

NUTTIE'S FATHER

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"If I ever am the squire, of which I have my doubts."

"You expect Mr. Egremont to marry?"

"Not a future marriage; but one in the past."

"A private marriage! Do you suspect it?"

"I don't suspect it—I know it. I have been hoping to talk the matter over with you. Do you remember our first governess, Miss Headworth?"

"My dear Mark, did I not lose at Pera the charms of your infancy?"

"Then neither my mother nor my grandmother ever wrote to you about her?"

"I do remember that it struck me that immunity from governesses was a compensation for the lack of daughters."

"Can you tell me no details," said Mark anxiously. "Have you no letters? It was about the time when Blanche was born, when we were living at Raxley."

"I am sorry to say that our roving life prevented my keeping old letters. I have often regretted it. Let me see, there was one who boxed May's ears."

"That was long after. I think it was that woman's barbarity that made my father marry again, and a very good thing that was. It was wretched before," Miss Headworth was in my own mother's time."

"I begin to remember something happening that your mother seemed unable to write about, and your grandmother said that she had been greatly upset by 'that miserable affair,' but I was never exactly told what it had been."

"Miss Headstone came when I was four or five years old. Edda, as we used to call her in May's language, was the first person who gave me a sense of beauty. She had dark eyes and a lovely complexion. I remember in after years being silenced by saying 'not so pretty as my Edda.' I was extremely fond of her, enough to have my small jealousy excited when my uncle joined us in our walks, and monopolized her, turning May and me over to play with his dog."

"But, Mark, Mr. Egremont is some years older than your father. He could not have been a young man at that time."

"So much the worse. Most likely he seemed to her quite paternal. The next thing I recollect was our being in the Isle of Wight, where two children, with Miss Headworth and the German nurse, and our being told of our new sister. Uncle Alwyn and his yacht were there, and we went on board once or twice. The matters became confused with me, I recollect a confusion, papa and grandmamma arriving, everybody seeming to us to have become very cross, our dear Miss Headworth nowhere to be found, our attendants being changed, and our being forbidden to speak of her again. I certainly never thought of the matter till a month ago. You know my uncle's eyes have been affected by his illness, and he has made a valet, a fellow of no particular country, more Savoyard than anything else, I fancy. He is a legacy, like other evils, from the old General, and seems a sort of necessity to my uncle's existence. Gregorio they call him. He was plainly used to absolute government, and viewed the coming down amongst us as an assertion of liberty much against his will. We could see that he was awfully jealous of my father and me, and would do anything to keep us out; but providentially he can't write English decently, though he can speak any you please. Well, the man and I came into collision about a scamp of a groom who was doing intolerable mischief in the village, and whom they put it on me to get discharged. On that occasion Mr. Gregorio grew insolent, and intimated to me that I need not make so sure of the succession. He knew that which might make the Chanoine and me change our note. Well, my father is always for avoiding rows; he said it was an unmeaning threat, it was of no use to complain of Gregorio, and we must digest his insolence. But just after, Uncle Alwyn sent me to hunt up a paper that was missing, and in searching a writing-case I came upon an unmistakable marriage certificate between Alwyn Piercefield Egremont and Alice Headworth, and then the dim recollections I told you of began to return."

"What did you do?"

"I thought I had better consult my father, expecting to hear that she was dead, and that no further notice need be taken of the matter. But he was greatly disturbed to hear of the certificate, and would hardly believe me. He said that some friend of his grandmother had written her word of going on at Freshwater between his brother and the young governess, and that they went off at once to put a stop to it, but found us left with the German maid, who declared that Miss Headworth had gone off with Mr. Egremont in the yacht. No more was heard of my uncle for six weeks, and when he came back there was a great row with the old General, but he absolutely denied being married. I am afraid that was all the old sinner wished, and they went off together in the yacht to the West Indies, where it was burnt; but they, as you know, never came to England again, going straight off the Mediterranean, and cruising about till the General's death ten years ago."

"Yes, I once met them at Florence, and thought them two weary pitiable men. One looked at the General as a curious relic of the old buck of the Regency days, and compassionated his nephew for having had his life spoilt by dangling after the old man. It was a warning indeed, and I am glad you have profited by it, Mark."

"He came back, after the old man died, to club life in London, and seldom has been near the old place; indeed, it has been left till recently, and he wants to let it again, but it is altogether too dilapidated for that without repairs. So he came down to see about it, and was taken ill there. But to return to what my father told me. He was to return to hear of the certificate, for he shocked to hear of the certificate, for he had implicitly believed his brother's denial had implicitly believed his brother's denial had implicitly believed his brother's denial."

CHAPTER III.
HEIR HUNTING.

"And she put on her gown of green, and let her mother attend her."

To marry Peter Bell!"

"In the shrubberies of Monks Horton were walking a lady somewhat past middle age, with bright faces that never grow old, and with her a young man, a few years over twenty, with a grave and almost careworn countenance."

More and more confidential waxed the conversation, for the lady was making fresh acquaintance with a nephew seldom seen. He had been her pet and darling as a baby, and he was experiencing the irresistible charm of tone and manner which recalled the young mother he had lost in early boyhood."

"Then your mind is made up," she said; "and you are quite right to decide on having a son-in-law, when how does your father take it?"

"He is quite convinced that to repeat my life, dangling on as he is, would be a great fatal mistake."

"Naturally, and all the legal knowledge which nature is so much in favour of your father as the squire."

trouble with General Egremont, as he himself would have been the one to profit by it. So I do not wonder so much at his letting the whole drop without enquiry, and never certainly speaking. I could not get him to begin upon it with my uncle, but Mrs. Egremont was strongly on my side in thinking that such a thing ought to be looked into, and as that I should speak. Besides there was no enduring that Gregorio should be pretending to hold us in terror by such hints."

"Well, and has there been a wife and family in a cottage all this time?"

"Aunt Margaret, he has never seen or heard of her since he left her at Dieppe. Would you believe it, he thinks himself a victim? He never meant more than to amuse himself with the pretty little governess, and he took on board a Mr. and Mrs. Hangton to do propriety, shady sort of people I imagine, but that she did not know."

"I have heard of them," said Lady Kircaldy, significantly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"I was' axed las' night how dis club stood on the queshtun of charity," said Brother Gardner as the meeting opened in due form and the thermometer marked 120 degrees in Elder Toots' corner. "D'club stands jist whar it has allus stood. Nuffin's occurred to change our minds."

"Whon a poo' man meets wid accident or sickness dis club has sunthin' to help him along."

"When de wife of a poo' man am left a helpless widder, dis club am bound to help her."

"When a man who has lost a limb appeals to me for bread I shan't refuse him—nor unless his breath smells of liquor."

"Our charity goes dat fur and no furdur. We have no use for de tramp. Every piece of bread handed out to him ar' simply a premium on laziness. He tramps becase he doan' want to work. He ar' a human sponge. Instead of lookin' fur work he ar' lookin' to escape work."

"Ebery nickle handed out to a beggar, large or small, is an encouragement to avoid honest work. Ebery penny encourages vice an' indolence."

"We hev gone to an expense of tens of thousands of dollars fur a county house, but yet we mus' raise tens of thousands of dollars ebery yar for a poo' fund to take care of de people who am too high-toned to go out dar, but low-toned enuff to walk boldly into de poo' Master's office. Ebery dollar we raise is a premium on indolence, poverty and vice. So long as charity will pull two or three hundred families through six months of de yar, de husbands ar' not gwine to break dar backs lookin' fur work, an' de wives ar' not gwine to worry about to-morrow."

"If de heathen am not all right, it's not our fault. De Lawd made an an' pronounced him perfect. He made de heathen jist as we find him to-day, and I doan' propose to interfere. If dis club had any heathen fund set aside, I should be in favor of usin' ebery dollar of it right heah in enlightened America, whar de Lawd's Sabbath day is given up to lager beer, shootin' matches, base ball an' excursions."

"Dar' an mo' downright fraud an' swindlin' bein' practiced frewout de world to-day in de name of charity dan under any odder disguises, an' it ar' high time dat people ob sense put deir foot down. Let us now attack de reglar order of bizness."

BRANCH 64.

The Secretary called the attention of the meeting to the following item from the Syracuse Reporter:

Branch 64 is making arrangements for a picnic to be held in the early part of next month. President Keeffe will spare no efforts to appoint committees who will make this one of the grandest C. M. B. A. affairs Syracuse has ever seen. He has a lot of good workers who never do anything by halves. One of the chief attractions will be a debate by the Lime-Kiln Club of 64. Jerry Looney is the President and makes the brothers come to order by nine raps of the gavel.

Branch 64 is down on the records as one of the most orderly and prosperous branches in the East and Brother Gardner intimated that it was quite possible some of the members of the parent club would be present at the picnic.

ONE OF THE REJECTED.

Whalbone Howker sent the following item, from the Montgomery Advertiser, to the Secretary's desk, and wanted to know if the man named therein was a member of the club:

"There was a rare wedding in Montgomery the other day. It was consummated when Jim Burbridge and Paty Williams, both colored, were made one instead of two. They are inmates of the County Poor House. The groom is as blind as a mole and has been led about for a long time by a little girl. Paty will in all probability do the leading hereafter. She is a confirmed cripple and has seen her best days."

But they applied for license and were duly married according to the rules and regulations of the law. To cap the climax Sam Hereford, the immortal 'er-long so an de like o' dat,' Sam, acted as best man. And there you are, as the man says in the play."

The Secretary replied that Jim Burbridge applied for membership about a year ago, but was promptly rejected, and that his wedding was doubtless an attempt to spite the Lime-Kiln Club. At the time of making his application Burbridge was known as 'The Terror of Vesuvius,' and was supposed to have killed his man."

HE IS A VILLAIN.

The following communication, from Cairo, Ritchie Co., W. Va., was then read:

Brother Gardner:

DEAR SIR—There is a man traveling through this county on a mule receiving subscriptions for 'Life of Brother Gardner.' He claims to be the only authorized agent in the United States and Canada for this book. His terms are \$1 in advance, and the balance (\$4) when the book is delivered. Is he all right? He calls himself John C. Whitehair.

Yours very respectfully,
A. JACKSON FRITCHARD,
Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Secretary was instructed to answer, in a large hand, to the effect:

1. That no 'Life of Brother Gardner' has yet been published.

2. When it is, the price won't be over twenty-five cents.

3. The man Whitehair is a base villain, and a reward of \$25 will be paid for proofs that he has been hung to the limb of a persimmon tree.

4. This club employs no traveling agents except Givedam Jones, who is bow-legged, lop-shouldered, blind in one eye, and carries his credentials in a hind pocket.

A Ballad of the Great Lions Land.

BY HERBAS STAFFORD.

No trees grow on the western plain,
There's neither hill nor vale,
One endless stretch, just like the main,
Crossed by the prairie trail.

The sun was reddening at its sinking,
Dimmed in its colour light,
Blazing and darkening, and shrinking,
Until it came on night.

When suddenly a horse was heard—
The captain of the British band—
Along the trail he madly spurred,
A carbine in his hand.

Close on the path ahead he gazed,
While swiftly onward dashing,
And on his carbine's barrel blasted,
The sun's rays redly flashing.

Said he "mine is a sorry plight,
On this wild plain alone,
With but a moment yet ere night,
For there's the setting sun."

The fort is yet three leagues away,
These wolves will have me yet,
Not one more hour of blessed day,
For now the sun has set."

Dark horsemen follow him apace
With whoop and wild halloo,
The rider never turns his face
To see who may pursue.

Fast fall his charger's iron shod hoofs,
His trappings clash and clink,
He vainly looks for the friendly roofs,
And his heart begins to sink.

His tunic is of crimson hue,
Gold lace runs round his shoulder,
The black plumes of his helmet flew
In the night wind blowing colder.

An Indian rider swift behind
Held up a rifle—crash—
Still wildly blew the cold night wind,
Then came an answering flash.

A dusky face was filled with woe,
And with a fluttering breath
He moaned "may he be even so,
A life pays for a death."

It was the young Louis Riel
Riding near that heath,
And full of hate his heart did swell
To hear that dying wail.

Headlong past all the rest he bore
And to a deadly aim he sped,
The soldier held his course no more
And dropped his bridle rein.

He looked up to the cold blue sky,
And to the plains around,
And to the foes who watched him die
Then toppled to the ground.

"So foragers from o'er the sea
Shall die," said young Riel,
And bending now upon his knee
He smote him where he fell.

He smote the dead face twice and tore
The bloody locks away,
And with the dripping token swore,
Forever from that day,

To follow both with fire and sword
All of the hated race;
And de-eyed Fitz heard each word
And covered up her face.

The horse unguided still rushed on,
Knowing not his rider's fate,
And was found early at the dawn
Beside the great fort gate.

It told the story fully—they,
His comrades, saddled each,
And found him stretched out where he lay,
Rescued, yet past their reach.

They brought him back and buried him
Within the pulisade,
And their rough soldier eyes grew dim
As his rude grave was made.

FOUR ROCKS, 1883.

The Star to Every Wandering Bark.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

Thou dark little star,
So twinkling and bright,
Look down from at a far
In silence of night.

Oh! I look down on me
In this world of woe,
Me, a poor wanderer,
With nowhere to go.

Pity me, love me,
Oh, bright, little star,
No one to help me,
Thou—art so far.

Canst thou be an eye
To guide me aright
Out of this darkness
Into the true light?

I will have no fear,
Thy bright light I see
So silvery and clear
Thou'rt sent to save me.

"Don't be a Clam!"

"Don't be a clam!" Why not? Clams have no bills to pay; their garments never cost a shot, they have the right way. Their ulsters never go in pawn when Spring days are about, and then, in Winter, sigh and mourn cause they can't get them out. The tax collector they don't fear, nor girls who dote on creams; no corns or boils have they, 'tis clear, no flies disturb their dreams, Policemen never take them up, yet sometimes put them down; they never bet on the wrong pup, nor crimson paint the town. They never go to see best girls and find old men instead, no dad at them the bootjack hurls to cause them a swelled head. They ne'er go skating where 'tis nice to come down with a slam, but I have fallen on the ice and wished I was a clam.

The Best Thing He Could Take for a Starter.

"I'm going to get married," said a young travelling man to a bachelor friend.

"Indeed? Well, I wish you much joy, and trust that you realize the responsibility you are about to undertake."

"Yes, sir; I think I realize the responsibility. I have settled down and changed my habits very much."

"That's right. Spend your evenings at home and read good solid books."

"What would you recommend?"

"I think 'Paradise Lost' would be the best thing you could take for a starter."

But She Got Mad.

"Do you think it would be very hard for me to become an actress, dear?" asked Mrs. Fignepscott of her liege lord, after returning from the theatre last night.

"Not at all, my love; the easiest thing in the world," replied the brute. "All you would have to do would be to stand around and talk, and you would need no rehearsals for that, you know."

African Adventure.

Captain Lindley gives a lively account of an adventure which befell a member of his party in Kaffir Land. The party had halted for breakfast on the bank of a stream, and Thomas, a negro, had gone down to fill the kettle with water. Suddenly all hands were startled by hearing him scream violently, and looking after him, saw kettle and buckets flying in one direction whilst he went in another, and fell flat on his face as if he had been shot.

"Take to your arms, mein boys!" shouted Mr. Van Meyer. "Perhaps some Kaffirs have been shot the man with assegais." And the hardy old bush-fighter was ready for the fray, with his formidable roer poised, and his finger on the trigger.

Meanwhile the extraordinary conduct of Thomas continued to alarm us. He remained flat on the ground, moving his legs and arms as though he really had been shot, but at the same time continuing to yell as no shot person ever did.

Gun in hand, revolver in belt, keenly scrutinizing every surrounding bush, we moved forward to where the unhappy negro lay howling.

No blood was to be seen up him, no assegai sticking up from a bloody wound. We questioned him, but in vain. He did nothing but yell and howl for at least a quarter of an hour. Then, in answer to our reiterated inquiries, he at last sat up, rolled his eyes wildly about, and pointing to a little pool of water near by, and hugging one of his feet with both hands, he said, "De debbill! De debbill, massa! De debbill kotch me by de leg in dat water!"

It was long before we could elicit any further information from him, but finally we managed to make out that something had either struck or seised his foot with such violence as to knock him down. More than this it was impossible to discover, as he preferred rolling on the ground and groaning, "Mivingi qaqamba! mivingi qaqamba! mina fele!" (Too much pain! too much pain! I am dying!)

With the inquisitiveness for which his compatriots are famous, our Yankee friend was the first who thought of going to investigate the little pool, to see whether the mystery could thus be elucidated.

He went off from the circle about the unhappy Thomas very quietly, intending, no doubt, alone and unaided, to achieve whatever glory might result from possible discoveries.

Several of us followed him. He gazed into the pool, suddenly darted down, plunged his hand into the water, and drew forth in triumph a rather large, flat fish. He was in the act of turning to us exultantly, and had just ejaculated, "Here it is! Here's the debbill!" when he dropped the fish with a loud yell and cried, "An electric fish!"

So it proved, and a very dangerous customer; for I have no doubt that were a person to touch one in crossing a river, he would receive a shock powerful enough to paralyze and disable him, when the current would carry him away.

Flogging in China.

A Chinese tragedy, followed by judicial proceedings and a remarkable all-round administration of rough justice, is reported in the latest budget of news from the Celestial Empire. An officer named Teleno hearing two of the soldiers of his company quarrelling about a money debt, called them before him and questioned them respecting their unruly conduct. They resented his interference and were flogged for insubordination. One of them, Yu-ch'eng by name, aggravated his offense and incurred severer and repeated punishment by two attempts to escape the flogging by running away. The officer Teleno himself administered 10 of the strokes indicated on Yu-ch'eng, because he considered that he was further reported to the General for further disciplinary treatment. Here even Celestial endurance was at an end. The man effectually ran away this time: he found permanent oblivion in an overdose of opium. Then the officer Teleno was tried. He was found guilty of inflicting excessive punishment and sentenced to be flogged. Ninety blows, or half those inflicted on Yu-ch'eng, were ordered. The man who administered the flogging was condemned to receive 80 blows; the soldiers guarding the deceased to suffer 60 blows, and Su-hai, the man who quarrelled with the deceased, to endure 80 blows. The report naively adds: "Yu-ch'eng being dead, no further notice need be taken of his offense, and his debt to Su-hai is extinguished."

Determined There Should be No Question About His Spelling.

There was a sign out at a grocery the other day reading; "Smurney Figs, Very Cheap." It wasn't long put out before a pedestrian entered the place and said to the proprietor:

"You ought to be ashamed to spell the name of a country in that way. Every school child will laugh at you."

As soon as he went out the grocer removed the sign and put up one reading; "Smirny Figs, Very Cheap." It wasn't half an hour before a second man came in and said:

"Say, it isn't any of my business, of course, but that spelling is a dead give away on you. Better change it."

The grocer at once removed the sign and put up one reading; "Smerny Figs Vary Cheap."

He was regarding it with a look of satisfaction when a man halted, read it over and said:

"Are they nice figs?"

"Well, fair to medium" was the reply. "There may be some question about the figs, but I don't propose there shall be about my spelling book. Let some one jump on to me now if they can!"

A Pushing Fellow.

"What's become of Bill Dikes, Sam? He used to be, when I lived here, one of the wildest and most worthless young fellows in town."

"Oh, Bill, he's settled down since then. He's got to be a pushing business man."

"You don't say! What business is he in?"

"Pushing a baby carriage and keeping books for his wife; she takes in washing."

An Ancient Oustom.

A—"Do you know where the custom of mothers taking their marriageable daughters to the watering places originated?"

B—"I have no idea."

A—"Well, it dates back to the days of Abraham. You know it was at a well that Rebecca found her husband."

Intelligent Women Beware

Best course to adopt to remove all disagreeable humors, cleanse the blood, and strengthen the system. A course of self-treatment, a course of self-treatment, a course of self-treatment.

Without Pain

My skin so dark and muddy; were once so smooth and rosy; my complexion, unbleached; lovely maiden said.

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Instruction and Price List of our various articles, and by post to address to R. Parker & Co., 75 Queen St., Toronto.

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