

that state is divided from the Indian Territory along the banks of the Cimmaron, which is here called the "Cottonwood." The principal characters are Elder Conklin, a well-to-do farmer, his daughter, an unconventional western country girl, good looking, passionate, untamed; and a cultured young man from Boston, who teaches the local school while studying law, and boards with the Elder's family. The tale opens with an invitation to what has been called a "slobbering party," at which the big local bully insults the teacher because of the heroine's preference for the stranger. This leads to an encounter the following day, in which the slighter man, with his skill in boxing, makes the bully bite the dust. The maiden's love is fanned rather than cooled by the hardly concealed contempt of the young man for her unconventionalities, her views of life, her language, her ideas of social distinction, consisting in playing the "pianner" and driving along Fifth Avenue in a carriage with a pair of horses, with a nurse beside her to hold the baby. The young man is wholly under the influence of her beauty, until she begins to speak. The Elder can refuse her nothing, and when she tells him of the ambition of her engaged lover, he sets to work to procure the "pianner" and the sum needed to enable him to begin the practice of his profession in New York. He asks the teacher to help him take a drove of cattle to market some miles away. He notices large quantities of salt strewed over the pasture ground and that the place is fenced off from the river. The maddened, thirsty beasts turn and turn in vain to get at the water. It is only when nearing the market that they are allowed to drink. A close bargain is made with the purchaser, who is at length satisfied with an allowance of ten pounds per head off the weight. On the way back, the teacher, who is disgusted at the trick—he estimated that the animals must have taken in over sixty pounds of water each—tells the Elder his opinion of him. The spectacle of the Elder in his *robe de nuit*, kneeling in the middle of the stream that midnight and pouring forth the troubles of his soul, explaining to Heaven that all his sins are because of his anxiety to make his daughter happy,

is both wierd and conical. The earnestness of the old farmer impresses his unseen listener, and he next day implores his forgiveness. The heroine in despair of retaining her admirer, allows herself to be wooed by the lawyer of a neighboring village, who undertakes to vindicate the rights of the farmers to use the rich lands along the river bottom across the border in the Indian Territory. They had, with the Elder at their head, violently resisted the U. S. troops sent to drive them off and, if necessary, destroy their crops and fences, but it was ultimately agreed to submit it to the authorities at Washington. The tale ends abruptly with the disappearance of the heroine, no one knows why or wherefore. There is an apt simile employed in introducing the Elder's wife, who coming from the East with him years before, had become weaker and narrower ever since her marriage through living with a man whose character was too strong for her, who shades her, so to speak, as a great tree shades a shrub.



#### At the Queen's.

This week "Betsy" gave place to "The Magistrate," a piece which has met with considerable success on the London boards. Though called a comedy, "The Magistrate," as presented to a Montreal audience, is more properly speaking a farce, full of impossible, albeit amusing absurdities, rising from Mrs. Poskett's (the wife of the magistrate) having deceived her husband as to her age, and that of her son by a former marriage. The boy of supposed fourteen years, but really nineteen, is godson to Col. Lukin, who returns suddenly from India, and Mrs. Poskett, fearful lest her husband should learn of her deception, visits the Colonel (in company with her unmarried sister), at the latter's hotel, where with Capt. Vale, in love with the said sister, supper is ordered. The Magistrate, who imagines his wife has gone to visit a sick friend, accompanies his stepson to supper at the same hotel in an adjoining room. Mrs. Poskett pleads her case to the Colonel, during which Capt. Vale is banished to the balcony in the rain and the time being now passed midnight, the police raid the hotel for infringing the law—a somewhat improbable proceeding, but let that pass—and arrest the Colonel, Capt. and both the ladies, the Magistrate and his stepson making good their escape, which brings the second act to a conclusion. The

next morning Mr. Poskett arrives at his room in the police court in a very disreputable condition, when in an interview he grants to Colonel Lukin previous to the opening of the court, he refuses to listen to any explanations, sinking the man in upholding his magistrate's office, and afterwards, to his horror and dismay, discovers he has sentenced his friends wife and sister-in-law to seven days imprisonment without the option of a fine. The fourth and last act brings about the "denouement" in the magistrate's home and closes rather weakly by Mr. Poskett's consenting to the marriage of his stepson to the governess, provided they will depart to Kamskatka or Timbucto. Mr. Lyons, as the Magistrate, is of course, the leading character, and though a trifle tame in the first act, displays real talent during remainder of the piece. We think he overdoes his part, a fault which runs through the entire company with the exception of Mr. Clarges' Colonel Lukin, which is a well sustained piece of acting throughout. Mr. Lyons reminds us considerably of the late Mr. Bruckstone, with the same tendency to exaggerate certain points, which exaggeration, nevertheless is so irresistably comic that it is hard to condemn it. Miss Wainthrop as Mrs. Poskett, did well but infused into her part, at times, a little too much of the tragedy queen. Mr. Emmery as Captain Vale, looked his character to perfection, and Miss Alter as Cis Farrington, would have done the same had she not appeared more nearly twelve than nineteen years of age. The rest were comparatively minor parts of which it is not necessary to speak. We except that of Miss Kilby whom we hope to see in a part more suited to her talent than that of the slangy Charlotte Verinder. We might suggest that it is hardly appropriate to have port wine brought in an Apollinaris bottle, nor do butlers as a rule, dress and speak as grooms, which was the case with Mr. Robert's Wyke. We might suggest that it is hardly appropriate to have port wine brought in an Apollinaris bottle, nor do butlers as a rule dress and speak as grooms, which was the case with Mr. Robert's conception of Wyke.

In conclusion, however, we shall not be too critical and frankly acknowledge that "The Magistrate" accomplished its aim in making us laugh and that we did not consider our evening as ill spent or thrown away.



#### Ice Cream in a Minute

The Instantaneous Ice Cream Machine, advertised on our second page, is well worth the attention of households, restaurants and hotels. It is a simple contrivance, and the low price of \$5 at which it is sold, should place it within the reach of all.