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Vol. XXV.—Ne. 2.

MONTREAL SATURDAY, JANUARY, 14, 1882.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.



ONE VIEW OF CANADA.

MR. Bull. Canadensis reads from New York Tribune:—"Union with England is of service only to a small wealthy class of shipping merchants and politicians, who come to Canada to make fortunes which they invariably go back to England to enjoy. Besides this class, the Canadian population is made up of the thriftless, happy-go-lucky French habitants and swarms of Irish emigrants, without capital, experience, or business capacity." Mixed this, Mr. Tribune. I came here to get wealthy, and I am going to stay.

Ilieranicus:—The Tribune never loved Canada, John. Everybody isn't blind or a fool! We don't forget poor Greeley's Gentle Shepherds of '66.

M. L'Habitaut:—Il est l'envie. Et ce n'est pas pour vous, M. le Rédacteur, le Chemin Pacifique.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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as observed by Hears & Harrison, Thermometer an Incometer Makers, Notre Dume Street, Montreal.

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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 14, 1882.

THE REV. CANON NORMAN has published an exhaustive treatise on the Revised Edition of the New Testament, the result, apparently, of more close study than has for the most part been bestowed upon the work by commentators in this country at all events. We say apparently, for the review of such a pamphlet demands time for its consideration proportionate to the amount of labour bestowed upon it, and we hope in a later number to be able to deal with it at greater length.

To-MORROW (Tuesday), if all be well, the Marquis will sail for Canada to complete the term of his Governorship. In spite of the determined way in which many of the papers have endeavoured to prove that he is not coming back, we may take it for granted that his return is as certain as it will be acceptable to all but the few who object in principle to any G vernor who may be sent them from England. The Marquis has done much every way since his arrival in Canada to encourage the growing taste for art and literature amongst us, that function which has been the glory of so many hereditary sovereigns, and which is, at least, one main source of usefulness in a Governor, whose spheres of action are limited in other directions. It is to be hoped that the Princess' health may so far improve that before long we may welcome her again amongst us. Whatever fault may be found with the Vice-Regal Court as an institution, there can be no two opinions as to the advantage of its being presided over by a Princess of the blood Royal, and we look forward to her return with scarcely less interest than we have watched for that of the Marquis himself.

Society Journalism, so called, is spreading its civilizing influences to the Antipodes. Japan has not only adopted the garments of Western civilization and endesvoured to improve upon our laws, but with the advance of the more external requirements of the age, she has developed that taste for scandal which seems to underlie modern fashionable society. Amongst her numerous evidences of progress none are perhaps more striking than the humble, but not altogether unsuccessful, efforts of the native papers to import into that eminently progressive country the true style and flavour of what is known as "Society" journalism. Thus in the Ocaka Nippo we read that, "The fectious disease.

female hair-dresser who waits upon the lady of a certain statesman was requested by that personage to retail to him all the news she heard in other private houses. The woman," it is added, "thus acquired influence, and every month one or two of her friends received situations under Government. Now she is sought by many persons, and even men of education are paying court to her in order to secure her kindly notice." In such inuendoes does your true Society journalist delight. And a little further down we have an item more directly personal. "Several detectives." it is observed, "are said to have arrived in Kioto, and to be watching the behaviour of those who are intimate with the Imperial Princess and nobles who reside in that city." On the other hand, the Kobe Shimpo seems to prefer to cultivate the valuable art of appearing to be on easy terms with the high official and exofficial personages; for here we read that, "when Mr. Okuma was in office the great respect with which he was treated precluded him from accurately ascertaining the feelings and wishes of the people. Now, however, that he has resigned," we learn that "he can freely mix in all pub lic gatherings, and is only anxious to receive invitations." It is difficult to say what may not be expected of a country which, suddenly throwing off the exclusiveness and self-conceit of ages, begins to develop another sort of civilization at this tremendous pace.

#### THE CARRYING OF INFECTION.

A telegram from Port Jervis in to-day's (Monday) Gazette announces the closing of the churches there on Sunday on account of the prevalence of small-pox in the town. The lesson to be learned from the news is one which we should not be slow to take. The world over there would be much less disease, and the more virulent forms of epidemic could be far more readily stamped out, were even the most ordinary precautions at all universally adopted.

In Canada, even more than in England, where the lesson is being slowly learned, such precautions are far more honored in the breach than the observance. With the alarming prevalence of diphtheria at present in Montreal it is perfectly astonishing to an outsider to notice the recklessness with which the spread of the disease is encouraged by an entire neglect of any quarantine such as would suggest itself to any but those concerned.

This matter of going to church is an instance in point. The obligations imposed upon the members of any church to attend public worship, can never be paramount to considerations of public health, and those who go straight from an infected house to ait in the midst of a crowded congregation, where perhaps they come actually into-contact with fifteen or twenty of their neighbours, should remember that their observance of supposed religious duty may inflict suffering and, perhaps, death, on many innocent persons.

It was only recently that the writer observed in one of the leading churches of the city a lady, whose daughter was recovering at home from a severe attack of scarlet fever. What, think you, should be her feelings, if one of her friends, who could not avoid touching her or sitting beside her, is stricken down by the poison which her carelessness spread around her.

The sending of children to school from in fected houses is another case in which our Board of Health might be expected to interfere-especially in the case of the Public Schools. Instances could be quoted of children who have attended school while actually sickening for diseases which were rampant at their homes. In England such offences against the public health are not only punishable, but are, in fact, severely punished in the case of the Board Schools, while the larger public boarding schools make it an invariable rule to receive no pupil within three weeks after the entire recovery of any member of his family who may have been ill of in-

Another cause of the carrying of infection, we believe, may be found in the carelessness of many of our doctors in this respect. It is hardly conceivable that in the nineteenth century the superstition should so largely prevail that doctors cannot carry disease. Doctors wear the same clothes and are for the most part made of the same material themselves as other mortals, and the same precautions exactly are required in the case of a visiting physician as of any ordinary visitor. That many of them do take such precautions goes of course without saying, but it is to be feared the majority either never think of the matter at all, or at least excuse themselves on the plea of necessity. The lea ling doctors of London are fully awake to the importance of due precaution. One in particular, a physician of eminence, has a dressing-room close to his hall-door into which he enters immediately on his return from an infected house, and entirely changes his clothes, washes his hands, etc., before communicating in any way with his family or his other patients. This is, of course, the extreme of precautionary measures, and such a course, however desirable, may not be possible to all the members of a busy and often ill-paid profession. But the principle is one which should never be lost sight of, and doctors, we believe, might do much which they certainly do not do now, to check the spread of disease, or, at least, be it said, to alleviate the suspicions which prevail in many quarters that they do not care. As we said before, these remarks do not apply at all to those members of the profession who enjoy deservedly the confidence of their patients and the world outside.

The subject in any case is one which will bear investigation, and we recommend it to the attention of the Board of Health and of all intelligent and thinking persons. Something can be done to arrest the evil by the imposition of penalties for careless exposure, but more, far more, by the action of a healthy public opinion in the matter.

#### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

IT is rumoured that Russia intends to ask for a new loan of £20,000,000.

An attempt is being made to bring the "Hogarth" hat into fashiou. The idea is taken from a picture called "The forfeit." An arch-looking girl has put on a young officer's hat, and the young officer bends over her shoulder and takes "compensation for disturbance." The hat is three-cornered. It will be a brave woman who will dare to wear it.

It appears that an "Anti-Crinoline" League has been formed. The members take the following pledge:—We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress known as crinoline or hoop is inconvenient and ungraceful to the last extent, hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same, whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny on the ladies of England.

THE deceased wife's sister has lost her best friend—Mr. Henry Thornton, the London banker, who died the other day, and who was the oldest banker in the city of London, and spent more than any other person to give sisters-in-law the right to marry their brothers-in-law. It was against him that those sneers against wealth seeking, after a breach of the law, to condone its offence, were directed.

Dr. Parker is preparing a fresh sensation for his congregation. He has made arrangements to have the City Temple illuminated with the electric light. This will be done in connection with the undertaking of Mr. Edison to light the Holborn Viaduct, and some house in the neighbourhood with his lamps. It is an additional attraction to Dr. Parker that this patronage of science will not cost him anything. Mr. Edison's agents, recognizing the advantage of the advertisement, will light the City Temple for nothing.

The great bell of St. Paul's is now ready for delivery, and it is hoped that it may be hung in its place ready to ring on Easter morning. The question is, how it is to be got to London. As it now lies in the foundry at Longhborough it weighs 17½ tons. The railway company have declined to convey it; and even if they were willing to try, there would be the necessity of trans-shipping it to and from the railway station at either terminus. There is no wagon that would carry such a load, and the authorities are slowly coming to the determination that they will have to build one especially for this service, to convey the bell by rail from Loughborough to St. Paul's.

It is stated that, at the earliest possible moment after Parliament meets, a full explanation will be demanded from the Government of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Liverpool, in which he distinctly declared that the Government encouraged the Land Eague agitation until after the Land Bill was passed—that is for nearly six months after the Protection of Life and Property Act was declared by the Government to be absolutely necessary in order to suppress the lawlessness brought about by the League.

THE Neo-Geeek costume, one of the latest sesthetic ideas, combines the classic characteristics with the requirements of modern fashion. It is composed of pale blue cashmere draped over a train of white cashmere, and trimmed with gold embroidery done in Greek key pattern. The blue bodice has transparent sleeves of white-pine-apple silk, opened in diamond spaces on the outer arm, and edged with gilt braid. The pointed Greek apron is sewn permanently to the waist, and the back has two softly draped square breadths talling on the square train of white cashmere. Pleatings of white satin are at the foot; white pine-apple silk is gathered insid the square neck. Etruscan gold necklace and bracelets, reproductions of the gold ornaments. excavated by Professor Schlieman, should be; worn with this costume.

The excellent idea of the sale of good soup in the poorer streets, so general in Paris, would undoubtedly meet with well deserved popularity here. This system is wisely practised in some populous parts of Paris for the benefit of workpeople going to their several employments in the cold and discomfort of a wet winter's morning, and would be more successful in London and other large towns, where tea and coffee, too often most inferior in quality, are the only counter attractions to the "drop of something to keep the cold out" so generally indulged in by the British workman. The art of soup-making is but indifferently understood in England; but if some enterprising person would set up a small stall at some busy place, like Covent Garden Market, at about 6 a. m., and would sell a good article at a low price it would prove no unprofitable speculation.

HUMOUR is not dead, but sleepeth. "An Egyptian fellah" has written on the Dun Echt outrage. In his country—that is, in the land of the Pharoahs—such outrages, he says, are thought nothing of, simply because they are off every day occurrence. The principal resurrectionists, he proceeds to say, in a spirit of irony, are "your own countrymen, who, for the sake of meney, I suppose, do not hesitate to plunder our most ancient and sacred tombs, and I have seen some of the bodies here in London among your national treasures; showing, I would presume, that the conduct of these body thieves is approved of the nation. I would, therefore, beg your ccuntrymen, your policemen, your gentry, to let this fuss subside. It is only the body of one earl that is missing." There is a wise saying which may be appropriately quoted here—With what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again."

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WARSAW is reported in flames.

THE Nihilists are making preparations for another movement.

A London despatch announces the death of Mr. Ralph Bernal Osborne. The Chilian Government has annexed the

Peruvian province of Tarapaca.

HERR RICHTER is to resign the leadership of the Progressist party in Germany.

THERE are 1,150 cases on the list of the Supreme Court of the United States.

JOSEPH CHARRIOL, of Bordeaux, has failed for 15,000,000 francs and absconded.

The trial trip through the St. Gothard Tun-

THE trial trip through the St. Gothard Tunnel on Thursday proved highly successful.

THE Cork police have dropped upon a large

stock of arms imported from the United States.

The packing firm of J. Winslow, Jones & Co., of Portland, Me., has failed, with liabilities of

of Portland, Me., has latted, with habilities of \$182,000.

The reported massacre of two hundred girls by order of the King of Ashantee has received:

confirmation.

APACHES attacked the Gavillon mines, near Camp Supera. Arizona, killing several persons

Camp Sonora, Arizona, killing several persons and carrying off a girl.

A mandamus is to be applied for to quash the resolution conferring the freedom of Dublin city

resolution conferring the freedom of Dublin city on Parnell and Dillon.

An attempt is reported to have been made recently to steal the bodies of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial from the vault at Chisel-

hurst.

THE Daily News says Blaine's circular to the Southern Republics amounts to an attempt to establish an American protectorate over Central

A DETACHMENT of cavalry has been sent to Perry's Landing, on the Upper Yellowstone, to protect the engineering staff and construction company of the Northern Pacific against the

Crow Indians.

The Pontifical Secretary of State has addressed a note to the several Powers enquiring what steps they would take in the event of the Pope being compelled to leave Rome.

#### COQUETTE.

"Coquette." my love they sometimes call, For she is light of lips and heart; What though she smile alike on all. If in her smiles she knows no art?

Like some glad brook she seems to be, That ripples o'erits pebbly bed, And prattles to each flower or tree, Which stoeps to kiss it, overhead.

Beneath the heavens' white and blue
It purls and sings and laughs and leaps,
The sunny meadows dancing through
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steeps.
'Tis thus the world doth see the brook;
But I have seen it otherwise,
When following it to some far nook
Where leafy shields shut out the skies.
And there its waters rest. subdued,
In shadowy pools, serene and shy
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood
And tender dreams and longings lie.
I love it when it laughs and leaps,
But love it better when at rest— But love it better when at rest-Tis only in its tranquil deeps I see my image in its breast.

-January Century.

#### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.-The cartoon on our front page alludes, as will be seen by the dialogue to re ent remarks of the New York Tribune upon Canada and the Canadians.

THE GERMAN PEASANT'S SUNDAY .-- For the truth of the satire in our illustration of the German peasant's Sunday at home we cannot be responsible. It contains probably as much truth as such satires generally do, and what it lacks in accuracy it makes up in picturesqueness. Some of us may have remarked a somewhat similar ending of the day in the rural districts of this Canada of ours, where Sunday is first a day of religious observation and last but by no means least a grand holiday, to be celebrated as holidays, unfortunately, not unfrequently are.

THE RISING OF THE WATERS .- A flood caused by the prolonged heavy rains, has swollen the rivers of a lowland district, and their overflowing waters have covered great part of the s, through which are cut several ditches, the banks overgrown with sedge and reeds, while here and there rise the leafless stems of wintry-looking willows, marking the brink of the deeper channel across the fields. In summertime, or in any tolerably dry weather, there is a convenient footpath this way to the neighbouring hamlet, the abode of honest rustic families, one of which seems just now in a plight to demand our compassionate sympathy and kindly The young wife and mother, early in the day, as her good man was away to his work and not expected home till nightfall, ventured to lock her cottage door and walk over to the village, two miles distant, that she might visit a married sister, there lying in her first "coninement." To perform this errand of affectionate duty without neglecting her own children, of whom she has two, the rain having ceased that morning, and the sky being once more clear, she carried her baby with her, and hade little Jem, who was five years old, trudge along by her side. After staying three or four hours, doing what she could in the way of womanly aid and comfort, and taking a noonday bit of dinner at her brother-in-law's table, she set forth betimes in the afternoon, with the two children, on her way home. By the turn-pike road and the lane that turns off to the left t is quite three miles and a half, so she thought she would go back the shorter way that she came. It had been only rather muddy, with a few nasty puddles, and with a loose plank in the foot-bridge at the end of Farmer Bull's nineacre piece, when she passed in the opposite direction at ten o'clock. But the river, since then, has been rising so rapidly, by the inflow of other streams from the moorland hills, that new, at half-past three, she finds herself in the midst of a broad shallow lake, standing upon a very narrow strip of soft and squashy turf, which will soon be cut off from the firmer ground behind, if the inundation pours into a slight hol-low fifty yards in the rear. To advance one step further cannot be thought of; she is now at the edge of the ditch, but the plank has been washed away, and the meadows beyond, though she can see her own dwelling on the farther side, are overspread with a chilly expanse of water, at least half a mile in breadth. It will be dark enough in another hour, this late December afternoon; so there is no time to be lost in retracing her steps, and with very wet feet, and with terrible fears and anxieties, more for the children than for her own sake, regaining the safe and solid road. Little Jem will cry with fright, and the poor mother will be sadly weary, before they reach home, chilled and exhausted, long after the usual tea-time; and there will be no fire to warm them, or to boil the water for a cup of tea. The husband will have come home to find the door locked against him, and will have gone to spend his wages at the Blue Boar.

A NOVEL CREMATION CEREMONY. - The death-bed insurance business in Pennsylvania appears to be falling into disfavour. Not only have the authorities commenced a legal war upon it, but the credulous people who have been victimized by it are losing faith in the system and turning against it. A novel illustration of the popular feeling on the subject was furnished a few days since at a place called Heydt's Tavern, some twenty miles from Reading. The people of that vicinity, it appears, had suffered largely from the operations of the death-rattle companies. Thomas Heydt, a man

of means, held policies to the extent of \$25,000, and had been swindled out of several thousand dollars in assessments. One of his risks died some time ago, and after waiting and struggling for many months, he compromised with the company for \$197. He was so much incensed by this action that he determined to burn all the policies he held, and invited his neighbours to join with him. On the 24th ultimo the projected cremation took place. Early in the day the people began to gather from all directions on foot, on horseback, and in all varieties of vehicles. One delegation was headed by a band The heads of some of the most influential families in the district met together in the hall of the hotel. The total amount of the insurance held by them was \$250,000. meeting was organized with the chief victims as president, vice-presidents and secretaries. Those in attendance related their experiences which showed that many had been reduced to poverty by the assessments they were forced to pay, and some had borrowed money from friends and relatives to meet the demands of these sharks, and were unable to pay it back. The policies and assessment notices were strung together upon a pole and soaked with coal oil. A little niece of the hotel proprietor fired the pile, and \$250,000 worth of insurance certificates were consumed to slow music, while Mr. Heydt and a number of his neighbours formed all-handsaround and savagely danced about the pole. collation was spread for those present, and a ball in the evening wound up the festivities.

A KANGAROO COURT IN TREAS .- The illus tration represents one of those extempore courts summoned and presided over by Judge Lynch, the necessity for which, existing undoubtedly in a rough state of civilization which the regular processes of law could not reach, is happily done away with. The extreme sentence of the law, if it may be so termed, has evidently been passed upon the unhappy wretch who with the courage that is born of despair awaits his fate at the hands of the appointed executioner. Such acenes do not bear dwelling upon.

THE BURNING OF THE RING THEATRE AT VIENNA.—Our readers are already familiar with the terrible tragedy of the 8th of December last in which upwards of one thousand victims were hurried into eternity. We give this week an illustration of the theatre itself before the fire, one of the public buildings of whose architecture Vienna was justly proud

THE ROBBERY OF EARL CRAWFORD'S TOMB. -This latest incident of body-snatching has caused great excitement in fashionable circles the world over. The late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres died in Italy and his body was carried thence to be interred in the family vault at Danecht House, twelve miles south o Aberdeen. It has now been discovered that the has been broken into, and the coffin opened. Great indignation is felt by all classes of people in the neighbourhood, and equal sympathy with the noble family whose feelings have been so at-rociously outraged. It can only be supposed that this infamous deed was perpetrated for the purpose of exacting a large sum of money by

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE CRUISING CLEAR WATER LAKE.—This interesting feature of the great trip of the Marquis of Lorue to the extreme north-west territory of Canada last sum mer shows the vice-regal party nearing the last portage on the beautiful Clear Water Lake, on July 28th. There were ten large and brilliantly painted bark canoes, all fully manned with crews uniformed in red shirts, blue caps and white trousers Nearly all were Indians or half-breeds, save one crew of Scotchmen who manned the first cance bearing the Marquis. As the last portage was neared the procession ended in something like a race. Each crew wished to show its prowess, and all were eager to win the honour of second place behind His Excellency's boat, so that, whirled away by the excitement of the figures, the voyagers neglected for once the grand landscape.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY. HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills; some are writing letters home, some sleeping, some even fishing in a little rivulet that runs by us, when toward three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of a sudden, the enemy opens fire on us with a salute of three shells fired in rapid succession, not quite into our ranks, but a little to the left of us; and see ! over where the Forty-third lies, to our left, come three stretchers, going by on a lively trot to the rear; for "the ball is opening, boy-," and we are under fire for the first time.

I wish I could convey to my readers some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shricking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar whirring sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead or by your side. So loud, high pitched, shrill and terrible is the sound that one unaccustomed to it would think at first that the very heavens were being torn down about his ears!

How often I have laughed and laughed at myself when thinking of that first shelling we got there by the river! For, up to that time, 

shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war.

I had thought ashell was a hollow ball of iron

filled with powder and furnished with a fuse, and that they threw it over into your ranks, and there it lay hissing and spitting, till the fire reached the powder, and the shell burst and killed a dozen men or so—that is, if some ven-turesome fellow didn't run up and stamp the fire off the fuse before the miserable thing off! Of a conical shell, shaped like a minie-ball. with ridges on the outside to fit the groove's of a rifled cannon, and exploding by a percussion-cap at the pointed end, I had no idea in the world. But that was the sort of thing they were firing at us now -Hur-r-r-bang! Hur-r-rbang!

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air. I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound mear by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse, but which, on raising my head and looking up and around, I find is the sound of pieces of exploded shells flying through the air about our heads! The enemy has excellent rauge of us, and given it to us hot and fast, and we fall in line and take it as best we may, and without the pleasure of replying, for the enemy's batteries are a full mile and a half away, and no Enfield rifle can reach half

Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away.

And now, see! Just to the rear of us, and there fore in full view as we are sitting is a battery of our own, coming up into position at full galop— a grand sight indeed! The officers with swords flashing in the evening sunlight, the bugles clanging out the orders, the carriages unlimbered and the guns run up into position; and now, that ever beautiful drill of the artillery in action, steady and regular as the stroke of machinery How swiftly the man that handles the swab has prepared his piece, while the runners have meanwhile brou ht up the little red bag of powder and the long, conical shell from the caisson in the rear! How swiftly they are rammed home! The lieu enant sights his piece, the man with the lanyard with a sudden jerk fires the cap, the gun leaps five feet to the rear with the recoil, and out of the cannon's throat, in a cloud of smoke rushes the shell, shricking out its message of death into the lines a mile and a half away, while our boys rend the air with wild hurrah, for the enemy's fire is answered!

Now enques an artillery duel that keeps the air quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the drill of the batteries beside nwith that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang! The mystery is how in the world they can load and fire so fast.

"Boys, what are you trying to do?" It is the general commanding the division who reins in his horse and asks the question, and he is one of the finest artillerist in the service, they say. "Why, General, we are trying to put a shell through that stone barn over there; it's full of

sharp shooters "
"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the shurp-shooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive. "Let them have it so, boys." And the general has mounted, and rides, laughing, away along the line.

Meanwhile, something is transpiring immediately before our eyes that amuses us immensely. Not more than twenty yards away from us is another high bank, corresponding exactly with the one we are occupying, and running parallel with it, the two hills inclosing a little ravine some twenty or thirty yards in width.

This second high bank,—the nearer one,—you must remember, faces the enemy's fire. The water has worn out of the soft sand-rock a sort of cave, in which Darky Bill, our company cook, took refuge at the crack of the first shell. there, crouching in the narrow recess of the rock, we can see him shivering with affeight. now and then, when there is a lull in the firing, he comes to the wide-open door of his house, intent upon flight, and, rolling up the great whites of his eyes, is about to step out and run, when Hur-r-mbang—crack! goes the shell, and poor scared Darky Bill dives into his cave again head-

the air, which, he afterward told us, "was a-sayin' all de time, 'Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger! ""

As night-fall comes on, the firing ceases. Word is passed around that under cover of night we are to cross the pontoons and charge the enemy's works; but we sleep soundly all night. and awake only at the first streaks of morning.

We have orders to move. A staff officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning alute, and the shell comes recochetting over the hill and tumbles into a mud puddle about which the group is gathered; the mounted officers cronch in their saddles and spur hastily away, the foot officers throw themselves flat on their

faces into the mud: the drummer-boy is beansttered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of St. Nicholas would never have heard how our first shelling.

And now, "Fall in, men!" and we are off on a double-quick in a cloud of dust, amid the rattle of canteens and tin cups, and the regular flop. flop of cartridge boxes and bayonet-scabbards, pursued by the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, for a long, hot, weary day's march to the extreme right of the army at Chancellors-ville.—St. Nicholas.

#### VARIETIES.

"Look here, Matilda," said a Galveston lady to the colored servant, "you sleen right close to the chicken house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens." "Yes, ma'am, I heerd de chickens holls, an heerd de woices of de men." "Why didn't you run out then?" "Case ma'am, (bursting into tears), case I knowed my old fadder was out dar, and I wouldn't hab him know I'se lost confidence in him, foah all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dare and kotched him, it would hab broke his ole heart, and he would hab made me tote de chickens home for him besides. He done tole me day before dat he's gwine to pull dem chickens dat night." Galveston News.

Col. MacDonald, late Director of Public Instruction at Madras, India, in a recent lec-ture in London pointed out that in many parts of India education was regarded as unbecoming the modesty of the female sex; inasmuch as it facilitated intrigue, it was fit only for the profligate females who engaged in public dancing and singing. In some districts no man will marry a girl who is able to read. At the existing schools the great majority of the pupils never go beyond the elementary stage of education, because Hindu girls leave school when they are about eleven. Parents instead of paying fees, expect to be bribed with presents of money and clothes for their children, and require a staff of servants to be kept up to conduct them to and from school. Because of the difference between the education of the English and Indian women, although England has been intimately connected with India for 150 years, there is today little social Intercourse between the natives that Empire, and the mother country.

PNEUMATIC BELL-CALL .-- A system of pueumatic call-bells agannoiators that has been in use for some time in England has been recently modified and improved for introduction into America. It consists essentially of a small bellows, an air-tube, and a second bellows, that may be used to strike a gong-bell or control the diels of an annunciator. The bellows, which is quite small and intended to be operated by hand, is closed by pressure of the finger on a push-button, by pulling a handle, or by pressing on a rubber bag, that forms the tassel or end of a cord numy from the wall. The closing of the bellows sends an impulse of compressed air through a small tube, and causes a circular bellows to expand. At the end of this bellows is an upright rol that moves a segment of a geared wheel. smaller wheel geared to this segment moves with it, and causes the hammer of a gong bell to give a series of rapid strokes. The bell "chatters" like an electric bell for a moment, and the pressure being removed, the ringing mechanism returns to its original position by its own weight. No clock-work or spring is required, all the parts being self-acting. The invention, in its present condition, seems likely to be of value in dwellings, small hotels, and on board steam-

#### "BEHIND HER FAN."

Beneath her fan ofdowny findf. Sewed on soft saffren satin stepf. With pedocok feathers, purple eyed, Caught faietity on either side. The gay coquette displays a paff; 

The barque of Hope is trim and tough, So out I venture on the rough, Uncertain sea of girlish pride.

A breeze ! I tack against the tide,—Capture a kise and catch a cuff, —Behind her fas. —T

THE elements of bone, brain and muscle, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which After repeated attempts to run and repeated should enrich it, every bodily function flags and frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart the system grows feeble and disor lered. When and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter the blood becomes impure, either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its continuous of the regiment—for which he cares tamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow, A highly accredited remedy for these evils is NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its secretive duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise poss diuretic and depurent properties of a high sesses diurctic and depurent properties of a nign order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid ele-ments which produce rhounsatic pain. Price \$1.00. Sample Bettle 10 cents. Ask for Non-THROP & LENGE'S Venetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care. The state of hears a fac-simile of their signature. Selection of the products of the system.



THE GERMAN PEASANT'S "SUNDAY AT HOME."

### "BONNY KATE,"

#### A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

#### CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER VI.

"I have no ambition

Sophy, looking out of the window.

The versons whom she uddresses -- to wit, Mr. Proctor and Janet, who are practising a duet with piano and flute, without the faintest prospect of accord in the matter of time or harmony rise, and, approaching the window, also look out, one over her shoulder, the other over her

"It is Miss Kate," aunounces Mr. Proctor. "I recognize her, and I recognize Lightfoot; but I don't recognize the man with her-not at

the neighbourhood? Eureka!" she cries, suddenly, "it is Frank Tarleton!"
"Tarleton!" echoes Mr. Proctor, in a tone altogether devoid of pleasure. "Do you think so? But where would Miss Kate have met him? He was not with the hunt."
"I don't know where she could have met "Can that be Kate coming in the gate I" says "And, if so, who is that with her !" "I don't know where she could have met him," says Janet; "but I am ready to wager



"It must be some one whom we know," says Janet. "Kate would never allow a stranger to

accompany her. Is there any new new arrival in

anything that it is Frank Tarleton."

"You are right," says Sophy, who has been looking intently at the approaching horseman; "it is Frank Tarleton, and he has chauged scarcely at all."

As she utters the last words, she passes out on the versands; so Kate and Tarleton find her standing at the head of the steps when they ride

Eureka! It is Frank Tarleton.

"Neither do 1," says Janet. "Who can he be! He is dressed well, and mounted well—he looks well, altogether, but I don't know him."

'It is odd that he should be a stranger to all of us; and yet Kate is riding with him," says Sophy, craning her neck for a better view. "She is such a madcap, that I am never quite certain what she may or may not do--though



Clayped in both of his

"Not half so delighted as I am to be back," larleton answers, springing from his horse. It is the work of an instant to lift Kate down, and then he mounts the steps, and Sophy finds the hand she extends clasped in both of his. "How glad I am to see you," he says, "and how familiar you look!—only changed a little, and prettier than ever. An old friend may say as

much as that, may he not ?" "An old friend has no license to become a new flatterer," Sophy responds, shaking her head with a smile. "Where did you two pick each other up! We have been wondering over the

"Oh, it is a long story," says Kate. "I lost the bounds, and found Mr. Tarleton—that is the sum of it. Have the huntsmen come in

yet!"
"Nobody except Mr. Proctor," Sophy Is beginning, when that gentleman appears on the scene to speak for himself.

"I hope Lightfoot carried you well, Miss Kate," he says, solicitously; for he entertains a suspicion that something unusual must have oc-curred to bring Kate back before the rest of the

'Oh, very well--very well, indeed!" she re plies, glibly.-"It was not Lightfoot's fault that the saddle turned," she says to her conscience. -" But I lost the hounds completely," she goes on; the first time I ever did such a stupid thing. I might have lost myself, too, if I had not found Mr. Tarleton; and he brought me

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you, says Sophy to Tarleton, who looks a picture of innocence and virtue. "I felt uneasy when innocence and virtue. Mr. Proctor reported that he had mounted Kate on his horse, and left her alone.

"It was wrong," says Mr. Proctor, in a solf-nyicted tone. "I felt that after we parted, convicted tone. and wished very much that I had not suggested

the exchange."
"It was not wrong," says Kate, in her pretty, imperious way. "You must not think so for a chliging, and unselmoment. It was kind and obliging, and unselfish, and if I did not find the hounds, I had a delightful ride-for which I must thank you, she adds, involuntarily laying her hand on his

It is the first time she has ever done such a

Mari Madalah (1921) dalah Maria dalah Masilah Malayah dalah kepadi Jadah dalah dalah dalah dalah Malayah dalah



" Dear Janet, don't mention it."

sacrificed his own pleasure for hers, and a sense, for the first time, of the pain which she may yet be forced to inflict upon him. Why it is that she realizes for the first time that his love for her is not merely matter for a jest, she does not

to be oddly conscious of astonishment and resentment. Helooks at Proctor, and, as Proctor meets his glance, they, at least, understand each

other from that moment.

A little earlier, the heart of the former would have sunk within him at the thought of such a formidable rival; but Kate's sweet tones, and shove all that involuntary familiar action, have given him a new hope and courage. So he says,

quickly:
"I will not think anything you don't wish me to think; and I am truly glad your ride was pleasant, though I could not be with you. If you like Lightfoot, pray remember that he is at your service whenever you choose to command

"Thanks-you are very kind," she answers : but a slight tone of comstraint has come into her voice, and, saying, "I must change my dress," she enters the hall and goes up-stairs.

She is not allowed to gain the haven of her

chamber without another delay. In the hall above sho meets Mrs. Lawrence, and that lady stops her.

What is this I hear, Kate, about your taking Mr. Proctor's horse, and going after the hounds alone!" she asks. "You must know that such conduct is very rash, and not what your uncle would approve. I disapprove of your going hunting at all, as you are aware; and, at least, I insist upon your keeping within certain heard?" bounds.'

"I did not suppose there was any harm in taking Mr. Proctor's horse," Kate answers. "He insisted upon coming home with me in any case, and I saw no reason why we should both miss the chase because Diana fell lame. So I took Lightfoot, and followed the rest of the party.

"Did you find them ?"



know; but she does realize it, and hence she is

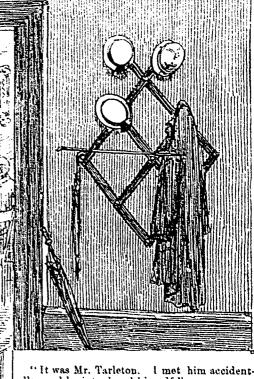
inclined to an unusual consideration of his feel-

however, is a trifle awkward.

The consequence of this consideration,

Her hand falls

light as thistle-down on his coat-sleeve, and does not rost there an instant : but that instant is long enough for her to read her mistake in his thing, and the slight momentary touch of her face, for Sophy to be surprised, and for Tarleton



"It was Mr. Tarleton. I met him accidentally, and he introduced himself."

"Introduced himself!" repeats Mrs. Lawrence, in vexed astonishment. " How did he know who you were! What reason did behave! Kate, you have had some accident, and you are

trying to deceive me."
"How suspicious you are, Aunt Margaret!"
cries Kate. "Lightfoot behaved beautifully, cries Kate. "Lightfoot behaved beautifully, and Mr Tarleton will tell you that it was my unprotected condition which alone appealed to his chivalry. He saw me riding rather fast, and he was afraid I might meet with an accident; so he followed, and—and when I lost the hounds hopelessly, introduced himself, as I said."

"I am very sorty that you should have met him," says Mrs. Lawrence, shortly; " and if you had come home, as you should have done when your horse fell lame, there would have been no need for you to make a very undesirable acquaint-

ance, in a very undesirable manner."

With this she goes her way, full of irritation which it is impossible to express more clearly without the risk of doing harm. She feels in-stinctively that, by this informal mode of entrance, Frank Tarleton has taken possession of his old, familiar place—a place from which it will be impossible to dislodge him, without a concurrence of action on the part of her husband and children, for which she cannot hope. Not one of them will look beyond the pleasure of the hour," she thinks; and then she adds, again, "I am sorry that Kate met him."

That young lady retires to her chamber, and proceeds to examine the extent of her injuries. These are, happily, not great. With the exception of a general stiffness and soreness of feeling, which is the usual result of a fall, she only finds a painful bruise on her left shoulder, which received the first force of the shock, and the small cut on her temple, which has been already men-

"How thankful I am that it is no worse!" she thinks. "Suppose I had dislocated my shoulder, or had my face cut to pieces, or my head broken-how dreadful that would be! I feel as if I was deceiving people, by concealing that I was thrown; but what good would it do to tell?" Aunt Margaret would think it was because I went fox-hunting; uncle would not want me ever to mount a degent horse again; and Mr. Proctor would blame himself about the saddle, when, in fact, it was altogether an accident, for which nobody was to blame. What is good for bruises, I wonder! I suppose my shoulder will turn black and blue; but I can wear a thick dress, and hide it. I am very much afraid somebody will notice this cut on my face; but there are numbers of ways in which people can hurt themselves without being thrown from horseback. Shall I put a strip of court-plaster on it? No: that would make it too conspicuous. I had better trust to the hair, as Mr. Tarleton suggested."

The lips curve into a soft smile over the re collection of Mr. Tarleton's suggestion; but their expression changes quickly to a grimace of pain, as the hands which she has litted to her head drop down again, the left falling to her side, the right clasping her left shoulder. "O-h!" she says, sloud; and in the long-

drawn interjection there is consternation as well as pain. "What am I to do now!"

The question is more easily asked than answered. How is a young lady, who cannot lift her hand to arrange her hair, to keep the injury which incapacitates her from the knowledge of the cousins who share her room! Kate is still considering this dilemma, and gazing at herself in the mirror with a meful countenance, when the door suddenly opens, and Janet enters.

"Are you not dressed yet, Kate!" she asks.
"The hunting-party have returned, and luncheon is nearly ready. - Why, what is the mat-

"The matter is," replies Kate, desperately, "that I have hurt my shoulder, and cannot comb

my hair."
"Hurt your shoulder! How did you-Oh, I You have been thrown. Don't deny

"I have no idea of denying it," returns Kate. "What would be the good ! But please, Janet --dear Janet, don't mention it."

"I can't promise anything till I know whether you are much hurt," says Janet, who is pleased to have discovered what it was not intended that she should know. "How did it happen! I said, down stairs, that I felt sure that you had met with some accident; but

Frank Tarleton denied it absolutely."

"That was because he premised me not to tell it," says Kate. "I hope you will be as kind; for I am not hurt at ail, seriously, and there is no reason why the matter should be

You have got a badly-bruised shoulder, at any rate-and a cut on your face, I perceive. Here! give me a comb, for luncheon will soon be ready; and now, while I put up your hair, tell me all about it.

Having no alternative, Kate complies with this request, and relates her adventure in full ; while Janet combs out the tangled masses of her hair, and listens with a judicial expression.

Well," she says, when the story is finished, "I suppose there is no reason to mention the matter; but I hope such a narrow escape will be alesson to you not to ride strange horses on fox-chases, and not to jump fences with any horse. It was a good thing that Frank Tarleton chanced to be at hand. By-the-by, what do you think of him!

"What can I think, except that he is charming!" Kate answers, readily. "I like him even better than I expected to; and I can't believe anything very bad of him, Janet."
"I dare say not," replies Janet, d yly.

like him, too-nobody can help likit g him; but I don't suppose there is any doubt but that he is a sad scamp, and a dreadful flirt, bestles. Take care, Kate; don't let him flirt with yea."

"Forewarned is forearmed," says Kate, gayly." Don't be afraid, dear old Wisdom. If there is any flirting done, I will not be the victim; I promise you that."

"But there must not be any flirting done,"

says Janet, energetically. "Kate, you are a child, it you think you can hold your own with Frank Tarleton, as you do with a stupid lovesick fellow like George Proctor. Besides, he has such a reputation that, if your name is once con-nected with his, gossips will be certain to say that you have had the worst of it. Forewarned is not always forearmed; people may be too confident.'

"I am not," says Kate. "I won't flirt with Mr. Tarleton, and I won't let him flirt with me. Does that satisfy you! Oh! how you are pull-

ing my hair!"
"Am I! I was looking at this end, here. What made you cut one lock so much shorter than the rest!"

"I don't remember having out any at all," answers Kate, much surprised. What do you meau !

Janet flings one of the heavy plaits which she is braiding over her cousin's shoulder, and points to one end from which at least four inches have been cut, in a jagged, irregular manner.

Kate gazes at it in absolute amazement. When she arranged her hair that morning, it was all of an even length; and now a lock has mysteriously grown shorter.

"That is, certainly, the most extraordinary thing!" she says, finding words at last. not cut a strand from my hair for six months, at least; and yet it is plain that some- $\circ dv$  has out it.

Janet looks at her, suspiciously. "I begin to think that you are an accomplished dissembler," she says. "How could anybody cut a lock from your hair, and you not know it!" "I am sure I can't tell," Kato replies, "un-

less it was done when I was asleep.

"Mr. Proctor must have bribed somebody to do it, then," says Janet. "There!"—as a bell clangs below—"I have been expecting that. Luncheon is ready, and you are not.

#### CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, life was sweet and beautiful— its pretty pleasures all my own! Oh, life of life was very full, And every minute lived alone! And every minute was so strong. It brought its little new-born blias Sweeping in tender light along. Or leaving shadows like a kiss."

When Kate and Janet enter the dining-room some time after luncheon has begun, a clatter of knives and forks and plates is mingled with the cheerful sound of many voices. Men fresh from a fox-hunt of ten or lifteen miles are likely to possess good appetites; and the luncheons at Fairfields, on hunting-days, are well known for their excellence. Money for new toilettes, new furniture, or fashionable expenditures of any kind, is rarely forthcoming, as the girls are well aware; but in the old lavish style of living, the generous, open hospitality, Mr. Lawrence will allow no change. His genial face appears at the end of the well-filled table now, and near it Kate perceives Tarleton's crest of "light and lustrous curls." As she slips into a seat, General Murray, who has a special fancy for her pretty face, at once addresses her

"Truly sorry we lost you, Miss Kate! I must take you under my charge at the next chase, and then there'll be no chance of your missing the sport. These young fellows are not as reliable as we old ones, after all.—Eh, Law-

"I shall be delighted to be taken under your charge, General," answers Kate; but you must not think of blaming to escort for my misfor-Mr. Proctor not only lost the hunt, tune. through his kindness in staying with me, but he gave me his own horse, and brought Diana home.

"For the first we can't allow him much credit," says the General. "To stay behind with you, could scarcely be reckoned a hardship by the most enthusiastic hunter; but the last was undoubtedly an act of unselfishness, and therefore I am sorry that you did not profit by it. We were not going so fost but that, with a good horse, a rider like yourself should have been able to overtake us."

"I don't understand the matter," breaks in Will. "You couldn't have had your wits much

"Didn't you tell me," says Will, appealing to Proctor, "that she left you where the road turns to Patterson's? The fox had doubled back, and the hounds about that time were beating around the head of Albert's mill-pond; so, in a straight course, we were not farther off than a quarter of a mile."

"But how could I know that !" asks Kate " and if I had known it, I couldn't have gone to you in a straight course, could I? Mr. Tarleton will tell you that I was doing my best to find the dogs, when he encountered me.

She sends an appealing glance toward Tarte-

ton, who instantly comes to her support.
"I testify emphatically that Miss Lawrence was making every effort to that end that a bold rider could make," he says. "If you have ever lost the hounds yourself, Will—"

"Never did such a thing in my life!" inter-

polates Will.

"Well, I have been less fortunate; I have tor-"
lost them, and I know that to find them again is "Has done both, I doubt not," says Tarlesometimes a puzzling matter. Therefore, I ton, as she pauses. "But I hope you don't "Well, I have been less fortunate; I lure,

thought your cousin very wise when she determined to turn homeward.

"I have no doubt it was the best thing she could do under the circumstances," says Mr. Lawrence. "But it was a pity you did not come into the chase, Frank; we had a capital run. It would have reminded you of old

"I should have enjoyed it, I have no doubt," answers Tarleton; "but I do not need the music of the hounds to waken my recollections of old times. Everything about me does that my old friends most of all."

"I hope you've come back to live among your old friends," says Wilmer, cordially. There are many vexations in a planter's life ; but, after all, it's the most independent in the

"Yes, I think it is," Tarleton answers; but he does not say he has come back to embrace

this independent existence." "I wish you would stay, Frank," says Sophy, who is conscious of a sufficiently preoccupied heart to utter what she likes. There are a heart to utter what she likes. hundred ways in which we could make you useful; you were always more obliging than Will."

So long as I do stay, I will endeavour to maintain my good character," says Tarleton.

"Can't you make some use of me at once! I am at your command."

"Take care!" says Will, warningly. "You don't know what you are about, my good fellow. To give women a carte-blanche of that kind, to fill in at their own discretion, is-

"Is to be certain that they do not abuse it," interrupts Sophy. "Don't mind anything that he says, Frank; he is fast becoming a regular mis-- What do you call it! If you are in earnest about placing yourself at our service, don't you want to go to Cakdale with us, to a croquet-party, this afternoon! The whole family there will be glad to see you."
"I shall be delighted to go," replica Tarleton,

readily.

"Even to play croquet?" asks Janet. "I fancied you would despise that amusement as much as most people do who have tasted more intoxicating draughts of pleasure."

"I am a most accommodating person in my tastes," he answers. "They always fit my situation, like a glove."

In that case they may sometimes be too elastic, may they not

"I fear there is little doubt of that," he reponds, carelessly; "but just now I feel that I should like a game of croquet very much."

It is with a sense of despairing resignation-a ense as of one who lights vainly against fate ... that Mrs. Lawrence listens to this conversation. She feels the utter hopelessness of making any further effort against Tarleton's reinstatement in his old, familiar place, for Mr. Lawrence is plainly determined to ignore her remonstrance, and she cannot blame either Will or the girla, since nothing has been said to them. Neither is she herself insensible to the charm which every one finds in this very attractive black sheep. Impossible to steel her heart against him; impossible to be cold and distant with him, and yet impossible also not to feel a fore-boding of harm to come, a certainty of imprudence committed in the present which will vet bear bitter fruit.

Luncheon over, Tarleton finds, or makes -- he is an adept in all matters of the kind-an opportunity to speak to Kate, and inquire how she feels after her fall.

"I have been thrown often enough;" he says, "to be aware that the worst of such an accident comes after one is off the horse. You have con-cealed the cut very thoroughly," he adds, glancing at the light tendrils of hair on her temple.

"Janet arranged that," Kate answers. "She found me in a sad plight, for my shoulder re-ceived the brunt of the fall, and I could not lift this hand"—she extends the left—"to my head. Noboly knows the convenience of possessing two hands until he or she has lost one; so I was wondering what I could do, when Janet came in. I was obliged to tell her the truth, and, like a dear, good girl, she has promised not to mention it."
"And so your shoulder is disabled!" says

Tarleton, in a tone of great concern. "Ought you not to have advice about it! There is

about you, Kate, to have lost the hounds when they were so near you."

"Hush!" she says, quickly. "Some one to spare," says Kate, who may overhear you. My shoulder is not at all perfect guilty, but knows that it will not do to betray any tokens of the kind. "After I parted little. You must not break your promise in rence since I came here, that I am very auxious with Mr. Proctor, I only heard them once, and deed, you must not!" she goes on earnestly, that was faintly." proach himself, if he heard of my accident."
"Poor Mr. Proctor!" repeats Tarleton, re-

membering, with a twinge—is it of jealousy !-the scene on the piazza. "Allow me to say that he is happy Mr. Proctor, to be so regard. ed.

"Surely I should be very ungrateful if I did not regard his feelings, when he gave up the hunt for me," says Kate, meeting his gaze with her candid eyes.

I am the last person in the world to deny that gratitude is a virtue," he answers ; "but. as General Murray remarked, I am not sure that Mr. Proctor's act was one of heroic unsel-To give up the hunt for you-one could hardly hesitate over that alternative.

"Couldn't one " asks Kate, laughing, but blushing, too. "Ab, wait till you are tried! To make protestations, is one thing; to keep them in the field, is quite another. Mr. Proc-

mean to imply that Mr. Proctor is the only man who can keep protestations as well as make them !"

"I suppose that after you have made them you feel pledged to keep them," she answers; "no it is best not to make them at all."
"The question is, How can one help it?" he

asks, looking at the lovely, smiling face.

"The question is, rather, Why should you think it worth while " she says, while her eyes tell him that his are by no means the first compliments to which she has had the pleasure of listening.

Before he can answer, Sophy approaches, and

lays her hand unexpectedly on Kate's shoulder, making that young lady start, and nearly betray the fact of her injury by an exclamation. Sorry to interrupt you, says the former,

"but it is time we were getting ready for going to Oakdale. I promised Carrie we would come early, because she wants us to meet her friend, Miss Palmer."
"I think," says Janet, "that Kate had better be excused from going. I am sure she must

feel the worse for her morning's adventure.

"Janet!" cries Kate. She beizes Janet's arm, and draws her out of the room into the hall. "How could you!" she says, as soon as they are out of hearing. "How could you be so mean! You promised not to tell."

"And have I told? that you should pinch my arm black and blue!" saks Janet, injuredly. "I only said what is very true, that, after such an accident, you ought to stay at home.

"I don't agree with you at all, and I certainly don't mean to stay at home," says Kate. "What is a fall from horseback, when one is not hurt! Why, nothing at all. But I must go and dress. Janet, what shall I wear!—my black silk and corn-coloured overdress? Yes, I think that is the most becoming toilette I have."

She turns, and is half-way up-stairs before Janet can reply, to approve or demur. As the latter remains where she is left, with a look o perplexity and consideration on her face, he cousin's clear, sweet voice floats back, singing

Oh, for Priday night,
Friday in the gloamin',
Oh, for Friday night,
Then my true love's comin'."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"We two shood there, with never a third. But each by each, as each knew well. The eights we have and the sounds we heard, The lights and the shades, made up a spell Till the trouble grew and stirred."

thakdale is a pleasant rountry-house, in which the Nortons, the nearest neighbours and oldest friends of the Lawrences, have their abode, and where, like the Lawrences, they remain the year round, through summer's heat and winter's frost. They are agreeable, companionable people, without marked characteristics of any kind; the father a good planter, the mother a gentle lady; the girls fresh and pretty, the sons established in different professions, and doing well. Carrie Norton and Will Lawrence have for some time played at love-making, and, if the play should end in earnest, there would be no objection to anticipate on the side of either family. Whether it will end in earnest or not, cannot yet be determined. Carrie laughs when she is teased about Will, and Will enjoys being fallied about Carrie; and this is the extent to which matters have progressed with them.

Miss Norton at the present time has a visitor an intimate friend and "old schoolmate," of whom she talked a great deal ever since the remote period (about two years ago) when they left school together. According to her account, no one is so pretty, no one so charming, as Belle Palmer; and it is in honour of this young lady that she has bidden her friends to come and play croquet on the Oakdale lawn, with the prospect of one of Mrs. Norton's admirable suppers and a dance, later.

About four o'clock the company begin to ar-

rive, and the Pairfields carriage is one of the

first equip ges to put in an appearance.

"Here are the Lawrences," says Grace, the second of the Norton girls, glancing out of the drawing room window. "Upon my word, they are well escorted! One, two, three gentlemen on horseback, besides one driving the phaeton.

rence since I came here, that I am very auxious to see her," says Miss Palmer, with the curiosity which one reputed bells always feels about another, yet with a comfortable sense, too, that she has nothing to fear, and that it is for Miss Kate Lawrence to tremble-if trembling be

Carrie goes out to meet her guests, and there is a chorus of voices on the plazza for acceral minutes. Then it becomes apparent that some one of more than ordinary importance belongs to the party, for Mrs. Norton is arrested as she is in the act of crossing the hall, and Carrie bids her father come and "welcome an old friend." "Who can they have with them, I wonder?"

ays Grice. "I think I shall go and see." Before she can cross the room, however, the feminine portion of the party enter, and Carrie introduces them to Mass Palmer.

The eyes of the latter at once fasten on Kate. and her mind is not quite so easy as it was before she saw this young buty, whom, in her own mind she has called disdainfully, "a country Miss Palmer herself lives in a large town, and is a product of the latest civilization

in the matter of dress and appearance. From

the fringe of blonde hair across her forehead, to the tip of her boot, she is according to the strictest law of "style"; and since Nature gave she passes muster for a beauty. Nevertheless, some faint instinct tells her that she does not bear comparison well with the girl who stands before her now, with her deer-like head and high-bred air, her delicately-chiseled face and radiant eyes.

"She is not a beauty, but there is certainly something very striking about her," the discomfited belle acknowledges to herself. The next instant, Kate and everything connected with her fall into insignificance, as the group of gentlemen enter and attract Miss Palmer's attention.

"Why, youder is Mr. Tarleton!" she exclaims, in astonishment. "Who could have

thought of meeting him here!"
"It is his home," says Sophy, "and therefore a very natural place to meet him. You know him, then I''

"No, not exactly," Miss Palmer answers.
"But I know a great deal of him; and he has been pointed out to me by friends of mine, who were also friends of his, so that I almost feel as

"You will be able to quite feel so very soon," says Sophy, smiling. "Here is a specimen of the women who make such men as Frank Tarleton what they are," she says to Kate, as they turn away a moment later. "That girl is ready to fling herself down under his chariot-wheels, and be honoured if he deigns to amuse himself by flirting with her."

The truth of this is manifest when Tarleton is presented to Miss Palmer. She not only receives him with marked distinction, but turns from every one else to bestow her undivided attention upon him. Watching her, as she practices for his benefit every device of shallow coquetry, Kate is conscious of a sensation of disgust amounting to absolute repugnance.

"Janet is right," she thinks "It will not do to let Mr. Tarleton even begin to amuse himself with me. He has been too much spoiled by other women, for there to be any safety in indulging with him in the light flirtation that one does not mind with less flattered men. He would soon set me down as one of the victims of his fuscinations; and so I shall make him understand that I am to be severely let

This prudent resolve she has excellent opportunities for practising in the course of the next two hours-opportunities rather more excellent than agreeable. Owing to the state of her shoulder she is forced, greatly to the surprise of the company, to decline joining the game of croquet, and to content herself, instead, with that doubtful amusement known as "looking

"Come, and give one the benefit of your advice," says Mr. Proctor, standing before her, mallet in hand. "You know what a wretched player I am."

"I can give you my advice, but I can't give you a better stroke," she says, with one of the bright smiles that have worked its undoing.

Nevertheless, she goes and directs his play, filling him with elation, and trying the while though not always with success-to keep her eves and attention from Tarleton, who is generally to be seen in the neighbourhood of Miss Palmer; though whether he follows her, or she follows him, is difficult to tell.

Mr. Proctor remarks this juxtaposition, during a pause in which Kate and himself sit under the shade of a spreading oak, and watch the others knocking the balls about.

"Miss Palmer is very pretty. I don't wonder that Mr. Tarleton should admire her," Kate answers.

"Tarleton himself is a -rather good-looking; don't you think so I' asks the vaguely jealous man, knocking his mallet diligently on the root

of the tree.
"He is more than rather good-looking; he is exceedingly handsome," returns Kate, calmly.

"I suppose women generally admire him," says Proctor, who is pleased, and yet not pleased, with this frank commendation. "But looks don't weigh much with men.'

" Except to prejudice you against one another," says Kate, who is vexed, yet whose vexation, like her companion's jealousy, is, with regard to its cause very vague. "I never knew a man who did not sneer at beauty in another man; though I have never met one who was grieved ssessing any share of it himself."

'I have often heard that a handsome face pleases a woman better than anything else, says Mr. Proctor; "but I fancied you would think more of brains."

"And why should not a handsome face have brains behind it, as well as an ugly one!" she "All kinds of faces are odious without intelligence; but I am sure the Greeks, who were the most intellectual people in the world, were also the most beautiful."

The Greeks prove too much for Mr. Proctor. Before he can find a reply, several voices inform him that it is his turn to play; so he is forced to rise, and bend his energies to the task of sending his ball through a wicket, from which it has been ignominiously knocked away half a dozen times.

'You are destined to be so hopelessly beaten, that I don't think I can stay to witness your defeat," Kate says, for his comfort, when he returns to her side. "I like to play croquet, but I find looking on very stupid; so I shall go to the house, and talk to Mrs. Norton.

She saunters away as she speaks; but it is not | Prince of Monaco, whose marriage with Lady

to go to the house, nor to talk to Mrs. Norton. On one side the lawn stretches into a garden, thither she bends her steps. It is probably the first time in her life that she has voluntarily sought solitude when company was to be had, and she does not at all understand why she feels so much out of spirits.

"I wish that I had not gone fox-hunting this morning," she thinks. "I gained nothing by it except a hurt shoulder, which has spoiled my enjoyment this afternoon; for if I were playing croquet, I should not feel so dull. Miss Palmer, if she knew anything about my adventure, how-ever, would be glad I did not stay at home. If I had done so, Mr. Tarleton would have gone to Greenfield and taken the train, and then she would not have had the pleasure of his society. Aunt Margaret says that all men are horribly vain; and if all men are vain, what must a man be who has such good cause for vanity !"

(To be continued)

#### HE WAS FROM DEADWOOD.

A Brooklyn boy, who had spent some six months in the Black Hills, struck home last week and sauntered up Fulton street. He was dressed in an antelope-shirt, a pair of black tail deer-skin pantaloons, beaded moccasins, and a white felt hat with a brim like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon, thumped his fist on the counter, and howled for tan juice with glit-

"Will yer jine me, stranger!" he said to three or four gentlemen sitting at table, adding as they hesitated, "I recken ye'd better. With me a invite means liquor or blood. Ye'd better

come up. They approached the bar, and all took beer, except one, who took cider, explaining that he had never touched spirits in his life.

"Wall, I'll be dogged!" roared the skin-deck traveller. "Ef yer was with me whar I hang out ye'd be inter hole. 'Cause thar's whar yer got ter drink, whether ye drink or not. 'Sluck!" And he poured in the poison.

"Whare ar you from, if I may ask "inquired

the cider man. "From! right from the gulch. The clean up put me a few thousand ahead and I'm wanderin' to see the sights. You bet !"

" From the mines ?"

"Straight from jist whar yer reckoned I was, stranger. I been inter the Hills. Panned big, and now I'm in fer a reg'lar old He. You bet!"

"How are things in the Hill now? Is business depressed, or is it flourishing?"

"I don't know nothin' about them big words, but of yer want fer ter know how things is, they're thar; right thar. I see twenty millions o' money taken out o' my mine in four-teen hours. That's trade! That's hitting gilt very wash, and don't ver forgit it ; you bet.

How does Custer City seem to progress !" "I ain't bizzness with no Custer City,-I'm

a miner, I am." "I saw in a recent paper that a number of troops have been moved to Fort Meade. Do they think there is any danger from Indians!"

"Injuns! Injuns, pards. Why there's mor'n seven millions of 'em setten around on the rocks waitin' for a chance to lite in. Injuns! Why you don't know nothin' about Injuns here. I seen ten hundred thousand troops killed in an hour and a half. But I don't mind no Injuns! I tunnelled under four tribes camped half a mile from my claim, and every dogged one of them went up in a blast. You bet! There can't be no Injuns git away with a Hiller, and

"Deadwood must be rather a dangerous lo

cality. I had no idea it was so exposed. "Deadwood! Dangerous. Say, stranger, if yer ever learned to gamble, jist put yer money on the statement that Deadwood is dangerously placed yer'll win, pard. Yer'll scoop the pot each tussle, er count my judgment deuce box.'

"Going to be in Brooklyn any length of time "

"Jist come to take a squint at it. Say show me round. Show me to a faro-bank. I've got too much dust for comfort, I'd like to drop or pick up. Show me around, stranger, and I'll make yer proud of yerself."

"I don't think you would find me a very good guide, for I've only been here a comparatively short time, but perhaps one of my friends who reside here would"—

" Don' belong here ! Whar yer from, stran

Whar's yer tepec !"
"I live in Deadwood," responded the stran-

"I'm only-" If the young traveller will come round and pay for those drinks, all will be forgiven.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE paintings at the opera by Bandry have been nearly spoiled by dirt and gas fumes, and are to be replaced by porcelain representing the

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE, who married Madame Blanc's youngest daughter, is reported to have sold his interest in the Monaco gamingtables to a "society of English capitalists" for 23,000,000f.

THE widow of the Duke of Richelieu, nee Heine, a granddaughter of Solomon Heine, will speedily become the wife of the Hereditary

la ak kari ina dan sang karilang kalang kalang karang karang karang karang karang karang dalam na kari ak balang san

Mary Douglas (now Countess Festetics) was last year dissolved by the Pope.

Tite rage for marrying actresses has become the prevailing epidemic. The recent histrionic marriages are to be followed by that of Mile. Croizette. The papers announce the probable nuptials of the Duc de C— with Mile. Marie M\_\_\_\_; of M. de Fitzjames, brother of the Duke of that ilk, with Mlle. Alice Regnault. Other members of the Jockey Club have of late contracted strange alliances of this description.

WANDERERS about Paris cannot fail to have perceived a white placard posted up all over the gay city, wherever hoard or boarding presents an inviting surface, informing passers by that on the 18th inst. a census will be made of the French population, and prescribing rules to be observed on that occasion. The new census documents do not differ from those used on former occasions, excepting that no question is asked concerning religion. The questions are limited to age, sex, profession and duration of residence.

THE shamelessly frivolous duelling still continues; an offence is taken and a challenge given for the most insignificant reason; it seems like a desire for mere notoriety. Sometimes, however, blood-thirstiness is the motive; for instance, there is a duel now pending between a Neapolitan gentleman (who has come all the way from Naples to fight), and a Parisian, and the terms of the duel contract are that it is to be with swords—a mort, or till one is totally unable to confront his adversary; with a view to a fatal issue, the duel is to take place on the fronti rs of Luxemburg, so that the victor may make his escape.

THE favourite combinations of colour for day wear are bronze and garnet, "tabac a l'Epagne," and old gold, seal and amber, fawn and chestnut, blue and mastic, violet and heliotrope, violet and scabieuse, resida and myrtle, copper and black, cardinal and black, navy blue and Bordeaux, &c. For evening wear the combination of three light shades is popular; or, one with a contrasting dark shade. Ruby and the palest blue is often mixed with excellent effect, light Suede and opal blue, rose d'Orient and peacock blue, Bengal rose and moss green, hussar blue and nenuphar green, amber and deep

THE otherwise triumphant success of Sardou's Odette at the Vaudeville is shadowed by a failure in one comparatively trifling point, and that is in regard to the toilettes worn by Mlle. Blanche Pierson. Her first dress of pale silvergray satin, with pale pink tunic embroidered with silver and trimmed with silver passemen-terie and fringe, is stiff and ineffective. Her toilette in the third act, a reception or dinnerdress of gold yellow satin, profusely trimmed with black lace and jet loops of yellow satin ribbon, the front of the skirt being likewise ornamented with a great V-shaped a-rangement of jet embroidery, is showy, but is neither tasteful nor becoming. The only really elegant dress in the whole play is the walking costume of pearlgray satin and Sicilienne, which Mlle. Marie Legault wears in the second act, and which is deliciously fresh, youthful and pretty.

THE niece of Marshal MacMahon, Mile, de la Selle, has taken the veil as a Benedictine nun, and the ceremony drew together the two parties of the Empire and the Restoration. It has been regarded almost as a fusion between them. Don Conturier, the Benedictine Father, performed the ceremony of reception, and his allocution has been quoted as one bearing such evidence of hope in the return of religious feeling in France that it has made the deepest impression upon the gay world of Paris. The fair recluse was splendidly attired as a bride during the first portion of the ceremony. The jewels of the family-her special inheritance -were worn to give the ceremony all the éclat possible, and the lace which adorned the bridal robe was considered by the ladies present to be beyond all The female members of the MacMahon and La Selle family beheld, perhaps, with regret these treasures depart for ever from amongst them, when the bridal ornaments disappeared to give place to the black veil and hempen belt of the Benedictine. All becomes the property of the convent to which the nun

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

THE MARRIAGE LIFE. - The marriage life is dways an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together upon such settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation in the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect to those above them. The vexations life arises from a conjunc-tion of two people of quick taste and presentment, put together for reasons well-known to or English. W. their friends, in which especial care is taken to Rochester, N.Y.

avoid what they think the chief of evils, poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These people live in a constant con-straint before company. When they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone they revile each other's conduct. The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may live in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may, in some measure, defend ourself from; the other is the portion of our very make .- Sir Richard Steel.

MATCHMAKING MOTHERS. -In the very highest circles, as I am informed by the best authorities, this matchmaking goes on. Ah woman-woman! ah wedded wife!—ah fond mother of fair daughters! how strange thy passion is to add to thy titles that of mother-in-law! I am told when you have got the title, it is often but a bitterness and a disappointment. Very likely the son-in-law is rude to you, the coarse, un-grateful brute! and very possibly the daughter rebels, the thankless serpent! And yet you will go on scheming; and having met only with disappointment from Louisa and her husband, you will try and get one for Jemima, and Maria, and down even to little toddles coming out of the nursery in her red shoes. When you see her with little Tommy, your neighbour's child, fighting over the same Noah's ark, or clambering on the same rocking horse, I make no doubt in your fond silly head, you are thinking, 'Will these little people meet some twenty years hence ?' And you give Tommy a very large piece of cake, and have a fine present for him on the Christmas tree-you know you do, though he is but a rude, noisy child, and has already beaten Toddles, and taken her doll away from her, and made her cry--W. M. Thackeray.

#### HUMOROUS.

ONE touch of rumour makes the whole world

A TRUE American is too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

TAKING things as they come isn't so very diment. It's parting with tuem as they go that's hard.

WE know an old maid who says it's bad enough for the men to get married without fools of wo-men imitating them.

Who says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers ! Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

MAGISTRATE: "Prisoner, have you ever been convicted!" Prisoner: "No. your honour; I have al-ways employed first-class in wyers." ONE point of difference between a timid child

and a ship wrecked sailor is, that one clings to its ma and the other to its spar.

THEY asked him was he the best man at the wedding. "No." he said: "I don't know as I was the best, but I was as good as any of 'em."

THE STATE OF IRELAND,—Murphy (in the Law, to his two new clerks): "An' now, bhouys, listen to me; I'll have no foighting in me office. If a clerk of mine was to kill another clerk, bedad, I'd just sack the pair of them."

QUALIFYING A SWEEPING ASSERTION.— Sophie (after hearing about Frank): "I declare I shall not believe a word a man says to me. They 're all liars!" Heatrice: "For shame, Sophie!" Sophie (regretfully): "At least all the nice ones are!" HOUSEKEEPER (showing party of American

visitors round the old baronial mansion): "And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the ancient banquetting hall, erected by the third name, in the reign of ——" Miss McShoddy (interrupting)!" My! it's an elegant feedingroum, ain't it, pa?"

"THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about! It's me that's mad."

"Have I not a right to be saucy if I please i asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if you displease."

#### QUEL DOMMAGE!

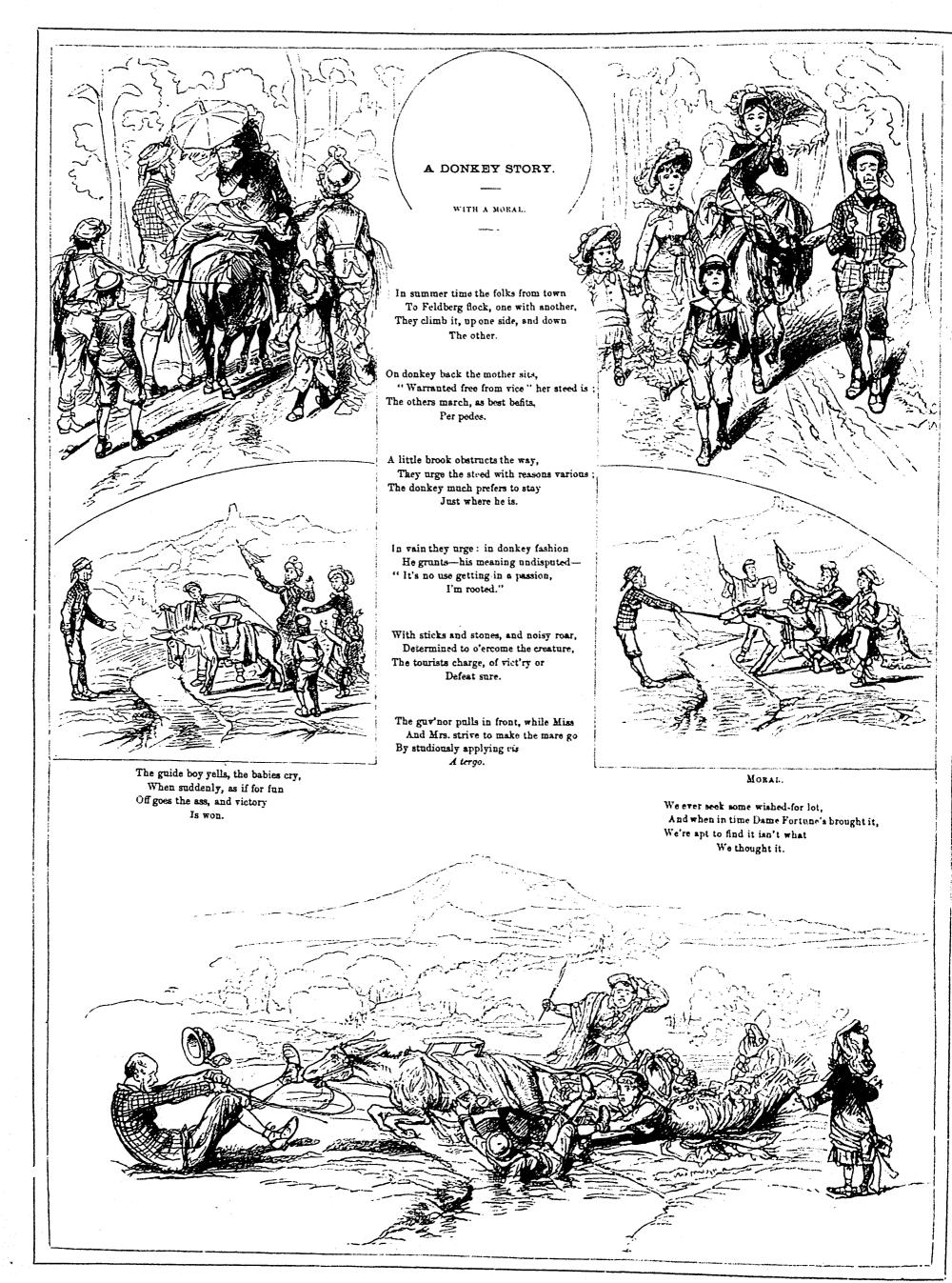
It was just Cousin Jack, and so -what was the barm ! We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm;
We spoke very soltly, and—as to his arm,
was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm!
The scent of the hay-fields crept up from the farm,
We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies

(It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm !)
A bird from the hedge whitring up, broke the charm:

He bent, as I started in foolish alarm,
And—'twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the

harm !

CONSUMPTION CURED. - Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and oure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Threat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOVES, 149 Power's Block,





THE RISING OF THE WATERS .- DRAWN BY A. E. ELMSLIE.

#### IN VIENNA.

Hush! not a word! Not a word! Even the tongues of fire now are hushed, And only a puff of smoke is heard Now and then, when the ashes are stirred, Where the dead lie charred and crushed.

How many, did you bear! A thousand is it they miss?
My God! what a horror of pain and fear!
A stricken battle were goodlier cheer
Than a day of gloom like this.

But the kindly smoke would kill,
God could not burn them quick—
Men an I women who did no ill,
And bakes and maidens, whose anguish still
Makes the heart faint and sick.

Av! surely it must have been so; They died of the dense black smoke. And only looked on the fiery glow. As the distant flames leapt to and fro. Then slept and never woke

Made to be burned, do you say!
What if it had been a kirk!
Men have been slain when they went to pray;
And be it a sermon, or be it a play.
The fire would do its work.

Awful, is it, to go
From gallery, box, or pit,
To the world eternal t Yes; but so
It is had from the shop or the bourse to go
With the spirit that reigns in it.

Why should art be a sin!
Or the love of it stir up wrath!
Words well spoken the heart will win;
And what is there wrong in a picture! or in
The song that a blessing bath!

You stage has been sometimes trod By souls that would make your's dim Through the light that lightened their clay abode. Be still and know that the Lord is God;
Do not father your hard thoughts on him.

-Scottish American.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER BOY.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible.

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having deliv red this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze look! Do you see that! A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding sheel indicates, but it means that something is ming on youder away down in the valley is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another-and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "Boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-otlicer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quicking is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we must breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysourg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"General, shall we unfling knapsacks?" shouts som one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

" Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the

And he plunges his spurs up to the rowels in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

" Unfurl the flags, Color-guard !"

"Now, forward, double-"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the com-and. "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air-a sight, once seen, never to be forgottem.

We drummer-boys sit on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somelerly else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadowsod about us in all directions.

laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely can not know, or they wouldn't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log- To "change front to rear" is a difficult move- The Alhambra is ta house about three hundred yards ahead, and ment to execute even on drill, much more so per night at the doors.

we start out for it-I on the lead and Daney be-

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass-killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters, and plowing up great furrows under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately be-hind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, wasn't it, now?" The bullets whistling everhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z.i-pl z.i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry man (Denis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned -let history preserve the brave boy's name) who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Com-pany C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his

carbine, and he escaped unburt.
"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way.

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel,

he asks:
"Would you let an old chap like me have a

chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel!"
"Can you shoot!" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.
"But where are your cartridges?"
"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the soil around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and ramming, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing,, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke and send the shells shricking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us some-thing more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings

our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears rapidly advancing out of the woods a half mile away and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, boys, or between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old as-ailants in front before the line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and glistening bayonets of our "Buck-tail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "chang-ing front to rear," and so resume its original posi-tion facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon. For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However partially protected by post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving as a breathing space for

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed backward and forward over the field -scenes which we have no time to mention vet.

See yonder, where the colours of the regiment on our right-our sister regiment, the 149thhave been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild melec and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colours and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and threes and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his check, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant Colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine to himself, to fill in these swift

sketches of how the day was won-and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushedand so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all

sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.
"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man in yonder grass, and I must see who

it is. "Why, Willie! Tell me where you are the down beside him, and I hurt !" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying. "Here in my side, Harry. Tell-Mother

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the

other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the centre, the colours flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit -it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shricking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canis-

ter.
"Make way, there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the side-walks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the centre of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither ard sunset, a throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the stmy, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-General, who early in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colours in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our field and staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and licutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge under the open canopy of heaven. -St. Nicholas.

THE Albambra is taking something like £500

A REVIEW OF MR. HERBERT SPEN-CER'S "THEORY OF THE WILLS

At the December meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of England, which took place at its house, 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, the Secretary, Captain F. Petrie, announced that this Society, founded to investigate philosophical and scientific questions especially those said to mitigate against the truth of Revelation -had enrolled 122 members during the year of which 55 were resident in America and the Colonies, the total number of its members was now 940; it was further stated that this year many of its American members had combined and founded the "American Institute of Christian Philosophy," a Society to carry out the same objects and organization in America, and for that purpose it had adopted the same objects and whole scheme, but that while taking this step its founders had decided to keep up their individual connection with the Institute in England. After this a paper was read on Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Theory of the Will." The author showed that Mr. Spencer's philoso-

shy denied all freedom of will, and made deliberation to be only the mental aspect of the commingling of nerve molecules. In the time of indecision these were colliding one against another, but when a decision had been reached the strongest nerve-stream had made head against all the rest, and was flowing unobstructed on its way. Such, according to Mr. Spencer, was the passage of deliberation into decision, of he-itancy into volition. Munifestly this set aside all freedom of will, made the whole process merely mechanical, and as Dr. Spencer allowed, was the negation of moral obligation. The paper criticized Mr. Spencer's argument, and maintained that Mr. Spencer, from first to last, had only made one bold assertion, and had repeated it many times, but had given not one tota of proof. Thirteen of his arguments—all he had presented were carefully examined, and shown to be nothing more than confident assertion. They were classified and replied to as follows: First Spencer said that "the real proposition involved in the dogma of free will" is "that every one is at liberty to desire or not to desire." this, Kant and Hamilton were quoted, as admitting that we must desire, but holding that free-will can restrain desire. The martyrs and not but desire to avoid the flames, but their will held in control their lower nature and compelled it to obey thelaw of righteousness. Secondly, Mr. Spencer simply assumed that the will had no control or power of free choice, which was the very thing he was bound to prove. He next called it "an illusion" to think "that at each moment the ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent which then exists." Evidently this was confounding substance with phenomena, between which elsewhere he carefully discriminated, and it was making the ego only a succession of states, and denying all aubstance of mind, which was going contrary to one of the structural doctrines of his philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer had frequently stated that the con was nothing else than the state of consciousness passing at the moment, but this statement was never sought to be proved, indeed he contradicted himself, inas-much as he spoke of "the subject of such pyschical changes." Now "subject" is that which underlies phenomena, but he had savi the ego was only phenomena, so that his subject was only an hypostatized zero. He next suggested that the will seems to be free because its ac-tion is incalcuble. This was shown to be only an ad captundum argument, for the flight of a bird through the air seems to the untrained intelligence to be free, but the student of science saw that every movement of its wings was according to fixed law. Mr. Spencer lastly uiged that if psychical changes conformed to law there could not be such a thing as free will. In reply to this, it was shown that the will might make it own law, to which psychical changes would conform and yet be free, and that the will would, in this way, adumbrate its own moral nature. Taking for a moment the Theistic position: surely God was free, and yet He perfectly conformed to His own law, so also man might be free, purposely made so by God, in order that, being free, he might acquire the true valour of righteousness, Thus all Mr. And so, amid scenes which I have neither Spencer's arguments had seemed to fail when space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery examined thoroughly, and the matter stood vhore it was, Finally, it was contended that the freedom of the will was the unassailable citadel from which alone the doctrine of moral responsibility could be defended, and as such it was a question appealing powerfully to all, and having in it the gravest moral issues. With the will free, conscience was seated on the throne, and life was a great moral test of fitnes for an eternity of righteousness. Few houses in any line of business, have ex-

tended their trade all over the entire country as have D. M. FERRY & Co., the celebrated Seedsman, of Detroit, Mich. They furnish employment to about 1,000 persons, and keep 60 commercial travelers on the road, looking after their interests. They grow on their own Soed Farms a very large proportion of the seeds they sell, which is probably one of the principal reasons why their goods are held in such high esteem all over the land. We would advise all our readers seeking information regarding seeds to send and procure a copy of their new and beautiful Seed Annual for 1582.

#### THE ROSES SHALL NOT HEAR.

Come out to a voice? come down by the shore Of silence to whisper one word in my ear; Nor sea, nor the winds, nor waves that implore, Not even the star-klassed roses shall hear.

And if thou'll be mine, speak low, speak low.
The word my spirit is pining to hear;
None but my heart shall the miranle know.
While the sun by the sea and earth is held dear.

Oh, I shall be happler than birds that sing O'er roses and rain just born in the year
of their wedding, their passionate, flowerful spring—
liut thy words not even the roses shall bear.

Oh, I shall be brighter than morning that flies To the kiases of light, to her god without fear, Sweeter than perform and myst'ry that lies On the lips of the lily or song-wavelets near.

To muse by the sea when the storm has gone by With stars and the sunset, and heart like the dove's. And music and passion wheep in her eye.

So happy I'll be, so sweet, true and strong When comes the one word, ever making life dear—So lovery, existence will blossom in song So precious, not even the roses shall hear!

#### MAIDIE.

A Scotch stile with rough pointed handles like the horns of the altar. Perched upon the said stile, her head thrown back against one of the handles, her white soft dress swathing her

in clinging folds, a fair picture was Maidie.

The sky glowed salmon and gold, the river ran down below, trees rustled, cattle left browsing and drew near, scanning Maidie with curious

But Maidie noted nothing of all this, for truly she had much to think about, and she had come out to that particular place fully determined to think it all out at as great a length as she pleased. A happy afternoon's dreaming had seemed to her a very desirable thing from the moment when the object of those dreams had gone off with the shooters, and now she was en-

joying it thoroughly.

Maidie, Jinny, and Cecil Dundas lived, and had lived, nearly as long as they could remember, with their uncle the Admiral.

Uncle Andrew loved them all, but Maidie was

the apple of his eye. Storg-heid was uncle Andrew's house; the rushing Storg the river at Maidie's feet.

Maidie was an exquisite being ; tall, slight, and fair, with tender dark-gray eyes, and a skin of which the delicate bloom gave one the idea that even a touch would wound her, an indication of feelings and susceptibilities almost too highly strung for this workaday world. Not seldom, indeed, would she be wail the loss of some pleasure from which she had absented herself through a sort of morbid dread of having her feelings trodden on, and would then fully agree with her sister Guinever (shortened to Jinny in babyhood) when she encouragingly remarked,

"But you know, Maidie, you really are a quite too ridiculous old shrinkest!"

Sweet Maidie! All alone with Nature she could dream at her ease, and smile and wonder over this new and delightful incident in her life; that Neile Campbell should have fallen in love with her, instead of with any of the thousand other girls he had met.

"I wonder if he won't find this place very dull? Old he should like to go with all those uninteresting men, though of course he had to How handsome he looked last night among all those old fogies! And how he took it out of General Towney at billiards! That pleased me. Conceited old thing! What a splendid head Netle hast O," looking at her watch, "I've atayed out too long. They will be back, and Jinny will be home! I wonder how he will like

Jinny !"

For Jinny had been away when the conquering hero arrived, and had moreover never seen the said hero; Maidie's little romance having taken place at an old house further north, on a visit, and where, the weather being wild Maidie being charming and Neile impressionable, and what with one thing and another, the usual results followed, and they were engaged: cloud, hovered between them Jinny's cardinal and last night Neile had arrived at Storg-heid fan, of which Neile had possessed himself, and to make acquaintance with his betrothed's

The sun dropped suddenly behind the low hills; the gude-wife from the farm on the other side of the river began to call home her ducks : and Maidic, gathering up her sweeping folds with a deft hand, walked through the grass along the river-path.

Past the first hedge she saw two forms advancing to meet her-one in a shooting suit of rough gray, the other all in white garments like her own, swinging a large hat in her hand.

Neile and Jinny!

And a gray mist swept up from the river, and the day grew auddenly dim.

11.

Maidie awake the next morning with a feeling of considerable depression upon her a feeling that did not wear off, but deepened as the days gan by.

Neile had said.

"By Jove, your sister's the most beautiful woman going t"

And Jinny had " allowed " that there was something very sympathetic about Neile, when Maidie had delicately sounded them as to their opinions of each other.

And their tastes fitted so well!

Maidie, sitting in the old window-seat in the great hall, it might have been a fortnight after Neile's coming, could hear them trying melodies together.

Perhaps it was as well Maidie was in the hall and not in the music-room; for Neile, leaning against the piano, with his dark eyes fixed on Jinny's profile, was putting far too much expression into his violin-strings, and Jinny

seemed rather confused and self-conscious.

"I'm tired of playing," she said, lifting her radiant eyes to Neile's from under her rippling

Neile had been absorbed in thoughts vague and sweet, and had been translating those meditations into music. This sudden lunge of Jiany's gave him a shock, though he did not show any signs of discomfiture; but merely stroked his dark moustache reflectively, quietly

observing: "O fie! Why add to the mass of falsehood already going in this wicked world! Are you ever tired of playing! Did you ever try work! You didn't give that last phrase rightly; let me show you;" and, stooping over her, he played a few notes. Was it for the chance of touching Jinny's straying fingers 1. The touch was almost too much for him; and Jinny's flush became critason. He could almost feel the hot glow of her cheek; the brown head and the golden were perilously close.

Jinny sprang up.
O, don't go!" said Neile. "I was on the brink of composing the most lovely sonata in fifty thousand parts !"

"Rather lengthy, isn't it?" said Jinny.
"The subject demanded it," said Neile; his eyes adding, "You were the subject."

Jinny dropped hers. "Are you going with us to-night!" she

"Certainly. Lady Townley talked to me like a mother about it; she seemed quite anxious to prevent my finding Deerdale dull. I don't feel it so in the least; rather too exciting, in fact. Do you find it dall, Miss Jinny ?"
"Sometimes," responded Jinny, "Try bil-

liards for a distraction, shall we !" "Poole," said Neile; and I will let you take

all my lives with pleasure.'

So the day waned, and presently Maidie, coming down stairs attired in cream satin, with a mass of palest roses on her fair bosom, caught sight of Neile and Jiuny standing together, waiting in the hall till the party assembled; and Neile took a flower from Jinny's bouquet, and did not put it in his coat, although it disappeared into some inner recess.
"A talisman!" he said.
"Against me!" queried Jinny," raising her

evebrows.

Maidie was paler than ever that night; but linny! In a white-lace dress, the only touch of colour a huge cardinal fan, with her radiaat violet eyes, her russet gold hair rippling all over her charming little head, her whitest shoulders and superbarms, and over all that indefinable air of a wood-nymph!

"How lovely your sister looks to-night!" said Maidie's old admirer, Frank Murray, in the pause of a waltz. "I suppose that's the fellow she's engaged to," he continued; for he had only come over for the dance, and had not heard the story correctly. "He seems awfully smit-ten, and no wonder! Lucky man!"

Lucky man! Lu-uc-ky man!" sighed the orchestra, and then began swaying round in the most absurd fashion.

"I think I'll sit down," Maidie gasped. "I feel giddy."

Fearfully hot," sympathized Frank. " Ventilation conspicuous by its absence. Come into the conservatory, it's better there.

So Maidie went with him, a mist before her eyes, a buzzing in her ears, and the band playing softly in waltz time, "Lucky man! Lucuc-ky man!"

Out of the mist a picture took form -Jinny where she and Captain Neile Campbell had been sitting against dark shining leaves, the soft glow from a Japanese lantern lighting her gleaming and much companionship unavoidable, and eyes, and falling like sunset over her shadowy dress. Close by, Neile lounging with long lithe limbs against a pillar; while, like an angry was making it do duty for both.

#### III.

Restlessly turning, weary with thinking, unable to stay the iteration, "Lucky man! Luucky man!" in her ears, Maidie's feverish night merged into morning.

"It's absurd! After all, why do I worry myself! He danced a good deal with her; but that's nothing, coming from the same house, and my sister, Jinny, I know, is irresistible to most people. I should be jealous if it were any one except Neile; but I feel sure of him!"

Did she ! And Jinny, she always flirts with every one; but she means nothing by it. Nothing! Yet-O, I cannot bear it! If—if—but only yesterday Neile was talking to uncle Andrew about our wedding. O, I wish I could sleep, if only for a couple of hours. I shall look a fright!"

A "fright" she did not look, but pale and

fragile as a wood flower after a storm.

At the late breakfast next day, "Maidie's wearied," said Aunt Margaret. "You made her dance too much, Neile!"

Good soul, she had not been to the ball !

There was a moment's silence. Maidie's heart thumped; Jinny blushed; Neile looked up from his plate, a rather conscious expression in

You mean Mr. Francis Murray," he said. "Maidie quite cut mc. I saw them, but when I went to look for her she was gone; they were both gone!'

"We were in the conservatory," said Maidie; and having said it, she could not resist glancing from Neile to Jinny, who returned the glance

Neile looked at Maidie, and noticed how wan she was; it did not strike him to connect her dejected appearance with himself.

Accustomed to improve the shining hour in any way that took his fancy, he did not apprehend danger, and forgot the riskiness of playing with fire. No doubt if he had thought on the subject at all, he would have considered himself quite exemplary in the character of an engaged man, and would cheerfully have fought anybody who presumed to differ from his opinion. Perhaps some slight wave of compunction did pass over his inner consciousness; but Jinny happening to rise at that moment, he was constrained to watch her graceful movement, and if there were dim warnings they were routed on the

spot. "What shall we do to-day?" he asked, as they strolled into the old hall.

"Well, I don't mind confessing I'm awfully done up," said Jinny. "I haven't a toe left; so I shall take a delightful nap after lunch.'

Here Cecil, her brother, appeared.

"I have a message to thee, O Captain I" he exclaimed.

"Yea; what may your message be?" asked Neile.

"Uncle Andrew sent me in to tell you that

the water serves, and that we're going to have a 'leistering' to night," said Cecil.
"Then we'll all assist," said Jinny; it's the first this season.

The first! then we may all wish wishes!' cried Maidie, who was recovering her spirits, and inclining to deride her nightmares of the last twelve hours.

"Bide at hame, maids! bide at hame!" said Cecil, who was a boy of domineering disposition. He and Juny had pitched battles on an average five times a day. "There's no room in the trows" ("trows" being two flat-bottomed boats fastened together) " for such kittle cattle.

Then you'll have to stay out," retorted

Jinny.
"Tuts!" said Cecil, "girls always faint, poking their noses where they re not winted."

" Sing, " Booh, to you! Pooh-pooh, to you

chanted Jinny, making for the broad staircase. Cecil flew after her.

Sing, Bah, to you! Ha.hs. to you!

came down the stairs, followed by the banging of a door; and Cecil, balked of his victim, returned panting.

The old house was very still in the quiet of the long afternoon, as Maidie came down from her nap, refreshed and comforted.

As she crossed the hall the pule October sun-shine streamed in and lighted on one of the family portraits hanging above the deep fire-She stood a moment regarding it, restplace. ing one fool on the low stone that ran round the hearth. A subdued clicking came from the billiard room; and immediately after, from the music-room close at hand, stole the low wail of a violin, beginning the exquisite duet in the garden-scene of Paust.

Low, tender, and sweet, Maidie listened entranced, as it rose in cadences ever more passionate, until-silence!-was that a sob?

Maidie walked in at the open door, her light step unheard on the thick carpet, her form hidden by a mass of tall plants that served as a screen, and saw—Jinny held fast in Neile's arms, her lips parted, a scarlet flush on her lovely check!

Their gleaming eyes looked deep into each other's depths; the next instant Neile gave Jinny one long fierce kiss that seemed to absorb her very soul.

"O Neile, O Neile!" panted Jinny, "what, what will Maidie say?"
"Darling, darling!" sighed Neile, "I never

thought I should love any one as I do you! kissing her hair. " Maidie will forgive us ; she would not make us all unhappy. I don't think she cares much for things. It will be all right in time.'

Maidie stood dazed; then crept out to fly icross the hall, up the stairs, into her room, bolt

the door, and weep, weep, weep!
"O God in heaven!" God in heaven!" solbed, "I don't care much ! Don't care much !"

The afternoon wore on. Maidie lay on her her bed weeping, weeping. Her maid knocked.
Would she have some teat No, she would not. She would not go down to dinner.

Later Jinny knocked at her door, and called: "We are going out to the 'leistering.' Do come if you can, Maidie!"

She answered nothing; but presently, when they were gathering on the river's bank among arrangements made with families and parties the rugged Highlanders, shouting and waving remaining one week or more.

their torches, Maidie stood wrapped in a heavy plaid, with her hat pulled down over her brows, shielding herself from the flickering light.

"That's right!" exclaimed her old uncle. "Glad you're better, my pet! Now, then, in with you; push off now, Sandy;" and into the trows they got, and drifted out into the stream.

Neile and the Admiral were standing, spear in hand, waiting for the moment when the un-lucky fish, attracted by the torches, should rise to meet their fate.

Maidie and Jinny were crouching near, un-heeded in the general excitement. They had not long to wait.

"Haud ye'r licht lower, Jamie mon!"

The river was running strong, and soon in the circle of yellow light round the trows the doomed fish were swarming, and the cruel game began, the men striking in every direction.

Maidie rose and stood near her uncle "Sandy, ye blethering idiot, stand out of Miss Maidie's way! Now, darling! Hullo, there's a fine fellow! Heuch! Have at him!" he lunged forward, the boat swayed. Maidie

was gone! "God! Where's Maidie?" he shouted.

Jinny screamed, and hid her eyes in her

shawl. "Maidie! Maidie!" shricked Neile; and, tearing off his rough jacket, he plunged in.

A few brief minutes of confusion, shouting,

hoping.
"He canna find her!" said one of the rough men, looking beyond the circle of light, shading

his eyes with his hand.

"I doot the lassie's a'ready's far's the island.

Was it chance or was it design? Who can say now ?

Maidie was gone.

The following day, when they found her body, the pale still hips opened not, either to accuse or to justify.

#### MISCELLANY.

WHERE TO FIND A HUSBAND. -The Marquis of Lorne presided recently at a meeting in Exeter Hall, respecting immigration to Canada, held under the auspices of the Women's Emigration Society, and after expressing the pleasure he felt at seeing so influential a meeting in London for the promotion of the emigration of women to the colonies, said that Schiller had written :-

" All honour to women; to them it is given To wreathe the dull earth with the roses of heaven.

Nevertheless, continued his Excellency, in London they might be said to have too much of a good thing—too many of those heavenly roses. (Laughter.) On the other hand, in Canada they had far too few of them. There was a great demand for domestic servants or helps in Canada, and nothing could be happier or healthier than the appearance and position of the servants of the Canadian farm house. (Cheers.) In the town, ladies complain of their inability to procure helps, and said that if they obtained one who was at all prepossessing she was sure to get an offer of marriage and go off within a fortnight. (Laughter.) In the remoter districts the same complaint was urged with greater force; in fact the further west a girl went the more offers of marriage she received. (Laughter.)

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

An attempt is being made to induce Mrs. Kendal to play the Queen in the "In a Balcony" of Mr.

HERR EIFFE speaks English with very little secent, and displays an amount of intelligence which is are on the stage. THE Spanish violinist Senor Sarasata is highly

uccessful at St. Petersburg. BERLIOZ's admirers will be glad to know that an English edition of the "Mémoires" will shortly be

This reading of "Hamlet" given by Herr Martin L. Eiffs at the Laugham Hall recently was a remarkable tramph of talent and application. BERLIOZ's "Benvenuto Cellini" is said to be

derlined for production during the forthcoming Carl-Mr. C. VILLIERS-STANFORD is engaged on an rchestral work for the next Birmingham Festival.

Molle, Sarah Bernhaudt's success at Vienna has been so great that she proposes to play in that city again next January.

An interesting event at the Popular Concert of last Monday evening was the first performance of a pianotorte quartet by an English composer.

A SECOND " professional matinée," or morning performance, to which actors and actresses are invited, is announced for the 30th inst, at the Princess's Theatre, where "The Lights o' London" is still in the tall swing

### The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private diningrooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being turnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

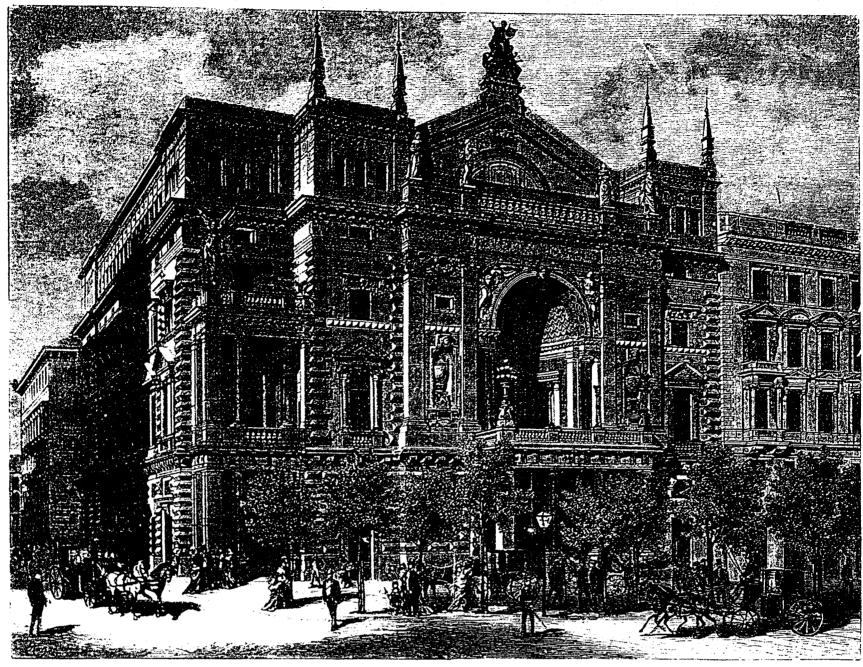
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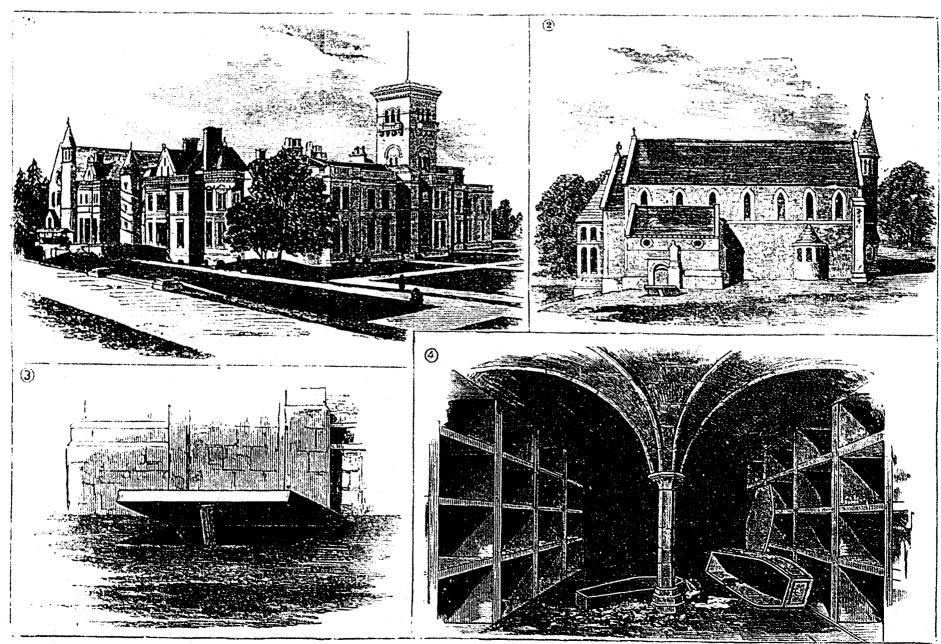
CREMATION OF GRAVEYARD INSURANCE POLICES IN PENNSYLVANIA. -(SEE PAGE 19.)



A "KANGAROO" COURT IN TEXAS.



THE RING THEATRE IN VIENNA, LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



1. Dunceht House, near Aberdeen.

2. The Chapel.

3. Entrance to the Vault.

4. The Vault, with the Shelf on which the Coffin lay (marked with a cross).

[For the NEWS.]

#### HOW KARL RIMMER BEGAN THE NEW YEAR.

By the Author of "Luzy Dick," "Press and Pectry," "Tim's Little Lass," etc.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun, Nor the furious winter's rages; Thou thy worldly task has done, Home art gone and ta'en thy wages; Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash, Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone; Fear not slander, censure rash, Thou hast finished joy and moan: All lovers young, all lovers must Consign to ther, and come to dust.

That same Christmas Eve Hardy sat by a wood-stove in the lower story of the lighthouse. A low wailing of wind and wave filled the solemn midnight. The snow had ceased falling, and a dying moon shone down upon the waste of waters like a wan smile upon a dying face.

Hardy was thinking intently, you could see by the deep furrows on his brow. Not pleasant thoughts, either; brooding in solitude over wrongs has not a beneficial effect upon the character. Suddenly the door flew open, and in strode Karl Rimmer. For a moment Hardy Suddenly the door flew open, and in stared at him in silence, then a scowl darkened his face.

"What brings you here at this hour of the night!" he cried. "It's like your cheek to come into my house uninvited. Are you not afraid of tempting providence !"

"Hardly, if I dare cross the water at this season." rejoined Karl boldly.

"Go back the way you came, then," retorted

Hardy, who was trembling with anger. "Karl Rimmer, I curse you to your face !"
"Wait a bit," said the other quietly, a strange

smile dawning in his eyes, that which covers a bleeding heart; "Harry Hardy, I have v ronged neither you nor any man intentionally. It is because I fear doing so that I am here to-night."

"Go on," growled Hardy, but now he noticed for the first time how haggard was the young man's face, how wearily the strong frame leaned against the opposite wall.

"I came to bring you a Christmas gift," Karl said again, still with that strange sad smile.
"To resign my claim to the dearest and the fairest wife in the town. Ha, you are ready to listen to me now."

"This is no subject for joke," exclaimed Hardy, rising to his feet. "Explain yourself,

I beg."
"In one moment," Karl replied, "but one word first. Do you love her still ?'

There was no need for Karl to speak Essie's

name, the other man understood him too well.
"Confound your impudence," he cried, "I
believe I am a fool not to kick you out of the house."
"Do you love her still?" repeated Karl

Something in his strange persistence moved Hardy to reply.

"Well then, I do, and always mean to.

"Then it's all right!" exclaimed Karl, bringing his hand down upon Hardy's shoulder, while a spasm for a moment contracted his face. "It's all right my boy, for she loves you."

It took some little time after this for Karl to go through a brief account of his late engagement, but he did not flinch, and Hardy, suddenly recognizing the nobility of the man, grasped him by the hand, begged his partion for his harsh welcome, and asked Karl what he would advise him to do. The latter suswered promptly:

"Go to her at once, I say. "But how about the light !"

"I'll stay here till you return."
"Rimmer, how am I to thank you? What sort of a crossing is it?"

The state of the s

'Almost impassable. You must have a care for the ice. To tell you the truth, Hardy, it's a dare-devil enterprise. I doubt if I ought to urge it upon you.

For answer, Hardy went to a peg, took down his coat and cap, put a flask of brandy in his moment; then caught hold of a chair to steady pocket, and turned to the door with a smile, himself. "Essie, will you give me something Karl followed, and the two went down the steep cliff together. Just before Harry stepped into the boat he turned to Karl: "God bless you for your noble generosity, Rimmer. I'll be back to-morrow."

'I'll give you till the day after. But I say, Hardy, bring some fire-arms with you, and some good strong bolts; you'll understand when you

said Hardy, and pushed off. "Aye!aye!" Looking back, the last thing he saw was a tall soldierly figure, standing on the summit of the rock, in the full blaze of the lantern with folded

arms and face turned to the cloudy west. The crossing was attended with the greatest personal risk. Huge masses of drift ice threatened every moment to swamp the boat, and only after the hardest labor on the part of Hardy was he able to effect a landing. As he stood with his back to the shore to haul up his boat, he did not see a number of rough-looking men, with black masks over their faces, stealing down to the beack; did not hear them even, from the softness of the new-fallen snow, till

toil, he was able to make but a poor show resist-ance, and he was soon knocked down, bound age. hand and foot, and corried up the beach to a

log cabin, thrust within, and the door locked.

The cabin was fully three miles from any human habitation, and days might elapse before anyone passed. He remembered the fact with a sinking heart. Now he understood the full significance of Rimmer's remarks in parting, when coupled with some words let fall by one of the party.

They meant to attack the lighthouse.

They could secure the Government stores laid in for the winter all the more easily since fortune had favoured them they supposed by placing in their hands the person of the Still he tried each day to kill the time by diplighthouse keeper. Now they could proceed to ping into Hardy's books, trimming the lamp, plunder at their leisure.

But to return to Karl. Wearied with his up a red flag, but the rain and hail prevented perilous voyage, and no less by the strong mental emotion he had been undergoing, he flung himself down upon Hardy's bed and fell into a said till the wind fell. deep sleep. At about dawn he was awakened by a strange scraping noise outside his window. He was on the alert immediately; his parting content among a certain class of fishermen, and ing blows; it was evidently the intention of the robbers to beat in the door. Karl did not withdraw the bolt.

"What do you want?" he shouted in a loud commanding voice.

There was an astonished pause. "Please master, we're cold," answered a voice at length, that Karl recognized as belonging to one of the worst characters in the village. "Let us in to

get warm."
"Not I," repeated Karl coolly. "Go back the way you came, my fine fellows. The work is heating enough to please the devil."
"If you don't we'll burn the place down,"

howled a chorus of voices.
"Not on any account," was Karl's reply
"I'm quite warm enough, thank you kindly."

" None of your chaff, let us in." "Not tonight," sang out Karl in reply.

The banging was renewed; finally the door yielded, and a dozen men rushed in. Of what was poor Rimmer's gallant resistance; of what avail to fight so desperately against such heavy odds! Long before they left he was lying senseless on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

Christmas day a high wind from the north et in, and before noon a hurricane was raging that lasted several days, accompanied by blinding showers of hail. Essie Moore was standing in the store one evening, when the door sudden-

ly opened, and some customers came in.

"Heard the news!" they were saving excitedly. "The Bull Rock lighthouse has been attacked, and all the stores carried off"

"The Bull Rock!" cried Essie, starting for-

ward, her face as white as the snow outside.

"I hope they left something behind for the poor lighthouse-keeper," observed another, "the issis drifting terribly, and in this hurricane it's impossible to go to his rescue. There's

been a red signal flying from the tower since morning."
"The God," grouned Essie, "my punishment is greater than I can bear!" And what other

dreadful thing were they saying.
"That's a singular thing, the disappearance of young Karl Rimmer; hasn't been seen for seven days, they say. His family are half crazy

Later that evening Ewie sat alone in her little earlor, the mere shadow of her former self, Weeping and watching had dimmed her once bright beauty. Suddenly she started up with a loud scream of mingled joy and terror-Harry Har v stood before her, looking as though he had just risen from a long illness. She forgot everything that had passed and could only run to him sobbing:
"Harry, dear Harry, are you alive?"

But he did not stretch out his arms to take her; only he graped out with awful reproach-

ing eyes.
"Where is Karl Rimmer?"

"I don't snow," wailed Essie; "but, oh Harry, he forgave me, won't you?"

"I cannot think of anything but him just now," he answered hoursely, and reeled for a to eat?

She flew to comply, and after the food had revived him he told her of his long confinement in the log cabin; of the rigour of his jailors who barely allowed him enough food to sustain life; of his escape only that evening; and last and

worst of all, his fears for Karl's safety.
"The wind has fallen, thank God, and, dead or alive, I go after him to night," he concluded

Then be suddenly turned to Essie and began

again:
"Darling, all the past is only gladly forgiven, but till I have gone to his release, I dare not seek any reward. Think how he has sacrificed himself for us two!"

"He is a noble fellow?" she cried: "I wonder why I can t like him so well as you, Harry." And Ewie was no longer the vain, cowardly girl, but a brave high-spirited woman; and she it was who weet with Hardy to the village, and by her passionate pleading, and royal acorn of all their fears, persuaded a crew to man a boat. At the last moment in spite of Hardy's enthey were all upon him. Worn and spent with | treaties and her father's commands, stopping in

Now Karl Rimmer, recovering from his stupor hours after the departure of the midnight marauders, found the place ransacked from top to bottom. Even the remains of a salt herring that had formed part of Hardy's evening meal, had been greedily devoured. Added to this the north-easter sweeping the gulf, cut off all hope

of succor for some days to come.

At first he did not so much feel the want of food, the pain in his head and loss of blood had greatly weakened him, and destroyed all appetite. The second day a horrible sinking feeling took possession of the healthy young frame. ping into Hardy's books, trimming the lamp, and so on. The third day he contrived to put

And now the young hero's sufferings began in real earnest, and were too terrible to be described. Hour after hour he paced the rock, injunction to Hardy hal been founded on the shrewd su-picion that the murmuring and discontent among a certain class of fishermen, and help nigh. Oh God, that he should be so strong, the great dearth of food which prevailed, would finally lead to an attack upon the Government stores. Suddenly he heard a series of thundering blows; it was evidently the intention of the they seemed! Sometimes his mind wandered a little and he would spend hours in counting only; but he always stopped at the number eight, which was to have been his wedding day. He never could somehow get past that; and at last New Year's Eve came.

He had climbed up to the lantern the night before, and been too weak to descend again. All through the long day he lay almost past suffering now. Once more the solemn shadows of night gathered, and away in the west the evening star stept down to meet the sea. His mind was growing clearer now; the light, which had been burning all day shone full upon his face and made him smile.

"Little Essie, safe and happy," he murmured "God don't make me a dreadful memory to her. I'm glad I'll die instead of that other fellow. God bless him too; and the dear old father; and the dear home sisters. Mother, gone before, wont you come to meet me across the great wide sea? Oh, that awful pain, gone at last! Thank God, thank thee, oh my High Father."

Then he dozed away for some hours and

swoke with mind quite unclouded. All around the great wall of rock swished and swirled the innumerable waters and thundered against the far off coast with a noise like thunder. Through Karl's soul swept an utter, awful loneliness; he felt as if he had lost God. Suddenly there came a great stillness upon him, and it may have been that the living presence of the Holy Legend stood beside him; for his mortal ears heard far off the bells of the little Catholic Chapel ringing in the New year; only his mortal eyes were fast-closed as he stretched himself out with a long, gentle sigh. They could not see what made nim what made him smile, and murmur,"

"Hush, Essie," said Hardy whispering, he hardly knew why; "stay below and let me go up first to see if he be there."

But she pressed up beside him. Nevertheless Hardy reached the top a little in advance, and stepped into the lantern; then stepped back again, and put up his hand to stop her. But he was too late.

Essie saw through her dim blurred sight a long, dark form upon the ground, and a halo of soft brown curls. Once more she stood between her two lovers, but the eyes of one would never more brighten at her coming. The lantern burnt will, clear and steady though it was broad day. Aye, there lay the light full upon his face, and another light which only the angels saw! For, the old, old year of mortality was over, and Karl Rimmer had begun a new year

F. Gwar

THE END

#### OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Commo should the Chees Editor, Canadian Islan TRATED NEWS Montreal

Correct solutions to Problems Nos. 279, 269 and 301 served from K in F. Sherbrooke, P.Q. R.R.B., Guelph, Out.—Circular received. Thanks.

In giving in our last Column a short account of the proceedings of the Considian Chees Association at their late meeting at Quebec, we had only space to state that Montreal had been selected as the place of meeting for the next Congress, and that T. Leefroit, Eaq. of Quebec, had been such extend as Tresident. The following is a complete list of the officers for the ensuing year the President—T. Le Droit, Esq., of Quebec, Vice President—T. Le Droit, Esq., of Quebec, Vice Presidents—Messre, T. Workman and W. H. Hicks, of Montreal: mad Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton, Managing Committee—Messre, J. B. Cherriman and F. X. Lambert, of Ottawa; F. H. Andrews, E. T. Pletcher and M. J. Murphy, of Quebec; H. A. Howe, L. L.D., J. Barry, and E. B. Grenshields of Montreal.

Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. J., Handrews, J. E. T. Pletcher and M. J. Montreal of Tuesday evening, December 27th, the following gentlemen having entered their names as competitors:—Messrs, F. H. Andrews, J. Barry, R. Blakiston, C. D. Bradley, P. C. Burke, C. P. Champion, E. H. Duval, J. Hendraon, W. H. Hinks, T. Le Droit, D. R. MacLeud, J. O'Parrell, E. Pope, E.

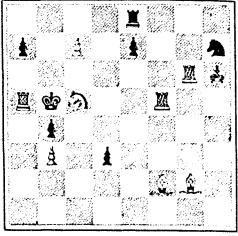
Sauderson, J. W. Shaw.

We have received a caroular from which we learn that the third annual meeting of the Outario Chess As sociation will be held in Guelph, on Friday and Satur-

day, the 17th and 18th days of February, 1889. It fur-ther appears that by the rules of the Association all ches-players residing in Ontario are eligible for memberonespiayers residing in thicate are without for memberably, upon payment of one dollar, and all organized clubs subscribing five dollars are allowed to send delegates to the meeting of the Association. A tournament is to be organized at the close of the annual meeting between clubs connected with the Association, and prizes competed for.

Capt. Mackensie reached New Orleans on the morning Capt. Mackensie reached New Orleans on the morning of Wednesday, December 21st, as the guest of the New Orleans Chesa, Checkers, and Whist Club. He will remain there for ten days or two weeks. There is no present foundation for the report that Capt. M. has arranged to transfer his headquarters from St. Louis to the Crascent City. On the 23rd a peripatetic exhibition was to come off at the rooms of the club—Tuef, Field and Farm

> PROBLEM No. 363. By H. E. Kidson. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two move-

#### GAME (997n.

First game, played at Quebec, in the Canadian Chess Tourney of 1881-82, 28th December, 1881, between John Barry, Eeq., of Lachine, and C. D. Bradley, Esq., M.D., of Condens (Queen's Finnchetto )

White - (Mr. Barry ) Black -- (Dr. Bradley

1, P to K 3 2, P to Q Kt3 3, B to Kt 2 4, Kt to K B 3 1 P to Q 4 2. P to K 4

4. P to Q H 3 5. B to K 3 5. Kt to B 3

This opening of the Queen's Fianchetto promises and unnertain game.

5. B to K 2 7. P to K R 3 8. Castles. 7. P to K ... 8. Q to Q 2

Both players appear to be fencing with much cauties. 9, Kt to R 2 10, P to K B 3 9. P to K Kt 4

Rendered necessary by the threatening pressure from Black's Knight's Pawn.

10. P to K R 4

11. Q to H 2 12. Ptakes P.

It was wrong of Black to allow this exchange of

12. H takes P 13. P to B 4

Rendered absolutely necessary by the threatened capure of White's Knight.

13. P takes P 14. B takes I'

14. P takes P 15. Kt to H 3 The only salvation for his Knight.

15. B to K'6 reh; 16. Q Kt to Q 2 17. Kt to K Kt 5

16. K to R 1 17. H to Q 3 18. Q to R 2 19. Kt to Q 1 ie. Q to K K16

The only move available to save White from extino 20. Q to Q 3

The pressure of Black on White's citade has been tremendous, but somewhat premature, but the decined exchange of Queens enables White to secure a position, which favourably affects the remainder of his game. 21 Q to R 4 22. P takes Kt

21. Q K1 to K 4 22. K1 takes P 23. K to Q 2 23. Ki takes B

White is now freeing himself at Black's cost, the latter seems to have exhausted himself a his 19th move, and now White becomes the aggressor to the final coup.

24. B takes P 25. B takes K1 26. B to R 7 27. Q to R 2 28. K! to K 5 (ch) 24. Kt takes Kt 25. KR to K Kt 1 26. R to Kt 5

White avails bituself of a serious blunder on the part of Black, the latter new seems to be playing nervously, as the vista darkens before him.

29. K to K 1 29. P takes Kt 39. B to Q 1 31. K to Q 2 32. B to Q 4 33. K to B 2 34. K to K 3 35. B takes K P (ch) 20. K! takes R 30. B to K 4 31. Q to R \* (ch) 32 Q R to Q 1 (ch) 33. B to B 5 (ch) 31. B to B Lieby 35. Q to R 6

A spasmodic agony of Black's,

36. K takes B 37. R to B 2 38. B to K 3 (cb) 39. Q to B 4 36. Q to K 7 refo 37. Q takes Q R 38. K to R 3

Threatening mate next move.

79 P to K1 4 40 Q to Q 4 (ch) 41, P to B 4

42 3 to 15 % (ab.) Black is gradually undergoing the diss Iving process

42, R takes B 43, K to R 4 44, K to K t 5 45, P takes P 43. Q takes R (ch) 41. Q to B 7 (ch) 45. P to B 4 46. P takes P 47. Q takes P (ch)

46. Q to Q ! And Black rasigns, thus constluding a statitornly con-

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 361. White. Black

Kt to K R 6 Mates son

I. Any

Black. 1. K to Q 3 (best)

# Burdock

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Arrive at Hochelaga 9.00 a m. Leave Hochelaga for
Joliette, 5 15 p.m.
Arrare at Joliette 7.40 p.m.
Leave Joliette for Hoche Leave Joliette for Hoche-laga ... 6 20 a.m. Arrive at Hochelaga. 6 20 a.m. (Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)
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# Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

JANUARY, 1882.

	"A. 1 A. 1 , 100 a.		
DELIVERY.	MAILS.	CLOSI	ING.
А. М. Р. М.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	А. М.	1'. M.
8 9 00	(A) Ottawa by Railway (A) Province of On tario.	8 15	8 00
2 8 40	(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon	8 15	8 00
	QUE. & EASTERN PHOVINCES.		
5 35	Queben. Three Rivers, Bos- thier, Sorel, per steamer. Quebec, Three Rivers, Ber-		
8 00	(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry		1 50 8 00
8 00	(B) Eastern Townships Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviers du Loup R. R		P 00
9 20	Line to Ottawa	7 00	
1 !	Lin Branches		4 30
d ox	Janvier	7 00	
11 (9)			2 15
8 00 12 43	St. Hyncinthe, Sterbrooke,	. ~	
8 00	Laprairie Railway St. Hyacinthe, Sterbrooke, Conticooke, &c. Acton and Sorel Railway St. Johna, Stanbridge & St.	6 00	2 15 8 8 00
1 /	St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station	7 00	
10 00	i tion & Shefford Railways	1	2 15
9 00	South Eastern Rallway		4 45
6 60	Newfoundland, forwarded		600
	daily on Halitax, whence		•
	leaving Halifax on the 7th and 21st November .		8 00
	LOCAL MAILS.		
9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dor		4 30
11 30	Beauharnois Route	6 00	
9 00 5 3	Varenues & Vercheres	•	1 45
1 1	Dame de Grace	. 200	i = 1.00
11 30	Huntingdon	. 600	2 00
10 00 5 3	Laprairia Longueuil.	70	2 15
	New Glasgow, St. Sophis by Occidental Railwa	. 600 	1 45
10 (0)	Longue Pointe, Pointe aux		4 30
B 30 2 30	6 Point St. Charles	. 8 (	. 9 00 . 1 15 5
11 30	St. Cunegonde	6 00	2 15
·	St. Laurent, St. Martin St. Eustache	£ 7 00	
11 30 50	Tanneries West (St. Hen de M.)	n,	
10 00	. Sault-au-Recollect & Por	11	
10 00 6 3	Viau (also Bougie) SSL Jean Baptiste Village	•	. 3 30
-	Mile End & Coteau S	t. 7 or	
	UNITED STATES	11 4	
9 9 40	. Buston & New Englan		
3 40	States, except Maine, New York and Souther	. 7 0	0 5 40
-10.30	tates	Sc 6 11	0 2 15& 5 40
4 8 40	(A) Western & Pacif	le	. 2 30 8
' '	GREAT BRITAIN, &c.	e 1.	5 (+ 60)
ļ			. 7 (0)
By Canadia	in Line on Thursday		. 7 00
By Cunard	on Monday	h	. 5 25
	from New York for England	• !	2 15
on Wedne	rom New York for ringians admy rg American Packet to Ge	•	2 15
I many. W	#v11)#4(1p.V	!	9 15
By White December	Star Line on 16th and 20t	h	. 15
(A) Posts	3 Car Bag≠ open till 8.45 a.m	., and 9	.15 p.m.
(B)	Do 9.00 p.n		

#### Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines. &c.

Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Mails for Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c. will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays.

#### Mails leave New York by Steamer :

For Bohamas, 8th and 21st December,

Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December,

Coba 10th December,

Cuba and Ferta Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22n / December,

Cuba and Retra Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22n / December,

Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 28th December,

Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 28th December.

Cursçon and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December Jamaica and West Indies.

Januaica and West Indies.
Januaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama),
15th and 30th December.
For Hayd direct, 6th, 17th and 28th December.
Hayd, 8t. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec.
Hayd, and Maracaiba.
Porto Rico, 10th December.
Santiago and Cientuegos, Cuba, 6th December.
South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th,
20th and 30th December.
Brigil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 2th
December.

December. Windward Islands, 10th and 28th December " Greytown, Nicaragna, 16th December

#### Mails leave San Francisco:

For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December For Ching and Japan, 3rd and 21st December

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Hos. JOHN HAMILTON, President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., Merchant, of New York.

The Bonds are secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to the said Trustees, which confers upon them, unde the express authority of the Charter, ample powers for enforcing payment of the Bonds, Principal and Interest, and effective means for securing to the Bondholders the entire net proceeds of the lands. Before its execution the Deed was submitted to the Government, which has since accepted the \$5,000,000-to be hold by it as security for the completion of the contract in accordance with the previsions of the Charter.

The Mortgage, thus created, constitutes a first charge upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting to 25,000,000 acres of the firest farming lands, cituated in what is known as the "The Fertile Belt" of the Canadian North-West, which is now admitted to be the largest tract of uniformly rich land suitable for growing the best quality of wheat, &c., to be found on the Continent of America, and the Company may locate its entire Land Grant exclusively in this tract, rejecting all sections unfit for settlement.

The Bonds will be accepted by the Company in payment for lands at 110 and accrued interest.

By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually, when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be banded over to the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to scenre the performance of the Company's obligation to pay the Interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent, and accrued interest; but if the Bonds cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation at 110 per cent, and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest at four per cent, per annum, upon the amount remaining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest on the Bonds, and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company. that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, without availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be the interest on those Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver-General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40,

Provision is made for the Registration of the Bonds at Montreal, New York and London.

Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersident

These Bonds are now offered to the public by the undersigned at par and accrued interest, the right being reserved to advance the price at any time without notice.

Applications for the Bonds may be addressed to :-

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being allowed on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.

#### THE LAND GRANT BONDS

of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be

RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

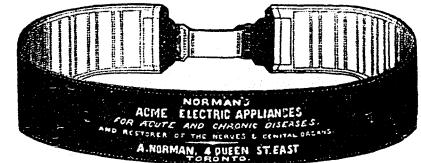
Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

For full particulars apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg, or to the undersigned.

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.



A. NORMAN, Electrician, 4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT

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#### CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

#### Tender for Work in British Columbia.

REALED TENDERS will be received by the under signed up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the list day of FERRUARY east, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between lost Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emery's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tenopecuneations, conditions of contract and forms of fun-der may be obtained on application at the Ganadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Con-tractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

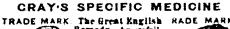
No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to P. Brann, Esq., Sec. Dept of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN Secretary

Dept. of Railways and Canals, } Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881. )

19-70

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