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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1882.

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STUDY OF A HEAD BY HENRI LEVY.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

April 23rd, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 34°	22°	28°	Mon.. 53°	33°	43°
Tues.. 37°	25°	31°	Tues.. 48°	29°	38° 5
Wed.. 38°	23°	30° 5	Wed.. 47°	28°	37° 5
Thur.. 46°	27°	36° 5	Thur.. 45°	29°	37°
Fri.. 45°	33°	39° 5	Fri.. 53°	33°	43°
Sat.. 51°	32°	41° 5	Sat.. 49°	31°	40°
Sun.. 53°	33°	42° 5	Sun.. 46°	36°	46°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, April 29, 1882.

THE WEEK.

ONE of the most curious blackmail cases of this generation comes to light in Massachusetts. Mr. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, to whose tact and firmness the country owed so much during the war, is a man of declining years, with both mental and bodily powers on the wane. He was enticed by professional gamblers into a "hell" on Boylston street, in Boston, and induced to play for large stakes and to pay his losses by signing large checks for the amount. The swindlers took these checks in the belief that they were as good as money, since the family would not dare to expose the affair by refusing payment. But the ADAMS family never do such things after the fashion of ordinary people, and the sons at once had the principal offenders arrested for the offence. People less confident of their own standing might have talked of a compromise. But not only public spirit, —as it seems to be thought,—but family pride of a high degree, prompted the exposure and the punishment of the offence. Undoubtedly, a good service has been rendered to the public by this step. The criminals, themselves, declare that this case is by no means solitary, but that hitherto they always have been able to count on impunity. The proper action taken in this case may have a deterrent influence.

A NEW suggestion in the matter of toilet is offered to our belles for what it is worth. Electricity has already played many parts, and will no doubt in the next few years play many more. Hitherto however it has never been utilized to give additional charm to the beauty of the fair. And yet a necklace or bracelet of diamonds of the first water could not compare for brilliance with the effect of a string of crystals each containing a tiny filament carbon heated to incandescence by an electric current supplied from a small Faure battery, which might easily be concealed on the person. At the Crystal Palace there is a diminutive breast-pin, which can be illuminated by a two-inch Faure battery carried in the pocket of the wearer. What a sensation will be produced by the first lady who ventures to a ball with a tiara, necklae, and bracelets literally blazing with light! It is perfectly safe, the heat would be imperceptible, and the effect would be unquestionably dazzling. Who will be the bold one to first make the experiment?

A "WILDE" GOOSE CHASE.

As Mr. OSCAR WILDE is to visit our city after all, and we may expect in a few weeks to listen to his exposition of the much vexed subject of Aestheticism vs. Philistinism, it may not be out of place to consider in a few words the man and the cause he preaches.

As to the cause, to take the greater first, every one has long since looked out aestheticism in the dictionary and found that its original meaning was the principle of choosing for oneself, i. e., of freeing the choice from the dictates of fashion and prejudice. That a movement in this direction had become a necessity but a few years since no one can possibly deny. In art, more especially in those branches of art which pertain to the household and to dress, a slavish following of the prevailing taste, if taste it can be called, resulted in the perpetuation of the least artistic and most unreasonable modes both in domestic art and in costume.

Such a movement then as that to which its promoters gave the name of the English Renaissance, and which subsequently received the *sobriquet* of the "aesthetic movement," or more frequently the "aesthetic craze" was in its origin guided by right principles and has done an infinity of good. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the drawing-rooms of half a dozen of his less wealthy acquaintances with what he can remember of the horse-hair furniture and cheap chromo style of decoration ten years back, will acknowledge at least a change for the better. Incongruity there is, often ridiculous affectation, but this is only the result of an imperfect conception of the principles involved, and taste cannot be made, only guided, by any rules of art.

No, the indictment of the Philistines is directed against those who in aestheticism, as in everything else, run to extremes, and make the new, or rather the newly preached, rules of art a peg on which to hang their follies. It is nothing new or unusual that a silly woman should show her silliness, but the fact cannot or should not injure Art, which exists outside and above its disciples wise or foolish. The sunflower and the lily were taken hold of by the early decorators of the school as beautiful and perfect types of decoration, hitherto much neglected in favor of more voluptuous and flowing patterns. Because this fact is true it does not follow that they make suitable button hole decorations, or that a bunch of sunflowers plastered on to the small of a lady's back adds to the beauty of her figure. But the converse is also true, viz., that the beauty of either is not affected by its misuse.

What then is Mr. WILDE, and what are we to hear from his lips? Mr. WILDE is personally a gentleman by birth and education, possessed of some degree of cleverness, a turn for literature, and a *modicum* of pocket money. Launched into London society fresh from Oxford, he seized the opportunity afforded him by the craze which was then setting in to win by his eccentricities a notoriety and position in society which under ordinary circumstances he could not have hoped to reach. There is the story in a nutshell. As to his visit to this country, a lecturer lectures the world over to make money by his lectures, and Mr. WILDE's quasi celebrity in England has placed him in a position to gain a hearing.

This of the man. The lecture, so far as we can understand, is another pair of shoes. Some time since the present writer pointed out that the *Spectator* in speaking of Mr. WILDE and his principles alike in contemptuous terms was confounding two very different things. Many a preacher has done good to his hearers though himself unworthy of the gospel he expounds. Mr. WILDE may or may not be a goose, but at least his cackling is of goodly things. The principles of RUSKIN, of TAINÉ and of MORRIS need not a great expounder. It is said that no one ever failed as Hamlet, if we except perhaps ANNA DICKINSON. The reason is that the

lines are so beautiful, the movement so dramatic, that we forget the actor in the play. So it is with our poet. Those who go to laugh at the knee breeches must be careful not to jeer at the story the lecturer has to tell. It is true many people think it might be told better in—well pantaloons; but there is absolutely no connection between the calves of OSCAR'S legs and his principles. The one may or may not be real, the others are everlasting, and, however expressed, true and undying as Art itself.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

On the whole the presentation of "Antigone" at the University, may be pronounced successful. There was a good attendance both on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. On the latter occasion the crowd was so great that every available place was occupied, it is needless to say, by an audience fully representing the *crème de la crème* of Toronto culture and fashion. After some delay the orchestra led by Mr. Torrington and ably supported by Miss Symons as *pianiste* began Mendelssohn's beautiful overture. The curtain rose on the court in front of the Royal Palace at Thebes. From the centre emerged the Princess Antigone with her sister Ismene. The part of Antigone was taken by Professor Maurice Hutton whose distinct articulation of the Greek left nothing to be desired. It was a score of years since your correspondent gave much time to the study of this drama when reading for classical honors, but Mr. Hutton's declamation brought back the well remembered lines with vivid force. Perhaps to an ancient Athenian's ear the Oxford pronunciation of the first letter of the alphabet would have sounded flat and unfamiliar. Knowing little as we do confessedly of the true secret of classical pronunciation of Greek and Latin, we know this much, that what used to be the Oxford pronunciation of the vowels *α* and *ι* is certainly incorrect.

In the first scene Antigone recites to her sister her own resolve to disobey the tyrannical edict by which her uncle, King Creon, forbade the burial of her brother Polynices. Ismene, who represents a gentler type of Greek womanhood, dissuades her. The heroine is habited in an under-kirt of dark with yellow border, the Athenian mourning color, over this a blue jacket. Ismene wore a similar "chiton" of black and green. After the first scene entered the Chorus, two groups of venerable citizens of Thebes, arranged in what might seem ultra priestly garments, surplises fringed with various embroidery, each holding the mystic "thyrsus," a rod or wand tipped with a fir cone, the symbol of Bacchus. The first choral ode described the repulse of the hostile army which had lately threatened Thebes. It was sung with considerable spirit the music attaining the difficult success of rendering the Anapestic battle march out of which their choral odes have developed, and with which the first chorus in the Greek drama invariably began. Then came the great success of the representation, the part of Creon, King of Thebes, the strongest in the play, and full of dramatic points. It was well and spiritedly interpreted by Mr. Douglas Armour, who looked and spoke the stage tyrant, dooming Antigone, turning a deaf ear to his son's intercession and finally cowed with submission by the threats of the terrible blind Prophet.

A comic effect was given in the garrulous long windedness of the Watchman, well rendered by Mr. Haddons who however created an effect hardly contemplated by Sophocles by delivering his speech with a strong Irish accent. The *coup de théâtre* at the end in which the dead bodies of the Queen and her son are exposed on the stage, would have been very effective had the stage been at all adequate to the purposes of the representation. As it was the chorus, which in the ancient Athenian theatre would have occupied a large area of what is the pit in our theatre, where they could have had ample space for the solemn processional dancing which kept time to their choral song, were grievously "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on the small platform at either side of the stage. Thence they climbed up every now and then to the stage.

The singing was very good indeed, especially in the beautiful ode to "Love the unconquerable" and in the spirited hymn to Bacchus. But the old gentlemen of the chorus looked like a procession in some little country church where they had scarcely room to genuflect, and when these worthy clerical representatives of Ancient Thebes danced round a tripod with a blazing fire we had fears lest their surplises should catch the flames. Creon's dress was one of the most effective, a scarlet robe of graceful display. It is a pity that the drama was not brought out at one of our largest theatres, it suffered much from want of room, and from being too close to the audience. Mr. Maurice Hutton's make up as Antigone was good, the blonde hair and pink and white complexion aided the illusion, but the acting was a little too pronounced. The young lady looked and spoke too like a vendor of the finny tribe in an altercation with her sisters of the fishmarket, and with her muscular arms and determined face seemed able on a little provocation to make a clean sweep of the other occupants of the stage, the clerical looking chorus included. The part of the Queen was well dressed and well supported by Mr. H. Mickle.

This *tour de force* has cost a good deal of money, and money just now is specially wanted in Toronto University when an increased staff of teachers is a pressing need. Still the success of what must be regarded as a spirited effort on the part of Professor Hutton and the gentlemen who supported him justifies a little extravagance. The drama gave a more vivid idea of ancient Hellenic culture than could be obtained in any other way. It is a pity that another representation could not have been given for the benefit of the High School Teachers and pupils throughout the Province. Our illustration is taken from a photograph by Notman and Fraser, of Toronto.

WAITING.

Among several articles from the same pen in your issue of the 25th March, one on "Waiting" attracted my attention. An excellent article as far as it went, but written by a man. Need I ask what can he know about it? Bah! the question answers itself. Men are the so-called lords of creation, while women are born to wait. The only time in men's lives that is swayed by a power stronger than themselves, they "wait upon a woman's smile," serves but to enhance the value, but to rouse their energy and sharpen their wits to obtain the love they long for. That gained, the waiting moments in their lives are few, confined to waiting for dinner or a laggard guest, which, however, gives them such a happy opportunity of exercising their prerogative of grumbling that such should be quoted as a blessing rather than a misfortune. But when a woman for once raises her voice then listen for *experientia docet*, she ought to know something about it. From her nursery days when the boys of stronger muscles and bolder fancies lord it over the tiny sister who waits their bidding with the love and admiration weakness ever pays to strength, to the days when in her first fresh ball-room tulle the nervous *débütante* waits toying with her fan or flowers, trying vainly to appear unexpected for the partners who conscious of their power ask the trembling girl to dance. At home how she watches the mother waiting upon the wills and whims of the liege lord, and wondering vaguely if such too will be her lot. As the days and months speed on and her own heart finds its owner, and deep down in its inmost depths waits for the token that she has not bestowed its love unsought, doubt lending her the strength to prove it and give him the privilege, so long her own, of waiting. Is it any wonder that she wields the short-lived power with no niggard hand, but glows with trembling pride and pleasure in its possession; seeing at a glance how the most capricious of her sex are the most admired by *his*, the longer and more trying the waiting, the more appreciated is the boon when gained, the more they have to seek, the more glad they are to find, for men care little for what they obtain too easily. "The half hour of happy converse with his Dulcinea in the chill October evening, more valued after the hour of waiting in the bitter wind."

A few years and she falls back into her old life of "waiting." Waiting while Henry dresses for that humdrum party at Professor B——'s he does not want to go so, anathematizing the laundress who makes his ties so stiff he can't make them look decent, mislaying his studs which she "might as well look for while she is waiting." Then the night far advanced she waits wearily though with outward seeming pleasure until he finishes "just this last rubber." Or at the theatre, who knows the waiting agony to her of the minutes between the acts while he is out killing time, making this interval more endurable to himself perhaps, imbibing poison with "a man or two." Who sees the quick questioning glance amid the merry smiles and chatter to the friends sitting near, when he returns? Not he certainly. Her daily life when his being late for dinner, means to her, a storm in the kitchen, black looks from the maid whose evening with her "young man" is curtailed by the master's delay, many an anxious glance at the clock which conscience smites her for putting back half an hour to ensure the dinner not being done to death and an effort to meet him with the smiling happy face which should greet the "home coming" however tardy, to receive the explanation of delay with the ready grace and tact that makes the woman he loves so charming, and home, a true man's happiest place, a welcome rest from the weariness and worries of business and delays, which, thank heaven, are often unavoidable.

But the saddest, and alas far too frequent waiting now-a-days is when the poor patient wife waits night after night for the home-coming of her lord, keeping home cheerful, cooking with her own hands some dainty dish for his supper, putting his slippers to warm upon the hearth, the tempting, ease-inviting arm-chair before the glowing fire, doing everything a lonely heart can think of for the comfort of the absent one, waits while the hands upon the time piece mark with slow but ever recurring chime the hours as they go, until the drowsiness of long watching closes the weary overstrained eyelids over the tired eyes to let dreams have a moment sway over the aching brain. Only a moments though in dreams it has been hours when the well-known latch key in the door, the scarcely steady steps ascending the stairs passing the doorway of the cozy room away to bed rouses her once more to the sad reality and her fruitless waiting. How like a knell upon the waiting heart sounds the dull thud of the falling

boots that are kicked off upon the floor overhead. Night after night until nature can bear no more, until the mispent hours bring their own reward, death comes at last, and the heart-broken wife lays to rest the poor weak hands that have been their own undoing, misses for the last time the clay cold lips that were the doorway of talents lavishly bestowed yet were powerless to say "No" to the tempting good fellowship of his so-called friends, draws over her white grief-stricken face, the deep crape veil and turns away from the new made grave that holds the long hope deferred of better things, to wait until the messenger comes for her. The best years of her life gone all the vim and energy of will expanded, the long overstrained nerves relaxed, too late to turn to other arms or heart, her one love and life work buried in the grave she leaves so sadly, what has she left to do but wait—

"Until the weary waiting o'er
The tired feet press the golden shore,
The lonely heart at last finds rest,
And memory forgets all but the best"

OTTAWA.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The study of a head on our front page is from the picture exhibited in the Graphic Gallery, and is from the pencil of the Chevalier Lévy. The beauty of the face may speak for itself, but the painting is in no wise unworthy of the type it represents.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.—One has become so accustomed to turn out on a foggy morning before breakfast to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race that it was hard to believe that, for once, the tide would serve at a reasonable hour. As a natural consequence of this pleasant return to the course of proceedings usual a few years back, and of the gloriously bright and bracing day, there was quite an old-fashioned exodus to the river-side on April 1st. The immense crowd congregated at favourable spots to witness the start was constantly augmented by fresh arrivals, the river was gay with craft of every description, and the Royal Standard, floating above the umpire's boat, denoted the presence of the Prince of Wales and his suite. At a few minutes before one o'clock the Cambridge crew, wearing their light blue jackets, paddled down to the starting-point, and the Oxonians followed them a few minutes later. We heard little or no betting, as even offers of £ to £1 failed to tempt the supporters of Cambridge. All being in readiness, Mr. Searle effected a very even start at exactly 1.1 p.m. Even thus early, the race was virtually over. The form exhibited by the Oxonians was undeniably good, and they shot Hammersmith Bridge in 7 min. 40 sec. from the start, exactly twelve seconds before their opponents passed under it. The rougher water in Corney Reach completely demoralized the Cantabs, who dropped further and further away, and Oxford passed the winning post in 20 min. 12 sec. from the start, having secured one of the hollowest of victories on record.

NATIONAL DRESS.—Last week we gave our ideas upon the so-called National dress of the National Health Society, and this week we are able to give an illustration of some of the best of the modes on view at the Hygienic Exhibition in Cavendish Square which will, we think, in the eyes of unprejudiced readers, fully bear out our remarks on the subject.

THE ABERCORN MYSTERY.—Considerable excitement has been aroused by the recent discovery near Abercorn of the dead body of an Englishman who was supposed to have been murdered, but of whom nothing has been yet discovered. The spot where the discovery was made is a very retired one, not likely to be often visited; those who selected it for disposal of the body, (if brought thither, and not killed there) must know this part of the country pretty well. The sister in Brighton has been written to from Sutton Flats. It takes at least a month to get an answer; more, if the sister cannot be easily found. Meantime public interest fires out, and circumstances are forgotten. Nothing can be done till the man's name is discovered, and the Police could find Miss or Mrs. Jackson best.

The book found in the pocket was a work on short-hand. The hat was fastened to the coat by a string with a little ivory appendage. This is an English rather than American custom. A medical friend of our correspondent saw the body and considers that the jaws indicates an age not far from 40, and the bones suggest something near 5 feet 10 or 11 inches. A few Canadian coins of small denomination were found in the brook below the body. Also two English stamps. When found, all but one leg was under water, (it was higher then probably than now,) this leg was bent up; the other, from which the foot was gone, lay straight. The brook is now very small: I stepped across on one or two stones; it may be larger in freshets. The man's head was entirely bare of flesh and scalp; the latter was found a little way below, with hair adhering to portions of it. I have found a small bit to-day; cannot tell precise color till it is washed. Skull fractured on left temple. Transverse fracture of lower jaw. The head would seem to have been fixed by stones under the ledge of rock in order that when the water is high enough to fall over, it might wash on to the face, and decale it more quickly. The children who discovered it were three boys, the

eldest about 12, sons of Leroy or King, who owns the farm on one side of the brook. The clothing was thin, suitable for Summer rather than Winter.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.—Mount Washington has been called "an arctic island in the temperate zone." Even in summer its elevated peak is rarely visited by sunshine, and is usually found by the traveller who climbs it to be the home of wind and rain clouds. It is now an easy task to reach the summit of this the tallest mountain in our Eastern States, and enjoy the view of the "epic landscape," which embraces a circumference of several hundred miles, in which can be detected scores of villages, and countless streams which unite to form the rivers of New England. In summer, a few days on the summit is pleasant. You can watch the sunset and the sunrise, the shadows of the clouds drifting over the earth below you, or the shadow of the mountain projected on the clouds; you may see storms form and burst far below, and watch the fluctuations of the barometer. Few of us, however, who in our holidays visit the White Mountains and amuse ourselves for a day or two on the summit of Mount Washington, ever think of the life that must be led by those whose duty it is to pass the winter on this storm-beaten peak. There is a small hutlet now there; there are the old hotels, with their low stone walls; there is the new hotel; and there, in a most exposed situation, toward the south of the cone, stands the small wooden observatory occupied by the Signal Service. In winter, the railroad by which these houses can be reached in summer is buried in snow and ice, and the mountain is swept by gales which render travel impossible. The wind has been registered as blowing at the rate of 100 miles per hour for forty-eight hours. In April, 1879, its velocity was 182 miles, and in the great January gale described so vividly in Drake's magnificent "Heart of the White Mountains," the wind gauge registered 186 miles per hour. "By nine in the evening"—the soldier on duty thus describes the scene—"the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour with heavy sleet. The exposed thermometer registered 24° below. The uproar was deafening. The wind gathering up all the loose ice on the mountain, dashed it against the house in a continuous volley." In this terrible tornado the shed used as an engine house was destroyed, and the plank walk connecting the hotel and the signal station entirely swept away. Even if it had remained, no man could have crossed the short intervening space. In momentary expectation of being swept into eternity, the watchers prepared for the worst by wrapping themselves up in blankets, bound round by ropes to which were attached bars of iron, "so that if the house went by the board, they might have a chance of anchoring somewhere." Tempests of such violence are of course rare, but even in winds that blow only at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour the observatory rocks and trembles in the blast.

THE ELEPHANT JUMBO.—Last week we gave an illustration of Jumbo before his departure. His arrival in New York has produced little if any less sensation than his last days in London. Mr. Barnum has his elephantine prize safely housed at Madison Square Garden. As British protests could not, and British courts would not, prevent his removal from the London "Zoo," so the terrors of the sea could not delay his coming, and on Easter morning the steamer *Assarian Monarch*, to which the distinguished immigrant had been intrusted, came gayly into port, and the monster, being lightered to the shore, was transferred in due course to the quarters provided for him. The process of removing him from the vessel's hold was not an easy one. Jumbo was confined in a great wooden cage, six feet eight inches wide and thirteen feet high, inside measurement. It was made of seven-inch timbers of yellow pine, with double lining of three-inch oak planks. Heavy bands of three-quarter inch angl-iron, with five-inch flanges, passed around the cage in all directions, and the receptacle was as strong as stout timbers and iron could make it. It weighed six tons—within half a ton as much as Jumbo. This box, with its living freight, was, after some difficulty, lowered to the deck of the lighter, which at once proceeded to the Battery landing. Nearly two hours were spent in landing the cage and adjusting to it the low and broad wheel truck which was to be the means of conveying Jumbo through the streets to Madison Square Garden. A team of sixteen horses was in waiting, and these, after much delay, were finally harnessed to the cage, and it was started on its way to the Garden, where it arrived, without accident shortly after twelve o'clock, two of Barnum's elephants having given their assistance in propelling the truck when the strength of the horses proved unequal to the task of moving it.

JESSE JAMES, THE DESPERADO.—The recent killing of Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, at St. Joseph, Mo., is still the chief subject of interest in all that part of the country. Dramatic as were the circumstances of his death at the hands of a pretended friend and follower, the desperado's funeral was even more remarkable in its incidents and accessories. It occurred on April 6th, at Kearney, a town of about five hundred inhabitants, situated on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, twenty-four miles from Kansas City, where Mrs. Samuels, the dead man's mother, lives. Long before noon the town was full of people. The services took place in the Baptist church, half a mile east of the town,

whither the body was escorted by a long procession, among the pall-bearers being the marshal, the sheriff and a deputy sheriff. The Rev. J. M. Martin preached the funeral sermon. He said: "On such occasions as this, when anything is said, it is customary to speak of the life and character of the dead. This is unnecessary here, for all I could say is only too well known already. I think my duty now is to speak to the living." During the service the women were all visibly affected. The mother moaned and groaned aloud.

DEFINITE INVITATIONS.

Writing letters of invitation, and answering letters of invitation, often occupy far longer time in the composition than the writers would care to confess. The difficulty does not lie in an invitation itself, or in accepting or refusing it, but rather in the form in which either should be couched, the words that should be chosen, and the expressions that should be used; one person is afraid of being too expressed, too gushing; another of being too formal or too stiff; one is fearful of saying too little, another of saying too much, and there are yet others who have not an idea what to say or how to commence a letter of this nature, and who are dissatisfied with each start they make, knowing that they have not said the right thing, and not exactly seeing their way to saying it. Time, temper, and paper are often sacrificed to these attempts. This is not only the case with regard to letters of invitation and acceptance, but it also applies to the many letters that are consequent upon an invitation being received and visits paid. Invitations which are conveyed through the medium of cards, "dinner cards," or an "at home" card, require no thought in the giving or receiving; the note of acceptance is as brief as the printed card of invitation; and to the printed card requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Blank's company at dinner, the stereotyped answer is invariably "Mrs. Blank has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Dash's kind invitation for Saturday, the twenty-first," or "Mrs. Blank regrets that a previous engagement prevents her having the pleasure of accepting Mrs. Dash's kind invitation for Saturday, the twenty-first."

Of all invitations given, perhaps the first of importance is the one that refers to a visit of some days' duration either for a long or short period. The initiated, or those who are accustomed to give this description of invitation, know exactly what to say and how to say it. The conventional civilities or affectionate cordialities, as the case may be, occur in their proper places; but one point is made clear in either case, namely, the length of the visit to be paid. There are people who are under the impression that to specify the exact length of a visit is in a degree inhospitable, and not sufficiently polite; and they therefore, as a sort of compromise, use the ambiguous terms "a few days" in lieu of distinctly defining the limit of the invitation. So far from vague invitations such as these being an advantage to invited guests, they not seldom place themselves at a disadvantage at more points than one. They are uncertain what day they are to take their departure; they do not wish by leaving a day earlier to disarrange any little plan that their hostess may have contemplated for their amusement. Neither do they wish to prolong their visit a day longer, lest by doing so they should break in upon any engagements that she may have formed on her own account, independent of her visitors. It is also not a little awkward for guests to tell their hostesses that they think of leaving on Thursday by twenty minutes past twelve train. It might have suited the hostess very much better that her visitors should have left on the Wednesday, and in her own mind she had perhaps meant that the visit should end on that day; but having left the invitation open, more or less, by saying "a few days," there is nothing left for her but to sacrifice her own arrangements to the convenience of her guests; without discourtesy she could hardly suggest to them that they should leave a day earlier than the one they had named, and the visitors remain unconscious of having in any way trespassed upon the good nature of their hostess. A few days is also an unsatisfactory wording of an invitation to visitors themselves; as a rule it means three or four days, but there is always an uncertainty as to whether the fourth day should be taken or not. Those who interpret "a few days" to mean three days make their plans for departure accordingly; failing this, they are compelled to leave their plans open, and stay from three to five days, according as chance and circumstances may dictate. A lady will perhaps require a little addition to her wardrobe in the matter of a five days' visit over that of three days' stay; but this is a trifling detail, although it helps to swell the list of minor inconveniences which are the result of vague invitations. There are of course exceptions to every rule, and there are people who use this phrase of "Will you come to see us for a few days" in the bona fide sense of the word, and to whom it is immaterial whether their guests remain three days or six days; but such an elastic invitation as this is given to a relative, or to a very intimate friend, whose footing in the house is that of a relation, and with whom the hostess does not stand on ceremony, as far as her own engagements are concerned; and people on these friendly terms can talk over their departure with their hostess, and consult her about it without the faintest embarrassment.

The most welcome invitation is certainly the one that mentions the day of arrival and the day of departure. Thus, after the *raison d'être* of

the invitation has been stated, the why and the wherefore of its being given, follows the gist of the letter: "We hope you will come to us on Wednesday, the twenty-third, and remain until the twenty-sixth." It is, of course, open to a hostess to ask her visitors to prolong their stay beyond the date named if she sees reason for so doing; but this is the exception rather than the rule in the case of short visits, and guests take their departure as a matter of course on the day named in the invitation. Hostess and guests are perfectly at ease upon the subject, and guests do not feel on delicate ground with their hostess, or fear to outstay their welcome. When a visit has been paid it is polite, if not imperative, to write to the hostess and express the pleasure that has been derived from it. Oftener than not, some little matter arises which necessitates a note being written apart from this; but whether or not, good feeling and good taste would dictate that some such note should be written and, as it can always include little matters of general interest in connection with the past visit, it need neither be over ceremonious or coldly polite.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ANOTHER bailiff has been murdered in Ireland.

HER Majesty has returned home from Mentone.

AGRARIAN outrages during March in Ireland numbered 531.

THREATS have been made to blow up the Windsor Barracks.

ITALIANS and other Europeans are being maltreated in Tripoli.

PASSAGE won the City and Suburban at Epsom spring meeting.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the emigration of 12,000 Jews to America.

AN extensive registered letter robbery from the Paris post office is reported.

THE Pacific mail steamer at San Francisco brought 150 Mormon converts from Australia.

THE London *Observer* says all the other suspects will be released when Parnell is freed.

THE Irish Church Synod has expressed sorrow and shame at the widespread lawlessness prevailing in Ireland.

FIFTY policemen have been sent to the Isle of Skye on account of trouble with tenants who refuse to pay rent.

A TERRIBLE explosion has occurred at a Sunderland colliery, by which thirty-five persons, it is feared, have lost their lives.

THE Lord Mayor of London is raising a fund to despatch a party of 200 families of the unemployed poor of London to Canada.

THE German Polar Commission intends fitting out a supplementary expedition to assist in observations on the Labrador coast.

FIVE hundred and thirteen Italian immigrants who landed in New York recently had an average of ten cents apiece in their purses.

THE trial of MacLean for attempted assassination of the Queen has resulted in a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity.

THE latest invention of the Nihilists is the presentation of a basket of eggs, dynamite having been substituted for the original contents of the eggs.

THE French Government has approved the scheme of DeLesseps for the cutting of a canal between the Gulf of Gabes and the Sahara. The cost of the work is estimated at 65,000,000 francs.

DR. LAMSON has been again reprieved till the 28th inst. No evidence has been thus far submitted to the Government to justify interference with the execution of the sentence.

HUMOROUS.

CABMAN: "Want a cab, sir?" Smart youth, glancing at horse: "No; I'm in a hurry."

A CONTRAST.—Men like to see themselves in print. Men are modest. Women like to see themselves in silk or velvet.

A MAN is twice a child, but, happily, during his first experiences of childhood he has no bank account to draw upon.

A MERCENARY woman measures her sweetheart's love not so much by the sighs of his heart as she does by the size of his bank account.

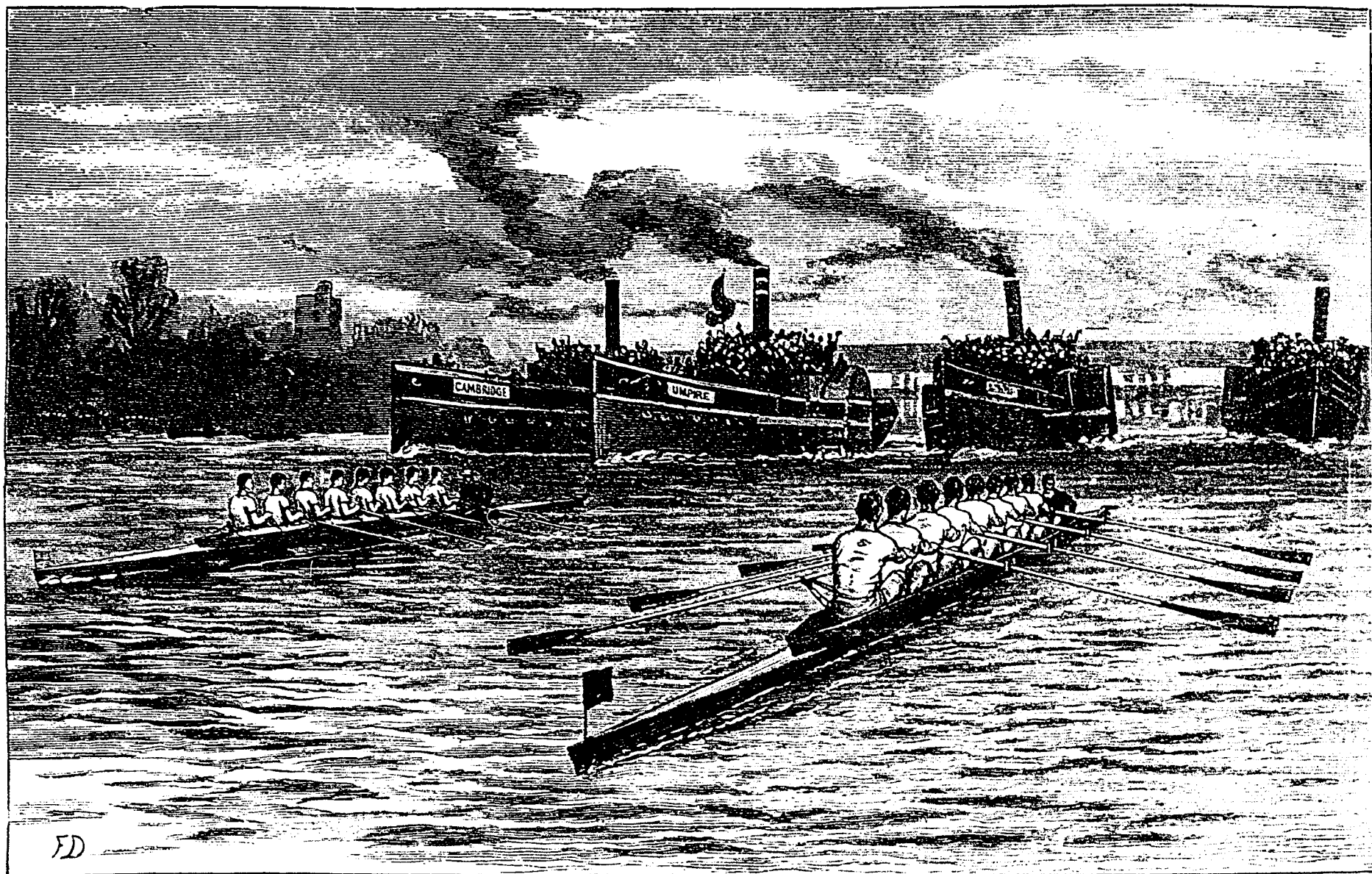
A DEAF man lately married was asked at the club about his bride: "Is she pretty?" "No," replied the deaf gentleman. "No, she is not, but she will be when her father dies."

"EVERY one must eat their peck of dirt before they die," said a meek writer in answer to a remonstrance about a dirty-edged soup-plate. "Yes, you do," retorted the customer, "but not on one plate."

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.—She (encouragingly.) "Your step suits mine exactly. He (nervously.) So glad to hear you say so; I know I'm such a bad waiter."

"Do you ever use glasses?" politely asked an old lady of an elderly gentleman who was seated beside her in the railway car. "He never does," answers the phlegmatic Briton. "His always takes mine into a powder aug."

A YOUTH to fortune and fame unknown sends Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas is for a moment pettish, then seizes his pen and replies: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return of post: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas by next mail: "Send me your play, my young friend."



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE BETWEEN OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.—(SEE PAGE 259.)



RATIONAL DRESS FOR LADIES.—NOTES AT THE HYGIENIC EXHIBITION.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued.)

Kate looks aghast. Such a disparity of age seems to her youthful imagination fairly appalling. "Oh, how can you!" she cries. "Surely, there can be no reason—and you so beautiful!"

The sincerity of this protest makes Florida Vaughn smile, and this time not sarcastically. She lays her hand kindly on Kate's.



"Take a word of advice from me, my dear."

"Did I not tell you once before that I am done—done forever with sentiment?" she says. "I am beautiful, yes—and I must make the best of this beauty. I mean to make the best of it. I mean to be what newspapers writers call 'a queen of society,' and one needs position and wealth for that. Kate, will you share the fruits of my triumph? I like you; I can't help liking you, though we are so different, and though I gave you pain once—but that was for the best—you must feel, now, that it was for the best."

"Yes, I suppose it was," says Kate steadily. "The truth is always the best. You told me the truth, and I—I thank you."

If Florida Vaughn feels any twinge of conscience at these words, she betrays no sign of it. "I am sure it was for the best," she says. "There may be a brilliant future before you yet. But you have not asked—do you not care to hear!—the name of the man to whom I am engaged."

"I have not asked because I supposed that it would be only a name to me—but I shall be glad to hear."

"It was only a name to you until last night. Do you understand! What, not yet? Why, you foolish child, I am engaged to Mr. Ashton."



Fillippo, in the act of exchanging salutations with a black terrier.

"To Mr. Ashton!" Kate has a sensation of being morally knocked down. She can only stare at the speaker for a full minute. Then, "You can't mean it! You must be jesting!" she cries. "It is impossible!"

"It is fixed and positive," Miss Vaughn calmly replies. "We are to be married in February, and sail at once for Europe. Kate, I have come to tell you this, and to ask, also—will you go with us? Mr. Ashton feels that he owes something to you, and he will be glad to take charge of you, if you will allow him to do so. Stop! I see that you are about to answer

as you answered a little while ago; but listen to me first. Pride is a very fine quality, my dear, when one can afford to indulge it. When one can't afford it, the good things of life are infinitely preferable. And the things which I offer you are very good—ease, pleasure, admiration, brilliant opportunities. You are pretty enough to marry anybody. Kate, you are not a child—think twice before you say you will not come with us."

"I am sure you mean, to be kind," says Kate, "but what you propose is impossible. I cannot leave Miss Brooke."

"Miss Brooke is good enough in her way," says the other, "and has a position of solid respectability—but, even if she desired to do so, she can give you no such opportunities as I offer. Besides, you must consider whether your establishment with her is a definite and permanent arrangement."

"I don't see how that matters!" cries Kate, flushing impetuously.

"It is what principally matters. You cannot possibly think of going back and burying yourself on that dreary plantation—I beg your pardon, but one must sometimes speak of things as they are. Now, the arrangement I propose will be definite and permanent. Pray promise to come with me"—her tone grows absolutely pleading—"you have no idea how different your life will be if you consent."

"It is quite impossible," says Kate. "I told you once that I would accept nothing from Mr. Ashton. Allow me to tell you so again. As for returning to Fairfields"—her voice chokes a little—"there is no place so dear or so pleasant to me; but—I may not go back to it."

These words—the tone in which they are uttered—explain everything to the woman of the world. She looks at Kate. "So you are to marry Herbert Fenwick?" she says.

The girl blushes as only a girl who still retains some old-fashioned ideas of love and marriage can blush. Most young ladies would answer with an evasion, or else utter one of those point-blank falsehoods which are esteemed "justifiable stories" in matters of the kind. Kate does neither. She says truthfully, "It is likely—but nothing is settled yet."

"If I were in your place, I should settle it as soon as possible," says Miss Vaughn. "He is an excellent match. Something of a prig, perhaps, but rich enough to make one overlook that. It is a little odd"—she laughs—"that Ashton was a suitor of his first wife—excuse me, I mean his wife. You are not his second yet."

"No woman could ask better fortune than to be," says Kate. That which is our own, we are quick to defend, and she begins to feel as if Fenwick is indeed her own.

"Very true," asserts her companion, "and I congratulate you heartily. After this, I suppose it is useless to say any more of the European plan; but you will come to my wedding, will you not?"

"I can make no engagement without consulting Miss Brooke, since I am under her care. By-the-by, she desires me to ask if Mrs. Vaughn and yourself will drive this afternoon and dine with us!"

"I cannot answer until I have seen mamma, who may have made an engagement since I left her. I will send you a note from the hotel. And now I must go. Mr. Ashton will be sorry to hear how entirely I have failed in my embassy."

"You have not failed for lack of kindness," says Kate impulsively. "Pray tell him so. It is very good of you to want me with you—I understand that. I hope—I hope you may be happy!" she adds in a tone which does not indicate a very sanguine view of the matrimonial arrangement.

"No doubt, I shall be happy—enough," answers Miss Vaughn, rising. "You are a good little thing to say it as if you really wished it. I will see you again before we leave. Good-bye."

When Kate announces her news at luncheon, she is a trifle disappointed to find that it does not excite a great deal of astonishment. After expressing a moderate degree of surprise, Miss Brooke remarks that a man is never too old to make a fool of himself—while Mr. Fenwick says, with a laugh:

"It is an admirable arrangement!"

Kate turns indignantly upon him. "How can you call it admirable!" she asks. "It seems to me dreadful! Why, Mr. Ashton is more than twenty-five years older than Miss Vaughn!"

"But what are years when heart's accord?" "That is very uncharitable and satirical—and not at all like you."

"Well, when tastes accord, then—will that do? Miss Vaughn has a taste for wealth, Mr. Ashton a taste for beauty. What can be more suitable than the manner in which both will be gratified?"

"It is odious!" cries Kate. "Of course, I have read of such things, and now and then heard of them; but one does not realize a thing until one sees it. And Miss Vaughn looked so beautiful to-day—almost more beautiful than I ever saw her."

"Which proves conclusively that she is no heart-broken victim of an arrangement de courtoisie."

"I am afraid poor Randal represents the heart-broken victim," says Kate. "I wonder what they will think at Fairfields! I must write to Janet at once. A propos of writing" (turning to Miss Brooke), "Miss Vaughn said that she would send a note to let us know whether or not her mother and herself can accept your invitation to drive and dine."

"And are we to have no ride?" asks Fenwick, in a discontented tone.

"That depends. If she says they cannot drive, then we may ride."

"Then I hope devoutly that she may say she cannot drive."

This hope is destined to disappointment. While they are still talking, a note is brought to Kate, who glances through it and says, "They accept both invitations." Then she looks at Fenwick, and says, "One should not be unreasonable. There are plenty of afternoons on which one can ride—to-morrow, for instance."

"To-morrow is a day too far. To-night, whatever the day be..."

he answers. "The weather may change, or something else may happen."

"Why do you make such suggestions, Herbert?" says Miss Brooke, a little sharply.

"Is there anything terrible in the fact of the weather changing, or some other troublesome person interfering?" asks Fenwick, surprised.

His aunt did not answer, but after a few minutes she leaves the room, and then Kate says:

"Miss Brooke is not like herself to-day. I don't know what is the matter with her. She makes me think of a person who is expecting or dreading something."

"That is odd," says Fenwick. "She has nothing, that I am aware of, either to expect or to dread. Perhaps she is only a little nervous."

"She is more than a little nervous, and that is unlike Miss Brooke."

"Almost everybody is subject to variable moods," says Fenwick, who is himself in a mood to look on the bright side of everything—except a postponed ride. "Did your aunt elect come merely to announce to you her approaching marriage?" he inquires, as they rise and walk together to one of the windows overlooking the garden.

"Not altogether. She came partly to invite

me to accompany Mr. Ashton and herself to Europe."

"Indeed! May I ask what answer you gave to such a proposal?"



At this moment something touches her impatiently.

"Don't you know what answer I gave? I declined, with thanks, to take advantage of the brilliant prospects she held out to me."

"I should have declined without thanks. The offer was more an impertinence than anything else."

"I don't think she meant it so," says Kate, simply. "At all events, it is best to believe that people intend things kindly, until we know the contrary. She has nothing to gain from me."

"I am not sure of that. You would be a trump card in the hands of a woman playing for social empire."

"Do you think so?" She laughs. "I cannot fancy myself a trump card in any one's hands."

"What! not even a queen of hearts?" "How absurd! I a queen of hearts!"

"Queen of one heart, at least," he says, taking her hand. "Kate, don't think me unreasonable—but can you not give me your promise, dear? You will make me very happy if you can do so; and, after all, what is the good of this uncertainty? It does not help you to forgetfulness. The struggle keeps remembrance alive in your heart; but if you put it aside and promise to be my wife, you will find peace. I feel certain of that."

She looks up at him, with the breath almost hushed on her parted lips. Why should she not give the promise for which he asks? It may be said that she has almost determined in her mind what her answer shall be; she has almost realized that it is her duty to accept the love and protection which he offers—why, then, can she not frankly tell him so?

There is no reason why she cannot, save only an instinctive longing for delay, which has no ground whatever. She is half tempted to say, "If you care to take me as I am, I will promise all you desire;" but some inner force seems to drag the words back before they are uttered. Are there such things as magnetic sympathies?



To find herself facing a pale agitated man.

Who can tell! It appears to Kate as if this strange reluctance absolutely overmasters her will; and when she speaks it is to say:

"Don't think me foolish and perverse, but can you not wait a little longer?—can you not wait till to-morrow? I pledge myself to answer you then."

If Fenwick thinks of the verse he quoted so lightly a few minutes ago, he does not say so. A shade of disappointment falls over his face; but he says, kindly, "You must make no such pledge. Forgive me for tormenting you—and don't think of answering before you are ready to do so."

"But, as you said, there is no good in this delay," she cries, eagerly. "I will not encourage myself in weakness any longer. I promise to answer you to-morrow."

"That must be as you please," he says, and lifts the hand which he has been holding to his lips.

It is with an odd sense of having fettered herself, and of being still free—until to-morrow—that Kate goes away to make her toilet. As she stands before the mirror, she wrings her hands together. "What must I do—oh, what must I do!" she says to herself. "If there was only somebody to tell me! I cannot rely on Miss Brooke, and I cannot rely on myself. What is it right to do? That is the question. Oh, if I only knew!"

The evening passes pleasantly enough. Gentle harmony spreads its wings over the group, among whom there are no conflicting desires of any kind. If Miss Vaughn gives a sigh when she compares Kate's future destiny with her own—Fenwick, young and graceful, with Mr. Ashton, old and slightly shrivelled—who can blame her? But she is a philosopher, and does not waste more than one sigh in idle regret. "After all, the old man suits me best," she thinks. "I can manage him."

After dinner Kate summons all her courage to her aid, and, sitting down by Mr. Ashton, offers her congratulations on his approaching marriage. They are received very graciously. The man of the world cannot be other than gracious to a pretty woman with charming manners, even if she is his niece, whom he has disliked without seeing, and dreaded without knowing. He even expresses a hope that she will be present at the ceremony, and a regret that she has declined to accompany him abroad. "But that, of course, is not remarkable, from what Miss Vaughn tells me. Am I premature in offering my congratulations? If so, pray excuse me."

Kate blushes crimson. What can she say? If he is premature, it is not her own fault. She glances across the room at Fenwick, who is talking to Miss Vaughn. Could any woman in her senses ask for more than he offers? Attracted by the magnetism of her gaze, his eyes meet her own, and he smiles—Mr. Ashton, who is watching the by-play, nods his head.

"Take a word of advice from me, my dear," he says, "though you may readily think that I have no right to offer it. I can see that everything is right so far as he is concerned. If the hesitation is with you, end it at once. You are very pretty, *petite*, but good looks don't last forever—and the prettiest of women could ask no better establishment than this which is within your grasp."

Kate does not resent such plain speaking. In fact, she is dumb. Has the oracle for which she has been waiting spoken? It almost seems so.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Love is not love
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

Next morning the subtle, intangible cloud of the day before has altogether vanished from Miss Brooke's face and manner. She is bright as the sunshine which lies over the earth—a decided contrast in appearance to Kate, who looks pale and more grave than usual when she enters the breakfast-room. She has slept scarcely at all, and nothing has such power to depress the system and the spirits as a night's vigil. During all the long hours that lie between the midnight and the dawning, she has been going over and over her problem, without arriving at any decision; and so she rises weary and depressed.

Her appearance excites much concern, and draws forth many inquiries, which she puts aside as lightly as possible. "I think I took cold while driving yesterday afternoon," she says. "My wrap was too light, and I became chilled."

"Have you a sore throat?" asks Miss Brooke. "Diphtheria is very prevalent."

"I have no sore throat worth mentioning," answers Kate, with a laugh.

"Perhaps, although the weather has not changed, the sore throat may prevent our ride," says Mr. Fenwick.

Kate flushes at this. "No," she replies. "I think a ride is the very thing I need. Somebody says that a canter is a cure for every ill that flesh is heir to—and I half believe it."

"It is settled, then, that we go this afternoon?"

"Yes, it is settled."

Nothing more is said on the subject, but Kate feels the web of fate drawing close and closer around her. "Of all things in the world, I despise a coquette most!" she has told herself severely, so it is fixed that Fenwick must receive his final answer this afternoon; and what that answer is to be, she is utterly unable to tell.

After breakfast Miss Brooke orders the carriage. "I have some shopping to do," she says,

"but I won't take you with me, Kate. You really do not look well. You must stay in and rest this morning, if you intend to go out this afternoon. Make yourself comfortable in the sitting-room by the fire—there are two or three new magazines which nobody has opened. I will tell Oscar to excuse you to any one who may call."

"Thank you—I should like that," says Kate, gratefully.

Thus she is left with the prospect of a whole morning perfectly free from interruption, in which to consider the momentous question pressing upon her. The magazines lie with uncut pages, while she considers and yet again considers it. What is she to do? On one side there is absolute dependence on her uncle, or else upon the generosity of Miss Brooke, between whom and herself there is not the slightest natural tie; on the other, wealth, independence and kindness, a devotion which has touched if it has not won her heart. "Everybody would say that I am a fool to hesitate," she thinks. "But is it right to promise to marry one man when even to see another—Ah! what am I talking of! I shall never see him again, and he is not worthy of a thought. Shall I wreck my life for the idle flirtation of a few weeks?"

So her reflections go round in an unending circle. It would be easy to say to Fenwick: Wait. "But what do I gain by waiting?" she asks. Amid all this whirl and tumult of thought, her head begins to ache, her heart grows sick. "Shall I go to Mr. Ashton, after all?" she thinks, with a kind of grim amusement. "O Kate, Kate, between two such exalted stools, do you mean to come to the ground?"

At this moment something touches her impatiently. She drops her hands and looks down. A pair of dark eyes are gazing up into her face with an expression of entreaty. They belong to Filippo, who, sitting beside her on the couch, has been regarding the fire with an air of serene content so long as her fingers caress his head. When that attention ceases, he first looks up, then, finding his glance disregarded, touches her with his paw.

Kate knows what he wishes to suggest. At this hour she often takes him out for a run in the bright sunshine, and Filippo thinks he would like to go now.

"Well, why not?" she says to herself. "It is a good thing to gratify even a dog—eh, Filippo? I can think as well in the open air as by the fire, can I not? And, alas! I fear the thinking will not come to much good anywhere."

With this despondent conclusion, she rises and rings the bell, sends Susan for her hat and cloak, and having assumed these articles of dress, bids Filippo come with her, and goes out.

Not far off is a small park which, even on this wintry day, is attractive and pretty, for leafless trees can throw delicate shadows, and here and there fountains are playing brightly. Kate wanders up and down the walks, still thinking, thinking, thinking of her problem, and still as far as ever from a conclusion respecting it.

"Why is life such a riddle to some people," she considers, "and so plain to others? There is Sophy—how plain it was for her! The man who loved her was the man she loved; and they had nothing to do but to make up their minds to spend their lives together. Am I envying her? God forbid! Trouble is not sent to those who have no need of it, I suppose—and she had none, dear Sophy! But trouble is one thing, and perplexity is another; one can set one's teeth and bear the first, but the last is very, very trying. One would not mind it so much if the happiness of others were not involved in one's decision. What is right to do? If I only knew, I would do it!"

No need to question that. The resolution on the fair young face can no more be mistaken than the expression of troubled doubt in the eyes. While so reflecting, she has been sitting on a bench near one of the fountains—now, preparing to return home, she looks round for her attendant. "Filippo!" she calls; "Filippo!"

Filippo, who is in the act of exchanging amicable salutations with a small black terrier at some distance off, does not heed, but a man, passing along one of the walks near by, starts and turns. Amid the roar of a host, he would know that voice! know it so well that, like Romney Leigh, he might say:

"Sweet trick of voice!
I would be a dog for this, to know it at last,
And die upon the falls of it."

He gives himself no time for thought or deliberation, but moves impetuously in the direction from which it has proceeded, and so it chances that Kate rises—to find herself facing a pale, agitated man, whom she saw last as he lay bleeding and unconscious in the October moonlight.

Involuntarily she recoils a step, uttering a cry such as in all her life has never passed her lips before—amazement, consternation, rapture, all are blended in it. Who can explain the mystery of attraction—this soul answering soul—which we call love? Absence has tried these two, estrangement has done its worst to tear their hearts asunder, both believe that they have deep and serious cause for resentment, yet it is as if a great electric wave of gladness passed from one to the other, when they once more stand face to face, "after long grief and pain."

Tarleton recovers himself first, and, without offering his hand, lifts his hat ceremoniously.

"Pardon me," he says, "I fear I have startled you very much. Hearing your voice unexpectedly, I—I came on an impulse."

His tone, like a *douche* of cold water, steadies

Kate. She is quivering in every nerve, but nevertheless she manages to say, with something like calmness:

"Surely you knew that I was here. But you—I had no idea of seeing you. I thought—that is, I supposed—you were still at Southdale."

"I left Southdale several days ago. I was at Fairfields the day before I left, and I am glad to say that your friends are all well. I need not ask how you are. I never saw you looking better."

"I always look well," says Kate, in a tremulous voice. "I cannot say the same of you," she adds, hurriedly. "How—how badly you look!"

"Very likely," he answers, carelessly. "When a man has just come out of the jaws of death, he cannot be expected to look well. I am glad to see you once more," he goes on, looking steadily at her, "in order to tell you that I have heard the story of how I owe my life to you, and—and I suppose I should thank you for it. It does not strike me in the light of a blessing just now; but probably it is better to be on the earth than under it—and but for you, I should not be here to-day. Accept, therefore, my thanks—together with my apologies for disturbing you—and I will bid you good-morning."

She does not answer a word, for she is literally struck dumb, but she holds out her hand, and looks at him. In all his life, Frank Tarleton will never forget that look. What is it that the wistful eyes express far more plainly than language could?—passion, sorrow, reproach? When he feels her hand in his, all pride and anger, all resolution and firmness melt like wax before flame. He holds it tightly clasped for an instant before he cries, like one constrained against his will:

"How can I go! It is like rending soul and body apart! O Kate, how could you be so heartless!"

"Heartless!" says Kate, breathlessly. This is too much. She tears her hand from him, and, sinking on the end of the bench, bursts into tears.

Fortunately Mrs. Grundy is not at hand, to perceive this violation of the proprieties. Nobody is near. Even an elderly gentleman, who was reading a newspaper three or four benches distant, has folded it up and walked away.

As for Tarleton, he is concerned as a man—unless he belongs to the order flatteringly designated as brutes—always is concerned by a woman's tears, and he stands in front of Kate, to shield her as much as possible from the observation of any chance passer-by.

"Don't cry!" he says—and his voice, though gentle, has again grown cold. "I am sorry if I have distressed you. I had no right to reproach you. No doubt it was best to throw out of your life one so unlucky and worthless as I am."

This rouses Kate. She looks up and her eyes flash through their tears. "How dare you talk to me like that!" she says, "when it was you who threw—or would have thrown—me lightly aside!"

"I!" He can say no more for an instant. Then, with a quick movement, he sits down beside her. "What do you mean?" he asks. "Are you so forgetful that I must recall to you how you received me—what you said to me—on that night when I went to say good-bye before going into a duel in which I felt sure that I should lose my life? You did not know that, but I don't suppose you would have spoken differently if you had known. You saved my life on the next night, it is true; but, after having saved it, did you come near me, even to utter one word of concern, even to say farewell! While I still lay in the shadow of death, did you not go away! If I had been melodramatically inclined, I should have torn the bandages from my wound when I heard that you were gone—you, who so short a time before had said that you loved me! But, instead, I swore to recover, if will could aid recovery, in order to hear from your own lips a full explanation of the charges which were only half made and not at all answered that night. I kept my vow. I rose from bed when the doctor said I was periling my life in doing so; and as soon as I dared to travel, I followed you—for what? To be told that I could not see you, and as I left the house to catch one glimpse of you radiant with beauty by the side of the man to whom you are engaged."

The impetuous words have poured forth in such a torrent that Kate has had no opportunity to speak until now, when she breaks in upon him with a cry.

"Was it you?" she says, "was it you—that figure in the hall? And I sat still and did not know?"

"Why should you have known?" he asks, as she pauses abruptly. "Would my presence have been more to you than the presence of any one else? You did not look as if it would. My God!" cries the young man passionately, "shall I ever forget that picture? I was in the outer darkness, alone, and miserable, while you were there with him. That night I felt reckless enough for anything! If Fenwick had crossed my path, I should have put a pistol in his hand and said, 'Kill me, or I shall kill you'—the consequences of which no doubt would have been that I should have been handed over to the police as a madman. Luckily, with morning cooler thoughts came. I determined to leave the city, as I told Miss Brooke I would, but a series of accidents occurred to delay me; so here I am talking to you of things which probably possess little interest to you."

"How can you be so cruel!" she says—and again the great tears drop in a scalding flood—

"How have I deserved it, from you? I did not

know that you were here. Miss Brooke did not tell me."

"She said frankly that she would not do so. Your uncle (that I knew from himself) disapproved of any intercourse between us; you were on the eve of another engagement, and to see me would unsettle your mind—this and much more she said; but none of it was half so powerful as that one glimpse of you! At that moment I had two inclinations. One was to rush in and claim you at all costs as mine—the other to go away and never see your face again—and the last prevailed."

"And could you have gone away?" she asks, simply as a child, without one word, without even saying good-bye? And you could have done that, you have not suffered as I have."

"As you have!" he repeats, almost mechanically.

"Yes, as I have, though you think I look so well. But one may look well, and feel badly enough. I know I am weak and foolish. I know I have no proper sense of dignity and self-respect, but oh, how could you treat me so?"

She has said it to herself a thousand times, and now she utters it to him in precisely the same tone in which it has so often fallen from her lips—a tone in which there is no anger, only keen sorrow and indefinite reproach. Tarleton gazes at her in amazement.

"How have I treated you?" he asks. "I have loved you from the first hour I saw you—that is all."

"Loved me!" she cries, with sharp pain in her voice. "Ah, you are mistaken. Perhaps it is charitable to believe you have forgotten. You amused yourself flirting with me, according to a fashion common with you, it is said; but all the time it was Florida Vaughn that you really loved—not me."

A dark red flush surges to his brow—but that it is no flush of shame is evident. His eyes meet Kate's steadily and intently for a moment; then he says:

"I begin to see daylight at last. I have been a fool not to have suspected this before. What did that—woman tell you? Repeat it word for word, if you can."

Kate can and does. She has not forgotten one of the words which Florida Vaughn uttered at Fairfields that memorable night. When she has repeated them, however, she adds, quite calmly:

"But it was not for that—not for what she told me—that I cared; nor even for the facts that seemed to support it. I said that I would receive no testimony against you except your own, and that I have."

"In Heaven's name, what did you have?"

"Do you remember writing a letter to Miss Vaughn while she was at Fairfields? Surely, you must remember it; the letter was not one to be forgotten."

He considers for a minute, and then says: "I wrote no letter to her while she was there—what should I have written about? But I remember writing a note of hardly more than a dozen lines about some trinket she had asked me to return. I was willing enough to return it, but, failing to find it, I wrote to tell her so."

Kate shakes her head. "You must have forgotten," she says. "I read it—at least a part of it—and it was no note of a dozen lines, but a letter of three pages."

"I am not in the least mistaken," he answers. "It is you who have been deceived. I swear to you that I neither wrote nor uttered a word of love to Florida Vaughn while she was at Fairfields—nor indeed for many months before that. Do you mean to doubt me now?"

The tone in which he asks the question tells her that, if she answers "Yes," it will place a bar between them which even love might find it hard to forget or forgive. She hesitates for an instant—only an instant—and then she says, passionately:

"It is impossible to doubt you—and yet I read it!"

"You read a letter—mine, I have no doubt—but you did not read the note which I wrote from Southdale. Some other letter—some memorial of my insanity—was substituted. The trick was an adroit one, but if you had only told me—"

"I had no opportunity to tell you," says Kate, "and then—oh, I have forgotten until this minute!—Miss Vaughn asked me not to speak of having seen the letter."

"And did not that make you suspect a fraud?"

"How could I? I was not thinking of fraud. Even if I had thought of it, everything would still have seemed very plain. I knew the outside of the letter, while the inside—"

"Ah, the inside!" he says, setting his teeth. "How can I obtain the genuine note?—how can I prove the falsehood to you? It may be impossible to do so, but I will make the effort. I will go to her to-morrow."

"For what purpose?" Kate asks, half started.

"For the purpose of charging her with an act of deception and treachery, besides which her brother's horse-drugging feat pales into insignificance."

"Would you do that?" cries Kate, vivid with excitement.

"It is what I shall do," he answers, with a determination that is plainly steadfast as well as fiery, "and I only wish that you might be there to hear all that is said."

"Miss Kate!—Susan's voice speaking unexpectedly at her side makes Kate start—there's a lady at the house anxious to see you, ma'am, and she said she'd wait till you come in, but

Oscar thought p'raps I'd better come out and look for you, since she said she was expectin' to leave the city. Here's her card."

Kate takes the card and glances at it. "I will come in a minute," she says, in an odd kind of voice. Then, while Susan turns away, she looks at Tarleton with a new light shining in her eyes, a new color burning on her face. "You said a moment ago that you would like for me to be by while you charged Florida Vaughn with deception and treachery," she says. "Are you sure of that? Would you be willing to stake everything—every hope and trust for the future—on the result of such an interview? Stop and think! Don't answer unless you are certain."

"There is no reason why I should stop and think," he answers. "I am positively certain. I have nothing to fear."

"Then," she says, with a quick thrill in her tone, "look at this card. Florida Vaughn is at Miss Brooke's house waiting for me."

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS LENTEN CUSTOMS.

In addition to the many old customs still kept up here and there throughout the country in connection with the season of Lent, several interesting particulars have been bequeathed to us of the way it was observed in days gone by. Thus Mr. Fosbroke tells us that ladies wore friars' girdles during Lent, and quoting from "Camden's Remains," narrates how Sir Thomas More, finding his lady one day scolding the servant in Lent, endeavored to restrain her. "Tush, tush, my lord!" said she; "look, here is one step to heavenward!" showing him a friar's girdle. "I fear me," said he, "that one step will not bring you one step higher." It appears, also, that it was formerly customary for persons to wear black clothes, allusions to which practice are of frequent occurrence in old writers. Amongst some of the customs now fallen into disuse may be mentioned one known as the "Jack o' Lent"—a puppet supposed to represent Judas Iscariot—and thrown at during Lent, like the Shrove cocks on Shrove Tuesday. This figure, made up of straw and cast-off clothes, was drawn or carried through the streets amid much noise and merriment; after which it was often either burnt, shot at, or thrown down a chimney. In Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub" it is thus noticed:—

"On one Ash Wednesday,
When thou didst stand six weeks the Jack o' Lent,
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

In years gone by, during Lent, an officer denominated the "King's Cock Crower" crowded the hour every night within the precincts of the palace, instead of proclaiming it in the ordinary manner. On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the House of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., was sitting down to supper, this officer suddenly entered the apartment, before the chaplain said grace, and crowed "nast ten o'clock." The astonished Prince, not understanding English, and mistaking the tremulation of the crow for mockery, concluded that the ceremony was intended as an insult, and instantly rose to resent it; when, with some difficulty, he was made to understand the nature of the custom, and that it was intended as a compliment, and according to Court etiquette. From that period the custom was discontinued. This idea of crowing the hour of the night was no doubt intended, says a correspondent of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, 1785 (vol. lv. p. 341), to remind waking sinners of the effect which the third crowing of the cock had on the guilty Apostle St. Peter; and the limitation of the custom to the season of Lent was judiciously adopted; as, had the practice continued throughout the year, the impenitent would have become as habituated and as indifferent to the crow of the mimic cock as they are to that of the real one. At the present day, the Sundays in Lent are, after different fashions, noteworthy days; for all, excepting the first, are named in the old rhyme:—

"There's Tid, Mid, and Misery,
Carling, Palm, and Paste Egg Day."

These names being no doubt corruptions of some part of the ancient Latin service or psalms used on each. There are various versions of this rhyme, and one, formerly current in Nottinghamshire, is as follows:—

"Care Sunday, Care away,
Palm Sunday and Easter Day."

The Fourth Sunday in Lent, however, has had the most epithets applied to it; one of its well-known nicknames being Simnel Sunday, because large cakes, called "Simnels," are made on this day. This custom, which has been kept up from time immemorial in Lancashire, is said by some to be in commemoration of the banquet given by Joseph to his brethren, which is the subject of the first lesson of Mid-Lent Sunday, whilst the feeding of the five thousand forms the Gospel for the day. At Bury, in Lancashire, thousands of persons come from all parts to eat simnels on this Sunday. Formerly, nearly every shop was open, quite in defiance of the law respecting the "closing" during service; but, happily, of late years the disorderly scenes to which the custom gave occasion have been partially amended. Herrick mentions, in his lines to Dianeme, this custom, entitled "A Ceremony in Gloucester."

"I'll to thee a simnell bring,
Gaiest thou go'st a mothering;
So that, when she blestest thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

Another name for Mid-Lent Sunday is "Mothering Sunday," a term which took its rise from the verse, "Jerusalem, which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all," occurring in the epistle for the day. In many parts of England it was customary for servants, apprentices, and others to carry presents to their parents on this day. The practice was called "going a-mothering," and originated in the offerings made on this day at the mother Church:—

"On Mothering Sunday, above all other,
Every child should dine with its mother."

This Sunday has also been termed "Braggot Sunday," from a sort of spiced ale, called "braggot," which is used in many parts of Lancashire on these visits. In Ben Jonson's masque of the "Metamorphosed Gipsies" there is the following reference to this word:—

"And we have serv'd there, armed all in ale,
With the brown bowl and charged in braggot stale."

Once more, Mid-Lent Sunday was known in years by as Rose Sunday, because this was the day on which the Pope blessed a golden rose, which was first carried in procession, and then given to the principal person then in Rome, although it was occasionally sent to some foreign king. The Fifth Sunday in Lent is popularly called "Care Sunday," a term which has given the etymologists much difficulty to explain. In the northern counties it also goes by the name of Carl or Carling Sundays from the custom of eating carlings, which are grey peas, steeped all night in water, and fried the next day with butter.—*Queen.*

FLIRTING.

It is the fashion nowadays with many people to deplore the "forwardness" of girls of the present day, and to speak regretfully of the good old times when Chloe never ran after Strephon, and Thyrsis passionately entreated Saccharissa's favor on his knees. With all respect to those who ask dolefully why the old times were better than the new, we venture to doubt whether the golden age they regret, ever existed except in the imagination of poets.

The "antique time," when all men were anxious to fulfil their destiny of matrimony, and when all maidens were coy, is rather difficult to fix a date to. To judge from Boccaccio's *Giletta*, whom Shakespeare transformed into his *Helena*, young ladies were forward in those times, to an extent that even the present day would deprecate; and in Richardson's and Miss Burney's novels we find the women pursuing the men as energetically, and the men as bent on eluding their fair pursuers, as some moralists are pleased to tell us is the case in the present year of grace.

But while we believe that men—especially rich men—have always had a wise and prudent fear of losing their liberty; and that even now there are sweet and gracious girls, whose exquisite maidenhood needs hard wooing, even from a worthy lover, we own that the difficulty of ensnaring human flies of the masculine gender into matrimonial toils increases every day. It is to this that we attribute the greater variety of invention displayed by those who weave a golden mesh to catch the souls of men in the present time, Evelyn and Harriet Byron had but a very limited number of snares in which to enthrall men, compared with the various nets a young lady of the present day can spread for a refractory swain. The maidens of the last century could indeed whisper soft nothings over a tea-table, could ogle their admirers at the playhouse and opera, and coquette with them while "taking a turn" at Ranelagh, or between the pauses of an auction. But what was a minuet, or even a country dance, when compared to the opportunities of flirtation afforded by a waltz? And where, then, were the multitudinous devices, which society has invented for the benefit of marriageable girls? Where was the croquet, the lawn-tennis, the bringing the lunch to the men out shooting, the afternoon teas, the stolen cigarette enjoyed secretly with his connivance, in his company beneath the moonlight, the private theatricals? Read *Mansfield Park*, young ladies, and see what your grandmothers thought of that last amusement. Where were the days "over the muir, among the heather?" Where the thousand and one cobwebs, now spun by siren spiders, for the attraction of flies with gilded wings?

Yet it is not these cobwebs, that flies of the present day find the most dangerous to their freedom. Men have been so often warned of women's plots to entrap them, that they have become rather too wise, and are apt to imagine nets, where there is not the suspicion of a thread. The most dangerous snares, both for wary and unwary flies, are those which a girl lays unconsciously to herself. An English girl coming down to breakfast with a natural bloom on her face, her eye bright as if they had been washed that morning in May dew, and her hair sleek to her head, is more attractive, though she does not know it, nay, because she does not know it, than she is in a ball-room, dressed in her war paint. When a man falls really in love, he becomes a poet, for love is poetry, and therefore, when he first cares for a girl, it will be because he sees, or fancies he sees, a certain charm and freshness or nobleness about her, which lifts her in spirit above the ordinary crowd. In this, we think, may be found part of the reason that, though we have carried the machinery of flirtation to great perfection, an increased number of marriages hardly seems to

reward our pains; even if flies become entangled in the meshes spun for their enthralling, the glittering threads of the cobwebs are not strong enough to hold them, and they break away, leaving poor Arachne ashamed and disconsolate, with but her torn web for her pains. Often she cannot mend it, or if she does, her victim has warned other flies, and they laugh her snares to scorn.

Swift's advice to girls, to make cages rather than nets for the capture of lovers, is not out of date even in the present day; a man may escape the elaborately-spun and cunningly-devised nets of many experienced spiders, and willingly enter, and make his home for life, in a pure, modest, faithful heart. Happy for him and for the woman he marries, if he can never, by word or thought, reproach his wife for having made him unwittingly yield up his freedom! If he can declare, that when a man has won the love of a good and noble woman—

"Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

NOTHING.

A great many articles have been written on great subjects, but perhaps none has ever appeared on nothing. What is nothing? Has it ever been seen, heard, touched, smelt or tasted? No! It is not perceptible to one of our senses. And yet what power does it not exercise, what mischief has it not done, what misery has it not brought, and what mystery has it not involved? But what a useful and convenient word this "nothing" is! It is uttered daily by high and low, old and young, the innocent and the guilty, and often to shield the many and varied emotions caused by sudden and perplexing inquiries.

A schoolmaster, better known for his simplicity than his learning, on being asked by a pupil, "What is nothing?" angrily replied with his usual phrase when puzzled, "Don't ask so many foolish questions: Nothing is nothing; if I had nothing I could show you nothing!"

An Irishman used the word to define "chaos," which he described as "A great lump of nothing, and nowhere to put it."

"Surely, master," exclaimed a servant, "you are not going to sack me. I have done nothing!"—"Ah, you scoundrel!" returns the master, "that is the very reason why I am going to discharge you."

"What have you in that bag?" demanded the policeman of the sneaking burglar.

"Nothing," replied the thief.

"What have you been doing in that orchard?" inquires the farmer of the boy with overloaded pockets.

"Nothing," is the answer.

"You look so sad," says a mother to a daughter; "what is the matter?"

"Nothing," answers the disappointed young lady with a sigh.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

"What are you laughing at?" asks the gentleman with a bit of paper pinned to his back.

"Nothing," returns the mischievous little urchin.

A German candidate for holy orders was once required, as a test of his ability, to preach an extemporaneous sermon, the text of which he was to see after he had mounted the pulpit. On taking his place before the congregation, he found, to his surprise, that the paper was a blank. Undismayed, he exhibited it on one side, and commenced,—

"Dearly beloved brethren, here is nothing;" then showing the reverse, "And there is nothing. Out of nothing the world was created!" and, with this for his text, he preached an able sermon.

Great things indeed have arisen out of nothing, and ended in nothing. What has become of all the gigantic plans that Napoleon formed to conquer the world, before he found himself a prisoner in St. Helena?

Nothing.

What is the cause of so many wretched wars, domestic disagreements and party quarrels?

Nothing.

What becomes, when we awake, of our delightful dreams and beautiful visions?

Nothing.

And now, dear reader, these lines, intended to amuse, if not instruct, what do they amount to, and of what value do they treat?

Nothing.

NOBODY.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Place aux Dames—*Madame la Diable* is the title of a new piece which will be shortly produced.

THE fashion in duelling seems to be changing from the sword to the pistol. They must take care, or they may get hurt now.

A MARRIAGE is arranged between the daughter of Baron Gustave de Rothschild and M. Lambert, the agent of M. Rothschild in Brussels.

SEVERAL of the Paris hospitals are so crowded that several female patients are poorly accommodated with mattresses on the ground instead of proper beds.

THE approaching marriage is announced of Mlle. de Castellane, the granddaughter of Marshal Castellane, to Count de Ponthieu, a distinguished member of sporting circles.

THE wax-work gallery for Paris, after the fashion of Mme. Tussaud's, is about to be opened. The catalogue of the new museum has been published with a preface by the talented M. Albert Wolff.

THE death is announced of the celebrated Bertall. He was wise as well as witty, for he managed, after making the world laugh for many a year (that is to say separate laughs), to buy an estate, retire thither, and laugh at the world in his turn.

THE Baroness de G— is about to cross swords (foils) with the famous Baron de San Marlaro; he has been challenged, and in France a lady is never refused. So certain are the friends of the baroness of her success, that heavy bets are being made that she will foil San Marlaro.

Mlle LOUISE ABREMA will send to the Paris Salon this year four female figures representing the seasons. They are all portraits of celebrated actresses; Mlle. Barretta posed for spring, Mme. Samary for summer, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt for autumn, and Mlle. Reichenberg for winter.

M. LOUIS FIGUIER, the scientific writer, has hired the theatre of the Folies-Dramatiques for the summer season. He proposes producing a scientific drama in nine tableaux, "Denis Papin," another of the same sort entitled "Gutenberg," and a one-act play, "Le Mariage de Franklin."

MRS. MACKAY has expressed her indignation at the report that her daughter is engaged to Prince Philippe de Bourbon. She is very angry with the Prince for having left to her the task of contradicting the report, which she asserts was maliciously promulgated by a lady on the *Figaro* staff because she asked to be invited to Mrs. Mackay's balls and was refused.

THE modesty of musicians falls in no respect below that of painters. The other evening as one of them finished playing an unpublished *morceau* of his own composition and was at once surrounded by a complimenting and congratulating crowd: "Do not congratulate me," he said, with simplicity; "thank heaven, instead, for it bestows genius."

A PARIS compliment was paid to the distinguished author of the piece called "Vase Brisé" by a lady of title, who inquired all about him, and among the items, his age. "Fifty-three," was the reply. "What! fifty three?" exclaimed the lady; and then, recovering herself, continued, "fifty-three; so young, and yet almost immortal." People who heard her, acknowledged her presence of mind, and saw in it also a pleasant dash of irony.

WE have been told that Weber having been seized with the happy thought for the huntsman's chorus for "Der Freischutz" while taking a walk in the country, and having no paper and pencil, chalked the notes on the back of a box and brought them home with him. A French composer out shooting the other day, is said to have pencilled a beautiful *air de chasse* on his gun, being in a bankrupt paper condition even to 1,000 franc notes.

SHORT dresses necessitate very elegant hosiery and slippers, and the silk stockings now shown are marvels of embroidery, of lace-like open work, and of literal lace, the whole covering of the instep in some instances being in black or white thread lace, according to the toilette wherewith these dainty articles of foot-gear are to be worn. Fine embroidery in colored beads is also shown. It was an aesthetic sight to witness the other day on the Boulevard Montmartre a pair of peacock-green silk stockings with a peacock feather embroidered on the instep in colored beads relieved with gold ones. This was only one of a series of very beautiful and striking patterns to be met with *en route*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

"GIBOUETTE" is the latest musical success in New York.

WAGNER'S "Lohengrin" is nearing its hundredth performance at Leipzig.

MR. ABBEY has engaged Del Puente to support Nilsson in his promised opera company.

MR. BOOTH goes to Europe at the conclusion of his present engagement in New York, and will be gone about a year.

HERMANN VEZIN has been offered an engagement in New York, but wants too high a salary.

THE greatest excitement prevails in musical New York over the forthcoming May Festival.

ON the 10th of May next, M. Oscar Martel and Madame Martel will give a concert at Norddeutscher Hall.

THE Montreal correspondent of "Music" the New York weekly, tells the story of the Queen's Hall organ from the beginning.

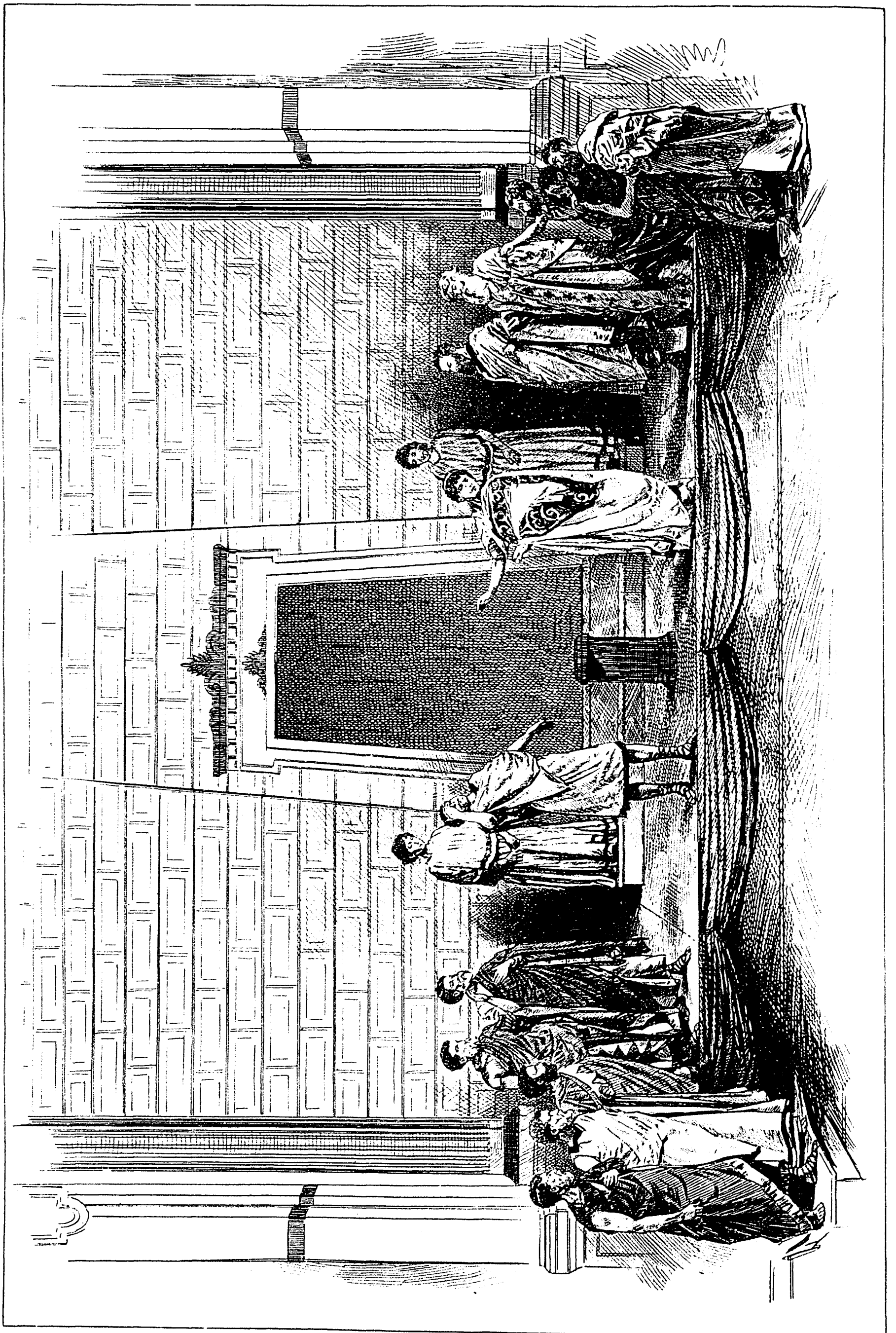
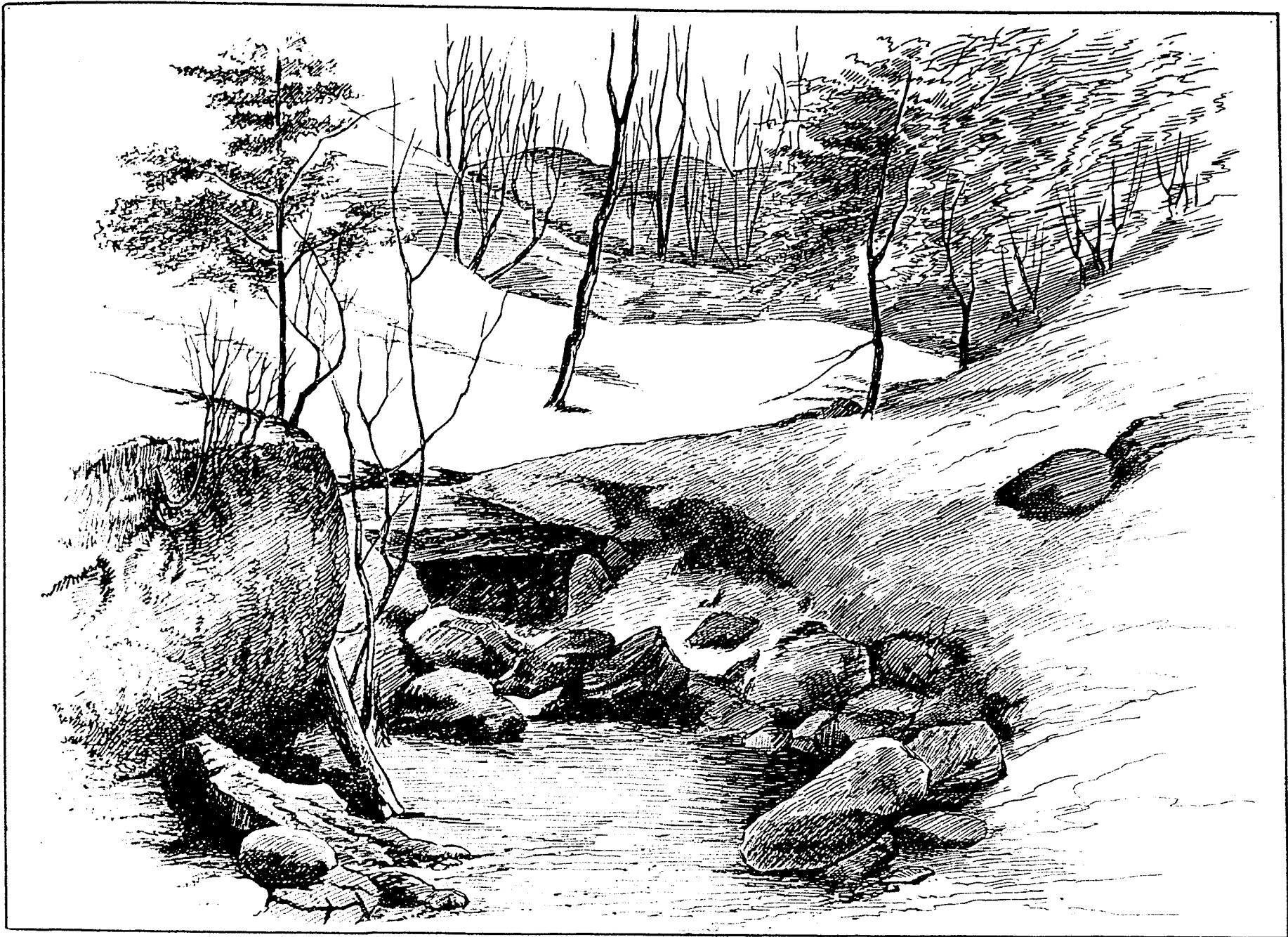
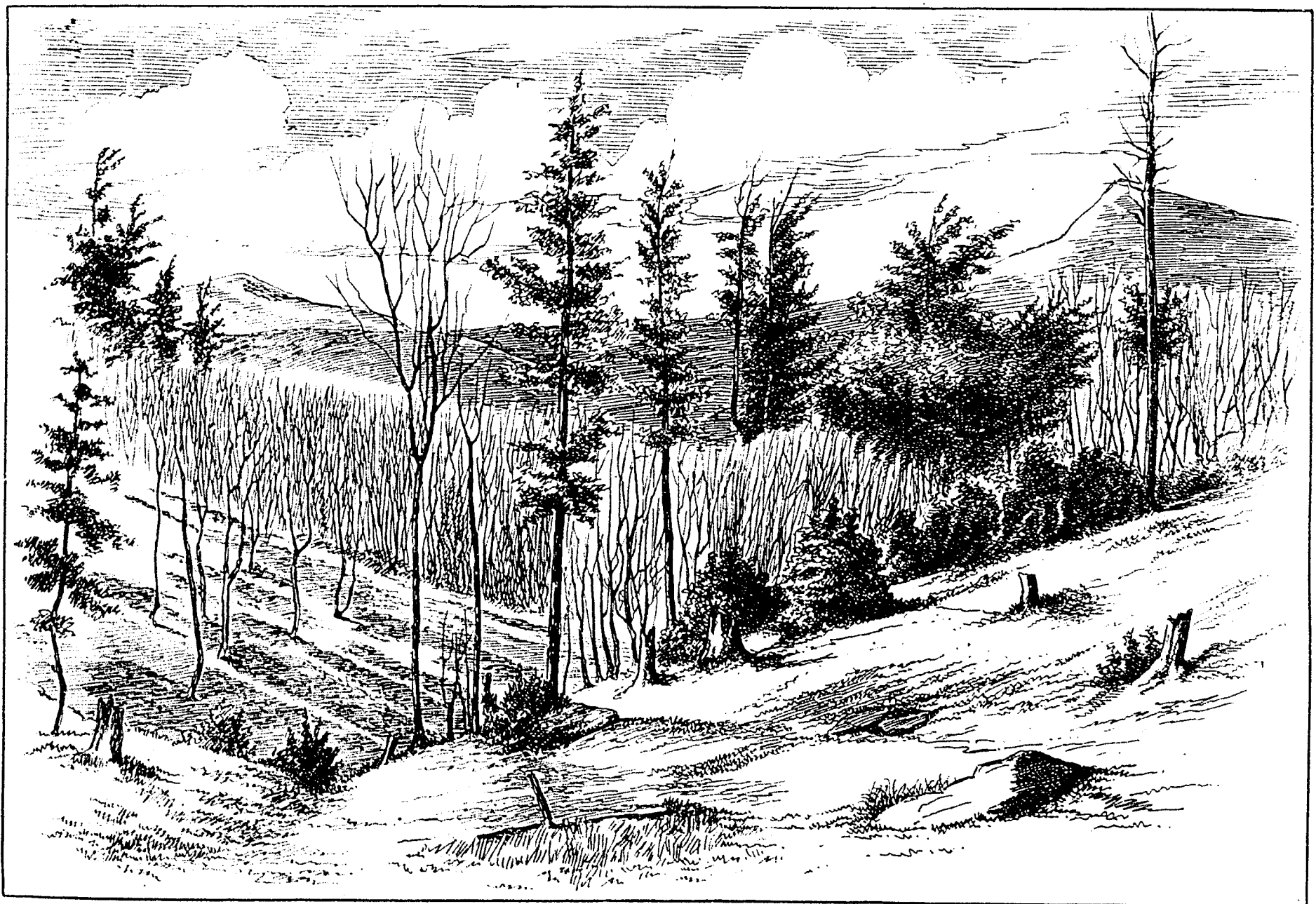


Illustration of the
Interior of the
Parliamentary Chamber



THE DELL IN WHICH THE BODY WAS FOUND.



THE HEIGHTS ABOVE THE SPOT, LOOKING WEST.

THE ABERCORN MYSTERY.—SKETCHES OF THE LOCALITY WHERE THE BODY WAS DISCOVERED, BY K. A. ROCHUSSEN.

MARJORIE GRAY.

Blythe in the sun of a summer's day
Tripped little old fashioned Marjorie Gray,
Maiden quaint of a long past day—
Marjorie Gray!

Loud sang the robins on branch and spray,
Madly and gladly and long sang they,
Carolled to Marjorie on her way—
Loud sang they!

Sweet was the roses' breath in the air,
Clear flowed the brook through the garden fair,
White lay the road in the sun's bright glare—
Warm the glare!

But maid Marjorie, waiting there,
Had not for heat nor dust a care,
Knew not that she and the roses rare
Were so fair!

Saw not the lithe and graceful bound
Running to meet her joyful bound,
Leaping and springing over the ground—
Friendly bound!

Farther away, with gaze profound,
And girlish forehead slightly frowned,
Her eager eyes their object found—
Gladly found!

She was a little belle from the town,
Dainty in manner and face and gown;
He was a poet of no renown,
Far from town;

Yet the laughing eyes so brown,
Under the poet's smile, or frown,
Gleamed with joy, or, shy, looked down,
Soft and brown.

Sad that one could not leave them so,
Maiden and poet of long ago,
Meeting with joy by the old hedge-row—
Long ago.

But time's departure, steady and slow,
With years of roses and years of snow,
Has wrapped the park in chill and glow—
Roses and snow!

Marjorie married the son of a peer;
Marjorie's life was short and drear;
Forgotten she, for many a year,
In church-yard drear;

While to the poet's record clear
Came sweet fame and a long career,
Fortune and love, and all things dear—
Blessed career!

Blythe was that summer passed away;
Happy the little maid, they say;
Tender the poet that sunny day—
Passed away.

Flown are the birds from tree and spray;
Dust is sweet little Marjorie Gray;
Deathless the honored lay—
Welladay!

ADA M. E. NICHOLS, in *Harper's*.

HIS LADY BOUNTIFUL.

"Yes," she proclaims to herself decisively, "there is no reason in the wide world why I should marry at all! Now, I'm glad that I see my way quite clearly. Decidedly, my best plan by far is—to marry nobody!"

The person at this moment seated at the high latticed window of her little chamber—a chamber chosen as her own in preference to all the other pretty rooms of the old farm house—calmly arranging for herself a life of celibacy, will in exactly three weeks complete her nineteenth year; we see clearly, therefore, that she is at the present date only eighteen years old, according to female reckoning. Rosalind Moncrieff is a pretty girl, her sun-tinted nut-brown hair, her darkly shaded grey eyes, and her soft mobile mouth, are all pretty things; but she is not in truth a beauty, although the farm—of considerable extent and prosperous—being now her own she is naturally always considered one. But as yet her face, though expressive, is still only sunny and serene as a child's; the grey eyes are charming, as soft eyes in a woman generally are, but they are eyes that have not, we may be almost sure, yet read one single page of their own story, though it may be that the book even now lies open before them.

Her grey eyes have roamed away over the sun-warmed tops of her own trees, over her acres of whitening grain, away down far past the boundaries of her own land, and are now resting upon the distant sea—the broad, blue Frith, across which the coasts of Haddington and Fife for ever peer at each other. But why does the sight usually so pleasant to the girl's eyes only call up a little puckering frown above them this morning?

"Marriage for some people," so her thoughts ran, "is a great mistake. How thankful I am that I see that in time! and it would be a very bad mistake indeed were I to marry cousin Ned. If father could only see him now he would never even think of it; that West Indian station has just ruined him. Besides, who ever heard of a sailor turning out a good farmer! Why, Ned scarcely knows oats from barley or mangold-wurzel from a Swedish turnip! And if he couldn't manage the farm why should I marry him, when I'm so well off with Brewster! Oh, no, dear old dad, for once you were entirely wrong; I can't help seeing it; you could buy and sell and sow with the best of them, but," shaking her head sadly, "you were wrong about him. And I won't marry Aunt Bab's fossil farmer either, that old Kilgower. Why should I marry a fossil when I have Brewster?"

"Well, I'm glad that's settled, for really this half engagement with Ned was spoiling the whole summer, and it's such lovely one—so lovely to be engaged to Ned—or for that matter to be engaged to anyone! No, my best and easiest plan is just to resolve to marry nobody, and then Brewster will just continue to manage

the farm as hitherto, and his wife the dairy; Alec can keep the books and help his father, and I will superintend them all. And then when, as Auntie Bab is always saying, old Brewster is 'called away,' there will be Alec to slip into his place, so that I need never want for a good, faithful, honest grieve. And now that I think of it," sitting suddenly very bolt upright as a new idea darts into her mind, "had not I better see about getting him suitably married at once! Yes; that would be more to the point than thinking about myself. I must say he has been very unsettled of late, he keeps me quite uneasy. But then"—meditatively—"we couldn't let him marry just anybody, as so much on the farm will depend on his wife some day, and a bad one would be perfect ruin to him. Let me see—yes, what we must do is this; find out some nice, sensible—above all things she must have plenty of good common sense—quiet girl, who will be able to manage him and the dairy, and yet be very yielding and soft. She must be good-looking too, that's of course, and religious—but not pious, he would fight shockingly with a pious person—and thoroughly good-tempered; strong, healthy, and active—I shall require that—and cheerful and domestic. We must look out too for some one fairly well educated, else he will turn up his nose, and entirely devoted to him or then he will be unhappy. And there's no fear but that, if we find the kind of girl I mean, he'll take a fancy to her. No fear on that head; he's quite fancy free as yet."

"Heigho!" rising, stretching shapely arms upwards, and clasping white hands on the crown of her little brown head, her fine lithe form in its closely-fitting black dress clearly delineated against a background of golden sunlight; "heigho! I'm glad that I've settled everything so comfortably at last! Oh! heigho! settling again intently out of the window, "yonder he is coming up from the river? Now I had better not stand here any longer when there's so much to do and to look after."

Hastily catching up her hat, Rosalind hurries from her room and runs lightly down a long flight of old well-worn oak steps—steps which, in the days when Scotland's loyal sons toasted their king over a bowl of water, were trodden by the dainty brocaded shoes of ladies of high degree, and echoed with the clank of many a sword and spurred heel; past odd little loophole windows, giving now a peep of the distant Frith, now a glimpse of dreamy lilac hills stretching away in the south, till she reaches the second floor of the house.

Rosalind passes on, and throwing open the door of yet another room, her own private sanctum, looks inspectively inward. Here everything she finds is much as usual—her sewing machine silent in its corner; upon the table the usual bulky pile of good-works-in-embryo, waiting patiently for better days and Aunt Bab; the butcher's, baker's, and grocer's books ranged upon the mantel-shelf; and a few stray articles of her wardrobe, a tennis apron, a hat, a pair of garden gloves scattered about the room. Yes, everything is much as usual, with one or two slight exceptions only; on the table—her quick eyes see it at once—lies an empty soda-water bottle, and on the sofa lies—her lover!

"You here, Ned!" she cries, advancing into the room, and giving a faint little disapproving sniff as she scents brandy and then a suffocating little cough as she immediately chokes tobacco.

At his cousin's appearance, Lieutenant Bartow, of H.M.S. *Dunferhead*, gets up cumbrously to his feet and politely hastens to throw his all but finished cigar through the open window into a bed of lilies.

"Ah, Rosalind, I thought you'd turn in here sooner or later. You don't mind my having had a smoke in your den, do you?"

"Oh dear no," she replies looking blandly round; "I can have the flannel and calico," glancing at the table, "well boiled before I make them up, and the window curtains are going to be bleached at any rate."

"Oh, then that's all right," returns the lover. "I say, Rosie," stretching himself and yawning gigantically, "what do you do with yourself all day here? Must we always get up as early we did this morning? I'll be hanged if I know what to do with myself."

"Why don't you go and sit in the drawing-room properly with Aunt Barbara?"

"Oh, Lord!" with a frightened look. Rosalind gazes at her guest meditatively, fairly puzzled what to do with him, and vaguely wondering if his feet are really larger, and his eyes smaller, than they were three years ago, or if it is only fancy.

"Won't you come out and play tennis?" he proposes, naturally not divining her thoughts.

The girl's face overcasts. "I played with you the whole of yesterday," she reminds him in a somewhat injured tone. (Yesterday, the third day of her semi-behothed's visit, and one of the longest, she thinks, that she ever spent in her life.) "And that reminds me, Ned; I haven't another moment to stay with you, I have so much to do and look after; you must excuse me leaving you. But why," a happy idea occurring to her at sight of his dejection, "don't you walk over to Butterton and get some of the girls there to come out and play tennis? You used to like them all well enough."

"That's a good idea, Rosie!" her lover cries, cheering up a little. "That's to say of course," pulling himself up, "if you don't mind my leaving you?"

"Oh no, it will be delightful," she cries brightly, only pleased that he is pleased and in-

tending no rudeness. "And," and she turns back again from the door to add anxiously, "if they ask you to remain and spend the rest of the day with them, don't for a moment think of me, be sure and stay! And perhaps, who knows," anxiety to dispose of him momentarily, depriving her of all sense of the ludicrous, "they may even ask you to stay the night; it wouldn't do I suppose to," instinctively sinking her voice to a whisper, "to take something with you, a bag—a small portmanteau."

"A portmanteau—to go and play tennis?" he says doubtfully, even his dull faculties perceiving the inexpediency of the proposal. "I don't think that would do."

"No," sighing, "I suppose it might look odd. Well never mind; I hope you'll have a good game and enjoy yourself."

From the shelter of the house into the hot blazing sunlight the girl passes through the old garden in which the sun loves so well to lie; then, across the busy, noisy farm-yard and into the adjoining hay-field. By the side of the hedge that borders the latter runs a narrow path, and up this path at the present moment a young man is walking leisurely, yet with a long even stride that brings him quickly over the ground.

The girl proceeds slowly onwards, her gaze fixed meditatively upon the advancing form, albeit one most familiar to her eyes, familiar to them all her life. As an infant Rosalind had been wheeled about the farm in her perambulator by little Alec Brewster, the only child of her father's grieve, sometimes even carried in his arms; as child she had played with him often in this very field; and as a young woman, how frequently had she not essayed to give him the vast benefit of her wisdom in advice. And it is Alec—no longer little though—who is now approaching her; Alec returning from his bathe in the river, the river water still wet in his hair, the glow from his plunge yet tingling on his cheek, with bare, sunburnt throat, at this moment innocent of collar, and a towel flung across one shoulder. Striding as if the stubble and the hedge and the path beneath his feet, if not quite the firmament above his head, were his own, his fine physique tells of perfect health and strength; yet a close observer would detect that in the keen dark eye there lurks just a something that is neither the outcome of happiness nor yet even of peace. To the uninitiated on-looker young Brewster's exact position in life might be a matter somewhat difficult to determine; his dress, neither that of a ploughman nor yet that of the eldest son of a duke, furnishing but small clue to his circumstances. We who are initiated know that his lines, almost touching the ploughshare, lie very far apart indeed from the strawberry leaves.

"Good morning, Alec," Rosalind cries, her voice sounding through the sunshine sweet as a blackbird's note.

"Good morning, Miss Rosalind," responds the young man, shifting his towel from shoulder to hand, actuated apparently by a belief similar to that which teaches our cavalry to place their sword upon their shoulders at the approach of Royalty.

"Have you seen Paterson?" she asks, chiefly because she is not thinking of Patterson at all.

"I was over there this morning. It's all settled, he'll give the price."

"Well, I'm glad that's settled; two stacks off our shoulders and into our pockets. You manage quite as well as your father now, Alec."

Turning with him as she speaks, they walk up the path together, the blazing sunlight shining right into their faces; it touches the man's tanned cheek hotly, but glances dazingly, as if on snow, upon Rosalind's milk-white throat.

"Alec," she says after they have walked for a few moments in silence, "I have been thinking about you."

Accustomed to her ways, he evinces no surprise.

"Yes." This is all the answer he makes, and a somewhat weary tone in his voice would almost induce one to suppose that—oh most uncommon case!—he is not absorbingly interested in the great first personal pronoun.

"I think, I mean do you not think—you know, Alec, I take a great interest in you, that's why I speak at all about so private a matter—but don't you think it is time you were settling down now; I mean with a wife?"

A curious look passes over his face. "I think it's time I were settling down somewhere or somehow, but not with a wife. I've no wish to settle in that way yet; why should I?"

"Well, of course for your own sake in the first place, but for mine also, Alec."

"For your sake!" His whole manner changes; with lightning glance the dark eyes, telling now that some most passionate, inmost chord is touched, fasten themselves on the girl's face, whilst the blood this moment glowing in his brown cheek ebbs away, leaving him white and faint-looking in the strong sunlight.

"Of course, Alec. You know that everything here will depend on you and your wife some day; and you have seemed so unsettled of late that I have felt quite anxious."

A sight of the girl's calm profile even more than her words stills the heart tempest as suddenly almost as her previous ones had raised it. "I was not at all surprised when you left Ross, Murray and Thomson's," she goes on cheerfully; "you only tried that to please your father. Indeed any one," giving a piquant smile to him and the world in general, "who had once watched you walking between hay stubble and a thorn hedge would know that you would not be able to sit still very long on a stool in a solicitor's office."

He smiles. "I hate the stool and I like the stubble, you see."

"Then, why not be content now you are amongst it again?" she asks quickly. "You know, Alec"—reproachfully, and leaning against the wooden gate which they have now reached as she speaks—"you know that I look to you for the future. What would become of the farm and me if you failed me?"

Brewster moodily lifts a long straw and puts it into his mouth before answering.

"You forget, Miss Rosalind," hesitatingly, "that you will soon have some one to take care both of you and the farm."

Instantly the indignant blood rises in a flush to her cheeks.

"Not I!" she cries, sending an outraged glance over the hedge into the turnip field beyond. "That was poor father's idea"—more gently, and bringing her softening grey eyes back from the swedes, where they were harmless, to look up into the unfortified windows of the young man's soul—"but it is quite impossible to carry it out."

"But," hesitatingly, "there other men."

"No, Alec," interrupting decidedly, "I saw quite clearly just now when I was sitting at my window that there are no other men."

He looks perplexed. "Then other grieves."

"Neither men nor grieves. Now come, Alec, don't be obstinate. Phew! how hot it is here!" breaking off suddenly, and reaching up to lay her two bare hands one on either side of her own soft throat, thereby, though without perceiving it herself, detaching a tiny jet clasp that fastened a narrow band of velvet round the pretty pillar. "Let us go into the plantation for a few minutes; it will be cool there, and I have nothing particular to do just now."

No officious telephone, fortunately, carries these words to the ear of the tall gentleman, at this moment setting out hopefully on the long, dusty road lying between Pinkney and Butterton Farm.

Rosalind walks away from the field as she speaks, and Alec, after a second's delay—during which he stoops to pick up something from the ground, something which, after one wistful caress, that would surely have brought tears to his mother's eyes had she seen it, he puts away carefully in his breast pocket—follows her.

The plantation lies on one side of the farm-yard, divided from it by the long shed wherein the different farm carts are kept. A very few minutes suffice to bring them to it. Here, under the trees, the sun's power is charmingly tempered by the green interlacing branches overhead, and here, in the cool air, God's happy little birds are singing loudly. It is very pleasant to be in the plantation, amongst the trees and the blackberry beds and the birds; both Rosalind and Alec feel that. The girl is the first to resume the conversation.

"Now, Alec," she begins, "do throw away that straw; it makes you so difficult to deal with."

Brewster obediently surrenders the straw; the next wind blowing through the plantation will whirl it away.

"Well, do you see things now as I do?" she asks.

"I'm afraid I don't, Miss Rosalind."

"But, Alec," the quick tears starting into her eyes, "don't you know that when you are always so discontented and unsettled, and speaking about—Brewsteries, that you make me very unhappy? You know that I depend on you now that your father is getting so frail; that I know nothing about anything!" forgetting surely in her tribulation that she has arranged to superintend everything and everybody. "And besides, putting aside all that," she goes on with eager innocence, "what would I do myself if you were not here? Even as a child I came to you in all my troubles—do you remember, Alec, Dolly Julianna's head the wrong way?—poor old thing, she's been looking back ever since. And then, when father died, and my heart was just fit to break, it was only you who seemed able to help me. And somehow, whenever I am happy about anything, I can never be quite happy until you know about it too. And now, Alec, I ask you candidly, could I come and cry in a brewery? What would people think?" a very watery smile closing the case for the prosecution.

But poor Brewster can't smile at all, his heart is beating so fast at this glimpse of a possibility which only her very unconsciousness gives. Rosalind employs the time in extracting from somewhere near the region of her heart a snowy square of cambric, drying her uncomfortable eyes therewith, and restoring it again to its hiding-place. Is it in the nature of things that this action should assist the young man in his endeavour after composure?

"But what would you have me do, Miss Rosalind?" he asks at length, his voice low and unsteady.

Her answer came prompt and easy.

"Marry some nice girl and settle down here comfortably for altogether." Like a lump of frozen lead it falls down into his heart.

"We can build a couple more rooms to the cottage, or three if you like," she continues persuasively, "and I'll bring up your salaries to £300; you ought to be comfortable with that."

But he scarcely hears her now, so busy is he telling himself that never did greater, more miserable fool than he walk down Pinkney Plantation.

"Are you not listening to me, Alec?" after a pause, during which she has built and partially furnished the new rooms.

"Certainly; what else am I here for?" rather bitterly. "Now which of my acquaintances

would you advise me to choose? Or rather, which of them do you think would be willing to be chosen?"

Rosalind, smilingly occupied with the future, fails entirely to perceive that she is building her new apartments upon the sand.

"What do you say to Maggie Cameron?" she suggests.

The smile vanishes from her face. "Maggie Cameron!" she cries tartly, yet looking a little bewildered; a "dairyman's daughter! I never dreamt of you marrying her!"

"Ah, her parentage won't suit, you think?" replies the dairywoman's son. "Well, let us think again; who else is there? Oh, there is Bessie Pringle. She's a pretty girl, and her people are all dead; nothing could be better than that surely!"

"Alec! You know that Bessie has nothing but her pretty face! She would be no companion to you at all! She would never be able to manage you! No, I certainly never thought of her." He smiles in spite of his aching heart. "Then, of course, she would never do. I must be managed. Let us try again. Ah, I have it! Elsie Lindsay! A sweet, sensible girl, a good daughter, she'll make an excellent wife."

"A sweet girl!" Rosalind, feeling a little chilly, lifts her eyes somewhat shiveringly to the branches above her to see if the leaves are stirring, if the wind is about to rise. But all is still overhead, save only where the birds, hopping from twig to twig, or flying from branch to branch, make a little flutter in the foliage. "A sweet girl!" she repeats, "why Elsie is older than yourself, Alec! She is very nice, I don't deny it, but—I never thought of you marrying her."

"Then of whom did you think?" "Oh, I don't know," she owns, looking vaguely round as if she had expected to find a few applicants, like dropp'd acorns under the trees; somebody else, I meant, just—just some woman."

"Clearly. But those I have named are all women, you know."

No answer, and for some minutes—a good many—there is no echo of voices in Pinkney Plantation. The sweet songs of the birds fill the whole place with melody, and the warm sunlight stealing down through the foliage lies in beautiful golden patches upon the blueberry beds; no breath of wind stirs leaf or blade or frond; then whence comes this strange cold feeling that is so surely creeping over the girl—into her very heart? Is it beginning to dawn upon her at last that there may be in life greater evils even than—Breweries?

Past sturdy young oak-trees and dark ruddy stemmed firs they go in utter silence. A rabbit runs into the path in front of them, and then in a great fright scuttles away out of sight to join his friends; a linnet hopping about amongst the long blades of grass flies swiftly at their approach up into a tree for safety. Suddenly Rosalind stops.

"I think I must go back to the house now," she says, "I may be wanted, and we can talk of this another time." With the very first glimmering of light, the maiden's instinctive impulse is to withdraw, without a word, without a sign, behind her veil. But her very voice is changed, and as they turn to retrace their steps the young man—the veil being but metaphorical—looks upon her face. Instinctively he stands still.

"Forgive me, Miss Rosalind," he cries, "I should have told you at once; I was wrong to speak as I've been doing; forgive me, but I think it will be better to tell you now before we go back."

"Tell me what?" she asks quickly and apprehensively.

Within the shade of a beach-tree their unconscious halt is made; they stand looking at one another, no misleading sunbeam dancing across their eyes, looking, seeing each other clearly, face to face. And now, in this moment the new light dawning in the girl grows stronger and clearer, so strong and so clear that by its aid she at last discerns another's secret.

"Tell me what?" she cries more apprehensively than before, her heart beating fast.

"Only this," turning his eyes away from her and speaking now with the very calmness of culmination, "I can stay here no longer; I must leave Pinkney. I have written to tell Tom Brewster that I'll go out with him; it's all settled."

And Rosalind knows that Alec's cousin Tom starts for Australia in a week.

Poor Rosalind! Even were she yet blind she would now see! The blow is sharp, sudden, unbearable. For just a second, as before the eyes of the drowning, the pictures according to its deeds, so before hers stretches away the long, blank, dreary future without Alec. Then, a dense grey mist creeping all round her shuts out his shocked face, the trees, the sunlight, all the world around Pinkney; she hears the birds singing somewhere very faintly as if far away, then—a blank; all sense has fled from that fair dwelling place for a time, and in the arms that have made such haste to catch her she lies like one, most fair, passing asleep, through the Valley of Death.

Lying amongst the blueberry bushes and the ferns, with white cheek and nut-brown head pillowed upon his breast, with words of passionate love trembling at her ear, thus does Rosalind once more open her eyes upon the world. She feels like one who, having fallen over a frightful precipice, wakes to find herself safe and happy.

And so, like smoke, vanished for ever the younger Miss Moncreiff's resolution to lead a

single life, and with it, as a natural consequence, Alec Brewster's arrangements to try a colonial one. After all, Alec has found his wife like a dropp'd acorn under the trees.

A little later, the two are sauntering back through that pleasant plantation on their way to the house—to interview poor unsuspecting Aunt Rab.

"Alec," the girl is saying as she laughingly, yet with a tear shining in her eye, makes a pretence of shaking off the hand that ever seeks hers so tenderly, "do you see now that you are as blind as Bartimeus? Why could you not have shown me that there was at least one other man without half-killing me first?"

AN OBTUSE YOUNG MAN.

She was a stylish young lady, about eighteen years old, and, to accommodate a friend, she took the baby out for an airing. She was wheeling it up and down the walk, when an oldish man, very deaf, came along, and inquired for a certain person supposed to live in that street. She nearly yelled her head off trying to answer him, and he looked around, caught sight of the baby, and said—

"Nice child, that. I suppose you feel proud of him?"

"It isn't mine," she yelled at him.

"Boy, eh? Well, he looks like you."

"It isn't mine!" she yelled again; but he nodded his head, and continued—

"Twins, eh? Where's the other one?"

She started off with the cab, but he followed, and asked—

"Did it die of Colic?"

Despairing of making him understand by words of mouth, she pointed to the baby, at herself, and then shook her head.

"Yes, yes, I see; 't'other twin in the house. Their father is fond of them, of course?"

She turned the cab, and hurried the other way; but he followed, and asked—

"Do they kick around much at nights?"

"I tell you 'tain't mine," she shouted, looking very red in the face.

"I think you're wrong there," he answered.

"Children brought up on the bottle are apt to pine and die."

She started on a run for the gate, but before she had opened it he came up and asked—

"Have to spank 'em once in a while, I suppose?"

She made about twenty gestures in half a minute, and he helped the cab through the gate, and said—

"Our children were all twins, and I'll send my wife down to give you some advice. You see—"

But she picked up a flower-pot and flung it at him. He jumped back, and as she entered the house, he called out—

"Hope insanity won't break out on the twins!"

SHARP.

A gentleman from New York, who had been in Boston for the purpose of collecting some moneys due to him in that city, was about returning, when he found that one bill of a hundred dollars had been overlooked. His landlord, who knew the debtor, thought it a doubtful case, but added that, if it were collected at all, a tall, raw-boned Yankee, then dunning a lodger in another part of the hall, would "worry it out" of the man. Calling him up, therefore, he introduced him to the creditor, who showed him the account.

"Wall, square," said he, "'tain't much use o' tryin', I guess. I know that critter. You might as well try to squeeze ile out of Bunker Hill Monument as to collect a debt out of him. But anyhow, square, what'll you give sposin' I do try?"

"Well, sir, the bill is one hundred dollars. I'll give you—yes—I'll give you half, if you collect it."

"Greed," replied the collector. "There's no harm in tryin', anyway."

Some weeks after, the creditor chanced to be in Boston, and in walking Tremont Street encountered his enterprising friend.

"Look here," said he, "square, I had considerable luck with that bill o' your'n. You see I stuck to him like a dog to a root; but for the first week or so 'twan't no use—not a bit. If he was home, he was short; if he wasn't home, I couldn't get no satisfaction. By-and-by, after goin' sixten times, 'I'll fix you,' says I. So I sat down upon the doorstep, and sat all day and part of the evening, and I began airly next day; but about ten o'clock he gin in. He paid me my half, and I gin him up the note."

LOST AND FOUND.

A lad was sent with a note, and a basket containing some living partridges. On his way, tempted by curiosity, he peeped into the basket, when the partridges flew away. Much perplexed was he; but after a little consideration he re-closed the basket, went on his way, and delivered the letter with his best bow.

"Well, my lad," said the gentleman on reading it, "I see there are some live partridges in this letter."

"Oh, by the powers," says Paddy, "I'm glad of that, for they flew out of the basket, and I couldn't think where the devil they had gone."

TIT FOR TAT.

A lady whom I knew had rather an unpleasant experience in an attempt some years ago to disregard a tacit understanding among the sex in regard to dinner dress at hotels. She belonged to an ultra-fashionable set, and having married a South Carolina planter soon adopted what we call "plantation manners," and affected no little scorn at the simple-mannered, reserved New England folk. She was at Newport, our great seaside watering-place, and having just returned from Europe took free airs upon herself. One evening at the tea-table a gentleman sat down near her, and the butter-plate before him happening to have no butter-knife by it at the moment, he, instead of calling the waiter and waiting for one to be brought, used his own perfectly fresh, bright knife to take a bit of butter. He was a man of culture and social standing, but a Yankee, and one whose social pretension she wished to flout. She seized the opportunity, and calling a waiter, said, in an elaborately subdued but decided tone, "Take away that butter. That gentleman has had his knife in it." He took no notice of the remark, which drew all eyes upon him and upon the lady, but by and by she stretched out her hand and took from the plate some chipped dried beef, which stood between her and her victim. This was well enough, of course; but he turned at once, and calling a waiter said, only as if he were asking for more tea, "Take away that dried beef, this lady has had her fingers in it." In this encounter, such as it was, he was thought to have had the best of it, and she did not forgive or forget. So a few days afterward (I should have mentioned that there was the slightest possible acquaintance between them) they being at dinner, she, conspicuous in the full dress she had adopted since her tour in Europe, and which was so very "full" that it would have attracted attention under any circumstances, took one from a dish of fresh figs before her, and putting it on a plate, handed it to him with an expression of complaisance, but saying in a tone of unmistakable significance, that could be heard all around her, "A fig for you, sir." He accepted it graciously, and taking in his turn a leaf from the garniture of the dish, offered it to her, with "A fig leaf for you, madam." She fled the table, and kept her room until her intended victim left the hotel.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

Buckland, the distinguished geologist, one day gave a dinner, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, having asked a good many of the most distinguished of his classes to dine with him. His house and all his establishment were in good style and taste. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid, with glass, china and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup.

"How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day.

"Very much indeed," answered the other. "Turtle, is it not? I only ask because I do not find any green fat."

The doctor shook his head. "I think it has somewhat of a musty taste," said another; "not unpleasant, but peculiar." "All alligators have," replied Buckland; "the cayman peculiarly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating—"

There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half a dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room, and only those who had stout stomachs remained to the close of an excellent entertainment.

"See what imagination is," said Buckland; "if I had told them it was turtle or terrapin, or birds'-nest soup, salt water amphibia or fresh, or the gluten of a fish from the maw of a sea bird, they would have pronounced it excellent, and their digestion been none the worse. Such prejudice."

"But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady.

"As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

THE LOST WAGER.

Dr. J. H., of New Hampshire, was one of the most able, talented and eccentric surgeons of the last century. His practice embraced a large circuit, and his fame extended to every part of the State. The doctor was one morning sitting in his office, poring over some medical work fresh from the mother country via Boston, when a loud rap at the door aroused him.

"Come in," said he, and an old female hobbled into the apartment, who seemed to be the very embodiment of dirt and wretchedness.

"Doctor, I've got a desperate sore foot; can't you help it?"

"I'll will try; let me see it."

The old crone proceeded to divest her understanding of the apology for a hose with which it was covered, and displayed to the doctor a foot—and such a foot!

"Heavens!" exclaimed the man of medicine, throwing up both hands in amazement, "what a dirty foot!"

"La! doctor, you needn't be in such wonderment about it. There's dirtier feet in the world, I've warrant—ay, and a dirtier foot than that in your own house, as proud as the young ladies, your daughters are; for all that; and

the old hag crackled at her pleasure at the doctor's astonishment.

"Woman, if you will find a dirtier foot than that in my house I will give you a guinea and cure your foot for nothing."

"Pon honor!" responded the beldame.

"Pon honor!" responded the doctor.

The old woman stripped off the other stocking and showed a foot that begged all description, and grinning in the face of the astonished doctor exclaimed:

"Gi' me the guinea!—I know'd it! I washed 't'other 'ors: I come here."

THE BITER BITTEN.

A few years ago a farmer, who was noted for his waggyry, stopped at a tavern, which he was in the habit of calling at on his way from Boston to Salem. The landlady had got the pot boiling for dinner, and the cat was washing her face in the corner. The traveller, thinking it would be a good joke, took off the pot lid, and while the landlady was absent put grimalkin into the pot with the potatoes, and then pursued his journey to Salem. The amazement of the landlady may well be conceived, when, on taking up her dinner, she discovered the addition which had been made to it. Knowing well the disposition of her customer, she had no difficulty in fixing on the aggressor, and she determined to be revenged.

Aware that he would stop on his return for a cold bite, the cat was carefully dressed. The wag called as was expected, and dishes was put upon the table among other cold pussey, but was so disguised that he did not know his old acquaintance. He made a hearty meal and washed it down with a glass of gin. After paying his bill he asked the landlady if she had a cat she could give him, for he was plagued almost to death with mice. She said she could not, for she had lost hers.

"What!" said he, "don't you know where she is?"

"O yes," replied the landlady, "you have just eaten it."

VARIETIES.

A BAILIFF, who had tried almost every expedient to arrest a Quaker without success, resolved to adopt the habit and manner of one, in hopes of catching the primitive Christian. In this disguise he knocked at Aminadab's door, and inquired if he was at home? The house-keeper replied, "Yes." "Can I see him?" "Walk in, friend, and he shall see thee." The bailiff entered, confident of success, and, after waiting nearly an hour, rung the bell, and, on the housekeeper appearing, he said, "Thou promised me I should see friend Aminadab." "No, friend," answered the Female Quaker. "I promised he should see thee. He hath seen thee, and he doth not like thee."

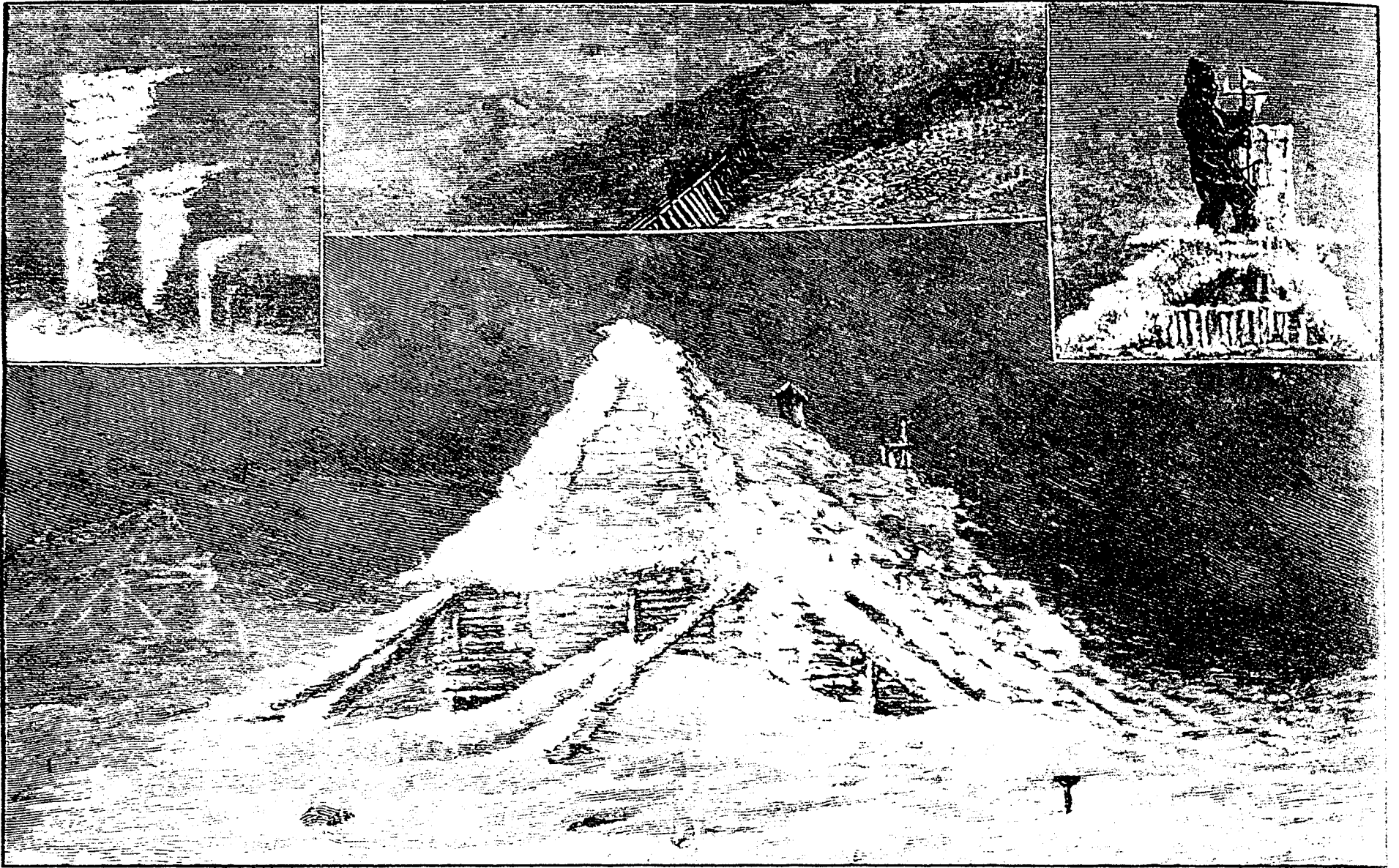
THE Duke of Edinburgh has been saying pretty things of the London Cabby. H. R. H. ought to pay New York a visit. One gets more than the drive for his money. A Philadelphia man was in New York a few weeks ago, and this is the story he tells of the Cabby of Gotham: "I was in a frightful hurry and very absorbed, and paid no attention to a driver who accosted me at the ferry and followed me a short distance up Cortland street: 'Astor House, Brandeth, St. Nicholas, Grand Central, Fifth Avenue, Hoffman.' I did not answer him. 'Drive you for two dollars, any where you want to go—Hoffman House, Brevoort, — best in the city, Windsor—Brunswick, Albarle.' Still I did not reply. 'Albarle, Colman, Westminster—quiet house, Clarendon, Grammercy Park, Gilroy, St. James'—kept by an Philadelphian.' I did not reply. Cabby touched my arm, with a wink: 'Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir, for a dollar.'

"I'LL DIE WHERE I PLEASE."—When Mr. Macready was performing at the theatre in Mobile, his manner at rehearsal displeased one of the actors, a native American of the pure Western type. This person, who was cast for the part of Claudius, in "Hamlet," resolved to "pay off" the star for many supposed offences, and thus he carried out his purpose. When in the last scene Hamlet stabbed the usurper, he reeled forward, and, after a most spasmodic finish, he stretched himself out precisely in the place Hamlet required for his own death. Macready, much annoyed, whispered freely, "Die further up the stage, sir." The monarch lay insensible. Upon which, in a still louder voice, the Hamlet growled, "Die further up the stage, sir." Hereon the Claudius, sitting up, observed, "I believe I'm king here, and I'll die where I please." The tragedy concluded shortly after.

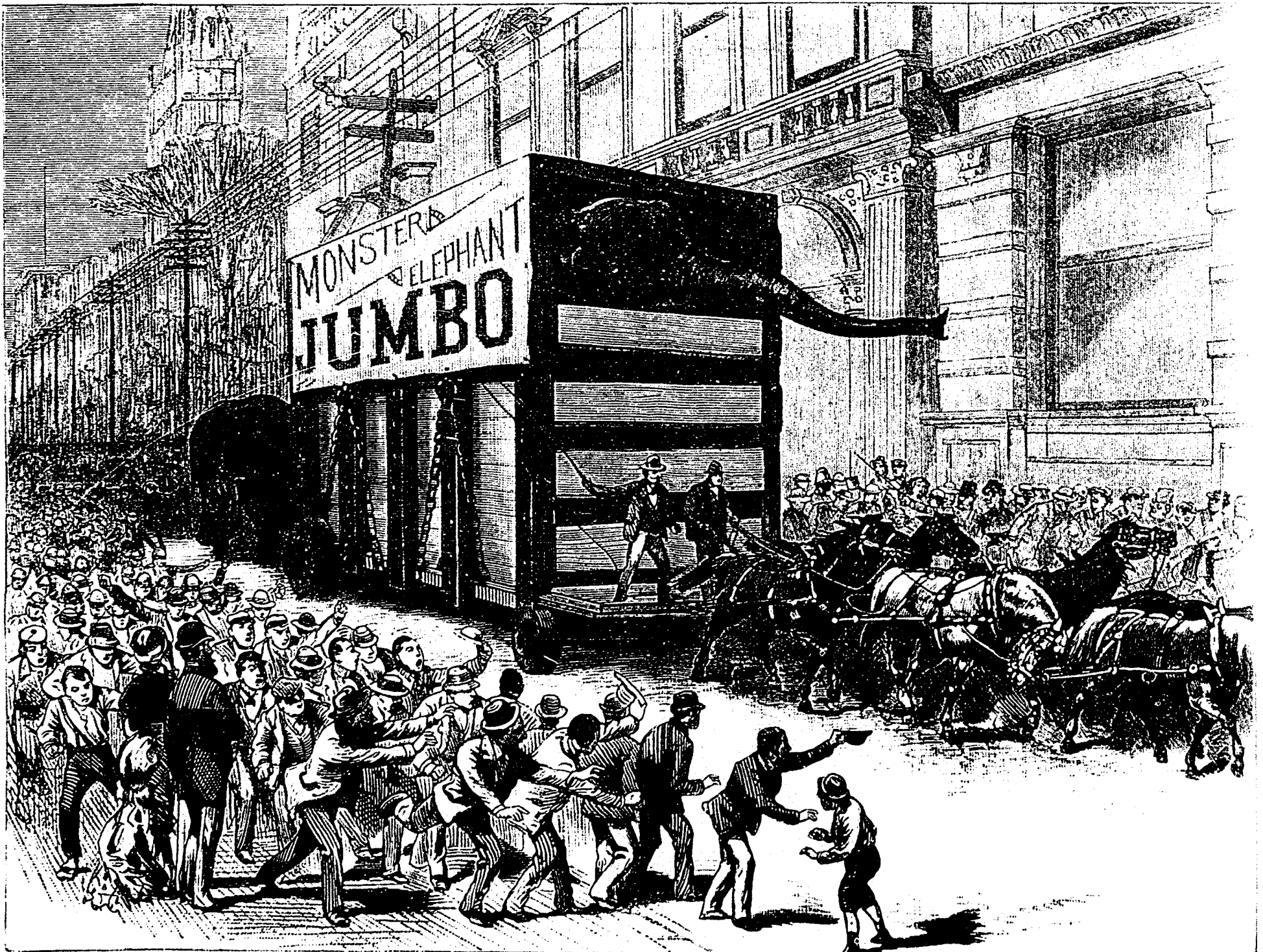
GASCOIGNE has a son—a very smart boy. It has always been Gascoigne's intention to send the youth to a University, and give him a profession. Some days ago, however, the boy gave such undeniable evidence of commercial sagacity that his parent has incontinently determined that he shall have the chance of becoming a city magnate. On inquiring what the remarkable instance of commercial sagacity was, Gascoigne informed us that he had asked his son to copy out Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," and instead of doing it verbatim he wrote thus:—

Charge to right of them,
do. to left of them,
do. in front of them,
Volleyed and wounded.

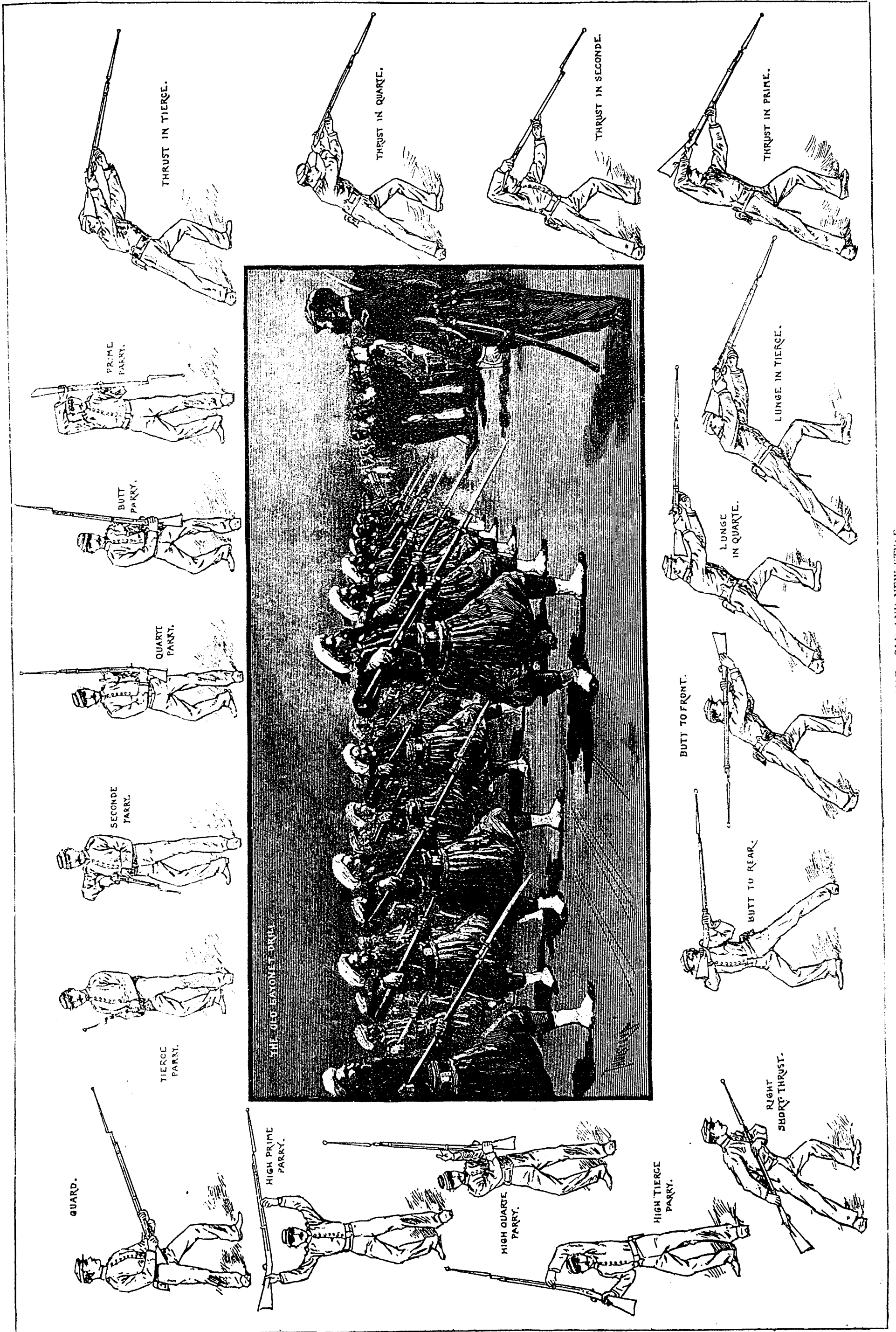
That boy will get on!



THE U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE.--STATION ON THE TOP OF M. WASHINGTON.



JUMBO IN NEW YORK.--FROM THE BATTERY TO MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.



BAYONET EXERCISE.—OLD AND NEW STYLE.

ST. GEORGE FOR MERRIE ENGLAND.

St. George for merrie England!
On many a teated plain
Her soldier's hearts have kindled
To hear that stirring strain;
Along the line of battle,
Hath rung the cheering cry
"St. George for merrie England!
We conquer or we die."

St. George for merrie England!
The seas have heard the strain,
As went her mighty admiral,
To rule the stormy main;
Her foes have heard and trembled
As from her hearts of oak
Those guns, in tones of thunder,
Their martial message spoke.

St. George for merrie England!
The spirits of the slain,
At sound of that old war-cry
Start up to life again;
On thousand fields of glory,
Where flows the rolling deep,
The ghosts of heroes bear it
And startle from their sleep.

St. George for merrie England!
With gallant hearts and true,
Still, still, her sons are striving,
Brave deeds of worth to do;
Go forth! go forth! ye champions,
Go! battle for the right,
"St. George for merrie England!"
Your watchword in the fight.

NO. 202.

BY NED P. MAH.

Ten years ago this winter, a private soldier came into the guard-room at Fort Garry in the small hours of the morning, just as the corporal was going out with the relief, and presented his pass to the sergeant of the guard.

"Well, John," exclaimed the "non-com." as he *visid* the document, "that's what I call running things pretty close. Pass expires," looking at his watch, "in just two minutes, thirty seconds."

John Merrythought laughed, in a silent, inward way he had.

"I should have been in half an hour ago," said he, "only I stopped above there by the creek to make this lady's toilette."

And he produced from beneath his overcoat the carcass, plucked and cleaned, of a fine goose.

Each relieving sentry whispered to the man who came off, as he passed him, "There's a goose in the guard-room," and expectation ran high as the half-frozen sentinels clattered and stamped into the warm room.

Sure enough there hung the goose before the open door of the big stove, suspended from the ceiling by John Merrythought's belt and the two faces of his boots.

"Now, fire up, lads!" said John Merrythought, as he seated himself on a bench opposite the roasting biped, "and she won't be long adoin'."

"Running things close, and firing up," murmured he, pensively, after a pause. "That reminds me of a precious deal closer shave I had once, when I was engineer on the Great Valise Koad."

"Tell us about it, Jack," said one of the guard, as he gave a spin to the dangling corpse. "It'll keep our mouths from watering while she's cooking."

Merrythought gave an inward chuckle, and began.

"We were pretty short-handed in those days, and often had to work overtime. One night I ran in with my train after a hard drive—the first part through fog, and the rest through wind and sleet—and was told to run back a hundred and fifty miles to bring up a theatrical troupe's special the first thing in the morning. I was ready to drop with fatigue, but the thing had to be did, and soon I was running out of the station again with my engine, No. 202. I always remember the number, because it reads the same both ways. Now locomotives, you know, boys, have their tempers and peculiarities, just like human beings, but 202 was a kindly starter and a smooth runner—although a machine to be proud of. I had to cross the night express, according to instructions, but otherwise had a clear road before me. 202 was soon settled to her gait, running swift and smooth against a fierce but steady head wind, and things became so monotonous that it was utterly impossible for me to keep my eyes open longer, and I snatched a few minutes' sleep standing. Then I dreamed that a lot of giants were striking at me with iron clubs, making a terrific clatter, and I wondered lazily why they didn't succeed in hitting me. But when I became aware that the iron clubs of my dream were the girders of a bridge, and the clatter was the thunder of 202's wheels, I was wide awake in a moment. I had run past the station where I had to cross the express and was within a few miles of another. I seized the throttle with one hand and the chain of the furnace door with the other. Fire up, Bill! fire for your life! I shouted. 202 responded bravely and rushed along like streaked lightning gone mad. I took out my chronometer. The express was some seconds over-due. I opened the whistle, and, screeching and vomiting flame, we tore round the curve and into the station. I can see it all now as with a supernatural clear-sightedness I saw it then. The express, whistling like mad, sheets of flame lighting the road beneath her as the brakes bit and ground the metals—the scared face of the pointsman, as with the whole weight of his body he held open

the points—the white glare of the head light, as with a terrific wrench and swerve 202 leapt on to the siding, shaving the cow-catcher by the fraction of an inch. Then, as with another wrench she struck the straight of the siding she jumped the track, but before I could realize she had done so, was on again and out into the permanent way, behind the express, with a clear road and safety before her. 'Keep your break down, Bill,' I said, in a voice that somehow sounded like the ghost of mine. 'Let's see how soon we can pull her up.' We fetched her just over against Tim Maloney's store. I was a temperance man in those days, as it behoves a careful driver to be, but that time I crowded a green-back into Bill's hand, and told him to get over the fence, knock Tim up, and get a bottle of his best brandy; for a man that was sick.' Bill took a little of it, about a third of a tumbler, perhaps, and I entered the rest into a quart pot I had in the cab, and drank it off in one swill. I tell you I didn't feel any more effect from it than from a cantine full of regimental soup. Only I felt quieter like then, and it took away the fiendish desire to laugh I had. Then we trundled along to the place the special was to be fetched from, and there was Tom Arnold, who had been on the sick list with a broken arm, waiting for me to give him a lift to town to report himself fit for work. 'Why, Jack, what's the matter, man? you look as though you'd seen a ghost!' says he. 'Seen a ghost? says I. 'I had about as good a chance of being one an hour ago as most folks living. Work this special to the city, for me, like a good fellow, and I'll settle with the Company when I get there, up to last Saturday night, and never touch a throttle again!' And I kept my word," said Jack Merrythought, glancing around, and seeing with satisfaction that he had interested his hearers, despite the presence of the goose.

"Funny!" adds he, presently, with his little inward laugh. "If that hadn't all happened that night, it isn't likely I should have been here to tell it to you to-night."

"Now that's what I call an Irish sort of a speech," said a private, as he gave the goose a final turn. "If it hadn't happened, why, of course, you couldn't have told us about it."

"No," said John Merrythought, laughing his silent laugh again. "Not unless I had invented it."

But I don't think that he invented it, and you would not have thought so either if you had heard him tell it.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING.

People will kiss, says a publication called *The People*, yet not one in a hundred knows how to extract bliss from lovely lips, any more than they know how to make diamonds from charcoal. And yet it is easy, at least for us. First know whom you are going to kiss. Don't make a mistake, although a mistake may be good. Don't jump like a trout for a fly, and sm ck a good woman on the neck, on the ear, on the corner of her forehead, or on the end of her nose, or knock off her waterfall. The gentleman should be a little taller. He should have a clean face, a kind eye, and a mouth full of expression. Don't kiss everybody. Don't sit down to it; stand up. Need not be anxious about getting in a crowd. Two persons are plenty to corner, and catch a kiss; more persons would spoil the sport. Take the left hand of the lady in your right; let your hat go to any place out of the way; throw the left hand gently over the shoulder of the lady, and let it fall down the right side, towards the belt. Don't be in a hurry; draw her gently, lovingly to your heart. Her head will fall lightly upon your shoulder, and a handsome shoulder-strap it makes. Don't be in a hurry; send a little life down your left arm. Her left hand is in your right; let there be an impression to that, not like the grip of a vice, but a gentle clasp, full of electricity, thought, and respect. Don't be in a hurry. Her head lies carelessly on your shoulder. You are nearly heart to heart. Look down into her half-closed eyes. Gently, yet manfully, press her to your bosom. Stand firm. Be brave, but don't be in a hurry. Her lips are almost open. Lean slightly forward with your head, not the body. Take good aim; the lips meet, the eyes close, the heart opens, the soul rides the storms, troubles, and sorrows of life. Don't be in a hurry. Heaven opens before you. The world shoots under your feet, as a meteor flashes across the evening sky. Don't be afraid. The nerves dance before the just-erected altar of love, as zephyrs dance with the dew-trimmed flowers; the heart forgets its bitterness, and the art of kissing is learned. No fuse, no noise, no fluttering and squirming, like hook-impaled worms. Kissing don't hurt. It don't require a brass band to make it legal.

A CLEVER THIEF.

A brilliant example of the genus "adventurer" a little while back set the Magyar capital talking and wondering at his calm knavery. The Theatre Ofen (Buda-Pesth) was the scene of his *début*, which was made in a *loge* and not on the stage. A certain Hungarian countess, well known for her riches and beauty, graced with her presence the performance at the summer theatre one evening. On one of her fingers her ladyship wore two splendid diamond rings, exactly like each other. During an *entr'acte* there presented himself in her box a big fellow in gorgeous livery—six feet of the finest flunkey imaginable. Quoth he, in purest Hungarian, "My mistress, Princess P—, has sent me to beg of your ladyship the loan of one of your

rings for five minutes. Her highness has observed them from her box opposite, and is very anxious to examine one more closely, as she wishes to have one made after the pattern."

Without an instant's hesitation, the countess handed a ring to "Jeames," who bowed with respectful dignity and retired.

The performance over, the two great ladies met on the staircase, and the countess begged her friend to keep the ring at her convenience.

"What ring, my dear?"

Dénouement! Tableau!

The "powdered menial" was no flunkey at all, but a thief, and the ring was gone. The police were informed of the impudent trick. Justice seemed to have overtaken the culprit in a very few strides, for the next morning the countess, whilst still *en robe-de-chambre*, received a letter informing her that the thief had been caught and the ring found on his person, "only," added the note, "the man stoutly denies the charge, and declares it to be his own. To clear up all doubt, pray come at once to the police-station, or send the duplicate ring by bearer."

To draw the second ring from her finger and entrust it joyfully to the messenger—a fine fellow in full police uniform—together with a handsome "tip" for the glorious news, was the work of a moment. "But when her ladyship, an hour later, betook herself, radiant, to the police-station to recover her jewels, a slight mistake came to light.

"Well, my rings? I could not come myself at the instant I got your letter."

"What letter, madame?"

Dénouement! Tableau No. 2.

The thief had them both!

TELEGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY.

When the Prince of Wales visited Canada, and all the American papers were anxious to record his doings, and give the first information of his arrival at Niagara on Yankee ground, Mr. James Gordon Bennett's reporter was, of course, not absent from the scene of the expected ceremonial. In this case, as there was only one set of wires down to New York, each different representative of the press wanted to be first in possession of the telegraph, so as to secure the earliest publication of the news, before the others could forward their despatch. As the Prince did not arrive at the time appointed, the reporters, tired with waiting and trying to forestall each other, made up their minds for a general scramble when the royal visitor came—with the exception of the one belonging to the *Herald*, who telegraphed down to Mr. Bennett to know what course he should pursue. The canny Scott immediately replied, to retain the wire at all hazards, and to do so he could commence by telegraphing down the Book of Genesis. This was done right through, and still the Prince did not make his appearance.

"What shall I do next?" inquired the reporter.

"Send along the Book of Revelations!" responded the Spartan in New York.

And this was actually commenced and half completed before the energetic proprietor of the *Herald* was able to announce to the public that the Prince of Wales had actually stepped on American soil, and describe what royalty said and did while yet miles away from the empire city. This feat of Scriptural telegraphy cost over £500, and the reader can see the bills paid for the same on application at the office in New York.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SERGEANT BALLANTINE'S piquant book has been in great demand. The first edition, although large, disappeared on the day of publication.

LITTLE girls' dresses grow longer, thanks to the Princess of Wales, who attires her young daughters in skirts reaching to their ankles.

Now that the powerful electric light is practicable, experiments are being made with a view to the lighting of churches from without instead of within.

COLONEL BRINE, who recently failed in his attempt to cross the Channel, has been stimulated by Colonel Burnaby's success to propose making another venture.

MR. RUSKIN has in his possession Turner's receipt for twenty-seven guineas paid him for three sketches of Florence, "one of which would now fetch from £500 to £800."

A THEATRICAL phenomenon is at present finishing his education under the tuition of one of the most noted dramatic lady teachers—a young man of a respectable family, who intends to make his appearance in a number of feminine characters ("Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Phaedra," etc.), for which his exterior, as well as his voice—a natural soprano—perfectly qualify him.

THE political committee of the Reform Club, in reply to a letter from Mr. Bradlaugh, have intimated that they see no reason for taking any action with reference to the membership of Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P. It will be remembered that Mr. Morley recommended the electors of Northampton to vote for the Conservative candidate in preference to Mr. Bradlaugh.

WE understand that the ground at the corner

of King street and St. James's street, where the houses have been recently pulled down, has been purchased by the Junior Army and Navy Club for £30,000. The grand building which will be built on it will run into a pretty figure. It is *vis-a-vis* with Arthur's, and is a splendid spot for a club; there is a good banker across one road and Conservatism across the other.

A LAUGHABLE incident in connection with the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to Pembroke Dock occurred near the Bush Hotel, where was stationed a Miss Binns, of London, attended by four little boys and four little girls. Miss Binns had a bouquet which she hoped to present to the Duchess, but the carriage passing rapidly without apparently noticing this youthful aspirant to Royal notice, Miss Binns threw the bouquet haphazard, and in falling it struck the Duke upon the face. Their Royal Highnesses smilingly acknowledged the pleasing though somewhat unceremonious act.

At a recent musical *soirée* given in the grand saloon of the Kurhaus, at Wiesbaden, for the benefit of the Kurhaus Fund, the chief interest centered in the performance of the one-armed virtuoso on the piano, Count Geza Zichy, of Buda-Pesth. Count Zichy, now in his thirty-second year, lost his right arm in his youth, while out hunting. His artistic performances with the left hand are wonderful, nearly all of the pieces played being "arranged" by himself. He plays exclusively for charitable purposes, and is said to have made and distributed upwards of 200,000 florins within the past few years. The Prince of Wales has invited the Count to visit London during the season, so that we may probably have the opportunity of seeing and hearing him.

EVERYBODY knows that speed with Lord Redesdale is elevated into one of the highest virtues, and when the other night, at the close of one of his committees, he had moved himself out of the chair with breathless haste, and stood panting to report the bill to the Lord Chancellor, it was only natural that he should be struck dumb with indignant amazement when he found that the Lord Chancellor, instead of rushing at once to the Woolsack to receive the report, was peacefully reposing upon the Treasury bench deeply immersed in a bluebook. But Lord Redesdale was equal to the occasion. With a vigorous sweep of the arm and a robust ring in his voice, which suggested that he was hailing a ship at sea, he sang out, "Hi, Chancellor!" to the great amusement of the House and the surprise of Lord Selborne, who at once jumped up and walked to the Woolsack.

THE early spring has not merely brought out the almond and blackthorn blossoms in our gardens, clothed the trees in the parks with fresh and refreshing green, and filled Covent Garden Market with flowers, but it has also shown us the new fashions in ladies' dresses. These are what the poet calls a wonder and a laughter. The new idea is of small bonnets, heavy tippets, tiny waists, the crinolette, and a striped material for the dress. The head is made as little as possible, the shoulders as square as possible, the waist as wasp-like as possible, and the dress behind as ballooning as possible. Women under the new conditions look like a large number of the species coleoptera. Dresses are worn short; ankles are the fashion. Very light muffs are in the highest style and the hands are to be worn well forward.

ONE hears of raids on betting-houses and raids on taverns where strong waters are being sold within prohibited hours, but of organized raids on those bands of ruffians who make night hideous all over the metropolis not a whisper. The suburbs are infested with such gangs. The Upper street, Islington, is not so perilous a place to peaceful wayfarers on a Sunday night as it used to be, but it yet has a claim to the name which Mr. James Greenwood bestowed upon it some time ago, and will require no little purging before it earns the right to a less damaging appellation. As for the Thames Embankment, it ought to be the safest thoroughfare in London. No street that we possess is better lighted. There are few places where an assailant can lie in wait. At no part of it is there a secure passage to an Alsatian "slum." Therefore, the insecurity to life and property which exists there is a disgrace to the Metropolitan Police, and to the indifference of the head who has the care of our "Home."

IT has been said that the *Times* prides itself on the appropriateness of the headings which it places in capital letters at the beginning of its paragraphs. It has also been said that it has never been known to perpetrate a joke in that form, and but few in any other, so sober are its contributors. The other day it had a paragraph headed "An Extraordinary Spring," and everyone expected to find how potatoes had prematurely perfected themselves, that green peas, ripe (not large), gooseberries, luscious strawberries, and baskets of roses, all grown in open air, were plentiful. The most charming of visions of fruits, flowers, and vegetables, floated before one's eyes—but only for a very short period. It turned out to be that the "Extraordinary Spring" was one come upon by some French engineers at St. Etienne, at a depth of 1,500 feet, and which throws hot water, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, 80 feet above the surface of the earth. If the *Times* goes on this way, we shall be able to dispense with *Punch*.

MAD RIVER, IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

(Longfellow's last Poem.)

TRAVELLER.

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar, Mad River, O Mad River!

What secret trouble stirs thy breast? Why all this fret and flurry?

THE RIVER.

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek, O stranger from the city?

TRAVELLER.

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song, With all its flowing numbers,

THE RIVER.

A brooklet nameless and unknown Was I at first, resembling

Later, by wayward fancies led, For the wide world I panted;

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud, My voice exultant blending

I heard the distant ocean call, Imploring and entreating;

Men call me Mad, and well they may, When, full of rage and trouble,

Now go and write thy little rhyme, As of thine own creating;

—Atlantic.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

Annexed is the list of the competitors in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney. As will be seen, it is a long one, containing no less than twenty names.

CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL CHESS CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.

LIST OF THE ENTRANTS.

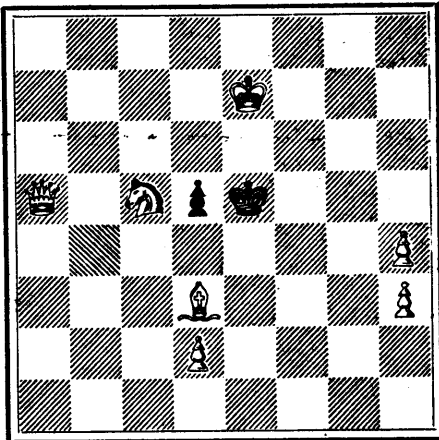
- Fred. M. Aldorf, Lansing, Mich.
H. J. Anderson, Allentown, Pa.
A. B. Black, Galveston, Texas.
C. A. Bolvin, St. Hyacinthe, Canada.
W. Braithwaite, Unionville, Canada.
J. D. Cotton, Marietta, Ohio.
Wm. J. Ferris, New Castle, Delaware.
T. H. Forster, Lansing, Mich.
E. B. Greenblids, Montreal, Canada.
L. E. Hendrick, Charleston, S. C.
Miss Phoebe Himrod, Waterford, Erie County, Penn.
Miss H. Edna Laurens, Charleston, S. C.
L. P. Meredith, Abilene, Kas.
J. E. Narraway, Halifax, N. S.
D. C. Robertson, Lennoxville, Canada.
I. Ryall, Hamilton, Canada.
J. W. Shaw, Montreal, Canada.
Jas. Tarbell, Upper Alton, Ill.
Geo. Tatball, Wilmington, Del.
F. B. Walker, Cleveland, O.
C. W. Waterman, Neosho Falls, Kas.
John T. Wyld, Halifax, N. S.
H. N. Kittson, Hamilton, Canada.

The first Correspondence Tourney of the Cincinnati Commercial has begun, and bids fair to be one of the most interesting contests of the kind ever undertaken.

PROBLEM No. 378.

By J. Paul Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 378.

- White. 1. R to K Kt 4
2. K to R 2
3. Mates
Black. 1. B takes P (ch)
2. P to Kt 3

GAME 505TH.

(From the Chessplayer's Chronicle.)

The following game was played on the 17th ult., in the fifth round of the pending Vienna Tournament.

(French Defence.)

- White.—(Herr Weiss) 1. P to K 4
2. P to Q 4
3. Kt to Q B 3
4. P takes P
5. Kt to B 3
6. B to Q 3
7. Castle.
8. P to K R 3
9. P to K Kt 4
10. P to Kt 5 (a)
11. Kt takes P
12. Kt to B 3 (b)
13. Kt to K 2 (c)
14. K to Kt 2
15. Kt to Kt 3
16. B takes Kt
17. P to K R 4
18. P to B 3
19. R to R sq
20. P takes B
21. B takes B
22. K to B 2
23. R to K sq
24. R to Q B sq
25. P takes P
26. P to R 5 (e)
27. P to B 4
28. R takes R
29. K to Kt 2
30. K to R 3
31. R to B 3
32. Kt to R 2
33. Q to Kt 4 ch (h)
34. K to R 4
Black.—(Herr Schwarz.) 1. P to K 3
2. P to Q 4
3. Kt to K B 3
4. P takes P
5. H to Q 3
6. Castle.
7. B to K Kt 8
8. B to R 4
9. B to Kt 3
10. Kt to R 4
11. P to Q B 3
12. Kt to Q 2
13. R to K sq
14. Kt to B 5 ch
15. K B takes B
17. Q to Q 2
18. Q to Kt 5
19. B takes Kt
20. K to K 5
21. Kt takes B
22. Q R to K sq
23. Q to K 5
24. P to B 3
25. P takes P
26. Kt to R sq (f)
27. Kt to B 2
28. Q takes R ch
29. Q to K 7 ch
30. Q to K 5 (g)
31. Kt to R 3
32. Kt to B 2
33. Kt to Kt 4 ch
34. Q to Kt 7 (i)
White resigns.

NOTES.

(From the Field.)

- (a) As far as we can remember, this is new, and it is really strange that this simple combination of the last two moves, which wins a P, should not have been adopted before.
(b) Best. He could not afford to let the adverse Kt in at B 5, otherwise his best square would have been clearly K 3.
(c) An error of judgment, from which the opponent, by clever tactics, does not allow him to recover.
(d) Herr Schwarz has now a strong counter-attack, which he conducts most skillfully.
(e) This only relieves him temporarily. Kt to R 2 was the proper move; for, if Black then sacrificed the Kt for the R P, he could release himself by exchanging queens with Q to Kt 4 ch.
(f) An excellent rejoinder. As will be seen, the Kt soon obtains a fine attacking post at Kt 4, via K B 2.
(g) Stronger than capturing the Kt P, in which case White would have obtained a fair game by R to Kt sq and R takes Kt P.
(h) He drops into the trap. There was nothing better than to return with the Kt to B 3 and play for a draw.
(i) Finely played. The threatened mate cannot be averted. If White move the Kt, then follows Q to R 8 ch; and, if Q to B 5 or Q 7, Black answers R to K 5 ch, and mates in two more moves at the latest.

MISCELLANY.

BARON MARTIN was once trying a prisoner for murder. In summing up he charged directly for hanging, but the jury would not have it, and brought in a verdict of manslaughter.

A woman named Paula was recommended by the Superior of the Convent at St. Omer to write to the Virgin, begging her intervention to cure her of an internal complaint.

ANOTHER presentation of the jeweller's art to Mr. Gladstone. The Premier's friends should tell him that presentations of silver and gold

from demonstrative workmen are bad omens. There is always a story in the background, and it's safe to look out.

A PUBLIC man in Canada, just before he went to pieces, had a presentation of silver soup ladles and pickle forks by the workmen of the town, but the unpatriotic and irrepressible jeweller made a row about his bill, which scattered the story to the four winds, and the public man, who was demonstrated by the silver pickle forks, had to pay the bill or be seized by the bailiff, and he will probably never have any more demonstrations in silver soup ladles, unless he pays for them in advance.



TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of MAY next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line (embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments), between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humboldt, Battleford and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give, for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for the transmission of messages to the public.

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 18th April, 1882.



OTTAWA RIVER.

Grenville and St. Anne Canals.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Timber for Lock Gates," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on THURSDAY, the 11th day of MAY next, for the furnishing and delivering, on or before the 3rd day of October, 1882, of Oak and Pine Timber, sawn to the dimensions required for the construction of Lock Gates for the new Locks at Greece's Point, Grenville Canal, and the new Lock at St. Anne, Ottawa River.

The timber must be of the qualities described, and of the dimensions stated on a printed bill which will be supplied on application, personally or by letter, at this office where forms of Tender can also be obtained.

No payment will be made on the timber until it has been delivered at the place required on the respective canals, nor until it has been examined and approved by an officer detailed to that service.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$300 must accompany each tender, which shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract for supplying the timber at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th April, 1882.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

APRIL, 1882.

Table with columns for DELIVERY (A.M., P.M.), MAILS (ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCE, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.), and CLOSING (A.M., P.M.).

(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m. (B) Do 9.00 p.m.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after,

Thursday 1st day of June next,

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board.

A. MACNIDER,

Assistant General Manager.

Montreal, 25th April, 1882.



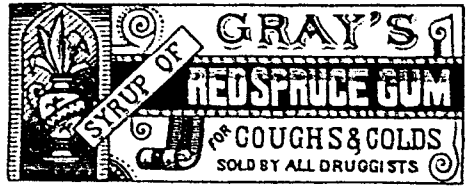
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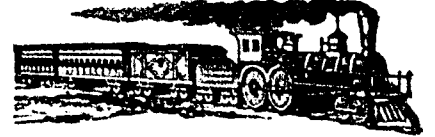
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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa	8:20 p.m.	8:30 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Arrive at Ottawa	7:55 a.m.	1:20 p.m.	2:00 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga	10:00 p.m.	8:10 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	9:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec	6:40 p.m.	3:00 p.m.	3:30 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec	7:00 a.m.	9:50 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga	5:30 p.m.	1:00 a.m.	1:30 a.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga	7:30 a.m.	4:50 p.m.	5:00 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome	6:00 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at St. Jerome	7:45 p.m.	—	—
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga	6:45 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga	9:00 a.m.	—	—
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette	5:15 p.m.	—	—
Arrive at Joliette	7:40 p.m.	—	—
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga	6:20 a.m.	—	—
Arrive at Hochelaga	8:50 a.m.	—	—

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