

NUTTIE'S FATHER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED)

Just as she was getting the dagger paper-cut out of his little hand, and was diverting the point of his swelling lip his father became aware of the contest, and immediately the half-conquered boy appealed to him. "Sister Wynnie! Won't let Wynnie kiss me?" "Sister Wynnie, beating poor little Wynnie!"

"A fellow feeling! Oh, sister? Kill her away, boy, tear her out! Yes, give her away, and tell her that's the way to serve poor Wynnie! I declare, Ursula, she has got something of your expression."

"Oh Wynnie, Wynnie!" said Nuttie, as she trotted up to her, "is sister cross and angry, and she opened her arms to him?" "Sister, Wyn's own sister," said the child affectionately, letting himself be kissed as he saw her grieved. "She shan't be ugly to you—ugly old woman go in fire."

"So peritously near the flame did he run to burn the old woman that Mr. Egremont thought to her that in spite of all that humbug, she was perfectly careless of the child, although if she had withheld him she would probably have been blamed for thwarting him."

"Are you quite fair towards Ursula?" she ventured to say when the girl had gone to dress for walking down with her to the Rectory. "It is hard on her, and not good for the boy to upset her authority."

"Eh? Why, the girl is just a governess, imbedded with the spirit of all those old women who bred her up. A nice life the poor child would have of it, but for me."

"I am sure she is devotedly attached to him." "Hein! So she thinks; but trust human nature for loving to wreak discipline on the child who has cut her out."

"That is scarcely just, Alwyn. She was greatly relieved to be cut."

to communicate. Mr. Egremont rather liked him, and on meeting him in the street would ask him casually in to dinner or to make up a rubber, or play piquet, for he excelled in these arts, and still more in chess, and an evening with Mr. Dutton was quite a red-letter time with Nuttie. It gave her an indefinable sense of safety and protection; but it was not always to be had, for her friend had many engagements, being one of the active lay church workers, and devoting two regular evenings in each week to Gerard Godfrey's eastern district, where he kept all the accounts, had a model court and evening class, besides hospitably resting tired clergymen and their wives in his pleasant quiet house.

In the spring Mr. Egremont was laid up with the worst rheumatic attack he had yet had, in consequence of yielding to the imperious will of his son, who had insisted on standing in a bleak corner to see the Life Guards pass by. On this occasion Nuttie did not prove herself the heaven-born nurse that the true heroine ought to be, but was extremely frightened, and altogether dependent on Gregorio, who knew all about the symptoms, and when to send for the doctor and a *garde-malade*. Gregorio always talked French to Nuttie when he felt himself in the ascendant, as he certainly was at present; but he became much less gracious when he heard that Mrs. William Egremont might be expected, declaring that madame would only excite his master, and that her presence was quite unnecessary. Her coming had been volunteered, but it was a great boon to Ursula, who was thus helped out in many perplexities, although Mrs. Egremont was a great deal at her step-son's, and neither lady was of much avail in the sick-room, during the stress of the illness. It was never actually dangerous, but there was great suffering and much excitement, and for four or five days the distress and anxiety were considerable. After this passed off Ursula was surprised to find her company preferred to that of her aunt. She was a better *souffre-douleur*, was less of a restraint, and besides his regular reader and amanuensis, so that as the force of the attack abated, he kept her a good deal in his room during the latter part of the day, imparting scraps of intelligence, skimming the papers for him, and reading his letters.

There was a lease to be signed, and, as soon as might be, Mr. Bulfinch, the Redcastle solicitor, brought it up, and had to be entertained at luncheon. While he was waiting in the drawing-room for Mr. Egremont to be made ready for him, he looked with deep interest on the little heir, whom Ursula presently led off to the other end of the room to the hoard of downstairs toys; and an elaborate camp was under construction, when by the fireside, the Canoness inquired in a low confidential tone, "May I ask whether you came about a will?"

"No Mrs. Egremont. I wish I were. It is only about the lease of Spinnycote farm." "Then there is none?" "None that I am aware of. None has ever been drawn up by us. Indeed, I was wishing that some influence could be brought to bear which might show the expedience of making some arrangement. Any melan choly event is, I trust, far distant, but contingencies should be provided for."

"Exactly so. He is recovering now, but these attacks always leave effects on the heart, and at his age, with his habits, no one knows what may happen. Of course it would not make much difference to the boy."

"No, the Court of Chancery would appoint the most suitable natural guardians." "But," said Mrs. Egremont, "I am afraid that the personal property which I have divided would not be much of a provision for her."

"You are right. The investments are unfortunately and disproportionately small." "She ought either to have them all, or there should be a charge on the estate," said the Canoness decisively. "If possible, he must be made to move."

"Oh, don't!" cried Nuttie, jumping up from the floor. He mustn't be upset on any account. "My dear, I had no notion that you heard us!" exclaimed her aunt. "I thought Alwyn was making too much noise with his soldiers." "I beg your pardon," said Nuttie, "perhaps I should have spoken sooner, but indeed he must not be worried and disturbed," she added, somewhat fiercely. "Don't be afraid, my dear," said her aunt. "Mr. Bulfinch knows that your father is in no condition to have such matters brought before him."

"Father! how can you?" she cried, with a burning flush of indignation. "He—why—he! He has always been a sort of uncle, ever since I was a little girl."

"Oh yes, adopted uncles are very devout when young ladies rush out so morning prayers at unseemly hours."

"Father!" with her voice trembling, "I assure you he doesn't—I mean he always goes to St. Michael's unless he has something particular to say to me."

"Oh yes, I understand," and Mr. Egremont indulged in a hearty laugh, which almost drove poor Nuttie beside herself. "Indeed—indeed," she stammered, in her confusion and suppressed wrath; "it is nothing of that sort. He is a regular old bachelor—he always was."

"At what age do men become old bachelors? For he seems to me about the age of poor Clarry, whom you seem to view as a bugbear."

"I wish you would not think of such things, father; I have not the slightest intention of leaving you and dear little Wynnie! Nothing should tempt me!" "Nothing?" "Hein! Then you may as well be on your guard, Miss Egremont, or we shall have pleadings that you have encouraged them—church and world—or both, maybe. You pious folk take your little diversions and flirtations just like your poor sisters whom you shake your head at, never guessing how Gregorio and I have looked out at you and your adopted uncle parading the street."

"I wish Gregorio would mind his own business, and not put such things in your head!" burst out Nuttie. At which Mr. Egremont laughed longer and louder than ever. Poor Nuttie! It was terrible discomfiture, not only for the moment, but a notion had been planted in her mind that seemed cruel, almost profane, and yet which would not be dismissed, and made her heart leap with strange truths at the wild thought, "Could it be true?" then sink again with shame at her own presumptuous folly in entertaining such a thought for a moment.

Yet whenever she actually encountered Mr. Dutton her habitual comfort and reliance on him revived, and dispelled all the embarrassment which at other times she expected to feel in his presence.

CHAPTER XXXI. SPES NON FRACTA.

Summer had quite set in before Mr. Egremont was able to go out for a drive, and then he was ordered to Buxton.

Nuttie only once saw her cousins before leaving town, for their little boy fulfilled the nursery superstition by whooping till May; and all intercourse was prohibited, till he had ceased for a whole week to utter a suspicious sound. Mr. Dutton has insisted on the family spending a fortnight at Springfield House for change of air, and it was there that Nuttie was permitted to see them, though the children were still forbidden to meet.

Annaple looked very thin, but rattled as merrily as ever. "No one could guess," she said, "what a delight it was not to know what one was to have for dinner?"

"To do more than know, I am afraid," said Ursula. "Well, next to the delight of knowing nothing at all about it—and even that is only good for a holiday—in the delight of seeing a pudding come out smooth and comfortable and unbroken from its basin. Something attempted, something done, you know. It is quite as good a work of art as a water-coloured drawing."

"Only not quite so permanent." "No; it is only one's first pudding that one wants to embalm in a glass case for being so good as not to leave its better part behind in the basin, or to collapse as soon as it is in the dish."

"Which my puddings always did in the happy days of old, but then I was always hunted ignominiously out of the kitchen and told I wasted good food," said Nuttie. "Yes, and waste is fearful when Mark and Billy have to eat it all the same, like the poor cows with spoil hay. I wonder whether your old experiences recall the joy of finding trustworthy eggs within your price."

"Ah, I was not housekeeper. I only remember being in disgrace for grumbling when there was no pudding, because the hens would not lay."

"Though I heard a woman declaring the other day that there ought to be a machine for them. Oh, the scenes that I encounter when I am marketing! If I only could describe them for *Punch*! I walked home once with our porter's wife, carrying two most brilliant sticks of rhubarb, all carmine stalk and gamboge leaf, and expressing a very natural opinion that the rhubarb tree must be very showy to look at, and curious to know in what kind of fruit the medi-cine grew."

"Oh, Annaple! do you go yourself in that way?" Mark used to go with me, but poor fellow, he has a ruinous idea about prices and quantities, and besides, now he is so hard worked—up and down all day—he wants a little more of his bed in the morning.

"And what do you want?" "I never was a sleepy creature, and I get back in time to dress the boy. I generally find him at highjinks on his father's bed. It uses up a little superfluous energy before the dressing."

"But surely you have a servant now?" "I've come to the conclusion that a workman's wife charing is a better institution. No. 1, a pet of Miss Nugent's, was a nice creature, but the London air did for her at once. No. 2, also from Micklethwayte, instantly set up a young man, highly respectable, and ready to marry on the spot, as they did, though their united ages don't amount to thirty-nine. No. 3 was a Cookney, and couldn't stay because the look-out was so dull; and No. 4 gossiped with her kind when I thought her safe in the Temple Gardens with Billy, whereby he caught the whooping-cough, and as she also took the liberty of wearing my fur cloak, and was not particular as to accuracy, we parted on short notice; and I got this woman to come in every day to scrub, help make beds, etc. It is much less trouble, and the only fault I have to find with her is an absolute incapability of discerning blacks. I believe she thinks I have a monomania against them."

Still Annaple insisted that she did not work half so hard as her nieces, Muriel and Janet, in their London seasons, and that her economy was not nearly so trying and difficult as that which Lady Delmar had been practising for years in order to afford them a summer there; nor was her anxiety to

make both ends meet by any means equal to her sister's in keeping up appearances, and avoiding detriments. The two sisters met occasionally, but Lady Delmar was so compassionate and patronising that Annaple's spirit recoiled in off-hand levity and rattle, and neither regretted the occupation that prevented them from seeing much of one another.

A year passed by, chiefly spent by Mr. Egremont in the pursuit of comparative health, at Buxton, Bagnères, and Biarritz, during which his daughter could do little but attend to him and to little Alwyn. The boy had been enough left to her and nurse during his father's acute illness and became more amiable. He was an affectionate child, inheriting, with his mother's face, her sweetness and docility of nature, and he was old enough to be a good deal impressed with the fact that he had made poor papa so ill by teasing him to stand in the cold. Mr. Egremont was not at rest without a sight of the child every day, if only for a moment and the helplessness and suffering had awed the little fellow a good deal. It was touching to see him pause when galloping about the house when he went past the sick-room, and hush his merry voice of his own accord.

And in the journeys, when his father's invalid state would have made a fractious or willful child a serious inconvenience, his good temper and contentment were invaluable. He would sit for hours on his sister's lap, listening to whispered old tales, or playing at impromptu quiet games; he could go to sleep anywhere, and the wonderful discoveries he made at each new place were the amusement of all his auditors. Sister was always his playfellow and companion whenever she could be spared from her father, and she had an ever-increasing influence over him which she did her best to raise into principle.

Perhaps she never had a happier moment than when she heard how he had put his hands behind him and steadily refused when Gregorio had offered to regale him at a stall of bombons forming only a thin crust to liqueurs, which unfortunately he had already been taught to like. "But I told him sister said I mustn't have them," said Alwyn. "And then he made a face and said something in French about you. I know it was you, for he said 'sœur.' What was it?"

"Never mind, Wynnie dear. We had much better never know. You were sister's own dear steadfast boy, and you shall kiss mother's picture."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

"Is there anything the matter with you?" asked Mr. Bowser the other evening as he suddenly looked up. "No, certainly not. Do I look bad?" "Your looks are all right, but you seem nervous and uneasy. I didn't know but your corners had come back."

"I—I—"

"You—you—what?" "I was wondering if you were going to York State to see your mother this spring." "And suppose I go?" "Then I shall clean house. It is two years, you know, since we had a carpet up."

"And if I don't go?" "I was silent." "Look here, Mrs. Bowser," said my liege lord in a sharp voice, "you can't lay this on to me! You want to pretend that if I am home through housecleaning I'll prance around and raise the old Harry, and you want to get me into the papers as raising a great fuss."

"But won't you?" "Won't I? I don't know that housecleaning should come once a year! Don't I like it? Did my mother ever clean house without me?" "And may I go ahead, and will you help me?" "Of course you can go ahead, and it so happens just now that I've four or five days to spare. I'll begin right off now."

"You are so good, Mr. Bowser, that I must kiss you. There, take that!" "Oh, paw! I'm good, of course, but no better than a husband ought to be. I'll get a step-ladder and begin by taking the pictures down."

"I suppose you could get a colored man to do the climbing and lifting." "Yes, but I won't. I want no stranger rambling through our house and picking up things."

He got the ladder and began work, and from the way he whistled I think he enjoyed it for about half an hour. In that time he took down a dozen pictures and carried 'em up two flights of stairs to the store-room, but as I went up with the duster he said:

"Why didn't I think to put an elevator into the house? And the man who made this step-ladder ought to be shot! I believe I've climbed a mile or more. What you got there?" "The duster." "What for?" "To dust the pictures with."

"H'm! Well, hand it here!" "He came down twenty minutes later, his collar all limp, his hair damp and his face covered with dust, and as he sank into a chair with a groan I said: "I thought it would be too much for you."

"Oh, you did! Well, I want you to understand that it is simply fun for me. I'll make this house look sick before to-morrow noon, and before night we'll be all through with housecleaning."

"Not quite as soon as that."

"Won't we? See if we don't. This taking a week or ten days to do a little cleaning is played out. I don't propose to dilly-dally over this job."

"That night when he went to bed he groaned and sighed, and in his sleep he muttered and scolded, and about midnight he woke me up by saying:

"You bet I will! I'll finish the whole thing by noon!"

Mr. Bowser acted sore and stiff next morning, but after breakfast he put on an old suit of clothes and began work. We decided to clean the parlor first, and he moved out all the furniture with a whew. In his whew he tore down the poles at the bay window, ripped one of the curtains two feet or more, upset a chair and broke the back, and in puffing the piano out he skinned all his knuckles and broke his suspenders at one and the same instant. He jumped three feet high in his indignation, and as he came down he turned on me with:

"Where in blazes is the ax, or a sledge-

hammer, or a maul, or something to knock this infernal piano to pieces?" "Mr. Bowser, I suggested that you get a man to help you."

"Oh, you did! Why didn't you suggest that I get the house on fire and do the cleaning that way! Look at that hand! And here's these suspenders gone!" I mollified him after awhile, and he finally expressed his willingness to take hold again. "I suppose the carpets will go to the beaters?" I queried.

"Not much!" he replied. "I don't propose to pay out five or six dollars to have someone pound this carpet for ten minutes. I've beaten more carpets than you've got hairs in your head, and I'll show you a job on this."

He set out to pull up the tacks, but after pulling five or six he broke out with something about blazes and grabbed the carpet and heaved away. The tacks came up until he reached a seam, and then there was a r-r-r-ip down the breadth. This was repeated five or six times before he had the carpet up, and then he piled it in the middle of the floor and sat down on the window sill to favor his back.

"It's hard work," I observed, as he panted and gasped. "I don't see it," he presently replied. "Even if it was, we've got half the house done, and it is not yet 8 o'clock."

Bye-and-bye he dragged the carpet out and hung it over the clothesline. I had just left him for a minute to see what ailed baby when I heard a furious yell. I ran back and Mr. Bowser was prancing around the yard and shaking one hand aloft. He had grasped a tack. He had only calmed down and seized the carpet again to lift it over the line when he got three or four at once, and for five minutes there was a circus. The performance might have continued to this date had I not succeeded in heading Mr. Bowser off as he came around the circle and warned him that all the neighbors on the other street were at their windows. Then he sat down on the back steps and seemed to look into the faraway for a long time. The red color had worked out of his suspenders into his shirt, his great bulk had shrunk away one fourth, and in his excitement his wig had come off and been tramped under foot. A very impudent boy on the fence asked him how he liked it as far as he had gone, and the driver for a carpet-beater's wagon came along soon after and called out:

"Hey, old Tacks, do you want a job?" I called Mr. Bowser pet names, and told him how much I loved him, and how baby would mourn his loss, and he gradually returned to his normal condition. When he did he found that he had also lost four false teeth and broken the strap to his vest.

"Mrs. Bowser!" he finally said, as he got a rest for his aching back on the edge of a step. "Yes, dear. You know I wanted you to go away." "And I'm going!" "Are you?" "Never to return—never!" "Oh, Mr. Bowser!" "Don't Mr. Bowser and dear me! You deliberately put up a villainous job on me. You kept pecking and coaxing until you got me into this thing, and now you must take the consequences. In an hour from this I shall leave you!"

But he didn't. He was too stiff and sore to go, and his spinal column has not got back to plumb yet.

How the Lower Animals Doctor Themselves When Sick.

Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek dark, airy places, drink water and sometimes plunge into it. When a dog has lost its appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and a purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows, when ill, seek out certain herbs. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps as far as possible in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latreille cuts the antennæ of the ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted in their mouths. If a chimpanzee is wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on it completes amputation by means of its teeth.

A dog on being stung on the muzzle by a viper was observed to plunge its head repeatedly into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A terrier hurt his right eye. It remained under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although it habitually kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, which it applied to the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued applications of cold water, which Mr. Delaunay considers to be more certain than any of the other methods. In view of these interesting facts, we are, he thinks, forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics as proposed by animals may, in the interest of psychology, be studied with advantage.

Many physicians have been keen observers of animals, their diseases and the methods adopted by them, in their instincts, to cure themselves, and have availed of the knowledge so brought under their observation in their practice.

Summary Convictions Act.

Under the bill to amend the Summary Convictions Act, introduced by Mr. Thompson, the person who neglects to respond to a summons to appear as witness may be arrested and fined in the discretion of the court a sum not exceeding \$30 and imprisoned without hard labor for a term not exceeding ninety days. A second provision of the bill sets forth that every prosecutor and every complainant may, except where it is otherwise stipulated, be a competent witness, notwithstanding that he may have a pecuniary interest in the result, and a conviction may be had upon the unsupported evidence of such persons.

Not the Least Embarrassed.

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?" "Embarrass me?" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself comfortably in her seat and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-bye? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"