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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1883.

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"MARCH!"

OLD GENT. (*suddenly waking up*):—"Great guns, Maria, what's wrong? House aint afire, is it? Why, what in thunder are you doing there?"
 WIFE OF HIS BOSOM :—"Oh, Reginald, pet! *Such* a dream as I've had, to be sure! All about that there Wiggins man and his big storm. I'm downright certain it's a warning, and I'm packing up as quick as ever I can!"

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THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

bearing date January 27th, will be the

CARNIVAL DOUBLE NUMBER

It will consist of 16 pages and an 8 page

SUPPLEMENT IN SIX COLORS

containing illustrations of

THE SNOW-SHOE TRAMP.

THE MASQUERADE AT THE VICTORIA RINK (double page colored picture.)

THE MEETING OF THE TANDEM CLUB IN FRONT OF THE ICE PALACE.

The remainder of the number will be devoted to Canadian sports and scenes, with engravings of

TOBOGANNING,

SNOW-SHOEING,

ICE-BOATING,

DEER-HUNTING,

&c., &c.

The letter-press will be devoted to similar topics and will contain contributions and stories from popular Canadian writers.

The number will be issued a day earlier than usual and will be on sale at all newsdealers on and after

Tuesday, January the 23rd.

Price with Supplement 20cts.

In spite of the large additional expense incurred in the production of this number we have determined to send it, without additional charge, to all such of our subscribers as have duly paid their subscription for the current year.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Jan. 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th) and corresponding week (1882, 1883) with Max, Min, and Mean values.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 20, 1883.

THE "BIG, BIG D."

A discussion, which may be conveniently indicated by the familiar expression used first in connection with the Captain of H.M.S. Pinafore, has been recently carried on in a portion of the daily press. The actors of the period are accused of doing, to a monstrous extent, that which Mr. Bradlaugh declines, or began with declining, to do. Instead of refusing to take any oath, they insist, it is said, upon swearing in season and out of season. The atmosphere of the stage is represented as heavy with execrations; and although, in the particular drama complained of, the line occurs, 'The damns have had their day,' they are found to be as prosperous as ever. 'Damn,' the poet Blake has remarked, 'strengthens, bless relaxes;' and if the stimulating effect of the imprecation is not confined to him who utters it, there are certain playhouses, attendance at which should operate as a tonic with the playgoer. No one can doubt the substantial accuracy of the charge now made. Words are systematically dinned into ears polite with an unreserve and a lavishness that would have astounded a former generation. It is not only in The Rivals and the other comedies taken from the repertory of the eighteenth century that this is done, and the excuse cannot be pleaded that the audience is being introduced to the habits of a bygone time. The art of Sheridan cannot be reproduced, but his oaths can. It is in the comedies of to-day that the offensive monosyllable and the appeals to the Creator principally and most gratuitously occur. The hero of a piece finds himself in a ludicrous or perplexing or annoying situation. He reflects for a moment, looks around him and slowly ejaculates 'a big, big D.' If Hamlet lived to-day, half his soliloquies would have been replaced by the word which the Captain of the Pinafore 'hardly ever' uttered. In the same way the name of the Deity is systematically introduced without any knot worthy of such a solution presenting itself. The modern playwright, imbued, as he naturally is, with Gallic ideas, would seem to think that the exclamation he places so frequently in the lips of his dramatic personae is the exact equivalent of the French 'Mon Dieu!' Herein he shows himself a less adroit adaptor than in other respects, and if his clumsy rendering of the phrase conveyed the same impression to a French as to an English audience, the former would certainly not tolerate it.

If things go on at this rate it will be necessary to terrify our actors with some of the stories which used to be related, in order that young people might shun all approach to blasphemous language. If a little boy was overheard to say a naughty word, thirty years ago, his nurse or his parent straightway recounted how the same expression, coming from other juvenile lips, had caused the doom of sudden death to descend upon the impious urchin, or how another prodigy of infantile depravity had been visited with instantaneous loss of vision, because he disobeyed the scriptural monition, 'Swear not at all.' Even such minor imprecations as 'drat,' 'bother,' 'confound,' and 'hang' were punished, or were punishable, with sundry physical pains. If Roscius were seized with momentary aphasia when he is on the point of rapping out one of the profanities which, with the help of a little antithesis, serve as substitutes for epigram in Robertsonian comedy, no other oath would ever again proceed from behind the footlights. Yet it is not so much the 'big, big D' which constitutes the innovation that has lately crept into stage dialogue as the frequent use of the name of Omnipotence. There are many ears that can tolerate the oath, but that are offended by the employment of the word, without which the oath would mean nothing. It is possible that we are indebted for the custom, which has recently sprung up, to the force of French example. Others may think that it is to be explained by the fashionable agnosticism of the period. We know what Providence is according to Mr. Matthew Arnold; and when the Divinity can be resolved into a stream of influences, or into an impersonal tendency, there

may, perhaps, seem slight objection in using a word whose connotative power is so hazy. From this point of view, the practice which is now denounced on the stage is not deliberately blasphemous, but is merely illustrative of the popular reaction against dogmatic theology. An interesting young prig has recently written a treatise to tell us that, while he believes in an immortality, he cannot believe in a God. The eccentricities of atheism are at least as strange as the extravagances of superstition; and, perhaps, at some future time the "big, big D" will be pointed to as a proof that the British playgoer at the end of the nineteenth century had repudiated the doctrine of eternal punishment, and the copious introduction of the most august of monosyllables will be cited as evidence that he was much of the same way of thinking as the author of Anarchy and Culture.

The practice censured on the stage suggests an interesting question. If it is the business of the actor to serve as a mirror and an echo of Nature, how far does he in this respect show forth the express image of his age, and does there exist the material for a homily which might be entitled 'How we swear now?' A distinguished Bishop recently remarked that swearing was an evil and vulgar habit, which had completely died out within the limits of his own experience. When he was a young man, he added, people, even in respectable and polite circles, swore as horribly as the army ever swore in Flanders; now he never heard an oath in a drawing-room or in his club. Perhaps, he naively added, after all, even habitual swearers would restrain themselves in the presence of a prelate. There was both satire and sound sense in this remark. It correctly and compendiously sums up all that need be said about the matter. In the society that Bishops and Prime Ministers frequent, colloquial oaths may be pronounced obsolete; but it would be too much to say that the 'big, big D' is never heard. The oath is no longer the backbone of polite conversation; it serves rather as an incidental embellishment. The oath, in other words, is not recognized—as it was in the time of Thurlow or even Melbourne—as an essential element in conversation. It has, in fact, lost its official caste. In parliamentary life it has gone as much out of fashion as the habit of quoting Virgil and Horace. But it retains its rank in private life, and even gentlemen of refined manners, fastidious taste, and unimpeachable morals occasionally indulge in the ejaculations which Bishops and Prime Ministers never hear. Swearing is, of course, a silly, senseless, and pernicious habit; the same may be said of smoking—with which, indeed, swearing was often alliteratively bracketed—and snuff-taking. At the same time, there is not much prospect of its ever being wholly superseded. The truth is—if upon such a subject the truth may be spoken—the expletive which begins with the fourth letter of the alphabet is a compendious form of expression, for which no exact equivalent can be found. It comprises a complete group of emotions and sensations within the limits of a single syllable. It is very wrong, but very convenient. It is an idiotic expedient for the relief of the overwrought mind; but for all that it administers relief in a sensible degree. As for its excessive use on the stage, a reason may, perhaps, be found for that which has not been mentioned here. Behind the footlights it is perhaps to be regarded as indicative of a protest against, and a reaction from, the mincing prattle and the effeminate expressions which are now supposed to be characteristic of good society.

GOSSIP OF THE WEEK.

Preparations for the Carnival of next week are being pushed on on all sides, and everything prophesies a most successful issue to the undertaking. Already the principal hotels are beginning to refuse accommodation to the tardy applicants, and Montreal is likely to welcome a crowd of strangers larger even than was anticipated. Nor is there any reason to fear that the welcome itself will fall short of our expectations. The various committees report good progress in all the departments, and what will probably be the chief feature of the week, the Ice Palace, is growing day by day into more proper proportions, in spite of the delays occasioned by the extreme coldness of the weather, and the diffi-

culty of getting men to work at the low temperature which has prevailed. We need now only a week of uninterrupted fine weather, with, perhaps, a slight rise of the mercury, to insure a perfect success, and the indications are that we shall not be disappointed.

Our own efforts to add to the pleasure of the festival have resulted in the production of a double Carnival number, printed in colors, hoping thereby to perpetuate the memory of what will be an era in the history of winter sports in Canada. The colored illustrations, a full list of which will be found in another part of this page, will be in every way suited for preserving, by framing or otherwise, and will, we hope, add largely to the interest with which the accounts of the Carnival will be received by those who have not the good fortune to be present in person.

We publish this week, albeit somewhat tardily, a portrait of the new Archbishop of Canterbury, of whose personality I spoke two issues back. It is rather noticeable that Harper's Weekly, in an otherwise well written article on the subject, speaks of Dr. Benson as an adherent of the Broad Church party, to which indeed the traditions of the Archiepiscopate may seem to have a leaning. As a matter of fact, when the present Archbishop was appointed to the newly-created See of Truro, great hopes were entertained that his views would at all events not go beyond those of his late patron, the Bishop of Lincoln. But his uncompromising utterances in reference to Church matters, and especially his scant tolerance of Nonconformity, as evinced by his attack on the Liberation Society, have long since shown him to be a decided High Churchman, and as such destined to bring about some very decided changes in the feeling with which that party has been regarded. The best known and most characteristic figure in the Broad Church ranks is still Prof. Jowett, of Balliol, and between him and Benson there probably exists as little real sympathy of views, as similarity of character and appearance. True, as has been remarked, Benson was a great admirer, and in some sense a protégé of the late Samuel Wilberforce, but apart from the doubtful allegiance which "Soapy Sam" bestowed upon any cut and dried party in the Church, there are, at all events, as ardent admirers of the late Bishop of Oxford amongst the ranks of the extreme High Church party as anywhere else in the Church.

It is, I believe, a fact not generally known that the Hebdomadal Council at Oxford has just thrown out a proposal to admit ladies to the University degree by a majority of only five votes. Lady scholars may, therefore, hope that their rights will now be early recognized at Oxford—probably within the next year.

Anthony Trollope was wont to say that he was the most voluminous of all novelists; and, considering the comparatively short time within which he did his work, he was certainly very voluminous. But he must surely be nowhere with Mrs. Oliphant. This lady has at the present time one novel, "The Ladies Lindores," running through Blackwood's Magazine; another, "The Wizard's Son," running through Macmillan's; a story, "The Lady's walk," publishing in Longman's. Besides this, she edits Blackwood's Foreign Classics for English Readers, and writes not a few of them. Only the other day she produced three large volumes of what she called A History of English Literature; and now yet another novel is advertised by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett, It was a Lover and his Lass. A wonderful woman, indeed! Such work as this ceases, of course, to be an intellectual question; it becomes purely a physical one. How, being supplied only, as one presumes, with the ordinary number of hands and fingers allotted to a human being—how does she do it? Certainly she cannot grumble against the niggardliness of Nature, as another wonderful woman of ancient times did. But the latter—immortalized by Gibbon, or, as some say, slandered—complained of being retarded in a very different line of business.

SETH BAKER.

Come, stow it, I say, for it's waste of breath :
I know as you mean it well ;
But the eye sees clear when it's filmed with death,
And the thing as I sees is Hell!
I know of the Blood for sinners shed,
And the pardon full and free,
And the Grace that washes snow-white the red,
But there ain't no Grace for me!

Stop! let me speak, for the time is short :
You wasn't fetched here to spout :
I'm none of your Hallelujah sort :
White chokers and me falls out :
But you ain't, not you, of the smug-faced crew.
All Glory and white of eye :
I trust you, parson; by snakes, I do!
So listen before I die.

I'm bound, I am, for the brimstone lake.
With its horrible reek and stench:
For the worms as writhe and the flames as quake.
And the thirst you can noways quench.
I don't make out as I likes the trip.
But I tell you all the same,
I means to start with a good stiff lip,
And a step as shows I'm game.

I'm game to the bottom—curse the cough!
It saws me through and through—
And if ever my pals takes on to scold,
And say as I sent for you—
I fetched you away to jabber and pray,
And show me the road to die—
"Ho was game to the bottom," just you say,
And choke the fools with their lie.

I'm quiet—all right—I am, I swear :
No, I won't let out no more.
Just give me a pull of the brandy there—
Is there nobody nigh the door?
Are you sure as there's never a listening sneak?
Then give me your hand to ketch :
Bend down while I speak, for I'm horful weak,
And the words is hard to fetch.

Here's a newspaper under my head, you see,
What tells, with a heap of lies,
Seth Baker was tried in 'sixty-three
At the Worcester County 'Siz.
Don't spout it aloud, for it's waste of breath :
I can give you the pith, I can :
The sentence of death was passed on Seth
For knifing a poliss-man!

You remember it? No? Why, the world went mad!
'Twas a nine-days'-wonder case;
They talked of the lid, and the ways he had,
His pluck and his handsome face.
It wasn't right, proved how the blood was spilt,
And they'd easy have pulled him through;
But the stoopid young fool confessed his guilt—
So what could the lawyer do?

Petitions were signed—for the chap was young—
Imploing the Queen for grace;
But the end of it all was, Seth was hung.
In spite of his youth and face.
And I stood there, in the struggling square,
And stared in the prisoner's eye;
I saw them cover his face, so fair,
And fasten the hempen tie!

Yes, I stood there, in the death-still square.
And met Seth Baker's eye:
I heard him mutter a tag of pray'r;
I saw—I saw him die!
He took the drop with a rare good pluck,
With never a shake nor whine;
And the knife in the peeler's heart that stuck,
It wasn't not Seth's, but mine!

It happened along of a wench, you see—
Youth Seth was a-courtin' Kate;
But—so rum is she—she took to me,
And jilted my handsome mate.
So we got spliced,—but I used her bad;
It was nothin' but drink and row;
But she's getting paid back for the time she had,
A-singing in Glory now!

Well, Seth was a chap as was always soft—
He reggerler drove me wild;
For he'd foller and say to me, oft and oft,
"Be kind to your wife and child!"
But he gave it up, and he let me go—
No preachin' would keep me straight;
And he got to know as it meant a blow
And a worse time for Kate!

I was always in drink; I was deep in debt :
I was sacked from my job of work;
And then I got in with a pouchin' set,
As nothin' at all would shirk.
We'd many a spree, my pals and me,
And many a right good bag;
And we pecked the game to town, you see,
And fuddled away the swag.

We was out one night—I was settin' a snare :
Afore you could reckon thro',
A peeler was out of some cursed lair,
And grapplin' along of me.
He called for the rest—I was devilish pressed.
I didn't know what to do;
I draws my knife, and the peeler's breast
I drives it through and through.

He staggered and fell with a horful yell;
I hadn't no sense nor breath;
And the ruck tears on, like the fiends of hell
In a game of life and death.
I staggered and tript : I was well-nigh gript :
When, out of the fir-trees dim,
A bloke crep' soft, and behind me slippt,
And the peelers makes for him.

I couldn't tell how—and I can't tell now—
Seth came in the nick of time;
Unless he was there on the scent of a row.
To resker his pal from crime.
He touches my arm, and he says, says he,
As he points to the belt of fir,
"Crawl in on your knees—no matter for me;
It's all for the sake of Her!"

I've told it you, parson, straight and fair,
With devil a slur or lie;
And I stood there, in the death-still square,
And saw Seth Baker die!
I know of the Blood for sinners shed,
And the pardon full and free;
But the Grace that washes snow-white the red,
It isn't no go for me!

A lifer in Hell is the sentence spoke
On a soul so mean and grim.
Yet tell us the tale of that dying bloke,
And Christ as went bail for him.
Just mutter a prayer, I know it well,
This here is the grip of Hell.
It ain't as I want to beg of death,
I'm sorry I done it, Seth!

FREDERICK LANSBRIDGE.

PENNSYLVANIA TALK.

KITTANNING, PA.—"First time I took notice to you, I llowed I had saw you some place before; so I thought next time I seen you I'd ask you where?"

The speaker occupied a seat beside me at the table of a large hotel in Western Pennsylvania. He was a well-dressed man, apparently intelligent. His language enabled me at once to identify him, for there was no disguising the fact that he was a native. Then I informed him of the locality where he had "saw" me.

"Oh! yes, you are the very man I seen Tuesday moving your flitting to Millerstown with a team, and you called at my house to eat a piece. Have you got things red up at your house already?"

The reader is doubtless searching for his dictionary by this time. To spare him trouble I will explain that "flitting," in the language of this region, is a general term for household furniture; that "eating a piece," signifies partaking of a light meal; and that the "redding up" process is that about which housekeepers busy themselves from one year's end to another. The chambermaid "reds up" your room; the farmer reds up his field when he rids it of stumps; and the merchant reds up his accounts at intervals. Redding up is a great business, but it is confined to Pennsylvania.

The northwestern counties of this old Commonwealth were settled by immigrants from Westmoreland County in 1796. The first comers were mainly of Scottish and Irish origin. Later came the "Pennsylvania Dutch" from the eastern part of the State, and next a large number of Germans. A few people from New Jersey and other Eastern States were also among the first settlers. These various types are no longer distinct, but are so mixed and mingled that no man knows his pedigree. But whatever was colloquial and absurd in the vocabulary of their ancestors, these people have carefully preserved—not distinct and intact, but in a mongrel dialect that would set any philologist crazy.

I ask the waiter-girl for a piece of apple pie. She goes to bring it, but returns empty-handed, informing me that the apple pie is *done*. A person would naturally suppose it ought to be; but she means there is none. I observe a traveler enter the dining-room and seat himself at an empty table. In a few moments the waiter goes to him and the guest is informed, "We don't lift at this table, sir."

Next to "redding up," "lifting" occupies the largest portion of the Pennsylvanian's time. The waiter lifts the dishes; the housekeepers lift their carpets; and the business man lifts his mail from the Postoffice and his money from the bank. A horrible use of the same word obtains concerning funerals. "They lift at 11," was the answer I received on asking when certain obsequies would take place.

Some common phrases are very clumsy, for an example: "He said that you should say," for, he said that you said. "That was a fine day," refers not to yesterday, but to this present day. It can be heard on the streets a hundred times daily. A paper bag, or pouch is called a "poke." An old tobaccoist with whom I dealt was a man of few words. "That was a fine day—have it in a poke?" was his invariable salutation. He introduced no pause from the beginning to the end of his sentence. No other man have I ever met who was able to comment upon the weather and transact business in the same breath.

I spent several months in Butler County last summer, and while there was visited by my old friend, Sol Reed, from Massachusetts. About that time there was considerable excitement over the capture of a horse thief. Sol was trying to glean the particulars of the arrest from an old farmer, and the latter said:

"He came to my house in the evening and wanted in."

"And you don't keep one?" ventured my friend, timidly.

"Keep what?"

"Keep an inn."

"Oh, no! he just wanted to come in and rest?"

This was intelligible to the Yankee, but the next sentence nearly knocked him over:

"He didn't ask if he could get staying all night."

And just then the native fired off one of those double-barreled questions which are peculiar to Western Pennsylvania. They comprised two interrogation points at the beginning of the sentence, one at the end, an exclamation point in the middle, together with rising and falling inflexions, circumflex, dash, and an indescribable accent as though the tongue of the speaker were trying to slide down the hypothenuse of a right angled triangle and wallop itself around each of the shorter sides at the same time. Sol's face assumed an agonized expression and I hurried him away. He recovered, but his wonted cheerfulness was gone. He had spent years of his life and thousands of dollars learning modern languages, and could converse fluently in half the tongues of Europe; but to be unable to carry on a conversation with one of his own countrymen saddened and humiliated him.

To obtain a ride is to "get going," and to gain an interview with any one is to "get seeing" him. The Ohio man has improved upon these phrases; "gets to go" and "gets to see." These Scotch-Irish Pennsylvanians speak of a good-sized lad as a "chunk of a boy," women are called "weemen," a "good bit" is a considerable quantity—about as definite a term as

the "right smart" of the Southern people; a man that is busy tells you he is "thronged with work;" a stranger is a "strange man;" the "big end of a month" is three weeks. I heard a market man speak of the "big end of a dozen" chickens. "Been" is pronounced bean, and the auxiliary verb is usually omitted; as, "I bean there," instead of "I have been there." I recently saw some boys played in the street, some of them going on crutches and feigning lameness. "What is the matter!" I inquired. "Oh! nothing; we're just letting on"—i. e., pretending.

The word father is pronounced with a short, as in fat. "Pa" and "ma" are given similar sounds, only greatly prolonged; thus, a young lady calling to her mother emits from her ruby lips a sound that cannot fail to forcibly remind the hearer of the plaintive "ma-a-ah!" of a little lamb.

"We 'uns" and you 'uns," as pronounced; "this side" and "yon side," "some place" and "any place" used adverbially; the nouns, "pone" signifying corn cake and "slaw" meaning cabbage, though all in use here, are perhaps too generally current to entitle them to rank as Pennsylvania peculiarities. But the word "beal," signifying to fester or ulcerate, I have heard here for the first time in my life. A young lady informed me she was unable to attend a party on account of a "bealed jaw." Now beal is a good word, and is to be found in Webster. But where, except in this part of the country, did a young lady ever assign such a reason as a "bealed jaw" for remaining away from a party?

The production of petroleum is, of course, one of the leading industries in Western Pennsylvania. The oil men are generally very sensible fellows, and they invariably use the feminine gender in speaking of the product of the wells. Virgil's epithet, "varium et mutabile semper," applies as well to the freaks of petroleum as to those of Queen Dido. Yes, oil is properly called "she"—so much of this dialect is worthy of approbation.

The peculiarities of which I have spoken are not confined to the oral language. A certain railroad company prints a notice on passenger tickets to this effect: "Passengers desiring stop-over checks must obtain them from the conductor before this ticket is lifted." And thus the hard-working conductor is relieved from the necessity of wearing his young life away lifting and re-lifting bits of pasteboard. In Butler County there is a place called St. Joe. Whether it was nicknamed for the larger town thus designated, or called after some local saint whose name has never yet appeared in the calendar, I am not informed. Near the place a guide-board startles the public with the following announcement in bold stenciled letters:

"SENT JOE ONE MILE."

Some reckless traveler has attempted to introduce a c between the first two letters, while another has penciled beneath the natural and human query: "Wonder if he ever returned?"

Near a large town and within easy range of a school house, I saw at the entrance of a grove a sign which contained this warning:

"NO HUNTING ALOUD."

I reflected on my youthful days and was sad. How much difficulty small boys and dogs must experience in trying to kill rabbits and squirrels silently!

The Pittsburgh papers seem determined that the rest of the world shall become acquainted with the peculiar language of the coal regions. A leading journal of that very enterprising city, states that "one of the firm seen a clerk deposit a large sum of money in a bank." "Seen" is perfectly good Pittsburgh English; in fact, it is in general use in the best society I have been able to find in this section. "What our reporter seen" is the ambitious headline of an article in a daily paper.

But I have yet to make the acquaintance of a journal whose editor has the boldness to introduce *have saw* into his columns. *Seen*, however, is firmly established, and doubtless it is only a question of time when *have saw* will become incorporated in the vocabulary of Pittsburgh journalists.—*Detroit Free Press*.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THERE is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know a little; and, therefore, men should remedy suspicion by procuring to know more, and not to keep their suspicions in smother.

ALL the means of action, the shapeless masses, the materials, lie everywhere about us. What we need is the celestial fire to change the flint into transparent crystal, bright and clear.

A LITTLE neglect may breed great mischief. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by an enemy, all for want of care about a horseshoe nail.

WE often suffer ourselves to be put out of all our bearings by some misfortune, not of the most serious kind, which certainly looks very black at the time, but which, from its nature, cannot be lasting. We are thus like ignorant hens that insist upon going to roost in midday because there is a brief transitory eclipse of the sun.

THIS WORLD A HOSTELRY.—All that in this world enlarges the sphere of affection or imagination is to be revered, and all those circumstances enlarge it which strengthen our memory or quicken our conception of the dead; hence it is no light sin to destroy anything that is old, more especially because, even with the aid of obtainable records of the past, we, the living, occupy a space of too large importance and interest in our own eyes; we look upon the world too much as our own, too much as if we had possessed it and should possess it for ever, and forget that it is a mere hostelry, of which we occupy the apartments for a time, which others better than we have sojourned in before.

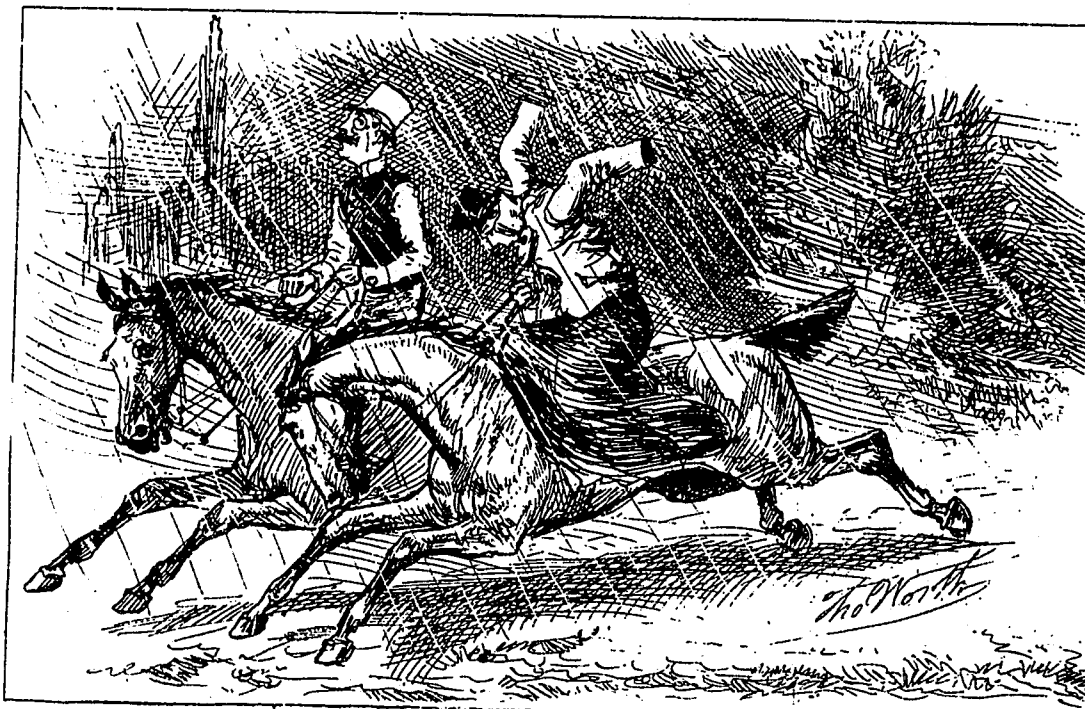
OVER particularity, or even reasonable particularity, in trifles causes a great deal of social discomfort and restraint. The man who, to use a common phrase, wishes a thing to be "just so," and not otherwise, is generally somewhat of a nuisance. People are, for the most part, very good-natured in these matters, and very anxious to please others; and they will make a great effort to satisfy the person who wishes to have things "just so." But they do not on that account love him, or her, the more. For any person to be thoroughly popular and liveable-with, there should be a little touch of untidiness and unpreciseness and indifference to small things.

MISCELLANY.

A BOHEMIAN COMPOSER OF OPERETTAS.—We shall soon have another sprightly composer to speak of. In the land, Bohemia, where music is taught in the village schools, where bands of music are formed in every hamlet, where music resounds at every corner, a real Slav composer, Bedrich Smetana, has appeared. He was a pianist in his former life, but, becoming deaf, devoted himself to composition, and is now coming forward among his countrymen. His youth will not recommend him, rather his ripe age. His best operas are: "The Brandenburghers in Bohemia," "The Sold Bride," "Dalibor," "A Kiss," and the "Secret." Smetana has taken Prague by storm with his last serio-comic opera, founded on a mythological theme of Slav origin, and it may be that we shall have it soon transplanted to American shores.

MR. JOHN PHILIPSON has written a work on harness, a subject which has not received much thoughtful elucidation from the pen, yet is decidedly worthy of consideration. He has gone into the matter from the very commencement. The methods of making and attaching harness to ancient Greek and Roman chariots is closely considered and comparisons made between them and modern methods, and the remainder of the work is devoted to a practical consideration of the planning and construction of modern harness. Commencing with a popular account of the various processes of tanning the skin, or pelt, and subsequent currying, the author describes the best leather to use, and the best method for using it, for the various parts of a good harness, whether single, pair, or four horse, and in the course of so doing gives some valuable information. A general description of "furniture," i. e., the metal mountings for harness, follows, showing the author to be well acquainted with this part of his subject, which would, indeed from its interesting nature, bear to be at greater length.

ART AND WEALTH.—Quite inconsistent with the notion that art is a child of opulence is the fact that poverty is so often its parent and nurse. It is related of Rivera, the Spanish artist, that, being in Rome, "steeped in poverty to the very lips," but happy in his industry, his talent at copying frescoes from the street walls attracted the regard of a cardinal, who took him home, provided him with comforts, and furnished him with models for his pencil. But the artist, loving his poverty better, made his escape into the streets, that he might pursue his art in his own way. The cardinal, meeting him again, persuaded him to return once more to the palace, upbraiding him for his vagabond disposition. Rivera soon relapsed a second time, saying that if he were to become an artist he must return to his rags and crusts. This pleased the cardinal and delighted the colony of artists, who nicknamed him Il Spagnolotto. Apart from the intervention of the cardinal, the story of Rivera is applicable to many of the fraternity. They grew in the shadow. Their days of high dreaming, purposing, aspiring, were the days of their penury, when frost and darkness thrust them back on themselves, made them blow with painful breath on the embers that smouldered in their bosoms, and fortified their talent with faith and courage, drawn from the depths of their souls. In the mountain tops, amid ice and cloud, their flashing waters had their source. The life of Claude Lorraine began in poverty. Mantegna was always in debt. Filippo Lippi was an orphan; Murillo was destitute; Masaccio was poor; so were Fra Bartolommeo, Perugino, Nicolas Poussin, Thorwaldson. Velasquez began in humblest condition. As far as we know, the greatest artists were not rich at first. Though their latest works may have been their best, the genius which made them possible arrived at consciousness before prosperity came. This was the case with Michael Angelo. So it was with Raphael, whom Julius II. employed, but did not inspire. In all the noblest instances, the years of toil were the great ones—not the years of fame; and the period of toil was that of want.



A SUMMER ROMANCE.

1. Perfect satisfaction of Jenkins in getting wet, having gallantly persuaded the delicate Miss Jones to protect herself with his coat in an unexpected shower.



2. But the following day, when he was laid up with a cold, and somebody else took Miss Jones to the ball, he was not quite so happy.

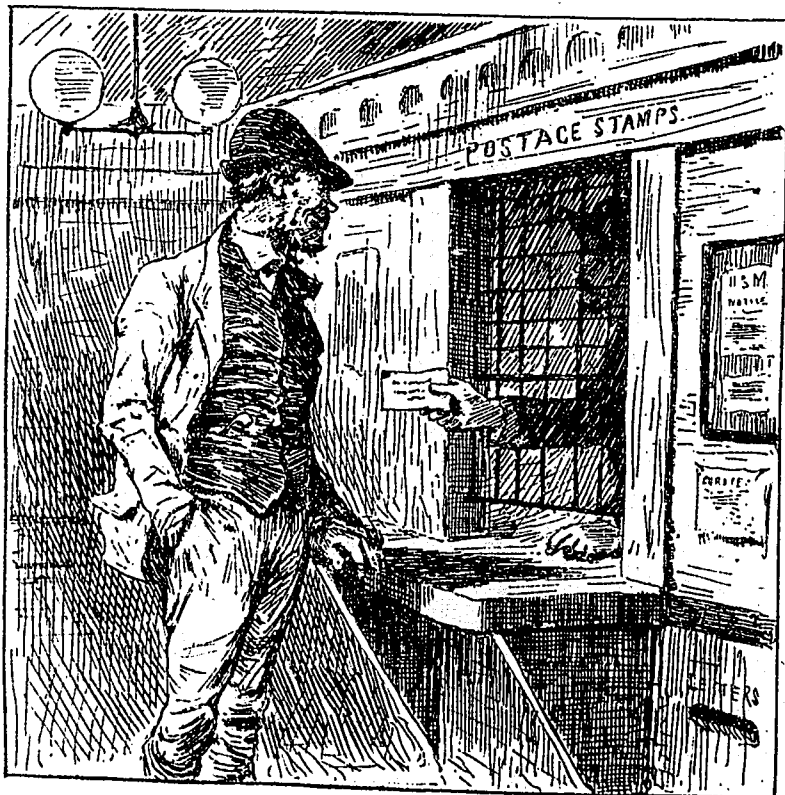


SMITH CATCHING THE TRAIN.



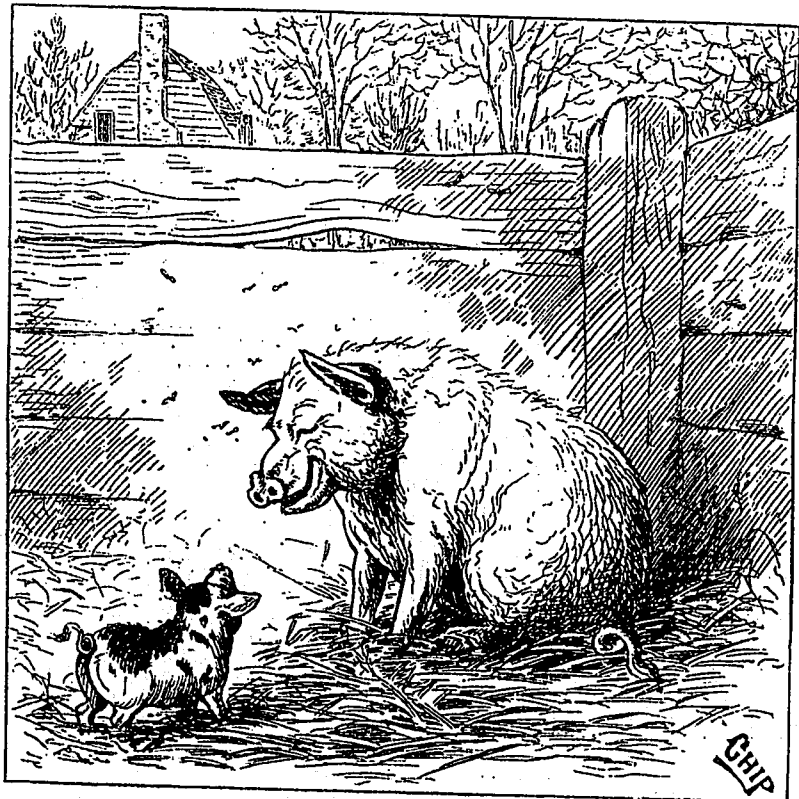
MEETING THE DIFFICULTY.

BROWN:—Why, what the dickens have you got on?
 JONES:—Oh, I had this made to order for going out, so that if any other fellow takes my coat, you know, I shall get the best of the exchange.



PATIOCINATION.

POST-OFFICE CLERK: "Here! your letter is overweight."
 P. O. C.: "It's too heavy: put another stamp on it."
 PAT.: "Och, git out wid yer foolin'! sure if I put another stamp on, wou'd it be heavier still?"



L'ALLEGRO.

YOUNG PIGGY: "Well, Lord Bacon, how do you find yourself this morning?"
 OLD PIGGY: "He! he! he! bless its dear heart, what a funny little pig it is, to be sure!"

VARIETIES.

AN IRON MAN.—Launceston, Tasmania, can boast of being the first town which has produced an iron man who can walk like his brethren in flesh without the aid of steam. The curious piece of mechanism we refer to is the invention of Mr. Hornburg, a mechanical engineer. The figure, which is dressed as a footman, is 2 feet 10 inches in height, and weighs 160 pounds. Its action arises from the power of a spring concealed in its inside, which enables it to walk with the greatest ease and wheel a man's perambulator before it. With the assistance of an ingenious piece of mechanism, an eccentric motion is obtained, which by the help of levers causes the legs to ascend and descend, similar to the walking movements of a human being. The automaton has been exhibited at the local Mechanics' Institute.—*Cotton, Wool and Iron.*

THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—It appears from the annual report issued by General Sherman that the fear of exceeding the limit of 25,000, fixed by law, or the difficulty of enlisting men, has kept the army below what the honour or the necessity of the country demands, and the General very earnestly advises that the limit be changed to 30,000 men, not with the expectation of reaching that number, but to approximate it, and make the army more efficient without material increase of cost. The experience of nations generally demonstrates that only 66 per cent. of an organized army can be had for actual field service, and, as experience has also proved that 25,000 soldiers are needed for the wants of the United States, a number is asked for which will produce that result. General Sherman states that at present the soldiers are overworked; the companies are too small for discipline or decent appearance, and he considers that the army has earned by actual service this amount of consideration from the country. He places the actual strength of the army at 1,588 line officers and 17,293 enlisted men—in all 18,881. Other detachments, not available for actual frontier duty, swell the total to 2,163 officers and 23,024 enlisted men. The General adds certain recommendations in the report with a view to securing greater efficiency in the troops.

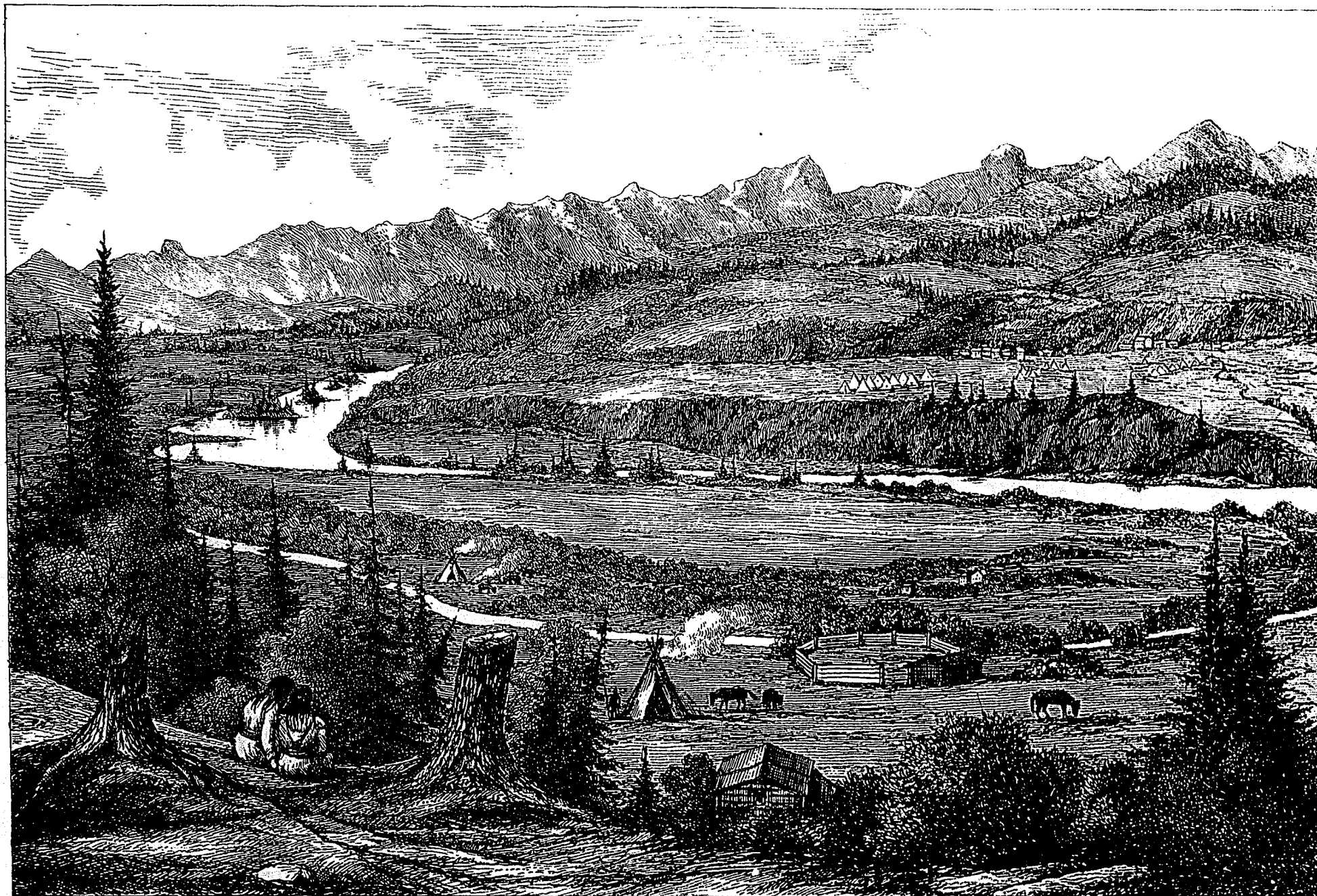
FOOD ADULTERATION.—Just at this time there is a commotion in Paris over the discovery that nearly every article of food which will admit of doctoring is adulterated. A series of analyses were made at the municipal laboratory, the results of which first drew attention to the matter. Of 62 samples of butter only 11 were found to be pure, 25 being described as "passable," and 26 as absolutely bad; of 31 samples

of flour only 18 were unadulterated; and pure ground coffee was the exception, not the rule. Pepper showed the vilest adulteration, "the sweepings of the large shops" being a frequent ingredient, and only one sample in three being what it pretended to be. This is bad enough on the Parisians, but it is well known that the system of adulterating food prevails in this country also. The article of powdered sugar is in many instances mixed with flour. To obtain the proof of this—which is familiar to housekeepers—it is only necessary to drop a spoonful of the so-called sugar into a glass of water, which it will soon whiten to the color of milk. But flour is a harmless ingredient. If nothing worse were put into our food we would at least escape the chances of being injured in health. A great deal has been said and written against the obnoxious practice with but little effect. It will never be suppressed until after the passage of such laws as can and will be rigorously enforced.

SOMETHING more than half a century ago, says a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, there died at Cheltenham, at the age of nearly eighty years, an individual whose eccentricity consisted in the fact, not that he was everything in turn and nothing long, but that he was and that he did everything continually, and that what he did he did well. It is more difficult indeed to say what he did not do than what he did. He was tutor, *littérateur*, play-writer, topographer, farmer, agriculturist, land drainer, magistrate, sportsman, pugilist, diner-out, clergyman, baronet, and canon of a cathedral; he was also an orator, and the founder of two London newspapers; and finally he had in him something of the soldier. So that, although he is now forgotten, even in that county of Essex to which he was really a great benefactor, Sir Henry Bate-Dudley must be pronounced one of the most extraordinary men whom the last or the present century has produced. With respect to his skill in the "noble art of self-defence," an Essex friend gives the following story—"Amongst his other accomplishments, he is said to have been a most skilful pugilist, and I remember a story told me a great many years ago by an old farmer at Bradwell. Whilst driving out one day with Lady Dudley in his carriage, he found fault with his coachman, and, on the man answering some what impertinently, he said, 'Get down from the box, I'll give you a sound thrashing!' On proceeding to execute his threat, the coachman put himself into an attitude of defence, and they had a 'set-to' by the roadside. After a while Lady Dudley exclaimed, 'My dear, don't hurt the poor man!' when Sir Henry, having unexpectedly found his match, called out, 'Confound him, I would, but I can't, my dear!'



THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.



CAMP AND VILLAGE OF THE STONEY INDIANS ON THE BOW RIVER, MORLEYVILLE, 1882.

A CHRISTMAS IDYL.

BY HERBERT H. ADAMS.

Ring on! ring on! ye merry bells,
And let me hear thee once again;
Ring out that happy sound that swells
With music meadowland and plain.
Go ringer, take once more your stand
In yonder tower—let troubles cease:
Pull well the ropes with vigor, and
Ring in an everlasting peace.

Ring, ring, ye bells, a joyous peal,
And usher in the Winter King,
Whose aged feet in silence steal
O'er snow-clad field and frozen spring;
Who feebly comes with staff in hand,
With holly twigs around his brow,
To rule the world with stern command,
And fill the place of autumn now.

Hark! to the voices sweet and clear
That echo 'cross the fields of snow,
Of little children coming near
With holly boughs and mistletoe.
What is't they sing?—"Peace and Good will
And Joy on Earth"—the old, old song;
Those blessed words we cherish still,
That tell of Triumph, Right o'er Wrong.

Sweet Robin, messenger of him
Whom we ordain as Winter's King,
So strong of heart, so lithe of limb,
Whose bosom feels not sorrow's sting,
Come, perch upon my window-sill,
For I would gladly welcome thee:
Enjoy your morning meal, and trill
A happy Christmas melody.

Go, little bird, at break of morn,
And tell to all, with thankful heart,
That on this morning He was born
Who bore for us the bitter part.
Go, Snow-King, o'er this world of white,
And seek the poor who perish here;
Go to their homes and, with delight,
Give their weak hearts a little cheer.

Pipe, robin, sweet, your festive hymn:
Ring, merry bells, at close of day;
Sing, children, God's own cherubim,
The good old Christmas roundelay.
Go, men, rejoice, and for a time
Let idle cares and troubles cease.
And usher in, with mirth and rhyme,
A sacred, everlasting peace.

THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

BY AMY SINGLAIR.

Squire Lester Chadwick, of Chadwick Manor, was one of my father's oldest friends. When, however, he succeeded to his father's estates, and had no further need to struggle for fame or fortune, their intimacy grew less familiar, although it never entirely ceased. A year or so after my father's death I received an invitation from Squire Chadwick to visit him for a week or two, if I could spare the time. His letter, which was couched in the most frank and genial terms, conveyed also the enticing information that a magnificent trout stream ran through his estate. That temptation was beyond my resistance. I left the narrow limits of my dingy office, with its miniature pyramids of briefs, and ponderous array of legal folios, and, looking out my choicest fishing tackle, posted off to answer in person my esteemed host's proffered invitation.

Night had fallen before I arrived at Chadwick Manor; but, as the post-chaise rolled up to the front entrance, the portly figure of Squire Chadwick, with his good-humoured face beaming with smiles, and his voice ringing with a hearty welcome, met me at the door. He had never seen me, nor I him, since I was a chubby-cheeked boy; and, as we passed into the fuller light of the dining-room, and he welcomed me with a strong, earnest grasp, I could detect the ghost of old times gliding through his memory. Some expression of my face, or tone of my voice, might have called it up; something, doubtless, that reminded him of the friend who had stood by his side in the dawn of a struggling manhood, when each of them had a name and a reputation to make, before the remote contingency of an unexpected death had placed him aloof from the strife and contention of life's battle-field. No man looked the character of a country gentleman better than Squire Lester Chadwick, and few men have ever played it half so well. It became him—was a part of his nature; and it fell from him as unconsciously as light from a star, or beauty from a flower.

After a light supper, we sat together for an hour or more over the fruit and wine. He spoke of my father with that true and touching respect that worth claims from worth, and lingered over the faded past as though something was seen in its midst which the long-drawn shadows of years could never darken from his memory. "Harvey Rollins, my boy," he said, as he quaffed his third glass of port, and ran his fingers through his white hair, "I dare say you think I am a garrulous old blockhead in rambling so much upon bygone years; but there are secret springs in the human heart which a touch, a look, a tone, will sometimes call into vigorous action. However, we have had enough of the past for one night, especially as it is your first night under my roof—so now we will speak of the future. You are not my only guest."

"I am delighted to hear it," I replied.
"Well, you see, boy, I know that youth prefers youth; it is but natural. I therefore sent for a nephew of mine; he has only just returned from doing the 'grand tour.' You will not find anything very formidable about him, except a plentiful sprinkling of artificial tricks

and fopperies, but those you can laugh at or admire, as best suits your taste. You will meet him at the breakfast table in the morning, and I hope you will like him."

Squire Chadwick's tone indicated a doubt upon that point. Our conversation gradually drew to a close, and, as I felt sensibly fatigued by my journey, his hint about retiring for the night was most gladly welcomed by me.

The first streaks of the early morning sunlight were pouring through the window of my bedroom when I awoke. I arose at once, and having dressed myself, descended the wide oak staircase, crossed the hall, and took my way into the park. The pure breeze, scented with the odor of flowers, the curling wreaths of mist creeping over the wavy grass, the dense foliage of grove and glade, the swelling song of the birds, the sloping hills belted with ridges of undulating green, and above all the pale blue sky, radiant with the sunshine, sent my blood coursing through my veins with joyous thrills. With a fearless bound I crossed the park, sprang over the low fence, and was quickly out of sight, buried between hedgerow banks or lost in the obscurity of some woodland glen.

After an absence of two hours I returned to find the house astir. The front door was open; great stamens of fuchsias, and roses, and geraniums stood just within the shadow of the hall. I passed on to the drawing-room; there was little that was grand or stately about it, if I except the portrait of an ancestor in courtly costume. There was an atmosphere of elegance, of refinement, and of substantial comfort pervading the apartment. One side of it opened through a pair of large glass folding-doors into the conservatory, adorned with every variety of plant, and flower, and creeper. Clusters of arching vines hung from the dome-shaped roof, and the golden petals of tropical flowers shed their incense around.

As I entered the roseate arcade, the sound of voices met my ears. Pausing and looking through the overhanging branches, my eye fell on the figure of Squire Chadwick. Only a moment it rested there. Standing by his side, with a face of beaming loveliness uplifted in a smile, was the graceful, sylph-like form of a young girl. Her features were shown to me at first in delicate profile; but, as my glance caught their fuller contour, with masses of raven ringlets shifting and falling in rich shades over cheek and shoulders, a light seemed to gleam on my soul with the warmth of a sunbeam. How striking the contrast between the two! Squire Chadwick, with his snowy hair and russet complexion, with scarcely a visible wrinkle on his happy face, and his bright blue eyes looking clear and smiling; the maiden, with her ebou curls, black as midnight, her lustrous eyes of piercing brilliancy, and the soft olive tinge that shaded the ripe bloom of her youthful features. I felt spell-bound by her extraordinary beauty and grace. Who could she be? Not a daughter of Squire Chadwick's, for he had never married. A niece perhaps, or—

Before I could solve these questions, or recover from my surprise, my presence was detected.

"Who the deuce is that playing at bopeep there?" cried Squire Chadwick, in a merry voice. "Ah! Harvey, my boy, is that you? Come forward, and let me introduce you to Alice. This is Mr. Harvey Rollins, the son of my old friend. My daughter, Alice Chadwick. And I hope you will never esteem each other less than you do at this moment."

The young girl was his daughter, then, and he had been married. I tried in vain to recollect these two facts with all that I had ever heard or known of the Squire's previous history. My father had frequently spoken of a bitter disappointment which the Squire had experienced in his youth, and told how faithfully he had kept his resolution never to marry. Yet here I found him the father of a lovely girl. Infinite as was my pleasure at falling so unexpectedly into the companionship of such a wealth of beauty, I could not help conjecturing that possibly there might be a small army of brothers and sisters in reserve.

The thread of my meditation was suddenly snapped by the sweet voice of Alice Chadwick.

"Do you like the country, Mr. Rollins?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "and envy those who live in it."

"Pooh, nonsense, Harvey," broke in the squire, "there is little to envy in a country life. It is calm and placid enough, I grant you; so is a duck pond. Man requires excitement—emulation; something to grapple with worthy his prowess; something that gives a force and power to his intelligence."

"To an active mind, doubtless, Squire, the stirring, bustling world is the most befitting arena," I replied; "but there are hundreds of men fighting and scrambling there who would have been ornaments in obscurity."

"Of course," laughed the Squire; "every country attorney cannot be a Supreme Court judge. But here comes my nephew Orville, we will hear what he has to say on the subject."

I looked around, and saw loitering through the shrubbery the slight effeminate figure of Orville Galt. He was dressed in a style of faultless neatness, with a trilling affectation towards dandyism. His features were small but regular, his skin delicately fair, his eyes a deep blue, and his hair a rich chestnut brown. There was a winning expression in the smile that played around his small full mouth as he passed through the formality of his first introduction to me. But

his patronizing, familiar tone to Alice raised my pulse to fever heat, and sensibly diminished the respect which, the moment before, I had entertained for him.

"Pon my word cousin," he said, with a foppish, listless air, "you ought to live in a greenhouse. Your complexion harmonizes amazingly well with the tint of those blushing roses. Don't you think so, uncle?"

"Do I think you a consummate puppy?" was the Squire's brusque retort. "Praise my girl as much as you like, but do it in sensible English. Come along, Alice, and give these fellows their breakfast."

The Squire drew the fair girl's arm through his own, and, without further ceremony, led the way from the conservatory.

"What an insufferable old boor!" ejaculated Orville, half aloud, as he walked by my side. "She is a deuced fine girl, though, don't you think so, Rawley?"

In spite of my annoyance I could not repress a laugh as I replied, "My name, Mr. Orville Galt, is Harvey Rollins."

"I beg pardon, 'pon my word," he exclaimed, "but we were speaking of my cousin. It is the most absurd affair in the world. Do you know my uncle has sent for me here to make a choice?"

"A choice!" I said.

"Yes," said he; "a choice between a wife and a commission in the Guards. Now, which would you select?"

"I am really at a loss to say," I replied.

"Well, so am I at present," said Orville; "I have a fancy for both. But, hush!—not a word about it to the Squire."

At this point we had reached the breakfast room, and found the Squire diligently dissecting a chicken.

"Now, Harvey, boy," said the Squire, as I took a seat beside Alice, "after breakfast I will show you the way to my trout stream. It is well preserved, and you will find plenty of sport."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I have found the way there already."

"The deuce you have! When?" was his astonished question.

"This morning I was up and out at sunrise," I replied.

"Not muddling your brains with a lot of legal quirks and quibbles, I hope?" said Squire Chadwick.

"No," I laughed; "I was brushing the dew from the green turf, startling the deer in the park, and frightening the poor, timid hares as I scampered over the hills."

"You are beginning with a quick pace, boy," he exclaimed; "I hope it will last."

"Deuce take it, uncle," chimed in Orville, "you don't suppose that a young fellow like our friend here is—"

"To be compared with an old cob like me, eh! Orville?" interrupted the Squire. "When were you up at sunrise, I should like to know?"

"I cannot fix the precise date," replied Orville, affectedly twisting his hair.

"Now, don't be grinning at Alice like a monkey before a barrel-organ," laughed the Squire. "She has no taste for the dissipation of routs, and soirées, and operas. Have you, Alice?"

"Oh, yes, papa, I doat upon the opera," replied Alice, archly.

"You should go to Naples, cousin, if you want to hear an opera," said Orville. "The Italians—"

"Pooh! Foreign rubbish! I don't believe in it!" cried the Squire, in a lusty tone. "There is as good music in America as there is out of it."

Squire Chadwick seemed to have an idea that his orthodox opinions about music were in imminent danger; so he cut the matter short by retiring from the table, and seeking refuge behind a newspaper.

Orville, Alice, and myself took advantage of the movement to slip quietly away and join in a walk through the grounds.

Before we had proceeded far Orville unceremoniously seated himself beneath a tree and lit a cigar.

I was now alone with Alice—alone in dangerous companionship with whom for whom the first germ of a passion had already possessed my heart. I feared to acknowledge to myself the realities of the risk I was incurring. Squire Chadwick might have other views, other wishes for his daughter, and should I, his invited guest, the sharer of his hospitality, presume to cross those views or blight those wishes? I felt my manhood quail at the question.

Still, as we walked on through the labyrinth of overhanging bows, with the summer air laden with the breath of summer flowers around us, Alice's voice, eloquent with the music that awakens the dreaming spirit of a first pure love in the soul, my hopes grew into rosy fullness, and the phantom of fear became more and more impalpable. Yet through that bright, sunny hour, not a look was dared, not a whisper breathed which the sternest formality of a newly-formed friendship might not have claimed as a rightful homage. And while lip spoke to lip the transient thoughts called from the fleeting littleness of the passing time, the first silent conflict began its stern work within—a conflict which the maturity of time might portion to one a wrecked peace, to the other an unblest life.

We had made the tour of the grounds, and were returning indoors by the shrubbery walk, when we suddenly encountered the Squire.

"Why, Harvey, boy," he cried, with a cheerful laugh, "I thought you were up to your knees

in the trout stream by this time; and here I find you, like a loverly knight, dallying by the side of his lady love. Well, Alice, how do you like him? Does he improve upon your acquaintance?"

"Oh, yes, papa, Mr. Rollins is a delightful companion," was her artless reply.

"Is he?" said the Squire, in a dry, caustic tone, at the same time fixing upon me a keen, penetrating look. "He has been telling you how cleverly he won some breach of promise case, I suppose, and so reaped the eternal gratitude of the deluded damsel who brought the action."

"Oh no, papa, Harvey—I mean Mr. Rollins," she stammered out in artless confusion, "has been reciting to me some of Longfellow's and Tennyson's poems."

"Ah," sneered the Squire, good-humoredly, as he alternated his sharp gaze between Alice and myself, "those are the lies you bait with, eh? But what have you done with Orville?"

"He retired from our company to the more social enjoyment of a cigar," I ventured to reply.

"Yes," continued Alice; "we left him under one of the trees in the beech walk."

"Well, go and put on your riding habit, Alice," said the Squire. "I have ordered the horses out. Harvey and I will go in search of your cousin. He must accompany us."

A laugh of girlish glee told the fair girl's joy, as with a light, swift step she bounded from our presence.

"Nothing artificial there, Harvey," said the Squire, as he followed her retreating figure with a proud, fond look; "a piece of Nature's rarest handiwork; not in the mere outside beauty of form and face either that her priceless value lies. Now mark, if you knew how pure and bright, and warm is the little heart that swells beneath, you would own— But there," he broke out with an abrupt laugh, "confound it, you will think me in my dotage to talk in that strain to a phlegmatic, thin-blooded lawyer. Come along, and let us hunt up my puppy of a nephew."

He linked his arm in mine, and we directed our steps to the beech walk. There, under the shady canopy of a tree, stretched full-length upon the grass, with his head resting on one of the gnarled roots, lay Orville, wrapped in a profound slumber. The Squire rubbed his eyes before he looked at him a second time, and then in a state of lazy bewilderment, cried, "By Jove! the fellow must have fainted, Harvey." A snore sufficiently loud to startle the rocks overhead quickly dispelled that illusion. "Eh!" exclaimed the Squire, timidly venturing on a closer survey of the inanimate figure, "why, I declare the puppy's asleep!"

"Taking a dip, Squire, in 'sore labor's bath,'" I smiled.

"I wish I had a watering-can or a wasp's nest at hand," was the Squire's grim rejoinder. "Stay; my snuff-box will rouse him."

The Squire deliberately took a huge pinch of snuff from his box, and adroitly plumped it in the shape of a miniature molehill under Orville's nostrils.

There was a brief, silent pause, and then an explosive sound, which sent the startled sleeper to his feet in a state of intermittent sneeze.

"Why, Orville," roared the Squire, "what the deuce ails you? Don't make those monkey-fied grimaces at me, but speak out at once!"

The ludicrous contortions of Orville, as he perseveringly endeavored to speak, elicited accompanying peals of laughter from the Squire, and produced remote symptoms of apoplexy in his humorous visage.

At length there was a slight lull in the storm, and Orville succeeded in jerking out his syllables in a dislocatory style.

"It is—very absurd,—the most—absurd thing in the world." Having reached the end of that sage observation, his olfactory nerves resumed their normal state, and he added, "Sleeping on the damp grass has given me a violent cold."

"In your nose?" shouted the Squire.

"Yes, and eyes too," replied Orville, as he wiped the trickling tears from his cheeks.

"Well, we must tell the housekeeper to make you a treacle posset, and you had better keep your room for a day or two," laughed the Squire, as he winked one of his merry eyes at me.

Orville made a dismal effort to join in the laugh, but the failure was so manifest that I good-naturedly came to his assistance.

"Mr. Galt is better now," I said; "a canter across the country will be more beneficial than a treacle posset."

"Oh, the Squire was only jesting there," said Orville, smilingly. "My uncle is very fond of a joke, especially if it is a grim one. What on earth made me fall asleep? It must have been the cigar."

The Squire gave a feeble grunt, and muttered something about "lazy puppy" as he turned to retrace his steps.

When we reached the hall-door we found the horses saddled, waiting our return. Alice was already mounted on a chestnut mare, a superb, spirited animal, but the compact and graceful firmness with which she kept her seat proved her to be a skillful rider.

Whether Orville had resolved within himself to make the *amende* for his previous remissness to Alice I know not. Throughout the ride, however, he kept closely by her side. The roads we traversed were for the most part so narrow that there was barely room for two horses abreast to pass. I tried by every artful stratagem I could devise to force my way to the front, but after a series of defeats I was compelled to accept with equanimity my somewhat equivocal position.

"The coxcomb can manage a horse," smiled Squire Chadwick, who I fancied rather enjoyed my humiliation. "Confound him, I can't help loving him in spite of his nonsensical fripperies. He is my only sister's only son, and her very image when she was young like him. I should wish him to marry Alice, but he has got the Galt pride of pedigree in him, and I fear that would prove a fatal stumbling-block."

The Squire's words were incomprehensible to me.

"The Galt pride of pedigree did not interfere with your sister's marriage, or mar her subsequent happiness, I presume?" was my reply.

"Ay, but that was another affair, Harvey," said the Squire, as he turned his head aside from my fixed gaze. "Alice is a gently-nurtured tenderly-trained girl, and—"

"Should not be exposed to the danger of giving a real love for a worthless one," I ventured to add.

"I very much doubt the danger as far as Orville is concerned," said the Squire. "I think he lacks that manliness of character, that energy of mind and will which most women admire, and which Alice would expect before she gave him more than a passing thought."

"You are, perhaps, the best judge," I replied; "but assuming otherwise?"

"I don't know. I'll think about it," said the Squire, as he pushed his horse into a canter as if to avoid further colloquy.

I lingered behind in a state of moody perplexity. The Galt pride of pedigree, I thought, could scarcely stand in the way of a union between Orville and Squire Chadwick's daughter and sole heiress. He must either have been jesting, or merely used the expression to hide some secret design. And in what position should I stand, if, thrown into her daily society, the love that already gleamed in my heart bursting forth into a radiant, constant light! What an effort, a sacrifice of peace perhaps, it might cost me to repress my passion. What a void for the future, not for me alone, but for her too, if—

The Squire's voice startled me from my reverie, shouting with a lusty vigor, "Here, Harvey, quick!" Come and see Alice take this fence."

I galloped forward to the spot where they had halted, and reached it just in time to see Alice's mare leap the fence. It was a daring feat, and a less skilful horsewoman might have lacked the nerve to give the mare the requisite lift. But the sweep was made, swift and bold, and the next minute she came laughing up on the outer side of the hedge.

"It's my turn now," I cried, and before a warning voice could be raised my spurs were in the flanks of my horse—the next moment I was on the ground, stunned and motionless.

What followed I know not. Time became a blank to me until, ten days after, I awoke to consciousness in the dim light and hushed solitude of my bedchamber—awoke with an acute sense of sharp, physical pain in every nerve. I tried to raise my head, but I was as weak and helpless as an infant. I tried to speak, and my voice came with a faint, piping sound. Presently, as my weary eyes looked round, they encountered a female face bent over me in anxious, loving kindness. It was my mother's. She lowered her lips on to my clammy brow with a gentle kiss, and in a low, soft voice, said, "Don't speak, dear Harvey. You will soon be strong and well. But excitement, however small, will retard you."

"Where am I?" I asked.

"At Chadwick," she replied. "Now, no questions," she whispered.

"Alice?" I murmured.

"Is quite well," said my mother. "She will be so pleased to hear that your memory has returned. But not another word."

The light, loving hands moistened my parched lips with cooling drink, and then, with a noiseless step, she crept to the window, and opened it.

Oh, how grateful was the fragrant breeze, as it swept over my hot features! It seemed to waft back life and strength to me. In a few minutes I was asleep again—a long, calm, refreshing slumber, which gave to my frame the first sense of dawning health.

From that day I slowly, but steadily recovered, and in little more than a week I was led between my mother and the Squire to the drawing room. Alice met us at the door with a face radiant with smiles and tears. She took my mother's place, and guided me to an easy chair, pillowed and placed by herself.

What a sense of happiness the loving light of Alice's eyes left in my heart as they lingered over my thin, wasted features! And what a perfect joy her soothing, plaintive voice, gave to me!

"Oh, Harry," she said, "how much I have to blame myself for in this!"

"Blame yourself, Alice! How?" I asked.

"It was my foolish willfulness," she replied.

"You thought I challenged you when I came riding saucily back to the fence, and—"

"Hush, Alice," I interrupted. "If there is any reproach, it belongs to myself, to my vanity, which received a tumble for its lofty bound."

I led the conversation to other different subjects, and at last inquired for Orville.

"Oh," said the squire, "he is gone."

"Gone!" was my surprised exclamation.

"Yes," said the Squire, in his blunt, frank manner; "and it may be years before we see him again. A commission has been purchased for him, and he sails with his regiment to Canada in a week. He is gone into the world, and I hope it will make a man of him, and take some of his Galt pride out of his nature."

I watched Alice while her father was speaking—watched for any telltale, changeful expression of eye or cheek. But her cousin was seemingly as far removed from her thoughts as though he had never dwelt there.

Memory still lingers over the hour; my mother, with some quaint embroidery work upon her lap, throwing at anxious intervals solicitous glances at her invalid son; the Squire, in his large oak chair, exuberant with eccentric humor; and Alice, half-sitting, half-reclining by my mother's side, while the summer light and the summer air flooded the room through the open windows. Yes, in that hour my ideal love shaped out a cloudless future, illumined by those two blessings, peace and happiness.

In a few days I was strong enough to walk about the grounds and take carriage exercise. As my strength grew, so grew my passion, until I longed—hungered—for the spoken word, the uttered promise. My suspense became unendurable, and I at length resolved to unfold the secret hope of my heart.

The morning sunshine was playing among the flowers as, bursting with my desire, I entered the conservatory in search of Alice. Directing my gaze along the trellised arcade I caught sight of the Squire, busily employed pruning some plants. He saw me before I had time to retreat, and came towards me. There was an expression of unusual gravity in his face and manner as he grasped my arm.

"Harvey," my boy," said he, "I have something of moment to acquaint you with. Perhaps it ought to have been said before; but for my little girl's sake, as well as for yours, it shall not be delayed another moment. Come with me to the library."

I accompanied him in wondering silence, and at his bidding took a chair beside him.

"You have nearly lost your life in coming here," he continued, "but we must not climax the misfortune by robbing you of your heart, and leaving you to the future misery of a thwarted love."

I felt my pulsation quicken—felt my blood whirling and rushing through my veins like liquid fire. I made an effort to answer him, but my tongue refused its office. His words had rung the death-knell of my love, and suddenly my hopes.

"Nay, nay, take that staring look from your face, Harvey," said the Squire, cheerfully, "and listen to me in patience."

"Patience!" I echoed, in a shrill, sharp tone.

"Even so," said the Squire, kindly. "When I first came into possession of these estates I had just experienced a bitter disappointment. I need not dwell upon it now, although it took long years to lift the shadow entirely from my heart. I did not settle down here at once, but travelled half over Europe, and was absent for about five years. Before I came to reside permanently at Chadwick Manor, accident or fate led me to Maine. My health was far from good, and my physician advised me to take a tour through the Highlands of Maine."

He paused a moment, and then said, abruptly,

"Harvey, I have often thought how easily the destinies of a lifetime are affected. On the fourth day of my journey, after a ride of several hours, I began to look out for a place where myself and my jaded steed might repose for the night. The sun was already low in the horizon, and the twilight shadows were creeping over mountain and glen."

He again paused, and a singular expression of sadness crept slowly over his countenance. I thought it best not to disturb his reverie, although I felt keenly anxious to learn the subject of his story.

"At length," he resumed, "I arrived at a point where the road branched off down a deep valley, and a rude finger-post gave me the cheering intelligence that two miles further on lay a Tourists' Home. I at once urged my horse into a sharp trot, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing a curling line of smoke rising among a cluster of trees, and in a few minutes I halted before the door of the Tourists' Home."

"There was a neat, picturesque charm about the little cottage. A trellised porch, covered with woodbine and honeysuckle, shaded the doorway, and a trim pathway divided the patch of flower-garden in front. The interior of the dwelling wore an equal air of comfort; the furniture, though plain and simple, was specklessly clean. A few marine pictures hung about the white walls, and prettily arranged nosegays of fresh flowers adorned the window-sills, while under the antlered head of a stag, in the most conspicuous part of the room, was suspended a beautifully painted miniature of a young boy, with a small gold cross attached to it by a chain of gold, and encircled by a border of mourning crepe."

A deep sigh escaped him at this moment, and his hand shook as he passed it slowly across his brow.

"Seated before the porch," he at length continued, "was a man who, judging by his rugged, weather-beaten features, must have been sixty years of age. He wore a blue woolen shirt, with the collar drawn far back over his broad shoulders, and a black handkerchief loosely knotted, sailor fashion, round his brawny throat. A pair of fishermen's boots were drawn over his thick cloth trousers, and on the back of his bald head was perched a low tarpaulin hat. He gave me a rough but hearty welcome, and bade me dismount and enter the cottage."

"I accepted his invitation, and as I passed into the house I encountered his wife, a plea-

sant-featured woman, about the same age as her husband. She rose from her chair, knitting in hand, and greeted me in words of homely kindness. My host handed me a seat, and I sank into it my eyes for the first time fell—"

Again the Squire paused, as if struggling for words; and I could see by his quivering lip and working features, which he vainly tried to suppress, that the recital caused him a painful sacrifice. "Upon the face of a little girl," he at length added, in a tone of deep emotion. "I was fascinated, spell-bound, not so much by her extraordinary beauty as by the strange resemblance she bore to one—Oh, Harvey, boy!" he cried, suddenly, in a voice sharp with agony, "I thought I could face the memory of those old times, and of that one particular face with a braver spirit. Some men would call this weakness—folly. I have another, holier name for it. Bear with me! bear with me!"

He rose from his chair, and paced the library floor for some moments in silence; at length he grew more calm, and, returning to his seat, continued his recital.

"I was speaking of the child, was I not?" he asked, and then, without waiting for my answer, went on: "Yes, yes, I remember. There was a shy yet graceful timidity in her every movement. Her large black eyes were shaded by long silken lashes, and her dark hair hung in a profusion of jettty curls around her slender throat, while a sad smile lent a tone of melancholy to her olive features. As I looked from her to the aged wife, I felt assured that no tie of kinship existed between them."

"A fresh supply of green wood was placed upon the fire, and the dame spread a frugal supper on the table, of which my host kindly invited me to partake. When the meal was ended, we all gathered round the hearth; my host smoked his pipe, and endeavored to make himself agreeable by reciting some of his adventures. At length there was a lull in the conversation, and my gaze, which had till then been fastened, as if by magic, on the child's face, suddenly rested on the miniature and cross which hung upon the wall."

"That is a very beautiful painting," I remarked, as I pointed to the picture.

"A deep, plaintive sigh from the child again attracted my attention to her, and I was surprised to see her eyes filled with tears. I drew her toward me, and lifting her on my knee, kissed them away."

"Ah," said the old man, removing the pipe from his mouth, "there is a sad story connected with that picture, and a deep mystery as well. Whether it will ever be unravelled, our great Commander above alone knows."

"Have you any objection to make me acquainted with the story?" I asked.

"None," he replied. "My name is Thomas Peck; I'm trade a fisherman. Two years since last Christmas Eve I had been out in my boat all day, and was just hauling in shore with a stiff breeze, when suddenly a heavy fog fell over the sea like a curtain. I was obliged to shorten sail and lie to for awhile. Suddenly I heard the signal-gun of a ship in distress. I tried to penetrate the thick wall of mist as at shorter intervals the same booming sound rose above the storm. In a few moments more I heard the wailing shrieks of some poor souls hurrying to their doom. It was against nature to hear those cries, and not stretch forth a saving hand. So I crowded all sail, and steered away I knew not whither; for, what with the fog and the sleet, I could hardly see my hand before me. I was pitching and tossing hopelessly about, uncertain, except from the sound of the signal-guns, which seemed to come nearer and nearer every moment, whether I might not be driving right ashore among the surf and rocks. Providence, however, willed it otherwise. My boat suddenly emerged from the fog, and, by the light of the moon, which was just then peeping from beneath a pitch black cloud, I saw the poop of a large ship gradually sinking down into deep water. I crowded every stitch of canvas, and came up to the wreck in time to take from a lady's arm two children—a boy and a girl. The lady was leaning over the stern of the vessel, and, as she threw them to me, I placed them in the bottom of the boat. Then she gave a wild leap forward—her hands grasped mine a moment, but, before I could draw her on board, a cruel wave swept my boat from the sinking hull, a dense cloud passed across the moon, and when her light broke out again, a few floating spars were all that remained of the doomed ship. I hung about the place where the ship went down as long as I thought it likely any poor soul might be seen, and then ran my boat into the nearest creek. I landed with my little freight; and taking off my jacket, made a bed for them in a cavity of the rock, where they were sheltered from the wind. After a while they laid their little heads close to my rough breast, and fell off in a deep sleep; then, lifting them tenderly in my arms, I started off across the country in the direction of my home. When I arrived, my wife took my little burdens under her care at once. She placed them in a warm bed, and we both watched over them, till we saw them sink to sleep clasped in each other's arms. I felt as though I could have sat beside them the long night through, and never tire of watching their soft, sweet faces. I have often wished," he added, with a quivering lip, and a voice hoarse with emotion, "that I had done so; for when we went to their bedside in the morning the boy was dead. I lifted his little form, cold and still, and then for the first time noticed that miniature and cross. The picture was the breathing picture of his wee-

face; so you may judge for yourself how full it was of real beauty. We had a little coffin shaped for his tiny form, and carried him to the pretty churchyard on the hillside overlooking the lake. A grave was sunk under the branches of an old yew-tree, and the green turf that covers it is often moistened by an old sailor's tears."

"Then this girl?" I asked.

"Is the other—the orphan child of the wreck?" replied Thomas.

"Again," continued the Squire, "was my gaze riveted on the young girl's features. In every lineament, in the soft, shy glance of the eyes, in the immature development of the childish face, I beheld the resemblance of her to whom I had given the wealth of my manhood's love."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied. "When I first met with Florence Grove, I was a struggling, briefless barrister, without name or fortune; she was the daughter of a proud family; but all their pride could not, however, subdue the mutual love we each felt for the other. But she was torn from me, taken I know not whither, until I heard that she had been forced—literally forced—by her proud unbending father, into a marriage with a wealthy West Indian planter. They went at once, I understood, to reside on one of his estates out there, and I subsequently learned that she had become the mother of two children, and, with them and her husband, embarked for America; but as neither ship or passengers ever arrived at their destination, it was presumed that the vessel had foundered at sea. I might have been right or wrong in believing that this young girl was my Florence's offspring, but the conviction entered my mind as I listened to Thomas Peck's story, and there it has remained ever since."

"And what became of the child? Did you leave her with the old man?" I asked.

"I offered him independence for life if he would but resign her to my charge," replied the Squire. "But he was deaf to bribes. Only when I appealed to his natural goodness of heart by contrasting the gloomy prospect his own narrow means afforded and the one I could bestow upon her, did he yield to my entreaties. Suffice it now to say that he did yield; and that orphan child, saved from the wreck, became my daughter—my adopted daughter—Alice Chadwick."

"Good Heavens?" I exclaimed.

"And now, Harvey," said the Squire, "it remains with you whether you will crush your passion for her in its bud, or nourish its fragrance in the sunlight of a husband's love."

The joy I felt at those words has often come back to me since, not so wild perhaps, but ever in the spirit of the first-born brightness, when her voice and smile have filled my heart with their sweetness.

"She has passed for my daughter," said the Squire; "she believes herself to be such, and it is my wish that the pardonable deception should go with her to the grave. You will raise no barrier to that wish, Harvey?" he added, earnestly.

Of course I promised him that I would not.

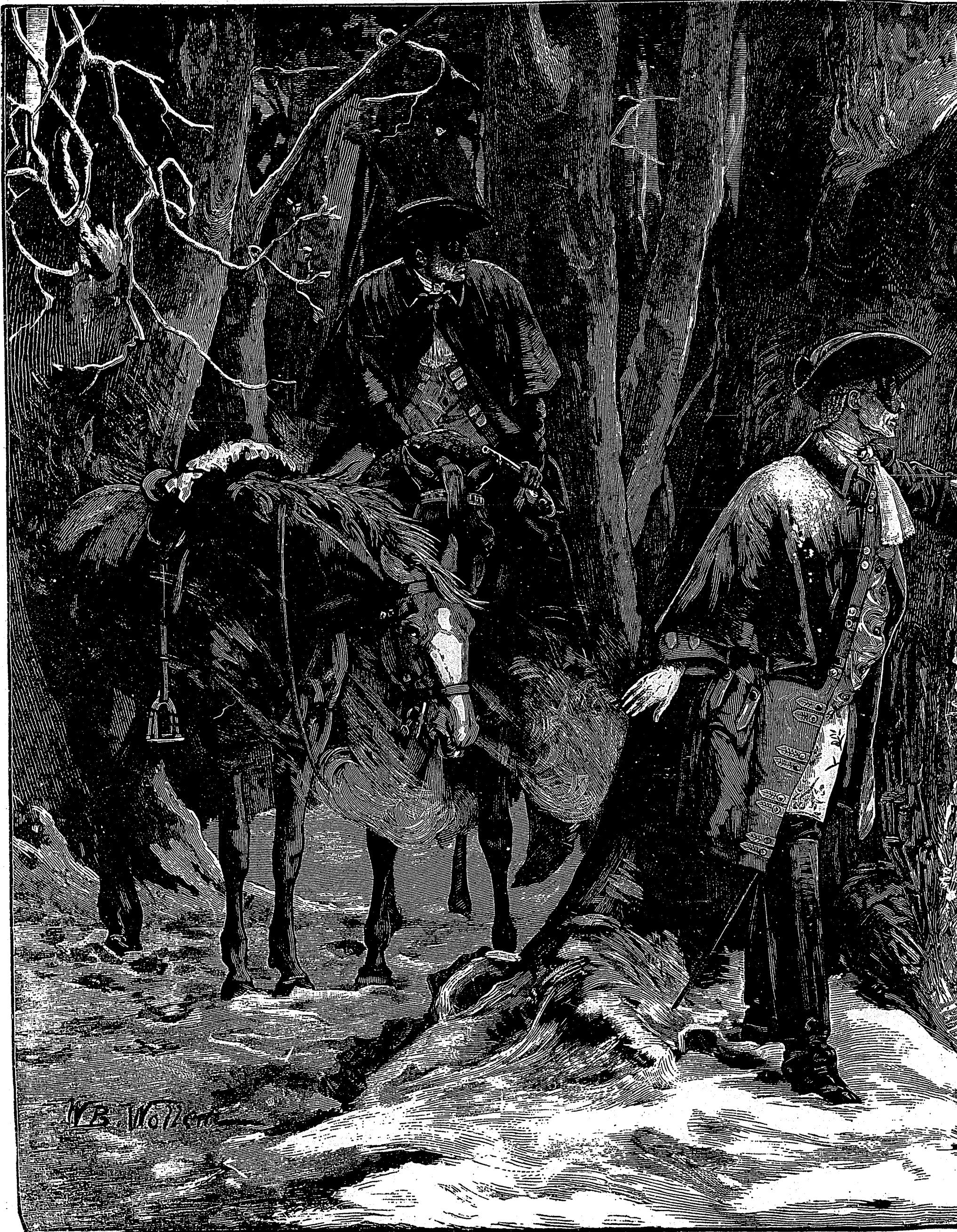
He continued: "She will not come to you a portionless bride. I have taken care of that. One more request, and I have done. Do not rob me of her for three years at least."

Squire Chadwick had placed a long, long distance between me and the perfect happiness I coveted, but had he even doubled it, I could not have refused him.

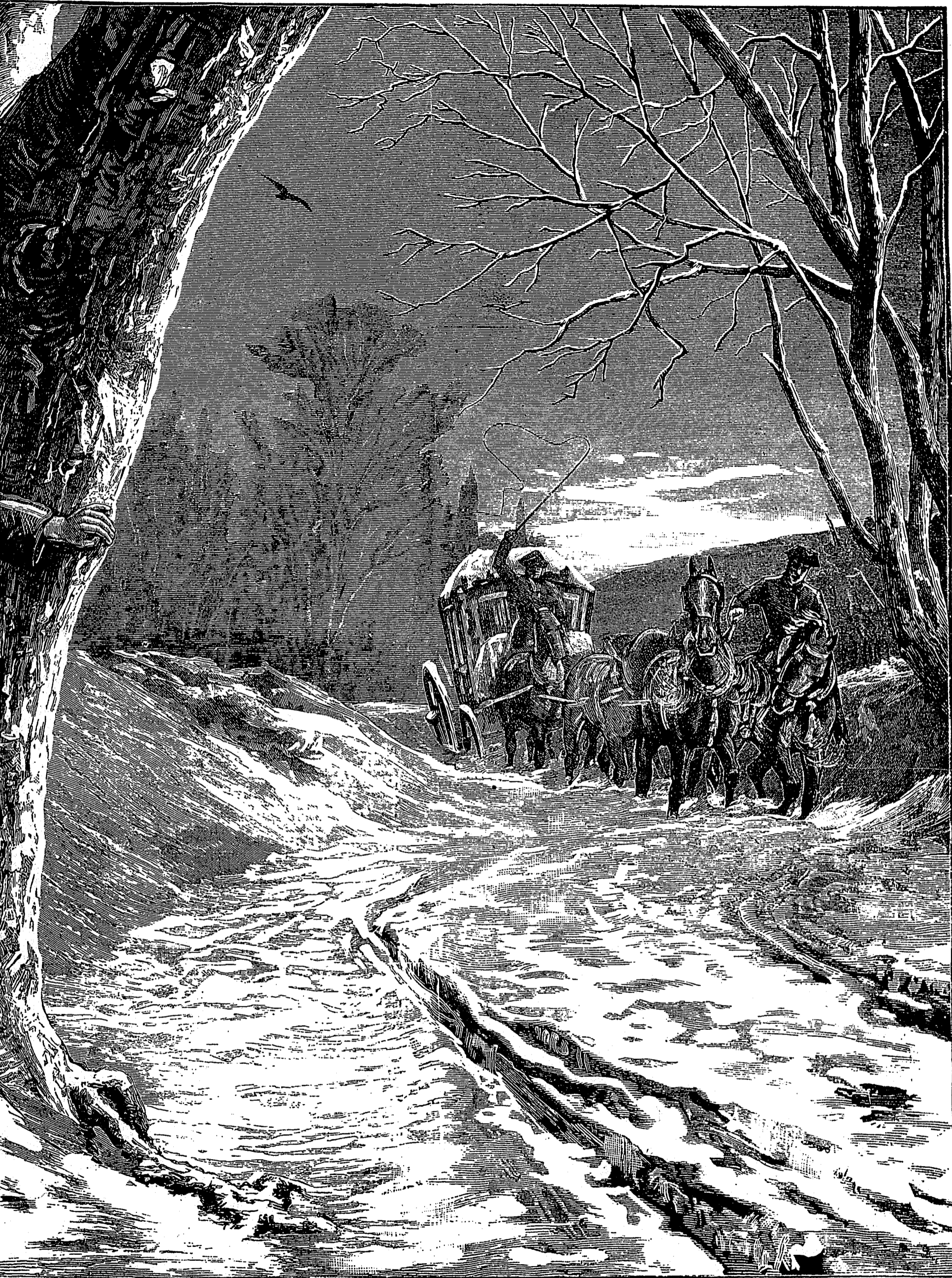
"And now, Harvey," he said, returning to his old playful humor, "the reason that I pressed my invitation upon you was in the hope that is now fulfilled. I sent for that jacknape of a nephew of mine to start in the same race, although I had a secret wish that you might distance him; and, egad! you have!"

Need I say that Alice now sits at my hearth a wife! Not a wife, only, for two lisping children call her "mother."

THE GREAT RUSSIAN AND THE LICK TELESCOPE.—The work on the lens of the great Russian telescope is practically done. Recently one of the lenses was taken from the polisher, placed in the cell with its mate and put in place in the temporary tube which has been used for testing it upon celestial objects. The lenses and cell casting of the objective weigh about 420 lbs., and four men were needed to handle it. The tube was inverted and the cell put in place and fastened by capstan-headed screws. It was then directed upon several objects, and to the unpracticed eye it seemed perfect. The brilliancy of even the smaller stars to a novice is astonishingly great. A day or two after several other optical tests were applied, and Mr. Alvan Clark said that the glass was so nearly perfect that it would not be advisable to attempt more work upon it, as the risk would be too great in proportion to any possible gain. The aperture of the objective, as our readers may remember, is 30 inches, the greatest that has yet been attempted, or rather the greatest that has yet been completed, for the same firm have a 36 inch objective now in hand for the Lick observatory. One of the Lick lenses is now at the works of Mr. Clark. It is ground and polished, and the firm is awaiting for Chance, of England, to cast a glass suitable for the other lens. It would seem that the optician is much ahead of the glass-worker in skill, and that great advances are still possible in the manufacture of large lenses when the glass-maker can produce finer glass of large dimensions.



A CHRISTMAS
DRAWN BY W. B.



S GREETING.

B. WOLLEN.

small vocabulary. What could I have seen in her to make me imagine her possessed of a mind congenial to my own? What an escape! Fancy my wife strumming waltzes and galops all the evening to me, when my soul thirsted for real music! Oh, if that sister had only been *passably* good-looking and a *lectle* bit younger. Even as it was, could her voice suffice? Then I pictured her—pictured those lips through which breathed the poet's sentiments of tender passion—but I also pictured the fact that I might have to *kiss* them in thanks! That finished my reverie. I started up; tumbled my goods and chattels into my valise; went down stairs (I used the stairs this time); paid my bill, and left orders that I was to be called in time for the early train for Suspension Bridge. My mind was relieved. I ran up stairs, and after a good night's rest, commenced my homeward flight.

Thus ended my first trip to New York. My second was even more eventful, because I then had with me my dear little bride (*Nellie H—* formerly.)

She sings and plays charmingly. She has a mind, and does not she chaff me about *Undine*? I need scarcely add that this time I put up at a different Hotel. Although my vengeful feelings towards the tormenting genius of that elevator are greatly mollified, I don't want to see him again.

FRANCES J. MOORE.

A MODERN GHOST.

"There's a chance to get a cheap farm," remarked a Manitoban to the writer.

As he spoke the farmer dropped the stock of his gun to the ground, bit off a piece of plug, and pointed to a small cottage house with barns and other outbuildings, a mile or so away across the rolling prairie.

"How much?"

"There's eighty acres of good land, and nearly new buildings, that any 'squatter' can have for the taking, and I don't suppose there is anybody living to claim the property."

"Why doesn't somebody 'squat' on it, then?"

"This is about the last place in the world that anyone would expect to find a ghost, isn't it? And yet there is ghost enough about that place to keep even squatters and claim-jumpers from taking possession of it."

The reporter gazed off across the treeless prairie, a plain of luxuriant vegetation, billow after billow of grass, until, in the dim distance, the green united with the blue of the skies, the sun shining brightly over all, and remarked:

"I should think that with all these boundless acres to till, the farmers of Manitoba could find more profitable employment than inventing 'bug-a-boos' to scare their children."

"Say!" exclaimed the farmer, as he sent a jet of tobacco juice among the petals of a prairie rose and faced quickly about with a slight flush showing through the bronze of his cheek, "I'll give you \$5 if you'll stay in that house to-night from dark until daylight!"

"What's the particular line of hobgoblin you show up?"

"Swede."

"Um-mah! a little out of my line of spooks, but whoop up your scare."

"This is no 'scare,' but a fact, as far as what I tell you is concerned. Two years ago last summer there came upon that quarter section a man and his wife, each apparently nearly sixty years of age. Nobody knew, or cared, where they came from. They brought two cows, four horses and household goods, slept in their wagon and cooked in the open air until they got their house closed in, and then put up the barn. Then the man went to plowing, and the woman, who appeared to be the better carpenter of the two, shingled and clap-boarded the house. This done, the woman went to plowing and the man plastered the house and built a chimney. Before snow flew their buildings were completed, and they had about twenty-five acres of prairie turned over.

"During the winter the woman died, but no one knew of it until the man who lives over there to the left, a mile distant, saw the old man digging a hole in the frozen earth, and went over to see what he was up to. She was already in her coffin, which the man had made out of rough boards, and some of the neighbours helped him to bury her. He could not speak a word of English, but by signs indicated that she had taken cold and died of some lung difficulty."

"After that the old man lived there alone. He raised a good crop of wheat the next season, harvested and thrashed it, and marketed it at town. Along towards the last of January his nearest neighbour came over to my house one day and told me that he had not seen the old man for a month, nor smoke coming from the chimney of his house. He proposed that we go over and ascertain the reason, and we went. We rapped upon the door, but got no response, so as it was not locked, we pushed it open and entered. There are but two rooms in the house. One was used for a store-room; the other for a living room. Both were vacant, as far as the old man was concerned, but they looked as if he had but just stepped out. A lot of potatoes, turnips and beets on the floor of the store-room were frozen as hard as rocks, and the water-pail contained a block of ice. There were bread and cooked meat in the cupboard, and clothing hanging about on hooks. Neither then, or subsequently, could we discover anything to indicate a premeditated abandonment of the premises.

"Not finding the old man in the house we turned our attention to the barn. Then we discovered that there wasn't a vestige of a path anywhere between the buildings. In the barn we saw a sight never to be forgotten. The horses and cows had eaten every straw within their reach; had licked the floor clean of even the last particle of dust. They had died from starvation and were frozen stiff.

Of course we came to the conclusion that the old man was under the snow somewhere in that neighbourhood, and we were on the lookout for him to come to the surface in the spring, but he didn't."

"And hasn't he been seen since, eh?"

"If you think so, you'd better stay in his house to-night. In the spring, this same neighbour, his name is Hill, said to me one day that he was going to sow the old Swede's plowed ground, about thirty acres, and take his chances. Of course if the old fellow should put in an appearance any time during the summer, Hill would be out his seed and labour, but if he didn't, Hill would get thirty acres of wheat pretty cheap. About seeding time there came along a Norwegian family, consisting of a man, his wife and two children, looking for work. Here was a chance for Hill. He hired the man for the season, and told him he could live in the old Swede's house, and they moved in at once, Hill sending them over a lot of provisions. At daybreak the next morning, the whole family showed up at Hill's house white with terror, and the man declared that he had seen a ghost during the night; that he was awakened by a growling noise, and could plainly see the figure of a man sitting by the stove; that he rose up in bed, and said 'Who are you, and what do you want?' but received no reply; that when he spoke, his wife was awakened, and screamed when she saw the figure. whereupon it arose, went towards the door and disappeared, but without opening or closing the door! that he sprang up and went to the door and saw the figure pass down to and enter the barn; that it did not walk, but moved as if floating; that he took a lantern and went to the barn, but could find no one; that when he reached the house and was about to enter, he turned and looked toward the barn, and there, in the very path he had just traversed, stood the figure."

"Hill poked at the fellow's story, telling him he had been frightened by a shadow, but he took his wife and children and lit out. Although Hill laughed at the story, he determined to disprove it, and so that evening he took his dog and went to the house to spend the night, though after he got there he decided to watch in the barn. He says that he had got within twenty feet of it, being then about midway between it and the house, when, as if rising from the ground, the figure of an old man appeared not over ten feet in front of him. The outline was so clear and distinct that he supposed it was the old man sure enough, and exclaimed: 'Hello, when did you get back?' At the words the figure floated off toward the barn and disappeared. As it did so Hill's dog gave a howl, dropped his tail between his legs and darted across the prairie in the direction of home, and Hill admits that he wasn't far behind the dog."

"Of course the news quickly became known to everybody in this vicinity, and Hill was laughed at wherever he went. He got mad one day, and declared that he would give anybody \$10 to stay in that house over night, and a couple of fellows who were working down here, about three miles west, said they wanted the money. Armed with shotguns, they went over to the house one night just before dark, bragging about the way they would blow the head off of any ghost that came fooling around them. They were to go over to Hill's in the morning and get the \$10, but they didn't show up. Hill waited two or three days, and then he and I went down to see them."

"They were loth to say anything about it, but finally told us their experience. They took their guns there for a purpose. When they reached the house one of them sat down by a window, the sash of which he raised, where he could see every inch of space between the house and barn, while the other one sat down on the well-curb a few feet from the path. Not far from 10 o'clock the one who was sitting by the window suddenly became impressed with the idea that there was some one in the room, and, turning his head, saw the figure of a man moving toward the door, which was closed. As it faded from view he leaned forward so that he could see the outside of the door, and saw the figure step out from the solid wood. Then it started down the path toward the barn, and the watcher by the window, although he admitted that his hair was standing on end and that he was so frightened that he never thought of his gun, eyed the moving figure closely. As it was passing the well the man there fired, and the other said the stream of fire went clear through and a yard beyond the figure. When the smoke cleared away the spectre had disappeared and the two watchers did not wait for it to reappear. Do you happen to want this \$5 bill?"

"No, for it would be robbing you of not only your money, but also of a very interesting neighbour."

THERE is no harm in being respected in this world, as I have found out; and if you don't brag a little for yourself, depend upon it there is no person of your acquaintance who will tell the world of your merits, and take the trouble off your hands.

DRESS REFORM VERSUS POCKETS.

In times past there have been treatises *de re vestiaria*—at least, we have the fact on the authority of the Baron of Bradwardine. But they were purely learned and antiquarian. Not so our discussions of dress. Ever since Mr. Carlyle took it into his head to write "Sartor Resartus," and still more ever since his pupil, Mr. Ruskin, took to informing our ignorance on the principles of art, we have been terribly cumbered about our outer man. The latest thing in religious movements and the latest thing in social movements—the Salvation and Blue Ribbon armies—acknowledge the power of dress. If a man wants to "get culture," he must dress accordingly, under pain of considerable suspicions of unorthodoxy. Did not Mr. Du Maurier only last week exhibit to us the terrible effects produced upon a susceptible young woman, who had "thought him a Greek god" in flannels and a lawn-tennis jacket when she beheld "him" in the costume, not of a Greek god, but of a London young gentleman? It is no wonder that minds and pens are busy on a subject on which so much may depend, and here before us is Mr. I. A. Gotch, the latest authority on the subject, who publishes with Messrs. Kegan Paul and Trench a pamphlet of a very revolutionary nature, illustrated by a sheet of engravings containing sweet things from the fourth century before and the fourteenth century after Christ, together with a few awful examples from the last and the present ages.

Let us put ourselves into the hands of Mr. Gotch, or rather at his feet. There is a confidence about him which is very inspiring, and which would evidently have made him perform to admiration the part of that County Court Judge who had the other day to decide by actual scrutiny the fearful inquiry of an injured dress-maker, "How could I make her a Venus when it was all wadding?" It is even to be feared that Mr. Gotch would have been too decided in his decision on that occasion, for the mere fact that "it was all wadding" would have aroused his indignation. Mr. Gotch is like most of our dress reformers, a Ruskinite, but he differs from most of them in boldly disdaining to temper his views by a pretext of hygienics. "Let us be comfortable and beautiful," he says in effect, "and we shall be healthful enough." He seems even inclined to allow the greater influence to comfort, which is satisfactory for that not inconsiderable portion of mankind (whether there is any such portion of womankind we shall not undertake to say) which doubts its powers of becoming beautiful anyhow. It is only "the arch fiend, Conventionality," says Mr. Gotch, that prevents us being comfortable. He makes us wear trousers (a harmless garment, which Mr. Gotch regards with undying enmity, he puts two meaningless buttons in the small of our backs; he insists on our wearing gloves, linen shirts, tall hats, and other abominations. All this seems to lead to something like Mr. Du Maurier's suggestion in the legend to the work of art just referred to, that we should be always as Greek gods clad in perpetual flannel and crowned as to our Hyacinthian locks with nothing more weighty than a small cap. Mr. Gotch, however, does not go to this almost savage length. His mysterious statement that "a good deal may be expressed by the lie of a collar" shows how deeply he has studied the matter. He has many intricate suggestions for the reformation of the modern coat, the probable effect of which, to the uninitiated, seems to be something like its reduction to that state—collarless, buttonless, and unkempt—in which one tries it on at the tailor's. For the trouser he has no mercy. All our bashful calves must undergo, it seems, the trial of the knickerbocker, but perhaps there are no sentences which impress us more with Mr. Gotch's competency than these two, "folds in themselves are admirable, are indispensable," and, "there is room for improvement in the finishing of sleeves at the wrist." They may be to some extent studied off the celebrated code in "Pelham," but even imitation of such a kind is admirable. Even when he charges the happiness trouser with "ignoring the knee-joint" (it is a comfort to think that the knee joint avenges itself pretty speedily, and by no means ignores the villainous trouser) or describes the legs of the happy past as "clothed with an interesting boot," he is not quite so great as in the passages just cited. But man is mortal, and we find even so great a man bidding us "avoid false hoods as we would falsehoods." Yet it is open to Mr. Gotch to contend that puns did not go out of favor till good feeling in dress began to decline.

The results of all this talking about coats and hats who shall forecast? There is certainly greater variety in dress than there was thirty years ago, but it is a question whether this is not simply due to the more varied nature of our present employments and in particular to the greater indulgence in games. There was a time (which all but very young men must remember) when the term "shooting coat" included almost all garments other than tail and frock coats. To be seen in a "shooting coat" in town or after the morning was not exactly disgraceful, but went near to be thought so. That, at any rate, is a thing of the past, but we are not sure that Mr. Gotch and his brother reformers like morning coats much better than they do frocks or tails. Again, the chimney-pot has exhausted the wits of at least two if not three generations, yet it holds its ground. "We buy an expensive hat to protect a too often worthless head," says Mr. Gotch (adopting a standard of criticism which surely is inconvenient), and it may be

added that though we may buy others as well, we buy and wear the expensive hat just as we did any number of years ago. The trouser, against which Mr. Gotch has sworn his truculent war, does not, it is true, reign alone, but like the chimney-pot it holds its ground in towns, and as far as Mr. Gotch's beloved knickerbocker is concerned, is likely to hold it, for a more unsuitable garment than the knickerbocker for London mud is not easy to conceive. We are not clear as to Mr. Gotch's ideal of an interesting boot, but it would seem to be a kind of Moliere shoe for summer and a melodramatic villain's boot for winter; which latter, indeed, might make the knickerbocker tolerable. After all, however, with the exception of the chimney-pot, which may be abandoned to him, it is doubtful whether modern dress—at least male dress—is as bad as he thinks it. It is unduly sombre no doubt, and the man of true literary taste may never be happy until he is once more permitted to wear a peach-colored velvet coat without being thought eccentric. But then there is the difficulty of collars. Would a peach-colored velvet coat look well with one's "own hair?" For the tyranny and uncleanness of wigs and bags, pomatum and powder, are surely not to be thought of. We do not much object to the Greek god costume, which fortunately does not require wigs or bags. But it would in this climate nearly ruin a man in laundresses; besides, for general purposes, it is deficient in pockets. It is, indeed, noticeable that pockets are deficient in almost all the costumes which seem most acceptable to our apostles of dress reform. Since ladies began to dress becomingly they have given them up or laid them open to the joyful larcener, and a Greek god when in costume usually puts his miscellaneous belongings in his cricket bag, or in a drawer, or in the pockets of the despised and temporarily discarded coat. Now this question of pockets is an important one, and may be commended to the reformers. For contemporary man is a sophisticated being, and what with handkerchief, cigar case, cigarette case, pipe, tobacco pouch, watch, pocketbook, knives, keys, pencils, stylographic pens, lights, season tickets, and all the other trappings of a vain civilization, he must have pockets. Hand-bags would bore him and infallibly be left about; an *escarcelle* slung on him would make him like unto the estimable flock of Mr. Cook. Let Mr. Gotch and his like look to it.

L. D. N.

AN ARTIFICIALLY SMOOTH SEA—INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Something over a year since, Mr. Vincenzo Fondacaro made a voyage from Montevideo to Naples in a 3-ton boat, for the purpose of experimenting on the feasibility of using oil at sea to reduce the roughness of ocean waves. He had a crew of only two men. The voyage was an exceedingly rough one, gales prevailing for nearly three-fourths of the time. Malaga was reached February 4, 1881, and there the voyage ceased for a while, because the funds and stores of the party had become exhausted. The little boat was enabled to ride out the roughest gales in safety by olive oil being scattered on the water.

In an interview immediately after his arrival Mr. Fondacaro said: "I claim to have made no great discovery. I have no valuable patent. For perhaps 200 years it has been known how oil would smooth the ruffled surface of the sea and prevent the waves from breaking, and ships in the whaling trade have often saved themselves from foundering by this means. But until I made my voyage it was not known how small a quantity of oil would accomplish this result. Generally a gallon of oil would enable my boat to lay 'hove to' in a gale of wind for 24 hours and be safe. I did not make this voyage in a spirit of recklessness, but simply to practically test the experiment." Mr. Fondacaro then described how he made use of the oil. It was inclosed in small bottle-shaped bags, each bag containing about half a gallon. In case of a gale of wind, when it became necessary to lay to, a large bag attached to the bow of the boat was thrown overboard. This the sailors call a floating anchor or a drag. This kept his boat's head to the wind. Two of the small bags of oil were then thrown overboard, one fore and one aft. Each bag had a small orifice, through which the oil escaped slowly. It circled around the boat, and prevented the sea from breaking over her and overwhelming her. "Of course," said Mr. Fondacaro, "the oil does not diminish the size of the waves, but renders them comparatively harmless by preventing them from breaking."

A HINT TO MR. IRVING.—During the last run of "Hamlet" at the Lyceum, a simple-minded provincial friend of a member of the company was, under favor, allowed a sight of the performance. He was in town for the purpose of doing "the lions," and clearly Mr. Irving's Hamlet was one of them. It is reported that he sat through the tragedy unmoved, except by the wonderful completeness of the production, from a scenic stage carpenter's and costumer's point of view. In his day he had seen many Hamlets. On rejoining his friend he expressed his admiration in general terms; but there was one drawback to his satisfaction. He was quite astonished, he said, that a man like Mr. Irving had not introduced some new dialogue and "business" into the gravediggers' scene!



THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.



THE BEGGAR MAID.



ENOCH ARDEN AND ANNIE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TABLEAUX FROM TENNYSON'S POEMS.



AN EARLY SALUTATION.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

The Christmas bells across the snow
Are ringing out goodwill to men:
Away the merry skaters go
Across the fields, along the fen.
God's wind of peace and love has blown
The clouds from sorrow-stricken skies:
Yet I am sitting here alone
With my old Christmas memories.

Cease, Christmas chime! that wildly ring—
The knell of man's delayed desire:
She at the piano touched the strings,
Whilst I sat dreaming by the fire.
Tis mystical when souls entwine,
When sympathetic longings blend:
She came and placed her hand on mine,
And softly whispered, "Be my friend."

Who could that longing look resist—
The blue of those Madonna eyes,
The hair—the parted lips unkest,
The depth of all her broken sighs?
I took her hand; we seemed to trace
A storm in such a summer sea:
O God! I see her haunting face,
That pleaded, "Be a friend to me!"

One night the books were cast aside,
The poem hushed that I had read:
We only heard the wind outside,
The firelight touched her golden head.
We were alone—none other—none,
Have mercy on me, God above!
She weeping said, "What have you done?
This is not friendship—it is love!"

Yes, it was love, untamed and wild,
That through our hearts and pulses ran—
The first affection of a child,
The last great passion of a man.
No love like this was ever born,
To touch my tears, to cloud my sight:
She was my waking thought at morn,
She was my parting prayer at night.

Yes, it was love! so pure that I
Can feel it dim my eyelids yet:
It made our spring a memory,
Our summer a profound regret.
We only met to love the more,
Beneath the blossom-covered tree:
We loved in silence by the shore,
And, speechless, looking out to sea.

Cold Christmas chimes! why ceaseless ring—
Across the snow your endless knell?
Why whisper our remembered spring,
And toll for our supreme farewell?
O winged Love! for love is wild,
And has been since the world began:
It bears away the loving child,
And leaves alone the thinking man!

So, merry skaters, hand in hand,
Laugh on until the sun is set:
Together you will find love's land,
Then dream together—and forget!
Away, you lovers; off you go!
Across the fields; along the fen:
For Christmas bells across the snow
Are ringing out "Goodwill to men."

L'ENVOI.

But when you see old friends depart,
And find that love is sweet—but dies,
Pray God that all your life and heart
Be free from Christmas memories!

December, 1882.

C. S.

FATE.

BY MARION GREEN.

I was to be an exhibitor at the American Institute, and while I was at the office, purchasing a ticket, I had the agreeable surprise of meeting an old friend of mine, who was on a similar errand. His destination was New York and the American Institute, the firm of which he was a member having deputed him to represent it there, and look after its interests.

I had known Walter for a long time, and many a pleasant day had I spent at his home. A happier couple than he and his wife I never saw; and it seemed such a pity that they were childless.

For a couple of years past business had interfered with these visits of mine to my friends, although I had seen Durham several times in the interval; so I was still better pleased when he told me that his wife accompanied him. She was a lady for whom I had the greatest respect and esteem, and I anticipated a most agreeable trip.

In the lull of the conversation when the surprise of meeting was over, I noticed that there came into my friend's features an anxious, harassed look, as if some dominant idea, that the surprise had momentarily displaced, had quickly taken hold again. This was the more noticeable as Durham was the most sprightly-minded man of my acquaintance—full of *apropos* and puns, upon which he evidently prided himself.

He noticed my scrutiny, and in a very self-conscious manner assumed the gay air that I had known as habitual, but his spirits seemed fatigued, and to need spurring. Perhaps some business trouble was impending. Perhaps he felt the symptoms of illness, and dreaded being overtaken with a protracted illness that would be such a calamity at that time.

As we parted at the door, I sincerely hoped that neither of my guesses was correct, and that when I saw him to-morrow he would be himself again, and naturally so.

I started for Baltimore. That day I saw nothing of Durham and his wife when I arrived. I was beginning to wonder if they were on the train, and was intending to make inquiries about them. But next morning Durham appeared. I did not see his wife, but following him came a Miss Ganney, whom I had met the last time that I was at his house, two years ago.

They sat down opposite me, and I at once saw that Durham was indeed himself again. After explaining the absence of his wife, who

had been taken suddenly ill on the train, he went on with an apology in a mock, candid manner; saying that although Miss Ganney was present, he must say that it had just occurred to him that he had forgotten to mention to me that she had been induced by his wife to accompany her. This being first and foremost a business trip, that arrangement would relieve his anxiety when compelled to leave his wife, Miss Ganney and she being very intimate and dear friends.

Mrs. Durham's illness continued nearly the whole trip, as she only made her appearance, and in a very weak state, just before we reached Philadelphia.

I was very much shocked at the change her sickness had wrought in her. I forgot that I was contrasting the genial hostess of two years ago with a poor lady just recovering from a distressing disease.

Soon we were in New York; and although Durham and his wife and her friend put up at the same hotel with myself, business on both sides prevented all but the most meagre intercourse for several weeks. Then, when things were moving smoothly at the Institute building, Durham and I found time to carry out a plan we had prepared to "see" New York.

At the end of the first week of sight-seeing, in which museums, picture galleries and public buildings had been visited, we reached on our list the Trinity steeple.

Our party had been a very pleasant and harmonious one. I never saw Durham in better spirits. He was as kind and thoughtful to his wife as I had ever known him, and gay and gallant toward Miss Ganney, which was natural with him. His wife enjoyed herself thoroughly; but it seemed to me that she would have done so fully as well almost anywhere, providing Durham was at her side.

Miss Ganney was very appreciative and enthusiastic. She impressed me favorably, being a lady of considerable talent and intelligence. One peculiarity about her affected me disagreeably, although I could not justify myself in feeling so about it, and that was that she was under perpetual high pressure every moment of the time. It must have been a strain upon her similar to that undergone by the actress of a long leading part. Not that she was artificial, and assumed an interest where she had it not. It is only because that otherwise she was such an addition to any party that I have set down this peculiarity with the impression it gave me.

Another speck I discovered: Miss Ganney was a lady in the usual acceptance of the term, and yet she never missed an opportunity to make what I fancied was an ostentatious display of her love of children. This must have been painful to Durham, and especially so to his wife, both dearly loving children. They had been married fifteen years, and were still childless.

To resume: when we came to the Trinity steeple, and it was proposed to ascend to the top, Mrs. Durham hesitated, but only for a moment, as Miss Ganney was anticipating the splendid view to be had from such a height. So we began the ascent to the spiral stairway, ending so far overhead.

At intervals, a little daylight came through the narrow windows that seemed chiseled in the solid masonry. It was a long, long way up, and we were quite weary when, at length, we reached the open air.

After resting awhile, we began to view the great city from our great height. A number of people, principally men, were enjoying the magnificent sight; those who were familiar with the city pointing out the buildings and parks to the others. We had been looking for twenty minutes, and Miss Ganney and I were separated from Durham and his wife a short distance. Something we had been looking for was discovered by Miss Ganney; she called out to Durham to come to her, as she had found it; and a moment after, Durham was at her side.

What followed in the next few minutes is indelibly stamped upon my memory, for while life endures it will never be erased. I heard Durham utter a cry of horror, and turning quickly I saw that Miss Ganney had seized his arm as if in terror, while he was looking in the direction of his wife. It turns me deathly sick, even after this lapse of time, to remember the sight of that moment. Durham's wife was flinging herself over the massive stone railing.

Half a dozen men, myself among the number, sprang to the spot. Durham was there first. But it was too late. She had shot half-way downward to destruction. Had we not drawn Durham away by force, the tragedy would have been a double one, so powerfully was he affected.

In the autumn of 1880 I was in Baltimore. Having finished the business taking me there sooner than I expected, I thought to treat myself to a day or two's holiday down the Chesapeake. I had scarcely made up my mind before some new arrivals drew up to the hotel. They were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Durham.

On the impulse of the moment I sent up my card to their room, but regretted having done so when the servant had disappeared. Durham had not informed me of his marriage. He must have had some reason for it, which reason was just as good to-day as when the event had happened.

While I stood thinking, a message came down from Durham that I was to come up. He met me at the door of his room with both hands extended, and gave me the most cordial welcome that even he could give.

"You will not need to be introduced to Mrs. Durham," said Walter, as she came forward.

Nor did I. The present Mrs. Durham I had known eighteen months before as Miss Ganney. She greeted me very cordially, and we were soon chatting away as pleasantly and unreservedly as if no image were lurking in the shadow of each of our minds.

The time passed pleasantly till dinner, when I left them, after promising to make one of a party that was going down the bay as far as Ocean City in the afternoon.

In all the time we had been talking together, not one word had been said that would, in the most remote manner, suggest that there ever had been a Mrs. Durham before the present one. Of course, such a remembrance, in any case, painful, was rendered doubly so under the peculiar circumstances. Yet, considering everything, I could not get rid of the idea that the subject was avoided in an absolute manner that even the present and my presence did not furnish a complete explanation of.

The party consisted of twelve, besides myself. After arriving at Ocean City we halted, and while resting, some luncheon that had been brought was shared. The party then broke up into twos and threes, who read, or sketched, or talked.

Durham and his wife and I sat on the river bank, talking about old times and old scenes.

The party beginning to gather together again, we arose to join. Durham and I stood for a moment talking, while his wife stooped over to wet her handkerchief in the river.

We had been sitting upon an uneven log, one end of which Durham was now standing upon, while his wife, upon the other end, was stooping over the river bank.

I inadvertently used an expression that we both knew to be original and peculiar to his first wife, when, glancing at Durham I saw that the effect upon him was fearful.

His face grew ghastly, his arms twitched, a convulsive quiver passed through him, and he stepped off the log on which he was standing!

A scream and a splash followed. The log, relieved of Durham's weight, had thrown his wife into the river!

In a moment she was carried off with the current, and was gone! She rose once to the surface, far away from help, then she was seen no more.

Three months afterwards I received a letter from Durham begging me to come to his house and to come at once, if I possibly could, as he had urgent business of great importance to consult me about. He would expect me on Friday, he said, and would send a carriage to the station, a mile from the house, with instructions to wait for me until the midnight train had passed.

It was then Friday afternoon, but I at once made my arrangements to take the 6.30 P.M. train for Altoona, the nearest point to Durham; and where he proposed to have a conveyance waiting for me. But, after all, I was forced to wait till nine o'clock, as the 6.30 train did not stop at his station. This nine o'clock train arrived at Altoona a few minutes past twelve o'clock, and was the midnight train that Durham had mentioned in his letter.

Nothing delayed the train, and it made its time at each station on the way, and at twelve o'clock by my watch I prepared to leave the train at Altoona, where it would arrive in less than two minutes. In less time than that the whistle sounded and the train came to a sudden standstill, and I knew that something was wrong. Being near the door, I opened it and looked out. We were several hundred yards from the station. The engineer was telling the conductor that he had blown the whistle because a man had jumped or fallen on the line just before the engine, and been struck and killed instantly, he had no doubt.

We pulled up to the station, and men were sent back to find the man's body and take it to where it might be identified. I had no time to wait for their return, as I found Durham's carriage awaiting me. In a very little time I was at his house. I was taken by a servant to a library, where a light was burning low. I was told that Mr. Durham had been waiting for me all the evening, until a half hour ago, when he had stepped into the garden, leaving word for me, if I came, that he would join me immediately.

I was familiar with the room, and crossed to a reading-table near the book-case, and sat down. In looking over the table to see something to read while waiting, my eye fell upon an official envelope, addressed to myself.

A strange feeling made my hand shake as I picked up the envelope. It was not sealed, yet I hesitated to open it. At last, with a great effort, I drew forth a paper, which I unfolded, and found to contain these words:—

"MY FRIEND,—

"You, who know more about me than any one living, and who yet know so little—you were present at the two crises of my life. You believe me to be a much-afflicted man, and you sympathize heartily with me. You will do so no longer, for I shall tell you all!

"Why did I take my wife to the top of the column? I knew that she was one of those who have an insane desire to leap off from a high point. That was a dangerous folly in me. Why did I leave her for a moment exposed to an attack of that frenzy? That was criminal in me! Why did I let myself be held for one moment, when that one moment would have saved her? That was murder!

"Yes; I murdered her! Why? I might

write a long while without giving you any intelligent answer.

"Then I married again. That was our blood-money. She knew of my unsatisfied longing for children. She knew of my wife's fatal impulse.

"You thought that my act that day was a natural one, whose dire efforts were undreamed of. Not so; I knew that such a movement at that moment would precipitate her into the water, and I knew what that meant. That act was judicial. I executed her!

"This is all that I have to say. I want you to read this before we meet, so I will not go down to watch for the midnight express. It is a passion of mine. To me it is Fate rushing upon me, irresistible. Nothing affects me like the approach and passing of an express train when I am standing out of danger, and yet within arm's length of the iron monster. It seems—"

Here the writing ended. Suddenly a thought flashed upon me, and turned me hot and cold. What if the man struck by our locomotive were Durham?

Just then I heard a commotion outside that was unusual at that time or place. I went to the front door, and met a number of railroad men bearing a body. It was the mangled corpse of the unfortunate Durham. That was enough; I understood it.

FOOT NOTES.

IN writing his opinions and other documents, Justice Clifford, of the United States' Supreme Court, always avoided as much as possible the definite article. He would write page after page without a single "the." Why he did so no one ever found out, nor indeed dared to try to find out, except the jocular Justice Grier, who alone could take liberties with his dignified colleague from Maine. Once, in hope of solving the mystery, he asked, slapping Clifford on the back as he spoke, "Cliffy, old boy, what makes you hate the definite article so?" But Clifford drew himself up with Roman dignity, and replied gravely, "Brother Grier, you may criticize my law; but my style is my own."

THE uses to which asbestos may be applied received a singular application recently at Henderson, when Mr. J. A. Fisher, the Secretary of the United Asbestos Company, 161 Queen Victoria street, showed a select company some experiments with a balloon principally composed of this material. The asbestos was woven into a cloth, of which the balloon was made, and the air in it was rarefied almost instantaneously by a spirit lamp. The balloon thus inflated had all the power of the ordinary silk ones distended with gas. The asbestos cloth being indestructible by fire, the aeronaut enjoys perfect safety, and can descend at any moment by merely lowering the lamp. No ballast is required, and ascents and descents can be made in a few minutes in any part of the country. It is clear, therefore, that the new balloon stands many chances of success over the old one, and we shall watch with interest the experiments at Woolwich by the War Office authorities.

A MAN may be as cool as an icicle under extraordinary circumstances of danger or excitement; he may preserve an even mind when a ghost comes into his room at midnight; he may assume command and act nobly and well when the ship is sinking; but let that man, let any man, upset his inkstand, and he springs to his feet, makes a desperate grasp for the inkstand and knocks it half way across the table, claws after his papers and sweeps through the sable puddle to save them, tears his white silk handkerchief from his pocket and mops up the ink with it, and after he has smeared the table, his hands, and his lavender trousers with ink, as far as it could be made to go, discovers that early in the engagement he knocked the inkstand clear off the table, and it had been draining its life-ink away all that time in the centre of the only light figure in the pattern of the carpet. Then he wonders why a man always makes a fool of himself when he upsets a bottle of ink. He doesn't know why. Nobody knows why. But every time it is so. If you don't believe it, try it.

BONBONS.—The origin of the manufacture of bonbons dates from the time when sugar was first used in England—that is to say, about the commencement of the thirteenth century. The first experiments with the juice of the sugar-cane brought from the east after the Crusades were at Sicily, by Jewish traders, about the year 1230. The following curious extract relating to the production of sugar is from a letter written in Latin of the period by Frederick II. Emperor of Germany and King of Sicily and Jerusalem, to Ricardo Filangieri, Governor of Palermo, (1230)

"We invite you to take steps to find two men who know well how to make sugar, and send them to Palermo to manufacture it. You will also see that they teach the process to others, in order that the art may not be lost in Palermo." The manufacture of bonbons, which was rather rude in the commencement, improved gradually and acquired a certain perfection in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Francis I. was accustomed to give bonbons to the artists whose work he looked on at the Louvre and at Fontainebleau, and had dishes of assorted sweetmeats served at his table daily. Henry IV. carried all sorts of bonbons in his pockets; he ate them all day, and presented them to the ladies of his court. He filled the vases on the tables and consoles of Gabrielle d'Estrees with sweetmeats and preserved fruits.

"COJO JAZ MIN Y CLAVEL."

BY BARONESS SWIFT.

(Freely translated from the Spanish of Don Manuel del Rio.)

Jasmine with gilly flow'rs I wreath, My lips his name oft fondly breathe.

THE IMPORTED HISS; OR, IS CASH KING AT THE OPERA.

Is Cash king at the opera? Is mere Cash, without appreciation, without manners and without decency, entitled during the performance to gossip, to chatter, to laugh, to giggle...

Recently, during the performance of "La Favorita" at the Academy of Music, during one of the most intense scenes, a woman in the balcony laughed so loudly as to be heard over the entire house...

The laugh above referred to was followed by a hiss. The hiss was an imported one. It was that of a Frenchman. He was new to America, and therefore could not understand the propriety or use of the woman's laugh at the time.

This is one privilege which mere Cash can enjoy in New York. Why not import a few more French hisses and fire them off in the Academy at appropriate occasions.

ADVICE TO A BRIDEGROOM.

To become a husband is as serious a matter to a man as it is for a woman to become a wife. Marriage is no child's play; it brings added care, trial, perplexity, vexation, and it requires a great deal of the happiness which legitimately springs out of it to make the balance heavy in its favor.

As to the second point: If you wish to live in harmonious union with your wife start out with the avowed recognition of the fact that she is your companion and co-partner. Marriage usually makes the wife neither of these. In many instances she sees less of her husband than before she married him.

Married women are shut up in houses, and their chief care is for things that have no inspiring influence. Their time is taken up in meeting the physical wants of their families—cooking, washing dishes, keeping the house in order, sewing, receiving company—not one of which has in it a tendency even to culture and elevation.

So the husband, who is out of doors, active, interested in measures which affect the public good, coming into contact with men greater than himself, who inspire him to better purposes and nobler ends of labor, develops into manly beauty and grows in character, while his wife at home, who has as faithfully performed her share of the work, withers and decays prematurely.

Treat your wife exactly as yourself would like to be treated if you had to live under her circumstances, and you will not go far wrong.

Do not entertain the silly notion that because she is of a different gender from your own that she is therefore different in her wants, feelings, qualities and powers. Do not be the victim of any social policy. Stand up bravely for the right, give your wife a chance to live, grow and be somebody and become something.

Try to be thoughtful, considerate and forbearing. You will have new duties, and they will bring new trials. Take good care of your health and hers. Be simple, both, in your habits; be careful in your expenditures; be industrious. If you keep good health and are frugal, blessings will come from your united love, and you will grow happier and better day by day as the years pass.—Dr. James C. Jackson.

SAVED HIS LIFE.

In a stairway on Woodward avenue Monday sat a man who looked the picture of sadness, and every now and then he pulled out a red handkerchief with many holes and rents in it, and wiped tears from his eyes. By and by a pedestrian halted and asked:

"Say, stranger, what ails you?" "Oh, I dunno. I guess I feel sad." "You shouldn't feel bad on New Year's Day. It's the day on which to brace up and swear off."

"Not a point—not a one. I've sat here for a whole hour trying to find one single weakness, but I can't do it. Stranger, it makes me sad, and you must excuse these tears. When I realize that I am so all-fired good I am half-inclined to commit suicide."

VARIETIES.

A recent communication spoke of the Specula discovered in Pompeii, and now in the wonderful museum at Naples. They have lately discovered a more elaborate one in the new excavations. It is what the Italian surgeons describe as a "speculum quadrivalve."

THE WAR MEDAL.—The whole of the men of the Household Cavalry who took part in the Egyptian campaign have been decorated with the Egyptian war medal. It is stated that the Brigade of Foot Guards which recently returned from Egypt, and which includes the 2nd battalion Grenadier Guards, at present stationed at Chelsea, the 2nd battalion Coldstream Guards, also at Chelsea, and the 1st battalion Scots Guards, at Wellington Barracks, will have a special parade at the Horse Guards' parade-ground, St. James's Park, in about a fortnight, for the purpose of receiving the medals for the campaign.

The Cockney is still as ready of tongue as he was when Dickens gave his portraiture of a genuine specimen in Sam Weller. The other evening when the Premier was at the Savoy Theatre—the observed of all—the tiresome length of the overture was not relished above, and one of the inhabitants hailed Mr. G. with the remark, "I say, Will, can't you give 'em a taste of the closure?"

to his rise in the world was stopped by a burst of laughter caused by some one exclaiming, "I'll toss you for that half-crown, sir."

CANON DR. BOCK, a well-known archaeologist, has made a highly interesting discovery in the Cathedral of Bern, regarding the antiquarian treasures which he declares to be richer and of more importance than those of any other Protestant church in Christendom, not excepting the Cathedral of Canterbury, estimating their value at upwards of 4,000,000fr.

THE AMERICAN MOUND BUILDERS.—Dr. J. S. Phené writes to the Builder:—"I have for some months been making a careful investigation of the works of the American mound-builders along the whole course of their occupation. I was able to trace all those that have been published, notwithstanding that some have been much reduced by the plough. I have found many very curious mounds which are not described in the Smithsonian or other works, and they appear to me of great interest as affording some clue to the intent and objects that the constructors had in view."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

The eleventh Congress of the Canadian Chess Association has just been brought to a conclusion in Montreal, and there are some who will be inclined to say that it was not as successful as several former ones. The success of a gathering of this nature must depend to a great extent upon the number of players who come as representatives from clubs in different parts of the Dominion.

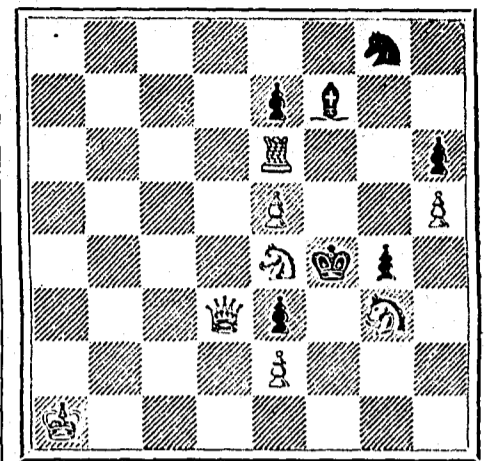
We shall not attempt to account for this now, but we may say that we have heard it stated that the time chosen for the meeting was not the best that could be selected. The next Annual Congress is to take place at Ottawa, and we trust that if possible, the officers of the Association will have to arrange for that of their; will be enabled to meet the convenience of their invited guests by choosing a part of the year in which a large number of chessplayers may be at leisure.

Mr. Steinitz arrived in New Orleans on last Thursday week, and was received by a special committee from the New Orleans Chess, Checker and Whist Club: he will remain there for four weeks. No further particulars concerning his doings have been received. It is yet uncertain whether he will visit St. Louis; only two gentlemen at present have signified their desire to see him: it is not often that so distinguished a personage passes through our country, and why the players here are so indifferent as to his coming is indeed very strange.

AMERICAN SPELLING.—We wonder whether Brennan is the pioneer of a new reformed spelling of the English language, or the exponent of views already current in America. We were aware that American "travelers" in Europe landed at Queenstown "harbor," and justified their doing so as a retrenchment of superfluous letters. But in Brennan we find "skillful," which cannot be thus explained; and a

tough problem is "a bone to know upon." We "never knowed" (as Fenimore's Lincolnshire Farmer says) that originality in spelling had been carried to such lengths by our American cousins.—British Chess Magazine.

PROBLEM No. 416. By R. B. Wormald.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 414. White: 1 R to R8, 2 B to R7, 3 Mates. Black: 1 Kt to R5, 2 K moves.

GAME 512ND. CHESS IN BALTIMORE. Fifth game of the series between Messrs. Steinitz and Scliman. (French Defense.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Scliman.) BLACK.—(Mr. Steinitz) 1 P to K4, 2 P to K5, 3 P to K B4, 4 K Kt to B3, 5 P to K Kt 3, 6 B to Kt 2, 7 P takes P en passant, 8 Kt to B3, 9 Kt to K4, 10 P to Q3, 11 Castles, 12 Kt to B2, 13 P to B3, 14 Q to K2, 15 B to Q2, 16 K R to Q sq, 17 B to K sq, 18 Kt to K4, 19 B to B2, 20 Kt to K sq, 21 P to Q R3, 22 Q R to B sq, 23 Kt to K5, 24 Kt to K4, 25 B takes Kt, 26 B to Kt 2, 27 R to Q2, 28 B to B sq, 29 R at Q 2 to Q sq, 30 Q to B2, 31 P to Kt 3, 32 P to Q R4, 33 Kt to Kt 2, 34 R to K sq, 35 Kt to K3, 36 R takes Kt, 37 B to K sq, 38 B to Q2, 39 P to B4, 40 B to B3, 41 B takes B, 42 Q to K2, 43 P to R1, 44 Q to K B2, 45 R to K5, 46 R at B sq to K sq, 47 Q to K3.

And by mutual consent the game was here drawn. NOTES. (a) At Vienna the usual move here was Kt to R3. (b) Preparing a position for the K B. (c) At this point the game was adjourned, Mr. Steinitz sending his move. (d) B to R5 seems a good move. (e) The position is now almost identically the same on both sides, and the legitimate result would seem to be a draw.—Turk, Field and Farm.

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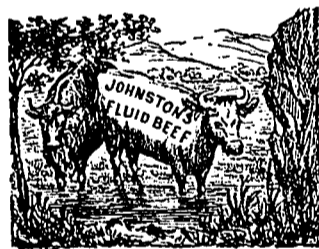


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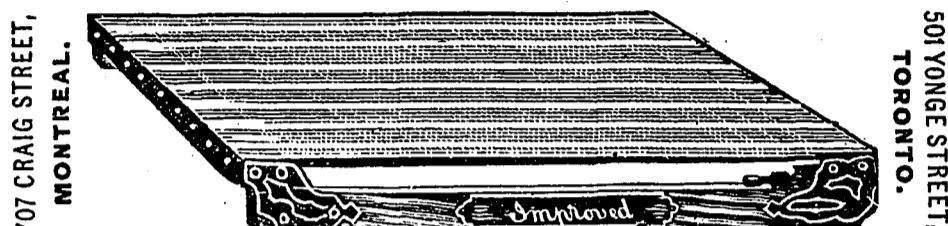
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Canadian Magazine
OF
Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mechs., McGill University.

THE PROPRIETORS have great pleasure in informing the Subscribers to the SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN, and the Public in general, that arrangements have been made by which PROF. BOVEY will undertake the editorship of this Magazine at the beginning of the New Year, when the name of the publication will be changed to the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveyance of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

The First Number will contain, among others, articles on Technical Education by J. CLARKE MURRAY, L.L.D.; on Cable Traction for Tramways and Railways, by C. F. FINDLAY, M.A., Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; and on the Transit of Venus by ALEXANDER JOHNSON, L.L.D.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

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