

NUTTIE'S FATHER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YOUNG.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

When she returned in the morning it was found that since daylight he had been more peacefully asleep; but there was a worn, anxious look about his face, and she could not be satisfied to leave him alone while the day was so bright and beautiful.

She awoke smiling and happy; he looked at her and said, "Wyn at home! Wyn at home!" "Wyn's so tired," he said, "I've been up for several months discarded, but I'm getting better." "Thank you," and took her breakfast in his cot, though still unable to move or be touched.

Nuttie was sent for to report of him to her father, who would not hear for a moment of anxiety, declaring that the boy would be well if they let him alone, he only wanted rest, and insisting on following out his intention of seeing a police superintendent to demand whether the kidnapping would be prosecuted.

Neither by Nuttie nor nurse could much be extracted from the poor little fellow himself about his adventures. He could not think of them, and there was a mist of confusion over his mind, partly from weakness, partly, they also thought, from the drugged spirits with which he had been more than once dosed. He dimly remembered missing Gregorio in the park, and that he had tried to find his way home alone, but some one, a big boy, he thought, had said he would show him the way, took hold of his hand, dragged him, he knew not where, into dreadful dirt and stench, and apparently had silenced him with a blow before stripping him. But it was all very indistinct, he could not tell how Mother had got hold of him, and the being dressed in the rags of a girl had somehow loosed his hold of his own identity. He did not see at all certain that the poor little dirty petticoated thing who had wakened in a horrible cellar, or in a dark jolting van, who had been dubbed Fan, who had been kicked by the stick to dance and twist and compelled to drink burning, choking stuff, was the same with Alwyn in his sailor suit as it was in his white coat.

It was Dr. Brownlow who at once detected that there had been much of this dosing, and drew forth the fact. It had probably been done whenever it was expedient that he should be hidden, or unable to make any appeal to outsiders. Alwyn was quite himself by day, and showed no unreasonable fear or shyness, but he begged not to be touched, and though he tried to be good and meek, could not keep from cries and screams when the doctor examined him.

Then it came out. "It's where he kicked you?"

"Who?"

"That man—master, she said I must call him. He kicked poor little Fan with his great heavy big boots—cause Fan would say 'Wyn's prayers'."

"Who was Fan?" asked the puzzled doctor.

"Himself," whispered Nuttie. "Alas! himself!"

"Wyn was Fan," said Alwyn. "Fan's gone now?"

"And did the man kick poor little Fan, repeated the doctor—"here?"

"He don't—don't! It hurts so. Master said he would have none of that, and he kicked with his big boot. Oh! Fan couldn't dance one bit after that."

He could not tell how long ago this had been. He seemed to have lost all reckoning of days, and probably felt as if ages had passed in Fanny Frank's van, but Dr. Brownlow thought the injury could not be above two or three days old, and probably it accounted for there having been no more obstructions put in the way of removing the child, since he had ceased to be of use, and the discovery of the injury might have brought the perpetrator into trouble. Indeed, as it was, Mr. Egremont caused the police to be written to, demanding the arrest of the man and woman Brag, but they had already departed, and were never traced, which was decidedly a relief to those who dreaded all that a prosecution would have involved.

And Dr. Brownlow became very grave over the injury. He said it was a surgical case, and he should like to have another opinion, enjoining that the child should be kept in bed, and as quiet as possible, till he could bring his friend in the afternoon, which was no difficult matter, for Alwyn seemed to have no desire for anything but rest and the sight of his friends and his treasures, which were laid beside him to be gently handled and stroked but not played with. Mothu and Mitther Button were among the friends he craved for, but he showed no desire to see Billy-boy, and it was thought best to keep that young gentleman's rampant strength at a distance.

The chief difficulty was with his father, who declared they were all croaking, and that the boy would be as well as ever tomorrow. He went and sat by the cot, and talked merrily of the pony that Alwyn was to ride, and the yachting they would have in the summer; and the little fellow smiled and was pleased, but went to sleep in the midst. Then Mr. Egremont went out, taking Annaple with him, because Nuttie would not go till the doctors' visit was over, though he declared that they were certain not to come till long after her return from the drive. He actually went to the dealer's, and had pony after pony paraded before him, choosing a charming toy Shetland at last, subject to its behaviour with the coachman's little boy, while Annaple hopefully agreed with him that Alwyn would be on its back in another week.

He still maintained his opinion, outwardly at least, when he was met on his return by Nuttie with a pale, almost thunderstruck face. Dr. Brownlow had called her in, trying to soothe away the fright and suffering of the examination, to break to her that both he and his colleague thought very seriously of the injury and its consequences, and deemed it very doubtful whether the poor little fellow could be pulled through.

Mr. Egremont was again angry, declared that she had misanderstood, and made the worst of it; that Dr. Brownlow was a conceited young ass; that his friend played into his hands; with other amenities of the same kind, to which she listened with mingled irritation and pity for his unreasonableness, and even at the sympathy which he found in Annaple's hopeful nature.

The young mother never dreaded nor ex-

pected what she could not bear to think possible, such as the death-warrant of that beautiful child, while Nuttie's nature always expected the worst, and indeed had read the doom in the doctor's eyes and voice rather than in his words. So Annaple called Mr. Egremont upon when he made his call in the first advice in London; and among them they made so sure that this would be effective that they actually raised Nuttie's hopes so as to buoy her through the feverish early hours of the night when the pain was aggravated, the terrors returned, the boy was tormented by his duality with Fan, and the past miseries were acted over again. Even nurse and sister did not suffice, and Mitther Button had to be fetched by Mark before he could feel quite secure that he was Alwyn and not Fan. Indeed, in these light-headed moments, a better notion was gained of what he must have endured than in the daytime, when all seemed put aside or forgotten. After a time he became capable of being soothed by hymns, though still asking why his sister could not sing like that vision of his mother which he had craved for her return. Then at last he fell quietly asleep, and Nuttie was left with a few sustaining words and a pressure from Mr. Dutton's hand.

Alas! the new consultation could only ratify the first opinion. The injury need not have been necessarily fatal, though dangerous to any young child, and here it had been aggravated by previous ill-treatment, and by the doses of spirits that had been forced down, besides which, Alwyn was naturally delicate, and—though the doctors would not say so to father or sister—there were hereditary predispositions that gave him the less chance of battling through.

Yet Mr. Egremont concluded his purchase of the pony, and insisted that Alwyn should be carried to the window to see it; and Alwyn's smile was almost enough to break Nuttie's heart, but his head drooped on nurse's shoulder, he hardly lifted his heavy eyelids, and begged for "by-by" again. Even Annaple burst into tears at the sight, ran out of the room with her sobs, and never assured recovery again, though still she strove to cheer and while away the poor father's piteous hours by making the most of every sign that the child was happy and not suffering much.

That he would be viewed as a "pale placid martyr" was his sister's chief comfort. His replies as to the manner of the hurt, as well as his light-headed wanderings, had made it more and more evident that the man Brag's brutality had been excited by his persisting in kneeling down to say his prayers aloud—the only way he knew how to say them. Indeed there was a recurring anxiety night and morning to kneel, which had to be reasoned away, even when he was too weak to make the attempt, and was only appeased by "Sister" kneeling by his side, holding his hands, and repeating the little prayers with him. It was of his own accord that he added: "And forgive those people, and make them good." Annaple burst into tears again and almost scolded when she heard of it. "Oh dear! oh dear! now I know he won't get well! I'm glad Billy isn't so horribly good! Nuttie, Nuttie, don't! You know I don't mean it. Only I just can't bear it. He is the sweetest little fellow in the world! And oh! the cruelty of it."

"Yes," said Nuttie in her dreary calmness; "he is, too sweet and lovely and beautiful and good to be anywhere but safe with mother."

For it was more apparent that they could not keep him. It did not last long; there were a couple of piteous days of restless pain and distress, and then came the more fatal lull and absence of suffering, a drowsiness in which the little fellow sank gradually away, lying with a strange calm beauty on his face, and smiling feebly when he now and then lifted his eyes to rest; then on sister or nurse. His father could not bear the sight. It filled him more with angry compassion than with the tender reverence and hushed awe with which Ursula watched her darling slipping as it were from her hold. So Mr. Egremont wandered wretchedly about the lower rooms, while Mark and Annaple tried their best for him through the long summer evening, darkening into night. By and by Alwyn lifted his hand, turned his head, opened his lips, and whispered, "Hark, sister, she is singing." The look of exceeding joy beamed more and more over the pinched little face. "She's come again," he said; and once more, "Come to take Wyn to the dear Lord." After that there were very few more long breaths before little Alwyn Egremont's spirit was gone to that unseen world, and only the fair little frame left with that wondrous look of delighted recognition on the face.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. THE UMBRELLA MAN.

Little Alwyn was laid to rest beside his mother in a beautiful summer noontide. His father was not in a state to attend the funeral, and was left under the care of Annaple, his own choice among those who offered to stay and minister to him. It was his own wish that his daughter should be to the last with her little brother. He had even said to her that she had been a good sister, and his boy had been very fond of her, and he would not keep her away on any account.

And, with a man's preference for a young and kindly woman, he chose Annaple to be with him rather than Mr. Dutton, remembering likewise that but for him the boy would have died in some workhouse, unknown and unclaimed, or among the wretches who had caused his death. So Nuttie had the comfort of Mr. Dutton's going down with her, as well as Mark, and poor broken-down nurse, but not a word referring to the confession of that happy evening had passed between them during the mournful fortnight which had since elapsed.

May Condamine and her husband had made all as fair and consoling as they could. There were white-robed children to bear the boy from the churchyard gate, choristers sang hymns, the grave was lined with moss and daisies, and white roses decked the little coffin and the mound. There was as much of welcome and even of triumph as befitted the innocent child, whose death had in it the element of testimony to the truth. And Nuttie felt it, or would feel it by and by, when her spirit felt less as if some precious thing had been torn up by the roots—to be safe and waiting for her elsewhere, indeed, but that did not solace the yearning longing for the merry loving child; nor the sobbing pity for the crushed and blighted creature whom she had watched suffering and dying. It was far beyond her power as yet to acquiesce in her aunt's consolation that it was happier for the child

himself, than if he was to grow up to temptation from without, and with an unsound constitution, with dangerous hereditary proclivities. She could believe it in faith, but she had already experienced the difficulties her father had thrown in her way of dealing with him, she tried to be resigned, but the good sense of the Canoness was too much for her.

It was a day of more haste than suited the ideal of such a time, for Mr. Egremont could not be left for a night; so there was only time for a luncheon, with little jerks of talk, and then for an hour spent in short private interviews. Mrs. Egremont obtained from poor Nurse Poole all the details, and, moreover, her opinion of Mr. Mark's baby, in whom, it having been born under her auspices, she took a special interest.

Nuttie meantime was pacing the shady walk with her dear old friend Miss Nugent, feeling it strange that her heart did not leap up at the bare presence of one she loved so much, yet conscious of the soothing of her sympathy. And Mary, watching her all through, had been struck with the increased sweetness and nobleness her countenance had acquired during these years of discipline. More of her mother's expression had come than could have been thought possible in features of such different mould, formed for so much more strength and energy. They had not more since Nuttie had been summoned home to her mother's deathbed, and their time was chiefly spent on reminiscences alike of the old sorrow and the new; but when the time for parting was nearly come, Mary said affectionately, "And you, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Nuttie, and her eyes shone with a light Mary did not for a moment understand; "you need not be anxious for me now."

"I suppose that unhappy valet's death will make your task easier," said Mary.

"I think it will," said Nuttie. "Poor man! He was—I can't help saying it—the evil genius of the house. Dear mother knew it, struggled against him, and broke down in the struggle. It seems so strange that what she could not do has been done in such a manner, and at such a price. I wonder whether she knew it when she welcomed her boy?"

"Her influence will aid you still," said Mary, "and you have Mr. Dutton to help you too. I was so glad to find he was so near you."

"Oh, Mr. Dutton!" exclaimed Ursula, in a strange tone that sent a thrill through Mary, though she knew not why; but at that moment they were interrupted, very inopportunistly, by Mr. Bulfinch, who could not go away without asking Miss Egremont whether she thought her father could see him on business if he came up to town the next day. She thought that such an interview would rouse her father and do him good, advising him to call on the chance.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Corinth Canal.

A very ancient idea, that of cutting a ship canal through the Isthmus of Corinth, after several abortive attempts to carry it out, has at last been undertaken with every prospect of success. The Romans first suggested the project of cutting through the Isthmus, but not having the aid of dynamite or gunpowder were forced to abandon all thoughts of attempting the task. At the present time the work is being pushed forward by a French company organized in 1881 with M. de Lesseps as honorary president. The excavations were commenced in May, 1882, but after a couple of years of digging, the contractors struck the solid rock connecting the Peloponnese with the mainland, and as they had not reckoned upon so formidable an obstruction they threw up their contract. The company then made a new estimate, upon which a new contract was let and the work was re-commenced with fresh vigour last February. Great progress, it is reported, is now being made, 7,500 cubic metres of rock being extracted each day. Fifteen engines and two thousand eight hundred men are employed. The cutting stretches 6,000 metres from sea to sea, with a width of forty metres. The canal will have the same depth of water as the Suez canal, necessitating a descent of eight metres below sea level. The tolls of the canal will be placed at a reasonable figure, and it is expected that the work will eventually pay a good dividend. The new route will save eighteen hours to passenger boats from the Italian ports en route for Constantinople and Smyrna. All the commerce between the Black Sea and the western Mediterranean will go via this canal, and the enterprise will therefore be of great value to the Greek Kingdom.

Marriage in Nebraska.

A newly-elected justice of the peace who had been used to drawing up deeds and wills and little else was called upon to marry a couple in haste. Removing his hat he remarked, "Hats off in the presence of the court." All being uncovered, he proceeded: "Hold up your right hand. You John Mankin, do you solemnly swear to the best of your knowledge and belief that yer take this woman to have and hold for yerself, yer heirs, executors, administrators, and assigns for yer and their use forever?"

"I do," answered the groom promptly.

"You, Alice Evans, take this yer man for yer husband, ter have and ter hold forever; an' you do solemnly swear that yer lawfully seized in tee simple an' free from all encumbrance, and have good right to sell, bargain, an convey to said grantee, yer self, yer heirs, administrators and assigns?"

"I—I do," said the bride, doubtfully.

"Well, that'er's worth a dollar'n fifty cents."

"Are we married?" asked the bride.

"Yes. Know all men by these presents that I, being in good health and of sound mind and disposition, in consideration of a dollar'n fifty cents to me in hand well and truly paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do, an' by these presents, have declared you man an' wife, during good behaviour, an' until otherwise ordered by the court."

The popular width for sash ribbon is eleven inches, though the extreme width is fourteen inches.

A pretty lace pin consists of a crescent of hammered gold, within which lies a spray of enamelled forget-me-nots.

The teacher had just been explaining to the class the Christian teaching of forgiveness. "Now, Bobby," she said, "suppose Johnnie Brown should hit you with a stone or with his fist, what would be the Christian way of treating him?" "I'd hit him first," said Bobby. "I'd forgive him afterwards," replied Bobby.

WIT AND WISDOM.

MODERN USAGES.

Sing a song of nonsense
Silly Mary Ann:
Maw is in the kitchen
Working like a man.

Pat is in the counting house
Toiling hard for money
You are in the parlor
Don't you think it funny?

Sing your song of nonsense
Some time, Mary Ann,
You'll be in the kitchen
Working like a man.

Husband in the counting house
Earning little money;
Daughter in the parlor
Then it won't be funny.

—Chicago Sun.

Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—"The coat is about three sizes too big."

It is curious how sweet a honey-bee is at one end, and how bitter he is at the other.

A married man belonging to Washington refers to his bachelorhood as "befo' the wah."

A philosopher, who was recently lost in thought, was afterwards found in a brown study.

Leaf patterns in platinum and gold are much in favor for sleeve links among people of taste.

"Fine day," said the judge, as the seventy-fifth man went through the mill for "\$5 and costs."

The mosquito bar is the only bar that gets a licence without application.—[Marion Ledger.]

Mr. Isaacstein (impressively)—"Mine friend, dat coat make you so proud you will grow into it."

A young lady of Albany has named one of her admirers Hoosac Tunnel because he is such an everlasting bore.

Wistaria is the name of a new shade which is brown crushed strawberry and violet. Rosy lilac would better describe it.

Athony Delmore, a merchant of Akron, O., burst a blood vessel the other evening while laughing at one of his own jokes, and died instantly.

"You don't mean to say that you understand French, Tommy?" "Oh! yes, I do, when ma and pa speak French at tea, I know I'm to have a powder."

He—"Your friend, Miss Wabash, is quite 'chic,' Miss Breezy?" Miss Breezy (a trifle obviously)—"Yes; Clara may be a trifle 'chic,' but she's no chicken."

"Why," said the young wife of a physician, who was given to boasting of her husband's professional skill, "he cured a patient of convalescence in less than 24 hours."

A Cape Cod farmer says: "This larnin' ev'ry girl to play on the pianer, and ev'ry boy to be a book-keeper will make pertaters \$5 a bushel afore many years."

When young Jenkinson told his father he'd only been out on a little lark, the old gentleman muttered that "he guessed there was more swallow than lark."—[Indiana Farmer.]

Fond Father: "Don't you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated?" Tortured guest (impressively): "I think you ought to have something done with it."—[Detroit Free Press.]

The story from Indiana that a boy had found a nest of gold and silver coin while "grubbing" will be accepted with caution by other boys whose fathers have patches of ground to "grub."

The Prince of Wales wears a billycock hat, smokes a short pipe and drives about in a hired carriage when at Cannes or Nice, and cuts everybody who attempts to treat him as a prince.

Neapolitan braids are arranged in Tam O'Shanter fashion, and make very booming headgear for young faces. Those in black have the side trimming of a lace bow and quill feather finished by a buckle.

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidentially asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor and have it lanced."

The Italian sleeve is much used in artistic evening dress, and also in the making of picturesque gowns for children. Oriental effects also prevail in the creation of summer gowns for garden parties and other summer fetes.

He Didn't Pint Out.

There is a colored congregation of Methodists, says the Kansas City Star, who until a couple of months ago were led in the paths of rectitude by a very young preacher. He was a fluent son of Ham, and the length of the words he hurled at his hearers was only limited by the amount of oxygen he could take into his lungs at one effort.

This was all very well for a time, but when the elders of the church saw that the arguments adduced did not draw the erring ones nearer to the big white throne, a change was decided upon, and a committee of one was appointed to ask for the preacher's resignation.

When the error had been stated, the preacher indignantly asked what the congregation expected for nothing.

"Waal, now, doan' yo' see, we duzzant expect—"

"Isn't my character away up yan above procrastinatus?"

"No trouble 'bout dat; but, sah, yer isn't yer enuf dedicated to—"

"Kaint I talk confluently enuf ter suit de most rapahus?"

"Dat's it, chile—dat's it; hole right on whar yer now. Yo' kin talk and yo' kin talk, but yo' doan't pint out; yo' kin argify an' yo' kin argify, but yo' doan't show wharin'."

The resignation was handed in directly.

Half a Loaf Better Than No Bread.

"Darling," said he tenderly, "I have made up my mind to ask you—to ask you—"

"Yes," she whispered breathlessly.

"To ask you to become my wife. I know, dearest, that it is bold, it is presumptuous, for me to do so. You are so much superior to me, I am, I feel, unworthy of you."

"Say no more, John. I am yours. You may be unworthy of me, but—"

"But a loaf is better than no bread."

Sensible Suggestions.

When riding through the country, no one thing strikes me with more force than the absence of trees, flowers and shrubs around many fine farm houses, and I often think what a fine-looking place that might be made. While many farmers appreciate the value of these things, many do not, and in the yards of such one does not see even one cultivated flower. Now I cannot understand how any woman can be willing to live without flowers. I think I hear some of you say, "lack of time," and others, "it would be of no use to try to grow flowers with all these chickens. These are the objections most often given by the farmer's wife who does not cultivate flowers. Let me give you who are busy, some hints as to making, saving, or perhaps you may think stealing time. In the first place, I wonder that we do not see more hardy plants in the grounds of farmers, for when once planted they require very little care, and richly repay all the attention they receive. For instance, a bed of perennial phlox will give more satisfaction than many bedding plants, and all that is needed from year to year is to divide the roots as they get too large. Pink, aquilegia, campanula, pyrethrum, perennial poppies, the hardy lilies will give a grand display, with a small outlay of money, time and strength. And the hardy shrubs and roses. Oh, the roses! They are not to be excelled by anything in the floral kingdom.

Half an hour each day will keep quite a large flower bed in order, and there is no fancy work which can give more real enjoyment to the lover of flowers than the sight of that bed. Have it where you can see it while about your work if possible. Many a woman could save some time almost any day by using fresh fruit on her table instead of making it up into pies. As to the connection between pie and dyspepsia, I have nothing to say, but in one home I know that fresh fruit, if placed upon the table, would be eaten in preference to pie. There is no reason why fresh fruit cannot be found upon the farmer's table every day in the year.

Apples last until strawberries ripen (ours last longer). You can do a great deal towards educating the taste of your family. Do you say your family would not be willing to go without rich and fancy pies and cakes? I once thought so, too, of my family; but I find the eating of plain food and fresh fruits more satisfactory all round. It is a great saving of labor, and the health of the family has not suffered from the change. Then put less work upon the children's garments, thus saving the time spent in making, and of those that are washed, in the ironing. Neat, clean, well-made, plain clothing is good enough for the child of any farmer. Give your child clothes that he can work and play in, and spend part of your time in helping him to have a good time, and in teaching him how to care for flowers, and it will not be long before he can care for a good number himself. Say to Johnnie, "help mamma to do up the work this morning, and then we will work in your flower-bed, and set out your pansy plants." And if your boy is little mine, he will gain you quite an amount of time, and be happy in thinking he is of use.

I have little patience with those who say, "Oh, I had rather do it myself than bother to teach a child." Do it for the child's sake, then, if not for your own, and you will soon find the child will be glad to do many things for you, while at the same time he or she is forming habits of order and neatness, which will be of service all through life, and which can at no future time be so easily learned. Teach children to help while they are young, if you expect them to be willing to help you when they are older. I believe it is the fault of the mother if the daughters leave her to do all the work in the kitchen. No doubt there was a time when they wanted to help, but were sent away because they were thought too young. My heart goes out to all the tired, overworked women, and they are legion. Perhaps with some it is impossible to spare a minute from the constant toil; but I know many might profitably spend some time in the open air, even if part of the scrubbing and scouring went undone.

This is not written for those who can hire the work done, and spend their time as they please, or for those who can hire a gardener. Such sometimes have lovely surroundings, and we admire the beauty, but I doubt after all if they receive more downright pleasure from them, than we, who must plan and contrive for every moment we give to our floral friends.

"The Boy is Father to the Man"

A Swedish boy fell out the window and was badly hurt, but with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, seal and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood and thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not.

Mr. Cobb, an American citizen, the story goes, wanted to put up a flour mill in Morocco. Flour in Morocco had always been ground by hand, and the Sultan wouldn't let him build a mill to overturn this ancient and honorable custom. He wrote to the American Consul, and got back a formal note saying that if the Sultan wouldn't give him permission he couldn't build the mill, and that was all there was about it. He took this letter, with the arms and seal of the United States conspicuous upon it, to the Morocco authorities, told them it was an order for him to go ahead and build his mill, and wanted to know what they proposed to do about it. They couldn't read the note, but they saw the seal and arms, and said that they supposed that rather than have war they would let him go ahead. He went ahead, and now even the Sultan's corn is ground at the mill.