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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 24.

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS, Sr.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 15, 1883.

THE WEEK.

ANOTHER terrible slaughter is recorded. Seven hundred and twenty Egyptian troops while out reconnoitering in the vicinity of Suakim, on Thursday, were attacked by the rebels and cut to pieces, only fifty men escaping. The rebels of the False Prophet seem to hold the whole country outside of Egypt proper.

THE Irish members of the American Congress are exerting a pressure on President Arthur in favor of O'Donnell. It can be made very embarrassing for the President if this movement is persisted in, because the Irish population of the United States is a preponderating element in politics and practically holds the balance of power.

THE visit of the Crown Prince of Germany to the Pope, if it really takes place, will be a very significant event. In the present condition of the German Empire, the Catholics are an important factor, being considerably over one-third of the population, while the whole of South Germany is Catholic. It is therefore necessary for Berlin to come to some understanding with the Vatican.

THERE are three electoral contests next Friday, in Ontario, upon which the existence of the Provincial Government may be said to depend. It is hard to see, however, what real advantage the Opposition would gain, even if they carried these seats. Should Mr. Mowat resign, who would take his place? Surely, Mr. Meredith with his present following would not be strong enough.

CANADA's example bids fair to be followed in the Australian Colonies. The bill for the formation of the Federal Council, drawn up by the International Conference, provides that each colony shall be represented by two members and the Crown by one member from each colony. There will be yearly sessions, the first session to be held at Hobart Town. The Council was given authority regarding the relations of the colonies with the Pacific Islanders so as to prevent the influx of criminals. The Royal assent will be necessary to give effect to the decision of the Council.

TENNYSON has been asked to reconsider his refusal to accept a peerage, and the Queen has had conveyed to him her strong desire to make him a peer. A friend of Tennyson writes that

he has a vivid recollection of hearing him say, "When I was a young man a lord was looked upon as a small god almighty. Thank Heaven that is fast changing." If the pressure from the Queen should succeed Tennyson would probably take his own name for his title. That is right. Tennyson's name should not be hidden under a title. Let him like Lord Macaulay and others who retained the names which they had made illustrious.

It is really discouraging to read of a man occupying the position of a newspaper editor and member of Congress, sending forth to the world such sentiments as this:—"O'Donnell's killing of Carey was the 'boldest avengement of history, and the most honorable,' and his conviction by the usual English hanging jury and the inevitable partizan English judge, has put an end for ever in the Irish mind to all hope of even or ordinary justice from Englishmen, the paper declaring it will never again raise a cent to defend any Irishman in a British Court, and never contribute or advocate the contribution of any more money unless it be for the purpose of striking terror into the heart of the overgrown dastard that hesitates at no crime to maintain iniquitous power, and that never fails to whine abjectly when forces superior to her own are applied to make her quail. The Irish race failed to save O'Donnell, but must not fail to avenge him. The editorial further declares that England shows no mercy, and Ireland will no longer show any, and while England points to her ships and cannon, Ireland may point to the wreck of Parliament Buildings."

FAREWELL TO MY COUNTRY.

We re-produce the following lament, by the late Rev. Donald Kelly, A.M., the minister of the parish of Southend, as being most appropriate at the present time on his wife's relative, the Marquis of Lansdowne, being appointed by his Sovereign successor to the Marquis of Lorne as Governor of Upper and Lower Canada, as showing the regard the author had for our countrymen who went to those parts from Kintyre, and from his own parish of Southend in particular. The lament was first written about the year 1833, in Gaelic, by Mr. Kelly, and addressed "Tormoid Macleoid, D.D., Campsie," to help to fill up a book the Doctor was then writing called *Leabhar nan Cnoc* :—

FAREWELL TO MY COUNTRY.

O dear-loved glen where I was born
And must it be that rudely torn
From thee, with wife and bairns I sever,
To see thy face no more for ever.

And must I travel far away,
When strength is small and locks are grey,
And years are few that bear me down
Like the stone that rolls from the mountain's crown.

And eye, with mist of age all dim,
And travelling foot and laggard limb,
And a heart like a harp with a broken string,
And a breast that brings no breath to sing.

In vain you raise the strain of glee,
The blithe note wakes no joy in me:
My gun went down in the darkness west
No more to lit his shining crest.

O, wife of my love! so mild and sweet,
Let not thy tears flow down so fleet;
Thy grief but steals thy strength away
When friends are far in the evil day.

I'm woe to see thee worn and wan,
And me a helpless frail old man;
And the place where we lived on plenty's store
A place of rest for us no more.

New people are come to hold command,
And the brave and the good must be the land;
The sons of the brave shall own no more
The mist-capped ben and the wave-lapped shore.

They are gone from the land with their deeds of grace
And we are a headless and helpless race,
As weak as the reed in the sweep of the blast,
Or the weed of the sea on the sea-shore east.

Go, my children, and far in the west
New skies drop ruth on the place of your rest,
Though far from Albyn's bens and roars
Of the old grey sea and the old grey shore.

Away, away across the sea,
Though the wish, God knows, was far from me,
Nearer my heart was the prayer to God
To sleep with my kin 'neath the old green sod.

And the tears from my eyes are falling hot
When I see the grey ruin that once was a cot,
And look for the loved ones that peopled the brae,
But now they are scattered and far away.

No more a dear friend's kindly greeting
At noon nor eve shall cheer our meeting,
And the glen that rung with the voices of glee,
Is silent and dumb with despair to me.

Where be the lads that were gallant and gay,
And the blithe-faced lassies where be they?
Where the old men that never looked sour,
And where the sweet song's soothing power?

Where is the hall with the liberal lord
Who fed the hungry with gracious board?
Banished is he, far over the main,
Where host shall never see guest again.

Stranger that wanderest through the glen
Thou lookest in vain for the haunts of men,
Thou shalt not clasp a fair maid's hand,
Nor lad nor lass remains in the land.

Thou shalt not see her wending home
At eve with her pail of creamy foam;
Thou shalt not hear her birthsong when
She gathers her brindled goats from the glen.

Thou shalt not see with decent pride,
The mild old man by the greenwood side,
Nor son nor tale shall he ask from thee,
Nor fear 't' the glen, nor sport shall be.

Weary with travel, thou shalt not see
A door of welcome ope'd to thee,
Nor dwelling is there but the old grey stone
With moss and nettles rudely grown.

Look for the hall where the grass is green,
Pluck the fern where the floor hath been,
And where the ingle was blazing red,
Press now the heather beneath thy tread.

The grace of the knolls is gone; no more
Thou seest the seat of the elders' hour,
When they span the praise of the good old time
With the shrewd old saw and the wise old rhyme.

And round them the young men sat in a ring,
And their young souls floated on wandering wing,
Drinking delight from the brave old tale,
When freedom was nursed in the land of the Gael.

And why are we banished with outcast ban?
What treason was done by the sons of the clan?
Did we against a King rebel?
That in our homes' twere sin to dwell?

No! That no tongue yet dared to say—
We lived in loyal and peaceful way,
Though many were keen to fish for blame
In us they found no sin nor shame.

But men were there who basely sold
Right for power, and love for gold;
And the law but stronger made the strong
That should have saved the weak from wrong.

But time may come on Britain when
They'll seek for men on the land of the ben,
But ben and glen shall yield no man
That once swarmed with the trooping clan.

Lorn and lonely the friendless thane
Shall sigh for his people back again,
Mocked by the whey-faced loons who hold
The land he basely pawned for gold.

He shall be left alone, alone
Without a clansman, no, not one,
For far are they across the wave,
The wretched remnant of the brave.

He shall weep the bitter tear
For the wrong that was done by the hand that was
As e'er looked the broad-eyed sun in the face.

When he banished the men, as noble a race
As e'er looked the broad-eyed sun in the face.

But though he pour his grief like a river,
He may recall them never, never,
Who bear in their bosoms the memory keen
Of the wrongs they have known, and the things they
have seen.

He shall sit a lonesome wight,
Like a bird of the dark in a cave at night,
And weep for the sin of his soul when he sold
The love of his people for silver and gold.

He shall weep, till wiser grown
He maketh the joy of the people his own,
And gladder live to rule brave men
Than to count ten thousand sheep in the glen.

But 'twill be long before the land
Is plenshed again with the stalwart hand,
The old oak falls when the harsh winds blow,
But the tender shoots take years to grow.

When fails the seed of the mighty men
A feebler people fill the glen,
Unpraised by bard—whom live and rot
Like their own sheep upon the spot.

But who is he across the heather
That lies this way?—'Tis my brother:
He bringeth news which I must hear,
Or good or bad with open ear.

Tell me, brother, must we go
With sail outspread where the breezes blow,
Or may we lay, this night, our head
Once more where we were born and bred.

The sail on the mast is hoisted high,
The breeze on the ben is sweeping high,
Rest for us is here no more,
We must sleep 'mid ocean's roar.

Farewell, my children, we must go,
Though air will say ten times no:
The ben and the glen, and the tree and the river
Must vanish from our sight for ever.

Farewell to the deer on the mountain heather,
I'll track them no more with my face to the weather;
No more the rose on the lawn shall see,
Nor the silly young kid on the crag for me.

Farewell to the birds that sing in the morn,
The wood and the ben, with the old grey hen;
Farewell to the brindled goat on the brae,
The sheep with the white-faced lambs at play.

Farewell to the house with the liberal grace,
And the door never shut in the stranger's face:
Farewell to the cold, grey stones that keep
The bones of my sires in their dreamless sleep.

Farewell, dear Albyn, with ben and glen,
This night I must leave you, and never again
My foot thy dear green soil shall know:
Farewell! farewell!—O, waly woe!

The new Governor-General is eminently Scotch, being grandson of the late Margaret Mercer, Baroness Keith and Nairn, who was the grand-daughter of Robert Nairn, who fell at Culloden in 1746. Robert Nairn's double cousin, the Earl of Dunmore, was the last Governor of New York and Virginia, which he left in 1776. We wish his kinsman, the new Governor-General, better luck in the New World. If a descendant of Cortez, Columbus or Pizarro had been made governor of a region in the New World, it might be suggested by those acquainted with history that he had some hereditary right. The same idea applies to the Marquis of Lansdowne. His ancestor Andrew Mercer, a Spanish Admiral, was one of those intrepid men by virtue of whose great courage and rare talents Spain claimed the empire of the seas. Long before an English navy was ever heard of Admiral Mercer commanded the combined fleets of Spain, France and Scotland against England.—*The Campbelltown Courier*.

MEISSONIER.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, the distinguished French painter, was born at Lyons about 1813, and went while young to Paris, where he studied his art under M. Lion Cogniat. He developed remarkable ingenuity in microscope painting, which no one in France had attempted before him, and his success as soon as he emerged from his pupilage, was immediate. His "Little Messenger," exhibited in 1836, attracted the attention and elicited the applause of critics, who were astonished that so much precision could be allied to such delicacy of finish; and from that day his fame steadily increased until it reached the point of eminence which it has finally held. His pictures of the *Salon* never fail to attract crowds or admirers, while such of his precious canvasses as reach England evoke equal enthusiasm. Among his more famous pictures are "The Reader," "The Chess-Players," "A Game of Piquet," "A Charge of Cavalry" (which was sold for \$36,000), "The Skittle Players," "The Emperor of Soffering," and "The Fight." Meissonier was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1846, was made Grand Officer in 1856, Commander in 1867, and member of the Academy of Beaux Arts in 1861, and is one of the five honorary foreign Royal Academicians of England.

M. Meissonier has erected, from the proceeds of his successes, a magnificent house close to the Parc Monceau, in Paris which is, in some sense a triumph of his artistic taste—every detail of ornament, as well as the architectural work of the building, having been designed by his own hand. It is in the style of the Italian Renaissance. The painter's studio is a hall of entirely Italian magnitude—as large as the vaulted *salon* which occupies half the first story of a Genoese palace. At his country home at Poissy, M. Meissonier lives near his son and pupil, who is himself a painter of distinction, and he finds here, it is said, in the seclusion of family intimacies, some of his happiest hours.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES READE, whose health is so much bettered that he has begun another long novel, announced by *Harper's Weekly*, also continues his short stories for *Harper's Magazine*, and will be represented in its Christmas Number by "There's many a Ship 'twixt the Cup and the Lip." He is planning also a series of studies of Bible Characters.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER's skilled pen and pleasant humor are becoming manifest in the *Editor's Drawer* of *Harper's*, in the little prefatory articles of each month, as well as in the selection of material. In the Christmas (December) Number he has his say about Christmas, and, so to speak, gives thanks after the feast, as Mr. George William Curtis's paper on "Christmas," leading the number with lavish illustration, says grace before meat.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK is not one of the people, if there are any, who came to their success by mere luck or without hard work in getting ready for it. He is fond of telling that he destroyed more than one novel before he succeeded in satisfying himself that he had fair reason to seek the public ear, and for the scenery and character of his novels he has made always the most careful studies. The West Highlands have been his favorite ground—and of these he tells in "A Gossip about the West Highlanders" which in the shape of a letter to a friend he contributes to the Christmas *Harper's*. In a private letter he says: "My boyhood's holidays were mostly spent in the Western isles; my first literary sketches were written about them; and scarcely a year has passed since then that I have not explored some portion or other of that variegated, sea-girt, and picturesque country.

MR. GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, the American English artist, who is both an A.N.A. and an A.R.A., has always told a story in his pictures, as "The Return of the Mayflower" sufficiently suggests, but it is only lately that he has taken to story telling with the pen. His "literary career," as the biographers say, began somewhat accidentally. Three years or more ago, the editor of *Harper's* projected the series of papers on Holland, as an admirable field for the pictorial genius of Boughton and Abbey, who undertook to make the trip together. When the question of a writer was considered, it was suggested that the artists themselves should make notes for the benefit of the writer; then that the artists themselves should write the papers and, finally, Mr. Boughton relieved Mr. Abbey of his share, and did the work himself. How happy the result the readers of the *Harper's Magazine* know. Mr. Boughton himself was so pleased with this new "method of expression," to use an artist's phrase, that, though one of the hardest working artists in London, he has found time to continue his literary work, and he will make his first appearance as a story writer in the Christmas Number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Boughton, it will be remembered was born in Albany, N.Y., and the subject of his story, "The Kissing Bridge," is a legend of Albany in colonial days. He illustrates his own story with a charming full-page picture.

It is sometimes one of the misfortunes of being able to do many things well that a man of that ability is called upon to do so many things as to minimize his greatness in any one. Bayard Taylor, who was notable as a traveller, a novelist, a poet, a linguist, a lecturer, finally as

a diplomat, suffered in this way. On the other hand, to the men that care more about doing real work than getting credit for it, the variety of opportunity gives immense increase of power. It is difficult to estimate the moral force of which George William Curtis, for instance, has been the source. People have had time to forget—so much quiet work has been done since—the aggressive power which he displayed in the early days of the Republican party, when he “stumped” the East for Fremont in 1856, and at the Chicago Convention in 1860, electrified the convention and the country by his successful appeal for a bold and fearless platform; and even his early literary work, as “Nile Notes” and the “Potiphar Papers” have been thrown into the background by his later work as a journalist. But there are few men who, in all the years since, have been able to show the moulding power on public opinion and particularly in relation to the younger men who are to make the future, a power which has increased with each year of partisan abuse and rallery. His trenchant editorial work in *Harper's Weekly*, is meantime supplemented by the quiet influence upon men and manners exerted through the *Evening Chair of Harper's Magazine*. This intermittent editorial work, and the constant calls upon his time for public service and addresses have perhaps kept him too much from distinctively literary work, so that it is pleasant to note that he will contribute to the Christmas Number of the *Magazine*, as its leading article, an essay upon “Christmas,” in which he contrasts the English good cheer of Christmas with the grim Puritan distaste for the day now so thoroughly a thing of the past even in New England.

PECK'S BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

“Say, mister,” said the bad boy to the grocery man as he came in burying his face in a California pear, “it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it.”

“What's that?” said the grocery man turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. “Get away from there,” and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was printed, “Take one.” “I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chromos of a new clothes-wringer, for people to take one, and by gum, the wind has blown that sign over on to the basket of pears, and I suppose every darn fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business. Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?” and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

“No, sir-ree,” said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, “I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same, though,” and the boy put up his hands like a prize fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.

“O, say,” said the grocery man, confidentially, “there is a rumour that our minister is a reformed prize-fighter, and an old maid that was in here yesterday says he has been fighting with your pa. Do you know anything about it?”

“Know anything about it? I know all about it. It was me that brought about the meeting between them,” and the boy dodged away from an imaginary opponent in a prize ring, and tipped over a barrel of ax helves.

“You see, me and my chum have a set of boxing-gloves, and we go down in the laundry in the basement and box with each other evenings. Since I got the Irish boy to box with pa, last summer, and he pated pa in the nose, pa has not visited the laundry to see us box, but last night the minister called to talk with pa about raising money to pay the church debt, and they heard us down stairs warning each other with the gloves, and the minister asked pa what it was, and pa said the boys were having a little innocent amusement with boxing gloves, and he asked the minister if he thought there was any harm in it, and the minister said he didn't think there was. He said when he was in college the students used to box in the gymnasium every day, and he enjoyed it very much, and got so he didn't take a back seat for any of them. He said the only student that ever got the best of him in boxing was one who is now preaching in Chicago, and he was the hardest hitter in the college. Pa asked the minister if he wouldn't like to go down cellar and see the boys box and he said he didn't mind, and so they came down where we were. I felt really ashamed when the minister came down, and was going to apologize, but the minister said he considered boxing the healthiest exercise there was, and if our people would practice more with boxing-gloves and dumbbells, there would be less liver complaint, and less need of summer vacations. Me and my chum boxed a couple of rounds, and the minister told us where we made several mistakes, and then pa got excited and wanted the minister to put on the gloves with him. But he said he was out of practice, and he did not know but it would cause talk in the church if it should get out that he had been boxing with one of the members, but pa told him nobody would ever know it, and it would do them both good, and so the minister took off

his coat, let his suspenders hang down, rolled up his sleeves, and they put on the gloves. I tell you it was fun for us boys, and I enjoyed it better than a circus. Pa is a pretty hard hitter, but he hasn't got the wind that the minister has. Pa pranced around, and the minister kept his face guarded, 'cause he didn't want to have to preach with a black eye, but pretty soon pa made a pass at the preacher and took him ‘biff’ right on the nose, but he rallied and landed one on pa's stomach, and made pa grunt. The blow on the nose made the minister perspire, and he was more excited than I ever saw him when he was preaching, and he danced around pa until he got a good chance and then he landed one on pa's eye and the other under pa's ear, and pa gave him one on the eye, and they clinched, and the minister got pa's head under his arm and was giving it to pa real hard, just as ma and three of the sisters of the church came down cellar to see ma's canned fruit, and the minister got pa's legs tangled and threw him against ma, and they both went into a clothes basket of wet clothes, and ma yelled ‘police,’ and she scratched pa on the side of the face, and the minister turned suddenly and one glove hit the deacon's wife on the bangs and knocked the hair off, and the minister was excited and he said, ‘whoop! I'm a bad man. This makes me think of when I was on the turf,’ and the women yelled murder. Ma picked pa out of the clothes basket, and held his head, and wiped his bloody nose on a pillow case, and pa was mad at the minister for striking so hard, and the minister said he shouldn't have struck hard only pa pated him on the nose, and pa said it it was no such thing, and referred to my chum, who was referee, and the women all said it was a perfect shame to see a minister descend to become a slugger, and I guess they are going to bring the minister up before the committee and bounce him. We all got on our coats and went up-stairs, and finally ma furnished some court plaster for the minister's nose, and he went home with two of the sisters, though they insisted that he should wear soft gloves, so if he got on a boxing tantum on the way home he couldn't hurt them.

The minister felt real bad about hurting pa, and pa says that he will never attend church again, as he should feel all the time as though the minister would be liable to escape from the pulpit and knock him out in one round. If the women had kept out of the cellar nobody would ever have known anything about it, but it is all over town now. Say, do you think it is right for a minister to hide his talents under a bushel, or should he put on gloves when members of his church want him to?”

“By gum, I don't know,” said the grocery man. “But if I was a minister, and could box, and anybody went to putting on any seelaps over me, I would, at least I think I would, from the light I have before me now, knock his two eyes into one. What's the use of learning to box, and then allow folks to boss you around. I have seen some ministers go around in a meek and lowly manner, taking slack from every deacon in church, and being made to feel as though he was an object of charity, who could whip the whole congregation in a fair, stand up fight, and I sometimes think if such a minister would get on his ear and knock a few of his persecutors down a couple of pairs of stairs, they would have more respect for him. But it is fashionable for ministers to seem to be dependent sort of people, and I suppose it always will be.”

“Well I must go and get a couple of oysters to put on pa's eyes, to take out the black,” and the boy went out and put the sign ‘take one’ on a pile of dressed chickens.—*Peck's Sun*.

OLD JAKE VS. CHEESE.

Some years since I was employed as warehouse clerk in a large shipping-house in New Orleans. One day a vessel came in consigned to the house, having on board a large lot of cheeses from New York. During the voyage some of them became damaged by bilge water, the ship having been leaky, consequently the owners refused to receive it, as it was not as the bill of lading said—delivered in good order and well conditioned—they were, therefore, sent to the consignees of the ship, to be stored until the case could be adjusted. I discovered a few days afterward that as perfume they were decidedly too fragrant to remain in the warehouse in June, and reported the same to the concern, from whom I received orders to have them overhauled and send all that were passable to Beard & Colborn's auction mart, to be disposed of for the benefit of the underwriters, and the rest to the swamp. I got a gang of black boys to work on them and they soon stirred them up.

Presently the boys turned out a big fellow about three feet across the stump, from which the box had rotted off, and in the centre a space of ten inches was very much decayed and appeared to be about the consistency of mush, of a bluish tint, which was caused by the bilge water—the boys had just set it upon its edge on a bale of gunny bags—when I noticed over the way a big darkey from Charleston, S. Co., who was notorious in his quality in the line I had seen him and another fellow the night previous practising. They would stand one each side of a hydrant, some ten yards distant, and run at each other with their heads lowered, and clapping their hands on they hydrant would butt like veteran rams. A thought struck me that I might cure him of his bragging and butting, and have sport also; so I told the boys to keep dark, and I called old Jake over.

“They tell me you are a great fellow for butting, Jake?”

“I is some, massa, dat's a fac', I done butt de wool 'tiredly orf ole Pete's head las' nite, and Massa Nickols was gwine to give me goss. I kin jiss buck de head orf ob any nigger in dese parts myself, I kin.”

“Well, Jake, I have got a little job in that line for you when you haven't got anything else to do.”

“I is on han' for all dem kin' ob jobs myself.”

“Well, you see that large cheese-box, there?”

“I does dat; I does myself.”

“Now, if you can butt a dent in it you shall have it.”

“Golly, massa, you foolin' dis nigger?”

“No, I an not, Jake; just try me.”

“Wat I you gib me de hull ob dat cheese if I butt a dint in um?”

“Yes.”

“Gorry, I'll butt um wide open, I will myself—jiss stan' bak dar, you Orleans niggers—clar de track for ole Souf Carlina, I's comin' myself, I is.”

Old Jake stepped back some fifty feet and went at it with a good quick run, and the next instant I heard a dull, heavy sound, a kind of splash, and old Jake's head disappeared from sight, with the top jiss visible on the other side as he rose with his new-fashioned necklace, the soft, rotten cheese oozing down all around him as it settled down, so that just his eyes were visible from the center of it. Jake's voice was scarcely audible and half smothered as he vainly tried to remove the immense cheese.

“O-o-o, 'ere, massa, took um orf, O-o-o, bress me, lif um up, oh! oh!”

Meanwhile I was nearly dead myself, having laid back on a cotton bale, holding myself together to keep from bursting, while the boys stood around old Jake paying him off.

“Massy sikes, how dis niggers breff smells; you doesn't clean your teef, ole Jake.” “Well, you is a nasty nigger, dat's a fac'.” “Well, you is de biggest kin' ob Welsh rabbit, you is.”

“What you git your har grease?” And thus the boys run old Jake, half smothered, until I took compassion on him and told them to take it off, Jake didn't stay to claim his prize, but put out growling: “I dun' got sol' dat time, I'se a case ob yaller fever, I is, myself.”

Old Jake was never known to do any more butting in the vicinity after that.

THE CLAN CAMERON.

It is admitted that Don Cameron's health will not admit of his resuming his senatorial duties, and there is a growing suspicion that he will soon send in his resignation. The only other Pennsylvanian eligible to the senatorship is old Simon Cameron, who recently celebrated the 105th anniversary of his birth by running a mile in four minutes and skinning the cat backward over a horizontal bar eleven times in succession. The constitution of Pennsylvania, as drawn up by William Penn early in the last century, provides that none but a Cameron shall be a representative of the State in the National Senate, except by and with the consent of the oldest surviving member of the Cameron clan. This provision was inserted by Mr. Penn as a tribute of gratitude to Simon Cameron's father, old Angus Cameron, for having loaned Penn \$4 in continental money at one time when Penn was getting over one of his periodical sprees with Potunk-tank, the bibulous chief of the Mohawk Indians.—*Chicago News*.

MORE REALISM WANTED.

“Good day, gentlemen.” A rather pretty young lady stood in the doorway of the Chicago *Tribune* editorial rooms and gazed in graceful expectancy after announcing her presence.

“Do you object,” she continued, “to my talking to you gentlemen a little while on a matter which may be of interest to you?”

“I don't,” replied the horse reporter.

“The purpose of my visit was to call your attention to a work of art I am engaged in selling,” and she unfolded a picture which represented two boats lying along alongside of each other on a placid sheet of water, one containing a young man and the other a young woman.

“Is that the work of art?” asked the horse reporter.

“Yes, sir.”

“What's the name of it?”

“The title is ‘On the Lake,’ and it is considered a very fine picture,” continued the young lady.

“I suppose so. I see the young man has got hold of the young lady's hand. What's that for?”

“Why,” said the visitor, blushing violently, “he is—that is, I suppose—they seem to be—why, the man is making love to the young lady.”

“Oh!” said the horse reporter, “he is seeking to win her young affections, eh?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the fair art merchant, “I suppose that is it.”

“But what is he lying down in the boat for? Has he got the colic?”

“No, sir,” was the reply, followed by more blushes. “His position is one of negligent ease, made so by the artist in order to more fully carry out the thoughts suggested by the picture.”

“Well, I don't know,” said the horse reporter. “Maybe you're right, but it doesn't look natural. I guess he's sort of crouching down

that way in case the girl's father should happen to be over there on the shore of the lake with a gun.”

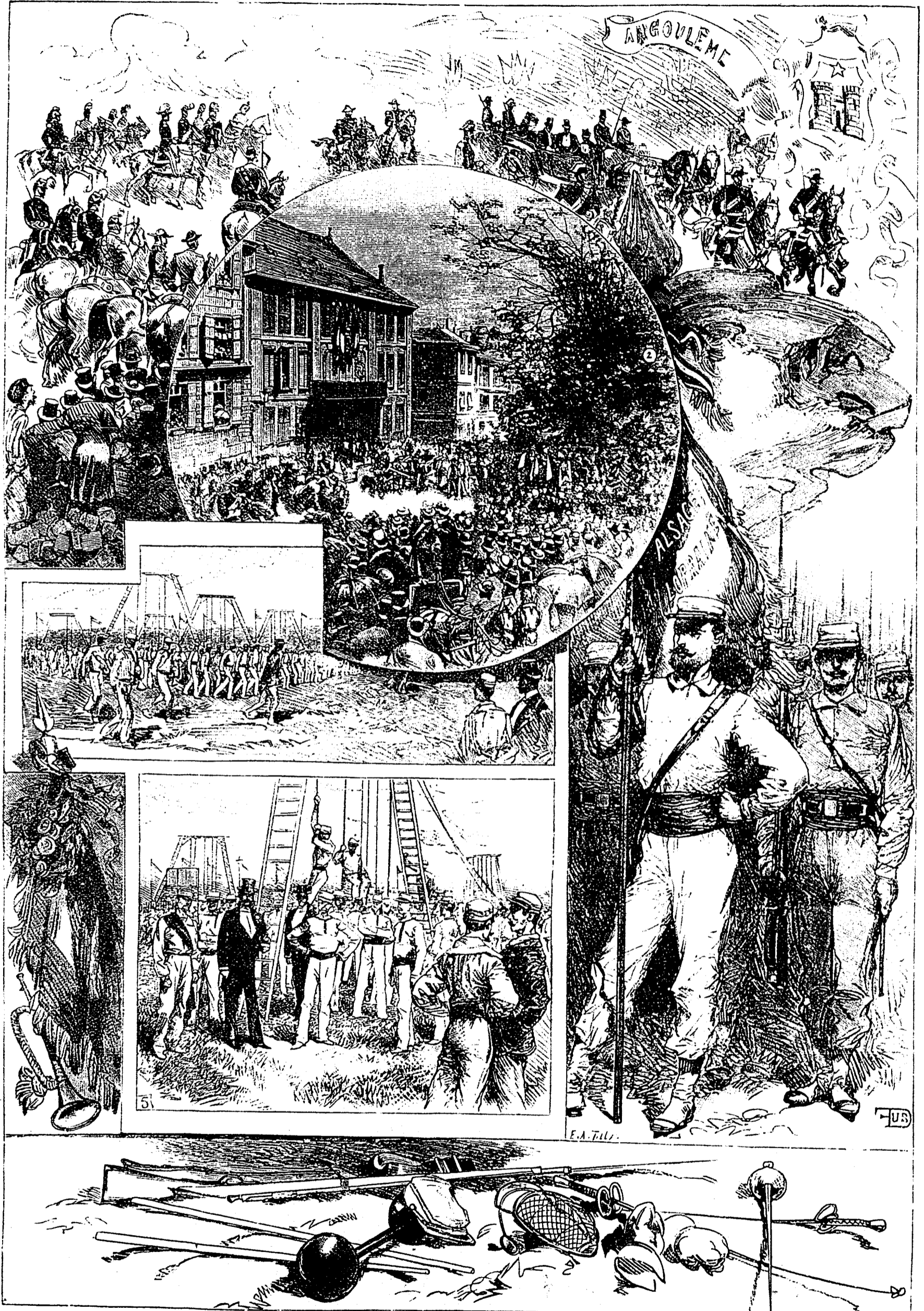
“Perhaps,” said the young lady, unrolling another picture, which represented a pair of lovers standing under a tree, “you might like this. It is entitled ‘One Heart, One Thought.’”

A POPULAR NOVELIST.

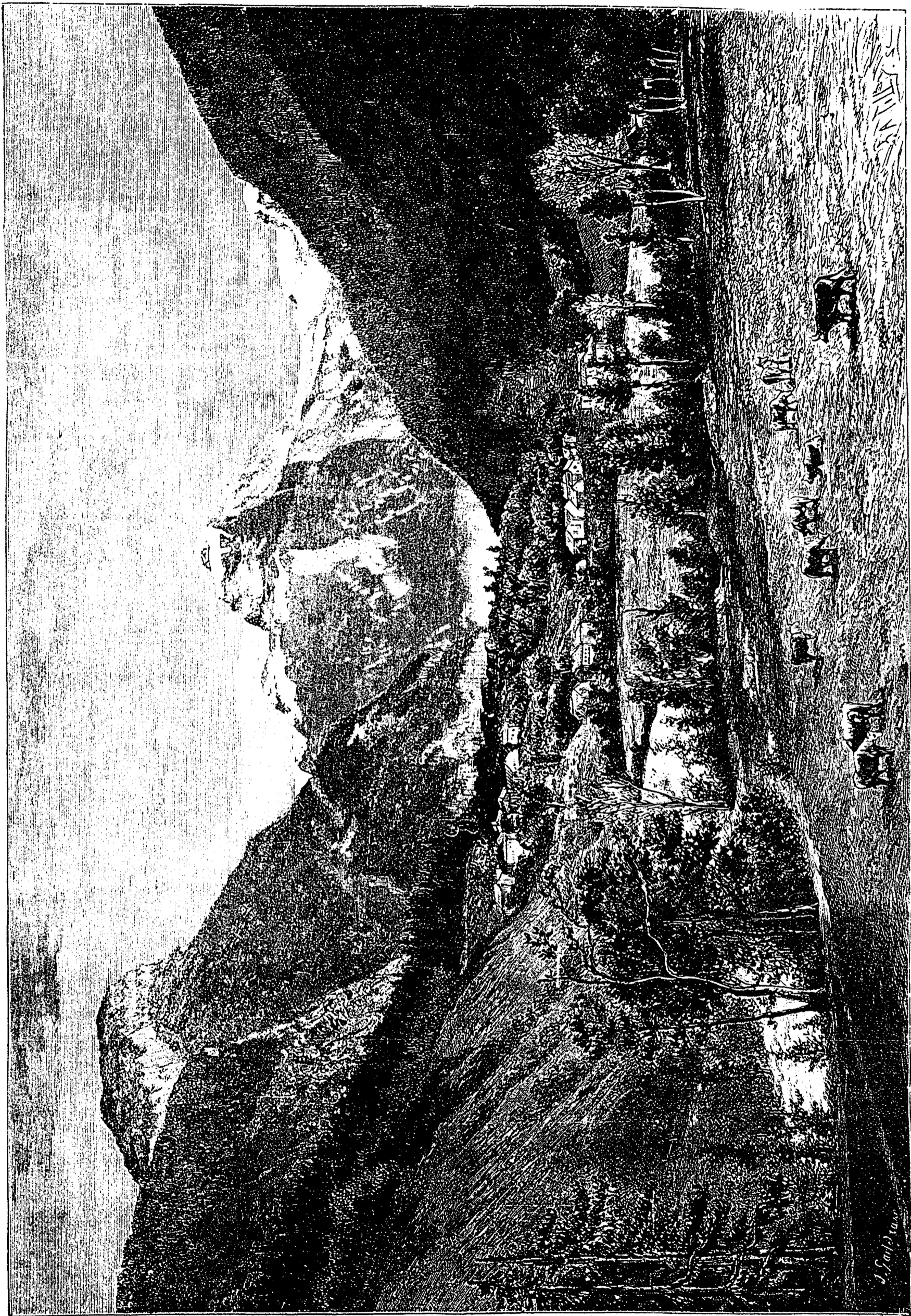
The story of how E. P. Roe found his right place in the world, as a writer of religious novels, would make an interesting illustration for one of Samuel Smiles's pleasant books. He was an army chaplain during the war, and afterward became pastor of the little church at Highland Falls, near West Point. A new church was needed, and to build it the pastor himself went pluckily to work to raise the money. The summer visitors at the Point did their share, but there remained a gap, to fill which Mr. Roe began to lecture about the country on the facts of his army life, but without any notion that he was a writer of fiction. Meanwhile the Chicago fire occurred, and under the strong spell of a desire to visit the scene, though without special purpose in view, he made a ‘forced march’ by railroad, and reached there while the ruins were still smoking. In his study there are some curious relics of the fire in the shape of china, which he found in the ruins, on which the intense heat had burned in a smoky iridescence. Out of this journey there gradually developed “Barriers Burned Away,” his first work of fiction. It was published in 1872, and at once had an enormous sale. Up to this fall he had published nine novels—missing only two years, when he issued, instead of a novel, his “Success with Small Fruits”—and their sales aggregated 346,000 copies. The tenth novel, “His Sombre Rivals,” utilizes his experiences of the war; and the season's sale of this and the previous books promises to bring the total up to 400,000 copies—an extraordinary result for little over ten years of literary work. At the usual return of 10 per cent., this would come to \$80,000, but this, which represents very nearly the high-water mark of successful authorship is, after all, little in comparison with the returns of successful business men. Mr. Roe's method of work has been peculiar. He writes his MS. in a huge ledger or hand-book, and usually finishes a novel under tremendous pressure, sometimes shutting himself up in a room in a New York hotel, and driving away on a diet of beefsteak and coffee, allowing himself only the recreation of an evening of good music, till his book is finished. This method occasionally results in a visible carelessness of construction, which his readers, however, easily forgive. Besides writing novels Mr. Roe has been very successful as a grower of small fruits, and does one of the largest businesses of the country in strawberry-plants. His present residence and fruit farm is at Cornwall, on the side of old Storm King. He is now finishing a story of a novel kind, the plan of which was suggested to him by the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and which will begin in the forth-coming Christmas number of that periodical, and run, in company with William Black's “Julith Shakespeare,” for a year. The title is “Nature's Serial Story,” and the life (and love-making) of a country home is followed month by month through the year, with careful studies of the out-door phases of nature, of plant and animal life. Mr. W. H. Gibson is associated with Mr. Roe in this work, and has been making studies for lavish illustration in the neighborhood of Storm King, where the scene of the story is realistically placed. His pictures will be supplemented by figure-illustrations from Mr. Frederic Dielman, who drew “A Girl I Know” in the mammoth *Harper's Christmas* of last year. Mr. Roe's books have also had considerable sales in England, sometimes with, often without, profit to him; but his American returns alone would have made him, had it not been for his having some of the misfortunes of others, the owner of what for an author might be called a considerable fortune. But his own satisfaction seems to be rather in the good the stories have been to others, in their thousand-pulpit power, than in the returns they have brought to himself.—*Literary World*.

THE PLANET JUPITER.

The famous red spot that for five years formed an interesting feature on the planet's disk faded rapidly away during the last winter and spring, and has not been seen since the middle of May, when it was exceedingly faint. No one can tell if it will be seen again, for no one knows the cause that produced it. If any vestige remains, it is safe to say that it will be found by some of the eagle-eyed observers who are diligently scanning the face of our giant brother. Interesting telescopic observations have been made on the Jovian disk that give positive indications of an atmosphere enveloping the huge planet. Satellites and stars when occulted disappear and then flash up again. This phenomenon has been frequently observed, and can be explained by the intervention of clouds in the planet's atmosphere. In the case of occultations, clouds may intercept temporarily the light of satellites or stars, which may flash up again as soon as the clouds have passed. In the case of satellites eclipsed by the shadow of Jupiter, the flashing up at intervals of the light of the satellites may be caused by their passage through darker regions in the penumbra of the planet's shadow due to such clouds.—*Scientific American*.



GYMNASTIC CONGRESS IN FRANCE.



THE VALLEY OF SINT IN SAVOY.

J. Smith del.

ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF OLD
IRISHWOMEN'S RHYMES.

THE MAID OF MELROSE.

'Tis morn; and the Highlands are covered with snow,
And dark, cold and drear are the Lowlands below!
Lo! Elgin's young chieftain comes forth to disclose
His last, sweetest love to the Maid of Melrose.

The guests are assembled, the bride's-maidens gay
Flock round, and wish joy to the chief of Murray,
As to the high altar he joyously goes,
To wed lovely Ellen, the Maid of Melrose.

Blat and raptured, all blushing, they kneel
With hand joined in hand, at the joy that they feel—
The ceremony over, the clergy propose
A "long life to Elgin, long life to Melrose."

"Long life to Elgin," it shall not be so,
Cries one, rushing forward, "for I am his foe!"
Before the high altar now Elgin's blood flows:
A virgin and bride is the Maid of Melrose.

She wept long and lonely, she wept but in vain:
Her lover a word never uttered again;
O'er the cold clay of Elgin, bewailing her woes,
Died young, lovely Ellen, the Maid of Melrose.

MA COLLEEN O'GUE, REMEMBER ME.

Brightly as sinks the sun's last beam
In ocean's azure, with golden gleam,
And leaves a ray, to linger still
Along the top of yonder hill,
Which glows awhile, but cannot stay,
And faint and fading dies away:
Thus lingers still my heart with thee,
Ma colleen o'gue, remember me.

Bright as at morn the solar ray
Dispels the night-clouds dark away,
And wakes the world with wave of light,
So grand, so radiant, purely bright:
Thus shall our hearts glow bright with bliss,
When next we meet,—my dear, thy kiss—
Mine be till then sweet thoughts of thee,
Ma colleen o'gue, remember me.

RETROSPECT OF ALLAN.

How fleet the days of boyhood years,
When love's romantic dream
Drew blissful hope's pathetic tears
Along mine every theme:
When moonlit evening seemed to me,
Saw woman's smiles were there,
And every beauty I could see
Was 'mong the winning fair!

But love's illusion now is gone,
Too late, alas! too late!
And I but live to wander on
The cloudy maze of fate.
Smiles, sighs, and tears alike are vain,
And dull are beaming eyes:
Who looks on such with proud disdain,
Is ever truly wise.

Montreal.

"DUNBOY."

LINDY.

"Oh, daddy!" called a clear, childish voice.
"Yes, Lindy; what's wanted?"
"Ma wants to know how long it'll be 'fore
you're ready."

"Oh, tell her I'll be at the door by the time
she gets her things on. Be sure you have the
butter and eggs all ready to put in the wagon.
We're makin' too late a start to town."

Butter and eggs, indeed! As if Lindy needed
a reminder other than the new dress for which
they were to be exchanged.

"Elmer and I can go to town next time, can't
we, ma?" she added, entering the house.

"Yes, Lindy; I hope so," was the reply.
"But don't bother me now; your pa is coming
already, and I haven't my shawl on yet. Yes,
Willur; I'm here. Just put this butter in,
Lindy; I'll carry the eggs in my lap. Now,
Lindy, don't let Elmer play with the fire or
run away."

And in a moment more the heavy lumber
wagon rattled away from the door, and the chil-
dren stood gazing after it for a while in a half-
forlorn manner. Then Lindy went in to do her
work, Elmer resumed his play, and soon every-
thing was moving along as cheerfully as ever.

After dinner Elmer went to sleep, and Lindy,
feeling rather lonely, again went out of doors
for a change. It was a warm autumnal day, al-
most the perfect counterpart of a dozen or more
which had preceded it. The sun shone bright-
ly, and the hot wind that swept through the tall
grass made that and all else it touched so dry
that the prairie seemed like a vast tinder-box.
Though her parents had but lately moved to
this place, Lindy was accustomed to the prairies.
She had been born on them, and her eyes were
familiar with nothing else; yet, as she stood,
to-day with that brown, unbroken expanse roll-
ing away before her until it reached the pale
bluish-gray of the sky, the indescribable feeling
of awe and terrible solitude which such a scene
often inspires in one not familiar with it stole
gradually over her. But Lindy was far too
practical to remain long under such an in-
fluence. The chickens were "peeping" loudly,
and she remembered that they were without
their dinner.

As she passed around the corner of the house
with a dish of corn in her hands, the wind al-
most lifted her from the ground. It was cer-
tainly blowing with greater violence than dur-
ing the morning.

Great tumble-weeds went flying by, turning
over and over with lightning-like rapidity;
then, pausing for an instant's rest, were caught
by another gust and carried along, mile after
mile, till some fence was reached, where they
could pile up in great drifts and wait till a brisk
wind from another direction should send them
rolling and tumbling all the way back. But
Lindy did not notice the tumble-weeds. The

*My young maid.

dish of corn had tumbled from her hands and
she stood looking straight ahead, with wide-
open, terrified eyes.

What was the sight that so terrified her?
Only a line of fire below the horizon. Only a
line of fire, with forked flames darting high into
the air and a cloud of smoke drifting away from
them. A beautiful relief this bright, changing
spectacle, from the brown monotony of the
prairie.

But the scene was without beauty for Lindy.
Her heart had given one great bound when she
first saw the red line, and then it seemed to
cease beating. She had seen many prairie
fires; had seen her father and other men fight
them, and she knew at once the danger her
home was in. What could she, a little girl, do
to save it, and perhaps herself and her little
brother, from the destroyer which the south
wind was bringing straight toward them?

Only for a moment Lindy stood white and mo-
tionless, then with a bound she was at the well.
Her course was decided upon. If only time and
strength were given her! Drawing two pails
of water, she laid a large bag in each, and then
getting some matches hurried out beyond the
stable. She must fight fire with fire; that was
her only hope, but a strong, experienced man
would have shrunk from starting a fire in such a
wind.

She fully realized the danger, but it was a
possible escape from otherwise inevitable des-
truction, and she hesitated not an instant to
attempt it. Cautiously starting a blaze she
stood with a wet bag ready to smother the first
unruly flame.

The great fire to the south-west was rapidly
approaching. Prairie chickens and other birds,
driven from their nests, were flying over, utter-
ing distressing cries. The air was full of smoke
and burnt grass, and the crackling of the flames
could be plainly heard. It was a trying mo-
ment. The increased roar of the advancing fire
warned Lindy that she had but very little time
in which to complete the circle around the
house and barn; still, if she hurried too much,
she would lose control of the fire she had started,
and with it all hope of safety.

The heat was intense, the smoke suffocating,
the rapid swinging of the heavy bag most ex-
hausting, but she was unconscious of these
things. The extremity of the danger inspired
her with wonderful strength and endurance.
Instead of losing courage, she increased her al-
most superhuman exertions, and in another brief
moment the task was completed. None too soon
either, for the swiftly advancing column had
nearly reached the wavering, struggling, slow-
moving line Lindy had sent out to meet it.

It was a wild, fascinating, half-terrible, half
beautiful scene. The tongues of flame, leaping
above each other with airy, fantastic grace,
seemed cat-like, to toy with their victims before
devouring them.

A sudden, violent gust of wind, and then with
a great crackling roar the two fires met, the flames
shooting high in the air as they rushed to-
gether.

For one brief, glorious moment they remained
there, flapping the air with their fierce, hot
tongues, then, suddenly dropping, they died
out; and where an instant before had been a
wall of fire was nothing now but a cloud of blue
smoke arising from the blackened ground, and
here and there a sickly flame finishing an ob-
stinate twit of grass. The fire on each side,
meeting no obstacle, swept quickly by, and
Lindy stood gazing, spell-bound, after it as it
darted and flashed in terrible zigzag lines farther
and farther away.

"Oh, Lindy!" cried a shrill voice from the
house. Elmer had just awakened.

"Yes, I'm coming," Lindy answered, turn-
ing. But how very queer she felt. There was
a roaring in her ears louder than the fire had
made; everything whirled before her eyes, and
the sun seemed to have ceased shining, all was
so dark. Reaching the house by a great effort,
she sank, faint, dizzy and trembling, upon the
bed by her brother's side.

Elmer, frightened and hardly awake, began to
cry, and, as he never did anything in a half-
way manner, the result was wonderful. His
frantic shrieks and furious cries roused his half-
fainting sister as effectually as if he had poured
a glass of brandy between her lips. She soon
sat up, and by and by color began to return to
the white face and strength to the exhausted
body. Her practical nature and strength of will
again asserted themselves, and instead of yield-
ing to a feeling of weakness and prostration, she
tied on her sun-bonnet firmly, and gave the
chickens their long-delayed dinner.

But when, half an hour later, her father found
her fast asleep, with the glow from the sky re-
flected on her weary little face, he looked out of
the window for a moment, picturing to himself
the terrible scenes of the afternoon, and then
down at his daughter. "A brave girl!" he
murmured, smoothing the yellow hair with his
hand, brown hand—"a brave girl!"—*St. Nicho-
las.*

NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

If you stand here and peer through the dark-
ness you can see it all. There is the wagon of a
lone emigrant family, its cover weather-worn
and rent to prove that the journey has been
long and weary. Ten feet away are the embers
of the fire on which the evening meal was
cooked. Between the wagon and the fire is the
rude bed of robes and blankets on which mother
and children are sleeping. On the other side of
the vehicle stand the horses, munching at the

short, sweet grass, or listening to the far-off
voice of the wolf.

This is the background. In the foreground a
sentinel sits with his back to the solitary cot-
ton-wood. At his right hand runs a little brook
—at his left is the boundless prairie o'er which
night has spread her mantle. Forty feet away
are wife and children trusting in his vigilance.
Overhead gray-white clouds are driving across
the star-lit heavens, and the moan of the wind
has an uneasy, nervous sound. Away out on
the prairie the wolf gallops from knoll to knoll
and snuffs the air, and the coyote gnaws at the
bleached bones of the buffalo and utters his
short, sharp cries of hunger.

Is there danger? All day long as the tired
horses pulled the wagon at a slow pace, the
emigrant has carefully scanned the circle about
him, but without cause for uneasiness. He
knows he is in the Indian country, and for the
last twenty-four hours his nerves have been
braced to hear their dreaded war-whoop and to
catch sight of a band riding down upon him.

It is midnight as we find him. His ear has
been as keen as a fox's and his eye has not
rested for a moment. The stakes are human
lives—his life with the rest. The odds are ten
to one against him.

The brook babbled and the man slept. Aye!
the sentinel who had five lives in his keeping
slept and dreamed, and in his dreams wandered
back to the old home and heard the old,
familiar sounds.

Sh! It was a rustle in the grass! Turn to
the left a little more. There it is! Thirty feet
from the sleeping man a rattlesnake rears its
head above the grass and looks around. Its
eyes gleam like stars. The neck swells, the
tongue flashes in and out, and it coils and un-
coils itself as if in fierce combat. Now it is ad-
vancing—now it swerves to the right—now to
the left—now it halts and coils itself to strike.
It might creep up and bury its fangs in the
flesh of the sleeping man, and it will! It creeps
again. It glides through the grass like a gleam
—now to the right—now to the left—now
straight ahead.

"S-s-s-h!"
The serpent halts. Twenty feet more and it
could have struck the sleeper, but some move-
ment of his has alarmed it, and it glides away
for fifty feet, as fast as a shadow travels.

Now look beyond the snake. Is it a second
serpent worming its way over the ground to
surround the sleeper with peril? Is it wolf or
panther creeping forward to make a victim?
Now you can see more clearly; there is the
scalp-lock and feathers, the dark face, the gleam-
ing eyes, the shut teeth, and bronze throat of a
blackfoot warrior. A courier from one branch
of his tribe to another, he has discovered the
encampment, circled around it twice, and is now
creeping upon the man, who sleeps instead of
watching.

How softly he moves! A panther stealing
upon a listening doe would not exercise more
care. Almost inch by inch, and yet he is slowly
approaching. He was a hundred feet away, now
he is ninety, eighty, seventy, sixty! He can
see a dark mass at the foot of the tree, and he
knows that the sentinel must be asleep or he
would not be in that position.

See the rattlesnake! It has faced about. If
it was daylight you could see a fierce gleam in
its eye—a tightening of the cords and muscles—
a fierce flash of the red tongue. A straight line
of sixty feet drawn from the Indian to the tree
would pass over the snake. Now the warrior
creeps forward again—not a word breaking—
not a rustle to prove his presence. Two feet—
four—six—! See the snake! Its head is thrown
back—its eyes shoot sparks—there goes the
deadly z-z-z-z of his rattle. The head of the
Indian is not three feet away as he hears the
ominous sound. He draws back, but there is a
dart, a flash, and something strikes him full in
the face, and is not shaken off until he springs
to his feet with a cry heard for half a mile around,
and rushes away in the darkness.

What was it? The sentinel is wide awake and
upon his feet. Wife and children have been
startled from slumber to grow white-faced and
tremble. Even the horses have raised their
heads and are peering into the night. There
was a single cry—the wild scream of a human
being suddenly terrified.

"It was nothing—nothing but the howl of a
wolf!" whispers the sentinel, as he walks over
to comfort wife and children, and by and by all
is quiet and peaceful as before. The night grows
space—the stars fade—daylight breaks. As the
sun comes up the wagon moves on its way, and
the brook and the camp and the cotton-wood are
left behind.

"Yes, it was the howl of some wolf prowling
about," whispers the emigrant to himself as he
walks beside his wagon and cautiously scans the
prairie.

Three hundred feet to the left is coiled a
snake, which darts its enormous tongue at the
passing wagon. Half a mile beyond lies the dead
body of the Blackfoot—swollen, distorted—a
horrible sight under the morning sun. Over-
head circles three or four vultures of the prairie,
and creeping through the grass come the lank,
hungry wolves to the feast. The wife laughs,
the children frolic, the husband regains his light
heart. Night wrote the record of the serpents
in the grass, and he will never read it.

We are sometimes tempted to think that the
prejudices of a thoughtful life are quite as bad
as the notions of an ignorant one. Certainly
they are as hard to change.

IRISH OYSTERS.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CELEBRATED BEDS OF
SNEEM.

I recently paid a visit to the celebrated oyster
beds of Sneem, writes a correspondent from
Kenmare, Ireland. Kenmare oysters, or rather
Bland's oysters, have quite a reputation, and
bring the highest figure in the oyster market.
Mr. Bland is the proprietor of the beds, and
owns a large property in the neighborhood.
Commencing with this season, he has formed a
limited liability company for the more profitable
working of this valuable fishery. The oyster
beds are twenty acres in extent—produce some
three hundred thousand annually, which are
selling now at 10s. (\$2.50) per 100. During the
past years they have been sold at 12s, 14s, and
up as high as 16s. per 100, wholesale. They are
shipped in boxes, generally containing about
eleven hundred, to Kollarney (thirty-five miles),
and from there by rail and boat to Cork, Dub-
lin, London, Liverpool, etc.

As may be judged, oysters are at present be-
yond the reach of men of even moderate in-
comes. They have been rising in price every
season until they have reached a point when it
is found a cheaper hospitality to take a friend
into club or first-class restaurant, and give him
a good dinner, than to ask him to have an oys-
ter lunch. I was rowed over the oyster beds,
which at the time of my visit were covered with
from ten to twelve feet of water, shown how the
seed was laid down, and the gradual growth and
development from the "spat" to the matured
oyster. The "seed" is brought from the French
coast, price varying from 3s. to £2 per 1,000,
according to the size and age. The coast of
Brittany is the great source of supply for the
English and Irish fisheries. This seed is placed
in trays 6 by 3 feet four inches in height, made
of fine galvanized woven wire, and divided each
into six compartments. The frame is of thick
slate; over it is placed a tight fitting frame,
called an "ambulance," the frames are well
tarred over with boiling pitch, and in this con-
dition are placed on the beds.

The second season these are picked over, the
large ones taken out and placed in ponds or
"parks," which are sections fifteen by twenty
feet, under water, formed by strong wire. Here
they are left for another year, when they are re-
moved to the regular bed as required. It takes
four years—two years in these nurseries and two
years in the regular beds—before the oyster is
matured and fit for market. With the old na-
tive spat the Irish oyster grew to a larger size
than is produced by the foreign seed, although
the superior flavor and excellence of the latter is
admitted. A large staff is kept employed at the
Sneem beds, and the oysters are taken up from
the middle of September to the end of April.
The drive from Kenmare to Sneem is one of the
most delightful among the many charming
drives in this part of the south of Ireland.

FOOT NOTES.

The other Saturday evening Mr. George R.
Sims paid for a box at Drury-lane to see *A Sailor
and his Lass*. Soon after the rise of the curtain
a messenger arrived from the stage with the fol-
lowing letter:—"Dear Sims,—I return you
your money. I can't think of letting you pay
to see me yet.—Yours, Augustus Harris." G. R.
S., appreciating the compliment, pocketed the
money, and scribbled the following acknow-
ledgment while the messenger waited:

I paid to see Augustus act,
And he returned my L. s. d.;
Let critics sneer—it is a fact—
Augustus acted well to me.

Mr. JOSEPH FORSTER, in his latest work on
the Royal lineage of our noble and gentle fam-
ilies gives "the descent of William Ewart Glad-
stone, P.C. First Lord of the Treasury, from the
blood Royal of England." It appears, according
to this profound antiquary, that Anne Robert-
son, who, in the first year of the present century,
married Sir John Gladstone, and gave birth to
William, was descended from John, second Earl
of Athole, and through him from King Edward I.

MADAME TREBELL is new to the Americans,
and it is, indeed, a common fact that she has
never been tempted to cross the Atlantic by
dollars hitherto. She is still in full song-power
and for style she is far and far away beyond the
reach of modern artists in general. Her delivery
of the part of Azucena in *Il Trovatore* is thus
criticized by the *New York Herald*:—"Mme.
Trebell is an almost absolute mistress of her
art, and knows well how to conceal from ordi-
nary observation these slight defects by giving a
beauty of phrasing, a delicacy of expression, an
artistic finish to the music that she sings that
makes her a delightful artist to listen to. She
is a contralto endowed by nature with a rich,
full and sympathetic voice, sweet and clear in
the upper tones, and grandly effective in the
lower register. Art has highly embellished
this natural gift in a wonderful degree, adding
elegance of style, smoothness and finish, and
her own highly dramatic temperament has
taught her how to use her voice with great effect
upon the lyric stage. A finer performance of
Azucena has not been witnessed here for a long
time than that given by Mme. Trebell, and
long before the evening was over she had estab-
lished herself firmly in the good graces of her
new public both as an actress and a singer."

THE WARRIOR, THE STATES-MAN, AND THE POET.

The warrior grasped his glittering sword,
And sought the daring foe,
And blood was shed and foemen fled
Amid the cries of woe,
And many a battle fierce and long
The warrior fought and won,
And laurels wreathed the victor's brow
For deeds that he had done.

Death stopped the warrior's fierce career,
And laid him in the dust,
His blood-stained sword his deeds record
Now deeper stained with rust,
And yet in spite of chivalry,
His titles and his fame,
An executioner must be
The warrior's proper name.

The sword, the famine and the plague
Are evils which we dread,
They tell of punishment for sin
And judgments widely spread,
War is a curse, and still must prove
To happiness a bar—
And God the nations shall remove
Who take delight in war.

War is a scourge: but should it come
We must our heroes defend,
If in the right, then let us fight
And on our God depend,
But wiser still to shun our foes
And show our better sense,
And blunt their swords by kindly words
And giving no offence.

The statesman, sober, learned and wise,
Who knows and studies man,
Who laws enact, and plans and tries
To do what good he can,
Deserves a nation's gratitude
And justly earns the fame
Bestowed upon the truly good
Of pure un-gilded name.

For tho' the warrior may be great,
Yet he is greater still,
Who wisely holds the reins of state
With philosophic skill,
And yet the greatest of the three
Is he who tunes the lyre,
And in inspired poetry
Breathes forth his songs of fire.

The holy prophets who unsealed
God's mysteries to man,
In poetry their thoughts revealed
For this was heaven's plan:
And still devotion's higher flight
As in the ancient days
Ascends in hymns of sweet delight
And grateful songs of praise.

When chubby little Cupid makes
A target of our hearts,
He from Apollo's wings he takes
The feathers for his darts:
We own the power of poetry
And yield to its control:
For poetry must ever be
The language of the soul.

In every age, in every clime,
It was the poet's art
To sing and write in strains sublime
The songs which move the heart,
And still we love the gifted bard
And prize his bardic lore,
And shall his honored name regard
Till time shall be no more.

Quebec.

S. MOORE.

TILDEN'S YOUNG LOVE.

THE SAGE OF GREYSTONE'S EARLY LOVE FOR MISS MARGUERITE MORSE.

"Why is Tilden a bachelor?" asked a New York Journal reporter of one of Tilden's friends.

"He is so old that very few can answer the question. The idea of Uncle Sammy in love would move most people to laughter.

"There is a legend of a mysterious lady in black floating about, but Lord! he was as settled and crusty a bachelor even then as you would care to see," said an aged resident of Yonkers. "You must go further back than me."

Discouraging, surely! It would, indeed, be difficult to find a more sentimentally frigid or unromantic character than the venerable sage of Greystone. One naturally forms an opinion at the first glance that the quizzical smile which usually twinkles over the otherwise placid countenance of Mr. Tilden penetrates the nature of the inner man and lights up the soul with at least a ray of comicality. When disturbed from such pleasant meditations one is surprised to find how quickly his seemingly happy countenance assumes a cold and rigid aspect.

It was not always, thus, however. An aged resident of the little quaker village of New Lebanon, Columbia County, who remembers the early youth of Tilden, when, with the farmer youths, he played at marbles or roamed the fields and mountains together, tells a curious tale of the youthful days of this great man.

Samuel J. Tilden, it is claimed, was born in the year 1806. His parents were well-to-do quakers of the renowned quaker settlement of New Lebanon. His father, Elam Tilden, kept a country store and dealt largely in herbs and "patent medicines," many of the latter being in the market at the present day. Samuel was the eldest of three sons. He was a sickly, puny youth, tall, slim, and very shy. His early boyhood was made wretched among his associates, who took advantage of his physical deficiencies in many boyish ways. This naturally drove him to a closer attention to his books, and at an early age his proficiency at study had entitled him to a course at Yale.

While at Yale the father of Samuel suddenly died. The two brothers were retained at home to assist the mother in continuing the business, while Samuel remained to complete his studies.

At 18 he began to attract attention as a writer of political speeches and newspaper articles on topics of importance in state government. Many of his articles appeared in the Albany Argus under the nom de plume of "Crino." The young student never enjoyed good health, and the additional labors of college were more than his physical abilities could withstand, and at this early stage in his career we find physicians hovering about him and advising rest and quietness. Then Samuel retired from college to the more romantic life on the homestead at New Lebanon, where he devoted a year or more of his life to studying the beauties of nature and concocting pills and plasters in the laboratory over the Tilden store.

The rough usage which youths of Samuel's nature were wont to receive at Yale by their associates probably had some influence on the future destiny of the man, for when he recovered sufficiently to again pursue his studies he chose to complete his education at the New York University. Here Samuel made rapid progress, but in his new life met with an incident which came near wrecking his ambitious career.

The young student found time to participate in the festivities of the gay city life. He had gradually become known to his associates and the leaders of the Democratic party as a political writer and critic of some importance, and was a welcome guest among the families of the better class of society. Men who hoped to gain publicity through the pen of Tilden courted his favor, and he was the recipient of many courteous attentions as well from the ladies.

Miss Marguerite Morse was one of the prettiest and most talented of city belles, whose hand many had sought in vain. Miss Morse had thrown a radiant beam across the pathway of young Tilden, a pathway which had never before been crossed by Cupid. For a time it seemed as if the young student had lost all ambition for learning. The new life was a happy one. His health was improving. His friends and admirers were numerous, and withal he was satisfied. He had become intoxicated with love. Young Tilden's ambitions then turned toward gaining the hand of this beautiful woman in marriage.

By no means an attractive figure, with no fortune and with very dim prospects, the youth had little or nothing to lay at the feet of the lovely maiden. Nothing daunted, Samuel was an ardent suitor, paid every conceivable attention to his adored one, wrote poetry and prose by turns, and waged probably the most desperate contest of his life.

On the other hand, the haughty miss had no, or could not, entertain a ray of love for her suitor, and before Tilden was aware of his fate his lady love had been led to the altar by a more pretentious and wealthy admirer.

The blow fell heavily, and for a time threatened to entirely change the course of Tilden's life. Most men would have quailed under the severe test and gone deeper into the dissipations and intoxications of a gay life. But not so here. Taking a solemn vow against all future social pleasures and aspirations, the youth threw off his fetters and returned once more to his books. With high honors Tilden graduated from the New York University, and shortly after astonished the profession by his bold, stern and collected manner in the practice of law.

From this new era of his life, however, it was noticed that he shunned all social intercourse. He retired to unpretentious quarters in Madison avenue, where he resided for many years, until by vast accumulations of wealth he was enabled to live more luxuriously, and purchased his present residence in Gramercy Park and a lordly estate in a secluded spot along the Hudson.

The aching void which was created by this beautiful belle was partially filled by the political aspirations of his after life, but never has the cruel treatment received at the unmerciful hands of the beautiful woman been quite forgotten.

As years advanced and Mr. Tilden withdrew from active life the stern and frigid nature grew upon him, and never since has the cold heart of the hermit of Greystone been lit up or softened by social pleasures or conjugal affections.

THE WRONG DUDE.

BY FLANEUR.

Three aggressive young men sat on the forward end of a 3rd avenue elevated railroad car one day last week and made audible comments about the other passengers. They were untidily clad, guiltless of collars, and noticeably addicted to tobacco, but they were endowed with a certain amount of assurance that enabled them to discuss the personal points of other people with entire candor and fearlessness.

They were flushed with beer. One of them leaned over with his elbows on his knees, another's hands were buried deep in his trousers' pockets, and a third had his arms and head out of the window most of the time. They were sitting thus when the car stopped at Chatham square on its way to the city hall.

A dude was gently wafted in. The passengers glanced at the dude with an air of helpless wonderment, or gazed upon him with the vague interest that an enigma always inspires. He was a purely placid dud. The serenity of his expression was unmarred by even so much as a passing thought. Above a cruelly high collar appeared the face; surmounting it, a high hat, with generously curved rim and ball-shaped crown. The

feet of the dude were squeezed into shoes that looked like swollen toothpicks, and the tightness of his trousers inspired the beholder with a quivering distrust. Around the towering collar was a mild tie about the size of a shoe-string, and a light-colored coat was buttoned closely to the neck. He carried a pair of gloves and a silver-handled cane, and his hat was worn on the back of his head, disclosing a short bang of straw-colored hair. His light moustache had been carefully nurtured, but it was of disappointing growth.

The dude sank languidly to rest opposite the three young men. His eyes passed listlessly over them, and then he fell to sucking the end of his cane, while his face looked blank and mournful.

The three young men stared at the dude for some time, and then one of them yelled: "Ah, there, Bartholomew! Who untied you? Ain't you ashamed, you coy thing, to wear such tight pants?"

The Dude raised his eyes and stared tranquilly at the three young men and then carefully dropped them again.

"Don't you look at me, sauce-box, or I'll slap you real hard, so there?" minced another of the young men.

The third one had meanwhile been glaring at the dude with immense dislike.

"Say, what good are you?" he asked at last, with an expression of supreme contempt. "Who feeds yer? I'll come over there and stick a pin in yer lung an' kill yer dead, d'y' hear?"

Once more the dude raised his eyes tranquilly and fixed them on the eyes of the first speaker, who was now leaning forward and peering at him with an ugly scowl.

"Don't you look at me, ye mutton-faced idiot," continued the belligerent one, half rising in his seat. "I'm a man, I am, an' I don't allow no white-livered Gussie to squint at me."

Still the dude's eyes looked steadily into those of the loud-mouthed bully, while the dude sucked the end of his cane. The rough one rose slowly, with his head thrust forward, and his eyes half-closed, and moved toward the languid dude.

"Don't touch the poor thing, Mickey; you'll kill it if you do," said one of the trio. "It ain't alive. It ain't possible."

By this time the passengers were leaning forward, and cries of "Sit down an' let him alone!" were addressed to the bully, who was deriding the dude. The latter still sucked the end of his cane languidly. The bully rose and stepped toward the dude with clenched fists, but before he could strike the dude had dropped his cane and was standing squarely in front of the bully.

An instant the two stood face to face, and then the dude made a feint with his left hand, the bully threw up both hands to ward off the expected blow, and caught a right-hander on the jaw that sent him sprawling over backward in the car. Quick as a flash the dude turned, and, seizing the more offensive of the two others by the throat as he sat in his seat, he deliberately jammed his head back against the car, and slapped his face on either side, as he calmly said:

"You just awaked if a dude was possible (bang). All things are possible. A dude is a thing (bang, bang). Therefore, a dude is possible (bang, bang)."

Then the dude submitted to the pressure of the peace-makers, and walked gracefully out upon the platform of the city hall station. I looked him attentively in the face, and was suddenly knocked speechless by the discovery that he was not a dude at all, but a nefarious imitation. He is the best known man in New York, Arthur Dickinson Williams, formerly State senator.

"What on earth do you mean by masquerading in this style?" I asked, in amazement.

"It is a masquerade," he said, thoughtfully; "isn't it?"

"Well, I suppose so. How do you happen to be at large in such a costume?"

"Joke," said the senator, mournfully, "large and playful joke. Hasn't panned out very well so far. Nearly broke my wrist hitting that buff-r in the ear. I've stood no end of chaff all the way down. I got weary toward the end of the line and dropped the disguise."

"But why are you—"

"Bob Brown gives a dinner at the Astor House to-day, and I am one of the invited guests. Thought it would create a sensation if I went in as a dude. I shall go the rest of the distance in a closed cab. If I walked, however," he added, thoughtfully, "I would create a still deeper impression when I arrived."

"How?"

"I should probably be taken in as a corpse. Which had you rather be, a dude or a corpse?"

"Dude."

"So'd I," said the festive diner. Then he hailed a cab and whirled out of sight.—Argonaut.

ADVISED HIM TO HEDGE.

It was only the other day that a party of knights of the green cloth, seated around the stove in a Second street saloon, were discussing the merits—and demerits—of a pawnbroker named Solomon, who does business in South Laramie. All agreed that the old fellow was closer than one's undergarment, and never let a dollar get out of his fingers without knowing that the recipient left the equivalent of five in his hands as security.

"I tell you, boys," said one, "if old Death himself should call on Solomon and offer him a new lease of life for ten dollars, he'd make the

old chap open his overcoat and exhibit his dry bones before he would condescend to dicker with him at all. He'd want to be morally certain that it was Death, and even then he'd insist on his leaving his coat as a sort of guarantee, you know."

Just then a new arrival chipped in and asked who they were speaking of. On being told, he declared that Solomon wasn't such an old skinflint as many people supposed. "Why," said he, "I'll bet \$50 that I can go and borrow \$25 of him right now, without any other security than my word of honor."

There were half a dozen takers at once. The bet was made, the money put up in the hands of one of the boys, and the new arrival, accompanied by one of the party, started for Solomon's place of business. Arriving there the would-be borrower entered, while the other man remained outside, but looked through the window to see that nothing in the shape of a "security" changed hands.

The pawnbroker was soon made acquainted with the terms of the bet. "Now," said the applicant, "you lend me the \$25, and of course I win \$50; then I'll return you your money and also give you half of what I win."

"You bet I gif you twenty-five dollar without any security, eh?" inquired Solomon.

"Yes."

"Und your money vas oop?"

"Yes."

"Mine vrent, dot vas a ferry foolish bishness. I tolt you what you do: you go und hedge!"—Laramie Boomerang.

THE EVILS OF TOBACCO.

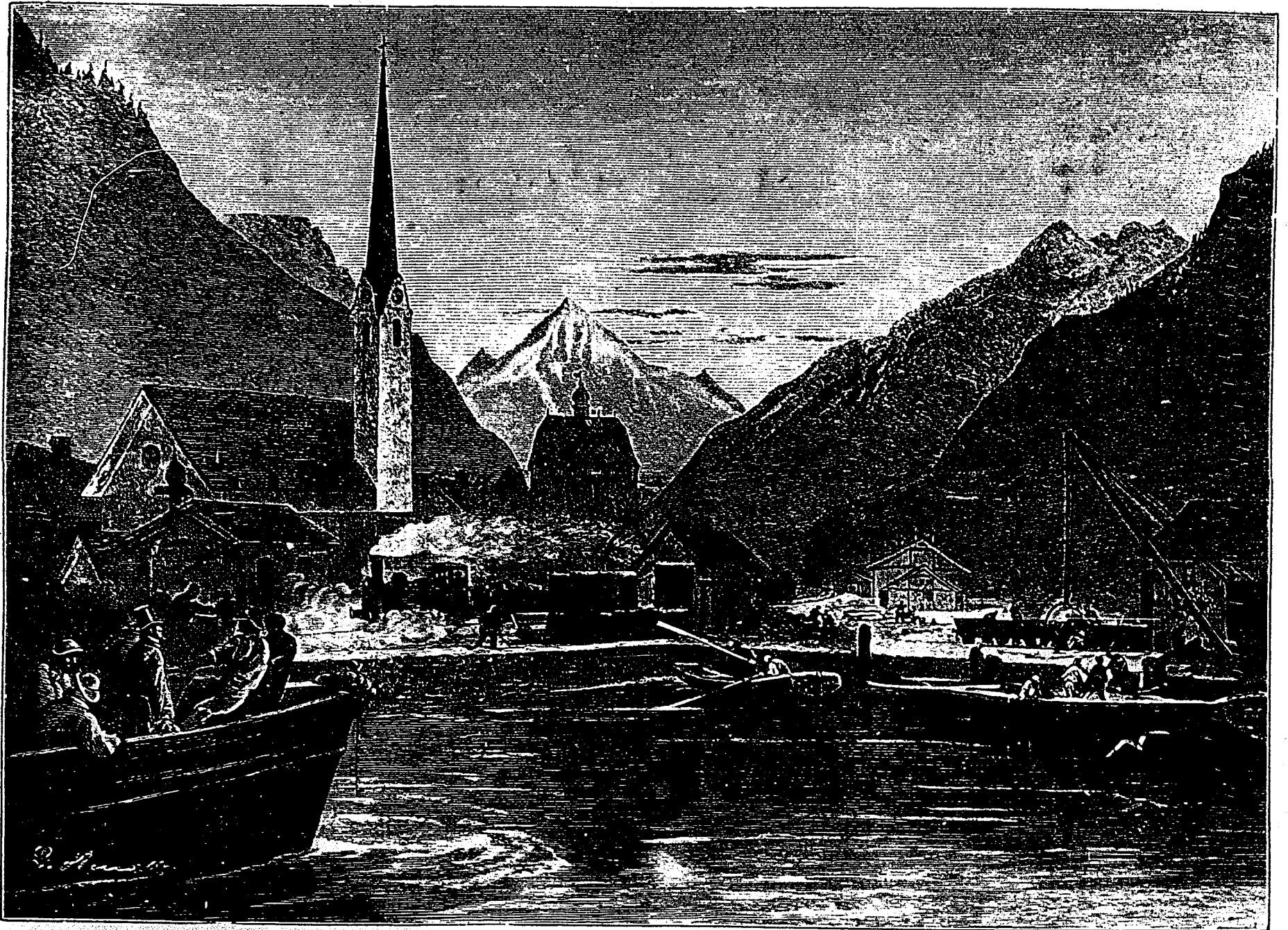
"Strange, isn't it?" remarked Judge Groesbeck to a legal friend the other evening; "but the anti-tobacco people do not tire apparently, they are continually producing dreadful examples of the consequences of smoking and chewing. The shrinkage of the American leg following the introduction of the cigarette has been the round of the papers. Cancer, consumption, liver complaint, bronchitis, dyspepsia, and paralysis are all imputed to nicotine poisoning, and nobody enters a denial. Yet we go on smoking calmly and confidently, willing to take our chances of all the diseases in Pandora's box, including such new ailments as have been patented since that cadeau was opened. And the diseases do not come. Tobacco-users certainly sicken and die of sundry causes. Some have cancers, and some fall down elevator shafts; paralysis reaches for this one and a steamboat explosion gathers that, but the anti-tobaccoist does not seem to enjoy any immunity. No special providence seems to be waiting to rescue him from the cholera morbus, or to turn aside from his back the itch. Ah! thanks; I have a match," and the couple were soon concealed from view in a cloud of tobacco smoke.

VARIETIES.

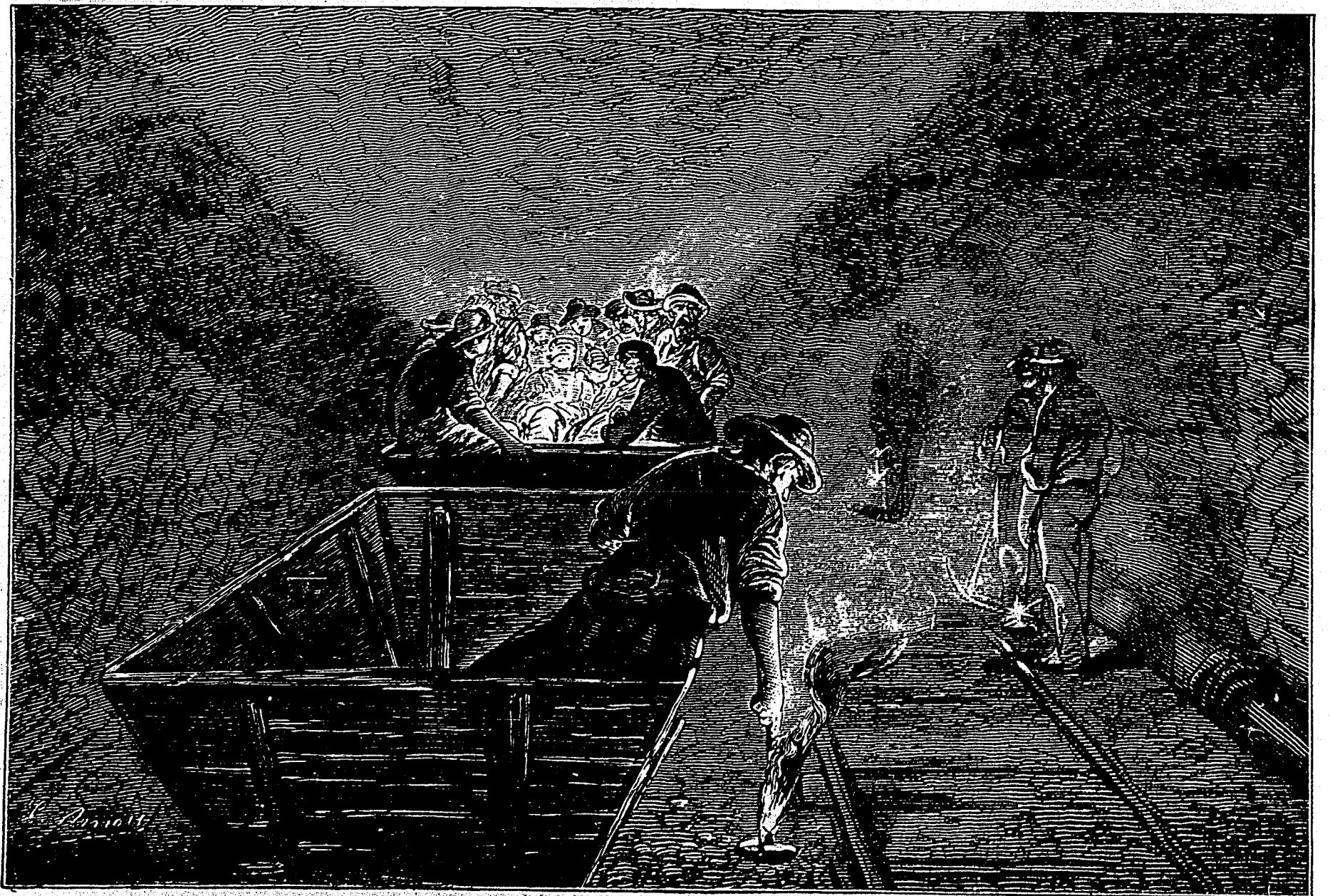
"PETITE Sara Bernhart" is the name of the last new French cheese. It appears that Dona Sol, otherwise the inimitable Sara, was afraid that the French "jerry builder" meant to enclose her estate in that most odious of all ring fences, a cordon of cheap houses. She at once sallied out, and, as there was a large farm in the neighborhood, purchased the whole of the land. Then the lady set to work to make cheese, and rechristened the best local product the "Petite (little) Sara Bernhart." Paris, as easily tickled by a name as by a feather, instantly patronized the new comestible.

"DEAR BIRD OF WINTER." (Edwin Ashdown, Hanover-square.) This is a song composed by Mr. Wilhelm Ganz expressly for Adeline Patti, to whom it is dedicated. We all know that this great songstress has special delight in singing the songs of this composer, and it is but natural that she should tempt him once more into composition; natural, too, that he should be inspired by somewhat similar strains of beautiful melody when he thinks of the glorious exponent who especially honours him. Yet he thinks wisely, also, when he collects the thousands who would wish to sing his compositions too, and humbly follow in the line in which Patti directs the taste. Therefore, perhaps, the song before us is a simple outpouring of melody which any one may accomplish, though there are roulades in parenthesis, which are to be accepted or declined according to ambition or skill; but even these are by no means out of the reach of a good vocalist with a full range of voice. The song is flowingly tuneful, reminding one of Abt at his very best, or not unlike the more masterly Schubert. The accompaniment is a very easy one, though written by one whose skill as a pianist might have led him to indulge his fancy in that way. This is the best of modern productions, and can be cordially recommended to the refined amateurs and to professionals alike. The words are by Frederick Enoch. The bird of winter is, of course, the robin.

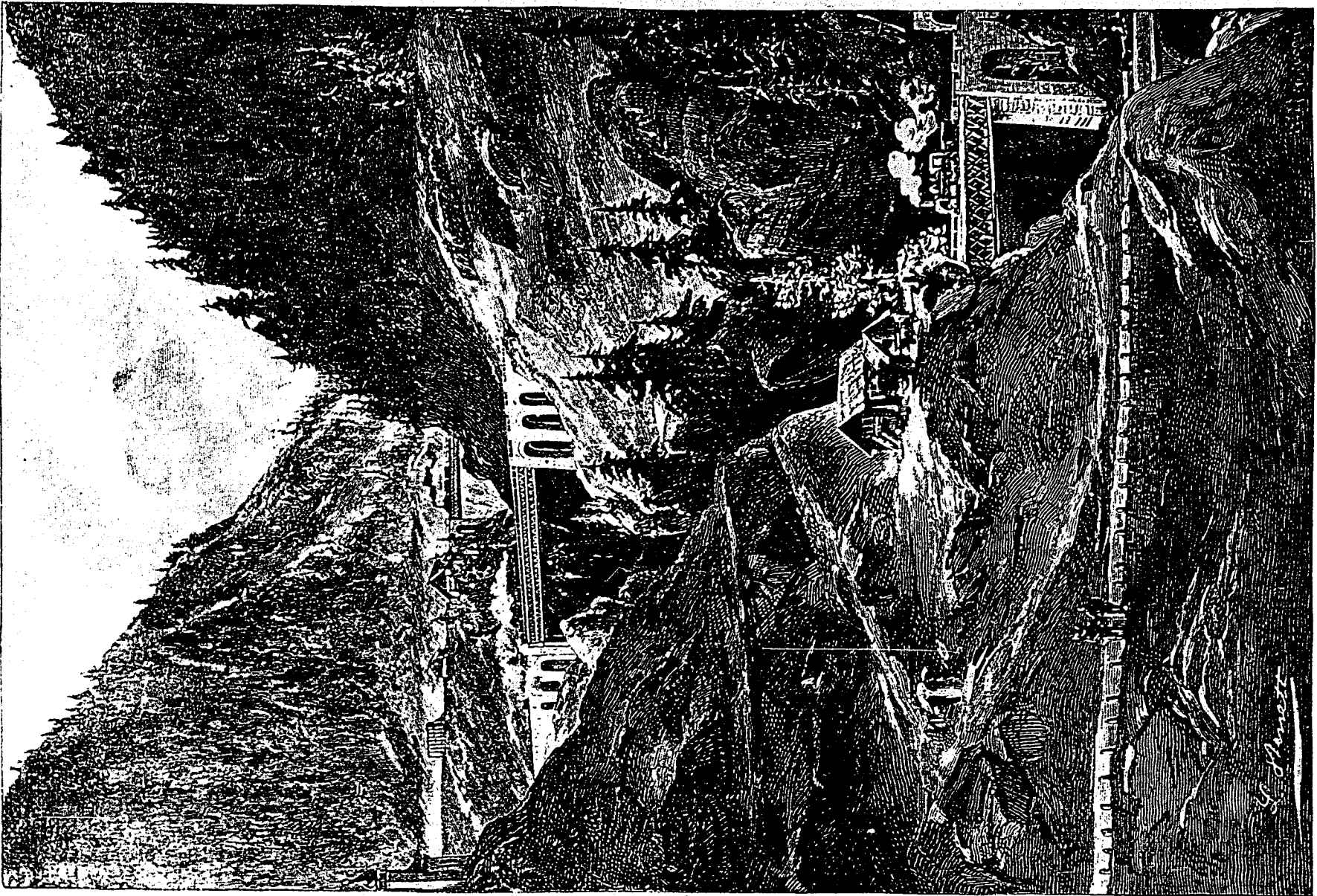
MOTHERS DON'T KNOW.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, wilful, and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."



OPENING OF ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.



ST. GOTHARD TUNNEL.—MINERS LEAVING WORKS.



BRIDGE AT WASEN, OVER THE MAYEN REUSS.



ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY: BRIDGE OVER THE REUSS, NEAR AMSTEG.

UNDER THE SYCAMORE.

BY STELLA OF LACKAWANNA.

He will not waken:
The gale has shaken
The leaves from the stalk of the white rose-tree:
And sharp and shrill
Rings the wood bird's trill:
Yet he will not waken and speak to me.

To all my pleading
He lies unheeding,
Who never was deaf to my call before:
I listen and wait
Till the hour grows late!
No: only a sigh in the sycamore.

I call him—call him:
O clouds that wall him
From my warm arms, will ye tell him so?
The grass is wet
With my tears—and yet
He will not answer: he cannot know.

To all my pleading
He lies unheeding,
Who never was deaf to my call before:
He will not awake,
And my heart must break
Under the pitying sycamore.

MY LORD BELVIDERE.

I.

Phœbus Adolphus Bellasis, the sixth Earl of Belvidere, occupied chambers in the Albany, Piccadilly. Considered from the point of view of the peerage, my Lord Belvidere was but a poor man; contemplated from the lower level occupied by the commonalty he was very comfortably, even luxuriously provided for. The house of Bellasis claimed to be of most ancient descent: its titles were not acquired, however, until early in the eighteenth century, when for sundry services rendered to the State, a certain Hyperion Bellasis, goldsmith and jeweller, who was said to have made a fortune by trading largely in Irish diamonds, was created Baron Bellasis, Viscount Bellamont, and Earl of Belvidere, all in the peerage of Ireland. The large fortune possessed by the first Earl had suffered much in the hands of his less prudent and thrifty successors, and of late years the family estates in the province of Connaught had not proved specially productive. But during the long minority of the sixth Earl his property had been heedfully nursed for him; he was the owner of valuable lands in Huntingdonshire, and of a town house in Piccadilly, now usually the occupation of his lordship's grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Bellamont. His lordship's mother had been dead some years. For some time before her demise, the delicate state of her health had compelled her ladyship to seek a southern climate; she had remained abroad, visiting England only at long intervals. She died at Rome, and was interred in the Protestant cemetery there, beneath the shadow of the well-known pyramid of Caius Cestius.

Lord Belvidere was of low stature and spare figure; his complexion was colorless, his features insignificant. There was little light in his large short-sighted, pale blue eyes; his hair was of a sandy flaxen hue, and a feeble mustache straggled about his upper lip. Yet a certain air of refinement attended him; he was graceful of bearing and movement; he was always tastefully and carefully dressed, and it was held that he wore invariably the look of one of gentle birth and breeding. He was a young nobleman of dilettante inclinations; he was wont to dabble in literature, in poetry and the fine arts, but not venturing very far or deeply into those troubled waters—not much above his ankle, so to speak. Indeed, it cannot be said that he had in any respect greatly distinguished himself. He had quitted Oxford without taking a degree; he had travelled and could make commonplace observations in various foreign tongues; he had written one or two very tolerable articles in a high-class magazine of small circulation. In politics he had not found that he could take any interest; he was wont to profess himself a liberal, for that seemed the best course a man could pursue whose opinions were inchoate, indistinct, unsettled, incoherent; but he was not a representative peer, and he had never courted an English constituency. Altogether he was accounted as a very worthy young nobleman; he had many friends, and, generally, he was much liked; but he was by no means viewed as one of the shining lights of the peerage; no one ventured to reckon him among the "coming men" of the time. However, there are so many so-called "coming men" who never come to much, if they come to anything or come at all.

II.

Lord Belvidere had returned to his chambers from a calm amble in the low on one of the safest of hacks.

"Any one called?" his lordship asked of his faithful servant Curtis.

"Yes, a party had called," Curtis replied, with some hesitation of manner.

"When you say a party, Curtis, am I to understand you to mean a lady or a gentleman?"

"The party was a female, my lord," explained Curtis.

"She left her name?"

"Name of Nibloe, my lord. Susannah Nibloe, she said your lordship would be sure to remember the name, and your lordship would be sure to see her, and she would call upon your lordship again."

"Name of Nibloe, Susannah Nibloe," Lord Belvidere repeated, musingly. "Now when and where did I ever hear of the name of Nibloe, Susannah Nibloe? Has she ever called here before, Curtis?"

"Never to my knowledge, my lord."

"I seem to know the name. Some old servant, probably."

"She's elderly, my lord, but not so very old; about fifty, perhaps; and stout in proportion," observed Curtis. "Highly respectable looking, if I may so, my lord. Might be a housekeeper, my lord, or even a monthly nurse."

"Thank you, Custis. I think I understand the sort of person. Well, if she calls again and I happen to be at home, of course I will see her. Nibloe, Nibloe, Susannah Nibloe—now, when and where did I ever hear the name of Nibloe?" The subject haunted and perplexed his lordship for the remainder of the day.

III.

It was evening; a shaded lamp shed a softened mellow light upon the scene.

Lord Belvidere was sitting in his comfortable, well carpeted, warmly curtained study; a cup of coffee stood upon a little table beside him; he was smoking a cigarette, the while with an ivory paper-knife of a large and ornamental sort—it had almost the aspect of a harlequin's wand—he cut the leaves of a new magazine in which an article written by himself was printed. He was looking forward to some few hours of cosiness, warmth, quiet, and literary entertainment, when Curtis announced the return of Mrs. Nibloe.

"I must see her, of course," said his lordship with a sigh, as he closed the magazine; he had been much interested in his contribution to that work. "Show Mrs. Nibloe in."

There entered a lady whose face for the moment seemed to be all smiles as her figure appeared to be all courtesies and obeisances. She was of florid complexion; her hair was auburn, but perhaps by a lawyer would be described as rather her own by purchase than by descent, her co-tune was of the variegated, radiant and flamboyant order. In other respects she justified Curtis's account of her; she was fifty perhaps, and she was stout of form; she might have been a housekeeper, or even a monthly nurse. She owned a bright and rolling eye, much vivacity of expression, and a voice of fruity quality, somewhat husky in certain of its tones.

"Your lordship has quite forgotten me, I fear?" she said interrogatively.

"Pray be seated, Mrs. Nibloe," he replied with evasive politeness. "I recollect the name; at least I think I may say that I have some recollection of the name of Nibloe."

"Perhaps the name of Moss may be more familiar to your lordship?"

"Possibly," said Lord Belvidere, with a vague glance at his visitor.

"My first was Moss," explained the lady; "at least it would have been first if things had happened as they ought to have happened. I was always known as Mrs. Moss until I married Nibloe. I call Nibloe my second."

"And Mr. Nibloe survives?" his lordship inquired. Not that he was in the least interested concerning the existence of Mr. Nibloe, but he felt that it behoved him to say something.

"Deary me, no," answered the lady. "I'm a widder again. Nibloe couldn't abide married life. He was in the seafaring way of business. He married me for my money. I didn't know it then, but I know it now. We did not live very happily together. So in a fit of temper—he had always a nasty temper had Nibloe—he ran away from me, went to sea again, and was drowned. That was the last of Nibloe."

"Poor Nibloe!" murmured Lord Belvidere sympathetically. But, upon the whole, he was not disposed to marvel at the running away of his visitor's husband.

"And now may I ask," said his lordship after a pause, "to what I am indebted for the honor of Mrs. Nibloe's visit?"

"I was anxious to see you lordship once again."

"That anxiety is, I am sure most gratifying and flattering to me. And—was that all, Mrs. Nibloe?"

"Ah!" she cried, with some abruptness of manner, "I see that your lordship has clean forgotten me! Why, I was your lordship's first nurse. I've rocked your lordship to sleep in these arms many and many's the time. Why, when your lordship was but a blessed infant, your lordship was never so happy as when in your Mossy's arms. For Mossy was what your lordship always called your faithful nurse in them happy times. Mossy was almost the first word as your lordship ever spoke."

"Did I take the liberty of calling you Mossy?" Lord Belvidere inquired vaguely.

"I fear that your lordship has forgotten all about me."

"Let me say that I only dimly remember you, Mrs. Moss—Mrs. Nibloe I should call you. Many years have, of course, elapsed since the time you have referred to. I hope I am not ungrateful for any kindnesses I have received in the past from you, or indeed from any other person."

"Your lordship has very good reason to be grateful to me if you knew all."

"If I knew all? Is there anything, then, I do not know and should know?"

"A many things," Mrs. Nibloe replied frankly. "But it's dry work talking," she added.

"Pardon me, I should offer you some refreshment. You have been walking far perhaps, and

are fatigued doubtless. You will take some tea or a cup of coffee?" his lordship rang the bell.

"Coffee? It would keep me awake all night. I dare not touch it. No if it's anything it must be just the merest thought in life of gin, hot and sweet. I'm subject to a stitch in the side which takes me at odd times, and that's the only thing I ever found to do me any good."

His lordship in grave tones gave the requisite orders to Curtis, who opened wide his eyes.

"I suppose we have gin in the house," said Lord Belvidere doubtfully, "if not you will get some."

"And let the water be as hot as hot," interposed Mrs. Nibloe, addressing herself to Curtis, "there's a dear good young man."

The refreshment, brought and consumed, had a stirring and unlocking effect upon Mrs. Nibloe. It was as though her words were set loose; they came flocking forth like escaped prisoners or released schoolboys, and a way to her heart seemed opened. Her sentiments and emotions were, so to say, proclaimed public property.

"My own boy!" she exclaimed, gazing fondly at his lordship, who somewhat winced the while; yet he felt that the affection of an old servant must be considerably viewed—was in itself a thoroughly respectable and worthy thing. "For you really are my own boy," Mrs. Nibloe cried, "if the truth was told and every one had their rights."

"I really don't understand you, Mrs. Nibloe."

"Will you kiss me?" she demanded.

"Well, really," his lordship hesitated, "if you insist upon it—if it is absolutely necessary."

"You are my own, own child, Harry Moss, that's what you are, God bless you;" and as she spoke she fell, or rather she threw herself, upon his lordship, circled his neck with her arms and burst into tears.

After this manifestation of emotion she became garrulous, and at great length, employing many words and permitting herself various digressions and irrelevancies, she told a very strange story. His lordship listened with amazement, with alarm, almost with horror. He tried hard to believe her, but he found himself gradually driven from the position of incredulity he had taken up in the first instance and had endeavored to occupy and maintain.

Her story was to this effect: He was not the real Lord Belvidere; his name was Harry Moss; he was her own child, whom she, employed as nurse in the Bellasis family, had substituted for the infant heir to the peerage. She had, as she stated, stolen the aristocratic infant from its cradle, and placed there in its stead her plebeian and illegitimate offspring.

Where, then, was the rightful heir, the real Lord Belvidere?

Wholly ignorant of his origin, of the rank he was entitled to, he bore the name of Harry Moss, and he gained a very humble and precarious, indeed rather what may be called a deadly livelihood, by toiling as a "writer" at a law stationer's in Curator street, Chancery lane.

When, after some hours, Mrs. Nibloe withdrew from the Albany, her speech was a little hazy, her gait uncertain, and her wonted brightness of eye was certainly veiled. She had concluded her story and the decanter of Geneva which Curtis had produced was very nearly empty. A strong odor of spirits was over all the room.

She left Lord Belvidere—for it will be convenient still to describe him—a shattered creature. His nerves were all unstrung, his cheeks were blanched, his voice was a mere whisper, his heart throbbled painfully. Altogether he was most miserable. He staggered to a sofa and threw himself full length upon it, covering his face with his hands.

It seemed to him impossible to doubt the truth of Mrs. Nibloe's statement—it was set forth with such convincing circumstantiality. He could not persuade himself for a moment that the woman was capable of inventing so very remarkable a narrative.

His lordship passed a wretched night.

IV.

What was to be done? Lord Belvidere was quite clear upon one point: He must consult his solicitor. The next morning found his lordship closeted with Mr. Foksett, of Furnival's Inn, who had during many years acted as the confidential legal adviser of the Bellasis family. Foksett was a thick-set gentleman, with a rich, deep, strong voice, very white hair standing erect, keen brown eyes, a red face, and rude, gnarled features. His manner was pleasantly frank and hearty, if a little abrupt.

To Mr. Foksett Lord Belvidere repeated fully and at length Mrs. Nibloe's extraordinary story.

"The woman's mad," said Mr. Foksett, simply; "mad, without a doubt. There are so many mad-women in the world. In point of fact, every other woman you meet is more or less mad. And they're fond of going about telling stories of this sort. A woman no sooner becomes a mother than she thinks something strange has happened to her child; that it has been changed at nurse for somebody else's, or some nonsense of that sort. Your Mrs. Nibloe wanted a good shaking, my lord. There's a wonderful lot of women going about who want a good shaking. She's mad, depend upon it." Mr. Foksett was a bachelor.

Lord Belvidere shook his head. He was not to be persuaded that Mrs. Nibloe was mad.

"Then she was drunk," said Mr. Foksett decisively.

His Lordship was unable to accept this explanation of the case.

Something must be done, he said. Inquiry must be made. Mrs. Nibloe's story must be sifted. That it was true, in part at any rate, he could not doubt. The woman had certainly been in the service of his mother. He had some recollection of her himself, but he was not, he admitted, very clear upon the subject. And then this young man, known as Harry Moss—whom she declared to be the real Lord Belvidere—must be looked for and discovered.

"I don't know that it is our business to look for him," observed Mr. Foksett. "No doubt he'll be forthcoming fast enough. As a rule claimants are not much troubled with modesty or fond of keeping in the background. If there's anything in the case at all—which I very much question—your Lordship may rely upon meeting with this Mr. Harry Moss before long."

"If Mrs. Nibloe's story is true, of course the young man is very much to be pitied—is deserving of every consideration at our hands. He has all these years been kept out of the title and property that are rightfully his. Probably he has suffered much; he has been doomed to a life of indigence and privation, it may be. I have the sincerest compassion for him."

"But, of course, a title and property such as your Lordship enjoys are not abandoned without a struggle. We must meet this claimant, if he is to be reckoned a claimant, as other claimants are to be met—in a court of justice—and he must be dealt with according to law. We shall carry the case from court to court until we obtain a final decision upon it. A surrender without a fight is always a mistake, as I judge, and is not to be thought of for a moment in this matter."

"I would do nothing Quixotic," said Lord Belvidere, "at the same time I will do nothing unjust. Directly I find that I am standing in this young man's shoes I step out of them. Let him show that he is really Lord Belvidere and I change places with him. I will even consent to call myself Henry Moss, though God knows it will be hard."

"Just so," acquiesced Mr. Foksett, with a suspicious glance at his client.

"And then there is Lady Gwendoline to be thought of," said his Lordship.

Mr. Foksett was silent. He knew, as indeed every one knew—for the fact had been announced in the newspapers—that a matrimonial alliance was on the tapis—that was how it was stated—between his Lordship and Lady Gwendoline, the daughter of the Marquis of Mountacute.

"If Mrs. Nibloe's story is true, what am I to say to Lady Gwendoline?"

"I think, my Lord," suggested Mr. Foksett, "that quite the first thing to do is to discover whether this old woman's story is true or not."

With an understanding that diligent inquiry into the matter should be commenced forthwith the solicitor took leave of his noble client.

V.

When Lord Belvidere next met his legal adviser it was observable that Mr. Foksett's brow was somewhat clouded.

"It is curious," he observed; "there are circumstances in this case I find it hard to account for. At the same time, I venture to say that there is very little this claimant could possibly carry into court with him."

"You have seen Mrs. Nibloe?" asked his Lordship.

"I have heard Mrs. Nibloe repeat the story she told your Lordship."

"You have found Harry Moss?"

"I have found the young man known as Harry Moss. Oddly enough, he works for a law stationer whom I often employ. I can lay my hand upon Harry Moss at any moment."

"He is a nice, worthy, respectable sort of young man?" his Lordship asked, in a hesitating way.

"That is hardly how I should describe him," said Mr. Foksett.

"I mean, of course, taking into account the peculiar circumstances of his position."

"I mean that, too," said the lawyer. "No, he's not exactly what I should call a nice young man, but he writes an excellent hand, and he earns five-and-twenty shillings a week—when he is sober."

"He is not always sober?" inquired Lord Belvidere.

"He is often drunk," said Mr. Foksett.

The lawyer then set forth some further particulars of the case, the result of his investigation.

His Lordship was born at Folkestone. The late Countess of Belvidere had been taken suddenly ill there; she had just crossed the Channel and was on her way to London. The nearest medical man was sent for. Her child was born prematurely, and for some time its life was despaired of, while the Countess herself lay in a very precarious state. Mrs. Nibloe, then calling herself Mrs. Moss, but believed to be unmarried, had been engaged as nurse to the child. She had reported at the time that her own child, to whom she had lately given birth, was dead. She now confessed that her statement in that respect was false.

"In fact," commented Mr. Foksett, "the woman's a tremendous liar, there's no doubt about it, and everything she says must be received with extreme caution. She would be shattered all to pieces in the witness box. Her evidence without corroboration would be of no sort of value."

Mr. Foscett went on to say that he had found a medical practitioner at Folkestone, calling himself Dr. Battersby — now a very old man — whose books showed that he had been in attendance at the birth of the child called Harry Moss, and further that he had assisted at the entrance into the world of the Earl of Belvidere, who was then — for his father was still living, though absent in Ireland — designated by His Lordship's second title of Viscount Bellamont. It was upon the Doctor's recommendation that Mrs. Moss had been engaged to fulfil those maternal duties which the Countess' unfortunate state of health forbade her to undertake.

"What is really curious about old Dr. Battersby's evidence is this," said Mrs. Foscett. "As I have already mentioned, he is a very old man, and it is unnecessary to accept his statement implicitly; he has no record of the fact, and his memory may be altogether at fault. But he declares with much positiveness that he distinctly recollects that the Countess' child was of a dark complexion — or, as he puts it, 'a black-headed baby' — the while he is equally certain that Mrs. Moss' infant was fair, or, as he says, 'a white-headed baby.'"

"Then, so far," said His Lordship, "Mrs. Nibloe's story is confirmed."

"Well," said the lawyer, "it may be viewed as in a degree confirming her story. But it amounts to very little. I don't see that much importance should be attached to this old man's story. Very likely his memory has played him some trick. There is no particular reason why he should recollect in these cases which baby was black-headed and which was white-headed. He does not pretend to recollect the complexions of other children he helped into the world about the same time, or, indeed, long afterwards."

"I must have been what he would call a white-headed baby," said His Lordship, thoughtfully.

"Possibly," observed Mr. Foscett, with the air of one reluctant to make any admission whatever.

"And this Harry Moss?"

"Well, oddly enough, this Harry Moss is a black-headed young man, with a complexion of a tallow sort."

"I must see him," said Lord Belvidere.

"I don't advise it, but I don't see any absolute objection to such a course if Your Lordship insists upon it. I need hardly counsel the utmost caution in dealing with him. He must be addressed in the most guarded way. I have taken care to ascertain that he is altogether ignorant of Mrs. Nibloe's story of his origin. He is not a claimant as yet. He does not pretend to be anything more than what he really is — a law writer, as we say, in the employment of Mr. Took, law stationer, of Curator street."

"How soon can I see him? I am really most anxious to see him."

"For that matter, I have no doubt Your Lordship could see him at once. I have only to write a line to Mr. Took. I have a clerk in attendance; he can go down in a cab and bring the young man back with him. I dare say, in little more than half an hour or so."

VII.

"Hope I see you well, gents both," said Harry Moss, upon his admission to the presence of Lord Belvidere.

The young man was perfectly calm and at his ease; he was not in the least awed or impressed; there was no such thing as diffidence or modesty in his composition; he was as impudent as a London sparrow. A thin-faced young man, with a sallow, spotted complexion, straight black hair that tumbled over his forehead, dingly dressed in a smeared, frayed and threadbare suit of cheap tweed, altogether unwholesome of aspect, an odor of stale tobacco smoke haunting him, with a savor of public houses — this was the rightful heir to the Belvidere peerage.

Lord Belvidere raised his eyeglass and peered at his visitor.

"You see the likeness?" His Lordship in troubled tones inquired of his solicitor.

"May I inquire what likeness?" My Lord.

"It seems to me that he exactly resembles the old portrait of Hyperion Bellasis, the first Lord Belvidere. You remember the picture? It hangs over the fireplace in the large dining room at Beamish Castle. Beamish Castle was the family seat in Huntingdonshire."

"I remember the picture," said the lawyer, "but I don't see the likeness. I never do see likenesses."

"What am I to say to him?" asked His Lordship, with some agitation. "What are we to do with him?"

"You would like something to drink?" said the lawyer to the visitor. His Lordship was so clearly settling down into helplessness, that Mr. Foscett felt bound to go to the helm, as it were.

"Right you are," answered Mr. Moss. "I am always game for a drink. I came thirsty into the world, it's my belief, and I shall go thirsty out of it. I don't care much what it is so long as it gets into my head. I'm not one for non-intoxicating liquors. Give me the intoxicating, and plenty of 'em."

Curtis was bidden to bring a bottle of champagne.

"Do you mean it?" cried Mr. Moss, excitedly. "No larks! I never tasted real champagne, but once, and I've dreamed of gooseberries ever since. I call this prime," he said presently, after Curtis had twice filled his glass. "Thank

you, as you're so pressing I don't mind if I do take another. Your jolly good 'ealths, my noble swells." And he drained a bumper in honor of his hosts.

"He's a cad," murmured Lord Belvidere. "He really is a frightful one. But no doubt he means well."

"I warned Your Lordship, if you remember, that he was not a very nice young man," whispered the lawyer.

"But, of course, fortune has not been kind to him; it may be that he has been very cruelly used, deprived during many years of his just rights. That must be borne in mind."

Mr. Foscett raised his eyebrows and his shoulders, but said no word. He had hoped that the appearance of Mr. Moss would have had its due effect upon His Lordship, would have completely discredited Mrs. Nibloe's story and ended all question of the young man's claim to the peerage.

"And now, gents, may I ask what you want with me? What can I do for you?" he asked. He had been gazing round the room with quick shifting eyes, noting the furniture, the pictures, the little minor accessories and decorations, not admiringly, but with a pert air of disparagement, ridicule and contempt.

"I am afraid he looks terribly like a pick-pocket," mused Lord Belvidere.

"You are employed by Mr. Took, of Curator street?" began the lawyer.

"That's so. I've worked pretty regularly for old Took altogether. He sacks me now and then, but he's generally glad to take me on again. For I back myself to do more and better than any of the whole billing of law writers when I'm in the humor; and when I ain't drunk," he added candidly. "I've got through a good many folios for your office, Mr. Foscett, taking one thing with another — chancery, conveyancing and common law, if you'll excuse my mentioning it."

"Is a law writer's a hard life?" inquired Lord Belvidere rather timidly.

"I shouldn't say it was a soft one," replied Mr. Moss. "Sometimes it's what you may call a stopping-upall night and working-the-hair-off-your-head sort of life. Sometimes it's write, write till you seem going blank blind, and your eyes feel like dropping out of your head. And then there comes the cramp in your forearm, and your fingers all pins and needles, and you'd give the world for winks, only you don't take 'em. And don't your head burn, and don't you feel a pain inside you as though you'd swallowed a live snake and couldn't digest him, and he was setting to work to turn round and bite his way back again to daylight? It's precious hard to stay awake sometimes. I know, though you may drink the blackest coffee and take pinches of the strongest snuff — they may powdered glass with it, a purpose, they tell me — to keep your eyes open, and sneeze yourself into liveliness. No, law writing isn't Paradise; I doubt if it's much worse than penal servitude, though of course I don't speak from experience; I've never tried that."

"But if the choice were permitted you, what would you wish to be — how would you employ yourself?" asked His Lordship.

"Well, sometimes I think I'd like to go on the turf; those flash bookmakers have a fine time of it, it seems to me. Sometimes I fancy myself keeping a public house, all gaslights and looking glass and adulterated drinks. I'd like to wear the real things in clothes, rings on my fingers, a shiny hat with a curly brim on my head and a prime weed in my mouth. I'd like to go to a music hall every night and marry the girl of my heart."

"You love, then?"

"If you must know, I'm dead gone on Polly Vavasour — which her real name is Muggerridge. You've never heard of her? You surprise me. I thought every one knew Polly Vavasour. She's in the comic singing and dancing line of business. Wonderful favorite at the halls; always gets double encores wherever she appears; pretty little girl, and about as cheeky as they make 'em."

His Lordship sighed and glanced despairingly toward his solicitor.

"But I'm doing all the talking, it seems to me," said Mr. Moss vivaciously. "You sent for me, my noble swells; may one ask what for?"

"The fact is," Lord Belvidere replied suddenly, with an air of inspiration, "I want some writing done, some copying, and Mr. Foscett was kind enough to recommend me to apply to you." As he spoke he took a bulky manuscript from one of the drawers of his desk. "I want a fair neat copy of this work. It is, in point of fact, a poem, in twelve cantos — an early performance of mine, but not without merit of a certain kind, I sometimes flatter myself."

"Poetry, is it? What queer looking stuff!"

"Verse," explained His Lordship; "Spenserian stanza. The work is partly historical, but the chief characters are fictitious. It's entitled 'Aethusa; or The Last Crusade.' I want it neatly and plainly written, and am prepared to pay liberally. You will be kind enough to accept this on account."

He thrust a bank note into the soiled palm of Mr. Moss.

"Right you are," said the law writer. He glanced at the note and whistled significantly. He had been much overpaid. He contemplated his lordship and murmured: — "I thought as much. A noble gent with more money than wits. If I were in his place how I'd make the sovereigns fly."

"I'll copy it in double quick time," he said

aloud, "though it seems awful rubbish to look at, I never could stand poetry."

"Get rid of him, for God's sake," Lord Belvidere whispered to Mr. Foscett. "I can't bear it any longer."

The interview was abruptly brought to a close.

VIII.

"He's a cad, a frightful cad," said His Lordship, dabbling his forehead with his handkerchief. "But at least he must be provided for."

"I trust Your Lordship will do nothing precipitate," interposed Mr. Foscett.

"I must have time to think. Only the more I think over his wretched business the more convinced I am that grave injustice has been done. It is clear to me — clear as possible — that this dreadful cad — I beg his pardon, this most unfortunate and unhappy young man, I should rather say — is the true Earl of Belvidere, and that I am the real Harry Moss. He should be here, rich, noble, prosperous, respected, and I should be there, in Curator street, copying legal documents to gain my bread, toiling like a slave, writing as he described it, till my eyes seemed dropping out of my head, keeping myself awake with pinches of horrible snuff, and feeling my arm paralyzed with cramp and my fingers all pins and needles — wasn't that what he said? What right have I to despise him? I have robbed him of his birthright. I survey him from an eminence to which I have mounted by dishonest means, at his cost, at the sacrifice of his life. I may almost say — at any rate, of all that makes life worth having. Brought up as he has been — dragged up in the kennel, ill-treated, starved, worked to death almost, breathing poisonous air, pursuing an unwholesome calling — what wonder that he is what he is, vulgar, vicious, brutal — that he does what he does, thinks as he thinks, drinks as he drinks — aspires to keep a public house, good God — and looks forward to marrying Miss Polly Vavasour, of the music halls, who is, as he says, 'as cheeky as they make them?' In his place I should be doing the same, or worse very likely; while in my place he would be leading the life I lead, or a better, a nobler one, and that might easily be. He would be here, with every comfort about him, and engaged to marry Lady Gwendoline? I feel myself gone mad."

"Let me beg Your Lordship to compose yourself and to take a more reasonable view of the situation," said the lawyer. "Your Lordship is far too eager to credit this monstrous story of the change of children. For my part I refuse to believe a word of it. There is really not a tittle of evidence put forth in support of it."

"There is the evidence of one's own senses," protested His Lordship.

"There is absolutely nothing to go to a jury."

"But the man's likeness to Hyperion Bellasis?"

"I don't see it. It's a freak of Your Lordship's imagination."

"There are things one knows and feels to be true, although they may not be capable of legal demonstration."

"Then they are things a lawyer need not trouble himself about," said Mr. Foscett, sharply.

"I am not a lawyer, I know," admitted His Lordship.

"I am a lawyer, and I entreat Your Lordship to be advised by me. Help this young fellow, if you like. I don't say that he's a very deserving object, but his position is no doubt hapless enough, and he is the son of a woman who acted as nurse in Your Lordship's family, and was for some time in the service of the late Countess, your mother. But stop there. Rid your mind of all romantic notions about this fellow's origin. Turn a deaf ear to Mrs. Nibloe's nonsensical fable. It's suited to the stage or the circulating library, but it won't bear the test of daylight and comparison with the conditions of life. Instruct me to assist this young man, and then forget him. I'll engage that you hear no more of this claim — made on his behalf, not by himself, you will bear in mind. He knows nothing of the matter. Be assured that Your Lordship's titles, estates and property are all strictly and justly your own, and that you can not be deprived of them."

But Lord Belvidere could not or would not be convinced. Over and over again he reminded himself of the remembrance of Harry Moss to the portrait of Hyperion Bellasis; he repeated the story told by Mrs. Nibloe, and he dwelt upon Dr. Battersby's statement that the heir to the peerage born at Folkestone was a black-headed, and not a white-headed baby.

VIII.

One thing was clear. Believing himself to be Harry Moss and not Lord Belvidere, how could he marry Lady Gwendoline? He could not. He loved her; she was beautiful, lively, fascinating. But he felt himself unworthy to be her husband. He could not suffer her to be married to a Harry Moss. In this matter, at any rate, he could not honestly. The sacrifice was great, but he could renounce the hand of his affianced bride.

He sat down to write to her. But he was much troubled to find expressions. "Circumstances over which he had no control." What a trite and barren phrase it was; how inadequate to the occasion!

He sat for some hours with a blank sheet of note paper before him. Then he was spared further anxiety on that matter. Curtis entered

with a letter. "From Gwendoline," muttered his lordship, as he tore open the envelope.

The letter ran thus: — "Dearest Phibs (her ladyship had been wont thus to diminish his Christian name), can you forgive me? Let us be friends and not lovers; still less let us be husband and wife. We could not possibly be happy together. I like you very much, but I don't love you in the least. The plain truth is that we are not at all suited to each other. You are wise and clever, and grave and good. I am silly and stupid and frivolous, and only pretty good. Let our engagement end. Try and think kindly of me, Phibs, and don't let this pain you. Indeed it's for the best. Good by, God bless you." Her ladyship's signature followed, and a postscript. "I have half promised to marry little Charley Brabazon."

Lord Belvidere buried his face in his hands. He sobbed audibly, his tears oozing from between his fingers. When he was calmer he wrote a long letter to his solicitor, instructing him to arrange for the payment of liberal annuities to the persons known as Mr. Nibloe and Mr. Harry Moss during their lives.

"I'll be as just as I can," moaned his lordship. "I cannot be wholly just — what man can? I ought to give up everything, and I should give up everything if I were honest. But I am only indifferent honest, as Hamlet says. However, the real Lord Belvidere will be amply avenged for any wrong I may have done him. Life has lost all charm for me: my happiness in this world is at an end forever."

He bade Curtis pack his travelling trunks. He was going abroad for some time — for a year possibly. He left London by an early train on the morrow.

Lord Belvidere was never seen in England again. And little more was ever heard of him. It was reported that after wandering some years in Eastern Europe and Asia he had taken up his abode among the Druses of the Lebanon. He had adopted Oriental dress, manners and customs, it was even said that he had become a Mohammedan and had been permitted to make a pilgrimage to Mecca. He had acquired reputation as a physician; not that he understood medicine, but he had liberally dispensed certain patent pills he had chanced to carry with him from his native land.

Travellers in the past sometimes encountered this eccentric Englishman; they spoke of his kindness and generosity, and of the valuable assistance he had been prompt to render them; but they did not hesitate to pronounce him stark mad. He had only asked of them that they would not address him by his title.

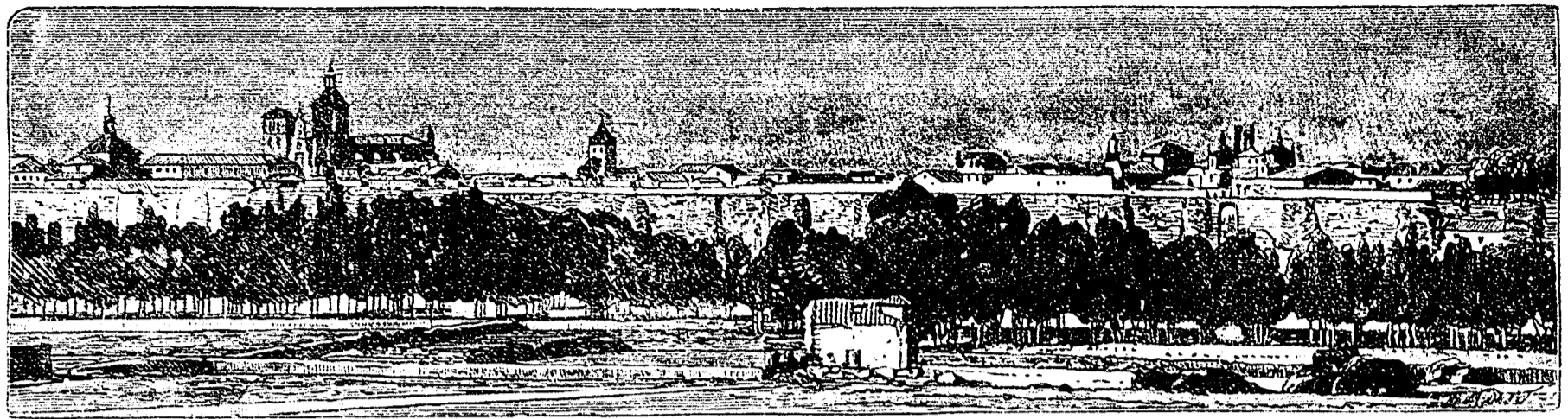
He died of Symna of yellow fever, when his papers and personal property came under the charge of the British Consul there. The stranger will be left, entirely in his own handwriting, was generally viewed as very complete evidence of his state of dementia. He appointed his solicitor Mr. Foscett, his executor, and bequeathed his entire property, both real and personal, to a certain Harry Moss.

But it happened, the bequest was of no avail; the legacy had lapsed. Some time before the demise of his lordship at Symna Harry Moss had departed this life. His end had, perhaps, been hastened by the means of living idly and prodigally with which Lord Belvidere's generosity had provided him, for he had been in receipt of a handsome income paid to him punctually by Mr. Foscett of Furnival's Inn. In truth, Harry Moss died of delirium tremens in a London hospital. Mrs. Nibloe had turned to better account the annuity placed at her disposal. She became the mistress of a beer-shop in the Borough road and there prospered remarkably. She had given her hand to an ex-sergeant of police, and was reputed to be an exemplary wife to a husband of somewhat arbitrary disposition. — *Dutton Cook in Belgravia.*

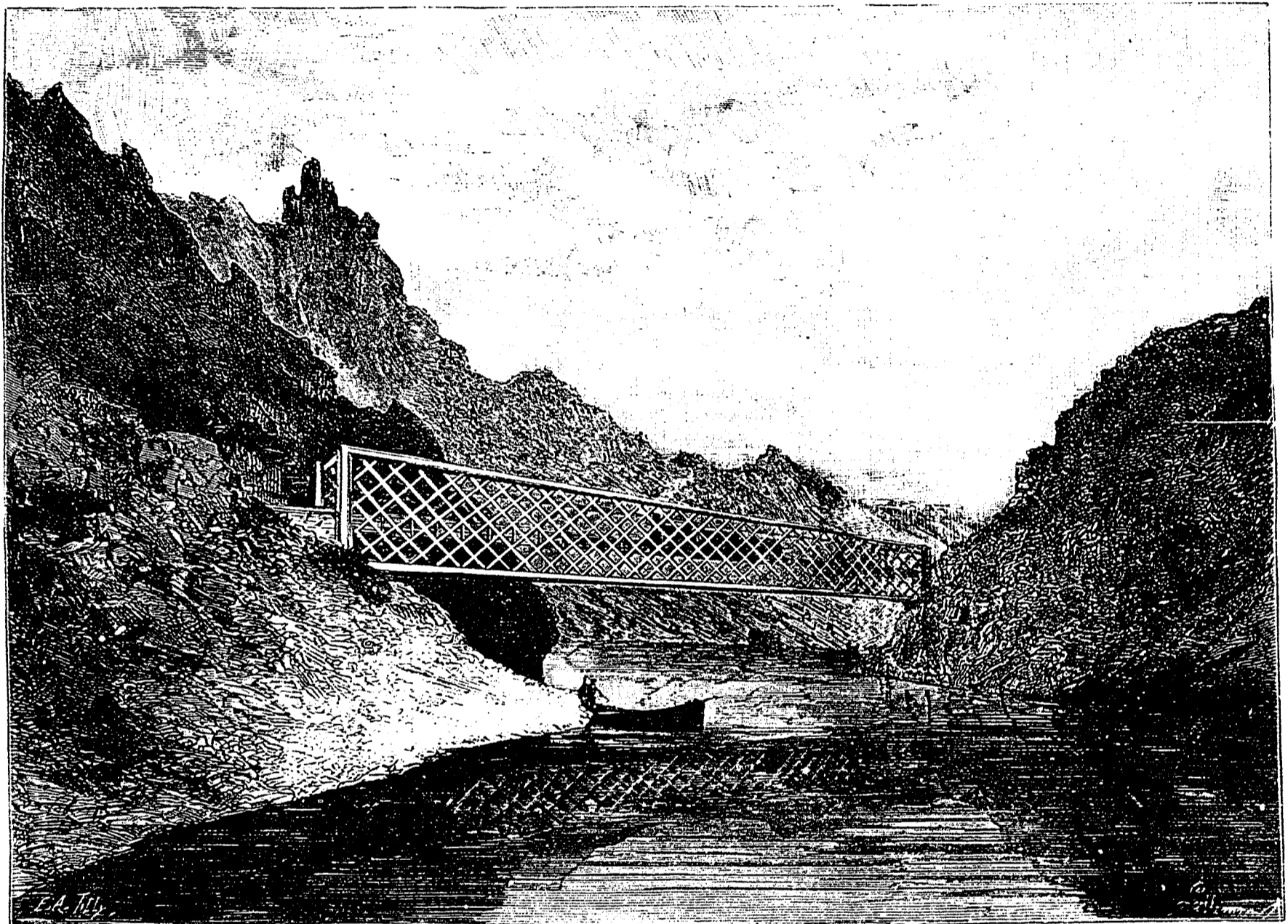
FURS.

There is a great demand for raw material in furs this fall. The generation which was brought up to have its dresses and cloaks made to order after a careful selection of cloth has not died out, and there are also left some of the fussy class who always think they will be better suited to putter over their clothes and waste more time shopping and dressmaking than they save in dollars and cents. For such deluded sisters these prices are quoted: — Plush, from \$5 to \$20 a yard; brocade silks, twenty-one inches wide, from \$2 50 to \$4; sicilienne, sixty inches, from \$7 to \$9; Russian hare, width three to eight inches, from fifty cents to \$1 a yard. Children's garments are all in cloth, but in great variety, nearly all being trimmed with plush or astrakan, and the best in natural beaver. Ulsterets for girls from twelve to eighteen years old cost from \$10 to \$15.

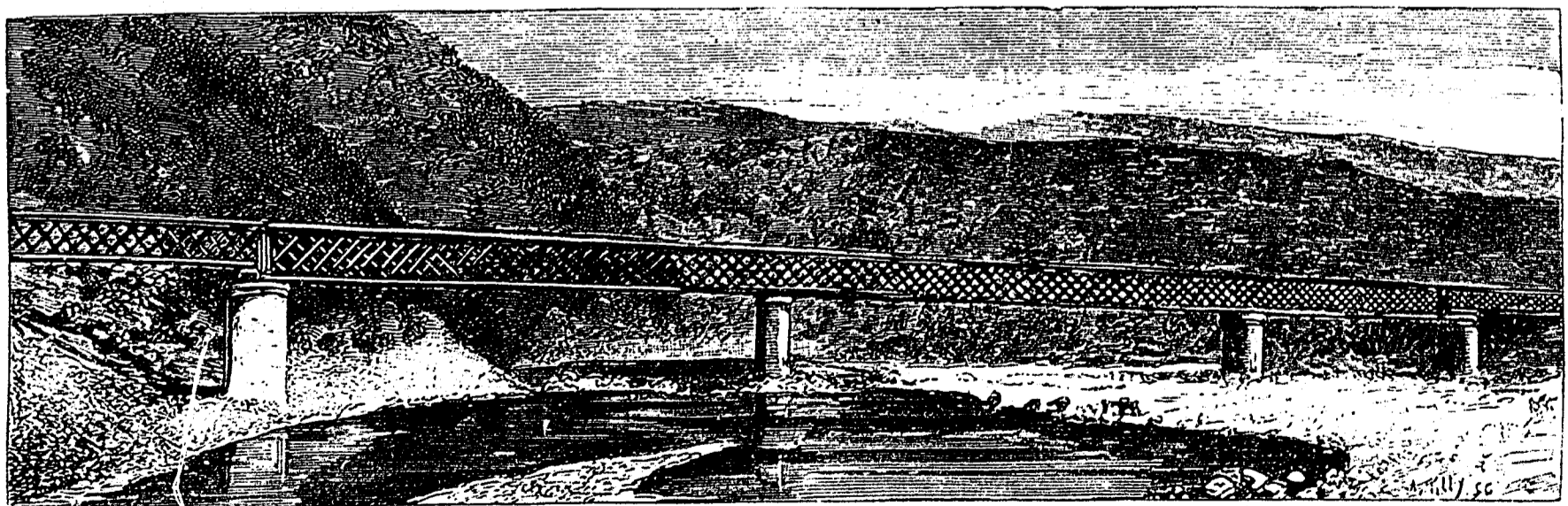
The new style havelock is more desirable; in rich plaids trimmed with velvet or the before mentioned materials they cost from \$8 to \$14, and are cheaper in plain clothes. The fur robe interest is not allowed to suffer. Springfield has always been in the front in this trade, and the sales increase from year to year. Black, white and cinnamon bear in the best grades are very scarce, and as the supply grows less these robes will increase in price. The Hudson Bay wolf is a standby, and the Japanese wolf, black, white and gray abounds to the extent of replacing the buffalo, which now sells at fancy figures. English plush loses its forced character of an imitation when used for lap robes. It cannot be mistaken for bear or buffalo, and stands well on its own merits. They are very rich in coloring, and tolerably high in price, selling from \$25 to \$75. — *Springfield Republican.*



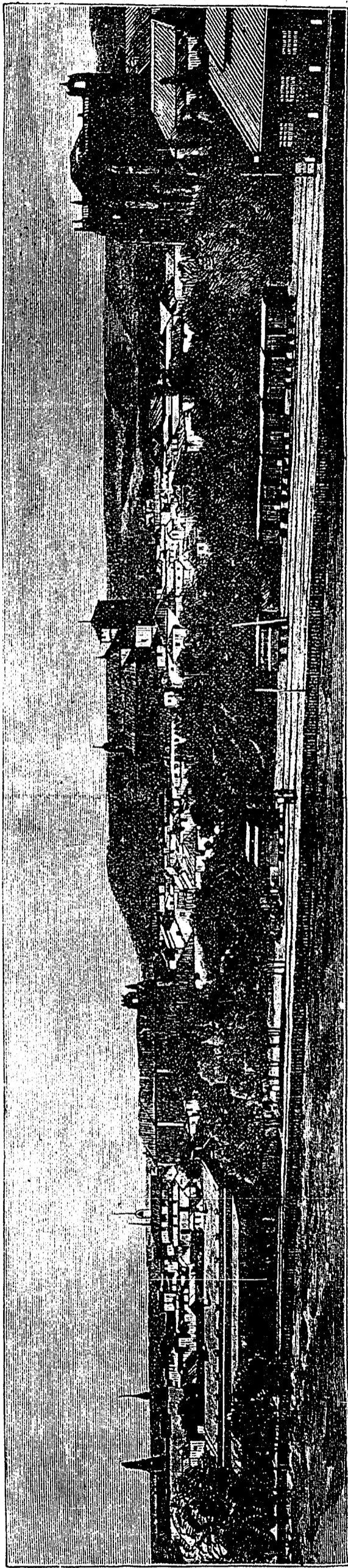
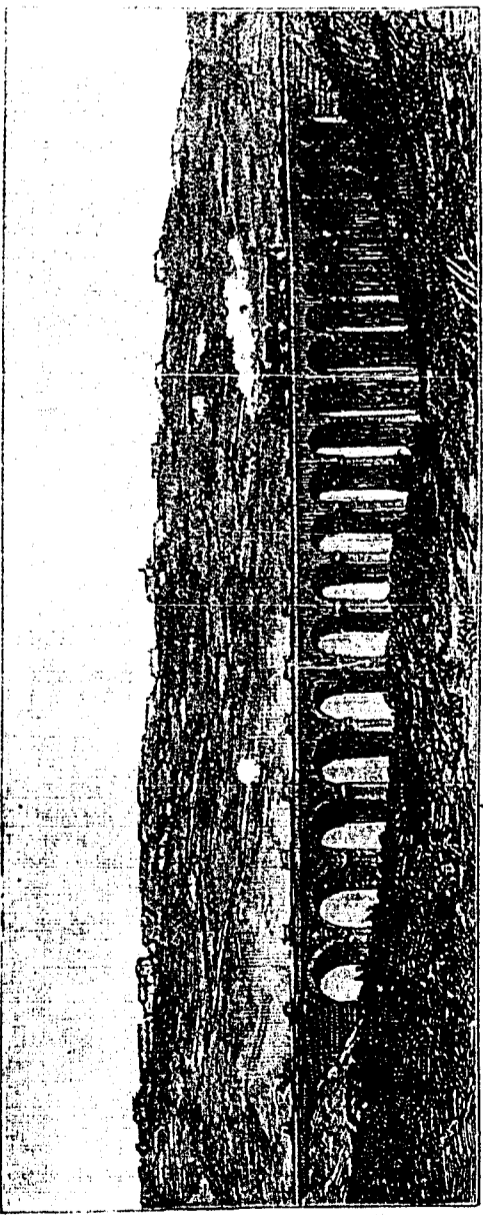
ASTORGA



PONT SUR LE SIL A FSTRECHO DE COBAS



SPAIN.—THE RAILWAY OF THE ASTURIAS.



SPAIN.—THE RAILWAY OF THE ASTURIAS.

TELL ME SO.—TO S. R. M.

BY JULIA H. MAY.

If by any word
Dropped from my careless lips to you, unheard
By all beside ;
Or, if by any tone
Discordant to your tuneful ear, alone
Your heart is tried ;

If by any act
Thoughtlessly done by me, your life has lacked
One pleasant thing ;
Or, if by any song,
Borne on the echoing wind from me, along
You ceased to sing ;

If by my word alone,
Or a st. or song, or inharmonious tone,
Less sweetness you have known,
Tell me so.

And, if by any word,
Dropped from my trembling lips, which you have
heard
And told me not ;
And if, by any tone,
Sweet to your ears, perhaps to yours alone,
And unforgot ;

And if by any deed
Done for your help in time of greatest need,
No matter how ;
And if by any prayer
Sent from my heart for you on the upward air
And answered now ;

If by any word or deed,
Or song, or prayer, you have been blest, I plead
Remember my heart's need
And tell me so.

Tell it, but do not press
My hand in fond caress ;
Tell it, but do not use
Many long phrases such as others choose ;
Tell it just as you go,
Only a word, you know,
But tell me so.

WHY EDMUNDS DOESN'T LIKE HAYES.

It is a well-known fact that Senator Edmunds and ex-President Hayes have long been on unfriendly terms. Edmunds would have nothing to do with Hayes during the Presidency, and between the years of 1876 and 1880, he called at the White House as seldom as he could. This fact was noted at the time, and the high-toned reason was given that Edmunds did not believe that Hayes was equitably President, and that he would not do anything to condone the "fraud." But this was not the true reason. The real cause was far different. I give it now for the first time to the public as told by one of the parties interested to a friend of mine.

It lay in the appointment of Hoyt M. Wheeler as United States District Judge for Vermont. About the time Hayes was inaugurated, the District Judge whom Wheeler succeeded died. Edmunds was the big Vermont man here then, as he is to-day. He appointed and removed men almost at pleasure. Mr. Edmunds is also a lawyer, and in this capacity he has for years served the Central Vermont Railroad, as its counsel. Every one knows that the Central Vermont Railroad is the biggest corporation in the State ; that it makes and unmakes politicians, and that the Legislature generally does what it demands. The Central Vermont has a great deal of litigation, and it is of interest to it that it have judges prejudiced in its favor. Senator Edmunds being its counsel, the road relied upon him to see that a proper man was chosen by Mr. Hayes. But Senator Edmunds was not consulted in the choice. Why not ?

The reason, so I am told, was as follows : The little Railroads in Vermont objected to the Great Central gobbling up everything, and they especially objected to having a Central road man on the bench. When Hayes was elected they counseled together and decided to see if they could not prevent this. To this purpose they sent a Mr. Hickock, a wealthy old citizen of the State, who was related to Mrs. Hayes' cousins—the Burchards—to Washington to attend to the matter. Hickock, who, as I said, is a wealthy man in his own State, and who has nothing to do with politics and cares less about them, came here to the Capital, ostensibly on a visit, to see his new relatives, whom the Nation has delighted honor. He stopped with his cousins, and as he was really cultured and jolly, and had also a tongue as smooth as the Blarney stone itself, he at once jumped into high favor. The Burchards were proud of their distinguished, gray-haired visitor, and they invited Mrs. Hayes down to meet him. Hickock praised the President in high terms, drew favorable comparisons between him and Madison and Adams, and in short won the heart of the President's wife. She asked him finally if he would not like to become acquainted with Mr. Hayes. Hickock bowed low and crossed his hands on his breast in an ecstasy of delight, as he replied : he certainly would, but he had not expected such an honor.

Mrs. Hayes, more flattered than ever, appointed an hour in the afternoon of the following day for an interview.

The day came, and the courtly Hickock was led into the President's sanctum. Here he continued his flattery, putting it sweet but not too thick, and applauded Hayes' southern policy very highly. He showed a thorough understanding of national matters and told Mr. Hayes how he was greatly beloved in Vermont. The interview took a wide range and lasted over an hour. As he turned to go, after bidding the President good-day, he came back, as though by

an after-thought, and said : "By the way, Mr. Hayes, you have a Federal appointment to make in our State."

"Ah!" said President Hayes, "I had not noticed it. What is it?"

"The District Judgeship is vacant," replied Hickock.

"I remember now," replied the President. "I will see to it this week. I will write a note to Senator Edmunds to-day. It is customary, you know, to refer these things to the Senators of the various States."

"Yes," replied Hickock, hesitatingly, and then taking a seat besides President Hayes, whom he knew now quite well and dropping his voice into a confidential tone : "It might be best for you to see Edmunds, but the people of Vermont think Mr. Edmunds should not be consulted in this appointment."

On the President's asking the reason he said : "Senator Edmunds is the lawyer for the Vermont Central Railroad, and this railroad now has, or will have soon, cases involving large amounts which must come before the United States District Court, over which this judge must sit. We think it hardly right that Edmunds should choose his own judge."

"I see," replied President Hayes ; "but whom shall I consult?"

Hickock thought a good while, and then named one after another several Vermont men. At last, apparently as a sudden inspiration, he spoke of Secretary Everts, "Everts," said he, "knows the State well ; he is a native of the State, and knows everybody in it."

"All right," said the President : "I will refer the matter to him."

It is but a step from the White House to the State Department, and Hickock, as he walked out of the steps of one, walked into the other. He met Everts, and told him much how the matter stood. Everts does not like Edmunds, and he took the bait hungrily. He asked Hickock whom he should recommend, and Hickock after speaking of a number of other men, adroitly recommended Hoyt M. Wheeler, and Everts concurred in his opinion that he would be a good man.

President Hayes saw Everts that day, and the result was Wheeler's name was sent into the Senate.

As yet Senator Edmunds suspected nothing. But the day of the nominations before the openings of the Senate he chanced to turn over the list of names lying on the clerk's desk. As he saw that of Hoyt M. Wheeler, district judge of Vermont, he was thunder-struck. The short-hand man did not take down his language then uttered, but I am informed it was full of brimstone. The shock was such that it kept him away from the White House and President Hayes out of his friendship.—*Carp in Cleveland Leader.*

FULL DRESS.

A fashion item says : "Black silk stockings will be generally worn by gentlemen for full dress."

There! that settles us! We have been an ardent votary of fashion, blindly obeying her behests, and appareling ourselves according to her dictum. (Ah, we can do it when we choose), but this ends it. When she says that a man shall perambulate the street and attend the Italian opera with nothing but a pair of black silk stockings, a high hat and a little humility thrown on as a button-hole bouquet, we are compelled to desert the ranks and become a looker-on in Venice.

Of course there are advantages clinging to this sort of a suit, and we duly appreciate them. It would be exceedingly comfortable in summer, but in winter we fear that there would be a few discomforts. There would be no off-buttons to fuss about ; and in some particular cases where a man is hurried to get there, he would be more apt to meet the engagement than if he had a lot of clothes to fool with ; but on the other hand, when he wanted a chew of tobacco or to look at the time, he would have to back up against a wall or a lamp post and lift his foot up to get at the plug, or watch, in his stocking pocket. He would have to be very careful how and where he sat down ; enough accidents happen as it is with the present style. It would effectually break up picnics, and a school-teacher would have to keep his desk loaded with arnica and other soothing drugs. It would relegate to private life the ambitious cow-boy revolver and the retiring prohibition pistol.

There would be a little sawiness in the color of his goods, and the style won't suit all parties, either. A splendidly-formed John L. Sullivan sort of a fellow could wear it with great effect, and get all the girls mashed on him ; but it would be very trying and discouraging to a living-skeleton-sort of a man to be called Billy Mahone, and perceive medical students taking notice of his works, and pointing out to each other how his diaphragm auscultated with the lumbago of his vertebra.

It would probably operate more against the hotel clerk and bar-tender than any other class. The diamond-cluster pin and shirt-studs would have to go on the programme somewhere, and we believe it would take some little time and patience to drill holes into the breast-bone for their accommodation. The only individual to whom this style would be a blessing, but not in disguise, is the tramp ; but even to him there would be bitterness in the cup if the farmer insisted on wearing heavy boots. There would be no way of padding himself with the softening rock.

Yes, fashion has gone too far, and we must sadly, yet firmly, give her the farewell. We have pinched our feet, and made our legs resemble the stricken deer's—done all that she has ever commanded until now. We regret that we must do so, but our duty is plain ; and so, while her faithful followers don the full dress black-silk-stocking, and sweep arrogantly by, we will fold our ulster around us like the Arab, and steal silently away among the back numbers.—*The Judge.*

A WARNING TO NEW CONGRESSMEN.

"Jim-jams!" said a gentleman the other day. "There is nothing frightful about jim-jams. I had 'em, and it is one of the pleasantest recollections of my life."

"That is queer," said the reporter.

"Not at all. Jim-jams is supposed to be a sort of demonic arrangement with nothing but snakes and scorpions in it, but that is a mistake. The whole thing is this : Delirium tremens is produced by drinking too much whisky. I drank too much whisky and got the 'jims.' I didn't know I was getting them, but the bar-keeper did. I sat down in the bar-room one day and began to pick imaginary bugs off my hands. The barkeeper suggested that I had better go home. I did so and shortly after getting there I was a first-class lunatic, by means of a number one dose of Jim-jams. Three gentlemanly neighbors came in and sat on me and smoked and talked and enjoyed themselves. I didn't know exactly what was going on, but I had a faint idea that it was a sort of go-as-you-please picnic in which I was left. I saw no snakes but I saw turkeys. They came in through the window and marched around my bed in single file. I asked some of them a few questions in a friendly way, but they never said a word, and at the same time I felt that there was no animosity between us. After a while they left but soon came in again ; this time each turkey had a monkey on its back, and each monkey seemed to be in a hilarious condition and wanted to have fun. I guess I laughed over that. The gentleman who sat on my legs and scratched matches on the soles of my feet to light their cigars said I laughed. My wife cried, however, just to be contrary. Then the turkeys went out, and every monkey way carrying a red, white and blue parasol when they reappeared. I never had so much fun in my life until about one hundred and fifty brass bands commence to play, and each band was playing a different tune. I was trying to get them all to play the same air, but it was no good, and I got so exasperated that the three gentlemen had to sit on my legs worse than ever. However, I came through it, but feeling like a dish cloth and looking as though I had had been through a threshing machine."—*Arizona Journal.*

CANADA AND THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

These Islands, or Kingdom of Hawaii, in consideration of their location and commercial importance, are creating considerable attention as a market for our manufactures, being on the highway from this Continent to the Asiatic, and may be properly termed the half-way house of the vast Pacific. As our Canadian Pacific Railway becomes completed and we seek the Asiatic trade, we are bound to be brought into close proximity with the kingdom—and especially the Port of Honolulu, the Capital of the group of islands. Last year the Two Cousins, across the border, placed in this market close on \$9,000,000 worth of manufactured goods and the greater portion coming from as remote ports as those of Montreal, Quebec or Halifax, viz., New York, Philadelphia and Boston. A consular service has already been established in Canada with Mr. C. Elliott Anderson at Ottawa as Consul-General from whom all information can be obtained, or from the following Consuls, viz : Mr. Allan O. Crookshank at St. John, N. B., Mr. George Fraser at Halifax, N. S., and from Mr. Dickson Anderson, of Montreal.

BILL NYE.

Everybody knows Bill Nye, the humorist, by reputation, at least. Cerebro-spinal meningitis has been wrestling with him for many months, and Bill has had a tussle to keep out of a coffin. His illness compelled him to sever his connection with the Laramie *Boomerang*, and to resign his postmastership at that place, and move to another locality in hopes of once more regaining his health. He is now at Hudson, Wisconsin. In a private letter to a newspaper friend in Omaha, he says : "I have decided that my duty is plain. It is to keep moderately quiet for a year, anyway. I've good offers from St. Paul to Portland, and from San Francisco to New York, including Chicago and Detroit, but this year I'll write a few sketches per week at mighty good figures and get the balance of my North American spine into shape. Then I'll see what I can do for a steady thing, whether I'll lecture or go to horse-trading. I am comfortably fixed here, within twenty minutes' ride of St. Paul, with a dozen trains a day each way, two being Chicago trains. My health is greatly improved since I crossed the Missouri, and last week I heard with much joy that my Candidate for the Laramie post-office has been appointed, though 99 out of a possible 100 at Laramie said when I came that it could not be done."—*Omaha Bee.*

MISCELLANY.

"Sense and Non-sense at Bristol" was the phrase with which one of the papers summarised the great Colston ceremonial. This pithy way of dealing with political meetings would save us columns of dry reading if it were generally adopted. "Mirth and Madness at the Mansion House" might describe the great metropolitan corporate jockeying. "Paltry Palaver at St. Stephen's" could be made to apply to a useless debate in the House. "Pipeclay and Pettiness" could be the caustic remark appended to a court-martial.

The poet Whittier ought to be one of the poets of Christmas, because his quiet spirit is so much in sympathy with the "solemn joy" that underlies the merriment of the day. His contribution to the Christmas Number of *Harpers Magazine* is virtually a Christmas poem, for it tells anew the story of "The Supper of St. Gregory" and of his beggar guest, who proved to be the Founder of the Feast Himself. The closing lines are among the finest the Quaker poet ever has written :

"Unheard, because our ears are dull ;
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him."

The succeeding (January) Numbers of *Harper's* will have a fine portrait of Whittier, and a richly illustrated paper upon him from the pen of his friend Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.

It is understood that the unseemly proceedings on the commencement of term at the Courts of Justice, and the subsequent remarks of the Chief Justice upon receiving the Lord Mayor, have led to a determination to consider the feasibility of constructing some more dignified approach from the great hall to the courts. The procession on the 2nd, so long as it was in the great hall, appeared to much advantage ; but arrived at the end of the hall it disappeared into crypts and spiral staircases and galleries with a loss of dignity due to the obvious deficiencies of the building. If it should appear possible to construct a staircase somewhat approaching in grandeur to that at the end of Westminster Hall, by which the judges could approach the courts as a procession would there enter the Houses of Parliament, it is thought that possibly the House of Commons would not be unwilling to vote the necessary sum of money for such works.

BISMARCK has one foe to whom he has to give way. It is chronic catarrh. This enemy has at last compelled the "Iron Chancellor" to surrender his beloved cigar and glass of wine. His royal master, Kaiser William, holds out better. He still enjoys his wine and tobacco. It is remarkable that, although he has long been famous as one of the most vigorous men of his time, William I. was an exceedingly feeble child. It was not, indeed, until he gave himself up to military exercises that he became robust. The Kaiser has always been a very moderate man, and to this day his dinner rarely consists of more than five dishes, from which he makes a choice. Although the cellars of the imperial palace at Berlin are full of the finest wines of all countries, including the Rhine vineyards of the famous years 1620 and 1689, of which the bouquet alone is a poem, the Emperor rarely touches them, and usually contents himself with a glass or two of somewhat ordinary Moselle.

MATRIMONY has strange chances, and a marriage that will take place in January is an example. During the last season two dinner parties had been arranged in, let us say, Arlington Street, to one of which a young foreigner of distinction had been invited. He arrived from his hotel in a hansom, the driver of which made a mistake, and deposited him at the opposite residence. Monsieur de B—— entered just as the right point for announcing dinner was reached and, being mistaken for another guest, went down in due order, finding as his left hand neighbour a young daughter of the house. In after-dinner intercourse it was found he had joined the wrong party, and explanations, both here and opposite, were given. The short time together, however, had plunged the young foreigner (who fortunately had both means and position) and his fair young neighbour so deeply in love that he received permission to continue the acquaintance, which will end in marriage and the departure to a continental home of a bright young English girl.

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen,—
I suffered with attacks of sick headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.
No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle
Nearly cured me."

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—
"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters.

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost
Do miracles!"

—Mrs. E. D. Slack.

THE BOOK-KEEPER.

It was an ancient book-keeper,
And he was tall and slim;
Though his face was mild he rarely smiled;

He always hung his hat and coat
Upon the self-same hook,
And laid his ruler, pen and ink
In their respective nooks;

Each day upon the self-same hour
He took his lofty seat,
And bent his body and his mind
His labors to complete;

The music of his pen was heard
From morn till eventide;
Up columns vast his eyes were cast,
Then down again with pride;

The cash that o'er his fingers came
Each day was something grand,
And yet no schemes to fear it off
By him were ever planned;

He had no wife, he made no friends,
His joys and cares were few;
And his dearest hope from day to day
Was to keep his balance true;

He never sighed when little ills
His way of life would cross;
And o'er the errors of his youth
He showed no vain remorse;

One day the Creditor of all
Dropped in for his amount;
He found the old man at his post,
Though low ran nature's fount;

AN ANECDOTE OF GORDON GRANGER.

A few nights after this occurrence, I stumbled
on one still more ridiculous. Captain Gill,
Lieutenant McIntyre and myself had been at
the Louisville Theatre to see Maggie Mitchell
in her very charming play of "Fanchon."

Granger and his officers were very jolly that
night before we threw down the side of the stall
on their supper, and I am convinced that our
superiors were as much influenced by fumes
from Bacchus as we were.

It was about two o'clock when we got into
the street; and while we had been peremptorily
ordered to camp, three miles away, and in a
keen, frosty night, I proposed that as we had
to report to Granger at ten o'clock in the morning,

Promptly at the appointed hour we put in an
appearance at the Galt House. Granger was
not yet out of bed. We told his orderly our
mission, and asked him to inform the General.

Granger looked astonished, and asked Gill
and McIntyre if my statement was true. They
held up their hands in earnest assent, and
testified firmly to the truth of what I had ut-
tered.

On Saturday evening last Mr. Zukertort gave a
blindfold exhibition at the Manhattan Chess Club,
playing twelve games simultaneously blindfolded.

I replied that his request was equal to an
order; and, as we had sworn to obey all orders
of our superior officers, the pledge we gave our
sweethearts must give way to the rules of war;

We parted with mutual respect for each other.
I believe that the General who takes a social
glass with his staff is no worse than the soldier
who empties a canteen with his comrade on the
hot and dusty march.

"The hand and heart will show the noble mind;
A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

HOW TO COOK AN OLD HEN.

Prof. Williams gives his experience upon this
subject in the columns of Knowledge, and in
view of the fact that this, of all seasons of the
year, the fowl-eating time, we give his direc-
tions: "I may mention an experiment that I
have made lately. I killed a superannuated hen—
more than six years old, but otherwise in very
good condition. Cooked in the ordinary way
she would have been uneatably tough. Instead
of being thus cooked, she was gently stewed
about four hours. I cannot guarantee as to the
maintenance of the theoretical temperature,
having suspicion of some simmering. After this
she was left in the water until it cooled, and on
the following day was roasted in the usual man-
ner—in a., in the roasting oven. The result was
excellent; as tender as a full-grown chicken
roasted in the ordinary way and of quite equal
flavor, in spite of the very good broth obtained
by the preliminary stewing. This surprised me.
I anticipated the softening of the tendons and
ligaments but supposed that the extraction of
juices would have spoiled the flavor. It must
have diluted it, and that so much remained was
probably due to the fact that an old fowl is more
fully flavoured than a young chicken. The usual
farm-house method of cooking old hens is to
stew them simply; the rule in the Midlands
being one hour in the pot for every year of age.
The feature of the above experiment was the
supplementary roasting."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand.
Thanks. Have posted a letter to your address. Solu-
tion of Problem No. 462. Correct.

The death of Mon. Delannoy will excite the atten-
tion of chess-players in all parts of the world. Having
had the good fortune to meet during a long life with
many of the great masters of the game his active
mind became stored with many interesting facts
connected with their characters, as men and players,
and these facts he embodied in sketches which are
well known to all acquainted with the chess litera-
ture of the day.

His "Essay on Chess," which gained the prize at
the Paris Literary Tournament, and his article on
"the Chess-players of London," and another entitled
"A Gallery of the Great Masters of the Renesance"
will be still in the memory of most of our readers, as
the whole, or copious extracts from them, have ap-
peared in most of the chess magazines or chess
columns of the day.

A chess enthusiast himself, he never failed as a
writer to rivet the attention of the amateur, and
from all accounts his kindly disposition made him
beloved by all who had the privilege of knowing him
personally.

The idea that the pursuit of the royal game not
only sweetened life, but also conduced to lengthen it,
was a favorite one with him, and his death at a ripe
old age goes a good way to prove the truth of his
opinion.

The Chess Clubs of London (Eng.) appear to have
charms which retain a strong hold on their members
in spite of extreme old age and its infirmities. It is
not long since that the City of London Chess Club in
the late Mr. Charles Mutton had a member to whom,
about three years ago, they could give a complimentary
dinner on his attaining his 90th birthday, and
now we read in the November number of the British
Chess Magazine that "the St. George's Chess Club
can boast of a similar evergreen in the Rev. Wilson
Beckett, born Sept. 19th, 1793." It adds:—"Mr.
Beckett, who is a country member of the club, comes
up to town during part of the season, and shows a
keen enjoyment both of chess and of society. He was
often to be seen at the Criterion during the earlier
stages of the late Tournament, and has by no means
given up playing; he informed us, indeed, some
little time ago, that he found he could play as strong
a game as ever. We have received Mr. Beckett's
permission to publish the particulars of his age."

The late National Italian Chess Tournament which
began on the 25th of August is one of the chess events
of the year 1883. There were ten combatants, and
four money prizes, besides two special prizes, one
being an object of art given by King Humbert of
Italy. This latter prize was obtained by Signor Gus-
tavo Maluta of Padua.

From all accounts, Mr. Zukertort is winning the
good opinions of the chessplayers of the United
States, and his manners which are said to be pleasing
and affable are gaining him many friends. He ap-
pears to be ready to play on invitation with any of
the leading members of the chess fraternity, and
does not insist upon the customary fee which at one
time was so much spoken about by those objecting
to professional chessplaying.

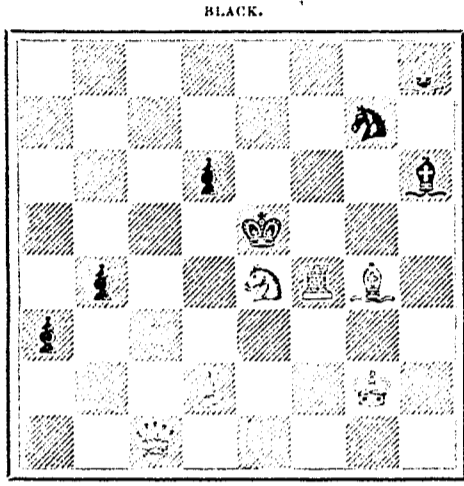
On Saturday evening last Mr. Zukertort gave a
blindfold exhibition at the Manhattan Chess Club,
playing twelve games simultaneously blindfolded.

Mr. Zukertort is undoubtedly a very remarkable and
brilliant exponent of this kind of play, but on this
occasion he did not meet with the success which has
usually attended him in like exhibitions. Of the
twelve games he lost six, drew two and won four.
Mr. Zukertort remarked after the play was over,
which by the way lasted until nearly four o'clock in
the morning, that he had been annoyed during the
evening by the boisterous talk of a crowd of people
in an adjoining room, which had somewhat interfered
with his mental composure. This was doubtless true,
and had the proper arrangements for the exhibition
been made by the Manhattan Chess Club doubtless
Mr. Zukertort's score would have been more credit-
able to him.—Turf, Field and Farm.

The late distinguished Russian novelist, Ivan
Tourgenieff, was a fervent disciple of chess, and,
before his health became impaired, played daily in
Paris at the Cafe de la Regence. His game was seri-
ous and cautious, with no effort to be brilliant, and
his strength was hardly Pawn and two below that of
the first French amateurs.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PROBLEM NO. 463.

By Sergt.-Instructor Woods.



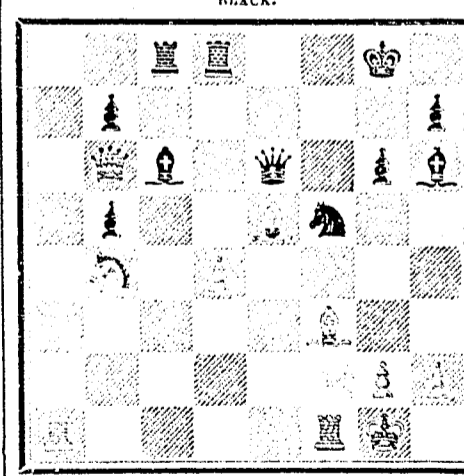
White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 463.
White. Black.
1 Q to R8. 1 Any
2 Mates acc.

GAME 389th.

Played recently between Mr. Thorold and a strong
amateur, Mr. T. giving the odds of the Q Kt.
(Green's Count's Gambit.)
(Remove White's Q Knight.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Thorold.) BLACK.—(Mr. M.)
1 P to K4. 1 P to K4
2 Kt to K B3. 2 P to K B4
3 Kt takes P. 3 Q to K B3
4 P to Q4. 4 P to Q3
5 Kt to B4. 5 P takes P
6 Kt to K3 (a). 6 P to B3
7 P to Q B4. 7 P to K Kt3
8 B to K2. 8 B to Kt2
9 Kt to B2 (b). 9 Kt to K2
10 Castles. 10 Castles
11 P to B3 (c). 11 P to K6
12 B takes P. 12 Kt to B4
13 B to B2. 13 Q Kt to R3
14 Q to Q2. 14 B to B3
15 P to B4. 15 Kt to K2
16 B to K3. 16 B to Q2
17 P to K4. 17 Q R to Q B sq
18 P to K5. 18 Kt to B2
19 P to Q R4. 19 P to Q4
20 Q to R5. 20 P to R3
21 P to K B5 (d). 21 Kt takes R P
22 B takes Kt. 22 R P takes P
23 B to K5. 23 Q to K3
24 R P takes P. 24 B P takes P
25 P takes Q P. 25 Q takes P
26 Kt to Kt4. 26 Q to K3
27 B to B3. 27 B to B3
28 Q to Kt6. 28 K R to Q sq (e)



WHITE. BLACK.
29 Kt takes B. 29 P takes Kt
30 Q to Kt7. 30 Q to Q2
31 Q to Kt6. 31 B to K6 ch
32 K to R sq. 32 B takes P
33 B takes P. 33 Q takes B
34 Q to Kt7 (f). 34 Q to Q2
35 Q to Kt6. 35 Q to Q B2 (g)
36 Q to K B2. 36 P to B4
37 R to R6. 37 P to Q3
38 Q to R2 ch. 38 P to B5
39 R to R7. 39 Q to R4
40 R to K sq. 40 P to Kt5 (h)
41 Q to R4. 41 R to Kt3 (i)
42 R to K8 ch.
And White wins (j)

NOTES.

(a) The ordinary continuation here is Q Kt to B3.
Mr. Thorold, of course, giving the odds of the Q's

Kt is unable to proceed in this way. The move in
the text is as good a move as can be made in the cir-
cumstances. When the game is played on even terms
it is considered that White's reply to Black's advanc-
ing the K B P—namely, Kt takes P—gives White the
superior position.

(b) The only move to prevent the disintegration of
White's Pawn.

(c) This move wins Black's K P as the game was
played, but we are not sure that Black could not with
safety have played P takes P.

(d) Black apparently thought it advisable to capture
the Pawn and give up the piece rather than open his
position to White's attack.

(e) We give a diagram of the position. Mr. Thorold
points out that Black overlooked the move B to K6
ch. On the White King's moving to R sq Black
would have won a piece by Q takes R.

(f) Although White is now a piece up, Black's
passed Pawns are formidable, and Mr. Thorold
deems it advisable not to exchange Queens.

(g) Black persistently challenges the exchange,
which White as persistently refuses to accept.

(h) Black calculates upon the strength of the Pawns
without sufficiently weighing White's power of at-
tack.

(i) This, of course, was weak. R to K B3 would at
least have prolonged the game.

(j) For R takes R, Q takes R ch, Queen interposes
B to Q5, and mate follows immediately.—Glasgow
Herald.

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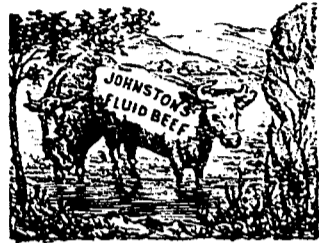
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