

an absolute condition in the lives of most men, there is no pleasanter mode of scattering it than upon such a rustic carnival as Georgie Clevedon and her father had organised for the celebration of the baronet's twenty-ninth birthday.

"You're sure you're pleased, then, Frankie?" says Georgie, in her little coaxing way, shilling up to her husband as she stands by him on the terrace-walk before the house, looking down at the crowd.

"I'm glad they have a nice day, poor dear things," said Mrs. Clevedon, who was good-natured, but of the district-visiting order, and who had no personal acquaintance with these hclots.

"Yes," drawled Weston, "I suppose we ought to be pleased for their sakes; but it would have been more fun to see them struggling in the rain with umbrellas. I was at York summer meeting the year that Moor-hen was expected to win, but didn't; and the rain was incessant, and I can assure you the people on the skilling stands and places were very good fun."

"I'll stand by you, Mr. Chairman," said Mr. Holby, the farmer; "I think I know everybody within ten miles of Kingsbury, man, woman, and child; and all I wish is, that there was enough of 'em to gather my hops without employing any of these here Irish tramps."

"He shall go into parliament next session," she said to herself. "He shall win a name that men will respect. I will not let myself be crushed by this horrid secret. A barrister's fame is so common. I might be proud of him, if he were to distinguish himself in the political world; I might be proud of him, in spite of what I know."

fish shame and regretful affection for him. If she had loved him less, she might have felt her own wrong less bitterly; but she did love him, and she was sorry for him, and there was a reluctant tenderness in her mind, even in the face of that coolness between them, which she would have been the last woman in the world to dispel by any word or act of hers.

"I'm glad you like it," the girl answered. "I bought it with your present; but of course I daren't tell father so. He'd have turned me out of doors, I think, if he'd found out as I'd taken that covering."

"Then you shall not run the risk of expulsion again, for when I give you another present, it shall be a gown of my own choosing."

"O no, nor that wouldn't do neither; leastways, father would be sure to find out I were to get a new gown like that. I had to tell him a fib about this one—that I'd saved up my money to buy it. He does give me a shilling once in a way; but he's dreadful near. I know I didn't ought to have taken that money from you; but I did so want to buy something new for to-day, and it seemed to come so handy."

"Sweet simplicity!" said Weston, with his artificial smile. "There are women in London with not half your attractions whose milliners' bills come to five hundred a year; and are sometimes paid, too."

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"You belong to Kingsbury, do you, Mr. Holby?" Hubert Harcross asked, with a thoughtful face, when he had done a good deal of duty talk about corn and hops.

"He held his sunburnt hand a yard or so from the ground, looking downward fondly as if he could see the fair head of that little lass as he had seen it years ago.

out to Australia, where Richard had bought a stiffish bit of land, I've heard say, for about a tenth part the price an acre as you'd give in these parts. They went out, Jim, his wife, and boys, soon after Richard's daughter died. She died away from home, you see, sir, and there was a good deal of trouble about it; and I don't believe as anybody hereabouts knows auctually the rights and wrongs of that story; and it's my idea as there was more wrongs than rights in it."

"It was a sad loss for poor Rick, sir; for she was as sweet a young woman as ever stepped," concluded the farmer.

"I asked you if Mr. Redmayne was still in Australia," he said.

"To say that this intelligence awakened anything like fear in Hubert Harcross's mind would be to do him injustice. He was not the kind of man to fear the face of his fellow-man. But the knowledge that Richard Redmayne was near at hand filled him with a vague horror nevertheless.

"No, that schoolboy love-taken, the locked, being happily gone, there was no fear of any recognition on the part of the farmer, even if they were to meet; nor under the name of Harcross could Richard Redmayne suspect the presence of Walgrave.

"The first dinner-bell rang while he was holding this review of the situation, a cheery peal, which brightened the faces of all the early diners. Colonel Davenant would fain have fired a cannon as the signal of the feast; but this idea not being received favourably, was obliged to content himself with the great alarm-bell, which hung in a cupola above the hall, and a fine old Indian gong, which had been brought out upon the lawn, where the Colonel himself officiated, with very much the air of an enterprising showman at a country fair.

"This was hardly fair to Colonel Davenant, who had existed for the last week with a pencil in one hand and a pocket-book in the other, and had drawn up elaborate plans of the tables, with everybody's appointed place thereat—so that no rural Capulet should find himself seated next his detested Montague, no village Ghibelline discover a Guelph in his neighbour—and made out lists of all the health-proposing and thank-giving as much brown study and mental lard labour as if he had been endeavouring to discover the "differentiate between the finite and the infinite," which the Yankee lady was lately reported to have hit upon.

"The maxim of the ancient sage was "Know thyself;" and if Mr. Darwin be right, there can be no readier key to self-knowledge in the incident (with a e not with an e) condition of humanity, than a visit to North Woolwich Gardens, where Mr. Holland has been exhibiting a small but select collection of apes. Considering the preponderance of this rudimentary element in creation, the wonder is that the monster was not larger. Where are the performing monkeys whom conventionally "naughty" organ-grinders exhibit on the top of their dolorous instruments of torture? Conspecific by their absence. Where were those of a higher grade, who disport themselves on locomotive tables at the corners of streets? Represented by two undeveloped and one developed monkey, who—the undeveloped animals—play drums, fire pistols, and otherwise imitate the manners and customs of their progressive brethren. Unfortunately the competition was small, and only extended to four or five classes; and Mr. Holland, wisely, as I think, does not allow anything in the shape of a walk over the course; so that the prize-giving this year will be limited, but this will im-

prove. The race of apes is not likely to die out, or be over-developed to the extent of eliminating the grand original type. As it is, Mr. Holland deserves our thanks for having brought to the front several distinctive types of humanity, undeveloped, and highly developed—babies, barmides, cats, and (last, not least) monkeys.

They seemed to me out of drawing altogether; but then I am not a connoisseur. I never could see the beauty of a thorough-bred bulldog; so it is scarcely to be expected that Jamrach's man and I should be at one on the subject of baboons. Another of these unsymmetrical animals amused itself idly, and by shaking its cage, until something equivalent to an earthquake seemed inevitable, and the requests of the attendants that he would desist were conveyed in language more expressive of humanity; but I fancy baboons like their language strong.

"There were, alas! no gorillas. I did think of writing to a lady of my acquaintance who could, I am sure, have walked over the course, and would have appreciated the £5 premium; but I fear she might not have recognised the compliment. There were plaster casts of the skull and head of one of these intersting creatures, and also a very young specimen dried; but these dried and stuffed articles look so very like "leather and prunella" that I confess, with all due deference to M. Du Chailin, I never have been able to get over a certain lurking unbelief as to the existence of gorillas.

"I know it is very unscientific to say so, and that the same reason for doubt (namely, that I have never seen a specimen) would apply to the Dodo; but honesty is the best policy—I am unscientific, and also, perhaps, therefore, sceptical. I said just now there were only two performing monkeys. I am wrong. There were only two on the platform, which, alas! would have accommodated two dozen; but there was another in the cage adjoining the infant gorilla. It was a remarkable animal, the body being of bright scarlet and light blue, and the face pure flesh colour. At the word of command, and with a little assistance, it would climb up a yellow pole on which it lived continually, and turn a somersault on the top. The most noticeable feature of this animal is its cheapness. Several organ-grinders, I found, had given one or two pounds for monkeys in the collection for the purpose of illustrating the Old Hundredth Psalm, or some other equally lively melody; but this climbing monkey can be purchased, pole and all, for a penny at any toypshop. Some was had sent one of these; and Mr. Holland, entering into the spirit of the joke, allotted it a cage.

After all, attractive as the monkey-show proper was, there was another exhibition of apes at these gardens, which I do not mean to call improper (nothing is improper at North Woolwich) but it was an exhibition of developed apes like myself. From the monkey-show I passed to the dancing platform, and every lingering atom of doubt in Darwin vanished. Here I saw an insane young mandrill whose colour—that is, whose whiskers—had not yet come, disporting himself like a veritable ape. Pretty little children frisked about like marionettes. Lots of old wizen-faced chimpanzees sat under the trees, and looked on idly at the diversions. Yonder goes a real Macabba baboon, down in the uniform of an artilleryman from South Woolwich; and of the pretty bonnet monkeys, how they tripped it to the sound of the band! I forgot to add that the baboon in the cage chewed tobacco to perfection. So did the artilleryman; and thus far we have retrograded, the baboon did not expectorate—the artilleryman did.

Well, Mr. Holland has taught us a lesson which volun as on the development of apes would never have done. His lesson is "write large," so that he who runs may read it. I hope we shall profit by it. I, for one, say, with the old comedian, "I am a man; I don't nought foreign to me that is human"—not even a monkey show at North Woolwich.—Land and Water.

HOW LEAD-PENCILS ARE MADE. The American Exchange and Review gives the following sketch of the manufacture of that omnipresent implement, the pencil.

To start a first-class factory, with improved machinery and stock of well-seasoned wood, requires a capital of \$100,000; factory ground half an acre, ably occupied by drying houses for the storage of cedar. The Florida cedar is used in this country and in Europe—some "liben" wood, as the Germans call it—English yew, is used in Germany, while white pine is used for a common grade of carpenters' pencils.

The "lead" of the pencil is the well-known graphite or plumbago; the best of this is the natural, found in a pure state in masses large enough to cut into strips. Of this there is but one name now up to the standard, which is in Asiatic Siberia, and pencils made from this graphite are all one grade, and pay here 50 cents for gross special, and 30 per cent. ad valorem duty. The Cumberland mines, in England, were the first discovered, but are now almost exhausted. What was formerly refused in cutting the graphite is now ground, cleaned and refined, and then mixed with the clay.

In mixing the clay and graphite, great care must be taken in selecting and cleaning the clay, and getting the proper proportions; the mixture, with water, after being well kneaded, is placed in a large receiver and strongly compressed and forced out through a small groove at the bottom, in the shape of a thread of the thickness and style required—either square, octagon or round. This thread, of lead wire, is cut into bars of the proper length (done by little girls) and then straightened, dried at a moderate heat, and packed in air-tight caskets, and placed in the furnaces; the grade of the lead depends upon the amount of heat it is exposed to, the amount of clay used in mixing, and the quality of the plumbago. The coloring of the lead is by various pigments.

MUSINGS AT A MONKEY SHOW, BY A DEVELOPED APE.

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The wood, after being thoroughly seasoned, is cut in thin strips and dried again, then cut into strips pencil length. These strips are grooved by machinery, then carried on a belt to the gluing room, where the lead is glued in the groove, and then the other half of the pencil is glued on. After being dried under pressure, they are sent to the turning room, where they are squared, or made octagon, by a very ingenious little machine, which pushes them through three sets of cutters and draws them ready for polishing or coloring—the former is done on lathes by boys, and the latter by a machine which holds the brush and turns the pencil fed to it through a hopper. After the pencil is polished, it is cut the exact length by a circular saw, and the end is cut smooth by a drop knife, the pencil resting on an iron bed.

The stamping is done by a hollow die, which is heated; the gold or silver foil is then laid on the pencil, when it rests in an iron bed, and the die is then pressed on it by a screw lever. The pencils are then ready to go into the packing room, whence they find their way to all parts of the civilized world at prices ranging from two dollars to twenty dollars per gross.