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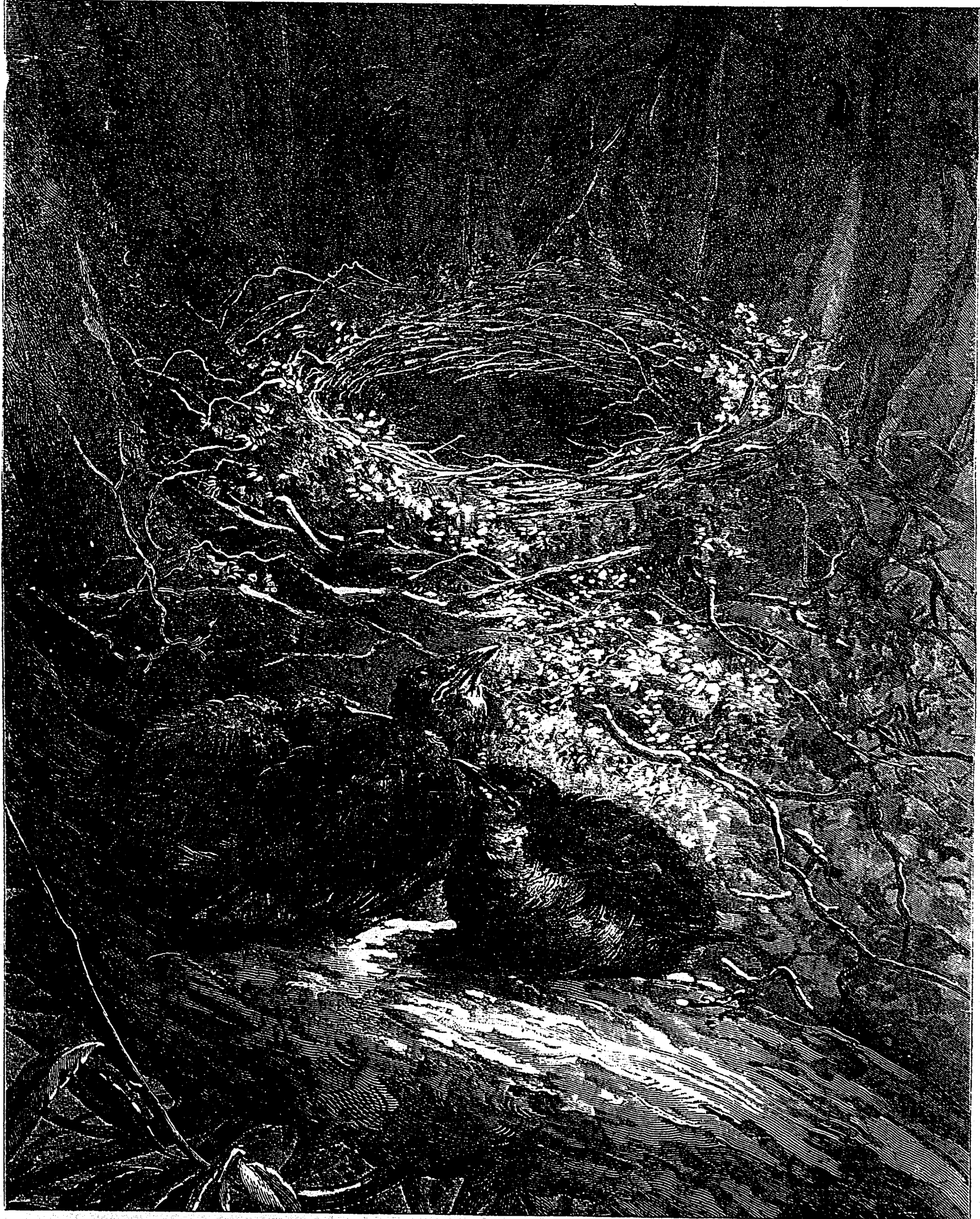
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THE BLACK BIRDS' NEST.—By GIACOMELLI.

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TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for dates (Aug. 12th, 1883) and corresponding week (1882), with sub-columns for Max, Min, and Mean temperatures.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Black Bird's Nest—A New Arrival—Italy—Casamicciola, on the Island of Ischia. Scene of the Earthquake of July 28th—Kentucky—The Exposition at Louisville—The Inauguration of the New Tell Chapel of the Four Cantons—The Vestibule of the International Art Congress at Munich—In the Library—Giant Geyser in Action. LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—A Memory of Longfellow—Cured by Laughter—Only a Star—For his Brother's Sake—The Strength of the Strong—Art Exhibition—Kossuth—Lilli—A Night in the Day—Coach—A Bat—Charmer—The Small Boy on Errands—Varieties—That Queen—My Enemy Jack—Echoes from Paris—The Discontented Fir Tree—The Typical New York Shop Girl—Hide and Horn Furniture—Animals in Norway—When Cook was a Captive—Echoes from London—When we all Lived Together—The Trustworthiness of Early Tradition—Nutriment in Grain and Hay—Once more the Boy is ahead—Coming Leap Year—Thomas Couture—Miscellany—Eugenie's New Home—De Lesseps—Our Chess Column—Foot Notes.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal, Saturday, August 18, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THERE appears to be no doubt that cholera is decreasing in the valley of the Nile.

To the Rockies! By dint of perseverance, the steady expenditure of money, and the rarest of engineering skill, the Canadian Pacific Railway has reached Calgary, 550 miles from Winnipeg.

THE report of a scheme for the dismemberment of Chihuahua from Mexico and its annexation to the United States is creating some attention in the latter.

HONG KONG advices state that China is apparently convinced that France is determined on the annexation of Annam and is preparing for war. The climate is injuriously affecting the younger portion of the French army which cannot operate until November.

REPORTS are conflicting about the death of Cetewayo, although the burden of evidence is against the chance of his having survived the annihilation of his army.

IT is a curious circumstance that wheat commands a higher price in Toronto, at present, than in Montreal. While this difference can be explained on the general principle of the balance of trade, it takes the wind out of the sails of those who oppose the National Policy as inimical to our agricultural interests.

MR. SENECA is taking steps with the Federal Government to have the Canadian exhibits at the London Fisheries' Exhibition transferred to Paris for location in his permanent exposition at the Trocadero. We are assured that Mr. Senecal has laid no less than \$50,000 out of his own pocket to establish this Parisian exposition of Canadian products. If that is the case, the Federal Government ought certainly to do something to further his views.

MONTREAL, Toronto, and other large cities should bestir themselves and make timely arrangements for a fitting reception of Lord and Lady Carnarvon on their arrival in this country. The noble Lord's name will be forever associated with the Confederation of Canada, as he was Secretary of State for the Colonies in 1867, the crowning date of that auspicious event.

A STATEMENT has been presented to the British Colonial Minister that Australia desires the annexation of the adjacent islands and a portion of Guinea on account of the existence of anarchy and danger of the formation of a French penal settlement there.

OUR Canadian boys did not do badly at Wimbledon after all. They secured £250 in prizes. Eight men took prizes in the Alexandra series and five in the Alfred, and Lieutenant Dillon tied for second place in the Prince of Wales' prize, which last year was taken by Lieutenant Mitchell, of Canada. In the grand Aggregate Series four of the team received prizes and badges.

A RELAPSE in the case of the Count of Chambord is much to be feared, as he has not recruited sufficient strength to meet the strain. The length of his illness has, however, discounted Legitimist agitation in France for the present and given the Republic time to deal with the situation, occasioned by his death, with becoming dignity and force.

THE political situation in the Province of Quebec continues to be abnormal. The Prime Minister is without a seat in the Legislative Assembly, and persists in deferring the election of Jacques Cartier. He may not precisely violate the letter of the law in acting thus, but he certainly violates its spirit, and saddles upon the party another of those burdens which they will one day be called upon by the people to answer for.

THE Ontario Government, for nothing better than election purposes, have done a very unwise thing in attempting to take possession of points at Rat Portage. The Western boundary is still sub judice, and until the final Court has adjudicated, matters should be allowed to stand as they were.

THE Quebec Press Association have done themselves credit by the manner in which they received and entertained their brethren of the Ontario Association. These visits are valuable as leading to closer acquaintance between the Provinces, and removing a host of petty prejudices.

A MEMORY OF LONGFELLOW.

BY REV. JAMES B. KENYON.

Not while memory survives shall I forget that rare June day in 1851 when, in company with W. B., a man whose name is familiar to the American public through his lectures and poems, I crossed the historic threshold of America's sweetest singer. It was a perfect day and the strong salt odor of the sea, mingled with the delicate scent of new-mown hay, was blown along the fields lying upon either side of the Charles and came to us as we rode from Boston to Cambridge, the home of the poet, like a sweet prophecy of the fortunate hour to which we looked eagerly forward.

I cannot describe the feeling with which I passed up that simple gravel walk to the ancient door at the end. It was as if my feet were treading upon consecrated ground. Upon either hand the extensive lawn was thickly set with clumps of shrubbery, and an atmosphere of peace and comfort seemed to invest the entire place. One of us lifted the antique brass knocker upon the door and then we stood listening in a trembling, half-startled way to the boisterous echoes which we had awakened within. Only a moment we waited. From somewhere among the shadows upon the lawn a figure came forth, erect, venerable, with flowing white hair, a kindly, smiling face shaded by a wide-brimmed, soft felt hat, a cape thrown Spanish-wise over the shoulders and a cane grasped loosely in the hand.

"Here comes the grand old poet himself," murmured B. The next moment our hands were warmly clasped and a welcome was extended to us that placed us at once at our ease. Both of us had previously had some limited correspondence with the poet regarding two volumes of poems which each of us had published respectively, and hence, when we announced our names it was with a pleasant surprise that we perceived they were not totally strange to him. He conducted us at once into his study, a large cool, light apartment, abounding with easy chairs and books—books upon the long shelves around the room, books upon the tables, books upon the chairs, books upon the window seats, books upon the floor, books everywhere, all in an orderly confusion.

The poet immediately began an animated conversation, and to us of the latter generation it was like lifting the dim curtain of time that

separates the present from the past to hear him discourse of the great ones gone, with whom he had familiarly talked as he talked then with us, but of whom we knew only in name.

Over almost the whole range of English literature we swiftly passed. Barlow, Dana, Halleck, Drake, Emerson, Agassiz, Hawthorne, Hoffman, Cooper, John Howard Paine, Dickens, Thackeray, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere, Tennyson, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Byron, Moore, George Eliot, Rogers, Hunt, Keats, Shelley—they and many more were all mentioned. He related reminiscences, little anecdotes, wise sayings of those who had come nearest to him in his lifetime and expressed all in such a simple, noble manner that every word seemed to possess a special grace and charm.

He showed us some of the relics that he loved. There was the inkstand out of which had flowed Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." There was the iron pen (the gift of "beautiful Helen of Maine") made from a letter of Bonivard, the "Prisoner of Chillon," the handle of which was from the mast of the frigate Constitution and was bound with a circlet of gold, in-set with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon and Maine. There was the "Old Clock on the Stairs;" there was the chair made of the "spreading chestnut tree" under which the "village smithy" stood, which was presented to the poet only a short period before by the children of Cambridge; there were a few souvenirs of Washington's brief stay when he made the old house his headquarters during the troublous days following the struggle of the patriots on Bunker Hill; there were innumerable gift books and other things of which I have not the space here to speak.

A pleasant circumstance connected with this visit, one which I love to recall, was as follows:—A cane which had been presented to me in New York a few days before and which I chanced to have with me caught the poet's eye. It was a stick curiously carved and stained, yet of but little value. Reaching forth his hand he took the cane to examine it, at the same time remarking upon its uniqueness. Opportunity comes to every man; happy he who flies to embrace it. Almost by instinct certainly not by forethought, I seized the occasion to request the poet that he would keep the cane as a remembrance of that pleasant afternoon. At first he hesitated a moment fearing that his desire to examine the cane had been interpreted as a wish that it should be given to him; but when I assured him otherwise and urged the trifle upon him he was pleased to accept it. And since his death I have fondly thought that perhaps in that last brief walk upon his veranda which he took before the sudden fatal termination of his illness he might have had that cane in his hand.

Longfellow's courtesy was the outgrowth of his nature. A simpler, nobler bearing I have never known. There was no labored politeness, no straining at mere etiquette, but you felt at once that you were in the presence of a gentleman—one of nature's rare and finished spirits. I shall never forget the exquisite grace with which he proffered B. and myself a cigarette (undoubtedly of a costly kind), and my only regret has been that we did not have an equal grace to accept it; even though we had not used it there we might have requested to keep the tiny gift as a memorial of that day and of the artless and beautiful courtesy which prompted it.

The poet that day furnished us with several humorous instances of visits which he had received from various persons at various times. Some of these anecdotes I have already seen in print, all of them varying more or less from Mr. Longfellow's own relation of them. One especially has entirely lost its point, as I have seen it printed. As the poet related it to us it ran as follows:—One day a knock was heard at the door, which Mr. Longfellow answered in person. The poet at once recognized his visitor, both by his accent and dress, as a Western rustic. As his custom was, Mr. Longfellow invited the man to step in. Once fairly in the house the fellow gazed curiously around and at last said,

"Is this the house that George Washington once occupied?"

Mr. Longfellow answered, "It is."

"Well, by the way," said the rustic, "might I ask who the party is that occupies it at present?"

"Certainly," replied the poet, "my name is Longfellow."

"Longfellow, Longfellow," drawled the sinew of the West, "you don't mean Henry W. Longfellow?"

"That is my name," answered the poet.

"Well, I vum," said the rustic, "that beats me; why, I thought that Henry W. Longfellow died before Washington was born!"

Scattered about the poet's writing desk, which stood on the centre table, were scores of letters, many of which he had received that day. It is well known that Longfellow, so sweet of nature, so kindly of heart, could seldom refuse any request, though the request bordered almost upon impertinence. That detestable tribe known as autograph hunters seemed to be fully aware of this trait of the poet's character and the multitude of requests which came to him for autographs was simply appalling. Some of these writers would refer to certain lines of Mr. Longfellow's poems and desire that he would transcribe them in his own handwriting and attach his name to the same. But the ludicrous part of it all was, that they would almost invariably quote the desired lines from the wrong poem.

One would request him to copy the following lines from "Hiawatha," which were really to be found in "Evangeline." Another would ask for certain lines from "Evangeline," which lines could be found only in "The Courtship of Miles Standish." Of course these blundering and ignorant persons thus sought indirectly to compliment the poet by a show of familiarity with his works, but the compliment was a doubtful one to say the least.

To our great amusement he read to us several specimen letters received that day from autograph lunatics. One of them ran as nearly as I can recollect as follows:

"Dear Sir,—As you are getting quite old and are likely to drop away at any time, I thought I had better secure your autograph as soon as possible. Very truly, etc.

Another ran something in this wise:

"Honorable Sir,—I now have the autographs of Hon. Mr. Hayes, Hon. Mr. Garfield, Hon. Mr. Grant, Hon. Mr. Conkling, Hon. Mr. Blaine, etc., and I should be very glad to secure yours also. Honorably yours."

"You do not reply to such kinds of requests as that, do you, Mr. Longfellow?" asked B.

"Generally," answered the poet, "though not always. Still, it can do me no harm and to refuse might seem harsh, beside injuring the feelings of some really worthy person."

Noble old man! What a characteristic reply! And let it here be said, that many who made these unreasonable demands upon the time and patience of Mr. Longfellow had not even the grace to enclose a three-cent postage stamp for the answer.

But the moment came to all too soon when we must needs take our leave. The hours which we had spent in that splendid presence had been golden. As we rose and clasped in our own that soft, thin, scholarly hand, an impression came to us both that we should never touch that hand again upon earth. The dear old poet accompanied us to the door, courteous, simple, noble, and as I looked for a last time upon the gracious features of that benignant face and heard the kindly tones of that fine voice, I bethought me of Arthur, the blameless king, of the days of the Table Round.

CURED BY LAUGHTER.

In a singular treatise on laughter Joubert gives an instance that is of itself laughable enough. A patient being very low with fever, and the physician in attendance being at a loss as to how he should produce a reaction had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long thereafter a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that was in the room all the while, seeing the goblet in which the nurse had prepared the rejected medicine, still standing on the table, slipped slyly up, took it in his hands, and touched it to his lip. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace, but he disliked to give it up. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His grotesque visage brightened. He cast a furtive glance around, and then sat quietly down, with the goblet grasped firmly; and pretty soon he had placed it to his lips and drank to the dregs. Perhaps there had been half a wine-glassful of syrup of manna—not more—while the rhubarb had all settled. But he had found it, and before he had fully realized the change of taste he had swallowed nearly the whole of the nauseous dose. Mercy! What a face he made over it! The sick man was spell-bound. Never in his life had he seen anything so grotesquely and ridiculously human! The visage of the disgusted monkey was a study. It was a whole volume of utter abomination and chagrin. He ground his teeth, and actually stamped his foot, as he had seen his master do when in wrath. Then he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but it seemed worse and worse. Anon the climax came. He stood up, his eyes flashed, he grasped the goblet by its slender stock with all his might, shut his teeth, and then, with a spiteful, vengeful snap he hurled it with mad fury upon the floor, and seemed entirely satisfied as he saw the thousand glittering pieces lying about. Never before had the sick man seen anything equal to it. The whole scene, all the circumstances—everything about it—appeared to him so supremely and comically ludicrous that he burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his curse came in to see what was the matter. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, more heartily, if possible, than before—laughed until he sank back exhausted—sank back in a profuse perspiration. The nurse anxiously sponged and wiped his weeping skin; he perspired and laughed again—until he slept; and when he awoke the reaction had come, the fever had been broken, and he was on the sure road to convalescence.

By the lease of the western portion of their reservation, the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes will receive \$63,000 per annum in money and cattle. Besides this, they have embarked in stock raising for themselves, having 800 head to start with. Secretary Teller will recommend an appropriation of at least \$60,000 to buy more cattle for the red men.

ONLY A STAR

A star shoots out into the night
 And glints the heaven with its light.
 The wise of earth
 Inquire its birth.
 "Whence strays the wanderer in its flight?"

Not shepherd-sought on Beth'lem's plain,
 When angel tongues of heavenly strain
 Sang songs of peace
 Which ne'er will cease;
 Earth echoes aye the glad refrain.

From realms unknown of upper space
 Bears it a message to our race?
 Wise ones agreed
 They'd search with speed
 Its orbit through the heavens to trace.

The telescope, with piercing eye,
 Sharp scanned the stranger of the sky.
 Through every zone
 It, burning, shone,
 But whispered never whence or why.

Said telephone, "Hello! Who's there?"
 The wires said, "A Waif of Air."
 Then laughed in glee,
 And said, "Let's see
 Them keep a secret way up there!"

The sly old moon would grin and blink,—
 At least the man therein did wink.
 As if to say,
 "It wouldn't pay
 To tell the news down there, I think."

Then came a sound like storms at sea
 With chorus of fierce melodee!
 "Pr claim afar,
 And name the star
 Hail, Magazine ye! ept C. T.!"

FOR HIS BROTHER'S SAKE.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF A LIFE OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

"The Governor pardoned John Brisben, a penitentiary convict, to-day. He was sent up from Bourbon for fifteen years for forgery, and had ten years yet to serve. Our readers are familiar with the history of this case, and the humane action of his Excellency will be generally commended."—*Frankfort (Ky.) Yeoman.*

I read this little paragraph and my mind went back six years. I knew John Brisben, and I also knew his twin brother Joseph. I was familiar with the details of the action that placed John Brisben in a felon's cell, and now when the sad affair is brought back to mind so vividly I must write it out, for never before have I met, in prose or poetry, in real life or in romance, a greater hero than plain, matter-of-fact John Brisben.

The Brisbens came of good stock. I think the great-grandfather of my hero emigrated to Kentucky when Kenton's Station, between the present City of Mayville and the historic old Town of Washington, was the principal settlement on the "dark and bloody ground." He came from Upper Pennsylvania and located about five miles from the Ohio river, on Limestone Creek. He was an industrious, strong-limbed, lion-hearted old fellow, and in a few years his surroundings were of the most comfortable description. One of his sons, Edwin Brisben, once represented Kentucky in the Federal Congress. I think he was the grandfather of John and Joseph Brisben. Their father's name was Samuel, and he died when they were little children, leaving his widow an excellent blue grass farm and a snug little fortune in stocks, bonds and mortgages. The widow remained a widow until her death. Mrs. Samuel Brisben was a good woman, and she idolized her twin boys. Like most twins, the brothers resembled each other in a striking manner, and even intimate acquaintances could not tell them apart. But although the physical resemblance was so strong there was great dissimilarity in the dispositions of the twins. Joseph Brisben was surly and morose, sometimes cunning and revengeful. He was withal a dreamer and an enthusiast; a man well learned in books, a brilliant, frothy talker when he chose to be sociable (which was seldom), a splendid horseman, and a most excellent shot. John Brisben, on the contrary, was cheerful and bright, honorable and forgiving. He was a man of high moral principle, intensely practical and methodical, cared little for books, and, although he said but little, was a splendid companion. He was a poor horseman, and I don't think he ever shot a gun in his life. He saw nothing of the poetry of life, and as for sport, he enjoyed himself only when hard at work. He loved his brother, and when they were boys together suffered punishment many times, and uncomplainingly, that "Jodie" might go scot free. His life was therefore one constant sacrifice, but the object of this loving adoration made him shabby returns for this unselfish devotion.

They were 20 years old when their mother died very suddenly. Joseph made a great pretense of grief, and was so hysterical at the grave that he had to be led away.

John, on the contrary, never demonstrative, took the great affliction with his customary coolness. He said but little and shed no tears.

The property left to the boys was considerable. The day they were 27 years old the trustees met and made settlement. There was the blue-grass farm valued at \$50,000, and \$100,000 in well-invested securities which could be turned into money. Joseph demanded a division.

"You can take the farm, Jack," he said. "I was never cut out for a farmer. Give me \$75,000 in money for my share."

So this sort of a division was made. John continued on at the homestead, working in his plain, methodical way, and slowly adding to his share of the money what he could raise out of the profits of the farm. Joseph, with his newly-acquired wealth, set up an establishment at the nearest town and began a life of pleasure, pleasure of the grosser sort. His brother gave him no advice for he knew it was useless. Joseph spent his money with great prodigality and before he knew it he was a beggar. In the meantime John's \$25,000 had doubled itself. One day Joseph came to him with a full confession of his pecuniary troubles:

"Jack," he said, "I am not only a beggar, but I am heavily in debt. Help me out like a good fellow, and I will settle down and begin life in sober earnest. With my capacity for business I can soon make money enough to repay you. I have sown my wild oats, and with a little help I can soon recover all that I have squandered so foolishly."

For an answer John Brisben placed his name to an order for the \$25,000 he had earned so laboriously.

"Will that be enough, Jodie?" he asked, "because I have as much more, which you can have if it is necessary."

"This will be sufficient, old fellow," was the reply. "In two years I will pay it back."

He went back to town, drew his money, paid his debts, sold some of his horses and discharged several of his servants. Twenty thousand dollars was left out of the loan. He invested this in business, and for a while seemed to have really reformed. John was encouraged to say:

"Jodie will come out all right. He is smarter than I, and in five years will be worth more money than I could make in a life-time."

In less than three years Joseph Brisben's affairs were in the hands of his creditors, and a sheriff's officer closed out his business. Again he turned to his brother for help and sympathy;

"I own that I managed a trifle carelessly," he said by way of explanation. "Experience is a dear teacher, and the lesson I have learned I shall never forget. If you come to my assistance now I can soon recover myself."

Once more John Brisben placed his name to a check payable to the order of his brother, and Joseph entered into business again. In two years he was a bankrupt.

"I shall never succeed in business, Jack," he said. "Help me out of this trouble and I will live with you on the farm. I shall succeed as a farmer."

It took all of John Brisben's hoard to pay his brother's debts, but he made no complaint, uttered no reproach. He said:

"I am glad you are coming back to the farm, Jodie. You need do no work, and we will be very happy together."

So Joseph took up his residence at the farm, and remembering his brother's words, devoted his time principally to hunting, fishing and riding about the country. In the meantime John Brisben had fallen in love, and the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Compton by name, was his promised wife. Being a man of strict honor himself and having full confidence in his brother, he did not object when Joseph began to pay his affianced very marked attention.

"I am glad he likes her," he thought. "I am so busy on the farm that I have little time for pleasure, and Alice is so fond of amusement."

One night Joseph came to him just as the shadows of evening were beginning to fall. There was a triumphant ring in his voice when he spoke.

"Jack, old boy," he said, holding out his hand, "congratulate me. I think that from today I can date the beginning of a new life. Alice Compton has promised to be my wife."

He was too much engrossed with his new happiness to see the effect of this announcement as portrayed on John's face. He did not notice how the strong man's hand trembled in his own.

"Is this true?" faltered John at last.

"Why, of course it is. Are you not glad? We love each other and shall be very happy."

"We love each other, and shall be very happy!" repeated John mechanically, and all the sunshine of his life sunk behind the heavy clouds of despair. "Yes, Jodie, I am glad, and I wish you long years of happiness."

He turned away and staggered, rather than walked, to his own room. He did not stir all night. Once a deep, sobbing groan struggled through his lips, and the moonbeams struggling through the window fell full upon his face, and surprised two great tears stealing down his pale cheeks. He brushed away this evidence of weakness and sorrow, and when the morrow came, no one looking into his calm, serene eyes would have guessed how hard was the battle that had been fought and won in that lonely chamber.

They were married, and the man rejected by the bride and supplanted by the groom was the first to congratulate the newly-married pair. A vacant house on the farm was fitted up for their reception, and John Brisben's money paid for the furnishing.

"Hereafter, Jodie," he said, "we will divide the profits of the farm. I don't need much, and you shall have the larger share."

Ten years passed away, and John Brisben, an old man before his time, still worked from dawn till dark that his brother might play the gentleman and keep in comfort the large family which the years had drawn around him. It had been necessary to mortgage the old homestead, to raise money to pay Joseph's gambling debts, for of late years he had played heavily and had invariably lost.

One day—it was in the summer of 1877—a

forged check was presented at one of the banks at the shire town, by Joseph Brisben, and the money for which it called was unhesitatingly paid over to him. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, and deeply interested in a game of cards for high stakes, which was in progress. The check was for \$2,500, I think. Before daylight the next morning Joseph Brisben had lost every dollar of it. To drown his chagrin he became beastly drunk, and while in this condition an officer arrived and apprehended him for forgery and uttering a forged check. The prisoner was confined in jail, and word of his disgrace was sent to John Brisben. The latter read the message, and a mist came over his eyes. He groaned audibly, and but for a strong effort of the will would have fallen to the floor, so weakened was he by the shock.

"She must not know it," he said to himself, and he made instant preparations to visit his brother. When he reached the jail he was admitted to the cell of the wretched criminal. The brothers remained together for several hours. What passed during the interview will never be known. When John Brisben emerged from the jail he went straight to the magistrate who had issued the warrant for the apprehension of Joseph Brisben.

"Squire," he said, in his slow, hesitating way. "You have made a mistake."

"In what way, Mr. Brisben?" asked the magistrate, who had a high regard for his visitor.

"You have caused the arrest of an innocent man."

"But"—began the magistrate.

"I sue an order for my brother's instant release. He is innocent of the intent to do wrong. I am the guilty man. I forged the name of Charles Ellison to the check which he uttered. He did not know that it was a forgery."

"You!" cried the astounded magistrate. "You a forger—impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible in these days," said the white-haired old man sternly. "I alone am guilty. My brother is innocent."

So stoutly did he aver that he was the forger that the magistrate reluctantly issued a warrant for his arrest, and at the same time wrote an order to the jailer for the release of Joseph Brisben.

"My constable will be in soon," said the magistrate, but the old hero picked up both the papers.

And he did. Handing the jailer both papers, he explained their meaning thus:

"They have made a mistake. It is I who am to be your prisoner. My brother is innocent."

Accordingly Joseph Brisben was released and returned to the farm. John remained at the jail a prisoner. When the extraordinary affair became known, several prominent citizens offered to go on the accused man's bond, but he would not accept their kind offices. At the trial he pleaded guilty and was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment at hard labor in the penitentiary. Joseph came to see him before he was removed to Frankfort, but their interview was a private one.

Joseph Brisben remained at the farm, but he was a changed man. From the day of his release from jail down to the time of his death, he was never known to touch a card, and a drop of liquor never crossed his lips. Last April he died, and his confession duly sworn to before a justice of the peace, was made public after his burial. In substance it was this: That he was guilty of the forgery for which his heroic brother was suffering a long imprisonment.

"It was my brother's wish, not mine," reads the document. "He insisted that he who had no ties of blood or marriage could better suffer the punishment and the disgrace than I who had dependent upon me a large family."

Noble John Brisben! Of such stuff are heroes made.
 GEO. W. SYMONDS.

THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG.

Philadelphia is where they make it. This is the distributing point for the United States. The violets charm your eyes, but you must be blind if you could not hear the garlic smell. They say this fragrant herb was introduced into Pennsylvania by a farmer who came from over the seas and located near Winchester. He sowed a field of it for green fodder for his cattle. It fell upon good ground, because there is no other kind in that county, and it grew and brought forth 400,000 fold. And it spread all over the country. Down the shaded lanes and in the fairy dell, on verdant hillside and in the daisy-sprinkled meadows, wherever two or three blades of grass are gathered together there is a bunch of garlic in their midst. You never saw anything like it out West. Sometimes the cow wanders into it and devours it with a relish for the clover. And then when you drink a glass of milk you go around breathing on the flies in wanton cruelty, just to see them die.

ALCANDOR LONGLEY, the veteran social reformer, has organized a new society, which he calls The Mutual Aid Community. The home which has been selected for the association is at Glen-Allen, a hundred and thirty miles south of St. Louis, on the Iron Mountain and Southern Railway. The farm is fertile, well watered and furnished, stocked with orchard and forest trees. It contains also a bed of kaolin, which may be utilized for a porcelain pottery. Mr. Longley's paper, *The Communist*, is now issued at Glen-Allen, and contains full particulars regarding the new society.

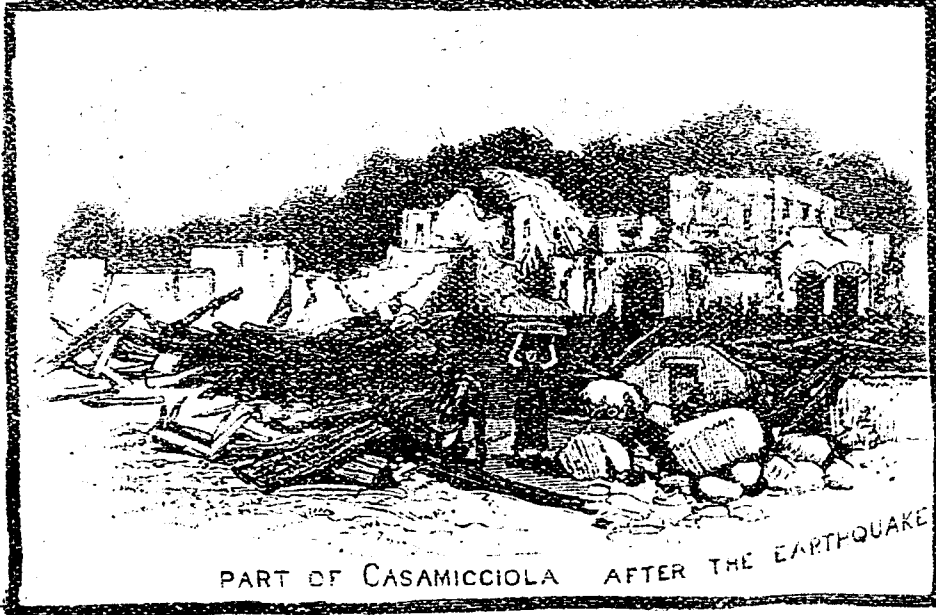
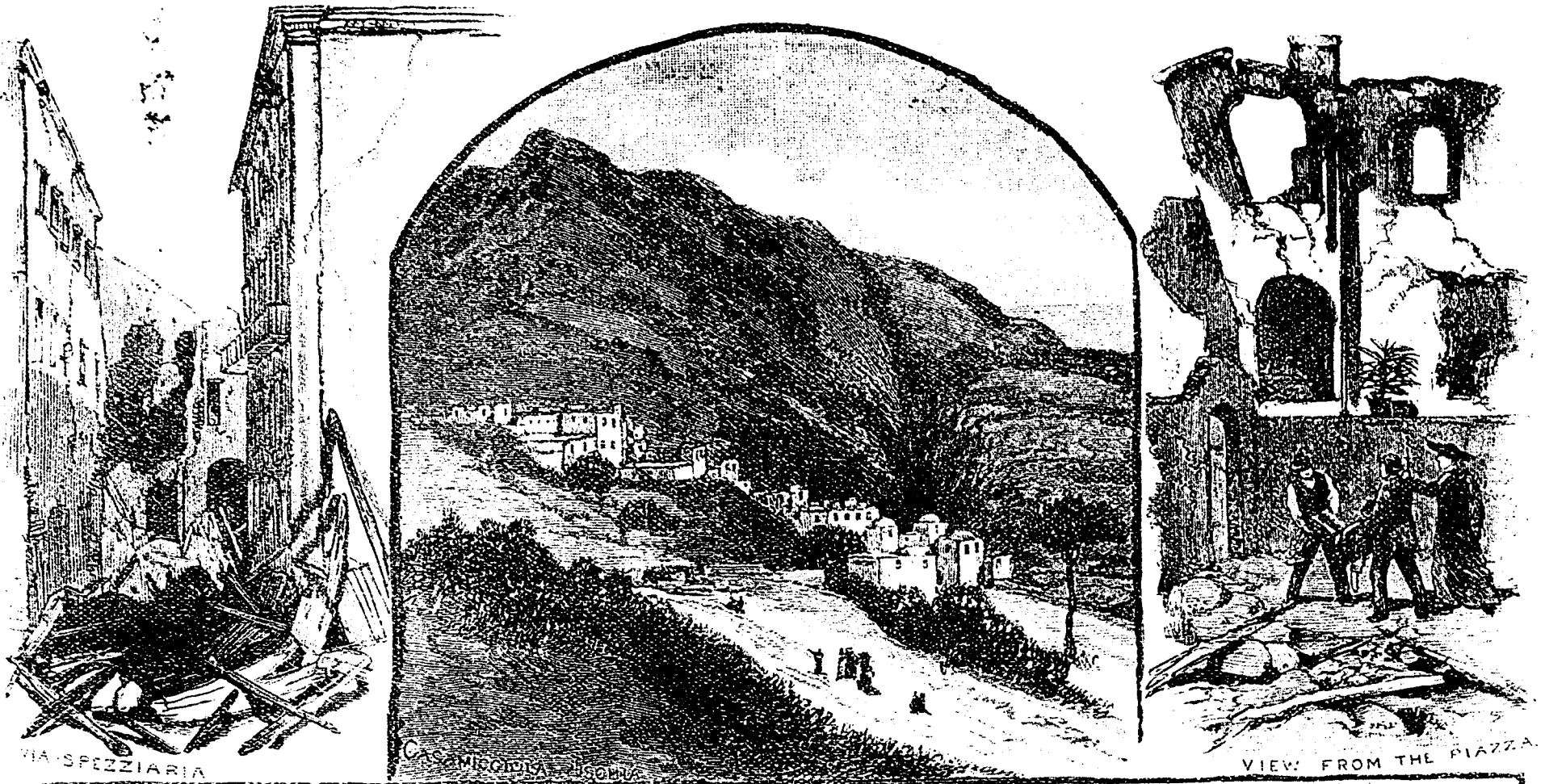
ART EXHIBITION.

—THE Louisville Exhibition makes a good show of the art department, the best works, however, are unfortunately of foreign production. From the private collections of New York and its vicinity we quote contributions as follows:—Mr. August Belmont, Munkacsy's "Head of Christ," Miller's "Harvesting," Casanova's "The Dentist of the Convent" and Ricca's "Scene Near Venice;" Mr. D. O. Mills, Jean Paul Laurens' "Le Bas Empire—Honorius;" Mr. George I. Senev, over thirty works, including Renouf's "A Helping Hand," and examples of Diaz, Bréton, Shreyer, Detaille, Klaus, Pamaroli, Jorot, Roybet, Jacques, Charnay and Perault; Schaus & Co., Daubigny's "Le Tonnelier" and Benjamin Constant's "Othello;" Mr. H. Victor Newcombe, DeNeuville's "Combat in the Church" and other works; ex-governor Tilden, the Portrait of himself by Daniel Huntington, Kott's "A Hopeless Case" and some statuary; Gen. Grant, his portrait by Le Clear and his collection of trophies, presents and curios; Mr. James B. Kene, pictures, porcelains and marbles; Mr. A. Bierstadt, his "Mount Whitney," "Hitch, Hotchly Valley," "Californian Sunset" and "Nevada Fall's;" Mr. H. G. Marquand, Madrazo's "A Spanish Lady;" Mr. Contant Mayer, his "Song of the Twilight;" Reichard & Co., Leon Bréton's "Aux Bords de la Mer," Otto von Thoren's "Hungarian Horse Thieves" and E. Condouze's "Soap Bubbles;" Mr. W. T. Evans, Darlot's "A General of the First Republic," Daubigny's "The Twilight Glow," and examples of Cugel, Dolph, Jacquet, Otto von Toren and William Hart; Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, Charles F. Ulrich's "Carpenter at Work," W. H. Lippincott's "A Loan Collection," W. B. Baker's "April Showers in the First Green" and F. Schuchardt, Jr.'s "A Song Without Words;" Mr. R. G. Dun, Meyer von Bremen's "Unexpected Good News," Cheric's "The Sheriff's Execution," and examples of Verboeckhoven, Accard, Cooman's Munier and Martinelli; Mr. S. P. Avery, Baugniez's "The Bride," Adrien Moreau's "Farewell" and W. T. Richards' "Clearing Off;" Mr. J. H. Lazarus, Farini's "Magdalen;" P. Morgan, a portrait. The collections of Messrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, C. C. Baldwin, C. P. Huntington, John Hoey and ex-Governor Cornell are also represented.

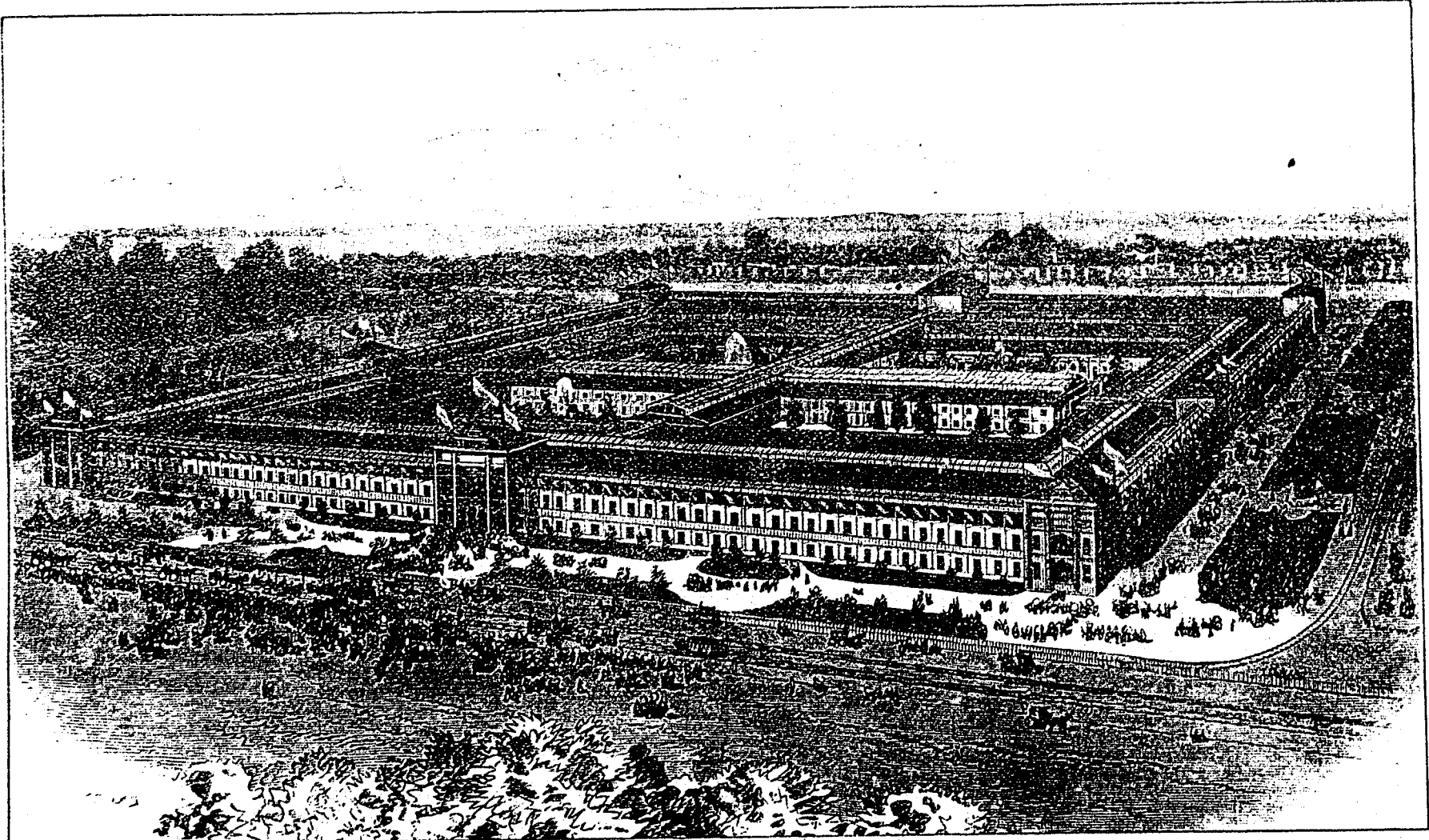
KOSSUTH.

KOSSUTH is writing the recollections of his youth and publishing them in an Italian paper. He relates this among his university experiences:—Professor Kovy, the lecturer, was noted for his long discourses. One day, after the students had manifested their impatience at the length of the lecture by the incessant noisy scraping of their feet, the professor suddenly stopped, brought his hand down upon his desk with a terrific crash, called out angrily, "You impudent scoundrels!" and left the lecture-room. The students, under Kossuth's leadership, held a meeting, and voted that an apology should be demanded from the professor. Before Kovy began his next lecture, Kossuth stood up, and said to the learned jurist, in the name of himself and fellow students, "Respected Domine Professor, we have come here to learn from you and not to be insulted by you with opprobrious names. You have called us 'scoundrels.' We have unanimously resolved to withdraw from this class unless you retract this calumnious expression." "You commit a stupidity," replied the professor, "of which I shall take no notice." He began his lecture. Kossuth and his fellows at once rose, and a formal procession took place. The professor was left to address the empty benches. The next day Kovy met young Kossuth, and said: "Come to the lecture-room to-morrow, and we will see what can be done." Of course the students flocked in, and Kovy began: "The other day there was a little misadventure in this room, which I heartily regret. I suspected you of a malicious plot and naturally was indignant. After thinking the matter well over, I am convinced that the incident was no token of your personal ill-will toward your teacher. Let us one and all forget the business, and lose no more of our precious time." The students were charmed with his apology, for as such they agreed to accept it. After the lecture the old man pointed to their leader, and said, in the hearing of the whole class: "As for the Dominus Kossuth there, he will some day be a rebel against a higher authority than mine in this land!" The forecast was prophetic. Kossuth, relating the story in his old age, denies that he was ever a rebel, either against the professor in the university or against the land of Hungary. In both instances, he says, he stood up on behalf of violated right. "The arbitrary spirit, in school or state," he says, "demands a blind homage, and when it is refused, the recusant is called a rebel. Whether the title sticks to him, or whether it is recalled, depends upon the failure or the success of the 'rebellion.'"

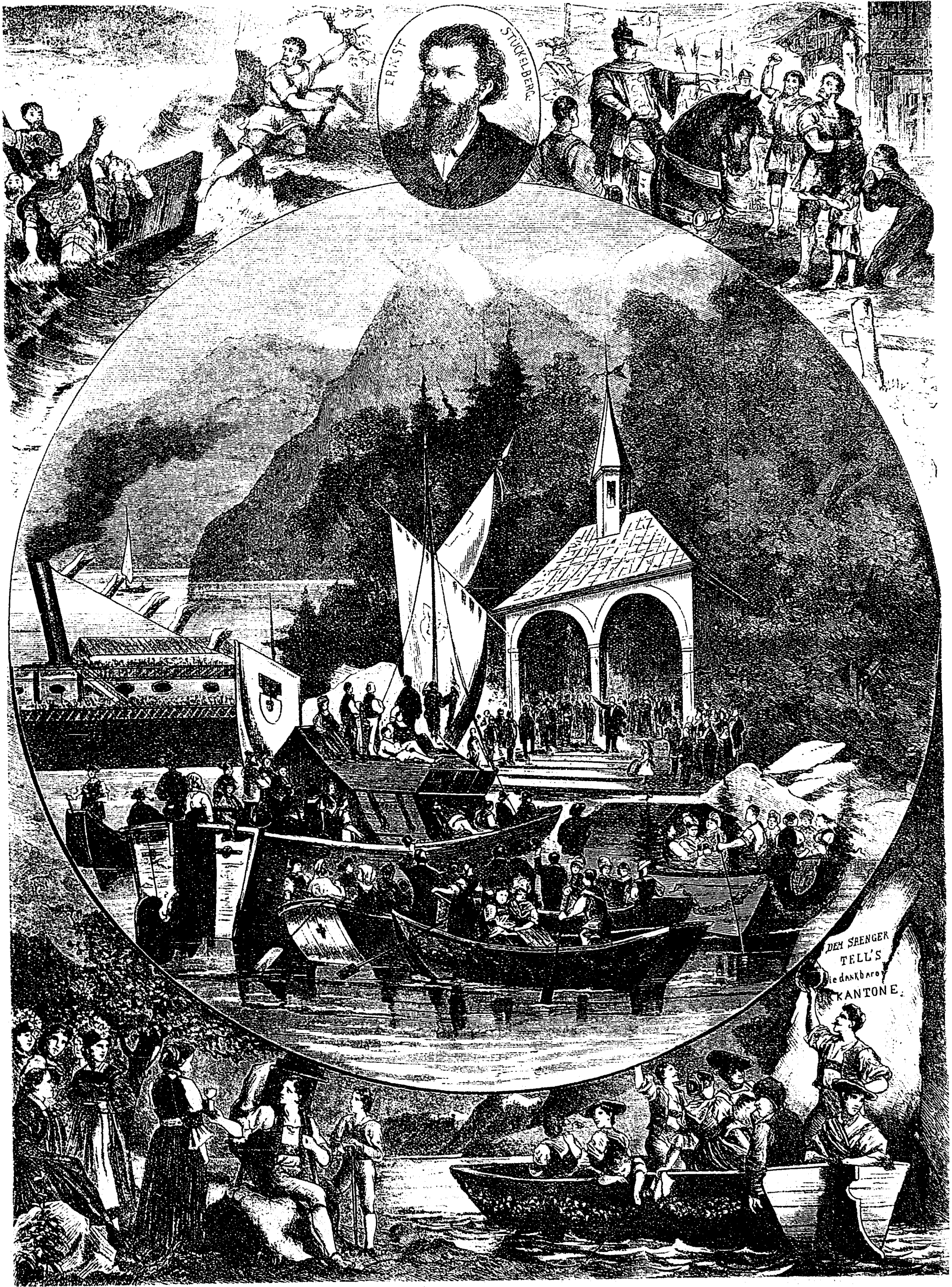
OWING to the temptation to naughty ways which the penny postage stamp savings bank system offers, it has been suggested that there should be a savings bank stamp, and an ordinary stamp should not be received on deposit account. The idea is not confined to a penny, but expands to a shilling, half-crown, and five shilling stamps.



ITALY.—CASAMICCIOLA, ON THE ISLAND OF ISCHIA, SCENE OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF JULY 28TH.



KENTUCKY.—THE EXPOSITION AT LOUISVILLE.



THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW TELL CHAPEL OF THE FOUR CANTONS.

LILLI.

Heart, my heart, G. what hath changed thee?
What doth weigh on thee so sore?
What hath from myself estranged thee,
That I scarcely know thee more?
Gone is all which once seemed dearest,
Gone the care which once was nearest,
Gone thy toils and tranquil bliss,
Ah! how couldst thou come to this?

Does that bloom so fresh and youthful
That divine and lovely form,
That sweet look so good and truthful
Bind thee with resistless charm?
If I swear no more to see her,
If I man myself and flee her,
Soon I find my efforts vain
Forced to seek her once again.

She with magic thread has bound me,
That defies my strength or skill,
She has drawn a circle round me,
Holds me fast against my will,
Cruel maid, her charms enslave me,
I must live as she would have me,
Ah! how great the chance to me!
Love! when wilt thou set me free?

With resistless power why dost thou press me
Into scenes so bright?
Had I not—good youth—so much to bless me,
In the lonely night?

In my little chamber close I found me,
In the moon's cold beams;
And thine quivering light fell softly round me,
While I lay in dreams.

And by hours of pure unmingled pleasure,
All my dreams were blest,
While I felt her image as a treasure
Deep within my breast.

Is it I she at the table places,
Mid so many lights?
Yes, to meet intolerable faces,
She her slave invites.

Ah! the spring's fresh fields no longer cheer me,
Flowers no sweetness bring;
Ansel, where thou art, all sweet are near me,
Love, nature and spring.

A NIGHT IN THE DAY-COACH.

A semaphore light at the Broad Street station has just tipped the wink to a waiting train, and it steals out of the elegant station as stealthily as though it was running away to go out West and blow up with the cyclones, and feared the station master would call it back if he saw or heard it. Out of the white glare of the electric lights, out of the din of hissing cylinder cocks and jangling bells, out of the shouting of the ushers—"This side for Bryn Mawr, Paoli, and West Chester!" "Forward on the right for Wilmington!"—we rumble easily and swiftly along the great elevated railway, over the river lying in shadow below, and down through a garden of signals, a glittering parterre of red and white and green; a bewildering carcanet of ruby and pearl and emeralds, that ties and loops and tangles a score of iron tracks in intricate glitter of dazzling confusion to the traveller; gleaming sigulets that shine on semaphore, tower, and switch signal; a railway constellation; an aurora of labyrinthine glimmer and twinkle, that is only an ordinary page of quiet reading to the savant of the rail, on the train, or in the yard. Everywhere moving lights and stationary signals, till all the yard

"Twinkles with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-light, and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry."

everywhere shrill-voiced whistles and clanging bells; the quick exhaust of shifting engines; drifting columns of smoke and snowy puffs of steam, until red and white and green blend with the stars, and the clamor of the yard dies into a mutter and the mutter into a murmur, and the murmur is swallowed up in the roar of "number seven," muffled and dull, over the ballasted embankment, and shouting in resonant echoes over culvert and bridge, until the dense shadows of clustering trees and wide stretches of harvest field and meadows, slumbering black and still, and gleaming silver white under the blue skies of summer, shut out the glare of the station, the glitter of the yard, the illumination of the Schuylkill bridges, and the long processional perspective of the Philadelphia streets.

We are climbing the long hill west of Overbrook, and the rapid exhaust of the panting engine wakens a thousand echoes in the woods. At intervals a glare of light, long and fan shaped, like the tail of a comet, cuts a swath into the night and throws into sudden and sharp relief the whirling banner of smoke and steam streaming back over the train as the fireman for an instant throws open the furnace door. Lean out of the window and see it, and catch a cinder as big as a pea in your eye. Did you get one? Well, never mind! Don't hold it, drop it. You've cried upon it till you've put it out,—and one dead cinder is of no use to any one; and you haven't room in one eye to carry two and have any leisure to employ the eye for anything else.

We are running now. You can feel the train quiver and spring under the spur of thirty-eight miles an hour. And just here the usual knowing passenger, the traveller who has been every place and knows it all in his mind, interrupts us to tell me, holding his watch in his hand to prove it,—as though a watch was a pedometer, that we are making fifty miles an hour easy, if not sixty. It is useless to dispute with this passenger, who has forgotten, or, perhaps, never knew, that the official time of the fastest through trains on the road over which he is travelling averages forty-four miles per hour from New York to Philadelphia, thirty-eight from the Quaker City to Harrisburg, thirty-three from

Harrisburg to Altoona, and forty thence to Pittsburg. The trouble with this traveller is that his figures never harmonize with the official time-tables. I have known this man to leave Chicago at 9 a. m., run sixty miles an hour right along, by his own watch, and reach Elkhart, one hundred and one miles, at 12.55 p. m.—twenty-five miles an hour, as nearly as the tables can make it. When the rapid traveller begins to count the telegraph poles to regulate the speed of the train, you might as well give in: he will make to a second exactly the time he said we were making. Some time when you know, by the official word of the conductor, that you are running fifty miles an hour, try counting the telegraph poles, three or four of you, just for amusement, and see how widely your counts do not agree for a few miles. And, believe me, take the railroads, by and large, you ride twenty-five miles an hour oftener than you ride fifty. Abroad, the lightning train on the Paris-Marseilles line averages thirty-five miles per hour; the express train on the Lehrter railway from Berlin to Cologne, thirty-seven and a half miles; the Scottish mail, from Euston Square to Edinburgh, forty-one and a quarter miles, including stops; the express train from King's Cross to Edinburgh, forty-two miles; and the Irish mail, London to Holyhead, makes the same time. The fastest short-distance trains in Germany—Spandau to Steinhagen, distance, fifty-seven and a half miles—run forty-five miles an hour without stopping; the fast train from Berlin to Magdeburg makes forty miles an hour, including two stops. In England, the Great Western trains from London to Swindon make fifty-three miles an hour. There are trains that run faster than that, even in our own fast land, but they are not through trains. A sixty-mile gait is not kept up for a long distance. The passenger who is pulling out his watch every ten or fifteen minutes to declare that we are running sixty miles an hour would get home a couple of days ahead of the train, if he could but keep up with his own time. And then it may comfort you to know that if you break through a bridge or collide with another train at a speed of thirty-five miles, your chances for escape are just as good as though you were running one hundred.

Don't go into the Pullman to-night, come into the day-coach. If you desire to study character and amuse yourself watching people, avoid the barren waste of unbending and one-type "respectability" that grades the parlor car to one mediocre level. Sit in the day-coach; if you want variety, you'll find it. In the day-coach, people assimilate, they fraternize; in the parlor car, they hate each other. In the Pullman, your particular seat, numb-red and ticketed to you very self, is so much your own that you can experience an uncomfortable cat-in-a-strange-garret-y feeling if by accident or through weariness you sit anywhere else. And you will yield your seat or your berth to no other human being. In the democratic day-coach there is now and then a thrill of excitement, caused by some new passengers,—usually a woman and two or three children,—"jumping your claim" while you are forward in the smoker. Sometimes one determined woman turns you out of your pre-emption boldly.

There she is now. Her step is heavy, and her resolute brow is not sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought so much as some healthier brows you have seen. Her mouth is straight as a rule, and the firm lines at its corners are not there for nothing. The little man timidly keeping close by her side is her husband, her very own,—body, boots, and breeches. She married him her self. She could do it again, too, with one hand tied behind her. She holds you with her glittering eye, oftens she standeth still; you listen like a three-year's child; the Gorgon hath her will. "Would this gentleman be polite enough to occupy a seat with this other gentleman, that she and her husband might sit together?" Would you? Ah, won't you, just! You do, and she thanks you in thorough-bass. They sit, and the little man holds the bundles and runs errands while the Gorgon looks around for new victims. "Make that man put out that cigar." Obedient as a tender to a man-of-war, the little man goes and returns. "It isn't lighted." "Make him take it out of his mouth: this isn't a smoking-car." Again the little man goes and comes. "It's a lead pencil; and he says he'll hold it in his eye if he wants to." A few people begins to smile, but one glare freezes them in the midst of their presumptuous levity. "Tell that man to close his window: I feel a draught." Another round trip for the meek little man. "He is asleep." "Wake him up!" And she speaks as one having authority, and not as a woman who marries because she wanted to lean on somebody. Away goes the little married man. A gentle shake, a timid,—

"Sir, would it discommode you too much if I asked you too—"

A snatched roar and a volley of savage language, a half-lifted head showing a fierce pair of eyes and a most forbidding countenance, a threatening movement of a fist like the hand of fate, an earnest pledge to fire somebody out of the window if the request was repeated, and the meek Mercury returns meeker than ever.

"He says he can't: he has heart disease, and he will faint if the window is closed."

Measureless liar! The little man is a giant in some things; after all, he has the soul of a man.

"Bah!" like a pistol shot. "Anything but a sick man!"

The very lights burn blue in the glare of her fierce contempt. A majestic stride carries her to the seat of rebellion. She bends above the snor-

ing "slugger." Bang! The window comes down, like a wooden imprecation, in a little puff of dust and cinders. The slumberer lifts his wrathful head, and begins a savage snarl, which ends as abruptly as a stub switch, and his threatening frame shrinks into a placid heap of inert-brate limpness,—protoplasm in clothes. Triumphant Euryale resumes her seat, with one ejaculation, "Heart disease!" and glares up and down the car, hoping to catch some man lighting a cigar, that she may turn him into stone.

"All tickets, please!" Lo! the conductor, nonchalant, quick in movement, brusque in manner, keen of eye, seeing everything, missing nothing, terse of speech, a very Spartan in conversation, answering a volume with a sentence, making three words withstand a thousand questions. Much need hath he of this economy of speech, "for we are the same that our fathers have been; we see the same sights that our fathers have seen;" on the very same train, the same seat, the same run, we ask the same "when" and "what," every one. How far? and What time? and How much? and Which way? How close the connection! At night! O by day! What hotel? What junction! How? Which? Where? and When? And the next car will ask them all over again. But nothing seems to disturb him. What a fortune that immobile face would be for a poker player! How he answers the wisest questions without a show of admiration, the stupidest and silliest without a sign of contempt! Can you carry a lantern tacked up on your arm like that! Yes, with both hands you could. See, when you try it, all the passengers laugh to see the lantern fall behind you. Can you make your lantern at home burn one half so brightly! Not if you put an electric light in it. Can he, does he, read all those tickets so rapidly as he affects to! There now! You saw him punch that one without ever looking at it. You think so! Well, try him on an expired limited ticket some time, or hand him some fraudulent pastebard you bought of a sculper. Give it to him some night when he is behind time, dreadfully crowded, and too busy to think, and you will soon know whether or not he is given to punching tickets without looking at them.

There, he is talking to that young man in pointed shoes and tight pantaloons on this very subject. The young man evidently thought as you did. Listen to the pleading accents of the tender-hearted conductor:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to Pittsburg," says the young man, demurely; "and that ticket is good until it's used."

"Certainly it is," replies the conductor, apparently greatly terrified by the young man's resolute attitude. "You're right about that,—it is good until it's used; but as it is a ticket on the Boston and Maine Railroad from South Lawrence to Kenebuck, you'll have to go there to use it. Keep that ticket; it may come useful some time; but it won't ride you on the Pennsylvania. I only go to Harrisburg. Three dollars and twenty-six cents, please. Better get a ticket at Harrisburg,—plenty of time."

And having paid ten cents extra for having no ticket, that young man is making up his mind that wasting a local ticket to get through the gate doesn't pay.

Could you stand up and write, as the conductor does? You could write very well, but no living creature could read what you wrote. Still, writing on the train in these days of spirit-level grades is not the difficult art it used to be. A great many busy people write on the trains. During the seven years past at least seventy per cent. of my daily newspaper work, during the winters, has been done on the trains. There was a time when I used pen and ink in my railway correspondence; not that erratic aggravation born in an evil hour and called a stylograph, but with a good, old-fashioned pen and a glass ink-bottle. I have also upset a bottle of ink in my lap. Without going into particulars, I will merely say that the quiet old citizen sitting behind me, at the close of my remarks, which were, conversely, remarks about my clothes, tapped me on the shoulder and said,—

"Young man, if I could use the English language as fluidly as you, I'd lecture."

I believed him.

All newspaper correspondents frequently write their despatches and letters on the train, and make good enough copy for any printer to mangle.

See the man standing up holding his hat in his hand. That passenger is travelling on his first pass. He calls the conductor "sir," and has an impression, that amounts to a conviction, that the busy official, recognizing in him a guest of the company, will pause and hold a few moments' conversation with him. To the passenger's amazement the precious trip pass is seized as unceremoniously as a local ticket, turned over like a flash for a glimpse of the signature on the back, one quick glance at the passenger's face,—that the conductor may be able to identify him if any question arises about that pass any time within the next five years,—the paper is punched full of holes, and the conductor is gone, without even stopping to shake hands. A pained look of offended friendship, frost-nipped cordiality, creeps into the grieving face of the passenger, lightly tinged with dignified wrath. "I'll report that fellow, see if I don't!"

"What for?" asked his fellow-traveller, who, having paid three cents a mile for his ride, is half determined to be a Nihilist and do something dreadful,— "what for?"

But the offended "D.H."—for even so are all "dead heads" stingingly entered on the official

reports—doesn't know just exactly for what, or rather he doesn't just like to tell, so he contents himself with shaking his head darkly, and looking things that are fortunately unutterable.

A little girl and her mother get on. They wear sun-bonnets. Don't peer around into their faces now, but just look at them as they sit before us, and tell me which is the girl and which is the mother? The crowning peculiarity of the sun-bonnet is, that it makes the maiden of twenty and the woman of sixty look like twins. There are only two types of faces seen in sun-bonnets. One is faded, listless, wearied, seamed by the hand of care, and the other is rosy and pretty and bashful. Did you ever kiss a girl in a sun-bonnet,—one of the old-fashioned "calico slats" Man, there is a sense of quiet seclusion, of peaceful possession, a kind of "the world forgetting, by the world forgot" feeling comes over you, back in its shadowy portals, into which not even the all-beholding sun can peer until his fiery chariot touches the horizon line, that — But I digress.

Look up, if you want to envy somebody. He hasn't shaved this week; and his shoulders are broad as his face is grizzled,—six feet two,—and never had a toothache since he knew how to bite; wears a coat that doesn't fit him, and a collar that nearly kills him, on the Fourth of July—never at any other time; exercises it to be his patriotic duty to suffer for his country on that glorious day. Eyes as bright as his face is brown, can't help looking like a rough-cast Apollo, in a blue shirt and jean overalls, and never saw the day that he wasn't hungry three times. Isn't worth a dollar in the world, save what he can get at day's work on the farm in the summer, and in the pine-woods in the winter; but he has a digestion that Wall Street can't buy. He is hailed by a friend; and hearken to his response, "Hallo, Leander! How's your bein'?" The whole car hears and smiles in reply.

Leander is the usual sick man of the train. He and the deaf old gentleman have been exchanging vociferous medical recipes for carefully selected ailments for the past twenty-five miles. Leander is telling how ill he was just afore his harvest. First stage, he couldn't work; second, he couldn't stand up; third, he couldn't sit up; fourth, he couldn't lie down; fifth, he couldn't drink; sixth, he couldn't eat. Just here the entrance of the rough-cast Apollo interrupted him, and we will never hear what was the seventh stage of that fell disease. But it is my firm opinion that in the seventh stage Leander died.

But his afflictions have been few and light, compared with those of his companion of the heavy hearing. Few and evil have the days of the years of his pilgrimaging been, and they have been rounded by nurses and doctors. At almost every station he remembers a man living there who used to be his nurse. One of these nurses is especially commended as "bin' jest about a regular studied doctor. All he wanted was a boss and buggy to be a regular studied doctor." Mr. Spoop-ndyke himself might envy this vivid description of an educated physician, given in all seriousness, by as earnest a man as ever I heard keep a car-load of passengers awake with stentorian remarks.

The long five seconds' whistle calls for a station. As we dash through, do you notice what a sudden increase of speed hurries us like a thunderbolt through the streets of the slumbering village? I have often noticed this apparent increase of speed when passing through a station, as though the train was anxious to do its best before an audience. I have wondered if it was real or only apparent, and often I have made up my mind to ask, but as I approached the engineer my heart has failed me: something in his face allays my burning curiosity, without gratifying it. Once, when I was younger than I am now, or ever will be again, a railway train which I honored with my distinguished presence halted, without consulting my wishes, out on the open prairie, between stations. I hastened with the crowd to the engine. I took out my note-book and pencil, that all the world might know a live reporter was on the spot, and would have this thing down "very fine," in a very brief space of period. After a little difficulty in finding the right man to cross-examine, I discovered the engineer stooping under the engine, softly tapping something with a copper hammer. I said,—

"What is the matter with her?"

There was a brief interval of silence, as my voice died away, and then the world seemed to be turning around on schedule time, so as to be in the round house at sunset, just as usual, and just as though I was not standing there, waiting for an answer to my question. So I raised my voice a little, a very little, for the action of this earth had somewhat affected me.

"What seems to be the matter?"

Then the engineer crawled out, and, giving me a glance, stood wiping his hands with a handful of waste while he looked down the track a thousand miles, and, after an embarrassing pause in the conversation, he said, in low, quiet tones,—

"She's dropped her exhaust."

I thanked him in broken accents, and I was very quiet all the rest of the trip. Oh, very quiet! much quieter than the other passengers.

The man with the oil-cloth "carpet-rack," who is storming at the conductor, is the man who gets carried by. He never misses it. If he is only going fifteen miles, the first thing he does is to go to sleep. He declares that the brakeman never called "Mount Joy." "As though," says the indignant brakeman, "I

couldn't waken a dead man on that station. Now, if it was Dillerville, or Swissfold, or some little thin name like that, all i's and e's, maybe I couldn't shake 'em up quite so boisterously, but a big mouthful like Mount Joy or Tyron, where your voice has something to catch on to, why, man, I can put the headlight out with it!"

Confidentially the brakeman lowers his voice. "Why, yes," he says; "somebody gets carried by every run, unless I bounce him, just like a tramp. I believe when the last day comes, and Gabriel sounds his awful trumpet, and the dead rise up and answer the summons, there'll be some men won't know anything about it till the next day, and then they'll say, 'Well, you never blowed at Snyder's Crossing!'"

The man in front of us is whistling. Now listen. The man opposite has heard him, and now he is whistling too. The same air or another one; nobody ever knows what tune a man on the train is whistling save only the whistler's self. The sad passenger just behind us cannot whistle, so he sings. And the man on the wood-box plays a little accompaniment to the sibilant air which he whistles between his teeth by drumming with his heels. This sets four or five other men to drumming on the windows with their fingers. Sad indeed at this hour, devoted to railway minstrelsy, is the lot of the man who is crowded to the end of the seat and has no window to drum upon.

The tall thin passenger adds a little variety to the general effect by whistling against the strident edges of the leaves of a book. Not one of all these passengers hears the mellow piping of his fellow-passengers. Each man is absorbed in his own hum or whistle. And if you can by listening intently, and by calling to your aid a very vivid and charitable imagination, detect a tune in any of the whistle, you rarely hear a lively air. The general tenor of railroad music is tinged with melancholy, like the dash of the wild waves on the shingly beach. It has a plaintive, longing quality, a nocturne builded on a theme of home-sickness; for it is when the day is done that the whistling madness seizes upon the traveller; when the hurrying landscape robes itself in cool shadow, and a quiet and peace, hallowed as an Easter dawn, broods over the farms where lie "the penned flocks in their wattled lodge," and sweet-breathed kine, with Heré's eyes, stand in the perfumed clover, or move slowly down the darkening lane; when, as the night draws on and the stars come out, the train dashes past a cottage set in the background of a wooded knoll; in the open door, bathed in a flood of light from lamp and cheery fireplace, a woman stands shading her face with open hand, as she peers down the winding road, and a little child at her side, waving a merry signal with dimpled hand to the passing train, turns the rosy face and in the direction of the mother's look to welcome "papa" home; when cosy tea-tables seen through quick glimpses of the windows in the towns paint beautiful pictures of far-away homes on the heart of the traveller,—then it is that he breathes his soul's plaintive longing through his puckered lips, and the tenderness of his dream softens the grotesque lines of the pucker, lest he might see its wrinkled caricature, and, like Athené, cast away his breathing flute forever. Listen, and you shall hear that songs of home and old love ditties are all the airs they blow who whistles in the cars at eventime.

Behold the woman preparing to go to sleep. All the shawls, rugs, and wraps whereof she may be possessed she rolls up into a large wad and lays this gigantic pillow on the arm of the seat. She braces her feet against the side of the car and lies down. Before her head can reach it that fearful and wonderful pillow rolls off on the floor, and she lies down to rest her neck upon the inhospitable nickel-plated arm of the seat, while her head projects over into the aisle. Of course the first man who walks down the car knocks her hat off and bumps her head. With an expression of wearied, forlorn, despairing resignation, such as no man can imitate, she gathers up her bonnet and shawls and sits bolt upright. Sleep with her feet next the aisle, she will not. If she cannot sleep with her head projecting over the arm of the seat into the public highway of the car, she will not sleep at all.

Ah, the gentleman who gets on down at the Y switch, and prefers to ride on the rear platform of the rear coach. The brakeman has found him and is instructing him regarding the distance and condition of the walking to the next station. The gentleman's taste, in preferring to ride out on the bleak platform, is very singular; but this is a free country, and a passenger may ride where he pleases, under certain conditions of a pecuniary character. Aside from this, his position is subject only to the limitations of the Constitution of the United States and the amendments thereto. But the railway trains are not so free as the country. The gentleman who got on after the train was under way confides to the brakeman, in a moment of weakness, that his funds are not at present in available condition; that his securities are not immediately negotiable; he has no collateral that he can hypothecate on the spot, and so the inevitable stares him in the face, the hand in uniform reaches for the remorseless bell-cord, and manifest destiny beckons the embarrassed gentleman down the embankment. He says he wants to go some place where there is a coal mine. Alas! he looks as though the best fortune that could meet him in the way would be a

good-paying lead in an undeveloped soap mine. Poor tramp! I wished I owned a coal mine. I'd give him enough of it to pay his fare, anyhow. Let us be charitable. "Not to tramp," say you! True, let us be merely just to the tramps. So "he is lazy," you say. So am I. "He won't work unless he has to." Neither will I. How is it with you, brother? "But he is grimy and dirty,—deplorably untidy." I have seen diamond rings glittering only two joints above very sad-browed finger-nails. "He is wicked." So am I. "He steals." So do some very eminent "statesmen." "He lies." So do many distinguished politicians. "He swears." So Washington did at Monmouth. "He drinks; he gets drunk." Alas! that is truly deplorable. I can find no parallel for that vice in good society; go on. "He smokes." So does Grant. "He is not trustworthy." There are American bank cashiers in Canada. The clerks in the Mint and the Treasury Department are checks and counter-checks upon each other; and there isn't a bank in the country will trust you with money unless you give a note with good security. "He is ungrateful: kindness would be wasted on him." Here, too, I am ungrateful a thousand times a day; kindness has been wasted upon me nearly forty years. "Oh, well! he's good for nothing; you can't do anything with him." Has any one ever tried? Well, he is gone; and the only memento we have of him is a stream of terrific profanity that followed the train as it left him standing in the ditch. "Served him right." Oh yes, yes, undoubtedly. Still, I can't help hoping, seeing the tramp is so like his more prosperous neighbors, that, when our credentials are demanded, He who was "a friend of publicans and sinners," and sat at meat with them, will not "serve us right."

She comes; my lady comes. Bird-cage, parasol, bandbox, basket, shawl-strap, bouquet and bundle. She has been sitting in the station nearly three hours waiting for this train, and in that time has tried to climb upon everything that went by in either direction, including a yard engine and a hand car. And then she never thought of buying a ticket until the train whistled, and she fell into the car "all of a heap," scrambling herself together. Now she has lost her ticket. Less than ninety seconds ago she bought it, and where is it now? Her hand-bag is in the basket, her porte-monnaie is in the hand-bag, and in an inside pocket of the porte-monnaie, wrapped up in a recipe for White Mountain cake and a pattern for a new tidy stitch, is that blessed ticket. There goes her hat! As she balances it back upon her head, down comes her hair "and showers the rippled ringlets to her knee,"—only the rippled ringlets are straight wisps and merely hang down her back. As with deft touch and nimble hands she twists up the hair and belays it with a long pin, the bundle falls from the rack upon her head and topples the hat over to larboard; as she reaches up to replace the bundle, she bursts the collar button off her duster, and sticks her fingers on four pins before she can find one she dares take to repair damages. There! the bundle has exploded; and there are more things lying around that seat than a man could pack into a Saratoga trunk. This is her station, and she goes out with that shattered bundle tucked under one arm, trying to corral her wandering hair and toppling hat with one hand while with the other she vaguely feels around for woman's great stay and comfort in every wreck and distress,—more pins; and you can't help thinking, as she goes struggling and fluttering into the station, that it would be much more convenient and safer if she would run herself in sections and flag herself against every hing.

The long, long weary night has worn itself away and the passengers out. How drearily long is one night in a day-coach. But for the panorama of station and passenger you never could endure it. By daybreak, the wearied cargo has shaken itself down into endurable discomfort. The snoring proceeds in regular cadences; the children have ceased to cry; the human form divine in the various seats has taken on the distorted shapes and hideous postures of the fallen angels. Every face is pallid, grimy, wan. Every sleeping mouth is open. Dishveled hair and rumpled collars. Every touselled woman and frowzy man, waking in the pale, trying light of dawn, sighs for solitude and darkness and hates the light. There is not a good-natured soul in the car, not one. Even the jolly commercial traveller, who got on at the last station, succumbs to the infection, loses his smile at the first crossing, and snarls at the train-boy ten miles out. Come: this stop is only the stock-yards; but get off. The cattle are better, more cheerful, Christian company at five o'clock in the morning than are the all-night passengers in the day-coach.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A RAT-CHARMER.

THE WAY AN EXPERT ENTICES THE RODENTS TO THEIR DEATH.

Said Mr. Thomas Fullerton, a retired rat-catcher, as he picked up a large gray rat with a pair of tongs and held it, squealing, in the air:

"Rats is all alike. People talk of the sewer rat, the house rat, the Norway rat, but they're all the same thing. There's no difference between them. They all come from the sewers in the first place, and if a house is tight at the

bottom and no holes from the sewers the rats won't get in."

"How do you catch rats?" asked the reporter.

"It's all done on scientific principles. This is the only way of holding a rat."

Fullerton was still holding the old rat in his tongs. He whisked the rat up under his armpit and closed his arm upon it. The position did not seem to suit him. He repeated the manoeuvre until the belly of the rat laid evenly against his side. Then he released the tongs and held the rat in position by the pressure of his arm. Sliding his hand over the rat's back, he seized it firmly by the shoulders and pulled it out. The rat was powerless to bite him, although it squirmed and squealed vigorously. Pulling down its lower jaw, he showed the two long, narrow fangs set closely together.

"Those are bad things to be bit with," he said. "The first bite don't amount to much, and it is only when the teeth close with a second pressure that there is trouble. That drives the fangs in so deep that the poison at the roots comes off in the wounds. I have had my arm swollen clear up to the shoulder by a small bite on the hand. But a rat won't bite unless you frighten him."

"How do you clear the house at rats?"

"If the house has a soft cellar floor I can get the rats out, but I can't keep them out. If it has a hard foundation, I hunt out all the holes leading from the sewers and stop them up with sand and cement. That prevents any more from getting in and those in the house from escaping. Having made the cellar tight, I find the runways by which the rats go from one floor to another. These are generally along lead pipes in the walls. A rat will run up a lead pipe as easy as walk along the floor. I nail a small square piece of tin over a part of the runway, and I grease the outside. Now, a rat can't run up this, and he slips down when he comes to it."

"If I can't get at the runways I find the hole and fix this wire door on it. You see, it is made of four pieces of short wire laid parallel, held together by crossbars and sharpened at the ends. This is suspended by the top over a rat hole. Coming from the hole a rat can easily lift it up and get through, but he can't get back, as the gate falls and the sharp points prevent him from lifting it. Now I make a rat trap of the whole house. I so fix the gates and tin slides that the rats will all be led into one room in the basement. There they are securely caught, as they cannot possibly get out. I go among them with a dark lantern and pic' them up with my tongs. I can catch them as quickly as a cat can a mouse. If they get in places where I can't reach them I shoot them with this long target pistol. I use these little target cartridges, and it kills them every time."

"When the rats get in ceilings I smother them out with cayenne pepper. I have a fumigator here which works like an air-pump. I burn red pepper in it and pump it into the ceiling. The rats can't stand that and they go out as fast as they can. That is better than a ferret, as the ferrets are expensive and the rats often kill them. Ferrets are scary things to handle. If they bite you have to pry their jaws open. When I want to catch rats for dogs I set traps. First I remove everything out of their way so that they will get very hungry. Then I set the trap. Then I have another way of catching them. I wear rubber shoes into a slaughterhouse at night and carry a dark lantern. I move softly about and catch the rats with tongs before they have a chance to get away. In this way I have caught 103 rats in two hours and a half. If you ever get bitten by a rat put the wound in hot water and make it bleed. Then bathe it with arnica or spirits of turpentine."

THE SMALL BOY ON ERRANDS.

Where is the small boy going?

The small boy is going on an errand.

How do you know that the small boy is going on an errand?

Because the small boy is in such a hurry.

How can you tell that the small boy is in a hurry?

I can tell you by the thoroughness with which he examines everything about him.

Is this exercise very exhausting?

Exceedingly; you see that he has to sit down and rest before he has half completed his survey.

But what is the small boy doing now?

In order to get to his destination the quicker, he has jumped upon a passing waggon.

But the waggon is going in the direction from which he came.

It makes no difference. All roads lead to Rome, you know, and all directions are the same to the small boy. The only directions he is careless of are those which were given him when he started on his errand.

What is the small boy doing now?

The small boy is now playing marbles with another small boy.

Then he has forgotten his errand?

Oh, no; he is only exercising his memory. He is trying to see how long he can remember his errand amidst distracting circumstances.

Will the small boy ever get to his destination?

He will if he keeps on in the direction in which he is now crawling.

How soon do you think?

I cannot say; but I once heard of a man who went around the world in 80 days.

VARIETIES.

The daughter of Victor Hugo, who is now fifty years old, is an object of commiseration. About eighteen years ago she fell in love with a naval officer who had some property in England and also estates in Tamidod. Her friends were opposed to her marriage, but as she was of age she carried her point, and the newly married couple proceeded to the West Indies. After a few years of life together the Commodore abandoned his wife, whose previous eccentricity under this blow rapidly developed into insanity. She is proud of her father's reputation, and his visits to the asylum are red letter days to her. She dresses like a young girl and is never violent, but, on the contrary, quite pleasant. She reads, sings, talks and acts rationally enough except at times, when she does queer things.

THE trustees of the British Museum have lately received from Pekin some topographical curiosities in the shape of eight volumes containing portions of two Chinese works printed during the thirteenth century. These books are printed from wooden blocks, on ordinary Chinese paper, much discolored by age. The volumes have evidently been carefully preserved, and at one time belonged to the library of a Chinese prince, who, in consequence of a political intrigue, was in 1360 condemned to die. Hence the dispersion of his library.

THERE are eleven models submitted to a Boston committee for a statue of Theodore Parker. Four represent him seated, two or three are busts or pedestals, and others are groups variously conceived. One of these represents Mr. Parker standing on a pedestal, while on either side are two female figures in classic drapery, personifying Religion and Law. Another represents a draped female figure, with hand pointing upward, standing before him—the design being a personification of Truth. Still another shows Mr. Parker standing with one arm on a book-rack and the fingers of the other hand turning the leaves of a book, on which is inscribed selected sentences from his own writings. It is proposed to spend \$10,000 on this statue.

E. C. STEDMAN, the poet, is building a summer house at Newcastle, N. H. In the neighborhood are the cottages of Professor Bartlett, John Albee, the poet, and the famous Wentworth Hotel. Mrs. Celia Thaxter, the poetess, lives about six miles away on the Isles of Shoals. Newcastle is an island, and Mr. Stedman's house will command a grand view of the ocean. Mrs. Stedman is spending the summer at Newcastle.

THE printing of the new English dictionary, which is in preparation in London, has proceeded to the end of the article "alternate," and at that point there are over six thousand entries, as compared with under three thousand in Webster. The statisticians connected with the project have calculated that the work will contain nearly two hundred thousand main entries, and that the quotations will reach to more than a million in number.

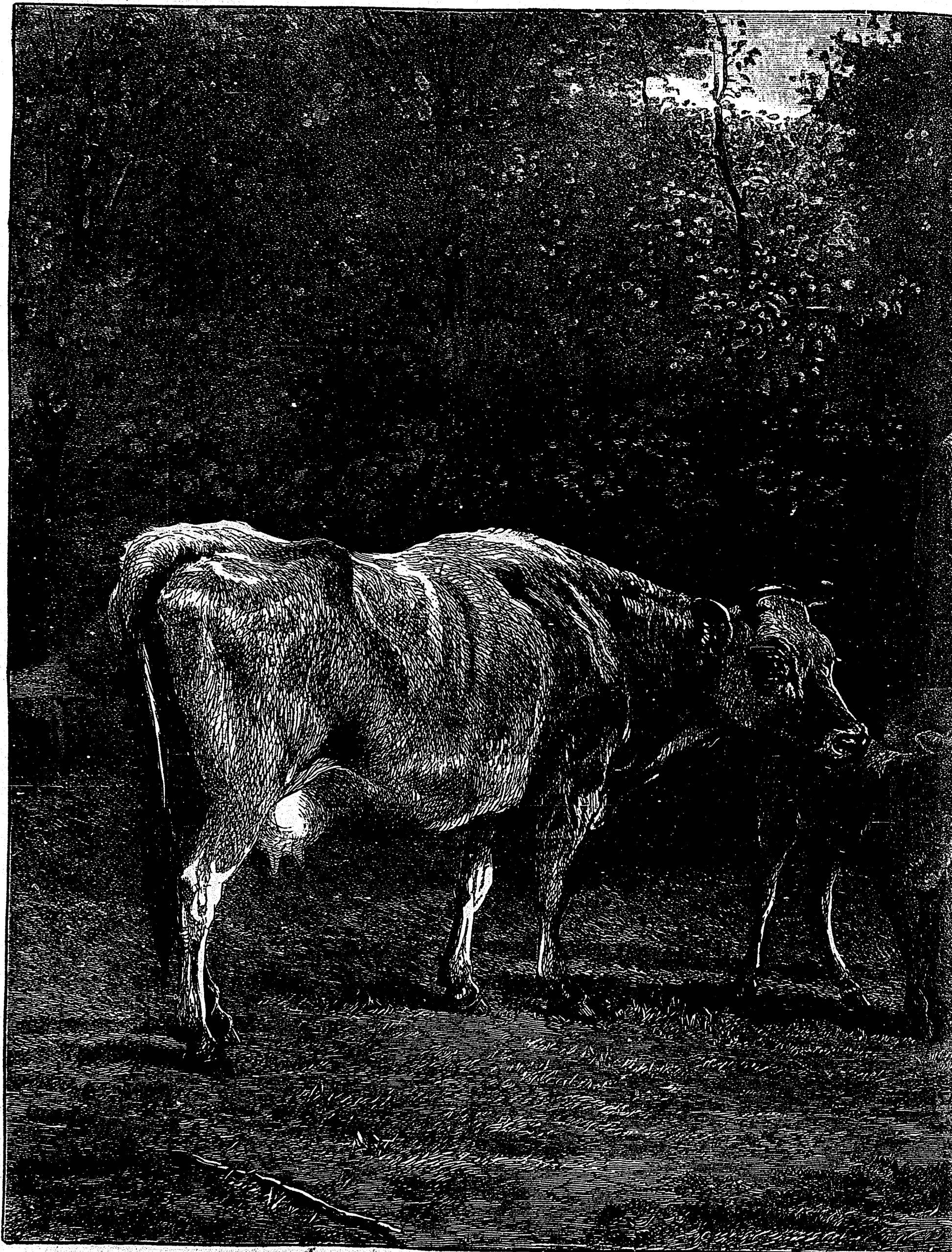
W. H. H. MURRAY, once pastor of the Park Street Church, Boston, and famous for his Adirondack adventures and "buck-board wagon" enterprise, is about to bring out the first two of six volumes of Adirondack tales. At the same time he is finishing a book on life in Texas, preparing a course of philosophical lectures for the coming season, and getting ready to begin the practice of law.

MISS ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS' summer home is beautifully situated on the Eastern Point facing Gloucester Harbor, Mass., not far from Cape Ann lighthouse. She has there two houses, one in which she works and lives during the day, and another on the most elevated portion of the Point, where she sleeps. She has made this arrangement because she is much troubled with sleeplessness and requires a dormitory where she can enjoy absolute quiet.

MILLARD MILLMORE, the sculptor who died recently in Boston, was an Irishman by birth, but came to Boston with his widowed mother and four elder brothers in 1851, when he was eight years of age. He graduated at the Brimmer School, and soon after, in 1860, entered the studio of Mr. Thomas Ball. His advance in art was very rapid. The chief works which have given him his reputation are cabiner busts of Longfellow, Sumner, Edwin Booth; the granite statues of Ceres, Flora and Pomona that adorn the front of Horticultural Hall, Boston; portrait busts of Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Henry Wilson, George S. Boutwell, Emerson, Pope Pius IX., Cardinal McCloskey, General Grant, Longfellow, General McClellan; the colossal figure of the Sphinx in the Mount Auburn Cemetery; the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common. He left in the clay a bust of Daniel Webster, ordered by the State of New Hampshire.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

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



A NEW A

FROM THE PICTURE BY HEYWOOD HAR



ARRIVAL.

HARDY IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THAT QUEEN.

The Judge was a Christian and played on the square,
But he figured the cards pretty close;
He could call off your hand every time to a pair,
And lay down a "full" when he chose.

The colonel could play a more difficult game.—
I don't mean to say he would cheat,
But he held the top card when the big betting came,
And some hands that couldn't be beat.

Coming home from Chicago the two chanced to meet—
They were very old friends—on the cars;
And, as neither the other at poker could beat,
They played euchre, five points, for cigars.

The cards ran along pretty evenly, too,
Till the judge turned a moment his head,
When the colonel, in shuffling, slipped the deck
through,
And the judge cut a cold one instead.

'Twas euchre, of course; but the judge was amazed
When he lifted four kings in a lump;
But the colonel, not seeming a particle dazed,
Turned up a red queen for a trump.

"You say, do you pass, judge?" the colonel called
out.
"Look here!" said the limb of the law;
"I've mighty queer cards; if you're in for a beat,
We'll play this one hand out at draw."

The colonel considered, and wriggled his neck;
"I, too, have a very odd hand;
If you'll give me that queen from the top of the
deck,
We'll play out the cards as they stand."

"Agreed," said the judge, for he saw at a glance
The colonel had one of two things:
A full, or four queens, and he hadn't a chance
To rake down the pot from four kings.

The judge chipped with fifty; the colonel came back;
The judge answered him with a raise;
Of the bets the two made I could never get track,
But they piled up like gals in a chase.

At last says the judge, "Here, I'm hunting no
more:
Four kings,—reach us over that pot."
"Hold on," says the colonel, "I, too, have found
four,
And they're four little aces I've got."

The judge took the cards and looked over them well,
Fetched a breath from his trousers waistband;
"Well, what I'd like to know is, what in h—
The queen had to do with that hand."

MY ENEMY JACK.

"Shall we try the glen?"—"Thank you, no."
—"A tramp under the falls would pass away the
afternoon."

"I am tired of the falls. There will be a fine
sunset from the peak, you say? Well, I am tired
of sunsets, too."

"See here, Jack," I broke in, impatiently,
"there is one think you might do."
"What?"

"Come out somewhere and fall in love.
There's a party just arrived. I heard a ravishing
girl's voice when the stage drove up, and
caught a glimpse of a face which would break
your heart at once."

A smile crossed his handsome countenance.
"But I am a little tired of that, you see.
Just this summer there has been Rubie Lake,
and Bessie, and Kittie, and others, besides—
besides—"

"Besides the little girl from Chillingworth,"
I helped out, with an answering smile. Jack's
latest; he couldn't yet quite speak her name, I
thought. "Oddly," of all your bewitching
maidens, she is the only one I have not seen. I
should really like to see her, Jack."

He turned and gazed with a sudden, refresh-
ing fierceness down at me.

"You would like to see her, Mordaunt? Well,
I don't know that I should object to your see-
ing her, to your admiring her, a certain way.
But, mark you, should you ever presume to
make love—to flirt even with Rebah Wayne,
you will change your dearest friend into the most
bitter enemy you could have upon the earth!"

I could have laughed outright; it was so like
—so simply Jack. But the tenderness always
in my heart for Jack restrained me.

"Very well, I will remember," I replied,
good-humoredly. "And now, since you will
not, I will go and try my rifle in the glen."

It was a still summer afternoon, at the hour
which the gay world in these mountains, with
rare exceptions, agree to sleep away. Slight
danger of meeting any, save my own ilk—some
huntsman for dreamy artist to whom Nature
would give no rest; and with a keen sense of
freedom and comfort, I strode down the rocky
glen. Laughing at Jack, now heartily, yet
withal in a thoughtful mood, somehow his
words haunted me. Could it be that Jack was
deeper in love with this little girl from Chilling-
worth than any one yet knew? I had never been
in love, but I supposed even to a man so subject
to fleeting fancies there came a time—

"When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell."

Thought paused, and I was suddenly in the
path. For this moment, from below, a voice
floated up the old, sweet song—a very angel's
voice it sounded in this mountain's solitude. I
stood through the veres, spellbound, yet in-
voluntarily smiling as the legend came to mind.
Glen Mary had its weird, they said. A gentle
maiden wandered here day and night, striving
ever to woo back her faithless lover with the
songs he loved of yore. No mortal had ever
seen or heard her; the matchless face, the en-
rapturing music, were far beyond all earthly
ken.

I was never a romantic man, but I grew dazed,
there, beneath the spell. How pleasant, if such
things were—if I stood, now, the one favoured
mortal within sound of this secret singing, about
to look, mayhap, into the wondrous face of poor
Glen Mary, to—to—

To carry the news to Jack! Such was the odd
fate dawning on me, as suddenly the song
ended in a woe, but emphatically earthly,
scream, which sent me flying down the ravine
in the direction from whence the voice had
come.

Glen Mary, indeed! A dainty, nineteenth
century maid, wearing a Watteau mountain
dress and terra-cotta mousquetières, bent over a
high ledge of rocks, exclaiming pitifully as she
gazed beneath. Her broad-brimmed hat had
fallen off, and, as startled at my step, she turned,
I saw the beautiful face I had seen peeping
from the coach window not quite an hour ago.

She regarded me blushing, but with an open
expression of vexation.

"I frightened you, I guess," she said un-
warily.
"I am sorry, but I lost my roses, my lovely
jacqueminot. See them scattered all way down
the cliff."

"Oh, that was it," I replied, bending too, to
look below. Somehow the loss of those jac-
queminot roses impressed me that moment as the greatest
affliction that could befall a human being. The
next, despite her frightened protest of word and
look, I was climbing down the rocks.

It was not an easy feat. The stones were
slippery, and the tough vines in the crevices held
the roses prisoners, at broad intervals, the whole
length of the cliff. But I was bent on having
them, every one, even to the poor broken-
leaved by the creek. It was the proudest
achievement of my life when at last I climbed
back with them to her.

"Thank you, oh, thank you!" she murmured,
with a smile and a frank look of admiration
which set my heart to beating as never a girl
had made it beat before. "Will you take a few
as trophies of your victory?"

I had sat down opposite her on the plateau;
I was looking at her with a sudden, strange feel-
ing that I had the right. Surely when a man
has worked so hard to please a pretty girl, he
has the right to look at her; this was my simple
thought. For I was new to love, slow to realize
my own stirred soul. I took the flowers, just
thinking I would like to kiss them, if I dared.
I took them silently. But she only smiled
again in her pretty innocent way, and went on
talking.

"I did not like to lose them so soon after I
got them. We only came in the last stage, but
I slipped away from the others as quickly as I
could, and came down here. I always so long to
see the glen. Isn't it the prettiest place in the
mountains?"

My wits floated slowly back. "Yes, and it is
lovelier than ever this season," I replied.
"There has been a new path opened through the
south pass. If you like, I—I will guide you
back that way."

I did not deem it an impertinent proposition;
it was, in fact, a very permissible one in the
free life of these mountains—all the same, I
dared not look at her. But almost before the words
left my lips she was tying on her pretty hat, her
eyes sparkling with delight. From that moment
it was one to me. Through the wonderful south
pass I wandered with her, listening enraptured
to the sweet girl-voice, stealing mad looks at the
fairest face I had ever gazed upon—all in such a
daze of blissful, bewildering passion that, at
times, the fancy seized me that I was, after all,
only walking with poor Glen Mary who might,
any moment, slip away from me.

But the sweet dream was broken rudely; just
as the path verged on the roadway, she turned
and looked up at me.

"Do you know," she said, "I think there is
something very strange about these mountains! Here
I have been talking with you, a perfect
stranger, as freely as though I had known you all
my life—actually telling you our family affairs.
Why, you would never know, Rebah Wayne,
should you meet her in the city."

Despite her words, she still smiled at me, but
I only stared at her—the little girl from Chilling-
worth! Suddenly, in the light of the aston-
ishing revelation, Jack's words came flashing
back. Somehow they flashed pre-eminently; it
seemed to me, this bewildered moment, that I
had been deliberately doing a wicked thing,
acting a base, mean part to Jack. With only
Jack in my mind, I answered her:

"Yes, freedom between strangers has been
the fashion here always, but that does not make
it proper. Would it not be as well for you and
I to vary the custom, and be simply strangers
after this?"

The words spoken, I realized my idiocy;
quickly my lips reopened to retrieve them as
best I could. But in vain; she did not hear me,
she would not listen; a deep flush of anger, of
indignation, quickly followed her first astonish-
ed look, and then—

"As we are," she spoke quietly, and passed
on before me. I did not presume even to follow
slowly; quite beside myself, I turned and strode
back again through the glen to the outlet back of
the hotel. I was never a romantic man; but I
went supperless that night. All the evening I
kept my room, despite Jack's wondering pro-
testations. Once I stole out on to the broad
stairway, moved by an irresistible impulse—
To see my fair Glen Mary, albeit she frowned
at me. To see—Jack, with rapture in his face,
bending down to the little girl from Chilling-
worth, while she upturned the same sweet,
tricky face I had that day come to worship!

Never again would it so look at me! The
thought might have frenzied any man, so sud-
denly, so madly in love as I. But, instead, I
grew more rational; the sweet face loomed up
to calm me, as I went back to my room. She
would surely pardon me when she understood;
a written explanation would make matters right
between us; and then—I had as good a chance
as Jack! Because he was in love with her, it
did not at all follow that she was in love with
him. All jubilant, I wrote to Rebah Wayne,
airing Jack with an impunity I only regretted
was essential to the case. For what was Jack to
me, that moment!—that blissful moment I lived
and breathed in her.

Early on the morrow I sent my letter, and
then—I kept away from her, through the day,
impatient as I was, for I felt that I must give
her time. But, towards evening, all confidence,
I strolled into the saloon. I had caught a
glimpse of her from without—sitting with Jack
again! It was all one; Jack, either way, did
not trouble me. I cared not whether the pre-
cious sign she would proffer were an open hand-
stretch in his presence, or the smile too faint
for him to note; I only thought to get it. I
strolled slowly up and past her, gazing eagerly
in her face. She—

She—regarded me as she would have the
veriest stranger in the city's streets.

There was naught for me but to return to my
room—and write again. Three successive days
I did this, always with the same result. And yet
I was not dismayed; I ordered a huge box of
the rarest jacqueminots, and sent them to her
with a fourth pleading note. They came back
within an hour, with the scathing line:

"From stranger to stranger such conduct is
quite unpardonable."

Then I began to realize. I was not acting the
part of a gentleman; I was making myself
ridiculous. Moreover, there was a daily, grow-
ing desire in my heart to decoy Jack down to
Glen Mary, and drown him in a convenient
pool. The one thing for me was to relieve the
neighborhood of my mad self. And one near
morning I arose determined and slipped away
in the early stage.

Harmless, but madder still; this was my bit-
ter thought as I stepped from the train in the
hot city. Madder, indeed, for, in a day's time, I
was quite eager to go back and try again. I was
planning it even when this bit of wrath burst on
me:

"I have heard of that affair in Glen Mary,
Mordaunt: it slipped from her lips after you
ran away. She did not tell all, I know; but,
you knew her name, and that is enough for me.
You flirted with her, you made love to her, and
you are in love with her now, I'm bound. And
so, as I warned you, I am for ever
Your enemy, JACK."

A bit of wrath at which I only laughed, which
gave strength to a determination that needed
none, and which aroused a stronger one. Did
Rebah Wayne love this boy? I would know;
at least she should never marry him till she had
listened to my fond story, looked deep in my
throbbing soul, and vouchsafed some sort of an-
swer. How, under the circumstances, to achieve
this, I pondered not; I only planned to get back
to the mountains that very night.

But the same mail brought business even a
madman might not ignore; a week passed ere
I travelled again up the mountain road. The
train had been all too slow for me; the stage was
unendurable, and, at the entrance to the south
pass I dropped, by an irresistible impulse, from
the box.

The glen had been a weird place to me always
since that grateful day. Now, as I entered it,
the old charm fell around me; as at other times,
I hastened on, with beating heart, to keep my
tryst with her. On, under the spell, till—

Suddenly I turned a soft-turfed corner, and
came back to life again. For, just below on the
bank, with her head resting on her little hand,
sat Rebah Wayne, looking thoughtfully down
into the pool beneath. Alone, without Jack, for
once! Quickly I forgot all that was between
us; and, with my mad soul, was hurrying down
towards her, when suddenly her own sweet voice
restrained me.

"I should have forgiven him right away,"
she murmured. "His reasons were foolish, but
I understood them quite. I think I had—really
begun to—like him then. It is—oh! it is a
dreadful thing, I suppose, for a girl to say even
to these deaf rocks; but I am quite sure I love
him now; somehow, since he went away—"

But she did not finish; ere she could, I was
beside her, holding the little hand in mine, and
looking up into her startled face. That only;
out of my full heart, that moment, I could not
speak a word.

She blushed, but she did not take her hand
away; so eloquent my silent tale; so plain the
soul in my eyes, she never thought to hide her
own.

"I think some one must have been eaves-
dropping here," she said, with an open, fond
look at me. And as my arms drew her near to my
bosom, I felt her own soft ones stealing around
my neck, and knew she was mine for aye.

Back through the wonderful pass we wandered,
as have many lovers, blissfully, through para-
dise. On the hotel porch I parted with my dar-
ling, and then, for the first time, I thought of
Jack.

What of Jack? In my great happiness, the
old tenderness flowed back to him. Could it be
that there was more in this than I had dreamed
—that the love of one woman was to make us,

as it had made other men, strangers for all our
lives?

Could he not spare me this one little girl? A
bit drearily my eyes wandered down the piazza
seeking him, and—

Suddenly my soul laughed out. For, in the far
corner, I saw a blonde beauty of a charming
type, and, besides, one toying with her dainty
fan, and gazing with uncontrollable rapture,
up into the fair, sweet face.

It was—my enemy, Jack.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 21.

The opening of the Théâtre-Italien will take
place in the first days of September with either
Simon Boccanegra or *Don Carlos*.

Le Protocole is an opera comique of which
report is speaking well during its rehearsal
time, and it might consequently be attended to
by English managers with advantage if all that
is said be true. It will be shortly given at the
Château d'Eau.

The Hippodrome has just given, before 6,000
spectators, the first performance of a pantomime
entitled *Néron*. This is a curious innovation,
the episodes of Néron's life being well suggested.
The costumes are striking, and the games, pro-
cessions, etc., represent vividly life in Imperial
Rome.

The unfortunate ornament known as the
porte-bonheur seems to have been very unlucky,
judging by the many changes through which it
has passed. It is certain that the precious
animal has not yet been discovered which could
carry good fortune to the wearer, for after
having exhausted all the animals that Noah had
with him in the Ark, not excepting the most
ill-favored, fish have been fallen back upon. Is
it because silence is gold? This fashion, which
has come from England, is the rage for the mo-
ment, and is not uglier than many of its prede-
cessors, but for our part we prefer the insect
known as the humble bee. The upper part of
the body is made of the stone called *Éil de
Tigre*, the wings in diamonds, and the lower
part in black enamel and diamonds. This, per-
haps, may bring neither good nor ill-fortune,
but is readily placed in a bow, in the dress, or
in the hair. It is pretty, and that is all that is
required.

The *Messager*, speaking of poverty, the
other day, said that the English who pay poor
rates never put their hands in their pockets to
relieve the poor. If the *Messager* ever goes to
England let him look on the walls of almost
every public hospital or house of charity in
London, and he will read these words: "Sup-
ported by voluntary contributions," words that
made such an impression on Victor Emmanuel,
and makes so much impression on every fore-
igner who visits England. If the English were
less generous and put aside their earnings as the
French invariably do, there would be less
poverty in the country. But John Bull is im-
provident, and spends too readily the money he
earns, as Italy and other countries know, who
trade on foreign tourists' money, especially on
the English.

A DUEL has just taken place at Pesth between
the young Count Andrassy, son of the late Min-
ister who invented the Triple Alliance, and
Count Paul Festetics, the well known gay
Lothario, who carried off the wife of a *bourgeois*
of Vienna, and married her in spite of class pre-
judice and blue blood, and every other objec-
tion; and whose cousin, Count Festetics, mar-
ried the Princess de Monaco, divorced from her
husband, and only sanctioned to contract this
second marriage after having obtained with
much difficulty a dispensation from the Pope.
The duel originated in a discussion concerning
Darwin's *Origin of Species*, the theory of which
Count Festetics warmly advocated, while his
adversary objected to every point. Poor Count
Andrassy has paid dearly for his opposition
to Darwin's notions, for he has been seriously
wounded by two sabre cuts in the head, which
place his life in danger.

A BILL brought forward by M. Achard, the
object of which is to obtain power to make
soundings preparatory to the construction of a
railway bridge over the English Channel from
Cape Grinez to Folkestone was distributed on
Monday to the members of the French Chamber
of Deputies. It provides that the control of the
soundings already taken, and of those which
are to be made at distances of fifty metres apart,
shall be in the hands of hydrographical engi-
neers. The preamble of the Bill states that the
promoters of the scheme only ask from the
State this verification and control of the sound-
ings, in order to accurately determine the na-
ture and consistence of the bottom of the sea,
and the depth of the water along the line pro-
posed to be followed, and that they claim
neither a subvention nor a guarantee of inter-
est. The preamble points out that the success
of the enterprise would prevent the diversion of
the routes of transit from India and the East,
and would create between France and England
a veritable bond of union, and a policy of mutual
cordial agreement.

THE DISCONTENTED FIR TREE.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I.

"No wonder I'm cross," said the Fir tree; "it is only beauty wins; My leaves are nothing at all but stems, sharper than needles and pins; Yet none of the trees of the forest have a trunk more straight and tall. And if I had only golden leaves I should be fairer than all."

II.

And lo! at the dawn the Fir tree shook golden leaves in the light; But it was stripped of its golden leaves, to its topmost branch, ere night; And it mean'd and sigh'd to the midnight skies, "Oh Moon! Oh Stars! Alas! I ought to have thought of the greed of men:—would that my leaves were glass!"

III.

And there was a will behind the wish, and so in the morning it stood Flashing the sunlight from crystal leaves—a glory to all the wood; And up and down in the leafy glades you could hear a whistler stir. For the oaks, and elms, and beeches, too, were talking about the Fir.

IV.

But just about mid-day clouds grew black, and the wind call'd for the rain; Branches and leaves were dash'd together, and the Fir tree moan'd in pain: "I never had wished for crystal leaves, if I had a storm foreseen; Oh, for leaves like the maple tree, only more tenderly green!"

V.

And she had her wish, for never a tree shook leaves so soft and sweet; But alas! and alas! and grasshoppers soon found they were good to eat. They stripped the branches from first to last, bare as the sand below; And the Fir tree stood in the evening lights naked all in her woe.

VI.

And all that night in the silent wood the desolate Fir tree sigh'd; "Oh, for the dark, stiff needles again, better than all beside! Oh, for my spiky, dark green points, and the pleasant bloom they made! And the little birds that every night slept in my guarded shade!"

VII.

And lo! at the earliest dawning was heard through the forest ways A tremulous sigh of gladness, a little whisper of praise; And the Fir tree stood in its own fair dress, spiky, and green, and dim, A linnet upon the topmost branch singing her morning hymn.

THE TYPICAL NEW YORK SHOP GIRL.

The typical New York shop girl is unique in many ways, and is as unlike the Brooklyn, Philadelphia or Boston shop girl as the black-berry differs from the strawberry. Her speech, dress, habits and mode of living are peculiar to herself. It is estimated that in New York alone about 10,000 girls earn their living as shop girls. They are generally of Irish-American or German parentage, and attend the public schools up to the age of fifteen, or perhaps sixteen, and then enter a store. Here they remain, first serving at a small notion counter, and, if bright and capable, soon rise to the lace or flower-room. As a general thing these girls are good looking, and some of them are really beautiful, with arched insteps and long taper fingers, that many a millionaire's daughter, standing on the other side of the counter, may well envy. They also dress neatly, some of them in excellent taste, their hair being especially noticeable. So many fashionable women complain that as soon as a becoming way of wearing the hair is known every shop girl in the city catches at it. And why should she not? If she cannot make herself beautiful by rich attire, she certainly deserves credit for trying to appear as pretty as possible. Almost all of them wear the hair in the Langry fashion; that is, twisted in a small knot at the nape of the neck with a curled bang in front, although many still cling to the straight bang, which gives a not highly refined countenance a bold look. Their complexions are good, though pale from indoor confinement, and very few use paint or powder.

Most shop girls have very sharp tongues and quick tempers, and woe betide the fidgety or hard-to-please shopper. Many timid ladies are actually afraid of shop girls, and quake in their boots while asking in a meek voice to be allowed to see some lace. Then the girl wanted to know "how wide, what kind, what price," etc., instead of delighting the heart of the shopper by bringing down all the lace in the store and letting her choose her yard or two from it. The affability of a shop girl and her willingness to show and give opinions on her wares, will bring her a sure trade, and has more to do with the popularity of a store than any other one thing.

New York shop girls are divided into two classes. One class who think they are sadly abused creatures, and that every lady who sits down at their counter is their natural enemy, and therefore should be treated with as little courtesy as policy will allow. This class of girls are loud in their talk as well as exceedingly slangy, and one hears such vulgarisms as "Oh, what a cheek," "Do you hear the talk of that one?" "Cash, hurry up or I'll box your ears," etc. They are fond of walking in Sixth avenue and flirting, and use much bandoline on their hair; seldom have clean finger nails or teeth.

The other class are girls of considerable refinement, who are dainty about themselves, pay a great deal of attention to keeping the hands white and the collars and cuffs irreproachable, copy the manners and expressions of their most elegant customers, study the arts of pleasing and patience and keep far aloof from the other class of girls. The two classes heartily defeat each other, the first named referring to the latter class as "them girls who try to put on airs," and the latter elevating their chins when passing the former to show their utter disdain.

Both classes are warm-hearted and loyal to their companions when in trouble. They have their quarrels like all other girls, generally about lead pencils, account books or some girl's carelessness in folding up or putting into place goods recently displayed. They are also great critics, and talk freely among themselves of the actions of the proprietor and his managers. Any partiality is quickly noticed, and a prejudice against a floor-walker or other dignitary is quickly formed, whether for liking or not liking, and held to against all odds.

A New York shop girl can tell a would-be lady from a real lady as truly as any old Irish woman who has lived with the "quality." Many of the ordinary classes of shop girls marry, but the majority of the better class remain single, because the men they marry are not refined enough for them, and the men that they would marry never ask them.

A stranger would oftentimes find it difficult to distinguish our shop girl from our fashionable belle, but there is something indefinable about a New York shop girl that to a New Yorker distinguishes her from all other classes.

HIDE AND HORN FURNITURE.

In the Spanish sections of North and South America, the first thing which strikes the stranger about the household is the picturesque and unique furniture of native manufacture. There are some objects of factory make, imported, but these are more for show than use. The staple furniture of a Spanish-American house is a part of the country itself. You suspend your sombrero (broad brimmed hat) at the door on a hat rack made of the straight stem of a mimosa or some other rough barked tree, with polished horns for pegs. You rest your saddle bags on a stool made of bamboo or unbarked branches, with a seat of rawhide, the hairy side out. Your host receives you, rising from an arm-chair constructed of three splendid bull's horns fastened to a rough cylinder of wood, with rawhide stretched between the horns to form the seat and arms. The abundance of cattle in these countries has brought the ingenuity of the natives into exercising itself to utilize the products of the herds, and the result is the various forms of domestic furniture. A peculiarity of all Spanish-American furniture is the absence of metal in its construction. Wooden pegs are used instead of nails to fasten the horns to the wood, but the manufacturer appears to have a rooted objection even to the use of these. He relies principally on the leathern thongs with which he sews and ties everything together. And even his knots are peculiar. They are never the hard knots we commonly use, but an intertwisting of the thong or cord, such as is popular with sailors. These knots or twists vary with the countries in which they are found. Knots used in Southern California, Arizona and New Mexico are different from those of old Mexico, while in Central or South America nearly every State has a different method of making them. But wherever or how-ever the furniture is made, it is very durable.

ANIMALS IN NORWAY.

A writer in the London Times says: "There is a salient feature in the Norwegian character which ought to be recorded—viz., kindness to domestic animals, which in that country are treated as the friends rather than the slaves of man. As a result, vicious horses are unknown; foals follow their dams at work in the fields or on the road as soon as they have sufficient strength, and thus gently accustom themselves to harness. Horses are trained to obey the voice rather than the hand, bearing reins are not used, and the whip, if carried at all, is scarcely ever made use of. Great care is taken not to overload carts, especially in the case of young horses, and, consequently, a broken knee is rarely seen, and the animals continue fat, in good condition and capable of work till the advanced age of twenty-five or thirty. So tame are the Norwegian horses and cows that they will allow casual passersby to caress them while they are lying down. Even domestic cats will approach a boy with confidence, knowing that no chasing or worrying awaits them. One very hot Summer's day I met a woman holding up an umbrella to carefully screen what I supposed was a little child at her side from the scorching rays of a mid day sun, while her own head was covered only by a handkerchief. In driving by I tried to gain a glimpse of her charge, and found, to my surprise, that the object of her care was a fat, black pig. The question of humane methods of slaughtering animals has lately been prominently brought forward in England. In this the Norwegians show us a good example—they never use the knife without first stunning the animal. In the above remarks I am alluding to the country districts of Norway; in the towns the national characteristics become modified even though under these conditions kindness to animals is still remarkable."

WHEN CROOK WAS A CAPTIVE.

"Gath" writes: "Crook entered West Point in 1848, so that he is, I judge, about 51 years old. He was put out in California as soon as he graduated, and served at once against the Indians, whom he has now known for thirty years. He was wounded with an arrow about twenty-five years ago. The rebellion called him away from eight years of Indian encounters to the contest of civilized forces, and he began in West Virginia, was wounded there, was promoted for gallant services in Antietam, then served in the western armies at the head of a division of cavalry, was at Chickamauga, broke up the guerillas, went on several raids, served under Sheridan, and was taken prisoner by his subsequent brother-in-law most inhospitably at Cumberland, but very soon released. He was in all Sheridan's great battles, commanded all the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac for a while, and was in the big pursuit to Appomattox. When I saw him last he was a long, lean man loosely put together, with a rather shy, strange face, as if he had partly turned into an Indian. He is an Ohio boy. Anything wild seems tame to Crook. He wants no friends, and can do with very little family. During the war he became much interested in Mary Dailey, a young lady of good family living in western Maryland, but from Virginia people living about Moorefield. Her people sympathized with the South, and she had a brother a member of McNeill's semi-guerrilla band. This young scapegrace, finding that Gen. Crook and Gen. Kelly stopped at his father's hotel in Cumberland—the former paying attention to his sister—slipped into that hotel and captured the two generals in the midst of their troops, forced them out of their lines at the very point of the pistol, and took them to Richmond. Crook was then released, probably through the intercession of his captor. He afterward married Miss Dailey, and she has been with him in a good many strange places in the West. His young captor afterward became a sutler at his camp."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 23.

It is expected that the net proceeds of the Savage Club fête will amount to upwards of £2,000.

It is reported that a company has been formed in New York to lay two more cables to Europe. This will be good news if true.

The subscriptions to the Clyde disaster are hanging fire. £40,000 is needed for 120 families; but the Clyde is so far away from London that the charitable public in the city do not seem to have been moved.

In the course of the Corrupt Practices Bill it was stated that the cost of the last general election was two millions and a half. Dear, looking at the result, though comparatively cheap as regards other general elections.

MME. PATTI is to have rather more than £1,000 a night during her American engagement. The money is to be lodged in the bank for her before she sings a note. Note for note is the maxim that governs the transaction.

AMERICA seems to be sending herself to England just now. The number of senators and men of distinction whom Mr. Puleston is called upon night after night, as the member for America, to see round the House, is astonishing.

LADY POLLOCK states in her sketch of the career of Sims Reeves that the great tenor's pecuniary losses from his inability to fulfil engagements have amounted to the sum of nearly £70,000. She alleges that an irritable mucous membrane has been the sole cause of his frequently disappointing the public.

ONE of the ideas prevalent at the clubs is that Mr. Childers will resign if the Suez Canal Bill is not passed. The public will not appreciate and accept this self-sacrifice of one for the many; all ought to share the responsibility of an act which we know has been studied and approved at Cabinet Councils.

THE idea we broached as a joke at the expense of the iron duke's caricature, namely, that it should be melted down, is likely to come to pass. The proposal now is to recast the statue into "another statue." It does not mention if the statue is to be of the duke or some one else.

THE humor of the Estate Exchange is of a somewhat grim order. Certain land near London, it was observed, has ponds of water upon it which depreciate its value. This led to a suggestion that in many places such cavities were valuable as "shoots," persons being often willing to pay for the privilege of getting rid of refuse material. "And there are other places where you can get 'shoots' for nothing" was the unexpected retort which met an ingenious baronet and sometime Lord Mayor—"go to Ireland."

AMONG the oddities of journalism of which this age has surely a bountiful supply, is a competition for the discovery of the ugliest man in the kingdom. The Sporting Times is the paper desirous, by means of votes, of ascertaining who is its ugliest customer.

THE American team are to be entertained at a banquet at the Criterion, in the week following the Wimbledon meeting. A most influential committee has been formed to conduct the affair, having at its head the Duke of Teck, General M'Murdo, the Earl of Wemyss and March, Sir Henry Wilmot, Sir Henry Halford, Earl Brownlow, and other leading noblemen and gentlemen.

OUR Scotch denizens in London—who are proverbially the most modest of men—are highly elated at the success of their countrymen at Wimbledon, and they may be excused at the elation they feel under the circumstances, for they have, ever since Wimbledon became the scene of the annual rifle tournament, come well to the front, and never better so than this year.

POOR Dr. Kenealy has not lived to witness the triumph of his daughter, who seems to have inherited much of her father's wonderful talent. It is announced that Miss Arabella Kenealy, second daughter of the late barrister, on Thursday took her degree in the College of Physicians, Dublin, coming out first in order of merit over the fifty candidates competing.

MR. SPURGEON leaves London for Scotland for a short vacation. The Tabernacle is to be closed for repairs, and on his return he is arranged to conduct for a few weeks his services in Exeter Hall. His Sunday morning sermons are still telegraphed to America, and over one million copies printed there every Monday.

THE state of private business in the House of Commons is such that the corridors, in which are situate the committee-rooms, are practically deserted. There are literally no committees now sitting upon matters of public importance or upon private bills which are much contested.

THE Hamilton Palace Library proves to be of much more value than the Sunderland Library, although the latter realized upwards of £50,000. Thus far the Hamilton Palace Library (Beckford's) has produced £67,000, and a large portion still remains to be sold. When the sale is completed it is expected that the total will amount to £80,000.

THERE is an intention, on the part of one of the Ministers, to make all the young gentlemen in his office shave off their moustaches. He considers it is fast and also too military. "Hands off, sir, of that beautiful and healthy embellishment of the male physiognomy. Know you not that it was won for Englishmen all by Charles Dickens, together with the beard, upon the principle that hair about the mouth and under the nose acts as a respirator?"

THE Lord Mayor of London will entertain Her Majesty's Ministers at the Mansion House on Wednesday, August the 8th. The occasion will be looked forward to with even more than usual interest in consequence of the recent phases of high policy with which the public have become acquainted, and in regard to which they have shown an inconveniently inquisitive turn of mind.

MUCH regret is felt among his fellow colleagues in the Fisheries Exhibition at the serious and sudden illness of Mr. Francis Francis, truly named "the Isaak Walton of the day," who is down with a stroke of paralysis, at his residence, the Firs, Twickenham. Apart from his being so well known and accepted an authority on angling and fish, Mr. Francis Francis's bluff, hearty manner and generous disposition has endeared him to many friends.

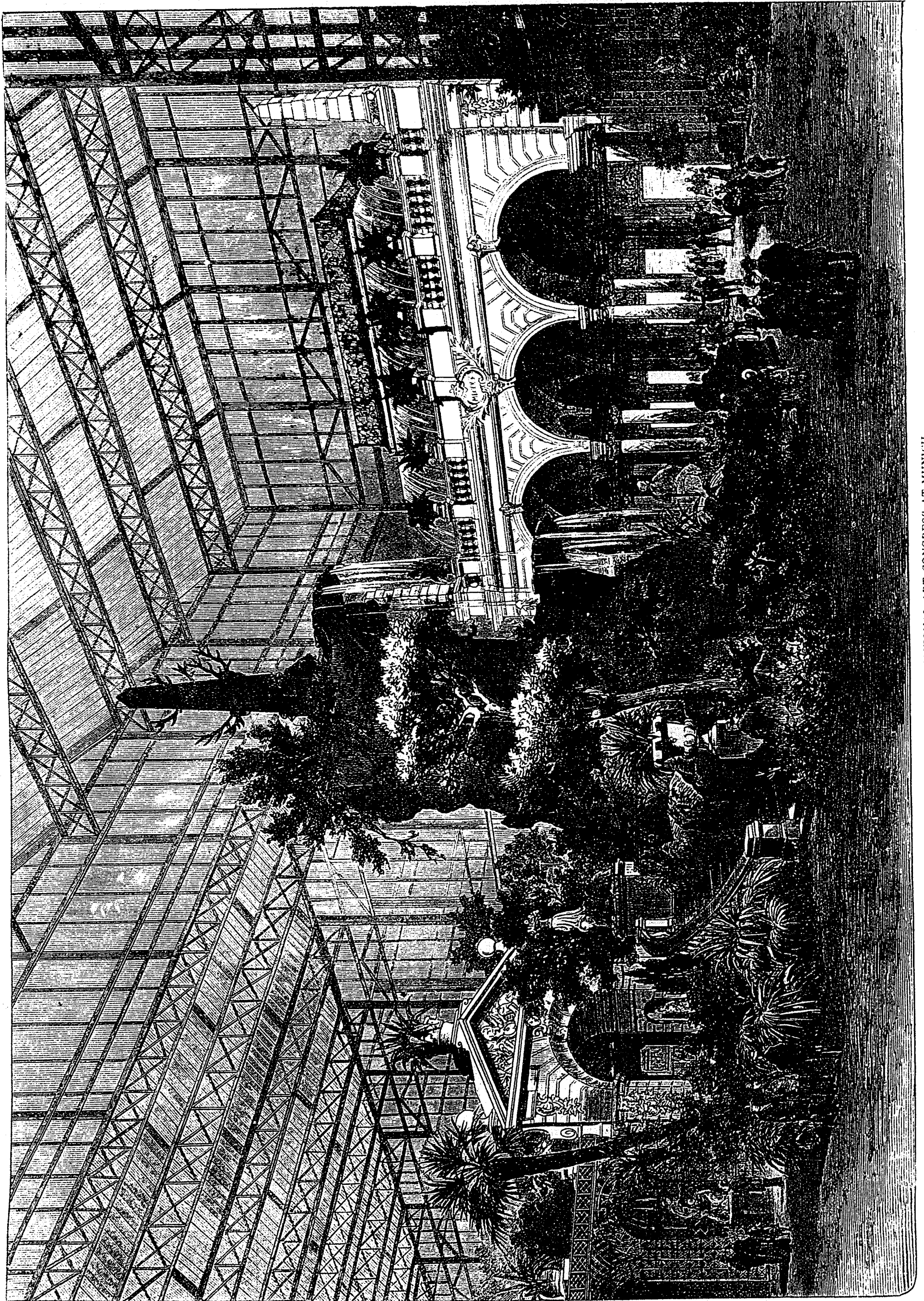
A SONNET by the Earl of Rosslyn, which we quote, will be appreciated by the volunteers:—

"DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE.
 "We did not fly to arms in idle boast
 To show fine stalwart forms in fancy dress,
 To grasp a useless sabre, or to hold
 A rifle in vain show, in emptiness.
 We armed—still arm to guard our sacred coast
 And in defence the gentle hearts grow bold.
 Thus, a free State, free soldiers send to fight,
 'Aye, ready!' and in earnest, when the vaunts
 Of jealous neighbors overstep the right,
 And eager preparation backs their taunts—
 Then leap the youth of Britain from their rest,
 And swear no stranger shall their homes molest;
 E'en tenderest birds, provoked, grow brave in
 blood,
 Beat back the invader, and defend their brood."

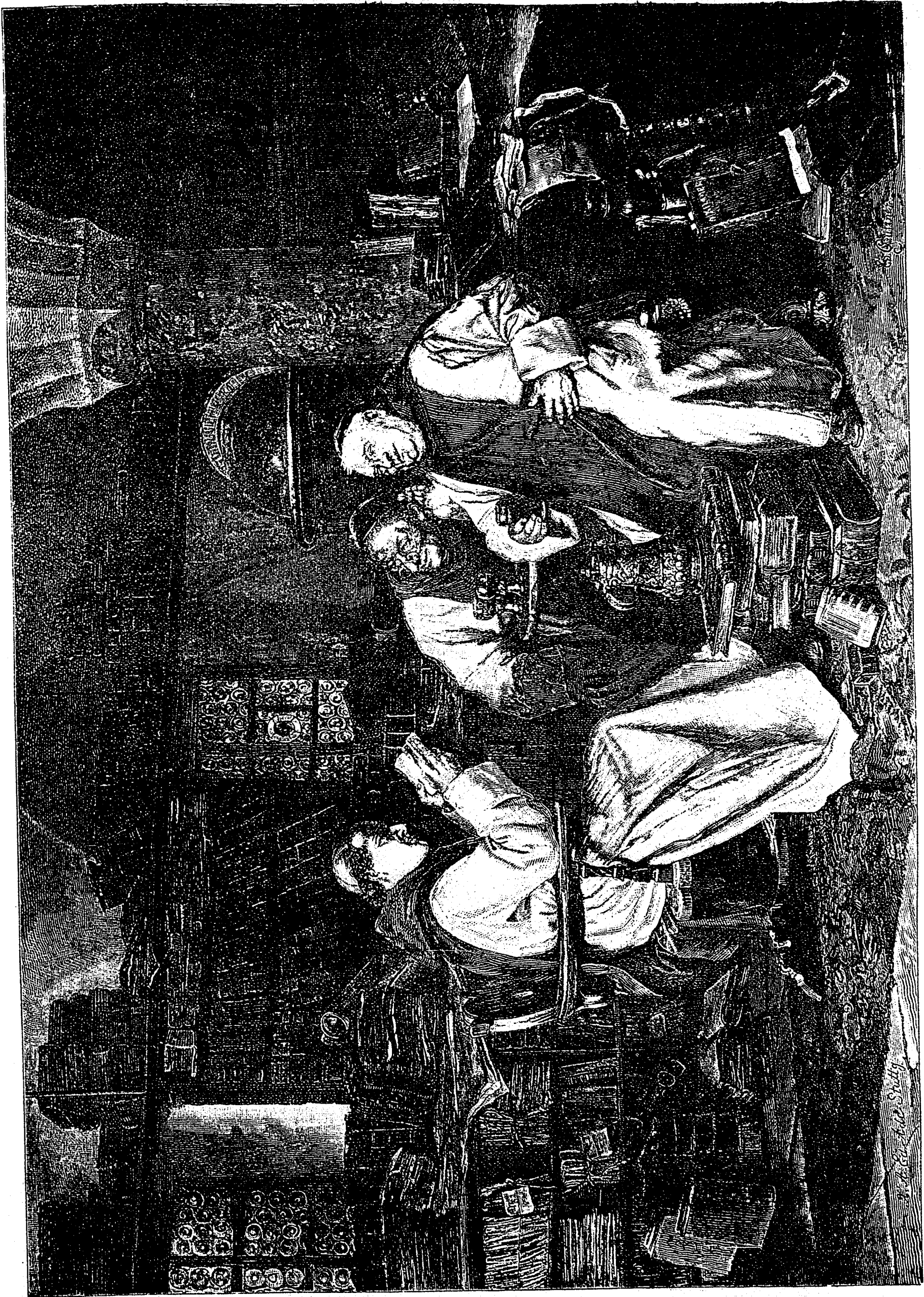
SILVER CREEK, N.Y., Feby. 6, 1880.

GENTS—I have been very low, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many, I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever.

W. H. WELLER.



THE VESTIBULE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ART CONGRESS AT MUNICH.



IN THE LIBRARY.

WHEN WE ALL LIVED TOGETHER.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

How often memory dwells upon
The days that are departed,
When we in love together met,
So free and simple-hearted;
O, happy, happy summer-time!
O, blissful golden weather!
How bright and beautiful was earth
When we all lived together!

I see the very corner where
Dear grandmother is sitting
In kerchief, cap, and spectacles,
So busy with her knitting;
I even seem to hear her voice
Our merry tumult chiding,
As from behind her chair we caught
The urchin who was hiding.

And when, at meal-time, eagerly
We hurried to the table,
'Twas hard the laughter to suppress,
Or hush the merry Babel;
And if one pulled a sober face,
A better impulse showing,
Why, even that was quite enough
To keep the others going.

And mother, dear, though dignified,
Was never melancholy;
And father was so much a boy
Himself so kind and jolly,
That 'twas no wonder we broke loose
From every gloomy tether,
And had a right good jovial time
When we were all together.

The wintry days were full of sport,
The evenings bright and cheerful;
The books we read, the games we played,
Had in them nothing harmful;
A healthy spirit filled the house,
And Peace, with folded pinion,
Made her abode within the walls
Where Love had true dominion.

But o'er the threshold strangers trod,
Despite our protestations;
And then, ah me! what changes came!
What fatal separations!
New ties were formed, new homes were made,
By those to whom was given
A taste of blissful joy on earth,
Or perfect bliss in heaven.

This is the self-same sky that stretched
Above those haunts of elysian,
The dear old home, that now is but
A memory and a vision;
Yet as our hearts recall the past,
We sigh, and wonder whether
The world is quite so fair as 'twas
When we all lived together.

THE TRUSTWORTHINESS OF EARLY TRADITION.

BY BROOKE HERFORD.

Is memory capable of possessing through successive generations the facts of history, or whatever else peoples are continuously interested in knowing? At first one is apt to say "No," remembering how seldom two people can agree in their recollection of even the briefest saying or commonest occurrence. But look into the matter. Note how the power of memory differs in different people and how it may be cultivated, and especially how it strengthens when systematically depended on, while when little is left to it, it weakens. It is a small fact, but not without significance, that among the first things which children are set to fix in their memories, apart from any idea of sacredness, are long series of historical names, dates, and events,—English kings, American colonists and presidents—far exceeding in difficulty those Israelitish histories which Kuenen thinks cannot be trusted because only preserved by memory. This shows that it is less a question of the power of memory than of how far memory is looked on as sacred, and guarded so as to hand on its contents unimpaired. As for evidence of the power of memory what better can we desire than the well-known fact, of the transmission of the Iliad, with its 15,687 lines, for generations, perhaps for centuries, before it was even written? Yet even that is a mere trifle compared with the transmission of the Vedas. The Rig-Veda, with its 1017 hymns, is about four times the length of the Iliad. That is only a part of the ancient Vedic literature, and the whole was composed, and fixed, and handed down by memory,—only, as Max Müller says, by "memory kept under the strictest discipline." There is still a class of priests in India who have to know by heart the whole of the Rig-Veda. And there is this curious corroboration of the fidelity with which this memorizing has been carried on and handed down: that they have kept on transmitting in the ancient literal form prohibiting practices that have nevertheless become established. Suttee is now found to be condemned by the Vedas themselves. This was first pointed out by their European students, but has since been admitted by the native Sanskrit scholars. Nothing could show more clearly the faithfulness of the traditional memory and transmission. It has, too, this further bearing on the date of the so-called Mosaic legislation: it shows that the fact of customs existing in a country for ages unchallenged does not prove that laws condemning such customs must necessarily be of later origin. But there is more that is instructive in the transmission of this Vedic literature. There has been writing in India for twenty-five hundred years now, yet the custodians of the Vedic traditions have never trusted to it. They trust, for the perfect perpetuation and transmission of the sacred books, to disciplined memory. They have

manuscripts, they have even a printed text, but says Max Müller, "they do not learn their sacred lore from them. They learn it, as their ancestors learnt it thousands of years ago, from the lips of a teacher, so that the Vedic succession should never be broken." For eight years in their youth they are entirely occupied in learning this. "They learn a few lines every day, repeat them for hours, so that the whole house resounds with the noise; and they thus strengthen their memory to that degree, that when their apprenticeship is finished, you can open them like a book, and find any passage you like, any word, any accent." And Max Müller shows, from rules given in the Vedas themselves, that this oral teaching of them was carried on, exactly as now, at least as early as 500 B. C.

Very much the same was it with those Rabbinical school amid which the Talmud gradually grew up. All of that vast literature, exceeding many times in bulk Homer and the Vedas and the Bible all together, was, at any rate until its later periods, the growth of oral tradition, too, which is the hardest to remember, and yet it was carried down century after century in the memory; and long after it had been all committed to writing, the old memorizing continued in the schools. Indeed, it has not entirely ceased even now, for my friend Dr. Gottheil, of New York, tells me that he has had in his study a man who thus knows the entire Talmud by heart, and can take it up at any word that is given him, and go on repeating it syllable by syllable, with absolute correctness.

NUTRIMENT IN GRAIN AND HAY.

Corn is a fat-producing food. Its fat-giving elements predominate so largely that it is not fitted for constant feeding, except to lay on fat at the cost of suffering loss to the general animal system. It is hardly worth while to take it into consideration as a nutritious food, and is wholly unfit to feed exclusively or in any great quantity to colts. It is in no sense what the developing system of a young animal needs. The value of a food for this class of animals and for animals that are heavily worked is in the protein they contain, and common corn contains only from 5 to 14 per cent. of that. In a thousand pounds, therefore, corn may be fairly considered as possessing a hundred pounds of nutriment. Of course we cannot wholly throw away the other elements as being useless, but they are so subordinate to the one named in point of nutrition that, in noticing a subject like the one under consideration, it is not worth while to attempt to determine their value. Oats will average larger in protein than corn will, and are a pre-eminently nutritious food, as every one of experience knows. They vary very much in the proportions of their elements, but an average lot of oats is worth double for feed for horses and colts than corn is, and that is stating it quite mildly. Timothy averages about 6 per cent. of protein, but is valuable also as furnishing bulk, the value of which cannot be accurately estimated.

ONCE MORE THE BOY IS AHEAD.

Among the guests of a New York hotel was a maiden lady from the rural districts. The landlord noticed that about 9 o'clock every night she would come down stairs, get a pitcher of ice water and return to her room.

"One night," he said, "I made bold to speak to her, and asked why she did not ring the bell for a hall-boy to bring the ice water to her."

"But there is no bell in my room."

"No bell in your room, madam! Pray, let me show you," and with that I took the pitcher of ice water in my hand and escorted her to her apartment. Then I pointed out to her the knob of the electric bell. She gazed at it with a sort of horror, and then exclaimed:

"Dear me! Is that a bell? Why, the hall boy told me that was the fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it, except in case of fire!"

"And that is how the hall boy saved himself the trouble of going for ice water."

COMING LEAP YEAR.

A correspondent writes to inquire if 1900 is a leap-year. In Catholic and Protestant countries the year 1900 will not be a leap-year, they all having adopted the Gregorian calendar. In countries where the Greek Church is established (Russia and Greece), the old Julian calendar still holds, and those countries will count it a leap-year. After February, 1900, therefore, the difference between the two calendars, which is now twelve days, will become thirteen days, and will remain so until 2100, the year 2000 being a leap-year in both the Julian and Gregorian calendars. The rule for leap-year may be thus stated, according to the Gregorian calendar, which differs from the Julian only in a special treatment of the century years: All years whose index number (1883 is the index number of the present year) is divisible by four are leap-years; unless (1) their index number is divisible by 100 (century years). In that case they are not leap-years, unless (2) their index number is divisible by 400; in which case they are leap-years. Thus, 1700, 1800, 1900 and 2100 are not leap-years, while 1600, 2000 and 2400 are.—*The Critic*.

THOMAS COUTURE.

BY ERNEST W. LONGFELLOW.

As we wandered about among the trees and shrubberies, I found little need of talking; my companion, it seemed, like nothing better than to hold forth. With his arm drawn through mine, a favorite habit of his when walking with any one, he stumped along in his wooden shoes, and was the picture of good nature and bonhomie. A short and thick man, as I have said, with a great shock of iron-gray hair protruding from under his old straw hat; small but very bright eyes, set in a rather heavy and puffy face, of a pale and sallow hue; nose large, with open and very sensitive nostrils; clean-shaven, save for a heavy, drooping gray moustache, which conceals a large, sensuous mouth; finally, a receding thin, almost lost in a thick neck, suggestive of apoplexy,—not a handsome man, certainly. At the same time, despite his small stature, he gave you a sense of power that was unmistakable; there was a flash in his eyes that revealed the sacred fire, and you felt that he was no common man, as his outward aspect might lead you at first to imagine. He was ungraceful, but with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, especially with ladies, that made up for the want of polish that could hardly be expected from his origin.

He often made fun of his awkwardness, and told amusing stories of going to receptions at the Tuileries in the days when he was in high favor with Napoleon; of putting his feet through great ladies' trains, and committing other *gaucheries*, to the disgust of the more accomplished courtiers.

I found him anything but the bear he had been depicted, and, with the exception of extreme sensitiveness to any imagined slight, the most good-natured of men; very fond of telling stories, and quite willing to laugh at himself, but unwilling to be laughed at; very sure that he was the greatest painter living, and that all others were mere dabblers, and very sore at the ill-treatment he fancied he had received at the hands of the French Government and artists; in a word, a childlike nature within a rough exterior, but very lovable. Driven into voluntary exile by the jealousies of other artists and intrigues in high places, for ten years he did not touch a brush. Living on the reputation made in his younger days, he could not consent to enter the arena a second time, and notwithstanding his love of money he was content to remain idle, unless spurred to do something by the importunity of buyers seeking him out. I never succeeded in getting at the right of the case in his quarrel with the world.

The ill-treatment, the slights cast upon him by other artists, and his breaking with the government when in the midst of large commissions, because, as he alleged, he would not give a present to the Minister of Fine Arts for procuring him these orders, may have been in great due to his over-sensitive imagination. To crown all, he rashly wrote a book. "On, that mine enemy had written a book!" All the art-world of Paris set up a howl, and its echoes still linger in the ateliers on either bank of the Seine. He retired to nurse his wrongs at Villiers le Bel, and so entirely did he become a thing of the past that most lovers of art, if they thought about him at all, thought of him as dead, and wondered why his great painting of *Les Romains de la Décadence* was not removed to the Louvre, as is the custom with works owned by the state after the artist has been dead ten years. What had the poor man done? He had written a slight sketch of his life, given an account of his method of painting, and dared to criticize, but perhaps without sufficient prudence, the works of other painters. If he had had more worldly wisdom he would have held his tongue.

The "methode Couture" has been a by-word in the ateliers of Paris ever since. Not that it was not a good enough system in its way and as employed by him; and yet it was a difficult method to copy, especially when learned only from his book, and, like a written constitution, the too exact formulation of ideas gave a chance for cavaliers to find fault. To many, to paint by rule, and not by inspiration, seemed absurd. His system was either misunderstood or misapplied, and certainly has never been successfully held to by any of his pupils. Pupils of other men have been allowed to follow in the footsteps of their masters without discredit, but those of Couture have been pursued relentlessly as long as any trace of the master's method has remained.

Why this should be I cannot say. Why bitumen used by Couture is any more sinful than when used by others I do not know, but so it is. His great aim was freshness and purity of color, which he sought to get by mixing or stirring the colors together as little as possible, and by placing on the canvas the exact tint as nearly as he could hit it, and not disturbing it afterwards. Rather than disturb it, he preferred either to remove an unlucky touch with the palette knife and bread, or leave it till dry, and then repaint it.

The German band is now playing at the Fisheries, and has been very well received, and deserve to be, for they play well. There is no collection—no knocking at the door—a thunderer—no attempt to wrench out the "visitors' bell. It is heard free, gratis and for nothing. The German band has been engaged for balls, and perhaps will "run" and rival the red and blue Hungarians. We compliment the leader on the excellent light and shade which he has developed out of his soldier material.

MISCELLANY

TRICYCLES are becoming very popular in France, and the ladies are going in for the *pustimo* vigorously. They have not yet heard of the English *été-d-été* tricycle—which allows two loving hearts to beat side by side and four legs to move in unison of mind and body.

FOLLOWING the example of Germany, a committee has been formed from among all the Protestant sects in England to arrange for the proper celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth by a universal series of sermons, lectures and music from the 10th to the 18th of November.

THE Supreme Court of Indiana, has decided in reviewing the proceedings in a murder case, that the mere fact of a man having read newspaper accounts of a crime, and having an opinion therefrom, but one which could be removed by the evidence, does not necessarily render him incompetent to serve on juries.

A NEW method of rendering the skin insensible in those operations which do not admit of chloroform by inhalation has been described to the French Academy of Sciences by Jules Guerin, who cited a case in which he had employed it to advantage. A lady, aged sixty, consulted him for a tumor of eight years' standing, which, on examination, proved to be a scirrhus. The general health was bad, bronchial and cardiac troubles were very manifest, and the kidneys were not in a very satisfactory condition. However, the operation was urgent. Chloroform having been considered dangerous, M. Guerin applied around the tumor a circular layer of Vienna paste, limited by a double band of diachylon. At the end of twenty minutes the caustic was removed, leaving in its trace a black ribbonlike line. The knife was then applied, and the tumor removed without the slightest pain to the patient, who did not seem to be aware of the operation. The results were all that could be desired.

MONSIEUR CAPEL preached recently in the Church of St. François Xavier. A large audience was present to hear this distinguished Roman Catholic prelate. His style of oratory is thus described by a writer in the *Times*: "With no display whatever he held the close attention of his listeners chiefly by the force of his strong personality. His voice, which is rich and strong, and apparently under thorough control, was aided by a direct and forcible utterance, and a manner as graceful and expressive as it was earnest. He was not profuse in gesticulation, and such gestures as he did make use of were wholly with the right hand and arm, and were more or less energetic as the required emphasis demanded. He is a rapid and fluent speaker, and makes use of plain language. His ideas are expressed tersely and generally in words that at once make a positive impression upon the mind, leaving no doubts as to their meaning. His features are very expressive when he becomes thoroughly aroused. His bright, clean-shaven face is a comprehensive index of his thoughts. He spoke for nearly three quarters of an hour, and the large congregation would undoubtedly have been pleased had his sermon been twice as long."

A YOUNG man in Washington, who writes exquisite verses but is almost starving for lack of remunerative employment, and who for a long time has been trying in vain to get a place in a Government bureau, the other day got a friend to write to "Gul Hamilton," invoking her supposed influence in his behalf. Some of the young man's verses were enclosed in the letter, as a sample of his literary ability. Miss Dodge, disclaiming the possession of any "influence," replied in a serio-comic vein, in part as follows: "I have ordered two departments to send me a first-class office in fifteen minutes. If both come I shall be embarrassed. If your young gentleman could only take care of a horse and a garden as well as he writes verses, I could employ him myself for the summer, and pay him better than poetry, alas! But no! I shall have to eat hard corn and wilted lettuce all summer for want of a gardener, while your young man will have nothing to eat for want of work."

AMONG the notable costumes worn at the Savage Club fête in London should be mentioned that of the Princess of Wales, which was black lace over gold satin, with high collar of lace, the bodice ornamented with sprays of diamonds and crimson roses; a splendid tiara and necklace of pearls and diamonds. The wife of the editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, a lady of great beauty and literary and musical talent, appeared in a most striking costume. It is the dress she wore last year at a ball in Australia, and is intended to personify "The Press." The dress is made up of three copies of the *Herald*, printed in colored inks on white satin. The popular actor, Mr. Edward Leathes, displayed originality in his costume. He appeared as the "Gold King," in an entire suit of cloth of gold; the shirt was also of gold tissue; shoes, hose and opera hat to match; his face was also tinted with a preparation of gold dust, and his hair participated in the general auriferous hue.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

SIR—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARTER.

EUGENIE'S NEW HOME.

The present and probably definite residence of the Empress Eugenie is at Farnborough Hill, thirty-three miles from London.

The work of renovation is not yet completed, and over the rustic porch the scaffolding is standing whereby the furniture, which is constantly arriving, is unloaded and conveyed into the building.

The Empress has purchased this estate, and has now lived here two months. She is building a chapel which is to receive the bodies of the Emperor and the Prince Imperial.

DE LESSEPS.

The sanctum or study of M. de Lesseps is a little room, prettily furnished and containing a great deal of bric-a-brac, the slow accretion of his own long period of housekeeping with first and second wives and of ancestral menages.

THE City of Galveston, S. C., will celebrate the centennial of its incorporation on August 13th. As warm weather will be the probable experience, it has been wisely decided to do without street parades and military display.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

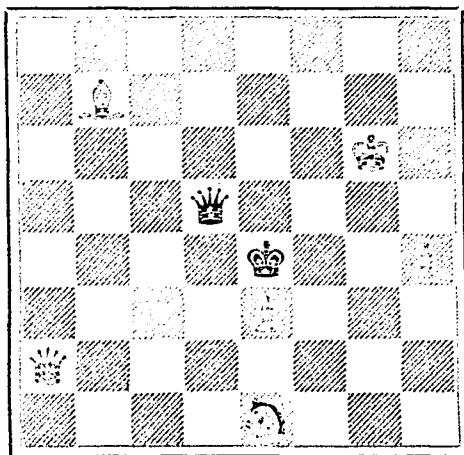
The Nuremberg International Chess Tourney was inaugurated on the 15th ult., and the following is a list of the competitors:—Max Large, Fritz, Schallop, Bier, J. Berger, Scottander, L. Paulsen, W. Paulsen, Riemann, Jeffman, Hraby, Schwarz, Weiss, Bardeleben, Winawer, Bird, Blackburne, Gunsberg, Mason, making a total of nineteen.

"Mars" in the Dramatic News says that an eminent physician, a Fellow of the London College, informed him that, at the termination of the late International Tournament, he strictly forbade Dr. Zukertort to play any hard match at chess during the next twelve months.

The Lowenthal Fund, £50, of which we speak in another section of this number, was divided among the unsuccessful competitors, after the Gelbfuhs system, in the following manner:—Winawer, £14 for 103 points; Bird, £11 15s. for 103 points; Noa, £10 5s. for 91 points; Sellman, £7 5s. for 63 points; Mortimer, £4 15s. for 41 points; and Skipworth, £2 for 19 points.

PROBLEM NO. 446.

By John Barry, Lachine. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 444.

- White. 1 B to Q Kt 6, 2 R to R 4 ch, 3 B mates. Black. 1 K moves, 2 Any.

GAME 572nd.

Played in the Nuremberg International Tournament between Messrs. Fritz and Mason.

- WHITE.—(Mr. Fritz.) 1 P to K 4, 2 P to Q 4, 3 Kt to Q B 3, 4 R to K Kt 5, 5 B takes Kt, 6 Kt to B 3, 7 B to Q 3, 8 P to R 4 (b), 9 P to K 5, 10 B takes P ch, 11 Kt to Kt 5 ch, 12 Kt to K 2 (f), 13 P takes B, 14 Kt P takes P en pass, 15 Kt to B 4 ch, 16 Q to Kt 1 (g), 17 K to Q 2, 18 Q to Kt 6 ch, 19 Q to Kt 7 ch, 20 Q to Kt 8 ch, 21 Q takes P ch, 22 R takes R, 23 R to R 5 ch, 24 R to R 7 ch, 25 Q to R 7 ch, 26 Kt to Kt 6 mate. BLACK.—(Mr. Mason.) 1 P to K 3, 2 P to Q 4, 3 Kt to K B 3, 4 B to K 2, 5 B takes B, 6 Castles (g), 7 P to Q Kt 3, 8 B to K 2 (e), 9 B to K 2, 10 K takes B (d), 11 K to Kt 3 (e), 12 B takes Kt, 13 P to K B 4 (g), 14 R to R 5 ch, 15 K to B 2, 16 R takes R ch, 17 P takes P, 18 K to K 2, 19 K to K sq, 20 K to K 2, 21 K to B sq, 22 B to B sq, 23 K to Kt 2, 24 K takes R, 25 K to R sq.

NOTES (Condensed.)

- (a) Too premature altogether. (b) The commencement of a very pretty and ingenious combination, which is highly creditable to the young master. (c) The Bishop ought to have remained on the diagonal in order to protect the K P, when White's subsequent sacrifice would have been impossible. (d) Forced. K to R sq is equally disastrous. (e) If 11 K to R 3 White would reply 12 Q to Q 2 leaving Black the alternative of losing the Q, or of being mated. (f) Better than Q to Q 3, etc. (g) If 13 Q takes P White would reply 14 Kt to B 4 ch K moves, 15 Q to Q 3 ch, K to Kt 5, 16 Q to B 3 ch, K to B 4, R to R 5, etc. (h) If 14 P takes P White makes by Q to Q 3 ch, &c. (i) It is very rarely that a player has an opportunity in an important game to work out such a perfect game.

FOOT NOTES.

THE famous pine forest along the Adriatic at Ravenna, Italy, celebrated by Dante and Byron, and which furnished the shipyards of Rome and Venice, is soon to vanish, the city authorities of Ravenna having ordered it to be felled.

WHILE Great Britain is shipping the inhabitants of Ireland to this country, the lands of that island are relapsing into barbarism. The area under cultivation in the last year shows a decrease of about 150,000 acres, and 80,000 acres, once arable, have gone back to bog.

AN American, named Haine, who was in Paris with his wife and a friend, lost his way in the streets a few days ago. Being lame, he became nervous and much distressed. The police noticing his agitated condition, believed him to be insane and arrested him.

FURTHER precautions have been adopted for the protection of Norfolk, Baltimore, Richmond and other points against the approach of vessels from ports where contagious diseases are prevalent. A strict quarantine under national authority has been established between Cape Henry and Cape Charles, and vessels from infected ports will thus be kept at satisfactory distances from places on and near Chesapeake Bay.

EVERYTHING is overdone that the English fad-monger takes to—Blue Ribbonism, Salvation Armyism, and last, but not least, School Board education. We must believe, from the number of examples given, it is a fact that the brains of young children are being overtaxed by the enthusiasts for educating the lowest classes, and making master of arts at thirteen.

THOMAS NAST's house at Morristown, N. J., is on the edge of the town and is surrounded by groves, lawns, lakes and flower gardens. Birds swarmed and sang among the trees and shrubs; children with trained dogs for playmates gambolled on the green.

THE Mohammedan world is agitated by the belief that Mohammed has re-appeared on earth to foretell the end of the world. The person chosen for the visitation was the guardian of the prophet's tomb at Mecca, and to him Mohammed said that at the end of the fourteenth century from the Hegira the sun will rise in the west, the world will be visited by a terrible plague, a cyclone will deluge the land, the printing of every Koran will be effaced, and the end of all things will be at hand.

THE statue of "Germania," cast in the foundries of Munich, which is now being set up in the Nederwald to commemorate the victories of the fatherland in 1871, makes a very imposing figure. The head, adorned with flowing hair, is thrown well back, and she gazes with haughty mien over hill and dale; in her right hand she holds the imperial crown; the left rests on the hilt of a Broddignagau sword, nearly nine yards long.

SIMS REEVES, the famous tenor, is a portly man, weighing nearly two hundred pounds, with a full, chubby face and a quantity of curly iron-gray hair, once jet black, of which he has always been very proud. He was born in Kent sixty-one years ago next October, the son of a village organist, and he learned to read music before he could read books.

THE ombrelles which are now used to shelter the face from the ardent rays of the sun are made solely in lace, but they must have a good transparent lining of silk rose or blue being the most approved colors.

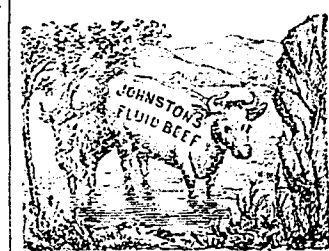
MARY ANNE ATKINSON, the daughter of a bridgeman at Communipaw, N. J., saved the life of a small boy who had fallen from a boat in the basin south of Communipaw a few days ago. This little Grace Darling, though only fourteen years old, can handle the oars, and is also a good swimmer.

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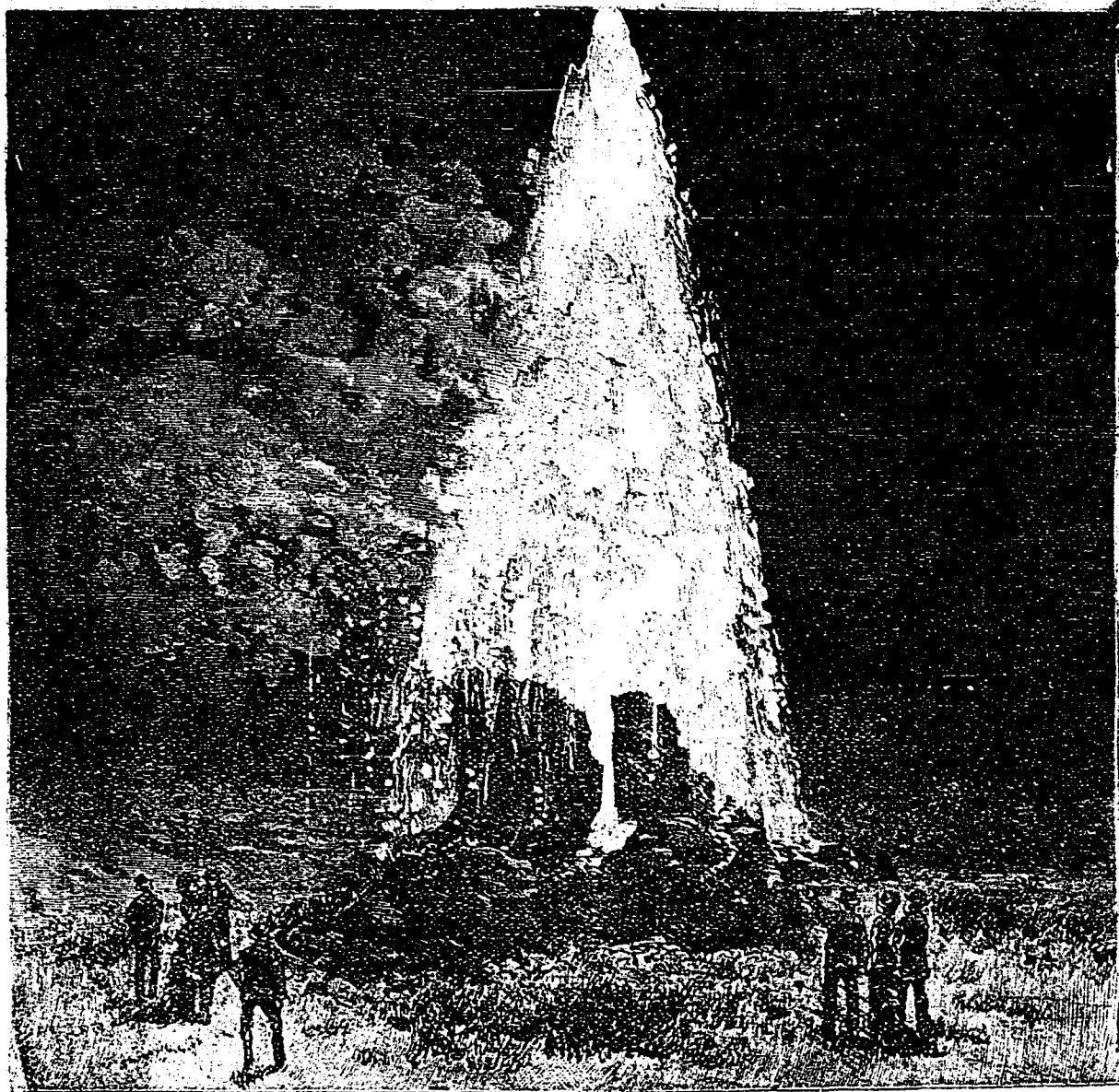
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