The Master of the House.

(Washington Post.)

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books or men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.

He has no pocket and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile
A despot strong through infancy,
A king from look of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother,
What can he mean? But I suppose
They understand each other.

In-doors and out, early and late—
There is no limit to his sway;
For, wraps in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And Turk-like he has slaves to dress him;
Proud subjects bend before him, too,
Fathers of them. God bless him.

THE DOCTOR.

"You're almost as fond as master," said she. "It was only last night that he laid his arms about his neck, as it stood with its paws on his chest, and I do believe there was more than one tear on its coat when he put it from him."

"Why, what was Jepp doing to be so much noticed?" asked Letty, as she led the way into the parlor, the dog following close behind, whining and sniffing at every step he went, as though seeking something.

"Oh! nothing in particular, Miss," replied Judith, "only I suppose master felt sad at parting; he was always main fond of Jepp—always."

A sudden faintness came over Letty, and she turned the handle of the door several times before she could manage to open it.

"At parting, Judith!" she said. "Did Dr. Lennard leave Fenmore last night?"

"Yes, Miss Letty, and I'd made sure you knew," replied Judith. "He went late in the evening, and he would not so much as let John drive him to the station; he walked off by himself in the dusk, with his portmanteau in his hand, just as any poor lone man might have done."

Doing her best to appear calm, Letty sat down to the table, and poured out a cup of coffee, and while that was being drunk by the tired woman, for Judith had walked a long distance that morning, she went back to the window and knelt there, with one hand resting on Jepp's glossy neck.

"And didn't the doctor call here, Miss Letty?" asked Judith.

"No," replied Letty, "and he has not been here since Monday last, and he did not write them, for my father was out."

"Well, now, I wonder at that," said Judith; "but I suppose he is too ill to mind."

"Ill!" cried Letty, with unknown to herself, a ring of terror in her low, clear voice. "Was Dr. Lennard ill when he went away from home last night?"

"Indeed he was, Miss," replied Judith—"moreover and ill than ever I thought to see him—such a fine man as he was, and his father before him—a fine a man as you could see in a long day's ride. And he's a young man, Miss Letty—he's quite a young man still, though he's aged and grave for his years maybap, but he's had sore trouble to make him."

"Yes, yes; I know he has," said Letty. "But I wonder he should go away and be ill."

"Well, Miss," spoke up the good woman, boldly, her honest, motherly face all aglow, and one brown, sinewy hand smoothing her lap vigorously, "I think, if I may make so bold as to judge, that it is not his body so much as his mind that is ill and ailing. Last night when I saw that he was going off like that, carrying his own bag, which wasn't right, and refusing in his quiet, mournful way, all help from John and me, as though he couldn't bear so trouble as, my very heart felt fit to break; and I put on my bonnet and cloak, and followed him right off to the station. I dared not let him so much as catch a flying peep of me, for you know what a gentleman master is to be obeyed, and he had said positive as none of us was to go with him; but I think if he had gone away like as he wanted, with no one with him, 'a Gollopping,' it would have laid heavy on my mind to my dying day. So I just waited about till I saw him get into the train, and settle himself by the window with his paper to read; but little, I think, he was heeding the printed words, for his eyes kept wandering up and down, as if he was seeking for someone, till I fairly trembled lest they should fall on me. But for all he looked so, I don't think he saw much as he was going; for once, as I went nearer to the edge of the platform, a porter came along, pushing a heavy trunk before him, and to get out of his way I had to pass right before the window of master's carriage; but bless you, Miss Letty, he never so much as saw me."

The faithful servant's eyes were brimming with tears, and Letty, her face pressed close against the glass, looked out on the leaden sky and the leaded one in silence.

"In the same place I had of his face as the train was tearing past, I shall never forget, Miss Letty—never, were I to live a hundred years; a face, so white, and pinched, and sorrowful, I hope never to see again."

Jepp sounded in the hall, and a soft voice giving some directions to a servant, and Judith got up, and rubbing the corner of her shawl briskly across her eyes, prepared to depart, for the voice was that of Mrs. Atherton, who had never looked with a friendly eye upon Judith.

"I will go now, Miss Letty," said the old woman; "and I'm sure I thank you kindly for the cup of coffee, and I hope the next time I see you, you'll be looking more like yourself."

"Thank you, Judith. Good morning," replied Letty, absentedly, to this little speech, and, kissing Jepp once more, she left him free to go after her.

On the threshold Judith met Mrs. Atherton face to face. She did not stop, but with a deep courtesy, which met with a very slight recognition, she went on her way, out into the lane, and toward her home, Jepp following her.

"My dear," asked Mrs. Atherton, blandly, as she entered the parlor, "what brought that woman here this morning?"

"Judith was passing, and I called her in," was the reply.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Atherton.

This was all, but it meant a great deal, and Letty knew it did; but she would not appear to mind it.

Mrs. Atherton rang the bell sharply, and when the servant came, bade her, to remove the breakfast things, her tone implying that they should have been taken away long since.

"You had better write to Misses Poynton," she said to Letty, as she was going out of the room. "I think it quite time you told them whether you are going or not."

"I will write this morning. It will do in an hour or so," said Letty, glancing at her costly little watch, one of the treasures of her brief heiress-ship.

She went up stairs to her own room as she spoke, and once there, looked herself in.

The room was as small as it was the first night Letty lay down to sleep in it, long before wealth had showered upon her. It looked out on the same little strip of garden and lonely stretch of yellow sand, with the great sea boundary line; and there the lies rested. In those days the small white bed was draped with the simplest white draperies, and on the tiny painted dressing table stood a tiny painted glass that swung between thin poles devoid of ornament, and the white boards were sparely covered with strips of drugget. Now the small couch was a tiny nest of snowy lace and linen, and on the well-furnished dressing room table a glass, almost too large for the room, swung between its massive carved pillars. There was a thick, rich carpet on the floor, all a bloom with lilies and roses on a delicate gray ground, and on the walls hung some excellent, well-chosen water color sketches. Altogether, for its size, there was not a prettier, sweeter room in the kingdom; even the pale November light, coming through the sweeping curtains of pink and white that fell over the old fashioned, deep-seated window, seemed to shine clearer in that room than in any other in the house.

Letty had grown accustomed to all this luxury, even as she had been accustomed to the scanty furniture in the days gone by; and it made no impression on her. She went and flung herself down on the broad, low, window-seat, and drew the delicate lace curtains round her as carelessly as she would have drawn the simple muslin ones that used to hang there. She gathered herself up in a heap, so to speak, and clasped her arms round her knees, and rested her face on them, and sat, for a perfectly still for a little time.

There was a great yearning of pity in her heart as Letty thought of that lonely man, sitting with his white, sorrowful face, looking out on Fenmore, in the chill dusk of a November evening, gray, murky and miserable. She saw, in imagination, that pale, sorrowful face, as plainly as if she and not Judith, had stood on the platform, and watched it flying past. She felt with a shrinking pain, that the settled look of sorrow on that weary face had its origin in something connected with herself. She loved him too well not to know that his heart was not cold to her, and again and again she wished that this ill-fated money had never come to her—that she was still plain, poor Letty.

"I should know than," she said, "if he loved. He would be free to come and tell me so, if he did; but, as it is, his pride draws him back, and we may die, living each other, and never telling our love."

And then the picture she had drawn seemed so pitiful to her, that she buried her face in her clasped hands, and burst into passionate sobbing.

"I shall never see him again!" she wailed. "Oh! he might have come and said 'good-by.' If only for one little minute, he might have come."

That outburst over, Letty got up and brushed her hair away from her face, and stood for a few seconds gazing dreamily at her own dark reflection in the mirror.

"It is very plain," she said, sadly, humbly almost, as though in being so she was guilty of some wrong—"so very plain, it is no wonder he cares little for leaving me."

But her letter must be written at once, if at all; and Letty sat down to her little table to write it.

The Misses Poynton were new-made friends, but to all appearances they were very true ones; and they had paid the kindest of letters some three weeks before, inviting Letty to their house—a placeant enough mansion, by all accounts, standing in the midst of the own grounds on the outskirts of a breezy Yorkshire moor. She had not cared to go then—she did not care to go now, but for a very different reason; still, any place would be better than Fenmore, she thought, for the time being; and this letter was to tell them when they might expect her. It was not in time for the early post. When Mrs. Atherton came knocking for it, she had to go away again empty-handed.

"It is not quite finished," Letty called out to her from within; but she did not open the door lest her pale face and red eyes should tell too plainly why the letter was not finished.

"It might have been written twice over," thought Mrs. Atherton, as she sailed leisurely down stairs, but she said nothing.

When the letter was finished, it was such a scrawl that Letty was ashamed to send it, so she tore it up and began to write another. Her head was throbbing, her hand burning and unsteady; writing at all was positive pain to her; but she persevered, and managed at length to write a letter that was not all blots and scratches.

It was now noon, and the children were stooping by so their dinners from out the one school of Fenmore. The narrow lane was echoing again to their calls and cries; and as Letty stood quietly watching them as they went tearing and hurrying past, one little fellow, looking up, saw her and smiled. It was a cripple boy, the son of one of the fishermen, and once the plague and terror of all the children round. He had been a cripple from his birth, and the misfortune had soured what would, perhaps, under no circumstances, have been a very sound or sweet temper.

This child, deformed, neglected, savage, utterly miserable, soon attracted Dr. Lennard's notice—his pity and help also, when he saw the real condition of the boy. He did what no one had ever done before but the dead mother, to whom this little weakling had been far dearer than the other seven brown legged, sturdy urchins all put together. He spoke kindly to him; he had him up to his own house, and while he saw that all care for the body was hopeless, he set about saving the poor, wayward soul.

As a natural consequence, the lad poured out all the love of his passionate heart on the doctor. For the guerdon of a smile, he made himself almost gentle; for a word of praise, he subdued as well as he could his fierce, quarrelsome nature, and sat patiently over his books in the village school-room, without seizing, as formerly, every chance of inflicting pain on his nearest neighbor. Such a change was too great not to be marvelled at; and when the children found that their fierce companion was almost tamed, they crowded about him and made much of him, thinking more of cuts answer from "Cross Johnny" than they would have thought of a real sacrifice from any other.

This, then, was the child who, looking up, smiled at Letty; and the sight of that grave little face, with its wistful eyes, once so fierce in their light, glancing up softly at her, brought Dr. Lennard and his many kindly generous deeds so forcibly before her that she looked down on she boy through a blinding mist of tears.

The troop passed by, the crippled lad the last to disappear, and Letty sat looking out drearily, her heart and brain both numbed with sharp pain. She had no reason for saying so; she had never heard it even in the idlest village gossip, but she kept repeating it over and over to herself, half unthinkingly: "I shall never see him again; he will not come back to Fenmore." She seemed as one who, standing out alone on some rugged headland, pointing inland to sea, saw on one side heavy storm-clouds drifting up to overwhelm her, and on the other side the clear light of noon; but the brightness seemed going from her further away every instant, and the dark cloud crack drawing nearer, till she lost all hope of ever emerging from out the shadow of that heavy darkness.

She loved Dr. Lennard with all her heart, and he was gone from her. He loved her, she hoped, she knew; she still he was gone. What probability was there that he would ever care to come back again? The hope of winning his love openly one day had shone down upon her like the light of a blessed noon, that hope was dying out, it had died. The thought of spending a lifetime at Fenmore without his love was a heavy blackness; and sitting there in her own little room, looking out on the shifting grey sea and the palely shining yellow sands, she felt that blackness range and settle round her, never more to be lifted up.

Hearing the sound of wheels on the gravel, and looking down, she saw the trap standing before the door, evidently waiting to carry Mr. Leigh to the station. She had forgotten all about the strange letter and this hasty journey, and she went hastily down now, to bid her father good-by.

He stood in the hall, giving some parting directions to Mrs. Atherton, the well-pleased smile still on his pleasant face, strength in the thin veil of mysterious importance. He was warmly muffled already, for the day was chill, and the night would be chillier still, and it would be deep night before he could reach London; but Letty, kissing him, drew the high collar of his coat still closer round his neck.

"Don't stay away longer than you can help, father. I wish you had not to go at all," she said, clinging to him.

"Do you indeed?" said he. "Then, like many another, you wish a very foolish thing. It is more for your sake than my own that I am going."

"Oh! father, if it is only on my account you are going, do stay," cried Letty. "I would rather have you stay with me than anything this visit could give me. Do stay, father."

He put her arm from about his neck, a little crossly.

"You know nothing of what you are talking about," he said, getting into the trap, and settling the rug across his knees. "I shall send the trap back with Mrs. Hill's boy. Good-morning, ladies."

He gave the horse a smart touch with the whip as he spoke, and dashed off for the station.

Letty's talking had made it a hard matter for Mr. Leigh to reach the station in time for the up train for London. If he missed that he would have to wait till the next day before he could go. Seemingly he had no intention of missing it, for he was making the horse go almost at full speed between the high, narrow hedges.

Mrs. Atherton went indoors immediately. Letty stood in the porch, gazing wistfully after her father. Her lot in life appeared very sad-colored as she got a glimpse of it then—always the same duties, the same weary round; one day the sample of the many, with no one but her father to live for, and he an old man.

"Will it never end?" she thought, as she stood there. "Any change must be for the better."

Presently she went in-doors, and down to the kitchen, to see that Jane was getting ready for the early dinner—for of late Mrs. Atherton had left many of what some people might think ought to be her own duties, to Letty's care.

CHAPTER V.

"THE WOMAN HE HAD COME DOWN TO MARRY."

"Any change must be for the better," said Letty, in her quietness, that still Not-

In Letty the only one in the house who has to thought—so said? Have we not all, at one time or another, been so tired and sick of the monotony of our lives that we would have hailed any change as a relief? Toiling along in the lowly valleys, we have looked up toward the shining mountain peaks, towering so awful in their beauty, so grand in their strength, and longed, with passionate, rebellious longing, to reach those glowing summits first, to catch the smiles of the morning. Some have gone to their graves with that longing unsatisfied; others have reached the peaks of those giant hills, and found, when too late, that if the first glory of the summer sun came down upon them, the first terrible fury of the summer storm, the first pitiless blast of the winter hail descended also. When we are lowly, we would fain be high; when high we look down longingly on the lowly, humbly plodding on in their safe, if narrow, track.

The fickle, human heart is ever seeking after change. Discontented with our position, tired of our present, how many of us say out, like fretful children, for a new leaf to be turned in the book of our life! We dream of such noble characters to be imprinted thereon, such thrilling stories of truth and worth, and when the page is turned, we too often find it stained with tears, and let us thank God if they are the only blots upon it.

"Any change must be for the better," said Letty Leigh, and as she spoke a change was drawing near to her, though she did not know it—a change so great that it would make those few short months of prosperity appear like the fevered vision of a dream, her present pain a childish pettulance, not to be counted among the real troubles of life.

"I am going to Hulston," she said, when she met Mrs. Atherton at dinner, "and I have written to Laura to say she may expect me on Saturday next."

"Very good, dear," said Mrs. Atherton, smiling. "I think you need the change."

That was Tuesday, and by Saturday morning at breakfast-time Letty had all her preparations completed. Her boxes were packed and corded, and her parcels were all piled together in the hall; and Letty herself, pale and tired-looking, sat at their late breakfast, her hair pushed into a silk net, her feet in slippers, and one of the oldest and plainest of her morning wrappers round her.

It was not a very becoming toilet for a young heroine, but then there was not a particle of romance in Letty. She was every bit as tired as she looked, and three times as miserable; all her best dresses were lying neatly folded in the hall; her hair would have to be plaited and twisted up carelessly for the journey, or rather for inspection at the end of it, and what more reasonable than to let it be now, and to take her breakfast in peace and quiet, unhampered by spotless cuffs and stiffness or shabby morning wrappers. But the very time we are the least fit to be seen—that is, those among us who are ever unpresentable—is just the time of all others that some one pops in to see us.

Letty did not analyze this fate—why should she? Heiresses are only mortals, and breakfast was scarcely over when, chancing to look up, she was astonished, startled almost, to see her father pass the window with Mr. Richard Devereux with him. Mrs. Atherton saw them, too, and settled the ribbons of her cap complacently—she was not in deshabille; but Letty rose hastily, too disturbed to remember her fatigue; she was a true woman, and her morning dress was a fright. So with a few rapid bounds she escaped up the staircase, as Mr. Leigh and his companion came into the hall.

"Why, who is come, Mrs. Atherton?" was Mr. Leigh's salutation to that lady, as she came gracefully forward to welcome him.

"No one, my dear sir," was the reply; "but we are about to lose some one instead. Miss Letty is going to-day on a visit to Hulston."

Ernest stopped short in his greeting to glance aside at the piled-up boxes, and then at Mr. Leigh's cloudy face.

"Confoundedly hard," he thought, "if I have come all the way from the end of the past few weeks, and come here only to find my last chance slipping out of my fingers; I may pack off back to Calais as soon as I please, after this."

"Just like her perversity, and the perversity of things altogether," Mr. Leigh was thinking; "but I'll see to it that those boxes are unpacked before the hour's out, or I'll know why."

The two gentlemen had walked from the station; they were dusty and tired, and Mrs. Atherton's cup of good tea was very welcome to them.

After breakfast Ernest Devereux went to his room, the same he had occupied when with Charles Temple on his former visit. He looked a fine strapping knightly one in the hearth, and everything looking home-like and comfortable. But he did not look very comfortable in mind, whatever he might be in body, as he flung himself into the low, chintz-covered lounging chair, and put his legs over the buffet, and smoking moodily. His face was pale and set, his hard mouth harder than usual, and there was a sullen light in his blue eyes that reminded one irresistibly of an animal that felt itself the prey of circumstances, and knew its but one doubtful chance of escape. His one chance lay in a speedy marriage with Elizabeth Leigh, heiress in her own right. Letty Leigh he liked very well; but Letty the heiress he liked not only vastly, but was eager to marry. His chance of ever doing that seemed small enough just at present. The respite he had won, with infinite pain and endless promises, from the more pressing of his creditors, was but a short one; and if this throw failed, he knew nothing to look forward to but an exile in France or elsewhere, until such time as his creditors, wearied of watching for him, gave up all hope of ever getting their dues.

He had lived to pay life; he had frothed and flashed among the *creme de la creme*, a penniless heir of a good old name, with nothing to keep it up on. He might have been said to have lived by his wits for some years, but that is too a vulgar way of expressing it, and Ernest Devereux and his kind so shrink from vulgarity. He could live so no longer and he knew it; not because his wits were growing less keen, but because dearly-bought experience was sharpening into life the instinct of self-preservation. The great shark had gobbled up all the little fishes in its neighborhood so long, that the little fishes were *growing* cautious, and the great shark found it necessary to move into deeper waters, or be gobbled up in turn. So, all things considered, it was not to be wondered at that he should puff at his cigar so savagely, nor that the down cushion of his rocking chair failed to give him ease.

"By Jove!" he thought, as he sat there, "if she goes off to all this, and I'm not quite sure the old fellow can stop her."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Atherton, commissioned by Mr. Leigh, had sought Letty in her own room, whither she had fled on the unlocked-for interruption. She had to tell her that her father did not wish her to go to Hulston, as she had promised she would; nay, he desired her not to go; and seeing that her things were all packed, and herself getting ready to start, it was not a very pleasant mission. But Mrs. Atherton was equal to the occasion, as all great men or women should be, and she laid the case down so clearly, and showed so forcibly how very rude it would be for Letty, the real mistress of the house, to go away and leave a guest in his own resources, that Letty, though not convinced, began to feel very uncomfortable.

"But," she urged, "I was going before I knew of his visit. He must see that I was, for there are my boxes ready corded before his eyes."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Atherton. "He knows you were going to-day as well as I do; but he knows, too, that it would be very uncourteous of you to leave him, and I don't for one moment expect that he thinks you would do it."

Letty was nearly puzzled what to do. She wanted to go away from Fenmore, away from her own heart, if it could be; but, as it could not, then as far from everything that would jar on that sore heart as she could get.

"I hate Fenmore," she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Atherton! you can't know how much I hate it!"

"Yes, Letty, I do know," said Mrs. Atherton; "I know very well; but it is one of our difficult parts, my dear, to crush down such things, and strive so to act before the world that we shall not seed to think for ourselves when the gay bubble bursts. Of course, dear, you can go or stay as it pleases you, and I will tell your papa that you will let his times which you refuse, to say an hour's time."

(To be Continued).

A Stitch Miscellaneous.

Texas *Siftings*: Irate Individual—Which did you mean by telling Smith that I had been in jail?

Calm Individual—I did not tell Smith you had been in jail. I simply said you ought to be in jail.

Irate Individual (calming down)—I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood him.

The Sum Is.

New York *Herald*: One thing is a little peculiar—the green willow is never green.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Wallace introduced a bill to amend the Act for the prevention and suppression of combinations in restraint of trade. He said that the proposition was to strike out the word "unduly" in paragraphs A, B, and C, and "unreasonably" in paragraph D. Provision was also made that the Act should not be applicable to strictly legitimate trades unions.

Mr. McMullen asked if in view of the petitions for the prohibition of the liquor traffic the Government intended to introduce legislation to meet them.

THE MCGREEVY SCANDAL.

Mr. Tarte, on the orders of the day being called, rose to a question of privilege. He then said that he gave notice of his intention a few days ago to the Minister of Public Works and the member from Quebec West (Mr. McGreevy) to bring before the House this motion, and before doing so he might be permitted to offer a few remarks. Those charges were to the effect that since 1882 or 1883 the secrets of the Department of Public Works had been divulged for money considerations to public contractors by the member for Quebec West (Mr. McGreevy), who, according to the evidence he had in his hand, had been paid year by year, contract after contract, large sums of money; that during that period of time Mr. McGreevy had used his influence as a member of this Parliament and as a member of the Quebec Harbor Commission against the public interest on numerous important occasions. It was admitted on all hands in Quebec that there was something rotten and wrong in the Public Works Department, and in the Harbor Board of Quebec. For years and years Parliament had voted large sums of money—many millions of dollars—and very little useful progress had been going on. Nobody could get evidence against the suspected parties. Look at the well-planned arrangement for covering the doings of the Canadian Tammany Hall. The member for Quebec was an important member of Parliament, and at the same time a member of the Harbor Commission. Mr. Perley was the Chief Engineer of Public Works, and at the same time engineer of the Quebec harbor works. Mr. McGreevy was known to be a very close friend of the Minister of Public Works. The assistant engineer was a son of the Minister of Public Works, though he had never been an engineer in his life. This was a strong combination of men with common interests. Members of both political parties were interested. The head of the firm of contractors was Mr. Larkin, who was a well-known Liberal. Then there was Mr. R. H. McGreevy, who was a strong Conservative. The other members of the firm were three American citizens, who had had large experience in the United States. (Laughter.)

Mr. Lauderkin—But they are loyal to the old flag.

Mr. Tarte said that this combination had subsidized the organ of those who dared to resist it, and its political associates were charged with treason to the old party, since the election of Sir John Macdonald with him. Mrs. Atherton saw them, too, and settled the ribbons of her cap complacently—she was not in *deshabille*; but Letty rose hastily, too disturbed to remember her fatigue; she was a true woman, and her morning dress was a fright. So with a few rapid bounds she escaped up the staircase, as Mr. Leigh and his companion came into the hall.

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He had lived to pay life; he had frothed and flashed among the *creme de la creme*, a penniless heir of a good old name, with nothing to keep it up on. He might have been said to have lived by his wits for some years, but that is too a vulgar way of expressing it, and Ernest Devereux and his kind so shrink from vulgarity. He could live so no longer and he knew it; not because his wits were growing less keen, but because dearly-bought experience was sharpening into life the instinct of self-preservation. The great shark had gobbled up all the little fishes in its neighborhood so long, that the little fishes were *growing* cautious, and the great shark found it necessary to move into deeper waters, or be gobbled up in turn. So, all things considered, it was not to be wondered at that he should puff at his cigar so savagely, nor that the down cushion of his rocking chair failed to give him ease.

"By Jove!" he thought, as he sat there, "if she goes off to all this, and I'm not quite sure the old fellow can stop her."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Atherton, commissioned by Mr. Leigh, had sought Letty in her own room, whither she had fled on the unlocked-for interruption. She had to tell her that her father did not wish her to go to Hulston, as she had promised she would; nay, he desired her not to go; and seeing that her things were all packed, and herself getting ready to start, it was not a very pleasant mission. But Mrs. Atherton was equal to the occasion, as all great men or women should be, and she laid the case down so clearly, and showed so forcibly how very rude it would be for Letty, the real mistress of the house, to go away and leave a guest in his own resources, that Letty, though not convinced, began to feel very uncomfortable.

"But," she urged, "I was going before I knew of his visit. He must see that I was, for there are my boxes ready corded before his eyes."

"Yes, to be sure," said Mrs. Atherton. "He knows you were going to-day as well as I do; but he knows, too, that it would be very uncourteous of you to leave him, and I don't for one moment expect that he thinks you would do it."

Letty was nearly puzzled what to do. She wanted to go away from Fenmore, away from her own heart, if it could be; but, as it could not, then as far from everything that would jar on that sore heart as she could get.

"I hate Fenmore," she cried. "Oh, Mrs. Atherton! you can't know how much I hate it!"

"Yes, Letty, I do know," said Mrs. Atherton; "I know very well; but it is one of our difficult parts, my dear, to crush down such things, and strive so to act before the world that we shall not seed to think for ourselves when the gay bubble bursts. Of course, dear, you can go or stay as it pleases you, and I will tell your papa that you will let his times which you refuse, to say an hour's time."

(To be Continued).

A Stitch Miscellaneous.

Texas *Siftings*: Irate Individual—Which did you mean by telling Smith that I had been in jail?

Calm Individual—I did not tell Smith you had been in jail. I simply said you ought to be in jail.

Irate Individual (calming down)—I beg your pardon. I must have misunderstood him.

The Sum Is.

New York *Herald*: One thing is a little peculiar—the green willow is never green.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

RD. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when I troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs. ©

HOW THREAD IS NUMBERED

The Process That Gives the Seamstress Exactly What She Wants.

The seamstress, whether she wants No. 80 or 40 or 120 thread, knows from the number just what kind of sewing it can be used for. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains, a pound of cotton, the thread makers mark it No. 1. If 1,680 yards weigh a pound it is marked No. 2. For No 50 yarn it would take 50 multiplied by 480 to weigh a pound. This is the whole explanation of the yarn measurement as used by the spool manufacturer. The early manufactured thread was of three-cord, the number being derived from the number of yards to the pound, just as it is to-day. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual calibre of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being made of three No 20 thread twisted together.

When the sewing machine came into the market as a great thread consumer, increasing in its work and heavier in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six cord cotton had to be made in place of the old and rougher three-cord, it being much smoother.

As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, says the *Dry Goods Review*, and No 60 six cord and No. 60 three-cord were left identical in both size and number. To effect this the six cord has to be made of yarn twice as fine as that used in making the three-cord variety. The No. 60 cord is made of six strands of No. 120 yarn. The three-cord spool cotton is of the same number as the yarn is made of. Six cord spool cotton is always made from double its numbers. Thread is a simple thing, but it is simple there are 2,000 kinds of it, and each kind goes through hundreds of different processes.

Boxing for Boys.

There is absolutely nothing in the way of recreation so beneficial in every respect to a boy as boxing. I am positive—and I know whereof I write, for as boy and man I have tried them all, fencing, wrestling, rowing, swimming, riding—that no one of them has the many advantages of boxing, says a writer in "Harper's Young People." As an all round developer it is unequalled; not one of the boy's muscles remains inactive; back, stomach, legs, arms, are called upon for vigorous service. But what I consider its best feature in its recommendation for boys is the very thorough drilling which the disposition of the boy must undergo. If a lad is quick to lose his temper, boxing will cure him; it will teach him that no one who lets his temper get the better of him will become an expert sparrer; it will speedily convince him of the absolute necessity of keeping cool and in entire possession of his wits in order to sustain his efforts and avoid defeat. The boxer who cannot control his temper is practically at the mercy of a cool, skilful opponent. One cannot spar successfully and become flustered. A boxer must ever be on the alert, his wits constantly alive, looking for an opportunity of assault; he must be able to act instantly and with cool deliberation, as distinguished from wild, undirected action. He need do no running that would tax the muscles of his lungs to the large; these are all continuously in action

Over-Activity.

Full exercise of the brain is favorable to health and longevity, and prolonged brain work is not necessarily injurious when unattended by hurry, anxiety or excitement. Where the nerve force is limited, the effect of over-activity is dangerous, but in the young and strong it is not injurious. There are certain occupations which are very wearing, such as bank tellers and locomotive engineers. Then the speculator often becomes a wreck through the tension on his nerves; also the politician, says the New York *Ledger*. Take a book-keeper using one part of the brain day after day, dealing with nothing but figures year after year; he becomes tired, listless and, after a while, incapable of work. Give him a vacation or let him go to the mountains, and he quickly recovers; in fact, the other brain cells are called into use. American business men, as they grow older, do not reduce the nervous expenditure to correspond with its natural decline. Business and domestic troubles wear upon the nerves. Cramming in schools is very bad in its results. The brain of the child suffering from overstudy robs the blood of elements provided for the growth of the body. As a result, the child is stunted, although the parents may have been fine animals.

Long Way to Get Broken.

A great sheet of plate glass that fell and went to fifteen in Brooklyn the other day had a queer history. It was about twelve feet square and was worth $1,200. It could have been made in this country, but it could not have been carried to Brooklyn because of the tunnels it would have to pass through. It was brought by rail on the canals. So it was made in the south of France. It met with trouble in its trip across the Brooklyn Bridge, and had to be canted to one side to pass under the passenger platform. After all that, just as it reached its destination it was smashed.

Not the Divine Nine.

Detroit *Free Press*: "Miss Knippy," said the Vassar professor of Greek mythology, "can you tell me the names of the divine nine?"

"Yes, sir; there is Buck Ewing and ——"

"Stop! stop! Who is Buck Ewing?"

Then all the young ladies in the class smiled at the poor professor's ignorance and answered in chorus:

"Why, the catcher, of course!"

To Meet the Kinta.

A City of Mexico despatch says: A delayed telegram from Acapulco states the Esmeralda had left that port after having sought many favors, which were refused. The Esmeralda is well armed and equipped. She received telegrams from the United States and then went to meet the Kinta. A Manzanilla telegram says the captain of a fishing boat there claims his vessel was nearly ran down before daylight by a large steamer without lights bound north.

The employing carpenters of Milwaukee have decided to give no more employment to union men, and 2,000 carpenters are locked out.

THE HAPPY HOUSEWIFE.

Width of Wisdom that Come in at the Open Windows.

In mixing cake dough use cups of exactly the same size for measuring the different ingredients.

If a cake cracks open when baking it is either because the oven is too hot and cooks the outside before the inside is heated, or else the cake was made too stiff.

Two or three rose-geranium leaves put in when making crab-apple jelly will give it a delicious flavor.

Beat the yelk of an egg and spread on the top of rusks and pies just before putting them into the oven. The egg makes that shine seen on bakers' pies and cakes.

In flavoring puddings, if the milk is rich, lemon flavoring is good; but if the milk is poor vanilla makes it richer.

Nothing made with sugar, eggs and milk should reach the boiling point.

The molasses to be used for gingerbread is greatly improved by being first boiled, then skimmed.

Oil-cloths should never have soap used upon them, as the lye will destroy the colors and the finish.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

NOTES AS TO DRESSWEAR.

Women Should Be at Pains to Dress their Necks Becomingly.

The dressing of the neck has much to do with a woman's good looks. If she has scrawny bones below her chin she is crude to bare herself. What she needs is a yard of beads, a pendant necklace, a ruff of fur, flowers or fringe, or a collar as near her ear-holes as it can be fitted. The lines which age first throws around the throat can always be concealed by a velvet collaretee, to which anything can be applique—beads, medallions, miniatures, cuff-buttons, flowers, brooches and even rings.

Then there are passementerie bands in every width, jeweled with metallic, Egyptian and modern effects that are very pretty. The Medici flat collars are not expensive, or a scarf of diaphanous gauze may be artfully arranged and pierced with a jewel-handled dagger or gaunts ornament.—*New York World.*

They Make Good Servants.

Buffalo *Sunday News*: "If I had fifty Canadian servants to mortgage morning at 10 o'clock they would all be gone in an hour," said Mr. Stephenson, of the Universal Employment Bureau to an inquirer the other day. "Why do I specially advertise to furnish Canadian servants? Well, because they are not afraid to work. They come here and say they want places, and want them right away; they don't want to spend their money here and they are willing for a situation. They will often go to a place at 9 or 10 o'clock of the day they come here to apply. They are willing to wash and do all kinds of work, don't care to go out evenings, and stay a good while in a place. They want the same wages over here that the American girls get. If they have been receiving $2.50 a week in Canada they want $3.50 or $4 here. Often a lady comes here and asks for a Canadian servant, saying that she had had one and wants another. American girls seldom want to get a place under two or three days after they come, even if they could have just the situation they are looking for. They will wait till they find just the last one, and then take the first place that offers. They are very particular, too, about the amount of work they do, and the kind, and still they want high wages. One lady complained to me that her last girl Canadian would not go out every evening in the week beside Tuesday and Friday afternoons, and refused to work after dinner on Sundays, so that she couldn't find any time to go out herself. I have an advertisement now in the Canadian papers for 50 girls if the Government would allow me to have an agent over there I could have 150 sent over at one time and no difficulty in finding places for them."

All Over With.

"And is this your final decision?" muttered the young man, hoarsely, as he gathered up his coat and hat and prepared to depart.

"It is," replied the beautiful creature, as she sank back listlessly into the Turkish divan which her father, who was a well-known humorist, had placed at her disposal.

"Then farewell," he hissed; and as he stood on the shore while a moment later and took a last look at the stately mansion, he murmured: "And this is all. A dress suit two nights a week for three months at $3 a night, and nothing to show for it."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

Anti-Hebrew Outbreak at Corfu.

A Corfu cable says: The anti Hebrew excitement which caused an outbreak about April 27th is becoming more menacing. Governor Vetsera was rescued. Two Hebrews were killed and a number injured. Troops dispersed the rioters and now surround the Hebrew quarter. Hebrews are forbidden to pass outside the cordon of troops, and all the shops kept by Hebrews are closed. The prefect of Corfu has been summoned to Athens to explain the situation to the Government. Troops have been sent here from Athens to restore order.

Why She Adored Him.

New York *Herald*: Ethel—I just adore that young Dr. Mattonchop. His sermon to-night was perfectly lovely.

George—What was the text?

Ethel—Behold! the bridegroom cometh."

Early this month, says "Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine," Mr. R. B. Forney, C. E, U. S. N., started for St. John's, Newfoundland, with a party of five or six men. He was to take a sealer at that point which would convey him far up the west coast of Greenland to Whale Sound, from where he will endeavor to reach the north end of Greenland on Norwegian snow shoes, using the island ice as a highway. Mr. Ferry hopes to bring back complete collections illustrating the fauna, flora, geology and other aspects of that region.

For good wear, let me recommend an outing dress of "outing cloth" at 10 cents per yard; ten yards will make a plain full skirt, deep hem. A blouse waist with sailor collar