

Children's Department.

"Boy."

CHAPTER VII.

One day Lady Selby was lying on the sofa in her pretty boudoir, suffering from headache and ennui. All the guests had departed, and the day was very grey and wet. "Life is not much worth living," she sighed, forgetting that a few hours before she had been the gayest of the gay and the most charming of the hostesses. A knock came to the door, which was slowly repeated several times.

"Come in," called out Lady Selby, almost glad of any interruption which might break the monotony of the afternoon.

The door was just opened and a golden head peeped round the corner. "Mother dear, may I come in?" said a little voice, gently.

"Yes, of course," said his mother. Now it was a strange fact that, however much she neglected this little son of hers, Boy was the only one of all her children she allowed to come near her when she was ill.

"What made you come?" inquired the mother.

"'Cos I heard you was achey, and 'cos I thought I might be a comfort, and 'cos I wanted something," Boy answered placidly, taking up a position on the stool by her side. "But mother dear," he went on; "you mustn't think that I came first 'cos I wanted something, for it only came into my little head as I was walking down the passage."

Lady Selby was satisfied, for she might be always perfectly certain that Boy spoke the exact truth.

"Mother dear, sha'n't I fetch some of that smelly smart stuff for your poor dear ache?"

"Do you mean eau de cologne, child? for if you do, I only wish you would."

"Course I will," said Boy joyfully, as he trotted off to the bedroom and reappeared with a huge bottle.

"It smells sweet, but does not feel smarty," said Boy taking out the cork. "That's hairwash," exclaimed Lady Selby.

"How stupid," remarked Boy, in a matter-of-fact tone, again trotting off, and reappearing with the right bottle.

Then, patiently and gently, he soothed the hot forehead with his little hand dipped in the scent. After a long pause Boy began again—

"Mother dear, are you better?"

"Much better, darling," Boy's little heart gave a throb; she so seldom said "darling" to him.

"Then I has been a comfort, mother dear?"

"Yes, a great comfort, Boy."

"Are you well enough to listen to a plan?" inquired Boy anxiously.

"Yes, darling," said his mother, also a little anxiously; for Boy's plans were always a trouble to her; she found it often so very difficult to answer his questions, and though she would not own it even to herself, his questions were sometimes quite beyond her.

"Well, mother, I wants very badly to give a tea-party," said Boy.

"Certainly, my child, there is no objection to that," answered his mother, much relieved.

"And I may ask who I like?"

"Just whoever you like, and you may write the notes yourself."

Boy put the bottle down and started off to the writing table, and brought

the blotting-book and ink and other writing materials, and deposited them on his mother's sofa.

"I said you might write the notes," said his mother, wondering what was coming next.

"Yes, I will," answered Boy; "but you must write to nurse first of all."

"What about?" asked Lady Selby, rather amused than otherwise.

"Write just what I say," Boy went on; and his mother dipped her pen lazily into the ink.

"Dear madam," first mother dear," began Boy.

"To nurse!" exclaimed his mother.

"Yes, we will start her in a good temper," Boy gravely remarked, remembering he had heard his father say so that very morning as he was writing to one of his tenants. "Now go on," as soon as he saw the "dear madam" safely on the paper. "I particularly wish master Richard to give a tea party."

"Richard?" interrupted Lady Selby.

"It sounds grander," said Boy, nodding; "and he may invite who he likes, and he need have no clean pinafore, and Maria can go out for the day."

"I remain—put 'I remain,' mother dear," for he noticed she paused in her writing, but he was fortunately so engrossed in his letter that he did not detect the smothered laugh. "I remain, your own friend."

"Boy, I cannot put that," said his mother, in dismay.

"No, I s'pose not," said Boy. "I puts it to Doddle's, but that isn't quite the same. Mother dear," he went on, "you may end it just exactly as ever you like." So he seemed satisfied, as he watched his mother put the pen down, having written, "Yours truly, Margaret Selby."

"You haven't finished," remarked Boy.

"Why, what else do you want," said his mother.

"The pith," gravely answered Boy.

"The what?"

"PITH—pith." Then seeing she still looked puzzled, he went on: "The thing at the end which papa says the ladies put the pith of their letters in."

"Oh! the postscript," said his mother, laughing.

"That's it," said Boy gleefully.

So she added "P.S.," and looked up to know what to write.

"Master Richard may have a whole—put 'whole' in big letters, mother dear—'pot of jam,'" dictated Boy. "Now, 'P. S. S.," he went on.

"What, another postscript?"

"Yes, 'not rhubarb.'"

"Not rhubarb," she repeated, failing to see the drift of the child's remark.

"Oh! can't you spell it, mother dear?" seeing she paused. "R U ru, B U B bub, rubub," spelt Boy, slowly; "for if there is one thing I particularly dislike it is rubub jam," concluded Boy.

Having folded up nurse's letter, the child went over to the writing table, and wrote three little notes. The first one was to Polly Mason. Polly was the gardener's little girl, and it ran thus:—

"deer pollic"

"plese cum to tee to-morrow,"

"your friend boy."

The second note was to Doddle's.

"deer dodles."

"I musn't put the same to every-one," remarked Boy to himself.

"cum to my party to-morrow at 11111 a klok,"

"your own friend"

"boy selby."

And the third note was to little Lady May, Lord and Lady Eustace's only child, who lived at Mount Temple, the adjoining estate to the Selby's.

She was a great friend of Boy's. He never could make up his mind whether she came from fairy-land or was an angel child, for she was very small and fragile, with a halo of the lightest hair round the lovely little face. He thought that she must have come from the garden of lilies that he had dreamt of, and yet she seemed strangely like the princess in the book with the blue cover and the pages torn. "She is about the age of Polly," thought Boy, as he folded up his third note. It never struck Lady Selby to ask whom her little son had invited, or she might have felt a little for nurse's feelings afterwards, when that stately person had to prepare tea for three guests.

Boy's tea parties generally consisted of the children from the Rectory and two little cousins who lived at the Abbey; so she supposed he had asked them now, and as he had said nothing, she thought she would please him best by entering into the fun and asking no questions.

A deep sigh from the region of the writing table informed her of the fact that the task was finished, so she raised her head from the sofa and told Boy he had better send off his invitations at once.

"Mother, dear, how shall I send them?"

"You can take them down to the drawing-room, and ring the bell for Bruce, and ask him to send the notes by one of the grooms at once." This was an errand after Boy's own heart.

"What shall I say to Bruce, mother?"

"Say I told you to give him the notes."

"I means 'me,' mother dear."

"Then say 'mother.'"

"Oh! I couldn't say 'mother' to Bruce, mother dear."

Lady Selby laughed. "Say 'her ladyship,'" she suggested.

"Rippin'" ejaculated Boy.

"What do you mean and where did you pick up such a word?" asked Lady Selby.

"It means a thing is particularly nice, I should think," said Boy, "for this morning, when father asked Uncle Harry if he did not think you looked well last night, Uncle Harry said 'rippin,' mother dear. Besides," he went on, "Mike uses it too. You do think it is a particularly nice word, don't you mother dear?" asked the child, in a sweet pleading tone.

"Run down with your notes, darling," said his mother, taking no notice of the question, and smiling to herself. So off Boy ran, downstairs and into the drawing room, and going up to the big fire-place, rang the bell.

Boy felt very proud, for Bruce was a greater person in his eyes than even his own father. Nurse called him "Mr." Bruce, and referred to him on all occasions, so he was by no means a person to be trifled with.

"I'll look as much like father as I possibly can; but it's a particularly great pity I isn't a bit taller," said Boy to himself. Then a happy thought

struck him, and it was as much as Bruce could do not to laugh when he opened the door and saw the child standing on a stool in the middle of the hearth-rug with his hands behind him, trying to whistle. Pretending to catch sight of the butler quite by accident, he began—

"Bruce," leaving out the "Mr.," for he thought it was grander, "Ladyship says you is to send one of the grooms men with all these notes."

"Yes, sir," said Bruce, looking as grave as possible.

"At once, Bruce," added Boy, mimicking his father.

"Yes, sir," said the butler; and as he was leaving the room he thought he too would enter into the spirit of the fun, and, turning round to Boy, inquired "Any more orders, sir?"

A little pause, and he waited. Boy was evidently racking his brain to think of something to say. It was quite clear he must say something, or Bruce would never leave the room.

"Thank you, Bruce," he answered, "it is particularly nice of you to have said that, but I can't think of any other single thing to say; except, Bruce, you might like to know that I shall agree with nurse when she says next time 'that Mr. Bruce is quite the gentleman.'"

"Thank you, sir," said Bruce, disappearing much quicker than his wont, round the drawing-room door.

To be Continued.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester N.Y.

The Business of the King.

"The King's business requires haste."—1 Sam. xxi. 8.

And yet there is no other business about which average Christians are so easy. They "must" go their usual round, they "must" write their letters, they "must" pay off their visits and other social claims, they "must" do all that is expected of them, and then after this and that and the other thing cleared off they will do what they can of the King's business.—They do say "must" about that, which is undertaken at second hand and with more sense of responsibility to one's clergyman than to one's King. Is this being faithful and loyal and single-hearted? If it has been so, O let it be so no more. How can "Jesus only" be our motto when we have not even said "Jesus first!"

The King's business requires haste. It is always pressing, and may never be put off. Much of it has to do with souls that may be in eternity to-morrow and with opportunities which are gone forever if not used then and there; there is no convenient season for it but to-day. Often it is not done in the spirit of holy haste.

Delay in the Lord's errands is next to disobedience, and generally springs out of it or issues in it. "God commanded me to make haste." Let us see to it that we can say, "I made haste, and delayed not to keep thy commandments." We find four

rules for doing his word. V heartily; second fully; fourth, him to give us apply them thic dicates as ou membering th about my Fath Especially i is between him let us never de blessing that v putting off ou King! shall rise fro and "go from F. Ridley Har

REMARKABLE SIRS.—Two ye my ankle. I Bitters to be a a bottle and a Ointment, and and three boxe and recommen Mrs. W. V. Bo

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