



THE OILER.

have noticed again and again, but never before recognized in all its possibilities. You now have before you for a steady gaze, that of which you have had only a glimpse, a sketch that supplies the place of memory, shakes hands with imagination, and enables you to enjoy the scene at leisure.

These are pictures that explain themselves, or at least permit the gazer to furnish his own explanation—and that is the most complimentary of all imaginative work, and produces a species of gratitude in the minds of the audience.

Victor Perard is one of the younger artists of our country. His name would indicate him to be of French descent; but he is, I believe, a native of the Greater America, which has thus far shown such a cheerful willingness to assimilate the best brain of the world. He has, however, lived in Paris, and contributed to some of the leading French illustrated journals. He is now living a quiet domestic life in our American metropolis, and has done much good work for its periodicals.

In "The Tourist," one notices with every line of the solemn-looking individual an intense desire to get over the ground promptly and see everything possible on the way. There is something in the painful though unstudied diligence with which he keeps his carpet bag close to his person, that may enable a lively imagination to peep through its sides and detect notes for a forthcoming book.



IN WAIT.



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