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THE GALLERY OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

NO. XIII.

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TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

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

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

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for Nov. 24th, 1882, and Corresponding week, 1881. Rows include Max., Min., and Mean for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 25, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THE forthcoming carnival of winter sports bids fair to be a tremendous success, and preparations are going forward on a scheme of gigantic proportions and containing fairy-like effects. Next week we hope to be able to present the scheme in its entirety. For the present, we can only congratulate the promoters on

their exceedingly happy thought, and the prospects of support and ultimate success which seem so bright. Such a carnival as that which is proposed will be something essentially Canadian, since in no other country in the world could such an entertainment be carried out. It will afford to our visitors, besides, an opportunity to see Montreal and Canada at its best, though it is to be feared it will still more fix in the minds of the world the already too prevalent notion that our country is under snow the whole year round.

THE result of the elections, last week, in the various States of the Union, has been an almost unbroken series of defeats for the hitherto victorious Republican party. By this time all the journals of the land, of both the principal political parties and those of no party, have philosophized over the extraordinary change in the political creed of the people, and have deduced various lessons, preached numerous morals, and instilled endless maxims for the future conduct of the nation and its officers.

THERE must be something done to secure to the people the advantages gained in the late elections. So long as the various offices under the Government could be given as gifts and rewards by the Bosses of both political parties in the several States, it was idle to suppose that any Civil Service regulations could be adopted. Had the President been ever so willing, it is doubtful if he could have carried out any great reform movement. But there is a break in the fog; the political atmosphere is clearing. To be a Boss means political death just now, and the moment seems opportune for reform in the Civil Service.

HERE is a good yarn. A blue-jacket at Alexandria, in carrying out one of the multifarious duties which fell to Jack's lot during the Egyptian expedition, was assisting to remove some trusses of hay from the quay, and, stumbling along under the weight of a small haystack, not being able to see where he was going, pushed against a commissariat officer irreproachably clad in review dress. "Who the dickens are you? and what are you doing here?" says the gentleman. "Who am I?" says Jack; "Well, I don't altogether know. I used to be a British sailor; but now, it strikes me, I'm turned into a — commissariat mule."

EVERYBODY is reading Mr. Howells, says the London World, chiefly for pleasure in his delicate style, but also for the amusement of seeing how subtly he takes revenge for English criticism of his countrymen, and soothes the sensitive Transatlantic vanities without seeming to do so. We do not grudge the Americans a literary vengeance which they greatly enjoy; the paramount beauty of their women being a matter of keen feeling with them, Mr. Howells is quite welcome to make Italians, Frenchmen, and Englishmen bear witness to it in his novels; and he may even reflect upon the charms of Englishwomen without irritating us half as much as he pleases his countrymen thereby. But upon the subject of Americanisms in language he is very curious. The Englishman, in one of his books, who is taking notes of Americanisms, puts down on his tablets such a phrase as "I never did" which can surely be heard in the basement story of any house in Great Britain. But no remark is made at this extraordinary location: "Our captain's wife was along. Was not yours along?"

A CLERICAL scandal is just now agitating a parish of South London. It would appear that the wife of a curate of a church frequented by a congregation which suburban society ventures to call "fashionable" had given great offence to her neighbors by reason of the varying hues of her hair, her pencilled eyebrows, her artificial complexion, and her general dressy style. A deputation of ladies placed the matter before the vicar, who thereupon wrote to the curate, calling on him to resign. The curate happened to be a thoroughly practical man, who had gained considerable worldly wisdom by service in the army before he took Orders. Instead of rendering obedience, he forwarded the vicar's letter to the bishop, and appealed to his lordship for protection. The bishop has replied by reproving the vicar for heeding envious gossip, and in-

forming him that he is not justified in dismissing his curate for the trivial reasons stated. The congregation is now divided into two camps, and great curiosity is expressed concerning the result of the squabble.

MRS. DUNCAN says in Quiz: A number of people here are investing money in the North-Western lands, especially about Winnipeg; they call the latter Ottawa-the-second, because so many people have gone there from this place. The accounts I get of Manitoba are contradictory; some say it is a fine city already, with substantially built dwellings and public houses; others say it has a few straggling shanties, and the rage for Winnipeg is a mania. I am told it is a garden, and then a dreary, monotonous forest, unfertile. At all events, the London Times correspondent does not write lugubriously, but cheerfully, and certainly enough British capital has gone to raise it from its own to any wished-for aspect. If I were a citizen here, and had this glorious air to breathe, I'd let mammon take its chances winning others. I'd stay put in the healthiest place, and this air is perfect.

IN Lucia, Mme Adelina Patti introduced the latest fashion in dresses, appearing in one cut, trimmed and adorned exactly as the Parisian council of milliners have decided should be fashionable next winter. Meanwhile, the other singers were dressed in style prevalent during the reign of Louis XIII. Some realistic critics thought her costume inconsistent with the part of Lucia, while the ladies in the audience rather liked the idea of her meeting Edgardo in the woods dressed in a radiant costume de laiz, and still others pronounced it entirely correct, as it proves that the germ of insanity must have been budding in Lucia's brain in the first act, and needed only the developments of the second finale for its complete evolution in the last act.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Whatever else the Americans may be, they are not, as a people, sentimental; and, without considering motives too curiously, we might, one would have thought, have been well enough content to look upon the window recently placed, at their cost, in St. Margaret's, Westminster, as a sincere and graceful tribute to the memory of an illustrious Englishman from a land with whose history his name is closely and nobly associated. But it seems this is not so. The window, which has a curious and interesting history of its own, has been set up, as every one knows, to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose headless body lies in the chancel below; and neither the compliment nor its object will a writer in one English journal, which we have seen, accept at any price. He seems to find a meddlesomeness, an interference with things which do not concern them, half-sentimental, half-seeking, and apparently wholly impertinent, in the homage which Americans delight to pay to the mighty dead. Of their pilgrimages to Stratford, even, he is a little suspicious; but Shakespeare, he allows, was at least a poet, whereas there are doubts if this "Devonshire adventurer was even the pseudo-philosopher his admirers pretend that he was." In his eyes, indeed, Raleigh is no more than "an unscrupulous buccaner, an adroit flatterer, an accomplished liar"; full of wild schemes, "all directly tending to his own aggrandizement"; rapacious in acquiring money, prodigal in spending it; in short, a "character such as should be, and indeed is, dear only to the emotional samplings, and the romantic boarding-school miss, when presented to their enraptured view through the roseate medium of fiction." Regarding him through this far from roseate medium, it is small wonder that the writer in the journal quoted can see no grounds on which Raleigh has deserved "semi-beatification in one of our most ancient houses of worship."

These are hard words indeed; but there is balm in Gilead yet. Another of our newspaperers, dealing with this subject, thinks nobly of the soul of Raleigh, and in no way approves the opinion of the paper just quoted. It is a little vague, to be sure, in its admiration, seeming to be only quite certain about his "priceless gifts of the potato and tobacco"; yet even this is something, for the rival publication roundly asserts these benefits to be but equivocal. But a greater than all the journalists is here. A poet!—a poet, indeed, who has been silent too long, but who has at length put on his singing-robes again, and for a noble office. Mr. Martin Tupper has published a "patriotic play," in five acts and blank verse, on Sir Walter.

Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise; Hear it, good man, old in days!

The poetic has now, as we all know, come finally to be recognized as so rococo and unsatisfying a form of drama that one hardly dares to prophesy any very solid or brilliant success for

Mr. Tupper's play. And for other reasons, too, it is scarcely perhaps likely to turn the frivolous mind of the modern Englishman back with any seriousness to Raleigh and his times. It appears that Mr. Tupper, like Gibbon, had been meditating a life of Sir Walter, but, again like Gibbon, had found the ground so well preoccupied that there appeared no just excuse for his intrusion. At this juncture it suddenly occurred to him, forgetful apparently of Dr. Sewall's tragedy (which, indeed, lends itself somewhat readily to forgetfulness), and also of Phelias's wonderful portrait of the Scotch King, that there had been no "fair dramatic impersonation" of Raleigh, and no "just histrionic sketch of the special temperaments of Elizabeth or James"; whereupon "immediately this play flowed out." It has flowed out, perhaps, a little too immediately. "Nothing is easier," says Mr. Tupper, "than to find fault." Alas! this is so indeed; but even with the sweetest disposition that ever animated a critic, it is hardly possible, we fear, to accept Mr. Tupper's Raleigh, or his Elizabeth, or even his James—who offers no doubt the fairest field to fancy—as very real or satisfying "impersonations." Many years ago, when the Proverbial Philosophy first made its way to America, where it found, as we know, a most cordial and sympathetic welcome, N. P. Willis, then one of the shining lights of American literature, praised it very highly as the forgotten work of some Elizabethan worthy. The world, both the New World and the Old, is perhaps a little better versed now in Elizabethan literature; at any rate, Mr. Tupper's recent work, even without his name, would hardly be likely to foster a similar illusion. One remembers Congreve's saying, that if the conversation of the two wittiest men in the world were to be taken down verbatim, it would cut but a poor figure from the stage. Still, even remembering this, one can hardly accept the following as an illustration of the ready wit and felicity of language that we understand to have distinguished Elizabeth and those about her. It is from the scene where the famous, if apocryphal, episode of the cloak is portrayed; Elizabeth is stepping from her stage, and as she pauses at the muddy landing-stage, Raleigh runs forward, gracefully throws his cloak down, and says, on one knee—

Thus let me bridge it for your Majesty.

(The Queen steps on it.)

QUEEN.

Bridget, quotha! didst say thy Bridget wove it? (The courtiers laugh.)

RALEIGH.

My liege, the flashing of such ready wit Becomes a court so brilliant.

However, let us not carp at this faithful and patriotic poet, who has done, no doubt, what in him lies to rescue from oblivion or contempt his illustrious and so often underrated countryman. But, in sober truth, is there not something a little distasteful, a little humiliating, in the pecking of these "tite, wrens, and all winged nothings" at this noble carcass? Raleigh was indeed a man whom fate persecuted with a twofold malignity; she followed him relentlessly in life, and even in death she has not been divided from him. Of all our great men, to him perhaps does Antony's famous reflection over the dead Cæsar come most truly home; the evil that he did has kept so persistently and so immeasurably before us, that many of us have seemed well nigh to forget that any good whatsoever was interred with his bones. Even Gibbon, fired at first with the "eventful story of the soldier and sailor, the courtier and historian," resolved soon to abandon a hero whose character he found "ambiguous," whose actions were "obscure," and whose fame was "confined to the narrow limits of our language and our island." "What new lights," he asked himself, "could I reflect on a subject which has exercised the impartial philosophy of Hume?" How impartial that philosophy in this instance proved itself every one will remember, and with what singular adroitness it has marshalled its array of false witnesses. And another writer, somewhat less known—Wallace, who carried on Sir James Mackintosh's history for Lardner's Cyclopaedia—has fairly outpaced even Hume. He, indeed, can find nothing better to say of Raleigh than that he was "ambitious, adventurous, unprincipled, atrocious," with not only "the cupidity, but the barbarity, of the pirate." His History of the World, in the place and circumstances of its undertaking, appeals to this inflexible moralist a proof rather "of his presumption than of his genius." The despatch of the famous cordial to Prince Henry, with the guarantee of a cure in any case of fever, provided that there had been no poisoning at work, "convicts him of the ignorance and impudence of a downright empiric," while the reservation of poison "affords a presumption of innate malice." Really, allowing for the modern advance in verbal decorum, it seems as though this gentleman was very much of the same mind with Sir Edward Coke, who, in his capacity of Attorney-General conducting the prosecution of Raleigh at Winchester, adorned his case with such flowers of oratory as "damnable atheist" and "spider of hell." And, curiously enough, Wallace professes to have written "with an entire concurrence in Sir James Mackintosh's developed principles and views." Mackintosh's! whom Macaulay praises above all men for his large share of those intellectual and moral qualities which form the most important equipment of the historian. "Singularly mild, calm, and impartial in his judgments of men and parties . . . with a large toleration for the

infirmities of men exposed to strong temptations," alone of all English historians are he and Hallam, according to the same authority, "entitled to be called judges"; the rest are only "advocates." But Hallam, Macaulay admits, was something of a "hanging" judge—"his black cap is in constant requisition"; whereas Mackintosh "erred perhaps a little on the other side. He liked a maiden assize, and came away with white gloves, after sitting in judgment on batches of the most notorious offenders." However, whether it be Mackintosh or Wallace who has passed sentence on Raleigh, the "hanging" judgments of Hallam are, in this case at least, the more tender mercies; for he does allow Raleigh some merits, and allows, too, that both his errors and his misfortunes would never probably have been what they were had he "ever shown a discretion bearing the least proportion to his genius." Of later historians Mr. Froude, if our memory serves us, mentions his name even but once—as one of the officers, Edmund Spenser being another, who accompanied Lord Grey to Dingle after the defeat at Glenmalur—and so gives us a history of Elizabeth's reign without Raleigh!

Nor has Raleigh been much more fortunate with those who have wished him well. Oldys, his first serious biographer—an honest, good soul, with a great love for his hero—is, as Gibbon truly says, something too much of a panegyrist, and an execrable writer to boot; moreover, it is difficult to bear patiently with his shameless tamperings with the text of Raleigh's works. Birch, copious and accurate, is also dull. Cayley is dull and not always accurate, besides, like Oldys, playing the advocate's part a little too openly. Tytler is good so far as he goes; but, in truth, he does not go very far, and his view of Raleigh is a little hampered by his easy acceptance both of the conventional scandals about Elizabeth and the conventional sentiment about Mary. Mrs. Thompson writes pleasantly, with all a woman's admiration for the picturesque side of her hero's life, and something more than a woman's balance of judgment; but a female mind is perhaps hardly likely to see and understand such a man as Raleigh really was. Mr. Edward's voluminous and careful work has probably left nothing to the research of future biographers; and had he been as felicitous in arranging his materials as he has been industrious in collecting them, there would, in Mr. Tupper's words, have been no just excuse for further intrusion. But on all, or almost all, of Raleigh's biographers a fearful and mysterious curse seems to have fallen, the curse of that disease which "struck into the life and soul" of the third Peter Bell—the curse of dullness. Now to be dull on any subject is a grave literary misdemeanour, but to be dull on Raleigh—whose very vision, when we call it up, is surely, in its marvellous and many-sided brilliancy, an antidote to dullness, if one there ever was—is *anathema maranatha*. Kingsley, indeed, is not dull; whatever else he may be as a writer, dull he could never be; and in many respects his essay on Raleigh, in that volume of his works known as *Plays and Puritans*, is the best, as certainly it is the most attractive, utterance that has yet been heard about the man. But, though never dull, Kingsley could be, when he pleased, fanciful; in his historical writings very fanciful. He is a little too quick in cutting the Gordian knots of history with the shears of Providence; a little too prone sometimes to handle those shears in somewhat of a "loud-clapping" manner. He has so handled them, perhaps, more than once over Raleigh. He says, for example, as others before him have said, that Raleigh's first mistake lay in sending others Westward Ho! and himself lingering at home enthralled in "Gloriana's fairy court." The man, he admits, had too many plans, was fond of too many pursuits; he was too wide for real success. This was so, no doubt; and in this versatility—this *meddlesomeness*, as the Greeks would have called it—perhaps more than in anything else, one would be inclined to look for the secret of Raleigh's ultimate failure. It made him restless and discontented with himself, and it made him unpopular with others. But then Kingsley goes on: "He justifies his double-mindedness to himself, no doubt, as he does to the world, by working wisely, indefatigably, and bravely; but still he has put his trust in princes, and in the children of men. His sin, as far as we can see, is not against man, but against God; one which we do not nowadays call a sin, but a weakness. He it so. God punished him for it swiftly and sharply; which I hold to be a sure sign that God also forgave him for it." And, again, of his imprisonment in the Tower Kingsley finds this to say:—"Raleigh shall be respited. But not pardoned. No more return for him into that sinful world where he flouted on the edge of the precipice, and dropped headless over it. God will hide him in the secret place of His presence, and keep him in His tabernacle from the strife of tongues." One does not forget, of course, that the writer was a clergyman, and in the pulpit, or in the treatment of any purely religious subject, such utterances might be just and seasonable; but in an historical essay we trust we do not speak irreverently when we say that they seem to us a little fanciful.

The true Raleigh yet remains, we think, to be drawn; and another debt, too, is owing to him—a well-selected and revised edition of his works. The only one at present existing, so far as we are aware, is the Oxford Edition, as it is called, of 1829. This, with the lives of Oldys and Birch, and various letters and appendices, makes up eight somewhat unwieldy volumes, and, existing only in this form, it is not perhaps

much wonder if in these hasty days the writings of Raleigh are now, as one of our journals says they are, almost forgotten. They assuredly should not be. They are not all of equal value; some, perhaps, are not of much value now. His *History of the World*, for instance, may be, as Kingsley says it is, "the most God-fearing and God-seeing history among English writings"; but a history written nearly three hundred years ago, which begins with the Creation and ends about a century and a half before the birth of Christ, must obviously contain much that it can hardly be necessary for us now to study very profoundly. Of course there are, as every one knows, many wonderfully fine passages in it, fine both for the thought and the style: for Raleigh was the greatest master of prose style of any man in his day. And there is much interesting biographical matter, too, in the illustrations he draws from his own personal experience of men and things. With judicious selections, then, from the History and such other work as the "Discovery of Guiana," the "Relation of Cadiz Action" (the most stirring narrative of battle, and yet the simplest ever penned), his letters to Prince Henry and to his wife, some of his political and financial pamphlets—with such material a volume might be made up which need certainly not be cumbersome, and could hardly fail to be interesting. And it might be prefaced by a study of the author, which need not be very long, nor very historical. Enough—more perhaps than enough—has, it seems to us, been already written on the historical Raleigh, on the Cobham plots, his Irish misdemeanours, his squabbles with Essex, and so forth. It is the real Raleigh we want, not the counterfeit presentment as this sentimentalist or that precisian has imagined it. In his own writings we are far more likely to find him than in any historical record of his actions. Both are necessary, no doubt, to a just and rational comprehension of the man; but hitherto we have depended a little too much on others, and not quite enough upon himself. While we can read the few pages of instruction he put together for his son—which for wisdom and insight can hardly be matched among the moderns—the dust may, for our part, be left to deepen on a thousand biographers.—*Saturday Review*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

VANCOUVER ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.—British Columbia, of which Vancouver Island is politically an appendage, is the most westerly province of the Dominion of Canada, and hitherto the most backward in colonisation, but will, in a very few years, be joined to the more populous and cultivated provinces by the Canadian Pacific Railway, now rapidly advancing from Manitoba across the great Northwest Territory. Our Sketches of the scenery of this remote part of British North America, where the primitive habitations and costumes of the Indian tribes offer a striking contrast to the colonial towns, New Westminster and Yale, on the mainland, Victoria, the capital of the island, and the fine naval station in the harbour of Esquimalt, are supplied by photographs with which we have been favoured by a gentleman who took them during his sojourn in Vancouver Island. They derive some additional interest just now from the recent visit of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, and of his consort, Princess Louise, to some of the places here represented; and we shall perhaps find another opportunity before long of giving some account of the present condition of the Province, its situation, topography, population, and natural resources, with the prospects of its future colonial development, which will be greatly advanced by the opening of a new commercial route to the Pacific Ocean.

SKETCHES FROM THE BOW RIVER DISTRICT.

North West Territory of Canada.—The fertile belt along the eastern slopes of the Rocky mountains is a splendid tract of grazing country, well watered by snow-fed streams: while the extreme cold of winter (due to the latitude and elevation, is tempered by the warm winds, locally termed Chinook, which find their way from the Pacific through the passes of the Rockies. Having deposited their ocean-brought moisture on the cascade range of the western coast of British Columbia they reach the eastern slopes warm and dry, rapidly evaporate the snow fall, which is rarely over a few inches, and seldom remains many days on the ground, enabling cattle to graze out all the winter. On the other hand during summer these winds are cool compared with the sun-heated air of the prairies, and with early summer frosts and occasionally deficient rainfall are not favourable to the growth of grain. The attempts at agriculture in the way of government supply farming for the Indians have not given good results with the exception of that at Blackfoot Cross. It would appear that this tract close to the mountain is not suitable for agriculture; wheat being a specially uncertain crop. The energy of one or two individuals, however, notably Mr. C. G. yn on Fish Creek, has with irrigation produced excellent crops, but irrigation is not a method that could generally be adopted with paying results. In no case will the grazing tract be able to compete with the wheat-producing plains of Manitoba, the Qu'Appelle Country, or North Saskatchewan. The Government have therefore done wisely in devoting this section of the country mainly to grazing ranches. Several companies have been

started. The Cochrane ranche from which we send illustrations was the first. The branding arrangement is the invention of Major Walker: a sort of swing fence hinged with raw hide to a post fastened horizontally on the ground and drawn to the opposite side gradually by a winch. It secures the criminal during branding. The illustration of branding calves shows Texas Jim, a firm seat and unerring hand with the lariat, as the lasso is called. There are some 13,000 head of stock on the Cochrane ranche, and 300 mares. The best thorough bred bulls, Hereford and Polled Angus, have been selected and purchased in England by Senator Cochrane and his son who have already a name celebrated as importers of the Duchess breed of cattle. Their stock farm at Dumchein, in the Province of Quebec, has been a centre of cattle improvement on this Continent. The latest stock purchased by Major Walker are a band of 1,000 high grade Durhams. The illustrations of the beautiful scenery of the Bow river district, it is hoped, will speak for themselves. Sheep have not yet been started, some restrictions having been placed upon them; it has also been said the spear grass would be injurious to them, but Professor Macoun is not of that opinion.

From time immemorial the beautiful valley of the Bow River at the spot called "Blackfoot Crossing" has always been the head-quarters of the powerful and once warlike Blackfoot nation. It was here that the election of their chiefs took place, a dignity which has for many generations become hereditary in the family of Crowfoot, as the present chief is named. The name "Chapo Mexico or Mecitlico" is a strange compound of the old French voyageur word "sabot" or "shoe," and "Mexico" (Mecitlico) great, an Aztec or Toltec word as applied to Mexico the great or big land. The name was won by the ancestors of Crowfoot in battle, who slew the chief of the Crow tribe, a man of gigantic stature, and the shoe or moccasin of the slain warrior was long retained in the family of the conqueror as a trophy. Hence the name was originally Big Crow Shoe corrupted to Crowfoot. Though they cherish the memory of their past wars they are now happily and peacefully beginning to follow the arts of peace and agriculture. The nomadic teepee or lodge of buffalo skin is rapidly giving place to the log-house, and fertile fields are beginning to smile. The farms are under the kindly supervision of the Indian Department of which the Hon. Mr. Dewdney Lt.-Governor of the N. W. territory is the head. The resident administrator is Mr. Pocklington, formerly of N. W. pol. force, who happily unites the "Sauviter in mode with the fortiter in re." Fortunately for the Blackfeet they have cherished among them for the last quarter of a century a white man of singularly gentle nature and high culture without whose aid, these many years past, the wayward Blackfeet would have been difficult to manage. They believe in his love for them, and his sagacity that enables him to shew them in what they must yield to the inexorable destiny of circumstances now that their great source of food and wealth, the countless herds of buffalo, have disappeared from their once happy hunting grounds. M. L'Heureux a graduate of Laval University, steeped as he is in Indian traditions, has furnished me with the origin of the chief's name as above given. He is the interpreter to the Indian Department and has rendered signal services on many occasions of misunderstanding and difficulty, notably so when the whole tribe were without food and on the point of starvation in the year 1878, as well as the treaty in 1877.

T. B. S.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, November 4.

A NEW hall is shortly to be opened at the Musée Cluny, containing specimens of all styles of foot-gear from the earliest times.

AN interesting fête took place at the Grand Hôtel in Paris the other night, being the celebration of the "diamond" wedding, or sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of M. Jean Dollfus, the patriotic Frenchman of Mulhouse.

THE most aristocratic representatives of life in Brussels will be present at the marriage of Count de Chastel de la Howardie and Mlle. de Croy. The Prince de Croy and Count d'Ursel will be the witnesses.

THE Parisians are, in the presence of the outbreak of typhoid fever, seeing the necessity of reorganizing the sanitary condition of Paris, notably of improving the workmen's residences. A meeting to discuss this matter has just been held by the Academy of Science.

MASSES of creamy lace and bouquets of flowers will constitute the trimming of evening toilets this winter. If many natural flowers are worn, it is well to make a contract with your florist to supply a certain amount each day.

SEVEN millions of francs of debt are to be paid off by the King of Spain for his mother, the Queen Isabella, on the condition that she does not return to Paris. The Parisians to whom this sum is due will rejoice. The world at large, who will lose by the absence of a most agreeable woman, will regret.

AN encounter with swords has taken place between Prince L. Murat and M. Abattuci, in which the Prince received a wound in the right arm. The witnesses thereupon, by advice of the doctor, put an end to the duel, and honor was satisfied. The usual breakfast of reconciliation is going out of fashion, and the principals drive away as bad friends for ever.

THE French are particularly nervous with regard to the health of the Emperor of Germany. For the fifth time within these last two months they announce that he is seriously indisposed. Doubtless a great deal depends on the life of His Majesty and that of Bismarck, and there may be a wild shake up when the two direful events take place, for which Frenchmen seem so ardently speculating and offering up their prayers.

THE Gun Club is trying to be lively in spite of the bad weather, and gathered together a goodly number of spectators to witness the lawn tennis match between the Misses Campbell, Thompson, Lee, Watson, and Yardley. The winner of the contest was Miss Watson, who is a remarkably fine player. She has been instructed by Barre in the mysteries of *paume*, and can hold her own against the finest *paumiers* of Lonchamps and St. Remy.

A DUEL took place on Saturday between a young diplomatist, Count de H— and the Marquis Maurice de T—. The former received a severe wound in the side, as the latter is a renowned swordsman. It seems a case of safety on the one side, and certain death or a wound on the other, when the one is so much more expert with the blade than the other. The dead shot and the swordsman who is equal to a fencing master should certainly never challenge.

THE French newspapers announce that counterfeit Bank of England notes for large amounts have been successfully disposed of by two Englishmen in Paris. They succeeded in defrauding one great banking establishment alone of £16,000, and the total nominal value of the worthless notes which they got rid of is, so far as is ascertained up to the present time, no less than two millions of francs, or £80,000. The police are making active inquiries.

THE St. Gothard shareholders are in great glee. The receipts in September reached a total of nearly a million francs, against an outlay for working expenses of no more than 300,000 francs. This may be taken as a pretty certain evidence that the line will pay eventually its way and give a fair return to holders of bonds and shares, but it does not by any means prove that there will be anything left for the subsidizing Government who bore by far the greater part of the cost of construction.

THE people of Rome object to ladies wearing colored stockings and following the fashions of Paris in this matter. A gentlewoman, who had had the presumption to think and act as she likes, gave her stockings political signification by selecting violet, which happening also to be the color worn by a particular Papal Monseigneur. A busy tongue said into a willing ear the other evening, "Can you believe it, I met Mme. — at eight o'clock in the morning, and she had on the stockings of Monseigneur —!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A LIEUTENANT of the False Prophet has been captured and hanged.

LORD SELBORNE, Lord High Chancellor of England, is about to resign.

THE Porte is still determined to send a commissioner to Egypt.

A LIMA telegram says the situation in Peru is daily becoming worse.

THE trial of the Union Generale directors commences on the 5th of December.

AN informer has communicated to the Government the full details of the Lough Mask murder.

THE Gray case committee has decided that there is no need for the House to take further notice of the matter.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has placed 50 new amendments to the Procedure rules on the paper.

THE steamship *Athos*, of the West Indian Line, has been wrecked on the Island of Inagua.

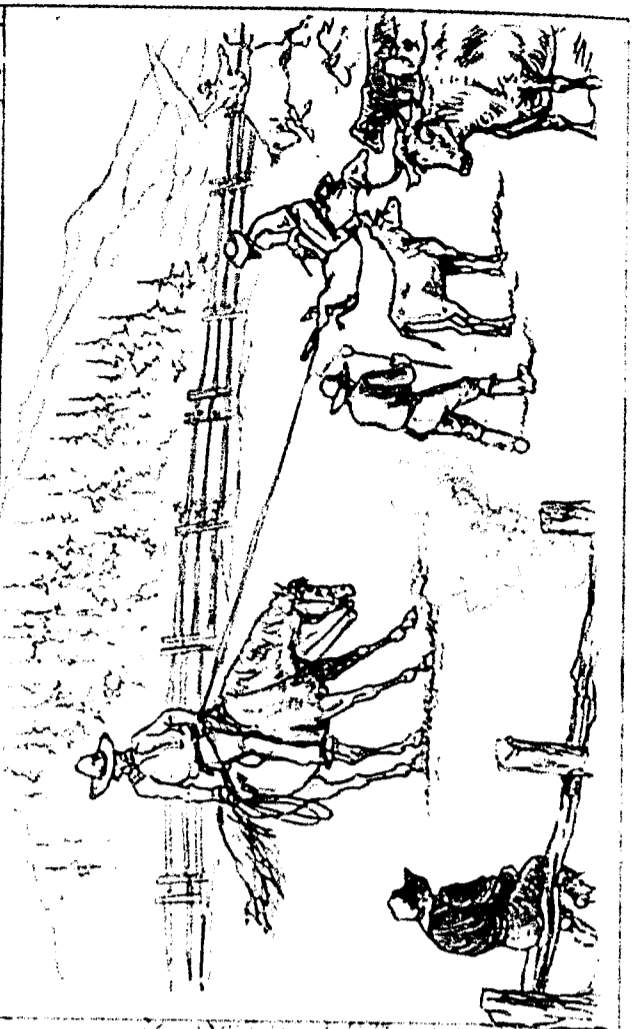
A FRENCH deputy and the editor of a Paris Democratic paper have settled their differences at the point of the sword.

THE disagreement between the prosecution and defence in the case of the rebel prisoners on trial at Cairo has been settled.

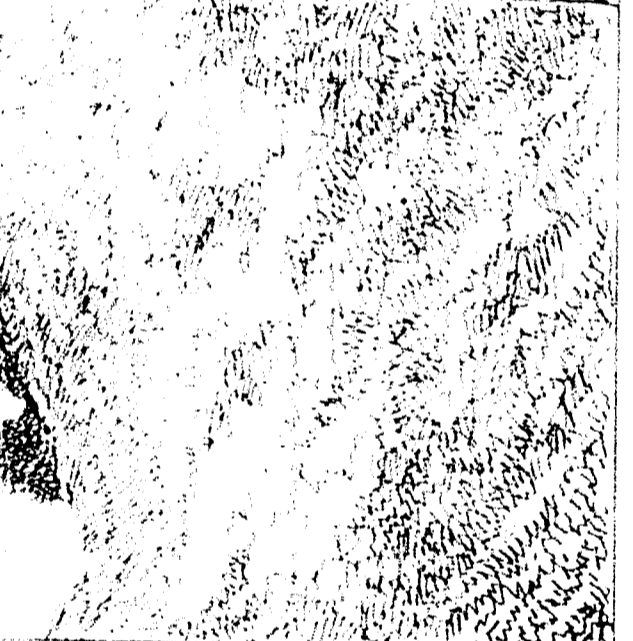
THE imports of France for the past ten months, compared with 1881, increased 75,000,000 francs; exports increased 175,000,000 francs.

IT is stated that Lord Northbrook will shortly take the post of Secretary of State for War, in place of Mr. Childers, who will be made Chancellor of the Exchequer.

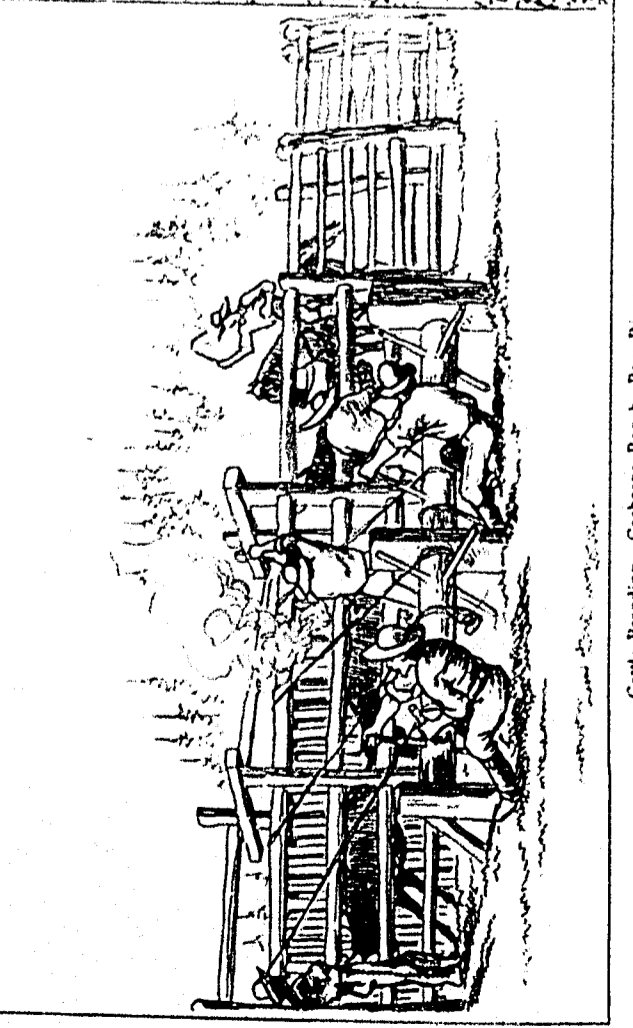
BAKER PASHA has made such satisfactory progress with the reorganization of the Egyptian army that 1,000 men have already been dispatched to Soudan.



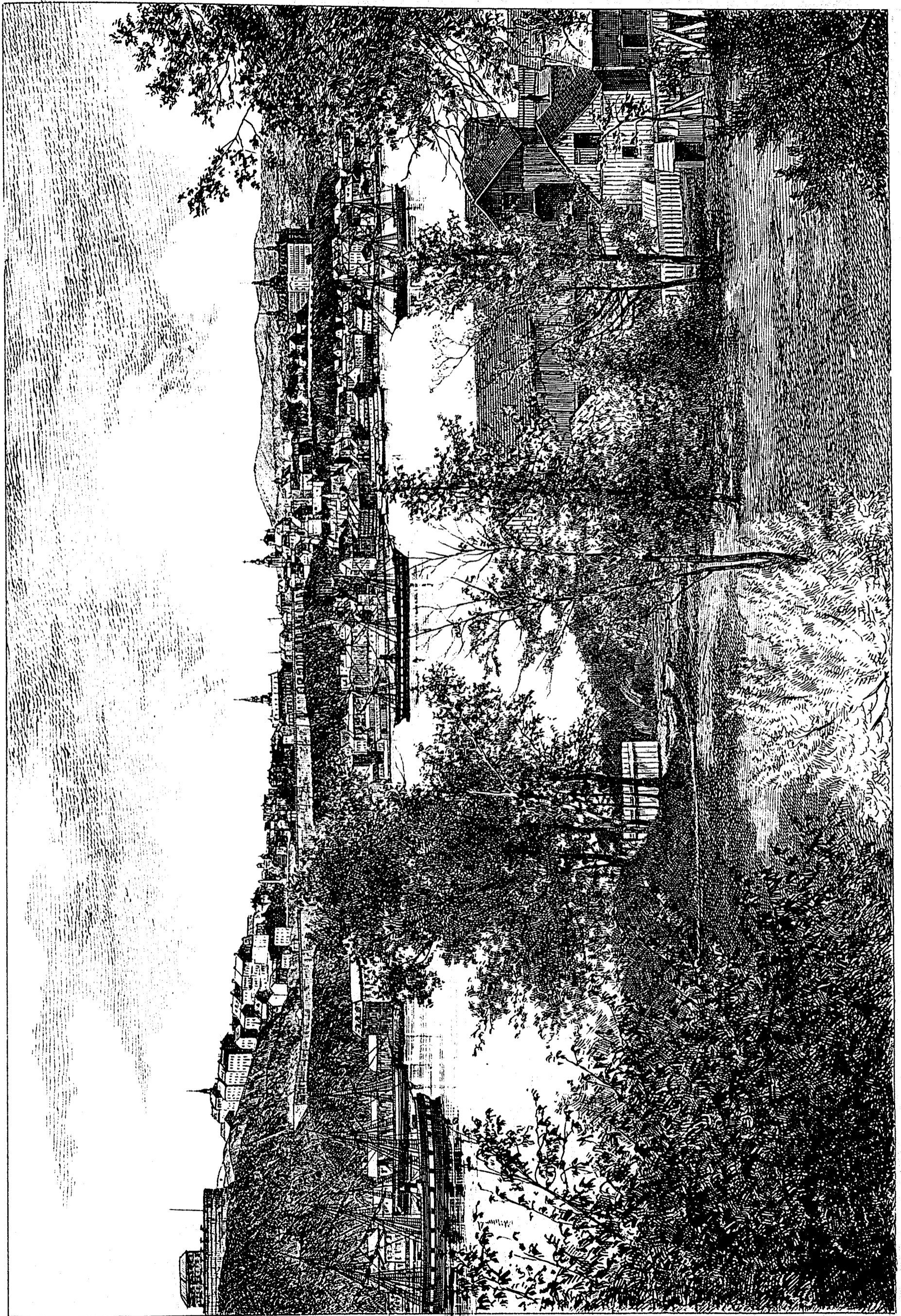
Branding Calves.—Cochrane Ranch, Bow River



SKETCHES FROM THE BOW RIVER DISTRICT.



Cattle Branding.—Cochrane Ranch, Bow River.



CITY OF QUEBEC.—SEEN FROM POINT LEVIS

EARTH.

BY ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF.

With what a glory breaks the dawn
Above the purple eastern hills!
Each day the world anew is born,
With all her thousand streams and rills.
With all her vernal glens and woods,
Her mighty sea, her quiet lakes,
Her stately mountain solitudes,
Where mortal step no echo wakes.

Oh, what a varied language swells
From out her broad, harmonious breast!
Her tongue of life and grandeur tells
Of joy and beauty, peace and rest.
On every side her music flows,
On every side her charms are seen.
From icy Winter's frosts and snows
To golden Summer's shades of green.

No power profanes her voice sublime,
No stain her growing beauty mars,
As in the azure dome of Time
She smiles among the sister stars.
O man, thou child of mortal birth,
Thou child of sorrow and of fear,
He whose broad arm upholds the earth
Is not unmindful of thy tear!

THREE DAYS OF MY LIFE.

There is no doubt about it. I certainly was awfully savage. What a concatenation of circumstances—all tending to bring about the ruin of one unfortunate individual—myself, Harry Cavendish, of the Inner Temple, briefless barrister-at-law! First, my uncle George, who had adopted me with the declared intention of making me his heir, married, had a son, and, some two months since, wrote to inform me that his duties to others would now prevent his continuing the allowance he had hitherto made me, expressing a hope that the brilliant education he had bestowed would speedily enable me to carve my way to position and fortune. Then, this very morning, in dropped Fred Summers, careless as usual, and said—

"Pon my life, old fellow, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't meet that little bill of mine! I did think the governor would relent; but he won't; so I'm obliged to come upon you, Cavendish, for the time being. I hope it won't be very inconvenient; but you're such a brick of a fellow, and so lucky in having that munificent old uncle to back you, that it takes the squeamishness out of one to ask a loan of you!"

Off he went; and I began to look matters in the face. I found the prospect by no means enlivening. My exchequer was at its lowest ebb, with no means of an immediate replenishment, and various gentlemen who before my uncle's marriage had been ready enough to supply my slightest requirements were pressing for an acknowledgment of past favors. Then, worse than all, there was this wretched bill of Fred's due within a week, and already twice renewed. By Jove, what a position! How was it possible for me to find two hundred pounds! I might as well try to raise two thousand in the present circumstances.

Ah, happy thought—my yacht! Surely the fellows must have sold her by this time! Luckily for me, seeing that matters were likely to become less prosperous upon the accession of my fair young aunt, I had, some three months since, handed it over to Delahay Brothers, shipping-agents, Wapping, to be by them disposed of to the best advantage. As I had heard nothing of their progress in the matter, I concluded it would be well to give them a personal reminder. I glanced at my watch—it indicated the ominous hour of five; would they be open! I determined to chance it. Anything is better than sitting still, a prey to one's miserable thoughts.

What a vile afternoon! November to the backbone, and a fine fog brewing overhead! With desperate determination I thrust my arms into my overcoat, and, pressing my hat low upon my brows, sallied forth in search of that *terra incognita*, Wapping.

Splashing, doubling, turning up one slimy street leading to another slimier still, now wrong, now right, now wrong again, weary, disgusted, I plunged along my unknown way, and at last, to my infinite surprise, found myself facing an archway bearing the welcome characters which indicated the offices of Delahay Brothers. Good—the counting-house was not closed! Hope once more triumphant, I entered, and addressed myself to a young man who was putting the finishing touches to a somewhat elaborate toilet, while enjoying a light repast of tea and bloaters.

"What is your business, sir! Office closes at four. I am here at this time only for my own personal convenience, though I shall be proud to assist you if you desire any information. Joseph Sparks, sir, at your service."

I proceeded to gather what particulars I might anent my "fairy barque." The young fellow was very civil, and took a great deal of trouble. I found, to my discomfiture, that the boat had been advertised upon three separate occasions, but that no one had yet made any offer for it. I asked if there was no better way than advertising. Mr. Sparks thought not. It was such a small thing—quite a toy, in fact, and of no particular use to anybody. Having learnt when Mr. Delahay was visible, I offered Mr. Sparks a tangible evidence of my appreciation of his services, told him I would look in again, wished him good-night, and departed.

The return journey was simply abominable. The fog, which had been gradually increasing throughout the entire day, now hung in a heavy suffocating mass around. How I managed to

steer my way through the intricacies of those narrow streets on such a night will for ever remain a mystery to me; but at last, after repeated blunders, I gained the friendly threshold of my door, to find the fish spoiled, the mutton cold, and my housekeeper vehement at my want of punctuality.

Having concluded my repast, I was still sitting before the *débris*, chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, when Charles Maxwell showed his jolly face in the doorway.

"What! Dining at this hour, you patrician dog! What an aristocrat you have become! Here, lend a hand with this coat, old fellow; it's raining like bricks, and I'm drenched to the skin. I quite expected you at my place to-night; but, as you did not turn up, and I wanted particularly to see you, there was nothing for it but to beard the lion in his den. But what's wrong, Cavendish! You look about as lively as a glow worm at sunrise!"

Seated before the fire with a cigar and a glass of brandy-and-water, and my jovial friend at my elbow, I managed to "pull myself together" pretty tolerably, and told him the sum of my misfortunes.

"Well," said he at last, having heard me to the end, "your uncle has served you a scurvy trick; but I don't think your position is so bad; you will pull through in time."

"In time—yes; but time is just the thing which I cannot get. The whole matter has got wind; and every fellow that I owe twenty pounds to is draining me. I can't tell you what a beastly week I have had; and, as for work, I have not done a stroke—nor shall I until the annoyance ceases."

Charley was silent for a time, and then he asked—

"How would it be if you made a clean breast of it to your uncle! Surely he would give you a lift in the shape of a loan, or a bill, or a something!"

"Not on any account, Charley," I replied. "He is the last man now to whom I would apply for assistance."

"Well, of course, you know the ropes best; and, that being so, we must try to get on another tack. Now, all things considered, there is only one person I know who is likely to help you."

"And he?" I interrogated.

"Is my father," said Charley, removing the ash of his cigar.

"My dear Charley," I exclaimed, "how could I expect Mr. Maxwell to interest himself in the affairs of a perfect stranger!"

"There you're mistaken," said Charley. "He doesn't look upon you as a stranger, for ever since you pulled me so magnificently through that little affair at Richmond"—Charley alluded to his first and last escapade, in which I was so fortunate as to be of some use to my quondam "fag" and much cherished and devoted friend—"he has repeatedly spoken of you; and I am here to-night at his express desire to ask you to accompany me back to the hall to-morrow. My sister's marriage comes off on Thursday; and we shall have some capital fellows there; so we want you to make one of the party."

"Your governor is very good, Charley, and I am glad he thinks well of me; but I am not, I assure you, in the mood to play the part of wedding-guest."

"Wedding-guest" be hanged!" exclaimed Charley. "The wedding is such a short business—it will not tax your gallantry much; and afterwards I can promise you some fine sport amongst the pheasants. Besides, my father will, I know, be annoyed if you do not put in an appearance, for you have refused all his overtures hitherto. So shall we consider the matter settled!"

"Well, yes, Charley, I suppose so. I will run down with you thankfully. It will be a real blessing to be out of the sound of that incessant bell. But you must understand, my dear fellow, that I forbid your mentioning my difficulties to your father. I should not like—even were he so kind as to offer it—to accept a loan; and I fear there is nothing short of that will lift me out of the mire."

"You leave everything to me, like a sensible chap, and I will undertake that the matter shall be put on a proper footing without one grain of your *amour propre* being injured. And now to arrange. I start by the 11.25 from Euston, and will, with your permission, pick you up *en passant*."

"All right, Charley; as you please. And now, the programme of our journey being satisfactorily settled, tell me how it is that I have not heard before of your lovely sister's engagement and approaching marriage."

"Lovely sister!" laughed Charley. "Who told you Stephanie was lovely?"

"No one, I believe; but I gather that she is both lovely and lovable from the admiration and affection she seems to have excited in your fraternal breast."

"Well, you are not far wrong in your conjecture—everybody admits that Stephanie is beautiful; and her beauty, to my mind, is the least of her attractions. I wish to Heaven—"

"What do you wish, Charley?" I asked, seeing the cloud that in an instant had dimmed the brightness of his handsome boyish face—for Charley was a boy still, in spite of his twenty-six years.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, colouring, "except—"

"Except what, Charley?"

"Why, this—that I wish I could feel she were happy!"

"What makes you think she is not?" I asked,

concerned to see him so evidently troubled. "She has not surely been coerced?"

"No, not exactly," he replied. "You see the marriage comes about in this way. I have not alluded to it before, even to you, because it has always been a sore topic in our family. In the first place, I must tell you that Stephanie is not my sister."

"Not your sister!" I exclaimed.

"No—nor any blood relation; still to my father and to me she is most inexpressibly dear. She is the child of my father's second wife. My mother died at my birth, and my father married, when I was a boy of seven or eight years, the widow of a Spanish nobleman, the Count de Gonzala. After his death, the Countess came to England with her little girl, my step-sister Stephanie; and one year after their arrival my father brought them to the Hall. My step-mother has been dead now nearly six years; and, much as we regret her loss, we should be content if we could still retain Stephanie with us. But she can inherit her father's property only by marrying her cousin the young Count Genzola on or before she attains the age of twenty-one, or, in the event of the Count refusing, by selecting for herself a suitable husband within the given period; otherwise the estates pass into the hands of the Church. Now Stephanie will be twenty-one next Thursday, and it was my step-mother's wish that the cousins should marry. She thought it right that the possessor of the title should have some share in the estates also; consequently Stephanie has been brought up to look favorably upon her cousin. They have rarely met, but I believe a short time since she was content with the arrangement. He is a handsome well-informed, man, of grave and gentle manners; but neither I nor my father can endure him. He is a priest-ridden Catholic, and, in spite of his apparent devotion to Stephanie when near her, there always seems to be a want of sincerity in all he does and says. But what a yarn I am spinning! You must be bored past recovery."

"Not at all, Charley. I am most deeply interested. Fill your glass and go on."

"Well, as I was saying, I thoroughly distrust him, and, added to this, Stephanie herself is changed of late. She is not half the girl she used to be; I believe she is wretched, and I cannot help thinking that she has some one she likes better. She was away in the summer at Torquay, and ever since her return I have observed how very altered she is. I saw, as soon as she came back, that there was something wrong; but I didn't find out what it was at once. Many things have since confirmed me in this impression. One circumstance struck me particularly, that she never from the first would voluntarily allude to that visit; and the change in her is never more marked than when by a chance word it becomes a subject of conversation. Strange, is it not?"

"Very," I answered.

"Well, anyhow it is no use to groan over what can't be helped. We must make the best of it now. By Jove, there goes the first of the small hours! What a lecture I shall get from Mother Jones! She told me this morning that she feared I was falling into bad habits, because she had found a crumpled playbill in my linen-drawer. *Au revoir*, old fellow; don't forget 11.25 to-morrow."

He was gone; and I passed the remainder of the night considering how far I was justified in becoming a guest of Charley's father, being already deeply in love with his sister, by whom I had been refused only five months before.

How strangely the whole thing had happened! Until to-night I had never dreamed that Stephanie Gonzala, whom I had met in Devonshire, was the same sweet sister of whom Charley Maxwell was always raving, and of which, in fact, I was just a little tired. Of course I was ignorant of Charley's domestic history, and had supposed that his sister shared his name as certainly as she possessed his affection; but to-night had brought to me a two-fold revelation—that of her connection with the Maxwell family and also, as I fondly hoped, of her interest in myself.

One remark of Charley's rang in my ears—"I cannot help thinking that she has some one she likes better, for she has never been the same girl since her return from Torquay." Could it be so? Could she indeed have cared for me! She had rejected me coolly enough, simply assuring me that she was already engaged; and I left her, impressed with the comfortable idea that she at least had passed through the ordeal unscathed. But how if Charley's conjecture was really true, if I had indeed supplanted her cousin in her affection! Was it too late to prevent a marriage which could only seal the misery of us both! Ah, how I loved her! How desperately I had tried to forget her during all those past miserable months! And this was the result! With the first gleam of hope I was prepared to face all difficulties, dare all consequences to win her. I forgot the perplexities by which I was surrounded. I forgot the coldness of her rejection. I forgot even the obstacles raised by time itself to my success. I only felt that, if she loved me, I would compel her to be mine.

But with the morning hours came reflection and common-sense. How could I possibly enter Mr. Maxwell's house in such circumstances! For, were the real facts of the case known, neither father nor brother would desire my presence. As I was obliged to acknowledge that, were Stephanie's love to be had for the asking, I should not dare to claim it. What right had I to influence the future of any girl! What had I to offer in exchange for confidence and affection! A pretty conceited fellow I should appear in the eyes of old Maxwell if I asked for

the hand of his daughter, and offered my debts and liabilities in lieu of marriage settlements. Over and over again I determined to tell Charley all and to forego the journey; and then would come the maddening thought that on Thursday Stephanie would be lost to me for ever.

The hour named by Charley for our departure still found me wavering betwixt love and honor. When he drove up to the door love was in the ascendant, and I had determined to discover for myself whether Stephanie was a willing or a reluctant bride.

Pickering Hall is situated in the heart of Westmoreland, and we reached it about seven in the evening. I fear I must have proved but a sorry companion to poor Charley, since I had been wholly occupied in conjecturing what sort of reception I should receive at the hands of Stephanie. About mid-way however I had startled him by remarking that this sister was not unknown to me. His astonishment was unlimited, and he very naturally inquired why I had not named the fact earlier. I told him where I had met her, and that until the previous night I had been ignorant of her connection with himself. Charley was quite satisfied, and rattled on about Stephanie for the rest of the distance, delighted that I had seen her.

Lights were flashing brightly from the windows as we drove through a stately avenue to the old Hall. The carriage had scarcely drawn up before the entrance when, the door opening, we were received on the threshold by the hospitable host himself.

"Welcome home, Charley, and doubly welcome since you bring Mr. Cavendish with you! And, shaking us heartily by the hand, he led the way to the library."

A very noble and distinguished looking old gentleman was Charley's father, whose three-score years had but silvered his locks, without detracting from the brightness of his eye, the ruddiness of his cheek, or the firmness of his step.

"And now, Mr. Cavendish, a glass of sherry after your journey; then, Charley, you had better take your friend to his quarters—they adjoin yours; and, if you can both manage to reappear in fifteen minutes, we shall just save the fish."

I scarcely know in what frame of mind I descended to the drawing-room. To be near Stephanie, to know that again I should hear her voice, gaze into her eyes, feel the magic touch of her soft fingers, was in itself delirium; but I was conscious too that I was acting an unworthy part, and that, if my love for Stephanie were known, I should very speedily receive my *coup de grace*. All these ideas were present to my mind as I entered the room. It was full of people; but I saw only Stephanie. She was standing by her father, in the soft radiance shed by the gleaming wax-lights above, unconscious of my presence. I had time to note, while advancing to her, the quiet gaiety of her demeanor. Never had she appeared to me fairer and certainly never brighter than now. Feeling myself to have been an utter idiot for having supposed her puny or wretched for my sake, I approached her. She smiled; and for a moment I held in mine the hand that I so dearly prized.

"This is kind, Mr. Cavendish. My father has long desired the pleasure of welcoming Charley's old friend to Pickering."

I bowed, but uttered no word. We met as strangers, and she turned away; but surely it was no self-deception—her lips had trembled over the formal greeting, her cheek had paled, and her breast heaved with repressed emotion!

That evening passed with the usual amount of chat, music, and flirtation; and I retired at last firmly convinced that I had better beat a hasty retreat or prepare to play a more difficult role than I was perhaps equal to.

The next morning, breakfast being over, I turned out into the grounds to gain a few undisturbed moments in which to decide what course I should take; for to stay where I was and see Stephanie give herself into the keeping of the smooth-tongued Spaniard was a task beyond my strength. How best to withdraw from my present position was the question which necessarily arose. I was still cogitating the matter when Charley tapped me on the shoulder.

"What, in the blues again, old fellow! But listen—I have some news that will change the sombre hues of your mind to *couleur de rose*. Last night, before going to bed, the governor and I had a chat about your affairs. I told him exactly how you stand; and, without any suggestion from me, he declared he would help you. So come with me into the library and see him; he is quite disengaged now;" and Charley was about to lead the way when I stopped him.

"My dear boy," I said, "your father is good and generous to a degree; but, much and greatly as I value this evidence of his friendship, I cannot accept such a favor at his hands. I was wrong to have come here, in the first instance. I had scarcely entered the house before I felt that I should never have accepted your invitation; and when you joined me here I was considering how best to make my excuses to Mr. Maxwell and betake myself to town."

"Well, you are, without exception, the most comical fellow that I have ever dropped upon!" cried Charley indignantly. "Why cannot you quietly take the goods the gods send you! But I insist upon your seeing the governor! He will wipe away all your pride at a word; no one can resist his jolly warm-hearted way of doing a kindness." And once more I was propelled towards the house.

"Wait, Charley—let us take another turn to the lake. I have something I must say to you."

Charley complied, and we proceeded a few paces in silence. Then, facing him, I said—

"My dear boy, I am sailing under false colours. I told you yesterday that I had met your sister in Devonshire, but I did not tell you that I fell in love with her there, that I proposed to her, and was refused."

"By Jove!" ejaculated Charley. "You don't mean it!"

"It is the sober truth," I returned.

Then I told him all—how his own words, that he feared she was unhappy about the future that lay before her, that she was changed since her visit to Torquay, had aroused in me the desire to see her once again, and that I had not been able to resist the temptation of judging for myself how far he had been right in his conjecture.

"Well," said Charley, "and what have you discovered? Was I right or wrong?"

"Do not torture me, Charley; it is a question that I dare not ask myself. I only know that I must go from here at once, for, whether she cares for me or not, I love her madly, and, if I remain near, I shall undoubtedly make an ass of myself."

"Dear old Cavendish, I can't tell you how dreadfully sorry I am to hear this, though it quite confirms me in the idea I expressed to you. I see it all plainly enough now; but of course it's too late to do anything, and I suppose you had better go. I shall hate this Spaniard more bitterly than ever, and with bitter reason, since he has proved such a stumbling-block, not only, as I believe, to poor Stephanie, but also to you."

"If your sister is but happy—and who shall say she is not!—you need not fear for me, Charley. My skin is tough, and a few scratches more or less won't damage it greatly. And now tell me how I can with the best grace offer my excuses to your father."

"Oh, as to that, the plea of immediate business will satisfy him—especially if you can manage to throw in sufficient spice of regret at being recalled so suddenly!"

We walked on to the house in silence; and, as we entered the hall, a servant said—

"If you please, Mr. Charles, the Squire has been asking for you; he is in the study."

"Excuse me a moment, Cavendish. I'll see what my father wants, and be with you again immediately."

I went up-stairs to my room, and began throwing odds and ends into my portmanteau; and then, lighting a cigar, I awaited Charley's reappearance. What a wretched aimless beggar I was! I felt I could not rest, I could not smoke. I pitched the cigar out of the window, and wondered what I had done to Dame Fortune that she should feel it incumbent to deal upon me such a series of vindictive blows.

That Stephanie loved me I felt no doubt. She dissembled well; but her cheek had whitened and kindled beneath my glance, and she had grown livid to the lips when, wishing her good-night on the previous evening, I offered her my congratulations upon her approaching marriage.

Oh, what rapture and what pain this tardy assurance brought me! In a few short hours our lives would be sundered wide as the poles; while I, poor bankrupt wretch, dared not make one struggle for the possession of so dear a prize. Thought was becoming intolerable. Where on earth was Charley? Why did he keep me waiting! I longed to be moving, to be beyond temptation, to put the only safeguard—distance—between myself and my unfortunate love; for at any moment, in my present reckless mood, what might I not do or say if accident placed Stephanie by my side? Her changing cheek and tremulous lip last night had proved almost more than I could bear. Another such scene, and I felt I should give voice to my misery. Then too the Count was hourly expected, and I knew how pleasantly I should smile upon their meeting, how agreeable it would be to me to see him bestow the smallest evidence of his love, or claim in return the slightest recognition to which its acceptance entitled him. I ground my teeth in my impotent rage. No, assuredly it would not do to wait for the Count. I should undoubtedly make an idiot of myself; better to go at once, before I had an opportunity of displaying my talent for melodrama.

"Confound Charley!" I remarked. "Where in the name of common-sense can he be loitering!"

"Cavendish, I'm so sorry."

"Oh, at last! I was just going to look you up. I shall barely catch my train."

"I could not help it, my dear fellow; my father detained me. I have only this moment left him. He is in great difficulty, and he wants to see you directly; so I think your journey must be postponed—at least there is no urgency about it now."

Charley appeared so strangely upset that I could only wonder what had happened; in answer to my inquiries he said he would rather let the governor explain.

"Go to him at once, there's a good fellow—you'll find him in the study. There goes the luncheon-bell. I must put in an appearance, for there is no one to play host to-day."

More and more amazed, I descended to the library. Mr. Maxwell was evidently expecting me.

"Come in, Mr. Cavendish. Come in and close the door. I have something very important to say to you." He was standing by his writing-table, with an open letter in his hand. "I have sent for you," said the old gentleman, motioning me to a chair, "because my son has given me to understand that you purpose leaving Pickering by the express this afternoon. May I ask you to

defer your departure for a few hours after our interview? You can, if you still wish it, reach London by the night-mail."

"I certainly will stay, sir, since you desire it, though my reason for leaving so abruptly is still most urgent."

"Thanks; that's right. And now what will you think if I tell you that I am acquainted with your motive in deserting us, and that, with a full knowledge of the circumstances, I say to you, stay?"

"Sir—Mr. Maxwell," I cried, "are you serious? What do you wish me to conclude from your words?"

"Wait, wait—not so fast," he replied, seating himself. "Before I explain matters further, permit me to ask you one or two questions. In the first place, tell me truly—were you quite in earnest respecting the attachment for Stephanie which you confessed to Charles this morning?"

"Most deeply in earnest, sir; it is because that I love her so hopelessly that I am anxious to leave her at once."

"You proposed to her at Torquay?"

"Yes."

"And she refused you? Forgive my asking; but it is, I assure you, from no idle curiosity that I question you."

"I am sure it is not, sir; and I have no hesitation in answering any inquiries you consider it necessary to make. I proposed to Miss Gonzala last August, and she rejected me."

"You still love her?"

"If possible, more than ever."

"If she were free, would you try your fortune again?"

"Mr. Maxwell," I cried, "I have answered all your questions, though I cannot guess your motive in putting them; but please to remember, when I offered my hand to your daughter, I believed I was in a position to establish my wife suitably. Charley has this morning told you how thoroughly my uncle's promises deceived me in this matter; and, therefore, my position being altered, were Miss Gonzala free, I would scorn to seek her favor now. I trust, Mr. Maxwell, you have not credited me with any such dastardly intent?"

"Most certainly I have not," returned the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on my shoulder. On the contrary, Hardy Cavendish, I believe you to be a thoroughly honorable young man; and it is because I feel this confidence in your character that I am now addressing you, and that I confide to you the fact of my daughter's engagement with the Count de Gonzala being at an end."

At an end, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Yes. In this letter, received two hours back, the Count rejects the alliance."

"Then she is free?"

"Perfectly free, my young friend. And now I give you my full permission to win her if you can."

"My dear sir—my dear Mr. Maxwell, how can—how shall I thank you? Still it may be years before I can urge my suit. I am fearfully involved; but I will work, I will slave to make myself worthy of her love, if she will only give me a hope that I shall find my reward at last."

"That is very good, and, in ordinary circumstances, it would, to a certain extent, be the proper thing to do; but it is not, for all that, precisely what the present crisis demands. However, first look at the Count's letter. After you have read it, I will explain my views more fully." And he placed the following communication in my hands.

"San Lúcar de Guadiana, Nov. 3, 18—

"Dear Sir,—Though deeply regretting the penalty which is involved to Mademoiselle de Gonzala, I am compelled to renounce the honor which the Count, her father, proposed for me when he suggested an alliance between his daughter and myself. It is after much searching self-examination that I have found this painful step to be a necessity. For a considerable period I have had serious misgivings as to the advisability of my contracting marriage, and these doubts—which time has but strengthened—have pressed so heavily upon me that I have felt it incumbent to consult my spiritual advisers. By them I am instructed that, when my conscience protests against an undertaking, to enter upon it becomes a grievous sin; and, thus convinced that I am being spiritually led to a higher and better life, I have encircled myself by the supports and aids which the Holy Mother Church provides for her children, I have for ever cast from me the chains of Satan; I have taken priestly orders; and in this loving farewell to my relatives I bid a last adieu to the world with all its vain cares and idle frivolities."

"PEDRO DE GONZALA."

"There," exclaimed Mr. Maxwell—"did you ever read such a sickening hypocritical tissue of rubbish! And yet, unless we can circumvent them, these shaven monks will suck up the whole of Stephanie's fortune."

"How, sir?" I asked; but I added quickly, "I remember—Charley told me—"

"Did he tell you that, although the Count has refused the contract, Stephanie forfeits the property unless she is herself married within the given period?"

"Yes," I replied excitedly; "he told me so, though it failed to impress me at the time."

"It is perfectly true. To-morrow, before twelve, unless these conditions are fulfilled, her father's fortune goes from her to the Church."

He looked strangely into my face. I rose to my feet; so did he. Then, grasping my hand in his, he said—

"Cavendish, you love her. Will you do your utmost to stand in his place to-morrow? Never

mind your want of fortune. You are worthy of her; and she will have enough for both."

What could I say? What did I say? I'm sure I don't know. I only remember shaking him wildly by the hand. I only remember the dear old gentleman sitting down quite exhausted and wiping his eyes—or, as he pretended, his spectacles—and saying—

"There, there—that will do; we have no time to lose. We must consider what is to be done next, for, Hardy, my dear boy, even if she loves you—which I do believe, you lucky dog; she does, or I should not be proposing so daring a remedy—she will be troublesome. She will say, 'Never mind the property, papa; Hardy and I can wait,' or something equally pretty and nonsensical."

This was all bewilderingly delicious to me; but I managed to ask—

"What did Miss Gonzala say, sir? How did she take the Count's withdrawal?"

"She does not know it yet. His letter came by special messenger soon after breakfast this morning. Charles was out with you somewhere when I received it; consequently it was some time before I could consult with him. At first he and I were both completely knocked over by the situation—bridesmaids in the house, guests invited, hour for ceremony fixed. I could not decide how to act, when presently Charley said, 'Anyhow, it's an ill wind that brings no one any good; and old Cavendish will have a chance now. He loves her awfully, and is going away this afternoon rather than see his own and, I believe, her misery consummated.' I saw the whole thing in an instant. I saw, if Charley had read his sister's heart aright, that there was still a way by which we might upset the Count Gonzala's well-laid scheme. And, if his conjecture is true, and she does really reciprocate your feelings, I do believe, my dear fellow, we shall succeed. Now, having told you all the facts, and having prepared you for a small amount of opposition at the outset, I will go and show her the Count's letter."

He went out, and I was left to myself. Some anxious moments followed. How would she receive the strange proposition! Of course she would not hear of it; of course, in any circumstances she would utterly refuse to comply with such hastily-formed wishes. No; I did not allow myself to hope for one instant that we should win her consent to the arrangement. But what then? I could afford to wait if she would give me the right to hope for success in the future. In the meanwhile, how I longed to know what the answer would be! Already I pictured her scorn, her contempt for a wooer who appeared in such haste to secure her fortune. And yet, if she could but read my heart—

Charley came in, and in a few words I told him how matters stood.

"It will come all right, Cavendish; never you fear. 'Faint heart'—you know the proverb, old boy; but wait—here is my father."

Mr. Maxwell came in.

"Well?" cried Charley.

"I have told her, but only of the Count's letter," he replied, "for she is so indignant at his treatment that I felt it would be useless to say anything further at present." Mr. Maxwell sat down. "Charley, go and get me some sherry or something, and a biscuit; I am fairly overcome. And, Hardy, you too must be weary."

"Of course you must both be famished. Wait a moment, sir! I had better ring, and they will bring a tray in here; there's not much good in biscuits," and Charley rang.

Lower though I was, and an anxious one to boot, I did not despise a glass of bitter ale and a slice from a cold sirloin.

"Now," said Charley, "I propose to pay Stephanie a visit myself; but, before going, I should like to give a toast. Father, let me replenish your glass. Cavendish, try this Burgundy. Now! Happiness to Stephanie, success to Cavendish!"—and he was gone.

"That is the dearest boy in the world," said Mr. Maxwell fondly, as the door closed.

"He is indeed, sir," I replied warmly.

"There is not a man living who has a truer heart than Charley Maxwell."

"And you, Cavendish, have been his best friend. Remember that, whatever comes of our present wish, Hardy, I shall always have your interests at heart. From this time you are to me as another son."

I thanked him sincerely, for I was greatly touched by his goodness; and I told him that I would endeavor by deeds more than by words to show my appreciation of his generous kindness. Then silence fell upon us; and neither of us attempted to hide the anxiety we felt.

"Dear me," cried Mr. Maxwell at last, "this is really becoming very serious! There is a lot of company in the house, and not one of the family present."

"It is very awkward undoubtedly, sir. Don't you think you had better show yourself, and, if Charley has not already done so, make some excuse for Miss Gonzala—a headache would not be *mal à propos* perhaps?"

"That is an excellent idea! I will go and join the ladies at once," said Mr. Maxwell, starting up.

"Do so, sir, while I wait for Charley here; then, with your permission, if Miss Gonzala will see me, I will try to put an end to this suspense."

"Just so; of course it must be decided soon whether the guests are to be dismissed or retained."

"Exactly. You go the drawing-room, sir, and Charley or I will soon let you know how matters are."

I sat down and did my best to regain a little composure. Never in my life had I felt so completely unlike myself. I really could not concentrate my ideas; they worked in a circle the centre of which was Stephanie. What would she do? What would she say?

At last Charley came rushing in.

"I have broken the ice, Cavendish, and she takes it pretty quietly. I have told her how you are longing to speak to her—and I can see that she doesn't care a rush for the Count, while she has a soft place in her heart for you—but she says that nothing will induce her to see you yet—that, if it is true you love her still, you must feel the impropriety of pressing your suit now while she is suffering from the annoyance and shame of the Count's cruel behaviour. You see her pride is terribly hurt—she looks quite crushed."

"Of course, Charley. Is it surprising! The dear girl has been shamefully used by that scoundrel."

"It is natural enough that she should feel so, I know," said Charley; "still, if her heart is untouched, her pride need not suffer long."

"If, Charley, she would only let me speak a word to her! Do go to her again, there's a good fellow, and tell her I entreat her to see me, if it is only for five minutes."

"No—it's of no use; she has said 'No,' and she means 'No.' But I'll tell you what; while I was talking to her, she was getting out her walking things. She said she had a headache—and I believe she means to walk it off; she generally does. Now, if she goes out, she is pretty certain to leave the house by the little glass door which opens into the cedar walk, and we shall see her from this window. Then you can slip out here into the shrubbery and take the first path to the right, which will bring you face to face with her in a jiffy."

"Charley you are a diplomatist—you are a capital fellow! I will do as much for you some day, old chap. But look there!"—and, as I spoke, we both saw the sheen of a silver-gray dress disappearing through the shadows of the cedar walk.

"Now, Hardy," cried Charley breathlessly, opening the window, "mind, the first turning to the right! Be quick, old fellow!"

I wanted no second admonition, but was off on the wings of love and hope. In a few seconds I gained her side. She stopped in grave surprise.

"Why are you here, Mr. Cavendish?"

"I saw you leave the house, and have ventured to follow you. Will you not forgive me?"

"If there is anything to forgive, certainly. But I beg you will not think me unkind or rude if I say that at present I would rather be alone. I am suffering from a terrible headache, and rather hope fresh air and quiet may relieve me a little."

"I cannot express to you, my dear Miss Gonzala, how much it pains me to disregard even your slightest wish; but indeed I must speak to you. Perhaps you will resent my persistence less if I tell you that I am here at your father's desire as well as at my own."

"Then of course, Mr. Cavendish, I can say no more; still I wish you could have spared me to-day, for I am not quite myself."

And in truth the dear girl's pale cheek, tearful eyes, and trembling manner attested the reality of her words.

"Stephanie, I am grieved to see you so unwell. But can the idea of what I am about to say be so painful to you? Is my love so distasteful that you shrink thus from its avowal?"

"Oh, no—pray do not think it is that!" she faltered. "But why must you speak of it now! It is cruel to press me again upon this subject at such a moment."

"I know it, dear. I feel how presumptuous you must think me. And, if it rested with myself—which it does not—rather than distress you further, believe me, darling, I would leave you now—even when for the first time your own sweet lips have dropped a half-admission of your love. Oh, Stephanie, I will explain everything presently, only first tell me that I am not mad in thinking that you care for me—tell me that I am not asking for your love in vain!"

I waited for an instant; and when she answered softly, "Not quite in vain, Hardy," I took my darling in my arms.

"Oh, Stephanie, to think that, but for those two or three accidental words of Charley's I might have lost you for ever! Whisper it once more that I may know I do not dream. Say again those sweet words, 'I love you.'"

"I do, Hardy—I do indeed. I love you with all my heart."

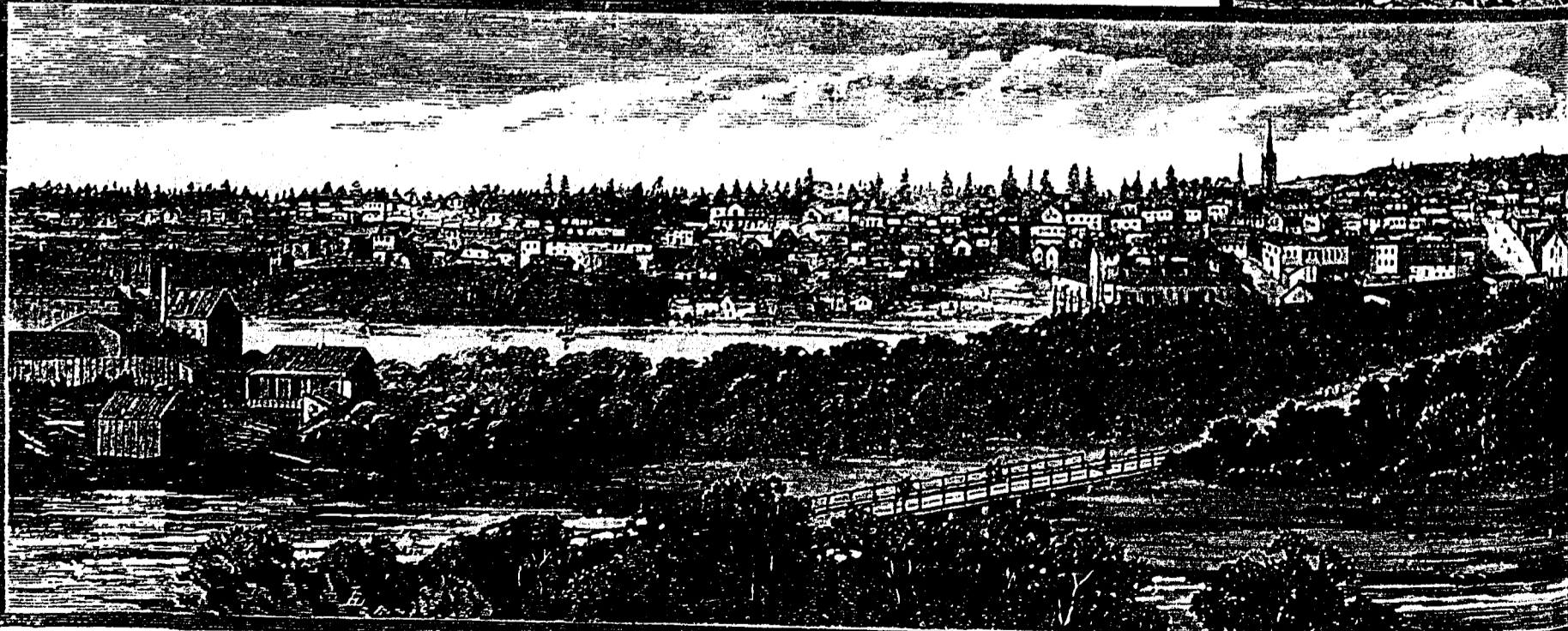
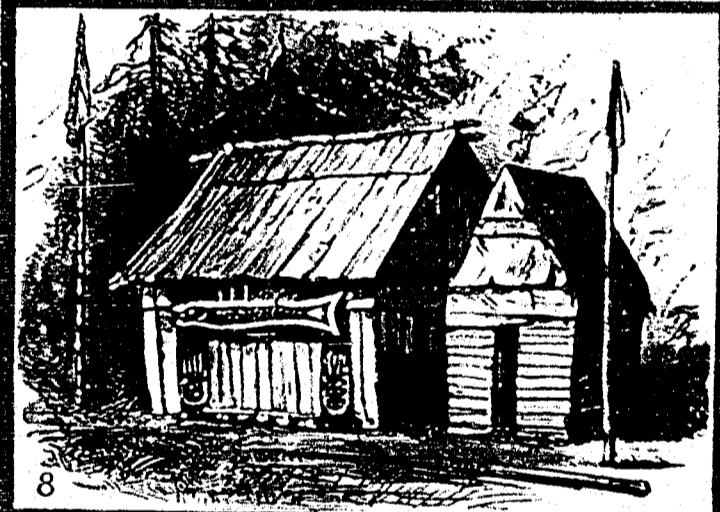
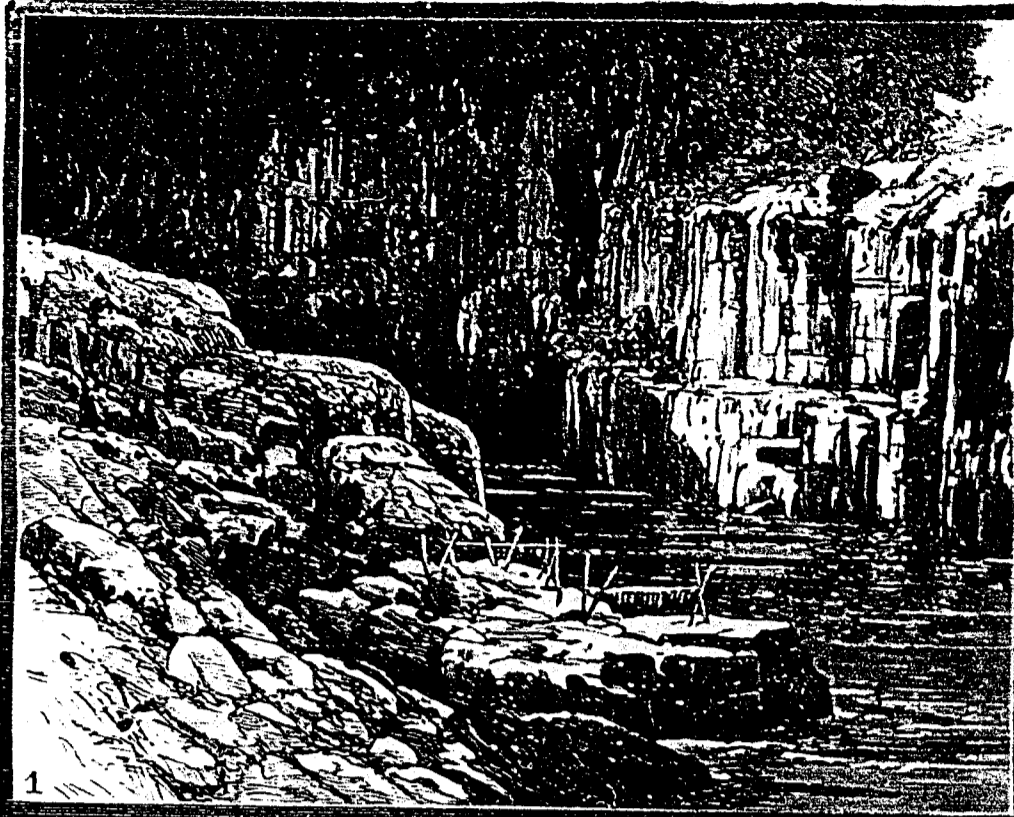
"My own dear girl!"

"When I sent you away before, I knew that with you would go all the happiness of my life—that I was shaping for myself a miserable future; but I could not help it. The promise had been made for me by my dear mother, and I could not disregard her wishes."

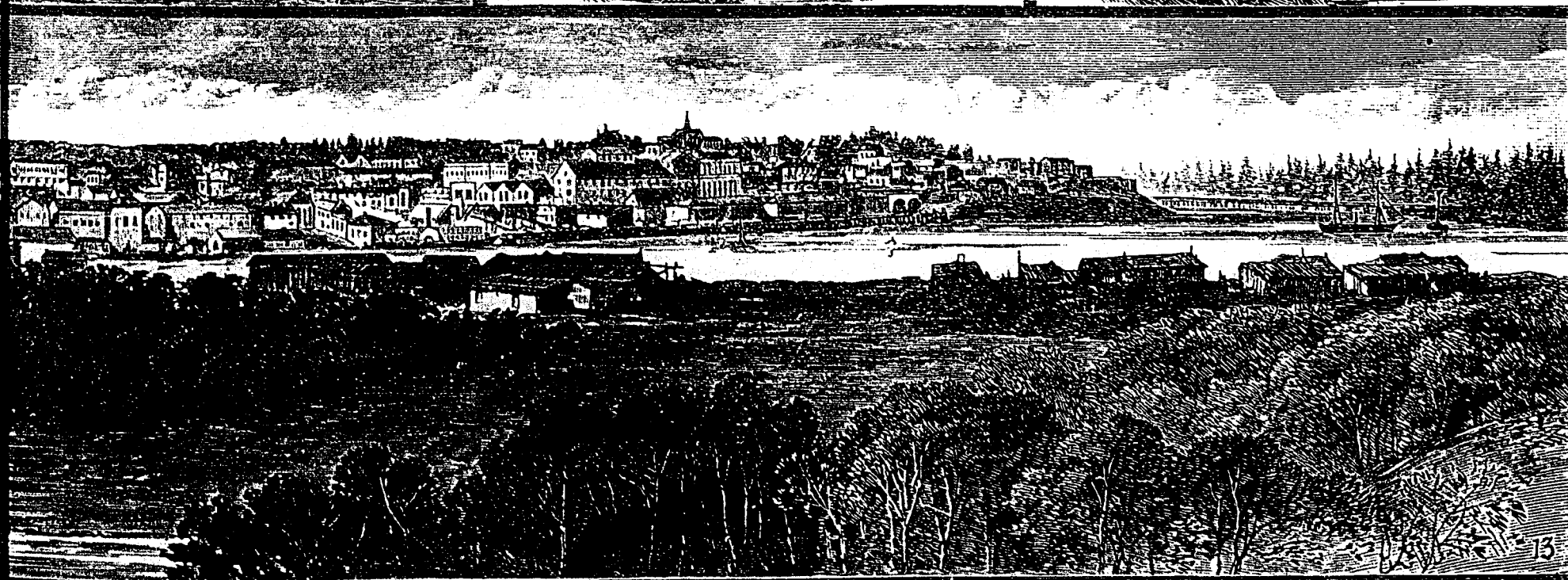
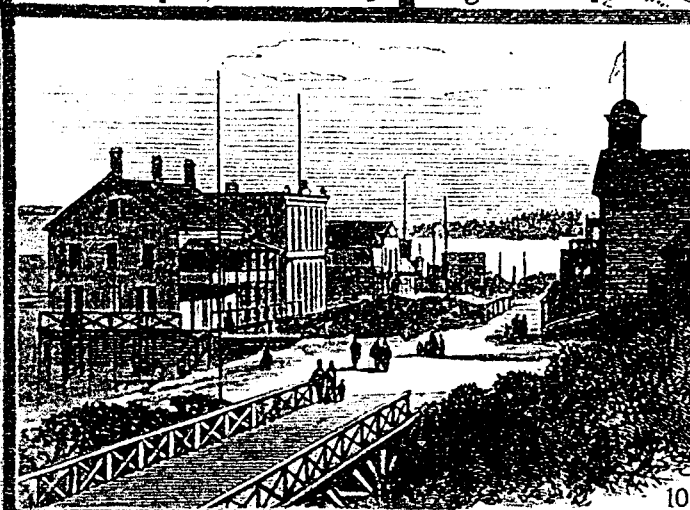
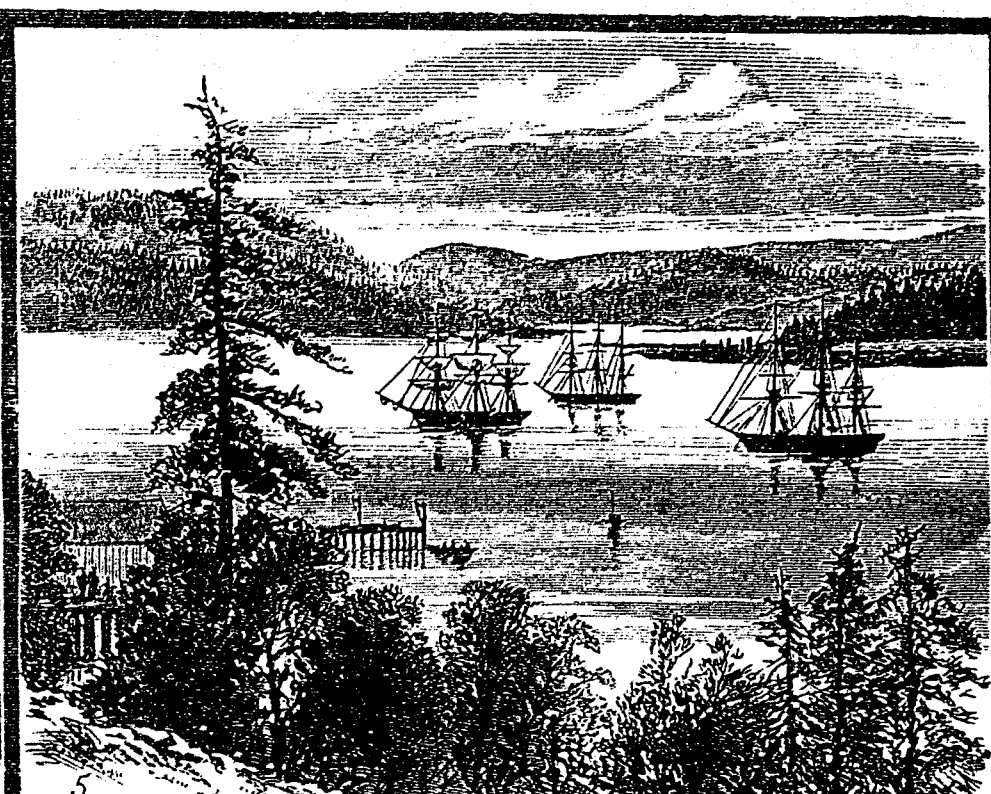
"Dear Stephanie, I know all your story now. Only the night before I arrived here I learned from Charley that my lost love was his sister, and that she was betrothed to one for whom he feared she had little affection. This was enough for me. I felt I must see you at any cost."

"Oh, Hardy, I thought at the time that it was a very cruel step you had taken! You do not know what I have suffered since you came."

"My darling, what can I say! I know it



1. Hell's Gate Canon, Fraser River. 2. Indian Chief's Grave, Island of San Juan. 3. Indian Lodge at Nanaimo. 4. Indian Chiefs' Graves, near Yale, Fraser River. 5. Primeval Forest, Burrard's Inlet. 6. Indian Chiefs' Graves, near Yale, Fraser River. 7. Primeval Forest, Burrard's Inlet. 8. Indian Chiefs' Graves, near Yale, Fraser River. 9. Primeval Forest, Burrard's Inlet. 10. Sketch of Vancouver.



1. Indian Encampment, Fraser River. 2. Esquimalt Harbour (Flying Squadron). 3. Stout's Gulch, Williams Creek, Cariboo. 4. Indian Village on the East Coast. 5. Victoria, Vancouver Island. 6. Wagon Road at Chapinan's Bar Bluff. 7. Victoria, Vancouver Island.

ISLAND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

was unpardonable; but I cannot regret it now. Do you, dear?"

I received, or fancied I received, a delicate little pressure from the hand that was resting so confidently upon my arm, but the flushed face was not raised to mine as she remarked somewhat irrelevantly—

"You said my father wished to speak to me to-day. What does he know of this?"

"I told Charles this morning that I could not remain here any longer, confessing the whole story of my acquaintance with you. In the interview he had with his father immediately afterwards, without my knowledge, he explained to him why I was going away."

"Well?" asked Stephanie.

"Well, your father then sent for me, questioned me, and finally told me that you were free, and I might win you if I could. And, my darling, with this dear hand in mine, even now I can scarcely believe in the reality of my happiness. I was such a miserable fellow a few hours since, Stephanie."

"Were you really?" she asked, with the most bewitching air of doubt and surprise imaginable.

"Yes, siren, most miserably."

"I can believe it," was the coquettish reply; "but, Hardy, you have not explained, and I cannot understand, the reason for all this haste, or why papa is so extremely anxious for your success that he made you speak to me to-day."

"Ah, Stephanie, now I have to tell that which will perhaps lead you to distrust me!"

"No, dear Hardy, that can never be."

"I trust not, Stephanie, for I could not bear to lose you now. Still, dearest, I have a wretched confession to make, and I dread what you may think when I tell you that I have neither home nor fortune to offer you—that I am, in fact, a beggar."

"Oh, Hardy, it is not possible—it cannot be true!"

Then I told her of all my disappointments and difficulties.

"But, believe me, dear Stephanie, I would never have come to you with the story of my love in such humiliating circumstances but for your father. It would have been for me sufficient happiness to carry away with me a hope that presently I might make a name and a home worthy of your acceptance. Now that you know all, my darling, tell me do you think very badly of me?"

"I think, dear Hardy, I am glad, all else being so dark around you, that I am able by my love and sympathy to shed a little brightness on your path; but you tiresome fellow, you have not told me yet why papa is in such a hurry?"

"Can you not guess, Stephanie?"

"Guess? No; it is impossible!"

"Stephanie, I have never felt such a coward in my life. How can I tell you?"

"Hardy, you positively alarm me! What do you mean?"

"Stephanie, your father wishes me to stand by your side in the Count de Gonzala's place to-morrow."

It was out with a vengeance now. The poor child fairly staggered. I placed my arm round her, for every vestige of color had flown from her face.

"There, dear—think no more of it," I whispered. "You know I never said that I had hoped it or expected it. I knew it was impossible; but your father had been so good to me that, since he gave me permission to woo you, I could not refuse to do it after the fashion of his desire."

"Thanks, dear Hardy. How could papa be so unreasonable! It is to save my miserable money that he wished it; and, if there were any other way in which it might be done, you do not know how thankful I should be. I never cared for it before; but I do regret it now for your sake."

"Don't think of it, love," I returned. "If you will but be true to me, I will not be long before I claim this little hand. How I shall work, Stephanie! What a purpose there will be now in all that I do!"

So we settled it, and, while returning to the house, tried to think how best to get rid of the wedding-guests who had now become such a terrible incubus to us all.

We went straight in search of Mr. Maxwell. When we reached the study door, Stephanie placed her hand, which trembled a little, on my arm.

"Courage, darling!" I whispered; and we went in together.

"Well?" exclaimed Mr. Maxwell and Charley in a breath.

"Sir," said I, leading Stephanie to her father, "I have prevailed upon this dear girl to intrust her future to my care; but as it is not exactly upon the terms which you suggested, I have still to ask your consent."

"Oh, Stephanie!" he cried; but she stopped him by flinging her arms round his neck.

"Now, papa, dear papa, I know all that you are going to say; but don't you be disappointed about that money. Hardy does not care; and he is going to work, and I can wait; and we shall all be happier than we have ever been; for, believe me, dear"—and she laid her face softly against his—"if it were not that this hateful money might be useful to him now, I should be glad that it was gone for ever, for it has made my life very, very wretched."

"Child, you do not understand!" said her father pettishly. "Don't you see that we are being cheated out of it? The guardian unwitting would be my cognomen henceforth;" and Mr. Maxwell paced the room angrily.

Stephanie was greatly distressed; she pressed her hands tightly together, and looked entreatingly at Charley and me for help. The old gentleman's face had assumed a sternness of expression of which a few hours since I should not have supposed it was capable; and, from the hasty glances he cast at me, I could see he was displeased that I did nothing to second his efforts. I felt myself to be a dreadful traitor in the camp; but I could not bear to see my darling so disturbed.

"Mr. Maxwell," I said, "I do hope you will not urge Stephanie farther in this matter; it only distresses her, for she has assured me how impossible it is that she can comply with our hastily-formed wishes."

"Not comply indeed!" said he. "I can't understand it. And yet you say you love him!"

"Yes, papa," was the tearful reply. "Then it passes my patience! If you did not, it would be quite another thing; but that, with a profusion of love upon your lips, you can yet determine to blight every future prospect of his life by your obstinacy now is a state of things for which I own I was not prepared."

"Oh, papa, why are you so angry and so unkind!"

"Because, Stephanie, I am disappointed in you. I thought you would show yourself to be a reasonable, noble-minded woman, rather than a timid, sentimental girl. Here is a means before you of benefiting your lover, who is worthy of the sacrifice—if sacrifice it be—and at the same time of upsetting a barefaced conspiracy, and yet you refuse to lift a finger in the matter!"

"Charley," cried the poor girl, with streaming eyes, "why don't you say something to papa! Why don't you help me?"

"I cannot say anything, Stephanie dear," said Charley, kissing her tenderly, "but that I wish, for all our sakes, you would do as we ask you."

She laid her head on his arm, and for a little while was very still; then she went over to her father.

"Papa," said she, "you have always been so gentle and so kind, and are only cruel now, I know, because you think to advise me for the best; but indeed I scarcely know how to accede to your wishes. As for my cousin's scheme, I despise him and it too much to thwart either; but it does touch me that Hardy—who has been so patient with me, who has not expressed one regret at my decision, although to him it involves so much, who is willing to work all his life for my comfort—must suffer; and therefore, dear father, if Hardy will let me claim a lady's privilege and change my mind—"

But here I stepped forward.

"No, dear," I said; "though to know that to-morrow held so rich a blessing in store for me would be almost too great a happiness, you shall not sacrifice one feeling of your heart for me. Not until you place this hand in mine of your own free choice will I claim it. I could not bear to know that my happiness has cost you a single tear."

A moment more, and then her soft fingers fluttered into mine, and, trembling and blushing, she said—

"Then take it now, dear Hardy, since all my heart goes with it. I did fear you might think it too lightly won. Now I know that I place it in such generous keeping that I at least shall never regret the gift."

I looked round—we were alone; then, taking my darling, my wife of the morrow, in my arms and pressing my lips to hers, I told her a thousand times that she should never repent her brave trust and confidence in my love.

And so it came about that the wedding-guests remained. Gradually, like the arch-conspirators we were, Mr. Maxwell, Charley, and myself resumed our places in their midst. The most anxious and embarrassing inquiries were made for Stephanie, and much dissatisfaction was evinced by the "pretty bridesmaids" at the continued refusal of Miss Gonzala's maid to give any admittance to her mistress's apartments.

And when, dinner being over, and the "gentlemen" once more in attendance upon the "ladies," a sweet shy figure appeared at the drawing-room door there was a perfect buzz of enthusiastic excitement. I extricated my poor blushing girl at last, and, leading her to a seat, began to inquire about the troublesome "head-ache."

Mr. Maxwell was in the highest possible spirits, and was quite equal to the emergency when two old dowagers ventured to inquire why the Count's arrival was so long delayed.

"My dear ladies," he returned, "I have received a message from him, expressive of his deep sorrow that circumstances will prevent his appearing amongst us to-night, and I shall not therefore have the pleasure I had promised myself of introducing 'our bridegroom' to you until he joins us in church to-morrow. Not bad badly put, Hardy?" chuckled Mr. Maxwell.

"Capital, sir," I assented, while, to my discomfort, he coolly dropped into the chair I had just placed beside Stephanie for my own accommodation.

"There—be off, Cavendish; you can afford to be generous to-night. Go and make yourself agreeable to the young ladies; they won't look at you after to-morrow." And he was very tender to his daughter for the rest of the evening.

Charley and I sat up late that night, talking of the wonderful events of the day and picturing the panic which our little coup was likely

to produce in the camp of our adversary. We had certainly routed the enemy completely.

"Well, Cavendish," said Charley, stretching himself, "you have smoked your last bachelor pipe, and so we had better turn in for the night, or we shall both be pale and wan to-morrow. Fancy, what an unearthly hour for a wedding—half-past ten!"

"Why was such an early time fixed?" I asked.

"Because the ceremony in our church was to have been followed by the Roman Catholic formula afterwards," he explained. "I expect the Reverend Mr. MacArthur was somewhat surprised when he received the governor's note this evening, announcing that his presence would not be required here to-morrow. Well, good-night, old fellow; I shall look you up betimes in the morning."

When I awoke, the red November sun was blazing into my room. What a magnificent morning! I looked at my watch—it was half-past seven. I had evidently got the start of Master Charley, and I began to perform my ablutions; but I had not proceeded very far with my toilet when a horrible idea seized me, and I rushed into Charley's room. That gentleman, scarcely awake, was sitting on the edge of his bed, thrusting his uncovered feet into his slippers.

"Look alive, Charley!" I called out. "We have made a mess of it after all. There's no ring!"

"By Jove! Why, Cavendish, how on earth have we all been such idiots as to forget that?"—and Charley stared blankly into my face; but he ailed quickly, "Never mind—we can borrow one."

"Not a bit of it," said I; "that would never do; Stephanie might think it unlucky. I have always understood it to be considered a bad omen if a bright new ring were not forthcoming. Which is the nearest village or town where a jeweller is to be found?"

"There is nothing nearer to us than Appleby."

"How many miles are we from there?"

"Over nine, and a bad road in the bargain." I took out my watch. It was a quarter to eight.

"You're never thinking of going to Appleby?" broke out Charley.

"Why not? The ring must be had."

"Oh, but it's impossible! You can scarcely cover the distance in time; and, if you do, fancy what a state you will be in after such a ride!"

"I shall turn up all right enough, never you fear; but I acknowledge it's such a near shave that it won't do to lose time in talking; so be quick and tell your man to saddle the fastest beast in the stables while I finish dressing."

"Stop a minute, Cavendish. Why not let me go?"

"No, certainly not. I should worry myself to fiddle-strings in the interim."

In ten minutes I was in the saddle, and, flinging a long cloak of Charley's over "the bravery of my attire," started at a brisk pace upon my journey.

I soon found that I possessed a capital colleague in my dumb friend. We spun along together at a splendid rate, and, although I have not any intention of instituting a comparison between myself and Dick Turpin—for indeed I am a much more respectable fellow—yet, before my "coal black steed" and I had parted company, I had already invested her in my own mind with many of the valuable and amiable qualities of "Black Bess."

To make a long story short, I will only say that I reached Appleby without misadventure, found out the jeweller's, purchased the ring, and got back to Pickering just as the bells from the gray church broke out into merry peals of welcome.

Charley's man was waiting.

"Quite in time, sir," said he touching his hat respectfully, while a broad grin played upon his pleasant impudent face; evidently he had discovered the reason for my early ride.

Flinging him the reins, my cloak, and a tip, I dismounted, and made my way through the vestry into the church. It was filled with people, and my entrance caused no remark, all eyes being turned to the door. I took my place beside Charley at the altar-rails; he looked infinitely relieved at my appearance.

"I have been in such an awful state of worry about you," he whispered. "How have you got on? You don't seem to have turned a hair."

"No, I have done it very comfortably. The little mare carried me splendidly."

"Everybody is on the look-out for the Count," he continued. "Never was a bridegroom waited for with so much impatience. It's quite touching; they're not generally thought much of, poor beggars!"

Here Charley stopped; and from that moment I thought of nothing but Stephanie. Then, as in a dream, I saw her leaning on her father's arm, a lovely white-robed figure that, with drooping head and timid step, came slowly through the flower-decked aisle to lay her threefold dower of youth and love and beauty at my feet.

In another instant she was standing by my side. One glance at the sweet face, one pressure of the little trembling hand, and then the solemn words began which should for ever bind us to each other.

It was over. The grand old organ broke forth into a glorious symphony. The joyous sun streamed reilly through the widely-opened

doors, and kindly faces, bright with smiles or dim with half-shed tears, bent down with a blessing on her as we passed. And thus I led my lovely bride beyond their eager gaze.

During breakfast much well-bred curiosity was expressed at the circumstance that the congratulations intended to have been offered to the Count and Countess de Gonzala were claimed by such humble individuals as Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Cavendish. The explanation offered was scarcely calculated to throw much light upon the mystery.

In conclusion, it only remains for me to say that, although we have long passed our honeymoon and were undoubtedly married in much haste, neither Stephanie nor I have yet reached the season for repentance.

B.

SPATTERED BY BURK SWAN.

On foot—a pedestrian match.

Takes the shine off everything—mud.

An ignoble but untitled man—Jay Gould.

A slave of duty—the custom house officer.

Never strike a man (for five dollars) when he's down.

"With all its faults, I love the still," as the bumper remarked.

A Detroit newsboy calls a Detroit society newspaper "Trade Dollar" because no one will take it. Fact.

We haven't written our funny article on Mrs. Langtry. All the other papers have, but we like to be eccentric, you know.

The soap-boilers have adopted as their motto: "We never lye." It is surmised, however, that they sometimes alkali. (Jokes of this kind, fourferquater.)

It is a curious fact that notwithstanding the recent bi-centennial celebration, nobody has yet been bold enough to remark that the Penn is mightier than this word.

There is one thing that should be credited up to Adam and Eve with a long credit mark. They didn't add any unnecessary feet in telling the first snake story. But they were amateurs.

The secretary of the treasury has decided that frogs are not fish. This was kind on the part of the secretary of the treasury to thus eternally squelch a question that might otherwise have bothered us for a long time.

Foreman Dickson is fast rising to notoriety. He says he was offered twenty-five thousand dollars and never flinched. Of course he never flinched as the Star Route verdict proves. A man that will flinch for twenty-five thousand dollars is a very powerful man.

When a paragrapher is short of a funny item, he concocts something like this: A young man walking along the street discovered a pocket book lying in the street before him. He gave it a kick and a boy who was coming along behind him picked it up and found \$100,000 therein. Then the young man kicked himself all around a ten-acre lot and sat on himself to think he hadn't picked it up. P. S.—We were in need of an item and the bills were counter-feit, anyway.

In view of the remark of an exchange that the autumn now is zero, it may be well to remember that the church fair is also here—that blissful fraud by means of which you are inveigled by a lovely girl with soft blue eyes and winning smile into paying two dollars and a half for a five cent bouquet. After that you go behind the door and gently expostulate with yourself. But the next lovely girl that comes along dashes away all your good resolutions and you succumb again: Our advice is: "D-d-d-d-don't you d-d-d-d-do it."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LOTTA plays nothing but "Bob" during her four weeks' engagement at Philadelphia.

A HUNGARIAN Ladies' Orchestra is said to be attracting crowds at the Broadway Gardens, Philadelphia.

MAURICE GRAU and his double company are making their way to Mexico, Havana and South America.

SIGNOR NICOLINI did not sing on the occasion of Madame Patti's first appearance last week.

MADAME PATTI's first appearance in New York took place on Monday night at the Academy of Music in "Lucia."

THE Handel & Haydn Society will recite the "Creation," in Boston, on November 13th, with Miss Emma Thursby, Mr. C. R. Adams and J. F. Finch as soloists.

MRS. MERTIA PORTER, a local celebrity, made her debut on the operatic stage in California last week as Lucia, and is said to have made a success.

It is stated that Mme. Patti was again married a few weeks ago in London to Signor Nicolini. The second marriage is supposed to be necessary since the passing of the new French law of divorce and to prevent the Marquis de Caux from claiming the estate Mme. Patti may have at her death.

LET the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

AFTER THE OPERA.

We stood one night in Deacon street.
Before her family mansion,
While in my heart the throbs of love
Were struggling for expansion.
We just had left the theatre,
Had heard *Il Trovatore*.
And on the door-step talked about
The music and the story.
She raved about the wondrous voice
Of Signor Campanini;
She praised his acting and his face;
While I stood like a ninny—
I wanted to—but why explain;
I half suspect she knew it.
I hemmed and twisted like a fool,
And hadn't pluck to do it.
I waited long, for some excuse
My stupid brain perplexing,
And then at length a silence fell.
So awkward and so vexing.
But suddenly she brightened up.
This loveliest of misers—
"Oh, by-the-way, did you observe
How gracefully he kisses?"

BROWN OF NEVADA.

BY MRS. FRANK M'GARTHY.

"Who's that going into Scrimmage's?" said the senior partner of Hardscrabble & Co. to one of his general salesmen. "Isn't that Brown of Nevada?"

The general salesman jumped, and opened wide his eyes, as he always did when Mr. Hardscrabble called his attention to anything, and concentrated all his energies upon a pair of tweed coat tails vanishing into the portals of the rival jobbing house opposite.

"By gracious!" he said, "I'm afraid it is Brown of Nevada."

"That's the second time to-day he's gone into Scrimmage's," said Mr. Hardscrabble. "Just look up Pillikin, will you, and send him into the office."

The general salesman went in search of Pillikin, with a peculiar "misery-loves-company" expression, and found him looking piteously into the face of a Texas man who wanted his goods at ninety days, twelve per cent. lower than the cost of importation, and the privilege of sending back, at the firm's expense, some goods that he wanted to take on trial. The Texas man baited poor Pillikin to the verge of desperation, and walked out of the store with the passing remark that he'd look in again.

Even the soul of the general salesman—and as a general thing this kind of a soul is not made of wax—melted at the haggard visage of Pillikin when he told him that Mr. Hardscrabble wanted to see him in the office. Yet to save his life he couldn't help adding, as Pillikin went dejectedly to obey the summons, that Hardscrabble had just seen Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. The general salesman had so often felt this sort of an iron enter into his own soul, he couldn't help assisting to probe others.

Pillikin grew deadly pale. "Brown of Nevada," he said, in a hoarse whisper—"into Scrimmage's!"

"It may be only to look around," said the general salesman, a little shocked that Pillikin took it quite so hard. "My gracious, man, you've got to be prepared for these things."

"I've had too many of them lately," said Pillikin. "I never had such luck in my life as I've had this season. Brown of Nevada is one of the men I thought I could rely upon. I've been looking for him all day."

"So you've slipped up with Brown, have you?" snarled the senior member as poor Pillikin walked into the office. "It appears to me, Pillikin, you're losing the little vim that you had last season. How long do you suppose we can stand this sort of thing? If you can't do better than this, you'd better not come to the store at all—just draw your salary and stay at home. Are you aware that this is the busy season, the short period when we are supposed to sell goods? If you'll take a memorandum of this fact, it may help you a little when you see such men as Brown of Nevada going into Scrimmage's. But the fact is we can't blame Brown. He wants a live man to deal with, not a wooden one."

A hot flame leaped into the haggard face of Pillikin. "See here, Mr. Hardscrabble," he said: "if you're not satisfied, tell me so, but keep a civil tongue in your head. I don't allow any man to speak in that way to me."

"You don't, eh?" roared Mr. Hardscrabble. But Pillikin had turned upon his heel and walked out of the office, more dead than alive. The flame had died out of his cheeks, and left them paler than before. His legs trembled beneath him as he walked on out of the store. The general salesman who had delivered the message from Hardscrabble remarked to another general salesman that "poor Pillikin must have caught it pretty hard; he seemed all broke up."

Poor Pillikin walked on to the ferry with his head in a whirl of disappointment, chagrin, fear and doubt. His reply to the senior member would undoubtedly lose him his situation, as they would be glad to get rid of him now that his valuable trade was falling off. If he could have held on to Brown of Nevada, all would have been well; and without Brown of Nevada what would he be worth elsewhere? How could he support his wife and children, and his wife's widowed sister and her little boy, making nine of them in all, upon any salary that he could get without the trade of Brown of Nevada? He was already in debt, and some of the little bills must be settled at once; his account was overdrawn at the store. It made him shudder to think of it. The cabin of the ferry-boat was stifling. In spite of

the lowering clouds and piercing wind, he made his way out on the forward deck, and as he saw the black waves of the East River surging against the slimy sides of the boat, he was strongly tempted to do away with all further trouble for a party called Pillikin.

While the temptation assailed him, the chains rattled, the newsboys' cries were heard on the Brooklyn side, the boat bumped against the dock, the crowd pushed him along, and he found himself plodding his homeward way. He couldn't bear the depressing influence of the horse-cars, so he trudged along on foot, a fierce March sleet beginning to beat upon the only high hat he owned in the world. It was utterly impossible to buy another, but Pillikin didn't care. He probably wouldn't need a high hat in the menial employment he would be compelled to accept when he was kicked out of Hardscrabble & Co.'s, and had lost the trade of Brown of Nevada. When he at last reached home, his fingers were so numb with cold he could hardly get the key in the door, but this didn't matter in the least. Several young and energetic parties ran to let him in; his plump pretty little wife took his coat, and kissed him; his still plumper and prettier sister-in-law took his hat and cane, and kissed him; a half-dozen rosy children put up their mouths to be kissed. The dining-room was warm and cozy; there were his chair and slippers waiting for him by the open fire; an inviting meal was wasting its unctuous odor in the halls below.

"My love," said his wife, "how late you are!"

"My dear," said his wife's sister, "we were so afraid you'd gone off with some of those horrid customers. You know you expected Brown of Nevada—"

"Jo, dear Jo—my husband, my love, my darling—what is the matter?"

For poor Jo Pillikin had sunk into a chair, put his head upon the table, and burst into tears.

It was weak and unmanly, perhaps; but he had eaten nothing since breakfast, had been badgered and worried, and on his feet all day; the March wind had pierced to the marrow of his bones. To find all this love and cheer and comfort awaiting him, to remember how he had perilled them all in his talk with Hardscrabble, how he had been tempted to drown them all in his cowardice while upon the ferry-boat, and, above all, for his sweet sister-in-law to pelt him with the crushing name of Brown of Nevada, the author of all his misery—it was too much for poor Jo Pillikin. He wept, not as a woman whose tears console and comfort as they flow, but as a strong man weeps when the first keenness is added to the agony of despair.

Pretty Mrs. Pillikin got down on her knees, and wept on his shoulder, her sister cried upon his other shoulder, and all the little Pillikins set up a howl, none of them knowing in the least what they were crying about save poor Jo, whose tears ceased to flow when he found how contagious they were.

In the midst of all this uproar a man mounted the stoop and rang the bell; but it was Bridget's day out, and in all this noisy distress none of the Pillikins heard the bell. Pillikin had in his agitation left the door ajar, and nobody had thought to shut it. So the stranger walked into the little reception-room, hoping that he would soon have an opportunity of making himself known. When all this sobbing fell upon his ear, he was annoyed and shocked, and scarcely knew what to do. Through a crevice in the door that separated the reception from the dining-room, he saw Jo Pillikin sitting by the table, his head bowed upon his hands, one pretty young woman dressed in some soft, warm gray material, sobbing on one of his shoulders, and a still younger and prettier woman dressed in black sobbing on the other shoulder, and around the room, all about the floor and the chairs, were innumerable children, all howling at the top of their lungs. Pillikin hastily dried his tears and composed his features, and began to soothe his family. He took one of the pretty women on one knee, the other on the other knee, and gave each of his ten fingers to the young brood, hushing and coaxing them into calm.

"There, there," said Jo, "don't cry any more. I'm a heartless brute to have worried you so. But I couldn't help it. I feel better now; but I never was so completely broken up in my life. I don't mind telling you that I've done a very impudent thing. It has weighed like a mountain of lead upon my heart and conscience; but I feel more courageous now that I know you love me well enough to share the burden. But I ought to have kept my temper. A man ought to think of his family when his situation is at stake, and it was enough to make Hardscrabble lose whatever decency he ever had to see Brown of Nevada go into Scrimmage & Co.'s."

Both the women started and turned pale.

"Oh, Sue!" faltered the wife, to her sister—"Brown of Nevada?"

"Oh, Kate!" gasped the young widow, to the wife—"into Scrimmage & Co.'s!"

"Brown of Nevada?" they repeated together, shaking their heads mournfully.

"Yes, Brown of Nevada!" repeated Jo, also shaking his head mournfully, but feeling consoled, in spite of himself, with his family's full appreciation of the disaster that had befallen him. "This was the drop that overflowed the bitterness of my cup. Brown has always been my best card. It was a pleasure to sell to Brown. Most of these men would skin a flea for its hide. But there's nothing mean about Brown."

"There's something very mean in his going to Scrimmage's," said Mrs. Pillikin.

"I call it a very dishonorable action," said the widow.

"No," said Pillikin, "not dishonorable exactly; but I must say, if he wasn't satisfied with me, he might have bought his goods of some other concern, and not gone over to Scrimmage's right before Hardscrabble's eyes."

Here something like a distant cough was heard. They all looked around, but thought it must be one of the children.

"It was like flinging a red rag in the face of a mad bull," continued Jo. "Hardscrabble was white with rage, and didn't know what he said. I'm sorry now I allowed myself to reply as I did. But it was a bitter blow to me to know that Brown of Nevada, of all other men in the trade, should— But I tell you there's somebody in the other room." Poor Jo turned pale again. "I'm afraid it's Brown with that bill; I told him to call around. I can't pay him now; it's impossible. But I'll have to see him, I suppose."

"No," said his sister-in-law, springing to her feet: "I'll see him. I'll tell him you're not well, that you can't see anybody."

"That's a good girl," said Pillikin, with a sigh of relief. "Say that I'll call around next week. Heaven knows when I can pay him now; but say that I'll call around."

The young widow went around through the hall into the reception-room, and found there a young man of fine proportions and frank, pleasant countenance, who immediately began to apologize.

"I rang the bell," he said, "but nobody heard me, and finding the door ajar, I took the liberty of walking in. I'm exceedingly sorry to be the cause of any trouble. If you'll first tell Mr. Pillikin that my name is Brown, he'll guess the nature of my errand."

"We all know your errand," said the widow. "My poor dear brother-in-law guessed it right away. Around the first of the month there are so many people coming here upon the same errand! And I've got a splendid idea what to do with them. My brother-in-law is such a dear good fellow, he's always robbing himself to help others; he's given me a home, and my little orphan boy a home, and no wonder he can't pay his bills. But I've got a piano and stool, and lots of music, and a cover that I've embroidered with my own hands, and these must be worth something considerable."

"Something very considerable," said the stranger, looking at the young widow earnestly.

"And I'm going to make the piano and stool and music and embroidered cover go as far as they will with my brother-in-law's bills. Now, I'll give you the first chance. Where is your bill? what is the amount?"

The young man reddened, bit his lip, smiled.

"There is some mistake," he said.

"Isn't your name Brown, and haven't you come to collect a bill?"

"I have not come to collect a bill. My name is Brown, but I don't think it's the same Brown. There are a great many Browns. If you will tell your brother-in-law that I am Brown of Nevada—"

"Oh!" gasped the widow; and for a moment Brown of Nevada thought she was going to faint. He sprang to her side to save her from falling, but she recovered herself, and her breath and color came again. She clasped her hands, and looked at the young man with her whole soul in her eyes. "Brown of Nevada!" she repeated—"Brown of Nevada! O my gracious!"

"Yes, I hurried over here to correct an error that had reached your brother-in-law's ears. I did not go into Scrimmage's to buy goods; it was only to meet a friend."

"Only to meet a friend," repeated the widow, still devouring him with her large, soft, pathetic eyes; and you did not buy your goods at Scrimmage's?"

"Certainly not. I shall buy my goods of your brother-in-law, as I always do."

"As you always do!" repeated the widow, tears springing to her eyes, her lovely face suffused with a sort of rapture that really embarrassed Brown. "Of course! As you always do! And you are really Brown of Nevada?" And here she began to walk to the door, keeping her eyes still fastened upon the young merchant.

"I am really Brown of Nevada."

"Dear me! Isn't it wonderful—strange—perfectly splendid! You'll stay here just a minute, won't you? while I go and tell Jo."

"I'll stay here any quantity of minutes;" and out glided the young widow, leaving Brown in as delicious a daze as she was herself.

"Jo, Jo," said the widow to her brother-in-law, raising his dejected head, and shaking him energetically by the shoulder; "Kate, my sister, my dear ones, prepare yourselves. Don't let it come upon you too sudden."

"Good heavens!" cried poor Pillikin, leaping to his feet; "what has happened? What is it, now?"

"It's—it's not the Mr. Brown with the bill, Jo."

"Who is it? what is it? Misfortunes never come alone. I'm prepared for anything!"

"It's—it's—oh, Jo, it's Brown of Nevada!"

"Great Heavens!" said Jo, springing to the door.

"And he didn't buy his goods of Scrimmage; he went there to meet a friend, and he will buy his goods of you, as he always does," said the young widow, in a crescendo that at last reached a shrill treble; but Jo was already wringing the hand of Brown.

"Apart from the fact that you have not gone

back on me, Brown," said poor Pillikin, "I don't mind telling you that your presence is a reprieve from all sorts of miseries; but how the deuce did you find me out?"

"Why, one of your general salesmen over there—I forget his name—told me you and Hardscrabble had some words about my going into Scrimmage's. He said you were so cut up about it, and didn't appear to be well when you left the store; so I thought I'd take a cab and come over. It was a pleasant night—that is, not a very pleasant night; but I hadn't anything to do—that is, I had lots of things to do, but, hang it, I wanted to come, and I am glad I did!"

"So am I, Brown—God bless you, so am I!" Then poor Pillikin, relieved of the burden of doubt and wretchedness that had oppressed him, and having there before him as his voluntary guest the representative of a worshipful amount of trade—poor Pillikin gathered together his scattered dignity and self-esteem, and began to discuss matters of business with a serene and serious enthusiasm that bespoke the happiness of the occasion.

As for Brown of Nevada, he couldn't keep his mind upon what Pillikin was saying, he was so taken up with the rustling of drapery outside.

The two little women were flying around down stairs in the kitchen, and up stairs in the dining-room. The children had their bread and milk, and were washed and put to bed; the widow flew down to the kitchen and made some little dishes, all in the twinkling of an eye, their culinary perfection consisting in the rapidity with which they were got together, and clapped upon the dumb-waiter, and hoisted to her sister in the dining-room above, who whisked them upon the table, and what with the haste and happiness and unexpectedness of it all, when they rang the bell and invited the gentlemen out to supper, there couldn't possibly be two prettier or more engaging women in the universe; and a more appetizing meal Brown of Nevada never saw or tasted.

From pitying Jo Pillikin, he began to envy him. How hollow and cold and altogether unsatisfactory was the life of a bachelor!—particularly out in Nevada.

The March wind still roared and howled, and the March sleet yet beat upon the Pillikin window-panes, and nothing would do but Brown of Nevada must stay all night.

He knew it must be the widow's room that he slept in (as indeed it was, that little woman and her orphan boy crowding in with the little Pillikins), and Brown of Nevada went all around, admiring the pretty knickknacks, and worsted-work and embroidery, that was of course the work of the fair widow's hands. He went to sleep, and dreamed that Pillikin was so steeped in pecuniary difficulties that the widow found the piano and stool and music, and even the embroidered cover, were only a drop in the bucket; so in her warm generosity she threw herself in, and stood upon the piano to be raffled off by the creditors and friends of Pillikin. Brown threw double sixes every time, and had just made arrangements to have the widow and piano and stool and music and cover shipped out to Nevada with the rest of his goods when the breakfast bell rang. He awoke, and blushed to find what absurdities a man will dream, and blushed still more when the soft innocent eyes of the widow met his own over the potatoes, and the muffins, and scrambled eggs, and the multitude of good things which he found out afterward she had made with her own hands.

Her orphan boy was a fine little fellow, and would make a splendid man some day if he could be taken where there was room to grow.

But who can picture the pride of Pillikin when he walked into the store the next morning arm in arm with Brown of Nevada? Mr. Hardscrabble was just bullying one of the heads of stock, and catching a glimpse of this touching spectacle of amity between Pillikin and Brown of Nevada, he rushed forward, with tender hospitality placed an affectionate hand upon the shoulder of each, and thus lovingly linked together, the three walked down the store.

And the saying is that whatever you dream in a strange bed is sure to come true; and I shouldn't wonder if, when Brown went back to Nevada, he'd take all those things he won at that imaginary raffle—all except the piano and stool and music and embroidered cover. These the dear little widow declares she will leave to the young Pillikins.

HUMOROUS.

WHY is a general servant like a boat?—Because the one is maid of all work and the other is also maid of awl-work.

BETTER THAN PROPHETICS.—A lazy man in Tennessee heads his letters "Iloc." and another person in Wyandotte puts "Y.K."

A LEADVILLE journalist who makes a great feature of his "personal column" has shot so many men that he is now spoken of as "the local lead-litor."

"WHAT comes after T?" asked a teacher of a pupil who was learning the alphabet. He received the bewildering reply—"You do—to see 'Liza!'"

WHAT is the difference between the pawnee and the pawner?—The former prays for his prey until he gets it; and the latter prays for his watch, but doesn't get it.

BUSY editor to troublesome applicant who persists in calling: "To-day is Thursday, and I'm very busy. Suppose you call next Thursday, and then I'll tell you when to call again."

A GREAT Irish orator and wit was asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose he's trying to catch the English accent," said the wit.



A WET AFTERNOON.



POETRY.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY H. LENGU.

SPOILED LIVES.

You are wise, O man, in the world's sight,
Far-seeing and clear-eyed,
But what do you know of the weight of woo
That crushes the heart by your side?
Can you read the far-away yearning look
That is turned aside from your glance?
Can you reach to fathom the thoughts that lie
Deeper than utterance?

Do you know that your slave is your master:
That the heart you are placed above
Is as silver compared with lead to yours,
And exceeds you in all but love?
And that she hath in abundance;
But how can it ever be thine?
Such love as hers poured out before thee
Would be "tendering pearls to swine."

Better for thee, O man, had it been
Thy lot to woo and wed
A woman whose higher nature
Were dull as thine own and dead;
For she would have given thee all her love,
Such as she had to give—
Coarse love perhaps, but it would have been thine;
While this one will only live
Quiet and uncomplaining,
Yet struggling for ever with Fate,
Scorning the load that oppresses her,
Yet sinking beneath its weight.

And better for thee, O woman,
If thou couldst but have known
To seek the treasures dear to thee
Unheeded and alone;
For then, if there had been no friend
By love idealised,
If thy highest thoughts had been unknown,
They had not been despised!

Yet stay—look back and remember—
Glance over thy youth-time again—
Not to bewail and regret it,
For tears and bewailings are vain.
What was it that stirred your spirit
When you entered the church at his side?
Was it vanity, love, or ambition,
Or a woman's wounded pride,
When your right hand paid the tribute
And you bowed your head to the yoke,
And, standing before God's altar,
Your vow of allegiance spoke?

And then did you awake with a shudder,
As the honeymoon died away,
To find your life lying cold and dead
In the sober light of day?
Did you turn away from your new-found path
With a feeling of doubt and dread
And poor mankind's most bitter prayer,
"Would to God I were dead!"
And then did you fall and weep
Despairing, passionate tears,
Such as they weep who have lost their all
And have nothing to hope from the years?

But yet is there something to live for,
Though the star of your hope is set;
The clear calm light of Usefulness
Is a living radiance yet.
Seek not for your own loved pleasure,
But another's good pursue.
Conquer yourself; 'twere a nobler task
And a greater work to do.
And root out the dead flowers from your life,
For, while they are cherished so,
The fresh ones (God ordains for you
Will have no room to grow!

SUSANNA J.

NATIONAL ANNIVERSARIES.

Time was when the French holiday of Thursday last was observed by no mean portion of our countrymen with almost as much enthusiasm as by the men who were themselves a part of the events it was designed to commemorate. At the present moment England is neither in the mood of Priestley nor of Burke; and France seems to have entered on a soberer strain of political thought than has characterized her for many a day. She determined, however, to do honour to the 14th of July, and, on the whole, the day was well chosen. A better one (but for a single circumstance) would have been the 5th of May, as that of the assembly of the States General, which every honest Frenchman held to be a blessing to the country; or only, death, there would have been grave objections to its observance. Had the intellect of France not separated itself from Christianity, the 15th of August, as the Festival of St. Louis, might have seemed a still more appropriate holiday, or the St. Henry (July 15) as the name-day of the debonair King. As to the significance of the capture of the Bastille, well-informed persons have pretty well made up their minds. It was the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual change in the mind of the nation. The attack on an almost disused and feebly guarded prison symbolized a revolution, and no mere local tumult, as the Duc de Liancourt had the wit to see. And yet Thiers, the lyricist as much as the historian of the revolution, is obliged to characterize the events of that day as unfortunate. The 14th of July, he says, made the 10th of August possible, and the more terrible 2nd of September.

Should England ever decide on having a national holiday she will have a happier list of dates to choose from than her neighbour. No one among us seriously questions the benefit of our revolution, though Lord Beaconsfield amused himself with an attempt to prove that it was nothing more than a clever political move of the Whig leaders. But in the selection of a day which the whole nation could join in celebrating we are not confined to the anniversaries of political occurrences. France has no writer who towers by a head and shoulders above all her other writers, while Englishmen are agreed to consider Shakspeare as having neither equal nor second. The date popularly assigned to the birth of Shakspeare is also that of the patron saint of the nation; and if Shakspeare was not born on a 23rd of April, he certainly died on that day. So, two hundred and thirty-four years later, did Woodsworth; Turner, the painter was born on the 23rd of April 1775; so that the day is a pretty notable one. Nor should it be forgotten that the Order of the Garter, which

once had a meaning (and an excellent one) is said to have been founded on St. George's day—in 1344, according to Froissart. And yet there would be various objections to the 23rd of April as a national festival; indeed, if we use the word national in its broadest sense, any day which commemorates a religious event becomes impossible. Neither Jews nor Mussulmans have any part in St. George; and Dissenters look on him with suspicion, as also, for widely different reasons, do students of history. The festival, moreover, might fall in Passion week, or, to use the more correct ecclesiastical term, in Holy Week, which a large portion of the community deems unsuited to holiday rites. Another difficulty with an April festival arises from the simple fact of its occurring in that proverbially fickle month. A better date, if one must select from the calendar of saints, would be the 17th of June, on which St. Alban, the first martyr of Britain, is said to have been put to death. Only, if the truth must be brutally expressed, nobody greatly cares for St. Alban in the present age.

The anniversary of a great battle might fairly be taken as a national holiday, and yet it is better taste not to do so. Officers who had fought at Waterloo grew to regret the banquet at Apsley House on the 18th of June, as tending to perpetuate passions which were less than noble. There are, however, fights which can be remembered with unmixed pride and satisfaction, and the celebration of which could really hurt no healthy national susceptibilities. No sensible Spaniard could take offense at a commemoration of the defeat of the Armada; and never was a victory more bravely won or in a better cause. The decisive day of the prolonged conflict was unquestionably the 29th of July. The anniversary of Sluys—the first English victory at sea—might offer a fair excuse for a holiday, were the event better remembered than it is. It was fought on Midsummer day, 1340. The days of the Nile, of Trafalgar, and of Waterloo recall events far too near to render a noisy celebration of them expedient in the hearing of our neighbours across the channel. As to political days, there are many which Englishmen of every shade of opinion could join in honouring. The 5th of November, in the language of the old State prayers, is famous "for the happy arrival of his Majesty King William, for the deliverance of our Church and nation." Unluckily, it is also a day on which Protestants of a certain stamp think it necessary to outrage the feelings of Roman Catholics. Were Great Britain and Ireland truly one, the 1st of January, on which the kingdoms became legally united would deserve more recognition than is commonly accorded. Note, too, that that was the first day of the year 1801—the first day of the nineteenth century, with which no century, save that which saw the first printed book and the discovery of the New World, can be compared. The 1st of August, which is the day of the accession of the House of Hanover, has once in our history obtained official notice. In 1814 the great peace and the centenary of George I.'s advent to the throne were celebrated at one and the same time. Assuredly it is the day to be remembered, and might well be a national day "of gladness and feasting, and a good day, and of sending portions one to another." It is crowded with glorious memories, with triumphs by land and by sea, and victories of peace,

No less renown'd than war.

Minden was fought on the 1st of August 1759. Nelson destroyed the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir on the 1st of August, 1798. Slavery ceased through the British Empire on the 1st of August, 1834.

But there is a greater day in the history of the English people and of mankind than even the 1st of August. Magna Charta was signed on Trinity Monday, the 15th of June, 1215. If ever there should be a Pan-Anglican festival, not in the poor sectarian sense of the words, but in all their greatest meaning, it should be on one of these days, either the fixed or the movable one.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

A HARSHNESS OF MARRIAGE.

We are constantly told that the life work of a wife is as arduous and as absorbing as that of her husband. We are told that if she does her duty to her family, she can have no time to study metaphysics or to put a slip of paper into a ballot box. I think it was the Conservative Dr. Edward H. Clarke who declared that the duties of the mother of a family required as much toil of brain and body as those of the captain of a ship. Grant it all; grant that she works as hard as her husband does. If so, the inference is irresistible that she earns her share of the family income. The fact that she receives the money and pays the bills makes him the treasurer of the family, that is all; and he has no more right than any other treasurer to take airs upon himself and talk nonsense. When he pays out money to her, it is not as a gift, but as earnings.

In many cases the money all came as her dowry to begin with. In many other cases she does her full share in the direct earning of the income. As a rule, I am told, actresses and women who sing in public support their families, including their husbands. In our farming regions the wife's work is not only as hard as the husband's, but a considerable share of the direct money getting comes upon her. For farming while yielding a comfortable support, yields but little in the form of money, and in

many cases, especially in New England, the greater part of the actual cash receipts during the summer months comes through the energy of the wife in taking city boarders. In a farmhouse near my summer abode, a cook is hired at four dollars a week, while the boarding season lasts, and a "second girl" at three dollars and a half. In another farmhouse near by, the young wife of the farmer does all this work herself with the assistance of a little girl of twelve; and she does it as well and for nearly as many boarders. Considering merely the wages she saves, her work is worth nearly a dollar a day; and considering the profits she brings to the establishment, it is probably worth three times that. Yet probably the payment is made through her husband as treasurer, and whatever money she spends would be regarded by the neighbours as "given" by him. And if the farm is paid for by their joint accumulations, the neighbours would consider—and, indeed, the law would assume—that it was paid for by him, and belonged to him.

I am perfectly willing to admit that in the great majority of cases this whole matter settles itself; but there is a large minority of cases where the wife is kept, during her whole life, in a false position from a false theory of treasurership. There are no doubt cases where a man earns a great fortune, while his wife's existence is that of a butterfly. These cases are rare; taking one family with another, the wife works as hard as the husband; and the fact that his share involves the handling of the money does not make it his money. It belongs to both; and what he pays over to her is not a gift, but a matter of right. "This was a present to me from my wife," said a rich man, showing an ornament. "Bought with your money," said a friend, jocosely. "No!" said he, "out of her own hard earnings. She keeps house for a man of your acquaintance!"

HIGH-PRICED DIRT.

The prices now obtained for real estate are, to quote the words of Johnson, "beyond the dreams of avarice." Who ever imagined that lots, even in New York, would bring such immense sums? A sample of high prices of old times is found in Nile's register for 1828 (just fifty four years ago), which announces the sale of a lot on Wall street, 25 x 112, for the enormous sum of \$35,000. A similar lot, however, has just been sold for \$350,000. A still higher rate was recently obtained for the corner of Wall and Broad streets, which is really the best corner in the whole city. The size is only 16 x 30, but it brought \$168,000, being at the rate of \$16,000,000 per acre. This is the highest price ever obtained for any real estate in America. The opposite corner is occupied by the Drexel building, and the price paid for it was at the rate of \$14,000,000, but that was during the inflation. The present condition of the market, however, is vastly above inflation prices, and there is no such thing as fixing any limit. For instance, there is No. 50, Wall street, (48 x 100) which ten years ago brought the immense sum of \$400,000. This was then considered a wonderful sale, and yet the same property has just been resold at \$700,000, which was considered a very reasonable mark. The next sale will, no doubt, be at \$1,000,000, and in this manner property in the money heart of America must continue to advance.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RELIGION is our life, being essential to our peace of mind, our support under the trials of life, and our fitness for the eternal world.

WE ought not to look back, unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.

UNLESS we are prepared to assert that all goodness culminates in ourselves and recedes from others in exact proportion to their distance from us, we must admit that our feelings are large factors of injustice in the judgments that we are all of us only too ready to form.

FEW companions are more delightful, as few also are more rare, than a sympathetic person. So many good qualities make up the ideal sympathetic nature—tact, unselfishness, a knowledge of many subjects—that it is not wonderful that such gifted persons should be the exceptions, not the rule.

TRIALS of every kind may await you, sterner and darker than any yet experienced. Do not anticipate them, but do not forget their possibility. Do not, as you prize your own soul, forget that your strength for every conflict depends on your being girdled for each as it comes, and never being careless or weary.

IF we find that our time passes slowly and heavily, we may be sure there is something wrong within. Either we have not enough to do or we work mechanically without heart or energy. If past time looks short and empty, it is because it lacks a distinct record of noble aims, definite resolves, worthy endeavors; if the immediate future looks tedious and uninteresting, it is because we are not living full, rich, and earnest lives.

THE farmer knows he cannot change the species of the seed and make rye yield wheat or barley oats; but he also knows that he can bring many influences to bear upon the growth

of each plant after its kind—that he can so accommodate its relations to sun, air, water, and soil as to ensure its better development or to stunt and impoverish it. So, if we learn the true lesson of heredity, we shall know that human tendencies, real and actual as they are, depend for their development largely upon the way they are treated.

HAPPINESS.—Happiness is not something which can be parcelled out and divided evenly among a number of people. It does not consist in the possession of money, or applause, or fame, or position, or all united, for it is well known that these may co-exist with much misery. Neither is it involved in advantages and opportunities, however numerous or valuable they be, for these are often neglected or misused. It is rather the result in our own experience of the full exercise of all our faculties.

PERSONS OF ONE IDEA.—Persons who are absorbed in one thing rarely attain to any breadth of view or fulness of character. They see things in false perspective, their own speciality covering the entire foreground, and those of others receding into the distance. They shut themselves out from much knowledge, much sympathy, much happiness. They become narrow, prejudiced, and often conceited. From dwelling always upon the one subject on which they know more than others, they come to feel complacent in their fancied superiority and quite oblivious of their ignorance of the topics on which other people are well informed. They sometimes become disagreeable to those they meet, and, neither giving nor receiving sympathy, their hearts are shut up within themselves and contract. In short, the man of one idea gradually withers and shrivels up, instead of developing into a full and ripe manhood. He is always placing limits beyond which he will not suffer his thoughts, his views, his ideas or his sympathies to grow.

VARIETIES.

JUST before a Western bound train left the Union depot yesterday morning, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket-office, and remarked:

"Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?"

"No sir!" was the short reply.

"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued.

"It has been checked, sir."

"Yes—ahem—you go west, I presume?"

"I do."

"Going as far as Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—yes—to Chicago. I also take the train for Chicago. But your pardon, but didn't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?"

"No, sir!"

"Ah! Then it was in Syracuse?"

"No, sir!"

"No? I wonder where I have seen you before?"

"You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume?"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, sir, and if you'll only stand around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month."

Some mashers would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop and as he wanted to go light, he left his grip sack and a ton of brass behind him.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A PLEASING LITTLE EPISODE.—A very pretty story is told of a nightingale owned by Miss Thursby, and which accompanied her on her travels, as follows: She had given a concert at Prague before an aristocratic audience, in which each person vied with his neighbor in doing her honor. Plaudits and presents were showered on her, and people wondered how it was that the noted melomaniac and connoisseur, Prince Wittgenstein, should have given no practical token of the admiration which he expressed. Next day the prince called at her hotel, accompanied by a servant carrying a bird cage. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I am at a loss to express fully my rapture at your singing. I consider that there is not on earth one other voice like yours. Let me beg of you to accept this pair of nightingales as a souvenir; I own nothing more precious. Pray teach them how to sing." All this might have passed for a neatly-turned complement if the nightingales had been ordinary nightingales, but they were a good deal more than ordinary birds—they were historical birds, and the red cross mark upon their breasts indicated them to be the lineal descendants of a couple of warblers brought from Palestine by a crusading ancestor of the prince, who, taken prisoner at the siege of Jerusalem, had been so located during his long captivity by their visits to his dungeon window. When the knight's ransom had been paid he asked that his feathered friends be given him. The sultan consented, and from that time there has always been one couple, and no more, of red-cross nightingales in the family of Wittgenstein, from which they passed into the possession of Miss Thursby; and, as one of the birds has died without heirs the race will be extinct. The survivor is as lively as a cricket, but it disdains any mate of less exalted parentage; and thus ends the legend of the Bohemian nightingale, and from whose notes the prima donna has learned her "Chanson de l'Oseau."

"YOU BET!"

Miss Wanda Brown, residing at a fashionable boarding-house in Thirty-Ninth street, New York City, recently gave her landlady, Mrs. Beeble, in charge for assault and battery. Being requested by the magistrate to state the particulars of the assault, she deposed that upon three several occasions Mrs. Beeble had put a huge bull-frog into her bed.

"Is that so?" inquired his honor of the prisoner. "Well, judge, I admit the frogs," replied Mrs. Beeble; "but what is one who is poor, though honest, to do with a boarder who will neither pay nor quit? That is how it was. I had lost enough money by her, and wasn't going to waste any more in getting her put out of my house by the strong arm of the law. But my husband supplies cold-blooded animals to the medical students for their experiments, and so it struck me one day, looking over his stock, that a likely way to persuade Miss Brown to pay up or, better still, to get rid of her, would be to administer a frog or two to her in bed."

"Did your expedient succeed?" asked the magistrate, with a smile.

"You bet!" answered Mrs. Beeble.

"Did she pay up then?"

"Not much, judge; but, after the third frog, she vacated the ranche."

"That was a good notion of yours, Mrs. Beeble," observed his honor, vainly striving to keep his countenance; "but duty compels me to fine you three dollars."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, November 4.

ANOTHER new hotel is to be built in the Northumberland avenue. Presumably it, too, will have its parasitical theatre.

A COMPANY with a capital of £50,000 has been projected to take over the Faldstaff Club. There ought to be no difficulty about carrying out the scheme, considering how many have taken a heavy interest in the original project.

PATRIOTIC papers complain of Frenchwomen for their patronage of Scotch and English goods in preference to French. That the English are selected is not so visible, but that the plaid is in the ascendant among ladies of fashion is apparent.

THE Americans propose to build a magnificent hotel near to the Houses of Parliament; a site in Whitehall-place has been mentioned, though there seems hardly room enough there for such an ambitious edifice as that which has been planned.

THE National Liberal Club has now been formally floated. A committee has been appointed to select a suitable site. Whitehall Gardens is spoken of as the probable locale of the new undertaking. The Earl of Rosebery will be the president.

THE Egyptian cornet captured at Tel-el-Kebir by Colonel the Hon. R. Talbot, 1st Life Guards, was used for a solo by Mr. Howard Reynolds on Thursday evening, on the occasion of the special promenade concert at Covent Garden Theatre, to celebrate the return of Lord Wolseley of Cairo.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works is determined to do its duty towards the public with regard to having perfect exits to theatre, so that the audience can escape in case of fire. It will be a great loss to the managers, but the safety of the public must be assured before all other considerations.

THE Queen, it is said, will, notwithstanding the contradiction, review the troops which have returned from Egypt. The date will most possibly be about the time when the Queen opens the Courts of Justice. The troops, though dispersed, will be reassembled for the day in London. Of course, if volunteers can come a hundred miles or so regularly can do the same.

A LEATHER bonnet has just been produced; it seems a remarkable notion, but evidently patronized with a view to economy on account of the everlasting wear. Yet the effect of a round hat of a pronounced color—for it is more a hat than a bonnet—with a red feather and a steel buckle, is picturesque, even melodramatic—almost a little brigand-like.

THERE will be a grand concert at Brighton on the 18th of November; it will be given by the Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society. The Duke of Edinburgh will play a solo, and the concert, it is expected, will be honored by the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the Royal College of Music.

MR. E. CLARKE, Q.C., the energetic member for Plymouth, has hit upon what he considers to be an excellent plan for saving the time of the House now lost by the frequent counts. He proposes that when a count shall take place, and

not forty members be found to be present, the debate and not the House shall be counted out. Why not fine all the absentees, that is a brighter idea.

A POET named Rodd has been unfortunate enough to obtain an introduction to a volume of poems from the pen of Mr. Oscar Wilde. Mr. Wilde says that his friend's verses are "as exquisite and iridescent as a lovely fragment of Venetian glass," that they resemble in their fine workmanship an etching by Whistler, or "one of Carol's twilight passages into music." This kind of thing does not dispose the critics to spare the Rodd.

THE idea of unveiling, on the same day, the busts of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, and making one event of it, seemed to be curious. The Lord Mayor blessed them both, in a very fair speech; but the missing link was still wanting after he had done, and the busts would not, place them as one would, deign to look at each other. In life they were divided, and in marble they are not sympathetic.

THE burglar season has commenced, and policemen are being shot like pheasants. It is proposed that our protectors in blue should be armed with revolvers in districts where burglars abound, with instructions to imitate the polite guards of the Marlborough epoch, not to use them till fired at, but then to make quite certain of their aim. In duelling the fact used never to be discovered of old whether the expert one did not shoot just a second before the other.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been paid to the article in the Fortnightly on "The State of the Opposition," and much speculation has taken place as to the names of the "Two Conservatives" who are said to be the authors. One report is that it is written by Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Drummond Wolff. Conservatives do not admit the justness of the criticism, but the writers have certainly told some home truths.

WHEN the Prince of Wales saw a copy of Mr. G. Barnett Smith's portrait of Thomas Carlyle recently, he immediately became a subscriber to the work. The Earl of Derby and the Earl of Fife are also subscribers. This etching of the head of the great writer is almost life size, and those who knew Carlyle well regard it as a worthy memento of him. We understand that Carlyle's house is for sale; one of his admirers ought not to be alarmed at any price in order to become its owner.

THE rumor that the old courts at Westminster are to be retained by the grand committee Mr. Shaw Lefevre has indirectly shown to be altogether unfounded in his exhausting article in the Nineteenth Century on London improvements. He there reminds the public that it was practically a Parliamentary compact that, so soon as they were no longer necessary for judicial purposes, they should be removed to open up the historic walls of Westminster Hall. This is all extremely important and highly valuable reading.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S manner of arrival at Charing-cross on Saturday night was a funny one for a conquering hero. The victor of Tel-el-Kebir was dressed in a long ulster and a slouched hat—as unmilitary an outfit as could well be conceived. Such foreigners as happened to be there must have wondered at our insular preference for *muffin*. The crowd had no difficulty in recognizing Sir Garnet, but the word having gone round, they made sure their enthusiasm was not misdirected by cheering indifferently everybody bearing the least resemblance to him.

A PARCEL containing ten thousand photographs of Sir Garnet Wolseley left London for New York this week. They are ordered by a well-known dealer in such commodities in the States, and have been "invoiced" by an equally well-known dealer in London. These are genuine likenesses—not advertisements in disguise, and the order is based upon the assumption that Sir Garnet's accession to popularity will justify a considerable expenditure. Each carte is to be sold at half-a-dollar, and in the "uptown" stores at a dollar. Mounters are still being employed upon Mrs. Langtry's portrait, in expectation of a demand for a further consignment to the United States.

THE Postmaster-General is believed to contemplate an increase in the number of female clerks employed in the post office, much to the dissatisfaction of the male officials. The ladies in the post office are subject to very strict regulations. They have an entrance to themselves; they are not allowed to come to the door attended by a gentleman; they are not allowed to leave the building during the day; they must be unmarried or widows; if they marry afterwards they have to resign. All ranks are represented. We were told the other day of two nieces of a late Foreign Secretary and near connections of an Indian Viceroy who had just passed the examination for clerkships in the post office.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 406.

From reports which have reached us, it is evident that the clubs of Quebec and Toronto are making good arrangements, in the shape of local contests, for practice, this season, in the royal game of chess. We suppose the same thing is taking place at Ottawa, where there is, we believe, a large and energetic club. It is to be hoped that these clubs, at least, will not fail to send representatives to the approaching Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, and that other players also, who may not be so fortunate as to be members of any one of these chess societies, may visit Montreal during the meeting, in order to take an active part in its proceedings. The existence of an association in Canada for the advancement of such an intellectual game as chess has been more than once alluded to by our friends abroad, and, in many respects, highly creditable, and we may add that it is the duty of every chess-player amongst us to aid in maintaining such an association in an efficient condition. The annual meeting this year is to be in Montreal, and next year it will be in some other of our large cities, but, wherever it may be, it is to be anticipated that a large gathering of players will testify to the fact, that chess is not neglected in the Dominion of Canada.

The match of three games between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Mason ended in a victory for the latter. The struggle, however, was a very close one, the score being Mason 1 and two draws.

Strenuous efforts are being made in London, Eng., in order that the proposed International Tournament may be a success.

The subject seems to attract the attention of players in every part of the country. Provincial clubs will not fail to aid in the matter.

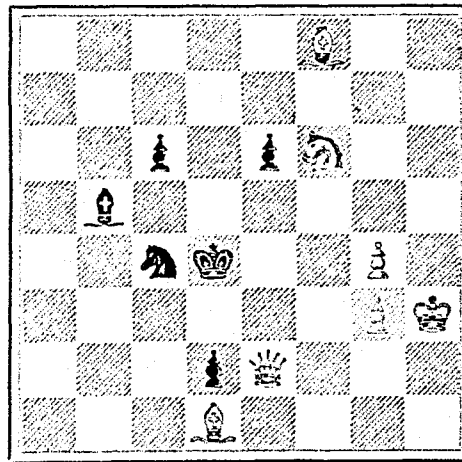
Mr. Steinitz left London on the 25th of October by the steamer "State of Indiana," for Philadelphia direct, and arrived on Tuesday last. His match with Martinez will begin on Monday in that city. Captain Mackenzie could not complete his arrangements in time to accompany Mr. Steinitz, nor could the latter keep his engagements with the Philadelphians and delay his departure in order to have the companionship of Mackenzie on the voyage, for he had promised to leave within ten days after receipt of advices. Captain Mackenzie had arranged to sail on the steamer of the 1st of November, and will undoubtedly reach New York within two or three days, when he will at once enter upon his engagement at the Manhattan Chess Club.—*Turf, Field and Farm*, Nov. 16.

The match between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez began on Monday, the 13th inst., and up to date three games have been played, which have been won by the former.

PROBLEM No. 406.

By H. D. W. Clark, of Siberia.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 406.

White. Black.
1 R to K Kt 5 1 Adv.
2 Mates.

GAME 537th.

Played during the late meeting of the Counties' Chess Association at Manchester, England.

(From the British Chess Magazine.)

(Irregular Opening.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Thorold.) BLACK.—(Mr. Ranken.)
1 P to K R 4 1 P to K Kt 3 (a)
2 P to K 2 2 B to Kt 2
3 Kt to K B 3 3 P to Q 4
4 P to Q 4 (b) 4 Kt to K B 3
5 P to Q B 4 5 P to K 3
6 Kt to B 3 6 P to Q Kt 3
7 Kt to K 5 7 Castles
8 P to Q Kt 3 (c) 8 B to Kt 2
9 B to Q R 3 9 R to K sq
10 P to Q B 5 10 P to Q R 3
11 B to K 2 11 Kt to B 3
12 P to K R 4 (d) 12 P to Q Kt 4
13 P to Q Kt 4 13 Kt takes Kt
14 B P takes Kt 14 Kt to K 5
15 Kt takes Kt 15 P takes Kt
16 Q to B 2 16 B to Q 4
17 Q to B 2 (e) 17 Q to Kt 4
18 K to Q 2 18 Q R to Q sq
19 P takes P 19 R P takes P
20 R to B 3 (f) 20 B takes K P
21 K to B 3 21 B to Kt 2
22 R to Q sq (g) 22 Q takes P

- 23 Q R to K R sq 23 P to K 4
24 K to Kt 2 (h) 24 P takes P
25 P takes P 25 B to K 3
26 K R to R 2 26 R takes P
27 R takes Q (i) 27 R to Q 5 dis ch
28 Q to B 3 28 R takes R
29 Q takes B ch 29 K takes Q
30 K to B 2 30 P to K B 4
31 B to Kt 2 ch 31 K to B 2
32 B to K 5 32 P to B 3
33 K to Kt 2 33 K R to Q sq
34 B to Q 6 34 K R to K R sq
35 P to Q R 4 35 P to K Kt 4
36 K to B 3 36 P to B 5 and Black won.

NOTES BY C. E. RANKEN.

- (a) Not a bad defence in this opening, as it prevents White from adopting with any profit the Q's Fianchetto attack.
(b) If this be necessary, as sooner or later it seems to be, it shows the vicious character of the *début*; White's K P is now weak, and his position resembles Mr. Ware's celebrated "Stonewall" game.
(c) An ingenious plan to hinder the development of Black's Q's pieces; yet it seems better to exchange Pawns and bring out the K B, with a view to Castling.
(d) A tempting line of attack, but the next few moves go far to prove its unsoundness. White should rather have Castled.
(e) Letting in the adverse Queen with powerful effect. Castles Q R was now the best play.
(f) Had he moved his Q, Black could still have taken the K P.
(g) Self-preservation dictates P to Kt 4, which Pawn Black might have captured also at his last move.
(h) The Q P cannot be saved.
(i) This costs the exchange, but K to Kt sq would be little better, as White's game is clearly lost.

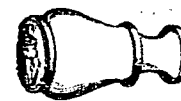
HUMOROUS.

VANDERBILT'S new coat of arms is a dollar rampant on a field of ore with the legend "Res publica damnanda est" inscribed beneath.

COPY of a notice on the beach at a fashionable French watering-place—"In the case of ladies in danger of drowning, they should be seized by the clothing, and not by the hair, which generally comes off."

A NEW incubator has just been patented which clucks like a hen and amuses the little chickens. All we need now is a machine to lay eggs and we can dispense altogether with that mythical animal—the hen.

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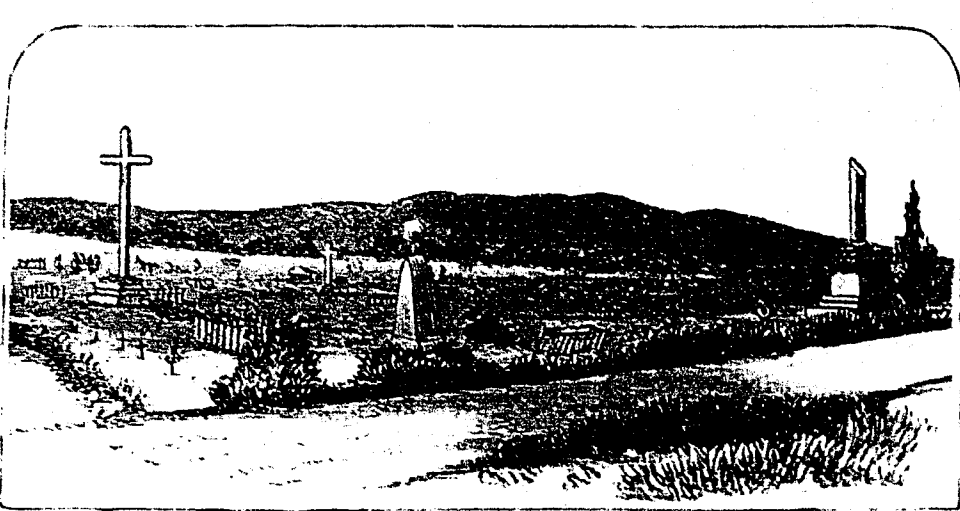
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