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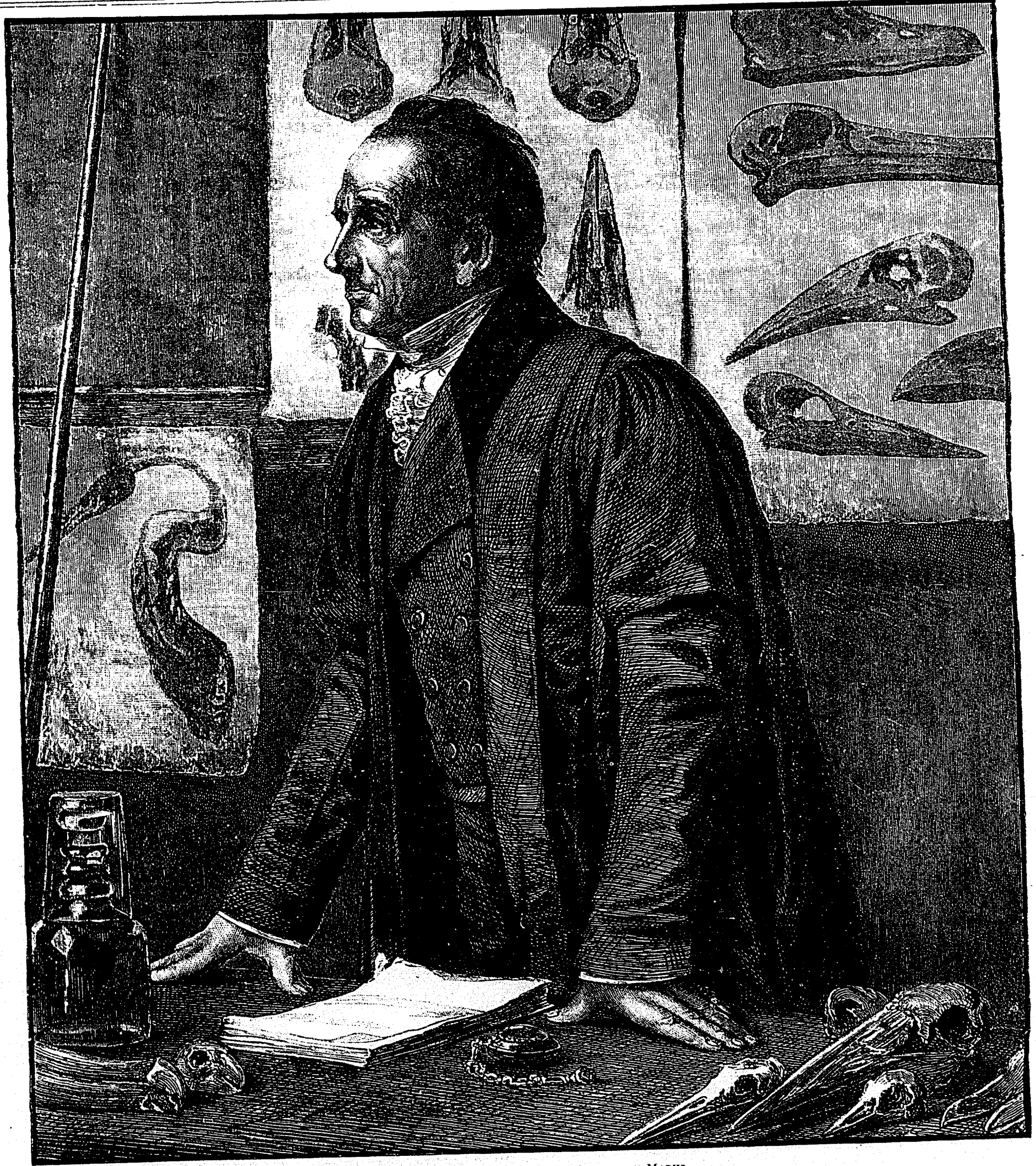
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1883.

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



THE PROFESSOR.—FROM A PICTURE BY MARKS.

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 8th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Mon.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Tues.	78	63	71	Tues.	78	68	71
Wed.	80	65	72	Wed.	79	68	71
Thur.	84	70	77	Thur.	76	65	70
Fri.	86	72	79	Fri.	80	68	74
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, July 14, 1883.

THE WEEK.

AMONG our losses for the week is that of Sir Albert Smith, who departed this life, at Dorchester, N.B., after a lingering illness. The deceased was not a great man, but a good one. He served his Province and country faithfully in several positions of importance, enjoyed many of the honors of public life, and leaves to his only son the inheritance of a spotless name.

IT is disheartening to see that the issues of creed and nationality are still kept alive in the Montreal City Council, and that in the distribution of public offices throughout the Province there is a persistent disposition to shut out "les Anglais," as a class not deserving of recognition. And yet without "les Anglais" where would the Province of Quebec and the City of Montreal be?

THE Quebec Government are acting wisely in withholding as many as possible of their business tax suits against public companies.

CANADIAN example is bearing fruit. Victoria has decided to open negotiations with the other Australian Colonies with a view to Confederation. Our experience is sufficient to encourage them to hasten the establishment of a new form of government that will give them, as it has done us, the rank and privilege of a distinct nationality.

OUR Canadian fisheries are on the "boom." Seventeen million dollars' worth of fish were caught by Canadian fishermen last year. During the present year, larger fleets are engaged in the business, and the prospects of a still greater yield are good.

IN the Province of Quebec school teachers are agitating for an increase of stipend. And well they may. Considering the work done, and the splendid results achieved, the pay of our teachers, especially the females, is wretchedly inadequate.

IN the reconstruction of the Quebec Cabinet, which is going on, spite of officious denial, care should be taken to restore the original number of two representatives of the English-speaking minority. We wish we could do away altogether with these invidious distinctions, but it seems impossible to do so at present, and we are sorry to add that the course of a certain section of the majority makes the chance of such a consummation more and more remote.

LOUIS RIEL is on a visit to Winnipeg, and, of course, had to pass through the ordeal of an "interview." Among other things, he does not exactly believe in the future of the North-West, limiting its increase to the next twelve years. Our surprise at this vaticination is somewhat tempered by the reflection that Riel is now a permanent resident and land owner in the United States.

THE recent gunpowder catastrophe at Winnipeg, attended by such lamentable results, is drawing attention to a very serious source of danger to all our large cities, where the storage of this explosive is made in larger quantities than the law allows, and altogether the handling is too loose.

JAMES CAREY is coming to settle in Canada. Here is an emigrant at least whose advent is not at all desirable. The wretched man could not have chosen a more ill-suited home, for while Canadians have a horror of murder and murderers, they have an equal aversion for infamers.

A NUMBER of assisted pauper immigrants were shipped back to Ireland last week, by the New York authorities. We expressed our opinion on this question in the last issue of the News, and need only add that some of these same "assisted" families having reached our city, within the past few days, the Provincial Agent here sees no difference between them and other classes of immigrants.

THE Count de Chambord still lingers at death's door. While his demise will have no disturbing effect on the Republic of France, it will strengthen, by solidifying the ranks of the Dynastic opposition.

THE latest advices from the East are to the effect that the cholera in Egypt is subsiding, and that, in any case, it will not leap the barrier of the Nile. The apprehensions first felt in the different States of Europe has almost entirely disappeared.

MARRIAGE with a deceased wife's sister will doubtless be legalized next year in England. On its third reading, the other day, notwithstanding the most strenuous exertions of the Opposition, the bill was defeated by the narrow majority of five.

IN spite of the wise counsels of the late Philadelphia Convention, the Dynamite wing in the United States is again to the fore. At meetings held in Chicago and New York, the most outrageous sentiments of violence and destruction were uttered and applauded to the echo.

NOT only are the Mormons waging a regular legal war against the United States, within the limits of Utah, but Polygamy is steadily spreading into the adjacent States.

NEW YORK has just put an excellent restrictive law into operation. It prohibits the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in any shape to minors under sixteen years of age.

GENERAL LUARD has been properly severe in his review of our military camps. St. Johns fared badly, and Laprairie only a little better. At Levis, however, the improvement was marked, and the General pronounced that camp the best he had visited after London and Brockville. The battalions turned out strong and drilled well. This was especially true of the 89th of Fraserville, under Colonel Hudon, four of whose companies mounted the full forty-two. It has also a splendid band, under Captain Roy.

IN spite of the varying forms of the weather the chances of a good crop are excellent. Hay is unusually abundant. All kinds of fruit will be in plenty. Roots are progressing favorably. The only remaining fear is in respect of the grain, which, however promises well.

THE demand for farm labour is greater this year than ever it was, and, notwithstanding the increased immigration, it cannot be at all supplied. Farm labour is rising to the proportions of an economic problem, especially in this Province, where so many of our own people go to seek their fortunes elsewhere.

WE are pleased to see that Prince Barberini indignantly denies the accuracy of the published statement of his intention to sell his superb palace.

SANITARY PROGRESS.

The first steps towards forming a Canadian Sanitary Association were taken at Ottawa, on the 6th December last, by the Health Conference, representing some of the most influential and eminent men in the medical profession, both from the Western and Eastern Provinces, who assembled to advise with the Hon. J. H. Pope, Minister of Agriculture, in regard to the important question of Vital and Mortuary Statistics. After the Conference, a special meeting was convened for the purpose of establishing a Sanitary Association, the objects of which may be briefly stated:

I. For the promotion of sanitary education and diffusion of sanitary information throughout the whole of the Provinces—also, for endeavoring to obtain education in our public schools in the simple laws of hygiene, and the means of suppressing, and avoiding, those causes which tend to propagate and spread infectious and contagious diseases.

II. For using the influence of its members to obtain joint legislation between the Federal and Provincial Governments, so as to enable more effectual steps to be taken, when necessary, to check the spread of infectious diseases.

III. For mutual co-operation with Provincial and Municipal Boards of Health, in order to assist them, by its influence and the personal exertions of its members, in all matters relating to the public health.

IV. To publish, in its Sanitary Journal, for the use of schools, lectures on the laws of Physics, Hydrostatics, Chemistry of Sewage; Disinfectants and Deodorizers; Water pollution and Analysis; proper method of laying drains and plumbing; ventilation of dwellings and public buildings, etc., illustrated by object lessons; designs of plumbing appliances and apparatus; &c.

In order to create a continued interest in the Association, and give it an official organ, it has been further proposed to found a journal devoted to the dissemination of information on sanitary engineering, construction of sluice-drains, plumbing and ventilation. It is to be hoped that this journal will meet with success.

Sanitary Associations rank equal in importance with any associations instituted for the benefit of mankind. The members are united in self-defense to protect themselves from all the diseases that have their origin in filth. The germs of these diseases are carried about the person, borne on the wind from unclean places, contained in water contaminated with impurities, and floated by gases from drains and sewers.

Nothing but good can proceed from such an Association. The saving of a single life from premature death is often the saving of sorrow and poverty. It is also a country's gain and a benefit to a community.

England has her Sanitary Institute; the United States their Sanitary Association; France her Société D'Hygiène, and all civilized nations have associations for health. The several Provinces of Canada have already done much in the same direction, but a centralized, national movement is wanted, and that is what is expected of this new Association. A meeting will take place at Kingston in September, where it is to be hoped that the foundations of a solid organization may be laid.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE WESTERN FLOODS.—The annual June rise in the Mississippi was swollen this year into a most disastrous flood, the river reaching a higher point at St. Louis by Saturday, June 23rd, than had been known before for twenty-five years. The water continued to rise during the early part of last week, and by Tuesday the bottom lands opposite St. Louis for fifty miles were submerged, and the damage to crops throughout this extent of rich agricultural country was estimated at over \$1,000,000. In this territory were situated the hamlets of Madison, Mitchell, Brooklyn, Venice and Narecky, all of which were inundated, and between 2,000 and 3,000 families were driven from their homes. Some of these people sought refuge in St. Louis, many found shelter in East St. Louis, more went to Alton, while a large number fled to the bluffs, where they lived gypsy-fashion, waiting for the flood to subside. Venice justified its name, only a small island being left in the flood to mark its site. At one time the current swept through Brooklyn at the rate of four miles an hour. The houses were all deserted, and the colored people, with their household goods, their cattle, mules and dogs, were huddled upon the high ground in the Eastern part of the town. In the northern part of St. Louis hundreds of families were flooded out, and had to desert their homes for tents and other refuges. Day by day the situations grew worse, and the first stories of loss of property were soon followed by reports of great suffering among the victims of the flood. Our illustration depicts a scene on the Arkansas River, near New Gascony, where the farmers, being driven out by the floods, clubbed together and built a number of rafts or flat-boats, for the purpose of removing, with their effects, to more elevated ground, where they will be safe from the June inundations.

THE STATUE OF GENERAL LEE.—Mr. Valentine's recumbent statue of General Robert E. Lee was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th of June, in the University Chapel at Lexington, Virginia. The body of General Lee rests in a mausoleum attached to the chapel. The floor of the mortuary chamber is tessellated in white veined marble and eucastic tiles, and the effect of the design is very impressive. The recumbent figure is softly lighted through a ceiling of semi-transparent glass; and the whole setting is well adapted to display to the best advantage the merits of the sculptor's admirable work.

MISCELLANY.

MRS. LANGRISH, it is said, astonished some of her later audiences in America by playing the classic rôle of Galatea in white satin slippers with high French heels, which cracked inconspicuously as the animated statue descended from its pedestal.

MR. MARTIN TUPPER is about to be presented with a testimonial by his friends. It will take the satisfactory form of a purse filled with guineas, to be presented on the great man's seventy-third birthday. We hope the purse will have held a bushel of potatoes in it before the guineas go in.

MADAME PATTI'S reception on Saturday night at Covent Garden leaves no room for doubt as to her unabated popularity. The house was crammed with an audience thoroughly representative of all department of rank and fashion, and with representatives of every branch of art and literature, and the cheering and enthusiasm were greater than they had been before in recent years. With all her difficulties and domestic troubles, the all-giance of English opera-goers has never wavered. There is indeed a suggestion that the surprising sweetness of her voice, which has always of itself taken the world by storm, is just beginning to show a falling off, though the superabundant histrionic power which she possesses somewhat distracts attention from the fact. The time must indeed come when we shall have to face the possibilities of the retirement even of Madame Adelina Patti.

It was reported at the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace, recently held at Stratford-on-Avon, that the number of visitors who had paid for admission to the poet's house and to the museum during the past year was close upon thirteen thousand. It was unanimously resolved to throw open free of charge, three days in each week, New Place, where Shakespeare lived and died. The offer of Mr. Halliwell Phillips to autotype the Shakespearean documents and records in the museum was accepted with thanks, and it was also decided to prepare a descriptive calendar of the contents of the library and museum.

The authorities of the South Kensington Museum have secured from the sale of the Blenheim collection of Limoges enamels the well-known cover painted in translucent enamels by Suzanne de Court; an oval dish painted in grizaille by Jean Courtois; and a pair of salt cellars also painted in grizaille by an artist whose name has not yet been traced from what are probably his initials, namely, S.V.V.S., which appear on each of the medallions decorating the saltcellars. These specimens are of great importance even to so well supplied a collection of examples of this branch of "art manufacture" as that already at South Kensington.

RIFACIMENTO.

I built me a pleasure house one day,
In the poet's land of dreams,
And over it clouds of summer lay,
While about it ran gurgling streams;
And the little birds came and sweetly sang,
And a beautiful rose to my window sprang.
It peeped through the lattice and fell at my feet,
And the room was filled with its fragrance sweet.

But a wind came down from the land of snow,
And the roses died in a night,
And the stream was frozen and ceased to flow,
While the birds took a sudden flight;
O'er the sky an ashen pall was spread,
And my beautiful youth lay before me dead.
I cursed the wind as I hurried forth,
To seek for death in the frozen north.

I built me a hut in the far north land,
Of ice frozen fast with snow;
I reared the walls with a steady hand,
Then crawled through the entrance low;
I had left no chink for the summer sun,
And I sat and brooded o'er what was done.
Despair and talked with bated breath,
Of the near approach of her kinsman, Death.

Through the cold and darkness I felt a thrill,
And a sound as a running brook;
All the instinct of life was within me still,
And I crept to the door to look;
The fiend Despair tried to hinder me,
But I struck her boldly and bade her flee.
The stars shone the brighter when she took flight,
While the eastern sky blazed forth with light.

I was moving on with the current of hope
That was flowing toward the sea;
I had built my hut on a glacier slope,
And the spring-time had set me free;
I was drifting on, and I knew not where,
I was drifting on, and I did not care.
My life came back, not a dreamy life,
But a promise of toil as a busy wife.

We build a house in a sunny land,
A land where the frost comes too;
But what does it matter, when hand in hand,
We work with a purpose true?
And our house shall be happy in sun or rain,
We will share all joy and divide all pain,
And never far from that land we'll roam,
For love loves best to remain at home.

MARGARET COMPTON.

A REMINISCENCE OF SARK.

BY SELLIE ROBIN.

We were alone in the world—Lance and I—
does that sound sad? But we were accustomed
to be alone, and were happy, always. Our
parents died when Lance was only fifteen, and I
seventeen, leaving us fairly well to do. True,
I gave morning lessons, but that was to enable
me to get luxuries, such as Lance cared for—
fruit in winter, and good old wine. My brother
had been an invalid from a child, and needed
great care and watchfulness to keep him in
tolerable health. There is not much to tell
about myself. I was plain and shy, and though,
like most girls, I had fancied myself many a
time deeply in love, no one had fallen in love
with me.

So we lived our life: all in all to one another.
Lance had a good number of acquaintances of
all grades. He was a real cosmopolitan in dis-
position: grave, philosophic men; fast, agree-
able youngsters, and quiet, steady fellows, all
found a charm in the society of my handsome,
clever brother. As the years went by, Lance
grew no better. Careful nursing and frequent
change of air seemed of no avail. But one sum-
mer he was particularly weak and low, and our
medical man ordered us out of England: sug-
gesting, as a good retreat, Sark, one of the
Channel Isles. My ideas of the little island
were very misty. But our good doctor gave me
full and clear directions as to the route, etc.,
and one bright morning we started, in search
of health and amusement.

During the journey my eyes and thoughts
were completely occupied with Lance. Even as
we entered the weirdly beautiful Sark harbour,
all I could give it was a passing glance of ad-
miration.

We lodged in a small, pretty house, called
Rose Cottage. The front windows commanded
a view of green fields, stretching out till they
reached the cliffs. Beyond the cliffs lay the
sea. Blue and clear as a sapphire; green and
deep as an emerald; or grey and restless as
troubled eyes.

Slowly Lance mended. Each day our walks
grew longer. Far into the heart of the island,
or right out on to the breezy cliffs, where Lance
could lie and drink in the fresh, salt air, and
the strong, rich smell of the golden gorge. We
made no acquaintance, but took great interest
in watching the pretty girls and children and
the handsome or ugly young men, who haunted
the green lanes, and frolicked on the sands. Of
course Lance took most interest in the girls. I
was a confirmed old maid of twenty-five, and
like best to entice a group of children to my
side, and induce them to be friendly.

But in my secret heart, there was someone
about whom I could not help feeling curious.
That "someone" was a tall artist and evidently
a hard-working one. We used to encounter him
at all hours, with his sketching materials under
his arm. A look of work in his strong, manly
face. He was not handsome, or even good-
looking. But I was not a girl any longer—to
be attracted by mere beauty; it was the trust-
worthiness, and goodness, of the face that I
liked.

When we met he never glanced at me, but
always looked intently at Lance, as if he wished
to speak to him.

One afternoon Lance was very tired; and de-
cided to stay at home, and work off his fatigue
in a good sleep. He made me promise to spend
the long, sunny afternoon out of doors, saying

that I must take a "real stunning walk," and
come back with roses in my cheeks. After I
had made him comfortable, I went out. Where
should I go? Such an *embarras de richesses* as
I had! The lanes would be lovely in the mellow
glow of the afternoon sun. The bays would be
like dreamland, with the little tran-lucent
waves creeping in and covering the silver sand,
But the cliffs would be better than all! Fringed
as they were, with dark rocks and purple
shadows. So to the cliffs I went! Past the
mill, down a shady lane, where is the pond that
Lance said was like "hazel-eyes" Through a
white gate, and out on the cliffs. A sudden
thought struck me. I was quite near the
Gouliot Caves, and the tide was very low.
Should I visit them? I had been once before,
but that was with a crowd of noisy tourists.
Without another moment's reflection, I started
off, running till I reached the little path, lead-
ing to the caves. Then I began to descend.
Being a Londoner, it took me some little time
to get down. When I was fairly inside, the re-
ward for my scrambling was all that heart and
eyes could desire. As I stood near the mouth
of the larger cave, rocks flung all ways in care-
less strength rested at my feet. Stretching be-
yond them lay the sea, to-day calm, blue, and
untroubled. He des Marchaud rose fair and misty
against the horizon—like the island of Jean
Ingelow's poem. All this beauty was framed
by the dark, arched entrance of the cave. When
I had gazed my fill, I turned and wandered
back, carefully picking my way, for there were
treacherous holes in these fairy caves. I grew
quite absorbed, being absolutely fearless alone
with the great Mother. So absorbed, that I did
not notice the nearing rush and swirl of the re-
turning tide. But when at last I heard, and
stumbled quickly to the entrance.....
a sea of foam greeted my terrified eyes. Back—
back—with flying steps to the other opening—
a pitiless sea of foam just breaking into the
mouth of the cave. Dumb and almost breathless
with horror, I stood still.

As the waves wetted my feet, the cold, fresh,
water seemed to inspire me with a thrill of
vigour, I ran back into the cave, and looked
carefully round for a ledge on which I could
climb. There was one—slippery and uncertain
—but "a drowning man catches at a straw." By
a great effort and after many falls, I crawled
on the ledge, and crouched close against the
cave-wall. Hollowing my hands round my
mouth, I called long and loudly.

A thousand echoes woke from the sleeping
caves. A thousand echoes from the dreaming
cliffs. But no answer from the sweetest of
sounds—a human voice.

My voice grew hoarse with blinding tears. I
covered my face, not to see the green, deep water
rising dearer and nearer. Then I listened, and
once more called aloud. I held my breath. Oh,
my God! The splash of an oar! I cried and
sobbed like a baby, as I strained my eyes, to see
a small boat making its way through the foam,
and into the cave. A cheery man's voice called,
"Be very careful, and when I bid you, lean
down, and hold me firmly round the neck."

It all happened in a minute; how, I could
never tell. One sixty seconds I was covering
in agony on the ledge. The next found me
seated in the boat, borne bravely out of my
terrible prison by the strong arms of my un-
known artist. After my few broken words of
thanks, we were both silent. We landed at
Havre Gosselin, the nearest bay. After helping
me to ascend the winding cliff path, the artist
kept at my side till we reached Rose Cottage.
Lance was seated in the front garden, looking
refreshed and bright after his sleep. But I sup-
pose I must have looked strange; for when
Lance saw me, he said quickly: "Whatever is
the matter, Dorothy?" I tried to answer, but
could not; a wave of feeling swept over me—a
wave of thankfulness at seeing my brother's
face again. When I looked round for the artist
to explain, he was gone. By degrees I told
Lance the whole story. The next day I was
quite my sober self again; but felt as eager as
Lance to see the artist once more.

Of course we did not encounter him for near-
ly a week! On the Sunday, as we were return-
ing from church, Lance caught hold of my arm,
and drew me aside: "here he is; hide; or else
he'll go a different way." I was ignominiously
hustled inside a red gate. Lance stood near,
ready to pounce upon the prey.

The artist came sauntering along, blowing
lazy whiffs from his cigar. He had just passed
the gate, when Lance, pulling me after him,
came quickly forward. Before I had time to
speak, he was in the thick of a very hurried and
confused thanksgiving to my preserver. To-day,
the artist was quite talkative—to Lance; and
it was my brother's bright, delicate face at which
he gazed with such evident pleasure. After that
Sunday, we grew quite friendly with Mr. Beau-
mont. Discussed art, books, scenery, ethics,
religion, original sin, and eternal hope. Every-
thing and anything; except our own private
affairs. Our new acquaintance was a reserved
as ourselves. Mr. Beaumont chatted and laughed
with me; but with Lance he was tender, nay,
almost loving. How kindhearted to pity my
invalid brother, and be so gentle with him! Of
course I was not in love with the artist; the
little god comes not so hastily to me. Lance
grew stronger each week. By the end of Sep-
tember we left Sark. Mr. Beaumont travelled
with us, for he, too, was a Londoner. All
through the journey, he was in wonderfully
good spirits. When we neared London, he grew
very restless; and as soon as we reached

Waterloo, he gazed out of the window with a
dark flush on his face. No doubt he is looking
forward to seeing his artist friends, I thought;
and busied myself wrapping Lance warmly in
his overcoat; for the evenings were growing
cool. The train stopped. Ourselves and our
parcels were once more on the old, familiar plat-
form. I turned to bid Mr. Beaumont good-
night, and to hurry Lance into a cab. Lance
touched my arm: "I say, Dorothy, whoever can
that be talking to Mr. Beaumont? What a stun-
ning girl."

I followed my brother's eyes: I saw the artist
coming towards us, with a girl of about Lance's
age, and with the same style face—delicate,
dark, and bright. "Mr. Beaumont's sister,"
was my first thought. I had no time for a
second, for with a smile of pride, he introduced
.... "my wife."

Then I knew that I had been mistaken—and
that I was in love with the artist.

NOEFOR MARRIAGES.

The inhabitants of the Island of Noefours in
the East Indies have many singular traits and
customs. As is usual among primitive peoples
marriages are not made according to the incli-
nation or by the free choice of the young
people, but at the wish of their families, who
consult their convenience alone when they
affiliate their children—most frequently at a
very tender age. When the arrangement is
completed, the betrothed are forbidden to asso-
ciate with each other. The etiquette which
regulates the affair is very rigorous, and presses
heavily upon the little fiancés. They are for-
bidden to look at each other, and it is enjoined
upon the young girl so to arrange matters that
her future husband cannot see her. When they
meet each other on the road—an accident which
cannot fail to occur occasionally—the girl, who
rarely goes out alone, being warned by her com-
panions, is bound to keep herself hidden behind
a tree or bushes from the time that her future
lord and master comes in sight till he has pass-
ed by. It happens often that the two are of
the same company—for instance, when they
cross from one island to another in the same
boat. Then the childlike and simple courtesy
which gives the law in these regions demands
that they turn their backs, and look steadfastly
in opposite directions. The betrothed must
also avoid all contact with members, both mas-
culine and feminine, of the family into which
they are about to enter.

In Germany when lovers are obliged to sepa-
rate, they agree to look at the moon at certain
hours from their respective places. The Noe-
fours have an analogous custom. At the first
quarter of the moon, the moment when she
appears after an impatiently endured absence,
they assemble, and each one gazes at her, while
all shout together in concert, with joyful cries
and sonorous howls. It is to encourage and
fortify the crescent moon? Surely, and still
more to strengthen the hearts of their friends
who are travelling, and those who are weary,
dejected and in need of aid. All the Noefours
gaze at the moon simultaneously; and all these
looks, all these cries, accumulate in her a
reservoir of superabundant strength, which is
afterward poured out through her beams upon
the community, but especially upon those who
are sick and feeble. If any one is taken ill,
and is going to die, the blame is laid on those
women who, they say, have not danced or sung
enough to the new moon—a duty which, it
must be said to her credit, they perform most
conscientiously. Marriages in Noefourian high
life are not celebrated without splendor and pa-
rade, although their wedding ceremonies are
characterized by a reserve and modesty very re-
markable in a savage people of the tropics. Ad-
orned with the most beautiful ornaments, the
bride is conducted through the village. One
woman, having seized her by the legs, carries
her on her back, while another binds her
arms, as though she were a captive, and leads
her by a rope to the home of her betrothed. It
is a symbol of slavery—a souvenir of the ancient
servitude which the aristocratic class, every-
where conservative of the traditions of the past,
has preserved. Marriages among the lower
classes are differently conducted. In this case
the procession starts from the house of the
bridegroom, who leads a crowd of relatives and
friends, each one bearing a present. The pro-
cession begins to march at nightfall—for it
must be made with torches, classical emblem of
the nuptial fires. On reaching their destina-
tion, the bridegroom is presented to the bride's
relatives, who lead him into her chamber. She
awaits him with her back turned—indicating
that she does not dare to meet his conquering
gaze. The young man approaches till within
two feet of her, turns on his heel, and then they
are back to back, in the midst of a numerous
assembly, the men on one side, the women on
the other. A missionary, who was present at
one of the ceremonies, relates that an old sor-
cerer placed the right hand of the young man
in that of the girl (still with their backs turn-
ed) numbing an incantation, to the purport
that no magician should throw a spell over them
and that no foe should take their lives, with
more good wishes of the like kind, after which
a woman took some pap and put it in their
mouths three or four times. Then the mission-
ary was entreated to fire his pistol over their
heads—which he did willingly, probably not
suspecting that he was lending his aid to a ma-
gical operation. At the feast the behavior was
dignified, almost stern, the songs and the

dances, which this people love passionately,
being excluded from it. Evidently the Noe-
fours are of the same opinion as the sage who
said that death and marriage are the two most
serious events of life. After the entertainment
the bride is led into her own room, still not
daring to meet the terrible glance of her hus-
band, and keeping her back turned to the door;
seeing which, the husband also turns his back
upon her. The whole night is spent in this
manner. They sit there motionless, having
some one to brush away the flies, and without
speaking a word. It is a veritable watch on
their arms. If they grow sleepy, some one of
the assistants, who take turns in doing this ser-
vice, nudges them with his elbow; if they keep
wide awake the bridal pair are assured of long
life and a green old age. In the morning they
separate, still without looking at each other, to
refresh themselves after the fatigues of the pre-
vious night, in order to repeat the performance
the second night, and the third, and even the
fourth, without being permitted to relinquish
the siege.

On the fifth morning, with the first rays of
the sun, the young people at last look each
other full in the face. That suffices: the mar-
riage is considered accomplished, and the newly-
wedded pair receive the customary congratu-
lations. Not till the following night do the
watchers leave them; and then the husband is
bound in honor to slip away before dawn, since
his bride cannot be expected yet to endure a
second time in broad daylight his terrible look.
She will not dare to meet his gaze until after an
interval of four more days and nights. So
much modesty would not be suitable for slaves.
They throw themselves into each other's arms,
and all is done.

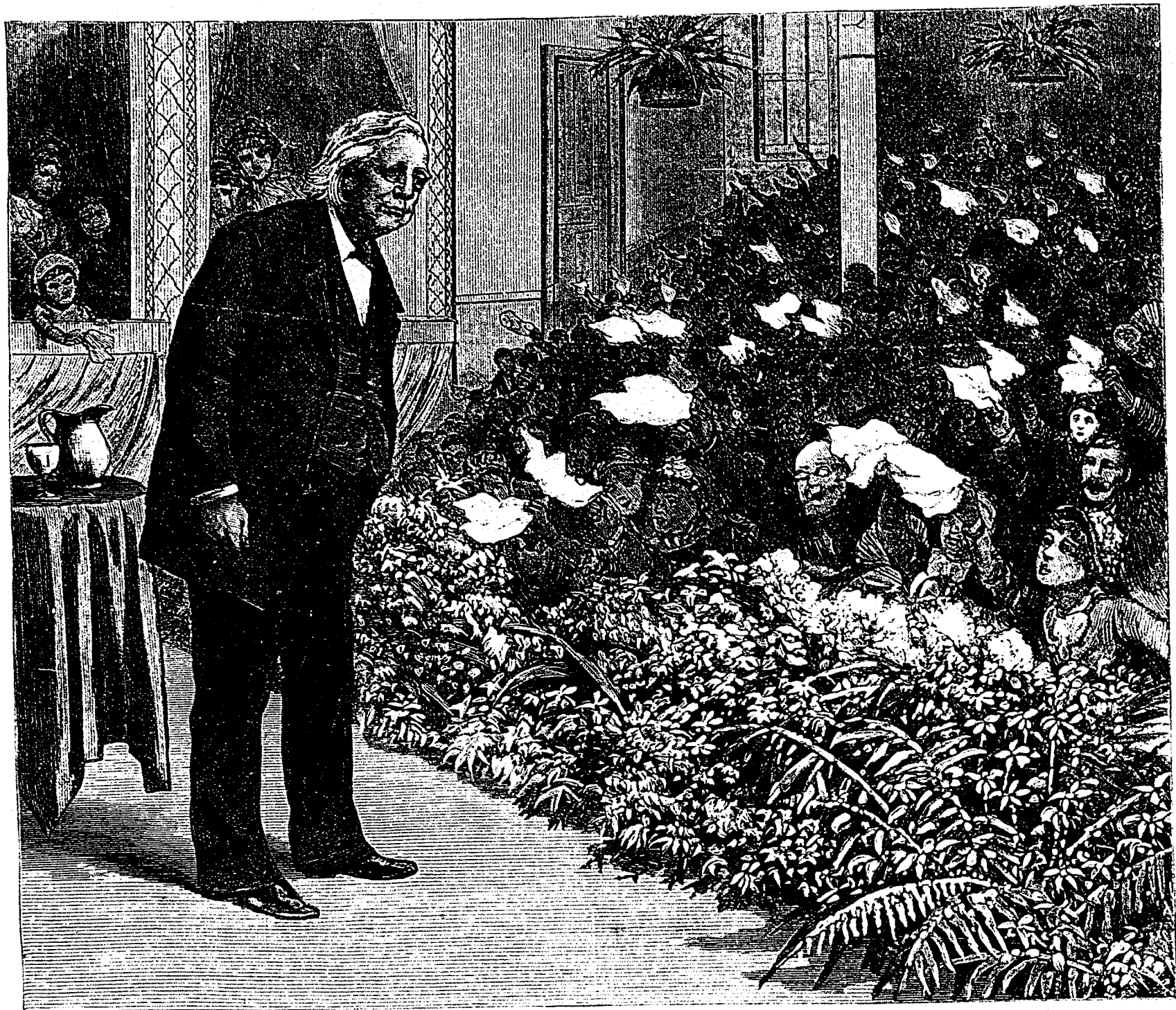
The wife is the property of her husband, and
trespass on his rights is punished by fine. How-
ever, this fine is payable to the chief, acting in
the name of the state or impersonal justice; for
the offended husband would think himself
dishonored if he received the price of his shame
—therein being less civilized than Europeans,
who often estimate conjugal infidelity in pounds,
shillings and pence, and who, without blushing
prosecute the lovers of their wives for damages.

Among the Noefours, as in many other coun-
tries, the young girl is not supposed to have
wholly lost her virgin estate so long as she has
no children; and it is not until after her first
confinement that she is gratified by the hono-
rable title of *laitiere*. She then loses her
maiden name, and receives a new one. Still
greatly astonished at the discovery of language,
which they consider the highest act of intelli-
gence, primitive peoples do not distinguish
clearly between the soul of the individual and
his name. The savage who hears himself called
trembles in all his being, as if under the charm
of the most powerful incantations. It is also
unbearable to him to have his name taken in
vain by some vulgar mouth and in trivial cir-
cumstances. The young mother must not only
pass through a new baptism, but through a new
birth—a delicate crisis, a moment full of dan-
ger, so that during the whole ceremony she
must keep herself carefully concealed behind a
screen, in order to escape from observation.
One malevolent spectator alone could do her
irreparable injury. She no longer dares say one
word. Certain kinds of food and drink are
brought to her surreptitiously, and while she
swallows them drums are beaten—doubtless to
scare away a crowd of malicious spirits. She
only leaves her hiding place when her new name
has been inaugurated with all the necessary
solemnity. Her friends receive her into their
circle, and make her walk to and fro, while they
wave a piece of blue cotton over her head. But
the mother must not go over the threshold un-
til the child, for whom she is bound to preserve
all her strength, begins to walk alone. If she
tires herself for one day only, it is feared that
the child will have weak legs all its life. We
know that our own country nurses have some
analogous superstitions, and even worse ones.
When at last she is permitted to go out, she
covers her head with a large hat or a piece of
cloth; for if the sun should shine on her, its too
powerful rays might have a fatal effect upon the
baby.

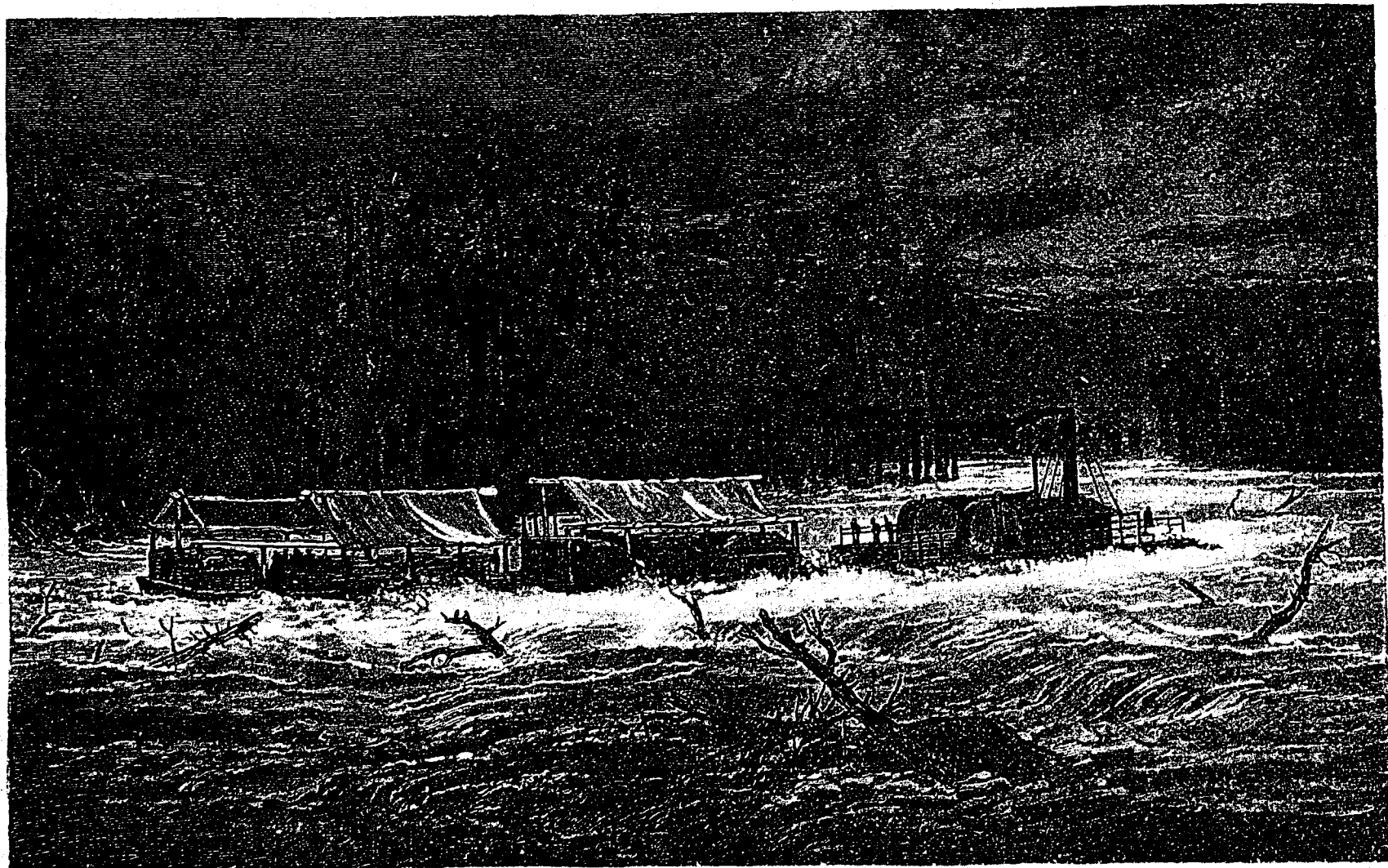
THE entry of the dude upon the stage was of
course inevitable, and an enterprising New York
manager has introduced into his show a com-
pany of young women attired as dudes, who
act and sing in the tired and lah-de-dah style
of that languid type of modern dandyism. The
travesty is very successful; especially effective
is a chorus by the young ladies as dudes; it
may be described as timid warbling. The voices
are faintly piano, and apparently issue from a
jelly-fish race of beings, who have not vital
power enough in them to do more than whisper,
even at the very height of their emotions.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

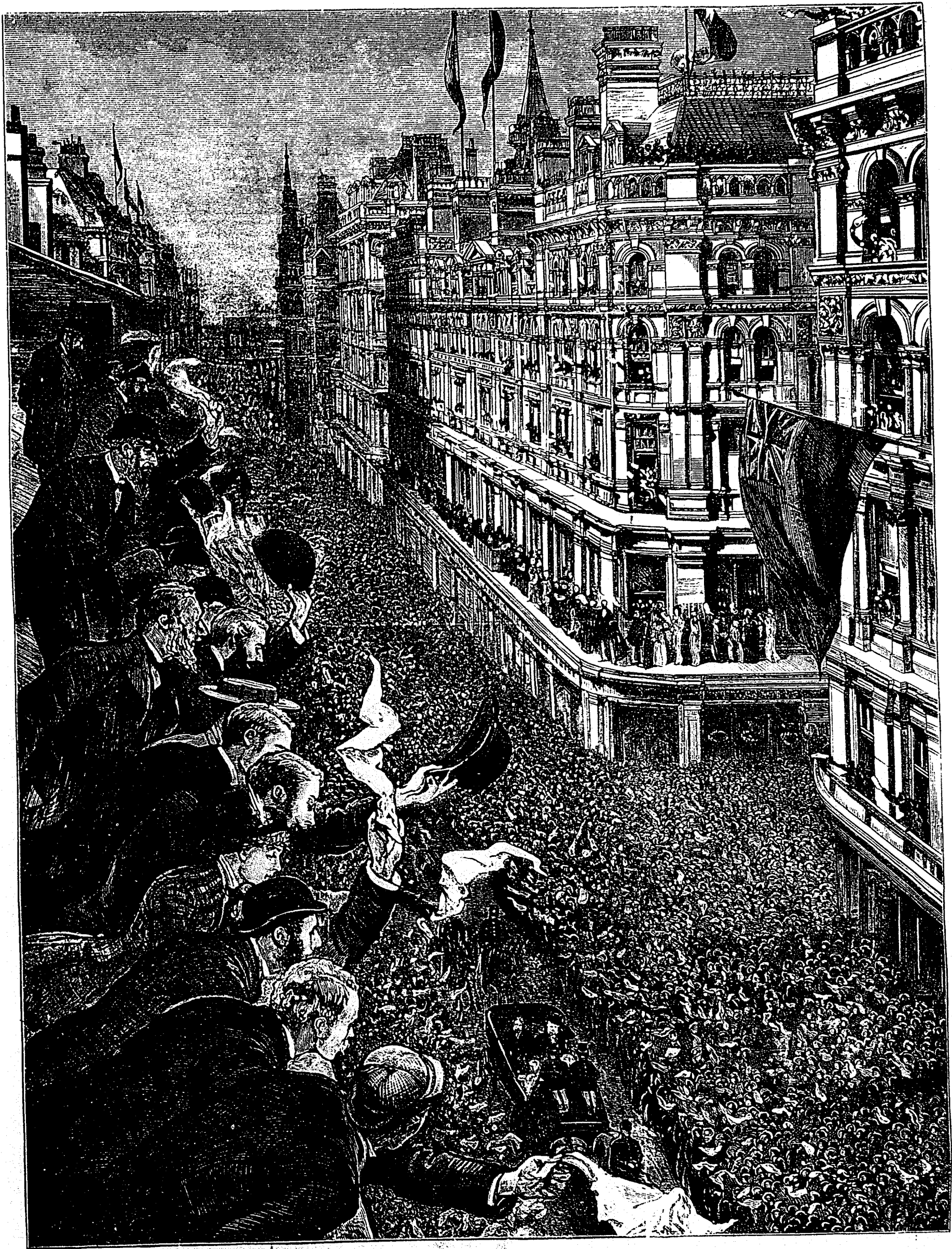
An old physician, retired from practice, having
had placed in his hands by an East India missionary
the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the
speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bron-
chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung
Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Ner-
vous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



BROOKLYN RECEPTION OF HENRY WARD BEECHER ON HIS 70TH ANNIVERSARY.



THE JUNE FLOODS IN ARKANSAS.



THE BRIGHT RECEPTION IN BIRMINGHAM.

HOME AT LAST.

Mr. R. S. Chilton, United States Consul at Goderich, Ont., who wrote the original inscription for the monument placed on the grave of John Howard Payne, at Tunis, read the following beautiful lines at the final interment of the author of "Home, Sweet Home," at Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, recently:

The exile hath returned, and now at last
In kindred earth his ashes shall repose.
Fit recompense for all his weary past
That here the scene should close—the drama close.

Here, where his own loved skies o'erarch the spot:
And where familiar trees their branches wave;
Where the dear home-born flowers he ne'er forgot
Shall bloom, and shed their dew upon his grave.

Will not the wood-thrush, pausing in her flight,
Carol more sweetly o'er this place of rest?
Here linger longest in the fading light,
Before she seeks her solitary nest?

Not his lofty lyre, but one whose strings
Were gently touched to soothe our human kind—
Like the mysterious harp that softly sings,
Swept by the unseen fingers of the wind.

The home-sick wanderer in a distant land,
Listening his soul hath known a double bliss:
Felt the warm pressure of a father's hand,
And seal of seals! a mother's sacred kiss.

In humble cottage, as in hall of state,
His transient fancy never ceased to roam,
O'er backward years, and—irony of fate!—
Of home he sang who never found a home!

Not even in death, poor wanderer, till now:
For long his ashes slept in alien soil.
Will they not thrill to-day, as round his brow
A fitting wreath is twined with loving toil?

Honor and praise be his whose generous hand
Brought the sad exile back, no more to roam:
Back to the bosom of his own loved land—
Back to his kindred friends, his own "Sweet Home!"

A TRAGEDY IN A PRIVATE LIFE.

BY NED P. MAH.

I.

If the old adage, "Happy is the bride the sun shines on" were a sure axiom, then Hetty Meredith's married life was destined to be happy one: for no brighter day, no more brilliant sunshine, no balmy zephyrs had ever been, then shed lustre on, and refreshed, and tinged with a brighter flush the delicately tinted cheeks of bride and bridesmaids on Hetty Meredith's wedding day.

Yet the unsubstantial promise of the sunshine was not the only voucher for the future. The watch, the village gossip said, was a true love match. A handsomer couple had never—so all eye witnesses averred—crossed the threshold, or passed the porch, of the quaint little church at Hamblemeer. With health and beauty, with hope, and pluck, and the strength of unity, with youth and good prospects, with the love, and esteem, and good wishes of all who knew them, what might not this young couple accomplish. There was not a cloud, no, not so large as a man's hand, upon the horizon of their new life.

So said, in other words, the village gossips. So thought, each after his fashion, but still arriving at the same idea, the venerable grey-beards who doffed their hats with muttered blessings: so thought the envious maidens who gazed, with a jealous awe, upon the bride: so thought the young men who wished they stood in the bridegroom's shoes that day, that his chances were theirs, always provided, however, that their especial brides elect wore the satin slippers of the bride: so thought too, the happy wives and husbands, who realised how much happier still their lives might be if they might change their toilsome lot for the smooth path of those they gazed upon: so thought, even, the wives and husbands who were not happy, for, if they had not drawn prizes in the lottery that was no reason why others should draw blanks.

Even the children looked on with wondrous envy. "When we are big enough we will be married too," said they.

It is a merciful thing that we cannot, as we all have, doubtless, sometime longed to do, withdraw the curtain from the future. It was an especially merciful thing that Hetty could not, on that day, lift the veil that shadowed with mystery the coming years. Could she have done so, could she have known how false the omen of the sunshine, how illusive her hopes, how unworthy of her trust the man to whom she clung with all the confidence of a bright innocent nature: she would have lost twelve whole months of happiness—the one sweet oasis in the desert of her life which was all she would have to repay her for the lonely years of her childhood—for the more terrible misery of after years.

If you please, reader, we will not anticipate either. Let us, in imagination, enjoy the exhilarating sunshine, let us join in the universal gaiety, let us giggle with the bridesmaids, laugh with the guests, sympathize with the radiant happiness of the bride, share the pride which the bridegroom, in a moving speech, declared he felt at possessing such grace, and beauty, and worth; let us participate in the merry jests, the tempting delicacies, the foaming champagne of the wedding breakfast; and let us even, in wilful ignorance of the terrible future, fling the

traditional old shoe after the carriage of the departing pair, as they start for Germany, and wish them luck.

II.

It is a pretty fable that teaches that every one of us is attended by his good and bad angel, by a guardian spirit and a demon, who are for ever at war. When we do right our good angel conquers; when we sin, the bad spirit has won the day, and asserts, in triumph, his baneful influence.

Sometimes incidents in real life bring this fable vividly home to us.

Hetty, Harry Burton told himself, was his guardian angel. Cora Rosenkranz he felt to be his evil genius.

The two women were as different in their external types as in their inward natures. Hetty was bright, golden haired, blue eyed, simple in her tastes: innocent, pure, confiding: so slight, so unearthly, so ethereal, that had she suddenly been discovered to possess a pair of snowy pinions, I doubt if the world would have marvelled greatly. Cora's beauty, on the other hand, was intensely of the earth, earthly. It was terrible in its power, fascinating, irresistible. She was a large, pale woman, with a complexion like marble, with eyes like basilisks, and a form like the work of a classic sculptor. Her hair, which writhed and twisted in great, glistening, serpent like tresses, was intensely—as everything about this woman was intense—dark as with the blackness of night. Those who loved her were never made happy by her love: there was something so enslaving in the passion she aroused, that they trembled even as they worshipped. Her costume was costly even to extravagance: her jewels, heavy, large, and dazzling. Her manner commanding and full of queenly grace—her language wit, satire, cynicism.

When Hetty and Cora Rosenkranz first met, Hetty felt an instinctive antipathy to this woman: but it was only the instinctive antipathy of an un congenial nature; she did not then dread her as a rival. I suppose that, having implicit trust in her husband, and judging his nature by her own, nay, having always looked up to him as possessing a nobler nature than she possessed, in which her weak virtues were strengthened by a masculine strength, she may have thought that he would have felt a repugnance much greater than her own. Besides, Cora was a married woman, and the idea that a married woman could seek to captivate any one but her husband, never entered the innocent child's head; for Hetty was but an innocent child, she had not yet reached her twentieth year, and had been Harry's bride barely six months.

It was not until months afterwards, until after a little one had been born to them, which, had it lived, might possibly have arrived to divert her thoughts from her terrible agony and have averted, or at least have alleviated the horrible doom which awaited her, that she became sensible that her husband's manner was changed towards her: that his smile was less bright, his gaze less fond. And the poor child thought that the fault must be her own, and vexed herself to find out wherein she could have offended: and, recognising no change, her life became a burden and a misery.

"Cora," said Harry Burton, as the pair wandered through the grounds of the ancient schloss by the river's side, where the light fell chequered across their path through the foliage of the grand old trees: while the white swans crowded to the rush fringed edge of the stream, expectant of a bountiful shower of dainty crumbs of wheat bread, which they were not, however, destined to receive, for kindness to dumb creatures was not one of the weaknesses of Cora's nature. "Cora, you and Hetty between you are making my life a misery to me."

"Pray," returned the enchantress, with a flash of her great eyes, "which is it, for Hetty, that makes you miserable? I was not aware," she continued with a passionate glance, "that my companionship was so unattractive as to afflict people with ennui."

"I am not tired of your society," he said, nor are your charms one whit less powerful in their magnetism. But my wife is wasting away before my eyes, and you are responsible for the neglect that is killing her."

"Of course," she cried, "throw all the blame on my shoulders. What a baby this wife of yours must be. Does she expect you to be tied to her apron strings every moment of the day?"

"You must remember," he said, "that she is little more than a child, and as ignorant of the world as if she were a child indeed. I cannot live here and see her miserable. I cannot live this acted lie from day to day. I cannot call up the old bright smile to my false lips. I cannot school my false tongue to utter the old affectionate words. And the poor child wonders at my coldness, at my preoccupation, and vexes herself to discover some fault in her own conduct, to win me back with a more complete devotion. Oh, it is pitiful to see her hide her misery under a false and ghastly gaiety. In a word it is more than I can bear. Cora, will you fly with me? You have told me a thousand times how distasteful to you is your home where you are doomed to the importunities of a grey bearded bookworm whom you cannot love. Let us seek some other land, where, far from all who know us, we may find a peaceful refuge: where—"

"Pshaw!" she cried, "you are talking nonsense, child. Why should we create a scandal? We are happy here. I have a rich husband who loads me with jewels and is too blind to notice my little amusements. Why should I leave a comfortable home to share with you a hut and your heart?" she laughed. "Such romantic folly is very pretty in story books, it will not wash in real life. Why should we make fools of ourselves, and blazon our folly to the world?"

"For my sake, for my wife's sake—" he began.

Cora smiled a cruel smile. "Faugh!" she thought, "what is she to me? The baby faced, thin blooded doll. What can men see in these milk and watery women?" But she only said, "I think you men are all like great children. Have you no patience, no tact? Is not my love worth some small sacrifice to you? If you love me as I deserve to be loved your wife can be nothing to you: but for form's sake you should bear with her, humor her, let her perceive no difference in you. Surely you have sufficient talent for that, clumsy one!"

They had wandered from the public path lest some chance passenger might recognize them. They stood beneath the arching boughs as Adam might have stood with Eve in Paradise, alone with Nature. But how freely had these two eaten of the tree of Knowledge!

There was a rustle in the bushes. "Hist! did you hear that," cried Burton. "We are watched."

"Nonsense! It was a bird that sought its nest: a snake moving in the withered grass. O you timid boy!" she cried, taking his head between her two hands, looking into his eyes from the dark, passionate dreamy depths of hers, drawing down his lips to hers, and kissing him as no other woman had ever yet kissed him, and as she as yet had kissed no other man. "Cannot even such a love as mine raise you above these weak fears?"

III.

It is proverbial that the last ears which scandal reaches, are the ears of those whom it concerns. But it does reach even theirs sometimes.

That day Kammerherr Rosenkranz called his young wife to his study, and put into her hands an anonymous letter.

"Read that," he said, "I need not tell you that I do not believe one word of it, and that, if I discover the author, he shall not go unpunished."

Cora's lip curled. "Believe it!" she cried. "I do not fear that it should gain credence. All who know the discrimination of my own dear Kammerherr must be assured that he would not marry a wife on whose virtue he could not rely!"

"My heart!" said the grey haired child, glaring benignly on his beautiful wife through his glasses, "I do rely upon her virtue, most implicitly."

She rewarded him with a kiss upon his wrinkled forehead, and left the room—raging. "Harry is right," she muttered, "to stay here may subject us to endless annoyances. Perhaps, poverty and peace may be best after all. At any rate it is worth trying." And she sought an interview with her lover.

"Harry," she said, "I have changed my mind. I am a convert to your view of the question. I meekly submit, in deference to your better judgement, to share a hut and your heart. There is but one bar," she sneered, "where are the funds?"

"Never fear," he said, "but I will find them. Are you sincere in your decision, will you be true to the bargain?"

"As true as steel," she said.

IV.

Oberkassierer Lindorff was the son of a German father and an English mother, and owed his position to the influence of his maternal uncle who was engineer-in-chief of an English company engaged in building a system of railways for the German government. Harry Burton was his assistant and secretary.

Oberkassierer Lindorff said that "building railways broadened a man's ideas—he got used to doing things on a large scale." And as if in the endeavor to illustrate this truth, he certainly did everything on as large a scale as possible. Physically, he was on a large scale himself, a corpulent giant. His clothes were made on a large scale and hung loosely on his brobdignagian frame. "It is remarkable," said his tailor, "what a monstrous quantity of cloth it takes to make a suit for the Herr Oberkassierer." He drank wine on a large scale, he ate on a large scale, he smoked on a large scale, and, emphatically, he swore on a large scale.

Oberkassierer Lindorff sat in his arm chair, (which was of necessity on a large scale to admit him), opening his morning correspondence. Traders' accounts, invoices, bills of lading, tenders for the supply of material, applications for situations, soon scattered his desk in most approved confusion.

"Ah, here," cried the Oberkassierer at length—he prided himself on his imitation of the English manner and the facility with which he adopted the English idiom—"is what immediately must to be seen to. Burton, my jolly good-fellow, you will take, when you will be so good, ten thousand thalers from silver, and five thousand from bank notes, and drive with them in a *Droschke* to the post office, and to send them the cashier at Kleinstadt, back-bringing me one receipt."

"Would it not be better, sir," suggested Harry, "to send the larger amount in bank notes, reserving our silver for the more remote districts, where change is less easily procurable?"

"You have right, beloved Burton, you have right!" exclaimed the chief cashier. "You will take, then, from the bank note, ten thousand, and from the silver, five: and you will write for me one letter to that purpose, which I shall sign."

Burton seized a quill, and wrote—

Mr. Smith,
Kleinstadt,
Dear Sir,—Herewith please find,
Bills, 10,000 thrs.
Silver, 5,000

15,000 thalers.

Your receipt for which on account of works will oblige."

He then handed the concise epistle to Lindorff, who scrawled, on as large a scale as the space allowed him permitted—for Harry, in deference to the German proclivity for titles, had duly circumscribed the space by the addition of his official rank—his signature, Alfred Lindorff, at the foot of the page, and the document was complete.

Then Harry, calling the messenger, sent for a cab, in which five bags, each containing one thousand thalers, were duly deposited. The ten thousand in bills, together with the letter, being entrusted to the safe keeping of a huge official envelope, and thrust into the depths of Harry's breast pocket.

Slam went the door of the vehicle, crack went the whip, and Burton was whirled rapidly to the post office, which was in the same building as the railway terminus.

A tremendous increase of pace, resulting in so sudden a pull up that Harry grazed his nose against the frame of the front windows, and a crack of the whip that resembled the report of a pistol, announced his arrival at the office of the Royal-Imperial post.

The driver opened the door with a flourish, and Burton, leaving out, presented his pale, melancholy, anxious, yet withal handsome face, and a highly flavored *La Patria* at the small, square office, which the raising of a glass allowed for the transaction of business with the blue uniformed officials within.

"Ah! good morning, Max," he cried, recognising the companion of a recent evening at *bassette*, "I have not a very large consignment," he continued, in reference to the heavy bags the cabman was busily depositing in the sacred precincts, "to entrust to you to-day. Only five thousand to enable Smith to hold on till we can send him more."

And as Max turned to the right about to verify the amount by the bags, Burton's lean hand stole out of the folds of his Inverness cape, and clutching between two white and taper fingers a couple of the printed receipt-forms which depended from a string incautiously near the little confessional like window, hastily resumed its place beneath the heavy folds of the cloak.

Having duly counted the five bags, and noted that the labels intimated their contents to be one thousand thalers each, Max turned again towards his visitor, detached from its fyle and made out the usual receipt, and handing the same to Burton, parted with him with a joke on the good fortune of their last attempt to win the smiles of the fickle goddess.

Then Burton, saying to the man who stood at the door of the *Droschke* respectfully awaiting his orders, "Drive me back to the office. Your horse looks a little blown from coming up the hill; you needn't hurry," resumed his seat in the vehicle.

As the driver turned into a narrow by street used by few passengers, and on one side of which was a high dead wall, Burton drew forth the black receipt forms which he had stolen, took from his pocket a small travelling inkstand, and pressing the slide which produced a pen from his silver pencil case, traced carefully, by placing the blank over the receipt which had been filled up by Max, upon the window of the cab, the signature of the post clerk.

He had arrived successfully at the penultimate letter, when a severe jolt, caused by a hiatus in the paving stones, made the clever forgery terminate in a series of illegible hieroglyphics.

"Curse the luck!" cried Burton, but he had no cause to repeat the expletive, for a heavy wagon standing at the door of a warehouse blocked the way, and, during the stoppage necessary for its removal, he had sufficient time to make a clever copy of Max Bjovnsen's autograph upon the second blank with which he had fortunately provided himself.

The figures were of less moment. He could imitate them easily, with sufficient accuracy to defy detection.

Chuckling to himself he closed his inkstand and pencil-case, and laid the receipt upon the opposite seat to dry.

In high spirits he rewarded the Jehu with a liberality that astonished that phlegmatic personage, entered the office whistling, deposited the two receipts upon the fyle upon the chief cashier's desk, and, resuming his own seat, proceeded as coolly with the day's routine, as though no ten thousand thalers of stolen money lurked in the breast pocket of his eminently respectable broadcloth coat.

Towards evening, however, he complained of feeling unwell, and his last words to Lindorff were:—

"If I am not up to time to-morrow, you will excuse me, I am sure. I am not feeling at all well."
 "My good friend," said Lindorff, pleased to have an opportunity to exhibit his large scale of philanthropy, "if you want rest, then take it. Take one, two, three days if you will. We are not yet so busy but we can spare you."
 With a hearty handshake the men parted. Little did the Oberkassierer think that was the last he would ever see of his clever assistant.

V.

Hetty was surprised, charmed, filled with wonderment that night, at the changed manner of her husband. Never had he seemed more devoted, more tender. She overwhelmed herself with reproaches.

"He has never ceased to love me," she thought. "It is only my imagination, prompted by the jealous tears of my own fond, foolish heart, that pictures him cold. How weak of me to allow my judgment to be so warped—to libel him even in my thoughts."

He told her, breaking the news with a tender consideration that had long been foreign to his manner, that he must leave on business of importance by the night train: and a cloud fell again upon her new found sunshine.

Wavering smiles and tears, she busied herself about the requisites of the journey. Soon valise and dressing bag were deftly packed, and she saw by the little time piece on the mantel, that the hour of his departure was near.

"I am so sorry that you are going away," she said. "I seem to see so little of you now. Do you know, Harry, that I have fancied you so lately lately. You don't seem to care half so much for your little wife's society as you used to do. I know I must be very dull and simple, and not nearly such good company as— as I ought to be, you know! But to-night you have been so kind and thoughtful, and so much like your old self again, and now I am to lose you. Mind you hurry back again, and, before you go, may I ask you one little question?"

"A hundred if you wish; but be quick, for the time is short!"
 "Then, Harry, has anything displeased you lately—in me, I mean? Have I done anything that you have not approved?"
 "Nothing, Hetty. What could have put such a thought into your head, child? I don't think it possible my Hetty could do wrong."
 "Then why has your home been less attractive? If there is anything you could suggest, only tell me, and—"

"Say no more, my darling, for Heaven's sake! I know you love me ten times better than I deserve, and are a thousand times too good for me. It is not in you that the change should be, but in me, if I should ever be worthy of you. Don't moan while I am away. Let the roses bloom again, and dismiss these pale lillies from your cheeks."

"I will not allow myself to moan: for I will say to myself—It is wrong, Harry does not like it—and I will only look forward to your coming back. And you will try to put up with your poor, dull little wife, and to love her a wee bit, and to think of her sometimes?"

"Hetty, I shall think of you always as an angel—as a star high up in the heavens, too pure, too bright for me ever to reach the altitude in which it shines!"

"Nonsense!" she cried. "Romantic nonsense! You know I am nothing of the kind! But there are those cruel wheels already."

With an embrace as tender as those with which they used to part in the old days of courtship in her English village home, they parted.

And Hetty stood at the window and watched the cab drive down the quaint old street—now lost in gloom, now reappearing in the dim light of the gas lamps—till her eyesight was blinded by the gentle, tender tears that rose like an overflow of happiness to her eyes. It was months since she had been so happy—perhaps never in her life had she been so happy as now—for her recovered happiness came to her with a keener zest after her misery.

Dream on, Hetty Burton, of happiness and love! For, from that dream, the awakening will be rude. And when it comes, there will be, for you, no moment more of happiness on earth.

VI.

It was I who introduced Harry Burton to Mrs. Montague. I thought that in procuring him the acquaintance of a woman, young, beautiful, and clever, I was doing him the greatest benefit in my power. Little did I imagine that I was assisting at the prelude of a terrible tragedy.

That is how it came about. Years after he had deserted Hetty, and some months after Cora had tired of and deserted him—of which episodes of his earlier life I was completely ignorant—I was sauntering with Burton in the intervals of the races, among the carriages which lined the course at Bains sur Mer. As my companion turned aside to greet some acquaintances, I caught sight of the well appointed pony equipage of the little English lady, and emboldened by her gracious salute, advanced to the wheels of the vehicle.

"Why do you never come out to the cottage," she said. "I am dying of melancholy. Too bad to desert me when Charlie is away. I suppose he was the only attraction at Rosedale, and now you are engrossed solely with your

bachelor friends. Tell me, who is the special *fidus Achates* with whom I saw you just now?"
 "That," said I, "is Harry Burton the pleasantest fellow and handsomest man in Bains sur Mer."

"You must give me an introduction," she said. "Bring him here and let him make his bow. I am dying of ennui, and a good, rousing, neck or nothing flirtation would do me good. I give you my word, it shall be perfectly harmless—nay, I pledge you my honor I will ask my husband's leave before I commence conquest. Will you gratify my whim and present me to him—just for fun?"

I never thought—nobody ever did think—of refusing Muriel Montague her slightest wish. But I said, jestingly, "I am afraid what will be fun to you, may prove death to him. You undervalue your own charms. You do not know how dangerous you are."

"Bah!" she said, with a pretty *mon*. "Was I a hundred fold more dangerous, he is proof. Don't you think I know a lady killer when I see him? I tell you there is an *oez triplex* of vanity, of *bonnes fortunes*, and of experience around that breast. Honest Indian," she cried, "if I were not married the odds would be on his side."

I sauntered off to find my friend. The introduction was effected.

They were evidently mutually delighted. In a few moments, a lively strife of banter and repartee sprang up between them, and my society was evidently no longer required. Some-what piqued, I turned aside, began to bet right and left, and lost a hat full for money.

I saw but little of Burton for the next six weeks. Muriel engrossed him. He was constantly riding out to Rosedale, where she joined him, and they went for a gallop on the cliffs. Even in the evenings he was often with her, enjoying an entrancing *tête-à-tête* in the jalousie-shaded salon, while her neighbor, old Madame de Courcy, played duenna over her never-ending tapestry, or watching the sun set far out at sea, from beneath the shadow of the giant chestnut trees.

It was near the end of the sixth week that I was riding, one evening, past the cottage. Burton and Mrs. Montague were advancing, arm in arm, to the verandah as I came up. The lady gave me a welcome which, she declared, was heartier than I deserved. Then turning to her companion, "Harry," she said, "I have left my fan where we were sitting. He turned to seek it and she came close up to me and said: 'Mr. Mah, I hope we shall see more of you now. Charlie will be home on Tuesday.'"

"Will he indeed?"
 "None too soon do you mean by that grave face?" she asked. "Charlie knows and approves my intimacy with Burton—you need not look like a sour old grandmother on that score. When Charlie is home we are going to have a few friends. Come, and you will see the sequel of a mystery."

Burton returning, prevented further confidences. I tied my horse to the gate, went in with them for awhile, and rode home with my friend.

The appointed evening arrived. Burton and I rode out together to Rosedale as Mrs. Montague had insisted. In the shadow of a curtain I watched their meeting.

She came out from the salon where the dancers were tripping joyously. Came out with her sweetest smile—with the smile he believed she kept alone for him. Came out with both hands extended in welcome. Came out swiftly, with the *empressment* that tramples on all thoughts of mere propriety, and evidences that emotion triumphs over *les convenances*. In her face, in her whole movement, there was the frank expression of the unalloyed pleasure of one who welcomes a long expected guest who occupies an utmost shrine in the heart.

"At last," she said in tones which must have thrilled through every nerve and fibre of his body—and it was no mean thing to have been longed for by such a woman—younger men than that he would have given their existence for that welcome; richer men would have given their fortunes. She bent forward, exhibiting a bust that shamed the whiteness of her dress, shaded with a more delicate pink than was owned by the one rose in the centre of her bosom.

"Hitherto you have been known to me alone. You have visited me by stealth, you have spoken with me in secret. To-night I will present you openly to our guests in your true character—henceforth there shall be no concealment."

"Come," she said, as the cessation of the music intimated the conclusion of the dance, "now is the fitting time to make your entrance duly sensational."

It was, doubtless, the proudest moment of Harry Burton's life—the proudest, and the happiest. Never before had he felt so fully a man, never before had he felt so strong in the present, so hopeful for the future: for never before had he truly loved. This grand passion for Muriel had elevated and ennobled him as the pure love—for I believe it was a pure and guiltless love. She had never told him that she was not a widow, and it had never occurred to me to enlighten him on a subject, his ignorance of which I did not know—for an elegant and refined woman alone can elevate and ennoble. It had choked all the bad in him; it had educated and amplified all the good. If the companionship of such a woman had been permitted him through life, to what high aims might he not have soared; to what ambitious heights might he not have yet attained.

He followed her, with a step proudly elate, to the very centre of the salon around which the guests were resuming their seats. All eyes turned upon the hostess and her handsome escort. Muriel took a few steps from him towards the upper end of the room, turned, and faced him. She was as pale as marble.

"My friends," she said, speaking calmly in a low clear voice, articulate to the remotest corner of the room. "You see this man before you? Mark him well. He has told me to-night that he loves me. He has told me so, before, repeatedly. Some years ago he said the same thing to my sister, and she, poor child, believed him. He deserted her, left her, heart-broken and alone—for her grief to kill her. Unhappily she did not die. She waited and she watched, till she became insane—that was all! And I have listened eagerly to the vows and protestations which, once made to her, he has repeated to me, knowing that I would one day tell him here before you all how I scorn and repudiate and abhor him—knowing that I would one day brand him as a villain in your eyes—that he should move before the world with the mark of Cain upon his brow."

When she ceased, he neither moved nor spoke. It was not till she added with a queenly gesture, "You are at liberty to quit this, sir. I have finished," that he bowed low, and with an awful look of unutterable, hopeless, blank despair, yet not without a certain dignity which is ever the offspring of intense emotion, turned and left the room.

"I hope you are satisfied," I said, roughly, "for, by heaven, you have dealt him his death," and I hurried after my friend.

He had mounted his horse and ridden off, as I entered the courtyard. I leaped upon my mare and followed. As I issued from the gates, I halted a moment to be sure of the direction he had taken. It was a beautiful night, lit by a brilliant moon, nearly at the full. Gazing over the turf of the cliffs, I saw him scudding across the sward in a direction opposed to Bains sur Mer. I had not gained a length on him, when it became evident that he was heading for the highest point of the cliffs, where the precipice ran sheer down to the sea, and his deadly purpose was made clear.

As he neared the brink, his horse, though urged by a relentless hand, evidently strove, with an instinct of self-preservation, to check its headlong career—but the slippery turf gave but small hold to the polished iron of his shoes. At the extreme verge, however, he appeared to rear, and I saw Harry's arm raised in the bestowal of a murderous blow between the poor brute's ears. Then steed and rider vanished, and when I reached the spot, nothing was visible but the waves that broke mournfully at the foot of the crags, as though bewailing the victim of the vengeance of Muriel Montague.

A MILLIONAIRE MANAGER.

At all seasons of the year, with the exception of eight weeks or so in the dull heat of the early autumn there may be seen in the neighborhood of Regent street, Oxford street and Piccadilly a victoria containing a comely and merry-looking lady, and by her side a good-looking man with a long face and an everlasting eyeglass. The man with the everlasting eyeglass may indeed, and truly, be said to be the architect of his own fortunes. His name is Squire Bancroft Bancroft. He came to London an unknown man, and married the manageress of the theatre in which he was engaged, one of the cleverest and most popular actresses of the day. He associated his rare business qualities and intense application with his wife's art and humor, and by dint of perseverance and tact, has managed to amass the largest fortune that has ever fallen to the possession of any actor or actress in this or any other century. It is claimed for Mr. Bancroft that he was one of the first to reduce the art of management to a certainty. No manager has of late years done less for English authors than Mr. Bancroft, and yet no one has made more money. This is not saying much for English authors, though it speaks volumes for Mr. Bancroft's judgement, as he has probably had the first refusal of the very many failures that have found favor with other managers. He is accused of having said that he looks upon the theatre as a shop, and his mission as that of a shopkeeper, not that of a dramatic philanthropist. He wants to make money creditably and honestly, not to benefit the human race or a clique of dramatic authors at the expense of his own pocket. Mr. Bancroft's experience with original plays by Dion Boucicault, Edmund Yates and H. J. Byron did not, in his estimation, justify any renewal of that experiment. Mr. Bancroft's plan has been exceedingly simple—quite childlike and bland in its innocence. It is as certain as the plan of the card-player at loo, who throws up everything but a winning hand. First he looked out the plays that have never failed of success—"Money," "The School for Scandal," "London Assurance," "Masks and Faces," "The Overland Route," and so on, and by mounting them as they had never been mounted before, he gave them all a new life, and lined his own pockets. The stage was once the amusement of the cultured classes. It is now the distraction of middle-class affectation and plutocratic snobbery. Mr. Bancroft was sharp enough to see this at the outset. He may have overdone things in the way of decoration and detail, but it was exactly the showiness and excess that his audience desired. His swells were such terrible swells, his ladies on

the stage were all so "mighty fine," his tapestry was so priceless, his chair-furniture was so showy. It was a treat to go to the Prince of Wales Theatre—at least, so thought Sir Georgius Midas, his wife, their daughters, and their equally estimable friends. But the list of old English dramatic certainties is capable of exhaustion, so Mr. Bancroft—ever on the safe side—went over to France and bought the plays of Sardou, whenever it was possible; plays that he could study till he could almost reduce them by a process of his own. Hence the success of "Peril," "Diplomacy," "Olette," and "Fedora." What matter if connoisseurs thought they were but electro-plate as compared to the original silver? Thus by making a repertoire of certainties, Mr. Bancroft made a fortune for himself and his clever wife, who has been the mainstay of his success—and now, like the industrious parson, he can go on preaching his old sermons to new congregations. Certain very clever people ventured to think that Mr. Bancroft was making a hideous mistake when he rebuilt the Haymarket Theatre and abolished the pit. Theatrical conservatives rose up in indignation and denounced the folly. The manager had a *mauvais quart d'heure* when the curtain drew up on the opening night. But what cared Mr. Bancroft? He knew his own business vastly better than the quidnuncs. He knew that the pit and gallery would not pay alone, but that the ten-shilling stalls (for which Mr. Bancroft is responsible) paid him extremely well. He argues that it was bad policy not to give the best seats and space to the people who paid him best. The argument was unanswerable. Mr. Bancroft is a good friend, a genial fellow and a hospitable gentleman. He is proud of the position he has made at the comparatively

VARIETIES.

In these days of book-making, there are probably few establishments which can compete in the number of their issues with the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose annual tale of work has once more been brought before the public. From the report it is learned that the receipts from the sale of Scriptures in England, and abroad during the past year were £98,068, giving an increase of £3,225; and, adding £104 3s. 7d. for Indian colportage, the total income from all sources reached £210,000, or £10,516 in excess of the corresponding total for 1882, but only £1,098 above the more normal year that preceded it. The expenditure amounted to £207,996, or to £17,079 above the expenditure of the previous year. The issues from the Bible House in London amounted to 1,542,413 copies, and from depots abroad to 1,422,223, making a total of 2,964,636 copies, or 26,091 more than in the previous year. The returns showed a decided increase in the number of complete Bibles and New Testaments, as compared with portions. The issues of the Society from its commencement to the close of last year reached a total of 96,917,629 copies.

The "perpetual pensions" now paid by England to the descendants of great men are £4,000 per annum to the Churchill who represents the Duke of Marlborough; £4,000 per annum to a Mr. Stewart, who is the nearest descendant of William Penn; £5,000 per annum to the individual (who is not a direct descendant, by the way,) representing Lord Nelson; £2,000 a year to the present Earl Rodney; £2,000 a year to Viscount Exmouth, who is at present a minor; £3,000 a year to Earl Amherst, as compensation for an alleged grant of land which George III. was unable to carry out; £984 per annum to the heirs of the Duke of Schomberg forever, because he was a favorite of William III.; £1,200 a year since 1674 to the holder of the Earldom of Bath; £676 per annum granted by Charles II. to the Earl of Kinnoull; £343 granted by the same king to the Duke of Grafton; two pensions of £756 18s. 6d. granted to Sir Piers Mostyn and Sir W. Eden in perpetuity as compensation for the loss of offices. There are also pensions of from one to two thousand pounds sterling each, which will expire with the third life in each case, paid to Viscounts Hardinge, Gough and Combermere, Lords Keane, Seaton, Raglan and Napier of Magdala, Sir W. J. Williams of Kars, and Sir Henry Havelock-Allan. Taking the last nine to average fifteen hundred pounds sterling a year each, these pensions amount to an annual sum of nearly two hundred thousand dollars.

The education of F. Marion Crawford, the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Doctor Claudius," writes a correspondent of the *Graphic*, was commenced in Rome, continued at St. Paul's, Concord, and completed at Cambridge, England, where he took high rank. His great grandfather, Colonel Samuel Ward, was a graduate of the College of Rhode Island, now called Brown University, and served with credit in the revolution. He carried a copy of "Horace" through his campaigns. The love of "Horace" is inherited both by Mr. Samuel Ward and by Mr. Crawford, who, by the way, is one of the leading Sanskrit scholars of the day, and in fact a thorough student and well equipped at all points. He may not know as much Hebrew as his accomplished aunt, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, but like her he is familiar with Latin, Greek, French, Italian (his native language, for he was, like "Mr. Griggs," born in Rome), Spanish, etc. He inherits from his father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, a certain perceptive power; only he clothes his thoughts in words rather than in clay.



H. H. H.

SCENE IN A SPANISH



ISH COBBLERS' HALL.

THE LAST DEPARTURE—ALONE.

"Je mourrai seul."—*Passal.*

The silent chariot standeth at the door.
The house is hushed and still from roof to floor.
None hear the sound of its mysterious wheels.
Yet each its presence feels.

No champing bit, nor tramp of pawing feet.
All dark and silent up and down the street.
And yet thou may'st not keep it waiting there
For one last kiss or prayer.

Thy words, with some strange Other interchanged.
Strike cold across us like loved eyes estranged.
With things that are not fraught: our things that are
Fade like a sun-struck star.

And thou too weak and agonized to lift
The cup to quench thy dying thirst, or shift
Thy pillow, now without our help must rise.
Nor wait our ministrations.

Thou, loved and cherished, must go forth alone.
None sees thee faintly to the door, not one:
No head is turned to see thee go; we stay
Where thou art not, and pray.

No panel bars thy white, resistless feet.
Our walls are mist to thee; out in the street
It waits, it waits for thee, for thee alone:
"Arise, for let us be gone!"

Alone, alone, upon thy awful way!
Do any show thee kindness? Any stay
Thy heart? Or does the silent chariot
Whisper, "Be of good cheer?"

We know not. None may follow thee afar
None hear the sound of thy departing car.
Only vast silence like a strong, black sea
Rolls in 'twixt us and thee.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

"For sale: One family ghost, with big bones
and plenty of them—spiritual outfit complete!
Answers to the name of Joel Cardeck, and can
be seen any midnight on the Boxleigh hedge-
road with the head tucked under its arms, and—
what did you say it was doing last night,
George, dear?"

"Pointing at its throat like this," illustrates
young George, placidly, "and moaning—so—
like a dog tied."

"I don't see what more could be expected of
any ancestor," goes on Anne, practically. "And
as the public ought to be pretty tired by this
time of misty mistletoes in Swiss muslin and
feathers, and moldy old male spirits who do
nothing but prow around and smell bad, I
should think our enterprising Joel might bring
his weight in gold, and if only there were chains
—you are dead sure you heard no phantom
chains, whose clanking melody sounded like the
laughter of fiends in hellish glee, George, dear?"

"It might have been only bones," ventures
George, cautiously, "but it sounded like chains,
rusty ones, all over blood, and the smell was
just—brimstone!"

"Young people," I observed, imposingly,
"if you really appreciated the disastrous condi-
tion of the House of Cardeck, you would not—"

"Spare us!" implores Anne, who is lying in
a pink gingham heap under the willows, with
her arms doubled like a jack knife over her
eyes. "We have had Geoffrey Cardeck with
our daily bread now, until I am absolutely
pining for him to take us by the back of our
necks and fling us out, by way of a pleasant
change. Ain't you, George, dear?"

"I won't have any meddling with my neck,
though," announces the young heathen, who is
sprawled out on a crust of bread, with his brown
legs dangling over the spring stream.

"We are not a pack of thieves, I hope, in
spite of our looks," continues my sister, in most
objectively virtuous tones. "And if Boxleigh
really and truly does belong to the interloping
Geoff—"

"Boxleigh does not belong to Geoffrey Car-
deck," I cry, in a gust of contradiction, "merely
because the will is missing—"

"But there was no will, Janet; remember
how suddenly poor Uncle Joe was called
away—"

"Don't tell me! Do you suppose for one
minute that Uncle Joe was the sort of a man to
willfully die of vertigo, and then go to heaven
in cold blood before protecting us from want,
when he knew that Geoffrey Cardeck would be
down on us like a hawk—"

"All right," assents my sister, rising and
stretching her long young arms; "have it your
own way, lady; only, as I helped to ransack
the house from garret to cellar and then clean
back again, you will have to excuse me for
keeping my opinion for my pains. I tell you,
Janet, we might as well make up our minds to
be grateful to Geoffrey Cardeck for allowing us
to live here these last two years—unless we can
auction off George's ghost and buy the old place
in."

That is just like Anne, winding up our daily
arguments with a distracting sort of cruelty
that makes me long beyond all things to shake
her hard!

"And I tell you," I exclaim, savagely, "that
I mean to fight his right here every step of the
way. You submit. I do not. Alone as I am,
without one friend—"

"Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a flo't'n.
N' he's wings am de color ob de dawn."

"Uncle Gab'l must think himself a real born
robin," laughs Anne, gayly, as the three of us
turn to watch him shuffling down the thread of
path that winds from a cabin on the hill top to
the spring:

"N' ef you'm got a burd'n you' a tired ob a tot'n.
Des you drap it 'n He'll kotch it sho's you bawn
—hi!"

"Mawuin', chil'n, mawuin'!" Pears ter me
dis yar spring an des' de cooles' spot on de
whole fahm—pears ter me so"

A gaunt, shriveled old creature, with a face
as brown as a cocoanut and a temper as sweet
as its milk, flapping trousers of faded blue cotton,
and a wilted shirt as white as a curd—that is
Uncle Gab'l as he sets his tub on the shady
stones and dips his gourd in the spring.

"Uncle Gab'l," straightway begins Anne,
with malice aforethought—I see it in her eyes.
"Do you believe Georgie saw the ghost last
night, do you?"

"A chile dat trows stones at de frawg dat
keeps the spring sweet," he answers, slowly,
fishing from the patched depths of his pocket a
gorgeous thing in bandanas, with which he
mops his face, "am gwine ter see wus'n goses,
fo' he's done; you heah me?"

"Of course, you have s'en it," she goes on,
suggestively, for Anne dearly loves to wheedle
the old soul out of his stock of stories.

"Des es plain's I see you all chilern' sotin'
heah—down in dat clump o' cedars by de bresh
fence—now des watch dat 'dielus frawg, hoppin'
so oneasy like, same's ef I wasu't ole frens wib
ebry spot on his back. I clar ter de Lawd,
Marse Gavage, honey—"

"Oh, Uncle Gab'l," comes the pathetic inter-
ruption, "do give the thing time to get over its
jumps, and tell us about the ghost; please,
do!"

"It takes a monsus long time, chile," he says,
uneasily. "N' de ole 'oman's a waiting' twel
I fotches her de water. Yo' Aunt Ria's done
got mos' p'ticlar wib yo' po' Uncle Gab'l, chil'n
cawse he's so ole dat she caw'n't trus'n him out'n
her sight—dead caw'n't she."

He seems rather proud of this disastrous state
of affairs, and in spite of Anne's protests, pours
gourd after gourd of water in his tub till it
trickles down its cool, dark sides; then swing-
ing it to his head with a mighty grunt is tot-
tering up the path again, when something in
Anne's face—such a pretty face it is, with but-
tercup hair, and cheeks like the little pink
flowers that grow in the wheat—prompts me to
keep Aunt Ria waiting.

"Uncle Gab'l," I call after him, "I see your
tobacco looks ready to cut—"

"'Seed am it!" The dark face flashes into a
chuckle as he turns it cautiously—tub and all—
toward me. "I se monsus feard I se got de bes'
crop o' bacca af any niggah clar roun! I se been
'lowin to de Lawd dis long time dat de ole
'oman's hopes was sot on a two hoghead crap,
and dat dar was debts 'nuf fur ter eat up es
many ground leaves es He please Hissel to gib
me 'thout countin' the par o' shoes er piece
we'm obliged ter buy—'n spect'n He gwine ter
heah my prar, Miss Janet, honey. I trus'n in
His word, an' I turns de turkeys in de field
regl'r ter eat de wurms—'n I spec'n de Lawd
gwine ter heah ole Gab'l's prar!"

"I wish, then, you would pray for Boxleigh,"
I say, with laughing irreverence, and I am very
properly ashamed of myself when he set his tub
on the grass and answers, simply:

"I dus pray, honey, I prays hard 'n I sings.
Look at me, chil'n," he goes on, turning around
so that we can get the full benefit of the patches
that make up his shabby outlines, "des' look at
yo' ole Uncle Gab'l a standin' heah wib his wool
mos' white 'n he's skin es black es pisin! You
knows he caw'n't read de Gawspeel. You sees
fo' yo' own se'f dat he goes bar' foot ob a Sun-
day in Saffmer time 'n dat he's chil'n 'n nuffin'
but a passle ob rusty niggahs! Now whar
would I be ef I didn't believe in prar? Don't I
trus'n His promis' ter wash me whiter 'n snow?
Don't I know I se gwine ter hab wings ob gold 'n
fidders 'n a yarp! Now, min' what I done tole
you, ef so be the Lawd gwine ter take the time
'n trubble to shine up a wull's ole niggah critter
widout a cent in he's pocket 'n owes tur de lan
he libs on, why mout'n He do as much for
fus' class white folks chil'ns like you'ns be—
dat's de q'esh'n I'm a axin' you, Miss Janet,
honey, 'n now whars de answer ter match?"

Emphatically there is none! There is such a
wealth of belief in his homely words, such a
pathetic faith in the religion he has picked up
in his simple ways, that I can say absolutely
nothing!

"I guess grandpa used to pray hard," men-
tions Anne, with the most startling innocence,
considering she knows, as well as the rest of the
county, that Ignatius Cardeck was as wicked as
mankind comes.

Uncle Gab'l, who has settled his tub on his
head again, pauses, puts it back on the grass for
the second time, and says, impressively:

"Mos folks sot'n in Marse Nace down fur a
regular Bezebub, but he had his pints 'n dey
was good pints. Lawd! you all chil'n ain't
seen nuf'n—you des er lib'd afo' de wah! Dem
was de times fur Boxleigh; you alls ain't up
ter de tricks ob dis yar 'ceitful ole place, cawse
Marse Joey was allus des es peaceful es a little
chile. Gawd in Heben bless 'n! But when
Marse Nace afore him settled hisself down ter
his badness, he des' uster make his ole fahm as
lively, chil'n, es a fox a racin' thro' the woods
wib he heall's tail on fiah—now min' I'm a
talk'n! I was to'n de ole 'oman des last night,
dat ebry time I heah de squinch-owls a-hollerin'
it allus sots me stedy'n ob de night Marse Nace
got clar out'n he's senses 'n staked Missie Rose
on de keard board—dars a wull's ole he squinch-
owl up in the pines yander—"

I, even I, Janet Cardeck, with my vengeful
heart and steady purpose, have so far forgotten

my wrongs for the minute that I watch as
breathlessly as Anne while Uncle Gab'l stretches
suspiciously towards the tub—takes a long drink
from the brown gourd that bobs on its surface—
and then, settling his old bones comfortably on
the grass, goes on:

"Dat squinches pezactly like the squinch-
owl dat squinched de night Marse Nace cussed
de squinch-owl, pezactly! It was des er 'bout
dis time o' de yar, craps was growin' mad all de
same's weeds, 'n de sun come down hot 'n yaller
on a pass'l o' black niggah critters Marse Nace
called him own. Dar neber breved a Cardeck
in my time, chil'n, dat eber raised a lash or sold
a 'oman, 'n dar wus'n't a slave in Marse Nace's
but what lub'd de ground he walked on, des de
same's ole Gab'l lubs you all chil'ns heah.
Well'm, de house was chuck full o' town gen'l'm
down fur de fish 'n an' de likes, 'n in de lot was
a stranger pus'n come from clar 'cross de seas
somewhars, 'n de minute he sot'n hes eyes on
little Missie Rose 'pears like he couldn't riz'm
ol'n her, nowise—dats yo' maw I'm tolin you
'bout, chil'n, yo' own maw dat bawnded you.
She wus'er purty little critter, like de posies in
de garden and de robins in de tree, 'n des es full
of good es a Chrismus stock'n', but she had her
ways, mind you, 'n one o' 'em wus ter up'n hate
dat English'rman wus a bush'l of snakes.
Humby de gemmin arx Marse Nace fur ter let he
marry her. Marse Nace he laff'n say, 'All
right'; Missie Rose she spunk up 'n say
'No!' Den 'long cum young Marse Gavage
a ridin' to cote Missie Rose, an' she 'lows ter her
paw dat she mean ter marry her cousin or die
in de tempt—cawse Marse Nace gib in lubin
'nuff arter dat, cawse dar waru't mor'n a top
sile o' badness on hes heart, de roots wus all
right, 'n he let dat English'rman huff he's se'f
off quick, now I tell you. But des er 'bout de
time o' de wed'n hein he cum ridin' back es big
es life, an'—its a fac I'm tolin you, chil'n—
Marse Nace he sot'n hisself down at dat 'ar keard
bode'n—arter losin' er head o' niggah on de
fahm 'Boxleigh in de barg'n—dat devil Eng-
lish'r say, so caw'n, put Missie Rose up, 'n
mebbe he win 'em all back ag'n—see! Fus' yo'
granpaw look'd same's a thunder-clap soun's den
he cus'n cus'n de squinch-owl out'n de bushes
he squinch 'n squinch—den Marse Nace threw
de cawds on de table 'n holler out: 'I am de
las' thing in Gawd's worl' dats lef' me, so—'

"But he neber spilled he's mouf wib de rest
of it, honey, fur de black niggah critter dat
was'er waitin' on de gem'n laid his paw on de
keards and say:

"Marse Nace, honey, ain't you clean forgot
me?"

"'Get out'n my sight,' bawls yo' granpaw,
'or I'll brain yer, do you heah?"

"Yes, Marse, I heah you," said that wud's
critter, "but I caw'n stan' renn' 'n see little
Missie Rose sot up wus' a slave. When I sated
yo' life on de Missersippy you gib me my free-
dom fur pay, but if dem paper's gwins ter stan'
'tween Missie Rose 'n shame, why—heah, I is,
Marse Nace, honey, yo' own slave, safe 'n
soun'."

"Au', chill'n, dat fello' he jump clar 'cross
de room to de little drawer under the mantel
whar Marse Nace lem his free papers stay, 'n he
tored 'em up'n he flung de scraps on de flo'!"

"And did he play, and did he win?" cries
Anne, in a gust of excitement.

"Di! he win!" exclaimed the old creature,
with a superior sort of chuckle. "Cawse he wins!
You all neber see de likes o' dat niggah fur
luck, ef 'twor treain' possums, or trappin' hars,
or cotin, or anything—cawse he win'd!"

"And what was his name?"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Hi, chil'n, dars da ole 'oman 'vitin up dis
water she soun't me ter fetch—Comin', comin'!"

"But Uncle Gab'l, wait. Who was it—"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Don't get de ole man a lammin, chilern, fur
de Lawd's sake! De ole 'oman's a monsus tuff
han' at a fus'n—comin' Ria, chile, comin'—
comin'. Dar's a big, white yangel by yo' side
a flo't'n, 'n he's wings am de color ob de dawn."

We are dawdling along the shady footpath
to the house, when George, who has rolled out
from his grassy nest and scampered off a good
ten minutes before us, comes tearing back like
mad with a square of white paper.

And just to think, with all my cleverness, I
never once thought of the little drawer under
the mantel!

My only comfort is that Anne did not either!

MR. BEECHER'S SEVENTIETH
BIRTHDAY.

Henry Ward Beecher reached the end of his
seventieth year on Sunday, June 24th, and the
event was celebrated on the evening of the fol-
lowing day by a public celebration in the Brook-
lyn Academy of Music. The occasion was in
every way a notable one. There was an im-
mense audience, and the interior of the Academy
was handsomely decorated. Streamers of red,
white and blue stretched from a central point
up among the files to every quarter of the stage
below. Each box was adorned with the national
colors and with a shield bearing the coat-of-
arms of some State of the Union. The gallery
front was wreathed with bunting and flags, and
vases of plants swung from the balcony. On
the stage was a rich floral display, a bed of
blooming flowers, with lilies, roses and pinks in
profusion that fairly obscured the central spot
where Mr. Beecher and the speakers of the even-
ing occupied seats. Flanking this display were
pots of tall, nodding grasses that added to the

general beauty of the scene. The stage had
been crowded with chairs, and they were occu-
pied by men distinguished in nearly all the
walks of life. The private boxes were filled
with the ladies of Mr. Beecher's family and the wives
and daughters of some of the committeemen.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall acted as presiding
officer of the occasion, prayer was offered by
Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, and a number of congratu-
latory letters were read, among them being a
characteristic one from O. W. Holmes. The
addresses of the evening were then begun by
Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage. Near the close of
his address he referred to "Uncle Tom's Cabin,"
which called forth immense cheering, and the
audience could not quieted until Mrs. Stowe,
in response to this ovation, arose in her seat and
bowed her acknowledgments. Addresses were
also made by Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Justin
D. Fulton, Mayor Low, and John Barry, M. P.
for Wexford, Ireland. Dr. Hall then presented
Mr. Beecher. The scene as he rose from his
chair to address his friends and admirers was
almost bewildering. The audience, which had
been anxiously waiting for having the opportu-
nity to express its feelings of regard, rose in a
mass and gave way to a spontaneous outburst of
enthusiasm; women waved their handkerchiefs,
men jumped upon their seats and waved their
arms and all helped to make the applause en-
thusiastic and sweeping. Cheer upon cheer was
given. Mr. Beecher stood apparently calm in
the sea of welcome which rolled around him,
and waited for it to subside. It partly died
away, and then again broke out in redoubled
force.

Mr. Beecher's address was in his happiest
vein. He deprecated the commendatory tone
of the previous speakers as to his agency in the
progress of the age, and said: "All the way up
from my childhood the world has been moving,
and I have been moving simply because I was
one of God's passengers. He was carrying the
whole world along, and I could not afford to be
held behind. But to suppose that I had any-
thing to do with it, and that it sprang from my
brain, genius, purpose, is almost blasphemy to
my feelings." A little further on he said: "I
accept, then, in some sort, this gathering, not
as a testimony to me, but as a testimony to my
Lord and my Saviour. Whatever fault has
marred the symmetry of my life is my own, and
whatever thing thing has helped you or helped
other men is the Lord's, whose servant I am,
and whose shoe-latches I am not worthy to un-
loose. I would not have you think that I take
all the compliments to myself that have been
uttered, and yet I do take that love that led
you to exaggerate the truth and the measures
and the proportions of praise. I love men so
much that I like, above all other things in the
world, to be loved."

He closed with warm words of greeting to all
who shared in the testimonial to him, and dis-
missed the audience with the benediction.

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON PHYSICIANS.—From
certain public discussions, says President Eliot,
of Harvard, which have attracted popular at-
tention during the past five months, it would be
easy for hasty or ignorant people to infer that
the medical profession was thoughtless of the
poor, indifferent to their sufferings, and careless
of their fate. I say that hasty or ill-formed per-
sons might easily infer from recent discussions
that the education and daily work of a physician
tended to make him hard-hearted and irreverent
toward common humanity, alive or dead. Let
me bear my testimony that the facts are all the
other way. I believe that the medical profession
in these days, in city and country alike, renders
more direct personal service to the poor and
friendless, for clear love of doing good and of
learning to do more good, than all the other
professions put together. Who give daily ser-
vices without recompense to sick and wounded
poor people in thousands of hospitals and dis-
pensaries all over the civilized world? Physicians
and surgeons. The poorest and most friendless
man in this city knows that if he meets with a
serious accident or is attacked by a grave disease
he is sure of the prompt services of the most
skillful surgeons or physicians in the community
as soon as he is carried to a hospital. Who care
tenderly for friendless mothers, sick children
and deserted infants, patiently exerting their
best skill to save life, mitigate suffering and
restore health? The physicians of lying-in-
hospitals, children's hospitals and infant
asylums. Who established in Boston those
admirable nurseries for the babies of poor work-
ing women? It was young physicians not long
out of the medical school. To whom does
society owe it that every insane pauper is more
humanely and rationally treated to-day than
the king's daughter would have been, if insane,
two centuries ago? Not immediately to the
doctors of theology or of law, but to the doctors
of medicine. Who has delivered modern society
in great measures from those horrible plagues
and pestilences, like the black death, the small-
pox and the Asiatic cholera, which periodically
desolated Europe, but a few generations ago?
The Medical profession. This immense service
has not been rendered for pecuniary rewards or
to the rich and great alone, but freely to the
poor and humble, and chiefly to them. Indeed,
if there are any portions of modern society
which have especial reason to be grateful to the
medical profession for services already rendered,
and to promote the advance of medical science
and the improvement of medical education in
the sure hope of still greater benefits to come,
it is the poorer and less educated portions.

THE CURSE OF EMPTY HANDS.

At dawn the call was heard. And busy reapers stirred. Along the highway leading to the wheat. "Wilt thou reap with us?" they said. I smiled and shook my head. "Disturb me not," said I, "my dreams are sweet."

CHILDIE.

"Good-by, dear. In a little while I shall come back to you." Childie had stayed long below; the night was damp, and she was a foolish child, indeed, to stand, in her thin dress, wasting words upon the porch. What need of it! Surely it could take but a moment to deliver my brief message, and—

handsome, nor brown-eyed, nor tall. But—my precious flowers are already wilting; I must—oh! I forgot, Clarrie; he was sorry for your headache."

smile as I realized the shabby shawl and bonnet—odd wedding garments, truly, for so proud a maid as Clarrie Vane. But I did not care; pride and I had had a falling out, and I could well afford to laugh at it. What matters aught now, so near the great joy—

he came, but his feet did not turn to seek me; without a word or look for his plighted wife, he passed on to that other room.

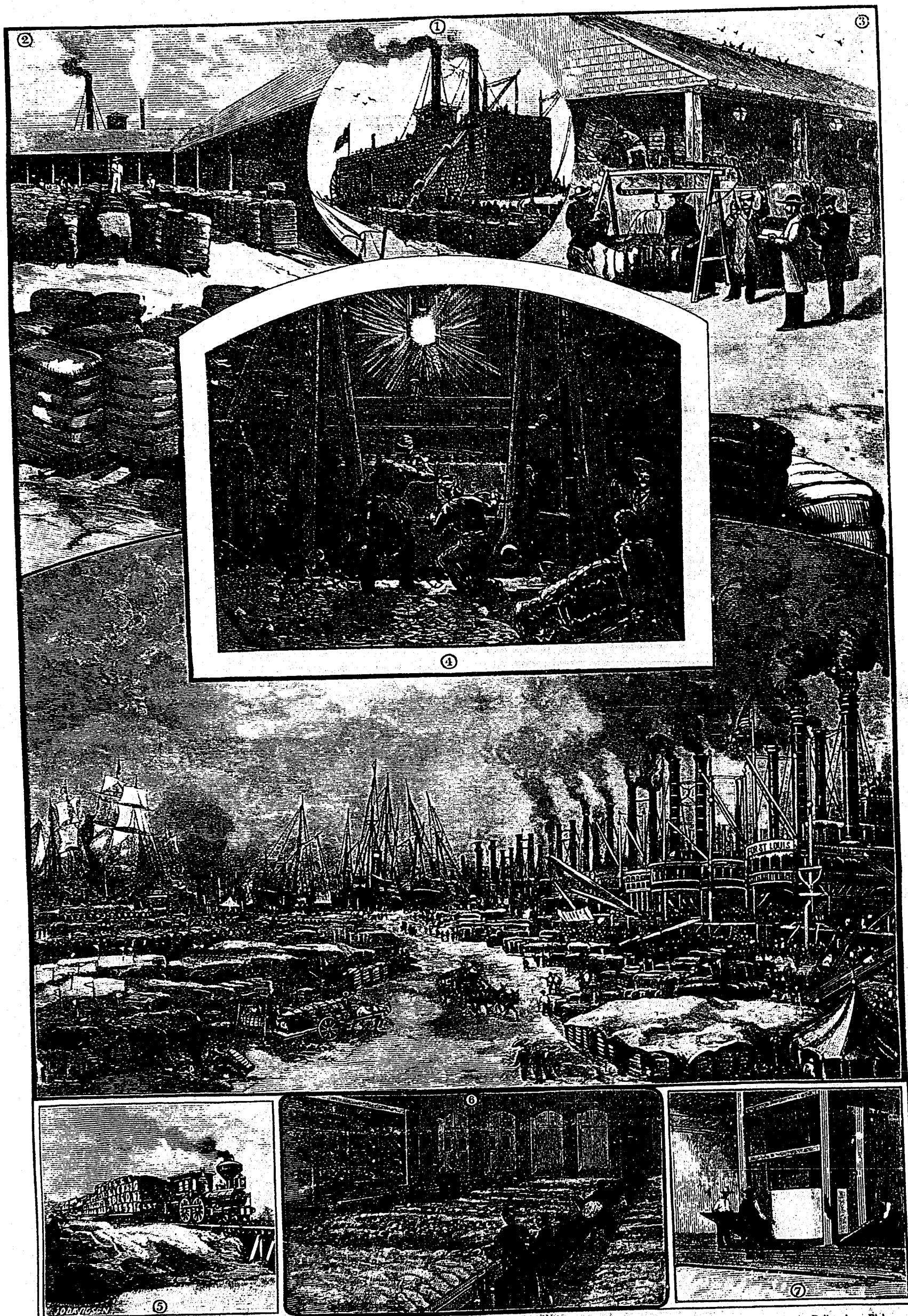
ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, June 23.

THE France states that the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill having been opposed first by the House of Commons was then submitted to the Lords, who rejected, despite the part played by the Prince of Wales.

DON'T BE ALARMED

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.



1. Cotton Steamer unloading. 2. Cotton Yard and Sheds. 3. Weighing and Sampling. Centre. On the Cotton Levee, New Orleans. 4. Steam Press. 5. Cotton Train. 6. Sampling Room. 7. Baling in a Pickery.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.



BLACKBIRDS.—BY GIACOMELLI.

SONG OF THE WHEEL.

MY BICYCLING FRIEND.

(A Sketch.)

He's tall, well built, has golden hair,
You'd surely call him "light compacted";
Upon his lip waxed out with care—
A faint moustache can be detected.
His eyes are blue, his mouth a bow—
A coral-tinted arc of Cupid;
Outside of cycling things he's slow,
In fact I've heard some one call him stupid.

He's versed in wire and nickel plate,
In rubber tires and hubs and handles,
In pigskin seats, in tolling rate,
In lamps, and patent sperm oil candles.
He knows what roads are in good shape—
The best hotels in country places;
He ne'er gets mad when called an ape
By youthful "vags," with rare grimaces.

When'er he rides he makes a "dash."
The girls all say he's quite a dandy;
They wonder if he's lots of cash,
And whether he'll "put up" much candy.
He's been engaged six times or more,
To girls he's ne'er been introduced to.
But as he's only aged a score,
Why! marry he can't be induced to.

His talk is all of cycling things,
Of tricks and bikes and paths of cinder.
He calls his wheel a brace of rings,
And says he can naught to hinder
An age when all on earth will go
On wire spoked wheels of some description;
He's up to every wheeling show,
And knows for hurts the best prescription.

He wears eye-glasses on his nose;
His tone of voice is soft, low and lazy;
His boots have very pointed toes—
I know he thinks himself a daisy.
He's full of cycling yarns and songs,
And brings them out without much coaxing;
To air his knowledge much he loaves,
And often tries his hand at hoaxing.

My cycling friend may not be smart,
But still I like his cheery manner,
And love him for his kind, warm heart—
They give to him a "Welcome!" banner.
He is a flirt, I grant you that,
But I've seen many a worse than he is.
And though not sharp, he's not the "flat"
That people say full many a she is.

W. C. NICHOL.

TOPICAL TEACHING.

BY LILLIE L. VOIGT, BRIDGEWATER, MASS.

"This is the house that Jack built.
This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.
This is the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built."

As surely as the delicate tracery found in the hard rock, far below the surface of the earth, indicates the existence long ago of the fern, whose graceful outline is now all that remains, so surely do these lines bear record of their origin; and that origin was topical teaching. Every element is here. *Observe*.—This is the house that Jack built. It is very evident from the way in which the facts are stated, that Jack was already a well-known personage. The teaching begins with, and takes for a foundation, that which is already known.

Proceeding.—The first new idea introduced is the house, and here, at the very outset, the thing itself is presented to the mind. Not, "Once upon a time there was a house that Jack built," after the manner of the old story-tellers; not a picture of the house, nor a plan of it, nor yet a long description; but "This is the house that Jack built." Here it is; look at it; observe it; go all over it from garret to cellar. "This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." Here, again, the "This is"; and we acquire this idea by precisely the same method as was used before;—by examining, studying the thing itself.

So we go on, step by step; individually and severally the rat, the cat, the dog come under our observation, till we reach the ultimate object of our study in this direction, and triumphantly announce, "This is the cow with a crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." And to any doubter who questions the important bearing of this knowledge on some science of the olden time I would reply, in the words of the oracular Jack Bunsby, "Whereby, why not? If so, what odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Avast, then!"

Up to this point we have been placing ourselves in the attitude of the scholar; have followed his train of thought, and observed the working of his mind. Let us now station ourselves by the side of the teacher, and view the thing from his standpoint. The scholar has simply to concentrate his energies on the objects that are presented to his mind, one by one, and by so doing he has at last, as we have seen, distinct and connected ideas, not only of the individual objects, but also of their connection with, and relation to, each other; but the teacher's work is far more comprehensive. He has to know the things themselves, in their relation and order of dependence, and also to arrange the work so that they shall be brought before his pupils in their natural order. He has, perchance, to tramp through meadow and marsh, through brake and brier for his delinquent bovins; and to brave all sorts of dangers before he has his procession of the cow, the dog, the cat, the rat, the malt, and the house (with

Jack in the background), marshalled ready to present to his class. For let me tell you, this obtaining and preparing of illustrations is no small item in the teacher's work.

Suppose the teacher, omitting all the careful preparation, comes down on his defenceless pupils like a thunderbolt with, "This is the cow with a crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that caught the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." And teachers often do expect pupils to learn statements fully as complex as this, with the additional difficulty, that the terms used and the thoughts expressed are more abstract and puzzling to the pupil than those in the illustration I have taken. What wonder, then, that the unfortunate scholars are simply paralyzed by the avalanche of words, for to them they will be, can be, nothing but words! What wonder that, not knowing where to begin nor what to do, they oftentimes do nothing at all. They may have a confused idea that the lesson has something to do with a cow, and a rat and a dog, and malt (and the chances are two to one that they will not have the faintest glimmering of light on the malt matter); but, as to their carrying away any definite ideas, that is utterly out of the question.

There is a mistaken idea prevalent among those who have not studied the matter, as to the meaning of the word *topics*. They say, "They may do very well for some grades of schools, but in the primary schools you cannot use them." Why not! *Topics are simply distinct subjects of thought*. Surely the teacher may give the child his lesson in distinct subjects of thought. The child no more needs to know the system and method by which his mind is built up and developed than he needs to know the chemical and cohesive forces acting in the food by which his body is nourished. But it is important that in the primary school, of all places, the habits of thinking, feeling, and acting that are forming, and that are to be the basis of the future character, should be right habits.

Although the tendency of all teaching at the present day is in the direction of this method in substance, if not in name, yet the fact remains that there are some, and not a few, who practically condemn topical teaching. They usually belong to one of three classes: *First*, those who have tried to teach topically and failed. *Second*, those who haven't time to teach from topics. *Third*, those who think it is too much work, and doesn't pay for the trouble.

What grounds have those who have tried and failed for their objections? "Good ground," they say; "we know whereof we affirm. The system has been 'tried in the balances and found wanting.' That is their testimony, honestly given; and why! Imagine such a teacher, fresh from the precincts of a Normal School, fully persuaded that topics are to be the basis of her teaching. She has topic-books, — yes, indeed, — topic-books by the dozen; and the affection of the average normal pupil for his topic-books none but a normal pupil can comprehend, not even those who have heard some despairing mortal mournfully exclaim, "Everything I knew was in that topic-book, and now I've lost it!" The teacher begins her work. The priceless topics that beguiled many an hour of solitude for her must surely be just what the children need; so they are introduced into her school, *verbatim et literaliter*, without regard to the age and intellectual capacity of her pupils. Of course her way of teaching is a failure, not through any fault in the theory, which she attempts to follow out, but through her own inability to adapt the topics to the needs of those particular scholars.

Then, too, there is another error into which the teacher may fall. It is possible for scholars to learn topics just as they would any statement given them in the text-book. That they can recite topics and whole outlines, and give definitions and statements glibly, proves nothing beyond the fact that they can learn words as easily in one place as in another, — from the board, or the slate, or the book, written or printed, — it makes no difference. These things the teacher must do if she would be successful. First make sure that the topics are *thoroughly understood*; afterward, by questioning, by applications, by requiring it in very possible form, *be the thought*, as well as its expression, firmly in the mind.

But what of those whose plea is lack of time; who have so many scholars, so many classes, that they cannot use topics, although they would like to? Their very excuse is the strongest argument that could be adduced in favour of topical teaching. If there are so many classes that the teacher cannot find time to teach in the right way, obviously the first thing to be done is to reduce the number of classes. The school can be most easily regraded by arranging the work in outline, and giving lessons in distinct subjects, rather than in pages of the book. This topical teaching prepares the way for itself; and since it is often impossible, on account of the number or varying ages of the pupils, for the teacher to reduce the classes, so that he can have all the time that he feels he needs for each recitation, there is the more need of having every lesson arranged beforehand, that none of the little time he has be wasted.

The same reasoning applies to the class whose excuse is, "I have just so much to accomplish in the time the class is in my charge. The teachers from whom they have come teach from the book; the teachers who come after me use

the book. I have barely time to get them started in the right way; and in the examinations at the end of the year they will be behind-hand." Try it, and see. If there is a right way to teach, and you know that way, no matter when or where, nor for how short a time you teach, teach in the right way.

There remains yet another class of teachers, — those who say, "It is so much work; this way of teaching puts all the work upon the teacher, and leaves the scholar nothing to do." They maintain that since the use of topics does away with books altogether, the teacher's time is taken up with devising ways and means to keep the pupils busy.

To begin with, topics, so far from supplementing books, teach the pupils *how to use books*, so as to derive the greatest benefit from them. Then, as to the teacher's work in finding employment for his pupils, even if he uses the books wholly, lessons that would keep the child busy all through the school-hours would be much more than he is capable of taking in at one time. The usual way, with such teaching, is to assign him a lesson of moderate length, which he will learn (if he learns it at all) in a very short time, and then he can, and will give his undivided attention to mischief if he is a "bad little boy," or sit discursively idle if he is a "good little boy." Other employment must be provided for them with either system; so that objection falls to the ground.

The real reason for their being so "backward in coming forward" in the work is laziness. Was there ever a good teacher who did not work, and work hard! In the very nature of things this must be so. In every age the degree of lasting success attained in any undertaking is measured by the earnest, honest, hard work put into it. Why not in school-work as well as elsewhere! The teacher, who, seeing and acknowledging the right way, will deliberately sit down and say, "It is too much work, it does not pay to do it;" who is content to be a mere machine, without one atom of originality or one spark of enthusiasm; who is willing to hear her scholars drone on day after day, mere empty, meaningless words, feeling all the time that they are but words, making no effort to interest or to instruct, is unworthy the name of teacher.

And now, what can we do to *prove* that the system of topical teaching is what we claim for it! There is one way, — only one: "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of whistles! Wherefore by their fruits we shall know them."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, June 23.

We hear that the Covent Garden Theatre is ere long to be lit with the electric light.

The authorities are in treaty for *The Rover*, Lord Eglington's splendid yacht.

The American amateur actors intend to erect a theatre for themselves in New York, which will be of some magnificence.

A LARGE "gathering of the clans" takes place to-day in honor of the immortal Burns. Chingford is the rendezvous.

The Coventry Club has retained the services of the Hungarian band for Sunday evening service. No doubt it will prove a great attraction.

EARLY next month the Agricultural Hall will give an exhibition of engineering of almost every description. It will be interesting and instructive.

A commencement will soon be made with Mr. Wyndham's theatre in Northumberland Avenue. The plans are "through." It is difficult to realize, but they are.

WE understand that the smallest picture exhibited at the Royal Academy this year by Mr. Robert Page (youngest son of Mr. James Page, of Great Clacton), has been sold there for 100 guineas.

MR. IRVING BRISTOL will give no more performances or take part in no more divinations in London, at least, not for the present. He is going on a farewell tour through the provinces.

SEVERAL of our large bookmakers are anxious to lay fair odds, from a "pony" up to a "thousand," against Mr. Bishop's knowing the number of a bank-note which they are prepared to deposit.

THE cellar of wine of the late Mr. Walter Powell, M.P., who was lost in a balloon, is to be sold by auction, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, in about a week's time. The deceased gentleman was famous for his choice wines.

ALREADY there is a report that there is to be a grand sportsman's exhibition next year in London. If done in a thorough way, and we have not seen that attained yet in any exhibition, it ought to be an event of exceedingly great interest.

We have received this statement:—"As a desire was expressed by the Dean of Westminster to purchase the license of a public-house for £3,000, a thousand pounds was immediately subscribed and presented to him." Imagination is left to its full play.

CERTAINLY not before it was wanted, a new kind of sea bathing-machine has been invented and patented. It is the production of Mr. Westman of Birmingham; it is neat in appearance, well lighted and ventilated, commodious, and well appointed. The old machine on the coast is, at best, a very filthy affair.

It is gratifying to find that the International Fisheries Exhibition promises to be a financial success. Upwards of £600,000 has already been taken.

A SWEET thing in the exhibition way has been opened at Heidelberg, namely, an exhibition of confectionery of all nations. One hundred and fifty German confectioners, besides French, Swiss, Italian, English, and North American, have sent in contributions. Something of the same kind would suit London taste.

THERE is some probability of one or two of the dramatic critics accompanying Mr. Irving to America in the character of special correspondents. The tour will, in fact, be conducted almost on the scale of a hostile expedition into an enemy's country, and some record of its progress would be interesting at home.

It is understood that the artificial arrangement by which Italian Opera is excluded from Drury Lane and pantomime from Covent Garden is about to fall through. We may, therefore, look next season for a renewal of the time-honored rivalry between Drury Lane and Covent Garden in the matter of pantomime.

THE latest acquisition at the British Museum is a colossal marble female head, discovered in a temple at Sarotis by Mr. Dennis. The head measures over four feet in height, and is supposed to be that of the Empress Faustina. The entire figure must have measured about 24 feet, and was probably seated. The head is interesting from its enormous size, and the place in which it was found, more than from any actual beauty in the work.

THE *Scottish American* raises a note of warning to intending emigrants from the mother country. "We wish," it says, "to inform them that the present year is not propitious for persons seriously proposing to come to America, at least in so far as regards the United States. Thus far the year is without a parallel in history for floods and cyclones, calamitous in nearly every State."

THE London Swimming Club has perfected an apparatus, very inexpensively, whereby the novice is sustained upon the water whilst learning, and with or without a tutor can take the preliminary lessons without fear of immersing the head; it enables them to lay calmly on the breast or back, and thus discard all fear. The apparatus can as easily be put over a pool of water as in a bath; thus gentlemen who have ornamental water in their gardens or grounds can add this attraction to their suburban retreats at a small cost.

By an odd coincidence Captain Molloy, who on Friday night came into collision with the coping stone of a building in or near Fleet street, had a question on the paper with respect to the collision of the *Waco* with a French lugger in the English Channel the other week. The gallant captain was not present to put this question, but in return there were many inquiries as to the state of his health after his accident. In the absence of Captain Molloy Mr. O'Donnell put the question.

THE time is fast advancing for Lord Coleridge and his suite of barristers to visit America, and we are sure they will have a hearty wish for their safe arrival. We have seen this remark before, in plagiarising it, we will add, and safe return, which we observe was forgotten. The legal profession is powerful in every country, but it seems to be paramount in the United States. "In no country in the world," said Burke fully a century ago, with reference to America, "is law so general a study?" and this remark still holds good. Law is, and always has been, regarded there as a road leading to all greatness. Usually about two-thirds of the members of Congress are lawyers. They swarm in journalism. They become "railroad men" or great financiers. They pull the wires, organize parties, and play a political part altogether out of proportion to that which belongs to the same class here.

SKILL IN THE WORKSHOP.—To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built up to a higher working condition.

A MOTHER'S POWER.

Mothers, ye that toil unceasing,
More with head and heart than hand
Seeking daily for new wisdom
Safe to guide your little band.

I would fain bring you a message
That could cheer and help you too;
But my words seem weak and useless
For a cause so grand and true.

If at night your heart is heavy
With its load of petty cares,
Do not mourn the day as wasted;
Buds may blossom unawares.

Though the children seem to heed not
Your wise counsels and commands,
Good seed sown will some day ripen;
Guide them on with loving hands.

Often when they seem so careless,
Thinking only of their play,
In their hearts they feel repentance
For the faults of yesterday.

Their young eyes see very keenly,
And their faith in you is strong;
Let them see 'tis love that chastens,
"Rule by patience," says the song.

Off the days are one long battle
To keep peace and do the right,
But the strife is all forgotten
When the daylight fades from sight.

Then, with little hands close folded,
O'er with head and mother's breast,
Tired voice murmurs "Now I lay me"
But the angels know the rest.

Mothers, do ye know your power?
Strength is yours; then still endure,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Rules the world and keeps it pure.

DELL FRANCES PUTNAM.

STORY OF A DIAMOND.

The famous Orlov diamond which adorns the imperial sceptre of Russia has quite a romantic history. In its rough state it formed the eye of an idol in a temple near Trichinopoly, and was abstracted by a French renegade, who escaped with his prize to Persia. Here he wandered from town to town, trying to dispose of it for a moderate sum, but only meeting with distrust and suspicion. At length, when the news of the theft had spread over India and reached Persia, fearing arrest, he accepted the offer of a Hebrew merchant, and surrendered the diamond for ten thousand dollars. Meantime the Shah was informed not only of the robbery, but also that the thief was residing in his territory and had offered the stone repeatedly for sale. At once his highness gave orders to arrest the man, dead or alive, and to seize the diamond; whether for the purpose of restoring it to its rightful owners, or in order to retain it for his own delectation, it is now impossible to say. The Jewish merchant naturally became alarmed for the safety of his new acquisition, as well as that of his head, and gladly sold the stone to an astute Armenian merchant named Shafraz for sixty thousand dollars. The magnificence of Catherine the Great and her court was a byword in Armenia and Persia, and Shafraz knew right well that if he could reach St. Petersburg with his diamond he would be able to dispose of it at a handsome profit. The greatest difficulty was to secrete the stone so thoroughly about his person that in case of his arrest it should not be discovered. It was too large for him to swallow, so he solved the problem by making a deep incision in the calf of his left leg, inserting the stone and sewing up the wound with silver thread. When the cut had cicatrized sufficiently to allow the removal of the wire, Shafraz began his travels toward Russia. Had he known on arriving at the frontier that the diamond had been traced to the Jewish merchant, and from him to an Armenian, he would probably have tried to conceal his nationality. But he boldly proclaimed himself an Armenian merchant to the Shah's inquisitive officials, was arrested and consigned to prison on suspicion. Strong emetics were administered; but no diamond came to light. He was stripped naked, plunged into a hot bath, and then examined from head to foot, with no better success. Even a little torture was tried, but Shafraz was firm; and in the end he was bundled unceremoniously over the frontier—his petty cash, however, being retained. He reached Orenburg, and here some compatriots advanced him sufficient money to reach the capital.

Catherine the Great was short of ready money when Shafraz offered her his diamond for sale. He demanded two hundred thousand dollars for it, but the empress could not raise more than one hundred thousand dollars, and though she offered forty thousand desatins (a four acres each) of crown land in addition to this sum, Shafraz refused. Catherine was greatly enraged, and did not hide her annoyance, but she was too noble a character to resort to the coercive measures which a Shah of Persia would have adopted without a moment's hesitation. Shafraz was allowed to depart unmolested, and betook himself to Amsterdam to have his diamond cut. Here it was that the famous Count Orlov first saw the jewel for which his imperial mistress had sighed, and he determined to lay it as a gift at her feet. The bargain with Shafraz was concluded off-hand, for Count Orlov never haggled. In exchange for the diamond (which weighs and hundred and eighty-five carats, and is valued at one million five hundred thousand dollars) Count Orlov promised Shafraz, on his return to Russia, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars and a patent of nobility. The count kept his word; Shafraz, the kuznets (merchant), became Lazarev the dvorianin

(gentlemen), cashed his bills at the imperial treasury, and drew two thousand roubles for the rest of his life, which, as usual with annuitants, was a very prolonged one. Before he died he became one of the richest men in Russia. With the price of the diamond he bought mines in the Oural, land in Bessarabia, and houses in St. Petersburg. The "unearned increment" thirty years made him ten times a millionaire, and at the present day his descendants, numbering hundreds, are all immensely rich. Boris Melikov, former minister of the interior, and Delianov, at present minister of public instruction, are grandchildren of the Armenian Lazarev.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

We have received several communications lately from Mr. Shaw, the well-known chessplayer of Montreal, who is at present travelling in Europe. He appears, as far as possible, to combine chess play with sight-seeing, and visits all localities where there may be a chance of meeting with an adversary over the chequered board. The last time we heard from him, he had just visited the *Café de la Republique*, one of the most noted chess resorts on the continent. The renown attached to members of this club, both in the past and the present did not prevent our friend from entering the lists with an opponent, and we are inclined to surmise from his remarks that he maintained the credit of the Montreal Chess Club. It must have been a great treat to Mr. Shaw to find himself playing chess at a club which in past times boasted of such celebrities as La Bourdonnais, Deschappelles and St. Amant as members.

Annexed will be found the final score of the International Tourney, and also a list of the prize winners.

FINAL SCORE.

Table with 4 columns: Players, Won, Lost, and a numerical score. Lists names like Zukertort, Steinitz, Blackburne, etc.

PRIZE WINNERS.

Table with 4 columns: Player, Prize, and Amount. Lists Zukertort as 1st prize (£200), Steinitz as 2nd (£150), etc.

Rosenthal wins the special prize of £25 for the best score against the prize winners.

I am glad to announce that cards have been issued asking for subscriptions of one shilling to the Cecil de Vere Tablet Fund. The object of the fund is to buy the ground and erect a tablet over Cecil de Vere, who now rests in a temporary grave at Torquay. The sum of £15 is required; about £7 have been already subscribed.

The Treasurers are Carslake Wood, Esq., Torquay, and Miss F. F. Beechey, Dovedale House, Matlock, Bath.

Montreuil, June 16, 1883.

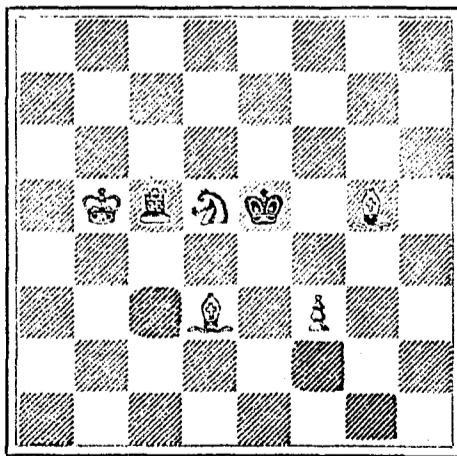
HAMILTONIANS ABROAD.

Buffalo, N.Y., July 3.—Henry N. Kitting, W. H. Judd, Henry Stephens and Isaac Ryall, of Hamilton, Ont., being in this city, had a friendly chess contest with the members of the Buffalo Club, the result was in favor of the Hamiltonians. The visitors were handsomely entertained at the Acacia Club.

—Toronto Globe, July 4.
We congratulate the Ontario players on their success.—Chess Editor C. L. N.

PROBLEM No. 41.

By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 43.

White. Black.
1 Q to Q B 5 1 P to Q 4
2 Q to Q 7 2 Anything
3 Q mates
There are other defences.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

GAME 567th.

A MOST BEAUTIFUL GAME.

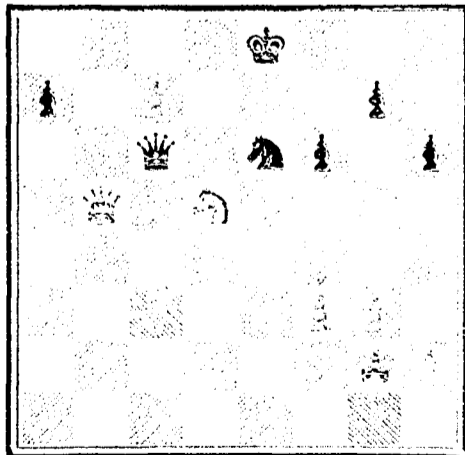
Played May 21. Score and notes contributed to Turf, Field and Farm by Mr. Steinitz.

Chess game notation between White (G. H. Zukertort) and Black (English). Includes moves like 1 Kt to K B 3, 2 P to Q 4, etc.

NOTES.

- (a) So far we agree with Black's mode of development, but here we should prefer P takes P, followed by B to R 3.
(b) Waste of time, and, in fact, promoting White's attack.
(c) Worse still: having once committed himself, he ought to have taken the Kt, followed by exchanging Pawns.
(d) Finely played. Black cannot, after exchanging Bishops, capture the P twice, or else he would lose a piece by P to Q Kt 1.
(e) Mr. Zukertort had obtained the winning position, which he now greatly weakens by this exchange. He ought to have nursed his advantage by B to R 3, followed by Kt to R 3, and doubling the Rooks on the Q B file.
(f) Bad judgment. P takes P was obviously better. White now obtains the desired command of the point at Q to B 5, which he can occupy with his minor pieces until his game comes ripe for a stronger attack.
(g) Providing an outlet for the K before effecting exchanges.
(h) Q to B 7, threatening ch at K 5, was much more to the purpose, as Black could expect no more than a draw which he could also secure by Kt to K 3.
(i) Necessary, or White would win at once by Q to R 1.
(j) Immediately fatal; but the game was lost anyhow. If 46, P to Kt 4, White proceeds with 47, Q to Q 3, followed by 48, Kt to K 7, in reply to — 48, K to K 2, winning.
(k) Most beautiful. We give a diagram of this fine position.

BLACK.—English.



WHITE.—Zukertort.

- (l) P to Q R 4 was a trifle better; but the game could not be saved against proper play on the other side.
(m) Zukertort's splendid conduct of this ending leaves Black no chance now. P to R 4 was equally useless, e.g.:
65 P to R 4 65 P to R 4
66 K to R 7 66 K to R 7
67 P to R 5 67 P to R 5
68 P to R 6 68 P to R 6
69 K to Q 7 69 K to Q 7
70 P to B 70 P to B
71 P to B 7 and wins.

FOOT NOTES.

Our Revolutionary War, to the prosecution of which Lord Cornwallis personally was strongly opposed, must have been all the more odious to him, since it not only left him with the record of surrender, but also cost him his wife. He first came over in February, 1776, and returned in January, 1778. During his absence, she pined in seclusion in Suffolk. He left again in 1778, when she returned quite heartbroken to Ailford, and rapidly declined. He threw up his command, and joined her a few weeks before her death. She told a confidential friend that she died of a broken heart at the separation from her husband, and begged that a thorn-tree, significant of her sorrow, should be planted as near as possible over her heart, but that no stone should be raised to her memory. Her wishes were complied with. The thorn-tree was removed in 1855, in consequence of alterations, but carefully replanted. It died, however, within three years past. Lady Cornwallis was a daughter of Colonel Jones by a daughter of General Tuleken, a Dutch officer who came over with William III. Lord Cornwallis, who never married again, thenceforward sought distraction in public life, and died in harness in India. At her death, he was forty-one years old. It was the death of an idolized wife which about the same period sent the renowned Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, into the army, thus bearing out Byron's lines:

"Some seek devotion, toil, war, good, or crime,
According as their souls are made to sink or climb."

It is even averred that but for his disappointment in an affaire de coeur the name of Charles Stewart Parnell would not be a household word to-day.

ANNESLEY HALL, the home of Byron's "Mary," now belongs to her grandson, Mr. Chaworth-Musters. His father, a coarse, hard country squire, known through England as "Jack Musters," soon dropped the name of Chaworth, which he had covenanted to take on his marriage, and, deserting Annesley, lived almost entirely at Colwich, his own seat, near Nottingham. There his wife died, having never recovered from the shock and exposure consequent on a precipitate departure from the Hall when the rioters in the Reform Bill agitation period threatened a visit to it. Her eldest son, inheriting the melancholy of his mother, died by his own hand, leaving the present squire, Commander Musters, the Patagonian explorer, and a daughter married to a member of an old Leicestershire family. Annesley, rescued from decay, is now the constant home of its owner, a notable fox hunter, who is married to the niece of Lord Sherbrooke, better known as "Bob Lowe." Newstead was again in the market last year, but we believe failed to find a purchaser; it lies low, and is not a very desirable residence. The present Lord Byron had not the means to buy it, even if he had the desire.

THE swearing in of Colonel Curzon, who took his seat this week in the room of Gen. Burnaby as member for North Leicestershire, adds another tall member to the recruiting which has recently taken place with marked success. Mr. French Brewster still bears the palm in respect to inches. But Colonel Curzon is taller than Mr. Chaplin, who was one of his introducers, and who, up to the present, ranked among the tallest men in the House.

THE Criterion Theatre, which was so severely and practically condemned by the powers that be, will, it appears, rise, Phoenix-like, from its own ashes, and turn out to be one of the safest in London. The proprietors, Messrs. Spiers & Pond, of whom Mr. Spiers alone remains, are sparing no expense and pains in effecting this object, so that about October the condemned theatre will once more open its familiar doors. The plans provide for several modern improvements, in addition to high-class ventilation and commodious exits as well as the electric light, and pleasant lounging rooms.

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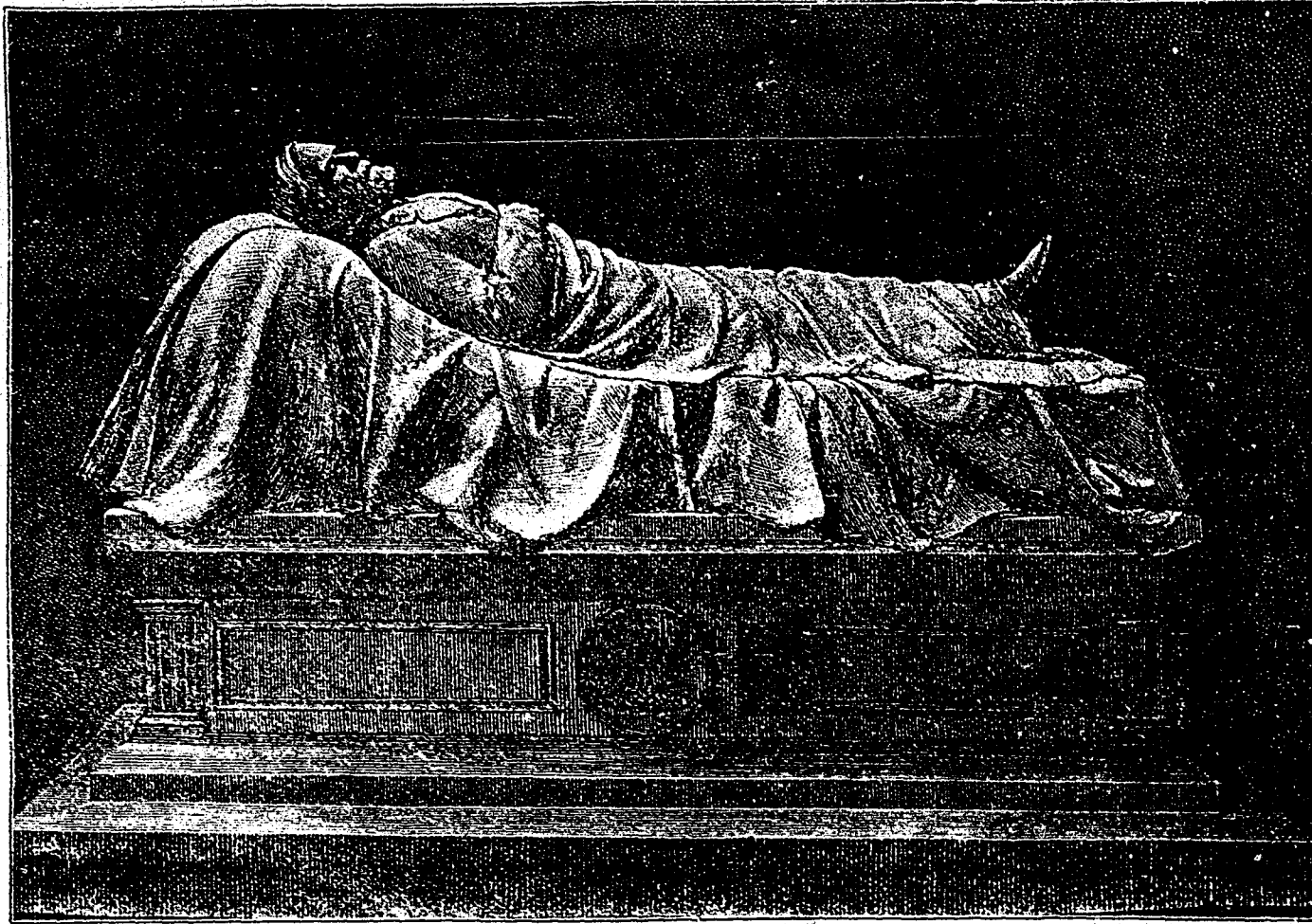


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STATUE OF GENERAL LEE IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, LEXINGTON, VA.

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