

I'm Going to the Seashore.

I've struggled through the winter with 'bout half enough to eat. An old hat upon my head, and with old shoes on my feet.

The Toronto Girl Yesterday.

The skies were balmy with breezes sweet. The trees were bird-swarmed, the grass was green.

THE DOCTOR.

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

"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."

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.

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.

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 upon Mr. Leigh.

"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?"

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.

CHAPTER VII.

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 pretence of sympathy beyond a few commonplace politenesses, that was worth less than the puff of breath that gave them substance.

That was the last 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 gentle poverty is heir to.

Unutterably 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.

Oh! what a terrible thing it is for a strong soul to sit passive! Some have learned this from experience, and the knowledge has sent them to their graves; to sit passive, and see the high tide of life drifting past, ever past, without flinging one wail 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 burning heat of the long summer, and the biting cold of the longer winter that followed Mr. Leigh's last memorable visit to London. And he was growing dreadfully old during all those months.

In the first bleak days of the early March Mr. Leigh could not leave his room; he seemed to shrivel up and fade as the days grew longer and brighter, and before the May blossoms whitened the trees, he lay under the green sods of the little churchyard on the hill. Then Letty stood alone in the world, with but a very small annuity to keep actual want from her door.

Mr. Leigh had been a gentleman by birth and fortune; he had relations and friends in plenty, but they were worse than strangers to his orphan; many of them he scarcely knew name—to none had she shadow of a right to apply for help.

HOW TO HOLD ONE'S OWN.

And How not to Take on a Lot of Flesh—Prosperity's Drawback—A Talk for Adipose Americans who Eat Life's Sweets.

Celia Logan, writing for the Chicago News, gives us a great many bits of information and some AI suggestions in the matter of healthful bodies. Celia, who is sister of Olive, writes:

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.

Should 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 cut off.

FACTS ABOUT A 4-YEAR OLD. A child in the 4th year should be 3 feet high and weigh more than 23 pounds; in the 6th year, 3 1/2 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 average.

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 Hebrew.

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.

MAN'S GIRTH AND LEG. I have been informed by a fashionable tailor that for a man the waist measurement and the inside trousers seam should be the same. That is, if the trousers leg is 32 inches the waist should be about 32 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.

WOMAN'S GIRTH AND LEG. A woman whose height is 5 ft. 0 in. should weigh 118 lb. 5 ft. 1 in. 125 lb. 5 ft. 2 in. 132 lb. 5 ft. 3 in. 140 lb. 5 ft. 4 in. 148 lb. 5 ft. 5 in. 156 lb. 5 ft. 6 in. 164 lb. 5 ft. 7 in. 172 lb. 5 ft. 8 in. 180 lb. 5 ft. 9 in. 188 lb. 5 ft. 10 in. 196 lb. 5 ft. 11 in. 204 lb.

WHEN STOUTNESS BEGINS. When a woman sees signs of stoutness she should begin to deny herself many of the pleasures of the table. The shaking of 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 obesity cures.

LEAN CHAMBERMAIDS, FAT COOKS. 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 complacent when she begins to do chamberwork she soon becomes slender.

LIEUTENANT GRANT'S CHANCE.

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

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

In the early part of April the Associated Press, under the unfamiliar date line of Calcutta, told of a massacre in Manipur, wherever that may be, where semi-barbarous native Indians rose against the representatives of the Empress of India, and killed them treacherously 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-climax. 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 and colonels and the commissioners' wives and the picked troops of the Forty-fourth Goorkhas?

But on the days following came fuller and more accurate accounts of the massacre; and it was told how the Manipuri had shelled the Residency with the same cannon as a token of her royal good feeling; and how the younger officers and Mrs. Grimwood had escaped in the night, and travelled on foot by jungle paths for 120 miles, living on roots, to be rescued at the last by Captain Cowley hurrying forward with re-forcements; and how Mrs. Grimwood's husband and the others who had left the Residency to arbitrate had been out into quarters and thrown into the moat for the pariah dogs to mangle as they pleased. It read like a page from the history of the Sepoy mutiny, like a modern version of the terrible stories of Cawnpore, Delhi and Lucknow, and it was a blow at the British rule in India, and a trial to the hearts of every one who read it, whether he read it in English or translated into a foreign tongue. But there was one saving clause, one paragraph that lightened the rest for everyone who read it, for Lieutenant Grant, the unknown, marching, unconscious of massacres, between Tamur and Manipur, had at last been "heard from." His paragraph came at the end, as it had on the days before, modestly, as became his rank, behind the colonels and commissioners. "Lieutenant Grant," it read, "with 80 men, has defeated 4,000 Manipuri, and has taken Fort Thobal." Now nobody knew whether Fort Thobal was bristling with cannon or a mud embankment, but every one could appreciate that 80 into 4,000 goes fifty times, and that Lieutenant Grant's chance was only one in fifty; when he charged up the wall of Fort Thobal, and drove the Manipuri across and over the other side. And all over the world, thanks to telegraphs and cables, the name and fame of Lieutenant Grant became momentous and familiar, not only in the clubs of London, but in the elevated cars of New York, and at breakfast tables from Paris to Portland, Oregon. For if all the world loves a lover, it loves a hero next, and the chance that came to Lieutenant Grant, and the way he rose to it, became a brilliant spot in the gloomy tale of treachery, butchery and blundering of the Manipur massacre. Lieutenant Grant held Fort Thobal for three days, and then repulsed the Manipuri again at Alongting in a fight that lasted three long hot hours, during which the Senaputty prince and his two commanders 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 Lieutenant 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 Lieutenant Grant is as handsome as his portrait shows him to be, and that he is only thirty years old. "It is in the boys—the raw boys—who do the fighting," Malva 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. Hankabee. And in time he may get his regiment and become a K. O. Who knows?

And in the meanwhile his father, Lieutenant-General D. G. B. Grant, who is now in London, goes to one 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, "Poo! poo! 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 done. He might have said: "I have no instructions 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 mud wall 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."

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 petition 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.

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