

BY CABLE.

NUTTIE'S FATHER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

CHAPTER XXIX (CONTINUED.)

The insurance office sounds the best, and he would be the least shock to our belongings," said Annaple; but it seems to lead to nothing. He would not get on unless we had capital to invest, and even if we had any, we wouldn't catch us doing that again!"

"Does Mr. Dutton advise that?" "No, but he only thought we would like it if we were quite past caring for people's feelings in the matter. They couldn't do worse than they do. I incline to do as they do, and have a regard for any business of mine to decide between the two; besides Mark would have to judge of samples, and see if he was taking in and storing of goods. He knows something about that, and I'm sure it would agree with him better than an unexpended high stool, with his nose to a wall."

"I should like it better," said Nuttie. "I'm afraid! Now I have got some one to depend on. Besides, rising is possible, if one gets a good position. I mean to be Mrs. Alderman, or Mrs. Lady Mayores, before we have done. Then they have a great big allowance set of rooms over the warehouse, where we might live and look after the business of mine to decide between the two; besides Mark would have to judge of samples, and see if he was taking in and storing of goods. He knows something about that, and I'm sure it would agree with him better than an unexpended high stool, with his nose to a wall."

"Well, I think that would be worse." "Perhaps it would; and at any rate, if the blacks do beat me, we could move. I don't rent, nor rates nor taxes—that is an inducement to swallow—no—to contend with, any number of black morns, isn't it? Well, if they settle on the tip of Billy-boy's nose."

"I could come to see you tetter there out in a suburb," said Nuttie. "But that do these rooms look out upon?" "On one side into their own court, on the other into Wulstan Street—a quiet place on the whole—all walls and warehouses; and there's an excellent parish church, Mr. Enderwood's; so I think we might do better."

"I see. And you meet him elsewhere, don't you, in general society?" "I don't go out much now that Lady Sirkally is not in town; but he always seems to turn up everywhere that one goes."

"Urrah, I'm very glad of that tone of voice. I was afraid—" "Afraid of what?" cried Nuttie in a dejected tone. "That you liked him, and he is not really like Nuttie. Mark knows all about him; and so did I when I lived with the Delcans."

Nuttie laughed rather bitterly. "Thank you, Annaple. As if I could care for that man—or be for me, for that matter! I know but too well," she added gravely, "that nobody nice is ever intimate at home."

"I beg your pardon. I would not have worried you about it, only I think you must take care, Nuttie, for Blanche mentioned it to me last winter."

discussed, he asked, "And I suppose you are taking part in everything here?" "No, that I can't!" "Indeed! I know Porlock, the second curate here, very well, and he tells me that his vicar has a wonderful faculty of finding appropriate work for every one. Of course you know him?"

"No, I don't," said Nuttie. "Miss Egremont has her appropriate work," said Mr. Dutton, and the deacon felt himself pushed into his old position at Micklethwayte. He knew the clergy of the district very well, and how persistently either Mr. Egremont, or perhaps Gregorio, prevented their gaining admittance at his house; and he guessed, but did not know, that Nuttie could not have got into personal intercourse with them without flat disobedience."

Annaple threw herself into the breach, and talked of St. Wulstan's; and the encounter ended, leaving the sense of having drifted entirely away from one another, and being perfectly heart whole, though on the one hand Ursula's feelings of respect and honour; and Gerard's had a considerable element of pity and disapprobation.

"No!" said Annaple when they were gone, "he will not cry like the kloarek in the Breton ballad who wetted three great missals through with his tears at his first mass. He is very good, I am sure, but he is a bit of a prig!"

"It is very hard to youth to be good without priggishness," said Mr. Dutton. "Self-assertion is necessary, and it may easily be carried too far."

"Buttresses are useful, but they are not beauties," rejoined Annaple. The warehouse arrangement was finally adopted, and after the three weeks necessary for the cleaning and fitting of their floor, and the bringing in of their furniture, Mark and Annaple began what she termed "Life among the Blacks."

Nuttie had great designs of constantly seeing Annaple, sending her supplies from the gardens and preserves at Bridgefield, taking her out for drives, and cultivating a friendship between Alwyn and Willie, who had taken to each other very kindly on the whole. They could not exactly understand each other's language, and had great fights from time to time over toys, for though there was a year between them they were nearly equal in strength; but they cared for each other's company more than anything else, were always asking to go to one another, and roared when the time of parting came; at least Alwyn did so unreservedly, for Nuttie had begun to perceive with compunction that Billy-boy was much the most under control, and could try to be good at his mother's word, without other bribe than her kiss and smile. Ah! but he had a mother!

CHAPTER XXX.

NUTTIE'S PROSPECTS.

"Three hundred pounds and possib'ilities." Merry Wives of Windsor.

Again Nuttie's plans were doomed to be frustrated. It did not prove to be half so easy to befriend Mr. and Mrs. Mark Egremont as she expected, at the distance of half London apart, and with no special turn for being patronised on their side. Her father took a fancy for almost daily drives with her in the park, because then he could have Alwyn with him; and the little fellow's chatter had become his chief amusement. Or if she had the carriage to herself, there was sure to be something needful to be done which made it impossible to go into the city to take up and set down Mrs. Mark Egremont; and to leave her to make her way home would be no kindness. So Nuttie only accomplished a visit once before going out of town, and that was by her own exertions—by underground railway and cab. Then she found all going prosperously; the blacks not half so obnoxious as had been expected (of course not, thought Nuttie, in the middle of the summer); the look-out over the yard very amusing to Billy-boy; and the large old-fashioned pannelled rooms, so cool and airy that Annaple was quite delighted with them, and contemned the idea of needing a holiday. She had made them very pretty and pleasant with her Micklethwayte furniture, whose only fault was being on too small a scale for these larger spaces, but that had been remedied by piecing and making what had been used for two serve one.

The kitchen was on the same floor, close at hand, which was well, for Annaple did a good deal there, having only one young maid for the rougher work. She had taken lessons in the School of Cookery, and practised a good deal even at Micklethwayte, and she was proud of her skill and economy. Mark came in for his mid-day refreshment, and looked greatly brightened, as if the worst had come and was by no means so bad as he expected. All the time he had been at Mr. Dutton's he had been depressed and anxious, but now, with his boy on his knee, he was merrier than Nuttie had ever known him. As to exercise, there were delightful evening walks, sometimes early marketings in the long summer mornings before business began—and altogether it seemed, as Nuttie told her father afterwards, as if she had had a glimpse into a little City Arcadia.

"Hein!" said he, "how long will it last?"

for the man, I could not do it. I don't do my poor father much good, but as to leaving poor little Alwyn in his clutches—I must be perfectly demoted with love even to think of it."

There was a desire on the valet's part to coax and court little Alwyn of which she felt somewhat jealous. The boy was naturally the pet of every one in the household, but he was much less out of Gregorio's reach in the present confined quarters, and she could not bear to see him lifted up in the valet's arms, allowed to play with his watch, held to look at distant sails on board the yacht, or even fed with sweet biscuits or chocolate creams.

The Rectory nursery had gone on a strict regimen and nurse was as angry as Nuttie herself; but there was no preventing it, for his father was not above cupboard love, and never resisted the entreaties that were always excited by the sight of dainties, only laughing when Nuttie remonstrated, or even saying, "Never mind, sister Wynnie, she's got the Lord's Teachem's cap on," and making the child laugh by pretending to smuggle in papers of sweets by stealth, apart from the severe eyes of sister or nurse.

That cut Nuttie to the heart. To speak of the evils for which self-indulgence was a preparation would only make her father sneer at her for a second Hannah Moore. It was a language he did not understand; and as to the physical unwholesomeness he simply did not choose to believe it. She almost wished Alwyn would for once be sick enough to frighten him, but that never happened, nor would he accept nurse's statement of the boy being out of order.

Poor little Alwyn, he was less and less of an unmixed joy to her as he was growing out of the bounds of babyhood, and her notions of discipline were thwarted by her father's unbounded indulgence. To her the child was a living soul, to be trained for a responsible position here and for the eternal world beyond; to her father he was a delightful plaything, never to be vexed, whose very tempers were amusing, especially when they teased the serious elder sister.

"Oh, father! do you ever think what it will come to?" Nuttie could not help saying one day when Mr. Egremont had prevented her from carrying him off in disgrace to the nursery for tying the rolls up in dinner napkins to enact Punch and Judy, in spite of his own endeavors to prevent the consequent desolation of the preparations. Mr. Egremont shrugged his shoulders, and only observed, "An excuse for a little home tyranny, eh? No, no, Wyn; we don't want tame little muffs here."

Nuttie was obliged to run out of the room and—it must be confessed—dance and stamp out her agony of indignation and misery that her father should be bent on ruining his child, for she could not understand that all this was simply the instinctive self-indulgence of a drugged brain and dulled conscience.

She did, however, get a little support and help during a brief stay in the shooting season at Bridgefield. The Canoness was visiting the Condemns at the Rectory, and very soon understood all the state of things, more perhaps from her former nurse than from Ursula. She was witness to one of those trying scenes, when Nuttie had been forbidding the misuse of a beautiful elaborate book of nursery rhymes, where Alwyn thought proper to "kill" with repeated stabs the old woman of the shoe, when preparing to beat her progeny.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Took Pleasure in Torture.

"The queerest fellow I ever have taken across the mountains," said the Russian captain, "was a young stanovoi (commissary of police) named Popoff. There was nothing peculiar about his appearance; he looked much like many other stanovois, but in his black eyes there was a fire that you can only detect in the eyes of a hungry wolf. Thinking of him, I often wondered what strange characters our mother Russia is capable of producing. Popoff was sentenced to deportation; had been his judge I would have had him flogged to death. You fellows know that flogging is a common thing in the villages and towns of mother Russia. The peasant is flogged when unable to pay his taxes; he is flogged if he ceases to worship his icons and priest and joins some sect; he is flogged in some parts of our beloved country, for refusing to give up Roman Catholicism, for instance, and join our only saving Greek Catholic Church. Certainly, you know that very well yourself, no need wasting words. But you don't know of any cases where flogging has been practised as an art and amusement. Popoff did it. He was gifted by nature with a peculiar ferocity, and he took lively pleasure in such scenes. Ivan, the Terrible, also used to feel a tickling sort of pleasure when men and women were being tortured and cut to pieces before his eyes. The wretch used to revel in such exercises. Men and women, old and young, strong and weak, all had to be flogged at least once a month, for it so pleased the stanovoi. By his orders the rods were heated in an oven to make them more flexible, and were sprinkled with salt, or else rubbed with a wet rag dipped in salted water. The blows, instead of following quickly one after another, were given with long intervals between, besides being inflicted with such violence that the victims lost their senses. During the whole time of the punishment the unfortunate victims, having on only their shirts, were lying on the floor, in an unheated room, with several degrees of frost in the air, while he—the stanovoi, Popoff—was leisurely walking to and fro wrapped in furs and rejoicing at his victim's sufferings. The enjoyment Popoff derived from such practices was so great that he never accepted any apologies or excuses from or on behalf of those who were condemned to undergo the heartless punishment. Even when the 'Mir' (the peasants' commune), pitying some old or sick man, deposited for him the sum he was owing in taxes the stanovoi took the money but declared that the man would be punished just the same. All this had been proved by eyewitnesses. Popoff was tried for cruelty and having caused the death of many unfortunates at the City of Riazan in March 1879. Now in Siberia he is a free man, of course."

What He Wanted to See.

A naughty little boy was blubbering because his mother wouldn't let him go down to the river on the Sabbath, and upon being admonished said: "I didn't want to go a-swimmin' with 'em, ma; I only want to go down and— and see the bad little boys get drowned for a swimmin' on Sunday."

The Condition of Cuba.

A letter from Cuba shows that that fine Island is in a most deplorable condition. If the account which the correspondent gives is anything like true, Cuba could hardly be worse governed than it is. The Post office is not to be depended upon, letters are opened, delayed and in some cases destroyed, magazines and illustrated papers appropriated, and novels are read by the officials and sent to their destination dirty and dogeared. So unreliable is the Cuban post office that those who have important letters to send a knowledge of whose contents they wish to withhold from the authorities, must find some safer means of conveying them than the postal department supplies. The Custom House has been seized by the military authorities and is now in their possession, but the revenue does not show that the administration of the soldiers is a whit more honest than was that of the civilians. Worse than this, life and property are not safe on the Island. "Never before in the world's history," writes the correspondent, "has lawlessness been more complete and murder more common. With perfect impunity murderers ply their daggers in the streets of Havana in the broad day." A Cuban newspaper is quoted as saying: "Assaults, thefts, murders are daily occurrences throughout the Island." Another journal confirms this in the following terms: "The worst of it is that the footpads do not alone beat and rob, but on the slightest provocation employ the dagger or pistol, and thus have already caused the death of many eminent and peaceful citizens." Within the last month no fewer than seven citizens while engaged in their daily avocations were kidnapped by the brigands. One of them a wealthy planter, Senor Galindez Aldama, was not liberated until he paid a ransom of \$17,000 in gold. The press is muzzled, and Cuba, in the words of the correspondent, "is fast sinking into a condition of utter lawlessness and despair."

As a Dictator.

In the preface to the memoirs, Garibaldi advocates on the very first page—writing in 1872—the necessity of "an honest and temporary dictatorship" for nations like France, Spain, and Italy, as distinguished from the state of things in England. Repeatedly he recurs to that idea. It was a fixed one with him, as I had occasion to find in 1864. Having one day, in company with my wife, taken him from the charmed circle in which he was then somewhat confined in the house of the Duke of Sutherland, and conducted him from my house, first to Ledru Rollin and then to Louis Blanc, questions relating to future action were then and there discussed. "Are you still a Republican?" Mme. Ledru-Rollin asked him pointblank, with that directness of speech which is the privilege of ladies. "Certainly!" he answered. Then he added: "If the time should come for renewing the movement for a Commonwealth in Italy I believe a dictator will have to be appointed by way of transition in order to insure success." Nobody among us doubted whom he had in view. Owing to his bringing up as an ordinary seaman and his freebooter's life abroad Garibaldi, in 1849, was, in culture of mind, even less to be compared to Mazzini than in later years. Of his natural intellectual aptitude I confess I hold a higher opinion than some of his democratic compatriots would acknowledge. I am also convinced that his so-called simplicity was far less than appearances might seem to warrant. This was my distinct impression from personal observation, especially when, the appointed spokesman of the Germans in London, I was invited by him to see him in the Isle of Wight, before his entry into London, on which occasion many political questions were confidentially discussed. However, Mazzini would openly say among friends, with a somewhat startling candor: "I am the head, he is the arm of our cause!" Such claims and counter-claims could not but create a deal of friction.

Fruit Without Seeds.

It is well known that high cultivation tends to produce fruit containing fewer seeds, until at last all the powers of the tree or plant are directed to the perfecting of the pulp. In some cases no seed appears. The finest varieties of plantains and bananas, pineapples and bread-fruit have no seeds. Of course, all such trees and plants have to be propagated from shoots or cuttings. It has been a common belief that the life of such plants could not be prolonged indefinitely. In the case of the apple and the orange this is true. The trees have to be raised from seeds, and the seedless varieties are grafted upon these. Such varieties of fruit could not arise in a state of nature. They are the result of selection by the early races of mankind. It must have been the case that the fruit was abundant, so that people were content only with the best. It must also have been a favorite, if not a necessary article of food, or men would not have improved it by careful selection. Humboldt thought that some species of the plantain were native to America, but the early discoverers made no mention of finding it here. If we could prove it to be native, it would raise our estimate of the civilization of the people. As the case stands, the probability is that these seedless fruits were first produced in the East Indies, and from that point have been carried around the world. The name of the banana indicates that it was given in the East, and that the fruit was a leading one in the ancient markets.

Let Us Work Earnestly.

The true laborer is not only worthy of his hire, but in one sense, certain of his wages; the higher wages which the Great Master has not placed at the disposal of man, or in the control of the capitalists; the sure and sweet reward for which all earnest souls would strive, were there no such a thing as money returns for toil. For real singers must sing, real preachers preach, true painters paint, and geniuses of all kinds labor for the subtle satisfaction that work itself affords. For to them "No endeavor is in vain. Its reward is in the doing; And the rapture of pursuing Is the prize the vanquished gain."

There are nearly 300,000 Chinamen in the United States.

Stallions Whipped by a Jack.

A wild stallion tears no beast except the grizzly, and will not always flinch from an encounter with it; yet it is a curious fact that a Jack will almost always kill one in a fair fight. The particulars of a fight of this kind were related to me by a cattle man who was engaged in bringing out blooded stock from the East. Among the animals under his charge were two great stallions, one gray and one black, and a fine jackass, not much over half the size of either of the former. The animals were kept in separate pens, but one day both horses got into the same enclosure, next to the jack-pen, and began to fight as only enraged stallions can, striking like boxers with their fore feet and biting with their teeth. The gray was getting the best of it, but while clinched with his antagonist in one tussel they rolled against the jack-pen, breaking it in. No sooner was the jack at liberty than, with ears laid back and mouth wide open, he made straight for the two horses, who had for the moment separated. The gray turned to meet him rearing on his hind legs and striking at him with his fore feet; but the jack slipped in, and in a minute grasped his antagonist by the throat with his wide open jaws and then held on like a bulldog, all four feet planted stiffly in the soil. The stallion made tremendous efforts to shake him off; he would try to whirl round and kick him, but for that the jack was too short; then he would rise up, lifting the jack off the ground, and strike at him with his fore feet; but all that he gained by this was to skin his foe's front legs without making him lose his hold. Twice they fell and twice the stallion rose, by main strength dragging the jack with him; but all in vain. Meanwhile the black horse attacked both the combatants with perfect impartiality, striking and kicking them with his hoofs, while his teeth as they slipped off the tough hides met with a snap like that of a bear trap. Undoubtedly the jack would have killed at least one of the horses had not the men come up and with no small difficulty separated the maddened brutes.—Century.

It's a Poor Rule that Won't Work Bot Ways.

Landlady (to applicant for board)—Have you children, madam? Applicant—No. Landlady—You are fortunate, for we never take families who have children. Applicant—Have you any children? Landlady—Yes, two. Applicant—Well, you are unfortunate, for we never board with families who have children.

Spoiled His Own Breakfast.

Husband (at the breakfast table)—Why, where is the mackerel I brought home last night? Wife—Do you refer to the mackerel you brought home this morning? Husband—Er, yes, it was this morning, perhaps. Wife—You put it to soak, John, in a pan of soft soap, and the cook had to throw it away.

Likes a Change.

Mistress (at breakfast)—Bridget, I told you to always bake the potatoes, not fry them. Bridget—Yis, mum; but it's not mesil that can ate baked potatys sivin mornins in the wake.

A Foolish Extravagance.

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "what would you think if I should put an enemy into my mouth to steal away my brains?" "I would (hic) think, sir," hiccupped the young man, "that you were going to an unnecessary expense."

A Man with a Conscience.

Wife (to husband, in the grocery business)—John, I do wish that you would join the church and become a Christian. You promised me you would. Husband—I know I did, Maria, and I will; but I've got to work off that stock of maple sugar first. I'm no hypocrite.

An "Arabian Nights" Story.

"I have called—" began the lady. "Ah, yes," said the editor, with a deep sigh, "in regard to that MS. story of yours which I returned with thanks last week?" "Yes, I—" "I know," interrupted the editor, nervously, "but you see we are so overcrowded with matter at present that—" "But I—" "Exactly. Your story had much to recommend it. I read it with great interest, I assure you—" "I—" "With great interest, really; but I regret to say that it did not exactly meet our requirements. You might send it to—" "If I—" "No, I don't think it would suit us, even if you rewrote it, as you were about to suggest, for—" "But—" "No, I assure you there was no personal feeling in the matter—not the slightest." "I have—" "My dear lady I am aware that you are the sole support of an aged mother and an invalid sister—all our feminine contributors are—but still—" "Mr.—" "Yes, of course, your friends all say that your story is equal to anything that ever appeared in our columns, and I—" "But, sir—" "You might send us something at some future time—say in about a year and a half or two years. Then we—" "Will you listen to me a moment, sir?" "With your pardon, ma'am." "I only called to say that, having reread the story I sent you, I am convinced that it is destitute of merit, and I wish to apologize for having sent it to you."

A Competent Nurse.

Mistress (to applicant)—Yes; I have advertised for a nurse. Are you competent to take care of young children? Applicant—Oh, yis, mum. Mistress—You never give them paregoric to quiet them? Applicant—Niver, mum. I allers prefers laudanum.