KERSHAM MANOR.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"AFTER LONG GRIEF AND PAIN."

Time, it is commonplace to say, does wonders. There is no wound that time and nature cannot heal, so long as life remains.

It seemed to Esther for many months that Nina's words raised a barrier between herself and Sebastian such as had never before existed. There was something like sacrilege in thinking of him now—even when Nina was dead.

For before the end of the year Nina died, with her head on her husband's breast, and his arms clasped round her in that never-failing tenderness which, as the end drew near, she learned to prize as she had not prized his love. "You have made me very happy," she said to him, not long before her death, looking at him with something of the old sunny smile, the old brightness in her eyes. I hope that you will be happy too some day.

But she never mentioned Esther's name after that last interview with her. For the last few weeks of her life it seemed as though she wanted all the past to be forgotten. In some strange manner—half sad, half sweet—Sebastian used in those days to be reminded of the tranquil hours of his first honeymoon. The old ties were strong; was not the man lightly to rend them or to cast them off.

But since the June evening on which Nina and Esther exchanged their farewell kiss, three Junes have come and gone. And again the westering sunlight lies level on the velvety lawns of Kersham Manor, and the air is laden with the scent of roses, and the birds sing gleefully in the great green spaces of the magnificent elm-tree boughs. A little group of people on the grass, in the shade of a great copper-elm, have as happy and tranquil a look as if they had never known the meaning of great sorrow. And yet life has not always turned its smoothest aspects to Sebastian and Esther Malet, to Phillis Drummond and her husband, or even to quaint little Miss Meredith and her sworn friend and ally, the late Squire's widow, Mrs. Stephen Malet.

The central figure of the group is that of Esther, who sits in a low basket-chair, with a long, white bundle on her lap, upon which bundle every woman of the party comes to gaze from time to time, and to risk a prophecy of what "Esther's daughter" will be like. Esther smiles a little as she listens, with the contented look of a proud and happy mother; and she glances now and then toward her husband, who is leaning against a tree at some little distance in conversation with Jack Drummond. But he never fails to intercept and answer that glance of love and measureless content.

Neither Sebastian nor Esther had altered much. Any slight external change was generally attributed by friends to the effects of added years and dginity. But these alone would never have cleared Sebastian's brow, and given back the fire to his eyes, the freedom to his laugh; they would not have brightened and sweetened Esther's face until one felt in looking at it that its beauty was of a kind which age indeed could not wither, because it borrowed its charm from the influence of a realized dream the fulfilled ideal of a strong, though not easily satisfied, inner life.

Not far from Esther, Rollo and Muriel were amusing themselves with Phillis's eldest boy, a fine little fellow of four years old who was tumbling about the grass with shouts of gleeful mirth. Phillis watched him from her station at Esther's side, while the two elder ladies sat at the little tea-table which had been spread in the shade, and conversed between themselves of parish matters and the latest village gossip, after the fashion of elderly country ladies. In the Park, beyond the wire fence that divided it from the garden, a party of another kind could be seen. Phillis had been asked to bring down with her that Saturday morning a set of pale-faced girls from amongst her East End friends, seamstresses and shop-girls for whom she had obtained a holiday, and to whom a day in the country seemed like a day in Paradise. They had looked with wondering delight at the pictures and curiosities which the house contained; they had been feasted in the old paneled hall, and they had had tea in the garden; and now, in the last half-hour before their return to London, they had been allowed to take a last ramble in the Park, and to gather trophies of bracken and wild flowers if they pleased, while their entertainers had a chat with Phillis and her husband beneath the trees.

"I take back what I used to say about rich people," Phil said abruptly, as she sat in her comfortable chair with her hands behind her head and her feet crossed on the sward before her; just the same Phil as ever, with the dancing light in her hazel eyes, and the same capability of sternness about the lines of her beautiful mouth. "I will allow you to be rich, Esther if you invite my girls here very often, and open your house to the poor and needy. That girl, Ellen Aubrey, whom you are keeping down here for a week, was having a hard time of it. You are very lucky in being able to help people—that is the way in which your wealth presents itself to me."

"I don't help them half as much as you do, Phil."

"Yes, you do, but in a different way. And all that you do is 'touched with grace,'" said Phil, with a momentary flashing smile, "because you feel the real bond of sisterhood between women, which I believe will save the world yet. Men wait for us to lead them, after all. Teach your daughters their power, Esther. They can do more than men."

"In some ways," said Esther, with a glance at Sebastian which Phillis was quick to notice.

"I declare," she said in a vexed tone, "you think of nobody but your husband!—Well, men have their uses,"—in a dry half-humorous tone, "and I should be sorry to depreciate their sex, for I seem likely to have enough of them. Three boys!—I would give almost anything for a daughter."

"I am glad that mine is a girl," said Esther, looking fondly at the morsel of humanity in her arms, "and I hope that your namesake will be as useful in the world, and as happy as you are, Phil."

"Isn't it time for those girls to be coming back to the house?" said Miss Meredith, breaking in upon the conversation in her brisk cheery way. "You'll bring them to see me up at Kennet's Green the next time you come, won't you, Mrs Drummond? I shall be so glad to have you!"

"Phillis is coming down to me, now that I have got into the Dower House and ousted the La Touches," said Mrs. Stephen Malet, smoothing down her apron (she still wore an apron and looked like a servant with a touch of pride. "Mrs. La Touche held on to the place like grim death, she did, because poor Stephen let her have it at a low rent. But now she's safely away, and living in Kensington, I'm not going to let the place out of my own hands again. You may bring as many of your poor people as the house will hold, Phillis. I ain't one of the rich people that you used to say that you hated; and even if I were—"

"If you were, I shouldn't hate you, at any rate," said Phil with a merry laugh; and then she gave Mrs. Malet an honest and affectionate kiss, which the good soul returned with interest.

Meanwhile, Miss Meredith had tottered away to ring a great bell, the sound of which presently resulted in the appearance of ten pale-faced but smiling damsels from the Park, and the announcement by old Simmonds that "the carriages were at the door."

The girls were packed away in a big wagonette, Esther shaking hands with them and bestowing kindly gifts on all before they started for the nearest railway station. Jack and Phillis, with their boy, were accompanied by Esther and Sebastian to the station too; and their leave-taking was merrily accomplished. "It is not for long," said Esther to her friends; "you are coming next Saturday, you know, by yourselves, to stay till Monday; and the Dryburghs will be here."

Then Esther and Sabastian drove home; but they did not go into the house at once, for he drew her out into the garden, where twilight was beginning to gather about the sweet-scented alleys and under the shady trees. The children had gone indoors, but their happy voices could be heard from the open nursery windows. Once they looked out and shouted a greeting to their father and to the "Mother Esther, whom they loved so well. Esther's hand ested within her husband's arm.

"You have had a busy day, love; are you tired?" he said to her.

"With a pleasant kind of tiredness," she answered, turning her sweet face toward him. "The kind of tiredness one loves to feel. The girls had a very good time."

"And therefore, you had too?"

"Yes, indeed."

They had reached a point in the garden where a high bank had been made into a terrace walk. It was the highest part of the grounds, and from a rustic bench, on which Esther and her husband now seated themselves, a view of the village and of the church could be obtained. The trees had been skilfully trimmed in the intervening spaces, so as not to hide this view; and in the dim light Esther's eyes rested dreamily on a little spot of white which she knew well was the marble cross which marked poor Nina's grave. Sebastian saw it too.

A silence fell between them. A bird twittered in the syringa and rhododendron bushes at their back; the bats were beginning their evening flight about the half-lighted lawns, and a single star trembled in the blue heavens above the church tower. Everywhere peace seemed to reign; peace in the field, the house, the heart. Moved by a sudden impulse, Sebastian turned to his wife and drew her closer to his side.

"Life would be nothing to me without you, my love, my only love," he murmured. You have taught me the secret of happiness.

"I have learned it myself—from you," she answered, clinging to him, as to one from whom death alone should part her. "How should we be unhappy when we love one another?"

"You have brought me perfect peace: you have brought me the satisfaction of every desire. Can you say as much, Esther?"

"I only feel sometimes as if we were too happy," said Esther softly.

"We need have no fear, my dearest; so long, at least, as we look on our happiness as a debt owed to the world, which shall be all 'the richer for our love.'"

There was reassurance in his tone and in her answering smile.

In the hearts of both there rose up one thought at that moment—the memory of the winsome girl that he had wooed in his youth, of the broken, weary woman who lay at rest beneath the white cross on the hill. They seldom spoke of her, but they did not forget.

At the very height of their content in a union which was almost ideally complete, they recognized the fact that it is never wise, even when practicable, to ignore the past. It is the escape from danger, the release from a burden, which gives preciousness to the peace and safety of the present; it is a conquered sorrow which is the very soul of joy. And Sebastian, now in middle life a man of high aims and strenuous endeavor; Esther, a woman whose power of sympathy and endurance of long trial had especially fitted her to aid and console her kind—this man and this woman would have been false to themselves and to that inner sense of the Divine in which they had found their joy, if they could ever forget that their happiness had been evolved out of past misery, and out of past failure their success; if they could hesitate to acknowledge that, in the stress of adverse circumstance, of want and grief and long waiting and bitter pain, there had been at work upon their lives, in very deed and truth, the molding hand of God.

[THE END.]

A Railroad Through the Sea.

An interesting experiment is about to be carried out at Brighton in the shape of the construction of a marine railway for the purpose of connecting Brighton with the little village of Rottingdean, some three or four miles to the eastward. The rails will be laid on the solid rock with concret, and at high water will be covered by the sea, which, however, will not affect the carriages, the latter being supported on a framework that keeps them high and dry. At this part of the coast the cliffs are high, and the beach is practically inaccessible, so that no boating traffic will be interfered with. The cars will be moved by electricity, like those now in use along the eastern foreshore of Brighton.—[London News.

CALLED TO HIS KINGDOM.

Prince Besolow Will Return to His People With Prince Massaquoi Who Visited Toronto.

A despatch from Toronto says:—Prince Massaquoi, of Vei, Liberia, mentioned in the following despatch from Williamstown, will be remembered by many Torontonians. About 14 months ago he visited this city and lectured in the New Richmond and Metropolitan churches upon the peculiarities of his native land. The Prince was then studying at an American university, with the intention of returning to his own people to teach them the truths of Christianity. At that time his father was the reigning sovereign in Vei, but since then the old King has been killed and the young Prince has succeeded to the throne.

The despatch reads: Prince Besolow, the African Prince, who is a member of the class of '97 in Williams College, has received

A CALL FROM HIS PEOPLE

in Africa to return to his native land and take possession of the kingdom, which heretofore has been under the power of an uncle.

It was not the intention of the young Prince to return so soon unless it was in response to a call, as he was informed that his uncle would make a desperate fight to hold the kingdom and keep him away from his just rights. Now word comes that even the uncle desires his return, as he sees the people are bound to have it, and that he himself cannot continue much longer in power.

The message came through Prince Massaquoi, of Vei, Liberia, a province in the western part of the dark continent, who was sent to the United States by his people as a representative to the World's Fair Congress in Chicago. After his duties there the young Prince came to Williamstown, but did not say much about the matter to Besolow, he not having yet been instructed to doso.

He remained in Williamstown about two weeks, and then went east to attend to other business which he had. During this absence he has received the official instructions, and has made Besolow cognizant of the fact that his people are very anxious to have him return to Africa and assume the power over them.

Massaquoi will arrive in town in a few days, and

THE TWO YOUNG PRINCES

will make arrangements for their departure, which will probably be in August or September.

The reason for recalling Prince Besolow to Africa forms a very interesting story. Ever since the death of Besolow's father, King Armah, there has been a continual strife going on between the different factions as to whom the rule belonged to, or rather, who should have it, for it rightfully belonged to Prince Besolow.

Prince Besolow had four sisters—Tarroginty, Kaifaub, Brinbah and Sokoo—and one brother, Doodo, over whom King Armah appointed two men by the names of Dwoola and Boimah as guardians. Both these men were princes, and very prominent, and they were to rule at different times until young Besolow should become old enough to take the power in his own hands. Prince Besolow said to me:

"Everything went very nicely in this way for a short time, until my uncle, Czar Dualusaw, became desirous of reigning, and began schemes to obtain the power if possible. Both the men appointed by the King suddenly took sick and died in one week, and, it is believed, not from natural causes."

Shrewdness of Barbarians.

The "Yankee nation" takes great credit to itself for its ingenuity, but a wider acquaintance with the world would probably lessen its pretensions. Wild animals and uncivilized men—all creatures, in short, who live by their wits—have almost of necessity the quality of shrewdness highly developed, at least in certain directions.

Captain Lugard, the African traveller, quotes his brother as expressing the highest admiration for "the wonderful instinct" of the jungle tribe of Gonds, in India, with whom he had practised tiger-shooting.

"If you dropped a Gond from a balloon in the heart of a forest unknown to him, and then suddenly 'went for' him with a thick stick, he would take the identical path that a tiger would adopt, and it would be found to be the shortest possible way out of the jungle."

Captain Lugard bears a similar testimony to the ready wit of the Swahilis, natives of East Africa. He had occasion to build a fort with all speed, and for that purpose he needed poles. They were difficult to procure, but as he remarks, "The Swahili is a wonderful fellow, when pressed, for 'making bricks without straw.'"

Not a tree was in sight, and there were only a dozen axes for two hundred and fifty men; but he sent all hands out after timber. Each man was to bring a log, or two men might bring one log, if it was exceptionally large, and only after that was done were they to be at liberty to collect their own food for the day. And the logs were brought. In Captain Lugard's words:

"Tell a Swahili he has to produce a pole before he can eat his dinner, and though you cannot see a tree on the horizon, he will arrive with a pole before you have decided in your mind which is the best direction in which to start your search."

British Naval Estimates.

The British naval estimates for the coming year are about $86,830,000, which is an increase of $15,630,000 over the amount used last year. A new programme of additional construction is to be undertaken, with appropriations in five annual installments; and, if the plan is carried out, seven first-class battle ships, six cruisers, two sloops, and thirty-six torpedo destroyers will be laid down.

These facts form a practical answer to the question whether the British Government proposes to keep up with France and Russia combined in the race for naval supremacy. In order to appreciate the real significance of this outlay we must remember that for the last five years Great Britain, according to one statement, has been expending about $23,000,000 a year on new construction. She has also been steadily increasing her enlisted personnel, and yet it is said that the new programme includes a further increase, including marines, of 6,700 men.

PIONEER IN HIS LINE.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

Death of Joseph Whitehead Recalls the Amazing Progress of Railroad Invention—Shoveled Coal Into Stephenson's Engine.

The death of Mr. Whitehead at Clinton, recently, at the age of 80 years, closes a career which ought to remain forever memorable in the annals of railroad beginning, development and construction. Joseph Whitehead was the first man that fired a locomotive engine, and he lived to take part in the construction and completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, one of the greatest achievements in its line of the new world. That such an experience should have been crowded into the span of one human life few men of the present generation can realize, for the conveniences of railroad travel appear to them as much a part of the universe as the coming and going of the seasons.

When George Stephenson was busy devising the first locomotive, soon to astonish the world and revolutionize social systems, Whitehead, a boy of 10, was driver of a coal car on the trams near Darlington, England. The tramway ran from Darlington to Stockton, a distance of twenty-five miles, and the occasion of its construction was to get a cheap means of transporting coal from the mines to the seaboard. That crude method of transport, however, was our modern railroad system in embryo. Stephenson talked the owners of the road into the idea of trying steam instead of horse power, and then a struggle began that lasted several years before a charter could be secured. The road was opposed by all classes of people. Laborers thought it would put everybody out of work. The landed proprietors objected because it would ruin their fox courses, farmers thought it would burn their stacks, and preachers talked against it from the pulpit because it mocked God by bringing places nearer together than He ever intended they should be. On this account much of Stephenson's preliminary surveying had to be done by moonlight. When the charter was finally granted, the roadbed was constructed on a somewhat different plan from that pursued at present. The rails were laid on two-foot blocks of wood and were kept from spreading solely by the weight of the ballast. The first engine constructed was the "Locomotion," which weighed about twelve tons and had but four wheels. The water tank was made out of a hogshead. On this engine the erstwhile driver of the tram, Joseph Whitehead, became the first fireman.

THE FIRST RAILROAD TRIP.

The road was completed its whole length before the first train was run over it, and on the day of opening the route was lined with people eager to see the iron horse. The little engine made the run successfully and proved that it would not do all the evil things reported of it. The speed depended on the wind. If a head wind on a grade it often came stock still and had to wait till the wind went down. At other times it ran ten or twelve miles an hour. The first trip was made Sept. 27, 1825.

The name of the first engine was "Locomotion," and the driver James Stephenson, was a cousin of George.

Strange as it may appear, although many other things about railroad construction have been altered, the gauge of the first line of railway ever laid down—4 feet 8½ inches—has become the standard gauge of the world. At this time Mr. Whitehead could neither read nor write, and it was only at the earnest solicitation of George Stephenson that he undertook to master the three R's. Once interested, however, he became a zealous student, and by continued application rose to the post of paymaster of the road.

NEWSPAPERS PREDICTED RUIN.

Before the first trial was made the press of that time prophesied that all sorts of dire disaster would happen if the visionary Stephenson were permitted to carry out his scheme. The proposed speed of the locomotive seemed to have a special terror for these editors. The Quarterly Review said among other things:

"Twelve miles an hour! Might as well trust one's self to be fired off on a congress rocket."

A few years later the editor of the Review happened to board a car behind the old "Planet" the engineer of which, Robert Pickering, was drunk. The run was not a very long one, but for the last four miles of the stretch the train, composed of two or three of the old-fashioned cars, besides the engine, flew along at a speed exceeding sixty miles an hour. The distance was covered in three and a half minutes, and it is said that the Quarterly Review never afterward ridiculed prophecies of railroad speed.

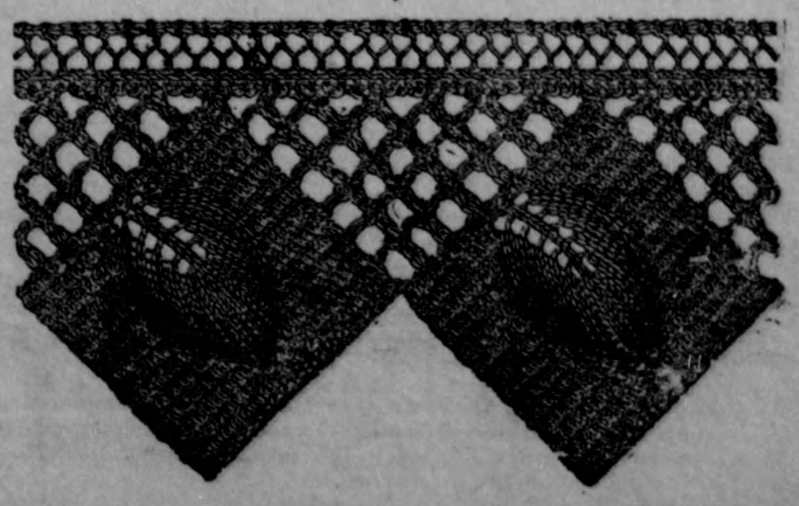
After serving several years as fireman and engineer on the first English railways, Mr. Whitehead launched out as a contractor and built a large part of the Caledonian Railway on the west coast of Scotland. Subsequently emigrating to Canada, he constructed the whole of the Buffalo and Goderich Road, now a branch of the Grand Trunk. While engaged in commercial pursuits in 1867 he was elected to the Canadian Parliament as a Liberal. When the Dominion government decided to connect by railroad the eastern provinces with British Columbia on the Pacific coast Mr. Whitehead was awarded a contract for constructing a large part of the road. He took the first engine into Manitoba in 1878, taking it by boat from Fisher's Landing down the Red River to St. Boniface. Since the completion of the Canadian Pacific line Mr. Whitehead has lived at Clinton in comparative retirement.

A Very French Duchess.

The Duchess de Langeais in the novel of that title, is a very vivid, picturesque, forcible likeness of a thorough woman of the world, and one of the most remarkable of Balzac's characters. One hates her at first, so cold, vain, and selfish does she show herself. But when she has discovered her heart, when the flame of love has melted the ice in which it is encased, she awakens admiration and tenderness, and we lament her death as a most mournful tragedy. She seeks to win the Marquis de Montriveau, from mere coquetry, in order to grace her social triumphs. He appeals to her, not only because he is of noble blood and character and a distinguished general, but because he is indifferent to love, independent of its allurements. She resolves to make him worship her, and to yield him nothing but the gracious privilege of her presence and an occasional caress. She will smile at his torment, and play with his devotion. While cruel and unrelenting, she wil have every charm of manner: she wil be beautiful as a Greek statue, and unresponsive as its marble. She kindle in the breast of the self-sufficing marquis, the sacred fire, and amuses herself with its outbreaks. Frenzied with his passion for her, she cajoles and tampers with him, talks of propriety, conventionalism, the danger of compromise, interposes her husband, who does not care for her, and for whom she does not pretend to have the slightest affection. Perceiving, at last, that she is sacrificing him to her greed of conquest; that he can neither thaw nor move her, he determines to punish her for her monstrous injustice, to prevent her from destroying the happiness of others, as she had destroyed his happiness and that of many men.

Returning from a ball, she discovers, on alighting from her carriage, that she is in a strange vestibule, instead of her own. Alarmed, she is about to summon her attendants, when several men seize her, tie a handkerchief over her mouth, and bear her rapidly away. Nearly in a swoon from fright, she is lying, when she fully regains her senses, on a sofa in a bachelor's apartment, bound hand and foot.—[Julius Henri Browne, in Lippincott's.

A close friend—the one who never lends you anything.

Knitted Lace.

This edging is worked crosswise on a foundation of 27 stitches. First Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, twice t t o, k 2 tog, 18 k. Second Round. Sl, 8k, t t o, 1 k, t t o, 9 k, 1 p, 1 k, 1 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2, tog, 2 k. Third Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, 1 p, 10 k, 3 p, 9k. Fourth Round. Sl, 9 k, t t o, 1 k, t t o, 12 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Fifth Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, twice alternately twice t t o, k 2 tog; then 7 k, 5 p, 9 k. Sixth Round. Sl, 10 k, t t o, 1 k, t t o, 10 k, 1 p, 2 k, 1 p, 1 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Seventh Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, 1 p, 12 k, 7 p, 9 k. Eighth Round. Sl, 11 k, t t o, 1 k, t t o, 16 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Ninth Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, three times alternately twice t t o, k 2 tog; then 7 k, 9 p, 9k. Tenth Round. Sl, 12 k, t t o, 1 k, t t o, 12 k, twice alternately 1 p, 2 k; then 1 p, 1 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Eleventh Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, 1 p, 15 k, 11 p, 9 k. Twelfth Round. Sl, 13 k, t t o, 1 k, t t o, 21 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Thirteenth Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, twice alternately twice t t o, k 2 tog; then twice t t o, k 3 st tog, (to do this, draw the second of the next 3 st over the first, and work this off together with the third st), twice t t o, k 2 tog, 7 k, 13 p, 9 k. Fourteenth Round. Sl, 8 k, k 2 tog crossed, 9 k, k 2 tog, 8 k, three times alternately, 1 p, 2 k; then 1 p, 1 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Fifteenth Round. Sl, 2 k t t o, 2 p tog, 2 k, 1 p, 18 k, 11 p, 9 k. Sixteenth Round. Sl, 8 k, k 2 tog crossed, 7 k, k, tog, 19 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Seventeenth Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog2 2 k, twice alternately twice t t o, k 2 tog; then twice alternately twice t t o, k 3 st tog; then twice t t o, k 2 tog, 7 k, 9 p, 9k. Eighteenth Round. Sl, 8 k, k 2 tog crossed, 5 k, k 2 tog, 8k, four times alternately 1 p, 2 k; then 1 p, 1 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k2 together 1 k. Nineteenth Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, 1 p, 21 k, 7 p, 9 k. Twentieth Round. Sl, 8 k, k 2 tog crossed, 3 k, k 2 tog, 22 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Twenty-first Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, twice alternately twice t t o, k 2 tog; then three times alternately twice t t o, k 3 t tog,; then twice t t o, k 2 tog, 7 k, 5 p, 8 k. Twenty-second Round. Sl, 8 k, k 2 tog crossed, 1 k, k 2 tog, 8 k, five times alternately 1 p, 2 k; then 1 p, 1 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 together, 1 k. Twenty-third Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, 1 p, 24 k 3 p, 9 k. Twenty-fourth Round. Sl, 8 k,, k 3 st tog (draw the third of the next 3 st over the second and the first stitch over the second stitch, and knit the latter plain) 25 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k., Twenty-fifth Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k, twice alternately twice t t o, k 2 together; then four times alternately twice t t o, k 3 st tog; then twice t t o, k 2 together, 17 k. Twenty-sixth Rouud. Sl 17 k, six times alternately 1 p, 2 k; then 1 p, 1 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1 k. Twenty-seventh Round. Sl, 2 k, t t o, p 2 tog, 2 k. 1 p, 37 k. Twenty-eighth Round. Cast off 18 st, 19 k, 2 p, 2 k, t t o, k 2 tog, 1k. Repeat always the first twenty-eight rounds.—[Toronto Ladies' Journal for March.