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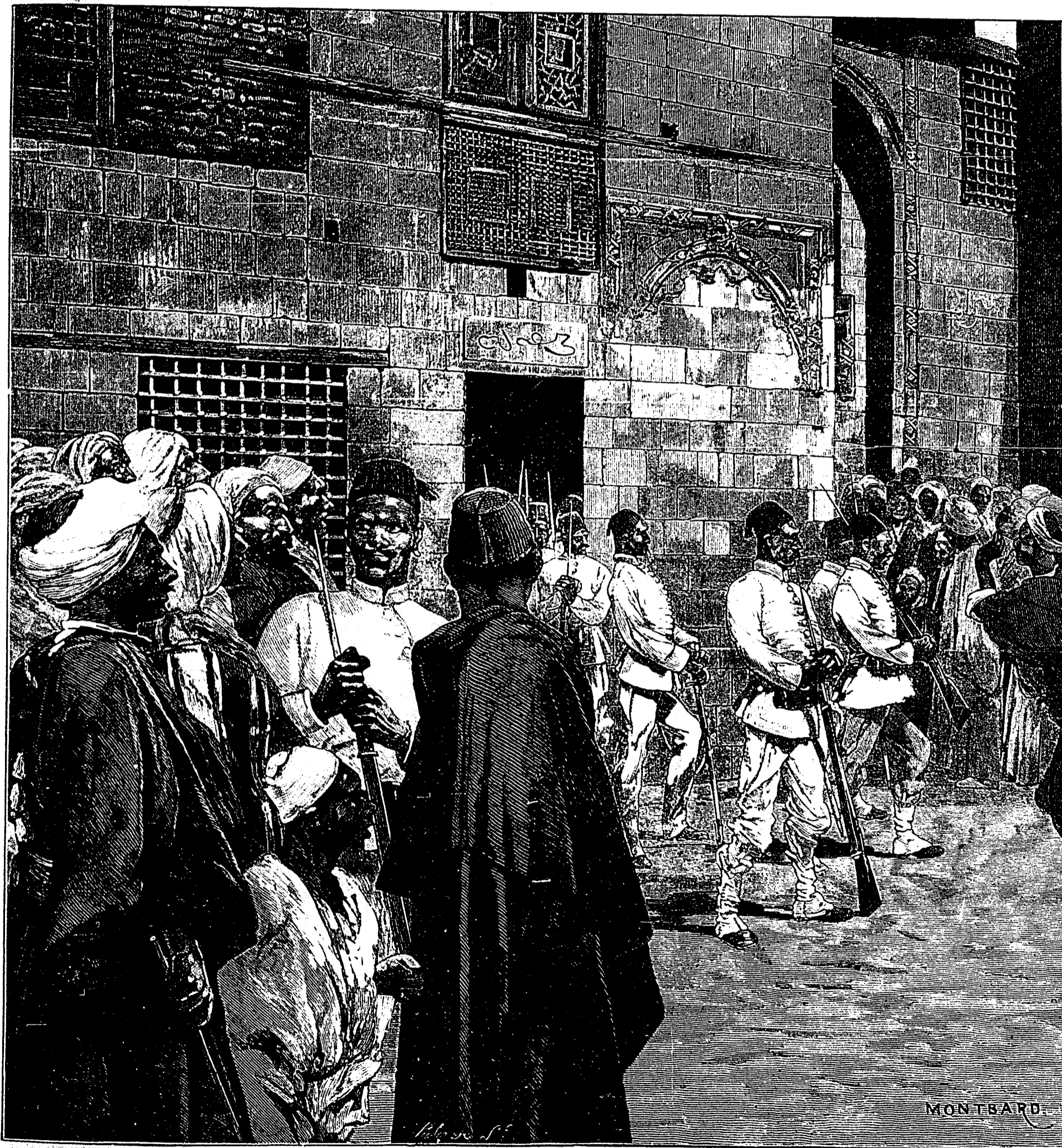
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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVI.—No. 3.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1882.

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



MONTBARD.

THE CRISIS IN EGYPT.—A GUARD-HOUSE OF SOLDIERS OF THE LINE IN CAIRO.

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

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

July 9th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 88°	53°	60°	Mon. 88°	60°	74°
Tue. 74°	52°	63°	Tue. 82°	62°	72°
Wed. 74°	52°	63°	Wed. 85°	60°	72°
Thur. 71°	57°	64°	Thur. 85°	65°	75°
Fri. 82°	59°	70°	Fri. 84°	66°	75°
Sat. 81°	64°	72°	Sat. 88°	65°	76°
Sun. 84°	65°	74°	Sun. 95°	68°	81°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 15, 1882.

## THE WEEK.

THE custom which has grown up of late years in England of establishing so-called mock parliaments (the more pretentious offspring of the old debating societies) is not it seems without its drawbacks, not the least of which is the amount of labor which these institutions throw away upon obliging members of the House of Commons. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in one of these Parliamentary debating societies, was recently very searchingly questioned as to the number of exchequer bills and treasury notes which he had issued. He parried his persecutor by the promise of inquiry in the true House of Commons manner. He then wrote to the member for his borough—"Dear Sir, I am chancellor of the exchequer in the—Parliamentary Debating Society, and am anxious to make a statement regarding the floating debt. But I never saw an exchequer bill or a treasury note; and do not know at all what they are. Can you describe them to me, or say what is done with them? Can you get me a copy of a used-up bill? Please also explain when the debt is funded? Does a surplus mean money on hand that nobody knows what to do with? If so, what becomes of it?" &c. The member addressed has to teach the local Chancellor of the Exchequer all about finance, and may next week have to explain that the money of the national debt is not kept in coffers at Mr. Gladstone's official residence. Probably a remedy for some of these evils would be an extension of the *cloture* so as to include letter-writing.

THERE is to be a competition of amateur dramatic clubs at the Alexandra Palace near London. The mind that conceived this must have a colossal idea of human endurance. How is the contest to be conducted? Are the clubs to play in heats? Will the unfortunate umpire be obliged to witness ever so many performances of a particular play before he can adjudicate? And will the prize be given to the most successful prompter? Anyway a course of these performances ought to cause a phenomenal growth of humility in the amateur actor's mind, though the soil is not very favorable to the plant.

A NEW use has been discovered for the electric light in the stimulus which it has afforded in London to an otherwise dull stock market. Speculators must live, and the one way left for them to live in dull times is to concentrate the

scattered elements of speculation in one particular point. They have done this with electric light company shares. A "manja," as some call it, has been developed in these with all the more success that the market, as a whole, was idle. Jobbers in the American market, in the foreign market, of all markets, have been attracted to that corner of the floor where these shares are dealt in, and have developed there a pandemonium in an astonishingly brief space of time. Money is won and lost, not in hundreds, but in tens of thousands. One dealer alone we have heard of whose losses are said to reach \$1,000,000. He "went a bear" of "Brush" shares, they say, when they were at eight, and has pegged away on the bear track ever since. The most eager players are the premium-hunters—mostly impecunious people—briefless barristers of the Temple, loungers in the clubs, the quidnuncs of society, the hangers-on about the doors of the Stock Exchange. These people care nothing about electric patents, or the sources of a given company's profits. They have seen shares quoted at from two to eight per cent. premium before they were issued, or within a few weeks after issue, and that was enough for them. Grant them but allotments, and they will be rich at a stroke.

THE following unique, not to say "cheeky" letter was recently addressed by a German phrenologist, who styles himself a professor of mental science, resident in England, to Prince von Bismarck, in reply to a notice to present himself at a certain locality in Prussia for military service under the conscription:—"My dear Bismarck—I feel highly flattered at your kind invitation, addressed to me at my native town, to join the German army, but I am afraid I shall not be able to accept it, for I am now in England, engaged in a more useful work—as I consider it—of expounding mental science and teaching people how to make best use of their faculties. For the same reason I scarcely feel myself at liberty to accept even the hospitality of six months' board and lodging at the expense of the State, which you considerably offer as an alternative. I much prefer basking in the sunshine of English liberty to being forced despotically into military service in my own country. I have altogether given up fighting since I left school. I do not know that I have anything particular to fight about now, and hardly care to engage in fighting at any one else's bidding. If you have had a quarrel with anybody, I would advise you to settle it amicably if possible, or else fight it out yourself. If, after you have 'set up' the army, you can make it convenient to run over here at any time to one of my phrenological lectures, I shall be happy to point out the superiority of life in England and explain the nature and utility of the—as I say—more useful work I am engaged in; and I will examine your head, either publicly or privately, free of charge.—With kind regards to the Governor, I remain yours faithfully, GUSTAVUS COHEN."

THE immediate result of the admission of women to the Tripos examination at Cambridge is hardly so striking as was hoped. The first list under the new regulations has been published, whereby it appears that only two women are thought worthy of a place, their positions being respectively 32nd and 35th in the list, and neither of them succeeded in reaching the first class, or wranglers, of which there are this year twenty-nine. Thus those busybodies who predicted that the admission of the fair sex to the examination hall would completely revolutionize the Tripos list, that in fact the women would be first, and the rest nowhere, may, in the expressive language of our neighbors on the other side, take a back seat. Not for an instant do we wish to reflect upon the creditable work of these ladies. It is something, and a great something, that their claims to recognition has been at least recognized, and that they have been enabled at least to take the position to which their talents and education have entitled them, without fear or favor.

A CURIOUS opinion is very prevalent amongst the lower classes in Dublin about the Phoenix-park murders; and it is worth noting, perhaps,

by those who look upon the whole affair as inexplicable. When Lord Hartington was Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1871, it may be remembered that the Prince of Wales visited Dublin, and that there was a very serious disturbance in the Phoenix-park. The police made a furious and, as some say, a very unprovoked assault upon the mob, near the Wellington Memorial, and a vast number of people were badly beaten, including, we think, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P. Lord Hartington was present, and saw the whole affair, which created a tremendous sensation, and resulted in the celebrated case of "O'Beirne v. Hartington." Now, the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish is put down by the Dublin lower orders as an act of private revenge upon the Cavendish family. Mr. Burke's fate is believed to have been only incidental. The grudge engendered by the police batons, and Lord Hartington's presence consenting to the occurrence, was to be at last wiped out; and directly it was heard that Lord Frederick was coming over as Chief Secretary, the private vendetta was resumed, and the account finally closed. All this may be mere idle talk; but it makes the affair more nearly resemble the Felton-Buckingham business.

THE defeat of the Gladstone Government upon Mr. Trevelyan's amendment to the Coercion Bill is not regarded by any one as likely to result in the resignation of the Premier. Indeed it seems almost impossible that such resignation, even if tendered, would be accepted. We may well believe that no one at the present juncture would be at all ambitious of forming a new Cabinet to assume the liabilities and carry out the policy of the Liberals. But the fact is significant as showing how entirely the present policy of the Government has failed to unite the various component parts which went originally to make up Mr. Gladstone's majority. The reconstruction of the party at an early date has become an absolute necessity, or the Conservatives may find in the ranks of the disaffected Whigs, just that increment of position and intellect which alone they lack to take advantage of the situation.

## A FAILING IN ENGLISH SOCIETY.

AMONGST the many accusations which it is customary to heap upon the manners of English society, there are, no doubt, several which are fatally true, and the consideration of which may prove a lesson to those amongst us, our young men in particular, who think in such matters imitation to be the sincerest flattery. The gravest indictment which can be sustained against society in London is the necessity it imposes upon those who are fitted by their social position to enter the charmed circles, but whose purses are unfortunately unequal to their demands,—of living beyond their means.

Attention has before been called to the unfortunate way in which the position of some of the younger members of our Civil Service induces a similar expenditure, but a recent occurrence in English society gives the opportunity of studying the evil in its extreme form.

The occurrence alluded to is the sudden disappearance from London circles of two of society's families, whose history has been, alas, that of many similarly placed, and whose sins are to be charged, not altogether to their own account, so much as to that of the system under which they were raised. They were both younger sons, and were both destined by their charm of manner, and, in the case of one, by personal beauty, to become great favorites from the very beginning among their fellow men and women. One went to Harrow, and one, the handsome one, to Eton. They both became great favorites at once, and as neither of them had the very least care for the morrow, or any ambition to shine as students, the various opportunities of spending money which the fashionable public schools afford, were eagerly seized by boys trained amidst the luxurious surroundings of a fashionable home.

They both left school in debt, the "very pretty boy" owing about \$2,000 in

Windsor and Eton. The Harrovian went to read with a very celebrated Army tutor, who, rightly or wrongly, has the reputation of not allowing his pupils to find life in his house devoid of pleasure; the Etonian repairing to Oxford, at which last-named town the waiter of "The Mitre" saw more of him than the examiners. More debt, more usurers; a general confession and explanation at home, and a terrible row were in both cases the result.

London life now began, and London life with hosts of friends and no money. Good luck at cards, and the most staunch and self-sacrificing friendship on the part of two of the most charming women in society kept our two heroes (I) going for a time, but it became apparent to both the year before last, that this state of things could not go on for ever, and they both determined to take the shortest cut out of impecuniosity by jumping the Whissen-dine of matrimony. The great thing was to find the heiress, and to find her willing; and all their family, male and female, aided them in their quest by their advice, countenance, and diplomatic skill. Once or twice in both cases the thing seemed nearly done; the pretty boy especially—now alas no longer so pretty as in days gone by—was very near landing one of the largest fish which ever swam in transatlantic waters, but neither eventually succeeded, and, to make matters worse, luck at cards and betting began to desert them.

The end, the inevitable end, came the other day, and these "two more unfortunates weary of duns" have disappeared, whether to Paris or New York being still a matter of conjecture.

As we said in the beginning, the lives of these men are typical of the lives of many others in London society; men of birth, but penniless, who are seduced by men of fortune to lead extravagant idle lives, and who are so petted by society that they forget that the fact of their belonging to fashionable clubs is not, necessarily, considered as a profession, as profitable from a pecuniary point of view as some others, and that the caresses of pretty and titled women may not be solely relied upon as a means of livelihood.

They were penniless and were educated in the midst of extravagance; they were clever and good natured, so men liked them; they were handsome and daring, so women loved them. They lived on this liking and this loving for a while, and then at length, suddenly and mysteriously, as is ever the case, met with the fate of all favorites; betrayed by some jealous enemy, forsaken by their friends of yesterday, they fell, or in other words, fled to hide their shame in the fastnesses of Bignon's or Delmonico's.

The moral is easy of application even amongst ourselves. Our young men have not, it is true, such peculiarly advantageous opportunities of going to the dogs as are enjoyed by the younger sons of the English aristocracy. Still here, too, may be seen the bad effects of an endeavor to maintain a false position in a society which has claims upon the pockets of its votaries which many among them cannot honestly meet. In so far as any society induces in its members a practice of living beyond their means, to that extent at least it is radically bad.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustration of Deep River on the Upper Ottawa is taken from a photograph by Mr. Alexander Henderson, the landscape photographer of Montreal. It is a scene characteristic of the beauties of our back country rivers, where picturesqueness and good sport vie in their attractiveness to the visitor and the mosquito is the only drawback to absolute bliss.

THE Easel in the Fields by Mr. F. S. Church is a pastoral satire in the best style of this promising young artist, who has taken a front rank in what may be considered a purely native school of art. The correctness of the picture will be easily recognized by all who have had similar comparisons and distractions on a sketching tour. Who that ever planted his easel in country lane or grassy field, but has run the gauntlet of mystic comment, and farm-yard criticism, in which often, as in the present case, the attraction is not entirely confined to

"humans." It is sometimes perhaps a little trying, but an ounce of good nature goes farther in these cases than a hundred weight of vituperation, and a polite request to stand out the light is far more effective than an energetic "get away you little brutes", which, alas human nature, is the more natural result under similar circumstances.

In "A Blast on the Boulevards" our artist has illustrated a not impossible scene in the upper part of Manhattan Island. In these lately deserted parts in which daily are growing up rows of houses, the passage of carriages and pedestrians is frequently arrested by the red flag and the noisy voice of the signalman, while a blast is in progress for the foundation it may be of some stately villa that is to be built according to the direction of the parable.

DR. EDWARD SULLIVAN.

The consecration of the Rev. Edward Sullivan, D.D., D.C.L., as Missionary Bishop of Algoma took place at St. George's Church 29th ult., the festival of St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr. The ceremony was preceded by a service of morning prayer conducted by Rev. Dr. Warren, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, Rev. Canon Cowan and the Rev. J. G. Baylis, B.D. The edifice, although full to overflowing, was not, owing to the admirable management, uncomfortably crowded. The assemblage consisted not only of the leading members of the congregation of St. George's Church, but of a large number of personal friends and admirers of the Bishop-Elect, together with a large representation from other communions. The visiting clergy from the Diocese of Ontario were Rev. H. Pollard, St. John's, Ottawa; Rev. E. P. Crawford, Trinity Church, Brockville; Rev. W. P. Carey, St. Paul's, Kingston; Rev. F. Prime, Moulinette; Rev. A. F. Ecklin, Shannonville; Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones; Rev. J. A. Morris, Carrying Place.

The procession entered the Church at 12 o'clock, as the choir sang the 100th Psalm, and passed down the centre aisle in the following order:—

- Divinity Students.
- Deacons.
- Priests.
- The Bishop elect walking alone.
- Bishop of Western New York and Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Warren, of the Diocese Pennsylvania.
- Bishop of Huron and Chaplain, Rev. Cannon Innes.
- Bishop of Toronto and Chaplain, Rev. John Pierson.
- Bishop of Quebec and Chaplain.
- Bishop of Montreal and Chaplain, Ven. Archdeacon Evans.
- Bishop of Ontario and Chaplain, Ven. Archdeacon Bedford Jones.
- Chaplains of the Bishop elect, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Rev. Canon Curran and Rev. J. F. Renaud.

As the procession reached the centre of the Church they opened column, allowing the Bishops to pass through, and the clergy followed in the order of seniority. The Bishops took their places within the Communion rail, the Bishop elect being seated without the Communion rail. The Bishops, Chaplains and the clergy generally took seats reserved for them in the body of the Church.

- The order of the service was as follows:—
- Ante-Communion.—Service.
- Sermon by the Bishop of Werter, New York.
- Presentation of the Bishop-Elect by the Bishops of Quebec and Huron.
- Record of Election.—Read by the Rev. Canon Norman.
- Administration of Oath of Canonical Obedience to the Metropolitan.
- Litany.

The Bishop elect having retired and put on the rest of the Episcopal Habit, and returned accompanied by the presenting Bishops, the choir sang the "Veni Creator Spiritus."

After the Benediction, the "Nunc Dimittis" was sung, and the procession returned in reverse order to the school house.

We must not forget to mention the excellence of the music due to the efforts of the organist Mr. R. Stevenson.

PERSONAL.

W. D. HOWELLS, the Boston novelist, will sail from Quebec in the *Parisian*, on the 22nd July, in company of Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Hon. Mr. Garneau and others.

POOR Rine, the temperance lecturer, who made such a stir in Canada two or three years ago, is another victim of morbid overwork. He has just died in a Michigan lunatic asylum of acute mania.

It is a matter of regret that Hon. J. C. Pope has been obliged, through persistent ill-health, to retire altogether from public life. He will sit no more in the Commons, and his portfolio of Marine and Fisheries has been handed over to Hon. Mr. McClellan.

MR. CHAPLEAU's health is still far from good. He has discharged himself of the care of the railway department, and has taken a trip to Niagara and back. He will not resume active official work until his return from Europe three or four months hence.

MR. HEMMING, of Drummondville, threw a bombshell into the Protestant Teachers' Convention at Sherbrooke, the other day, by charging that the tendency of modern education was to turn out infidels, even McGill College not being excepted. Dr. Kelley and Dr. Dawson very properly protested.

ARAB BEY has the dash and bravado of the Bedouin, with something of the diplomacy and shrewdness of the old Osmanlis. He has a very large head, flat nose, and thick lips, but these Ethiopic features are relieved by a massive forehead. He is the greatest Egyptian since Mehemet Ali.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD has a commodious little villa at Riviere du Loup. Thither he has gone with Lady Macdonald and her brother, Col. Barnard, to spend the hot months. After the arduous labors of the session, and the wear and tear of the electoral campaign, the veteran Premier is entitled to his holidays, which he will enjoy all the more, that fortune is now smiling full upon him.

THE sudden death of General Skobelev is a great blow to the old Russian party. Skobelev was a paladin—brave as a lion, handsome as a woman, and a thorough man of the world. His education, as well as his tastes, was wholly Parisian. His French tutor, who was with him for 30 years, followed him even to the battlefield. He was a fatalist and fanatic. In the midst of the *feu d'enfer* at Plevna he rode through the storm of shot and shell on a drip white horse.

DR. SCHULTZ, who has just been re-elected for Lisgar, is a magnificent specimen of a man, of herculean build and fine features. His health, however, is going fast, and he has almost entirely lost his voice. He stood up nearly single-handed against Riel. During those dark days he walked on snow-shoes all the way from Fort Garry to Thunder Bay, a feat which must have endeared him to the heart of poor old Nick Hughes.

It is to be hoped that John C. Freund, the able and popular editor of *Music and the Drama*, will publish, in book form, the interesting papers on different musical and theatrical topics which he has been putting forth weekly in his journal. It is just such popular writings that tend most to educate the tastes of the people, and remove a number of illusions that cling to the platform and the stage.

FOR a poet, James Russell Lowell is decidedly plucky. Some people are finding fault with his mode of discharging his duties as American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and trying to induce him to retire. This he refuses to do. He will not resign of his own accord, and if his Government insist upon his removal, he will know the reason why. Thus is Mr. Lowell doubly a credit to literature.

L. CAVALIERE FALARDEAU, the Canadian-Florentine artist, who has just disposed of his fine collection of copies of the old masters, is naturally not enthusiastic over the taste of his countrymen. His gallery was appreciated by only a few, and when the paintings went under the hammer, the prices offered were ridiculously low. The Cavaliere is a tall, well-preserved man of about sixty, wearing spectacles and faultlessly dressed. He is married to la Contessa di Benincasa and his studio is in a palace.

POOR George Moffat! Everybody knew him and everybody loved him. The tall, lean form, with the Scotch cap, was a familiar figure. He went to Swetsburg, some three weeks ago, to recruit, but consumption had too firm a hold of him and he succumbed on the 4th of July. George was a great walker, and every Sunday must have his tramp over the Mountain. He made his last trip up there last Thursday, never to return. George was an old Vic, and no one could sing the battalion song, "Balm of Gilead," like him.

THE Governor-General and the Princess have definitely started on their grand fishing tour. They strike for the salmon streams of the Metapedia and the Restigouche. There will be no roughing it, however. The passage thither was made in an intercolonial car of royal magnificence, and the abode in the bush is not a cabin or a tent, but a commodious dwelling specially fitted up for the distinguished guests. Two years ago, when Prince Leopold was here, Her Royal Highness was very successful in her salmon catch, and sent an imperial specimen to Her Majesty's table at Windsor Castle. We wish her the same good luck this year.

SHE WAS EXCITED ON THE HORSE QUESTION.

"George," said Mrs. Simms, "did I hear you say just now to Walter, that you bought a horse?"

"Yes, darling, I bought a horse to-day for—"

"No matter what you bought it for, you had no right to indulge in such extravagance. You know we cannot afford to keep a horse on your salary, and it was unjust to your family to purchase one anyhow without consulting me, for you know that I am constantly going without things that I actually need in order to make both ends meet and—"

"But, darling," said Mr. Simms, "you don't understand that it—"

"I gave up the idea of getting a sealskin saccque for the sake of economy. Harry wants a

new coat this very minute, and Jennie is hardly fit to go to church in that old bonnet; and yet while we are denying ourselves you, utterly indifferent to the feelings of your family, go out and waste money recklessly buying fast horses."

"It is not so very fast, dearest, because it—"

"Fast or slow, it will consume our means too rapidly. You know you can't keep a horse at a livery stable for less than five dollars a week, and I should like to know where the money is going to come from unless we discharge the servant girl, and then all the work will come upon me. I should think you would enjoy riding out behind a fast horse very little when your wife is at home toiling like a galley-slave among the pots, kettles and pans."

"If you will permit me to explain, Emma, you will see that you are—"

"Explain! explain! I wish you could explain how our bills are going to be met while that horse is eating his head off in a livery stable, and the coal in the cellar is still unpaid for, and the gas bill comes in on Thursday, and the sitting-room carpet is nearly in rags. You need never ask me to ride out with you! Never! I will not give my countenance to such folly by having anything to do with that miserable beast. I will walk if it kills me—yes, if it kills me. And sometimes I half believe you wish it would kill me!"

"Just listen to me for a moment, Emma, and I will remove—"

"It seems too hard that our love should be interfered with by a horse! I never thought when I married you that a vile horse would win your affections from me, and I should have to suffer the bitter shame of having my husband prefer a miserable creature on four legs to me. But that is what it is coming to, and I don't see that there is anything for me to do but to pack up my things and go back with a broken heart to poor mother's where—"

"Emma!"

"What?"

"Stop for a moment!"

"Well?"

"Do you know what kind of a horse it was that I bought?"

"No, but I know—"

"Wait, wait!"

"Well, what kind of a horse was it?"

"Emma, it was a clothes-horse!"

THE BEST THE CHEAPEST.

In a fit of desperation, says a correspondent, I went the other day down to Chinatown, which is another name for the lower end of Mott street, in search of a servant. I went into one of the groceries, and a grave and reverend Chinaman, who looked as if he had the wisdom of the centuries and the concentrated cunning of a thousand foxes twisted up in his pigtail, eyed me from behind his round goggles, and asked me my errand.

"I want a servant."

"You want China boy?"

"Yes."

"You want China boy for do cookee?"

"Yes, and anything else he's asked to do."

"How much you give?"

"Whatever is right."

That phrase seemed to please him. His eyes twinkled, and he continued:

"I get you China boy—you pay him \$30 month."

"Too much."

"You pay him thirty dollars month? Why not? You pay Melican girl fifteen. One China boy worth two Melican girl. Melican girl put hair in pie. China boy no put hair in pie. Melican girl she make man come into your house. China boy he no make man come into your house. You pay Melican girl fifteen dollar month, she eat twenty dollar month; you pay you pay China boy thirty dollar month, he eat four dollar month. You pay Melican girl fifteen dollar month—and Melican girl boss. You pay China boy thirty dollar month and you boss. You all glad pay China boy thirty dollar month by and by. China boy ask forty dollar then."

"Old man," I said sadly, "you are right. It is worth \$15 a month to be boss in your own house, but I can't afford the luxury," and I turned away. As I lifted the latch of the door the animated old idol said oracularly:

"You come again sometime, sure.—When all dishes broke you come back for China boy. China boy cheap for thirty dollar month."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW HE STRUCK A BONANZA.

We had been roughing it around for a couple of months when we found ourselves one evening camped outside of Monterey. Our finances were very low. There was only a few dollars in the whole crowd, and we felt rather blue. We had been for several days discussing what was best to do. We knew little of the language of the country, there was no work that suited us or that we were capable of doing, and the stages in that part of the country wouldn't pay the wear and tear of robbing them.

We were sitting around the camp fire in a very despondent frame of mind when McInnes came in from town. "Hello, boys," he shouted; "I've found it—struck a bonanza. We are well fixed; cheer up; we are all right, now, and don't you forget it."

"What is it?" we asked.

"You never mind," he replied; "just you follow me and I'll show you."

We filed after him into town. He led us through the main street, across the plaza, and down into the poorest part of the town. Stopping in front of a small adobe store, he marched us all in. McInnis stood looking from one to the other as if waiting for applause.

We could see no sign of the bonanza, and in chorus we impatiently demanded that he should explain.

"How much money have we in the crowd?" inquired McInnis.

"Seven dollars and fifty cents, all told," replied our treasurer.

"Well, didn't I say we were all rich?"

"Yes, but we can't see how we can be rich on seven dollars and fifty cents."

"You can't, eh?" said McInnis. "Can't you read?" and he pointed proudly to a card hanging on the wall above the counter, on which was printed the legend:

"Four drinks for a quarter."

INTENSE LOVE WITHIN LIMITS.

"Pull up your pants, papa."

Aristides McGuire heard these words as they came from the ruby-red lips of Gwendolen Mahaffy and floated to his ears on the softly sighing and sensuous breeze of a June evening. He looked and saw the pretty feet and shapely ankles of Gwendolen as she picked her way carefully along the muddy crosswalk. He noted the tenderly solicitous tone in which she addressed her father, and the tone thrilled his very blood.

Weiss beer would also have done it, but Aristides was not so fly as he might have been.

Scarcely knowing why he did so, the young man followed the girl and her father, until finally they turned up Ogden avenue, and, as Gwendolen headed south-west and stood for an instant with her polonaise fluttering in the wind, she turned to her companion and said: "Ours is next to the last house on the street, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," replied the old man.

"How long is this street?" asked Aristides of a policeman.

"Five miles."

The young man entered a neighboring saloon and sat down with a thud. "I love her madly," he said, "but, Heaven help me, I am not Charles Rowell."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A PLOT has been discovered to assassinate Cardinal McCabe.

THE Egyptian Ministry will oppose armed intervention by Turkey.

THE famous Russian General Skobelev died suddenly at Moscow.

SOUTH American despatches say the revolution in Ecuador is progressing.

LAYCOCK beat Boyd on the Tees yesterday for £200 a side, 3½ miles, by 12 lengths.

BRITISH trade returns for June show a large increase in both imports and exports.

£20,000 reward is offered for the discovery of the murderers of Cavendish and Burke.

THE practice of the Canadian Wimbledon team is being seriously interfered with by rain.

It is expected that the reserves will be called out in England before the end of this week.

MINISTER LOWELL has resigned, and, it is said, will be succeeded by Bancroft Davis.

SIX hundred marines have been ordered to embark on the troop-ship *Orontes* for the Mediterranean.

PARNELL and Dillon are to receive the freedom of the city of Dublin on the 15th of August.

THE strike of New York freight handlers still remains unsettled. The new hands are giving satisfaction.

THE authorities at St. Petersburg are dreading an explosion beneath the fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

THREE thousand Egyptian troops, under Gen. Yussuf, have been defeated by the False Prophet, who, with 7,000 men, is marching on Sennar.

A BOMBAY despatch says orders have been given to prepare a force of 1,800 English and 5,000 native troops, including three batteries of artillery, for Egypt.

A LARGE quantity of copies of a revolutionary proclamation, signed by a cousin of the Czar, have been discovered in one of the Government departments.

THERE were only four dissentient votes to the passage of the Repression Bill in the House of Commons. The bill passed its first reading in the House of Lords.

LOWNES, of Oxford University, won the Diamond Sculls at Henley regatta, beating Lien, the French champion. Exeter College crew, Oxford, won the grand challenge cup.

A TERRIBLE warning to brain workers is found in the life of Darwin. It was his daily habit to drink wine, to smoke two cigarettes and to take snuff *ad libitum*. Had he abstained from these frivolities he might in time have attained respectable eminence in the literary and scientific world, and might also have lived to a green old age, instead of being cut off in his youth before completing his seventy-fourth year.—*Retailer.*

## ENGLISH OR AMERICAN.

The notion of an American language distinct from the English is by no means absurd, as a comparison of differences in usage in the two countries will at once show. A tourist, giving his experiences in the *Portland Transcript*, thus notes the variations of usage which strike the attention. He observes that an American takes a passage on a boat, an Englishman takes his in it; *railroay* in America is *railwoag* in England; the American *locomotive* is the English *engine*; the former *switches off*, the latter is *shunted* to a side track; our *dépôt* is the English *station*, for they use *dépôt* only in its original sense, as a magazine where stores are deposited; we send by *mail*, they by *post*; the *baggage* of an American traveller is the *luggage* of an Englishman; one *buys a ticket* for the end of his journey, the other is *booked* for his destination. If we take a *hack* we mean a coach, but an English *hack* is a riding-horse. In shopping the same difference exists; an American *hardware merchant* is an English *ironmonger*; a specialty of our *dry goods* is their *haberdashery*, and though we may buy *calicoes* at our stores, we must not fail to ask for *prints* at our London shops.

In dress there is also a wide variance; the Englishman wears *trousers* and *braces*, the American *pantaloons* and *suspenders*; an English woman may appear in a *gown*, the American wears a *dress*; only a child in America puts on a frock, but in England it is the name of a man's garment. A *Levé* in England means—very correctly—only morning receptions; in America it may be attended at night.

The language of country life varies widely, or the same words are used with various meanings. *Lumber* in America is wood for building, or timber, and is a source of ample revenues; in England *lumber* is worthless, and is used merely for trash that is cumbersome and in the way, as the dismembered relics of old furniture in an unvisited lumber-room. The plain tables and shelves of *board* here are *deal* tables and shelves in the "old country." Our fields of *corn* are fields of *maize* there; and the somewhat riotous *tavern* of our cross-roads is the good old *inn* of English comfort.

"Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?" The flower borders of our gardens become the *edging* of an English flower-bed; our creeks may be branches of a river—with water fresh as the woodland spring; in England they are the inlets of the salt sea running into the land. The English *autumn* has by a provincialism become the *fall*—a natural expression in a land of forests where the leaves whirl past from the tall trees in the autumn winds; and the same characteristic feature of our land has changed the English



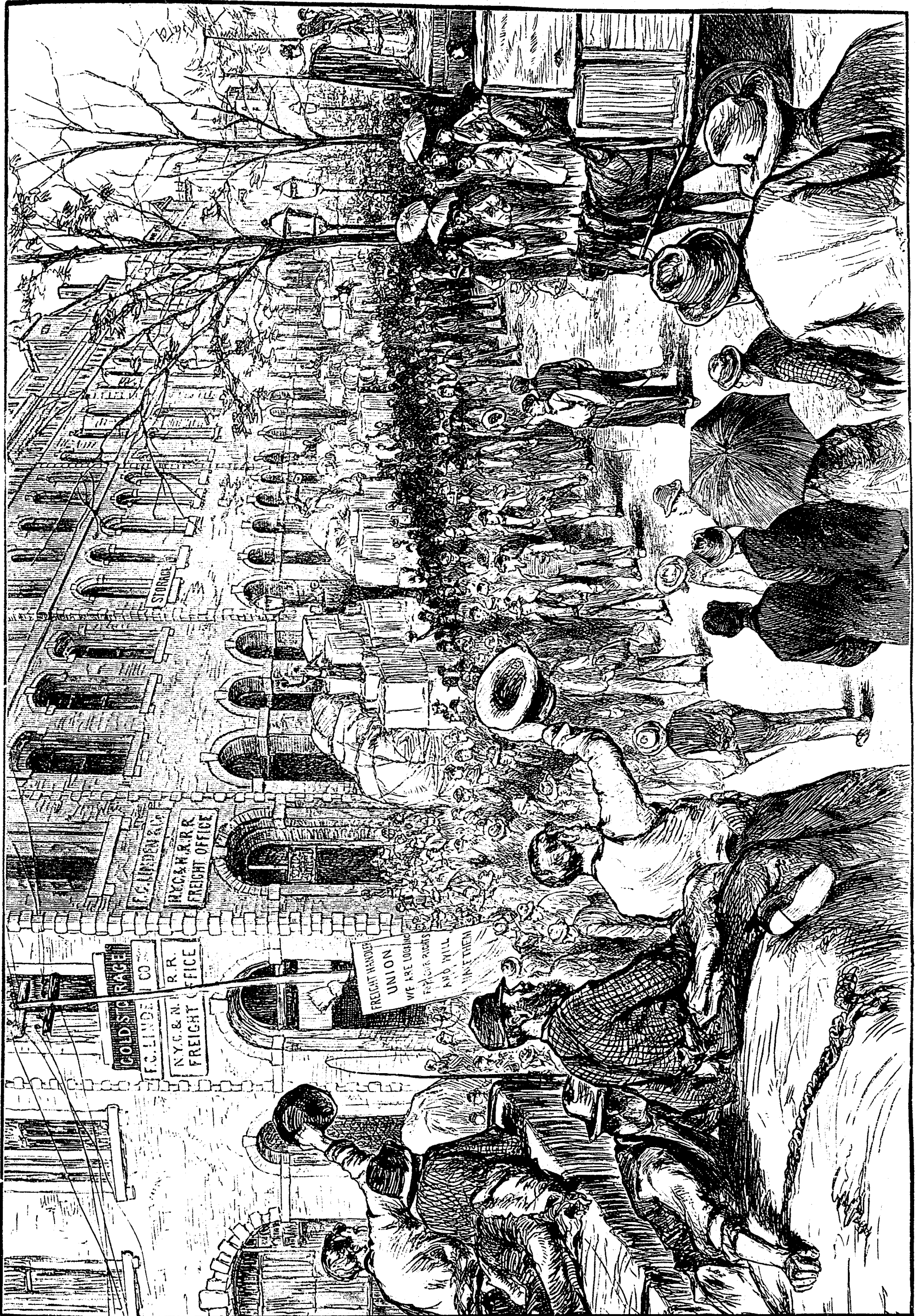
wood to the far-stretching American woods, where you may wander all day without seeing the smoke of a human dwelling. The *brooks* and *streams* of England are the *branches* and *runs* of the Southern and Western States. The *sleighs* that dart swiftly along the smooth surface of a New England road are the English *sledges* of a Canadian winter.

*Homely* in England means domestic, and is associated with the virtues of the fireside and hearth by a home-staying people; in America where the poorest range farther afield, and the habitat is a varying one, it has the ungracious signification of ugly or displeasing. The *cleverness* of a quick wit has been transformed by our occidental country folk, to whom in their busy and rough life, an obliging temper appeals so strongly to good nature. "He's a clever kind of a man," refers to recollections of kindly words and civil behavior rather than to mental quickness. But there is another transformation of ideas in the South more alarming, for if an *angry* Englishman goes there, in common parlance, he gets *mad*. Perhaps in finding his anger deemed insanity, or *madness*, he may discover wholesome counsel against indulgence of passion. Strangest of all, on careless tongues the word "expect," which regards only the future, is turned backward to past, as "I expect he has done so."

We all recognize the ambition of fine speech in the New Englander who feels himself a possible President—a *probable* one, he might say if he were a native of Ohio—when he *notifies* us that his business *necessitates* a change, and he intends to *locate* where his old-fashioned English ancestor would have *settled*. Perhaps we also perceive somewhat of the spirit of *Topsy*, who "just growed," in the easy-going South, where children are *raised* like vegetables, or to put it more poetically, like flowers, instead of being *brought up*, or *reared* in the old severe and painstaking Puritan fashion.

Very often a distinctive word, or phrase, may hold, if not in history, a picture of social life. The *guessing* of a Yankee is eminently characteristic of the ready mind that finds life a conundrum—a puzzle—and sharpens his wits upon it forthwith; the *reckoning* of a Southerner is far slower and more deliberate. The word "tote" of the negroes expresses at once the peculiar way of bearing burdens, not upon the shoulders, nor by carrying them in the arms, but on the head, with the rest of the body in perfect equipoise, so that they may walk without touching them. As we study the dictionary we may find that the apparently dull looking book has much to tell us, and we may even stumble upon a moral, and receive a sermon from this unexpected source upon faults to which we had before been blind.

E. F. M.



THE PARADE OF THE NEW YORK FREIGHT HANDLERS.

# DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

Published by special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston, Mass., Proprietors of the Atlantic Monthly.

### III.

She came at once. She stepped before him at the bedside, and stood there, without moving. She let him look at her as long as he would. It was not long. He felt very ill. He regarded her confusedly. He perceived a woman of medium height, with a well-shaped head. He saw the dress and carriage of a lady. His eye fell upon her hands, which were crossed lightly on the edge of the little table where his medicines stood. Sick as he was, he noticed unusual signs of strength in her fingers, which were yet not deficient in delicacy. Yorke had always judged people a good deal by their hands. He repeated his nervous phrase:—

"I am in a woman's hands!"

She spread them out before him with a swift, fine gesture; then made as if she put something unseen at one side from them.

"Let me send for the man I spoke of. You are irresolute. You are losing strength and time. This is a mistake as well as a misfortune. I can't help being a woman, but I can help your suffering from the fact."

"No,—not yet. No. Wait a moment. I wish to speak with you. Will you pardon me if I ask—a few questions?"

"I will pardon anything. But they must be very few. I shall not stand by and see you spend your breath unnecessarily."

"Are you an educated physician, madam?"

"Yes, sir."

"A beginner?"

"I have practiced several years."

"Do you think you understand my case?"

"I think I do."

"This old man you speak of,—this other doctor,—what is he?"

"His patients trust him."

"Do you think I should trust him?"

"No, sir."

"Are you the only homoeopathist in this region?"

"There is one at Cherryfield; others at Bangor; none within thirty miles."

"Can you get a consultation?"

"I have already telegraphed to Bangor for advice; there is an eminent surgeon there; he will come if needed. I know him well."

"How much am I hurt?"

"A good deal, sir."

"Where are the injuries?"

"In the head, the foot, and the right arm."

"What are they?"

"I do not wish you to talk of them. I do not wish you to talk any more of anything."

"Just this,—am I in danger?"

"I hope not, Mr. Yorke."

"I see you can tell the truth."

"I am telling the truth."

"I begin to trust you."

She put her finger on her lip. He stirred heavily, with an ineffectual attempt to writhe himself into another position.

"I cannot move. I did not know my arm was hurt before—Ah, there!"

As he spoke, blood sprang. The doctor made towards him a motion remarkable for its union of swiftness with great composure. Her face had a stern but perfectly steady light. She said calmly:

"Lie still, Mr. Yorke," and with one hand held him down upon the pillow. He perceived then that a bandage had slipped from a deep wound just below the shoulder, and that a severed artery was oozing red and hot. He grew giddy and faint, but managed to keep his wits together to watch and see what the young woman would do. She quickly bared his arm, from which the sleeve was already cut away.

"Mrs. Butterwell," she called quietly, "will you please bring me some hot water?"

During the little delay which ensued on this order—a momentary one, for Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell was one of those housekeepers whose conscience would admit of a lukewarm sanctification sooner than a lukewarm boiler—the doctor gently unrolled the bandage from the wound, which she then thoroughly sponged and cleansed. The patient thought he heard her say something about "secondary hemorrhages;" but the words, if indeed she used them at all, were not addressed to him. The hot water did not stop the blood, which seemed to him to be sucking his soul out.

"Hold this arm, Mrs. Butterwell," said the young lady—"just so. Keep it in this position till I tell you to let go. Do you understand? There. No, stay. Call Mr. Butterwell. I want two."

She drew her surgical case from her pocket, and selected an artery forceps. She opened the wound, and instructed Mr. Butterwell how to hold the forceps in position while she ligated the artery. She bandaged the arm, and adjusted it to suit her upon a pillow. She had a firm and fearless touch. He face betrayed no uneasiness; only the contraction of the brows inseparable from studious attention.

The patient looked at the physician with glazing eyes.

"Write to my mother," he said weakly.

"Don't say you are not a man. Only say you are not an allopath—and that I have given my

case unreservedly to you. Tell her not to worry. Give her my love. Tell her"—

And with that he fainted quite away.

This faint was the prelude to a hard pull. Days of alternate syncope and delirium followed. Short intervals of consciousness found him quiet, but alarmingly weak. His early anxiety had ceased to manifest itself. He yielded to the treatment he received without criticism or demer. In fact, he was too ill to do anything else. This condition lasted for more than a week.

One day he awoke, conscious and calm. It was a sunny day. There seemed to be a faint woody perfume in the room, from some source unknown. A long, narrow block of light lay yellow on the stiff-patterned brown carpet; it was by no means, however, a cheap carpet. There was an expensive red and gold paper on the walls, and marble-topped furniture. There were two pictures. One was a framed certificate setting forth the fact of Mr. Butterwell's honored and honorable career as a Freemason. The other was an engraving of the Sistine Madonna. Yorke had hardly noticed the contents of his room before. He observed these details with the vivid interest of a newly-made invalid, wondering how long he was likely to lie and look at them. As his eye wandered weakly about the room it rested upon the bureau, which stood somewhat behind him. A vase of yellow Austrian glass was on the bureau; it held a spray of apple-blossoms.

While he lay breathing in their delicate outlines like a perfume, and feeling their perfume like a color, the half-opened door pushed gently in, and a woman—a lady—entered with a quick step. She was a young lady; or at least she was under thirty. She stopped on seeing that he was awake, and the two regarded each other. She saw a very haggard-looking young fellow, with a sane eye and a wan smile. He saw a blooming creature. She had her hat on and driving-gloves in her hand. Her face was sensitive with pleasure at the change in the patient. She advanced towards him heartily, holding out her hand. He said,—

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What is—excuse me—but, madam, I don't know your name."

"My name is Lloyd. You are better to-day?"

"Infinitely! Wait, please. . . . I have seen you before. Where have I seen you?"

"Three times a day for a week, without counting the nights," said the young lady, with mischief in her voice. She had a pleasant voice. She spoke a little too quickly, perhaps. She stood beside his bed. She stood erect and strong. Her hair was dark, and she had rather large, dark blue eyes. He thought it was a fine, strong face; he did not know but it might be safe to call it beautiful. She wore a blue flannel dress.

"I know!" he said suddenly. "You are the caryatide."

"What, sir?"

"You are the blue caryatide—Never mind. I am not deranged again. Have I been very crazy?"

"Sometimes," said the lady gravely. Her expression and manner had changed. She sat down beside him and opened her medicine-case, which she laid upon the table. He smiled when he saw the tiny vials. She either did not observe or did not return the smile. Her face had settled into an intent and studious form, like a hardening cast. He thought, She is not beautiful.

She took out her note-book, and began to ask him a series of professional questions. She spoke with the distinct but rapid enunciation which he had noticed before. She wrote down his answers carefully. Many of her questions were more personal than he had expected; he was not used to what Mrs. Butterwell called "doctoring." This young lady required his age, his habits, family history, and other items not immediately considered in the patient's mind with a dislocated ankle.

"Now your pulse, please," she said, when she had reached the end of her catechism. She took his wrist in a business-like way. The young man experienced a certain embarrassment. The physician gave evidence of none. She laid his hand down again, as if it had been a bottle or a bandage, told him that she was greatly gratified with his marked improvement, prepared his pills, and, drawing the little rubber clasp over her medicine-case, gave him to understand by her motion and manner that she considered the consultation at an end.

"One powder in six tablespoonfuls of water; one tablespoonful every four hours," she said, rising. "Are you quite able to remember? Or I will speak to Mrs. Butterwell myself as I go out. She will be with you soon, and I have directed that some one shall be within call whenever you are left alone. You do not object to being alone somewhat?"

"I like it."

"I was sure of it. I prefer you to be alone as much as you can bear now. But you will not be neglected. I will see you again to-night."

"I should like to talk with you a little," stammered Yorke, hardly knowing what was the etiquette of this anomalous position. "Can you stay longer?"

She looked at her watch, hesitated, and sat down again.

"I can give you a few minutes. I have a busy day before me."

"Did you write to my mother," began the patient, "and what has she answered?"

"If you go on improving at this rate, you may read your letters to-morrow, Mr. Yorke."

"Not to-day!"

"No."

"You are arbitrary, Miss—Dr. Lloyd."

"She gave him a cool, keen look.

"That is my business," she said.

"What has been the matter with me?" persisted the young man. "What are my injuries? I wish to know."

"A dislocation of the ankle; a severed artery in the arm; and concussion of the brain,—besides the minor cuts attendant on such an accident as yours. Each of these is doing finely. You have now no cause for alarm. It was a beautiful dislocation!" added the physician, with enthusiasm.

"Have I been dangerously ill?"

"Yes."

"Have you had a consultation?"

"By telegraph every day, your worst days; by letter when I have thought you would feel easier to know that I had it."

"How soon shall I be about again?"

"I cannot promise you anything at present. You are doing remarkably well. But you will have occasion for patience, sir."

"I must have some very rule—or—dis-trustful of you, at the first."

"On the contrary, Mr. Yorke, you have shown me every reasonable confidence,—far more than I could have expected under the circumstances. I have appreciated it."

The sensitiveness had come into her face again; she gave him a direct, full look; and he thought once more that she was a beautiful woman.

"Believe," he said earnestly, "that I am grateful to you, madam."

She smiled indulgently, bowed, and left him. He heard her quick step in the hall, and her voice speaking to Mrs. Butterwell; then he heard her chirrup to her pony, and the sound of wheels. She drove rapidly, and was soon gone.

The day passed in the faint, sweet, hazy way that only the convalescent knows. No other creature ever gets behind that glamour. Returning life comes towards one so solemnly that the soul would creep upon its knees; were it not so weak; one dares not pry; one ventures only to see the frolic in the eyes of the advancing power, and dashes into joy as bees into rhythm, or as flowers into color. Waldo Yorke was very happy. He thought of his mother; his heart was full. He looked at the block of yellow light upon the carpet; at the apple-blossoms in the vase; at the patch of June sky that burned beyond that one open window. Life and light, he thought, are here.

Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell, however, was there, too. She was extremely kind. She entertained the young man with a graphic account of his accident and its consequences. Mr. Butterwell himself came in, for a moment, and briefly considered it (although the Bangor horse was killed) a lucky thing.

"When he brought you home," observed the lady, "I said, 'He's dead.' I must say I hoped you were, for I said to my husband, 'He'll be an idiot if he lives.' It always seems to me as if the Creator was thinking he hadn't made enough of 'em, after all, and was watching opportunities to increase the stock. But our doctor has been a match for him this time!" added Mrs. Isaiah, with a snap of her soft eyes.

"Why,—Sar-ah!" rebuked her husband, gently.

"Well, she has!" insisted Sarah; "and I don't see the harm. He made her, too, I suppose, didn't he? I think he ought to be proud of her. I've no doubt he is,—not the least in the world."

"Why, Sarah!" repeated Mr. Butterwell. He had the air of being just as much surprised by these little conversational peculiarities in his consort as if he had not wintered and summered them for better and worse for forty years. This amused the invalid. He liked to hear them talk. He was so happy that day that Mrs. Isaiah seemed to him really very witty. He drew her out. She dwelt a good deal on the doctor. She explained to him her difficulty in concealing the fact of the physician's sex from him those first few days.

"I would not tell a fib for you, Mr. Yorke, even if you did die. And when you ran on so about seeing the doctor, I could not say 'he,' and I would not say 'he,' for I would not say 'he,' for she was not a 'he,' now, was she? Once I got stuck in the middle of a sentence; and Mr. Butterwell was here, and I said, 'Sh—Isaiah!—he'; so I cut the word in two, don't you see? Only I spelled it with an extra h. But I'd rather sacrifice my spellin' than my conscience. And Isaiah asked me afterwards what I sh-ld him up for, when he had not opened his mouth. He did not open it very often while you were sick, Mr. Yorke. But he spoke about your uncle, and was blue enough. I had to make up my mind to do the talking for two, when I married Mr. Butterwell. What time did Doctor Zay say she should look in again, Mr. Yorke?"

"Doctor Zay!" repeated the young gentleman blankly.

"Oh, we call her Doctor Zay. You see there were two of them, she and the old man; and, as luck would, they must have the same name. I suppose he was ashamed of his,—Admiral; I don't blame him. At any rate, there's the sign, 'Dr. A. Lloyd.' And she has some kind of a heathen name herself; I never can pronounce it; so she takes to 'Dr. Z. A. Lloyd,' and that's how we come by it. Everybody calls her Doctor Z. But she spells it with a Z herself. We love the sound of it," added Mrs. Butterwell gently. "So would you, if you'd been a woman Down East, and she the first one of all you you'd read about and needed, you'd ever seen."

"But I'm not a woman," interrupted the patient, laughing. "I can't call her Doctor Zay. The young lady has done admirably by me; I'll admit that. How much I must have troubled her, to come here so often!"

"I wouldn't waste your feelings, sir," observed Mrs. Butterwell, dryly. "Feelings are too rich cream to be skimmed for nothing. Doctor would have done her duty by you, anyhow; but it's been less of a sacrifice, considering she lives here."

The subsiding expression of weariness on the sick man's face rose to one of interest. He repeated, "Lives here?" not without something like energy.

"Yes, I've had her a year. She was starving at the Sherman Hotel, and I took her in. I used to go to school with some connections of her's, so I felt a kind of responsibility for her. And then I'm always glad of society, as I told you when I took you. I'm social in my nature. I suppose that's why Providence went out of his way to marry me to Mr. Butterwell. If my lot had been cast in Portland, or Bangor, I'm afraid I should have been frivolous, as I said to Doctor Zay, the first time I saw her,—it was child's play; I thought I could trust her; I didn't know her then, you see. Do you mean to say you didn't notice her sign? Then, if she'd got sick at the hotel, they'd have said she was a woman. I had the cause to consider," added Mrs. Butterwell, solemnly.

The physician came again at night, as she had promised. She was later than usual. Yorke listened for her wheels, and got restless. It made him nervous when the country waggons rolled up, and rumbled by. He had flushed with the end of the day, and was feverish and miserable. He attended to his sensations anxiously. He wished she would come. It was quite dark when the low wheels of the phaeton came smoothly and suddenly to a stop in the great back yard; he heard the doctor's voice speaking cheerily to her boy. "Handy," she called him. Handy took the horse; a light step passed the corner of the house, and vanished. "She must have gone on to the office door," thought Yorke. He found himself absorbed in a little uneasiness; he wondered if she would take her tea first.

She did not. She came to him directly. Her things were off; her hair smoothly brushed; she stood beside him, her pleasant figure, in its house-dress, cut against the light that fell through the open door. She began at once: "There are patients in the office,—I am late; I was detained by a troublesome case. I can give you five minutes now, or come back when they are gone. Let me see!" She went out and brought the lamp, scrutinized his face closely, sat down, and felt his pulse; she did not count it, but quickly laid his hand aside.

"Please come by-and-by," urged the young man. Already he felt unaccountably better.

"I can wait." She hesitated a moment, then said, "Very well," and left him. She was gone half an hour.

"Have you had your supper?" asked Yorke, when she came back.

"Oh, my supper is used to waiting," said Doctor Zay, cheerfully. "You have waited quite long enough, sir. Now, if you please, to business."

"The note-book, the pencil, the medicine-case, and the somewhat stolid, studious look presented themselves at once. Yorke felt half-amused, half-annoyed. He wanted to be talked to, as if she had been like other women. He thought it would do him more good than the acorn pellets which she prepared so confidently. He was just enough better to begin to be homesick. He asked her if he might try to walk to-morrow. She promptly replied in the negative.

"I must walk next week," urged the patient, setting a touch of his natural imperiousness against her own. She gave him one of her composed looks.

"You will walk, Mr. Yorke, when I allow you," she said, courteously enough. She looked so graceful and gentle and womanly, sitting there beside him, that all the man in him rebelled at her authority. Their eyes met, and clashed.

"When will that be?" he insisted, with a creditable effort at submission.

"A dislocated ankle is not to be used in ten days," replied the doctor, quietly. "It is going to take time."

"How much time?"

"That depends partly on yourself, partly on me, a little on"—

"Providence!" interrupted Yorke.

"Not at all. God made the ankle, you dislocated it, I set it; nature must heal it."

"Mrs. Butterwell might have said that."

"Is it possible," said the young lady, with a change of manner, "that I am growing to talk like Mrs. Butterwell?"

This was the first personal accent which Yorke had caught in the doctor's voice. Thinking, perhaps, to pursue a faint advantage, which he vaguely felt would be of interest to him when

he grew stronger and had nothing else to do but study this young woman, he proceeded irrelevantly:—

"I did not know that you stayed here, till to-day. It has been fortunate for me. It will be more fortunate still if you are going to keep me on this bed all summer. Our hostess has been talking of you. She gave you such a pretty name! I've forgotten exactly what it was."

"We will move you to the lounge to-morrow," replied the doctor, rising. Yorke made no answer. He felt as if he were too sick a man to be snubbed. He found it more natural to think that his overthrown strength ought to have appealed to her chivalry, than to question if he had presumed upon the advantage which it gave him. In the subdued light of the sick-room all the values of his face were deepened; he looked whiter for its setting of black hair, and his eyes darker for the pallor through which they burned. But the doctor was not an artist. She observed, and said to herself, "That is a *cinchona* look."

She moved the night-lamp, gave a few orders, herself adjusted his window and blinds, and, stepping lightly, left him. She did not go out-of-doors, but crossed the hall, and disappeared in her own part of the house. He heard, soon after, what he now knew to be the office bell. It rang four or five times; and he heard the distant feet of patients on the gravelled walk that led to her door. After this there was silence, and he thought, "They have let her alone to rest now." It had not occurred to him before that she could be tired. He was restless, and did not sleep easily, and waked often. Once, far on in the night he thought it must have been a noise in the back yard roused him. It was Handy rolling out the basket phaeton. Yorke heard whispers and hushed footfalls, and then the brisk trot of the gray pony. There was a lantern on the phaeton, which went flashing by his window, and crossed his wall with bright bars like those of a golden prison. He wished the blinds were open. He thought, "Now they have called that poor girl out again!" He pictured the desolate Maine roads. A vision of the forest presented itself to him: the great throat of blackness; the outline of near things, wet leaves, twigs, fern-clumps, and fallen logs; patches of moss and lichens, green and gray; and the light from the lonely carriage streaming out; above it the solitary figure of the caryatide, courageous and erect. He hoped the boy went with her. He listened some time to hear her return, but she did not come.

When he awoke again it was about seven o'clock. He was faint, and while he was ringing for his beef-tea, the phaeton came into the yard.

"Put up the pony, Hardy," he heard her say; "she is tired out. Give me Old Oak to-day."

Yorke listened, feeling the strength of a new sensation. Was it possible that this young woman had practice enough to keep two horses? He knew nothing of the natural history of doctresses. He had thought of them chiefly as a species of higher nurse,—poor women, who wore unbecoming clothes, took the horse-cars, and probably dropped their "g's," or said, "Is that so?"

It was later than usual, that morning, when Doctor Zay came round to him. It was another of those sentient, vivid June days, and the block of light on the brown carpet seemed to throb as she crossed it. The apple-blossoms on the bureau had begun to droop. She herself looked pale.

"You are tired!" began the patient impulsively.

"I have been up all night," said the doctor shortly. She sat down with the indefinable air which holds all personalities at arms-length, and went at once to work. She examined the wounded arm, she bathed and bandaged the injured foot; she had him moved to the lounge, with Mr. Butterwell's assistance. She was incommunicative as a beautiful and obedient machine. Yorke longed to ask what was the matter with her, but he did not dare. He felt sorry to see her look so worn; but he perceived that she did not require his sympathy. She looked more delicate for her weariness, which seemed to be subtly at odds with her professional manner. He would have liked to ask her a great many things, but her abstraction forbade him. He contented himself with the pathological ground upon which alone it was practicable to meet this exceptional young woman, and renewed his entreaty—to be allowed to use his foot.

"You do not trust me," she said suddenly, laying down the sponge with which she had been bathing his arm.

"You wrong me, Doctor Lloyd. I think I have proved that I do."

"That is true. You have," she said, softening. "Trust me a while longer, then. No. Stay. Put your foot down, if you want to. Gently—slowly—but put it down."

He did so. A low outcry escaped him; he grew very pale.

"Now put it back," said the doctor grimly. But with that she melted like frost, and shone; she hovered over him; all the tenderness of the healer suffused her reticent face.

"I am sorry to let you hurt yourself, but you will feel better; you will obey me now. Is the pain still so sharp? Give me the foot." As if it had been her property, she took the aching ankle in her warm, strong, and delicate hands, and for a few moments rubbed it gently and gravely; the pain subsided under her touch.

"What am I going to do?" cried Yorke, despairingly.

"You are going to do admirably, Mr. Yorke, on invention for a while, on courage by and by. Your crutches will be here to-morrow night."

Waldo Yorke looked at the young lady with a kind of loyal helplessness. He felt so subdued by his anomalous position that, had she said, "I have sent to Bangor for your work-basket," or, "to Omaha for your wife," he would scarcely have experienced surprise. He repeated, "My crutches?" in a vague, submissive tone.

"I sent to Bangor for a pair of Williams' crutches three days ago," replied the doctor quietly. "I should not want you to use them before to-morrow. The stage will bring them at five o'clock. If I should be out, do not meddle with them. No, on the whole, I had them addressed to myself. I wish to be present when you try them. On your dry on the tongue, if you please, every two hours. Good-morning."

"Don't go, please," pleaded the young man; "it is so lonely to be sick."

An amused expression settled between her fine, level brows. She made no reply. He realized that he had said an absurd thing. He remembered into how many sick rooms she must bring her bloom and bounteousness, and for the first time in his fortunate life he understood how corrosive is the need of the sick for the well. He remembered that he was but one of—how many?—dependent and complaining creatures, draining upon the life of a strong and busy woman. He let her go in silence. He turned his face over towards the back of the lounge: it was a black hair-cloth lounge. "I must look as if I were stretched on a bier, here," thought the young man irritably. All his youth and vigor revolted from the tedious convalescence, which it was clear this fatally wise young woman foresaw, but was too shrewd to discuss with him. He remembered, with a kind of awe, some invalid friends of his mother's. One lay on a bed in Chestnut Street for fifteen years. He recalled a man he met in the Tyrol once, who broke his knee-pan in a gymnasium,—was crippled for life. Yorke had always found him a trifle tiresome. He wished he had been kinder to the fellow, who, he remembered, had rather a lonely look. Yorke was receiving that enlargement and enlightenment of the imagination which it is the privilege of endurance alone, of all forms of human assimilation, to bestow upon us. Experience may almost be called a faculty of the soul.

He was interesting himself to the best of his ability in this commendable train of thought, when something white fluttered softly between his heroically dismal face and the pall of smooth hair-cloth to which he had limited his horizon. It was a letter, and was followed by another, and another,—his mother's letters. The big, weak, tender fellow caught them, like a lover, to his lips—they had taken him so suddenly—before he became aware that they fell from a delicately-gloved hand suspended between him and Mrs. Butterwell's striped wall. He turned, as the doctor was hurrying away, quickly enough—for he was growing stronger every hour—to snatch from her face a kind of maternal gentleness, a beautiful look. She was brooding over him with that little pleasure; he felt how glad she was to give it. But instantly an equally beautiful merriment darted over the upper part of the doctor's face, deepening ray within ray through the blue circles of her eyes, like the spark in the aureola of ripples where a shell has struck the sea.

"Another fit of the sulks to-day, if you dare!" she said, and, evanescent as an uncaptured fancy, she was gone.

(To be continued.)

FOPPISHNESS.

Foppishness is misunderstood; it is but a form of vanity, and vanity is but a form of that desire to please, which is the mainspring of all good and of most great actions. It is only our incurable hypocrisy that keeps us from owning as much. Everybody wishes to appear well-dressed; it is the safeguard of society, and all that the radicals can do with all their reforms will be to prevent people from appearing nice. Pascal was as big a dandy as any of them, though a canting world has chosen to forget his six horses only to remember Port Royal; and Rance, that tiger of austerity, was another brother of the order before he went to La Trappe. But we must distinguish between foppishness and dandyism; foppishness is the desire to please others by the cultivation of outward graces; dandyism is rather the desire to please one's self. Dandyism is a special form of vanity of one race, the English, who surpass all the world in the power of being themselves. The Frenchman may shine as a fop, but he is far too sympathetic to be a dandy. He may put on dandyism and give himself every morning his little disgusted air, but it will be only as he puts on a garment. The distressing thing is that the English themselves do not know what a treasure they possess in this manifestation of character. They have been stupidly unjust to their dandies, and their Carlyle, in his book on clothes, wherein he professes to treat of this species, has only built up a huge monument to his own splenetic ignorance. He drew a fashion plate with the drunken pencil of Hogarth and cried out, "Behold dandyism." It was not even in caricature. In a certain sense the clothes have nothing to do with it; it is the manner of wearing them; it is the man inside. Lord Spencer in rags was a dandy, and Brummel one day in a freak set the fashion of wearing napless coats by having his own s.r.p.d with

glass. The next day half the coats in London were being treated in the same way. He introduced a glove and people raved of its beautiful fit, which showed the very outline of the nails beneath; but his superlative dandyism was not in the fit, it was in the fact that he had the glove made by five different artists, one for each finger and one for the thumb. Byron knew what he was about when he said that he would rather be Brummel than Napoleon. Brummel had all the requisite gifts of nature for his great vocation—elegance and a pleasing face as a matter of course, with an intense sang-froid that nothing could discountenance or disturb, and, above all, a quick intelligence, free from the genius that spoiled many another dandy of that glorious epoch. This last disturbing quality gave Sheridan his superabundance of wit and his passion, both fatal to perfect equilibrium of manner, and it made Byron a dandy only for one moment, but something else the next. Brummel was a dandy at all times. Dandyism introduces the antique calm in the midst of modern agitation, but the calm of the ancients came from the harmony of the faculties and from the force of a life freely developed, while the calm of dandyism is the repose of a mind which has made the tour of many ideas and which is too disgusted for animation. Brummel was always like this. His faultless dressing and the cold languor of his manners distinguished him as a boy at Eton, and he was known as "Buck Brummel"—the name of "Dandy" had yet to be. No other boy had such influence in the school, except, perhaps, George Canning, and his was an influence of a totally different order. On leaving Oxford, Brummel went into the Tenth Hussars, commanded by the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV., and was naturally at once taken to the stuffed bosom of that prince of fops. He possessed what the prince must have esteemed most of all human things, "youth, brought out into strong relief by the surety and coolness of a man who had seen life, and who knew he was its master, the finest and the strongest mixture of impertinence and of respect, the genius of dressing, protected by a power of repartee that was never without wit." Women who, like priests, are always on the side of force sounded with their vermilion lips the fanfare of their admiration for Brummel; they were the trumpets of his glory, but they remained that and nothing else. And herein is the originality of the great Englishman. He was not what the world calls a libertine. In a country like England it was "piquant" to see a man and such a young man who combined in himself every conventional and every natural charm, punishing women for their pretensions by abnegation of this sort. Brummel was a sultan without a handkerchief, and yet his influence over women was extraordinary. A duchess was overhead telling her daughter to pay particular attention to her attitude, gestures and speech, if by chance Mr. Brummel should deign to speak to her. She was right; his notice was fame, for he never did a common thing. Thus he gave up dancing almost at the outset of his career. He simply staid a few minutes at the door of a ball-room, took the whole thing in at a glance, judged it with a word and disappeared, thus applying the famous principle of dandyism, "in society never go until you have produced your effect; the moment it is produced, vanish."

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

Come in! Well I declare, stranger, you gave me quite a turn! I—I—was kind of expectin' somebody, and for half a minute I thought mebbe as 'twas her, but she'd never stop to knock; want a bite and a sup and a night's lodging? Why of course; sit down, do. I—a—most forgot to ask you, I was that frustrated. Poor soul! How tired and worn-out you look! I can make you comfortable for the night and give you a good meal of victuals and a shaken-down on the floor, but I would hardly like to put you in Lizzie's room—she was that particular, and your clothes are so wet and drabbed. Why, woman, what makes you shake so—ague? Never heard tell of any in these parts. Guess you must have brought it with you. Well, a good night's rest will set you up wonderfully, and you can lie right here by the stove, and the fire a smolderin' will keep you warm, and the light will be a burnin' till its broad day—broad day!

What do I keep the light a-burnin' for? Well, now, when folks asks me that, sometimes I tells them one thing and sometimes I tells them another. I don't know as I mind tellin' you, because you're such a poor, misfortunit creature, and a stranger, and my heart kind of goes out to such. You see I have a daughter. She's been away these ten years, has Lizzie, and they do say as she's livin' in grandeur in some furrin' place, and she's had her head turned with it all, for she never lets her poor old mother hear from her, and the fine people she's with coaxed her off unbeknownst to me, and I don't mind tellin' you as it was a great shock to me, and I ain't the same woman since Lizzie went out one night, and when she kissed me said, "Leave a light in the window, mother, till I come back;" and that was ten years ago, and I've never seen her since, but I've burned a light in the window every night all these ten years, and shall till she comes home.—Yes, it's hard to be a mother and be disappointed so. I allowed she was dead till folks, as seen her well and splendid, told me different, and I was sick

a long time—that's what made my hair so white—but I hope she never heard of it, 'twould have made her as miserable as I was, and her fine things wouldn't have been much comfort to her! Folks blame her terribly, but I'm her mother, and it just seems as if I could see her; so pretty, with her long brown curls, and the smile she had, and her gentle ways, and I loving her better than Heaven above me! This is my punishment—to sit alone all day and never to sleep at night, but I hear her crying "Mother! mother! where are you?" and if I go once, I go a dozen times to the door, and look up and down the lonesome road and call, "L-i-z-z-i-e! L-i-z-z-i-e!" and there's never any answer but the night wind moaning in the trees!

Well, I didn't mean to make you feel bad; don't cry, poor soul. You've had enough trouble of your own, I guess, by your looks! Your hands are like ice—and your temple and your face is white and—and—why, what is this? You are not old and your hair hangs in brown curls—and your eyes—Merciful God! it's Lizzie come back to her mother—it's my child that was lost and is found—put out the light.

ECUDES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, June 24.

It has been a long time coming, but it is coming at last. Next month the clock in St. James's Palace is to be illuminated; clubmen, when they ture out in St. James's street, will know at once whether or not it is time to retire for the night.

A MEMORIAL has been presented to the council of the Royal Academy praying that the number of works submitted by any artist, not an Academician or Associate, shall be limited to three. At present a painter may send any number of pictures he pleases to Burlington House. What good can arise from the "yes" of the council?

THERE was a rumor this week that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright had left the Ministry. It was first made known on the Stock Exchange, when some speculators thought it would rush down the funds a lot per cent.; but the report was merely received with laughter, and the sarcastic assertion that there was no such luck in store for the country.

It is reported that Mr. Gladstone, on entering a private box at the Gaiety Theatre the other evening, was received with a round of applause. The information we have makes it half a round or none. He either shared the applause with Madame Bernhardt, who was just appearing on the stage, or it was all his. Perhaps some one will put a query to him in the House, and settle this question of divided popularity.

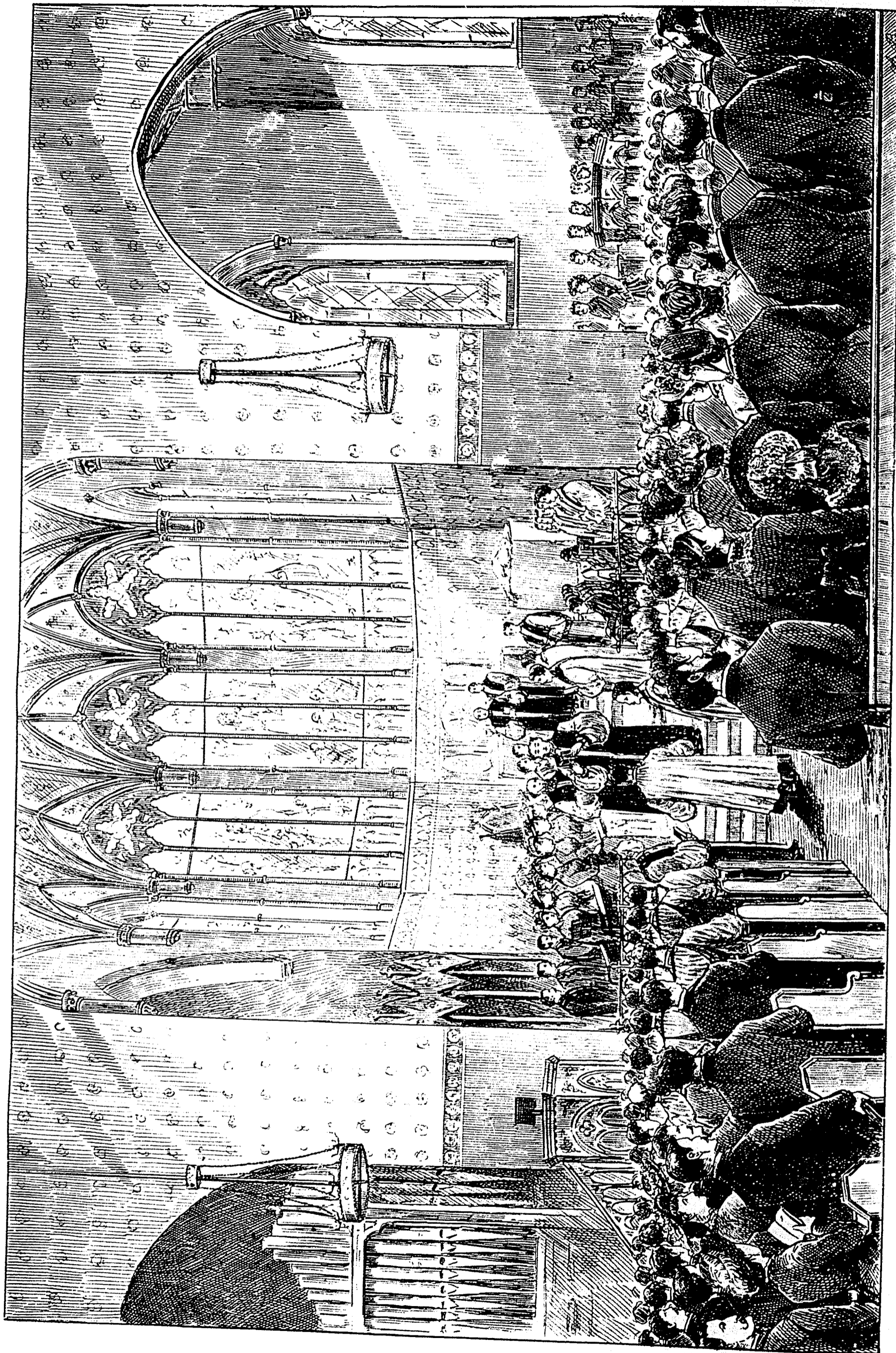
A STORY is being told at the expense of a distinguished statesman, whose vacillating state of mind the public are now well aware of. It appears there was a deficiency of lavatory accommodation in his office, and the architect was ordered to design a lavatory. He did so, and it was one with a brace of basins. The statesman's valet when he saw the arrangement begged the architect to alter the plan at once to one basin, as his master would else never be able to make up his mind in which basin to wash.

It is said that the teetotal magnates intend to wage war upon the pretty barmaids, whom they accuse of seducing youths to drink spirituously for the sake of gazing on charms, to the approach of which there is a bar. The teetotal people are intemperate and vicious in thought and language to a wonderful extent; water does not cool them. If the pretty barmaids of London are very attractive, would it not be a better policy for the teetotalers to employ them, and outbid the rival shops in beauty.

THERE have been rumors during the week that the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot and Mrs. Mundy were married on Sunday last. As the decree nisi was not made absolute till Tuesday no legal marriage could take place till Wednesday, upon which day the pair were actually married privately in town. They at once left for Ingestre Hall, and were met at Milford Station by a large number of tenantry, by whom they were escorted to the hall. The route from the station was decorated with flags and arches, and the newly-wedded pair were loudly cheered. On reaching the hall his lordship thanked those assembled for their reception.

THE expectation that the sale of the Hamilton Palace collection of objects of art would realize £300,000 will probably be fulfilled. The sale on Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday produced £92,000, and as the sale is to be continued on the same days for the next month or more there is little doubt that the above enormous aggregate will be reached. The sensational bids on Tuesday were for three beautiful pieces of furniture formerly in the possession of the ill-fated Queen Marie Antoinette. The writing-table, secretarie, and commode fetched, in the aggregate, £15,000 all but £75. The Italian pictures of the collection will be sold to-day.





MONTREAL. THE CONSERVATION OF THE TOWARD THE WEST. BY J. P. H. OF A. G. O. B. S. I.



SILVER MEDAL PRESENTED BY SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN TO THE OTTAWA BRANCH OF THE VILLE MARIE CONVENTUAL SCHOOL.

**THE LANGEVIN MEDAL.**

The closing exercises of the scholastic year at the Convent Congregation de Notre-Dame at Ottawa, a branch house of Ville-Marie, took place on the 27th June. Among the various

prizes presented was a silver medal, the gift of Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works. It was won by Mlle Emma Labrosse of St. Eugène, Co. Prescott, who stood second excellence in general proficiency and observance of school rules. The medal, of which we give the coun-

terfeit in this issue, was struck under the reign of Louis XIV of France, to celebrate his return to Paris, and to commemorate the restoring of the church of Ste. Geneviève du Pantheon to religion worship. The medal was selected with characteristic taste by the donor, who close it

among numerous others struck at the Paris Mint and the gift will be taken as a sign of Sir Hector Langevin's interest in and desire to encourage education. Our illustration is from a photograph by Topley of Ottawa, to whom we acknowledge our obligations.



ON DEEP RIVER, UPPER OTTAWA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

## CUPID'S CONQUEST.

As Cupid 'neath a rose's shade  
Was deep in sweetest slumber laid,  
And o'er his mind as visions came  
Of hearts that he was yet to claim,  
I wandered forth 'neath moonbeams mild,  
And sudden found the sleeping child.  
His golden bow beside him lay,  
His quiver full of arrows gay,  
Unstrung, as he at end of day  
Had cast it there till he should rise  
And sally forth to win new prize:  
And near, his quiver full of darts,  
That carry joy and bliss to hearts,  
Lay waiting, too, till he should wake  
And quickly thence his presence take.  
His arms lay crossed upon his breast  
As he had placed them when to rest  
He laid his little plotting head  
Upon his flow'r-decked mossy bed.  
A fairy couch, the truth to tell,  
For o'er it stood of curtain fell.  
Bright rosy wreaths, that winding round  
In radiant clusters fell to ground;  
Instead of thousand tapers bright  
Fair Luna gave him of her light,  
And all around, sweet smelling flowers  
Gave fragrance thro' his slumbering hours.  
No marvel that the boy slept on,  
That fast the hours of night crept on.  
No further moved I on my way  
While such sweet sight before me lay,  
Struck by the view that met my eyes,  
I stood, and gazed in mute surprise  
That I at last should favored be  
To catch the god so stealthily.  
I saw him smile as o'er his mind  
Bright fancies rushed like zephyr wind:  
A gentle sigh I heard him heave,  
Then turned away the spot to leave—  
But back returned—I could not bear  
To leave the god so peaceful there.  
To hear him speak a word I longed,  
E'en were it but to say I wronged  
Him by thus breaking up a dream  
Brought to his mind 'neath starlight's beam:  
I longed to see his lovely eye  
Flash mimic anger, bold and sly.  
That I, a mortal, dared to lay  
My hand upon a sleeping fay.  
But, caring nought for all his wrath,  
I plucked a violet from his path,  
And dropped it on his Cupid's face—  
Instant he sprang up from his place,  
Quick rubbed his eyes, and gazed around,  
Then quickly turned and me he found.  
"Ah, then," he cried, "is you, indeed,  
Who broke my sleep! A fitting meed  
I'll give to you for all your pain—  
'Tis such as you'll ne'er wish again—  
But stop! I do not mean I'll give,  
For then in peaceful bliss you'd live;  
Instead of that, I'll take your heart:  
'Tis easily done; a little dart  
Sent from my bow will make you keep  
Away from me while I'm asleep."  
I saw him stoop to take his bow,  
Then quick I turned away to go.  
But Cupid, smarter far than I,  
Soft thro' the air towards me did fly:  
At my poor heart his arrow aimed,  
And with un pitying voice exclaimed:  
"This thy reward, presumptuous knave,  
Yet haste not hence thy heart to save,  
E'en to the world's far end I shall  
Pursue, and hold thee in my thrall;  
Yea, this reward is what I deem  
To you who broke my midnight dream."  
Quick from his bow, and in my breast  
The fatal shaft found lasting rest.  
Ah, me! my heart indeed was gone,  
E'er since no bright hope for me shone.  
But may the god with smile so sweet  
Lay low my heart at Beauty's feet:  
If that he does, I'll rest content,  
And think the god had good intent:  
'Tis then, I'll win another heart,  
So true and fond, to never part,  
Nor stray within his power again,  
But bear in mind the bright eye when  
I broke his sleep, and roused his ire  
That burst forth like magic fire.

C. M. R.

## LIKE CURES LIKE.

"She's comin', Cornelia. Says she'll be here this afternoon, an' she don't want nobody to meet her at the station an' tell her it's only a quarter of a mile walk to the house,—she's seen kentry quarter-miles before; an' they're to come in a waggin. Seems to hev her mind made up, anyhow; that's one comfort. I always hated boarders that didn't hev their minds made up. Guess you'll hev to harness up "Dandelion" an' bring her up,—her an' her trunks. D'ye hear, Cornelia?"

"Yes, mother," said Cornelia, "I hear."

She didn't look as if she was paying much attention. She was sitting on the top doorstep, with her cheek resting on her hand and her eyes fixed on an ant-hill at her feet, which she was absently poking with a twig, to the manifest consternation of the inhabitants. Her hair curled in tight rings all over her head, and her eyes were as blue as a china doll's. She didn't take much interest in the matter to tell the truth. They had one or more summer boarders every year, and they were never very interesting. A summer-boarder, to her, meant one of three things,—a maiden lady, who sketched, collected grasses, and found fault with the tea; a country minister, who talked about her privileges in living so near the church and advised her to read some useful work during the winter; and an elderly widower, who came every year, stayed two weeks, and never gave his attention to anything but fishing and meal-tines. The prospect of the arrival of an individual belonging to one of these classes was not exhilarating. And, besides Cornelia Nott had other and very different things to think of. It has never been an easy thing for a girl to decide between two lovers, one of whom dominates her imagination and the other her heart.

Cornelia had had some beautiful letters lately, —one this very afternoon. They were really beautiful letters. She had seen several in a book called "Decorum," that her aunt had, and none of them were anything like as good as these. They hadn't such fine ideas or such elevated language. She wondered if in the gay

world, where such wonderful things happened, young men were in the habit of writing such letters. They seemed too fine for every day, even among people of fashion. The other lover was only Dick Willetts, in the village. He was very nice, and she had always liked him, but he had never written her a letter in his life. She was very fond of him, but, after all, marriage was a serious matter, as she very well knew, and she was not by any means sure that it was altogether a question of fondness. She had heard it said by somebody—she had forgotten which one of the boarders—that marriage was an education. In that case, surely the author of those letters would offer her higher advantages than Dick Willetts could ever hope to do. Well, there was one comfort,—it hadn't to be decided immediately. It was a week or two yet ere she had to make up her mind about the other one,—that is, Philip Edson Cartwright,—such a lovely name, too! Dick she could have 'most any time, she guessed. With which inconsiderate but consoling reflection she threw down her twig and ran to the barn to harness up "Dandelion."

The train made a just long enough stop for a slender figure in black to step from the platform, and then rushed on again as violently as if it were not going to stop at another wretched little station about two miles farther on. It was mere affectation, its being in such a tearing hurry.

"Are you Miss Nott?" said the new-comer, walking up the platform with an air of grave interrogation to Cornelia, as she stood shyly, half advancing, half waiting.

"Yes,—that is—I'm Cornelia," she replied, a little confused.

"Yes! Well, it's really the same thing in the end,—that is, if you haven't an elder sister: have you?"

"I'm the boarder you expected, you know. Those are my checks. Why, child!" she exclaimed, "you are not going to try to put those heavy things into the wagon yourself? Are you insane?"

"There's no one else to do it," said Cornelia, pausing at the authoritative tone. "Abel couldn't come: so I came alone. They're not very heavy."

"What's that man doing up there? Why doesn't he help you?" went on this sweet but, for some unexplained reason, evidently revolutionary young person.

"Oh, that's Mr. Babbitt," said Cornelia, alarmed.

The bare fact of its being Mr. Babbitt was sufficient to explain matters to any resident of Menton. Mr. Babbitt was ticket-master, and always at the station, but he had never been known to compromise his dignity by doing a hand's turn for anybody in his life.

But Eustace Enworthy was not a native of Menton. "Mr. Babbitt," said she, walking up to him as he stood in dignified ease at the other end of the platform, "please put my trunks into that wagon. There is no one else here to do it."

Mr. Babbitt turned and regarded her with an expression of incredulous amazement, but, meeting her direct glance of calm expectancy, he shifted his tobacco to the other side and walked toward Cornelia, where she stood, blushing and assailed by a strong desire to fly, with one hand on the largest trunk. Mr. Babbitt lifted both trunks into the wagon, and, still under the influence of what seemed to Cornelia to be some strange hallucination, assisted the girls to climb in, gathered up the reins, and handed them to her.

"Thank you," said Eustace. "We are very much obliged." And they drove off.

Mr. Babbitt went and sat down, and wiped his forehead with a handkerchief he had in the crown of his hat. "I yum!" said he softly to himself. And, after a pause, "Nely Nott, too! I yum!"

Meanwhile, Eustace, apparently unconscious of the tremendousness of the step she had taken, inquired, "What time do you have breakfast, Cornelia?"

"At eight o'clock."

"There! I was sure of it. You know, they told me you'd have breakfast at half-past six; but when your letter came, I said, 'The person that wrote that letter never has breakfast at half-past six.'"

"But we do sometimes," said Cornelia timidly.

"Now, what made you say that?" said Eustace, not severely, but earnestly. "When you see people thoroughly pleased with anything, never tell them the truth about it, because, you know, no one would ever be thoroughly pleased who knew the whole truth. Are they all as pretty as you are up here?" she went on, viewing critically the crimson cheeks and blue eyes at her side.

"Cornelia hesitated a moment. "No," said she defiantly, "they ain't."

"That's right," said Eustace approvingly. "If they were, you know, I should have gone home to-morrow. I haven't a bit of petty jealousy, but I hate to be always at a disadvantage."

Cornelia began to think this funny rather than inexpressibly alarming. "But you're pretty yourself," she said boldly.

"Oh, yes," said Eustace, with much impartiality, "I'm pretty, but not as pretty as you are. I don't think my style is particularly taking at first; yours is. Still, I grow on you," she went on thoughtfully. "I certainly do. You see me in red and yellow, and I grow on you awfully." And she concluded with a deri-

sive little nod that made Cornelia burst out laughing. Eustace looked so serious that she was afraid she'd done the wrong thing, but she couldn't possibly help it. This was an entirely new kind of city boarder. She caught her breath with pleased excitement every time she spoke. It was like sliding down Bent's Hill on Dick's big sled.

"If you have a sweetheart, you'd better tell me when he's coming to call, and I won't put it on," she continued. "Gracious!" as she caught the flush which dyed Cornelia's cheeks; "it's as bad as that, is it? I'd put on the green one, if I had it."

"You may put on what you like," said Cornelia half indignantly.

Miss Enworthy shook her head indulgently: "Oh, I shan't take you at your word. It would be very shabby of me, for, you see, I should have the advantage anyway, for I should flirt with him scientifically. I know very well what you are thinking,—that he's so much in love with you that I couldn't make the least impression anyway. I don't wonder you think so. I should have done so once. But I was cut out by a girl not half as nice as I am, with a man who was awfully in love with me,—just because she understood the principles of scientific flirtation. So I learned myself after that; but I wouldn't, if I were you,—you're much nicer without: I was, myself. Why don't you have golden-rod about here?"

"It never blossoms till August or September, and this is only the first of July."

"Oh, doesn't it! I thought one always had golden-rod in this country,—golden-rod and warm milk. Do you have warm milk at your house? Because, if you do, I wish you'd hang it down the well before I have it. It's the only inanimate thing I hate. You're surprised, aren't you, to see that I know enough to hang things down the well to make them cool? I had a grandmother once that lived in the country, and she used to talk about hanging things down the well, when she meant put them in the refrigerator."

"We have a refrigerator," said Cornelia, laughing. "So you needn't have the milk warm unless you want it. There's our house."

"That's nice. That looks just as I wanted it to look. And that's your mother standing in the door, I suppose? Tell me about her. Is she nice? Do you like her?"

"Like my mother?" gasped Cornelia.

"Why, yes. Is that so surprising? I like mine ever so much, she's so pretty and clever. I'm so glad she married into our family, as the aristocratic child said. So, here we are. Now, where's Cain, to carry in the trunks?"

"It isn't Cain: it's Abel," said Cornelia, somewhat scandalized.

"Oh, yes,—Abel. I never can remember which one it was that killed the other.—How do you do, Mrs. Nott? I'm not a bit the looking person you thought I was; am I! But never mind; you'll like me better in course of time, I know, than if I were. May I go right upstairs and get cool?"

Mrs. Nott, who, in truth, had looked for rather a severe and hard-featured lady with every outward sign of a mind irrevocably made up beforehand, was somewhat overcome, as she herself subsequently confessed to Nely. "I was that dashed," she was overheard to remark,—"I was that dashed that I most forgot whether I'd fixed the spare chamber or the little room over the front door."

The first thing Eustace did when she entered the pleasant, large room prepared for her reception was to look out of the window. Both views being apparently more or less satisfactory, she opened the bureau-drawers. "But," she said, "there is no lavender here. I thought they always had that, too, in the country."

"But you didn't think it was kept in empty drawers, did you?" asked Nely, who was waiting.

"No; I suppose not," said Eustace doubtfully. "After all, it's 'presses' it's generally in, I believe. Never mind; though I did want my things to smell of lavender."

"There's some in the garden, I think. I'll fetch you some." And Nely ran down the stairs, returning with the leaves, which Eustace proceeded with the greatest satisfaction to lay among the things she had already begun to unpack.

"Ain't she splendid, mother?" said Nely, enthusiastically, bursting into the kitchen.

"Splendid is as splendid does," replied Mrs. Nott oracularly. "Still I won't say but what she has a sort of a way with her, an' the old lady herself can't say as she ain't handsome." Mrs. Nott had come a young wife to her husband's house, and been dominated over for several years by her husband's mother, an old lady of most contradictory temper and unaccommodating opinions. Fortunately for herself, the younger Mrs. Nott was of an easy disposition, and seemed to resent this sort of training much less than most women in her position would have done. Almost the only sign that she remembered it at all was her way of emphasizing any particularly evident fact by the remark that even the old lady herself could not maintain the opposite, which expression had now passed into current acceptance in the Nott family. "Did you tell her what time we have tea?"

"No'm. P'raps she ain't used to havin' it quite so early."

"Never you fear but what if she don't want to make a change an' has to, we'll find it out," said Mrs. Nott shrewdly. "She ain't exactly cantankerous, mebbe, but it'll surprise her so if

she don't get her own way that she'll lay awake nights thinkin' about it."

"She had her own way with Mr. Babbitt," said Nely. "She made him put her trunks in the wagon."

"No!" said Mrs. Nott, pausing in the act of hurling strawberries.

"Yes'm: she wouldn't let me."

"Wal, wal!" And she laughed with thorough enjoyment. "If that don't beat the Dutch! Made Bob Babbitt put in the trunks, did she? I'd like to have seen him doin' of it."

Eustace came down to supper, cool and pretty in white muslin, and, far from finding fault with the supper-hour, seemed so well pleased with the good things it brought her that Mrs. Nott, having been forced by her enthusiasm to admit that the old lady herself couldn't have made better butter, was less disposed to be impartial in her judgment. After tea, the sitting-room and the front porch were left at Eustace's disposal, Mrs. Nott and Cornelia taking themselves to the back part of the house, according to ordinary Nott usage.

"They're their own comp'ny, and not mine," Mrs. Nott was wont to say of her summer-boarders, "and I ain't goin' to worry 'em with the idea all along that perhaps Nely's and my conversation'll be charged for in the bill; and as for pa, he ain't goin' to be made to keep on his coat for nobody."

The next morning, after breakfast, Eustace asked Nely what she did all day to make herself miserable.

"I guess I don't do anything that makes me very miserable."

"Then you ought. You ought to embroider awful-looking yellow-flowers on a yellow-green ground, or you ought to get a bow and arrow and shoot till your arm is lame, or you ought to get a banjo and make your fingers callous, or get a grammar and study a dead language. Didn't you ever do any of those things?"

"Never."

"I never saw such criminal neglect of one's higher duties to society in my life. I've done all these things; and now I want to amuse myself. What do people do here to amuse themselves?"

"They— they collect grasses sometimes," said Cornelia rather doubtfully, drawing upon her memories of former boarders.

"Collect grasses! Well, I'd just as lief collect grasses. I'll begin now. Where do you get them?"

"I'm goin' berryin', and if you want to come with me you'll find all you want."

"By all means. Do you really get berries when you go berrying? It sounds like too well defined a plan to really succeed."

That night, Eustace wrote a letter. It ran as follows:

"Dear Tom,—You told me to write as soon as I was settled. I'm settled now. I really think I've found the place I've been looking for,—where you never expect things to happen. I tell you, Tom, expecting things to happen is the curse of a woman's life. It isn't that you care whether they happen or not, but you can't go right along and do what you have to do as if you knew they wouldn't. I can't sit down at home for an evening's reading without wondering if anybody will call; and it's so in everything. But the old lady herself couldn't expect anything to happen here. I went berrying yesterday, and in the midst of it caught myself wondering how Larry Holmes would shudder if he should come across the fields and see my face and hands all stained with red juice. You know Larry. He wouldn't have been more shocked if it had been gore. I'm having a splendid time,—as the Americans say,—and I collect grasses. I found a lot yesterday, but I laid them on a stone and went berrying instead. I shall collect some more to-day. It's just as well to begin over again each day, for there don't seem to be very many kinds. Cornelia Nott is the daughter of the house, and she's very interesting. She is pretty and she has beauty. I haven't seen them, but I know she has them: she has the air."

"I hope you'll write: but don't say any more about the matter we referred to the other evening after having dropped it for six months. I've made up my mind, and the more settled I grow the more I know I'm right. I'll send back your letter unopened if I find anything of that sort in it."

"Very sincerely yours,

"EUSTACE ENWORTHY."

This she sealed and addressed, and then sat down and thought about it. Tom was not at all the kind of man she wanted to marry. In the first place, she didn't want to marry a man that was tied down to his business, as Tom would be for some years yet. In the next, her husband must care more for society than Tom did: he always looked so hopelessly bored unless he was dancing with her, and, though that was pleasant now, it wouldn't be when that bored him too. Then, they never liked the same books. Tom liked "The Cloister and the Hearth," and didn't care much for Henry James, Jr. Oh, it would never do! never do at all! There was time enough yet, and when the right one came he should be made to feel as the right one should. Then she proceeded to struggle with the kerosene-lamp. That kerosene-lamp was Eustace's nightly discipline.

Sunday morning came, and Eustace sat on the front steps, idly watching the insects and flowers and birds and sunlight. "I'm certainly getting the pastoral feeling," she said to herself. "I feel so—sort of—natural. I don't care a bit

what anybody is doing in the city." This restless habit of never being able to feel without analyzing what she felt was what prevented Eustace from ever being contentedly guided by feeling, and played the mischief with her nervous system.

Nely came out with her hat on. "Goin' to meetin'?" said she.

Eustace looked at her. "Why," said she, hesitating, "it hadn't occurred to me up here, somehow. Yes, now I think of it, I should like to go. Wait a minute."

Nely couldn't get used to this boarder at all. She had never met anybody before who went to church because it occurred to her. She had seen people who, rebelliously inclined, had stated, with a certain touch of bravado, that they were going to stay away, but never anybody who hadn't thought of it.

Who does not know the country church? There were the four old deacons in the front seat, who had heard the world of life so many more years than the minister above them had preached it that after a few moments' indulgent attention they dropped off to sleep, with a calm confidence that no heresy would be broached for their temporary inattention. Indeed, they had already begun to doubt if heresy was always as black as it is painted, so near were they to the land where dividing-lines converge; but they did not know this: one only read it in the softened old faces. They waked up in time to pass the contribution-box in good order; that was all that was expected of them. Then, there were the old women. They listened with more attention. "Parson Fields was a good man, but he was gettin' sort of unsettled," according to a few minds, and it behooved that careful attention should be paid by the sisters to arrest the least sign of laxity of doctrine, seeing as the brethren, whose business it was, "were so keener and neglectful." There were pretty, conscientious girls, and plain, unconscious, and un-caring ones. Henry James, thought Eustace, says women's lives are fashioned out of what is left of the piece when men's lives have been cut out. Plain sisters' bonnets are fashioned out of what is left when pretty sisters' bonnets have been trimmed. Among the young men who came in late, and whose boots made a good deal of noise, and whose hair was very nicely and enduringly arranged, and whose neckties were of a particular taking sort attracted Eustace's attention from the unremitting persistency with which he turned his eyes in the direction of the Nott seat. A glance at Nely's beautiful unconsciousness was enough to convince her of the state of the case, and she involuntarily gave him a smile of encouragement to make up for this indifference, which caused him to suddenly shift his feet, blush crimson with embarrassment and settle farther down into the pew, and, finally, to smile himself in a shamefaced manner, like a child detected in stealing raspberry-jam.

That evening, Eustace left the tea-table, and, calling Nely to come with her, seated herself on the stone steps.

Nely was more silent than usual. An absent manner showed that her thoughts were not at her own control.

"He is very handsome, Nely."

"Who?" said Nely, with a guilty start.

"And he has the most delicate coat of tan I've seen since I came."

"Oh,—Dick Willetts," said Nely, with more indifference. "How did you know?"

"Oh, I knew. I hope he isn't coming to see you to-night, for I shall certainly fall in love with him, and that would be so very unfortunate."

"Oh, Miss Eustace!" burst out Nely, "I'm going to tell you all about it, if you won't mind."

"Oh, no, I shan't mind. I shall like it. And the more obstacles, and the more cruel parents, and the more idle tears there are in it, the better I shall be pleased."

"There isn't any obstacle,—that is, if I wanted to," began Nely, with her ready blush.

"Certainly,—if you wanted to. I've heard of similar doubts proving quite serious obstacles," observed Eustace, with a retrospective glance toward certain incidents in her own life.

"Only just—one other."

"One other? Well, two obstacles are sometimes better than one."

"And that's—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"Oh, my! he sounds like a very large obstacle indeed. I'm afraid that, taking the fact that you don't want to and Philip Edson Cartwright both into consideration, the prospects for Dick Willetts are rather slender. In that case I'll take him myself, if you don't mind; for he's quite the handsomest man I've seen in a year."

"But yet I don't know: that's the trouble,—I don't know." And poor Nely, almost in tears over her month's perplexity, poured forth her words with a perfect confidence in her hearer's sympathy and wisdom which was most flattering.

"You see, Dick and I—well, Dick and I have almost always kept company, and we've always been to school together, and then he's walked home with me from singin'-school and meetin' and everything, and mother was pleased; she said the old lady herself couldn't find any fault with Dick Willetts, and so I just kind of let things go; not but what I liked him, though."

"No," said Eustace: "I quite understand."

"One night, about three months ago, along in April, we were at the sewing-society over to Miss Lane's, and she had a nephew up from the city,—I wonder if you've ever met him, Miss Eustace?—Philip Edson Cartwright."

"No, I don't think I ever did. New York is a big place, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I thought perhaps you would know him." And she looked a little disappointed. "All the girls thought he was splendid. He talked a great deal, and told you a great many interesting things about himself; and Miss Lane told mother that she never knew anybody who conversed so beautifully." Nely was evidently a little afraid Eustace would not appreciate the full force of Mr. Cartwright's attractions. "He had a black moustache, and, oh! he'd had so many things happen to him, and you could see people thought so much of him, and he'd seen so much splendid society."

"He must have been very entertaining."

"Oh, he was! He talked to me a good deal. He said I seemed to appreciate him; I don't know why, I'm sure, only I liked to hear him talk. He came home with me, and Dick went home with Melia Bent. Did you see her this morning, Miss Eustace? She was that washed-out-looking girl with all those yellow ribbons."

"Yes, I saw her," said Eustace. "I don't see what Dick Willetts could see in her."

"That's just what I said! Well, Mr. Cartwright came here to see me once or twice, and then after he'd gone back to the city he wrote me letters,—and such beautiful letters, Miss Eustace! I want to show you one of them. It seems to me a man must be dreadful smart to write such letters."

"Complete Letter-Writer," thought Eustace. "And in his last one he said that he was coming up in a week or two, and he said— I can't express it as he did, but I'll show you the letter. But here comes Dick!"

"In fact, Dick's tall, handsome form came up the path with that decidedly uncouth gait which country roads seem to impart."

"This is Miss Eustace Edworthy, Dick," said Nely,—"our new city boarder."

"How do you do, Mr. Willetts?" said Eustace; "I am very happy to meet you." And she held out her hand to him, which he took with as much ease and familiarity as if it had been a cambric needle. "I saw you in church this morning, and I wish you'd tell me who that pretty girl was you walked home with: I'm interested in her because she reminded me of a friend of mine."

"That's my sister, ma'am," said Dick bashfully.

"Your sister! She doesn't look a bit like you.—Why didn't you tell me, Nely?"

"I didn't notice you Mr. Willetts walked home with," said Cornelia loftily. The "Mr. Willetts," which at another time would utterly have crushed Dick, was scarcely heard, so flattered was he for the moment by the absorbing interest of Eustace.

"Do you know," she went on, "in spite of church this morning and raspberry pie for dinner, I've been very near regretting it was Sunday to-day!—you'll never guess why."

"I'm always kind of glad when Sunday comes," said Dick, with a side-glance at Nely,—"Sunday evenings, that is," he added, lest the point should fail of appreciation: "so I guess I won't be able to say why you're sorry."

"Well, there was a machine that I saw working Saturday afternoon that perfectly fascinated me, and you people are all so good I knew there was no chance of seeing it to-day, and Monday seemed so far off."

"What sort of machine?" asked Dick eagerly.

"Was it a mowing machine?"

"There!" thought Eustace, "for a chance shot that's not so bad."—"It must have been a mowing-machine," she said aloud, "for it mowed, and I saw it at work up on that hill."

"Oh, yes," said Dick: "it's that new kind. Mr. Dixon got one down to the city.—Don't you remember, Nely, I told you 'bout it?"

But Nely didn't remember, or appear to be sorry she didn't: so he turned to Eustace for sympathy, and made such demands upon her attention, losing entirely his bashful manner in his active interest, that it was with some difficulty she could gracefully withdraw and leave the others to more personal conversation.

At nine he took his departure, and Nely came into the house. "Why, Miss Eustace," she said, "I didn't know you knew so much about mowing-machines."

"Didn't you! Why, an accurate knowledge of mowing-machines is indispensable to a fashionable education. I passed an excellent examination in mowing machines. But I don't know as much about them as Dick Willetts does. He's the kind of man that always knows all about his own business,—just the kind of man I admire."

(Let it here be observed, as illustrative of female character, that if Tom ever mentioned the law he was begged not to talk shop.)

"He didn't seem able to talk about anything else to-night," said Nely a little pettishly.

"After you'd gone he kept on about that, and about how much you knew about such things."

"Indeed!" said Eustace demurely. "I'm so glad you don't care about him; for now I can talk to him all I like. Are you going to show me that wonderful letter to-night?"

"MY DEAR MISS NOTT,—I have returned to the city's dust and moil, so inexpressibly fatiguing after the verdure of the country. Like all men of thought and perhaps too close attention to the problems of cause and effect, I am prone to self-analysis, and since my return, sitting here in this dingy office, I have sought to probe my inner consciousness for the secret of why its dinginess seems greater than ever, why the mass of confidential matter my employer—I might almost say my partner—has intrusted to my care seems more ponderous, why the laughing belles whose glances seek mine in society" (Idiot's must be rare in that section of the country," interpolated Eustace) "seem more empty-headed. I wish I could tell you. Let me try. As authors of all times have sought to convey their meaning by some graceful allegory, let me recall an incident of my youth to illustrate my point." ("If this is Complete Letter-Writer, it must be extra edition, half calf, uncut. I don't believe it is.") "I used as a boy to be fond of wandering over the mountain-side, following up mountain-rills, gazing into mountain-tarns" ("Tarn is good," said Eustace), "impressed by the stillness and purity of the situation. While there, often in mere thoughtlessness, I would snare a little helpless bird or other offspring of nature, and amuse myself with its pretty, pleading ways, only in the end to let the little creature go. It was a boyish action, but through it spoke the impulses which have guided my character ever since. Then, on coming down from those heights and mixing again with men, I would think of those solitudes with pleasure,—yes, and long for the little bird I had caught and almost tamed, sorry that I had let it go. Do you see my allegory?" ("Insufferable coxcomb!") "Miss Nott,—Cornelia,—in the country-lanes of Menton I found a bird. Its eyes spoke a language only translatable to one like myself, accustomed to look through those windows of the soul." ("Windows of an asylum, more likely!") "I read them then, and now, back here in the busy life of the city, I long for the bird. I close my hand. I do not wish to let it go." ("Oh, don't, by any means," said Eustace, satirically; "only be sure it's not a bird in the bush instead.") "I shall come up two weeks from Sunday, to receive your fond reply."

"Your devoted lover,  
"PHILIP EDSON CARTWRIGHT."

"If Nely throws over that handsome, devoted giant for this insufferable little man made out of a cheese-paring, I'll never see her again!" exclaimed Eustace. Then she fell a-thinking. What was it? why was it that this bombastic nonsense seemed to Nely so much finer than Dick's straight-forward love-making? What could so blind a bright girl's common-sense? It was only because it was something different. To her this seemed the most elevated language,—the language of the poets. She had never heard it ridiculed and people told to "come off." The young woman and unsophisticated girl always half fancies that the language of love should be of an unusual sort and as from another sphere. What folly!—to prefer the imaginative, the unusual, the fictitious, to the actual, the true and the every-day! Fortunately, her own bringing-up saved her from such folly. She did not expect the man she should some time marry to address her in Oriental metaphor, or tilt in a joust for her hand, or anything of the sort; while as for the man that just now wished to marry her, let us see—Where's his last letter!

"DEAR EUSTACE,—Glad to know you're so well off. Everything slow here, and beastly hot. You'd better not come back until you get good and ready. Went down to Manhattan the other day with a lot of people,—the Randalls' party,—and Miss Lena fell to my share. She can sing, can't she! Saw your friend Larry the other day in the street, and thought of telling him you were getting freckled (you didn't say freckled, but I know you are,—you always do) pickling raspberries; but it was a warm day, and I couldn't stop to put ice on his head. There's no use in telling me not to say that I'm in love with you, you know. I shall say it right straight along to the end of the chapter. Unfortunate, very, but I'm not Shakespeare, and I always repeat. I'm glad Miss Cornelia is such a daisy. I'm coming to see her before long."

"Yours,  
"Tom."

Not much Oriental metaphor or mountain-tarn about that! Then she thought some more. The next morning she walked down to the mill with Nely to see about some flour. On their return, "Nely," said she, "I've read your letter. It's a very remarkable composition, but don't you ever marry the man who wrote it. Do you suppose he'll ever want you to do anything but listen to him and feed his vanity! Do you suppose he'll ever allow himself to be natural,—except when he wants his boots blacked in a hurry! Do you know what people will call you?" went on Eustace, with awful emphasis.

"They'll call you that pretty, shy little Mrs. Cartwright and her awful bore of a husband. And that won't be the worst, either. He'll have views,—not original views, but views he's found in a book,—and you'll have to listen to them; and he's very conceited and very selfish, and he can't any more hold a candle to Dick Willetts than—anything! And don't you dare to snub Dick the least bit for the sake of his airs and absurdity, Cornelia Nott!"

And Cornelia Nott was so overwhelmed by this exhortation that she meekly answered, "No,

m." So it wasn't the real thing after all,—for of course Miss Eustace knew,—and smart people didn't always talk so, and he wasn't a bit splendid. It was very humiliating, when all the girls thought he was something so out of the common way. Well, she knew better now than they did, and she'd had better opportunities for finding out. Whereupon she gave her head a satisfied little toss.

Just then Melia Bent came across the road. "Oh, Nely!" she said,—her voice was small and very flat,—"I had to tell you. You remember Philip Cartwright? Well, he sent me the most beautiful letter,—all about bein' on the mountains and walkin' about there for hours,—though pa did say he didn't believe he ever walked anywhere he could find anybody fool enough to give him a ride,—and about ketchin' little birds and lettin' 'em go again; and then there's somethin' about me." And Melia became embarrassed. "I'll show it to you sometime."

"Thank you," said Nely loftily: "I don't care to see it. I've seen several of Mr. Philip Cartwright's letters already, and I don't care to read any more of his nonsense." And she walked toward the house.

"Well," called Melia after her, "I wouldn't be so huffy, if you did think he was your beau, Miss Nott."

As for Eustace, she sat down that evening and wrote to Tom,—

"DEAR TOM,—This may be the last letter you'll ever have from me, because the kerosene-lamp is acting in a very singular manner, and the more I turn it the more it flares; but, as I've already aroused the whole family twice in the dead of night with the announcement that it was going to explode, I propose to-night to await my fate in calmness and sobriety. I've given up collecting grasse, and have taken to birds' eggs. There's an element of cruelty in it that pleases me. I haven't found any yet. Mrs. Nott says it's late for them, but I'm going to blow them and string them. But I'm not going to be conversational and chatty any longer. Perhaps you remember that I wrote you the other day that you were not going to come up to see Cornelia at all,—I didn't want to see you. Well, you can if you like. There's them as think I made a mistake six months and again two weeks ago. Now, don't you be too much set up by this, because it isn't because I'm inconsistent, or because a woman never knows her own mind, or because a woman never accepts a man the first time; but I've just been sending Nely down on her knees to thank heaven for a good man's love, and I always wanted to do everything I saw anybody else do."

"Yours ever,  
"Eustace."

RESULTS OF THE RECENT SURVEY OF PALESTINE.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G., presided at the Annual Meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of Great Britain, which took place in London on the 15th of June. The honorary secretary, Captain F. Petrie, read the report, which showed the total number of Home, Indian, and Colonial members to be 950. Professor Pasteur and many other well-known men of science had joined in the past year, to further the Society's objects—namely, the investigation of all philosophical and scientific questions, especially those said to militate against the truth of Revelation. An address was delivered by Mr. Trelawney Saunders, the Official Geographer of the Survey of Palestine. He described the scientific results of the exploration of Palestine, and their great value to the historian, especially as the recent work of the exploration seemed to bring the country before the student of the present day as it appeared to the inhabitants nineteen centuries ago, and confirmed in a most remarkable manner the accuracy of the Bible record. Among the speakers were the Right Hon. A. S. Ayrton; the Bishops of Adelaide and of Nelson;—who spoke of the value of the Victoria Philosophical Institute's Transactions, and their great anxiety for the increase of the number of its members in the colonies, where its Journal, recording the investigations of learned men into the truth as regards the philosophical and scientific questions of the present day, would be even more welcome than in England; Dr. Stern, the celebrated Abyssinian captive; Mr. J. F. Bateman, F.R.S.; and Mr. D. Howard, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of England; and others.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CLARA MORRIS says she is not going to Europe next season.

A WESTERN paper says that Bob Ingersoll is writing a play.

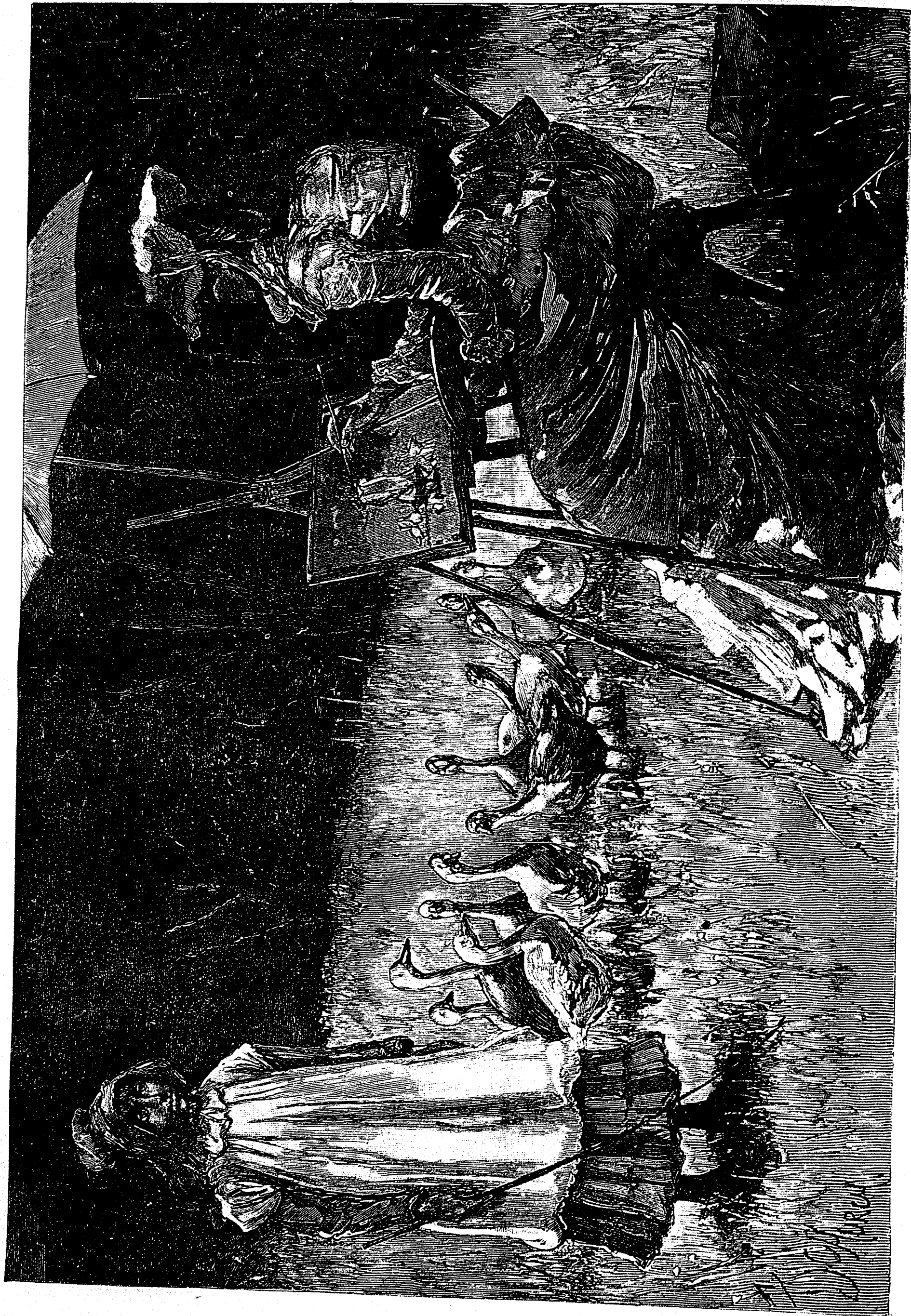
MR. CAZAUAN who was reported to be so seriously ill last week is better.

MISS MARY ANDERSON will appear at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in November.

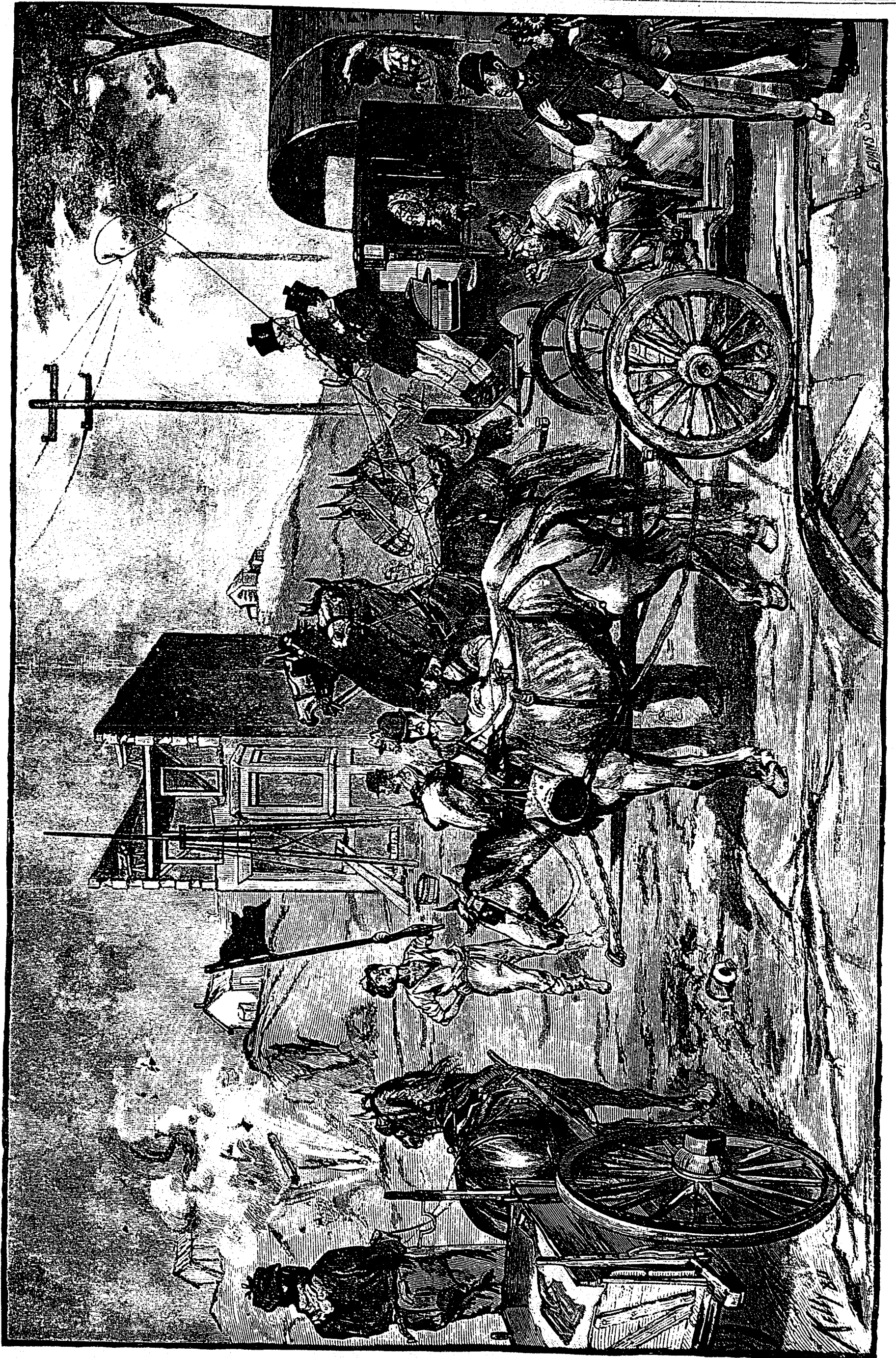
A NEW AMERICAN comic opera has been produced in Boston, entitled, "The Light-Keeper's Daughter." It was a failure.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, the original Admiral in "Pinafore," the General in the "Pirates" and Bunthorne in "Patience," is said to be coming to New York next season.

MR. HENRY E. ARBY, the American theatrical manager, has signed a contract with Mrs. Langtry, the actress, for a tour in America, beginning in November next.



THE TABLE IN THE TRULY... FROM A... BY...



A BLAST ON THE BOULEVARDS IN NEW YORK.

### "ALLOW FOR THE CRAWL."

You have often, no doubt, had occasion to note,  
That, after some wearing, the sleeve of your coat  
Toward the shoulder was crawling, by easy degrees;  
And that's what the clothier, of course, had in mind,  
When he said to his customer, "Long I not at all!  
The sleeve is all right—as you'll presently find—  
In cutting a coat we allow for the crawl!"

The expression was one wholly new to me then;  
But it set me to thinking how well it applies,  
Not merely to coats, but to women and men,  
In matters of life as they daily arise;  
Consider the shrinkage of human affairs—  
The promise how great, the performance how small!  
And lest disappointment should come unawares,  
Remember the sleeve and "allow for the crawl!"

The statesman who asks for your ballot to save  
Your country, so rashly imperilled to-day,  
May covet an office and not be a knave,  
Whatever the fierce opposition may say.  
But the "platform" to which he so valiantly clings,  
By which he proposes to stand or to fall—  
"Resolutions," remember, are slippery things—  
And in politics always "allow for the crawl!"

You are deeply in love with the sweetest of girls,  
An angel! In hoops—only wanting the wings!  
(If angels could purchase such beautiful curls)  
Like a seraph she smiles, like a siren she sings!  
Ah! splendid and vast are the fancies of youth,  
But down to plain facts they finally fall;  
And happy the couple who, finding the truth,  
In conjugal kindness "allow for the crawl!"

In brief, recollect that in human affairs,  
In social connections, in travel and trade,  
In courtship and marriage, in sermons and prayers,  
Some grains of concession must always be made.  
In fine, be a prudent though generous man;  
Unfriendly with none, variousious with all;  
Believe in your neighbors as much as you can;  
And always be sure to "allow for the crawl!"

### THE OBLIGING MAN.

The aim of most lofty works of art is to represent types rather than individuals, and in the following brief but earnestly considered sketch there is no intention of describing any particular person. These preliminary remarks are made to protect me from the flood of correspondence which might engulf me if it were generally supposed that I knew the original of the following fancy portrait as a real, living man.

Mr. Magnum H. Cordis was the most amiable and self-sacrificing of men. He took more pleasure in seeing others happy than in satisfying any mere personal wish of his own. He really enjoyed doing anyone a favor, and it was wonderful how many people there were who were willing to gratify him in this particular taste. It was a beautifully harmonious arrangement. He loved to give and they loved to receive, and so both were made happy.

Cordis was not a gullible man, or one easily deceived by false appearances, but his benevolence was so broad that he generally granted any favor asked of him, even by the unworthy, "because," as he said, "if they did not need it very much, they would not ask for it."

Mr. Magnum H. Cordis had more relatives than any man I ever knew. His grand-parents, paternal and maternal, must have had immense families, judging from the number of new cousins that were constantly arriving, and announcing themselves as intending to "stop a spell with cousin Maggy."

His house was a large one and contained many sleeping apartments, but Magnum usually slept on three chairs in the dining-room, as all the other sleeping space in the establishment was devoted to the use of visiting kinsmen from various parts of the Union, and the large dining table had to be spliced out with boards on trestles, to make it long enough to accommodate the hungry throng that usually honored him at meal times, and his own dinner was often cold before he finished caring for his self-invited guests.

Disreputable, mangy dogs, many of the yellow tripod variety, roamed at their sweet will about the house, or snoozed in sunny corners. Each had caught sight of Magnum H. on the street, one lucky day, and with that keen insight into character which distinguishes the canine race, had immediately recognized him as a kind and benevolent character, and had followed him to his home, never to leave it until called away by death, or the dog-catchers.

Every part of the house of Magnum H. Cordis displayed palpable evidence of his desire to befriend his fellow man, and to aid those struggling on the road of life who are "earning \$9,999 a month," selling somebody's article "needed in every household" or "the most attractive and rapidly selling book ever published." In the library might be seen such useful and interesting works as, "Every man his own Undertaker," embellished with over one hundred colored plates, illustrating the different processes of genteel burial, together with plain and easy directions for cutting out grave clothes, building coffins, etc., etc. Sold by subscription only. "The Sinner's Guide to Repentance, by the Rev. Dr. Spink, the Reformed Bank Cashier." "How to Make Explosives in your Own Home, from the plainest gunpowder to the most concentrated fulminating nitro-glycerine-dynamite by Ivan Kertowsky," and "The Encyclopedia of Crime," giving the details of all the most atrocious murders of ancient and modern times, together with a vast amount of valuable information on kindred subjects.

Every door was supplied with a different patent lock, and some of these locks were so ingenious that it was necessary to call the aid of the initiated before they could be unfastened, and others were such profound mysteries that they could only be opened by burglarious violence and a crow bar. Then, there were patent

shade fixtures that went off like fireworks, and came thumping down on the head of any one who approached them unwarily. Thermometers and barometers by the dozen of every shape and style, indicating different degrees of temperature and humidity, and scores of ingenious clocks equally variable as to the time of day.

The windows exhibited all sorts of ingenious contrivances, supposed to facilitate their use, but which in reality converted them into domestic guillotines, or else fastened them down immovably.

There were sixteen clothes-wringers in the house, ten sewing machines, and any number of mysterious engines for beating eggs, grating nutmegs, squeezing lemons, etc., besides odoriferous oil stoves, incomprehensible clothes-racks, and several lawn-mowers, though the washer-woman's stamping ground showed not a blade of grass.

The approach to this abode of benevolence usually resembled that of some theatre on the eve of a great amusement sensation. A long line of applicants for admission might be seen reaching from the Cordis mansion to and around the next corner, with several policemen busily engaged keeping the unruly ones in place, the whole presenting a most interesting human panorama. There were reduced gentlemen in rusty alpaca, and decayed gentlemen in phosphorescent broadcloth, benevolent women soliciting charitable subscriptions on commission; rubicund beggars, with pitiful histories and alcoholic breaths; interesting youths with fancy soap in baskets and a woeful lack of it elsewhere; Sunday school children by the dozen, with tickets for strawberry-festivals, "old folks concerts," picnics and other social abominations, together with any number of peddlers, canvassers and lightning rod men. In short, all the occupations reputable and disreputable, that make a practice of wearing out the springs of door-bells, and the patience of servants and householders, were fully represented in the slowly moving procession. All seemed to come hopefully and depart joyfully, for Magnum H. Cordis was kind and obliging to all.

His nature was so sweet and amiable that he did not even hate the plumber, or the man from the gas company, and no one with a sympathetic soul would fail to be deeply impressed by the broad and deep magnanimity and unselfishness of this noble, useful life. But most things wear out in time, and the almost inexhaustible good humor of Magnum H. Cordis at last began to show signs of wear. After the man who wanted to bury his six children had received assistance toward that necessary operation ten times during the same year; after the "dear friend of his father's youth" had carried off the spoons; after one of the sagacious dogs had inoculated the rest with hydrophobia, and they in turn had killed off most of his family; after one alleged cousin had forged his name to a cheque, and another had worn out all his clothes, and a third had run up a bill in his name at a neighboring saloon; after—but why pursue this painful theme? Let it suffice to say that the house of Magnum H. Cordis is now a very much changed establishment. The front door is made like the door of a safe, except that there is a sort of loop-hole in the centre through which may be discerned the ferocious face of the hall-porter, armed to the teeth, and ready to grant an interview to any one who may demand it, and on the outer door post may be seen the legend (painted in large letters so that all who read may run) "No Peddlers, Beggars, or Relatives admitted. Beware of the Blood-hound and the Gatling Gun."—*Quiz.*

### TRAVEL.

Among the rich opportunities which advancing civilization opens up to us with a more and more liberal hand, is that of travel. Once a journey of any length was a laborious, tedious and expensive undertaking, seldom attempted save in the interests of business or duty. Now it is a natural and practicable recreation for thousands in moderate circumstances, and one from which even the very poorest of our citizens is not wholly debarred. Not only does this quick and easy transit invigorate all business life, and unite the nations of the world in a mutual interest, otherwise impossible, but it is likewise most efficient in improving private character and promoting the happiness of private life. We all have a tendency to live in narrow ruts; we walk the same streets, meet the same people, do the same things, witness the same sights, enjoy the same pleasures day after day and year after year. The same cares wear upon us, the same habits enthrall us, the same jealousies or rivalries distress us, the same motives guide us, the same aims actuate us, the same amusements gratify us. Even when we seek for variety and change in social life we find the same general tone of thought and the same general phase of feeling. But when we leave home for awhile, for other than purely business purposes, we make a thorough break in our mode of life, and find ourselves under an entirely new set of conditions. The change is abrupt and peremptory. The whole face of the country is unfamiliar, the people are different, perhaps their language itself is strange, at any rate their thoughts and sentiments are so, their mode of action, their mental standpoints, their notions of fitness, their tastes and habits—all are unlike those of which we have had experience. Then, too, our own lives are wholly changed. Accustomed duties no longer press upon us, our relations to others, our position in society, our domestic affairs, our ordinary

habits are all temporarily broken up and a wholly different mode of life is forced upon us. All this is bracing and tonic; like the ascent of a mountain, it not only gives us another air to breathe, but a more extended view and a broader outlook. We see far distant hills and boundless landscapes, while the small circle which has hitherto bounded our mental horizon is reduced to its true and limited proportions. Yet the ultimate effect of this sudden and total change will, after all, depend chiefly upon ourselves. Emerson says: "Let the man go where he will, he can only find so much beauty or worth as he carries." Many of us, however, never find all that we do carry, either at home or abroad; that is, we never develop the possibilities that lie latent within us. Travel is simply one grand opportunity of doing this, of which we may or may not avail ourselves. There are many travellers who spend their money and time without stint, who go from place to place, see wonder after wonder, and nation after nation, and return home no richer in mind, no fuller in life, no broader in view, and with no more materials for future happiness or usefulness, than when they started. It matters nothing how many countries have been visited; how many natural wonders have been looked upon; how many treasures of art have been explored; how many varieties of people have been encountered, the frivolous traveller comes home as he went, having expended much time and money, and gained, in return, nothing more than a few imperfect and meaningless pictures, imprinted, with more or less vividness, upon his memory. Others fail in reaping the best fruits of travel, from a narrow but intense belief that the country, which they honor by claiming as their own, includes within itself all the grandeur and beauty, all the intelligence and wisdom, all the art and poetry, all the good taste and good feeling that is worth having. Of course, by this stupid vanity, they miss the chief advantages of travel. With closed eyes, it matters little whether we walk through a barren plain or on the summit of a mountain, and when the eyes of the mind are closed by prejudice and pride, we may journey round the globe, and return home as unenlightened and empty as we went. There is an opposite extreme scarcely less injurious—that of indiscriminate admiration for everything abroad, and an effort at servile imitation. This is, perhaps a temporary reaction from the former narrow prejudice, and has become a sort of fashion in certain circles. None of these classes are truly receptive. What they see and hear appears to them, not as it really is, but colored by their own cheap prejudices. Their imagination is not enriched, their taste is not elevated, their thought is not deepened, their sympathies are not enlarged, their knowledge is not materially increased. Yet travel opens a door by which all these things may be reached. Intelligent appreciation of things at home, a liberal yet discriminating habit of mind, a true love of nature, and a ready sympathy with truth and goodness in all their forms, are the best equipment that we can have for going abroad. Then new scenes will delight and elevate us, new problems will engage and interest us, new truths will enlighten us, new views of life and of people will enlarge our minds and quicken our sympathies; and our whole nature, thus enriched and developed, will blossom into a fuller and brighter manhood or womanhood, through every privilege of a wider acquaintance with the world and humanity.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 24.

THE newest fashion in Paris, that of wearing entirely black under-clothing, has become the furore among the ladies of the highest aristocracy. The under-garments, like those of the Eastern odalisques, are composed entirely of silk.

A FRENCH gentleman, who was recently admitted to two or three fine-art audiences with a German ruler, made bold to ask for a decoration to put in his button-hole. "I really do not know what order I could consistently give you," said his Majesty. Nothing daunted, the French gentleman after a moment's reflection replied, with inspiration, "Could you not give me, Sir, the Order of the Garter?"

THE papers do not contain accounts of all, though of many, of the hand-to-hand and nail-to-nail combats between ladies, which have lately become fashionable. It is a deplorable feature of society, for it is a feature of society, and shows how savage and uncultured a mind may exist when the face has been successfully tutored to assume the smile of sweetness of disposition, and to express the refinement of mind; the body being at the same time the vehicle for showing to what a captivating height of art Paris fashion has arrived in manipulating yards of lace and silk.

BUILDING operations in Paris are now assuming enormous proportions. Not only are old tenements pulled down and replaced by large handsome six-storeyed houses, but every available space is occupied, and all with the same expensive style of buildings. If the rents became lower in proportion to the increasing competition, there would be some comfort in the prospect, but an augmentation in the rent of apart-

ments appears to be steadily on the increase, and some day or other there must be a crash. If the Government, or Municipality, would only make the proprietors pay the contributions for all empty apartments, the matter would soon find its level, and the locataires be better off.

THE French Government are to be treated to an Irish idea; at present it is in its infancy, but it may grow and become an unpleasantly strong grant. It is an appeal to the Government for the reduction of rents in Paris. The agitators have their own paper, the *Citoyen*, in which is published the curious petition to be presented to the Chambers; 200,000 copies, it is announced, are to be circulated. After referring to the increasing burden of house rent to poor people in Paris, the petition proceeds to trace the cause to the civic improvements which have been constantly in progress for many years past. Such improvements, instead of benefiting the masses, only enrich the owners of property, and as the evil is caused by society, the petition urges that the Government should undertake to reduce house rents so much per cent. *ad valorem* upon the basis of the last periodical payment.

THE Paris papers have recently been commenting upon a new freak of M. Alexandre Dumas, jun., and the general opinion of the press in this question has not been at all flattering to the witty dramatist. It will be remembered that the sensational representation of *La Dame aux Camélias* at the Vaudeville, in which Sarah Bernhardt played with her husband, M. Dumalac, was destined to procure pecuniary relief to Mme. Chéret, the widow of the lithographer. The performance being thus undertaken with a strictly charitable purpose, no claim was made upon the receipts by anyone, save M. Dumas himself, who, much to the disgust of everyone, insisted on preserving the seven thousand francs reverting to the author through the representation of *La Dame aux Camélias*. The fortune of M. Dumas being considerable, the illiberality of such an action was all the more great. The newspaper *Paris* having opened a subscription for the purpose of recovering the seven thousand francs withheld from Mme. Chéret by M. Alexandre Dumas, has already gathered nearly the whole of the sum.

PREPARATIONS are already being made for the grand national fête on July 13th, which will be fully as brilliant as last year and the year before. Paris, on this occasion, will wear about the same aspect as that with which its citizens are familiar; the Tuileries Garden, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs-Élysées will again be the centre of attraction. The Hôtel de Ville, however, of which the inauguration is to take place officially on July 14th, will be handsomely decorated, as may be perceived at present the façade being already under preparation for the gala display. The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville will, of course, be magnificently illuminated, and this part of Paris will doubtless be well worth a visit on the day when Paris will celebrate the triumph of Republican ideas. The Prefect of the Seine has signed an agreement with six aeronauts for a balloon race to take place in Paris on the occasion of the great fêtes of the 14th of next month. Umpires nominated by the Government will accompany the competitors. Two balloons will start from the Place des Nations, two from the Place d'Italie, and two from the Esplanade of the Invalides. Amongst them is the *Semaphoré*, a fine balloon of nearly 1,500 cubic metres capacity.

### HUMOROUS.

UGHT a strong boy to be paid a weekly salary!

"DOCTOR, is tight-lacing injurious?" "Of course, madam."

THE farmer that ran rapidly through his property wore a red shirt and had his bridle ball behind him.

"I've been heron bad things about you," said one big bird to another. "Let's stork about something else," was the response.

THE air to him on passing a laundry where the girls are at work—"Wring out, wild belles!"

THE first exclamation of an American belle on entering the cathedral at Milan was, "Oh, what a church to get married in!"

IT is against the law to take from any stream trout less than five inches in length. This explains a good many tough fish stories.

AT ST. CLOUD a traveller asked at what times the steamers left "Every ten minutes," was the answer. "Monsieur will not have to wait more than a quarter of an hour."

### MUSE SICK.

We met by chance the usual way,  
One Sunday in the choir:  
I liked hymn for his tenor voice,  
Which none could help admire.

Sue Franco tried to thwart my love;  
She acted very base,  
And meanly told him, he were wise,  
My image to efface.

But I was mirrored on his heart,  
Indelible and pure;  
He said he never could duet,  
Solo, I've got him sure.

"THE crowned heads of Europe" seem very favorably inclined toward American juvenile periodicals. An empress and a queen are said to be regular subscribers to *St. Nicholas*, and it is stated that the Prince of Wales takes six copies of that magazine for the young people in his household.

TIT-FOR-TAT.

(From the French of Dufresny—1798.)

SEE MASON'S Love Frauds: p. 148.

Phyllis—a vocal nymph—delayed  
Poor Damon's hopes of bliss,  
Until the love-sick swain had paid  
Ten shillings—to buy a kiss.

Next day, ashamed to cheat the boy,  
She sold her favors cheap;  
And Damon bought, with eager joy,  
Ten kisses for a shoop.

Next morning, of her own accord,  
Alas! his love to miss,  
The sheep to Damon she restored,  
Eleven—for a kiss.

At eve, half-wild with jealousy,  
She gladly would have bought  
With all her flock the kiss that he  
Gave Rosalind—for naught!

GEO. MURRAY.

CARLYLE'S DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH WORKHOUSE.

In the concluding part of Carlyle's "Reminiscences of my Irish Journey" in the July Century, a visit to an Irish workhouse is described as follows:

One little captain Something, an intelligent commonplace little Englishman (just about to quit this horrid place, and here for the second time) does attend us, takes us to Westport workhouse, the wonder of the universe at present.

Human swinery has here reached its acme, happily: 20,000 paupers in the union, population supposed to be about 60,000. Workhouse proper (I suppose) cannot hold above 3 or 4,000 of them, subsidiary workhouses, and outdoor relief the others. Abomination of desolation; what can you make of it! Outdoor quasi work: 3 or 400 big hulks of fellows tumbling about with shares, picks and barrows, "levelling" the end of their workhouse hill; at first glance you would think them all working; look nearer, in each shovel there is some ounce or two of mould, and it is all make-believe; 5 or 600 boys and lads, pretending to break stones. Can it be a charity to keep men alive on these terms! In face of all the tuddle of the earth, shoot a man rather than train him (with heavy expense to his neighbours) to be a deceptive human being. Fifty-four wretched mothers sat rocking young offspring in one room: vague la galere. "Dean Bourke" (Catholic Priest, to whom also we had a letter) turns up here: middle-aged, middle sized figure rustyish black coat, hessian boots, white stockings, good humored, loud speaking face, frequent Lundy-Foot snuff;—a mad pauper woman shrieks to be towards him, keepers seize her, bear her off shrieking: Dean poor fellow, has to take it "ay," I find,—how otherwise! Issuing from the workhouse, ragged cohorts are in waiting for him, persecute him with their begging: "Get along wid ye!" cries he impatiently, yet without ferocity: "Doun't ye see I'm speaking w' the gentlemen! Arrah, thin! I don't care if ye were dead! Nothing remained but patience and Lundy-Foot snuff for a poor man in these circumstances. Wherever he shews face, some scores, soon waxing to be hundreds, of wretches beset him; he confesses he dare not stir out except on horseback, or with some fenced park to take refuge in; poor Dean Bourke! Lord Sligo's park in this instance. But beggars still, one or two,—have climbed the railings, got in by the drains? Heavy square mansion, ("1770" architecture): Lord Sligo going to the Killeries, a small lodge he has to the south—no rents at all: I hear since "he has nothing to live upon but an opera-box:" literally so (says Milnes),—which he bought in happier days, and now lets.—"Crough Patrick, won't ye go to it!" Bay.—Clew bay, has a dim and shallow look, hereabouts; "beautiful prospects."—Yes, Mr. Dean; but alas, alas! Duffy and I privately decide that we will have some luncheon at our inn, and quit this citadel of mendicancy intolerable to god's and man, back to Castlebar this evening.

IS A MAN'S NAME HIS OWN PROPERTY?

We give elsewhere a report of the ordinary general meeting of Liebig's Extract of Meat Company Limited, one of the most successful companies in London, and we think we can undoubtedly say the most successful undertaking of the kind anywhere. The sale of the famous extract with which the company's name is associated is world wide, and is considerably increasing. The increased sale is due chiefly to its own merits and to its immeasurable superiority over all other preparations, the chairman stating, as far as he knew, the company never had a single complaint. Seeing the great success of Liebig's extract, it is not at all surprising that imitations have for a long time been in the market; but it is free trade with a vengeance that an English judge should rule that any extract purporting to have been made according to Liebig's method might be called Liebig's extract of meat, and that against Baron Liebig's own will! Truly they manage these things better in France, where the law courts uphold the exclusive right of this company to call their

preparation "Liebig's Extract of Meat." Notwithstanding the manifest injustice of the law in this country, the company has gone on and prospered, and, as we have said, has a world-wide reputation for its speciality. Apart from the intrinsic merits of the extract, there is no doubt a large proportion of the magnificent results achieved has been due to the large capital at command, the company having not less than £480,000 of paid-up capital. It may give some small idea of the magnitude of the company's operations when we state that, according to the last report from the River Plate, the number of cattle in their possession amounted to 41,400. The company are to be congratulated, for while their shareholders are receiving splendid returns, the extract is an undoubted benefit to the community of this and other countries.—Civil Service Gazette.

A SELF-WINDING CLOCK.

Mr. Dardenne's self-winding perpetual clock may now be considered to have had a fair trial. A specimen clock was fixed at the Gare du Nord Terminus, Brussels, last September, all due precautions being taken to avoid tampering with it by affixing the Government seal. After six months' trial it was found in perfect time with the Observatory clock, and had not varied in the slightest degree during that time. The clock is wound by a small meter or windmill, which is placed in a ventilation pipe, chimney, or any other place where a tolerably constant current of air can be relied on. This windmill is, by a reversed chain of multiplying wheels, continually drawing over a wheel an endless chain, in one loop of which the clock-weight is supported. As the loop hangs between the clock and the winding-machine the weight is continually drawing through the clock the slack chain drawn up by the wind motor, and thus a constant motion is maintained. A ratchet-wheel prevents the motor from turning the wrong way, and, by a simple arrangement, whenever the weight is wound right up to the top the motion is checked by a friction brake automatically applied to the anemometer by the raised weight lifting a lever. When the weight in thus raised to the top, the clock has a sufficient store of energy to go for twenty-four hours, so that it is not by any means dependent on a regular current of air. As this clock receives such a liberal supply of winding, it does not require so long a train of wheels as an ordinary clock. The works of the clock are only connected with the winding arrangement by means of the loop of chain, so that no injurious matters can reach the former from the chimney. Mr. Dardenne is now supplying these clocks for domestic and office purposes.

RAILROAD SOCIABILITY.

"Speaking about the sociability of railroad travelling," said the man with crutches and a watchpocket over his eye, "I never got so well acquainted with the passengers on a train as I did the other day on the Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad. We are going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and another train from the other direction telescoped us. We were all thrown into each other's society, and brought into immediate social contact, so to speak.

"I went over and sat in the lap of a corpulent lady from Manitoba, and a girl from Chicago jumped over nine seats, and sat down on the plug hat of a preacher from La Crosse with so much timid, girlish enthusiasm that it shoved his hat down clear over his shoulders.

"Everybody seemed to lay aside the usual cool reserve of strangers, and we made ourselves entirely at home.

"A shy young man with an emaciated oil-cloth valise left his own seat, and went over and sat down in a lunch basket where a bridal couple seemed to be wrestling with their first picnic. Do you suppose that reticent young man would have done such a thing on ordinary occasions? Do you think that if he had been at a celebration at home, he would have risen impetuously, and gone where those people were eating by themselves, and sat down in the cranberry jelly of a total stranger!

"I should rather think not.

"Why, one old man, who probably at home led the class meeting, was eating a piece of custard pie when we met the other train, and he left his own seat, and went over to the front end of the car, and stabbed that piece of custard pie into the ear of a beautiful widow from Iowa.

"People travelling somehow forget the austerity of their home lives, and form acquaintances that sometimes last through life."

ANOTHER and fatal accident to a female circus equestrian has taken place. A poor girl, Maria Dupré, fell from her car during the representation of a Roman race, when the wheel of another car passed over her body. There has been more than benevolent sympathy expressed, because she was one of the most fascinating girls in her fascinating profession. She was greatly patronized by the elite of Berlin and Paris, but she took a stringent care of herself, and only a short time since called out a German general who was rude. Poor Maria was a splendid pistol shot, and at twenty paces could hit nineteen out of twenty oranges. Of course the general's chance was small, but, as honor did not compel him to suffer the fate of the oranges, he sent her the most ample apology and a souvenir.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

THE GRAND VIENNA TOURNEY.

The following extract speaks of a grievance which is to be found in many parts of the world besides London. The editors of daily papers are bound, to a certain extent, to consider the views of their readers, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that the newspaper is one among a number of agencies which at the present time are expected to do a good deal in the way of leading public tastes and of educating the people. To ignore altogether what has just been done in connection with such an intellectual game as chess in Vienna, one of the largest cities of Europe, is very singular, to say the least of it.

Weeks of preparation are employed by educated men in collecting together chess celebrities from all parts of the world for an encounter of skill, the Emperor of Austria gives a large sum of money to increase the interest in the gathering, hundreds are waiting anxiously to learn the results and yet the daily papers in many crowded communities will not spare a few lines for a record of the proceedings. Well may the writer in the Dramatic News seek to unravel the mystery.

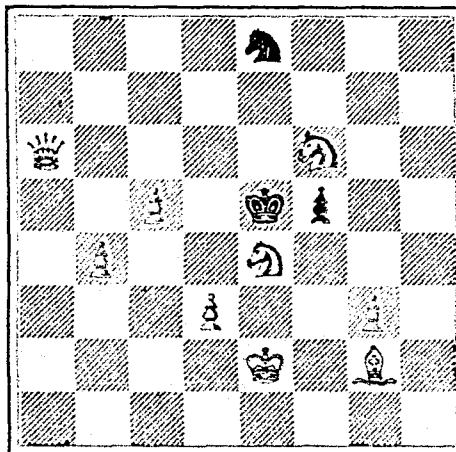
"It has been a subject of surprise and disappointment that not one of the daily papers in London has condescended to report the score of the Vienna Tourney. A prize fight in a chapel, a bull fight in Spain, or some miserable piece of police scandal is honored by some of our leading journals with a record in capital letters, and a place amongst the advertising bill headings. Cricket, billiards, and other games requiring merely mechanical skill find a prominent place in the columns of our leading dailies, but chess is absolutely ignored. And why is this the case? Is it because the present generation is unenlightened, and takes no interest in intellectual pursuits? Surely not. Is it because chess being a game practised by but few persons as compared with certain other pastimes is not sufficiently important and interesting to justify an infinitesimal expenditure of wire, print, and paper on the part of the daily purveyors of our mental pabulum? I believe that my latter supposition represents the true faith of most editors, and is the secret cause of the mystic silence that has been observed in regard to the Vienna Tourney. Well, I hold the editors to be mistaken. I know for a fact, that hundreds of persons who are unacquainted with chess take the deepest interest in the combat now going forward at Vienna."—MARKS.

—Dramatic Times, June 10.

PROBLEM No. 329.

By J. Pierce, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 327.

- White. 1. Q to K Kt sq. 2. B to Q B3 (ch). 3. Q to Q4 mate.
- Black. 1. P to Q Kt 4. 2. K takes B. 1. P Queens. 2. K Any.

GAME 515TH.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

(From Land and Water.)

The following game played in twentieth round had the effect of displacing Mackenzie from the proud position he had held throughout the tourney of being ahead of all the other competitors.

(English Opening.)

- White.—(Mr. Steinitz.) 1. P to Q B 4. 2. P to K 3. 3. P to Q 4. 4. P takes B P. 5. P takes P. 6. Kt to K B 3. 7. B to Q 3. 8. Castles. 9. Q Kt to Q 2. 10. P to Q R 3. 11. P to Q Kt 4. 12. Kt to Kt 3. 13. B to Kt 2. 14. K Kt to Q 4 (d). 15. R to B sq. 16. R takes R. 17. Q to B 2. 18. R to B sq. 19. Kt to Q B 5. 20. P takes B. 21. Q to Kt 3 (g). 22. B takes Kt. 23. Q takes Q. 24. B to Kt sq. 25. R to K sq. 26. B to R sq. 27. Kt takes P. 28. Kt to Kt 3.
- Black.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) 1. P to K 3. 2. P to Q B 4 (a). 3. P to Q 4. 4. B takes P. 5. P takes P. 6. Kt to Q B 3 (b). 7. Kt to B 3. 8. Castles. 9. B to Kt 3 (c). 10. Kt to K 2. 11. B to K B 4. 12. Kt to Kt 5. 13. Kt to Kt 3. 14. B to Q 2. 15. B to B sq. 16. B takes R. 17. Q to K 2. 18. P to B 4 (e). 19. B takes Kt. 20. P to B 5 (f). 21. Kt takes K B P (h). 22. Q takes K P. 23. P takes Q. 24. B to Kt 5. 25. Kt to K 5. 26. P to K 7. 27. Kt to K 6. 28. Kt to B 5.

- 29. R to K 7. 30. R to K 8 ch. 31. B takes P ch. 32. B to Kt 6 ch. 33. R to K 7.
- 29. R to B 2. 30. R to B sq. 31. K to B 2. 32. K to Kt sq. 33. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) We favor 2 Kt to K B 3, and 3 P to Q 4.
- (b) Kt to K B 3 is preferable, and this notwithstanding that White may reply with B to Kt 5 ch.
- (c) Ill judged. He should play P to Q R 3, intending B to R 2, and forelaying B to Kt sq. As soon as may be, P to K R 3 would be advisable.
- (d) All in a good style, though hitherto no eye to anything but position. That he has a good board now is clear enough.
- (e) As considering that he cannot allow White to devise free plans, but that he is wrong. His best chance is to do nothing in particular and let the foe come on. As an instance of our idea we propose 18 P to Q R 3, 19 Kt to Q B 5, Kt to B 3, and White will have some work cut out for him. Suppose 20 Kt to K B 5, Q B takes Kt, 21 B takes B, B takes Kt, 22 P takes B, Kt to K 4, or 22 Q takes B, Q takes Q, 23 R takes Q, Kt to K 2, and in either case Black will have a fair chance notwithstanding weak points; whereas the text move gives a dilapidated game on account of the increased weakness of the Q P.
- (f) This is bad line, as yielding much risk with little hope. Kt to K 4 is his best resource.
- (g) This quiet move appears to win against any possible defence. Notwithstanding its quietness, it has much merit, as White has to face numerous complications.
- (h) Excusable perhaps, but his only real resource is Q to K B 2, which gives some scope for struggling with such hope as play not of the best on the other side might yield.

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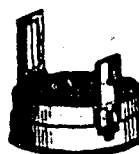
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## Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

JULY, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.	CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
8 9 00		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	9 00
8 8 40		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon.	8 15	9 00
		QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		
		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer.		
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway		
8 00		(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.		
8 00		(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.		
	12 50	Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa	7 08	
	9 20	Do. St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches		
	8 00	Do. St. Jerome & St. Janvier	7 08	
10 00		St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway		
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c.	6 00	
8 00		Acton and Sorel Railway		
10 00		St. John's, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station	7 18	
10 00		St. John's, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways		
9 00		South Eastern Railway		
8 00		(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I. Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 24th April		
		LOCAL MAILS.		
9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval		4 30
11 30		Beaubarbois Route	6 00	
11 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Verennes & Vercheres		
9 00	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace	9 00	
9 00	5 30	Hochelaga	8 00	
11 30		Huntingdon	6 00	
10 00	5 30	Laohine	6 00	
10 30	3 00	Laprairie	7 00	
10 30		Longueuil	6 00	
10 00		New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch		
10 00		Longue Pointe, Pointe aux Trem. & Charlemagne	8 00	
8 30	2 30	Point St. Charles		
11 30		St. Can gode	6 00	
10 00		St. Lambert		
	1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache	7 00	
11 30	5 30	Tannerie West (St. Henri de M.)	6 00	
10 00		Sault-au-Recollet & Pointe Visu (also Bongie)		
10 00	6 55	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis	7 00	11 45
		UNITED STATES.		
8 9 40		Boston & New England States, except Maine	7 00	
8 8 40		New York and Southern States	6 00	
-10 30		Island Pond, Portland & Maine		
8 00	12 30	(A) Western & Pacific States	8 15	
8 8 40				
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.		
		By Canadian Line on Thursday		
		By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday		
		By Cunard on Monday	7 00	
		Do. Supplementary, 11th and 25th December	2 15	
		By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday	2 15	
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday	2 15	
		By White Star and Inman Lines 14th and 28th April	2 15	2 15
		(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.		
		(B) Do 9.00 p.m.		
		Mail for St. Thomas, W. I., Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once a month—date uncertain.		
		Mails leave New York by Steamer:		
		For Bahama Islands, April 12th.		
		" Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.		
		" Brazil, April 5th and 11th.		
		" Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 22nd.		
		" Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th.		
		" Cuba and W. I., via Havana, April 15th and 29th.		
		" Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th.		
		" South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 17th, 20th and 29th.		
		" Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th.		
		" Venezuela and Curacao, April 13th.		