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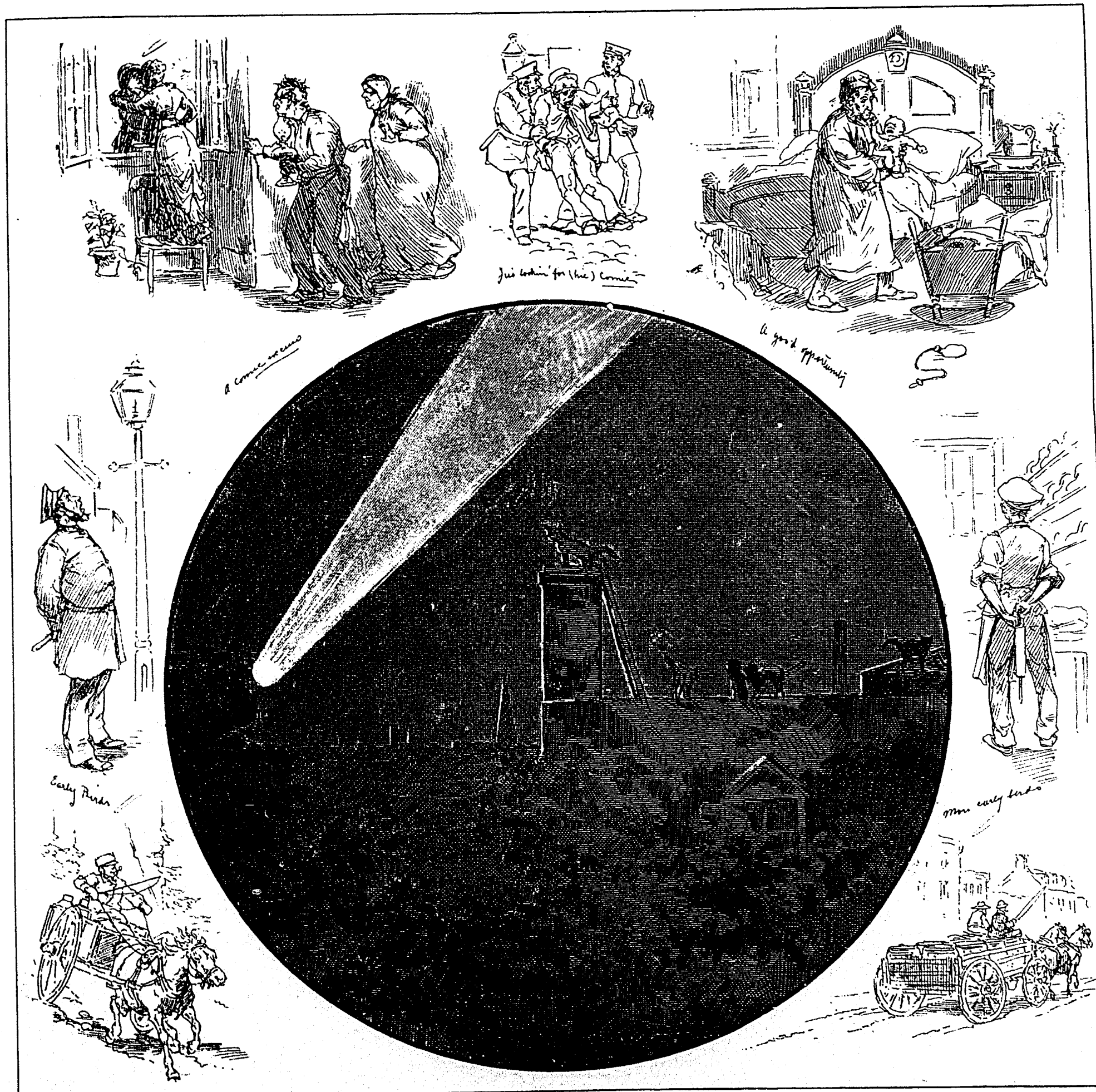
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THE COMET, AND THE PEOPLE WHO SAW IT.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to be achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December next, we shall collect the larger sum of \$4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before the above date, we shall be obliged to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity.

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

We hope that not one of our subscribers will fail in making a prompt remittance.

TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for Max., Min., Mean for Nov. 12th, 1882, and corresponding week, 1881. Rows include Mon., Tues., Wed., Thur., Fri., Sat., Sun.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 18, 1882.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME.

Hawarden Castle, the seat of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, forms one of the greatest attractions in the county of Flint, and doubtless will long continue to draw a constant stream of visitors desirous of viewing a locality so intimately connected with one of England's greatest statesmen. The house is distant about two miles both from the Queensferry Station on the Chester and Holyhead Railway, and from the Broughton Station on the Chester and Mold Branch, but the greater number of tourists probably proceed by road from Chester, which is a drive of just six and a half miles each way. The Castle stands in grounds of its own, with a park outside, to which visitors are freely admitted.

More than one-third of the entire country is owned by only thirteen proprietors, of whom the largest is Lord Hammer, with 7,318 acres, while Mr. Gladstone is the next largest with 6,908 acres, of which many are immediately round about his residence; and there are very few properties of similar extent which comprise more agreeable and diversified scenery—charming vistas can be seen amongst the oaks, limes, and elms, interspersed with pleasant peeps of ivy-covered ruins and mossy walls.

It is a matter of notoriety that Mr. Gladstone delights in wielding the axe, and in performing the rough manual labour of the common woodman. He has here abundant materials on which to exercise his skill, and if the visitor arrives at a favourable moment he may perchance see a tree several feet in diameter which has been felled by one of the most intellectual men of the time, or view the Prime Minister of England, with shirt-sleeves rolled up, engaged in lopping timber or cutting firewood, for Mr. Gladstone is in no way ashamed of his pursuits, and has even had himself photographed stripped to the shirt whilst engaged at his work. His axes, which are said to exceed thirty in number, many of them costly presents from ardent admirers, are, however, too sacred to be exhibited, and are amongst the few things, at Hawarden which are not open to the public gaze.

The church at Hawarden is at the northern end of the village, and externally is a plain old building with a low tower and dwarf spire. As almost all except the bare walls was destroyed by fire about a quarter of a century ago, the interior is new, and it is trim and well kept, as a church should be. The principal approach to the churchyard leads through rather elegant iron gates, bearing over them the inscription, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving," and passes a venerable yew-tree close to the church porch. On entering this the visitor has almost in front of him the reading-desk, at which Mr. Gladstone reads the lessons whenever he has an opportunity, and on his right the bare, uncushioned, family bench—for in this church there are only open benches, and none of those comfortable old family pews with curtains, where a man of a quiet turn of mind can take a nap. In a nook close to the chancel there is a fine recumbent effigy in white marble of Sir Stephen Richard Glyne, Bart. (born September 22, 1807; died January 17, 1874), through whom the Hawarden estate came to its present possessors; but the other slabs and ornaments are paltry and have no public interest.

The living of Hawarden is stated to be worth £4,000 per annum, and it is held by the Premier's son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, who lives at the Rectory, hard by the church gates, a building which has a most repulsive exterior, though it is said to be a comfortable house to live in, and is often used by the Rector's father as a residence in preference to his own larger and more pretentious house. This latter is a half mile away, well hidden amongst lofty trees. There are several approaches to the park and house, of which the upper one, in the middle of the village, close to the Glyn Arms, is the most imposing, and the lower one the most picturesque.

There are two Castles, the Old and the New. The former, now a venerable ivy-covered ruin, is a building of great antiquity, having a history extending back earlier than the Norman Conquest; and it looks down upon its modern castellated neighbour, with its formal parterres and neat surroundings. The best general view of the new castle is obtained from the slope leading downwards from the old ruins; and looking from this direction, three windows will be noticed at the end of the ground floor of the modern structure. The two on the left belong to the library, or "Mr. Gladstone's room,"—his study and sanctum. Should you be permitted to enter this—which is, however, by no means the only room in the Castle in which books are located—you will find it a room not twenty feet square, neither lofty nor imposing, crowded up with books, papers, and furniture, busts, china, medallions, and other articles indicative of a man of culture and taste. There is little room left for moving about; the over-growing books, constantly encroaching on this limited space, are disposed irregularly on every side, and are mainly held back to back on what may be described as elongated tallboys, an arrangement of which Mr. Gladstone is said to be exceedingly proud, but which is by no means peculiar to this house, and is adopted by many literary men as a convenient method of storing many volumes in a small area.

The nature of the books in this room indicates a man of wide and various tastes rather than a bibliomaniac. The eye does not light upon masterpieces of binding, or upon thin folios which are valuable more from their title-pages than for their contents.

The reception and dining rooms of Hawarden occupy the side of the house facing the garden, and just outside them is the gravel walk, which is the favourite walk of the great man when he can get no further abroad. The apartments, as a whole, are respectable rather than magnificent, and many retired grocers have larger rooms and far more gorgeous furniture.

Mrs. Gladstone, it is well known, has been a valuable assistant to her husband throughout his life. She has helped him in his work, and shared in his triumphs. One of the most interesting things to be seen at Hawarden in connection with this lady is her Orphanage, a building which lies close to the house, in the stable-yard; and it is pleasant to see the well-cared-for children returning home with rosy cheeks from their rambles in the park, and to hear the walls echo with their laughter. Simplicity of life is seldom associated with persons of great distinction, and so it seems strange to have in one week the same individual shouting excited addresses at the hustings, or addressing a rapt audience in the House of Commons, and then labouring with the axe; or a lady standing on a balcony by the side of her victorious husband, thanking a gesticulating and noisy crowd, and then quietly returning to care for her fatherless children; whilst it is even more difficult to believe that at the simple desk in the library, which is called "the political table," many of the schemes have been evolved, and the passages penned, which have carried the name of Gladstone throughout Europe, and far beyond.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT.

A romantic correspondent, living at Cairo, sends us the following agreeable narrative: I was talking yesterday to old Aja, the Bazaar Emid, a man always scrupulous about speaking the truth, and he told me that once he had seen Arabi Pasha in the Coptic Catholic Church in the attitude of prayer. This inspired me to ask more questions, and filling his narghileh with Stamboul tobacco, I asked him to tell me what is that which had made the life of Arabi what it is. Let me give you the dye merchant's own language, as perhaps more expressive of the real aspect of affairs than mine can be.

Settling himself back against the wall of the kic, and sending the blue smoke forth into the soft sunshine, the old man spoke in his quiet guttural:—

"Arabi Pasha," he said, "was a soldier in high favor under Ismail. Noble and in the morning of life, ardent in his work and brave in the service, he was always near the heart of the Khedive. On the rein no hand as firm as his, in the battle no eye so steadfast, with the sword no one so sure. So swift was he to do his master's will, so eager to do his duty, that soon he arose to honorable place. His ambition was restless and wealth and fame he coveted. There were years that passed, and young Bey did not marry a wife. His soldiers rallied him on not fearing any enemy, but still being afraid of women. He took it good-naturedly, and in some way the impression got out that there was in far off Spain one whom he had loved. Ismail—himself the lover of many women, grown old and gray with women and wine—he heard the voice of those who railed, and found the young man's failing. He saw that the soldier needed a home to make him happy, and he sought a wife for him. Among the women in the Khedive's harem was one not long there—a fair woman, whom the eye of Ismail had first seen in the Theatre El-Sonaat. Our ruler's word was law, and he had taken her to himself. She went unwillingly, and though the time passed she made many excuses for not accepting his embraces. Though young and strangely beautiful, there were other fair women, and while she pretended sickness the Khedive found others to love. Upon her he thought when he willed that Arabi should put aside his prejudices and marry. Our customs permitted that he should give her to his favorite as his wife and so he did. She had seen the young bey from the lattice, she had waved unknown kisses to the splendid soldier and she was glad to know that he was to be her husband. It was love, O, Effendi! and love in the land of Cleopatra is not like that of your Western country. As for Arabi, he received the Khedive's word with indifference at first, but when there came to him many stories of the beauty of his promised bride the thought of the splendor of that beauty awoke his love. Nay, Effendi, I never saw her, but from my sisters I know her a tall and graceful woman, eyes full of love, and lips the portals for mad kisses. No surprise to me that the Bey should have easily loved such a one, though he could not see her face till she was his own."

"Great was the rejoicing in our city when the wedding of Arabi Bey and Giulia, the beautiful, was announced, and great were the preparations for its celebration. There were feasts such as are given to a princess; and Tewfik, sitting at the head of his father's table, had Arabi at his side. All Cairo rang with music and from the citadel the distant gates a flood of song was floating. Yonder in the El-Mecho a palace was chosen for the bridegroom, and there on the morning of the marriage day he stood with Teles-Azar and a company of retain-

ers and waited the coming of the procession that marched in state from the royal palace. Tewfik was at his head, and although the eastern hills were not lit up with beacons, as is the custom when a prince marries, yet from Elphantine to the blue sea all Egypt knew that it was a royal wedding. We have had few so grand.

"Tewfik left the fair Giulia with her husband, and Teles-Azar and the company followed in the procession, and behind closed doors the soldier and his bride were alone. Next day there was told at the Khedive's palace, in the bazars, in our homes a strange story. It transpired that the two had known each other before, but until then neither had suspected it. They knew each other's eyes all in a moment when first they met. It is a long story, Effendi, but years before Arabi had been a Spanish soldier, and had done good work at Tetuan. There he had met Giulia, daughter of a Hebrew merchant. For her sake he deserted from the army after leaving Tetuan. He had gone back to her, and Christians had betrayed him and separated them. The lovers never saw each other again, but Giulia knew that he had gone to Egypt, and thither she also fled. These were long years of sorrow for her, and meantime she had become so firm a hater of the Christians who had separated them, that bitter was her hatred toward all Christians, and in Constantinople, with the daughters of Abdul-Baluda, she had become a proselyte to our faith. Then when both of her patronesses had died, Ismail had taken her to his harem. In Cairo, though she had heard of and seen Arabi Bey, she had not recognized him until, they were alone in the bridal chamber."

The old man's narghileh had become empty, but when he had again filled it the resumed:—

"Men there are who call Arabi Pasha a hypocrite," he said; "but hypocrite he is not. Like his wife, he also hates the Christian world, and his personal experience is that which has prompted the first steps of his insurgency and led the way to other motives and aspirations. Yee she inspires him, and in her he believes. She is powerful. Some have called her a Turk, but though she is not, there is blood of her Prophet in her veins."

The reader has the story in the dye merchant's own language. It may savour of exaggeration, but it has the spice of truth. Remember that Egypt is the country of romance. If the rebel pasha is a Spaniard by birth, if his favorite wife is a Jewess with mingled blood of Abraham's best sons and of Mohammed in her veins, if both are haters of the very name of Christian, if this is all so, can we not see the secret cause of Arabi's insurgency? The power as woman in the country of Helen and Cleopatra is something wonderful. Is it surprising that, although led by such a woman, the would be dictator's old self will once in a while assert itself, and, though hating his mother church, he will steal into a chapel in disguise and there worship!

Arabi has other wives, others in his harem, but Giulia is his all. In all Egypt there is no prouder woman and Egypt has many proud women. Old Aja used no exaggeration—the wife of the rebel leader bitterly hates all that bear the name of Christian, and seems almost to idolize the faith of her adoption. Over her chamber door sparkles a jewelled crescent, that sends its thousand rays upon her head as she passes beneath it; and without the threshold, in the pavement of the hall, where her sandaled foot treads it, is a plain gold cross. Could studied hatred do more!

I had a painful realization of this woman's hatred one day last spring. It was Easter Sunday, and, in company with my wife and a lady friend, we drove to Shobra, the popular boulevard of Cairo. The road is shaded by palms and cacti, and is very pleasant on our heated days. On either side are gardens gay with the hues of tropical vegetation, and lovely in flower and shrub and tree. Here the wealth and beauty of the city resort every summer's afternoon, and on this Sunday of which I speak there were many gay equipages there, both natives and foreigners, enjoying the drive. Among the carriages that we met was that of the Khedive, and in it, reclining on the purple cushions, were his two sons, the princes, pale little boys of ten and twelve years. Riaz Pasha rode there in an open Victoria; gray old Suleiman, of Alexandria, was with a friend in a French coupé and, lazily lounging in a gilded brougham, was prince Hestan, uncle of the Khedive. But more noticeable than the beautiful Arabian bays before the premier's carriage were a pair of grays, pure Afghans, the finest shaped horses that I ever saw. We first met them opposite the Gardien Tombeuse, and so attractive were they that I did not think to notice the carriage. A little later, in the avenue of Sout they passed us, and as the open carriage was driven slowly by I had a view of the occupant. As if it were by instinct we knew that the lady was the wife of Arabi. Although an embroidered tulle veil shrouded the lower part of her face one could read everything of character in the lustrous black eyes that looked into ours. Last Monday our colored boy brought in a swatin basillak, and if you ask to what the eyes of Giulia were to be likened I can speak to you of the eyes of that basillak. I never saw a Jewess that did not have remarkable eyes, and those of this lady were beautiful, very beautiful indeed, but they were singularly baleful. I do not know what her other features were, but the revelation of the eyes was that which told of a proud woman.

I watched the woman as she rolled along the boulevard, saw her graceful recognition of other ladies of the harem, and the fierceness that came

into her eyes as foreigners met her. A word to the driver seemed to occasionally escape her lips, but not once did she change her position. As we passed that portion of the boulevard which commands a view of the summer palace of the Khedive, we came upon two carriages that had stopped, that the occupants (English ladies) might enjoy the scene that spread before them. Giulia's brougham was but little in advance of ours, and from my seat I could see her speak to the driver. Instantly at her orders the grays wheeled to the side, and, without warning, the heavy brougham had crushed into the nearest of the standing carriages, and, the two ladies who sat there were overturned. Almost miraculously, no injury was done the ladies, and as they crept out from under the broken carriage, for the first time, I noticed that the Egyptian lady's carriage stood by. "I am Giulia, the wife of Arabi Pasha," I was astonished to hear her say in a melodious voice and with the utmost nonchalance. And then she was driven on. Call such an action incarnate devilry and you will not use truer words. It was an intentional indignity shown a Christian, a hateful reminder of the fact that the wife of a Minister of the Khedive despises Europeans of her sex. Such an act by a woman gives her portrait, and other cruel deeds are laid at Giulia's door.

There is no revenge more bitter than that of a Jewess, the wife of a Mu sulman and the disciple of the Moslem faith. It is an insanity, a feeling that because of a wrong of her past the property and lives of Christians must suffer. Doubtless she exulted over the riots in Alexandria, and I would not be surprised if she inspired them. Arabi has the name of being a gentle and not ill-disposed man, though an enthusiast in his particular hobbies. Kascal he is not, but he is under the truly malign influence of his wife. Great is her power, and something wonderful attaches to her life. Tewfik will not sanction the death of the husband of one who had been an inmate of his father's harem. If laws do not so read, yet such is the custom in Ispahan. But this is not all. Giulia had been the companion of the daughters of Abdul-Baluda the ladies Iala and Burnese, at Constantinople. And all the East knows that man never loved sisters as Abdul Hamid loved his two unfortunate sisters. In Turkey the dogs and birds that a sister or daughter loved, are cherished by the husband and brother after her death, and you need not think it strange that the Sultan will protect Giulia, the favorite of the royal sisters, and will do his part to preserve the life of her husband, traitor though he is. This may be extravagant thought, but the West does not yet understand the East.—N. Y. Herald.

EASTERN SOLDIERS AND ENGLISH HEROES.

The lapse of a century and a quarter does not seem much to have improved oriental soldiers at the expense of those of the occident. Supposing Arabi Pasha's army to have numbered 40,000 men at Tel-el-Kebir—as, according to one Egyptian account, it did—it was beaten in a few minutes by about one-third that number of Englishmen. At Plassey, in 1757, 3,100 Englishmen and Sepoys, under Clive, defeated more than 40,000 Hindoos, in an hour. Less than a thousand of Clive's force was English, and the other 2,200 were Sepoys, or natives of India trained after the English manner. It is very difficult ever to say what is the numerical force of an oriental army. Thus, the force of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir, has been stated at 26,000, by Sir Garnet Wolseley; but an Egyptian, who should have known of what he spoke, said it was 40,000. At Plassey, according to Clive, the Indian army consisted of 50,000 men, besides artillery; but Mr. Jas. Mill, in his history of British India (Vol. III., p. 189, Wilson's edition,) says that the Hindoo force consisted of 65,000 men, without counting artillery. The same authority puts Clive's army at 3,100 men, of whom 900 were English infantry, artillery and sailors, and 2,200 were Sepoys. Macaulay makes the Nabob's army 55,000 strong, not counting artillery. That was the first occasion on which an English regiment of the regular army ever appeared on an Indian field. "Conspicuous in the ranks of the little (English) army, says Macaulay, "were the men of the Thirty Ninth Regiment, which still bears on its colors, amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in India*." The battle has been described as nothing but a distant cannonade, and the description is almost literally correct, for when Clive advanced, toward the close of the day, he did so under the conviction that he was about to be joined by a considerable part of the Indian army, which really was moving off. These two facts—the retreat of some of his own troops and the advance of the English—caused the Nabob to fly, when his army received orders to fall back, which were but too well obeyed. There seems to be some doubt whether Clive advanced on seeing the enemy fly, or that the enemy fled because he charged. The victory was won in a moment—so quickly, that even the vanquished lost only 500 men. Mill says that Clive had only sixteen of his Europeans killed or wounded, and only fifty-two of his Sepoys. Macaulay declares, when speaking of the Hindoos, "their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable wagons and cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of nearly sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than

Great Britain." The prize was the mighty Province of Bengal, and which, if it contained 30,000,000 people in 1757 (as James Mill says it did), must have been almost, if not quite, twice as populous as were all the British Islands, even later. There was no essential difference between the Indian battle and the Egyptian battle, as respects details, the English winning the land and laurel in each, and the vanquished army going to pieces after Tel-el-Kebir exactly as it had gone to pieces after Plassey; but we think the victors of Plassey are entitled to the greater praise, as what they did was something quite new, and the result of a course of action which even Clive, one of the boldest of men, apparently thought was of doubtful propriety. No pitched battle had then been fought between an English army and oriental army, so that what was done at Plassey was strictly experimental; and suppose that the decision had been adverse to the English on the 23rd of June, 1757? Probably the British empire in India never would have been heard of, and the Hindoos would have been left to destroy themselves. But Clive's great successes—leaving aside what he had accomplished a few years earlier—taught the English how to vanquish every foe that they encountered in the East; so that they became full of the most disdainful confidence, which endures to this day, and certainly will last for two or three generations more—or even for ever, as men consider for ever. It is possible that the English would have beaten the Egyptians had they never made a campaign in the East; but having made fifty successful Eastern campaigns, they were sure to defeat them utterly, for they had all these campaigns behind them, calmly impelling them on to assured victory. Some day this assurance may take the English into danger. We can remember the first Afghan war, when an English repulse was supposed to be the beginning of the end of the white faces. We can, too, remember the rough fights with the Sikhs, which were set down as preparing the way for the fall of the English, but which proved to be nothing of the kind, but worked well for them when the Sepoy Mutiny came. So we are not indisposed to agree with those who think that the masters of the East are very certain to retain their ascendancy for a long time to come. It would not be strange were the victory of Tel-el-Kebir to prove as effectual, and as long lived as that of Plassey, and were Egypt to become what India is—and to be to the English what she was to the Romans in the seven centuries that followed Actium.—Boston Traveller.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S EARLY FRIEND.

Fourteen years ago, when Chester A. Arthur was a struggling local politician in New York, of what is known there as the Custom House variety, he numbered among his friends the mate of a vessel, named Kennedy, whose influence Arthur had often occasion to use when circumstances required the votes of the floating population of the harbour front. Just about that time, Arthur made an unsuccessful effort to obtain some minor municipal appointment. The mate consoled with his political friend upon his disappointment, and soon after sailed for Washington with a cargo of hardware. While ascending the Potomac, a block and tackle fell upon the mate's head, indenting his skull in such a manner that the man became practically an idiot, and was placed in the District of Columbia Insane Asylum. A short time ago, the famous surgeon, Dr. Cross, of Philadelphia, visited the asylum, examined the case, and straightway performed an operation invented by himself, which resulted in the almost immediate return of the patient's reason, the intervening fourteen years being, of course, a complete blank. A day or two after his recovery, the mate walked out and began strolling through the Capitol Building. Almost the first person he beheld was President Arthur, who was just leaving the executive chamber in the senate wing. "Why, how are you, Kennedy?" said the first citizen, extending his hand. "Glad to see you." "Howdy, old man!" said the sailor: "how's things? Got a job yet?" "Well, I believe I have," said the executive, with a smile, "a pretty good job, too. You must come up to the White House to me." "To the White House!" repeated the mariner. "Yes, ask for my private secretary, he'll show you right in," and the President walked on. "Poor old Chet! clean gone, clean gone," mused the mate. "Actually believes himself to be President of the United States. Smart man once, too. That just shows you, gentlemen," he continued, turning to the bystanders, "that just shows you what politics and disappointments will bring a man to. Poor old Chet!"

A NEW METHOD OF STOPPING STEAMERS.

An ingenious gentleman has recently patented an invention which may prove of very great value. By a simple, but it is claimed efficient contrivance, he has suddenly, and without danger, arrested the course of steamships while going at full speed, and enabled them to change their course. The means employed to effect this are a simple arrangement of fans attached to the stern post, which expand when required. There can be no doubt that the invention will be very useful in arresting collisions and other disasters to which steam vessels are subject. A brief account, from a Boston Exchange, of the first experiment to which the invention was subjected, will be found below:—"At nine o'clock the signal to start was given and away went the

vessel past Fort Independence and out into the middle of the harbour. Just then the pilot blew a whistle of warning to notify those on board that he was about to test the faith of the invention, and in another moment there was the slightest perceptible lurch and the vessel stood still in the water. By actual measurement the steamer had not drifted over ten feet before the engineer was enabled to reverse and change the direction of the vessel. The engine on the steamer was sixty horse power and the vessel was going at the rate of twelve miles an hour at the time, which is the limit of her speed. She was put about again and the experiment repeated with greater success the steamer not going over ten feet after the "fans" were let go. Again and again was the test applied until it was fairly decided that the introduction of the brake in no way affected the construction of the vessel nor damaged it in any manner. Mr. McAdams, who was on board the "City Point" then ordered the engineer to start his vessel, let go his fans and keep up his steam to see if the vessel would go forward, but with all the force applied the steamer refused to budge, and stuck like a rock in the water. The invention consists of a pair of iron shutters or fins, the area of which is in direct ratio with the size of the ship, and hinged one on each side of the stern post. They shut close to the sides of the vessel and are kept up by a simple apparatus on deck, which is connected with the pilot house. When the signal is given to "let go" the stays connected with the fins allow them to open at right angles and cause the stoppage of the vessel almost instantly. The water, being a yielding body, acts as a spring or cushion and none of that jarring or shock is experienced such as is felt on a railway when the brakes are applied. In the opinion of the inventor there is no excuse for collision with such a device. Many of the collisions reported on investigation showed that the pilot had over five minutes warning to allay the speed of his vessel and avert disaster, but was unable to do so in that space of time. The present contrivance is guaranteed to stop any vessel, no matter what size or rate of speed, inside of her own length at least, and yesterday's experiments certainly proved the truth of the inventor's plea."

SERJEANT BALLANTINE'S EARLY LIFE.

I cannot say that I burnt much midnight oil. No attorney, late from the country, ever-routed me out and thrust a heavy brief into my hands—a circumstance which we have heard has so often been the origin of success to eminent lawyers. My establishment was limited. I shared with some half dozen other aspirants to the bench what in Temple parlance is called a laundress, probably from the fact of her never washing anything. I fancy that her principal employment was walking from my chambers to the pawnbroker's, and thence to the gin-shop. At the end of a short period, my property, never very extensive, was reduced to little more than a pair of sheets, a teapot, and a coal-scuttle, over which it is pleased Providence that she should tumble downstairs, and the injuries then sustained relieved me from her future attendance. A mischievous little urchin cleaned my boots and was called clerk. My means were extremely limited, and it may interest my readers to know what my professional earnings were during the first three years of my career. I was called to the bar in June, having attained the mature age of 21 the preceding March. Between that period and the following Christmas I made 4½ guineas, the second year I made 30 guineas, and the third 25. I am afraid that I must admit that I did not measure my expenditure by my income. My father had undertaken to furnish my chambers, and one of the principle articles he sent me was a horsehair arm-chair with only three legs, upon which I got so accustomed to balance myself that I scarcely felt safe on one furnished with the proper complement. He also had promised certain assistance by way of income, upon which promise I lived; but it was something like the income allowed to the Hon. Algernon Percy Deucease by his father, the Right Hon. the Earl of Crabs, recorded in the veritable history of Mr. Yellow Plush. I possessed one confiding tradesman. His name was Gill; he lived close by in Essex Court, and, fortunately for me, dealt in almost every article. Gill was my recourse for everything from pats of butter to blacking. At last, after long suffering, he struck, shaking his head when I told him of the client I expected. On the afternoon after this event I was balancing myself upon my three-legged chair in melancholy mood, and wondering whence my dinner would come, when a knock sounded at my door, and a clerk from Messrs. Gilby & Allan, blessed be their names! brought me, and paid for, three half-guinea notions. With this mine of wealth in my pocket I determined to enjoy myself luxuriously, and accordingly went to Hancock's an establishment I have already described. The glorious repast still remains embedded in my memory—twice of saddle of mutton; I am afraid to say how many helps of Jam tart. After a handsome honorarium of threepence to Mary, who had never looked coldly upon me in my worst hours of impecuniosity, I had still 25s. left. Wretch that I was, I forgot the patient Gill, and found my way into one of those sinks of iniquity, a gambling house in Leicester Square, and came out possessed of £35. I was a millionaire. Gill once again smiled upon me, and the penny roll and pat of butter upon my breakfast table next morning testified to his restored confidence.

AN ARTISTIC PIANO.

The *Decorator and Furnisher*, the latest and most magnificent of our trade journals, has a collection of articles and illustrations which will suit every taste. It makes numerous valuable suggestions respecting all kinds of decorations, and asks, "Why not make pianos somewhat artistic?" Mr. Alma Tadema, the well-known painter, has devoted some attention to this subject, and a piano in his own house is a marvel of taste. It is thus described by a correspondent:

"To render Townshend House complete, musically as well as artistically, Mr. Alma Tadema recently gave Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons the commission to make this remarkable instrument, after the design and drawings of Mr. C. E. Fox, an architect who is engaged in restoring the internal decoration of Warwick Castle. The room the pianoforte stands in being in the Byzantine style with gold walls and ceiling, the design of Mr. Fox, including the seat for the player, an essential part of it, is in perfect keeping, and fulfils the intentions of the owner, at the same time not in any way losing its independence from mere furniture as a musical instrument. The usual form of Broadwood's grand piano has been preserved, but the supports are of more substantial and truly architectural character, the columns being alternately of rosewood and ebony, while the instrument, case and cover or top, is of oak. The very large masses of fine ivory employed in the carved acanthus ornament of the sides of the keyboard and about the seat, itself almost a throne, first attract the eye, and this material is carried round the frieze of the case in tear-drops, a suggestion from St. Sophia at Constantinople.

"The sides of the case are paneled, and the carved side bears, in addition, devices presenting the lark, owl, and cuckoo, with their characteristic notes in old musical notation. The top is adorned with geometrical patterns in mahogany, whitewoods, ebony, tortoise-shell, and mother-of-pearl, in jewel-like effect; gilding and brass have also their place in this sumptuous masterpiece. Inside the piano, the iron framing, plate and tension bars, are painted with a beautiful pattern. The old harpsichords had frequently paintings, and sometimes by eminent masters, on the underside of the top, shown when that covering was raised for performance. Mr. Tadema, with the happy invention which characterizes him, has had sheets of vellum framed to enhance the musical value of the instrument by the approving signatures of his musical friends who have played upon or in concert with it. Already the autographs of Mlles. Mehlig, Krebs, and Jonath; Messdames Essipoff and Haas; Messrs. Joachim, Sara-sate, Scharwenka, Heuschel, and others known to fame, are conspicuous upon it.

"Behind a satin curtain, with rare gold embroideries, a Byzantine window has recently been constructed, that lights piano and room through beautiful glazings of Mexican onyx. The initials of Mr. L. Alma Tadema have been frequently and tastefully employed in the monogram and other devices about this superb production of Messrs. Broadwood, the whole of the work, including the decoration, having been accomplished by them. Since the pianoforte has been at Townshend House, Mr. Alma Tadema has commissioned the Neapolitan sculptor, Prof. Amendola, to execute a silver plaque in high relief, representing the Drowning Orpheus borne upon the waves towards the Thracian shore. This fine work is let into the panel at the narrow end of the instrument, and adds an additional interest to it."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Queen of Spain has a daughter.
THE steamer *Austral* foundered in Sydney Harbor.
THE Rev. Father Stafford died at Lindsay, Ont., on the 12th.
A MADRID despatch says the Carlist party has reached a state of final dissolution.
THE crucifixes have been removed from the primary schools of Paris.
ALL the Powers except France have agreed to England exercising sole control in Egypt.
AN attempt was made on Saturday to assassinate Judge Lawson in Clare street, Dublin.
THE fire in the cargo of the steamer *Propitious*, at Liverpool, has been extinguished.
THE Kurdish Chief Obeidullah has left Van, accompanied by the Sultan's secretary, for Mossoul.
THE news that Hanlan intends to settle permanently in New York is not credited in Toronto.
A formidable revolutionary movement has broken out in the Baltic Provinces of Russia, directed by the Nihilists.
A DURBAN despatch says the Boers have completely defeated the native chief Montsiva, and occupied his territory.
GEN. STONE PASHA will probably be Chief of Staff in the army being organized for service in Soulan against the False Prophet.
IT is said that the Canadian Pacific Railway intend removing the blacksmith shops from Prescott to Montreal early next spring.
THE officers and crew of the British man-of-war *Flying Fish* are to be decorated by the Japanese Government for conveying their envoy to the Corea during the recent outbreak.



RETURN OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT.—THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS PASSING THROUGH LONDON.



PLEASANT MOMENT.

THE WHITE SQUALL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

On deck, beneath the awning
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawn;
Ere yet the sun arose,
And above the funnel's roaring,
And the fitful wind's deploring,
I heard the cabin snoring,
With universal noise.
I could hear the passengers snoring—
I envied their disporting—
Vainly I was courting
The pleasure of a dove.
So I lay, and wondered why light
Came not, and watched the twilight
And the glimmer of the skylight
That shot across the deck;
And the binnacle, pale and steady,
And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
And the sparks in fiery eddy
That whirled from the chimney neck.
Strange company we harbored;
We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
Unwashed, uncoubed, unbarbered—
Jews black, and brown, and gray,
With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbits greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray.
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.
To starboard Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were,
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff away:
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked, and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty, pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty, prattling graces
Of those small beathens' eyes.
And so the hours kept tolling:
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave *Berita* bowling.
Before the break of day,
When a squall, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was washed to lather,
And the lowering thunder rumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in a wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the puddle-dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a howling
As she heard the tempest blowing:
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the corlidge and the tackle
Began to shriek and crackle:
And the rushing water soaked all,
From the seamen in the fo'k'sal
To the stokers, whose black faces
Peer out of their bed-places:
And the captain he was bawling,
And the sailors pulling, hauling,
And the quarter-deck tarpauling
Was shivered in the squalling;
And the passengers awoken,
Most pitifully shaken:
And the steward jumps up, and hastens
For the necessary basins.
Then the Greeks they croaned and quivered,
And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered.
As the plunging waters met them,
And splashed and overset them:
And they called in their emergence
Upon countless saints and virgins;
And their marrow-bones are bended,
And they think the world is ended.
And the Turkish women for ard
Were frightened and behorrored;
And, shrieking and bewildering,
The mothers clutched their children.
The men sang: "Allah! Allah!
Marshallah Bismillah!"
As the warring waters doused them,
And they called upon the Prophet,
Who thought but little of it.
Then all the fleas in Jewry
Jumped up and bit like fury;
And the progeny of Jacob
Did on the main-deck wake up,
(I wot those greasy Rabbits
Would never pay for cabins!)
And each man moaned and jabbered in
His filthy Jewish gabardine,
In woe and lamentation.
And howling consternation,
And the splashing water drenches
Their dirty brats and wenches:
And they crawl from bales and benches,
In a hundred thousand stanches.
Then a Prussian captain of Lancers
(Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
Came on the deck astonished,
And wondering, cried: "Putz tausend,
Wie ist der Sturm jetzt brausend?"
And looked at Captain Lewis,
Who calmly stood and blew his
Cigar in all the bustle,
And scorned the tempest's noise.
And oft we've thought hereafter
How he beat the storm to laughter:
For well he knew his vessel
With that vain wind could wrestle;
And when a wreck we thought her,
And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
How gayly he fought her.
And through the hubbub brought her,
Cried: "George, some brandy and water!"
And when, its force expended,
The harmless storm was ended,
And as the sunning splendid
Came blushing o'er the sea—
I thought, as day was breaking,
My little girls were waking,
And smiling and making
A prayer at home for me,
—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

CONNIE'S LOVE MATCH.

BY NED F. MAH.

I.

There's a path by the river o'ershadowed by trees,
Where people may walk—and may talk, if they
please.

Says the old song, And in whose breast do
not these two lines suggest some pleasant
memories?

There was such a walk at Ripplepool. A deli-
cious, serpentine walk, that was never dusty,
and always cool. It followed the windings of
the Ripple, through the meadows below the
town, and it would lead you, did you choose to

explore it so far, to Shallowford, eight miles
distant.

To arrive at the river from the town, the way
was somewhat complicated. A stranger would
never succeed in reaching it, except by some
fortunate chance. For, having set out in the
right direction, ten to one but he would take
one of the many offshoots from the correct path,
which apparently leading him direct to the
stream, and even bringing him within view of
it, would, after many confusing turns and
angles, and dodging round high garden walls,
and passing between posts which had certainly
been erected without a prevision of the possible
introduction of crinoline, bring back the baffled
explorer to the town at some point miraculously
near to that at which he left it. But if he were
fortunate enough to have a guide whom fre-
quency has made familiar with the intricate
windings of the route, he would have left the
main street by turning under the little arch-
way between Simpthin's the hairdresser's, and
Bennett, the draper's, following a painful and
slippery incline some six feet in width, between
high walls and paved with petrified kidneys,
known as Stone Alley, diving, at the end there-
of, down steps into the tunnel beneath the
old Priory, into which the Grammar School
boys shot, suddenly and without warning, at
one o'clock and four, from a door which led to a
passage in the tunnel's left hand wall, to the
great terror and detriment of old ladies, chil-
dren or dogs should any such be unwary enough
to venture into these gloomy penetralia at
those hours of danger. Emerging from the
tunnel's further end into the dazzling sunlight,
he would find himself, so soon as he could
divest himself of the evil like sensation to see
clearly, in a small, open, sandy space from
which a number of paths visibly diverged.
Taking none of these, however, he would
advance boldly to the quickset hedge imme-
diately opposite, which would apparently open
to admit him on his approach, and a winding
footway would lead him off southward till he
reached a steep stony descent beneath the
brick wall flanking the property known as the
Elms, through a great arch in which the river
passed, just where it was spanned by a little,
rickety, rustic bridge from which you might
watch the trout sporting in the clear water.

Crossing this little, rickety, rustic bridge, our
explorer would find himself at the commence-
ment of the path, which, fringing the circuitous
windings of the Ripple, formed one of the most
delightful retreats imaginable, inviting to the
artist for the splendid bits of scenery it fur-
nished; glades, beautified by a network of sun
and shadow, lofty trees spreading their branches
over the stream like huge arms in benediction;
quaint old follards leaning over and gazing at
the reflection of their ugly, knarled old forms
in the watery mirror with a ridiculous sensual
vanity—inviting to the poet for the cool,
silent, peaceful beauty of its solitude, leading
his soul through Nature up to Nature's God,
and inspiring him with great and noble thoughts
—inviting to lovers, for here they could make
to each other those extremely weighty communi-
cations which someone has very inconsiderately
called soft nothings, unheard; here they could
kiss unobserved, or here they could sit for hours,
hand in hand, and neither kiss nor speak, in
that silence which is said to be more eloquent
than words—inviting to the fisherman, for in the
depths of the Ripple, trout lurked, which were
by no means coy to the charms of the fly—and
inviting to every ordinary and commonplace
mortal who had not a soul so dead as to be im-
pervious to the beauties of nature, to the re-
freshing atmosphere, or the sweet odors wafted
from the flowers on one hand, or the clover and
hay fields on the other—for on the left bank of
the river were gardens, orchards, and paddocks
sloping down from the backs of the detached
houses and villa residences described in the
glowing advertisements of estate agents, as
commanding a delightful prospect across the
vale of the Ripple; on the other bank stretched
green pasture lands, fertile corn fields, beyond
which an ancient mansion here and there dotted
the landscape, half hidden by the leafy crests of
ancestral oaks, and standing out in sharp relief
from a dark background of dense woods, behind
which the blue outline of the far off hills marked
the horizon.

In the delightful stillness of a June evening,
at that hour when the after glow of the setting
sun has not yet deepened into twilight, when
the delicious odors of the fields gain from the
closeness and stillness of the air which pre-
sages the falling of the night dews, a more perceptible
pungency; when the silence gains a yet deeper
quietude from the hum of the insects, the faint
dip of the oar, or far off shouts of the school
boys at their last game of cricket; the little
white pleasure boat from Rose Cottage might
have been observed floating down lazily with
the stream, and presently the sweet, clear
voice of Constance Glyn herself might have
reached the listener with that peculiar veiled,
fairy-like, softened effect which song tones ever
have when they travel over water. She was
singing some simple German ditty—and when
George the Fourth libelled that language by
saying it was only fit for a scavenger, I am
sure he could never have heard it sung—not, at
least, as Constance Glyn was now singing the
legend of the *Vergil-meln nicht*. Presently
the sweet notes ceased, leaving as they died
away a profound hush behind them, as
though all nature were caught listening; until
the bullfrogs in a distant pond suddenly broke
into a chorus of hoarse music as though in pro-
test.

The boat glided to the shore, the oarsman
stepped out and assisted his fair passenger to
land, and they sauntered half embraced, these
two, the robust stripling and the slight, beauti-
ful girl, like a young oak and its clinging par-
asite, among the hay cocks. Presently they
sank down on the soft couch presented by one
of these, with their backs so placed that they
were screened from the observation of any
chance passer by upon the walk by the river
side. And then, their faces being nearer on a
level than they had hitherto been by reason of
the difference in their height, our impression is,
though we cannot tell, since it was impossible
they could have been seen, that their lips—
well, in plain English, that George Elliott
kissed Constance Glyn. And when that debt
had been repaid with interest and another
promissory note drawn on that bank of nectar,
Constance with a pretty waywardness, dis-
engaged herself and said, with an assumption
of the most intense seriousness—

"George, I have something to tell you."

"Well, sweetheart, what is it?"

Instead of answering, she began to rummage
in her pocket and drew therefrom—recollect it
was the pocket of a governess—item, one cam-
bric handkerchief; item, one H.B. pencil;
item, one piece of india rubber; item, one
piece vulcanised do. do.; item, one pocket
scissors with sheath, said scissors in form of a
sacred ibis the blades forming his bill; item,
one silver thimble; item, one small piece of
sponge used for washing in clouds, much dis-
colored; one small square of bread, very dry
and hard; item, one tooth of a dormouse pre-
sented that day as a token of immense affection
and respect by one of her youngest pupils; item,
a list of families at whose houses she taught,
with her appointments thereat; and item, list
of all because it was required first. One small
oblong slip containing an advertisement cut
from a newspaper.

"There, dear. Read that."

George read as follows:

"A German gentleman is desirous of obtain-
ing board in a private family with a view to
gaining a knowledge of the English language.
Will willingly give instructions in German in
return. Address M.L., White Hart Inn, Shal-
lowford."

"You know we could very well afford to give
up the little blue parlor, and the gabled bed-
room next to Radford's, and it would be such a
boon to me to add German to my stock of re-
quirements."

"And your mother is agreeable?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of her! I can manage
her easily enough. It's you, brute, that I'm
afraid of."

"How afraid?"

"And that's why I want you to go over to
Shallowford and find out all about him, and see
it's not somebody of whom you are going to be
awful and ridiculously jealous."

"Why you little foolish birdie! Was I ever
jealous the least bit in the world?"

"Oh, lots and lots of times. There was
Captain Dangerfield, you know, and poor
freckled Dobbs, the curate, and—"

"And the young man with the eye?"

"Oh yes, the young man with the eye at
Bennett's. But he doesn't count, for I declare
he squinted and wasn't looking at me at all.
Can you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, after breakfast."

"And match me some Berlin wool at Flet-
cher's, and see if they've got the Moonlight
Galop at King's and a cake of ultramarine blue
at Sketchley's, and don't drink too much beer,
and only play one game of billiards, and not
even look at the Miss Archers. Will you?"

And much more in the same style, which is
doubtless not very amusing to the reader, and
which we will spare him, in dread lest he
may lose his faith in the extreme dignity of de-
meanor for which Constance Glyn was celebrated
among her pupils.

II.

We are much too apt, especially those among
us who are gifted, or who fancy we are gifted,
which is much oftener the case, with talents or
perceptions superior to the common herd: to
set up an ideal standard for humanity, and to
express surprise or disgust when our fellow-
creatures fall short of that standard. We should
be far happier, often, if we were content to take
people as we find them, and to be prepared to
esteem them as ordinary mortals, imperfect,
not too grand or good
for human nature's daily food."

Our heroine, Constance Glyn, was not perfec-
tion. She seemed so, perhaps, to the blinded
eyes of George Elliott, her lover; but to us,
who are about to take the privilege of peeping
at her as she sits at her window in the summer
moonlight, and of hearing the confession she
breathes beneath the twinkling stars, she will
not long appear so. We shall learn that she is
ambitious, and Ambition, though it may make
men great, never yet made them better, or more
lovable.

Perfection! No, neither in face, or figure,
or mind. Every one called her beautiful, well
formed, clever. We are not going to deny it;
but she was not perfect. Her profile was not pure
Greek, nor pure Roman; but she possessed a
delightful regularity of feature that was a thou-
sand times more charming. She was neither
dark nor fair, but made up of a whimsical com-
bination of the two, which added a zest from its

very rarity. And there was a quaint something
in her eyes which no one would dare to call a
squint, and which every man, at least, who saw
her, declared enhanced their attraction. The
fact was, they were set ever such a little nearer
together than usual. And then her figure. In-
deed by the sculptor's rules, it would have
lacked proportion. If we would be veracious,
we must own that she was a trifle, the merest
trifle, high-shouldered; and her arms, perhaps,
on that account in part, were slightly shorter
than the artist eye demands. Yet her limbs
were superbly moulded, and her carriage united
dignity with an easy grace, and the expression
of an exuberance of vitality which was univer-
sally allowed to be the very poetry of motion.
And her character, though we will not attempt
to deny her the virtues of amiability, and a
courageous perseverance in the pursuit of a very
trying calling, was not without its blemishes.
She was not of the stuff of which heroines are
made—she had not that high principle which
sacrifices everything to Duty. But she was am-
bitious, and for ambition she would have suffer-
ed much; but like all ambitious people she was
selfish, in spite of her amiability which made
her popular, and which she practised because
popularity is the high road on which ambition
travels.

Let us listen then, dear Faust, since we, with
the author's privilege, will be the mephistophiles
on this occasion—to what this Marguerite of
ours is whispering to the stars. It is the cus-
tom at Rose Cottage for the inhabitants to retire
early to their rooms. Mrs. Glyn to seek repose
—for she firmly believes in the old adage that
one hour before twelve is worth two after, and is
morover, an early riser—Radford to smoke his
cigar, and Constance to make herself better per-
fect in her next day's lessons, and to bask in the
moonlight, when there is a moon, "in maiden
meditation, fancy free."

"Poor George," we hear her murmur, "he's
awfully kind, and affectionate, and docile, and
all that sort of thing, and believes desperately
in me. But he is such a boy, and I do hate
boys. Of course he'll improve as he grows
older, but then I shall always be four years
older than he is, and he will always be a boy
to me. I like him, yes, I do like him, but I
shall never love him as a wife should love. I
must respect the man I love, and fancy my
having any respect for George! But I must be
true to him, for I have promised to be his, and
he will be rich, and I mean to be rich. No
more bear leading then; no multiplication
tables, no French irregular verbs, no touching
up of drawings, no one-two-three-four, no sel-
fa-re-mi. No more carressing and coaxing of
lazy, incorrigible, irritating, impertinent brats;
no more cringing to overbearing, fault-finding
parents. I shall have only one bear to lead,
and that a very endurable bear, George. Well,
well, we shall be very tolerably happy, I dare-
say; perhaps happier than if the attraction
were equal on both sides. In love, they say,
one should kiss, the other tender the cheek. It
is only right the kiss should come from the
man's side. Will it be so very hard to present
the cheek with a good grace, when I am bribed
with a good purse, nice clothes, ponies to drive,
and servants to do my bidding? I trust not.
Heigho! I wish, though, I had somebody I
could really love—somebody I could look up to,
on whose advice I could rely, in whom I could
place my completest confidence. In a word, a
Man. Oh, it must be glorious to know a Man;
there are so few specimens of the genus now-
adays. I wonder what this German will be like.
Of course he will come here. George is too vain
to be really jealous, particularly of a mere
foreigner. But our intercourse will be danger-
ous. Is there anything more dangerous than
listening to the broken lispsings of a foreign
tongue? And they say these Germans are so ro-
mantic; and sometimes they are so handsome
too. I do hope he will be handsome. No, I
don't either, because I've got to marry George,
and I must marry George whatever happens,
and I've got to keep that steadily before my
eyes. Ah, well, I wish he was older, and hand-
somer, and more of a man."

And so she draws the curtain before our pro-
fane eyes, and prepares to sleep the well earned
sleep of the daily governess.

Tea time at Rose Cottage. Mrs. Glyn, hand-
some in that most pleasing of all styles of
beauty, the calm, placid beauty of well-preserved
old age; grey-haired, pink-cheeked, wrinkleless,
looking every inch the lady in her rich black
silk, reclines in her easy chair. Constance, tired
but cheerful—she has acquired a habit of being
cheerful, and it has become second nature with
her, although every governess will bear us will-
ing witness that there are frequently circum-
stances in the lives of this ill-used and harassed
class, in which there is very great credit indeed
in being jolly—presides at the equipage. Rad-
ford who, like all brothers, despises his tea, is
ensconced behind the Ripplepool *Mercury*, now
and then snarling at a scandalous paragraph, or
some hit at the women from the column of fac-
titive, generally with his mouth full, and inter-
rupting himself to take big gulps from his tea-
cup. To them enter George Elliott, who has
dropped in for a cup of tea before going home to
dinner. He sits down by Constance, puts his
arm round her, and their lips meet behind the
urn; then she clasps her hands upon his shoul-
der, and beams upon him with her great lau-
trous eyes, and says,

"Well, Dodie, what news from Hallowford?
Did you see him? What was he like? Is he
nice? Will he come? Will it do for us to have
him?"

"Yes, I saw him. He's a great, broad-shouldered fellow, with heaps of tawny hair like a lion, and blue eyes, and smokes huge pipes, and is all bows and affability, and don't understand English billiards, wanting to know why you all ze time furlooffen, as he calls going in off the red, and I dare say you'll think him nice, and he salls ze pleasure have ze dainer to visitron, that he may become ze simmer-soo-sour to-morrow, and I told him to call about this time, because then you will be home, and you can draw him out over a cup of tea, and see for yourself whether it will do for you to have him. I think he's a very jolly fellow myself, and will be immense fun at first. There, I've answered all your questions, so let me see if my tea's cool."

"Wait a minute, goosey, I haven't put any sugar in," says Constance, proceeding to administer sweets to the sweet.

George is just going to drink the nectar with the avidity of one who has ridden eight miles through the heat and dust, but explodes in his cup.

"Connie, what do you think he calls gloves? Hand-shoes."

"Well, that's only the German name, stupid—*Handschuh*."

"Is it! Well, I thought it wonderfully ingenious English, and I mean to adopt the term ever hereafter."

"Is he a gentleman, George, do you think I puts in mamma."

"So far as I can judge from two hours' broken German," replies George. "He's overpoweringly polite, overdoes the thing; but then we must make allowances for Continental education, you know. However, judge for yourself to-morrow. I must be off, now, the governor rows so if I'm not there at soup."

And he kisses Connie, who runs out after him with three lumps of sugar for Brown Bess, the mare.

IV.

Next day Max Lindenholtz made his appearance at Rose Cottage. The ladies were delighted with his courtesy, with his blue eyes, clear complexion and blond hair, his child-like frankness and geniality. He was voted, *nem. con.*, an eligible inmate for the house, and was forthwith installed in the blue room and the gabled chamber, which were destined to form his special domain.

And forthwith began that dangerous conjugation of the verb "to love," which has sometimes ended in learning it too well. And if Max was by no means callous to the charms of his attractive pupil, at least he remembered the respect due to the daughter of the roof that sheltered him, for Max was nothing if not a man of honor. Yet his frank simplicity of manner soon won him, without, perhaps, either being aware of it, a greater intimacy with Constance than even George enjoyed; at least she felt less constrained in the presence of Max than that of her lover. Their chief time for study was the early morning hours, for Max was an inveterate early riser, and George believed himself entitled to monopolize her evenings.

It was the custom for Constance, as she returned from her daily round of visits, to call at the post office for letters, as Rose Cottage lay beyond the limits of the letter carrier's beat.

One evening she brought home a foreign letter addressed to Max. When he had read it, he said:

"Mme. Vater vil pe very glat wenn I salls send him von yong gentelmans that salls make his English correspondences in the meantime, until I salls return from mine tour of the Engleesh islands. He salls bei mine vater logiren, and mine people salls make him all ze comforts in zere powers. Perhaps your broders might atwas best derto leaben."

"Do you hear, Rad?" says Constance; "what do you say?"

"Yes, I hear," says Rad, with his mouth full and behind his paper; "but Rad sticks to the bank."

But it came into Constance Glyn's mind that night, as she sat taking her customary bask in the moonbeams, and thought over the events of the day, that it might be a fine thing for George. She knew very well that the style kept up at the Hall was far beyond his father's means, and that the boy was very shortly off for pocket-money. She was sure a little foreign polish would be extremely acceptable to her in the case of this robust English lad, and she thought it would not be very difficult to persuade him to accept the offer of a tour on which his expenses would be paid. His duties would not, of course, be onerous, and as an Englishman, and recommended by Max as his personal friend, he would be made much of and lionized. For herself, owing to the lively interest she was taking in her German lessons and her German master, she knew she would not be lonesome, nor have to exercise her tact to navigate between the Charybdis of George's jealousy, and the Scylla of wounding the German by neglect.

Next day she coaxed and wheedled George into her view of the matter. A fortnight afterwards he was duly despatched, after being hugged and wept over, on the first stage of his journey to Leipzig, with her picture and a lock of her hair in his breast pocket.

To judge from his letters which, frequent at first, became less regular as the months of his absence advanced, George was extremely happy at Leipzig. He was charmed by his reception at the house of the merchant, and full of eulogy of the kindness and comfort of the hospitality he enjoyed.

But the subject on which he did not dilate, but which was really all this time uppermost in his thoughts, was that of Hermione Lindenholtz, Max's sister.

A large, blonde, rosy-lipped girl was she, who took merry pains to teach him German, and picked up English words from him, with twice the rapidity with which he imbibed her instruction. No one could have called her bold, yet she had a simple, amiable frankness of manner which broke at once through the barrier of his stupid English shyness and restraint, and endowed her society with a magnetism which even Connie had never exercised.

This delightful intimacy had lasted for several months, when news reached Elliott that Uncle Moneybags was dying, and that, if he wished to see him again alive, he must hurry back to England. Actuated by that keen sense of duty which the care of wealthy relatives is apt to engender, he made rapid preparations to hasten home, about the time that Max Lindenholtz was becoming aware that it was advisable for his peace of mind to absent himself, for a time at least, from the too attractive atmosphere of Rose Cottage. As he never disguised anything which concerned himself from his dearly loved sister, Hermione, it was the soul outpouring with which he covered quires of foreign post on this head that induced her to indite with some trepidation the following epistle to Constance Glyn:

Leipzig, the 28th of April, 187—

To the high, well-born Fraulein,
Miss Glyn,
Rose Cottage,
Ripplepool.

Since Mr. Elliott tells me that I the English already very well understand, I will in your mother tongue address you, which I should not dare to do but that I do seem to know you quite well from what Max writes to me over many sheets of paper, and what Mr. Elliott has told me about you, and that you must be very sweet and amiable. And now I shall tell you two secrets, which you must let me whisper into your ear in the very strictest confidence. My poor Max has fallen so deeply in love with you that he says that it will be like tearing his heart strings asunder to part with you, which I have told him he must do at once, in order that he may complete his travels in England before returning home to us. I beg, therefore, that you do make this parting easy for him by not being too kind. I do fear, knowing Max very well, that it may also kill him; for he has a very affectionate heart.

I do with much difficulty prevent my tears from spoiling my paper, partly when I think of poor Max, and also on my own account, since I, to-day, have parted with Mr. Elliott, whose uncle, he has received news, is dying. Mr. Elliott has become very much beloved by all of us, and has always been so kind to me that I do feel that a very dear brother has to-day gone from me. Surely to be so beautiful and so good as you are, highly respected Fraulein, is a very responsible endowment, since it does make you to be the arbitress of many fates.

Trusting that you will not be angry with the poor little German girl who has been so courageous as to address you, and will not betray her confidence in your very great goodness, I subscribe myself,

With great respect,
HERMIONE LINDENHOLTZ.

V.

Another June evening on the banks of the Ripple. The red flush of the sunset still makes the heavens glorious, and the edges of the fleecy clouds are resplendent with richest tints. The air is heavy with the aroma of the hayfields, and Nature is hushed in the stillness of approaching night. Sad at her parting with the man she loves, Constance Glyn, her eyes yet moist with tears, her half-dishvelled hair falling in rich masses on her shoulders, while stray curls, fanned by the soft breath of zephyrs, carress coquettishly her low white brow—wanders slowly on the brink of the quiet stream, her straw hat, carelessly pendent by its blue ribbons from her interlaced hands, her mind much perplexed at the thought of meeting again the man whom she does not love, but whom she is to marry. To marry and not to love. Would it not be better to follow the new love to his foreign home, to make his land her land, and his people her people, and partake of a dinner of herbs, that is, sourkraut and potato salad, with contentment, than to feast on the stalled ox with the strife of an uneasy conscience?

The sound of approaching footsteps checks her meditations, and she hears a well-known voice demand—

"Now that I meet thee
After long months,
How shall I greet thee?"

And the vision of an English house, and a carriage, and wealth, rises up before her; and the absent have always wing, so she gets up a little flutter of excitement, and murmurs:

"Oh George, is that you! Just as I was feeling so lonesome and thinking about you so. And how long your hair is, and what a moustache you've grown!"

"Why, Connie," says George, after he has kissed away a tear, "you've been crying, child."

"Didn't I tell you I was lonesome and thinking about you," said the little hypocrite, as if the tears were on his account.

And George, as she stands before him with the roses of her cheek heightened by the last

glow of the sunset, seeing how she has developed into a fuller, completer beauty during the twelve months of his absence, feels something of the old ardor stealing over him, and resolves, if she will have him when she knows all, if she will love him poor as she loved him when gilded with the prospective wealth that may never be his, that he will be true to her and marry her, and forget his far-off love across the seas.

And so they walk back to the cottage, arm-in-arm, as they used to walk in the old days, but one, at least, knows that his semblance of affection is but a hollow mockery of the old love.

"And have you never forgotten your little Connie all this time? Are you quite sure no golden-haired Fraulein has stolen your heart away?" inquires Constance, next day, which is Sunday, as they wander again by the river-side during the afternoon.

"Am I not here? Haven't you got me back, and doesn't your head rest on my heart, and can't you feel it beat as it used to beat twelve months ago? Isn't that proof enough? I have never asked you if you had ceased to think of me, for I have trusted you too well to allow myself to doubt. Yet I have thought sometimes you might have written me more."

"Didn't I answer every one of yours? Did I upbraid you though they grew less frequent and more cold? No, if I had loved you less I might have lost heart, but I have trusted you through all." And as she spoke the words, Hermione's letter tickled her throat under the white frill, and she blushed with a sense of her falsehood.

And blushing thus she looked so charming that he stooped and kissed her, saying:

"My darling, may I prove worthy of your truth?"

"Of course you are worthy, since now that you are rich, you have not forgotten the poor governess."

"But suppose I were not rich at all, and have only my own industry to look forward to through life?"

Connie half loosened her hand from his arm, and stopped and looked up at him, growing pale in spite of herself.

"Of course," said she, "you are only joking."

"My dear," said he, "it is no joke, but a stern reality. Uncle Moneybags, despite his promise, left everything to charity. You see I was not at his death-bed, and, out of sight, out of mind, I suppose."

Then Constance Glyn withdraws her hand, indeed, and turned from red to pale and pale to red, and trembled from head to foot in her rage.

"So, sir," she cried, "you have deceived me. You come to me in the guise of a rich man and you are a beggar. And since you have dared to deceive me in this, so you are false in all else. Read this, sir, and deny it if you dare!" And she flashed Hermione's letter in his face.

"Constance," he said, when he had perused it, "if I have come back to you poor it is not my fault; that I have met with a sweet, noble-minded girl, for whom I have a sincere friendship, and for whom I have permitted myself as yet no warmer feeling, may prove my good fortune. You shall indeed be the arbitress of our fates. In your hands I leave the decision."

"Go, sir!" she said, "go back to your Fraulein Hermione, and I wish her joy of you! And rejoice that I am too proud to seek the redress the law might give me!"

"You are talking nonsense," he said. "I do not seek my freedom. I have no intention whatever of breaking any promise you will allow me to fulfil. If I do not marry you, it can only be because you do not wish it."

Connie paused a moment, pouting. Then she turned suddenly with a glimmer of tears in her eyes.

"George," she said, "you are a good fellow! and deserve to be happier than I should ever make you, and to be loved as I have never loved you. Only we had been engaged so long, and I was so used to looking forward to the good time we should have with your uncle's money. Leave me, forget me, despise me, as I deserve."

"Connie," said George, putting his two hands on her shoulders and looking in her face, "you love another."

She gave him no answer, unless her rising color was one. George so interpreted it.

"Well," he said, "I will leave you, but I cannot forget you, and I will never despise you. And so, despite her ambition, Constance Glyn made a love match after all.

SPOOPENDYKE STOPS SMOKING.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, rampling his hair around over his head and gazing at himself in the glass; "My dear, do you know I think I smoke too much! It doesn't agree with me at all."

"Just what I have always thought!" chimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and besides it makes the room smell so. You know this room—"

"I'm not talking about the room," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, with a snort. "I'm not aware that it affects the health of the room; I'm talking about my health this trip, and I think I'll break off short. You don't catch me smoking any more," and Mr. Spoopendyke yawned and stretched himself, and plumped down in his easy chair and glared out of the window at the rain.

"How are you going to break off?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, drawing up her sewing chair and gazing up into her husband's face admiringly. "I suppose the best way is not to think of it at all."

"The best way is for you to sit there and cackle about it!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "If anything will distract my attention from it that will. Can't you think of something else to talk about? Don't you know of some subjects that don't smell like a tobacco plantation?"

"Certainly," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather nonplussed. "We might talk about the rain. I suppose this is really the equinox. How long will it last, dear?"

"Gast the equinox!" sputtered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Don't you know that when a man quits smoking it depresses him? What d'ye want to talk about depressing things for? Now's the time to make me cheerful. If ye don't know any cheerful things, keep quiet."

"Of course," assented Mrs. Spoopendyke, "You want subjects that will draw your mind away from the habit of smoking like you used to. Won't it be nice when the long winter evenings come, and the fire is lighted and you have your slippers and paper—"

"That's just the time I want a cigar!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding around in his chair and scowling at his wife. "Ain't ye got sense enough to shingle your tongue for a minute? The way you're keeping it up, you'll drive me back to my habit in less'n an hour," he continued solemnly, "and then my blood will be on your head."

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I don't mean to. Did you notice about the comet? They say it is going to drop into the sun and burn up—"

"There ye go again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You can't open your mouth without suggesting something that breaks me down! What d'ye want to talk about fire for? Who wants fire when he's stopped smoking? Two minutes more and I'll have a pipe in my mouth!" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned dismally in contemplation of the prospect.

"I'm glad you're going to stay at home to-day," continued Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "You'd be sure to catch cold if you went out; and by-and-by we'll have a piping hot dinner—"

"That's it!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, bounding out of his chair and plunging around the room. "You've got to say something about a pipe! I knew how it would be! You want me to die! You want me to smoke myself into an early grave! You'll fetch it! Don't give yourself any uneasiness! You're on the track!" and Mr. Spoopendyke buried his face in his hands and shook convulsively.

"I mean it for the best, my dear, murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I thought I was drawing—"

"That's it!" ripped Mr. Spoopendyke. "Drawing! You've driven me to it instead of keeping me from it. You know how it's done! All you need now is a lightning rod and a dish of milk toast to be an inebriate's home! Where's that cigar I left here on the mantel? Gimme my death warrant! Show me my imported room! Drag forth my miniature coffin!" and Mr. Spoopendyke swept the contents of the shelf upon the floor and howled dismally.

"Isn't that it?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pointing to a small pile of snuff on the chair in which Mr. Spoopendyke had been sitting.

"That looks like it."

"Wah!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, grasping his hat and making for the door. "Another time I swear off you go to the country, you hear!" and Mr. Spoopendyke dashed out of the house and steered for the nearest tobacco shop.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke; "when he swears off again I'm willing to leave, and in the meantime I suppose he'll be healthier without his pipe, so I'll hang it upon the wall where he'll never think of looking for it," and having consigned his tobacco to the flames, Mrs. Spoopendyke gathered her sewing materials around her and double-clenched an old resolution never to lose her temper, no matter what happened.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS CELIA LOGAN gave her lecture on "Actresses" in Brooklyn on Sunday week.

ANNIE PIXLEY is drawing crowded houses and exciting favorable comment in New England.

DR. DAMROSEH intends using the "low pitch" during the concerts of the Oratorio Society and in his provincial tour.

MR. RAFAEL JOSEFFY plays at Theodore Thomas' orchestra concerts, in Philadelphia, this week.

MR. THEODORE HAMILTON, the popular actor, has returned to this country after being absent in Australia for five years.

THE NEW YORK Oratorio Society will, on their opening concert, recite Berlioz' Grand Requiem. The tenor solo part will be sung by Signor Ravelli.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON lost, by the fire at the Park Theatre, her operatic costumes and a considerable amount of jewelry.

MR. BRONSON HOWARD will leave for England next week, and will personally superintend the London production of "Young Mrs. Winthrop."

MR. C. R. THORNE, SR., who is seventy-two years of age, and who has been an actor for half a century, will be the recipient of a complimentary benefit in December.

ADELINA PATTI arrived in New York on Tuesday. She will appear in "Dinorah," "Romeo and Juliet," "Huguenots," "Star of the North" and "Semiramide," roles she has never sung in America.

THERE are persons who do not know how to waste their time alone, and hence become the scourge of busy people.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.





THE NOVICE.
FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEX. ROBERT.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright,
And idle swords grow dull;
Where goals are empty,
And where barns are full;
Where field paths are
With frequent feet outworn,
Law Court yards weedy,
Silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it,
And where farmers ride;
Where age abounds,
And youth is multiplied;
Where poisonous drinks
Are chased from every place;
Where opium's curse
No longer leaves a trace;
Where these signs are
They clearly indicate
A happy people,
And a well-ruled State.

AUNT SUKY'S "CHIS."

(Concluded.)

"It's a deep-water Babbis', honey. Dat's de real high, ole church, ef yer believe me. But what does de good Book say! Dar ain't none good, no not one. I prays de Lord ter keep me in a state of salvation, but it's mighty slippery-fying work bein' a Christian. De debil grease you up so slick dat you kain't ketch hold er yerself, and fust ting you know dar you is hanging by a bramble-bush over de bottomless pit, suell-in' de sulphur of yer own wickedness, and den dar ain't nothin' to do but trus' de Lord and look up."

The old woman nodded her head emphatically as she spoke, with earnest simplicity.

"Ria, she is a Peskypalian; she say dere ain't no style 'bout de deep-water Babbisses, and she done jined a church, where dey've got a organ, and is always jawin' back at de preacher. I 'clare it's sinful, yes, sinful! 'Ria's mighty festiveous dis morning. She say she goin' to a big ball, and she's goin' to help recede de company. Dere ain't nobody but cooks, and nusses and house servants goin' to be dere. En all de young gentlemen is waiters at de Peyton House most. Dey don't 'low no washerwoman to come, 'Ria says; dey is so toptloftical. Sez she to me: 'Mammaw, I tink I'll wear a simple white dress wid a rose in my hair. Et 'ull be so ellygint.' And I was kinder cross, cause I hate all dat foolishness, so I speak up my mind and I say: 'Alligators look better in de mud dan in de parlor. I don't want to see teases in none no yer wool!' Ye oughter seen 'Ria, she jes raised! I've been a washerwoman, and dere ain't no driben snow whiter en my clothes. De diffrence is, I waz brought up to do eberyting; and dey don't know how to do nothin'. Jes like poor white trash, goin' aroun' beggin' and stealin', fur a livin'! But dere, chile, why don't you keep quiet! Dat ole coon sure to say it's my fault, and I done tole you 'bout it, but yer will talk."

That day Mrs. Hawkins got by express a box, which, being opened, was found to contain some delicacies for her, and a black silk dress, of the cheap and very shiny description for Aunt Suky, from Mr. Hawkins, with a message expressing his gratitude for her care of his wife. Great was the rapture of the honest old soul.

"I ain't had a black silk sence old master died. De family's gone down in de world now, and I don't get presents like I used to. Well, I declare! I'se mighty poor, but I'se got my feelins, and dis is a quality gif, sho nuff, and I certainly am proud. I wonder what dat 'Ria u'll say! Tell de gentleman dat I'se mighty tanks-full. I gwine be buried in it. Dis is goin' in de chis, certain."

"What do you mean, Aunt Suky?" said Mrs. Hawkins, watching her, as she folded and gloated over her new possession.

"De cedar-chis what ole mistess left me. It say in de will: 'To my faithful Suky to remember me by.' Yes, chile, I'se allus been trus' by de fambly, allus. En dis 'ull come in mighty usefule, kase I ain't got no cloas."

Aunt Suky's face, as she made this statement, was a study. First she chuckled convulsively, then looked up at Mrs. Hawkins and became suddenly preternaturally solemn, chuckled again, and said:

"Nice present like dis kind raises my sper-rits, I'se so berry poor. Hi! dat 'Ria 'ull stick to me like tar, now, and be slobberin' over me from mornin' till night."

With this she folded her dress in a new way, her fingers lingering caressingly among its soft pleats, and then left the room, her very back expressing delight and gratification.

When she came next day the radiance had quite vanished, and she was so evidently disturbed that Mrs. Hawkins finally said:

"You look troubled, Aunt Suky; what's the matter?"

"It's 'bout money, and I is aggraved, dat's certain. I been savin' my money ever since de wah, you see, and 'bout a year ago, Jawn, he come to me and say: 'Mammaw, dey say you've got fifty dollars hide away in dat chis. 'Tain't safe. You gwine be kill for it some night. You give it to me and I'll put it in de bank, and dey'll give you a book and nobody kain't tech it 'ceptin' you, ef dey wuz itchin' ever so bad.' So I onlock de chis, and give Jawn dat money and ain't never seed it sence. I ask Jawn agin and agin about de bank, and he say de bank closed, or de bank warn't paying den, and oder 'scuseses like dat. En yesterday Jawn come in and say: 'Mammaw, de bank's broke!' En I say: 'Whar's de pieces?' I waz de pieces!' and dat husay, 'Ria, laafe and laafe till she's most dead. End dat's all de satisfaction I got."

"What a shame!" put in her listener. "I shall try and find out what bank it was put in, and make them give it back to you again."

Aunt Suky shook her head mournfully. "Tain't no use, chile, dough I am 'bleeged to yer. De truff is dat I don't like ter say it, but Jawn, he was de bank, I'm most shore!"

She was dusting the mantel-shelf, and made a vigorous onslaught with the turkey-tail duster as she spoke on the pictures above. Mrs. Hawkins caught a profile view of her features—the lips thrust out, the eyes rolling, and the feathers quivering in the trembling hand.

"I suspicioned it kinder fur a long while. Jawn ain't done no work for six mont', 'Ria ain't done none fur a year, and dey both of 'em been dressin' and gallivantin' and goin' on like Christmas in de quarters all de time. De black race is de bes' race de Lord ever made, but deyse powerful weak 'bout some tings. Yes, Jawn was de bank. I'm shamed to say so, but it's de truff. Whar did 'Ria get dat ten dollar she give for git up dat ball? Say! Yes, I'se mighty shamed. My skin is black, but my principles is white," said she, turning around with an air of real dignity, her eyes full of tears. "Sence I was dat high" (putting out her hand), it's allus been said, 'Suky can be trus', and it hurts me here" (laying her hand on her breast), "to think that my son is a tiff!"

The poor old woman broke down here, and, sinking on the floor, dropped her head on her knees and cried bitterly.

O! Jawn, Jawn, my son! To steal from yer ole mammy, what's work for yer ever sence you wuz bawn, and would gib you her heart's blood! O! Lord, take me out dis world! Take me!" she moaned, as she rocked backwards and forwards, in accents of genuine distress.

Moved by the honest creature's grief, Mrs. Hawkins said all she could to comfort her, and after a long silence, during which nothing was heard but the rich tones of a mocking-bird singing joyously outside, and an occasional moan or long-drawn sigh from Aunt Suky, a pathetic old figure of despair, still crouched on the floor, her arms thrown up over her head and the sunshine streaming over the deeply-lined tear-washed face. She suddenly rose, threw her apron over her head and left the room. This occurred on Saturday, and on Monday morning Mrs. Hawkins, who was sitting by the open window in an invalid chair enjoying the mild, flower-laden air, heard angry voices wrangling in a high key at some distance, and presently Aunt Suky darted around the corner of the house with body erect and flashing eyes that seemed to send out red gleams of intermittent light as she strode past the croquet-ground. It was quite evident that she was in a towering rage, and was talking to herself: "Ef dat nigger don't pay me dat money what he owe me I gwine beat him; ef he don't pay me den, I gwine put de law to him!" she quavered out in shrill tones of excitement as though she was talking of applying a torch or a mustard-plaster.

"You look angry, Aunt Suky, what's gone wrong?" queried Mrs. Hawkins, as she entered the room.

"It's dat triflin' Budder Beverly," she exclaimed, glad to have a listener. "Yer see, long while ago, 'fore Jawn play me dat trick, Budder Beverly come to me and sez, sez he: 'Sister Suky, de Siety is in need of funds, and you is one of de prudent members, won't yer lend de Siety twenty dollars to be paid out de fust abstractions back to yer agin?' And I didn't want to lend dat money at all, and I say: 'I don't know as I'se got dat amount,' and he laafe and say, O! Shure Sister Suky, we all knows yer is de most respectable member in de Siety. Dere ain't no risk 'bout it, cause de money u'll be gib back to yer berry soon. I'se de President uv de Siety and I knowse.' Well, chile, I onlock de chis dat time and ontie my stockin' and git him what he ask fur, and what you think he say now! Dat he ain't borrowed it at all, and dat I'se tryin' to cheat de Siety! It's de most outdashus lie dat was ever tole by dat ole oily, hypercrite. He can preach de rag off de bush, and all dem fools gwine believe what he say. But my mind done made up. I'se gwine put de law to him!"

The efficacy of the application she never doubted for a moment, and the importance of it almost reconciled her to the loss of the money.

"That seems a wonderful cheat of yours Aunt Suky; how much more money have you got in it? I guess it's full of nice things, isn't it?"

A look of alarm swept over Aunt Suky's face at this, and then she laughed uneasily and said,

"Law, child, yer makin' fun uv Aunt Suky. What a poor ole woman like me got! Dey done got all I had, an' dat ain't de wust. De whole capoodle gwine believe dat ole possum, Budder Beverly, 'ceptin' Sister Mirybel! She say when I tole her dat Budder Beverly lib wid her darter Ann, an' dat he got a new suit of cloas an' a silber-head stick wid dat money she's jes shore! She 'cuse him of it, too, right to his face, an' she say he looked horryfied fur a minit and den he cast his eyes down and say: 'Hesh, Sister Mirybel. What does de Book say? Don't shall not muzzle de ox dat treadeth out de corn.' And agin: 'De laborer is wif his hire.' And den when she call him a tuff he put her out de Siety, her and me, bof uv us!"

Aunt Suky wept at the idea and went on: "Dat ain't all my troubles. I'se bein' pick like chicken 'fore camp-meetin'. Saturday night I had dat trouble an' I didn't sleep soun' an' I l'ought sometin' was wonderin' round my bed. Ole master's sperrit maybe, so I croke down in de bed, an' kiver up my head an'

over stir, ondurin' de night. Well, next day was Sunday, an' when I git up I look on de peg for my blue dress wid de yaller facin' Miss Anna gib me an' it wasn't dere! 'Dat's 'Ria, sez I, an' I went roun' to de Presbyterian Church right off dat minit, and dere was 'Ria on her knees 'fore de Lord's Table in my dress, shore enough. And I wait till 'Ria get back to her place near de door, an' den I say 'Ria, an' wid dat she flung outer church home and on-dress like lightning, and I jes say: 'Well, at de Lord's Table!' and raise my hands. An' she say as she fling my dress on de bed: 'Dere I take yer ole dress. It's bin turned upside down an' hind part befo'. Got a hole in de back an' done los' its color. Does yer suppose I'se gwine let a dress dat you can hole up to de winder and see daylight through, stan' between me an' glory! De Lord knows 'taint wath nothin' noways, an' he ain't gwine reckermember it agin me.' Dere I los' my temper, and tole my mind, an' I jes took dat 'Ria boddashusly an' turn her out de house!"

Aunt Suky's dramatic gestures and extreme animation of manner, make her description of her domestic differences diverting in the extreme, apart from the ethics of the situation, so that in spite of her efforts to control her risibles Mrs. Hawkins could not suppress a hearty laugh, and the mistress coming in just then with a tray of "goodies" and a lovely basket of fruit and flowers, nothing more was heard of Aunt Suky that day.

About a week later she hobbled in one day, with her arm in a sling, and her whole person wearing a shrunken, miserable air.

"Dear me! Aunt Suky, are you ill! Have you hurt your arm! I hope not," said Mrs. Hawkins. Down went the corners of the old woman's mouth.

"I kain't lif my hand to my head, chile. I'se been Voodooed."

"Voodooed! What do you mean?" "Konjured, honey. Dat 'Ria's konjured me. I found two straws out de broom crossed over de door-aill dis morning, and a chicken gizzard under my pillow. I ain't never gwine be well agin 'till I breaks de spell."

"Good gracious! Aunt Suky," cried Mrs. Hawkins indignantly, "is it possible that you can believe such stuff and nonsense as that!"

"Tain't nonsense, it's truff I'm tellin' yer, shore as you are bawn. 'Don't I tell yer I kain't lif my hand to my head?"

"Well, what of that! You've got rheumatism, that's all, and I will give you some liniment for it. Rub it well and you'll be all right in a few days."

"Taint no use chile, thank yer. Yer knows when yer is konjured. I'm studyin' how to break de spell. Dat's de only way to git shut of dis here pain."

Mrs. Hawkins argued and ridiculed eloquently for ten minutes, and showed clearly as she thought, the absurdity and impossibility of being "Voodooed," but Aunt Suky only shook her head and went on with her patching, muttering:

"Neber be well agin till I breaks de spell, neber. Miss Anna done took 'Ria as house-maid. I'se got to break it in dis house."

Nothing more was said, but Aunt Suky took no remedies, got no better, and looked more and more wretched every day. Spring had now come. Mrs. Hawkins had more than regained all she had lost, and determined to go home agin before warm weather set in. On the day agreed upon her husband came for her, and was charmed beyond expression to find her looking and feeling so well.

"You've no idea how well and pretty you look! The air here has been magical in its effects," said he. "Aunt Suky pack her things and get her ready. We leave this evening."

"Don't be so 'previous,' Charley. You are not going to whisk me away 'boddashusly,' until I am ready," whispered his wife.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the puzzled husband.

"O! I forgot that you were not used to the new and delightful dictionary of terms that I have borrowed from Aunt Suky. I have been wanting some of the words all my life, and never had the sense to invent them, as she has done."

"Won't the 10.30 train to-morrow be best for us to take?"

A discussion of their plans followed, and Mrs. Hawkins' suggestion was accepted and ratified, the interval being very agreeably spent in making acquaintance with the family, on the part of the husband, and reluctant adieux with promises of unlimited correspondence on that of the wife.

Coming down to breakfast next morning in the pleasant dining-room, a late addition of the house with a bow-window jutting out into the garden, they found the mistress, very pleasant and cordial, but either very fearful of the idea of parting from the invalid or suffering from a bad cold.

"Sit down," said she, sneezing as she spoke. They complied and the other members of the family dropped in. One by one, then in twos, threes and entire concert, the company began to follow the mistress' example. Sneezes followed sneezes, with ever-increasing celerity and violence, eyes were wiped and handkerchiefs generally in requisition, until at last they all rose and rushed out into the garden unable to support the stifling atmosphere of the room and its peculiar effect. They all asked each other what it could possibly mean, and on investigation found a wide train of red pepper laid around the dining-room inside and out, with a particularly

liberal supply in the window-seats and door-sills which the fine morning breeze had duly sifted up their nostrils. 'Ria who was one gigantic sneeze as she stood behind her silver tray ready to serve breakfast, was summoned by the mistress with all the other servants to explain what such an extraordinary state of affairs meant, but could only sneeze out tearful and choky denials of any share in the transaction. All the others denied and disclaimed likewise until Aunt Suky's turn came, who like St. Paul stood out and was bold.

"I'se de one Miss Anna. I did sprinkle dat pepper. De Voodoo Priestess tole me dat ef I could get a ring of pepper round 'Ria and make her sneeze, dat de spell would break what she done konjured me wid. De moment she sneeze I felt something go crack in my arm, and now it's jes as well as de udder one; but I'se mighty sorry to make de rest of yer so uncomfable."

The mistress hereupon delivered an address that was excellent in matter, though rather tart as to its temper, which I have no doubt had the effect of confirming Aunt Suky's prejudices, instead of dissipating them, and time pressing, the travellers hurriedly swallowed a cup of coffee and drove to the station, followed by the hearty good wishes of the family and the rather sheepish glances of Aunt Suky, who took up a position at the front gate out of reach of the mistress' eye, and beamed delightedly over the *douceur* Mrs. Hawkins slipped in her hand.

Two years later Mrs. Hawkins got a letter from the mistress in which she said: "You will be sorry I am sure not to get any more of the messages with which Aunt Suky has constantly charged me. She poor, faithful old soul is dead, and since I lost my mother I can recall no event that has distressed me more, severing as it did the last link that bound me to the happy, cloudless past of my childhood. I was away at the time, and it is really a grief to me to feel that the dear old creature's dearest and often expressed wish about the conduct of her funeral should not have been observed. John and Maria behaved in a most unprincipled way the servants tell me. They laid her out in her very oldest and shabbiest clothes, and had her buried with a little ceremony as though she had been a dog, the President of the Benevolent Society with whom she had had some quarrel, refusing to officiate. I have tried to atone for it as far as I could, by having a modest monument put up to her memory—a memory that I shall always cherish with sincere affection."

"I was surprised to learn that she had fifty dollars laid by in the chest my dear mother gave her, beside twenty-seven dresses—unmade—and a quantity of other clothing, and a miscellaneous collection of odds and ends, the carefully hoarded savings of a lifetime. It gave me a pang last Sunday to see Maria flaunting in the black silk you gave Aunt Suky so kindly, and I wonder her ineffable airs and indescribable graces did not effect Aunt Suky's immediate resurrection."

Yours,

"F. C. BAYLOR."

POLITENESS IN STREET CARS.

The "Idler" in *Detroit Chaff* has some very sensible remarks on the subject. I often wonder, says he, who is the more impolite, the man who stolidly remains seated in a crowded street-car while ladies are compelled to stand, or the person, supposedly a lady, who will take a seat kindly offered her by the tired man of business, without even so much as a smile of thanks or a nod in recognition of his self-sacrifice and politeness to ladies. It seems to me that there is no better place in the world to distinguish the true gentleman or the true lady from the herd who have only the appearance and dress of ladies and gentlemen, than in the crowded street-car. There all classes of society meet and members from all the different strata from the workingman to the upperst of the upper crust. There are everywhere in the world mean men and nowhere does their meanness protrude more prominently than on the street-car. It always makes my blood boil with indignation to see a lazy lout of a fellow, sprawled over enough seat for two or three ordinary persons, retain his seat and let a lady stand, and yet, there are very many men that will do it and do so continually. Still, there is another side to the story. So settled has become the practice of yielding up a seat to a lady, that many of them have come to think that it belongs to them as a right and entirely forget that it is a custom born of an innate sense of politeness and deference to the weaker sex. Such "ladies" are numerous and they will take the proffered seat with not so much as a cold nod, much less the hearty "thank you" that it merits. Foreigners have often remarked upon the American lack of politeness. We are strictly a business people and attend to business. Still there is always time for those little courtesies of every day life that are the lubricators, as it were, of the wheels of society and many of us often forget them. Surely no one can blame the careworn business man for wishing to retain his seat in a car when by yielding it he would not even gain a gracious word of thanks from the lips of the lady. There is a radical wrong here on the part of members of both sexes which the Idler would be glad to see rectified.

WHEN you see an Irish mother sewing the tears in her boy's pantaloons, you may put her down as being in favor of the "no rent" system.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE.

She stood beside the garden gate
Where roses clustered white and red
And maiden's blush most delicate
Their waxen petals o'er her head.
"To wait and wait
It is a woman's lot," she said.

The fragrant Summer passed away,
Across the sea the swallows fled,
And still she lingered day by day,
Though many a treasured hope lay dead.
"To wait and wait
It is a woman's lot," she said.

And when the dreary Winter came,
When youth and health and hope were sped,
The wearied soul and feeble frame
Scarcely cared to ask its daily bread;
But still the same—
"To wait is woman's lot," she said,

O timid souls, believe it not—
God never willed so sad a doom!
By this false creed a woman's lot
Is empty, idle, lifeless gloom,
A desert spot,
Unblest by verdure or perfume.

It is not so. The heart that strives
Can make itself a nobler thing,
Can shed around on other lives
The purest joy that earth may bring:
For love survives
Though all things else are perishing.

SUSANNA J.

"FISHERMAN'S LUCK."

Recently there arrived in the City of the Straits a well known Ohio editor whose face flushed eagerly as he enquired for the up-river boat—any boat that would take him to the famed fishing grounds. He registered at the Brunswick, only for dinner, as he explained that he was "off for St. Clair Flats." At four o'clock when the *Illceid* started from her dock, the same editor was seen on deck, with face as eager, air as contented, purpose as firmly fixed, viz., to "take in" some of the fine fish everybody has been telling about in the Buckeye State. On board he met a personal friend—Judge L—, and the two, as the boat disappeared, were seen eagerly conversing over the prospect. But it seems that the Judge, suffering from a rheumatic attack, soon left his friend alone to drink—in the beauties of an evening ride up the most beautiful river in America, and went to take a nap, supposing that when he went ashore at St. Clair Flats he would find his friend the Editor also there. Now the Editor appears to be better posted on homilistics and general literature than on the geography of the St. Clair region, and it seems that somehow he got it fixed in his mind that St. Clair Flats and St. Clair, the town, were one and the same. At any rate he bought his ticket for St. Clair, thirty miles beyond the Flats, and as is supposed took a nap against the time of arrival there, whereas he should have got off at the Flats soon after dark. At any rate, when Judge L— stepped upon the dock, with the many other hunters and fishermen alighting there, he was surprised not to find his editorial friend. The latter had an equal surprise on reaching St. Clair at not finding the Judge but considering that St. Clair hasn't a bit of fishing or hunting, and not a soul there in pursuit of pleasure, there is no question but that the Editor's experience and surprise combined, greatly excelled those of the Judge. The result was that it was necessary for the editorial mind and body to get itself transported to Port Huron, twelve miles, in order, as he expressed it subsequently, "to get anywhere."

The Editor reached Detroit on the City of Cleveland Monday morning, having spent a wretched day in Port Huron, pacing the docks, waiting for a down boat, the City of Cleveland not coming along until after midnight. To a confidential friend he detailed his experience at St. Clair, emphasizing the slow process by which it was unfolded to him that he had been carried to the wrong place,—a place where there was not the slightest allurements either of fishing or hunting, to spend the Sabbath. The Editor's story is far too good to keep, though we give it at the risk of violating confidence. This is the way the Editor told it:

"St. Clair," called the boat's porter, in a loud voice. I started up only half awake, and began to snatch my things together,—bag, overcoat, newspaper, and the magazine over which I had fallen asleep.

I crowded down the staircase, looking on this side and that for my acquaintance. "I'll wait at the side of the gang-plank," I thought, "until he comes along." When nearly all were off the boat I concluded my friend had got off before I began to watch, and I stepped ashore. Everybody suddenly disappeared. There were no hunters in sight and no very inviting sight as to the town itself. A dozen lamp-lighted houses stretched along the street, one or two of them very large, like they might be large stores. "What is the best hotel here?" I asked a man with a lantern. "The St. James," he replied, and he pointed it out, saying "the lamp you see far down the street is it." Another man with a lantern overtook me, "will you have a hotel?" he asked. "Yes," said I, "that's what I want, but I expect to go where some friends are stopping."

"What are their names?"

I mentioned the judge. "He is not at my house; must be at the St. James," the honest man said.

I couldn't help thinking that any other runners I had ever seen, would have claimed the quest anyhow, and taken the chances.

I pushed on for the distant lamp, whistling a lively tune.

The landlord a chirrupy little fellow, with a slight limp, to one leg, met me at the door and as cordially as if comers were a rarity, "Jerusalem this don't look like much of a fishing or hunting resort," I thought, and then I said: "Is there a gentleman by the name of L— here at your house—Judge L—, of T—?"

The little landlord looked at me regretfully as he replied, "No,—not—now."

"He's here somewhere, and I want to find him," said I.

"He must be at the Oakland House" (the only other house—what an honest set of landlords)—he answered "there ain't no other place to stop at 'cept a dollar a day house down the street."

"He wouldn't be there," said I. "He won money on the Ohio election."

"The Oakland is at the mineral springs," began the little landlord,—I interrupted:—"That's where the Judge is most likely, as he is troubled with the rheumatism. I'll go and see." The little landlord came out on the steps to point the way.

"Keep my bag," said I, "and if I don't find him I'll want to stay with you, and if I do, I'll come back and get it."

He took the bag.

"Any show for supper?" I asked him.

"Hardly, the folks have all gone to bed." It was fifteen minutes after nine by the St. James clock, which was one of the grandfather style and stood on a shelf.

I went a little way and met a young man, "Can you tell where the Oakland House is?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," said he, "I b'long there."

"Is there a man stopping there by the name of L—, Judge L—, of T—?"

"Ain't no one stopping there now."

"The Judge has been here a week—ever since the Ohio elections."

"Not to the Oakland."

"See here," says I desperately, "is there a restaurant in this town where I can get some nice fish cooked?"

"I don't b'lieve there is."

"Where can I get supper?"

"Dunno; it's so late. Folks go to bed rather early."

"Does anybody keep oysters?"

"Them fellers does, in there next to the butcher shop."

I looked where he pointed, and saying thank you, went into a dingy lighted shop, with a few cakes spread out at the front end, for a sign.

Two lank, lean and hungry fellows humped over a miserable fire in an old cook stove at the rear.

"What have you for a hungry man to eat?" I demanded, dropping upon a stool chair, at a bit of a round table, behind a calico curtain hung on a wire.

"Bread and butter, cakes and"—one began, "and oysters," put in the other.

"Got any fish?"

"No."

"Any ducks; wild ducks?"

"No ducks."

"Why, don't you catch fish here?"

"Oh, some; in the summer time."

"Is it not good duck shooting now?"

"Don't see 'em 'round much yet."

"Can I have some oysters right away?"

"Yes."

"What else could you get me?"

"Beefsteak, mebbe," said one, "and tea or coffee," said the other.

I told them to go ahead, and get everything they could.

They began to fly around.

"How long, first," I asked.

"Just a little while."

"Ten minutes?"

"Yes."

I went out on the street and whistled. After fully ten minutes I turned that way, and saw one of them in the Lutch shop buying a steak. It was my steak.

I went in and sat by the little stove witnessing all the operations introductory to the process of cooking the meat, beginning with washing out the "skillet," into which the diminutive piece of flesh was deposited over a miserable fire.

After I had sat awhile, I said, "Why don't you fix my oysters and let me begin at them, and thus lessen the chances of having a dead man in your house?" adding suddenly: "Men do you know that I am actually starving?"

Both started wildly, and one said, "Oh, the oysters is ready; they is in the oven there."

"Bring 'em out, for heaven's sake," said I, hitching up to the round table.

A dish was set before me. When at length a spoon was brought I stirred up the depths of the dish, which was cold. One, then another, then another of bivalves that had apparently died of measles at a very tender age, floated a moment then sank out of sight forever—or would to heaven it was forever—but I see them now, even now, after a day, a wretched day has passed, and am likely to see them forever and forever. I bent low down over the dish as one of the two lean men swung around opposite me, saying in a weak way, "Are you so very hungry?"

Desperately, I answered, "It is astonishing what there is in even the sight of a dish to assuage hunger. I am not half so hungry as I was. When will the steak be ready?"

"The lard is jest beginning to melt," a voice said from the region of the little stove.

"Could you give these oysters some more fire?" I asked, with great effort to be calm.

"Oh, yes; indeed, indeed," said the one near me, grabbing up the dish.

I went outside and whistled "Those Messengers" from the "Mascott," twice through, and then came in and sat down again in the same place. The meat was beginning to "fry." I judged by the sound which came from the stove region; but why didn't the re-warmed oysters appear? I ventured to mention the subject, asking:

"Ain't the oysters ready?" The voice in reply was full of pathos. It said:

"Mister, they ain't but one skillet. The steak is into that, and we'll heff to finish it up first, you know."

What happened after that I can't tell in detail. That I chewed awhile on something until late in the evening there is little doubt. There were several vacant and staring dishes before me when I arose, and I remember that I was asked whether I took cream and sugar in my tea, and I know I thought the reference to the word cream was for effect, to divert my mind. I also remember paying them some small coins. When next I was perfectly clear I was on the steps of my chirrupy little landlord. When we got inside and I had registered along with the five or six other names recorded within the past month or so, my mind very naturally went back to the original subject, i.e., fishing and hunting.

"Where is the best fishing and duck shooting here, anyhow? Where do they go?" I propounded.

"Well, we don't get no ducking here, no bow," he began slowly, "nor fish neither, only in the summer time, 'cepting now an' then a few along the dock. Mostly we go down to St. Clair Flats for reg'lar sporting business."

"To St. Clair Flats! Ain't this St. Clair?" I fairly yelled the words.

"St. Clair, but not the Flats," he answered very calmly—so calmly that I suspected at that instant that he was thinking awfully funny things about me,—the Flats is where the sportsmen goes mostly; it is about thirty miles below; yes, thereabouts. Jest this side o' Lake St. Clair."

"Mebbe my friend, the Judge, is down there," I said, mildly.

"Shouldn't wonder," said the fiendish little landlord.

"Can't I get to Port Huron to-morrow?" I asked suddenly.

"For two dollars."

"Boat there for Detroit?"

"Mebbe, to-morrow night."

"Guess I'll retire, if you please."

"All right, this way."

As the slippery little devil set down the lamp on the faded bureau, he said:

"Think you'll stop at the Flats on the way down?"

"Mebbe."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

—Chaff.

LULU'S LETTER.

DEAR BROWNIE:—Another week has rolled by on airy pinions, one more cog in the great wheel of time has been passed and the next is following swiftly, silently, surely. To me there is no more solemn subject than this flight of time, the steady flow of the seconds, the minutes, the hours. And yet, how few stop in the mad rush for that all powerful talisman, gold, or in the ceaseless whirl of society to think that life, more precious than all else, is rapidly passing away. The little child as it toddles along by its mother or busies itself with its playthings, the giddy school-girl scarcely stopping for breath to talk, the "sweet girl graduate" lisping airy nonsense, all the while thinking of how she looks in her new dress, the fair debutante, talking of naught but dress and fashion and society, the blushing bride, fresh from the scent of the orange blossoms, the scheming mamma, anxious to provide for the future welfare of her daughters—all are in mad, reckless pursuit of that will-of-the-wisp—pleasure. Philosophers from time immemorial have wasted their lives and their wisdom on the vain attempt at the solution of the great question—what is happiness, where shall we enjoy it? And at the end of forty centuries of striving we are no nearer the solution of the question than before. It seems to be fated that happiness shall ever be a phantom after which all men shall forever strive and which none shall ever fully attain. The ideas that we have of the best methods of even approximating this ideal happiness are as diverse as our ideas of what its essence is. Yes, Brownie, I've a sort of a solemn fit on me to-night and you must pardon me if my letter is not as giddy and frivolous as one would naturally expect of fashion's butterfly. Though it makes one feel gloomy to think of these things, yet I think they are not unproductive of good. Mine is such an imaginative nature that I love to fly as far and high as fancy's wings will carry me. When in the depths of mathematics the unique idea of infinity always had a strange fascination for me. I would sit long hours—how long I knew not—brooding over the, to me, new idea of the boundless and the infinite. And, somehow, after such a meditation I had a greater respect for mathematics, horrid as it commonly was. Our good old teacher would expatiate at great length on the beauties of the science, of how it was the most exact in the world, and of how all nature grew and could be figured out by the science of mathematics. But I was skeptical and in the unending delights of infinity, alone, did I revel.

Queer girl, did you say? Yes, I am queer sometimes. You know one must be queer to be famous and I am dying to be famous. Another way of gaining happiness, you see. Do you know, I think eccentricity is considered by the world as synonymous with genius. Have not all "great men" been eccentric? But your idiosyncrasies and peculiarities must be new and something never seen before, or the world will stigmatize you as an impostor. So I am looking about and thinking of how I can be eccentric as no one else has been and then you will see me budding forth in the incipient stages of genius. My "castle in Spain," you will say, will remain in Spain for some time yet. Well, I am content, provided you do not curb my imagination. Now, I must give you a few fashion notes after so overwhelming a deluge of philosophic or rather imaginative nonsense. New dresses are less clinging to the figure than they have been for years. Skirts are cut to give a fuller appearance and the puffed drapery is very large as it is mounted on a cushion of hair sewn to the skirt lining. Gay house dresses for young ladies have the waist, sleeves and skirt of blue and red striped cashmere, with a corset bodice, deep cuffs, and bunched up overskirt of red cashmere, scalloped on the edges and bound with blue braid. Antique heads of bronze or dull silver, cocks of copper-tinted silver, and diamond-shaped designs of Rhine brilliants are the clasps for winter wraps. Poppy red is in fashion for cloth and cashmere dresses, and imported blue cashmere dresses are trimmed with bands of poppy-colored velvet. For dark cashmere dresses, India camel's hair borders, like those used on India shawls, are very much in fashion for trimming.—Detroit Chaff.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE intellectual power to discover the best path or the right course is far more commonly possessed than the practical power to follow it; and no man or woman ever rose to full moral stature without both.

So long as cooking and sewing are considered the paramount duties of a wife and mother, so long will the highest welfare of a nation be impossible. If the main business of the poor woman be drudgery and that of the rich woman frivolity, the life-work of both will remain for ever unfulfilled.

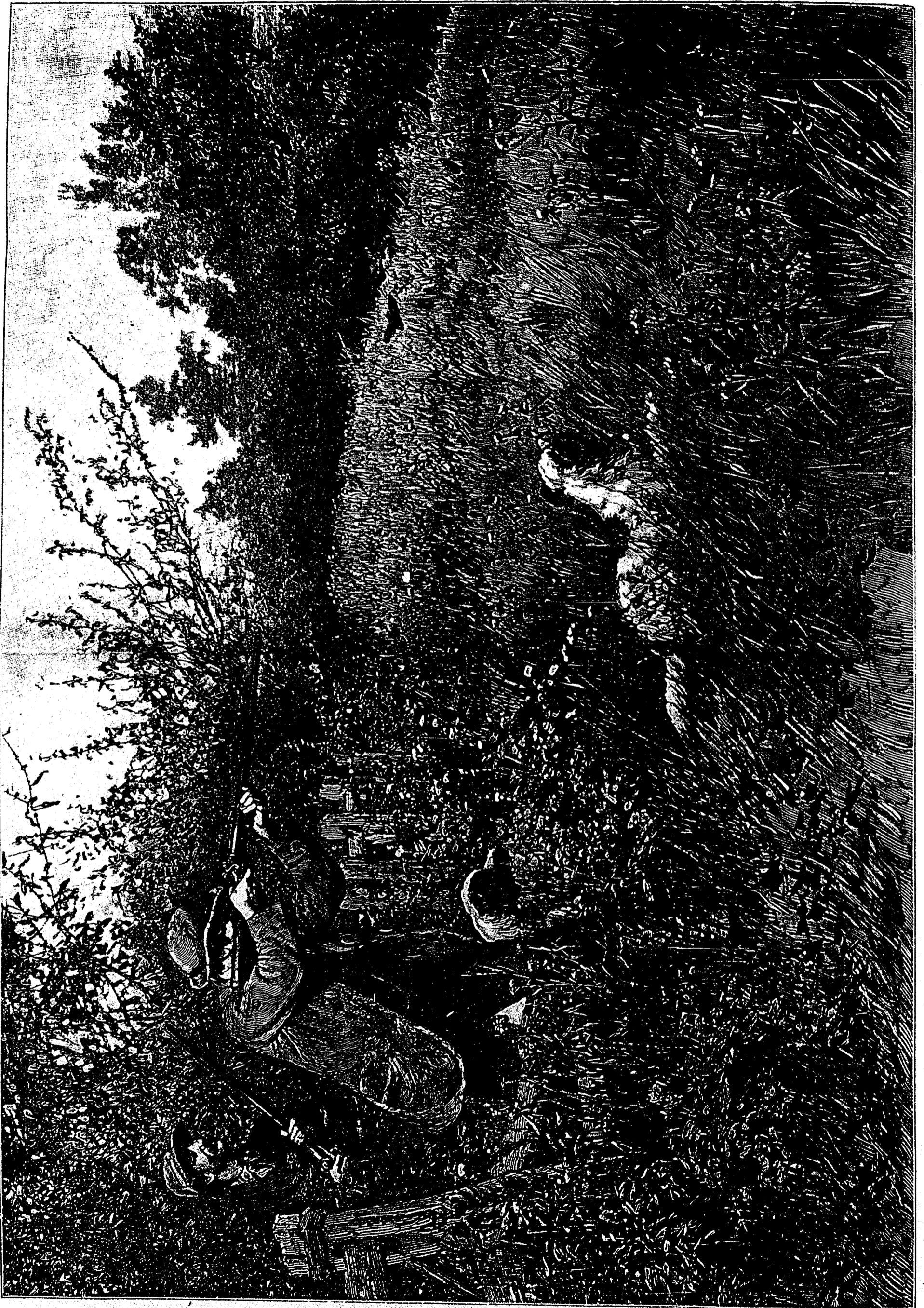
MAN is not made by circumstances, but they are an element in his formation, the same as soil to vegetation. We grow in them, but are not determined by them, for, according to choice, each selects what he wants. In identical circumstances are found characters as opposite as the poles, as in the same field spring up the oak and the weed.

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet; it begins with a mother's looks, with a father's nod of approbation or sign of reproof, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand or a brother's act of forbearance, with birds'-nests admired but not touched, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to mature to acts of benevolence and deeds of virtue.

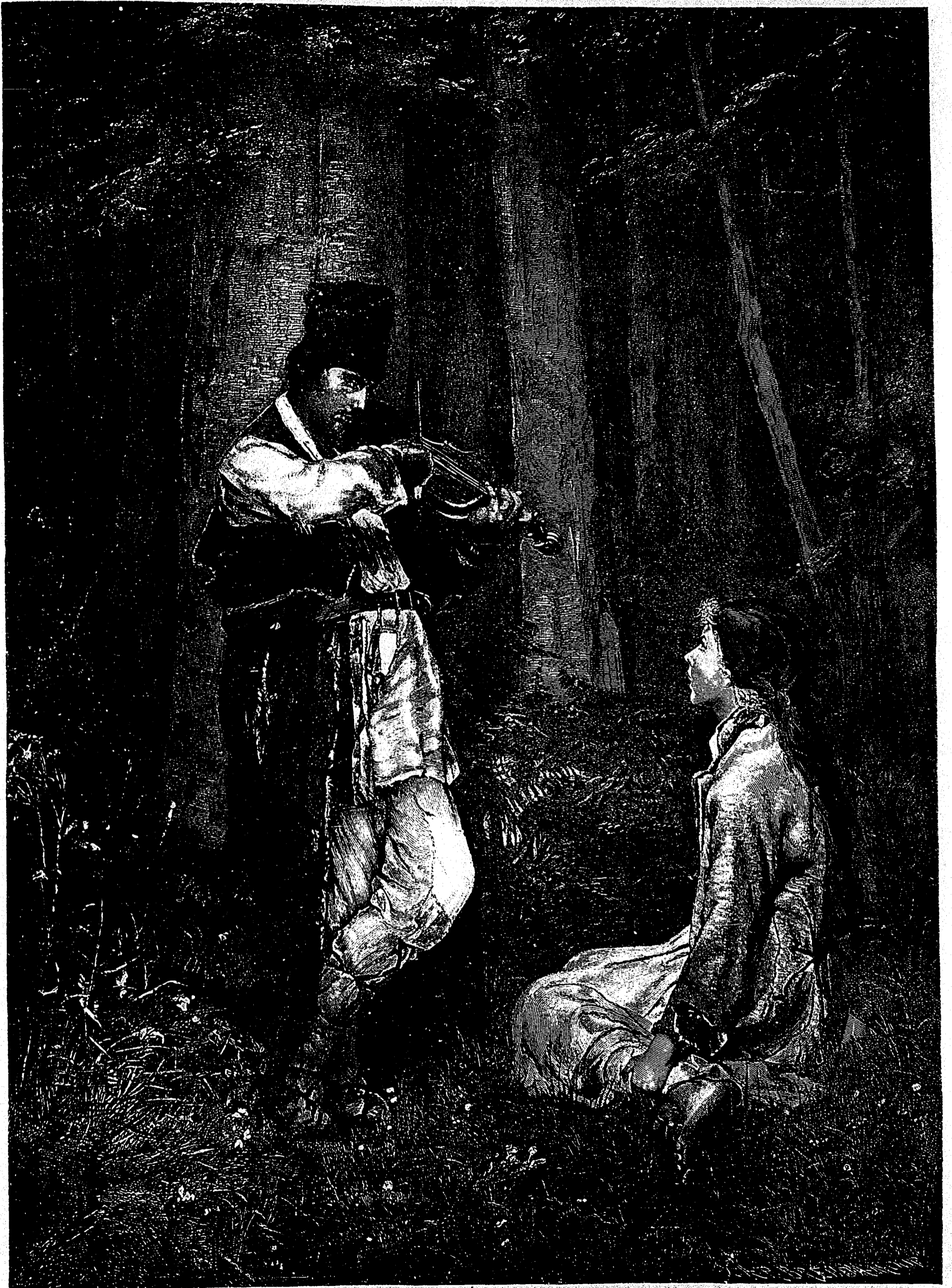
THE best and noblest and strongest people will, as a general rule, be the calmest and the gentlest. They feel a reserve of power within them, upon which they can draw at pleasure, and thus they have no need of using all their ammunition at once. It is true that there is such a thing as a dead calm, a lethargic state, where excitement is absent, emotions are dull, and life itself is torpid. But no one will mistake this for the dignified composure of controlled excitement and subdued emotion.

NATURAL IMPULSE.—The most eminent men of past ages, those whom generations delight to honour, were men who worked not for the sake of emittance, but to satisfy a natural craving for the work itself, and who triumphed over every obstacle, more as a necessity of their nature than as a stern and self-denying task. No external stimulus, however great, no combination of circumstances, however fortunate, could furnish for them an equal impulse to that which they carried with them in their own natures. And, with this impulse, no difficulties were too great for them to conquer, no discouragements too depressing for them to surmount.

SUPERLATIVE PEOPLE.—There is a superlative temperament which has no medium range, but swiftly oscillates from the freezing to the boiling point, and which affects the manners of those who share it with a certain desperation. Their aspect is grimace. They go tearing through life—wailing, praying, exclaiming. We talk sometimes with people whose conversation would lead one to suppose that they had lived in a museum where all the objects were monsters and extremes. Their good people are phoenixes; their naughty are like the prophet's figs. They use the superlative of grammar—"most perfect," "most exquisite," "most horrible." Like the French, they are "enchanted," they are "desolate," because one has or has not a shoe-string or a wafer they happen to want—not perceiving that superlatives are diminutives, and weaken, that the positive is the sinew of speech, the superlative the fat. If the talker loses a tooth, he thinks the universal thaw and dissolution of things has come. Controvert his opinion, and he cries "Persecution!" and reckons himself with Saint Barnabas, who was sawn in two.



QUAIL SHOOTING.—AN UNEXPECTED BEVY.—DRAWS BY A. B. PROSE.



POLISH LUMBERS.—AFTER ERNESTINE FRIEDRICHSEN.

MRS. LANGTRY.

In presenting our pictorial supplement this week we expected to offer it to a public, a proportion of whom had seen Mrs. Langtry in the flesh, had formed opinions about her beauty and had settled her position as a dramatic artist. What the reporters pleasingly call the "devouring element" has, however, changed all this. Mrs. Langtry's histrionic ability is still a mystery to us, and numerous, but indifferently-executed, photographs are all we have to guide us in determining Mrs. Langtry's claims to personal loveliness.

There is nothing about which tastes differ so much as physical beauty. Not only do individual tastes differ, but those of nations are as wide apart as the poles, and a typical English beauty may be considered homely in this country, and a daintily beautiful American girl be regarded as "finnick" or a "doll" in England. They say that where there's smoke there's fire near at hand, as poor Mr. Abbey found to his cost on Monday, and as Mrs. Langtry's reputation for beauty is phenomenal and has lasted now for four years, we may at once accept the fact that she is regarded as a beauty, or even as the beauty in England.

Court, fashion, literature and art have praised her without ceasing. Great painters like Millais, Leighton, Miles and others never seem to tire of transferring her features to canvas. Poets, such as they are, have sung the praises of her eyes, her hair, her complexion and her carriage. She has been introduced into a score of fashionable novels, and the "society journals" of London have, during the last four years, devoted more space to her than the doings of all the rest of the "professional beauties" put together.

Years before Mrs. Langtry went on the stage she was a "personality" to all England. Not only did the golden youth of the metropolis pursue her through park, theatre, fancy fair, ball-room and garden party, but provincial youth from Manchester and Liverpool, spent much of the time they should have devoted to cotton and corn when in London to following imaginary Mrs. Langtry all over the fashionable quarters of the city.

Richard III's mortification at finding six Richmonds on the field of Bosworth was nothing to the disgust of Manchester "blood," who, in the course of one day, at a frightful expense in cabs, fancy fair and theatre tickets, saw eleven Mrs. Langtrys in eleven different dresses, and with eleven different noses, pairs of eyes and heads of hair.

We are afraid that the Manchester youth was imposed upon by some of the "curled darlings" of society, who are not above perpetrating harmless, and even feeble, practical jokes. Indeed, in 1880, this diversion was carried to such an extent that provincials were very chary of taking suggestions from their metropolitan cousins and friends, and contented themselves with forming critical or admiring groups outside the "Stereoscopic Company's" shop in Regent Street, where hideously painted photographs of Mrs. Langtry struggled for popular favor with those of Kate Vaughan, Connie Gilchrist and Ellen Terry.

However, all this, ludicrous, snobbish and even vulgar as it was, proved the extraordinary hold Mrs. Langtry had over the public imagination, which was almost daily whetted by the journals of society and the London correspondents of the provincial newspapers. These latter gentlemen devoted more time to fashionable quarters than even they did to the "Lobby" of the House of Commons, and were prouder of a bit of "exclusive Langtry news" than of a private and unimpeachable "tip" concerning Cabinet Ministers or the fate of a government.

When Mr. Edmund Yates, in his *World*, first announced that Mrs. Langtry was going on the stage, he was credited with the news sensation of the hour. Had he announced the appearance of Mr. John Bright on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre he would hardly have created more astonishment. All the other "society paper," especially Mr. Labouchere's *Truth*, stoutly denied the statement, and a newspaper war arose on the subject. Mr. Yates stuck to his statement, and in a few weeks had the gratification of actually seeing Mrs. Langtry on the stage, though this time it was amid amateurs and in the cause of charity.

Thus the ice was broken, and after two more charitable performances Mrs. Langtry stepped boldly on the stage of the Haymarket Theatre as leading lady, appearing first as *Miss Hardcastle*, in "She Stoops to Conquer," and next as *Blanche Haye*, in "Ours." The wild, almost delirious excitement of the public to see the fashionable beauty was a thing to be wondered at, smiled at and even wept over. Whether her *Miss Hardcastle* or *Blanche Haye* were good, bad or indifferent mattered not a jot to the public. They went to see Mrs. Langtry, not with the eyes that nature gave them, but with something resembling the "double million magnifying gas microscopes of extry power," spoken of by Mr. Sam Weller.

The first row of stalls at the Haymarket Theatre presented one solid phalanx of opera glasses every night the "beauty" appeared. The people behind levelled their lorgnettes at the attraction from between the heads of the people sitting in front of them. The hire of opera glasses, not usually an extensive business in a London theatre, became one of boundless profit and extent. Even the gallery of the Haymarket Theatre bristled with "spy-glasses," and an enthusiast with a marine telescope used to nightly take his place on a back seat in the al-

titude devoted to the "gods," and drink in the joys for which he paid his shilling.

To criticize Mrs. Langtry's acting under such circumstances was absurd. The Haymarket Theatre was simply a show, and the audience an assemblage of sight-seers. Mrs. Langtry's provincial tour was a repetition of her London experience with the difference, that while the enthusiasm was equally great, the manners of the public were very much better.

The story of Mrs. Langtry's brief theatrical career has been told often, artfully and comprehensively. Public curiosity on this side of the water is, we expect, not unlike what it is in England, and Mrs. Langtry's "drawing powers," during her brief season, will be found to rest with her personal claims. If she should again visit us, she will, no doubt, be judged after the kindly, but critical, fashion, to which other dramatic artists have become accustomed.

Among the questions most frequently asked in New York at this moment are, "What is Mrs. Langtry's Christian name and what is Mrs. Langtry's age?" In answer to this we have to say that the Rev. Mr. Le Breton's only daughter was born at St. Hillier's, Jersey, almost twenty-six years ago, and was baptized with the charming name of Lillian, which is abbreviated to the more familiar "Lillie." When Mr. Millais first painted her, his picture hung in the Royal Academy and in the catalogue appeared as "A Jersey Lily," the title was not intended as a pun on the lady's name, but as a tribute to the marvelous complexion which the painter tried to reproduce on canvas. Before the lady thus became famous she was living a comparatively humble, or, as they say in England, genteel life with her husband, an Irish gentleman of moderate fortune.

Before Mrs. Langtry was "discovered" by the world of art, she was almost a stranger to London, and positively unknown to the fashionable world. She was enjoying a life of modest pleasure, completely novel to her as a country-bred woman, and had as much idea of being called a "beauty," as had her worthy husband. When she found greatness thrust upon her, she accepted the situation with a calmness and dignity which are peculiar features of her character.

She accepted homage without agitation, and among her personal friends, and even among her lovely rivals, acquired a singular popularity through the frank simplicity of her character. Mrs. Langtry had, during her most brilliant London seasons, two most formidable rivals in the persons of the Countess of Lonsdale and Mrs. Cornwallis West.

In character, manner, and appearance, these three ladies presented striking contrasts. Lady Lonsdale is almost a giantess, with a massive head, great eyes, and the figure of a Roman matron. Mrs. Cornwallis West is rather petite, and in manner is piquant, Parisian, and perhaps frivolous. Lady Lonsdale, as became a woman of her proportions, was somewhat masculine in voice and bearing, while Mrs. West's habit is what is irreverently termed "kittenish." Between these two extremes stood Mrs. Langtry, the perfection of womanhood—at least to English eyes.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in a woman," as poor *King Lear* says of *Cordelia*, her manner was always stately and graceful without being statuesque and imposing, and whether upon analysis her claims to beauty were greater or less than those of her two famous rivals, it is certain that she cultivated them both in fashionable and popular favor. Three years ago stories of the somewhat eccentric doings of the "professional beauties" received wide currency, and one to the effect that a "beauty" went "too far" even for the good nature of the Prince of Wales when she dropped a piece of ice between the royal collar and the royal neck, was related with Mrs. Langtry as its heroine.

Perhaps it is hardly worth while to correct the details of this little bit of gossip, but in case it should be, we may say on the authority of those who "know," that Mrs. Cornwallis took the frigid liberty which his Royal Highness so haughtily resented, and that lady dropped out of the princely sunshine while Mrs. Langtry continued to bask in it. Fashionable life in London cannot be lived for nothing, despite Mr. Thackeray and Becky Sharpe. Mr. Langtry's modest fortune was unequal to the demands made upon it. Necessity was thus the very prosaic reason which drove Mrs. Langtry to the stage and enrolled her among the army of woman workers, of which Miss Emily Faithful is the devoted champion.

Her success, at least, in the art of money-getting, has been prodigious, and without the display of any special talent, it is probable that Mrs. Langtry's name will be sufficient to conjure up a small fortune. But those around her, who have worked with her, and watched her, declare that her industry is phenomenal, her patience untiring, and her intelligence of the brightest character. These, surely, are qualities invaluable to a student of any kind of art. As Mrs. Langtry has, at least, good looks, youth, education, high breeding, and is descended from a long line of ladies and gentlemen, we can wish her all the success she deserves, and hope that she may prove an acquisition as well as an ornament to our stage.—*Music and Drama.*

THE Khédive recognizes the merits of the special war correspondents. We are told "they will have orders presented to them, and they will be suspended from the neck by a yellow riband." A sad end.

AN ACTOR'S JOKE.

I think that one of the most reckless affairs with which I have ever had to do, occurred at the house of a friend of mine, who was himself fond of a joke, and had, at home, abundant opportunity for the making of one. A regiment had just arrived from the Crimean War, and was forwarded to Glasgow to be quartered there. My friend asked the officers to dine immediately after their arrival, although he was a stranger to them all except by reputation. He invited me to go with them, remarking, "Now, Ned, let us have some fun," and we at once concocted a plan. I know his residence very well, and could do anything I pleased with it. With his leave I sent for a stonemason and told him to ascertain where the flue from the fire grate made its exit on the roof, as I wanted him that night, during the dinner, to call down the chimney in answer to any question I might ask. My friend, the host, meanwhile was to introduce me to his guests as a celebrated American ventriloquist, who was about to appear in London, and was acknowledged to be the most extraordinary artist of the kind in the world. While the meal was going on, Colonel ———, a very aristocratic old man, gradually began to throw out suggestions, and to lead conversation in the direction of ventriloquial subjects. I, of course, pretended to be very bashful, and to avoid any allusion to the theme. After much solicitation, however, I consented to speak, as he suggested, only two or three words. Mark you, I had timed the experiment so that it should be exactly eight o'clock, or within a few minutes of it, when I knew that my mason would be keeping his engagement at the other end of the chimney. Going to the fireplace, I shouted at the top of my voice, for it was a deuced long way up, "Are you there?" but there was no response. I came to the conclusion that, as by this time it was raining very hard, the stonemason had got sick of the whole business and left the roof. Imagine my surprise, when in eight or ten seconds afterwards, just as I had turned, and was going to tell the colonel that my failure was due entirely to an ulcerated sore throat, a deep voice was heard hallooing down the flue, "I don't hear a word." The colonel, officers, and all the guests looked perfectly staggered. I immediately took advantage of the situation, and remarked, "There, you see how badly I did! You noticed what a guttural tone there was in my voice?" but they all crowded round me, and said it was the most extraordinary thing they had ever heard in their lives, and begged me to repeat the experiment. I had previously made the arrangement with the mason that when I said "good bye" three times he would understand that I required him no more. I therefore shouted out "good bye" three times, and, getting no response, concluded that he had gone, and thought no more about the matter. About an hour after this the colonel was leaning against the mantel-piece smoking a cigar, when he turned to me—I was on the opposite side of the room—and said, "Colonel Slayter" (by which name I had been introduced to the company), "I have no hesitation in saying you are the most extraordinary ventriloquist alive. Now, in my own little way, I occasionally try to amuse my children in the same manner; but it is really absurd, after the wonderful effect you have produced, to give you an illustration here; still I will try. For instance, when at home, I sometimes put my head up the chimney and shout, 'Are you coming down?' and the old gentleman accompanied the action to the words. Judge of our utter amazement when a yell was heard in the chimney, 'Oh! go to Jericho! I have had enough of this.' Everybody looked at him as if for an explanation. Taking in the situation quickly, and carelessly stepping forward, I said, 'There, gentlemen, that is my last effort: I am suffering so much from bronchial affection that you must really excuse me from any further exhibition. One and all of them gathered around me and again shook my hands, expressing amazement at the high art I had evinced, and promising me a magnificent reception whenever I should appear in public. It was as much as I could do to preserve a serious face. The joke was too good to keep long; and in a little while afterwards, in the course of conversation the host said, 'By the way, Sothorn, do you remember so-and-so?' 'What!' said all the officers, looking up. 'Sothorn!' I thought this was Colonel Slayter." "Oh, no," replied my friend, "this is 'Lord Dundreary.'" That was my first and last experience as a ventriloquist.—*The Theatre.*

TEA DRINKING: ITS EFFECTS.

The sense of ease in respiration and increase of general comfort after taking tea is well known, as is also the fact that tea tends to induce perspiration, and thereby to cool the body. Hence, in reference to nutrition, we may say that tea increases waste, since it promotes the transformation of food without supplying nutriment, and increases the loss of heat without supplying fuel, and it is, therefore, specially adapted to the wants of those who usually eat too much, and after a full meal, when the process of assimilation should be quickened, but is less adapted to the poor and ill-fed, and during fasting. To take tea before a meal is as absurd as not to take it after a meal, unless the system be at all times replete with nutritive material; and the fashion of the day of taking tea at about five o'clock can only be defended when there has been a hearty lunch at one or two o'clock, and

an anticipated dinner or supper at seven or eight o'clock. For those to take tea before dinner who eat little or no lunch, must be so far injurious, and tend to promote irritability of the stomach. As a matter of comfort, however, it is to be observed that a cup of tea in health is always refreshing, and to those accustomed to its use, always welcome. It may also be added that whilst tea promotes assimilation, there is no ground for believing that it promotes the digestion of food in healthy persons, and, therefore, it is not usual to take it with, but after, a principal meal. Indeed, but few persons could tolerate a tea dinner as a daily habit, however agreeable it may be as a change of diet; and by the universal consent of mankind, tea is less fitted to accompany meat than starch and fat. I have not referred to the effect of tea on the mind, because it is not capable of proof by weight and measure; but it is an action which is universally admitted, and is quite in keeping with the action of tea upon the respiratory tract as a respiratory excitant. There can be no doubt that, under certain circumstances, it quickens the intellect, both in thought and imagination, and takes away the tendency to sleep, so that in experiments which we made hourly through three days and nights, tea taken twice during the night prevented any desire for sleep. This is not always the same on any person, neither is it uniform on different persons, nor does it actually correspond with the quantity of tea taken. Moreover, it appears to be measured by the mode of preparing the tea, so that a strong infusion which has been poured off the leaves, and kept hot for a considerable period, has greater effect.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 28.

It is believed that there will be some honours bestowed by the Queen to commemorate the opening of the Courts of Justice. This does not mean that the coming Lord Mayor will be made a baronet, but indicates doubtless that this rank will be given to Mr. Street, the able son of the genius who conceived the idea of the Courts, and many great works. Mr. Bloomfield, it is said, will be made a knight.

AMONG the fantastic ideas which now and then invade the brains of all yachting men none have been accepted with more glee than that of the wealthy owner of the *Pearl*, who has converted his yacht into a magnificent hothouse filled with exotic plants, and provided with every convenience for giving the most brilliant fêtes in the midst of orange trees and bananas, from which the fruit may be gathered fresh and ripe. The friends of the yachtsman call him "Monte Christo," and by that name is he known all along the Mediterranean.

THE ladies intend to have a public rejoicing meeting in London ere long, to celebrate their great victory, namely, that of obtaining the Married Women's Property Act. It is due to their splendid organization that they have got what they wanted; they have always triumphed by these means, and no doubt at the reunion the opportunity will be given of broaching another female grievance. Committees die very hard after being successful. Will they interest themselves in the deceased wife's sister question? It is still a fine opening for feminine agitation.

THE Junior Army and Navy Club, which has migrated from Grafton street to St. James's street, having for a *vis-a-vis* Arthur's, also an establishment that will hold all the club's spoils, was at first rather interfered with in the carrying out of the alterations which were necessary to give the club splendor and comfort. Some official body, we believe the Board of Works, objected to its interest in ancient lights being infringed, so the club had to stop a story short in its architectural intentions. The members have now the gratification of hearing that the ancient lights' claim is waived, and the club can do what it likes, towering heavenward without let or hindrance. While the consequent building is going on, the Junior Army and Navy Club's members have had friendly offers of hospitality from half a dozen clubs, where they will be made quite at home.

AGAIN it is said that the Speaker will retire. He only awaits the formal completion of the present session before resigning his high office and applying for the Chiltern Hundreds. He will sit out the debate on closure, but he will not be the presiding authority which is to carry it out, and the state of his health is such that he at least will not desire that the winter session should extend over a month. Sir Henry Brand will, of course, be raised to the peerage and receive the usual pension; but the peerage he will receive will not be the ordinary viscountcy which is given to the Speaker on his retirement, but an earldom. Sir H. Brand is now the heir to the premier barony on the roll of English peers. To be at the top of the list of Barons is a high honor as matters go than to be at the bottom of the list of viscounts, and so he will be made an earl, an honor usually reserved only for Prime Ministers who are made peers from the ranks of commoners. It is the custom to give the pension for two lives, but these old customs are now being broken down, and perhaps it will transpire that Sir Henry Brand will only have secured a pension for one life with the earldom.

GOVERNMENT OF THE ISLE OF MAN.

The Isle of Man possesses the boon of "home rule," so ardently craved for by a section of the inhabitants in its western neighborhood. Its Lower House is called the House of Keys, and consists of twenty-four "Men of the Isle."

EGYPTIAN HABITS.

The ordinary inhabitant of the town passes his life in a simple and uniform manner. Before sunrise he leaves his couch, performs the morning ablutions enjoined by his religion, and repeats his early prayer.

VARIETIES.

ARTEMUS WARD'S FEAR OF DEATH.—Charles Farrar Browne had a most extraordinary fear of death, and would brood for hours, with the most unhappy thoughts oppressing him.

the dead of winter, with a bag of gold, through a region infested with Indians and robbers, without showing the least hesitation, or expressing the slightest fear or alarm.

THE PULSE.—Every person should know how to ascertain the state of the pulse in health; then, by comparing it when he is ailing, he may have some idea of the urgency of his case.

A WORD FOR TOBACCO.—The Daily Telegraph of a recent date incidentally refers to the views upon tobacco expressed by the late Dr. Anstie. "The effect of tobacco-smoking in moderation," Dr. Anstie writes, "on the majority of persons who are skilled in the use of the pipe is a marked increase of stimulation, the pulse being slightly increased in frequency and notably in force, and the sense of fatigue in body or mind being greatly relieved."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

A meeting of the Committee of Management of the Canadian Chess Association took place at the room of the Montreal Chess Club, on Thursday, November 9th, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual Congress of the Association.

The Congress this year is to be held in Montreal, and the Committee decided that the first day of meeting should be Tuesday, the 26th of December.

It was also decided that prizes to the amount of fifty dollars should be offered for competition in the Annual Tourney, independent of the Trophy, a silver cup of the value of one hundred dollars, which is still to be contested for by the members of the Association.

The Secretary, during the meeting, announced that one of the higher money prizes had been generously given by the members of the Montreal Athletic Association.

Further particulars, however, connected with this annual gathering of Canadian chessplayers will appear in a programme which the Secretary will publish in the course of a few days.

At the close of this meeting another was held in the same place by the members of the Montreal Chess Club when Mr. J. G. Ascher, the Secretary, called the attention of those present to the fact that he had received a letter from Mr. Steinitz in which that celebrated chessplayer had signified his intention of visiting Montreal after he had completed his engagements with the members of the Philadelphia Club.

VARIETIES.

But for want of space, we would last week have quoted the Brighton Guardian's announcement that the Birkbeck chess class, which was established by Mr. H. J. Webber in 1866, and conducted by him for fifteen years, has now for its preceptor Mr. Gossip, than whom no one could be better qualified for the office. As far as we are aware, the Birkbeck Institute is the only place in England wherein tuition is given in chess.—Land and Water.

Messrs. Winawer and Schwarz were playing a match game of chess at Vienna. In one of the games the former thought the latter had nearly exceeded his time limit and made an eccentric move by placing the Bishop en prise so that his opponent should exceed his time in studying out the best reply.

PROBLEM No. 407. By G. J. Slater. BLACK. Chessboard diagram showing a chess problem with pieces on a board.

WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 405. White. Black. 1 Kt from K 5 to Q B 5 (a) 1 K to Q B 5 2 B to Q sq 2 Any. 3 Mates. (a) 1 K to Q 3 2 B to K Kt 4 2 Any. 3 Mates.

GAME 534TH. (From the Glasgow Herald.) CHESS IN GLASGOW. Played in the tourney for the championship. French Defence.

WHITE.—(Mr. Spens.) 1 P to K 4 2 P to K B 4 3 Kt to K B 3 4 P to Q B 4 5 B to Q 3 (a) 6 Castles 7 P to Q R 3 8 P to Q Kt 4 9 Q to K 2 10 P to K 5 11 B to K 4 12 P to Q 3 13 Q Kt to Q 2 14 Kt to Kt 3 15 P to K R 3 16 Q takes B 17 Q to K sq 18 B to Q 2 19 P takes Q B P 20 Kt takes P at K Kt 5 21 P takes Kt 22 Kt to R 5 (d) 23 B to B 4 24 Q to Kt 3 25 P to Kt 6 (e) 26 B takes B 27 Q to R 4 28 K to R sq 29 Q takes Q 30 Q R to Kt sq 31 R takes R 32 P to K Kt 4 33 P to R 4 34 P takes P 35 K to Kt 2 36 K to B 3 37 R to B 2 (h) BLACK.—(Mr. Crum.) 1 P to K 3 2 P to Q B 4 3 P to Q R 3 4 P to Kt 3 5 P to Q 4 6 P to Q 5 (b) 7 B to Kt 2 8 P to Q Kt 3 (c) 9 B to Kt 2 10 Kt to K R 3 11 R to R 2 12 Kt to Q 2 13 Castles 14 R to K sq 15 B takes B 16 P to K B 4 17 Kt to K B 2 18 P to K Kt 4 19 P takes P at Q B 5 20 Kt takes Kt 21 R to Kt 2 22 R to Kt 3 23 Q to B 2 24 B takes P 25 P to R 3 26 Q takes B 27 Q to K 6 ch 28 Q to Kt 4 (f) 29 P takes Q 30 K R to Kt sq 31 R takes R 32 P to B 5 33 Kt to K 4 34 Kt takes P at Kt 6 (g) 35 P to K 4 36 R to Kt 7 37 Kt to R 5 ch

And White resigns. Position after Black's 36th move.

BLACK. Chessboard diagram showing the chess position after Black's 36th move.

WHITE. NOTES. (a) We think K 2 better; but White was anxious to get the B to bear on Black's flank. (b) Black's Pawns are now strongly posted and hamper materially the development of White's game. (c) Black carefully develops his game, still keeping White cramped. (d) We think this move was wrong. The Kt should have retired to B sq. The Kt is kept after this for many moves in duration vile.

(e) Black cannot safely take B for P takes P double check. (f) This almost seems to force the exchange. (g) We thought Kt takes P at Q 3 stronger. (h) The idea was to force the exchange, followed by Kt to Kt 7, which White thought gave him a won game, but this seems doubtful. The obvious and fatal reply was overlooked.

PASSIVE IMPRESSIONS.—Passive impressions—that is, such as do not result in action—become weaker with every recurrence. Take the impressions made upon our senses by external objects, for example. Just in proportion as we receive them passively, they decline in force.



St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary TENDERS FOR FIREWOOD.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tender for Firewood," will be received at the Warden's Office until noon, MONDAY, the 20th day of NOVEMBER inst., for the quantities of Firewood required for the years 1883-84, viz: four hundred and fifty (450) cords of hard wood, one-half maple and one-half black birch (merisier rouge) piled on delivery separately; three hundred (300) cords of tamarac (epinette rouge). The wood, hard and tamarac, to be of the best description, straight, without knots, sound and split and free from limbs, measuring three feet (French measure) from point to scarp; to be cut during the coming winter, 1882-83, and be delivered on or before the first day of July next, (1883), and to be culled and corded separately to the entire satisfaction of the Warden. Raft wood will not be allowed to form any part of the above quantities. Blank forms of tender and of conditions will be supplied. GODF. LAVIOLETTE, Warden.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

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

FRIDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, W. J. BUCHANAN, General Manager.

Montreal, 24th October, 1882.

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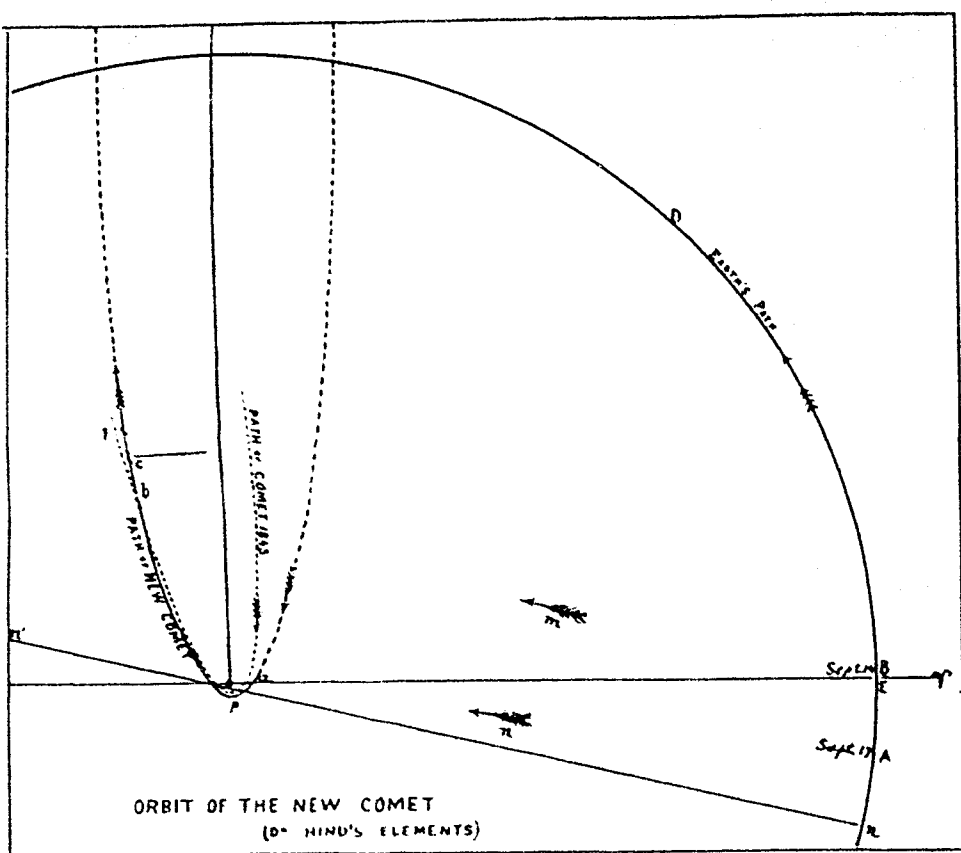
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