

word or sign came from Blanche's uncle to speak forgiveness or approval; and though the pair were happy as love and peace could make them, there were moments when Quentin's still pale cheeks and evident weakness sent a pang to Blanche's heart, and made her repent even more keenly the loss of the appointment which would have placed ease and affluence within their reach. Alas! for those precious minutes that give to a rival the choice which would otherwise have been gladly cast on the nephew of the wealthy and influential Mr. Dorrington! They would never be recalled!—and as, Blanche more than feared, they had carried with them an opportunity never to return.

"Quentin," she said, one evening when her husband could not altogether conceal the weary languor produced by a walk home on a hot July day, "I sometimes wonder you can even bear so patiently the hardships my folly brought on you, perhaps for life. To think that a brief quarter of an hour could have ensured your life's happiness!"

"Perhaps its failure has been more propitious than its success, dearest," he returned, fondly. "I should scarcely have enjoyed affluence with my little wife's best qualities concealed under a cloud. Now that I can feel what a treasure I possess in her, I care little from the absence of wealth, save for her sake."

Tears of grateful happiness came into Blanche's bright eyes as she laid her head caressingly on her husband's shoulder.

But the sharp ring of the postman's knock startled her from her nestling posture, and the servant quickly entered with a letter on the little waiter that served the duty of more aristocratic salvers.

"A letter for you, ma'am."

Blanche hastily seized the missive, which she at once saw was in her uncle's handwriting.

"Good heavens! what can it be?" she exclaimed, opening the thick packet with a trembling hand.

The young wife was perhaps more nervous of sudden tidings than in her girlish days. A blue paper fell from the enclosure as she tore it open, which Quentin quietly picked up and laid by his wife on the table, while she read the cramped but legible lines of the letter.

She read it in gasping silence, and then, throwing it on the table, burst into a flood of tears.

"Quentin!—Quentin! I can forgive myself at last! Read!—read!" she said, chokingly, to her alarmed husband.

The letter ran thus:—

DEAR NIECE,—

"As I find you can at last comprehend the value of time, and have learnt to manage a small household in a proper, womanly fashion, I think it but just you should have a chance of improving your abilities in a larger sphere. I have already exhausted any interest I possessed, but, as an *amende*, I have had a deed executed, settling three hundred a-year on you, with reversion to your husband, and—I hope—your children."

"And I ask no return but that you will always preserve the unlucky garment that, I believe, was the culprit in your husband's temporary misfortunes so long as your life shall last, as a wholesome check on any relapse into the evil habits of more prosperous days."

"Your aunt begs me to add that, if you and your husband will come down to us for a fortnight, she will do her best to return your hospitality to her. But she doubts whether any dish her cook may produce will be at all so relishing as the pudding that was the work of your own little hands!"

"Your affectionate uncle,
"ROBERT DORRINGTON."

There was silence for some minutes—a silence of deep and reverend thankfulness—between the young couple.

Then Blanche threw her arms round her husband's neck, and whispered, through her tears, "Quentin, for the first time since that dreadful day I feel guiltless while receiving your indulgent love! For the first time I can venture to cast away the remembrance of that 'Lost Opportunity!'"

But Blanche never did forget the lesson, nor omit to inculcate it on her children till her dying day.

DRRESSMAKING AS A FINE ART.

It should be agreed by the gentler sex, thinks the *Saturday Review*, to adopt a uniform as men have done, or else dressmaking should be elevated into the position of a fine art, and treated as such. It should be undertaken by people of culture and refinement in the same way that cooking has been. There ought to be a school of art dressmaking. Perhaps a royal princess could be induced to patronize it. Certainly portrait painters would be only too glad to know of a place at which their sitters could be becomingly got up. It is melancholy to see the bad millinery which is perpetuated in pictures, and which will be an eyesore to future generations. The walls of the Royal Academy are every year hung with portraits which look like enlarged copies from *Le Follet* or the *Queen* newspapers. Ladies can never see ugliness in a dress so long as it is made in the height of the reigning fashion. They have their portraits taken if possible in "the last new thing," and then when another style appears wonder they could ever have made such frights of themselves. If there were some recognized rules about dressing, as there are about almost every other kind of decoration, in time they would

be followed, to the great relief of people of taste and to the comfort of people with no taste at all. There is always a large number of ladies who say that they have no work to do. Here is an opening for them. The first step should be to petition her Majesty not to insist upon ladies who are delicate or spare in figure wearing low-necked dresses at morning drawing-rooms. Their second one out to be to abolish the use of the word "fashionable" in its present sense, and to substitute the word "becoming," which would indicate both economy where it is necessary and magnificence where it is suitable.

WIND INSTRUMENTS.

A curious theory has been started by a French physician, Dr. Burq, that the playing of wind instruments and other like pulmonary gymnastics, instead of being, as generally supposed, injurious to persons with weak lungs, are, on the contrary, beneficial to them. In order to establish this fact, Dr. Burq, has visited a variety of large workshops, and among others those of manufacturers of wind instruments. On one of these occasions he received the following information from M. Sax:—"Besides choleraic immunity, our workmen enjoy another—they are free from consumption. Many philanthropists, on seeing our young military musicians yield the enormous instruments we make, have sorrowed over the few years these poor fellows would have to live. Well they are mistaken. All the men who make it their profession to try the wind instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale, all, without exception, to my knowledge, are free from pulmonary affection. I have known many such who on entering upon this profession were very delicate, and who, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. I am myself an instance of this. My mother died of consumption; eight children of hers fell victims to the same disease, and only three of us survive, and we all three ply wind instruments. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our dreaded art in order to conquer pulmonary diseases." At all events, the experiment is worth a trial, and it is unlikely that playing on the cornopean will prove more fatal to consumptive persons than the long journeys and discomforts to which they are often condemned by physicians.

THE LATE PRINCESS ORLOFF.

A correspondent writes: Every one is mourning over the death of the charming, gifted young Princess Orloff—for we may call a married woman young at thirty-four. A Russian friend wrote me the other day: "I am so glad that our dear Princess is better." But it was a false hope, a little flash, as the candle dying out in the socket. Poor woman! Her sorrowful malady or disease, which never gave her any hope of cure from the beginning, caused her such cruel sufferings that only death could give relief. She has just died at St. Moritz in the Engadine, whither her husband, Prince Orloff, Russian Ambassador to Versailles, went last week to see her, and be present at her last moments. He is almost stunned with grief. The Princess Orloff was the daughter of that Prince Nicolas Troubetskoi who died last year at Fontainebleau. Her father was a Catholic, but she was of the Greek Church. The Princess was a very elegant and highly accomplished woman. She had a passionate love for literature and the fine arts. I never met her, but I have friends who knew her intimately. She was a finished musician, a pianist of the first order, and executed the works of masters such as Beethoven, Mozart, and Chopin in a style that obtained applause from critics and artists.

PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATOR.

London Society says: At first Mr. Leech only drew occasionally, and some of his sketches were not used. Eventually, the reader knows, he became the principal caricaturist of the publication, and remained with it until his death, in spite of tempting offers to transfer his pencil to rival publishers and editors. Take up a volume of *Punch* at any period of his lifetime and it is difficult to say whether his horse "gents," his Mossoo, his seaside "swells," or his precocious children are the most characteristic and natural. Who will ever forget his rat-tailed horse and its brief but suggestive story?

Dealer (to weak-headed little snob)—There! I don't know where to find a fault with him.

The horse, with his wooden looking tail, is trotted round the yard.

Customer—But he has got such a beastly tail.

Dealer (with all the virtuous astonishment Leech could put into such a face)—Beastly tail!—There never was a bad rat-tailed 'oss. Why we go miles to find 'em.

Then his pretty girls! His women give an additional charm to every phase of society. His hen-pecked husband is a warning for ages yet to come. His incidents of the hunting field will always be popular. The enlarged colored plates of the hunt are in every sportsman's house. Leech could go across the country with most men, and his pictures have about them all the reality of time and place, though in the early days of *The Field*, when the editor, Mark Lemon, introduced what might be called technical pictures of sports and pastimes, the subscribers often complained that Leech was not correct in his details of harness.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. A. C. F. Quebec. Letter and problems received. Many thanks.

M. J. Murphy, Québec. Solution of Problem No. 35 received. Correct.

The following is the full score of the fourth Tournament of the Canadian Chess Association, held a fortnight ago at Ottawa.

In the subjoined table 1, —, respectively denote games won, lost, and drawn in actual play, whilst (1), (—), indicate the same by default. Drawn games counted as one-half for each player:—

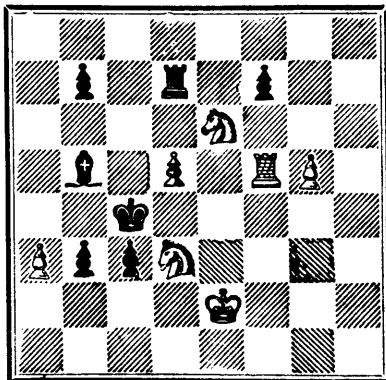
NAMES.	Andrews	Baker	De Boncherville	Henderson	Howe	Hurlbut	Jackson	Lambert	Phillips	White
Andrews...	—	1	1	1	—	1	—	1	(1)	—
Baker.....	—	—	(1)	1	—	—	—	1	(1)	—
De Boncherville..	(1)	(—)	—	(—)	—	—	—	(—)	(1)	(—)
Henderson.....	—	—	(1)	—	1	—	—	—	(1)	—
Howe.....	1	1	1	1	—	1	1	—	(1)	1
Hurlbut.....	—	1	1	1	—	—	1	—	(—)	(—)
Jackson.....	1	(1)	1	1	1	1	—	1	(1)	1
Lambert.....	—	1	(1)	1	1	—	—	—	1	—
Phillips.....	(—)	(—)	(—)	(—)	(—)	1	(—)	—	—	(—)
White.....	1	1	(1)	1	—	(1)	1	1	(1)	—

It will be seen by the above that Jackson won 8 games out of 9 White 7½ out of 9; and Howe 7 out of 9.

PROBLEM No. 36.

By R. B. Wormald.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 34.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to Q 8th (ch) | 1. B takes R |
| 2. Kt to Q 6th | 2. Any move |
| 3. Q mates | |

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 33.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Kt to K 7th (ch) | 1. R takes Kt |
| 2. R to K B 5th (ch) | 2. B or R interposes |
| 3. B to K Kt 2nd (ch) | 3. Kt to K 5th (ch) |
| 4. B takes Kt mate | |

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

No. 34.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| K at Q B sq | K at Q B 6th |
| R at Q R 4th | Pawns at K Kt 2nd, |
| B at K 6th | K B 3rd, K 5th, Q B |
| B at Q 6th | 3rd, and Q Kt 2nd |
| Pawns at K Kt 6th | |
| K B 5th, K 2nd Q B 5th | |
| Q Kt 3rd and Q Kt 6th | |
| White, playing first, mates in four moves. | |

GAME 39TH.

Played some time ago between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

Queen's Gambit declined.

- | | |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. W. H.) | BLACK.—(Mr. W. A.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | P to K 3rd |
| 3. P to K 3rd | P to K B 4th |
| 4. Q Kt to B 3rd | K Kt to B 3rd |
| 5. K Kt to B 3rd | Q Kt to B 3rd |
| 6. P takes Q P | P takes P |
| 7. B to Q 3rd | B to Q 3rd |
| 8. P to Q R 3rd | P to Q Kt 3rd |
| 9. Castles | Castles |
| 10. P to Q Kt 4th | Kt to K 5th |
| 11. Q to Q B 2nd | Kt to K 2nd |
| 12. Kt to K 5th | R to K B 3rd |
| 13. P to K B 4th | R to K R 3rd |
| 14. B takes Kt | B P takes B |
| 15. Q to Q Kt 3rd | B to K 3rd |
| 16. Q to Q sq | Kt to K B 4th |
| 17. Q to K sq | Q to K sq |
| 18. P to K Kt 4th | Kt to K 5th |
| 19. P to K B 5th | B takes Kt |
| 20. P takes K B | B takes B P |
| 21. P takes Q B | Q takes K P |
| 22. B to Q Kt 2nd (a) | Kt to K B 6th (ch) |
| 23. R takes Kt | Q takes R P (ch) |
| 24. K to B sq | Q to R 8th (ch) |
| 25. K to K 2nd | Q takes R (ch) |
| 26. K to Q 2nd | R to R 7th (ch) |
| 27. Kt to K 2nd | Q R to K B sq |
| 28. P to K B 6th | P takes B P |
| 29. B to Q 4th | R to B 2nd |
| 30. R to Q R 2nd | R to K Kt 2nd |
| 31. Resigns. | |

(a) Q to R 2nd better.

TEXTS FROM THE TALMUD.

"Go down the ladder," it is written in Nas-him, "to choose a wife; go up the ladder to choose a friend." "Three virtues will be especially proclaimed in Heaven—the virtue of a young man who lives pure in a large city, the virtue of a poor man who restores a lost treasure, the virtue of a rich man who gives without ostentation." "Every sin is allied to ignorance." "Never cast a stone into a well out of which you have once drunk." "In a doubtful matter, abstain." "Consider three things and you will not transgress—an eye sees you, an ear hears you, and all your acts are recorded." "Do not say, I will learn when I have time; it may be you will never have time." "He who multiplies words with a woman causes evil for himself; his end shall be in hell." "The day is short, but the labor is long: the reward is large, but the laborers are lazy, and the Master urges." "Morning slumber and midday wine, idle conversation and commerce with the ignorant, destroy a man." "Be the lion's tail rather than the fox's head." "This world is but an entrance hall to the next. Prepare yourself in the passage for the parlor." "Consider not the cask, but its contents; for a new cask often contains old wine, while an old cask sometimes contains not even new." "Trust not in yourself till your death." "Judge another when thou art in his place."

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

The French Government want the Pope to interdict the proposed pilgrimage of German Catholics to French shrines.

The meeting of the Association for the Reform of International Law was formally opened at the Hague last week.

The Bank of California will resume business, a guarantee fund of five millions having been subscribed to meet present emergencies.

The Swedish banks refuse to cash Bank of England notes in consequence of the large number of counterfeits which are in circulation in the country.

A verdict that Ralston, the late manager of the Bank of California, came to his death accidentally has been returned by the jury.

The Carlist general, Dorregaray, lost four hundred men in trying to escape into Arragon.

The United States Secretary of the Treasury intends to replace the fractional currency with silver coin.

The Chinese have been unsuccessful in their endeavours to punish the savages of Formosa.

The Times says that wheat and barley will have to be largely imported by England during the year.

An insurrectionary movement is reported in the neighborhood of Gradatchaltz, Bosnia, instigated by bands of Servians. It is reported that the whole districts on the south-eastern frontier of Bosnia are rising.

DR. PIERCE.

From the Toledo Blade.

"Success is never achieved without merit. A man may make a poor article and sell it once, and there being 40,000,000 people in the United States, the sale to each one would be enough to make a decent fortune. But an article that holds the field year after year, and the sales of which increase regularly and rapidly, must have absolute merit."

Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., occupies our entire eighth page to-day with his various articles. We admit it, because we know the doctor, and know of his articles. We know him to be a regularly educated physician, whose diploma hangs on the wall of his office, and we know that he has associated with him several of the most eminent practitioners in the country. We know that parties consult him, by mail and in person, from all the States in the Union every day, and that they are fairly and honestly dealt with.

This grand result has been accomplished by two agencies—good, reliable articles—articles which, once introduced, work easily their own way—and splendid business management. They have succeeded because they ought to have succeeded."

If you would patronize Medicines, scientifically prepared by a skilled Physician and Chemist, use Dr. Pierce's Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is nutritious, tonic, alterative, and blood-cleansing, and an unequalled Cough Remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for Pain, Bowel Complaints, and an unequalled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while his Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head" ever given to the public. They are sold by druggists.

20 YEARS A SUFFERER.—CURED BY THE GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE.

Dear Sir,—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. I was attended by doctors in Liverpool, Havre, New Orleans, New York, and at the hospital on Staten Island (where the doctors wanted to take one leg off). Finally, after spending hundreds of dollars, I was persuaded to try your "Golden Medical Discovery," and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am at home nearly every evening and shall be glad to satisfy any person of the truth of this information. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

WILLIAM RYDER,
87 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.