FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. GLIMPSES OF FARMERS' DAUGH-TERS.

ALICE BROWN.

The lives of most people are all changes, and the farmer's daughter is no exception. She is found everywhere filling positions in every rank open to women, and this will always be so, for she cannot always stay on the farm if she wishes it, and her education is best when it fits her for changes.

The Swim Government treats its children wisely when they wish to leave home. Instead of hindrances and discouragements, aid is given to those who leave the crowded mother-land. They are watched over in their new homes and not suffered to become paupers in the land they adopt for their The wide knowledge and experience of the government are used for the protection of its weakest children.

In farmer's families where it is probable the daughters must be self-supporting when they reach womanhood, their education should be such as to give them a fair chance of success. Whether as wives or working singly, they will find life smoother if they have been wisely fitted in girlhood to do well at least a few things. A musical educaoion given to one farmer's daughter has proved a constant pleasure and profit to herin her womanhood. She became a minister's wife. and in church, prayer-meeting and Sundayschool is her husband's dependence and willing helper when organist or leader is absent. But if her music was used only for the pleasure and instruction of her family in that way when they don't know any of boys and girls it would be invaluable to

Another country-bred girl, one of a large family, found no opening at home for her energies after graduating from ayoung ladies' seminary, and led an aimless, half-satisfied existence until a friend urged her to learn dress-making. The result was a busy, independent life and many opportunities to brighten the lives of the people who employed her, many of them old friends who made her welcome as a friend as well as a worker. Being the forunate possessor of a contagious good-humor the families in which she sewed eften laid aside some load of household trouble, and perhaps forgot to take it up again after the sewing was done and the dressmaker gone.

The girlhood of another woman was spent in hard work in a family of seven boys, and was followed by a few years of teaching, when she became a farmer's wife. After ten years the family moved to a growing young city, bought a house with a lot large enough for a barn, chicken house and range and a garden. Here the wife raised fruit and vegetables in the garden, cared for the chickens and cow, supplying the table with as fresh and wholesome fare as though still living on the farm, and by the sale of milk and eggs always had a few dollars at hand for unexpected demands upon her purse, such as arise in a city household. Her edueation in the hard school of her countryhouse, harder than is usual for the farmer's girls, titted her to make the most of her city garden, saved to her husband many dollars of expense, and was her special pride and pleasure. No one else could raise quite so many tomatoes from the same number of vines nor have strawberries so plentifully from a patch of equal size. The row of beans was always loaded with pods, and it was only because the family demanded sweet corn three times a day that her supply of

that ever fell short. One living in comfortable circumstances saw | light a cigar and stroll down to a comforther brothers and sisters leave for homes of able office—an office where six hours covers their own, and still stayed to be the compan- | a day's work. Because women cannot put ion and helper of her mother and father, their hands in their pockets to indulge in the stayed after the mother's life was over, until simplest pleasure. Because women have a her father passed away, and still she re- thousand ills of which men never dream. If mained, trying always to make country | they did they would turn over and sleep on life as bright as possible by entertaining the other side. Because women have all the friends, by study and reading, by growing | cares and little of the comforts of the houseflowers, and vines, and trees, and studying keeping. Because women can never snore botany to interpret the wonders of the through a bass solo while croup and diptherwoods, which near her home were pr fuse- ia are stalking abroad. Because women ly filled with wild flowers. After her fath. have to make one dollar rustle round for two er's death the care and supervision of the dollars. Because women have to plan. farm, the live-stock, and the house kept her | think and act for several instead of for one. life wholesome, and the two motherless nephews under her care kept solitude and loneliness at bay. Flowers bloomed all winter in her sunny sitting-room, and her fingers were equally at home between the pages written by eminent authors and in the soil of her | forced to keep their noses to the grindstone garden and flower beds.

A real love for the country once planted in the hearts of the daughters of the farmer, will never be entirely uprooted. To the parents is entrusted the planting of such a love. A bright home, where sympathy and all possible advantages are given to the growing girls, will make the country a magnet to hold them contented while there and draw them irresistibly when they are in the cities that, with buildings and pavements, smother out the country life, both vegetable

and animal. Hundreds of country-loving girls have spent years of their lives in cities and hundreds of those growing up will do so. Is it wise to insist that this is only evil, and discourage every aspiration pointing to such occupations as are possible only in cities and towns? Such occupations for a woman will try her strength and courage at the best, and how much more if, through the opposition of friends, she enters a new work half equipped and unhelped by the support that sympathy gives?

SISTERS IN YUCATAN.

Sisters in Yucatan have a fancy tor dressing precisely alike in the minutest particular, so that not a bow or a button, a flower or an article of jewellery varies. In the tropics large families are the fashion, and any day one may see girls out in groups of three or four to a dozen , who , by one glance at their clothes, one may know belong to the same parentage. Thus it is easy to distinguish the members of a family, and not infrequently the fair ones are callep by their favorite color. For example, the five senoritas of the Espanoza household are known as "the red roses," because each of them invariably adorns herself with jacqueminots, while the people speak of the Gonzalez girls as "las coloradas," because they are always dressed in red. The style of hair-dressing does not differ as often here as in other countries, probably from constitutional lack of enter-

place of navy blue for summer gowns of linen, serge and flannel.

The novelties of the season are the lace and crape parasols in white, black and pale tints, with handles of gold, silver and rare woods. The frame work is covered smoothly with surah or pongee, and the lace or crape is then gathered upon it with even fulness, and leaving a tiny frill at the outer edge as a finish.

Suitings, as they are termed, still show striped effects, fine hair lines and broad stripes being alike fashionably worn, and soft, light summer cheviots, with a dull surface in beige, gobelin blue, terra cotta, many shades of gray, golden brown and reseda, with lines or stripes of some different but harmonizing color, are fused by ladies' tail ors and dressmakers alike for walking and traveling gowns.

How to Buy a Horse.

From some wild Western journal comes the following amusing sketch: " If you want to buy a horse don't believe your own brother. Take no man's word for it Your eye is your market. Don't buy a horse in harness. Unhitch him and take everything off him but his halter, and lead him around. If he has a corn or is stiff, or any other failing you can see it. Let him go by himself a way, and if he staves right into anything you know he is blind. No matter how clear and bright his eyes are, he can't see any more than a bat. Back him, too. Some horses show their weakness at tricks other. But be as smart as you can, you'll get caught sometimes. Even an expert gets stuck.' A horse may look ever so nice and go at a great pace, and yet have fits. There isn't a man could tell it till something happens. Or, he may have a weak back. Give him a whip and off he goes for a mile or two, then all of a sudden he stops in the road. After a rest he starts off again, but he soon stops for good, and nothing but a derrick could move him. The weak part of a horse can be better discovered while standing than moving. If he is sound he will stand firmly, and squarely on his limbs, without moving any of them; the feet flatly upon the ground, with legs plump and naturally poised; or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease may be suspected, or at least tenderness which is a precursor of disease. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart or straddles with his hind legs, there is a weakness in the loins and the kidneys are disordered. Heavy pulling bends the knees. Bluish, milky cast eyes in horses indicate moonblindness or something else. A badtempered horse keeps his ears thrown back. A kicking horse is apt to have scarred legs. A stumbling horse has blemished knees. When the skin is rough and harsh and does not move easily to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and digestion is bad. Never buy a horse whose breathing organs are at all impaired. Place your ear at the side of the heart, and if a wheezing sound is heard it is an indication of trouble."

Why She's Woe-Begone.

An Eastern editor wants to find out "just for curiosity" why women break down. He's either a bachelor or a brute. Sometimes there is not much difference between them. Why do women break down, indeed Because women cannot in the morning, after a breakfast, where all waits on the word Some farmers' daughters remain at home. | and taste of one high and mighty person, Because women have to rip, press and makeover so that a certain member of the family can sport a new suit or a silk hat. Because women are rarely offered a seat among the roses of relaxation. Because women are of drudgery. And this is why women break down, Mr. Editor. - San Francisco Report.

American Railway Building.

Our railways have now reached a development which is wonderful. The railways of the United States. if placed continuously, would reach more than half way to the moon. Their bridges alone would reach from New York to Liverpool. Notwithstanding the number of accidents that we read of in the daily papers, statistics show that less persons are killed annually on railways than are killed annually by falling out of windows.

Railways have so cheapened the cost of transportation that, while a load of wheat loses all of its value by being bauled one hundred miles on a common road, meat and flour enough to supply one man a year can, according to Mr. Edward Atkinson, be hauled 1,500 miles from the west to the east for one day's wages of that man, if he be a skilled mechanic. If freight charges are diminished in the future as in the past, this can soon be done for one day's wages of a common labor-

Fresh Crumbs.

"What part of the school exercises do you like best, Johnnie?" "The part we get at

A new novel is called "A Bachelor's Para dise." That must be the place where buttons grow on shirts.

For coffee stains try putting thick glycerine on the wrong side and washing it out with lukewarm water. Nature uses a great many quills with which

of himself with only one. Young lady—I heard somebody kiss you in the dark hall last night. Maid-You got

prise more than anything else. Years ago the "bang" was introduced into Mexico and Cantral America, and eyer since every female between the ages of 5 and 56 with any pretentions to their cut straight across the largest of 5 and 56 with any pretentions to their cut straight across the largest of 5 and 56 with a female between the largest of 5 and 56 with a female between the largest of 5 and 56 with a female between the largest of 5 and 56 with a female of the largest of 5 and 56 with a female of the largest of the largest of 5 and 56 with a female of the largest of the

The Works of God. BY J. R. POLLOCK, B. A.

Beneath, above and all around Deep in the earth, the air, the sea, Do the Almighty's works abound, Proclaiming his great Majesty.

The flowers that deck the verdant plain-Eternal snows that mountains crown-The streams that in the spring again To ocean pour their waters down :

The sea, whose mighty volumes spread From the Equator to the Pole, Whose deep, dark depths unnumbered dead Contain within their mystic goal:

The heavens whose broad, celestial blue The sun engilds with golden light, And gives the tints of each bright hue Of earth or sky in colors bright;

Gives seasons to our planet-star,

And courses with serenity

And spreads his warmth to worlds afar Revolving round his glitteriug mass : The moon-bright crystal of the sky-That spreads to earth her beams at even,

And marks the bounds they may not pass

Amid the brilliant throng of heaven, All, the Almighty's power unfold, And His infinite wisdom tell Who hath a million worlds unroll'd With laws that mark their motions well:

And Who in this revolving sphere To man such life and light has given, That he might read Gcd's wisdom here And ift his eyes from earth to heaven,

"Joy Cometh in the Morning." BY L. A. MORRISON.

Hush! hush! thy dole My weary soul! Though care and pain oppress thee And joy-lights fade, And trust betrayed And human hate distress thee, And sore the rod

Keep faith in God, He knows His servants' sorrow; His Sun will rise And flood the skies With golden light to-morrow.

For none may miss Life's truest bliss, Who still-in Christ abiding-Low at His cross, Count all things loss, In His sweet love confiding. Though like a pall Sin's shadows fall In dark'ning haze around us, The light of day Will chase away

The gloom in which they bound us.

Pain hath an end; And sorrows blend And fade, and God shall measure For these—and all That now appall-Eternal rest and pleasure, -Supreme, divine-. Each soul shall shine With Heaven's light adorning, And Love adore; For-evermore-

What the Flowers are Doing. BY ROSALINE E. JONES.

Why, the daisies are softly tip-toeing To hear, if they can, if the grasses Reply to the wind as he passes. Ah, the gossip they tell, silly lispers!

What are the flowers all doing?

"Joy cometh in the morning."

In infinitesimal whispers. And the rose, with dew-diamonds aglisten, Is lifting her head, too, to listen. And the lily, with Puritan sweetness,

Stands aloof with a maiden's discreetness But is found, ne'ertheless, by the rovers, Her bee and humming-bird lovers.

And the pansies lift up laughing faces As if all aware of their graces: And the sweet wild violets half-hidden Exhale the aromas of Eden. The purple and pink morning-glories

Just hint at the loveliest stories That ever a scroll yet unfolded; Oh, the daintiest blossoms e'er moulded! The dear things fitly adorning

The day's and the soul's sweet morning. The lilacs are throwing their kisses, All ardent with young summer's blisses. The beauteous arbutus is creeping Where the deep purple shadows are sleeping

Neath the bough where the wood dove is cooing. And away where the wood-aisles are dusky, Its pathways all tangled and bosky, Where the fern is unfurling her feather,

And the wild rose the wild bee is wooing

The wild flowers blossom together. In shy motley groups 'neath the ringing Of pagans the bird choir is singing, And they list to the lesson he'e teaching, While Jack-in-the-Pulpit is preaching.

Forever.

Those we love truly never die. Though year by year the sad memorial wreath, A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their grave. For death the pure life saves,

And life all pure is love, and love can reach From Heaven to earth and nobler lessons teach Than those by mortals.read. Well blessed is he who has a dear one dead;

A friend he has whose face will never change; A dear communion that will ne'er grow strange The anchor of a love is death.

The blessed sweetness of a loving breath Will reach our cheek all-fresh through wear For her who died long since, ah! waste not tears

Thank God for one dear friend, With faith still radiant with the light of truth. Whose love comes laden with the scent of youth Through twenty years of death.

A Gruff Old fellow.

She s thine unto the end!

Arkansaw Traveler : On a railway train a woman, pale and careworn, sat holding a child. "Hush now; don't cry," she said, "That awful man"—meaning a gruff old fellow who sat near-" will come here and snap our heads off. Just look what an aw ful face he is making at us. Please don't and we'll see papa after a while. O mercy. he's coming," she said, as the gruff-looking old fellow approached her. "I can't make her hush, air," she said pleadingly. know that's very annoying, but I really can't help it." "Let me take her." The woman to make a goose, but a man can make a goose fearing to disobey, suffered him to take the child, who, too much astonished to cry, meekly submitted. The gruff man walked up and down the car, and once the tremulous woman fancied that she saw him press kissed, too. "Yes, but that's the young the child to his bosom. When he returned man to whom I am engaged to be married. the little girl to her mother the woman ask-There is no harm in that." "I'm glad to ed: "Are you fond of children, sir?" "

Life in the Country.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D. D.

It is never real morning except in the country. In the city in the early part of the day there is a mixed color that climbs down over the roofs opposite and through the smoke of the chimney that makes people think it is time to get up and comb their But there is real morning in the country. .

Morning descending "from God out of heaven like a bride adorned for her husband." A few moments before I looked out, and the army of night shadows were striking their tents. A red light on the horizon that does not make me think. as it did Alexander Smith, of "The Barren Beach of Hell," but more like fire kindled on the shore by Him whom the disciples saw at daybreak stirring the blaze on the beach of Genesareth. Just now the dew woke up in the hammock of the tree branches, and the light kissed it. Yonder, leaning against the sky, two great uprights of flame, crossed many rundles of fire! Seme Jacop must have been dreaming Through those burnished gates a flaming chariot rolls. Some Elijah must be ascending.

Morning! I wish I had a rousing bell to wake the whole world up to see it. Every leaf a psalm. Every flower a censer. Every bird a chorister. Every sight beauty. Every sound music. Trees transfigured. The skies in conflagration.

The air as if sweeping down from hanging gardens of heaven. The foam of cel estial seas splashed on the white tops of the spiræa. The honeysuckle on one side of the porch challenges the sweet-brier on the The odors of heliotrope overflow the urns and flood the garden. Syrens with bridal blossoms in their hair, and roses bleeding with a very carnage of color.

Oh, the glories of day-dawn in the conn try! My eyes moisten. Unlike the flaming sword that drove out the first pair from Eden, these fiery splendors seem like swords unsheathed by angel hands to drive us in.

We all need the refreshing influence of more out-door life. Almost every nature however sprightly, sometimes will drop into a minor key, or a subdued mood, that in common parlance is recognized as "the blues.'

There may be no adverse causes at work, but somehow the bells of the soul stop ringing, and you feel like sitting quiet, and you strike off 50 per cent. from all your worldly and spiritual prospects. The immediate cause may be a northeast wind, or a balky liver, or an enlarged spleen, or pickled oysters at 12 o'clock the night before.

In such depressed state no one can afford to sit for an hour. First of all let him get up and go out of doors. Fresh air and the faces of cheerful men and pleasant women and frolicsome children will, in fifteen minutes, kill moping. The first moment your friend strikes the keyboard of your sous it will ring music. A hen might as well try on populous Broadway to hatch out a feathery gourd, as for a man to successfully brood over his ills in lively society.

Do not go for relief among those who feel as badly as you do. Let not toothache, and rheumatism, and hypochondria, go to see toothaches rheumatism and hypochondria.

On one block in Brooklyn lives a doctor an undertaker and a clergyman. That is not the row for an nervous man to walk on, lest he soon need all three. Throw back all the shutters of your soul and let the sunlight of genial faces shine in.

We all need to freshen up in our work, and a dose of the country is a mighty corrective.

How to get out of the old ru without twisting off the wheel, or snapping the shafts, or breaking the horse's leg, is a question not more appropriate to every teamster than to every Christian worker. Having once got out of the old rut, the next thing is to keep out. There is nothing more killing than ecclesiastical humdrum.

If we would keep fresh let us make occasional excursions into other circles than our For a change put the minister on the friend of ours insisted on treating us 25 hay rack and the farmer in the clergyman's smoke, as it was our birthday; but were

Let us read books not in our own line. After a man has been delving in nothing but to which he replied that he averaged in theological works for three months, a few pages in the patent office report will do him twenty cents each day, and that he need more good than Doctor Dick on "The Perseverance of the Saints."

Let us go much into the presence of the ten cents per day as long as we were able natural world if we can get at it. If we do so, and see how much it would amount would once in a while romp the fields we would not have so many last year's rose leaves in our sermons, but those just plucked, dewy and redolent.

He Disliked Dark Complexions.

A merchant of New York who availed himself of the services of a matrimonial agent the other day, was unlucky in his experiment. When the usual "professional" fees had been paid, he was placed in correspondence with a lady who was reputed to be handsome and wealthy. He forwarded her presents, and eventually sent a railway ticket to bring her to New York. "On her arrival," to quote a newspaper paragraph, his condition of animated expectancy was succeeded by one of suspended animation, or the sprightly charmer was jet black !

How Long a Child Could Sleep.

A healthy baby for the first two months or so spends most of its time asleep. After that a baby should have at least two hours of sleep in the forenoon and one hour in the afternoon, and it is quite possible to teach almost any infant to adopt this as a regular habit. Even to the age of 4 or 5 years a child should have one hour of sleep, or at least rest in bed, before its dinner, and it should be put to bed at 6 or 7 in the evening and left undisturbed for twelve or fourteen

Up to the fifteenth year most young people require ten hours, and till the twentieth year nine hours. After that age everyone finds out how much he or she requires, though as a general rule at least six to eight hours are necessary. Eight hours' sleep will prevent more nervous derangements in women than any medicines can cure. Durand the more nervous, excitable or precoclous a child is, the longer sleep should it
get if its intellectual progress is not to come
to a premature standstill or its life be cut
hort at an early age.

Now, the waiter was all the same of the sam ing growth there must be ample sleep if

There was an object of crim market the other morning which collected a crowd. It was a family and he had a medium size, and he had on a color with enormous tacks, leather base his body ornamented the fastened to his forelege just above the were the same gaffs as are used on the cocks. "You see," explained the "every time Belshazzar comes to to with me he is tackled and chard a some of your smart Alecka I've at of it, and I've fitted him out to design self. As I've brought him all the waggon, and as I'd kinder like to have the old thing will work, some of you bring up your best stock." A me across the street and got a Newhork about as big as a yearling calf, and he no sooner caught sight of the chicken under the waggon than be water him. There was a roar, a howland and and then the big dog broke for the and the little dog close behind. One ful of tacks was enough for the big to his yelps of pain and terror could be three blocks. "Come, Belsharm, gith under the waggon," said the "We've struck it plumb centre, and medal is ours. Just let 'em come u

A Brace of Dog Tale

no wings, but we git thar just the me. [Detroit Free Press. Are dogs intelligent? One would come ly think so could he have seen the deed in formed by a shepherd dog belonging to Co Hunt, of this city. The other days has ran away and turned down the street via Mr. Hunt resides. The dog was lying a the doorstep, but when the horse care sight he started for the street. Facing & horse, he leaped after the bridle till he ceeded in stopping him. Sitting don't front of him, he kept him there till & owner arrived on the scene. At first dog doubted the man's right to interes and he critically watched him. At be evidently becoming convinced from man's actions that he was the legitime owner, he quickly trotted back to his dan cile. - [Augusta, Me., Journal.

pitch in as fast as they want. We be

Contagiousness of Ruman Emotion

Every day's experience may supply in illustrations of the immense influence of on tagion in the development of all hum emotions. Nor is it by any means to be down as a weakness peculiar to or character istic of a feeble mind, to be blindly succes ible of such contagion. Even the stronger wills are bent and warped by the winds other men's passions, persistently blown in given directions. Original minds, gital with what the French call t'esprit prime and ier, are perhaps, indeed, affected rather me than less than commonplace people by the emotions of those around them, because this larger natures are more open to the pathetic shock. Like ships with every al set, they are caught by every breeze. it a question of degree how much each man

ceives of influence from his neighbors. Moreover, be it carefully noted, it is my by contagion, and not by any kind of and ority or command, that emotions can become municated. It is a matter of common obervation that any effort to direct the emotion to order has a tendency to produce the op posite effect to the intended. To challeng a man to be brave is to make him nervous; bid him admire a person or a work of artist auggest to him to be critical; to commands young man or woman to love the elect of their parents is to chill any nascent incintion in the desired direction, and to mis it a duty for Montagues to hate Capulets to start the loves of Romeo and Juliet. We must give the feeling we desire. We can possibly impose it.

Buying a Cow.

We now sport a nice milch cow. As did we get her ? Paid forty dollars for he. the whole amount being ten cents per day saving since March 6, 1886. On that days fused the kindness, informing him, court eously, that we had never smoked a cigur one to three per day, at a cost of fire to missed the small change. We told him the that from that day on we would lay sway each year. We have kept it up to date, and as a consequence we have a fine Durham of and calf, bought with four hundred ten cen pieces. Small business, isn't it ! Well, properly kept up, it will result in something large; and while our friend, who, no doubt will see this article, can show nothing is his thirteen months of smoking, but agu stubs and, perhaps, impared health, we cal show a good cow and calf worth \$45.00 1

How She Changed Her Tune. He put up a job on the hired girl whaten he hoped to sell her a patent process to

making fire rugs she would never need. Then he rang the door-bell, and when all answered it he put on his most insinuting smile, lifted his hat high off his head in remarked in his blandest voice "The lady of the house, I believe!

"Oh yes!" she said, with a mouth fuls sarcasm, "if I'm sixty years old and gets squint in one eye and a figger like a scare crow, I s'pose I'm her !" He saw his mistake when too late, but w

he slowly backed down the gravel walk the gate he said regretfully: "How was I to knew that? I was bid that she was young and beautiful, and was

"Well, if you've get any patterns I in 1'll buy an outfit," she interrupted. step in and I'll look at them.

Defining the Status of a Pinespple At an old-fashioned hostelry in Lords two gentlemen were dining when arose as to what a pineapple was the diners insisted that it was a fruit other with equal confidence gave it as he opinion that a pineapple was a vegetal A bet was made, and the friends determine to accept the decision at the witter.

What is a woman? Only one of nature's his winds replied : "It's neither, and winds winds replied : "It's neither, and winds replied it is the property of the replied it is the replied it is the property of the replied it is the property of the replied it is the replied it is the property of the replied it is the replied it is

BY CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG.

HAPTER XXXVII.-(CONTINU m she returned in the mornin that since daylight he had be asleep; but there was look about his face, and sh e satisfied to leave him alone w as stirred about and breakfasted woke smiling and happy; he est and said gladly, "Wyn at a's own nursery," but he did n get up; "Wyn's so tired," king of himself in the baby fo led for several months discarded this pretty "thank you," and at in breakfasting in his cot, tho subdued way, and showing chance to move or be touched. Nuttie was sent for to report of father, who would not hear for a

anxiety, declaring that the boy well if they let him alone, sted rest, and insisting on follo intention of seeing a police sup to demand whether the ki seals could not be prosecuted. Neither by Nuttie nor nurse con extracted from the poor little fe about his adventures. He er to think of them, and there w confusion over his mind, par conkness, partly, they also thou drugged spirits with which he were than once dosed. He dimly gred missing Gregorio in the he had tried to find his v dene, but some one, a big boy, h said he would show him the of his hand, dragged him, he there, into dreadful dirt and s sparently had silenced him with distinct, he could not tell ho Bet got hold of him, and the being in the rags of a girl had someh his hold of his own identity. not seen at all certain that the cirty petticoated thing who had

who had been dubbed Fan, who forced by the stick to dance and compelled to drink burning, cho was the same with Alwyn in his er in his white cot. It was Dr. Brownlow who at o ed that there had been much of t and drew forth the tact. It ha been done whenever it was exp he should be hidden, or unable t appeal to outsiders. Alwyn was self by day, and showed no u fear or shyness, but he begged touched, and though he tried to manly, could not keep from

a horrible cellar, or in a dark je

screams when the doctor examin Then it came out. "It's whe "Who?" "That man-master, she said him. He kicked poor little l

great heavy big boots-'cause F. Wyn's prayers. "Who was Fan?" asked

"Himself," whispered Nutt "Wyn was Fan," said Alw

gone now !" "And did the man kick poor repeated the doctor-" here?" "Oh don't-don't! It hurt said he would have none of bicked with his big boot. Oh

dance one bit after that." He could not tell how long been. He seemed to have lost of days, and probably felt as if in Funny Frank's van, but I thought the injury could not be three days old, and probably for there having been no mor put in the way of removing th he had ceased to be of use, and of the injury might have bro petrator into trouble. Inde Mr. Egremont caused the poli ten to, demanding the arre and woman Brag, but they h

camped, and were never trace decidedly a relief to those w that a prosecution would have And Dr. Brownlow beca ever the injury. He said it case, and he should like to opinion, enjoining that the kept in bed, and as quiet as could bring his friend in which was no difficult mat seemed to have no desire fo rest and the sight of his treasures, which were laid b gently handled and stroked ed with. Mothu and A were among the friend

for, but he showed no desi boy, and it was thought be young gentleman's rampan distance. The chief difficulty was who declared they were a that the boy would be as corrow. He went and sat salked merrily of the pony to ride, and the yachting in the summer ; and the li and was pleased, but wen midst. Then Mr. Egremon ing Annaple with him, beca net go till the doctors' visit be declared that they to come till long after the drive. He actually we and had pony after pony I carriage, choosing a charn at last, subject to its be coachman's little boy, whi

hopefully agreed with would be on its back in ar He still maintained his ly at least, when he was by Nuttie with a pale, alm noe. Dr. Brownlow had Ting to soothe away the of the examination, to he and his colleagu my of the injury and deemed it very don oer listle fellow could be Mr. Reremont was that she had m a the worst of it; t

annocited young a hands; of the same kin with mingle thy which he oung mother ne