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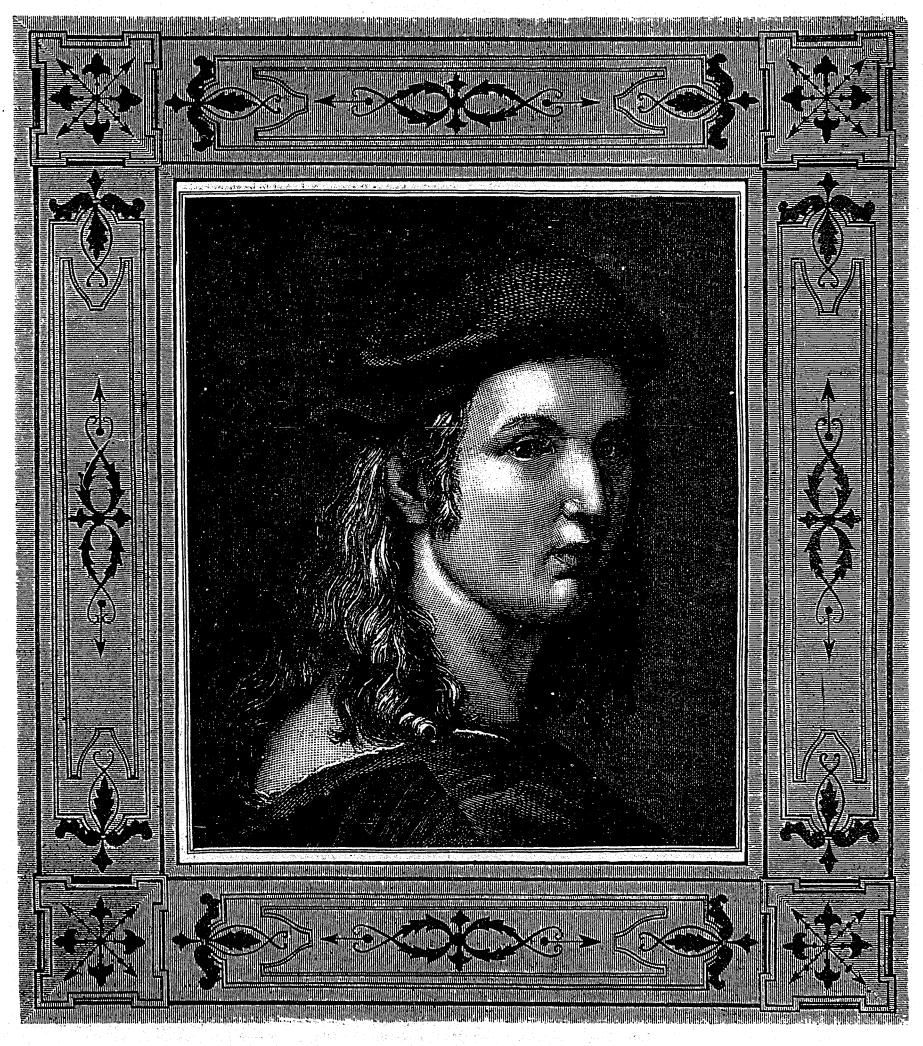
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RAPHAEL SANZIO.

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#### TRMPERATURE

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April 16th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.			
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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 28, 1883.

#### THE CANADIAN EXODUS.

In our last number we made a brief reference to the patriotic service which Mr. John Lowe has rendered by unfolding the whole truth in regard to the bulk of Canadian emigration into the United States. Since then we have received a copy of his report, the perusal of which has confirmed our appreciation of the good work which he undertook and successfully carried

One of the battle cries of the external and internal enemies of this country was that it was not able to retain its own inhabitants, who were flocking by the tens of thousands across the border. Not only were the factory towns of New England gorged with them, but the West was also receiving an abundant share. Not only was it the French Canadians who were deserting their native villages, and blindly exchanging independence at home for servitude abroad, buthe sturdy farmers of the Eastern Townships and of Ontario were following in their wake. It was in vain that the true friends of Canada questioned the extent of this exodus, as they were confronted by the figures of American statisticians, compiled from alleged official sources-The situation had become embarrassing when Mr. John Lowe, in his capacity as Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, and in virtue of his thorough acquaintance with all the details of the emigration movement, determined to apply a test which would settle the controversy beyoud the possibility of cavil. He took as a base of operations the point of Port Huron, where the Grand Trunk and its Great Western branch pass from Canada into the United States. At this point the U. S. Collector of Customs claims for the fiscal year ending June, 1882, an immigration from Canada of 71,424. This would be an enormous total if it were real, but by a very simple calculation Mr. Lowe proves that it is altogether apocryphal. He asked for the returns of the Grand Trunk Railway, over whose systems all these emigrants must necessarily have passed, and found that the total net emigration at Port Huron, from Canada to the United States, during the period mentioned above, by the Grand Trunk main line and the Sarnia branch, was 2.422. "This is the true and simple fact" to set against the American claim of 71,424. Ab uno disce onnes.

Mr. Lowe might have stopped there, but his appetite naturally growing by what it fed on, he proceeds to review the American tables profess. sion bids fair to reach into the middle of May,

ing to furnish details of the 71,424 immigrants. He shows conclusively that these minute details of information could only be obtained by actual registration, and that is a statistical labor requiring much time and scrupulous attention. That no such labour is attempted, Mr. Lowe proves from his personal experience, having crossed and recrossed the river at Port Huron several times, and never once been interrogated concerning his age, nationality or destination. Nor were such questions, within his observation, asked of any other passengers. Careful inquiry from well-informed persons connected with the railways and customs on both sides, convinced Mr. Lowe that the proceedings which he witnessed "were those which were usual."

As an offset to these fantastic American figures. Mr. Lowe concludes his most valuable report by informing us that the total number of Canadians returning to us from the United States, during the past year, was 20,857, and he further declares that the inward movement is on the evident increase this year. This is all very satisfactory. The Government, backed by its officials, are doing wonders in the cause of immigration, and they will receive due credit for the same from a discerning public.

#### THE FRANCHISE BILL.

Sir John Macdonald is renewing his youth like the eagle, and has just made one of those brilliant strokes that stamp the progressive statesman. His Franchise Bill is a genuine surprise and will be received with universal ac-Claim. Its main provisions meet the growing requirements of the country, and are in consonance with the aspirations of our people. Here is an abstract of the measure, which will be found useful for reference:

The franchise is made uniform throughout the Dominion, and embraces:

IN CITIES, TOWNS AND VILLAGES,

I. Owners of real estate to the value of \$300.

II. Tenants paying an annual rental of \$20.

III. Those having an annual income of \$400 and resident a year in the district,

IV. Sons of owners of real estate not otherwise qualified, but resident with their fathers and mothers-one son for every \$300 of value.

### IN COUNTIES.

- I. Owners of real estate valued at not less than \$200.
- II. Tenants under lease for not less than a year, at an annual rental of \$20.
- III. Persons having an income of \$400 and resident for a year in the county.
- IV. Farmers' sons, as in Ontario at present.

### IN ALL THE CONSTITUENCIES,

Unmarried women may vote on the same conditions as men. As defined by Sir John Macdonald, farmers' daughters, as well as farmers' sons, and the daughters of real estate owners in cities, will have votes.

This last clause is strikingly peculiar. Little Canada has taken the lead and set the example in many important matters of late, but it is the first time in the history of legislation that a Government, spontaneously and of its own accord, without petitions or pressure from the outside, grants the franchise to women. It is rather late in the session to give such a are all the attention that it whether it passes or not before adjournment, the seed will have been sown, and the policy of the Government will have been laid down. This is a Reform Bill in the strict-st acceptance of the term, and Sir John Macdonald deserves all the credit which its every measure involves.

### THE WEEK.

WE are fast becoming a self-sustaining people A Print Company is about to be established at

A BEGINNING of rapprochement between Germany and France is the signing of a Copyright Convention between the two nations. Literature may effect what politics are powerless to accom-

WE fear that our Parliamentary sessions are becoming unnecessarily long. The present ses-

the middle of April.

Ir is remarkable how changed for the better is the tone of the American press in regard to Canada and her fiscal legislation. Our cousins are beginning to recognize that we are really becoming a nation.

Ir is now officially aunounced that the Grand Trunk Railway has purchased the North Shore for five and a half millions. Mr. Senecal bought it less than a year ago for four millions. His enormous profit is therefore clear.

MR. SENECAL has it in his power to become at a bound the most popular man in Montreal. On assuming control of the City Passenger Railway, if he will improve the service in accordance with the public needs, we will all club together and elect him Mayor.

THREE thousand emigrants sailing for Canada on the one day! This is almost incredible, yet the arrival of the Parisian, Austrian and Grecian will soon give ocular proof of the encouraging fact. Verily Canada is on the high tide of fortune.

THE Colour Line still prevails in the Northern States, in spite of the doctrinaires. An attempt to place a negro girl in charge of the class of the public school at Paterson, N.J., had to be abandoned. The pupils left the school in a body, and many of the citizens protested. [

LAST week the Legislature of New York undertook to forbid the presentation of the figure of the Saviour on the public stage. This week the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill prohibiting the practice of "treating" in barrooms and saloons. This is practical Christianity.

ANOTHER prominent military figure has passed away. The death is announced of Suleiman Pasha, the hero of the Shipka Pass, during the late Russian-Turkish war. For a time, Suleiman bade fair to prove a great general, but his subsequent reverses in the Balkans destroyed his reputation.

THE Quebec reporters are rather slow. They forgot on the very night of the late fire to flash over the wires that the catastrophe was the work of the dynamite fiend. It was a lame and impotent afterthought to send that solution to the New York Herald only the next day. The Ottawa people were much more briskly and boldly imaginative.

THE Quebec fire is a national calamity. There were books and manuscripts lost in the library which cannot possibly be replaced. It is inexplicable that they should have been left exposed to the chances of conflagration in a combustible building. The authorities at Ottawa should see at once that the precious l'arliamentary library is made as fire-proof as possible.

MIGHT not explosives of some kind be employed to break up the ice of the river when it is half-rotten, thus helping the agencies of nature and bringing on navigation a week or ten days earlier, just as the pick and the shovel expedite the cleaning of our streets in advance of the action of the sun? It is clear that there is a want of enterprise in this matter.

QUEBRO political life is full of surprises. The latest of these is the trial of the Premier for corruption, by agents and personally, in the late Jacques Cartier election. The petition is syled for Mr. Mousseau's disqualification. If partisan spite is at the bottom of this action, it is very vile indeed, and the defendant owes it to himself and the Province to bring on a speedy trial.

WE hear soveral complaints about the accuracy of the Hansard reports. Our impression is that the staff is too small for the increasing amount of work required. Members are getting altogether too long-winded, and it is proposed to book form.

whereas it might easily have been concluded by | introduce the hour-rule of the United States Congress. There are not ten men in the House worth listoning to for over an hour at a stretch.

> The Pall Mall Gazette, with its usual shrewdness, makes the following striking parallel that whereas it is as certain that the dynamite couspiracy was hatched in New York as that the Mazzini uprisings were planned in London. there is no more reason to expect that extradition will follow the one as that it followed the others. This were retributive justice with a vongeance.

Tue enthusiastic reception of the Princess Louise at Ottawa must have convinced Her Royal Highness that, in spite of her long absence, our people are still devotedly attached to her person and to the Throne. We opine, too, that the Marquis' conscientious discharge of his high duties, notwithstanding the adverse circumstances which that absence entailed, had much to do with the warmth of the popular demonstration.

THE Orange Bill was disposed of with less difficulty than we had articipated. Its champions presented their case with rare moderation, and, indeed, the whole debate was conducted in a manly spirit of fair play. The Opposition, with a few exceptions, and the solid French delegation voted for the six months' hoist, which was carried by the comparatively large majority of thirty. Under the circumstances, there is no chance for the measure in the present Parlia-

No less than twenty-six seats are contested in Ontario in consequence of the late elections. This would be an expensive anomaly in ordinary circumstances, but in the present instance. it may result in more accurately determining the real strength of Mr. Mowat's Government, a matter of no ordinary importance, in view of the fact that the Opposition still persist in affirming that it is in a clear minority of the popular vote.

The murder trials in Dublin are going on apace. Brady and Curley have been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until they are dead, and the jury having hung in the case of Kelly, he has been retried without delay. The whole conspiracy has been unearthed through further revelations of informers. It is a thousand pities that the cause of Ireland, which embodies so many salient elements of justice, and has so many grounds of appeal to the sympathy of the world, should be injured by such diabolical devices of wholesale murder and destruction.

### LITERARY,

THE beautiful copy of Petrarch, bought by Mr. Pickering for \$9,750 at the Sunderland sale, has just been sold to the British Museum.

Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER declares that he is no longer "poesying." he is devoting himself to newspaper correspondence.

MESSRS, ROBERT CARTER & BROS, have in preparation a work that will be looked for by a larger public, viz., "Robert Mostat, Missionary to Africa: His Life and labours," a work which will interest even those who take but slight notice of ordinary mission work.

READERS are complaining that the delicate covers of the volumes of the "Parchment Library" are a mistake. For a short time, they say, nothing could be more dainty; but the delicate white is soon soiled; ere long the cover warps; it will not open easily and absolutely refuses to close completely, and no one can feel quite comfortable with a book which is always gaping, unless it has a paper weight on top of it.

MR. WILLIAM G. MEDILICOTT, of Long Mandow, Mass., who died recently, had the good fortune to possess one of the best collections of Anglo-Saxon and early English books in this country, among them volumes which had belonged to celebrated men, -to Sir Frederick Madden, Thorpe, Conybeare, Cookayne, -and which were enriched by their manuscript notes, with numerous and rare editions of "Beowulf," Cædmon, etc.

SCRIBNER'S Sons have in press a series of lectures which the late Sydney Lanier had prepared and delivered, a short time before his death, on "The English Novel and the Principle of its Development," a part of his regular course of English literature addressed to the students of the John Hopkins University. They were left complete, and only the slightest tex-tual revision was necessary for final printing in

#### LOVE'S TRUST.

love be tender, truthful, pure, If love be tender, truthful, pure,
If love be regal, loyal, sure,
If love be regal, loyal, sure,
By all the world of land and sea
Divided it could never be;
While south winds woo in soft replies
The north winds wails to lullabys,
While summer's sun—when white doves fly
Across the cloud-fringed azure sky—
Caresses morn's self-tended flowers
Dow-bended in the early hours,
If love be tender, truthful, pure—love will endure!

If love be steadfast, trusted, tried,
Grown watchful, true, it needs no guide:
It fears not Fate, nor wane, nor night,
It walks apace self-crowned with light:
Through weet it gains sweet servitude,
Through went it wins sweet solitude;
Though luckless years may sound their knell,
Through perfect chimes the marriage bell
Will swing this cadence to and fro,
Beside the thorns the roses blow,
If love be stendfast, trusted, tried—love will abide!

If love be fickle, wayward, bold,
And grasps its buds ere flowers unfold,
With empty hands it walks alone
When chill winds sigh and sob and moan;
Through tearful vigils, tired with pain
And cruel taunts of self-disdain,
Wan, worn and wasted, all unblest
Through fruitless hope that brought unrest,
Bearing the sign of a wounded trust
That trailed its faith in clay and dust,
If love be fickle, wayward, bold—love will grow cold!

#### THE RAPHAEL CELEBRATION AT ROME.

HARRIET CONVERSE.

The most famous of Italian painters, Raffaele Sanzio, whom the world commonly calls Raphael, was born at Urbino, in Umbria, part of the Papal States, four hundred years ago. The anniversary was celebrated a fortnight ago, both in that town and in Rome, where he lived and worked, and where he died in 1520, with processions, orations, poetical recitations, performances of music, exhibitions of pictures, statues, and busts, visits to the tomb of the great artist in the l'antheon, and with banquets and other festivities. The King and Queen of Italy were present at the Capitol of Rome (the Palace of he City Municipality) where one part of these proceedings took place.

At ten o'clock in the morning a procession set forth from the Capitol to the Pantheon, to render homage at the tomb of Raphael. It was arranged in the following order; -Two Fedeli, or municipal ushers, in picturesque costumes of the sixteenth century, headed the procession carrying two laurel wreaths fastened with ribbons representing the colours of Rome, red and dark yellow; a company of Virgili, the Roman firemen; the municipal band; the standard of Rome, carried by an officer of the Virgili; and the banners of the fourteen quarters of the city. Then came the Minister of Public Instruction and the Minister of Public Works; the Syndic of Rome, Duke Leopoldo Torlonia; and the Prefect of Rome, the Marquis Gravina. The members of the communal giunta, the provincial council followed the principal authorities. Next in order came the president of the academy of the Licei, the representatives of all the foreign academics, the members of the Academy

of St. Luke, the general direction of antiquities, the members of the Permanent Commission of Fine Arts, the members of the Communa Archeological Commission, the guardians of the Pantheon, the members of the International Artistic Club, presided over by Prince Odescalchi; the members of the arts schools, the pupils of the San Michele and Termini schools with their bands, the pupils of the elementary and female art schools.

The procession was rendered more interesting by the presence of many Italian and foreign artists. Having arrived at the Pantheon, the chief personages took their place in front of Raphael's tomb. Every visitor to Rome knows this tomb, which is situated behind the third chapel on the left of the visitor entering the Pantheon. The altar was endowed by Raphael and behind it is a picture of the Virgin and Child known as the Madonna del Sasso, which was executed at his request and was produced by Lorenzo Lotto, a friend and pupil of the great painter. Above the inscription usually hang a few small pictures, which were presented by very poor artists who thought themselves cured by prayers at the shrine. This is confouned by a

1520, with an epitaph recording the esteem in which he was held by Popes Julius 11, and Leo X.; but they have not always been allowed to lie un listurbed. On Sept. 14, 1833, the tomb was opened to inspect the mouldering skeleton, of which drawings were made, and are reproduced in two of our Illustrations. The proceeding at the tomb in the recent anniversary visit were brief and simple; a number of laurel or floral wreaths were suspended there, one sent by the President and members of the Royal Academy of London; and the Syndic of Rome unveiled a bronze bust of Raphael, which had been placed in a niche at the side. This ceremony at the l'antheon was concluded by all the visitors writing their names on two albums which had been placed near Victor Emmanuel's tomb and Raphael's tomb. The commemoration in the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii in the Capitol

Raphael and his times. The ancient city of Urbano, Raphael's birthplace, has fallen into decay, but has remembered !

was a great success, their Majesties, the Minis-

ters, the members of the diplomatic body, and

a distinguished assembly being present. Signor

Quirino Leoni read an admirable discourse on

its historic renown upon this occasion. The representatives of the Government and Municipal authorities, and delegates of the leading Italian cities went in procession to visit the house where Raphael was born. Commemoration speeches were pronounced in the great hall of the ducal palace by Signor Minghetti and Senator Massarani. The commemoration ended with a cantata composed by Signor Rossi. The Via Raffaelle was illuminated in the evening, and a gala spectacle was given at the Sanzio Theatre.

#### "HER CONSIDERING CAP."

This picture gained much favour in the Win ter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists. The artist, Mr. E. F. Brewtnall, has been known hitherto by his contributions to the exhibitions of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, rather than by his oil paintings; but with regard to technical merits of execution, he must be acknowledged here to have given proof of skilful mastery also in the last-mentioned branch of art. The design is sufficiently expressive and interesting to command sympathetic attention, more especially appealing to fe-minine experiences and sensibilities; for this young lady has evidently sat down to write an important letter, which may be to answer a gentleman's declaration of love, with the offer of his hand and name. She is supposed to have "put on her considering cap," as our shrewd old grandmothers used to say; and the fashion of this head-dress, and of her kerchief and sleeves, not less than the long goose quill per in her right hand, proves that she is the daughter of a past generation — one who might have figured in Miss Austen's or Miss Edgeworth's novels. We admire the unconscious grace of her figure and the vivacity of her countenance, which has a look of high spirited frankness and earnestness of purpose, worthy to engage the

#### WHERE IS WOMAN'S PLACE?

THREE VIEWS OF DR. DIX'S "CALLING OF A CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

The Reverend Doctor Morgan Dix, rector of Trinity Parish of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York City, preached during the recent season of Lent a series of sermons on the "Calling of the Christian Woman, and Her Training to Fulfil It." These attracted much attention contemporaneously with their delivery, through the reports of them which appeared in the newspapers, and drew from many directions a sharp fire of criticism. At the close of Lent, it was resolved by the Doctor to collect them in a volume (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), and in his preface, dated March 7th, he says:

I ask the reader of the following lectures to bear in mind: 1. That they were written for my own people, and in the line of my usual pastoral work. 2. That they were not intended for publication. 3. That I now give them to the public in my own defence, because of the misrepresentation of my views by critics who had not the means of knowing exactly what I said, or all that I said. They are printed just as they were delivered, with scarcely the change of a word; and, in order to comply with the request of the publishers that they should appear at the earliest possible day, I am obliged to omitadding a large number of notes and quotations, by which, if more time were allowed me, I should have endeavored to fortify, by strong authorities, the position which I have taken."

It would not be easy to summarize the views advanced by Dr. Dix, but they will be sufficiently indicated to the reader in two ways, by the comments made upon them below, and by the titles of the lectures. These latter are as follows: (1) "The Place of Woman in this World;" (2) "The Degradation of Woman by Pag nism, and Her Restoration by Christianity;" (3) "The Education of Woman for Her Work;" (4) "The Sins of Woman Against Her Vocation;" (5) "Divorce;" (6) "A Mission for

The commentaties presented below are pre pared from diff-rent points of view, and are from the pens of one lady and one gentleman. The hy prayers at the shrine. This is confirmed by a Rev. Dr. Harris coincides substantially with crutch hanging up close to the pilaster. The the views taken by Dr. Dix; while Mrs. Dall may have served this purpose. Fronde's "Life bones of Raphael are laid in this temb since strongly combats them. As to the Authority of Carlyle" has shocked the sensibilities of the which each shall have, we submit the decision to the reader. Dr. Dix, himself, in the opening of his first lecture, says .

Women are, in many respects, more competent than men to teach their sex their du y and their mission. Some have written so admirably that it seems as if nothing had been left to say. Still, there are points at which even the best women diverge in their views, and topics in which the wisest may go wrong; and we priests, who, whatever our personal short-comings, have a commission from above, and a message to men from God, and are the mouthpiece of that Church to which His handmaidens belong, may be, and ought to be able to help occasionally, by merely stating what the Bible and the Church declare on certain great matters on which many lessers ones depend.' MRS. CAROLINE H. DALL:

If one, walking in the full glory of noon-day, were by a single false step to fall through the shaft of an old mine, he could hardly feel the outer darkness more than by becoming the unwilling reader of Dr. Dix's late volume on wo-man. What is true in this volume is not new, man. What is true in this volume is not new, and what is new is not true. Nothing can be in the company of agnostics, and the like, has

much more offensive to a thoughtful woman than the tone of de haut en bas which pervades the pages. He is wholly right in thinking that women need careful training for their duties, and that the functions of men and women are wholly different. The important question is, who shall settle what these fuctions are. The "advanced women" claim that the consensus of the sex should settle it in each case, -a consensus to which women should contribute as fearlessly as men. Dr. Dix appears to have received plenary inspiration to decide it for both, and in the exercise of his office makes several remarkable slips. "God's gift of nower settles the right," he says. Amen! The most persistent suffragist claims no more than this.

One of the most curious features of these lec tures is the character of the Scripture commentary involved in them. The doctor does not seem in the least to understand the true character of "strange women," nor the meaning which underlay the restraints of the law as to the exchange of clothing. Let him look to the joints of his armor. It is certainly true, also, that mankind has become so well accustomed to the modern idea of the sacredness of home and of the family, that it seldom pauses to consider that all this first took form under the develop-ing power of Christianity. The Doctor has a special anathema for the woman who forsakes her home and enters into life as the rival of man. This is something that is never consciously undertaken; and the wrecks of womanhood like the wrecks of manhood, are a part of the divine plan. What such women consciously seek, is development for unrecognized powers and opportunity for adequate bread-winning. Nor have we ever asked that woman " know all that man do." On the contrary, forbid men to know more than we do. The page that cannot be read by men and women together in the "sanctity of home," should never be read at all. The Doctor objects to throwing young men and women together at the age when the passions are strongest. Has anybody ordered otherwise? Men and women should never be "thrown together" at any ag. They should grow up from infancy in each other's society, as brothers and sisters do. Then, when marriage comes to be thought of, the glamour of surprise will be absent and love will make a handmaid of judgment. "Let no kind of work be denied her which it is womanly to perform," says our teacher. But what is womanly? Even clergy. men, it appears, must reason in a circle; and, meanwhile, we would advise the Doctor to make a study of the statistics of great cities. Is it not disgraceful to the Christian minister to treat with such flippancy the great enigma of social evil, and to ignore so persistently that fact which is in the eye of the Moslem the chief reproach of Christianity, - namely, the homelessness of thousands of women?

The Doctor proceeds to advise us that one of

the chief functions of woman is "to teach men that she is, by right of her sex, the superior"! Unfortunately, humanity is the result of the two related components. Every woman is the two related components. Every woman is the child of some man, and history does not bear out the Doctor's assumption. The fountain will not rise higher than it source.

The most extraordinary statement, however, in the whole book, is that which makes woman responsible for the extravagances, false ideals and atheistic indifferences which threaten to diminish population and break down the home! Where are the secret societies, the fashionable clubs, the "muscular Christianities," to which the husbands of these women surrender all the sweetness of life !

Divorce is too large a theme to be dismissed in an evening lecture. Those who have pondered the subject for years, believe that no solid foundation can be reached for the nuptial bond, until the restlessness of modern desires and inquiries is restrained by the expressed convictions and demands of good women. So far in the world's history, it has been left to men to decide

what makes unhappiness in the married state.

The author of the "Reverend Idol"—an absurd title, for which the publisher, and not the author, is responsible, -- said recently that she was amazed at the success that her book had had as a story. She wrote it as a series of studies to help men and women to understand each other better. English literature is full of books, century; but it only reveals, through the frankness of Carlyle's peasant blood, a state of things to be found in at least seven households out of every ten, although perchance a little more court onsly veiled. It men and women were living lives tending towards God's altimate of human destiny, they could not misunderstand one another as they do.

It seems hardly credible that any clergyman in the nineteenth century should bid woman devote herself to the salvation of the world, because she was the primal source of all its sin! Christian scholarship submits to the myth which explains how death vanquished Eden only because the "tree of life" hung full of fruit ; but, if Dr. Dix wishes us to accept this as a matter of history, how will he defend Adam !

The best answer to the charges of general fri volity brought against the sex, are to be found in the large classes of marriageable women who waited for the opening of such colleges as Oberlin, Vassar and Wellesley, voluntarily withdrawing for four years from social life that they might be better litted for their duties.
The charge advanced that women are mute

probably some foundation in the fact that they re obliged to listen to lectures like these in the churches. For ouselves, we have no faith in a world whic't has broken from its moorings. A reverent recognition of a divine law and purpose seems to us an essential of all true reform work. Dr. Dix speaks no significant word. He says that "the training of a girl should be based on the theology of the incarnation." This seems to he a new school of theology, and we wait for the Doctor's exposition of its tenets.

While we wait, let us remember that women

need:
1. Education, that they may become acquaintwith their own powers;
2. A free market for their labor, that these

powers may win them their daily bread; and s. A suffrage which, it is to be hoped, may in time carry with it a limited suffrage for all citizens, and especially to enable women to modify the laws which concern them, and to protect the fruits of their own labor.

Washington, D. C.

REV. DR. J. ANDREWS HARRIS:

Perhaps no book has ever been written by a strong thinker that is not open to some criticism. The stronger and the more emphatic its statements, the more certainly may some of hem seem exceptionable. But the writer's standing-point, and the object with which he avowedly writes, must both be taken into consideration in any fair discussion of the merits of his book.

In these lectures, Dr. Dix occupies the posi-tion of a Christian teacher, thoroughly believing in his mission to teach churchly Christianity, and feeling a responsibility to teach it plainly and forcibly to the people of his care; furthermore, to teach it as having a bearing upon the determination of vital, practical questions of the "living present," — not as a mere system of

dreamy speculation. Now, it is very easy to pick out passages here and there, and, apart from their context, to make them appear to have a different bearing from their real intent Sad havoe has been made, even of the Bible, by such treatment. But it is hard to see how anyone, if he be-we will not say, a believer in Christianity, but simply-a lover of social order and morality, can read this volume through, without feeling that it is a most wholesome, brave and noble protest against some of the evil tendencies of the present day. The author feels and writes as a Christian priest, but a Christian priest who fortifies his utterances by an appeal to undeniable facts. It has been sneeringly said that Dr. Dix would degrade woman to the condition of a mere breeder and household drudge; that his maxims come from belittling estimate of woman's worh; that he would deny her many advantages which come would deny her many advantages which come from a thorough education, suited to the facts of our present civilization. We do not so read him. Woman's worth is to him inestimable; woman's being is to him fairly worshipable;

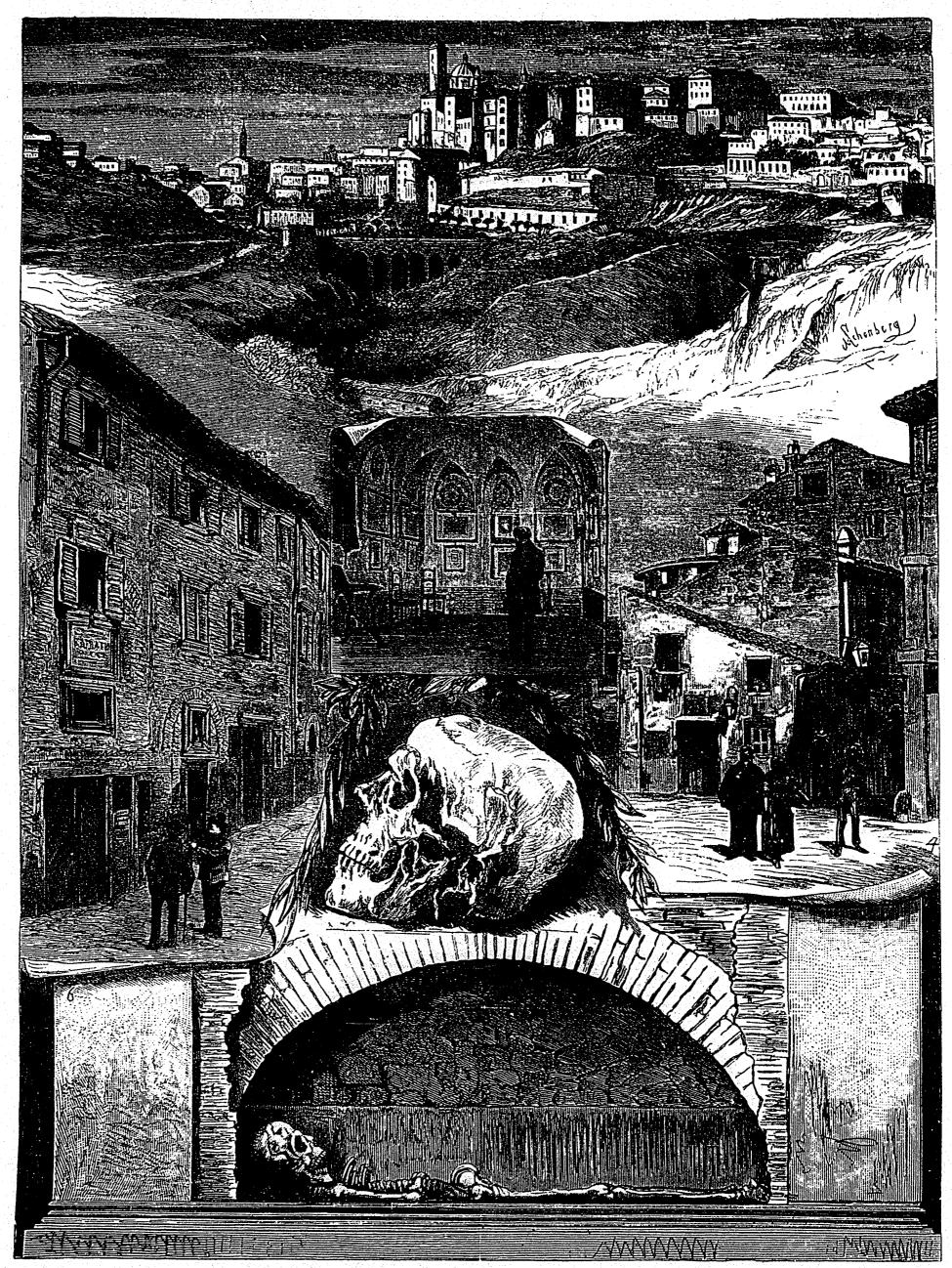
woman's education he would have the very best that can be had. He says (p. 79): "Such an education should aim at the development of the most perfect physique and the most thorough intellectual culture. . . To the rarer spirits should be opened all the treasures of literature, art and science; it should make them thorough scholars, accomplished women, able to hold their own with the wisest and most learned of the age." What could the advocates of "higher education" ask, more than this? But the Doctor adds, and we believe most truly: "Yet this education should have for its final aim the fitting woman for her own place in the kosmos; and that we have already defined to be a place in the home, and in a social order which is built on the ilea of the home, and is, in fact, but an extension, an expunsion, of the home."
Here is the key note of all that he says in

these lectures. Everything groups itself about this central thought; and his claim for Christianity is that it has done more than any other force in the world to produce homes that are worthy of the name, and a society, when the idea is faithfully carried out, the best and most beneficent in the world. He admits exceptional cases, where rare women have had a mission more akin to that of men in its publicity and turbulent activities, -a mission which, here and there, has been fulfilled to the benefaction of mankind; and also cases where women, from having no home place or ties, or from being compelled to do something reputable to support themselves independently, are forced out into the world to battle with it as men have to do. He rightly claims these to be exceptions, and has a noble sympathy with them. But he has to deal and does deal with the rule, rather than exceptions. He would have woman so educated, in the true sense of the term, as to be the queen of home, reverenced, loved, worshipped, there, -the spring from which shall flow home virtues and home blessings, which in turn shall overflow from homes into society to its real benediction. He shows with a masterly hand how the growing, spreading banes of social and civil life come from the desceration of the home idea, and he would have woman occupy normally her true place as the central holiness of the home and the saviour of society. That is the aim of his lectures. And the picture he draws of the evils which are putrefying society, is awfully true.

The necessary brevity of this notice must pass

by much that could be profitably dwelt upon; and we must be content to sum up by saying, that, even if some of his professional claims may be set aside by those who do not admit them in the larger circle of readers of these published lectures, the task Dr. Dix set himself was worthy of a teacher of sound morality, and he has nobly

performed it .- The American.



1. View of Urbino. 2. House in which Raphael was born at Urbino. 8. Interior of Raphael's house. 4. House of the Fornarina, or baker's daughter, Raphael's model, at Rome. 5. Skull of Raphael. 6. Skelcton of Raphael, as discovered in 1833, in his tomb in the Pantheon.

THE RAPHAEL COMMEMORATION AT ROME.



ROME.—THE RAPHAEL COMMEMORATION. LA FORNARINA, OR THE BAKER'S DAUGHTER.—RAPHAEL'S MODEL

#### THREE WORLDS.

I.

In youth the world, a newly blown Prismatic bubble, Shows the enchanted soul her own Enchanting double.

The light and dew of heavenly dreams Filled my young vision, And life rose clothed in orient beams, Bright apparition!

Then love in each fair bosom beat, A pure emotion: And friend was a long and sweet, Ideal devotion.

Woman was truth; and age was then Holy as heary. Strangely about the brows of men There shone a glory,

A radiance shed by my rapt sight And reverent spirit; How changed the life, how paled the light, As I drew near it!

Twas my own ardent youth (alas, How unsuspected!) Whose image in the bubble's glass I saw reflected.

O magic youth, that could suffuse The bright creation With its own dreams and rainbow hues Of aspiration!

II.

The wondrous years no more were mine, When fervent Fancy Remade the world by her divine, Sweet necromancy.

But still, as paled that earlier flame, My zeal grew warmer To serve my kind! and I became A world-reformer.

For every problem then I saw Some new solution, Could I remodel human law And institution!

To wed in work the heart and mind, Make life a mission Of wise good-will to all mankind, Was my ambition.

Bondage and ignorance should cease: Reason and culture Should banish war, the dove of peace Succeed the vulture.

But patiently as I reshaped
The old equation,
I found some factor still escaped
My calculation.

No philosophic scheme, nor act Of legislature. Can yoke the storm and cataract Of human nature.

A thankless task has he who tries
To chip and model
The world to just the form and size
Of his own noddle.

Is it because of hopes long tossed, Or heart grown harder? Now I have also something lost Of that last ardor.

No dungeon door will cease to creak, Nor chain be broken, For any word I hoped to speak, But leave unspoken.

My noon is past, as many things, Alas, remind me! Slowly about my shadow swings, Lengthening behind me.

The unaccomplished task laid down
I leave to others:
The voice, the victory, and the crown,
To you, my brothers!

Not doubting, though my lips be dumb, But trusting wholly In that fair time which yet shall come,— Shall come, though slowly.

Not in our hurrying years, but late, Through generations, The race shall rise which I await With perfect patience.

Youth's brave illusion, manhood's hope, Vision of sages. Are augury and horoscope Off future ages.

A harp-like sound is in my ear
A far-off humming:
I see the golden cloud, I hear
The chariots coming!

Nearer and sweeter than I thought One world has waited. Though not the world my fancy wrought, Or hope created:

A world of common light and air, Of earth and azure; Of love girt round by fear, and care Dearer than pleasure;

Of simple wants and few, good-will To triend and neighbor; And each day's cup each day must fill With thought and labor;

Purtherance and help, with ample scope For tears and laughter: Of child-like faith, and earnest hope, In the hereafter:

Patience in pain: in every ill, Cross, and privation, If not contentment, patience still, And resignation.

My brother's wrong I may not right, But I can share it; My own I'll study less to fight, And more to bear it.

I'll till my little plot of ground, And pay my taxes, And let the headlong globe go round Upon its axis.

Aspire who may to scize the belm And guide creation; If I can rule my little helm With moderation,—

My own small kingdom, act and thought And chaste affection. Trained powers, and passions duly brought Into subjection,

The world of home, of wife and child,—
tood-by ambition!
I'll live screnely reconciled
To my condition.

With years a richer life begins,
The spirit mellows:
Ripe age gives tone to vielins,
Wine, and good fellows.

I'll marry action to repose,
Busily idle,
As through great scenes a traveller goes
With slackened bridle.

To loftier aims let me aspire, To higher beauty; Freedom to tollow my desire Be one with duty.

About our common mother earth Flow seas of other: Heaven holds her in its starry girth, The clouds enwreath her.

Forever mystery, love, the soul's Boundiess ideal, Like a deviner ether rolls About the real.

And second youth can still suffuse
The bright creation
With its own dreams and rainbow hues
Of aspiration.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

## AND JOE.

Theodora Justice sat, with a wearily comfortable air, before an open fire in the sitting-room of her friend, Margaret Denton, M.D.

"The worst of it is, I have lost my ambitions," said Theodora. "I used to have such fine dreams." She laughed a little. "I meant to do a few things for the amusement of other people, and a great many for my own pleasure. This morning I came across a plan I drew last year for a Gothic library. I also found a programme I made at the same time for a series of gramme I made at the same time for a series of gramme I made at the same time for a series of literary and musical entertainments, and a list of guests to be invited from New York and Boston. With this paper was another; and what do you suppose that was? A set of colored designs I had drawn for previous Raphaelite costumes wherewith to adorn my own person. They were quite pretty, too, though you'll find it hard to believe; but I dont care for them now, nor for the library, nor the parties."

Her smile was dreary, but before her friend could answer there was a kock at the door, and a servant came in to say that "A in Reilly was very bad," and wanted the doetor.

"Let me go with you," said Theodora.

"Certainly," answered Margaret; "but it is not a pleasant sight you will see."

Miss Justice was the daughter of the manufacturer who owned the principal share of the factories and houses of the town, but she knew Boston: With this paper was another; and

factories and houses of the town, but she knew nothing about the people whom she visited with Margaret that night. It was the first time she had ever been in any of their homes, and all her idea of duty towards them had hitherto been satisfied by a half-formed resolution that some time she would build a Gothic library or found time she wou'd build a Gothic library or found an at gallery for them. Now, with new, vague thoughts, she followed Margaret, who took the occasion to visit several patients. They toiled up dark, narrow stairs. They went down into besements. They found a dying girl's chamber lighted with tapers, and the garment in which she was to be buried lying beside her on the bed. And then they went into a pleasant sitting-room, belonging to a French-Canasant sitting-room, belonging to a French-Canadian family. A carret was on the floor, a bright-colored cloth over the table; the chimney shelf was covered with gaudy toys and ornaments. Some flower-pots were on the window sill, and a melodeon stood against the wall. Three or four hand-ome girls sat round and talked eagerly with the doctor.

After leaving this place, Miss Justice and her companion turned towards home, but had gone only a few steps when they came upon a crowd of jeering boys surrounding a lad who sat forlorn and silent upon the sidewalk. A red light from the window of a little oyster shop streamed

"He had an awful fit this mornin'," said one

boy. "I say, Jue, did you have any dinner today?' shouted another, as he turned a somersault that brought him directly in the way of the two ladies as they approached the group.

What is the matter ?" said Theodora, sternly. A chorus of voices answered, "He's starvin', he is!"

"Starving! What do you mean? Who is he !" The boys giggled, and were silent a moment,

till a red-headed Irish urchin said, with a grin, would get took up, an' sent to the Reform "Joe Huckleberry, we call him. His mother's School. I've got the whole family on my hands, turned him out. I gin him a piece of bread this —the old man an' the old woman, an' the little mornin', an' he sleeps round, in the Company barn an' woodsheds,"

"Yes, that's what we call him. Can't just say his name. He's French."

The boy remained all this while looking on the ground, apparently waiting in an uninterested mood for some one to do something with him. He looked up now with a silly smile.

"He has fits," said the Irish boy.
"Awful?" cried another, "I seen him bite
the ground, jest like a dog, in one on em."
"They comes on anywhere—in the street,

or in the mill, jest where he happens to be," added the red haired youth, confidentially.

"Joe, has your mether turned you out of doors!" asked Margaret.

"No," said the boy. "It's my brother-in-law"

law."
"Do you live with your brother-in-law?"

"I did, but he's turned me out.

"What did he do it for?" asked Theodora.
"Dunne," said Joe. "He never liked me, nohow. Couldn't bear me afore he married my sister. Half killed me, one day, lickin' me in the street, jest for nothin'. Come across me,

an' thought he would, I s'pose."
"When did he turn you out!"
"Night 'afore last."

"And where have you slept?" "Got in eg'in that night, after they was all asleep, an' went up in the garret an' slep'.'
"And last night!"

"Got into the Company barn." "What have you had to eat?"

"Nothin' much."
"Where is your mother?" "She lives with my brother-in-law."

"Did she want you turned out I' "No. She gin me some bread yesterday an' this mornin'

"Is she kind to you?"
"Yes."

"Is your sister kind?"

"Then what is the matter !" "Dunno."

"Do you work in the mill?"
"I did. I worked up to Slade's; but my father come away from there, an' lef' me, an' then I was turned off, an' I come down here."
"Oh, you have a father? Where is he

"He's at my brother-in-law's." "Did he want you sent out into the street?"
"He said I might as well be."

"Why don't you try to get work in the mill

"I don't think they'd give me none."

"Why not?"
"I've worked here afore."

"I've worked here alore."

Theodora smiled at this ingenuous confession, but said gently, "Come with me, and I'll see that you are taken care of to night."

Joe rose, and stood slouching at the lady's side, while she said to the Irish urchin, "Will you go and tell Joe's mother and his sister's husband that I want them to come up and see me this evening, if possible."

"Unnuo who you be," said the boy, prompt.

"Dunno who you be," said the boy, prompt-

Theodora felt slightly ashamed to find herself a stringer to these boys, but was relieved when two voices whispered loudly, "It's Miss Justice," and the youngster, thus informed, darted off on his errand.
"Now, Joe," said the lady, "come with me."

They started, the boy slinking along beside his stately companion, while Margaret walked thoughtfully one or two steps in advance. The crowd of boys stared, giggled, whooped, follow-

ed, and at last one voice cried out,—
"He, he! Joe's got a gal!"
"Why don't you give her your arm, Joe?" houted another.

The dora's blood was on fire, but she never turned her head. They were not many rods from her home. Did those few leet of roadway divide civilization from barbarism? Was it God's fault, or was it partly hers, that men and manners changed thus, as one went "down street" from her dwelling?

"Keep close to me, Joe," she said, but her voice shook with indignant shame. Margaret waited for them to come up with her. The boys, still hooting and chuckling, gradually dispersed, and the trio went on ununolested.

The two women took Joe into the kitchen, and gave him supper. When Theodora examined her protege in the light, her heart sank. He was about fourteen years old, slender and loosely made. His hands were long, dirty, and repulsive. He had reddish, watery eyes and a small, pinched nose. His mouth hung open, and showed traces of tobacco juice about it.

The whole face was pale, unhealthy and idiotic. "He looks like a parasite on humanity," whispered Theodora to Margaret; "the crea-

ture of a horrible, mocking chance."
"God knows why he lives," said Margaret,

Theodora answered, smiling, "Evidently, science hasn't spoiled your religion yet."

In process of time Joe's brother-in-law, Anfrew Moore, arrived, and was ushered into the dining-room, where the ladies proceeded to cross-examine him. He was a good-looking young fellow, about twenty-five years old. He admitted at once that he had set the boy adritt.

"I was in hopes, ma'am," said he, "as he would get took up, an' sent to the Reform uns. My woman hain't worked much since her baby was born, though the baby's three or four she's a mind to."

"Yes, that's what we call him. Can't just by his name. He's French."

Margaret placed her hand on Joe's shoulder.

"All the properties was born, though the baby's three or four she's a mind to."

Then he thought of the little weak-minded woman who waited for him, with her sickly nowhere on account of this boy. They git child, in his squalid home, and grew angrier turned out of every place they go to. You know still, and, calling his sins and follies "his

rich folks, when they has some one as ain't quite right, can hire somebody to keep 'em out of mischief; but it comes hard on poor felka, as can't spare neither time nor money to take care

of 'em.'

"But don't you think it was cruel to turn him out, when he had nowhere to go?" asked Theodora, a little astounded by the young man's

cool way of looking at the matter.

"Well, you sees miss, it was a question between turnin' him out or the rest of 'em. I can't feed 'em all, even with old Huckleberry's help. He'll drink 'most all he earns, anyway; help. He'll drink 'most all he earns, anyway; an' Annie's that sickly she ought not to work at all. Then Joe's dangerous when he's mad. He throwed a stone as big as my two fists through the kitchen winder, an' then I told him to clear out. It might ha' killed the baby, let alone my havin' to pay for the winder."

"He says you beat him," said Theodora.

"Well, I've tried to lick the badness out of him," frankly admitted the young man. "You can, out of some boys, you know."

can, out of some boys, you know."

Finally young Moore was induced to promise

to take Joe in for a few days, till Miss Justico could make some other provision for the unfor-tunate lad. As Moore went out of the door, Joe's mother appeared. She had been at a neighbor's, and had only just received Miss Justice's message. She steme is a decent woman, of English origin, though she was born, she said, and had lived in Canada and the States all her life. Her first husband, the father of Andrew's wife, was an Englishman; Joe and her three younger boys were the children of her second marriage with a French Canadian. No, her husband didn't work much, and he did drink; but he was always good-natured, and she hadn't no fault to find with him. Joe was the trial of her life. If he had work, he wouldn't stick to it. He bothered the neighbors, and the family were forced to move from one place to another continually. They had moved four to another continually. They had moved four times in a little over two years. They were at "Slade's," the first of the winter, and had been pretty comfortable there, though it was a hard life for her, making the little they could earn feed them all. She couldn't ever think of getting clothes with their wages. The three younger children did not go to school, because they had no shoes; and it was surprising to see how much they ate, for all they stayed in the house so much,—butter especially. Nights she had plenty to do, getting breakfast ready and drying her husband's and Joe's shoes for the next morning. There was so much snow that winter, it kept their shoes wet nearly all the winter, it kept their shoes wet nearly all the time. She had to wash and dry their clothes in the night, too. And Joe was such a torment, and he acted bad about his work; and so they packed up, and she came down here; and then his father come too, and left the boy there, hoping he would get "took up" and put somewhere. She shouldn't like to complain of him herself, but if he had got into some transle and been put into the Reform School, may be it wouldn't have been so bad for him. She hadn't done nothing but cry the last three days; but she couldn't blame Andrew for not wanting him round, after he throwed that stone in the wildow

which came so near hitting the baby.

Margaret and Theodora scarcely knew whethat to blame or sympathize, and both suspected that her husband's drinking had more to do with the family destitution than the wife would admit. They dismissed her with some presents of food, and let her take Joe with her, who stumbled a little going out into the darkness.

Theodora came back from the door with a marked lock.

puzzled lock.

"Joe is the problem," she said. "His family can't solve it. Can I f"
"You can try," said Margaret. "Dear, ought you not to know your operatives, and seek to be their friends, and not merely their mistress?"

Theodora threw out her arms with a mearnful gesture.

"A friend," she said,—" that is what they need; but for me! Was I made for Joe?"

Margaret's pulses beat in sympathy with this rebellious outery of a disappointed heart, but her soul saw farther than did Theodora's dimmed

eyes, and she answered, - 'No more than Joe was made for you. You need some one to work for. It may be God

11.

Andrew Moore walked away from Miss Justice's in a bad humor. It was the first time he had ever been in a grand house, the first time he had ever sat in a handsomely appointed room and talked with an elegant woman. Theodora's calmness irritated him. He resented her superiority. She was very lovely to an educated eye, that could appreciate the beautiful head covered with light brown hair, the delicate features, her supple motions, and the waving lines of her figure; but this young fellow per-crived none of these perfections. He only feat that she belonged to another world from his, and was angry because, in some indefinite way, he seemed to himself inferior in her presence. He was vexed also because he had been overpowered by her, and had promised to take Joe

"I dare say," he said to himself. "that girl

thinks she can boss everybody in this village, if she's a mind to."

luck," he cursed the evil fortune that had joined

him to this ill-starred family.

"I've more'n half a mind to cut the whole concern," he muttered. "I meant fair enough, as fair as I could, when I married her, but I didn't quite count on Joe! She wouldn't do nothin' if I left her. They're too poor to go to law. I don't care a dime for her,—and yet I'd kinder hate to leave her. She's such a little

Andrew Moore was a native American citizen, having been born two weeks after his father and mother landed in this country. They were Irish Protestants of a low class. Andrew grew up in a manuufacturing town, and graduated early from school into the mill. In due time he became a mule-spinner. There were absolutely no relining influences brought to bear upon his young life. American republicanism has re-lieved the child of foreign parentage from the somewhat despotic discipline of the Old World, but it has not always, even in New England, provided much to take its place.

It is a notorious fact that the children of Irish parents are a turbulent, disturbing growth in our civilization, if we call a coctal condition by the name of civilization which is very inadequate to produce the best results in all its components. In manufacturing towns, employers might do much to elevate their work people, if they would recognize a moral tie as existing between the two classes. Business manufacturers, also, would do wisely to remember that semi-barbarism is very dangerous when dowered with the power and freedom of democracy. If conscience will not induce the providing of time and means for more education of the guorant among us, it may be well that danger stands ready to be itself the sofeguard of the republic it threatens, since fear may supplement the tardy moral senses of the rich and touse them to the necessary action to secure the enlightenment of the poor.

Andrew spent the days of his youth in the mili, his evenings in the street and in saloons, his nights in the filthy air of crowded tenements, while the Sundays were passed in playing games of has ball, or attending cock fights. The Protestant churches where he lived did not greatly concern themselves about the young Tradman's spiritual welfare. He would have stood more chance of receiving some religious go training had he been a Catholic, under the un-

sleping watch of Rome.

Andrew had come to Newbridge a little more than a year before this February evening. Joe's family were then living there. Joe's half-sister, I take a bonnet to one of her girls. poor little Annie, toiling day after day, with scarce a single girlish hope or pleasure, had almost immediately fallen in love with Andrew. It was a genuine love though probably a feeble one, as the pitiful creature had hardly vitality enough for a strong emotion. He had been amused with the tribute of silly affection laid at his feet, and although the girl was neither Dustry nor winning he had been maved, occamonally, when passing her in the mill entries, to give her a rude kiss, or a jocular clutch of the arm, which he intended as a caress. Joe had noted these evidences of intimacy, and had tool of them as a joke. Andrew, hearing of this tale-bearing, had fallen upon Joe in the street, and besten him violently. The matter came at last to the ears of the French steptather, who was honestly fond of Annie, and who swore he would have no "fooling" round the girl. "See be sally," he said, "but s'e no be bad. He s'all mary or he s'all quit."

There was a dance in one of the tenements the night after old Hackleberry made this decharation. Donces in the houses were forbidden, but the "Company's" rule was often evaded. The festivity began at ten, and lasted till dawn. It was a rude, bacolmountain affair, and by morning Annie's steplather had extorted from Andrew, who was then half drunk, a promise that he would marry Annie the next day. The promise was fulfilled, though the bridegroom was perfectly sober when the ceremony took place. A little gounine pity for Annie : rged Andrew to this step, but the act also pleased him because he felt that he had thus defied his own past, and asserted his complete independence of it. The wedding was celebrated according to Catholic rites. Soon afterwards the Huckleberrys moved away from the village.

Andrew, after his marriage, went to a neighboring town. Annie stayed at her place in Mr. Justice's mill. Soon came a strike in the factory where Andrew was employed. He joined it, and for some months Annie supported them both. Fortunately the strike concluded, and Andrew went to work again in time to allow Annie to leave the mill a few weeks before her baby was born. Then they set up housekeeping, and Andrew changed work again and west into Mr. Justice's mill. They sent for Annie's mother to come and keep house and care for the baby, when Annie went back to the factory. The French father was expected to support his own children, and they hoped to get rid of Joe; but Huckleberry had thus far done very little towards maintaining his part of the family, Joe had come back, Annie had been unable to work much, and Andrew, owing to her illness and his own long idleness during the strike, was heavily in debt.

On all these things the young man moodily pondered, as he walked slowly down the street. after his interview with Miss Justice. He thought also of something else, -something which seemed to rise like a real substance before his eyes, till, as he came into the light of a lamp-post that guarded the bridge over the

embodied before him. He stopped, staring at a woman, who stared boldly back as soon as she saw him. She was young and handsome, with curly reddish brown hair, gray eye, and rosy gleams in her transparent skin. She held in her hands a milliner's box. Her dress was decent, though a little tawdry. Andrew grew white us he looked at her.

" flow came you here, Nell ?"

"How came you here?" retorted she.
"Well, I wasn't lookin' for you," said the

man.
"Nor I for you," answered the woman. wasn't pining for a sight of you, when I come to Newbridge.

"It was just a happen, then?" asked he, a little uneasily.

"Just a happen," said she. "Au' now. tell you what: you just let me alone, an' I'll

let you alone. I'm not proud enough of you to want folks to know you're my husband." Andrew started, and looked into the darkness

surrounding the lighted spot where they stood, as though he would search out some possible listener. "No, for Gol's sake, Nell, don't tell!" he cried, in a low tone.
"Ea," said she. "Why not? It's no such

uncommon thing for a drunken brute to beat his wife as I need be ashamed to tell of it. The only uncommon thing in our doin's, as near as

As she spoke, her face and figure were defined in strong light and shade, with the river as a background. Andrew, who had never loved that pale-faced Annie, who waited for him with her There was no joyousness in that household, child a few rods away, felt this woman's beauty where care, anxiety, and ignorance dominated pierce his heart like a knife.

"You struck back," said Andrew, "or I wouldn't have hit so hard. It madded me."
"It madded me!" said she savagely. "An' just you remember till you die, An free Moore, that I've struck you in the face. Now le' me

He caught her arm. "Where be you a-goin', Nell, at this time o' night?"

She laughed at his suspicion. "You fool," she said, "I'm goin' up to Miss Justice's, to take a harment to our other wirk."

"I don't believe you. It's too lite." "No, it sin't," she said, snapp shly. "She

"Did you ever see Miss Justice?"

"No; what of her?"
"Nothing; only I hate her. Where do you live?' he added, after a minute. "Oh, don't you wish you knew?"

"Well, I'll tell you where you work," soid

"You're the new girl in Miss Carey's scale of fortune against them." shop," "Who told you there was a new girl there ?"

Andrew made no answer, for it was Annie who Theodora warndy.
ad told him. Nell waited a little while, and "It would seem so," said her father; "but it had told him. Nell waited a little while, and ! looked at him keenly. "Who told you? Some girl, likely. Well, )

heard that a husband could possess himself of weak man the full brate force of physical his wife's carnings; but Andrew knew, even strength."

while he spoke, that his threat was made in aim. | Nor," said Margaret, "do I believe it a wise less rage, since he had for more to fear than she, if he announced himself as her husband. faced the other with distrust, and then Nell said defiantly .-

Andrew watched her, and a low groan escaped pathetic, the weak races fall, and die where his lips as she vanished in the shadows of the pines that overhung the stream. Then he said which our glories spring." aloud to himself,— "No, no!" cried Theodora, like one in pain.

she don't hear about Aunie !"

He went home at length. The family lived in a basement tenement; that is, the house was built on a slope, and the rooms they occupied were level with the ground in front, but in the back came up against the bank. The Huckleberry family had also an attic room, where Joe slept. Andrew and Annie had a small room to the right of the kitchen. Huckleberry and his wife had one at the left, and bads were made up at night upon the kitchen floor for the younger children. All the windows were fastened down, as Huckleberry hated a breath of fresh air. Much bad odor was thus kept in, and much was kept out; for these rooms faced a lane which was used as a back yard for a row of houses similar to this, and heavy and vile was the air that clung to the unsavory ground. The tenants of the houses were ignorant, an I did not avoid practices which increased the fifth of their surroundings. The Company, of which Mr. Justice was a chief member, took some pains to disinfect and cleanse the lane, but the pains were not sufficient to effect the purpose. Ignorance was at the root of this, as of most other evils: the people were too ignorant to be clean; the owners were to a great extent ignorriver, he scarcely started as he saw his thought | ant of the uncleanliness of the people.

As Andrew entered the outside door, which into the dismal interior he thought, "What a bright kitchen Nell kept! She is my wife. A man has a right—it's his duty to live with

The mother sat with Joe crouched on the floor beside her. The light of the kerosene lamp fell full on the boy's sleepy, stupid face. He shrank into the shadow as Andrew came in. Annie rose from another corner of the room, laid her baby in its cradle, and came forward to meet her seowling husband, saying,-

"Andrew, I've made griddle cakes for you. Don't you want some? You did not eat much

supper.

His eyes softened as they fell on the puny creature, and he said gently, "Yes, I'll eat 'em; but you'd better go to bed. You're not strong enough to set up late an' go to work early,

Pale little Aunie smiled faintly in answer to the kindly tone. She had a forehead so high and peaked that it was almost deformed. Her skin was unhealthy, but her features were small and well shaped, and her smile was sweet, pathetic and helpless. She did not know how pitiful she looked, not having brains enough to contrast herself with other girls. She was used to hardship, to duil pain, and she seldom felt I can make out, was that I wouldn't stand it, and never expressel vivid sensations. She was his life of these problems which now vexel her as most Irishwomen do. I was reated too much pleased by Andrew's kindness, glad when he joined for the first time? The turb was like a Yankee, I guess."

The turb was that I wouldn't stand it, and never expressel vivid sensations. She was his life of these problems which now vexel her as most Irishwomen do. I was reated too much pleased by Andrew's kindness, glad when he joined for the first time? The turb was like a Yankee, I guess." pleased or very glad. Her sade ached, and she had no faculty for a pleasure that would overcome the sense of that pain.

every mood. Andrew's heart, capable of fiercer quality which could compare accurately, and see passions, was heavy in this dull atmosphere. which side of a moral question was the more depierce his heart like a knife.

"You know, Nell," he said, "I didn't mean no harm. You shouldn't mind what a man does when he's drunk, an' don't know what he's she took up the baby and fed it from a bottle. dein."
"Drunk or sober," said Nell, "it harts when a man beats you. It harts deeper than the skin, hearing about her?"
Theodora, ignorant of the new factor which

Neil's appearance had brought into what she termed the "Joe problem," spent the next day looking for a suitable place for the boy. She told her father about the family, and he com-

mented a little sadly,-

"It is a fact, my dear, that among factory operatives families seldom attain to assured comfort, unless they are exceptionally fortunate in matters which they cannot themselves control, such as birth, death and health, or unless they are so exceptionally gifted with prudence and virtue that they have a genius for poverty. The ordinary nall hand who marries another only ordered it this evenin', 'e was she's goin' ordinary mill hand, who has numerous children, early to-morrow mornin' to Blackstone, to see her mother, who's sick."

ordinary mill hand, who has numerous children, with frequent doctors' bills to pay,—excuse me, her mother, who's sick." cause or another, struggles against olds which are beyond the powers of common men and women to overcome. The family is probably made of miserable stuff morally, but one such member as that boy would prove in most operative families the decisive onnee to turn

"Then we get more than our share, and they get less than theirs, out of the mill," said

is all according to the laws of trade."

"Oh," cried she, "if eternal justice is anytake eare what you do."

"Take care yourself," he said, angrily. "If she continued, "that one has a moral right to you don't behave yourself, I'll take your wages." use against a poor man the full brute power of This frightened Nell, as she thought she had 'wealth any more than he has to use against a

policy.

"I agree with you in my heart," replied Mr. Justice; "yet, lock at history. Everywhere the strong man steps forward, with his foot "I dare you to put a finger on my money, and upon his feeble brother's corpse. The great don't you never speak to me again, night or races flourish and civilization grows-or seems, day. I've had enough of you." at least, to grow-because through unnumbered at least, to grow - because through unnumbered She started up the road along the river bank. throes of agony, silent, helpless, unutterably they fall, and their blood enriches the soil from

"I ain't a Catholic; I don't believe in them popish ceremonies." He paused, and then that men should be cruel and selfish than it added, "But, good God, how shall make sure would be for them to be kind and helpful."

"But look," responded her father; "there seems to be no other way for natious to ad-

Where is God, then ?" asked his daughter. "Perhaps," Margaret's quiet voice suggested "it is evolution; and I am not sure but it will prove as easy to find God in evolution as in Calvanism."

"Our nation," said Mr. Justice, "is built on the Indian's grave; and yet, so far as we can judge, we are a people, notwithstanding all our crimes, better worth having in the world than the Indian, if only one of the two races can sur-

"Yes," said Margaret; "but we should have been of more value still had we been noble enough to live with the Indian, and civilize, instead of butchering him."

"I think we are the savages," sighed Theo-

"Then," replied her father, "if savages must fight, I don't know that it impugns God's moral intention that he allows the nobler people to conquer; since, after a time, ashamed of its own barbarity, the victorious race may so far civilize itself that it may evolve the virtue of consideration for the weak, too fine a flower of civilization to be its first blossom.'

"In other words," added Mirgaret, "of the opened directly into the kitchen, and looked two barbarians, the white and the red, victory is granted to the white, because, in spite of his crimes, he is likely to learn to care for the Indian sooner than the Indian, if victorious,

would learn to care for him."

"But the factory," urged Theodora. "We must not comfortably forget our own sins, while discussing the nation's."

"It is much the same thing,!' said Mr. Jus-

tice. "All moral questions are own cousins," ob-

served Margaret.
"There may be better systems than ours," continued Mr. Justice; "but no manufacturer yet dares use other methods. We are afraid to risk the terrible strain of commercial crisis with a new policy. And we are ambitious; the greed of success has seized our soni. It is not wealth merely that we want; we desire to be greatly successful in the pursuit we have chosen. That passion is the moral bane of the business man

"Margaret spoke slowly: "Drink causes

most of the pauperism of the operatives."
"Yes," assented Mr. Justice frankly; "out it is their poverty that makes them drink."

This was a new idea to Theodora, and, pondering on it, she said no more. She wondered also at her father. Had he been thinking all that Mr. Justice had a sensitive rather than a strong moral nature. He lacked the believing neart necessary to combat evil persistently. He saw objections to any proposed social remedy as plainly as he perceived arguments in favor thereof. Perhaps his mind had not the finer serving when both sides merited great consider-ation. Pained and dishearted by the misery he encountered in the world, and sure of no cure, he had sought to save himself from suffering by avoiding direct contact with troubles of the poor. He prosecuted his business, and endeavored to convince himself that, as he could not wholly relieve his operatives from privation, he was not responsible for any of their misfortunes. He had tried also to escape self-condemnation by reflecting that it would not be well to ward all trouble from any people, and would not allow his mind to dwell on the difference between a course of action tending to reduce a class to the condition of helpless dependents and one which would stimulate manly self-help, while giving encouragement, while giving encouragement, assistance, and removing unnecessary burdens. Mr. Justice's ideals were high, but they mocked his indolence and selfish ambitions from afar. He had not even tried to teach up to them, but through all the years, undesired convictions settled in his heart and claimed a place there.

All night after meeting Nell, and all the next morning at his work, Andrew Moore was hunted by the memory of a fair, scornful face, and by the fear of punishment for his crime. The lightest allusion to him in Nell's presence, he realized, might lead to the mention of his marriage to Annie, and at that thought he trembled. At mon he took his way toward Mrs. Catey's shop, and by watching and following he ascertained that Nell's walk to her boarding place led her through the woods. He scrambled through the underbrush, and intercepted her. She greeted him rather rudely as be approached. He talked with her a few minutes, and became convinced that thus far she had told no one of their relation, and had heard nothing of Annie. This comforted him for the moment, but when he returned to the mill, that afternoon, his terror came back. He felt that he must decide to do something at once. That evening he met Nell again.
"I've told you over'n' over," she said, "that

I didn't want to have nothin' to do with you." "But I can't let you alone," said Andrew;

"and I won't, neither." She looked at him curiously. "I declare," said she, "I believe you are soft on me still. Thank you, but I haven't no inclination that way.

She went went by him, upon this, holding her graceful head very erect. She felt pleased and proud. She had had admiration from many men, but to have her own husband violently in ove with her was an experience so unlike what seemed to befall most women that it elated her greatly, and dimmed the memory of the drunken rage in which he had beaten her, two years be-

That evening, Annie sat patiently beside the kitchen fire, rocking her baby in her lap. "I wonder why Andrew don't come home,"

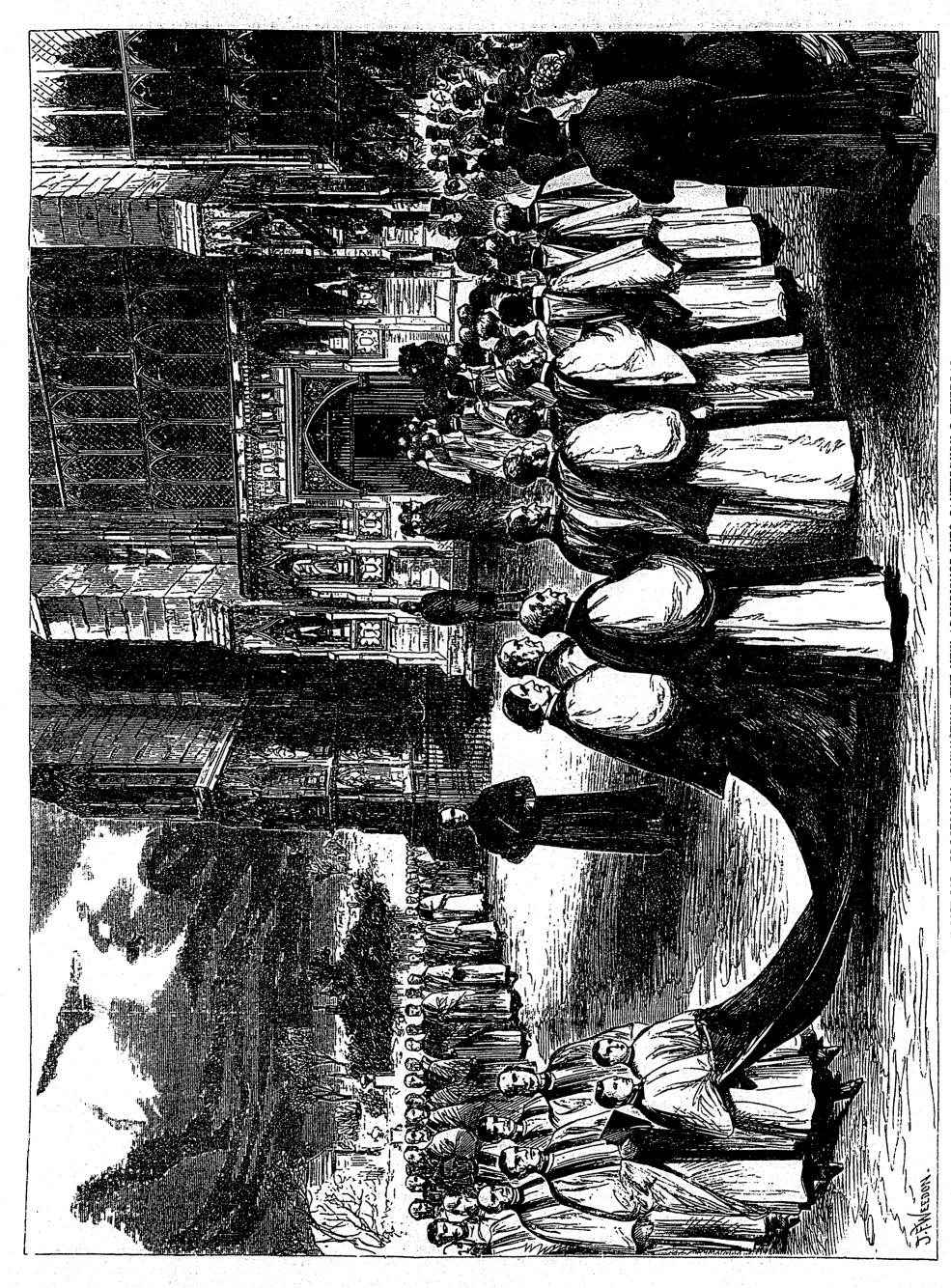
said Mrs. Huckleberry. Joe spoke up, with his month full of baked

potato:-"The last I seen of him, he was up in the woods, gabbin' with that new gal that works in

Mis' Carev's." Annie said not a word, and when Andrew

finally came she only followed his motions with disquieted eyes. She never thought even of asking him anything about the girl.

The next forenoon, Andrew went boldly to Mrs. Carey's store. The mistress herself came forward to meet him. Nell sat in the rear of the room, herself half-hidden by a curtain, but she saw him very plainly. All night his desire to see her face again had been greater even than his fear of the law which he had broken. Her image had come between him and Aunie when he had tried to look at the mother of his child. Joe had refused to go up to his attic to sleep, and then had had a fit in the kitchen, waking every-





1. Patrick Waters.—2. Patrick Geoghegan, in Whose House the "Patriotic Brotherhood" Were Sworn In.—3. Patrick Trainor, At Whose House Meetings Were Held.—4. Owen Carrigan, One of the Bogmen Society.—5. Owen Donaghy, An Independent Witness.—6. John McBride.—7. Richard Waters.—8. Edward O'Hanlon.—9. Denis Nugent.—10. Joseph Daly.—11. Thomas Kelly.—12. "The Book of Crossmaglen."—13. Patrick Duffy, the Informer, Identifying "The Book of Crossmaglen."

THE TRIAL AT BELFAST OF MEMBERS OF THE "IRISH PATRIOTIC BROTHERHOOD" FOR CONSPIRACY TO MURDER AT CROSSMAGLEN, CO. ARMAGH.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND THE LATE MR. JOHN BROWN.-FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1863.

b ody at midnight. The baby had cried, and Annie had toiled over it for hours. Andrew had helped her a little, but most of the time he had lain still, watching her, listening to the screams of the child, to Joe's hideous noises, to the chatter and cries of the other children,—thinking all the time of Nell. He pitied Annie still, but he had begun to pity himself more; and also he had called in his conscience to help him to the decision that it was his duty to return to his first marriage vows.

As Andrew talked with Mrs. Carey, Nell said to herelf, "That is my husband, and there he stands like any stranger!"

In a moment Mrs. Carey called out, "Nell,

bring me a chair!"
"There's one there," said Nell, in a reluctant

"It's tickety," answered the shop-woman. "I don't date trust my weight to it, and I want to reach the upper shelf. Come yourself."

Nell came out from behind the dark curtain that shut off the back part of the shop. She stood still, waiting for her mistress to pass out from behind the counter. A light from above struck her aubern hair, and turned some floating curly rings to gold. When the older woman had bustled by her, Nell came slowly down the store, looking at the dark, passionate man before her as if he were empty space. She sprang on the tattering chair, reached up lightly, and took from the shelf a bex. Andrew's senses were smitten with pain as he marked her strong, graceful motious. She stepped down, jut the box on the counter, opened it, and carelessly displayed its contents. He dared not meet her eyes, and bent his face downward. His head was handsome, and Nell suddenly noticed that his shoulders were shapely. Accidentally, his hand touched hers. He started violently. She looked at him with cool surprise, and their eyes met in one long gaze. Then he turned his glance away ngain. Instantiy, Neil's mood changed. The uncoesci us loyalty of her nature asserted itself. She telt the bond so hard to break, though it is not always made of love or even of passion, which bolds a woman to a man whose wife she once has been. Her lips began to tremble.

"He might say one kind word," she thought. After a moment, as he did not speak, she turned to by from him. He reached across the counter and held her. She bent her eyes with a hunted, beseeching look upon him.

"Let me go," she breathed.
"No. My God," he cried, in a low voice, "I love you, Neli, better'n my life! Meet me to night at five at the station, 'n' we'll go back to Fail River together, 'n' not tell nobody here, but we'll begin again, all new, there. Bring what money you have. Don't be afraid to trust me. I'm be your best friend. We won't tell nobody here, because it would just make talk, if folks knew we'd been married all this time. Will you come? Nell, you must come.

"Til-see," said Nell slowly, but Andrew detected a yielding tone in her voice.

"Well, don't say nothin'," he said. "Only come, for the love of old times, an' better times than you ever knew."

Here Mrs. Carey reappeared, and Andrew hurried out of the store. His head was dizzy, and he stumbled over Joe, who sat upon the steps. Moore gave the boy a savage kick, and Joe raised his bleared eyes, and angrily watched his

brother-in-law walk away.
"I'll fix him," muttered the lad.

Neil, meanwhile, stood alone in the shop, for Mrs. Carey had forlowed Andrew out. The girl felt very uncertain what to do. She had never loved Andrew very much, even when she married him, but now her heart yearned towards him somewhat. Stronger still was the iniquise of loyarty. Her nature was more than she wanted it to be. She had wayward, reberlious desires, and she tried to follow them, but she could not long disregard any obligation. She did not understand the turnoil in her mind. She only knew that Andrew, as his steps died away in the distance, seemed drawing her after him.

Joe pushed open the door, and shambled in. He stopped before Nell, and stared closely at

her. ... Weil," she cried at last, " would you know

me again in a crowd ?"

"Who be you!" said Joe.
"Who be 1? Who be you!"
"I'm Joe," said he. "I'm Annie's brother, 'n' you'd better look out wot you do, or I'll have you took up. I'd like to git him took up," he added, with a chuckle.
"Who's Annie?" asked Nell.

Joe grinned sarcastically. "As ef you didn't

he said disdainfully. "Well, I don't know, an I don't care, neither," said she, turning from him.
But Joe followed her. "Don't you know?"

be asked earnestly. 'No, I don't.

He studied her face. "Mebbe," he said at last, "he's playin' a game on you! I seen him an' you gabin' together lots o' times. Methe he is! Will you help me pay him up?'
"Tell me what you mean," resumed Nell, in a steady voice. "Who is Annie?'

"She's my sister," said the boy slowly. "She's

his wife. "Whose wife ?"

"His'n,—Andrew Moore's."
"You lie!"
"No, I don't," said Joe; but as he spoke he

backed towards the door.

"Stop!" cried she. "Before God, I didn't know nothin' of this." Her breast heaved, and the words came hard from her lips. "Tell me, where does this Annie live 1"

But Joe was frightened out of his plan of making her his accomplica in some scheme of vengeance upon Andrew, and he answered promptly, "I sha'n't tell ye."

"Oh, I won't hurt her. I'll-be a friend to her. Has she been married long ?"

"None o' yer business."

She entreated, she stormed, but Joe fled before her passion, and told her no more. Left alone. she steadied her head with her hands, and sat down on the floor. This, then, was the reason for Andrew's urgent desire to keep their former relations private. "He has a wife here," she said to herself, "an' he wanted to clear out with me, 'n' not let her know. Then," she added slowly, "he liked me best!'

Annie came home from her work early that noon. She was ill, and told her mother that she had fainted in the mill. She sat down, look-

ing very white, and took up her baby.

"I seen Andrew into Mis' Carey's, talkin' with that gal ag'in, this mornin," said Jee, leering up at her from his seat on the floor. " Ef I was big enough, I'd lick him, -- pay him for some o' the lickins he's gin mc. She said she didn't know nothin' about his havin' a wife here. Took on like b., zes about it."

The mother pired Joe with angry questions, but the boy rose and st nehed out without further speech. Annie simply said, after a long pause, "I guess Miss Justice am't goin nothin' about takin' Joe away, after all." 'I guess Miss Justice ain't goin' to do

In a few minutes Andrew came in. As he entered the kitchen, Annie's pale face shone like a white gleam in the dark, dingy room, and his heart contracted with pain and something like tenderness. He sat down by the table, and thought how unlucky it was that he was so "soit-hearted." He could not look forward to possessing Nell without the shadow of Annie's

saffering talling across his joy.

Mrs. Huckleberry sat out Andrew's dinner suilenly, and he ate it silently. After a few minutes, Annie came and waited on him. Once, as she passed him, she laid her fingers very lightly on his shoulder. He bent his head low

over his plate.
"Set down," said the mother grufily. "You're not fit to be waitin' on him. Sick yersel'.

Andrew looked up to see Annie stagger as she tried to lift a kettle from the stove. He sprang forward, caught her in his arms, carried her into their room, and laid her on the bed. He leaned over her, and she saw tears in his eyes. She taised her hand feebly to touch him. He turned away. "Don't go back to work again to-day," he said, and went out of the house, meaning never to enter it again. He groaned aloud as he closed the door. Just then he saw into his own heart, and knew how cruel and selfish it was. But in a few minutes he lifted his head, squared his shoulders, and tried to smile, saying to him

self,"Now, there's lots of fellers wouldn't think nothin' of leavin' a girl like that. I ain't half so bad as them. Au' if Nell 'n' me get on pretty well, I guess I can send Annie some money before long, an' may be I can come an' see her ouce in a while."

That afternoon Annie sat alone in the kitchen. with the baby on her lap. Her mother had gone to do a neighbor's washing. The girl felt very ill, and her heart was even heavier than usual She sang softly to the baby, and the song sounded like a long, low moan. She heard steps on the frozen ground outside, and looked up to see a face at the window. It vanished, and in an instant later the door opened; a woman came in with a firm step, and walked across the room to Annie.

The girl recognized her with a sinking heart it was the woman Joe had seen with Andrew. Silently the two looked at each other. A faint angry color rose in Annie's cheek, but Nell's face did not change, till she glanced down at the baby, when her eyes grew dark with a meaning

Annie could never have fathomed.
"That is my husband's child," Nell thought,
"and it is not mine." Aloud, she said, "That

is your baby !"
'Yes,' sai "Yes," said Annie; still Nell stood and looked at it. "What do you want?" faltered the mother, finally.

Neil started, as from a dream, and then laughed slightly, but unquietly. "I wanted to see it and you," she said. "Don't you never worry for fear o' my doin' you any harm. I never knew Andrew was married-to you, till that boy-Huckleberry Joe, they call him-told me so to-day. You see, I used to know Andrew, years ago, when we was young—an' l—was silly. That's all. But I thought may be folk, might be tellin' you stories as would trouble you. Don't listen to no hin' of the sort. I'm goin' away tonight. If Andrew ever treats you bad, you send for me. Mis' Carey 'Il know where I am. She's my consin. Cood-by." Ancie, bewildered, stared at her visitor. Nell paused, and then said, "When I'm clean gone, Andrew will never think o' me again. I know hun. So that'll be all right. I'd like to take the baby a minute."

She stooped, lifted the child in strong, tender arms, carried it to the window, gazed wistfully at its tiny face, touched her lips lightly to the puny cheek, then brought it back to the young mother, smiled a rare, sweet smile, and passed

out into the frosty air.
"Oh," moaned Aunie, "how pretty she

Andrew Moore left the station, where he had warted in vain for Nell, and took the path through the weeds to Mrs. Carey's house. The sun was sinking in the west, and showed like a red fire through the pines. As he turned a curve "Oh, yes, it is," panted Nell. "Do tell in the path, he saw a woman walking in the rich me. Andrew Moore has played me a worse trick than ever he played her." He ran till he reached her.

"Why didn't you come?" he cried.

"I had other business. I went to see your other wife.

" Oh!" he groaned. Nell faced him defiantly. "Yes," she said. "An' I told her as you an' I was old acquintances, an' nothin' more ; on' now I tell you that I'm goin' away from here, -but not with you. So my advice to you is to make it up with Annie, and be good to her."

"Annie is no wife of mine," he said doggedly, "and you are. If you were a decent woman, you'd go with me."

Nell's eyes bluzed. "Jest stop that," she said, in a trembling voice. "I won't be insulted. I married you fair an' square; so did she. What you've done has set me free, but has bound you to her. I'll get a bill, an' you can marry her over again, if you've got scruples about the first time.

The man begged and entreated. He threw himself upon the ground at her feet. He wound his arms about her knees and pulled her down towards kim.

"I couldn't!" she cried struggling. Then she oked into his upturned face. "Since I saw that looked into his upturned face. girl's baby," she said, "I couldn't like you if I tried; and I wouldn't live with you if I did like you.'

His eyes fell, his head drooped, but still he clung to her, and as she moved she dragged him along the frosty ground, while the red sua sank out of sight between the forest stems, and a darkness lell upon the two. He lifted up his face once more to hers, but her heart only grew still and cold at the sight. Afterward, after many days, alone in her chamber, she often cried and shuddered, and her heart ached, remembering that dark, despairing face, with the unearthly glow upon it from the wintry twilight heaven

"it's hell," he cried, "you're leavin' me to! Don't you see what that family are I They'll keep me poor an' wretched ail my tife. It's helt with them. It's hell without you. And I love you, Nell, -oh, my God, how I love you!"

"Make heaven out of your heil," she said. "I must.'

He could not comprehend her, but his arms fell to the ground. He no longer dared touch touch her. She stood free, but now that she was free she felt that she could not leave him thus.

"Why did you marry her !" she asked sternly, as he crouched at her feet.

For a moment there was no answer; then he said. "I was mad with you, and "—he nestrated ried, and nothing had roused her suspicion, again—" when old Huckleberry teased me to since Neh's maiden name had also been Moore. marry her I pitted her. I was soft-hearted. I couldn't leave a girl, like other fellers do. It was all her fault."

" Now," said Nell, "you've said the meanest thing a man can say, an' whata man always does when he's ruined a girl. Just you mind: "if you treat her badly, I'll have you arrested for bigamy.

Her indignation restored her strength, and she left him, not once looking back to see him, lying there on the earth.

Annie's hu band went back to her that evening, but he found no peace for his alarmed soul. He reflected that he was entirely in New's power, and that at any moment, should she be seiz d with a revergeful impulse, she could cause his arrest. He knew that she had left the village on the evening of that fateful day, but he knew not whither she had gone. Sometimes he mought he would seek her out, and try once more to win her; but he was afraid to face again those wrathlur, accusing eyes. His present life grew more irksome to him. He ceased to teel any tenderness for Annie, and the child pritated nim. His conscience was drowned in a flood of fear and self pity. After a day or two of this sort of torment, he made up his mind to leave the place, and "tramp" his way to some dis-tant part of the country, out of all reach of Nell's possible vengeance. So there came a night when Annie waited in valu for the father of her child. The next forenoon the neighbors told the young mother that on the day before he was seen going out of the village on the train.

That alternoon, Theodora Justice stood at the door of the basement where Joe's family lived. Sho had found a farmer who, for a consideration, which in her new-born zeal she intended secretly to furnish, had promised to take Joe and try to teach him farm work.

Miss Justice looked at the row of dark, damp tenements, and her gray eyes grew thoughtful. She entered the dingy, ill-odorous kitchen, and her heart felt heavy. The women within were slightly clad. Her own garments were warm and rich. Was she clothed from the rents paid for these wretched rooms ?

She told her errand and received in return an account of all the occurrences of the past few days.

"Annio won't believe," said the mother, "that the girl has gone off with Andrew, but I know she has,"

"Had you any trouble with your husband be

fore I' asked Misr Justice.
"No, miss, we never had no trouble."

"He was a good husband, then ?

The mother made answer, "Oh, he wa'n't none of the best, nor none of the worst."

Miss Justice could not understand why these women showed so little emotion as they talked of these things. Their voices were simply dreary and hopeless, though Annie's eyes were red from weeping.

I'll have to do something with my baby, said the deserted girl. "I can't take care of it, an' work in the mill; an' if I could put it somewheres, mother could go out washin' a good deal." "If Joe goes," said the eller woman, "we could get on pretty well, if it wa'n't for the baby.

"But how can you bear to send your baby

away," cried Theodora.

"Well, said Annie, it would be hard, for I think it is getting real cunning. If I'd known how things was to be, I'd ha' tried to send it off when it was first born. Then I shouldn't ha cared."

She bent over the child a little wistfully When she raised her eyes, she met Theodora's puzzled, compassionate glauce. So these two gazed at each other, - both women, both creatures who had suffered, both daughters of the factory; but how differently had the factory dealt with them !

Theodora put out her hand, and lightly touched Annie's shoulder. "My poor child," she said, "stay at home for a few days and rest, and take care of the baby, and we will see what

can be done for you."
"I have to stay at home," answered Annie, simply. "I'm so sick, I can't work now, but I'll

be better in a day or two."
"Indeed," said the mother, "Annie ain't fit to work. She's been to the mill many a mornin' when she was too sick to hold up her head; but poor folks can't stop to mind such things.

"What is the matter f" asked Theodora. "I have a pain in my side," said Annie. "It's standin' so much does it.

"Do you stand all the time you work ?"

"Have you no time to sit !" " Not much ; an' we hain't no chairs, an' the overseer won't let us sit on the floor.' "You could sit down, now and then, if you

had chairs ?"
"Yes. There used to be chairs, but they is all broke."

Theodora drew a deep breath. It was only through neglicence, she was sure, that new chairs had not been provided; but this young mother, whose rest was broken all night, must

suffer all day from such oversight.
"Well," thought the Lety, "I don't know but it is worth while to live just to reme iy such

neglect."

She left the girl sorrowfully, and went straight to Mrs. Carey, to learn what she could about Andrew and Neil. Mrs. Carey, although her cousin, had known nothing about Ned till she came to the village, a few weeks previously. She did not even know that the gir, had been mar-After her final interview with Andrew the young wife had coulded her story to Mrs. Carey, and charged her to watch want happened to Aunie, but on no account to reveal to any one the fact of her own macriage. Consequently, when Miss Justice questioned the milliher, all she rec ived in reply was Mrs. Carey's assertion that Neli was not with Angress, and that she did not know where sae was. Theodora was not wholly inclined to believe her statements, especially as the wo-man refused to tell where Nell had gone. Such cinmsy managures and polpable mysteries would probably soon have resulted of the inselves in a complete enlightenment of the whole affor, had not a higher power taken the matter into its own hands, and arranged all things accord-

That very evening Margaret came to Miss Justice. "I have been," she said, "to see Annie Moore. She is very ill, and needs a competent nurse."

"Hire one, and I will pay her," said Theo-"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Justice,

looking up from the Tribune.

Margaret briefly stated the case. "In her exhausted condition," said she, "it is a serious matter. She has worked when she should have been in bed. I doubt if she lives through the

night."
Theodora drew a long sobbing breath. Mr. Justice ordered out the coachman, sent for medicines, nurse, everything that could be needed, and himself walked with Margaret and Theodora down to the house where the sick girl lived. He paused at the door, while the women went in. "These tenements are abominable, he thought.

"It's a dozen years since I have been in this part of the village and seen thom. Theodone shall have her way, and shut them up. In a moment, his daughter came out to him.

She put her hands on his shoulders, and looked in his handsome eyes, so like her own.

" Father," said she, "I shall stay hore tonight."
"Very well," he answered, kissing her.

Theodora was useful that night, for the nurse for whom they sent could not come, and she, under Margaret's directions, with the mother's assistance, took charge of Annie. Mr. Justice returned at milnight, to see if he could be of any service. His servants came and went all night on errands. Margaret had another patient in a critical condition, and was forced to be away part of the time, but no braver battle with death was fought that night over the couch of

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any lady in the land than that struggle to save this poor Annie, who had been so little heeded till she lay dying.

It was a strange scene, that dimly lighted squalid room, with the white face upon the pillow, and the pale, lovely lady sitting by the bed. Old Huckleberry roamed restlessly in and out, and looked at his step-daughter's quiet face. The mother, when otherwise unoccupied, sat at the foot of the bed and tended Annie's baby. The small children were asleep on the kitchen floor, but Joe crouched in a corner of Annie's room, and watched his sister with a look of only half-human suffering in his eyes. Little as Annie had cared for him, she had always been gentle to him, and he felt something like affection and sorrow now, and was stupefied by a sensation of so high an order.

Although much of the time Annie required attention, there were long quiet intervals, when Theodora had nothing to do but think of these factory people, who seemed to have some claim upon her, which hitherto she had not recognized. Her heart began to go out to them, just because many of them were sick and sorry, and needed She felt that it would not be hard to labor for them, because she would love them. Once,

when Annie moaned, Theodora bent over her, with lips that trembled a little.

"Poor baby," murmured the dying girl.

"Don't be troubled," said Theodora. "I will see that it is well taken care of.

They waked Annie's little brothers, who came into the room, half asleep, and climbed on the hed to kiss their sister. They laid her baby's silent mouth to hers. Huckleberry wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, and went for the priest. The room was hushed. The mother knelt beside her daughter. A woman came from the upper part of the house, and, kneeling, with a candle in her hand, read prayers in a mumbling voice. Annie stirred uneasily, and asked, "Where's Joe?"

Theodora repeated the faint whisper aloud, and the boy started from a light slumber, and come

"Good-by," said Annie. "You never meant no harm in anything, I know."

Joe slunk back, and sobbed in his corner on the floor. Annie never spoke again. Through it all she had never mentioned Andrew; but when she lay dead in the morning light, her little face, scarce whiter than in life, was still

Theodora took the baby home to keep until she could find a suitable person to care for it. It was a puny creature, and when Margaret came to see it she said it was so feeble, and had been so drugged by its ignorant grandmother, that she doubted whether it could live. Theodora remembered then that the old woman had taken the baby into her own room a little while before Annie died, because of its crying, and that after she brought it back it had slept constantly. Full of unnecessary remorse, lest she, by her in-attention, had been partly to blame, Miss Justice spent most of the day, after her night-watch, tending the child. The little life, however, flickered and went out, and late that afternoon the tiny body was laid beside the mother's Living, she had not been a beautiful child, but in death she was lovely as a little angel carved in marble, -white, but blue-veined under the closed eyes. Theodora placed the fair head on Annie's arm, and as she looked at these two, lying peacefully together, her heart swelled within her, and she turned away quickly to hide her

As she left the house, a woman stopped her. "You're Miss Justice I" asked the stranger.

"Well," said theother, "I'm Nell Moore."
"Oh! Where is Andrew !"

"I dunno," said Nell.
"You don't!

"No. Oh, you needn't think he went off with me. No, ma'am! I'm done with him. I married him fair enough."

"Married bim!" cried Theodora.
"Yes," said Nell. "It can't do her no harm to tell now. I meant to see you an' tell you, when I heard to-day how kind you'd been to her, for I wanted to show you I was an honest woman, fit to take care of a child. So I brought my certificate," and Nell calmly produced the proof of her marriage, which Theodora scanned with astonished eyes. "We quarreled," went on Nell, an' separated, an' he come here; an' he made believe were, that girl—but she he made believe marry that girl,—but she thought it was all right; an' I didn't know nothin' about her, an' when I found out it turned married the against him and me against him against him and me against him a ed me against him more'n all he'd done to me ; an' I pitied her, an' I couldn't see as I could do anybody no good except by clearin' out, an' so I went. I've been stayin' to Bordentown, with Mis' Carey's sister; an' I heard he had left her, an' that she was dead, poor thing, an' so I come right over this afternoon, an' thought I'd speak

to you about it."
"You and Andrew did not go away together!"

" Not much," said Nell frankly. "An'l'm goin' to get a bill from him. I won't be bothered with him no longer. What I wanted to see you about was—that baby. There's nobody wants it, I s'pose, an' I know Andrew well enough to know he won't worry himself about it. So if you say manage that I can have it and it. So if you can manage that I can have it, an' no fuss nor talk made, I'd take the best of care of it. I can earn enough to support it, an' I'd be much obliged to you."

Theodore stood amazed. "You would take

that baby ?" she said.
"Yes," said Nell. "I'm fond of children,
an' I saw this one once, and took a fancy to it."

She paused, grow red, and then added hurriedly, It might ha' been mine, you know.

Theodora choked, as she said in a low tone, The poor little baby is gone too, and will be buried with the mother to-morrow.

Nell started. "Then Andrew is clear of all that," she said, "and of me too. He can begin business all over again." She laughed a little bitterly, as though some faint self conscioneness had come to her, which made her feel, in spite of all her outward show of decision, that it would not be as easy for her as it would have been for him to break through the meshes of the more net in which her life was held. In a moment more, she said, "Well, I'm sorry about the baby. It was a blessing for Annie to die. As for me, I've got to make the best I can of living on."

She turned to go, but Theodora touched her. "Nell," said she, "come and see me sometimes. Let me be your friend. Don't go like that. I've known trouble, too."

At the simple words, Nell's eyes filled with ındden tears.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll come to you once in a while, then. Good-by."
Theodora saw that it would be no kindness to

detain her, and stood still watching the lithe, handsome figure, till the gethering gloom of the winter evening wrapped it round and shrouded it from view. Then she turned her steps home-ward, saying to her tired self, "She is beyond my help, and foe is left to me."

S. A. L. E. M.

#### OF DEAD DOGS.

The proverb tells us that a living dog is to be preferred to a dead lion. But on behalf of dead dogs no good word has ever been spoken. Yet dogs must die, and, equally with "golden lads and lasses and chimney sweepers," come to dust. And it is hard that the dog who has been kindly regarded during his life should be so little considered upon his death. One thinks of Hamlet's contemptuous mention of a dead dog, and of the sun's action upon the body. ' good kissing carrion," he calls it; certain of the commentators deciding to read the phrase "a god kissing carrion," the god being, of course, the sun god, Phosbus. And generally the departed animal is viewed with something like loathing; the dog who dies in London being especially unfortunate in this respect.
"Who goes there?" Pierre deniands in the

play. The traitor Jaffier answers :

A dog that comes to how! At youder moon. What's he that asks the question? Whereupon the ironic Pierre retorts:

A friend to dogs: for they are honest creatures, And no'er betray their masters, never fawn On any that they love not-

The poets, indeed, have for the most part agreed to land the living dog. Shakespeare may have treated him occasionally with some contumely, and often, indeed, applies the word "dog" by way of abuse, as in "common dog," and cut-throat dog, and "coward dog," &c. But generally the living dog can hardly complain of the treatment he has received in literature. ature As "he that dies pays no debts," however, so death also seems to cancel all obligations to the dead. The dead dog is a thing to be despised, loathed, got rid of, and put out of sight as soon as may be.

Of course the dweller in the country, possessed of a garden, can set uside some sequestered corner as the burial ground of his deceased favorites. It may be remembered that on the lawn at Gad's Hill Place Charles Dickens had interred a long-cheri-hed canary, the tiny grave bearing the touching little inscription, "In Memory of Dick, the best of birds." No doubt many country gardens are the quiet resting-places of dead dogs and other animals who in their lives were tenderly treated and cherished. At the end of a filbert walk in the garden of his house at Chiswick Hogarth buried his wife's pet dog, with an inscription borrowed or imi-tated from Churchill's poem of "The Candi-

Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies,

the same line--the name being changed-should own inscription when he wrote:-

Let one poor sprig of bay around my head Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead; Let it (may Heaven indulgent grant that prayer!) Be planted on my grave, nor wither there; And when on travel bound some rhyming guest Roams through the churchyard whilst his dinner's

drest, Lot it hold up this comment to his eyes "Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies;" Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flattery gives!) Reading my works, he cries, "Here Churchill lives!"

"Epistle of Hogarth." It has been noted that the dustman's help to be invoked? Has the pet Pope burying his favorite dog Bounce in the Garden at Twickenham—Bounce appears with his master in the portrait by Richardson—had contemplated the appropriation of an epitaph upon a greater poet than Churchill. Pope was persuaded, however, that "O rare Bounce!" would savor of disrespect to the memory of Ben

It is well known that for the living dog Lord Macaulay had little liking; the dead dog he regarded very contemptuously indeed. He describes a visit he paid to Oatland's Park, when he found "that most singular monument of human folly," as he called it, the cemetery made by the Duchess of York for her dogs. There was a gateway like that under which coffins were laid in the churchyards of that part of the country; there was a sort of chapel; and there were the gravestones of "sixty-four of Her Royal Highness's curs." Was it so nec ssary to call them "curs?" But it was his lordship's way to condemn what he did not like; he would give a bad name even to a dead dog, who did not therefore need to undergo that capital operation which is the wonted supplement of a bad name. On some of these mansoleums were inscriptions in verse. "I was disgusted by this exceeding folly," writes Macaulay. "Humanity to the inferior animals I feel, and practice, I hope, as much as any man; but seriously to make friends of dogs is not my taste. I can understand, however, that even a sensible man may have a fondness for a dog. But sixty-four dogs! Why it is hardly conceivable that there should be warm affection in any heart for sixtyfour human beings. I had formed a better opinion of the Duchess." Macaulay had supposed the inscriptions to be the work of the author known as "Monk" Lewis. He learnt, however, at a later date that the epitaphs had really been composed by Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Norton when they were girls of twelve or thirteen. Moreover he was informed that the multitude of graves might possibly be accounted for by the circumstance that the Duchess was much plagued with presents to her of dogs which she did not like to refuse, but which she did not care to keep, for they would simply have turned her house into a kennel. Mr. Trevelyan found it difficult to say whether his uncle's opinion of the Duchess was raised or lowered by the statement that she was wont to diminish the plague of dogs under which she suffered, by administering opium to them, and disposing of their bodies in the cemetery. Certainly there is something that jars upon ordinary susceptibilities in this systematic poisoning of dogs, and subsequent interment of their remaids, with funeral honours and a complimentary epitaph, in the Oatlands Park Cemetery.

To die like a dog, or to meet with a dog's death, is a term usually significant of a violent and ignoble ending; hanging, indeed, being often accepted as the most likely termination of a dog's career; yet, without doubt, the dog very commonly closes his days decently enough. There are fond folk who are wont on the death of their favourite animals to employ a taxidermist, so that some simulacrum or effigy of the departed may be preserved; but a stuffed dog is apt to be a very sorry sight: his glass eyes are so very glassy—like the eyes of Banquo's ghost, there is no speculation in them; the bones are marrowless, the blood is cold; the straw stuffing is the poorest substitute for natural vitality.

In some countries the dog is accepted as an article of food, but consciously no Englisman consumes dog's flesh. From time to time, however, suspicious have prevailed that the animal has been furtively applied to edible purposes. An insulting question has been often put to boating men upon the Thames as to the con-sumption of a "puppy pie" under Marlow Bridge—the locality being always particularly stated and insisted upon; but of the strange legend supposed to lie at the root of the ribald inquiry little seems really to be known. Years ago the famous comedian, Robson, was wont to sing a parody of a popular song of the period which celebrated the virtues of a particular Dog Tray. The parodist disclosed in a concluding verse how, in those mutton pies, he seemed to recognise some traces of his poor dog Tray. On the other hand. Sam Weller's story of the pie-It is especially curious, the relations being man with whom seasoning was all in all, did Hogarth and Churchill being remembered, that not point in the direction of dogs. It was to a nice little tabby kitten the pieman referred when appear on the poet's tomb in the burial ground he said of his pies: "They're all made o' them of Martin's Church at Dover. But he chose his noble animals," he said: "and I seasons 'em for beefsteak, weal, or kidney, 'cording to the demand. An more than that, I can make a weal a beefsteak, or a beefsteak a kidney, or any one on 'em a mutton, at a minute's notice, just as the market changes and appetites wary." wonder Mr. Pickwick was tempted to observe with a slight shudder, "He must have been a very ingenious young man that, Sam." But apparently that pieman confined himself to kittens : he had no dealings with dogs.

There was, some little time since, a proposal But Churchill is little read now. It may be noted, however, that the poet's memory has been rarely honored in Dover, two monuments there commemorating his renown, albeit he had no connection with the town—not even the accidental one of death; for he died in Boulogne, and in compliance with his parting injunctions his friends brought his across the Channel for interment in English soil. A cenotaph in St. Mary's Church is inseribed with a panegyric of the pot in fourteen lines describing him as "The Great High Priest of all the Nine,"—a line of his own he had applied to Dryden in the to prepare a cemetery for the reception of the

dog become so dreadful and degraded an object? Or is the wretched carcase to be disowned, tossd into the roadway, and left for removal by the scavenger and his cart when next they pass that way, left indeed to make good and illustrate Hamlet's description of the "good kissing carrion?" But there is, as the cookery books say, "another way." The poor corpse may be hurled into the silent highways—the river or the canals -with a stone suspended from its neck to ensure its sinking; but the stone slips away in the act of hurling, and the thing floats and drifts for days and days, ghastly, swollen, shapeless, yet just recognisable as the dead dog it Like Quilp's body, it is toyed and sported with by the water, "now bruising it against the slimy piles, now hiding it in mud or long rank grass, now dragging it heavily over rough stones and gravel, now feigning to yield it to its own element, and, in the same action luring it away, until tired of the ugly plaything it flung it on a swamp . . . and left it there to bleach." It is not surprising that strangers upon the Thames should inquire concerning its Isle of Dogs, expecting to hear that it is the swamp upon which the many dead dogs thrown into the river are usually landed by the action of the

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, April 7.

HENDON and Harrow are to be connected by new railway. The bill has passed the House of Commons.

THE circuit of London underground rail will soon be complete. The last bit of tunnelling to connect the Mansion House is being rapidly finished.

A STRIKING proof of the popularity of operaboulfe is that, at the present moment, that form of entertainment is keeping no fewer than six London theatres going.

THE tower of London is closed against all strangers, except they want to see the show, then they may enter. The irresistible sixpence provides them with a chance, and certainly opens the door to mischief.

THERE is a proposal to have a monster piano-forte performance at a forthcoming concert. Twelve pianos will be going at once. Monstrous, indeed. Supposing the idea takes, and it is introduced into houses that have neighbors right and left! Maddening thought!

A PRETTY fashion has been introduced of wearing floral necklets, a veritable necklet of flowers fitting the throat closely, and matching the bouquet on the left side of the bodice. A profusion of flowers are worn on ball gowns, and the latest notion, newer than the basket of flowers, is a fan of flowers.

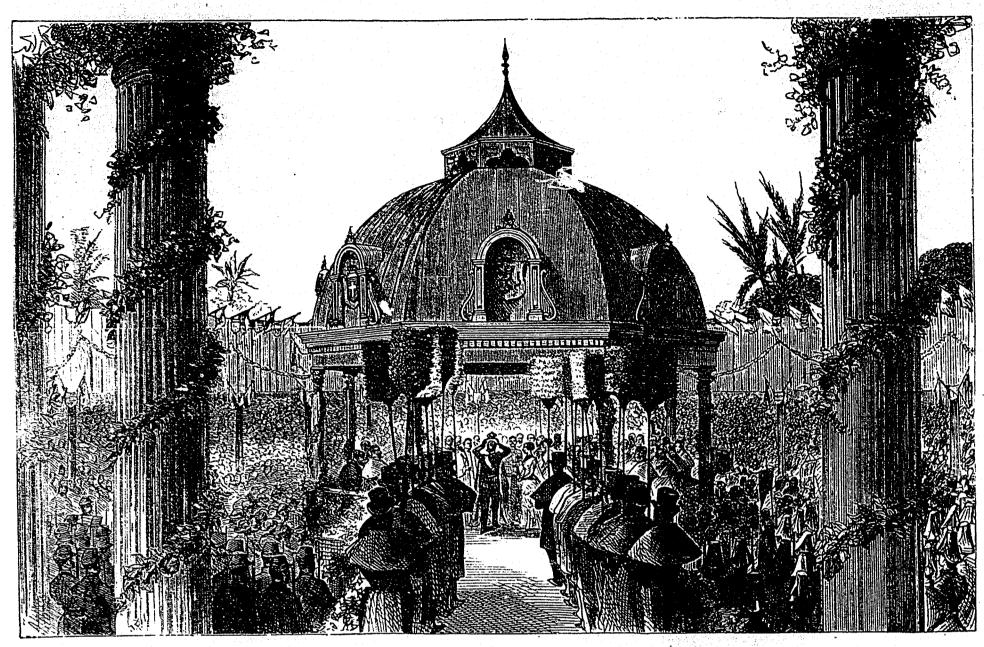
A Novel mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of a provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper, and underneath is the following notice:—"Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at this office."

An electric omnibus is to be started on the Oxford street line of traffic. It is to contain a storage of electricity which is to be replemshed after each to and fro journey. There seems nothing very remarkable in this except that it was not attempted sooner. As a novelty it would always be patronized in preference for a time to

SAINT GOTHARD has expedited strawberries to London remarkably early and at a low figure. At two shillings people could, even last week, buy in Covent gard n punnets of strawberries, which looked anything but inviting -travel-worn, un-healthy, and of a browny-yellow hue, which might, perhaps, suit the eye of an asthete.

Ar a wild boar hunt in the Esterel forests a few days since, at which the Grand Duke Nicholas was one of the party, a fine animal had been wounded and brought to bay, when it charged the group of sportsmen. In its onward course the boor got between the legs of a forester, carrying him off astride on his back. But after a short run the animal gave way from loss of blood; thus the chasseurs were able to administer the coup de grace.

### CONSUMPTION CURED.



CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS



THE JUDENSTRASSE IN FRANKFORT.



HER CONSIDERING CAP.

#### MY MEERSCHAUMS.

"A host of meerschaums!" did you say? Well, yes, it is a fair collection; Though valued chiefly in a way Not plain to casual inspection.

You'll see some dainty carving there Upon those shelves, some curious fancies, And many a color, deep and rare, That well may tempt a stranger's glancos.

Titania and her long-cared love And here beside a Venus lying; And wan Mazeppa, just above. Before the wolfish pack is flying.

Here Cupid hammers out his darts— His roguish eyes of jet a-twinkle— And here, from his long slumber, starts The poor old dreamer, Rip Van Winklo.

And so throughout the varied tale Of curven groups, and forms and faces Of man and brute and clin frail, From ancient myths and modern races;

Long pipes and short ones, straight and curved. High-carved and plain, dark-hued and croamy; Slim tubes, for cigarettes reserved, And stout ones, for Havanas dreamy.

But when you've seen them, turn you here To this plain box, and in it shall you Find treasures that my heart holds dear Above the sordid count of value.

Not half so rare they are, you say, As those to which your eyes still wander: Quite true! And yet my priculs are they, While those are but fine strangers, yonder!

This cricket, on an number spear Impaled, recalls that golden weather When love and I, too young to fear Heartburn, smoked cigarettes together.

And even now - too old to take
The little papered shams for flavor—
I light it oft, for her sweet sake
Who gave, with it, her girlish flavor.

And here's the mighty student-bowl, Whose tutoring, in and after college, He led me nearer Wisdom's goal Then all I learned of text-book knowledge.

"It taught me." Aye, to hold my tongue, To keep alight, and yet burn slowly: To break ill spells around me flung, As with the enchanted whiff of Moly!

There was a lesson in its smoke Too volatile for earth to fetter: Its fire, which ashes could not choke: Its worth, which age but made the better!

This narghileh, whose hue betrnys Perique from soft Louisiana, In Egypt once beguiled the days Of Tewfik's dreamy-eyed Sultana

And this strange stone, whose mystic lines And hieroglyphs the eye bewilder. The love and patient art enshrines Of some pre-Adamite mound-builder.

Speaking of color, do you know A maid with eyes as darkly splendid As are the hues that, rich and slow. On this Hungarian bowl have blended?

Can artist paint the fiery glints Of this quaint finger here beside it. With amber pail—the lustrous tints A thousand Partagas have dyed it?

"And this old silver-patched affair?"
Well, sir, that meer-chaum has its reasons
For showing marks of time and wear:
For in its smoke, through fifty seasons,

My grandsire blew his cares away! And then, when done with life's sojournin At seventy-five, dropped dead one day. That pipe between his set teeth burning!

"Killed him?" No doubt! it's apt to kill In fifty years incessant using— Some twenty pipes a day. And still, On that ripe, well-filled lifetime musing.

I envy oft so bright a part
To live as long as life's a treasure;
To die of—not an aching heart,
But—half a century of pleasure!

Well, well? I'm boring you, no doubt.

How these old memories will ando one!
I see you've let your weed go out—
That's wrong! Here light yourself a new one!

CHARLES F. LCMMIS.

## LAFITTE'S HAND.

A STRANGE STORY FROM WESTERN TEXAS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

"You're a don't care sort of a fellow, captain; but there's points against us-them loafing Greasers are not on the square; and then there is Bram Bowie! If we get him on our trail, you'll be in a taller scrape than you can manage.

"Bram Bowie be dashed! Big as he is, I'll settle his blanked account. Revolvers make all men equal.

The speakers were slowly stalking up and down the shady side of a rambling log house on the headwaters of the Colorado. The tinkling of their bell-spurs chimed softly to their muttered words, but this slight noise unconsciously annoyed men whose whole life was a watch, and they leaned against the trunk of a great live oak and continued their conversation—the younger of the two often emphasizing his remarks with the crack of his riding whip or a sinister move-ment towards his pistol. He was a young man admirably formed for activity and endurance, and, though slight and small, exceedingly hand-some. Looking at him as he stood talking, his face was cruel and crafty as that of a tiger; but ing with such a villain?"

its usual expression was one of gentle, even of pensive, thoughtfulness. It was the face of a man to whom virtue was still possible, for whom love might still hope and strive.

But that of his companion offered no specula-tion. It was positively and absolutely bad. There was not a sin of the civilized world that was not written upon it. He had bloodshot eyes, in which there was a terrier look—as if he was mentally worrying some one—a humpbacked nose, a square, hanging jaw, and a bullet fore-head, over which fell a shock of red hair, hacked to a convenient leugth with his bowie. But the distinguishing horror of the man was his hand—a cruel, crawling, loathsome hand, with long, lean fingers flattened and broadened at their extremities like the heads of deally serpents; a hand white as clay and covered with red hairs the hand of a human devil.

The conversation between these two men was evidently an irritating one; the elder seemed to delight in making it so, the younger scarcely controlled his anger.

"Sacristic!" he hissed, "you must be growing a coward, Lafitte!"
"A coward! Well, I like that, youngster! I

was in a hundred figets before you were out of your cradle! But 'coward' or not, don't you go this time by Olympia Canon, that's all, Cap tain Dick Llano!'

He had been untying his horse as he spoke, he mounted it at the last word, and with a curt, half contemptuous nod, rode leisurely away.

Two people only had watched this scene-one a negro, who was engaged in skinning a deer which was hanging head downward from the branch of an adjoining oak; the other, a young girl, who leaned in an idle fashion against one of the veranda posts. The post itself was thickly covered with the dark green foliage of a jasmine vine, and it made a lovely background to her fair young face, with its creamy white com-plexion and large, lustrous black eyes. The youth advanced towards her impatiently,

striking his high riding-boots with his whip at every step; she watched him with a tender admiration, in which, however, there was a shadow

of disapproval and distrust. "Come in, Kate. I want my supper

Beauty.' I wonder you can eat it after talking with that brute Lafitte. I just looked at him and he

took my appetite away.' The house was a log one of six rooms, every room separated from the adjoining one by a wide passage, and all facing east and west. Many things about it, even to the most careless observer, indicated the presence of a gentle and cultivated woman. Over its bare log walls vines had been trained till it looked like a gigantic bower, and in these vines great numbers of singing birds built without any attempt at secrecy A number of fine oaks cast a perpetual and gra-cious shade around it, and under each there was a carefully kept circle of turf and a rude chair. Here and there were a few hardy flowers, and the picket-fence inclosing the house lot had been used as a standard for bean and cucumber

Inside, also, Kate's womanly taste had made the most of what little furniture there was. The raw hide chairs had gayly patched cushions and netted tidies. The large bed in the corner was like a drift of snow, and the window was prettily shaded with a single dropped curtain, which the breeze fluttered gently to and fro. On a table beside it there was a large jar of gathered tuberoses and heliotrope, and the evening meal was luid in a manner by no means usual in that locality. Dick Llano was far too accustomed now to these privileges to give them any special notice. He glanced at the delicate clabber and mealy red sweet potatoes, at the jerked beef and wild honey, and inhaled with a suiff of sensual

them glanced at the dog and smiled, and Kate gave him a saucer of milk. Dick watched her thoughtfully a few minutes, and then said:

"Kate, I am going to say something to you, and I don't expect you to sob and faint like other women would do. You are to talk to me like the good fellow you are in a sensible way. Suppose I should be suddenly killed, what would pect to pick up there at least two thousand head you do?

She answered quite calmly: "I should go to San Antonio and get Aunt Mercedes to come and stay with me."

"If she would not, what then ?"

"I should try some one else. You see, Dick, it would be a pity to leave the place. I should have to sell the servants, and I like them too much to do that willingly. Then there are the dogs, and the milk cows, and the chickens; besides, in such a case, dear Dick, I should want to stay always where you and I have been so

Dick was sensibly pleased at her last remark : he looked proudly at her.

"Kate, what if you married?"
"What, indeed! I never had a lover."
"Bram Bowie."

"He never said a word of love to me."

"He looks it."
"Very well—but girls like lovers who speak." "And I don't know about Bram. Lafitte has been telling me some things about him."

And you let Lasitte slander Bram Bowie?

"He is a scant pattern of a man, I'll own that, Kate; but come to a fight, and he'll empty more saddles than any other three men. Se, in the way of my business-

"Your-your business ! What is it !"

His face darkened in a moment, and he answered her almost sullenly: "My business is like every business, other men's money. Bah! you are right, Kate, that bit of vermin has taken my appetite away.'

He pushed his chair aside, and went out again followed by the hound, who imitated his master's haughty way in an admirable manner -holding his tail as erect as possible, as if to as sert that he considered himself the equal of any dog alive. Dick Llano sauntered up to the negro, who had by this time finished his job, and was wiping his hunting-knife. The change in his face as Dick approached was a transformation. The black countenance seemed almost to become luminous; it was easy to see that if this heathen had an idol, it was his young master. Dick took the adoration, as such extravagant love is always taken, with a kindly tolerance; but to old Africa, a smile or a word from Dick was the favor of a god. That he had nursed this young deity when he was a helpless infant never militated a moment now from the splendid attributes with which he invested him. Master

great mass of human beings he endured, Miss Kate he admired, but Master Dick he loved with a passionate, unreasoning affection. " Well, Africa !"

Mass'r Lafitte say 'do dis,' and 'go dar,' "
"Africa, I want you to watch Lafitte for me." "Day and night -day and night, ef you say so,

"Tis not well, mass'r-it is neber well when

Dick was heaven and earth to old Africa; the

'Africa, I do believe you would die for me.

"Glad to do it-glad to do it! Who has I but you?" and the negro stood looking in his face with a worship there was no mistaking. Dick looked gratefully at the devotee, and

offered him a bit of tobacco with the air of a king giving a province; and Africa accepted it with a sense of joy and triumph few royal favors

have ever elicited.

"Africa, I start to-night with a large drove Lafitte says we are watched, and that Bowie's Rangers have orders to track us to our rendezvous on the Pecos. He says all our plans and the names of our confederates have been betrayed, and he advises me not to go through Olympia Canon. What would you do !

"Keep him by your own saddle, Mass'r Dick, and shoot him if he——"
"But he says he will not go, if I am determined to take our usual route.

"Den shoot him afore you start, or, mass'r, let me "-and he drew his long, keen huntingknife out of his belt with a most expressive ges-

"No, Africa; not unless I was sure. "You done call him 'coward, Mass'r Dick-

why you not call him traitor, too?" "Ah, Africa, then you think as I do I Now, when you are sure of this, if I am not there to pay him his wages. I'll leave the debt to you,

Africa. I—know—you'll—pay—it!"

"Dead or alive—dead or alive, I'll pay it!"

I'll pay it!" and the intense passion of the words made Dick shiver from head to foot. He turned away without any answer, but the gurgle of the wind among the trees, and the shaking of the vines around the house, seemed full of the whispering, deadly hate of that weird promise.

As he went in at one door he saw Kate standing at the other, her tall figure and noble face sharply outlined by the moonshine. His heart smot him bitterly as he looked at her. She had given up everything for him; and he! What had he done! What was he going to do! Suddenly he resolved to confide in her, at least ne was not thinking of these things.

He flung his whip down and drew a chair to the table. Then a great hound that had been watching him anxiously drew near, and seated himself between Dick and his sietes. The same and kissed her almost solemnly the same and the same an something. I am going to night on a dangerous road. I may never come back, dear sister. Will you believe, first of all, that I have always loved

you!"
"I know it, Dick."

of horses—unless I have been betrayed as I fear. In that case, we shall have a stiff brush with Bowie's men, and I may be killed-or hung-"But if the horses are yours, Dick, what have Bowie's men to do with them?"

They say they are not mine."

"Dick, you are not a horse-thief, I suppose?" "That is an ugly word, Kate, and I don't think I deserve it exactly. You see, I have paid for the horses—not full price, of course, but something, for all of them.

"Who did you buy them of?"

" Greasers - and such. To put it plain, Dick, you mean Mexican and Indian horse-thieves.

"Well, that is about right."
"Oh, Dick! Oh, dear, dear Dick!"
"No use to worry about it, Kate. I was led

into the business three years ago by Lasitte. was a youngster then, and he took advantage of me, but I've made a good-sized pile. There is forty thousand dollars in San Antonio Bank. Here is the book, Kate; it is all yours."
"Thank you, Dick. I would rather not have

"As you like. The house and lot father bought with clean money-every dollar of it; the old negro's writing, which was a peculiar

the papers are with Juan Gonzales. You will

take them !"
"Yes, Dick." The an-wer was in a whisper; great tears were slowly falling, but she made no other sign of the agony that wrung her heart. "Who has betrayed you? How do you know that you are betrayed?" she asked.

"Lafitte came to tell me. He said some one had written a letter to the sheriff, giving exact information as to our route and the stock we are carrying over."

"Who do you think wrote that letter?"
"Lafitte himself."
"I think so. What induced him to do it?"
"First a reward of one thousand dollars offered by the county for such information; second, his hatred of me-he hates me because others love me, because I have 'run' more horses in a drove then he could in twenty; because he fears me—oh, for a hundred things besides. I think he would gladly ruin himself to insure my ruin."

"Dick, dear Dick, don't go! Why should you! You have often promised to take me to

New York; let us start to-night. From this hour wash your hands from such a dreadful life. I don't blame you, dear; I can see how you have been led into it; but now listen to me, Dick, for who loves you as I do! Come away with me for ever from this place, if it is no ces-

sary."
"I cannot at this time, Kate. It would be mean to desert my men in such a strait. I'll see them through this scrape, but when I get back I'll quit the crowd for ever. "I'll promise

you that.' He held her hands in his and he felt a tear drop upon them. It hurt him like a daggor-thrust. In the dead silence that followed a hery mocking bird above them sung with a herce passion that had something uncanny in it.

herce passion that had something uncanny in it.

Kate could never after bear to hear one.

"What does it know?" she said, with a
forced laugh. "What has it come to tell us,
Dick! Birds have always been a prophesying
race, you know, Dick. Dick, listen to the
creature! It says Stay at home. Stay at home! Don't go for anything !"

As she spoke they both saw at the same time rider coming across the prairie as rapidly as a spectre, and almost as noiselessly.

"Who is it?" asked Kate, in a whisper.
Dick laughed a little. "Only Mirijilda, our Apache scout." And Dick walked to the gate and spoke a few words with him. Then Kate saw him turn and ride away in the moonlight again, his gigantic form leaning forward nearly to his horse's neck, and his hair streaming like a sheet of darkness over his swelling, painted

shoulder.

'I must go now, Kate.' Dick had suddenly become another man. That mild, pensive expression that gave his face almost womanish eauty had quite gone and in its place was the true imperial look-the ruling look-that halfcoerces, half-cajoles and wholly persuades. "I must go now, Kate. Durling sister, farewell!"
"Not 'farewell,' Dick. Only good-by, dear-

only good-by!"

"Tuen only good-by! When I get back we will take that trip to New York. We have got cousins somewhere in that big city; we'll find them out and shake hands with them." "Oh, Dick, what a thing that would be !"

He kissed her tenderly, and the next moment approached the hound and said a mething to it. The dog whined and whimpered, but obedient to his master's order, went and lay down at Kate's feet. It was characteristic of the man, that, as he passed the flowers at the window, he stooped down and inhaled their fragrance. As he lifted his head he saw Kite watching him, and with a smile he took from the vase a spray of white jasmine, and as he passed her again laid it in her lap. Ah, me! such a little flower to hold such bitter memories for evermore!" In a few minutes Africa came in. Kate

looked in his face and knew that Dick had gone. "Will you go round the lot and see that all is right, Africa; there has been an Indian here."
I know, missee. Africa done promise
Masser Dick he take care ob you and eberyting on de place. Missee go to bed now, and sleep while sleep can come. When trouble come he

keep de eyes open."
"What is it you fear, Africa?"

"When Mass'r Dick leave de gate, missee, Africa saw a dark shadow leave wid him; and as he rode ober de prairie still I see dat shadow ride on-always, always close by his side. Missee know what dat mean? And Kate, looking fearfully into Africa's face, saw there that dreadful gleam that such unlooked-for

The charge left to Africa was no unusual one; during Dick's absence he had been accustomed to take entire control of the ranch and stock. Nor was the negro untit for such a care. His fidelity was as strong as death, and he was by no means ignorant. Indeed his position as Dick Llano's agent was so thoroughly understood that Africa's written engagement or order was as readily taken as his master's; and there was scarcely a ranchman in West Texas unfamiliar with Africa's peculiar handwriting. True, it had no legal value, but every one knew while Dick or Kate Liano had a dollar they were worth all they promised. Nor were the Lianos in much danger of being wronged by forged engagements in Africa's name; for, in the first place, the Texan scarcely stoons to so mean a crime, and, in the second, had there been a man capable of it, he would have found it a very, very difficult matter to imitate

mixture of written and printed signs, of capitals and small letters. This point must be remembered as it bears in an important manner on the future tragedy.

Meanwhile Dick had joined his Apache scout

at the creek, and the two rode all night long under the waning moonlight. The next day they struck that old, hungry negative of all things, that grizzly, naked savageness-the staked plain; but they pushed on, until utterly exhausted they dropped into the Pecos Valley. No, valley is a misnomer; the Pecos has no valley, but wriggles along its hideous course like a canal whose level shores are white with akeletons, and bloached by a hot wind-drifting sand for ever.

Nover had the life he was leading seemed so utterly detestable to Dick Llane. Over and over he told himself that once out of this scrape Over and he would wash himself clean for over from its borrors and dangers. The romance and charm of the occupation had suddenly evaporated; he saw it in its most ignoble aspects. On the Pecos he came up with his cavallard. As he half-expected, Lafitte was not there, nor was there many more than half the horses and men agreed upon, and these, as regarded both animals, were of the meanest and poorest kind. He felt as if he had sold himself for naught. Still he did not feel as if he could desert them until they were safe across the Rio Grande; after that he would resign all his right in the business, and they could take the stock and appoint whom they wished as captain in his stead. He would not leave them while there was any danger, but once he had them across the river, he was bent on returning to his home.

So he hurried forward as fast as possible. The Pecos was safely passed, and the Apache Mountains reached. Everywhere now there was nothing but canons and gorges, nude and rusty as iron, and they must have perished but for the little grassy valleys between. On through Olympia Canon, where Lafitte had said Bowie's men would be waiting for them, but they saw no sign of any stranger, and so, full of hope, the weary fugitives almost cantered down the continuous easy descent to the Sierra Blanca. Once over this ugly range they would reach the Rio Grande Valley, and could rest among the jacals and sweet, silvery onion beds of El Paso.

(To be continued.)

#### THE BEAVER ON THE CANADIAN ARMS.

Some discussion has taken place respecting the original date of the adoption of the Beaver in the arms of Canada. Mr. Benjamin Sulte, in his "Histoire des Canadiens-Françiis," states that it was suggested by Frontenac, in 1673, when he desired that the Beaver should be placed in the Arms of the City of Quebec. An anonymous writer in the Montreal Star, on the other hand, contends that it was granted to Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, on his being created Earl of Stirling and Viscount of Canada. The date is left undetermined, the only one given being 1621, when Sir William received the grant of Nova Scotia. As the point is one in which some interest is felt, I may be permitted to occupy a little space in its clucida-

The claims to the Stirling Pecrage and to the rights acquired under the grants of 1621 and subsequent years by Alexander of Menstrie, were revived during this century by Alexander Humphrys, son of a minister in the North of Ireland, who took the name of Alexander, on the ground that it was his mother's name, as-sumed the title of Earl of Stirling, voted at the election of Scotch representative Pers, etc., and was tried for forgery in 1839. In 1836, he published a "Narrative of the oppressive law proceedings and other measures resorted to by the British Government and numerous private individuals to overpower the Earl of Stirling and subvert his lawful rights." An appendix to this work contains: "A Genealegical Ac-An appendix count of the Noble Family of Alexander in Scotland," with a description and drawing of the arms. One of Alexander's ancestors, it states, founded the tribes or clans of Macalister of Loup, in Argyllshire, and of Alexander of Menstrie. The names are the same, Allister being the Gælic for Alexander.

In the arms given by the claimant Humphrys, the crest is not a Beaver but a Bear, thus described: On a wreath a bear sejant, erect, proper. The fact that the claimant to the titles and rights of the Stirling Peerage, writing at so late a date as 1836, when it might be supposed he had fortified his claims by the most minute inquiries and by the most painful correctness, has given the Bear as the crest, is strong prima facie evidence that the gentleman who asserts that the Beaver was the crest, granted some time after 1621, has been led into error. But all the statements of Mr. Humphrys cannot be accepted without examination.

Further investigation has been made since the date at which the claimant wrote. In 1877, the Rev. Charles Rogers, L.L.D., published "Memorials of the Earl of Stirling," which contains an immense amount of valuable material budly arranged, resembling the Scotchman's description of a sheep's head, in having a great deal of valuable confused feeding. Alexander of Monstrie belonged to the clan Allaster, or Allister, of which Alexander of Tarbert was the chief, and his immediate progenitors were feudatories of the House of Argyll. Alexander of Menstrie was created Earl of Stirling in 1631, and in that year the chief of the clan MoAlex.

ander, McAllister, or Alfaster, surrendered to him his birthright, accepting Lord Stirling as the chief of the clan. The arms of the Mc-Allisters or Alexanders had a Beur for a crest, hence the statement in the "Narrative," as that crest would be the one naturally assumed, were

it not already borne.
But this did not happen, however natural it might be. By a royal letter, dated Newmarket, 15th March, 1632, Sir James Balfour, Lyon King of Arms, was instructed "to marshall his (Stirling's) coate armour, allowing it to him quartered with the armes of the clan Allaster, who both acknowledged him for chief of their familie." The royal letter, Dr. Rogers says, was accommand with a drawfit of the way was accompanied with a draught of the pro-posed grant, while the Lyon King was charged to embody in the escutcheon the Arms of New Scotland. To all but students of heraldry the description of the arms would be unintelligible; that of the crest is sufficient : " For his creist, on a wreath arg, sable, a bever proper," which is shown in the engraving of the arms, sur-mounted by the motto "Per mare per terras."

In addition to this, I obtained from the Lyon Office in Edinburgh, a fac simile of the arms, certified by the Lyon Depute to be a copy taken from an original MS. of the time of Charles I., deposited in the Lyon Office. In this fac simile the Beaver is indisputable; there can be no doubt of its identity, nor of the fact that in 1632, the Boar of the Allasters had to yield to the Beaver of the Lord of Canada.

As the earliest date at which Frontenac desired to place the Beaver in the Arms of Quebec was 1673, the assumption of it by Lord Stirling as Viscount of Canada in 1632, shows that to a Scotchman belongs the honor of giving to Canada its national crest, 42 years before Frontenac wished to bestow it on the city of

Corroborative evidence scarcely seems neces sary, but can do no harm. Lord Stirling died in February, 1639-40. On his death a bitter attack was made on his memory, the original of which, among the MSS, of Sir James Balfour in the Advocate's Library, Elinburgh, has been attributed to his pen. In this attack the following lines occur:

Yet Victrie, when ye Spring begins, He's vowed to mourn in Beaver skins. Because his pattron, as ye know, Become Knight Beaver longe agoe."

Further, Dr. Fraser, of Edinburgh, the learn ed Deputy Keeper of the Records of Scotland, in writing to me on the subject, says: "I have had much correspondence with Sir James Alexander of Westerton, who always uses the Beaver for a crest.'

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, April 7.

MLLE. MICHEL is hard at work in her prison upon her drama, entitled Rouge.

THE Government threaten to bring in a measure to put a stop to matrimonial agencies. Almost time; they have been a great nuisance.

A Pants paper says that a girl has swallowed a large knife, and has been sent to the hospital to have it seen to. No names are given, therefore the public must swallow the puragraph.

Ir is reported that the Duc d'Aumale and the other princes have borrowed large sums of money from the Crédit Foncier, and on mortgage the duke is said to have bought a château

THE French silk manufacturers are experimentalizing with great hope of success upon the labors of a certain spider which has just been discovered on the African coast. This spider weaves a thread of bright yellow, which is of enormous strength and perfectly elastic.

THE Viscountess Vigier recently gave, at her villa at Nice, a grand dinner party in honor of the Archduk- Louis Victor, brother to the Emperor of Austria. The centre of the table was occupied with an immense plateau of flowers, bearing the monogram in pink camellias of the illustrious guest of the occasion surmounted with a crown.

THERE are some singular writers among the members of the French Press, and utterances of every sort may be found in the pages of the various Paris journals, but we doubt whether many such eccentric phrases as the following are often to be seen, even in the Figaro, from which we extract them, or in other similar organs: The airy trifle in question is from the peu of "Ignotus," a chroniqueur who has gained a certain notoriety; and this is the way in which he describes an interview which he claims to have once had with the late M. Thiers, who, at all events, is not on hand to protest: "At that time I used to see M. Thiers, who—as I have said asken me for information upon the personnel at Italy (we suppose 'Ignotus' means the personnel of the Italian Embassy), which I then knew so well and which I now know no longer. He rum.

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Everything connected with the Great International Chess Tournament, which is to commence in London, on Thursday, the 23rd of April next, must be of interest to chessplayers in all parts of the world, and as we gave last week an account of the prizes decided upon by the Managing Committee, it may not be out of place to call attention to some of the rules which are to govern the play of those who will be elected to compete in this important contest.

The rules, eighteen in number, seem to have been carefully drawn up, and we have no doubt they will receive careful attention. As our space is limited, we select for insertion only the rules and parts of rules which are likely to be of general interest.

1. The entrance fee is £5, in addition to a deposit of £5, the latter to be subject to rules 5, 6, and 18.

2. Each player must play two games with every Everything connected with the Great International

2. Each player must play two games with every other competitor, with alternate first move in each round. The prizes will be awarded according to the final score, drawn games not counting except as laid down in rule 8.

down in rule 8.

3. Players, entitled to any prize, making an equal score, must play again with each other for the respective prizes in abeyance. If two players tie, they must play a match for the winner of the first two games. If three or more tie, the pool must be played out according to the rules of the tournament.

4. The order in which the several competitors must play will be settled by drawing before the commencement of the tournament, and such order will hold good throughout the first round. The players so paired will draw for the first move, and the loser of the move in the first round will have the first move against the same antagonist in the second round.

5. At the close of the first round any player may

5. At the close of the first round any player may withdraw from the tournament, and his deposit of £5 will then be returned to him.

6. Any player withdrawing from the tournament before the completion of cither round, save with the sanction of the Playing Committee for sufficient cause shown, will forfeit his deposit of £5.

7. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays are days fixed for play, on each of which days every competitor, from the commencement till the termination of the tournament, must play with the antagonist against whom he is drawn, during the hours fixed for

8. Wednesdays and Saturdays are bye-days, but on those days all players who have made a drawn game must play again with each other, and should the game again be drawn they must play for a third time, when the draw will be final, and scored one half to

10. The time limit is fixed at 15 moves an hour, and will be regulated by stop-clocks.

will be regulated by stop-clocks.

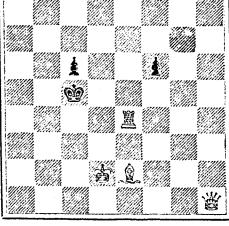
17. In case of any conspetitor withdrawing from the tournament before he has completed a round, if he has played half or more of his games in that round, the score will stand good, and the unplayed games will be forfeited to his opponents. If he has played less than half his games his score will be annulled, and in this case the forfeit of his deposit will be given, at the discretion of the Managing Committee, as a solatium to be divided between those players who have won games from him, and which will not count towards their score.

18. The Committee reserve to the measure absolute.

18. The Committee reserve to themselves absolute power to modify any of the above rules in special

The Third French National Tourney, though not yet, at last advices, tactually finished, was virtually decided, Judge Clerc winning the first prize, de Riviere the second, and Goudjou the third: Messrs. Chaseray, Istel, Finaly and Viscount de Pernes following in the order named. Rosenthal and Chamier did not compete, they having been the victors in the first and second National Tourneys, respectively, and were consequently barred under the rules.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 430. By J. Menzies. BLACK



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 428. White. Black. 1. K to K 3 1 Kt to K 7 ch 2 B to B 7 Mate

GAME 556ra. STEINITZ IN HAVANA. Seventh game in the Steinitz-Golmayo Series.

Scotch Gambit. WHITE. BLACK. (Mr. C. Golmayo.) (Mr. W. Steinitz.) CMr. W. Ster 1 P to K 4 2 Q Kt to B 3 3 P takes P 4 Q to R 5 5 Q takes P ch 6 B to Q Kt 5 ch 7 B to K 2 8 Kt to K B 8 9 Q to Q 4 11 Castles 12 Q to Q 3 13 Et Q Q 8 14 Q to Q K 5 15 Q to Q R 3 16 K takes B 1 P to K 4 2 K Kt to B 8 1 P to 3.
2 K Kt to B 3
3 P to Q 1
4 Kt takes P
5 K Kt to B 3 (a)
6 B to K 2
7 P to Q B 3 (b)
8 Castles
9 K R to K
10 Kt to Q 4 (c)
11 P takes Kt
12 B to K B 3
13 P to Q K 3
14 B to Q R 3
15 B to B 5
16 B lakes K R

17 Kt to B 3
18 Kt to K 4
19 Kt takes Kt
19 Kt takes B
21 G to K Kt
22 G R to B
23 G to K Kt
24 F R to G K B 5
25 G to K B 5
25 G to K B 5
26 G to K B 5
27 G to K B 5
28 G to K B 5
29 G to K B 5
20 G to K B 5
21 G to K B 6
22 G to K B 6
23 G to K B 6
24 G to K B 6
25 G to K B 6
26 G to K B 6
27 G to K B 7
28 G to K B 6
29 G to K B 6
29 G to K B 6
29 G to K B 6
20 17 Q to Q R 4 (d)
18 P to Q 4
18 P to Q 4
19 B takes Kt
20 P to Q B 4
21 R takes Q P
23 Q to Q 22 R to K B 3
26 R to K R 3
26 R to K R 3
27 R to K B 3
28 R to K B 3
29 Q to R 5
29 Q to R 5
21 R to K B 3
21 R to K B 3
22 Q takes Q 3
24 R to K B 3
25 R to K B 3
27 Q takes Q 3
24 R to Q 3
24 R to Q 3
25 R to K Q 2
25 R to K B 4
44 K to Q 4
44 P K to Q 4
44 P K to Q 4
44 P K to Q 6
47 K to Q 4
48 P to Q 6
47 K to Q 4
48 P to Q 6
47 K to Q 4
48 P to Q 6
47 K to Q 4
48 P to Q 4
48 P to Q 6
47 R To Q 8
48 P To Q 9
48 P To Q Resigns.

#### NOTES.

(a) Mr. Golmayo in one of the games played here Kt to Kt 5. We favor, however, the text move.
(b) Another variation, which we also favor, as it avoids the early exchange of pieces.

(c) We fail to see the advantage of isolating a P.

(d) This poor Q has done a good deal of travelling without accomplishing anything.

(e) Mr. Golmayo seems to be playing for a draw: he has a little the best of the position, and should have taken good advantage of it.

(f) Playing for a draw, but Black cannot now save the game.—Brooklyn Chess Chronicle.

#### ARTISTIC.

THE statue of Lord Beaconsfield in London vill be unveiled by Sir Stafford Northcote on Thursday of next week, the anniversary of the famous leader's death.

A GREAT loan collection of Indian jewelry, to which the native princes will be asked to contribute, will be one of the features of the international exhibition at Calcutta.

BARON DAVILLIER is said to have left by will the greater part of his collection to the Louvre. It comprises arms, sculptured furniture, Moorish ceramics, jewels, etc. Since the Sauvagot legacy, the Louvre has never received such a valuable donation.

EUGENE DELACROIX'S great picture, "The Shipwreck of Don Juan," was given to the Louvre on the express condition that her husband's name be retained on the frame, and that the picture be not hung among the modern works upstairs.

"TABLEAUX VIVANTS" from Raphael's works were among the chief features of the Raphael commemoration at Rome on the 28thult., — the painter's four hundredth birthday. They were carried out by artists, and comprised Raphael's "Parnassus," "The School of Athens,' and the "Fire at Borgo."

RECENT Paris prices for old masters are: Roger van der Weyden, "St. John," 5,500 francs; "The Virgin and the Holy Woman," 9,500 francs, and "Christ and the Blessed," 9,500 francs, and "Christ and the Blessed,"
9,800 francs; Philip Wouvermanns, "Soldiers
on a Journey," 5,300 francs; Govert Camphuysen, "Halt of the Hunt," 6,700; Boucher, "Le
Cours d'Eau," 5,000 francs, and "The Washerwoman," 3,300 francs; Greuze, "La Petite
Boudeuse," 3,000 francs; Pieter de Hooch,
"The Nurse," 5,000 francs; Hubert Robert,
"Les Cascatelles de Tivoli et le Jet d'Eau." 3 "Les Cascatelles de Tivoli et le Jet d'Eau," s view taken at Saint Cloud, 7,000 francs; Solomon Ruysdael, "The Attack of the Bridge." 4,100 francs; Jan Steen, "The Marriage of Cano," 4,400 francs; and Gerard Terburg, "The Pointer's Family," 4,500 francs.

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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

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The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

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Montreal, 20th April, 1883.



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