

"The will has been made some time; originally she left to you only a certain cedarwood box and its contents, but only last week she had the box destroyed, and I had to add a new codicil to her will. It leaves to you a sum of £10,000, half of which is to be devoted to paying off the mortgage on your estate, and the other half to be invested for your daughter, Edith, of whom Miss Garvice had become very fond. And there is a letter for you. She gave it into my keeping."

He took it from his pocketbook and passed it over. As Wheatley took it his hand shook, and he pushed his fingers unsteadily through his grey hair.

"I suppose I cannot repudiate this legacy, to which I am in no way entitled?"

"You can refuse it, of course; but as it involves your daughter likewise, I hardly think you are entitled, and further, I don't think you will wish to refuse it, after you have read the letter."

Wheatley put it in his pocket and passed out with curious far-away expression on his face.

He would be alone with his gift from the grave.

GRANDMA'S NEW GAME.

"Grandma, will you give Archie a lunch pretty soon? He wouldn't eat a crumb at breakfast," said mamma.

"Yes," grandma answered, "I'll attend to him."

After a while she went out into the back kitchen, where she found him rigging his boat.

"Come and get a lunch, Archie," she called.

The boy looked up and answered: "Can't, grandma; this ship has to sail for Cuba to-morrow morning, and her rigging isn't in shape yet. Haven't time to eat, and don't want anything anyway."

"Grandma went away, but after a while she came to the door and looked in.

"I've thought of a nice new game for you," she said.

"All right, I'll come," said Archie; and, laying his boat aside, he came running to the door.

"What is the game, grandma? No, I don't want anything to eat!" he exclaimed, as she came out of the pantry with a plate.

"Do you remember the poor man who came to the door the other day and asked for some breakfast?" she said.

"Oh, yes; and he sat down in the steps and ate it. Wasn't it queer?"

"How would you like to play you are a poor, hungry boy, and come begging for some food?"

"All right; shut the door, grandma."

Presently there came a knock on the door, and when it was opened a doleful voice said:

"Please, lady, I'm dreadful hungry. It's been most two weeks, I guess, since I had anything to eat."

"What would you like?" asked grandma, trying hard not to smile.

"Oh, anything that's handy. I like cream puffs best."

"I guess I will fix a sandwich for you. Will you come in and eat it?"

"Why, no, grandma," cried Archie, forgetting himself; "don't you know they always eat it outdoors?" Then, remembering, he added, "Thank you lady, my shoes are not clean. I'll eat it out here."

So he sat and kicked his heels against the steps and ate the sandwich to the very last crumb. Then grandma brought out a glass of milk, which he drank; and then, pulling off his cap, he said, "Thank you, lady; I've had a good square meal. I shall call here the next time I come around." And he ran off to finish his boat.—Exchange.

The man whose special mission in life seems to be to keep tab on the follies of his neighbor is a fit subject for the city missionary.

ANIMAL FRIENDS IN CAIRO.

Good donkeys are very valuable in Egypt, and are capable of carrying astonishing loads. I have often seen them look like perambulating stacks of berclime (Egyptian clover), a head, a tail, and four feet being nearly all that was visible; and more often than not, one, or perhaps two small children will be perched on the top of this weird erection. The following I believe authentic story will prove what even the smallest donkeys, when sound, are capable of carrying:

Two fat sheikhs, riding a diminutive steed, arrived at a ditch with banks so steep that the animal was quite unable to negotiate them. The riders thereupon dismounted, and one of them, picking up the tiny animal, carried it across. Both then remounted and rode off.

I wish an officer of the S. P. C. A. had been there! Is it astonishing that under such conditions the poor beasts soon have trouble with their legs?

A cruel trick of the donkey boys is to tie up the animals' heads with their bridles by running the latter through a ring in the saddle, and tying them up so tight that the poor things cannot move their heads at all, thus leaving them to the mercy of the flies and very often causing the bit to cut great gashes in their jaws. The boys say they do it to prevent the animals fighting and wandering, but it is in reality with the object of saving themselves trouble. One of my steeds was a small donkey with a most uncomfortable trot, much like those we see constantly in England; while another was a fine racing donkey of the true Egyptian breed, with easy paces and very fast, who on more than one occasion easily beat a carriage which I was accompanying. I fear the race will deteriorate, as around Cairo the wealthy natives are gradually substituting the carriage and pair for the humbler ass.—Cyril T. Morrison, *The Animal World*.

THE LITTLE WEATHER MAKER.

With an ugly frown, as cross as a bear's, lagging her steps as a tortoise would, Dorothy Dee came down the stairs.

She couldn't, she wouldn't, she said, "be good."

Outside the sun shone over all, on the glistening grass, with its dew of pearl.

"But inside," said mother, "the rain does fall."

"If I hear no laugh from my little girl."

Another morning the clouds hung low; rain fell in torrents, the sky was dull;

But as Dorothy down the stair did go, you could hear her laughter, gay and full.

"Ah," said her mother, with hearty cheer; "I'm glad such a happy child to see;

"It shines inside when you laugh, my dear,

"You make my weather, Dorothy Dee!"

—By Mary Barling Street, in Exchange.

John Ruskin in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for first good: Peace—he had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he estimated obedience—he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And, lastly, faith—nothing was ever promised him that was not given; nothing ever threatened him that was not in fact, and nothing ever told him that was not true.—Hurlburt.

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

As a remedy for all the ills of childhood arising from derangements of the stomach or bowels Baby's Own Tablets have no equal. You do not have to coax or threaten your little ones to take them—children like them. The ease with which they can be given as compared with liquid medicines will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted—you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. And above all mothers have an absolute guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They always do good, they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. Edward Donovan, St. Agatha, Que., says:—"I am delighted with Baby's Own Tablets. I know of no medicine that can equal them in curing the ills of young children." You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CALLING THE ANGELS.

"Deed, mamma, we didn't mean to be fussy," said one of a bright-eyed little group; "but we're so many of us together that if one of us says just a teeny-weeny mad word, all the rest must say one, too; and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little angels that just hate fusses, and if you will call one of them he will fly right away with the ugly words."

"But how can we call him?" asked another.

"Listen now, and I'll call one," and the mother began to sing:

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away."

In a minute five little voices joined hers, and when they had sung the last "aye" every face was bright and smiling.

The next day mother heard a clatter in the nursery, and presently one little voice piped up:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand."

The verses were sung all through, but some of the voices kept up the debate as well.

No sooner had "Drops of Water" died away than another voice began. "Where oh, where are the Hebrew children?" and as none of them could keep from singing that chorus, no more fussing was heard.

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job!" said one of the mamma's boys afterward. Do you not think mamma's plan was a good one?

WHY MARRIAGE ALTERS NAME.

It is not easy, said an antiquary, to trace the origin of the custom by which a woman, on her marriage, changes her maiden name for that of her husband. So far as can be ascertained it originated with the Romans, and became common after the invasion of England. Before then a married woman would probably have been known as, let us say, "Rowena, wife of Hereward." But with the Romans the title was shortened. Thus, Lucretia, having married Claudius, would have been simply "Lucretia of Claudius." But even in England the custom was not universal, for there are instances on the records of centuries ago of wives retaining their own surnames. Even to-day, as is well known, many a lady retains her maiden name, and even (on occasion) compels her husband to adopt it, too! The only piece of law on the point, so far as we know is the decision of a judge in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that a woman on her marriage loses all the title to her former name, and must take that of her husband. In Scotland it is sometimes the custom of a wife to revert to her own surname on the death of her husband.

The cenotaphs which love has left are more enduring than those erected in the valley of the Nile.