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# Whistler's News

VOL. XXIV.—No. 19.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1881.

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### THE BEST OF FRIENDS.

"The season's battles o'er, they part like men,  
"Till Time shall see their mustering ranks again."—ANON.

"The good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they must take who have the power,  
And they must keep who can."—WORDSWORTH.

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## TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

## THE WEEK ENDING

Nov. 5th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 42°	36°	39°	Mon.. 56°	50°	53°
Tues.. 45°	34°	39°	Tues.. 52°	39°	45°
Wed.. 46°	34°	40°	Wed.. 47°	35°	41°
Thur.. 54°	38°	46°	Thur.. 52°	32°	42°
Fri.. 54°	43°	48°	Fri.. 55°	41°	48°
Sat.. 54°	42°	48°	Sat.. 55°	40°	47°
Sun.. 46°	40°	43°	Sun.. 51°	43°	47°

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 5, 1881.

## THE WEEK.

THE recent assault of FLORENCE DAVID upon C. G. GEDDES has created a great deal of excitement in social and other circles in Montreal, but so far as we have seen, what appears to us to be the really serious aspect of the case has not been noticed. That such an encounter could have taken place in broad day on one of the principal streets of the city, without any interference on the part of the police or bystanders, argues a state of things of which the city should be heartily ashamed. With the personal matter of the assault the Courts will be asked to deal. What we are concerned with is the additional evidence, added to the numerous cases which have appeared, during the past few months, of the entire want of proper precautions for preserving the peace in our best and most frequented thoroughfares. And the very selection of so public a spot by the assaulting party showed his own confidence in the imbecility or inefficiency of the police supervision, a confidence which was, apparently, fully justified by the results.

WE are indebted to American enterprise for opening our eyes to the valuable resources of the region lying north of Georgian Bay and west of Lake Superior. Col. MERCER has penetrated into the heart of this hitherto unexplored region, and the result, so far as any anticipations of the failure of lumber in Canada are concerned, is intensely gratifying. The route taken by the expedition was up Spanish river, which is described by Col. MERCER as a splendid stream, through its whole course devoid of rapid or other hindrances to navigation. The waters are of a uniform depth, and the river itself excellently suited for lumbering purposes. It is estimated that the area explored by the party would furnish above 24,000,000 feet of lumber, and the Indian guides declared that they had only penetrated the outskirts of this vast forest tract, the timber on which besides is pronounced of most excellent quality, almost entirely pine.

THE sensation of ghost story which we copy in another column from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has set all England agog, and has led to a correspondence in one of the London papers on the "Truth of Ghosts," which is at once amusing and instructive, as the school books say. A number of local and family traditions have been unearthed and published with much reliable evidence to support them—the one best vouched for in all its details being that of the "Airlie music," otherwise known as the "Airlie Drummer Boy," which is supposed to presage the death of one of the members of the family. This sound is variously described as distant strains of music or the beating of a drum. A lady connected with one of the oldest families in Scotland says she went in the spring of 1845 on a visit to Lord and Lady Airlie, and while dressing for dinner she heard what appeared to be a band of music in the distance. She told a gentleman who sat next her at dinner, and he whispered, "Say nothing: it was the drummer-boy you heard; I will explain by-and-by." Lord Airlie was in delicate health, and hence his friend's anxiety to keep the conversation secret. But though his lordship lived for years, Lady Airlie, who was then quite well, died suddenly shortly after, at Brighton. Another lady of the highest character says she heard "the Airlie music" on the occasion of the last Lord Airlie's death. While wandering in the woods she was suddenly startled by the sound of music, which she tried to follow and find until the plaintive wail, so indicative of mourning and despair, by which the bagpipes announce the death of a highland chief, became as distinct as possible. His lordship died next day.

THERE used to be a tradition connected with Eversley, the residence of the late CHARLES KINGSLEY, of which the writer himself had some experience. The sound in this case consisted in the roll of wheels along the road, followed by the apparent stoppage of a carriage before the hall door. This sound was of not unfrequent occurrence, and, although the members of the family were well accustomed to it, and were able, as a rule, to distinguish a real arrival from the imaginary one, it was sure to deceive a visitor, who when told that it was only the Eversley ghost, found a difficulty in disbelieving the evidence of his ears, without satisfying his eyes that there was really no carriage at the door, so complete was the deception. So far as we know the occurrence of the sound was not in any manner prophetic, and Mr. KINGSLEY used to attribute it to a peculiar effect of the wind on some old trees, having observed, as he said, that it only occurred when the wind was in a certain quarter. However this may be, the resemblance was very remarkable and may serve as a key to other stories of the marvellous, with a less materialistic explanation.

ONE encouraging word at least comes from Ireland in the midst of much that is the reverse. An attempt is being made to encourage Irish manufactures, which, if honestly carried out, would produce a more telling effect upon the prosperity, and therefore the contentment, of the country than will ever be given it by the Land Bill. The exhibition now talked of, and the arrangements for which are taking a definite shape, will do much in this direction, but it will not do to wait for the exhibition. People will not make simply to exhibit, and a little patriotism in the direction suggested will do much to revive old manufactures and open the way for new ones. The essential point is that the manufactures to be encouraged should be genuinely Irish. It will not do to have Birmingham shoddy stamped with Irish trade marks. Irish linen and Irish porters show what can be done in the way of manufacture, while Irish lace and Irish carving have been almost crowded out of the field by machine imitations. The *mot d'ordre* of the "National Convention" is, use nothing but Irish goods, and with this

movement sensible Englishmen of all classes will be in sympathy. Whatever of the boycotting spirit may lurk in the cry, we may be content if the result be to encourage home industries, as St. Paul was content to have men preach out of envy, if only they preached the truth. More even might be done outside than in Ireland herself. If only the Irish the world over, whose number is legion, would unite in a common demand for Irish goods, and see that they get them, an impetus might be given to manufactures which would help more than many subscriptions to the funds of the Land League. The industrial party have a powerful organ in "United Ireland," which is inserting manufacturers' advertisements at half-price, and accumulating evidence as to what Ireland has done, and will yet do in this channel.

THIS matter of advertising might serve to point a moral with reference to the question in point. Irish manufacturers are slow to advertise, or they have not the trick of dexterously setting their goods before the world. It is one thing to make a good article, and this Ireland can do, but we on this continent know, none better, that the best of stock may become a white elephant on the hands of a man who does not know how to sell it. It may be a wrong principle to run after people and force them to buy your goods; it may be the more dignified course to sit at home and wait till they come to you; but it is not business, as business is understood today. The public won't buy your good thing unless you let them know that you have got it.

ONE thing is certain. Ireland must act for herself. It will not do any longer to sit still and cry, any more than it will to cast the blame entirely upon England. Whatever England owed to Ireland in the way of reparation, she has done all that she can reasonably be expected to do in the present at all events. It is for Ireland to awake to this fact, and make the best of it. She may not have got all she wants, but which of us has? There is a bright future for her, if only she can accept her destiny and fulfil it honestly, and undoubtedly one way for her is to encourage her Home Industries, and thus, to a great extent, make herself independent of English capital.

"MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage 'breast," but it may be doubted whether CETEWAYO will be much soothed by his new concertina. CHARLES D'ORLÉANS, in the Tower, singing his ballades and rondels to the accompaniment of his guitar was a picturesque object of compassion. But CETEWAYO, soothing the slow hours of captivity by singing his national songs in a strange land to the accompaniment of the concertina, rather recalls to the mind the idea of a kingly Christy's minstrel. Mr. NOBLE, a director of the Blue Riband Army and Gospel Temperance Organization, has a different opinion. While directing the Army of African Abstinents with a concertina, he found that poor CETEWAYO delighted in his strains. His eye kindled with martial eagerness. Mr. NOBLE could not spare it, as it was wanted for religious purposes. But the Blue Riband Army has purchased an article still more handsome and sonorous, and this the Rev. Dr. HOLE purposes to present to the dethroned monarch. We only wish that an enemy who was always chivalrous and fair, who never allowed his men to murder doctors, and fire on hostages, could be allowed to have some more appropriate enjoyment than any that can be wrung from a concertina. Open air exercise and sport are what CETEWAYO needs, rather than a harem and a concertina, if he is not to pine and die in prison. He never provoked England; he never betrayed her; he never fired on flags of truce; he only defended his own, and he is worthy of a better fate than to be kept as a sort of show for the amusement of the ubiquitous British tourist.

## A CHARACTERISTIC EPISODE IN DEAN STANLEY'S CAREER.

IT was at this time that there happened the most characteristic episode in the Dean's career with which I was associated—his dealing with the notorious ritualistic riots in St. George's in the East in 1860. The story is shortly as follows: St. George, in the East is a parish in the roughest part of the rough end of London, lying between the Docks and Ratcliffe Highway. The resident population consists mainly of the smaller sort of trades-folk and lodging-house keepers, who supply the wants of longshore-men, dock laborers, and sailors on shore. These constantly changing classes swarm in the densely crowded lanes and streets. The church is a fine early Georgian edifice, vast, square, and heavily but handsomely fitted up, with large and deep galleries, capable of holding a great number of people. The building lent itself naturally to a plain Protestant service, and the congregation was accustomed to that form of worship; moreover, the traditional leanings to Puritanism of East London had been in their case confirmed and strengthened by an evangelical clergyman, Allan by name, who enjoyed the privilege, under some old City endowment, of delivering a Sunday lecture in the parish church. On such a state of ecclesiastical questions the wave of ritualism, which was then rising in several suburban districts, broke at St. George's with notable results. The rector, a good and zealous gentleman, but somewhat narrow, and superbly obstinate, without consultation with vestry or congregation, introduced an advanced ritual, with priestly vestments and surpliced choir, and so arranged his services as to trench on the hour till then occupied by Mr. Allan, the lecturer. In vain the congregation protested and Mr. Allan fulminated. The obnoxious practices continued, and the lecturer was curtailed, until in April, 1859, the smoke of discontent kindled into flame, and open rioting broke out Sunday after Sunday.

The regular congregation had, by this time in great measure left their church, but their places were filled by bands of furious zealots, who shouted the responses in voices of thunder to drown the chanting of the choir, slammed the pew doors, coughed, applauded all passages in lesson or liturgy condemnatory of idolatry, and hustled clergy and choir on their way to and from the chancel. An attempt of the bishop to mediate failed, although Mr. Bryan King consented to abandon some of his favorite vestments. The concession came too late, and was too small, and by November the evening services had to be given up, and the church closed before dusk. The longshore element from the neighborhood now began to appear, yelling and shouting at short intervals, and turning their dogs in amongst the clergy and choir, and the neighboring Thames Police Court was filled week after week with charges against rioters in church. A band of young High-Church zealots now presented themselves Sunday after Sunday as a body-guard to the rector; but this only made matters worse, till the climax was reached when the mob, having fairly driven out priest and body-guard and choir, rushed into the chancel, tore the coverings from the altar, hurled the hassocks at the chandelier, and were only driven out by a strong body of police, who from this time were employed in the church Sunday after Sunday to protect the clergy and choir carrying on the services, "like mice in a cage surrounded by an army of starved cats."

Readers will now appreciate the state of things in this "remarkable chapter of ecclesiastical history," as the Dean called it, when he appeared on the scene as a peace-maker, in July, 1860, at the request—or at any rate with the sanction—of the bishop, who had found the knot too tight a one to be untied by episcopal authority. The position was a difficult and delicate one for Stanley to approach. The garments which Mr. Bryan King and his friends regarded with deep reverence, and were inclined to speak of with almost bated breath, were to him merely the ordinary dresses of a yrian peasant or Roman gentlemen of the early Christian times—the alb the peasant's white shirt, the cope his smock-frock, the chasuble, a mere fashionable overcoat, and so on; the crossings, changes of position, and other imitations of the mass were, as he often owned, the severest test to which his principles of toleration could be put. He opened negotiations at once with Mr. Bryan King personally, won his confidence and good-will by his frankness and sympathetic sincerity, and got him, with some trouble to agree to retire temporarily from the parish on a year's leave of absence, leaving his place to be filled by some clergyman of Stanley's selection.

It was no easy matter to obtain this concession from the good rector. The fear of deserting the post of danger for personal motives weighed on him heavily; and pressure came not only from the band of young zealots of the High-Church party, who had of late attended in considerable numbers to support him, but from the "no surrender" party all over the country, not to abandon the cause. He would go for peace's sake—was himself anxious to go, and to get out of a position so terrible to a minister of the gospel of peace—but principles must be maintained, and he must be sure that his successor would maintain them against the fury of such a mob as was now filling the church at every service.

Stanley after doing his best to re-assure the distracted rector, went to the bishop to inform him of the contemplated arrangement, and to decide with him who should be the man. He had no doubt whatever in his own mind from

the first. Dr. Tait (then Bishop of London) had known Hansard from the time he succeeded Arnold as Master of Rugby. He knew what work Hansard had already done in the diocese—where, amongst other things, he had founded a large night school in the midst of a very low Irish population, which had begun by mobbing and pelting him, and had ended by thronging his schools and amending their lives—and had just appointed him to the important living of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, to which, however, Hansard, who was away in the country, had not been instituted. Summoned by telegraph, he came up at once prepared to act as curate in charge for a year without pay. The bishop was at first inclined to object, and did not at all like the abandonment of St. Botolph's; but when it was bluntly put to him by Stanley, "Well, do you know of anybody in the Church who could stop these riots but Hansard?" he had to admit that he did not, and so gave a somewhat unwilling consent to the experiment.

This achieved, the two (accompanied by me as a sort of lay assessor) had a final interview with Mr. Bryan King, at which a paper of terms was drawn up, and signed by all parties, the chief of which were that Hansard was not to be paid, and that the services were to be maintained. And now church, church-yard, and rectory were handed over to Stanley and Hansard who took possession late in the last week of July, to prepare for the test of the first service under the new régime. The first thing the friends did was to do away with all signs of a state of siege, unlocking gates, taking down the shutters of the rectory windows, which had been up night and day for weeks, and throwing windows and doors open. The next was to give notice to the police and the body-guard of your zealots that their services would not be required in future. It was probably this bold and wise resolution which stopped in great measure the noisy and riotous demonstrations outside the church which had been common for so many Sundays. All was quiet and decent enough when the little party of some six friends, headed by Stanley and Hansard, stepped across the court between the house and the church for the morning service. It looked as though there was an intention to give the new man a trial at any rate.

The scene inside the church was one not easily to be forgotten. It was not merely that the vast building was thronged from floor to ceiling with a crowd not at all of a church-going character, but the feeling of suppressed electricity—of a fierce storm with difficulty restrained, and ready to break out at any moment—which affected all senses and nerves as we made our way to the rector's pew, while the new parson proceeded to the chancel. The appearance of the chorister boys roused fitful gusts of disapprobation here and there, and the early prayers and responses were more or less interrupted. Still the service went on steadily, until, at the reading of the lessons, which was done with great power and pathos by Hansard, the minister seemed at last to have got something like a hold of the vast congregation. This lasted until the sermon, when the white surplice—which according to agreement was to be worn in the morning, when the communion service had still to be finished—brought out a gust of angry coughing and some slamming of doors. Hansard's fine voice and thorough command of it and of his temper, again prevailed, and he again obtained silence and a hearing for a time. The sermon was on First Peter, iv. 10—"As every man hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God"—and all angry symptoms were hushed by the fine tones of the preacher, penetrating to the farthest corner of the building, until he came on the subject of toleration. But when he declared that there must be differences of opinion in religion, as on every subject of vital interest to men, and that each of us should strive to put himself in the position of his adversary and to look at things as much as possible from his point of view, there arose a fierce storm of door-slammings, coughing, and murmuring, and we fully looked for dust to be thrown in the air, and a cry raised of "Away with such a fellow from the earth!" But he held his own still, while he told them how the spirit of God was amongst them—yes, even amongst them—who were trying to dishonor His house and silence His minister; and bore before the conclusion, a spirited protest against "the tyranny of infallible ignorance."

On the whole, the triumph was a great one, as Stanley testified by grasping our hands with emotion, as Hansard descended the pulpit steps for the last ordeal of the communion service. Stanley had been following every turn in the service and every demonstration amongst the congregation with an almost painful intensity of interest, and, as was often his wont, had kicked off his shoes during the excitement. He had now to find and put them on to walk up to the altar, and the confusion of the search under the green baize a little delayed the service, and might have caused damage yet. One of those present still declares that he only found one, and went up to the altar in that condition. Not a soul had left the church, but we were the only communicants, and walked through a dense crowd, who pressed down from the galleries and up to the very altar rails. This was the climax and passed off without accident, as the circle of intently eager and suspicious eyes which surrounded us apparently could find nothing to cavil at. We returned to the pew, the blessing was pronounced, the mob melted away slowly and sullenly (feeling, I think, that moral force

was winning, and that they were somehow going to lose the game after all), and we got back to the rectory. There Stanley's joy and thankfulness broke out and bubbled over, and carried us all with him. His voice was like that with which he used to read his favorite chapter of Deborah's song, and his delight more than he could express that his pupil should have solved such a problem, and laid the whole church under such a debt.

The evening service was almost reverent, and without interruption of any kind, and when Hansard appeared in the pulpit in his cassock there was a murmur of approval and relief, one old woman in Stanley's hearing, bursting into tears, with the exclamation he delighted to repeat, "Thank God, it is black!" His comment in telling the story in later years, was characteristic: "Now the dear old soul would exclaim as eagerly, 'Thank God, it is white!'" The sermon was on the great words of St. Paul on Mars Hill, and took up the strain of the morning, that every man is a child of God, whether he will own it or not. The story of the negress who, when all her children had been kidnapped, went out into the woods and found comfort, and years afterward, herself a slave in America, hearing the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," jumped up and cried, "That is He!" (told first, I believe, in the key to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), was introduced with signal effect, so that in the end the whole congregation rose and joined in the evening hymn. Stanley was even more moved than in the morning, and again lost his shoes, or rather his pupil's slippers which had been lent him for church, his own shoes having got wet in an afternoon's walk we had taken him to Bethnal Green. He went home that night an exulting man and historian, declaring that the battle was already won (as, indeed, it proved to be, though there were still many small outbreaks of perverse idiosyncrasy), and that a chapter full of instruction in ecclesiastical history had been acted that day under our eyes.—THOMAS HUGHES, in *Harper's*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION AT PARIS.—One of the chief objects of interest to the general public in the Paris Electrical Exhibition is the electrical tramway, which runs from the building to the Place de la Concorde—a distance of about a quarter of a mile. This car is constructed by the same inventor and is worked on precisely the same principle as the Siemens railway at the Crystal Palace, save that the electrical current which sets in motion the electromagnetic machine on the car, by which the wheels are driven, is conducted from the stationary machine by means of overhead wires, instead of through the rails themselves. The contact is made by two projecting arms from the roof of the car. The reason for this change is the complete absence of danger to passing horses, who, in crossing the lines, might make contact, and be somewhat alarmed at the unexpected shock. Such an accident, we believe, did actually happen at Berlin. The Photographic saloon is a very favorite resort of the curious, who crowd densely to watch the process of taking portraits by the electric light. The rays of a strong lamp are caught and reflected on the sifter by means of a huge concave parabolic mirror, and are somewhat equalized by various other reflecting screens. In the center of the great hall stands the huge lighthouse which we illustrated some weeks since, and round the base, a circular moat has been formed, in which M. Trouvé drives his electrical boat. This little craft is the size of a medium rowing boat, and is propelled by means of a screw in the stern, the motive power being furnished by strong batteries. As the water is perfectly calm and still the boat moves at a very fair pace, but we do not know of what value the invention would be against a strong stream. There are various species of "electrical musicians" of which the two principal are an automatic piano organ, which is ground by an electric motor, and a "musician proper," which plays the piano. This last consists of a set of numerous fingers, which press down the keys—being worked by the pianist at any distance he pleases. Thus for the future Messrs. Liszt or Hans von Bülow can make pianoforte tours of the whole world without moving from their own homes. This is the instrument illustrated in our sketch, but we may mention yet another invention by which the music played can be noted down, so that an "inspired" rhapsodist can have his impromptu carefully registered for the benefit of future audiences. Our artist's sketch "Which his mine?" is one of the most characteristic humours of the Exhibition. Bells and gongs abound in all the upper galleries, and can be rung at pleasure by visitors by means of little knob slower down. The difficulty is as half-a-dozen persons are simultaneously ringing half-a-dozen bells, to find which particular instrument you yourself are setting in motion. In "Sparks" our artist has depicted a scene familiar in every lecture-room, the machine being the old "cylinder" of our childhood, while in the "Electrical Chair" he has shown a visitor "being electrified" in one of the most modern contrivances, much to the amusement of an admiring audience.

NOTES AT THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.—We have already before referred to the Social Science Congress recently held at Dublin, and now give summary of the proceedings. Dr. Charles Cameron delivered an able address on the recent investigations and discoveries with respect to the nature of virulent and infectious diseases. Beginning with Dr. Davaine's dis-

covery of the microscopic organisms in sheep affected with splenic fever, he referred to the later work of Herr Koch and M. Pasteur and M. Galtier, whose labours promise that ere long we may expect to lessen the dread effects of such terrible maladies as hydrophobia by inoculation. Next day a comprehensive paper was read in the Economy and Trade Department by Professor Goldwin Smith. Professor Goldwin Smith vigorously combated the theory that private property in land should be abolished, and denied that such investment of capital was in any way the source of pauperism, which, he pointed out, sprang from a variety of causes, and flourished in its worst forms in commercial cities. He refuted the idea also that the Americans were in any sense communistic, and asserted that the trade rioters and agitators were mainly men who had been engaged in the labour wars of the Old World. Besides this all-important subject, Professor Goldwin Smith touched upon numerous other burning topics, such as public education, the co-operative movement, paper money and specie payments, Free Trade, international copyright, and emigration. About the last he made some very sensible remarks, pointing out that while labouring men would do better in the New than in the Old World, there exists across the Atlantic the same plethora of clerks, &c., as in England. In fact we should warmly recommend our readers to read this address. On the last day, Lord Powerscourt made some very wise remarks in the Art Department respecting the encouragement to artists given respectively in England and across the Channel. Referring to the schools held by artists of importance in France, and the annual State grants for paying the expenses of two young artists for a year's study at Rome, he contrasted the exhibits at the Salon with those at our Royal Academy, with especial regard to the limited size, scope, and subject of the British artist's production, and particularly dwelt upon the better anatomical drawings of the French painters. The remedy for all this, he declared with some truth, was to have some kind of general supervision over the student's work by the first artists of the day. At the close of the meeting Mr. J. L. Clifford Smith read the general report, and congratulated the members on the success of the meeting. The number of members' tickets sold have been 247, associates' 861, ladies' tickets, 86, making a total of 1,194. With regard to our illustrations, we may mention that the portrait represents Lord O'Hagan, the President. The others explain themselves. With regard to Irish poplins, however, a capital address on "What Industries could be advantageously introduced into or developed in Ireland which from natural causes are specially suitable to the country," was delivered during the Congress by the Rev. Joseph Chamney. He condemned the whisky industry with due temperance enthusiasm, but urged the extension of the woolen industries and the further opening out of the marble quarries.

OLD QUEBEC.—In continuing our series of views of the old city we give this week an illustration of the Intendant's Palace taken from an engraving of date 1761.

THE LAST CATCH, may be left to speak for itself. The end of the fishing season is now at hand, and the last haul of the season is an event of some importance in fishing annals.

THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.—The Hon. Lionel Sackville West, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Edward Thornton as her Majesty's Minister to the Government of the United States, is the fifth son of the fifth Earl Delawarr, by his wife, Baroness Buckhurst, who was Lady Elizabeth Sackville, daughter of the third Duke of Dorset. He was born in 1827, and is heir presumptive to his elder brother, the first Baron Sackville, of Knole Park, Seven-oaks, Kent. Mr. Lionel Sackville West has been in the Foreign Office service thirty-six years. He was assistant précis-writer to the late Earl of Aberdeen, in 1845, when that nobleman was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In July, 1847, he was appointed Attaché to the British Legation at Lisbon, and was transferred to Naples in November, 1849. He became paid Attaché at Stuttgart in 1852, and was promoted next year to similar employment at Berlin. In May, 1858, Mr. West was appointed Secretary of Legation at Turin, and rendered great assistance to Sir James Hudson, the Ambassador at the Court of King Victor Emmanuel, throughout all those critical events of Italian history, the alliance with Napoleon III., the War of Liberation in 1859, the revolt of Tuscany and Romagna and the Lombard Duchies, and that of Sicily and Naples, with Garibaldi's attempts on Rome, and the transformation of the Kingdom of Sarlinia into the Kingdom of United Italy. Mr. West repeatedly acted in the diplomacy of that period as Chargé-d'Affaires of the British Government in Italy, during three autumn months of 1858, two months of 1859, part of the winter of 1862, and in August and September, 1863. In June, 1864, when Sir James Hudson had left the Turin Embassy, Mr. West also was removed to Madrid, where he was Secretary of Legation, and occasionally Chargé-d'Affaires, until November, 1867. He then served for some time as Secretary to the Embassy at Berlin, but was transferred to Paris in June, 1868, and remained there till November, 1872, repeatedly taking charge of the Embassy, and being accredited as Minister Plenipotentiary in the Ambassador's absence. He subsequently became the Minister accredited to the Argentine Republic in South America. In January, 1878, he was appointed to the Embassy at Madrid. The Portrait is from a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

"WORKING-PEOPLE" IN NEW ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

When we talk about "the working-classes," we are using very modern language, which those who form the great mass of our population forty or fifty years ago would have found it difficult to understand. The term "working-people" was then seldom used because everybody worked. The minister and the doctor had usually worked with their hands to defray their college expenses; and they often continued their labors afterwards, to eke out a scanty income. The mistress of a family did her own sewing and housework, or, if it was too much for her, called in a neighbor or a relative as "help." Young girls were glad of an opportunity to earn money for themselves in this way, or by means of any handicraft they could learn, or by teaching the district school through the summer months; all these employments being considered equally respectable. The children of that generation were brought up to endure hardships. They expected to make something of themselves and of life, but not easily, not without constant exertion. The energy and the earnestness through which their fathers had subdued the savage forces of nature on this continent still lingered in the air, a moral exhilaration.

Children born half a century ago grew up penetrated through every fibre of thought with the idea that idleness is disgrace. It was taught with the alphabet and the spelling-book; it was enforced by precept and example, at home and abroad; and it is to be confessed that it did sometimes haunt the childish imagination almost mercilessly. I know that Dr. Watts's

"How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour,"

and King Solomon's "Go to the ant thou sluggard, . . . and be wise," filled one child's mind with a dislike of bees and ants that amounted almost to hatred; they ran and flew and buzzed about her like accusing spirits that left her no peace in her beautiful day-dreams. It was a great relief to see a bee loiter in the air round the flowers, as if he enjoyed the lazy motion. As for the ants,—those little black pagans,—they overdid the business by working just as hard on Sundays as on any other day. It surely was not proper to follow their example!—*Allyn-tic*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- FRESH trouble has broken out in Hayti.
- YELLOW fever is on the increase in Havana.
- ANOTHER farmer has been murdered in Ennis.
- AGRAM has been visited by another earthquake.
- BARON JAMES ROTHSCHILD died in Paris on Tuesday.
- ALL the Ladies' Land Leagues in Ireland are to be suppressed.
- THE Land Court has 2,250 applications before it to fix fair rents.
- SALBERG BROS. & Co., London merchants, have failed for £180,000.
- THE rate of discount in Belgium has gone up to 5½ per cent.
- THE ENNIS murder turns out to have been a family feud, not an agrarian outrage.
- PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH declares that the Land League is akin to Fenianism.
- THE San Domingo revolution has been crushed and the leaders captured.
- LLOYD'S "loss" book reports 238 vessels reported between the 12th and 19th instant.
- A LARGE quantity of dynamite has been stopped in the Dardanelles en route to Russia.
- "FOXHALL" won the Cambridgeshire at Newmarket by a head from "Lucy Glitters."
- IT is again rumoured in Dublin that Earl Cowper, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, will soon resign.
- THE wheat exports for India this season are said to have been larger than those of any recent year.
- THE Russian Government has determined to monopolize the telephone service throughout the country.
- AN Ottawa rumour says Mr. Ryan, M. P. for Montreal Centre, has been appointed Collector of Customs at Montreal.
- FORTY families have been rendered homeless by the burning of the Italian villages of Claudio and Valleta.
- A FAMILY consisting of nine persons were murdered in their sleep at Varpo.maka, Hungary, on Sunday night.
- AN unsuccessful attempt was made to blow up the house of the manager of Lord Erne's estate at Ballindrot.
- THE St. Gothard Railway Company is preparing for the opening of the tunnel for traffic by the 1st January.
- THE French Chambers opened on Friday. Gambetta was elected President of the Deputies by a majority of two votes.
- GEN. BOULANGER, one of the French delegates, made a gallant capture of a notorious thief in his hotel at Philadelphia.
- GAMBETTA says he went to Germany to study the means by which Bremen, Hamburg, Steititz and Lubeck obtained their greatness.



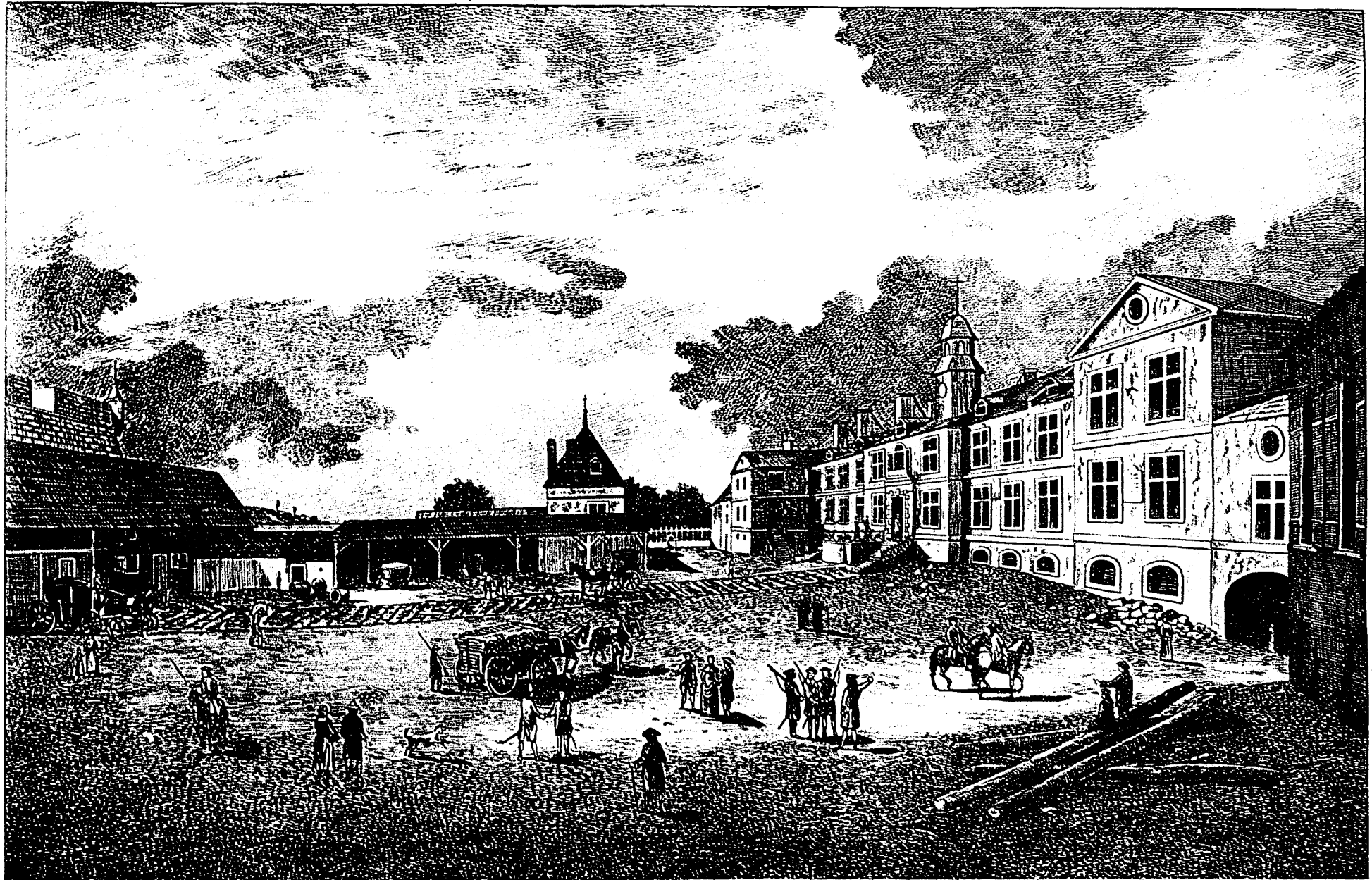
1. The Electric Tramway.—2. The Electric Boat.—3. The Electric Chair.—4. The Powers at Rest.—5. The Photographic Saloon.—6. "Which is Mine?"—7. Sparks.—8. The Electric Musician

THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



1. Lord O'Hagan, the President.—2. Mr. Barnes Finds an Audience for his Poetry.—3. In the Museum of the Royal Dublin Society.—4. Viscount Powerscourt Reading his Address on Art.—5. At the Conversazione: Irish Poplins.—6. The Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society: Experiments with Luminous Paint.

THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS AT DUBLIN.



OLD QUEBEC.—VIEW OF THE INTENDANTS' PALACE, 1761.

## PHOEBE.

Ere pales in Heaven the morning star,  
A bird, the loneliest of its kind,  
Hears Dawn's faint footfall from afar  
While all its mates are dumb and blind.

It is a wee sad-coloured thing,  
A shy and secret as a maid,  
That, ere in choir the robins sing,  
Pipes its own name like one afraid.

It seems pain-prompted to repeat  
The story of some ancient ill,  
But Phoebe! Phoebe! sadly sweet  
Is all it says, and then is still.

It calls and listens: Earth and sky,  
Hushed by the pathos of its fate,  
Listen: no whisper of reply  
Comes from its doom-dissevered mate.

Phoebe! it calls and calls again,  
And Ovid, could he but have heard,  
Had hung a legendary pain  
About the memory of the bird;

A pain articulate so long  
In penance of some moldered crime  
Whose ghost still flies the Furies' throng  
Down the waste solitude of Time;

Wail of the young World's wonder-hour,  
When gods found mortal maidens fair,  
And will malign was joined with power  
Love's kindly laws to overbear.

Like Progne, did it feel the stress  
And ool of the prevailing words  
Close round its being and compress  
Man's simpler nature to a bird's?

One only memory left of all  
The motley crowd of vanished scenes,  
Her's,—and vain impulse to recall  
By repetition what it means.

Phoebe! is all it has to say  
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,  
Like children that have lost their way  
And know their names, but nothing more.

Is it a type, since Nature's lyre  
Vibrates to every note in man,  
Of that insatiable desire,  
Meant to be so, since life began?

I, in strange lands at gray of dawn,  
Wakeful have heard that fruitless plaint  
Through Memory's chambers deep withdrawn  
Renew its iterations faint.

So sigh! yet from remotest years  
It seems to draw its magic, rife  
With longings unappeased and tears  
Drawn from the very source of life.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL in the Century.

## THE FIVE-LEAVED DAISY.

## I.

## THE FINDING OF THE DAISY.

A woman's figure blotted the bright sky background on the brow of the hill—a figure all gray, like a half-finished sketch in pencil, suggestive but undefined. Guy Forest, eldest of young dreamers, on the slope just opposite, piloting his long young limbs on myriads of crushed blue daisies, shaded his eyes with his hand to watch her, for want of other interest in the landscape. On she came, her little prayer-book and hymnal swinging from her wrist, her soft gray skirt lifted in the other hand, and her face half-hidden by the drooping brim of the gray plush that she wore. Down the rough clay hill, worn into ridges by the constant friction of trickling, sluggish streams, and across the perilous stepping-stones over the brook at the hill, she came, like coming fate, with a free, glad motion that made Guy think of Hebe. But imagine a Hebe in a straight gray dress, made with a childish simplicity, very quaint and charming.

He had full time to note even the fine muslin kerchief folded on her breast, and the little brooch that pinned it there, and to think how like an old-fashioned picture she was; never dreaming, in his manly ignorance, that this grandmotherly primness was but in obedience to fashion's latest whim. The little face under the big gray hat was bent down towards the daisied turf, and, since the crossing of the brook she had lingered perceptibly as if seeking something. What could it be? Guy was beginning to feel interested. But true to the spirit of listlessness that had taken possession of him, he did not stir until the young lady, in her unseeing progress, stood, searching still, not more than a yard from his feet. Suddenly she stooped and reached out with her hand, her face breaking into dimples and a look of glee that was almost speech. Then she uttered a little cry, drew back her hand and blushed. She had become suddenly aware of the two unnoticed feet, and of Guy. That young man was on his feet in an instant, hat in hand. He was about to stand aside and let her pass when something familiar in her aspect topped him.

"Miss Mercy!—and I have been wondering who you were!"

"Have you?" she queried merrily. "I have seen you twice, in the campus, and I was wondering how long it would be before you condescended to recognize me. How you have changed!" Mercy went on, emphasizing her remark by a little significant motion of the hand over her short upper lip. Guy blushed. He was only a college boy, and given to blushing. A fair young hero of the Greek type, tall, but not gigantic; muscular, but not gladiatorial, with a pair of honest young eyes, and a dearly-cherished blonde moustache.

"How young you make me feel, Miss Mercy," he made answer, reproducing her mocking move-

ment soberly; "and yet the last time I saw you you were in a pinafore, eating molasses candy."

"I wear a pinafore, as you call it, still," she retorted, "and I am as fond of molasses candy as ever. That was no proof of youth, any more than your little moustache is a proof of age!" with sublime scorn.

Guy groaned.

"And, oh, you naughty boy, you have been studying Greek on Sunday!" And Miss Mercy Addison dropped on her knees among the daisies, regardless of her pretty dress, and took up the shabby volume with an odd look, half-awe and half-disgust. "Ah, Guy, you used not to be so bad when you went to school with Charlie and me," she said, looking up at him reproachfully. Something in his look as he stood before her in the sunshine, bareheaded and smiling, seemed to strike her, for she added, quickly, "But, of course, it is none of my business, and I did not mean to call you 'Guy'! Here is your book, Mr. Forest."

Guy could have blessed her just now! She had looked so sweet and womanly, and her little sisterly scolding was something so new and charming to him. But he only leaned and took the book from her. "I was not studying," he said; "I meant to, but while I was making up my mind you came over the hill, as if you had dropped from the skies."

"No, I did not drop from the skies. I came from church, and I am going up to that brick house yonder. I am Doctor Copeland's governess now, not the Mercy Addison you used to know twelve years ago."

This was the third distinct change of voice, manner and face. She was no beauty, but there was something strangely fascinating in these swift and subtle changes.

"Governess!" Guy said. That was all, but the word held volumes. Mercy put one hand before her wistful face, then laughed aloud.

"I look like it, do I not?" mockingly. "A thing like me to pretend to teach!"

How Guy wished he had her glib tongue! He wanted to say so much. To ask how it came to pass that she, Mercy Addison, spoiled darling of a happy home, should be here in this little university town a governess. To say how sorry he was—yet glad. To tell her what he had been about these twelve long years, and how he had never forgotten the merry old school days, when she used always to be at the head of the spelling-class, and he at the foot. To vow that there was no reason why she should not be able to teach, or to do anything else she chose to undertake to perfection. But he was dumb. Ten minutes ago, had he been asked if he knew Mercy Addison, he would have said, doubtfully, "Y-e-s, I did know a family of Addisons once, and I think—yes, there was a little girl named Mercy."

"All he said was: 'Were you looking for something as you came along?'"

"Oh, my five-leaved daisy!" Mercy cried. "I saw one just by your foot," and down she went again.

A carriage drove along the brow of the slope just then, and the lady within raised her gold-rimmed eye-glass, and said, austere: "Doctor Copeland, can that possibly be Miss Addison?"

"Of course not!" Doctor Copeland answered.

"Where, my love, I see no one."

"Because you are looking up and Miss Addison is down. It is perfectly disgraceful! John—John—who is that young man with Miss Addison? A student, I do believe!"

"Yas'm, das her!" John, the coachman, answered, satisfactorily—"dat are Mars Guy fer true."

With a gesture of impatience, Mrs. Copeland leaned back in her carriage, with whole pages of unuttered speech in her severe and horrified countenance.

Meanwhile the search for the five-leaved daisy went merrily on.

"What do you want with it?" Guy asked.

"Why, don't you know, really? First, it is good luck to find one at all, and then you must eat it."

"Eat it?"

"Yes, of course; and then the next person you shake hands with will be your 'future'!"

Guy seized a handful of innocent four-petaled daisies and crammed them into his mouth.

"Oh, you great boy!" Mercy screamed.

"They'll do you no good whatever! They are four-leaved. Don't be silly. And look at the darling!"

With that, down she swooped and gathered daintily a tiny blue star, which she waved triumphantly before his eyes.

"Five!" she said. "Now I am satisfied."

"Are you going to eat it now?"

"Now? How absurd! Now, when you will probably shake hands for good-bye! What a question! No; I am going to press it in my prayer-book, and eat it—There, I won't tell you when I shall eat it!"

"Then, mark my words," Guy said, with vast solemnity. "From this time forth I shall hunt you like your shadow, and shake hands in season and out of season."

"I don't see how you can," Mercy said, seriously. "Doctor Copeland does not allow his governess to receive visitors, and classes college students with rattlesnakes and other dangerous reptiles. So, good-by, Mr. Forest."

"But Miss Mercy—Miss Mercy!"

But she was gone. She looked back once and smiled at him from the shadow of the pines, and then she passed on, smiling, with her five-leaved daisy in her hand.

## II.

## THE SPELL.

Mercy took her scolding very philosophically. She had nothing to blush for, and so she did not blush.

"I knew Guy Forest as far back as I can remember," she explained. "We were at school together. He is a very nice boy. I was gathering daisies and he was helping me. Will you have some? They are so pretty," offering a great blue cluster.

It was very simple. Yet, somehow, Mrs. Copeland could not remember the points of her speech upon propriety. She looked at her governess as she stood before her in her Quakerish costume, with a level light in her eyes that corresponded with a certain peculiar straightening of the slim, white throat, and forbore to utter her scorching words of rebuke. After all, Miss Addison made a very good governess, quiet and firm (and cheap), but she was apt to be strangely childish in her manner at times. Perhaps, after all, she had been unconscious of any impropriety. And Mercy, on her part, forbore to utter the thoughts in her mind, which ran somewhat in this fashion:

"What a handsome fellow he is! What a pity he should be so wicked! But he certainly is nice! I am sure he never studied on Sunday when he was a boy!" This "he" did not refer to Guy. And then primitive little Mercy went to her room and wrote a letter which she signed "Always your own Mercy."

That was the last Sunday Guy devoted to Greek and dreaming. He developed a sudden passion for church-going, and Mercy, looking out with dove-like eyes from her dusky corner under the stained glass window, hoped that Guy Forest was "getting good" at last. No ban having been put upon her walks, it became a regular thing, Sunday after Sunday, that two figures, side by side, should descend the steep clay-hill and cross the stepping-stones. What more natural than that they should linger on the sunny slope, where the pink flowers of the trailing arbutus, and great golden clusters of yellow jasmine, and spreading beds of blue-and-white violets, had altogether eclipsed the little daisies? And so, step by step, week by week, in this half-stolen, idyllic intercourse, it became only natural, too, that Guy's world should grow small enough to be contained within the limits of two lovely eyes. Yet it seemed altogether unnatural to Mercy that when she knelt to say her prayers at night Guy's name should find its way upon the list of those for whom she offered special petitions, and when she sat, all in white, like a little saint, to think, with her two bare feet crossed before her, Guy—tall and fair, and splendid as Paris himself, with eager blue eyes and a reticent tongue—should appear always to lead the battalions of fancy. Always Guy, and always in the sunshine; whereas the other figure, the figure she strove to recall, had never any halo. And, so unwittingly, Guy brought sunshine, even in the dark, to Doctor Copeland's governess, for the monotonous weeks began to be lighted at both ends by a Sunday gone and a Sunday to come; and she would sometimes smile over her books to think of Guy's persistent hand-shakings, supplemented always by her production of her daisy from between the leaves of her prayer-book.

One Sunday a gentleman issued boldly from the forbidden precincts, side by side with Mercy, carrying her books, with an air of proprietorship. He sat beside her in her dusky corner, and was very devout, bowing his iron-gray head beside her drooping gray feathers, and following the ritual step by step through his glasses. In the little church there was one worshipper who sat bolt upright all the time, gnawing his blonde moustache, and Mercy, casting a fleeting glance in his direction, met a look that pierced her heart.

"The peace of God that passeth all understanding keep your minds and hearts," the minister said, and two, at least, passed out with their souls in tumult, feeling that "peace" not meant for them. Yet Mercy chatted, as she passed down the steep clay hill, with more animation than she had shown for many Sundays. Her laugh rang out along the babbling brook, as she crossed the stepping-stones. Her face was somewhat pale, but her eyes were bright and steady, as she stopped deliberately on the grassy slope, and, with a quizzical look on her little face ate her five-leaved daisy.

"I'll have to leave you just here," her companion was saying, "this is the nearest point from which to reach the depot, and my train is due in fifteen minutes. Are you sorry to say 'good-bye'?"

"Sorry! Why, of course, Mr. Howard!" Was it Mercy's mocking voice so meek and docile now?

"And you are not yet tired of the life you have chosen, my child?" He was facing her, and they were standing together just where she had stood with Guy, seeking the five-leaved daisy. He was a handsome man, though somewhat gray, and the unmistakable radiance of undying devotion lighted his eyes as he bent them on Mercy's face.

"Not yet!" Mercy said, hastily. "Oh, not quite yet! I have not yet proved myself!"

Mr. Howard stifled a sigh. "I would not hurry you," he said; "but remember, when you feel the need of them, a home and love await you—love, which I do not dare to express to you, my child. I will bide your time, but, oh, Mercy, remember how I have waited, and how I wait your will!"

"You are very good," Mercy cried, with a

sob in her throat—"too good to me. But I am not good enough for you. You are kinder to me than mother and the rest. They would have made me marry you at once, with all my doubts, or send you off; but you understood me better, and made them let me come off here to puzzle out my life in my own way. I could not marry you until I had grown up nearer to you. You are so far above me. But, remember, you have my promise. I am always your Mercy." So intent was she in her impulsive speech, that she did not heed the eager footsteps beating along the hillside until Guy paused beside them. He had a daisy between his lips, but when he began to speak the daisy disappeared. His manner was a trifle embarrassed, as it should be, Mercy thought, a little proudly. What did he mean by such an unwarrantable intrusion? So her words of introduction were gravely uttered. Guy bowed, then held his hand out smilingly to Mercy. To Mr. Howard's surprise Mercy put hers behind her back like a petulant child.

"How do you do," she said.

"But it is good-bye," Guy answered her. "I want to say good-bye. I am going away. Won't you shake hands, Miss Mercy?"

"Mercy, my dear," Mr. Howard said, reprovingly.

But Guy did not need his help. He took Mercy's hesitating hand in his and wrung it hard, and, before another word could be uttered, had disappeared among the pines.

Mr. Howard raised his eyeglass to look after him. "A very impulsive young man," he said, and Mercy, smiling, answered, "Very," and sent a wistful glance, with the smile, out towards the pines. Her hand ached yet with the force of that good-bye, and Mr. Howard, as if reading her thought, took it in his and stroked it softly. "Good-bye, my little one," he said; then, after a pause, "What can I do for you, Mercy?"

"Do?" Mercy said, in a quivering voice. "Do? Forgive me!" And then, too, he was gone, and Mercy walked up the slope regardless of the flowers, because she was crying as she walked.

It seemed to her almost cruel that Guy should suddenly come forth from the pines and bar her path. She felt as one suddenly awakened, to whom waking is pain. And she had tried so hard to do right, and be true to herself and that other.

"I am not going away at all," Guy said, laughing. "I knew no other way to make you shake hands with me, and I am as sure you ate that daisy to-day as if I had seen you. And my good fairy put one in my path, too, and so, to make assurance doubly sure, I swallowed that!"

Mercy looked up at him, and then there was no use to try to joke any more. The tears in her piteous eyes were his undoing. In moody silence he walked at her side, while she tried to regain voice to express the displeasure that she ought to feel. Suddenly he stopped, and cried abruptly:

"Mercy, who is he that has a right to come between us? Why can he go in where I am shut out? Why can he sit with you in your own little corner at church, while I sit afar off, and can only look?—his tongue was glib enough now—and why can he take your hand and stroke it, while I only have a cool little hand shake for my pains? Oh, Mercy, I am a brute, but tell me why, or I shall go mad!"

"Because," Mercy answered, looking straight out towards the pines—"because I have promised to be his wife some day."

Why could she not remember that Guy Forest was only a foolish college boy, after all, and nothing to her? That he was a boy who studied on Sunday, and went to church, but did not pray? Why did her heart throb so as if it would break? Why did he suddenly seem to her no boy at all, but a man, and such a man that she felt almost afraid of him, in the passionate strength of his youth?

"His wife?" Guy laughed aloud, and gathering in his her trembling hands he held them close against his trembling breast. "His wife? Never! You are mine, my love! Mine, because you let me learn to love you! Mine, by the prophecy of the daisy! Mine, because I will have no other wife but you!"

The light poured on her from those two blue eyes dazzled poor Mercy till she shut her own. What masterful wooing was this!

"Mercy," he said, dropping her hands and bowing his head before her, "I await your sentence!"

The proud and tender humility of his voice was harder to bear than the authority he had usurped just now. His tones seemed to pulse through every fibre of her being, slaying her sense of duty, pride and truth. But they should not! Albeit feebly, Mercy repulsed the outstretched hands.

"Do you think?" she asked, with a scorn born of the exigencies of the moment, and fated to perish at its birth—"do you think a childish superstition would weigh with me against my plighted faith? You little know me," and she went bravely past him up the slope.

When she looked back, he was lying face downwards on the grass. She put her hand to her heart, but she walked on stealthily and did not cry any more.

## III.

## THE SPELL WORKS.

The great hall of the university was crowded to overflowing. The whole town of Burleigh had turned out to do honor to the young men about to issue from academic shades into the

world's broad sunlight. The orator of the day was speaking in a ringing, earnest voice, that fell on one ear, at least, like the chime of silver bells. Among the audience his introduction was greeted by little whispers of enthusiastic commendation. A year ago he had had a reputation as leader in all manly sports, a high-bred, high-spirited, merry young fellow, prime favorite among his mates, but rather a "black sheep," when viewed from the professors' stand-point. Suddenly he had become a "reading man" in the strictest sense of the term. He neglected no bodily exercise, but performed this, too, as he did his other tasks, cheerily enough, but without any of the buoyancy and irrepressible joyousness that had been his chief charm to his associates. Guy Forest had grown "pokey" some agreed, but those who loved him most began to think his jaunty airs well replaced by the sweet gravity of his eyes, and the beautiful manly dignity of his altered mien.

Coughs from the audience began to interrupt the speaker; his own clear voice grew husky now and then; wreaths of smoke began to be visible under the dome.

"Hush!" cried some impetuous voice and in an instant all was wild confusion. Even the rostrum was invaded in the vain hope of finding an easier outlet. Only the young speaker kept his place. Like a clarion rang his reassuring tones:

"Keep your seats! Be quiet! The doors have been opened. Everything is being done as quickly as possible. There is no danger yet. Do not crowd the passage-ways. There is time for all to escape quietly."

In an attitude of easy unconcern he stood just under the spot in the roof where a tongue of flame was licking downwards. Only his eyes sought hither and thither among the writhing multitude. Ah, there she was! Like a star Mercy's face shone out on him, utterly pale, with thrilling eyes fixed on his face. She, of all, was obeying his words implicitly, keeping her seat with a little blue shawl tightly clutched in her hands, and resting on the back of the seat in front. She had come here for the last time before her marriage with Mr. Howard, and he was standing by, imploring her to come on or it would be too late.

Frantic at length, he took her arm and tried to force her from her seat, and Guy, lifting his hand without a word bade her go, and she rose at once as in a dream. But—

"Oh my God!" It was Guy who said the words between his set teeth. For a great beam came crashing down from the high dome, bringing with it the heavy chandelier. A great cloud of smoke, dust and flying pieces of timber filled the air. Above the din of frightened voices, the stir of hurrying feet, a woman's cry—loud shrill and agonized—reached Guy's ears and pierced his heart. Where was she?

Ten minutes ago Mercy had been sitting under that chandelier listening to his voice, with a face full of a curious pain and pride and interest. Dr. Copeland and his wife were beside her, and one of her little scholars, a fair-haired child was leaning her head against her arm. Mr. Howard had been seated on the other side, more attracted by Mercy's glowing face, apparently, than by the speaker's voice. Now, where were they all? Guy did not stop to think all this, but the question seemed suddenly to concentrate every power of his mind.

"Mercy!" he cried, leaping from seat to seat, towards the spot where he had seen her stand—"Mercy!"

He found her on the other side of the pile of debris, saved as if by miracle. She was kneeling, with a face of agony, trying to lift Mr. Howard's unconscious head, oblivious of the fact that a fiery death was closing in about her.

"He is dead!" she said lifting to Guy her piteously pale face, with blood trickling from a cut in her cheek.

Without a word he caught her in his arms as if she has been a child, and seizing the frightened girl who still clung to Mercy's arm, he forced his way, with the superhuman strength of great excitement through the smoke and stealthy flames, and crashing timber and maddened crowd to the pure, sweet safety of the outer air. Mrs. Copeland, no longer severe, but a cowering, frightened, wretched mother, fell on her little daughter with a cry of mighty joy. She had been torn from her in the press. Mercy, who had been struggling to free herself from Guy's iron grasp, no sooner felt herself at liberty than she turned to him with a prayer in her face that he understood at once. To her dying day she never forgot the look he gave her in return—the lofty look of courage and comfort—and then he plunged back into the glowing furnace from whence the last struggling beings had escaped. To Mercy on her knees on the ground watching, with her whole soul in her eyes, it seemed years before he reappeared, and then he came, slowly dragging an unconscious form by one arm. His other arm hung limp and lifeless from a shred of ragged sleeve. The engines came dashing up just then, and a stream of water was turned on the two in the doorway.

Mercy saw Guy smile, she saw a whirl of gleaming engines, scarlet coats; she heard Doctor Copeland cry out something and run forward; she saw a sudden quiver shake the great building, and heard a crash that seemed to rend the heavens, and then she saw and heard no more.

Cool breezes fanned her cheek. Her head lay on Mrs. Copeland's lap on the bank of a little stream. Little Ellie was standing over her with eyes of awe and sympathy, her fair hair dotted with flakes of black, and her white dress scorched and soiled. A flash of remembrance came to

Mercy. She raised her head, and her eyes fell on a knot of gentlemen gathered around a prostrate form. It was not Mr. Howard, for, to her great surprise, he stood among them, pale and with a great bruise on his forehead, but otherwise unhurt. She tottered to her feet and called him to her. He saw the horror in her eyes and motioned her back, but she would not heed. "It was I who killed him," she said, in a strangely hollow voice. "I sent him to you, and now he is—dead! I will not look if you say not—there is no need. If looks could bring him back to life he should not lie there long!"

Doctor Copeland was bending over what was left of Guy Forest, with his ear to the breast. There was a moment of breathless suspense, and every heart in that little group was lifted in the prayer that the bright life of the young hero might not be quenched so suddenly.

"He lives!" Doctor Copeland said, rising hastily. "Louisa, my dear, we will take him home with us." Mrs. Copeland, holding her child, whose life the student had saved, by the hand, could offer no remonstrance, and, in a few moments Guy, unconscious, but with a feeble motion about his heart, was borne to the house around which his thoughts had vainly circled for many months. Mercy saw him no more. It is only in books that the sweet duty of nursing the hero back to health and strength devolves upon the heroine. The "Mrs. Copelands" of this world, however, moved by pity, gratitude or other softening influences, are ever mindful of the proprieties. So Guy lay in an upper chamber, with the nurse and the doctor, and sometimes Mrs. Copeland, and after a day or so, his own white-haired father, to encourage him to "take up the burden of life again."

Youth is hopeful and Guy really wanted to live, though much of life's sweetness was gone for him; so he progressed steadily, though slowly, towards recovery. It was long before the low fever, which the doctor ascribed rather to previous excitement and overwork than to the effects of the fire, could be subdued, and then, there was still his broken arm! As his mind grew clear and active once more, he began to wonder how much time had elapsed since Mercy's face had shone out on him like a star that terrible day; and, after asking his father to tell him the day of the month, he turned his face to the wall and lay there many hours perfectly still. She has been a wife one week! That was the thought his weak reason was battling with. But that same evening he heard a shrill childish voice in the garden beneath the window cry out, "Oh, Miss Mercy, I have found a five-leaved daisy!"

In his weakness he began to tremble violently. How vividly it recalled that Spring day, a year ago, when she had appeared to him on the brow of the hill! This, and the fact of her being still here, still "Miss Mercy," bade fair to destroy the resignation he had been striving so hard to attain. What did it mean?

After some days he found his way to that window, and looking down, could see Mercy in a low garden-chair, quietly sewing, with the children about her. Or, sometimes, she would read to them in a sweet, girlish voice about "Briar Rose," or "Cinderella," or "Little Giddy Two Shoes." One evening his father having left him to make arrangements about his removal to his home, he was sitting there alone, when she began to sing, softly, as if afraid of being heard, but not so softly but that his ears could catch each word she uttered. Everything, from Mother Goose's melodies to Mendelssohn's, seemed equally pleasing to her little audience. They sat about her in a charmed circle on the grass, their white dresses flecked with tints from the western sky.

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld, couldst thou, On yonder lea"—she sang—"on yonder lea, My plaidie to the angry air, I'd shelter thee! I'd shelter thee! Or did misfortune's bitter storms Around thee blow, around thee blow, Thy shield should be my bosom, To share it a', to share it a'!"

Her voice and the brilliant sky, and the odor of the violets and hyacinths, seemed to wake the pulsing life in Guy's young breast, and to call to him: "Come down! come out! be as happy as we are!"

"Or were I in the wildest waste, Sae black and bare, sae black and bare, The desert were a paradise, If thou wert there, if thou wert there! Or were I monarch of the globe With thee to reign, with thee to reign, The fairest jewel of my crown, Wad be my queen, wad be my queen!"

Her sewing lay on the grass and her hands were folded, and her wistful face turned towards the setting sun. A sudden commotion and bashful scattering among the children attracted her notice, and she found herself alone and face to face with a shadowy apparition bearing but little likeness to the strong young Hercules who had wrestled her from death not two little months ago. "Oh!" she said, "how rash of you! Sit down!"

What else was there to say! He had saved three lives! He was enthroned in her heart, hero of heroes! Every fibre of her being had been filled with thoughts of him, and prayers for him, for many days; but not in real life do young ladies throw themselves at their hero's feet and cry, "My preserver!" So she only looked at him and thought ruefully how very pale he was, and wished that Mrs. Copeland would come and order him back to bed. One of the children stole back and laid a daisy on Guy's knee. It was little Ellie showing thus her gratitude. Guy lifted the daisy, looked at it and

then at Mercy, and she saw, to her terror, that his eyes were heavy, as if with unshed tears.

"Oh!" she said again, and looked away. She could not bear those eyes.

"Was Mr. Howard hurt at all?" Guy asked. "Only bruised and stunned." That was all she could say, but her heart seemed to have stopped beating. The crisis had come.

"I am glad I saved him for you!" The words seemed to Mercy full of unearthly sweetness. Why would he say such things instead of asking her some questions? If she had only known it, the question "When? when?" was echoing through his soul, but he could not ask it. He closed his eyes and leaned back, as if he did not mean to speak again. So Mercy stole up behind him, and presently he heard a shy voice say: "You saved him—but not—for—me." At the same moment, like a snowflake, a hand slid down on the arm of the chair, a bare lovely hand which used to wear diamonds, but was ringless now. Guy felt strangely dazed.

"Where is he?" he asked at length, staring at that little hand, but not venturing to touch it.

"He is gone," Mercy's voice answered, half-laugh, half-sob. "He jilted me, Guy; he said he would not marry me. Was not that sad?" "God bless him!"

Guy did not ask her any questions. Perhaps he was too weak. That hand belonged to him now, he knew, and so he took it, and pulled her round where he could see her face.

"Mine," he said softly and seriously, as if not quite sure that happiness was his at last. "All mine now! But poor, poor Howard—he was more noble than I could ever be! My courage was mere brute instinct—his is glorious self-sacrifice!"

Mrs. Copeland, seeing from her window Mercy kneeling beside Guy, with her head against his arm, only sighed a little. Mr. Howard had prepared her for something of the sort. Only, why would young people be so regardless of appearances?

"It shall be in the shape of a five-leaved daisy," Guy was saying inspecting the hand that lay in his; "that was my talisman, you know!"

"Nonsense!" Mercy answered. "Do you think I ever would have given up Mr. Howard for you? He gave me up! The daisy had nothing to do with it. But Guy," with a mock-earnest face, "after being jilted, I was so dreadfully afraid of being an old maid—"

"That you are willing to take anything—even a wreck like me!" he said, with a glance at his bandaged arm. But a sudden, thrilling pressure of the fingers he held hushed the words on his lips, and a happy silence fell upon them.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

A SUBSCRIPTION is to be raised for Joseph Bennett, who has fallen and broken his arm, thus necessitating his resignation of the billiard championship.

It is rumoured that the Earl of Aberdeen or the Earl of Rosebery will have the green riband of the Order of the Thistle, vacant by the death of the Earl of Airlie.

MR. W. EASSIE, C.E., is building a house in which electricity will be utilized to such an extent that if it accomplishes only half of what is promised, register offices for domestic servants will soon be a thing of the past.

MISS SANTLEY, the daughter of our finest English baritone, will make her first appearance on the platform at Miss Kuhn's concert at Brighton on the 28th of November. On this occasion Mr. Santley will sing—the only time this season.

THE Marquis of Londonderry has struck on a happy thought. He raises coal in Durham, as all the world knows; but he is now selling his own coal, and as his prices are below the retail merchant, he is likely to do a good business. In these days of falling rents the idea is worth attention.

A PARIS journal contains this important telegram from London: "A revised New Testament has appeared." After all what harm does stale news do people who are ignorant of all news. It has been observed, nations have ever the Governments they merit; readers have ever the telegrams they deserve.

THE Queen's Book, when it is published in a cheap edition, will be issued in five small six-penny volumes. They will contain, unabridged, Sir Theodore Martin's life of the Prince Consort, and they are expected to sell very rapidly. At all events the publishers will begin with an edition of twenty thousand copies.

It is announced that the firm of Kegan Paul & Co., of Paternoster-row, is in future to be styled Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Trade is looking up. For a long time the son of a Duke and the brother-in-law to a Queen's daughter has been engaged in a city house. In Mr. Trench we have the son of an Archbishop.

THE Countess of Clar-mont has written a spirited letter on the state of affairs in Ireland. She proposes the formation of the "Ladies' Loyal League," with branches throughout the

country. Her ladyship says:—"Let the women of each county in Ireland desirous of joining the Ladies' Loyal League send in their names to the central office situated in that county's chief town. Let committees be formed to supply wholesome literature able to counteract the Land-Leaguers' trash now sown broadcast among the people. The committees and Ladies' Loyal League could help the honest poor who are persecuted by these revolutionary tyrants, and, as far as possible, protect them and their helpless dumb animals, on whom, to the shame of humanity be it said, spite is often wreaked. I will gladly receive any suggestions on the subject of this letter that has for its object loyalty to our Queen and country."

MEN and women who were children twenty years ago will be shocked to hear that there is some probability that the once famous Polytechnic Institution in Regent street is about to be turned into a music hall! The lease of the building with the whole contents, including two shops in Regent street to the right and left of the entrance, as also a private house in Cavendish Square, can be acquired for £17,000, and it is estimated that about £5,000 more will be required as a working capital. There is a proposal now under consideration to establish a winter garden, with concerts in the daytime similar to those given in the Pavilion at Buxton, and in the evening to have the usual vocal and semi-dramatic entertainments so much in vogue at the music halls. The lease of the building has thirty years to run. It is held at a rental of £500 a year, but the house in the square and the shops in Regent street bring in more than that amount, leaving the main building rent free.

IN consequence of the Countess of Bective's welcome agitation in favour of English made goods, many drapers are renaming their French-made stock. The whole range of home-spun or rough woolen materials, which bore all sorts of titles, from "beign" to "vigogna," may now be met with bearing such titles as "Scotch homespun," "Leeds manufacture," "Bradford serge," &c. Tickets with the single word "cashmere" written upon them now give place to "Bradford cashmere." Many houses give prominence to cards upon which Lady Bective and committee inform the public that "These goods are English," or made of "bright British wool, and recommended for wear," &c. This revolution is not confined to dress goods, for we may occasionally see hosiery, ribbons, trimmings, and other things bearing the "English mark." There is no doubt that a much needed impulse has been given to the manufacture of British made goods by the efforts of Lady Bective, and those associated with her in her patriotic task.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PERE DIDON, the Dominican orator who was sent to a monastery in Corsica to study the works of Thomas Aquinas, as a punishment for the liberal character of his sermons, has returned to Paris. The cheerful submission of the learned monk to this ruse is worth recording in these days; and his colleagues have welcomed him back with friendly enthusiasm.

MADELEINE BROHAN, of the Comédie-Française, who has spent her holidays in the Tyrol and Switzerland, gives an amusing account of the Swiss railways. Like love in a cab, it is all the time *au pas* and *d'heure*. "One day," says Madeleine Brohan, "as the train was moving out of the station at Geneva, a gentleman followed us along the platform, talking business with a friend who was in our compartment. Five minutes passed and the conversation still continued, the train moving along the rails and the gentleman along the platform. At last the gentleman said: 'Well, excuse me, good-bye; I must go ahead of you for I am in a hurry'."

THE days of climbing Vesuvius have not yet gone by, notwithstanding the railway up to the cone. Last week two eminent British Judges (one of them verging on to three score and ten) tooted it from the Pompeian side to the summit. More will accomplish the same feat, and give the funicular railway the go-by unless that institution along with Italian Government funds some means of protecting travellers from the annoyance and the positive insults of the so-called guides, who are no better than ruffians, who swarm at the upper terminus of the "funicular" and insist *volens*, in helping you up to the mouth of the crater. If you persist in going on your own legs without their aid, you are subject to insult and are driven away from the path by the cry of these brigands, "that is my road, you cannot walk upon it without paying me!"

STORY OF CARLYLE.—Carlyle walked a great deal in order to make his dyspeptic stomach a little reasonable. But sometimes when the great, homely and grizzly old man was walking, with his big eyebrows almost showing from under the brim of his slouch hat, and his long, old-fashioned coat was almost sweeping the pavement, he would stop and pick up a bit of cast-off bread from the street and place it on the kerb-stone, so that some poor man who came along might find it.



**NOT THE ONE SHE EXPECTED.**

The subject of our illustration is the immemorial practice associated with Halloween, by which a young girl, according to popular belief, may on that night peer into the future, and see the husband whom the fates have apportioned

foundly impressed with the belief in its efficacy, and has made due preparations to undergo the ordeal. With apple in one hand and glass in the other she has seated herself expectant of what is to come. At last she is to see before her that ideal after which through her school days

We will not pry too deeply into the secrets of the maiden and her aged cavalier. Whether he softened her heart by his youthful escapade, and persuaded her that the mirror was not so far wrong after all, or whether the right man turned up, the fates to the contrary notwith-

the reality, and could each of us see what is to befall us reflected in the mirror of fate, we should each of us cry with the maiden, "This is not what I expected." It may be well for us that it is so. Our own expectations of the future are apt to be guided by our wishes, and



NOT THE ONE SHE EXPECTED.

to her lot. On that evening, if she eat an apple and at the same time look over her shoulder into a mirror, she will undoubtedly, so say those who ought to know, see in its silver depths the features of him who in the days to come is to be all in all to her. The practice requires a certain amount of faith to ensure its success, but, given that, it is presumably infallible. The girl in the picture is evidently pro-

she has yearned, and which she cannot believe will escape her. In trembling expectancy she bites her apple and glances half afraid over her shoulder into the glass. Alas! for human calculations. Alas! too that even the prophetic mirror should occasionally so far descend from its lofty functions as to participate in what the young lady herself denounces as a "real mean trick."

we standing, are not supposed to know. The only thing we may predicate for certain is the correctness of the title under the picture itself. Whatever the result of the result of the incident, we have no hesitation in saying that this was "not the one she expected." However in this, it may be, the young lady was no different from the rest of the world. Our own anticipations of the future are generally pretty wide of

these in turn by our own ideas of what is good for us. Fortunately for us it is not upon human calculations that our future is constructed. "Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi quem tibi Finem di dederint." "Seek not to know the end that the gods have in store for thee or me, Leuconoe." So sang Dan Horace eighteen hundred years ago, and so sing the sensible amongst us to-day.



WHAT "TRUTHFUL JAMES" SAW AT THE CITY COUNCIL.

Come, listen, gentlemen, to me, likewise ye ladies all,  
I'll tell you of a little game 'way down in Montreal,  
A city of the far North-West—as the London *Graphic* places it—  
Which its Aldermen's behaviour's sich as literally disgraces it.

The Mayor he sat in Council, all a fumin' and a fussin',  
While the question of the C. P. R. the Committee was discussin',  
Which their langwidgo was not sich as we're accustomed for to hear,  
And several of the members kep' appealing to the Cheer.

The Mayor he says, says he, "Keep quiet. Such games I can't allow."  
"Sit down," says he, and "Order," too, but he couldn't stop the row ;  
And one of them there Aldermen, addressin' of the Chair,  
Says, " We ain't agoin' to be down trod by a' autocratic Mayor."

Then the langwidgo and the epithets they rose beyond belief,  
And St-v-ns he called G-llm-n a stock jobbar and a thief,  
Which G-llm-n he said St-v-ns was a loafer and a cad,  
And you oughter seen how both them two commenced a gettin' mad.

The Mayor he tried to speak, you couldn't hear him for the din ;  
Says G-llm-n, "Blackguards like this chap, didn't oughter be let in."  
With that commenced a riot like I never see before,  
And while St-v-ns punched poor G-llm-n's head, I sidled towards the door.

Which I thought I'd best skeddaddle, for my name is Truthful James,  
And I 'aut no kind of sympathy with such improper games,  
And I've told in simple langwidgo what I knows about the scaly way  
As them two fellers fit about the City Passenger Railway.

## MAN'S FIDELITY.

As I said good-bye at the station  
In the little country town,  
And kissed away the tear drops  
While her hair fell bewitchingly down,  
And she looked at me so sweetly  
And said: "You will not forget"—  
I swore to her I'd be faithful,  
And called her a dear little pet.

Then the train bore me back to the city  
To bustle and toil each day;  
There was scarcely time to remember  
My girl so far away.  
But when the day was ended,  
And I sat in silence alone,  
Then I thought of the little daisy  
I should claim some day as my own.

Three nights I bore up bravely  
As I thought of the time to come;  
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,  
But was only silent and glum.  
And then upon the fourth night  
I gave my moustache a twist,  
Put on my killing necktie  
And called on another girl.

## THE ARTIST'S STORY.

BY AGNES KERSON.

They had been engaged only a week, and she had not yet lost the feeling of unreality about it all. It was so strange, so wonderful, that he should have chosen her—chosen her from her brilliant sisters to crown her life with his love.

Was she dreaming still? Was it all a dream that must pass with the dawn, and leave the cold familiar light of real life around her once again? And seated cozily in the warm corner by the summer house, with her big hat shading her face from the sun, Jane thought it all over again.

He had gone to stay in the village some six weeks ago. They were all having tea on the lawn when he came in, and was introduced to the gay party—"Mr. Dean, the renowned artist, the man whose picture is the picture of the Academy this year."

Remarks about him buzzed round while he drank his tea and talked to Mr. Archer Wilmot, and looked with grave tender eyes at the merry girls round the table. And then—Janie remembered it all so well—he went to inspect the gardens with two of her elder sisters; and she joined the lawn tennis party again, and played very badly, for she could think of nothing but his sad dark face, and the strange lingering glance that she had caught from his eyes, when she ventured once to look at him.

He seemed to be always at the priory after that. He was an old friend of their father's, the girls heard, and they were told to give him the warmest welcome. None of them were loth to do that, for he proved to be one of the pleasantest of companions.

The girls teased Lottie, the eldest of the girls, about him, and begged to be allowed to stay with her in her beautiful home at Richmond. None of them had any idea of the truth of the case; Janie herself never thought it in the least possible that he could care for her, though she dearly loved him—not till that wonderful evening a week ago, when they had met accidentally in the green lane by the church.

Janie had been on her weekly visit to an old bedridden woman in the village, and was wandering slowly home, with her dog beside her, feeling disconsolate enough, poor child, and wishing that Mr. Dean would go away and leave them all at peace again. Then he stepped out quite suddenly from the lych-gate and smiling down at her he took her little trembling hand.

"I have been waiting for you," he said, "sitting on the wall here and wondering why you were so long."

Janie said something in reply—a few incoherent words—for his manner and glance startled her out of all her composure. He stood just beyond the shadow of the ancient gateway, holding her hand close in his.

"I was waiting to speak to you," he said after a moment's silence, in which Janie heard as in a dream the twitter of the swallows in the blue air. "I have your father's permission to ask you. Will you be my wife?"

That was a week ago. Just so long had Janie worn her pretty betrothal ring, the blue stone of which she looked at now with a tender smile; and once more she tried to think how he could have cared for her. She was the plainest of the sisters, merely a small fresh-cheeked little maiden with soft brown eyes—not a fit bride for an artist whose beautiful imaginings had won him such fame. It was no good endeavouring to understand it; she could only try to be more worthy of his choice, to be true and faithful to him, and, ah, so loving!

Thinking thus, his voice came to her, calling her. She sprang up, and with the sly blush that came so easily, went down the path.

"Little truant, I have been searching for you everywhere. My next step would have been to drag the pond. Where have you been?"

"By the summer house. I thought you were going with papa."

"I begged off. I knew you would be miserable without me; so I was self-denying, and came to look after you."

"Indeed I was very happy," Janie retorted. "Oh, Janie! You don't know how dreary the afternoon seemed, how very long the hours were. Why, I believe you have been crying."

Janie raised her eyes for his inspection; but they dropped again instantly, as she drew a little nearer, taking hold of his gray sleeve with trembling little fingers.

"Arthur," she said hesitatingly, "I do wish you would tell me how you thought of me first. I have been thinking of it all this afternoon. It is so strange that you should care for such a foolish child as I am."

"How do you know I do, Miss Vanity? Come, sit down here; it is cool and shady and out of the way of those sisters of yours;" and he drew her down beside him upon the bench that stood under a great beech.

It was very quiet there, the path shaded by a double row of fine trees, with the lawn on the one side and the park on the other.

"Now try to be exact and logical for once, young lady, and tell me what grounds you have for believing for an instant that, to put it as you do, I do care for you."

"And don't laugh at me."

"Laugh at you! Bless the child! If you would only look at me instead of tearing your handkerchief into small bits"—Janie desisted with a blush—"you would see that I am as grave as—as Dick there"—pointing to Janie's white dog, who was regarding them with steadfast eyes from the middle of the pathway. "Now I will proceed with my explanation. Many years ago I was sitting at Bagdad, and fell in with a musician." Janie looked up with wide-open eyes. "Queer people, those magicians. This one was a good fellow in his way, and he told me that, if I went to Thorndale on the 14th of July and visited my old friend, the Squire, I should meet a young lady in a green muslin dress who was the queen of all the fairies. Her I must wed, and then obtain possession of the fairy revenues and live happy ever after. You wore a green muslin dress, therefore, you are the queen of the fairies, and I am marrying you for your money."

Janie's merry laugh made Dick dash around them wildly, in the expectation of a race. But the little girl was not daunted in her inquiries. She tried a little coaxing.

"I want so much to know. You looked at me so on that first evening, and you weren't in love with me then."

"Dear Shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

"Do you intend to correct Shakespeare, mademoiselle?"

"Did I remind you of anybody you once knew?" persisted Janie.

Her question startled him at once into gravity.

"Have you heard? Has any one told you—"

"What was I to hear? Ah, then there is something! Won't you tell me! I could not bear to hear it from any one else."

"My darling, I meant to tell you; it is better you should know. And yet, my Janie, I love you so very dearly that I could wish the past away and you my first love."

"Oh, I knew I could not be that. It does not pain me a bit to think you cared for somebody else. I knew it was so. But please tell me."

"I will." He hesitated still, bending forward to smile into her earnest, pleading face.

"When you have heard my story, darling, you will know how dearly I love you, for I am glad to have lived through it all. You have not only made my future a bright one, sweetest, but it robs the past of its worst gloom to look at it by your side. It is a long story, Janie, and I will begin at the very beginning, so you may understand it all."

It seemed a difficult story to tell, for he sat for three or four minutes looking straight before him, his dark, handsome face very grave. There was a strange feeling in his mind that the past had come back again; time slipped back eighteen years, and he was again a penniless tutor. For once before, in the beautiful long ago, he had sat on that same bench one summer afternoon, with the same trees waving to and fro, above, and a girl with soft brown eyes—Janie's eyes—beside him; and they too had been all the world to each other.

To break the spell, he took the little hands lying loosely clasped on her holland dress, and looked tenderly into the childish, downcast face blushing rosy red under his eyes.

"It was your aunt I loved, Janie. Look," and he pointed to two initials carved on the oaken rail they leaned against. "'H. W.'—Helen Wilmot. Everybody called her Nellie. You have heard of your Aunt Nellie, darling?"

"She died long ago. Her grave is in the churchyard."

"Yes, long ago. It is a very long time since—eighteen years—and yet it seems but yesterday. You are very like her; she had just your eyes, so softly brown. It was your dear eyes that struck me on that first evening. You have her very look."

"And you loved each other?" asked Janie, gently.

"Yes, darling. Midsummer madness it was indeed, and we suffered bitterly enough. You don't remember your grandfather?"

"Oh, no."

"Of course not. Well, I won't speak evil of your ancestors; but he was a hard man. Your father and I had been friends at school; and, when I left college I came down here to coach up his younger brothers for the civil service examinations. I had always dabbled in paintings, and spent all my spare time in the woods studying trees. When there was some talk of the only girl coming home from school, Mr. Wilmot asked me if I would give her lessons in painting. Of course there was nothing for me but to consent—not that I much relished the

prospect, for you know what your uncles are like, Janie, and they were the same then—handsome, headstrong, brainless fellows, with as much idea of art as a thoroughbred greyhound; and I pictured their sister as the same kind of creature. Your father was away with his regiment, and the boys could tell me nothing about her. Their holidays had been at different times and they scarcely knew her. For the last six months she had been staying with an aunt in London, and now she was coming home for good. I am dwelling on this part of it because I want you to see how naturally everything came about. There was no woman in the house; your grandmother had been dead for years, and Nellie was the only girl. You can fancy how her coming was talked of and looked for and prepared for. At last she came. It was unexpectedly after all; they had caught an earlier train than they had expected, and we were playing cricket on the north side of the house when her father brought her to see her brothers. I saw her coming across the smooth expanse of green lawn all in the sunshine, a small figure—small indeed by your father's side—dressed in some gray stuff, with a bow of scarlet ribbon at her neck. Do you want to know what she was like, Janie? Look in the glass; for she was as like you as two blades of grass are alike—different, yet so very much alike. You are taller, I think, by the merest trifle, and she was the paler, but you are her sweet self. To find her again in you—ah, I am constantly afraid you will fall into nothingness and leave me more utterly alone than ever! Janie, it does not grieve you to hear all this? You look troubled, darling."

"Only for you, Arthur," she answered eagerly. "It is because I can guess something of what is coming. I wish—oh, I do wish it had been different, and that you had married her and been happy all these years!"

He put his arm round her with a fond look.

"She would have loved you dearly, Janie, but you are all to me that she was, my darling—and how much more will you be in the happy years to come, my own little wife!"

"Tell me the rest," was her whispered response.

"It seems strange to think of it now, but I remember I was disappointed in her at first. She was not in the least pretty, and her cheeks had not that wild-rose bloom. 'A pale, uninteresting school girl' was my verdict as I watched her playing chess with her father that evening. My first lesson came next morning, the first day of that wonderful summer. She knew nothing of art—could scarcely hold a pencil properly; but one could not be with her and not feel the better for her sweet presence. I had no sister; I had never known my mother; the women I had mixed with were commonplace feminine mortals. In Nellie I saw a realization of my ideal of perfect womanhood. Pure, tender, true as steel, she was too good to live."

His voice trembled and failed him for a moment, and Janie's soft hand stole into his.

"Since her death I have never mentioned her name to any one but you, my darling," he went on, after a moment. "But I want her to be a memory in both our lives, that you may fully share my thoughts."

"Thank you for telling me," was the low remark. "Please go on."

"There was a man living near—he had the House at Woodlands, where your Uncle Jasper lives now. He called constantly at the house after Nellie came home, and from what happened afterwards, I know your grandfather encouraged his visits and gave his consent to his engagement with Nellie if he could obtain her concurrence. But at the time I scarcely realized his existence; and it was just the same with Nellie. We were so happy together; she was constantly in the school-room with the boys, who adored her, and she would join us in our shorter walks. Moreover, there were my painting lessons, which threw us much together. I cannot understand even now how they were so blind. So the summer went on, till one morning, as I was sketching with her—Do you know the old bridge just beyond the park?"

"It was swept away in the flood about ten years ago, and papa built a new one."

"You shall see my picture of it when we go to London. It was a capital bit of work for a beginner, and Nellie and I used to sit down in the meadow by the river bank, just where the sweep of the three arches could be best seen. This was our last visit, for the picture was finished; and I remember she was looking at it, very proud of her work, when I told what we had both of us known for so many happy summer days. And that evening, when the lessons were over, I went to her father in the library and made my confession. Of course I knew he would be angry—I expected that; but he would not listen to me—he was like a madman. Do you know I cannot go into that end of the library now without seeing a vision of him standing up at the great table shaking his hands at me in blind rage. His daughter was promised to a man who could maintain her—he meant Mr. Scott of Woodlands—she was not for a penniless adventurer, and he ordered me from the house. I left it that night without seeing Nellie again; but I wrote to her from the village before I went up to London. I had an answer—a few hasty words begging me not to write again. There were marks of tears on the page—her gentle soul was not fit to bear such trouble. I went to London, half wild; without any fixed plan, and just as things looked darkest a great stroke of luck befell me. I was offered an appointment in Rome at a capital

salary, the only conditions being that I should be ready to begin my duties in a month and bind myself to remain in Rome for four years. I accepted the offer at once, and came down here to fetch my wife. I watched for her on Sunday afternoon, for she always went to church alone and came home across the Park. It was just here that I met her, poor, darling, looking so sad, her face robbed of its bright bloom. We had a long talk, till she grew frightened of being missed and hurried away—but not before she had promised to go with me to Italy."

The artist stopped here with a sigh, and then, looking at Janie, said, with a smile—

"You think she was wrong?"

"Oh, I—I don't know. Please tell me the rest."

"Ah, you do think it wrong, and so did Nellie; but when I put it all before her, she could not say me nay; and we settled that she should come to my cousin's house in London, be married from there, and then go straight to Italy. She took one of the servants into her confidence—it was necessary to do that—and on the day appointed she left the house just at dawn—left it, as she thought, for years. I was waiting for her in the park, and we walked across the moor to catch the first train at Rylands, and so reach London by eight o'clock. Fancy, darling, what a walk that was for her, leaving her house like a criminal, expecting every moment to hear the sound of her father's angry voice behind her. But we got safely to the station and started on our journey without seeing a face that we knew. Nellie's spirits rose, and she felt safer when my dear old cousin Anna—whom you must love, Janie—received her with eager welcome. We had some breakfast, or rather drank some coffee, for we could not touch any of the dainty eatables provided for us, and then Nellie changed her dress for something more fit for a wedding—something very quiet and simple—and we drove to the church. I have no clear idea of anything happening till we stood together at the chancel-rails and I took her hand in mine and felt that all our troubles were over. But it was too soon to feel secure, for just as the clergyman began the service, he was interrupted by hasty footsteps entering the church, and a loud voice raised to forbid the marriage. It was Nellie's father, and behind him was Mr. Scott, with a smile on his face which told me that I had to thank him for discovering our plans. They took her away from me, scarcely granting a moment to say good-bye. But that moment was enough for me to remind her that two years would give her power to act for herself. I claimed no promise of faithfulness, for I knew I could trust her. They took her away; I could do nothing."

"Oh, how cruel! How could you bear it?"

"I don't know. It was like being stunned by a heavy blow; for a time the sense of pain was crushed out by the shock. But the cruellest experience of all was that I could not hear a word of her. I wrote again and again; but your father was in India, and her other brothers were but boys, and there was no one to take my part. She was watched continually, some old hag in Mr. Scott's pay was with her always. Pity her, Janie, spending the long dreary days here where you have been so happy. She spent hours in the garden, I learned afterwards, tending her flowers, till she grew too weak to do anything but lie on the sofa by the window and look at the sky. I was in Italy making a home for her. It was so bright and tasteful; all the little things I knew she liked I gathered together, and was almost happy in the work. The two years passed, and I got the few weeks holiday I had bargained for, and started to bring her home. I could not sleep, I could not rest; a feverish anxiety had seized me; and I travelled day and night till Rylands was reached, and only a mile or two parted us. I could not ask after her—something checked my speech—and I started off to walk once more across the moor. You know the way, Janie—over the moor, down the long meadow by the bridge, and through the churchyard. It was a sunny evening, and as I crossed between the graves the sunlight shone on a white cross just off the path. You know it, Janie; it was quite new then, and the letters were freshly cut. I read them at a glance—Nellie's name! She had died a month before."

Janie could not bear to hear any more, her tears had long been running silently down her cheeks, and now her composure broke down altogether.

"Don't—don't cry so, Janie. Dear Nellie has been all these years in Heaven, and you have come to make it all up to me. But you can understand now why on that first evening your eyes had such a charm for me—the only eyes I cared to look into since she was lost to me. I loved you first for Nellie's sake; but I wooed and won you for your own, my darling!"

And at his eager words the painful feeling of jealousy of the dead that had been in Janie's heart as she listened to the story, died away forever.

UPON the suggestion of M. Cochery, the French Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, it has been arranged that four special representations of opera and ballet shall be given at the Grand Opera, at which the entire house, including the stage, will be illuminated by the electric light.

M. Jules Coken has composed for the occasion a cantata commencing with the words "Terre, éclairé-toi!" The first two representations will be open only to those distinguished persons who are specially invited.

**A GIRL'S AFTER-SINGING.**

When I was a wee white maiden,  
I was my mother's delight;  
She plaited my yellow tresses  
And she cuddled me close at night.  
But once I woke in her clasp  
And felt that her arms were chill,  
And they took me away from my mother  
Because she lay so still.  
The buttercups shine to the meadow,  
And her grave is wet with dew,  
A sparrow is chirping near it,  
Alas! what shall I do?

Love came and sought me and found me:  
He entreated me passing fair;  
It was for him that I bridled  
The jessamine into my hair.  
He pelted me once with a rosebud  
When I stooped to where it lay;  
He departed and only left me  
The flower that he flung away.  
The bloom is all over the orchard,  
While I sit here and sew,  
So sorry for sweet loves going,  
Alas! what shall I do?

Pale Christ! I'll put thy betrayal  
T'wixt me and my miserable twin;  
Thou wert forsaken—and I am  
A motherless creature in pain.  
Dear God! I will take thy pity  
And wrap it about my life;  
O, let me be thy little one,  
Since I'll be no man's wife.

HOWARD GLYNDOX.

**A NOVEMBER PROLIC.**

To-day is a genuine November day. The air is keenly cold, the sky is clear of clouds; the sun shines as clear as a diamond, its rays yielding the same amount of heat; the roads are hard and gray; the wind comes in overpowering gusts, taking up the dust and sending it in flying volumes through every street. It has all the peculiarities which have distinguished this wind above the wind of any other month since time began. Chief among these is the quality of not appearing when expected, and of not being expected when it does appear. This wind is holding high carnival to-day. It is rattling the windows, and trying the doors, and investigating ash-heaps, and carrying pails from the back stoops. It is playing all sorts of strange music around the corners and through the trees. It is thundering over the meadows, and dancing giddily through the streets. It is such a free-and-easy wind, such an impudent trifier with the property of others.

We hardly dare say how many hats have crossed the perspective from our window and gone rolling down the street in the last half-hour, but it seems as if there had been an almost unbroken procession of them.

There is a dreadful fascination in observing them,—in seeing a hat appear, and immediately behind it the owner. So closely does he follow upon it that there is bare chance from seeing the hat to speculate as to what sort of a person the wearer must be, when he appears on the scene himself.

The first hat belonged to a boy. It was a little hat with a very round crown and a stiff brim, and it sailed along on the brim. The owner thereof was close upon it, putting in his very best, and making both of his legs appear like twenty legs in the rapidity of their movements. He finally captured it by the ingenious device of jumping on it with both feet. Then he picked it up, brushed it off with his elbow, slapped it on to his head, and immediately put after another boy on whose face he just then detected a dishonest smile.

Then came a large soft hat, whirling swiftly, and following it was a cloud of dust, and in the cloud, like some improved allegory, was the owner of the hat. He was a farmer in appearance, and wore a coat so long in its skirts as to greatly impede the free and graceful action of his limbs. His lips were tight together, and his hands clenched, as if he were completely immersed in intense thought, as he undoubtedly was. The hat struck against a post and settled there, and he made a spiteful dive for it, and then it lifted up and moved on, and he started off after it, and both passed out of sight. Perhaps the wind may go down with the sun.

It is just as well he got away as he did, for immediately after two hats came rolling along over and over, and two men, puffing and blowing, and very mad, as every motion indicated, came dashing after them. Just then a boy's hat appeared, and being either lighter, or more favourable to the wind than the others, speedily overtook them, and the boy himself made such remarkable headway that he was soon up to the men, very much to their disgust, as his wild appearance and yells added none whatever to the dignity of their position. For an instant the three were abreast, and then the boy went ahead, and at the same time his hat rolled over and stopped. One more bound and he was to it, and throwing himself down to secure it, threw himself exactly in the way of the two flying men. There was no time to stop; there was no time to think. In a flash the two went over him, a fierce gust of dust enveloped them, and through the maze, on which the clear sunlight fell and transformed the atoms into gold, there appeared an incredible number of arms and legs cutting the air and smiling at each other in hopeless confusion. Then the scuffling being over the two men got up on their feet and glared at each other with inflamed passion distorting their faces, in absence of any opportunity to vent their wrath on the boy, who, by that mysterious process peculiar to boys, had secured his hat and prudently retired to a safe distance. What the two men would have done unto each

other had there been the chance, is not known, but the loss of their hats happening to strike them simultaneously, they at once put off after them, running side by side with delightful harmony.

As we close this little sketch we glance again out of the window. A silk hat is rolling by. Like a porpoise it rolls from side to side, and tumbles ahead. In active pursuit is a tall man with elongated face. He is dressed in the extreme of fashion. He is a city man, and his clothes are city made. He did not come here to show them, but now that he is here he is glad to display them, and is satisfied to bask in the sunshine of the peasantry's admiration. At this present moment he is not basking, although the sunshine is in abundance, as the peasantry are on the corners, on the hotel porch, in the post-office door, before the saloon, looking upon him with all the eyes they possess, and admiring and enjoying him as he can never hope to be admired and enjoyed again in his life. And his flushed face shows that he knows he is doing something that interests and comforts them. He has a very red face, and very staring eyes, and a very murderous expression generally. The cruel wind has wrenched his hair from its pomade fastenings and thrown it over his eyes and across his ears, and wrong way up the back of his head. It has sent the tails of his coat to the front in a very undignified manner. It has blown his trousers legs to the front also, filling them out like belling sails, and leaving at the back an unexpected thinness of shank to the astonished view of the beholder.

He ran with all his strength, and while he ran the peasantry cheered and shouted and laughed. Every few strides he would pause and invite the peasantry to step out in the road and have their several heads knocked off. Then he would go on again. And so he has passed from sight and from the town, with life before him and the grand Atlantic but twenty-two miles ahead.

**A MISPLACED JUDGMENT.**

Some one living on the second floor of the double tenement on Nelson street placed a pan of baked beans in a window to cool. A few minutes later a horse attached to a coal cart backed in front of the place, and refused to go. The driver laid on the lash, but the animal would not move on. It winced and jumped about in agony from the blows, but it would not advance. A portly gentleman passing on the walk, saw the trouble, and stopped. He was in sympathy with the animal, and indignant with the man. He expostulated with him, told him to use mild means, to try suasion, that he ought to be ashamed of himself for treating a dumb beast in that manner; that if he did not relent, and cease his brutal conduct, a fearful judgment would overtake him.

At this juncture a little girl came to the window to see what was the matter and she must have hit against the pan of beans, for almost immediately it slid from the window, and while the ben-volent gentleman was telling the coal man of the judgment to come, the pan descended bottom upwards, on his own devoted head, deluging him with its contents, taking his breath, and knocking him down on his hands and knees. The shock was so great and so unexpected that the unfortunate man was completely bewildered, and crawled away as fast as he could, knowing not where he was going, but instinctively seeking to get out of danger. He was a dreadful looking spectacle when he got up. He was beans the entire length of his person. They streamed down his back and legs, and the oily substance dripped from the brim of his hat, while riding securely on the crown was a pound piece of pork, clogged with beans.

The driver silently watched him until he got on his feet, and then shouted at him a,—

"If you hadn't stuck your nose in other people's business I'd come there an' help scrape you off, but now, cuss you, you can scrape yourself."

A woman who saw the accident invited the unhappy victim into her yard, where she helped him get off his coat, removed his hat and emptied it, and gave him a shingle to scrape off his pants with, and performed other kind offices suggested by her sweet, womanly nature.

It is pleasant to see such things, to find those whose hearts are full of tender sympathy, and whose hands turn to helpful acts.

The little girl didn't come down after the pan until the portly gentleman had got out of the neighbourhood.

**A GHOST AT NOON-DAY.**

The following sensational story we reprint from the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* :—

We have received the following extraordinary narrative from a correspondent for whose good faith and professional acuteness of observation we can vouch. He substantiates his story with full details of dates, names and places, which, however, for the sakes of his survivors, he does not wish to be published. Without any further preface, we lay his letter before our readers :—As my wife and I were sitting at breakfast with a guest whom I will call Mr. A.—then on a visit for the first time to our house and neighbourhood—our maid-servant passed out of the room on her way to the kitchen. As she closed the door Mr. A. startled me by saying, "I saw a spirit of a man following that woman, who, as he passed, said distinctly in my hearing, 'God judgeth not as man judgeth. I was innocent of

the murder for which I have been hanged. I was there, but I did not strike the blow.'" "What is it like?" I asked. He replied by describing a young Irishman whom I recognized at once as the husband of my domestic, who a year or two before had been executed on the charge of murder. Mr. A., a complete stranger to the locality, had only met me for the first time two days before, and he was totally ignorant of the crime in which my servant was so deeply interested. For obvious reasons the subject was never alluded to in our household, where the widow was regarded with feelings of sympathy, which led us to avoid as much as possible all reference to her husband's fate. I had previously good reason to doubt whether the evidence against him justified his execution. He had died protesting his innocence. His wife and friends were firmly convinced that, although he had been in the fight, it was not by his hand the fatal blow had been dealt. In addition to this, I had good reason to believe that the real murderer was still at large. You can easily imagine my astonishment when Mr. A., thus suddenly ventured upon forbidden ground, and abruptly declared that the spirit of a man who had suffered the capital penalty and whose personal appearance exactly coincided with that of the unfortunate Irishman, was actually following the servant about the house proclaiming his innocence in accents which, although inaudible to me, my guest declared were perfectly audible to him. I had heard that Mr. A. had been a "seer," but I was not a little startled at this striking illustration of his peculiar faculty. I remarked that it was very strange, and informed him that the woman whom he had just seen for the first time with her ghostly companion was really the widow of an executed felon. Some time afterward he exclaimed—"There he is again, repeating the same words!" Intensely interested by his sudden and apparently supernatural confirmation of my suspicions, I determined to put the seership of my guest to what I regarded as a crucial test. I told Mr. A. that shortly afterward I was going into the town, and as I should be passing the spot where the murder was committed perhaps his ghostly visitant might indicate the place where the deed was done. Some time afterward we started for the town. When we left the house Mr. A. remarked, "There he is following us," alluding to the "spirit." When we had proceeded part of the way along the road, which was quite unknown to my friend, I made a detour to make a business call and went along another street, Mr. A. following me. Just as, without a word on my part, we were turning out of the main road, Mr. A. said, "The spirit is standing at the corner. He says we are not going the right way toward the place where the murder was committed, and which he has promised to point out to me." I replied, "Oh, we shall come out in the main road again by and by before we reach the spot." We proceeded on about a quarter of a mile, and having done my business and struck the main road again—which differed, I may remark, from none of the other roads we had traversed—Mr. A. soon after declared, "There is that man just on there, waiting for us." As we continued our walk, I purposely refrained from uttering a word, or even from thinking, as far as I could, about the murder, so as to prevent any possibility of my companion obtaining any clue. As we were passing through one of the lowest parts of the town Mr. A. suddenly exclaimed—"he tells me that it was here the murder was committed. It was just there (pointing to the place in the road where the murdered man fell.) I see the hubbub and confusion rise up before me as a picture, with the people round. He, however, again tells me that he did not strike the fatal blow. He does not excuse himself from being morally guilty as being mixed up with those who accomplished the death of the man, but strongly maintains he was not the murderer." I will only add in relation to the last incident that Mr. A. described the exact spot where the murder was committed, and the circumstances in connection therewith. How can you account for that? Mr. A. had never been in the town before; he had never lived within a couple of hundred miles of it; he did not know till within a day or two before he arrived that he would ever visit it; he could not by any possibility have known that the poor woman in my employ was the widow of the man who was hanged. He had no conceivable interest in deceiving me, nor was he concerned to prosecute the matter any further. I have in vain attempted to account for his story, nor can I on any of the popular hypotheses explain to my own satisfaction how he saw that ghost at noon-day.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.—Dickens used to maintain that whatever trials or difficulties might overtake a man there was always something to be thankful for, "in proof whereof" he would say, "let me relate a story." Two men were to be hung at Newgate for murder. The morning arrived; the ropes were adjusted around the poor men's necks; there were thousands of motley sight-seers of all ages, men, women and children in front of the scaffold; when a bull which was being driven to Smithfield broke its rope, and charged the mob right and left, scattering people everywhere with its horns. Whereupon one of the condemned men turned to his equally unfortunate companion and quietly observed, "I say, Jack, it's a good thing we ain't in that crowd."

ATHLETIC AND HEALTH.—Violent athletics are with many people a favourite mode of amusement. This is especially the case at the universities, where many young men exclusively devote their lives to aquatics, rack-ets, and cricket. They regard as an idle legend the idea that the universities were primarily intended as places of instruction, and regard them as being exclusively places of amusement. Now, a warning note should be sounded on this matter. The greatest commanders declare that the athletes make the worst kind of soldiers. They complained that vast muscle and small wit generally went together; and in our own days the soldier has as much need of wit as of muscle. Galen, the great physician, was strongly in favour of exercising his body, but he set his face against athletics. "He declares the state of health of professional athletes to be most deceptive and precarious, and their strength to be of no use for any sound and practical purpose."—*London Society*.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S ADVICE.—Charlotte Cushman discouraged women as far as she could from adopting the stage as a profession. She was accustomed to say that for the candidate who has beauty there is moral ruin as a reward, and when her personal attractions are poor then her career is one long, disheartening struggle, ending generally in failure. She attributed her success to her wonderful physical health. Her mind was masculine, and her physique was one rarely given to woman. One day when a friend was admiring her jewels, which were valuable and beautiful, though not numerous, she said:—"I had no beauty to bring those gifts to me from others—I bought them myself." The grim humour, not merely of tone, but of expression, perceptible as she spoke, while holding the jewels up to the light, can be understood by the few who knew her well.

DISAGREEABLE HABITS.—Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up come at first from mere accident, or want of thought. They might easily be dropped, but they are persisted in until they become second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them. There are disagreeable habits of body, like scowling, winking, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key, or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing or twisting a chair or whatever you lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. Learn to sit quietly like a gentleman, we were going to say, but we are afraid girls fall into such tricks sometimes. There are much worse habits than these, to be sure; but we are speaking only of these little things that are only annoying when they are persisted in. There are habits of speech also, such as beginning every speech with "you see," or "you know," "now-a," "I don't care," "tell ye what," "teli ye now," indistinct utterance, sharp nasal tones; avoid them all. Stop and think what you are going to say, and then let every word drop from your lips just as perfect as a new silver coin. Have a care about your way of sitting and standing and walking. Before you know it you will find that your habits have hardened into a coat of mail that you cannot get rid of without a terrible effort.

**LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.**

THE Boston book trade is reported as "booming," with new volumes issuing rapidly from the press. KNOWLEDGE is an announced new scientific journal of London, which Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, will edit.

MRS. OLIPHANT is writing a "Literary History of the Nineteenth Century," which Macmillan & Co. will issue during the present season.

SMITH, ELDER & Co., London, announce the issue next month of the birth-day book designed by H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice.

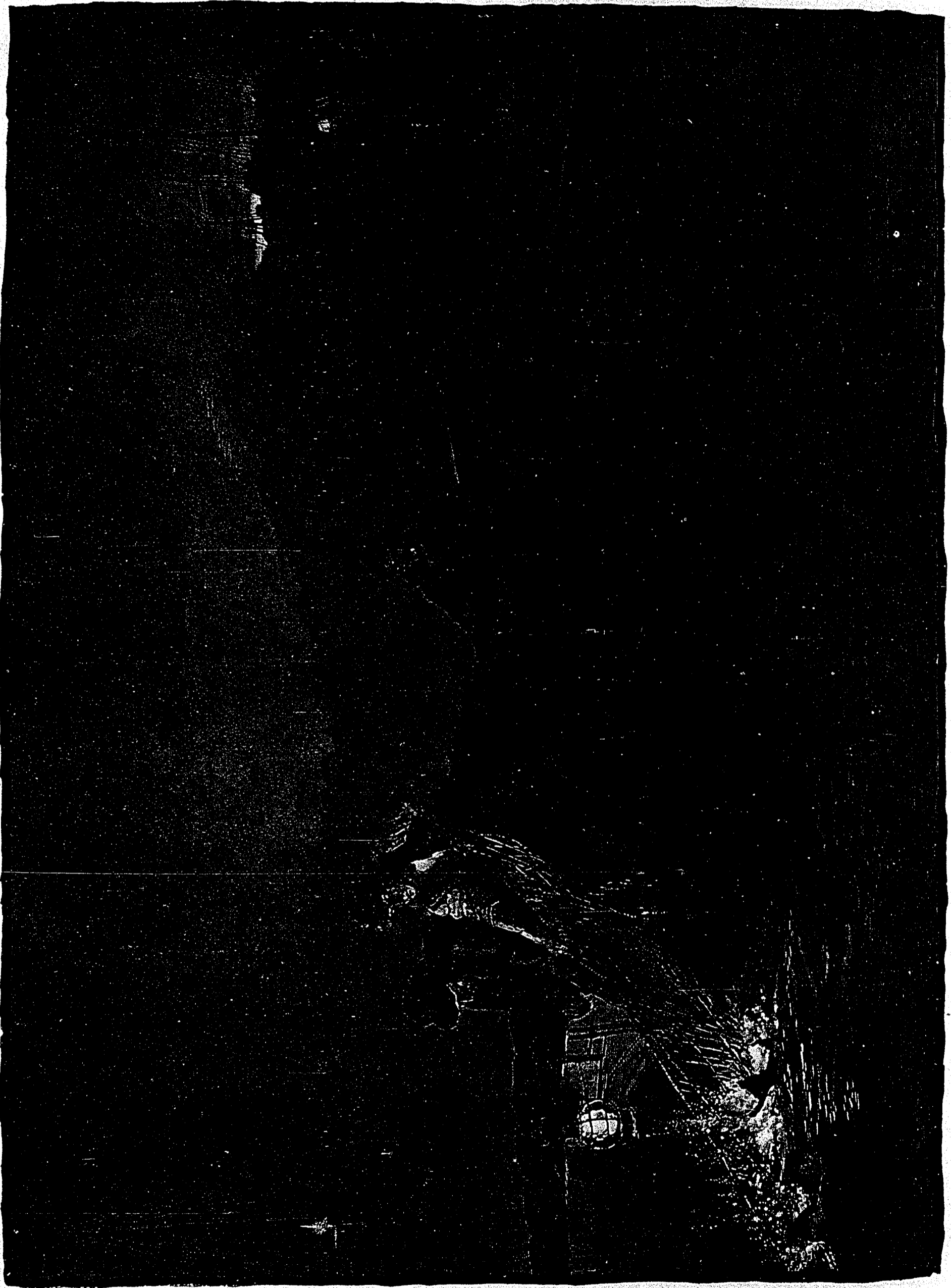
A NEW daily newspaper is to be started in Edinburgh. It is to be democratic and liberal in its tone, and to give particular attention to church matters.

THE two initial volumes in the new edition of Dr. Holland's works, just ready, by the Messrs. Scribner, were announced for publication on the day of his burial.

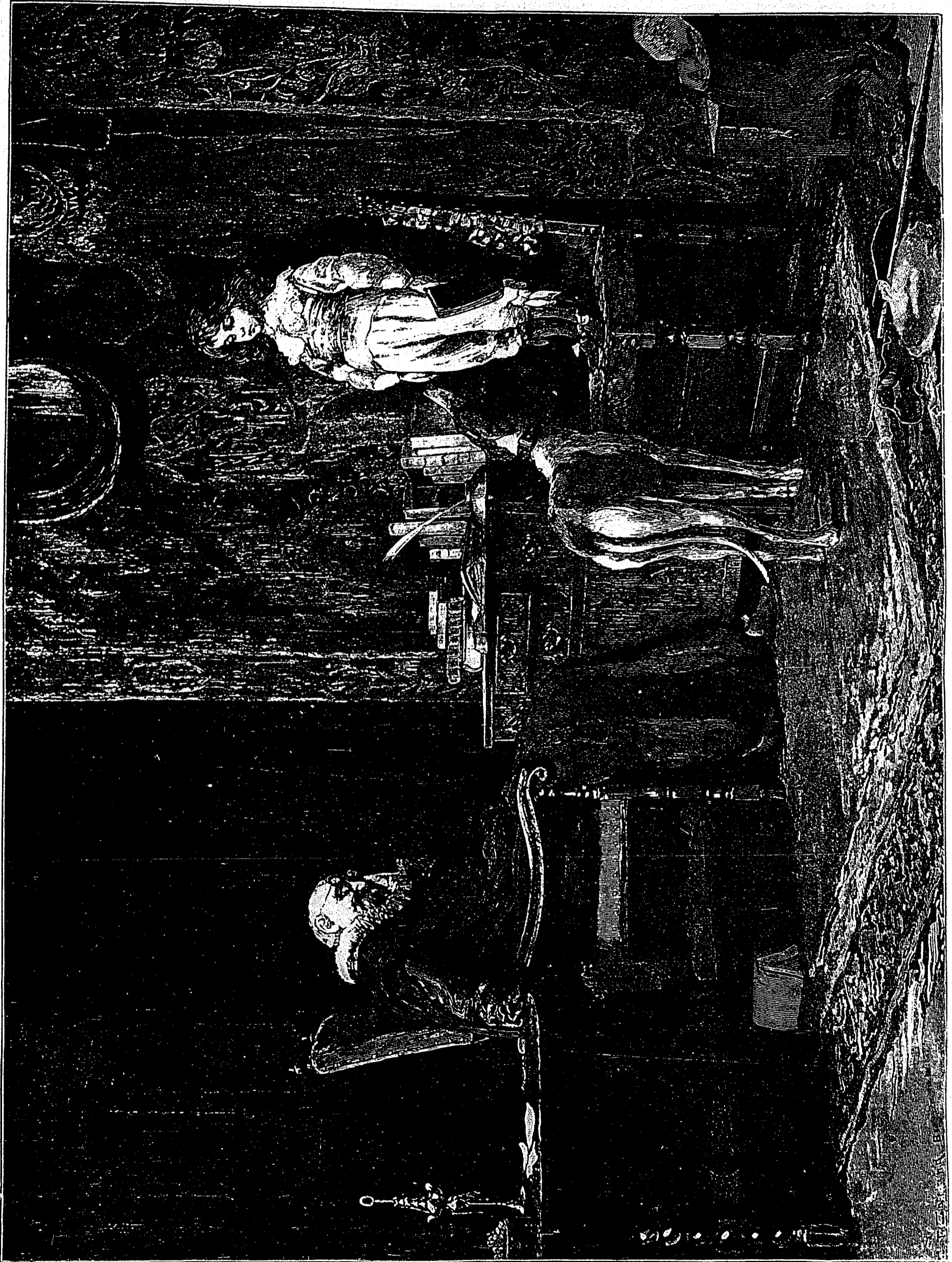
MR. SWINBURNE'S new tragedy, "Queen Mary," the third part of the trilogy on the life and death of the Scottish Queen is in the press, and will be published in about a month.

M. LOUIS RATISBONNE, at the Vienna Literary Congress, proposed a petition to the Czar for the pardon of the Russian novelist, Jeneral Ckewski, who has been eighteen years in Siberia. The Czar is inclined to accede to the request.

COUNTERACTING A TENDENCY TO CONSUMPTION.—It is well understood by medical pathologists that a tendency to consumption may be transmitted from parent to child. To overcome this tendency is a task to which the ordinary resources of medical science too frequently prove inadequate. There is, however, a means of counteracting it, to the reliability of which physicians themselves have repeated by borne testimony. Not only has it been demonstrated by results there is no disputing, that Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is a prompt and thorough means of relief when the lungs are already affected, but the proofs are equally positive that it imparts a degree of vigor to the breathing organs, which is the best guarantee against their becoming diseased. The constituents, phosphorus, lime and soda, are important elements in the physical structure, and these it supplies in a harmonious and easily assimilated form. A speedy gain in strength and flesh follows its use in all cases where the lungs are not hopelessly diseased. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.



THE LAST CATCH OF THE SEASON.—DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE.



THE NAUGHTY BOY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY O. T. GARLAND IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## CHRISTOPHE.

"King Henri is King Stephen's peer,  
His breeches coat him but a crown!"  
So from the old world came the jeer  
Of them who hunted Toussaint down:  
But what was he,—this slave that swept  
The shambles, then to greatness leapt?  
Their counterfeit in bronze, a thing  
To mock,—or every inch a king?

On San-Souci's defiant wall  
His people saw, against the sky,  
Christophe,—a shape the height of Saul,—  
A chief who brooked no rivals nigh.  
Right well he sped the antique state,  
His birth was mean, his heart was great;  
No azure filled his veins,—instead  
The Afric torrent, hot and red.

He built far up the mountain-side  
A royal keep, and walled it round  
With towers the palm-tops could not hide;  
The ramparts toward ocean frowned;  
Beneath, within the rock-hewn hold,  
He heaped a monarch's store of gold.  
He made his nobles in a breath;  
He held the power of life and death;

And here through torrid years he ruled  
The Haytian horde, a despot king,—  
Mocked Europe's pomp,—her minions schooled  
In trade and war and parleying,—  
Yet reared his dusky heirs in vain:  
To end the drama, Fate grew fain,—  
Uprose a rebel tide, and flowed  
Close to the threshold where he strode.

"And now the Black must exit make,  
A craven at the last," they say:  
Not so,—Christophe his leave will take  
The long untroubled Roman way.  
"Ho! Ho!" cried he, "the day is done,  
And I go down with the tropic sun!"  
A pistol-shot,—no sign of fear,  
So died Christophe without a peer.

—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, in the Century.

## A STABLE POEM.

A decided change has taken place in Slim Jim. Slim Jim is the help at Marshall's livery stables. He is a young man twenty-six years old. He has been in the stables for four years, and is admirably qualified to perform the multifarious duties belonging to the situation. From association and sympathy he has mastered all the details of the business, and is really invaluable to Mr. Marshall. He knows every horse in Danbury, knows its weaknesses, can tell a defect as soon as he sees the possessor of it, and has a very good idea of horse medicines. Slim Jim wears loud colours, his hair cut short, no beard, no suspenders, the finest of fine boots with high heels, and the pantaloons legs rolled tastefully at the bottoms. Slim Jim is rather proud of his boots, and rests in comfort as to the rest of his form. He is a fair hand at cards, proficient in profanity, rather graceful in lounging, and when not on duty is adorning some neighbouring bar. Wherever Jim is, he talks horse. Horse is his hobby. He is the most masculine of men. He quite frequently drives out ladies, but it is evident to the most casual observer that the horses, not the load, engross his whole attention. He apparently has none of the finer qualities of mind and heart. He never notices flowers, nor birds, nor cloud formations; neither does he speak of running brooks, or mossy dells, or science, or poetry. Even his cards and drinking and lounging and figure are all subordinate to this one subject, the horse. He has no sympathies beyond this. He has had no life separate from it. Although young in years, he is old in feelings, old in expression of those feelings. Whatever he does to display himself is done to gain the admiration of his own sex. He drinks, he drives, and talks, and dresses, and postures for the sake of exciting their envy. The last woman might be in the crater of Vesuvius, painting birds on dust-pan handles, so far as he is concerned.

But a change has come over Slim Jim. He is not so much in bar-rooms as in front of them now. There is a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes. He puts on his coat when leaving the stables, and unless talking strictly horse, is subject to spells of absent-mindedness. He is less coarse, less blustering, and more subdued in his profanity. He drinks less, and differently; not throwing it down with the careless indifference of a veteran, but rather sipping it thoughtfully, like as one who may be pre-occupied by far weightier matters. He is gentler, too, in his work, and closely attentive to the ladies who come in his care, and more observant of lawns, and stores, and the style as affected by the better classes. A new world has opened up to Slim Jim,—a world that, until recently, has been veiled in a great darkness before his eyes. The cause of this marvellous change in Slim Jim works in one of our hat factories. She is seventeen years old, apparently, and a spry-looking, bright-eyed girl. We saw her go by the office the other day, and we saw Jim with her, and then we understood at a glance the secret of the great change which had fallen upon our horse friend. There was something very interesting in this spectacle, and something beautiful in the conduct of Slim Jim, it was so tender and respectful. There were about four feet of space between them, but if it had been miles instead, there was a light in his eye which showed that his heart spanned the distance. She walked with her head slightly bent, but not so much so as to hide the pleased expression of her face. His face was radiant. It was not much he was saying, as his lips moved but little, but it was evident that he was seriously impairing the strength of his eyes, in trying to take in all the glory of her fresh young face, with those organs looking straight ahead. If anything, there was more colour in his face than in hers, but he un-

doubtedly believed the public was unaware of it. When he got opposite the stables, he left her to cross the street, and almost pushed her over in his trepidation. Slim Jim is submerged in a sweet dream, and amid its golden glories he is losing his identity. He almost went to church with her last Sunday night. That is, he casually overtook her on her return, a short distance from the door of the temple, and accompanied her home. In a very short time he will be standing in the porch waiting for the close of the service, and later still will be found holding a hymn-book with her in a back pew.

## TRAITS OF ENGLISH SOCIETY.

Many Americans who have recently returned from Europe and who, during their visit have gone into the best circles of English society, will have been struck with the marked difference which exist there between the great middle class and the upper ten thousand. A cultured American family will feel themselves more at home, more at their ease at a garden party at Holland House or Strawberry Hill under its late mistress than at any of the palatial residences built by wealthy merchants which surround London. There is a tendency on the part of writers of a lower stamp in this country to deride the sympathy which undoubtedly exists between a well-bred American and the English aristocracy. It is said that the American is out of place in the "gilded saloons of territorial splendor," that these things are unsuited to the natural simplicity of republican manners, and that for an American citizen to associate with an English peer is to violate all the principles under which the nation has grown to its present position and to throw dust and ashes on the stepping stones which have made America what it is. We have neither time nor inclination to enter into a contest of words with the O'Grady and O'Briens, who write this rhodomoutade, but the question why the well-bred American feels himself more at home in Mayfair than at Kensington or Wimbledon is one of interest and deserves to be answered. And here let us say that we do not wish to depreciate the trading community of London when we remark that there is no comparison between the culture of the two classes in the two countries. The trading class in England are as a rule heavy, unimaginative, without conversation and with very little taste, anxious to spend money but with no idea how to do so to advantage. The display of wealth, unrestrained by culture or taste, is glaring, offensive and repellant. The vulgarity of such people is but the more repugnant for being heavily gilded. At their assemblies there is a dull tone of oppression. No one is at his ease. No one is at home. Nobody knows what to say or how to say it. The tact of manner is utterly wanting and with the desire to make every one comfortable it only ends in making every one supremely uncomfortable. For let it be said in a whisper, the Englishman of this class has a suspicion of his own imperfections and fears you will find it out. He is aware that his manners are *garuche*, that his grammar is faulty, that his wife drops her aspirates and that his son and daughter, who have been to good schools, know it and make fun of their parents. Society is terrible to these people, but they must go through with it.

Now contrast one of these dull, heavy assemblies with a reception by the Countess of L. in Mayfair. Here everything is bright, cheerful, and one's eyes is fascinated not so much by the costliness of the surroundings as by the beauty; as Ruskin would say, we recognize the lamp of sacrifice and the lamp of beauty. And look at the guests. Are they not another order of beings? Everybody at ease, meeting with as much *nonchalance* as if no one else were present, the infinity of tact of the hostess who receives, says a word, and passes every one on to feel perfectly at home, cheerful, exhilarated if you will, and yet not a tone, not a gesture that is not graceful and gentle. What is it that underlies and produces all this? It is that culture which years and generations have produced in the best London society.

That which Americans have by instinct, the British aristocracy have by nature. The courtesy, the ease without assumption, the absence of *mauvaise honte*, the disposition and the capacity to say the right thing to every one and to refrain from saying the wrong thing, are qualifications without which good society cannot exist. And they require no ordinary talent. To remember where you met people last, to select topics of conversation which put them at their ease and make them feel no inferiority, to inquire about absent friends, to discuss subjects of mutual interest, to be particularly careful to take such notice of strangers and new comers that they are made quite at home, this is the result of culture, and culture trained through many generations, and to find it in its highest order we must look for it in the drawing-rooms of the English aristocracy. In the same degree we shall find it nowhere else. With all this the cultured American has an instinctive sympathy. The gentleness of manner, softness of voice, absence of all vulgarity or swagger, all these things come home to him and make him feel at home. Probably the most remarkable instance of this tact in society is the present Prince of Wales. His royal highness possesses, in a degree which has never been surpassed, the faculty of recollecting every one he has ever met, of the associations of the meeting, and of every topic of interest peculiar to the situation. When he goes down to the Guildhall he recollects Mr. Alderman Gobble and Sir Benjamin Bumble as

well as if he were a common councilman of London. At Landingham he knows every tenant and their families. He never forgets and never mistakes. No doubt this is an inherited talent. The late Prince Albert was remarkable for the same faculty. We simply cite his royal highness as a pattern instance of this peculiar talent, and which, when combined with grace of manner and a rare intellectual power of conversation, go to form what may be termed the talent of society. The influence of this atmosphere of culture is sensibly felt. The combative dispositions of the character seem to die away. No one contradicts, no one argues. If your views are not the same as another's you try to see where they agree instead of where they differ, and if you must differ you turn it off with a joke. Those who have never seen the very *crème de la crème* of society are apt to think that it consists in the grand houses, the titles, the magnificent surroundings, the costly furniture, the paintings, the works of art, and the embellishments of an all but royal home. But it is nothing of the kind. It is the culture, the delicacy of feeling, the instinct that never wounds or offends or asserts itself. Attitudes which are never ungraceful but always unstudied, a carriage of mingled dignity and courtesy. With all this the well-bred American is thoroughly in sympathy, and if he prefers the society of the upper ten to that of the great middle class in England, it is not because he runs after titles or toadies great names, but because he finds there an atmosphere of thought, feeling and culture entirely in sympathy with his own.—*Home Journal*.

## INDIAN NAMES.

Nomenclature amongst the Indians is apt to be exceedingly bewildering, both to themselves and everybody else, from the fact that one name, whether of a person or thing, never has the slightest distinct relation to any other. The uncivilized have evidently never met with the necessity of permanently identifying members of the same family; and in permitting the young man, just warrior-grown, to choose a name for himself, or compelling him by persistency either to keep the one he received before he knew it, or to accept the cognomen chosen for him by his associates, they are certainly carrying their ideas of native freedom to the utmost limit. To one unacquainted with the customs which dictate these names, the ridiculous and often apparently meaningless titles seem absurd freaks of fancy. This they often are, to be sure, but as frequently they have a significance which honors the man, if it does not designate his family. Ordinarily, however, the appellation he receives is obtained at random, and is likely to be changed any time, either by the wearer or his friends. In fact, it is quite the thing for a warrior to change his name after each exploit, always adopting some descriptive and complimentary title; or perhaps, —unfortunately for him,—in case of failure in an expedition, cowardice, or some evidence of weakness, he has it changed for him by his friends. All Indians, even great chiefs, seem to possess a very remarkable fondness for nicknaming; and while the leading man in the tribe may insist on being called by his own choice title, nothing prevents his being known and designated by a very different and perhaps uncomplimentary name. As deformities, peculiarities of character, or accidents to limb or feature often suggest fit names, it is sometimes impossible to know by the appellation whether the warrior is in contempt or honor amongst his associates. Strangely enough, too, however far from flattering the title of a warrior, he is sure to accept it sooner or later. There is a single approach to general custom in the naming of sons by their fathers, and daughters by the mothers. Daughters' names are never altered, and as married women do not take their husbands' names there is nothing in the appellation to indicate whether an Indian woman is married or single.

## A RACE FOR A WIFE.

No crime in Lapland, saving only that of murder, is punished more severely or summarily than is the marrying of a young woman against the express wishes of her parents. Those worse crimes are wholly unknown in that chilly, sombre clime. The blood of the people never boils, save with that anger or indignation which is inseparable from sense; and warmth of spirit is a thing called into being by the will rather than an involuntary passion, making the whole body captive.

A Lapland courtship is rather a pleasant conception, and one under which the rights of all are preserved. A young lady is not forced to look a suitor in the eye, and tell him she does not love him; nor shall she be forced to give her reasons for refusing. Nothing of the kind. The parents of the damsel, when her hand has been asked in marriage by one whom they are willing to accept, say to one another, "Now, see! If our daughter will have this man, we will accept him for a son. Let the case be decided, even as it was decided when Lulea of the Glen turned in her flight, and bowed the head to Lapp-Alten. It shall be done."

Accordingly, information is given to the damsel that a suitor has applied for her hand. Perhaps she knows the young man; while it may be that she has never seen him. However, on a day appointed, the damsel and her parents, with their chief friends, together with the suitor and his friends, come together, and sit at meat; the suitor and the object of his desires being

placed opposite to one another, so that they can converse freely, and each view the other's face.

When the feast is concluded the company repair to an open space, where the "race for a wife" is to be run. The distance marked off is generally about two English furlongs—or a quarter of a mile—and the girl is let out in advance of the starting point about the third of the whole distance, so that if she be at all fleet of foot, and so desires, she can easily avoid the suitor; for, if he does not overtake her before she reaches the end of the race she is free, and he may never trouble her again.

In this way, it may be seen, a modest maiden is spared all perplexity, or possible shame of refusal. If she does not wish the young man for a husband, she has but to keep her back to him, and make for the goal, where she is sure to reach if she wishes; while, on the other hand, if the suitor has pleased her, and she will have him, she has only to lag in her flight, and allow him to overtake her; and, if she is particularly struck—if she would signify to the lover that his love is returned—she can run a short distance, then stop and turn, and invite him with open arms.

The Lapps are not a moral people, nor excessively honest, but their marriage relations are, as a rule, happy and peaceful.

## VARIETIES.

Dr. J. G. Holland, whose editorship of Scribner's Monthly and numerous poetical and prose works have given him a wide celebrity, died suddenly last Wednesday of heart disease, in his sixty-third year. Dr. Holland began his literary career as an editor on the staff of the *Springfield Republican*. He first became known to the general public in 1858, by his "Letters to the Young by Timothy Titcomb," which was followed a few months later by his poem "Bitter-Sweet." In 1859 appeared "Gold Foil," and in 1860 a novel entitled "Miss Gilbert's Career;" in 1860 "Lessons in Life;" in 1863 "Letters to the Joneses;" in 1865 "Plain Talk on Familiar Subjects;" in 1866 "The Life of Lincoln;" in 1867 "Kathrina," a poem. In 1872 "The Marble Prophecy;" in 1873 "Arthur Bonnicastle" and "Garnered Sheaves," a collection of Poems printed, and in 1874 "The Mistress of the Manse." His latest works were "Sevenoaks" and "Nicholas Minturn." Of the "Titcomb Letters," sixty-one thousand copies have been sold; of "Bitter-Sweet," ninety thousand. Few authors have been more widely read in their life-time. His editorship of *Scribner's Monthly* showed the same literary facility and tact, the same knowledge of the average taste of the reading public, and the same devotion to popular culture which characterized his earlier essays. Dr. Holland married Miss Elizabeth Chapin, of Springfield, when he was twenty-two years of age. He leaves two unmarried daughters and a son, Theodore Holland who is a member of the senior class of Yale College.

A WRITER in the *Evening* makes some queer remarks about the change of fashion in the matter of feminine physique. Not long ago thin women were all the rage. The more slender and diaphanous a woman was, the greater was her empire. Now, opulence and rotundity of body and limb has become the fashion, anemic or consumptive women have no chance. It is a curious fact that the theatres that succeed are those where the actresses are plump. Let us enter into details. At the Opéra the public favourites are Mmes. Krauss, Dufrane, Richard, Montalba, all fat women. In the ballet Singalli, Mauri, Righetti, Piron, Monchani Ottolini, and Still all fill up their dresses. At the Comédie-Française Mlle. Croizette is superbly stout, so, too, is Madeleine Brohan. Then follow Mmes. Riquier, Provost-Ponsin, and Mlle. Lloyd, who was made a *sociétaire* as soon as she began to fill out. At the Opéra-Comique Mlle. Issac is queen. At the Odéon all the women are thin, and the theatre is one of the most unfortunate in Paris, with the exception of the Gymnase, where all the women are also thin. At the Vaudeville, Mlle. Pierson is plump enough to secure success. At the Ambigu Mlles. Massin and Brévallet need reinforcements. At the Porte Saint-Martin there are some enormous women, and the success of the theatre corresponds. At the Renaissance the fat women are in the minority, and the success of the theatre is not nearly so brilliant as it was. At the Bouffes the delicious Montazon, at the Palais-Royal Charvet, Darvicoirt, Miette, and Mathilde; at the Nouveautés Raymond and Bode, at the Comédie-Parisienne Marie Colombier, are sure pledges of success. At the Variétés, the most successful theatre in Paris, who are the women? Judic, Théo, Baumaine, Châtons, Holtun—all fat!

THE last literary work done by the late Dr. Holland was a short poem for the "Youth's Companion," which was not published until after his death, and now carries a peculiar interest with it. The lines are as follows:

If life awake and will never cease  
On the future's distant shore,  
And the rose of love and the lily of peace  
Shall bloom there for evermore.

Let the world go round and round,  
And the sun sink into the sea;  
For whether I'm on or under the ground,  
Oh! what will it matter to me?

HALLOWE'EN.

OCTOBER AND ITS SUPERSTITIONS.

A good October and a good blast, To blow the hog scorn and mast,

So runs the old distich. With October, the tenth month of the Christian year, the autumn is fully accomplished. The days draw rapidly in; we begin to take tea by candle-light; we look up our warm clothing; in the evening we sit beside the fire, and cooily prepare for the coming winter.

October derives its name from the Latin Octo, eight, and imber, a shower. The zodiacal sign of the month is Scorpio, the Scorpion. During the thirty-one days great and sometimes violent changes of weather are observable; but in most years the temperature of October is mild and balmy—a sort of resting-time between the summer and winter.

In the folk-lore of Great Britain the most notable day in October is the last—Hallowe'en, the evening before All Saints' Day. In rural districts, and especially in Scotland, many are its fireside customs and observances. Nuts and apples are in great requisition—so much so, that in Northern England Hallowe'en is known as Nut crack Night. Nuts are not only cracked and eaten, but they are made the means of prophecy or divination by young men and maidens. In the well-known poems of Robert Burns we learn that the burning of nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn the course and issue of the courtship will be. In Ireland the young girls, when they would know if their lovers are true and faithful, put three nuts upon the bars of the fire-grate, and as they do so, call the nuts by the names of their sweethearts. If a nut cracks or jumps, then the swain's love is doubtful; if it burns or blazes, then he has true regard for the maiden. If the nuts burn together, the young men and maidens will be united in true marriage ties. Similar customs obtain in rural England. Gay, in his "Spell," says:—

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame, And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name: The nut with the loudest bounce me sore amazed, That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd, As blazed the nut so may thy passion grow, For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

It is remarkable indeed how the Hallowe'en customs are retained from year to year, and century to century, and much in the same fashion.

In the south of England at this period of the year it is regarded as unlucky for a bride about to go to church to look in the glass after she is completely dressed. Hence, very great care is taken to put on a glove, or some article after the last lingering and reluctant look has been taken in the mirror. The idea is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking-glass will be unlucky when married.

The custom of throwing the peel of an apple over the head, says Mrs. Conway, marriage of single blessedness being foretold by its remaining entire or breaking, and that of finding in a peel so cast the initial of the coming sweetheart, is as well known in America as in England.

In some parts, according to Mr. Henderson's Folk-lore, of the old Northern counties, cats are said to bring good luck; and in and about Scarborough, Filey and Whitby, the sailors' wives keep cats to ensure, as they believe, the safety of their husbands while at sea. A black cat is most in favour. Various proverbs, however, give preference to tabbies and white cats.

Whenever the cat of the house is black, The lasses of lovers will have no lack.

And again—

Kiss the black cat, And 'twill make ye fat, Kiss the white one, 'Twill make ye lean.

Cutting the nails on an October Sunday, or indeed on any Sunday, is thought unlucky. According to the Devon and Cornish jingle—

Who on the Sabbath pairs his horn, 'Twere better for him he had ne'er been born.

In some places Friday is the unlucky day; and in others each day of the week is named for this domestic operation:—

A man had better ne'er been born Than have his nails on a Sunday shorn. Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news; Cut them on Thursday, for a pair of new shoes; Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow; Cut them on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.

Many versions of this old-world rhyme exist; and it even makes its way into a comic song.

Mr. Jones would have married Miss Lundy, But he lost her, he lost her, and only because He cut his toe nails on a Sunday.

In October a flush and glory so bedeck the trees that their very leaves are flowers. Queenly in decay, nature assumes her crimson robes again.

And in the woods are many varied colours. The garden indeed is dun and faded.

There is a beauty inexpressible— A charm that cannot be passed by Without in some sort speaking to the soul.

—Scottish American.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

It is not often that we see the columns of the London Times newspaper occupied with matter pertaining to sport or pastimes, and, therefore, many, no doubt, were surprised, a few weeks ago, to find a long article inserted in its pages on the game of chess.

It is evident this unusual occurrence was in a great measure owing to the Berlin Congress and Tourney, and the important part taken in the latter by an English chess-player. Mr. Blackburne's success in this contest appears to have reached the hearts of hundreds in the British Islands, not excepting newspaper editors, who, ordinarily, are so accustomed to receive exciting news, that they seldom exhibit any emotion, except an earnest desire to satisfy public curiosity.

The Times, besides giving full details of the Berlin Tourney, enters into some instructive remarks on the nature and history of the game, and, then, strongly recommends it for study. It says that all young people ought to learn chess, and that this should be done in early life, "as without that it cannot be played with the requisite rapidity."

It also says that "the present age is sufficiently addicted to amusement, but, then, it takes the athletic varieties."

"Our young men and maidens bid fair to be strong and lusty enough, as far as outdoor sports and exercises can do this."

And then follow remarks which we cordially recommend to the notice of our young chess-players.

"This kind of training will have its value even to the end of life in the health and strength to which it naturally contributes. But if the healthiest and strongest live long enough, they will survive gymnastics, and yet find an increasing difficulty in spending cheerfully their evenings at home."

We must say that it gave us much pleasure to see our noble game brought so prominently and, at the same time, so favourably, before the notice of the thousands who daily read the pages of the Times. It is strong evidence of the fact that chess is progressing so rapidly in public estimation, that, instead of its being, as it was some years ago, the recreation of only a few, it will, in a short time, be recognized as the most popular home amusement of every civilized community.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

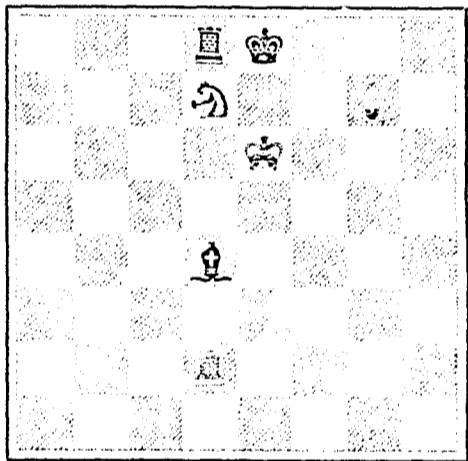
The Gold Medal Tourney at the Edinburgh Club is virtually a competition for the championship. This year the medal has been won by Mr. John Fraser. In the Tourney the scores of Mr. Macfie and Mr. Fraser were equal at 10—the tie match resulting in the victory of the latter. Mr. Meikle's score was 9½.—British Chess Magazine.

PROBLEM No. 351.

(From the Glasgow Herald.)

By J. Russell, Glasgow.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 480TH.

A remarkably brilliant game played in the Berlin Tourney between Messrs. Schwarz and Schallopp. (Sicilian Defence.)

Table of chess moves for Game 480th, showing White and Black moves from 1 to 34.

NOTES.

(a) The Field says in a note on this move that "White's conduct of this game, as a whole, is an introduction of a coming master."

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 351.

Table showing solutions for Problem No. 351, with White and Black moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 349.

Table showing moves for Problem No. 349, with White and Black moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 350.

Table showing moves for Problem No. 350, with White and Black moves.

White to play and mate in three moves.

WHICH IS IT?—Two of our young men went to Henderson this week to see the Misses Jones' two very estimable young ladies there. A colored girl came to the door and the following conversation took place:

"Are the Misses Jones in?" "Yes, sah, Mrs. Jones am in. Does you want to see her?" "No, we want to see the Misses Jones." "Mrs. Jones, dat's what I said." "We want to see the the Misses Jones, can't you understand?" "Course I kin. De Mrs. Jones am de old lady. Dat's de only missus in dis hear house." "We want to see the old lady's daughters." "Oh, de Miss Joneses. Why did'nt you say so? I reckon you'se both drunk. Come pesterin' round heah wid yo' misses and missus. You'd better clear out, you can't peddle no books heah, you heah me?" And she slammed the door in the faces of the astonished young bloods. This is an actual occurrence.—Evanseville Argus.



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SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 85 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C.P.R."

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

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G. B. BURLAND, MANAGER.





### Hats, Caps and Furs!

OPENING of the FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN.  
New styles in Men's, Youth's and Boys Hats. Scotch and Polo Caps in great variety. "Olivette," the new Corduroy Hat, at

R. W. COWAN & CO'S,  
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Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,

374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.

MONTREAL, P. Q.

—AND—

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### ST. VINCENT DE PAUL PENITENTIARY.

### Tenders for Firewood.

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tender for Firewood," will be received at the Warden's Office until noon of the 2nd November, for the following quantities of firewood required for the year 1882-83, viz:

500 Cords of Hardwood—Maple and Birch, mixed in equal proportions.  
400 Cords of Tamarac.  
Blank forms of tender will be furnished and conditions made known on application to the undersigned.

HUNTLY B. MACKAY,  
Acting Warden.

October, 1881.

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

### THE COOK'S FRIEND

#### BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.



SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

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W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,

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### The Scientific Canadian

#### MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

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#### PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

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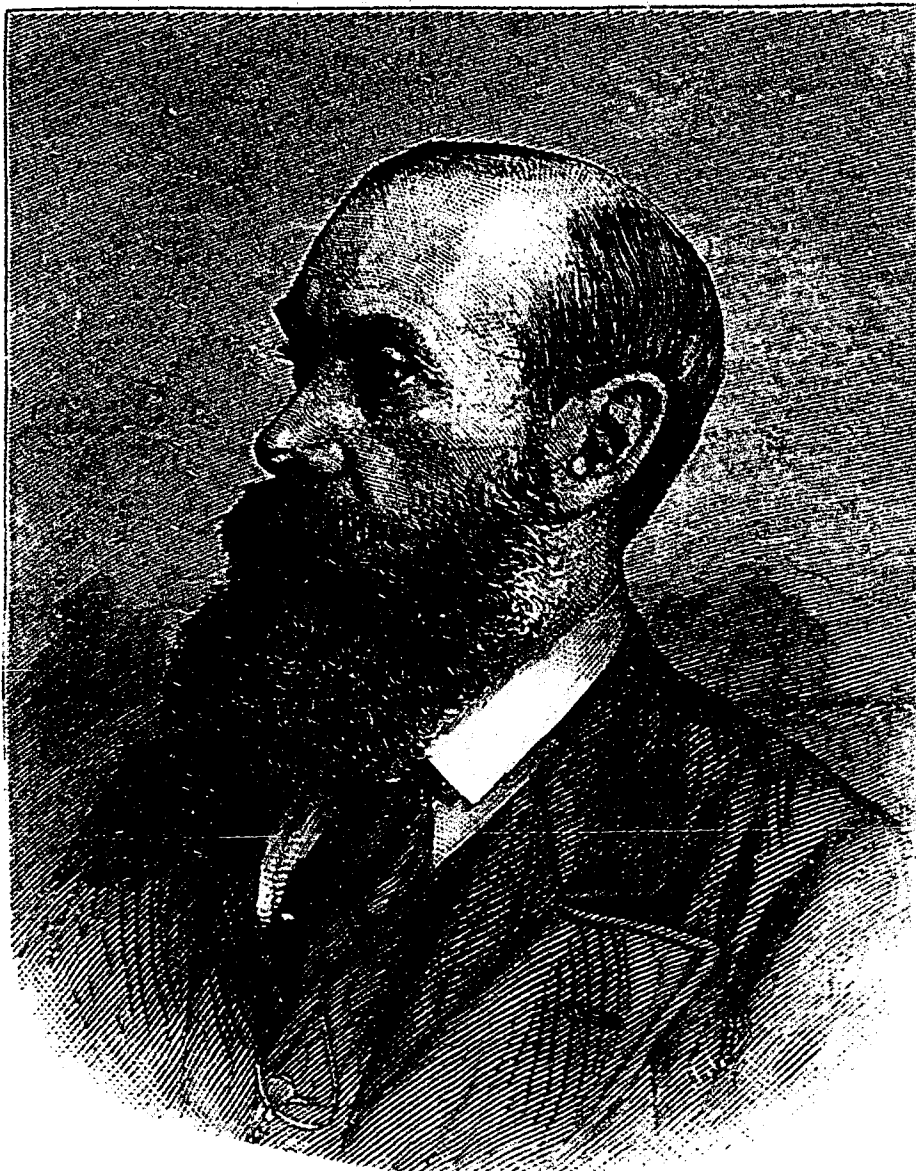
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS FOR COLDS & COUGHS



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THE NEW BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON.

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FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.  
"Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."  
—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.  
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.  
Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) O. David & Co., 48, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

## LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—



without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

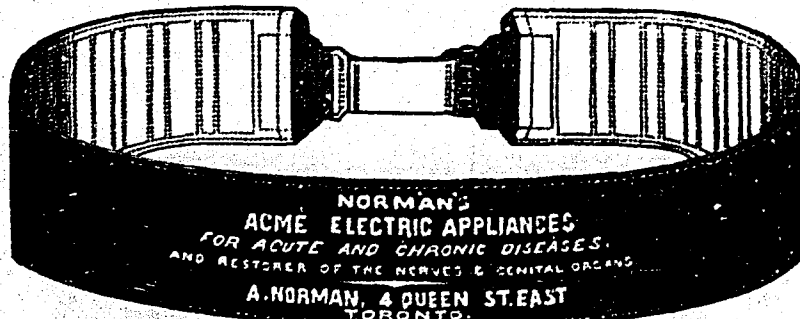
Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

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(ESTABLISHED 1874.)



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THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE

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Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Worcester, Providence.

## BOSTON

and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—

#### LEAVE MONTREAL.

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.30 a.m., with Parlor Car.

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m. instead of 9.15 a.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6.30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Canton, West Farnham, and Cowasville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

#### ARRIVE AT MONTREAL.

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8.25 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9.15 a.m., on Mondays at 8.25 a.m., instead of 9.15 a.m.

DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 5.45 p.m.

Express Trains arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Canton and Chambly Basin.

The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station.

ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITHOUT CHANGE. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.

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For Tickets, apply at 27 St. James street, Windsor Hotel and Bonaventure Station.

BRADLEY BARLOW,  
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A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c per bottle.

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Sole Manufacturer,  
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\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

## BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of Four per cent. and a Bonus of One per cent.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, have 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, the 1st day December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

Montreal, 21st October, 1881.

W. J. BUCHANAN,  
General Manager.

CARDS, 10 Lily and Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 15c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

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