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# THE ANTIDOTE

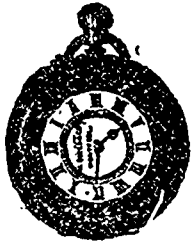
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WITH SOME SWEET.....ANTIDOTE"

Vol. 1. No. 12.

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## THE ANTIDOTE

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### \*OUR PRIZE LIST\*

TO any one obtaining for us One Thousand new annual subscribers before 31st January, 1893, we will send one first-class Upright Seven Octave Piano-forte; for Five Hundred subscribers we will give one first-class ticket to Europe and return; for Two Hundred and Fifty subscribers, one first-class Sewing Machine; for One Hundred subscribers, a Gold Watch; or Fifty subscribers, a New Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged; and for Twenty-five a Silver Watch.

### UNEVENNESS IN WRITING.

We have often heard it remarked that it is strange a certain author is so uneven or unequal in his productions. In our opinion it would be a great deal more wonderful if this were not case, for it would be simply implying that the author was more than mortal. A man cannot be always either mentally or physically, at his best, and if something goes wrong with the machinery of his mind or body, such is almost as surely to be transmitted to the medium, through which he makes his thoughts public, as a fault in the lens will cause a blur upon the photograph. The troubles of the mind may be said to act directly upon the author's pen, just as the sufferings of the body will have an indirect influence, for it is an undeniable axiom that "Mens sana in corpore sano."

Respecting the direct action we can recall the time when a celebrated author wrote a very bitter and savage chapter in a well known novel, where he advises his readers to hide their feelings, in order to travel comfortably through life, or better still, he goes on, have no feelings at all. The author afterwards in a private letter admitted the virulence of the said chapter, which he said was penned at the period of a great domestic affliction. There was the secret Neither the publishers nor public could wait and the author had to work with the har-

ness "rubbing the raw." Was it any wonder that he metaphorically kicked over the traces?

Take the works of the immortal dramatist and the inequality is palpable for we have difficulty in believing that the same hand wrote both "Hamlet" and "Troilus and Cressida," or "As you like it" and "The Comedy of Errors." Indeed there are some who argue that many of the plays attributed to Shakspeare could not have been written by him, because they are not worthy of the genius which shines through his other works, but this argument does not stand the test of experience.

Thus even with a simple paper like "The Antidote" the numbers may not all be equally pleasing, since with a twinge of the gout, it is well nigh impossible to crack a good tempered joke or to view the world in a philosophical spirit. We may endeavour to stifle the pain, but there it is, and the pen splutters and will not run smoothly. We glance over the printed copy, exclaiming "Oh the rheumatism seized us there," or perhaps the taxes had come in so that "post equum sedet atra cura," or may be—but enough has been said to warrant the remarks concerning unevenness in writing.

### GRACEFUL LAZINESS.

Although it may appear at the first blush somewhat like splitting straws, nevertheless there is a decided difference between graceful laziness and lazy grace. The former—to define more distinctly what we mean—refers to repose, the latter to movement. We often say a man has a kind of lazy grace in all his actions and if we desire to bestow very high praise liken him to Apollo, but we must turn to the other sex, and call up Venus, when we seek a model for graceful laziness. We trust our readers will now see the distinction we are endeavouring to convey. Men show to the best advantage, in action; women are often most beautiful in repose.

There is nothing attractive about a lazy man, and when he becomes such, he degenerates into a loafer, for whom we feel either loathing or contempt. When he throws himself down on the

turf there is nothing of grace in his posture, and seeing him thus, the inclination which rises uppermost in your mind is to spurn him with your foot.

How different it is with a woman, who is often most perfectly graceful when she is most utterly lazy. We have frequently admired a lady reclining in a laudau a picture of beauty, whereas a man in the same position would only strike you as an awkward lout. Is it the dress which creates this difference? Not altogether, for we have seen both sexes in the East where neither is over-laden with superfluous clothing, and yet even there a woman will be graceful in laziness, but a man never.

The fact must be confessed that it is only a woman who can be gracefully lazy, and it is an art we cannot hope to compete in. Action is our forte, and a man can run with grace, which is more than a woman can do, in spite of the fable of Atalanta and the apple. It is true we have known good feminine riders and lawn tennis players, and have admired them in both past-times, but in each, we of the sterner sex can rival them, but there is a charm in their laziness all their own, which was fully appreciated by Byron in the poem, we will not name, when he wrote

"Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy  
"Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy?"

You may talk of a brisk, energetic man, and we will agree with you in setting out his praise, but for a woman give us one who is perfect in repose.

### FULLY EXPLAINED.

"I wonder why it is," said old Tope to his wife, "that women prefer drowning and men shooting in case of suicide."

"I suppose," she replied, as she thoughtfully contemplated his nose, that it is because men hate water so."—From the Detroit Free Press.

### OF SUITABLE MATERIAL.

Dancing Master—I want to look at some nice shoes for dancing.

Shoe Man—Yes sir, here you are, a nice pair of kangaroo skin shoes—and you know, sir, for hops the kangaroo can't be beaten.—From the Chicago Inter Ocean.



### SEPTEMBER COURTESIES.

LITTLE CADSBY (who flatters himself he made an impression at Old Orchard)—“Oolidays over, Miss Smart? So glad to see you're back again”

MISS SMART (who was bored to death by L. C's attentions)—“Thanks, awfully! I can return the compliment—always glad to see you're back!”

[L. C. retires discomfited]

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

The Editor has been occasionally amused at the simple ideas, which the lay public,—if he may venture, by virtue of his office, to assume the clerical garb for the nonce—have of his daily duties. "It must be awful nice to be an Editor," remarked a charming young damsel, "to read over all the interesting contributions on your file, make your selection, and scribble off something of your own at your leisure" ha! ha! ha! quite a holiday pastime of course, the Editor replied laughing grimly. How different is the real from the fancied picture! The Editor takes from his file the "interesting contributions" and scans them over. One of them, from a lady, commences "Dear Mr. Editor—I fear my last M. S. must have miscarried; it was a thrilling tale of true love, the hero and heroine drawn from life, and it would suit your paper admirably. Do please lock it up, for I had half promised a little treat to mamma who is far from well. Yours Caroline." Alas the tale had not miscarried, it was unreadable. Another contribution is from a man who would like to be funny, if he knew how, but unfortunately "he is not built that way" and the Editor—strives in vain to discover the point or wit of the attempted jokes. Then the printer puts in his head yelling "copy, if you please sir" and the Editor—not having a boot-jack handy—, seizes his pen, and dashes off something "at his leisure."

Occasionally there is a brief respite, a contribution which can be issued, comes in, and the Editor sincerely trusts mamma will have her treat, and the roses brought back to her cheeks. We all require an "Antidote" now and then, and the other day when the Editor asked if any more "copy" was required the answer "No" was indeed a relief. Upon the afternoon of that day, a solitary traveller might have been seen wending his way up the mountain, at the base of which stands the fair city of Montreal. Later on the same man was stretched beneath the shade of a large tree calmly smoking the pipe of peace. Need we say that man was the Editor? Let us be thankful even for small mercies.

Mollie—"I wonder why they married. He isn't rich, nor a foreigner; not even an English Lord."

Dollie—"No, and she hasn't any money, nor been on the stage, nor done anything like that. And her father is only a common American, not even a Knickerbocker. I can't understand it."

Mollie (with a bright thought)—"Perhaps—perhaps they were in love."—Brooklyn Life.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO 12. OUR SOCIETY SONGSTER.

There is an exeressee, with which we are afflicted, a kind of tumor, not dangerous but extremely irritating and which we should like to see expunged. We refer to Our Society Songster, who brings his two or three songs With him—whether asked to do so or not—and expects to be invited to the piano, where for half an hour or so, he interrupts the conversation, while he warbles forth some ditty, which is barely audible at the opposite end of the apartment—perhaps its best feature, by the way. We do not mean of course the man who really can sing, and sometimes does, at concerts, as well as in the drawing room, but the man



who never refuses, indeed often throws out hints, by enquiring whether you have heard a certain song, which he has brought with him; Our Society Songster in fact, than whom a greater pest, in a small way, does not exist. We knew a lady once, an excellent musician, who thought to teach Our Society Songster a lesson, and invited him to meet two or three first-class vocal performers, supposing that the contrast between the good singing of the latter and his own puny efforts would crush him for one evening at least. Not a bit of it; after Brown's magnificent tenor voice, (to which it had been a treat to listen), had died away, up to

the piano went Our Songster with a simpering conceit perfectly marvelous, and casting his eyes up to the ceiling, attempted to sing one of Brown's favorite songs. Oh the weary faces as he perpetrated that murder! How is it that we submit to such bores we wonder? Yet for many a season we have met Our Songster at the houses of our friends with his smirking self-satisfied air, so that we have to check a rising tendency in our foot. Will no one rid us of this incubus? we asked of a lady. "He may marry one day" was the rejoinder "and you know sir, nothing so quickly cures a man of conceit, as a good sensible wife."

Oh, the truth of those words! We recalled the days when we too thought no small beer of ourselves, meanwhile Our Society Songster appears to resemble a matrimonial hand of euchre which those engaged in the game invariably "pass." He is not a bad fellow for the greater part of the day, he is steady at business, and has no small vices. But he labors under the abominable delusion that he can sing, and if anyone will dispel that delusion either by marriage or any other process of snubbing—though we know of none so effective—we shall be ready to head the list for a testimonial wedding present anything you like, in return for your enabling us to spend our evenings without being pestered with Our Society Songster.

A REALIST.

Edwin.—What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the housemaid wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?

Angelina.—There may have been such an artist, but never such a housemaid. —Exchange.

DID SHE WIN HIM BACK.

She (showing her birthday gifts)—And, oh, George, here is such a lovely book on etiquette. I mean to let you read it first.

And now she wonders why he is angry.

HISTORY ALWAYS REPEATS ITSELF.

Mamma, I wonder why George Washington never liked to go swimming.

Mamma—I guess he did when he was a little boy.

Ralph—No, he didn't, or he'd had to told a lie.—From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Curiosity.—All the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are contained in the following sentence: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."



From London Queen.

## THE FASHIONS.

Styles still remain "in statu quo," but there is a rumor that an attempt will be made in the fall to resuscitate the dress in vogue at the time of Napoleon Buonaparte, which will certainly be a complete revolution even if the change be modified. Another authority says that walking dresses are to be short without any train, and this would be a very sensible move. Meanwhile regarding the present there is a very pretty morning gown made of cotton corduroy (soft as velvet) with garlands of violets and shaded pink blooms. Another in fashion is of poplin made with full-tucked gauntlets at the wrist with soft front. A beautiful cape is one of very light drab or yellow cloth, trimmed with passementerie in graceful designs following the shape of the garment. The back and shoulder seams are elongated to form a high collar. A belt is worn underneath to draw in the back form at the waist, the sides and front hanging straight. To add finish, there should be a collarotte of large meshed black net edged with purling.

Our illustrations represent: No. 1 Handsome ball toilette composed of the

new bordered brocade in shades of gold and olive. It is cut en princesse, and has a Watteau train of rich olive satin duchesse, with ruches of gold and olive silk inside the hem. Short sleeves of olive velvet, and there is a quilting of the same velvet down the front of the dress. The bodice is stylishly ornamented with ostrich tips in shades of olive and gold. No. 3. A simply made gown, intended for a young lady's wear. It is composed of fine crocodile cloth, trimmed with biscuit guipure and fraise ribbon.

## LADIES' CORNER.

Pickles.—The sine qua non to good pickling is of course good vinegar; failure in this particular undertaking is most frequently due to the fact that any material is considered good enough. "Subscriber" can use the home-made vinegar with great advantage, but she must bear in mind that it takes a full six or eight weeks to attain maturity, so that, unless she has it ready, it would be unavailable for such things as should be pickled during the present month. Here are two recipes for ordinary home use: Choose a cask according to the needs of the household. Boll three pints

of the best white wine vinegar, pour it into the cask, move it about so that all the interior of the wood may be thoroughly moistened; fill it half full with Swiss or French white vin ordinaire; lightly stop up the bung-hole with a large onion or a small muslin bag of coarse salt and let it stand for eight or ten days in the kitchen preferably, or any other occupied room. After that time fill up with the same kind of wine and fix a wooden tap to the cask (metal is inevitably productive of verdigris). In four weeks the liquor will be fit to bottle and use. It should not all be drawn from the cask, for by the occasional addition of wine lees and a quart of boiling vinegar, the provision may be made to last an endless time. An excellent vinegar is obtainable from cider. To each quart allow 1 lb. of white sugar; let them ferment for four months; draw off and use. A beer vinegar, made with yeast, is frequently used abroad for pickling purposes; but the bought wine vinegar is quite satisfactory. So-called Indian pickles are generally made with the darker liquor. Barberries are in season; lay them in salt for six hours drain and dry them. Put them into jars, strewing amongst them as you go on about 2oz. of bruised

RECOLLECTIONS OF INDIA

AND

PEOPLE I HAVE MET THERE.

BY HURKARD.

I suppose if one jumped from London to Bombay, without any of the intervening "overland route," one's astonishment on being landed from the P & O steamer, would be very much greater than it is, but first Malta, then Cairo and Suez, and finally Aden, inoculate the travellers gradually into Eastern costumes, color, and nakedness, so that when we find ourselves upon the Apollo Bunder, it would take a good deal more than there is, to surprise us, and we listen to the mixture of Hindoostance, Guzerati, Maharattee, and English languages quite undisturbed, while a man with a gorgeous turban on his head and hardly a stitch of anything on his body, appears to be perfectly commonplace. Thirty years ago the ramparts had not been demolished, and there was still a moat round the "Fort," which was crossed by drawbridges; there was no Watson's hotel indeed if I remember rightly, there was only one hotel inside the "Fort" called the English hotel, chiefly frequented by skippers of merchant vessels and the like. Pallonjee's hotel at Byculla was about the only place for those to go who had neither friends nor letters, but such was Anglo-Indian hospitality, that the most formal letter of introduction was quite sufficient to throw open the doors of a bungalow where you were really made at home until you found suitable quarters of your own.

My letter to James Ackroyd was merely an ordinary introduction, but I was transferred as quickly as a mail phaeton with a pair of smart Arab horses could carry me to a bungalow on Malabar Hill and a room assigned to me. Ackroyd came from the county of Lancashire; he told me he was born near Clowbent (wherever that may be) but he was an educated man and had little left of his North county accent, except on occasions of excitement which were only seldom, as Ackroyd was considered a cool hand, whom it was difficult to throw off his balance.

The High Court at Bombay was not an interesting place to one outside of the legal fraternity, it was hot of course, and the punkahs being wafted in every direction, one over the Lord Chief Justice, one over the table at which the Barristers sat, and one over the Jurors in their box, had, it must be confessed, a decidedly somniferous effect. Nevertheless it was undoubtedly very reprehensible on the part of Ackroyd while seated in the jury box not only to fall asleep but to call attention to the fact by loudly snoring. The judge, Sir Michael Jelly, the pink of

white ginger, some white pepper, 2oz; of chillies, 1/2oz. of small mustard seeds, and a chopped sprig of tarragon Cover with strong white vinegar, close the jars; refill with vinegar when absorption has taken place three times in the first three weeks. Cover down closely with parchment or bladder soaked in spirit. They can be used after eight weeks, but will be at their best in six months. Cherries and mountain ash berries treated in this way make very good adjuncts to cold game and salads. Another uncommon preparation for the store cupboard forms a suitable way of utilising unripe windfalls or thinnings of fruit, apples, plums grapes, etc., After having carefully wiped the fruit, and cut it up according to desire, remove all tainted parts, line a flat-bottom pan with some salt, place a layer of fruit over it, and so on alternately till all the material is disposed of, cover thickly with salt; let it stand four days, turn out the contents, drain and dry them in the sun or on perforated baking sheets in a very slack open oven for two or three days. Stack the fruit in jars. Boil in a brass vessel enough white wine or elder vinegar to cover the fruit, and to each quart allow 1/2oz. of castor sugar 1oz. of white ginger, allspice, cloves, and long peppers respectively, six chillies, and one shallot. After it has boiled let it simmer in this 2drs. of alum; stir, and when quite cool pour over the fruit. Cover closely.—Cauliflower: Pick the whitest bunches, cut them into small sprays, boil them for three or four minutes in a vessel of scalding brine, drain them, dry them gently on a cloth, and sprinkle thickly with salt, which brush off when quite dry. Steep in jars with cold vinegar for two days, in a warm and sheltered place; take them out and pack them in stoneware jars, covering the vegetables with scalding vinegar. This must have been prepared as follows: To each half gallon of vinegar allow half a teacupful of castor sugar, half a dozen blades of mace, one teaspoonful of celery seed, one dozen peppercorns, a few red pepper pods, and coriander and whole mustard seeds. These must boil together for five minutes. Repeat the addition of scalding liquor once a week for three weeks; lay a saucer on the top to just weigh the cauliflowers down. Cover, tie up, and store. Beans, onions, white cabbage, tomatoes, etc., can all be pickled this month, also walnuts. Lay these in strong brine, drain and wipe them; pierce them through with a large needle, and soak them in cold water for six hours. Make a scalding mixture as above, put the walnuts in jars, and finish as in preceding recipe.—Getta.

courtesy had Ackroyd roused, and remarked mildly, but firmly, "you must not go to sleep in the jury box." What possessed Ackroyd I cannot tell, but instead of accepting the rebuke in good part, as he should have done, he abruptly retorted, "very sorry my lord, it is a habit I have at this time in the afternoon." A frown came over the usually placid countenance of Sir Michael Jelly, who bending over to the clerk remarked, "fine that juryman ten rupees." The fine was at once paid, but Ackroyd vowed by all the gods in heaven, that it should be the dear-fine old Jelly had ever inflicted. The assizes closed about the end of April, which enabled the judges and lawyers to escape the hot month of May by running up to Mahabeshwar, a hill station about three hundred miles off. The Poona train left at one in the afternoon on Saturday, after which there was no other until Monday. Sir Michael Jelly knowing that there was only a trivial case to be tried on Saturday morning, made all his arrangements for leaving that day, and had given orders that his bungalow should be closed, as he would drive straight to the station from the Court House. When he took his seat on the bench that morning at 10 o'clock, he bowed and smiled both to the bar and the jury, never noticing the malicious twinkle in Ackroyd's eye, as he returned the salute. The case for trial was a simple one of larceny by a man named Sorabchand of his employer the great furniture dealer and carriage builder, Jaffer Sulman. There was an embroidered cushion in the room, where Sorabchand was working, and when Sorabchand left, the cushion left also, but more than this the cushion was discovered shortly afterwards in a second hand store, the owner of which—not desiring to be prosecuted for receiving stolen goods—at once admitted he had purchased from Sorabchand, the said cushion, for the sum of five rupees eight annas and two pice. There was practically no defense, and Sir Michael had summed up by eleven o'clock, when all the jury, with one exception, were ready with their verdict. That exception of course was my friend Ackroyd, who had quickly formed his plan of revenge, for fining him the previous day. The rest of the jury turned with amazement upon Ackroyd, when the latter quietly informed them, that there were one or two points he should like to discuss before giving in his adhesion to the verdict of guilty, and the court was evidently surprised, when the foreman intimated that the jury desired to retire. On being locked up, the eleven jurors who were composed, as was always the case in the trial of a,



native, of five Englishmen, (making six with Ackroyd), and six natives, that is to say two Parsees, two Hindoos and two Mahometans, immediately demanded in the name of their various Deities, what Ackroyd was hesitating about.

"Well you see gentlemen" replied, Ackroyd in his most deliberate manner, "this appears to me to be a case of circumstantial evidence."

"Circumstantial bosh!" exclaimed the five English jurymen in a breath, "what the deuce do you mean Ackroyd?"

"Abuse is no argument gentlemen" returned Ackroyd coolly, "I maintain the evidence is circumstantial, which you appear to deny. Now none of you will pretend to say that anybody actually saw the prisoner take away that cushion."

"What has that to do with it?" cried one impatiently, "oh, don't be such an ass, Ackroyd."

"My name is not Dogberry that you need apply such an epithet to me," answered Ackroyd laughing. "But look here before we go any further, can one of you lay down from a legal standpoint, what part of the evidence in this case is circumstantial, and what is direct?"

"Any fool can do that" said one,

"I am not asking what a fool can do," retorted Ackroyd blandly "I am wanting a legal definition."

"Oh, if you come to that, for heaven's sake let us go back, and obtain a decision from the judge."

"By all means, that is precisely what I would have proposed myself if you had not interrupted me" said Ackroyd with unblushing effrontery, and back the jury went into court.

Sir Michael Jelly, on having the question propounded to him, explained in his usual courteous manner, the difference between circumstantial and direct evidence, whereupon Ackroyd remarked, "Then I presume my Lord that the evidence, in this particular case, partakes to a certain extent of both kinds."

"Undoubtedly" replied the judge,

"Would your lordship be so kind as to explain to me, which part of the evidence is direct, and which circumstantial?" enquired Ackroyd in the most polite manner.

The judge did so, and the jury once more retired, but only to return after a period, with some equally ridiculous point. The time had now slipped by to half past twelve, and Sir Michael's courtsey was beginning to feel the strain put upon it, so in giving his explanation he observed that if there was really no chance of the jury's agreeing upon what he must say, was one of the simplest, and plainest cases he had ever had before him, he would dis-

charge them, and postpone the case till the next term.

"And catch your train," muttered Ackroyd to himself, "not if I know it my boy."

Then aloud, "Pardon me my Lord, after your very lucid explanation I have no doubt we shall agree shortly, in fact in a few minutes."

"I sincerely trust so gentlemen," returned Sir Michael, as the jury again retired.

At five minutes to one o'clock Ackroyd cried out "Bless my soul, I see it all now, how stupid I have been! I apologize to everyone of you in the humblest manner,—guilty of course."

The verdict was rendered, but Sir Michael could not proceed to *Maharajahmarr till Monday, and Ackroyd* chuckled as he confided to me that he was avenged!

Upon another occasion when Ackroyd happened to be foreman, he was the one who desired to expedite business, and it was one of the Mahometans who was not quite sure of the prisoner's guilt. Who could be perfectly certain of the guilt or innocence I wonder in a community where perjury could be purchased for from a couple of annas up to a rupee? I often think, that a jury in India must mentally change oath, to render the verdict "according to the evidence," into "according to which side perjures itself the least." To return, the jury had retired and on the door closing Ackroyd briskly observed, "Well gentlemen, I suppose we are all agreed—the prisoner is guilty."

The only dissenting voice was that of the Mahometan aforesaid, who ventured to put in "I tink sahib—" "Hush,—sh—sh!" cried Ackroyd, holding up his hand.

"But sahib—"

"But me no buts," retorted Ackroyd impressively "I am the foreman I believe"

"Still—" persisted the man.

"Silence—Chooperao" roared Ackroyd "who are you that you should interfere with a verdict.—Let us return to court."

A Mussulman thinks slowly, and it was not until the jury had returned into court, and the verdict of "guilty," been given, that the "still, small voice," often very still and very small, roused up the Mahometan, who rising, began in broken English, some disjointed oration, about the equality of jurymen, which considerably astonished Sir Michael Jelly, who stooping over to the clerk of the court said urbanely "will you have the goodness to tell that man to sit down?"

"Sit down," shouted the clerk, "Bito!" and the wretched man obeyed,

whereupon Ackroyd calmly, and with cutting irony remarked, "Yes my Lord and I regret to state that this is not the first time to-day, that that jurymen has endeavoured to frustrate the ends of justice."

The consummate impudence of the words was simply sublime.

Poor Ackroyd, he was a genial fellow, and I like to remember him at his best, when he was asked out everywhere, and had a good career before him, but he wrecked his life by one act of mad folly. There was an unwritten law among the English in India, reading, "Thou shalt not marry one whose blood has any trace of the tar brush therein," and a man who went contrary to that law, committed social suicide. Ackroyd was perfectly well aware of the commandment and the penalty exacted for breaking the same, yet he deliberately estranged himself, and then was angry with and cursed the world, for doing what he knew beforehand it would do. And all for a mahogany colored female, who, according to her race, would be old before he was past his prime, who could never be a companion to him, who could not bring up his children, as he would like them to be brought up, and who, instead of being only "a little lower than the angels," was very little higher than the beasts that perish."

I may be accused of writing strongly about a mere question of color, and possibly there may be some who will shake W. Dean Howell's "Imperative Duty" before my face, with cries of "shame!" to which enthusiasts, I can merely bow, and point to the results of the intermingling of the races, in the French settlement of Pondicherry, or the Portuguese possession of Goa, which clearly prove that both parent stokes have deteriorated. But we are drifting into a much wider field than I had any intention of, and to return; I was heartily grieved to see my friend Ackroyd, with the instincts and education of a gentleman, perform an act which practically isolated him, and as with, as might have been foreseen, the natural results—loss of temper, remedy brandy pawnee; loss of the society of cultivated women, remedy, more brandy pawnee.—I would rather not go on, but prefer to draw a veil over this sad picture of a life thrown away, and turn to more congenial ores.

The newest story of a parvenue abroad is related of a very rich American who rented a furnished house at Nice, and after studying the lease for some days, unwilling to confess her ignorance of French, sent out cards for a reception inscribed "Maison Garnie, Nice!"

TWO VENTURES.

BY HURKARU.

CHAPTER VIII—THE TELEGRAM.

We must now return to Madeline. As my readers are well aware those who do not live in tenement houses, or are not otherwise bound by the exigencies of business, generally escape from the burning pavements of New York during the summer months, and Madeline—not being “a flower born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air”—had never “within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant,” which is the correct expression I believe, spent July and August within one hundred miles of Fifth Avenue. She had on former occasions crossed the Atlantic, strolled on the shores of Normandy, or Brittany, paraded the pier at Brighton, or visited Ben Lomond, Killarney, or Saw Fell, but in the year of which I am writing she went no further than Scarborough Beach, since her father's occupations did not permit of his being absent from New York more than a few days consecutively. She was accompanied by Annetto, whose husband, besides being consulting or assistant engineer for the Colorado Tunnel, was engaged upon some important bridge operations in the States of New York and New Jersey.

Scarborough Beach, as I need not tell you, is a continuation of Old Orchard, being part of the same magnificent shore and washed by the same grand rolling surf.

Madeline had chosen this resort as being comparatively quiet, not troubled much by ubiquitous newspaper interviewers, and where there was not only good sea bathing, but that rest so thoroughly appreciated after the turmoil of New York.

Have you ever been to Scarborough Beach? If not, go the first opportunity for it is delightful for those who desire to practice the “dolce far niente,” and throw aside everything except pure laziness. And what happiness it is, at times, to be really lazy? To watch the big breakers come dashing towards you—the foam with which they are crowned sparkling in the sun—as you repose on the clean dry sand; the children shouting and gesticulating like infantine navies, as they shovel and load their little buckets. Or peradventure, clothed in your bathing costume, you roll under those billows, float on their crests, or dive through them, as your humor or your skill decides, and even then you hear the merry laughs of the boys and girls who, like yourself, are enjoying their holiday, gasping and spluttering in a way which makes your heart glad. For what would life be without those small cherubs to sweeten it. Acquaintances die off, friends fall away, but oh my bachelor wayfarer let us in the midst of our bad tempers feel kindly to-



MR BLOOMINGSWELL has just told Miss BLUSHINGTON that by holding her face up to her eyes, she has indulged him with two of the most enchanting fan's eyes he ever fancied.

wards those little ones whose innocent mirth blesses the homes of rich or poor, if we “forbid them not” as was commanded by One who had been a child Himself.

Madeline and Annetto had returned from their morning dip, and were seated in their cottage facing the sea in a kind of “demi-toilette,” engaged in the interesting occupation of drying their hair which was hanging over their wrappers—or whatever you call them—in distracting loveliness, the blue black and light flaxen tresses being side by side, each setting off the beauty of the other by the charming contrast.

“How deliciously strong and cool you feel after a good plunge in the sea,” remarked Madeline, passing the comb through her locks.

“Oh yes indeed it is so,” said Annetto, “and yet the water here is quite warm. At Kamazaska, or Murray Bay, where it was my pleasure to go, the water was cold always and we could not there remain but a little while.”

“We shall soon make you a perfect American Annetto,” observed Madeline smiling.

“And why not? My husband is he not an American, and do you not perhaps remember what the Ruth of the Scriptures said about the people of him who had chosen her?”

“Upon my word Annetto I think I must call you your shaw’ you are so completely wrapped up in him,” said Madeline laughing.

“A shawl! But that is droll is it not?” cried Annetto quite pleased.

At that moment there was a knock at the door and Madeline's maid entered with a telegram, which was from her father and read as follows:—“Off to Denver, papers will explain. Guy will write.”

“Annetto, there is something wrong with the Colorado Tunnel,” observed Madeline quietly, as she handed over the bit of yellow paper.

“Oh Madeline, what can it be?” “Probably nothing very important,” was the reply in a voice just a trifle hard, “at any rate the papers will be here when we go to lunch, and we may as well finish dressing.”

The papers arrived while they were at luncheon, and there in large type they read:—“**FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION IN THE GREAT COLORADO TUNNEL. TOTAL COLLAPSE. OVER ONE HUNDRED MEN BURIED ALIVE, INCLUDING THE CHIEF ENGINEER. ORIGIN OF THE CATASTROPHE CULPABLE CARELESSNESS. WIDOWS AND ORPHANS APPEAL TO HEAVEN FOR SUCCOR.**” And then followed a graphic account of the disaster, written by some reporter who, having reached the spot some hours after the explosion, was of course fully competent to enter into a minute description of what had occurred, and did not scruple to declare that it was evident the accident—if such it could be termed—resulted from a gross oversight on the part of the chief engineer who, along with a hundred innocent men, had paid the penalty with his life, it being scarcely possible that any could be rescued. We all know the kind of reports which find their way to the papers, and which afterwards have to be greatly modified in some respects, and flatly contradicted in others, but meanwhile the tale goes forth and is read by thousands.

Madeline laid down the paper steadily, though her color had faded, and rising said, in a surprisingly calm voice, “Annetto, if you don't mind I should like to take a walk on the beach by myself. I will come back presently.”

“You do not believe —” began Annetto trembling.

“That slander? No, I do not,” replied Madeline almost sternly, as she left the room.

Along the beach she paced, far away from the crowds of idlers and she was quite alone, with the fresh salt breeze fanning her cheeks. There are some who, when they are hurt, must let all their friends know it; they bare their wounds and roar aloud for sympathy, but there are others who hide their grief and “refuse to be comforted.” Nay they even

smile like the Spartan youth, with the fox gnawing at them underneath the cloak. It is not, I fancy, that they are hard or cold, but more self-reliant, and consider some feelings too sacred to be exposed outside a certain sanctuary. How was it that Dugdale had acquired such an influence over the fashionable New York beauty? She knew scores who were more polished in their manners, better looking and better dressed. She had been courted and sought after by numbers in every way his superior, from a worldly or a social point of view. Wealth, and even titles, had been offered at her shrine, yet the heart of the reigning belle of the Empire City had never been touched until this rugged engineer had knocked for admittance. How well she now recalled the few words he had said the last time she saw him, when he alluded to his two ventures! She felt, she knew, he had loved her, and she had admired the modesty which had withheld his open declaration for a time, being himself bound, but too generous to bind her in return. And this was the end—death, with a slur cast upon his name! She did not believe in the latter, but what did it signify? What did anything signify? She could not help thinking that life was one grand mistake, as others have done before her, poor girl, and will do again. In former pages I passed a sneer upon the constancy of men's affections—that is of course for the first, second or sixth time they take the disease, but I believe my gallantry, or what not, made an exception in favor of the fair sex saying they were always faithful. Yes, they have fewer distractions than we have, or at least those distractions are more frivolous and less engrossing than ours, so that though I laughed at Guy for the ease with which he recovered from, and transferred, his love, I have nought but pity for Madeline, because cupid's dart has struck much deeper with her, and it is certainly not with a smile that I watch her taking her solitary walk along the beach that day.

When she returned to the house she was outwardly quite composed, and Annetie knew her well enough by this time not to harp upon a subject which could not be otherwise than painful.

To be continued.

### Medicine in Fiction.

Even the Best of Authors Display a Curious Ignorance of Scientific Facts.

We laughed when Mark Twain proposed to deliver a course of lectures upon chemistry before the Royal Society, adding that he was "in a position to do this with greater freedom because he knew nothing whatever about the science," but the public do not laugh at, but take in all seriousness the medical incidents and opinions scattered up and down the pages of the novels and poems which so com-

monly deal with medical matters. One of the strange medical things in "Monte Cristo" is the way in which the old revolutionist Noirtier manages to live on, paralyzed in every part of his body except his eyelids, which he winks freely. Yet the old fellow reasons acutely, and finds no difficulty whatever in swallowing food or drink. Dumas seemed absolutely unaware that such a paralytic condition as he describes in Noirtier's case involved of necessity brain damage of the most serious kind. Elsewhere Dumas made a guillotined head speak and weep. In one of his tales in the volume "Les mille et un Fantomes" there is a story of a man engaged in making experiments on heads fresh from the guillotine in the reign of Terror. Then there was Krook, the Lord Chancellor in "Bleak House," who went off the earthly stage by spontaneous combustion. Dickens might well be excused for falling into an error which was at that time commonly believed in by people who ought to have known better. Bulwer Lytton went in for medical wonders in "Zanoni," but as he was a student of mystic lore, and actually learned magic from a professed thaumaturgist, the Abbe Constant, his wonders were attributable not so much to his ignorance of medical science as to his belief in the elixir of life and the transmutation of metals. It is not surprising that even George Eliot, with all her knowledge of the innermost workings of the human mind, should have lost her way when dealing with the morbid changes of mind and brain. Tito's father, Baldassare, had been a great scholar, but after a long illness his memory upon recovery became a perfect blank; he could recall nothing of his scholarship, though he had not forgotten who he was. With all this, Baldassare is not represented as having lost his reason; he remembers his past life, but he can no longer read or write or recall any of his scholarship for which he had been so distinguished. It was not amnesia nor agraphia with which he was afflicted; it was a form of cerebral disease known only to the eminent novelist.

Wilkie Collins made a specialty of his medical knowledge, and it was upon this account that he was induced to undertake an anti-vivisection novel, which he published under the name of "Heart and Science." The work was equally unsatisfactory both to the persons who inspired it and to the general public. Wilkie Collins's effort in this direction was a complete failure, and his medical men and his wonderful drugs could never have existed outside his own imagination. In Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," where Sydney Carton substitutes himself for the condemned Evremonde, we have premonitions of the chloroform which was to be discovered fifty years later—the chloroform of popular imagination, however, and by

no means the CUC' of the 'Pharmacopœia.' The poets are, if possible, even worse offenders in the matter of their death-scenes than the novelists. A man pulls a two-drachm vial of some poison from his breast, swallows the contents, proceeds to make a 200-line speech without a pang or gasp, staggers gracefully backwards to a conveniently placed seat, drops upon it, clasps the region of the heart with both hands, and dies after a little convulsive movement of the legs. Heart disease, too, carries off heroines in a fashion quite unknown to doctors, and, although it is of the variety known as "broken heart," has characteristics which must not be generally associated with fracture of so important an organ.—From the British Medical Journal.

### Chinese Dentistry.

"Chinese practise dentistry to a considerable extent and with remarkable success in Chinatown, San Francisco," said G. C. Cochrane, of that city, at the *Leland* yesterday. "There is one of the tooth-pulling craft among them who has a string attached to the upper window of his house and reaching to the lower, in which is set an array of white teeth, with a notice to the effect that they have all been extracted in a certain space of time. The Celestials claim that they have in their own country a powder a pinch of which will cause an attack of sneezing, during which the aching tooth will drop out. A voyage across the ocean, they say, destroys its effect. But they have introduced something in this country which rots away the tissue of the gum and causes swelling, suppuration and eventual destruction of the tooth. Arsenic for one thing will do it, but it is exceedingly dangerous. It is curious that the Chinese, who lack sensibility, should dread an operation which the white man undergoes without any fear.—From the *Chicago Herald*."

The crown of England is studded with jewels whose value amounts to nearly half a million of dollars. Around the circle there are twenty diamonds worth \$7,500 each, making \$150,000, two large centre diamonds worth \$20,000, fifty-four smaller diamonds, placed at the angle of the former, each \$500; four crosses, each composed of twenty-five diamonds, \$60,000; four large diamonds on the top of the crosses, \$20,000; twelve diamonds, contained in the fleur-de-lis, \$50,000; eighteen smaller diamonds contained in the same, \$10,000; pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones upon the arches and crosses, \$50,000; also one hundred and forty-one other small diamonds, \$25,000; twenty-six diamonds in the upper cross, \$15,500; two circles of pearls about the rim, \$15,000. The crown of England is evidently worth inheriting.

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From Report of James F. Pierce, Insurance Commissioner for the State  
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Liabilities.....	110,806,267.50
Surplus.....	15,141,023.31
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