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# Wholesale News

Vol. XXV.—No. 16.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1882.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



MONTREAL.—OPENING OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

April 16th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 34°	22°	28°	Mon.. 33°	33°	43°
Tue.. 37°	25°	31°	Tue.. 46°	29°	38°
Wed.. 38°	23°	30°	Wed.. 47°	28°	37°
Thur.. 46°	27°	36°	Thur.. 45°	29°	37°
Fri.. 45°	39°	38°	Fri.. 53°	33°	43°
Sat.. 51°	32°	41°	Sat.. 49°	31°	40°
Sun.. 52°	33°	42°	Sun.. 56°	36°	46°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 22, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

THIS is an age of discovery. Of discoveries in literature, no less than in science. But few more remarkable ones have come under our immediate notice than that of a certain American journal, whose information appears to tally with the eastern character of its name. "There is a very curious old book in the Philadelphia Mercantile Library," says our new literary authority, "entitled 'The True Prophecies or Prognostications of Michael Nostradamus.'" There is also, be it said, a very curious old book in the British Museum, being the plays of one William Shakespeare, and on some future occasion we propose to give a list of the works of this obtruse and hitherto unknown individual in return for the gratuitous, but none the less valuable, information of the existence of a Nostradamus. Of a truth, posthumous fame is an uncertain thing. A month back we were discussing the probabilities of the fulfilment of Nostradamus' prophecy of the end of the world, and comparing it with that of Mr. Proctor. Today it has become necessary for an American journal to re-discover our old friend. "Further examination of the quaint old book," we are told, "will probably, discover many other prognostications." It is possible; yet we should recommend our contemporary to pause before placing any more such startlingly new facts before an expectant world. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," and it is not impossible there are people to whom the name of Nostradamus is familiar as a household word, who, strange as it may seem, have never heard of the *Oriental Casket*.

It is not long since that we animadverted upon the amenities of journalism in the far East. Up till that time it had been popularly supposed that the sufferings of the political journalist reached their climax at the opposite quarter of the compass, and that MARK TWAIN'S experiences as *locum tenens* in a Western newspaper office represented the height of personal discomfort to which an editor in either hemisphere was likely to be exposed. Those who remember the fate of the editor of the *Nichi Nichi Shin Bun* must have felt that the Orientals are still as ever our superiors in anything they seriously set their minds to, even be it so comparatively unimportant a measure as the hanging, drawing and quartering of an editor. Since, however, Holy Church has taken the matter in hand, the case is different. MARK TWAIN'S experiences resulted only in the loss of an ear or two, and the reception of a few bullets in the pit of his stomach and other appropriate portions of his anatomy, while the Oriental censors of the press have been accustomed, so far as we know, to leave the future of their vic-

times in the hands of the proper authorities. A dead journalist is evidently not worth any further consideration, inasmuch as the Government majority is not in any wise dependent upon his treatment in a future state. We cannot help hoping, then, that the influence of the Bishop of Santander with the powers that be in this world and the next is less potent than his claims would lead one to suppose. Otherwise Spanish editors are in a bad way, to judge from the following comprehensive malediction which, according to a Spanish journal, the Bishop has recently launched at them: "May Almighty God curse these journalists with the perpetual malediction launched against the devil and his angels! May they perish with NERO, JULIAN the Apostate, and JUDAS the traitor! May the Lord judge them as he judged DATHAN and ABIRAM! May the earth swallow them up alive! Let them be cursed day and night, sleeping and waking, in eating, in drinking, and in playing, when they speak and when they keep silence! May their eyes be blinded, their ears deaf, their tongues dumb! Cursed be every member of their body! Let them be cursed from to-day and for ever! May their sepulchre be that of dogs and of asses! May famished wolves prey upon their corpses, and may their eternal company be that of the devil and his angels!" There is a great deal more of the same kind of malediction, but this extract will suffice as an example.

## HYGIENIC DRESS.

A good deal of excitement has been caused in English fashionable circles by the crusade of the National Health Society against the present unhealthy costumes worn by the majority of women. There has existed for some time a society, composed, be it said, entirely of gentlemen, whose object is "to oppose any fashion which may injure or disfigure the beautiful form of women." Their work, in spite of a few conquests made, has been hitherto rather disheartening, but a new impulse has now been given to the movement. The chief feature of this has been Mr. FREDERICK TREVES' lecture, which, originally delivered in the Vestry Hall, Kensington, has been repeated by specially appointed lecturers throughout the provinces, and is likely, if report speak true, to find its way to this country during the ensuing summer. The lecture itself, entitled, "The Dress of the Period," was a great success, and those ladies present dressed in the style which the lecturer was condemning, could not help acknowledging the justice of his remarks, or enjoying the humor with which they were expressed. The most appalling diagrams were exhibited, showing the female form anatomically in every stage of derangement, from tight lacing, and the pictures of distorted feet, caused by the use of the fashionable French boot with its high heel, were enough to turn one cold with horror. Much amusement was caused by the suggestion that to wear these boots properly, one half of the foot should be amputated, inasmuch as they bear no relation to the ordinary shape of the natural foot. The custom of dragging an enormous train after a dress was, when considered, a very absurd one, and had no effect except perhaps that of keeping the floor instead of the body in an equable temperature. The crinoline, a specimen of which the lecturer produced, he thought was nothing but a tumor, and might well be done away with. Mr. TREVES also showed the audience a glove, about three feet in length, which he was of opinion, when worn for any length of time, was dangerous to health.

The lecture and its sequel, the Hygienic Dress Exhibition, at which, in addition to the dreadful pictures, various suggestions of a more reasonable class of clothing were exhibited, seems really to be actually doing good, many women having turned over a new leaf before the terrors of the diagrams. One old lady, about sixty years of age, declared that since she heard the lecture she had left off stays for ever; and one young woman, who always thought

her waist was naturally twenty inches, has now discovered that it ought to be twenty-five, and has allowed for the difference.

Unfortunately the great difficulty in the way of inaugurating a new era in dress is that hitherto none of the new costumes suggested possess that element of beauty, without which it is impossible to hope for their general adoption by the fair sex. It has long been recognized that "*il faut souffrir pour être belle*" and until the Society can give an emphatic denial to the proverb, its complete success can never be assured. We have already given our views upon the divided skirt, and scarcely any of the substitutes suggested so far seem any more suitable to take a permanent hold on the affections of the fashionable world. At the Hygienic Dress Exhibition this was markedly the case. Aesthetic costumes, in all their usual hideousness of woeful greens, were displayed alongside of fresh costumes, not less unreasonable, for the requirements of every-day life in its every-day aspect.

No. The thanks of humanity, and of society no less, will be due to the discoverer of a mode of dressing which shall be healthy, without being hideous, and picturesque, without being injurious. Meanwhile, Lady HARBERTON promises to expound the views of the extreme party in the forthcoming number of *Macmillan*. All honor to her, if she or any one else can cut the Gordian knot.

## TORONTO CHURCH MATTERS.

(To the Editor of the C. I. N.)

SIR,—I observe in your Toronto Correspondence remarks about Bishop Sweatman and the Evangelical party in that city.

Your correspondent has no right to give his own coloring to matters which can be looked at in two ways.

I will not follow his example, but simply say that there are large numbers, equally Evangelical with any in Toronto, who believe they can show good reasons why Bishops as well as Judges should be addressed as "My Lord," and who, differing with the Bishop of Toronto in some things, believe he has been badly treated by his (so-called) friends.

MARITIME.

## THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S BALL.

Of the many social events which have taken place in Montreal—nay in the whole Dominion—during the past few years none have been more worthy of record than that of which we give an illustration this week. As our readers, of course, know it was given by His Excellency the Governor-General in honor of the Royal Canadian Academy, in the Queen's Hall, on Thursday last and was attended by all the *élite* of the City. It was the first occasion on which the building had been used for a ball and it is not too much to say that the arrangements were as perfect as they could be. And never perhaps have its noble proportions and handsome decorations been seen to better advantage or its walls formed the frame, to use a familiar simile, to so delightful a picture. The seats from the stage to the gallery columns had been removed. A raised and railed platform draped with banners was in front of the organ and over the keyboard, and the orchestra. Ranged in semi-circular form along the side to the first entrance door was laid a dancing floor level with the stage, comfortable chairs being placed along the walls on either side. The space under the gallery was railed off and reserved for those desiring to sit out dances or to rest, and, on either side the music platform was a refreshment table tended by servants in the Vice-regal livery. The corridor was lined with crimson cloth and furnished with sofas and settees. At the entrance and at intervals along the passage way were costly flowers and shrubs in pots and the arch above the principal entry steps was draped with a handsome curtain. The ordinary supper room upstairs was utilized for the gentlemen's cloak room and the usual accommodation was provided for the ladies.

The gallery provided for a want so often felt at a large ball; that of a point from which a comprehensive view of the whole scene can be obtained. That this advantage was appreciated was clearly proved by the large number of guests who from time to time, seated themselves here to watch the dancers below; a beautiful spectacle, and one that we have rarely had so good a chance to behold in a crowded ball-room.

Fully a third of the men were in military uniform, every branch of the local militia force being represented. As the ladies' dresses have been so fully described elsewhere ere this we can but say that they were worthy of being worn by Montreal ladies—and when that is said, what more can be?

The ball was opened with a quadrille in which His Excellency had Mrs. Thomas Ryan for a partner. After this the Governor moved round the room conversing with many of his guests. The only ornament which he wore was the Star

of the Thistle. At midnight when supper was announced, the Governor-General led the way with Lady Galt. The dancing continued till half-past two, when the company began to disperse. The supper which was laid in the Assembly Room was most enjoyable, while the decorations of the room and table deserve special mention. At one end of the supper room there was an extremely handsome trophy of shields, while the banners round the walls were tastefully arranged and the flowers on the table were simply exquisite.

The ball itself will long live in our recollection, as the most enjoyable of its kind in which we ever participated, and such without doubt was the feeling of all those who were at the Queen's Hall last Thursday. The Governor-General may well be congratulated upon the entire and unqualified success of his generous compliment to our citizens.

## THE LAST DEAL.

"I never dealt again." The words fell from the lips of a gentleman well known in Leadville, yet few recognized in the elegant, easy-going man who now commands the deep respect of his fellow-men, the once cool-headed, imperturbable gambler, who in his day, figured prominently along the Pacific coast, and was almost universally recognized as the shrewdest faro dealer in the West. "As for the game's morality, that's neither here nor there. When dealt upon the square it is much like any other game. It is not to be thought that the law will hinder men a bit if they want to play, and often they are for ever cured for playing when they find it doesn't pay. I dealt the game for twenty years, but I've quit now. I made nothing, nor lost nothing, and but for a sight I once saw I should probably be a gambler still. Hereby hangs a tale. Let me tell it. Some three years ago I ran a high-toned game at a certain place you probably know, for it strikes me I saw you there. It was a square game, for I dealt for half the bloods in town, and often I had as many as five lay-outs at a time, with too much business on hand to even get time to rest. One evening a young chap strolled in, with a sort of curious stare on his face, and I concluded right there that he was green. He was fair-haired, and had a pair of blue eyes, and clear cut features—an innocent-looking young fellow, if ever I saw one. It only required a glance to convince you that he was a stranger in the gambling room. He soon was at home, though, for I saw in his blue eyes the love of play, and after that evening he was a constant visitor. He played his pile right out, and never growled if his luck was hard, and on every second card he'd stake the limit up in blue. Take it altogether, his luck was hard—sometimes the hardest, I think I ever saw. I've known him to lose at a single deal seven double shots. Business for me, of course; but somehow it almost seemed too bad. I couldn't say a word, though, and yet I liked the boy. He had lots of the filthy. I think from the day he began he must have dropped a cool \$100,000 on the game, and he never growled. We both quit gambling the same night—he, poor lad, for sufficient reasons, and I, because I loathed the game. It was in this wise. His coin gave out in a deal or two, and he put up a diamond ring, just to see his ill-luck out, you know. The chips soon went. He had a pin, a flaming stone in massive metal. He passed that in without a word, and drew fifty dollars cold. I wished him luck as heartily as any player there. But no! his last stake went my way on a losing ace. He drew three hundred dollars more, I think, on his watch and chain, and tried his line of bets again, but his luck was gone. I'll never forget the pale, haggard look that crossed his face. But he was game. He never uttered a word, and kept his chair like a pillar of stone. For a moment he seemed dazed at his reverses, but suddenly his eye caught the thin, worn circlet of dull gold on his little finger. He looked at it a little while, and a dark wave of hot crimson blood passed over his face, for this circlet seemed to cling faster than the flashing gem he had passed in before. He at last stripped it off his finger and handed it to me. It came reluctantly, this worn, old ring. 'What can I have on this?' he asked. 'I don't know what its value is, but I'll redeem it first of all.' It might have cost five dollars new, but it was worthless then. Still I passed out a fifty stack in return, just to let him try again. He planked it down in the pot, and then low upon the table he laid his face on his folded arms. Well, for a wonder, his luck changed, and he won three. He took no notice of me, as I told him when the limit barred, and so we played two fifty on each card. Would you believe it? In the deal the pot won out and never lost, and still he lay with his face hid on his arms. The deal was out, and I shook him up, but not a muscle moved; and raising his face, I started back in horror at the glassy expression of his eyes, for the boy was dead. I've often wondered to myself since that night what thoughts went flitting through his brain as he bowed his head and hid his face from our sight. What pledge of a better life, regrets for a fortune he had thrown away with lavish hands, and loathing of his irrevocable course! Who can tell? We can but guess at them, but may never feel. His face showed years of hell endured in that brief game, but it was not until the coroner's jury sat that I learned all. Before them was developed the fact that the ring which had changed his luck, as it did his existence, was one given him by his dear dead mother years before. Poor boy! I never dealt again."

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

BY NED P. MAH.

Teach me, O Stars of Night, To be steadfast to the right, Not to wander, or to stray From the Heaven-appointed way. Teach me, bright Stars of Night.

Teach me, O Meadow Flowers, Patient hope of summer hours, And still busily to grow Upward, 'neath life's winter's snow.

Teach me, O Purple Heath, That the song lark builds beneath, Contented with a humble lot To cherish song and weary not.

Teach me, Ocean's Billow host, To bear the troubles pressing most, And, as the sun's bright rays increase, To mirror heaven's calm and peace.

Teach me, O Verdant Wood, To give shelter where I should, And my poor protection lend To all I may, or foe or friend.

Sun, whom evening's shades immure, Teach me how I shall endure, How in the dark night have lain, But to rise, new born, again. Teach me, Sun, I shall endure.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

A FAREWELL RIDE ON JUMBO.—The large male African elephant at the Zoological Society's Gardens in Regent's Park, London, has gained weekly and daily in popularity, since his refusal to go to the Docks and embark for America, in accordance with the bargain for his sale to Mr. P. T. Barnum and others at New York. Never did such crowds visit the Gardens, all thronging to the elephant-house, or watching the huge animal in his customary promenade, in another part of the grounds, and offering him an unusual quantity and variety of eatable dainties, while the eagerness of children and girls to ride on his back was beyond all precedent. The illustration of this ordinary performance is from a photograph taken by Messrs Briggs and Son, 40, High-street, St. John's-wood, London, N. W.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—Some remarkable experiments of throwing oil on troubled waters have been conducted at Peterhead North Harbor, by Mr. John Shields, of Perth, who has laid down an apparatus consisting of 1200 feet of piping. The shore end starts from the little fishing village of Roanhead, and is carried out to deep water 200 yards seaward of the "Bar." There are three conical valves, fixed 75 ft. apart, at the sea end of the pipe, and on the pipes being fully charged with oil, which is done by means of a force-pump fixed in a small hut on the shore, it then begins to escape from the valves, and in consequence of its specific gravity being less than water, rises rapidly to the surface. It spreads like a thin film with amazing rapidity and with the result of laying down all broken or crested waves, so that, however wild they may be, they become mere undulations and harmless. The result of a trial made on Wednesday, the 1st March, when a heavy sea was running from the east and a little to the north, was very satisfactory. At half-past nine o'clock a.m. the sea was such that no ship whatever could have made the harbor. The force-pump was then put in motion; and, after having pumped about an hour, the sea, although still running high, was perfectly harmless, and undulating from over the line of the pipes to the harbor. It is proposed by Mr. Shields still further to improve his apparatus, by closing up at least one of the valves, nearest the shore end, so as to have the oil sent more into the middle of the channel, or "fairway" to the harbor. These experiments were begun some two years ago, and have been persevered in whenever weather would permit; substituting heavy lead pipes for gutta percha, and otherwise improving the apparatus as experience showed its defects. They will be continued still further, as there is not now the slightest doubt but that the process will be successful. Our illustrations are from sketches furnished by Mr. Shields.

ROMEO AND JULIET AT THE LYCEUM.—Among our illustrations this week will be found one of the remarkably successful revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the London Lyceum Theatre. Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry respectively take the chief parts, and their acting has literally taken London by storm. Seats are already booked far into May, and orders are coming in daily. Students of Shakspeare will easily recognize the part of the play at which our drawing is taken.

Mr. A. C. Howland's "BARGAINING FOR A CALF," is given with this issue. It is exhibited in the American National Academy, and is a capital bit of landscape work, but is especially noteworthy for the admirable humor and effectiveness of the figures, and the piquant and forcible touches of character that they are made to reveal.

THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.

The Third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, held this year, in the Art Association Rooms, Montreal, was opened by the Governor-General on Tuesday. His Excellency who was attended by Lieut-Colonel De Winton, R. A., Capt. Hon. W. Bagot, A.D.C., Major Short, A.D.C., and Lieut. Clarke arrived

shortly after eight o'clock. In declaring the exhibition open he made a very interesting speech, and referred to the time of the institution of the Academy when the words "boom" and "syndicate" were unknown and when physicians were not in despair in their endeavors to find an antidote for the Manitoban and North-Western fever. His speech was followed by the President's Address, delivered by Mr. Bourassa, the Vice-President, as Mr. O'Brien, owing to his recent illness, felt unequal to the task of addressing the meeting, and after a few more speeches the Marquis asked for a catalogue and walked round the rooms inspecting the pictures. With his usual bonhomie he had a word for everybody, and seemed very much pleased with the exhibition as a whole. He left about 10.30 after which the company dispersed. The Guard of Honor was furnished by the Sixth Fusiliers, under Captain Massey, who was complimented by the Governor-General on the soldierlike appearance of his command. Our notice of the pictures is unavoidably held over, owing to the illness of our art-critic.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

St. Laurent College, near Montreal is under the direction of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. Devoted to the education of youth, the Rev. Fathers broke in twain the fondest ties of earth, and at the earnest solicitation of Right Rev. Bishop Botrget left their mother country to build up the fabric of Catholic education under the standard of the Holy Cross. With what success their first efforts were attended may be gleaned from the many institutions of learning now under their direction. A band of these pioneer priests arrived in Canada in the year 1847, and were delegated by his Lordship to St. Laurent village, then sparsely populated, where they opened a school for the village children. The ever increasing demands induced them to open a boarding-school, but the building proving inadequate to accommodate the numbers that flocked into their halls to drink from the perennial fount of learning, they were obliged to open a more commodious building, which was incorporated in 1849. The fame of these zealous men still continued to spread throughout the broad domain of Canada and the United States; and to-day they possess one of the most beautiful institutions of learning that deck our land. The institute is affiliated to Laval University and holds the first rank among the Catholic Colleges of Canada. The Classical courses, English and French, are thorough, and enable young men to grasp at any round in the ladder of the liberal professions, while to science is also given due attention, and under able professors it is not only rendered easy, but also interesting. The commercial departments have always attracted the attention of their patrons. In former years, graduates of the Business Class were eagerly sought by the merchants of Montreal; and the high position occupied by the graduates of late years fully testifies that the abilities of the Alumni of the Commercial Department are duly appreciated. We congratulate the Fathers of the Holy Cross on their success, and wish them all the prosperity that their energetic labors merit. The wings of the College are 128 feet long by 62 wide, and when these buildings are completed they will cover 38,000 superficial feet. M. L. Lapoint, the competent architect, superintends the work, and hopes to have the new building ready for occupancy about the 5th of September. The fees for board, tuition, bedding, and washing are \$150 for the scholastic year of ten months.

BERMUDA.

Amid the tossing waters of the South Atlantic, six hundred miles from the nearest land rise the outlines of a lonely cluster of islands. For ages unknown and uninhabited by man or beast they were first discovered in the sixteenth century by Bermuda, a Spanish explorer, who gave his name to them, and with it that evil reputation which successive shipwreck of its first visitors, Spanish and English, tended to strengthen. Before long the "vexed Bermoothes" had come to be regarded as an enchanted place, the home of devils and witches, but the great natural advantages of the spot speedily overcame the terrors of superstition, and Bermuda has for many years been one of the principal naval and military stations of the British Government. Situated three days sail south east of New York it is greatly frequented during the winter by invalids, as well as by many who only seek to kill time, an occupation for which the natural advantages of the place and hospitable ways of its inhabitants afford many facilities.

Hamilton, the principal port stands on a land-locked harbour, and a drive of three or four hours takes one to St. Georges, at the opposite extremity of the mainland and the only other town in the place. Starting from the Hamilton house (an American hotel accommodating two hundred guests) and passing the picturesque winter residences of John Mackinnon Esq., and W. Pettet, Esq., we reach Clarence hill, the seat of Sir Leopold MacIntock, Admiral of the West India fleet.

A stroll in the opposite direction takes us past the wharf where the city fathers, the men of many oceans, love to congregate and from which we catch a peep of Stonehaven, the charming retreat of Commissary General S. whose refined hospitalities are so widely known. Without a thought of self, he finds his hap-

piness in ministering to the pleasure of the young, by whom his pithy sayings and sunny smile will be remembered long after his gallant heart has mouldered to dust.

On the high ground, opposite the aristocratic seminary where small boys bleed at the altar of science stands Trinity Church, a stately and beautiful structure, built like all the houses, of the native coral sawn into blocks of suitable size by carpenters, and boasting some fine stained windows. Yet this imposing edifice turns out to be only a chapel of ease, a mere appendage to the little squat parish church in the hollow!—The respect that one had begun to feel for it at once falls fifty per cent.

The opposite side of the bay is called Paget, and is dotted with the villas of successful merchants, some of whom are quite wealthy, though how they contrived to make money in such a primitive, drowsy place is a mystery known only to themselves. The blue waters of the bay are as clear as glass right up to the wharves, and away down, fathoms deep, fish of tempting size, but retiring disposition may be detected; the angler, however, will not find his labor in vain; if he takes no fish of a moist breezy afternoon, he is safe to reckon on catching a cold in the head.

The shopkeepers are kept very busy—basking in the sun, and when they can find a spare minute they catch flies, a customer is an apparition about as expected as a mastodon or a missionary. The scarcity of poultry on the table is a remarkable circumstance, as the night watches are too often invaded—not to say made hideous by a crowing as of ten thousand cocks and a quacking, gobbling accompaniment suggestive of ducks and turkeys.

"These all in sweet confusion sought the shade, And filled each pause the nightengale had made."

The mutton of Bermuda is not popular with those of a dyspeptic habit but explorers report that some splendid wines and brandy are to be found there. The great length of time that has elapsed since these goods were laid down speaks well for the sobriety of the place—Irunkards are about as common as silk hats which don't grow here, and the police officers, like some of the other public functionaries enjoy a sinecure.

Speaking of stove pipe hats; the unsophisticated stranger may be readily detected by his wearing one during the first week: after that he puts it away or has it carried away for him by the wind which here blows from every direction at the same time, so that which ever way you turn, like an unwelcome acquaintance, it meets you full in the face.

The Governor, Sir Robt. Laffan, and staff are noted for their courtesy to visitors, and the grounds at Government House exhibit a beautiful collection of tropical flowers and fruit trees which is almost equalled by a number of private gardens. The Bermuda hunt is held fortnightly but instead of hounds, the horses are trained to follow small pieces of paper strewn on the ground the whole ending with an exciting finish and dance, but the hunt proper is not so well supported as it deserves, the average attendance being three horses and a donkey.

The great excitement of the place is the arrival of the mail steamer from New York which comes in every second Sunday and is awaited by the whole population drawn up in serried ranks on the wharf and armed with every telescope and opera glass, that can be had for love or money. Intending visitors should bear this hint in mind and attire themselves accordingly,—an old linen duster or smoking cap displayed on such an occasion might ruin a man's reputation beyond recovery.

From the hills above the city a glorious view is obtained. Far away on the north shore the wild Atlantic waves dash against the rocks which their ceaseless warfare has worn into spirals and pinnacles, arches and grottoes. Turn to the other side and the whole scene is changed. The unruffled bay lies at one's feet, calm and transparent as crystal—an image of perfect peace. A boat on the water some distance out, with white sail set is motionless as if painted there, while of a Sunday afternoon may come up from the town below the faint mellow sound of the church bell bearing with it to the inner hearing an echo from another and greater city whose builder and whose maker is God.

Passing through the Flats village, (so called because it stands on a steep hill) we come to the Devil's Hole, a remarkable natural cavity in the rock where about a hundred great red nosed fish of dissolute appearance and unformed manners gape open mouthed at the spectator and allow themselves to be scratched and fed under protest.

Three or four miles further on lies St. George's at the furthest point of land, a smaller and yellower town than Hamilton, whose harbor displays a surprising assortment of rotten ships in all stages of decomposition, a bye law, however, is said to be rigidly enforced which forbids their lying there more than a hundred years.

Amid sights and wonders such as these the weeks slip away all too quickly and the traveler finds himself obliged, ere he knows it, to face once more the region of sore throats, flannel, opera, mud and railways. With something very like disgust does he contemplate these adjuncts of so-called civilization, as he paces the deck homeward bound, and not without a sigh of heartfelt-regret turns his back upon the slowly vanishing outline of the "Beautiful Isles of the Sea."

T. H. C.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE state of siege has been raised in Catalonia.

THE elephant "Jumbo" landed in New York on Sunday.

THE Nihilists have murdered another official at Kieff.

GEN. IGNATIEFF has been appointed Ambassador to Paris.

A REVOLUTION has broken out in Hayti against the President.

A LARGE reduction is to be made in the Russian army at the end of this year.

THE Edison light has been successfully tried on the Holborn Viaduct in London.

THE American suspect White has been released unconditionally from Naas jail.

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF has been relieved of the duties of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

AMNESTY is to be granted to insurgents in Herzegovina who return to their homes.

THREE more arrests have been made in Dublin on a charge of treasonable practices.

THE arrival of five French ironclads at Barcelona has created great excitement there.

PROMINENT Irish officials are said to take the gloomiest view of the situation of the country.

THREE persons are reported to have lost their lives while ascending the Alps on Easter Day.

EXTENSIVE frauds in the China trade have been carried on by the Boston firm of Vogel Bros.

THE Austrian Government intends to protect all its subjects regardless of politics or religion.

THE British Government is having four torpedo batteries built for the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus.

THE French-Canadian annual convocation is to be held at Cohoes, N. Y., on the 20th and 21st of June.

NEWS has been received from Stanley far up the Congo river, in Africa, reporting his expedition all well.

A Rio, Brazil, despatch says the ladies of the Imperial family have been robbed of jewels valued at \$20,000 stg.

TROOPS have been dispatched to the district of Awantiff, in Russia, to quiet demonstrations against the Jews.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH writes to the London Times giving suggestions for the settlement of the Irish question.

A DUBLIN despatch says the Castle officials are discussing whether to recommend the renewal or repeal of the Coercion Act.

THE U. S. Senate has confirmed William E. Chandler as Secretary of the Navy, and Mr. Hunt as U. S. Minister to Russia.

DIRECT cable communication has been established between Germany and the Anglo-American system at Valentia.

A BOAT has been discovered at Herald Island, containing dead bodies supposed to be those of the missing members of the Jeanette.

A LONDON cable announces the demise of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, artist and poet, and Mr. Francis, of the London Athenaeum.

HUMOROUS.

"VERY good, but rather too pointed," as the codfish said, when it swallowed the bait.

A MAN'S dearest object should be his wife; but, alas! sometimes it is his wife's wardrobe.

"MAKE your home happy," said a club man to a friend, "even if to do so you have to stay away from it, as I do."

FANNY FEEN having said that the men of the present day were "fast," Prentice replied, "that they have to be to catch the women."

AN ostler's bill for a horse hired for half a day, supplying him with hay, and seeing him safely home again:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Amount. Anosafada 10 0, Aforthoes 2 0, Anagitionomeagia 0 6, Total 12 6.

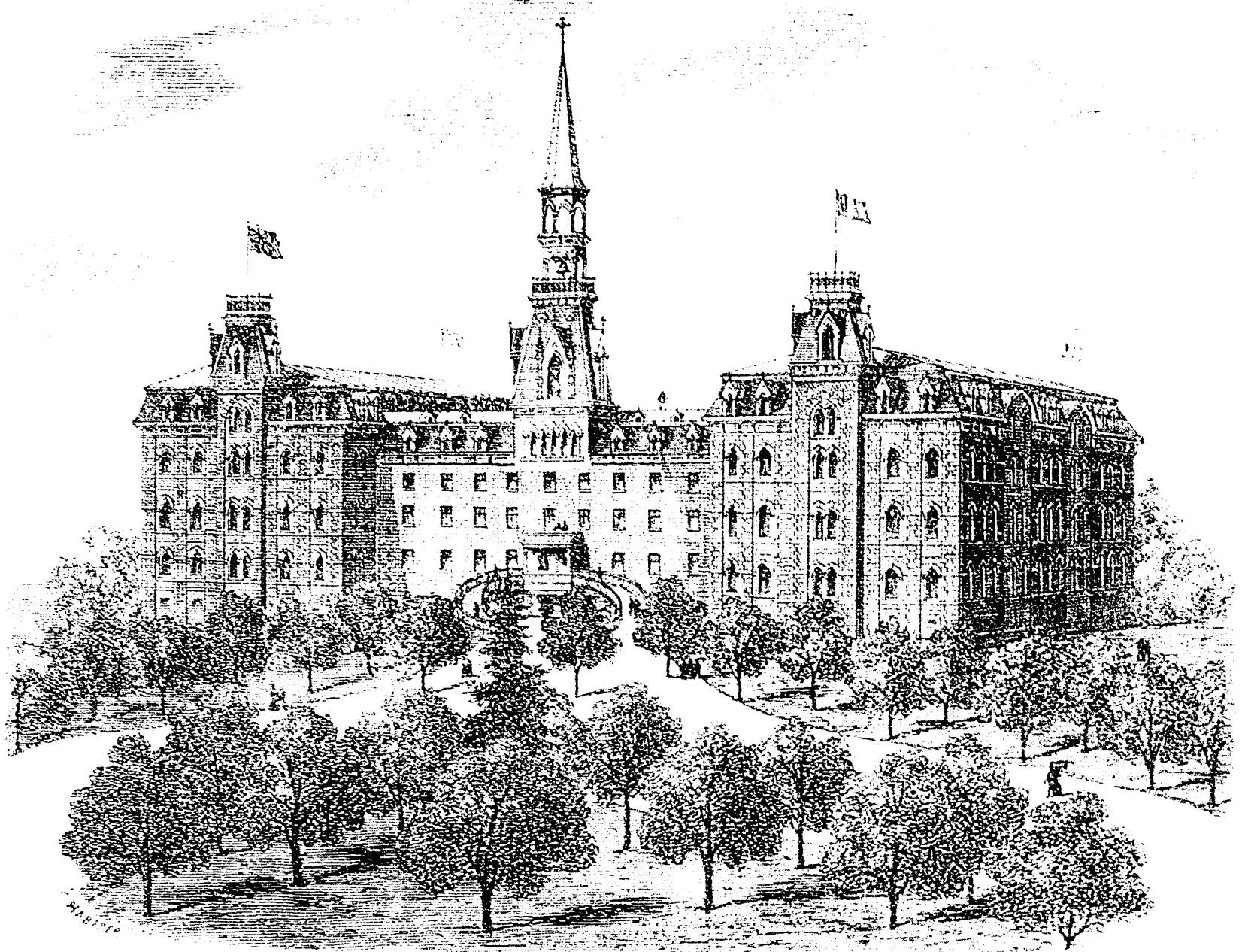
AN ESTHETIC.

She was a maiden of mournful mien, Glad in a garment of sad sage green, With peacock's feathers strangely bedight— Skimp was the skirt, and the sleeves full tight. No frivolous gems that maiden wore, Not a fan in her taper hand she bore, And on it was painted, so simple and neat, A sunflower, with all its petals complete. Her face was weary, and white, and wan; Her hair was the hue of the setting sun; She did not smile, she did not talk; She drooped like a lily upon its stalk; And what were her musings none might guess— Her thoughts were too "atter" for words to express.

WRITE WRITTEN RIGHT.

AN EXTRACT.

Write we know is written right, When we see it written write; But when we see it written wrong, We know it is not written right; For write, to have it written right, Must not be written wrong; Nor yet should it be written wrong, But write, for so 'tis written right.



ST. LAURENT COLLEGE, NEAR MONTREAL. (SEE PAGE 121.)



"BARGAINING FOR A CALF."—FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. HOWLAND.

# "BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY  
CHRISTIAN REID.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"Oh, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!"

Two more weeks have passed, when one evening—as the short winter day is dying into dusk,

Now, visitors not being in the least unusual—indeed, an evening without any constituting a decidedly remarkable event—Kate looks surprised at the tone of the announcement.

"Who is it?" she asks. "Surely a very distinguished person for you to speak like that."



He takes her hand and leads her to a mirror.

and Susan has entered Kate's room and lighted the gas, preparatory to assisting at that young lady's toilet for dinner—Miss Brooke makes her appearance, with an expression of mingled amusement and annoyance on her generally serene countenance.

"I don't know whether to call him distinguished," says Miss Brooke, with a smile. "It is your grand-uncle, Mr. Ashton. Yes, I supposed you would be surprised. I was astonished when his card was brought to me while you were out this afternoon. He has come specially to see you. What do you think of that?"

"I think he had much better have stayed away," answers Kate, whose sentiments with regard to Mr. Ashton are not those of an affectionate niece. "Dress becomingly! Why should I? I don't care—"

"Susan," interrupts Miss Brooke, "go to my room and bring me a box of laces which you will find on my toilet-table. You must remember, my dear," she goes on, addressing Kate as Susan leaves the room with an air of understanding fully why she is sent away, "that your uncle is a through man of the world, and

to do you justice, you never are—he would congratulate himself on his wisdom in leaving you unnoticed all these years. But if you surprise him with graceful manners and charming looks, you may be sure he will be as sorry as he can be for anything which does not affect his own personal comfort."

"Very well," answers Kate. "I do not care in the least what Mr. Ashton thinks, but I will do as you say. Does he dine here?"

"No. I asked him to do so, but he declined—some friends with whom he was staying at the hotel would expect him, he said; but he will call this evening."

"What a pity he should give himself so much trouble for nothing! However, it is settled that I shall look my best in order to make him appreciate too late what a treasure he has lost."

This kindly intention is carried into effect. Kate spends half an hour longer than usual over her toilet, and when she enters the drawing-room, Miss Brooke's exclamation and Fenwick's eyes assure her, as her mirror and Susan have already done, that she never looked better.

"Will I do?" she asks, smiling—though the question is an arrant hypocrisy.

"Do!" repeats Miss Brooke. "I should think so indeed!"

"Allow me to satisfy you on that point," says Fenwick. He takes her hand and leads her to a mirror that gives back her reflection from head to foot.

Surely it is not strange that as the girl gazes on this reflection, her color should glow, her eyes shine like diamonds. The medieval style of costume has just come out into fashion, and the clinging drapery and cuirass jacket (so trying to the majority of figures are eminently suited to her slender, graceful proportions. She wears an armor-like dress of jet over amber silk, with a knot of crimson at her throat, and a crimson rose in her dark hair. The details of her costume are all perfect, and the combination of glitter and richness is marvellously becoming. So Fenwick thinks when he says:

"I would give anything for a painting of you as you look this minute."

"How vain of me to stand admiring myself!" she says with a laugh. "But is not dress a wonderful adornment? Who would have fancied, before Miss Brooke waved her magic wand over me, that I could look so—so well?"

"I have seen some people that dress could not adorn," Fenwick answers. "But you are satisfied?—you think Mr. Ashton will be sufficiently impressed?"

"Of course I am satisfied," she says. "Do you want me to pretend that I am not? How can one help being glad to be—"

"Beautiful," he says, as she hesitates for a word. "It is not at all necessary that one should help it. Fair looks are something for which a woman may be grateful."

The rose-glow deepens still more on her cheeks, as she draws her hand out of his arm and turns away.

"I can't afford to be complimented by you as well as the mirror," she says. "I only hope Mr. Ashton will agree with your verdict."

"There is no doubt of that," says Miss Brooke. "Yes, we must have your portrait painted," she adds, looking with admiration at the radiant face and graceful form.

Kate feels as if the net of circumstance is closing round her. These people seem to take it for granted that she will belong to them, while she is still only a tormenting puzzle to herself. It is a relief that she is spared reply—for at this moment dinner is announced.

From her cosmopolitan life, Miss Brooke has acquired a fancy for dining at a much later hour than is the general custom; so it chanced that evening visitors, unacquainted with her habits, often call before she has risen from table.

This is the case at present. A peal of the door-bell echoes through the house, and makes Kate start, while they are still lingering over the dessert. There is the delay of a minute or two—then the door is opened, steps are heard in the hall, some one is ushered into the drawing-room, and finally Oscar appears with a card which he carries to his mistress.

As she looks at it, her change of expression strikes both Fenwick and Kate. It is one of surprise, of concern, almost of consternation. She stares at the card for a moment as if she were galvanized, while they stare at her. Then Kate says:

"Is it Mr. Ashton? He is early."

"No, it is not Mr. Ashton," answers Miss Brooke, with a start. "It is—some one whom I must see. Kate, will you stay here until I send for you?"

She rises abruptly, and before Kate can answer leaves the room, taking the card with her. The two, so unceremoniously left behind, look at each other in surprise.



Oscar appears with a Card.

"How very mysterious!" says Kate. "I wish she had left the card—do not you?"

"It would be gratifying, certainly, to know who the visitor is," answers Fenwick. "Shall I ring, and question Oscar?"

"Oh no, Miss Brooke would have told us if she had cared for us to know. When Will was a child, Aunt Margaret asked him once what was the golden rule, and he answered, 'Mind your own business.' I think we had bitter minds ours now. But there is something tantalizing in mystery—is there not?"

"Eve thought so."  
"Ah, how unkind that is! Whenever a man wants to be provoking and uncomplimentary, he always mentions Eve."



Excuse me.

"I have not the least desire either to be provoking or uncomplimentary. On the contrary, I wish to be particularly agreeable, so that you may not regret being obliged to remain here."

"Which reminds me that I must not remain and keep you from smoking. I can go into the sitting-room and meditate, like the old canoness in 'Nathalie.' Did you ever read 'Nathalie'?"

"I never did—but I object strenuously to the meditation. You have no idea how little I care for smoking—in comparison with your society. If you go, I shall be constrained to follow you, and in that case I must leave this glass of wine unfinished."

"But you know that if I was not here, you would smoke."

"Very likely. A man must do something to when he is so unfortunate as to be alone."

"Unfortunate! Most of you seem to consider it very good fortune, indeed, as far as smoking is concerned. I will stay if you will light a cigar—not otherwise. Indeed, I don't mind it in the least."



"Uncle Ashton, how do you do."

"You must look your best, my dear," she says to Kate. "Put on your most becoming dress. We are to have a visitor this evening. a great connoisseur of beauty. If you should appear plainly dressed, looking as ill as you can look, and shy or awkward in manner—which,

"And, indeed, I don't care for it in the least, so you must permit me to decline your kindness, with thanks. I am going out presently—I shall smoke then."

"Do you not intend to see Mr. Ashton?"

"It is not necessary. We are indifferent acquaintances—nothing more."

"What do you think of him?" asks Kate, leaning her elbow on the table and supporting her cheek with her hand, while her eyes meet those of her companion with a steady, questioning regard. "Is he not very disagreeable, very worldly, and very selfish?"

"You seem to know him so well, that I think you hardly need to ask my opinion," Fenwick answers; thinking, as he speaks, what liquid wells of light are the eyes gazing into his own. "He is very much of a glacier. I am pretty sure that he has never cared, and never will care, for any one but himself."

"How odious such people are! I am certain I shall dislike him exceedingly. What do people without hearts care to live for, I wonder?"

"Have you never heard the recipe which some cynic gave for enjoying life—a hard heart and a good digestion?"

"Is it not strange that anybody could think such a thing? Why, even to love a dog is better than to love nothing—which reminds me" (remembering suddenly that the conversation is verging on dangerous ground) "that Filippo has not had his dessert. He is devoted to almonds, and he shall have some at once. But where is the scamp?"

The scamp in question is Miss Brooke's pet poodle, to whom Kate is very kind, and who returns this kindness with the adoring fondness in which the canine nature excels.

"We left him in the drawing-room, I think," Fenwick says. "Shall I ring for Oscar to bring him?"

"Perhaps Miss Brooke might not like to be interrupted."

"Oscar will only open the door and call the dog." He rises and rings the bell. "Why should you not have what you want, by it Filippo or anything else?"

"You spoil me dreadfully," she says. "It is not good for people always to have what they want."

"Is it not? Well, the most of us have nothing to complain of in that way. But you should want nothing, if I could order all things for you."

She lifts a swift, graceful glance to his face. "You are kindness itself," she says.

"And how often must I tell you that one deserves no credit for being kind to you?" he asks, with a caressing smile.

"Oh, I am not sure of that," she says, blushing quickly, "though it is true that I have always been one of the luckiest girls in the world in that respect. So many people—"

She breaks off abruptly as Oscar opens the door. And at this moment—while the handle is still in his hand—it chanced that the drawing-room door, just opposite, opens, and the mysterious visitor comes out into the hall.

Kate gives one glance, and sees that it is a man, a young man, apparently. More than this she does not see; for Miss Brooke says sharply, "Oscar!" and Oscar, turning, closes the dining-room door before advancing to let the stranger out.

He is a young man, as Kate has perceived, and a very impetuous one in his movements; for, as he passes rapidly out of the house, he runs against and almost knocks down an elderly gentleman who is deliberately ascending the portico steps. Muttering a brief "Excuse me," he hurries on, leaving the other to recover breath at his leisure. Fast as he walks, however, he cannot leave behind the memory of the scene which the opening of the dining-room disclosed. It was like some beautiful, glowing picture—rich coloring, bright light, the festive-looking table, and above all, that radiant, glittering figure, round which all the rest were grouped as mere accessories, the lovely, sparkling face, the careless glance of the eyes—all seem photographed on his mind as if drawn in lines of fire.

Meanwhile, the gentleman who was nearly knocked down, having recovered himself somewhat, says irascibly to Oscar, "Who the devil is that person, and what does he mean by rushing out of a house in such a headlong way?"

"I don't know sir, who he is," Oscar answers. "I never saw him before."

"I hope I shall never see him again," says Mr. Ashton—for it is he—with a growl. "If I had had time, I should have knocked him down with my umbrella! An ill-bred—well, what are you staring at? Are the ladies in the drawing-room?"

"Miss Brooke is, sir," answers Oscar, recollecting himself. "It was enough to make a body stare," he afterwards confides to his associates below stairs, "to hear a shabby old chap like that talkin' about knockin' a man down."

The gentleman thus characterized enters the drawing-room in no amiable frame of mind. He is a person whom trifles readily upset—an egotist of the first water, an epicurean in all matters relating to personal comfort and luxury, one who, in the course of a life now entering its sixth decade, has consistently denied nothing to himself and given nothing to others.

He is sufficiently a man of the world, however, to preserve an outward suavity of manner, especially in approaching a person of so much importance as Miss Brooke.

"I am glad to find you alone," he says, after they have exchanged salutations, and he is established in a delightful easy-chair, near the

open grate filled with glowing coal. "I was nearly demolished by some impetuous visitor in the act of departure—and I am sincerely glad that it was departure."

"Ah, you met the—young man, then," says Miss Brooke. "Yes, he is very impetuous—unfortunately so, indeed. Oscar, let Miss Lawrence know that Mr. Ashton is here."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

"All that in woman is adored  
In thy fair self I find—  
For the whole sex can but afford  
The handsome and the kind."

Miss Lawrence makes no long tarrying before her appearance in the drawing-room. Mr. Ashton has not more than settled thoroughly in his chair, with a comfortable sense of pleasant surroundings, and prepared to render himself agreeable to Miss Brooke, with whom he has many acquaintances, and many recollections of places and people, in common, when the door opens, and he turns his head reluctantly. There is no one concerning whom he feels less curiosity—no one, in fact, whom he regards with more of a feeling of bored annoyance—than this unknown niece, whom he has of late been obliged to consider a little. From Florida Vaughn's account he expects to see a rather pretty but *gauche* rustic—and—heaven and earth! what is this?

Can this beautiful, stately creature, with the bearing and step of a young Diana, be the girl who, without any "advantages," has shot up like a wild-flower among fox-hunters and hounds? As she crosses the floor, her glittering, shining draperies seem a fit adornment for one so fair and graceful. Her face is like a flower in its vivid color, the beautiful eyes shine, the delicately-cut lips curve into a smile.

Involuntarily Mr. Ashton rises and makes his most courtly bow. "Is it possible that this is Kate?" he says—for Miss Brooke, who is enjoying the scene, will not disturb it by a word.

"Yes, it is Kate," the girl answers, in her sweet, fresh voice. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, Uncle Ashton. How do you do?"

She puts her slender hand into that of the uncle who has never seen her before, and looks at him with the same steady glance which gazed at Mr. Lawrence's frank, kind face four years ago.

The face at which she looks now is a very different one—as different from the other as two faces, both belonging to educated humanity, can possibly be imagined. It was handsome in youth, it is still well preserved, with hair and whiskers carefully dyed light brown, cold gray eyes that remind Kate of Mr. Vaughn's, and clearly defined features of the aquiline type. For the rest, Mr. Ashton has a spare, under-sized figure, scrupulously well dressed, and the manners of a man of the world—as his next words testify:

"You must pardon my surprise. I expected to see a little girl, and I find a magnificent young lady. I am happy to make your acquaintance, my dear niece, and only regret that I am so late in making it."

"Thank you," says Kate, graciously. I will let him see that I am not quite a savage," she thinks. "It seems a test of civilization to be specially polite to people one dislikes."

"Miss Vaughn might have told you that Kate was not exactly a little girl," says Miss Brooke.

"Ah, yes, Miss Vaughn," says Mr. Ashton, seating himself again. "She spoke of Kate, certainly; but women rarely enter into detail with regard to the attractions of other women. Ashton was more satisfactory, but not enthusiastic—which is easily accounted for, I suppose," he adds, with a slight smile of cynical amusement. "He was not fortunate enough to please you, Miss Kate?"

"No," answers Kate calmly, "he did not please me at all."

"Yet he has pleased a good many other women," says her uncle, regarding her with a surprise which, master of himself as he is, he cannot altogether conceal.

"But tastes differ, you know," says the girl. "I disliked him from the first, and I found afterward that my instinct was very well justified."

"Instincts of the kind generally find some means to justify themselves," says Mr. Ashton. "The wisest thing to do is to take people as you find them, and form no idea of their characters. Circumstances will reveal those."

"Circumstances did reveal Mr. Vaughn's character."

"I am aware that there is a discredit to a story about respecting him," says Mr. Ashton. "Something about his tampering with a horse. Did your friends believe it?"

"One of my cousins did, the other did not, and I never heard my uncle express an opinion," answers Kate. "I know nothing of what others thought."

There is a moment's pause. Then Mr. Ashton drops the subject of Mr. Vaughn, and returns again to Kate.

"Will you allow me to inquire," he says, "where you have spent your life? I fancied that it was at—what is the name of your uncle's place?—but the country is not usually a good school for manner and deportment."

"If you had ever seen Fairfields and the dear people who live there," says Kate, "you would understand that no one could ask a better school for anything."

"No doubt it is a very delightful place, and

that the people who live there are very charming," says Mr. Ashton, with the faintest possible tinge of mockery underlying the suavity of his tone, "but still, a plantation is—a plantation; and you—I never flatter, pray understand—would be presentable anywhere."

While Kate laughs, Miss Brooke says:

"The child's manner is very good, and she would have had it under any circumstances, I think, for it is inherited from her father."

"Ah!" Mr. Ashton bends his head a little. "Very probably. She is like his family in personal appearance."

"Yes, I am a thorough Lawrence," remarks Kate, with an air that says, plainly as words, "I am very glad of it."

"You are like my family also, in some respects," says her uncle, who understands what she means to imply, and is amused by it. More and more is he pleased by the lovely, spirited creature who holds her own so well with him.

"Good Heavens! how could I imagine she would be like this!" he thinks. "If I had claimed her, she might have been a credit to me anywhere."

"I don't see how that can be," answers Kate, glancing from his face to the reflection of her own in a mirror opposite. "But there is a decided family likeness between yourself and Mr. and Miss Vaughn," she adds.

At this point Miss Brooke, thinking that the conversation is becoming rather too personal, makes a diversion.

"I hope you mean to spend some time with us, and give Kate the opportunity to know you, Mr. Ashton," she says, with that fine sincerity which characterizes two-thirds of the pleasant speeches of society.

"I shall be here for a few days, not longer," answers Mr. Ashton. "Miss Vaughn, who has been kind enough to come with me," he goes on, addressing Kate, "desired me to present her regards to you and say that she will call to-morrow morning at any hour when you will be disengaged."

"Miss Vaughn!—is she with you?" cries Kate.

"She is with me—and her mother also. Both ladies desire very much to see you."

It being impossible for Kate to reciprocate this desire, she says nothing, until Miss Brooke suggests that she has not named an hour when she will be disengaged.

"Oh, any hour will do," she answers. "I have no engagement at all for to-morrow morning."

It is on the tip of Miss Brooke's tongue to say, "Still you had better name an hour," when luckily a second thought occurs to her, and she restrains the words. Anything will be welcome that keeps Kate in during the whole of the next morning—and an indefinite engagement must perforce do this. Just then a peal of the door-bell echoes sharply through the house, and Kate says to herself:

"Somebody is coming—what a relief!"

Two somebodies appear—both young men, whom she receives with a cordiality which is almost effusive. "So charmed to see you!" she says, looking impartially at both, so that it is impossible for either to appropriate the compliment exclusively. "I began to fear that no one was coming to my rescue," she goes on with a low laugh, when they have seated themselves one on each side of her. "Did you ever make the acquaintance of an uncle whom you had never seen before? That is what I have been doing this evening—and naturally some diversion in the order of entertainment is not disagreeable."

"We are happy to come when you have need of us," answers one of the young men, "but is it possible that you have never seen your uncle before?"

"Never before, so we have necessarily a limited number of subjects upon which to converse—and those are by this time exhausted. Therefore, you can begin at once and tell me some nice bit of gossip."

The two young cavaliers, nowise loth, proceed at once to make themselves agreeable, and Mr. Ashton watches the scene with observant eyes, while talking to Miss Brooke. It is not from any special interest in Kate that he does so, but because it is the kind of scene that he likes to watch, just as he likes to see a well-set society comedy on the boards of a theatre. The prettily dressed girl with her two attendants is to him a picture, and he appreciates thoroughly the sparkling brightness of her smiles, the ready ease of her conversation.

"Really," he says to Miss Brooke, "you must allow me to congratulate you on having discovered and brought to light one of the flowers that are proverbially said to blush unseen on desert shores—and I fancy, despite my niece's indignant denial of a little while back, that it was very much of a desert in which you found her."

"On the contrary," says Miss Brooke, who is as ready as Kate to resent polite sneers at Fairfields, "it was one of the genial, old-fashioned Southern homes that are the most pleasant places I know. Kate was quite right in saying that she could find no better school of manner. Mr. Lawrence and his family make no pretension to fashion, but they have been gentlefolks for generations."

"No doubt," says Mr. Ashton, considering within himself that to make all questions personal is a besetting infirmity of women. "But having rescued Kate from this delightful place, may I beg to know what you mean to do with her?"

There is so much significance in his glance

and to see as he asks this question, that Miss Brooke is for a moment disconcerted. Then, recovering herself, she answers: "I have no intention of doing anything with her. She is spending the winter with me as my guest and companion—and I hope that our companionship will not end with this winter. I trust to take her abroad with me next spring."

"Still as guest and companion, I suppose?"

"That will depend entirely upon circumstances," she replies, a little haughtily—for it occurs to her that, having neglected his niece during all her life, Mr. Ashton has no right to make himself disagreeable at this late day.

"I should not like to interfere with your claims as a discoverer," says that gentleman, "but if you can agree to relinquish Kate for part of the winter, I shall be glad. Miss Vaughn is anxious for her to pay a visit to her."

"Kate must answer that for herself," says Miss Brooke.

"What is that I must answer?" asks Kate, looking across the room.

"We will let you know to-morrow, my dear," replies Mr. Ashton.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"Unless you can think, when the song is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm;  
Unless you can feel, when left by one,  
That all men else go with him;  
Unless you know, when unpraised by his breath,  
That your beauty itself wants proving;  
Unless you can swear, 'For life, for death'  
Oh, fear to call it loving!"

Miss Brooke keeps her own counsel with regard to the mysterious visitor who preceded Mr. Ashton; which is easy to do, as Kate feels no curiosity on the subject. She was surprised for a moment when the opening door disclosed the figure in the hall, but when Fenwick said, carelessly, "Some applicant for charity, very likely," she dismissed the matter from her mind. Applicants for charity are numerous—for of her abundance Miss Brooke gives liberally—and it was not improbable that this should be one of them.

So completely has the affair vanished from her recollection, that it does not occur to her to connect Miss Brooke's singular nervousness, the next morning, with it. This nervousness is displayed to an uncommon degree, and puzzles Kate not a little. Miss Brooke seems unwilling to lose sight of her for a moment; and every time the door-bell sounds (and it sounds with unusual frequency this morning), she changes color like a girl expecting her lover.

"What is the matter? Are you looking for anybody?" Kate cannot help asking once or twice—but she receives no satisfactory reply.

"People often come when one is not looking for them, and not desiring to see them," Miss Brooke answers enigmatically.

"Yes—Uncle Ashton's appearance is a case in point to prove that," says Kate. "Nobody was looking for him, and nobody wanted to see him, I am sure. Do you know," she goes on, reflectively, "I was surprised to see how young he looks—for his age! Somehow, I had fancied him very ancient. I think he must have practised that recipe for enjoying life, of which Mr. Fenwick spoke last night—a hard heart and a good digestion."

"I don't think there is a doubt of it," says Miss Brooke, who is listening with a distracted mind to the conversation which Oscar is holding with the vendor of some patent furniture-polish at the front door.

"I wonder what has brought Miss Vaughn here with him?" pursues Kate, who is lying at ease on a lounge. "It is impossible to say how much I dislike to see her! Will it be inexcusably rude if I chance to be not at home when she comes?"

"It would be altogether inexcusable," replies Miss Brooke, with emphasis.

"At least I can go and take a walk. Nobody calls before twelve o'clock."

"No" (hastily), "you must not think of such a thing. She might come. Why are you so restless?"

Kate is on the point of saying, "I am not restless; it is you who are nervous," but she checks herself. After all, no doubt, Miss Brooke knows best, and it is a trifling matter to yield.

So she stays in-doors, and the morning wears away to noon. Not long after that hour, the much-rung bell sounds once more, and this time Oscar appears with the expected bit of paste-board.

"Only Miss Vaughn," says Kate, glancing at it. "Her mother has not come. Am I glad or sorry? I don't know. One member of the Vaughn family is enough at a time; but still—Miss Brooke, are you not coming in?"

Miss Brooke shakes her head. "Certainly not. Miss Vaughn does not wish to see me. She has a proposal to make to you, and, Kate, I want you to remember that you must do exactly as you please."

"I don't understand," says Kate. "What proposal can she have to make to me—or what proposal do you think I would possibly entertain from her?"

"You will learn soon enough. Go—and remember to be courteous. Ask if her mother and herself will drive with us this afternoon, and dine here."

"Oh!"

"Yes, there is no help for it. I invited Mr. Ashton last night, and he said his decision depended upon the ladies."

Kate sighs and leaves the room. She crosses the hall with a reluctance that makes her step

slow and lagging. How it will re-open the old wound to see Florida Vaughn again! She is so closely connected with all that was happiest and most miserable in those last weeks at Fairfields, that it will be like living it over again even to look at her face. And Kate has no desire to live it over again; for those who have been scorched dread fire. She is willing—more than willing—to forget. Self-respect, common sense, loyalty to those who have been most loyal to her, all demand that she shall do so. "And I will do so!" she says, with her teeth set. Then she opens the drawing-room door and enters.

Yes, it is the same fair, gracious, unforgotten presence which meets her with a rustle of silk, a faint wave of perfume, a light kiss—and the silvery voice, with its slight artificial ring, says:

"My dear Kate, I am very glad to see you again. How changed—forgive me if I say how improved—you are!"

"No doubt I am very much improved," Kate answers, "But you—well, there was no room for improvement; so I can only say that you are exactly the same."

"Thanks. You have certainly a knack of agreeable flattery. But do you know what a triumph you have achieved! Mr. Ashton—absolutely Mr. Ashton, the most fastidious of critics—is enthusiastic about you!"

"Is he?" says Kate, quite coolly. "It is very good of him; and I am much obliged—but not overwhelmed."

"Probably you would be, if you knew how rare his compliments are. If I had imagined her to be anything like what she is, I would have taken her abroad three years ago," he said.

"He is mistaken about that," cries Kate. "I would not have gone with him; no, not for anything."

"I see that you have not improved in worldly wisdom," says Miss Vaughn, with an amused smile—the same half-satiric smile which Kate remembers well; "but it is hardly worth while to excite yourself about something which never occurred. I have been particularly anxious to see you for several reasons," she goes on, looking down and trifling with the button of a glove which does not need attention. "The most important reason is that I have an announcement to make. I am engaged to be married."

"Indeed!" said Kate. The single word almost chokes her; a hand seems to grasp her heart. It is only after an instant's reflection that she remembers that it can hardly be Taretton—a ruined man, whom only yesterday her brother was ready to shoot in a duel—that Miss Vaughn is to marry. The color comes back to her face; she lifts her eyes, and says: "Is it to Randal that you are engaged?"

"Randal!" Miss Vaughn utters a laugh. "My dear child, you are absurd! Did you ever for a moment imagine that I meant to marry Randal Lawrence?"

"Why should I not imagine it?" asks Kate with indignation. "You encouraged him; you treated him shamefully; you kept him dangling after you. It is not that I care particularly about Randal; but how a woman can treat any man so heartlessly—"

"My dear," said the other, calmly, "we make fools of men for a short time, and they make slaves of us for a long time—that is how the matter stands. I have done my fair share of mischief, and now, I suppose, I must take my turn at servitude; but it shall be a gilded one. I long ago made up my mind to wear no chains that were not golden. Of course, you remember the proverb about an old man's darling and a young man's slave. I have decided to try the first. My future husband is more than twenty-five years older than myself."

(To be continued.)

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

BY BILL NYE.

I.

The romantic story of Damon and Pythias, which has been celebrated in verse and song for over two thousand years, is supposed to have originated during the reign of Dionysius I. or Dionysius the Elder as he was also called, who resigned about 350 years B. C. He must have been called "The Elder" more for a joke than anything else as he was by inclination a Unitarian, although he was never a member of any church whatever, and was in fact the wickedest man in all Syracuse.

Dionysius arose to the throne from the ranks, and used to call himself a self-made man. He was tyrannical, severe and selfish, as all self-made men are. Self-made men are very prone to usurp the prerogative of the Almighty and overwork themselves. They are not satisfied with the position of division superintendent of creation, but they want to be most worthy high grand muck-amuck of the entire ranch, or their lives are gloomy fizzes.

Dionysius was indeed so odious and overbearing toward his subjects that he lived in constant fear of assassination at their hands. This fear robbed him of his rest and rendered life a dreary waste to a tyrannical king. He lived in constant dread that each previous moment would be followed by the succeeding one. He would eat a hearty supper and retire to rest, but that night would be cursed with horrid dreams of the Scythians and White River Utes peeling off his epidermis and throwing him into a boiling cauldron with red pepper and other counter-

irritants, while they danced the Highland fling around this royal barbecue.

Even his own wife and children were forbidden to enter his presence for fear that they would put "barn arsenic" in the blanc mange or "Cosgrove arsenic" in the pancake or paris green in the pie.

During his reign he had constructed an immense subterranean, cavernous arrangement called the ear of Dionysius, because it resembled in shape and general telephonic power the human ear. It was the largest ear on record. One day a workman expressed a desire to erect a similar ear of tin or galvanized iron on old Di himself. Some one "blowed on him," and the next morning his head was thumping about in the waste paper basket at the general office. When one of the king's subjects, who thought he was solid with the administration, would say: "B-yond the possibility of a doubt, Your Most Serene Highness is the kind and loving guardian of his people and the idol of his subjects" His Royal Tallness would say: "What ye givin' us! Do you wish to play the Most Sublime Overseer of the Universe and General Ticket Agent Plenipotentiary for a Chinaman? Ya! You cannot fill up the King of Syracuse with taffy." Then he would order the chief executioner to run the man through the royal sausage grinder and throw him into the Mediterranean. In this way the sausage grinder was kept running night and day, and the chief engineer who ran the machine made double time every month.

II.

I will now bring in Damon and Pythias. Damon and Pythias were named after a popular secret organization because they were so solid on each other. They thought more of one another than anybody. They borrowed chewing tobacco, and were always sociable and pleasant. They slept together, and unitedly "stood off" the landlady from month to month in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. If Pythias snored in the night like the blast of a fog-horn Damon did not get mad and kick him in the stomach as some would. He gently but firmly took him, by the nose lifted him up and down to the merry rhythm of "The Babies in our Block."

They loved one another in season and out of season. Their affection was like the soft bloom on the nose of a Wyoming legislator. It never grew pale or wilted. It was always there. If Damon were at the bat Pythias was on deck. If Damon went to the church fair and invited starvation, Pythias would go, too, and vote on the handsomest baby till the First National Bank of Syracuse would refuse to honor his cheques.

But one day Damon got too much budge and told the venerable and colossal old royal bumper of Syracuse what he thought of him. Then Dionysius told the chief engineer of the sausage grinder to turn on steam and prepare for business. But Damon thought of Pythias, and how Pythias hadn't so much to live for as he had, and he made a compromise by offering to put Pythias in soak while the only genuine Damon went to see his girl, who lived at Albany. Three days were given him to get around and redeem Pythias, and if he failed his friend would go to protest.

III.

We will now suppose three days to have elapsed since the preceding chapter. A large party of enthusiastic citizens of Syracuse are gathered around the grand stand, and Pythias is on the platform, cheerfully taking off his coat. Near by stands a man with a broad-axe. The Syracuse Silver Cornet Band has just played "It's Funny When You Feel That Way," and the chaplain has made a long prayer, Pythias sliding a trade-dollar into his hand whispering to him to give him his money's worth. The declaration of independence has been read and the man on the left is running his thumb playfully over the edge of his meat-axe. Pythias takes off his collar and tie, swearing to himself at his miserable luck.

IV.

It is now the proper time to throw in the solitary horseman. The horizontal bars of golden light from the setting sun gleam and glitter from the dome of the court house and bath the green plains of Syracuse with mellow splendor. The billowy piles of fleecy bronze in the eastern sky look soft and yielding, like Sarah Bernhardt. The lowering herds wind slowly o'er the lea, and all nature seems oppressed with the solemn hush and stillness of the surroundings and engulfing horror.

The solitary horseman is seen coming along the Albany and Syracuse toll road. He jabs the Mexican spurs into the foamy flank of his noble Cayuse plug, and the lurch of the quirt as it moves through the air sings a merry song.

Damon has been delayed by road agents and washouts, and he is a little behind time. Besides, he fooled a little too long and dallied in Albany with his fair gazelle. But he is making up time now, and he sails into the jail-yard just in time to take his part. He and Pythias fall into each other's arms, borrow a chew of fine-cut from each other, and weep to slow music. Dionysius comes before the curtain, bows, and says the exercise will be postponed. He orders the band to play something soothing, gives Damon the appointment of superintendent of public institutions and Pythias the Syracuse post-office, and everything is lovely.

Orchestra plays something touchful. Curtain comes down. Keno. In hoc usufruct Nux Vomica est.

### CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

Referring to the recent celebrations at Berlin in honor of the birthday anniversary of the late Queen Luise, Kaiser Wilhelm's mother, a German paper publishes the following interesting anecdote, illustrative of the amiability and readiness of wit for which that illustrious lady, one of the most beautiful and accomplished women of her time, was so justly celebrated. One day Frederic William III., upon entering his consort's boudoir at the breakfast hour, as was his wont, caught sight of a fine new cap upon the Queen's work-table, and laughingly inquired how much she had paid for it.

"Very little," was the reply; "I chose one of the cheapest in the shop. It only cost four thalers."

"Only four thalers!" rejoined the King; "a great deal too much money, I should say, for such a thing as that."

So saying, he walked across the room to a window overlooking the Schloss Platz, and, happening to perceive an old pensioned guardsman passing by, called him up into the room, and, pointing to the Queen, exclaimed:

"That lady sitting on the sofa has more money than she knows what to do with. Now, tell me, my old comrade, how much do you think she gave for that cap lying there on the table?"

After taking a good look at the cap, the puzzled veteran shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"I daresay it cost a few groschen."

"Groschen, indeed!" cried the King, casting a triumphant glance at his smiling consort, "I tell you she paid four thalers for it. Go to her; I'll answer for it, she'll give you just as much as the cap cost."

Taking out her purse, the Queen counted out four brand-new thalers, and dropped them, one by one, into the old soldier's outstretched hand, saying:

"You see that tall gentleman standing by the window. He has much more money than I; indeed, everything I possess comes to me from him. Now go to him; I feel certain that he will give you just twice as much as you had from me."

Frederic William, caught in his own trap, produced eight thalers with an affected reluctance that elicited a burst of happy laughter from the Queen, and handed them to the stout old pensioner, who went on his way rejoicing. This man, Christian Brandes, lived to a great age, and the King, whose memory for faces and names was as remarkable as that of his great uncle, Frederic II., met him accidentally several years later, a short time after the death of the Queen. Recognizing him at once, he held out his hand, and ejaculated, in a voice broken by emotion, "Brandes, do you remember!"

### THE POOR SCHOLAR.

Some time ago a rich patron of the sciences and the arts in Berlin offered prizes of two hundred thalers each for the best essays on the history of the Middle Ages, astronomy, geology, poetry, and metaphysics; and five hundred thalers each for the best romance and the best poem. A committee, formed by members of several university faculties, was to award the prizes. A short time ago the awards were made in the Gewandhaus (a large and beautiful hall in Leipzig). The competition for the prizes were large, and many of the essayists had done good work. The names of the writers were enclosed in sealed envelopes, on the outside of which fictitious names were inscribed.

The prize for the essay on metaphysics was awarded to a young man named Max Markmann, who had chosen for his theme Kant's "Antinomen der reinen Vernunft," and had sent in his essay under the name of "Hans Wildenstein." When Dr. Schmidt, after opening the cover, called out the name Markmann, a pale, poorly-clad, exceedingly wretched-looking young man stepped forward, and was saluted with a hearty round of applause. His hair was thin and already sprinkled with grey, and his whole appearance excited the sympathy of the audience. After receiving his prize, he quietly returned to his seat. The astronomical essay considered the movements and changes of the *Sternennebel* (nebulae), with special regard to the *grasse Nebel* (great nebulae) in Orion. Here, too, the author was found to be Max Markmann. This announcement was received with a storm of applause, while he came forward and received his prize, looking more melancholy and exhausted than before. The next essay was devoted to a review of certain historical works. Again Markmann was the recipient of the prize, and the spectacle was repeated in awarding the other prizes. The excitement among the students present knew no bounds, and a little more and they would have borne him off in triumph. The prize poem was also from his pen. In the natural delicacy of the language it reminded one of Roquette, while the thoughts would have done honor to a Shakespeare or Goethe.

The prize romance, "The Village Schoolmaster," Berthold Auerbach, who was one of the committee, pronounced one of the most gracefully-written stories he had ever read. The author was no other than Max Markmann. This was the last prize awarded; but hardly had the fortunate competitor arisen to receive

it when he fell fainting to the floor. A death-like stillness reigned in the hall while they carried the poor young man into an adjoining room, where the physicians succeeded in restoring him to consciousness; but that was all, for four hours afterwards he was a corpse. His death was the result of long years of deprivation. He literally starved to death.

He who succumbed in the hour of his triumph had lived for several years in a miserable chamber in an out-of-the-way street, and had eked out a miserable existence by giving lessons in the modern languages, and nearly all the other liberal branches of learning. His room contained unfinished models of remarkable mechanical apparatuses, a broken chair, and piles of manuscript, among which there were letters from some of the most distinguished men in Europe. He had for months been kept alive almost solely by the fire of his genius; and in spite of every deprivation, he had labored on untiringly to win the prizes, which, together, amounted to something more than two thousand thalers. Then, when the day came, weak from hunger, he dragged himself to the Gewandhaus, to receive them all, and—to die. Is there in the history of labor and genius, and their reward, another episode so sad!

### MARY ANN.

Mary Ann was a hired girl. She was called "hired" chiefly because she always objected to have her wages lowered. Mary Ann was of foreign extraction, and she said she was descended from a line of kings. But nobody ever saw her descend, although they admitted that there must have been a great descent, from a king to Mary Ann. And Mary Ann never had any father and mother. As far as could be ascertained, she was spontaneously born in an intelligence office. It was called an intelligence office because there was no intelligence about it, except an intelligent way they had of chiselling you out of five-pound notes. The early youth of Mary Ann was passed in advertising for a place, and in sitting on a hard bench, dressed in a bonnet and speckled shawl and three-ply carpeting, sucking the end of her parasol. Her nose began well, and had evidently been conceived in an artistic spirit, but there seemed not to have been stuff enough, as it was left unfinished, and knocked upward at the end. She said she never would live anywhere where they didn't have Brussels carpet in the kitchen, and a family who would take her to the seaside in summer. And as she knew absolutely nothing, she said she must have \$5 a week as a slight compensation for having taken the trouble to learn. Mary Ann was eccentric, and she would often boil her stockings in the tea-kettle and wipe the dishes with her calico frock. But Mary Ann was fond—yes, passionately fond—of talking. So much did she love it that she dilly-dallied over it, and seemed to hate to get it done. She was often much absorbed in her work. In fact she was an absorbing person, and many other things were absorbed besides Mary Ann. Butter, beef, and eggs were all absorbed, and nobody ever knew where they went to. And if she so much as laid her little finger on a saucer, that identical saucer would immediately fall on the floor and be smashed to atoms. But Mary Ann would merely say that if the attraction of gravitation was very powerful in that spot she was not to blame for it, she had no control over the laws of nature. Uncles seem to have been one of Mary Ann's weaknesses; for she had some twenty or thirty cousins, all males, who came to see her every night, and there was a mysterious and inexplicable connection between their visits and the condition of the pantry, which nobody could explain. It was strange—but true. Mary Ann was troubled with absence of mind, but this was not as strong with her as absence of body, for her Sunday out used to come twice a week. But she always went to church, she said, and she thought it was right to neglect her work for her faith, for she believed that faith was better than works. But if the beginning of Mary Ann was strange, how extraordinary was her ending! She never died—Mary Ann was none of your perishable kind. But she suddenly disappeared. One day she was there, full of life and spirits hope, and cooking wine, and the next day she wasn't, and the place that once knew her knew her no more. Where she went to, how she went, by what means she went, no one could tell; but it was regarded as a singular coincidence though that eight napkins, a soup ladle, five silver spoons, a bonnet, two dresses, two earnings, and a lot of valuable bank-notes melted away at the same time, and it is supposed that the person who stole Mary Ann away must have captured those also.

### The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

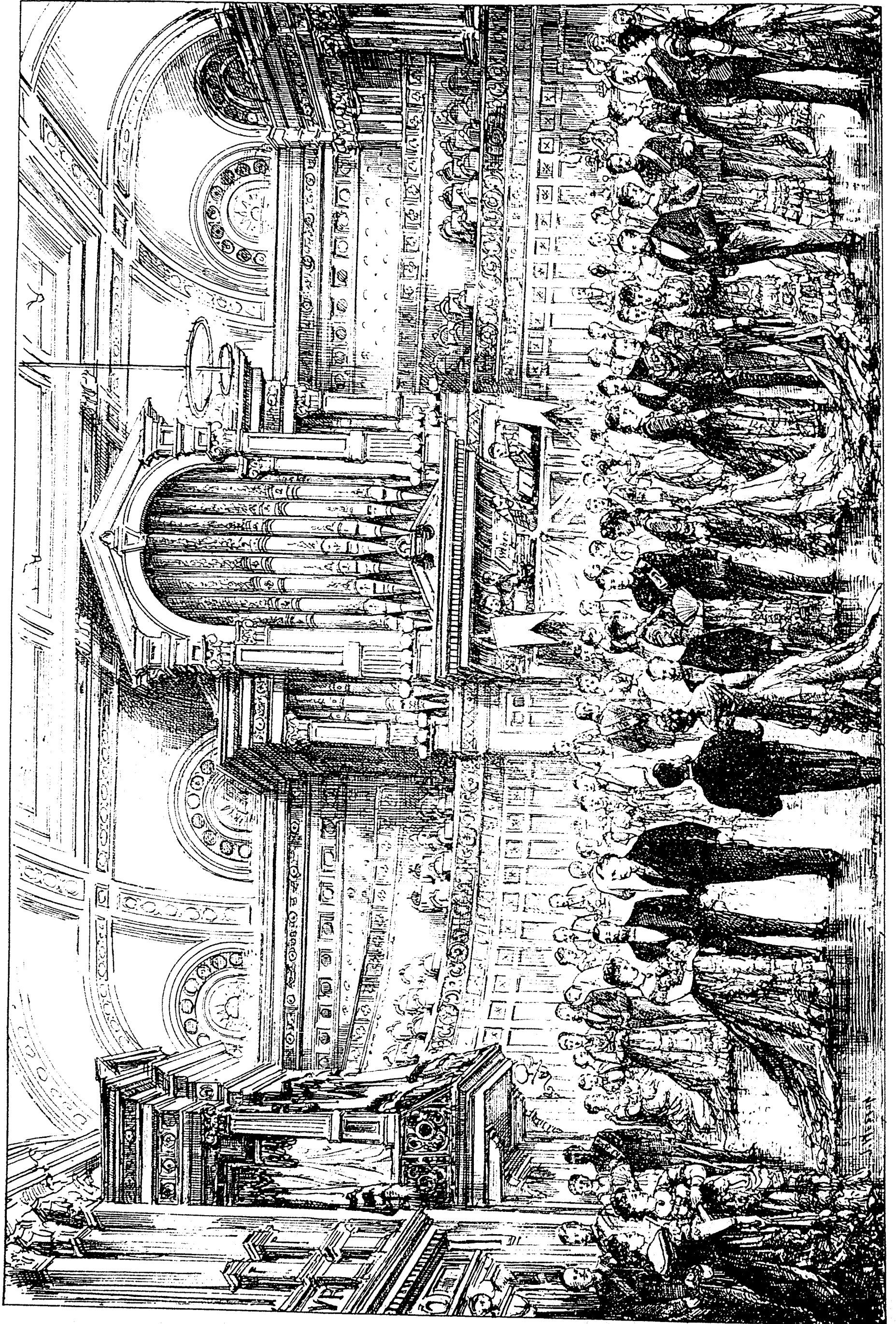
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 300 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

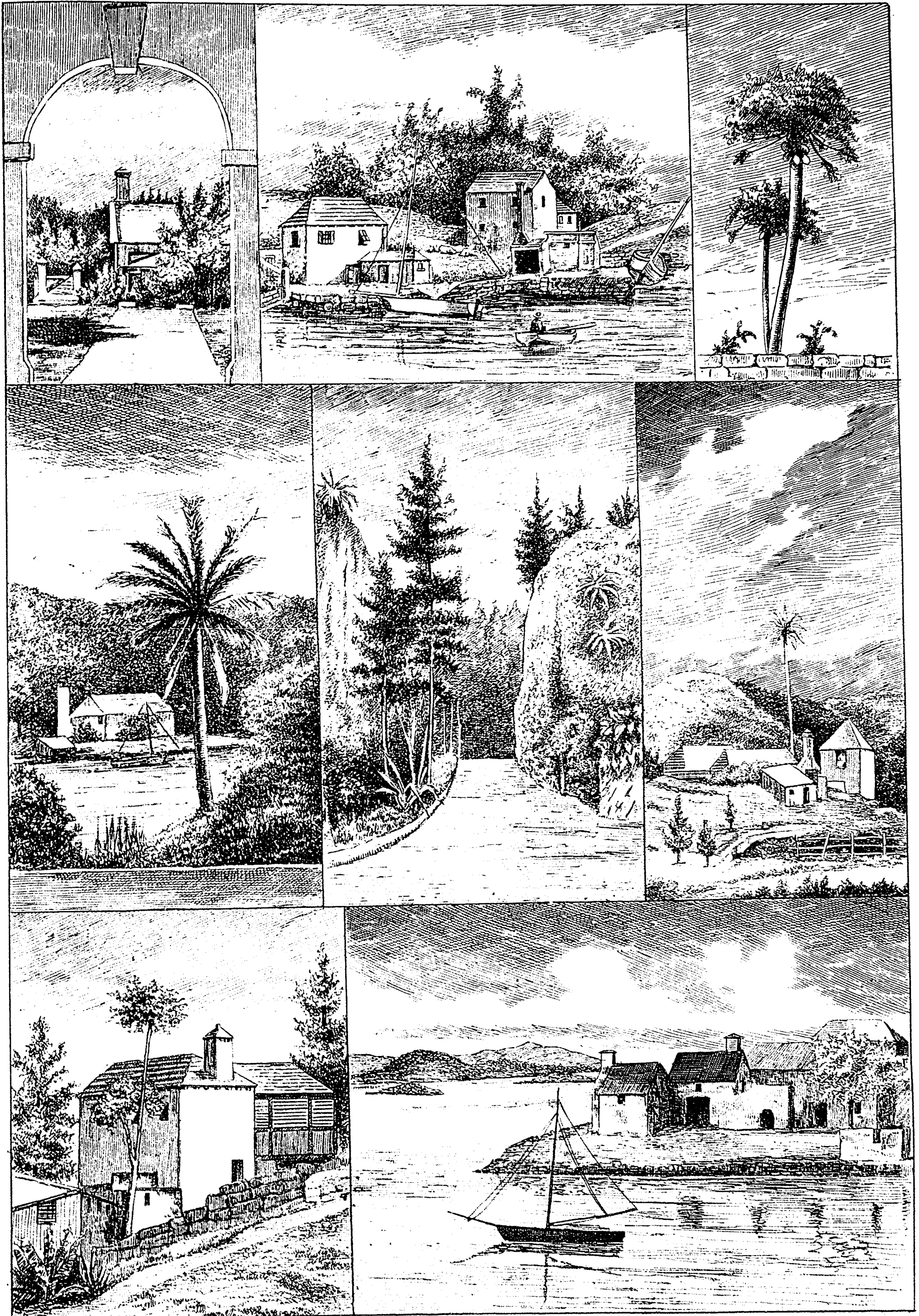
The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.





MONTREAL - THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S BALL IN THE QUEEN'S HALL IN HONOR OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY.



A TRIP TO BERMUDA.—FROM SKETCHES BY T. HENRY CARTER.—(SEE PAGE 243.)

## LONGFELLOW.

The recent reading of Mr. Longfellow's graceful little poem, entitled "Daylight and Moonlight," suggested the following lines:

## I.

Yes, 'tis past! his work is done,  
Quenched his light, and set his sun,

## II.

But the night that softly crept,  
O'er him, while the wailers wept,

## III.

Came, and unto him revealed  
All that garish day concealed.

## IV.

Minstrel of the golden tongue!  
What were those dear lays he sung!

## V.

Lays that oft our hearts beguiled,  
What, but snatches sweet and wild!

## VI.

Of some mighty melody,  
Wafted o'er the silent sea,

## VII.

From that other land that lies,  
Hidden deep from mortal eyes.

## VIII.

Gifted poet! His the power,  
Oft to hear at glaucin hour,

## IX.

Spirit voices, oh! unseen,  
Wondering what their song might mean.

## X.

Mystic music that did seem  
Like the murmurs of a dream.

## XI.

Far, far off, and yet so near;  
Now is all the mystery clear.

## XII.

Now hath night unveiled to him,  
What was once so faint and dim.

## XIII.

Now the darkness hath made plain  
All the beauties of the strain.

## XIV.

Say not that his work is done,  
'Tis not ended, 'tis begun.

## XV.

Here his lyre did but prolong,  
Broken fragments of the song,

## XVI.

Wondrous song of peace and love  
Sung by seraph bands above,

## XVII.

Now, through all his tuneful soul,  
Thrills the grand, the glorious whole.

## XVIII.

Now his voice pours forth again  
All the fullness of the strain.

## BIANCA.

## AN ORIGINAL TALE.

BY NED P. MAH.

(Concluded.)

Before parting to seek the repose of our respective couches and this was not till the first grey rays of dawn entering the windows of the saloon struggled with the faint flicker of the expiring lamp—our new friend had closed a conversation which had yielded us mutual pleasure and satisfaction by a general invitation to attend his rehearsals as might suit our leisure and our inclination.

Of this permission we did not scruple to avail ourselves liberally and were soon astonished and lost in admiration of the wonderful skill and judgment of the man in training and subduing the fiery and high-spirited animals under his care—the great rule and secret of the power he exercised was kindness. His patience was wonderful. But did a horse once understand his lesson and know what was required of him only refusing through the merest obstinacy to comply, his lash was merciless, and his punishment sure, and terrific were the contests we witnessed between brute rage and force on the one hand, and human firmness and determination on the other.

His conduct towards his human pupils was governed by the same laws; his praise, though scant was to the purpose, and sure to follow when merited. But awkwardness or cowardliness never failed to draw down upon the miserable offenders taunts so cutting, that it seemed his tongue alone could fashion them. Yet when mere lack of confidence was the only fault his patient encouragement knew no bounds and none could be more tenderly solicitous than he for the victim of an accident of which the will being greater than the strength or the efficiency, was the cause.

We surprised him one day as he sat cross-legged in the stable, the head of his favorite trick horse upon his lap. The valued steed had been given over by the veterinary surgeon, and

the master was weeping bitterly as the poor beast turned his fast glazing eye askance and feebly strove in his dying agony, to raise his lips in the bestowal of a last salute.

Another morning we entered the circus as he was giving Bianca, the dark-eyed Italian girl, whose arrival by the *Courser Zug* we had witnessed, instructions in a daring "acte" upon a resinous bare-backed steed. Shabby, unshaven grooms and stablemen, with sleepy, beery eyes—yet the veritable selfsame men who in the evening hours shone dapper and resplendent, in the blue and gold livery of the ring—stood at intervals, with extended hoops and banners. Bianca, standing proudly erect with flashing eyes and her wealth of ebony locks knotted closely in a huge net upon her head, sprang lightly, with a certain disdainful grace, over or through the various obstacles in her way—without a failure, without a hesitation even till she completed the circle.

"Auf die knieen!" Bianca had, as the words reached her, in the momentary pause between two barriers, as she rode, her long whip clasped in the dexter hand, her head erect, and both arms crossed gracefully upon her breast thrown a casual glance in our direction. She faltered at her leap, and came down awkwardly her feet apart, so that she recovered with difficulty her balance.

The next was a baulk—and ignobly stooping, while the raised hoops were lifted high and the broad flags waved above her head she completed the circle.

The ringmaster's whip cracked angrily. "Noch ein mal! Auf die knieen!" Again she rose, and descending sideways and slipping with one foot, staggered clumsily.

In a second the long, lithe throng of Pferdenhof's whip had curled about her waist and she lay grovelling amongst the tan.

She regained her feet instantly, her great eyes gleaming with bitter tears of humiliation and vexation, rushed at the steed who never ceased his measured canter round the arena, reached his back with a single spring and completed her round full of savage determination without a mistake.

As a scrubby groom led her and her sweating steed from the ring Pferdenhof approached her and muttered something to her fiercely under his breath. She answered nothing, but threw towards Carl a glance which flashing through her tears, seemed to speak with a mingled eloquence of outraged pride, vexed humiliation with something of a beseechful nature, and a slight admixture of reproach. Yet it was the regard of a spirit which could commune with its master spirit. It was the look a woman casts upon the man she loves.

Another second and the ringmaster turned towards us with a friendly salutation.

"You must not think me severe," he said, smiling, "you must judge my remedies by their happy effects. But," he added archly, "if the entrance of strangers makes my little Bianca so nervous at rehearsal I shall be constrained to banish them during the forenoon hours."

Some interesting trick business was now proceeded with which subjected the unhappy equine pupil to alternate torture and rewards. I saw that my companion's attention was wholly taken up in listening to the quick short sobs which issued from the dressing tent to which Bianca had retired.

Presently the ringmaster's pockets had been emptied of the last piece of sugar and the fretted horse was led foaming from the enclosure.

Then the band struck up a lively dance tune and Bianca mounted on a superb little arab mare, dashed into the arena. It was an exercise of the *Haute Ecole*.

Attired in a well-fitting dark riding-dress which showed her lithe figure to the greatest advantage, sitting on her spirited steed with every grace, she seemed to aid and participate in her every movement. First was a graceful salutation of steed and rider to an imaginary public, then light fantastic amblings forward, backward, serpentine, zig-zag; then a quickened springy step around the circumference to a canter which again quickened to a gallop, fast, faster, furious! till at a great crash of the brass band the music ceased and steed and rider stood motionless as a statue in the centre of the arena. Then the gentle caracolings commenced anew, the animal caressing the boundaries of the ring with alternate feet, tossing the foam-flakes high in the air from her expanded nostrils, waving and twitching her long tail in her excitement, and the fretting irritation induced by the now frequent and necessary applications of the rider's whip, till, wearied and giddy she was suddenly faced about in the arena, and after a second salute, staggered backwards, lashing up the sand and tan as she retreated, with her feet and tail.

This was a success and the ringmaster was in ecstasies. Carl's face was flushed with the most undisguised admiration. As Bianca reappeared in her ordinary walking dress, looking paler and more wearily melancholy than ever after the varied excitement of the morning he hastened to her side, and receiving her permission to escort her to the hotel, led the way while I and the director followed at our leisure.

"Wilhelm," said Carl that evening as we lay pensively smoking upon the banks of a murmuring brook, "Have you any objection to leave Nichtzubestillen this evening?"

Thinking this sudden request of my friend might have some intimate connection with Bianca, consideration for his convenience decided me to answer in the negative.

As it happened I was correct in my surmise—

little did I imagine, however, the kind of project which prompted his proposition.

It was agreed that I should proceed slowly along a footway which led through the fields to a point at which it joined the high road, that I should wait him there while he returned alone and settled our little account at the hotel and bring with him our mutual luggage.

It was a weird kind of evening, the sky was wild and an unearthly glare pervaded the atmosphere. Before I had reached the junction of the field way with the *chaussée* everything betokened a coming storm. Before I had waited there more than half the time which must intervene before I could expect Carl, it had burst with all its fury. But the stile on which I sat was sheltered by the spreading branches of a huge tree, and I was safe from the effects of the rain, which now fell in torrents, for the present.

I was beginning to feel impatient at Carl's non-appearance when the four-footed thud of a galloping horse approaching from the direction of Nichtzubestillen attracted my attention. A few moments and a snorting steed, checked by an impatient jerk of the bridle rein threw himself upon his haunches, laboring under the weight of a double burden.

"Here, Wilhelm," cried the voice of Carl as my knapsack with its welcome complement of waterproofings was flung at my feet "You see what I'm up to, old boy. I'll meet you in Studentenburg, but for God's sake and mine, don't return to Nichtzubestillen," and with a "Leb' wohl!" and a cheery shout to his fleet steed which bore the clinging form of Bianca behind that of its male rider, he vanished into the darkness.

I am naturally of a philosophic disposition and can readily adapt myself to circumstances—so with a quaint smile at the curious turn affairs had taken—I proceeded to unstrap from my kit and invest my body in pocket siphonia and overalls, lit a fresh cigar from the stump of that I had been smoking and shouldering my knapsack within which I was glad to remember a plentiful supply of the circulating medium was safely stored, pursued my lonely way upon the damp *chaussée* odorously with the fresh smell of the newly laid dust.

Of the adventures of the fugitives I heard nothing until I resumed, at the close of the vacation, my academic studies in Studentenburg. Then Carl told me how at the fit opportunity he had obtained male habiliments, in which he had invested Bianca, transforming her by close cropped hair and a false moustache into a likeness (I am sure it must have been a very handsome one) of myself. Then flinging her cast-off clothes upon the banks of a stream and turning loose the steed which had borne them so gallantly through the stormy night, they had wandered on, like truant children, by easy journeys over mountains and through dale to Studentenburg.

In a quiet little cottage in the suburbs of the city of Bianca found a dwelling. She created a maintenance for herself by making tapestries and slipper work—in which accomplishments she greatly excelled—for the shops.

In the evenings and in the long vacation days, Carl would stretch himself at her feet while to the soft accompaniment of the guitar she would sing to him the soul enchanting melodies of her native land.

But her's was one of those soaring, passionate natures which chafe and fret at the thralldom of their cage of clay and the trammels of our tame earthly existence, and long ere the years of our student life had ended, her wearied spirit left its pale, wan, fragile prison-house and escaped to those brighter realms where there is no mere wearying nor care nor sin nor death.

With her beautiful head upon his breast, her thin hand clasping his, murmuring the passionate words of an Italian hymn, at the close of a summer's day she gave to Carl her last kiss and whispered him her last adieu. On the wings of the last sunbeam her spirit fled and as the lengthening shadows melted into darkness, Carl felt that to him the night was come indeed.

After her loss Carl was even a sadder—it may be her influence had made him—a better man.

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

Old Aunt Huldy was prone to tell, with half-frightened look and bated breath, of the "terrible secret of the old Benson well," and of the unparadised soul that was doomed to "hunt the arth till the Angil Gabriel should blow his horn."

What is the secret of that overwhelming depression that weighs upon one's being when in the presence of an old deserted house? It overpowers you. You may strive to laugh it down, but the echo of that laugh is a weird reproof and mockery; you may strive to reason it away, but it is not obedient to the intellect; it is not the slave of reason. Come with me to that old house in the shadows of the twilight, and see how quickly are the smiles of ridicule dispelled.

I sought this ruin upon an autumn evening, I picked my way through the wilderness of weeds, following the beaten tract of some prowling tenant that had his chosen path to door and cellar way. I saw the yawning roof; I saw the yellow leaves of twenty years that had been whisked in at the gaping sashes, and had been whirled by the blustering wind into great piles in the damp corners. I looked out upon the high-grown weeds and mildewed lilacs that swayed against the window-sills. The drop of the squirrel's nut rattled on the rafters over-

head, and every sheltered corner was festooned with heavy cobwebs laden with the dust of generations. I saw the chimney-place, the old brick oven with its empty void, and in the fireplace below an ashy ember of an old bark-log lying upon the hearth that once was radiant in its glow. Here were worn hollows in the floor that seemed to speak—imprints of the old armchair that told whole volumes of past cozy comfort at this fireside; here a nick in the plastered wall, and a round spot above, which, with the testimony of the dents in the floor beneath, told plainly of the evening pipe and the figure in the tilted chair. There was a cupboard door with its worn spot about the knob; here a rusty nail with the shadow of its hanging coat still plainly visible upon the wall—a hundred things, and each seemed trying to tell its story in some mysterious language of its own.

I sought out the nooks and cupboards, and I remember at length finding myself lost in a deep day-dream merely at the sight of a mildewed fragment which I had kicked up on the floor. It was nothing but a musty bit of leather—nothing but a little baby shoe turned up from a pile of rubbish on the floor.

There was an oppressive suggestive stillness that found my ear ever on the alert for some half-expected whisper from every gloomy corner, and that riveted my restless eyes as though seeking for an answering look from every dark recess. Why do you peer so slowly and cautiously into the shadows of a dark closet? Why do you so often turn and glance behind as you pass among its gloomy passages? What is it that you seek? And as you reach the top of those tottering stairs, why that quick and sweeping glance? why that shudder but half concealed? Yes, it is damp. The air is heavy with the emanations of mould and rotting timbers. But it is not the chill that brings the shudder; it is not the dampness. The soggy floors break and crumble beneath your feet, and you draw your wraps close about you as you pick your way through its dank and musty halls, so clammy cold. The doors have fallen from their hinges, and lie in shapeless heaps among the rotten timbers of the floor. The toppling rafters and sagging beams are tumbling from their moorings, and are damp with slimy mildew, and peopled with destroying worms. Snails and lizards are crushed beneath your foot-steps, and as you hurry toward the door, the coils of a skulking snake disappear before you among the dark holes in the timbers.—WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, in *Harper's*.

## THE RIVAL SINGERS.

In 1847, Giulia Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in London, but at different places. Each star struggled to outshine the other, and those who one evening went into ecstasies over Grisi's "Norma," were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva." Such was the rivalry, that it was not to be expected that they would sing together in a public concert. But Queen Victoria, thinking it a shame that two singers so eminent should be separated by a petty jealousy, requested them both to appear at a court concert. Of course they complied with the request. The Queen cordially welcomed them, and expressed her pleasure at seeing them together for the first time. She then gave the signal for the concert to begin. As Jenny Lind was the younger of the two, it had been arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her power she stepped forward and began. But chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the Southron's malignant gaze fastened upon her. The fierceness of the look almost paralyzed the singer. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, and everything before her eyes darkened. She became so faint that she nearly fell. By the utmost exertion of her will, however, she succeeded in finishing the aria. The painful silence that followed its conclusion—a silence ever noticeable where those present are embarrassed—convinced her that she had made a failure. The conviction was confirmed by the triumphant expression on Grisi's countenance. Despite the semi-torpidity of her senses she realized that the failure meant lost glory, the destruction of her happiness, and the mortification and grief of her parents and friends. Suddenly something—it seemed like a voice from heaven—whispered, "Sing one of the old songs in your mother-tongue." She caught at the idea as an inspiration which had been flashed into her mind between the termination of the vocal part of the aria and the accompanists' final chords. She, unnoticed by the company, asked him to rise, and took the vacated seat. For a few seconds she suffered her fingers to wander over the keys in a low prelude, and then she began to sing. Her selection was a little prayer which, in the long ago, she had loved above all other songs in her childhood's repertoire. She had not thought of it for years. As she sang she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but in her fatherland, surrounded by those who listened not to criticize. Not one before her understood the words of the "prayer," but the plain-tiveness of the melody and the sweet voice brought the moisture to every eye. There was the silence of admiring wonder. When, having finished the "prayer," she lifted her mild, blue eyes to her rival, whose flaming orbs had so disconcerted her, she found no fierce expression on her countenance, but instead a tear diamonding the long black eyelashes. A moment after, with the impulsiveness characteristic of the children of the tropics, Grisi rushed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arms round the girl's neck, and kissed her regardless of the lookers on.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Three gay little lads on a winter's night  
Sat cracking their nuts by the pine-tops' light—  
Sat cracking their nuts, and laughing with glee  
At the wonderful things they would go and see.  
That was forty years ago,  
Round the cot and pine-wood fen,  
Now a noble city stands  
There with many toiling hands,  
And the little lads are men.

Said Harry: "I really don't know which is best,  
To shoulder my rifle and go to the West,  
Or to harpoon the whales in the arctic seas;  
But I shall be sure to do one of these."  
That was forty years ago—  
And the hunter never went,  
He's a man of stocks and shares,  
Great among the "Bulls" and "Bears,"  
And a railroad president.

Little Willy said, slowly: "I hate the noise  
And crowd of cities; and I shall go, boys,  
To some far Western prairie and pitch my tent,  
And live like Robinson Crusoe, content."  
That was forty years ago,  
Willy is a merchant bold;  
Willy's name's in every hand;  
Every market feels his hand,  
And his word is good as gold.

Now Jack had been reading a wonderful tale,  
And he said: "I shall go, if my plans do not fail,  
To be Captain Al' Baha, and find me a cave,  
With forty good robbers, all clever and brave."  
That was forty years ago,  
Jack's a Judge of sternest sort;  
No one stands like him for Law;  
Thieves and gamblers stand in awe  
Of his unrelenting Court.

MARY A. HARR.

THE GIRL THAT PROVIDENCE SENT.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

It was when we were living at the Virginia Three Forks, and good help was as scarce as hens' teeth, that father came walking in one day with a small, neat, grey-eyed woman, and a large bundle in tow.

"Where did you find her?" asked mother, dropping the ladle with which she was basting a savory goose, and preparing to resign that branch of the household work instantaneously.

"Providence sent her," answered father, with a sigh of relief—he had been girl-hunting for a month. "She looks strong and tidy, and has an honest expression."

"Humph," said mother, shortly, "where's her certificate, or don't the girls from celestial intelligence offices need any? Have you a character?" she asked, turning to the girl.

"I had one, ma'am," she answered respectfully, "but the mice ate it; I'll soon have another—try me, ma'am, just try me."

"What is your name?" asked mother in a catechismal voice, after the girl had laid aside her shawl and hood.

"Ellinora," was the answer, with a pleasant smile.

"Well, we'll call you Nellie for short, and you can go right to work at the vegetables for dinner," and mother proceeded to show her what duties were expected of her.

She proved to be an excellent servant, though a little queer and obstinate; but she never went out; had no associates, and though we knew nothing more about her than it she had dropped from the skies she seemed faithful and honest.

She had been with us about a month, when one night we heard loud talking in her room; it was early in the evening, and as ours was a country home it was a habit we had fallen into of retiring soon after supper, if not to bed, to our own rooms. We all heard the loud talking at the same time, and met in the hall.

"It's in Nellie's room," said mother, "and we crept to the door and listened, and we heard as plain as if spoken in our presence these words in a man's gruff voice:

"I'll burn ye all in your beds yet as sure as ye have souls to be saved!"

This was followed by the pleading tones of a woman—not Nellie's voice, however.

"Oh! don't, don't, don't. We are innocent; indeed we are!"

The indescribable pathos of the sobbing voice terrified us so that we went after father, who had remained sceptically in his room; he was angry and thumped vigorously on Nellie's door, but it was some time before it was opened. Then we discovered that every article of furniture in the room was arranged to form a pyramidal barricade in front of the entrance. Nellie herself, sleepy and rubbing her eyes, thrust out a head tied up in an old white apron.

"What is it?" she asked hastily, with a frightened look; "thieves—murder?"

"Let us in," said father, applying his shoulder to the door, which was only opened a crack; but Nellie had no idea of letting us in, and resisted with such ferocity that mother undertook to soothe her, and gained by strategy what we could not effect by force.

There was not a soul in the room and the window was nailed down. There was no possible hiding-place or means of egress, and there was nothing for us to do but to quietly retire, leaving Nellie to resume her slumbers, which we had so rudely broken. Understand it we could not, and it was all the more mysterious when the next day the whole thing had to be repeated and explained to the girl, she declaring that she had no memory of seeing us in her room or knowledge of our being there. She looked as serene and indifferent as usual, and said she barricaded the door and nailed her window down through fear of burglars.

We had no reason to suspect that the girl did not speak the truth; yet we were so conscious of a mystery about the whole affair that it made us nervous and uncomfortable, and we began to notice strange ways about our new girl—things that had been of no account before now told against her; yet, when all was summed up, we could only say that she was romantic, and had perhaps been educated above her station, and so gave herself airs, and she really did accomplish her work in a most satisfactory manner.

"Just a little cracked," father would say of her, "but a good girl in the main; I'd like to know what you women folks would do without her."

"It does seem as if Providence had sent her," said mother, meekly; she likes to make believe she is an echo of Father sometimes.

Several times Nellie did treat us to what father called a "circus performance" in her room, but as no harm came of it we concluded that she was merely enjoying herself in her own way, and let her alone. She was such a quiet little woman, with soft gray eyes that seemed to implore your forbearance, and her breakfast rolls of a Sunday morning were the best we had ever tasted; then as to fried chickens, and "angels on horseback," the Virginia name for fried-seed oysters, well she might have taught Delmonico to cook those dishes.

One day a carriage containing two gentlemen, one of them evidently a physician, stopped a moment at our house to inquire which of the three roads led to a ferry near, and while father was telling them they were halted directly in front of the kitchen window where I stood with Nellie, watching her make a fancy dressing for some baked pork. I was noticing how long and slim her fingers were, as she worked up the mass of spiced bread, when, as suddenly as if shot from a bow, she darted from the kitchen, and fled up stairs. Thinking she had been taken suddenly ill, I finished her work for her, but an hour later when mother went to her room, it was empty! Nellie was gone. She had taken nothing of ours, her wages had never been drawn, and she had vanished as completely as if she had never existed, so that it seemed as if Providence had indeed recalled her in the same mysterious way that she came.

Was this the end? Yes, it was the end of Nellie's service with us, but one day, a couple of weeks after, the same carriage that had stopped at our gate, with the same two men that had been in it before—and one of them a physician—came crawling slowly back again, mud-spattered and road-worn, and between the two men, shackled, manacled, the clothes torn from her poor bruised limbs, sat our Nellie, a raving lunatic, snarling at all who approached her. She did not know us, and the doctor would not allow us to go near her.

"She is the most dangerous lunatic in the asylum at Alexandria," he said, "and the worst criminal. Why, that woman burned five persons to death in their beds, and strangled her own child! I had no idea that she was here, or I would have inquired for her that day. We were on another trail altogether, and if she had stayed quietly here it is doubtful if we had ever known of it until you had all been murdered in your sleep."

But he could not persuade us that this wild-eyed creature, reeling at her own dersh, and filling the air with her shrieks and curses, was our gentle, quiet Nellie, until we heard her simulate a man's voice in the very tones she had used that night, when probably she was struggling with her mania to murder and burn. We did our own work for a long time after that, and took good care to have a well-attested certificate of character from the next girl that Providence sent us, as we had no desire to entertain any more escaped lunatics.

A FEARFUL STAKE.

The sun had set—had sunk to rest like a ball of fire, so red was the glare that shone on the fair city of Paris. It lay in crimson patches on the stone flags and white walls, lighting up all with a vivid coloring which seemed to bath each object in blood. Upon the scaffold, which stood out in horrible distinctness from its surroundings, it lingered with a deeper touch, as though the human fluid which stained the wood was a pleasant thing to look upon.

"See," said a woman, whose voice rang above the din of human cries and the tramp of many feet, "it is the color of blood itself!"

A laugh of fiendish exultation finished her speech, and then, with a smile on her face, she stepped forward and took her place in a procession which came swiftly by, raising her voice with theirs, as there sounded forth that most glorious of all retrains the "Marseillaise," and her words were forgotten—forgotten save by one. The harsh voice had penetrated to a window two stories above, and struck terror to the hearts of its occupants, a man and woman, who were standing beside the window.

"Did you hear her, Louis?" said the latter, while a shudder of horror ran through her frame. "Oh, how could she laugh when there is such cruel work going on!"

Her lover, for in such relationship did the young man stand to her, gently drew the girl away from the window.

"Marie, I have much to tell you, but I know not how to say it while you look so pale and troubled."

With a rapid gesture of her hands, and her eyes full of tears, Marie sat down on the old sofa, and looked at her lover in silence.

"I have been told by some one, who I know would not deceive me, that I am suspected," commenced the young man. Then he continued in a hurried voice, not daring to glance in the pale face opposite; "and, Marie, I need scarcely tell you that Robespierre will—will—"

Hardly waiting to hear the end of the sentence, the girl sprang from her seat and threw her arms around his neck.

"Then it has come true—my miserable dream! Louis! Louis! I dreamed that they tore you from me and cast you into prison. Ah! I will beg at his feet, and I will implore him, for the sake of his own wife and child, to have pity on us! He cannot refuse to listen."

The young count did not answer, but as he gazed down into the lovely face upturned to his, a groan burst from his lips.

"Marie, *ma petite*, I fear it would be useless. What mercy can we expect from a man who has slain his hundreds?"

It was too true. With passionate sorrow in her blue eyes, the girl gazed into the handsome face that might so soon be taken from her for ever. As they thus stood, clinging together in their despair, a loud shout echoed through the air, taken up by hundreds far and near. Disengaging himself, the young man stepped to the window, and beckoned his weeping companion to his side. Thronging from all parts were crowds of people, gesticulating and singing, and effectually stopping all traffic of any sort. All at once there burst forth the loud cry of "L'Incorruptible!"

"Marie," exclaimed the count below his breath, "it is Robespierre who comes!"

It was a sight worth seeing. In the midst of the vast multitude sat the favorite in his carriage, from which the horses had been taken, and which was dragged along by the crowd. There he sat, crowned with a garland of oak leaves, while around him on every side arose the words, "Behold the friend of the people, the great defender of liberty!"

But this stern-looking man, with the keen eyes and proud aquiline features, had not toiled in vain. The reward worked for—the power to sanction life or death according as his ambitious will dictated had been won. Yet there must be a few words said in plea for one who had justly made himself notorious for his many cruelties and faults. He was free from some of the grosser vices and ambitions of his contemporaries. Genuine enthusiasm and something akin to principle guided this unfortunate man at the commencement of the revolution; but, naturally cowardly, the elements of conflicting and wild disorder about around him made cruelty his only instrument of either action or self defence. Contrary to Marat's policy, he did not court the dregs of the people, or amass money, therefore he may be considered politically insane. As the triumphant procession passed by, one of the crowd who stood with Robespierre glanced up at the window where Count B—and his betrothed stood. A smile crossed his lips—one which the unfortunate young man knew only too well how to interpret. His fate was sealed. As the favorite of the people passed away in the distance, a dullness seemed to fall on the deserted streets, and the scaffold rose black and grim against the cloudless sky. That night Marie's dream came true, and the handsome, brave young Count B. lay in prison, waiting to go to his death. To and fro along the Rue St. Honore to the place of execution went the carts containing the victims of the Revolution, accompanied by the usual closely-packed mob. Opposite, and commanding a full view of the horrible spectacle of human suffering and woe, was the Café de la Regence, where it was the fashion to drop in for a game of cards; but, owing to the ghastly, sickening spectacle that was continuously passing its window, few cared to make it a resort of amusement. Some who boasted a stronger nerve, or had grown callous to the pain of a fellow being, gathered together to play for money, as many in those days played for a higher stake.

But one afternoon, while the guillotine was doing its ceaseless work, the room was empty, save for one man, who sat beside a table at the window. With an air of profound indifference he looked out on the scene before him, a stern defiance in face and manner. What mattered it that there was rising from hundreds of hearts that day a cry for pardon or pity—that innocent as well as guilty were being hurried to their death? An impatient sigh broke from the firm lips, and the silent waterer turned his head. It was Robespierre!—he who had stood beside an altar in the Champ de Mars, bearing the inscription, "A celui qui a bien mérité de la patrie," and beneath it "Robespierre." He had reached the highest opinion of the people's approval, was recognized as their leader, and yet, as he sat alone in the empty room, there lay a frown on the high forehead, a deep gloom in the keen, clear eyes. As he turned from the window, and glanced impatiently at the table before him, the door opened and a handsome man entered the room. With a low bow to its solitary occupant, he placed himself at the table, and taking up the cards challenged him to play. Nothing loth, Robespierre consented, and the game commenced. There was a few minutes' silence, broken only by the sound of the cards as they passed slowly down the Rue St. Honore. Then the stranger won. But again the cards were dealt out, and as the game progressed a strange pallor passed over the handsome stranger's face, and his eyes wandered restlessly, with terror in their depths, to his antagonist's hand. Now and then a swift shudder convulsed his frame, as a fresh shout was heard in the streets,

or there came the grand strains of the "Marseillaise," but no other sign of emotion showed itself by word or look. A somewhat pardonable curiosity crossed the great man's mind as to why the unknown should so persistently play on, heedless of aught but the success of the cards he held, but he uttered no word till the third game was finished, and he himself the loser. Then, leaning back in his chair, he said,

"What are the stakes?"

It was well his eyes were fully looking out of the window, or he might have noted the suppressed eagerness of his companion's manner; but the momentary weakness, whatever it arose from, was soon quelled, and in quiet tones, that had no tremor in them, the stranger replied—

"The head of a young man who would be executed to-morrow. Here is the order for his release awaiting only your signature; and be quick, the executioner will give no delay."

Bending forward, Robespierre laid his hand on the paper, and drew it towards him. There was a moment of terrible suspense as the keen eyes glanced down its contents with calm deliberation but after a moment's decision there lay on the white surface that which was to set the captive free. The unknown rose from his seat, and, taking the scroll in his hand, was about to withdraw, when his footsteps were arrested by the question,

"But, who are you, citizen?"

With a smile lighting up his handsome features the unknown replied,

"Say, citizeness, monsieur; I am Count B.'s betrothed. Thanks, and adieu!"

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

The glories of Mabilly are promised to be revived at Tivoli Gardens this summer—every Mabilly attraction in the lightning-way (including the luminous flowers, &c.) is to be found as of yore.

M. LOVIS intends to eclipse the British effort at ballooning from Dover to Calais, as he announces his intention of crossing from France to Africa. There is good bathing to be found between the two places.

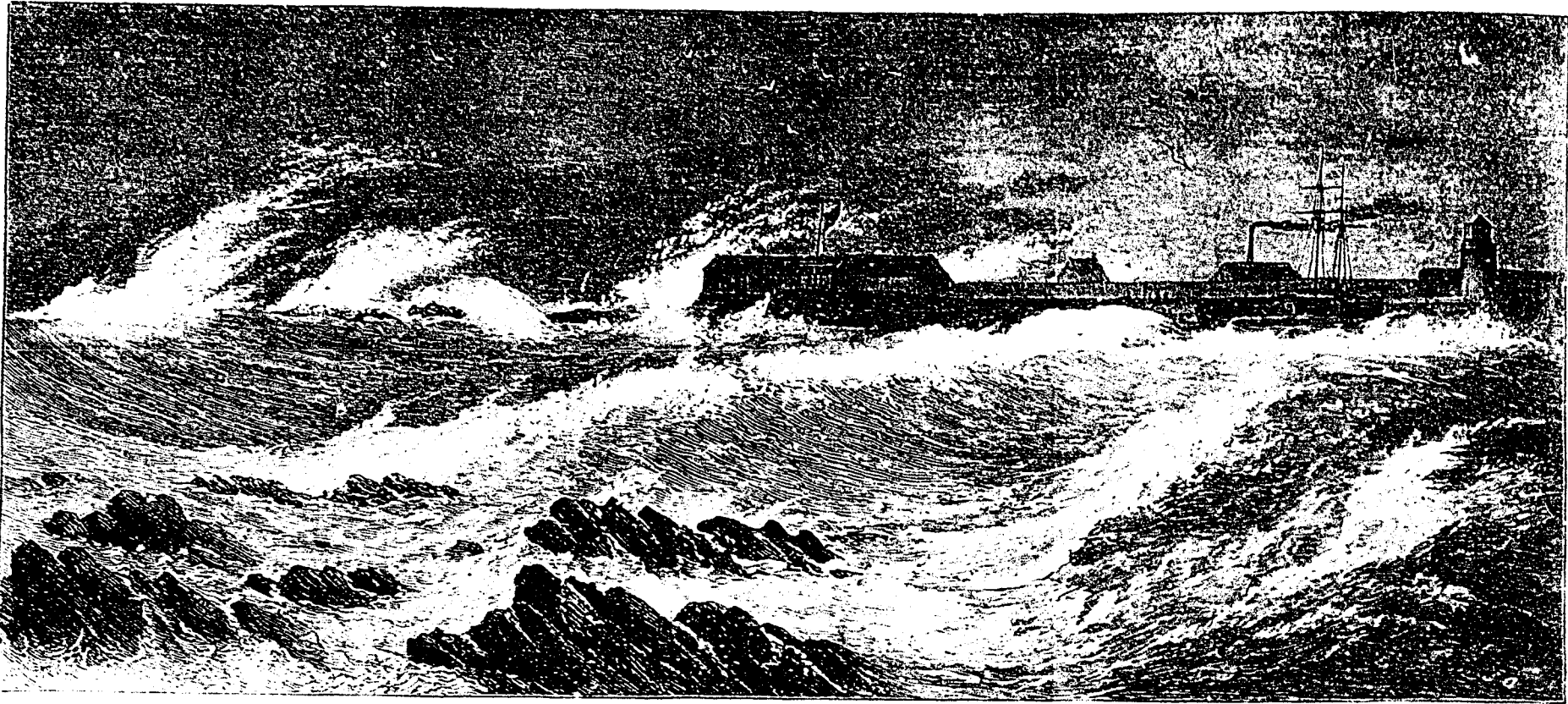
A GREAT struggle has been gone on of late as to whether or not Paris shall have a mayor. The Deputies have just settled by a decisive vote that it shall not. Compliments have been paid to the London Lord Mayor, as it is believed that no imitation of him is possible, not even in Paris.

*Françoise de Rimini*, the opera by M. Ambroise Thomas, will be produced at the Paris Opera, it is hoped, before the end of this month. The rehearsals of scenery have been frequent, as grand and novel effects will be shown which it is expected will astonish even a Paris public.

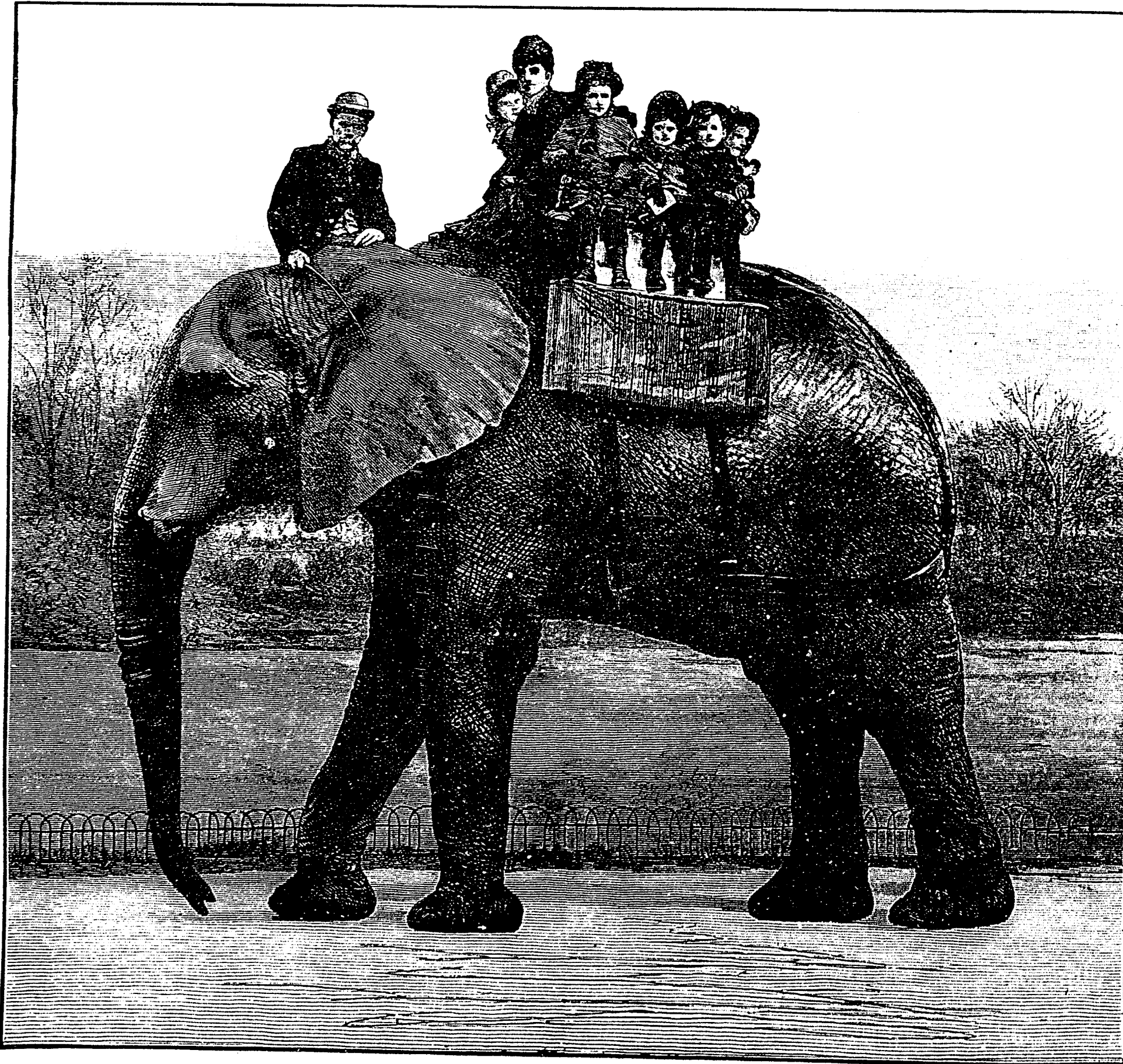
THE Paris Municipal Councillors, at the suggestion of Marius Poulet, one of their members, have resolved to put in a claim to some of the good things going, in the way of travelling facilities. Marius Poulet thinks, and maintains with eloquence most mellifluous, that Paris Municipal Councillors are quite as good as mere Senators and Deputies, and even better—certainly, much better than Senators, whom he would gladly abolish if he could. It therefore follows that the right of travelling all over France for a mere trifle since it is granted to members of the Legislature ought equally to be granted to be granted to that still more important body, the Paris Municipal Council—at least, so argues Marius Poulet.

M. NADAI gives this graphic sketch of one of the plague spots of Paris:—"All through the year at nightfall and far into the depths of the night, in the midst of Paris, on the Boulevard at the corner of the Rue Montmartre, may be seen this revolting spectacle. The highway is blocked up by a foul population which ceaselessly ebbs and flows. This is the Petite Bourse, the nest of vice and crime. The faces, though nearly all young, are aged by debauchery, used up by their nocturnal occupations. They exchange with hoarse voices their confidences and countersigns in cabalistic slang, intelligible only to the initiated in those loathsome mysteries. The policeman who shoulders his way through the slime leaves behind him groans of contempt and hatred. Cast the net on this filth, you will not find one who earns his living honestly, or by work. What can France do with such people?"

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



THE TROUBLED WATERS OF PETERHEAD HARBOR.



A FAREWELL RIDE ON JUMBO.—(SEE PAGE 243.)



THE BALCONY SCENE FROM ROMEO AND JULIET AS PRODUCED AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, LONDON.

RONDEAU.

She tossed to me a kiss! 'Twas night,  
Yet every brooding care took flight.  
The fountain leapt and laughed with glee  
And all the stars leant out to see,  
And wondered at my wild delight.

Though fate my sweetest hope may blight  
To crown with bliss a rival knight,  
One joy I have can never flee,  
She tossed to me a kiss!

Should fortune guide my lance aright  
That I may win her in the fight,  
Oh, I will guard her tenderly  
And she will never be to me  
Less fair than when in beauty bright  
She tossed to me a kiss!

SAMUEL MINTURN PRICK.

THE OLD CLOCK; OR, "HERE SHE GOES, THERE SHE GOES."

Not long since, two stylish-looking persons put up for the night at an hotel in Richmond. On the morrow, after ordering their bill, they sent for the landlord, who was not long in waiting on his aristocratic guests.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up-stairs. Will you sell it?" asked the elder, whilst the young-st lighted a cigar, and cast his eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table.

The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heirloom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Martin Heywood's chair, and be filled with coin, and almost involuntarily the three ascended to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the elder, "I once won twenty pounds with a clock like that."

"Twenty pounds!" ejaculated the landlord. "Yes. You see there was one like it in a room down in Essex, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger swinging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying, 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did! You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you ten pounds I can do it on the spot!" "Done!" cried the "knowing one."

The clock struck eight, and, with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in a curve, his eyes fully fixed on the pendulum. The fellows behind interrupted, "Where's the money! plunk the money!"

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left hand engaged his pocket, which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent. The dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the waiter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the only answer.

One of the wags left the room. The landlord heard him go downstairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the waiter entered, and, touching him upon the shoulder, asked—

"Mr. B., are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The waiter rushed downstairs. He called one of the neighbors, and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbor, seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring manner said—

"Mr. B., do not sit here. Come, come down stairs. What can possess you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the solemn reply, and the solemn face, and the slowly-moving finger, settled the matter. He was mad.

"He's mad," whispered the friend, in a low voice. "We must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped; he was not to be deceived, although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord, and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered, full of agony of soul. "My dear," she kindly said, "look on me. It is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go, but his wife wouldn't go—she would stay; and he thought she was determined to conspire against him and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued—

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her airy progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he tenderly loved, would tend to restore him, "shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought upon the many unsuccessful attempts to win from him his purpose, and of his success in baffling them.

The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and, to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered—

"No, madam! The fewer persons here the better. The maid had better stay away. Do not let the maid—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" yet again—again, in harmony with 'he waving finger, issued from the lips of the landlord.

"A consultation, I think, will be necessary," said the physician. "Will you run for Dr. A—?"

The kind neighbor buttoned up his coat and hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. A—, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he, to the doctor with him.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered!" said Dr. A—.

"Ah, poor dear husband!" said the lady. "I fear he never will know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis and with a more nervous yet determined waving of the finger, in concert with the pendulum; for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put ten pounds into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted. The wife, in a low, bewailing tone, continued her utterances—

"No, never! nor of his daughter!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived. He was naturally a talkative man, and when the doctor made some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied—

"Ha, ha! Monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tra beautiful—eh?—look—very fine, isn't she?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, in the best English he could use. "Vare—vare sall I begin? Vat is dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" exclaimed the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" for the last time, cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room—

"I've won it!—I've won it!"

"What?" said the waiter.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—ten pounds!" But, casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he added—

"Where are those young men who supped here last night? eh? quick—where are they?"

"They went away in their phaeton nearly an hour ago, sir!" was the reply of the waiter.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book, with twenty-five pounds therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them.

THE MOON'S INFLUENCE.

The moon produces a physical influence upon the earth, but it is an influence of an altogether different kind to the one which is implied by the popular piece of weather-delusion; it is the influence which is so grandly expressed in the diurnal roll of the tides of the sea, and which is due to the interaction of the lunar and terrestrial masses. But this, it must be remembered, is an affair in which there is no room for the play of imagination or fancy. The rise and the recurrence of the tides are known beforehand, and even tabulated in the almanacs with the utmost exactness. Not only the time of high tide is marked for all the great port-establishments of earth, but also the occasions when such rise of the tide will be exceptionally in defect. But in this it is the moon which is operative in bringing about the result, and not the "phases" or appearance of the moon. The bulging water is drawn towards the moon, and follows it in its circling course round the earth, without any regard to the phase which it may be presenting to the terrestrial observer's eye, or to the extent of the illumination at the time by the sunshine. The highest tide occurs shortly after the occurrence of new moon, not because the moon is dark or unilluminated, but because when the moon is thus unilluminated, it is between the earth and sun, so that the attractive influence of the sun is for the time superadded to that of the moon in producing the tidal swell.

Now, there can be no question that the moon does produce a somewhat similar effect upon the atmosphere to that which it exerts upon the sea. As it goes round the earth, and as the earth whirls upon its axis in front of the attendant orb, a tidal swell is called up in that part of the atmosphere which is most immediately opposite and nearest to the lunar mass; and this tidal wave in the air undoubtedly is accompanied by change of physical state which would involve alteration of pressure, and which would be to that extent indicated by the barometer, and would tend to produce movement in the air or

wind, and such weather change as is attendant upon wind. But all this, it will be observed, has nothing whatever to do with the phases, or changes, of the moon. The effect, whatever it may be, is precisely the same whether the moon is new, or half illuminated, or full. It is determined and measured only by the revolution, distance, and mass of the moon, and by the dimensions and rotation of the earth. But as the lunar influence upon the tides of the sea—a physical effect which is as exactly appraisable by the expedients of science as the weight of a pound of lead—is accurately known, so also is its influence upon the tides of the air.

Sir John Herschel, indeed, was able to show that the combined influence of the sun and moon would, in the most favorable circumstances, cause an atmospheric tide which would affect the barometer to the extent of the 1/100th part of an inch. Five-sevenths, or nearly three-quarters, of this oscillation would be due to the action of the moon. But this, it will be observed, is a quantity so minute that it must be altogether swallowed up, and disappear, in the large oscillations which are caused by the heat-action of the sun, and which in extreme instances, it has been seen, amount to three inches of the column of mercury. The final result, therefore, unquestionably is that any changes of atmospheric condition that can be brought about by the shifting positions of the moon are necessarily too small to be appreciable amidst the larger vicissitudes that are incident upon other causes. Although the old popular notion that appreciable changes of the weather can be produced by the changes of the moon must thus be summarily dismissed from the canons of modern meteorological science, there is one somewhat correlative point concerning which a qualifying word needs, nevertheless, to be said. At the time of full moon a very considerable flood of reflected sunshine is thrown back from its bright face upon the otherwise night-shadowed hemisphere of the earth. But is it clear that there is no warmth, as well as light, in this flood of moonshine? Is it certain that all the heat which undoubtedly is associated with the solar rays when they fell upon the moon has been sifted out from the light-beams which are thrown back to the earth?

Various attempts have been made by scientific men to ascertain whether any trace of heat can be detected in moonlight, and the most exquisitely sensitive plans have been devised for getting a satisfactory result from the experiments. In one of these a faint indication of warmth was found by the skilful observer Melloni, who used a very delicate thermo-electric pile in his experiments. But in the vast majority of trials the moonshine appeared to be absolutely cold. In reference to these interesting investigations, it may, however, be remarked that all the observers inclined to ascribe the coldness of the moonlight to the circumstances that whatever heat there may be in the lunar beams is absorbed by the vapors floating in the higher regions of the atmosphere, and therefore prevented from reaching the ground. If this be the case, it obviously implies that the heat reflected from the full moon does exert a palpable effect upon the atmosphere, although it does not penetrate to the solid surface of the earth. The heat which is arrested by the vapors of the air must be turned to account in increasing their rarity and transparency, and therefore in dissolving slight deposits of visible mist, such as the high clouds frequently present. Sir John Herschel was led to infer that some action of this kind is exerted by the moon in consequence of having had occasion to notice how very commonly the nights of the full moon at the Cape of Good Hope were absolutely cloudless and clear.

The author's own experience of nearly nine years in the neighboring district of Natal substantially confirmed the impression of the distinguished astronomer. He acquired, indeed, such a confidence in the sky-clearing influence of the full moon, that he was upon one occasion, at a somewhat serious cost to his reputation as a weather Pundit, betrayed into the indiscretion of advising that the night of the full moon should be fixed for a ball which was about to be given to the officers of the garrison at Pietermaritzburg, the capital of Natal, in order to take advantage of the probability of fine weather which that contingency promised. This was a matter of rather serious importance in a small colonial town, in which close carriages were still very much in the same category as the visits of angels. On the day of the full moon, when the entertainment took place, heavy rain began to fall in the early hours of the afternoon, and it continued to fall as viciously as only tropical, or approximately tropical, rain can until far on into the small hours of the night. For a considerable time after that inauspicious act of meteorological prophecy, an exceptionally heavy rain was profanely spoken of at Pietermaritzburg as "one of the doctor's full moons." The prophecy was however not without good justification. In eight full moons out of ten the result would have been of a more satisfactory character. The unfortunate event was simply an untimely exception to a good general rule. The failure of the prediction in this particular case was merely the consequence of the fortuitous accident of a series of disturbing influences coming simultaneously to play. A strong conflict of opposing winds had for the time overwhelmed and swallowed up the beneficent spell of the moonshine. The full moon, which is capable of dissolving thin clouds in the higher regions of the comparatively still air, is not competent to deal with the denser cloud-masses of the storm. —Science for All.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

HAMMERSMITH Bridge is to be rebuilt at a cost of £36,000.

It appears by the estimates that the annual cost to the country of sending daily a weather chart to the morning papers is £800.

It is stated that Mr. Fawcett contemplates increasing the salaries of post office officials, at an annual expenditure of £100,000.

Of all the odd whims that Jumboism has given rise to, surely the most strange and most objectionable is that of christening children Jumbo. Two cases are recorded.

THE unexpected extension of the holidays of the members of the House of Commons during the Easter recess is said to be given with the understanding that Whitsuntide holidays are to be curtailed.

AMONGST the numerous newspapers of the metropolis is one bearing the title of *Police and Fire*. It is, however, a very estimable publication, looking after the interests of firemen and policemen.

THE Zoological Society have altogether done a very good stroke of business with Jumbo. In addition to the purchase-money (£2,000), they have received upwards of £3,000 in extra admissions to their gardens. Total, £5,000.

MR. MILLAIS is on his way, metaphorically speaking, with his picture to Paris, invited as the representative artist of England to take part in the International Exhibition, which will be run alongside of the *Salon*, he has consented, and he will carry over the Channel most of the works which have been exhibited to illustrate his genius at the Fine Art Gallery in Bond street.

The report that Madame Ristori will not come to London to act this season is contradicted on authority. It is stated that she has taken Drury Lane for a few weeks, commencing on the 3rd July, and, we will add, will be most welcome. She is a grand actress, and will delight and astonish all who have not seen her, renewing the pleasure of those who have before admired her genius. It used to be the question, Rachel or Ristori. Each had their enthusiastic partizans.

THERE was an excellent attendance at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms in Wellington street, recently, during the sale of the late Earl of Beaconsfield's prints, but the lots were not of a very valuable description, the entire sale only producing about £450. An animated competition took place for the fantastic colored drawings of the mad artist, William Blake, and it was surprising to see £85 given for twenty-nine small leaves each containing a crude sketch atrociously colored. The other half dozen lots containing series of the Blake drawings also realized high prices, but apart from these there were no engravings of any particular value.

A CURIOUS exhibition has been held recently at the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer street, of hygienic wearing apparel. Gentlemen were not permitted to see the mysterious garments exhibited, but we presume that specimens of clothing, in accordance with the opinions advanced by Mr. Frederick Treves in his lecture at the Kensington Vestry Hall, were shown. Mrs. Pfeiffer displayed two Greek dresses, one of which was of écu tussore silk, richly embroidered in cross-stitch. The dress, without drapery, is for morning wear, and is converted into a more elegant garment by the addition of a broad scarf, identical with the Greek chiton, attached to the shoulder. The whole is fastened to the waist by means of a belt. The advantages of this dress is that it removes all temptations to tight lacing, as a small waist would be elegant with flowing robes. There were costumes, the skirt of which was divided, although it is indistinguishable from that usually worn. It is supposed to give greater freedom of action in walking and jumping, boating, lawn-tennis, &c. The students of Girton and Newnham sent boneless corsets as designed and worn by themselves.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

W. J. F., New Castle, Delaware.—Postal received. Thanks.

J. E., Hamilton, Ont.—Postal card received. Will answer by post.

C. H., Jersey, C.I.—Letter received. Shall be glad to have any chess news.

We have been looking very anxiously into all the chess columns and chess magazines which have come through our hands from the other side of the Atlantic for particulars connected with the chess match between the English Counties Yorkshire and Lancashire. The disputed point between them was, we know, the number of players to be engaged on each side. York could furnish one hundred contestants, but Lancashire wanted the number confined to fifty. In either case

quite a number of belligerents would be ready to enter into action, and the slaughter, no doubt, would be great.

How arrangements were to be made so that so large a number of single combats could be provided for, has not yet been made public.

Chess is evidently enlarging its sphere, and soon, we suppose, armies of players will have to be marshalled and disciplined, and the quiet unassuming contest of two amateurs over the board will be one of the things of a by gone age.

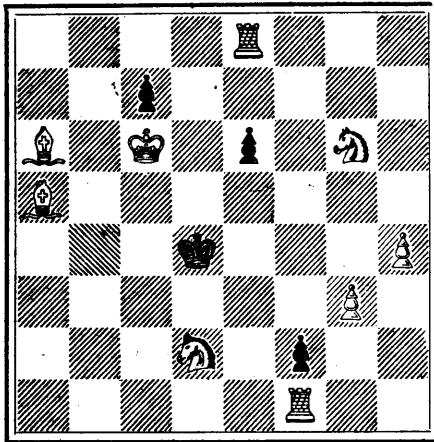
We learn that Capt. Mackenzie and Mr. Max Judd have been invited to the Vienna Tournament which takes place next May.

Captain Mackenzie contemplates entering the grand International Tourney at Vienna, which begins on the 10th of May.

PROBLEM No. 377.

By Lieut. Col. J. E. Addison.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 375.

- Whit. Black. 1. Q to Q B 2 1. any 2. Mates acc.

GAME 504TH.

(From Land and Water.)

One of twelve simultaneous games played by Mr. E. Thorold, at the Bristol and Clifton Chess Association on the 16th November last.

(King's Gambit.)

White.—(Mr. Thorold) Black.—(Mr. H. M. Pride ux.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 2. P takes P 3. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 (a) 4. P to K 5 (b) 4. B to K 3 (e) 5. P to Q 4 5. Kt to K 2 6. B takes P 6. P to K R 3 7. B to Q 3 7. Kt to B 4 8. Castles 8. B to K 2 9. P to B 3 9. Kt to Q 2 10. Q Kt to Q 2 10. Kt to B sq 11. P to K Kt 4 (d) 11. Kt to R 5 12. P to K R 3 12. P to K R 4 (e) 13. P to Kt 5 13. Kt takes Kt (ch) 14. Kt takes Kt 14. B takes R P 15. Q to Kt 3 15. B takes R 16. K takes B 16. Q R to Kt sq 17. P to B 4 17. P to Q B 3 (f) 18. P takes P 18. Q takes P 19. B to Q B 4 19. Q to K 5 20. B takes P (ch) 20. K to Q sq 21. Q to K 3 (g) 21. K to Q sq (ch) 22. B takes Q 22. Kt to Q 2 23. P to K 6 (ch) 23. Kt takes P 24. Kt to Kt 5 (ch) 24. K to Q 3 25. Kt to Kt 6 25. B take P (h) 26. B to B 2 26. P to R 5 27. Kt takes R 27. R takes Kt 28. K to R sq (i) 28. R to K B sq 29. B takes Kt 29. K takes B 30. K to Kt 2 30. K to Q 4 31. R to K sq 31. B to B 3 (j) 32. R to Q sq 32. P to K Kt 4 33. P to Kt 4 33. R to K sq (k) 34. R to Q B sq 34. B takes P 35. B takes B 35. K takes B 36. K to B 3 36. R to K 4 37. R to Q sq (ch) 37. K to B 5 38. R to B sq (ch) 38. K to Kt 4 39. P to R 3 39. K to R 5 40. K to B 3 40. P to R 6 41. K to Kt 3 41. P to R 7 42. K takes P 42. R to K 7 (ch)

- 43. K to Kt 3 43. R to Q R 7 44. R to B 5 44. K takes P 45. P to Kt 5 45. P takes P 46. R takes Q Kt P (l)

NOTES.

- (a) Courteously declining the Allgaler-Thorold attack which would doubtless have followed. (b) Not so good as 4 P takes P, which yields White some superiority. (c) B to K 2, threatening B to R 5 (ch) would be an advantageous continuation. (d) Too early. Our choice is 11 Q to B 2, which serves development and reserves promising lines of play. (e) Skillfully played, and gain of some kind must accrue to him therefrom. (f) As the result of Mr. Thorold's prompt sacrifice of the exchange, Black is subject to some embarrassment. The correct move here is 17 Kt to K 3. (g) According to our opinion 21 B to R 2 is very much superior. Had that move been made we would take White's game for choice. (h) The position is here highly interesting and particularly difficult. Black, however, shows himself fully equal to the occasion. The move selected by him is the best on the board, and it yields him a decided superiority. (i) White must expect the worst of it in any case, but his best resource, according to our notions, is 28 R to K sq. Kt to B 5, 29 B to Q Kt 3. (j) Black could here force the game, e.g., 31 P to R 6 ch, 32 K takes P, R takes B, 33 R to K 5 ch, K takes P, 34 R takes B, R takes P, winning easily; or, 31 P to R 6 ch, 32 K to Kt sq, or Kt 3, R takes B, winning still more easily. (k) By this and other moves afterwards he lengthens the game. The correct play here is 33 P to Kt 5. (l) Mr. Thorold, who lives at Bath, had now to leave for his train. Black has a clear win by 46 P to Kt 9; not, however, that the other side should resign, for similar endings have been drawn before now, even between first-rates.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

APRIL, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, A.M., P.M., MAILS, CLOSING, A.M., P.M. Rows include routes for Ont. & Western Provinces, Que. & Eastern Provinces, Local Mails, and United States.

- (A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m. (B) Do 9.00 p.m.

Mail for St. Thomas, W.I. Brazil, Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th. For China and Japan, April 19th.

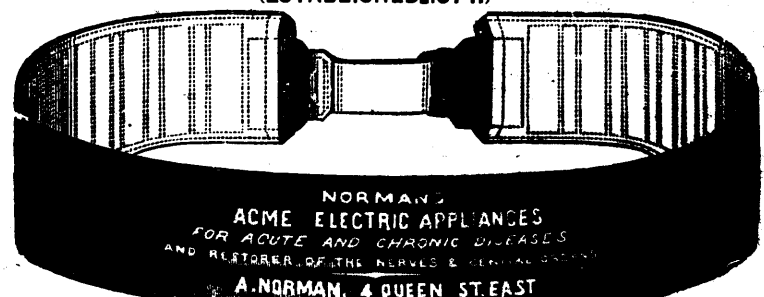
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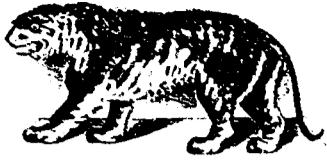
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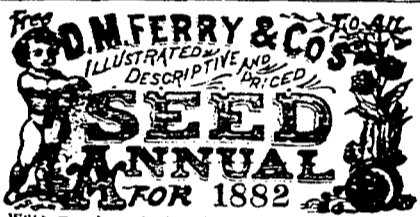
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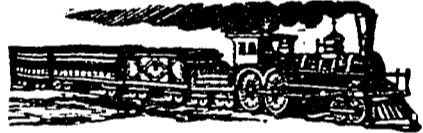
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Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

	MIXED.	MAIL.	EXPRESS
Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....	8.20 p.m.	8.30 a.m.	5.60 p.m.
Arrive at Ottawa.....	7.55 a.m.	1.20 p.m.	9.50 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	10.00 p.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	9.45 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.40 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.50 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.00 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	7.30 a.m.	4.50 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	6.00 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.45 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.15 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.40 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.20 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.50 a.m.		

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.

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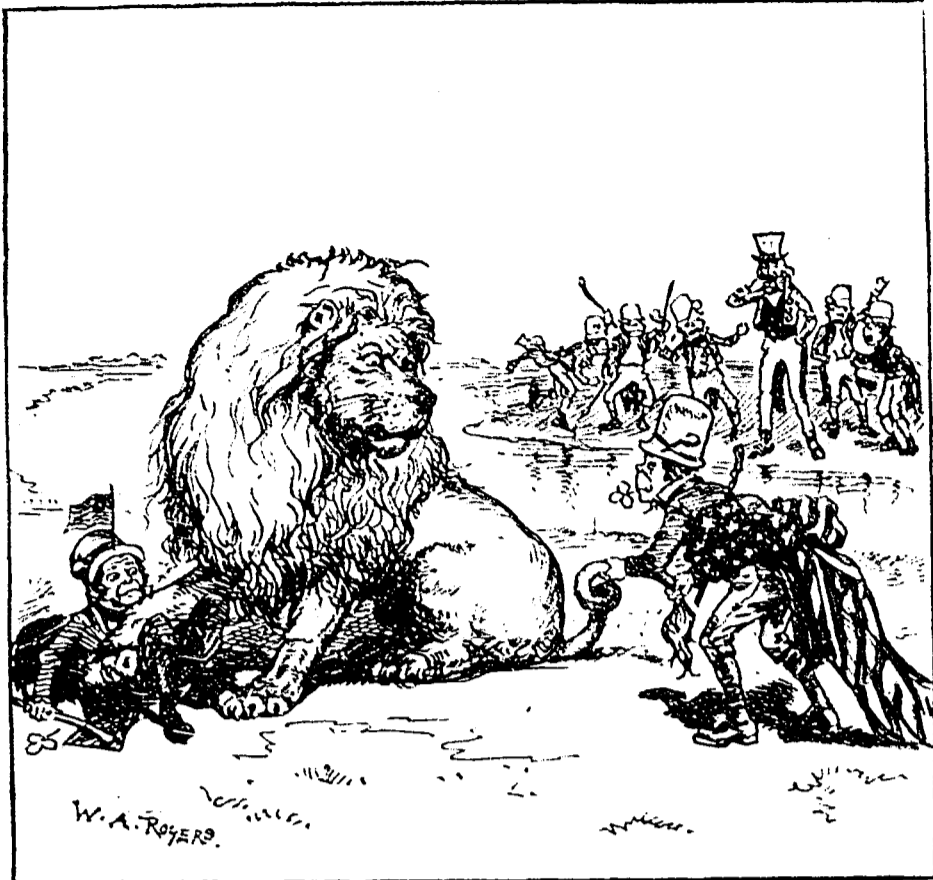
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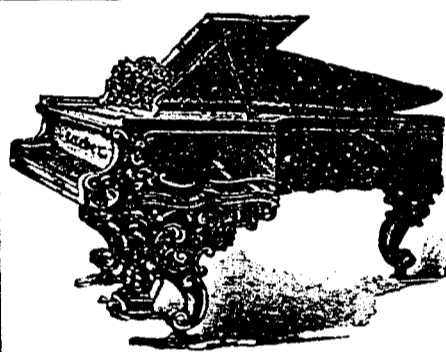
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