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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

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

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

Table with columns for dates (April 1st, 1883) and corresponding week (1882), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean. temperatures.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, April 7, 1883.

THE PROGRESS OF CANADA.

Encouraged by the reception of a paper of his on Canada, recently published in the Westminster Review, Mr. J. G. Bourinot has put forth a second descriptive of the progress of our country, which appears in the March number of Blackwood. The author is well equipped for the task, both by his official and literary abilities. He is Clerk of the House of Commons and Honorary Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada. The present paper is exhaustive, but we have time and space for only a very brief summary. After dwelling upon the mineral, timber and agricultural resources of the Dominion, the author very properly draws attention to the progress which we have made, within the past five years, in the industrial arts. From a careful analysis of statistics, he shows that the annual value of our exports and imports is two hundred and twenty-five million dollars, or twenty millions more than the aggregate trade of Brazil, or of Norway and Sweden; one-third that of the Empire of Austria, and greater than that of Spain. The revenue, mostly derived from Customs receipts, estimated at thirty-five million dollars, or three times greater than the revenue of Denmark, fifteen per cent. greater than the revenue of Portugal, and equal to the revenue of Sweden and Norway. The public debt, though large, is represented by public works absolutely necessary to the development of the internal resources of the Dominion. Mr. Bourinot goes into the details of our railway system and his information concerning the Canadian Pacific will prove very valuable to British readers. As we read his account we are ourselves lost in admiration of a gigantic enterprise, which we have almost lost sight of, although it is going on at our very doors. As was fitting, the writer supplements his article by a review of our various legislative and administrative systems. What he says of our social condition and of our literature is likewise interesting. We have read with pleasure that several of the principal English organs of public opinion have noticed and summarized Mr. Bourinot's paper, thereby diffusing useful knowledge about Canada. We cannot do otherwise than gain by being known in the Mother Country to which we naturally look for the emigration that will fill up our vacant spaces, and assist in the development of those sources of wealth which have too long lain dormant.

MRS. LANGTRY.

Montreal is to be honored this week with a visit from Mrs. Langtry, who will appear at the Academy of Music, on Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday afternoon. This lady, singularly gifted with physical charms and a high talent for light drama, will receive a warm welcome from the public of this city who are

never slow in appreciating beauty and merit. Mrs. Langtry deserves the highest praise for the industry with which she has risen to her present position. We need not say more in recommendation of her, because her success is also assured in Montreal.

THE WEEK.

AFTER the manifest of Prince Napoleon, there comes a proclamation throughout France demanding the overthrow of the Republic and the installation of a Regency under the Duke d'Aumale. Orleansism is stronger than Bonapartism.

MME. ALBANI made her visit to Montreal memorable by her charities. The poor little Chambly girl, who went forth, twenty odd years ago, with no other wealth than her talent, comes back in prosperity to her native land and her first thought is to alleviate the sufferings of the de-titute.

THE event of the week was the visit of Mme. Albani to Montreal. The enthusiasm from the first was intense and remained such unto the end. A delegation went out to meet her at St. Johns on Monday, and on her entering Montreal she was escorted to her hotel by a torch-light procession, consisting of our principal snow-shoe clubs. On Wednesday there was an official reception at the City Hall where appropriate addresses were made.

THE gifted artist Albani gave three concerts, every one of which was attended by vast audiences. The result of her singing was in the highest degree satisfactory. She is not only a good singer, but a great one. She ranks equal to Nilsson and second only to Patti. The range of her voice is very great and the quality unexceptionable. Her method is simply perfection. It is extraordinary what effects can be produced by study and training.

THE return of Mr. Chapleau to the country will be welcomed as well by his political adversaries as by his personal friends. That he has so far recovered his health as to be able to resume his official duties is a further cause of congratulation. We may not have approved of the whole of Mr. Chapleau's public course, but we have always admired his brilliant talents and his desire to promote the interests of his native Province.

THE Quebec Legislature adjourned on Friday, after sitting considerably over two months. We have no inclination to pessimism, but must express the opinion that this last session was the most unsatisfactory ever held since Confederation. The Province is in a critical condition and something must be done for it, else by the time the next session comes on, we shall find ourselves face to face with bankruptcy. Our borrowing capacity is well-nigh exhausted.

THE retirement of Sir Charles Tupper from the Ministry is a direct loss to the Government as well as to the country. We do not exactly understand this withdrawal. If the health of the gallant Knight requires a change, there is no more to be said, but otherwise we should much rather have him in Ottawa than in London. No doubt he can and will exercise his great energy toward promoting emigration to Canada, but others could do that as well, while few can replace him in his present charge.

MR. JOHN LOWE, the able and efficient Secretary of the Department of Agriculture, has been directed by the Committee on Immigration and Colonization to prepare a list of questions to be submitted to farmers relative to the number of farms now for sale in the older Provinces. The object is to learn the volume of strictly Canadian emigration from these Provinces to the North-West and the United States. This is a sensible step which will set at rest the much vexed question of the amount of French emigration from the Province of Quebec into New England.

ALTOGETHER irrespective of party, every Canadian has reason to rejoice over the situation of the country as depicted by Leonard Tilley in his Budget speech. Notwithstanding the heavy reduction of many duties, and the necessary increase of expenditure, there is still a large surplus for the past fiscal year, and the outlook is correspondingly bright. Sir Leonard does not share the fears of some about an approaching depression, as foreshadowed by the number of failures which have occurred this winter. He believes the country is sound and so do we. These partial failures only weed the garden and clear the atmosphere.

THE backwardness of the spring is a surprise to everybody and a serious source of inconvenience. It was generally thought that a severe winter was shorter than a mild one, but this year has certainly been an exception, and it is long since Easter occurred in mid winter, as it did this season. There are two grains of comfort, however,—first that the gradual thaw may prevent floods, and secondly, that the great quantity of snow may prepare the soil for a good harvest. The Tuscan proverb may come true: Sotto l'acqua, fame. Sotto neve, pane, and we trust the prophets may fit their theories thereto.

MR. GLADSTONE'S SCHOOL-DAYS.

William Ewart Gladstone entered Eton in September, 1821. His two elder brothers, Thomas and Robertson, had already been some time at the school, and Thomas was in the fifth form. William was soon to be his fag. When the London coach had set down the three brothers at the door of the Christopher Inn, they had not far to go to reach their boarding-house, which was just over the way. It was kept by a dame, Mrs. Shurey, and, by reason of its vicinity to the famous inn, was looked upon by the boys as most eligibly situated. It was, however, the worst of all houses for study; and it doubles the merits of Gladstone's achievements at Eton that he should have been able to work in such a place. To the "Christopher" came many times a day coaches and post-chaises from all points of the compass; on Fridays, which were market-days in Eton, the farmers held their ordinary there; and squires, drovers, pedlars, recruiting-sergeants, and occasional village wenches who came in to be hired as servants, clustered under the porch. From their barred windows the boys at Shurey's, who were ill disposed, would often watch diverting sights, and not unfrequently their slumbers would be disturbed at nights by the untuneful choruses sung in the coffee-room after hunt dinners.

It had apparently been fated that the soundness of Gladstone's moral nature should be tried at the very outset of his school life by the perilous character of his surroundings. But he passed quite unscathed through temptations, and so did George Selwyn, the future future bishop of New Zealand, who boarded at the same house, and who became early one of his best friends. These two and their brothers—for the two Selwyns and the three Gladstones all deserve the same praise—remained uncontaminated amid corruptions which are known to have had a seriously damaging effect upon some other boys less finely constituted. In Mr. Gladstone's own words, the boys of his house became for the most part "a very distinguished set."

Gladstone was placed in the middle remove of the fourth form. That was not a bad placing for a boy who was barely twelve years old, as in those days when boys went to Eton much younger than they do now, few new comers escaped a probationary stage in the lower school. His tutor was the Rev. Henry Hartopp Knapp, an excellent scholar, and a pleasant, very pleasant fellow, but a curious cleric, and as a tutor by no means exemplary. He and another master, the Rev. Benjamin Drury, were passionately fond of theatres; and Mr. Maxwell Lyte, in his interesting "History of Eton," mentions into what queer freaks their love of the drama often led them. They were in the habit of going up to London whenever any performance of special attraction was to take place. They would leave Eton on Saturday afternoon and return on Monday morning in time (or not in time) for early school, looking over exercises as they drove along in their curricula. Sometimes they would each take a favored pupil to see the play, and to sup and sleep at "Hummuus" or the "Bel-ford" in Covent Garden.

Gladstone and his friends, by leading blameless lives, and striving to learn more than their masters taught them, truly gave more to Eton in the manner of example than they took from it. Besides the Selwyns and Arthur Hallam, Gladstone's principal friends were J. Milnes Gaskell, Francis H. Doyle, John Hanmer (afterwards Lord Hanmer), Frederick Rogers (Lord Blanchford), J. W. Colville (Right Hon. Sir J., afterwards Chief Justice at Calcutta, etc.), W. E. Jelf (Rev.), J. H. Law, P. A. Pickering, W. W. Farr, and Charles Wilder.

It is more than strange to hear that the future Chancellor of the Exchequer (the greatest financier of a financing age) was taught no mathematics at Eton, and hardly any arithmetic. Gladstone received no religious teaching either.

In 1822 the Rev. John Wilder, now Senior Fellow, became one of the assistant masters; and two years later the Rev. James Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo, was added to the number. These two gentlemen, more earnest than most of their colleagues, sought to introduce a Greek Testament lesson once a week, and they succeeded after a time; but not without much difficulty, as the other masters disliked the innovation, and Dr. Keate hoped little good from it.

The manner in which Sundays were spent in those days would have gone far to defend Eton against any charge of being a sectarian school; it might even have raised a question as to whether, although all its masters were clergymen, it could rightly be called an ecclesiastical foundation. The boys used to lie in bed till nearly ten, as Sunday "private business" (which consists now of a Scriptural lesson) was not yet thought of. At half-past ten they attended a service in chapel, and it was a common complaint among the parishioners of Eton, many of whom had sittings in the choir, that the boys in the higher forms used not to enter chapel until the last stroke of the bell, when they would rush in all together, helter-skelter, showing one another, laughing, and making as much noise as possible. The noblemen, or "nobs," and the sixth form, occupied stalls, and it was customary that every occupant of a stall, should, on taking his seat for the first time, distribute amongst his neighbors packets of almonds and raisins, which were eaten during the service. Between 2 and 3 p.m. all the forms below the sixth (but not the Lower School) had to muster in the upper school-room, where Dr. Keate gave out the subjects for the week's Latin theme, and then gabbled out some pages from the "Maxims" of Epictetus, or a few extracts from Blair's "Sermons." During this performance some of the boys, having brought pens and ink with them, would dash off their themes, while the others kept up a continuous uproar. Keate, quacking like an angry duck, to use Alexander Kinglake's description of his voice, would now and again demand silence, but it was the custom of the boys to be deliberately obstreperous at this Sunday class, which they called "Prose" (Keate called it "Prayers"), and the headmaster so far tolerated the scandal that he only made a show of trying to suppress it by occasionally picking out some of the worst among the rioters and flogging them. Being indiscriminating in his punishments, as despots generally are, he once wanted to flog Gladstone because the latter's hat was knocked out of his hand by a boy nudging his elbow. "Playing at cricket with your hat, eh!" he screamed from his desk. It was with some trouble the accused demonstrated that there had been no offence, but only an accident. Keate's distrust of schoolboy honor, however, was inveterate. "Well, I must flog somebody for this," he quacked. "Find me the boy who gave you the nudge."

On one occasion Gladstone, being propositor of his form, had omitted to mark down a friend who had come late into school. A birch was at once called for, and Keate magniloquently upbraided as a breach of trust that which seems to have been only a lapse of memory. "If you please, sir," argued the future statesman, then fourteen years old, "my propositorship would have been an office of trust if I had sought it of my own accord, but it was forced upon me." Keate might have answered that the offices of sheriff and jurymen are forced upon the holders, who nevertheless are required to discharge them with diligence; but he was a very sophist, always more opposed to admire the ingenuity of a tortuous excuse than to put faith in a candid explanation. Mr. Gladstone admits now that his defence was more culpable than the fault; but if he had not succeeded in puzzling the small wits of his master, that peevish pedagogue would have flogged him.

Arthur Hallam had gone to Eton in the same year as Gladstone, and they were both in the same form, Gladstone being several places above his friend. Dr. Keate used once a week to take the "remove" for a lesson of Horace, and the fourth form for a lesson of Caesar; and he soon singled out Gladstone, Hallam, and J. Colville as good boys to "call up," because they seemed to take some interest in their lessons.

Gladstone and Hallam only remained lower boys for about eighteen months. During most of that time Gladstone fagged for his brother Thomas, and he was lucky in having a brother who did not drive about in gigs, as it was a common custom for fast upper boys to do. The fags of these fast ones would be sent to the livery stables to order traps, and so sometimes their masters would take them out to act as "tigers" during drives to Salt Hill or to Marsh's Inn at Maidenhead, a favorite place of resort, as there was a cockpit there. On one of these outings in a curricula horse bolted, and the driver, brutalized by terror, ordered his fag to jump on to the horse's back and saw at his bit. The foolhardy feat was accomplished, and the horse stopped, but the small boys arms were almost pulled out of their sockets, and one of them got badly dislocated. This boy boarded at Shurey's, and it fell to Gladstone's lot to embrocate his shoulder with vinegar, until it was seen that the injury could not be repaired without help from a doctor.

Gladstone himself never had such grievous fagging adventures as this.

Touching fags, it may be mentioned that, when it came to Gladstone's own turn to be a fag-master, one among the servitors he had was George Molish, son of the Dean of Hereford. Master and fag lost sight of each other after

both had left school; but years afterwards it became Mr. Gladstone's duty, as Prime Minister, to offer a Lord Justiceship to George Mellish. "I wrote to him as 'Dear Sir,'" says Mr. Gladstone, "having no idea that I was addressing an old fag of mine; but a few days later, as we were going down to Windsor, we met on the platform at Paddington, and he reminded me of the relation in which he had formerly stood towards me. All recollection of him had unaccountably slipped from my memory, until he thus unexpectedly reintroduced himself."

Another of Mr. Gladstone's fags was John Smith Mansfield, now a police magistrate at Marlborough Street Court. Mr. Mansfield says of him: "He was not exacting, and I had an easy time of it. I cannot remember doing anything more than laying out his breakfast and tea table, and occasionally doing an errand. As Gladstone was about five years my senior, there was an immense distance between us. I recall him as a good-looking, rather delicate youth, with a pale face, and brown, curling hair—always tidy and well-dressed—not given much to athletic exercises, but occasionally sculling, playing cricket, and hockey."

It used to be customary for a boy on promotion to the fifth form to give an entertainment in his room; and afterwards to recite a satirical ode, passing comments on all the other fellows in his boarding-house. These productions were often very coarse, for it was an understood thing that the authors of them were never to be molested by those whom they abused. Gladstone in his fifth form poem chewed all personalities, but conveyed his opinion with great vigor on some of the abuses rife in the school, and in particular on cruelties that used to be practised towards pigs at the Eton fair that was held every Ash Wednesday. A barbarous usage had arisen for boys to hustle the drovers and then cut off the tails of the pigs. Gladstone gave great offence by remarking that the boys who were foremost in this kind of butchery were the first to quake at the consequences of detection, and he dared them as they were proud of their work, to sport the trophies in their hats. On the following Ash Wednesday he found three newly-amputated pig-hung in a bunch on his door, with a paper bearing this inscription:

"Quisquis amat porcos, porcif amabitur illis:
Cauda sit exemplum ter repetita tibi."

Gladstone wrote underneath a challenge to the despoilers of the pigs to come forth and take a receipt for their offering which he would mark—"In good round hand upon your faces!" but the statesman, who, in his seventy-fourth year, feels trees for amusement, was already, as a boy, a tough foe to deal with, and his invitation met with no response. It would be pleasant if one could add that after this the pigs had a better time of it; but their miseries only ceased when the Ash Wednesday fair was abolished under Dr. Hawtrey.

A few weeks after Byron's death, Mr. Canning came down to Eton for the 4th of June, and found time to have nearly an hour's chat with the son of his principal supporter in the famous Liverpool election of 1812. Canning's career exercised the greatest fascination over young Gladstone's mind, and on that privileged day when he took the Foreign Secretary to see his room, and then walked about college listening to his advice and to his remarks about some of the important topics of the day, the fascination became complete and lasting. It was doubtless from a happy recollection of his own precocity that Canning did not speak to his young admirer as a boy about childish things; he must have seen the sparkle of hero-worship in Gladstone's eyes, and he hid himself out to produce a deep impression by emitting on all subjects those generous sentiments which leave their mark on a boy's understanding.

Just before Gladstone entered Eton, in 1821, the *Etonian*, edited by Winthrop Mackworth Praed, had run its short, brilliant career; and Gladstone, though a lower boy, got acquainted with some of the contributors to that periodical, who used to come and breakfast with his brother Thomas. Among them were Richard Durnford (whom "Gladstone minor" afterward appointed Bishop of Chichester), Walter Trower (who became Bishop of Gibraltar), Chauncey Harcourt-Townsend, and Edmund Beales (who acquired glory of a certain sort during the Hyde Park riots of 1866.) These school worthies had acquired a real renown through their writings; and as Gladstone rose to the higher forms, the purpose of founding a magazine naturally suggested itself to him as one of the only methods that lay open to him for achieving scholastic distinction. Nowadays the talents of school-boys find plenty of scope in competitions for prizes and scholarships, and, as a consequence, the various Eton periodicals started during the last thirty years have been very poor. Their staffs have been recruited from among boys not successful in school work—youthful eccentrics, triters, blasters, and such like. But in Gladstone's days there were no prizes for scholarships, and very few examinations. When a boy had once got into the fifth, he obtained his removes to the middle or upper division without trial, and eventually ascended to the sixth by seniority—there being only ten collegers and ten oppidans in that head form. Gladstone was "sent up" several times for his verses, but this was the only honor to which he and boys of his description could aspire. Thus the very best material in the school was always available for independent literary work.

It is to be noted, however, that if there was always plenty of talent at Eton, able editors

were as scarce there as elsewhere. The only three school periodicals which stand out as exceptionally good—the *Microcosm*, the *Etonian*, and the *Miscellany*—were edited by boys who possessed great firmness of character as well as genius and judgment. Canning, Mackworth Praed and Gladstone all knew how to recruit a staff, keep it up to the best standard of work, and prevent its members from falling out. If he had not become a statesman, he might have done wonders in conducting a London daily newspaper.

Gladstone was always merry enough; but he was not one of those boys who can be called "merry fellows." Whilst he edited his magazine, he used to stupefy his fags by his prodigious capacity for work. His table and open bureau would be littered with "copy" and proofs; he suffered, like other editors, from the plague of MSS., and had to read quires of proffered contributions that were unacceptable; and yet he always found time to do his school-work well. Dr. Keate, carper as he was, could find no fault with him; and even ended by taking him into special favor, as undoubtedly one of the best and most undistinguished scholars in the school. Probably no other boy ever got so much praise from Dr. Keate as Gladstone did, when the headmaster said to him:—"You belong to the Literati (Pop.), and of course you say there all that's on your mind. I wish I could hear you without your being aware of my presence; I am sure I should hear a speech that would give me pleasure."

The *Eton Miscellany* continued to appear until its editor left Eton at Christmas, 1827. He had then been a whole year in the sixth form; but he had not become Captain of Oppidans, for one boy who was his senior remained at the school much longer than usual; and, as already explained, places in the sixth were only to be conquered by time, not by merit. Gladstone was, however, President of the Debating Society and the acknowledged head of Eton in literary attainments and oratory. He helped to revive the prestige of "Pop.," which was on the wane when he entered it, though he never saw it in such a flourishing condition as it has been in these latter times, when there are always candidates to fill every vacancy. In Gladstone's days the society often found it difficult to recruit suitable members. Mr. Mansfield says of this society:—"Poorly educated as Etonians were by Dr. Keate, they did a great deal in educating each other. The Debating Society drew their attention to history and politics; and all the printed speeches of statesmen in the last century, and the beginning of the present, were known to the young debaters."—*Temple Bar*.

THE ITALIAN WAR-SHIP LEPANTO.

The ceremony of launching this most powerful ship of the Italian Navy has been appointed to take place at Leghorn to-morrow (Sunday), in the presence of the King and Queen of Italy. We are indebted to Mr. A. Percy Inglis, the Acting British Consul at that port, for a sketch of the enormous vessel lying ready to be launched in the builders' yard, that of Messrs. Orlando Brothers. In the construction of the *Duilio* and the *Dandolo*, which were double-screw turret-ships of the *Monitor* type, each carrying four 100-ton guns of Sir William Armstrong's manufacture, mounted in two turrets, the Italian Navy considerably surpassed anything yet supplied to the Royal Navy of Great Britain. But the *Italia* and the *Lepanto*, apparently, are very much more formidable; their dimensions being as follows:—Length, 122 metres (or 403 ft.); greatest breadth, not reckoning the armour, 22 metres 28 centimetres; height at the middle section, 15 metres 20 centimetres; medium depth of immersion, 8 metres 48 centimetres; tonnage, about 15,000. The *Lepanto* will have four 100-ton guns in a central armoured redoubt, and eighteen 4½-ton guns in the battery. There are two screws, each moved by two engines and three cylinders on the Penn system; twenty-six boilers, and six funnels. The indicated horse-power is 18,000; the expected speed is seventeen miles. There are only two masts, which serve for signalling. Side armour being altogether abolished, the system of defence consists in the cellular deck of the first battery, the armour of the main deck, the iron-casing of the funnels and passages for projectiles, and the armour of the redoubt containing the four cannon. The *Lepanto* is 22 metres longer than the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, and will have 4,000 more tonnage, about 8,000 extra horse-power, and a covered battery of eighteen cannon, which the above-named ships have not. The *Lepanto* will therefore be much more powerful. As much as possible, she will preserve the type of a frigate, differing here also from the *Dandolo* and *Duilio*. She will cost about twenty-four millions of francs. Having been constructed in a private dockyard, her hull will cost the Government much less than that of the *Italia*, which was built in a Government dockyard. The launch might be attended with some difficulties, for it will be necessary to stop the ship as soon as she floats by means of large chains to prevent her from running against the opposite side of the basin, only 80 metres distant. But the report that it will be an expensive work to get her out of the basin when once afloat is exaggerated, it being only necessary temporarily to remove the floating bridge of the dock. At the moment of launching the hull will weigh about 4,000 tons. The *Lepanto* was commenced in September, 1877, and about 500 workmen have been constantly employed in her construction.

E. STONE WIGGINS, LL.D.

Professor E. Stone Wiggins, whose weather predictions have given him such wide celebrity, was born in the County of Queens, Province of New Brunswick, Canada, December 4th, 1839. He was educated in United States and Canadian universities, having taken his degree of Doctor of Medicine in Philadelphia in 1868, and his Bachelor of Arts at Albert University, Ontario, the following year. For two years, from 1868 to 1870, he distinguished himself as Principal of the High School at Ingersoll, when he was also appointed by the Ontario Government a member of the Board of Examiners for the examination of teachers for the Province. In 1871 he was appointed Superintendent of the new Institution for the Education of the Blind at Bradford, and to fit himself more fully for his special work and employ skilled teachers, was sent by his Government to visit various Blind Institutions in the United States. This position he admirably filled for four years. At the general election to the Canadian House of Commons in 1878, he was chosen as the Conservative candidate for his native county, a strong Liberal constituency, and was defeated, but was immediately appointed to a position in the Finance Department by Sir Leonard Tilley, the new Finance Minister in the Government of Sir John Macdonald, which then rose to power.

Professor Wiggins is the author of several works on scientific subjects; his "English Grammar for Dominion High Schools" being a superior work. Two years ago he was a competitor for the Warner prize, offered for the best essay on comets, and in the struggle took second place, though no less than one hundred and twenty astronomers competed. He is a direct descendant of Captain Thomas Wiggins, who was sent out in the year 1630 to this country by Lords Saye and Brook as Governor of one of the Massachusetts districts. As is known to our historians, this family were among the first to resist the arrogance of the Colonial Governors and are credited with having been among the chief actors who prepared the way for the Revolution of 1776. The late Stephen Wiggins, Esq., of St. John, great uncle of Prof. Wiggins, was one of the merchant princes of Canada, and, having won his millions on the sea, left a large bequest for the education and support of the children of sailors lost at sea. In 1843 he invested the sum of forty-five thousand pounds in the purchase of New York city bonds, and out of the interest of this fund has recently been erected in St. John's one of the finest charities in America, known as the Wiggins Male Orphan Institution.

In 1872 Professor Wiggins was married to his cousin, Miss Susie A. Wiggins, third daughter of Capt. Vincent W. Wiggins, of Queens, New Brunswick. This is the lady to whose zeal and talent is due the passage through the Canadian Senate, two years ago, of the well-known Bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Facing a second defeat of the measure, she bravely entered the Senate, and by her pleasant manner and persuasive arguments, converted her minority into a majority. Her letters signed "Gunhilda," and addressed to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Ontario, to whose unwise interposition she attributed the defeat of the Bill in the first instance, were read with great interest both in this country and the United States. A number of ladies interested in the passage of this Bill have employed Mr. F. Danbar, the Dominion sculptor, to execute a bust of this lady, which is to be placed in the Dominion Library at the capital. Already it is said to be a striking likeness.

A FETE AT THE PARIS OPERA.

GOUNOD AND BOITO.

On the 31st of March a great fête for the benefit of the sufferers from the floods in Alsace and Lorraine will be given at the Opera House, Paris. The musical portion of the entertainment was organized by Louis Besson, of the *Evenement*, who addressed himself in the first place to MME. Ambroise Thomas, Gounod and Massenet. Thomas, as a native of Metz, as director of the conservatory and the composer of "Hamlet," at once promised his assistance, Massenet the same; with Gounod, Besson had a long interview. He wished to produce Boito's "Mefistofele." He had secured the services of Madame Salla, who had created the piece at St. Petersburg, and of M. Gilhard, who created it at London, as well as Boito's consent. But of course, when "Mefistofele" is mentioned, "Faust" is thought of. The two pieces have nothing in common except that they are both based on Goethe's poem, still it was feared that there might be some objection on the part of the illustrious Frenchman. Besson called and found Gounod smoking in a gray coat and a cap on his head. "For Alsace?" he replied when the object of the entertainment was mentioned. "Yes, I am with you. I am very busy. I am growing old, but your project is one to which I must associate myself. What do you want me to do?" The case was laid before him. "Shall I conduct the performance of 'Gallia' or of an act of 'Romeo'? Dispose of me. You have kept a good place for Ambroise Thomas. He is our master." Then touching the piano he sang the waltz before the scene of *Ophelia* in the fourth act. "And Mozart," he continued, "you have not forgotten him, that divine master?" And he sang the air of the quintette from "Cosi fan tutti." "And Rossini! and Massenet!" "Now,

master," began Besson, "we reach a delicate point. There is in the world a *Mefistofele* floating about abroad—"

"Boito? Certainly; and here you have an opportunity to produce it."

"I came to ask your advice."
"My advice is, give it. Do not hesitate. Boito sent me the score; I read it; it interested me much. He is an Italian who has studied the German music, and who, while remaining a thorough Italian, has known how to appropriate the tendencies of the new school. Twenty-two years ago, when I produced 'Faust' at Milan, Boito was the leader of the youth and gave me a superb fête. He was one of the most enthusiastic apostles of French music in Italy. The least I can do is to do for him in France what he did for me in Italy. My 'Faust' has no connection with his 'Mefistofele.' I wrote my score after Berlioz had written the 'Damnation of Faust.' Why should not a third treat the subject after me? Give 'Mefistofele,' I will answer for its success."

A MUSICAL BED.

A musical bed is no longer a myth. A Rajah who desires to remain *incognito* has just ordered a couch worthy of the Arabian Nights. The bedstead is made of rosewood, covered with plates of silver, embossed or engraved. The style of ornamentation is, on the whole Indian; but the roses, ears of corn, vines and the like are modelled in the European fashion. The mattress is in *bleu clair* damask richly embroidered. When one lies down the music begins to play. The Rajah did not select the airs, but the maker of this piece of furniture chose them from the repertoire of Gounod, who must be immensely flattered by learning that he soothes to sleep such a wealthy and whimsical potentate. The spring, which sets the music in motion, likewise acts on four figures. These figures are painted to the life, and have wigs of diverse hues—blonde, black, red and chestnut—and clad only with a bracelet on the right wrist. They wave over the Rajah's recumbent form fans formed from the feathers of the white peacock, or the tails of the sacred Yak. One of the figures represents a Greek, one a Spaniard, one an Italian, and one a Parisienne. May he sleep well!

DEATH ON THE STAGE.

A tragic event is announced from Sinigaglia, the death of the tenor Ronconi. The theatre was crowded, the orchestra began to play, the curtain rose. Ronconi as *Faust* was seen sitting in a chair. The public welcomed him with applause, he tried to rise up and return his thanks, but was unable to do so, and, trembling all over, sank back. He uttered some phrases which were quite devoid of sense. The orchestra continued to play, but the tenor remained mute. Many thought that the actor was drunk, and expressed great indignation. Ronconi sat still, with his eyes glassy and unmoving; his lips were in motion; his mouth opened and shut; but not a word or a sound proceeded from it. He raised his hand painfully to his head. The public continued to hiss. The manager then came forward and endeavored to explain that the actor was seized by a sudden panic. Hisses continued with redoubled force, and the curtain fell on a death scene. Ronconi expired at three o'clock in the morning without having recovered consciousness. This Ronconi was the son of the celebrated baritone Ronconi, the contemporary of Lablache, Grisi and Alboni.

LITERARY.

THE Earl of Rosslyn has in press a volume of poetry, principally sonnets.

DR. O. W. HOLMES is to write a life of Emerson for the series of "American Men of Letters."

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the *New York Sun*, has purchased a one hundred and fifty thousand dollar house.

THOMAS G. APPLETON has given five thousand dollars for the endowment of the women's annex at Harvard College.

MESSERS. BLACK, of Edinburgh, are issuing a new illustrated edition of the *Waverley* novels, in twelve volumes.

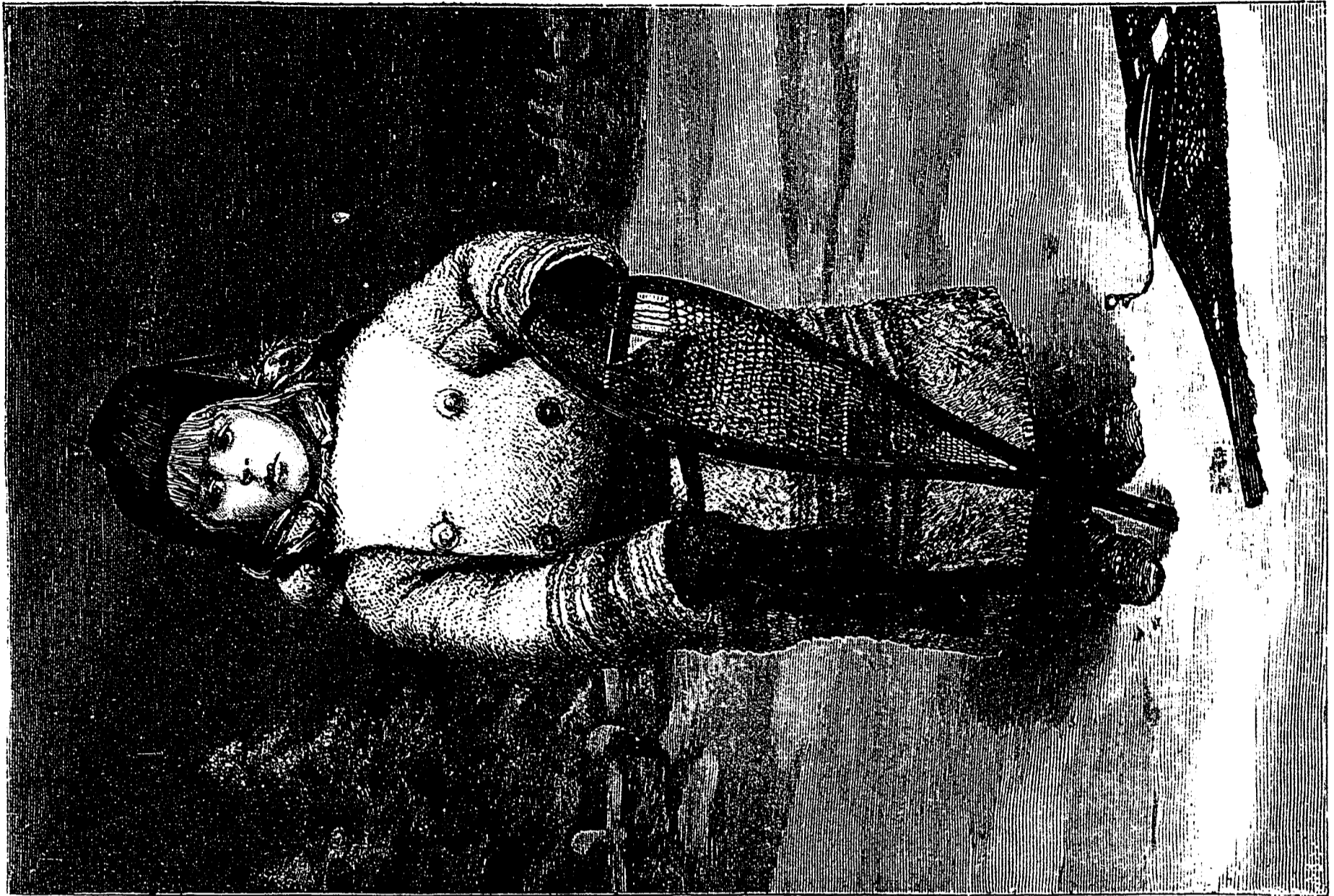
THE admirers of the old religious classic of the "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, will welcome the book in the style of the parchment Shakespeare. The publishers announce in the same form the poems of Horace and French lyrics.

HONORABLE FREDERICK BILLINGS, of Woodstock, who purchased the library of the late George P. Marsh for fifteen thousand dollars and presented it to the University of Vermont, has now given that institution seventy-five thousand dollars for a library building.

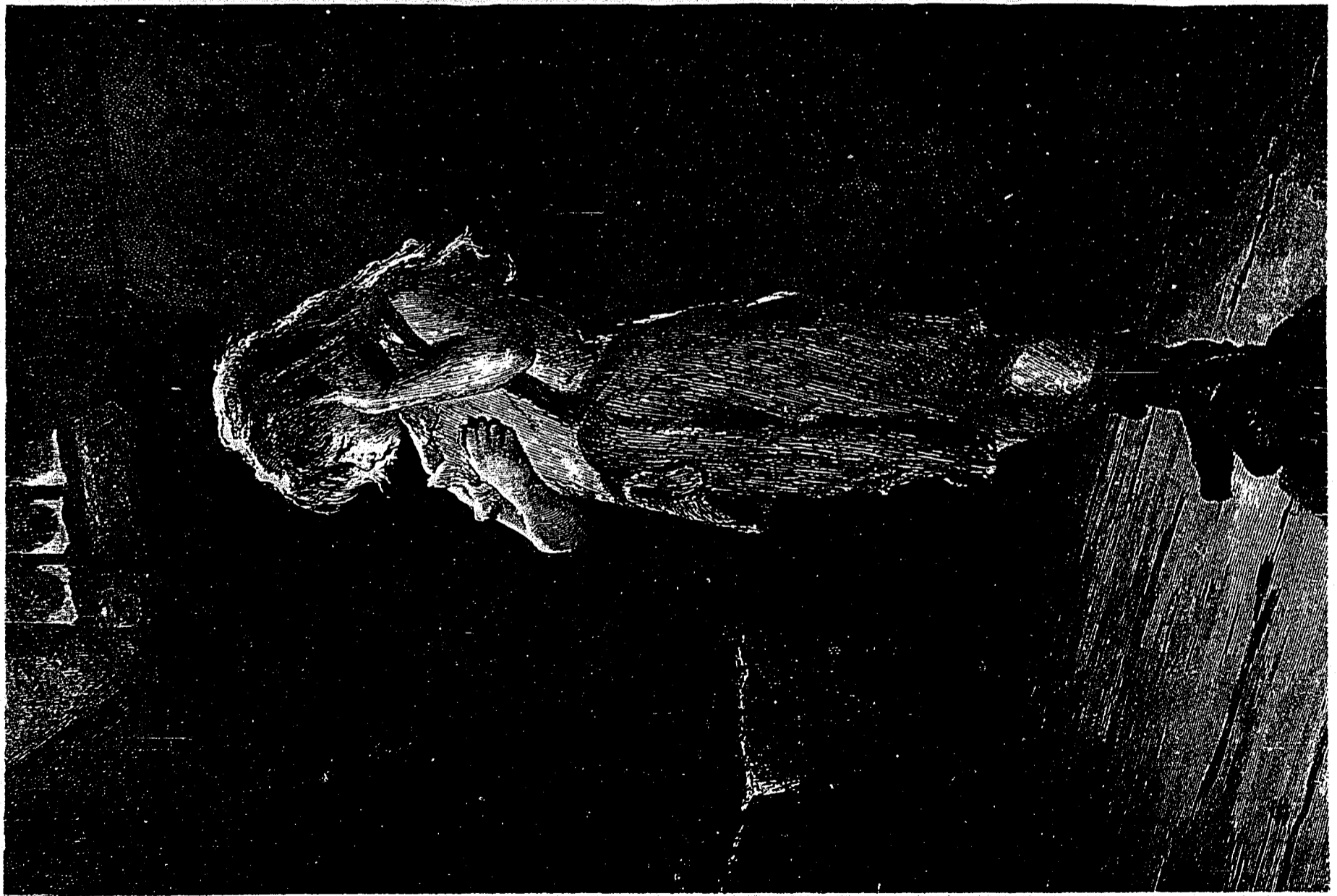
PROFESSOR HUXLEY said in a recent lecture that he had no sympathy with a kind of sect or horde of scientific Goliaths or Yandals who think that it would be proper and desirable to sweep away all other forms of culture and instruction except those in physical science.

WONG CHING FOO, the editor of the Chinese-American, is about to begin the translation into English of "The Fan Yung; or, the Royal Slave," the most popular of Chinese historical novels. The romance was written two thousand two hundred years ago by Kong Ming.

LANDMARKS of English Literature, by Henry J. Nicoll, is an admirable attempt to simplify and abbreviate the learner's course through the immense accumulation of English literary production. The author has a clear view of the value of the best, and he winnows the wheat from the chaff with an unsparring hand.



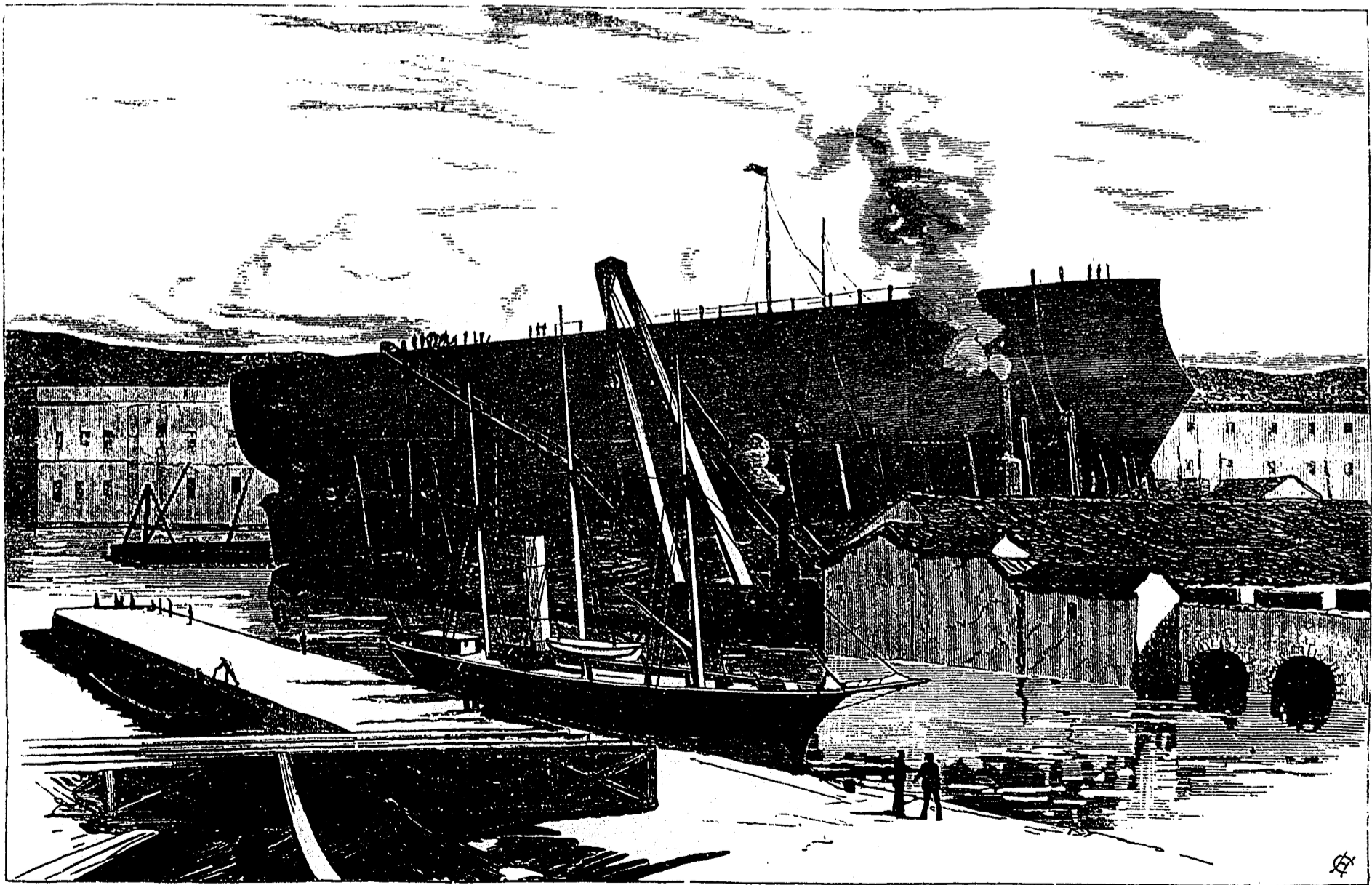
LITTLE SNOW SHOES.



ALONE



PRINCE ALEXANDER GORTSCHAKOFF.
BORN JULY 16, 1798. DIED MARCH 11, 1883.



THE GREAT ITALIAN CITADEL-SHIP *LEPANTO*, READY FOR LAUNCHING AT LEGHORN.

TERRY WIGAN.

(From the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen.)

A strange and grizzled man once dwelt
On yonder outmost isle:
By land or sea he never dealt
A human being quite.
But at times came an ugly gleam in his eye,
When the weather wasn't good,
And then they thought he was mad thereby,
And then few men would dare go nigh
Where Terry Wigan stood.

I saw him myself a single time.—
He lay with his fish by the pier:
Though his hair was flecked with a foamy rime,
Gay was his voice and clear.
With a quip and a jest the girls he cheered.
With the village lads made fun;
He waved his sou'wester, and off he sheered.
Then up with his stay-sail and home he steered,
Away in the setting sun.

I'll tell you now of Terry's tale,
Whatever I have heard:
And if at times 'tis dry and stale,
There's truth in every word.
I heard the story from those whose place
Was with him when he died:
Who watched by his bed at his decease,
And closed his eyes to the sleep of peace,
High up on yon hillside.

In his youth, a wild dare-devil Dick,
He gave his folk the slip,
And bore with many a monkey trick
As the youngest lad in the ship.
Then at Amsterdam away he ran,
For his home-love urged him sore,
And returned in the "Union"—Captain Brann:
But at home there was none that saw in the man
The little boy of yore.

For he'd grown to be dapper and tall and red,
And was rigged out tight and trim:
But his father and mother both were dead,
And all that were dear to him,
He mourned for a day—ay, maybe two,
Then rose from sorrow free:
With earth at his feet no rest he knew:
It was better, he said, to have to do
With the broad and boisterous sea.

In a year from then was Terry wed,—
It came about in haste,
And he rather repented a step, folk said,
That kept him firmly placed,
So beneath his roof in idle play
The winter slowly sped,
Though the windows shone like the brightest day,
With their curtains small and their flower-pots gay,
In the little cottage red.

When fair winds broke the ice-lumps through,
With the brig was Terry gone:
When the grey gull in autumn southwards flew,
He met it half-way down,
Then a gleam like the shade of the coming night
Clouded the sailor's brow:
He came from the land of the sunshine bright,
Aster lay the world with its life and light,
And winter before the bow.

They anchored, and his mates betook
Themselves to their carouse:
He gave them just one longing look,
As he stood by his quiet house,
In at the lattice he peeped. Not one,
But two in the room were they:
His wife sat still and linen spun,
While in the cradle, full of fun,
A rosy lassie lay.

By that one glance was he inspired
With a resolution deep:
He toiled and moiled, and was never tired
Of rocking his child to sleep,
Of a Sunday night, when the dances gay
Were heard from the homesteads there,
He'd sing his merriest songs and play,
While in his lap little Anna lay,
With her hands in his auburn hair.

So the weeks went by till the war broke out
In eighteen hundred and nine:
The troubles still are talked about
That then made the people pine,
Every port was blocked by English crews,
Inland there was famine sore,
The poor had to starve and the rich to lose,
And two strong arms were of little use
With plague and death at the door.

Terry mourned for a day or two,
Then rose from sorrow free:
He thought of a friend that was old and true,
The broad and boisterous sea,
There's a western rhyme that still gives life
To his deed as thing of note:
"When the winds were loud with storm and strife,
Terry Wigan rowed for his child and wife,
Over seas in an open boat."

His smallest skiff was chosen out,
To Skagen he must go—
Mast and sail he did without,
For he thought it safer so.
He knew the boat could bear him far,
How'er the sea might chop:
The Jutland-reef was a ticklish bar,
But a worse was the English man-o'-war
With a watch on the mizen-top.

So he seized the oars and gave his fate
Over to Fortune's care,
And, safe at Fladstrand, did but wait
To ship his cargo there.
Not much of a freight, Lord knows, he drives.—
Three kegs with oats high piled:
But he came from a country where poverty thrives,
And aboard of his boat he'd the savin' o' lives,
And it was for his wife and child.

Three nights and days to the thwarts bound close
Strongly and bravely he rowed:
When next the morning sun arose,
A misty line it showed,
It was no cloud that met his view,
But land before him lay:
The Imennes Saddle, broad and blue,
Stood out, the peaks and ridges through,
And then he knew his way.

He was near his home, and he had just
To hear a short delay:
His heart swelled high in faith and trust,
He was near about to pray,
'Twas as if the words had stopped frost-bound—
He gazed, and in his track,
Through the fading fog that upward wound,
He saw a corvette in Hennes Sound
That pitched as she lay back.

The skiff was seen, the signal passed,
That way was blocked outright:
But the west wind veered, and Terry steered
Toward the west his flight.

Then they lowered the yawl—as the ropes uncoiled,
He could hear the sailors shout:
With his feet on the frame of the boat he toiled
At the oars, till the water foamed and boiled,
And the blood from his nails oozed out.

Gaelsing's name of a sunken shoal
To the east of Humberg Sound:
There's an ugly surf and the breakers roll,
And two foot down you're aground.
There are white spurts there and a yellow slough,
Though the sea hasn't oven rippled:
But, although the swell be never so rough,
Inside it is calm and smooth enough,
For the force of the current's crippled.

There Terry Wigan's skiff shot through
Over the foam and sands:
But in his wake behind him flew
The yawl and fifteen hands.
It was then that he cried through the breakers' roar
To God in his bitter dread:—
"O yonder famine-stricken shore
Sits my starving wife at my cottage door,
And waits with her child for bread."

But the fifteen shouted louder then,
'Twas the same as at Lyngor—
The luck is ever with Englishmen
When they plunder Norway's shore,
When Terry touched on the sunk reef's top,
The yawl too scraped the cliff:
From the stern the officer sang out, "Stop!"
Then he heaved up an oar and he let it drop,
And he thrust it through the skiff.

The thrust made a burst of frame and plank,
The sea rushed in at the chink:
In two foot o' water his cargo sank,
But his spirit didn't sink,
He fought himself free from the armed men,
Their threats deterred him not:
He ducked and swam, and he ducked again:
But the yawl pushed off, and there flashed out then
Cutlass and musket-shot.

They fished him up and aboard the craft,
The sailors gave three cheers:
The commander stood on the poop abaft,
A boy of eighteen years,
Terry's boat was the first prize e'er he made,
So he strut with a proud stiff neck:
But Terry's mind was now dismayed,
The strong man lay and wept and prayed
On his knees on the vessel's deck.

He bought with tears and they sold him smiles,
They paid him scorn for prayer:
An east wind rose, and from out the isles
Seaward the victors fare,
'Twas done: not a word had he to say,
He would bear his sorrow now:
But his captors—it was strange, thought they,
How something stormy passed away
From the vault of his cloudy brow.

In prison for many a year he lay,—
Full five long years, say some:
His back was bowed, and his hair grown grey,
With dreaming of his home,
He would think in silence, and never cease,
Of a joy his heart waxed big at:
Then 1814 came with peace,
And the captive Norse on their release
Sailed home in a Swedish frigate.

He stood on the pier by his home anew,
Made a pilot since the war:
But the grizzled man was known to few
As the sailor lad of yore,
His house was a stranger's—God him save
From the late his darlings found:
"When the husband left," was the tale they gave,
"They starved, and got a common grave
From the parish in pauper's ground."

The years went by, and the pilot dwelt
On yonder outmost isle:
By land or sea he never dealt
A human being quite.
But at times came an ugly gleam in his eye,
When storms by the reef were brewed,
And then they thought he was mad thereby,
And then few men would dare go nigh
Where Terry Wigan stood.

The pilots were roused one moonlight night,
When the breeze was landward borne:
An English yacht beat into sight,
With mainsail and foresail torn:
From her foremast top the red flag spoke
Her need without a word:
And a small boat tackled where the breakers broke,—
It fought through the storm-waves stroke by stroke,
And the pilot stood aboard.

He seemed so safe, the grizzled man,
And he gripped the tiller so
That the yacht lunged forth, and seaward ran,
With the skiff behind in tow.
A peer with his child and his dame demure
Came aft as pale as a ghost:
"I'll make you as rich as you now are poor,
If you bear us safe from the waves and sure."
But the pilot left his post.

He paled at the mouth, and a smile he found
Like a smile of power long sought,
Over they bore, and high aground
Stood the Englishman's splendid yacht.
"Take to the boats! In the breakers wild
The yacht will splintered be:
My wake will guide to a haven mild:
My lord and my lady and the little child
Shall come in the skiff with me."

The wild fire flamed where the skiff flew along
Toward land with its cargo rare:
Aft stood the pilot, tall and strong,
His eye had an eerie glare.
Leeward he looked at the Gaelsing's top,
And windward at Hennes cliff:
Then he left the helm, and he sang out, "Stop!"
Then he heaved up an oar, and he let it drop,
And he thrust it through the skiff.

In swept the sea, the foam flashed by,
On the wreck there raged a fight:
But the mother lifted her daughter high,
Her terror turned her white.
"Anna, my child! my child!" cried she:
Then quivered the grizzled man:
He gripped the sheet, set the helm to lee,
And the boat was 'most like a bird to see,
As through surf and foam it ran.

It struck, they sank: but beyond the flood
All quiet was the sea:
A ridge lay hid, and there they stood
In water to the knee.
"The ground gives way!" the peer cried out,—
"It is no rocky prow!"
But the pilot said: "Nay, tremble not:
Three kegs of oats and a sunken boat
Are the ground we stand on now."

A light of the past that long had slept
Gleamed out at Memory's beck,
And the peer knew the man that had lain and wept
On his knees on the vessel's deck.

Then Terry: "All that was dear to me
You crushed without remorse;
Now shall the retribution be—
Then the English noble bowed the knee
Before the pilot Norse.

But Terry lent on the shaft of an oar,
Erect as in the past:
His eye had a gleam of boundless power,
His hair streamed on the blast,
"You sailed at your ease in your big corvette,
My little skill I steered:
I toiled for my own till my strength was set,
You took their bread, and without regret
My bitter weeping jeered."

"Your rich lady is fair and grand,
Her hand is silky fine:
Course and hard was my wife's hand,
And yet that hand was mine,
Your child has blue eyes and golden hair,
Like a little child of God:
My lass didn't look much anywhere:
God better it, she was pale and spare,
Like the child of a common eld."

"Well, these were my kingdom on the earth,
They were all the good I knew:
I thought them a treasure of mighty worth,
But they weren't much to you,
But now is the time of reckoning nigh,
And you with an hour shall cope
That'll well make up for the years gone by
That have bowed my back and dimmed my eye,
And ruined all my hope."

He raised the child in his powerful grip,
His arm round the lady coiled:
"Stand back, my lord! A single step
Will cost your wife and child!
Then up the Briton leapt in scorn,
But was far too weak to fight:
His breath was hot and his eyes were worn,
And his hair, as they saw by the light of the morn,
Turned grey that single night.

But Terry's brow has lost its frown,
Freely his breast expands:
He sets the child full gently down,
And tenderly kisses its hands,
He breathes as freed from a prison's pains,
His voice is calm and still:
"Terry Wigan his better self regains:
Till now the blood was clotted in my veins,
Revenge was in my will."

"The long, long years of a prison's woes
Had wrought my heart amiss:
Since then I have been as a pine that grows
Looking into a wild abyss,
But that is past: our debt is scored,
And I am not to blame.
I gave what I could—you took my board,—
If you think you're wronged, appeal to the Lord
Who made me what I am."

All were at daybreak saved. The yacht
Safe to the haven came:
Though the tale of the night they whispered not,
Yet wide went Terry's fame,
His dreams like storm-clouds swept away,
Nor left the smallest speck,
And the head arose erect and gay
That was bowed on yon day he wept as he lay
On his knees on the vessel's deck.

The peer was come, and his lady as well,
And many more were come:
To bid good-bye, and their good-speed tell,
As they stood in his little home,
They thanked him that saved them from the stormy press
Of reef and breaker wild:
But Terry said, with a kind care—
"Nay, the one that saved in the worst distress
Was none but this little child."

When the yacht was bearing off Hennes Sound,
They hoisted the Norse ensign:
A little to the west there's a foam-hid ground,
Where they fired a salvo fine,
A tear in Terry's eye then shone,
As out from the cliff he gazed:
"Much have I lost, but much have I won:
It was best, maybe, that it should be done,
And so may God be praised!"

It was thus that I saw him a single time,
He lay with his fish by the pier:
Though his hair was flecked with a foamy rime,
Gay was his voice and clear,
With a quip and a jest the girls he cheered,
With the village lads made fun:
He waved his sou'wester, and off he sheered,
Then up with his stay-sail and home he steered,
Away in the setting sun.

I saw a grave by Faroe Church
On a plot of grass and moss:
It wasn't tended, and sank with a lurch:
But it had its blackened cross,
There "Therese Wulken" stood in white
With day and month and year:
He lay where the sun and the storm could light,
And that's why the grass was so coarse and tight,
With a blue-bell there and here.

"UNFINISHED."

I.

What most attracted the notice of Jervis
Faulder on going into the gallery of Childs &
Purvis, the picture dealers, was a canvas pre-
sented the full-length figure of a tallish, spiri-
ted young lady in a black dress, with some kind
of timid coy, dark bonnet on her head. Not a
downright, conclusive bonnet, but one which
seemed to have set out with a foolish plan of
covering up those beautiful twists of pale chest-
nut hair, and then impulsively to have given
up the idea. It was incomplete, and so was
the painting. The young lady in black started
out from the vague fumid tints of the back-
ground with wonderful vigor, smiling as if with
the surprise of her own sweet advent. But the
dress in portions was only scumbled on with
great haste, and behol! one of her dainty hands
was altogether missing. Jervis knew it must
have been dainty by reference to the other,
which was seen holding a wrinkled glove. Be-
low, on the frame, hung a card, bearing the
word "Unfinished."

But the picture was evidently a portrait, and
it was the work of a distinguished Boston artist,
whom, in order to give him a classical air, we
will call Venator. Faulder found the mystery
of the subject and the incompleteness tantal-
izing, yet engaging.

"Have you seen that unfinished girl of Venator's?" he asked, when he called soon after on his friend Mrs. Crayshaw, of Brookline, an illustrious member of the social oligarchy.

Mrs. Crayshaw based her interest in portraits largely on the standing of their owners. "Do you mean the picture," she inquired in return, "or the lady herself?"

"The lady, by all means," said Faulder, promptly. "Do you know her?"
"That I can't tell until I have seen the painting. Of course, being by Venator, it's quite possible—ah, quite likely—that I do know her; that is, it must be very good." (She referred really to the social status of the canvas.)

"You really ought to see it," Faulder urged. "There's time now, if you drive into town. We shall have the mellow afternoon light, and—" He paused, embarrassed, as if he had nearly betrayed some interest deeper than that of the idle connoisseur.

"I'll order the horses at once, and we'll go together," said his friend.

But when they reached the gallery, and Faulder indicated the picture by a flash of the eyes, Mrs. Crayshaw stood instantly still, with a shock. A faint blush stole over her cool, handsome face, as though she felt herself unwillingly involved in a social impropriety. "That!" (in subdued renouissance)—"why, that's only Miss Hetwood. Miss—what's that odd name!—oh, Candace; yes, Candace Hetwood."

"It's a charming name, at any rate," said Faulder. "Why do you say 'only'? Don't you like her?"

"Neither like nor dislike," Mrs. Crayshaw answered. "Her family were very obscure. I just happen to know her aunt because she's a member of our congregation at St. Stephen's."
"Merely an impunctious fellow-worshipper, eh?"

"Weak sarcasm," Mrs. Crayshaw remarked, with playfully critical demeanor, "is a sign of immaturity. But I forgive youth—most delightful of faults! The portrait is certainly a good one. But the original could hardly interest you: she's one of those girls who never get beyond a certain stage—require a second bak-
ing."

"Human ceramics," muttered Faulder, "She hasn't the true Elder-Brewster tea-pot mark, I suppose. But Venator doesn't seem to mind. Is there any room left at St. Stephen's, Mrs. Crayshaw?"

"Our pew is always at your service," smiled that accomplished matron, looking straight through his well-cut waistcoat, and observing the condition of his heart.

It was but a Sunday or two afterward that Faulder repaired to the little Episcopal church where Mrs. Crayshaw worshipped (and allowed less fortunate beings to adore her). But he did not claim admission to her pew. In the darkness of the church he could not at first discover the face he was looking for. But when the people rose—rustling like an extensive bed of artificial flowers—to recite the psalms of the day, a sudden ray from the outer sunlight fell into the transept. Then Faulder saw, bathed in the sunbeam, those fair cheeks and brown eyes and the pale chestnut hair which he already knew so well without having beheld them. Truth compels the statement that at this point he neglected his religious duty, and the service dwindled to a bewildering monotone in his ears. But the assenibly soon sat down again, and Miss Hetwood once more disappeared in the barren stretch of artificial flowers. Inconsistent though it seems, the young man was surprised to find how closely she resembled her own portrait. He had expected to see her more prim and conventional, with less artistic fire in her features, less effect of a rapid sketch, and more of an air of having been worked out in details. But he now perceived how exactly the painter's mode of treatment was in keeping with the original.

They had got as far as the Litany, when a stir in one of the aisles caused him to lift his bowed head, and this time he saw Miss Hetwood moving from her pew, an old gentleman, apparently her father, leaning heavily on her shoulder. Two gentlemen came to their assistance, and Faulder also left his place to follow, all moving out at the side door just as the pastor and his flock were uttering the petition,—"and from sudden death, Good Lord deliver us."

"Can I assist you?" the young man asked, as Mr. Hetwood was seated by the others on the stone step outside. "I am a physician."

Candace received his offer with a glance of swift gratitude; but though Faulder would have liked nothing better than to go on gazing into her frank brown eyes, he lost no time in producing his pocket case and giving a restorative to the pallid old gentleman, now quite unconscious.

"Oh, do tell me, is it anything dangerous?" Candace asked.

"I hardly think so," said Faulder, striving to maintain a calm professional manner, for this unexpected contact somehow agitated him more than he could have believed. "It's only a fainting fit. See, he is opening his eyes again. Your father, I presume, Miss Hetwood?"

"Dear papa," cried she, bending over him, "are you all right again?" Mr. Hetwood nodded a feeble encouragement. Then she turned to Faulder. "I see you know our name," she observed.

"Yes; yes; so I did. I forgot that."
"Forgot what?" Candace looked surprised.
"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he, stumb-
lingly. "Not your name, but that you didn't

know it—I mean, know that I know—” And here Faulder stopped, feeling that he was making an idiotic exhibition of himself.

“At any rate we are greatly indebted to you,” she said, sweetly, ignoring his confusion.

“May I ask who this is?” said Mr. Hetwood, looking up.

“I will give you my card. I trust you feel quite well now?” Yet even while addressing him Faulder could not keep his eyes from Candace.

At that instant a carriage, for which one of the other gentlemen had gone, rolled up. Mr. Hetwood was helped in; he and his daughter bowed to Faulder; and the interview, which had barely begun, broke off abruptly. This was provoking enough. The problem that now presented itself was how to continue the acquaintance.

Being wealthy, our young physician had not yet taken the trouble to burden himself with a practice, and so he found time during the next few days to think a good deal about Candace. He had not made up his mind what to do, however, when chance again favored him. Turning the corner of Winter street suddenly, one afternoon, into Tremont, he came upon the young lady herself, darkly dressed, but bright and rosy in the frost-keen air. If you have seen a Margot rose or a La France on the bush, when a breeze gently ruffles the close-gathered petals, and if you have noticed that there is a change of crimson in the folds of the flower, which makes it flush and whiten at the same time, you will know how Candace looked just then.

Faulder lifted his hat. “Pardon me for stopping you,” he said, “but I want to ask after your father.”

“Oh, he seems as well as ever,” she answered; “and I think he wants to see you. Can’t you call some evening?”

“I should be delighted.”

Before he could collect himself enough to ask their address, she had bowed and gone on. He turned to speak to her again, but she had disappeared among the crowd, and he gave it up.

“Is it always to be like this?” he wondered; “always something fragmentary and incomplete in our meetings?” But he bethought him of the sexton at St. Stephen’s, and having learned the address, he made his call the next evening.

Both father and daughter were at home. “I am glad to see you, doctor,” said the old gentleman. “We hurried off so the other day, you must have thought us rude.”

“Oh, not at all. As a stranger I had no claim upon you.”

“The name of Faulder, sir,” returned Mr. Hetwood, not in the best taste, “is too well known in Boston for you to be a stranger. Your family—”

“I have myself heard a good deal about,” said Jervis, smiling. “It’s an old subject, Mr. Hetwood.”

“But I’m curious,” said the old gentleman, “to learn how you came to hear of our name.” Jervis explained. But the mention of the portrait seemed to make Mr. Hetwood uneasy.

“How do you like being exhibited?” Faulder asked, turning to Candace.

“I don’t like it a bit,” she declared, informally.

“Shall you withdraw the picture, then?”

Miss Hetwood flushed. “I can’t,” she said. “It’s not mine. It belongs to Venator.”

He saw that he had forced a disagreeable admission. “I don’t understand his insisting on anything that is disagreeable to you,” he observed. “And yet I ought to be grateful to him for it, for without the picture I shouldn’t have made your acquaintance.”

But Candace would not spare herself. “You see,” she continued, glancing around the room, “we are poor, and can not afford such a painting as that.”

“It ought to be yours, though,” Faulder asserted, a plan suddenly taking shape in his mind.

He did not stay long; and on his going, they asked him to come again. “I shall be happy to have my sister call on you,” he said to Candace, “if you will permit her.”

“But I’m not in society,” she protested.

“All the more reason why you should begin.”

She hesitated, and then began a timid, “Well, if you think—”

“I do,” said Faulder. “So we will call it settled.”

It was not settled at once, however, for Miss Henrietta Faulder strongly objected when her brother proposed it to her. Leaving this difficulty to arrange itself through the play of natural curiosity, which he knew how to excite, Jervis went off to see Venator.

II.

This painter, thriving on the patronage of a rich and cultured class that adored him, was in a position to rail at their affectations or egotism with impunity. Meanwhile he lived in Bohemian way, occupying a bleak, lonely studio at the top of a huge commercial building, and squeezing a comfortable income out of his little color tubs. He was a man of more than middle age, with deep-set eyes and a long careless gray moustache. He received the young physician with a bitter, piercing glance that had no welcome in it, so that Jervis hastened to introduce himself and his errand.

“I want to buy your portrait of Miss Hetwood,” he stated, briefly.

“It isn’t for sale,” replied Venator, with a kind of hiss from under his moustache. Then, striding across the bare floor, he disappeared behind a canvas, which he stroked heavily with his brush, as if it were some kind of watch-dog that he was restraining for a moment.

“I thought possibly you would say so. But I have become singularly interested in Miss Hetwood, and besides—”

“Ha! you know her, then,” the artist exclaimed, rather melodramatically, emerging from his concealment.

“A little. How came it that you had the luck to find her, and she the good fortune to be painted by you?”

Venator had once more disappeared behind his easel. “That’s right,” he remarked, sententiously; “whittle your compliments fine at both ends.” He then appeared to forget that any one was present, and worked at his picture in silence. All at once he resumed, casually: “One of the boys that studies with me was acquainted with her. We went out to see her one day, and I could not sleep till I began the portrait.”

A spasm of alarm attacked Faulder. “Who was the ‘boy’ you refer to?” he inquired.

“His name is Swinton.”

Faulder knew that Swinton was a clever young artist, who handled trees in a familiar manner, and was pressing the cow into service as a sort of pictorial and female Pegasus. But Swinton’s talent was greater than his personal attractions, so that he gave no cause for jealousy—supposing that Faulder cared to be jealous. After an awkward pause he said: “I don’t wonder at your enthusiasm, but you must let me pay my tribute to the genius with which you have represented her. This isn’t a whitted compliment. It’s a blunt one.”

The painter looked around the edge of the canvas, suspecting a new light on his visitor. This time his eyes betrayed good-fellowship. “But it wasn’t so much Miss Hetwood I was enthusiastic about,” he affirmed; “it was the painting of her.”

“Is she only good as a portrait, then?” Faulder queried.

“That depends on how you look at her,” said Venator. “As a woman there’s more nature than art in her, I should say. But that’s an advantage. If I were in love with her, for example—” He appeared not to think the sentence worth finishing.

Faulder was annoyed. “It’s hardly necessary to discuss her in that way, I suppose,” said he. “Let us go back to business. It strikes me that it would be fitting for Miss Hetwood to own the picture herself. Will you allow me to buy it on condition of presenting it to her?”

Venator ceased working, but still remained out of view, except for his legs, which were visible below the shelf on which the picture rested. The legs looked meditative. At length he said, abruptly, “You’re interfering.”

Faulder blushed in astonishment at this indignity. “We’ll agree that I am,” he nevertheless answered. “Will you consider my proposal?”

The artist got up and stalked about nervously. “Tell me first what your interest in all this is.”

“I might—if I could,” returned the other.

“I’m not sure what it is yet.”

“Well, then, I’ll answer your proposition with another: I’ll keep the picture, and let you take the lady.”

“I decline to pursue this strain, sir,” retorted Faulder. “I respect Miss Hetwood too much to assume that she can be made over to anybody by a word.”

“You’re a good deal impressed by her, I can see,” said the painter, with exasperating satisfaction. “I’m serious, though, in saying that I’ll stand out of the way.”

“Oh, I didn’t know you were in the way.”

Venator came closer, with a passionate look in his eyes. “I was infatuated with her,” he declared, vehemently. “But what’s the use! It’s not for me. I am too old; I’m miserable. Besides—”

“Well?”

“There’s something about her—I don’t know what—that always makes me uneasy. That’s the reason I couldn’t finish my picture. But it would be like losing a piece of my heart to let that picture go now.”

“You decline my plan, then?”

“Absolutely.”

Faulder contemplated the barren floor for a while. Slowly he brought himself to put his next question. “Suppose a peculiar case,” he began. “If relations were to change, if—well, to put it plainly, if Miss Hetwood should consent to marry me, would you give up the portrait?”

“You!” exclaimed the artist—“you marry her? You’re incapable of it.”

“Incapable!” echoed the young man, perfectly dazed. “What right have you to—what reason is there for your opinion?”

“Do you want it in all its nakedness?” demanded his sardonic *ris-à-ris*. Well, then, you strike me as too finical, too much devoted to appearances, and too full of a certain kind of Bostonism, to let yourself be carried that far. Miss Hetwood will never accommodate herself to your notions, and you can never adopt yourself to her.” He closed with a somewhat fierce stare, which Faulder met by a short laugh.

“There’s only one thing more I wish to say,” remarked the latter, dryly. “Since you’re so confident of my incapacity, you can hardly refuse the request I’ve just made.”

Venator winced. He saw that he was cornered. “Oh yes,” he said, affecting carelessness;

“of course, if she marries you, I’ll let you have it.”

“Very well, I sha’n’t forget,” said Faulder. “Good-morning.”

It was with some bewilderment that, as he made his way out, he recognized how he had committed himself to the attitude of a suitor. Certainly he had not defined his own mood before he entered the studio; but it was rather a relief to him that he had been surprised into doing so.

Several calls at the little house in Brookline, however, failed to produce any material change in the situation, except that he came to know Candace better. She attempted to play on the piano for him one evening, and plunged characteristically into a Schubert impromptu. It went off brilliantly at first; but before she could get through, Candace stumbled woefully, and at last left the piano stool, in a fit of impatience, while there remained many bars to play. “I can’t do it,” she declared—“I can’t possibly.”

Faulder was amused, and tried to make her conclude, but she was not to be induced. Another time she was at work on some embroidery when he came; but on his next appearance he found that she had abandoned it in the midst, and had begun a small water color painting of some flowers. This in its turn was never finished.

“Why don’t you carry something through?” he inquired, disposed to take her to task.

“It’s not in me,” was her answer. “I never could do anything thoroughly to the end. Up to a certain point I can do very well, but if I were to go on, I should spoil my beginning. So what’s the use of my trying to be complete?”

To Faulder this was a new idea; for all that, he thought he would try to “form” her mind somewhat, so he investigated her reading. Finding it fragmentary and sensational, he advised some volumes of Motley, and insisted that she should read them to the very last page as a discipline, which she promised to attempt. He waited a few days, and when he went again, Candace hailed him with important news.

“I’ve had a visit from your sister to-day,” said she.

“Ah!” Faulder lifted his light eyebrows.

“How did you like her?”

“What a strange question! I couldn’t help liking her a *little*, you know, when she was so kind as to come and see me.”

He smiled at her undiplomatic honesty. “And what did she talk about?”

“Oh, everything: music—she asked me if I’d heard the new prima donna Tricotti; and science—Darwin on earth-worms; and society—made me feel how few people I know. Oh, Mr. Faulder” (she never would call him “Doctor”) “I see plainer than ever that I’m a nobody.” The poor girl seemed to be on the point of breaking down in tearful catastrophe at the recollection of a doubtless trying interview.

“But you mustn’t mind my sister,” said he. “She’s only a nobody too, mounted on stilts.”

At this Candace burst into a cordial laugh. “I forgot: there’s something still more important,” she resumed. “Mrs. Crayshaw has invited me to her next kettledrum.”

As Faulder had privately asked Mrs. Crayshaw to do this, he was not much astonished.

“Shall you go?” he asked; and Candace appearing undecided, he offered to escort her, with his sister.

“Oh, it isn’t that, so much,” she explained; “but I’m afraid to go. I don’t know anybody, and I don’t know anything.”

He prevailed upon her to consent, however. “And how comes on the Motley?” was his next question.

“I shall never accomplish it,” she answered, desperately. “I’ve stuck in the first volume.”

The young man had an inspiration. “Let me read it aloud to you,” he proposed. “Then you’ll get through.”

Candace was delighted; and they began. But before they had concluded a single chapter Mr. Hetwood came in, and that stopped the reading.

Candace went to the kettledrum—not in silk, but in a dress of white nuns’ veiling (for it was almost spring-time). Scarcely any one knew who she was, yet she drew decided notice, and Mrs. Crayshaw in a burst of generosity even declared that she was more beautiful than her portrait. Still, Candace was not at ease; she felt alone, and out of her element, and was full of the petty awkwardness of inexperience. Over and over she caught herself in some careless, half-slangy phrase, or in saying something too direct and earnest, which gave offense. And worst of all she feared that Faulder noticed her shortcomings and was displeased. She perceived that it was a mistake attempting to move among these people. Impulsively, without even saying good-afternoon to any one she departed.

When Faulder, who had left her in the middle of a conversation, came back to continue it, he could not find her. He was vexed; and to increase his irritation he overheard his sister and Mrs. Crayshaw discussing Miss Hetwood in the most patronizing fashion.

“I can not understand,” Henrietta said to him afterward, “how you can maintain your interest in this Miss Hetwood. She is not of our world at all, and never can be.”

“Perhaps the decision of that question won’t be left to you,” retorted her brother, with Orphic darkness.

It was on the next day that he once more presented himself before Candace.

“Don’t say kettledrum to me!” she exclaimed.

“Why not?”

“Oh, I’ve done with that sort of thing. I’d rather live in a garret full of pictures, like Venator, than in society.”

Faulder began to wonder if she had all along cherished a secret attachment for the grim old artist. She seemed to be slipping out of his grasp. “There may be another alternative than the garret,” he suggested.

“What one?” asked Candace, with indifference. “By-the-way, you haven’t seen my new accomplishment. I’m making macramé lace.”

He watched her a moment or two, as she showed him the process. Suddenly she dropped her work, saying:

“I can’t do that knot. Do you see how?”

“I have some knack at tying,” he answered. Then they began to discuss knots, and he explained them to her. “I’ve helped you with these,” he said at length, in a timid tone.

“There is another, more important than all, that you might help me with.”

She looked puzzled at first; but he soon made his meaning clear, as much by his general behaviour, and the way he looked into her eyes, as by words. Impulsively he took one of her hands, and though she did not resist, he as quickly released it. “No, not that one,” he exclaimed. “The other—the unpainted one.”

Half inclined to sob, Candace burst unexpectedly into laughter. “What in the world!—the unpainted one?”

“I mean,” he stammered, “the one that wasn’t in the picture. I want it now for my own.”

Venator kept his promise. As Faulder’s wife, Candace was a social success; and it was remarkable how Mrs. Crayshaw, Henrietta, and the rest now discovered that what they had before considered a want of “finish” was really charming originality and refreshing naïveté. Venator not only made a wedding present of the portrait, but he offered to complete it.

“Not for the world,” responded Faulder.

And so the picture remains, as Candace declares, a symbol of their love, which is always to be “unfinished.”

GEORGE P. LATHROP.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, March 17.

Most of the Paris ladies of fashion who have passed their *première jeunesse* are wearing white wigs of a juvenile make. In many cases the effect is certainly pleasing; but it will be difficult in future to fix the age of one’s fair friends, and the fashion will probably occasion many awkward mistakes.

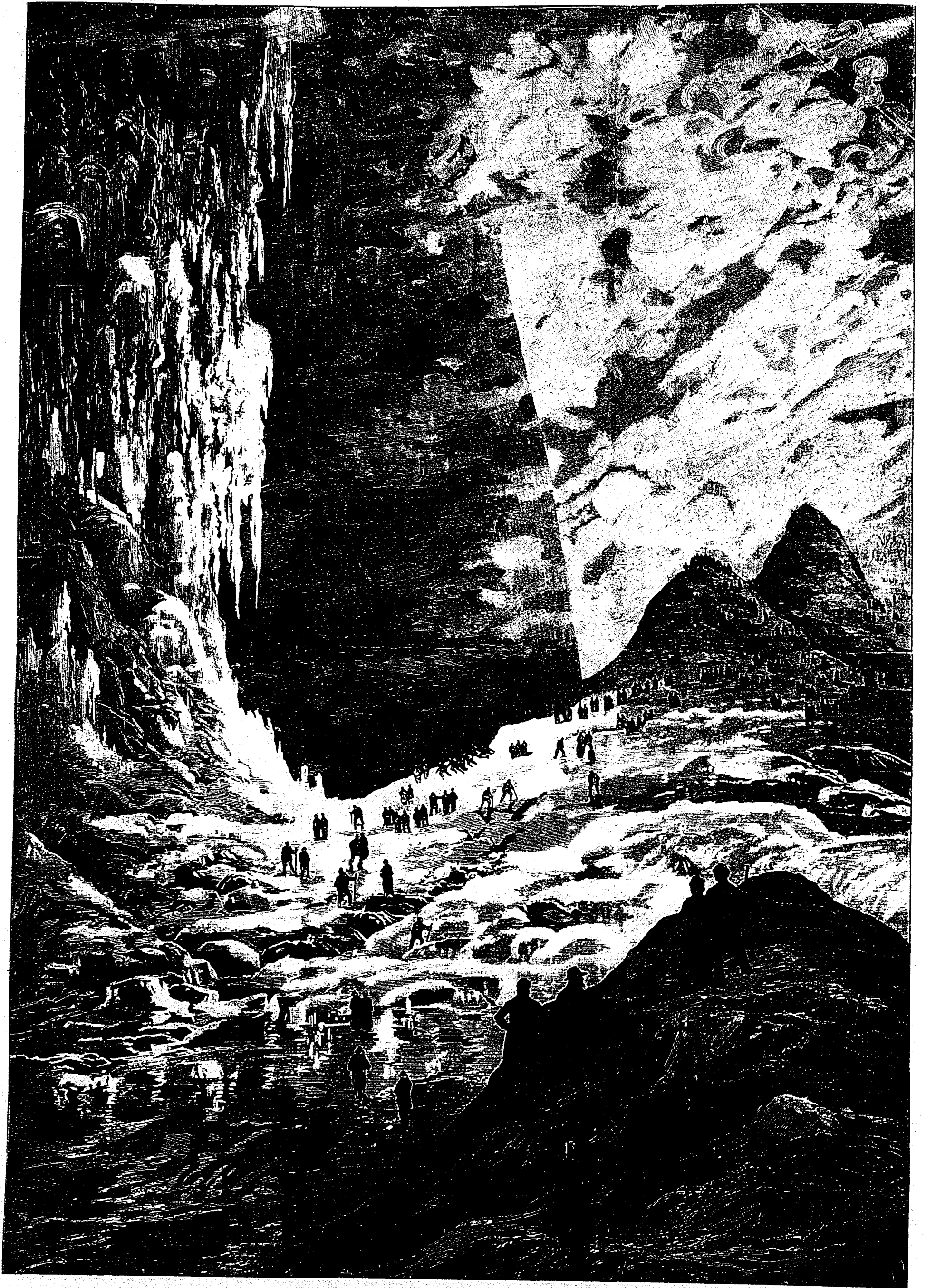
Should M. Grévy resign we must be prepared for startling events. His respectability and equanimity under many trials give to the French Republic a faint amount of stability, which would, without him, entirely disappear. Of his real capacity no one seems to know much, and it is to be presumed that the amount is not vast. This only shows the comparative value of character.

Mr. Howard Paul, in his researches into the French idiotism in comparison with the English “ism,” has made the discovery that *Pas d’elle yeux Rhône que nous* sounds like “Paddle your own canoe.” He knows, too, that the late lamented Lempière, in his dictionary, says *to was* changed into a heifer, but finds the end of that interesting person has been given in the latest medical dictionary—it is iodide of potassium.

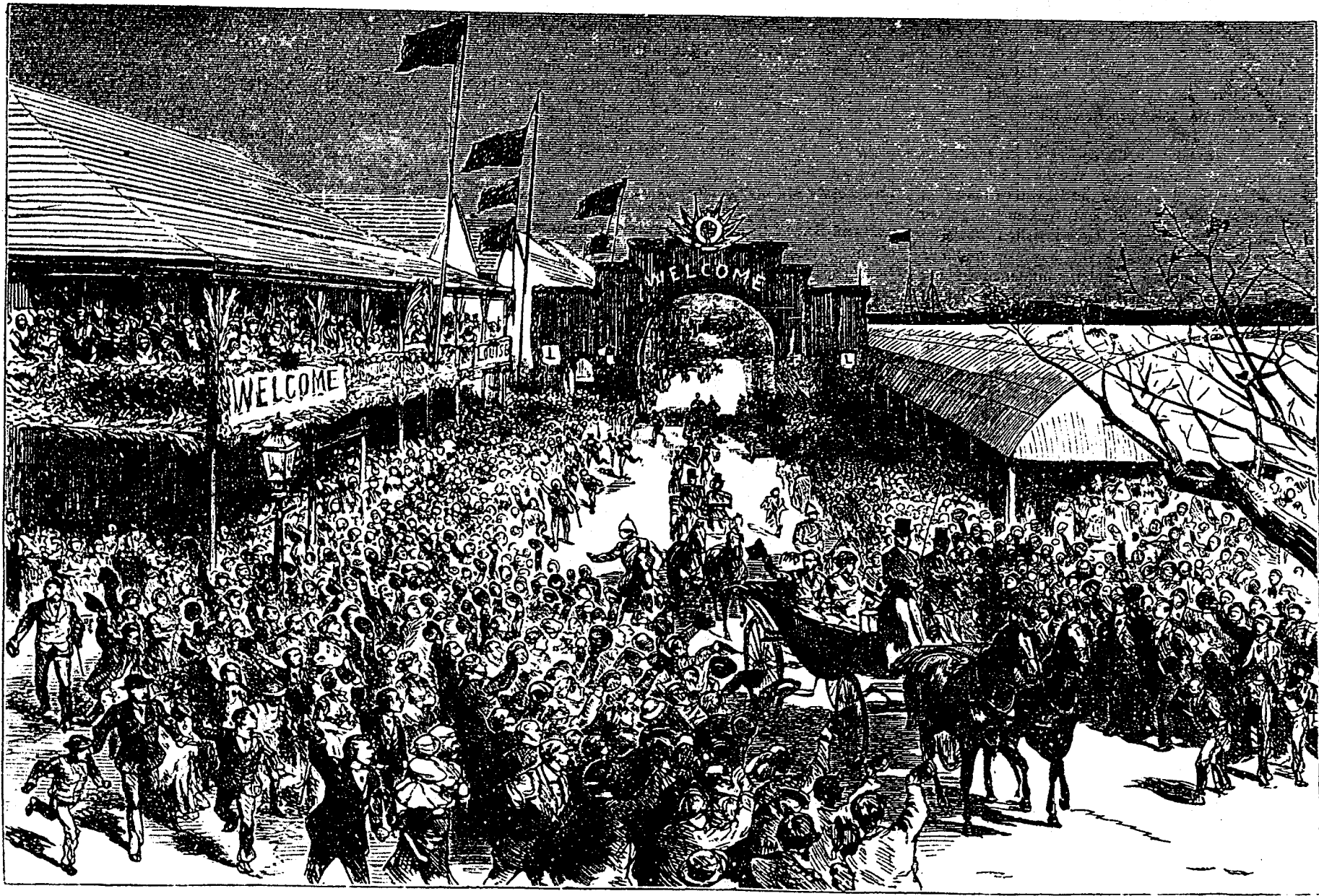
French people who have influence are being invited to leave Paris in batches on excursions to visit the French works that are going on in order to make a channel between France and England. There is a likeness in these treat proceedings to those which took place in England a few months ago; could, therefore, the same inventive mind have originated the French expedition novelty? Every one who returns to Paris expresses himself delighted with the idea, and the attention he has received.

A FRENCH lady recently died at the advanced age of ninety. Her will contained this provision: “I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oak chest of my boudoir. The key of the chest will be found under the mattress of my bed.” The heirs were much disturbed. The fortunate physician arrived. The chest was opened, and found to contain solely all the drugs and potions, still intact, which the doctor had given his patient for twenty years back.

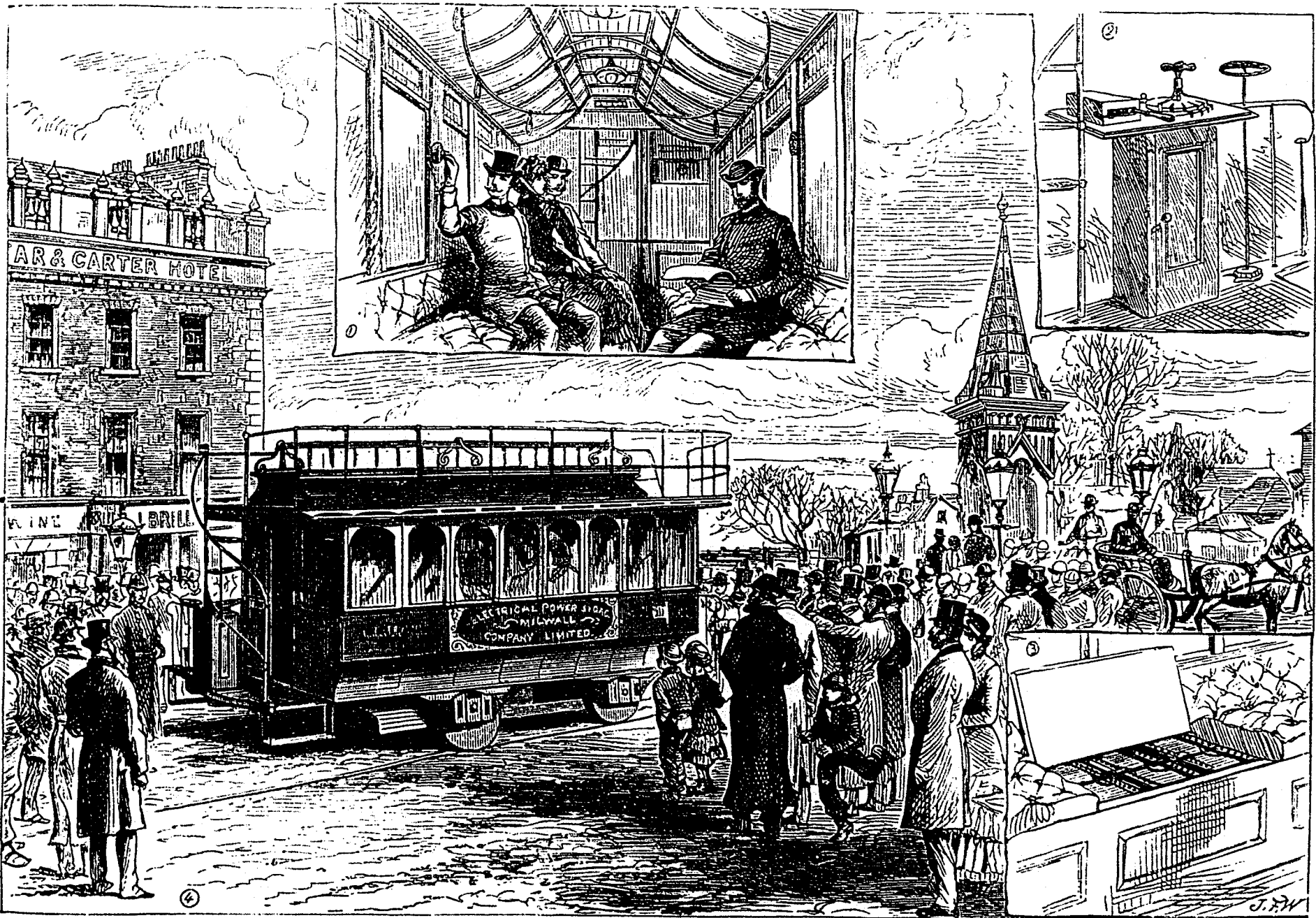
THE French have caught the tender feeling of the British for the poor dove, and consequently propose to do away with pigeon-shooting. The initiative was taken at the Gun Club in the Bois de Boulogne the other day. The substitute for the live bird was the water ball, consisting of a colored India rubber ball, which, when inflated, contains a certain amount of water to give it weight. The ball is projected into the air from a trap in the usual way, but as yet the terra-cotta plate and machine have not been used. The sportsmen who shot at this ball, and expressed themselves as perfectly satisfied, were of the *crème*, namely Baron de Saint-Clair, Count de Martinière, Mr. Roberts, Prince Esterhazy, M. Mongin, &c.



ICE BRIDGES AND ICEBERGS AT NIAGARA FALLS.



WELCOME TO THE PRINCESS LOUISE AT HAMILTON, BERMUDA.



1. Interior of the Car, with electric light and bells.
 2. Switch for starting and stopping the Car.

3. Cells with electric accumulators for storage of force, under the seats of the Car.
 4. Car waiting at Kew Bridge for the party of scoutiff: men.

THE ELECTRIC TRAMWAY-CAR AT KEW BRIDGE, ENGLAND.

A BIRD-BALLAD.

(From the Danish of Henrik Ibsen.)

BY NED P. MAH.

We walked, one lovely spring day, In the avenue up and down: More alluring far the shady way Than a street in the gaudy town.

The West wind whispered softly— The sky was very blue— A bird sang low in the linden tree To her children, as mothers do.

I painted poet pictures, Bright with many a sportive word; Brown eyes made laughing strictures And glistened as they heard.

Then, 'mid the foliage, high laughter We heard and chattering plain. But we kissed good-bye, and after That parting, met never again.

And, as I wander lonely Up and down in the avenue Of the feathered small folk, only For peace and for quiet I sue.

For Mistress Sparrow—the truthless! Made a ballad of our love, And set it to music, ruthless, As she sat by her nest above.

With the tale the bird-world is ringing, And under cottage eaves Each unfledged songster is singing Of that spring day 'mid the leaves.

ONLY A DREAM.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

A richly furnished room in one of the principal streets of London, West End.

Its inmates were a beautiful woman, a handsome but somewhat haggard-looking man.

The latter stood opposite the mirror, and, though his face was turned towards it, he seemed to experience no great satisfaction at the countenance that met his gaze.

The two had evidently been arguing some point, for the woman's cheeks were flushed and her eyes were humid.

"Do you think I would forego my engagements for a foolish dream?" he asked.

"To please me, dear Ralph. You seldom do anything to please me, of late," she pleaded.

"Bah! Look at your wardrobe," was his response.

"Oh! dresses and money—yes; but I counted upon more than that when I left my father's home. Consider, I gave up everything."

"Yes; and when will you cease to taunt me about it?"

"Oh, Ralph, I never taunt you—at least, I never mean to. Forgive me—I am thoughtless at times. You know I love you; but don't you suppose I see—and the charming face grew more eloquent as the dark eyes were brimmed with tears—that you never cared for me as I care for you? There, don't look that way. Only listen to me this once—stay home only to-day! Lisetta is coming, and the poor girl will think it so strange if you are not here to welcome her. Tomorrow the danger will be passed—tomorrow I shall be happy again."

"A woman's whim," he responded, slowly drawing on his gloves. "The thing is simply impossible. I made the engagement. Besides, I'm out of funds, and you know what that means to me—I may say to us—while in these very expensive apartments."

"Ralph, you know I would willingly go into the nearest—"

"Oh, stop, stop! No more of that. I know that you don't know anything about it. You never lived in a mean place in your life. You never had a wish ungratified, ever since you have known me, I am proud to say, and you never shall. That is why I must go out to-night."

"Oh, Ralph, stop this way of living! I will be poor with you—live in lodgings, leave these splendid miseries, go anywhere—and love you to the end, if you will give it up."

"You talk to the winds, woman—I might say to the whirlwinds. If you continue in this strain much longer—"

"We might go back home," continued the woman, in a broken voice. "My father cannot have cherished anger all this time."

"Ha, ha!" he laughed, sonorously. "I think I see the old patrician standing on the rug with both hands extended; methinks I hear him say, 'I forgive you; bless you, my children.' Fancy! the son of an ordinary actor, whose family were mountebanks from the beginning—the man he cursed. But"—his voice grew low and hard—"I was not the only one he cursed. Don't you see it is working out?"

"Don't talk that way, Ralph, for heaven's sake, or I shall lose my reason," and with a half-smothered moan, the woman sank into a chair.

"Why not go back upon the stage? I am willing; anything for an honest living."

"You forget that I am prejudiced against hard work," he said, turning half-aside. "I need a fortune at my back, with my luxurious tastes and my beggarly experience. I thought I should have one," he added, bitterly, "but there I was mistaken."

"Yes, but who knows what may happen! My father loved me once—there is no one to take my place; let us try—"

Then, frightened at the forbidding expression of his face as he turned upon her, she shrank back, only adding, "If you would only stay home to-day—to-night!"

Oh, if you knew how fearfully real that dream was!"

"Why, did I shoot you, or myself?" he asked coolly. "Did I scatter my brains (quite an unnecessary commodity in my business) all over the floor? Bah! what weak things women are! I have had occasion to remark that before."

"Then you will go! You will not heed me!"

"I will go. I will not heed you."

"Then, Ralph, good-bye; I shall never see you alive."

He burst into a low, musical laugh.

"How well she would look in tragedy!" he said, posing his head one side, contemplating her with half-closed eyes. "My dear, you would have made your fortune on the stage. Why didn't we go at once into legitimate business?"

"Will you go now?" she asked, her face brightening. "I will do my best; come, try me! see what an apt scholar I shall make—anything—anything but this terrible uncertainty!"

"Ah, but, my dear, there's an easier way to fill my purse. When that is full of the hard, yellow rocks—"

She made a gesture of despair, and hid her face in her hands.

"If this is to be our last interview, hadn't we better play a little at the sentimental? Shall I kiss you at parting?"

She sprang up and flung her arms about his neck, bursting into a passion of tears.

"No nonsense!" he said, almost angrily, as he disengaged himself from her embrace.

"You will never speak to me that way again," she said, with an emphasis so mournful that it startled even him.

"What was the dream?" he asked almost in spite of himself. "I can at least hear it; but I shall not heed it, remember."

"It is not much to tell, only"—and she looked up with a shudder—"the horror of it—the horror that never leaves me! I dreamed you were in a room that seemed to me to be the apartments of a palace, it was so exquisitely furnished. It was an oblong room, and pictures and statuary, and hangings that glittered with gold, and panels painted in the most exquisite colors, met my sight everywhere. I did not stop to look at these things, however. My attention was riveted on a long table richly draped in red. It did not seem a dinner, and yet there were men and women seated along both sides, and you were in the centre. Suddenly I saw at your back a tall, thin, evil-looking man, whose face held a terrible fascination. He seemed to be full of power, and his eyes gleamed and darted fire, like the eyes of a basilisk. The awful eyes were fixed on you, following your every movement. I tried to warn you, but my tongue seemed powerless to move, and my limbs were palsied. Oh, how those evil eyes followed you! And presently I saw what broke the spell of my silence—that in one hand he held a shining dagger, and was only waiting his opportunity to strike you to the heart!"

"At last!" she rose from the chair, white as death—"at last the blow fell, and at that moment the clock struck—it was striking when I waked up—but the hands seemed to stand at a quarter of three. I screamed, but you neither heard me nor saw me—and then I awoke."

"And whose was the face?" he asked, in a low voice.

If he felt any emotion as he listened to her description of a place he knew too well, he gave token of none.

"How can I tell, except to describe it? A narrow, high forehead; black, curling hair; eyes brighter than diamonds; a look of assured power; thin but handsome lips; tall, sinuous. Ah, I shall never forget that man—never!"

"No. He never let people forget him, once they have seen him," her husband said; and then looked up with a keen, almost frightened glance, as he still stood smoothing his hat with his gloved hand.

"Oh! then you know him! My dream means something. Now you will stay—oh, Ralph, you will stay?" she added, with supplicating voice and eyes.

"Indeed, I will not stay," he made answer, impassively. "I'll go if only to show you of what tangible stuff dreams are made. So farewell, and forget—all you can," he added, in a lower voice, and somewhat impressively. "If you don't see me again, why, farewell, and meet your fate as bravely as you met me."

He went out, humming and laughing, leaving his wife sitting motionless, a nameless horror in her eyes, a faintness at her heart that she could not conquer.

How much she had dared, how much she had done for that handsome, wayward man! How dearly she had loved him, how fervently believed in him! And even yet it seemed to her that if only once she could compel that better self of his to come out into the light, she might yet save him from the curse that seemed hovering over him.

She believed in her dream, rather vision, she called it; and now he had gone to his doom, leaving her to suffer alone.

There was nothing to be done but to endure her loneliness. If she could but have followed him, as a strange yearning possessed her to do now! But how? He had taken a cab at the door, and she was not hardy enough to venture out, particularly as a thick fog had suddenly sprang up, obscuring the streets.

For some moments she walked the room, her hands clasped, her breast heaving with emotion.

"To be in this great city alone!" she murmured; "and he leaves me so often alone!"

She went to the grand piano and struck a few chords wildly; they seemed only to recoil in sound against her heart. She took up a dainty violin, but the tones held no melody for her. Suddenly the door was thrown open.

"A lady," said the pompous servant, with a doubtful glance at the veiled figure.

Mrs. Forester came forward with a cry of almost rapture.

Any one would have been welcome in that supreme hour—how welcome then his sister, whom she had never seen before!

"I thought Ralph would be at the depot," said the young girl, after her wraps had been taken off. "You don't know what a time I had finding you. I am afraid he is by no means a model husband," she added, laughing, little knowing what pain she gave. "He used to think we girls never needed him, but, indeed, I think he should have met me."

"He would, I think, but for an engagement that called him away," said Mrs. Forester, a sudden pang at her heart.

Now perhaps she could while away the hours of that dreadful evening!

"How pretty you are! and what lovely rooms!" said the young girl, looking about her.

"Do you make tea yourself?"

"Oh, yes, always," was the reply, as the woman set a table daintily for the visitor; "Ralph likes the tea I make better than any other."

"I should think he would," said the young girl, admiringly; she was herself very pretty, a blonde, with soft, shining eyes and fluffly, golden hair. "Do you know I was so surprised when I got your letter, saying I must come here!"

"Pray, why?" asked her hostess, looking up with a smile.

"Well, because I am going to play in London, and came on with a troupe," was the candid answer. "Don't you see, we all thought you married beneath you."

"Oh, don't say that!" and Mrs. Forester drew her breath hard.

"Yes, of course we knew you did, for you were rich and of an old family—and besides, it was foretold."

"What was foretold?" queried the hostess, growing pale.

"Everything as it has happened, so far," was the reply. "One night there was a dreadful storm—I shall never forget it—thunder, hail, lightning, and rain and snow. Father came home in the midst of it, leading a half-blind old gypsy who had lost her way, and told us to kind to her. She seemed very grateful, and in return for food and shelter told all our fortunes. Ours—I mean we girls—were only commonplace, but Ralph's was wonderful. He was to marry a great beauty and an heiress—to be fortune's favorite in every way—but in a certain year to meet with an accident, unless very careful, which would change his whole career."

The woman listened with a smothered cry.

"Do I frighten you?" asked the young girl.

"No, no—go on. I was thinking," was the response.

"Well, sure enough, he married a beauty and an heiress—so that part of it came true. The other—well, if he is very careful, he will avoid that, perhaps."

"And he would go out to-night," groaned her listener.

"Why shouldn't he?" asked the girl Lisette, glancing up in surprise. "Do you know you frighten me, you look so ill."

"I feel ill. I have had a dreadful dream that worries me; but come, let us talk of other things." "Tell me about yourself."

"Oh, there's nothing to tell, scarcely. I came on with a troupe, and it gave me some importance to have a brother living in London," said Lisette, setting her cup down. "It's so nice to come here and be welcome. I know all the others are envying me because they have to go into common lodgings. And then I haven't seen Ralph for three long years, and he was always my favorite. I suppose he don't have to play now."

Her hostess smiled bitterly at the double significance of the word as she answered that he had given up the stage.

"And is he as handsome as ever?" the girl went on. "I used to think him as beautiful as an angel."

"I still think him handsome," was the answer. "You will find him very little changed."

"But you're not happy," thought the girl. "I'm afraid you're neither of your happy. Shall I sing for you?" she asked, aloud. "I do nearly all the singing parts. They say I have a very good voice," she added, naively.

"Above all things I should like to hear you sing, if you will not mind my walking about. I am restless to-night."

"Of course, walk all you please; and I will see if I am in good voice. It was such a dreadful voyage, and I am to make my appearance in public to-morrow night."

The evening passed wearily away to Mrs. Forester. Hour after hour she looked for her husband, who sometimes, if he had a run of luck, came home early. An indefinite anxiety weighed her down.

As for Lisette, the girl used all her efforts to amuse her. There were so many beautiful things to see and talk about, that she would not listen to any excuses for retiring.

"I don't usually go to bed till twelve," she said, "and sometimes a good deal later, when I go through a play. Do you think Ralph has gone to the theatre?"

"I am quite sure he has not."

There came a knock at the door. Lisette opened it, hoping to see her brother; then looked back with a white, scared face, as she said, in a hoarse whisper:

"He says—they've—brought—him—home."

"Dead!" shrieked the wife, and mercifully fell senseless.

It was well she did. She did not see that ghastly burden, nor bear the decision of the surgeon who was called in, that the man was dead.

When she came to herself Lisette was weeping over her, and the landlady deploring that such a dreadful thing should have happened to her respectable mansion.

"Lisetta, don't leave me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"Never, dear! I am so glad I was with you."

"And ho—oh, my husband!"

"Hush, dear!"—and the girl fell sobbing on her bosom.

"I must go and see him," said her sister, lifting herself from the lounge where she had fallen.

"Not for worlds!" was she agonized reply.

"I tell you I will. I am his wife—you shall not keep me from his side."

"But dear, there are watchers there."

"It makes no difference! I must see my husband. Have they had a doctor?"

"Yes."

"And there is no hope?"

"No hope, dear."

"Dead! Is my Ralph dead! Oh, my darling! my idol! God has indeed punished me!"

She went slowly into the room beyond. How still and stark and white, that figure under the sheet!

Two men sat by the open bay-window, keeping each other's spirits up. They were smoking, and that pungent odor seemed to offend her.

"How little they care!" she sighed. Lisette had followed her only to the door, then shrank back, leaving the woman alone.

"Oh, my darling! if you had only listened to me!" she moaned, as she turned down the covering. "Why wouldn't you?"

She leaned over, fixing her eyes upon the pallid face.

Long and steadily she gazed, holding her breath, both hands pressed over her breast as if to restrain the rapid pulsations of her heart.

The moments passed. Once she looked up at the clock. It wanted a quarter to three, and then, throwing herself on her knees, she took her position close to the body, and watched and watched with strained eyes.

What did she see! The men had flung their cigars out of the window and changed their places, looking in awe at the strange tableau. The man seemed marble on the bed, the woman seemed marble at his side.

"Hush!" she said, with uplifted finger. Then one cry rang through the room that brought everybody in the house to the door.

"There is life here!—life! I tell you!" cried the wife hoarsely and rapidly. "Run one of you for help. He is not dead! Go quickly!—waste no time!—for who knows—who knows! Oh, fly, fly, for help!"

Both watchers left the room precipitately. Others came in, and with careless, pitying words mocked her hopes.

"I care not if he is cold, rigid, senseless—there is life there—I saw it! Bring me fire, a coal, anything that burns, and see if his flesh does not blister!"

And still they did not believe her. Two surgeons came—by that time they had applied the tests, and behold the dead man opened his eyes.

Terrible was the story he told, when at last they roused him from that death-like trance. He had been conscious every moment from the time they pronounced him dead.

When his wife came, he felt the deadly torpor stealing over his senses, but her voice, her lamentation, her close watch revived and heartened him, and he made almost superhuman efforts to show her that he was not dead.

That close watching saved him, and made him another man. To the wife he had alighted, wronged, insulted, he owed his life, and he had manliness enough to remember and confess it.

His wound healed rapidly, and when, a month later, they were recalled to America, on the death of Mrs. Forester's father, he was able to accompany her.

A late repentance had resulted in the alteration of the will in their favor, and Forester found himself in possession of the wealth he had so long coveted.

But more to him than all the riches that now poured in upon him was the love that had so guarded and restored him, and of which he found himself unworthy.

The gambler, who had been accused more than once of unfair dealing by Ralph Forester, and whose losses had kindled an animosity long-cherished against his victim, till it resulted in a blow from the dagger of an assassin was never heard from, though a reward was offered for his arrest.

Lisette was sent by her brother to Italy, where she is still pursuing her studies, and bids fair to astonish the world with her marvelous voice.

MR. HENRY IRVING will be tendered a public banquet in London on the eve of his departure for America, at which Lord Coleridge, who is also coming hither, will preside.

LOVE'S LAST DELAY.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLIK.

I.

What consternation there will be down here, dear friends, if ever the moon turns gossip. The dignified old satellite long ago acquired the watchful habit of keeping her face constantly turned towards us. Let us hope that so long as the sea finds her attractive, and stretches upward for the kisses of the moonbeams upon his wrinkled face, she will be discreetly silent regarding mere human loves and hates, mortal comedies and tragedies.

Her saucy face was just looking over the eastern horizon on the night when my story begins, and her smile was making the world bright and beautiful. I cannot tell how many lovers she shone on that night, for she is silent, and I don't know, but I think I may venture the opinion that none of them were happier or more worthy of happiness than the two whose lives we are to follow for a little time.

Sydney Cobleigh and Eleanor Preston were in that remarkable condition of happiness (quite beyond my art to depict, since it is incomprehensible to those who have not experienced it, and indescribable by those who have) which comes from a proper and pleasing combination of "Will you?" and "I will."

"Every cloud has a silver lining." This has been for ages the voice of cheer and sympathy in trouble; and bereavement. Did you ever think to reverse it all? Has not every silver lining, which comes into our lives to give us pleasure and a chance to rise to our higher aspirations, a cloud side, too?

When a strong man, a good man, a handsome, intelligent, cultured man—a man like Sydney Cobleigh, in brief—lavishes the whole affection of his true life on a woman who is responsive, and a woman like Eleanor Preston, the silver side of life shines out under the light of love.

But behind it all there was a cloud—a cloud in which pride, prejudice, poverty, wealth, wickedness, want, helped make up the darker shades.

Eleanor Preston's father was rich; Sydney Cobleigh was poor; a condition of things which has formed the groundwork for more than one sad story; a condition of things common enough, but none the less tragic in the effects which may come as a natural sequel. Common as death, and as old, yet new every day.

"I shall go and seek my fortune."

"I shall have enough for both."

"I shall win your father's approval."

"We can live without it if we must."

"I shall always be true to you."

"And I to you, for ever."

So long as one great body of laws, God given, govern the activities of the human mind, there will be little difference in what other lovers will say and do under the circumstances we have mentioned.

But so long as mankind is made of workers and waiters there will be at least two kinds of results. The way to achieve utter failure is to talk of what is to be done; the way to do a thing, is to do it.

So say I.

So said Sydney Cobleigh.

He acted on it, too.

There are ways and ways to fortune; slow ways and swift; sure ways, and those in which a hundred fail for every one who succeeds. Sydney Cobleigh believed himself the one man in the hundred, and to him a belief was a spring to action. The day after the night when he kissed his promised wife for the first time, he was on his way to one of the richest mining regions of the West.

"Get gold," was what society would say to the man who aspired to the honor of wedding the daughter of Archibald Preston. "Get gold," was the echo he felt would find a place in the heart of Archibald Preston himself.

So be it; he would get gold.

Day is prosaic. Some, even lovers, have said that engagement is, too. When the lovers parted at noon, there was more of the matter-of-fact in their words and acts than either would have thought possible when the moonlight was around them the night before. There was the discussion of the route he was to take, and the connections he was to make in his journey. There were promises of frequent letters. Each pledged the other the privilege of an early knowledge of sickness or accident, should either come to one of them. This was the end. Her lover turned to go. The woman-nature broke down at last.

"Be very sure you send for me at once if you are sick or in trouble. I almost feel as though the very winds of heaven would aid us. Turn your face this way, wherever you may be, and call me in your heart. I will come," she said, through her tears.

"Good-by, and God bless and keep you," he answered. "I shall remember your quaint fancy, but I am sure that a letter or a telegraph would be better. Good-by." One long kiss and he was gone.

II.

If Sydney Cobleigh had waited a week he would never have gone to the mines, and this story would never have been written.

Archibald Preston kissed his daughter one

night coldly, for he was not a demonstrative man, but more kindly than usual.

"I am not well," he said; "I am an old man. What shall you do when your father is gone?" She told him honestly what her sometime future was to be.

"Promise me you will not marry for two years," he said. "I feel that your choice is a wise one in every respect but one. If he had money I would send for him to come home at once and marry you. As it is, promise me you will not marry for two years."

"He may return rich in less time than that."

"Promise me, please promise me."

"I promise. Unless you give me your permission before that time, I will not marry for two years."

Without his permission!

Archibald Preston took a journey that night from which he will never come back to say that this may be or that may not—a journey so far that he may never know whether earthly promises are kept or broken—a journey which is never commenced in all God's universe save by those who are mortals, and which has never ended save where none but immortals are. A journey of weakness. A journey of blindness. A journey of white lips and folded hands. To a loving God. May he rest in peace.

The oldest and best friends of the Prestons, Dr. and Mrs. Kelland, could not have been kinder to the desolate girl in her great sorrow than they were.

Eleanor had a man's strong arm on which to lean when there was work to be done; a woman's kind heart to comfort her when duty left only painful quiet possible.

Sydney Cobleigh was notified of the sad event, of course; but, at the advice of Dr. Kelland, he did not return for the funeral. Eleanor wrote the letter in which she advised him to remain away for a time. But she wrote sorely against her own desires, and she quoted Dr. Kelland:

"Your father would not have approved of the match. It would not have been made public, if he had lived, that you are engaged to a young man who has only himself to depend upon for his daily bread. I grant you that Sydney is worthy; I admit that I am myself one of his warmest friends; it is true that I believe in him fully and completely. But your father did not. For him to come now would be to advertise your engagement to all your relatives and friends. It is no time to do that. Your promise to your dead father stands in the way of it, if you desire to carry out that promise in spirit as well as in letter. You have friends who will do everything for you; you have fortune. You will have but two years to wait."

So it was settled.

Letters passed between the lovers regularly. Each knew all that the other did. Each knew the thoughts and feelings, the joys and cares, of the other. Sydney was working hard, and acquiring money rapidly. Eleanor was slowly wearing out the memory of her grief, and coming to appreciate her friends, the Kellands, and her distant lover more and more every day.

Sydney need not have continued his labor. He had possessed enough for his own moderate use during the two years he must wait. And the woman who had given him her promise was ready to say, "Mine is thine," when the two years was gone.

He was no fortune-hunter; and, being blameless on such a score, would doubtless have cared little for what the world would have said if he had gone home, waited his time, and married a rich woman while poor himself. To see her; to enjoy her companionship; to hear her voice; to touch her hand; these were temptations which came to him again and again; temptations to leave all and go to her.

But he loved the excitement of the life he was leading, and he was one of those men whose hardest task in life was to wait. He counted himself fortunate that he was so constituted that increased work made waiting easier.

So he remained in the mines.

This is not a story of mining-life, and I shall not try to picture for my readers the freshness and freedom of the existence which Sydney enjoyed. His cabin stood on a little hillside, facing the south, and affording a view of the mountains in the distance. At the foot of the hill ran a little stream of water. Near at hand were the rude habitations of the others of this little community of seekers for sudden wealth. The nearest cabin was perhaps, an eighth of an mile from his.

There were men there whose lives were romances. Perhaps we may look into the history of some of them at a future day. Picturesque as it all was, we must do little with it now.

Good men were there, fled from wrong at home; bad men, fugitives from law; old men, young men. No women. No physic, no religion. Happiness was the rule. Would it end?

It did end one day. In more than a year, less than two. A few days before there had been a party of prospectors with them for a day. They had gone away with the heartiest wishes of the miners. No one suspected any possibility of their having done any injury in the little settlement, even inadvertently.

But this day a half-dozen men complained of being tired and far from well. By afternoon they were worse. And a man who was called "the doctor," and who was believed to be in the mines rather than in the East, because of the unfortunate results attending the use of some drugs of which he knew less than he had pretended, pronounced the men sick with small-pox.

Some men in every community are cowards. It was so here. Some are cowards only under certain circumstances. That was so in this case also. Some men fled from the settlement who had needed only some emergency—an emergency of any kind whatever—to show them in their true light. Others, who would have fought savages or wild beasts in aid of their companions left the settlement or remained away from those who were ill.

Sydney Cobleigh, a man who never drank or gambled, was not as popular as he deserved to be. Those brave enough to care for the sick had friends or relatives to claim their attention.

Sydney, terribly sick, was utterly alone. Day after day and night after night he tossed upon his bed of pain. By day the sunshine burned him, and the distant mountains looked like pillars of heat; at night the moon looked in upon him as he gathered up the scanty covering to shut out the cold. He was rational at times, and would lie weeping silently over his terrible condition; then he would be wild with delirium, and his fevered imagination would people his narrow room with demons. He watched the outer world through the narrow windows set high up in the wall, because of the possibility that "a man's house" might have to be "his castle" in a literal sense some day when it suited the wickel convenience of the cruel savage, and wondered listlessly whether he should ever stand under the free sky again. Then he would give way to the disease again, and the greatest boon he would have asked would have been to die.

So for days, until one evening he awoke from a long sleep, his brain clear, and the fever gone. How weak he was—weak in body especially! His mind seemed strong again. The power to reason about his needs had returned to him, and with it the indomitable will which would not give up. Slowly, and with great effort, he left his bed. He could not stand. But he worked his way, little by little, across the room to the pail of water. It took him a half hour to do it. He drank deeply.

He found clean clothing. Finding it and changing what he had worn so long, took another hour. He had not stood on his feet at all.

He found food. There was not much in the house. He was wise enough to eat only a little. Every power of mind was being brought under a strict subordination to the will which had chosen life before anything else.

He crawled to the door. Some one who feared the sick man might die of exposure had been kind, or some one fearful of the consequences to those outside had been cruel. It matters not which. Enough that his door was fastened on the outside.

The cold tears crept slowly down over his wasted cheeks, and dropped silently through his white thin fingers. Unable to stand, unable to speak above a whisper, almost out of food and water, and a helpless prisoner in his own house.

Suddenly he thought of Eleanor; he had not thought of her before since he had recovered his senses. His memory went back to her parting words. Was what she said prophetic? He turned his face towards the east, and whispered, brokenly: "Eleanor, come to me, God knows I need you now, if I ever needed you. Come quickly!"

II.

The greatest ball which had ever been given in the city where Eleanor Preston lived was at its height. Bright faces smiled. Bright jewels flashed. Music crashed. It was an event to be long remembered.

Eleanor—her year of mourning for her father over—was present. Her friends, the Kellands, were with her. More beautiful than most of those present, and more tastefully dressed than any of the others, she was kept in the dance for hour after hour. She enjoyed it all; the exercise, the admiration, the compliments. But at last she felt she must rest. She said: Lieutenant Clong, I will go and sit in the conservatory for a little time. Will you go and cheer my loneliness by something more concerning your life on the Plains?"

Lieutenant Clong might have excused himself if he had known that all the interest she had—and any one could see that she was deeply interested—centred in "on the Plains." He only noticed how she said "your life," and he went with her.

I have nothing against Lieutenant Clong. He was a gentleman and a brave man. I shall not drag the details of the sorrow of so good a man as he into the light. Briefly as possible, during the next half-hour he asked Eleanor Preston to marry him and she refused him.

"At least, let me have one last waltz with you. I leave the city to-morrow. I shall never see you again."

"Yes, Lieutenant Clong; I will dance with you."

Like a breath came the words through the westward-looking window before which they stood.

"Eleanor—come—to—me. God—knows—I—need—you—now—if—I—ever—needed—you. Come—quickly!"

She glanced at her companion. He had heard nothing.

Suppose her face was white, and that she trembled. Was that reason for him to wonder? She pitied Clong; she had promised to dance with him; she did it.

It was not a long dance. Perhaps the sweetness of this woman's companionship was too much for the man who had for ever lost all hope of winning her. Perhaps her imagination was tormenting the woman who had fancied the tones of her loved one calling for her help. In a quarter of an hour she was standing before the same window, and listening to these words, as the wind from the west seemed to faintly breathe them in her ear:

"Eleanor—I—shall—die—unless—you—come!"

Men loved to serve Eleanor Preston. One went gladly to find Dr. Kelland, another to call her carriage.

"Dr. Kelland," she said, "you must gratify a woman's whim. Women are privileged to do, without giving reasons. I am going to Sydney Cobleigh. Nothing could hire me to delay for one moment. Will you go with me?"

"I will. I can notify my partner by letter. You will explain. I shall insist on that. But your condition at this moment is such that I wouldn't risk refusing you. I will go."

They drove at once to the station.

"Two first-class tickets to Chicago," said the doctor.

"You will have to wait twelve hours, sir; the train has been gone ten minutes."

They took the next train, and were delayed twenty-four hours by an accident before they were a hundred miles from home. After that, no greater delays than they would have found had they started before.

The history of a forced journey, in which every moment is a new fear, is not a pleasant one. The reader will pardon me if I do not write it.

They reached the post office, to which her letters for Sydney had been addressed, early in the morning. It was noon when they entered the little settlement which had been made strangely familiar to Eleanor by her lover's letters. There was no need to ask questions. She could select his cabin from the description he had written.

Dr. Kelland asked, however. He wanted to be sure, and he had no keen lover-eyes to see all that she could.

The man asked looked strangely at them as he answered the doctor's question. He added: "Cobleigh had the small-pox. Perhaps he's dead; I haven't heard."

They hurried up the hillside, the noonday sun beating down upon them unheeded. They stopped at the door with frightened hearts. Eleanor looked at the mountains and wondered how anything in nature could be so calm and still while her heart and brain were slowly breaking.

They knocked.

There was no answer.

At length, Dr. Kelland broke the door in. We will pass over without description some of the sights they saw. We will not tell how everything showed that every morsel of food had been found and used. Let us look at the worse; and look no further.

Sydney Cobleigh leaned against the wall, his face towards the East, his forehead against his open palms. His black hair rested against a whiter background than though it had lain on snow. There was no need of questions. But Eleanor asked them.

"Is he dead?"

"Dead," said Dr. Kelland.

"Since when?"

"Perhaps an hour ago; certainly not two."

"With small-pox?"

No. He hasn't that. Some mountain fever which the mountain air cured days ago. Looking as he does, there is only one conclusion to be stated. He has simply starved to death."

"Could we have saved him, then?"

"Yes, but—that is—"

"Tell me the truth." Her voice was raised a little. "Could we have saved him?"

"Yes."

"When?" Her soul was in her voice.

"I—I can't really tell."

"You can tell, Dr. Kelland, and I know it. Could we have saved him yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Without any doubt?"

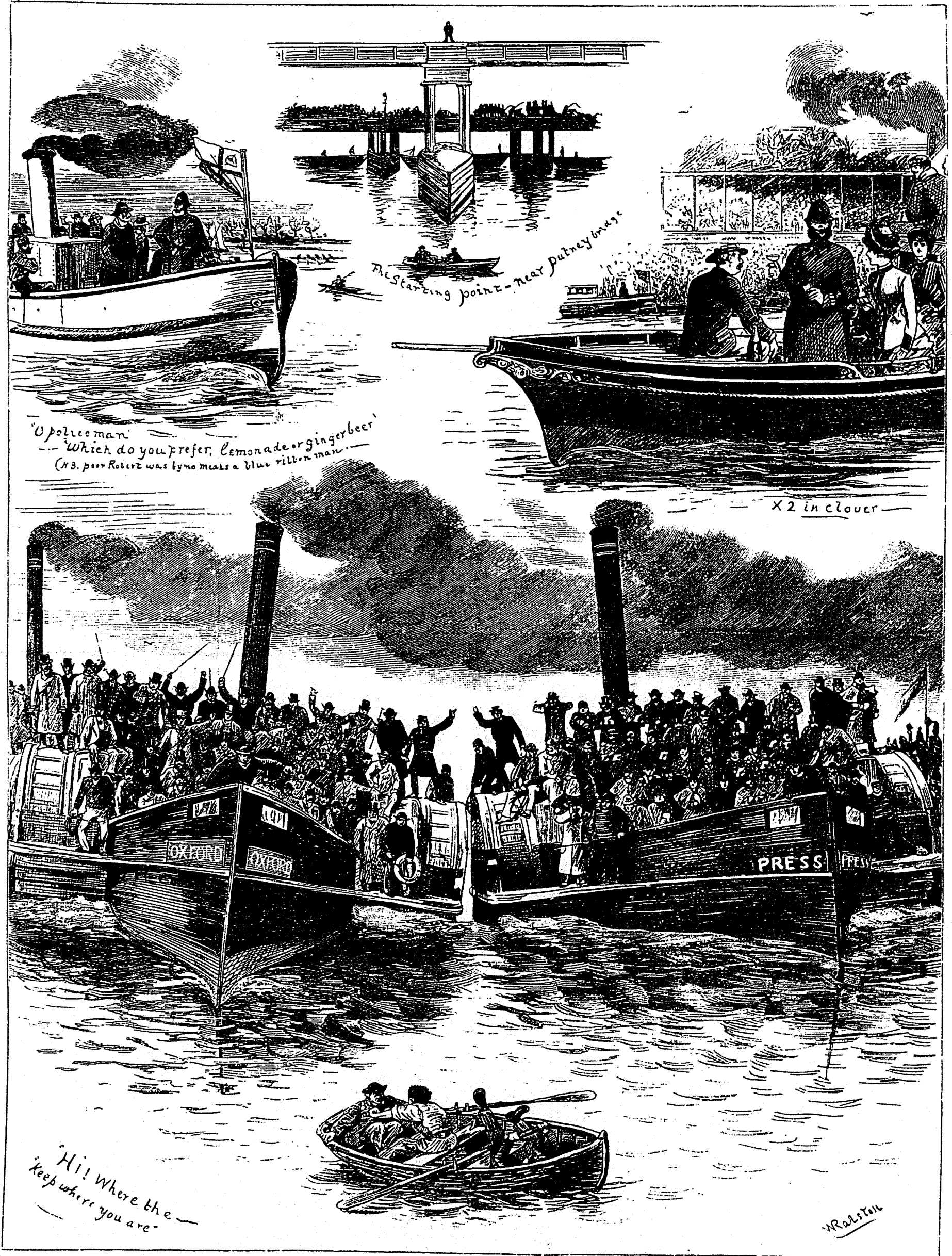
"Without any doubt," he said, sadly and slowly.

IV.

There is a beautiful woman in one of the largest private insane asylums in the East. She has been there for years. She will only leave it when she dies. The best medical talent in the world has pronounced her incurable.

Usually she is calm. But when the moon is full she acts out a frightful scene which she has patched up from the fragments of her lost memory. It always ends in this way. She sweeps a long low courtesy to empty space, and says: "Yes, Lieutenant Clong, I will dance with you. I care nothing for you—less than nothing. My lover is dying, and calling for me in vain. My whole happiness for this world and the next is slipping through my heedless fingers. Every moment is priceless. Delay is murder. Procrastination is madness. To wait is suicide. But I will dance with me!"

M. GEORGES GRANDHOMME, the secretary of the Paris Jockey Club, has just died, to the great regret of his numerous circle of French friends; and doubtless many English have a pleasant recollection of a gentleman who was always most obliging and courteous. M. Grandhomme was the founder of the club.



THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT-RACE.



THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE. A GARDEN AT PUTNEY.

THE BACON-SHAKE-SPEARE CRAZE.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion,—the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us, at this time, to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits and in their literary habits as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work. Both were thinkers of the highest order; both, what we somewhat loosely call philosophers; but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the things before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet moulding it as it was to his immediate need,—finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it, except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination. Bacon, a logician; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught, and soared upon wings, compared with which syllogisms are crutches: Bacon, who sought, in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus,—that Shakespeare of Christianity,—to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen: Bacon, in his writing, the most self-asserting of men; Shakespeare, one who, when he wrote, did not seem to have a self: Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact, of writers; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact of all writers who have risen to fame: Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal; Shakespeare, unsavoury sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise, grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality: Bacon, precise and reserved in expression; Shakespeare, a player and squibbler with words, and swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox and almost into moral obliquity: Bacon, without humour; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humour for all human kind: Bacon, looking at the world before him and at the teaching of past ages with a single eye to his theories and his individual purposes; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures of the past and the present only the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs and joys and sorrows of humanity: Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations: both worldly-wise, both men of the world, and both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term: but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist: Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight; Bacon, utterly without the poetic faculty even in a secondary degree as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work and also the work of the other is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity.—*Atlantic*.

THE MARRIED WOMAN.

A SQUIB.

By a Barrister.

The title of this article is hardly an attractive one to a spinster; yet by a strange anomaly, she might perhaps obtain the greater benefit from the digestion of it. On the principal of the old saw, that it is not much use attending to the stable door after the horse has left it, the married lady may perhaps consider with comparative indifference, what further advantages and privileges she might have secured, before she put her dainty foot across the Rubicon. She is now in the enemy's country, and can only look about her and speculate upon the limit of her prison, and as to how far she can move with freedom. On the other hand the spinster who meditates (in her virgin mind) an alliance with Mr. Brooks, of Sheffield, is in a position, if not to hold out the citadel altogether, at any rate to dictate her conditions of surrender. Let me ask her before she does so, to read this cartel which I throw upon the point of a spear into her camp. If she surrenders at discretion without contract, she will enter into community (Civil Code of

Lower Canada, Act 1270) with Mr. Brooks and the consequences will be as follows: Mr. Brooks will become lord and master of all the movable property to which he has been laying siege (C.C. 1272), he will have the full enjoyment and benefit of it until the dissolution of the marriage when he or his heirs will become owners of one half. He will also take into his grasp, all the lands, houses and other real property which she will become possessed of afterwards, unless it be a token of affection from one of her ancestors, or falls to her by succession, (10 Em.) He will enjoy all her revenues and he will put into his pocket any movable which she acquires, unless the gentleman who presented it to her, has given him to understand that he shall not do so (C.C. 1276)—when Mr. B. retires from active life, and takes up his residence in a planet, Mrs. B. will enjoy again half of the property which has been wrested from her, together with half of his worldly goods acquired under similar circumstances, (1357 C.C.) As a consolation for his loss she will also extract from his heirs, her dower, a small *solatium*, consisting, speaking generally, of half of his immovable property (1434). And well will it be for Mrs. B. if her husband does not insert in the daily papers one of those cruel advertisements to confiding transients, to the effect that her credit shall be limited to small purchases of sweetmeats and medicine, and other necessities of the nursery. If he does this, or otherwise gives the tradesman to understand that it is against his consent that his wife is investing; the wary shopman will hesitate before dealing with her (1292, 10 Em.) He knows by experience that he will have no action for his price, unless he is lucky enough to have pandered to the taste of the head of the house as well, and that gentleman has feasted on the groceries or worn the woolen shirts which she purchased. Otherwise the creditor must wait until the marriage is dissolved. If no such notice is given by Mr. Brooks (and it is not often that he does so) the trade may safely furnish Mr. B. with all that is necessary to the maintaining of her household and look to for payment. She is presumed to have a tacit mandate or order from her husband to purchase especially if he have once paid one of her accounts thus incurred (10 Em. 1791). Mrs. B. must live with her husband and obey him unless he insult her grievously, or otherwise ill-use her. Her domestic quarrels with Mr. B., in which she enforces her arguments with a poker and he perhaps retaliates with the leg of a chair, the law would hardly consider sufficient. They might come under the head of incompatibility of temper, but our law does not include this as a cause for separation, (10 Em. 189). Should Mrs. B. wish to sever as far as she can, her connection with her husband, she must apply by a petition to a judge, setting forth her reasons and asking to be allowed to sue for separation, and to be allowed to withdraw, pending the suit, to a place which she indicates, (10 Em. 194). She will lose her right of action if Mr. B. apologize for breaking the peace and she accepts that apology. During the suit she must leave her children with Mr. B., unless she can persuade the judge to give them to her, by showing that her husband is a brute. If she succeeds in this she will be allowed to keep them for the future, until they reach the age of 14 when they may choose for themselves with whom they will reside. (Stoppellen Vs. Huel, 2 Q.L.R., 255. Rivard Vs. Goulet. 1 Q.L.R., 174.)

ANALYTIC FICTION.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

The analytic method in fiction is interesting, when used by a master of dissection, but it has this fatal defect in a novel,—it destroys illusion. We want to think that the characters in a story are real persons. We cannot do this if we see the author set them up as if they were marionettes, and take them by pieces every few pages, and show their interior structure, and the machinery by which they are moved. Not only is the illusion gone, but the movement of the story, if there is a story, is retarded, till the reader loses all enjoyment in impatience and weariness. You find yourself saying, perhaps, What a very clever fellow the author is! What an ingenious creation this character is! How brightly the author makes his people talk! This is high praise, but by no means the highest, and when we reflect we see how immeasurably inferior, in fiction, the analytic method is to the dramatic. In the dramatic method the characters appear, and show what they are by what they do and say; the reader studies their motives, and a part of his enjoyment is in analyzing them, and his vanity is flattered by the trust reposed in his perspicacity. We realize how unnecessary minute analysis of character and long descriptions are in reading a drama by Shakespeare, in which the characters are so vividly presented to us in action and speech, without the least interference of the author in description, that we regard them as persons with whom we might have real relations, and not as bundles of traits and qualities. True, the conditions of dramatic art and the art of the novel are different, in that the drama can dispense with delineations, for its characters are intended to be presented to the eye; but all the same, a good drama will explain itself without the aid of actors, and there is no doubt that it is the higher art in the novel, when once the characters are introduced, to treat them dramatically, and let them work out their own destiny

according to their characters. It is a truism to say that when the reader perceives that the author can compel his characters to do what he pleases all interest in them as real persons is gone. In a novel of mere action and adventure, a lower order of fiction, where all the interest centres in the unraveling of a plot, of course this does not so much matter.—*April Atlantic*.

SAINT SAENS.

M. Saint Saens has a strange original physique. The first thing one sees in him is his nose—a majestic nose, a heroic nose, like the beak of an eagle. The nostrils are marked by deep furrows; the eyes are bright, yet of great softness, and lay hold of the interlocutor, although the gleams are hidden by a perpetual binocle. The brow is large and somewhat bold, his hair is becoming thin, his beard, which grows very thick, is clear chestnut. His mouth has thin lips and is large. Altogether, not a handsome man. He is of moderate stature and his deportment is as strange as his physiognomy. He is awkward and does not know what to do with his arms when they are not on the key-board. Usually he stoops, and his legs seem badly connected with his trunk. He walks like one walking on a pavement covered with ice. He trots and slides, his legs embarrass him; he walks, in fact, as if he were placing his feet on the pedals of his organ. His life has been little agitated, and hence his biography offers no peculiar interest. Well known and well appreciated in the world of musicians, Saint Saens is not popular. He does not aspire to the suffrages of the crowd, even if the crowd could arrive at a higher stage of musical education. He is a savant. His originality does not lie in the character of his inspirations, but in the personal manner in which he treats them. He is a scientist of the scientists. He has seen everything, read everything, studied everything, meditated everything, compared everything, sounded the depths of everything. The terrible science of counterpoint, the history of music, the works of the masters, are no secret to him. Born with almost phenomenal instincts for music, he has been able to develop his original faculties by an extraordinary capacity for work. While cultivating harmony he found time to become a virtuoso of the first order. He succeeded as organist at the Madelaine, the famous Lefebure-Wely.

A LITERARY CRANK.

M. Philippe Villiers de L'Isle Adam, the author of the "Nouveau Monde," the wild play just produced at Paris, with *George Washington* as one of the characters, is, according to his friends, eccentric; according to his enemies, a crank. He is the last representative of the illustrious race which gave to the Knights of Rhodes their most famous Grand Master, of moderate stature, wears his hair long, is handsomely dressed one day and in rags the next, and his eye is somewhat wild. He does the strangest things. About three years ago, being tired of gay life, he engaged himself to an undertaker, and was seen by his friends carrying a child's coffin along the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette. While thus engaged he wrote his "Cruel Tales," based on his observations. Afterwards he went into a lunatic asylum and played the part of a lunatic who had been cured. When any one came to the asylum the director summoned Villiers.

"Here, sir, is a gentleman who was quite out of his mind. Thanks to our treatment he has now recovered."

He gained \$40 a month by this occupation. In one of his plays he introduces a band of dumb people.

"Sire," says a herald, "here are some dumb men who wish to speak to you."

"Introduce their chief," replies the monarch. This is as good as Ponson du Terrail's "We men of the Middle Ages."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, March 17.

PEOPLE have "What to do with the Wellington Statue" on the brain. Among other odd proposals is one for elevating the Duke to the top of Mount Primrose.

THE Government propose to ask this year for £190,000 on account of building the new War Office and Admiralty.

THERE has been a pause for some time past in the manufacture of new clubs, but the little game is to begin again this season. One is to be called "The Harmony;" another, without a name as yet, is to be in the aesthetic line. Harmony is ever in season, the other thing has had its day—the public want a novelty. Who will invent it?

ONE of the oldest clubs in London is "The Cocoa-tree Club." The history of the celebrated members and the episodes that have occurred there would be curious reading, if a little antiquarian; but the pen that could do the deed must, of course, be a brilliant one. A new career awaits the favorite house, as it is to be henceforth a Members' Club—vice a proprietary one. May it flourish!

THE earliest trouble of Archer in his married state was to be severed from his dearly beloved wife at a high-class church, when he innocently sat down in a free seat with his beloved. He was at once bidden, with threatening mien, by a bold Bamble, to get out of that, and go in amongst the men. Archer bowed meekly, and went over to the race of males.

AFTER all, the report seems to be a correct one that the exterior of Westminster Abbey is in such a bad condition that it will be necessary to have considerable repairing executed. The estimate falls short of a hundred thousand; but nearly that sum will have been expended when all has been done that should be to put the sacred edifice in a substantial condition of repair.

THE handsome newly-finished building in Piccadilly—Prince's Hall—which is partially occupied by the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, will be opened towards the end of April. It will give the West-end one more large and handsome room capable of holding several hundred people. In the height of the season there is a great want of accommodation of this character when balls, grand dinners, and meetings abound.

IT is in contemplation to enclose the whole of Romney Hoys, a part of the district of Romney Marsh. An immense tract of land would thus be recovered, and building would forthwith be commenced on a large scale, a railway, would be also constructed, and accommodation provided for steamers. Clearly, there is an idea that another fashionable sea resort will result from the carrying out of this grand scheme.

THE observance of Lent has been of late years on the increase in the Metropolis, but it has never reached the climax that it has this season. There are no balls, no dances of any kind and very few dinner parties. In fact, with the exception of the theatres, it is considered very "bad form" to join any amusement whatever until the (imaginary) fast of Lent is over, which will not be the case for nearly two weeks yet. The (supposed) observance of the forty days' fasting and penance has been on the increase of late years, but never to anything like the present.

THAT atheism is largely on the increase in the metropolis is a fact which the Secularist school crow loudly over, but which is too generally ignored. The lower orders of London ten or fifteen years ago were simply irreligious; now they are to a very large extent openly and avowedly infidel. In Germany, even in the universities, scepticism is said to be upon the wane. According to recent accounts, there seems to be a silent but widespread revival of Evangelicism throughout the Fatherland. In England the movement appears to be the other way. The disagreement of the jury in the Foote prosecution, in the face of clear law and clear evidence, is only a sign of the existing state of things.

MR. JOHN MORLEY was a tolerably well-known man in London society, in the lobby of the House, and even in our streets, long before he became a member of Parliament; yet to the astonishment of those who thought everybody knew him, he has been criticized almost like an utter stranger. He will, perhaps, be amused to learn that his appearance is regarded generally as "disappointing." People are sorry that there is no suggestion of the dreaming philosopher about him. His features are not such as one associates with the highest culture. His walk is criticized. Power there is in his face, but no suggestion in his bearing of that grace of style which makes some of his books models of English. People speak, therefore, with pity for the loss of another ideal, and talk almost as though they were ready to return to the worship of Oscar Wilde.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THEY are kind to musical directors in Chicago. Hans Balatka was presented with a bag full of gold on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has presented Mrs. Marie Roze with a handsome diamond brooch. It is intended as a souvenir of the recent concert given at the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, in aid of the Royal College of Music, on which occasion Mrs. Marie Roze sang "Gounod's Ave Maria," accompanied on the violin by the Duke.

Mlle. MARIE FECHTER, the daughter of the celebrated actor, was married on the 29th ult. to M. Porée her cousin. The religious ceremony took place at the Church of St. Louis d'Antin, before a large company of friends, who met again later in the day at the dinner, and a ball was given at Leuwardelay's in the evening.

WAGNER left a larger fortune than was thought, says the *London Figaro*. Herr Neumann alone paid him twenty-five thousand dollars a year in royalties, and the total income from this source is nearly three that sum. Wagner has also left about fifty thousand dollars in cash besides his freeholds. The opera on which he was engaged at the time of his death is entitled "Die Buser," (the Penitent). But it is too incomplete a state to be touched by other hands.

EDWIN BOOTH's parting from Hamburg last week was made the occasion of even a greater ovation than that at Berlin. After he had been called out more than twenty times, the artists of the Thalia Theatre prepared a touching scene on the stage for the departing tragedian, in the course of which M. Formes, in an English speech, presented him in the name of the whole company with the branch of a palm tree, richly wrought in silver, as the fittest emblem of Booth's mastery over all his colleagues in both hemispheres.

A VIOLIN'S VOICE.

A PATHETIC STORY OF A MUSICIAN AND A DYING CHILD.

(From Belgravia.)

The dark angel of death was standing outside the musician's door, for little Anrita, Maestro Narditta's child was fading away; no tears, no prayers could avail, not even Carissima's lovely voice.

Carissima's voice was hushed now; the maestro had no heart to take up his dearly loved violin and play to soothe his sorrow, as he had done many years ago, when his wife died and left this little one behind.

Heaven had given him the divine gift of genius, and had bidden him to call aloud to the world. So the Carissima and he played together through sickness and sorrow and success, and through all the changing scenes of life they had been faithful friends.

They had just come back from the crowded hall: the people said that never before had the maestro played so beautifully, and that never before had the violin's voice sounded so mournful and pathetic.

Well, you see, they did not know the reason; but we do, for both were thinking of the little dying girl, and how could their thoughts be anything but sorrowful, or the outward expression of those thoughts be anything but mournful?

The father was weeping by his child's bedside. But she said: "Do not weep; sing to me—sing me to sleep, for I am so weary, dear father, and the evening has been so long without thee."

Then he rose and played for her, and she closed her eyes, and listened happily to Carissima's voice. It sang a song without words—the music alone told the tale—of a pure young life, too pure for earth, and therefore to be taken away to that fair land where only the good and pure and true dwell. Yet it was hard to leave the earth, harder still to leave the dear ones behind, and to know that they would be desolate; and here the violin's voice sobbed and trembled as if from sorrow, and the melody became softer and softer, as if describing the very parting which was soon to take place; then the lingering notes died away, and the maestro's hand was still.

"Is that all?" murmured the child; "oh, play again!"

Once more he raised his bow on high, and the air resounded with a psalm of triumph—the same melody, but no longer soft and sad, for the gates of the fair land were opened wide, and amid this jubilant strain the child had passed away with the angel of death.

MILTON AND ANACREON.

A Boston critic is of the opinion that "Milton is as sweet a poet as Anacreon." If all creation had been raked over, two poets more unlike than Milton and Anacreon would not have been hit upon for a comparison. Milton is always vast in his simplest footsteps. There is a sweep and a grandeur and a swing in his treatment of the simplest subjects.

Thus:

Morn her easy steps in th' eastern clime Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

Again:

Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole Those balmy spoils.

Or:

How from that sapphire fount the crisped brook Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold, With mazy error under pendent shades Ran nectar.

Or this:

Hear the lark begin his flight, And singing startle the dull night.

Who but Milton could give such a picture of a beautiful young girl as this:

—Her vermilion tintured lip, And tresses like the morn.

Or this:

Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye, In every gesture dignity and love.

Milton's beautiful women are up in the clouds, heaven is in their eye, and their tresses are as grand as the morn. But Anacreon's women are altogether different. They are quite down among the balmy odors and sweetest flowers of the earth.

Thus:

Oh! would I were the happy wave, Which thy fair form is wont to lave, That perfume's office I would bear, Which now anoints thy graceful hair: Or like a garland round thy neck, Would that its whiteness I might deck: Or blast whilst trampled on by thee, Thy sandals gladly would I be.

Or this:

To-day is ours: what do we fear? To-day is ours: we have it here. Let's treat it kindly, that it may Wish at least with us to stay. Let's banish business, banish sorrow, To the gods belongs to-morrow.

Or:

Draw, some Appella, draw me here, Her who is the only fair: She's fled; but in my breast I find That she has left herself behind.

Or this on music:

Now let the world say what they can, Music is the soul of man.

We may say that Milton threw roses on his precepts to adorn them; but Anacreon threw his ideas in the midst of roses. The one soars like an eagle in grandeur. The other lights like a song-bird in the flower-scented meads. They are each perfect masters in different styles.

ECCENTRIC ARTISTS.

The whimsical reception offered to his visitors by Mr. Whistler on the occasion of the private view of his gallery of etchings is still the talk of the studios. The crowd, obedient to the hour named on the ticket, having to wait in the little, dark, unventilated entrance-room, did not fail to give utterance to the most cutting pleasantries inspired by the time, the place, the opportunity of displaying the yellow butterfly token of Mr. Whistler's benevolent patronage. The visit of the Prince of Wales seemed to last an eternity, so stifling was the atmosphere of the little room into which fresh arrivals kept pouring. And when the Prince had departed, and the guests rushed in a compact body to the gallery, some little disappointment was expressed at the meek effect produced by the much-vaunted arrangement in yellow and white, which was declared poor and pitiful in the extreme. But a London gathering of well-bred people is soon restored to good humor, and consolation was found in the comparison made between the late Count Montroud and Mr. Whistler's practical joking. Count Montroud, who had retired to a small apartment after the decay of all his grandeur, was determined that none of his courtly friends of former days should be admitted to bear witness to the change in his surroundings. But the fine ladies of Paris are not easily baffled. They resolved to get a sight of the *menage*, and so, upon an occasion of fire works, knowing that a spacious belvedere, formerly an observatory, on the roof of Montroud's apartment looked over the ground where it was to take place, they sent in a round robin with the request to be allowed to view the show from thence. The request, signed by every one of the beauties of Paris, could not be decently refused—all the more that the most splendid collation—flowers, fruit, choice wines, cold fowls, gelatines, ices and confectionary was sent by contribution of the fair signataires to be spread in the belvedere. Well, Montroud received his beautiful visitors with every expression of hearty welcome, but many of them still remember the malicious expression of his eye. At the first bang of the signal rocket a rush was made for the little staircase leading from his rooms to the belvedere. It was steep and narrow—the ladies were crushed and pressed to death—their beautiful toilets completely wrecked; but Montroud stood at the head of the stair, in far more trouble than his fair visitors. He held a tremendous bunch of keys in his hand, and was trying each one of them in the lock. None would fit! the key was evidently not there. He called aloud to his valet, who, in answer to his distressful inquiries, bade him remember that he had taken the key off the rim—that very morning, and had locked himself in while he disposing the good things sent by the ladies to the best advantage. Then it was likely that he had forgotten to take the key out when he left, and had closed the door behind him. What was to be done? The heat in that narrow stair was tremendous. The fireworks were by this time banging away without interruption—now and then a flash of colored light through the glass dome of the roof would show the angry countenances and disordered toilets of the ladies, and the distressed expression in that of their host. But nothing was to be done. The last phiz of the bouquet died away, and all was dark, when the poor mystified guests, vowing vengeance against their mystifier, who, with all the courtesy of his young days, expressed himself far more injured by their displeasure than they could possibly be by their misadventure, descended the stair and went home—to listen to the accounts of those friends who had witnessed "the most brilliant display of fireworks ever seen in Paris." And Montroud, suddenly finding the missing key, sat down with a select party of his boon companions to a jolly supper, and drank the health of his fair guests in their own exquisite wine.

PRIMA DONNAS AT HOME.

St. John's Wood, a pretty suburb in the north-west of London, is a favorite neighborhood for artists. Alma Tadema's study is there. Marie Roze, the wife of Henry Mapleson, gives frequent concerts in her house to the residents of the Wood, and Sir Julius Benedict does so more pretentiously once a year. Mme. Albani has a pleasant house, standing back from the street, amid bright green shrubbery, with a hedge inside of the high iron railings that bound the pavement in front. She gives teas, garden parties, and dinners often when at home. She is Mrs. Gye. Jenny Lind has a quiet residence in South Kensington. Almost any day one can see a little old woman bending over the flowers in a front window. That is the once great singer.

Nilsson's house is isolated from those of other noted singers, and she has a social circle of her own.

Patti lives in London only during her professional engagements there, her home being a veritable castle in Wales.

HOME OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Beauvoir is a stately mansion, reminding one of an old English home. It is approached by an avenue of superb and venerable trees. At the gate, in a spirit of true Southern courtesy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis awaited us. Mrs. Davis is statuesque and stately. Her elegantly shaped head sits upon her shoulders as though chiseled by Phidias. It is so exquisitely poised that one cannot refrain from gazing, while her every movement is the impersonification of dignity and grace. A rich mass of hair, whitened, alas! not by the hand of time, is wound in a massive coil at the back of the beautiful head. Her figure is stately, and the close-fitting black dress, with its Watteau plaits, clung to her form as though to caress it. She wore no ornaments whatever, save the circle of gold on her fine and shapely hand. Her manner is so winsome as to completely absorb one, and as we walked up to the old manor-house, beneath the arching boughs of lordly trees that stood like sentinels presenting arms as we passed, I felt its fascination to the full. Ascending a steep flight of steps, we were ushered into the reception-room, an apartment at once as elegant as it is cozy. A bright log fire smiled at us, and great easy-chairs received us with open arms. Miniatures of many generations gazed at us from the walls, and books, old and new, were at our beck. Pictures and portfolios, dainty bits of work, and all the costly knick-knackeries that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and, as if to complete the picture, a huge shaggy Newfoundland dog before the fire sprawled, who even in sleep over and anon wagged his bushy tail for very hospitality. Mr. Davis' married daughter is on a visit to Beauvoir—the electric lights in the household, her two beautiful children.

After a delightful chat, Mrs. Davis volunteered to show us her husband's study—the workshop in which he turned out the "History of the War"—and in which he passes so much of his waking hours. This *sanctum* is a veranda building with a conical roof, standing apart from the manor-house and in the midst of the most magnificent trees. The interior presents all the rude reality that actual work ever imparts, and is lined with two tiers of books. Everything are evidences of Jeff Davis's individuality in the form of pictures and statuettes. Mr. Davis will not permit any profane hands here, and everything must remain as he leaves it. While he is closeted in his *sanctum* no one may disturb him. This law is Draconian. Mrs. Davis almost apologized for the condition of the grounds, which were quite *en deshabille*, owing to the difficulty of procuring labor. Beauvoir, as is known, was the gift to Jefferson Davis from an ardent admirer, and a right lordly gift it was.

VARIETIES.

FANGS OF THE RATTLESNAKE.—At a January meeting of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, Dr. Leidy exhibited a series of fangs taken from a rattlesnake fifty-two inches in length. The rapidity with which the functional fangs are reproduced was shown by the presence, on each side of the jaw, of five fangs in varying degrees of development, so placed as to replace those which are lost.

PERILS OF BALLOONING.—Information has been received recently of the frightful death of two over-daring aeronauts in Madrid under peculiarly horrible circumstances. It appears that Captain Mayet and an assistant ascended in a balloon in Madrid, before an immense concourse of people, on January 25th. When the balloon had reached the height of about 1,000 feet, Captain Mayet got out upon a trapeze suspended from the basket and began his performance. The trapeze was seen to break, and the performer lost his hold. While in the air he turned over and over many times. He struck the stone pavement an unrecognizable mass. A moment later the balloon containing the other occupant was seen to descend with meteoric rapidity, and it crashed with terrible force against the projecting eave of a house, tilting the basket and hurling the occupant out head first. Striking a veranda, the man was precipitated to the ground, torn, cut, and mangled to such a degree that he died in a few moments.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper and letter to hand. Thanks.

F. W. H., Boerne, Texas.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 422.

We have been requested to publish the following table showing the number of games finished in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to March 26th, 1883. Several Canadian chessplayers are engaged in this contest, and one of them, Mr. Shaw, of Montreal, is at present taking the lead, as will be seen by reference to the table. This Tourney is ably conducted by W. J. Ferris, Esq., of New Castle, Delaware.

Games finished in Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to March 26th, 1883.

Table with columns: Player Name, Games Won, Games Lost. Lists names like H. J. Anderson, A. B. Block, C. A. Boivin, etc.

The announcement that Captain Mackenzie will take part in the great International Tourney in London gives pleasure to many on this continent, and we can assure him that he has the best wishes of his Canadian friends for his success.

We have been informed that a telegraph chess match between the Quebec and Toronto Chess Clubs began on Saturday last, March 24th. As soon as particulars come to hand, we shall hasten to publish them in our Column.

A match was played three weeks ago between the University and City Chess Clubs of Oxford, in which the former was victorious by 2 1/2 to 10 1/2 games. Fifteen players on each side.

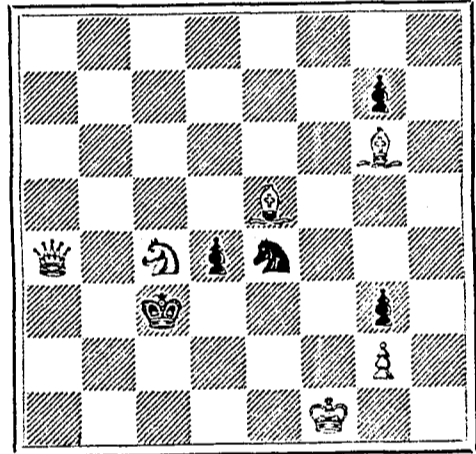
The annual match between Oxford and Cambridge was announced some time ago to take place on Saturday, March 17th. We shall be glad to hear the results.

Place our names! A Ladies' International Tourney is announced in connection with the Matlock Reporter. Any number of two-movers—direct and unconditional—may be sent in by each competitor all bearing the same motto, but numbered. Sealed envelopes not required. Time limit for sending in problems, December 1st, 1883. Prizes, £2 2s. For best set of two problems, a painted Torquay Terra Cotta Plaque, valued £1 ls. for the best English set, not winning first prize, and two minor prizes for composers in their first year of composition. Joint compositions are barred. Address the Matlock Reporter Chess Editor, Dovedale House, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire.—British Chess Magazine.

PROBLEM No. 427.

By X. M. Carrig.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 425.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black. White moves: 1 Kt to K3, 2 B to K B5, 3 B mates. Black moves: 1 K to K4, 2 Any, 1 K to B3, 2 Any.

GAME 533RD.

CHESS AT SEA.

THE "JUDO" VARIATION IN THE FRENCH DEFENSE.

The game found below was played between Herr Steinitz, sans coiffe, and Mr. De Visser on board the steamship Savannah, while on their way to Havana, where the champion is now encountering Judge Celso Golunayo in a match for \$500 a side.

WHITE.—(Mr. Steinitz.) BLACK.—(Mr. De Visser.)

(blindfold.) (sea-sick.)

Table showing chess moves for White and Black. White moves: 1 P to K4, 2 P to K5, 3 P to K B4, 4 P takes P, 5 K to B3, 6 Q to K2, 7 Q to R3, 8 K to Q K5, 9 P to Q4, 10 Q takes Kt, 11 B to K B4 (b), 12 P takes P, 13 P to K6, 14 P takes P ch, 15 R to K5, 16 P Queens ch, 17 Q takes B ch, 18 Q takes B P ch, 19 B takes P, 20 castles (K R). Black moves: 1 P to K3, 2 P to Q B4, 3 P to K Kt4 (a), 4 Q to B3, 5 B to Kt2, 6 Q to B2, 7 K takes P, 8 Q to K5, 9 K takes Kt ch, 10 P to Q R3, 11 P to K1, 12 P takes Kt, 13 P to Q3, 14 K to Q sq, 15 P takes B, 16 K takes Q, 17 K to B2, 18 K to Q sq, 19 B to K Kt5.

and Mr. Visser retired to seek the seclusion that a cabin grants.

NOTES.

(a) This move constitutes Mr. Max Judd's variation in the French defense, in which Mr. Steinitz moves 2 P to K5. This game is no fair test of the strength of the move, because De Visser not only is a weaker player than Judd, but was sea-sick at the time of playing the game.

(b) A Steinitzian move. —Globe-Democrat.

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