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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1882.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



IN COMMEMORATION, No. 3.—SEYMOUR, THE SAILOR.

"England confess'd that every man
That day had done his duty!"

NAVAL SONGS OF ENGLAND.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

BIRTH.

On the 23rd instant, at Stamford Lodge, Côte St. Antoine, Montreal, the wife of Arthur J. Graham, editor CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, of a daughter.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid, after repeated appeals for prompt settlement. Prompt payment of subscriptions to a newspaper is an essential of its continuance, and must of necessity be enforced in the present case. Good wishes for the success of our paper we have in plenty from our subscribers, but good wishes are not money, and those who do not pay for their paper only add an additional weight to it, and render more difficult that success which they wish, in words, to be achieved.

Let it be clearly understood, then, that from all those whose subscriptions are not paid on or before the 1st of December, next, we shall collect the larger sum of \$4.50, according to our regular rule, while we are of necessity compelled to say to those who are now indebted to us that if they do not pay their subscriptions for 1882 before that date, we shall be compelled to discontinue sending them the paper after the 1st January, 1883.

All those who really wish success to the Canadian Illustrated News must realize that it can only succeed by their assistance, and we shall take the non-payment of subscriptions now due as an indication that those who so neglect to support the paper have no wish for its prosperity.

We have made several appeals before this to our subscribers, but we trust the present will prove absolutely effectual, and we confidently expect to receive the amount due in all cases without being put to the trouble and expense of collecting.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 28, 1882.

THE WEEK.

The wand of the theatrical Fairy is erroneously supposed to be the only magic wand left among us. A correspondence in an English contemporary proves that the divining rod still exists, and is still employed, not without satisfactory results. "The poor, unoffending hazel twig," as one of its admirers calls it, has a defender in Mr. G. J. Gray. Mr. Gray thinks that experiments have proved that "all mineral veins are conductors of electricity," and he holds that a few people are "sensitive," as we understand him, to these currents. Put a sensitive person of this kind in the neighborhood of minerals, set a hazel rod in his hand, and he becomes instantly "a thoroughly-charged receiver." The overflow of the electric currents he has received escapes into the divining rod, and thence makes for its source. "Is it to be wondered at," asks Mr. Gray, "that the tiny flexible twig should, under the influence of such a force, be deflected

towards the earth?" Certainly, granting the premises, it is no marvel that the twig should be deflected, but it seems desirable to collect a good many authentic examples of the successful use of the divining rod before we try to account for it by magnetism or electricity.

The divining rod would be invaluable to managers of Indian gold mines, and we are curious to learn whether it will aid the acute American capitalist to "strike oil." That the divining rod is very widely and generally believed in is certain. But the belief that a murdered man's body will bleed at the touch of his slayer is perhaps not less freely diffused. Probably that phenomenon too may be accounted for by electricity. The Scotch peasants used to hold that if the door of the room in which a dead man lay was left open, the deceased would arise and "girn" at the company. This is an opinion of which the truth may be left to the test of experience. It was once common, on the Border, to throw loaves of bread into pools where the bodies of drowned persons had been lost. The theory was that the loaf would turn and float end upwards when it came above the body of the dead. Doubtless the loaf was deflected by a current of electricity. Sir Kenelm Digby's belief in sympathetic powder, and in the remedies which healed a wounded man, if they were applied to the weapon which had hurt him, is another example of an opinion almost as generally diffused as the belief in the divining rod. How many people congratulate themselves when they have casually put on a sock wrong side out, or when they "madly cram a right hand foot into a left hand shoe," as the poet says. These accidents are supposed to indicate good luck for the day, but the very reverse often proves to be the case. He who goes elated to the river side, because he has put his wading stockings on wrong side out, often returns with a bad cold, an empty basket, and a broken "fishing pole." The prevalent theory of the divining rod seems to be that it works best in the hands of the very young. But we cannot say, like favorable reviews of Christmas books, that the divining rod should be placed by all parents and guardians in the hands of their charges. Spare the rod and don't spoil the child. It would be as wise to bring up a lad or lass to be a "thought reader" as to be a manipulator of the divining rod. That way humbug lies.

THE GROWTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

Francis A. Walker, the superintendent of the last census, contributes to the October Century a paper abounding in interesting and important facts gleaned from the census returns since the first enumeration in 1790. In discussing the condition of the United States, at the tenth census in 1850, he says:

The period between 1850 and 1880 has been marked by the astonishingly rapid spread of population over the vast region brought under the flag of the United States by the purchase of Louisiana, the annexation of Texas, and the cessions from Mexico. The 980,000 square miles of territory occupied by settlements in 1850 have become 1,570,000. Of these, 354,820 have between 2 and 6 inhabitants to the square mile; 373,990 have between 6 and 18; 554,300 between 18 and 45; 232,010 between 45 and 90; while 24,550 have in excess of 90 inhabitants to the square mile. The population of the United States is now 50,155,783. The frontier line of settlement is, in general, the one hundredth degree of longitude as far north as the forty-second parallel of latitude, and thence northward, the ninety-ninth and afterward the ninety-eighth degree.

The distribution of the population according to dominant topographical features may be thus stated: On the immediate Atlantic coast, north, 2,616,892; middle, 4,375,184; south, 575,357; on the Gulf coast, 1,055,851; in the hilly and mountainous region of the north-east, 1,669,226; in the mountainous region of the central Atlantic slope, 2,344,223; in the immediate region of the Lakes, 3,949,470; on the table-lands and elevated plateaus of the interior, 5,716,328; in the south central mountainous region, 2,805,035; in the Ohio Valley, 2,442,792; on the south interior table-lands and plateaus, 3,627,478; in the Mississippi belt, south, 716,268; north, 1,991,362; in the south-west central region, 2,932,867; in the central region, 4,401,246; in the prairie region, 5,722,485; in the Missouri River belt, 835,455; on the western plains, 323,819; in the heavily timbered region of the north-west, 1,122,337 in the Cordilleran region, 932,311; on the Pacific coast, 715,789.

Although the territory of the United States extends to the forty-ninth parallel, only one-tenth of the population is found north of the forty-third. But so dense is the settlement below this line that, by the time the forty-first

parallel is reached, about one-third of the population has been covered; the next single degree extends the proportion nearly to one-half, while more than two thirds lie north of the thirty-eighth parallel. Between the forty-third and the thirty-eighth dwell 29,500,000 of our people. In 1870, 52.8 per cent. of the population was east of the eighty-fourth meridian. In 1880, only 49.4 per cent. was so placed. Eighty-four per cent. of the population is found east of the ninety-first meridian; 97 per cent. east of the ninety-seventh.

The foreign elements of our population have varied widely since 1850. At that time foreigners constituted 9.5 per cent. of the total population; they now constitute 13.3 per cent. Of the foreign residents of 1850, 43.5 per cent. were Irish; 26.4, Germans; 13.9, English and Welsh; 6.7, British-Americans; while the Scandinavians formed less than one per cent. Since that time, the proportion of Irish to the other foreign elements has steadily declined. Of the arrivals in the ten years ending in 1850, the Germans were but 25 per cent.; of those in the ten years ending in 1860, they were 37 per cent. Between 1860 and 1870, other foreign elements began to assume importance through the fast increasing immigration of Swedes and Norwegians across the ocean, and of Canadians across our northern border. We have seen that the Irish of 1850 constituted 43.5 per cent. of the total foreign population. In 1860, this proportion had fallen to 33.9, and in 1870, still further, to 33.3. Although the statistics of nationality at the census of 1880 are not yet published, it is not probable that the Irish to-day constitute more than 27 per cent. of the foreign population of the country.

To-day, the number of foreigners living among us is a little over 6,500,000, while the members of the colored race reach almost the same number. Speaking roundly, then, the following is the table of our population:

Table with 2 columns: Category and Population. Whole number: 50,000,000. Foreigners: 6,500,000. Total native-born: 43,500,000. Colored: 6,500,000. Total native-born whites: 37,000,000.

The location of the colored and the foreign elements of our population, as shown by the census, is, in a high degree, complementary. In general, where the one element is largely found, the other is absent.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

The only possible secrets, says Louise Chandler Moulton in Our Continent, between two married people should be those which are confined to either one of them by others. While some people, who call themselves worldly wise, will laugh at the idea of such perfect confidence as this implies, others still, especially the newly married, who have had small worldly experience, will be shocked that I should suggest the keeping of any kind of secret by either wife or husband from the other. I am not prepared to say that these last are not the wiser of the two. Only, in that case, when any confidence is proffered to either husband or wife, the recipient of it should make his or her position clearly understood.

Possibly there is a certain hardness toward old friends in requiring them either to dispense with the sympathy we have been wont to give them, or else to submit their weaknesses and trials to the cold judgment, the cynical consideration of a man or a woman who has for them no tender toleration born of loving intimacy. Yet it would be better to refuse ever to listen to another confidence while the world stands, than to receive a secret to keep when its custody would be a wound to the one whose happiness should be our first object. Some wives and some husbands are large-minded enough and free enough from jealousy not to be troubled by the knowledge that a confidence has been bestowed in which they cannot share, and then there can be no harm in such a confidence.

No personal secret can fitly belong to one only of the two people of whom love and law have made one flesh. The very ideal of marriage had been realized by that old judge who had knelt for so many years to say a last prayer at night beside his wife, that when at last she had left him, his lips were dumb, and without her he could not even open his heart to God.

One frequent cause for trouble in married life is a want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the lilies of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—he does not like to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the sweet eagerness to please of her girlish-love, to give up any whims or fancies of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning.

"We have just so much money to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus?" was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride, not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and her help at planning and counseling proved not a thing to be

despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses, and lain among the lilies of life." I am speaking not of marriages that are no marriages—where Venus has wedded Vulcan, because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two true hearts have set out together, for love's sake, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all "the rosebud garden of girls," if she truly loves, acquires something of womanliness from her love, and is ready to plan and help and make small sacrifices for the general good. Try her, and you will see.

But, if you fail to tell her just how much you have, and just what portion of it can properly be spent, and what portion should be saved for that nest-egg, in which her interest is not less than your own, then you cannot justly blame her, if she is careless and self-indulgent, and wastes to-day to want to-morrow.

There are thousands of little courtesies, also, that should not be lost sight of in the cruel candor of marriage. The secret of a great social success is to wound no one's self-love. The same secret will go far toward making marriage happy. Many a woman who would consider it an unpardonable rudeness not to listen with an air of interest to what a mere acquaintance is saying, will not have the least scruple in showing her husband that his talk wearies her. Of course, the best thing is when talk does not weary—when two people are so unified in taste that whatever interests the one is of equal interest to the other, but this cannot always be the case, even in a happy marriage; and is it not better worth while to take the small trouble of paying courteous attention to the one who depends on you for his daily happiness than even to bestow this courtesy on the acquaintances whom it is a transient pleasure to please?

I wish there were professors of tact, and that it was at least as much a part of a girl's education as music or French. George Eliot, strong-brained, large-hearted woman that she was, possessed the gift of tact in an unexampled degree in her relations with the man whose love and homage were the delight and solace of so many years of her life. I have seen them together, and I have seen her air of delighted interest when he spoke—of anxiety to hear anything to which he called her attention. I have been told by those who possessed the happiness of her intimate acquaintance that she never argued any point directly with Mr. Lewes. If he made some remark with which she disagreed, her gentle voice would take up the thread of talk with that air of gracious deference which so well became her.

"Yes, there is great force in what you say, but don't you think also?"—and then would come her own idea of the subject under discussion, put forward as a question, a suggestion—never with the positiveness of an assertion. And if women only knew it, and men also, to question is, with the average human being, by far a surer method of success than to argue! To argue puts the other side at once upon the defensive. We cling with a certain element of passion to whatever thing is assailed, whether it be our character, our property, or our opinions. If, on the other hand, we are met only by some truth-seeking questions, some gentle suggestions of possibilities, we begin to ask questions of ourselves, in our turn, and are very likely open to a change of opinion.

HEARTH AND HOME.

No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise but he may err if he will take no other's counsel but his own.

If spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

The finer the nature, says Ruskin, the more flaws will it show through the clearness of it. The best things are seldom seen in their best form. The wild grass grows well and strongly one year with another; but the wheat is, by reason of its greater nobleness, liable to a bitter blight.

He who through the many changes to which every life is subject cultivates the power of adapting himself to those changes, and also to the new set of circumstances resulting therefrom, possesses a magic talisman against all the vicissitudes of life. So our lives go on; the river ends we do not know where, and the sea begins.

The ways of the world are strange and devious. Yet there is great good in it, for a touch of misfortune maketh all mankind kin. Many a man deeply engrossed in business, hurrying along the pathway of life, absorbed in worldly cares, turns now and then aside for retrospection and kindly acts. And these are the flowers he strews along the highway of his earthly existence.

Avoid the scolding tone. A tired mother may find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule. The tone of scolding tells upon the throat, just where a woman who is not over strong is apt to feel the ache of extreme fatigue. The children too, who are great imitators, will be sure to catch the scolding tone, and will talk to their dolls, to one another, and by-and-by to their own children, very much as their mothers are now talking to them.

THE DARING MICE.

BY PALMER COX.

Some mice in council met one night, And vowed by this and that That they would arm themselves for fight, And brave the tyrant cat.

Said they: "Why longer fear her power? 'Tis time our strength to try. We'll hang her by the neck this hour, Or in the effort die!"

Two pistols and a carving-knife, A rifle and a rapier, Were instruments of war enough To justify their hope.

So with the Captain in the front, The hangman in the rear, They started out to search for puss Without a thought of fear.

Through silent halls and broken walls With cautious step and slow, And furtive glances right and left, From room to room they go.

Now pausing by a nook or sill, Where trouble might be found, Now crowding close and closer still At every trifling sound.

But when before an open door The cat appeared in sight, The very instruments they bore Seemed paralyzed with fright.

The Captain shrieking in the van, The hangman crouched behind, The pistol-shot and rifle-man Had but a single mind.

In doubt and dread they turned and fled, And lucky mice were they To find a hole so large that all At once could run away.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRONT PAGE.—This week's cartoon concludes the series of three commemorative of the glorious finish of the war in Egypt. The "Diplomat" and the "Soldier" have been already illustrated and the last of the two who contributed so much to the happy result is the "Sailor" Sir Frederick Beauchamp Seymour.

BIRD-A-BRAC.—Two charming pictures of child-life are there on our fourth page. The youngster who has extracted from the dust heap a precious treasure-trove, a veritable piece of bird-a-brac, and the little girl, who, tired out and disgusted at the slowness of things, is pitifully complaining of her want of companionship.

THE WIMBLEDON BARBER.—Of this curious character, one of the team who forwarded the sketch from which the engraving is taken writes: "The Wimbledon barber is a well known character there and his face is familiar to many Canadians. As he appeared at one camp on the day referred to and said "Shave, sir!" his attitude struck me as so absurd with his little figure enveloped in a waterproof sheet, that I paid him a shilling to remain just as he was, while Serg't Smith sketched him.

A CAMPAIGN PARTY.—The campaign party at Pointe des Chenes is but a likeness of many a campaign party, enjoyed no doubt by those who look upon this—

"Mutatis nomine, de te Fabula narratur,"

Gentle reader, you and I have set up just such a hut, donned just such an uncivilized and picturesque costume, fished from such a boat, and catch the results of our skill with rod and gun caught just so good an appetite as those gentlemen will no doubt bring to bear upon their approaching meal. And if you have not, our advice is, go and do so next year, and then you will be in a better position to appreciate our drawing.

THE BAYONET CHARGE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.—The interest in the Egyptian campaign has not died out, if it has, it has been revived by the arrival of English papers with the last news and details which failed to reach us by telegraph. Hence an apology seems to be needed for the double page which we reproduce from the Illustrated London News, and which represents in the style of which Mr. Woodville is such a master, the bayonet charge which carried the lines at Tel-el-Kebir, and virtually decided the fate of the war.

THE VILLAGE OF MATTAWAN.—Mattawan, miscalled Mattawa, is an Algonquin name, signifying "the meeting of the waters." Ten years since Mattawan was but a trading post with the savages. In 1850 even there were few houses of any size except the establishment of the Oblate Fathers, which served as once as chapel, convent, and hospital, the shops of Messrs. Timmins and Gorman, and a hotel for the "voyageurs." But to-day the Pacific R. R. has waked a veritable metamorphose. Mattawan has become a town which is already posing as a rival of Pembroke. There is no doubt that the geographical position of this new city will before long make it one of the busiest in Canada. Every branch of industry is already to be found there. Day by day the old stores are being enlarged, and new ones built, and quantities of produce is sold at lower prices than in Ottawa or Montreal.

HEAD OF THE RAPIDS AT LONG SAULT.—The six-mile rapid, known as the Long Sault, is the first which has to be passed in descending the Ottawa River from Lake Temiscaming. The drawing represents the head of the rapid. An

island thickly wooded with pine and with tall larch, divides the river into two branches. The right hand one is dry during the summer, but the other is always deep enough in spite of the rocks which show their backs above the surface of the water in all directions. It is through this last named channel that the little steamer the "Mattawan" is seen passing in the sketch. On the opposite bank is Gordon Creek, constructed at great expense, vomiting forth its foaming waves to mingle with the last eddies of the rapid. In the distance are seen the mountains which surround Lake Temiscaming.

THE DECAY OF THE LEAVES.—This is a subject which never fails to appeal to us here in Canada, when the beauty of our fall coloring and the brilliance of the leaves as they are nipped by the frost is one of our chief natural glories. We need not recall to the minds of our readers the visions of pleasant strolls among the charming glories of the maples, when the last breath of summer is enjoyed to the utmost ere winter robs her of her glories and brings her scarlet and gold under his snowy coverlid, nor the other pictures of homes made beautiful by the tasteful decorations of leaves which remain to speak of the summer when its worth and radiance are gone.

WITTY ENCOUNTERS.

He (Dickens) never thought himself too great a genius to enter into our games, but he somehow always contrived to transfuse such a tone of cleverness and depth into them that they became "keen encounters of our wits," and we were all put on our metal to play up to the subtle spirit with which the master mind impregnated the most sterile matter. How proud I used to feel whenever I had said a better thing than usual to get an approving smile or word from our maestro! The first time he thus noticed me is marked with a white stone in my memory. A number of us were playing at the simple game of "How, when, and where do you like it?" The word given was "scull," and the object is to puzzle the querist by the several meanings given to the word. Frederick Dickens was the questioner, and I gave, in reply to, "How I killed it!" "With the accompaniment of a fine organ," 2nd, "When?" "When youth is at the helm, and pleasure at the prow." 3rd, "Where?" "Where wanders the hoary Thames, along his silver winding way." Dickens rose and came over to me, saying laughingly, "Of course, little goose, your answers betrayed the word to the most simple comprehension; but they were good answers, and apt quotations, nevertheless; and I think it would add to the interest of the game if we all sharpened our wits, and tried to give a poetical tone to it by good quotations as answers." After this time we had to read up to keep pace with the fund of quaint sayings he introduced into this pastime. Another game was nothing but a series of leading questions, which we called, "Animal, mineral, or vegetable." The first time we played it Mr. Dickens was obliged to give up, after exhausting himself in questioning. He had arrived at the facts that the article in question was vegetable, mentioned in mythological history, and belonging to a queen, and that the destiny was pathetic. After a display of his classic lore in attaining this much he gave it up, and was good-naturedly indignant at finding the subject over which he had wasted so much time and erudition was one of the tarts mentioned in the rhymes—

The Queen of Hearts she made some tarts Upon a summer's day; The Knave of Hearts he stole the tarts, And took them quite away.

We promised to abstain in future from such unworthy subjects; but on another occasion he pulled my hair with pretended wrath, because I puzzled him with, "The wax with which Ulysses stuffed the ears of his crew to prevent their hearing the songs of the sirens." Sometimes we played vingt-et-un, and he was as playfully eager, as full of noisy glee, as the veriest school-boy. One evening his friend, Mr. M—, made his appearance in a preposterously long stock, which he evidently thought was perfectly chic. Dickens eyed it for some time with a perplexed and thoughtful demeanour. "Hollo, Charley!" said Mr. M—, "what are you staring at my stock for?" Dickens threw into his countenance an exaggerated expression of relief from a harassing doubt, and cried, "Stock! Oh, I'm glad to know you might have intended it for a waistcoat." — Reminiscences of Charles Dickens.

CORSETS

Corsets appear to have originated in the Norman era. Certainly there appears in the dress of the Romans a garment closely fitting the body, and having in its employment a strong likeness to the corset, but the wearing of firm body supports laced closely together began, so far as is known, in the reign of Rufus. Soon after we find mention of kirles "y-laced small," and also of a lady

With gentil body and middle small.

The mode apparently continued in moderate employment until the reign of Elizabeth, the "middle small" continuing to be, in popular opinion, one of the chief charms of a lady. Then came a change. Lacing became really tight. In a work, the scope of which is well ex-

pressed by its title of "Pleasant Quippes for Upstartt gentle-women," a contemporary poet speaks of

These privie coats by art made stong, With bone and paste, and such-like ware, and avers that stays

Do not only stay The course that nature doth intend,

but that

Many mothers by them slay Their daughters young and work their end.

At this time these reproofs may have been well-merited. Catherine de Medicis had adopted the corset and made it fashionable in excess. When we learn that her standard of perfection was thirteen inches, and that during this period waists of twelve and even ten inches were known, we have plenty of sympathy with old Stephen Gosson's indignation. Yet the mode flourished. Another author of the following century speaks of this fashion as pernicious beyond imagination, and condemns that "foolish affectation" in young virgins "who, thinking a slender waist a great beauty, strive all they can, by straight-lacing, to attain unto a wand-like smallness of waist, never thinking themselves fine enough till they can span the waist." And so down to our own day, when Charles Reade, with his natural bluntness, writes of "the fatal, heroic corset," and another equally uncompromising writer styles the custom "one fertile in disease and death," a multitude of councilors advise, warn and condemn stays and their wearers, but in vain. Ladies are told to study the statue of Venus of Milo and beware, to turn to medical works and see the error of their ways; but still stays hold sway. Dr. Roth says that he never yet met with a lady who owned to wearing a tight pair of stays, and it is on the view taken of this relative term that the whole question turns. What degree of pressure constitutes tight lacing? Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, when visiting a bath at Adrianople, was a source of wonderment to the Turkish ladies present. "They fain would have undressed me for the bath," says this neglected writer. "I excused myself with some difficulty. They were, however, so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt and show them my stays, which satisfied them very well; for I saw they believed I was locked up in a machine, and that it was not in my power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband." The wonderment and curiosity of Turkish ladies is shared by all uncivilized nations.

FOOT NOTES.

SELLING A WIFE.—Whether the fashion of selling one's wife was introduced from Smithfield to China or from China to Smithfield is not known with certainty. In a China paper we read that a husband sold his wife the other day for 130 dol. It was a sale of affection. The man loved the wife, and she loved the man. The husband stipulated, however, for payment by instalments; and, on the deed of transfer being presented to him, he naturally refused to sign it till he had received all the money. There was an awkward legal hitch; the wife belonged to him till he signed the deed. Acting on legal advice, the buyer and wife saw one only way out of it. There is no action for specific performance in China. They drugged the husband, and, inkling his hands and feet, stamped the document. The happy pair had scarcely sat down to their wedding breakfast when the mother-in-law, accompanied by a mandarin, arrived, and they were both hurried off to separate dungeons. As in England, these sad cases bring their own bitter ends. The wife took opium and died, while the buyer committed suicide, and the husband is a widower, and has lost his 130 dol.

PERSONATING A DUKE.—The other day a tall, elegantly dressed man, whose "dignified bearing proclaimed the wealthy Briton" waked into the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and informed the manager in a low tone that he was the Duke of Richmond, travelling incog. Having ordered rooms for his suite, which it seems is a habit of dukes to do personally, he produced a £100 note, on which he wished to borrow 100 dol., for the mysterious reason that he did not wish to break it. The genial manager, whose only idea of dukes is that they must be eccentric, was about to produce it when the hotel detective appeared in the hall. His eagle eye was turned on the duke, and in a few moments he pronounced him a fraud. His hat, coat, and eye-glass, indeed, were superb, his nose most overbearing, but, alas! his boot heels were nearly worn down on one side to the uppers. With pained surprise the stranger crossed to the Hoffman House, where he was enthusiastically received; splendid cigars and excellent champagne were offered up by the elated manager. His Grace discoursed of Arabi and that "fellow Gladstone," and explained his eighteen titles, including K.P., K.G., and Hon. D.C.L., until he ended by asking 30 dol., offering to give his £100 note as security. The deluded manager was about to offer 30,000 dol., when a faithful domestic suddenly explained that the Duke was a well-known "English swindler and confidence man," and with a howl of baffled toadyism six stout pairs of boots simultaneously ejected the "President of the Council."

HE GOT A NICKLE.—A hotel guest was standing having his clothes brushed. On finishing he handed a \$5 bill to the hall boy. He grinned from ear to ear, and nearly broke his back bowing and thanking so generous a being. But his

face fell so quickly that he had some trouble in catching it before he reached the floor when the generous being said in tones not to be trifled with: "Get it changed!" He went away and brought back the change—five one-dollar bills. Deliberately pocketing four, the generous being handed the remaining one to the duster. Again a sweeping bow from the dust broom, a "Thank you," and a sudden convulsion as the guest remarked in solemn tones: "Get it changed!" One more he departed and brought back two fifty-cent pieces. One went into the traveller's pocket, the other into the hall-boy's palm: He smiled, said "Thank you" and slipped it into his pocket, when "Get it changed" again rang into his ears. Two quarters came back with him this time, which he handed to the guest, who putting one in his purse, turned over the other to the hall-boy. This time he was allowed to walk off nearly across the hall, when, as if by an electric shock, he was brought to a standstill, with those terrible words "Get it changed!" This time two dimes and a nickle were deposited in the hands of the guest, who put the two dimes in his pocket, handed the brush-boy a nickle, and walked in to dinner.—Detroit Free Press.

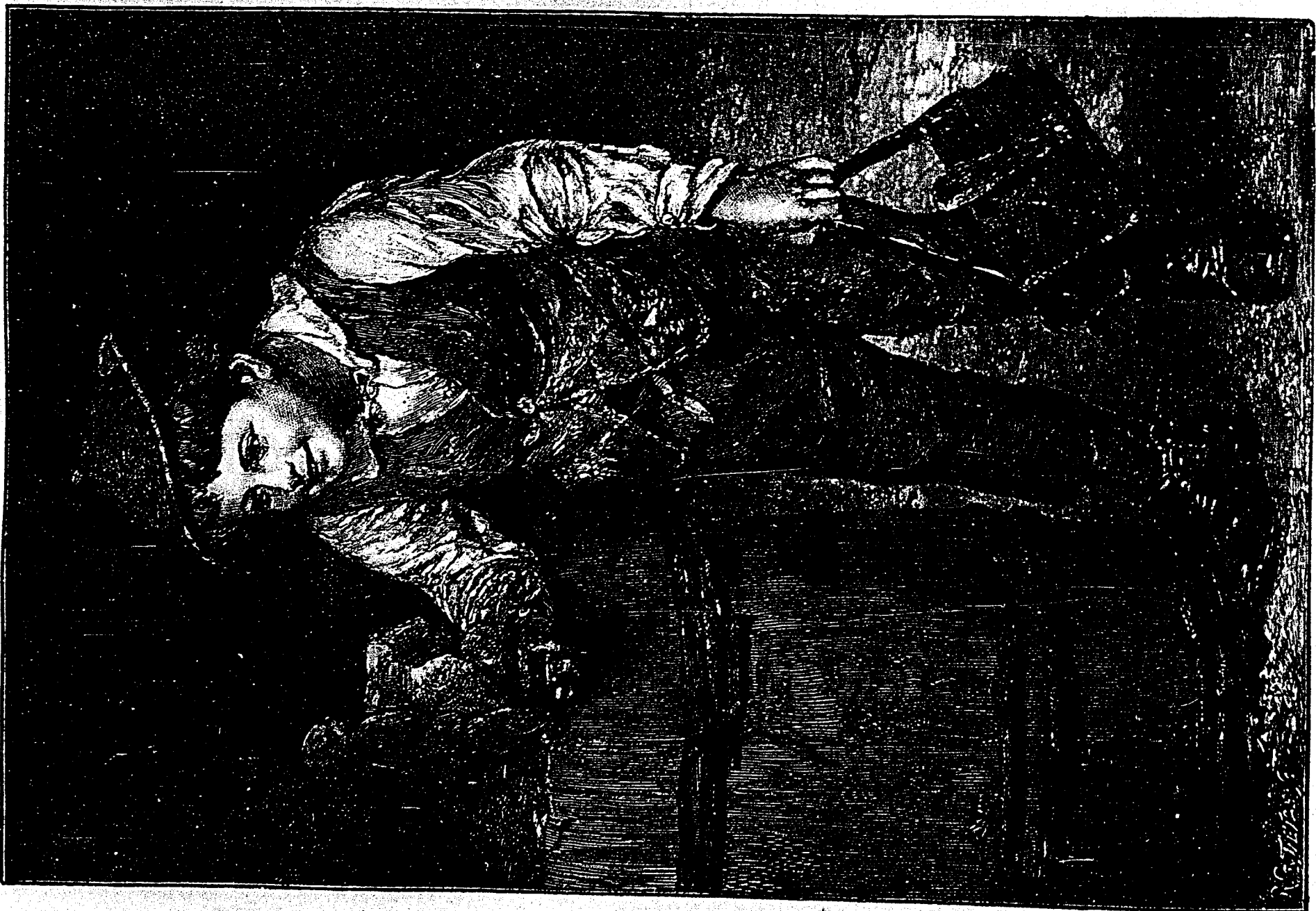
LOUIS II. King of Bavaria, is now thirty-seven years old. He succeeded his father in 1864, when still under age. He took little share in public business until after the battle of Königgratz, when he entered into a treaty of alliance with Prussia. In 1870 he came for a time out of his shell, and went to Versailles to proclaim, as the mouthpiece of the German kinglets, grand dukes, and princes, the Victor of Sedan German Emperor. King Louis displayed in respect to the relations of his country with the new order of things more sagacity than some of his ministers. But as soon as the crisis was passed he went back into his retirement. He is not exactly a King Log, for he travels extensively in his own kingdom by night, when his people are in bed, and when the railways are closed to all but the royal train. He has rural palaces and shooting lodges, which he has crammed with works of art and musical instruments. His peculiarity is that he cannot, except under great pressure, look his people or his kind frankly in the face. He is passionately fond of music, and a good judge of pictures and statuary. He is the zealous and munificent patron of Wagner, whose pieces are performed for him in an empty theatre—that is, empty except for the solitary man who is the sole audience. The Bavarians having got tired of the king's seclusion and odd habits, are now signing petitions urging him to change his ways completely. There is no danger at present menacing their state. They admit the blamelessness of the king's character; but they say truly enough that he is not acting like the head of the state, and that they have borne long and patiently with a phantom monarchy, which they have a right to demand should be made real by a change of life on the king's part, or, failing that, by his abdication.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

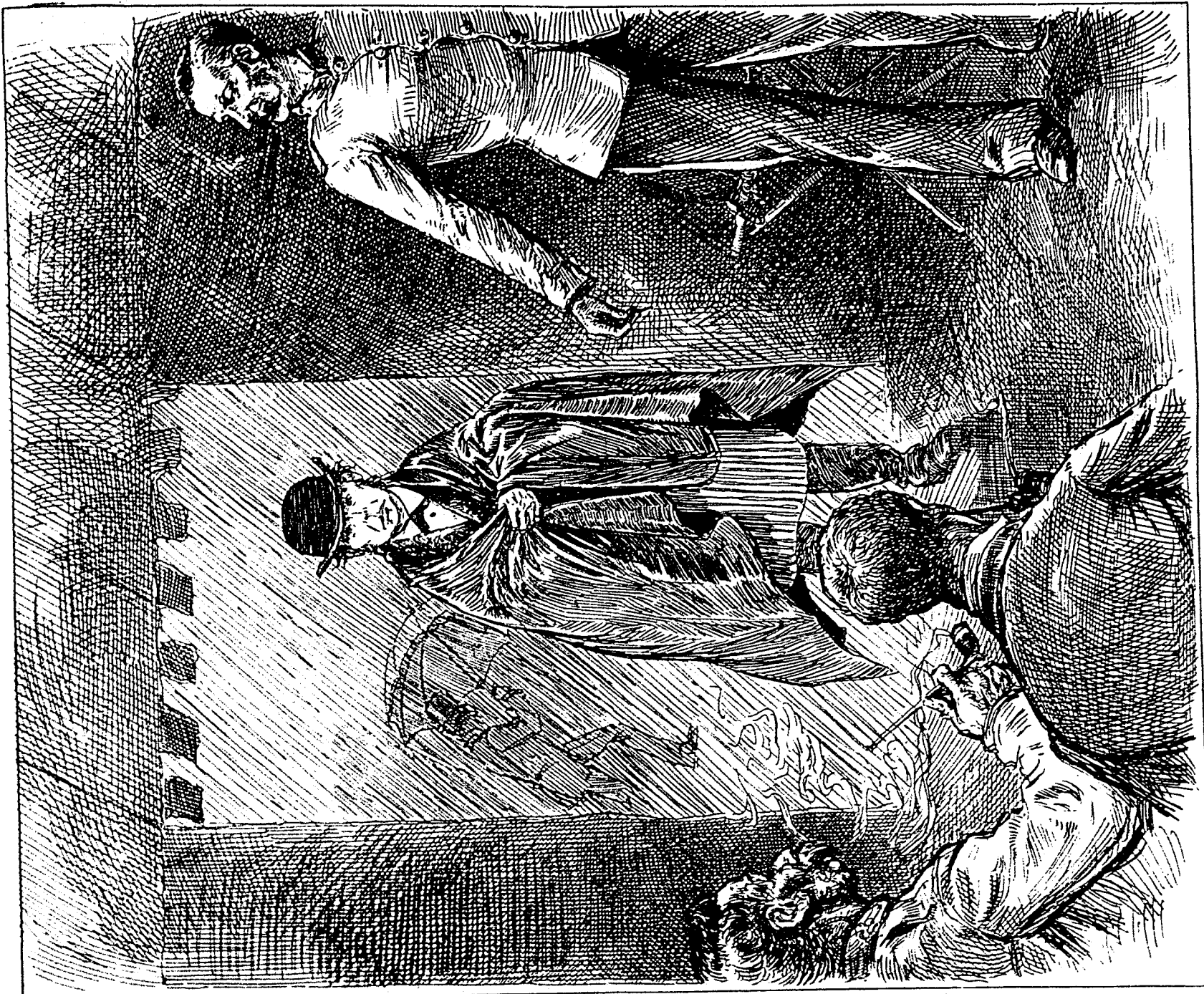
THE Bey of Tunis is seriously ill. ARABI'S trial is not expected to take place till after the Feast of Bairam. WHITES are organizing and arming to resist the threatened negro rising in Alabama. MRS. HAMILTON FISH has been seriously injured by being thrown out of her carriage. BARRY SULLIVAN, the actor, is going to run for an Irish constituency on the Home Rule ticket. THE British ship St. George, which sailed from Quebec for Maryport, is stranded off the Irish coast. MARIE PERSCOTT, an actress, has obtained a verdict for £12,500 against the American News Company for libel. NATIVES in the interior of Egypt refuse to pay debts due to Europeans until Arabi withdraws his orders to the contrary. THE Egyptian Ministry will permit Arabi's defence by English counsel on condition of the witnesses undergoing preliminary examination. THE Mexican Government has cancelled the concession granted to New York parties to build a railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. THE German ship Constantia and the steamer City of Antwerp were both sunk by colliding off Eddystone. THE native Egyptian who wounded Mr. Cookson, the British Consul at Alexandria, during the June massacre, has been arrested. THE Irish National Conference opened in Dublin during the week, Mr. Parnell presiding, and there being present between 700 and 800 delegates. THE Suez Canal authorities have prohibited the employment on the canal of any one who assisted the British forces during the campaign. AT the National Conference in Dublin a letter was read from Mr. Egan, treasurer of the Land League, tendering his resignation. A PARTY of Frenchmen, assisted by 1,400 Africans, and protected by a military column, are about to construct a railway between the Niger and Senegal rivers. A DESPATCH from Chilliwack, B.C., says the Vice-Regal party is returning from the interior, having travelled 400 miles beyond New Westminster, and being much pleased with the appearance of the country.



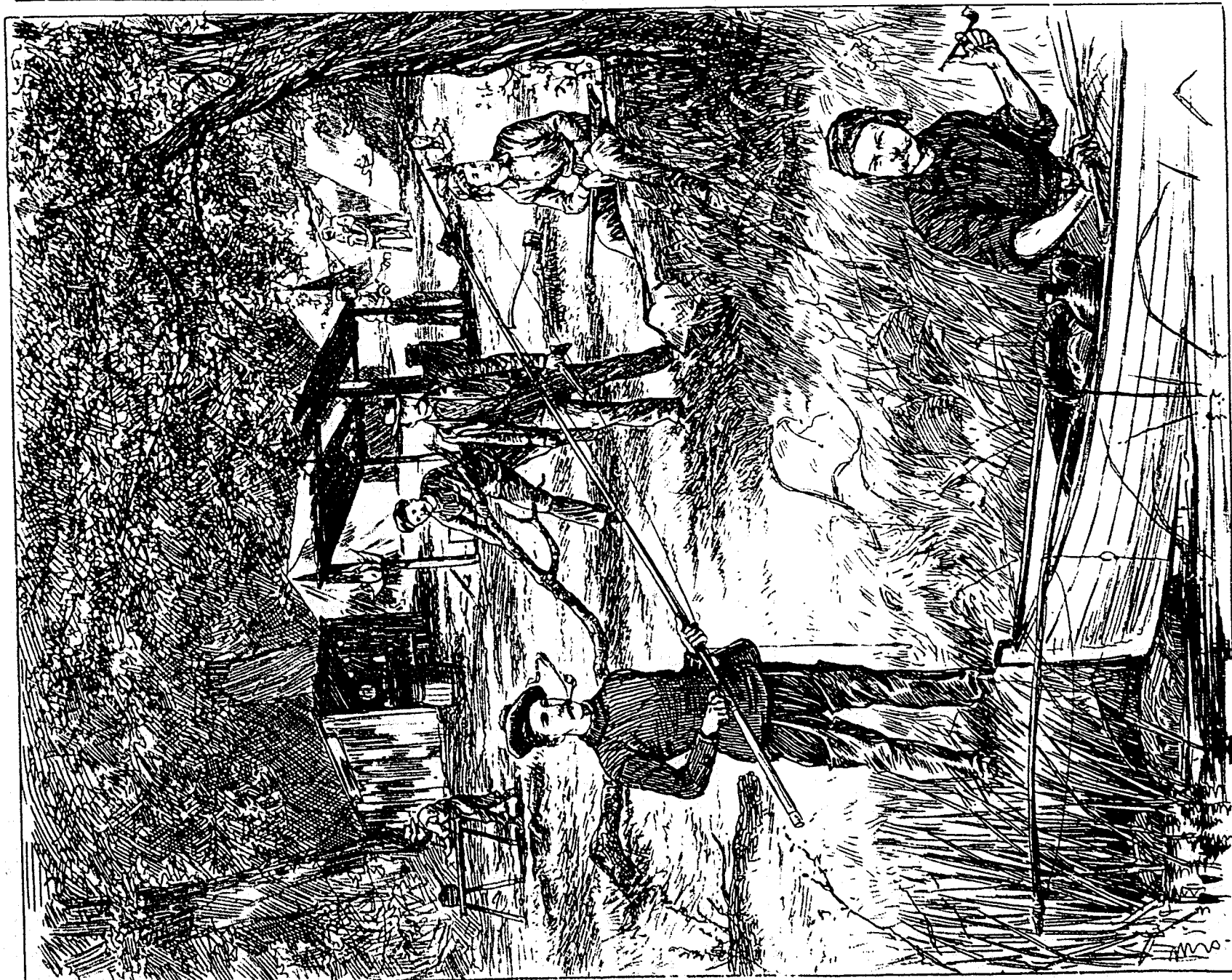
"I WANT SOMEBODY TO PLAY WITH."



"BRIC-A-BRAC."—FROM A PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.



THE WIMBLEDON BARBER.—FROM A SKETCH BY SERGEANT E. A. SMITH.



IN CAMP AT POINTE DES CHENES.

FIVE YEARS AFTER.

What! this little maid
I last saw five years ago,
When I left my dear old home
And sailed to the westward—ho!
This quently, tall, this radiant creature
With beauty stamped on every feature.

Impossible! As yet
I can scarce believe it true,
Why, I left a little girl
Now I find a woman, who
In her divine sweet form has gathered all
That beauty gives, when grace and goodness call.

Rarely five years ago
I remember one spring day,
When a white face pressed my own
And cried when I went away:
But hold! I dream—no that could never be,
Fancy those grand eyes dimmed with tears for me!

Ah! I wonder if now
She forgets those early days,
Our scrambles through brush and furze,
Our friendships and little frays;
Was it she that pleaded, craved, beseeched
To fish with me when the stream was reached?

Does she forget those tales
We read in the window seat?
When our young hearts' blood was stirred,
And our pulses quickly beat—
Those tales of noble deeds in days gone by,
When men braved death, and thought it nought to die.

And has she forgotten
As we read those dear old books,
As we bent over their pages,
How we'd stop with ardent looks,
And vow, while blood beat high, and eye gleamed
bright,
She would be my love, I her valiant knight!

I wonder if she still
Remembers that childish vow?
The pledge made those years ago,
Is it recalled?
Ah! I need but gaze on her steadfast eyes,
My queen, my love, my dearest earthly prize!

DAVID BREWSTER.

DAWLEY'S DODGE.

This is what my brother calls it when he nar-
rates the story to his numerous admirers. Story!
why, there is absolutely no story at all, and I
should never have thought of writing about it
had it not been for his vulgar exaggeration.

To begin at the beginning, I was surprised one
morning to receive an invitation from Mr. Bar-
dett to spend a few days with him at Hunter-
stone, his place in Leicestershire. We had never
met, but I knew him to be a person of consid-
erable importance and popularity, holding in his
county a similar position to what I did in mine.
He was a very large landholder, yet, curiously
enough, professed the same advanced (or more
properly speaking, "eccentric") views in poli-
tics as my brother Robert. I cannot attempt to
account for this, but so it was. There could be
no doubt, however, that the "old Squire," as
he was affectionately termed, was deservedly
well beloved, and people said he even took a
personal interest in the welfare of his numerous
tenants. His invitation was couched in very
friendly terms:—

"DEAR MR. STONNOR,

"Will you kindly waive a more ceremonious
introduction than this, and give me the pleasure
of welcoming you at Hunterstone for a few days?
If your engagements would permit your coming
here next Tuesday, my carriage will meet you
at the Hunterstone station, at four o'clock. I
am sorry my old house is so small, but if you
can manage without your own valet, I have no
doubt my people will make you comfortable.

"Yours faithfully,

"THOMAS BARDETT.

"P.S.—You will meet an old friend."

Now it was not only on personal grounds that
I wished to make his acquaintance, I was also
anxious to show him that my brother's danger-
ous principles were not shared by the head of
the house. I even thought I might be able to
induce him to modify his own views about the
land question, so accepted the invitation, and
was duly deposited at the Hunterstone station
at the time named. A servant in dark brown
livery was waiting for me on the platform.

"Master told me to wait upon you, sir, and
see that you were quite comfortable," he said,
touching his hat and grinning rather too fami-
liarly, I thought. "My name is James, sir, and
father is here with the carriage."

The carriage was a well-appointed mail phae-
ton, with a pair of dark thoroughbreds. James's
father grinned, too, as I took my seat.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said; "master's gone
hunting to-day with Mr. Dawlish and Dr. Boyd,
or he would have come himself; but James will
see you all comfortable like."

"What Mr. Dawlish is this?" I asked as we
drove off.

"Oh, a fine young gentleman!" he replied,
"and a fast-rater across country; goes as
straight as a dart, and nothing can stop him.
He's the Honorable Mr. Dawlish, Lord Forton's
brother, from your parts, sir"

How my heart sickened as I remembered the
ball scandal! Presently I said, "What brings
him here?"

"Oh, the hunting, sir! He and his friend,
Dr. Boyd, are just come from Canada, and
master will mount them as long as they like to
stop. But I'm thinking Mr. Dawlish ain't
likely to go as long as Miss Clara's with us."

"Indeed! and who is Miss Clara?"

"Ah, I forgot you was a stranger, sir. Miss
Clara is Mrs. Carew's daughter, and Mrs. Carew

is master's sister. They are paying us a visit,
and will be expecting you, I'm sure. Ah, Mr.
Dawlish! he's a real good 'un, he is. Such a
free-spoken gent! He was telling us you was
fond of your joke, sir."

"Fond of my joke! What do you mean?"
"Oh! how he made us laugh about the way
you circumvented that conjuring chap! Then
the fun you made at some grand ball! Eh,
James!"

Here they both went into fits of laughter.
Evidently I was being mistaken for my brother
Robert. Whether Dawley had purposely misled
them or not, I cannot say; but could anything
be worse than making an old country family the
subject of conversation among menials? I knew
to my cost he was wild, but it never entered my
head for one moment that he would dare to hold
up any of the Stonnors to ridicule. Not to en-
courage any further familiarity, I kept a rigid
silence till we reached Hunterstone. It was a
long rambling house, which had evidently been
added to by various proprietors, and at last made
picturesque by the addition of a handsome clock
tower. The trees were so near on all sides as to
seem to grow out of it, and rooks built and clat-
tered among the branches, as at my Grange. A
gentlemanly-looking old man was feeding five or
six peacocks at the front door.

"Welcome to Hunterstone, sir," he said, as-
sisting me to alight.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance,
Mr. Bardett," I replied, shaking his outstretched
hand.

"Master will be back directly, sir," he said;
"I am the butler."

Here was another annoyance! But, as I have
often remarked to my brother, what can you ex-
pect from an establishment where the pernicious
doctrines of liberty and equality are fostered?

The man, too, like those who met me at the
station, seemed to put on a curious grin, as if I
meant it for a joke. He led me across the hall,
and down three steps into the drawing-room. I
nearly went headlong down this inconvenient
entrance, which Mr. Parsons (so the butler was
named) seemed to take as another good joke.

The room was low and capacious. It was cram-
med quite full of books, pictures, water-colour
drawings, and old china, and looked very cosy
and comfortable, with large wood fires blazing
at either end. After a cup of tea from the hands
of Mrs. Carew, I felt quite at home. She was a
very agreeable person, and though middle-aged
still retained some of her youthful fascinations.
Her figure was abundant, but carried with such
majestic grace as to be the reverse of unattrac-
tive. The complexion was singularly beautiful;
indeed, so pink and white that it appeared al-
most unnatural; the eyes were dark and elo-
quent; and all crowned by a mass of jet-black
hair, without a single grey streak amongst it.

Miss Carew, who presently appeared dressed
for walking, was a tall, slim young lady, with
her mother's dark hair and eyes, but without the
remarkable complexion. Both ladies dressed
with great care and taste; and, at Miss Carew's
suggestion, we started to meet the hunting party.
After discussing ordinary topics for a time, the
elder lady observed:—

"I'm afraid you will find Hunterstone rather
dull after the gaieties of Stonnor Hall."

"Impossible to feel dull here," I replied, as
gallantly as possible; "besides, Stonnor Hall
is always dull. I am quite alone."

"But Mr. Dawlish tells us you are so gay!
Balls, tennis parties, and I don't know what
beside. He says you are the life of the country."

"Nay, he must know very well that his
brother, Lord Forton, is the principal man in the
county. Both he and Lady Forton are very
popular, and entertain a great deal."

"Is it true that he has lately had a fortune
left him?"

"Quite true, and I believe it is as much as
£100,000."

"And tell me, Mr. Stonnor, does poor Daw-
ley, as we call him, get none of this? It seems
a shame that it should all go to the rich
brother."

"The fortune came from the late Lady Bow-
master, so I am pretty sure our friend would
not participate. I wish with all my heart he
did, for he has nothing but what Lord Forton
allows him."

"And that is little enough in all conscience!"
she cried. "Dawley is an old, old friend of
ours, Mr. Stonnor, and I know he is very
anxious to get this miserable pittance enlarged.
He is going to consult you about it."

"To consult me!"

"Yes; what he wants is some mutual friend,
some gentleman of position like yourself, to re-
present his case to Lord Forton. He is very
fond of you, Mr. Stonnor, and says you are so
good-natured, and amusing. Poor fellow, he
has been very low-spirited lately; in fact,
really depressed. We have been a little anx-
ious. He quite looks forward to your visit, and you'll
cheer him up, for he says you are so fond of
practical jokes that we must all take care of our-
selves."

"Upon my word, this is too bad," I exclaim-
ed hastily. "I am flattered by his good feeling
for me, but he has misled everybody here. My
brother Robert is, I am sorry to say, given to
practical joking; I never joke."

"But you gave a great ball, and there was
some joking at that," said Miss Carew shyly.

"Mr. Dawlish told us all about it."

"I certainly gave a ball, but, considering the
part Dawlish took in it, I should have thought
he would have kept silent on the subject. I
must call him to account for so misrepresenting
me here."

"He always speaks most kindly of you," she
observed demurely, "and looks upon you as one
of his best friends."

"Indeed he does!" chimed in the mother;
"and you know, Mr. Stonnor, Dawley's friends
are ours."

"When I say I shall call him to account," I
replied, "I didn't mean that I am going to
quarrel. I like him too well for that. If he
consults me I've no doubt I can give him some
good advice."

"And will you see Lord Forton for him?"
asked Mrs. Carew.

"Well, that requires great tact and discrim-
ination," I said. "At the same time, if any-
body can manage it, I can. You see, Lady
Forton must be approached very delicately."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Miss Carew, "I
believe he has met with an accident!"

A sudden turn of the road had confronted us
with rather a sad cavalcade. Dawley in a gig,
with his head supported by another young gen-
tleman, whom I rightly guessed to be his friend
Dr. Boyd, the old Squire riding by his side, and
a groom leading two hunters behind. The gen-
tlemen were in scarlet, and it was evident from
Dawley's woe-begone look that he had, as Miss
Clara feared, met with an accident.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Mr.
Stonnor," said the Squire, riding forward and
shaking my hand heartily. He was a tall, dis-
tinguished-looking man, reminding one very for-
cibly of the late Lord Palmerston. "Our friend
Dawley has had a spill. I didn't see it, but
don't think it is much. He'll be all right pre-
sently."

"Pin my sawl, Stonnor, you've just come in
time to take my corpse home," said Dawley from
the gig. Then to Miss Carew "Clara, don't
give way."

Apparently she had no intention of giving
way. She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and
said softly, "Oh, Dawley! how did it hap-
pen?"

"I'll tell you," said Dr. Boyd. "I came to
grief at that gap in Three-stone Bottom. Dawley
was so close to my heels, and the pace so big,
that all he could do was to ram his horse at the
side fence. I believe he would have got through,
if an overhanging bough had not caught him on
the head and knocked him clean into the quick-
set. Saved my life, I believe." Here he patted
Dawley on the back, and put his head in a more
comfortable position by way of showing his grati-
tude.

"Dawley's the only man I know who would
have gone for that fence," said the Squire.
"Come along, Mr. Stonnor. Let us go home.
We are half-famished; and after dinner you
must tell us the last good joke. Dawley has
been quite hipped lately, and you'll cheer him
up. He says you are a capital raconteur, and a
first-rate authority on joke-making."

Here it was again. Of course I could say
nothing to Dawlish just then, but took the op-
portunity, while we were walking home, of dis-
abusing the Squire's mind. I did not succeed.
He smiled incredulously, and throughout the
dinner was continually on the look-out for a
joke. Indeed the whole party seemed to expect
something funny from me, while all the time the
author of the foolish hoax sat opposite me, look-
ing very sorry for himself, with a silk handker-
chief bound round his head.

The Squire was an admirable host, and Mrs.
Carew seemed quite in her right place in assist-
ing him to dispense his profuse hospitality. She
had the happy knack of making every one feel
at home, and of leading the conversation back
to agreeable grounds when it strayed into un-
congenial channels.

We got into little differences almost as soon
as she and Miss Clara left us. I happened to
ask if there were many pheasants in the
coverts.

"None compared to what you have in your
famous Hertford coverts," he replied. "But
then, you know, I don't preserve."

"You don't preserve?" I said slowly, scarcely
believing my ears.

"Ah, it sounds dreadful to you, Mr. Stonnor,
but it is nevertheless quite true. I gave it up
for two reasons. First, because I didn't think
I ought to flout such a temptation before the
eyes of gentlemen who are fond of nocturnal
rambles; and, second, because I don't think
there is any sport in your big battues. Do you
remember when we shot the home coverts last,
Dawley?"

"Remember!" said Dawley; "Why, I shall
never forget it! Beastly foggy day. Birds
wouldn't rise. We drove and drove, and at last,
if they didn't all run through the gardens, slap
into the kitchen. Cook and servants been in
the habit of feeding 'em, you know. 'Pin my
saw! it was one of the best things I ever saw in
the whole course of my life!"

"Well, I gave it up from that day, Mr. Ston-
nor; and now my tenants take the shootings
with their farms."

"Then you have no game! no sport for your
friends?" I cried, quite agast at these dis-
closures.

"I believe there is more game for honest sport
than there ever was," he replied; "and, if you
are for a day's shooting, there is not one of my
tenants but would be glad to see you. Do you
know, I actually rent the shooting of one of my
own farms, and the farmer himself looks after
it. What do you think of that? A curious ar-
rangement, isn't it? but it works well."

"I should call any such arrangement repre-
hensible," I said, "because it is one that puts
too much power in the hands of the tenant.
What right has a farmer to go popping about

my land with his gun? Quite enough for him to
have an occasional run with the hounds!"

"Bravo, Stonnor! Stick up for your rights,"
cried Dawley, starting up. "Bravo! Yoicks!
yoicks! tallyho!"

Having given the view halloo loud enough to
set all the glasses on the table ringing, he sank
back, holding his banded head with both
hands.

"I'll tell you what it is, Dawley," said Dr.
Boyd; "If you don't keep quiet after that crack
on the head, you'll have an attack of fever."

"In for a penny, in for a pound!" Dawley
said, tossing off a full bumper of port and refill-
ing his glass.

"That's about the worst thing you can take,"
said Boyd.

"What is it to you, sir, what I take or don't
take!" asked Dawley loudly, suddenly facing
him.

"You got your spill, old man, trying to save
me, and I don't want to see you run the risk of
fever—that's all."

"And I don't want to be preached to by a
Pill!" roared Dawley.

"My dear Dawley," I interrupted, "you
must not speak like that. Dr. Boyd is quite
right in cautioning you after your accident."

He put his hand to his head in a wild sort of
way, then said—"I'm awfully sorry if I lost
my temper! Boyd, old fellow, I beg your par-
don. If you'll excuse me, Bardett, I'll join the
ladies."

"I am glad you seem to have some command
over him," said Dr. Boyd to me when he had
gone, for, to tell you the truth, I'm rather afraid
of his head. He has been depressed lately about
money and other matters, and that was an ugly
crack he got to-day. He ought to keep quiet."

He was quiet enough when we entered the
drawing-room, seated on a low stool at Miss
Clara's feet; but immediately she commenced
the song we had begged for, he stopped her
abruptly, saying the noise made his head spin.
Then he became restless for the rest of the even-
ing, finally at bed-time obstinately refusing to
go up-stairs till he had had his cigar. Mrs.
Carew beckoned me out of the room. "I am
anxious about Dawley, Mr. Stonnor," she whis-
pered on the stairs. "Please see if you can get
him to bed. I am sure he ought not to smoke."

"One cigar won't hurt him," said the Squire
over the balusters. "Go and join them, Mr.
Stonnor; Parsons will give you a good Cabana."

"This way, sir," said Parsons, who had come
behind me while I was wishing them good-night.
I followed him to a snug little room, hang-
ing round with portraits of prize cattle, famous hun-
ters, and county maps, and here I found Dawley
smoking in the depths of an easy-chair, his feet
on the mantel-piece, and Boyd bathing his
head. He gave me a wink and sign as I entered,
as much as to say, get him up-stairs if you can.

"Bed is the proper place for you, Dawley," I
said.

"So Boyd has been saying," he replied; but
"I told him I wouldn't go till I had seen you."

"Rest is imperative after such an accident,"
said Boyd.

"Well, if you fellows will smoke half a cigar
with me, I'll go."

"All right," and the doctor lit his cigar.

"I seldom smoke," I said excusingly.

"Bother it!" exclaimed Dawley, jumping up
and throwing off the wet rags. "Everybody
seems bent on annoying me. Why can't you
take two or three whiffs?" he asked, glaring at
me.

"Humor him," whispered Boyd.

I was on the horns of a dilemma. Smoking
never agrees with me, but then was it advisable
to cross him in his present mood? Of two evils
I chose the less, and lighted the Cabana with
considerable trepidation.

"What good is sleep to do me?" Dawley
said, getting more mollified after a time. "It
is only so much time wasted."

"The blood circulates slower through the
brain during sleep," said the doctor, "and so
the vessels are relieved. I remember a fellow
who got an ugly tumble tobaggoning in Quebec.
He wouldn't keep quiet, and wouldn't go to
sleep. Well, he went as mad as a March hare.
He fancied himself a tobaggan and insisted on
sliding down everybody's stairs.—Awful case!"

"I feel shilly inclined myself," put in Daw-
ley.

"There was another fellow we trepanned for
depression from the kick of a horse. He too
wouldn't keep quiet—went stark staring mad—
fancied himself a horse and kicked the bed to
pieces."

"I fancy I'm going at that fence again!"
Dawley burst out, springing up from his seat.

"Yoicks forward! Have at it, my beauty!"
With that he began jumping the chairs, knock-
ing them here and there in the most reckless
fashion. After some fruitless endeavors to stop
him, Boyd at last lit the candles and said in a
low tone to me, "We must get him to bed—see
what you can do."

He evidently had no power in managing him.
I simply laid my hand on his shoulder and he
was quiet in an instant.

"Come to bed like a good fellow," I said
soothingly.

"Yes, I'll go with you, Stonnor," he said,
taking my arm. "Give us the lead, Boyd, I'm
off to bed."

We saw him to his room; Boyd, who slept next
door, saying he would look after him, and give
him some morphia if he was restless. "You can't
miss your room," he said as we parted; "first
turning to the left up the little passage."

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE FAIRY VALLEY.

(Translated from the Irish.)

One eye of late, as the sun's last ray
Had lit the distant horizon gray,
Down you lonely valley I glanced to go
Where the mingling streamlets in silence flow.

I gazed awhile on that pleasant scene,
On the gloomy groves of that valley green,
When from the waters before my sight
Rose, in fairy splendour, a spirit bright.

Scarcely had I glanced at the charmer fair,
When I sunk enraptured in magic's snare;
And in that swoon my last breath should take
Bid enchanted music not me awake.

On the snowy breast of that ghostly fair
Hung her waving tresses of golden hair,
And on her arm a lyre that gave
Vibrations such as would rouse the grave.

With form angelic she then did glide
To where I lay, o'er the river's side,
And on a bough that beside me hung
The lyre did lay with its chords well-strung.

Then fast regaining her former track,
O'er the sparkling waters she hurried back;
And all that lone night re-echoed long
The soul of sweetness in fairy song.

As often as on the lyre I gazed
A blush of gladness her features blazed,
While shrill resounding her accents wild
Bespoke her nature a celestial child.

Sang, but to sweeten the desert air,
Was the "chloe shee" of this charmer fair;
For the veil of anguish was o'er her drawn
When the woodland night-bird announced the dawn.

She fiercely darted across the stream,
To scape the rays of the morning beam;
And wildly seizing the lyre she gave
A shriek and dashed it into the wave.

The golden ringlets that flowed so fair
Hung now a mass of dishevelled hair,
And oh! it grieves me while this I tell
The words of pain from her lips that fell.

"Ah! was beside, why did I date
This weary night on the waves to float?
'Twas that I thought you would pity take
And with one sound my enchantment break.

"Far, had you touched but a single string
Of that bright lyre, a sweet tune would ring;
The bands of magic would far have flown,
And I should ever have been your own."

Then slowly turning into the wave
That opened like a yawning grave,
"Adieu, adieu, now ye waves close o'er"
She said and vanished for evermore.

And here sweet music is heard at dawn,
Resounding far through the wooded lawn;
And travellers oft are surprised to view
Whence come the strange words—*chloe, shee*.

* This affords a fair specimen of some of the desultory, superstitious "rhymes" among the lower Irish; the original style and rhythm are retained, and the words are, as nearly as possible, *colation* translations.

† *Chloe shee* or enchanted song, the Irish tell us, is frequently heard in lonely valleys, dark groves and other places supposed to be haunted by an invisible genii, the *Boobies*, or by the disembodied spirits of the dead.

"D. SNOY."

A PATTI CONCERT.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

Spring showers were softly falling over the woodlands and moistening the mossy pathways of the Gráquina in the little town of Czernowitz, the capital of the once crownland of Beekowina. Sparrows were hopping over the wet grass, and swallows, flying low, were hiding in the rookeries near the lake, storks stood pensively gazing across the green waters which sparkled with flash of emerald as the crystal rain-drops fell upon its placid bosom. "And will these showers never cease?" asked the prima donna, letting down the window of the coroneted carriage in which she was slowly driving along the lovely avenues of the garden, the fashionable resort of the citizens in springtime, before summer days called them to their castle homes in the mountains.

"Yes, after our concerts are over and we are on our way back to Paris," slowly replied a young gentleman lounging on the seat before her, his head resting on the satin cushions of the carriage, whose dark purple hue made the death-like pallor of his face and the hectic flush on his cheek most startling.

The prima donna laughed, exclaiming, "Courage, mon ami, you speak in desponding tone, as if rain would interfere with a concert of mine in this God-forsaken corner of the world. Ah! there is a gleam of sunshine," and she pointed down a vista of poplar trees. Another carriage rapidly approached. "The rest of our company! Sivori and Ritter as I live!" she cried, "and they are braving the showers too." She waved her kerchief and the landau drew up beside the covered carriage.

"Call this pleasure! Ugh!" and Camillo Sivori drew up the folds of a richly embroidered carriage rug over his knees.

"It is the only way in which I've taken a drop of water for a year," said Theodore Ritter. "I wish it would rain a little of the 'Burgundy' for which I am longing."

"Go back to the hotel and ask my maid for some, I have at least three bottles left in my trunk."

"You travel with 'Burgundy' in your trunk?" questioned a lady beside her, "when Austria, Hungary and Moldavia, countries through which you have journeyed, are famed for their vintage!"

"But Burgundy is the only wine for meats; Margaux, Lafitte, Latour will do when you are no longer hungry, but think of Tokai with the roasts of venison and wild boar, which we must swallow in this land!"

"I had pigeons for lunch," said Sivori, "pigeons on toast, good, too."

The prima donna shook her head, a look of disgust on her face, "there is too much dirt in Moldavia to fatten pigeons for my palate, the wretched birds would leave a handful of corn for a choice bit of offal any moment, and in this land—quelle horreur to think of it!"

"But the wild pigeons from the mountains," persisted her companion, "I assure you they are good, you'll have some this evening at supper."

"No I'll not. I have declined going. I have sufficiently honored his 'Excellency' by using his carriage for my daily drive, you need not tell him that, however, for I said in my note to him that I was not feeling well, and had begged you to come to my room after the concert, where I hope to receive a few friends."

"And have something to eat?" questioned Ritter.

"Oh the pi-g" (spelling the word in a whisper to the lady), as the carriages drove slowly onward, "he thinks of nothing but his appetite."

"And yet can play Mendelssohn's 'Rondo Capriccioso' as he played it last night?" questioned the lady.

"That is easy enough to understand," replied the pale young gentleman, who was no other than Kapellmeister Metzendorf. "That is easy to understand. In the first andante movement he remembers he is before an audience, and he throws his whole soul into his music, then he rushes through the presto leggiero superbly, just because as soon as it is over he knows he'll go home to supper, that's the secret of his playing in this country at least, where we have been almost starved, out of sheer inability to swallow the dishes of a Moldavian cuisine."

"Pauvre ami," said the prima donna; "I wonder is that the cause of your increasing weakness and cough? Thank God we are going home to-morrow."

"I was not thinking of myself when I spoke, you have procured everything and more than I needed, but I too am glad we begin our homeward journey to Paris to-morrow. I have been such a care to you, you have been mother and sister both during my illness which has increased ever since our tour began."

"I like you, my dear child, no one accompanies me as you do, with you I can sing as I please, perfectly confident you'll uphold me; oh, how sorry I am that you have not been able to accompany me for the past week. Just think," she said, turning to the lady beside her, "some days I have had to practice with local accompanists half the morning in order to get through the evening programme respectfully."

"Why will not Ritter accompany you?" asked her friend.

"Oh, he likes to smoke his cigarette between his numbers; sometimes he don't like my selections, sometimes he his cross and disoblising, especially when I want him to be nice and agreeable."

"You should not tell me these tales out of school," said the lady laughing; "I am not in the charmed circle of the profession."

"It is your own fault then; you might be."

"That is much for you to say, Carlotta, I appreciate it coming from you."

"Yes, I presume my dictum is most assuring," said the artiste, trying to look consequential. "Heaven knows I am bored enough sometimes with aspiring vocalists who persist in showing me the charms of their voices and screech me nearly mad with their amateurish howls!"

"My dear you are dreadful on poor teachers and amateurs."

"No, I'm not; I'm 'dreadful' only on conceited ones, and they crop up everywhere. Teachers and amateurs of real merit seldom sing for me; when they do, it is a sincere pleasure. Oh, I remember well when I was earning my bread by teaching singing in New York, how kind Moreau Gottschalk was to me; how he urged and insisted I should give up the life of slavery that teaching is, and engaged me for his concert tour of the West. I pity teachers too much to be 'dreadful' as you call it, but wealthy amateurs, who think money can buy and impart a musical education—I have no patience with them! Come, let us go home, you must direct the coachman, his Moldavian dialect is beyond me."

The great circular Ringplatz brightly lighted before the Hotel zum Schwarzenadler was filled with carriages driving rapidly into the stone-paved hotel court, in the upper portion of which building the concert hall, Adlersaal, was rapidly filling with an audience eager to welcome the prima donna, Carlotta Patti, and the artists of her troupe. Among them was Theodore Ritter, with his wondrous technique, his flashing arpeggios, rippling triplets and thunderous octaves; Camillo Sivori, whose violin wailed or laughed just as the artist willed, the even delicacy of the tones he drew with his diamond-pointed bow from a superbly mellow straduaris were almost human-voiced in their passionate appeal. Filled at last, "almost to suffocation," the hall resounded with low hum of conversation. It was more like a ball-room than a concert hall; gentlemen in evening dress moved from sofa to sofa of the cerclesiz, complimenting the beautiful Moldavian women, who in exquisite Parisian toilets fanned themselves and

toyed with their bouquets in the languid saloon style of the "grande damen" they were. Chairs of all sorts and sizes, even rude benches, had been pressed into service, for a Patti concert was an unheard of event in this little crownland, and the managers knew that the hall would be crowded.

At a little before eight o'clock Ritter reached the reception-room where the artists assembled. "You are late," said Sivori, who was to play the Chopin polonaise for violin and piano with him; "the audience cannot be kept waiting any longer—allons."

"Attendez," said Patti, "wait until Veronique gets to her place in the circle, now go—and do not make me laugh," she said, turning to the lady who had accompanied her in her afternoon drive, and playfully pushing her toward the side entrance to the concert hall below the stage; "I feel like laughing and anything sets me off when in such a nervous state. My best effort to-night will be the 'Bolero,' composed for me by Ritter, and which he himself accompanies; so listen and enjoy."

"If you sing it as well as the one from the 'Vépres Siciliennes' you gave us last night, it will be delicious."

"Flatteuse," she said, tossing her pretty head and putting her lips up as if for a kiss—"no don't," she added, "I'm gotten up for the footlights. Isn't my dress lovely, but now go, come to my room after the concert."

The dress was indeed lovely, dark Prussian blue velvet, heavily embroidered in dark blue pearls, with here and there a spray of diamonds glittering with prismatic fire. Ornaments of diamonds and sapphires on neck and arms, with diamond aigrettes in her black hair, completed the regal splendor of Carlotta's presence. She sang as the Patti's always sing—simply, unaffectedly, with faultless method and most intelligent phrasing. Round after round of applause greeted and recalled her, and when the prelude to the Bendalari laughing-song began, another round of applause greeted this most celebrated of Patti's encores. As she started off in this little trick-of-art song, Patti glanced at Veronique, who was sitting beside a sedate old gentleman of most ancient Boyar descent, a man who rarely, if ever, laughed; once indeed he had reproved Veronique for laughing, when forgetting she was in Moldavia she had carelessly indulged in what is termed in German, "bau-ern müll gelächter," but in English might be described as "an unaffectedly hearty laugh." The old count had said in most sarcastic tones, "gentlefolks never laugh aloud, peasants only do that, I am shocked at you, Madame."

Madame had told Patti of this and as the friends glanced at each other Patti seemed to know by instinct that the solemnly dignified old nobleman was the one who had reproved Veronique: On him she fixed her eyes, to him she drew the attention of the circle, at him she sent her merry trills of laughter, for him she exerted, with magnetic power, all the mischievous merriment of her nature, and when his stern features somewhat relaxed she gave him such a comical look of surprise that his innate sense of the ridiculous could stand it no longer, and quite forgetting that the nobility never laugh he indulged in the heartiest fit of bauern gelächter he had ever enjoyed in his life. In vain the lady beside him reminded him that such loud mirth was unseemly, for once his life he thoroughly enjoyed himself.

A very simple supper of broiled chickens, salad and light Roumanian wines awaited Patti and a few invited guests in the parlor of this artist. Ritter glanced at the table. "Nothing here tempts me," he said, "we are invited elsewhere, and being hungry and tired we are going: come Sivori."

The violonist raised his eyes languidly and replied:—"No, I'm going to try a bottle of Bordeaux with my chicken if I can get it; then to bed to dream with delight of my joyous departure from this fag end of creation."

"They appreciated you well this evening," said Veronique.

"Ah, applause is nothing worth outside Paris."

"Then you had best remain there, but if you do not care for applause, perhaps Roumania's gold ducats are as good as Parisian francs," suggested one of the guests.

With true artist scorn the violonist glanced at the speaker and turning on his heel walked directly out of the room, muttering, "gold, outside of civilization is of no use."

"He is cross, let him go," said Patti, summoning her friends to table.

Guests who had called to be presented to the artist now took their leave and others whom Patti had invited to sup with her, seeing themselves deprived of Ritter and Sivori, said good night, leaving only a partie-carrée at the table. Such a quartette never met at a table in Moldavia before, perhaps never will again. Ah, if, as a clever Frenchman writes:—"Rien ne fait paraître l'avenir couleur de rose comme de la regarder à travers un verre de chambertin." If this be true of the future, it is still truer of the past. Château Margaux will never fail to recall, to four people at least, that supper in the diva's parlor. The most witty stories, the latest Parisian bons mots, told by the artist with inimitable mimicry will rise to memory tinged with the rich hue of the ruby wine, while its aroma of southern vineyards will bring the delicate perfume of the floral trophies Patti had that evening won, and if life ever seems "un chapelet de petites misères," they have the assurance that "Rien n'est plus doux que le souvenir du bon-heur."

THE CEDAR CABINET.

AN AUCTIONEER'S STORY.

As I was making into lots some goods in the auction room a sad looking lady came in and looked anxiously around. "I am looking for a cedar cabinet," said the lady, gently, "which was among the articles I parted with to Clutchem and Keep, and am told it was sent here for sale. I wish to redeem it at any price—"

She stooped suddenly as she saw my face change.

A cedar cabinet!

I remembered it at once. The hurt on my hand recalled it, also that it had been labelled for that day's sale.

She grew frightened at my hesitation. "Do not say that it is gone," she cried, rising quickly, and grasping my arm. "Oh, God would not so afflict me! Look, look everywhere for it, I beg, I pray you."

Her hand shook so on my arm that I could feel the quivering of her thin fingers.

I tried to think to whom I had sold a cabinet that day; then it flashed on me that there had not been one in the catalogue.

Had I made a mistake and sent it away with the bric-a-brac lot? If so, it could be recovered. I felt glad for my error, but the poor little woman mistook my silence, and broke down completely, sobbing so pitifully that I knew then that some great cause was hidden beneath her desire to reclaim the old cabinet.

"It is more to me than life or death," she cried out passionately, looking straight before her. "It means my children's honour. Listen, and you will be influenced by my great need to find this cabinet for me. I believe it contains the certificate of my marriage and my children's baptism, without which I cannot lay claim to my husband's estate in France. It is not the money I want," she added, with proud spirit, "I cannot bear to touch that: but my children shall not be robbed of the right to their father's name."

She paused to look at me. I felt as if a severe tension upon her nerves had given way at last, and crushed by her fear of the cabinet being lost to her, her silence and reserve had broken down, and that she appealed to me unconsciously in her need.

The shadowy pageant passed to and fro across the mirror, and as she went on passionately with her story, it seemed to me I saw the whole sad episode pass in review on the dim surface.

"Fifteen years ago my husband deserted me. Evil influences led him astray, and while for my children's sake I would have pardoned him, I never saw him again or heard one word from him until I learned through the paper that he was dead, and had left an estate to his wife and children."

"I could not grieve, except that he had died in his sin, unforgiven by me. I was poor, for he left me only the household furniture, and I have toiled all these years to maintain my children. So, for their sakes, I applied to a lawyer to obtain possession of the estate."

"Oh, the shame, the despair, of finding another claimant in France to my children's name and honour."

"I must prove our claim as wife and children," said the careful French lawyer, "by the production of the marriage and baptismal certificates!"

"And I knew not where they were!"

"The minister was dead, the witnesses gone I knew not where."

"I felt as if my carelessness had dishonoured my children, and for days could get no relief from horrible anxiety, until by a flash, as from heaven, I remembered that I had placed the certificate with other papers in the old cabinet that I had parted with to Clutchem and Keep. I went to them; they had sent it here for sale, and now you—"

She broke down with a moan of despair. It was more than I could stand. That cry and the pitiful story forced me into action at once.

"You shall have the cabinet, madam," I said solemnly, as if devoting my life to its search.

"Oh, sir, you will do a noble deed if you but find it for me," she cried, gratefully, looking at me with beaming eyes.

Her face looked to me as if a halo came over it, and I dimly felt why I had stood bare-headed before her. Truly I had stood in death's presence—the death of hope and love in this poor woman's life—the requiem of gladness and impulse.

She left me with a hopeful smile, taking my hand with a pretty grace, and I watched her, in the mirror, go down the shadowy room into the sunlight of the street, and the shadows seemed to fall from her for ever.

I telegraphed the bric-a-brac firm. They had the cabinet, and returned it at once; so that before many days the little nervous fingers were searching in the presence of the lawyer and myself, for the precious papers.

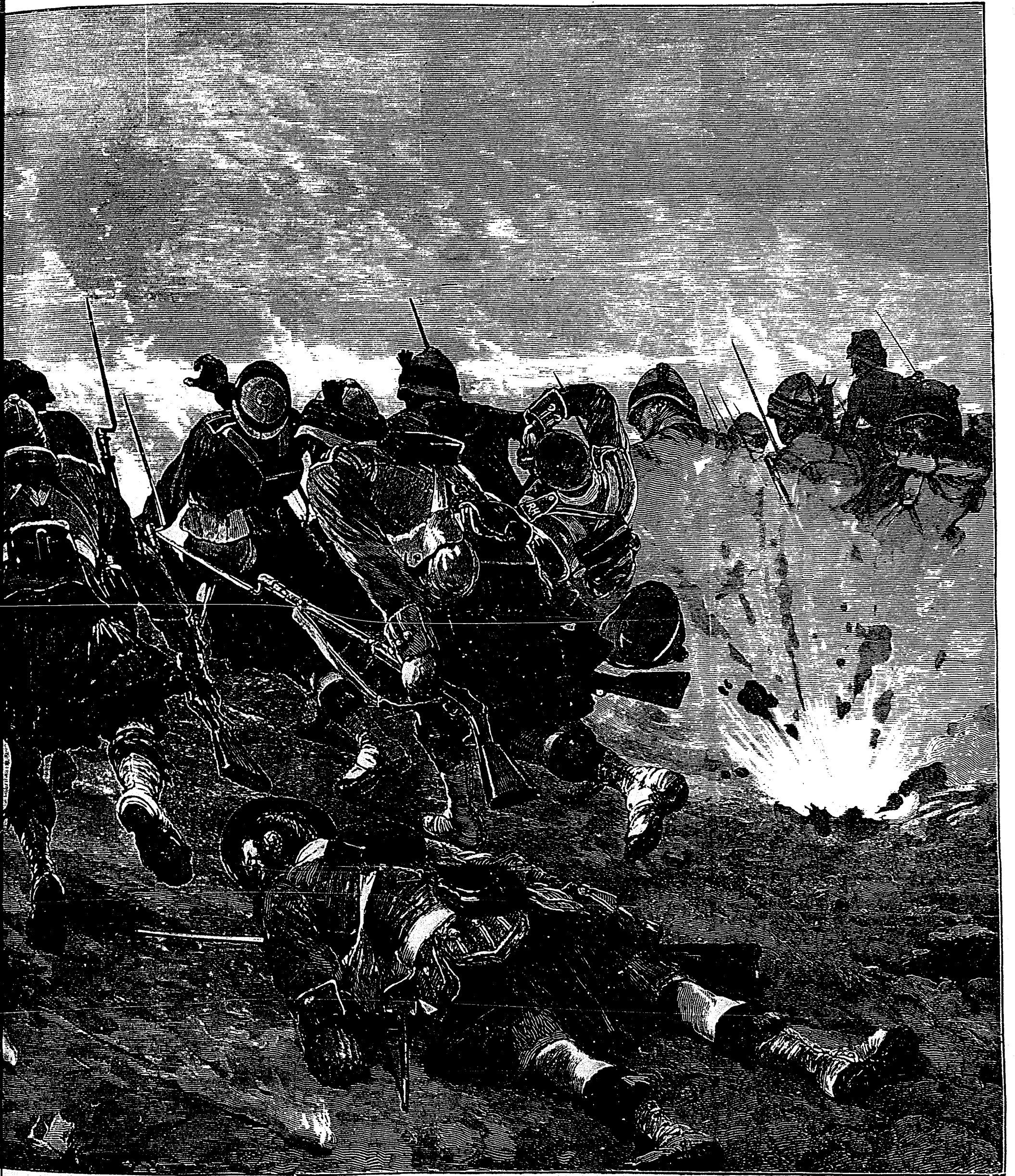
She found them! I shall never forget her face when she held them up. The halo was there, as she said, so softly. "Thank God!"

BARON Albert de Rothschild has been entertaining a select party of shooters at his Château Bensechau in Silesia. Among the distinguished circle figured Chevalier Caroli, Count Duchatel, Count de la Rochefoucauld, Count Kilmansegge, Chevalier de Kopack, &c. The result of three days' hard work was 1,950, a number that included 1,650 pheasants and 300 hares, without reckoning small stercoras.



THE LATE WAR IN EGYPT.—THE

DRAWN



BAYONET CHARGE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

BY R. CATON WORDVILLE.

HER FAN.

So I am to keep you little fan!
While she goes to wait with the eighteenth man.

Well! now that I have you, the question, sweet,
Is, whether to kiss you, or batter and beat?

That you've been her accomplice, in moments gone
by,
In tricks to torment me, you cannot deny!

How oft, from her side, I've been ordered to go,
To hunt for your fanship, high and low.

And been, for not finding you, frowned at and chid,
While, 'neath her own furbelows, basely you hid!

If you weren't just warts from her clasp, I fear
You'd have fluttered your last at *withers*, my dear!

This, too, is the cord she cruelly twists,
In my envious sight, round her milk-white wrists:

And this, the edge she'd do nothing but bite,
When I prayed for one word, in the soft starlight.

She's a flirt, wretched fan! from her head to her
foot,
In its daintiness, supremely absurd little boot!

(Though one such wickedness wouldn't surmise,
From those tender lips, and shy, sweet eyes!)

And she looks, to-night, in that white robe's flow,
Fair and pure as a lily in snow!

But her heart, under all, may be deep and true—
The ocean has frivolous froth on its blue!

That she likes me a little, I can't help believing!—
If I only were sure of that fact, all-retrieving!

Here she comes back, at last, crown a rose,
in the wait!

Faunting! take her this kiss, and I'll pardon your
faults!

THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

BY E. P. SHILLABEE.

I.

Bald Cliff is one of the most slightly prominent ones on the eastern coast, from the summit to the beach, a hundred feet below, presenting an arid and unbroken point of sand and rock, the work of the invading sea, which has been battering against it since the beginning, and will go on to the end. The declivity, though impracticable for climbers, shelves in a graceful line to the sea, and one who had once rolled, by accident, from the top to the bottom, avowed that the descent was easy, though he never wished to try it again. Upon this cliff a company of enthusiastic speculators built a hotel, in the early days of seaside hotels, whose expectations regarding it were great, but which, unfortunately, were not realized; for the inconvenience of reaching it were such, that pleasure-seekers, who generally love comfort, chafe rather to patronize the little village of Pleasant Cove, situated in a romantic bend of the coast below, which presented land and ocean attractions—surf bathing and diving, fishing and wood-rang. Some of the sojourners by the shore would, however, frequently climb the hill, to enjoy the glorious prospect from the summit, but the high-priced hotel attractions were not enough to draw them from their allegiance to Pleasant Cove. So the hotel languished, and a fire subsequently dismissed it from the scene.

George Calef and Abel Dorne were scholars of the Broadfield Academy, situated within a few miles of the Cliff, and chose to spend a week or two of their summer vacation at the new hotel. There were few visitors, and those not of a character to attract boys of sixteen, the landlord, soured by disappointment, was not in a mood to do anything for their amusement, and even the traditional "polite clerk" made himself especially disagreeable to them. The time hung very heavily on their hands, without any fun to enliven it, and Bald Cliff House was voted by them a bore. The time allotted for their stay had, however, nearly expired—it was a mercy that they had not, under the circumstances—and they were one morning sitting on the highest point of the Cliff, while the time away by bringing distant objects near by aid of the hotel spy-glass. Vessels were brought into such seemingly close proximity that it required not much stretch of the imagination to believe they could hear the crews talk together, and, when a sail was changed, fancy they could hear the order which commanded it; little islands, vague and misty objects in the distance, were rounded into peaceful verities by the magical power of the lens; and white villages and cottages along the coast made the boys long to get back to active life again.

"I say, Abel," growled George, "this is a jolly time that we are having, isn't it? Nothing to do and nobody to help us. Why, old Pen's exercises in logic are fun to this."

"Well," said Abel, "I feel about the same regarding it, but let us make the most we can of the few days left. Let's make an effort to satisfy ourselves. It is said that happiness depends upon how people enjoy themselves, and so if we don't enjoy ourselves we can't be happy. Isn't that logic?"

"Perhaps it is," said George lazily.

"And now," said Abel, "what shall we do? Shall we go and lick the landlord, throttle the clerk, or set fire to the hotel? But—why, here comes the fun right into our own hands. See here, George, here are the two gipsy women back again, who left when we came. Now suppose we have our fortunes told, just for the sport of the thing. We can have the fortune-mongers

all to ourselves, too, as there's no one with them, I'll try it, at any rate. Ho! say, there!"

The gipsies were an old and a young woman, who were walking along the brow of the cliff, but had made a detour to pass towards the house, when Abel hailed them. They stopped within a few feet of the boys and waited to be again spoken to. They were peculiarly dressed, in a fashion forgotten to civilization, but were modest and quiet in their demeanor, the younger being very pretty.

"Can you tell fortunes?" asked Abel.

"We can," replied the elder.

"How do you do it—by witchcraft?"

"No, our people have powers which none others possess. We read the life by lines imprinted by nature upon the palms of the hands, and following the teaching thereof, we are directed plainly to the revelation of character."

"You read the palm best when it bears such marks as this," said he, laughingly putting a silver dollar into his own and holding it toward her.

"No," she replied warmly, her dark eyes flashing, "though it bore a thousand like it the result could not be changed."

There was a stateliness in her manner that subdued his boyish levity, and calling George, as he said to see fair play, he passed his hand over for the gipsy woman's inspection, fixing his eye intently on hers. She took his hand in her own, dark and wrinkled, and spread it open upon her palm. George tried to engage the young woman in the same performance but she shyly declined.

"Your hand," said the gipsy to Abel, "reveals in its lines the successes and reverses of human life, with few features to distinguish it from others. But the love line is crossed by two red and angry lines, that denote violence and danger, through yourself, to some one whose thread of existence is twined with your own. I cannot say where, how or when, but there it is written."

She released the hand, and looked earnestly into his young and glowing face.

"And this short story you call my fortune?" said he.

"It is, as far as I can read it."

"You can't see anything more about the crossed lines, can you? As that is all of importance there is in it, I should like to know a little more about it."

"That is all I am permitted to see."

"Very well. 'Tis enough, I suppose. As the violence and danger are to come through me, I shall keep a sharp lookout to avoid everything of the kind, and so that thread of destiny which is twisted in with mine will be perfectly safe. There's the dollar. Now, George, 'tis your turn."

"No, thank'ee," said he, "I don't care about knowing more of my future than I can guess, unless this young lady will take a hand, and read me a line or two from the book of fate."

She drew herself up with an air of offended dignity, and the twain turned away by a path that led down the side of the bluff toward Pleasant Cove. George ran to deposit the spy-glass in the office, and in a few moments rejoined Abel on the cliff. The noise of the waves on the rocks below came to their ears in a subdued murmur, and the beach seemed a belt of silver in the morning light. The beach was only accessible from above by a narrow path, which, some distance from the top of the cliff, zigzagged its way through the shrubbery down a rather steep declivity. This had been trodden by adventurous steps, made available by bushes, to which those who tried it might cling while descending. George and Abel had frequently traversed it, and enjoyed it as, next to throwing themselves from the cliff, the best chance for breaking their necks.

"They say 'tis a hundred feet down there," said Abel, throwing over a stone which was lost to sight before it reached the water.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied George; "and perhaps if you look sharp you may see the chaps gathering campfire down there, that the fellows humbugged King Lear about when he was blind."

"Sampfire," said Abel laughing.

"Well, never mind; one is just as true as t'other."

"I say," said Abel suddenly, "wouldn't it be fun to send a big stone down there, over the cliff? How it would go!"

"That's a fact," replied George, "and here is one, if we can only free it from the dirt, that'll be just the card. Bring that piece of a rail here and we will dig it out."

It was a large round boulder, imbedded in the sand, near the edge of the cliff, that a few years' action of the winds would have released, and, with the piece of rail, they began to dig away the surrounding earth. After expending effort enough to excavate a cellar, the stone became loosened, and, poised upon the brink, it stood ready for its descent over the steep front. They assured themselves that there was nothing moving on the beach below, and then, using the piece of rail for a lever, they heaved the stone from its balance and it started rapidly on its course. As it did so they glanced over, when, to their horror, at that instant a little girl, followed by a woman, apparently her nurse, ran out from behind a projecting rock and stood directly in the track of the descending mass. They dared not look to see the catastrophe which they knew must happen, but, pale as a sheet, Abel shouted,

"To the path! To the path!"

Intensely excited, they rushed for the path, down which they plunged regardless of their

own safety, scarcely touching the bushes usually deemed indispensable. It required several minutes to accomplish the descent, during which their minds were filled with the most agonizing expectancy and self-reproach. They spoke not a word, each imagining the scene of terror which awaited them in the form of the mangled victims of their heedlessness, or hearing in fancy their groans as they lay with crushed limbs upon the beach. Hastening on to the spot where the stone had fallen, its track distinctly seen on the smooth face of the cliff, they were agreeably surprised to find no trace of a casualty, while the stone itself lay buried in the sand fully ten feet beyond the edge of the water. There were footprints of a child and a woman upon the beach, but the ones who made them had disappeared. They climbed the cliff, with difficulty, to see how the calamity had been averted, and found that, when going most rapidly, as the stone had neared its destination, it had met a slight elevation above the level of its course, which had lifted it, opportunely, and projected it over the heads of those endangered into the water beyond.

Believed of their apprehensions, they ran the entire length of the beach in pursuit of their threatened victims, but not a trace of them could be found save a little blue shoe, which fitted to the footprints on the sand, and Abel claimed this as a memento of the most terrible incident of his life.

The rest of the days at the cliff were eventless, and they returned to school, to graduate with honor, to go through college together, remaining, until divided by business, the most intimate friends in the world, and, though different cities claimed them, by correspondence and alternations of visiting, the relation was kept unbroken.

II.

Abel Dorne was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, while George Calef was the hope and pride of Peleg Calef, Esq., the eminent ship-chandler of Ploverville, whose ambition it was that George should be associated with him in business. He was the idol of his mother and two sisters, who also favored the wish of the paternal ship-chandler, and so George gave himself and his education to the business, becoming a shrewd and prosperous merchant, gifted in all the mysteries of trade, and watching narrowly all the avenues of speculation in his line. Abel, in a city some fifty miles distant from Ploverville, after a year's study of medicine, abandoned it for the law, and won quite a name in a few years, as a barrister. He was a welcome guest at the luxurious home of the Calefs, whenever occasion brought him near Ploverville, and there was a cherished hope in George's mind, if not in that of other members of the family, that he would be attracted by one of his sisters; but, beyond a very devoted friendship, he made no sign. The home of the Calefs was a delightful one, possessing all the qualities of taste and refinement to make it desirable. The girls were in the highest degree accomplished, handsome and amiable, whose merits none acknowledged more appreciatively than Abel, yet he was impenetrable to all tender influences.

"Abel," said George, at one of their meetings, "I am going to be married."

"Good, my dear boy," was the reply; "you will have a chance then to know whether happiness depends upon how people enjoy themselves. Eh, George?"

"Bald Cliff," said George; "I remember. I think we shall never forget that time."

"No," replied Abel, "that is a fixture in memory; and I have a little shoe at home which I prize more than rubies, and am keeping for the owner, when, like Cinderella, she brings me its mate."

"Why don't you marry?" asked George.

"Do you remember the gipsy's prophecy?" replied Abel, "and the danger to be incurred by the one whose thread of existence is entwined with my own? That should keep me single forever."

"Nonsense!" said George. "Surely you are too sensible a man to give heed to any such craze as that."

"Well," returned Abel, "it is an answer, such as it is, to your question, and the subject was dropped pleasantly."

Years passed by, during which George had married and erected a house of his own, had introduced several children into the domestic arena, and become a public man of much importance. His sisters had also married, one of whom occupied the homestead, and the family relations, though changed, were still very pleasant. Abel was a beloved guest with them all. He was from the first installed in the good graces of Mrs. George, and was exceedingly useful as a godfather and such other relations as circumstances might determine. He was happy in the happiness of his friends, who frequently bantered him about the gipsy's prophecy; and his replies thereto all had reference to the perilous contingency of union with him.

"But all must take their chance," was the philosophical rejoinder of Mrs. George.

Abel was a society man in his own city, a member of clubs, could be a *bon vivant* when occasion called, loved music, the drama and the dance, and was very far from being a hermit. He entertained a profound admiration for females and female society, yet there was nothing that drew him into more than respectful relations with them, the gipsy's prophecy, without being an admitted influence, checking any emotion beyond friendly admiration. He

was an enigma to all, but a very pleasant one, and, professionally and socially, was regarded as one of the finest fellows in the world. If all who are thus designated by partial friends could be brought together, what a vast multitude they would show!

The decease of his mother had left him in quite affluent circumstances, which, with his amiability, rendered him a most desirable "catch;" but the trap wouldn't spring, the fact of the bait being too transparent. "Setting springs to catch woodcocks" paid the operators better than all attempts of this nature. The law, he said, was his bride, and, though rather old and somewhat musty, had charms for him paramount to more youthful aspirants for the same position. He was near thirty when he came to this conclusion, and he was given over as an obdurate and hardened case, one young lady affirming as her belief that he would not change even though he had rheumatism in his foot in prospect, with no sympathizing hand to do it up for him in red flannel! This was putting the case strong, yet she was doubtless very near the truth. But we can't see far ahead at best, and matters of the heart can no more be calculated than the weather under ordinary predictions. There may be a general disappointment, and the fulfillment as predicted not within three rows of apple trees of the truth. Thus matters remained up to one summer.

III.

It was the custom of the Calef family, during the summer vacation, to combine its several branches in a visit to some cool retreat by the sea, lake or mountain, and enjoy a season of delightful ease, in a very sensible way, varying the scene each year. To effect this, avoiding hotel localities, they would secure some large farmhouse, furnished, and, taking along their servants, would enjoy all the comforts of home amid the delights of scene and atmosphere, apart from the world and yet near enough to it to be aware of its existence, and admitting of immediate return to it if necessary. One summer they had secured a farmhouse of the description named, and were making arrangements for their flight, when "Uncle Abel," as he was affectionately called, dropped down among them, suggesting the hospitable thought that he should be one of their party.

"And will you go?" said Mrs. George eagerly.

"Certainly I will," replied he; "I have just concluded a dreary case at law, and need recreation. But where is the spot you have chosen for your retreat?"

"Oh, I don't know, but George will tell you all about it. He says it is just a lovely place, with such mountains and such brooks and such grand woods and such—well, here he is," and George entered, laden with articles he had been instructed to procure.

He welcomed his friend heartily, and assured him of the pleasure it gave him, when he heard that he was going.

"It is," he said, "a fine place—the best we have found yet. Bear Mountain looms majestically in front of the house a few miles distant, a charming lake lies at its foot, trout brooks full of fish abound in every direction, while a forest of grand old trees stretches away beyond a green meadow which lies before the house. Say, don't like the picture?"

"As the bee upon the flowers hang I upon the music of thy eloquent tongue," said he, quoting Melnotte, in sentiment if not exactly in words.

"Well, you will go with us?"

"Yes."

"Enough said; and now for the preparations."

These were soon effected, having been begun some time before, and, at the close of a warm day, the party found themselves at their destination in the large old farmhouse with the surroundings as described; the mountain in the near distance, the meadow and forest in front, and the lake gleaming through the foliage in the setting sun like silver. It revealed in the index the whole volume of charms which was to be enjoyed in the weeks to come.

The farmhouse, the property of a widow lady named Marlow, had been built as a princely residence in days of abundance, but adversity, attended by the death of her husband, had left this as her all, excepting a trifle by way of interest, and she was glad to surrender the most of the premises in the warm season to sojourners, who found the place a delightful resort. The new-comers were received courteously by Mrs. Marlow, who informed them that she had reserved two rooms for herself and daughter, in a retired part of the house, and that she desired to be as secluded as possible. She then conducted them through the rooms they were to occupy, including the kitchen, which Biddy, the servant girl, pronounced "illegant," and left them in possession.

The "farm" was but an apology for the name, the meadow in front and about as much land in the rear for cultivation comprised the most of it, but it was bounded by the lake on one side and by the country road on the other, with no near neighbors, and no more retired spot could be desired. There was a good stable for the horse and carriage which they had brought with them on the train, and with the assurance that needed supplies could be had with little inconvenience, they settled down to the business of enjoyment. The children were especially delighted. An old mastiff which had grown up on the premises immediately took them under his charge, and followed them, wherever they went, with a most

hospitable wag of his tail, seeming, among other things, to warn a pompous and belligerent-looking turkey that these were young friends of his that it would not be safe for him to interfere with. They hung round his neck and got upon his back, which seemed to give old Towser great satisfaction, and confidential relations were established between them from the start.

The sporting attractions were great, and were improved by Abel, who was more than a theoretical amateur, but George often averred that such sport was too much labor, and he would rather drive about with his family, or sit in the shade and rest, contenting himself with helping to eat all that his friends might obtain. So rambling the woods and fishing in the streams, with an occasional visit to Bear Mountain, formed the quiet but satisfactory occupation of Abel, who, within a week, had overstocked the family larder, and sent many a toothsome morsel to the Marlows, whom he never saw, the ladies, however, exchanging brief interviews in the way of housekeeping.

The young lady had kept herself assiduously from the view of Abel, and a want of interest had repelled all wish to form her acquaintance; but he had heard now and then a delightful voice coming from the other part of the house, and wondered perhaps how the rustic might look who breathed it, yet made no effort to see, strictly regarding the isolating compact. One day as he was going out, armed with his fishing-rod and arrayed in fisher's costume, he met a young lady going toward the door, whose appearance instantly attracted him. She was tall and graceful, simply yet tastefully dressed, her sweet face the picture of health, her eyes dark, bright and sparkling, of kindly aspect, her demeanor ladylike and pleasant. He bowed graciously, which courtesy she returned with perfect politeness, and he was puzzled to associate so much grace with Bear Mountain and its rural surroundings.

"Well, Abel, what luck?" said George, as the fisherman returned early in the afternoon. "What," he continued, opening his creel, "not a single shiner! Caught nothing!"

"No," was the reply. "I came nearer being caught myself than the fish."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. George.

"Have you seen the spirit of the woods?"

"Not exactly," said he, "but one who might readily pass for such were the locality adapted. I met, this morning—"

"Alice Marlow," she interrupted, clapping her hands. "I saw you bow to her."

"Well," said he, "if that was Miss Marlow, I have never seen a young lady who so commended herself. I have been perplexed with wonder ever since I saw her hew one so beautiful could have dropped down upon a scene like this."

"And your perplexity drove away the fish, I suppose?"

"Can't say, nor can I remember to have tried to catch any."

"Poor fellow!"

"Well, I don't need any commiseration. It is only a matter of curiosity, anyway, and to-morrow I will catch a basketful."

"I'll wager," said George, "that you have thought twenty times to-day of that ridiculous prophecy."

"Well," he replied, "since you have alluded to it, I have, but without reference to anything in particular. It often obtrudes itself."

"Had it no reference," said Mrs. George, "to the thread which is being spun somewhere and waiting for you to find it?"

"Well, if it had," he replied, "you surely would not urge me to endanger it by the peril I am to inflict."

"All must take their risk," she said, as she had before.

Abel turned the subject gaily, and plunged into a romp with the children; but "curiosity" had taken a decided hold upon him, to which, however, he gave no outward sign, and the subject of the late conversation was not alluded to. His going abroad now was inspired by a wish to meet again his rural divinity, the fish being secondary, of which, however, he caught a goodly share, and his fowling piece was often heard in the woods. He hovered about the house with the hope of meeting her, sent presents of fruits, ordered from town, to Miss Marlow, which were acknowledged by the old lady, and adopted other small stratagems to get within the charmed circle, but in vain. He admitted no confidants to the state of his feelings, and imagined that his anxiety was unobserved, as the young partridge, which hides its head under a leaf, doubtless imagines its body all hidden; but Mrs. George, with a woman's insight, saw it all. At length, finding all schemes unavailing, his self-pride led him to abandon his hope and the fish bit better than ever.

One day, sitting beneath a tree arranging some flies, he was startled at hearing, a short distance from where he sat, the sweet notes of a joyous song, in a female voice, which lent a charm to the solitude. When the song had ceased, he arose and moved softly toward the point from which it had proceeded, and there, through an opening amid intervening boughs, sat the object of his former meeting, engaged in weaving a garland of leaves. Her straw hat lay on the grass by her side, and her long, dark hair, falling in waves over her shoulders, gave her the presumed appearance of a forest nymph. Abel waited but a moment, and then broke the ice by breaking through the bushes and stood before Alice Marlow, who stared with much surprise at his sudden apparition, but did not start and her employment.

"Good-morning, Miss Marlow," said he, "I believe I am right in thus naming you."

"You certainly are, sir," said she, "and I respond to your salutation: Good-morning. We abide under the same roof, I think," she continued.

"Yes, happily," he replied; "and Abel Dorne, which means the individual before you, is rendered more happy by becoming personally acquainted with his charming co-tenant."

"You are very polite to say so. It requires very little to make some people happy."

"But when opportunity is denied, happiness may be painfully deferred."

"Maybe so; but will you please oblige me by bringing me some of those oak leaves which overhang the brook. My lap is so full it is inconvenient for me to move."

"Yes, if you will sing me the song you were wasting on the desert air just now."

"I will," and she broke into a strain of most bewildering cadence, which continued until the leaves were brought, when mutual thanks were voted and accepted, and then, throwing himself upon the sward, Abel attempted to imitate her in manipulating the leaves, but found it more intricate than law.

"There," said she, seeing his difficulty, "fold the leaf in this way over the preceding one, and then thrust the stem through both, which holds them, you see, in place; then add other leaves in the same manner, and the art is learnt."

"I see. Folded thus—"

"No, you have folded the leaf wrong. There, turn it this way, with the gloss outside."

"Yes, yes; now I know."

He sat and worked diligently, with her bright brown eyes now and then glancing down upon him, until the garland was completed, when she gathered the whole green fabric about her, rendering herself more like a wood-nymph than before, and left him, with a smiling farewell, to his meditations. His reflections took a new form, and that form was Alice Marlow. The little incident of a moment enhanced to his mind all the sunlight and wild beauty of the woods, and the graceful country girl was installed as a sylvan goddess. It was a bad day for fishing, and he returned with an empty creel but a full heart. His face bespoke his happiness.

"She's a jewel," said he to Mrs. George.

"To whom do you allude?"

"Our neighbor, Miss Alice."

"You have met her, then?"

"Yes, this morning in the woods, and my skill helped to achieve that garland which I see around the room."

"She is, indeed, a jewel."

"Perhaps," said George laughing, "she may be that missing thread which has so provokingly failed to put in appearance."

"Indeed," replied Abel gaily, "we can't tell; (but those horrid contingents) you remember. By Jove, it would turn red hot love to ice and ban all hope to think of them."

"Yes, but all must take their chance, remember," said Mrs. George.

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN SOCIETY.

American "society" in the limited sense of the word, and meaning a class of refined and rich and intelligent persons, is very much in America what it is in England, with two signal differences—one arising from the hereditary class element in England, and the other from the larger number of especially accomplished persons concentrated in one great capital. But individual by individual the observer will see as much refinement and grace of manner and delightful and available social cultivation in America as in England. Vulgar rich people of various kinds, Podsnaps and Barnes Newcomes and Lord Steynes, he will find here as there. But if Mr. Matthew Arnold had been in Newport during the summer, and had dined from villa to villa, he would have found more new richness, indeed, because modern Newport is scarcely more than a generation old; the houses doubtless would have been finer than marine villas elsewhere, and the dinners probably better; but the company would have been as used to "clean shirts" and to social elegance and refinement as any to which Mr. Arnold is accustomed. Without the least disposition toward the *tu quoque*, we should say that he would be quite as likely to discover less real want of good manners here than in corresponding circles at home. That taint of English society in every degree which Thackeray stigmatized as snobbery, and which is painfully evident to a foreign observer, he would remark very much less in this country than at home.

But when, leaving this restricted use of the word society, and rising into American society at large, he turned his shrewd eyes around him, Mr. Arnold would discover a general intelligence and courtesy and self-respect, a rustic plainness of speech and manner, often, but a freedom from vulgarity, which could not fail to charm him. It would be a very extraordinary "lover of the human life" who should not find a greater proportional intelligence, knowledge of good books, charitable and literary and artistic activity, refinement of manner and dignity of life, in the United States than elsewhere in the world. The *Spectator* generously concedes, and from the personal experience of the writer, that there is more general kindness and politeness, more of the old *homo sum* spirit, in America than in any of the three greatest countries of Europe. "And what is this, after all," he asks, "but humanization?"—*Harpur's*.

A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF HER NEPHEW.

Relationships, of course, figure largely in novels. In the old romances it may almost be said that everybody turned out in the end to be everybody else's grandmother. One would suppose that every kind of discovered relationship had been already utilized to form a striking incident in novels. And yet we venture to say that the following "notion" has hitherto been overlooked by inventors of plots, to whom we freely offer it. Imagine the bride and bridegroom, after innumerable trials and obstacles of every kind, to be at last at the altar and the marriage service begun. The officiating Bishop (we will suppose the contracting parties to be of such noble birth that it takes a bishop to unite them) asks whether any one can allege any impediment now, "or else forever holds his peace." To the dismay of the wedding party, an old woman (the evil genius, or fairy not invited to the christening) comes forward and explains—what she alone has known—the mystery in which the birth of the bride's mother, long since dead, was involved. Documents are produced which prove to the satisfaction (or rather dissatisfaction) of all present that the bride's maternal grandmother was the bridegroom's-half sister, nearly fifty years older than himself; "and therefore," concludes the malicious old beldame, "as a man cannot marry his niece, the marriage is unlawful!" Great sensation, of course, ensues: but the Bishop, who is well up in the table of kindred, &c., quickly remarks: "A man may not marry his niece, but he may marry his great-niece," and accordingly proceeds with the service, to the discomfort of the ancient hag and the joy of everybody else. Such a marriage, indeed, would be quite lawful, for the relationship, it will be observed, is one of four degrees, and, accordingly, it is not one of the "forbidden degrees." Should such a marriage be followed, as most marriages are, by progeny, we should have the curious result that children would have their own mother for a "Welsh niece," and would be first cousin to their grandmother, and first cousins twice removed to themselves! A marriage in high life actually took place, a few years ago, in which the bridegroom was first cousin twice removed to the bride. Her ladyship, therefore, became daughter-in-law to her own Welsh nephew; and when a son and heir appeared upon the scene he figured as second cousin to one grandfather, and as great-great-great-nephew to the other, who was less than 60 years of age.—*London Society*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Oct. 7.

THE two Channel Tunnel Companies are still coquetting, with the object of amalgamation.

EXTENSIVE alterations are now being made at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, where they are certainly needed.

MRS. LANGTRY has only sparingly patronized Worth. Her chief artist is an English lady, who has studied the face and figure of her client.

THE Rothschilds are virtual owners of one-fifth of the fertile land in the Delta of the Nile. Their share in Egyptian bonds is popularly estimated at £12,000,000.

THE first electric boat was seen on the Thames this week. It was a miniature craft some 26 feet long by 5 feet beam, but it sped along at a very rapid rate. The electric power was from storage batteries supplied by Sellen and Volckman.

THE Volunteer Service Club was opened at 2 Grafton street, Piccadilly, on Monday last. As necessary repairs and decorations are not yet completed, members are made honorary members of the Empire Club for the month of October.

CORRUGATED iron houses have not hitherto been patronized for villa residences. Professor Tyndal has, however, set the example of building himself a house of iron on the Hampshire Downs, at Hind Head. It may suit the requirements of the locality, and be even sternly in keeping in appearance.

DOUBTS are expressed as to the convenience of the new Reply Post-cards. It is said that they will be torn in half in the post, that the wrong half will be post-marked, and that letters will get entangled with them. Use can alone prove the justice of these criticisms, only it may be observed that we are not the first country to adopt them.

THE title of the new comic, or rather burlesque opera by Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, is *Perola*. It has long since been stated, we believe, that the hero is a half-and-half sort of person—a semi-deity. The lower half is mortal and man, the upper half is that of a fairy; hence the troubles and peculiarities which form the subject of the plot.

THE Middlesex Hospital has a theatre—an anatomical one. An opera was given in it, the

other evening to an excellent audience—the Savoy Theatre being tapped by an electric wire and *Patience* heard by the anatomical people with great distinctness. A vote of thanks to the wire was passed by the audience.

THE nephew and heir of Lord Beaconsfield, young Disraeli, has been spending his holidays in Scotland with his father. They have been guests of many families of distinction. No one has ventured yet to speculate upon the quality of the youth who must some day enter the world with great expectations of his own, and great expectations of the world in general concerning him.

THE report again appears that Boucicault will join the party of Members of Parliament in the Home Rule interest. But the fun is over, and it will want a great deal more dramatic power than even the great Dion possesses to stir up the denizens of the Theatre Royal, Westminster, into the slightest simulation of interest in the dead horse, Home Rule.

THE Duke of Cumberland has positively declined to yield up his kingly rights and claims to Germany and to take the heavy sum of money she proffers in exchange for the "idea." His Majesty continues also as determined in spirit with regard to the alliance of his sister, the Princess Frederica; he will not see her, or even permit his mother to receive her daughter. This is a great deal too haughty, and about three centuries too old.

SOME one has mooted the idea that the Marines may find a chief, and a compliment so richly deserved, by the appointment of Prince Albert Victor to a high command in that branch of the service. Something must be done to honor the Marines, and remove the well-grounded feeling of constant neglect after, nearly always when their services are required, contributing a great share of the work in obtaining victory.

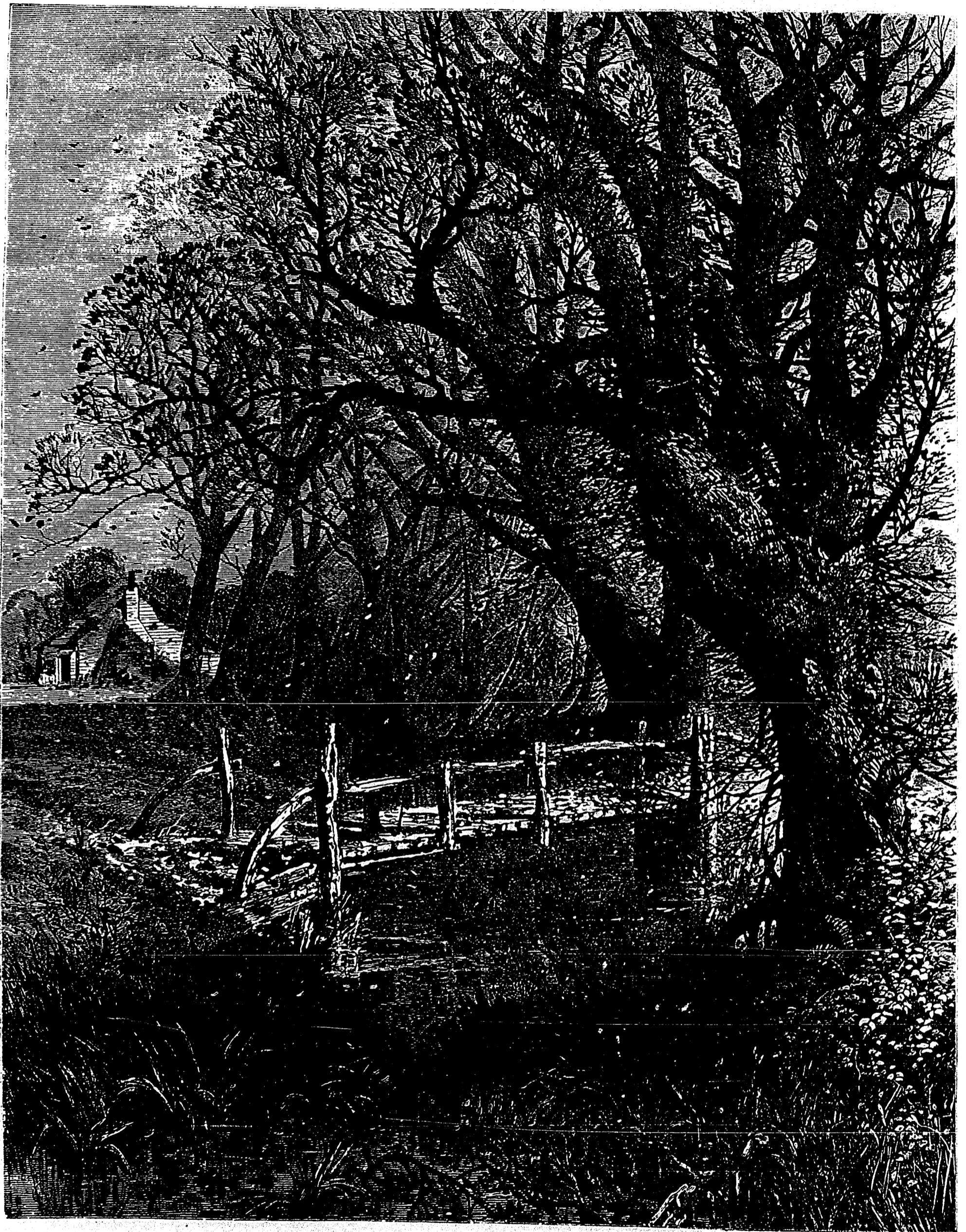
SOME months ago a letter was quoted from Mr. Grant Duff, remarking upon the stupid centralization of India. A tiger was jumping about the line near a certain railway station, and Mr. Duff said that the stationmaster telegraphed to know whether he should shoot him. *Ben trovato sed non vero*. The publication of the story has led to its veracious retelling. The telegram of the Bamboo stationmaster ran as follows:—"Tiger is jumping upon the line; down express coming on; pointsman cannot go out to turn off points. Please telegraph instructions immediately." The story was originally meant to illustrate the incapacity of the native mind to come to sudden resolves upon an emergency.

A RATHER novel theatrical entertainment is promised next Monday. Miss Lila Clay, who has some reputation as a musician, has taken the Opera Comique Theatre, and has engaged a company composed completely of ladies. Even the orchestra is to be composed of ladies, the whole strength of the company numbering seventy. If the ladies are all good-looking, there are plenty of young men in London to fill the stalls with a sympathetic and admiring audience. The performance will be varied, and consist of, what may be termed, miniature plays and operettas. There are actresses, vocalists, musicians, and dancers in the company. The experiment has, at least, a claim to novelty, and if there is good management and a really good entertainment, there is no reason why success should not follow.

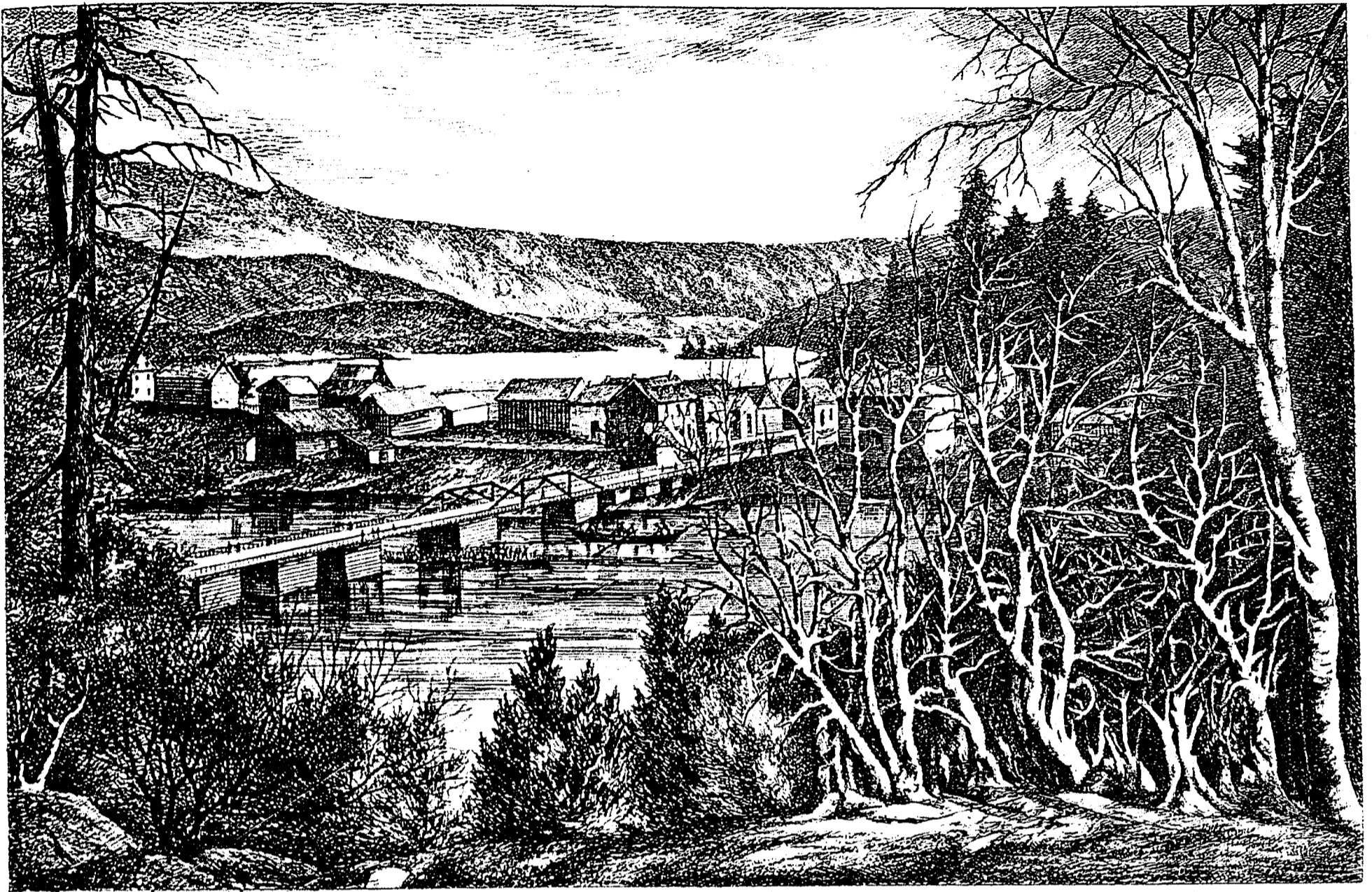
VARIETIES.

A MINISTER was called in to see a man who was ill. After finishing his visit, as he was about leaving the house, he said to the man's wife, "My good woman, do you not go to any church at all?" "Oh! yes, sir, we gang to the Barony Kirk." Then why in the world did you send for me? Why didn't you send for Doctor Macleod?" "Na, na, sir, deed no; we wadna risk him. Do ye no ken? It's a dangerous case o' typhus."

ESCAPE OF AN ACTRESS.—Mlle. Jeanne Bernhardt bids fair to reveal the great Sarah in eccentricity. A fortnight ago she was playing the leading part in Sardou's comedy "Dora," at the principal theatre in Bordeaux. The first act passed off well, in spite of the difficulty of the part, and the fact that it was her first performance of the character. Yet the curtain fell amid the silence of the house, and Mlle. Bernhardt left the stage greatly excited. At the commencement of the second act she was nowhere to be found. It afterwards transpired that, seized by a sudden panic, she had snatched up her hat and cloak and gone home, where she changed her hat and cloak, took a cab and proceeded to the port, and then drove up and down the streets of the city until midnight, when she returned to her lodgings. The manager, thus left in the lurch, offered to return the money to the audience, who, however, adopted the alternative of receiving tickets for another performance. On the following day this notice appeared: "Suspension of the play (Relâche) owing to the flight of Miss Bernhardt." The latter has, we are happy to say, repented her conduct and returned to the stage, meekly promising, like a naughty child, "not to do so any more."—*L'Epoca*.



"THE LEAVES DECAY, THE LEAVES DECAY AND FALL."



VIEW LOOKING OVER THE VILLAGE OF MATTAWAN, FROM PISSEMONT HILL.



HEAD OF THE RAPIDS OF LONG-SAULT, FROM THE ISLET FERRY.

SKETCHES OF SCENERY ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.—FROM DRAWINGS BY THE REV. C. A. PARADIS, O.I.M.

FOX HUNTING IN AMERICA.

A painful reflection on fox-hunting in America is the fact that the fox so seldom has anything to do with the alleged hunt. It would seem to be thoroughly impossible to get the right kind of a fox, and in many instances to get any fox at all, for the hunts around New York, and this fact has had much to do with the difficulty of making the sport popular on this side of the ocean. The fruitless search which many estimable gentlemen have made for a fox that would combine a thoughtful moderation in his speed with a careful discrimination in his course over the country, so that his pursuers could ride easily and safely, has resulted in a wide-spread distrust in the fox himself, and an increasing confidence in the anise-seed bag. The fox is given to strange and disappointing freaks. After being confined in a box for four or five months he is suddenly set at liberty, while a score or more bounds and a dozen nervous huntsmen wait for a chance to chase him. The chances are that he will prove a delusion and a sham, for he is either so emaciated and sick from his long imprisonment that he won't run at all, but crawl into a neighboring thicket to die, or else he will scoot off in an entirely unthought-of direction, and return by a short circuit to his dismal box. In either case the chase is a failure. Again, the hounds are imported from England, and given little sport on this side, so that they acquire such a strong taste for butcher's-meat that they have little inclination to scour the country for the fox. When the debilitated little animal is let loose from his box the hounds often look at him curiously, and if they were not pushed on by the whipper-in, Reynard's chances of escape would be excellent. The true spirit of the good old sport has passed away. The fashionable meets of to-day are mockeries compared to the fox hunting in America years ago, when the uncertainty of even catching the fleet-footed fox just driven from his hole, the rushing chase over rolling country unbroken by the plough, and the sudden cry of discovery and struggle to be first in at the death, made the sport as exciting as any other in the world.

In the colonial days, when the Virginia and South Carolina planter looked to England for his supplies of iron, window-glass, household utensils, and books, it became quite natural for him to watch the sports of that far off island with as much interest as he did the prices of cotton and tobacco on London Docks. England's sons and daughters boasted their love of outdoor sports, and it was therefore quite natural that her far-off colonies should adopt the amusement which in the mother country was the most popular—fox-hunting. There were few planters a hundred years ago who could not boast as fine a pack of hounds and as pure-blooded jumpers as could be found on any estate in England. The sport thrived wonderfully here at that time. The fatal spring of the steel-trap and the crack of the sportsman's rifle were superseded by the baying of hounds and the cheering of the huntsmen sweeping over the country in hot chase. In those days poor Reynard was driven from the hole in which he had dragged his stolen fowl, and he sped away over miles and miles of stiff country, striving to save his life and his only immortal part—his tail. The hungry hounds, restrained till impatient of the scent, were loosed, and followed mile after mile, skirting the wood, diving down through the glen, brought to a stop at the stream where the wily fox had doubled on his track, losing the scent, then finding it, and springing off again, hotly pursued by the huntsmen, cheering wildly as they cleared fence and hedge and stream.

In those days hunting required courage, a firm seat, and a good mount, and zest was added to the sport by the uncertainty of the run and the feeling that the fox had a good chance to escape if the pursuit was not bold and hot. What a difference is the spectacle presented to-day! At two o'clock of a fine afternoon on a hunt-day may be seen the members of one of our most fashionable hunt clubs on their way to an exciting chase. They drive up to the ferry-house at the foot of East Thirty-fourth Street in their cabs and broughams, one after another, and meet on the ferry-boat that conveys them to the train destined for the village where their horses and hounds are waiting. They are old-looking men, and the mechanics, clerks, and laborers on the boat stare at them open-mouthed, while the factory and shop girls make facetious remarks and giggle convulsively. The huntsmen keep together, and talk in a mysterious way that includes many incongruous things—English hunting lingo, Yankee idioms, New York slang of the better sort, and a queer way of jumbling up broad British vowel sounds with native nasal tones. They object to smiling, speak in loud tones, and tap their boots loudly with their English whips. They wear silk hats, pink coats of which they are intensely enamored, hunting breeches that are somewhat severe on their legs and boots. Often they are accompanied by fresh-faced English grooms clad somewhat like themselves, but looking vastly more at ease.

The huntsmen usually wear the single glass, and exhibit a tendency to ignore and gaze over the heads of other people who do not hunt the fox. When they arrive at their quarters they mount their horses—usually blooded stock—and start off after the hounds. The anise-seed bag is chased over some level roads and fields by the pink coats, who ride at a furious canter, take the lowered fence rails with breathless recklessness, and return, quite exhausted, just as dinner is announced. The scent is often arranged, through the thoughtfulness of the anise-

seed bag, so that the course is circular, making the death of the bag at a point near the house where the huntsmen, wearied by the dangers and escapes of the chase, may dine without unnecessary fatigue in riding in. This is one reason why the bag can afford to give odds to the fox in popularity with the huntsmen of 1882.

It has been found very difficult to revive hunting. The early hunts of the Staten Island Club ended so ingloriously that the organization was dissolved after the second meeting, and the chase abandoned in disgust. It was all the fault of the fox. The Master of the Hunt was fired with enthusiasm at the thought of a good run, and entered into negotiations with a New York dealer in animals and birds for a first-class fox, for which he paid twenty-five dollars. The dealer sent it down to Staten Island on a schooner loaded with bricks, and the fox was kept in a box on deck while the schooner discharged her cargo at the brick-yard. During the week all of the members of the newly organized hunt visited the fox, examined his alleged "points," poked him with their horn-handled English sticks, and announced that he was a good one. On the eventful Tuesday they all met in the field, looking rather frightened in their pink coats, and scowling fiercely at the gibes of the small boys. They waited and waited for the fox, but he did not come; and when the Master of the Hunt went down to see about him, the captain of the schooner (who was a brother to the dealer in animals and birds) wrung his hands in anguish, and said that the fox had escaped the night before. Then the Master of the Hunt went back to his fellow-huntsmen and told them the news, and they went home and took off their clothes, while the small boys expressed themselves freely because there was "no parade." The Master of the Hunt then went to New York, and told the dealer in animals and birds what had happened, and the dealer appeared overcome, but agreed to have another fox on the grounds the following Tuesday if he had to take him there himself. So the Master of the Hunt paid the dealer forty dollars, as this was said to be a superior fox, and the next Tuesday the huntsmen were all arrayed once more, and waiting for the prey. There was a great crowd assembled, and the boys were making inquiries for the band wagon of the circus, when the fox was hurriedly brought up.

The Master of the Hunt then said he would give ten dollars to the owner of the hound that first captured the fox. The most intense excitement prevailed. The throng held its breath, the huntsmen reined in their prancing steeds and leaned forward in their saddles, the small boys screamed like Piute Indians, and the owners struggled to hold their hounds in. Everything looked like a long and exciting chase. There was a shout as the fox was liberated, but he had not jumped away before the owners all loosened their hounds at once, and poor Reynard was killed before he had gone twenty feet, and every hound-owner was clamoring for the ten-dollar prize. The members of the Hunt looked at one another in silent despair, and started home, when a cry from the Master of the Hunt called them to the spot where the dead fox lay.

"I say," cried the Master of the Hunt, excitedly, "this 'ere thing's a regular do, you know. Don't you recognize this 'ere fox, eh? Why, I'm blessed if it ain't the self-same fox that I bought in the first place for five-an'-twenty dollars, and he never escaped at all! It was only a go to have me buy him over again for forty dollars. I say it's a regular swindle, I do."

Then they all went home and resolved to give it up, and the small boys fought for the fox, and established a circus of their own.

Fox-hunting has been unquestionably the most difficult of all sports to introduce into America of late. There are some enthusiasts who love the sport for its own-delights, and not for its fashionable aspect, and it is to these gentlemen that whatever measure of success the sport has attained falls due.

The history of fox-hunting about New York is within the recollection of every man. There are four hunting organizations in the immediate vicinity—the Meadow Brook Club, the Rock-away Hunt Club, the Queen's County Drag Hunt, and the Essex County Hunt. All of them have quarters partaking of the character of a sportsman's inn, with racing stables and kennels attached. They make an effort to follow the English plan of entertaining the farmers at the end of the season with a ball and supper, but so far it has not met with much success, as the farmers are strongly opposed to the huntsmen, and do everything in their power to thwart them in their efforts to establish the sport. The first attempt to revive hunting was made near Hackensack, New Jersey, in 1875, but the farmers fought the sportsmen off their fields with hay-fork and gun, and the movement was abandoned. Two years later a drag pack was established at Meadow Brook, near Garden City, Long Island, which was composed of ten couples of hounds, harriers imported from Ireland, having an average height of eighteen inches. This was the Queen's County Drag Hunt, and they successfully hunted the fragrant anise-seed bag for two years, without loss of life or limb, and then removed to Westchester, and established themselves in Castle Inn. Again the farmers, unmindful of the glory that the pink coats were heaping upon their land, stood their ground, armed with fire-arms and legal injunctions, and drove them out into Queen's County, whence they go to Newport every year for a season of two weeks.

At Newport the most brilliant meets in the country take place, but there is constantly increasing trouble with the farmers, who are determined to put a stop to it next year. They have received unexpected assistance in the co-operation of Mr. Henry Bergh and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has declared the sport cruel, and threatens legal measures for its suppression. When the Queen's County Drag Hunt left Meadow Brook a number of wealthy gentlemen who had country-seats in the neighborhood established the Meadow Brook Club, which is incorporated, and has a membership of fifty of the most fashionable young men of New York. This club has the best pack of hounds in the country, but they only hunt the bag. A fox would give himself up at once rather than try to escape over such a stretch of flat country as that about Meadow Brook. The Rock-away Hunt Club is in the immediate vicinity. There is great rivalry between the two organizations. The Essex County Hunt is a small club established near Orange, New Jersey. There is a good hunt club in the neighborhood of Baltimore, and another near Boston.

RADISHVILLE.

"What is it, Charley—what are you digging for now? Is it mice?"

"Mice! Wud he go for mice wid a rake! An' it's not mice, begorra," said Pat McCue.

"No, it isn't mice; but if you boys want some fun, you can climb over and take hold."

"We're coming. I'll call Grip. What on earth is it, Charley?"

"No, sir! I don't want Grip. Not this time. I don't care to have any small dogs in my town."

"Your town?"

Hal Pinner had reached the top rail of the garden fence, and he paused for a moment to look down on the puzzle.

"Town?" echoed Pat McCue. "I'd like to know what wud a town be wid no dogs?"

Charley Brayton had not stopped work for an instant. He was plying a long-handled garden rake upon a patch of soft earth near the fence, and his younger brother stood in the path, a few feet away, watching him very seriously.

"Well, I'll tell you, boys, it's just this way: My Uncle Frank is visiting at our house. He lives away out West. None of our folks have seen him for years and years. I didn't know him at first. They had to tell me who he was."

"Well you see, boys, Uncle Frank's been building a new town, and they let me sit up till eleven o'clock last night, heering him tell all about it—"

"Elivin' o'clock," muttered Pat. "And it was all a bare prairie when he began. Not a house, nor a fence, nor so much as a field of corn on it—"

"That's it," said Pat: "it's aisy to do anything at all, of there's nothing at all in the way."

"And Uncle Frank went at it, and now it's a young city, with two railroads and a river, and all sorts of things, and the people that live there buy town-lots of him and pay him rent for their houses, and buy sugar and coffee and things at his store, and he has a big farm outside."

"But what's all that got to do wid your rakin' for mice in the garden, to-day?"

"Mice!" said Charley. "This bed was full of radishes, till they got ripe. Then we pulled 'em up and ate them. Uncle Frank says they have radishes three times as large out west. And I asked father if I might have the bed for a town."

Hal Pinner was on the ground now, and both he and Pat McCue began to see the fun in Charley Brayton's "quare noshin'."

The rake had nearly done its part in the work of making that town, and the patch of earth, about six feet wide by twice as many long, was as smooth and level as a table.

A hoe, a shovel, a lot of half-bricks, and a pile of shingles were lying in the path, and little Bub Brayton was doing his best on a building of his own and some of the bricks.

"That's our prairie," said Charley. "We'll want a river next."

"What for?" asked Hal Pinner.

"What for?" said Pat McCue. "Did ye never see a river? It's to put bridges over. What wud ye do wid yer bridges av ye didn't provide a river?"

"And to run steamboats on," said Charley. "I'll put in this end of yer river wid the spade," said Pat.

"What shall I do?" asked Hal.

"Pick out a good brick for a corner grocery store, and another for a college, and another for a hotel. Then you go and cut some sods for a City-hall square. That's got to be green, till the people kill the grass by walking on it. Uncle Frank says they've killed all his grass, except some that grows wild in the streets."

The new river was rapidly dug out, but no water made its appearance.

"We'll do without wather for a while," said Pat, "but we'll build twice as many bridges, so they'll know it's a river when they come to it."

The sods were cut and brought, and Charley went to the house for a long pole, and with that laid flat on the ground, he began to mark out the patch of ground into little squares of about twelve inches each.

"What are ye doin' now?" asked Pat.

"Laying out the streets. Uncle Frank did that, first thing. Only he says the cows can't find some of them yet, and there's two he wishes he'd lost before he let 'em be built up the way they are. This is the main street."

"Make it wider," said Pat. "Think of all the processions there'll be on that street! Make it wide enough for any kind of a Fourth of July to walk in."

"I say, Charley," said Hal, "here's a lot of bricks just alike. Let's have a block of stones."

"All right. And these stones are for meeting-houses."

"There's just about shingles enough for bridges," said Pat. "But what are ye raisin' that hape o' dirt for, at the corner?"

"That's our fort. We'll cut a Liberty-pole and swing out a flag, and I'll mount all three of my cannon on it."

"And my pistol," said Hal.

"And I've a big cannon of my own," added Pat. "I can put it behind the fort, lookin' over into the town. They'll all be peaceable enough when they luk into the mouth of it."

It was grand fun, and the boys worked like beavers.

They were so busy, in fact, that they were not listening for the sound of coming feet, and their first warning of the approach of a visitor was from a deep voice behind them, which suddenly said:

"All right, Charley. I see what you're up to. Didn't I hear you say that all those stones were meeting-houses?"

"Oh, Uncle Frank! Are you here? Yes, sir." He rapidly ran over the names of several denominations, and could not see why Uncle Frank should laugh as he did.

"That's it, Charley. We went at it just in that way. We're doing a good deal what you are, to this very day."

"What's that, sir?" asked Charley.

"Waiting for population, my boy. Some of it has come, but we want more."

"Dade sir, and some of ours has come, too," suddenly exclaimed Pat McCue, "and it's diggin' cillars, first thing."

Charley turned to look, and instantly shouted:

"Hal Pinner, call off Grip! He's scratching the main street right into the river! Bub, jump out quick! You've put the Baptist meeting-house on top of the town-hall. Stop!"

"What is the name of your new city, Charley?" asked Uncle Frank, soberly.

"Name! I hadn't thought of that. I suppose it must have a name."

"Certainly. That's the first thing, when you build a town."

"Didn't ye say there was radishes here, wance, on the bed that was?" asked Pat McCue.

"Yes," hesitated Charley.

"That's it, then—our town is named, sir. It's Radishville!"

"Capital," exclaimed Uncle Frank. "All your letters 'll come straight. It's the only town of that name in the whole country. But you'll have to look out for one thing."

"What's that, sir?"

"The right kind of population. We let in some that made us all sorts of trouble."

"So did we, sor," said Pat McCue. "There he is again. Was it dogs of that size, sor?"

Grip was put over the fence again and Uncle Frank walked away, but the boys spent more than one morning, after that, in building up and ornamenting and fortifying Radishville.—*St. Nicholas.*

MISCELLANY.

STARTING A HENNEBY.—A story is told about a Yankee who lately settled down in the West. He went to a neighbour and thus accosted him:

"Wal, I reckon you ain't got no old hen nor nothing you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbour?" "I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest one in the coop. The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbour and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched a dozen chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea.

He would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs. This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking, as he did so—"Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a lot of chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent, neither."

ACTOR AND HIGHWAYMAN.—Returning one night from the theatre Fechter was assaulted by a thief who, attracted by a very large stage jewel—a diamond-paste pin which he supposed to be real—thought it easy work to rob so slight a youth. Fechter's hot blood and practiced muscle soon undeceived the robber who, upon finding himself at a disadvantage, drew a dirk.

"O strike if you like," exclaimed Fechter.

"I'm entirely unarmed and you can have it all your own way, but as you want nothing of me but my diamond pin, it is hardly worth while killing me, when you can have it on easier terms."

"How so?" asked the robber.

"Why, I'll make an exchange. Give me that cameo in your shirt-bosom and I'll give you my diamond."

"You are queer sort of fellow," replied the robber. "I rather like you. It's a bargain."

Whereupon the exchange took place. Actor and robber shook hands and separated—the former in possession of a very beautiful cameo, the latter sole proprietor of pinchbeck! What that robber did to himself upon discovering how completely the tables had been turned, remains a mystery. Certainly Fechter never acted better than on this occasion.

A CHAT ABOUT TOBACCO.

BY THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

On the first introduction of tobacco into Europe, every effort was made, by writings, imposts, and bodily punishment, to restrict or put down its use. It is said that more than a hundred books were written to condemn the use of tobacco, foremost among them being the celebrated "Counterblast to Tobacco" of James I., in which he speaks of it as being "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." There is an old tradition of the Greek Church which ascribes the inebriation of the patriarch Noah to the temptation of the devil by means of tobacco, so that the king was not altogether without authority for the black Stygian parentage which he assigns to its fumes. In Russia, smoking was absolutely prohibited, the knout being the punishment for the first, and death for the second offence. In Rome so much importance was attached to the custom that in the list of offences it followed the crime of adultery. In some of the Swiss cantons a council cited all smokers before them, and the innkeepers were ordered to inform against those who were found smoking in their houses. Urban VIII. was so enraged against the practice that he went in state to the Vatican and thundered excommunication on every soul who took the accursed thing in any shape of form into a church. As might have been expected, opposition and persecution excited only more general attention to the plant, awakening curiosity regarding it, and tempting people to try its effects, so that the use of the drug spread rapidly. The Turks and Persians have become the greatest smokers in the world, although their priests and sultans declared that smoking was a sin against their holy religion. The custom is now almost universal, as has been truly said, or rather sung:—

Tobacco engages Both sexes, all ages. The poor as well as the wealthy; From the court to the cottage, From childhood to old age. Both those that are sick and the healthy.

Tobacco thrives in nearly every part of the globe. Amongst narcotic plants it occupies a place similar to that of the potato among food plants. It is the most extensively cultivated, the most hardy, and the most tolerant of changes in temperature, altitude, and general climate. The plant was formerly grown in many parts of England, particularly in Yorkshire, but now its cultivation is by law restricted to half a poe "in a physic or university garden, or in any private garden for physic or chirurgery." What are the effects produced by smoking? In the case of the novice the symptoms produced are nausea, vomiting, extreme weakness, relaxation of the muscles, and a depressed action of the heart, the last-mentioned being indicated by pallor of the face, weakness of the pulse, cold sweats, and a general tendency to faint. The effects produced on the habitual smoker are, of course, widely different, and of a much more pleasurable description. It is very difficult to analyse the sensations produced by the use of tobacco; we are usually content to recognise the fact that they are pleasurable, and to smoke on in peace. By the use of tobacco some people seem able almost to liberate the mind from the trammels of the body, and to give it a freer range and more undisturbed liberty of action. Belwer, in his "Night and Morn," exclaims: "A pipe, it is a great comfort, a pleasant soother! Blue devils fly before the honest breath. It tips the brain, it opens the heart, and the man who smokes thinks like a sage and acts like a Samaritan." There is no want of testimony in favour of the use of the drug. The "sovereign weed," as Spencer calls it, has been extensively lauded both in prose and verse. Kingsley, in "Westward Ho!" speaks of it as a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. Old Hobbes of Malmesbury, the first and clearest of English philosophers, regularly had his twelve pipes a day, and kept to it till he was nearly as old as Old Parr himself. Robert Hall, the most eloquent of English preachers, and John Foster, the most original of English essayists, were smokers; Campbell was a patron of the weed, and Byron's lines to "Sublime Tobacco" are as well known as Campbell's address to the "pungent nose-refreshing weed." Sir Walter Raleigh took it to the day of his death, for Aubrey says: "He took a pipe of tobacco a little before he went to the scaffold, which some female persons were scandalised at, but I think 'twas well and properly done to settle his spirits." Thackeray was a great admirer of the weed, and, in one of his essays, says that he would rather smoke up the chimney than not smoke at all. Is the use of tobacco injurious to the health? This is the question which it is very difficult to answer. By the non-smokers it is said that it causes blindness, palpitation of the heart, paralysis, diseases of the teeth, mouth, and tongue, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, and even falling of the bowel. The smokers, on the other hand, assert that you may smoke to all eternity without in the slightest degree injuring your health—in fact, you are rather likely to improve it. Of course, no one doubts for a moment that smoking is a very bad thing for boys, and that many of the pallid sickly-looking lads that one sees in the streets, with dirty short pipes in their

mouths, would be benefited by a substitution of a fair allowance of birch for tobacco. The weight of evidence is in favour of the view that tobacco, smoked in moderation by full-grown healthy adults, is not injurious to the system. We cannot undertake to define the term "in moderation"—each man must decide that for himself. There can be no doubt, however, that a man who lights his pipe or cigar in the morning before breakfast is decidedly overstepping the bounds of moderation. Smoking in excess is undoubtedly a very harmful habit, disordering digestion, lessening the appetite, inducing restlessness at night, with disagreeable dreams, and weakening both body and mind. Sore throat and chronic dyspepsia may often be clearly traced to excessive smoking, and it will be found that the habitual smoker has generally a thickly-coated tongue. There is one thing to be said, however, and that is, that the symptoms quickly disappear when the habit is discontinued.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Oct. 7.

As an example of the knowledge of French journalists with English life we may remark that the *Chronicle* informs the readers of the elevation of Sir Beauchamp Seymour and Sir Garnet Wolseley to the Peerage with the title of *Baronet*!

Yet another new political newspaper is to be published at Paris after the holidays. This is *Le Passant*, to be edited by M. Jules Simon; and it is said to have a good deal of money at its back.

NEW journals in the Bonapartist interest are now being printed in St. Malo and circulated in the western departments of France. M. Paul de Cassagnac is the political manager of the enterprise, and they are opposed to the interests of Prince Jerome.

THE Princess Dolgorouki has quitted Paris again. Her destination is Pau, where she is expected to remain for a time. The Princess is accompanied by a very considerable suite on her travels, and creates a sensation everywhere, much, as it is said, it is her desire to be incognito and escape attention.

Another absurd story going the rounds of the Continent is that Arabi surrendered because he was suffering from pains in the stomach. He is said to have telegraphed to Sir Garnet Wolseley, "As you have good doctors, will join you shortly. Prefer captivity with the English to cholera in Egypt."

THE Parisians have the notion that they have a brother of King Cetewayo among them, and that he has come to get the French to support his counter claim to the vacant kingdom in South Africa. It is true that there are several black people in Paris, yet it must be remembered that the famous Moores from the St. James's Hall are *en voyage* and out of town for once in their long lives.

THE eyes of the early strollers were opened widely as they saw the other day a procession of gentlemen going along the Boulevards, who were all in the most irreproachable evening dress, and were preceded and followed by members of the Garde. They might have been mistaken for a procession similar to that witnessed in the Chapeau de paille d'Italie, had not the public soon become acquainted with the fact that these were a seizure of fashionable visitors to a gambling and baccarat saloon, where some unpleasant fact or another had necessitated the intervention of the police. Life in Paris is now a fiercely gambling one.

A PROTEST is made by a journal against "the drinkers of gin" such is the angry spirit abroad against us, because they go to the opera in their travelling costume. It is perhaps unpleasant to the Parisians who have put on evening dress to see this apparent disrespect to their perfectly caparisoned selves. The fault is, however, with the management, for we have frequently seen English people at the opera at the paying place protesting against going into the stalls because they were not in evening dress, and asking for seats in a part of the house where evening dress was not required. The answer has always been, "It is not of the slightest consequence. Evening dress is not necessary in the stalls of the opera."

A YEAR or two ago a relative of the Ottoman Ambassador caused a terrific sensation in the fashionable world by marrying a young Roman Catholic lady who ran away from Paris to join her lover, and was eventually consigned to a convent. The unlucky bridegroom in that case will have witnessed with unmixed vexation the superior happiness of another Turkish diplomatist, who happens to be of Greek origin. This young gentleman also won the favor of a fair Parisian, but she happened to be neither a Roman Catholic nor a born Frenchwoman, and so M. Alcibiade Loghades and she were wedded with all due formalities a few days since in the chapel of the Russian Embassy at the Hague, the lady's parents being members of the Greek Church.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal. J.W.S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Correct solutions to Problem No. 493 received.

We have received the second number of the "Brooklyn Chess Chronicle," and we are sorry the first number did not reach us. From the notices which we find in the number at hand, it appears that this new candidate for public favor has met with a very favorable reception, and we feel sure that it deserves it. The "Fortnightly Budget" contains a large amount of chess news, such as amateurs are always desirous of reading, and the games and problems seem to be an excellent selection. The subscription is only \$2 per annum, or ten cents for single numbers.

The "British Chess Magazine" for the present month contains a game of chess played by correspondence between Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal, and Mr. J. E. Narraway, of Halifax, N.S., and each move in the contest is accompanied with a quotation from Shakespeare.

We are confident that these two gentlemen must have carefully inspected the writings of the immortal bard, as their selections are singularly happy and appropriate.

The next time they play a correspondence game, and desire to annotate it in a similar manner, let them look for materials in the writings of old Chaucer, and Spenser, who are not unlikely to answer their purpose.

The "Illustrated London News," of the 23rd ult., gives a representation of the game of chess recently played in England by living pieces. The contest took place in Redworth Park, Highbury, and the whole affair was, according to all accounts, most tastefully prepared and executed in all its details. The living warriors were directed in their movements by two gentlemen appointed for the occasion, and independent of the changes and chances of the mimic battle, which could only be understood by the initiated, the whole scene was witnessed with much pleasure by a large number of visitors. The fact that the performance was repeated several times goes far to prove that it gave general satisfaction.

In a cartoon in a late number of "Punch" the game of chess, and its legitimate ending, Checkmate, are made use of to illustrate recent political transactions in connection with Egyptian affairs. Under the cartoon we find the word "checkmate," and the following distich:

Such diplomatic dodges he taught him to employ: Until the Sultans Sultan was beaten by our Boy.

Lord Dufferin and the Sultan are the players, and the word, "Diplomacy," appears upon the chessboard.

Chess matches must be very difficult things to arrange, when we consider the amount of letter-writing which has to be done. Some months ago we imagined that the time we had devoted to reading the correspondence between Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz would not be thrown away, but we were disappointed, and now we find that all our anticipations of a contest between the latter and Mr. Mason are in the same manner to end in letter after letter and no fight.

The following extract from "Land and Water" of the 9th ult., will be read with much interest by chess amateurs on this side of the Atlantic:

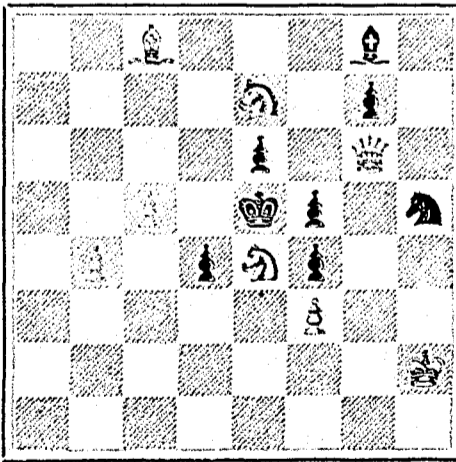
While matches are being arranged, one has already been commenced in the shape of an interesting little encounter to consist of three games between Messrs. Mackenzie and Blackburne. The accomplished American champion was victorious in the first game. N. B.—By champion we mean an eminent representative. There are at present two American champions in this country.

The chess contest which is at the present time engrossing the attention of the players of Glasgow for what is called the West of Scotland cap, is an interesting one. A large number of players have entered their names as contestants, and several games have been played. The system of competition is the same as that adopted at the Vienna Tourney, that is, each competitor has to play two games with every other player. Draws to count half a game to each player. We insert one of the games of the match in our Column to-day.

PROBLEM No. 494.

By J. G. Finch.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 492.

White. Black.

- 1. P to K Kt 3. 1. Any. 2. Mates acc.

GAME 631ST.

Played in the Glasgow Chess Club Champion Tourney between Messrs. Crum and Fyfe.

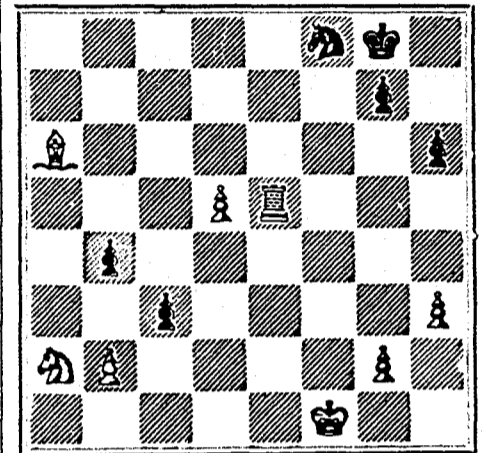
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(Irregular Game.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Crum.) 1 P to Q B 4, 2 P to K 3, 3 P to Q R 3, 4 P to Q 4, 5 P to Q 5, 6 P takes P, 7 K to Q 3, 8 P to K 4, 9 P to K B 4, 10 B to Q 3, 11 Kt to K B 3, 12 Castles, 13 Q to B 2 (b), 14 P to K 5, 15 B to Q 2 (b), 16 Q R to K sq, 17 B to B 5 (c), 18 B to K 4, 19 P to R 3, 20 R takes B, 21 R to K 2, 22 P takes P, 23 B to K 3 (a), 24 R takes B, 25 Q to Q 2, 26 R to K 4, 27 K to R sq, 28 B takes Kt, 29 Q takes Q, 30 B takes P, 31 K to Kt sq (h), 32 K takes R, 33 B to Q B 8, 34 B to Q R 6, 35 P takes P, 36 Kt to Q R 2. BLACK.—(Mr. Fyfe.) 1 P to K 3, 2 Kt to K B 3, 3 P to Q B 3 (a), 4 P to Q B 1, 5 P takes P, 6 P to Q 3, 7 P to Q R 3, 8 Q Kt to Q 2, 9 P to K R 3, 10 B to K 2, 11 Castles, 12 Kt to R 2, 13 R to R sq, 14 Kt to K B sq (c), 15 P to Q Kt 4, 16 P to Q B 5, 17 Kt to Q B 4, 18 B to K Kt 5, 19 B takes Kt, 20 Kt to Q 6 (f), 21 P takes P, 22 B to B ch, 23 R takes B, 24 Q to Q Kt 3, 25 R takes P, 26 R to K sq, 27 P to K B 4, 28 Q takes R, 29 R takes Q, 30 R to K 8, 31 R takes R, 32 R to K 4, 33 P to Q R 4, 34 P to Q R 5, 35 P takes P, 36 P to Q B 6 (g).

BLACK.



WHITE.

- 37 P takes P, 38 Kt to Q Kt 4, 39 B to Q 3, 40 B to Q Kt sq, 41 Kt to Q B 2, 42 K to K 2, 43 P to K R 4, 44 P to K Kt 4, 45 K to Q 2, 46 K to K 2, 47 Kt to K 3, 48 K takes R, 49 B to K R 7, 50 P to Q 6, 51 K to K B 4, 52 P to K Kt 5, 53 K takes P, 54 P to K R 5, 55 B takes Q, 56 P to K R 6 (m). 37 P to Q Kt 6, 38 P to Q Kt 7, 39 R to K 6, 40 R takes P, 41 Kt to Q 2 (g), 42 Kt to Q B 4, 43 K to B sq, 44 K to K 2, 45 Kt to K 5 ch, 46 K to Q 3, 47 R takes Kt ch, 48 Kt to Q B 6, 49 B to K 4 (k), 50 K takes P, 51 K to K 2 (l), 52 P takes P ch, 53 K to B sq, 54 P to Q Kt 8 (Queen), 55 Kt takes B.

Drawn game.

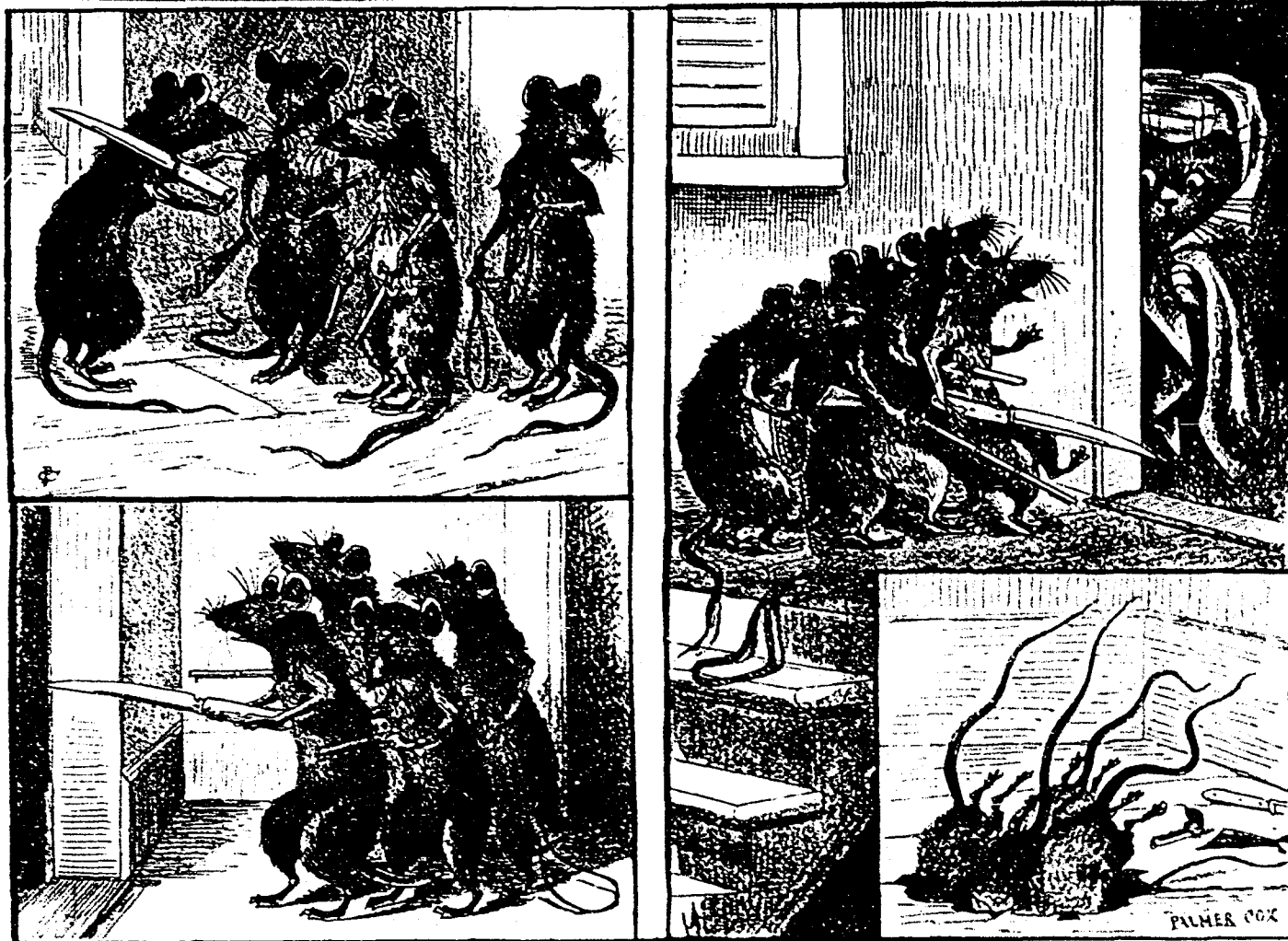
NOTES.

- (a) P to Q B 4 at once seems stronger. (b) Mr. Crum afterwards thought he should have advanced the K P at once. (c) Black's position is very cramped. (d) B to K 3 would have been better, as the after game demonstrates. (e) Mr. Crum in playing over the game thought he should have played B to K 4 at this point. (f) The Knight is now strongly posted. (g) This move should have lost the game to White. He should have retired the King. (h) If Black checks at K 6, then Q R takes B. (i) The end game is interesting as showing how an easily won game can be frittered away. (j) Why not R to Q 6? (k) If the King had here taken the Pawn the game was done. Black lost at least two moves. (l) K to K 3 would have won. (m) The last moves of Black are very extraordinary. The game was to be won in different ways.

—Glasgow Herald.



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THE FOUR BRAVE MICE.—(SEE PAGE 275.)

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

OCTOBER, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A.	P. M.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	A.	P. M.	
8 30		(A) Ottawa by Railway...	8 15	8 00	
8 30		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon...	8 15	8 00	
	8 30		6 00		
QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.					
8 00		Berthier, Sorel & Batiscan Bridge, per steamer...		6 00	
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Ac. by North Shore Railway...		1 50	
8 00		(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry...		8 00	
8 00		(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R.R. & Can. Pac. Railway Main Line to Ottawa...		8 00	
	12 50			7 00	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches...		4 45	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches...		4 45	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Janvier...		7 00	
9 20		St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway...		4 00	
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, Ac...	6 00	2 30	8
8 00		Acton and Sorel Railway...		5 00	
10 00		St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station...		6 00	
10 00		St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways...		2 15	
9 30		South Eastern Railway...		4 15	
8 00		(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I. Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 11th and 25th September.		3 00	
				8 00	
LOCAL MAILS.					
9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval...		4 30	
11 30		Beaubarnois Route...		6 00	
10 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Verennes & Vercheres...		1 45	
9 00	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace...	9 00	1 00	
9 00	5 30	Hochelaga...	8 00	2 15	5
11 30		Huntingdon...	6 00	2 00	
10 00	5 30	Lachine...	6 00	2 15	
10 30	3 00	Laprairie...	6 00	1 45	
10 30		Longueuil...		2 00	
10 00		Pointe St. Charles...	8 00	1 5 5	
8 30	2 30	St. Cenege...	6 00	2 15	
11 30		St. Lambert...		2 15	
10 00		St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache...	7 00		
11 30	12 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.)...	6 00	2 00	
10 00	5 30	Sault-au-Roulet & Pont Vian (also Boagie)...		3 30	
10 00	6 55	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis...	7 00	11 45	3 30
UNITED STATES					
9 15		St. Albans and Boston...		6 00	
8 9 40		Boston and New England States, except Maine...		5 40	
8 9 30		New York and Southern States...	6 00	2 15	5 20
8 00	12 30	Island Pond, Portland & Maine...		2 30	8
8 8 30		(A) Western & Pac. States...	8 15	6 00	
GREAT BRITAIN, &c.					
		By Canadian Line, Friday 1st...		7 00	
		By Cunard Line, Monday 4th...		7 00	
		By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 5th...		7 15	
		By White Star Line, Wednesday 6th...		7 00	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 8th...		7 00	
		By William and Guoin Line, Monday 11th...		7 15	
		By Cunard Line, Monday 11th...		7 00	
		By White Star Line, Tuesday 12th...		7 00	
		By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 13th...		7 15	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 15th...		7 00	
		By Cunard Line, Monday 18th...		7 00	
		By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th...		7 15	
		By Inman Line, Wednesday 20th...		7 00	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd...		7 00	
		By William and Guoin Line, Monday 25th...		7 15	
		By Cunard Line, Tuesday 25th...		7 15	
		By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 27th...		7 15	
		By Canadian Line, Friday 29th...		7 00	
REGISTERED LETTER MAIL for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m.					
		(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.			
		(B) Do. 9.00 p.m.			

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" The Windward Islands, September 6th and 27th.
" Jamaica, Turk's Island and Hayti, 8th and 29th.
" For Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, September 9th, 21st and 23rd.
" Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, September 12th.
" For Cuba and for Mexico via Havana, September 14th and 28th.
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" South Pacific and Central American Ports, September 9th, 20th and 30th.
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" The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

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