

NUTTIE'S FATHER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(CONTINUED.)

It was only too true that, as he had said, Gregorio Savelli had been the cause of his life, having become one of the same old things in the break-down of the yoke had been not only a terrible price, but to a man in his half-blind condition, the actual loss of the life which he had depended was a price if grandma's chair were to be written window, or father's book-stand.

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ICY MOUNTAIN.

Exploring Expedition Hopes to Accomplish.

Which started out recently to explore the interior of the continent itself to people which have made the interesting North Pole expedition, but scientific expeditions have started accessible west coast, and

INTERIOR

northeasterly direction has been that the the going further and the inhabited portions of the temptation to return as of icy mountains has reverse the operation. in the wilderness, and in can be. "Cross or the situation cannot be all party set down on a but the sentiment of old out a kind of philosophy which must be very as of that character. Nansen has been of being unknown interior and on the west coast by onable. His party has h training in crossing of Norway, and have capable of perilous and such speculation on the Nansen, Sahara." It is of mountainous glacial interior, but a theory (Gen. Greely and others country in the interior, snow and ice. But a

FIELD OF DISCOVERY

men in another way. vered in the year 983 the Norse Vikings. These the coral colonies along the coast. Inscriptions dis- west coast, bearing w that these set- 72 ars as far north as 72 e of these settlements, e Icelandic Sagas, he in the year 1121 the inland, Erik Upsal, and ok a Christian mission Norse colony of Vin- is now Massachusetts. rdy people made upon me. "I know I know! There's nobody to throw a new light on this continent. The such discoveries will expedition one of great the more important of Prof. attempts made by The more important of Prof. attempts made by The more important of Prof. attempts made by

"It is almost as bad," she said, coming up and putting her arm round Nuttie. "But indeed Mr. Dutton, she does trust, only it is very, very sore for her—as it is for us all."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE HULL OF THE "URSULA."

Ten days had passed, and Mark and Annaple were thinking that they ought to return to ordinary life, and leave the bereaved ones to endeavour to construct their life afresh under that dreadful wearing uncertainty of their darling's fate. Still they were detained by urgent entreaties from father and daughter, who both dreaded their departure as additional desolation, and as closing the door of hope. And certainly, even the rest was good for Annaple; and her baby, for whom nurse had discovered a better system, had really not cried more for a whole day than "baffled a rational child," said the mother, as she walked back to Springfield with her husband in the summer night, after dinner, on the day that Broad-bent's negotiations had failed.

"Nurse will break her heart at parting with her," said Mark. "I wish we could afford to have her."

"Afford, indeed! Her wages are about a quarter of your salary, sir! And after all, 'tis not the nurse that guards the child, as we have seen only too plainly."

"Do you think he is alive, Nan?"

"I begin to think not. He is not so young but that he could make himself known, and those advertisements are so widely spread. I am sure poor Nuttie would be more at rest if she could give us hope."

"I did not tell you before, Nan, but Dutton was going to-day to look at a poor little unclaimed child's body that had been found in the Thames. He knew him better than I, so he went."

"He would have come if—" said Annaple.

"Assuredly. He meant to fetch nurse if he had any doubt, but afterwards he was going to his court about his report. He always does that on Saturday evenings."

Mr. Dutton himself opened his door to the pair.

"Well," said Mark. "The poor child was evidently much younger, and had red hair. But look here," and he held out a battered something, black with a white stripe. Mark understood nothing, but Annaple exclaimed, "Is it his ship?"

"Yes, I could swear to it, for see, and he pointed to some grimed, almost effaced, but still legible capitals, which, however, scarcely any one but himself could have read as *Ursula*. "I guided his hand to make those the evening before he was lost," said Mr. Dutton.

"Dear little man! And where did you find it?"

"Where I never thought of doing so! On the bed of a little crippled boy in the next court to mine. He is rather a friend of mine, and I turned in to take him some strawberries. I found him hugging this."

"How did he get it?"

"Our 'Liz' brought it to him. Our 'Liz' is a very wild specimen who has spent her life in eluding the school board; officer till she is too old for her clutches; but she has a soft spot in her heart for her little brother, and I believe another for Gerard Godfrey. We must, or we shall be, and not excite any alarm, or we shall be baffled altogether. I am not sure that I did guess prudently in giving little Alf a fresh boat in exchange for this; but I could not help bringing it home."

"You did not see the girl?"

"No. Those girls wander long and late on these hot nights, and I do not think I could have got anything out of her. I have been to Gerard Godfrey, and the next step must be left to him."

"The next question is whether you will tell those poor things at No. 5," said Mark.

Mr. Dutton hesitated. "I should have no doubt of giving Miss Egremont the comfort of knowing that there was a possible clue, but if her father insisted on a setting on the police, there would be very little more hope of success. I am afraid it will be more prudent to wait till we know what Godfrey says. He hopes to see the girl, but of course she is a very uncertain attendant there. No, I cannot trust myself."

Annaple was forced to break withholding the hope from the fainting hearts all the ensuing Sunday, which was a specially trying day, as Nuttie pined for her dear little companion with the pictures, stories, and hymns that he had always enjoyed, and made pretty childish remarks about, such as she began to treasure as memorable.

As soon as he could early on Monday morning, Mr. Dutton repaired to Gerard Godfrey's lodgings, and found the young clergyman had succeeded in seeing the girl, and had examined her so as not to put the wild creature on her guard, and make her use the weapons of falsehood upon wards one who had never been looked upon as an ally of the police. It appeared that she had brought home the ship, or rather the hull, from one of the lowest of lodging houses, where she had employment as something between charwoman and errand girl. She had found it on what passed for a bed in its present condition, one morning, when going to make the terrible lair, which served as a common bedroom, under, and had secreted it as a prize for her little brother.

At first she had been stolid, and affected utter ignorance as to how it got there, but Mr. Godfrey had entreated her as a friend to try to discover; and had with all his heart made a pathetic description of the girl (he durst not say *lady*) who had always been a mother to her little brother, and now had lost him, and was in terrible uncertainty as to his fate. That came home to Lizzy's feeling, and she let out what she had seen or picked up in the way of gossip; that the ship had been left behind by its owner, whether boy or girl Lizzy was uncertain, for it had long fair hair, wore a petticoat, and had been doused with gin or some thing else when carried away. They said it had made noise enough when brought there by Fanny Frank and Julia. They were performing folk, who had come in after Derby day to have a spree, and to pick up another kid to do fairies and such like, but the last they had had hurt his back, and had to be left in the workhouse. Yes, and had to be left in the workhouse. Yes, and had to be left in the workhouse. Yes, and had to be left in the workhouse.

child from Mother Est, of whom Gerard had a vague idea as one of the horrible hags, who not only beg themselves, but provide outfits for beggars, including infants, to excite compassion. Either she or one of her crew had picked up the child and disposed of his clothes; and then finding him too old and intelligent to be safely used for begging purposes, she had sold or hired him out to these acrobatic performers, who had gone off into that vague and unknown region, the country. Lizzy had no notion what was their real name, nor where they would go, only that they attended races and fairs; and as soon as the actual pleasure of communicating information was over, she was seized with a panic, implored Mr. Godfrey to make no use of her information, and explained that the people of the house were quite capable of killing her if they suspected her of betraying any of their transactions. It was impossible to bring any authorities to bear on the quest; and Mr. Dutton held it wisest only to write a note telling Mr. Egremont that he had obtained evidence that the child was living, and that he was going in pursuit, but thought it safer to say no more at present. "I cannot trust myself to see your cousin," he said. "I might be tempted to say more than was consistent with Godfrey's honour towards his informant."

"I think you are right," said Mark. "You had better leave me with only indefinite knowledge, I shall be hard pressed. Do you not go home first?"

"Yes, I go to pack up a few things and fetch Monsieur. A run in the country will do him good, and he may be a valuable auxiliary. I shall find no one at Springfield at this hour."

"What is your plan?"

"I shall venture so far as to apply to the police for the names of the usual attendants at races and fairs, and for some idea of their ordinary rounds. I have no doubt that these are known at the chief offices. For the rest, I must use my eyes. But tell your cousin that with God's blessing, I hope to bring him back to her."

"He will," said Ursula, when Mark gave her the message, and from that moment she was calmer. She did not fret Mark with questions even as much as Annaple did, she tried to prevent her father from raging at the scant information, and she even endeavoured to employ herself with some of her ordinary occupations, though all the time she kept up the ceaseless watch. "Mr. Dutton would not have said that without good hope," she averred, "and I trust to him."

Yet when four, five, six, eight days had passed with no tidings, the heart sickness grew almost more than she could bear, though she still answered with spirit when her father again took to abusing the umbrella fellow for choosing to keep all in his own hands.

Even Annaple could not help saying to her husband that a precise, prim, old bachelor was the very last person for a hunt in slums and the like. The very sight of him would put the people on their guard. "And think of his fine words," she added. "I wish I could go! If I started with a shawl over my head, yoked to a barrel-organ, I should have a far better chance than he will. I declare, Mark, if he does not succeed we'll do it. We'll hire an organ, whereon you shall play. Ah! you shake your head. A musical education is not required, and I know I shall do something desperate soon; if that dear little boy is not found."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Whistling Jugs of Peru.

The salvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of Peru are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silvino in the William S. Vaux collection of Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the open necked vase, the air is compressed in the other, and, escaping through the narrow opening, is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sounds.

Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds; one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia imitates the notes of the robin or some other member of the thrush tribe peculiar to Peru. The closed neck of this double vase is modeled into a representation of a bird's head, which is thrushlike in character. Another water vase in the same collection representing a llama, imitates the disgusting habit which this animal possesses of ejecting its saliva when enraged. The hissing sound which accompanies this action is admirably imitated. A black tube of earthenware, ornamented with a grotesque head in low relief, to which short arms are attached, pressing a three tubed syrinx to its lips (Clay collection), deserves especial mention, as it suggests the evolution of this instrument from a single tube to more complicated forms. [Swiss Cross.]

A Georgia Preacher's Observation.

A new Georgia revivalist, the Rev. J. B. Calpepper, is credited with observing in the course of a sermon:—"I would rather be a negro with red eyes, kinky wool, boneless nose and a hollow of the foot that makes a hole in the ground, than play poker till one o'clock in the morning and go home and deceive my wife about it."

Sir Francis Knollys' name for his newly christened daughter is "Louvina," as a complimentary combination representing Loeise, Victoria and Maud, the three daughters of the Prince of Wales.

The uncertainty concerning titles is thought to be a cause of dullness in New York real estate. Many of the old family properties were settled in a careless manner, and in some instances heirs have reappeared, causing perplexity and confusion.

A Florida newspaper says that the killing off of alligators is having a marked effect on the supply of water in the cattle country. When alligators took possession of a water hole they always kept the mud pushed upon the banks, and even when hundreds of cattle went to the pool, and by crowding and pushing filled it with mud, the alligators soon repaired the damage by digging and pushing back the mud. Now the cattle stand around these holes, which are filled with mud and almost entirely dried up, and wait for rain; the only water they get meantime being from the dew-covered grass which they eat at night.

HOUSEHOLD.

What Children Should Be Taught.

The period of early childhood, one well versed in the study and science of the nerves remarks, is "that during which the brain and other parts of the nervous system are most actively developing in order to fit them for the great work before them. It is safe to say that the only instruction given during this time should be that which consists in teaching children how to observe. The perceptive faculties alone should be made the subjects of systematic attempts at development. The child should be taught how to use the senses, and especially how to see, hear, and touch. In this manner knowledge would be acquired in the way that is pre-eminently the natural way, and ample food would be furnished for the child's reflective powers."

The value of this statement, if it is doubted, can easily be tested by asking a child to describe what it sees in a certain window as it passes, and noting the slight and unsatisfactory amount its eye and intelligence have received, or by letting it draw, if its power of graphic touch be equal to it, a picture of the opposite house, and by then observing if anything but square outline has been seen, or much of the effect of sun or shade, of projection or recedure, of the shadows of vines and branches, or any of the things that indeed go to make up the picture of the house as much as its four square lines do, and from this it will readily be found that two senses at least, the eye and the touch, have yet a good deal to learn. And, moreover, one should hardly need to be told that while a thing is growing and developing, it is no time for it to be set to work, especially at work requiring any strain; one has only to think of the young plant, and the young animal not human, in order to be quite sure of this, and to be equally sure that the squaw who binds the forehead of her baby to a slanting board is only a trifle more barbarous in her methods than the mother who binds her child's tender brow with as hard and heavy a weight of learning.

This subject, in its various ramifications, has been receiving a considerable amount of attention across the water in England, in Switzerland, and in Sweden, and both physicians and school boards seem to be agreed that over-study in schools of children under sixteen years has been an evil that requires remedy, and is at present a really threatening one. In the last decade the cases of "St. Vitus's dance" among children have more than doubled, and in repeated instances it has been found that removal from school has cured the trouble, and return to it has renewed it. Children are often reproved for twitching their faces, as if it were a trick they could drop at command, a habit that has simply grown upon them; the causeless frown and knitted brows are similar tricks, for which similar reproof is administered; and yet each one of these tricks is really a symptom of an over-excited brain—of brain and nerves that should at once be given rest.

Too Tidy.

One of the blessed missions of these baby visitors to our homes is to keep us from being too tidy, for there is such a thing as being too nice by half in the keeping of one's house. My wife was a slave to the broom and dish-rag for the four long years preceding the birth of our first baby. Now we have two boys, four and two years of age, and she—well, she "lets things go" in a manner that gives the boys and me great satisfaction. Things are no longer "just so." The curtains do not hang "exactly so," the rugs are sometimes curled up or "flopped clean over," chairs lie supinely on their backs for an hour at a time in the sitting-room; there are streaks made by moist little fingers on panes of glass once spotless and unblemished as crystal; the books and ornaments on the table are all "tumbled up"; the papers in the rack are not folded evenly and squarely but seem to have been tossed in "most any way"; there are blocks and railroad engines and stiff-legged horses and stiffer men and women from Noah's ark scattered around everywhere; the table cover is awry; the ottomans bottom side up, and things in a topsy-turvy condition generally.

My wife often says that the room "looks awful," and she spends a good deal of time "cleaning up" at night when the two little enemies of law and order are in their little beds. But they "muss it all up" in fifteen minutes the next day. Children of their years are natural foes to tidiness and primness in housekeeping. I have read a great many theories on the subject of teaching children to be orderly, "like little ladies and gentlemen," but I have always found such children rather stiff and prim, and not the rollicking, childish, freely happy youngsters I want my little boys to be while they are yet little boys.

Insect Pests.

"Heat is life," says a writer, and the housekeeper echoes the sentiment as she views with dismay the industrious ant, the busy fly, and the host of unknown insects.

If the crevice through which the ants gain an entrance to cupboard or pantry can be discovered, they can be effectually destroyed by placing quicklime in their path. If this cannot be found, mix calomel with syrup, place in plates on the shelves, and the ants will disappear. Care should be taken that no crumb of any kind are left around.

To destroy the nests and prevent all future trouble, procure at a drug store fifty cents' worth of the granulated cyanide of potassium; have it put in a bottle and carefully labelled, as it is a deadly poison. The best time to apply it is in the evening. Pour some of the cyanide down the nest; moisten with a little water. If the nest is an old one it will be necessary to repeat the dose several times.

In old houses in the country it sometimes seems impossible TO KEEP OUT ANTS AND MICE. The following plan, however, will keep a safe or table free from them. Take four saucers, turn upside down, and set the legs of the safe or table on them, then cover the saucers with tar. Neither ants nor mice can crawl over this barrier.

Powdered pyrethrum plentifully sprinkled over cupboard and pantry shelves has been found to effectually keep away all varieties of ants. It is said to be equally efficacious in destroying moths. It is not poisonous to man.

A simple remedy for roaches is red wafers scattered near their haunts; but the most

effective is flour paste, into which has been stirred, while hot, phosphorus, in the proportions of a dime's worth of the phosphorus to a half pint of paste; when nearly cold, add quarter as much grease. Put on pieces of board where the roaches are. They will die while eating the paste.

Most windows and doors are now provided with wire screens to prevent the entrance of flies, but a few always find their way in. To destroy them, take half a teaspoonful of black pepper, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one of cream; mix all well together, and place in dishes where the flies will get it. Or

SATURATE A SPONGE

with strong carbolic acid and suspend it in the room, and the flies will all take their departure. Another effectual, and to many less disagreeable, remedy is to make a cigarette of thin paper and pyrethrum; light and set upright in a cup of sand or salt, letting it burn slowly.

For perfect security against that most annoying insect, the mosquito, there is nothing but a net, and even then care must be exercised or they will creep under the netting. Where they are not numerous enough to require this precaution, a camphor bag hung in the window will prove a barrier to their entrance. Spirits of camphor rubbed over the face and hands will act as a preventive to ward off their attacks. The pyrethrum cigarette mentioned above for driving away flies is equally good for mosquitoes. When bitten by them, a solution of borax or ammonia is the best remedy. The solution of borax is made by dissolving one ounce of borax in a pint of distilled or boiled water. Keep the bite wet with this solution as long as there is any irritation. If made of double the strength given above it is one of the best remedies for bee or wasp stings.

Tried and True.

COLD BEEF'S HEART.—Wash the heart well and soak for half an hour in cold salted water. Wipe and stuff the orifices well with a force meat of bread crumbs, fat salt pork, minced fine, and a little onion, chopped and seasoned with pepper. Sew up in coarse muslin fitted to the shape of the heart, put on to boil in cold, salted water, with a tablespoonful of vinegar to the quart. Boil slowly two hours, turning several times. Put under a heavy weight when done and leave it for twelve hours. Take off the cloth then and your cold entree is ready. Slice crosswise.

RHUBARB JAM.—Peel and cut the stalk of rhubarb in pieces one inch long, and cover with light brown sugar in the proportion of pound to pound. Let this stand over night in an earthen dish. In the morning drain off the syrup which has formed, boil it until it thickens, then add the rhubarb and a piece of ginger root sliced fine, boil it until perfectly tender. Rhubarb and orange preserves may be made by peeling six oranges carefully, rejecting only the thick white part of the skin and seeds, cut the pulp and peel very small, add two pounds of rhubarb stalks needed and cut fine, and one pound and a half of sugar. Boil the whole together for three-quarters of an hour.

ROAST CALF'S LIVER.—Wash the liver thoroughly and wipe dry. Cut a deep hole in the side and stuff this with dressing made as for stuffing fowl. When full, sew or tie the liver together, lard it over, and bake in a moderate oven, basting frequently.

SPONGE CREAM.—This furnishes a delicate and easily made dessert. The ingredients are: One pint of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of gelatine, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs. Put the gelatine into cold milk, let it stand a short time, then bring it to a boiling point. Add the sugar and yolks of eggs, which must first be well beaten together. Remove from the fire and stir in the whites, which have previously been beaten stiff. Add a little salt and flavor to suit, lemon or vanilla. Wet the molus so the cream will turn out easily when cold and pour in the mixture. Serve when cold.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE. NICE.—Whites of five eggs beaten to a stiff froth, then add one small teaspoonful of cream tartar, one cup of white sugar, one cup of flour; beat all well together. Have the oven warm and heat gradually so it will rise nicely, as this receipt requires no soda; flavor with extract lemon.

FROSTING.—Two of the yolks beaten and thickened with white sugar.

Worth Knowing.

That the suds from the week's wash are of great benefit to house plants.

That a solution of chloroform and water applied to a wound will check the bleeding.

That rains allowed to stand for 10 minutes in boiling water are easily stoned by rubbing them between the thumb and finger, when the seeds come out clean. They must afterward be dried and dredged with flour before using.

That soiled and faded black cashmere may be made to look almost as good as new. Wash in a suds of soap bark, and rinse in a clear water; then in a second water to which a strong bluing has been added. If much faded let it lie in this overnight. Lift it from the water without wringing, and dry in a shady place. Press while damp. Dark blue cashmere may be treated in the same way.

That a clothes-basket makes one of the nicest possible cribs for a baby. All of the little Smiths were raised in a clothes-basket and a hammock, with never a cradle or a crib until they were three years old. It was a large-sized one, with handles at the ends, and for the first baby was covered with blue silesia and white dotted swiss. When babies become an old story, bright cotons for the inside and out was considered good enough. The sides were padded with a piece of old bed quilt, and a little mattress made for the bottom. When baby fell asleep the basket was easily carried into a quiet room, which could be made dark, and a high-backed chair at the head and foot served as a support for a canopy of netting to keep off the flies. The basket is still in use in the laundry.

There's a 12-year old New Englander in Gardner who will be careful about playing on the cars hereafter. He tried to jump from a freight train on which he had been riding, and caught his foot and was thrown under the cars. The end of an axle struck his head and knocked it away so that it wasn't his head and neck that was hurt, but his jacket up the back, and one was passed over the heel of his boot, cutting it.