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 pen But has more riches than his n 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 lack 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, wrapt in baby robes of state,
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due, And Turk-like has his slaves to dress him; His subjects bend before him, too, I'm one of them. God bless him.

## THE DOCTOR.

"You're almost as fond as mas 'r," said she. "It was only less night that he laid his arms about its neck, as it sood with its paws on his chest, and I do believe there was more than one tear on its o at when

was more than one tear on its c at 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 "llowing close behind, whining and an thing at every step he went, as though seeking some-

thing.
"Oh! nothing in particular, Miss," re "Oh! nothing in particular, Miss," replied Judith, "only I suppose m ster 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 over it.

open it.

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

"Yes, Mies Letty, and I'd made sure you knew," replied Judith. "He went late in the evening, and he would not as 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

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

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

"Ill!" cried Letty, with, unknown to herself, a ring of terror in her low, clear voice. "Was Dr. Lennard ill when he

voice. "Was Dr. Lennard ill when he went away from home last night?"
"Indeed he was, Miss," replied Judith—
"morewore and ill than ever 1 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 mayhap, but he's kad sore trouble to make him."
"Yes, yes: I know he has," said Letty

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

"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, sinewly 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 to trouble us, 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 to wish him a "Godspeed," 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 was going on; for once, as much as was going on ; 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 faithfut 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 sea in silence.

"The last glimpse 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." went nearer to the edge of the platform

see again."

A step 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."

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.

"Judith was passing, and I called her

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

"Oh, indeed!" said Mrs. Atherton.

That 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

The room was as small as it was the first Letty lay down to sleep in it, before wealth had showered upon It looked out on the same little strip long before wealth had showered up/m 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 line ended. 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 pillers. 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, sozier 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 there perfectly still for a little time.

There was a great yearning of pity in her heart as Listy thought of that lonely was a sitting with his white accrewful face.

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

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 then," 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, loving 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 olaeped hands, and burst into passionate sobbiog.

"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."

post. When Mrs. Atherton came knocking for it, she had to go away again empty

"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

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 soratches.

It was now noon, and the children were trooping by to 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.

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?"

that all cure for the body was hopeless, he

that all ours 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 farce, quarrelsome nature, and sat patiently over his books in the village schoolroom, without seizing, as formerly, every chance of inflicting pain on his next-door 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 a soft answer from "Cross Johnny" than they would have thought of a real sacrifice from any other.

they would have thought of a real sacrifice from any other.

I his, then, was the child who, looking up. miled 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 the 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

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 peaning is over an 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 into the see, saw on one side beavy 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 wrack drawing nearer, till she lost all hope of ever emerging from out the shadow of of ever emerging from out the shadow of that heavy darkness. She loved Dr. Lennard with all her heart,

She loved Dr. Lennard with all her heart, and he was gone from her. He loved her, she hoped, she knew; 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 witdout his love was a heavy blackness; and sitting there in her own little room, looking out on the shifting

time at Fenmore witdout 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 surge 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 face, struggling through a thin veil of mysterious importance. He was warmly muffled already, for the day was chill, 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's stay away longer than you can halm father. I wish you had not to go at

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," oried Letty. "I would rather have you stay with me than anything this visit could give me. Do stay, father."

father."
He pus 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. Hall's boy. Good-morning, ladies."
He gave the horse a smart touch with the whip as he spoke, and dashed off for the station.

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

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.

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 weariness, that dull No-

and Lesty, in her weariness, that dull November morning.

Is Letty the only one in the world who has so shought—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 glant 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 the summer storm, the first grave seeking the seeking the summer storm, the first pitiless that the same should be summer storm, the first pitiless that the same should be summer storm. 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 glant 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, treak.

The fickle, human heart is ever seeking after change. Discontented with our past, tired of our present, how many of us cry 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 as the fevered vision of a dream, her present pain a childish petulance, not to be counted among the real troubles of life.

"I am going to Hulston," she said, whe

"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 the heroine in Letty. She was every bit as tired as she looked, and three times as miserable; all her best dresses

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 artistically for the journey, or rather for inspection at the end of it, and what more reasonable than to let it wow, and to take her breakfast in peace and quiet, undisturbed by thoughts of stray visitors or shabby merning 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.

able—is just the time of all others that some one pops in to see us.

Letty did not escape 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 before the window, Ernest 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.

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.

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 gone through all the bother 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 per-

"Just like ner 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 oup of good tea was very walcome to them.

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 found a fire burning brightly on 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, chints-covered rocking-chair, and laying his legs over the buffet, sat 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 in the toils, and saw open to it 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 was not only willing, but eager to marry. His chance of ever doing that seemed small enough just at present. The respite he bad won, with infinite pain and endless prom.

was not only willing, but eager to marry. His chance of ever doing that seemed small enough just at present. The respite he bad 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 had 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 a gay life; he had frothed and floated 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 it is such 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 is; not because dearly-bought experience was sharpening the wits of many round him. 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 water, or be gobbled up in turn. So, all things considered, it was not to be wondered at that he should puff at his dignar 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 to day it's all up, and I'm not

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 sorely puzzled what to do. She wanted so get away from Fenmers, 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," ahe cried. "Oh, Mrs. Atherton? you can't know how much. I hate it!"

hate it !

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 need to blush
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 him know which you will do, in,
say an hour's time."

(To be Continued)

They Make Good Servants.

They Make Good Servants.

Buffalo Sunday News: "If I had fifty Canadian servants to morrow 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 for board while waiting 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 \$250 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 has 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 shey are looking for. They will wait till they have spent the last cent, 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 (American) wanted to 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 80 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."

At the Mikado's Court.

His Imperial Majesty comes first and all alone. His arm is too sacred, too separate, to be taken in public even by the Empress, who comes behind, a small, exquisitely graceful lady, dressed in a mauve satin toilet of Parisian style and mauve bonnet, with parasol to match, all borne with the utmest charm and becomingness. Behind Her Imperial Majesty, also passing singly, a bevy of ladies of the court, all but one in European dress, and following the ladies the gentlemen of the palace in black frockcoats and tall hats. His Majesty wears the undress uniform of a general—cherry-colored trousers and black frogged coat braided with gold lace, and on the small, close-out brows a kepi of scarlet with gold band. His bow in recognition of all bare and bended heads is the slightest possible inclination which rigid muscles can make, yet withal accompanied by a glance, kindly, benign and full of evident goodwill, for his lips almost smile, his eyes are alert and lighted, his air is, one might almost dare to say, genial, and these node of the Japanese Jove must be measured by loyalty with a micrometer. His Imperial Majesty comes first and all

The Major's Blunder.

The late Major Barttelot was educated at Rugby, where he is still remembered as the hero of one of the most delightful schoolboy blunders. "What is the mean-ing of the word 'adage'?" was the question which was being asked by the master. various sites were made of the usual wind description, when it came to young Bartie-lot, who, without hesitation, replied, "A place to put cats into." Everyone laughed; and the master, who was as much mystified as the rest, called him up at the end of the were made of the usual wild as the rest, called nim up at she call of the lesson and asked him what had put such an idea into his head. "Well, sir," said Barttelot, looking very much injured, "doen't it say in Shakspeare, 'Like the poor cat in the adage '?"

A Philanthropist of India.

The Times of India recently contained a record of the generous gift of Hurkisondas Narotamdas, of Bombay, who has placed at the disposal of the Government the munificent sum of Rs. 100,000 for the purpose of constructing a lunatic asylum for females.

Mr. Hurkisondas is one of the leading sitizans of Bombay, is a Justice of the

Mr. Hurkisondas is one of the leading oitizens of Bombay, is a Justice of the Peace, a fellow of the Bombay University, and a Councilor of the Municipal Corporation. His name is generally associated with all public movements and charitable institutions, and he is a member of the most ancient Hindoo families.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May 1888, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacob's Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with fiannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain."

New York Recorder: "Do brutes have a language?" asked the President of the Millville Literary Circle at a recent meet-

ing.
"Do they?" replied the Secretary;
"you ought to hear my husband when he loses his collar button."

The pastor of a Boston congregation said that he must have beer to drink, and by vote of 190 to 10 they advanced his salar \$180 a year in order to permit him to enjoy that luxury.

The Duche es of Fife gave birth to