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Whistler's News

Vol. XXV.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

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IN THE MORNING LIGHT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY A RÖSTEL.

Softly tread, the door unclosing
See where wrapp'd in slumber deep
In each other's arms reposing
Still my tender nurslings sleep
Grief nor care
Touch them e'er
Heaven, I pray, my babies keep.

Softly—'tis their bodies slumber,
In the Angels' haunts are they ;
Heavenly legions, without number,
Guard their souls till comes the day.
Then from Heaven
Back are given
Angel souls to earthly clay.

Softly tread—too soon th' awaking
Comes to them, to us, to all
Light and day our slumber breaking
Comes too soon great and small.

Slumber then
Little men
Dream sweet dreams that never fall

E. W. B.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

| THE WEEK ENDING | | | Corresponding week, 1881 | | |
|------------------|------|-------|--------------------------|------|-------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Feb. 12th, 1882. | | | Mon. 23° | -3° | 10° |
| M. 23° | 5° | 13° | Tues. 20° | 0° | 10° |
| Tues. 11° | 5° | 8° | Wed. 34° | 14° | 24° |
| Wed. 30° | 8° | 19° | Thur. 40° | 30° | 35° |
| Thur. 34° | 13° | 23° | Fri. 4° | 31° | 38° |
| Fri. 32° | 20° | 26° | Sat. 42° | 35° | 38° |
| Sat. 25° | 10° | 17° | Sun. 39° | 33° | 36° |
| Sun. 38° | 15° | 27° | | | |

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—In the Morning Light—The end of the Fight—Steeple Chase of the United Snow Shoe Clubs of Montreal—My Valentine—Checkmate—The European Casino in New York—Peasant Life in Russia—Good-bye, Mamma.
 THE WEEK.—The New Academy—Systematic Art Teaching—About Valentines—An Original Marriage Contract—The Qualifications of a Wife.
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Life and Illusion—A Plea for St. Valentine—Doings at the Capital—Our Illustrations—Bonny Kate (illus.)—Echoes from Paris—Echoes from London—Humorous—Musical and Dramatic—Diablerie—Evelina Gravina—The Bachelor's Confession—A Lunch Party Talk—Dress and Fashion—A Philosophical Explanation—Brevity of English—Canada's Valentine to Princess Louise—Look in thy Heart and Write—Varieties—News of the Week—The Old Mill—Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 18th, 1882.

THE WEEK.

We have heard nothing since the Marquis' return of the new Literary Academy, which means, we trust, that some deliberation will be given to the subject, before it assumes its final shape, whatever that may be. As we pointed out in a recent article, the premature announcement of the constitution of the Academy, which had its origin in the fertile imagination of one of its chief projectors, did no more than call public attention to the extreme defects of the report adopted by the meeting, as far at all events as concerned the list of names to be submitted to the Governor-General. Some of these defects we duly pointed out, and further discussion upon the subject may well be left until some definite move is made by the powers that be. We are confident however that Lord LORNE will see the advisability of submitting any list of names that may be drawn up to the critical test of public opinion in some form or another. Else may result the spectacle, ludicrous in the eyes of the world beside, of a new-fledged Academy setting out to try its wings without the assistance of those old birds who alone by their experience and position can give it any claim to being.

MEANWHILE the Academy of Arts is lifting up its head and endeavouring to fulfil the promise of its initiation. The next exhibition will be held in this city next April, and this assembling of the Academy should be made the occasion of an attempt to improve the condition of our Art teaching here in Montreal. What is really needed,—what was in fact needed before an Academy, which is open to the objection of being more ornamental than useful,—is systematic training in Art for those who are to form the next generation of painters, if painters we are really to have. The Art School in Toronto has done fairly well, in spite of many difficulties, but in this Province we have had absolutely no attempt at founding a genuine Art School of the class we have indicated. The advantages of the Art Gallery collection can not be over estimated, but the teaching there is spasmodic and the classes have been even reduced this year, while no system properly so-called, can be said to prevail in their carrying out. Surely the Government would be willing, were the matter put before them in the right way, to subsidize any scheme for a central training school, provided with competent trained teachers, (a very different thing be it said from ordinary artists however good these may be), supplied with the best of models, and above all furnished with a proper life school, the want of which in the whole length and breadth of the country is an almost insurmountable obstacle to those who really mean to make art a profession. A few years since the only advice which their best friends could

conscientiously have given to such aspirants was *Punch's* uncompromising "don't." Now a change has come over art and artists, and the latter, if they do not as yet roll in the lap of luxury, yet occupy a far different position from that which their predecessors of ten years ago did. There is a future for Art in this country. Nobody can deny that. But what needs to be done is to have an eye to the wants of the present.

It is St. Valentine's Day, or rather it is not St. Valentine's Day to us who write, and yet it probably will be to you who read. Strange paradox and yet of a piece with St. Valentine's Day proceedings generally. We have the greatest respect for the Saint himself be it said, but it is useless to disguise the fact that our respect for his day rather diminishes than increases year by year. It is not so much that valentines do not come to us as of yore; nor yet altogether that we have already selected our Valentine for next year, and do not propose to run the risk of standing on her doorstep over night and having the door opened to us by the wrong person in the morning—in which case of course we should have either to change our minds, or kick St. Valentine out of doors—metaphorically speaking. Neither do we weep because some one sent us last year a portrait of a gentleman with a nose, which our vanity refused to recognize as a correct copy of our own, or that possibly we may be treated to a similar mark of affection this year. Though were space unlimited we could a tale unfold—and moreover would a lecture indite upon the foolishness, vulgarity and bad taste in general of the so-called comic valentines. No, our disrespect for the day is solely and entirely on account of its want of meaning at the present time. In the good old times when we wrote the effusive though unpoetical doggerel to the one we loved best, and posted it in fear and trembling, we were—well we were fools no doubt, but this kind of folly dates back to Eden, and we are willing to play the fool at times in such good company. The kind of fools we are to-day is different. We buy stacks of pretty pictures and send them to stacks of young ladies. We don't care much about them, and they don't care anything about us. That's the kind of fools we are to-day. Well, it is getting late, and we must make haste or we shall not have time to post that batch of valentines. For are we not as others. Alas! yes. And "to-morrow is St. Valentine's Day."

We may believe that Ministers of Education rarely look for assistance in their selection of necessary studies to the records of the divorce court. Still a recent suit for dissolution of marriage gives at least some of the educational qualities considered by the parties as essential to the proper performance of the duties of a wife. In a case tried the other day, a strange document, a sort of secret treaty, was produced by which the bride bound herself to acquire certain accomplishments, failing which her marriage should be held as null and void. The consequences of such an agreement or understanding are interesting only to the high contracting parties; to the public the curious facts remain—firstly, that such a document should be signed at all; and secondly, that a precise catalogue of wifely accomplishments should have been drawn up by the bridegroom. Amongst the uneducated country classes in England some curious ideas prevail about the dissolubility of the wedding contract. Every now and then a case will crop up in which a wife has changed hands for half a crown or some smaller sum and an abundant quantity of beer or gin. A story which appeared lately in one of the English society papers, had for its hero a wild Irishman who, having lost his lady-love by means of a trick played by his successful rival, insisted, on the discovery of the fraud many years after, that the lady should be returned to him. The pre-

sent case is in some respects unique. The curious part of the proposed arrangement was that the bride was apparently taken on trial, herself undertaking to attain a certain intellectual standard as the condition of retaining her position.

AUTHORITIES have been divided from all time as to the qualities most desirable in a wife. TALLEYRAND gloried in having married the prettiest woman and the greatest fool that ever lived. And probably for the very reason that she was beautiful enough to gratify his pride of possession and too imbecile to be in any way affected by his sarcasm she and the amiable cynic got on very well. Major PENDENNIS' advice to his nephew as to its being "as easy to marry a rich woman as a poor woman, bedad," was not carried out by that gentleman, and Mr. WELLER, senior, confined his observations on the subject to counselling the avoidance of widows. Different from those of the authorities cited are the views of the modern Benedict. The most severe educational critic could hardly have made a better selection of obligatory subjects. "Piano, singing, reading, writing, speaking, and deportment," are, in the view of this gentleman, the educational advantages necessary to domestic bliss. It has not usually been considered necessary that women should learn to speak. Indeed a certain ungallant French proverb attributes to their proficiency in this direction the absence of beard upon their cheeks. But the bridegroom apparently must be understood to refer to those refinements of speech included under the generic term "elocution." The piano and singing are either agreeable or detestable to hearers according to the proficiency of the performer; but reading, writing, and speaking are indispensable to that pleasing of others which Lord CHESTERFIELD set down as one of the grand objects of life and chief aids to advancement therein. Dancing is omitted. Perhaps the lady could dance already, or her bridegroom disliked dancing; but "deportment" is prescribed as one of the accomplishments absolutely indispensable to matrimony. This should remind us how almost entirely a most desirable branch of education has faded out during the last generation. It is probable that this old-fashioned insistence on elegant carriage was a tradition of the minuet and gavotte, the grave and stately, but not particularly lively dances of the last century swept away by the whirl of the waltz. But deportment was regularly taught up to the days of the polka and deux-temps, since which time calisthenics seem to have in great measure taken its place. Nevertheless we opine that our bridegroom was in the right so far, and deportment may be held to have been wisely included in a list of feminine accomplishments.

LIFE AND ILLUSION.

One of the most suggestive works published last year was a volume of the International Scientific series by James Sully, entitled "Illusions." The book was hardly a literary work and certainly not written in an interesting manner, though the subject is one eminently capable of such treatment. The different illusions to which mankind is liable were classified under different heads as Illusions of Perception, of Introspection, of Memory, Belief, etc., and were treated from a distinctly scientific point of view. The view of illusions adopted in the work is that they constitute "a kind of borderline between perfectly sane and vigorous mental life and dementia," and they are still further defined as deviation from the representation of fact, deviation of individual from common experience, as carelessly performed synthesis or "collapsed inference." As we subject our knowledge and beliefs to the scrutiny of the scientist, the metaphysical philosopher and the critical theologian, we are indeed surprised at the unsubstantial nature of much of our traditional mental furniture, and life appears to us to be very much, as the Bards enigmatically described it, "confusion and illusion, and relation, elusion and occasion, and evasion," to such a large extent does illusion play a part in the affairs of everyday life. Burns felt this when he wrote the celebrated lines,
 "Oh wad some power the giftie gie us,
 To see oursel's as others see us."
 And Holmes played amusingly with it, when he showed that at least six personalities were recognized as taking part in a dialogue between

John and Thomas. Even St. Paul recognised it when in his exhortation to bear Christian charity toward one another, he reminded the Corinthians that now we see through a glass darkly.

Much of the glamour of poetry and art depend upon illusion, our memories of the past and our hopes for the future, with all their far-reaching influence upon our character and acts, are deeply tinged with it. I cannot illustrate this point better than by referring to one of Leech's *Punch* illustrations. It has always seemed to me too pathetic for its surroundings. A poor toothless old woman is sitting up in her bed and listening to the yelling of two cats: "Ah! the waits," she says, "they don't seem to sound so sweet as when I was a girl." Universally recognized as a factor of life, illusions are differently viewed. The theologian regards imperfect sight as a necessary attendant on our sinful fallen nature; the mysteries of life will only be cleared up in another world. Somewhat similarly the evolutionist regards error as maladaptation to environment, and looks to natural selection as the means of adjusting our ideas to realities. Illusion, however, seems so necessary a part of our mental framework that the triumph of science will probably but substitute one mythology for another. We shall be like Buchanan's little hero Justinian, who was trained on science:

"Instead of Gorgon and chimæra dire,
 His fancy saw the monstrous mastodon;
 Instead of fairies of the moonlight wood,
 Strange shapes that lurk in strata and disport
 In some green waterdrop."

Thoughtful writers have seen in the illusions of life a salutary element in our training. Thus George Eliot regards them as a means of perfecting our ideal self. "The illusions that began for us when we were less acquainted with evil, have not lost their value when we discern them to be illusions. They feed the ideal Better, and in loving them still, we strengthen the precious habit of loving something not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible tangible selves." It is illustrative of this point to remember the different standards of truth entertained by ancient and modern science. To the modern mind the highest conception of truth is correspondence with fact, for the ancient mind it lay in the region of idea. And civilization has not lost all traces of the ancient way of thinking. What from one point of view may be called mental obliquity, from another seems to add colour and charm to individuality. This is fully felt by such writers as Charles Lamb. If education is a process of casting off illusion it also leads the way to others, and the successful man in everyday life owes much of his success to a notion of his own paramount importance, which is doubtless founded, to a great extent, on illusion. Perhaps the unhappiest of all men is one who is completely disillusionised, the *blaze* man who has gone through the pleasures of life, and sees only food for disgust in the past and the prospect of endless *ennui* in the future.

A great teacher has lately passed away whose cardinal doctrine was abhorrence of sham, which, of course, is merely one of the forms in which illusion presents itself. The hero, according to Carlyle, is one who keeps close to the world of fact, who recognizes it and acts in accordance with it. And yet it is perfectly clear that the greatest actors in the world's history have been men who in one form or another were dominated by illusion. Julius Caesar who believed in his fortune, Cromwell with his vividly personal views of predestination, and Napoleon forever pondering on his destiny, were men of greater account than those that are likely to be produced by the positivist view of life, with its perfect freedom from illusion as to soul and spirit, and its consoling prospect of the time when "you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past." The lesson to be drawn from such considerations of the part that illusion plays in life, is one that deserves emphasis in an age like the present. The positivist view of life will be untrue to its name if it ignores illusion. It is an element that has always existed, and we can see no reason to believe that science will ever conjure it out of existence. Life is a constant struggle in which the successful are few and the discontented many. But nature has dealt kindly with us. If in practical ability one man is inferior to another, the bump of identity, of self-satisfaction, in short, of illusion, is more fully developed in him. He consoles himself for his failure in life by the thought that the world is not worthy of him, and who will grudge him his consolation, or the poor old woman in the attic her visions of the glorious days of her maidenhood! Thus while the cynic is ready to condemn all pleasures as delusive, the ordinary man is willing to allow that much of what makes life pleasurable is founded on illusion. For illusion attends, in one way or another, at every act and stage of our lives, from our birth to our death. Nature, it used to be said, abhors a vacuum: man, we may add, cannot merely act; his every action is attended by and lost in motives and results. So complex, so unreal in many senses, is life that, as it were, filmy threads have risen and continually interpose between us and other men, between our inmost souls and our own actions, by which, as what is objective becomes subjective, its bearing and nature seem changed too. The heart, it has been said, knoweth its own bitterness. Happily for us it does not always know it. Illusions or disguises pervade our life so deeply; they have become our second nature.
 R. W. BOODLE.

A PLEA FOR SAINT VALENTINE.

Beauteous maid and generous stripling!
On this sweet time-honored day
Grave amid his laughers rippling,
Cupid has a word to say.

He has learned with shame and sorrow—
See on his chubby cheeks are tears!
That the Fiends have sought to borrow
Aid from lover's hopes and fears.

Ah! 'tis the treachery which harrows
His little soul upon the rack:
His quiver's shafts made poisoned arrows
To wound a true friend in the back.

Hear the little god's entreating
Let the sourrills forms of Hate
Remain unpurchased. Send your sweeting
Gifts to make her soul elate.

Write with your heart. You need not sign it—
Yourself stands there in your name's stead.
If the maiden can't divine it
She has neither heart nor head.

Cleave to the good old custom. Use it
As true man and lover should.
No true man would e'er abuse it
Surely no true lover could.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Ottawa, February 10th, 1882.

Since my last, I have to chronicle a *soirée musicale* at Madame Langevin's, wife of the Under Secretary of State. It was well attended, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Chas. Tupper, Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley and the Hon. Adolphe Caron being among the invited guests. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was much enjoyed. Mesdames Christian and Leduc sang, whilst a piano solo by a young lady from Windsor was decidedly above the usual amateur performance. A recitation by a fair *débütante* of this season is likewise worthy of special mention; another *débütante*, the daughter of a prominent official in the Senate, was at the *soirée*, and has by common consent stepped into the ranks of Ottawa's belles.

Opening day, Queen's weather, large crowds, Sir John looking well, great success, as Mr. Alfred Jingle would say, Punctually at the first stroke of three by the clock, His Excellency's carriage drove up to the main entrance a cheer bursting forth from Canadian hearts as well as from Canadian lips.

The Governor-General entered the Senate preceded by Captains Short and Provost, the new A.D.C.'s; Cols. DeWinton and Stuart, Capt. the Hon. W. Bagot, A.D.C., and Mr. Balfour, the Usher of the Black Rod, and followed by Cols. Dyde and Gzowski, A.D.C.'s to Her Majesty, the same order of procession being observed on his making his departure. When seated, "His X" had on his right the Conservative leader, in Windsor uniform, and Sir Alex. Campbell on his left; facing the Throne were Lieutenant-Governors Robitaille and Dewdney. Grouped about it were a host of military swells, noticeable amongst whom was Col. Dyde, a fine, stately old soldier, looking more erect than men his juniors by tens of years. Mr. Balfour, the Marquis' brother-in-law, was attired in a uniform which many took to be that of a naval officer, although it was nothing less than the uniform of a full private of the Royal Archers of Scotland, the Queen's Body-guard.

The scene was more brilliant than of yore; fewer black dresses, but a greater variety of colour, brilliancy being thus imparted to what was once a somewhat dull exhibition. Lady Frances Balfour was attired in cream satin, trimmed with Brussels lace; Lady Macdonald in old gold silk, and Lady Tilley in black satin, trimmed with cream satin and roses with old gold lace. Among the numerous *gowns* to be noticed (a purist tells us that *dress* implies every thing worn by a lady), was that of the daughter of a Deputy-Minister; it was of pale blue satin, trimmed with daisies; the *débütante*, already referred to in this letter as a pleasing reciter, displayed good taste in attiring herself in cream-colored brocaded satin, ornamented with pearls.

The somewhat lengthy speech from the Throne once disposed of, many flocked to the galleries of the Commons to witness the first sitting and the introduction of new members. A laughable incident occurred when Sir John introduced Mr. F. X. Anson, the newly-elected member for Charlevoix. He brought him into the middle of the House, and, turning to him, audibly asked, "What is your name?" the two gentlemen had probably met for the first time.

On returning to Rideau Hall, the Governor-General inspected his escort, which was composed of the Princess Louise's Dragoon Guards,

and pronounced them to be "as fit as ever." As it is now the fashion to *Puissance* everything, the Dragoons are henceforth to be known as "Fit-as-ever-young-men." The guard of honor furnished by the Governor-General's Foot-guards and commanded by Captain Toller, presented a most creditable appearance. I have seldom seen the "present arms" more simultaneously carried out.

The big sunflower has at last visited us, and milliners and shopkeepers will no doubt do their best to cultivate it; this hideous and ungainly flower, with all due deference to Oscar Wilde, is to be seen on Sparks street, and actually made its appearance in the Senate yesterday. Wilde himself is posing *en photographie* in a certain shop window.

Ottawa is invaded by a host of belles from various parts of the Dominion. They are mostly "cousins," who have come to enjoy the gaiety of an Ottawa season, and are great favourites; somehow or other cousins always are.

Lord Lorne gave a State dinner yesterday; it was followed by a reception. One of our dailies this morning evolves a ball entirely out of its inner consciousness, for none took place.

Lady Tilley has issued invitations for a ball, which she is to give on the 21st inst.

I am compelled, owing to postal arrangements, to mail this letter ere the drawing-room is held. Meanwhile I am enabled to inform your readers that Lady Frances Balfour will wear a *robe décolleté* of white *broché* velvet, trimmed with white satin and Flemish point lace. Ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Russell Stephenson will wear a *robe décolleté* of maize silk, trimmed with Brussels lace; diamond ornaments.

Hon. Mrs. Caron, wife of the Minister of Militia, will give a musical conversation on the 18th inst.

The bazaar boom, which always takes place during the session, has begun, with one in aid of the Good Shepherd Convent. At least half a dozen more are to follow in due course.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PEASANT LIFE IN RUSSIA.—Some examples of the costume and manner of life prevailing among different classes and races of the population, in the great Russian Empire, are presented on another page. They represent a period when the approaching war in Turkey caused large demands to be made on the docile and submissive peasantry for the Imperial military service. The first subject here represented is the scene in a rustic family abode, where one of the new recruits, under a wholesale conscription, having already taken his staff and wallet for the long journey on foot to join the battalion with which he is to be drilled and trained, is about to depart from home, in company with the corporal who has got him in charge. His mournful parents, the mother in an attitude of silent grief, the father with a resigned sadness on his face that is equally touching, await the moment when they will lose sight of their only son, too likely to see him nevermore on earth; for these great Imperial wars are seldom finished with less than half a million of lives of the nation's youthful manhood consumed by slaughter and disease in a twelvemonth's deadly campaigning. A monk or friar, not the parish priest, but the familiar messenger of their religion to this simple household, has called there at once to console the bereaved parents and to bid farewell to one of his believing flock; and he now holds up to the young man's adoration his small picture of the Virgin Mary, with the gilt circlet of Divine glory around her head, while extending his hand to receive, in Her name, as a pledge of devout allegiance, the kiss that will be repaid with a solemn benediction. Such is, even at this day, the spirit of the Russian peasantry, without which they would scarcely continue to be the willing instruments, when called upon, of a policy that has demanded enormous sacrifices from popular enthusiasm in the cause of their Church, as well as of Imperial and national aggrandisement. The exterior aspect of a Russian farm-house amid the wintry snows, and in the midst of the monotonous pine-forest, is shown in the next of our Artist's Sketches. We are then presented with one of sledge-travelling at this season, which must be a trying experience when the blasts of bitterly cold wind from Siberia come sweeping over the sheltered side of a hill; but this couple of passengers, with the trika driver, have clad themselves for the journey in thick woollens and bearskins, or in overcoats of sheepskin, to keep off the fierce attacks of the weather. One pities the "Beggars" under such an inclement sky till he gains the needful shelter by his knocking at the closed house-door. The "Samoide" is a type, evidently selected from the wealthier class, owning their flocks and herds, of that North Asiatic race of the Czar's subjects, who sometimes come for trading purposes to the European side of the Empire. Another Asiatic type is that of the

Russian Tartars in the South: we are glad to see the schoolmaster is among them.

ON Saturday week the Montreal Snowshoe Club organized a steeplechase to the Back River in which, in addition to their own members, the members of the *Canadien* and Emerald Clubs took part. The course was from the head of Durocher street to Peloquin's Hotel, Back River. Mr. I. A. Beauvais, President of *Le Canadien* Snowshoe Club, acted as starter, and Messrs Coulson, Starke and Becket as time-keepers, and a start was made from the head of Durocher street at four o'clock, the following being the names of the competitors:—Messrs. D. McTaggart, T. L. Paton, G. L. Sait, C. J. Patton, A. W. McTaggart and R. Summerhayes, of the Montreal Club; T. J. Martin and J. Boyle, of the Emerald Club; and A. Deslauriers, of *Le Canadien* Club. D. McTaggart kept the lead pretty well all the way out, coming in first in 41.55; 2nd, T. J. Martin, 42.07; 3rd, J. Boyle, 43.15; 4th, T. L. Paton, 43.27.

A large number of ladies, and gentlemen as well as other members of the Clubs took the opportunity of witnessing the steeplechase, and Peloquin's Hotel, which was the place of rendezvous presented an unusually festive appearance, as may be seen for our artists' sketch. On arriving there the members of the Club and their friends partook of an excellent dinner, and a pleasant evening was spent in the presentation of the prizes to the successful competitors, and in singing and dancing which were kept up with great spirit until it was time to return to town. Dr. Beers presented the first prize to Mr. D. McTaggart, of the Montreal Snowshoe Club. The second prize was presented by Mr. Maltby, of the Montreal Snowshoe Club to Mr. T. J. Martin, of the Emerald Snowshoe Club. The third prize to Mr. Joseph Boyle, of the Emerald Snowshoe Club, by the President, Mr. T. Larkin, who accompanied the presentation with a few well chosen remarks, which elicited the applause of the company, and the 4th prize by the President of *Le Canadien* Snowshoe Club, Mr. I. A. Beauvais, to Mr. Tibbs for the winner, T. L. Paton, of the Montreal Snowshoe Club, who was called to the city on the conclusion of the race. Thus ended a very pleasant reunion which will be no hope productive of much similar good fellowship between the different clubs.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PRIMA DONNA.

The prima donna was found in her costly boudoir, in a charming morning costume, toying with a consumptive poodle that reeked with musk.

She gracefully waved the reporter to an ottoman, and asked his motive for such an early call, it being fifteen minutes of six, a.m.

He replied, with Chesterfieldian courtesy, that he wished to learn some particulars of her eventful life, and would be pleased to listen to the narrative of her operatic triumphs.

The prima donna languidly arose, and hurling the poodle across the room, proceeded to enlighten her visitor.

"When I made my debut in St. Petersburg, some years ago, in 'Faust,' the Emperor was present, and after the ovation I received from the audience, he called me into the Imperial box, and handed me a necklace of diamonds, one hundred thousand rubles, and the orders of Stanislaus and St. George."

"But those decorations are not given to ladies?"

"This was an exception."

"I sang in Russia for two seasons, and altogether I received from the Emperor, the nobility and my manager, the sum of six millions. I likewise had 272 offers of marriage, and 80,000 bouquets were thrown at me."

"Then you were quite a *dame aux camelias*?"

"Certainly! After my triumph I went to Vienna, where I sang in 'Lucrezia Borgia.' The same bewildering success followed me. Wagner, who was in town, invited me to dinner, and is at present at work on a new opera for me. He said I was the finest soprano he thought he had ever heard. The Empress gave me a lunch, 100,000 forins and the order of the Golden Fleecce."

"Very appropriate! Were you pursued by aspirants for your hand?"

"Oh, yes; all Vienna was in love with me. I had countless offers. In my own company, the tenor, baritone, basso and all the chorus were in love with me, but of course I haughtily rejected them."

"From Vienna I went to Milan to sing in 'Aida.' Verdi was present and came behind the stage to thank me. He said my voice had the *timbre* which King David's might have had. He knew the King, I believe. I was called out by the dilettante of the Scala 82 times, and after the third act Verdi crowned me in public. I have in my scrap-books full accounts of that evening. You can peruse them."

"Thanks! I prefer to listen to your captivating narration."

"Well, from Milan I went through Italy like a conquering Bonaparte, and when I sang at Naples there was an eruption of Mount Vesuvius; and one dear critic assured me that the old mountain had behaved in that way on purpose to show me its affection."

"Pray continue. Did you ever have any mishaps in your grand career?"

"Alas! yes. I fell down twenty trap-doors during my travels, and was once poisoned by a rival in 'Traviata.' She put some drug in my drinking cup, and while I was singing 'Libiamo'

I fell sick, had to break my engagement, and, consequently, lost five millions."

"But you gained them elsewhere?"

"Oh, yes, I went on to Paris, and sang at the Italiens in 'Norma,' with the tenor, Pannoni. Patti was so jealous of me that she cried, poor thing. This was during the Empire. The Emperor sent me 100,000 francs, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor."

"Did you ever see Gounod?"

"Oh, my, yes. He wrote his 'Romeo' for me, but Miolan Carvalho bought it from him. Dear Gounod introduced me to Ambrose Thomas, Offenbach and Rossini. Thomas declared I was his ideal *Ophelia* (he said that of Nilsson, too, by the way, the old rogue), and Offenbach taught me the cancan."

"Did you hear Capoul?"

"Oh! dear, yes. He fell in love with me, like the rest of them, Meyerbeer included."

"How about Rossini?"

"Oh! he listened to me with great attention, and proclaimed me to be incomparable."

"Did you have many offers in Paris?"

"Oh! yes; but you know opera bouffe was all the rage then, and I had to sing in Hervé's operettas."

"A sad coming down."

"Alas!"

"And, pray, are you to sing in New York?"

"Oh! yes, I am engaged by Mapleson, and I appear next season."

"As *Aida*, *Lucia*, or *Norma*?"

"No, I am engaged for the chorus. Give me a puff in your paper, that's a nice man. And, by the way, would you mind lending me five dollars? I'll—"

The reporter, before she had finished, was quaffing beer at Theiss's.—CUPID JONES in Music.

SKATING CARNIVAL.

The carnival last Friday at the Victoria Rink fully rewarded those who paid it a visit. The ice temple, nicely designed by Mr. Weston, of Notman & Frazer, was far more elaborate in structure than that of last year, and the effect of the electric light showing through the obelisks of ice which supported it was very pleasant. Such elaborate accounts of the costumes and details of the ladies and gentlemen who took part have already appeared in the dailies, that it would be only repeating an oft-told tale to give them over again. Suffice it to say that the rink was so crowded from end to end, that locomotion was not possible, and seeing only partially so. The best proof, perhaps, of the entire success of the affair,

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

M. DE LESSEPS is seriously ill.

GOLD is being shipped from Paris to London.

A BAND of Chaldeans has been committing outrages in Jerusalem.

THE rumor of Father Gavazzi's arrest in Paris is contradicted.

BULL & WILSON, London cloth merchants, have failed for £124,000.

A GOLD mine has been discovered near the village of Amity, N.Y.

WAITE & Co., Leeds woollen merchants, have suspended for £120,000.

SEVERAL workmen have been killed by a dynamite explosion in the Airlberg tunnel.

THE French Deputies have voted confidence in the De Freycinet Ministry by 287 to 66.

THE reported murder of Stillman, the *Times'* correspondent, in Turkey, was unfounded.

THE Fenian Military Association in Ireland already extends to twenty-four counties.

MR. GLADSTONE estimates the average of reductions by the Land Court so far at 23 per cent.

A COTTON factory at Jarzevo, Russia, has been burned, entailing a loss of 3,000,000 roubles.

THE Lalande astronomy prize has been given by the French Academy of Sciences to Prof. Swift, of Rochester, N.Y.

SIXTEEN Moonlighters have been committed for trial by the Cork Magistrate on the evidence of the informer Connell.

THE Liberal press of Berlin is indignant over the acquittal of a sentinel for shooting two boys who were teasing him.

A DESPATCH from Yemen, in Arabia, says the insurgents have proclaimed Caliph a descendant of the Prophet.

THE PROGRESS OF A COUGH.—The following may be indicated as the progress of a cough in the absence of an efficient check of the lung-destroying malady: First, a cold is contracted, the throat becomes inflamed and the irritation causes a spasmodic contraction and dilation of the lungs, accompanied with a dull or rattling sound in the throat. This daily increases in violence, and as it does, aggravates the bronchial irritation until the lungs become seriously affected. Then abscesses or incipient sores form upon their tissue, which rapidly develop into the fatal tubercles of consumption which eat into and destroy the lungs. Who would knowingly incur such peril as this? The sure means of averting it is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime, and Soda, a pulmonic which at the same time checks the progress of throat and lung irritations and gives strength to those debilitated by a cough. Sold by all druggists.



THE END OF THE FIGHT.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY F. SPECHT.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVI.

"For not a sun o'er earth o'er rose or set,
But traced some furrow set by sin or sorrow;
The past's pale ghost still haunts the coming morrow,
The shortest life hath something to forget."

Tarleton does not see Kate again until he looks at her across the dinner-table, as she sits radiant and lovely by Mr. Vaughn's side, listening to him, talking to him, laughing with



"I did not mean to be rude," she says.

him, altogether seeming to enjoy his society in a manner very seriously annoying to the man watching her—for watch her he does, despite the fact that Florida Vaughn's beautiful face is by his side, and her silvery voice is sounding in his ear.

"Have I lost her?" he is thinking. "Have I waited too long? There is a flood in all tides—have I waited until mine is past? And yet—



"Torment me," he repeats.

and yet I must wait longer. I dare not speak now. Will she come to me when I do speak? Ah, God grant it! for, unworthy though I am,



"Will you come and play a game of billiards?"

no hero could love her better—and love is the best thing, after all!"

A strange meditation for the place in which he is, for the conversation flowing around him, for the words he is himself uttering; but, happily, there is no Asmodeus to betray our secret thoughts, else they would often be found in startling discord with our surroundings and our utterances.

Dinner over, Kate has gone up-stairs on an errand for Mrs. Lawrence, and is coming down again, lightly singing, for she is sternly determined to ignore any heaviness in the region of her heart, when, to her surprise, she finds Tarleton waiting at the foot of the staircase.

"Forgive me for waylaying you," he says, looking at her with an appealing smile, "but from the dining-room I saw you go up-stairs, and I thought I would wait here for your return. Do you know that you treated me very badly



"Oh how good you are," cries Kate.

this afternoon! Why did you go away when I came to see you? And you did not tell me that you will ride Mignon to-morrow morning?"

Now, most girls in this position would have elevated their eyebrows with fine hypocrisy, and replied, "Did I not tell you that I would not do so? I really fancied I had;" but Kate is too frank for any such subterfuge. The clear eyes look at him steadily, and the soft yet resolute lips answer quietly:

"I was interrupted, so that I could not answer then; but I am glad of an opportunity to tell you now that I do not care to ride Mignon. I shall not go to-morrow morning."

"But why not?" he asks, eagerly. He feels the subtle change in her, and knows, or thinks she knows, the cause of it; but he does not know how to clear away the mist between them, except by uttering words which burn on his tongue, yet which he dares not speak. "I am sure you would enjoy it," he goes on, "and need I say that I pledge myself to see that no accident again befalls you?"

"You surely do not think that I am afraid of an accident?" asks Kate, with a pretty air of disdain. "I do not care to go; that is all."

"It must be all, if you say so," he replies; "but I am sorry—very sorry. I fancied we might have a pleasant chase together. I rode Mignon this morning, and she went so well."

"Then it is fortunate that I shall not deprive you of her," says Kate, who feels that she must, for her own peace of mind, for her own safety and self-respect, be firm in declining this pleasure, even while she longs to cry out, "I will go! I will go!"

He looks at her with honest reproach—not that which a man affects as a trick of flirtation. "That does not sound like you," he says; "you are usually so frank, and you must know that it would give me a great deal more pleasure to see you on Mignon than to ride her myself." "How should I know it?" she asks. Then, flushing, she adds, quickly: "You are very kind; but please don't tempt me any further, for I—I cannot go."

Whether, after this, Tarleton would press the point any further, it is impossible to say, before he can reply, the principal part of the

company issue in a body from the drawing-room.

"We are going to have a dance," says Will. "If it had been suggested in time, I would have sent for a fiddler, but Janet offers to play some quadrilles and waltzes on the piano. Tarleton, I have been requested by Miss Vaughn to send you to her."

"Will you dance?" asks Tarleton, addressing Kate, with a complete disregard of this message.

"No, thanks," she answers. "I could not think of keeping you from Miss Vaughn. Here comes Mr. Braxton; probably he will ask me."

Yes, Mr. Braxton asks her, and is pleased by an immediate assent. That Tarleton has a right to consider himself ill-treated by this proceeding, no one can deny, and his temper gives forth a spark in consequence.

"I don't think I have deserved this from you," he says, in a low voice. Then, without waiting for a reply, he turns and crosses the hall to the drawing-room—the carriage of his head as well as the expression of his face showing the ruffled state of his feelings.

Kate looks after him remorsefully. "I did not mean to be rude," she says; "I thought he had rather go to Miss Vaughn."

"Oh, he'll soon come right!" says Mr. Braxton, consolingly. "Quick-tempered, but soon over with it—that's Tarleton! I've seen him



"I am sorry I brought you to this place," he says to Kate.

Mr. Braxton; and Mr. Braxton replies gallantly to the effect that she always is right.

The only light in the sitting-room comes from an argand lamp turned low, and diffusing through its white shade a glow like moonlight. At some distance from this, near the fire, Miss Vaughn sinks into a low chair, and motions Tarleton to another.

Tarleton is not averse to obeying the motion. It is a very fair woman who gives the invitation, and she looks even more than ordinarily fair in the subdued light, which reveals the shimmer of her dress, the gleam of her ornaments, the beauty of her face, yet lends the charm of uncertainty to all these things. That the amusement which she desires at present is to

"Sit in the shade of soft lamps and be wooed for a while."



"How is you, Miss Kate," says aunt Rachel.

he is thoroughly aware. No woman ever liked the incense of adulation better than this woman does, whose life has been so full of it that it might almost have palled upon her—if such a thing can pall upon a woman of her type. But, although he knows what she desires, Tarleton has no idea of acting on the knowledge. He is fully content with admiring the picture before him simply as a picture.

"So you mean to take issue with me on the question of unkindness?" he says, breaking the silence. "Is that wise? I don't intend to complain of my wrongs; but if I did desire to do such a thing, you know whether or not I have proof on my side. You turned me adrift remorselessly—for which I don't blame you. No doubt I was a nuisance—a man in love always



The door opens and an ebony face appears.

she rises and takes his arm. "Let us go to some quiet place and talk the matter over," she says. "I think I can prove that you are wrong."

The quiet place which she desires is easily found. Across the hall, the sitting-room is entirely deserted, and thither they take their way. Randal, who is dancing with the air of a martyr, sees them cross the hall, and sends a perturbed glance after them. Kate also perceives them, and feels justified in her act of apparent rudeness. "You see, I was right!" she says to



"You come this way."

is, isn't he?—and the only atonement I can make is to abstain from tormenting you in the present or the future."

This assurance has by no means a cheering effect on Miss Vaughn—being, indeed, exactly opposed to what she desires to hear.

"Torment me!" she repeats. "You could not do that if you tried! Do you think I have forgotten—anything? Ah!" (a sigh), "women don't forget easily. It would be better for them if they did."

"Would it?" says Tarleton. "That's odd! I thought they had a remarkable facility in that way; and I certainly never fancied that you were troubled with recollections of the victims you have crushed in your triumphal progress."

She makes a slight impatient movement. "You only talk in this way to vex me," she says. "I cannot believe that your memory is so short that you do not know better! I am sure you have not forgotten—all that you might remember."

"No," he says, "I remember a good deal—more, perhaps, than you do. But is it worth while to go back to these old scores? If I unwittingly began the subject, pray accept my apologies. I am not often guilty of reviving matters which are, or ought to be, buried in the tomb of the Capulets."

"Frank!" she cries, with a thrill in her voice which almost startles him, "how can you be so cruel? You know—you must know—that I could not have acted differently!"

"I am willing to believe it," he answers. "Don't think that there is any need to defend yourself at this late day. I have learned to appreciate my folly as it deserves."

"Your folly! Have you learned to consider it only that?" she asks in a low tone.

"Yes," he replies, meeting her glance with a cool steadiness which she understands; "thanks to the lesson you were kind enough to teach me, I have learned to consider it only that."

There is no hunt the next morning. Kate is waked at daylight by the sound of falling rain, and she turns over and resigns herself to slumber again, knowing that there will be no winding of horns, no baying of hounds, no gathering of huntsmen, in such weather. Indeed, the outlook is dreary enough when the breakfast-bell sounds, and the inmates of the house begin to straggle down-stairs in detachments. Whether has all the bright beauty of the earth vanished? Instead of glowing tints and tender haze, there is shrouding mist and falling rain, and an angry wind tearing the bright leaves from the trees and scattering them broadcast.

But even such a day as this has its charm in a country-house full of gay young people. The gentlemen grumble a little over their hunting disappointment, and indulge in a few gloomy forebodings with regard to the races of the coming week; but these things do not weigh on their spirits, and they are quite ready to make themselves agreeable during the wet, overcast morning. Only Mr. Vaughn seems restless and ill at ease.

"I wanted to go to Arlingford," he says to Kate, who remarks his impatience, "and it is provoking to be detained by such disagreeable weather."

"If I were a man I should not mind bad weather," she remarks. "On the contrary, I think I should like to go out in a storm. There is something exhilarating in riding in the teeth of the wind—and it would be directly in your face if you went to Arlingford."

"A pleasant prospect, certainly?" he says. "I do not think I shall take advantage of it, though the delay is very vexatious. I want to see Burdock particularly, and—"

He stops, and Kate, before she considers, asks, "Who is Burdock?"

"He is one of the owners of a racing-stable," Mr. Vaughn answers, "who is expected to reach Arlingford to-day, with several horses."

"And you are anxious to see them. That is very natural; but you have all next week before you in which to do so."

"It is not the horses I am anxious to see; I know them very well. It is Burdock himself. But it is impossible to go out in this deluge! Will you come and take a game of billiards? It is the best means of killing time."

Kate agrees, and, while she is enjoying the billiards—she plays fairly, and is devoted to the game—Miss Vaughn is sitting in a bay-window of the drawing-room, with an unread novel in her lap, and her eyes, which to day are rather sombre than brilliant, turned to the outer world, where the rain is falling in slanting sheets, and the trees are tossing their boughs in the high October gale. One glance at her listless face is enough to show that *ennui* in its worst form has marked her for its own.

"What a fool I was to come here!" she is thinking. "How absurd of me to expect anything save what I have found—ineffable boredom! Can I make any excuse for leaving, I wonder? I could, if it were not for Ashton; but I am sure he will insist on my remaining until he is ready to go. As if I care for these stupid races!—or as if it matters to me whether he succeeds with this girl or not! How rapid and tiresome and silly these people are!"—a peal of merry laughter has at this instant risen from a card-table at the other end of the room. "What a fool I was to come!"

These thoughts are not cheerful company, and she is about to take refuge in the pages of her novel, when Randal enters the room, and, after a quick glance around, discovers her retreat and advances toward it. She is not sorry to see him. Though she has left the group at the further end of the apartment, and declined all their advan-

ces, she by no means feels equal to the burden of solitude; so she lifts her eyes with a faint smile, as he draws near and sinks on an ottoman at her feet. It is a necessity of life with her that some one should fill this position; and since the man whom she wishes to see there has respectfully declined further service, she is willing for Randal to swing the censer, rather than that it should not be swung at all.

Randal is ready to serve in this capacity for an unlimited length of time. He begins his duties by remarking: "I am afraid this pastoral mode of existence wearies you! It was Dr. Johnson, I believe, who said that all people who live in the country must be either stupid or miserable. I think that, to-day, you belong to the latter class."

"It is kind of you to say so," she answers, languidly. "I feel more as if I belong to the former. I am stupid, and altogether out of sorts. I suppose it is the effect of the weather."

"Such a day is enough to bring a legion of blue-devils upon one. But is there no way of driving them away from you?"

"I fear not. Nothing can rouse me, so I advise you to go and find some more amusing companion."

"I don't like amusing companions, and one more interesting I could not find."

"Are you sure of that? Moods do not add to interest, and they are a besetting weakness of mine."

"Don't call them a weakness. They are like the lights and shadows on a landscape. Who cares for broad, unchequered sunshine?"

"Why, you are poetical as well as complimentary," she says; and he has his reward in the gratified smile which dimples the corners of her mouth.

"It would be a dull lump of clay that you could not inspire," he answers. "You inspired me long ago with something which has, so far, won from you little or no reward. You know what that is very well."

"Do I?" She is not averse to the conversation taking this turn, but she does not lead him on by any show of interest. "Perhaps so; but I have already told you that I am stupid to-day."

"That is the tone you always take with me," he says. "Why is it that you do not think me worthy of an answer? Am I not as good as other men?—and certainly not one of them can love you better than I do!"

"Speak for yourself," she retorts; "it is wisest. You cannot measure the love of other men, though you think that you know something of your own. As for my not thinking you worthy of an answer, that is your mistake. I have answered you: I have told you that you have a chance. You told me that months ago. Has it become greater, or less, since then?"

"How can I tell! There are so many things to be considered. You must wait until I have leisure to weigh them all."

"That is what I have been told," he says. "I have been warned that you will never answer definitely—that you prefer to keep men dangling for months and years on a thread of hope."

"Warned!" she repeats. Her eyes expand with something like a flash in their depths. "Warned—by whom?"

"That does not matter—" he begins, when she interrupts him imperiously.

"It does matter! Tell me at once!"

"So many people have been good enough to offer me such a warning, that it would be difficult for you to arraign them all," he replies, evasively.

"Has any one offered anything of the kind since you have been here?" she asks, with her glance bent on him.

He understands her meaning, and hesitates a moment. Then the temptation is irresistible. He will violate no confidence, utter no untruth, so he answers, "Tarleton said something of the sort yesterday—but the story had grown old in my ears before he repeated it."

"Tarleton!" she echoes. Her eyes give one great flash, and then the lids sink over them, a flame of colour darts into her cheeks, her hand closes nervously over the book in her lap. "What did he say?" she goes on. "That I am heartless and mercenary, and care only for the gratification of my vanity?"

"No," answers Randal, indignantly. "Do you think I would have allowed any man to speak of you like that? He merely said that I am wasting time in pursuing a shadow."

"Well," she says, coldly, "why do you not heed him? Why do you continue to waste time in pursuing what may indeed only prove a shadow?"

"Because I cannot help it," he answers, with genuine passion in his voice. "You know that I may be a fool, but so long as you tell me that I have a chance, my life is in your hands."

"That is a way you men have of talking," she says, lifting her shoulders with a careless gesture. "It is romantic, but absurd. Your life is not in my hands at all—I utterly decline such a responsibility. We do very well as we are. Let the future take care of itself."

"You may think that we do very well as we are—I don't. There is a difference of opinion to begin with."

"Very likely," she answers. "Divergencies of opinion are common on all subjects. Can you think of nothing more entertaining as a topic of conversation? What gloomy, depressing weather! By-the-by, do you really think Frank Tarleton means to settle here?"

"He talks of it. Whether he means it or will do it, is another question."

"What agreement did he and Ashton come to yesterday about the horse?"

"No agreement at all. Tarleton asks more than your brother will give. I think myself that he overrates the horse. Burdock talks of buying him; but he will be influenced by the manner in which he acquits himself at the races next week."

"Does he intend—Frank Tarleton, I mean—to part with all his horses?"

"No. He has a beautiful filly named Bonny Kate, which he means to keep."

He speaks significantly; but the fact which he states is in itself significant enough. Again the colour deepens in Miss Vaughn's cheek.

"So he keeps Bonny Kate?" she says, with a slight laugh. "What does that mean?"

"I think it means that he has a decided penchant for Kate," answers Randal. "It will probably not last—he was always fickle as the wind—but it may interfere with Ashton's plan, if she reciprocates it."

"And do you think she does?"

"Impossible to say. He is a wise man who can read a woman, and I have never claimed such a wisdom. You ought to be able to tell. Women can read one another."

"I never thought of such a thing until yesterday," she says, speaking with an effort. "It is likely enough on her side. I will observe more closely."

The storm continues during the whole of the day; and the next day being Sunday, there is no hunt. Those who are devotionally inclined, go to Arlingford in the morning to church. Those who are not exemplary about fulfilling their religious duties, stay at home.

The afternoon is of crystalline clearness, and Miss Brooke proposes a walk to Kate.

"Just you and I," she says. "We will not ask any one else to accompany us."

"I do not want any one else," the girl replies, truthfully.

So they set forth, and are soon on the hills. The late storm has made havoc in the forests; but they are still beautiful, and the atmosphere is inexpressibly fresh and clear. Across the purple fields stretch belts of woods, glowing with autumn tints, and far in the west lie the marvellous blue mountains.

"I want to go there on a deer-hunt," says Kate, pointing to the last. "Will promised to take me this year, but he has not been able to go. He says that he will certainly do so next autumn."

"Perhaps you may not be here next autumn," says Miss Brooke—they are seated on the summit of a height, with the fair prospect spread out at their feet. "Do you not think there might be some things better than a deer-hunt?"

"That is almost exactly what Mr. Vaughn asked me the other day," says Kate. "Probably there are some things better, but since I know nothing about them, and am not likely ever to know anything, it is well to be content with what I have, is it not?"

"Yes; since a contented spirit is better than a fortune; but you are rather young to decide that you will never know any other life than this which you lead now."

"How should I ever know any other?" asks Kate, cheerfully. Evidently the unlikelihood of such a thing does not weigh on her spirits. She loves every hill that rises against the sky, every stream in the valley below her. As she sits, throned on a rock, her eyes wander over the scene with an expression of affection, at which Miss Brooke smiles.

"You have a loyal heart," she says, "but you have also a gay disposition, and I think you would find much to enjoy in a different life. You ask how you are to know it. That question is easily answered; come with me when I leave here, and I will give you as much pleasure as you can desire."

The words are quietly and simply spoken, but it is safe to say that if the rock on which she is seated had suddenly split open, Kate could scarcely have been more amazed. Sophy's and Janet's jests have not in the least prepared her for such a proposal. She looks at Miss Brooke as if she can hardly realize what she has heard. "Come with you!" she repeats. "I—I do not understand."

"It is surely not difficult to understand," says the elder lady, taking her hand. "I talked the matter over with your uncle yesterday. He leaves the decision altogether with you. I want to take you with me when I leave Fairfields; I want to introduce you into society, and in all respects make your future my charge. Kate, my bonny Kate, will you not come with me?"

"Oh, how good you are!" cries Kate, touched even more by the tone than by the words. "I don't know what to answer—I don't know how to thank you—"

"Never mind thanking me—that does not matter—only say that you will come."

But this is what Kate cannot say. She is stunned by the magnitude of the prospect opening before her, yet instinctively she shrinks from it—feeling that to utter a word of assent will be to change the whole course and meaning of her life, to exile her from the home and the friends she loves, and send her forth among strangers. She does not consider the reverse of the picture any more than a child might. Ease, luxury, travel, the life of the world, admiration and pleasure—she is hardly aware that the possession of all these things hangs on the breath of her lips. She only looks round the far-sweeping breadth of the beautiful country, and,

with a pang at her heart which finds an echo in her voice, cries:

"I cannot! I cannot! Pray do not ask me."

"But I must ask you—and you must consider the matter," says Miss Brooke. "You must not decide in what is so important to you, and also to me, like this. Kate, if you knew how near this plan is to my heart, I think you would come with me! You are very dear to all your friends here, but they do not need your companionship as I do."

"I am not sure of that," says Kate, who does not fancy this suggestion. "They are very fond of me, and I have been with them four years—while I have only known you a few days."

"That is very true, but there are a great many things to be considered. I can offer you advantages which it is not in your uncle's power to afford you. Do you think it wise to reject these?"

Kate looks at her wistfully, but does not reply, so she goes on:

"I am sure that if you reflect, you will feel that it is right to come with me; and if you do—believe me that, as far as lies in my power, you shall never regret it."

"I am sure—oh, already I am perfectly sure of that!" cries Kate. "I will ask uncle's advice—indeed, indeed, I cannot promise more."

"Very well," says Miss Brooke, who has no doubt that her point is nearly won. "Take time to consider, and let me know your decision next week."

CHAPTER XVII.

"We all begin
By singing with the birds, and running fast
With June-days hand-in-hand; but once, for all,
The birds must sing against us, and the sun
Strike down upon us, like a friend's sword caught
By an enemy to slay us, while we read
The dear name on the blade which bites at us!"

In the evening Kate is very grave, as every one notices. She has consulted her uncle on the subject of Miss Brooke's proposal as soon as she reaches home, and Mr. Lawrence, though shirking all responsibility of advice, cannot deny the great advantage which it offers, while Mrs. Lawrence says decidedly that her folly cannot be easily characterized if she declines it.

"But I am so fond of you all," pleads Kate.

"How can I bear to go away?"

"As for going away," replies her uncle, "of course you know that Fairfields will always be as much your home as it is the home of Sophy and Janet. If you go with Miss Brooke it will only be to remain at your pleasure. I have told her that I can hear of nothing else."

"I am sure that if such a chance were offered to Sophy or Janet, they would accept it eagerly," says Mrs. Lawrence. "It does not strike me as such a terrible thing to leave a dull place like this for the gaiety and pleasures of fashionable life."

"Fairfields is not dull," says Kate. "It is the very best place in the world, and I—I am sure I can never be happy anywhere else."

"In that case, my dear," says Mr. Lawrence, "the thing is very plain. Thank Miss Brooke for her kindness, and tell her you will stay with us. I should never forgive myself," he goes on, putting his arm round the girl and drawing her to him, "if you felt that any one wished you to go. It would certainly be a dark day for us all when we lost our bonny Kate."

"Then I will stay!" cries Kate. "O uncle, dear uncle, how kind you are to me!"

"Who could help being kind to you?" asks her uncle.

"Please, master"—the door opens, and an ebony face appears—"Uncle Jake have come in off the plantation, and would like to speak to you."

"Very well," says Mr. Lawrence, and leaves the room.

Kate is about to follow, when her aunt interposes. "Stay a moment," she says, "I do not suppose that my advice will have any weight with you, but still I feel that it is my duty to give it. Sit down and listen to me. Has it ever occurred to you that your uncle is not a rich man?"

For an instant Kate stares—not comprehending the drift of this question. Then the blood starts to her cheeks, and the tears to her eyes. "I see!" she says. "You mean that I am a burden to him?"

"I answer you as I would answer Sophy or Janet—yes," says Mrs. Lawrence. "Neither he nor I have ever grudged anything which you have ever cost us; but elder people look ahead as young ones never do, and I know that our expenses are now greater than our income. Under these circumstances, and considering the uncertainty of life, I feel that the sooner you girls are provided for the better. Sophy's engagement has been the greatest relief to my mind, and what I desire now is to see Janet and yourself as well settled. I think that George Proctor will address you before long, and if you mean to accept him, it might be advisable to decline Miss Brooke's proposal—"

"No, no!" cries Kate. "I don't mean to accept him. I could not think of such a thing."

"Then, what do you think of?" asks Mrs. Lawrence. "You are young and pretty now, but neither youth nor good looks last forever. No girl in your position could ask a better settlement in life than George Proctor offers. If you will not marry him, and if you will not go with Miss Brooke, pray what do you expect to do with yourself?"

"I don't expect to do anything," answers Kate, overwhelmed by this dilemma.

"In fact, you are like a child," says her aunt. "You have never looked beyond the day. Your uncle may indulge you in this folly, but I see no kindness in doing so, since the time must come when you will be forced to consider your future. If you throw away the brilliant prospects which Miss Brooke offers—and if you knew anything of the world, you would know that they are brilliant—you shall do so understanding fully your responsibility."

"Then you think I ought to go with her?" Kate asks in a subdued voice. The colour has faded out of her cheeks, her eyes are grave. Mrs. Lawrence is right. She has never before considered these things more than a child might.

"I certainly think so," her aunt answers. "How anybody could think anything else, passes my comprehension."

So Kate feels that her doom is sealed, and she goes up-stairs in very low spirits to dress for dinner. Marriage to Mr. Proctor, or banishment with Miss Brooke; these are the alternatives before her. Most young ladies would not consider either very terrible; but Kate desires neither the one nor the other, though she decides that the latter possesses the fewest disadvantages. Her heart is heavy as she makes her toilet, and now and then tears rise to her eyes. Mrs. Lawrence meant to speak with kindness, and she was perfectly sincere in saying that she advised Kate as she would have advised one of her own daughters; but her words have torn away the trusting confidence and ignorance which, once gone, can never be replaced; and the girl recognizes, with a sense of startled surprise, her exact position. In the pain inseparable from this knowledge, there is no trace of resentment or wounded pride, none of that self-love which so often veils itself under the name of "sensitiveness." Kate feels that Mrs. Lawrence was right to speak frankly, but, nevertheless, she tastes for the first time that cup of the cares of life, which most of us drain to the dregs before we die—and finds the taste very bitter.

When she goes down, every one observes the change that has come over her, and she is beset by inquiries regarding it.

"What is the matter, Kate?" asks Will, coming up to her after dinner. "You look as if you were on the stool of repentance for all the sins of your life."

"I am sure there are enough of them," answers Kate, with salutary humility. "Will, when is Mr. Proctor coming back?"

"Oh!" cries Will, with an explosive laugh. "Is that it? Poor Proctor!—how delighted he would be if he knew that you felt melancholy on account of his absence!"

"That is not it!" says Kate, with a furious blush. "You are very unkind to tease me when I—I feel badly enough already. I asked because I don't want him to come."

"Then I am sorry to say that you must endure an unpleasant shock," says Will, grinning in a far from sympathetic manner. "He will be here to-morrow—or next day, at farthest. Let me see! I have a letter from him in my pocket, which I received this morning. Here it is!—he writes a fearful fist, but, as far as I can make out, that is what he says: 'Shall be with you next Monday if possible. If not possible, expect me, certainly, on Tuesday. Things are very dull here—ahem!—and I have been wishing myself back at Fairfields ever since I came away. Will try to bring the puppy over with me—' Well, I believe that is all which interests you."

"It does not interest me at all," says Kate. "I am only sorry that he is coming."

"Commend me to a woman for gratitude," says Will. "Here is a man who is an absolute idiot about you—upon my word, I believe he would scalp himself if you asked him to do so—and all the thanks he gets is that you are sorry he is coming."

"It does seem mean," Kate admits; "but how can one help it? If you could give him a hint, Will—"

"No," says Will, "I shall do nothing of the kind. I kept him from making a fool of himself when he was here before, but in future you must manage him yourself. To change the subject—do you want to go fox-hunting to-morrow morning?"

"I—don't know," says Kate, hesitating. She does want to go exceedingly; but remembering how positively she refused when urged by Tarleton to do so only a few days before, she is doubtful whether she ought not to refuse now.

"What has come over you?" asks Will. "This is the second time that you have let slip an opportunity to go fox-hunting, and I never knew such a thing to happen before."

Then it occurs to Kate with a sharpness which brings a rush of tears to her eyes, that few, indeed, may be her opportunities hereafter for this most exhilarating of the pleasures of the happy, careless life which has been hers until to-day; so she says, quickly:

"I will go—certainly, I will go."

"May I ask where?" inquires Mr. Vaughn, who is approaching at the moment. "Not to any spot where you cannot be followed, I trust."

"Only on a fox-hunt," she answers. "I could be followed there readily enough."

"And will be," he says, smiling. "I am anxious to see you follow the hounds, having already witnessed some of your riding prowess; so I will sacrifice my morning sleep for that pleasure. That is, if I may. You do not object?"

"Oh, no," she replies, with palpable indifference. "If you care to go, there is no reason why you should not. But I thought you did not like hunting?"

"I like it occasionally; but even if I did not, I should like attending you," he says, sinking into a seat by her side.

To his words and his tone, Kate gives as little significance as possible, and her calmness pleases the man who has often seen the flutter of vanity into which many women are thrown by anything that savors of a compliment. "She has no lack of *savoir-faire*," he thinks. "How blood will tell!"

He begins to speak of other things then, for his tact is of that order which never says a word too much, or gives a glance too long. "A very important quality in woman," says a French writer, "is that of never boring her husband." May we add that a very important quality in a suitor is the wisdom to abstain from boring the woman he woos. To avoid boring anybody has been one of the studies of Ashton Vaughn's life; and whatever charges people make against him, they never lay this offence at his door.

He is very punctual the next morning, making his appearance in irreproachable hunting costume, while Kate is dispensing coffee in the hall.

"You are in excellent time," she says, handing him a cup, with a smile. "Will has just announced that Mose and the hounds are ready."

The stars are brilliant when they set forth, and the air so sharp that outer wrappings are necessary. The huntsman rides in front, winding his horn; the dogs troop after, the cavalcade follows—the horses prancing and curvetting as the familiar blast sounds, for a horse accustomed to the chase learns to enjoy it as much as his rider. The party are bound to a well-known rendezvous—an eminence known as Pine-Tree Hill, which forms a central point in the midst of several plantations, Fairfields and Southdale among the number.

"Tarleton and Bryan were to meet us there," says Will, as they approach the place. "I hope they are on hand, for we have no time to lose. Sound your horn, Mose. Let them know we are coming."

Mose accordingly sounds his horn, and a response from the hill, if not "like fairy horns of Elfand blowing," has a music of its own, as it is borne from afar on the fresh morning air. Reaching the rendezvous, they find two or three men and a dozen or more hounds. Salutations are exchanged, the cover where they are most likely to strike a fox agreed upon, and they are about to start again when some one says:

"Hallo! Tarleton is not here yet."

"Can't help it!" says Will. "I wouldn't wait another five minutes for a prince. Look yonder!—day is breaking."

"You are not asked to wait, my good fellow," says Tarleton's voice. "Here I am."

"Eh!—what!—you are there, are you?" says Will. "So much the better. Are all the dogs on hand? Go ahead, Mose!"

Now, starlight, with the faintest possible glimmering of daylight, is not the best light in the world in which to determine identity, so Tarleton has no idea who is the cavalier attending Kate, when he rides up to her side and says:

"I am very glad that you are here. I came hoping to meet you."

The words are nothing, the tone is everything—a tone which would have been significant enough to any one, but which tells Ashton Vaughn more than a volume of speech. Kate's heart thrills, but she answers, carelessly:

"Yes, I am here. It was impossible to resist another hunt. But I have done something more wonderful than come myself—I have brought Mr. Vaughn."

"The bringing was not difficult," says Mr. Vaughn, in his quiet voice. "I would undertake much more difficult tasks to please you."

A duller man than Tarleton would have understood the inference. "To please you"—therefore she had desired his presence. Mignon is rather surprised at the sudden jerk on her bit, as she is wheeled around by her impetuous rider.

"I hope you will enjoy the hunt," that rider says; "but I think we are striking in the wrong direction. I'll go and tell Mr. Lawrence so."

He rides rapidly away, and Kate, with sinking heart, says, rather crossly, to Mr. Vaughn:

"We are lagging dreadfully. Come, let us ride faster!"

They have hardly gone half a mile further, when one of the dogs opens on a trail, and Will cries, in a tone of satisfaction:

"We're all right now; that is Drummer."

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

HONESTY.

The man who said "Honesty is the best policy" was not necessarily honest—nay, the shrewdness of the remark, and the baser impulse of humanity to which he appealed, showed him deficient in that highest element of honesty, honor. As the denunciations from the pulpit against evil-doers of eternal punishment, if effective, can make only moral cowards, men who travel the right road, not from the love of doing good, but from craven egotism and base fear; so the man who is led to honesty by a comparative estimate of its financial value with that of an opposite course, is not a worthy specimen of "the noblest work of God." Indeed, a perfectly honest man is one of the "rare birds" of creation. There is no sharp line of demarcation drawn between honesty and dishonesty, and it is very difficult to give a positive definition of it, though a negative one is almost as puzzling. To be honest is not merely paying one's debts: there are perfectly honest people who are unable to do so. The man, who depreciates the goods of another, and induces him to lower his price thereby, is dishonest, though he pay in full. He who exalts the character of his wares unduly, to induce the more inexperienced to purchase, is especially dishonest, though he pray in the public market-place.

And here it is pertinent to remark that much of the advertising in the journals of the day, partakes not only of highly exaggerated claims for the quality and cheapness of the wares so heralded, but affects to take the public into the confidence of the proprietors, and does not stop with ridiculous puffings of the advertiser's wares, but in a distinctly dishonest and offensive way charges rivals indiscriminately with endeavors to defraud the public, in the quality and price of their merchandize. Such conduct is greatly to be reprehended, and a proper rebuke would be a total withdrawal of patronage from so sinister a tradesman.

In any transaction, whether it be the purchase of labor or of merchandize, a full return will be voluntarily made by the possessor of a noble mind, for the truly honest man is the "soul of honor," and would scorn to be the better for the sacrifice of another.

And so trade, though doubtless debasing in its tendency, dulling to the keen edge of honor, may nevertheless be conducted on the highest principles, if those engaged in it will recognize that utter truthfulness is the demand of the public, and that perfect confidence will be the reward. But this should not be the motive impelling men to do right. There is no doubt that a year's sentence in the penitentiary, will deter more men from a positive theft, than the dread of punishment hereafter, else the numberless forms of dishonesty in which they indulge, which hover just this side of a statutory penalty would not be committed.

Men should deal justly, instinctively, and avoid a "shaded" transaction with the same aversion as they would shun an adder, and dread a moral poisoning as keenly as a physical one. The fear of the law and the love of gain, should be put out of sight as elements in the promotion of honesty.—*Quint.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

IN *Lili* Mme. Judic plays the bugle. She has indeed become an expert player on this instrument, and makes use of it at home instead of a bell. In her hotel in the Rue de Boulogne she has special calls for each plate. When she wants fish she sounds *la ré or la sol*; when she desires a duck she makes a *couac*; for coffee she sounds a series of black notes, and at night when she comes home sleepy "elle fait *do do*."

THE question is frequently asked:—Is a masked ball at the Opera amusing? The question is difficult to answer. Amusement is hardly a thing that can be bought for a price, and whether a man who goes to the Opera ball will be amused or not depends very much upon himself. The dancing floor is immense, 200 metres long and twenty-five broad; the orchestra is immense, 150 musicians; the illumination is immense; the crowd will probably be immense. But the women, the intrigues, the duchesses *en rupture de blason*? There are none. Years and years ago, it appears from certain historical documents, a gallant *pirot* sometimes had the good fortune to offer a supper to a lady whose social position was superior to that of Mogador or Pomare, "Queen of Mabilie, Princess of Ranelagh, Grand Duchesse of the Chaumière, by the Grace of the polka, the cancan and other cachuchas." But this was the remote past.

THE indication of buried treasure at Ancona has aroused the authorities of that place to make the most minute researches in the spot pointed out by the documents discovered among the ruins of a house in course of demolition. The documents state that an immense treasure, the contents of a military chest belonging to a French regiment, had been buried in the garden at the rear of the house, and that the workman employed in digging the hole wherein it had been deposited was murdered then and there and his corpse flung into the hole, so that he might never divulge the secret of the hiding-place. The search has brought to light the skeleton of the murdered man, but no trace of the treasure has yet been found. The failure has caused great amusement at Ancona, where the belief exists that upon that favoured shore you could

not dig a foot of ground without finding the bones of some human victim sacrificed at some time or other to the rage, jealousy, or revenge which the Tribunal of Milan has just declared to be pardonable passions of the human mind, and not to be punished even by imprisonment.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT is engaged in composing the incidental music to accompany the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre. The scenic preparations for the production of this play are being made with extraordinary care and splendour, and the first performance may be expected in little more than six weeks.

THE proprietor of one of the monthly magazines, not an English one, has performed an act worthy of imitation. Finding the year prosperous, he called together his employés and divided amongst them a thousand pounds. Nor was this all—he wrote friendly letters to the principal contributors begging the acceptance of a cheque, the aggregate of which amounted to £3,000.

It seems to be the general impression that in his next budget the Premier contemplates imposing a probate duty on real estate, and that before long an *ad valorem* tax will be adopted, which will, of course, entirely abolish the present legacy and succession duties. Anyhow, the next financial statement is intended to be a startling one, the propositions of last year having been not only commonplace but weak.

AT Minton's famous works they have orders from the Queen and also from the Prince of Wales. Some cups and saucers are of plain white, of curiously roomy shape, displaying to great advantage the princely feathers. The Princess of Wales is represented by her white cat, to which she is tenderly attached. When her likeness was taken recently, the white cat was introduced. Minton's got a copy of the picture, and have reproduced the cat in pottery with great success.

HUMOROUS.

FOR MUSICAL ENTHUSIASTS.—Strictly speaking, a march is about the only music that can be called sole-stirring.

"WHAT is love?" asks somebody; and somebody replies, "It is a feeling that you don't want another fellow fooling around her."

HATCHES, matches and dispatches is the pleasant way an English newspaper has of announcing births, marriages and deaths.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. MAPLESON'S season in Chicago was a financial failure, so the *Tribune* reports.

A SON of Salvini, the great Italian actor, will make his appearance in "A Celebrated Case."

THE report that Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry would proceed on a tour in America is quite without foundation.

A DINNER was given on February 11th by the members of the Savage Club, at which the Prince of Wales consented to take the chair.

MADAME PATTI will begin her seven nights of opera at the Germania Theatre, New York, on Thursday, the 23rd.

MR. SIMS REEVES announces concerts of operatic, national and miscellaneous music, at which he will sing.

FERDINAND CARRI, the pianist, and his brother Hermann Carr, the violinist, of New York, gave recently a concert at the Salle Pleyel, Paris.

MIDLE SARAH BERNHARDT has been engaged to give six performances at Milan during February, and is to receive £200 for each performance.

MR. WILLIAM FARREN, jun., is fast making his way to a very prominent place in his profession, and worthily maintaining the histrionic reputation of his name.

THE Greek play given at Booth's Theatre, New York, last week was witnessed by large audiences at every performance, and the receipts were between nine and ten thousand dollars.

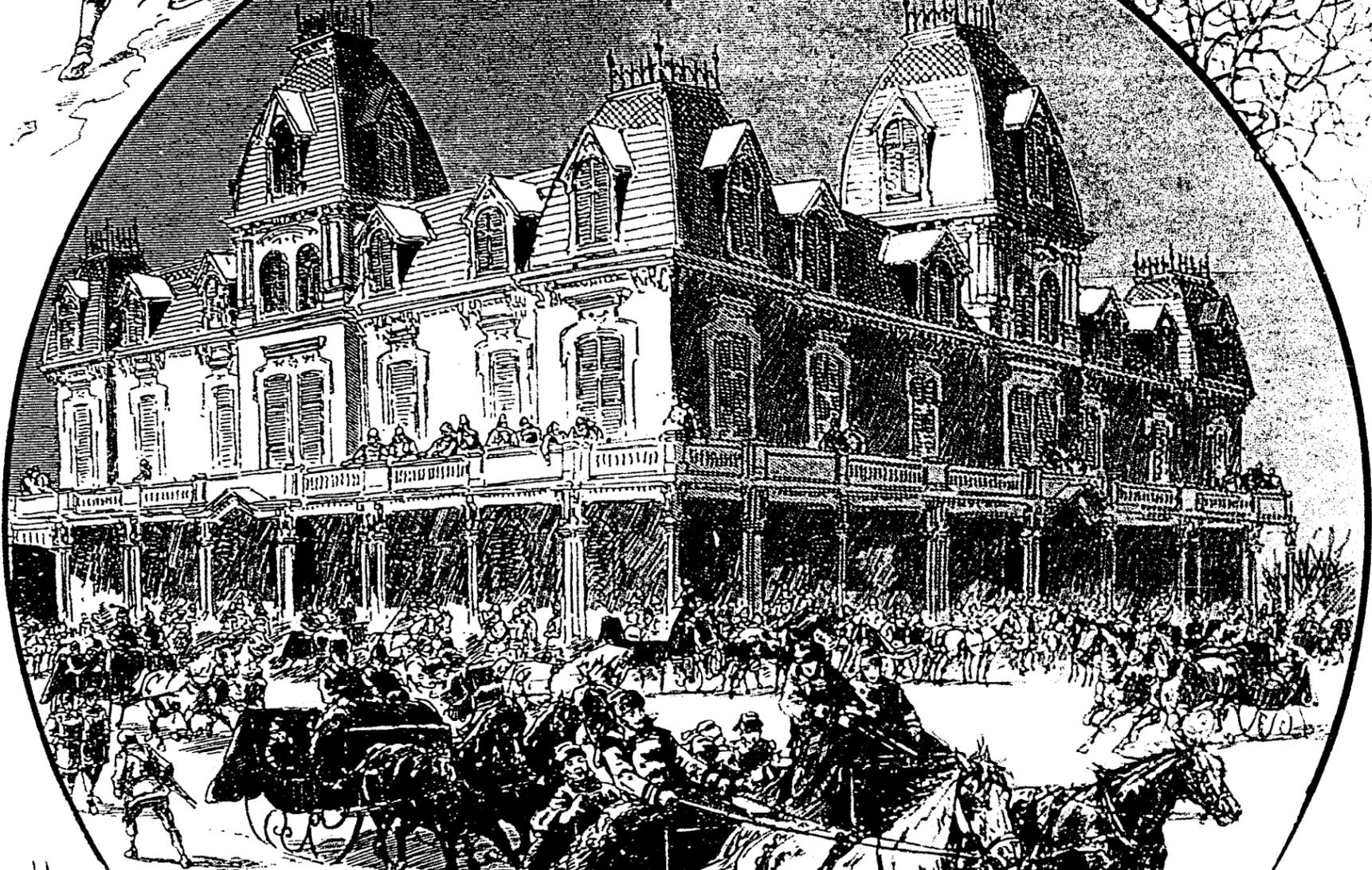
AT Madame Gerster's benefit in New Orleans the charming cantatrice amid a shower of bouquets, was presented with a barp of flowers so large that it took three men to carry it to the stage.

A FRENCHMAN, once giving a description of a fugue, said it was a composition in four parts, where one part rushed in after the other, and where the audience rushed out before any of them rushed in.

RICHTER'S production of Wagner and Mozart operas in London promises well. The demand for tickets for the performances in May at Drury Lane is already so great that the number of representations will be increased.

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 200 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.



UNION STEEPLCHASE OF THE MONTREAL, EMERALD AND CANADIAN SNOW SHOE CLUBS OF MONTREAL. (SEE PAGE 99.)



"MY VALENTINE."

DIABLERIE.

'Tis a night of the witches,
Of goblins and witches!
See how they hover,
Starting out of their niches,
Among the black trees!
The moon's ill at ease,
Lest the mob should have spied her,
And hastens to cover
Her face in a cloud,
Or diaphanous shroud,
Too sleazy to bide her!
And not only witches—
(Growsome with beards)
Goblins and witches,
In all keys and pitches,
Chanting their weirds:—
Not only ghosts, jostling,
In yonder dim alley,
Where ghosts wont to rally:
But I hear a low rustling
And whistling behind me—
Footsteps behind me
On the hard, frozen ground!
I dare not look round,
Lest Terror should blind me,
Should chill me, and blind me,
And I next morning, in marble be found!

On it comes, lightly,
Over stones skipping,
On the turf tripping,
Something more sprightly
Than witches, I fancy—
Worse necromancy!
But, face about;
Charge on the rout,
Whatever betide me:
Ah, now I see clearly,
'Tis a dead leaf, merely—
A dead leaf! no wonder
The moon, peering under
That skurrying cloud, looks out to deride me!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

ESTELLA GRAVINA.

I.

It is somewhere about thirty years ago. Morning prayers are just over in the spacious hall of the collegiate school at Westminster, and a crowd of boys, worried by Greek roots and algebraic formulæ, are impatiently awaiting their dismissal. But the doctor, stern and immobile, gives not the sign of release. To an outsider his grim silence would be inexplicable; but we understand the significance of the deep-set lines of his old visage, and the reason of the sudden departure of the two under-masters. We know that they will return with their victim anon, that the accursed rod will be brought forth, and a certain voice be heard to complain.

Presently the masters return alone. The doctor looks up surprised. They approach him with a troubled mien, speak in low tones, and then retire, whilst he, turning to us, thus delivers himself:

"You are, I think, aware that one of your number has been convicted of theft. It is, indeed, sad to discover that we should unconsciously have been living in terms of amity with such a scoundrel, and that the fair name of the school has been thus dishonoured. It was my intention to have administered to him this morning a punishment in proportion to his deserts; but I learn with surprise, yet not with regret, that the culprit has stolen away during the night. I shall not attempt to recapture him. The place is well purged of his presence. Probably I shall see his face no more; but should some of you meet him in after life, I would advise you not to trust him over-much. Remember, that 'as the twig is bent, so will the tree grow.' And now you may go."

Then tumultuously we rush forth and soon forget—all save one—Jim Smith and his crime. That one is Jack, his twin-brother, upon whom the burden of vicarious shame weighs so heavily that the compassionate doctor soon restores him to his friends.

Time passes, and I enter the army. Meanwhile I had heard nothing of the twins until some five or six years later, when they both joined my regiment. What they had been about all this time I did not learn, but it was said that they had been to sea, and that one of them—Jim—had left the navy under a cloud. However that may be, the latter favoured the wing to which I belonged at Plymouth, whilst Jack was posted to the other at Weymouth. They were thus separated to avoid confusion, so extraordinary was their resemblance to one another.

Now just then there came to Plymouth a wandering circus; and nothing was talked of in the place but Estella, the daughter of the proprietor, one Gravina, a Spaniard.

Her mother (at that time no more) was said to have been a gipsy, and, to judge by the lustrous dark eyes, rich olive skin, and faultless form of her daughter, probably was one.

Of those who were presented to the divinity, I was one; but as I was not disposed, like others, to make love to her, she was pleased, after a while, to look upon me as a friend, and indeed to give me her entire confidence.

So it came about that one day she informed me that she was to be married to an officer in the regiment, and that his name was Smith. Now when she told me this I was grieved; for I had got to be fond of the girl in a paternal way myself, and hated the idea of her marrying such a fellow as Jim Smith. So standing as I did *in loco parentis*, her father, a worthless fellow, having forfeited her affection, I told her plainly that she would be making a terrible mistake if she married this man.

"Why?" she asked quietly.
"Because he is a bad lot."
"Pray what do you know of him?"
"Enough to tell you that I would rather see you in your grave than his wife."

"You do not mince matters," she replied; "but what you say is simply absurd. Mr. Smith is a good and true man, and he is mine, and I am his, for ever!"

"You are mistaken in him, Estella. He is an utter scamp, believe me. He will tire of you before six months are over, and desert you. His love, you will find, will be of the kind that goes up like a rocket and comes down like its stick. A bad man is sure to prove a faithless lover."

At these words she sprang to her feet and stood before me, quivering with passion.

"I cannot guess," she said, "what evil you may think of Mr. Smith; but I know that in trusting him I have made no mistake. I am certain that he is incapable of an unworthy action. If you say more, I shall quarrel with you."

"I have said my say, Estella, and shall be silent on the subject henceforth. As I am now going on leave for some time, farewell, and be not angry with me for telling you the truth—bitter as it is."

She took my hand and touched it with her lips.

"Good-bye, dear Gordon," she said. "You mean kindly; but you should not have spoken as you have to me."

II.

During the time that I was on leave the regiment was ordered to India suddenly, and when I went out myself a year or so later I found that Jack Smith, instead of embarking with the regiment, had suddenly left the service; and Jim, now a captain, was at Gwalior, but unfortunately just then in dire trouble, having been convicted of embezzling the men's pay, and sentenced to be cashiered, with a year's imprisonment. He was still, as I was not surprised to hear, unmarried.

Of Estella all this time I had heard nothing until, on arrival at Gwalior, I found a letter from her informing me that she had persuaded her father to remove the staff of the circus to India, and that she was then at Bombay assisting him to reorganize it. They intended to visit the principal up-country cities, and amongst others Gwalior, where she learnt that I was stationed. A few weeks later they appeared at the cantonment, and Estella lost no time in informing me that Smith, before leaving England, had written to Birmingham, whither the circus had moved, to break off the engagement, on the ground that his financial position and prospects made their marriage impossible, begging her at the same time to forgive him; and she showed me the letter, which was dated Portsmouth and signed "J. S."

"There, Estella," I could not help saying, "did I not tell you that he would desert you?"

"My dear Gordon," she replied, "he has only done what was right. We could not have married upon nothing. That he will get on I feel sure; and when he has won fame and fortune he will return to me as surely as the needle finds its way to the pole. Meanwhile I am content to wait patiently."

"Estella," I said, "as you must know the sad truth soon, you may as well hear it now from me. Captain Smith has been convicted of felony."

At this news her countenance fell; but recovering herself quickly, she said:

"I do not believe him to be guilty; he is the victim of misfortune. Where is he?"

"Suffering a year's imprisonment at Calcutta," I replied.

"Then when he is released I will follow him whithersoever he goes, so that when he wants me I may be at hand. They may make a prisoner of him, Gordon, but they cannot make him guilty."

It was now the beginning of the hot weather of 1857, and the Mutiny had broken out. Gravina, perceiving then that to carry out his programme was impossible, resolved to make the best of his way down to Calcutta. Estella accordingly took leave of me and went her way.

III.

Five more years have passed, and I am returning home *via* the Cape. During that period I had wondered continually what had become of Estella, and never more so than in the weary hours of the voyage. And I puzzled myself about Jim Smith at the same time; for neither of them had I heard a word since his release. Were they married, or dead?

I was turning over these matters in my mind when we brought up for a day or two at St. Helena.

"If you've never seen a slaver, Colonel," said the Captain, as I was idly watching the shipping in the bay, "come on board yonder schooner with me," pointing to one astern.

I jumped at his offer, and was soon alongside the vessel indicated. They were separating the living from the dead as we got on deck, casting the latter overboard and sending on shore the living. A few hours before, both had been packed indiscriminately as close as herrings in a barrel in the stifling hold. No wonder, that the survivors, in their joy, lifted up their voices as they were borne away to the land of freedom in a chorus of thanksgiving.

"Who is the captain of this floating hell?" I asked.

"Yonder he goes," he replied, "in the broad-brimmed hat, in the stern sheets of that man-of-war's boat. His name is Johnson, and he sails

under the American flag; but he's an Englishman, they say."

I looked at the man's back and fancied I had seen it before, but when or where I could not think. Then we returned to our vessel, and I thought no more of Captain Johnson and his misdeeds until I was reminded of him in the following manner. It so happened that after I had been some months in England I was ordered upon particular service to Canada, proceeding thither *via* New York. Having transacted some business one morning in the lower part of the town, I was returning to my hotel, when I found myself in the midst of a seething crowd outside the prison of the "Tombs." As everybody was gazing at one of the towers of the gaol, I too looked up, and noticed a black flag floating from its staff. Presently it fell, and then there arose from the silent expectant people a deep dull moan. My curiosity being excited, I turned to inquire of a bystander the meaning of the strange spectacle.

"It means, sir," he replied, "that it's all up with Captain Johnson."

"And pray who may Captain Johnson be?" I asked.

"He is, or was, the captain of a slaver, and they've just hanged him in there. Guess you're a Britisher?"

"I am indeed."

"And so was he," he continued. "His real name was Smith. Maybe you know him, stranger?"

Then I knew that the Captain Johnson I had seen at St. Helena was no other than Jim Smith; but I made no reply. Just then a woman, thickly veiled, standing by, touched my arm, and in a low voice said:

"Let us go, Gordon."

It was Estella. Through her folded veil I could see the death-like pallor of her face and the twitching of her set lips. When we had moved away, she said:

"I heard what that man told you, and it was all quite true. Accident brought me here to-day; yet, in fact, I knew all along that Johnson was Smith. May God forgive him! He was indeed all that you said of him, and more. Come with me now to where I am living, and I will tell you how I came to know."

"You remember," she said, when she reached her house, "my leaving you at Gwalior for Calcutta? Well, on arrival there, I found that Smith's release would shortly take place, and accordingly made preparations to carry out my intention of following him. My father at this juncture fell ill and died, and I disposed of the circus just in time to embark in the next American vessel to that in which your disgraced brother officer sailed for New York. At first he seemed in great straits there; then for a while I lost sight of him altogether. But he turned up again later on, and lived for a time in luxury. Whilst I was wondering where the money came from, an accident explained the mystery."

"I must tell you that this house belongs to a certain Bonum, a circus proprietor, in whose employment, in fact, I am. As he and his wife appeared disposed to be friendly, I gladly availed myself of their offer to board with them. I was ignorant, indeed, then that Mr. Bonum, in addition to running a circus, was one of a ring of speculators in black ivory, as they call it here; and that his house was a resort of persons connected with the slave-trade, or I should have lodged elsewhere. But once settled, I did not care to move."

"It was about a year ago that a carriage drove up to the door, and I saw from the window of this very room a man descend whom I recognized, although I heard him give to the servant the name of Captain Johnson, as Smith. It flashed across me that his visit was in connection with slavery; for I remembered his having told me that he had been to sea in his youth, and thought of his mysteriously acquired wealth. My first impulse was to implore him for his own sake, if not for mine, to abandon this horrible business; but fearing lest he should blame me for having followed him, I hesitated. Meanwhile he disappeared again, and I heard no more of him until there appeared in the papers an account of his capture by a British man-of-war. In due course he was handed over to the American authorities, brought here, and—you know the rest."

As I knew that no word of sympathy could alleviate her misery, I merely inquired what were her plans.

"I have decided," she replied, "to return to my tribe in Spain. The best of the Romany blood is mine, and I am rich now. My mother's people would restore me to the position she forfeited when she married my father. My dream of happiness is at an end. Henceforth I shall devote myself to my people, and be their queen. Farewell now, dear Gordon—but I shall see you before I depart, shall I not?"

I kissed her in answer, and departed.

IV.

As a rule our visions are tinged with the hues of the waking thoughts of the day; but no sooner did I become unconscious that night than the mind threw off its burden of grief, and became buoyant and hopeful. Perhaps never more boldly than in the world of dreams do "coming events cast their shadows before," and are deeper glimpses into the future accorded us. Is it strange, therefore, that the gift of prescience should then have been mine, and that I should have felt with joy the approach of something or some one favourable to the fate of her in whom I was just then so deeply interested? But, alas,

when I awoke, my fond illusions incontinently fled, and I should have relapsed into gloom had not the chambermaid presently appeared with hot water, boots, and the card of Mr. Smith. There was nothing in those three articles, in themselves, inspiring; yet, recalling my dream, I harboured the pleasant idea as I dressed that the owner of the card might be the *some one* it foreshadowed, and hastened my toilet accordingly.

As I entered the *salon* a young man arose and greeted me warmly. Though not superstitious, I recoiled at his approach, and was on the point of saying, "Why, I thought you were—" when it flashed across me that it was my old friend Jack—his brother!

"Surely you have not forgotten me, Gordon?" he said. "It was but an hour ago that I saw your name in the list of arrivals. What a piece of luck to have caught you!"

"Forgotten you, Jack? No. But I did not know that you were on this side of the water."

"I have been here for the last five years," he said.

"Doing well, I hope, Jack?"

"Well enough. I have made my pile."

"And what are you going to do with it?"

"I have been thinking of going to India to search for the grave of poor Jim. He disappeared, as probably you know, just about the time the Mutiny broke out, and I fear there is but little doubt that he shared the fate of those who perished at that time. He is probably buried at Gwalior, where I heard of him last. Poor dear fellow!" He paused for a few moments, and continued, "At all events, I'm off soon to England to look up a certain person."

"Your brother is no more," I replied; "that I know for certain. But you will never find his grave, believe me. Do not grieve at this. Why not rather think of him as one of the many gallant soldiers whose bones have long since mingled there with the desert dust? Their monuments are not in stone, but in the memory of those who loved them."

"It may be that you are right, Gordon," he said, "and that mine would be an idle quest. Nevertheless I should be happier if I could stand for a moment by the spot where he sleeps."

The thought of a certain dishonoured grave beneath the flags of a neighbouring prison made me shudder. Presently I continued:

"You say also that you are going to England to search for some one. Do I know the individual?"

"I should think not," he replied. "She is the daughter of a circus proprietor I once met at Weymouth. We were engaged, in fact; but in those days I was too poor to support a wife. It may be that I was wrong; but God knows I acted for the best when I wrote to break off the affair. Then I came over here buoyed with the hope of one day being able to offer her a home."

"What became of her Jack?"

"I know not. The last I heard of Estella—that was her name—was that she was at Birmingham with the circus. She went to Plymouth, I believe, *en route*; but Jim, who was quartered there at the time, told me when I saw him off to India that he had never seen her."

The scales then fell from my eyes. This, then, was the man who had been her lover all along, and not the other. Without moving a muscle of my countenance, I said that I hoped he would be able to dine with me that night at the Brevoort House, and would excuse me now, as I was busy.

"All right," he replied; "I will be there."

As soon as he was out of sight I rushed off to the Bonums'. They told me there that Miss Gravina was too ill to see me; but when she received the following missive—"The man who suffered yesterday was not your friend after all. C. G."—she came down, though pale and trembling, at once.

"What is the meaning of your note, Gordon?" she said. "For God's sake tell me!"

"It means that you are to cheer up like a good girl, and dine with me to-night at the Brevoort House."

"I cannot, Gordon; really I cannot. You forget—"

"No, I don't. You must come; I insist upon it. By the way, did you ever see any one when you were at Plymouth resembling your friend?"

"No, no one. Why do you ask?"

"And are you quite sure it was him you saw out of this window some time ago, and no other?"

"How absurd you are!"

"One more question. What was the Christian name of your friend?"

"Why, Jack, of course! As if you did not know!"

"Ah, well, never mind; I will call for you at 7.30. Be ready; good-bye now."

Straightway then I hurried off to the Brevoort House, where I ordered a private room and dinner for three. Thence home; but no sooner did I reach my hotel than I despatched a note to Estella, begging her not to wait till I called for her, but to go straight to the restaurant and meet me there. At 10 p. m. I gently opened the door of the room I had engaged, and found Mr. John Smith on the sofa calmly smoking, and Estella close—very close—to his side, a picture of contentment.

"Ah," I said, "I'm rather late; but I see you've managed without me."

"You old darling!" exclaimed Estella, going for me.

"Keep your kisses for Jack, Estella," I said.

"But the way, when are you going to be queen of the gipsies?"

"Estella," interrupted Jack, "is going to be my queen."
 "If that is the case, Estella," I remarked, "you have no further need of me; and as I'm off in the morning to Quebec, I'll now say good-bye. Jack, no doubt, will see you safely home."
 They were married in due course; and from that day to this I've never seen them. In one of the valleys of the Hudson, however, they dwell, I am told, surrounded by their children. And in their church hard by stands an elaborate monument, representing the death in the Mutiny of Captain James Smith, late of H.B. Majesty's—Regiment of Foot. I hear, too, that their eldest boy is called James after his lamented uncle. Whether Estella ever knew that the man she followed to India, whom she noticed from the Bonums' window, and over whom the black flag floated upon the day we met again, was her husband's brother, I cannot say; but I feel sure, if she did know, that she had too much sense to open her lips upon the subject. C. E. S.

THE BACHELOR'S CONFESSION.

I live in a French flat. Of course there are objections to French flats. So there are to most things. I can't afford a hotel, and I detest a boarding-house. A bachelor of 30 odd, who has been at the mercy of boarding-house keepers all his days, can easily understand that.
 So when I engaged a suite of rooms and arranged my household goods therein, with a fine outlook over a green dot of a park in front, and the glimmer of a palisade far in the rear above a forest of shipping, I considered myself well off.
 What is my profession? I haven't any in particular. I'm an artist and draw a little; daily, in front of my easel, I contribute to the press, and write when I feel like it, and draw a little income from a snug little property left me by an uncle in India. Consequently I was able to decorate my new quarters very prettily with Bagdad rugs, old China dragons, black and gold Japanese screens, and pictures I had picked up at a bargain.
 And when the fire was burning cheerfully in the grate, the first rainy May evening, the student lamp shining softly on the red, carved table, and the waiter from a neighbouring restaurant had brought in my frugal dinner of a broiled bird, a mold of currant jelly, a slice of roast beef, and a raspberry dumpling, I considered myself pretty comfortable.
 "Upon the whole," I said to myself, "I rather approve of French flats."
 I rang the bell. The janitor—a respectful, decent sort of fellow, in a round jacket and carpet slippers—answered the summons.
 "Janitor," said I, "who occupies the floor above."
 "Nobody, sir," the man answered. "Last party moved out yesterday. New party moves in to-morrow."
 "A large family?" said I rather dubiously.
 "Bless your heart, sir," said the man, "no family at all—single lady, sir!"
 At this I congratulated myself more and more.
 "I shall have a prospect of a little peace, now, I think," said I; and I ate my dinner in a fool's paradise of happiness.
 The single lady moved in on the morrow. She must have moved in when I was down-town selecting some new mill-boards and color-tubes for the summer sketches I intended to make, for when I returned, fondly expecting once more to enter into my kingdom of peace and serenity, everything was changed.
 There was a banging and pounding overhead, a thumping and hammering—a sound as if some middle-aged giantess in hob-nailed shoes was enjoying herself in a promenade. I sent for the janitor in a rage.
 "Is the house coming down?" said I.
 "It's the new tenant a-moving in, sir," said he, apologetically.
 "Does her furniture consist entirely of Herrings' safes and square pianos?" said I.
 "There is two pianos," said he, "She's musical."
 "The deuce she is," roared I. "Two pianos! And does she play on 'em both?"
 "Don't know, sir, I'm sure," said the man, with a distressed expression of countenance.
 I endured the noise until midnight, and then I sent up the janitor's wife.
 "The third floor's compliments to fourth floor, and would like to know if this sort of thing is to go on all night?"
 Down came the woman again.
 "Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and wishes to know if he expects people to get settled without a noise!"
 The next day the piano—only one, however—commenced. I was elaborating a skeleton for a scientific essay and it disturbed me seriously. I endured it as long as I possibly could and then I had recourse once more to the janitor's wife.
 "Third floor's compliments to the fourth floor, and will feel obliged if she will favor him with a little peace and quietness long enough to do some necessary writing."
 There was no reply, and the music stopped abruptly. But that evening, when I was beginning to solace myself with a little violin practice in the twilight, tap, tap, tap came the janitor's wife at my door.
 "Fourth floor's compliments to the third floor, and will feel obliged if he will favor her with a little peace and quietness, long enough to write a letter."

How I hated that woman! So we lived for a month, exchanging constant missiles of warfare. I could cheerfully have given up that miserable French flat and gone back to boarding, only unluckily I had engaged it for the year. The fourth floor elocutionized, and had friends to select private readings, whose voices were deeper than Hamlet's and more sonorous than that of Charlotte Cushman. She was charitable, and had classes of heavy-booted girls twice a week, to sing hymns and learn to sew. A single lady, indeed! if she had been a quadruple lady she could not have made more noise, nor enjoyed the making of it more.
 At the close of the month, however, an incident happened which turned the current of my whole life. I went on a pic-nic. I don't often go on anything of that kind; but this was an especially select affair gotten up by my friend Harold Webster. I went, and there I met Barbara Willis, and fell straightway in love with her. She wasn't extraordinary young, but neither am I, and to my taste a full blown rose is sweeter than a bud, wherever you find it growing. She was dark-eyed, with full cherry lips, satin-brown hair, and a complexion as fresh as roses and ivory. We talked; our ideas coincided exactly. It seemed as if our souls were two looking-glasses, to mirror each other's.
 "Miss Willis," cried I, "why is it that we have never met before? I feel as if we were old, old friends."
 As I spoke I gently pressed her hand and she smiled back unutterable things. I went to my friend Webster, who was making up quadrilles on the upper deck. We were accompanied by an excellent brass band.
 "O, Harold," exclaimed I, "I can never thank you enough for introducing me to that angel!"
 "Do you mean Barbara Willis?" said he.
 "Well, I do think she is rather a fine girl."
 We grew confidential as we sat together on the promenade deck and watched the moonlight ripple over the surface of the tides.
 "A bachelor's life is but half a life, Miss Willis," said I.
 "I can readily imagine that," she said softly.
 "I live in a flat," confessed I.
 "Do you," said Barbara (the sweet old English name was just like her). "Why, how strange! So do I?"
 "Isn't it dreadful?" said I.
 "Horrid!" said she, closing her lips as though she meant it.
 "And there's a female dragon occupies the floor above me, and torments me out of my life."
 "Well, if this isn't a remarkable coincidence," replied Barbara. "There's a detestable old crab of a bachelor under me who takes all the pleasure out of my existence!"
 "Should two lives be thus blighted?" said I.
 "I—I don't think so," replied Barbara, looking intently at the bouquet of pansies she held in her hand.
 It was past midnight when the boat landed. Harold Webster came up.
 "I promised to see you home, Miss Willis," said he, rubbing his hands briskly.
 "You need not trouble yourself, Webster," said I. "I shall be most happy."
 I called a hack and helped the divine Barbara in, feeling more and more as if I were walking in cloudland.
 "Where shall I drive to?" said the man.
 "No. 69 Ravenal street, said she. "Fourth floor."
 "What!" cried I—"not the Fernandine flats?"
 "Exactly," said she.
 "Why, that's where I live."
 "Are you the third floor?" she cried out, breathless.
 "Are you the fourth?" I counter-queried.
 "But you're not a crab at all!"
 "Nor are you a dragon. On the contrary—" But what matters it what was said. Things were altered from the very beginning. I took my violin up-stairs next day, and helped my divine Barbara out with a sonata of Beethoven's. I suggested a new education theory for the hob-nailed classes. I listened enchanted to her recitation of Tennyson's Brook; and at the end of the quarter we are to be married—Barbara and I.
 HELEN F. GRAVES.

A LUNCH PARTY TALK.

Feed him. Saub him. Bring a rival in the field. Flatter him. Trample on him. Make believe to be in love with him.
 These were some of the contradictory answers given the other day at a lunch party in response to the question how is a man's heart won. For what, pray, is the use of ladies' lunch parties if topics of strictly feminine interest may not be freely discussed? A young girl on the occasion alluded to had just startled a company of blushing maidens, erect spinsters and happy matrons, by asking the above question, and having refused to believe many positive assertions that no one present had ever tried to win a man's heart, the above answers were reluctantly given. Some of the company spoke from experience, some from observation, some from theories drawn from novels.
 Mrs. Mayonaise, a matron, famed for her good housekeeping, had given the answer, "Feed him well," while the rival belles of the season had expressed their opposite methods of conquest. Then a girl from the country, who had sadly felt her lack of city experience, spoke, "Forgive the slang, girls; to succeed in

society one must have been there before. There is nothing worse than to be green. To please a man for an evening or for a life-time you must have some 'previousness' about you."
 "To win a man's heart," said another voice, "is easy enough if you let him talk about himself."
 "Persuade him that he is unfortunate and sympathize with him," added a pretty widow.
 A thin pale girl in an old black silk nowspoke with considerable asperity. She looked herself, poor thing, as if she had drawn little else but blanks in life's lottery. "To be a success one needs to be rich enough to wear her best clothes every day in the week—moreover, one must not suppress one's own 'old Adam,' and one mustn't mind a good deal of the old Adam in a man. They are all full of it and nothing is so hateful to them as to be lectured—men abominate goody-goody girls; in short the Sunday-school books are only half right, be good and you will be happy, but you won't have a good time."
 "Men do like women who have a spice of the devil in them," said a sparkling brunet, who seemed to speak from experience.
 There was a suppressed murmur of disapproval at this rating of men and morals so low, and for a few moments the silence was unbroken. Then a young girl at the farthest end of the lunch table cried out merrily that a poetical neighbor at her right hand had written her answer to the question in rhyme on the reverse side of her dinner card. The blushing poet read her verses aloud, and perhaps the world will agree with the lunch party in pronouncing this answer the best the question had received:
 "To win a gentle, manly heart,
 Don't try the usual charms;
 Don't travel on your pretty face,
 Your teeth, or nose, or arms."
 "The dodge that always best succeeds
 With unsuspecting folk
 Is the old Eve and Adam plan
 The ivy round the oak,"
 —Home Journal.

DRESS AND FASHION.

Some of the new walking petticoats are of black or red watered silk, made with two, box-plaited flounces, each bound with black velvet. Quilted satin petticoats are now cut up about a quarter of a yard at equal distances, the spaces being filled in with black lace, closely plaited with silk or satin at the back. Many of these dainty skirts are now worn.
 Spanish lace rosettes are amongst the chief novelty for dressy shoes. These dainty little concoctions match the color of the dress, ribbon and flowers, and generally display in their flutes some coquettish brooch—as a horseshoe in brilliants, a golden daisy, a silver buttercup, etc.
 Many tea gowns are now made of black satin mervielleux. They are princess shape at the back, and loose in front. Some have cascades of jettied lace all down the front mounted on red plush or satin. Others have a double row of plain and narrower black lace, edging a plastron, which has in its centre a strip of embossed silk worked roses. A high ruche round the throat, and riant ruffles of black lace with bows of black satin ribbon, lined with the same shade of red as the roses are worn. Many tea-gowns have detached clusters of cherries, small oranges, or jessamine painted on, arranged in front, and finished off with black lace. One recently seen was a black satin, with a bodice of black Spanish lace arranged over bright crimson silk. This fell gracefully into the skirt of the back. Round the skirt was a ruche of satin, with a frayed lining of crimson peeping out.
 What a favorite is the lily—whether the proud tiger-marked kind in pink and yellow, or the pure white blossom of the sequestered stream, complete with its broad tough leaves, and tangled masses of ribbon grass, moss and sedges, looking freshly plucked from the water's edge! Garlands of this kind have a most lovely effect on toilets of silver streaked gauze, white or blue especially, while the hazy charm of Madras muslin is best relieved by colored lilies with chenille-tipped stamens, and the most gorgeous foliage outlined by a fine band of gold.—American Queen.

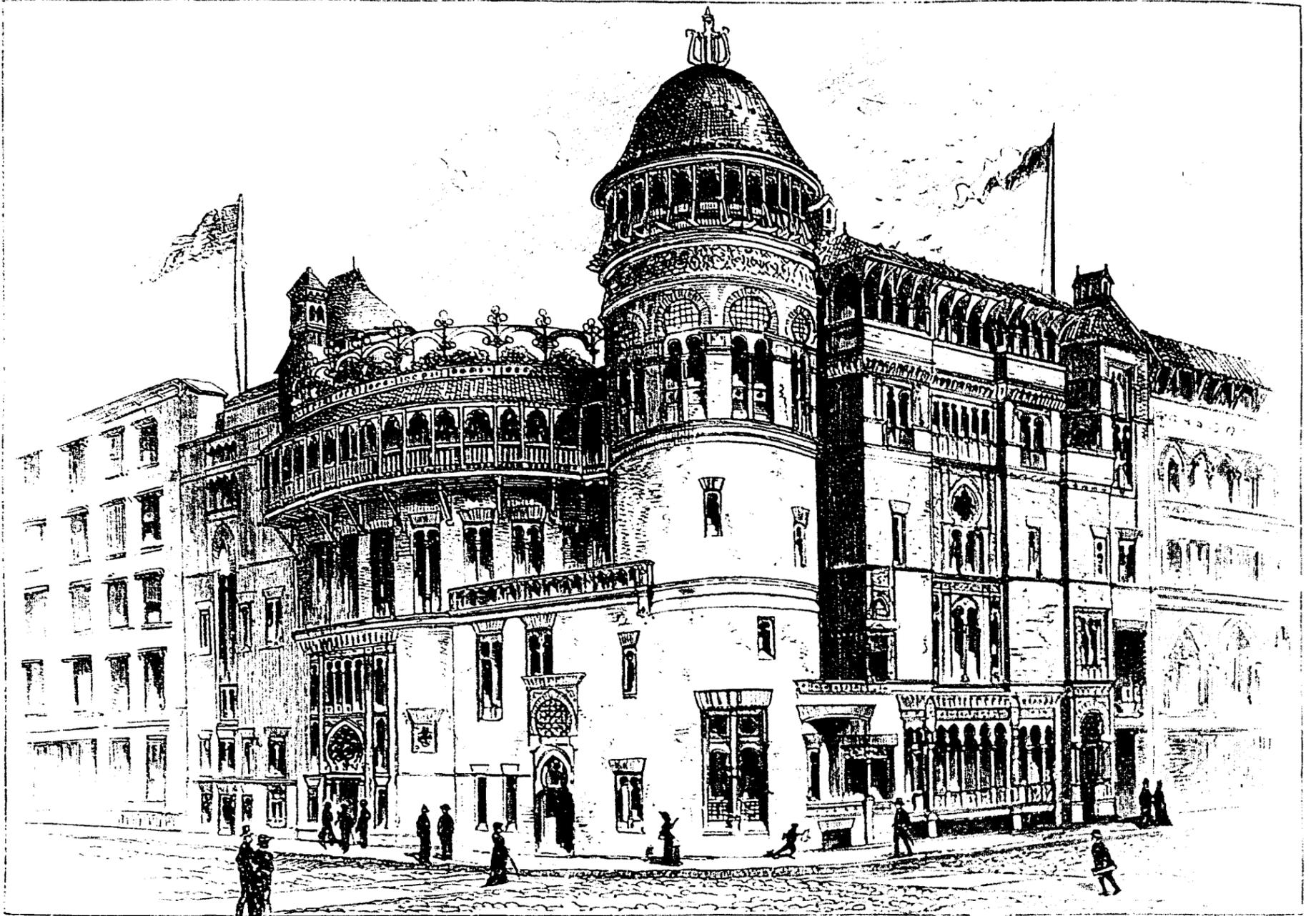
A PHILOSOPHICAL EXPLANATION.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived at Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire into the nature of the Concord entertainment.
 "And so you are taking lessons in Philosophy. How do you like it?"
 "Oh, it's perfectly lovely! It's about science you know, and we all just dote on science."
 "It must be nice. What is it about?"
 "It's about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are too awfully nice for anything. If there's anything I really enjoy it's molecules."
 "Tell me about them, my dear. What are molecules?"
 "Oh, molecules! they are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know there ain't anything but what's molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Em-

erson too. They explain everything so beautifully."
 "How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl enviously.
 "You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm too, and if there is one thing perfectly heavenly, it's protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."
 "Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."
 "Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson talk about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."
 "How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more about science."
 "Oh, I almost forgot differentiation. I am truly and really in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it! I really believe he's bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."
 "What is it, anyway?"
 "This is mull trimmed with Languedoc lace!"
 "I don't mean that—that other."
 "Oh, differentiation! ain't it sweet! It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest thing. I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I had only an ascidian of my own, I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."
 "What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl deeply interested.
 "Oh, no; nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, but they are something like an oyster with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just Heavenly."
 "Do you learn anything else besides all these?"
 "Oh, yes. We learn about philosophy and logic and those common things like metaphysics, but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiation, molecules, and Mr. Cook, and protoplasm, and ascidians, and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody beside Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, too awfully mean."
 And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend, while the Boston girl dreamed of seeing an ascidian chasing a molecule over a differentiated back fence with a club for telling a protoplasm that his youngest sister had so many freckles on her face and was cock-eyed.

BREVITY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It requires fewer and shorter words in English to express an idea than in French, and nearly a third less than in German. If English were phonetically spelled, the number of letters needed to express an idea or speech would not exceed one-half the number that are required in German. Take a few samples given by a London journal:
 I was reminded of this subject the other day by noticing the directions for an electric bell in my room in a foreign hotel. They were printed in French, German and English, viz:
 "On est prié de pousser le bouton jusqu'au fond."
 "Man ist gebeten den Knopi so viel als möglich zuruckzustossen."
 "Please press the button to the bottom."
 There are ten words each in the French and German to seven in the English. The number of letters is thirty-seven, fifty-two, and thirty-one, respectively. The note at the foot of the bill-of-fare was similarly interesting:
 "On remet la note chaque jour au contrôle des voyageurs."
 "Um Irrungen zu vermeiden, wird taglich die Rechnung zur Controle vorgelegt."
 "Bills are given daily to avoid errors."
 Here again we have ten, eleven and seven words, with forty-five, sixty-three and thirty-one letters, respectively. Another common, "notice" affords corroborating evidence of the preceding examples of superior terseness of our vernacular:
 "On est prié de ne pas fumer."
 "Es wird gebeten nicht zu rauchen."
 "Please do not smoke."
 Here we have seven and six words to four, with twenty-two, twenty-seven and sixteen letters respectively.
 WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, WHO SHALL DECIDE?—Nothing is more variable than the different opinions of medical men; but when they fail to agree, or to perform a cure in a chronic disease, the patients often decide for themselves, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the grand key to health that unlocks all the secretions, and liberates the slave from the captivity of disease.



THE NEW EUROPEAN CASINO IN NEW YORK.



CHECKMATE.—FROM A PICTURE BY THURO CEDERSTRÖM.



Samoiede

Departure for military service.

Troika sledge.

Tartar Schoolmaster, with pupils.

A Farm-house.

Beggar.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN RUSSIA.—(SEE PAGE 99.)

CANADA'S VALENTINE TO THE
PRINCESS LOUISE.

Come again, fair Louise! for ten thousands the welcomes
Await thee to greet thee on Canada's shore!
There's a shade on our heart till thy winning smile
comes
To light on our progress and cheer us once more.

Chorus:—Come again! Come again! Let the white
sail's swift pinion
Wait westward and hither our "Bonnie
Louise"—
Oh the joy that will fly through the New
World Dominion
When she greets her own loved one from
over the seas.

Come again, fair Louise, when the flowers in their bloom-
ing
Make Prairie-land Fairy-land beautiful and bright,
There'll be fires on our ramparts and joy cannons
booming
When the barque with our Bonnie Louise heaves in
sight.

Come and wander the meadow, come roam the wild-
forest,
We'll crown thee the Queen of the New-World in
May.

And curs, be the slander that sai h thou abhorrest
The land that will love thee for aye and a day.

There's a heart that is noble and lone at the "Rideau,"
There are hearts by the Myriad that claim thee their
own,
For whatever our race, 'neath the light of our "Credo"
We are true to the daughter of England's great
throne.

Come again! and may He the great Father Eternal
Whose strong arm the wave that is restless doth
bind,
Bring back to our Lorne in the days that are vernal
His loved one so loyal, so true and so kind.

H. J. E.

"LOOK IN THY HEART AND WRITE."

That writing pleases us best and has the highest
value to us—perhaps is alone of value to us—
which a man does not go out of his way to do,
but which comes to him to be done, which lies
in the line of his character and which he does
from his everyday level with all the homely and
real facts of his life as accessories. This is one
of the secrets of the best books and poems, and
makes the difference between those works that
flavor of character and those that are the result
mainly of learning, or conscious literary effort.
In the work of every master it is the man him-
self that speaks, the necessity of his constitution.
The great poets stay at home; things come to
them to be sung; they are never in want of a
theme, but in want of utterance. Whitman,
for instance, has the power of making the uni-
verse revolve about him. Perhaps no contem-
porary poet gives the impression of stepping aside
so little for a theme. He knows so well the les-
son it is so hard to learn—namely, that this
moment, this place, is the centre of all the
glory and power there is or can be. The farther
from home or from his own time, a poet or artist
goes for a subject, the easier we can dispense
with him. The real want of literature, of our
literature for instance, is not that the material
is scarce, or crude, or unpoetic, unfit for novels
or poems, or plays, or art, but that the strong,
copious, profound, self-centred personalities are
wanting; writers and poets who can supply the
human and emotional elements to fertilize this
soil and grow the crop so loudly advertized for.
Crude and unpoetic forsooth! So is one's dinner
crude and unchylelike till he has eaten and di-
gested it; so is the material in the soil crude
and unflower-like till the trees and plants have
seized upon it with hunger and passion and
transmuted it into fibre and fruit. Out of what
can a man truly write but out of his own heart?
If he does not look out upon the world or upon
life with love or an original emotion, but only
with the second-hand emotion of books or art, of
course he will find his own land and times prozy
and dull, and will run abroad after the already
poetized and humanized legends, and forms, and
histories of Europe.

Few poets ever wrote more from conviction
and character than Wordsworth. This is why
he is more to me than the more skilled and versa-
tile poets of his time and since—Byron, Shelley,
Landon, Keats (though in the purely lyrical
quality the latter no doubt far excels him). He
is more local and generic than the rest, and
went less out of the way for his themes. His
work is that real and sincere that it has a
private and intimate character to those persons
who like it, and comes home to them with almost
a religious significance.

Eulogists of Landon wonder why his popu-
larity is so limited, why he is skipped by so many
earnest and thoughtful readers. Why, but that
he had no sympathy with his time or country
that his life and his works are of the nature of
an *aside*. If he had stayed at home and faced
the music, as Carlyle did, or as our own Emerson
has, he probably would have touched and in-
fluenced the best minds as they have done,
because his genius seems nearly or quite equal
to either of theirs. Lesser poets like Burns are
sure to out-last him, because here again the local
flavor and absorption is so much stronger.

What I am aiming to say then is, that for us
here in America, and for the purpose of our
literature, the same as in other and older lands,
the first want is character, and the second,
loyalty to our own environments.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

DYSPEPSIA, that all prevalent disease of civi-
lized life, is always attended with a disordered
sympathetic system and bad secretions, and no
remedy is better adapted to its cure than Bur-
dock Blood Bitters taken according to special
directions found on every bottle.

* See Hymn 370, A. and M.

A SOCIAL NUISANCE.

The "fast set" in American society whose
breast quivers and tingles with delight at the
idea of friendly notice upon its travels from the
Prince of Wales, and which at home grovels in
its own way before any titled Tom Noddy is a
social pest. Its influence is degrading and de-
moralizing. But it has a ridiculous aspect which
is wanting in its prototype. Lady Clara Vere
de Vere may be selfish and cruel and a wholly
useless and encumbering person in the world.
But she is the daughter of a hundred earls, and
she shows it as certainly as a high-bred racer
shows his Arabian descent. A certain nameless
refinement and elegance and grace may dis-
tinguish her—for it is not, of course, always so—
as Lovelace, although a scoundrel, may have the
urbane and gentle courtesy of the chevalier with-
out fear and without reproach.

"Oh, your soft eyes, your low replies!
A great enchantress you may be."

With all her stony-heartedness and selfish vani-
ty and inhuman pride, the Lady Clara Vere de
Vere is still a swan among inferior birds. But
no mushroom wealth, no buying of the crown
jewels of France as shirt-studs, no improvised
magnificence and astounding luxury and extra-
vagance, can rival this effect. The tone that
time alone, lapsing through long centuries,
gives the picture, the tone which is its secret
splendor and charm and worth—how will you
supply that in a morning? The son and daugh-
ter or the grandson and granddaughter of the
haberdasher and the coal-heaver and the fat-
boiler may outbid emperors for a vase and
queens for necklaces, but they can no more buy
the poetic perspective and the association and
historic setting which belong to the emperor and
queen than they can buy the moon.

Moreover, it is a compensation of justice that
those in whom the refinement of long training
is most conspicuous disdain the shoddy splendor
of sudden wealth. The amazing extravagance
of luxury in some instances in America is as
little representative of distinctive American
character and quality as an English rake of a
noble family who comes to hunt up a rich Amer-
ican wife is a type of that trained intelligence
and public spirit and service which mark an
Englishman like Lord Granville in Parliament
or the late Dean Stanley in the Church.—*Har-
per's*.

WEAKNESS OF THE SUPERLATIVE
IN SPEECH.

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

Especially we note this tendency to extremes
in the pleasant excitement of horror-mongers.
Is there something so delicious in disasters and
pain? Bad news is always exaggerated, and we
may challenge Providence to send a fact so tra-
gical that we cannot contrive to make it a little
worse in our gossip.

All this comes of poverty. We are unskillful
definers. From want of skill to convey the
quality we hope to move admiration by quantity.
Language should aim to describe the fact. It is
not enough to suggest it and magnify. Sharper
sight would indicate the true line. "Tis very
wearisome, this straining talk, these experiences,
all exquisite, intense, and tremendous—"The
best I ever saw"; "I never in my life!"
One wishes these terms gazetted and forbidden.
Every favorite is not a cherub, nor every cat a
griffin; nor each unpleasing person a dark, dia-
bolical intriguer; nor agonies, excruciations,
nor ecstasies our daily bread.—*Century*.

THE JACK RABBIT.

The jack rabbit is an inhabitant of Texas, and
some other western states. He is often called
the "mule-eared rabbit" and by the cow-boy,
the "muley." He is not a rabbit at all.
The rabbit is an unobtrusive little animal, who
is found by the school-boy, in a hole in the
ground, at the end of a long track in the snow.
The so-called jack rabbit is quite a different
kind of soup meat. He is identical with the
British hare, except that he is larger, his color
brighter, and his ears much longer. His avoird-
upois is about twelve pounds, and his ears
measures from tip to tip about 16 inches. He does
not burrow in the ground. He lies under cover
of a bunch of prairie grass, but is very seldom
found at home, in his office hours between sunset
and sunrise. He is to be found during the day
on the open prairie, where he feeds on the tender
shoot of the mesquite or sage grass. He is not a

ferocious animal, as a stranger might be led
suppose from an examination of what purports
to be his picture, under the alias of "The Texan
Hare," in Governor Rober's book.

The jack rabbit has several enemies, among
them the cow boy, who shoots him with his
rifle, the coyote and the dog, that try to run
him down, and the governor of Texas, above
alluded to, who libels him in his book. He has
two ways of protecting himself against his ene-
mies. One way is to squat, when he suspects
danger and fold his ears along his sides. By
doing this he often escapes observation, as only
his back is exposed, the color of which harmo-
nizes with the brown of the withered grass. The
other plan, that he uses when discovered and
pursued, is to create remoteness between himself
and his pursuer. In giving his whole attention
to this matter, when necessary, he is a stupen-
dous success, and earnest to a fault. When dis-
turbed, he limbers his long legs, unfurls his ears
and goes off with a bound. He generally stops
after running about a hundred yards, and looks
back to see if his pursuer is enjoying the chase
as much as he thought he would, and then he
he leaves for parts unknown.

There are many fast things, from a ice boat to
a note maturing in the bank, but none are equal
to the jack rabbit. An unfounded rumor gets
around pretty lively, but could not keep up with
him for two blocks. When an ordinary cur
tries to expedite a jack rabbit route, he makes
a humiliating failure out of it. He only gives
the rabbit a gentle exercise. The latter merely
thrown up its ears and under easy sail skims
leisurely along, tacking occasionally to give the
funeral procession time to catch up. But if you
want to see velocity, urgent speed, and precipi-
tated haste, you have only to turn loose a grey-
hound in the wake of a jack rabbit. Pursued
by a greyhound, he will, "let himself out" in a
manner that would astonish a prepaid half-rate
message. If he is a rabbit that has never had
any experience with a greyhound before, he will
start off at an easy pace, but as he turns to wink
derisively at what he supposes to be an ordinary
yellow dog, he realizes that there is a force in
nature hitherto unknown to him, and his look
of astonishment, alarm and disgust, as he furls
his ears and promptly declines the nomination,
is amusing. Under such circumstances he goes
too fast for the eye to follow his movements, and
presents the optical illusion of a streak of jack
rabbit a mile and a half long.—*Texas Siftings*.

VARIETIES.

THE PROUD ACTOR.—The proudest man in
this country the other night was a new star
actor, who had his horses taken from his car-
riage and a crowd of enthusiastic admirers draw
him to his hotel. He was not so happy the next
morning when informed by the liveryman that
the ovation was gotten up by a horse thief, and
neither of the valuable animals have been seen
since. Damages \$600.—*Philadelphia News*.

THE commercial traveller of a Philadelphia
house of business, while in Tennessee, ap-
proached a stranger as the train was about to
start, and said, "Are you going on this train?"
"I am." "Have you any baggage?" "No."
"Well, my friend, you can do me a favour, and
it won't cost you anything. You see I've two
rousing big trunks, and they always make me
pay extra for one of them. You can get one
checked on your ticket, we'll encure them."
"See?" "Yes, I see; but I haven't any ticket."
"But I thought you say you were going on this
train?" "So I am. I'm the conductor."
"Oh!" The commercial paid extra, as usual.

WHY HE ATE BEANS FOR DINNER.—Abe
Wymane, a diminutive commercial traveller
well known in Reno Nevada, stopped one night
at Deming, New Mexico, a favourite resort of
the cow-boys or herdsmen, a wild and lawless
lot. "Madam," said Abe to the landlady, "give
me some dinner, and be quick about it. I have
not dined since yesterday." The landlady
brought him some bean-soup. "Madam, take
that soup away. I never eat soup. Bring on
the roasts right away." The landlady brought
him a large plate of pork and beans. "Madam,
take that away. I never eat those things." In
vain the landlady explained that pork and beans
were the best the house afforded. He was ob-
durate, and wanted roast beef, rare. A mild-
mannered blue-eyed cow-boy at the table then
interposed—"Begg'n' pardon, stranger, but you
must excuse the lady. We—" "Who are
you, sir?" retorted the commercial traveller.
"I know my business." "You don't tell me!"
said the festive cow-boy, drawing his six-shooter.
"Now you eat them beans! I'm goin' to sit
here an' see you fed. Light into 'em quick, or
I'll open you sure and put 'em in. This is bizness
with me, and I'm shoutin' in your ear." The
unfortunate man saw blood in the air, and was
forced to choke four plates of the unwelcome
food down before the cow boy was satisfied with
his apology to the landlady.

PECULIARITIES OF THE BOY.—An exchange
says a boy will tramp 247 miles in one day on a
rabbit hunt and be limber in the evening when,
if you ask him to go across the street and bor-
row Jones' two-inch auger, he will be as stiff as
a meat block. Of course he will. And he will
go swimming all day and stay in the water three
hours at a time, and splash and dive and paddle
and puff, and next morning he will feel that an
unmeasured insult has been offered him when
he is told by his mother to wash his face care-
fully so as not to leave the score of the ebb so
plain as to be seen under the gills. And he will

wander around a dry creek bed all the afternoon
piling up a pebble fort, and nearly die off when
his big sister wants him to please pick up a bas-
ket of chips for the parlor stove; and he'll
spend the biggest part of the day trying to
corner a stray mule or a bald-backed horse for
a ride, and feel that all life's charms have fled
when it comes time to drive the cows home;
and he'll turn a ten-acre lot upside down for
ten inches of angle worms and wish for the
voiceless tomb when the garden demands his
attention. But all the same when you want a
friend who will stand by you and sympathize
with you and be true to you in all kinds of
weather enlist one of these small boys.—
Hawkeye.

FLOWERS IN SLEEPING ROOMS.—The public
are again warned against the use of flowers in
sleeping apartments; and wonderful stories are
told of the deleterious effects which have follow-
ed their presence in a limited atmosphere re-
spired by invalids. Curiously enough, these
appalling "instances" of the evil influences of
plants do not for the most part apply to
flowers. Nevertheless, we agree that it is safe
to banish growing plants and flowers from bed-
rooms. They can do no good, and they may do
some harm, if only by rendering the air of the
apartment irritating to the delicate lining mem-
brane of the breath-organs. We are not dis-
posed to endorse or accept the charge brought
against plants and flowers generally, but it is
well to err on the side of prudence; and al-
though it cannot be denied that these embel-
lishments form most pleasing objects for the eye,
this advantage must be sacrificed if, as alleged,
they are injurious. There can be no doubt that
some plants give off noxious emanations, and
others may scatter particles which prove irritat-
ing; but are all vegetable growths thus injur-
ious? However, as we have said, it is well to
be over-cautious. So flowers and plants must
needs be banished, though we part with them
with unfeigned reluctance.—*Lancet*.

SLOW BURNING CONSTRUCTION.—So long as
wood must be used for floors and roofs there can
be no such thing as fire proof building. It is
therefore proposed by one of the leading fire
insurance companies that all new structures,
and particularly factories and shops where wood
is to be used, shall be made fire-resisting or slow-
burning. The plan suggested is worthy of at-
tention, because it often happens that, if the
fire can only be confined to the interior of the
building for even a few moments, much prop-
erty, and perhaps, many lives can be saved. For
the floors it is proposed to use heavy timbers
30.5 centimeters by 30 centimeters (12 by 14
inches), and on these to lay matched planks
7.6 centimeters (3 inches) thick. Over these
planks is to be a layer of roofing-felt or mortar,
and in this mortar is to be bedded flooring-
boards of the usual thickness. Such a floor
would burn, but so slowly that fire would be a
long time in eating its way through. The aim
is to gain time, for time is the one element of
safety at all fires. For the roof, the supporting
beams are to be of the same size, and the top is
to be of matched planks 7.6 centimeters thick,
and covered on the outside with any form of
roofing that may be desired. The ends of the
beams are to pass through the outer walls, and
to be finished as brackets to support the plack-
ing that is carried to the ends of the beams.

ONE of the very best stories I ever heard
about a *conciierge*, writes Mr. George Augustus
Sala, in connection with a highly aristoc-
ratic hotel in Vienna and one of Her Majesty's
Foreign Office messengers. The German *con-
ciierge* or "porter" in general, and the Austrian
one in particular, is, I should premise, a grandee
of the haughtiest and most supercilious kind.
He wears a showy uniform, with much gold
lace upon it, and behaves himself accordingly.
Well, my friend the Queen's messenger was
smoking a cigarette one morning at the portal of
the aristocratic hotel, when there rolled into the
court-yard the carriage of the Grand Duke, say,
of Saxe-Waltesenstein, with his Transparency
the Grand Duke himself inside. The messenger
beheld without swooning the spectacle of his
Transparency alighting. When the august
form had disappeared up the grand staircase,
the *conciierge* turned to my friend and rudely
remarked, "When Grand Dukes enter the court-
yard of this hotel, it is customary to remain
uncovered." The reply of Captain X. was
prompt "When German portiers" he observed,
"are insolent to English gentlemen, it is custo-
mary to knock them down." And down went
that "proud young porter" of the aristocratic
hotel. Captain X. was led to expect that the
"floorer" which he had administered to the "por-
tier" would cost him dear, and was prepared to
meet the worst, when next day the landlord of
the hotel waited upon him, to his surprise,
beaming. "My dear sir," exclaimed the genial
Herr Z. "allow me to thank you for having so
signally chastised that ill-conditioned fellow in
the porter's lodge. The *Karl* has long been in
want of a thrashing; and, if you could make
it convenient to look in once or twice a month
and beat him, you would be rendering us all a
good service."

WEAK LUNGS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM
STRONG.—Breathe with the mouth closed, have
access at all times to pure air, exercise moder-
ately, eat nourishing but simple food, and take
that best of all cough remedies, Dr. Williams' Pec-
toral Balsam, it speedily cures all throat and
lung troubles of adults and children. Price 25
cents per bottle.

THE OLD MILL.

BY NED P. MAH.

Old servant of mankind! And hast thou found Rest from thy toil at last? Thou, who hast ground Its daily bread a generation round, And given it food,

Worn out with work well done, from thy decay What lesson may we learn? Or gain what stay For hope eternal? Or what use, to-day, For thee discern?

To do the right because it is the right, Unbending of reward, though death's dark night May veil no future glory from our sight, From thee we learn.

And though, by no analogy, thou tell Of hope beyond the grave, of heaven or hell We know whatever is ordained is well, For God is good.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q.—Letter, &c., to hand. Thanks.

J. R., Hamilton, Ont.—Postal to hand. Many thanks for your kind suggestion.

MR. BODEN.

Nearly all our exchanges contain accounts of the late Mr. Boden, and they invariably agree in speaking of him in the highest terms. He was one, so it seems, of a large number of gentlemen who, whilst they shone in chess, had talents that they employed in other pursuits, in which they were equally calculated to excel.

It appears that Mr. Boden was a railway clerk in London when he first began to move in chess circles. In 1851 he carried off the provincial prize in the Tournament of that year. The death of a distant relative some years ago enabled him to devote his time to congenial studies, and landscape painting seems to have been one of his favourite pursuits.

He published, in 1851, an Introduction to Chess, was a contributor for some time to the British Chess Review, had charge of the Chess Column of the Field for more than ten years, and he was, we believe, the author of the excellent article, "Chess," in "Chambers' Cyclopaedia."

As a player, Mr. Boden ranked very high. From a brief article by "Mars," which appeared some time ago in the Dramatic Times, we take the following notice of him, and we may add that the game which we publish to-day in our Column illustrates very strongly the views therein contained.

"I have called Mr. Boden the British champion at the time I refer to, although he never proved himself, nor claimed to be, the superior of Buckle. The most competent critics were about equally divided as to which of them deserved the palm. I remember Captain Evans saying, 'I give the palm to Boden; Buckle is splendid in the middle part of the game, and in the end, but Boden is equally excellent in all parts of it.' This, no doubt, was true; but, in justice to Buckle, I must assign to him a superiority over Boden as a match player—a player of hard games. He possessed an incapacity for mistakes, and an irresistible power of winning what are called won games, which belonged to no other player of that age except Morphy. Buckle's published games assert the correctness of this opinion. On the other hand, Boden's best games are deficient in this quality which so pre-eminently distinguished the other two champions. Thus, in his battles with Morphy, in two of the games at least he got the victory within his grasp and then let it slip away. He exhibited a similar weakness in his famous tourney game with Lowenthal at Birmingham."

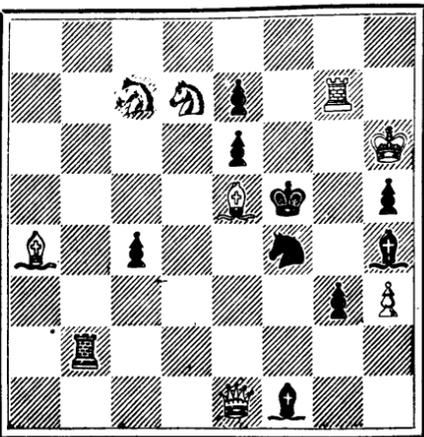
In the number of the Chessplayer's Chronicle for January 18th, at the end of a game which was played between Boden and Morphy, and which ended in a draw, we find the following remarks which we cannot refrain from inserting here. The game we hope to publish in our next column:

"Having never played this over before, we experienced a feeling of intense pleasure, as we found the game a very fine and interesting struggle between these masters. What particularly surprised us was the fact that the play presents grand and elaborate struggles for position to an extent we have hardly ever seen equalled, even in modern match play; at the same time it must be remembered this was but an off hand game, and despite the fact that our modern masters claim to be originators of this style of play. We think all judges will agree that in profoundness the lamented deceased master proved himself in this game the better man. Morphy however, surpassed his opponent in keenness of attack, as shown in the opening, and on his 24th and 36th move; also in the treatment of an open game. The masterly defence quite justified the high reputation S. S. Boden, during his life-time, enjoyed as one of the foremost English chess players."

We may add that Mr. Boden died at the comparatively early age of 55.

PROBLEM No. 368.

By J. Pierce, M.A. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

Solution of Problem No. 366.

White. 1. Q to K Kt sq. 2. Mates acc. Black. 1. Any

GAME 495TH.

(From Bird's Chess Masterpieces.)

Played between Messrs. Morphy and Boden, (King's Bishop's Opening.)

Chess game notation table showing moves for White (Mr. Boden) and Black (Mr. Morphy) from 1. P to K4 to 41. K to K4. The game terminated in a draw.

Terminated in a draw.

NOTES.

(a) All this is very critical and interesting; this move in particular is very clever (it has even been called artful). If Black play P to K B 3, then P to Q Kt 5 wins a piece.

(b) R takes P would have secured a well-deserved victory for Mr. Boden, whose play throughout could hardly be surpassed, even by his accomplished opponent.

NOTICE.

OUR Mr. Nolan is about to start this week on a Western tour for the purpose of collecting subscriptions and canvassing for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We trust our friends and subscribers will give him every assistance, and facilitate his work as far as may lie in their power.

Advertisement for 80 SAMPLE Cards (No 2 alike) hand-some. Includes details about chromo cards, prices, and contact information for Gordon Frig. Co.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

JANUARY, 1882.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table for January 1882. Includes sections for DELIVERY, MAILS, and CLOSING. Lists routes to Ontario and Western Provinces, Quebec and Eastern Provinces, Local Mails, United States, and Great Britain.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to persons skilled in fitting up Electric Lights.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Electric Lights," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of FEBRUARY, next, for Lighting the Locks, &c., on the new part of the Welland Canal by means of Electric lights.

A plan, showing the relative position of the proposed lights, can be seen at this Office and at the Office of the Resident Engineer Thorold, where a printed copy of general conditions and other information can be obtained, either on application personally or by letter.

Tenders must be made in accordance with the general conditions. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dpt. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 31st January, 1882.

Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Trains will run as follows:

Table showing train schedules for Q. M. O. & O. Railway, including Mixed, Mail, and Express services between Montreal and various stations like Hochelaga, Quebec, and Joliette.

40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in Case name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

Advertisement for Private Medical Dispensary, established 1860, 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Purificatio, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary.

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NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on **WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH, 1882**, for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, to Manitoba and the North-West Territories, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.
Forms of tender and full particulars relative to the Supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.
Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque of a Canadian Bank for at least five per cent. on the amount of the tenders for the North-West Territories, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

[No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]
L. VANKOUGHNET,
Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs
Dept. of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, 30th Jan., 1882.

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By order of the Board,
CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

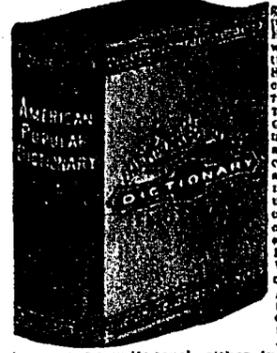
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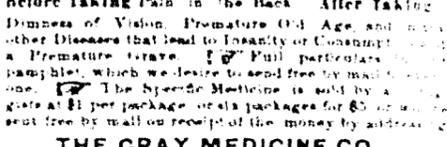
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