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THE FAVORITE

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL OF AMUSING AND USEFUL READING

No. 18

1874

Vol. III.

MAY 2.
16 PAGES
5
CENTS

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"WHOSE CHILD IS THAT?" CRIES IRENE SUDDENLY.

"NO INTENTIONS."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT.

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Veronique," etc

CHAPTER VI.

"What is the reason that that woman is permitted to behave towards us as she does?"
Irene closes the dining-room with a loud slam as she speaks, and, as she turns to confront him again, Oliver Ralston sees that the pallor that overspread her features at the house-keeper's insulting speech has given way to a rosy flush of anger.
"Indeed I cannot tell you, Mrs. Mordaunt: I have asked myself the same question for years past, but never been able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. But you are trembling: pray sit down—this scene has overpowered you."

"Overcome me! How could it do else but overcome me? I have not been used to see servants assume the place of mistresses; and I feel, since I have come to Fen Court, as though the world were turned upside down. Mr. Ralston, do you know that the woman occupies one of the best rooms in the house?"
"I know it well! I was sent back to school once, in the midst of my holidays, for having had the childish curiosity to walk round it."
"That she lies in bed till noon," continues Irene, "and has her breakfast carried up to her; that she does nothing here to earn her living, but speaks of the house and servants as though they were her own property—"
"I can well believe it."
"And that she has actually refused to receive any orders from me."
"Not really!" exclaims Oliver Ralston, earnestly.
"Really and truly!"
"And what did my uncle say to it?"
"That I had better give my orders to the cook instead!"
There is silence between them for a few minutes, till Irene goes on, passionately:
"I could not bear it—I would not bear it—if it were not for Philip. But he is the very best and kindest man in the world, and I am sure he would prevent it if he could. Sometimes, Mr. Ralston, I have even fancied that he is more afraid of Quekett than any of us."
"It is most extraordinary," muses Oliver, "and unaccountable. That there is a mystery attached to it I have always believed, for the most quixotic devotion to a father's memory could hardly justify a man in putting up with insult from his inferiors. Why, even as a child, I used to remark the difference in my uncle's behavior towards me when Quekett was away. His manner would become quite affectionate."
"Doesn't she like you, then?"
"She hates me, I believe."

"But why?"
"I have not the least idea, unless it is that boys are not easily cowed into a deferential manner, and Mrs. Quekett always stood greatly on her dignity. Do you not see how frightened Aunt Isabella is of her."
"Indeed I do. I waylaid her, only yesterday, going up to the old woman's room with the newspapers, that had but just arrived by the morning's post. I took them all back again. 'Not to-day's, if you please, Isabella,' I said. 'I should think yesterday's news was quite fresh enough for the servants' hall.'" "Oh! but Mrs. Quekett has always been accustomed," she began—you know her funny way—but I had mine in the end. And Philip said I was right. He always does say so whenever I appeal to him. But why can't he get rid of her?"
"Why, indeed! Perhaps there is some clause attached to the conditions on which he holds the property, of which we know nothing. I suppose it will all come to light some day. Discussion is futile."
"I am not sure that it is right," replies Irene, blushing. "Perhaps I should not have spoken so freely as I have, but I was much annoyed. Whatever Colonel Mordaunt's reasons may be for keeping Mrs. Quekett, I am sure of one thing—that they are good and just, for he is of too upright and honorable a character to lend his hand to anything that is wrong."
"My uncle is a happy man to have so staunch a defender in his absence," says Oliver, admiringly.
"If his wife does not defend him, who shall?" she answers; "but all this time I am forgetting that you have had no refreshment, Mr. Ralston. What a careless hostess you must think me! Now, confess that you have had no dinner."
"Well, none that deserves that name, certainly."
"I thought so; but what can you expect, if







By A. STOKES.

MENDING THE OLD CRADLE.

"THE FAVORITE"

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THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING
 COMPANY; Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communica-
 tions to be addressed to,

THE MANAGER,
 DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

All correspondence for the Papers, and liter-
 ary contributions to be addressed to,

THE EDITOR,
 DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

When an answer is required, stamps for re-
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THE FAVORITE

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1874.

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THE NOSE.

It is rather a singular fact that, although the eyes, the mouth, the eyebrows, the eyelashes, the lips,—in fact, all the features of the face, have received commendation from the poets, the nose has been left alone, without much passing remark. Throughout all poetical literature, there seems to have been a strict silence kept on this important subject. No poet has ever yet found courage to write an "ode" to the nose. One would think it would be a very good subject, if for nothing else than for its novelty. It certainly is not worn out, because there has been very little, if anything, ever written about it.

Even in conversation, in every-day life, very light mention is made of the nose. How often we hear the expressions:—"What beautiful eyes;" "what rosy lips;" "what plump cheeks;"—but how seldom is the remark made, "what a fine nose!" Whenever the nose is spoken of, it is with a smile. No one ever talks seriously about it; few ever think of ex-
 pecting on its beauty. It is more than probable if our greatest poet should send a poem "on the nose" to the editor of a periodical, the latter would respectfully decline it, with the remark:—"That's all very good, my dear sir; but then, you know, it is on the nose, and that won't do at all."

The very terms we use in describing a man's nose tend to bring it into contempt and make us laugh. For instance, we say that a man has a pug-nose, a hook-nose, hatchet-nose, a club-nose, a snub-nose, a potato-nose, a peaked-nose, a parrot's-nose, or a turned-up-nose. Some thoughtless people designate it as a snout, a proboscis; while others, in speaking of a large nose, call it a promontory. A Frenchman says of a clever man, that he has a fine nose; of a prudent one, that he has a good nose; of a proud man, that he carries his nose in the air; an inquisitive person is said to poke his nose everywhere; a gourmand is described as always having his nose in his plate; that of the scholar is said to be always in his books. When an individual is growing angry under provocation, the French say the mustard is rising to his nose. The English say of a man who does not form very decisive opinions—who is led by what others say rather than by his own judgment—that he is led by the nose. Others who do themselves harm when trying to injure an enemy, are said to have cut off the nose to spite the face. And, in love affairs, when a rival has been supplanted, it is said that he has had his nose put out of joint.

A whole issue of our Journal might be filled

with the humorous allusions which have been made on the nose. From the very earliest times, down to the present, it would seem as if there were a tacit agreement among mankind to make the nose a subject of jest. The following is a verification of a remark made on a man, who not only had a very large nose, but large teeth, also:

"Let Dick one summer day expose
 Before the sun his monstrous nose,
 And stretch his giant mouth, to cause
 Its shade to fall upon his jaws;
 His nose so long, and mouth so wide,
 And those twelve grinders, side by side,
 Then Dick, with very little trial,
 Would make an excellent sundial."

The literal translation of the remark is: placing your nose opposite to the sun, and opening your mouth, you will show the hour to all observers. A Greek poet describes the nose of a man as being so large that its distance from his ears prevented him from hearing himself sneeze.

Although the nose has been ridiculed through all time, and held in contempt, yet the majority of the greatest men who have ever lived have been noted for large noses. The Romans had a proverb:—"It is not common to every one to have a nose:" meaning that it was not every one who could boast of a prominent nasal appendage, or, to speak more plainly, have an expressive nose. Cyrus the Great had a long, sharp nose; and the Persians of the present day, in order that they may resemble, in one particular, at least, their great warrior, pinch their noses to resemble his. Cicero was called the orator with the equivocal nose. Julius Cæsar had an aquiline nose; so had Achilles; but the nose of the old philosopher, Socrates, it is said to relate, was a decided pug.

It is almost needless to say that the nose enters very largely into the matter of personal beauty. All writers on physiology and beauty lay great stress on the part it must take in the facial outline. Some call it the regulator of all the features. One claims it should be one third the length from the tip of the chin to the roots of the hair; and, if there is any deviation from this rule, it must be anxious, for it would be better to have too large a nose than one too small. Plato called the aquiline the royal nose; and, from the fact that the subjects of most of the early sculptors and painters were represented as having large noses, we may judge that they preferred them to small ones. But tastes differ; for, among the Kalmucks, a dumpy nose is considered the perfection of beauty. The Hottentots, among other heathenish customs, flatten the noses of their offspring; and the Chinese consider a nose of no account unless it be short and thick. The Crim Tartars do worse than this—they break the noses of their children because they consider them in the way of their eyes.

HOBBIES.

If hobbyhorses were at once and for ever abolished, half the commerce of every civilized country would vanish along with them. Men pursue other avocations with various degrees of perseverance and pertinacity; but they ride their "hobbies" when they once get fairly and safely into the saddle, from one year's end to another, until the grim tyrant bars the way, and there is an end to the race. The reason is, that the race they run is that of inclination, not of necessity. Circumstances often force men to the adoption of a profession; but it is choice that mounts them upon their hobbies. Hence it follows that the hobby is often so different from the calling, and that the calling of one man is the hobby of another, and vice versa. The hobby of the analytic and philosophical Paley was angling; he could cruelly impale an antagonist on the horns of a dilemma, but he preferred to feel the writhings of a gudgeon impaled upon his hook. He could fathom the metaphysical profound with the "plummet of thought, but he preferred to gauge the depth of the brook, where the roach lay at the bottom, with a plummet of lead.

One man's hobby lies in books, which he never reads. He spends his life, and all his superfluous cash, in the collection of volumes of which he never peruses more than the title pages. His shelves are groaning beneath the erudition of all ages and all countries. He gloats over the possession of the rarest works, and will travel from one end of the kingdom to the other for the mere chance of purchasing a unique specimen to add to his collection. It would take him a century to spell over what he has already amassed; but he never dreams of such a thing—he reads the catalogue, the inventory of his riches, and nothing else: every addition to that is an addition to his satisfaction, because it is an additional grace to his hobby. Another man's hobby is pictures. His mind is profoundly impressed with the glories of art—the mysterious gloom of Rembrandt, the savageness of Salvator, the "corregioity of Corregio." He dreams of old masters, and haunts the dusty purlieus of Wardour Street and Soho, and hangs about the auction-rooms, and nods his head at the coat of fifty pounds a time. He is learned in oils and varnishes, and knows "all about meglips and that;" he rises with Raphael, of whom an "undoubted original" hangs at the foot of his bed; he breakfasts with Hobbsma, dines with Rubens, sups with Vandyke, and goes to sleep with Claude Lorraine. He is never

taken in; not he,—he is too good a judge for that. Is he?

The hobby of a third steady rider is auto-graphs. He sees a charm in the handwriting of remarkable persons superior to anything else that belonged to them. His treasures are scraps of paper, old letters, blank leaves torn from books, or franked envelopes. The genuine "M, his mark," of some baron bold of the unlearned middle age, if he could get it, would be dearer to him than a cheque on Courts and Co. for a good round sum. He enshrines his blotted boards in close cabinets, under lock and key, and dares not trust them otherwise out of sight, lest Betty should mistake them for waste paper, and consign them to the kitchen fire. A fourth rides a musical hobby, and goes merrily through the world to the sound of fiddle and flute, and French horn and double bass. He puffs and scrapes, and blows and thumps away the days of his ears upon all manner of instruments; and his mouth is full of German and Italian celebrities—of Mozart and Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach and Padre Martini, and Albrechtsberger and Rhigini, and Cherubini, and Cianochetti, "and all others that end in *iti*;" and Spöhr, and Graun, and Droebs, and Eybler, and Schneider, and a hundred and fifty more, whom to pronounce were to dislocate one's jaws, but whom to hear were to be rapt in Elysium. His whole life is one song; and when he sinks into silence at last, it is with the blessed hope of a joyful Da Capo in the land of celestial harmony. A fifth gets astride upon a volume of Philidor, and, in mute and almost motionless enjoyment, rides double with a cherished companion, whom he venerates and esteems precisely in proportion to the trouble he is at to beat him. His most powerful and inexorable antagonist he is dearest friend. The chess-board, their field of strife, is their common estate and the pledge of their union; and for them there is no world beyond the sixty-four squares upon which they marshal their mimic war.

It is not always, however, that men manifest a correct taste in the selection of their hobbies. To the instances we have adduced above, there is, perhaps, no very violent objection to be made, on that score, at least. Some eccentric exceptions, which have come within our own observation, may be thought worth a passing notice. A French nobleman residing in Paris some years ago, being, perhaps, imbued with the conviction that "there is nothing like leather," chose boot for a hobby. His own boots were the one thing in the universe to the cultivation of which he devoted himself. Most mornings of his life he put on a new pair, which, when his valet drew them off, were carefully polished and promoted to the shelves where stood the glittering ranks of their predecessors. He had built himself a long gallery for the reception of his leathern wares; and here they were arranged in rows, under the guardianship of well-salaried custodians, charged to maintain them always in a state of brilliant polish. Here the noble amateur in boots and blacking enjoyed his morning walk for an hour every day; and it was said that he took no small pleasure in exhibiting his collection to curious strangers. The idea naturally arises that his lordship was insane; such, however, was not the fact, nor did any other act of his life countenance the supposition.

We once knew a gentleman who had made a fortune in commerce, and who, by a hobby, had set his heart upon walking-sticks. Having plenty of money at his command, he spent a tolerable income annually in the purchase of this very equivocal species of goods. He had literally filled his own house to overflowing with every attainable variety of prop, cane, staff, and cudgel, from "the stick with two butt-ends," as Paddy calls his shillelagh, to the supple cane or elastic switch with which the modern beau provides himself for his lounge in Regent Street. A walking-stick, no matter of what material, whether a sixpenny blackthorn or a silver-headed Malacca, was a temptation which he could not resist; he was never known to relinquish one when he had once fairly grasped it in his palm; it was so much easier to pay the price of it. The shopkeepers of the town knew his hobby well, and for many years made a good market of his penchant for small timber.

EATING WHEN SICK.—It is the custom among a certain class of people, when a member of the family falls sick, to begin at once to ask, "Now what can you eat?" Every one has heard of the old story of the man who always ate eighteen apple dumplings when he was sick. On one occasion when he was engaged upon the eighteenth, his little son said, "Pa, give me a piece." "No, no, my son," replied the father, "go away; pa is sick." When a young man has surfeited in season and out of season, until exhausted nature gives way, and a fever is coming on, the good mother is in trouble. She anxiously inquires, "Now, John, what can you eat? You must eat something! People can't live without food!" Then come toast and tea, etc. The stomach is exhausted, and no more needs stimulating or food than a jaded horse needs the whip. What is needed is rest. Nine-tenths of the acute diseases might be prevented by a few days' starvation when the first indications appear. I don't mean complete abstinence in every case, but perhaps a piece of coarse bread, with cold water for drink. If such a policy were generally adopted, what ruin would overtake the medical profession. How many physicians would lack for patients.—*Fourth and Home.*

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

"MENDING THE OLD CRADLE."

This pleasing incident of domestic life in a comfortable working-class family, which is the subject of a picture by Mr. A. Stocks, shown at the last Royal Academy Exhibition last year, tells its own tale of happy marriage and parental affection. We heartily congratulate the good young husband and father upon his opportunity of doing such a timely job of carpentry for the sweet-looking woman and her baby, who are watching his easy work. The artist may have intended to suggest, by the introduction of pussy and her kitten, a blessed truth of kindly Nature's ways touching the universality of the maternal instinct; or he may only have sought to relieve the simplicity of his main subject with a little by-play in that corner. Some doubt will perhaps arise concerning the relation of the little girl holding the kitten to the youthful matron, whom we are glad to see doing so well after her recent gift of a new recruit to the army of humanity. It can scarcely be supposed, in the absence of positive testimony, that she is the mother of such a child, apparently nine years old; and, if it were so, why then it would be natural to look round for several intermediate brothers and sisters, who should have taken their turns in the same cradle before the advent of the present baby. We prefer to believe that cherished and honored wife has been permitted to invite her little sister, perhaps an orphan, to share the modest home where the love of an honest and industrious man has placed her, not more than two or three summers ago; but, whatever be the date of their happy union, they shall have our best wishes for the future tenor of their peaceful life.

NEWS NOTES.

Senator Boutwell's health is precarious. Lowenstein was hung at Albany on the 10th. The Bishop of Pernambuco has been pardoned. The funeral of Dr. Livingstone took place on the 18th inst. The escape of Rochefort and companions is officially confirmed. The Portland Board of Trade adopted Anticipation resolutions. \$7,000 are offered for the arrest of the Austin stage robbers in Texas. Fifty convicts in the cabinet factory of Sing-Sing Prison struck lately. The murder of a man name Haywood and his wife is reported from Ottawa, Ohio. A majority of seventy-eight in the German Reichstag voted for the Army Bill compromise. The Carlists have definitively rejected proposals for a settlement made by Marshal Serrano. A horrible murder and subsequent lynching of the prisoner is reported from Orange, Texas. An Austin despatch says the Brown County Texans and the Border Indians have been fighting. The French Government has issued a circular prohibiting newspaper attacks on the Septennate. An Extradition Treaty between Salvador and the United States has been officially promulgated. A Calcutta despatch says the famine is increasing in Tirhoot, over half a million persons still suffering from starvation. The Emperor Francis Joseph has sent a conciliatory reply to the Pope's remonstrance against the Ecclesiastical Bills. A special from Calcutta says the famine is everywhere under control, and further subscriptions are considered superfluous. The President considers it desirable that the United States Government, should return to specie payment as soon as practicable. A Memphis despatch says the crevasse on the Mississippi is now a hundred yards wide, and fears of a general inundation are entertained. Among petitions for a Prohibitory Liquor Law presented in the House of Commons last night, was one from London sixty-six feet in length. The Congressional Select Committee on Transportation, report favorably on the improvement of the Erie Canal, to float 1,000 ton vessels. A compromise has been effected with regard to the German Military Bill, limiting the strength of the army to 400,000 men, and the period of service to seven years. Captain Brown and Jean Lue, witnesses for the Thoborne claimant, have been found guilty of perjury, and respectively sentenced to five and seven years penal servitude. A London despatch says Sir John Carlisle has resigned the Attorney-Generalship, in consequence of ill-health, and that Sir Richard Baghallay, the present Solicitor-General will succeed him. The Havana Official Gazette says that all slaves furnished by the Government during Jovellar's administration are to be organized as soldiers under white officers, and after five years' service are to be declared free.

ON THE RIVER.

BY ROB. RICHARDSON, B.A.

Our boat and we drift down the stream—
Down the stream:
My love is seated facing me,
With blue eyes that melting beam,
Lustrously as in a dream,
Full and shadowy.

Sultry glows the tropic sun,
But we two
Feel no whit the Summer heat
Floating where the shade is sweet,
Down the river's rippling flow,
Where the red-brown rushes grow,
Nodding in their cool retreat—

Floating in our cushioned skiff
Where we lie,
All in the hot Australian noon,
What time we see a dim white moon
And languid Nature sinks to rest,
Slumbering with unruddied breast
In a death-like swoon—

Down the river's curving reaches
Drifting slow,
Underneath a fragrant shade
By low-drooping branches made;
And in the purple tide below
Checkered shadows come and go—
Flash and fit, and fade.

Oh, the warm Australian day—
Golden fair!
Unsuiled skies! And over all
A drowsy stillness seems to fall,
A perfect hush is every where,
And the still and languid air
Is held in dreamy thrall.

May, with fitting summer smiles
On her lips,
Rows one had, all lily white,
Through the waters blue and bright;
And from her rosy finger-tips
The crystal water sparkling—drips
In liquid gems of light.

Defly, my love, you work the helm,
Sweetest May!
And on my lazy oars I bide,
White all unhelped of sail we slide
Adown the river's peaceful tide,
Like that maid of olden day,
Pictured in the poet's lay,
Whom the stream bore far away
By Camelot's rocky side.

Your broad-brimmed hat too jealously
Hides in good sooth
All the rare beauty of your eyes,
Where the melting lustre lies,
And the laughter lives and dies;
While on your cheek and on your mouth
Flashes the red blood of the South,
And the warmth of Austral skies.

As on we glide come liquid strains
Our ears to greet;
Sweet chords from many a hidden throat
On the drowsy stillness float—
The warbling oriole, low and sweet,
And the purple lorikeet,
A sharp fantastic note.

But, mute for very happiness,
You and I,
Watch the braided ripples run
On and on, on and on,
Or follow with a lazy eye
The circles of the dragon-fly,
Now darting with a glitter by,
Now poisoning bright against the sky,
Blazing golden in the sun.

O that we might thus for ever
And for ever
While a changeless life away
In an endless Summer day,
Where the world's rude shocks could never
Come between our loves to sever,
Floating down the peaceful river,
On for aye and aye!

TRUE GOLD.

BY A. K.

There had been a railway accident near the little village. Some carriages had left the rails, and lay crushed and shattered by the bank, the cries of the passengers thrilling painfully through the quiet evening air. Men who were harvesting close by flung down their sickles and hastened to help; kind-hearted women came running from the cottages to give eager assistance.

Mr. Reginald Garth was sitting at tea with his sister in the little rose-shadowed porch, after a long day's ride to his patients, when the sad tidings were brought by half-a-dozen imperative voices calling for the "doctor." He hastened into the surgery for some surgical appliances, told Miss Lottie to prepare to receive some of the sufferers, and hastened across the meadows, that were glowing with sunset light,

till he reached the spot, where most of the passengers had been rescued from their terrible position. Some of them had struggled out, and sat on the bank, faint and trembling, but unhurt; others lay still and senseless; some were dead.

Mr. Garth took the lead at once in that horror-stricken crowd, and sent for hurdles and soft coverings to convey the wounded to shelter. Those who, unhurt themselves, had friends among the stricken, crowded round the young surgeon in painful eagerness.

"Look at my child!" exclaimed a tall, handswoman in frenzied accents. "Oh! doctor do something for him!"

Mr. Garth bent over the little form lying so calmly on the grass, with a look of peace on the white face. Hot tears rose in the tender-hearted surgeon's eyes.

"He will never wake again on earth, madam," he said, gently.

"You're wanted more over here, doctor," called a big farmer from the village, touching Mr. Garth as he tried to ease to pain of a man who had received a terrible blow on the shoulder. Mr. Garth followed the speaker quickly.

Just drawn out of the debris and laid on the bank were two young women. The farmer's wife was kneeling beside them, chafing the small white hands of the younger. Mr. Garth stopped at the first for a few moments.

"Dead!" he said, sadly, and he passed on to the other, whose head was resting on the shoulder of the farmer's wife. Her hat had fallen off, and her short curly brown hair was matted with blood that still trickled in a tiny stream over her light travelling dress.

Mr. Garth bound up the wound carefully, looking with grave pity at the fair young face. "She will require the greatest care—I fear the worst."

"We will take both of them to Budleigh," said the farmer, who had summoned his spring-cart—"they seem as it they were together."

"Mistress and maid," suggested the surgeon.

They were laid in the thick straw, the living and dead together, and taken gently across the grass field to the low-roofed farmhouse. The surgeon had two of the most severely wounded moved to his own house, and the rest found eagerly offered care and shelter elsewhere.

Soon the spot was still again where the terrible tragedy had taken place, and the stars shone down from the quiet autumn sky.

All night the surgeon and a physician who had been summoned from London were busy. In the gray light of the morning they were called to Budleigh. The young lady had roused from her swoon in feverish delirium. The two men held a consultation over the case.

"Her friends should be sent for," said the physician. "Is she known?" No; none of the passengers knew her, or remembered at what station she had got in. The farmer's wife produced a pocket-book and a letter, and a handsome silver card-case, which had been found in the pocket of the wounded girl.

"Margaret Wardour"—that was the name on the cards; and the letter had the same superscription, and was signed with the name of a well-known London lawyer. It contained an inquiry as to when a promised interview about some business was to take place.

Mr. Garth wrote out a brief message to the lawyer on the back of his letter, and sent it off to the nearest telegraph office by the farmer's man.

It was in the middle of the coroner's inquest, while the surgeon was giving his evidence, that the lawyer arrived.

His first act was to identify the body of the young woman who had been found with Margaret Wardour. It was that of Miss Wardour's maid, as the surgeon had surmised—Sarah Weston, aged twenty-eight. When the inquest was over, the lawyer shook his head at the suggestion that the young lady's friends should be sent for.

"To the best of my belief she has no friends," he told the surgeon—"in England, at any rate. Till within the last few weeks she had resided in a German school as English governess. Before that she was in India."

"Has she no relations or guardians?" asked Mr. Garth.

"She is of age," said the lawyer. "Poor girl, it would be hard for her to die! She has just succeeded, as the last of the family, to a very large fortune. She must have every care, Mr. Garth."

"Of course," answered the surgeon.

The lawyer went back by the next train, and the friendless heiress lay hovering between life and death. Youth and care, however, won the battle at last, light slowly came back to the dark eyes, and the surgeon could hope for the best.

The farmer had no children, but there was a little girl who had come in the summer to stay at the farmhouse, a little town-bred, shy creature, who had few childlike ways about her. A great friendship was struck up between Miss Wardour and this child—a friendship that was very strange in its quiet depth and intensity. When the dark winter days came, and the invalid could walk a little up and down the garden, little Ida was always her companion, walking soberly beside her, talking in the low hushed tone that in a child is painfully eloquent of a crushed heart. She made Miss Wardour the confidant of all her sorrows, and Margaret soon understood as well as the child the old life that had been so strange and mournful.

The beautiful young mother had died when Ida was four years old, leaving her little girl only the memory of a sweet face. Margaret

loved to hear Ida speak of her, feeling a keen sympathy with the young child's loneliness.

"Tell me something about you," Ida would say sometimes; and Miss Wardour would tell her of her happy life in India with her father and sister.

"And did they both die, like mamma?" the child asked one day.

"Yes, papa is dead, and Nina is lost;" and Margaret's face shadowed with pain.

"Lost?" inquired the child curiously.

"Yes. We lost her years ago. She was much older than I was; and I remember her so well. She had eyes like yours, Ida."

Thus they would converse, walking up and down in the brief morning sunlight, or sitting by the pleasant fireside. Miss Wardour seemed in no hurry to leave the farm, and the owners were only too glad to keep her there. A dainty little pony-carriage was added to the establishment, and Margaret drove about the country lanes with Ida by her side. They often met the young surgeon on his horse, and he would raise his hat, or stop and shake hands, and murmur some commonplace about the weather, and inquire after Miss Wardour's health in a cold professional manner, very unlike his frank genial heartiness with people in general.

Through the depth of that winter he never came to the farm for weeks together, though often in his homeward ride at night he would stop at the garden gate and listen to Margaret's sweet voice singing old German ballads that thrilled the surgeon's heart. The heiress loved to sing, and these sad refrains haunted the young man through his daily work.

"You are working too hard, Rex," said his sister, one evening, after she had been silently watching his pale thoughtful face for some time. "Why don't you drink your tea?"

"I was thinking," he replied, and he started and raised his cup to his lips.

"Thinking! You are always thinking! Why can't you be content with your practice, and leave those old books alone? What's the good of all your study and thinking, I should like to know, Rex?"

"It gives me something to do," he said, and he smiled at her as he stirred his tea.

"You don't need that, I'm sure. Your patients keep you pretty well occupied. There." as the bell sounded—"you can't have your tea in peace!"

The interruption came in the shape of a note. Mr. Garth read it and put it down by his plate.

"It is from Miss Wardour," he said to his sister. "She wants me to go over to Budleigh."

"Ill again?" questioned Miss Lottie, rather sharply. "It's little Ida then. The child seems to be ailing, and they are nervous about her. There's no great hurry."

He finished his tea, hardly hearing his sister Lottie's grumbling remarks about people in general. She brought his overcoat and umbrella—for the rain was coming down fast—and made him wrap up his throat warmly.

"You are an ungrateful boy!" she remarked as he resisted the infliction of a large muffler. "Your wife won't have half such forethought for you!" R-ginald sighed, as he went out through the little passage.

"I should like to see Miss Wardour's writing," thought Miss Garth as she went back to the teatable and looked about for the little note. But it was gone.

The pleasant sitting-room at the farm was aglow with light. Tea was over, and Mrs. Evans, the farmer's wife, had gone out, on household thoughts intent. Ida lay sleeping on a low sofa by the fire, and Miss Wardour sat by her side, looking gravely at the leaping red flames. Her face was still pale and delicate from her recent illness, though a soft exquisite color tinged her cheeks. She was looking very pretty and graceful in a blue silk dress trimmed with costly white lace round the open sleeves and square-cut bodice.

Tokens of wealth were scattered over the room, giving a strange bizarre appearance to its quaint furniture—beautiful books, a harp and piano, some handsome statues and pictures, and numberless little trifles that told of the presence of one to whom money was a small consideration.

Hark! There was a step on the garden path. Miss Wardour rose, went out softly, and opened the hall door. The light streamed after her, making to the eyes of Mr. Garth a fair picture of that slight graceful figure in the blue dress.

"Good evening, Mr. Garth. Ida is asleep. You are wet, I fear."

"It is raining," he said, briefly, taking off his overcoat.

"Have you had tea?" asked Miss Wardour. "I hope my note did not bring you out in this wretched weather."

"Weather is never studied by a doctor, Miss Wardour," he said. "My patient is asleep, then?" He stopped by the sofa as he spoke.

"Hush! Please don't wake her. You won't mind waiting for a while."

"Oh, no." He sat down by the table, and Margaret went quietly out of the room. She came back in a few minutes with a little tray, bearing a cup of tea and a few delicate slices of bread-and-butter, and put it down before the surgeon.

"Your sister will scold me for bringing you out," she said, gaily.

"Oh, Miss Wardour, why did you trouble yourself—I had finished tea."

"Come, you must drink it. Do you take sugar? I hope the tea will be strong enough."

With a flush on his grave face he took the cup

from her hands. Something of his thought Margaret guessed, for she too blushed very prettily, and rose and stood on the hearth-rug. Mr. Garth rose too, and stood opposite her, with the cup of tea in his hand.

"You don't favor us often with your visits, Mr. Garth," observed Margaret, with a little reproach in her manner.

"I have struck you off the sick-list, you know, Miss Wardour."

"Yes, I am quite well now. If I had not fallen into such good hands, I should have died, I feel sure."

"It takes a good deal to conquer youth," observed the surgeon.

"It was all so kindly done," said Miss Wardour, not noticing the last remark. "And you would all have been as kind if I had not been rich, I know."

"Of course," responded the surgeon, rather coldly.

Tears were gathering in Miss Wardour's dark violet eyes, and her voice trembled as she spoke. She looked up in the young surgeon's face. He put the cup on the chimney-piece, and gazed steadily at the fire. One glance at the shy sweet eyes, and he felt his resolve would fall him. Miss Wardour sat down in her low chair by the sofa, and played restlessly with her ring. Ida was still asleep. The freelight leaped and flickered over the two troubled faces.

"What ought I to do with my money?" said Miss Wardour, suddenly. "It is a terrible responsibility; I almost wish it were buried in the sea."

Mr. Garth looked down at her; her eyes were drooping, and she did not see that tender, regretful glance.

"Ah, you don't know what money can give, Miss Wardour—flattery, luxury, ease, admiration, friends."

"Ah, no! You must stop there. Friends it can never give. My only friends in England are in this little village—this child, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans, and you," she added, hesitatingly—"you are my friend, are you not?"

She looked up wistfully at him, but his eyes were bent steadily on the fire. For a moment he hesitated. Wild words were trembling on his lips, but he kept them back, and said, earnestly—

"I hope I am. May I take the privilege of a friend and speak frankly to you?"

"Yes, indeed," was her ready reply.

"Don't be angry—don't think me presumptuous—but, Miss Wardour, you ought not to stay here. Your wealth gives you the right to occupy a position in society very different from this—it is your duty to take it. It is for a wise purpose that riches have come to you; and you should not shrink from meeting your responsibilities, forgive me if I have said too much."

Miss Wardour did not answer. She sat looking straight before her, every vestige of color gone from her face.

"Do you really think that I ought to go back again into the wide world?" she said at last, in a low hoarse whisper.

"You will find there better friends, a more fitting home than you can have here. We shall all miss you."

"Thank you," she said, after a pause, and she put her hand up over her eyes. "I will think it over."

They did not break the silence again till Ida awoke and Mrs. Evans came in. Mr. Garth said that Ida's illness would soon pass off, being merely a slight cold, and he ordered the child to bed.

He went away before Margaret came back from seeing Ida warm and asleep in her little cot. Miss Wardour did not notice his absence. She sat down by the fire and talked to Mrs. Evans, and her harp was left untouched.

Some evenings afterward there was party at the Rectory. Margaret was there, the centre of attraction to the half-dozen gentleman-farmers and curates that composed the male portion of the company. She was talking gaily, late in the evening, to one of her clerical admirers when the surgeon entered. He sat down near the door, chatting to his hostess, and Margaret watched him furtively in the intervals of her mild flirtation.

"Ah, there's Garth!" said her companion, following her glance, "What a plain fellow he is!"

Miss Wardour raised her eyebrows in some astonishment. The surgeon's face was a very fine one, though with little regular beauty.

"You don't agree with me? Well, the ladies generally do like his look—he is a great favorite."

Margaret changed the subject, not caring to discuss the surgeon's character. He came over presently and shook hands with her.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked.

"Is that spoken in malice prepense?" Margaret returned, ignoring the curate altogether. He moved away, and the surgeon took the vacant seat.

"You are looking tired, Miss Wardour," he said, kindly. "Don't overtax your strength."

"Oh no. I am going away. I have taken your advice. There is an old friend of my father's now in London—General Macarthy. I am going on a long visit to him, and shall be presented at Court, I believe, and 'come out.' Oh dear!"

"You will find London very different from this," he said.

"I suppose so. Remember, Mr. Garth, you told me to go. I would have stayed if you—"

She stopped short, and colored deeply and painfully.

"You mistake yourself," said the surgeon, in

head. "Now which will you have, Nellie?" asked he, offering her the geraniums in one hand and the rose in the other.

Nellie hesitated, glanced up shyly, hesitated again, and then stretched out her hand to the rose.

"And I'll give my heart to my ladye's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean
And the stars shall fall, and the angels be
weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my
queen!"

sang Errol as they sauntered home through the old garden, with the shadows falling softly around them, the stars looking down, the calm majestic presence of the night sympathising with the deep unutterable gratitude which filled their hearts with reverence and awe unspeakable.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CREAKING BOOTS.—Stand them in the salt and water over the soles for 24 hours.

A NEW method of preserving new manurial matters consists of mixing burnt gypsum with them and moulding into bricks.

FLOOR OIL-CLOTHS.—Have the dust wiped from them often; but use soap and scrubbing-brush seldom, as they wear off the paint. Use no hot water.

A HORSE left uncovered when not in exercise will soon grow a heavy coat of coarse hair. This becomes a hindrance to rapid motion, and should be prevented by judicious blanketing.

To detect nitric acid in wines it is necessary to saturate the wine with baryta and then distill; phosphoric acid is added to the residue and redistilled, when the acetic will be found in the distillate.

To CLEAN MARBLE.—To cleanse marble stained with iron rust, apply lemon-juice to it with a clean rag and wash with warm water. If soiled with dirt, wash it with soap and Paris white.

FURNITURE OIL.—Mix half a pint of olive oil with a pound of soft soap. Boil them well, and apply the mixture to your oiled furniture with a piece of dry cotton wool. Polish with a soft, dry flannel.

FOR BLEACHING MUSLIN.—One pound of chloride of lime to forty yards of muslin; soak the muslin in soft water overnight, melt the lime in a pot of water; then put the muslin in for half an hour; then rinse three times; soak in soft water overnight; then hang out to dry.

TO POLISH TINS.—First rub your tins with a dry cloth; then take dry flour and rub it on with your hands; afterwards, take an old newspaper and rub the flour off, and the tins will shine as well as if half an hour had been spent rubbing them with brick dust or powder, which spoils the hands.

An old umbrella supported on a stick driven into the ground affords an excellent shelter from the frost for small trees and shrubs. A galvanised iron cage of similar shape has recently been introduced for this purpose; it has only to be covered with cloth or paper to complete the arrangement.

MUSTARD PLAGSTER.—In making a mustard plaister no water whatever should be used, but the mustard mixed with the white of an egg; the result will be a plaister which will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part.

ALUM water applied hot is said to destroy red and black cockroaches, spiders, and all the crawling pests that infest our houses. The alum water should be applied with a brush to all wood-work where insects are suspected. Powdered alum or borax is useful for travellers to carry with them, to scatter about when they suspect there may be troublesome visitors.

An old farmer said: "When I die, I am going to leave behind me, as a heritage for my children, the home where they were born, made as beautiful as my means and educated taste would allow; pleasant memories of the home friends, and of the sunny summer days, and a true regard for the dignity and worthiness of the calling which their father followed." It is a capital legacy.

A GOOD TABLE SAUCE.—Take one gallon of tomatoes, wash and simmer in three quarts of water until nearly done; strain through a sieve; add two table-spoonfuls of each of these spices, ginger, mace, black pepper, allspice and salt, and one of cayenne pepper; boil down to one quart; pour in one-half pint beet vinegar, and then pass through a hair sieve. Bottle in half-pint bottles; cork and seal securely, and keep in a cool place.

M. GAUDIN has been making experiments to supersede borax, which is generally employed in soldering, and the result is that he finds that an excellent flux for soldering iron, and brazing copper and aluminum bronze, is obtained by a mixture of equal parts of cryolite and chloride of barium. Cryolite is a product and export of Greenland, and consists of a double fluoride of aluminum and sodium.

M. MILNE-EDWARDS, the well-known Parisian naturalist, has been studying *melanisms*, or the influence of climate in producing a black hue in the plumage of birds. He observes that the quantity of black in their feathers is regulated

by the regions in which they live, the tendency to *melanisms* being chief noticeable in the southern hemisphere, and particularly in New Zealand, Madagascar, and New Guinea.

VARNISH BY EVAPORATION.—Gutta-percha solved in ether is said, by Dr. Hoffman, to make an admirable transparent varnish for pictures and other sensitive objects of taste. Upon being applied to a surface the ether evaporates, leaving an exceedingly delicate and scarcely visible film, which can be washed with a moist cloth without harm. Applied to fine drawings through a vaporizer, this composition renders them ineffaceable.

CLEANSING LACE.—Point, or any kind of fine lace, may be cleansed easily by soaking it in a preparation of sapoline and warm water. If this is not procurable, ammonia may be used with almost equal effect. Let it soak till fit to rinse in pure warm water; then lay it on the ironing-board over clean linen, and iron lightly on the wrong side with a cool iron. Afterward pin the lace on the linen-covered board, inserting a pin in every open loop to keep the pattern clear.

HOW TO KEEP BUTTER COOL.—Get a large flour pot, plug up the hole with a sound cork and seal it. Now put a quarter-brick or other square, heavy body in the bottom, to serve as a support for a second, but smaller pot, which must be plugged up in the same manner. Place a dish under the outer pot, and cover with any cover you please, provided it be not metallic. Now fill the space between the inner and outer pot with water. The butter will keep as firm as a rock, as cool as a cucumber.

In the Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society various waste residues are described as important. Blood may be used as manure; it contains one per cent, of phosphoric acid. Flesh, fish, hair, wool, and glue refuse may be used, as also the "trotter-scotch" from tanneries, a mixture of skin and hair. Refuse hops contain from two to four per cent, of potential ammonia. Sugar-boilers' scum contains both nitrogen and phosphates.

ENGRAVING IN RELIEF.—This is a substitute for wood engraving by deepening or hollowing out by means of acid the parts usually cut to the full depth required with a graver. The drawing is etched on the plate, and the raised parts obtained by a deposit of metal, then the parts in relief are covered with an acid resisting varnish, and the remaining parts are hollowed out to the required depth by means of acid, this process being repeated as often as necessary for producing the greatest depth required.

YOUNG engineers will find the following recipe a good one for polishing the brass-work of their engines. Rub the surface of the metal with rottenstone and sweet-oil, then rub off with a piece of cotton flannel and polish with soft leather. A solution of oxalic acid rubbed over tarnished brass soon removes the tarnish, rendering the metal bright. The acid must be washed off with water, and the brass rubbed with whiting and soft leather. A mixture of muriatic acid and alum dissolved in water imparts a golden color to brass articles that are steeped in it for a few seconds.

GLYCERINE AND CASTOR OIL.—The Philadelphia Medical Times has an article on this subject. It is stated that if castor-oil be mixed with an equal part of glycerine and one or two drops of oil of cinnamon to the dose, it can scarcely be recognized. The writer affirms that he has used this mixture a great number of times, and can confirm all that has been said of it. Children take it out of the spoon without difficulty, and it has been given to doctors without their discovering that they were taking castor-oil. This hint may be well worth acting upon, considering the nauseous character of castor-oil to most persons.

IMPROVED WOOD FENCE.—The stakes are used in pairs, set at such an inclination toward each other that they intersect or cross, and are placed at the usual distance apart to form a panel of fence. A rider is supported in the angles formed by the intersection, and an upright is placed centrally between each pair of stakes, with a rider extending across the top ends thereof. Braces are attached to the stakes at one end, while the other end rests beneath the lower angle of the latter, on the rider. The uprights are connected with the stakes by slats, and placed at an angle of fifteen degrees with the surface of the ground. Rails rest on these slats, and their ends lap past each other by placing them on opposite sides of the uprights. The fence is said to be straight, and proof against unruly stock, as well as high winds.

DIPHThERIA.—A remedy for diphtheria has been brought prominently before the public in Victoria, Australia, by Mr. R. Greathead. In the first instance, Mr. Greathead offered to communicate to the Government a sovereign remedy for diphtheria, in consideration of a reward of \$5,000. The matter was referred to the chief medical officer, Dr. McCre, but there were manifest difficulties in the way of testing Mr. Greathead's method; and the Government, of course, declined to enter into the speculation which he had invited. Thereupon, Mr. Greathead made public his remedy, which consists simply of the administration of four drops of pure sulphuric acid in a tumbler of water. Cases have since been reported in which the supposed specific is alleged to have operated successfully, but the cures have not been authenticated by medical men, and the value of the remedy is still a matter of doubt amongst laymen.

CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, May 2nd, 1874.

All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE," London, Ont.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. A. RODIER.—Your solution of No. 56 is quite correct. Should be pleased to hear from you regularly.

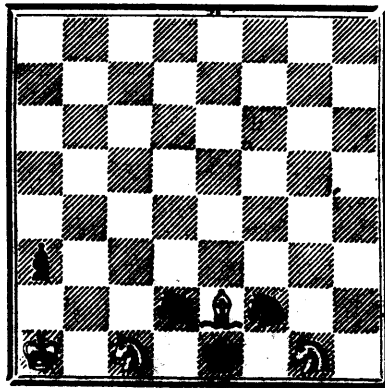
J. W. STANSTEAD.—The documents have been distributed as directed. Cannot promise the Association much from London. A prob. now and then for the Casket would be in order.

CAISSAN CONUNDRUMS.

No. 59.

BY L. T. BROWN.

BLACK.



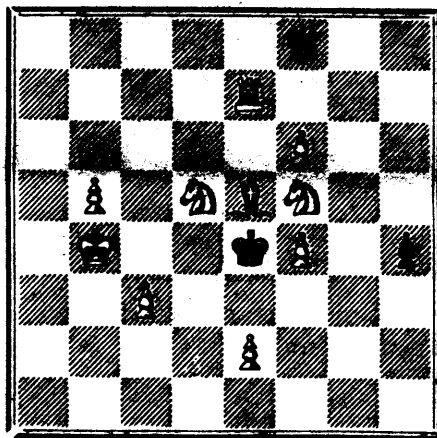
WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

No. 60.

BY MISS ELINA JANE HALL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CONUNDRUMS ORIBBLED.

No. 51.

White.
1 B to K B 6th
2 Mate acc.

Black.
1 Any

No. 52.

White.
1 B to Q B 4th
2 Q to Q 5th, ch
3 Kt or Q mates

Black.
1 K takes B
2 Any

(a.)
1 B takes B, etc.
2 Any

(b.)
1 B takes Kt P
2 Moves

(c.)
1 R to Q or K 5th
2 Any

CAISSAN CONTESTS.

No. 26.

An elegant little affair contested some years ago between Messrs. Neumann and Schulten.

Ruy Lopez Kt's Game.

White.
Mr. N.
1 P to K 4th
2 Kt to K B 3rd
3 B to Q Kt 5th
4 P to Q B 3rd
5 Castles
6 P to Q 4th
7 P takes P

Black.
Mr. S.
1 P to K 4th
2 Kt to Q B 3rd
3 B to Q 4th (a)
4 K Kt to K 2nd
5 Castles
6 P takes P
7 B to Q Kt 3rd

8 P to Q 5th
9 P to Q 6th
10 P to K 5th
11 K R to K 1st
12 B to K R 5th
13 B to Q B 4th ch
14 P takes K B P
15 Q takes R
16 Q to K 8 ch, and wins (c).

8 Kt to Q Kt 1st
9 Kt to K Kt 3rd (b)
10 Kt to Q B 3rd
11 K R to K 1st
12 P to K B 3rd
13 K to R 1st
14 K takes R, ch
15 P takes K B P
16 P takes K B P

NOTES.

(a) Probably the worst defence to the Ruy Lopez that can be adopted.
(b) P takes P is the proper move.
(c) A beautiful and unexpected coup, which forces mate in a move or two.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Neumann, who, a few years ago, was looked upon as second to no player in Europe, should have so completely retired from the Chess arena, his name nowadays being rarely to be met with, even in the German and Austrian Chess magazines.

No. 27.

A smart little game recently contested in the Chicago Chess Club.

Bishop's Gambit.

White.

Black.

Dr. Spencer.
1 P to K 4th
2 P to K B 4th
3 B to Q B 4th
4 Q to K 2nd
5 K to Q 1st
6 Q takes P, ch (b)
7 Kt to K B 3rd
8 R to K 1st
9 P to Q Kt 4th (c)
10 B to Q Kt 2nd
11 B takes Kt
12 Q takes K R P
13 Q to K 4th
14 Kt to Q B 3rd
15 Q to K 2nd
16 Kt takes Kt

Mr. Hosmer.
1 P to K 4th
2 P takes P
3 P to K B 4th (a)
4 Q to K R 5th, ch
5 P takes P
6 B to K 2nd
7 Q to K Kt 5th
8 Kt to K B 3rd
9 P to Q R 3rd
10 K to Q 1st
11 R takes B
12 R to K 1st
13 P to Q 3rd
14 B to K B 4th
15 Kt to Q 5th (d)
16 B to K R 5th (e)

And White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) A defence recommended by Philidor.
(b) Mr. Neuman's move of Kt to Q B 3rd appears to be the strongest mode of proceeding with the attack.
(c) A novelty, and one which appears worth consideration.
(d) An excellent coup, to which there seems to be no satisfactory reply.
(e) This brilliant stroke of play changes in a moment the whole aspect of the game. White must now lose his Queen or be mated.

CAISSAN CHIPS.

We conclude our labors by gathering the "chips." It has been suggested that we open a correspondence tournament, and publish the games in the FAVORITE. How many of our readers think the coming season not too sultry for such a contest? Let us know at once.

Brother Brownson and good lady playing at chess forms the handsome picture that adorns the cover of the greatly improved, handsomely-printed Duquesne (Iowa) Chess Journal, for April.

Have we informed our readers of the painful event—the death of Ernest Morphy? Apoplexy carried off this able chess writer and his demise occurred at Quincy, Illinois on the 7th ult.

The Chess Journal presents to the would a new variation in the "slow" opening, called "Jerome's double gambit." It will in all probability prove to be practically, as it certainly is theoretically, unsound. The sacrifice of a Bishop and a Knight so early in a game as the 4th and 5th moves, can hardly be expected to afford equivalent advantage in position. After further examination we may possibly republish it in the FAVORITE, should we not see what we expect to see.

THERE is a story told about Holbeck Lunds chapel in Wensleydale, that some years ago, when the small bell in the little turret was either missing or broken, the clerk used to come down to the chapel on Sunday at the usual hour, and, thrusting his head through the hole where the bell had hung, cry out lustily, "Bol-lol, bol-lol, bol-lol!" in order to summon the parishioners to service.

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board with this inscription:—"Take notice that when the water is over this board, the road is impassable."

\$3.00 LORD BROUGHAM TELESCOPE.

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HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

"If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

ONE of our countrymen who has suffered declares that to carry letters of introduction to Englishmen doubles the terrors of crossing the Atlantic.

A CHICAGO man wrote to Agassiz that he had an apple which he had preserved for fifty-three years, and when Agassiz wrote for it, the joker said it was the apple of his eye.

CONSCIENCE doth make cowards of us all, particularly of a Michigander, who, on being arrested for larceny, promptly confessed to burglary, bigamy and infanticide.

BOSWELL observing to Johnson that there was no instance of a beggar dying for want in the streets of Scotland, "I believe, Sir, you are

very right," says Johnson; "but this does not arise from the want of beggars, but the impossibility of starving a Scotchman."

It is said that one of the editors of a New Orleans paper, soon after commencing to learn the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text, "My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil."

"Does your arm pain you?" asked a witty Aberdeen lady of a gentleman, who, at a party, had thrown his arm across the back of her chair, so that it touched her shoulder. "No, madam, it doesn't pain me; but why do you ask?" "Oh, I noticed that it was out of place, sir; that's all." The arm was removed.

THE coming poet in Napoleon, O., warbles:—

"Tis midnight and the setting sun
Is rising in the wide, wide West.
The rapid rivers slowly run:
The frog is on his downy nest:

The pensive ghost and sportive cow
Hilarious hop from bough to bough."

A SCOTCH minister recently, in discoursing of a certain class of persons who were obnoxious to him, concluded with this singular peroration: "Ma freens, it is as impossible for a sinner to enter the kingdom o' heaven as for a coo to climb up a tree wi' her tail foremost and harry a crow's nest, or for a soo to sit on the top o' a thistle like a laverock."

THERE is a hearty vigor about Omaha journalism which suggests that that city is not yet an enervated centre of effete civilization. The editor of the Omaha Herald says that the wall-eyed scullion who fiddles and dances in the Plattsmouth Herald delivered a temperance lecture a few nights before, and that he is glad the lecturer was partially sober at the time, and not dripping drunk as usual.

A COUNTRY minister of "limited capacity" recently married for a second wife a widow of some property. Being an ardent servant of Mammon, a former neighbor asked him if he

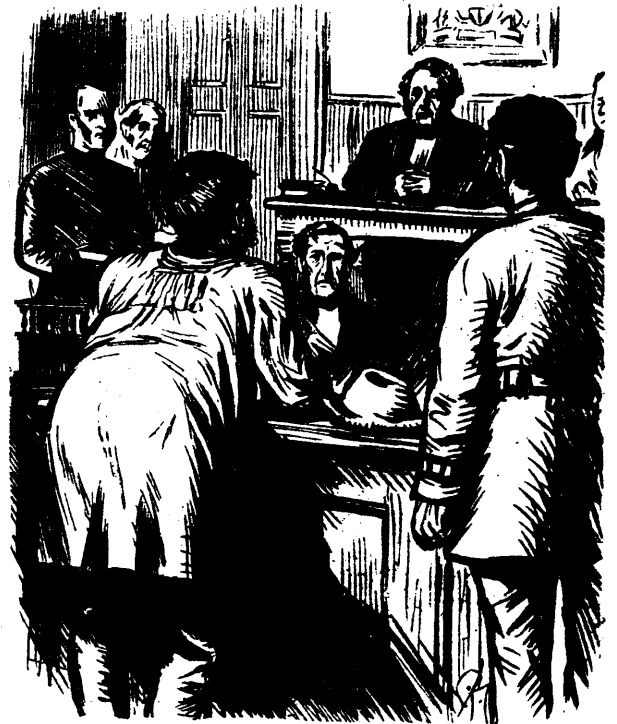
did not do well by the second marriage? "O, yes, indeed," he said, with animation and then, as an expression of reverent awe stole into his face, he added, "and, what is very remarkable, the clothes of my wife's first husband just fit me."

NOT REMARKABLE.—A Massachusetts farmer says, "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on the way up to the barn-yard in the evening stop and call for a look of hay." Smithson says there is nothing at all remarkable in that. He went into a barn-yard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle, and the old bull not only followed him till he left the lot, but took the gate off the hinges and raced with him to the house in the most familiar manner possible. Smithson says he has no doubt that the old fellow would have called for something if he had waited a little while, but he didn't want to keep the folks waiting dinner; so he hung one tail of his coat and a piece of his pants on the bull's horns, and went into the house.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Fascinating Widow. "NOW, THAT WE ARE ALONE, MR. SILVERTONGUE, AND LIKELY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED FOR ANOTHER HALF-HOUR OR SO, I HAVE A VERY GREAT FAVOUR TO ASK OF YOU!" Amateur Vocalist. "PRAY—PRAY DO?" Fascinating Widow. "WILL YOU, WILL YOU SIT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND SING ME BRETHOVEN'S 'ADELAIDA' RIGHT THROUGH, FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIRST IN GERMAN, THEN IN ITALIAN, AND THEN IN ENGLISH! WILL YOU, MR. SILVERTONGUE?" [Much flattered, the gifted warbler complies, and little dreams that the fair one's sole object in getting him to sing is to escape from the tedium of his conversation.]



THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Magistrate. "YOU SAY, PRISONER, YOU'VE A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CONSTABLE. WHAT IS IT?" Prisoner. "PLEASE, SIR, HE TOOK ME UNAWARE, SIR!"



BITTER.

Discontented Cobby (to Ladies, who, wishing to get rid of their small change, have tendered him one fourpenny piece, two threepenny dills, one penny, one halfpenny, and two farthings—the sum total amounting to his proper fare). "WELL! 'OW LONG MIGHT YER BOTH A' BEEN A SAVIN' UP FOR THIS LITTLE TREAT!"



A STUDY OF INDECISION.

Stout Party (to himself). "H'M! UNDER, OR OVER?—THAT IS THE QUESTION!"