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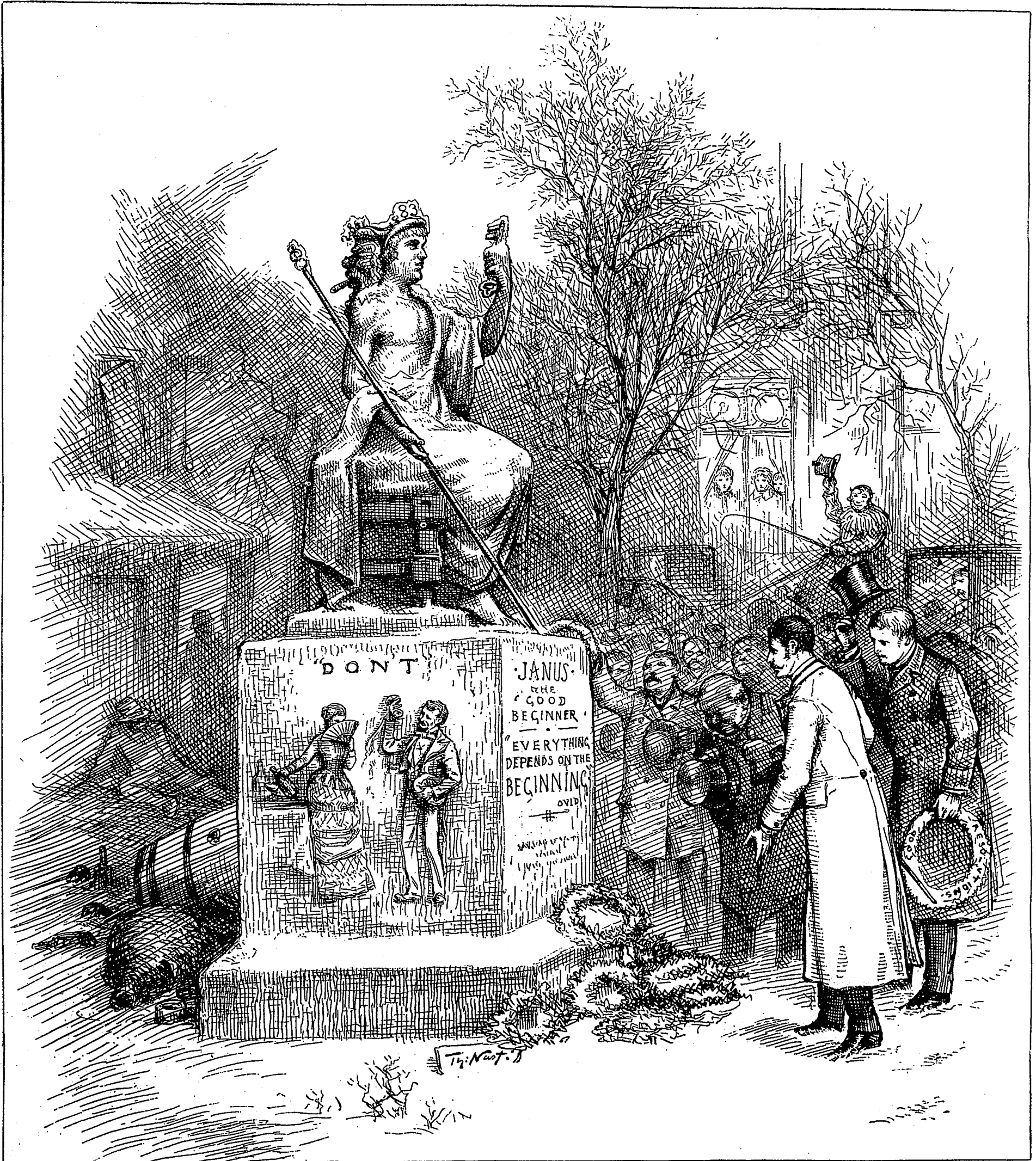
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVII.—No. 26.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1883.

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BEFORE BEGINNING THE NEW YEAR GIVE A THOUGHT TO JANUS.

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

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 24th, 1883.				Corresponding week, 1882.			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 73	67	61	59	Max. 75	68	65	61
Min. 50	46	40	38	Min. 50	43	40	38
Mean. 61	56	50	48	Mean. 61	55	52	49
Sat. 80	76	72	67	Sat. 81	77	73	68
Sun. 85	81	77	72	Sun. 84	80	76	71

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—The Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald—New York Free Public Baths—Personal—The Fee of the Diocesan—Neaves, Nause, and Neaves—Jesse and Colin—English Song Birds—Varieties—Grace Darling's Boat—Thomas Crane's Oath—Miscellany—A Rainy Evening—Louis VII. of France—Some Other Fellow's Sister—Forward—Winter Church Going—Foot Notes—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 30, 1883.

THE WEEK.

The French Canadian Convention and Celebration at Windsor, on St. Jean Baptiste Day, is noteworthy as being the first event of the kind ever held in the Province of Ontario.

The notorious and pectiferous Louise Michel has at length been silenced. The ill-favored revolutionist in petticoats has been sentenced to six years' imprisonment and ten years' police supervision.

It were indeed a triumph of upright diplomacy if, as it is stated with some authority, a friendly settlement of the difficulties between France and China were made, on the eve of a military outbreak.

It now appears transparently clear that M. Mousseau cannot maintain himself at the head of the Provincial Government without the introduction of new element into his Cabinet. The disaffected Conservative wing must be placated by all means and at once.

The Pope has at length thought fit to protest against the course of the French Government toward his Church. The wonder is that he did not do so before. The protest takes the form of a personal letter to President Grévy, and is regarded as a warning of the highest importance.

In answer to a deputation of the U. S. Irish National League, President Arthur very properly stated that, while the existing laws with regard to pauper and other disabled immigrants would be rigidly enforced, great caution should be exercised before pronouncing any opinion adverse to the policy of a friendly nation.

The idea has been thrown out of a national demonstration next year in honor of Sir John Macdonald, on the fortieth anniversary of his entrance into public life. We highly applaud the project. It is eminently fit and appropriate. There is no man in Canada more deserving of such a compliment, because none has done more for his country. We would suggest, in addition, that steps should be taken to have a new token of Royal favor come in at the same time. Sir John is only a Knight, let him be made at least a Baronet.

We incline to think that Mr. Gladstone was right in not accepting the services of Prince Leopold as Governor-General of Canada. With all due respect for the talents, zeal and patriotism of His Royal Highness, we are decidedly of opinion that the noblest colonial office in the gift of the Crown should be the prize of merit, not of rank. Canadians themselves expect this, and they appreciate talent as well as the work of their Confederation. Canada was the making of Lord Dufferin, and it is men of such ability that we want.

Mr. Gladstone frankly stated in Parliament that Canada had not been consulted in his choice of a new Governor-General. We wonder that our press has not taken note of this omission. It is the universal rule that when a diplomatic agent is appointed to any Government, that Government is always asked whether the intended individual is a *persona grata*. The least that could be done in our case would be to make a similar request. This is said quite independently of the merits of Lord Landsdowne who, we have every reason to believe, will make a very creditable Viceroy.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Having read through more than once with great delight the proof-sheets of the "Life and Times of Sir John A. Macdonald," by Mr. J. E. Collins, of Toronto, published by the Rose Company, I should like here to give some slight descriptions of it—no severe and critical review—but a few rambling observations, which may serve to give my readers a general idea of a very able and delightful work. To begin with it is not so much a biography of the great conservative leader as it is a rapid and sketchy history of his times, written in a very clear, nervous, English style, not too crowded with rugged dates and facts, but abounding in vivid picturesque descriptions of scene and event, strong downright painting of character, powerful imagery and apt illustrations. Mr. Collins has done all that a wide acquaintance with general literature and a teeming fancy of his own can do to give interest to a subject which does not afford much to excite the imagination. The calm and peaceful flow of events in our time and country does not offer a very promising field for the power of an imaginative historian and considerable art is required to make such an attempt acceptable to the general unpolitical reader. Ours is too happy a country to have a history.

The main body of the work opens in the second chapter with the story of the family compact and the troublous days, which immediately preceded the first appearance of Sir John upon the political scene. It is told simply and strongly—for one of Mr. Collins' chief merits is the clearness and precision of his narrative—detailing impartially the struggles and misunderstandings, bitterness and heart-burnings of that restless time. He may be said to sum up the differences of party feeling and party illusion in the following plain sentences: "It was a battle between prerogative and the power of the people. In prerogative the times saw the stability of our institutions, and the maintenance of our connection with the empire. In the power of the people they saw a democracy, that to-day might rush into republicanism and to-morrow into chaos. In prerogative the reformers saw the most baleful engine of political oppression, the evil which had convulsed the province in rebellion and blood, a something which was not even a prerogative, but a system by which a large majority of the people were ruled according to the interests of a favoured and irresponsible few. In the power of the people they saw not a privilege but only a birth-right and went to the polls to defend that right." During a stormy transition period like this, the character of a governor-general was a matter of vast importance—and Mr. Collins has drawn with a vigorous hand the portraits of those of four of those rulers who helped either to smooth or foment the disturbances. He speaks affectionately of the "great, the high-minded Earl of Durham" whose name, he says, is one of the foremost in our affections and our history, and describes vividly his brave efforts, his disgrace and death and how in the end "while he lay gasping away his last breath by the seashore at Cowes, came the tidings, but all too late, that even his bitterest foes bore tribute to the wisdom and broad statesmanship in his report." With Sir Charles Metcalfe he deals roughly, but we think fairly. The "man who looks upon reformers as he did upon rebellious negroes," whose "contact with the wiles and treachery of oriental craft," had made him so "incurably suspicious," that he "trusted any man who differed from himself as he would an adder-fanged" who "knew nothing about the governing of a colony under responsible government" was surely but ill-fitted to soothe the heart-burning of a country, suffering under the assumptions of a tyrannical and privileged class. The sanguinary Sir George Arthur suffered under a like disqualification. Armed with the experiences of Honduras and Tasmania, he began to rule Upper Canada. In tumult, he stamped every rebellion splutter out with the

heel of a Claverhouse; in peace he was busy with the halter." Sir Francis Bond Head, who "came among us with the pomp of an Alexander and the attitudes of a Garrick," is not very highly spoken of.

The brave and clear-sighted Lord Elgin, Mr. Collins calls the "greatest of Canadian governors up to that day, Durham excepted." "He had studied carefully the doctrines laid by his illustrious father-in-law (Lord Durham) and found they were good. He frankly and heartily assisted the effete and unrepresentative body he found in office, but plainly told them that he should as cheerfully and not less heartily assist their opponents. The Governor was doubly tied to his duty. Canada had long been looked on as a stormy sea, studded with breakers, where administrators were as likely to meet with shipwreck as to win laurels and he was determined to avoid the rocks. Then as dear to him as his own success was the reputation of his father-in-law, Lord Durham, which still trembled in the balance, and must so remain until the principles he had laid down had been worked out for weal or woe. He was here to win a reputation for himself by following out the principles laid down by the father of his absent bride. We may be sure most earnestly did he set himself to his duty. His manly form was seen at several public meetings, exposed to the fierce winds of our Canadian winters, and he had not appeared upon many platforms before it was learnt that he was the most eloquent speaker in Canada."

It was in the latter days of Metcalfe's government that Sir John A. Macdonald first appears upon the scene—and our author vigorously describes the circumstances attending that stormy election, which but barely supported the "Government of Sir Charles Metcalfe" by a majority of three votes, the questionable success which made him a peer. "There was an intensity and coarseness of party violence which Canadians have now happily forgotten. "Some of the most brazen demagogues had gone about the country for two years before the election pluming themselves on their disloyalty and the aid they had given to rebellion. They openly declared that henceforth the Government should consist of men who had been either rebels in act or sympathy."

"It was not unusual to see proceeding to these meetings, a hundred teams, each carrying a dozen stalwart voters, to stirring music with flags flying and every man armed with a club. Violent collisions often occurred, and the polling places were frequently the scenes of the maddest and most brutal party strife. In the midst of the tumult of this election we find the future premier face to face with the bullies of Mouahau in Kingston. Mr. Collins describes one of Sir John's first speeches, one of those simple genial bits of straightforward talk, which have gained for the great leader the peculiarly affectionate place which he holds in the hearts of most Canadians. He addressed meetings, "composed of riotous men inlamed with whiskey and the worst passions of party. At one of these meetings he had much difficulty in getting an opportunity to begin his speech. * * * When silence was restored he said he knew most of the electors and they were all manly fellows—too manly, indeed, to refuse another fair play. They were opposed to him, he said, and they had a right to be and he would not give much for them if they would stand not up for their own candidate; but if they had a right to their opinions—and he would be glad to listen to them at another time—he had also a right to his. He only wished to present his side of the case, and if his hearers did not agree with him, they might afterwards vote for whom they choose. Here was something more than soothing speech; here, indeed, was the genius of a Mark Antony—that could by the very force of subtle knowledge of character turn a hostile mob into friends on the spot."

We have a fine description of the young member's first speech in the House—a calm and masterly one, unlike the speeches of most young aspirants, and involving a daring passage of arms between a novice and the long-lived leader for form. "It is not to be wondered at that the austere reformer glanced darkly from under his brows at this young man whom he had not seen till yesterday, who now stood up coolly rebuking him and exposing his errors as if the ex-minister were the novice, and the novice the veteran. But the speaker spoke on indifferently." Here we may take the opportunity of quoting a few sentences from our author relative to the many contradictions, which are to be found in the public life of Sir John. After making a brief extract from one of his early speeches on behalf the law of Primogeniture, he adds: "How ashamed of him his party would now be to hear him from his place in the Dominion parliament defend what Gibbon calls the "insolent prerogative of primogeniture." How ashamed of him his party and the country now would be to hear him oppose a measure here" for the very reason that it was adopted in the States. But these openings, held for some years later, were as the vapours which hung about the face of the morning, but which are hurried away as the strength of the day advances. We know that Mr. Macdonald's public life has been described as a series of contradictions, but in what statesman do we find the morning song and the evening song always correspond? and instances startling changes of view in the careers of Gladstone, Beaconsfield and Peel. "A man who first sets foot in the bewildering paths of public life is like one who has just begun to learn a trade. Experience is his school and there must

be many a defective blow dealt, many a wrong step made before the apprentice comes out a master of his craft."

In describing the riotous and disgraceful scenes which accompanied the furious discussions on the Indemnification bill, brought in by the the Baldwin and Lafontaine ministry of 1849, Mr. Collins has done some of his best work. He makes a glorious quotation from Mr. Blake's speech against the Tories in the House, "the long pent-up stream of manly wrath and contempt" under which the unfortunate Sir Allan writhed, tortured to the quick and which nearly produced a collision between the two gentlemen. The disgraceful sack of the Parliament buildings is described with great strength and vividness. In his chapter on the "Lights of '44" our author gives us brief, rapid descriptions of his chief heroes of the Compact troubles, affixing to each in a few downright touches, strong and impressive sketches of character. We must quote his sketch of Dominick Daly, that "political Norman," perpetual secretary under Metcalfe and one of the fantastic figures of the period. "If ever benchman deserved reward at the hands of his Crown, Dominick Daly did. His idea of political duty was to show unswerving fealty to the Crown and support every government that came to power. He was a body upon which the political sun never set. When a government of which he was a member waxed strong, Dominick became full of party sinew and vitality; but as that party waned and the end drew near, the colour faded out of him; he became a sort of political jellyfish, and calmly awaited the change of parties, when he developed new affections, a new frame and fresh marrow and muscle. * * * In the best of nature he assisted the successor of Burton and his clique to thwart and oppress the French majority; and he aided Durham in laying the broad foundation of an enduring liberty. He strove with Sydenham to found the bases of an equitable political system; and he aided Metcalfe in struggling popular rights. * * * He would be an odd figure upon the scene now and even in his own day was a curiosity. He was the Anseramhis of the Cabinet, its never-fading flower. * * * His presence in after days to high place and title, is an eloquent commentary on the wisdom and discrimination of Downing street." After this Mr. Collins traces clearly and racy the struggles of the reform ministry, its decline, the deflection of the Globe and the clear-grits, the retirement of Lafontaine to Baldwin, the final collapse of the weak and ill-supported ministry of Francis Hinks, the leadership of the now incompetent Sir Allan McNab, whom Mr. Collins compares to the asbatross, hanging about the neck of the Tories, and the final triumph of Sir John, with the first loose formation of the modern liberal conservative party. During these changes we catch the first glimpse of the political character and influences of Mr. George Brown. Mr. Collins' description of the many sturly efforts of the great reformer to gain firm ground in the Cabinet, his vigorous wheeling charges on the various ministers who ignored him, his luckless one day's administration under the Globe-hunted Sir Edmund W. Head, form very amusing passages in his book. Let us quote a few sentences from his estimate of George Brown, in which he endeavours, as he says, though little admiring the sturly man, to do him simple, naked justice. "He never moved without noise; and whether it was his entry into the legislature, or that he addressed a meeting in a school-house; introduced a bill or presented a medal to a school girl, the fact was announced by a clatter of kettle-drums and a bray of bugles." "He was ambitious, and had a great deal of honest, worthy ambition too, we may be sure, but under his brusqueness, which was the result of a lack of refined atmosphere. During the formative period of his character and manners, he was inordinately vain of his powers and his position." His first speech in the House revealed all his strength and not a few of his defects. He had a prodigious capacity for getting facts together, and these he flung with tremendous force in the face of his audience. Only the one qualification of an orator had he, however, and that was this force, a quality which was, perhaps, made better by having to it a nervous side. It was a homely, blunt speech, strongly made, and that was all." "Duty to some men is as the fixed star, that the mariner sailing over the unknown main, follows with unflinching faith till it leads him to his heaven; but it is clear in the record that with all the robust honesty and sense of right which Mr. Brown possessed, this higher and moral duty was not to him a constant star." We leave these extracts in the hands of the reader, as he will probably in any case judge of them in the light of party prejudice. Mr. Collins vigorously condemns Mr. Brown's onslaught upon Roman Catholicism, which was, to say the least, intemperate. His chapter on the "Ruining Questions" of clergy reserves and seigniorial rights is well worth reading as it contains an uncommonly clear and succinct estimate of the question in issue. Sir Edward Head's treatment of the great Brown ministry is ably and justly defended from the assaults of the Globe and Mr. Mackenzie. We do not so thoroughly sympathise with our author's justification of the famous "double shuffle" manoeuvre, which facilitated the conservative return to power, though it is done with much skill. The movement was not a strictly honourable one. In the question of "representation by population" the position taken by the ministry, is, we think, justly and logically upheld. "The very virtue of the union consisted in the quality of political power held by each section of the

united province; whereas the moment that balance was destroyed, a larger representation given to one portion of the province, than to the other, the virtue departed, and one section became bound neck and heel to the will of the greater for ever."

Chapter XVI. describes in Mr. Collins' best manner the final deadlock between parties and the unexpected adhesion of Mr. George Brown, which set the ministry upon its legs and gave sudden facility to the union scheme then in hand. Of Mr. Brown's action in this matter, he says, while questioning the reformers motives and his subsequent conduct, "what he did do we shall endeavour to regard as a bright spot in a career of noisy and unscrupulous ambition and peace-disturbing damagogism." In the same connection we find the following observations upon Sir John's conduct in this as in other cases, "Not alone in his attitude toward this great question, but to many other important political events, the birth of his time, in which he has felt the deepest interest, has been regarded hostile. * * * The truth is Mr. Macdonald has not pretended to be wiser than his time or sought to move faster than the people. He showed then, as ever since, that he regarded it to be his duty in the governing place, not to create but to obey public opinion. * * *

This has been Mr. John A. Macdonald's pre-eminence. * * * Brown's proposal of a coalition he saw was a favourable turn to the tide, which had up to that hour set adversely. Because his efforts for union before would only have been energy wasted, and a defeat tarnish on the project, he had, up to that hour, held aloof, because his exertions now could be turned to triumph, he not alone joined hands with the unionists, but with heart and head became the leader of the movement, halting not, or flagging not, as we shall see, till his ideal victory had been won." Mr. Collins' account of the meetings of confederation delegates at Charlottetown and Quebec is rendered the more interesting to us from his intimate acquaintance with the maritime provinces and their political aspirations. He is able to give some delightful touches of sectional feeling and character, as he describes the impassioned speeches that were made and the vanity of sentiment with which the all-absorbing topic was regarded. The reception of the Hon. Ambrose Shea in his Newfoundland constituency after his unpopular connection with the famous conference, Mr. Collins describes with a humour, which the solemnity of history does not always enable him to restrain. The anecdote serves as an indication of the violence of feeling, with which this "solitary virgin out in those cold Atlantic waters resented the proposal for political wedlock."

It would be impossible to speak too highly, from a literary point of view, of the admirable chapter "The First Dominion Cabinet," in which Mr. Collins draws a brilliant set of portraits of the distinguished statesmen, who are still most of them living, and fresh in our hearts. Of George Cartier, who so indefatigably supported the Union in Quebec, he draws a strong picture, which, however, as it is somewhat heterodox, we shall leave without comment in the hands of our readers. Mr. Cartier had many faults; for some of these, however, he was not responsible, as they were the inheritances of his birth. * * * He had an unbounded ambition, a profusion of nervous force, an unflinching perseverance, an activity as restless as the winds of heaven; and, to crown these invincible tools in the hands of a man who sits excelsior for his motto, he had an aggressiveness that pushed wide obstacles and all-opposing pretensions, and a capacity for organization that always astonished and sometimes bewildered those who are not given to analysis, but who are charmed by flash. No political leader could ignore M. Cartier, for he would prefer being matched against half a dozen strong men, to feeling that they had arrayed against them a tireless energy that never slept, never paused, that drilled on and would work its way through iron walls till it reached its end." Mr. Collins places Sir H. Langevin above Cartier as a statesman.

After this the narrative passes on to the Red River troubles, which are discussed with our author's usual clearness and vigor, the fisheries question and the great Pacific scandal. Mr. Collins tells this last story in his own way, with admirable skill and gives us vivid pictures of the peculiar scenes in the House, during the first disclosures. The administration of Mr. Mackenzie as pass rapidly over and the political character of that leader thus briefly described, "We differ from Mr. Mackenzie in our view of many public questions * * * but nevertheless we do not hesitate to say that his influence upon the political life of Canada has been good; that he was faithful to his trust and strove to do his duty. We should like to be able to say that he was a popular administrator; but we cannot. He was, and is, out of sympathy with the spirit of our time; and the robust judgment of the young country is against him. Cast-iron theories always hedged him in and set bounds to his every impulse and plan; at last they grew so narrow as to become his collar." Mr. Collins is an admirer, warm and at the same time regretful, of Mr. Blake whom he calls: "Opportunity in ruins" and considers "intellectually as great an orator as Gladstone" and superior to him "in showing cold indifference to petty annoyance."

Before finishing his book, Mr. Collins introduces a long chapter on the "Thought and Literature" of the time, which to us is the most interesting part of the work; for here he appears to us peculiarly at home, and as he passes in re-

view the scanty ranks of our past and present authors, he is master of his subject; his criticism is warmly appreciative, and almost always just. A great part of the chapter is devoted to glowing and masterly examination of the works of the two first of Canadian singers, Roberts and Frechette, in his unbounded admiration of whom we entirely agree. In this chapter will be found what charms us most in the whole work, the author's perfect and loving patriotism—patriotism, as we understand it, devoted wholly to Canada, which regards Canada no longer as a child in leading strings, but as the apportioned home of a people who have accumulated a peculiar feeling and character of their own, who are in truth rapidly becoming one of the distinct upon earth, self-dependent, jealous of their manhood. There is a feature in Mr. Collins' writing which will doubtless and on good grounds be unacceptable to most of his readers, but which we must state here as it is the key note of his whole work, and that is his earnest advocacy of Canadian independence—a principle which he urges with an energy and eloquence, which whether we agree with him or not, cannot fail to impress us. The book closes with a warm and genial picture of Sir John's home and family.

A. LAMPMAN.

"THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY."

Half a century has elapsed since Noah Webster frightened the British Isle from its propriety by publishing "An American Dictionary of the English Language" (first American edition, 1828; first English, 1832). In spite of English conservatism and the strong prejudice of literary magnates in favor of Dr. Johnson's authority, the substantial merits of the new work secured for it wide acceptance and popular appreciation. Strenuous efforts were made by Todd, Latham, and others, to furnish up Dr. Johnson's work for modern use; but no work of equal merit and success was produced until Dr. John Ogilvie prepared the first edition of "The Imperial Dictionary" (1847-55). In this he followed in the main the example of Webster, but added a new feature in the liberal introduction of illustrations in aid of definitions,—a practice which has since been adopted by all dictionaries that make any pretensions to completeness. In other respects the work was a good exemplification of that peculiar talent of the Scotch for arranging, condensing and imparting information which has made Edinburgh a publishing centre for dictionaries and encyclopedias. Down to the present time "The Imperial Dictionary" has passed through four complete revisions, the last being by Charles Annandale, A. M. It has now reached such a stage of perfection that it is justly presented to the American public by The Century Company of New York as the complete standard English dictionary.

It is issued in four imperial octave volumes. Its external appearance is indeed prepossessing, and on opening it the eye is refreshed by the excellence of the paper and the clearness of the print. Each word defined is printed in bold-faced type which readily catches attention as we glance down the page. The illustrations, already referred to, are superior in finish to those found in our American dictionaries, and their usefulness and frequency can be judged from the fact that we find on one page illustrations of the "farthingale" of Queen Elizabeth's time, the "fasces" of the Roman consuls, the "fasciata" root of a plant, and the "fascine" of military art. It will thus be seen how serviceable pictorial presentations are in many historical terms, in botany, in zoology, in architecture, and the various arts and sciences. Definitions are often made more clear in this way than they could be by whole pages of text.

In justification of the claim of "The Imperial Dictionary" on American patronage as the most complete and accurate dictionary of the English language, our attention is first called to the number of words defined, amounting to one hundred and thirty thousand. Compound words have been omitted wherever the meaning is obvious from the simple parts; but this rule is not so construed as to exclude such words as "boot-jack" or "crush-hat" which are here in their proper places. The aim has been to give the words of every author of prominence in English literature, from Chaucer down to the present day. In addition to the words used by standard English and American authors, the Scottish words which are found in Burns' poems and Sir Walter Scott's novels are properly included. Through the influence of recent poets and popular novelists, the use of such words is rapidly extending in general English literature. For instance, the word "eerie," for which De Quincey pleaded, though he acknowledged it to be provincial, is here quoted from Tennyson without any limitation in its use being marked. The lighter literature, and especially the realistic novels of the present day, admit colloquial expressions and slang so freely that there is a necessity to have such terms defined; and we are pleased to find this want sufficiently supplied. "Americanisms" are also given as fully and explained as correctly as in works devoted especially to that department of our language. It is a pleasure, indeed, to find sometimes words that are commonly regarded as American or provincial here given without any indication that their use or special meaning is confined to the United States. Among these we may instance "vest," and "switch" (in connection with railroads), which is given as both noun and verb; while "shunt," the so-called Eng-

lish equivalent, is given as a verb only. The peculiar verb, "to telescope," is treated in the same way. For the word, "bottoms," denoting alluvial lands, we find Addison cited as authority. The phrase, "let slide," is referred to Shakespeare; "let on," is pronounced Scotch and American. "Poker" is defined as "a favorite game of cards in the United States," and again as "any frightful object, especially in the dark; a bugbear (colloquial U. S.)." Among the terms marked as American, we find "bob-o-link," "bushelman" (said to be derived from "bush," a thimble), "bush-whacker" (for which Washington Irving is quoted), "bunkum, or buncombe," "checkers" (for draughts), "cuss," "darn" (for something stronger), "Greaser," "lily-pad," "section" of land, "stoop" (noun, with quotation from J. F. Cooper). Among these which are missing, perhaps as of too recent introduction, are "beegum," "blizzard," "boom," "bunko," "cuspidor," "illiterate" (as a noun) "tony" (though we find "tonish, or tonnish," with the same meaning). Of political terms, "repeater" and "bull-dozing" are here; but "Stalwart" is missing, and the definition of "Federal" is defective. With the exception of these Americanisms, we have missed no word of common occurrence, or even of recent introduction. As an instance of its completeness, we mention that it has the geographical term, "versant," in its proper place; whereas it is found only in the appendix of "Worcester," and not at all in "Webster."

Attention is called to the wide range of authors from whom illustrative quotations are cited. The list is given in the fourth volume, and comprises more than fifteen hundred authors, whose special department and date are also given. The quotations also have been selected with much care, and in this respect "The Imperial Dictionary" is superior to any other since Richardson's. The extracts often supply important information concerning the use and meaning of the word, and are sometimes full definitions from competent authorities. For an example of the former, see the word "colleghouse," and of the latter the word, "corral."

The department of etymology also receives the special care which the recent advances in philology have required. The labors of Latham, Wedgwood and Skeat, and the contributions of scores of others, have been duly examined and the merits of each suggestion weighed. That there has been independence of judgment, is evident from a comparison of the etymologies given by Skeat with those in "The Imperial Dictionary." Some venerable errors are here corrected, one of which is making "calumet" an Indian word; whereas it is French, derived from the Latin "calamus," and is a parallel form with "chalumeau." See also, "beef-eater," the derivation of which "buffetier" is properly pronounced fanciful.

The special feature which distinguishes this dictionary from all others is its encyclopedic character. Terms including a sufficiently wide range, instead of being dismissed with a brief statement of their meaning, receive also a statement of their relations and associations. Historical references are supplied wherever necessary, and abundant information is given under the terms of arts, sciences, philosophy, theology and law. Something similar is found occasionally in other dictionaries; but it is here used to such an extent that the editors and publishers are justified in claiming it as the new and distinguishing characteristic of "The Imperial Dictionary." In regard to this they have anticipated the needs, not only of general readers, but of students; for science is now so mingled with current literature that readers of all classes are compelled to resort to books of reference frequently, and it is desirable often, in order to understand fully a particular passage, to have more than a mere statement that the word in question is a term of a certain science.

We are pleased to learn that all controversy as to the copyright of any part of the dictionary which is founded on the work of American scholars has been happily avoided, as the publishers have taken care to make liberal arrangements with the holders of American copyright. It is also announced that a further revision and extension of this work has been commenced, under the direction of the eminent philologist, Professor W. D. Whitney, of Yale College; but as the labor involved will probably require years for its completion "The Imperial Dictionary" in its present form will continue to be offered for American patronage.

NEW YORK'S FREE PUBLIC BATHS.

The free public baths which were opened at New York last week have proved a source of infinite enjoyment to multitudes of people—especially to younger persons of both sexes. At the Battery swimming-bath, where there are sixty-three dressing-rooms, as many as 400 persons an hour were accommodated during the hot days of the past week, and in one instance there were more than 5,000 bathers between sunrise and sunset. The street Arabs find the baths especially attractive, and the scenes in the swimming-tanks, when crowded with bathers of this class, are picturesque and lively in the extreme. The bathers of both sexes wear costumes of all sorts and sizes—some of the smaller boys and girls sometimes appearing in garments evidently belonging to their parents, which are far too large for them, while in some cases the dresses are almost as scant as that worn by the first occupants of the Garden.

PERSONAL.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG has taken passage in the *Germanic*, which sails from Liverpool on the twenty-eighth. Miss Kellogg has rented a house at New Hartford, her favorite country resort, for the summer. It is a pretty place, built by a Russian gentleman on the side of a mountain and fitted up as conveniently as a city house. Later in the season Miss Kellogg will go for a while to Saratoga and Long Branch.

A LARGE monument of gray granite is to be placed by Queen Victoria over the grave of John Brown in the kirkyard of Crathie. A cairn is to be erected to his memory somewhere near Balmoral—probably on one of the neighboring mountains. In addition to a brass in the Prince Consort's mausoleum at Frogmore, it is understood that Brown will be commemorated by a tablet which it is proposed to place in the nave of St. George's Chapel.

GEORGE W. CARLE, the novelist, is a very quiet little man, who was formerly a clerk. His life has been spent in New Orleans. He is a pious man, who attends largely to the official business of religious corporations. He does not read French novels, although one might, from his style, think that he does; and he has never attended a theatre. He is about forty-two years old, and he does not think that he writes novels when he is describing Creole life. He does not know what alcoholic liquors taste like.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada, is the representative of a family which has been distinguished for generations both for ability and liberality. He himself has held several offices under liberal ministries, but being a large landowner in Ireland, where he is said to own one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres, he has declined to support what he probably considers measures of confiscation, although he has on general policy adhered to the Government of Mr. Gladstone.

CHARLES GOUNOD, the composer, is sixty-five years old. He is a man of full medium size, stout and vigorous. His face is pale, his eyes large and luminous, his hair gray and the top of his head entirely bald, as it has been for many years. His broad forehead is furrowed with many wrinkles, his eyebrows are heavy but well formed, his grey beard thick and long, and his lips pale but heavy and sensual. He lives in the Place Malesherbes, Paris, close to the home of Bernhardt.

THE Christian life, says Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, may be compared to a system of railroads. Some are broad-gauge and some are narrow-gauge. Some run parallel and near to each other, some diverge and follow what seem to others needle-s roundabout ways. But all lead to the celestial city. The churches are so many stations. These have walls which inclose a certain number who want their protection, and wide projecting eaves which shelter a great many more who wish to be near the track, but must have plenty of air at any rate. Two churches have the broadest eaves of all. I will not name them, but this I will say, that they spread their eaves so far out toward each other that a poor sinner can slip from one station to that of the neighboring track without getting very wet in the worst theological weather.

MARIE VAN ZANDT.—Lucy Hooper writes from Paris regarding the famous American prima donna, Marie Van Zandt. Everybody calls her "la petite," though she is in reality of the full average height of American womanhood. But the slender form is very slight, and graceful as a reed, the small, delicate featured face, overflowing with fun and brightness and intelligence, seems scarce larger than the palm of one's hand, and the tiny feet and hands and the slender wrists and ankles help out an ensemble of apparent fragility, which is apparent only, for the little girl is in vigorous health, can stand twice as much fatigue as women of a heavier build, and as one of the comrades of Sarah Bernhardt once said of the great actress, she is made of wire. The small, bright, changing face is illuminated by a pair of great sea-blue eyes, which on the stage darken and deepen till they seem positively black.

A SCION of the English nobility was visiting, not long ago, in this city, says the Boston *Transcript*, one of the most honored representatives of Mayflower aristocracy; a dinner party was given in the visitor's honor, but when the guests arrived, and the dinner was about to be served, the Englishman sauntered into view in the same attire he had worn all day, not apparently deeming Americans worthy the trouble of dressing for, as he would feel obliged to dress on a similar occasion in his own country. The host was naturally deeply annoyed, but his guest being a young man he turned the matter over to his son. The latter walked over, took out his watch, glanced at it, and looking the Englishman in the eye, said, "It lacks five minutes of our dinner-hour; if you can dress in that time, come to table, if not we will dine without you." The rebuke was effective. The Englishman performed the feat, and perhaps learned the lesson that an American gentleman will not brook an insolence that might be overlooked by an American snob.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY DISEASES.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great pulled up pretended cure.



Pilatre de Rosier, the first Balloonist.



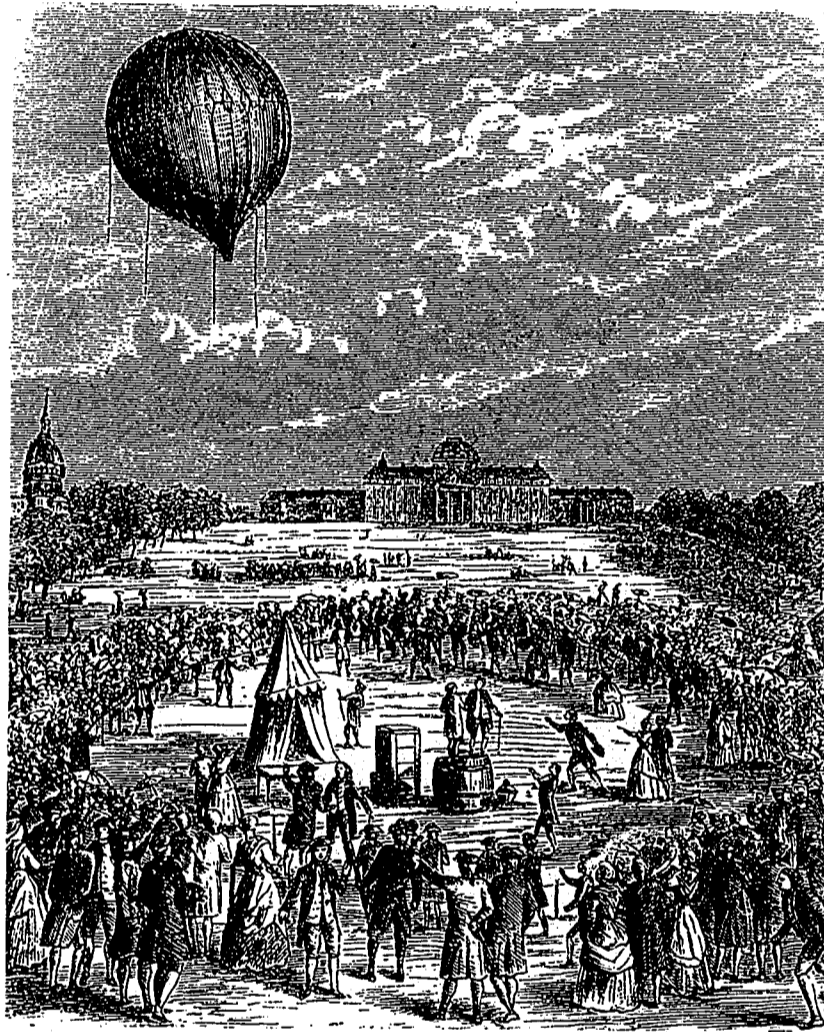
The Brothers Montgolfier.



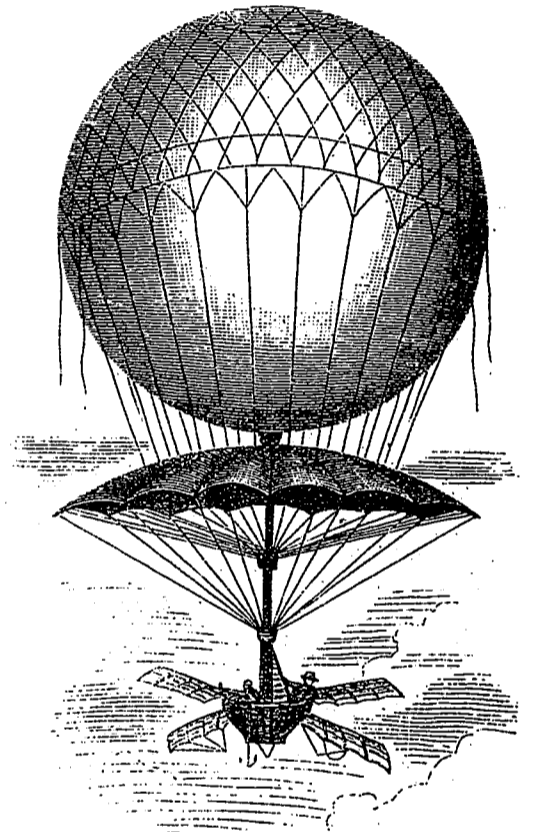
Prof. Charlier



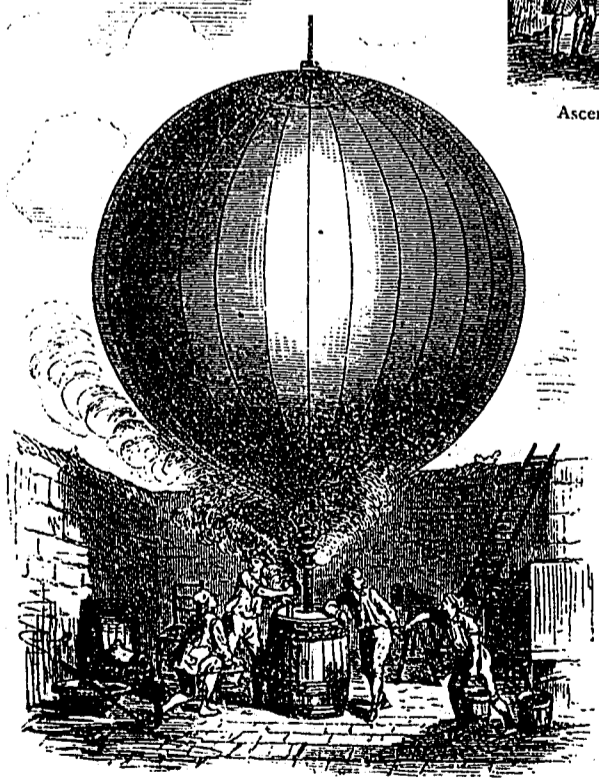
Montgolfier's great Balloon.



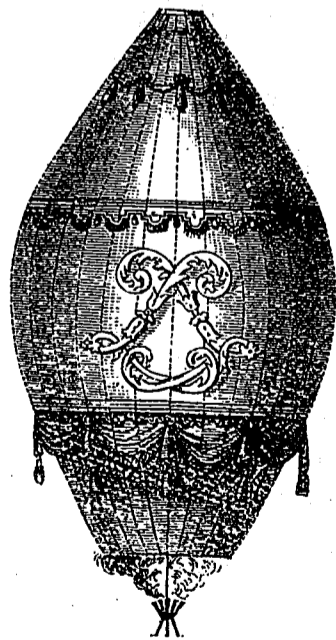
Ascension of Charles' first Balloon from the Champ de Mars, Paris, 27 August, 1783.



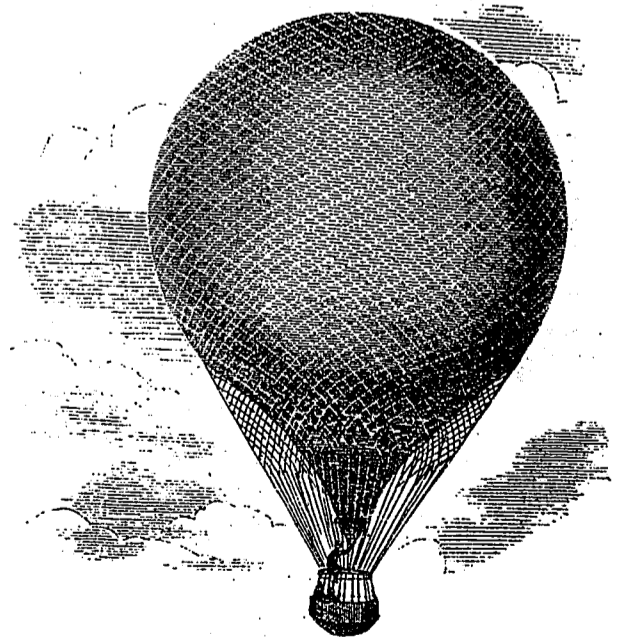
The Blanchard Balloon with Parachute.



Filling the first Balloon.

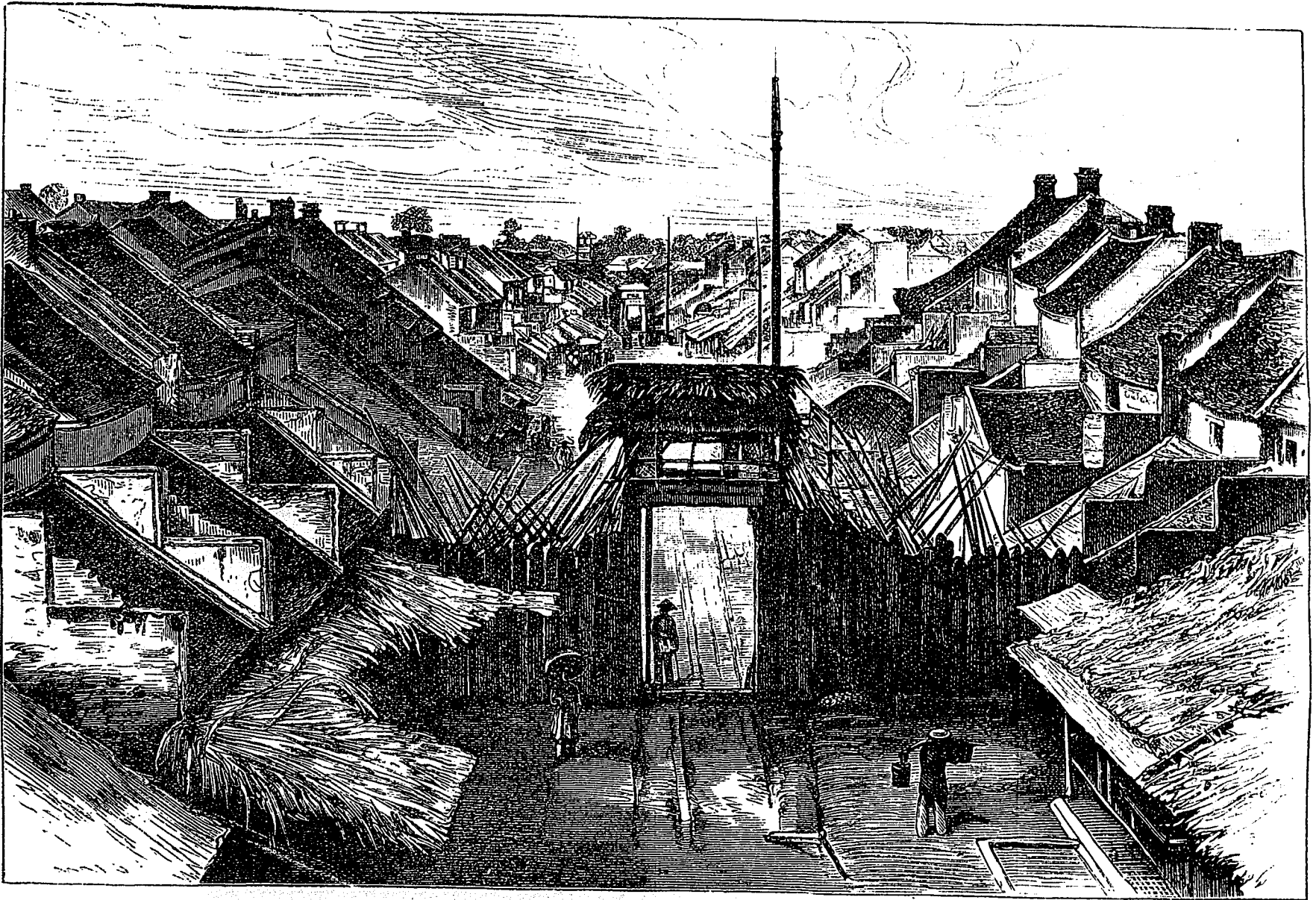


Montgolfier's second Balloon

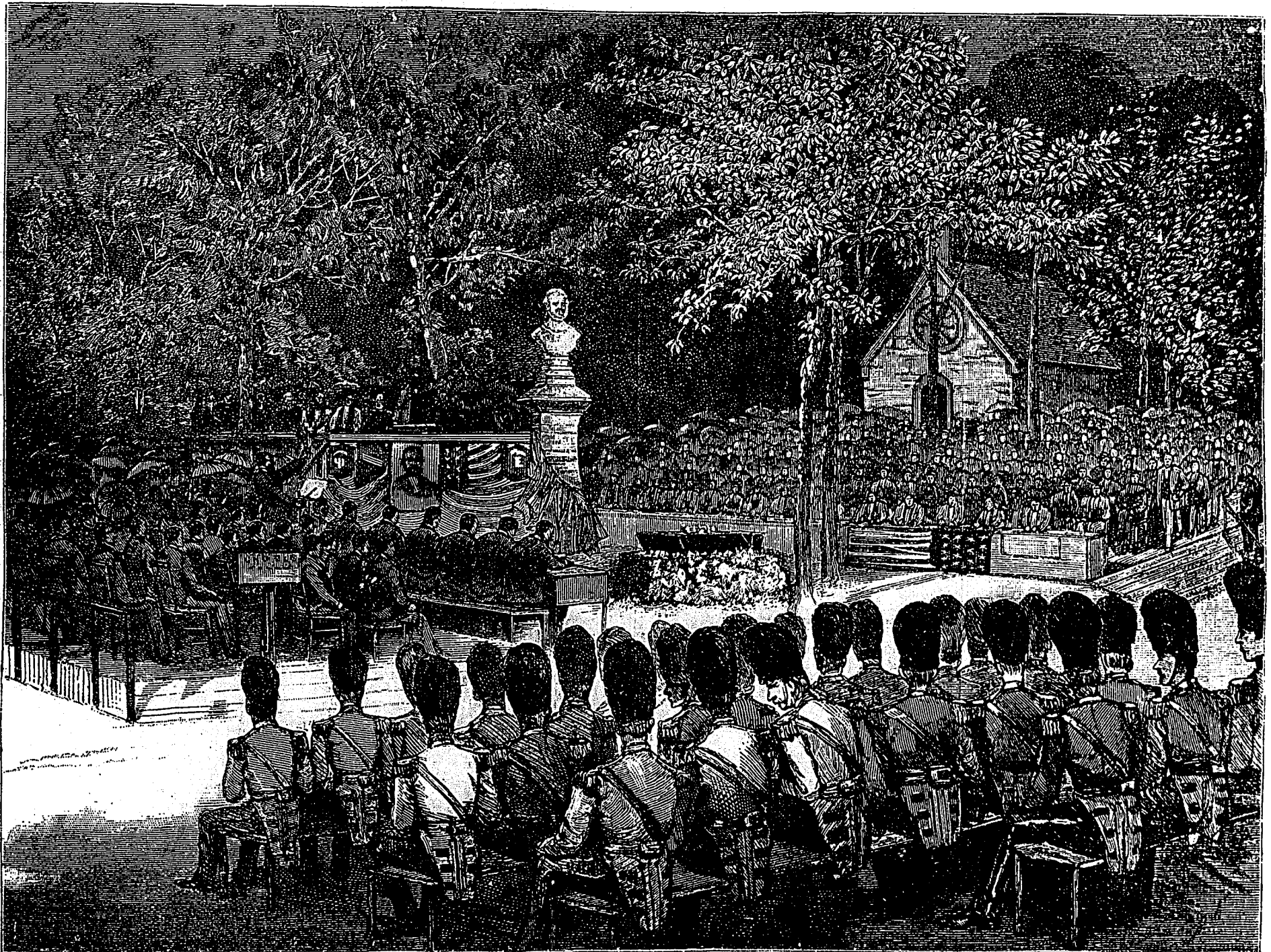


Balloon of the period.

THE 100th ANNIVERSARY OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE BALLOON.



THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.—THE TOWN OF HANOI.



WASHINGTON, D.C.—INTERMENT OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

THE FEE OF THE DIOSCURI.

Loud the midnight revel roared
In the home of Cronon's lord,
Lyres were ringing, flutes were shrilling,
Fouled in flower-wreathed bowls the glowing wine.
Torches flashing through the hall
Lit the armor on the wall—
Stout Chalcidian blades and haues,
Shield and helm and cuirass, ranged in line.

In the midst, in princely pride,
With his kinsmen at his side,
Lay proud Scopas, lord of Cronon,
On Milesian purples couched at ease.
Then, with half-uplifted hand,
Scarcely deigning to command,
All the banquet's din he silenced,
Beckoning to the bard Simonides.

He, the swan of Dorian song,
With the common feasters' throng
Lay, not wholly mingling, silent,
Musing great thoughts in his poet heart,
Slowly, at the chief's command,
Near the throne he took his stand,
As who wakes from dreams of heaven,
On dull earth to play a mere man's part.

Glancing half in scorn the while,
Scopas smiled a prince's smile:
"Hear we now how lyres of Geos
Skill to celebrate Thessalian deeds!
Grudge me not thy choicest lay,
What! a poet still, men say,
Crosses his fee. If gold thou cravest,
Gold have I for fifty Homers' needs!"

"Sing my wars, my victories,"
There he censed, Simonides
Wreathed his brow with bays, and lightly
Ran his hand in prelude through the chords.
And he chanted how in fight
Scopas tamed Larissa's might:
Quelled Toleas; ravaged Tempe;
Tribute laid on vanquished Phere's lords.

Now a nobler music flows,
For to worthier themes he rose—
Dwelt no more on man's mean triumphs—
Gods and heroes claim his praises now!
"Thus," he cries, "in earlier days
Castor stemmed the yielding frays!
Polydeuces in Therapne
Thus with plumes of triumph decked his brow!"

Then in melting strains he told
All that sweetest tale of old—
Of the twins, the Dioscouri,
Castor, Polydeuces; how in strife
Castor fell; and at his grave
Deathless Polydeuces gave,
To restore his mortal brother,
Freely, half his own immortal life:

How the prison bonds of hell
From reviving Castor fell;
And, thenceforth, the Twins alternate
Life in Heaven and death in Hades share:
How their hero spirits reign,
Worshipped in Olympia's fane;
And their Twin Star over the Egean
Gleaming grants the storm-veiled seaman's prayer

Breathless hung the sobered throng
On the magic of the song,
Only Cronon's lord ungracious
Deemed his praise by praise of others marred.
"Friend," he sneers, "take half thy fee:
Half thy song was given to me:
Let thy Twins, thy Dioscouri,
Pay, themselves, their share of thy reward."

At the brutal prince's jest
Each sleek courtier smiled his best.
But a voice came: "Cease, stranger,
At the door two horsemen ask for thee."
Even as he left the hall
Down it crashed upon them all:
All but him. That voice had saved him.
Thus the Dioscouri paid their fee.

FRANCIS DAVID MORICE, in *Harper's*.

NEAVES, NANSE, & NEAVES.

BY ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

At about 10.30 in the morning of the 30th of December, 1881, young William Nanse sat at his desk in the counting-room of the publishing firm of Neaves, Neville, & Neaves—"N., N. & N.," as the employes shortened it.

The window at his left looked out on one of the busiest sections of Oxford Street, or would have looked out but that a thick chocolate-colored fog hid everything save the sounds of confusion going on in it.

Nanse looked up from the heap of papers on his desk, and called to an office-boy, "Sam, let me know the moment Mr. Neaves comes in."

"Yessir; 'e's—'e's a-comin' now, sir."

Nanse swung round in his chair, and rose quickly. A middle-aged gentleman of almost a military firmness of bearing was approaching the counting-room, surrendering his overcoat to an attendant as he moved. Nanse met him at the door.

"Mr. Neaves, can you give me a few moments, sir?" he asked.

"This morning?"

"Yes, sir; I'd like to get it over."

Mr. Neaves drew out his watch. "Come to me at eleven—no, say five minutes past, precisely," and he passed on to his private office.

Nanse returned to his desk, and rapidly sorted and arranged the papers there. The minutes dragged, the minutes flew, and he was cold and hot by turns. He wrote on a fresh envelope, "Miss Lulie Featherfew, 99 Marlebone Road," considered it with a heavy frown for a moment, and tossed it into the waste-basket, with a deep, impatient sigh. "No," he muttered, "it's done and ended, and in a few moments I shall have cut the bridge behind me."

When it wanted but thirty seconds of the time, just enough to exactly keep the appointment—for "N. of N., N., & N." never waits or keeps waiting," was the current saying—Nanse sprang up, looking a little pale, saluted, in passing, a

handsome, sallow young man with "Good-morning, Hartington," crossed over, tapped at Mr. Neaves's private office, and was promptly called in.

The clerk who received the mail entered the counting-room and laid a letter on Nanse's desk. Hartington, whose desk was next beyond that of Nanse, observed this, and drew indolently near.

He stood perhaps a full minute mechanically twisting his long dark moustache and looking at the letter. Then, first throwing a slow, careful, keen glance around him, he picked from the waste-basket the discarded envelope Nanse had addressed to Miss Featherfew, and slipping into it the letter from Nanse's desk, sealed and put it in his breast pocket. He then laid down another letter in place of the one he had just removed, and went to his desk. There he seemed to become almost immediately absorbed in his work, yet had any one taken him by the hand it would have betrayed his agitation.

In his private office Mr. Neaves, sitting with his hat off, his shoulders squared, his thick iron-gray hair pushed back from his forehead, was a man well worth looking at. If you had been going to describe him essentially in three words, you would have said, "Business, experience, heart"—a reversal of the usual order of things.

"Well, my boy," said the head of the firm, motioning to a chair, "what is it? By your looks it's trouble, so let us get it behind us as soon as may be."

"I'm going away, sir," exclaimed Nanse, speaking with difficulty. Then, after a moment's silence, he threw up his head and went on rapidly: "I can't explain, and I hope you'll not think hardly of me, sir, but I must go away; and if you had the man you wanted in my place, I should beg you to let me off at once—to-day. But of course I don't ask that, only, sir, if you'll please arrange it as soon as you can, it will be the greatest kindness to me, sir."

"This is a strange request—very," said Mr. Neaves. After a considerable pause, "Is your mind quite made up?"

"Quite."

"We have been thinking lately of some changes in which you are interested. Don't interrupt me, but listen. With the new year Mr. Neville, who is rich enough, and tired of business, goes out of the firm by agreement. You have been with us some time; you know the business; you suit us; and we have made up our minds to offer you a place in the firm, beginning with the new year. See!"—pushing a proof slip toward him—"Neaves, Nanse, & Neaves. It looks well; it sounds well; we think it will be well."

Nanse had risen and taken the slip, and now stood quite mute, and very red in the face.

"Come," resumed the older man; "you've made me crack the shell a day sooner than I wanted; but young folks always do force matters a little. Come, now, doesn't this change things a bit! Can't you explain? Or, better yet, let explanations go, and you stay."

"Oh, Mr. Neaves, all this makes it horribly hard for me," said young Nanse, beginning to tremble like a girl; "but—but it doesn't change things at all. Do you believe how grateful—"

"One word," broke in Mr. Neaves—"are you dissatisfied with me, with us, with anything here?"

"No, sir—never, sir."

"Very well, I'll look up a man, and let you off as soon as I can." Mr. Neaves had already turned to his desk, but he stopped the young man in the doorway; "Stay! Your address— I might want to use it—is with Miss Ingram, isn't it?" Mr. Neaves shot one of his keenest glances with this simple question.

"No, sir; I left my aunt's a month ago. I'm stopping in Guildford street." He was so confused that he did not give the number; and Mr. Neaves, who was not at all confused, ignored the omission, and occupied the next sixty seconds in writing a note, which was delivered by the postman that same night at 99 Marlebone Road.

Nanse looked very tired as he sat down once more to his desk. "It's an ill turn you have done me, Lulie Featherfew," he muttered, under his breath, "and I hope you'll be satisfied with your work." Then observing the note which Hartington had left on his desk, he opened it, read it twice, tore it into tiny bits, and drawing toward him a sheet of plain business note, wrote a few lines, inclosed, addressed, and stamped it, with an air of finality and dejection.

"Shall I post your letter for you?" said Hartington, turning to him at that instant. "I'm just going myself."

This note also was delivered that same night at 99 Marlebone Road, and the house-maid took them up to the drawing-room floor, dropped a courtesy, and handed them to Miss Betsy Ann Ingram—a pearl of a maiden lady, with slightly silvered brown hair, blue eyes, and delicate skin set off by a dress of silver-gray silk. To the young lady seated near her at the same table, knitting with scarlet wools, the house-maid gave a third letter.

This young lady was exceedingly fair to look upon, by reason of a sort of witchery which was neither of eyes, hair, complexion, nor shape. The free-spirited gaze and certain movements of the mouth indicated great pride and willfulness, yet softness and generosity too.

Miss Ingram's letters were short.

The briefest one ran thus:

"DEAR MISS INGRAM,—Telegraph if you can not see me at eleven o'clock to-morrow, the 31st.

"Yours truly,

NATHANIEL NEAVES.

The other note read:

"DEAR AUNT,—You mean most kindly, but you don't know Miss Featherfew's mind. I do; so let us leave it. As soon as Mr. Neaves can supply my place, I am going away—to America, I think. I am so sorry you must be vexed by this, but it can't be avoided. Of course, if you'll be alone, I'll come and see this old year out with you, as we've been used to do ever since I can remember. Don't think that I shall ever forget how good you've always been to me—more than a second mother, God knows. But when I come, don't let us speak about Miss Featherfew, please.

Yours, WILL.

"P.S.—I hope (Lulie, carefully scratched out) "Miss Featherfew is well."

Miss Ingram slipped the letters into her pocket; a smile had at the last crept into the anxious expression of her face. Taking up a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, she glanced over the top of it at her companion, whose head was a little bent, but not more than was natural in picking out a tangle in the skein.

It rose again to its natural willful poise, and the fingers followed the needles lightly along the scarlet meshes. A vivid color had come into the young cheeks within the last few moments, and the fine white line marking the outer crimson of the lips showed that some powerful excitement was being resolutely repressed.

Whatever her letter had been, she had got it quickly into her pocket.

"Little Minx!" murmured Miss Ingram, mentally, "I know that letter was from Will, and she knits away as if she hadn't any heart, and as if I hadn't any either."

The next instant the maid announced "Mr. Hartington, ma'am," and in walked the handsome sallow young man with the voluminous dark moustache who had taken to the post at least one of the letters that night delivered in Miss Ingram's drawing-room.

Mr. Hartington was received by Miss Ingram with quiet courtesy slightly shaded with anxiety; by the young lady with an unusual show of cordiality.

"I thought I might meet Nanse here," he said, replying to Miss Ingram's vague inquiry if all were going on well at the office.

"Oh dear no," exclaimed Miss Featherfew, quickly. "Mr. Nanse seldom comes here now. He is too busy, of course, and then he is likely, we hear, to make quite a rise in life soon."

"Lulie!" cried Miss Ingram. It was wonderful how intensely willful the girl could look while so quietly slipping along the needles in her work; but neither of them observed the "Ah!" of relief which had escaped Mr. Hartington on being assured that Mr. Nanse was not likely to be there.

A veiled and confused blending of curiosity, caution, interest, calculation, passion, and resolve strangely animated his face and manner during the rest of the interview.

"So you have heard of it?" he asked, looking at them alternately. "Well, then, I suppose I am free to speak."

"Yes, pray tell us everything, Mr. Hartington," said Miss Ingram, eagerly. "You know how good and true my nephew is, and how much I care for the least things concerning him. But his modesty makes him reserved."

"Oh, Mr. Hartington," said Miss Featherfew, crossing to the piano, and taking up some music, "I have that lovely Hungarian air at last. Do come and sing it for me. We can hear about Mr. Nanse later, can't we, aunt?" with a challenging flash of the eye.

"If you don't mind," said Mr. Hartington, "I would like to speak now, dear Miss Featherfew, because—because now we are alone, and I am afraid I may have to give some pain. Later, some one might drop in, you know."

"Oh, very well!" said Lulie coldly, resuming her seat and her work with an air of abstraction.

Miss Ingram, who had grown a little pale, gave her whole attention to their visitor. "Yes," said she, "we have heard—that is, I have known some little time—that Mr. Neaves was thinking of taking Will into partnership soon; a great thing for him, dear boy, so young as he is, but he richly deserves it."

Hartington looked at her a moment, then said, with a burst of emotion: "You know how much I have always liked Nanse, and I am so grieved to have to tell you—By Jove! he ought to come and tell you himself."

"What is there to tell me?" cried Miss Ingram, in a changed voice. "Speak out at once."

Lulie Featherfew laid down her knitting. "Yes, do pray speak out, Mr. Hartington," said she, in a soft, steady tone. "We should never know anything of Will's doings if you didn't tell us"—with a look at her aunt.

"Why, he's going away out of the country," exclaimed Hartington.

"Oh, yes, he's written to me about that," said Miss Ingram, with a retorting glance at her niece.

"But he's going away in spite of Mr. Neaves's offer of—"

"Mr. Neaves has not made the offer," interrupted Miss Ingram; "he does not intend to make it till the day after to-morrow—New-Year's."

"Oh yes, he has, though; I happen to know that the matter of the partnership was proposed to Nanse this very day; and—and afterward Mr. Neaves withdrew it, and Nanse is to leave, and we think—they say at the office—that he must have done something very wrong; that's what's whispered at the office."

"What's whispered?" demanded Miss Ingram. "I want to know every word about it, Mr. Hartington; I want to know exactly what is said."

"Well, there's been a good deal of talk for weeks back. Nanse has been very gloomy and absent-minded, and now they think that he's—You know he's had all things in his own hands in the counting-room."

"Ah!" gasped Mrs. Ingram, "you mean that they dare insinuate my boy would steal—that's the plain English of what you are telling me. And you—Mr. Hartington, his old friend—you have thrown back their base lies in their teeth!"

Hartington recoiled a little, cast down his eyes, and remained pensively silent.

Nothing could have affected Miss Ingram more than this air of disinterested regret. She recalled the note from Mr. Neaves—couched, indeed, like so many of its predecessors; but could it perhaps have this heavy meaning?

There was a rustle of the silver-gray silk. Miss Ingram had left her chair, and sunk on one knee at Hartington's side, and there she spoke, in a low, broken voice: "Your silence is terrible. I do not care for what people may say who do not and can not know my nephew; but you, his old friend, you know him—obstinate, high-spirited, and wayward, but true as fine gold; and if he has in haste, by some accident which perhaps palsies him with unforeseen consequences, done anything—if you have any reason for the horrible fear you give me—" Sobs interrupted her pleading; she crept back to her chair, and covered her face with her hands.

At that instant Hartington looked up with a sudden start. Lulie Featherfew had come around from the table and taken his hand in an almost powerfully nervous grip. She was quite pale, her voice was steady and soft.

"Come, Mr. Hartington," said she, and drew him—his hot fingers closing passionately around her cold hand—into a curtained recess.

"Now," said Lulie, in a voice that shook a little for the first time that evening, "what has Will done, and how can we help him out of it?"

"Miss Featherfew—Lulie—you must let me say something else first. Nanse and I have been friends, but we are rivals, and we agreed to give each other a fair field."

"Oh, Mr. Hartington, is this giving him a fair field?" she murmured, putting her free hand to her eyes.

The young man breathed fast and heavily. "Wait—hear me out. He has done—I'm bound by solemn oath not to tell what he has done. but—but if you'll promise me that you'll be my wife, I can and I will clear him."

A shiver ran through her, an outburst seemed on her lips, but she checked it, and presently said, "Come to-morrow night and I will answer you, but please leave me with my aunt now." He drew her close, and covered her hands with kisses. "Go! go at once!" she gasped, widely averting her head.

When the door had closed upon him she ran across the room and locked it, then turned and flung herself at Miss Ingram's feet, straining her arms around her knees, and broke out in grief so wild and passionate that the older woman was frightened into calmness.

"Oh, aunt, do anything, everything you like to me! It is all my fault. I'm the worst, the wickedest girl that ever lived! Oh, what can Will have done? Whatever it is, I drove him to it. And this—this man, his friend, will help him out of it if I'll marry him. Oh," laughing wildly, "of course I will! He's much too good for me; but, oh! I hate him so. Ah, I could cut my hands off! And I do love Will! I have loved him more and more, every day, every hour, of this wicked time that I've been so cruel to him, and driven him to despair!"

"Tell me how it all happened, child," said Miss Ingram, putting her arms kindly round the struggling girl.

"Oh, it was all my vile temper—my vile, hateful pride. He didn't like me to waltz with Mr. Hartington, and when I said I would, he got angry, and said that—that any modest girl would know instinctively that he was not the right sort of man to be so familiar with. And then I lost my temper quite, and I gave him back his ring, and told him I hoped he'd find a girl modest enough to be Mrs. Nanse some day. And I knew Mr. Hartington was looking on, so I spoke up loud to vex Will the more, and then I went off and danced every round dance with Mr. Hartington. But that's not the worst"—pushing back her loosened hair from her flushed wet face. "The next day will come—you remember, for it was then he sent for his things away from here—and he spoke so kindly, and begged me to forgive him, and said I had made him so jealous he couldn't help himself; and then he tried to put the ring on my hand again; but I wouldn't let him, and I laughed and told him to keep it for the future Mrs. Nanse; that I thought Mr. Hartington could find a ring that would do well enough for me."

"Oh, how could you!" cried Miss Ingram, drawing back a little. She could not help resenting this for her nephew. But Lulie caught her hands and sobbed out:

"If you were only in love yourself, you'd understand how a girl could be awfully wicked and yet want to be good all the time, and—and wish somebody would manage her and make her behave. If he'd only kept the ring in his hand one instant longer I should have snatched it and kissed it before his eyes, and if he had only waited a moment I should have got over my wicked pride and thrown my arms around him;

but lo! he just gave me one strange, white, cold look, as if he did not in the least love me any more, as if I were the dirt under his feet, and then he was gone, and then I didn't care what became of me. It got worse and worse, and I would not have any one guess how wretched I was, and the very first time Mr. Harrington asked me to be his wife, I half promised I would."

"What a wretched, wretched business!" sighed Miss Ingram. "But in one thing, Lulie, I can't understand you. I have been proud in my time, but had I been in your place I would, at least when I had come to my senses, have written to the man I had wronged, and acknowledged my fault."

"I did write," whispered Lulie, her head drooping, "and he—he sent back the letter unopened this very night. Oh! oh! he never will care for me again!"

Miss Ingram pursed her lips and looked over her niece's head into the fire.

After a long pause—

"Lulie," said she, I sent a note to Will by Mr. Harrington, and his reply came to-night. I can understand it still better from what you have told me. I'm quite sure he loves you, child, and though Mr. Harrington did frighten me at the moment, I do not believe Will has done anything wrong. What I do feel is that unless this trouble can be made right between you two, it will have spoiled his life. It is plain to me that he is throwing everything away for your sake, and you certainly have been a bad girl."

Lulie nestled closer and sobbed more softly, as one comforted; and soon after the aunt and niece parted for the night.

The last morning of the year opened with that winter brightness which so rarely smiles on London; and at eleven o'clock precisely Mr. Neaves was shown into Miss Ingram's drawing-room, and found her alone, and evidently under some excitement.

"Oh, Nathaniel!" she exclaimed, taking his hand quite eagerly between her lady-like palms, "what's this about Will? Mr. Harrington really frightened us. But I can't think—no, I'm sure he has done nothing wrong."

"I can't understand," said Mr. Neaves looking very much surprised, "why Harrington's name should come in at all. You got my note? I've come about your nephew. We must not let him throw up things in this way, you know. Of course I've seen what was the matter all along; he's been jilted, and thinks life has nothing left in it for him any more. I felt that way myself, Betty—you know when I mean"—a wonderfully sweet smile breaking over his face; "but I pulled through, made a mint of money, and like my chop as well as another man."

As she remained silent, Mr. Neaves, after a short sigh, went on in his usual tone: "I suppose Miss Lulie has been fractious, and you and I, as the two best and nearest friends these foolish young people have, ought to be able to get them to kiss and make up, and ring in the new year merrily. So, as there's no time to be lost, if you'll just please send for Miss Lulie, we'll talk over things comfortably."

"Oh, I—I don't quite think that would do," said Miss Ingram, hastily putting out her hand as he would have rung the bell. "Fortunately I can tell you how matters stand. It's just a lovers' quarrel, and at first my niece was most at fault; but it was very foolish of Will to take a headstrong girl at her word." Mr. Neaves turned abruptly toward her, but she hurried on: "Then, when she repented and wrote to him, it was certainly very unkind to merely fling back her letter unopened. Of course you can see the next overture must come from him. I can't have Lulie, who is a dear good girl with all her faults, too much humbled."

"Nanse sent back her letter unopened! I should not have expected that of him."

"Then matters got worse through Mr. Harrington's trying to step into Will's place. You see it was about him they quarrelled; and last night he was here, and he told us that Will had got into some dreadful scrape, that it had leaked out in the office, and that you had first offered and then withdrawn the offer of partnership; and, oh! he's coming here to-night, and he made a point of it with Lulie that if she would engage herself to him, he would help Will out."

"Why, Betty, the man's a scamp—a thorough scamp," cried Mr. Neaves, with a very stern face. "Nanse has done nothing whatever out of the way, except that he's an ass, and the best, straightest, truest young fellow in all London; and this Harrington. I think the worse of Miss Lulie that she could ever have anything to say to such a creature as that after having a man like Nanse at her feet. I don't half care to get this quarrel made up between them; I don't half care—"

"Stop, Nathaniel. I can't have you speak like that of Lulie. She has suffered quite enough from her own foolish pride, and now from Will's and"—quite fiercely—"a man should not leave the field in that way. If he cares to win, he should stand his ground."

Mr. Neaves sprang forward, his face transformed with sudden kindling energy: "Why, then, Betty, Betty, that's a good lesson, and I've got it by heart first time saying."

Miss Ingram started back at the advance of her two apt pupil; but the scene was changed entirely by the entrance of Lulie Featherfew, to whom Mr. Neaves addressed himself with his characteristic abrupt directness:

"Good-morning, Miss Lulie; for I hope it is a good morning; and will you tell me—I'm old

enough to be your father, my dear—will you tell me whether you love Mr. Nanse? Because"—keeping fast the hands that tried to flutter from his—"if you do, why be unhappy, and make him unhappy, when the least little bit of common sense will set all right, you know?"

There is no knowing how the girl would have borne this onset from anybody else, but there was something so unmistakable in the simple, plain, whole kindness of it, and in his disinterested unconsciousness of the possibility of offending, that the true ring in the girl's nature answered to it; and besides, her heart was soft with true repentance, and sore with the fear of having lost her lover past recovery. So, with much blushing and hanging of the head, the proud girl faltered out, softly:

"But he wouldn't even read my letter."

"Oh, just let me have that letter, please."

Pat came the letter out of her pocket, as if it had known it would be in request.

"Now don't be afraid, my dear; I'm not going to read it. And you can trust me—tell her that, Betty. I'll not put you to shame before any man; and just stay in, both of you, please, till you hear from me."

"Why, aunt, he called you Betty!" was Lulie's dumfounded ejaculation as the door closed on Mr. Neaves.

"An old habit he sometimes falls into," said Miss Ingram, quickly. "We knew each other at school."

"What can he be going to do with my letter?" murmured Lulie, re-absorbed in her own feelings, and in hot and cold shivers of conjecture.

This is what Mr. Neaves did with it. On reaching the office he sent for Nanse. The young man looked very wan and heavy-hearted.

"I called for you," said Mr. Neaves, "to ask you if that is your handwriting"—and he plumped into the young man's hand the letter he had brought away from Lulie Featherfew.

"Yes, sir, that's my hand." The hot blood flew into his face; he was staring at the post-mark, and burst out in great agitation: "But, sir, this was posted yesterday, sir—see here, 'December 30'—and I have not written to—that address for weeks."

"The envelope is broken; see what it contains," Mr. Neaves spoke tersely.

Nanse drew out the inclosure, and gave a short cry: "Why, sir, it's a letter to me from—from—Oh, sir, here's foul play!"

"Hush!" said the older man, almost as excited as the younger. "Ask me no questions yet. Get away somewhere and read your letter. Wait, though. Make me one promise—that you'll not answer it, whatever it is, but meet me to-night, eight o'clock sharp, at Miss Ingram's, and not a word about anything to anybody. Your word on this?"

"Yes, Mr. Neaves."

They wrung hands and Nanse hurried away. He was met on the street by Harrington.

Halloo, Nanse! what's up? Have you seen a ghost?"

"Yes, the ghost of a wronged love and of a sham friendship!" Nanse flung out these words at Harrington. The latter leaped to the sudden reckless resolve of risking all on a last throw.

"Oh, come, Nanse, a girl should be allowed to choose, and if you had won, I'd have wished you joy, old boy—by Jove, I would!"

"What do you mean?" asked Nanse, facing round upon his old friend.

"That Lulie Featherfew last night gave me her promise to be Mrs. Harrington."

"If that is true, you stand in no need of my or any congratulations," said Nanse, so quietly that he had gone many paces on his way before Harrington recovered from his surprise.

The five o'clock post brought Miss Ingram the following epistle:

"Dear Betty,—Nanse and I will be with you to-night at eight. If Harrington calls, keep him, and ask Miss Lulie to stay in her room till I send for her.

Your
"NATHANIEL."

"Oh, what does he say?" cried Lulie Featherfew, in a great flutter. "Can I see it?"

But somehow Miss Ingram thought she would not show this note.

"Mr. Neaves will be here to-night, my dear, and bring a friend with him; and, Lulie—I don't think you need mind—he expresses a wish that you should keep your room till he sends for you."

"How very odd!"

"Nathaniel always was eccentric."

"Nathaniel!" echoed Lulie.

"Well, that's his name, child, and I told you we were at school. There's nothing in that; I should hope."

When Lulie was gone, Miss Ingram drew out her letter and looked at it again, with blushes and flutterings like any young girl. "Dear Betty! Oh, yes, if you would give way in the least, they will have all! and, 'Your Nathaniel.' Well, I never!"

And when, at eight o'clock precisely, Mr. Neaves was announced, it is a question whether he observed as quickly as young Nanse did on his arrival, three minutes later, that Miss Ingram's soft brown locks were pulled and plaited more elaborately than usual, that the lace at her throat and wrists was of a bridal fineness, and that in her cheeks was a rose like that of early girlhood.

When, in answer to the summons, Miss Lulie came in, with soft lace at her throat and wrists, and such a rose in her cheeks as only youth and love and tender fear and bounding hope could

paint, there was just no explanation at all, but a glad soft cry of each other's names, and then they went off together into the curtained alcove, where only so few hours before Lulie had stood shrinking in such wretchedness from the caresses of Harrington.

Suddenly Lulie gave a great start, and laid her finger on Will's lips, as they both heard Mr. Harrington announced, and the next moment heard Mr. Neaves saying,

"You are just in season to congratulate me on what I consider a very fortunate change in my business, by which, though a tried old friend goes out of the firm, a dear young friend, and one of the most capable and upright young men I ever knew, comes in."

He went to the alcove, and returned leading Nanse by the hand. "It will be 'Neaves, Nanse & Neaves' from to-morrow, and Mr. Nanse has all the appointments for the counting-room and outer offices. Now tell me, Mr. Harrington, have I not prepared a pleasant surprise for you in securing you the first chance to wish a friend joy of well-merited promotion?"

The eyes of the young men met, Nanse's literally danced with the happy light of love, so happy in its renewal that he could not bear to look on the sullen and pale countenance of his defeated silent foe.

"Ah, sir," he exclaimed, "if it's left with me, there'll be few changes, and certainly none in the counting-room;" and his looks entreated some compassion of Mr. Neaves for Harrington.

"Where's Lulie?" said Mr. Neaves, ignoring these looks. He went behind the curtains and drew the young lady forth into the light, and laying her hands in those of Nanse, he turned again to Harrington.

You know they were engaged to each other long ago, and had a little tiff, as lovers will, and to-night they're making up for lost time. By Jove, sir—with sudden ferocity—"take a lesson by this night, and by the forbearance of these loving hearts make me show you!"

Harrington, who had not spoken, turned and went towards the door. There, Mr. Neaves, who withheld Nanse and Lulie from approaching him, put out his hand.

"Take a week's leave, and then come back to your old place if you choose. All here are agreed to let by-gones be by-gones."

Harrington went out without look or word. Then the young lovers, after one or two exclamations of that compassion and pity which are such a sacred part of happy love, went back to their trust behind the curtains, and quite forgot, in their sacred bliss, that the hours flying so swiftly for them might be long and tedious to their kind guardians left all to themselves. When the hour of midnight struck, Lulie started with a little pang of remorse for this neglect, and peeped between the curtains.

"Why, Will!" she whispered softly. Then Will peeped forth, and then they pressed close together, and laughed. Soft as was this laughter, it was overheard. Mr. Neaves and Miss Ingram came toward them.

"He laughs best who laughs last," said Mr. Neaves, looking in triumph at young Nanse.

Miss Ingram and Lulie clasped each other.

"I know—he was at school with you," saucily whispered Lulie.

THE KAISER'S FAVORITE FLOWER.

That the blue-bottle (also called bachelor's-button) is the favorite flower of the Emperor of Germany is a well-known fact. The reason why the simple field flower should be preferred by him to other and much finer ones may not be so well known. On the occasion of a small festivity given at Königsberg, the Emperor's mother, Queen Louise, appeared in the presence of several French generals, sent by Napoleon I. to the unhappy Prussian King, in a very simple white dress, wearing some of these flowers in her hair and a small bunch of them in her corsage, much to the astonishment of the rude warriors, who did not hesitate to exchange in a loud whisper derogatory remarks about the plainness of her toilet. Turning with an indescribably sad yet dignified smile to the generals, the Queen said: "Ever since your horses have trodden down our corn-fields, gentlemen, these pretty wild flowers may well be counted among the rare treasures of my unhappy country."

That scene and the flowers connected with it belonged henceforth to the Emperor's sad but sweet reminiscences of his youthful days. When, shortly before the battle of Friedland, Queen Louise had once more to flee from Königsberg to Memel, the carriage in which she travelled with her two eldest sons, Princes Frederick William and William, lost a wheel on the road. They were obliged to alight, and being far away from any habitation, to sit down by the side of the deserted road while the damage was repaired. The little princes, being tired and very hungry, loudly bewailed their fate to the dejected mother, who did not know how to appease the wants of her children. The young and delicate Prince William in particular clung baselessly to his dearly beloved parent, who finally rose from her grassy seat and called the two boys to follow her example. With the flowers thus plucked she twined wreaths, which occupation the princes looked on with great curiosity and interest.

The feeling of helplessness and the thought of the unhappy condition of her family, her country, and the future of the sons by her side brought tears to the mother's eyes—hot tears, which slowly trickled upon the flowers she held in her hands. Prince William, deeply touched,

threw his arms round her neck, and tried to comfort her with his child-like caresses, which brought a sweet smile on the maternal face and lips, and won for the irresistible comforter a wreath of the blue flowers upon his ten-years-old curly head. This touching road-side scene, Prince, now Emperor, William, has never forgotten. On every corn-field (this being the German name) he still thinks he sees the glitter of a maternal tear. Hence his fondness for them. Still it is not the flower alone he loves; he has also a great partiality for its color. A peculiar construction of the Emperor's eyes causes this particular shade of blue to strike it more pleasingly than any other, to such a degree, in fact, as to render him almost indifferent, nay, insensible, to all other colors. This is also the reason why he likes to surround himself with this his favorite shade, and the ladies of his court have long made it a point to appear on festive occasions in blue toilets, which not only produce an agreeable effect upon his sight, but also upon his mood, imparting to the latter that happy tinge of cheerfulness and amiability which have long become proverbial in his case.

ON THE CONGO.

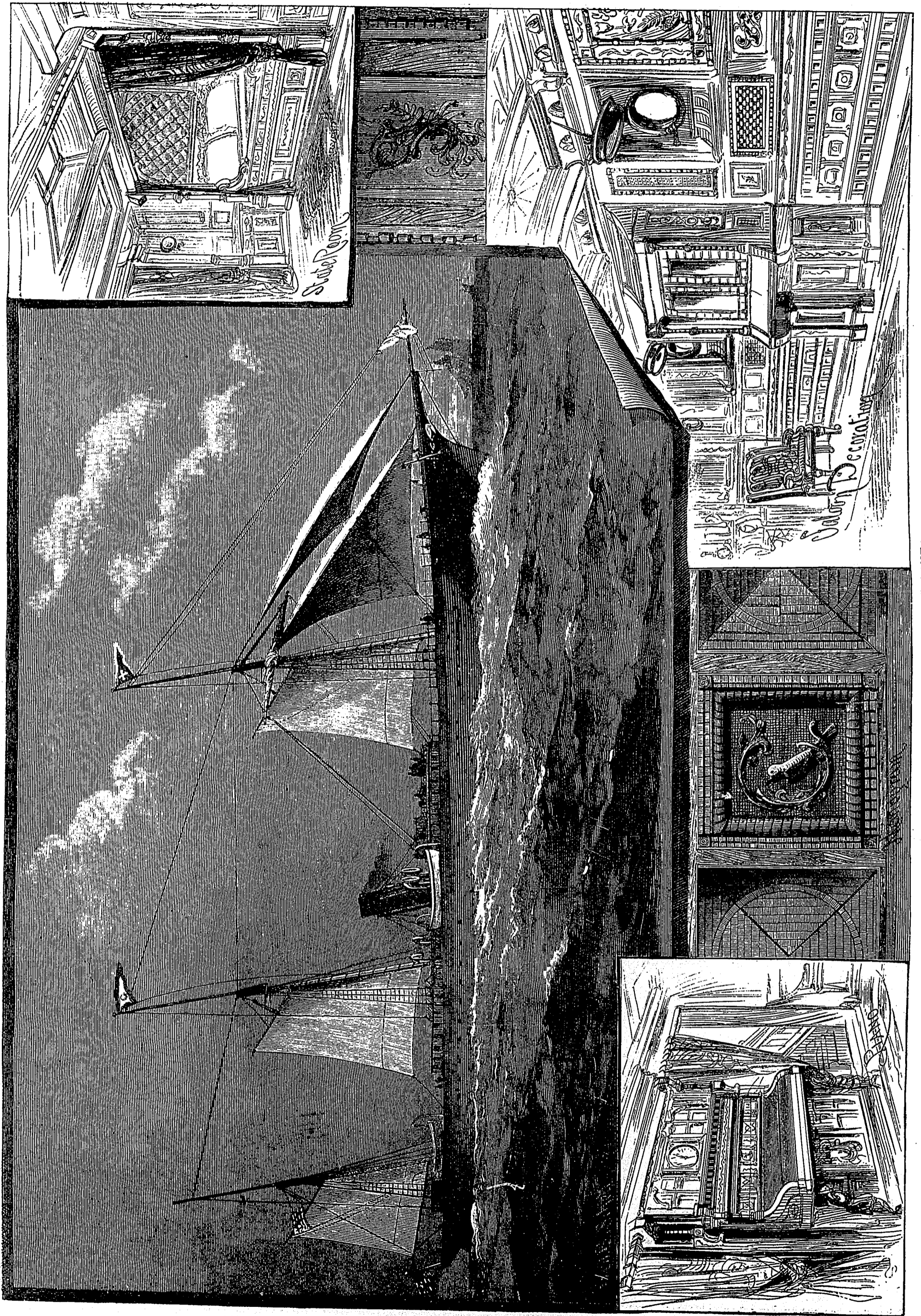
The "Pall Mall Gazette" says that the interests involved on the Congo are very considerable. The imports of English manufactures are said to amount to £600,000 per annum. Two British steam companies call regularly at the mouth of the river, and the gross exports and imports are stated to amount to £2,000,000 per annum. The Portuguese claim to have twenty-five or twenty-six of the forty-nine European factories established on the Congo, and nine-tenths of the foreign population is of Portuguese origin. But English traders deny that there is a single Portuguese merchant on the Congo, and say, with the exception of a few unimportant factories on the coast north of Ambriz, Portugal has no commercial interest in the territory. Some idea of the depth of the Congo may be gained from the fact that vessels of 5000 tons burden can anchor in the stream off Vivi, 120 miles from the sea. Above Isangila the cataracts form the first serious obstacle to communication with the interior. Mr. Stanley has made a road 100 miles long past the cataracts, across which he has transported to the Upper Congo three steamers in sections.

Two steamers, the Belgique and the Esperance, trade between Vivi and the mouth of the river, the Royal plies between Manganya and Isangila, while the En Avant was launched in Stanley Pool on Dec. 3, 1881. From Stanley Pool the En Avant can steam for 800 miles into the very heart of Africa. Mr. Stanley, who left this country last December, is now on his way to the Upper Congo at the head of 300 well-armed negroes from Zanzibar. The Baptist Missionary Society has eleven missionaries, four stations and one steamboat on the river. In August, 1877, Mr. Stanley concluded his long march of 6900 miles from the east to the western coast of Africa, and arrived at the mouth of the Congo with the discovery, made at a cost of three white men and more than 250 natives of his escort, that the river Congo, or, as he called it, the Livingstone, was the most magnificent waterway in Africa, draining a watershed of 860,000 square miles, and opening a highway for European commerce to the whole of the Equatorial region of an almost unknown continent.

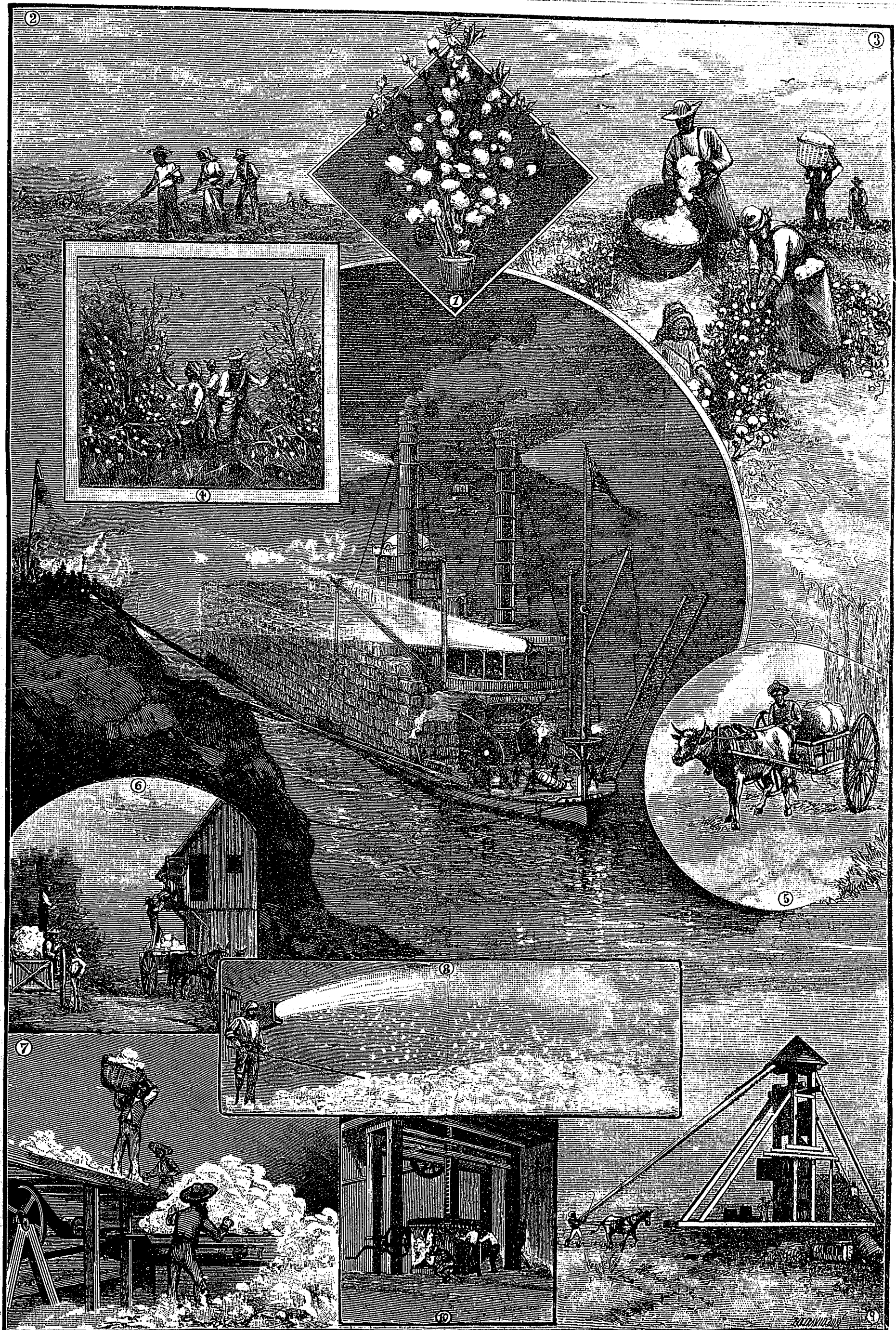
Why are French ladies, Parisians especially, so reluctant to appear on horseback? Because they have not the moral courage to act in opposition to an old-established conventionality. Although the attempt to do so is very gradually gaining ground, it has not yet advanced so far that a lady can mount or dismount at her door in the quarter of the Champs Elysées without being curiously scrutinized by the little crowd who have stopped on their way to witness the performance. A similar prejudice makes it improper for girls from their schooldays up to the age when they can no longer be strictly called girls—say thirty—to be seen in the streets, even two or three together, unaccompanied either by their parents, a married sister, a governess or a servant. They may be as serious as sisters of mercy, as ugly as—no, we don't mean that—as guileless as babies, they may not have entered their teens, or they may have passed them by half a dozen years, still it is not comme il faut for them to go the length of a street alone. The inconvenience of always finding some one to accompany them is not taken into consideration. The absurdity of a girl who is of an age to take care of herself in other respects not being held capable of preserving her personal dignity is lost sight of. Appearances forbid it. French society, it may be argued, is peculiar. And then, ces messieurs—well, then, the sooner ces messieurs can decide to put their eyes in their pockets when modestly conducted young ladies wish to go for a walk, or on errands for their parents, the better.

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in health from any cause, especially from the use of any of the thousand nostrums that promise so largely, with long fictitious testimonials, have no fear. Resort to Hop Bitters at once, and in a short time you will have the most robust and blooming health.



JAY GOULD'S NEW YACHT, THE ATALANTA.



1. The Plant. 2. Hoeing young Cotton. 3 and 4. Picking. 5. Just one Bale. 6. Acadian Planters bringing Cotton to the Gin. 7. Ginning. 8. After Ginning. 9. Old-fashioned Press. 10. Baling. Centre. Loading Cotton Steamer.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

JESSE AND COLIN.

A Vicar died and left his daughter poor—
It hurt her not, she was not rich before:
Her humble share of worldly goods she sold,

You came a stranger: to my words attend,
Accept my offer, and you find a friend:
It is a labyrinth in which you stray,

"Ungrateful creature!" said the Lady, "this
Could I imagine?—are you frantic, Miss?
What I leave your friend, your prospects—ie it
true?"

will commence again, and as the sun declines
will sing him to the horizon, and then again sing
till nearly dusk. The yellowhammer is almost
the longest of all the singers; he sits and sits

VARIETIES.

THE school of the nobles in Tokio, Japan, has
in the court behind the school building, a
physical map of that country between three and
four hundred feet long.

ENGLISH SONG-BIRDS.

The song-talk of the finches rises and sinks
like the tinkle of a waterfall. The greenfinches
have been by me all the time. A bullfinch
pipes now and then further up the hedge where

AN instance of the irony of history is furnish-
ed by the fact of pianos being made at the pre-
sent moment from oak timber more than two
thousand years old, recently taken from the
bottom of the Rhine, near Mayence, being evi-
dently the remains of the bridge built by Drusus,

GRACE DARLING'S BOAT.

IN THE FISHERIES' EXHIBITION.

It stands—amid a myriad objects strange,
Marks of a fisher's life;
A loving sight, to glorify the range
Of sea-born joy and strife!

It speaks—above the tumult of the hour,
Stronger than thought or speech—
This memory of self-devotion's power,
Further than sound can reach!

To brave the perils of the heartless deep,
When every wave meant death,
With woman's earnestness to save and keep
Alive each struggling breath!

To fight the pitiless seas and wrest the prize
Of human lives in victory,
This Heaven-gift boat recalls to happy eyes
A soul's nobility!

The pride of race, the boast of dauntless deeds,
Must pale beneath her fame,
Eternal as the ocean's breath—so speeds
The memory of her name.

To raise our thoughts from grovelling desires,
To keep us staunch and brave,
To wake the nobler impulse that inspires
Self-sacrifice to save!

To touch our lives with that far tenderness
That reaches everywhere:
Until the deeds which human kind may bless,
We almost seem to share.

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

THOMAS CRANE'S OATH.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

Thomas Crane counted the strokes as they were given by the tall old clock in the hall, and rose regretfully. "Twelve, and I must go," he said, which to Harry Fenton meant that his friend would stand up and talk for an hour in exactly the same way in which he had talked for six hours' sitting, that he would talk for a half hour longer in the hall, finish with fifteen minutes outside the door, and that at fifteen minutes before two o'clock in the morning—with a chance of not more than five minutes' error either way—it would be possible to go to bed. Thomas Crane had the reputation of being sure; he was certainly slow.

One could scarcely blame Thomas Crane for his slowness at this time. The room in which he and Fenton had spent the long evening was the ideal of comfort. Some rooms are furnished to please those who may happen to see them from time to time, and are elegant; some are furnished because rooms are necessary, and are commonplace; some are furnished to please the one who spends his time in them, and are comfortable and homelike. Harry Fenton's study was of the latter kind. Every chair and table, every paper and book seemed to have something of Fenton's individuality, and to his friend could but be attractive. The night outside was equally unattractive. The icy wind was piling the snow into long hard drifts in the darkness. The contrast was not a pleasant one to one who must soon face the storm.

On the table nearest the fireplace were the books the friends had been using from time to time in their discussion; curious works on the strangest features in mental science; collections of instances which have never been explained, and perhaps never will be; books on the brain and nerves. These two old college chums never failed to meet once a week in the young lawyer's study to spend an evening in their favorite way.

Standing near the open fire, Thomas Crane said: "I must maintain that there is not merely a possible, but a probable, connection between any two persons you may name. Trace back your life, and somewhere it crosses the life of the beggar you pass in the street. But for me, the man who makes my clothes and the woman who cooks my food would have different lives from what they do. You grant it? Well, then, trace it on, and what happens? But for them, what? I tell you, Fenton, your life and mine ways that of human beings beyond the seas." What grew out of this took place about the hour which Fenton had felt from experience would be spent standing in the cheerful firelight.

In the hall the conversation had drifted to another phase of the fascinating subject, and as Crane took down his overcoat he was saying: "Of course, there is such a thing as indirect, unintentional responsibility. The man who does a good deed may rob some one behind him of deserved praise when he allows the deed to be counted to his own credit; and the man whose life set in motion the train of events which resulted in the good may never even dream of it. And, on the other hand, we meet men every day who are really responsible for the crimes for which other men endure punishment. Not knowingly, not purposely, not with malice, but, in truth, responsible for all that." From this the discussion went on for a half-hour or more, and then Crane opened the door to go. The bitter cold rushed in a fierce blast, as he said in answer to his friend's last remark: "An oath should be sacred. I can conceive of no circumstances which would warrant its being broken."

"Well," said Fenton, "I think we have pretty completely covered the whole ground tonight. You have brought up the theories of a connection between all human beings, and of a far-fetched kind of responsibility in which I don't believe, and I will take pleasure in a conflict with you on these points next week. And now, do you know it's confounded cold? I am half inclined to drive you away, old friend; can you deduce anything mathematical or psychological from that?"

"Both," said Crane, "two straight lines intersect in only one point. Five minutes might make a man too late for the inevitable. I certainly ought not to be too early for my fate." And with these laughing words on his lips he indeed went straight to his fate.

Crossing the little park which seemed doubly desolate from night and storm, as though to balance its Summer beauty, there was a sudden cry a little ahead. A quarter minute two men seemed engaged in a terrible struggle, but before he could reach them one had rushed away among the trees, and the other had fallen to the earth. Crane's first impulse was to follow the runaway; his second, and the one he acted upon, was to assist the other. Crane had studied medicine before his father had prevailed upon him to be a banker, so as to perpetuate the business in which the family had grown rich for three generations. It scarcely needed more than the glimpse he could get of the wounded man's face in the darkness and the sound of his falling voice to prove to him that all that the poor fellow had to say must be said at once. The knife in the other man's hand done its work only too well.

"How long will I live?" said the stranger, in a wonderfully calm and even voice. There was perfect sincerity in the tones he used; he evidently felt that "Will I live?" would have been a wasted question.

Crane answered with equal frankness: "Not five minutes!"

"Are you rich?" in a weaker tone.

"Yes."

"Charitable?"

Thomas Crane felt a doubt, but he said "Yes" again.

"Will you give a stranger—a dying stranger—a year of your time?"

"Will I give—" began Crane.

"Listen," with sudden energy. "I hadn't an enemy in the world. I am dying by the hand of a murderer. Will you give me one year to find the man who is responsible for this? And will you make it cost him his life?"

Crane hesitated, but looked into the eyes turned towards his face and said "Yes" again.

"Swear it!"

A longer pause, and then Crane said, solemnly: "I do swear it!"

A wilder blast swept across the park, and when it had past, Crane was looking down on the dead face of the man whose path had crossed his that fearful night, and to whom he had pledged a year of his life.

II.

Thomas Crane testified at the inquest to the conflict he had seen, and to being with the man at his death. To his father and to Harry Fenton only did he tell of the fearful oath he had taken in the tempest of that January night. Both grieved that he had taken it, but neither said one word to induce him to break it.

"My legal knowledge is at your command," said Harry Fenton.

"My fortune is at your command," said his father.

Long before noon the dead man's relatives had come to claim him—his widowed mother and his sister; but they had nothing to tell which would throw any light on the murder. Charlie Jackson had spoken the truth when he said he had not an enemy in the world. He had no great amount of money. It was a most terrible mystery.

The next day Thomas Crane began his search. Search around the scene of the murder was rewarded by finding the knife with which the deed was done. The police had failed to find it. Crane found it himself.

Days followed in which he carefully examined the stock of cutlery in one store after another in his search for knives like it. He found its mate at last in a little variety store far out in the suburbs, the only one like it which he had seen for sale in the whole city. He bought it, treated the man who sold it to a glass of beer, praised the little child who came into the store from the dwelling behind it, and so won upon the man that he learned where the other two knives from the quarter dozen he had had, had gone when sold.

He took the likeliest case first.

A fellow who had been indicted for manslaughter once, and who was popularly believed to have escaped by false swearing, was followed first. Whatever he had been doing, he was evidently covering up his tracks. But when found at last, late in March, a thousand miles away from where Crane had commenced to follow him, he was sitting in a bar-room whittling a shingle with the mate of the knife which had killed Jackson, and two months of hard work had come to nothing. Crane was disgusted, not disheartened.

The next day he was on his way back to begin again.

The other man was an express messenger. An honest, hardworking, straightforward man, it seemed almost a mockery to follow him. Crane took another step forward in regard to the

knives themselves before he began. He went to the manufacturers, and from them to the wholesale dealers, telling them just enough of his purpose to secure their aid, and traced the knives from the place where they were made.

In towns not far away knives like these had been bought and sold again, but only the three he had already known of had ever been sent to the city in which the murder took place.

There was nothing left to do but to follow the express messenger. Crane began his work. He had seen the man once or twice, and so knew him by sight. He found him one morning in his neat yard at home. He was cutting limbs from the trees next the walk; and, to Crane's disappointment the knife he used was not the mate of the one which had killed young Jackson.

Thomas Crane went that afternoon to see the Jacksons. They had known for some time that he was following up the case, and he had been to see them several times. He told them what he had done, and what he had found out; but he did not tell them yet why he was following the murderer. It was beginning to be a ghastly piece of business in his estimation, yet he scarcely dared hope for so welcome a thing as failure. Think of it! A man bending all his energies to one dread end, and hoping that the ghastly necessity of being the avenger of a murder may pass by him. How the man longed for January again, that beautiful April morning. If he could only fall sick; but his oath kept him from exposure; the year of his life was to be given in honesty, even though unwillingly.

In the evening Crane called on Harry Fenton.

"I'd give anything for a look at the inside of that man's house," said he, in conclusion.

"Well," said Fenton, "the case is a strong one already. If the express messenger is guilty, he could never be convicted and hung on what we know now. But with proof that you have given your time for months to following up this case, it would be the easiest thing to clear you if caught and arraigned as a housebreaker. If you want to examine the inside of that man's house, break in some night when there is no one at home."

"You, a lawyer, my friend, advise this?"

"Under the circumstances, yes."

III.

The next day the express messenger's wife was sick, the day after better, the day after that worse, and so on for weeks. Thomas Crane watched the premises, nights, for a chance to become a burglar, and spent a large part of every day at the Jacksons' homestead.

It happened as might have been expected. Lizzie Jackson became the wife of Thomas Crane, after an engagement of one short month, late in December. He told her of his fearful oath before the marriage. She was shocked, even though her husband was following the murderer of her brother.

"It isn't long now, barely a fortnight; and you may put what evidence you have in the hands of the authorities and be free yourself, then. Be brave and true only a little longer," she said.

And Thomas Crane answered, "I will."

That night the evening paper contained the following item:

"We are glad to be able to announce that Mrs. John Land is able to travel. The doctors have informed her, however, that a change of climate is absolutely necessary. Mr. and Mrs. Land left for Florida this morning with their two little ones. Mr. Land will return in a few days."

Thomas Crane laid down the paper, kissed his bride, and said, sadly:

"Duty first, you know. I must break into John Land's house to-night."

An hour later Crane was inside the express messenger's house. His heart ached as he looked around him. Privation and sacrifice everywhere. Little devices to make discomfort more comfortable, of the possibility of which the rich man who was looking it over had never dreamed. Thomas Crane was ashamed of his suspicions. He half turned to go, but a vivid memory of the dead eyes of a man looking into his nerved him to do what he felt was mean and treacherous. "I swore it," he said, and he remained.

The desk in which John Land kept his papers was easy to find and easy to open. Bundles of letters were cast aside, old account-books were not opened. Presently a neat bundle was found. The first paper was "The Last Will and Testament of John Land." The next was an envelope, closely sealed, and addressed to the lawyer who had written the will. It was indorsed "To be opened only at my death." But Thomas Crane opened it. Inside was another envelope indorsed, "To be opened only when some person shall have been indicted for the murder of Charles Jackson, January 7th, 1881." Crane opened that also. It was a long and circumstantial account of the murder and all facts connected with it.

Mrs. Land's brother was a desolate fellow, who was a disgrace to the whole family. He had been with Land the whole of the day before the murder. A package, said to contain five thousand dollars, had been found at night to contain only one thousand dollars. The express authorities did not suspect Land, but they did suspect his brother-in-law. They boldly claimed that he had changed packages, having had access to the envelopes in which money was sent. They offered to retain Land in spite of

his carelessness, if he would get the money back. The bank to which the money was sent agreed with the express managers. The whole matter should be hushed up on the return of the money. He returned home to find that his wife's brother had gone away, no one knew where. He must have the money, or must face disgrace and dishonor. He had seen a gentleman in draw five thousand dollars from the bank while he was there. He resolved to get it. The man was a gambler, usually a successful one, and would go home late at night. Land resolved to watch for him. He told those who had given him time that he would find his brother-in-law during the night, secure the money, and get him to leave town. He mistook Charles Jackson for the man with the money, and was being overpowered by him when he managed to get his knife and escape by killing him. A half-hour later he robbed the half-drunken gambler without difficulty. The robbery, reported the next day, sunk into insignificance beside the murder, and had scarcely been heard of outside of police circles. The five thousand dollars which Land presented at the bank next morning was expected there; Land believed his wife's brother was suffering no injustice in being supposed to have given it up under threat, and so he said he had. Land closed with a solemn protestation that the "man who had changed the money package was alone responsible for the murder."

And Thomas Crane shook his head and said: "I believe he is right, and I shall try to find that man." But he had the following message sent to the city, through which the passengers for Florida would pass the next morning, for all that:

"Arrest John Land for the murder of Charles Jackson, in this city, on January 7th, 1881. Full and complete proofs of the crime are secured."

At home—that is at Mrs. Jackson's—he found a letter from his father. He laid it unopened upon the table while he bade his wife and her mother good-night. "I shall sit up in the parlor to wait for answers to my messages," he said, after he had explained all, "and will come up later."

In the morning when Mrs. Jackson and her daughter came down-stairs, the little table in the hall was seen to have been moved to the very foot of the stairs. On it lay the letter which Crane had received from his father, open now. They stood together and read it:

"Come down and help us straighten out a queer mistake, for which you are responsible. On January 7th, 1881, after I had left the bank, you transacted two items of business, as shown by the books. One was the putting away of a package said to contain \$1,000. The other was sending to the — Bank a package containing \$5,000. The express company have done so much business with us that they might not inquire closely, but why the bank never made trouble I don't understand. But, in a nutshell, the package here was opened to-day and contains \$5,000, and as \$6,000 left our balance all right, only \$1,000 went to the — Bank. Come and help us fix it all right, as you are responsible for it."

They dropped the letter. The bride of a day glanced at her mother, and her mother back again to her. There was nothing of hope in either white face for the other. Both looked towards the parlor-door and shuddered. The utter desolation of despair in their new loss was chilling their hearts. There was no need to open the room to know the horrible thing it held for them.

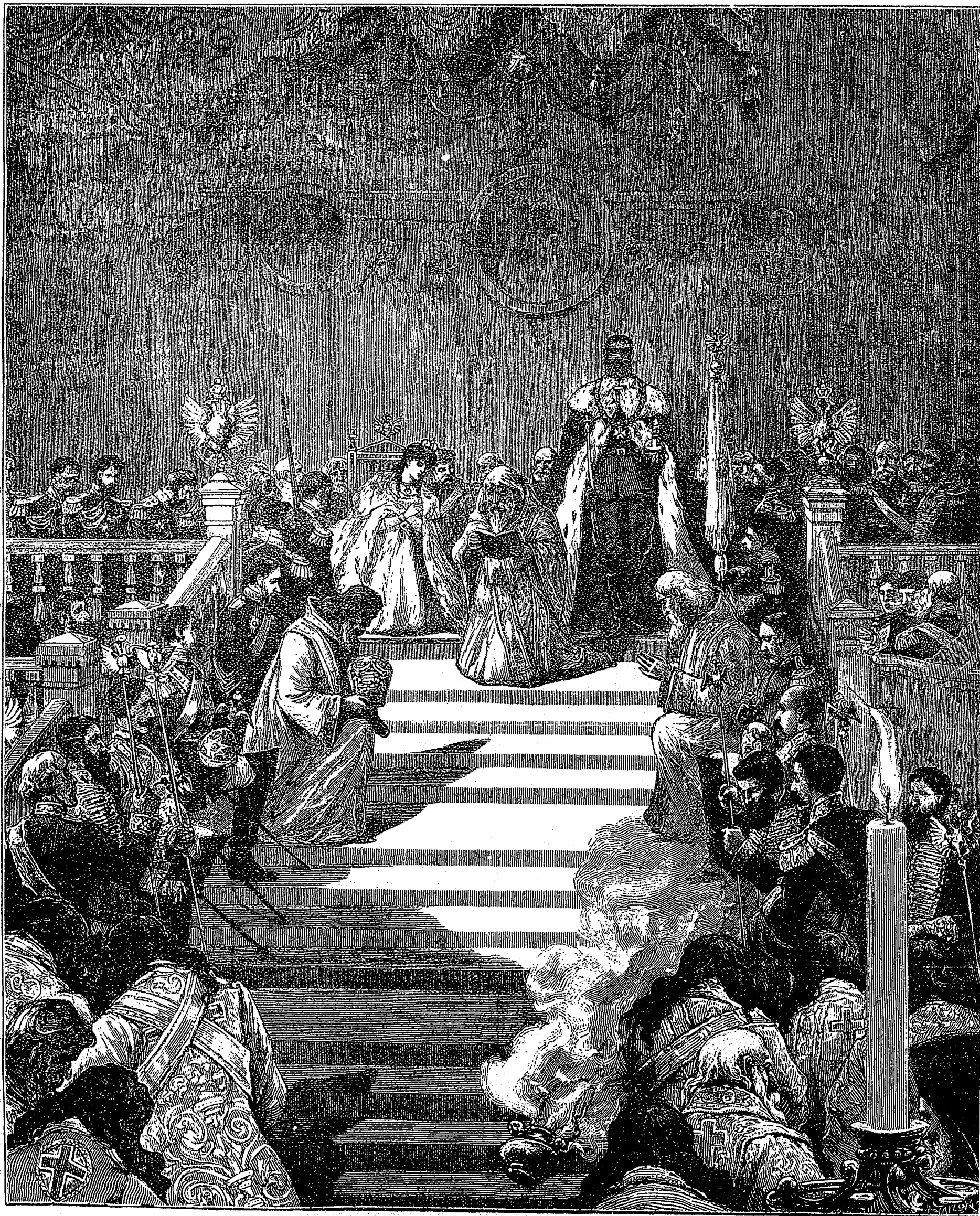
The chain was complete. Thomas Crane was responsible; they knew he had kept his oath.

MISCELLANY.

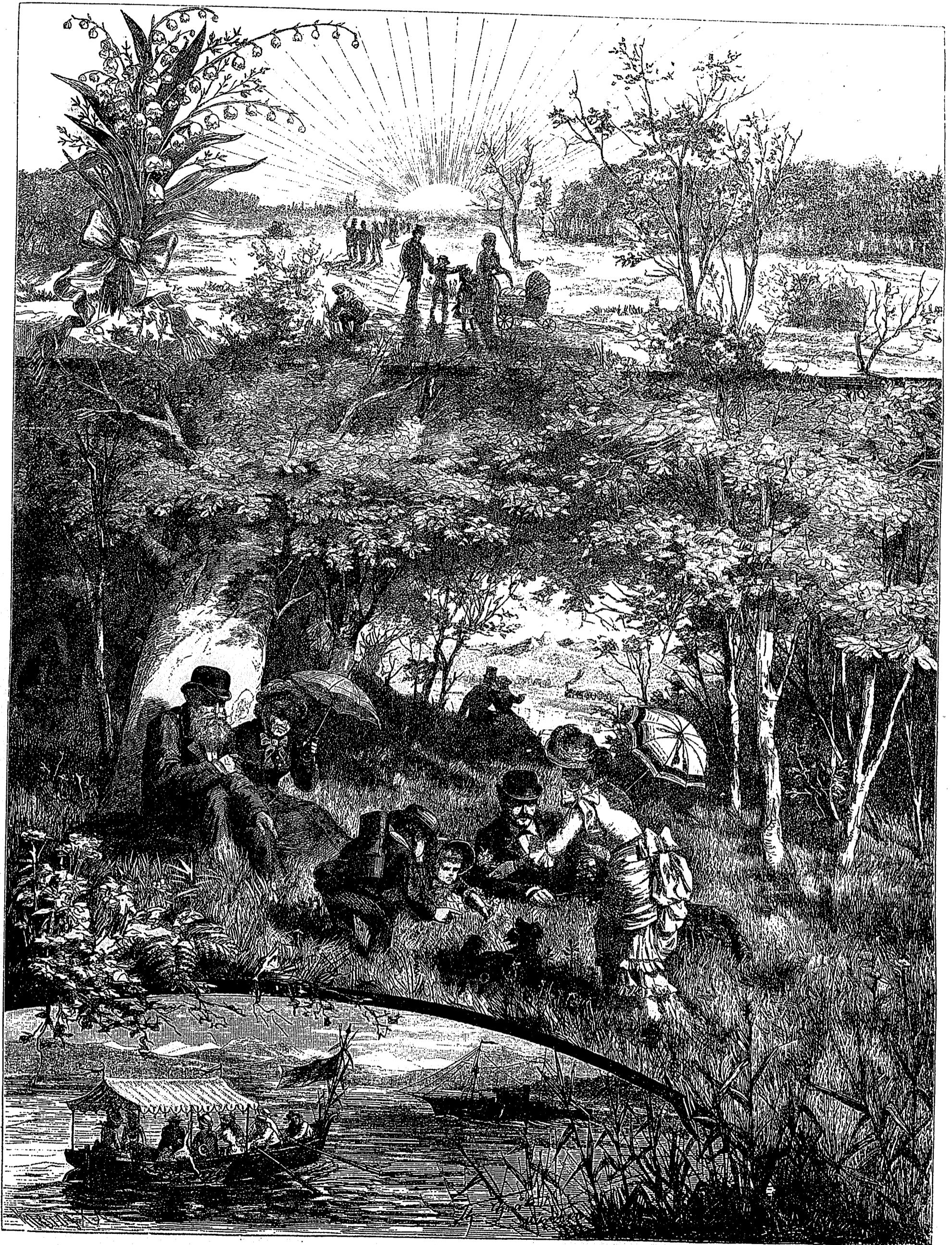
A REMARKABLE book made and decorated by Miss Alexander, daughter of a portrait painter well known in Boston years ago, has been bought by Ruskin for his Sheffield museum at the price of three thousand dollars. It is a large quarto, and contains the folk lore of the Tuscan contadini. The text, music and pictures are done by Miss Alexander in pen and ink. The verses are framed or separated by exquisite drawings of the beautiful mountain plants indigenous to the region. Miss Alexander was four years in making the book.

FROM the first of next August Great Britain and Ireland will enjoy the benefits of an "inland parcel post." The government not only takes the precaution of limiting the weight of packages—seven pounds—but also the size, forbidding the transfer, by this method, of any having a combined length and girth of more than six feet. Postage for parcels weighing less than one pound will be three-pence. Over one and less than three pounds, six-pence. Between three and five pounds, nine-pence. Over five pounds, one shilling.

QUEEN VICTORIA attained her sixty-fourth birthday on the twenty-fourth of May, an age which has been exceeded by only eleven of the sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman conquest. On the twentieth of June her Majesty will have reigned over the United Kingdom for forty-six years, a length of reign which has been exceeded by three of the Kings of England only—viz., Henry VII., whose reign extended to fifty-six years; Edward III., whose reign lasted fifty-six years; and George III., whose reign extended to the long period of nearly sixty years. The queen has now been a widow for nearly twenty-two years, the Prince Consort having died on December 14, 1861.



THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—PRAYER FOR THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.



SUMMER RECREATION.

A RAINY EVENING.

The twilight shadows darkling fall:
Oh, memories dear! against thy thrall
My heart strives all in vain.
Yet wherefore strive against my mood?
I cannot silence, if I would,
The softly falling rain.

At such an hour, on such an eve,
Bright hopes, that yet I only grieve,
Sprang up, to fade and wane.
Ah, never more, hand clasped in hand,
Shall we within the doorway stand,
And watch the falling rain.

Yet still the sweetness of that hour
Returns, with all its wonted power
Of mingled joy and pain.
When, dropping down from the window-eaves,
Or gently falling on the leaves,
I hear the summer rain.

Oh, cruel memory! thus to bring
That glad, brief hour, with bitter sting,
Back to my heart again;
Those parting words of fond regret:
With glad pretext, love lingering yet,
Unmindful of the rain.

Ah! brief, indeed, poor aching heart,
The joy those fickle hopes impart:
Grief follows in their train.
Nay, nay, my heart; take upward wing,
Oh, cruel memory! thy sting
Shall vanish with the rain.

Though sadder seem the songs I trill;
Yet sorrow, with its plaintive thrill,
Adds sweetness to the strain;
As fragrant perfumes softly flow
From hawthorn blossoms bending low,
Beat down by wind and rain.

LOUIS VII. OF FRANCE.

Kings and queens, though they stand, as it were, upon a pedestal which renders both their faults and their virtues conspicuous, are not always remarkable people in themselves, and yet as links in the chain of history each one must possess a certain kind of importance.

Louis VII. of France, as a private individual, would in all probability have been one of those very ordinary men whose lives are moulded by their circumstances. Even as a king, he, perhaps, figures most largely as the unfortunate husband of Eleanor of Aquitaine, and his whole life seems but a sad illustration of the evils that may—may result from ill-assorted unions among the highest as well as the lowest, and the prolonged woes which are often brought upon a nation by the domestic disturbances of royalty; for many of the wars and jealousies between England and France in after years may be clearly traced to this period and cause.

France was not in those days as we see it now on the maps, nor as it had been in the days of Charlemagne, but only a small half of it, and out of that came several large independent provinces. Nor was this all. Even the part called the kingdom of France was subverted by petty princes scarcely less powerful than the sovereign himself, the management and control of whom required a vast amount of wisdom and discretion. The father of our present sketch is most highly spoken of as possessing these useful qualities. He was called at that time Louis the "Wide Awake," and had been brought up in the monastery of St. Denis where he had for his fellow-student the learned Suger, his own and his son's life-long counsellor. This monarch did not direct to a distance from home his ambition and his efforts; "it was within his own dominions, to check the violence of the strong against the weak, to put a stop to the quarrels of the strong amongst themselves, to make an end, in France at least, of unrighteousness and devastation, and to establish there some sort of order and justice, that he displayed his energy and perseverance."

Such was the father of Louis VII., and we can easily imagine the tender, anxious care he would bestow upon the son who was to succeed him on the throne. How little he dreamed that one of the last acts of his life would be the cause of that son's greatest misery and misfortune.

Louis le Jeune was one day summoned into his father's private audience hall, some ambassadors from the Duke of Aquitaine having just departed. He was surprised to find the old gentleman in a most jocular humor. After a cordial paternal greeting, he bade him sit beside him and hear the good news in store for him and France. "Knowest thou, fair son, the goodly domain of Aquitaine? What thinkest thou of adding it to thine own possessions by no greater sacrifice than accepting a lovely young bride?"

A startled look of surprise passed over the young man's face. Among royal personages whose marriages are almost governed in great measure if not entirely by policy, it must ever be a dreaded subject.

"Duke William has wisdom worthy of his years," the king continued. "He would fain, he says, before his death bestow the hand of his granddaughter and heiress on one worthy of her, and thou wilt, as her husband, unite once more under one head, poor dismembered France."

"But Father," the prince questioned with slow uncertainty, "will they submit to a foreign ruler even though he be husband to their lady?"

The king gazed steadily into his son's eyes for a moment and turned away with a shade of disappointment. Not much of his own self-reliant, determined spirit he saw there; would he indeed be able to win and hold the rich acquisition? If such a golden opportunity had but come a

generation sooner, but—Louis was a dutiful son and a most devout Christian; when he himself no longer lived, the boy must depend on the help of the Lord and the faithful Suger. Thinking thus the father answered slowly, "The Barons of Aquitaine agree to the marriage on condition that the consent of the princess be obtained, and now it rests with you to win the maiden who brings so pleasant a dower."

"And suppose she please me not," quoth the prince still doubtfully, "must I needs wed her nevertheless, for the good of France?"

"What more canst thou ask, man?" demanded the sire a little impatiently; "they say there is none more beautiful in all the realm than this same southern-born maid. However, we will take counsel with Suger; he may be able to settle thy doubtful mind. But know, when thou art ready to go and bring back thy bride, thou shalt command the best of my kingdom for thy retinue."

Louis might truly have said, "the half was not told me," when he stood in presence of the lady of Aquitaine. Under the severe rule of St. Bernard, and the rigid tutorship of Suger, the young prince had grown up in the palace as in a convent, turning away with a monk's asceticism from the very thought of woman. But few proved callous to the charms of Eleanor of Aquitaine, when she chose to exert them. Young in years, scarce fifteen, but marvelously beautiful, and with that almost magical gift of fascination that gave her such power all through life, no wonder the young Louis showed no further reluctance in carrying out his father's wishes.

And what of Eleanor? With the hot southern blood in her veins, born and raised in the land of the troubadours, idolized by her gay pleasure-loving people, was she too, satisfied with the husband chosen for her? Was there any thing in the simply attired, self-repressed, grave looking young man to attract the poetic fancy of the maiden? Or, had ambition already begun to stir her young heart? Was it simple acquiescence, because nothing more desirable presented itself at the moment; or was it the desire to be queen of all fair France that induced her to profess herself pleased with the interview? Who can tell! Suffer the future to be still a sealed book, and let the old grandfather, Duke William of Aquitaine, and the brave, discreet king of France die in peace, hugging to their patriotic souls the bright dream—France is one, no more strife and division, the glory of Charlemagne has dawned again.

The father of the young prince kept his promise, and a brilliant embassy, composed of more than five hundred lords and noble knights, with the king's own intimate adviser, Suger, at their head, accompanied him to Aquitaine, where the ceremony was to take place. At the moment of departure his father gave him his blessing, little recking he would see his face no more. "May the strong hand of God Almighty, by whom kings reign, protect thee, my dear son, both thee and thine." And so young Louis went on his way to meet his fate.

The rejoicing of the marriage-feasts, the ducal crowning of the youthful bridegroom with all its attendant gayeties, in that land where every thing was made the master of pleasure, and above all, the irresistible effect of intercourse with his gay, pleasure-loving bride, had well nigh made a different man of Louis. When, on the way back to his own capital, he met at Poitiers the messenger who brought him the dying words of his now deceased sire: "Tell him," he said, "to remember that royalty is a public trust, for the exercise of which a rigorous account will be exacted by Him who has the sole disposal of crowns and scepters."

On the morbidly conscientious mind of Louis VII., these words made a deep impression. His young queen could not again tempt him into the gay frivolities she so dearly loved, and he returned to his palace steadily purposed to carry out all his father's good works, and to maintain the strict regime which that monarch had established at court. Of the year that followed in their wedded life we know but little. We can easily imagine that Eleanor sorely fretted against the enforced dullness and irksome severity of her palace home, and it may be, Louis did not show the forbearance he should to her so different temperament. At any rate, we know she must gladly have welcomed the time of her yearly visits to her hereditary domains. There, among her own people, she could be her natural self, and accept the homage all were ready to give. From all accounts, Louis really gave her his young heart's first affection, and though he would not, to please her, relax one iota in the austerity by which he regulated his own life, some historians attribute to her influence his disagreement with the Pope in 1142, and the war with Theobald II, Count of Champagne. This war resulted in the siege and burning of Vitry, and led to more far-reaching consequences than any anticipated, for the fire unfortunately reaching the church, it was entirely consumed, with thirteen hundred men, women, and children who had taken refuge there.

For this accident King Louis felt a most lively sorrow and sincere repentance. Yet all his penances appeared to bring no comfort to his soul, and his longing desire to find something to do, whereby he might expiate his sin and make his peace with Heaven, prepared him for the second Crusade, which soon after began to be preached in France and Germany.

"You will come with me and hear the Abbot of Clairvaux to-day, will you not?" Louis said to the Queen, looking at her with an anxious,

deprecating expression. He could not but know she had small love for these things, but she generally complied with his openly expressed wishes. So she sat beside him when the reverend St. Bernard took his place to address the assembled grandees and people. A careless listener she promised to be, but none could remain careless under this most eloquent man of his time. Scarcely conscious of her fixed attention, her mind took fire from his burning zeal, and suddenly possessed with the romantic idea of a female crusader, to the surprise of all, she knelt beside the king while St. Bernard bestowed on each the sacred cross.

It was an evil hour for France and for Louis when he and Eleanor listened to the irresistible eloquence of St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux. He must have felt this himself when his honest friend, Suger, so strongly opposed his going. Not that the abbot did not believe, as every body did in those days, that the holy war was a needful and meritorious work, but he felt that the king was needed at home, while some one else might lead the crusading army. And Louis must have felt still more apprehensive when he saw to what lengths the queen's intemperate zeal was leading her, appearing in public with the ladies of her court all attired in Amazonian costume.

But every thing gave way before the resistless fervor of a new crusade, and they started on the expedition, leaving Suger in charge of the government.

It is needless to follow them through their various adventures. Although apparently planned with the greatest deliberation and judgment, and though there was no lack of bravery in leaders or soldiers, the crusade was an utter failure. The fair Eleanor and her bevy of Amazons, were no doubt responsible in part for Louis's share of it, as they were a continual hindrance, with their inconvenient abundance of baggage, their need of protection and care, and their willful fancies, and Louis was not one of those indomitable men who sweep all difficulties out of the way, and carry their point in spite of obstacles. One incident may serve as illustrative. At one point of their journey, as night approached, Louis sent forward the queen and her ladies escorted by his choicest troops, to select a camping ground for the night, bidding them be careful to choose the high positions above the valley. The king not finding them where he expected, was thrown into the greatest consternation and immediately started with the rest of the army in search of the missing party. Marching hither and thither, they were attacked by swarms of Arabs, lost all their baggage and provisions and seven thousand lives, only escaping with his own by almost incredible feats of bravery, and all because Eleanor, instead of obeying his injunctions, had insisted upon halting in a lovely romantic valley. At any rate, they were not thereafter so much encumbered with baggage, but all these disasters which she had brought upon her husband do not seem, very greatly, to have disturbed Queen Eleanor. Her frivolities reached a climax at Antioch, where her unseemly conduct exasperated the king beyond endurance. "She was," says William of Tyre, "a very inconsiderate woman, caring little for royal dignity or conjugal fidelity; she took great pleasure in the court of Antioch, where she also conferred much pleasure, even upon Musselmans, and when the king, her husband, spoke to her of her approaching departure, she emphatically refused to go."

There is scarcely a doubt that her handsome uncle, Raymond of Poitiers, at that time Prince of Antioch, encouraged her in this rebellion for selfish purposes. He wanted the assistance of Louis in some of his own ambitious designs before he proceeded on his way, and when persuasion failed, tried this method of detaining him. Great, indeed, was the surprise of the imperious beauty, when her irate lord took the matter in his own hand. Hurrying her out of Antioch one night "with slight leave-taking," he decamped for Jerusalem, the goal of all his hopes, whence he had received most urgent messages.

From that time, all affection seems to have been at an end between the royal pair. As the chronicler says, "They both hid their wrath as much as possible, but at heart they had ever this outrage." Eleanor was burning with indignation at her husband's unworded severity, and it would appear never made any effort at reconciliation.

If it was true, as William of Nangis says, that Louis loved his beautiful queen "with an almost excessive love," we can better understand how he had no heart for any thing afterward. And though loth to return with so little accomplished for the holy land, he at length yielded to the earnest entreaties of Suger, and turned his face homeward.

Letters written by Louis during the absence from France, declare his intention of procuring a divorce immediately on his return, but he was probably deterred from it by those who coveted for France the queen's fair dower. And so they seem to have lived two or three years of dreary estrangement. The queen, although treated with all due honor, was kept in considerable personal restraint, and not allowed to visit her hereditary dominions. But when his jealousy was again aroused by her too evident partiality for Henry Plantagenet, no considerations of self-interest or country's weal could weigh with him. He accepted the plea of consanguinity suggested by herself, and almost at the very moment when Suger, the faithful friend and adviser lay dying, the marriage of Louis and

Eleanora of Aquitaine was annulled. Eleanora, in a very short time, married Henry of Normandy, afterward King of England, and transferred to him the rich provinces of her possession.

Louis himself married twice afterward, first Constance of Castile, and after her death, Alice, sister to the Earl of Champagne.

From this time we find but little to record in the life of Louis VII. Most of his after life was occupied with unprofitable wars, pacifications and wars again with Henry II of England.

No doubt King Louis deeply felt the death of Suger, and must have sadly missed his counsels always. His son, Philip Augustus, although only fifteen at the time of his father's death, had already been crowned and married, and early gave unmistakable evidence of a vigorous reign.

SOME OTHER FELLOW'S SISTER.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack, heartily, "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is that when I have Kit I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."

I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sister." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's skates as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. He keeps his engagements with Kate punctiliously; for instance, when Jack has Kate at a company, he takes her to supper, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him, and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion, or of being left to the tender mercies of any one who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder, when I see how nicely he treats her, that Kate declares she would rather have her brother Jack for an escort than almost any one else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport, and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does any thing for him, her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favorite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a tea-cup and saucer, or embroider him a hat band, he is as delighted as possible.

He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favorite violet perfume. Best of all, he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly, that they wish their sisters were as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action toward their sisters that Jack does toward his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness and courtesy and consideration, that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.

HOME ITEMS.

—All your own fault
If you remain sick when you can
Get hop bitters that never—Fail.

The weakest woman, smallest child, and sickest invalid can use hop bitters with safety and great good.

—Old men tottering around from Rheumatism, kidney trouble or any weakness will be almost new by using hop bitters.

—My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of hop bitters and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman.

Ask your good doctor if hop
Bitters are not the best family medicine
On earth.

—Malarial fever, Ague and Biliousness, will leave every neighborhood as soon as hop bitters arrive.

"My mother drove the paralysis and neuralgia all out of her system with hop bitters."—*Ed. Osvego Sun.*

—Keep the kidneys healthy with hop bitters and you need not fear sickness.

—Ice water is rendered harmless and more refreshing and reviving with hop bitters in each draught.

—The vigor of youth for the aged and infirm in hop bitters.

FORWARD.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes, Linger not in the valley, bemoaning the day that is done, Climb the Eastern mountains and welcome the rosy skies— Never yet was the setting so fair as the rising sun!

Dear is the past; its treasures we hold in our hearts for aye: Woe to the hand that would scatter one wreath of its gathered flowers; But larger blessing and honor will come with the waking day— Hail, then, To-morrow, nor tarry with Yesterday's ghostly hours!

Mark how the Summers hasten through blossoming fields of June To the purple lanes of the vintage and levels of golden corn; "Splendors of life I lavish," runs Nature's mystical rune, "For myriads press to follow, and the rarest are yet unborn.

Think how eager the earth is, and every star that shines, To circle the grander spaces about God's throne that be: Never the least moon loiters nor the largest sun declines— Forward they roll forever those glorious depths to see.

Dreamer, waiting for darkness with sorrowful, drooping eyes, Summers and suns go gladly, and wherefore dost thou repine? Climb the hills of morning and welcome the rosy skies— The joy of the boundless future—nay, God himself is thine!

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

WINTER CHURCH GOING.

In the autobiograpy prefixed to the memoirs of John Adam Dix, the author describes the winter church-going of his boyhood in the little New Hampshire village where he was born:

The meeting-house was, like most others at that day, painted white, covered with shingles, full of windows, with plain, plastered walls inside; it was cold and dreary in its aspect within and without. It had no window-blinds; and as the sun moved round the building in summer the congregation moved about in their pews, to escape from his burning rays. The winters were awful; the thermometer often fell twenty or thirty degrees below zero. There was no fireplace or furnace, not even a stove. To this arctic temperature we were exposed two hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. The sermon was almost always an hour long; and the prayers and psalms, and reading of the Scriptures, occupied about the same time. In my whole life I have never suffered so much from cold. My mother always took a foot-stove with her, and it was more frequently under my feet than hers. In the sleigh on our way to meeting we were always comfortable, for we were enveloped in buffalo-skins. But we could not take them with us into the meeting-house. When the wind was high the cold was nearly insupportable. The widow-sashes vibrated and rattled in their loose frames, and the cold air poured upon us through numberless inlets. My feelings were anything but devotional; and I pray God to forgive me the many secret irreverences of which I was guilty. The preacher was a learned and a conscientious man; but I hated his long discourses (drawn out, as it seemed to me, with a malicious perverseness) when I was perishing with cold. The strangest speculation took possession of my mind.

I had read in some book in my father's library that certain holy men had voluntarily submitted to the severest inflictions. One, whose name does not occur to me, lived on the top of a column for a number of years, exposed to all the vicissitudes of the seasons. Supposing him to have lived in a good climate, I wondered whether he suffered as much as our preacher, holding forth by the hour in an atmosphere fifty degrees below freezing point. I wondered whether the latter, like the holy father, was acting on a principle of self-infliction, or whether he was punishing his congregation for their stubbornness in sin. If his motives were merely personal, then I wondered why he could not dismiss the congregation and perform the penance by himself, instead of making us the companions and the victims of his martyrdom. I could not help secretly wishing, on these wretched occasions, that he might freeze his feet, that his arm might become so benumbed with cold that he could not gesticulate, or that his tongue might cleave to the roof of his mouth. It was not that I had any malice against him in my heart, but because he was, by protracting his sermons so unreasonably, inflicting on me sufferings too great to be borne. I knew him better in after years, and became sincerely attached to him; and if he had not been ignorant of all that passed through my mind during those winter services, I would have confessed my uncharitableness and implored his forgiveness. But there never could have been any reconciliation between me and the meeting-house. I always detested it; I never looked upon it as the house of God. Town meetings and elections were held in it. I had seen it defiled with tobacco juice; I had seen it desecrated by fist-cuffing in the heat of political conflicts; I had heard its bare walls ring with tumultuous laughter, when some man, who had been prosperous in money making and assumed airs, was elected hog constable by acclamation. These scenes were too often uppermost in my thoughts when the sermon was in progress, and a devotional frame of mind was impossible.

FOOT NOTES.

THE ancient and eminently French ceremony of crowning the rosère was this year gone through with as usual at Nanterre, in France, on Whit-Sunday. The heroine of the occasion was Mlle. Marie Louise Deshayes, who, according to all the French journals, is "une blonde ravissante," nineteen years old, and a model not only of feminine virtue, but also of filial piety. She appears to be the sole support of her widowed mother; and it is therefore pleasing to know that this charming young woman has been rewarded not only with the crown of roses, but also with the accompanying dowry.

SEVERAL interesting discoveries are announced from Athens. The excavations at Eleusis, now being carried on by the Athenian Archaeological Society, have laid bare the whole of the floor of the great temple, and that part of it which was the scene of the mysteries has been recognized at the back of the temple, where the foundations of a kind of spiral labyrinth have been traced. At Athens two very curious archaic statues have been found at the foot of the Acropolis, and with them an arm of Parian marble. Veins of silver have been recently found on Mount Hymettus, which promise to yield enough to repay mining.

A HIGHLY interesting invention has been patented by engineer Alexis Köhl, of Copenhagen, consisting of a most ingenious apparatus for cypher-writing, especially adapted for diplomatic and military purposes. This apparatus, similar to Mallory's writing-globe, contains forty-one signs, with a corresponding number of tangents or keys, which the person using it strikes, thereby causing the letters or signs to appear on the periphery. The apparatus can be so arranged that two correspondents, after agreeing upon a given key-word, may communicate with each other in a text absolutely undecipherable to persons uninitiated. The inventor has given the name of cypherograph to his apparatus, the succession of letters in which is entirely arbitrary, and may be varied ad libitum. Two apparatuses, exactly alike, and once arranged according to agreement, will enable the respective possessors to cypher and decypher readily and with very little loss of time. Let electricity or the telephone get hold of this invention, and the last hour for bearers of despatches, special messengers, and orderlies will have struck.

THE editor of one of our exchanges has been overhauling some old newspapers. In one of them, the American Mercury, published by Elisha Babcock, of Hartford, dated Monday, May 10th, 1790, is a letter from Benjamin Franklin to Noah Webster, on the subject of our language. In it Mr. Franklin says: "During my absence in France, I find that several new words have been introduced in our Parliamentary language. For example, I find a verb formed from the substantive notice: 'I should not have noticed this, were it not,' etc. Also, another verb from the substantive advocate: 'The gentleman who advocates, or who has advocated that motion,' etc. Another from the substantive progress, the most awkward and abominable of the three: 'The committee, having progressed, resolved to adjourn.' The word opposed, though not a new word, I find used in a new manner, as 'the gentlemen who are opposed to this measure. If you should happen to be of my opinion with respect to these innovations, you will use your authority in reprobating them. The Latin language, long the vehicle used in distributing knowledge among the different nations of Europe, is daily more and more neglected.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Although our space for chess news is limited, we feel bound to give the scores of the best games played in the International Tournament, as great interest centres in this contest, and the skill exhibited has never been surpassed in former matches of a similar nature. The game we publish in our column to-day will well repay the attention of the student, and the notes appended will be found very useful and instructive.

It is stated that Steinitz has secured the second prize in the International Tourney. There must be a great anxiety on the part of many to know who will be the next prize takers.

The Vizayanagaram, or Minor Tourney, has been brought to a conclusion, and Bardleben has won the first prize, \$500; Fisher the second, \$250; Macdonnell the third, \$200; Gunsberg the fourth, \$150; Ranken and Gossip, fifth and sixth prizes, \$175, and Lambert seventh prize, \$75. The scores were respectively: 24, 20, 19, 17, 17, and 16. There were twenty-six competitors.

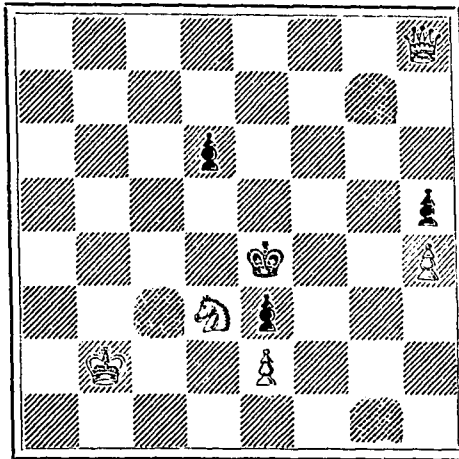
Mr. Zukertort, or rather "Doctor" Zukertort, as he loves to call himself, is a Prussian by birth, and at the present writing is about forty years of age. In chess he was a pupil of the celebrated Anderssen, and in 1862 he was receiving the odds of Knight from the old master. In later years he became associate editor of the Neue Berliner Schachzeitung and was promoted to play "on even terms." Many were the games that Anderssen and Zukertort played together; and the good Anderssen cared little what the games were called, though it chanced, curiously enough, that whenever the veteran lost a majority the affair was at once dignified by the name of "match." Zukertort's public play has, however, been very creditable, and in some instances remarkable. Just after his arrival in London Steinitz beat him 7 to 1. In 1878 he achieved first honors in the Paris Congress. He beat Rosenthal 7 to 1 in a match, and Blackburne 7 to 2. In the Vienna gathering of last year he tied with Mackenzie for fourth place, and in the present tournament he is doing the best play of his life.—Philadelphia Times.

We have received from Mr. Ferris, the Conductor of the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney, a table showing the games ended in this contest to June 11th, 1883. We will endeavor to find room for it in our next Column.

PROBLEM No. 437.

By Walter C. Spens.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 437.

- White. 1 Kt to B3, 2 Kt to K3 ch, 3 B mates. Black. 1 P takes Kt, 2 K moves.

GAME 565TH.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

The following game was played last Saturday, and its result was to place Mr. Mason second in the Tourney's first moiety, a proud position to occupy in such a contest. The game will be interesting to all competent judges on account of the delicate skill characteristic of Black's play as a whole, and the snatches of refined subtlety which at various stages occur. In other words the game is a felicitous illustration of Mr. Mason's style when doing himself full justice. Herr English, though some of his selections were unfortunate, displays in various ways much insight and capacity.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE.—(Herr English.) BLACK.—(Mr. Mason.)

- 1 P to Q4, 2 P to Q B4, 3 Kt to Q B3, 4 P to K3, 5 Q to Kt3, 6 Kt to B3, 7 P to Q R3, 8 Q takes B (h), 9 B to Q3, 10 Q takes P (d), 11 P takes P, 12 Kt takes Kt, 13 Castles, 14 Q to B2, 15 P to B4, 16 B to K2, 17 P to Q Kt4, 18 Q to R2, 19 R takes Q, 20 B to Kt2 (f), 21 B to Q4, 22 R takes B, 23 R to Q B2, 24 P to B5 (h), 25 K R to Q B sq, 26 P to Q R4, 27 P to R5 (j), 28 R P takes P, 29 P takes P, 30 R to B4, 31 B to Kt2, 32 R to B4 (k), 33 R to Q sq, 34 P to K4, 35 P to Kt3 (i), 36 R to Q7 ch, 37 R takes P, 38 R (Kt7) to Kt4, 39 P to B sq, 40 R to R4, 41 R to B sq, 42 R takes P (n), 43 K to B2 (o), 44 R to R7 ch, 45 B to K3, 46 K to B3, 47 K to B4, 48 R to K7, 49 K to B3, 50 R to K6 ch, 51 R to K8, 52 R to Kt8 ch, 53 R takes R, 54 R to Q B sq, 55 K to Kt4, 56 P to R4, 57 K to R3, 58 R to K B sq, 59 R to Q R sq, 60 K to Kt2, 61 K to B3. 1 P to Q4, 2 P to K3, 3 B to Kt5 (w), 4 Kt to B3, 5 Kt to B3, 6 Q to K2, 7 B takes Kt ch, 8 Castles, 9 P takes P (e), 10 P to K4, 11 Kt takes P, 12 Q takes Kt, 13 B to K3, 14 K R to Q sq, 15 Q to Q4, 16 P to B3, 17 B to B4, 18 Q takes Q (c), 19 B to Q6, 20 Kt to K5 (p), 21 B takes B, 22 P to Q Kt3, 23 Q R to B sq, 24 P to B3, 25 R to Q3, 26 P to Q B4 (i), 27 Kt to B3, 28 R P takes P, 29 P takes P, 30 Kt to Q3, 31 Kt to R3, 32 Q R to B3, 33 R to R5, 34 Kt takes K P, 35 K to K sq, 36 R to Kt3 (m), 37 R (Kt3) to Kt5, 38 P to R4, 39 K to Q2, 40 Kt to B6, 41 Kt to K7 ch, 42 R to R7, 43 K to B3, 44 R to Kt6, 45 R to R5, 46 Kt to B7 dis ch, 47 R (R5) to R6, 48 K to Kt4, 49 Kt takes B, 50 K to B3, 51 R takes R, 52 Kt takes P dis ch, 53 Kt to Kt2, 54 R to Kt5 ch, 55 P to B4, 56 R to Kt sq, 57 P to Q4, 58 K to Q4, 59 Kt to K3.

White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) There is much to be said for and against this line, perhaps less for than against. (b) Contrary to various principles, and therefore to be condemned. (c) This kind of move is often bad, as leaving the K P like the stiffened tail of a dying dog, but here it is good, because the K P can be afterwards advanced. (d) B takes P is decidedly preferable, even though it will not prevent the advance of the adverse K P, if and when advisable. (e) Amateurs may here learn something, at least, those who may be capable of learning anything. Fondly and foolishly they cherish the Queen, but Mr. Mason lets her go at once, rather than lose valuable time. (f) Playing for a draw, and this ingeniously, but not wisely, for his position if the bait be not bitten will be worse than before. (g) If 20 B takes R, 21 B takes Kt, B takes R, 22 B takes R, and White would have a good chance of drawing. (h) Importing fresh weakness. His best resource is K R to Q B sq at once, followed by P to K Kt3.

- (i) The right move at the right time, and, indeed, a winning move. (j) If 27 P takes P, P takes P, and White cannot follow up with 28 B takes P, for then K R to B3, winning. (k) This illustrates our note (h). Time has to be lost, and this Rook is rendered unable to do its right part in the struggle. (l) Ingenious in its way, but his thirst remains unslaked, for there is no milk in this cocoanut. (m) Frustrating any further Pawn hunting. The position now becomes exceedingly interesting. (n) He is not to be blamed for this, though it serves Mr. Mason's ends. The idea is to have a Pawn in hand in case of any little slip on the enemy's part. He likewise hopes something from the play of this Rook. (o) Very ill-advised. He ought to reserve the chance of his King taking refuge at K B3, that is to say, he ought to play K to Kt2. Mr. Mason now has victory in his grasp, and, as will be seen, he keeps a tight hold.—Land and Water.

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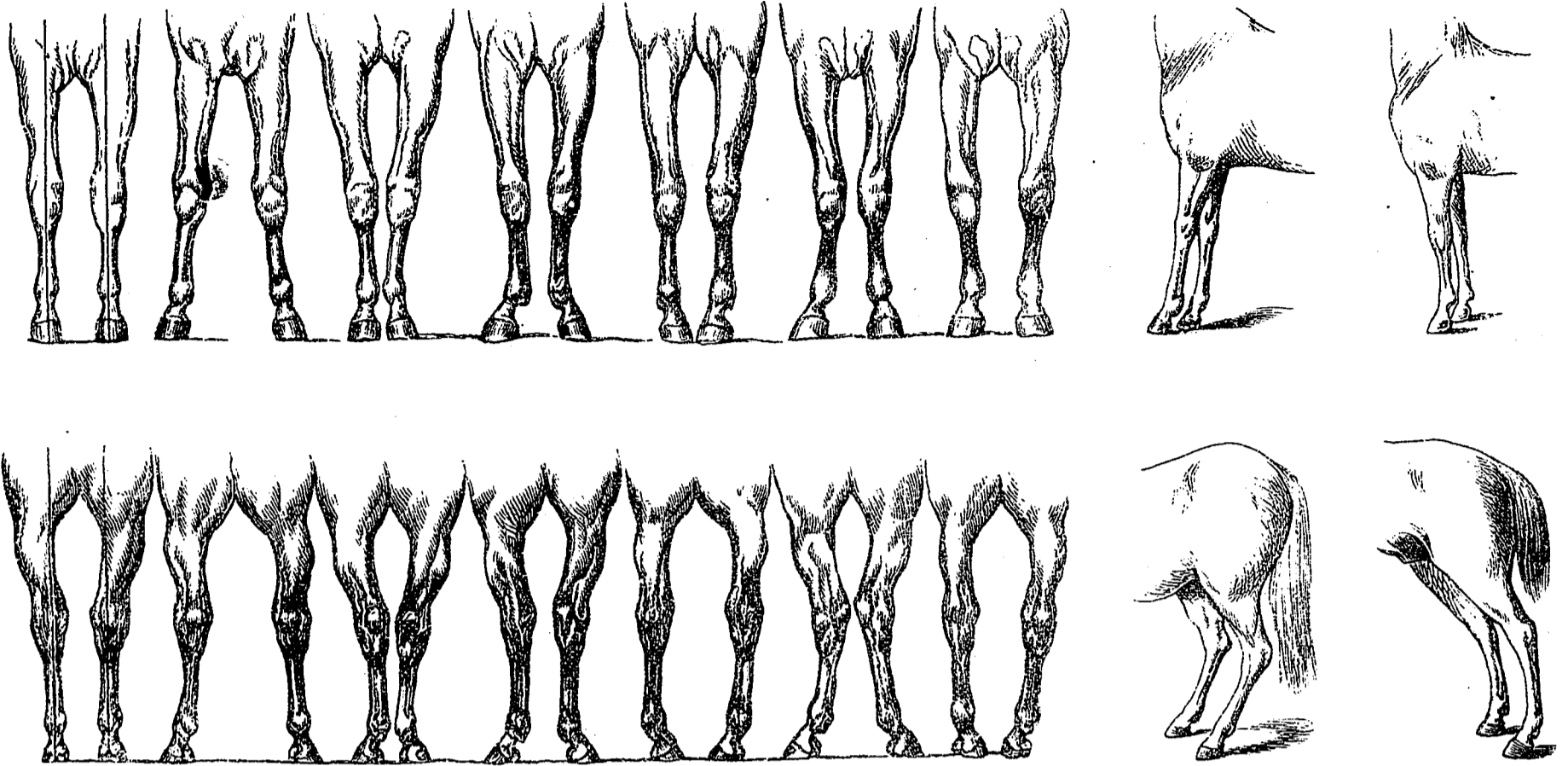
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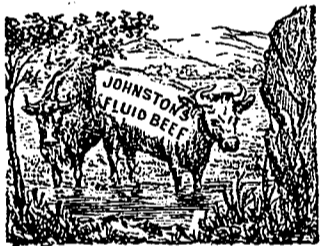


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