NUTTIE'S FATHER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXVII.—(Continued.)

But the very sight of her old friend, and the knowledge that he was in the neighbourhood, filled her heart with gladness, and seemed like a compensation for everything. Mr. Egremont was in a gracious mood, and readily consented to see Mr. Dutton—the friend who had been so pleasant and helpful at Paris—and Nuttie gave her private instructions to the footman to insure his admittance.

His card was brought in just as the father and daughter were finishing luncheon, and he was received in Mr. Egremont's sitting-room, where the first civilities had hardly passed before the door was opened, and in trotted the golden-haired boy, so beautiful a child that it would have been impossible not to look at him with delight, even for those to whom his dark eyes and sweet smile did not recall those that had once been so dear.

Mr. Egremont's voice took a fresh tone: "Ah! here he comes the old fellow"—and he held out his hands; but the boy was intent on his own purpose.

"Where's black doggie?" he asked in a silver-bell of a little voice, but lisping a good deal; "Wyn got penny for him."

"Wynnie must be a good boy. Kiss papa first, and Mr. Dutton," remonstrated the sister; and Alwyn obeyed so far as to submit to his father's embrace, and then raising those velvety eyes to the visitor's face he repeated: "Where black doggie. Wyn want to see him buy bun."

"There! your fame has preceded you," said Mr. Egremont, "or rather your dog's."

"You shall see him," said Mr. Dutton, taking the pretty boy almost reverently on his knee, "but he is at home now. I could not leave him out on the street, and I did not know if I might bring him in."

"Oh, Mr. Dutton! as if Monsieur would not be welcome," cried the Nuttie of old times. "I only wish I had stipulated for him, dear old fellow."

"Wyn want to see him," reiterated the child.

"May I take him to see the performance?" said Mr. Dutton. "I live only at the corner of Berkshire Road, and there's a dairy just opposite where Monsieur has been allowed to keep up his accomplishment."

Alwyn's legs, arms, and voice, were all excitement and entreaty; and Mr. Egremont himself proposed that they should all come and witness the feat; so Nuttie in great glee climbed the stairs with her little brother to get ready; and when she came down again, found the gentlemen deep, not in Mark Egremont's umbrellas, but in the gas and smoke grievances which had arisen since the lease of the house had been taken, and in which sympathy might be expected from a fellow-inhabitant of the district. Little Alwyn was, however, plainly the lord of the ascendant, and unused to see anything else attended to in his presenee. He took possession of Mr. Dutton's hand, and his tongue went fast, nor did his father or sister seem to desire any better music. They reached an old-walled garden, with lilac and laburnum and horse-chestnut blossoming above and showing a mass of greenery through the iron railing that surmounted the low wall on the street side, where Mr. Dutton halted and took out his key.

"Is this yours?" exclaimed Nuttie, "I have so often wondered whose it could be."

"Yes, it was a country-house when I was of the age of this little man, though you might not think it."

"The increase of London had not been on that side," said Mr. Egremont. "This must be a very valuable property!

And Nuttie perceived that such an inheritance made Mr. Dutton much more in his eyes than an ex-umbrella-monger; but no sooner was the rail iron gate opened than Monsieur, beautifully shaved, with all his curly tufts in perfection, came bounding to meet his master, and Alwyn had his arms around the neck in a moment. Monsieur had in his time been introduced to too many children not to understand the situation, and respond politely; and he also recognised Ursula, and gave unmistakable proofs of being glad to see her.

Then the halfpenny was presented to him. He wagged his queer tail, smiled with his intelligent brown eyes, took it between his teeth, and trotted across the street in the most business-like way, the others following, but detaining the boy from keeping too close. They found the creature sitting upright, tapping the floor with his tail, the centre of rapturous admiration to all the customers already in the dairy shop. He received his bun, and demurely dropping on his front legs, walked back with it to his master, and crossed the road with it uneaten, rather to Alwyn's disappointment; but Mr. Dutton said he would probably dispose of it in some hiding-place in the garden until his evening appetite came on. It was well he was a dog of moderation, for there was great temptation to repeat the entertainment more than was wholesome for him.

"There, Wynnie," said Nuttie in a voice of monition, "Monsieur doesn't eat all his goodies at once, he keeps them for bedtime.

It might be perceived that the over-supply of sweets was a matter of anxiety to the elder sister. To the nurse, whe waited in readiness, Alwyn was consigned for his walk, while his father and sister accepted Mr. Dutton's invitation to look round his domain. It would have been small in the country, but it was extensive for the locality, and there was a perfect order and trimness about the shaven lawn, the little fountain in the midst, the flower-beds gay with pansies, forget-me-nots, and other early beauties, and the freshly-rolled gravel paths, that made Nuttie exclaim: "Ah! I should have known this for yours anywhere.

"I have not had much to do to it," he said.

"My old aunts had it well kept up, even when they could only see it from their windows. Their old gardener still lives in the cottage behind the tool-house, though he is too infirm for anything but being wheeled about in the sun in their Bath-chair."

"You keep a large amount lying idle by retaining it as it is," said Mr. Egremont.

"True, but it is well to preserve an oasis here and there."

Nuttie knew well that it was not for himself alone, and as they entered the little conservatory, and her eye fell on the row of white hyacinths, the very scent carried her back to the old times, and her eyes grew moist while Mr. Dutton was cutting a bouquet for her in accordance with well-known tastes.

"I shall put them in my room. It will feel like home," she said, and then she saw that she had said what her father did not like; for he was always sensitive as to any reference in her early life.

Mr. Dutton, however, took this opportunity of saying that he had been backwards and forwards to Micklethwayte several times this spring.

"I hope you are well out of the concern there," said Mr. Egremont.

"Thank you, sir; I have no share in it at present."

"So much the better!"

"But I am very anxious about my friends."

"Ah!" But Mr. Egremont's attention was drawn off at the entrance of the house by a new-fashioned stove of which Mr. Dutton did the honours, conducting father and daughter into the drawing-room where obvious traces of the old lades remained, and thence into his own sitting-room, smelling pleasantly of Russia leather, and recalling that into which Nuttie had been wont, before her schooldays, to climb by the windows and become entranced by the illustrations of a wonderful old edition of *Telemaque*, picked up at Paris.

Mr. Dutton made them sit and rest, for this had been a good deal of exercise for Mr. Egremont; coffee was brought in, having been ordered on their arrival, and therewith Mr. Dutton entered on an exposition of the affairs of Greenleaf and Goodenough, which was listened to with a good deal of interest, though Nuttie could not quite detect whether it were altogether friendly interests in Mark's misfortunes, or if there were not a certain triumph in the young man having run into trouble by rejecting his offer.

Mr. Dutton explained that his present object was to induce the friends of the family to prevent annoyance by preserving the furniture and personals at a valuation; and Mr. Egremont readily agreed to contribute to doing this, though he said the sisters and stepmother were well able also to do their share.

"And then to give the young people a fresh start," added Mr. Dutton.

"There are some men who are always wanting fresh starts," said Mr. Egremont, "just as there are some vessels that are always unlucky. And if you observe, it is just those men who are in the greatest haste to hang an expensive wife and family round their necks."

"I don't think poor Annaple can be accused of being expensive, papa," said Nuttie. "Only think, when Wynnie has two nurses always after him, her Willie has only the fraction of a little maid, who does all sorts of work besides."

"Yes, I never saw more resolute and cheerful exertion than Mrs. Mark Egremont's," said Mr. Dutton.

"She owes him something," said Mr. Egremont, "for she has been the ruin of him."

"Of his worldly prospects in one sense," said Mr. Dutton quietly; while Nuttie felt how much better and wiser an answer it was than the indignant denial that trembled on her tongue. "There can be no doubt that they made a grievous mistake in their choice, and I unfortunately was concerned in leading them into it; but no one can see how they meet their troubles without great respect and admiration, and I am especially bound to seek for some new opening for them. I have little doubt that some office work might be found for him in London, but they are essentially country people, and it would be much better for them if he could have some agency. I suppose the situation you offered him before, sir, is filled up?"

"Not really," cried Nuttie. We have only a common sort of uneducated bailiff, who would be much better with some one over him. You said so, papa."

"Did he request you to apply to me?" said Mr. Egremont sharply, looking at Mr. Dutton.

"Neither he nor she has the least idea of my intention; I only thought, sir, you might be willing to consider how best to assist a nephew, who has certainly not been wanting either in industry or economy, and who bears your name."

"Well, I will think it over," said Mr. Egremont, rising to take leave.

The carriage had been bidden to await them at the door for their daily drive, and as Mr. Egremont leant back with the furs disposed over him he observed:

"That's a man who knows how to take care of himself. I wonder where he gets his coffee. I've not drunk any like it since I was at Nice." And Nuttie, though well knowing that Mr. Dutton's love of perfection was not self-indulgence, was content to accept this as high approbation, and a good augury for Mark and Annaple. Indeed, with Mr. Dutton settled near, and with the prospect of a daily walk from church with him, she felt such a complete content and trust as she had not known since she had been uprooted from Micklethwayte.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BRAVE HEART.

"One furnace many times the good and bad may hold,
Yet what consumes the chaff will only cleanse the gold."

—*Archbishop Trench.*

Never was there a truer verse than that which tells us that in seeking duty we find pleasure by the way, and in seeking pleasure we meet pain. It might be varied to apply to our anticipations of enjoyment or the reverse. Ursula had embraced her lot as a necessity, and found it enlivened by a good many sunshiny hours; and when she looked upon Mr. Dutton's neighborhood as a continual source of delight and satisfaction, she found that it gave rise to a continual course of small disappointments.

In the first place, he did not walk home from church with her every morning. She looked for him in vain, even when she knew he was in town. He only appeared there on Sundays, and at intervals when he had some especial reason for speaking to her. At first she thought he must have grown lazy or out of health to have thus dropped his old Micklethwayte habits, but after a time she discovered by accident that he frequented another church, open at a still earlier hour and a little farther off, and she was forced to come to the conclusion that he acted out of his characteristic precise scrupulosity which would not consider it as correct for her to walk home every day with him. She chafed, and derided "the dear old man" a little in her own mind, then ended with a sigh. Was there any one who cared so much about what was proper for her? And, after all, was he really older than Mr. Clarence Fane, whom everybody in her father's set called Clarence or even Clare, and treated as the boy of the party, so that she had taken it as quite natural that he should be paired off with her. It was quite a discovery!

There was another and more serious disappointment. Mr. Egremont had not seemed disinclined to consider the giving the agency to Mark, and Nuttie had begun to think with great satisfaction of May Condamine's delight in welcoming him, and of the good influence that would be brought to bear on the dependents, when suddenly there came a coolness. She She could trace the moment, and was sure that it was when Gregorio became aware of what was intended. He had reason to dread Mark as an enemy, and was likely to wish to keep him at a distance; and it had been Ursula's great hope that an absolute promise might have been given before he heard of the plan; but Mr. Egremont was always slow to make up his mind, except when driven by a sudden impulse, and had never actually said that the post would be offered to his nephew. Nuttie only detected the turn of the tide by the want of cordiality, the hums and haws, and by and by the resumption of the unkind ironical tone when Mark and Annaple were mentioned; and at last, when she had been reading to him a letter from Mrs. William Egremont full of anxiety for the young people, and yet of trust in his kindness to them, he exclaimed, "You've not been writing to her about this absurd proposal?"

"I have not mentioned any proposal at all. What do you mean?"

"Why, this ridiculous idea about the agency. As if I was going to put my affairs into the hands of a man who has made such a mull of his own."

"But that was not Mark's fault, papa. He was junior, you know, and had no power over that Goodenough."

"He ought, then! Never sail with an unlucky captain. No, no, Mark's honourable lady would not let him take the agency when he might have had it, and I am not going to let them live upon me now that they have nothing of their own."

"Oh, papa, but you almost promised!"

"Almost!" he repeated with his ironical tone; "that's a word capable of a good deal of stretching. That is what you and that umbrella fellow have made out of my not giving him a direct refusal on the spot. He may meddle with Mark's affairs if he chooses, but not with mine."

Nuttie had learnt a certain amount of wisdom, and knew that to argue a point only made her father more determined, so she merely answered, "Very well;" adding in a meek voice, "Their furniture, poor things!"

"Oh, ay. Their umbrella friend is making a collection for them. Yes, I believe I said I would contribute."

Hot blood surged up within Nuttie at the contemptuous tone, and she bit her lip to keep down the answer, for she knew Mr. Dutton intended to call the next afternoon for her father's ultimatum before going down to Micklethwayte, where the crisis was fast approaching, and she had so much faith in his powers that she dreaded to forestall him by an imprudent word. Alas, Gregorio must have been on his guard, for, though Nuttie was sure she heard her friend's ring at the usual time, no entrance followed. She went up to put on her habit to ride with her father, and when she came down Mr. Egremont held out a card with the name "Philip Dutton," and the pencilled request below to be allowed to see Mr. Egremont later in the day.

"He has been denied!" exclaimed she in consternation.

"Hein! Before we go out, sit down and write a note for me." And he dictated—

"Dear Sir—I will not trouble you to call again this afternoon, as I have decided on reflection that there is no employment on my estate suited to my nephew, Mark Egremont.

"As I understand that you are raising a family subscription for rescuing his furniture from the creditors, I enclose a cheque for £50 for the purpose.—I remain——"

"Yours—what—papa?" asked Ursula, with a trembling voice, full of tears.

"Yours, etc., of course. Quite intimate enough for an ex-umbrella-monger. Here, give it to me, and I'll sign it while you fill up the cheque for me."

That such should be the first letter that Nuttie ever addressed to Mr Dutton, since the round hand one in "which Miss Ursula wished Mr. Dutton to have the onner of a tee with me on my birthday, and I am your effected little Nuttie!"

She hoped to explain and lament the next morning, after church. He would surely come to talk it over with her; but he only returned a civil note with his receipt, and she did not see him again before his departure. She was greatly vexed; she had wanted so much to tell him how it was, and then came an inward consciousness that she would probably have told him a great deal too much.

Was it that tiresome prudence of his again that would think for her and prevent impulsive and indignant disclosures? It made her bring down her foot sharply on the pavement with vexation as she suspected that he thought her so foolish, and then again her heart warmed with the perception of self-denying care for her. She trusted to that same prudence for no delusive hopes having been given to Mark and his wife.

She did so justly. Mr. Dutton had thought the matter far too uncertain to be set before them. The Canoness's vague hopes had been the fruit of a hint imprudently dropped by Nuttie herself in a letter. She had said more to Miss Nugent, but Mary was a nonconductor. Mr Dutton's heart sank as he looked at the houses, and he had some thoughts of going to her first for intelligence, but Annaple had spied him, and ran out to the gate to welcome him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Heroic Girl.

Miss Clara—Oh, Ethel, I had my ears pierced to-day!

Miss Ethel—weren't you dreadfully frightened?

Miss Clara—a little at first, but I kept saying "solitaire," "solitaire," "solitaire" to myself, and before I knew it it was all over.

A Hopeful View.

Old Mrs Bently.—Have you heerd how Mrs. Brown is gittin' on?

Old Mr. Bently—She was doin' very well, and although one lung is gone, the doctor said he thought she might live for some time; but las' week she ketched cold, which developed into pneumonia.

Old Mrs. Bently (with pensive hopefulness)—Ah, well, if she's only got one lung she can't have it very bad.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

BY MARION HARLAND.

As a rule, fathers are reluctant to have their daughters marry. The mother who knows for herself what are the trials of a wife's lot, and upon whom the separation of the girl from home and family falls most heavily, yields her up more cheerfully. The match-making mamma is a stale and stock joke with the misogynists, but who ever heard of a manœuvring papa? Yet the astute provider in forecasting the future should see more distinctly than his spouse the approach of the day when sheltering walls and arms will have fallen away from the lonely spinster, leaving her the forlornest being alive—always and everywhere excepting a confirmed old bachelor.

In spite of foresight and worldly prudence, the father of many daughters and narrow means frowns and sighs at the suggestion of relief from the burden that may come through the marriage of the girls. They may be extravagant and undutiful, but they are his, and he grows savage at the thought of giving them into other men's keeping. There is no affectation in his unwillingness or savagery. So well established is the anomaly that it's the mother, in most "cases of the heart," who suppresses her jealousy of the stranger who has robbed her of the first place in her child's affections, and becomes the young peoples' mediator with her irate lord. From the standpoint of the ordinary observer, the situation is so nearly phenomenal as to provoke speculation and questioning. The latter is met with vaguest evasions. The father "doesn't want to lose his girl. There is time enough—she is only a baby yet. He is willing and glad to take care of her. What does she want with a better home?" And a dozen et ceteras that throw no more light on the true inwardness of the case.

A little while ago I "interviewed" the father of one daughter, and she passing fair, on

THIS VEXED AND VEXATIOUS POINT.

He is a man who understands himself and knows how to say what he means, so when his open brow darkened at a hint that his girl might not always be his alone, I pushed inquiry. It did not satisfy me to be told that he had a loaded revolver and bull-dog ready for any fellow who should dare ask for his darling; that the best thing a man could do, and the worst thing a woman ever did, was to marry. Sensible citizens, even when fathers and fond, do not rave causelessly. Presently he steadied down into calm coherence.

"It is because we know men—how coarse in grain many of them are; how selfishly inconsiderate are the best of them; how dull of sensibility and slow of apprehension are all of us when compared with women—that we shudder to resign our tenderly-nurtured girls to them," he said, feelingly. "Men understand what I mean! And marriage is so terribly irrevocable!"

"But you married!"

"Yes, and have been glad of it, on my own account, ever since. Had I known a woman's needs and nature then as I do now, her delicate sensibilities, her capacity for love and for suffering, I could never have had the presumption to offer her marriage with myself."

The more refined the man's nature, the more strongly does he feel what this true husband and nobleman of God's own making expressed. Yet, despite his testimony, the truth abides that the

BEST EARTHLY HAPPINESS FOR WOMAN

is found in a judicious marriage; that, when her choice is wisely made, there are no peculiar miseries in wedlock; no thorns on which she would not step were she to remain celibate. It is only through her failure to enter—as the church service puts it—"discreetly" upon this ordinance of divine appointment that inevitable sorrow is incident upon it.

The first requisite in a husband is that he should appreciate the value of that which he has won, and hinging directly upon this, that he should make himself worthy to be mated with a true, noble woman. The mother cannot begin too early to impress upon her boy's mind the thought that purity in thought, word and person is as truly his duty as it is his sister's. There are, thank Heaven! men with hearts and hands as clean as those of the saintliest woman; men who scorn coarseness as loftily as they do dishonesty; upon whose garments there is not so much as the smell of the fires of temptation through which they have passed. Such a man's disdain of impurity carries with it more weight than a woman's natural aversion to what is common and unclean. It has the glorious dignity of St. Michael's triumph over the devil.

"I hate that man!" once said to me a whited and garnished sepulchre who called herself a "woman of the world." "He sets himself up, in his quiet fashion, as a moral Gibraltar. I told him one of my best stories at a dinner party the other night—a story that was decidedly piquant and a little caviare-ish, you know. Everybody else was in paroxysms of laughter. He set his handsome face like a marble mask and wouldn't see the point. Somehow he always puts me at such a disadvantage that I could murder him sometimes!"

The wife of a vicious man cannot be happy if she remain really virtuous. The wife of one who is foul in imagination, heedless and coarse in speech, must sink to his level or suffer acutely, slow martyrdom none the less cruel that is dumb and unsuspected.

SECOND TO CLEANLINESS OF HEART AND LIFE,

we may rate an equable, well-managed temper—a very different quality, let us observe, from amiability. A quick, generous temper goes so often with intelligence and feeling, and slowness is so pervasive, that we have cause to distrust the powers of a man who never gets angry. The thoroughbred, trained to bit and harness, is more easily driven than the cold-blooded roadster; is safer as well as freer in action. The sullen embers of a phlegmatic man's anger smoulder long. He may not retaliate on the instant, but he never forgives or forgets a supposed affront. His sense of injury is like the laughter of Olympus, "inextinguishable." Instead of "answering back" he answers not at all, but while he muses mutely the fire burns. The old adage, "Beware of the wrath of a patient man," is pithy, but the enmity of an amiable, slow-natured one is more deadly. The tortoise creeps surely to the goal of vengeance; the sensitive, mercurial hare falls asleep half way and forgets that he ever meant to run the unholy race. Your quietly observant, implacable husband will wear out his wife's life by inches, file away her heart, rasp her finer nature raw.

Let our girl look to it that her chosen partner has his temper cleverly in hand, whatever may be its calibre. If he cannot or will not control it before marriage, he will not try to do it afterward.

That truism should be written in italics here; illuminated in brilliant hues and hung up in the boudoir of every girl who meditates matrimony. There is nothing in the married state that will work an early cure of a violent or a sullen disposition, and much that may aggravate both. The man who cannot manage his temper and bridle his tongue when he has on a dress-coat will not attempt the task when allowed to don smoking jacket and slippers.

STEADINESS OF PURPOSE,

a definite object in life and the diligent pursuit of it, are essential to success in any age or place. Our girl cannot be too warily observant of her lover's habits of keeping engagements and fulfilling obligations. Instead of tempting him, for her dear sake, to neglect of business claims, as is the manner of some foolish virgins, she should applaud his strict attention to these, although it may occasionally interfere with her pleasures. When he gives as a reason for not escorting her to matinee or reception that he "cannot get away from the office," or for leaving her earlier than usual in the evening that he has a hard day's work on the morrow and must be in trim to do it justice, he should be honored, not censured. Few more pregnant lines were ever penned than those in which the lover declares,

"I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honor more."

In her lover's stern fidelity to the right, in his heroic submission to the restrictions of duty, in what she so far forgets herself now and then as to term "his obstinate devotion to that detestable business!" our girl has a guarantee of his fealty to her in the days and the years to come.

THIS IS THE UNROMANTIC SIDE

of courtship, but in a country where there is no privileged leisure class, business energy, properly directed, is a prime factor in the sum of wedded happiness. Wise common sense enjoins the necessity of care in this respect, and no woman need incur the suspicion of mercenary motives in making sure that the man she thinks of marrying is likely to support her decently. Rose leaves and ambrosia command high prices in our degenerate days, however cheap they may have been in the times of Strephon and Chloe, and the flowing muslins of Amaryllis must be exchanged for the tailor-made cloth gowns and furs when the blizzard is abroad in the land. It costs money to exist, and if the husband be incompetent to earn it beggary or slavish drudgery closes up the bride's vista of life. Poverty thus entailed is of the sort that setting its hoof upon the cottage threshold, scares love from his perch in the window. Wedded bliss is not comestible, nor the rapture of reciprocal devotion substantial aliment for the human body, as at present constituted.

To compatibility of temper we might add sympathy of taste, community of interests, similar bias of intellect and spiritual desires, were it not that "Like likes unlike," might be accepted as the rule of matrimonial selection were we to judge by what we see every day. Love wanders and rests whithersoever it listeth, and at some miracles of congruous incongruity, referable to no laws known to parents and friends, we may well stand amazed and dumb.

With the traditions of generations of wiseacres at her back, and the accumulated treasures of moralising well-wishers at her command, our girl must, in this most solemn issue of her mortal career, make or mar for herself. Upon her pretty, palpitating palm lies the millet-seed of possibility that may hold Prince Ahmed and his stately pavilion, or may, when opened, choke her with bitter dust.

The Post-Office Club.

The great storm interrupted our club meeting for a while. Most of the members had about all they could do at home shovelling snow and keeping the house warm. When the storm stopped we turned out and broke out some of the roads. The snow began to melt at once, and the roads are all the way from two to three feet deep with mud. The gutters are piled up with snow, so that the water can't run away. So it settles in the middle of the road, which, as a result of our system of road making, is generally the lowest part. Mud! mud!! mud!!! We have all we want, and a lot to spare. Our mud seems to be alive. It seems to crawl up your boots and cover you all over. It seems like a sin to take a horse out into it. Most farmers seem to think it cheaper to walk than to take out a horse and then have to clean him off. The mud casts a gloom over the entire neighborhood. Everybody seems inclined to borrow trouble. "Terrible times for a funeral or sickness," they say. Nobody is sick, yet all the croakers imagine how dreadful such a state would be. To show how powerful the mud is, it may be said that it has nearly covered Uncle Jacob's philosophy. This is about all he can see in it: "I haf no doubt dere is blenty off good boints mit dis mud, but dey vas most off dem go mit a strike shust now. Ve vas fail to understand, sometimes, shust vy ve vas called upon to vade mit der mud effery spring. Here vas my obinion. Effery man vas get soft mit der vinter. He vas eat shust as much vile he vas do much less vork. Conseguently his stomach vas run avay mit his muscle—vich vas not der broper ting. It vas necessary for dot muscle to catch up mit der stomach pefore der hard vork off summer vas pegin. Conseguently Nature vas provide egstra vork mit der shape off der mud. It vas harder vork to get around mit it, und der conseguence vas dot dere extra vork vas build up der muscle so dot ve vas in goot draining for der summer vork already. But for der mud it vould dake us till der middle off summer to get into vorking drim. It vas shust like a brize fighters dot vorks hard und praces up mit his muscle pefore he steps in mit der ring. So eff we looks at it mit dis light, ve vas find dat der mud vas an excellent ting—someting ve could not do mitout."

SMALL PICA.

Comforts of a Home.

Landlady (to applicant for board)—You will find, sir, we can give you the comforts of a home.

Applicant—Comforts of a home! Why, madam. I've just sent my wife away for six months and closed my house completely because I need rest.

A Talk With the Ladies.

After reading "A Fireside Talk with Lords," I could not resist the temptatio have a little talk with the "lords" *la*

I have learned by experience that a l management goes a good way with t wonderful peers. They won't own it, never mind about that. Now, if we only do our house-cleaning without t lords mistrusting what is going on, we avoid all these unpleasant feelings occurrences. But that is not possible, one may say. Possibly not to every yet to most housekeepers I believe it i have lived in the city and country, servants and without; never had over teen in the family, so I will not preten advise those whose families number *four* but I do not dread house-cleaning, nor think any of my family do.

By the expression "without their trusting," I do not mean literally the absolute ignorance as to the fact the has been cleaned—of course that would speak well for each day's labor—but need not be unpleasantly reminded Try your best to make everything pas without "fluster and worry," and you accomplish more work, besides kee every one good-natured. Don't in mer your family, turn your whole house "u down" just for spring cleaning. I know lady who had four carpets up, and the con of the four rooms in a fifth, when her band was brought home with a broke and one of the children came from s the next day with a breaking out proved to be measles. This child wa lowed in due time by the other two chi and it was mid-summer before she got rooms straightened out. To be sure was an unusual case, but it or a simila is liable to occur in any family. unexpected company that comes fr distance, at such a time, would b annoyance, for you would not ask the stay longer than civility required. to come to the actual thing

Suppose we take the dining-room fir that carpet usually needs cleaning o than any other in most houses. Don know, my ladies, how these "lords" d being huddled off into the kitchen ev a single meal, especially if that meal cold bite of "nothing extra good?" will begin, the day before you clean room, and spend all your extra time *th* getting ready for the *next* day, you come off victorious. Be sure and something nice for dessert. Have meat on hand that is easily prepared cold meat; roast beef is little work t pare, and is always considered excell any day's *menu*. If you do all your yourself, pare your potatoes the day and let them stand in water till yo them. Above all things do not wor hard and get tired out. This would b preparation. Sit down and read or nap after dinner, then clean out your closet—should you have one in the ing-room, and I hope you have. Be the top shelf and set the dishes do spare corners below, if they do not washing. After you have cleaned th you can put them back and so contin til the floor is reached. It will sav much confusion if you do not take thing out at once. You can tell in th just which china goes on this shelf o otherwise you will have to stop and When this is done, rest a few minute dust and wash the glass of your pi without taking down if possible. Th look well on the walls that evening, lord will not notice anything peculia the room. Wipe off all the bric-a-b your buffet ready to be taken out morrow.

Now comes the most difficult task. awful *tacks*! Does it lie betwee doing it and asking my lord? If i can't you do it? If you *can*, good fo Don't try to sit down in that uncomf way and take them all out at once. and walk around and it will be much to continue. Leave the corners all o my lord will not notice the tacks a Next put a cloth over your broo sweep down the cobwebs from the you might do this before you clea pictures. It does not matter much will need dusting again, after the c put down, anyway. When my lo down to his comfortable supper-t will be in blissful ignorance of you noon's work if you rightly choose son of conversation remote from it. My always to appear happy, and alway as happy as I can. It works well, one ever gained anything worth gai being cross or glum. Remember t lords, as well as ladies!

"Now I hope you can have a w help you clean if you keep no serva lord should expect his lady to clean alone, that is, if it is a *house*, it's to work for any woman—we are not c ing hovels. When I have had serva could do the cleaning I have often man for 20c. an hour to come and sh carpets and put them down. This i help, for a man can, if he will, do it than a woman, being stronger, room is in order sooner in conseque

You must let the ordinary daily —the day you clean the dining-roo afternoon, unless it be something t be done. With the beginning you ha the day before, you can have your in order at dinner time. If your lo observing man he will now rem sweet and clean the room seems, an a puzzled way if it has been "Yes," he hears your sweet voice s cleaned it this morning!" "Wh exclaims aghast, "the dining-room and we eating dinner in it, and d roast beef with my favorite Indian too? Do I wake or am I dreaming delight and surprise are undisgu if you were real tired when you s to dinner, you feel unaccountably now.

I am sure you will not need m tions further. In regard to all t rooms you can use the same fore and be victorious in like manner cause your lord to remark at this (s trying season: "Ug'h!" I should was house cleaning—boiled rice, toes, cold corned beef, hair skewed

What is Needed

By every man and woman if they secure comfort in this world is a c er. Putnam's Corn Extractor she in two or three days and without d or pain. A hundred imitations p merit of Putnam's Painless Corn E which is always sure, safe and See signature of Polson & Co. bottle. Sold by medicine dealers.