

ed; so, stooping towards the wise goose, who appeared to be emulating Mrs. Bond's ducks when they ran to that good woman to be killed, he shut his eyes, caught his fair friend by the neck, and, in the midst of a great whirl and flutter of feathers, he swung the self-condemned bird round and round in the air.

Suddenly he felt no weight hanging from his hand.

Looking down, he perceived nothing but the skin of the goose.

"Thank you," said a voice.

He glanced upwards, and saw a very charming young lady, who was smoothing herself and clasping her neck, which certainly looked red and rough.

"You?" said the Prince, for he recognised the voice.

"Myself. I was enchanted, and I could only regain my natural form after being loved by an honest prince, who would for my sake, and at much pain and suffering to himself, strangle the goose whose body I inhabited. I am much obliged. Henceforth always believe a lady's word."

The Prince took her hand, and kissed it.

"I love you now far more dearly than I did," said the Prince.

"And would you really marry me?"

"I would, indeed!"

"What, without knowing anything about me?"

"Your face is your warrant."

"I fear I am a great chatterbox."

"Your voice is soft!"

"Then, again, I have not spoken as a woman for some time, and I am under the impression that these clothes are, mayhap, a little old-fashioned."

"They are perhaps a trifle behindhand," said the Prince; "but I fancied that perhaps you might have been converted when you were at a masquerade, which perhaps would account for the garments."

"Not at all. My mamma ever adhered to the fashions, and dressed me in good taste; and that reminds me that if you were willing to marry me I should come to you completely dowdier."

"I am only sorry for your sake," said the Prince; "that you are poor, because I am not rich, and certainly I cannot treat you as a princess should be seen to."

"As far as that is concerned," said the Princess, "I want for little. My mamma was a person of great good sense, and never led me to think more of breakfast than could be suggested by wholesome strabismus. But I feel that a princess ought not to go to her husband without some fortune. Yet when I tell you that I have been three hundred years looking out for a prince with a heart, though I have met several, you can easily understand that my patrimony has run to waste. I was heiress of Hesperidia."

"Yes; but it may have lost that name."

"Not at all, for I am the exiled King of that land."

"I am in amazement! Then you must be some kind of distant cousin of mine."

"Maybe; but distant enough to justify the marriage, I trust," said the Prince.

"Well, three hundred years apart does seem enough—does it not?"

"I accept that proposition, with a reservation to the Crown lawyers. Ah, I forgot—neither you nor I have longer a Crown lawyer."

"I can get along very well without one. Can you?"

"Quite."

So the two went to the next hermit, and were made man and wife.

But not even love can live on flowers, and though it is extremely doubtful if love flies out of the window in the majority of cases when poverty comes in at the door, nevertheless it is always pleasant not to give love any such chance.

So the poor Prince Pharos and his young wife had to wander from town to town, living by the sale of the little sun-portraits already spoken about, and doing the best they could upon very little—yet remaining as happy as the summer day was long.

At last, one morn they were trudging along together, Psychetta with her face stained, and an ugly, worn calf-skin over her shoulders, that her beauty might not attract attention, when they found an old creature lounging at the side of the road, and with an open basket on her lap.

"Good mother," said Pharos, "what ails you?"

"My sucking pig," she said—"my sweet sucking pig! It has leapt from the basket, and has taken to the woods."

"How long since, good mother?"

"Some sad six minutes."

"We will see if we can find him," said Pharos; "for a pig is a pig."

Five minutes afterwards Prince Pharos came back, his presence heralded by the cries of the little pig, whom he had found with one leg caught in a gate, while a huge eagle was preparing to pick his eyes out.

"Bless you!" said the old lady. "Now, if I knew where you were lodging in the next town, I would send you a honeycomb by my boy Tommikin."

"Alas!" said the Prince, "I cannot say where we shall lodge yet, for we are poor wanderers."

"Yet your wife would not take half my apple while you were hunting for my pig in the forest."

"Because, good mother," said Psychetta, "I saw you had no other in your basket."

"Good—so. But I live near here, and if you will sup strabismus and go to sleep upon thistle-down, you are welcome."

"Thy hut will be a palace; the strabismus ambrosia," said Eros.

"And I have no doubt, husband," added the Princess, "your head will rest more happily upon a thistle-down pillow than does that of many a prince within his satin curtains."

"So be it," said the little old lady; and she led the way home.

It was a charming cottage in the heart of the forest, covered with flowers, and surrounded by a delightful stretch of forest land, which grew most simple things in abundance.

Tommikin, and Giff, a hunchback, were the only servants at the farm; and their mistress, styled Durdana, was quite as much their servant as they were hers.

In the cottage there was a mandoline, which the Prince took down from its peg and played.

Then the Princess sang, having cleansed her face and thrown off the nauseous calf-skin; but hers was very old-fashioned music, and it made Tommikin and Giff laugh.

"So please you," said the Princess, "what is that?"

"A spinning-wheel."

"For spinning. Ah! in my time we used a distaff. I remember that spinning-wheels were introduced by King—I forgot his name—a neighbouring potentate of my father's. He commanded that no distaffs should be used, because a cruel fairy had predicted that his only daughter, Princess Durdana, should be wounded by a spindle; and she was so wounded by a deaf old woman in one of the royal palaces, who had never heard of the edict. The Princess fell dead—or, rather asleep, because she was saved from death by another and a good fairy; and she slept for a hundred years, when she was found by a Prince, who kissed her hand, when she awoke, married him, and was happy ever after, poor dear child! No—spinning-wheels had not come into our country at that time!"

"Why, bless the child!" cried the old farmer-wife; "how old are you?"

"About three hundred and seventeen," said the Princess, simply.

Tommikin and Giff burst out laughing.

The Princess showed no signs of impatience; but in a few words told all her history.

"Well, to be sure!" said the old woman. "I knew geese lived to a hale old age; but I never thought they went so far as that!"

"Teach me to spin with the wheel," said the Princess.

"With a glad heart," said the old woman; and so while the Prince played the mandoline and sang the fashionable airs, his Princess fell to work, learning how to spin at the spinning-wheel.

Suddenly the little old woman looked up, and said, "Stay with me. There is enough for all. Remain here in peace, for wandering is weary work—is it not?"

So they agreed to stay at the cottage, and help the old woman, Durdana, to farm.

Two happy months passed away, and then the old lady said, "I have a journey to make, and I will leave you here to guard my house and mind the farm. I but make one condition—that you not turn no one from the hut who asks for a night's lodging. Do not look pained both of you. I know you will enough to be aware that if the cottage were your own you would go out to welcome a passing vagrant; but the place being mine, you would hesitate, fearing that you were taking liberties. I shall be gone before the dawn. I think that happier days are in store for you."

It was some three weeks after Durdana had left the cottage that, as the night was falling fast, there was a great hee-hawing at the portico.

"Tis sure the white donkey got from the stable," said the Prince; and he went to the portal.

"Ho! good people, be not afraid; for though I have the head of an ass, and bray as an ass, and even bray when I speak, yet I would have you know that I am a true man, and am, moreover, named as one."

"I seem to have seen your face before," said the Prince.

"That which is, or that which was, my face," said the wanderer.

"I know not whether you have changed your features," said the Prince; "but as they are, I should know them."

"Learn that I am a true man, and walk on two legs, though I have the head of a donkey."

"The head of a donkey?" said the Prince.

"I see that your ears are long, and your muzzle somewhat red-haired, but I do not mark that your head is other than that of a man."

"What, hee-haw! Have I my head again?" cried the wanderer. "Pray you let me see my own old self in a glass?"

"Come in; there is a mirror in the sitting-room."

"Alas!" said the visitor, staring in the glass, "I am still an ass. But I would have you know I am not to be made to carry wood; for, such as I am, I am a prince, or have been, though now unhappily enchanted. And this is the strange part of it—that though I am an ass proper, I am not such a proper ass as to eat thistles. At this moment I could eat a chine of bacon as fast as any man living."

"Stop here and eat, friend, for there is even

part of a hock of bacon at your disposal, and there is plenty of sweetish metheglin in the bottles."

But the Prince doubted much whether he had done wisely in admitting this guest, for he frightened the Princess Psychetta, and even Giff shuddered in his shoes as he saw the animal eat.

He ate rather as though he honoured the food, than that the food was merely necessary to existence.

But when he had swallowed two or three cups of the metheglin, his thick tongue began to wag.

"Ho, ho!" cried he, "that his majesty should come down to a poor hock of pork and a mug or two of thick fermented honey. Have ye no red wine or white? For I would have you know that I am a prince chosen by the people for his wit and strength. And yet they called for their old Prince Pharos who could no more fell a man who offended him than he could skin a sheep—poor fool!"

"Prince Pharos?" cried the Prince.

"Ay, my predecessor—a very poor penn'orth amongst princes. 'Twas I succeeded him—I, Prince Kahrot. Oh, how ungrateful are the people, for you must know they stuck a pointed cap on my head, and rode me through the city with my head looking the other way. But that was after the fairies added my brain, and gave me a donkey's head."

"Do the Hesperidians want their Prince back?" inquired the Princess.

"Ay, the thick heads do, fair lady. Oh, be not afraid, though I am an ass, I am all the gentleman. And a true prince, I would have you know, and drink more at a time than any man of them. Yes; they have proclaimed him Prince again in his absence, the poor spirits being more of donkeys in their brains than I am in outward sign and sight."

"Ah, Psychetta! let us go to our people, for they are ours. They are sorry. We will go amongst them as we are quite poor, and they will love us."

"But," said the Princess, "we promised to take care of the farm."

"True; and we will keep our word. But when Durdana returns, we will go back to them, for they are sorry."

Here there was a great perfume of honeysuckle, and a charming creature appeared before them.

"You knew me as Dame Durdana—I am the Home Fairy (called Honeysuckle at the Court of Flowers). But you must not return to court—the best of beggars are despised. Unfortunately, I cannot give you a retinue, but a neighbouring king is much beholden to me, and he will oblige you with the loan of a sufficient cortege to compel your subjects to respect, which is the high road to love. You will be not any the worse for your adversity and time of trial. To your people be suave and just, yet have your way. If you wish to keep at home, keep there—claiming the right the lowest of them has. Dress as you will, live as you will, plainly or richly, as it takes your fancy. Men only respect those who respect themselves, and those only respect themselves who are ever just and never abject. Come, let me lead you to my chariot."

"As for thee, friend Kahrot, thou wilt be happier far as donkey than as something between ass and man. There is plenty thistle in the wood; and thou canst kick so readily, there is no need to give thee a talisman against boy-riders. Be perfect changed and gone, and bray through honest life."

W.

## CANADA LUMBER.

There is, perhaps, no building on the Exhibition grounds which displays so much taste and judgment, and attracts so much attention as the Canadian Log Building, of which we publish a drawing in the present issue.

The building is seventy-five feet long by fifty-six feet deep. It is composed of logs without cutting, straight pieces, laths, shingles, and other forms of timber so familiar to those who chop wood in the pine forests of Maine, and run the risk of breaking their necks in the Valley of the Yosemite.

The peculiarity that first attracts the observer's attention is the formation of the front; the roof is supported on columns and facing to the narrow gauge road there are six columns composed of timber, with the bark on each, 16 feet high, ranging from 48 inches diameter down to about 36 inches, each column being of a different variety ready for the market or the saw-mill, as the case may be. The material is the same as is exported at all times when there is a market, from the Valley of Ottawa and the adjacent mountainous range. The cornice is made of deal plank, piled one above another, to the height of about five feet, with an outward slope to the verge of the roof, the incline starting at the top of the columns.

The roof is composed of planking which juts over the face of the column about 8 feet, the width of the planking being in no case less than 24 inches, the timber used being poplar wood clear of knots, and on the top of the roof there is a tower, made of deals and planks which are piled in angle style, and on the top of this a new kind of flagstaff.

The plan of construction is such that, although unenclosed, it has, when inside the pillars, all the appearance of a house. There are made from

the timber twelve flights of stairs, from which a visitor can see all around, the stairways being constructed of planks, deals and boards of all quality of timber grown within the jurisdiction of what was originally the domain of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. The appearance inside is that of several rooms with a series of arches and stairways, the latter leading direct to the tower.

The rooms are filled with different qualities of lumber cut in sections to show the grain fibre and age of the trees of which they are specimens. Starting at the south east corner of the building toward the fountain, the first column is forty-one inches diameter of yellow pine, and from it there starts to the second column, continuing between all those on the front, a lattice work of laths, shingles being pendant, in order to give a finish to the cornice and projecting roof. The size of the columns will be noticed as the dimensions are given. On the front, the next column is of sugar maple, 39 inches in diameter; then an ash, 40 inches in diameter; then a birch, 41 inches; a yellow pine, 38 inches; and a soft walnut at the northeast corner, 45 inches in diameter; all of these logs being 16 feet in length. Going West, as Horace Greeley advised the young man, and following the square of this very remarkable building, the next log used as a support is a beech, over 32 inches in diameter; then a cherry, 24 inches; and at the northwest corner a hemlock, 37 inches in diameter, which is said to "be small in growth for its age."

On the west side towards the south, next the corner, the first column is of butternut, 40 inches diameter; the next a species of cherry, 32 inches diameter; a walnut of closer grain than those mentioned, 36 inches; a red cherry, 35 inches; and at the southwest corner, a yellow pine, 36 inches diameter. On the south, the log columns are a spruce, 36 inches in diameter, and a wide maple, known as the "strong iron-wood," which is 26 inches through.

The arrangement of the lumber into stairways and arches divides the display into several rooms, the centre ones leading to the tower to be erected on the roof. In the west room there is a table 4 feet wide, 12 feet long, 6 inches thick, a single plank of yellow pine; and on this table there are two planks set to form a triangle, one of the sides being of white cedar, 4 feet wide, the other about 45 inches; between these is a section of white cedar, 52 inches in diameter, the bark on, sections of maple, cherry, white pine and white maple, and some specimens of rosewood, which closely resemble bird's-eye maple, though larger in the circle, and which is susceptible of a very high polish. The east room towards the front has at the north and south ends columns, the one to the south of ash, on a white pine pedestal, 4 feet 2 inches in diameter, the latter being in the rough. The column is turned from the log, is 16 feet high and 30 inches in diameter; the other column is of a finer grained ash, allied to maple, on a pedestal of spruce 3 feet in diameter.

Between these columns is a table, the top of which is a solid piece of Douglas pine, 14 feet long, 8 feet 4 inches wide, and 9 inches thick, equal to anything in the Brazilian section in Agricultural Hall. This is clear of knots; the logs of the table are made of sections of black ash logs, 20 inches in diameter, 5 in number. On this table is a monster section of pine with the bark on, cut from a 30-foot log, which could not be transported, owing to its size; the section shows six hundred and sixty-four years of growth and is 8 feet 5 inches in diameter, sound in every particular; is 3 feet 9 inches thick, the bark 2 1/2 inches, and the weight of the slab 7,500 pounds—about 3 1/2 tons! Scattered about are sections of different qualities of lumber over 3 feet in diameter.

A platform surrounds the entire building, composed of black walnut, green walnut, soft walnut, and poplar, some of the specimens being nine feet nine inches wide, elastic timber, such as are used for hooping, matting, barrel staves, bows, etc.

The building which is certainly one of the great features attached to the Britain section, has been erected under the special supervision of Mr. A. Hippolyte Laroche, of St. Anselme, Dorchester, Province of Quebec, who has been appointed by the Canadian Government to take charge of the lumber department. The peculiar manner in which the rough timber, without cutting, has been put together, to show its length, breadth, thickness, and quality, will attract the attention of those who build houses and want sound lumber in them. There is nothing to be compared with the display on the grounds in extent and variety, not excepting Brazil, South Australia, Queensland, or the giant trees of California.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. OFFENBACH says it is not musical etiquette for a composer to seek an introduction to a conductor.

OTHER than plays in English have ceased to attract in London. Salvini, Rossi, Janaschek have lately been playing there to nearly empty theatres.

ANNA DICKINSON has written a new play in five acts, and each illustrates the fortunes and persecutions of a Jewess in a different country—England, France, Germany, Russia, and the United States. She is to play the part of the Jewess.

MR. GYE, Jr., is in luck. At the conclusion of the present operatic season, he will espouse a very talented wife, Mlle. Albani, the first of our rising operatic stars. It is to be hoped that, after a brief retirement, Madame Gye will again be a chief attraction at the Covent Garden House.