

Brave Kate "Bar-Lass."

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

On the evening of the 14th of February, a little more than four hundred and fifty years ago, a number of girls were gathered in the corner of a large and lofty room of the Abbey of Black Friars, a great dark building near the River Tay, in Perth, the ancient capital of Scotland. This Cistercian convent had been built by Alexander II. in 1231, and for more than two hundred years had been the royal residence of the Scottish kings.

There were five of these girls, ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age, a group of as noble and beautiful maidens as could have been found in the kingdom of James I., if it had been searched for. John O'Groat's house to the Mull of Galloway; for they were the maids of honor to his queen, fair Joanna Beaufort, the lovely English bride who had won the heart of the poet king while he was a captive to English Henry at Windsor, and of whom he has left an exquisite picture in that famous royal poem "The King's Quair."

It had been a day of sport and feasting, after good old Scottish manner, in honor of the loving saint who has lost something of his popularity among mature people in these modern days, though still dear to the hearts of young folks; but during the evening King James had passed the time with his queen and her ladies and a few nobles of the court in singing and music, playing at chess, and in reading old romances. James I. was an accomplished and cultivated man, a patron of literature and a lover of it himself. Handsome, like all the Stuarts, with a chivalrous manner and a pleasing voice, his reading had kindled a wonderful interest among his listeners, especially the five young girls, who for the first time had listened to the adventures of "Sir Gawayne the Grene Knyght," and to the "Knychtyl Tale of Galgros and Gawayne," together with the metrical account of the deeds of their brave king, Robert Bruce.

While the king remained before the fire, still talking with two or three of the nobles, having thrown aside his fur-lined doublet, and with slippers on his feet, those girls sat back in their stiff, high-backed chairs and chattered gaily of shield knights and heroes whose deeds had fired their imaginations.

They were dainty, patrician figures, each one of them, dressed in their white satin robes girded tightly at the waist, with turnover collars of fur or velvet coming to a point in front, and disclosing square-cut under-vests or stomachers of a different color to the robe. Each one wore a head-dress of a horn or heart shape—the fashion then in vogue—which made them look rather older than they were.

"O, if the knights were only as brave as those of old time, and the ladies as true!" said a tall, slender, pale girl, as she played with the soft, silky curls of a pet hound. "Alack! we have fallen on evil days."

"There is no time so fair as the old time. The Golden Age is ever behind us," hummed Margaret Drummond, who had blue eyes and flaxen hair.

"What other king will ever be like Robert Bruce?" asked Marion Leslie.

"Surely our King James is as brave, and perhaps as wise and able as was ever good King Robert," answered a proud brunette beauty, whose deep black eyes and sable tresses would have lost nothing by comparison with those of Andalusia.

"King James is brave and winsome, I ween, but he is not a hero, nevertheless, Catharine Douglas," retorted Marion.

"And where are the women like Black Agnes of Danbar, who defended her lord's castle like a lioness against her foes? Do you remember what the rhyme says:

"She kept astir in tower and trench,
That bawling, boisterous Scottish wench
Came I early, came I late,
I found Black Agnes at the gate."

This was from Sybilla Drummond, the first who had spoken.

"Women are as brave to-day as they were then, and would perform the same heroic acts had they the same opportunities," answered she who had the Douglas blood and name. "It is the disposition, not the deed, that makes the hero. Were Black Douglas himself alive to-day he could not win the fame he won in the days of Bruce, but he would still have been the Black Douglas. We have heroes still but we cannot always tell who they are."

"And, I warrant me, you will say heroes too?" queried Margaret, testily.

"Yes, and heroes too," said Catharine, with a snap of her black eyes. "The Douglas still live, and there are no cowards among them."

"Thou canst say that, Kate, but I should run now if any enemy came to the gate and demanded instant admission," said Janet Hay, frankly.

"Nay, I believe it not, Janet. Thy ancestors were all brave men. The first Hay of Errol, you know, withstood a whole army of Danes with a scythe in his hand and his serving men at his back."

"But I am a coward," insisted Janet, shrugging her shoulders and shaking her head till her tall head-dress trembled. "I should never make a heroine; I am afraid of my own shadow. The other night when you went through the long corridor in the dark alone, I trembled, I was so afraid when I stood by the door."

"For all that, you faced the king's wrath, and when all the rest of us drew back, asked him to pardon the young Laird of Lovat, who was indicted for treason; and won his mercy too! That was a brave and noble deed. Thy heart was valiant even if thy body shrank from facing peril. It is the highest of all courage to dare maintain the right—to fight for mercy and for truth."

"True, my bonnie Kate," said the pleasant voice of the queen, who had approached the group, and who now placed a hand upon the shoulder of her young bower-maiden.

"Truth and courage lie at the foundation of all character, women's or men's, and, if I mistake not, thou thyself, if the occasion demanded, could manifest a fire and spirit becoming Black Liddesdale himself."

"Fair Catharine Douglas blushed at this compliment from her beloved sovereign and would have disowned the character, but before she could speak there was a chorus of voices from her mates:

"Kate is the bravest of us all, royal lady, the bravest and the truest. She is a true Douglas."

"I doubt it not," said the queen. "The proverb is still true,

"So many, so good, as of the Douglas have been,
Of one surname in Scotland never yet were seen."

The Douglas is the strongest prop of the Scottish throne. They are ever true and loyal."

"And that is better to my thinking than mere bravery," said Catharine, as she rose to light a lamp for her majesty.

At that moment there was a noise and a clashing heard, as of men in armor, and torches in the garden cast up great flashes of light against the windows of the room. Every one turned pale and shuddered.

"My God! what does that mean?" cried the queen.

"Do not be afraid, no harm is intended you," said King James who came forward with a white but determined face. "It means that those are my enemies, and they have come undoubtedly to murder me. I ask of you to keep the door as well as you can, and by God's mercy I may escape."

He spoke calmly and collectedly, as though in no deadly peril, but he passed his arm gently around the yielding figure of the queen and gravely kissed her lips.

"Are these well, Jeannie, if they find me," he said. The next instant she was gone.

The tramp of feet and clash of armor sounded nearer, and the terrified women looked frantically around for the usual fastenings of the door, but the keys would not turn in the locks, and the heavy iron bars used for a double security could not be found. The fact was, the bars had been removed and the locks tampered with by those who were engaged in the conspiracy against the king.

It was as James Stuart suspected—his enemies had come to take his life. He had incurred the hatred of two or three of his powerful nobles, and they (his own uncle, Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole, and his son, Robert Stuart, and Sir Robert Graham) had formed a plot with several others to murder their sovereign—a crime not so uncommon in that warlike and cruel age. The king, at her usual manner, had posted no guards, and as the conspirators had provided planks for crossing the moat of the monastery they easily secured an entrance.

There were more than three hundred soldiers all clad in heavy mail, armed with pike, sword, axe, and poniard, and bearing torches, that now came swarming through the halls and corridors in search of the king. Their heavy tread and rude voices sounded startlingly upon the night air. The poor queen rushed frantically after her husband, as if to watch over his safety, while the bower maidens crowded around the door, with their blanched faces and white robes reminding one of frightened doves in their cote when a hawk soars in the sky.

"We must bar the door quickly, before those bad men get here," cried Margaret Drummond desperately. "Hark! they are coming now along the corridor at the foot of the stairs."

But neither iron nor wooden bolt could be found: they had all been removed by the careful conspirators.

"What shall we do? O, what shall we do?" cried Marion and Sybilla, wringing their hands.

The trampling feet were near at hand now, and the light of the torches shone on the walls of the long corridor and on the stone staircase without the apartment.

"We must guard the door," answered Catharine Douglas, the heroic blood of her race mounting to her cheeks, "guard it even with our lives. It was his majesty's command. My life for the king's."

And, true to her trust, the young girl—she was not yet seventeen—stood by the passage at the head of the stair-way, her dark eyes flashing, her lithe form drawn up to its greatest height, and her pale face set with a heroic resolve. With almost superhuman strength she closed the heavy door alone, just as the helmet and spear of a soldier appeared on the stairs, and as the trampling footsteps sounded within, the brave girl, lacking other bolt, thrust her own fair arm through the empty stanchion holds.

The next moment a heavy gauntleted hand struck the carved oak door, and a rude voice cried,

"Open—open instantly, or we break down the door."

But the pale, grim face of Kate Douglas never changed, and the girlish form stood there upright and rigid, the tender arm thrust within the iron staples of the door and post. The light from a distant lamp shone full upon the youthful figure of the heroine and on the forms of the kneeling maidens beside her, who, with clasped hands, and faces bowed to the floor, prayed to the holy virgin for succor.

There came a sudden dash against the door which caused an involuntary half-uttered cry to issue from the closed lips of the heroic girl. But no other sign gave she, though her face was as white as a dead woman's and her teeth were set hard between her lips.

"Jesus, have mercy! Holy Mary, save us!" prayed the kneeling maidens, and Janet Hay crept up all trembling, and, clasping the right hand of her friend, covered it with tears.

"If you value your lives within, open," again cried a fierce voice, with an oath.

"The Douglas never yields to traitors," answered the great granddaughter of the good Sir James, Bruce's best friend and most devoted follower.

"Ha! and so 'tis only a few bold wench who are on guard. Stand aside, or we will kill ye all as well as the false and craven king," and the baron, whose voice Catharine recognized as that of Sir Robert Graham, battered the door with his naked sword.

But knowing how valuable every moment was to aid the king's escape, and wishing to detain the conspirators as long as possible, the slight figure wavered not an inch. Only she closed her eyes and uttered a silent prayer.

Again there were jostling and the clamour of rude voices outside the door, and once more there came a heavy jar. The great door half started from its hinges.

A few drops of blood oozed from the lips of the brave girl, and the faintness of great agony caused her almost to fall, but she mastered the feeling with the strength of a great soul.

"Ho, ye fools, will ye let a few women balk us of our quarry? At the door in good earnest and force an entrance before the king escapes!" And the fierce and ruthless Graham struck several of his men with the flat of his sword.

"O, that my arm was steel," prayed the poor girl, as she heard the rush and coming. If it had been there would have been one less tragedy recorded in Scottish history. But the slight limb was only bone and flesh—the tender flesh of a young girl—and as the strength of a dozen men fell against the door the slender bolt was wrenched away.

Though nearly swooning from the pain she closed her lips to all moans. With her left arm dangling helplessly at her side, her right clasp the robe over her head, the light of a desperate resolve upon the girlish features, the young heroine stood right in the ruffians' way as they surged into the room with wild medley of voices and weapons uplifted to slay.

The kneeling maidens were stumbled over and trampled upon in the furious rush, and one brutal soldier raised his arm to strike the noble heroine. In another moment she had perished beneath the craven blow had not the dagger of the assassin been struck away by the young son of Sir Robert Graham, who cried,

"For shame! we do not kill women; we seek the king."

History tells us how it all ended; how the blameless king was dragged from his hiding-place and murdered in the good queen's arms. Kate Douglas's brave feat failed to save her sovereign, but it was none the less noble for that. She forgot herself, and this lies at the bottom of all heroisms. If you should read the history of all achievements you will find never a single instance of a hero who thought of self. Heroism is pure unselfishness.

In his beautiful ballad of "The King's Tragedy" Dante Rossetti makes the heroine tell her own story:

The rush was heard on the stairs,
And 'God, what help!' was our cry,
And I was frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold
And no bolt but my arm had I!
Like iron felt my arm as through
The staple I made it pass—
Alack, it was flesh and bone—no more.
'Twas Catharine Douglas sprang to the door,
But I fell back—Kate Bar-Lass.

Tradition says that Catharine Douglas, in honor of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James I. of Scots, received popularly the name of "Bar-Lass." This name remains to her descendant, the Barlass family, in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm.

Cling to Home.

How often we may notice that on the death of the head of the family the remaining members of that household sell or let the house that has so long been their home, dispose of the furniture or pack it away and sally forth into the world, out of the safeguard of their long abiding-place, to seek their fortune or their pleasures, or to change the scene and vary the old monotony, as if for the first time they now had a chance to gratify their wishes long forbidden!

Weary of close confinement in the home of long standing; weary of restraint at the hand that now holds the reins no more; weary of possible penury which withheld a thousand longed-for gratifications, or of just as possible extravagance that threatened to waste all the family possessions; weary, possibly, of the cares and labors of housekeeping, or weary with heart-sick weariness of the walls that have been witnesses with them of the sights and scenes of sickness and suffering and death—the wife, the daughters, leave that home of years and depart on their travels or to try the seductive charms of hotel life, or the life of the private boarder, which every one but the private boarder fancies to be such a happy one. And the old house is left to itself or to the strangers, and the family that had a home is homeless.

From that time henceforth those women live not in rooms with chests of drawers and cupboards and closets and wardrobes, but in their trunks, lifting out tray after tray for the sake of a pin or a handkerchief. Instead of the liberty of a house, they are cramped into a room, usually a single one, or at most but two rooms. Instead of the exercise of as much hospitality as they choose, they have to ask a landlady's permission for the favor of a cup of tea to a guest; and they find all the other boarders entertaining their guest as if the guest were common property. Instead of privacy there is publicity; the manifestation of their every emotion is scanned by curious and nearly indifferent eyes, commented on, conclusions drawn and gossip created. And when sickness comes, and when death comes, can the thought of dreariness and desolation get farther than the scope afforded either for the victim or the survivors, and that in spite of the kindest intentions and best efforts on the part of those who conduct the inn, or what answers for the inn, or any of its departments?

Sell everything, suffer everything in the way of deprivation, was a dying parent's advice to children, but keep the house to be together in, whatever befall. It was sound advice. So long as those children, young or old, had a roof, they could suffer and be strong together. Their wants, their deprivations were their own and not public property. Close together in the habitual contact of daily life, they could only be bound the more closely in habits of thought, in love and in mutual concern.

Part with land, part with jewels, part with heirlooms, keepsakes, treasures, but keep the house so long as the sticks and timbers hold together. It is a stronghold; it is a castle, however poor and old, Warwick Castle itself no better for its purposes. It is not merely that "be it ever so humble there's no place like home," but that it is home, the single spot where one reigns, where one is unfettered and fully one's self, where one has one's tools and equipments loosely and at ease about one, where one is at large liberty, where one exists satisfied with the natural love of kin if other love is denied one, a place to retire and withdraw in, to feel safety and protection in, to live in, and at last to die in.—[Harper's Bazaar.

New Fashion in Mourning.

A novel sight in the streets is a new-fashioned mourner. Several examples of that sort of thing have been seen in Upper Broadway.

The usage formerly among the ladies was to leave off deep mourning by degrees, merging the black into gray, and so on until the colors of ordinary attire were introduced. But this new style is to depart from entire black in sections. That is to say, a lady in the later stages of bereavement will cover herself with contrasting black and light colors. One of these figures has a bodice nearly, but not quite, composed of black, which color runs down the front and at either side in a narrow strip. Her bonnet is also edged with black. Another one has striped herself around her hat, on her shoulder, at her wrists, and down the front of her gown with the sombre shade, while the rest of her dress is a plain light color. Black embellishment is also seen in toques where no mourning is meant to be indicated.—[N. Y. Sun.

Bi-Carbonate of Soda.

The value of soda to housekeepers, and some of the uses to which it may be put, is thus set forth by a writer in Good Housekeeping:

A slight dash of soda renders all green vegetables more nutritious, tender, and easy of digestion, particularly cabbage, spinach, and beans. A pinch of soda to dried beans, split peas, etc., makes all the difference in the world, particularly in using them for soups. A very slight quantity takes from tomatoes the unpleasantly sharp "twang," leaving only an appetizing suggestion of acid. In preparing stock for soups or gravies, one-half teaspoonful of soda to every quart of water will extract all the substances from remnants of meat, bones, liver, etc., like magic. A little bit makes coffee very rich; and, if the water be hard, will soften it sufficiently to render the coffee the veritable "cup that cheers."

Everything—the good temper and general well being of the family—depends upon the cleanliness of the coffee pot, which in all orderly households is thoroughly washed and aired after using. It should be kept sweet by frequent "boilings out" with a generous pinch of soda in the water. Death lurks in tannin, and tannin abides in the coffee pot of a slovenly housekeeper.

Dyspeptics find that this same "bi-carb" carries "healing in its wings" if it regularly used. It creates appetite, tones up the stomach, and sweetens the system. Nausea and sick headache may be relieved by taking it internally, while its efficacy in neutralizing the poison of bites or stings of venomous insects is well known. It acts like a charm in the case of a snake bite.

For hives, apply externally, and swallow a small quantity dissolved in water; also take a light laxative. Relief from the burning and irritation will quickly follow. If wet soda be immediately applied to burns or scalds, both heat and pain speedily subside.

Other purposes are subserved by this great product, to all of which it would be impossible to specially refer; but that it is a real benefactor, in judicious hands, is a fact beyond cavil or question. Of course it may often, like the cook's broth, be overdone or underdone, by indiscriminate usage; but the worthy housewife knows just when or where to leave it off, and the wise home doctor knows just how long to leave it on; and, under such auspicious circumstances, it is indeed a necessary luxury for which we should feel devoutly grateful to the science of chemistry.

Medicinal Baths and How to Give Them.

An attendant upon an invalid should be able to give easily, quickly and effectually any kind of bath that the physician may order. Elizabeth R. Scovill tells in Good Housekeeping how to give various forms of the bath in general use, among them the following:

To give a foot bath in bed, turn back the clothes from the foot of the bed, lay a square of India rubber cloth on the lower sheet, and on it place a small tub of hot water; let the invalid lie with the knees drawn up, and put the feet in the tub. Cover the knees with a folded blanket, and let it completely envelop the tub. Have near a large pitcher of hot water to replenish that in the tub as soon as it begins to cool. Three or four tablespoonfuls of mustard are usually added to the bath.

Sulphur baths are sometimes ordered for persons suffering from rheumatism. A quarter of a pound of sulphurated potash is added to about twenty gallons (or six pails) of hot water—enough to completely immerse the body. The temperature of the water should not be allowed to fall below 98 degrees. The patient should be wrapped in a sheet and placed in the bath, remaining there for some time. The head must be kept cool with cloths dipped in ice water. A warm blanket must be ready to receive bather when the bath is finished.

A vapor bath can be given by seating the person in a cane-bottom chair, pinning a blanket around the neck and letting it fall to the ground on all sides. Under the blanket place a large pan, two thirds full of boiling water; into this plunge hot bricks, one at a time (two or three will be enough). In a short time the patient will be in a perspiration. Dry with warm towels and put him to bed. This is effectual treatment for a bad cold if the sufferer can be kept warm the next day.

Improved Diamonds.

St. Louis Spectator.—Many persons have been puzzled to understand why the diamonds worn in ear-rings by ladies now-a-days maintain such a ceaseless quivering motion. It makes no difference that the head of the wearer is in perfect repose, and that she is even speechless, and therefore exerting no muscle of face or feature; the ceaseless twinkle of the diamond goes on, enhancing greatly the flashing beauty of the gem. The secret is in the setting of the diamond, and the method is a patent device. The patentee is reaping a royalty of \$50 a piece from every manufacturing jeweller to whom he sells the privilege of using it. The stone is set in the usual manner, except that a band like the handle of a diminutive basket is attached to the frame work. On the other side of this band is a cup-like cavity. On the lower part of the hoop is a projecting pin pointed with rhodium, a metal which never wears out—somewhat like the iridium with which gold pens are tipped. Now, when the diamonds are put in position on the hoop the rhodium point projects into the cup. The result is what scientists would call a condition of unstable equilibrium. Like the pea blown with a pipe by a schoolboy the diamond is given no rest, with the difference that no effort is required to keep it dancing. The metal point never wears out.

Indian Tea.

The rapid increase in the importance of Indian tea is illustrated by the fact that the area under cultivation was increased by 18,288 acres last year, the total area being now 934,134 acres. Improved methods of cultivation are resulting in an increase in the average yield per acre. The increase has been very extraordinary in the South of Assam. If the present rates fail to stimulate the consumption of China teas, the conclusion may be arrived at that the home consumption is becoming more limited from year to year, and that the demand for Indian tea will increase in the future principally at the expense of China teas. Private telegrams estimate the new crop of Assam teas at 96,000,000 lbs., whereas ten years ago it was only 28,000,000, which clearly proves with what rapid strides the popularity of Indian tea is advancing.

YOUNG FOLKS

ENLARGING OUR ORBITS

BY WILLIAM BRAKER.

Nobody teaches Canadian boys how to breathe. City boys, and many from the country too, have finer chests than those sitting in a school-room, or shop, or office, or any other room five or six hours a day, and then sitting most of the rest of the day besides doing much to weaken the chest. When you sit still, you do not breathe; your lungs half fill. Take one large full breath now, and see how your chest rises and expands, and how differently from a minute ago, when breathing only as you usually do. Many boys actually do not breathe; their lungs full once in a while, and then they easily catch cold. How are you to have strong lungs if you do not use them? Which has the strong arms—the invalid leaving the sick-bed, or the blacksmith who uses his arms, or he who does not? When walking at the rate of four miles an hour, you breathe nearly five times as much air as when you are sitting still. The fuller breaths you take, and the more of them in a day, the stronger and fuller chest you are going to have. If every boy in the Dominion would take a thousand full, very deep breaths every day from now on, throughout his life, it would almost double our vigor and effectiveness as a nation. The deep breathing not only enlarges the chest itself, and makes it sharply and strongly elastic, it gives power and vigor to the lungs and heart, and makes them do their work better. And it does the same to the stomach and bowels, the liver and kidneys; indeed to all the vital organs. It makes the brain richer. It adds directly to the vigor of the brain as well, and so enables it to do more work. In short, it is about the best means of getting and keeping health. And who would care to hire a sick man to work for him? Or who can do much hard work when he is sick? Not that we can ever avoid sickness, but it is less likely to come, and has harder work to enter, when we are robust and in good training than when we are weak and run down.

And how shall we get a good chest? In two ways: by building both inside and outside. The deep, thorough breathing does the inside work, inflates the chest as you do a football when you blow it up; and using certain of the muscles vigorously builds up the outside.

And first for the breathing. Do these things. Always hold your neck well back, this straightens your backbone, and so straightens almost the whole of you. Next, breathe not through your mouth, but your nose. "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life," not into his mouth. Indians think a man who goes around with his mouth open a coward. Thirdly, get every inch of air into your lungs that you can, and as many times each day as you can. At your age you can train your chest and lungs in this way to an extent that will surprise and delight you in your later years. Easy running and plenty of it, breathing just as slowly and deeply as you can all the way, will give your lungs grand work, and right out in the pure, invigorating outdoor air. Daniel Boone would never ride where he could walk. Gladstone and Lowell have for many years followed the same rule, and see how fresh they keep in a green and useful old age! Do plenty of walking, and always when walking do the deepest, slowest of breathing you can. Try every now and then and see how many breaths you take in blowing up a football. It may not be many months till one breath will fill it, and there will be nothing very small or weak about your lungs then. Stand ten feet from a lighted candle and see if you can blow it out. Practise whispering as loudly as you can, and do as much singing as your neighbors can tolerate, and when singing, as a famous tenor once said, "breathe from away down." Swim as far as you can in one breath each day during the hot season. Run a hundred yards in one breath, as the swiftest sprinters do. You are educating your throat and lungs in a most valuable way now; yet how simple!

For the outside of the chest, arm work does far more than foot-work. A man may have large legs and no great chest. But large-armed men generally have fine chests, and always have large muscles on their chests, both front and back. Slip the backs of your hands together high up over your head a hundred times without stopping. Have you not found a good chest exercise now? How large and high your chest suddenly feels! Of course breathe it as fully as you can while at this or any other exercise.

With straight knees and elbows, and chin up, hold your hands out in front of you, palm to palm. Now throw your hands sharply back on a horizontal line, never bending your elbows till they are as far back as you can get them. Do fifty of these movements, or even twenty-five, at a time, and see how full your chest has suddenly become. This is grand work for round shoulders, and round shoulders are a deformity for which you are the one chiefly to blame. For now you know how to straighten them out. With your neck back, your back flat, shoulders low, and knees straight, you could not be crooked if you tried to.

Push your dumb-bells high above your head and hold them there; now lower your head back, and hold it there; now lower the dumb-bells till they are far out at your sides, as if your hands were on a cross, your elbows never once bending. Raise the bells again, and do this six times morning and evening this week, ten times next week, and increase after that as you find you can. You are now stretching and enlarging the muscles across the front of your chest and shoulders, and expanding the whole chest as well. Do not forget to breathe in great breaths all the time.

Curling dumb-bells will also build up those muscles on the front of your chest; "Dipping," the dipping between chairs. "Dipping" is lowering and then raising yourself on the parallel bars, is great work on the muscles, and so is all bent-arm work on the parallels. Lying on your back on the floor, with a dumb-bell in each hand, and your arms straight out at your sides, and then raising them till high up above your chest, and then lowering them, is also good. And you can hardly do enough of these exercises if you try to.

"Your father is entirely bald, isn't he?" said a man to the son of a millionaire. "Yes," replied the youth, sadly. "I'm the only hair he has left."

LIKE ANI

By M. E.

Author of "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET"

CHAPTER XIX.—THE RETURN OF PROSPERINE.

These veteran elms in Kensington Gardens, whose wind-blown crests were just like those from Helen's windows were older than a year and a half since that first evening of the fat in Wilkie Maunton. Helen had grown accustomed to marriage as understood by Valentine Belfield, and had learned to recognize the fact that though he was fond of her, and proud of her, he had no idea of making a provision in his own manner of living, or sacrificing any one of his pleasures or amusements on account of his wife. If her moments were such as she could share, she was willing that she should share them. She took her race meetings, and cricket matches, and regattas, when she was so much to go with him, but if her delicate kept her at home, that fact made no difference in his arrangements. There was a time when she was nervous and loath to be the burden of her loneliness, and when she could not expect him to sacrifice his evening amusements—his whist club, his theatres—because she was moping about.

"What the deuce would be the good of me to sit upon the other side of the bed and mope with you," he said. "Best have your sister."

"You talk as if Leo were laid on like water or the gas," Helen said, irritated, as she has her evening engagements as usual."

"Uncommonly selfish of her to be gadding about just when you want her most," said Valentine. "It is a woman's place to be at home for her sister at such a time."

Helen sighed and silenced irritated Valentine with a relief to him to run down stairs and get into the mild muggy air of a London autumn, to hail a cab, and off to his daily haunts at the West End. It was a still greater relief to Sally for the first time since she had left the railway which was to take him to his pleasant country house or snug bachelor quarters there were sport and good fellows, pretty women, or congenial men.

The fond hopes which had soothed Helen's lonely evenings were doomed to a cruel disappointment. Her baby-sister, brought on a nervous fever.

For more than six weeks Helen was daily ill, and during some parts of that time her life was in danger. Trained nurses possessed of that small habitation in Westminster Mansions. Lady Belfield came up to see to watch over her daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Baddley showed a great deal of sympathy, though she did not forego her engagements, or desert Sandown.

For the first two or three weeks Valentine was anxious and attentive; but after that time he began to regard his wife's condition as chronic. There was a dreary monotony about the sick room which bore beyond endurance. The nurses in the form of the sick nurse, forever full of reports between good and evil—the whole hung upon Mr. Belfield's spirits as a perpetual nightmare. He was glad to get away from his home, more than ever to accept invitations from his bachelor friends.

All this had happened six months ago. Helen had escaped from doctors and from the shadow of her former self when she came out of the sick room, and went home to her father's house.

And the turn-out was altogether respectable. The necessity for a Victoria, exchanged in the evening for a brougham, was quite a public character. She was to literature. Stories, essays, hunting articles, racing articles, fashion articles—came amiss to her facile and somewhat man who lived among duchesses, dined every night with Cabinet Ministers, and wrote with equal authority, and some audacity that dazzled the reader.

Nor was literature the grass upon which she had been reared. She had been a notable world as an amateur actress, and a charity concert, she acted in plays. She reminded elderly gentlemen differently of Mrs. Honey, Madam and Mrs. Nesbitt. It was not to be expected that she should have any charity performances, and her good nature cost her a good deal; but a reported to be making a handsome living, by literature, this did not matter, except Helen. Baddley's Irish hospitality of the third-floor flat.

"I can't think how it is that I am so much further with you than I am," Helen said, with a faint smile, looking round her sister's luxuriant drawing-room, with its profusion of cushions and its window of tubular glass, and its vases of tubular glass of the valley.

"My dear, you forget that I was a winner, while you and Valentine were the losers of the field in neither direction."

"I wish I could write for you," said Helen, with a faint smile, looking round her sister's luxuriant drawing-room, with its profusion of cushions and its window of tubular glass, and its vases of tubular glass of the valley.

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