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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 21.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1883.

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THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—THE GREAT CHURCH OF THE REDEMPTION AT MOSCOW.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1882.			
May 20th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	May 20th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	55°	42°	47°	Mon.	38°	16°	27°
Tue.	55°	40°	47°	Tue.	42°	24°	33°
Wed.	63°	47°	55°	Wed.	40°	33°	36°
Thur.	68°	45°	56°	Thur.	46°	33°	37°
Fri.	71°	56°	63°	Fri.	47°	33°	40°
Sat.	78°	61°	69°	Sat.	34°	32°	33°
Sun.	45°	44°	44°	Sun.	22°	5°	13°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 26, 1883.

THE SESSION.

The session of Parliament just closed, without being particularly eventful, has proved quite important in several respects. The war of parties was not waged to any extent, the Opposition contenting itself with a proper vigilance over rules and procedure. The main lines of the Government policy, having been approved by the people at the last elections, it would have been idle to run a tilt either against the tariff, or the Canadian Pacific Railway, or the North-West land system. On the other hand, the Government were not supine. They readily consented to make such modifications in the tariff as would meet the wishes of certain branches of the trade and placed a certain number of articles on the free list. While the Finance Minister's statement announced the existence of a large surplus, there was no disposition on Sir Leonard Tilley's part to hoard that treasure, but he willingly consented to distribute a portion of it in aid of public works in the different Provinces. We are not quite clear in regard to the policy of Federal subventions to Provincial wants, but pending the future discussion of this question, which is bound to come up sooner or later, and in view of the evident leaning of Parliament in that direction, the Government may be said to have done a wise and patriotic act in assisting several lines of Provincial railway, and relieving the Harbor Commissioners of Montreal and Quebec. We fear there will be just ground of complaint against the License Bill. It was manipulated in too many ways, and should not have been kept back to the closing days of the session. The question is a large one, and now that it has been placed by the Privy Council under the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament, it should be thoroughly elaborated before it passes into law. The reports of the Ministers and the whole tenor of the proceedings showed conclusively that the country is in a prosperous condition, and the change for the better inaugurated in 1879 has not been ephemeral, but permanent. What is now wanted to perfect the work is continuous and harmonious co-operation for the next four or five years, at the end of which time, we will have had time to consolidate. It is of special importance that the tide of immigration should be kept rolling in. At the present rate of increment, the supply will soon equal the demand, and then the problem of labour will be partially solved. In a young country like this, with such vast areas, and so few hands, assistance from abroad is imperative, and we are glad to see that it is coming. Altogether, the outlook is cheerful, and Canada appears to be on the onward path.

BASE METAL IN HIGHER EDUCATION.

When a silly king was compelled to resort to something like highway robbery in the country he was soon to betray and abandon, his method of spoliation was somewhat scientific. James was, indeed, desperately impoverished, when he crossed from France to Ireland. He must have money, or what would answer as a sufficient substitute, until his greed was satisfied. So he ordered that the old brass, copper, pewter, etc., lying around the primitive kitchens of those days, be brought to his mints at Dublin and Limerick, to be coined. Pots and kettles, skewers and strainers, ancient firelocks and rusty spear-heads, cracked bells and shivered cymbals, were carted to the royal mint shop, and, impressed with the royal visage, became money. Whoso declined to accept it as an equivalent for his kine or his clan, — for men were needed as well as cattle, — fell into the clutches of the royal robber, and suffered pains and tortures no longer enforced, albeit some of them are doubtless still on the statute books. The coiners thought the mixture might average a few pence to the pound; and, when the coward king was gone, six millions pound sterling of the trash remained as the richest treasure of the forlorn realm. About the same time, virtue-prating fellows in Massachusetts were counterfeiting the "wampumpeag" money of the Commonwealth, demonstrating thus the superiority of their piety and brains over those of the red men, who used only genuine periwinkle and clam shells.

Ample precautions are now universally in vogue to keep pure the filthy lucre said to be the root of all evil; but little care is exercised in protecting from the debaser and the counterfeiter the source, next to virtue itself, of all good in this world, — knowledge. In that commonwealth, everything has a chance of passing for coin which has a stamp upon it; and the most efficient alloy is brass.

The American recently lamented the passing away of the old time academy, taught by men graduated from Continental or British universities, and designed to give capable lads a thorough preparation for college, a course in which in every age and country but ours, has been the essential preliminary to medicine, law, or theology. In our country and our day, a man need know little more than the English primer to enter any of the professions and make money in it; but the fifth number of the "Statistical Abstract of the United States" throws a flood of light on the counterfeiters which have taken the place of the honest and learned, simple and sincere, academy, — institutions over whose portals high sounding names are read, and whose gilded pretensions surpass those of the great mediæval mob universities.

It appears by the census that there are three hundred and sixty two higher institutions of learning in the United States, — an increase of sixty four in ten years. The instructors in them number 4,360, and the students 62,435. The estimated value of the grounds, buildings and apparatus is forty million dollars; and their libraries are valued at two million dollars; the receipts from tuition were about \$2,000,000 in 1881, and a sum slightly in excess of this accrued from productive funds. It is noteworthy that of these temples of letters, many of them "universities," and none of them less than a "college." California has eleven, Tennessee nineteen, Illinois twenty-eight, Iowa eighteen, Missouri sixteen, Indiana fifteen, Kentucky fourteen, and Ohio thirty six, against twenty-seven in New York. The resplendent spot is the District of Columbia; it boasts of no less than five. But, when one has counted about a dozen schools in the entire country justly entitled to the designation of college or university, the question arises: "What are all the others?" Are there not three hundred and fifty more universities and colleges, and is not the American youth the most crude that walks the planet? Does not every American parent, whose hopeful is growing his virgin beard in one of these three hundred and fifty, feel that the boy will some day receive the encomium visited on Thomas Aquinas: "The radiant gem of the clergy, the flower of doctors, the most spotless and exalted mirror of our University of Paris, shining with the effulgence of his life, teaching and fame, like a resplendent morning star?"

It is not, indeed, a theme for jest or satire; for these spurious universities and sham colleges work serious and lasting evil. They lower the standard and injure the reputation of learning; they spread shallow pretension, and send into indigence and seclusion genuine scholarship; they shield fraud behind the lecturer's desk, and enthrone charlatanism in the pulpit; they are crowding incompetency and criminal ignorance into medicine; they are robbing the plow, the forge, the mine, the tailor's goose, and the barber's brush, of highly available recruits. They are imposing on the judicial bench men who would honor the bench of the carpenter; and into ribbons and laces, hosiery and hair goods, their failures drop back, to crowd out women and starve their own families. These shams attract by their trumpets and tinsel an immense number of boys whose welfare would be promoted by keeping them in agriculture or apprenticing them in the useful arts; and their pernicious influence has rendered almost dishonorable the following of any mechanical avocation. We are paying high wages to the skilled artisans of Switzerland, Belgium, France and Germany, while too many of our own men are sentenced to poverty or crime by

these fraudulent colleges, which only make them unfit to earn a good living at anything.

They have, it is true, their comical aspect, and to read the curriculum of many of them is to be provoked to hearty laughter. They teach everything, of course. One prospectus reveals that in the preparatory department the student may learn "orthography, spelling, etymology, prosody, grammar and rhetoric;" while the category of sciences and tongues imparted in its higher forms makes the head swim. Their "professors" are often men who never saw the interior of a college, and who are ludicrously uninformed. Indeed, the very term, "professor," has lost its intrinsic value and traditional significance, and is now magnanimously applied to the chiropodist, the manicure, the dancing-master, the juggler, the dog-fancier, and the pugilist. The honorary "degrees" of some of these mints of base coin are scattered about with a freedom singularly consistent with their worth; the D.D.'s include nearly everybody with good preaching lungs, and the LL.D.'s are not restricted to persons well acquainted with Vattel, or even with Lindley Murray. But, while this is very ridiculous, it is also very pitiable; for it promotes dishonesty, intellectual, moral and commercial.

The effect of this system of sham is seen conspicuously in the overloaded course of study in the public schools. If the so-called "university" can make an A. B. in two years, an A. M., in three, and an LL.D. in twenty four hours, the primary school must be up and doing. The emulative instinct is one of the strongest, and the child must be "father of the man." So, in the few years that most American children can remain on the benches, they must absorb — heaven help them! — more subjects than were spoken of in Plato's groves. They must at least pretend to grasp everything that Aristotle knew, and be more learned in their own conceit than was Socrates. The result is everywhere visible. The boys leave the public schools with the worst possible handwriting, with not enough arithmetic to compute interest, and with no practical understanding of English grammar. The time they should have spent on these fundamentals of knowledge, has been frittered away in absurd efforts to become Crichtons. They have been given counterfeits of even the clam shells. Their money is not current beyond the realm in which it has been coined out of sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. It is high time that educational reformers proceeded earnestly to purge the country of the universities and colleges, and to eliminate from the primary schools the supernumerary studies which bar the way of knowledge.

M. F. S.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S HOUSE.

During the last two years extensive alterations and additions have been going on at Nos. 14 and 15 at Gramercy Park, New York city, the residence of Ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden. These improvements are not yet finished, and probably will not be until next spring. Meanwhile the Governor has been occupying his country house, Greystone, in the vicinity of Yonkers, on the North River, though coming down to the city at irregular intervals, for a few hours, to superintend the progress of the work, or to keep appointments with friends.

No. 15, Gramercy Park has acquired a national celebrity by reason of the events that took place there during a memorable Presidential campaign, and the visitor who has not entered it since that time will find few changes, except in the dining-room, which is now entirely transformed. But the Governor has added to it the adjoining house, No. 14, Gramercy Park, has torn down the front walls of both houses, and in their place has put a freely adapted Gothic facade of Belleville and Carlyle stones, adorned with many trophies of the sculptor's art, and provided with two entrances, a general one and a library one. Among these sculptured trophies are medallion heads of Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Franklin, and Columbus, cut out of Belleville stone, near one of the two double-story bay-windows; high-relief heads of the four seasons in the brackets of the principal portico; and a low-relief head of Michael Angelo on the key-stone of the arch of the secondary entrance. These works of art were modelled in this city, and are of no ordinary merit.

We enter by the principal entrance, at No. 15, Gramercy Park, and after stepping into the main hall, find everything as formerly, with a single exception—the stained glass of the inner vestibule doors, where Mr. John Lafarge has produced some simple, beautiful, and very sane results. A large mirror at the left of these doors and a small one at the right make the effect fourfold: while looking into them you see four double doors with stained-glass decorations. But the black walnut staircase and door trimmings, the white marble floor, say sixteen feet wide and forty-five feet long, and the rear hall, with its butler's pantry and its kitchen stairs, are unchanged. Nor in the drawing-room and the old library, into which the main hall opens by double doors, do we see any alterations. These apartments have sedulously preserved their identity. The austere simplicity of the drawing-room—austere as modern drawing-room go—with its painted walls of a neutral monochrome, its conventionally frescoed ceiling, its large but unobtrusive brass chandelier, its two book-cases filled chiefly with massive volumes like Brydell's *Shakespeare Illustrations*, the

Houghton Gallery, and *Les Noces de Raphael*, that stand three feet high behind glass doors, its black walnut furniture covered with garnet plush, is unrelieved by oil-paintings, or bric-à-brac, or knickknacks, although special mention is due to the graceful statue of Flora in white marble, her extended left hand holding a rose-bud, her right hand pressing her breast with a bunch of the same flowers, her attitude as if she had just alighted from above, while a brisk wind is blowing behind her the ends of the gauzy drapery that covers but scarcely conceals her very pretty figure; and also to the marble bust of the Governor himself, which stands opposite, diagonally across the room. As for the old library behind the drawing-room, its black walnut furniture, with dark green plush, and in some instances with light green rep, its oaken book-cases ten feet high, almost entirely hiding the wall spaces, its large oblong writing table, also of oak, covered with green baize, on which the many ink-spots speak of much usage, and with pamphlets and foolscap MS., are by no means extraordinary. A bust of Cicero on one side of the room looks across the table upon a bust of Molière; and in one of the book-cases appear the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, full sets of the *Banker's Magazine* and of Hunt's *Merchants' Magazine*, Bohn's Classical Library complete, Scott's novels, poems, etc., in perhaps eighty 12mo volumes, Burns, Akenside, Chaucer, Spencer, Milton, Collins, Churchill, Swift, and Thomson side by side, with Bryant, Rogers, Michael Angelo, Tennyson, Shakespeare, Pope, Bacon, and Johnson below. Another book-case is devoted chiefly to history—to Alison, Freeman, Palgrave, Hallam, Smollett, Lecky, Hume, Grote, Gibbon, and Bunsen; to Froude, Milman, Niebuhr, Rawlinson, Rollin, and Curtius; and still another, to the *New York Statutes at Large*, and law-books, the Governor's law library proper, one of the largest and best in the country, being in his down-town office. The surroundings of these interesting volumes are the reverse of showy: a frescoed ceiling above, a worn tapestry carpet below, and four walls tinted a pale green.

But this library opens into a thirty-thousand-dollar dining-room. And the remarkable thing about the costly apartment is the quietude of its beauty: decoration that allures and charms, appealing neither to the sense of wonder nor to the love of noise. The general tone of this very artistic banqueting chamber is that of satin-wood, although the wainscoting to a height of four feet is of black walnut, as are also the two sideboards against the eastern wall, together with the furniture. Above the wainscoting the wall spaces are filled with a series of panels of carved satin-wood placed side by side and extending entirely around the room, each about five feet high by two and a half feet wide; above these panels is a plain belt of satin wood, from which protrude many gas jets; above the belt a diapered frieze of satin-wood, say two feet wide; above the frieze a band of blue tiles, four inches wide, connecting with the satin wood and blue tiles of the ceiling.

After resting itself on the mellow ivory tone of the satin-wood, the eye is attracted first of all by the wood-carving of the juxtaposed panels, which the architect has treated as good pictures that deserve place on "the line." Pictures indeed they may be called, since their subjects of birds, leaves, and flowers manifest true pictorial feeling, and are treated in all the stages from the grave of realism to the gay of impressionism, yet always presenting some aspect that shows the artist to have been intent in reproducing the processes of Nature rather than her forms. Here, in one panel, appears a serpent coiled about a bird, amidst a thick abundance of leaves, berries, and flowers, while two birds near one corner and three birds near another corner watch the fate of their comrade. Several matters of technique are to be noticed. The first matter is the roughness of the ground on which these animals, leaves, berries, and flowers are cut. Suppose the ground were plain and flat: in that case the animals, leaves, berries, and flowers would seem to be stuck on, whether they really were so or not, and the pictorial effect of the carving as a whole be lost. The second is the gilding of the ground, so as to heighten the effect of the tone of the satin-wood. This gilding appears also in the diapered frieze and in the carvings of the ceiling, and its color value is precisely that of a warmer old ivory. The third is the solidity and security of the carvings, owing to the fact that the artist has refrained from under-cutting them. No ordinary heat will crack, warp, or chip these works of art. The fourth is the lowness of the relief, which gives to their appeal a pleasing air of modesty and mystery.

The visitor, indeed, is sure to feel the moral modesty and mystery of this thirty-thousand-dollar dining-room; and when he turns his eye toward the ceiling, which is divided transversely by four beams of satin wood, and then into octagonal panels of blue encaustic tiles eight inches square framed in satin-wood, the modesty and mystery are found there too. The abundant light from the large mullion-window and the large bay window on the south side causes the surface of the tiles to shimmer and change enchantingly from a blue that is almost sapphire to a blue that is almost gray, and the old ivory tone of the satin-wood is heightened again by the application of gilt to the grounds of the carvings. In a large central panel of satin-wood, from which the chandelier depends directly over the oblong dining-table, the carvings are of fruit, and somewhat bold, since too distant to be

closely scanned; but when designing the mural panels it was justly thought by the architect, Mr. Calvert Vaux, that birds, leaves, flowers, and a quasi atmosphere would be less tiresome, because more nearly pictorial, than conventional still-life. Seated at the Governor's hospitable board, the guest receives from these naturalistic and picturesque mural carvings a constant invitation; the mystery of their meaning is equalled only by the modesty of their appeal, and not the least of the messages they convey is the impossibility of easily exhausting their significance.

The Governor's new library at No. 14 Gramercy Park connects by sliding doors with the dining-room and with the old library. Its dimensions are unusual, the length being about one hundred and twenty-five feet, and the breadth about twenty feet for two-thirds of the length and forty feet for the remaining third. The space which in an ordinary city house is given to the drawing-room, the library, and the dining-room has been reserved for a library, and when the decorations are finished, the Governor will receive his friends in one of the largest, most beautiful, and best-equipped libraries in the United States. All the wood-work will be of white oak adorned with exquisite carvings, and from the ceiling, also of white oak, will shine an array of sea-green tiles. Each book-case will be high enough to almost touch the ceiling. The extraordinary size of this room is in keeping with the vast number of law-books destined to be brought into it, and its commanding importance in the general interior scheme of the edifice is believed by the Governor's friends to be not out of sympathy with the fact of his sound training and solid acquisitions as a student of law, political economy, and finance.

On the second floor, above the drawing-room, is the Governor's bedroom, a sumptuously beautiful apartment, its doors, trimmings, mantel, and wainscoting of solid satin-wood, carved and paneled, its walls hung in a delicately-hued woollen fabric of chintz-like design, and its ceiling painted to show a network of light hues. The use of different kinds of satin-wood, both plain and grained, adds variety to the general brilliancy of the effect; and the adornment of the bevelled angle of the door-frames with a line of carving extending up from the floor, over the door, and down to the floor again produces an effect not less novel than pleasing. The bay-window of this front room is generously provided with registers for heating; and electric bell knobs are seen in various convenient places, both here and elsewhere. Four or five other bedrooms on the same floor are finished in light hard woods, their walls and ceilings most lavishly and elaborately ornamented with frescoes in warm colors. The Governor's house is at once a palace and a home.

THE CHICAGO CABLE-CAR SYSTEM.

The most successful attempt yet made to secure a better means of street locomotion than that afforded by horse cars is the invention of cable cars. San Francisco was the first city in the United States to try the experiment, and it was soon found to work to the entire satisfaction of the public. Chicago, which seldom allows any other city in the country to get ahead of it, soon concluded to follow the example of San Francisco, and about a year ago work was begun on State Street for a new road operated on this plan. Nine miles of track were laid during the next four months, about 1,500 men and 250 teams being employed in the work. The amount of material used in the construction of the road was as follows: 5,000,000 pounds of iron; 500 tons of steel rails; 300,000 feet of lumber for stringers; 50,000 wagon loads of crushed stone, gravel and sand for the concrete; several thousand barrels of cement; 31,345 square yards of paving stones; 600,000 bolts; 225,000 brick; and 350 cords of rubble-stone in the excavations.

As the name implies, the cars are run by means of a cable. The tubes, composed of concrete, about the size of a common barrel, are laid about a foot beneath the surface of the street. Every sixteen feet a strong iron rib, nearly the size of a railroad rail, is embedded in the concrete, coming just high enough, and having flanges at proper places on which to fasten the rails for the cars to run on. There are other seats of flanges upon the ribs, which sustain two V-shaped rails, within three eighths of an inch of each other, in the centre of the track, so that it is a continuous frame of iron with its lower part embedded in concrete. Endless cables pass through these tubes, supported upon rollers, and over pulleys at the ends of the tubes, the upper and lower halves of the cable moving in opposite directions, like the chain of a chain-pump. The power which runs the road is generated in the engine house at the northwest corner of State and Twenty-first Street, which was constructed expressly for this purpose. In it are four 250-horse power engines and four boilers, and the cable now in working order is operated by one of these engines and one boiler. The cable is composed of the best quality of Swede's iron, with 114 strands of wire in the rope—six large strands of nineteen wires each—and is 22,000 feet long. Attached to each engine are two large winders, around which this cable passes, and two large cogwheels. The winders make eighteen revolutions per minute, the cogs thirty-six and the piston seventy-two. The cable passes from one of the winders out to a large set-wheel under the street, and around that to the small pulley

wheels in the cable chamber on which it rests. It runs down the east track to a wheel under the track at Madison Street, and back to the engine-house over the second rudder, and out again the same way. Just back of the engines in the house are two machines operated on narrow-gauge tracks, and these, by means of weights, keep the cable taut, so that there is no slack.

The cars used are called grip-cars. They are about the size of the old bobtail cars, and are open all around. In the centre is a compartment for the engineer, and in the centre of this the grip is set. The grip is connected with the cable by a shank, which runs down through the slot between the tracks. By means of a long lever the engineer throws the grip on, the cable is clasped with a vise-like grip, and the car is pulled along. In starting the car, the grip upon the cable is but slight, permitting it to slip. But after motion has been attained, by a peculiar twist of the attachment it takes a firm hold and the car proceeds to move with the same speed as does the cable; so that no shock is produced in the starting. As the grip attached to the car passes along with the cable it simply lifts the cable from the pulleys, allowing it to drop and rest upon the pulleys again after the car has passed. On either end of the cars are small headlights, for use at night, which throw a light on the track about thirty feet ahead of the car. Just above the engineer's compartment is a gong-bell for his use, and in centre of the car is a large shade-lamp. The cars are stopped by means of a brake, which is worked in the same way as the grip, and starts and stops are both made with much less of a shock than is always felt on a horse-car.

The road was inaugurated on the 22nd of January, and has been working successfully ever since.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

In the long roll of Primates of all England who have made Lambeth their home, few names will be remembered with more reverence and affection than that of the late Archbishop, Dr. Tait. He knew much of personal sorrow, and the readers of that tender and touching book, the memorial of *Catherine and Crawford Tait*, compiled partly by the husband and father himself, will remember Mrs. Tait's own account of the affliction which befell them in 1856, when her husband was Dean of Carlisle, in the deaths of five lovely little daughters by scarlet fever within a few weeks. And though he lived in a comparatively happy period of English history, the Church knew troublous times, in which its head needed to be the strong, true, broad man that he was. The words of one writer, that "his kindness, wisdom, and moderation entitle him to the last gratitude of the English Church," may be truly cited as expressing the general opinion of his labors. In his summer home at Cropton and at Lambeth Palace he appeared, among the daughters left to him, a loving father and a most gentle host. I heard him speak of Garfield's death from the pulpit of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and I thought it the justest and fittest utterance made on that theme in England. On his death-bed he remained still mindful of the work that was given him to do, and his last efforts were directed with successful tact to the removal of one of the difficulties in the way of the reconciliation of the parties in the Church. To the new primate, Dr. Benson, who comes from vigorous and able work in his see of Truro, he has left that best of legacies—the fruits of the life of a man who was both good and wise.—Mrs. Z. B. GUSTAFSON, in *Harper's*.

A RICH RAILROAD CORPORATION.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is one of the richest corporations in the world. It started out with a grant of 750 miles of road built and in operation; another grant of 25,000,000 acres of land, said to be worth on the average of \$5 per acre, and a Government guarantee of the clear gift of \$25,000,000, to be paid by installments, so much upon the completion of each section of twenty miles. Its charter exempts the road equipment and capital stock from taxes for ever, and it has free right of way, with all the materials for construction and equipment free from duty. The whole mileage to be built by the company is less than 2,400 miles. The eastern half of it will not cost more than \$15,000 a mile, or \$18,000,000. The western half, including passage through two ranges of mountains, may cost an average of \$35,000 a mile, or \$42,000,000; a total probable cost of \$60,000,000, of which the Government pays \$25,000,000, leaving for the company but \$35,000,000, which 7,000,000 acres of their land grant from Winnipeg westward will pay. They will then have left their entire capital stock and 18,000,000 acres of land for the construction of connections and branches and equipment, and for the creation of connecting lines of steamships from Montreal to Europe at the East, and Port Moody with Australia, China and San Francisco at the West. A company so rich in funds and exempt from all taxes for ever, and so large a surplus, ought to become a regulator of all the other transcontinental railways, and force them into reasonable and fair treatment of the public.

SENATOR PALMER, of Michigan, has given to the city of Detroit his salary as Senator for two years, for a public art museum.

THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

Payne was a boy prodigy upon the stage, but not a remarkable actor in his maturity. Then he was a manager, writer and adapter of plays, a "general utility" man in translating and arranging. He lost money as a manager, and was imprisoned in London. He opened his prison door with a successful translation, played *Richard the Third* for a few nights, and then left the stage. Then he sent some plays in manuscript to Charles Kemble, and among them was *Clari*, and if Kemble would give him £50 he would have Bishop arrange the play with music for the stage. Kemble sent the money; Bishop arranged the music; Ellen Tree's sister sang it. One song in it melted the heart of London and of the world, and the plaintive melody is everywhere familiar, and everywhere its tender pathos invests with affectionate regard the name of John Howard Payne.

It was in Italy that he heard the melody sung by a peasant girl carrying flowers and vegetables. The wandering Goldsmith might have heard it, and trilled it at twilight from his flute; for it is the very pensive motive of the "Deserted Village." To the loitering playwright the melody suggested the words which he has associated with it, and jotting down the notes of the air, he sent both words and music to Bishop, who duly arranged them, and after the immediate and great success of the song, it was published "as sung by Miss Tree," sister of Ellen Tree—"composed and partly founded upon a Sicilian air by Henry R. Bishop." But Payne's name is not even mentioned. *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, was the rage. For many years it was often sung, and its performance is a pleasant reminiscence of theatre-goers of thirty or forty years ago. Payne continued to write tragedies and comedies, operas and farces, and in 1832 he returned to America. A complimentary benefit was given to him at the Park Theatre, which produced seven thousand dollars. "And Mr. Jones," says a recent report—"whoever Mr. Jones was—sang 'Home, Sweet Home.'" "Alas! here again is the untoward fate of the actor—"wincever Mr. Jones was!" Why, sir, Mr. Jones was long the dulcet tenor of the old Park, and in the English version of *Masaniello* his singing of the aria, "Morning its sweets is flinging," was the delight of the lovely belles of long ago, whose grandchildren are the matrons of to-day.

For ten years Payne led the same Bedouin life, full of literary and humane and romantic projects, but he never again wrote or did anything memorable. In 1843 he was appointed Consul at Tunis, where in 1852, "an exile from home," he died. There is an inevitable melancholy in the impression of such a life, yet it is not clear that Payne was especially unhappy. But he was always a rover, and was never married, and often knew the pinch of poverty. After thirty years, Mr. Corcoran, of Washington, who personally knew him, obtained permission to remove the remains, and in June they will be laid finally in Oak Hill Cemetery, near Washington.

Except for his one song the name of Payne would be preserved only in biographical dictionaries and in some perishing traditions of the theatre. But his song is that one touch of nature which makes the world kin. It is the frailest thread of which fame was ever spun. For the poetry is but a rude expression of a common sentiment, and it would hardly have aroused attention except for the pathetic melody to which it was adapted. That touches every hearer, as it touched Payne when he heard it sung by the Italian girl. He vindicated his claim to the name of poet by his perfect interpretation of the sentiment of music. It was in the year that he died that New York heard Jenny Lind sing his song. There was a simple, honest, generous peasant air in her aspect, and when her marvellous voice broke into a ringing shower of limpid thrills in

"The birds singing gayly that come at my call," it was as if all the birds of spring warbled together, or a choir of larks sang at heaven's gate.

There are a hundred monuments of distinguished men in Washington who were very conspicuous, and some of whom performed great and memorable services. But no monuments there will be visited by a greater throng of pilgrims, and no memory will appeal more tenderly to all of them, than those of the wide-wandering actor who lived and died alone, and of whom nothing is remembered but that he wrote one song.

EARLY BARGAINS WITH THE INDIANS.

The disposition to cheat and defraud the Indians has been much exaggerated, at least as regards the English settlers. The early Spanish invaders made no pretense of buying one foot of land from the Indians, whereas the English often went through the form of purchase, and very commonly put in practice the reality. The Pilgrims, when in great distress at the very beginning, took baskets of corn from an Indian grave, and paid for them afterward. The year after the Massachusetts colony was founded, the court decreed: "It is ordered that Josias Plastow shall (for stealing four baskets of corn from the Indians) return them eight baskets again, be fined five pounds, and hereafter called Josias, and not Mr., as formerly he used to be." As a mere matter of policy, it was the general disposition of the English settlers to obtain

lands by honest sale; indeed, Governor Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth, declared, in reference to King Philip's War, that "before these present troubles broke out the English did not possess one foot of land in the colony but what was fairly obtained by honest purchase of the Indian proprietors." This policy was quite general. Captain West in 1610 bought the site of what is now Richmond, Virginia, for some copper. The Dutch Governor Minuit bought the island of Manhattan in 1625 for sixty guilders. Lord Baltimore's company purchased land for cloth, tools, and trinkets; the Swedes obtained the site of Christiana for a kettle; Roger Williams bought the island of Rhode Island for forty fathoms of white beads; and New Haven was sold to the whites in 1633 for "twelve coats of English cloth, twelve alchemy spoons, twelve hoes, twelve hatchets, twelve pronging, twenty-four knives, and twenty-four cases of French knives and spoons." Many other such purchases will be found recorded by Dr. Ellis. And though the price paid might often seem ludicrously small, yet we must remember that a knife or a hatchet was really worth more to an Indian than many square miles of wild land; while even the beads were a substitute for wampum, or wampum, which was their circulating medium in dealing with each other and with the whites, and was worth in 1630 five shillings a fathom.

T. W. HIGGINSON, in *Harper's*.

A MOUNTAIN SPECTRE IN NEVADA.

The famous spectre of the Brocken, which frequently appears in the Hartz Mountains, seldom visits this country, but it was seen not long ago from the Toubabe range, in Nevada, by R. A. Marr, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, who gives this account of the atmospheric phenomenon: "Suddenly, as I stood looking over the vast expanse beneath me, I saw myself confronted by a monster figure of a man standing in mid-air before me upon the top of a clearly defined mountain peak, which had but the thin air of the valley below for a resting-place. The figure was only a short distance from me. Around it were two circles of rainbow light and color, the outer one faintly defined as compared with the inner one, which was bright and clear and distinctly iridescent. Around the head of the figure was a beautiful halo of light, and from the figure itself shot rays of colors normal to the body. The sight startled me more than I can now tell. I threw up my hands in astonishment, and perhaps some little fear, and at this moment the spectre seemed to move towards me. In a few minutes I got over my fright, and then, after the figure had faded away, I recognized the fact that I had enjoyed one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature. Since then we have seen it once or twice from Jeff Davis Peak, but it never created such an impression upon me as it did that evening when I was doing service as a heliographer all alone on top of Arc Dome."

WOLVES INCREASING IN FRANCE.

In France wolves seem to increase much quicker than the population. In ancient Limousin and thereabouts they are not contented with sheep and dogs, but six times within the last two years have attacked human beings, and a score of people have died mad from their bites. In the small local newspapers it is quite common to see accounts of dogs killed in defense of the sheep. These occurrences rarely gain attention from the Paris papers, and the country-folk cry out loudly against "the Chamber" for not making the *lieutenants de baillieries* do their duty. These officers are accused of showing more discretion than vigor in destroying the wolves; for, if wolves become extinct, their own occupation would be gone. The position is much coveted and it is a pleasant one, both for the holder and his friends, as regards hunting, shooting and social intercourse in the lieutenant's district. The rewards for killing a wolf are now very small, ranging from one dollar to three dollars. The departments most infested demand an increase to sixty dollars and one hundred dollars, so as to make it worth the while of good shots and expert poachers to devote themselves to wolf-destruction. Elisee Reclus has computed that there are 3,000 or 4,000 wolves still in France, from which it appears that at a cost of \$400,000 they might be extirpated.

PERSONAL.

CANON FARRAR has been appointed to the Archdeaconry of Westminster.

THE Duke of Newcastle who arrived recently from San Francisco, will probably sail for England by the *Celtic* on the 19th inst.

THE President is now making arrangements for a trip this summer to California. On his return trip he will visit the Yellowstone Park.

THE Dowager Marchioness of Westminster has followed the example of Queen Victoria in forbidding the serving of lamb in her household.

GEN. PATTERSON and forty officers of the New Hampshire National Guard will be present at the military review at Montreal on the Queen's Birthday.

PRINCE LOUIS BONAPARTE, the youngest son of Prince Napoleon, has passed a creditable examination at the Sorbonne for the degree of Bachelor of Science.

THE Duke of Newcastle, accompanied by Mr. A. Parmer Langley and a retinue of servants, were at Niagara Falls, on Monday. They were to leave to-day for New York. Apartments have been engaged for them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.



A CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENE



A FAMILY PARTY - HUDDLING TO KEEP WARM.

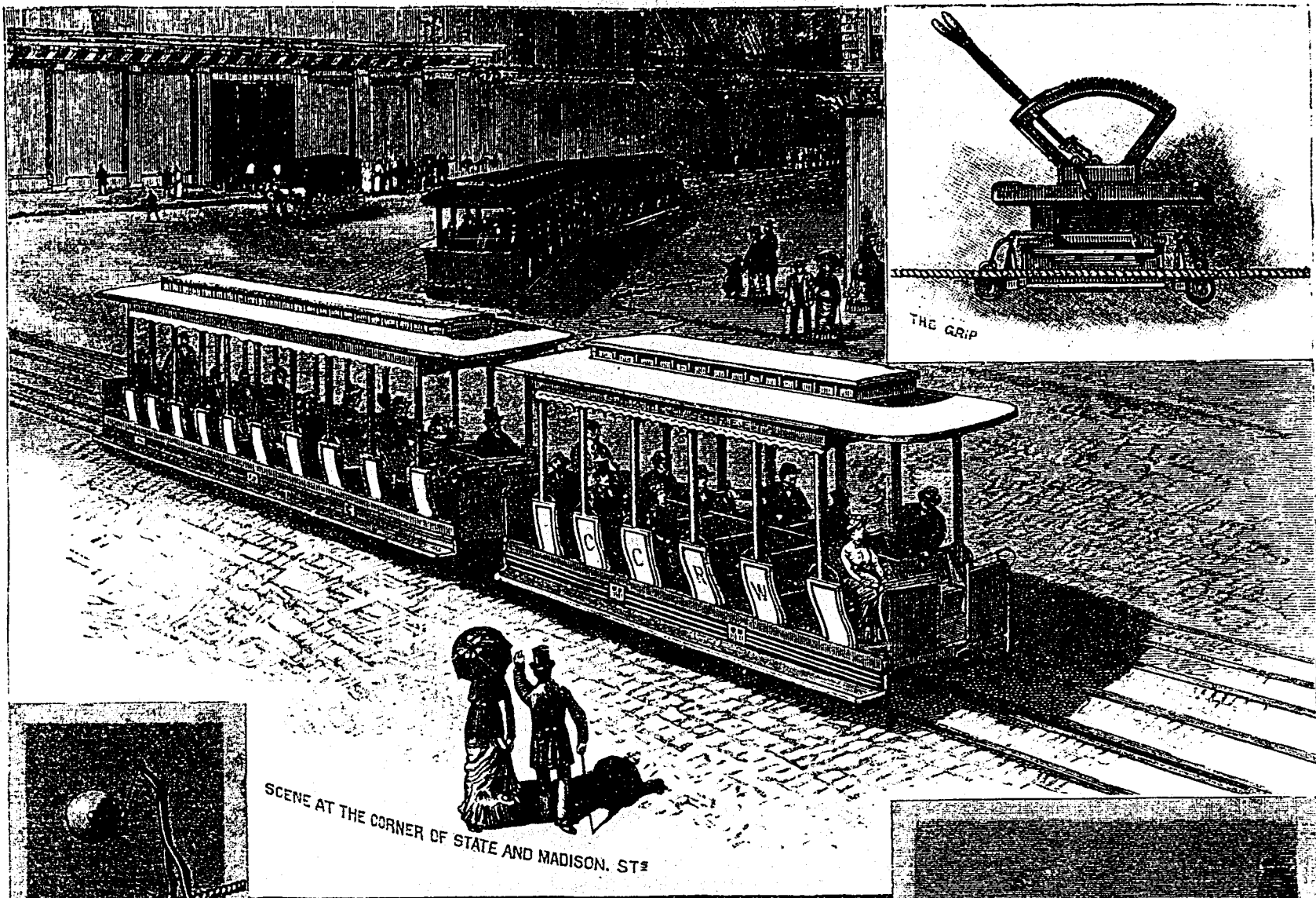


METHOD OF KILLING PIGS

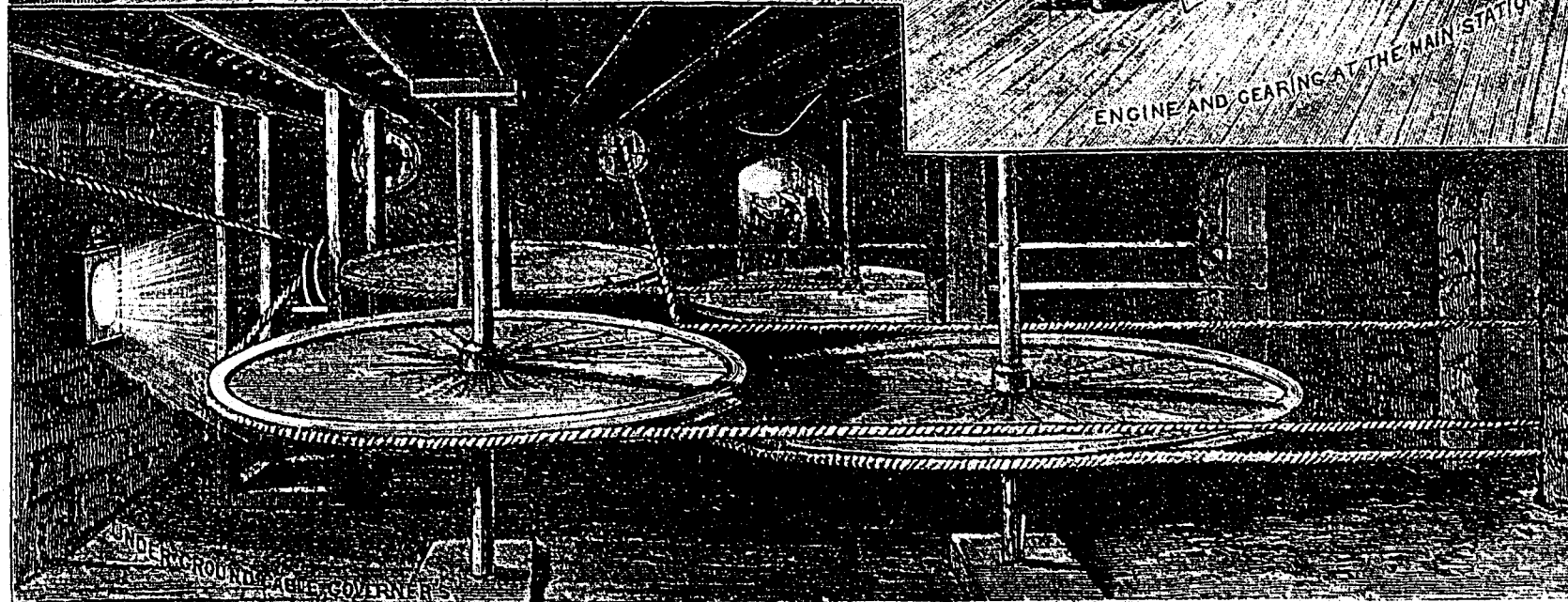
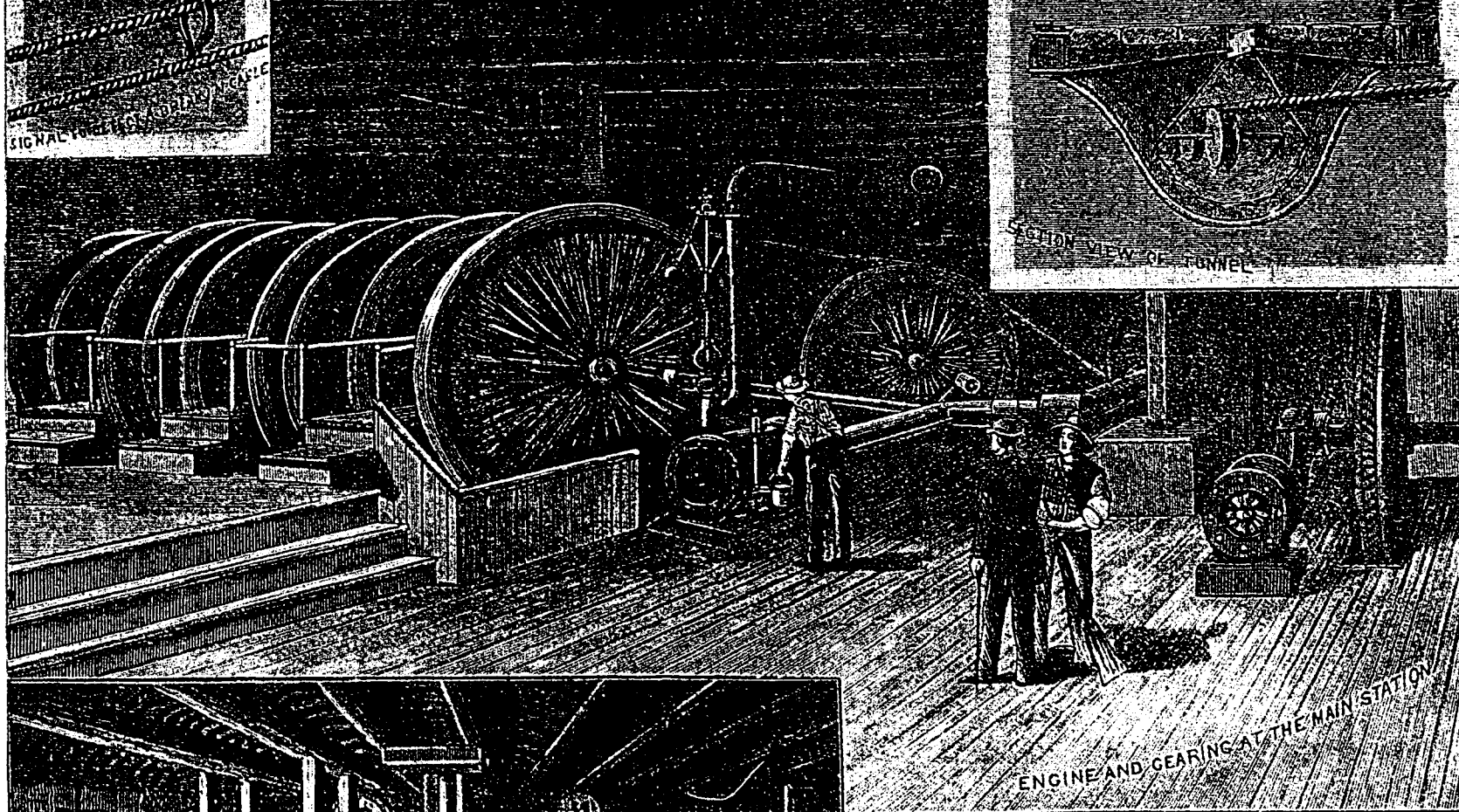
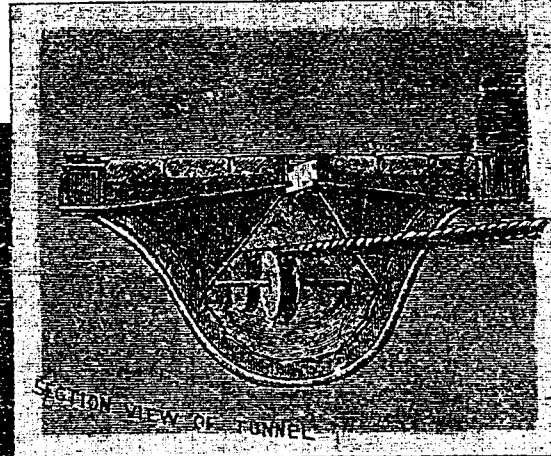
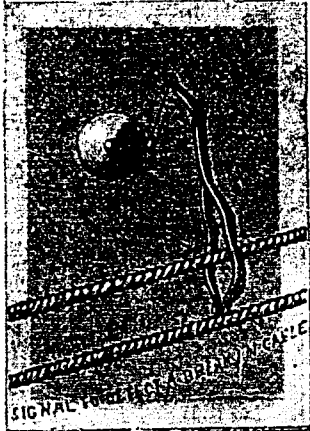


SCALDING AND DRESSING FOR MARKET

THE PORK BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES.



SCENE AT THE CORNER OF STATE AND MADISON. ST.



THE CABLE RAILWAY SYSTEM IN CHICAGO.

AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

This road leads sure to death ;
I near the end ;
The mile-stones are all past—
Three score and ten.
I started with a crowd.
Where are they now ?
I lost them on the road ;
I know not how.

I lost them one by one ;
I know no more.
They were not left behind ;
They went before.
The way was full of hope,
Of joy and bliss,
Of pain, and woe and death—
And happiness.

Life's journey has been short ;
That is to say,
'Twas morning, noon, and night—
But one day short.
I'll look the record o'er ;
Yes, I am right ;
The journey of a day—
Morn, noon, and night.

My morn was spent in dreams ;
My noon was bright ;
Clouds quickly gathered 'round,
And now 'tis night.
My glass is almost run ;
Why need I care ?
The hand that led me here
Will lead me there.

Now let the time be short,
When I may rest
My weary, aching head
Upon my breast.
I go from whence I came,
Life's journey o'er,
And be what I have been,
And nothing more.

My dust returns to dust,
All for the best ;
My soul will go to God,
And be at rest.
I've outlived all my friends,
My hopes, my fears ;
I have no place for mirth,
And less for tears.

THE STOLEN WATCH.

I.

The stage stopped. Every man and woman in it knew at once what it meant. They had joked at the terrors of the journey before them in the morning. They had talked seriously enough, but bravely enough, too, of the possibility of danger ahead as they ate their dinners. They had laughed as much at supper as in the morning, but the laughter had been nervous enough to have been cries of terror instead of laughter. And now, with the moon just silvering the hills to the east of them, the stage stopped.

"Hold up your hands, gentlemen, and be lively ; we have no time to waste."

One after another the passengers were robbed. The man who had talked loudest of his bravery, and of his utter contempt for those who would allow their money to be taken without a fierce fight, gave up his money and his excellent pair of self-cocking revolvers without a struggle. The man who had talked of the investments he was about to make in the West, and who had boasted of his wealth all the way that day, was fervently cursed by the robbers, who found barely five dollars on his person. The lady who had spoken at least once every half-hour all day long of that wonderful person, "My husband, the colonel," and who had manifested an air of conscious superiority ever after she had informed the company, as she did very early on the journey, that her entire life had been passed on the frontier, fainted dead away. A young lady from Vassar, who shrieked a full five minutes when a spider ran across her hand in the morning, sauced the fellow who took her money, and actually asked him why he didn't take her, too. A black-coated, white-cravated gentleman, who had insisted on asking grace at each meal that day, stood and swore by turns in not less than five languages while the robbers did their work.

After all this, it wasn't to be wondered at that every one looked at the quiet, awkward little man, who had been laughed at more or less all day, to see how he acted under pressure. He was going to the gold fields, he had said, to seek his fortune. When, therefore, the robbers took from him a larger roll of bank-bills than any of the passengers had ever seen before, they half-forgot their own losses and the dangers of the situation in their interest in what was going on. The little man's shabby coat, which had prompted more than one unkind remark during the day, was opened, and a diamond stud of great value torn from his very plain shirt-front. At last they took his watch—a large old-fashioned thing, in a very brassy-looking case.

"See here, sir," he said in an even tone, and with more dignity than any of his friends of a day had ever heard in his tones, "see here ; you have taken my diamonds and forty-five hundred dollars in money, and I have not complained, but I want to keep my watch. It was my grandfather's, my father's and mine. I meant it to be my son's after me. Spare me that."

"It don't look worth much," said the man who had taken it, and he moved as though half-inclined to give it back.

The other robbers were "assisting" the passengers to their places in the stage ; the little man and the robber were holding their parley a little apart.

"It's a good watch for all its looks," said the little man, sturdily, in the sincere tones of a person who will assert the worth of that he

loves whatever may come of it ; "but I want it for its associations, not for its value."

"A good timekeeper ! Solid gold case !"

Both questions were asked contemptuously.

"A silver case, and plated at that, but as good a timekeeper as there is in America. It doesn't vary a second in weeks."

The robber opened the watch, and glanced at the works and the maker's name.

"I am considered a fair judge of watches. I've handled a good many in my time," and he laughed quietly, "and the evidence of the watch is all in your favor. I believe you—and I will keep it."

"You will keep my watch !"

"I said so."

"May its possession be an everlasting curse to you."

"Thank you. Come, boys," and the robber took the stolen watch from his pocket and pretended to look at the time, "we cannot entertain our generous friends any longer."

The indignity offered his watch in the pretence of using it may have stung the little man to sudden madness ; he may have intended all along to fight for his precious watch if he had to. Be this as it may, as the robber slipped the watch into his pocket the little man drew a revolver from some concealed place which the robbers had overlooked and fired at the one who had so wronged him—fired at scarcely half a dozen paces, and missed. It was all over in a minute. The little man lay in the road with his life running out from a half-dozen pistol ball wounds, and his face growing whiter and whiter under the cold light of the moon.

"Into the stage and off with you," was a command that did not need to be uttered a second time.

"On to your horses, and we are off, too," was the second command, and its tones brought prompt obedience.

And the last words of the dying man floated after the stage, and drifted down the wind to the ears of the fleeing freebooters.

"May its possession be an everlasting curse to you !"

II.

If the neighbors and acquaintances of Miguel Gordon had been asked why he was so popular with them, the answers would have been varied. To the miners, pure and simple, his wonderful good luck in all his enterprises would have been sufficient reason. To those who loved manly sports and wild life, his horsemanship and marksmanship would have appealed first. Those who had rode by his side in the many fruitless quests for robbers and fugitives respected the simple and terrible earnestness of the man. Men who had families, and the women who lived with husband and children on the frontier, loved him for the love he manifested for his two children, Manuel and Manuela. Any man for miles around would have given time, and money, would have even risked life itself, for Miguel Gordon. Gordon worked in the little camp of miners among the hills. He never loafed, he never drank, he never quarreled. Once in two or three weeks he would ride to the settlement which had grown up around the railway station thirty miles to the south, where he had made a home for his children. The miners bought their supplies at this little place, and most of them knew Manuela and Manuel—knew them and shared their father's admiration of them.

Manuel was a slight and rather sickly youth of eighteen ; Manuela was sixteen, and strong and handsome. The mining camp would have been proud to have them there. Every man in the camp would have constituted himself a protector of the children. But the father said the settlement at the station was better for them, and that settled it.

III.

The twilight had not brightened into day one morning when a man rode up to Gordon's door and roused him with a perfect hurricane of knocks. "Danger at the settlement, and no time to be lost," was the summons. The note the swift rider had brought was short, but only too definite. Some friends of Gordon's had heard by accident certain rumors, and seen certain signs which led to an investigation. Examination showed that Manuela Gordon was about to elope with a certain good-looking stranger who had won the most of the spare money at the settlement by his skill at cards. They were going on the train at nine o'clock that morning. Some were for killing the handsome stranger ; others for keeping quiet and having nothing whatever to do with the affair. A middle class, although small in number, had won the day, and the best rider of them all had carried the startling news thirty miles through the night to Miguel Gordon.

In five minutes Gordon and his friend were on their way back to the settlement. Little was said, but Gordon's face was pale, and his hand closed and unclosed nervously around the rifle he carried.

In the long race before them time was important, and it early became evident that Gordon's friend could not keep up with him.

"Go on," said the friend, "and God grant you are in season !"

Oh, the long miles of the road, the dreary, weary way he had to ride with his strong father-love at his heart urging him on. But at last he thundered up to the platform at the station, and it lacked fifteen minutes of nine !

The men he knew looked curiously at him ; women looked with pitying eyes into his as he fastened his horse, and strode into the waiting-room, rifle in hand.

"Who is the man ? Have you found out yet ?" he asked of the man who had sent him the note.

"Jim Bragg, gambler, murderer and suspected stage-robber. I had half a mind to shoot him myself as he stood making love to your daughter this morning, and save the law a job in the future."

"The law won't need to exercise its power on him, and his future is short enough. When will the train come ?"

"Didn't you know ? The train has been gone fifteen minutes !"

The watch which Miguel Gordon had carried for a whole year—a year to a day—and which had not varied ten seconds in all the time before, was half an hour slow that morning, and had cost him his daughter.

IV.

Another year has slowly gone by. Miguel Gordon is more popular and more prosperous than ever. His daughter has never been heard from, and his terrible loss has aged him greatly. Still he is not entirely unhappy. His life is bound up in his son. He has brought Manuel with him to the camp now. Manuel uses his weapons, his tools, his horse. Father and son seem to be one. Whatever the son wishes the father gets for him. "He is a model father," is said of one, and "He is a model son," of the other. This morning they are working together among the ledges.

"We must put in a blast here, and loosen up the rock," said Miguel ; "we can fire it from the house. I will light the fuse at exactly twelve."

At ten o'clock all is ready, and the two men separate to go to other parts of the camp.

"At twelve o'clock we will fire it," were the last words of the old man as they parted.

"At twelve—yes," responded his son.

When the shock of the great blast at Gordon's was felt, every one in the camp or in the claims along the ridge looked up ; and a half-minute later the whole camp was flocking towards the place of the explosion, for the old man, grown grayer and older in the last few minutes, was bringing down from the rocks a shapeless mass that had once been human. His watch was a half-hour fast that noon, and had cost him his son.

V.

A slight young man stood in the largest saloon of which the mining camp could boast, and slowly finished his story.

"Three years ago, and more, since he left home, and we have never traced him to a certainty. The man who was killed three years ago to night, when resisting the robbers a half-dozen miles east of your camp, may have been my father. The description is fairly accurate. But I never expect to know certainly whether it were he or not."

Every newcomer was expected to tell something of his story, and young Johnson had told his with simple directness, ending as stated above.

An old man, with sad look and snow-white hair, but straight and strong yet, entered the room, walked to the bar, drank, took a large old-fashioned watch from his pocket, looked at the time, and walked over to the stove.

"Any errands over to the station this afternoon ?" he asked. "I am going over on horse-back for some light supplies."

The saloon man answered in the negative, and the old man walked out.

Johnson turned towards the barkeeper with a face like marble and eyes like fire, but asked a couple of very simple questions nevertheless.

"Was that Miguel Gordon I've heard so much about ?"

"Yes."

"Is there any stage in or out to-night ?"

"Yes ; the stage from the East should be in at nine o'clock."

A half-hour later Miguel Gordon rode away towards the south. A half-hour after that young Johnson stood in the centre of the saloon with an excited crowd around him.

One man said : "We've tried to catch these robbers often enough, and have failed. If the youngster is wrong, it is only one failure more. The stages have been stopped about once a month for the last three years. There is one chance in thirty by the theory of probabilities."

It had been suspected that this man had once been a scholar and a teacher. He was called "the Professor" yet.

Another man objected : "We don't know this boy. It would be lucky if it all ended in only failure. How do we know it isn't all a trap for us ?"

"Likely to be that, isn't it, with the boy along ! He'd scarcely try that," said a third.

"We've never gone without Gordon before," said another : "whatever will he think of us if we go now without him ?"

"It can't be helped this time," said the barkeeper, "and I vote we go."

And it was so decided.

Johnson's proposition had been a strange one. It was that, starting at three o'clock, they should ride hard and meet the stage from the East as far to the east as possible ; that the women and children should be left behind, together with any male passengers who might show a lack of

pluck ; and that as many of them as the stage would hold, fully armed and ready for the attack, should ride into the little mining town that night. He offered no reason, but simply said that there would be an attempted robbery.

The moon had been up an hour. The night was silent and calm, and would have seemed lovely enough to the driver of the stage but for the strange load he carried that night. The stage was crowded with men armed with heavy navy revolvers—and men who knew how to use them.

The "Professor" was half-dozing in his corner, and muttering something about infinity and zero ; the man who had distrusted the boy, Johnson, was so far asleep that he might have been trapped or betrayed. The stage turned a curve in the road and stopped just where it had three years before.

"Hold up your hands, gentlemen, and be lively ; we have no time to lose," came the quick, nervous command.

The driver's heart might almost have been heard to beat in the silence for one long moment, and the next there was a volley from the well aimed arms of those within the stage, and with a cheer that might have been heard for miles, the miners sprang down to meet the robbers who had puzzled and defied them for years.

The wild shots of the a-tonished outlaws did no harm, but they went down under the heroic onslaught of the miners like grain before the reaper.

In five minutes the avengers were in a position to solve the mystery fully. Of the half-dozen dead men only one was known to the miners ; the rest were strangers. The puzzle was unsolved still. But, no, a dozen rods away young Johnson stood, revolver in hand, over the robber chief who had fallen only when the last ball had been fired. In his hand was a watch which had been taken from the dying bandit.

"It was my father's," said Johnson, with a sob.

"It has been an everlasting curse to me," groaned the prostrate man, with his last breath.

The watch would never run again, for the ball that carried death to the one who stole it had destroyed the watch as well.

A miner snatched the mask from the robber's face, and the reason why the attempts to capture the villains had always failed was no longer a mystery. For, framed in with the well known white hair was a well known face, and the dead eyes which stared up at him glared from beneath the ashen brow of Miguel Gordon.

PROGRESS IN CHINA.

Despite occasional set-backs, China continues to make progress in the line of modern civilization. The great generals who, as viceroys, exercise an almost absolute direction over affairs, are in favor of the introduction of Western improvements as rapidly as China can assimilate them. The first step was taken in the establishment of arsenals and the adoption of European drill and weapons. The new telegraph line, the opening of coal mines, the Merchants' Navigation Company, the woolen mill under German supervision, the adoption of our medical system, and the founding of two hospitals (one of them in charge of our countrywoman, Miss Howard), and the Government postal service, are important moves in the same direction, and are all due to the influence of the viceroys. The college at Peking, under the charge of Dr. Martin, and the lighting and marking of the Chinese coast, are due to foreigners. Much remains to be done, for China is still without common roads, steam or horse railroads, without a coinage, without prisons or process of law worthy of the name, without a press and with a system of education in which letters are everything and science nothing. Still there seems no reason for anxiety lest China, having advanced so far, should now turn back.

HOP BITTERS ARE THE PUREST AND BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.

They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating.

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters.

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the Purest and best Medicine ever made ; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.

FAUSTUS.

A winter midnight: in his lumbered room
Faustus, the great magician, sat alone;
A magic lamp flared ghastly through the gloom

It was the last hour of the fatal day
That closed the number of his years misspent;
For he whose word the spirits must yet obey

And Faustus murmured: I must listen to it—
Time's footfalls—though I fain would stop my
ears;
Fain would I dash it down, but will not do it;

My scholars they have left me here alone
To wrestle with my doom—for me to pray;
For I sometimes to outward seeming grown

I am not grown indifferent that I know
My doom is certain as eternity;
Bound to a rack whose tortures ever grow,

I would I might not think, yet think I must;
I can not, what I most desire, forget,
O were I nothing more than senseless dust,

Reprieve, remorse, thou sharpest sting of fate!
The thoughts which I have never dared to think
Now swell my heart, and grow articulate

Is there forgetfulness in hell? I live
Life o'er again these moments, each a year,
O fearful power of memory that can give

Alas! I dreamed not to have ended so!
A golden, burning coal had made me blind,
I dreamed of bringing good to man below,

Ah, well I mind me of that summer day
When, driven by the demon of unrest,
I passed the city gate, and took my way

And at the corner of four roads that met,
Just in the border of that haunted wood,
I stayed my feet what time the sun had set.

The mystic circle and the signs I drew:
And then I waited for the deepening night,
Until the screeching owl above me flew

Then darkness thickened round me like a wall,
Hiding the world, but not the starry sky;
And from it I could hear the demon call

Then suddenly the swarming air was full
Of unimaginably frightful shapes,
Led by a skeleton that bore his skull

It came. A radiance like a summer dawn
Disclosed a vision out of fairy-land—
An overshadowed arbor on a lawn,

Toward me she cast her large and lustrous eyes,
And smiled, and drew me to her with her hand;
Her red lips parted with voluptuous sighs,

A pause: then stood the tempter at my side.
He promised me the gift of spirit-sight,
That I may know what o'er the world may hide,

With him I sought the regions under-ground,
And passed the boundaries of eternal pain;
Saw Death on his white horse, that made no sound,

Searched through the universe from bound to bound,
Only to find my utmost knowledge vain.
The heights and depths were subject to my will,

Knowledge! what gav'st thou but the power to see
That nothing could be known? What profit all
The arts that bound the spirits under me?

O mother Nature! kind to lowly wants,
Thou giv'st the husbandman due sun and rain,
Seed-time and harvest, fair and bounteous plants,

Alas, that I became so basely proud,
And gave my soul to bitterness and scorn;
That, when I found I could not grasp the cloud,

O loathsome pandering to gaping bores
And royal fools! O impotence of pride,
Which drove me into woods and lonely moors!

Even Death, that makes all earthy troubles well,
An ever-haunting phantom, mocked my prayer;
And that sweet apparition, sent from hell,

No more! no more! It makes my senses reel
It almost makes me wish for life again.
Yet surely life, like a revolving wheel,

'Tis cast! The Judge in heaven has closed His ear.
I will not pray vain prayers, will not repent,
Away with memory and away with fear!

Said I, who once have forced those brazen doors
Where the doomed spirit supplicates in vain,
And breathed the hot breath of those parched shores,

And must I evermore lie crushed and dumb,
Unquished, and emptied of my vaunted skill?
In many a struggle have I overcome

S. S. CONANT, in Harper's.

ON CREMATION.

BY JOSEPH WORKMAN, M.D., TORONTO.

There is too much truth in the old saying
that "one half the world knows not how the
other half lives," and as death is the last scene
in the drama of life, it is equally probable that
quite as small a proportion are cognizant of the
doleful surroundings of this event. It is, how-
ever, a gratifying reflection, that in this land,
free from the inherited trammels of older na-
tions and the exigencies of dense populations,
we are permitted to award to the remains of the
departed that right of decent sepulture, which
the voice of weeping nature so urgently craves
for. But it is not so in all countries. Even within
the limits of our own mother land, interments
have been witnessed, and must still be witnessed
(for landlords have little interest in the disposal
of their own broad acres), which are truly
harrowing to the feelings of all who are con-
strained to witness them. What would our
native born Canadians think, or say, on seeing,
on the edges of a re-opened grave, four, six, or
eight skulls cast out by the diggers, and some
of these even yet not denuded of all the soft
parts and the hair? Verily, the writer has seen
coffins broken into, in which the grave clothes
and binding ribbons came forth almost fresh,
the worms having kindly removed the edible
textures. Many grave-yards have, by indefinite
interments in the same spot, been raised three,
four, or more feet above the original level of the
surface.

This disgraceful disregard of the defunct bo-
dies of the people has, for ages, prevailed in so-
called civilized countries, wherein millions have
been wrung from the tillers of the soil, in re-
ward of those entrusted with the care of their
souls. All this is very bad, and we who dwell
in a different land, free from the crushing ty-
ranny of Landlordism, and the unholy exactions
of a pampered hierarchy, should thank the good
Providence which has cast our lot where such
evils are, and, it is to be hoped, ever will be,
unknown. Yes, it is very bad, but not in our
mother land, with all her faults and imperfec-
tions, has the disregard of decent disposal of the
dead reached that climax of outrage, which is
to be observed in other parts of Europe. Many
of us who have, perhaps, regarded with abhor-
rence or disgust, the introduction of the prac-
tice or cremation, might feel inclined to change

our views, or mitigate our sentence of condem-
nation, did we know a little more of the causes
which have led to the proposal of this system.
At the conference of sanitarians held last year
in Geneva, this subject was freely discussed, and
although our Provincial representative did not
feel called on, or even warranted, to take any
part in the discussion, seeing that in America
there is as yet abundance of available land for
the enlargement of cemeteries, or for the es-
tablishment of new ones, his Italian confreres
have not only not hesitated to thank him in their
list of contents, but have also requested from
him his annual subscription, which, of course,
his Canadian habits of thought and conven-
tional sentiment do not permit him to transmit.
So much for innocence getting into foreign
company.

This gentleman has placed in our hands several
printed documents, received by him from
his European sanitary colleagues, and we think,
in justice to the illustrious authors, as well as
to the readers of the *Lancet*, we may venture on
the reproduction of a few extracts, after careful
perusal of which a considerable change of sen-
timent, in the minds of the latter, may be ex-
perienced. We select for our purpose, a short
pamphlet entitled, "Il camposanto Vecchio a
Napoli," that is, the old holyfield at Naples,—
the equivalent of our old English title of "God's
acre." The writer seems to have been a Flo-
rentine, who in 1878 was addressing a friend at
home. Having made his way into this old place
of sepulture (not in fact graveyard, for such,
as we understand the word, it certainly was not),
he entered into conversation with the care-
taker, when the following information was ob-
tained.

"Pardon me, custodian, what are those large
round stones I see on the pavement, all num-
bered with the chisel?" "Sepultures, Signore,"
he replied. "There are in all 365, exactly as
many as the days of the year, 360 are here, as
you see, and 5 others are in the church. At
half-past six in the evening, one is opened each
day, and, with that machine down there, the
dead that have arrived in the day and those who
are brought through the night, are buried. It
is closed at half-past six in the morning; but
if it would please you to see how we do it, amuse
yourself in the meantime, and come again to-
wards seven, that you may be diverted."

After parting from the custodian, the visitor
wandered around, and among other sights he
met with the following. "Two old men, with
heads bare, under a scorching sun, ran through
the various parts, up and down along the lines
of sepultures, reciting psalms in a low voice, and
every now and again making lamentation, at
one time striking their breasts, and again mak-
ing the sign of the cross, and next spreading
out their arms, and raising their eyes to heaven.
Near a stone, at a little distance from me, was
a group, consisting of an adult woman, a girl
and three children; the woman was certainly
the mother; she was praying and weeping at
intervals, in broken silence. I would willingly
have asked these sorrowers some questions, but
I refrained from disturbing the mournful assem-
blage. The mother was kneeling, with her head
resting on the shoulder of her eldest daughter,
who was sitting beside her; the eldest of the
three children joined in the prayer, and wept;
the second was sleeping, with his head between
the knees of his sister, and the third was play-
ing with a lizard which was tied by the tail. In
one corner two ragged fellows were sleeping and
snoring sweetly; in another a lot of rogues were
clamoring and jesting, and throwing stones into
the air.

Whilst I was silently observing these things,
a man without a shirt made his appearance at
the gate, with breeches half down his legs; he
was carrying something on his head, which at
a distance I could not recognize. He entered
singing, with one hand on his hip and the other
on the object he was bringing on his head. He
was as nimble and elegant as a Pompeian figure.
He advanced some paces, and after looking
around he called out, 'Treonce,' one of the assis-
tants who was sleeping in a corner; he jumped
up and ran to meet him, and so did I. The thing
which the newly arrived held on his head, was
a little coffin of the dead. Whilst the custodian
was preparing the metal casket of deposit, the
two assistants undid the lid of the little coffin
and exposed the emaciated body of a child of
about two years. It was enveloped in a few
rags, but a poor garland of green twigs surrounded
the slender corpse, and a May rose was seen
hanging from its mouth. The thought of the
hand which had placed that rose there, came
over me, and I felt a choking, whilst the chil-
dren, sporting down below were running about
tickling each other, and smiling and cheery
were skipping around. The casket of deposit
was prepared in a moment, and the little cadaver
was laid hold of by one assistant by a leg, and
was tossed into it. The garland flew one way
and the rose another, and two streaks of blood
ran from the nostrils over the cheeks of the
miserable creature. The ragged fellows, between
them, made away with the garland and the rose,
and the industrious Treonce having, in the
meantime, at the sound of some footsteps, finish-
ed the breaking up of the coffin, went off with
the pieces under his arm, whistling cheerily the
air of *Palmella*.

"In like manner I saw other cases (coffins?)
with the bodies of adults arrive, either on ve-
hicles, or carried by hands, or on the roofs of
carriages, and to all that I saw nearly the same
treatment was given. From one corpse, that of
an old woman, I saw, while it was being lifted,
the only bit of cloth which covered the abdo-

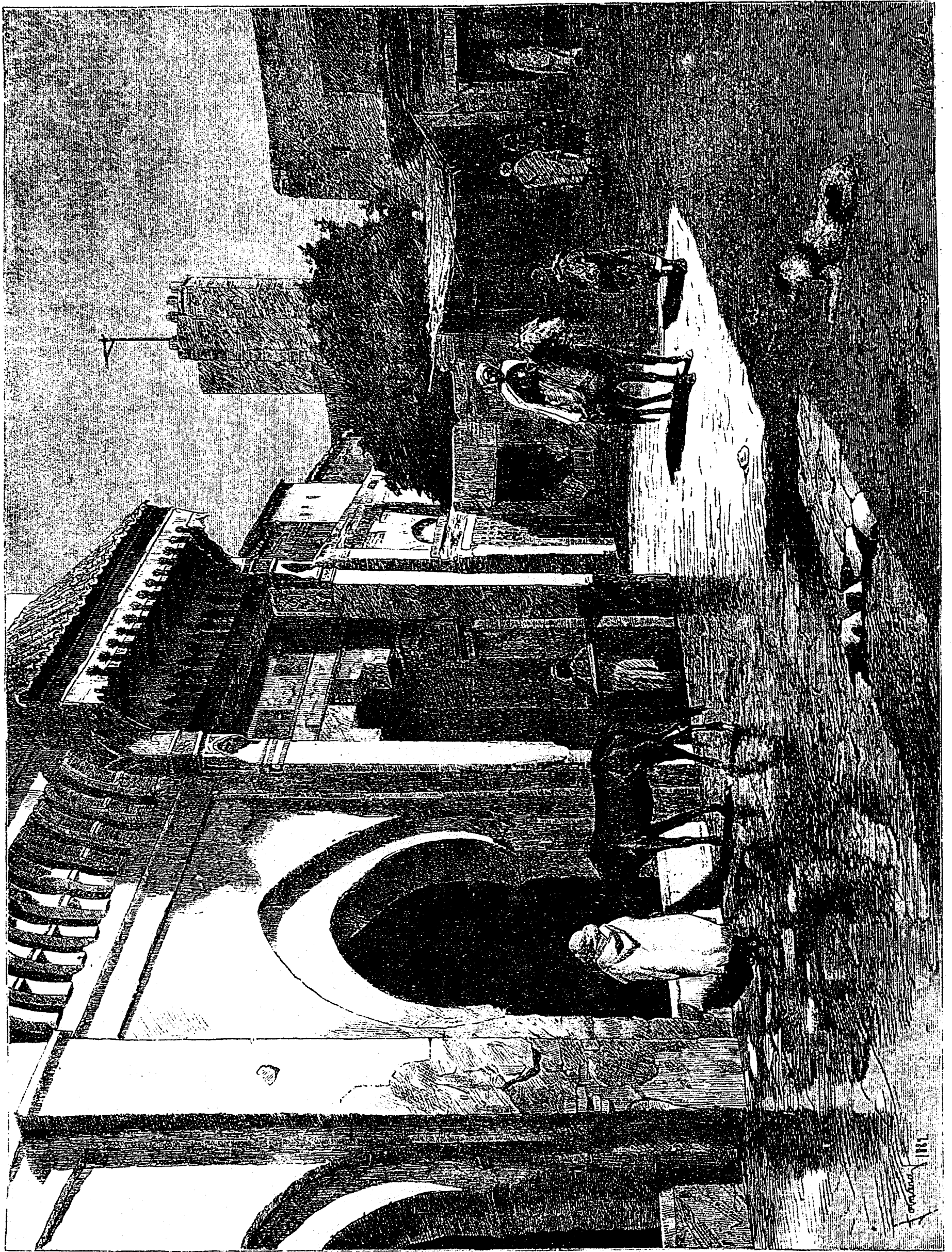
men, fall off, and it was left stark naked under
the eyes of the staring crowd; in another in-
stance, that of an old man, who slipped from
the hands of him who was raising the body by
the shoulders, I saw the head slap down on the
pavement, with that sinister thump which is
never forgotten, and can never be mistaken for
any other sound. But it is nothing at all; the
satraps of Naples are at dinner; and this little
sound will certainly not reach them, nor de-
range their placid digestion."

The visitor returned on the second evening
after, in order to witness the established system
of Neapolitan sepulture. Here are some of the
sights witnessed by him:—"There are some
impressions which cannot be recounted, and
we can only think, and be silent, for language
is insufficient. The aged priest recited the prayer
for the dead; he blessed the bodies, and with-
drew, giving a signal to the men of the service,
which set them quickly to work. 'To it,' cried
one of them, and in an instant the capping-stone
of the huge charnel-house was raised. An escap-
ing volume of sickening stench in a moment
drove back the hundred faces of the curious who
were standing over it, but another hundred,
urged forward by stupid curiosity, fear, and
horror, took their places over the fetid opening.
The ragged fellows who stood apart, called
loudly, opening a passage for themselves through
the crowd, which remained closely locked and
screaming, feeling themselves suffocated; and
in this time the men placed at the machine did
not cease to salute one another, calling out,
'Back there! pitch it in! forward, forward, let
us finish.' It was necessary to allow a full quarter
of an hour to give vent to the beastly curiosity
of the crowd, and the dismal operation again
proceeded. The wretched machine turned creak-
ing on its wheels, and the metallic casket, sus-
pended by its chains, was brought into horizon-
tal position on the ground. At this time I went
to the gloomy opening, and running my eyes
around, I saw beneath, a formless mass of whit-
ening bones and musty clothes. Horror drove
me back. The first body taken off the bier was
quickly placed in the metal casket, which,
under the force of the winch and crane, was
raised a little above the surface, and then let
slowly down into the pit. The crowd again
bent over it to see the descent, when at a cer-
tain point a spring was loosed, the bottom of
the casket opened, and the first human carcase
went down with a thud, to take its place in the
great dungpit assigned to it for its last abode.
The casket came up again, and this time it fell
to the lot of a young man to present the sad
spectacle. Two attendants, the one laying hold
of the body by the legs, and the other by the
axilla, placed it in the casket of the machine.
The aspect of the corpse, that of a young man,
who was now to make the mournful descent,
had impressed even the most stupid present. All
were breathless, and in the general silence the
crane gave out its grating sound. A smothered
cry reached my ears, and I saw presenting her-
self, weeping and approaching the opening,
into which the body was descending, a young
woman who, a little before, had arrested my
attention. Two friends ran after her and seized
her by her dress, lest she might throw herself
into the gloomy cistern, but she halted and
stooped over its edge with glazed eyes, until the
body struck the bottom,—she then sank down,
as if it had fallen on her heart, and she gave
herself over into the arms of her companions.
I turned round to an old man who was near,
looking on, and said, 'Do you know her?'
'Aobba de Iupenare excellenza,' was his reply.
'Enough,' said I. A deep murmur of compas-
sion and fear arose over the scene, and some of
us moved out to assist the unhappy one, but we
were not in time, for tottering, and throwing
her arms convulsively in the air, she disap-
peared as a phantom, under the light of the
lamp which illumined the entrance, borne on-
ward by her companions."

The pamphlet above quoted from, gives the
number of the dead thrown into the 360 pits
annually, as 7,000, which would give an average
of nearly 20 bodies yearly to each. After a year
of closure the capping-stone is again raised,
and a new supply is cast in. Who will assert
that cremation here would not be a more affec-
tionate disposal of the dead!

It is generally considered that the prices now
paid for paintings by great ancient and modern
masters have reached a figure hitherto quite un-
paralleled; but such is not the case, for master-
pieces of art, a century ago, were sold for sums
fully equal to those paid nowadays, of which
several striking examples were furnished at the
recent Narischkine sale. At a great sale of
works of art which took place in Paris in 1780,
the fine picture by Teniers, "The Prodigal
Son," brought thirty thousand francs. "Le
Marché aux Herbes," a canvas of almost mi-
croscopic dimensions, twenty-five thousand
francs. Considering the much greater value of
money at the time in question, it will be seen
that modern prices are not so much higher than
those we have quoted.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES.—Beware of
the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or
other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases,
as they only relieve for a time and make you
ten times worse afterwards, but rely solely on
Hop Bitters, the only remedy that will surely
and permanently cure you. It destroys and re-
moves the cause of disease so effectually that it
never returns.



SKETCHES IN MOROCCO.—A STREET FOUNTAIN.

THE LATE EDWARD MACKAY.

The deceased gentleman was born in Sutherlandshire, Scotland, in March, 1813, and was consequently in his 71st year. He came to Canada in 1840 determined to share his fortune with others of his family who had preceded him, he having been then in his 28th year. After about six months spent in Kingston he came to Montreal and became a clerk in the dry goods house of his brother, the late respected Mr. Joseph Mackay. His assiduity soon commended him for the position of partner, and in 1850 he was admitted to the business, the firm becoming known as that of Joseph Mackay & Brother. In 1875 he retired from the business in favor of his three nephews and the firm became Mackay Bros. The deceased was held in high esteem by all classes of the community, his business sagacity rendering his advice desirable whether in case of business or of public matters. With his customers far and wide he was most popular, as well as with his clerks and employees from the highest to the lowest, and it is generally conceded that he was pre-eminently the member of the firm who built it up and made it what it is. Among the many commercial corporations with which he was associated may be named the Bank of Montreal, of which he was long a director; the Lancashire Life Assurance Company; President of the Canada Cotton Company and the Colonial Buildings and Investment Association; director of the Montreal Rolling Mills Company, and director of the Shedden Company. He was a governor of the Montreal General Hospital and a member of the Board of Harbor Commissioners, under the McKenzie administration, of which in common with the reform party generally he had been a supporter. Although never standing for Parliament he was often solicited to allow himself to be put in nomination for Montreal West.

Mr. Mackay gave liberally to charities during his whole life, but not in the ostentatious manner that often does much to mar the effect of charity. In his capacity of President of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes his work was conspicuous. He had been identified with Crescent Street Presbyterian Church from its foundation in 1844. The deceased gentleman was of singularly robust constitution, having scarcely ever known a day's sickness in his life up to the fatal attack which so quickly carried him off, on Sunday. On Tuesday last, towards evening,



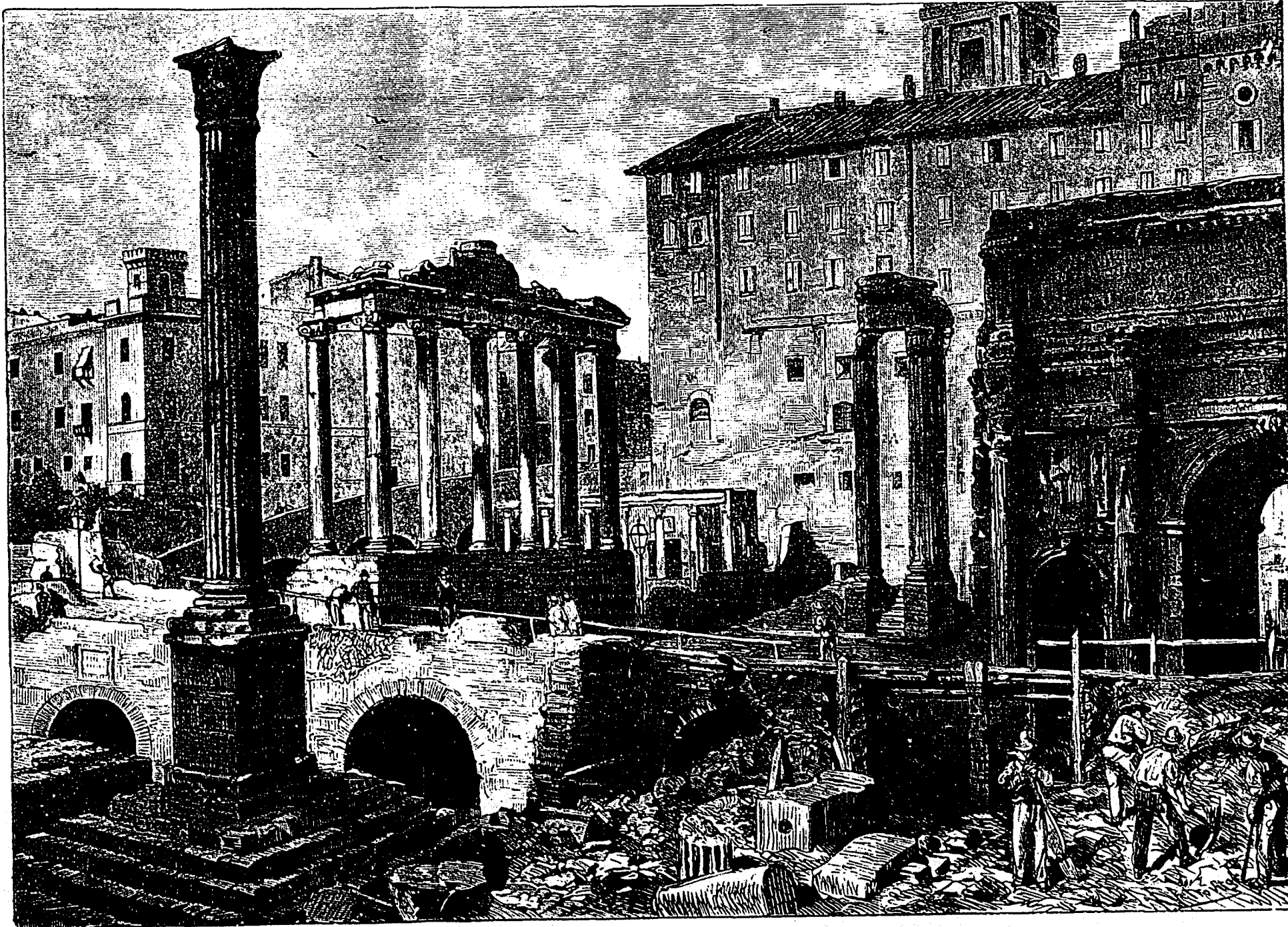
THE LATE EDWARD MACKAY.

he felt unwell, having been about as usual during the day. He felt worse on Wednesday and Dr. Craik, the family physician, was called in, who pronounced his ailment to be acute pneumonia. He continued to grow worse when Drs. Roddick and R. P. Howard were summoned in consultation. All, however, was unavailing, and at an early hour Sunday morning he breathed his last in the presence of his only remaining brother, his nephews and nieces, and the physicians. Mr. Mackay was never married.

The funeral took place on Tuesday afternoon from the family residence, "Kildonan Hall." The remains, which were laid out in one of the parlors, were viewed by a large number of our prominent citizens. The floral offerings were very numerous and beautiful, the handsome casket in which the remains was laid being literally covered with flowers and wreaths. The *corlyge*, after forming, proceeded to Crescent Street Church, the following gentlemen acting as pall-bearers, namely, the Hon. Donald A. Smith, the Hon. Justice Torrance and Messrs. Thos. Workman, Andrew Robertson, Robt. Benny, John Stirling, F. W. Thomas and C. F. Smithers. The funeral procession was one of the largest seen of late years in our city, including the leading business and professional men of the city, besides the pupils of the Mackay Institute and the employees of the Mackay Brothers establishment, who attended the funeral in a body. At Crescent Street Church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the Rev. A. B. Mackay, the pastor of the church, conducted an impressive funeral service before a full church. After the reading of appropriate selections from the Scriptures and the singing of a hymn by those present, the Rev. Mr. Mackay, in speaking of the death of this esteemed and respected citizen, said:—

There are two ministers in our city who would be the best qualified to speak of our late brother, the Rev. Principal MacVicar, who is absent from the city, attending the bedside of a friend who lies dangerously ill, and the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, who is prevented from illness from being present, but who writes a note, which I will read, and which is as follows:

DEAR MR. MACKAY,—I deeply regret that I am prevented from being with you, as you wished, at the funeral service of my old friend, Edward Mackay. Him, and his late venerated brother Joseph, I have long known for five and



THE FORUM IN ROME.

thirty years about. They were my next door neighbors in St. Antoine street, before Kildonan was built, and were then amongst my intimate friends; as years went on they became, both of them, my honored and trusted friends. He whom we all mourn to-day has lived so long amongst us, and has been so widely and intimately known in this community that few words will be needed from any one to convey our sense of the irreparable loss which we have suffered by his sudden and (as it not unnaturally seems to many of us) untimely death. Not often has Montreal been called to surrender to the grave a man who knew so well how to bear and how to use that large measure of prosperity with which Providence had blessed him. Honest and honorable as a merchant, of generous heart, manly yet modest in his bearing, munificent and unostentatious in his giving, devout in his spirit, a friend of the poor, he has left behind him, as a citizen, churchman, friend, a name which will be long cherished in Montreal; and most dearly cherished by those who knew him best and longest.

The roll of conspicuous dead which Providence has been so largely and rapidly filling up from amongst our fellow-citizens since the elder brother was removed to his last resting place, about two years ago, is indeed long; it contains many a cherished name; but none more honorable or more esteemed than that which has been last inscribed on it—the name of Edward Mackay.

Yours, very faithfully,

JOHN JENKINS.

May 5th.
Rev. A. P. Mackay.

"Such is the testimony of an old and intimate friend of our late brother," concluded the Rev. Mr. Mackay, "and if I might be permitted to add anything to his words, I would say let us all do likewise and be prepared for the great call."

After the singing of the hymn "Rock of Ages," the benediction was pronounced and the cortege reforming proceeded to Mount Royal Cemetery, where the mortal remains were consigned to the tomb.

The following are the legacies to religious, benevolent and educational institutions by the will of the late Edward Mackay:—

To the Presbyterian Theological College of Montreal, in addition to what I have already given in aid of the "Joseph Mackay" chair.....	\$ 10,000
The session of the Crescent Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, to be employed as may be deemed best by them for the extension of the Church and in aid of schools either in the City of Montreal or elsewhere.....	5,000
The Montreal General Hospital.....	5,000
The Mackay Institute for Deaf-Mutes, the Blind.....	5,000
The Young Men's Christian Association.....	400
The Ladies' Benevolent Institution.....	400
The Hervey Institute.....	400
The Protestant Infants' Home.....	400
The St. Andrew's Home.....	400
The Royal Institution (McGill College).....	5,000
The Presbyterian Theological College at Winnipeg.....	1,000
Home Mission Fund Presbyterian Church of Canada.....	10,000
Foreign Mission Fund, do.....	10,000
Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund, do.....	4,000
Ministers' Widows and Orphans' Fund, do.....	3,000
To my executors to be divided as they may deem best among such charitable institutions (even including those already named) as they may select.....	5,000
Do to be expended in subscriptions toward the erection of Presbyterian churches in Manitoba.....	1,000

The executors appointed by the will are Donald Mackay, of Toronto; Hugh Mackay and Robert Mackay, of Montreal; F. Edgar and Robert Benny.

ONE MAN'S HEART.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

A long, dusty street lay white and hot under an unshaded August sun. The closely-cut lawns were bright and green where the water had been thrown upon them from the hydrants and hose in the yards, but the bits of grass along the sidewalks were dusty and withered. The leaves on the trees drooped in the noontide glare, and seemed to be mutely appealing to the cloudless sky for moisture and coolness. Not a breath of air stirred anywhere as far as one could see; all nature seemed waiting in a painful pause for a relief for which there seemed no hope.

Far down the western horizon, it is true, there was a long line of dark clouds, but it was a hint, rather than a promise, of the cooling rain which the city needed—a thought written in the heavens, impalpable and shadowy, rather than a threat, of what Nature might do when the silent powers of the air were loosened.

Of human life the scene showed little. In all the long street there were only two persons to be seen. Closed blinds protected the inmates of the houses from the almost furnace heat, and no business was being done the need of which was not imperative. Two men, however, were in sight.

The first one lay stretched in a hammock on the piazza of the largest and most pretentious house on the street. His clothing was of the latest style—fresh, cool, comfortable. The face which was looking up at the vines overhead was a handsome one. The book which had fallen to the floor was an expensive one. Everything around him spoke of wealth and happiness.

The other man, coming up the shadeless street, walked wearily. His clothing was coarse, and in many places it was patched; in some it was ragged. His face and his garments were covered with dust. His hair was long and hung over his forehead. His beard was rough and uneven. He was a man who would have been plain anywhere, and who looked his worst that afternoon as he came on through the dust. He had walked for blocks scarcely looking to the right or left, and there was a look in his eyes that might have seemed anger, or might have seemed despair, according to the nature and the observing powers of one who looked at him.

"Once more," he said—"once more, and then—"

He opened the gate of the yard before the house where the man lay in the hammock. The man on the piazza swung himself down and stood at the top of the steps waiting for the tramp.

"Well," he said. The tone was not encouraging.

"Well," answered the other. There was more in the tone than one could get at at once. All the emotions of which the human heart is capable seemed to have stood by in the soul of the wretched man and aided in shaping the thought before the lips said "Well."

"What can I do for you?"

"Give me money. I want money."

"What is your story?"

"No matter what my story is; never mind my past—or my future either. See what I am. Do you want to invest in the gratitude of a man like me? Is there any possibility of your needing it again?"

"You are hungry?"

The question was a useless one, for the man had the look of one half-starved; but the well-dressed and well-fed man on the steps had been used to hearing the plea of hunger put forward at once, and its omission puzzled him.

"Yes, I am hungry. You've been told by men who shun labor and who travel through the country living on their own wits and the misplaced sympathy of the good of their hunger. They have lied. But I am hungry. I'll not tell you how many hours I've been without food. I'll not deny that the last dime I had went for brandy. But for it I should have died before reaching here. I need food—yes, and drink, too. I need money."

The man on the steps put his hand in his pocket.

"How much do you need?"

"I'll tell you," with desperation. "I have to say what you've often heard before. If you give me a dime I shall spend five cents for food and five for liquor. I shall rest a little here, and then I shall go on again to tell another man to-morrow the story I have told you to-day. I shall reach my journey's end some day, and you will have been one to help me, and I shall remember it with thanks. But you've asked me what I need. More than I expect, more—much more—than I dare hope."

And the man took his eyes from the face of the one on the steps, and instead of looking at the dirty street, his glance rested for a moment on the railroad station in sight in the distance.

"Well, how much?"

"If I had ten dollars I wouldn't ask anything better in this world;" then, a little fiercely, "I'm not sure I'd ask anything in the next. I'd sell myself to you for ten dollars."

The rich man smiled for the first time in the whole interview, and said:

"I flatter myself I am better than some men you might find, men with less money, too, and I haven't so very much—"

"How much?" The question was abrupt, but perfectly respectful; the tramp was evidently gaining a hope which he would not have dared to entertain a half-hour before.

"A matter of ten thousand dollars or so. Of course, the house here isn't mine. But I could afford—afford. But I couldn't afford to be cheated." There was doubt and sudden suspicion in the last sentence.

"On my word and honor as a—pshaw, what does it signify? I have not lied to you. Give me what you will. My thanks will be as true and genuine for little as for much."

The man on the steps took his hand from his pocket, and laid a ten-dollar gold piece in the hand of the dusty man standing one step below him.

"I never gave a penny to a beggar. I never gave food to a tramp. But you have the ten dollars now. Keep it. But, tell me now, are you an ordinary man?"

"I'll finish my sentence now, sir. On my honor as a gentleman, I have told you the truth and I've acted the truth. It was a question of life and death. I looked at the river as I crossed the bridge. Suppose I had not come here; suppose—suppose—" He said the words dreamily, but with a shudder. Then he turned to the rich man again, for the last words had been said to himself alone. "You have given me life, not food; a future, not money. If ever I can be of service to you I will be; if ever I can repay the debt of to-day—of course, I don't mean the mere money—I will do it. I swear I will do it. What is your name? Tell me your age—your business. It may be I shall some time find you again."

The man on the top step took a card from his pocket, and wrote a line on it in pencil. The tramp took it and read in print: "Paul Hudson. Druggist, Lakeville." And in pencil, "Twenty-four years of age."

"I should like to shake your hand, if you please."

"Certainly," said Paul Hudson:

As the tramp walked down the path to the street, Paul Hudson watched him.

"The quality of mercy is not strained." But that fellow has strained ten dollars out of my pocket. "It droppeth like the gentle rain from heaven." And sure enough it is beginning to rain. "It is twice blessed." Well, I'll be hanged if I know whether it is or not."

And Paul Hudson went into the house.

II.

A young man sat in the well-cushioned seat of a palace-sleeper and watched the snow fall slowly through the darkening air at the near close of a brief December day. Strong, but not graceful; noble-looking, not handsome; richly dressed, but not in a manner to attract notice; a face which spoke of sorrow, and on which there seemed to be the seal of peace, rather than what could be possibly called happiness. This was the man who watched the earth bending the shoulders of the hills to the white robe in which nature was wrapping it against the fierce cold of coming winter.

A certain article in a newspaper by his side seemed to claim the attention of the young man. He took it up and read it for the tenth time at least.

Let us read it, too.

"A LUCKY MAN.—Many of our readers have heard of the great case between Smith and Robinson, which has been before the courts in one form or another for more than twenty-five years. The last court decided it yesterday, and for the last time. The decision is absolutely final. The Robinson side has won. The Smiths and Robinsons who were interested at first are all dead. In fact, the Robinson family which was interested years ago is now extinct, and the property goes to a distant heir. The lawyer who took the case years ago, when he was a young man, was satisfied of the justice of the claims of the Robinson family, and has worked for years without pay and without instructions. And in his old age he has won. Deducting all expenses, there remains a balance of some \$50,000, which goes to Mr. Richard Robinson, of this city. Mr. Robinson received the news of his good luck to-day. He did not know that anything had been done in the case for years; he did not know that death among distant relatives had left him the only heir. It was a complete surprise to him. An imperative invitation comes from Mr. Milton Muckle, the lawyer, who has long to the case so long, and Mr. Robinson, who yesterday was a poor clerk on five hundred a year, is now one of the richest men in our little city, and to-morrow he leaves us to remain for a time the guest of the lawyer, of whom he had until to-day never even heard."

The young man leaned back in his seat and looked thoughtful.

(Doubtless the reader who has just read of the lucky man, would himself look thoughtful if his name were Richard Robinson.)

If Robinson's fortune had come to him ten years before, life, which had always been hard, would always have been easy. Five years ago he could have won love if he could have made a home, or, rather, could have won love if he had tried, and would have tried if luck, or fate, or something had not been against him in every venture he made in the courts of fickle Fortune. A few years ago and he could have given comforts to a loved mother, to whom he could now render no other service than to beautify the place where she was to rest in dreamless sleep "until the judgment." Five months ago and toil, pain, privation, despair had not been his. But at thirty-five life holds a great deal for any man who has a strong body and an honest soul, whatever sorrow and disappointments may have done for him in the past. So this man sat thinking of his money, of the happiness it would bring him, of the good he could do with it; and this despite the fact that his face could never look quite happy again. For peace—not happiness—was, as we said, the sign and seal which good fortune had set upon him.

The train stopped. The brakeman shouted something which sounded exactly as hieroglyphics look. (Did the reader ever wonder whether the only literary men in ancient Egypt were the direct ancestors of modern brakemen?) Mr. Robinson asked a gentleman near him the name of the place, learned it was Rockland, and therefore his destination, and got out.

Several men shouted the names of the hotels they represented, and did it for the benefit of the passengers who had left the train, although one would have thought that they intended to call to some persons already at the hotels, and a long way off, by the noise they made.

Mr. Robinson found a man who had a hack. He distinctly heard the man mention the fact, and he ordered himself to be taken to Mr. Muckle's.

When the hack stopped and Mr. Robinson got out, he must have impressed the driver as being a lunatic of some sort.

"I thought this was Rockland."

"It is."

"Well, I wanted to go to Mr. Muckle's."

"This is the place."

"Where is Lakeville?"

"Thirty miles from here. And your fare is twenty-five cents."

Mr. Robinson paid it, and the hackman drove off.

It was late to arrive for a visit, but the well-trained servants at Mr. Muckle's had had their instructions, and it was not many minutes be-

fore Mr. Robinson was settled in a large and handsomely furnished room.

A servant brought him a note:

"The compliments of Mr. Muckle, who regrets that business which cannot be delayed prevents his meeting Mr. Robinson that night. Will Mr. Robinson make himself perfectly at home! The servants are directed to attend to his every order."

"A cool welcome," said Richard Robinson, to himself, but ate a hearty supper, retired late, and slept soundly—and late, too.

"A cool welcome," was Richard Robinson's first thought when he awoke in the morning. There was a rushing to and fro of hasty steps, doors were opened and closed; there were voices hushed but eager. It was a cool welcome; for, when the almost forgotten guest left his room, he learned the fearful truth. Mr. Milton Muckle had been found murdered in his bed that morning.

III.

The coroner's jury examined the witnesses separately. Mr. Robinson was examined as a mere matter of form. He saw no one else in the room who had or who would testify. He had his luggage taken to the hotel, he had his dinner, and then he walked briskly out into the country for miles. It was all so horrible to him. Here was the man who had done so much for him; the man who had won a fortune which, though justly his, would have been won only by patience and long hard work. It was true that this man had had from the property all the fees for his services which the work warranted, but the service was of a kind which demanded more than money as payment for it. And this man was dead—dead by the hand of a murderer—before he could thank him. It was terrible!—horrible!—he could think of nothing else than the fate of the man who had been his friend.

In the early evening he came back. The verdict had been given. The landlord said:

"They've said it was Mr. Muckle's nephew. I for one don't believe it. I've known them both for years and years, and know they are stubborn and obstinate. Mr. Muckle has been a stubborn man; his nephew a stubborn boy—he's scarcely more than a boy yet. They had hard words last night about a girl the young man intended to marry. The old man, who has no other heir than his nephew, said he would leave all his money to some public charity unless the young man gave it up, and the poor fellow was in his uncle's power. He used to be rich. Lost every cent in speculation three months ago, and twenty-five thousand dollars borrowed from his uncle with it. They almost came to blows last night. The servants knew it and testified to it, and the young man admitted it. He didn't leave the house until after midnight. It looks bad. They've arrested him and put him in jail. Every man in town but myself believes the poor fellow is guilty. I don't. I believe a man he discharged from his employ did it."

(As our story is nearly done, let us say at once that the landlord was right, and the rest were wrong. Ten years later a death-bed confession gave the truth.)

Robinson lit his cigar and sat down on the balcony at the hotel. The moon came up and the night was cool and bright and beautiful. His thoughts went to the dead man, then back to himself. "How sweet and bright life is," he thought; "how I pity this man who has lost his."

A man rode by swiftly, and he had a mask on! Another one, and another! The landlord came out on the balcony behind Robinson.

"Curse the fools," he said; "it seems as if the town had all gone mad together. Do you see what it means!"

Down on the night wind came the sound of blows beating on a strong wall. Robinson looked up and said:

"How horrible. It means lynching, don't it?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "that is just what it means. They won't listen; they won't wait. They will have the doors down in an hour, and Paul Hudson is as innocent as I am."

"What is the name?"

The tones were low and even.

"Paul Hudson."

"Please wait here a minute," said Robinson.

In less than a minute he was back, holding a package in his hand.

"Keep that until morning," he said, "and then take off the outer envelope and give the rest to the one addressed within. Do not open it until morning."

And with a face whiter than the moonlight which fell upon it, he walked down the steps into the street. As he raised his hat to the landlord the latter fancied he saw more happiness in the white face than he would have believed an hour before it could have given expression to.

"Keep back," said a coarse voice from beneath a mask.

"Not so," said Robinson. "I must see your leaders."

"Well, hurry up, then; moments are precious."

A half-minute later Robinson stood with the most active young men among the lynchers, and in the very shadow of the jail.

"Gentlemen," he said, very seriously and very quietly, "you must make no mistakes. I am Richard Robinson. I slept at Mr. Muckle's house last night. Paul Hudson is innocent. You are wrong about the murder—entirely and utterly wrong. I did it!"

And he went with them quietly.

IV.

Paul Hudson has a card which he keeps with care, and which he is not ashamed, strong man though he is, to cry over some times. It is his business card, with his age—many years younger than he is now—written on it in pencil. And on the back: "You saved me from a suicide's grave in August. I save you from a worse fate to-night. We are quits."

"RICHARD ROBINSON."

LIKE A MAN.

There is something sublime in a Niagara of trouble that roars and crashes through the world with a heroic fuss that one can brag about—but this constant drizzle of petty annoyances, drip, drip, drip!

To begin with, I am a long young person, with big bones, and plenty of them—and I don't care a button if my hair is red!

I have good reason to know that I am not considered beautiful; that my nose, for instance—but there's really no need for such distressing details.

My father, Peter Brown—the best farmer living in all Fairfax, be the dead one who he may—is the unfortunate possessor of thirteen children, every single one of them girls—and the married ones, too, for that matter!

Of course, girls are all very well as far as they go, but one gets too much of a good thing sometimes, and so when poor pa takes a notion to upbraid Fate because all his boys turned out girls, I must say I rebel against the decree that condemns me to slavish frocks and frizzes.

Most good folks sing out that they want to carry harps and be angels, but—if only I were Peter Brown, junior, and had a farm like pa!

I don't blame ma, of course, but I really do think the even dozen ought to have contented her—and, what's more, I say so, when pa and I get beyond the subduing influence of her eye—for there's nothing trifling about Ma's eye!

When pa and Ma's love was young, and their future a rose-colored rose—there! I've heard pa say it a dozen times, but when a girl happens to be shackled with a memory like a boy's pocket upside down, and the middle nowhere, and gets that memory from her ma, I suppose there's to be allowances—anyhow, the first girls got the benefit of it all in the way of mugs, and corals, and names as fine as fiddles; then there came such a disastrous lull in pa's enthusiasm that ma says, when he panted up from the fields one hot noon and found our dear old twins waiting, instead of his dinner, it set him so frantic that he threatened to bunch the whole family together like a string of fish and do a dark and desperate deed.

But ma just kept on having her own way—which meant girls—until by the time she wound up the home circle with me—at your service—she had so worn her intellect down at the heels thinking up double-barreled names for the other dozen, that she handed my christening over to pa, and pa everlastingly disgraced himself, in my estimation, by heartlessly calling me Sis—absolutely nothing but Sis!

If I had been a boy this indignity, at least—but there are some wrongs so great that the only thing one can conveniently do is to forgive them.

But, though pa has been cheated of his bishops and senators and things (poor dear, he never dreams that sons of his might have turned out farmers like himself, only not half so good); the girls have certainly made up his loss in husbands. Indeed, pa seems to have more sons-in-law than he quite knows what to do with—and as to grandsons!

"If one could only feed them like chickens!" sighs poor ma, plaintively.

"If one could only kill them like chickens, you mean," I retort, vindictively.

After that little business talk pa and I had behind the barn, I've settled in my mind that the Browns have got to economize—and I mean to start with the grandchildren, by way of a noble beginning.

"Now, look here, ma," I say to the dear old soul who is already staring at me with big, anxious eyes, like a hen with her feathers ruffled, "this thing had gone on long enough, and I just mean to hitch old Calico to the cart and dump every scrap of grandchild at his own lawful door—I do! It's downright mean in the girls to impose on us in this everlasting way—as if there wasn't work enough of our own—"

"There, there, sis," interrupts ma, pathetically, "they only mean to please pa—"

"And a nice way they take to do it! Pa's an old man now, and after pinching and slaving all his life for an army of girls, what right have they to keep him pinching and slaving to the last? Oh, you needn't look at me like that, ma, dear; children, like good manners, ought to be found at home—hi, you Tom, Dick, Harry, etc., etc.," and when at last I have packed them in the wheezy old cart, and we go laughing, scratching, and squalling down the road, I feel like the pied piper of Hamelin, only there's no hill with wide, greedy jaws waiting at the end of the trip—more's the pity!

That sounds as if Sis Brown were not fond of children; but I really am, when they come like silk frocks and other occasional luxuries—considered as every-day affairs, however, if I am to be allowed a preference between the two—why, give me the locusts of Egypt, and accept my grateful thanks.

When I have impartially divided their howling household gods between the eight sisters who live so uncomfortably near, the sun is sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glorious yellow. There is a long road with many leafy turnings, that Calico knows as well as I, and while she dawdles along it with a languid elegance that suits us both, I sit, tailor-fashion, in the bottom of the cart, thinking, thinking, heedless of whip or rein.

I read a story once of a devil-fish crawling over the roof of a pretty cottage by some southern sea. I don't suppose there was a word of truth in it; but, some way, ever since pa made a clean breast of his troubles, I can't get that shiny black monster out of my thoughts night or day. I should say, indeed, that a mortgage like ours was a trifle the worst of the two, because there's only one weapon to fight it, and where in the world is pa to get the first red cent of that terrible three thousand dollars?

Echo answers—where? If pa had only told me in time, perhaps I might have done something heroic with my poultry—a flock of gray geese did grand things for history once on a time—but no, he kept as dumb as Cheops, until I found it all out for myself, and no thanks to anybody.

The way of it was: ma started me down to the meadow one evening last week to see what pa meant by keeping supper waiting, and when I found him leaning against the barn there as quiet and gray as the twilight shadows, why, I think the One who doeth all things well, must have put it in my heart to wake him up and tell me the matter.

There is no woman in all this big, glorious world so weak as Samson with his head shaved, and so he told me between sobs—I don't ever want to see my father cry again—how the big family had gobbled up the small earnings, how at last there was nothing to do but borrow money on the dear, shabby old place, and now a villainous bill of some sort was coming due.

"Never mind, dad," I said, "come along to supper; I'll get you out of your fix."

I don't think pa realized at the minute—and I'm sure I did not—that I had never seen so much as a hundred dollars in all my life together, for he followed me home contentedly, put his head under the spout while I pumped, and then, with his hand on my shoulder, went into the house and ate supper enough for two!

The next day pa was out of his head with a fever, and now to see him prodding about the farm with a stick in his hand and a pain in his back—poor, dear pa! Of course, the first thing that suggested itself at his bedside was blood, and plenty of it—and I did saddle Calico and race off to murder the mortgage man—but I might have saved myself the trouble, for the vile creature wasn't at home; then I turned the old mare's head towards the family sons-in-law, but there wasn't a husband among them who had the cash to spare—they don't seem to spare anything quite so conveniently as children! I even decided to—

"Say young woman!" I am not a coward, but the creature who has brought the cart and my thoughts to such a sudden halt looks so like some great famished wolf, standing there at Calico's head, that I shiver from head to foot, and he sees it.

"You needn't be afraid," he gasps, in a rasping sort of whisper. "I haven't the strength to harm you if my will was good for murder—look at this!"

His eyes turn towards his breast—his right arm lies stiffly across it clotted with something that must be blood, and the fingers look like the flesh of a dead man.

I think he understands that I am sorry him, for before my heart can jump back to its right place again, he drops the reins and touches his mangey cap.

"I've been skulkin' in these 'ere woods, miss, nigh onto a week, and what with starvin' and the pain o' this, I'm most about dead played out."

"If you will cut across the fields to that house over there," I say, kindly, I am sure—for God knows, I pity him from the bottom of my heart—"I will see that you get a good supper."

"I couldn't crawl there, much less walk, and my time for supper is over for this world, I reckon."

I am so sorry for the poor, misery-ridden creature standing there in the summer twilight, with the fragrant woods all around him, and the birds chirping sleepily in the trees—so very sorry, and I tell him so.

He totters as I say it, and I am just making up my mind that Calico and I have a disagreeable job before us, when he lays one miserable hand on the wheel, and drawing his face near enough for me to see the ghastly scars that want has seared there, cries imploringly:

"There's them that's hunting me to my death; for God's sake, won't you help me?"

All my life I have wanted to be a man, and now the time has come to act like one. I am rubbing Calico down in her stall—pa and I being the only men—I mean pa being the only man about the place, we do this sort of thing ourselves—when the dear old fellow hobbles down the pathway and puts his head in the door.

"Sis," he begins, with wide, excited eyes, "did you meet a big fellow down the road—a dark chap with lots of humps and black, frizzed whiskers?"

I had not and I said so.

"Well, he came by here hunting up some scamp who robbed a bank in Richmond and got down to these parts with the mouey in his pocket and a bullet in his flesh. I started him

down the main road. I wonder you didn't see him."

"I drove around by the mill," I answer, quietly enough, considering I feel like a tornado; "but he won't catch his scamp to-night, dad."

"Think not? Why?" "Because I've got him snug in the barn!" "Goodness, gracious! then I'll just—"

Pa is making his way to warn justice as fast as his weak legs will let him, when I steady him against the stable-door and take away his cane.

"Dad," I cry, savagely, "I adore you, but if you take another step to harm that man, why—you've only got a dozen daughters to go through the rest of your life."

"You!" gasps pa—and I wonder the wisp of straw he has been chewing does not strangle him black on the spot—"a child of mine help a thief—"

"Exactly! and she means to make you an accessory after the act. Now, see here, pa, I don't set up to be a cherub, but when a fellow-creature, starved and bleeding, asks me to help him in the name of God, why I mean to help him if I break every law in Virginia to atoms—so there!"

Pa looked stunned a bit—as I knew he would—wavers a bit, and then laying one big brown paw on my head, as I likewise expected, knowing pa's ways as I do, cries stoutly:

"Spoken like a man, Sis; and now let's have a look at your villain."

When we stand at last before the poor fellow, he looks so pitifully helpless stretched out there on the friendly straw, that pa's loving heart gets the best of his law-abiding principles, and he bathes the hurt arm as tenderly as if it had never been raised in crime.

When pa first notices the jug of water I have brought from the spring and the carriage-robe rolled up for a pillow with the rough side in, he looks at me wonderingly for a second, and then ejaculates with most contented happiness:

"Thank God, Sis, you are only a woman after all!"

I suppose pa means well, but it does not sound encouraging considering I've been trying to do my duty like a man. Even fathers are human!

"It's no use," moans the poor creature, when pa has done his best with the wound. "I'm a goin' fast, boss, but she said they should not touch me—"

"Don't worry, my lad," cries pa, cheerily. "Right or wrong, here you'll stay until—"

"It won't be long—I feel it comin' fast—and hard—I would have died out there on the black roadside except for her, God bless her! If you—don't mind"—and here he looks at me so like some gaunt, faithful dog, that I lean over him by pa to catch his dying words—"if you don't mind—will you take this bag from—around my neck? It chokes me—it chokes—"

"There, there," says pa, tenderly; "and now, my lad, before you go to—sleep, tell me, does this money belong to the bank?"

"Yes, yes," cries the dying man, with an imploring glance at pa while he tries to touch my hand with his own poor, feeble fingers; "take it back, boss, and tell them—tell them—that the reward—belongs to—her—"

Yes, that is the true and simple story of my fortune, no matter what the papers said. For a long time pa would not let me touch a penny of that five thousand dollars, but when the people at the bank insisted that business was business, I had earned the money and there it was, why—

FOOT NOTES.

Fob chains, with a bunch of old-fashioned seals attached, are much worn in London, both with morning and evening dress. It is whispered that even the pawnshops have been ransacked for specimens of the quaint gold-mounted lozenge-shaped seals whereon our great-grandfathers were wont to have their coats of arms engraved.

A NEW dance has just been introduced in London called "Le National." It consists of a quadrille danced by eight persons to slow valse music combined with the graceful movements of the minuet. It lasts about eighteen minutes, and is danced without the slightest fatigue being felt at its termination. The music is spirited and very suitable. Any one who can valse well can learn it in four or six lessons.

ENGLAND is considerably exercised over the attention now being given in France to shipbuilding. A writer in one of the English journals says: "Our maritime supremacy is seriously threatened; and if we are not willing to degenerate as a naval power, our constructive programmes must become more imposing than they are at present, or we may some day experience the costly disadvantages of shipbuilding under the existing influences of a panic."

A NEW fashion has sprung up in England—that of boys, dressed as pages, taking a somewhat conspicuous part in a marriage ceremonial. They carry the bride's train, or add to the effect of a picturesque group of bridesmaids; but, whether train-bearers or attendants, they certainly are pleasing additions to a wedding party. They may be dressed in different styles; but velvet, satin and lace are the proper materials, and their silk stockings should match the dominant color of their dress.

SEVERAL interesting discoveries are announced from Athens. The excavations at

Eleusis, now being carried on by the Archaeological Society, have laid bare the whole of the floor of the great temple, and that part of it which was the scene of the mysteries has been recognized at the back of the temple, where the foundations of a kind of spiral labyrinth have been traced. At Athens two very curious archaic statues have been found at the foot of the Acropolis, and with them an arm of Parian marble, said to be a chef d'œuvre of sculpture.

How beautiful is youth—early manhood—how wonderfully fair! What freshness of life, cleanness of blood, purity of breath! What hopes! There is nothing too much for the young maid or man to put into their dreams, and in their prayer to hope to put in their day. O young men and women! there is no picture of ideal excellence of manhood and womanhood that I ever draw that seems too high, too beautiful for young hearts. I love to look on these young faces, and see the firstlings of a young man's beard, and the maiden bloom blushing over the girl's fair cheek. I love to see the pure eyes beaming with joy and goodness, to see the unconscious joy of such young souls, impatient of restraint and longing for the heaven which we fashion here.—Theodore Parker.

A GREAT deal has been said about the bad delivery of the speech of Mr. Childers on the Budget. The fact is it was fairly well spoken and thoroughly understood. Mr. Childers is an amiable man. He is in fact quite too utterly polite. So far as appearances go, one could well fancy him as a parish priest with "high" leanings, or a colonel of artillery, or even as a butcher in the Borough road. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has an adaptable manner. When it was his duty to answer ticklish questions about Army expenditure Mr. Childers generally managed to render himself "inaudible to the gallery," which was decidedly clever on his part, inasmuch as it became quite impossible to pin him down to any particular statement in black and white. When Mr. Childers wants to be understood he speaks up like a man, and does not fidget about like a marionette. The consequence was that the Budget speech was heard fairly well.

IT'S AN ILL-WIND THAT BLOWS NO GOOD.—"How is your wife this morning?" asked the pastor of Mr. Johnson.

"She died last night."

"Ah, that's a grievous affliction."

"Yes, I know it."

"But, Brother Johnson, it's an ill wind blows no good, and it's all for the best."

"I think so myself, sir, and I try to bear up under it."

"That's right. I'm glad to hear you say so."

"Yes, yes; I've just figured up that the funeral will cost \$93.75, and the amount she had calculated on for spring clothes was a hundred and one dollars and a half. It is true that \$2.75 is not much on such an occasion as this, but I try to be calm and not let my feelings overcome me."

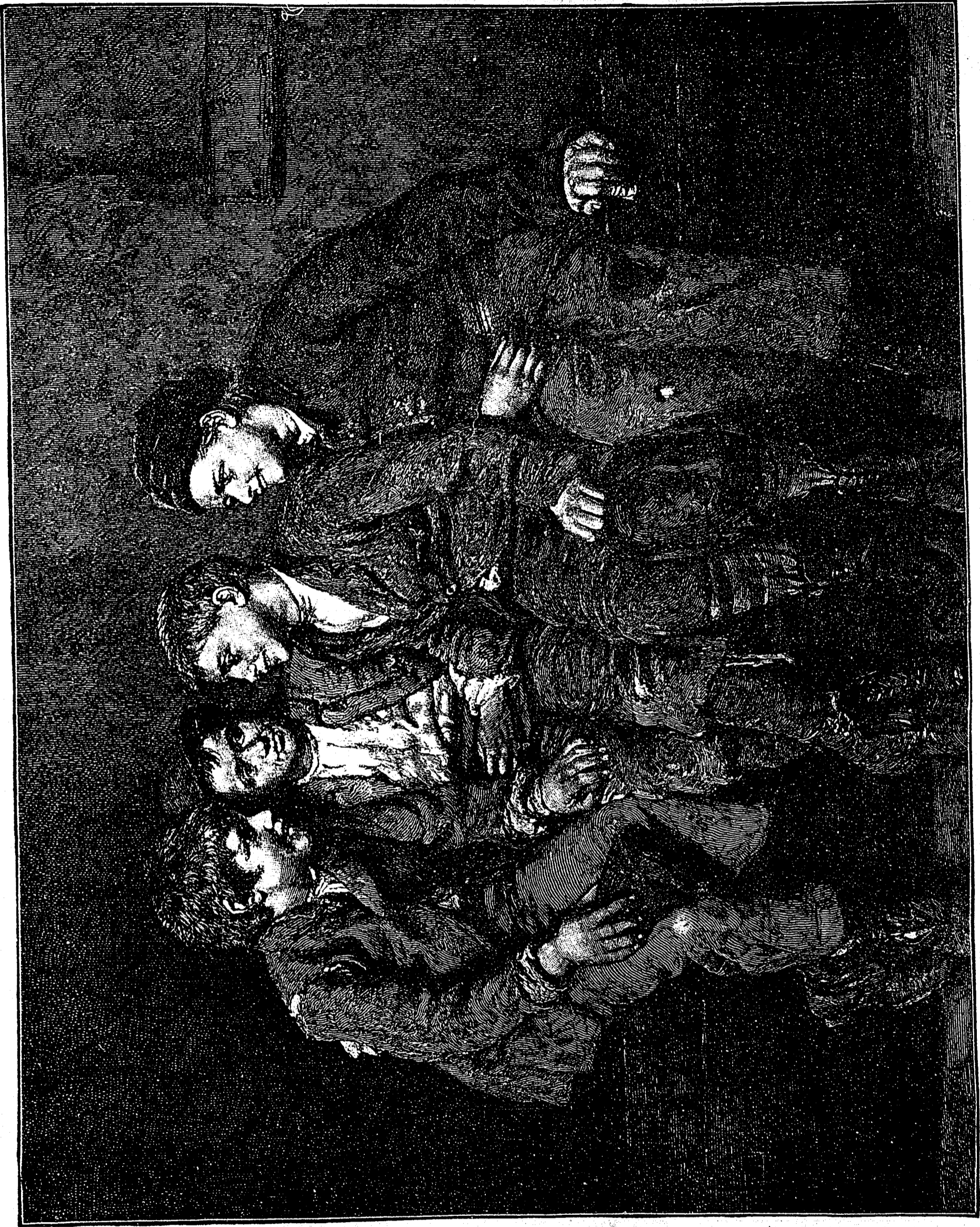
PARIS has a new bit of slang. Like its predecessor, "chic," the new-comer is of German origin, and is spelled "pschutt." It means everything, and especially whatever goes swimmingly with a good deal of money. It is a mirror of fashion. It's very "pschutt" to have one's coat-of-arms emblazoned or embroidered on the back of white Swedish gloves. The dandy who is "pschutt" now wears square-toed shoes, very much cut down at the instep, and thin, black silk stockings. His street paletot is short in the waist and long in the skirts; angles are rounded off the collar. His trousers are tight and short, with large pocket-flaps, and his hands are ungloved, but très soignées and glittering with rings. It is "pschutt" to wear in the evening a white waistcoat, buttoned with a jewel that accords with the field of one's coat-of-arms. The word "pschutt" breaks out like a zymotic eruption in the vanity fair columns of the Boulevard gazettes. Tailors, jewellers, milliners, and tradespeople who live upon the vanity of the wealthy have got it on the tips of their tongues.

THE term rastouquier in the new slang dictionary of the Paris boulevards is applied to those rich foreigners who are a god-send to the played-out nobility of France. The rastouquier or rastouquière is invariably exotic, and dashes about money with ostentation. He or she is not of necessity a parvenu. He or she may have a long line of ancestors. What distinguishes one and the other is determination to be an evidence, and to shine by means of wealth alone. If Cæsar from Brazil walks the hospitals because he is devoured by a love of science or some other noble fashion, he ceases to be a rastouquier. If young Wall street trudges over Europe to study its flora, he becomes an étranger. But Georges Flamme does not rise to that level when he sends, to puff his journal, a correspondent on an expedition into an unexplored territory. He may have promoted geographical science, but he remains, because he was heroic by deputy, a rastouquier. The Russian young ladies who attend the lectures at the Sorbonne and College of France are, notwithstanding residence in cheap lodging-houses, étrangères. The pretty English peeress, who rushes from one public place to another, is a rastouquière rastouquière.

IF NEARLY DEAD after taking some highly puffed up stuff with long testimonials turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; be-ides it is the best family medicine on earth.



THE AMERICAN NATIONAL GAME OF BASEBALL



THE CONFAB.—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.

MATERIA MEDICA.

Bluepill was a doctor, his age fifty-five.
(A doctor of medicine is what I mean)
As stout a physician as any alive,
A ruddier countenance never was seen.
And in a small village he reigned quite supreme
There daily attending humanity's ills;
His fame was immense—'twas the villagers' theme,
His curing and killing, his lancet and pills.

The doctor had once for assistant a youth,
Long, crooked and sallow, obedient and meek,
Who long with being fed on medicinal truth;
The doctor's cast-offs got, and sixpence per week.
And how the youth longed for the day when his name
With all the great names of his calling might cope,
He dreamt of nought else but pills, plasters and
faux,
The doctor's red nose being his beacon of hope.

It happened one day that a visit was paid
A patient whose stomach was dreadfully wrong,
And with whom the doctor strict orders had laid
To eat no crumb, or his stomach was gone.
When Bluepill now entered, he stood still and stared
"Why?—how?—what is this? you've been eating!"
he cried.
The patient said nought,—for he felt unprepared,
"Your tongue sir,—ha! oysters!—it can't be
denied."

The patient sung guilty—Bluepill went away,
Attended of course by the long crooked youth,
Who ventured to ask of the doctor the way
That learning had taught him such wonderful truth.
"The way boy!—the way!"—and the boy thrilled
with awe.
"Why, where are your brains, have they oozed
from your head?"
I knew of the oysters, of course, when I saw
The shells boy, the shells mark you, under the bed."

A month passed away,—when some other poor wight
Convinced by a troublesome ailment to his bed,
Sent off for the doctor, to make him right.
But Doc sent the long crooked youth in his stead.
Back, soon came the youth,—and he looked quite
amazed.
The doctor asked, "Well, my boy, how did you
treat?"
"Treat him, sir?—Heavens! those folks, they are
crazed.
They, why sir—they shoved me clean out on the
street."

"I first saw his tongue, and his case was so bad,
I told his old woman I'd bet he'd be worse,
And then she got riled,—and she swore I was mad,
"Cause I stated the fellow had eaten a horse."
"A horse, boy!—a horse! you are mad I declare,
Why bless me you're getting clean out of your
head!"
"But yes sir! a horse, sir!—the proofs were all
there,
"The saddle and stirrups were under the bed!"

E. A. SUTTON.

Quebec, May, 1883.

A KANGAROO HUNT.

Last Wednesday all hands knocked off work
to take part in a grand kangaroo *battue*, con-
vened by some neighboring squatters. It was
on the largest scale ever attempted in Australia,
with a corresponding result. The local paper
some days previously contained the following
advertisement:

"Roll up! Roll up! Roll up! Neighbors,
Friends and Strangers. Horsemen and footmen
with guns or without to meet at the — Home-
stead on the 23rd of October for a Kangaroo
Drive. A welcome for everybody. Bring a
pair of blankets, if you've got any. If you
haven't, we'll find you some. Plenty of tucker,
guns and ammunition. Roll up, Boys! Roll
up!"

Such an invitation in New South Wales
finds ready acceptance, and for two days be-
fore the one appointed, horsemen by twos and
three might be seen wending their way through
the bush to S—, the lessee of which run was
famed, far and wide, as a thorough-going sports-
man and a liberal employer. Our contingent
went all together, and an animated scene the
home paddock presented when we arrived at our
destination. A similar sight is not to be seen
every day in the Australian bush. More than
three hundred horsemen, armed with every con-
ceivable variety of gun—from the forty-year old
shooting-horn of Hollis to the last thing of
Greeney's; and mounted on every conceivable
variety of animal—from an almost unbroken
colt to a Suffolk punch. Besides, there was a
small army of men on foot to act as beaters. It
was a glorious day, but, of course, after a twenty
mile ride we felt like a little refreshment, and
there was no lack of it. Hugo rounds of beef,
cheeses like dray wheels, and great buckets of
tea, hot, strong and sweet, disappeared like
magic amid much laughter, fun, and chaffing.
Next morning, up with the first cry of the laugh-
ing jackass, just before daybreak, a wash in the
creek, breakfast, and a swig of Martell's palest,
and the fun commences. Stations are allotted
to all the parties by our leader along both sides
of the gully—the whole length of it. Old hands
at the game generally lie down, because, in the
excitement, bullets and swam shot fly round
rather too close to be pleasant. I looked sharp
out for my *vis-à-vis*, and discovered one of the
ranked of "now chums" it has been my fortune
to come across. One of those gilded youths who
are sent out here, now and again, with lots of
money and no brains. Heaven alone knows
what they come here for, unless it is to be made
a laughing-stock of through the colonies. They
haven't a single idea, except themselves, and
their speech is generally limited to "Haw! oh!
yoth." There, opposite me, stood this particular
specimen—admirably got up for the Bush.
Velvet knickerbockers, nothing less; ankle-
jacks that, I could see from where I stood, were
pinching him horribly as he rested himself, first
on one foot then on the other, like a "native
companion," gazing meanwhile intently up into
the trees from under the scanty shade of a little
stiff black billycock. Seeing that this gentleman

was handling a brand-new revolving rifle, I lay
down flat behind a tolerably thick stump. The
beaters could now be heard at work, the cracks
of their whips and wild yells and shouts making
the Bush ring again.

Soon half-a-dozen "flying does" came hop-
ping down the gully, thud, thud, thud on the
hard ground; but they never reached so far as
our position, but fell victims to a dozen shots
from the other side,—the rule in these cases
being (as it is well known the marsupials on
entering a gully will attempt to make for the
scrub, on one side or the other) for the shooters
only on the side they make for, to fire. This
lesseos risks of accidents which, however, fre-
quently occur. Thicker and faster now rolled
the living tide of Kangaroos, wallaroos, walla-
bies, and all their relations, large and small,
encompassed between two walls of sportsmen,
raining ball and shot. Of course, it was a mas-
sacre; but it was badly wanted. Remember,
each kangaroo is said to consume the grass of
five sheep a day. We had not expected such a
drive as this, for the wide gully was literally
choked from side to side with the jumping
swaying masses.

The blue velvet knickerbockers I could see
dimly, now and again, through the clouds of
smoke; and a continuous crack, crack, from
that quarter, accompanied by the whizz of bullets
past my head, warned me not to stand up yet.
The heavy rush was over, and the firing slack-
ened considerably, but the new chum continued
to blaze away as fast as he could put his cartrid-
ges in and discharge his piece. He had by this
time got from the scrub nearly out into the
middle of the gully, and there he stood firing,
but seldom hitting anything; people all round
singing out and swearing at him—to no purpose.
He evidently meant to pot a biped of some sort,
if not a kangaroo. One of the latter, a very big
"old man," at this moment entered the gully,
and, running the gauntlet of a few straggling
shots—for guns were by this time getting hot
and ammunition scarce—he made straight for
our friend in the knickerbockers, who valiantly
stood his ground, and discharged four shots
nearly point blank at the seven-shooter, one
only grazing his cheek or jaw. The sting of the
bullet made the "old man" so savage, that the
next moment he had Blue Breeches, breech-
loader and all, in a loving embrace, and was
busily engaged in doing his best to disembowel
the unfortunate Mr. X—with his long, sharp
hind claws. To do the chap justice, I must say
he behaved well; and, though horribly scared
and pinioned as he was, he kicked and struggled
with all his might; and, as some one afterwards
remarked, "Never so much as let a yell out of
him." Off came the velvetens and billycock;
the former strewn the ground with long strips,
and the latter entangled in the "old man's"
long claws, to which, perhaps, our new chum
owed his escape with only a few nasty rips; for
men came running up to him from all sides,
and the savage old brute got his skull knocked
in with the stock of a rifle, while his opponent,
released from his grip, stood ruefully surveying
himself, and wiping off the blood and dirt from
his legs, now quite denuded of their civilised
covering.

Lots of fun was, of course, poked at him;
but one choleric old gentleman, with a very red
face, read him a sharp lecture on his shooting
exploit, winding up with, "Confound you, sir!
You shot at me a dozen times. I couldn't get a
chance to shoot kangaroos for watching you.
Pity your mother didn't keep you at home,
instead of sending you out into the world with a
six-chambered rifle, which you use as if it was a
child's toy."

However, fresh clothes, a few bandages, and
half-a-dozen of "three star" somewhat con-
soler poor X—for all this rough usage—espe-
cially because the "old man" was skinned on
the spot, and the pelt presented to him as a
trophy, which attention he acknowledged with,
"Haw! yeth, horrid brute!—nearly swipped
me. So glad no ladies, you know," a speech
which was received with great laughter—it was
said so earnestly.

Well, the slain were now counted, and reach-
ed the very respectable total of 2,500; but lots
got away, badly wounded—many of them to be
yarded in next day's drive. I dare say, with
those that died in the Bush, the tally came up
to 3,000. Packing up was now the order of the
day. Horses were brought up, tents struck and
stowed away with the eatables in spring-carts,
drags and waggonettes, and a start made for the
next camp and another day's drive.

Our next camp was at the Piney Water Holes,
two dark, still, tarn-like pools, on the edge of a
great pine scrub which borders a large plain, at
the further extremity of which (some four and a
half miles off) the trap was erected, in the shape
of an immense dog-leg yard, palisaded in with
box saplings, some fourteen feet high. From
this great yard ran two wings, of the same
structure for about half-a-mile from each side of
the entrance. This is the crush. At the half-
miles they leave off being dog-leg and commence
being calico. Not all calico; but four or five
belts, about six inches broad, hitched round
stakes driven into the ground, about twelve or
fifteen feet apart and about ten feet high. And
very queer it looks, when a breeze is blowing,
to see all these calico rails shaking about; espe-
cially when, as in the present case, there are
about eight miles of it, four on each side, gra-
dually diverging, till at the far end from the
yard they are fully two miles apart.

With the shouts and cracking of whips, every-
thing that is able to travel in the shape of an
animal (even emus) must make a move towards

the fatal wings that are waiting in the distance
with wide open wavering jaws to receive them.
It is fully four in the afternoon when we emerge
into the open, scratched as to skin, torn as to
clothing, hoarse with shouting. But our work
is not yet done. See that great, dark looking
mass in front—horsemen galloping behind and
on every side. If one kangaroo or a poor little
wallaby makes a turn back, half-a-dozen horse-
men gallop to put him back into the mob.
They are bounding to go, and go they do—a loud
cheer announcing that the last one is fairly into
our calico lane. No pressing is needed here.
"Let 'em go easy now!" is the order. Perhaps
the poor wretches think they are hemmed in by
a huge fence of white rails; or that the waving
quivering calico is held by human enemies.
Little do they think that with one push it would
all lie flat, and they be at liberty to make for
their beloved ridges and gullies once more.
They crowd away in fear from the strange walls
on each side, and keep well to the middle of the
lane, slowly hopping, pausing, hopping till the
first ranks enter the half-mile of wooden dog-
leg fencing. "Ah," say the poor beasts, "we
know what this is! Many a time we've hopped
over this into the settlers' cornfields, and you
don't drive us any further this way, if we know
it." Too late! Now the leaders are fairly in,
and the press behind is something awful, for the
men are closing up. So they go on for the half-
mile, and then emerge with a bound as of re-
covered liberty into the great enclosed yard. Now
is the time to see jumping and springing, not off
the tail, as some folks say, but off their great
muscular hind-legs. All to no purpose. The
poor animals fall back time after time. Still
one did actually get over that fence—a flying
doe—that with one tremendous jump lodged
on the top and fell over—on the right side,
though; and the way she made tracks for the
scrub was a caution. Strange to say, she jumped
with her joey in her pouch, but when she got
over she flung him away, and thus lightened
she cleared from thirty to forty feet in each
bound—one out of 5,000.

Now come the crowd, tired and dusty, horses
blown and reeking. Housis, also torn as to
skirts or habits, and dishevelled as to hair. Lots
of grog and tucker of course, and oceans of tea.
A lot of men have been waiting in the yard, and
now commence the great operation of knocking
the marsupials over with heavy waddies—a
business not so dangerous as would appear at
first sight, for very many of the animals have
been wounded the day before, and the rest are
pretty well exhausted with their long run and
their desperate efforts to escape. The skinning
and scalping will take place on the morrow.
It is worth while when such a number are se-
cured—the Government bounty being 6d. per
scalp, and the skins will average all round,
large and small, say 10d. each in Sydney. Eight
emus were among the captives, and one of them
put a slayer *hors de combat* with a tap from his
foot. They kick, as a Scotchman present re-
marked, "harder than any sanguinary cow." The
sport was over now, and it was only a question
of butchering, so the town contingent, and peo-
ple who live within five or six miles, began to
make for their homes. After giving three
hearty cheers for Mr. — and his lady, who
with many kind words thanked the hunters for
their assistance, we ended the great — Kan-
garoo Hunt.

NAOMI RIVER, NEW SOUTH WALES.

ERRORS IN HYGIENE—FEMALE CLOTHING.

BY T. ARNOLD HAULTAIN, M.A., PETERBORO', ONTARIO.

"Scarcely a more complete proof can be found
of the tyranny of fashion, or the unconscious
slavery to which it can reduce the best intellects
and sincerest characters, than is supplied by the
fact of the comparative silence of the medical
profession on this subject; silence to which one
must think no small blame will attach if ever
the world becomes wiser. Members of the me-
dical profession know very well how much na-
ture is outraged, and how she avenges herself."
"They might draw attention to the hidden
ugliness and scars which good taste will not
allow others to hint at. But they know how
much more of still greater importance is in-
volved."

This is one of the many vigorous utterances of
an admirably practical article in a recent num-
ber of the *Nineteenth Century*, by Mr. G. F.
Watts, R.A. Nor does Mr. Watts confine him-
self by any means to artistic deficiencies of cos-
tume such as we might expect from a Royal
Academician, but truculently inveighs against
all articles of dress that violate true hygienic
principles.

To his censures on the medical profession,
however, we can legitimately and strongly ob-
ject. Mr. Watts has totally overlooked the
fact that there are many institutions in England
for promoting the use of hygienic wearing ap-
parel. From casual reading I could name two
societies for preserving the natural form of wo-
men; besides these, the National Health So-
ciety takes this subject into consideration; so
do the Ladies' Dress Association; so does the
Rational Dress Society, whose tenets were so
well advocated not many days ago by Dr. Rich-
ardson; and many will remember how wonder-
fully Mr. Treves' lectures at Kensington in-
terested the highest and most intelligent classes,
and how these were followed by an exhibition

of clothing under the management of (I believe)
the daughter of one of our greatest biologists—
Miss Ray Lankester. This last fact shows us
how we may more than plausibly trace the source
of all these efforts—of which I have mentioned,
but a minute quota—to the medical profession.
Still Mr. Watts has thrown down a challenge
which cannot be disregarded, more especially as
it is as undoubted as it is lamentable a fact that
the really vicious practices of the fashionable
modiste are still very rife.

The hackneyed depreciation of high heels,
pointed shoes, small gloves, crinoline and tight-
lacing we may safely leave to irresponsible
litterati; it is to the issues "of still greater im-
portance" that are involved that I wish to call
attention, and more particularly to that unqual-
ified distribution of temperature in the body which
is due to defective or unnatural methods of
dressing.

If an analysis of a woman's articles of clothing
is made, it will be found that the preponderance
of material is massed about the region enclosing
the organs of generation,—a plan directly dis-
cordant with that of nature. Let us first examine
nature's method of protection. Writing towards
the close of one of the severest winters Canada
has for many years experienced, at a time con-
sequently when the hairy and furry coats of
animals would be naturally highly developed, I
have at hand a horse, a cow, two dogs, a cat and
a squirrel. What do I perceive? In the dogs a
remarkable sparsity of hair along the inner
aspect of the thighs and up the abdomen in the
shape of an isosceles triangle, the apex of which
is represented by the xiphoid appendix. In the
cat a similar sparse growth of fur, and although
the individual hairs are somewhat longer than
in other parts of the body, yet there is a scarcity
of that shorter under-growth which is the true
heat-retainer. In the horse and cow the condi-
tions are precisely the same. The squirrel I
cannot equally closely observe; yet judging
from the different color of the fur about the
perineal, inferior femoral, and abdominal re-
gions (resembling the thin growth on its ears),
compared with the undoubtedly thick coat on
all the lateral and posterior aspects of its trunk
and limbs, I cannot but conclude that here too
the same conditions obtain. The fact is, the
intra-parietal structures are sufficient to pre-
serve for the internal generative apparatus the
proper degree of temperature.

Now, turning to modern fashion, what do
we find? The cut constricted till the circula-
tion in the cutaneous veins, at all events, is
impeded; a prolongation of the stays over the
abdomen, far below the umbilicus; an accumu-
lation of garments consisting of the lower parts
of those that are slung from the shoulders, and
the upper parts of those suspended from the
hips; many of these impervious to moisture,
and an aggregation of folds most conducive to
the retention of heat.

Let us make, mentally, a transverse section
of female apparel in the hypogastric region. 1st.
The jersey or under-vest,—perhaps two; 2nd,
the chemise; 3rd, the stays; 4th, the drawers;
5th and 6th, the petticoats; 7th, the skirt;
8th, either the lower part of the basque, or the
polonaise; 9th, either the apron, or, if she is
out of doors, the jacket or dolman; and often,
10th, the carriage robe. This computation is
at the lowest figure, for often there is a quilted
petticoat, than which no possibly better con-
structed non-conductor could be imagined; and
probably often still the corsets are "softly
padded," imparting "more or less fulness to
figures wanting the roundness," etc. To en-
hance the evil, this heap of matter is not gra-
dually increased or lessened, but extreme frigid
and torrid zones succeed each other suddenly
and arbitrarily. First, the open neck and
shoulders; then the "padded bust"; then the
comparatively lightly clothed waist; then these
nine or ten thicknesses, followed by a flowing
skirt and perhaps open-worked stockings.

An eminent French physician once said that
sofas and arm-chairs brought him in thousands
of francs a year; many a modern gynecologist
could trace as many dollars to this state of
things. What is to be done? The answer to
this question lies, in the opinion of many,
without the range of the duties of the medical
practitioner, and with reason. But what cer-
tainly does come within his scope, is to show,
on scientific principles, where lie the violations
of the rules of health and to combat any argu-
ments that may be raised in their defence. If
we can once thoroughly persuade mothers to see
the evils with which the prevailing fashions are
pregnant, we may trust the remedies to their
own good sense and acute inventive genius.

DR. FERDINAND SEGER, who already wears
many foreign titles, has been elected corresponding
member of the Royal Society of Naturalists of Dres-
den. He sails for Europe the latter part of this
month. The doctor has also been elected honorary
consulting physician to the Hahnemann Hospital of
Paris.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having
had placed in his hands by an East India indostany
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 148
Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

STONES FOR BREAD.

I gave the sweetest sweet, The choicest fruits that in rich nature grow, Happy to lay the precious offering so, At your dear feet.

Of gold a goodly store, In life's fierce furnace seven times tried, Whose flame-perfected beauty would abide for ever more.

And myrrh and frankincense, And all the treasure I had haply won From life's wide fields, for shadow, storm and sun The gracious recompense.

Even the leaf of bay Upon my brow, fame's little fickle bloom, If so I could, I would have plucked therefrom, And given to you straightaway.

I gave my best; gave all With lavish hand, and then was sad because All that I gave seemed poor and full of flaws, And pitifully small.

So far above And dwarfing all, fame, sweetness, fruits and gold, Was that great giving which all else doth hold, An utter love.

You gave me—what? Tis just the world-old story quickly told, Gail for my wine, dross for my gold, And yet my lot.

With all its better pain, I would not change for yours. What heavier cross Than to have nought to give? Ah! yours the loss, And mine the gain!

THE PERFUMES USED BY THE EGYPTIANS.

The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendor, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays; corpses were anointed with aromatic essences; sherbets and sweetmeats were flavored with fine vegetable extracts; perfumes filled the air in every well-to-do house, and saturated the letters and presents which were constantly being exchanged.

RELIGION OF DARWIN.

During the meeting of German natural scientists and physicians, held last year in Eisenach, Prof. Ernst Haeckel lectured on the natural religion of Darwin, Goethe and Lamarck.

That Darwin also adhered to the same natural religion as Goethe, and that he was no adherent of any special church-confession, is apparent to any one reading carefully his works. But as some of his country people have immediately after his death contended the contrary, and as some bigoted ministers have praised Darwin as an orthodox adherent of a special confession of the English Church, we will be permitted to contradict them by the following undeniable proof.

A young German student, whose Christian religion had been shaken by the perusal of Darwin's work, and who had entered the intermediate stage of doubt, wrote to Darwin, for the purpose of getting the advice of this eminent natural philosopher. At first one of the relatives of Darwin answered by excusing the latter's ill-health, great age, and want of time, which prevented him from deciding the questions put to him; but the German student was not satisfied, and so he once more, driven to it by his anxious doubts, wrote to Darwin, begging him to help him in his dilemma.

Down, June 5, 1879.

"Dear Sir—I am very busy, an old man and in bad health, and I cannot gain the time to perfectly answer your questions, supposing that they may be so answered. Science has nothing to do with Christ, excepting in so far as the habit of scientific exploration makes a man cautious in recognizing proofs. As far as concerns myself, I do not believe that there has ever taken place any revelation. But regarding a future life, everybody has to decide for himself between contradicting uncertain probabilities.

"Wishing you future welfare, I remain, dear sir, "Very respectfully yours, "CHARLES DARWIN."

Something for Everybody. Read, Mark and Inwardly Digest.

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., Jan. 14, 1880.

I have been very sick over two years, and was given up as past cure. I tried the most skillful physicians, but they did not reach the worst part. My lungs and heart would fill up every night and distress me very bad. I told my children I never should die in peace until I had tried Hop Bitters. I took two bottles. They helped me very much indeed. I took two more and am well. There was a lot of sick folks here who saw how they cured me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do.

Mrs. JULIA G. CUSHING.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1880.

I have used seven bottles of Hop Bitters, which have cured me of a severe chronic difficulty of the kidneys, called Bright's disease by the doctors. RODNEY PEARSON.

WALHEND, KANSAS, Dec. 8, 1881.

I write to inform you what great relief I got from taking your Hop Bitters. I was suffering with neuralgia, dyspepsia, nervous debility and woman's troubles. A few bottles have cured me, and I am truly thankful for so good a medicine. Mrs. MATTIE COOPER.

CEDAR BAYOU, TEXAS, Oct. 28, 1882.

I have been bitterly opposed to any medicine not prescribed by a physician of my own choice. My wife, fifty-six years old, had come by degrees of disease to a low sundown, and doctors failed to benefit her. I got a bottle of Hop Bitters for her, which soon relieved her in many ways. My kidneys were badly affected, and I took twenty doses, and found much relief. I sent to Galveston for more, but word came back, none in the market, so great is the demand; but I got it somewhere. It has restored both of us to good health, and we are duly grateful.

Yours, J. P. MAGET.

NEW BLOOMFIELD, MISS., Jan. 2, 1880.

Gents—I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have used up four bottles of your Hop Bitters, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief from your medicine and torment of the doctors. I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, I am well, and my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KROCHE.

MILTON, DEL., Feb. 10, 1880.

Being induced by a neighbor to try Hop Bitters, I am well pleased with it as a tonic medicine, it having so much improved my feelings, and benefited my system, which was very much out of tone, causing great feebleness for years.

Mrs. JAMES BETTS.

KALAMAZOO, MICH., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them counter upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine.

J. J. BARCOCK, M.D., and Druggist.

KANOKA, MO., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter who had been sick for eight years, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the doctors or medicine she has taken, and have made her perfectly well and strong.

WM. T. McCLERE.

GREENWICH, Feb. 11, 1881.

Hop Bitter Co.: Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of scrofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They saved my life, and I am grateful. LEROY BREWER.

GREENWICH, N.Y., Feb. 12, 1881.

Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them. HENRY KNAPP.

LOVE JACK, MO., Sept. 14, 1879.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver and kidney complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines. P. M. BARNES.

CLEVELAND, O., Oct. 28, 1879.

My better-half is firmly impressed with the idea that your Hop Bitters is the essential thing to make life happy. B. POPE, Secretary, Plain Dealer Co.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 8, 1880.

Gents—I have been taking your Hop Bitters and received great help from them. I will give you my name as one of the cured sufferers. Yours, Mrs. MARY F. STARR.

GRENADA, MISS., Nov. 3, 1879.

My daughter, now a young mother, is using your Hop Bitters, and is greatly pleased with the beneficial effects on herself and child. D. D. MOORE, Proprietor New South.

SANDERTON, PA., Nov. 6, 1879.

Dear Sir—I have used four bottles of your Hop Bitters, and they have cured me. I had diarrhoea, dyspepsia, and chronic inflammation of the bowels, and was giddy in the head and nervous. FRED. THUNBERGER.

PAULDING, OHIO, Feb. 2, 1880.

Gents—Have used two bottles of Hop Bitters in my family, and think them the best medicine ever made. GEO. W. POTTER, Banker.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Jan. 31, 1879.

Gentlemen—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and they afforded me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify in their behalf. THOS. G. KNOX.

THOS. G. KNOX.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

We continue to receive almost daily accounts of the International Tourney, and very soon the termination of the first round will enable us to form an opinion as to the players to whom prizes will ultimately fall. From all accounts, some little dissatisfaction may at length arise owing to the nature of two or three of the rules which govern the contest. Drawn games, and players retiring before finishing the whole of their games are always sources of difficulty, and we suppose that the progress of any enterprise of this character, from its beginning to its close, never went altogether as merry as a marriage bell.

Our American friends, no doubt, are anxiously watching for the results of the play of their chess representatives, Capt. Mackenzie and Messrs. Mason and Sellman.

From Land and Water we learn that "the entries in the Minor (or Vizayanagarum) Tourney are Messrs. Benema, Dudley, F. S. Ensor, Fehrest, Fisher, Gattie, Gunzberg, Gossip, Hunter, Lambert, H. Lee, Lindsay, J. Lord, MacDonnell, J. L. Minchin, Mundell, Newham, Pilkington, Piper, Puller, Rabson, Ranken, Huxley, Vansittart, Von Bardeleben, Vyse, Weidlich, and J. S. West, forming an array of strong amateurs such as has never before been comprised in a single tourney."

St. GEORGE'S CLUB.—The Lowenthal Cup was played for in April instead of May, so as not to clash with the International Tournament. The Field states, April 14th: "The competitors are Messrs. Gattie, Gover, jun., Lindsay, and Minchin. The present holder of the Cup, the Rev. W. Wayte, who is on the Continent, has to forego his chance of defending the custody of the trophy." Four games were to be played between each pair of combatants; and Mr. Minchin comes out first with a score of 9, having won each of his matches by three games to 1. Mr. Gattie takes the second prize with 6 games and 2 unplayed, Mr. Lindsay occupying the third place.

British Chess Magazine.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

LONDON, May 14.—In the chess tournament to-day Mackenzie and Mason played drawn games with English and Tzchigorin; Steinitz, Zukertort, Winawer, Sellman and Blackburne defeated Bird, Rosenthal, Skipworth, Noa and Mortimer.

LONDON, May 15.—In the chess tournament to-day Mortimer and Mason, and Zukertort and Winawer played drawn games. English defeated Skipworth, Steinitz defeated Sellman, and Tzchigorin defeated Mackenzie. Noa and Bird defeated Rosenthal and Blackburne.

LONDON, May 16.—In the chess tournament to-day English and Mackenzie, and Sellman and Mackenzie played drawn games. Zukertort beat Winawer, Rosenthal beat Bird, and Tzchigorin beat Mason.

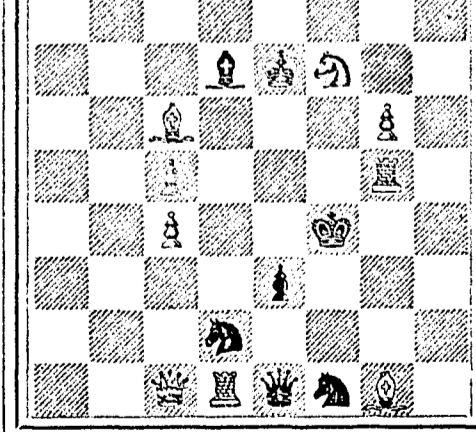
LONDON, May 17.—In the chess tournament to-day Zukertort and English played a drawn game, and Bird, Tzchigorin and Blackburne defeated Sellman, Skipworth and Mason. Steinitz, Noa and Mackenzie played drawn games with Rosenthal, Winawer and Mortimer.

LONDON, May 18.—In the chess tournament to-day Mason beat Mortimer, Rosenthal beat Skipworth, English and Zukertort, Mackenzie and Sellman, and Blackburne and Winawer played drawn games.

PROBLEM No. 431.

By R. W. JOHNSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 432.

White. Black.

1 P to K 8 becoming a K to K 2

2 P to Q 8 becoming a Kt mate

GAME 560TH.

GAMES IN THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

(French Defense.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Blackburne.) BLACK.—(Mr. Sellman.)

- 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 3
2 P to Q 4 2 P to Q 4
3 Kt to QB 3 3 Kt to KB 3
4 P takes P 4 P takes P
5 B to Q 3 5 B to Q 3
6 Kt to B 3 6 B to K 3
7 Castles 7 Kt to B 3
8 R to K sq 8 Castles
9 B to K Kt 5 9 P to K R 3
10 B to K 3 10 Q to Q 2
11 Q to Q 2 11 Kt to Q Kt 5
12 Kt to K 5 12 Q to K 2
13 P to QR 3 13 Kt takes B
14 Kt takes Kt 14 P to B 3
15 B to B 4 15 K R to K sq
16 P to B 3 16 Kt to Q 2
17 Q to B 2 17 Kt to B sq
18 Q to Kt 3 18 B takes B
19 Kt takes B 19 Q to B 3
20 Q Kt to K 2 20 B to P 4
21 P to B 3 21 R to K 2
22 Kt to R 5 22 Q to Kt 4
23 Q takes Q 23 P takes Q
24 R to B 2 24 Q R to K sq
25 K Kt to Kt 3 25 B to Kt 3
26 Kt to Kt sq 26 P to B 3
27 R takes R 27 R takes R
28 R to K sq 28 K to B 2
29 Kt to B sq

Drawn game at 2.50.

GAME 561st.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE.—(Tchigorin.) BLACK.—(Zukertort.)

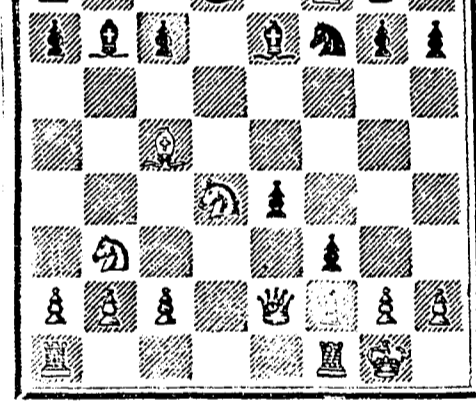
- 1 P to K 4 1 P to K 4
2 Kt to KB 3 2 Kt to KB 3
3 B to Kt 5 3 Kt to B 3
4 Castles 4 Kt takes P
5 P to Q 4 5 B to K 2
6 P to Q 5 6 Kt to Q 3
7 B takes Kt 7 Q P takes B
8 P takes P 8 P to B 3
9 P takes P 9 B takes P
10 B to K 3 10 Castles
11 Q Kt to Q 2 11 Kt to B 2
12 Q to K 2 12 P to B 4
13 Kt to Kt 3 13 P to B 5
14 B to B 5 14 P to K 5
15 K Kt to Q 4 15 P to B 6
16 Q to Kt 5 16 Q to B sq
17 K R to Q sq 17 B to R 3
18 Q to R 4 18 Kt to Kt 4
19 Kt takes P 19 P takes Kt
20 R to Q 7 20 P takes P
21 R takes B 21 Kt to R 6 ch
22 K takes P 22 Kt to B 5 ch
23 K to B 3 23 Q to R 6 ch
24 K to K 4 24 B to Kt 2 ch
25 K to Q 4 25 Kt to K 3 ch
26 K to B 4 26 R to B 5 ch
27 Kt to Q 4 27 Kt takes B
28 K takes Kt 28 Q to R 4 ch
29 K to B 4 29 R takes Kt ch

Resigns.

—Turf, Field and Farm.

Position after Black's 15th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

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A plan and specification of the work to be done can be seen at this Office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after TUESDAY, the 22nd day of MAY next, at either of which places printed forms of tender can be obtained.

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This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 21st April, 1883.

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W. J. BUCHANAN,
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Montreal, 30th April, 1883.

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