I'm Going to the Seashore

I've struggled through the winter with 'bou half enough to eat,
An old hat upon my head, and with old shoes or my feet.
And all the things that I have bought have been as cheap as dirt.
But I'm going to the seashore if I have to pawn my shirt.

I've lost my situation, and my poetry won't My money's now all gone and my only friend as well; But he can go to uh-hu, where the hoses never For I'm going to the seashore if I have to pawn
my shirt.

I'll walk upon the sandy beach, and hold my darling's hand;
And in the rolling surf, in rapture I will

stand.
And with all the glddy maidens on the sandy beach I'll flirt,
For I'm going to the seashore if I have to pawn my shirt.

When my cheek is all expended, and the grand bounce I have got,
Though I leave so quick that I won't know if I'm alive or no;
Though the landlord's few remarks may be—well, quite severe and curt,
Still, I'm going to the seashore if I have to pawn
my shirt.

The Toronto Girl Yesterday. The skies were balmy with breezes a weet, The trees were bird-swarmed, the grass

The trees were bird-swarmed, the grass we green,
Pertume and languor filled the str-t,
The lake was varnished with sum nor sheen.
The peorle were dancing a holiday,
The Island glittered, the bay was pearl;
But the loveliest of all on yesterday
Was the dear and dainty Toronto girl.

Her bosom fair with moss and fern,
With roses rare and lilacs lorn;
Wherever you went—where'er you'd turn,
You'd see the sanctified blossom—ourn.
Flowers again on each witching ha
O'er smooth, soft hair of twinklin; curl;
Harken to me! I'll tell you that
Fair is the sweet Toronto giri.

White were the posies they plucke? In the park
Rare were the ferns they found in the dell,
Soft was the music they heard in the dark,
Sweet were the voices they loved so well;
But dearer than park, and fairer than bay,
The home of the flowers, the haunt of the
elves,
The beautiful blossoms of yesterday,
Were the sweet and lovesble girls themselves.

—The Khan in Toronto World.

## DOCTOR.

She spoke his name shyly, with the womanly intent of rousing him by unwonted kindness from the strange, cold

"Ill?" he repeated. "No; but I might "Ill?" he repeated. "No; but I might have been. Your father is ill, Letty. He can fret and moan, but I cannot even do that. Will you walk with me now, and I will tell you the news I have come out after you to tell."

His voice was low and hard, and Letty shivered as she listened to it; still she would not shrink from hearing whatever it was he might have to tell. It was a

it was he might have to tell. story many had listened to before, with only the difference of a few paltry details. It was a story that had been told with It was a story that bad been fold with deadly effect, by many a hearth-stone, and in many a banking-house—a tale that many poor creatures had shivered and moaned over before her—but it fell none the less heavily and suddenly on poor Letty on that account. It was all comprised in one word—ruin! It means hardship and poverty, and humilation; but they were all hidden as yet in the bleak folds of that one ominous word of four letters.

Mr. Leigh had sunk all his daughter's fortune in a great brilliant bubble scheme; all his gaudy air castles had the well-being of this scheme for their foundation; but now the false sands had shifted, and the side-board mansions were strewn in the

Ernest Devereux had no fortune to stake, but he staked his name and his prospects, and all the ready cash he could muster, and the end was ruin for him also; more dire, more complete, than had even fallen upor Mr. Leigh.

The young man had hardened and stiffened under the blow; the old man had broken down under it, and but for Ernest Devereux he would never again have been able to reach Ferners. able to reach Fenmore.

Not a very pleasant story to to tell anyone, much less to a young girl who had grown accustomed to all the joys and luxuries which money brings to its possessor. And Ernest Devereux, remembering the deathly faint of the past New Year's Eve, felt no listle uneasiness as to how it would be received. But Letty did not faint now. She heard him to the end quite calmly and patiently, and then her words did no express prow for herself or for him, only for her

" My father ! " she said, her eyes full of tears, her voice broken; "my poor father! how will he bear it? What can I do to make him able to bear it?"

Ernest Devereux looked at her wondered. This was so different from all he had expected, and half dreaded so see, when the

expected, and nair created so see, when the hard news was broken to her.

"If I could endure a life of poverty with any woman, that woman would be Letty," he thought. "She would never grow into under her troubles.

"I, soo, am a ruined man, Letty," he said aloud, after a pause; "but, for all that, the bond between us need never be broken, unless you will it."

She turned and looked at him as he stood

said aloud, after a pause; "but, for all that, the bond between us need never be broken, unless you will it."

She turned and looked at him as he stood beside her, the breeze playing among his luxuriant whiskers and gently raising the thick, silken ends of his mustache. He was very hardsome, very gentlemanly, but he was not the man ske would care to face the storm with. She was honest and true to the core, and she spoke out frankly now, as Ernest Devereux, man though he was, would not have dared to have spoken.

"I do will that it should be broken, Ernest," she replied, "but not for my sake only. You are not one who could make your way in the world if you had a poor wife to drag you down. Some men could, but you could not, and I dare not marry any man to be a burden upon him—I dare not do it. No, don't," she said, putting her hand on his arm to stop him when he would have answered her, "don't say anything. I know you are honorable and true. I know you would marry me to morrow if I wished it, though you would have to live and die a poor man in consequence; but I do not wish it, Ernest—believe me, I do not."

She stopped and stood silent for an instant, her face flushing and paling, her frank eyos turned from him; then she whispered, timidly, as though owning some

not."

The stopped and stood silent for an instant, her face flushing and paling, her frank eyes turned from him; then she whispered, timidly, as though owning some frank eyes turned from him; then she whispered, timidly, as though owning some heavy orime:

"I—I'm afraid I do not love you as you

"But, my dear, you are not expected to do such a thing. It will be too trying for you," said the kind woman. "Do let me

should be loved. I don't think I could if I

should be loved. I don't think I could if I tried ever so. But——."

She stopped short and looked up at him, and then quickly turned her face away, painfully flushed and embarassed. Perhaps the memory of that other love she had once confessed to this man was stinging her pride now, painting her cheeks with those burning blushes, and making her clear eyes falter and droop.

None but Ernest Devereux himself, or some self-cankered, world-hardened spirit like him, could know the effort his offer had cost him; and now, looking at her, he wished in his heart that ehe had taken him at his work. For one moment he felt that to have the love of this true-hearted girl he would have been content to fight his way in the world, and take his place, humbly and carnestly, among its busy workers; the next, he saw that he never could have taken his place there with any chance of success, and being a sensible man he took things as they were, and was thankful.

But in that short space of time, while be

and being a sensible man he took things as they were, and was thankful.

But in that short space of time, while he stood by Letty, watching the setting suc, without clearly knowing that he was watching it, the one bright light of his life faded out, ane Ernest Devereux was the man of the world again and forever. Then he stooped and raised the sweet face that was so near his own, and kissed it softly, and smiled, as he saw the blushing bloom under his lips.

under his lips.

"The last time, Letty. Remember we were engaged," said he, and drawing her arm closer to him, as he led her toward home. "Your father will want to see you by this time," he continued, "and he will perhaps think you are grieving if you stay

away longer now."
So they walked arm in arm away from the darkening sea, and on toward the little cottage where the old man was waiting for the daughter he had dragged back into poverty.

CHAPTER VII. "LOVE STRONGER THAN PRIDE."

Ernest Devereux did not stay long with the Leighs; that same night he started for

Ernest Devereux did not stay long with the Leighs; that same night he started for London; from thence he purposed making his way to Boulogne, where at least he would be free from the grasp of enraged creditors. Then Letty set herself to face life bravely, as it was her nature to do. Not very pleasant would that life be henceforth, but it would have its duties, and these she was determined to fulfil.

One of the least of the many unpleasant things this loss of fortune brought Letty, was the loss of Mrs. Atherton. That lady's salary could no longer be paid her, and she was not one to stay a single hour for nothing; she even grumbled and lamented as though this loss was her own personal grievance, and so, indeed, it was in one way. She made no pretense of sympathy beyond a few commonplace politenesses, that was worth leas than the puff of breath that gave them substance. She commenced without any delay to get her properties together, and they had increased vastly during her stay in that house; and then, when she had all her preparations completed, she kissed Letty on the cheek and drove off to the station, Mr. Leigh escorsing her.

That was the leat journey the pretty little trap ever went while Mr. Leigh was its owner, for three days after he sold it, and the gray mare that drew it. The cottage he had bought, and he would neither dispose of it, nor of any article of furniture, however costly, however out of place and useless it might be; and so father and daughter went back to their former humble way of living, their one servant, and the thousand and one petty troubles that

daughter went back to their former humble way of living, their one servant, and the thousand and one petty troubles that genteel poverty is heir to.

Unuterably weary were the glaring summer days that followed to poor sorrow-burdened Letty. It was not the riches themselves she grieved after; they had galled her more than they had comforted her, at the best; but it was the means of supplying the selfish necessities of her father that she was missing. The taste of wealth had fired the old passions of waste and extravagance in his heart, and he fretted sorely when he lost the power of feeding them. feeding them.

feeding them.

Gladly would poor Letty worked to produce for her father, but work there was none for her to do. She could not toil meaningly, for she was a gentlewoman; teaching, that last resource of respectability, was barred to her, for she had none of the showy accomplishments that the governesses of the present day are expected to possess and transmit to their pupils with proper zeal for the munificent stipend of,

proper zeal for the munificent stipend of,
say, twenty pounds per annum.
There was nothing, therefore, that Letty
could do but sit passive, and economize her
household expenses, and soothe her father's
temper as best she might.
On! what a terrible thing it is for a
strong sonl to sit passive! Some have
learned this from experience, and the
knowledge has sent them into their graves;
to sit passive, and see the high tide of life
drifting past, ever past, without flinging
one waif of good fortune over the lonely
rock where you are placed; to sit passive
and see the fair years of youth gliding
away into that terrible past, from which
no after amount of prosperity can bring
them back—to sit passive, and eat your
heart out, till the chain snaps, and the slow
agony is ended.
Such was life to Letty through the hurn.

persuade you not to think of it, Letty."

"If he had a son he would have gone," said Letty, "I was bosh son and daughter to him, and I will go."

"Well, my love, you must do what seems best to you," said the good lady, and there were tears in her eyes as she kissed Letty's cold cheek and left her.

Every heart swelled with pity for the pale, drooping girl, who stood so bravely by the open grave, and looked on with white lips and dry, burning eyes, as the earth fell heavily and sullenly on her father's coffinited. There was something terrible in the quiet grief of the girl, something perfectly shrilling in the stony calm of her young face. Looking at her, one felt the strain was unnatural, and the reaction would be awful.

When or how that reaction came no one

When or how that reaction cam when or now that reaction came no one but herself knew, but the Letty that sat in Leighs' pow on the following Sunday was no unlike the Letty that they had known hitherto, that more than one eye turned to look after her

hitherto, that more than one eye turned to look after her as she went up the aisle in her long black dress, a dark, mournful shade between them and the sunshine.

Small as the cottage was, it was too large for Letty now, and if she could she would have let it. But no tenant could be found, and she stayed it in preferee.

have let it. But no tenant could be found, and she stayed it in perforce.

The greater part of Mr. Leigh's income died with him, and on the scanty remainder Letty had learned to live. A proud girl in her poverty would gone away from the place, and from the people who had known her in different circumstances. But Letty was more loving than proud, and she clung tenaciously to the spot that had seen the dawn and the darkening of her brief love dream.

dream.

The sultry summer ripened into autumn the corn stood high in the meadows stretch-ing around Letty's home, and the purple blooms of the fens were in full luxuriance. blooms of the fens were in full luxuriance. The first rending pain of her loss was over, but the weary void in her heart was unfilled, and often sitting in the warm haze of the August days, looking out on the shifting sea, she would think with half a sigh that perhaps she was wrong, after all, in casting away Ernest Devereux's love so readily. And yet she felt that she could not do otherwise, were he to come and offer it again. Of the one love that would have been so precious to her, she had given up all hope; and any other, however true, however tender, ould be but an empty name to her after that. ever tender, could to her after that.

to her after that.

The weary days crawled away till spring-time came again. Letty, standing in the church-yard by her father's grave, looked down, through the blinding tears, on the green sods that had been laid there so smoothly just one year before.

It was a fair April day, made up of more smiles than showers, and the treble notes of the birds mingled, shrilly sweet, with the rush and roar of the incoming tide. The narrow strip of sand left bare by it was sparkling and gleaming like molten gold in the sunshine; and as Letty turned away from that lonely grave, the warm glitter caught her eye and drew her toward it, almost unawares.

away from that lonely grave, the warm glitter caught her eye and drew her toward it, almost unawares.

The happy past Letty had left so far behind seemed nearer to her as the great, green waves rolled up to her feet, and the fresh wind brushed her face. On that nacrow strip of sand, a few years back, she had first met Paul Lennard. Up and down it she had walked once afterward with Paul Lennard's young wife, strying to amuse her, striving to love her, if only because of the great, tender heart in which she was shrined, like, as the girl in her clear-sighted truth could not but own, a glittering glass bauble in a casket of purest gold. Out there, where the great, gray bowldere rose dark against the foam of the strong sea that was breaking over and around it, she had stood and listened to the first few barren words in which Ernest Devereux had told-his love; which was at that time just as cold and scant itself as they were, though she did not know it, and he would not have owned it even to himself. In that tiny creek, now slowly filling with the tide, she had picked up one morning, a dainty drab satin shoe that had oleared up a mystery in the past and opened a sealed door in her own heart, even as she held it in her hand and looked at it. It was not the common shore at all, it was not the common shore at all, it was not the common shore at all, at it. It was not the common shore at all, it was fairyland, and every step she walked was haunted.

walked was haunted.
Poor Letty was changed now—how could she but be—from the happy, merry-heartde will that she was when she first walked girl that she was when she first walked there; changed by sorrow, and weariness, and vain longing, into a mere shadow of her former self. As she stood there—thinking of the past and the present—the large tears welled up in her eyes, and fell glistening down her netted fingers. The past mighs have been so different, the present might have so bright, if only—. The grit of pebbles near her caused Letty to look up suddenly, and Dr. Lennard was standing within a yard of her.

near her caused Letty to look up suddenly, and Dr. Lennard was standing within a yard of her.

He was almost as much astonished as herself, for he had come in sight of her suddenly as he turned on to the shore from out of the tiny pass that led down to it at that part. For a second or two he seemed scarcely to recognize her; then he came forward, his grave face all alight, and took her hand and neld it, while heasked after herself, and then, with a downward glance at her black dress, after her father.

Her heart had throbbed wildly at the sight of him. She had to put up her free hand to her side and hold it there to keep down the stormy throbs of her heart before she could manage to speak. When she did, it was in a voice so low, in such broken, faltering words, that the doctor could only catch at their meaning, which he soon did, assisted not a little by the deep mourning which she wore and the sad, weary, pained look on hes face.

(To be Continued.

(To be Continued. A Mixed Commission

Rochester Herald: The British Royal Commission on Labor has resolved that its meetings shall be open to the press and public, and the fullest information obtained of its proceedings by those interested. Among the members named as a committee to arrange a plan of business are Lord Hartington and "Tom" Mann, the dock agitator; Lord Derby and "Ben" Tilling, a Methodist local preacher, and John Morley and Mr. Burs, the miner representative. This committee is democratic enough at all events.

Sevene frosts and freezing blasts must come, then come frost bites, with swelling, itching, burning, for which St. Jacobs Oil is the best remedy.

HOW TO HOLD ONE'S OWN

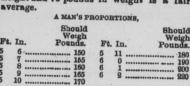
Prosperity's Drawback — A Talk for Adipose Americans who Eat Life's

Celia Logan, writing for the Chicago leve, gives us a great many bits of infor-nation and some Al suggestions in the latter of healthful bodies. Celia, who is

All healthy babies are fat, but infancy is the only period of life when that condition is natural. The adiposity of infants is maintained by their milk diet, and gradually disappears when they begin to take solid food.

uld the excessive fat continue after the child begins to walk it ought to be subjected to dietetic measures. At the same time no one should be skin and bone only. The body needs some fat to draw upon in disease when the normal supply of nourishment is out off.

FACTS ABOUT A 4-YEAR OLD. A child in the 4th year should be 3 feet bigh and weigh more than 28 pounds; in the 6th year, 3½ feet high and weigh 42 pounds; in the 8th year, 4 feet high and 56 pounds in weight; at 12 years, 5 feet in height and 70 pounds in weight is a fair



A large-boned man will weigh somewhat more than one whose bones are small, even though the height be the same—a raw-boned Highlander more than a small-boned

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

How should a man who observes that he How should a man who observes that he is losing his slenderness ascertain whether he is growing too large? Let him measure his chest and waist and compare the figures. If the circumference of his waist exceeds that of his chest then he is verging into corpulency, and if he desires to preserve his symmetrical proportions he should at once begin to train down. This is the only time when obesity is easily handled.

mattresses, making beds, sweeping and dusting with the windows open, the running up and down stairs while setting things to rights, is exercise constituting the best of observe arress.

LEAN CHAMBERMAIDS, FAT COOKS.

The doing of chamberwork steadily has The doing of chamberwork steadily has been known to reduce a woman's weight at the rate of five pounds a week. Cooking, on the other hand, will add that much. Cooks are almost always stout, owing to their lack of outdoor exercise, the heat to which they are constantly subjected and their habit of tasting the dishes they prepare. If a girl is corpulent when she begins to do chamberwork she soon becomes slender.

As the reader sees, the best thing for health is (1) to restrain the appetite and (2) exercise. What need to say more.

He Did Not Wait.

He Did Not Wait.

Bishop Williams, of Hartford, recently wrote this sarcastic note to a fresh young man of his diocese who was about to enter the matrimonial state: "I regret, sir, that it is without my province to order the word 'obey' omitted from the marriage service. There is no way that this can be done except by vote of the house of bishops. The house next convenes in 1892, and if you will postpone your marriage until then I will take pleasure in presenting your potition to the house for its action." The young man concluded not to wait.

A New Religion.

Of the multiplication of sects there appears to be no end. The latest has been found in Alabama, its creed being opposition to all human law. The members claim the right to do what they please. One of them runs an illicit distillery, and claims that any attempt to stop it will be religious persecution. Doubtless the persecutors will accept the responsibility without trembling.

Buddha is worshipped in Paris in various private temples, where the devotees meet regularly to pay homage to the "Light of Asia." Most of the Buddhists are Japanese, but among them are many Frenchmen and a few Englishmen.

LIEUTENANT GRANTS CHANCE,

The Young Scotch Officer who Beat Fo Thousand Manipuris with a Force Eighty Men.

(Richard Harding Davis, in Harper's Weekly.) The true story of Lieutenant Grant is most too good a story to be true, and add like one of those that Mr. Rudyard

reads like one of those that Mr. Rudyard Kipling invents.

Its scene is laid in Mr. Kipling's own territory, and it deals with dacoits and jungles, and the little daring Goorkhas of whom Mr. Kipling is so fond, and with native princes and rajahs and hand-to-hand fighting and the glory of the British arms.

arms.
In the early part of April the Associated
Press, under the unfamiliar date line of
Calcutta, told of a massacre in Manipur,
that may be, where semi-Press, under she unfamiliar date line of Calcutta, told of a massacre in Manipur, wherever that may be, where semibarbarous native Indians ross against the representatives of the Empress of Indianant killed shem trescherously while they were negotiating terms of peace, and trying to put the right rajah on the throne, from which troops of the wrong rajah had driven him. The news was partly rumor, partly horrible fact, and the names of many commissioners and officers were given as dead and as butchered after death. And at the end of each newspaper account was the brief statement, "Lieutenant Grant, who left Tamur for Manipur with eighty men, has not been heard from. He is believed to be dead." It was a most unimportant ending and an anti-olimax. Nobody but the Grants of Grant, in the Highlands of Scotland, who "raised the Black Watch," knew or cared about this unidentified and unknown Lieutenant Grant. What was one lieutenant and eighty men to three commissioners wives.

and eighty men to three commissioners and colonels and the commissioners' wives and the picked troops of the Forty-fourth But on the days following came fuller

But on the days following came fuller and more accurate accounts of the magnacer; and it was told how the Manipuri had shelled the Residency with the same-cannon the Empress of India had sent them as a token of her royal good feeling; and how the younger efficers and Mrs. Grimwood had escaped in the night, and travelled on foot by jungle paths for 126 miles, living on roots, to be rescued at the last by Captain Cowley hurrying forward with re-enforcements; and how Mrs. Grimwood's husband and the others who once begin to train down. This is the only time when obesity is easily handled.

MAN'S GIRTH AND LEG.

I have been informed by a fashionable is allor that for a man the waist measurement and the mide stoneers easm should be the same. That is, if the trousers leg is 35 inches. A margin of one or two inches does not matter much, and will usually be found in the case of very tall or very short men. The ratio of the waist and leg holds good in ordinary cases.

A woman whose height is

Bould Should Should

manders were killed, and the Manipuri were driven off into the jungle by Lieut. Grant's men of the Second Burmahs.
General Sir Frederick Roberts, the Commander in Chief of the Indian army, has congratulated Lieutennant C. J. W. Grant, which is as it should be, and Punch has given him a full page all to himself; it is also as it should be that Lieutennant Grant is as handsome as his protrait shows.

Grant is as handsome as his portrait shows him to be, and that he is only thirty years old. "It is the boys—the raw boys—who do the fighting," Mulvaney says; and though Lieutenant Grant is no raw recruit. old. "It is the boys—the raw boys—who do the fighting," Mulvaney says; and though Lieutenant Grant is no raw recruit, he is a boy in years, and the second Burmahs are but newly formed. Now, while the Home Government sends out more commissioners to determine who blundered and who should be punished, let us hope that some other Board of Investigation and Inquiry will do more for Lieutenant Grant than congratulate him, and that he may go to Simla on leave, and ride with all the pretty girls, and wear cool things, and drink the wine of praise and approval, and keep out of the clutches of Mrs. Hanksbee. And in time he may get his regiment and become a K. C. Who knows?

And in the meanwhile his father, Lieutenant-General D. G. S. St. J. Grant, who is now in London, goes to all of his many clubs that the members may say, "Ah, Grant, fine boy that boy of yours; ought to be proud of him." And then the lieutenant general says, "Pooh! pooh! only did his duty"; and then goes home and tells his wife everything they say.

Perhaps this may seem to you a great deal of bother about one young man; but do not think of what he did, but what he might have said: "I have no instructionate to take Fort Thobal. I have no right to risk my men's lives at odds of fifty to one. I ought to make a masterly detour, and show my strategic knowledge, and leave Fort Thobal and the 4,000 Manipuri alone." Who would have blamed him? Fabian would have done it. But Lieutenant Grant walked right up the mudiwall and over the other side. It was his chance, you see, and he took it; and it teaches the moral that when one's chance comes, it is much better to be reported as "heard from" than "missing."