

"Never ye mind the world my boy,  
Or think that life won't tell,  
The work is the work for aye that  
To him that doeth it well.  
Fancy the world a hill my boy,  
Look where the millions stop;  
You'll find the crowd at the base my boy  
There's always room at the top.

### A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

Authority is a fine thing. "No family should be without it." Prejudices are bad, very bad and antipathies may make more than one member of a household miserable. But when the head of the house turns his valued attention to disciplining his wife and curing her antipathies, the attempt may possibly result in failure, sometimes even in a tragedy.

Julian Thorpe M. A., recently come out, was a young lawyer practicing in Bombay and understood to be connected with the Civil Service. Very efficient in his profession and, as an agreeable consequence, very prosperous and above all a great admirer of the talents and progress of J. T., which is in itself not so bad. Put a low estimate upon yourself and all the world will benevolently agree with you. Think well of yourself, act accordingly, and it is astonishing how many will take you at your own valuation. So it was with Julian Thorpe. His enemies respected his talents and especially his incisive way of pleading; his friends said his M. A. meant Monumental Ass, —but this was harsh and hardly just, except perhaps as a prophecy. Yet so many men took J. T. at his own rating that he was sublimely unconscious of certain sly remarks and criticisms couched in figurative language and monosyllabic yet pungent epithets that pin a man like a beetle to the wall. Such were wont to be dropped just after he had left the club-honse or come out into the burning streets from the cool seclusion of counting-houses, where he had somehow *not* imposed upon certain sedate and wary men in white garments to whom his wisdom was as foolishness, and Europe a province, and the entire administra-

tion of the Presidency dismissed with the simple formula "no good."

The Thorpes had been married a little over a year and, as they were getting on marvelously well for a young couple, had rented a trim little bungalow in the suburb of Magazon, where they lived in great comfort, until such time as the rains drove the snakes out of the jungle and into their quarter, when they prudently retreated to the city. For the Thorpes, in common with all their neighbors in that engaging settlement, were unanimous in declining a struggle with the invading serpents; recognizing them as original owners, better adapted to the soil and climate and thus, on the testimony of certain great names in England and much practical experience in India, far more likely to survive the contest.

In the city they had an intimate friend in Mrs. Cunningham, wife of a superannuated colonel. Or rather, *Mrs.* Thorpe may be said to have cherished the colonel's wife, for J. T. did not show all due and fit enthusiasm in the acquaintance, nor meet his wife's views of Mrs. Cunningham's perfections in a proper spirit. Indeed, he had been heard to say certain very short and ironical things about her. For Mrs. Cunningham was one of those useful persons upon whom rests an undue share of responsibility for the good conduct of society, with a big S. She was popularly supposed to keep incense burning before an idol representing Mrs. Grundy in a corner of her compound, and was a high authority on the sins and shortcomings of mankind. She was never more felicitous than when showing a young wife how to manage her husband, and especially how to resist encroachments upon her inherent rights and liberties. Which was perhaps the reason why J. T. indulged himself in some very dry remarks one day, not at all aimed at soothing or conciliating Mrs. Cunningham, and having the immediate effect of bringing tears to the eyes of his young wife. For the same reason perhaps Mrs. Cunningham went to drop in upon Mrs. Thorpe at such time, as her husband was abroad, struggling with the