hers alone. But after the first violence of the shock had passed off pride came to the rescue. No one should guess she had been wounded. With a mighty effort she pulled herself together, again, and for the rest of the evening was if possible brighter, and talked with more animation than before.

People said they had never known Auriol Walgrave so witty and brilliant. Even the Duke of Drayden noticed it. "What has the child been doing to herself? I never saw her look so radiant. Genius ought always to be dressed in gold and white."

During the drive Claude Haviland amused her friend by her graphic account of the author's experiences. There was a certain dash of recklessness in her speech which her chaperon attributed to overexcitement in the simplicity of her heart that the conqueror's head had been slightly turned by all the adulation she had received. She did not see the look of pain in the girl's face when Claude Haviland's name was casually mentioned.

"Did you happen to hear who that young girl was to whom he was referring so much?"

"Some one told me she belonged to the house-party, but I didn't hear her name," Saint Peter answered, with what he was pleased to think was consummate indifference. And they parted at Auriol's door with a cheery "good-bye; I shall see you again to-morrow, or rather this evening I ought to say."

(To be concluded.)
and herself proposing that they shall leave these scenes of thoughtless pleasure and idleness, and return home to begin seriously the life they are to spend together, that dear life which she will smooth for him by her care, her thought, her love, the young wife flies off at a tangent; she listens to her imagination rather than her common-sense, declares he is already tired of her, that she is the most miserable woman in the face of the earth, that she has married a man who has warped of her as of a toy, in fact she makes a regular scene and drives her poor husband, who is also young and probably inexperienced in women's ways, perfectly frantic.

Now this is the first critical moment in married life.

And now much depends on the husband and his delicacy of treatment and comprehension of his wife. With some women the gentle reasoning course is the best, with others firm displeasure, but in either case the result must be the same, that the wife be made to understand her error as regards her husband's love, and that she be taken into his full confidence, and allowed to feel that though he cannot pass his life in idle adoration, that she is to him his one real thought, and that he looks to her to give life that consolation and peacefulness which shall make his home a very Eden. Some men, who have married sensible girls, succeed in making them understand this at once, and the first scene is the last; some take months, perhaps a whole year, whilst with others it becomes such a cause of discussion and misunderstanding that love takes wing and both go their own way in life. I know some very funny stories of such scenes between young people; but really, though one laughs heartily over, one cannot help feeling how so many husbands put up as they do with such scenes, and how so many intelligent, loving women can behave so unreasonably, so illogically, or bring themselves to give such trouble and both anxiety to a husband they really care for, and it is a fact that the more a woman loves her husband the more likely she is during these first days to allow her imagination to run away with her on this subject. The truth of it is that after marriage each see the other in a new light, many little faults and failings become evident, many little habits annoy and exaggerate which could not possibly do so beforehand, simply because circumstances did not bring them into evidence. However much an engaged couple may meet, they cannot possibly see as much of each other as when they are married, when their married life begins to change their normal life; they give themselves up to the joy of being together, and for the time being the ordinary things of life are forgotten.

The picture for instance a man who is the pick of neatness and order discovering the wife he loves to be just the contrary. At first he will expostulate gently, if without producing any effect he will grow impatient; later, when time and habit have accustomed him to her, he will probably grow angry. If she is a woman who answers back or makes weak excuses without trying to mend her ways, quarrels will be the result. Or suppose a man to be very pugnacious, his wife the contrary, he will naturally be last become exasperated; should she reproach him by stating that "he never used to be like that before they were married," he may well reply that what he then looked to be a virtue in his lady which amused him, or even bashfulness which charmed him, he now finds to be a habit, and a habit with which he will not put up.

One of the faults most objected to by men is the habit of nagging. A nagging woman is their pet aversion, and to find that the wife of his bosom is one of this sort must indeed be a sore trial to a man. Attin young girls; if you have a grievance out with it frankly and have done with it; also, do not hint and insinuate and refer constantly to the subject in a matter-of-fact tone, and then declare with resignation if asked for an explanation, that you mean nothing, that you are quite happy and have nothing, oh! nothing whatever to complain of! You may have the petty triumph of seeing your husband look utterly helpless and non-plussed; but oh! what a small satisfaction it is, and how very far are you from being the "helpmeet" you should be, and making your home the little Eden of calm and joy your perhaps hard-working husband dreamt of. Another little fault which is most frequent in women and most aggravating to men, especially to some men, is the habit of jeering at them when you are right and they are wrong, and saying with mocking triumph, "I told you so, but you would not believe me." How many serious quarrels have arisen out of that "I told you so," given in a certain tone of voice.

"Well, but have men no faults?" I hear you say. Yes, it is all on the women's side—the fault of division in a household.

Yes, men have many and great faults, and some men, I agree with you, are perfectly incapable creatures; but for the most part men's faults are perfectly amenable to a wife's gentle influence, and little by little with time and tact will grow so beautifully less that they will cease to annoy others, and they themselves derive benefit without knowing the cause of the change.

A woman's gentleness and patience with her husband's faults should never flounder nor should she make her submission to his will too evident a favour; her submission should be graceful and dignified, given freely and willingly to please him, not sulkily and grumblingly because she supposes she must.

The sacrifices of self that a woman makes to keep the wheels of domestic life smoothly rolling should be known only to herself; outsiders should never be taken into her confidence, neither should her husband; it is her duty, and that should be her recompense, together with the increasing of her domestic happiness, and the joy of making her husband love his home. A woman should never seek to make a man happy after his manner, by taking all manner of trouble to improve his tastes, her preferences, her opinions; these she must keep in the background, and so ordain their life, and study what pleases her husband that she will find everything arranged naturally according to his tastes and ready to his hand without any ostentation.

When a man comes home from work, whatever it may be, and in whatever class he is, the picture of a woman waiting for him whose sole thought is to be agreeable to him, will make his home happier, not only a house arranged according to his own ideas, but a sort of each-headed place where every want, every delicate desire of his soul is ministered to; the wife is the angel of this refuge from the outside world and its troubles, and as such and through his gratitude becomes the greatest influence in his life.

(To be continued.)

THE FLAGS OF OUR EMPIRE.

WHAT THEY ARE, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

PART I.

The subject of flags may be very conveniently divided into three distinct departments. First, they may be considered historically; secondly, as at present in use; and lastly, with a view to practical work in their manufacture.

The history of the past is rich in interesting stories connected with the ensigns of all nations, and especially remarkable as regards that of our own empire, dating back to the early days of our first civilization. But what is the antiquity of those times, compared with the era in the history of the world, who can tell the use of flags was first inaugurated? The earliest records to which we can refer are those supplied by Holy Writ, and the first is accompanied by a Divine command (see Numbers ii.). Besides this, there are no less than thirteen allusions to banners and standards, and eight to ensigns, in the sacred writings.

Most of our readers have seen representations of the ancient Roman standards which were surmounted by an eagle, a pole supporting a cross-piece from which the drapery depended. The Assyrians and Egyptians carried standards consisting of poles surmounted with figures of gods, no drapery, or the Persians and the very early Greeks. But later on they displayed a red flag at sea as the insignia of battle; and they hoisted a purple garment on a spear-head for the same purpose on land, this idea being copied by Clovis I. of France, who hoisted the blue cape of St. Martin as the royal banner. And so it held its place till A.D. 659, when it was superseded and enveloped by a red flag with a green fringe, terminating in five tongue-like streamers, called
SOME MARRIAGE THorns, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

BY THE COUNTESS DE BOERIO.

PART II.

Never insist on getting your own way. Most husbands are only too pleased to accede to their wives' desires if these are reasonable. In any case there is but little real pleasure in getting your own way by force, and making your husband give in for the sake of peace. Instead of an agreeable companion, you have probably one whose face is a mile long, who has nothing to say for himself, simply because he is utterly bored. Do you not think you would have had double the enjoyment if, putting self aside, you cheerfully agreed to do as your husband wished, directly you saw that your plan was not a pleasing one? Why should wives always be those to give in? I hear you ask. Well! it is a difficult question to answer, except because they ought, because God ordained it so, and ordained that by gentleness and tact and patient submission, woman should gain and keep her influence; and woman's influence is great, perhaps one of the greatest influences in the world. Men listen and reflect over an intelligent woman's gentle advice, they weigh well her words, and finding them wise, follow them. If the same woman were to give the same advice in an opinionated, superior, nagging way, she would immediately rouse the spirit of the "lord of creation," who does not like to be dictated to, and her words would fall on idle ears. Many wives of my acquaintance have tried this system, and always with success. Indeed the wife the most spottl that I know is the most submissive. She never tries to force her husband to give way in any instance, she invariably tries to like what he likes to do. If there is a choice to be made between two things, and their opinions differ, she gives way quietly and does her best to hide any disappointment she may feel. He is a man of iron will, too, and has not the least idea of allowing anyone, much less his wife, to revolt against his rule. This young woman rebelled during the first year of her marriage, but, as she has often told me, she might just as well have tried to knock a hole in the wall with her head, her husband never gave way in any one little matter. She changed her tactics; she resolved to be a model wife, to submit gracefully to every desire of her husband; she did not succeed quite at first, for her character is naturally independent, and her temper quick, but after a time she found it easier, and what is the result now? She has so entirely studied her husband's tastes that her own are almost identical, she has so won him by her cheerful submission to his will that he refuses her nothing he can possibly give her. His may is still nay, and his yea yea, but she is so sure of his desire to please her, that when he does say nay, she knows quite well that he must have a very good reason, and, therefore, does not even raise the matter with him. Now if this young wife had continued her first system, she would probably by now be a most unhappy woman, and instead of being the sunshine of her husband's life, she would have become a worry and anxiety to him, for she would never have got the better of him, however hard she may have tried; he would always be master, as every true man should be.

Let us now study a little the cause and result of these first quarrels; by first quarrels, I do not mean those little disputes between bride and groom, which, like lovers' quarrels, are the renewal of love, but those more serious ones, which although they may begin out of nothing, increase in severity, so that words are said by both which wound like sharp swords, and leave their mark for many a day after.

The most perfect confidence and free exchange of ideas and feelings should exist between husband and wife. From the moment that they, and in particular the wife, keep silence, and more their little grievances, these last assume enormous proportions, until they burst forth in one tremendous storm which does double the damage a quiet little grumble would have done. Under these circumstances, we can safely say woman shows herself in a most unfavourable light. She appears to be a creature who has neither reason nor logic, nor even any idea of truth. She allows her heated imagination to run away with her, and says the most utterly preposterous things she can lay her tongue to, and what is worse, she thoroughly believes them for the moment. This belief gives an appearance of reality to her words, which strikes as a funeral knell of happiness on the young husband's ears, inexperienced as he is in women's ways.

Woman is not at times mistress of her words, and most certainly seldom attaches the same importance to them as her unfortunate audience; thus, an hour, nay, sometimes half an hour after, she will utterly deny having said such and such a thing; calm and reason have resumed their sway, and she either cannot really remember what she said in her wrath, or she is ashamed to remember.

The husband requires all his tact and delicacy at this moment. If he, alas! has also lost his temper, the result of these first quarrels is, that they become the point of departure of a persistent, yet secret hostility, which ends in a sort of moral divorce, and sometimes in separation.

If he, taking advantage of these strong expressions and words, reproaches her with them, after peace has been made, and insists on her owning to the husband instead of quietly accepting her denial, he risks starting her off again worse than ever; for woman is apt when thus pushed into a corner, during or directly after one of these nervous attacks of temper, to turn round on her husband and say, "Well, yes! I did say so, and I meant it," etc., followed by perhaps still more cruel words.

Neither should the husband remain utterly silent and passive during the torrent of unkind words with which his wife assails him; instead of concluding her, it will probably make her doubly furious. She will imagine he does not consider her worth answering, and will in consequence stab him morally with the sharpest swords she can think of. She will paint him in the blackest colours, and end probably by declaring that she can never look on him with affection again. Oh! a great deal of patience and kindness do these poor husbands need to bear with the sometimes terrible waywardness of their young wives. But once a husband thoroughly understands his wife, and knows that this excess of language is but the outcome of a nervous condition she is perhaps hardly mistress of, his task becomes comparatively easy. He no longer criticises her cruel words, nor does he ask himself if she is right or wrong; he sees, and understands that she suffers, that her woman's vivid imagination has run away with her, and made her imaginary grievances really exist for the time being, and so there is a general air of anxiety and tenderness about his manner, pleasing to the exacting and difficult character at such times of woman; she softens, gives way to her feelings in tears, and then smiles and gentle words appear as readily as May flowers after April showers.

Whatever the subject of dispute between husband and wife is, it almost always changes its character as soon as the wife takes refuge in tears. Her husband's one idea now is to comfort her, not to show her where she is wrong and be right. Their reconciliation is complete, and whether their respective opinions are changed on the subject of the quarrel or not, no further mention of it should be made just now. The husband who holds his tongue soon reaps the fruit of his wisdom. The less he says and appears to think of his wife's conduct, the more she remembers it to her own disadvantage, and the greater her humility and submission. Without a woman is not probably to make her doubly furious. She will imagine he does not consider her worth answering, and will in consequence stab him morally with the sharpest swords she can think of. She will paint him in the blackest colours, and end probably by declaring that she can never look on him with affection again. Oh! a great deal of patience and kindness do these poor husbands need to bear with the sometimes terrible waywardness of their young wives. But once a husband thoroughly understands his wife, and knows that this excess of language is but the outcome of a nervous condition she is perhaps hardly mistress of, his task becomes comparatively easy. He no longer criticises her cruel words, nor does he ask himself if she is right or wrong; he sees, and understands that she suffers, that her woman's vivid imagination has run away with her, and made her imaginary grievances really exist for the time being, and so there is a general air of anxiety and tenderness about his manner, pleasing to the exacting and difficult character at such times of woman; she softens, gives way to her feelings in tears, and then smiles and gentle words appear as readily as May flowers after April showers.
THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

rightly and severely. These rules apply to the great majority of cases, but some there are who deserve nothing better than a jar of cold water poured over them, and then to be left to come to their senses at their leisure. This style of thinking needs a more violent jolt than any other. She is a thousand times more aggravating, being such a peculiar mixture of silliness and violence, and taking so long to regain possession of her husband requires to be almost more than human to bear with her.

Woman, the weaker vessel, is however not the only one to be given to anger. Man also often forgets himself, and, in the "king of creation" in a temper is a sight which, although it may sometimes alarm a woman, is not a thing to be taken lightly. It is the worst of tempers, and insolence of manner, and impossible to control. The husband, in this case, can only become a "lady of the manor," and the wife, a "servant of the manor," a case in point which is very common. He feels humiliated, worth nothing but only physically, but what is more serious, morally; his will seems to have deserted him for the time being, and he is thus entirely at the mercy of his wife. Never is woman more mistress of the situation than now, and oh, girls! how very delicate should be her treatment of him at this time. The spectacle of her willpower, overcome by his, presents a fitful spectacle, short of his will and manly dignity. While I think of it let me remind you of the "no girl," a good woman, a kind and true wife, how to her the word of her husband may be, how incapable her husband may be, allow outsiders to see that she is a master. She will always appear to be subservient, she will even persuade her husband to will his will is law, and give her will be her tact and gentle thoughtfulness for the man she has promised to "love, honour, and obey," that he as well as others will never suspect she is the master of her common life. Some women seem to think it grand to show off their power, to air their independence of their husbands. These I think have missed their vocation and were never born to be wives.

Some women (indeed I am afraid most have a touch of it), having learnt by experience that this violence suddenly transfers the power from their husbands to themselves, do not hesitate to take advantage of it in a way which is, alas! too often seen. She knows his faults, his weaknesses well enough to hold him as it were in her hand. She knows what words, what gestures, what sudden outbursts of voice and anger can annoy him and provoke an explosion of anger strong enough to leave him powerless and destroy the respect he has opposed to her too often unreasonable demands. Is this loyal, think you? Is it worthy of man's "helpmate"?

A wife should tenderly bear with her husband's faults and weaknesses, as he with hers. She should know how to put him at peace with himself, soothe him as a mother a fretful child, with a patience which has no limit, and put in it, only an infinite tenderness.

There is another type of wife of whom I have not yet spoken, and this is the woman who, wise as she is in the world and there is a resolution to be taken, submits her opinion to her husband's with seeming good grace, through it may be against her most extreme conviction. She never house to do, she puts aside her greatest preferences, she sacrifices her dearest plans, and herself in the presence of the two. She submits to each exigence, only she insists that her husband admits that it is an exigence. In fact, she must be publicly given her "victim's" diploma, and it is only on this condition that she consents to impose the sacrifice by which she shall save the face of the man. The most powerful means of aggravating a man. His masculine pride insist on his authority being recognised and bowed down to, he loves to feel the respect due, that when he speaks "let no dog bark." But he hates to be made to feel that he is a tyrant, that morally he is made more miserable than if he had never spoken. When she thus subdues it is a more cruel blow to his pride than if she resisted him. He is materially the victor, having gained his way, but he is vanquished, his conviction having escaped beyond his control. So instead of being grateful to her for her sacrifice, he feels injured and resentful. A man very much dislikes to feel that a woman has made a woman against his will is of the same opinion still. Learn by this, girls, to submit yourselves gracefully, cheerfully, as though it were a pleasure to you, or don't submit at all. You will find that in the long-run you will gain by it.

Woman has naturally a temperament given to occasional fits of bad temper; man has them less by nature than by habit. How many young wives would avoid useless disputes with their husbands if they knew how to make their husbands feel their irritability coming on, they would go frankly to him, and say simply, "I feel so cross and peevish to-day, I shall prove quarrelsome for nothing, so please avoid tempting me, say and do, and help me to overcome it."

What husband could resist such an appeal? A young couple, friends of mine, who had frequent scenes the first year of their married life, which made them both very unhappy, have employed this method, and I doubt if you would ever hear them quarrel now. An appeal to the reason of the other, to avoid quarrelling, is such a thing. This awkwardness of influence, this petition for his help, cannot fail to please man's vanity (and he has plenty); the patience he has now to exercise towards his wife is no longer a sacrifice obligatory, but a protection, and he therefore experiences a certain satisfaction born of this tribute to his manly superiority. This is the surest way for woman to surmount her natural nervous peevishness—to thus acknowledge her bad temper before her husband has suffered from it is simply to have the sense to light it properly. The husband will show itself in this as in every other case a visible and sure advantage. The same system is good to be exerted by the husband. From the moment the man worries and anxieties and seeks consolation, his bad temper changes its character in her eyes; instead of resenting it as an injustice to herself, and a discomfort to endure, she looks on it as a burden to bear with him and to lighten if possible (or she should do), and this sympathy shown in these little daily trials serves to draw them still closer instead of separating them.

Sulkiness is also a fault of some women, very detrimental to married happiness. I am personally acquainted with two young wives who think nothing of sulking for days at a time, and refusing to say more than "yes" or "no" to their husbands. They generally tell the poor fellow that he is not capable of talking to any other man who may be present, and indulge in an exaggerated gale of manner when others are present in order that their husbands may see theirfuse possess. This is a most dangerous enemy of married happiness. The wife begins it, of course, her husband is miserable, it is plain she is the head of the house, so she suffers thus—next time she keeps it up longer, thus it grows and grows until at last it becomes so habitual a habit that it is with difficulty, almost a pain to return, as it were, to her natural manner. The young husband too, after a while, tires of trying to make those eyes soften, those lips smile and speak, so that when the wife does come round, she finds her husband has taken upon himself to treat her as a "companion," to "kiss and make friends." I do not advise, as you know, violence, but violence and angry disputing is a thousand times less dangerous and less humbling to married happiness than sulkiness.

Capriciousness is another woman's fault little calculated to render her man's "helpmate." Everyone knows the story of the capricious woman; her husband is often at his wit's end to know what she really wants, the servants likewise, so often are the orders given and countermanded, that they act like the aide-de-camp, who having received an order from his general, still held in his impatience. "What do you wait for?" cried the general irritated. "The counter-order which will follow," was the unhesitating answer.

But your girl marriage is a state not to be entered into lightly, but for the sake of being called Mrs., and having a house of your own; and that reminds me of a warning I have given before. Do not, when your husband comes home, tire yourself out with a little cross, meet him with complaints of your servants, and your own little insignificant house-hold affairs. You want his thought should be to chase away the frown on the brow of the shadow in his eyes, not add to them. If you are forced to ask his advice, do so later on; always, when the hot sun of his heart and the warmth and charm of home, and his wife's loving welcome, can listen to you patiently, and not feel that you are adding to his worries, without the least considering his quiet and comfort. "Oh," I hear you say, "women themselves are selfish enough, and even the best of them are often insconsiderate!"

I know that this is neither here nor there. Men, as I think I have said before, are born selfish. Their position entails more or less selfishness; they are masters, and have to insist on certain things in order to keep their place as director of their household, and then, when they come home from their duties, perhaps worried, and with reason, they expect, and, as the head-winners, merit every attention; they do not know what little things during the day are the cause of the household machinery going wrong, which is sure to have a probability very insignificant in comparison with their own, and so they grumble and growl as their right, and their wives consider themselves very happy, because they are told, and their husbands selfish cross-patches, and thus the harmony of a whole evening is turned into a discord.

Then again, I know of wives who insist on dragging their hard-working husbands out to ball, and concert, and dinner, night after night. The poor man goes out of good nature, or perhaps because he considers it his duty as his wife's protector. He is very likely not a dancing man, or is too weary to dance, so he looks on at the whirling couples and the laughing crowd till he thinks what idiots they all look. Who is the selfish one, think you? The weary-eyed husband or the frivolous wife, laughing and talking inane nonsense to inanimate crowds.

A dear little baby comes to bless the union of husband and wife. The former has desired the girl, the latter the baby, and the girl becomes the baby's protector and the baby's constant playmate, and the husband becomes a poor creature, and other years out less, now that the cradle is filled by that strange little creature, the sight of whom stirs
his whole being. As he watches the young mother attending her babe, he feels that earth contains for him a no more beautiful sight than this; his heart is filled with a greater tenderness for his wife who has given him this treasure; he loves her the more for the child's sake; she is not only his wife, she is now the mother of his child.

Many a man's love and reverence for his "helpmeet" is kept warm by this fact. The little hands join the two together more firmly, there is no escaping them, and the sound of childish voices saying papa, mamma, has an irresistible charm for most men, and the keeping of these two words brings more completely before the husband's eye the union between himself and his wife, and out of gratitude for these loving little souls she has given him, does she cherish her the more tenderly, the more readily forgiving and forgetting faults which otherwise might perhaps estrange him from her.

A man may love his babies quite as much as his wife, but for all that he cannot give up his usual occupations, pleasures, and habits, as she does, and she must not expect it. Indeed, as far as it is to relieve from the arrival of the long-desired first-born often dates the estrangement of husband and wife. Taken up by the care of her baby, the young wife is apt to forget, as it were, the existence of her husband. She is never free to do anything he asks her, as formerly; she finds herself suddenly quite a secondary object. Those delightfully coy evenings they used to spend together, talking or reading, are at an end; he sits alone now, she is in her room attending to "my baby." If he follows her there, he is either rushed up, and not allowed to speak or pause, because "baby" sleeps, or he is the spectator of cares, denied him, lavished on this unlinking object, and the listener of baby-language, of which a little at first strikes him as charming, but later on as arrant bosh.

What is the result of this conduct on the wife's part? He has patience for weeks, perhaps months. Then one night he suggests to his wife that he shall look in at the club. "Yes, do, dear, certainly," is the answer, perfectly indifferent as to whether he goes or stays. That man's thoughts as he walks to the club, if he is truly in love, as the saying goes, with his wife, are apt to be very bitter against her and his child, who has been made his rival. This is the beginning. Later on, when, as is sometimes the case, the new broom sweeps less clean, and the young wife turns from his child to her husband for companionship, he is no longer there. She abandoned him, now he abandons her. His rival and suitor was his own child, hers are the club; gambling, theatres, what you will. She has lost her friend and companion, and often all her tears and reproaches are useless to bring him back; she has only herself to blame, as perhaps he will tell her bitterly. "As she has made her bed, so must she lie on it." He is accustomed to his present life, his taste for home has gone, and she may thank God if this is all, and he has not begun to tread the downward path to ruin.

Is this right, think you? Is this what God meant by holy matrimony? No! a thousand times no. It is written: "It is not good that man should be alone." Is he not worse than alone, when after having tasted of home-life, after having enjoyed the companionship of the woman he loves, his "helpmate," he finds himself suddenly put out in the cold and darkness, which is all the more dreary, because he has lately basked in sweet smiles, heard gentle, loving words, and been surrounded by every comfort fond attention could give him.

No, this is my principle, and I will uphold it against every challenger: husband first, children after. A woman need be no less a good mother because she studies her husband's comfort and wishes for her children's. They are not likely to suffer from it as he does when he is put second, for he has thought for them and their pleasures as it is not possible they, always put first, can ever have for him.

Rejoicing in his wife's love and society, his children are his friends and companions, not his rivals; and thus every one in the family circle derive a benefit from the wife's tact and consideration for her husband. There is no isolation, only union as complete and as perfect as can be had on this earth.

Believe in your lives the advice of an old married woman, who has talked to you thus out of her own personal experience and observation. The first months of married life are more frequently than not the hardest, and much, nearly all, in fact, in ordinary cases, depends on the young wife's tact. Women don't need to be extraordinarily clever to make a man happy; an ordinary intelligence, backed up by tact, delicacy of sentiment, and patience, is quite enough. Indeed, if you want any more general rules as to your conduct as married women, read the last chapter of Proverbs.

The saying goes, "There is no rose without a thorn," and another, "A thornsless rose has no perfume," but neither are true. There is a thornsless rose, and it has a faint yet subtle odour; pure white it is, and such, girls, let your married lives be. The white rose of a spotless life, fragrant with kind words and actions, and innocent as the white rose of thorns, of spite, and meanness, and impatience.

Act up to this, and you may be sure that your husbands will indeed find you precious, far above rules.

* Rose sans épines, n'est pas d'Amour.

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CHAPTER IX.

While the fortunes related in the last chapter were befailing Blanchardyn, Darius, the son of Alymodes, was waiting in his city of Cassidone for tidings of those who had started with his prisoner on the journey to the King of Salamandra. But he waited in vain, since all but Blanchardyn were drowned in the sea, as has been told. When no tidings came, Darius could not understand it. He caused a great fleet to be made ready, and furnished with soldiers and artillery, that he might go out to sea and ascertain what had become of his prisoner. He committed the charge of his city to his sister Beatrice, and sailed away with a favourable wind; but when the ships were near the realm of Tournay a terrible storm came on, and the winds and the sea arose in such fury that Darius and all his folk feared instant death. They were driven far away from land, and tossed about until they were cast upon a little island, fair and fruitful, belonging to the kingdom of Friesland. So beautiful was this island that the King of Friesland, Blanchardyn's father, was wont to go there three or four times a year, in search of change and diversion, hoping to forget a little the great sorrow that abode at his heart for the loss of his son, of whom he had never seen. But Cha Quen also had fallen into such melancholy on account of her absent Blanchardyn that no one living could rouse her and give her any comfort. This grieved her husband greatly, and so, with a few of his people, he would come to the island to seek relaxation in a beautiful palace he had caused to be built.

It befell that he was staying there just at the time when the fleet from Cassidone was driven into the haven nearest to the palace. Darius and all his men landed very early one morning, in great joy that they had escaped the perils of the deep, and to show what country they had come. They made their way to the palace, where they found three of the King of Friesland's servants. "Tell us what this palace belong to, and what is the name of the island?" they demanded.

With fear and trembling the men replied that the palace and island