Food for the Horse.

The horse's natural food is grass. ere is nothing else upon which he ll do so well or live so long. His inter- l economy can accommodate itself to dried, seedless stalks of winter, the uriant foliage of spring or the high- nutritious seed pods of summer. stalks preserve his health, the en foliage fattens him and the seed invigorate and strengthen him. horse, however lightly worked, uld be fed on hay alone.

Geraldine

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Granny perceived that something was wrong directly they emerged into the light, for the lamps were all lit in the dining-room, and revealed the bonny brow black as night and the rosebud mouth unmistakably drawn down at the corners and for the life of her the kind old lady could not think what was at the bottom of it but presently she observed with relief that there was an effort to throw off the cloud and when at length, though not for awhile, in response to some merry story told across the table for her especial benefit, Jerry's own bell-like laugh rang out again, high and clear and sweet as a young bird's, she was so rejoiced to hear it that she forgot to note that the transformation was neither due to any efforts of her own nor of her grandson.

To Cecil, indeed, Jerry was all shoulder.

She had no eyes nor ears for him until after that laugh had brought her out of her mood; and Bellenden himself could not but have been conscious of the blazing radiance of the eyes which so continuously sought his, and of the ready response to every approach he made.

"By Jove, she will be a beauty one of these days!" he told himself. "By Jove, Master Raymond, you had better be well forward in the field before more of the pack open cry! The little heiress will be a prize worth the running for. Had I been a dozen years younger—but, however, I am not a marrying man, or I should have been gone for long ago. Luckily I don't need to go heiress hunting, neither."

And so it was he merely felt pleased and a little touched by the sparkling young face opposite, pleased to find himself still capable of attaching, and touched by the artlessness with which the attraction was confessed. "A dear little thing," he owned in the end: "and upon my word, I said no more than the truth, when I told her I wished I had just such another little sister."

They had a merry evening after that.

The billiard-table was so atrociously bad that Capt. Bellenden, who was a noted player, found it humorous in the extreme never to have the ghost of an idea where his ball would go, nor what would be the effect of his finest strokes. He roared with good-humored laughter when his simplest cannons missed, and when pockets that should have been certainties jilted him in the most barefaced manner. His mirth was so spontaneous and infectious that no one could resist it; and without knowing in the least why, granny and granddaughter laughed almost as much and as heartily as he; while Cecil, who would have felt aggrieved and discomfitted had any one else made such fun of the whole, consoled his dignity with the reflection that Bellenden had never been used to any but the most unexceptionable of billiard-tables, and that he must therefore be considered as highly indulgent in that he condescended to handle a cue at all upon this occasion.

"But why should we have it all to ourselves?" suggested the gay guardsman at last. "Pray, Mrs. Campbell, join us. You have been so good in coming here, and I know my little friend," with a glance at Jerry, "is longing for a game. What shall it be? Pool? Or, let me see I know the thing she would like. Battle, that's it! Did you ever play battle, Jerry? Come and play with me, then. Beg your grandmamma to take a hand, and we shall be two to two."

Perhaps he was beginning to tire of the other play, perhaps it was in mere compassion to the eager little face so wistfull following its progress, that the suggestion was made but, at any rate, it was received with rapture.

"I can play battle, I can indeed," almost shrieked the little girl in her excitement. "I have played it at Uncle Raymond's—we played it the very last time I was there, and Ethel, and Alica, and I all played; didn't we Cecil? Don't you remember, Cecil?" Cecil's misdemeanor was by this time forgotten. "Oh, granny, do say 'Yes,'" proceeded the small speaker, dancing in front of the smiling and indulgent granny. "Do get out of your chair and come, there's a dear granny; if you don't know the game, we all teach you," and then, as she obediently rose, off bustled to the stand, took down the cues, examined their tips—the balls were off—selected a very for herself, and a very b granny, by way of granny's advice, and finally stood beside the picture of pride.

All of this was diver willing to be diverted. and then, behold! wha but that granny, who about the requirem rooms and tables, handle her cue, and desired side, and not astonishment when should go! She was actor performer Jerry, and the la mortified, as we prowess of so granny's profe rood a doubt the evening Cecil, accom

Do bring Her self; a with Jone flict offer enjo

run the risk of doing herself such discredit in his eyes again.

Things brightened afresh, however, thereafter.

Capt. Bellenden performed feats—feats which, it is true, did not invariably come off as they were intended, and which none but an expert would have ventured upon at all, but he showed how he could have done this and that, and Cecil vouched for the fact that he had actually seen the complicat on worked, so that it was a most as good as beholding for themselves.

Jerry's bedtime had long gone by; but it was not in fond granddame's heart to put an end to her darling's pleasure. She so seldom either wished or cared to sit up late, and it was so evidently a delight on this one rare occasion, that, "It cannot harm her for once and away," thought the old lady.

Alack! Granny did not take into consideration that there are two kinds of harm. As to that to which she alluded, she was, perhaps, right, but about the other, Jerry, pretty nestling, why were you not sleeping soundly in your little bed hours ago, dreaming of brawling brook, and leaping trout, or of wild wet gallops along the sea roar, rather than watching with eyes all in a tingle, to everything this too delightful stranger did and said?

He left the next day.

It rained, as foretold, and he was pressed to remain, but did not do so.

Personally he would gladly enough have stayed in such good quarters, and sent over the note to Kincraig which young Raymond urged him to write: but he did not feel that the thing could be done. That sort of freedom with a house to which he had only been received under stress of adverse circumstances he was not the man to take, and with a firmness which Mrs. Campbell in her heart applauded, and which even Cecil felt to be correct and gentlemanly, he adhered to his resolution.

Would he then return? Would he pay them a real visit? Shoot their moor? And in particular have some sea-fishing on the bank below the house, to the description of which he had listened with so much appreciation? The fishing was going on nightly at present.

Granny spoke; but Jerry looked a thousand urgencies, and her silence was even more effectual than the other's pleadings. Bellenden really hardly knew how to manage it, for his time was already mapped out for the autumn, but somehow he could not resist. In his heart he thought he knew whom he could throw over, and from whence he could scrimp a few days. His doubtful brow cleared, and he gave the promise required. They were really too kind, and the inducements altogether were really too tempting; he would certainly come, and would write from Kincraig.

In a few days the letter came.

It was all that Cecil, but perhaps not quite all that Jerry had hoped for. She, poor child, had been feverishly expectant as every post came in, and many a boat had she watched crossing the loch, unknown to all beside. She had fancied he might come at any time, and the days had seemed long and profitless, though hope had started afresh with each returning morn.

In reality, Bellenden wrote quite wonderfully soon for him. He had a very pleasant recollection of a charming little adventure, and was quite willing to follow it up and see more of his new friends, but long days on the moor are not conducive to letter-writing, and he did not quite know wh say or to fix.

At last, however, he could definite proposal, and it was o as we have said, Cecil found enough. He did not prin his own return to Inchm the name of his host, young Raymond's compa where there was a bach sembled, and just one Raymond was asked to fill it.

The post scrip, however, importance to one doleful l

"If you can come, and if bell will permit me, I wil the pleasure of accomp back to Inchmarew on and will spend two nigh

So it ran.

"Only two nights!" Jerry, in such hearte that both her auditors

"He would be flatter hear you, my little gally, for he was in spi "It would not do t head might be turne had better go." his grandmo hardly hav at

the cookery was tasteless and his bedroom small and stuffy so that the recollection of his evening at the old castle on the other side of the loch had grown pleasanter day by day in contrast to his present surroundings.

To shoot with Cecil Raymond, who, if he were but a boy and priggish boy, was still a gentleman and a nice sort of fellow—whereas the fellows assembled at Kincraig were, as a rule of another sort—to dine with the dear old lady, who had made herself quite charming to him, and with whom he had plenty of topics in common, for she was by no means as completely out of the world he moved in, for all the recluse life she was leading now, as were the youths at Kincraig; and to frolic with the pretty, apt, responsive little heiress, the jolly little mischievous sprite who was unmistakably his chief friend of all, would, Captain Bellenden felt, suit him much better than this forced intercourse with a second-rate set of rather rowdy bachelors.

Accordingly he made his host as he well knew how to do—invite young Raymond, and had added to the invitation his own postscript.

All went well.

Cecil certainly shone by contrast at the shooting lodge. He might not appear to advantage when contrasted with Bellenden, and with Bellenden only; but he was several cuts above Archie Kincraig's friends, and this he could not help perceiving.

Bellenden owned that the company was not to his mind. Cecil turned up his nose at it still more. Bellenden whispered that the sport was bad. Cecil called it abominable. Bellenden suggested that they should be off on the day but one following—Cecil dispatched a messenger to stop the early boat, in order that they might start the first thing after breakfast. When the two arrived at Inchmarew they had advanced in intimacy by seven-league strides.

On this occasion Jerry was not nearly so demonstrative as she had been before. She had had time to think, and to be shy of her own thoughts. She, too, had been growing fast within the last two or three days, growing even since Cecil's departure, growing in a strange new knowledge which had to be kept all to herself. She was going now to be careful, and not to run the risk of Cecil's teasing and granny's smiles any more.

She was already dressed and waiting, however, when the dog-cart drove up to the door, and had a pretty bunch of flowers at her throat, and as she came somewhat soberly forward to do her part of welcome, Cecil thought he had never beheld his young cousin to greater advantage.

Perhaps Bellenden was not quite of the same opinion. Perhaps he wou have preferred a step and carriage sedate, a countenance less com Certain it is that he experie momentary check, a feeling of s and doubt, and that his own shadowed this forth on the ins

But presently he saw throug too well. It was but a passing liness, an evanescent emotio bashful kind, and it soon, too s way. Ere half an hour had the two were chattering ann jest and repartee as freely they had ever done, and he on his guard.

At dinner-time, or ing-time, he foun room.

So did Cec new-born to would mak cousin did the bas sort. in hi sele an

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

Simple Religious Service.

Worship in Japan is a very simple affair. In many of the temples the chief feature is a looking-glass emblematic of purity of soul. Near it is a font of water in which the worshiper washes on entering. He then prays before the glass, drops a few coppers into a box and rigns a bell three times as he goes out. Since the mikado declared himself no longer divine and infallible Japanese skepticism ha grown rapidly.

Minerva, the Mail C

A good character Harte's inimitab would be Miss pretty girl n she is o ides w

How to Keep Sweet Potatoes.

There are half a dozen ways of keeping sweet potatoes through the winter in Virginia, one being to lift a stone of the old-fashioned hearth, and put th potatoes underneath. Warmt dryness, the essential c thus obtained. Th the other hand sunk de