a [illegible] home, making wife, made much of her, and fed all her [illegible] a [illegible].

As for Jack, he was so happy as the days went along; his youth seemed to have been given back to him. He had his wife—his wife once more—the wife whom he had thought faithless and dead was alive and true—had been true to him always. No wonder that care had left his face, and that joy had replaced it.

He was glad, too, that Megan had given her heart to the one who had been the means of bringing so much gladness to him, probably, had it not been for Bob's faith in a woman's truth, he never would have had his darling back again; certainly, had he not suggested their concealing themselves in the suits of armour, he never would have heard that conversation between Ralph and Mrs Graham, or seen and recognised his wife.

Even Humpy, after a fierce fight with himself, wished the engaged couple happiness in all sincerity.

Hope Carthew was a frequent visitor at the castle. Her mother, forgetting her disappointment, had been one of the first to call and congratulate Minna and Jack on the happy ending of so many sad years, and Megan and her daughter had struck up a firm friendship at once. They had one feeling in common, which is necessary between friends—the subject upon which they never tired of talking—they were both in love; they were both going to take upon themselves the responsibilities of wives when the summer came round again.

Mrs Graham had been forced by Jack to resign her position at the post office, and from that time there had been no weary waiting for letters for Hope. Those that had been suppressed had been destroyed, but Gerald wrote by every mail now. The year of probation was over, and soon—very soon—as quickly as steam power could bring him, he would be home.

The March winds were whistling through the trees, bending their bare branches low, and howling round the castle. In the armoury, haunted no longer, all ringing with merry laughter and bright, happy voices, gathered round the wood fire, which blazed, and crackled, and glowed, were Jack, his wife and children, Humpy, Bob, and Hope. Megan's hand lay clasped in Humpy's; she was very tender and gentle with him now—perhaps love had opened her eyes and taught her how much she was to the hunchback.

Bob looked at the small hand now and then a trifle enviously, but not jealously. He was sorry for Humpy—honestly sorry, though he could not wish things otherwise than they were.

'Who would have thought a year ago,' Jack said, putting up the cushion which had slipped down in his wife's chair, and settling her comfortably, 'that I should be living in my own house a perfectly happy man, and all I love around me? Sometimes I think it must be a dream, and that I shall wake up in the gold diggings once more, with the light shining through the little window of my hut.'

'I have that feeling sometimes,' Megan said, softly. 'I think that, when we experience great joy after great sorrow, we always think that it is too good to be reality; and yet,' contradicting herself, 'I am sure that our present happiness is no dream, but real and substantial.'

'I trust so,' Bob said, smiling. 'What should I do were I to awake as from a dream, and find this great armoury empty, excepting for the silent men of armour, with no dear friends and no Megan beside me?'

'You would go to California and seek me, surely,' the girl said, laughing. 'But do not fear, Bob; I am no mere creature of a drowsy brain.'

As she spoke the great bell of the castle clanged out.

'A visitor!' Jack said. 'A late hour for anyone to arrive. Who can it be? Some benighted traveller, perhaps.'

They heard the massive door open, then a servant came along the oak hall.

'A gentleman to see Miss Carthew,' he said.

'For me?' she said, looking up in surprise. 'Did he give no name?'

'No, miss.'

'It is curious,' she said, turning and looking round. 'Who can have come to see me at this time of night?'

Jack and Bob exchanged glances.

'You must go and see—that will solve the question,' Jack said. 'Where have you shown him, Mason?'

'In the drawing-room, sir.'

Half reluctantly Hope left her warm seat by the fire; the servant threw open the door, and closed it after her.

Some one was standing at the window—some one who turned as the door closed, and came toward her with glad, outstretched arms.

'Hope!'

'Gerald!'

Just the two words, then a kiss, which made up for the long year of waiting, the grief and sorrow of that twilight.

For a time no questions were asked, no words were spoken; it was quite enough to be together, lips to lips and heart to heart.

'Why did you not let me know?' she said, at length.

'I wanted to surprise you,' he answered. 'And our ship made a quick passage. I went to your house; but your mother told me you were here, and I could not wait all to-night without seeing you. Darling, are you pleased to see me?'

'So pleased!'

'You look a little pale, love; but we will soon alter that; we will get the roses back once more. How good it is to be with you again!'

'And you will not have to leave me to go abroad any more?'

'No; I will never leave you again, even to gain a fortune; it is too risky. Either you shall come with me, or the money can go; but I am rich enough now, rich—richer than we thought. Your parents need not fear but that I can keep you in comfort. Is she to Sutton so better?'

'No; they say he never will be.'

'He has been a wicked man; he has caused so much sorrow; he tried to do us a great wrong, sweetheart; and yet from my heart I pity him. Mad! Could anything be more terrible; but we must think of nothing sad now, in this first night of our meeting after so many sad, sad months.'

'Sad months, indeed,' she answered. 'Sometimes, dear, I thought that I could not bear my life. But it is over now. Come, Gerald,' with a little half sigh, 'we must join the others now.'

He held her in his arms and kissed her till the roses bloomed more vividly than ever, then, laughing, drew her arm through his, and led her to the armoury.

What an evening they had! Even Humpy, in spite of the pain at his heart, felt their mirth and happiness infectious. He was glad—more than glad that, since Megan could never be his—and he had always known that—she had found one who would love her truly, devotedly, fondly. He would be near her always so long as his life lasted. Jack had insisted upon his living with him always at the castle, and Minna had said that she could not be quite happy if her husband's friend left them. Megan, too, would miss him terribly, and feel lonely if he left him and his sister; and so he promised to stay.

The logs crackled, the white ash dropped from them in feathery, lace-like flakes, the red lights shone upon the gleaming armour, and the moonlight came in through the stained glass windows. All was so beautiful, so cheerful, and bright, a smile upon every face, good fellowship in every heart.

'Sing to us, Megan,' Bob said, leaning toward her, and holding for a moment the little white hand upon which his ring flashed.

'What shall I sing?' she answered, smiling.

'Sing us "Home, Sweet Home,"' Jack said.

'There is no place like home, is there, Mr Le Breton?' turning to Gerald.

'None,' he answered.

'But you are not at home,' Hope said.

'Am I not?' he whispered. 'I think I am. My home is where you are, sweet.'

'You are right,' Jack said, catching the whispered words. 'Our home is not made of bricks and stone, but by the affection of those who love us. Sing us the dear old song, Megan.'

And, while hand stole into hand, and eyes looked lovingly into eyes, the sweet, simple words and the sweet, simple tune rang purely and melodiously through The Haunted Armoury.

[THE END.]

BABY'S BELONGINGS.

THE old-fashioned long dress with tight, short sleeves are quite out of fashion. Loose, high-necked flannelette or woollen garments which fit comfortably, yet allow baby the free use of its limbs, are the only ones used.

Napkins are made of cotton or linen diaper, Canton flannel, and stockinette; the latter is the best material when it can be obtained, but it must not have a coating of rubber. Canton flannel is absorbent and very satisfactory. The fixed napkin requires three-quarters of a yard of this fabric.

Dainty little wrappers are made of flannel, cashmere, outing flannel, [illegible] cloth, and nun's veiling. The latter two have an interlining of cotton batting, and are tufted with zephyr. Flannel wrappers may be worn, or smarter cashmere ones. One can be made from two yards of material, a yard wide, and ornamented with feather-stitching, lace or ribbon.

Although not worn at first, bibs soon become a necessity. They are made of nainsook, lined with cambric with a layer of cotton batting between and quilted in diamonds or any pattern desired. Three-eighths of a yard of nainsook will make covers for half a dozen. They can be trimmed with lace or embroidery.

Creeping aprons have supplanted the old-fashioned creeping skirts. They are made with high neck and long sleeves; a wide elastic is run in the hem at the bottom. They are cut long enough to turn up under the skirts, bringing the elastic around the waist, and are made of gingham or any serviceable cotton material.

Knitted boots can be crocheted or knitted at home at much less expense than bought ones. They can be made of eider-down flannel with the straps and turned out. A quarter of a yard will make a pair. Kid moccasins for older babies come in tan, white, black, pink and blue. These, too, can be made at home of kid or chamois and ornamented with feather-stitching in silk.

The first long cloak is usually of cream cashmere decorated with embroidery in silk or rows of narrow cream ribbon with feather-stitching between. If made of bengaline silk or of faille silk trimmed with narrow ribbon they are rather expensive. About three yards of material forty-four inches wide is required to make one. Cream silk and wool flannel can be used instead of cashmere. Cotton Bedford cord, duck or any of the pretty new cotton fabrics, the lighter flannels, cashmere, silk and China silk, are suitable for summer cloaks for older babies.

Three-eighths of a yard of material twenty-seven inches wide will make the little cap in which the baby makes its first appearance out of doors. The muslin ones are of nainsook or lawn with bands of lace insertion or clusters of tucking, with a full ruche of Valenciennes lace around the face and with strings of lace-trimmed muslin. Those of silk have an embroidered crown and band of embroidery on the head piece. The same full ruche surrounds the face and the strings are of ribbon or silk hemmed on the edges. In winter they have an interlining of wadding, and a Shetland veil is provided to cover the face.

Many mothers use only the pinning blanket until the baby is two or three months old. If petticoats are desired they should be made with shoulder straps and buttoned so that there is no fulness to be gathered in at the neck. A yard of cambric will make one.

It should be held as part of the ethics of family honour never to speak slightingly of any member of the family to outsiders. The old and somewhat vulgar proverb, 'Wash all your soiled linen at home,' contains the gist of an obvious truth. Parents should impress this family loyalty upon their children, and teach them that it means dignity and strength and happiness to be guardians of their own hearts—as it were the staunch defenders of the honour of the family.

Prisoner: 'What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!'

INDIGESTION
And Liver Complaint
CURED BY USING
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Mr. T. J. CLUNE,
of Walkerville, S. Australia, writes:

'Six years ago, I had an attack of Indigestion and Liver Complaint that lasted for weeks. I was unable to do any hard work, had no appetite, food distressed me, and I suffered much from headache. My skin was

sallow and sleep did not refresh me. I tried several remedies and consulted a doctor, without obtaining any relief. Finally, one of my customers recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It helped me from the first, and after taking six bottles I was completely cured, and could eat anything and sleep like a child.'

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Has cured others, will cure you.

Made by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

WHY NOT LIVE A CENTURY.

'IN the coming time,' said a famous English poet, 'a man or woman eighty or one hundred years old will be more beautiful than the youth or maiden of twenty, as the ripe fruit is more beautiful and fragrant than the green. These ripe men and women will have no wrinkles on the brow, no grey hair, no bent and feeble bodies. On the contrary they will have perfect hearing, clear eyesight, sound teeth, elastic step, and mental vigour.'

Does this sound absurd and impossible? Why should it? People over one hundred years old are frequently met with in these days, as they have been as far as human records go back. A man is of no real value until he is past fifty and has gained control of his passions and acquired some practical wisdom. After that he ought to have from fifty to seventy-five working years before him. Whoso dies short of one hundred has violence done of his own folly or that of his ancestors. One chief thing, however, we must learn. What is it? Take an illustration—such as we see multitudes of on every side.

Mr Richard Legrave of New Bolingbroke, near Boston, Lincolnshire, is a man now somewhat over seventy. He is a farmer, well known and highly respected in his district. In the spring of 1891 he had an attack of influenza from which he never fully recuperated. The severe symptoms passed away, of course, but he remained weak. No doubt food would have built him up, provided he could have eaten and digested it. Yet here was the trouble, his appetite was poor, and what little he took, as a matter of necessity rather than of relish, seemed to act wrong with him. Instead of giving him strength it actually produced pain and distress in the sides, chest and stomach.

Then again—which is a common experience—he would feel a craving for something to eat; yet on sitting down to a meal, in the hope to enjoy it, the stomach would suddenly rebel against the proceeding, and he would turn from the table without having having swallowed a mouthful.

Nothing could come of this but increasing weakness, and in what I long before it was all he could do to summon strength to walk about. As for working on his farm, that, to be sure, was not to be thought of. He had a doctor attending him, as we should expect. If the services of a learned medical man are ever needed they must be in such a case—when nature seems to be all broken up, and the machinery runs slow, as our family clocks do when we have forgotten to wind them at the usual hour.

Well, Mr Legrave took the prescribed medicines, but got no better. He asked the doctor why that was, and he appeared to be puzzled for an answer at first. Naturally enough a doctor doesn't like to admit that his medicines are doing no good, because he expects to be paid for them; and then there is his professional pride, besides.

However, he finally said, 'If my medicines fail to make you better it is owing to your age.' That idea was plain as a pikestaff, and if the patient had never got any better afterwards, why, who could dispute what the doctor said? Nobody, of course. It would look just as though Mr Legrave were really going to pieces from old age. But something subsequently happened which spoils that easy theory of the case. What it was he tells us in a letter dated February 3rd, 1893.

'After distracting several months without receiving any benefit, I determined to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr G. H. Hanson, Chemist, New Bolingbroke. After taking the Syrup for a week I was much better. I had a good appetite, and what I ate digested and strengthened me; and by the time I had taken two bottles I was *well and strong as ever*. You may publish this statement if you think proper. (Signed) RICHARD LEGRAVE.'

So it proved, after all, that Mr Legrave was not suffering from *old age* at *seventy*. Not at all; but from indigestion and dyspepsia. When Mother Seigel's great discovery routed that, he felt 'well and strong as ever.'

Now for the moral: It is not Father Time who mows people down thus early in life; it is the Demon of Dyspepsia. Keep him away, and—barring accidents—you may live a century.

It is stated that a ham sandwich has been dug out of the ruins of Pompeii in a perfect state of preservation. When tasted it was pronounced to be very similar to those to be got at the railway refreshment-rooms.

'Are you the new woman?' 'Yes.' 'Well, come in and I will give you some of my husband's old clothes.'