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Illustrated News

VOL. XXV.—No. 20.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1882.

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THE SWING.
FROM THE PICTURE BY LEON GLAIZE.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 14th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881			
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon..	50°	38°	48°	Mon..	70°	41°
Tue..	49°	33°	42°	Tue..	63°	40°
Wed..	56°	32°	44°	Wed..	69°	45°
Thu..	58°	44°	51°	Thu..	63°	39°
Fri..	50°	31°	40°	Fri..	64°	45°
Sat..	54°	34°	44°	Sat..	62°	46°
Sun..	56°	34°	45°	Sun..	50°	34°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 20, 1882.

A CHAT WITH OSCAR WILDE.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's lecture announced for to-night, will, unfortunately, leave us insufficient time to notice it in this number. Mr. Wilde is, however, here, and may deserve himself that recognition which must for the present at least be denied his lecture. We have spoken before of Mr. Wilde's antecedents and his objects. It remains to say a few words about his personality. With his appearance, probably most of our readers are acquainted. But what cannot be conveyed in a photograph is the manner of the man himself. Those who expect affectation and silliness of speech must be, to judge from our own experience, grievously disappointed in a man who acts and speaks simply as a gentleman of refined manners and accustomed to society—moreover, as a man to whom "the study of mankind is man." "The man who is bored by others," as Mr. Wilde remarked, "must be a bore himself," and the observation is a good gauge of his estimate of the interviewing, with which during his American trip he has been largely favored.

Our own visit was made not exactly in an interviewing spirit, but several hours spent in his company produced the impression recorded above, of a courteous, clever Englishman, with distinct views of his own, but little spoiled by the flattery which might have turned a wiser man's head, but which he has been shrewd enough to use for what it is worth, and to lay aside its effects in the presence of men of the world.

We talked but little of art, the subject in view of his lecture savoring, perhaps, a little of "shop"—certainly no extravagant ideas obtruded themselves upon a somewhat matter-of-fact conversation. Mr. Wilde expressed his delight with the States, as a country in which young men were so highly esteemed—a very true criticism by the way, and especially noticeable to one who comes direct from the land *par excellence* of old fogyism, where no man has a right, in the view of otherwise excellent people, to express any opinion at all before thirty.

About the courtesy of all his audiences Mr. Wilde is enthusiastic. He came to New York to speak and lecture for the first time in his life, and his audiences, with scarcely any exception, have treated him, he says, like an old friend.

But the pleasantest feature of his tour seems to have been his visit to California. The country, the people, the climate, are all, according to him, delightful, and certainly it is a fact not unworthy of record, that in a city like San Francisco, Mr.

Wilde should have been enabled to lecture ten times, at short intervals, and always to fair houses. A single lecture may attract many out of pure curiosity, but it says much for the San Franciscans, or for Mr. Wilde, or probably for both, that he should have been able to interest a people to whom Art of any description is somewhat of a novelty, and that they should have been ready to go again and again to hear the great truths and principles of Art, by whomsoever expounded.

Next week we trust to say something of the lecture itself, and the principles involved. For the present we can only wish Mr. Wilde a good audience, and his hearers a good lecture.

"COMPLIMENTS FLIES."

Some doubt has been expressed of late as to whether they really do manage things better in France. A copy of a French newspaper, however, which lies before us seems to prove conclusively that in point of abuse we have still much to learn, or, to speak with historical correctness, that we have greatly degenerated. Some complaints have been made by both political parties of late of a certain acrimony which is thought to have been imported into political discussion. But the alpeans flourished by our statistes are thin and puny compared with the shillelagh of M. Gambetta in *La France*. Our contemporary supposes itself to have great cause of complaint against M. Gambetta, with which we have nothing to do. But such being the case, that it should call him "An Adventurer," "A would-be Dictator," "A Haunter of a Cosmopolitan Bohemia," "a man of neo-Cæsarism," is all right and proper. "Compliments flies where gentlemen meet," according to a vulgar English proverb. But the description of a statesman of M. Gambetta's position, or for the matter of that of any public man, in a public journal as "lourd, épais, mal élevé, piqué d'ail, bardé de lard, frotté d'huile rancé," seems to go a little far. It is currently reported that M. Gambetta, though he certainly is not "scant of breath," may be said to resemble Hamlet in the other particular, and he certainly is a Southerner, which makes the graceful allusions to garlic and oil possess a certain conventional applicability. With these advantages the *France* has looked up its cookery book and compared M. Gambetta first to a leg of mutton in which cloves of garlic have been cunningly inserted, then to a quail "jacketed" in bacon. Passing from cookery to ethnology it suggests that like the noble savage he rubs himself with bad oil while it has previously questioned his breeding and availed itself of his physical bulk to apply two epithets which connote mental as well as bodily heaviness. The proceeding strikes one as in the first place slightly "mal élevé" itself, and secondly, as more than slightly "lourd." M. Gambetta's foes are apt to reproach him with his luxurious habits and his weakness for aristocratic society, two things not very congruous with the *France's* description. As a description of a Marseilles long-shore man by a local fish-gate the thing would not be bad. Under the circumstances it is not to be recommended for imitation.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

On Thursday last the Philharmonic Society gave their second concert of the season. To say that it was altogether an improvement upon their first would not be absolutely true, nevertheless we believe the Society is gradually and steadily advancing in a way that bids fair to make it worthy of its position as our representative musical institution.

The programme on Thursday comprised "Miriam's Song of Triumph" (Schubert), and Handel's "Acis and Galatea." The first of these was chiefly remarkable for the very excellent playing of the orchestra. Miss Joseph, who took the solo part in the cantata, was scarcely equal to the task, and in addition labored under the disadvan-

tage of a slight cold. Still she sang intelligently and correctly. The chorus started well, but in the last number, "Mighty be the Lord," they got away from Mr. Couture with rather disastrous results. The best number decidedly was the solo and chorus, "Strike your timbrels," judged upon which alone Mr. Couture deserves very decided praise.

The second and third parts were filled by "Acis and Galatea." Of the wisdom of the selection we cannot say very much. The work in its entirety is distinctly monotonous, and requires very perfect singing to enable an audience to listen to it with any degree of interest to the end. Moreover, the music is largely given to the soloists, on whom far more than in the ordinary run of cantatas and oratorios the weight of the work falls. That this is a mistake where the solos are taken by amateurs goes without saying. To say that the gentlemen and ladies who essayed the parts on Thursday were not quite equal to the task, is but to say that Miss Crompton is inferior to Lemmens-Sherington, Mr. Norris to Mr. Edward Lloyd, or Mr. Delahunt to Santley.

In fact, the work did drag. Miss Compton sang well throughout, though she has developed an excessive *portamento* which she would do well to modify. The part of Acis hardly suited Mr. Norris as well as his music generally does, but he sang "Love in her eyes sits playing," very nicely. Mr. Fetherstone made a fair Damon, and Mr. Delahunt a capital Polypheme. His voice is rather heavy for "O ruddier than the cherry," which, indeed no one can sing after Santley, but he was astonishingly good in "Cease to beauty to be suing," and deserved far more applause than he got.

The chorus, as before, were a little shaky, especially on the *rallentandos*, but may be congratulated on the whole upon conscientious work at a difficult task, several numbers of which they rendered exceedingly well, noticeably "Mourn all ye muses," than which they have never done better.

The orchestra, as we hinted above, deserves special mention. Hitherto it has been one of the drawbacks to the enjoyment of the Society's concerts. Last time, however, we noticed a very decided improvement, commenced by the weeding of the orchestra itself, the abolition of the brass and drums, (which one day may be restored perhaps, but the absence of which in their present state is a great boon), and followed by persistent hard work, and frequent rehearsals. The result is very striking. That the playing of the orchestra was the feature of last week's concert, nobody who heard it will hesitate to affirm, and Mr. Couture deserves the heartiest congratulations for the success with which his efforts in this direction have been crowned.

On the whole, it is a matter of the greatest satisfaction to record the steady progress which the Society is making. More than once we have expressed our hopes that it would eventually take the position which it ought to occupy in our city and which it bids fair now to win. Musical talent we have in plenty in Montreal, and we look to the Philharmonic to bring it out, and to establish itself, as it is on the way to do, as the central point, around which the musicians of the city may congregate.

SOME NOTES ON THE CHARACTER OF ROMEO.

(A paper read before the Montreal Shakespeare Club.)

BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

I take it that it will not be expected of anyone of us to-night to advance any strikingly new theory upon the play before us. It will be something if we succeed any of us in putting before the rest some few thoughts which may invite discussion, some ideas as to this or that character gleaned it may be from the wide field of criticism already harvested. Such at least will be my own aim in these few notes (they are little more) upon Shakespeare's earliest tragedy. On this principle I turn naturally to the com-

parison which has been so often made between this play and Hamlet, a comparison which perhaps should rather be called a contrast. The similar construction of the cast and plot must strike anybody at first sight. We have in each case the hero, contrasting strangely in circumstances of climate and birth, yet governed in the main by the same impulses. We have his trusty friend and ally. We have the heroine brought to an early grave though from vastly different causes. We have in each the consummation of the tragedy over the dead body of the heroine, the interference and death of Laertes in the one balanced by the fate of Paris in the other. But in each case it is probably the contrast which strikes us more than the likeness.

"Contrast" says Dowden, "the hero of the one play, the man of the South, with the chief figure in the other, the Teuton, the man of the North. Contrast Hamlet's friend and comforter, Horatio, possessed of grave strength, self-government, and balance of character, with Romeo's friend Mercutio, all brilliance, wit, intellect, and effervescent animal spirits. Contrast, the gay festival in Capulet's house with the brutal drinking bout of the Danish king and his courtiers. Contrast the moonlit night in the garden while the nightingale's song is panting forth from the pomegranate tree, with the silence the nipping and eager air of the platform at Elinore, the beetling height to seaward, and the form of terror which stalked before the sentinels. Contrast the perfect love of Juliet and her Romeo, with the piteous foiled desire for love in Hamlet and Ophelia. Contrast the passionate seizure upon death, as her immediate and highest need, of the Italian wife, with the misadventure of the crazed Ophelia, so pitiful, so accidental, so unheroic, ending in "muddy death."

In this contrast we have one striking characteristic of Shakespeare remarkably displayed. As has been often pointed out there never was an author who as it were prides himself more distinctly upon the variety and universality of his genius. The two tragedies of which we are speaking mark his first departure into a field in which at the time Marlowe was unequalled, and which it required no small confidence on the part of a young author to enter. But not content with having at his first effort made this field preëminently his own, by a fresh departure upon entirely new lines, he is yet determined that correct as these lines are, and as he feels them to be, yet the best effort in the same direction shall be the strongest of contrasts as different from the former, to use a popular expression, as chalk from cheese.

Still, apart from this similarity of general plan, made the most visible, it may be, by these purposely heightened contrasts, there is yet a central point of resemblance between the characters of Romeo and Hamlet, and indeed between their actions, which, if understood rightly may help us to form a just estimate of the former.

"The love story of the world" as our tragedy has been aptly termed, familiar as a black letter ballad to our early ancestors, embodied in a play, to which Shakespeare is largely indebted, by Arthur Brookes, besides being the theme of Masaccio Bandello and Luigi Groto in Italy, of Lope di Vega in Spain, and of Pierre Boistain in France, it has, I conceive been more generally the custom to criticize it solely upon its merits as a love story.

"The course of true love ever did run smooth."

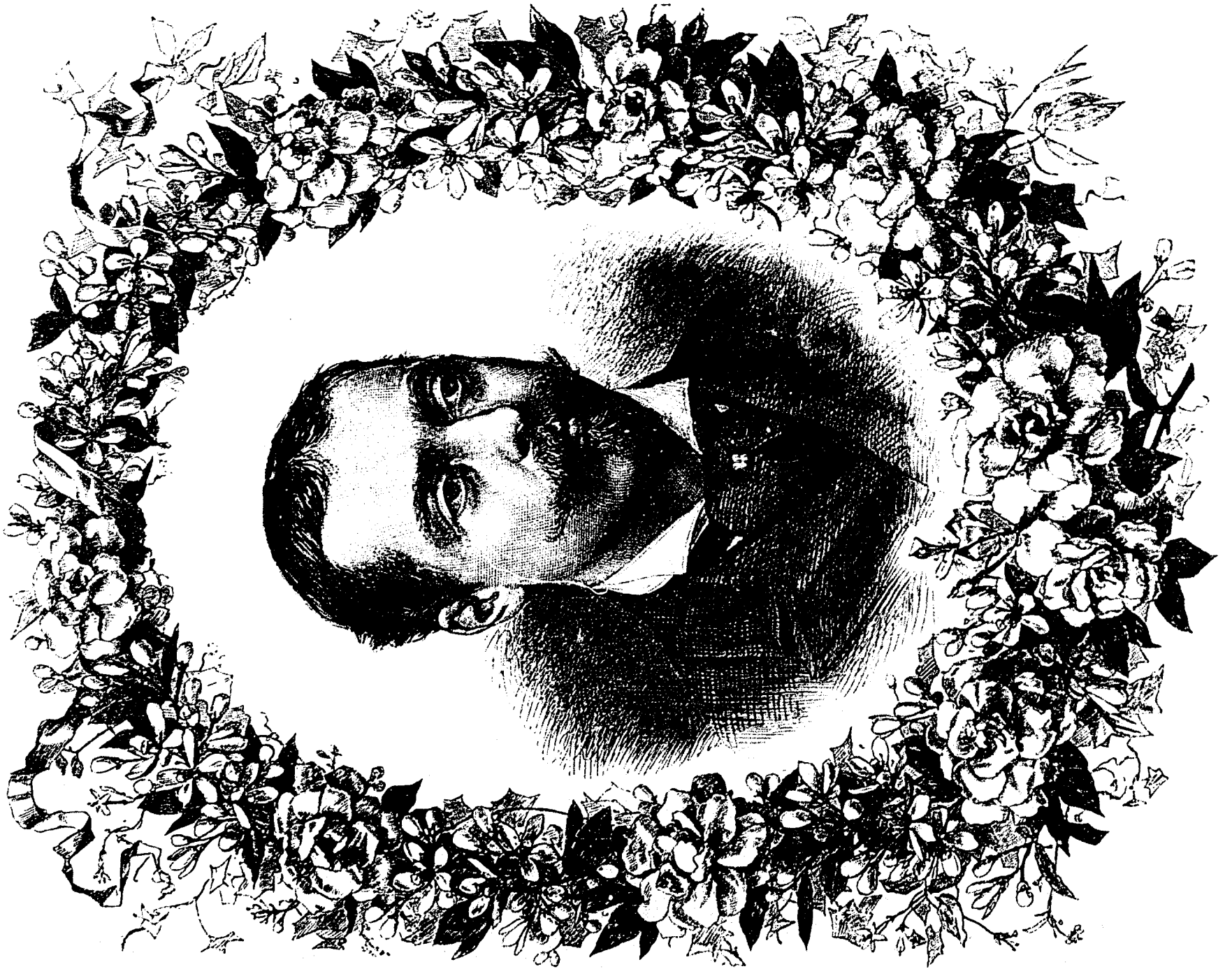
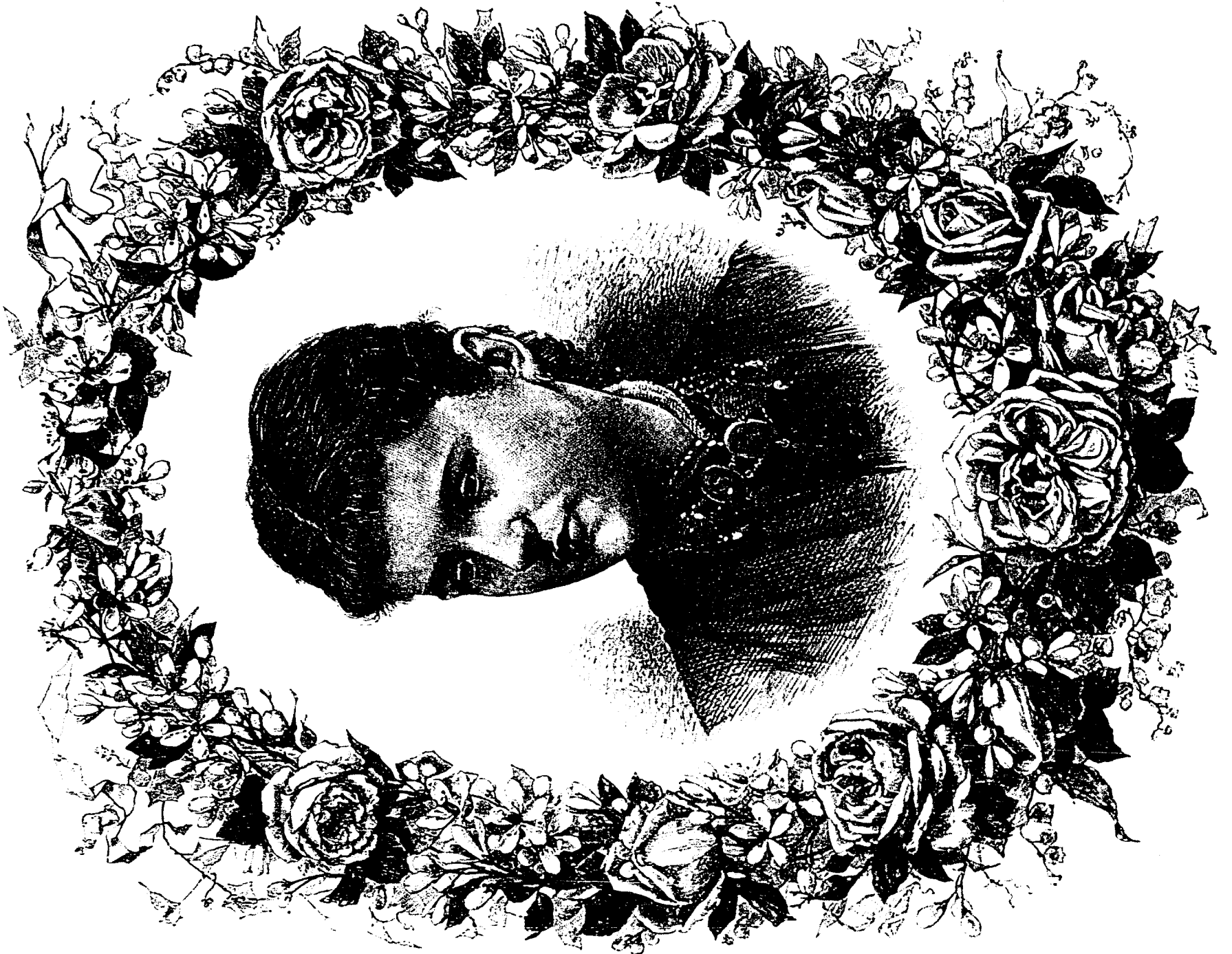
There is the moral of the play, there the main spring of its action.

That this is true to the intent to which Lysander or Shakespeare himself intended it, is no doubt true, and the reasons for it are well enough given in Sir Walter Scott's *Percival of the Peak*, whose history was thought by many to have been inspired by the author's recollection of his own.

This description, however, as Mangin has well pointed out, cannot be said properly to apply to Romeo. So far as the prosecution of his suit with the lady of his love is concerned he has little to complain of. His love, conceived on the instant is as quickly returned, and the possession of the beloved object is assured to him within a few hours of that first meeting. Even the difference between the families which forms the chief bar to the union, is in a fair way of being dissolved. The respective mothers of the young couple are introduced at the very beginning as endeavoring to make peace between their husbands, and Romeo's own reception at the banquet in Capulet's house, gives under the circumstances promise of a speedy reconciliation, which the marriage might be supposed likely to consolidate. And I remark, this difference is scarcely thought worthy of consideration in the case of Rosalind, who was also nearly related to the Capulets, and whose rejection of Romeo's addresses was a purely personal matter.

No, if Romeo is unlucky in love it is only as an incident of the more general sense in which he is an unlucky man altogether. This is one of the main points on which his resemblance to Hamlet rests. Both are in a remarkable degree the playthings of fate. Neither has the power to bend circumstances to his will; both stand aghast and unnerved in the presence of a call for decisive action. And to confine ourselves to our own hero, whenever such action needs to be taken it is almost always the result of an impulse to be regretted may be the moment afterwards.

Romeo is in fact throughout the creature of impulse and emotion. It is a noticeable feature of his impressionable nature that he is introduced as already in love with Rosalind. "Ro-



PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY.

"BONNY KATE,"

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XI.

"Not my pain,
My pain was nothing: Oh, your poor, poor love,
Your broken love."

The sun has set—that sun which, between a single rising and setting, has marked the most eventful hours of all Kate's life; which shone joyously down upon her meeting with Tarleton; which rested over her as she stood with Fenwick in the garden; which streamed into the drawing-room while Randal told his miserable story, and sent its last level rays into her eyes when she walked mechanically homeward after her interview with Mr. Ashton. It has been gone some time, now; and as she stands at her chamber window, looking westward, she sees only a pale, yellow glow remaining to mark where the glories of sunset lately burned; while, in the street below, long lines of quivering lamps are gleaming through the purple dusk.

Simply to look at her, one would hardly think that a blow had fallen upon her which banishes all brightness from her life as absolutely as the sun's rays are banished from the world. She is daintily dressed—for is not Tarleton coming to-night, and will she not faint look lovely in his eyes for the last time!—and she has fastened at her throat, and in her hair, the flowers which she remembers that he likes best. "One puts flowers on the dead," she thinks, while doing this, "so it is natural enough that I should wear them, who am to die to-night." Her hair is carefully coiffed, and she has even rubbed a faint color into her pale cheeks. But her eyes! It is there one reads the change which has befallen her, for no effort of will can summon back the radiant light which has given place to ineffable sadness. There are no tears in them—the time for tears has yet to come, when they will flow in most abundant measure. At present she is like one stunned into quietude, yet retaining the keenest consciousness of pain. "If I could only die, really die, when I have said good-bye to him to-night!" she thinks, with wistful gaze fastened on the far sunset, which seems ever like a glimpse of heaven opening on this sorrowful world.

But death comes not to those to whom his arrow would be welcome, and she knows—she feels to the depths of her spirit—that many suns will rise and set for her, but that, after to-night, neither by day nor by night will she hear again the voice and the step which are like music to her ear.

"I could bear it better if I might only take all the pain," she says to herself. "But he will be sorry—oh, my love, my dear love, I fear you will be sorry!—and I can only pray God that your sorrow may be of short duration, and that you may forget me very, very soon. I am willing to remember till I die, if only you may forget!"



"My Darling! My Darling!"

So, with thoughts which are half prayers, she is still standing, watching the shining stars as they bloom out one by one, over the wide plain of the quiet sky, when the dinner bell rings, and she goes down to meet Miss Brooke and Mr. Fenwick.

Fortunately, she finds several guests—some consins of her hosts, who have come to pay a visit, and whose presence is probably accepted as a relief by every one of the trio, who, until to-day, have stood so little in need of outsiders to afford entertainment, or prevent embarrassment.

is in exceedingly bad taste on Kate's part: but she is too proud to remonstrate, and Kate, who knows what she is thinking—is, for once, indifferent to her opinion. What does anything in the world matter compared to securing her for the last time, the very last time, a meeting with Tarleton undisturbed?

So she goes, speaks to Oscar, and takes her way to the library. It is, perhaps, the prettiest, and certainly the pleasantest, room in all the luxurious house, and it has never looked prettier or more pleasant than now, with fire-light flickering over the book-lined walls and inviting chairs, while in the midst of the table, piled with the latest papers and magazines, stands a bronze Minerva, bearing aloft a light with softly-tinted shade. Kate sighs as she sinks into a large, low chair by the glowing grate, and looks around. What a haven of peace it seems!—and what a theatre of disquiet it is to be! Brave she is, her heart sinks, as her spirit quails, from that which lies before her. How can she look in Tarleton's eyes and tell him that she has pledged herself to give him up? Will not her resolution fail? Will she not, despite herself, embrace the happiness which is offered to her—the happiness for which her whole nature yearns—and let chaos come, if it will, to all the rest of the world?

It is the last struggle in which these questions are asked. "No, I am not so weak as that," the higher part of her soul makes answer. "God has put this sacrifice before me as a duty, and if I fail to make it, I shall be a coward and a traitor to my life's end."

Thus she girds up her armor—none too soon. A minute later, a peal of the door-bell echoes through the house, there is a step in the hall which she would know amid the tread of an army, Oscar opens the library door, and Tarleton enters.

She rises at his approach, and surely never did more tender eyes give greeting to a lover. She

Dinner over—and to Kate it has been like a dream, in which she sees the faces through a mist of preoccupation, and hears the voices as if they spoke from afar off—the ladies go into the drawing-room, and then the girl says to Miss Brooke:

"I am expecting Mr. Tarleton presently, and, if you have no objection, I will tell Oscar to show him into the library. You will excuse me to any one who comes in, will you not?"

"Certainly," answers Miss Brooke, coldly. She thinks, as she speaks, that this withdrawal

says not a word, nor does he utter any—but he takes her into his arms and kisses her many times.

"Sweet hands, sweet hair, sweet cheeks,
Sweet eyes, sweet mouth,
Each singly wooed and won."

"My darling! my darling!" he says at last. "It was worth going through any suffering for this! What can life give me beyond the happiness of holding you to my heart, and knowing that you are mine!"

"Are you so fond of me, then?" she asks, with a quiver in her voice, as she throws back her head to look into his face. "O my dear, men are fickle—very fickle, every one says—and you have loved before, you know. Do you not think you could forget me easily and—perhaps love some else again?"

"Forget you!" he echoes—surprised by the question, even though reading it only as a desire for an assurance of fidelity—"It does not become a man to be too confident, and I—as you say, I have been in love before. But because of that, I know with the more certainty that what I feel for you is different from what I ever felt for any other woman. I hardly think I could have forgotten you, even if you had thrown me over and married Fenwick. I fear I should, all the same, have carried in my heart to my dying day these eyes in which I found my fate the first time they ever looked at me."

The eyes of which he speaks look at him now with infinite pain and sorrow—yet, despite this pain and sorrow, there is a thrill of gladness in the heart beating so close to his own. The graceful head goes down on his shoulder again—she gives a little gasp.

"I am sure you think so," she says, "but you may be mistaken—people are often mistaken about their own constancy. But you love me now!—to-night you love me! There is no doubt of that."

"No more doubt than that I shall love you to-morrow, and all to-morrows beyond," he answers. "My bonny sweetheart, who does not love you! But I love you best of all—and I shall love you till I die, and, God willing, beyond death."

She shivers a little even in the close warmth of his embrace, for do not these tender words make still more hard the bitterness before her! "If hearts can ever break, mine will break now," she thinks—and then she draws away from him, and sinks again into the chair from which she rose at his entrance. He makes no demur—why should he, when all the future is before him, to fill with the caresses which are love's language!—but lets her go, and drawing a chair in front of her only takes into his own the slender hands which lie in her lap.

"It is kind of Miss Brooke—kinder than I fancied she would be—to let me see you like this," he says. "Have you told her?—have you given Fenwick the *coup de grace*?"

"Yes, I have told both of them," she answers. "Miss Brooke is so disappointed that she cannot be quite just to me, and I love her so dearly, and am so sorry to grieve her, that I cannot resent anything she does. I think I should be grateful, even if she turned me out of the house. As for Mr. Fenwick, he was everything that is kind and generous. He has the soul of a prince—no one could be more noble."

"He has not only the soul of a prince, but



"You will not be sorry to have given me this farewell."



Is there anything I can do for you?

the wealth of a prince, besides," says Tarleton. "How happy and how brilliant such a man could make your life, while I—do you know I have felt to-day like a dastard, to come between you and all that he could give!"

"Ah, how you wrong me by such a thing!" she says, in a tone of keen pain. "If all that he could give were multiplied ten times, a hundred times, a million times, it would weigh with me as less than nothing against your love. O remember, pray remember that!"

"How can I ever forget it?" he answers, quickly. "What should I deserve if I could forget it! But this day of excitement has been

too much for you. Now that I see you more clearly, I think you are looking pale—but so pretty! How proud, how very proud I shall be of my Kate—when we are in Egypt."

He speaks with a smile which at another time would draw forth Kate's brightest smile in return—but now his words, his voice, above all, his eyes, evoke another reply. Through all the woe of afternoon her eyes have been dry; but now the bitter waters rush to them, and, saying piteously, "O my dear, my dear!" she drops her face into her hands, and weeps as if her heart were indeed breaking.

Tarleton is confounded beyond expression, and even more concerned than when a similar outburst (only far less bitter, were he able to distinguish the difference) was his greeting in the morning.

"My darling," he says, gathering her into his arms again, "what is it? Do you regret your promise? Are you sorry to think of going so far—"

She cuts his speech short by lifting her tear-stained face and passionate eyes.

"Do I regret my promise?" she cries. "No, I can never regret that—never as long as I live! And you think I could be sorry to go so far? Ah, my love, I would be glad, and happy, and proud to go with you to the end of the world—if I could, if I could!"

The agonized pathos of the last words tells its story plainly, and Tarleton understands it—as his swift change of color shows. He grows pale to his very lips, and the whole expression of his face alters as he says:

"What do you mean? This morning you told me that you would go with me to the end of the world; and now—now must I understand that you will not do so?"

Poor Kate! What was everything else in her life that seemed hard, compared to this? She absolutely cannot answer, and so for a minute there is silence, broken only by her low sobs.

"Kate," says Tarleton then—and his voice is almost stern—"what does this mean? Surely you can tell me?"

"God help me, I must tell you," she answers, making a desperate effort at self-control. "O, my dear, do you think you can forgive me!—and do you think you can forget me? Indeed, indeed, the sharpest pang of all I suffer is in the thought that I shall wound you—even though it be but for a little time. Do you not understand?"—as he sits motionless, looking at her in speechless amazement—"all must end between us here to-night."

As her voice ceases, silence falls—a silence in which they hear, without hearing, the soft dropping of the embers in the grate. At length Tarleton says hoarsely:

"I should be dull indeed if I did not understand you; but I have a right to ask what influence has wrought such a change in you. What do you know of me to-night that you did not know this morning? And what in Heaven's name, can come between us—if you love me?"

"If I love you!" she echoes, sadly. "It is rather late to doubt that, is it not? What better proof can a woman give of love than I have given you? Yet, if it will lessen the pain of separation for you to think me light and unprincipled, then think me so!—then believe that I have never loved you, and that I do not love you now!"

"I could sooner believe that the sun did not shine in the sky to-day, and will not shine to-morrow," he answers, vehemently. "When you let me take you in my arms like this, I should be mad if I doubted that you loved me. And since you love me, I claim you, and I will have you, in the face of all the world. It is too late to take back what you have given—you are mine! And now tell me what has troubled you?"

"How can I tell you?" she says, with low, sighing breath. "How can I make you comprehend that, after to-night, we shall not meet again like this? It seems too hard and cruel for belief—but it is true! I have bound myself by a solemn promise to end everything."

"Bound yourself to whom?" he demands. "Who has a right to exact such a promise from you? Tell me everything."

"That I cannot," she answers, "because it concerns others besides myself. What concerns myself, I can tell you, and it is simply this—I have promised Mr. Ashton to end our engagement and go abroad with him."

"Kate!" says Tarleton. He had fancied that amazement could reach no higher point with him than it has reached already, but he finds now that he is mistaken. What he has felt before has been only mild surprise compared to the astonishment with which he hears this announcement. He has thought of all probable and improbable people who could have influenced Kate; but Mr. Ashton's name has not figured on the list, even as the most wildly improbable.

"And you suffer him, for any favor, to exact such a return of you?" says Tarleton, while his arms fall away from her, and his face grows sterner than Kate has ever dreamed it could grow. "I am not quick at reading riddles, and this has gone far beyond my comprehension. I do not even care to conjecture what motive may serve you as an excuse for such a cruel caprice. If any other woman acted so, I could readily understand it, but you—you, whom I thought the frankest, the truest, the tenderest creature on earth! Kate, am I dreaming?"

"No, my dear," she answers, gently, while the tears fall in burning showers from her eyes. "You are not dreaming—would to God you were!"

"And you mean to do this thing!" he cries, with incredulity. "At the word of a man whom

you have professed to dislike, and who has during all your life neglected you utterly, you are ready to end everything between us? Then"—as her silence and her sad eyes give assent—"if you can do it—go! Once you sent me from you with words of scorn; now I give them back to you. What motive, save a mercenary one, can influence you? And since that is so, you are not, and never have been, the woman I loved. So we part indeed to-night, and I shall never willingly look upon your face again!"

Full of indignation, he rises to his feet; and as he stands in the soft mingling of lamplight and firelight with his pale face proudly set, the girl who looks at him through her tears, cries within herself that he is worthy to reign king of her heart forever. But she gives no utterance to this; she only says, with a pathetic gentleness which will dwell in his memory for many days:

"If it will help you to forget me, think what you please of me. I can bear anything better than to know that you are suffering through me."

"Rest satisfied," he says, bitterly, "that I shall not suffer long. I have forgotten women who treated me with less courtesy than this, and I shall forget you, if—if, indeed, you mean that we must part. But you do not mean it! You cannot mean it! My love"—he opens his arms with a passionate gesture—"come to me!"

As if the words were a spell, she rises, and moves toward him. Then,

In one blind cry of passion and of pain,
Like bitter accusation even to death,
Caught up the whole of love and uttered it,
And bade adieu forever.

"You will not be sorry to have given me this farewell," she whispers, presently, "for it is as much farewell as anything can be on earth. Oh, beloved, God bless you, God keep you, God make you happy! Try to forgive as well as to forget me. It is all over now. My love, my love, good-bye."

With the last words, she tears herself from his arms, and, without one backward glance, flies from the room.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,
When fallen in darker ways."

Time has put his sickle in among the days, as he has been putting it in since the beginning of all things, reaping down joyous springs and royal summers, fruitful autumns and icy winters, in ever recurring succession. All of these seasons has he reaped into his overflowing garner, making a year and more since Kate Lawrence bade farewell to friends, home, and lover, and sailed away with Mr. Ashton and his new-made bride to the Old World.

It is difficult to tell how it has fared with her during this interval—difficult, at least for those who are left behind. "Kate's letters are so impersonal," Janet often complains. "She writes of places and of people, of great fêtes and brilliant balls, of operas and picture-galleries, but she writes nothing of herself." Indeed, the mystery of Kate's going abroad with the Ashtons remains a mystery at Fairfields unto the present time—a mystery which is often discussed, but never solved. It was nothing less than a shock at first; but there was no time for remonstrance, even if they had felt it right to make any, for Kate purposely delayed the announcement of her intention to the last possible moment, and, when her letter reached Fairfields, the ship which bore her had left its port.

Of Miss Brooke's indignation, of Mr. Fenwick's concern, there is no need to speak. The girl put them both apathetically aside. "You are very good," she said to the latter, "but my engagement with Mr. Tarleton is at an end—definitely at an end this time—and, since Mr. Ashton wishes me to go abroad with him, I think I ought to go." Beyond this, nothing could be drawn from her, and Miss Brooke, baffled and angry, finally gave up the contest, and declared that she "had never been so disappointed in any one in her life."

Thus, without one gleam of consolation or encouragement in her hard sacrifice, Kate left all those to whom her faithful and tender heart so steadfastly clung, and cast her lot with a man whom she did not like, and a woman whom she could not respect. But the sweet, courageous nature never proved its sweetness and its courage more clearly than under this ordeal. Words fail to tell how she wrestled with pain, and fought sadness as a mortal foe. "It is not their fault that I am with them," she would say to herself. "I have come of my own free will, in order to repay Mr. Ashton in the only manner in which I can repay him, for what he has given me. To prove a despondent weight on their hands will be to spoil everything. If I have not strength enough to do what must be done cheerfully, I should never have undertaken to do it at all." With such thoughts she kept up her oft-times failing spirits; and, if the spring of that enthusiasm which is the source of joy was too entirely broken within her to be renewed, she had still the power of sympathy in the enjoyment of others, the gift of catching the sunny side of events and people, and the winsome charm—difficult to define, but impossible to resist—which, even in her babyhood, had made every one call her "Bonny Kate."

It is probable that two more selfish people than Mr. and Mrs. Ashton never lived, but even they became sincerely, and, in a manner, unselfishly attached to the girl who proved so gentle and self-forgetful a companion. In daily association—especially the association of travel

—the most accomplished of social dissemblers will display his or her real character, and be valued or disliked accordingly. Hence, Kate's value soon came to be valued beyond price. It could scarcely have been otherwise, seeing how ready she was to set aside her own inclination or possible pleasure for the sake of a caprice of others. "It does not matter at all," she would say, when any apparent sacrifice was demanded of her; and, in truth, it mattered less than even those who accepted the sacrifices imagined. She strove hard to awaken interest in herself for all the noble and beautiful things which surrounded her, for the glory of present civilization, and for the poetry of past history; but the effort was hardly successful in the least degree. Before the eyes of one who is ill, all the fairness of earth may be spread in vain, and what is the illness of the body as compared to the soul? Though she fought valiantly, Kate's was that fever which sets at defiance all remedies. When it is possible to "pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow," and from the heart a passionate regret, then, and not until then, may such maladies be placed in the list of those which mortal means can cure. It may be true that "the grave of all things hath its violet," but that which has a grave must of necessity be dead, while never had the love—which, in a character like Kate's was destined to overmaster all other things—been more keenly alive, more of a force in her nature, more of a constant presence in her thoughts, than since she looked her last on her lover's face. Absence, which extinguishes a spurious passion, proves ever the supreme test of a true one; and, as the days rolled into months, her yearning desire for that which had passed beyond her reach grew stronger and more consuming.

As we know, she had made much such a fight before, with a partial victory as a result; but, between that fight and the present, there was this essential difference—then she had all the potent aid of pride and self-respect, arising from the belief that her heart had been trifled with, and that her love was not returned; but now she could never forget how the veil of misconception had been torn away, and she had received every assurance that a man could give, or a woman could ask, of passionate fidelity. For one day—day forever golden in memory!—the cup of a most unalloyed happiness had been held to her lips, and with her own hands she had been forced to dash it away. The memory of this was ever present to her through weary days and nights of broken rest—making now and then the brilliant beauty of Mrs. Ashton's face almost intolerable to her; for had not that face twice marred her life?

A spring in Paris, a season in London, a summer in Switzerland, and a winter in Rome—surely there is distraction enough in all this to win forgetfulness, were forgetfulness to be won. But, when the second spring comes around, even the careless eyes of her companions begin to recognize a great change in Kate. She is ever gentle and cheerful, ready to do all things that are required of her, and absolutely uncomplaining, but she droops "like a lily cut down by the hail."

"I think Kate had better see that English doctor of whom every one is talking," Mrs. Ashton says one day to her husband. "She is certainly very unwell. Do you observe that she has wasted almost to a shadow? She is so slenderly made that thinness has not an ugly effect with her; but her maid tells me that she has to take up her dresses constantly, and, if you notice, her throat is hardly larger than my wrist. Several people have asked me lately if she is consumptive; but that cannot be, for she has no cough."

"She is, probably, only a little out of health, as people often are," says Mr. Ashton, "but let her see the doctor by all means."

Kate protests against the doctor, but does not refuse to be taken to him. The result is what might have been expected. "System a little depressed—tonics needed—a more bracing climate advisable as soon as possible." This is the sum of all that he says. Kate laughs at the discomfiture on Mrs. Ashton's face when they go to their carriage, after having paid the liberal fee demanded for this advice.

"Did I not tell you so?" she says. "Now you see that there is really nothing the matter with me."

"Now I see that this man is no wiser, except, perhaps, in mere routine knowledge, than the multitude of other doctors who are unable to prescribe for anything more subtle than a raging fever or a rasping cough," says Mrs. Ashton, vexedly. "Do not talk to me of there being nothing the matter with you, Kate! Have I not eyes?"

"But, indeed, there is nothing—except, perhaps, a little languor, which I find it hard to overcome," says the girl, simply. "I never have a pain, and if I am thin—well, thinness is not a disease, though excessive stoutness is sometimes."

The other looks at her keenly, noting the transparent complexion, and the wasted outline of the cheek, once soft and round as any peach.

"Do you know of what your mother died?" she asks. "Probably you do not—and Mr. Ashton does not like to speak of the matter—but I have heard my mother say that heart disease is hereditary in the Ashton family, and that Mrs. Lawrence leaned back in her chair one day, and died without a word."

"Did she?" says Kate, while the tears rise softly to her eyes. Poor mamma! she is so vague a memory to me, and I have heard so little of her in my life! But why are people so

afraid of heart disease! One might as well die of that as anything else, might one not? Whatever the good God sends is good. One must believe that, if one believes anything—and I think, if I had my choice, I would rather lean back in my chair and die without a word, when the times comes to go, than to be long on the journey."

There is nothing more said, for somehow, Mrs. Ashton cannot speak. Is it true that every one has a heart if it is only looked for in the right place, and in the right manner? I do not know; but it is at least certain that one is often surprised by a gleam of tenderness in the hardest and most selfish natures. Never before has Florida Ashton cared for any human creature as she has learned within twelve months to care for the girl whose happiness she has ruined; and it is safe to assert that she will be a better woman to her life's end for the tardy awakening of her power to love something beyond and above herself.

As the days go on under that brilliant Roman sky which has overhung so long the city of the Cæsars and the capital of Christendom, Kate is, for the first time, conscious of something like peace. Is it resignation, or is it only the apathy which is born of weariness? She does not ask. It is enough for her to feel grateful that the passionate agony is over; that she is able to accept life as it is given, and to bear its burden without fainting under the weight. To forget is utterly impossible; but here, in the home of centuries, the centre of faith, she seems to grasp in its completeness a knowledge which has only come to her in fitful glimpses before—the knowledge, hard indeed to human hearts, yet full of divine comfort to human souls—that no pain or sorrow comes by chance, that no sacrifice is demanded which we are not able to make, and that to do God's will is the only thing very well worth doing in this world.

So the weeks glide past; and at last, even Mr. Ashton perceives, without any suggestion from his wife, the great change in the girl who, less than eighteen months ago, met him in Miss Brooke's drawing-room like an incarnation of the young Diana. Again and again Kate is conscious that his eyes are resting on her with a something curiously like solicitude. At last—

"My dear," he says, abruptly, one morning, when she is pouring out his breakfast-tea—for Mrs. Ashton never appears at the first meal of the day—"will you be kind enough to tell me what is the matter with you?"

Kate laughs, for this question strikes her sense of the humorous.

"Indeed, Uncle Ashton," she replies, "I would tell you if I knew—but I do not. I know that I am thin"—glancing down on the slender, wasted hands which are holding the teapot—"and I know that I am not altogether so strong as I should like to be, but that is all."

"And I suppose you are not aware that there is no effect without a cause. I can see for myself that you are thin and languid—what I want to know is why you are so?"

She shakes her head with indifference. "How should I be able to tell?" she asks. "If I had an ache or a pain, I could tell you of that; but I have nothing of the kind. Pray, do not trouble about me. I assure you I do not trouble about myself."

"No," he answers, as much to his own surprise as hers; "I see very plainly that you do not trouble about yourself—you are the rarest of all rare things, a thoroughly unselfish person. Kate, is—there anything I can do for you?"

It does not occur to her for a moment what he means. She has so entirely, in good faith, accepted the present state of affairs as final, that no thought or hope of his relenting has ever entered her mind—nor does it enter it now. She only looks at him with grateful eyes, and shakes her head again.

"You are very kind," she says, with gentle simplicity; "but there is not anything that I want or need. You have been most generous to me ever since I have been with you, and I am very glad if I have been able to win your affection, may I say?"

"I think you may," he answers, and then he opens his newspaper and retires behind it.

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

SOMETIMES women who do fancy work don't fancy work.

A COMPETING hotel out West says generously of another that it stands without arrival.

A WIFE should be like roast lamb, tender and nicely dressed. No sauce required.

A GREAT modiste issued the following directions for wearing a new style of headgear: "With this bonnet the mouth is worn slightly open."

YOUNG ladies who faint on being "proposed to," can be restored to consciousness by just whispering in their ear that you were only joking.

"AN, what is the use of a wooden coffin?" said an Irishman to his friend. "Sure it will decay very soon. Bedad, I'll have an iron one, and it will last me all my life."

A TAKING YOUTH.

He took her fancy when he came;
He took her hand, he took a kiss;
He took no notice of the shame
That glowed her happy cheek at this.

He took to coming afterwards;
He took an oath he'd ne'er deceive;
He took her father's silver spoons,
And after that he took his leave.

ESTRANGEMENT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown,
Mute carpets that his legs spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
You who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes,
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
With saddened steps, at every spot
That feels the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not,
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

—The Century.

POETS AND ROBINS.

Robins are "pious" birds, and have always found favor with the poets. It is extraordinary how often in old ballads the idea of redbreasts covering over the bodies of dead men recurs:

Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers cover
The friendless bodies of unmarried men,

And when they were dead,
The robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves
And over them spread.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till death doth end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As wanting due relief,
No burial this pretty pair
Of any man receives,
Till robin redbreast pliously
Did cover them with leaves.

Among the more striking recognitions of the robin's "piety" may be cited Drayton, Grahame, Cowley, Prior, Collins, Leyden, Gay, Herrick, Rogers—all of whom point to the same reason for the bird's traditional reputation:

Cov'ring with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity.

That lesser pelican, the sweet
And shrilly raddock, with its bleeding breast,
Its tender pity of poor babes distress.

A veil of leaves the redbreast wot them threw,
Ere thro' their looks were o'er with evening dew.

Their little corpses robin redbreast found,
And strewed, with pious bills, the leaves around.

When I am departed, ring thou my knell,
Thou pitiful and pretty Philomel,
And when I am laid out for corpse, then be
Thou sexton, redbreast, for to cover me.

A primrose turf is all thy monument,
And, for thy dirge, the robin lends his lay.

And robin redbreasts, whom men praise
For pious birds, shall, when I die,
Make both my monument and elegy.

So the robin comes to be privileged, and with abundant merit; and what delightful lines the poets devote to it! Thus Wordsworth—

Briek robin seeks a kindlier home;
Not like a beggar is he come,
But enters as a looked-for guest,
Confiding in his ruddy breast,
As if it were a natural shield
Charged with a blessing on the field,
Due to that good and pious deed
Of what we in the ballads read.

And thou the bird whom we love best,
The pious bird, with the scarlet breast,
Our little English robin,
The bird that comes about our doors
When autumn winds are sobbing.

Art thou the Peter of Norway boons,
Their Thomas in Finland
And Russia far inland?
The bird who, by some name or other,
All men who know thee call thy brother,
The darling of children and men.

And Thomson—

One alone,
The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the broiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thicket, leaves
His shivering mates and pays to trusted man
His annual visit: half afraid, he first
Against the window beats, then brisk alights
On the warm hearth, then, hopping, o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family assemblage,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attracts his slender feet.

Similar passages might easily be multiplied but Wordsworth sums them all up—

Thrice happy creature, in all lands
Nurtured by hospitable hands.

From being privileged the superstition of sanctity has gradually attached to the redbreast, and folk-lore is filled with pretty legends about it. Its breast (which poets often erroneously describe as "scarlet" and "crimson") is said to be scorched by the fires of hell, whither it flies daily with a drop of water, every time in the hope of quenching them; or again, it wears its ruddy plumage in memory of that day on Calvary when it perched upon the cross and tried with all its little might to diminish the anguish of the crown of thorns. So—

The robin, ay, the redbreast,
The robin and the wren,
If ye take out o' their nest,
Ye'll never thrive again.

And

A robin in a cage
Sets all heaven in a rage.

But, after so much that is in praise of this bird, it would be showing an unfair partiality if I did not quote the interpreter's moral of the robin, one of the quaintest passages in all that "book of delights," the "Pilgrim's Progress." Then, as they were coming in from abroad, they espied a little robin with a great spider in his mouth; so the Interpreter said, "Look here." So they looked, and Mercy wondered; but Christiana said, "What a disparagement it is to such a pretty little bird as the robin redbreast is, he being also a bird above many, that loveth to maintain a kind of sociableness with man; I had thought they had lived on crumbs of bread, or upon other such harmless matter. I like him worse than I did."

The Interpreter then replied, "This robin is an emblem very apt to set forth some professors by; for to light they are as this robin, pretty of ucte, color and carriage. They seem also to have a very great love for professors that are sincere; and above all others, to desire to associate with them, and to be in their company, as if they could live upon the good man's crumbs. They pretend also, that therefore it is that they frequent the house of the godly and the appointments of the Lord; but when they are by themselves, as the robin, they catch and gobble up spiders, they can change their diet, drink iniquity and swallow down sin like water."

WHY SHE ACCEPTED HIM.

It was the last evening of the dying year, and the beautiful Sophronia Suggs walked slowly back and forth before her plate glass, gilt framed mirror, in the elegant drawing-room of her sumptuous home on Harrison Avenue. Sophronia Suggs, like the year, was dying—dying to know who and how many of her admirers would call to gaze upon her loveliness, heightened, as it was, by all that her papa's wealth could afford, and all that the costumer's, the hair-dresser's and painter's art could give.

Hark! What is that? It is the bell. It is the ring of Henry Hawkesworthy. Sophronia knew it well. Henry Hawkesworthy thought to pull only the inert matter vulgarly called a bell, but he did more, he pulled at Sophronia Suggs's heart-strings.

Therefore Sophronia gazed into her mirror to see that her Montagnus, water-waves, frizzes, et al., were in becoming order. Then she sat herself down beside the ormolu centre-table, and was at once absorbed in the thrilling pages of Huxley.

It were impossible to guess how long Henry Hawkesworthy might have stood gazing at the lovely Sophronia who was all unconscious of his presence, had it not so chanced that Henry, who was suffering from acute catarrh, suddenly sneezed a sneeze that might have awakened a thoroughly maturated mummy.

Sophronia looked up and smiled. Henry had smiled before he came in.

"Prithee," spake the fair damsel, "why comest thou hither, brave gentleman? Methinks thou art too lavish of thy company. It was but yester-night, or I mistake me, that thou wert in this self same apartment."

Exclaimed Henry, interrupting—

"Fair maiden, it is indeed as thou sayest. But know the reason thereof. I am in love."

"With whom?"
"Canst thou ask?"
"Didst not hear me?"
"I didst."

At this Henry knelt himself at the feet of the fair damsel, first taking the precaution to spread his pocket handkerchief on the carpet, that he might not soil his nether integuments.

"I am thine to command," he remarked, after he got himself into proper position for the tableau.

"Thou lovest me not," said Sophronia.
"By my troth, fair lady, but I dost," argued Henry. "Put me but to the proof if thou doubtest."

"That will I, and at once," replied Sophronia. "Hearken, sir; this is the death day of the spent year. How wilt thou make thyself worthy of one whose papa holds a seat in the common council?"

"I will drink no more!"
"Have a care sir."
"Nay, but I swear it."
"Tis enough! Be gone! Thou hast pronounced thine own dismissal!"

And Sophronia was gone! gone!
"By my halidam!" cried Henry, rising and shaking the dust from his handkerchief,
"Here's a go!"

Then he walked hastily out of the room, out of the hallway, out of the front door, out into the night!

Then Sophronia came back into the room again, and was again immersed in Huxley, when another ring at the door-bell aroused her in time to see James Shortjohn by her side.

"Thou art come to tell me thou lovest me!" she said, anticipating him.

"Thou sayest truly," James replied.
"How mayest I know thou speakest from thine heart?" queried Sophronia.

"By this," answered James. "It is the last day of the year. To-morrow's morn finds me a slave to tobacco no more. I chew no more forever. I have sworn it!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Sophronia. "Thou double pated knave. Thou comest to mock me; but hence! Let Harrisonian avenue be forever freed from thy polluting presence!"

James took this as a hint to go, and he went.

Next came Theodore Battlebig. Theodore got on famously, till he spoke of love.

"Prove it sirrah!" exclaimed the irrepressible Sophronia.

"Thou knowest," he begun, "that—"

"I know it all," said Sophronia, interrupting him. "Thou wouldst say that thou smokest."

"I wouldst."

"That thou smokest no more."

"I have sworn it."

"Thou wilt find the door open, sirrah, hence!"

So Theodore was also sent about his business. But yet a fourth time did the door-bell jingle. Samuel Swandown entered R. I. E. to Sophronia L. C.

Samuel was about to declare his love. Indeed the wag came for that purpose; but Sophronia stopped him.

"Dost smoke?" she asked.

"I dost," murmured Samuel.

"And chewest?"

"Mea culpa."

"And drinkest?"

"I should smile."

"And hast thou sworn to abandon either?"

"I hast not."

"Hast not sworn it?"

"Nary."

"And thou lovest me?"

"I dost."

"Thou art accepted. Thou needest not speak to papa. He will not thwart my dearest wish."

These stars indicate where they talked it over. As Samuel was about to depart, Sophronia said, looking into his happy face:

"Sammy, I hate smoking, I hate chewing, I hate drinking; but there is one thing I hate worse than either. Henry has sworn never to drink more, and I have discarded him. James swears never more to chew, and has gone hence disgruntled. Theodore has plighted his troth henceforth to forego smoking, and he is gone. Thou hast promised naught, and are accepted and for why?"

"Why is it, dearest?" softly whispered Samuel.

"Because I hate lying," hissed Sophronia.

"And then the two fond creatures kissed each other a "Happy New Year" kiss.

HAD NO FUN IN HIM.

One of the members of the Methodist Conference recently held here, was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard street he encountered a strapping big fellow, who was drawing a wagon to the blacksmith shop.

"Catch hold here, and help me down to the shop with this wagon, and I'll buy the whisky!" called the big fellow.

"I never drink," solemnly replied the good man.

"Well, you can take a cigar."

"I never smoke."

The man dropped the wagon-tongue, looked hard at the member, and asked:

"Don't you chew?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"You must get mighty lonesome," mused the teamster.

"I guess I'm all right; I feel first rate."

"I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster. "Come, now, let's warm up a little."

"I never bet."

"Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and I'll give you the under hold."

"I never have fun," solemnly answered the minister.

"Well, I'm going to tackle you, anyway; how we go!"

The teamster slid up and endeavored to get a neck hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree-box with such force that he gasped half a dozen times before he could get his breath.

"Now, you keep away from me!" exclaimed the minister, picking up his cane.

"Blast me if I don't!" replied the teamster, as he edged off. "What's the use in lying and saying that you didn't have any fun in you, when you're chuck full of it! Blame it! you wanted to break my neck, didn't you?"

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Viscountess Dowager de Toupoint (a name rich with aristocratic and warlike reminiscence) has just died at the advanced age of eighty-seven.

THE sunflower agony is commencing in Paris. *Nos belles petites* are already appearing with two or three baby sunflowers on the left shoulder, and we shall soon witness the æsthetic flower in the full blaze of its glory.

THE fashion is to give fancy dress balls at which every one is not only compelled to assume the costumes of the period selected, sometimes very remote, but is also bound only to dance the dances which were danced at that date. This brings out better qualities than that of merely donning a dress.

THE fragile Sarah has a rival, as far as the name is concerned, in a Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt. Yet she is not without high histrionic claims,

and we see she has just signed what is said to be a brilliant engagement at Bordeaux in the part of *Ingenuités*.

POOR Victor Hugo, who was recently relating to a pleased admirer his literary plans for years and years to come, has, we deeply regret to say, had a slight stroke of apoplexy. We sincerely trust that he may soon regain his wonted health and strength, and remember not to overtax himself in his future literary work.

M. DE SUPPE, the composer of *Boccaccio* and numerous other brilliant works, is to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour, so well deserved. M. Dupont, who is now leading the orchestra at Covent Garden, and is chef d'orchestre of the Theatre de la Monnaie at Brussels, has also been decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor. Lecoq is still neglected.

AN extraordinary triple birth took place recently. A lady was delivered of a fine boy in the Jardin des Plantes. She was put into a carriage for removal, and was delivered of a second on the way home, and finally when she arrived at her destination she presented her unfortunate husband with a third. The mother and triplets are doing well.

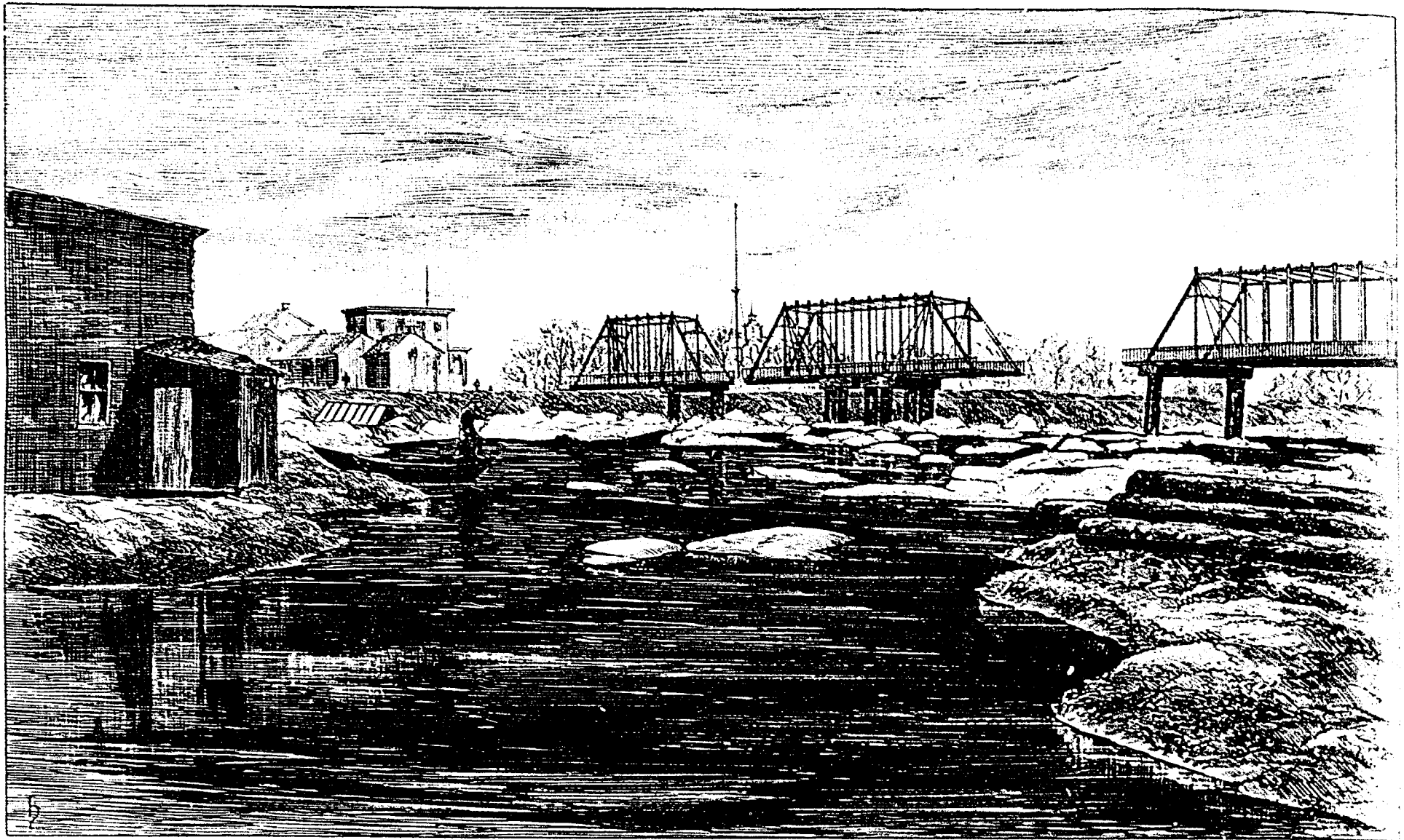
AT the Ambigu-Parisien a troupe are playing *La Mort de Marie Stuart*, a five-act piece. With a laudable contempt for history, the author has made Mary Stuart die by poison administered by a young man rejoicing in the name of Stanley, whose father was guillotined by her order. The scene is laid in Scotland, and all the actors and actresses are appropriately attired as Tyrolese. It is highly sensational.

THE Princess Dolgorouki, the morganatic widow of the late Czar, has arrived in Paris. She is at the Hôtel de Londres, with her three children, a young daughter of the Princess Metcherski, who is their companion, and the favorite dog of Alexander II. Her eldest son is ten years of age, and is described as serious beyond his years. The second child is a girl. She carries about a doll draped in black silk crape, and her little sister aged three, has another one similarly attired.

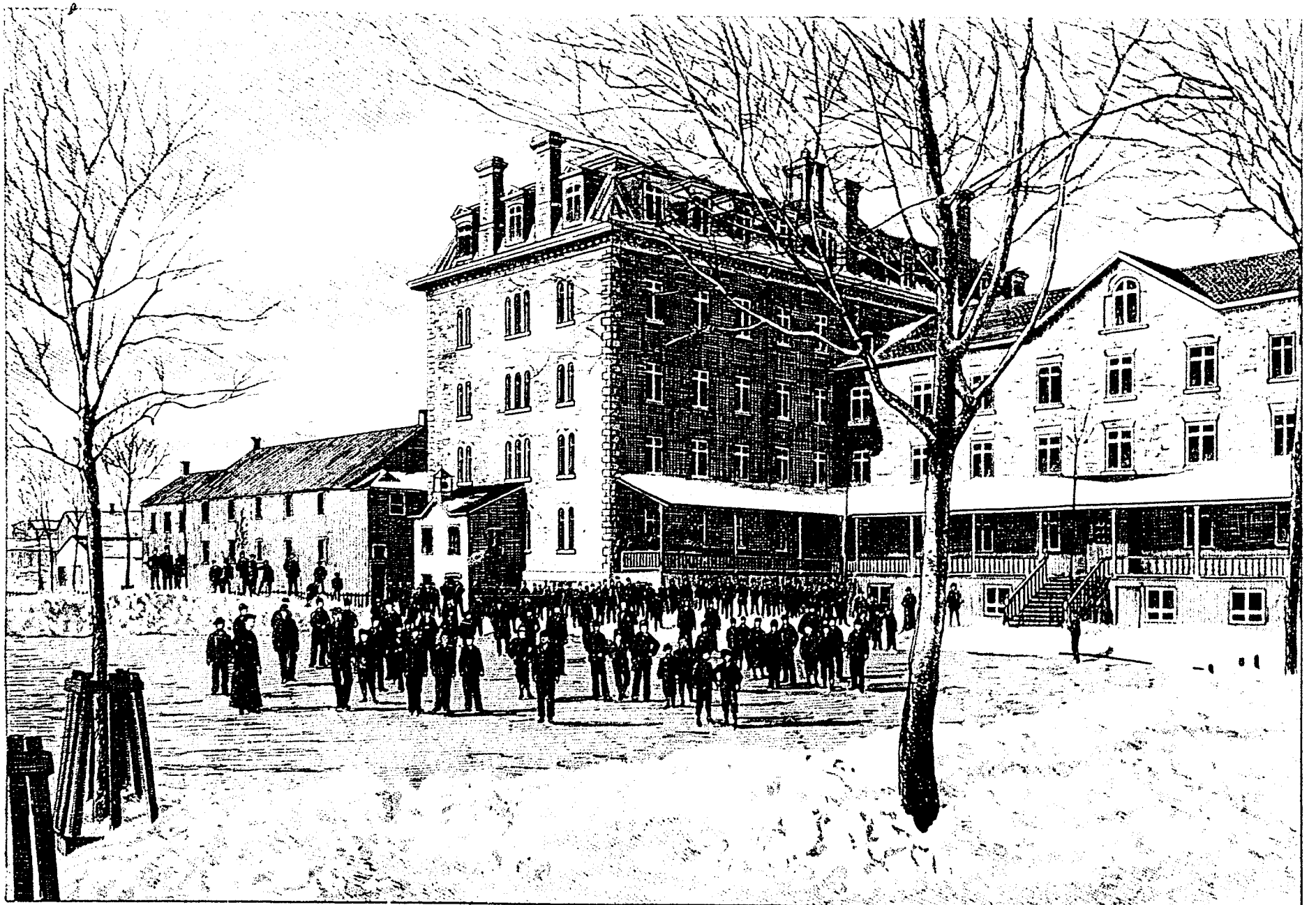
AT the approaching Scandinavian ball, to be given by the Countess des Allains, the utmost will be done to convey the national idea. The ballroom will be converted into a forest, with surroundings of snow and ice; even the lighting will be so arranged that it will simulate the pale rays of the northern sun. If it is a hot night and the rooms are crowded, perhaps the glacial tone will be refreshing; but should there be a cold snap it will take the life out of the fête, unless the people who are to come in Danish, Swedish and Norwegian dresses should have donned furs.

ALL the Paris world has once more gone mad about the magic art. A certain fortune-teller was called upon a few days ago to foretell the fate of a rather seedy stockbroker who was seeking in delusion compensation for reality. The lady gave him the cheering news that before three months had elapsed he would marry a lady of immense fortune, of fair complexion, and with hair of the brightest gold; and, moreover, that he would make a tremendous haul at the Bourse, which would enrich him for life. The stockbroker was overjoyed, went to a matrimonial agency, was introduced to a lady with fair hair, and one of those fortunes which in the advertisements "se comptent par millions," and was about to declare himself, when he discovered that the hair was not golden, but raven black, submitted to the action of "the Queen of Sheba's own recipe," while he was made aware at the same time that he had lost his last investment on the Bourse, and was a more deeply ruined man than ever. He rejected the widow and forsook the Bourse to meditate in solitude upon the best method of putting an end to his miseries by suicide, when just a little while before the expiration of the three months he received a letter from his uncle at Havre, announcing the arrival there of his orphaned cousin, beautiful exceedingly; with golden hair and fair as Eve, with a dowry of four millions! A marriage with the nephew was considered advisable in order to keep the money in the family. Of course the nephew hesitated not for an instant. The happy pair were married just one day previous to the expiration of the three months, and as good and ill will follow the same rule of never coming unattended; on his return to Paris the fortunate bridegroom was informed that the shares in which he had invested had suddenly risen, and that he was once more a rich man.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.



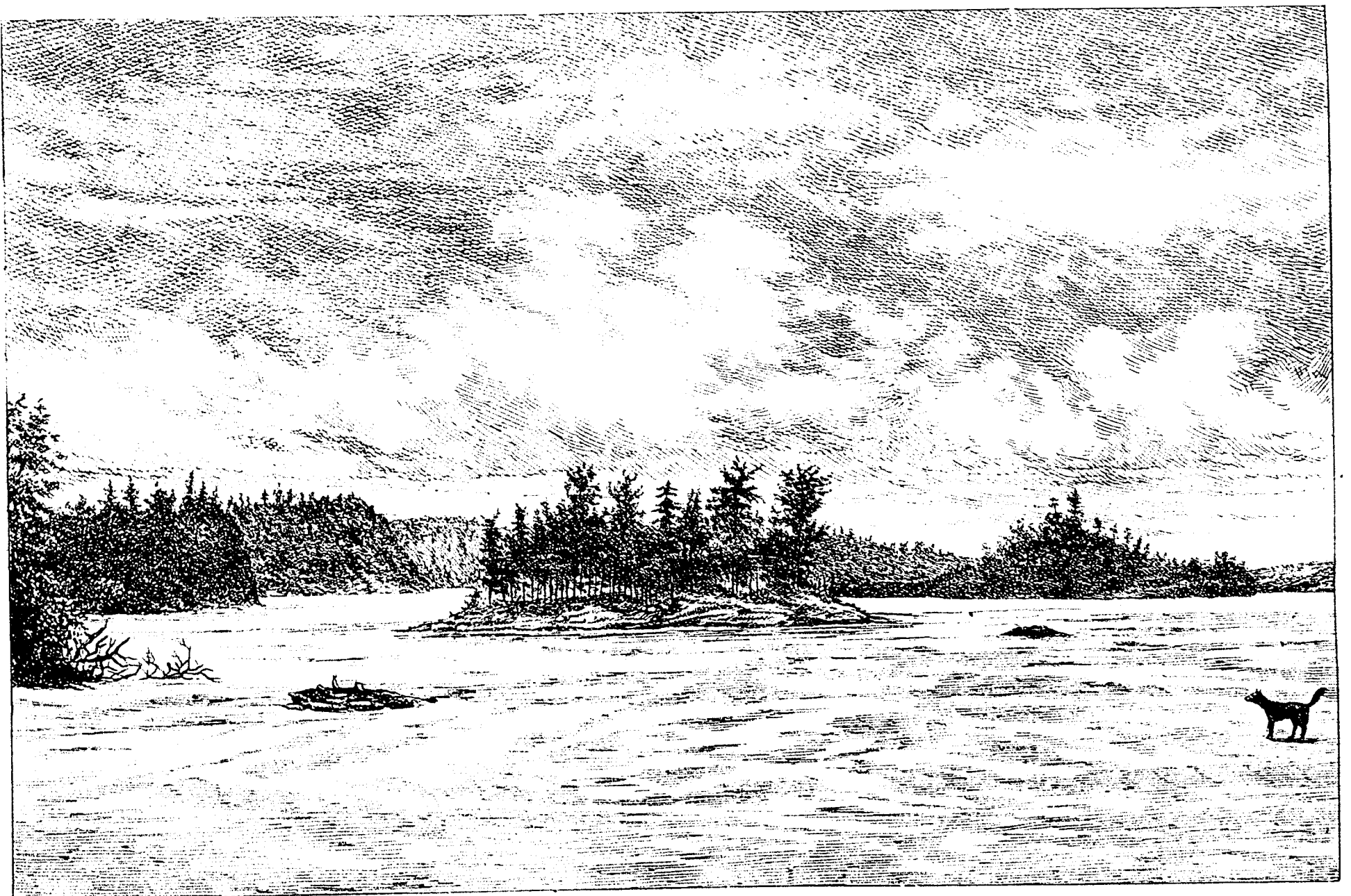
THE NEW BRIDGE AT WINNIPEG, DESTROYED BY THE ICE-SHOVE, APRIL 19TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. MACDONALD.



THE COLLEGE OF OTTAWA.—(SEE PAGE 307.)



RETURNING TO THE SHANTY AT NIGHT.



ON THE RIVER COULONGE.

SKETCHES BY THE REV. C. A. PARADIS IN THE LUMBER DISTRICTS OF THE UPPER OTTAWA.

"THE AFTERNOON OF LIFE."

Poetry is dead! she said!
 She said!
 Cover over her shining head;
 Cold and calm is her beautiful brow;
 And the voice that sang thro' the deepest night,
 Thro' the long, long darkness singing of light,
 Ah, the voice that sang is silent now,
 Behold her lying so still and cold!
 That was ever young, that could never grow old.

How did the Heavenly Maiden die?
 They cry
 "Slain by Science," wise men reply;
 "Bless you, the world is awake at last!
 Bread and milk in its way is all very good,
 But we've done with the food of baby-hood.
 She's a nursery fable now of the past;
 She was well enough in her simple way,
 Well enough, but out-lived her day.

Lying cold in her grave!
 They rave.
 Pride makes of learning a very slave.
 The Mother of all the Ages came,
 And she took her hand, low-singing,
 "Daughter, rise up from dying,
 By the power of my mighty name,
 They have blinded themselves with reading lies,
 They have never looked in thy deep, true eyes."

"We two have known one another,
 Mother,
 And child we were when the world began;
 In the name of Religion I call thee,
 Science can never enthral thee,
 Only the ignorant pride of man.
 Science itself is a Wonderland
 Of Poetry, some fall to understand."

Then the beautiful maiden stirred,
 She heard
 The love-toned voice, each tender word:
 She rose up stately, living, and strong,
 Walked with the angels on earth again,
 Unseen by men soothed their secret pain
 With the glad glory of her song.
 But men only thought—nay, were scarce aware—
 They had felt a breath of higher air.

F. GWILT.

AN ILLUSION.

(From the German of Goethe.)

BY NED F. MAH.

Her curtain, waving to and fro
 In the fast waning light,
 Tells me she lurks behind to know
 If I'm at home to-night,

And if the jealous warning that
 To-day she did impart
 Lies—as it should be—heavy at
 My conscience-stricken heart.

Yet I perceive the pretty child
 Has given me no thought;
 All that my fancy thus beguiled
 The evening breeze has wrought.

JESSE JAMES.

IV.

THE DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

The telegraphic despatches which flashed the intelligence of the first notable train robbery on record over the continent did not mention the name of Wardell, the detective. While the community at large discussed the bold daring of this modern Claude Duval, and remembered the past exploits which had rendered him notorious, the silent sacrifice of the detective was a suppressed item in connection with the affair.

Those who knew Jesse James predicted that his new field of operations would be widely extended ere he was captured. Bank presidents breathed more freely, but the great travelling public, fearing not only a repetition of the Rock Island road robbery, were also apprehensive lest the daring act of outlawry should excite the emulation of other bandits. A score or more of detectives were detailed to "work up" the case. The Pinkertons made an especial endeavor in the matter, but one month's unsuccessful search resulted in the police deciding that Jesse James and his gang were no ordinary criminals.

Wardell, the detective, had disappeared immediately after the robbery. He was not a man to boast, and his failure to save the train sealed his lips. He had realized that no ordinary exercise of shrewdness and ingenuity would avail him in his endeavor to hunt down the bandits. Strategy, patience and rare courage were the essential elements in a successful battle with the desperadoes, and unless the actor in the scheme could penetrate to the very stronghold of the band, his efforts would meet with failure.

Ten miles from Forreton and double that distance from the place where the James band made their headquarters lived a man named Bruce. He was credited with being an emissary of the bandits; a kind of sentry to the district infested by James and his friends. Not only did he keep them informed of the movements of their enemies, but also, it was rumored, disposed of their stolen plunder when it took the shape of marketable jewellery or other valuables.

It was to this man's house, one wet, dismal evening, that Wardell, the detective, his face clean shaven, his attire that of a green country lad, shodden his way. He had determined to feign to be a farmer's youth bent on reaching the adjoining county in search of work, although his real object was to ascertain if James ever came to Bruce's house. Should he do so, Wardell could secure assistance, watch the place and capture the outlaw; while to venture farther into the country, even with a large force of men, would be to warn the outlaws through their friends even long before they would be able to reach their stronghold.

Bruce, who was a hospitable, jovial sort of a man, made the new comer welcome, and evi-

dently believed that he was a country lad in search of work, as Wardell represented himself to be. He gave him a comfortable meal, made him a bed by the kitchen fireplace, and ordered his servant, a hump-backed negro, to awaken him early in the morning, as Wardell professed to be anxious to do some work around the house to pay for his lodging ere he resumed his journey. He professed to be very tired and retired early; his regular breathing soon convinced Bruce that his guest was asleep.

"Bring me my toddy, Scipio," he said to the negro servant, "and my writing paper in the pantry."

The servant obeyed his orders and sat down in one corner of the room.

Wardell, a keen listener and observer of all that transpired, kept up his feigned slumberous snore as the man after writing with a pencil for a few moments called the servant again.

"Scipio."
 "Yes, sah."
 "Sit down near the table; I want to talk with you."

The negro did as requested and regarded his employer inquiringly.

The latter cast a quick searching glance in the direction of Wardell and asked:

"That fellow's asleep, I suppose?"
 "Oh, dead certain, sah. He's been snoring for half an hour or more."

"Very well. How long have you been here, Scipio?"

"'Bout a week, I reckon."

"How would you like to change?"
 The darkey shook his head dubiously.

"Dunno, sah. I specs I'se putty well off here."

"That may be, but I've got a friend who wants you."

"A fren', sah?"

"Yes, Scipio, the gentleman who was here a few nights since."

The servant gave utterance to a startled cry.

"Ye don't know Jesse James, massa."

"Hush! not so loud," said Bruce warningly as he glanced at the sleeping figure of Wardell.

"That's just who I do mean. How would you like to work for him?"

"Not a bit, sah. Ef he ever git mad at Scipio he'd carve dis darkey dead, sure."

"Nonsense," replied Bruce impatiently. "He wants a cook and can't trust the usual run of servants. I've recommended you, and one hundred dollars a month is good pay."

The negro's eyes fairly started from his head.

"A hundred dollars?" he repeated.

"Yes."

"He'll give dat?"

Bruce nodded assentingly.

"I'll risk de carve, massa."

"You'll go."

"Yes, sah."

"Well, start to-night then. You'll find a good master as long as you mind your own business and don't interfere with his. Take this note I have written to old Bucher who keeps the tavern. He'll read it and understand it, and will direct you to where your new employer can be found. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sah, and much obliged for your kindness."

Bruce, with a parting tip of the whisky bottle, stumbled off to bed, while the hunchback began to pack his few articles of wearing apparel besides the clothes he wore, in a bundle.

He was some time in concluding the task, and at last, having made due preparations, he left the kitchen by the rear door.

He had scarcely left the room when Wardell sprang to his feet, and putting on his hat and boots, hurried after him.

He followed the darkey at a safe distance, as the latter traversed the road leading to the tavern kept by Bucher.

At last, at a lonely spot in the highway, he hailed the other.

"Scipio."

The darkey turned and awaited his coming with some curiosity.

"I've come to save you, Scipio," replied Wardell in grave tones.

"Is I in danger?" muttered Scipio in alarm.

"In deadly peril of your life. You know too much."

"What d'ye mean?"

"I mean that Bruce wants to get rid of you."

"What for?"

"Because you may betray Jesse James. Do you know why he sends you to him?"

"No."

"To put you out of the way. He's afraid you may tell somebody about seeing James at his home. You're a dead nigger if you don't get out of this district pretty quick."

The terrified Scipio was quaking in his boots.

"I don't want to see an honest fellow like you killed," said Wardell. "Now I'll tell you what to do. You change clothes with me and get to Forreton and beyond right away."

"Change clothes," repeated the confused Scipio.

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Because Bruce has friends who would fetch you back to him if they met you. Put on my clothes, draw my big hat over your eyes, and no one will recognize you."

The simple negro scared out of his wits at the possible peril which menaced him, acquiesced in Wardell's plan without hesitation.

Within a few moments the transfer of apparel

was made, and the negro, at the direction of Wardell, started on a keen run across the fields towards Forreton.

"So far I am successful," murmured the detective as he glanced down at the garments he had donned, and contentedly read Bruce's note. "Now to make a mock hump on my back, to practice the darkey's shambling gait and talk, to blacken my face and put on the false wig I have, and then to start for the home of the James boys."

Two hours later the disguised detective knocked at the door of Jacob Bucher's tavern for admittance.

The late inn-keeper was gruff and surly, but after reading the note from Bruce, put on his hat and said,—

"Follow me."

Wardell was burning with impatience and curiosity to learn the fate of the landlord's daughter, but he dared not do farther than peer in at the door.

Mr. Bucher sat alone in the bar-room, the girl nowhere in sight. As his guide traversed a by-path well trodden with horse tracks, he ventured, assuming Scipio's extravagant peculiarities of dialect, to ask,—

"Didn't ye have a daughter, Massa Bucher?"

The landlord of the backwoods hotel answered with a fierce oath and the words,

"Yes, but she's gone."

"Whar she gone?"

"I dunno. She cut out without our knowin' it, and we haint had trace of her since."

The remainder of the journey was pursued in silence. Across a long stretch of timber over a small morass and finally near an elevated thicket surrounded by a broad level prairie, and commanding a full view of the surrounding country, a cabin was reached.

It consisted of several low, rambling structures. Bucher did not venture to knock at the door, but standing at some distance from the house, gave utterance to a peculiar shrill whistle.

The door of the cabin was opened a moment later, and a man peered cautiously out.

"Who's there?" he demanded, a gleaming revolver in his hand telling that he was prepared for emergencies.

"Bucher!"

"All right, come in."

"No," replied the tavern-keeper advancing.

"I just come to show this darkey the way."

"Who is he, the cook?"

"Yes."

"Sent by Bruce?"

"The same."

The door swung open and closed.

Wardell, the detective, in his new disguise, stood in the very stronghold of the outlaw band of Jesse James.

V.

THE OUTLAW'S DEN.

Behind the uncouth, blackened face, beneath the coarse clothing, beat a heart which signalled peril deep and deadly to the detective if he was discovered. As he entered the cabin, the sudden transition from darkness to light prevented clearness of vision, but his sight becoming accustomed to the radiance emanating from a tallow dip on a table in the centre of the apartment, his eyes took in the strange scene about him.

It was a rudely-furnished room, with a table, a rough bed and a few chairs, the walls being hung with firearms. A gleaming rifle stood in each corner of the apartment; a belt, with revolvers and knives, lay on the bed, while their owner, Jesse James, was seated at the table engaged in conversation with the men of his band around him.

He turned as the door opened and regarded Wardell. The latter trusted in his disguise to prevent a recognition. The careless manner of the outlaw told that he had been completely deceived.

"Who are you?" he asked, as the man who had admitted the detective informed him that Bucher had brought him there.

"Scipio, sah."

"Sent by Bruce?"

"Yes, sah."

"Can you cook?"

"Yes, sah."

"Very well," replied James, glancing over the note from Bruce, "I've only one word to say to you. If you ever leave this vicinity, or utter one word you hear in this place, you know what to expect."

"Massa Bruce told me."

"Death! do you understand?"

"I specs I does, massa."

The outlaw pointed to a cupboard near the door communicating with the next room, and ordered Scipio to prepare a meal at once.

"The nigger interrupted my story, boys," he said, turning to his companions. "Let me see, where was I?"

"You were telling us about your early youth," said Bob Younger.

"Oh, yes. Well, you see my father, or Robert James, was a Baptist minister, and brought us up until he went to California, where he died, in a pretty strict manner. My mother was Zerelda Cole, of Kentucky, and had as much pluck and energy as any one of us here. When we moved to Kearny, we enjoyed ourselves as all boys do, running away from school and going squirrel hunting, and having a good time generally. We were pretty fair boys, with nothing vicious about us, for we didn't drink any more than we do now, and our-licking with other

lads was innocent amusement. But the wa came, just think of it, boys, and we in Missouri, the hottest of secession sentiments, as the papers call it.

"It wasn't war, it was massacre, hate and retaliation. Frank, there, joined Quantrell, and you bet he didn't forget his Southern blood, and soon made a mark as a fighter and a guerilla. The war fever was on me; I went to Quantrell and asked leave to join him. He refused, and I had to go back home; but later I acted as a spy for the guerillas; so things went on until 1862."

"One morning, who should ride up to our house but a lot of Federals; they dragged my step-father, Dr. Samuels, out of bed, refused to listen to a word he said, and, getting a rope, they strung him up to a tree near by. After they had ridden away, my mother rushed out and cut him down, just in time to save his life. The soldiers beat and cuffed me, threatened to kill us all and arrested my mother and sister the next day, and locked them up in a military prison at St. Joseph."

"That settled me. I was only fifteen years old, but the cruelty of my enemies revived my mind with hatred and a burning desire for revenge. I swore to get even with Uncle Sam, and I've done it. I hurried to Quantrell and insisted upon being taken into his service. This time he did not refuse, and I became a full-fledged guerilla."

"You know the rest, boys. When the war ended I retired with a record which the Unionists call a hard one. They say that I shot down defenceless soldiers in the hospital. They can say what they like, but I never missed an opportunity to pay them off for what they did to me and mine. After the war I went to Texas, came back and found the country too hot for me. They wouldn't call the war ended, they refused to shake hands and settle down to peace. I was 'Jesse James, the guerilla,' Dr. Samuels the old 'secessionist,' my folks 'rebels.' I did the next best thing, my father an outlaw, and here I am, with the boldest and bravest band in the country around me."

The faces of the speaker's comrades expressed deep interest as they listened to their leader's narrative. His keen, black eyes, determined face, and general expression of features inspired them with confidence. They exhibited their admiration for his noted deeds of daring as one of their number spoke up,

"I say, Jesse, tell us about the Kansas City affair. We weren't all with you then, and some of the boys would like to hear it."

"You tell it," replied James, "I never blow my own horn."

"You see, boys," said the speaker, "Jesse here needed a little money. There was but one convenient plan, and that was to stop a train on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad. He wouldn't do that. The road once passed a friend of his who was in poverty, and Jesse never forgot it, and never will. That road is sacred; eh, Jesse?"

The outlaw bowed assentingly.

"Well, we heard that the fair at Kansas City was in progress, crowded with people from all over the State, and taking in a small fortune a day."

"Jesse came to me and Bob Younger one day."

"Boys," he said, "we'll take a trip down to Kansas City."

"I looked at him curious-like."

"In day-time?" I says.

"Certainly."

"But the risk?"

"Cole," he says to me, "there's a little fortune waiting at that place. Risk or no risk, we strike the town at afternoon and leave it, evening with a few dollars to keep us in food and clothes for a month or two."

"I knew that settled it. We rode to the city. Near the fair grounds Jesse gives me his horse, jumps down, and walks over to the office of the ticket-seller, as coolly as though he was a friend."

"See here," he says, peering in at the window, "Supposing Jesse James and his band should ride up here and demand that box of money lying over there, what would you say?"

"The ticket-seller looked up a little surprised at Jesse's strange words."

"What would I say?" he replied; "I'd see you in Halifax first."

"Jesse pops a gun under his nose like a flash."

"You would, eh," he says, cool as a cucumber. "Well, I'm Jesse James, and my men are near at hand, so I'll thank you to hand over the money."

"The man saw he was gone if he refused. The box came out through the window and we got away."

"How much was there in the box?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

"Did they follow you?"

Cole Younger laughed scornfully.

"Follow us?" he repeated. "Yes, and mighty little good it did them. The very next night Jesse rides back into town and sends for one of the editors of the papers that treated us square. He presents him with a watch, rides away and gives the police on the watch the slip for good."

"Supper's ready, massa," came at that moment from Scipio.

The disguised detective had been an interested listener to all that transpired. As he busied himself about the table his ears were open to catch any words that might indicate the future intentions of the band.

From the guarded undertone employed in their subsequent conversation Wardell could

hear very little, but was enabled to surmise that they were on the eve of some new and desperate undertaking.

As they completed their meal Jesse James glanced at the clock hanging on the wall of the place.

"It is about time for us to start, boys," he said. "Come here, Scipio."

The pretended negro approached him.

"Can you ride a horse?"

"Yes, sah."

"And keep your mouth shut and fight?"

"Try me, sah."

The detective's heart beat wildly. If he could but secure and retain the confidence of James, familiarize himself with his methods and learn his secrets without his identity being suspected, he could soon devise a plan to capture the outlaw.

It was a bold scheme, bold because even if the real Scipio had disappeared, his former employer—Bruce—in visiting the den of the bandits might recognize him. However, he had the means of continuing his deception, and as long as he could prevent James from discovering his white skin beneath the lampblack face he felt that he was safe.

"You are to go with us on a little journey," said the outlaw.

"All right, massa."

"And take care of our horses for us. Lock the rear doors and windows tightly and come along."

Wardell went into the kitchen and obeyed the mandates of his new employer. As he was securing a window he started back as though he had seen an apparition.

The next moment he had sprung again to the window, and peered eagerly forth.

"It must have been fancy," he murmured; but I could swear that for a single moment I saw at that window looking into this room the face of the girl who saved my life, the beauty of the backwoods tavern!

He had no time to investigate the vicinity of the cabin for traces of the girl, as James was calling for him, and a minute later the ninth of the band mounted on a horse. He brought up the rear of the cavalcade of outlaws and train-robbers.

VI.

IN A TRAP.

The undertaking of the disguised detective was a venturesome one, and he was blindly following the bandits, perhaps, to some daring deed of crime.

They rode until daylight in an easterly direction, and in silence. Wardell caught no word from their lips concerning their new scheme, and from their reticence he argued that either they were cautious about letting him into their secrets, or had settled all the details of the raid beforehand, and had no need to discuss it further.

At daylight they reached a little out-of-the-way tavern, located at two cross-roads, and here a halt was ordered and Scipio told to take the horses to the stables, to feed and curry them, but to replace their saddles and have them in readiness for a fresh start at a moment's notice.

He at once divined the reason of this caution. The outlaws were outside the charmed district of neighborly protection, and, fearing a capture, wished to be ready if attacked.

Wardell was glad to remain in the stable. His new employer might penetrate his disguise if he suspected him too closely. Evening coming, after a hearty meal the band again started forth.

They rode for nearly twenty miles, at last coming to a halt at a little settlement, from which the railroad station was isolated. This latter structure the band surrounded, and Jesse James, dismounting from his horse, strode boldly into the depot waiting-room.

There was but one man in sight. The telegraph operator, who was also the station agent, sat within his little apartment, and looked up inquiringly at the bandit as the latter approached him.

"Is this Gal's Hill?" asked James.

"Yes."

"On the Iron Mountain Railroad?"

The station agent bowed assentingly.

"When does the express train arrive?"

"In half an hour."

"Come out of there and show me which track it comes on."

As he spoke, the outlaw deliberately drew a revolver and pointed it at the head of the amazed and startled agent.

"What does this mean?" demanded the latter, trembling with fear.

"It means that I am in earnest. I am Jesse James, and I'll stand no trifling. Come out."

Quaking with terror, the agent obeyed the order.

James signalled to Bob Younger from the station door.

"Take this man under charge," he said, "and shoot him if he tries to escape."

Then proceeding to the switch he turned the rail so that the expected train would be brought to a standstill on a side track.

He was as calm and self-possessed as though at home in his den as the train darted up to the station a few moments later.

The same system of terrorizing and plundering was carried on by himself and his companions as in the robbery of the train on the Rock Island railroad. The passengers were or-

dered to deliver up their valuables under penalty of death, and the express car was plundered of over eleven thousand dollars.

Wardell, in an agony of suspense, unable to prevent the bold robbery, saw in silence only the means of eventually capturing this desperado.

He followed them as they rode rapidly away from the scene of their recent exploit, and was wearied and glad when they again reached the den towards morning.

The outlaws were in rare good humor over their successful raid, and when the pretended Scipio had prepared a meal for them they had drunk considerably to celebrate their last exploit.

A whistle from the outside startled them suddenly.

"The signal," said James to one of the men.

"See who it is."

The man went to the door, and after gazing out, admitted two persons.

Wardell was just bringing in a dish from the kitchen. It fell with a loud crash from his hands as he recognized the two new-comers.

One of them was Bruce. The other his counterpart, from the woolly wig to the false hump on the back, and who stared at him in wild amazement, was—

The real Scipio!

(To be continued.)

CALLING THE DOCTOR.

The other morning, as a belated member of the Owl Club was steering home through the dense fog which the writer is reliably informed hangs over— at three a.m., he passed a house in Mission street, where resided a well-known physician. The vestibule of this residence was open, and on its side the dim rays of the moon, struggling through the gloom produced by the efforts of the City Gas Company, disclosed the mouth of an acoustic tube, underneath which was the inscription, "Whistle for Dr. Potts."

Not wishing to be disobliging about so small a matter, the Owl stumbled up the steps, and, steadying himself against the wall, blew into the pipe with all the strength of his lungs.

The physician, who was awakened by the resultant shrill whistle near his head, arose; and after wondering at the singular odor of whisky in the room, groped his way to the tube and shouted, "Well!"

"Glad to know you're well," was the reply, "but being a doctor I suppose you can keep well at best price, can't you?"

"What do you want?" said the man of pills, not caring to joke in the airy nothing of his night-shirt.

"Well," said the party at the other end of the tube, after a few moments' meditation. "Oh! by the way, are you young Potts or old Potts?"

"I am Dr. Potts; there is no young Potts."

"Not dead, I hope?"

"There never was any. I have no son."

"Then you are young Potts and old Potts too. Dear, dear, how singular!"

"What do you want?" snapped the doctor, who was beginning to feel as if his legs were a pair of elongated icicles.

"You know old Mrs. Peavine, who lives in the next block?"

"Yes. Is she sick? What's the matter?"

"Do you know her nephew, too—Bill Briggs?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, he went to Bridgeport shooting this morning, and—"

"And he had an accident? Hold up a minute. I'll be right down."

"No; he's all right; but he got sixty-two ducks—eighteen of 'em mallards. I thought you might like to hear it."

And the joker hung on to the muzzle and laughed like a hyena digging up a fat bullock.

"I say," came down from the exasperated M.D., "that's a jolly good joke, my friend. Won't you take something?"

"What!" said the surprised humorist, pausing for breath.

"Why, take something. Take this."

And before the disgusted funny man could withdraw his mouth, a hastily compounded mixture of ink, ipecac, and assafetida squirted from the pipe, and deluged him from head to foot, about a pint monopolising his shirt front and collar.

And while he danced frantically around, sponging himself off with his handkerchief, and swearing like a pirate in the last act, he could hear a voice from above sweetly murmur:

"Have some more! No! Well, good-night. Come again soon, your funny dog, you. Bye, bye."

THE "HAPPY" DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Ah, the "happy" days of childhood, when we were always wanting something we couldn't have, and wanting to do something that we should not do.

Those were the days when we had no latch-key, and had to go to bed at the preposterous hour of eight in the evening, no matter how disappointed we felt, or how much we desired to "make a night of it."

In those days we ate the greenest of apples, and suffered in a way that would be considered terrible now and call out the sympathies of our friends, but which then only inspired sage dis-

sertations on the subject of unripe fruit and its toxic effects on bad boys who consumed it.

Those were the days of illusions and delusions, when we believed in circus posters, and had faith in the alluring advertisements of museums; when the stupendous elephant of our imaginations, dwindled to the insignificant elephant of reality; when the "wild men of Borneo" were discovered to be very ordinary darkies indeed, and when the giants were all disgustingly small and the dwarfs absurdly large.

Those were the times when we believed in ghosts and all sorts of creepy things, when every dark alley-way was the permanent residence of some spook or bugaboo, whose whole object in existence was to "take off bad little boys," and when, being conscious of belonging to that much abused class, we were always in a state of cold perspiration when we passed through one of these mysterious passage-ways.

Then there was the ever vigilant professional kidnapper, always waiting round the next forbidden corner to put bad little boys in his bag and carry them off.

If we did happen to pass the proscribed point, and chanced to meet a peddler or rag-picker with the insignia of his craft, Orestes pursued by the Furies didn't commence to feel half as scared as we did as we scurried wildly home.

Ah, the happy days when we were expected to spill our precious blood in single combat with any small ruffian who saw fit to require it of us, and when the disgrace of refusing to fight on one hand, and our parents' and teacher's disapproval of gladiatorial contests on the other, were the two horns of a dilemma that were constantly goring our youthful sensibilities.

Those were the times when the disapprobation of some old frump of a school examiner was a deeper disgrace than the conviction of a felony would be now, and when our heads ached over lessons that we did not want to study then and have quite forgotten since.

I ask you in all frankness, whether you could stand up and bound the Duchy of Schmitzberg, or name all the rivers in Russia? And yet there was a time when your inability to do so would have submitted you to the awful penalty of a "bad mark" more serious as it seemed to you then than the *mens mea tibi uxor* seemed to Belshazzar at the feast.

Those were the days when we were enduring the painful process of civilization, which in various degrees we have since learned to bear with so much resignation.

Who cannot remember the torture of his first stiff shirt collars, and the misery of those new boots, and the times when we were compelled, against the dictates of nature, to "come in out of the dirt and have our faces washed." We wash our own faces now with great care, and the soap does not get into our eyes, and with a loving tenderness for the projecting angles of our physiognomy, but how they did use to soap us and rub us, and bump our noses, and tear our unfortunate ears in the happy days of childhood.

AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

When a mother has but one daughter "out" her course is easy and pleasant; she is proud of her daughter, she is a young companion for her, she is young enough to enjoy things herself, and old enough to rejoice in her daughter's success; and a popular mother, with a pretty daughter, is, as a rule, a great acquisition in general society; but when a mother has two daughters out—sometimes three, and even four—her task is by no means so easy; she almost requires to double the circle of her acquaintances if she has four daughters out, as she can only take them out by twos and twos, not by threes and fours; and many ladies have this number of daughters out, the eldest twenty-one or twenty-two, the youngest seventeen or eighteen. It is hardly fair, the mother thinks to keep the youngest in the schoolroom beyond the age at which her sisters came out. Other mothers, on the contrary, prefer keeping a fourth daughter almost in the schoolroom, even until she is nineteen, rather than undertake the onerous charge of four daughters. Taking out three or four daughters calls for so much arrangement and division as to which two out of the four are to go here or there. In some families it is the rule to share all gayeties alike and in turn without any preference, while in the country perhaps three daughters would be taken to a country ball, and four to a lawn-tennis party; but in town an invitation to Mrs. and the Misses Blank would signify that two daughters only are asked, and not the whole family of daughters. This division of daughters, though it simplifies matters for the mother, has this against it—that the girls do not become thoroughly known unless they possess great individuality of their own, which is not always the case, and people say, "Which of the Misses Blank was I talking to last night—I never know one from the other?" Although, on first coming out, the appearance of a third or fourth sister makes but little difference to the elder one, yet as time rolls on, and she remains unmarried, she has often to relinquish invitations in favor of her younger sisters. Some mothers make a point, as far as they can, of taking the same daughters to the same places, instead of taking them out strictly by turn; but in many large families there is a sort of good-natured selfishness among the girls, and the youngest, who has just come out, is allowed to have it very much her own way with regard to her going out with her mother during her first season.

WILDE LIFE IN NEW YORK.

While the Eastern press is still making game—Wilde game—of Oscar, we desire to put in evidence the following little story characteristic of the great aesthete, and which, we believe, has not yet appeared in print:—

A day or two after his arrival in New York, a footman presented himself at the door of Wilde's room and extended to that languid divinity a huge lily, on the creamy vellum sides of which was written a "souful" invitation to a strictly aesthetic luncheon, to be given on Fifth Avenue by one of his female adorers. Doubtless rejoiced to escape from the gross and unutter fare of the hotel, Wilde promptly accepted.

We must now ask the reader to accompany us back to the early portion of the reign of Henry the Fourth.

On second thoughts, however, and at the earnest request of the printer's devil, who is waiting for copy, we go right on with the story:

Oscar found the entertainment referred to entirely satisfactory, and sufficiently too. After a protracted seance of the most consummate description, luncheon was announced and the aesthetic hostess, meekly apologizing for the introduction of so prosaic an interruption, pressed upon the poet one dish in particular, which she said was as sublimated and spiritual a refection as could possibly be prepared. Wilde was not particularly rapt with the taste of the dish, which was decidedly unique; but with the eyes of his lovely disciple upon him, he could not well decline to partake, so he managed to force down several helps. A few moments after this his face was observed to turn the most emphatic sage-green tint, and he made a break for the door. The next quarter of an hour was passed in a stained-glassed attitude over a slop-basin in a bedroom up-stairs, his leonine head being supported by relays of his panic-stricken devotees.

"My dear madam," moaned Wilde, as an extra throe drew his boot heels clear up into his knees; "what in—heaven was it that you made me eat just now? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned! my dear Mr. Wilde! What an idea! Why, that was something I had prepared for you especially. It was *souflowers, shaved in cream!*"

And Mr. Wilde was carried home on a sage-green sofa.

THE REASON WHY.

A good many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night, when they were all gathered around the camp fire, one of the party suggested that each man should give the time and reason for his leaving his native State and coming to Texas, whereupon each one in turn told his experience. Judge Blank had killed a man in self-defence in Arkansas, Gen. Soandso had forged another man's signature to a cheque, while another came to Texas on account of his having two wives. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a sanctimonious-looking old man who, although a professional gambler, was usually called "Parson."

"Well, Parson, why did you leave Kentucky?"

"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me anyhow."

"Out with it! Did you shoot somebody?"

"No, gentlemen, I did not. Since you want to know so bad I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell on the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas ever had been heard of before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it. The "Parson" was called on to furnish more light.

"Well, gentlemen, you see a congregation raised \$3,000 and turned it over to me to build a church—and I didn't build the church. That's all."

HOW TO GET A DIVIDEND.

In the early days of railroading in Missouri a six-foot stranger, with a bad look in his eye, one day entered a station on the line of the Blank and Dash Road, pulled out ten shares of stock in the company, and inquired of the station master if there were any dividends on the stock.

"Never heard of any," was the reply.

"Didn't anybody ever try to collect dividends?"

"If they did they didn't get anything."

"This stock ought to pay ten per cent," continued the stranger. "Here's \$1,000. Ten per cent a year would be \$100. I've held these sheers three months, which would be \$25. Pardner, I want my divy!"

"But I've nothing to do with it! You must go to St. Louis."

"Too far away! I'm going to collect here and save time. Pilgrim, count out my divy!"

The above peroration was followed by the sight of a six-shooter and an expression which meant business, and the agent didn't consume three minutes counting out the money, which the stranger took and walked out, with the remark that he never invested in any stock paying less than ten per cent., and didn't believe in cumulative dividends. This was the only dividend paid by that road for thirteen years, and the agent, on a salary of \$40 a month, had to stand that.



A CHILDREN'S CALISTHENIC CLASS IN NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

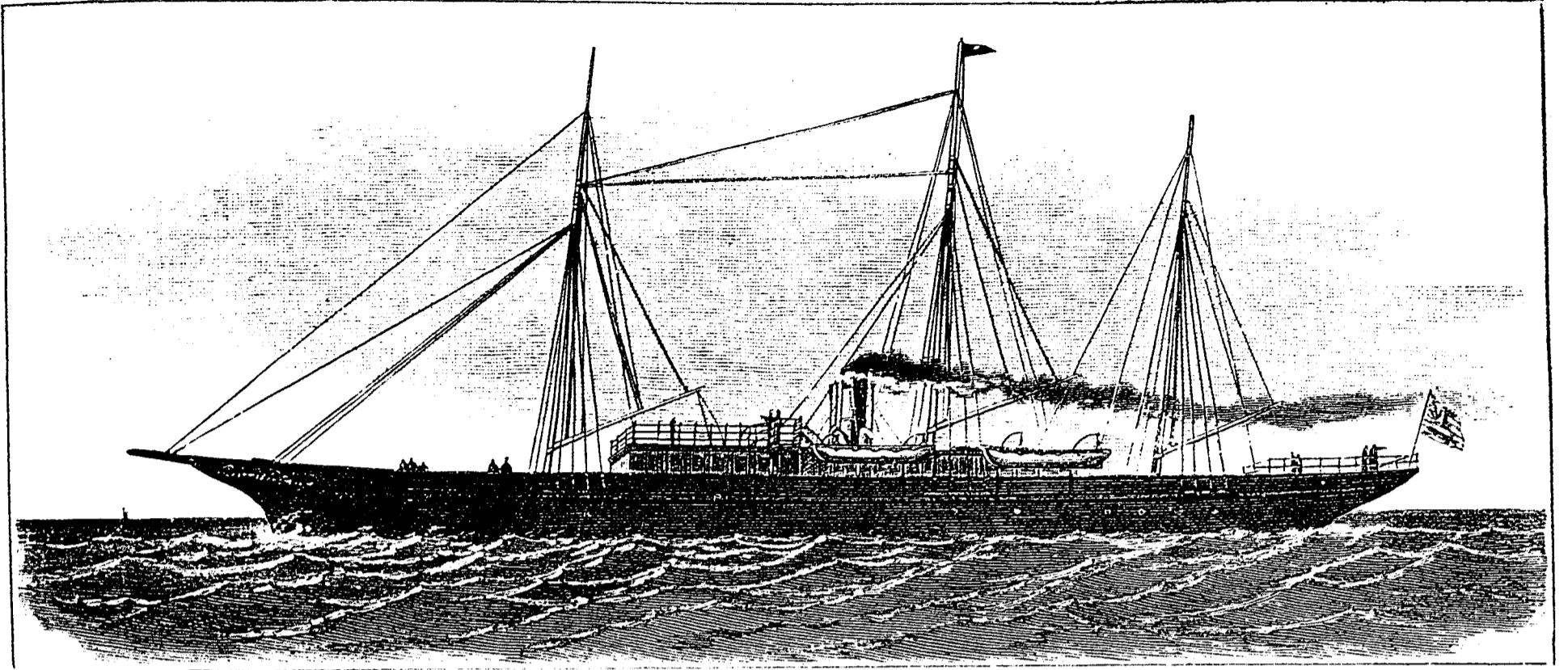


First Officer
On the Bridge.

Taking an Observation

Hauling down the Deck

SKETCHES ON A VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



THE NEW STEAM-YACHT *NAMOUNA* THE PROPERTY OF MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.



THE LOSS OF THE *JEANNETTE*.—ACROSS THE ICE AFTER LEAVING THE VESSEL.



THE LOSS OF THE *JEANNETTE*.—THE MARCH ALONG THE RIVER LENA.

A NEW PROPHECY.

When lawyers fall to take a fee,
And juries never disagree;
When politicians are content,
And landlords don't collect their rent;
When naughty children a' die young,
And girls are born without a tongue;
When preachers out their sermons short,
And all folks to the church resort;
When back subscribers all have paid,
And editors have fortunes made;
Such happiness will sure portend
This world must soon come to an end.

THE POPULAR INDIVIDUAL.

BY NED P. MAH.

Having made choice of a subject I was going to head this paper, "The Popular Man." But a man, who is deserving of the appellation, has about him something decided and angular which does not permit him to be a humbug which the popular individual necessarily to some extent is.

There once existed a rumor, fabulous, I dare say, yet one of those fables which has found its way into print, to the effect that the *Times* was wont to employ an intelligent elderly man to prow around public places of every kind—clubs, dining rooms, markets and exchanges—and to keep his ears open to the remarks on the topics of the day, returning at night to his employers with a report of the leaning of public opinion on each subject of interest, from which report the leading articles of the following morning took their tone.

Now this is more or less similar to the proceeding of the popular individual, the student of the art of pleasing. He first ascertains the tone of feelings of others, and then rather holds the mirror up to their minds than gives expression to his own sentiments, although, when he has won the confidence of his admirers by the exposition of views which he knows they will endorse, he may lead and sway them to his own ends while apparently actuated by the same motives as themselves. The popular individual is, in fact, all things to all men, and not always in the best sense of the phrase.

So, too often, with the popular preacher. I do not mean the preacher who attracts large crowds by an affectation of eccentricity, and whom people go to hear rather out of curiosity, or a desire to be amused, or because it is "the thing" than because his views are really popular with them. But I mean the preacher who prophesies soft things; who lays great stress on the scarlet sins becoming white as snow and whose congregation leave him in a happy and complacent state of mind, having a sleepy kind of conviction that they may do pretty much as they like, if only they have faith as a grain of mustard seed.

Rowland Hill once began a sermon something in the following manner:

"I have a dog at home, who is a very good dog, but he has a remarkable partiality for a bone; and when you touch that bone, he growls. Now the ladies of this congregation have a bone, which is an unreasonable extravagance in dress; and I am going to meddle with that bone in spite of your growling."

And when, as I walk the streets, I overhear such remarks, in reference to a pulpit orator, as "My daughter came home furious," or "Smith declares he will never enter the place again, and has sold his pew to Brown," then I know that man is a faithful and a fearless monitor, who is not afraid to touch the bones of his congregation.

Of course the popular individual is generally a clever fellow; because every fool can write or say what he thinks, but it is not every fool who can please his fellow mortals and become a popular individual. But though mere popularity may be a mark of intellect, it is not always a certificate of goodness, and rarely of a manly straightforwardness of character. Every man who is worth his salt will make enemies, but his enemies will be those whom he is not whereas the popular individual is—eager to reckon among his friends.

FASHIONS IN POETRY.

With every new generation there begins a war against the poetic common-places of the preceding period and the introduction of new coinages to take their place. This is particularly true of the incoming of the school of Swinburne, Morris and Rossetti. It is notable that their new coinages begin almost at once to lapse into the categories of the conventionalisms which they displaced. With Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta" came in the constant use of "iron," the eternal reference to "fire," and "blood," and a certain meteoric way of writing about the great blind forces of the world, stars, winds, foam and so forth—if foam can be called a "force," except when used to fashion the deadly bolt with which Indra slew Ahti. Before Mr. Swinburne we almost doubt whether girls were called "white," or necks and other portions of the human frame "warm"; certainly kisses did not "sting," nor were things in general so apt to be "wet." William Morris presented the poetaster with "wan" as an epithet of water. "Wan" had been a formula in the Border ballads from time immemorial, but Mr. Morris first thought of reintroducing this inseparable epithet of water. It was very pleasant in "Jason," but now it meets one everywhere. Mr. Morris' girls were "slim," as those of Mr. Swinburne were white. Both he and Mr. Rossetti added another to the sonnet rhymes to "love" by employing

"thereof," and now we never meet "love in a poem without an anxious feeling that "thereof" is lurking in the neighborhood. Who endowed the common poetaster with "utter" we do not know. Mr. Barlow—an author rather sensitive, we fear, to criticism—has ridden "utter" very hard, also "wonderful." Almost everything which is not "utter" with this songster is "wonderful," and anything that escapes these epithets is apt to fall a victim to "warm." The habit of laying stress on the last syllable, when the penultimate is accented in speaking, is probably derived by Mr. Rossetti and his admirers from old English verse. "Di-al," "wa-ter," "flo-uer," "bo-dee," for "dial," "water," "flower," and "body," are now among the most ordinary conventionalities of the modern muse. They have ceased to attract by their strangeness. We know that water is more likely to rhyme now to "beer" than to "daughter" and that Byron was in error when he said

They caught two boobies and a noddy,
And they left off eating the dead body.

He should have written, and, if he were a minor poet now, he would write—

They caught two herring, and of whitebait three,
And now no more must eat the dead bo-dee,

This may seem a queerly way of writing (for if we should say "grimly" for "grim" we must say "queerly" for "queer"), but it is "right," it is "the thing."

If we might offer a word of advice to a young poet, it would be somewhat in this manner. Do not be fashionable. If you find you have spoken of a slim maiden or a white girl, cut out the adjective. If you must have an adjective, find a new or disinter an old one. But beware of "brown," for that is Mr. Rossetti's private property. Make as little use as possible of "withal," and in other words do not displace the usual accent, so as to make it rest heavily on the ultimate syllable. Forswear "utter," "white," "wet," "warm," "sweet," "wonderful," and generally keep a keen eye on "foam," especially if it shows a tendency to be "blown." Distrust "ah" especially if conscience whispers that Mr. Matthew Arnold would have sighed "ah" in this very place if he had been working at the same subject. Avoid meters invented or revived by Mr. Swinburne; they are many and meritorious, but you cannot well write in them with originality. As you value your reputation, do not call the waters "wan," and, if tempted to use a violet or orange sunset, try if a tomato sunset will not do just as well or better. The color of the tomato is beautiful, and only its association with chops prevents this vegetable from being as poetical as oranges. Try something like this:—

Tomato-red the sunset glowed
On verdant waves cucumberine,
Till night, descending indigo'd
With blue the mournful deep divin.

If you are successful, you will soon have followers enough; and indigo, cucumbers and tomatoes will be as common in song as roses, oranges and daffodils.—*Home Journal*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The Lord Mayor intends to give a grand ball in honor of the Royal marriage, but the date has not yet been fixed.

PEOPLE have discovered that the hyacinth is Mr. Gladstone's favorite flower—but they have made no proposition to the nation yet about it, and there is no rise in the price.

THE "luncheon" provided by the Corporation of the City of London for the King and Queen of the Netherlands and the Prince of Waldeck and Pyrmont at the Guildhall, on Tuesday next, will cost 2,000 guineas.

PROBABLY the memorial statue to Sir Rowland Hill may be completed in time to admit of the Prince of Wales unveiling it on his way to the Mansion House on the 17th June to attend the banquet to the Mayors and the Provosts of the United Kingdom.

MR. MACKAY, the American millionaire, has ranged to build an hotel in London somewhat on the scale of the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, which is equal in size to about five of our biggest hotels. There will be 1,600 suites of rooms, and the cost of the undertaking will be £2,000,000.

SIR PERCY SHELLEY'S miniature theatre at Chelsea is to be opened to a public audience, though it must necessarily be a small one, for the first time on the evenings of the 30th and 31st of May. On these occasions a company, headed by Lady Moncton and Sir Charles Young, will perform a new comediotta by Mr. C. M. Rae, and a new drama adapted by Lady Moncton from the French.

AN Irish poet meets the English reproaches as to the bad conduct of the Irish by pointing out the condition of England; the disgrace of the ever accumulating divorce cases; the improprieties of life which exist everywhere; the ruffianism, the prize-fighting, the brutal assaults on the helpless, and so on. The list is, alas, too true; but it is surely not to be compared in character and quantity with the wholesale dastardly outrages and the almost all-pervading conspiracy to murder which exist in Ireland.

It is not often that the City authorities have the opportunity of greeting the Queen within their boundaries, but when that happy event does take place they make haste to demonstrate their loyalty. The expenditure of £25,000 has been sanctioned for the purpose of giving Her Majesty a fitting reception on the occasion of her visit to Epping Forest next Saturday. It was expected that the Queen would travel round the north of London to the forest, but we believe that she will travel over the Metropolitan (Underground) Railway, from Bishop's road to Liverpool street, and thence take the train to the Royal Forest of Epping and Hainault.

AN incident illustrating the reverent regard with which Lord Beaconsfield's memory is cherished occurred at one of the great West End houses, in which a large and fashionable company was being entertained on the 18th. As midnight struck, the hostess addressed a few words to her assembled guests, expressive of her hope that what was about to be done would meet with their approval. Servants then entered bearing silver trays covered with bouquets of primroses—"his favorite flower"—each guest being presented with one, and wearing it in some part of his or her dress.

A SINGULAR construction has just been put up on the Embankment, facing the river, and next the St. Stephen's Club. It looks like a colossal case for Jumbo, and it troubled for a few moments the peace of mind of the Speaker. He may be said to live in the midst of alarms, and is quite sufficient of a classical scholar to know the legend of the wooden horse. The policeman who was despatched brought back the reassuring intelligence that it was not a Fenian magazine, but only a statue of Mr. Gladstone. The sculptor is Mr. Bruce Joy, who thus exhibits his work to certainly the most competent critics. The work is in plaster, and is to be executed in bronze for Bow. It is the gift of the great match-maker, Bryant.

A REMARKABLE application of science to the art of reporting is now to be seen nightly in the House of Commons. The *Times* newspaper has there fitted up a number of telephones communicating with the operators seated at type composing machines at the office in Printing House Square, and the reporters may if they like—for the matter is optional—dictate their terms to the type setters without writing their reports at all. A considerable portion of the *Times* parliamentary report is thus set up nightly from dictation through the telephones, with a little gain of time upon the old method, and with much saving of labor on the part of the reporters. The system is still imperfect and tentative, but it promises to revolutionize the art of reporting, so far as Parliament is concerned.

THE HASTINGS MILKMAN.

Jinks, the Hastings milkman, one morning forgot to water his milk. In the hall of the first customer in his round, the sad omission flashed upon Jinks' wounded feelings. A large tub of fine clear water stood on the floor by his side, no eye was upon him, and thrice did Jinks dilute his milk with a large measure filled from the tub, before the maid brought up her jugs. Jinks served her and went on. While he was bellowing down the next area, his first customer's footman beckoned to him from the door. Jinks returned, and was immediately ushered into the library. There sat my lord, who had just tasted the milk.

"Jinks," said his lordship.

"My lord!" replied Jinks.

"Jinks," continued his lordship, "I should feel particularly obliged if you would henceforth bring me the milk and water separately, and allow me the favor of mixing them myself."

"Well, my lord, it's useless to deny the thing, for I suppose your lordship watched me while—"

"No," interrupted the nobleman; "the fact is, that my children bathe at home, Jinks, and the tub in the hall was full of sea water, Jinks."

MISCELLANY.

THE WANTON CALF: A FABLE.—A Calf, full of Wantonness and Play, seeing an Ox at the Plough, could not forbear insulting him. "What a sorry, poor Drudge are you," said he, "to bear that heavy Yoke, and go turning up the Ground for a Master!" "See what a happy life I lead!" he added, when at evening the Ox, unyoked and going to take his rest, saw him, hung with Garlands, being led away by the Flamen, a venerable man with a fondness for Veal Pot-Pie.

MORAL.—This Fable teaches us that Young People had better Stick to the Farm, and not Study for a Learned Profession unless they are fully aware of what it means.

UNEXPECTED CRITICISM.—One of the most eloquent and popular clergymen of Austin, Texas, being about to ascend the steps leading to his church a few Sundays ago, was asked by a partially blind old lady, who did not recognize him, to help her up the steps. With his usual urbanity he complied with her request. Just as they reached the top steps she asked him who was going to preach. "Parson Smith," he replied, that being his own name. "O Lord!"

exclaimed the old lady. "Help me down again. I'd rather listen to a man sawing wood. Please help me down again. I don't care to go in." At first the clergyman was inclined to refuse, but, on reflection, he gently assisted her down the steps again, remarking as they reached the bottom: "You are quite right, madam, about not going into the church. I wouldn't go in either if I was not paid for it."

WHEN the English fleet under Lord Nelson was bearing down upon the French ships anchored in Aboukir Bay, just before the ever-memorable battle of the Nile, the captain of one of the British vessels addressed his crew at considerable length, and, having exhorted them to remember their duty, and what their country required at their hands, he turned to the captain of marines and said, "Now, sir, you have heard what I have said to the ship's company; it may be as well for you to say something to the men more particularly under you." Upon which the marine officer commanded "attention," and addressed them in the following pithy and laconic manner—"My lads, do you see that land?" pointing to the shores which they were rapidly nearing. "That," said he, "is the land of Egypt; and if you don't fight like the deuce you'll soon be in the house of bondage." The effect was electrical.

SUNNY ROOMS MAKE SUNNY LIVES.—Let us take the airiest, choicest and sunniest room in the house for our living room—the work-shop where brain and body are built up and renewed; and there let us have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin-angels—sunlight and pure air—can freely enter. The window shall be the poem of the house. It shall give freedom and scope to the sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the glow of summer, the pomp of autumn, the white of winter, storm and sunshine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can enjoy as we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing years roll on. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house where walls and furniture are a dingy brown, you have but to take down the dingy curtains, open wide the window, hang brackets on either side, set flower pots on the brackets, and ivy in the pots, and let the warm air stream freely in.

SPECIAL VALUES OF BOOKS.—The fact that errata should frequently give a book very great value is as curious as it is true. Pope Sextus' Bible owes its high price to its 1,600 errata. A wealthy man, possessed of humor, might well give some guineas for an "infallible" work with sixteen hundred mistakes, and which, moreover, contains a delicious preface excommunicating all who should henceforth alter the text. Of similar high value is a little work called the Anatomy of the Mass, in which there are 172 pages of matter and fifteen pages of errata. The pious writer, in apologising for this, states that Satan in person interested himself in bawling his devout aim! An erratum of real historical value is indeed rare; but such value may truly be attached to some sixteenth-century works, published at Rome, when *fata* is intentionally printed *facta*, and then corrected. When the Inquisition were in power, they banned the word *fatum* as gagan; but the ingenuity of authors discovered this quaint way of cheating them. Thus a curious historical fact is embalmed in a single book erratum. Early printing may be classed among legitimate reasons for acquiring a book, and I can understand how, at the Sanderland sale, a book of the first English printer's fetched £226, although a page was missing. On the other hand, the payment of £221 for a book printed on vellum when copy precisely similar, save for being printed on paper, can be bought for ten guineas, seems an unjustifiable piece of fantasy. Titles give a special value to some books; thus, Mickle's poem "Sir Martyn" is not very valuable, but a good deal of curiosity attaches to the "Concubine," the most unfortunate title under which the work first appeared. It is not generally remembered that the favorite "Old English Baron" exists in a scarce edition, entitled "The Champion of Virtue." There is a seventeenth-century publication of which the title is "Some fine Baskets Baked in the Oven of Charity Carefully Conserved for Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation." It may safely be said that this is a work to which the title nowadays alone gives any market value.—*St. James's Magazine*.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MAURICE GRAU'S French Opera Company are to appear at the Academy this week.

MADAME ANNA BISHOP is singing again in New York.

THE success of the New York May Festival has been enormous.

MISS FANNY DAVENPORT is about to leave for Europe.

MADAME MATENER will sing in Boston before returning to Europe.

OSCAR WILDE thinks the California miners just too nice for anything, but he don't think much of the Mormons.

MRS. LANGTRY'S photographs have outsold those of Miss Maud Bracombe, who has hitherto led the market.

WANTED, at once, Nos. 2 and 23, Vol. xxiii., of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. 25c. each will be paid for clean copies of

DRESS AND FASHION.

The great openings of all the leading houses have taken place and a world of new fashions is revealed to the admiring and delighted feminine portion of the community.

The present trimming is without doubt embroidery. Every dress is trimmed with this beautiful fashion in some way or another.

We learn from the Globe-Democrat that Mr. Max Judd's trip to Europe is made in the interest of his business, and under no circumstances will he enter the Vienna Tourney.

This rage for embroidery has produced a peculiar trimming in drab and ecru, which might be called fish-net embroidery.

Embroideries in silk and linen, on batiste, on silk, on mull, on crepe, on lace and on crepe lisse are shown. A very pretty dress of pink mull of the most diaphanous nature was trimmed with flounces and borders of silk embroidery on crepe lisse.

room for a butterfly as large as a soup-plate to light on. Not content with covering the outside of these enormities with flowers, feathers and laces, the inside of the brim also is furnished with a mass of flowers.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W., Huddersfield, Eng.—Post card just received. Will make enquiries and send you answer by post.

The chess season is now over in Canada, and we suppose that the chess clubs are deserted, and will be for some months to come.

The Vienna Tournament occupies a large portion of the space of the chess magazines of the day, and will undoubtedly be an event of much interest to players all over the world.

It is the privilege of only a few to be present at such a gathering of chess celebrities, and see them engaged in contests which will demand all the talents they possess, but we ought to be thankful that we live in an age when a few days are sufficient to furnish us with news from the most distant civilized communities, even though it should relate only to the fortunate winners in a chess tourney.

The annual meeting of the Quebec Chess Club was held on the 27th ult., when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—

- Honorary President—Mr. T. LeDroit. President—Mr. C. P. Champion. First Vice-President—Mr. E. Pope. Second Vice-President—Mr. Jas. A. Green. Secretary-Treasurer—Mr. M. J. Murphy.

We learn from the Globe-Democrat that Mr. Max Judd's trip to Europe is made in the interest of his business, and under no circumstances will he enter the Vienna Tourney.

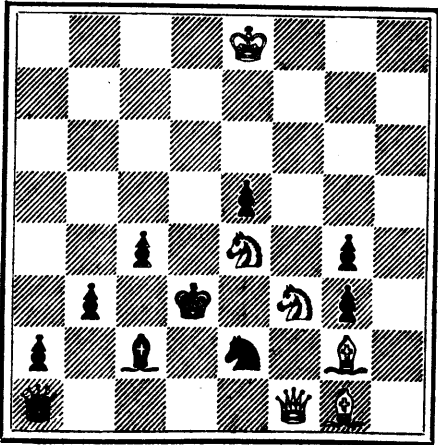
The Gambit, is the opening of a game, in which a Pawn, sometimes a piece, is sacrificed, in order to make a good attack on the enemy.

We understand that the list of competitors in the Vienna Tourney will include Messrs. Steinitz, Blackburne, Zukertort, Mason, Bird and Winower, besides the chief Austrian experts.

In a serial in the current number of Cassell's Magazine occurs the following: The speakers are a handsome youth and a beautiful girl; they are playing chess, or rather pretending to play, for their minds are wandering on other subjects.

PROBLEM No. 381.

By H. F. L. Meyer. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 379.

White. Black.

- 1. Q to K Kt sq. 1. Any
- 2. Mate acc

GAME 508TH.

Game in match now being played at the rooms of the Montreal Chess Club between Messrs. J. G. Ascher and Blyth. (Mr. A. yielding the odds of Knight.)

White.—(Mr. Ascher.) Black.—(Mr. Blyth.)

Remove Queen's Knight.

(Evans' Gambit.)

- 1. P to K 4. 1. P to K 4
- 2. Kt to B 3. 2. Kt to Q B 3
- 3. B to B 4. 3. B to B 4
- 4. P to Q K 4. 4. B takes P
- 5. P to Q B 3. 5. B to B 4
- 6. P to Q 4. 6. P takes P
- 7. Castles. 7. B to K 2 (a)
- 8. Q to Q Kt 3. 8. P to Q 3 (b)
- 9. B takes P oh. 9. K to B sq
- 10. B takes Kt. 10. R takes B
- 11. P takes P. 11. B to B 3 (c)
- 12. P to K 5. 12. B to K 2
- 13. P to K 6. 13. P to Q 4
- 14. R to K sq. 14. P to K R 3 (d)
- 15. Kt to K 5 (e). 15. Kt takes P
- 16. Kt to K 6 ch. 16. K to K sq
- 17. Q to R 4 ch. 17. Kt to B 3
- 18. Q to K B 4. 18. B to B 3 (f)
- 19. B to R 3 (g). 19. P to Q Kt 3
- 20. Q R to Q sq (h). 20. B to R 3
- 21. Q to Q R 4. 21. B to Kt 2
- 22. R to Q B sq (i). 22. Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The retreat of this B to K 2 is weak. P to Q 3 is better.
- (b) P to Q 4 would have been safer.
- (c) Q to K sq is the proper move here. The move in the text leads to the advance of the K P; the cause of all Black's troubles.
- (d) Bad. B to B 3 is much better.
- (e) White takes the proffered pawn, perhaps, for the purpose of freeing his game.
- (f) The only move.
- (g) Black's game is much cramped, and there is little he can do to free himself.
- (h) Intending next to play Q to K B 3, and then K to R 5.
- (i) Winning a piece and the game.

VARIETIES.

PROFOUND thought by a middle-aged man: In the life of a man there are two critical periods. The first is towards his twentieth year, when he anxiously inspects his upper lip to see if the hair is coming out.

A PRETTY anecdote is told of an old man who, as the Queen was taking one of her drives, attempted to throw a bouquet of simple flowers into the carriage.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after,

Thursday 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board.

A. MACNIDER.

Assistant General Manager.

Montreal, 25th April, 1882.



TELEGRAPH LINES.

SELKIRK TO EDMONTON.

NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Noon on WEDNESDAY, the 17th day of MAY next, in a lump sum, for the purchase of the Government Telegraph Line (embracing the Poles, Wires, Insulators and Instruments), between Selkirk and Edmonton.

The conditions to be that a line of telegraph communication is to be kept up between Winnipeg, Humboldt, Battleford and Edmonton, and that Government messages be transmitted free of charge.

The parties tendering must name, in addition to the lump sum they are prepared to give for the telegraph line, the maximum rate of charge for the transmission of messages to the public.

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 18th April, 1882.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

MAY, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, A.M., P.M., MAILS, CLOSING, A.M., P.M. Rows include destinations like (A) Ottawa by Railway, (B) Quebec by G.T. Ry., and various local and international routes.

Mail for St. Thomas, W.I., Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., once a month—date uncertain. Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahama Islands, April 19th.

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40 CARDS all Chromo Glass and Motto, in Case same in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

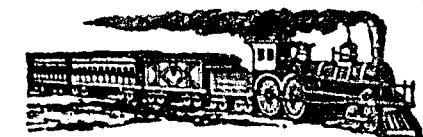
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BANK OF MONTREAL. NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after, Thursday 1st day of June next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders, will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock. By order of the Board, A. MACNIDER, Assistant General Manager. Montreal, 25th April, 1882. \$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

AGENTS WANTED FOR Professor Maconn and Principal Grant's NEW WORK ON MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES. No book sells like this one. Apply to WORLD PUBLISHING Co., Guelph, Ont.

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Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Change of Time. COMMENCING ON Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows: Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa, Arrive at Ottawa, Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, Arrive at Quebec, Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, Arrive at St. Jerome, Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga, Leave Hochelaga for Joliette, Arrive at Joliette, Leave Joliette for Hochelaga, Arrive at Hochelaga. (Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes after the hour. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec 10 a.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time. GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, 202 St. James Street, MONTREAL. Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. Opposite Russell House, Ottawa. L. A. SENECA, Gen. Supt.

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