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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1882.

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BEAUTY UNADORNED.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Dec. 10th, 1882.				Corresponding week, 1881			
Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.
Max. 15.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Max. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Min. 0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	Min. 0.0	0.0	0.0	0.0
Mean. 7.5	7.0	7.0	7.0	Mean. 14.5	14.5	14.5	14.5
Mon. 15.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Mon. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Tues. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Tues. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Wed. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Wed. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Thur. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Thur. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Fri. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Fri. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Sat. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Sat. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5
Sun. 14.0	14.0	14.0	14.0	Sun. 18.5	18.5	18.5	18.5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 16, 1882.

THE WEEK.

On Saturday last Montreal was thunderstruck at the news of Sir Hugh Allan's sudden death in Edinburgh. As the *Gazette* of this (Monday) morning expresses it, "No event since the intelligence of the tragic death of poor Thomas D'Arcy McGee has caused a more general feeling of surprise and genuine sorrow." Sir Hugh Allan's life was one of those rare instances of a purpose maintained steadfastly through life, in spite of all obstructions, difficulties and dangers, which leave its ultimate success never for a moment doubtful. It is too late to give to our subscribers a portrait and life of Sir Hugh this week. Next week we shall endeavor to do full justice to one of the greatest men who has lived among us, great from what he accomplished, as well as from the perseverance, courage and uprightness which he displayed in its accomplishment. Deep as must be the sorrow of those who have been most intimately connected with him, great the loss which the general public of Montreal have sustained, they have at least the comfort, and it is no small one, that they will follow to the grave one whose life has been, in the truest sense of the word, well spent.

The preparations for the Winter Carnival are going forward with unabated vigor, and it is very pleasant to see the general interest which is taken in the project by those who have not before displayed any special activity in our winter sports. We had hoped ere this to have been able to publish the final arrangements as to date and the programme of the festivities, but the end is not yet, and we can only promise our readers in the country that the attractions presented to them on their coming visit to Montreal will be in their way unique and to be unrivalled elsewhere in Canada or indeed in the world.

Already we hear of torchlight processions, snowshoe steeplechases, an ice palace and many other devices for displaying to the utmost the glory of our Canadian winter and the prowess of our "boys." The *Gazette* throws out a very sensible and timely suggestion, which we are glad to endorse, that the committee should not forget, in laying out the programme, the immense facilities afforded by the frozen surface of the St. Lawrence, and the vast area of which they may avail themselves in making a display which perhaps the Neva alone can vie with.

Of the advantages of the proposed scheme we have already spoken. Commercially of course anything which brings our city prominently into notice and induces the visit of a large

number of strangers and the necessary bustle in trade which goes with such an influx, is to be commended. But apart from this we may be pardoned if we turn aside from the mere practical view of the case, to take an honest pride in the resources of our beautiful city, and to welcome with open arms those friends from far and near to whom we trust to prove that the Canadian winter is indeed something of which we may never be tired of boasting, and that our hearts are as warm in our welcome to our visitors as our snow and ice are cold, our spirits as high as the thermometer is low.

By the way, why, oh why does the *Gazette* in writing of the Carnival fall into the prevalent error of speaking of St. Petersburg? Surely we ought at this day to know something more of the city built by Peter the Great on the banks of the Neva and called after him *Petersburg*. Peter, with all his faults, never, as far as we are aware, laid claim to the title of Saint, and his canonization without any subsequent authority from the Mother Church is to say the least of it unorthodox, and what is perhaps worse, productive of much confusion in the minds of the unlearned.

LITERARY as well as musical people will be interested in the lectures to be given here this week and next by the eminent English organist, Mr. Frederick Archer. The lectures, though dealing of course with Mr. Archer's special branch of study, will be of wide general interest, and it will be specially interesting to welcome as a lecturer one who is hitherto only known to us in Montreal as a performer, probably without equal on this continent. More we shall be able to say after we have heard what will be said to-morrow night, but judging from Mr. Archer's literary productions as a musical journalist and critic, we may at least predict that his lecture will not be of the insipid mediocrity with which most performers endow the remarks they are from time to time induced to utter.

THE meeting at the Marquis of Salisbury's, in Arlington street, London, on behalf of the Pusey Memorial, was a representative and influential one, and the decision was unanimous. Recent experience of the success of memorials, even to popular as well as distinguished persons, has not been very encouraging; and the particular form the Pusey Memorial is to assume is not calculated to excite enthusiasm, however appropriate it may be. It is not quite clear to outsiders why Dr. Pusey's daughter, to whom his library is left by will, should be willing to make money by it. One can understand her refusing to part with what she might regard as a precious relic; but it is difficult to apprehend the state of mind which would not make a member of the family rejoice at the library being handed down, as a heirloom, to future generations of Churchmen. That the decision of the meeting is a wise one cannot be doubted; and many who had no sympathy with the late Regius Professor of Hebrew's theological opinions will subscribe to the proper care and retention of the library, selected with such loving care and discriminating judgment. The Chancellor of the University of Oxford made a remarkable speech; contending that the great aim of the deceased's life was not to establish any party, or propagate any peculiar theological tenets, but to furnish secure data for opposing unbelief. It was a specious argument, and significant of the noble lord's grasp of the tendency of public opinion; but there is more truth in his statement that posterity, as a rule, attaches but little importance to those passing controversies which have provoked the greatest passions at the time.

Ambition is a good thing and Excelsior a good motto. But it is ordained that geese should be more numerous than eagles, and it is of no use to goad the goose to attempt the eagle's flight—or for a frog to inflate himself in a vain endeavor to rival the ox's stature. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, says the old adage. And yet a great many people spend a large portion of their lives in the endeavor to do so—and a great many other people are made miserable, or live in a constant

state of involuntary humbug, through being experimented upon by them. How many sons have been badgered by their mothers who conceive an idealized and altogether wrong estimate of their characters; how many men are nagged and jeered at, and rendered altogether wretched, by their wives—men who would make capital husbands if their helpmeets, who are anything but helps, would be content to take a just view of their good qualities and make things pleasant by rubbing off the asperities of their own angles instead of being resolutely bent on improving them up to their own special, and probably very narrow, standard of excellence.

Often when men, or women, have found their lines fallen in pleasant places, amid the surroundings that best suit them and the society that is, to them, the most congenial—the very people they like best will themselves cry out, "What a pity, what a waste of life when one is so clever, or so well connected, or so good—so well worth better things." And with the best intentions and a strange misconception of disposition and proclivities, they try to force, by a perversion of kindness, the victim into a position and among persons, which result, for the individual thus honored, in a continual sense of *gêne* and fish-out-of-waterism. For, talk as you may of the cynicism of human nature, and the ill-humored judgments of fellow creatures, there are fewer silk purses condemned to pass as sow's ears than there are sow's ears which are forced, at great discomfort to themselves, and to the pity rather than the ridicule of those who comprehend the situation, to do duty as silk purses.

Genius is not frequently oppressed or overlooked; but, often enough, mediocrity has been forced, by the hot bed pressure of unmerited praise and partial judgment to do duty for genius—and many who would have passed their lives usefully, at least, if not ornamentally, as good honest sow's ears, have been utterly spoiled and rendered unsightly and piteous objects by the attempt to twist them into a resemblance to the genteel and narrow-minded Mrs. Grundy's idea of a silk purse.

A GLANCE AT LONDON, A.D. 382.

A good many things in this world seem to go on because they are so bad. No one has the courage to touch them. The longer corruption is let alone, the more vested interest gathers round it, and reformers soon discover what Carlyle used to call "the strength of ancient formulas compared with the weakness of nascent realities." In the present case the divided and subdivided government of London stands for the ancient formulas, and the London Municipal Reform League represents the "nascent realities."

I suppose by-and-by, when Macaulay's New Zealander, A.D. 382, stands on the ruins of London Bridge, and turns over his guide-book to find a description of London as it existed in 1882, he will probably regard the extract descriptive of London government in those far-off days in the light of a joke. "Either," he will say, "this facetious but lying antiquarian has invented the ridiculous account, or else Londoners in the nineteenth century were idiots. What!" he will exclaim, "a Municipal Corporation in the middle of London ruling over a centre called the City, and every other sort of thing not Municipal and not a Corporation, ruling over, or trying to rule over, the adjoining districts! The idea is too absurd! It is more than probable that London in the nineteenth century did a great deal of business. The remains of these strong bridges and the moss-grown cavities of what must have been vast warehouses assure me of that, even if I had not read in ancient European history that London was once held to be an important city—even by New Zealanders. It is therefore impossible to believe that men of business, accustomed to commerce of a rudimentary kind, probably alive to economy, and with evidently some powers of organization, could have sat down contentedly under such an addle-pated system of government as this antiquarian writer describes."

If prompted to dive further into the reprints of ancient documents professing to give some detailed summary of the government of London in the nineteenth century, the intelligent tourist of A.D. 382 would have to open his eyes wider and wider. He would find that the "City," with its separate government for its tiny population of 70,000 in the heart of four millions of people, was allowed to expend a million sterling over about one hundredth part of the whole area of "London;" that it held enormous estates, out of which the rest of the Metropolis never got a farthing—enormous funds for education, poor relief, and other public purposes—which four millions of people were content to stand by and see improperly or imperfectly utilized; that the City, in virtue of ancient charters (dated back to a time when the City was actually the metropolis) was allowed to tax all grain coming into the port of London, and every ton of coal,

and—strangest fact of all—that the four millions of noodles stood by and allowed the "City" to interfere with their food supply by retaining the monopoly of the meat and fish markets, and by compelling the inhabitants of the Metropolis to buy their food in the City—thus enhancing the cost, whilst limiting the supply.

The curiosity of our incredulous tourist of 1200 years hence would then be not unnaturally excited, and turning from the "City" he would inquire how the Metropolis, with its four millions or so of noodles, got on. Before he had gone very far into that I should think he would rub his eyes, lay down the book, and exclaim in the ancient language of Artemus Ward, by that time doubtless a classic on the same shelf with that other old wag, Aristophanes, "Is it some dream!"

He would find that a body called the Metropolitan Board of works looked after the main drains, the buildings, bridges, open spaces, outside the City, and even a few things inside those precincts sacred to the "Earl-dermen" and that mysterious potentate known as the "Lord Mayor." That the said Board spent £2,000,000 a year, and was usually in debt to the tune of £16,000,000 or more; still the confiding four millions of noodles had no control over its action, and did not know the names of its members.

Then he would read of Vestries and District Boards, thirty-eight in number, controlling paving, lighting, cleaning, &c., all outside the City, and all for the benefit of the metropolitan noodles; and find that all the boards had separate staffs costing about £100,000 a year, with no unity of system, paying widely different prices for the same work and the same article, thus running up the total expenditure to £200,000 a year.

Then he would see that there was a River Thames Conservancy Board, and a Lea Conservancy Board, and a Local Government Board, and a Poor Law Board, and an Asylum Board, and an indefinite number of little huggler nagger devices for employing as many people as possible to do as little as possible, and to spend as much money as they could get the "noodles" to trust them with.

All this our New Zealander would find truly marvellous—as good as a play, and quite as incredible as most. But truth, if those antiquarian facts and figures were in any way trustworthy, was no doubt stranger than fiction; and when our tourist found himself called upon to swallow as a *bonne bouche* that London had two police forces, one for the 70,000 elect of the Sacred City, under the Lord Mayor, and the other for the four millions of profane noodles, under the Home Secretary, that the "noodles" seemed unable to manage even their own "cabs," and that the Metropolitan "cab" of the nineteenth century was actually a matter of imperial concern, and also under the Home Secretary,—why I can imagine our New Zealander causing the "welkin" — whatever that may be — "to ring" with the loudest laughter of the southern Pole!

All this may read like a joke, but there is many a true word spoken in jest, and I have not jested with the facts and figures cited above, only with the setting of them.

To speak seriously, the government of London is a scandal of unprecedented magnitude and obstinate duration, with which the plucky "Municipal Reform League" has set itself to deal. The objects of the League are almost identical with those contained in a Bill which will very shortly be placed on the table of the House of Commons by the Attorney-General, and it is of the utmost importance that the public should wake up to the fact that public apathy and ignorance alone have prevented London from enjoying those benefits of uniform economical government which the Municipal Reform Corporation Act of 1835 has secured for every other great town in England.

HOW JUPITER CAME TO SNEEZE.

General H—, who was stationed for many years in Algiers, was quite an original character in his way. He had great natural ability, but he was not so highly educated as he might have been. He knew very little about art or literature, as his early education had been very much neglected. He made a great many ludicrous errors, but he always managed to get out of his dilemmas gracefully, and to throw the laugh on the other party.

The General, as we shall call him, owned a beautiful villa and grounds, and, on the occasion we are referring to, had determined to give a grand lawn party, to which the Governor and all the higher officers were invited. It was to be a grand affair. He spared no expense in making it the event of the season, his idea being that it should eclipse in splendor and attractions a similar entertainment which had been given by the Governor a short time previous. All the preparations had been made, and a most attractive programme of amusements was prepared, when it occurred to the General that his beautiful garden, or rather his elegant park, was destitute of statuary, while that of the Governor was densely populated, so to speak, with the most popular statuary. A garden party without statuary was never to be thought of.

The General remembered that there was in one of his regiments a worthless vagabond named Zopher, who was generally in the guard house, but who had a wonderful talent for sculpture, he having carved a beautiful monu-

ment for the garden of a colonel who had fallen in battle. The General ordered Zepher to report to him.

"I hear that you are a sculptor. Now, I want you to sculp me a lot of gods and goddesses, Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, and all the rest of them, and have them on hand by eight o'clock sharp, next Saturday evening."

"But, General, I can't have them done by next Saturday. It will take me three months—"

"Silence!" thundered the General, "when I order anything to be done, it has to be done. You have them statuary done or I'll have you locked up for a month."

"But, General—"

"Keep quiet! How much money do you need to buy plaster of Paris?"

Zepher looked at the General, and saw that he was in good earnest, so, after he had studied over the matter the sculptor replied:

"All right, General, I will do my best. I will want a hundred francs to buy plaster of Paris."

"Here it is. Now get to work right away, and have them statuary by eight o'clock Saturday night, or you will wish you had never been born. Got them up in fine style, parterres, Venus."

This was the last the General saw of Zepher for several days, but he heard of his going from one bar-room to another, treating everybody, and having a good time of it generally, so he sent for the artist.

"What is this I hear about you? Instead of sculpturing them gods, you are going about filling your hide with wine, raising disturbances."

"General," replied Zepher, humbly, "I am getting along finely. We artists have to get drunk to catch the inspiration. That's the way it is with all great geniuses."

"I have heard something about that," replied the General pensively, "but be sure you don't overdo it, for their statues have to be on hand."

"General, I wish you would tell the guests not to touch the statuary, for it ruins fresh statuary to have it handled."

"All right. I will attend to that. Now go to your work," said the General, twisting his moustache. Zepher went.

Saturday night arrived on time as usual. True to his word, Zepher had carried the statuary, wrapped in blankets, into an arbor in the garden. The pedestals on which to place the figures had already been put in position. Zepher, assisted by a friend, unrolled the blankets from the life-sized plaster of Paris figures, and carefully placed them on the pedestals. Then he escorted the General through the garden, and showed him his works of art. They were, indeed, splendid.

"Ah, you are indeed an artist. This is a splendid Jupiter and his thunderbolt. He looks for all the world like that big corporal of the Zouaves. He has the same beard."

"He was my model," replied Zepher.

"You have made a perfect image of him, but why do you cough so much?"

"I am nervous for fear that the statuary may not please you."

"Dismiss your fears. I am well satisfied. Here are a hundred francs for you to spend with your friends. The Governor's statuary cannot compare with these deities."

Zepher disappeared, and the delighted General soon re-appeared with the Governor and the other guests in the brilliantly lighted garden. To say that they were astonished at the artistic skill displayed, is to use a feeble word. The Governor was lost in admiration, and he candidly stated that he could not boast of anything to compare with it. Jupiter, in particular, was much admired. Everybody knew the gigantic Zouave corporal, with the big beard, and pronounced the figure perfect. All the other statues were wonderfully lifelike, and the drapery excellently arranged.

Suddenly, the Governor, who was examining Jupiter through his eyeglass, uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and started back.

"What is it, Governor?"

"I must have been mistaken, but I imagined that Jupiter moved his head. It must have been the light."

"Yes, I suppose so," replied the General. Suddenly the entire company broke into exclamations of horror and astonishment. Jupiter's face was distorted in a most inexplicable manner, and without any warning he sneezed a terrific sneeze. Before the guests could recover their astonishment, great Jupiter said solemnly:

"I know I was told not to move, General, but I just could not help it. I believe I have caught cold in this—"

Jupiter did not finish the sentence, for the outraged and exasperated General tore a limb from an orange tree, and sailed into the god as if to destroy him bodily.

"We had better get out of here," remarked Mercury to Venus, and jumping down from their pedestals, they made fine time for the fence, helping each other over as fast as they could. Several of the heathen deities who were a little late in starting, were assisted materially by the General, who continued to chastise them with his weapon as long as there was a single deity within reach.

The flight of the deities put the company in such a good humor that, for the sake of the joke, even the inspired sculptor was forgiven. The lawn party was the greatest event of the season, and is still the subject of much merriment at Algiers.

A TRUE STORY OF A BEE AND A BRIDE.

It was a gem of a garden—the little music park and parterre—full of natural beauty, arranged and embellished by art, and open two nights a week, during the summer, to the public for promenade concerts, and this was one of the most glorious evenings of the season; the air was soft and soothing as the zephyrs of Araby the Blest; a thousand flashing jets of gas set up a vain rivalry to the cloudless moon; the assembly was large and gay and animated, and every instrument of the monster orchestra was present and in tune.

Tired of the busy scene about the music-stand, surfeited with a concord of sweet sounds, a pensive painter strolled around the miniature lake, along the winding walks, until he found a vacant seat beside the re-entering angle of the flowering hedge. Here he sat, communing with his own thoughts, not heeding the gentle whispering carried on the while on the other side of the projecting hedge. Presently a merry laugh, that had escaped the guard of the whisperer, brought him suddenly to his feet with the mental ejaculation, "My daughter!"

Two hours later he saw the lovers, from the sheltered window of his atelier, slowly approach the entrance door. The moon revealed the lovers parting, and by the same illumination the father measured the manly form of the youth, as he moved off gaily from the domicile.

As father and daughter sat together at coffee, next morning, the former said:

"My daughter, last evening at nine o'clock I sat on the upper side of the angle of the flowering hedge, beyond the lakelet in the music park, and was aroused from a deep reverie by your laugh, which you were cautioned to restrain, by a masculine voice; and later I saw you permit a fine-looking youth to take a lover's *au revoir* at my door. What is the young man's profession?"

Blushes mantled the fair face of the daughter as, with downcast eyes, she answered:

"A blacksmith, father."

Silence for some minutes ensued, during which the roses of the young girl's cheeks were supplanted by lilies.

The pause in the colloquy was broken by the father saying, in measured tones, and with firm but affectionate emphasis:

"My daughter can never marry other than an artist." And rising, he walked slowly from the room, without observing his child's deathly pallor and gasping for breath.

Two years had elapsed. On a beautiful autumnal afternoon the maiden appeared at the door of the atelier and said:

"Father, you have wrought long and ardently at your easel; let us walk for relaxation and amusement."

Along the street they sauntered, until returning into the welcome shade of the "Green Square," they soon stood in the open space before the Cathedral, in the presence of the Iron Canopy of wondrous conformation. It was constructed of pounded iron. Some genius with his hammer had wrought out in most patient manner perfect marvels of angels and humans, of flowers, fruits, and leaves, of animals, and of many real and mythical existences, and the whole was arranged and consorted with such artistic taste and skill that the painter stood wrapped in admiration. At length he inquired:

"Whose work is this, my daughter?"

The flush again surmounted her face as she answered, in subdued exultation:

"The young blacksmith, father; is he not an artist?"

They walked home in silence, and having entered, the painter kissed his daughter and said, tenderly:

"Yes, he is an artist, surely; but I meant my child should marry only a painter."

Another interval of two years has flown.

The painter has, for months, confined himself in concentrated thought and labor on his great picture of the "Fallen Angels," and at last it is finished.

Having taken his matutinal coffer, he leads his daughter to the atelier and, pointing to the painting, says:

"Behold my masterpiece!"

The daughter responded enthusiastically:

"It is beautiful! sublime! But, father, you have wrought too intensely; you confine yourself too closely; you must take a little rest and recreation; it is yet early in the day, you shall take a carriage and drive through the luxuriant fields to the cottage of Mr. Moyeaux, and loiter the long summer day in the cool shade of his maple grove, and at six o'clock you shall return to a dinner worthy of the artist who could conceive and execute the 'Fallen Angels.'"

As the sun was verging toward the horizon the father returned, refreshed and strengthened by rest and the invigorating air at the rural retreat of his congenial friend, Mr. Moyeaux.

At the threshold his daughter received him and escorted him straightway whither she knew his heart was yearning to go, into the presence of his freshly finished and his greatest work.

Turning again to the glowing canvas, the father said:

"The man who painted that bee can marry my child, if she wills it."

The blood rushed in torrents to the girl's face, the curtains of the alcove parted and the noble form of the artist, painter, blacksmith, stepped to the side of the blushing maiden, and knelt with her before the father, who laid a hand on each head in tender blessing.

It was late that evening when the happy trio arose from the dinner that had been a feat fit for artists, painters, and lovers.

To-day every visitor at Antwerp finds the garden of music, that nestles under the frowning battlements that protect the city, of frequent summer evenings, a fairy scene of natural beauty, heightened by art, populous with the best and brightest society, while the ambient air floats saturated with music's most perfect and inspiring harmony. And every tourist passes through the "Place Verte," and in the open space before the great Cathedral he arrests his steps and stills his voice in admiration, as he contemplates the Iron Canopy, and feels it is a marvel of artistic beauty, wrought by some cunning hand under the one only inspiration that could make its achievement possible.

And lastly, every lover of art will find in the magnificent picture-gallery the great painting of the "Fallen Angels," the masterpiece of Fran Floris, and on it the bee painted by Quentin Matsys; and he will see other noted pictures by both artists in the same collection; but the sentimental visitor will linger in the presence of the bee that was painted in love, and won a painter's daughter for an artist's bride.

A FABLE FOR THE WISE.

And all created things rebelled against Man. He had come among them, they knew not whence, with a commission to rule them; and they had discovered that among them all, he was the weakest creature. "I can drown him," said the Sea; "I can burn him up," said Fire, "like anything else." "What can he do to me?" said the Air, "that I should listen to his word?" "I would bury him, with pleasure," said the Earth, "but he would only rot." "He cannot run," said the horse; "or swim," said the shark; "or fly," said the eagle; "or even climb," said the monkey, "like me." "He has no tusks," said the elephant; "or teeth," said the dog; "or claws," said the tiger; "or fang," said the snake. "We will bear this no longer; let us go before Odin, and have him sentenced to death, or, at least, deposed." And they swept the unhappy being, cowering with cold and shivering with fear, all naked and torn, up to the top of Jökull, where above the eternal snow Odin dwelt in Valhalla, within the Happy Plains. And as Odin sat at vassail, they hung Man before his feet. And as the created things made their complaint, the Gods looked on Man with tearless eyes, and condemned him in their souls. "This creature master!" thought Thor; "he is not even the strongest." "I see no foresight in him," mused Heimdaller. "And where is his beauty?" smiled Freya. "Why should the All-Father choose him?" asked Odin; and he arose and stepped towards his throne, to pass the sentence of the Gods.

But as his foot reached the lowest step, Odin drew back and trembled, for above the throne he saw two luminous Eyes, piercing, yet calm as stars; and he knew the presence of Destiny, always the bearer of the All-Father's will. Form was there none, or robe; only the Eyes were seen, but into those Eyes even Odin dared not gaze; while from below them came forth a Voice, gentle as the south wind, yet chill as the blast from the glacier, freezing the resistance in every heart. "It is the will," said the voiceless Voice, "of the All-Father, whose messenger I am, that Man shall rule, and that some created thing shall give Man an instrument of power;" and the luminous Eyes were veiled. Then the Gods and all creatures, relieved of the dread presence, murmured discontent. "Shall we give him our immortality?" asked the Gods; "or I my death?" moaned the Sea; "or I my brightness?" flashed the Fire; "or I my omnipresence?" murmured the Air; "or I my riches?" gasped the Earth. "Can I give him my speed?" said the horse; "or I my strength?" said the elephant; "or I my spring?" said the tiger; "or I my venom?" hissed the snake. Everything created refused, and the grey goose, most spiteful of creatures, hissed contempt, and struck in its malice at the wretched creature, cowering powerless at Odin's feet, so hard that a feather fell, all bloody, on his lap.

Then once more the luminous Eyes shone forth, once more the soft rush of speech from below them was heard, and all were still to hearken. "Now, as ever, the will of the All-Father is done. Thou hast thy talisman, O Man! Go forth to rule." And Man arose, and went forth comforted, for he knew that with the feather had come to him that which other created things know not of, and which the unchanging Gods cannot have,—the power of accumulating wisdom. And he sought for knowledge, and stored it; and year by year his sway grew wider, and stronger, and more stern. He crossed the sea at his will, and harnessed the fire to his car, and stored riches from the earth, and flow through air without fear, and made of the lightning a slave, and used, or killed, or tortured all the beasts as he would. At last the Universe was his, and he its lord,

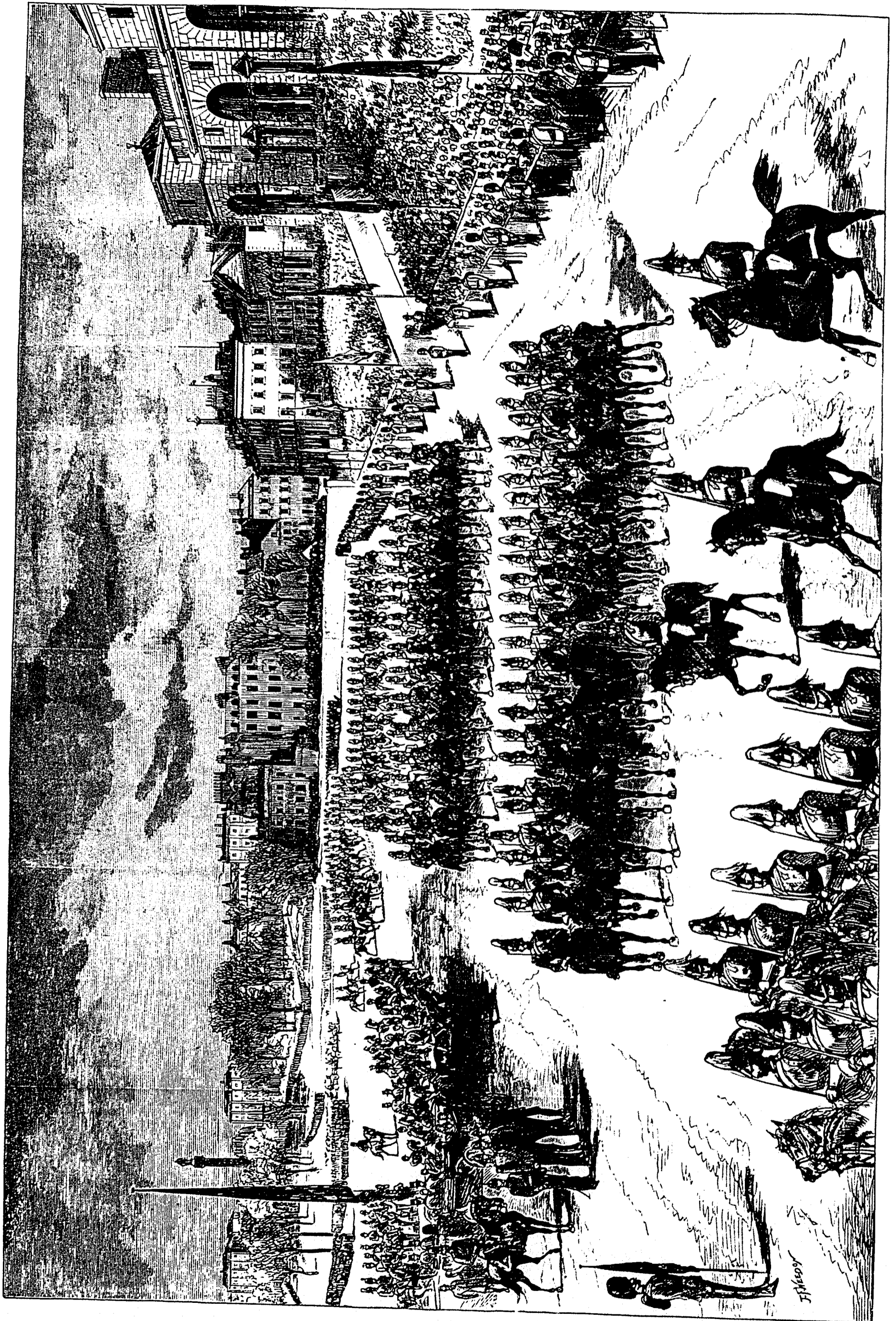
and, weary with conquest, he said,—"The All-Father must will that I be happy. I will go to Valhalla again, and see the Gods, and learn from them the secret of joyous immortality." And Air and Fire bore him up above the eternal snow to the Happy Plains above Jökull; but lo! there were no Gods there. And Man, enraged, called the lightning, and, swift as thought, raged through the Universe, seeking where the Gods might be hidden. In the depths of the sea, in the centre of the earth, in the boundless fields of air, he sought for the Gods, but found them not, or any sure tidings of whither they had fled. By times his servants brought rumours, and he set off again on his quest; but he found them not, and weary and angry, he once more betook himself to seek them in Valhalla. He found them not, but as he stepped from the Happy Plains on to the eternal snow, to recommence his downward path, he turned, and once more saw above him the calm, luminous Eyes, and waited for the softly-rushing Voice from below them. It came forth at last, as of old, soft as the south wind, chill as the blast from the glacier. "This is the will of the All-Father whose messenger I am. When Man shall rule all created things, then shall he also have gained the secret of the Gods. Go forth to rule once more, O Man." And man went forth in pride to search for the created thing that he ruled not, and he is searching still, though he sees it in every wave. —The Spectator.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

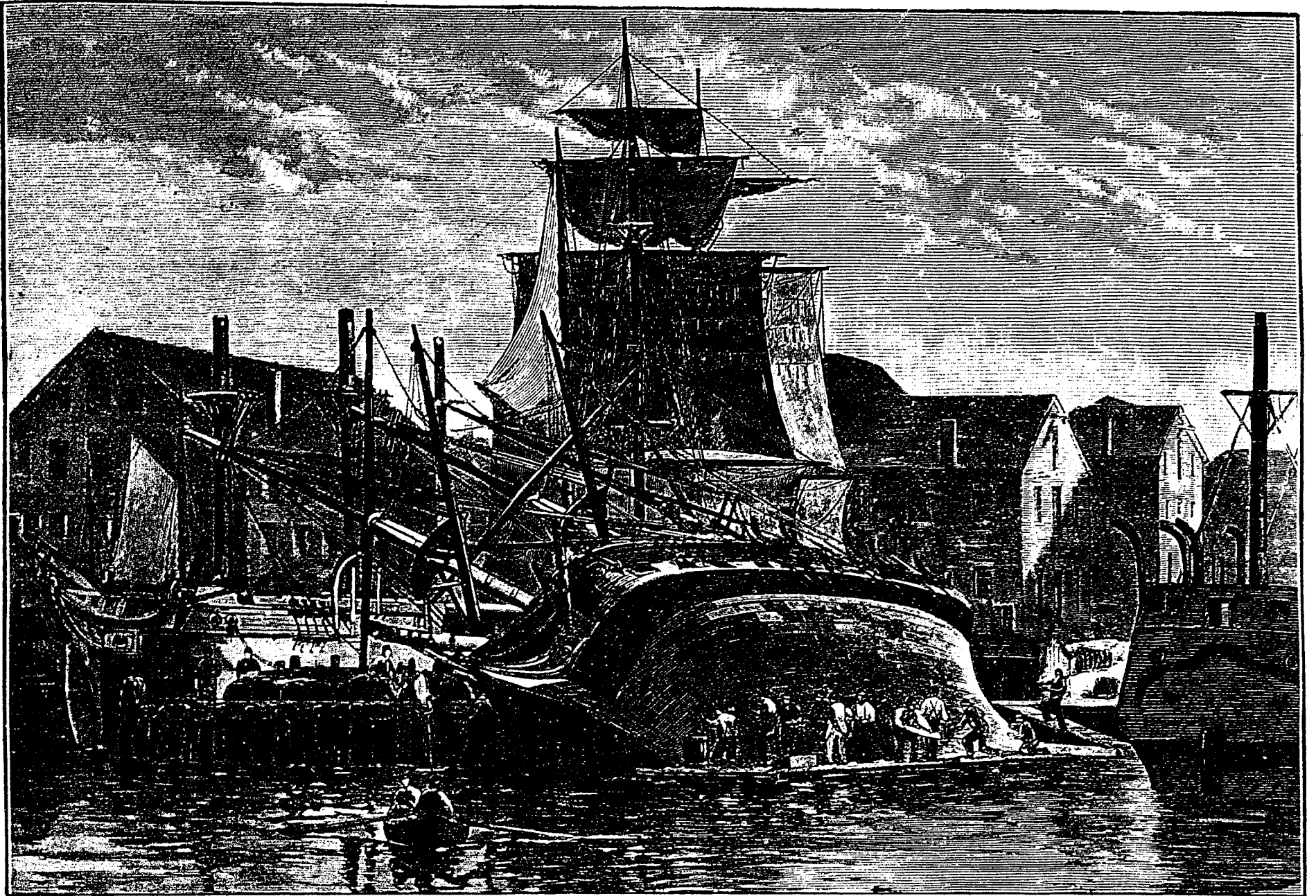
A story is told of a plot by two men to steal, in a joke, a friend's property, which ended in a manner both painful and unexpected. They were neighbors of a Mr. Duffy, and in some way that gentleman became aware of their intention to steal his pet calf; therefore he removed the calf from its box-stall, and put in its place a he goat of a vicious disposition. He fixed a spring on the door of the stall, that would cause it to close unless held open, and he also attached to the door a spring-lock that would fasten and could only be unfastened from the outside. Then he went to bed, but not to sleep. It was at the witching hour of midnight that the two marauders entered Mr. Duffy's barn. They had examined the premises the day before, and knew exactly where to go. They entered the stall, and the door closed behind them. Everything was still. One of them opened the slide to his lantern. There was a clatter of hoofs, and the man with the lantern found himself knocked into a corner. He was very much surprised. He thought such conduct in a calf the queerest he had ever known. Then the other man opened the slide to his lantern to see what the matter was, and the next moment the breath went out of him with a "yah" that made the listening Duffy laugh all over. Then all was silent again except for some emphatic exclamations from the men, and soon the man hit first recovered enough to endeavor to find his lantern. He found it, re-lit it, and turned the bull's eye toward the goat; then he went into the corner again. The goat's temper now being roused, he did not wait for more light, but began to butt wherever he had a mind or heard a movement, and the robbers concluded that it was time to go home; the goat, however, was of another opinion, and, besides, they were locked in. They called for help, and Mr. Duffy could tell when the goat hit them, because instead of screaming "Help!" they cried "Oh!" After he had laughed till his sides ached, he opened the door.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

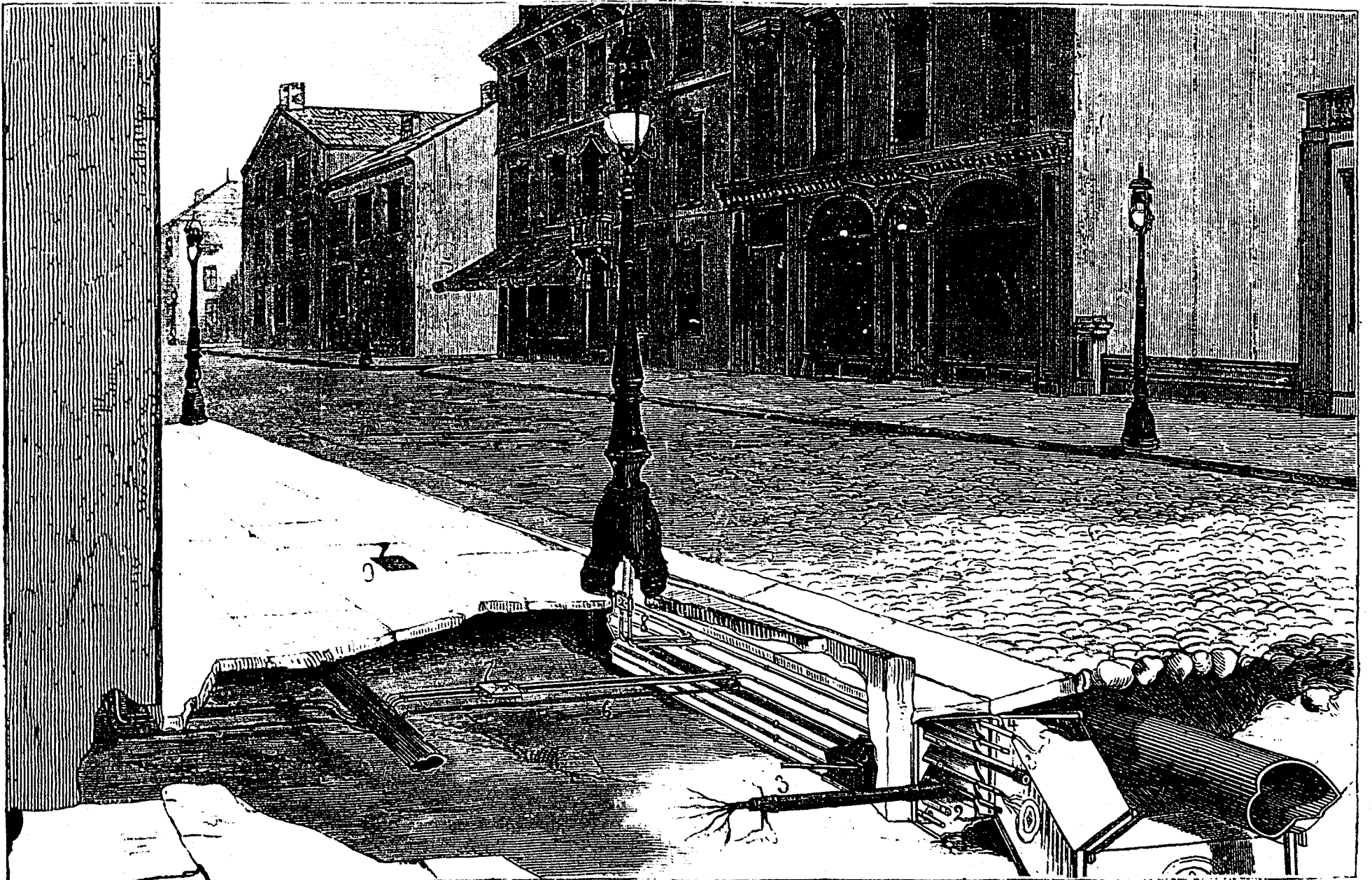
YELLOW fever is reported from Senegal. AN unknown steamer foundered during the gale of Friday off Penzance. ISMAIL EYOUB has been appointed Minister of the Interior for Egypt. ADDITIONAL mariues have been ordered to Ireland for police duty. PIEROLA has refused the terms proposed by Chili as unreasonable. THE "Passion Play" will be presented in New York about Christmas. MUCH damage to shipping has been caused by recent gales in the Black Sea. THE plan of the Panama is to be changed from a sea-level canal to one with locks. JEWS have been adjudged incapable of holding landed property in Russia. THE jury in the trial of Higgins, for the murder of the Huddys at Lough Mask, disagreed. SIR EVELYN WOOD sails for Egypt on the 16th to take command of the Khedive's new army. THE remains of the late Anthony Trollope were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery on Saturday. THE fire in London on Thursday night burned over two acres of ground, destroying property estimated worth £3,000,000. THE Prefect of Police at St. Petersburg has ordered the expulsion of all Jews residing within the municipal boundaries of St. Petersburg without official permission. THE funeral of the Archbishop of Canterbury was attended by a large assemblage, including many prominent clergymen. A deputation of non-conformists was present.



LONDON.—THE ROYAL REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM EGYPT IN ST. JAMES' PARK.



AN OLD WHALER HOVE DOWN FOR REPAIRS, NEAR NEW BEDFORD.—(SEE PAGE 387.)



1. Bend of the Main. 2. Open Face of Conduit. 3. Telegraph and Telephone Pipe. 4. Electric Light Pipe. 5. Pipes Passing through the Side of the Main. 6. Telegraph and Telephone Connection with House. 7. Electric Light Connection. 8. Connection with Street Lamp. 9. Opening in the Sidewalk to get at the Cut-off.

UNDER GROUND TELEGRAPHY IN PHILADELPHIA.

FOUND DROWNED.

She searches, searches everywhere,
As one would treasure find—
Old Susan with the wandering eye
And long-bewildered mind.

All up and down the shining sands
With eager step she goes:
And speaks with hesitating voice,
Not knowing friends from foes.

"Oh, have you seen my pretty boy,
My little baby brother?
She left him to me when she died,
And bade me be his mother—"

"Our mother, she frowns out of heaven
On me, as once she smiled:
So I go searching night and day
Until I find her child."

"'Tis a few weeks ago"—(alas,
She has lost count of years!)—
"I laid him on the soft warm sand
Asleep, and had no fears."

"I only went a little way,
And sat behind that stone,
Writing to William Beverley,
That is to India gone."

"He will come back and marry me,
He says, in two years more:
I shall be then but just eighteen,
And he scarce twenty-four."

"But can he marry me?" she shrieks—
"Me that was hanged? I mean
They would have hanged me, but perhaps
Somebody told the Queen."

"And she said—what, I do not know:
I think I slept or died,
And woke up in a world of dreams
Most horrible and wide."

"I did not kill the boy," she moans:
"I only left him here—
Forgot him—and the tide flowed in
And ebb'd out—no one near."

"Not guilty! oh, my lord, my lord,
"Not guilty!" sobbing wild:
"I only let him float away
"And drown—my mother's child!"

"And so my mother made them shut
On me the prison door,
Till I was dead: yet now, it seems,
I am alive once more."

"I walk along the shining sands,
I hear his shout of joy:
I know I'll find him very soon,
My little darling boy."

So on she goes with cautious tread,
And eager eyes and wild:
But never, never will she find
The little drowned child;

—Dinah Mulock Craik, in *Harper's*.

FRANK LORIMER'S LOVE TROUBLES.

BY NED F. MAH.

I.
FRANK.

Frank Lorimer paced the little sitting-room which adjoined his studio, smoking fast and furious. He could not paint to-day. His colors were intractable, his brushes obstinate, his hand had lost its cunning, his model was irritable and fidgety. He had sworn at her a dozen times till finally the poor weak thing burst into tears and he had sent her away, with a snarl disguised into an apology. He was restless, excited, nervous, feverish, altogether out of sorts. He could neither sit, nor walk, nor lie, nor stand, nor maintain the same position for two consecutive minutes. He rang the changes on pipe, cigar and cigarette and back again to pipe; but neither hookah, briar, or meerschaum pleased him. What could these strange symptoms of derangement signify but that Frank Lorimer was in love?

Frank was a handsome fellow, very fair, with slight, finely cut features, which would have seemed effeminate but for the massive brow, and the sufficiently muscular frame, which counteracted their somewhat girlish beauty. And if any of his acquaintances had been inclined to ridicule the poetic, musical and artistic proclivities of his temperament as womanly, none could deny that he was a daring gymnast, pulled a good oar, and rode straight to hounds. Only it must have been a hardy partisan who would have attempted to assert that he was wise in what the world calls wisdom, or to prove him keen in judgment. Sanguine, impulsive, frank, open-hearted and generous to a fault, feeling pain or pleasure keenly, but pleasure more keenly than pain, he was likely to encounter his fair share of happiness, since he knew nothing of that greatest bar to happiness—repression of emotion.

This was the man who now, restlessly and with slippared feet, noiselessly as a caged panther—passed to and fro over the Brussels which covered the floor of his snug room. Among the pictures on its walls were the portraits of two women. One was a full length photograph, the other a water color sketch. The last was his own work and it was a gem in its way. Never, even in the pictures which should hereafter grace the Academic walls, and win the plaudits of the multitude, was he destined to achieve anything which might do him more credit. It seemed, so happy was the likeness, as though the living Dora Annerley herself agreed with the candor of innocence from out the rustic frame. Ah! those eyes so bright and yet so mild.

How could he see to do them! The pearly teeth glancing through the half-parted, ruby lips. The golden hair which seemed to have entangled a sunbeam and kept it prisoner. The expression, radiant with all that makes womanhood lovely—infinitely sweet and tender, yet grand in the pride of its maidenhood. He never paused before that picture now. Yet when he painted it, he painted it with his whole heart.

The photograph presented the semblance of an older woman, yet still in the first bloom of youthful beauty. She united the form of an Amazon with the dignity of a Juno, and the grace of a Venus. The face was full of character, as of one strong for good or for evil. "A Joel, a Judith, or a Joan of Arc," Frank muttered to himself, the odd combination being no doubt suggested as much by the alliteration as by anything else. But ever, as he strode to and fro his eyes were fixed upon that figure, shown to exquisite advantage in its black velvet robe.

This was the torch that now enflamed him—this the shrine at which he worshipped. Of this woman he dreamed night and day. For her he lost his rest, his appetite, his energy, his desire for fame, his delight in all that gave him pleasure. Was she worth it?

He thought so. You see her's was just the kind of nature likely to attract him. It was the attraction which a strong nature always exercises over a weak one. For the astute reader has already discovered that Frank Lorimer's strength of character was in nowise proportioned to his strength of body.

"I wonder whether she'd have me," Frank said to himself for about the hundred and fiftieth time. "You see," said Frank apostrophizing himself like the man in the song, who

As he walked by himself he talked to himself
And thus to himself said he—

"She's such a swell and I'm only a poor artist. And a fellow would feel awfully cut if a woman said No to him, wouldn't he? But then I suppose a fellow might put out a feeler in a sort of way to make her show she liked him, without altogether committing himself, mightn't he? You see," he proceeded, arguing the point with himself, "a fellow who was used to this sort of thing would understand how to do it; but then this is the first time I've had the thing to do, and I don't exactly know how. Of course there was Dora Annerley, but that was different. There was no doubt at all about her and of course I could have her any day I liked. A good-natured, jolly little fool was she," turning a moment to the other portrait with a self-satisfied glance, "and just as good as gold, but not fit to tie the shoes of such a woman as my Judith. None of your little, muling, bread-and-butter saints for me. I like a woman with a dash of devil in her. And then I've caught her looking at me some times in such a peculiar way and she says such flattering things to me, and puts her hand on my coat sleeve with a soft cat-like touch that isn't at all like her usual way of doing things. But perhaps she's just the same with other fellows when they're alone. Who knows! Oh Lord! I wonder whether she'd have me!"

And so he ended where he had begun—as he always did in his cogitation on this important subject.

"By Jove!" he said after awhile, "I'll run over to Tom's rooms and have a jaw to him."

II.

Frank Lorimer, taking the first street to his left after leaving his own apartments, proceeded some hundred yards along it till he reached double doors over which stood the inscription—*Egyptian Chambers*. Entering, he traversed a flagged vestibule, and ran up a great oak staircase which faced the door. Half-way up he met a saucy, bright-eyed serving wench, her rosy face set in a natural frame of yellow hair, and her brawny arms—to say nothing of the black lead brushes in her hands—give unmistakable evidence of a recent acquaintance with one of the "Egyptian's" stoves.

"Is Mr. Lane at home?" inquired Frank, chucking her under the dimpled chin.

"Yes, sir," replied the Ancilla, "but you'll find his oak sported. He's got the working fit on to him this day."

"I'll draw him, never fear," said Frank, leaping up the remaining step, and going along the passage till he stood before the door No. 9, which he belabored manfully with the underside of his clenched fist.

Maldictions, not loud but deep, resounded from within, but presently the key grated in the lock, and Frank obtained permission to enter "if he wasn't a dun or a tout," and the next second he stood within the sanctum of Egyptian No. 9.

If the scene which met his view was not a strange one to Frank's eyes it may appear singular enough to those who have not the privilege of being the cronies of the occupant, to warrant a description.

The chamber was large, square and lofty. The ceiling was beautifully ornamented with a group of flowers exquisitely painted by a German artist whom Tom had hunted out to do the work. The pale blue walls were almost covered with pictures—chiefly *genre* subjects—littered gems some of them—among which, however, sufficient space was left for a stag's antlers and a pipe rack. The floor was painted—not carpeted—though here and there a great soft mat was laid before or beneath some article of furniture. Before the fire-place was a leopard skin rug on which a great, gaunt deer hound lay

stretched, blinking the keen grey eyes above his tufted jaw. A large Angola cat modestly occupied the opposite corner. A fire smouldered in the grate and the window was wide open.

Seated in the chair which he had just resumed—a folding chair of cane and bamboo, with a swing desk attached, the mechanism of the whole of Tom's own invention—was Egyptian No. 9. He was habited in a boating jersey trimmed with blue, leaving his muscular arms exposed almost to the arm pits; his lower extremities encased in a pair of loose white trousers; his naked feet thrust into scarlet Turkish slippers. On his head a damp towel was folded turban-wise. By his side was a spittoon of iron, filled with sand, completely hidden beneath a pile of cigar stumps, relics of cremated Havanas similar to that which now blazed between his lips. Before him stood a mahogany table littered with books and papers, proofs and pamphlets; while a bottle of some choice liquor, strong yet sweet, reared its head among the chaos.

Tom Lane was a handsome fellow, so the men said. Women, who sometimes took exception to this, allowed that he was essentially manly-looking, "which," said they, "is better than beauty in a man." His nose was aquiline, his teeth white and regular—a trifle large perhaps—gleamed beneath the hirsute moustache. Keen, frank grey eyes twinkled merrily beneath arched, bushy brows, surmounted by a forehead whiter than the towel which now hid it from view.

From this room, written by the pen of this man, issued many an anonymous magazine article, which has amused or instructed multitudes; many a pungent satire which has done much to correct a popular folly or a fashionable vice; and several novels, full of a nervous force and virile energy, with a healthy tone and elevating tendency which have roused their readers to a sense of the true dignity of manhood, and given a new impulse to the flagging courage of many a faint heart.

Yet Tom Lane was no hero, certainly not to his valet, for he never had one—the little imp who blacked his boots and ran his errands assuredly did not merit the name. He was not even a hero to himself, for his life, and he judged it with no partial judgment, was far from blameless. Yet his sins were such as the world looks leniently on, and had he coveted popularity, he might have been its idol. In public he always appeared well dressed and with a full purse, and if the source from which it was replenished was wrapped in mystery, there was a dignity in his bearing which brooked no questioning, and, when he so willed, an irresistible attraction in his manner which disarmed all enmity.

"Tom," said Frank, "I see you're under the influence of the divine afflatus; sorry to interrupt their flow of inspiration, I'm sure, but, in fact, I'm out of sorts and awfully down in the mouth, and a chat with you is the best tonic I know."

Tom turned back his swing desk till it hung at right angles with the chair arm, composed his limbs with a good-natured air of resignation, and sent a quick succession of smoke rings ceiling-wards.

There was a silence of some minutes, Frank puffing huge blasts of smoke from his cigar stump.

Tom foresaw that he was to play—not the first time by many—Mentor to Frank's Tele-machus. Perhaps he was not altogether unsuspecting that a Calypso was about to enter on the scene.

"Try another weed," said Tom.
Frank helped himself from the box on the table. Then he flung himself at full length upon the sofa and coaxed the soothing vegetable to light.

"It's a glorious day outside, Tom; so bright, and such a delicious freshness in the air."

"Did you come here to tell me it was a fine day?"

"No. I wish we were in Italy; we shouldn't talk of the weather there."

Silence again.

"You were never married, I know. So you never asked a girl to have you, did you?"

"My dear Frank, if you want my biography I had better begin at the beginning. I was born at—"

"Hold hard, Tom, what's the use of being cantankerous and cutting up rough. The fact is, I'm pulling myself together to pop to somebody, and I want a few useful hints."

"Who is it?"

"Guess?"

"Your old flame, Dora?"

"Little golden-haired doll! No, I never really cared for her. I never think of her now. I dare say she has forgotten all about me."

"Now, you know perfectly well, if you saw her marriage in the papers you would feel yourself an injured being."

"Why should I?"

"You would, nevertheless."

"Well, she did pretend to be awfully spoozy once."

"I don't think there was much pretence about it, and I don't think you will ever see her marriage in the papers."

"But I don't love her. Never did love her. You wouldn't have me marry a woman I don't love!"

"Love is seldom equal on both sides. As the French say, 'There is always one who kisses, and one who offers the cheek.' There would be a great many more happy marriages if men would marry the women who love them, rather than the women they love. It is a man's view of the case, perhaps, but then I speak as a man."

The woman who marries because the offer is eligible, or out of compassion, because her lover worries her into it, will not find her compassion strong enough to remind her of her duty when she meets the man she can really love and ought to have married. Trust me, he is a wise man who marries the woman that loves him. Surely it is no hard task to be sufficiently affectionate in return, and, at least, he may be free from jealousy."

"I don't care," cried Frank, with an impatient kick of his dexter foot at the Angola cat which, frightened from her cosy corner of the rug by a miniature bombshell which had sprung from a blazing coal, had crossed the cold floor with as hurried a gait as her feline dignity would permit, and meditated a spring which was to land her in the immediate neighborhood of Frank's patent leather shoes. "I'm not going to have Dora Annerley, though I know she'd have me, and I am going to have Di. Burton, whether she'll have me or not!"

Tom Lane didn't start. Nothing ever seemed to surprise Tom Lane. But his eyes brightened slightly. He left off blowing rings, and bent his head so as to bring Frank within his range of vision. Then he said, quietly:

"If you will take my advice, and wish to spare yourself the humiliation of a refusal, you will never ask her."

Frank sprang erect. The frightened cat, who had remained irresolute near the sofa foot, with ears bent back and twitching tail, now fled, completely routed, to the mat before the book-case, and there entrenched herself, disconsolate and indignant.

"What do you know about it! What right have you to say such a thing!" he asked fiercely.

"I believe I am correct enough in my estimate of Diana Burton's character, when I say that she would never seriously think of taking any man for a husband whose present circumstances and future prospects are as uncertain as your own. She has too much sense to let romance run away with her. Still, I have not the slightest right to control you. I offered my advice as a friend, but I must not expect you to take it. People never do, you know," he added with so completely good-humored a smile, that Frank's frown vanished before it.

"Well, he said, "thanks for your warning, but I'm afraid I shan't profit by it."

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.

For my part, I am not yet old enough to think a girl a fool if she has a few grains of romance in her composition, and I'd work like the very deuce, if she'll only promise to wait for me."

"Wild, man, gang your ain gait! But if I were a betting man I'd wager you ten to one in anything you choose she don't have you. But I never bet, and you'd better keep your money to buy caresses. Let us change the subject. Dine with me at the Cave, and then we'll go round to Pollie's."

"Anything you like," said Frank. "I'm as restless as a skeleton on wires."

"I'm glad he told me," muttered Tom to himself as he dived into his dressing-room to make himself presentable to the outer world. "I like the boy too well to let him fall a prey to Di. And he'd never have told me if he knew I held his fate in my hands. Ignorance will prove bliss in his case at any rate."

III.
POLLIE.

The Cave was a club for artists—dramatic, musical and literary people. It was called the Cave because it was underground. The entrance was from a queer little back street called Seven Sisters Lane. You went down steps to it, and through a mysterious little door with a wicket in it. Once upon a time tradition said it had been the headquarters of a secret society, and its portal had only opened to those possessed of the open sesame of a counterign. The Cave had this peculiarity: it was an Epicure Club. It possessed a ladies' dining-room and a ladies' reading-room, but although these were designed for the special accommodation of its female members, there was no restriction which forbade the married ladies to share the society of their lords or such of the unmarried subscribers as were sufficiently emancipated to display their skill in the scientific diversions of the billiard-room, or to add the perfume of their cigarettes to the denser incense of the devotees of the narcotic weed in the smoking-room, or to seek for partners at whist in the card-room.

As the friends entered they saw through the open door of the billiard room that Pollie was engaged in a game of carambole with a noted billiard player and veteran actor, who though usually reserving himself for such characters as wily monks, bishops, dukes, or ministers, or other elderly and respectable rôles—occasionally astonishes the public by the youthfulness of his make-up, and the vivacity and verve of his rendering of Dazzle or Charles Surface.

"Come, you two," cried Tom, "and pick a bit of dinner with us."

"I cannot, for my part, accept," said the veteran, "I play in three pieces to-night and in two of them there is oating to be done—a breakfast in the first and an oyster supper in the last—and we are far too realistic at the Sans Souci to have propriety viania. But Pollie can atone. She is not wanted till nine o'clock."

So it was arranged, and the three were soon at table.

Pollie was a splendid creature of two or three and twenty. Her face exhibited the peculiar pallor, the firmness of flesh and mobility of feature, together with the wide awake and brilliant eye which are generally characteristic of the theatrical profession. Her hair was tightly gathered up on the back part of the crown, being cunningly turned outside in there somehow so as to reduce it to the very smallest compass—a proceeding at which it apparently rebelled, to judge by the crisp curling of the small quantity left free upon her forehead, which was so full of electricity that when Pollie passed a comb through it in a dark room it emitted a perfect coruscation of sparks. Her intense vitality, was, perhaps, one of her chiefest charms. Her features were regular, her figure perfect, and her walk, when she wished to express dignity—a poem.

After dinner they entered a cab and drove to the theatre, where the two young men watched Pollie for about an hour, while she depicted a young soubrette, demure and innocent eyed, who was called "my dear child" by her mistress, until she ran away with the son of the house, married him, and became her child in reality.

Then Pollie suggested they might as well go home and have a game at cards, and her companions assenting, they drove off.

"Just let us see if the babies are all right," said Pollie, leading the way into a spacious bed chamber to the left of the salon as they entered. Here, in a dainty crib, lay two small children, asleep. But on little Rose's face there was a troubled air, and a feverish flush. As Pollie knelt and pressed a light kiss upon the cherub face, the child turned slightly, folded its chubby hands and babbled—

"Dad bress pappa and Dod bress mamma, and make us dood tildren," and then with a sigh of relief, turned to its pillow and fell peacefully asleep.

"Didn't the children say prayers to-night?" inquired Pollie of the little maid who was folding the tiny garments, and otherwise neatening the apartment.

"O, yes, ma'am but Miss Rosey was so very tired she went off before she could get through."

"So that was what was troubling my darling," said Polly, as adjusting the lace curtain, she rose from her knees, and turned toward Lorimer who, standing bashfully near the door, watched the scene with a puzzled face.

"You seem surprised, sir," said the mother, "yet you see we actresses are not all quite heathens after all. When you know us better, you will find we are more like other people than you think."

"If John were not so busy," proceeded Pollie, as they regained the sitting room, "I would ask him to take a hand at whist, but I know it would only bother him. The fact is," she went on, "that little Rose is to make her first appearance next month and John is busy finishing the play in which she and I take parts. It begins with a mother and child—that's Rose—getting lost in the snow, and being discovered by a St. Bernard dog. The mother dies, but the child is saved, and turns out to be heiress to a big amount, but it is difficult to prove her identity. Meantime she accidentally meets the man who—failing this—claims the fortune, and they fall in love; so that everything is arranged happily, and the lawyers are bamboozled. Pretty, isn't it! And there will be lots of realistic scenery. I am the dead mother in the first act, and little Rose, grown up afterwards. Now, as John is not available, we must play enche by ourselves."

Presently, Tom declared he had an appointment, but would be back in less than an hour, "you and Pollie," said he, "can keep the game alive till I reappear."

But Frank, though he had managed to take a third hand tolerably, soon showed that he was distracted. He made no end of mistakes and finally threw his cards on the table in despair.

"I can't play to-night, Mrs. Morris," said he, "let us talk. Can you advise me on a delicate point? What are the best words in which to pop the question?"

"Please don't call me Mrs. Morris," she replied. "I am never anything but Pollie inside these walls. And as for your question, a man who is really in earnest can never lack words, I fancy, and the more earnest he is the simpler his declaration will be. I know John just said to me 'Pollie, dear, will you be my wife?' Of course he had a deal more to say, you know. He told me how young I was in the profession, and how bad it was for a young girl to learn such a life when she had no settled object for her affection, and how he would make me happy and take care of me. Oh," she said, clasping her hands together in her lap, and lowering her voice as if speaking to herself, while grateful tears dimmed her bright eyes, "John has been so very, very good to me. When I married him he was partner in a theatrical agency and we lived in the suburbs of London, and often and often I have driven home in a handsome or gone down by the early morning train, only in time to kiss him 'good-bye,' on the door mat as he left for the office in the morning. It is such a happy thing to have a husband who you know trusts you. Only think, in a profession such as mine, what miserable lives we should lead if he were unjustly jealous. And when men talk nonsense, I just point to my wedding ring and tell them that little gold band goes right round my heart, and that there isn't the least little bit in the world over for anybody else."

"But," she said, brushing away her tears and resuming her bright smile, "to return to

our muttons! There is an infinite choice of ways. For example there is the plain and straightforward way as illustrated by the American sitting on the fence, whittling a stick and saying 'Look here, Sall, if you're for gittin' hitched, I'm in.' Or there's the humorous-sentimental as instanced in a case confided to me the other day. Jack Bryant, you know, brought his wife home from Scandinavia. He was touring in the North when, at a dance in Stockholm, his partner finding a difficulty in conversing with him, conjured up from the depths of her memory, a few words of the English she had learnt at school, and asked: 'Are you Engelsman?' 'No,' he answered, 'not exactly just yet, though who knows if some day I may not marry some Swedish Froken, beautiful and good, and so become an engels man; if you divide the word so, you know, it means—angel's husband.' That little bit of blarney caught her. Or there's the tragic style, 'Say yes, or by all the fiends in hades, I'll ber-low out my ber-rains!' Or there's the poetical style made use of by Claul Melnotte, 'Lik'at thou the picture?' Or, to come back to the point from which we started, there is the simple phrase which will never be old-fashioned, and is not to be excelled: 'I love you, do you love me?' Anyway, when the time comes, be sure the words will come too."

"Oh, it's all very well to say that," said Frank, "when it's an ordinary girl, that you feel equal to or superior to. But when it is an angel, a being immeasurably one's superior, whom it seems an audacity to address at all—then it's a different thing."

Polly laughed. "I wouldn't give much for a marriage where the suitor had the sentiments you profess. He is in love with an ideal, and before the honeymoon was half over, the piusions would fall from his angel, the gilt rub off the golden idol, and he would turn disgusted from the discovery of the feet of clay."

Lorimer had risen unperceived. "Mrs. Morris, I pray you to forgive me if I go. We shall scarcely see Tom any more to-night, and it is getting late."

"No, no, don't go," pleaded Pollie. "Tom always keeps his promises. At any rate John and I are going to have stout and oysters directly, and—"

But Frank was gone.

"Hoity-toity," said Pollie, as she softly entered her husband's den and pressed her pouting lips to the little bald spot just commencing to make an appearance on his cranium—"What a queer little thing love is, John!"

And John, as he turned to her's a face which brightened at her smile, drew her on his knee, and pressed her to his breast, would have made it very plain to any beholder, had such there been, that at least, his idol needed no regilding yet.

IV. DIANA.

When a young man is very much in love, he is not a fit subject for common sense, and must be spoken to according to his folly. Frank Lorimer left Pollie's rooms in dudgeon, and as he found a brilliant moonlight outside, congenial to the indulgence of poetic rapture, he was soon wandering across the rocky path that led in the direction of his love's abode, and presently was standing in the shadow of a tree, gazing, as he might have expressed it, on the casket which contained the jewel. While folding his arms, crossing one foot over the other in that position which is the nearest human approach to that of a horse resting, and arranging himself generally in an easy and romantic attitude to gaze at length upon her window, he became aware that a small gate in the garden wall was standing open, and that two figures were approaching it over the turf, who as they reached it separated—the man going rapidly down the path towards the town—the woman entering and closing the gate behind her. "That was awfully like Tom," was the thought that first struck Lorimer, "and the other was just Diana's size, but of course it could not be. Bah! Some servant girl philandering with her young man—only what servant girl could walk like that!" And when a figure, unmistakably Diana's this time, came out upon the balcony in front of her window, bent over some plants, looked around at the scene made fairy-like by the moonlight, and then reentered, closing the French windows of the apartment—his suspicions became certain. But was it Tom? Was Tom his rival, and a rival so favoured as to make appointments by moonlight? When he reached the outskirts of the city and passed Pollie's windows all was dark there—the portals of the Egyptians frowned impregnable on all who owned not the Open Sesame of a latch key, and all he could do was to betake himself home to his own bed to snatch such sleep as a disturbed mind would let him.

Awaking late from an uneasy slumber which had delayed its advent till morning, he dressed and sought the Egyptian Chambers, with an intention of "having it out" with Tom Lue. In this he was balked, however, as on reaching No. 9 he found a notice on the door in Tom's bold, black scrawl—"Gone West. Back on Friday"—and his steps turned instinctively towards the hills with a somewhat less defined intention of "having it out" with Diana. It is doubtful, perhaps, if he would not have found his courage oozing at his fingers' ends before he reached the house, had not fortune favoured him by presenting before him among the rocks, Diana herself, accompanied by her great tawny mastiff Lion, and armed with a botanical case in which she was collecting specimens for an old school friend and constant correspondent.

What Frank said it is doubtful if he himself could tell, but after the first greetings were over he found the words come fast enough, and, no doubt he pleaded his cause well, because he did so earnestly. But as soon as Diana perceived his drift, and, after that, could get in a word edgewise, she stopped him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Lorimer, that you should have been at the pains to say all this to me before you could have learnt that it is altogether impossible for me to listen to you. I am already engaged to be married."

"To the gentleman who met you by moonlight alone last evening?" He could have bitten his tongue out, but the words were uttered.

"To Lord X.—I shall no doubt be his wife before Christmas."

"As such, you will have everything that can ensure happiness."

She raised her eyes and looked him in the face. She looked more like one who has heard a death warrant than one who has news that would turn her future life into an earthly paradise.

"I am going to become a very fine lady, I dare say," she said, "I know I am going to be a very miserable woman. You have called me one of the noblest of God's creature—a little lower than the angels—What not? You said you would acquire fame, make yourself a position, be worthy of me, if I would give you a hope—I, whose robe you are not worthy to kiss. Listen to me. I know the lady president of the city refuge. She told me of a woman who came there destitute, whose husband had cast her out in the street—whose lover had deserted her. Now what that woman did to her ruin, I had thought to do with impunity. I loved, but with a love that was so selfish that first I wished to acquire a secure position, before I indulged it. But I had reckoned without my host, and when I faintly foreshadowed to the man I loved the project that I scarcely dared acknowledge to myself I was vile enough to entertain, he poured out upon me such a scorching torrent of words, that I sometimes wonder I could hear them and live. So I have lost my love, and all that is left to me is my misery and my grandeur. And I tell you this that I may destroy at one blow your love and your respect, and restore to you your peace of mind. As well that you should, at whatever cost to myself, hear it from me, as that it should be told—as it would have been, if necessary for your happiness—by another. Now that I have learnt what you taught me—and you have learnt what I am—all further words are useless. Farewell."

Her auditor, as he listened to this fierce self-denuciation, stood as one dazed. A strange sense of unreality possessed him. He could not convince himself that all was not a dream—some hideous pageant—where, though we actually see and hear, we know that all is fiction. Rousing himself he was about to say some commonplace—"If ever she required a friend—if his services could ever be of the slightest use"—but it occurred to him as an absurdity. What were the services he could offer Lady X.—? To permit a portrait of her favourite dog—her mare—her husband's mansion viewed from the most picturesque point! Deadly pale from intense emotion, he only bowed low and turned upon his heel.

V. DORA.

Returning to the town—not by the shady mountain path, but by the dusty road on which the scorching sun shown with pitiless glare, raising white clouds with slovenly tread, careless of his comfort, unheeding of appearance, Frank Lorimer allowed his feelings to work him into frenzy. Was Tom her lover? Did he call that love? Had she offered herself to him—he cried in his madness—on any terms, would he have refused? What had Tom said to her last night. Had they spoken of him. If he thought Tom had been interfering—and lashing himself into an insensate fury against Tom he clenched his fists and felt that he could have flown at and torn his enemy. Then with his head feeling full of clockwork, and limbs refusing their office, he staggered and fell by the way side, grovelling in the dust.

There was a sound of rushing wheels and Dr. Buller, Dora Annerley's foster father, drew up in his little trap, and leaving the reins to the boy in buttons, hastened to succor the dust-stained mass of humanity.

"That you, Doctor," muttered Frank. "My head's all on fire."

"And legs no use at all, eh? Yes, yes, we'll get home as soon as we can and then you can lie down and you'll soon get all right. Come along," and he half carried the dizzy Frank to his conveyance and speedily rattled him off to his room.

Next day the patient was in a raging fever. When the crisis had come and gone, and, out of danger, he lay with, shaved head and claw-like hands, drifting slowly back to convalescence out of the valley of the shadow of death—Mrs. Buller and Dora Annerley would come and visit him, bearing offerings of small refreshing niceties. One day, as he had swallowed the last spoonful of a jelly with which Dora herself fed him—he seized her hand and dare her to deny that she had nursed him through the worst of the disease.

Taxed thus—she owned she had.

"Then promise me that I may devote the life that belongs to you, to making you as happy as may be in my power. Promise me you will make my life worth living—that you will be my wife."

"Hush!" she said, "We mustn't talk of that until you are well and strong."

"But if you don't say yes, I won't get well. I'll do all I am told not to do. I'll talk, and excite myself, and worry, and rave, and die."

"Then I will say yes, but only on condition that it is to be considered unsaid if you wish when you recover, and your strength of judgment returns to you."

"Then I will get well very fast indeed and next time you shall say 'yes' in church."

There was a very grand wedding indeed, when Diana became Lady X.—which was shortly followed by a less pretentious ceremony at which her sweet "I will" made Dora Annerley Mrs. Lorimer. We are very sure she will never do anything to give her spouse a heart-ache, although we should be sorry to promise as much in regard to Frank. Yet we auger well for the happiness of their married life, for whatever may be Frank's faults, Dora nature is of that sweet and clinging kind, that forgives the delinquencies of others unto seventy times and seven. But as it is not our province to follow them through the vicissitudes of their future; we will take leave of them as they enter the carriage destined to take them on the first stage of their wedding trip.

"Well, you have got me at last, Dora," said Frank, as the door was closed on the pair "Make the most of me."

"And we may be sure—if the influence of a true, pure, and good woman ever made the most of a man—she did."

THE POETRY MARKET.

A timid, but really rather pretty young man came stepping softly into the sanctum recently, when nobody was in but the advertisement solicitor, who was writing a half column puff of Slab & Headstone's new marble shop. The young man took off his hat and said,

"Good morning," and the advertisement man snarled.

"What is poetry worth?" asked the timid, but pretty young man.

"Forty cents a line," said the advertisement man, promptly and rather tenderly, "and you can't do better anywhere. The advantages we offer for the publication of poetry are unsurpassed. Our circulation, standing in five figures the first year, has steadily increased three times an hour ever since, and poetry published in this paper is placed in the hands of 150,000 families before night. How much have you?"

"Perhaps," said the timid young man, fairly reeling with delight, "it is a little too long."

"Makes no difference," said the advertisement man, beaming upon him kindly, "we'll put it all in if we have to issue a supplement. And everything over 3,000 lines goes at thirty-five cents."

The timid young man looked disappointed. "It isn't so much then," he said, "when it's very long?"

"Never," replied the advertisement man magnanimously. "Never; less room, more pay; that's the way you make a living. Got your copy with you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man joyfully, "would you like to read it, sir, or shall I read it?"

"No, don't care to read it just now. Sit down and we'll count it."

So they sat down and counted it. "My heart, my heart in throbbing numbers tells," read the ad. man. "Heart medicine, young man!" he asked, in the patronizing way of a man who knows everything.

"No, sir," replied the young man in amazed tones, while the ad. man counted away for dear life. "No, sir; a rhapsody, sir."

"Oh, yes; yes, of course," said the ad. man, in reassuring tones. "Hundred nine, hundred, hundred eleven—course, hundred fourteen—hain't done much in rhapsodies since Helmbold failed—hundred twenty-three—good things, though; we took a gross of 'em last spring on Pad & Lotion's column—hundred for-two—and I wore one myself two weeks and it made—hundred fifty-four—man of me. One hundred and sixty-eight lines, sir, and we'll throw in a four-line head and won't count the odd half line—\$67.20; call it an even \$65 cash down. Just step down to the business office and I'll give you a receipt."

But the high-souled poet had fled.

PRESENCE OF MIND BEFORE BEING MURDERED.—In "Irish History and Character," by Goldwin Smith, we read the following story: A party of Whiteboys entered a house in which were a man, his wife, and their daughter, a young girl. The three were all together in the same room. The ruffians rushed into the room, dragged the man out of the house, and murdered him. In the room there was a closet with a hole in its door, through which a person placed inside could see into the room. The woman concealed the girl in this closet, and said to her, "Now, child, they are murdering your father downstairs, and when they have murdered him they will come up here and murder me. Take care that while they are doing it, you look well at them, and mind you swear to them when you see them in the court. I will throw turf on the fire to give you light, and will struggle hard that you may have time to take a good view." The young girl looked in through the hole in the closet door while her mother was being murdered; she marked the murderers well. She swore to them when she saw them in a court of justice, and they were convicted on her evidence.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.





HIDE AND SEEK.

FROM A PICTURE BY THE LATE W. B. C. FYFE.

ONLY A SHOP-GIRL!

Only a Shop-Girl! Stop your sneer! or listen at least to her tale, and then
You'll feel the ache, and you'll taste the tear, in the hearts of women who trust in man.
It wasn't like this in the dear old times, with mother and father alive, that day
When a party of innocent country girls went off to the cricket where gentlemen play:
And it seem'd no harm, in the eventide, when the sun had sunk and the tents were furled,
To wander away to the leafy lanes, by the side of the "handsomest man in the world."
There was nothing on earth that he could not do: she knew so little, and he so much:
His touch was tender, his eyes were blue:—Dear women! You know there are thousands such!
With women so silly, and men so vain, 'tis sweet to begin, and sorry to stop.—
It was only a Shop-Girl learning to love! Only a Girl of the Shop!

And the man meant well—as they sometimes do—and he loved this child in his selfish way:
He could speak so soft, and his eyes were blue, and he bought so much—with so little to pay:
But her father stormed, and the mother she wept, and the dear little home in the country lane
Was emptied quite of its great delight—she had gone, and could never return again.
For youth that loves—it's the way of the world—will leave old age, that has loved, in the lurch:
And the careless lovers to London came, to be married by law—yes! instead of the Church!
So they dream'd a little, and, when they awoke, it wasn't the good little woman who shirk'd.
For she took her place at the counter-side, where many a brave little woman has worked:
But the country roses left her cheeks: if she didn't quite starve, she was ready to drop.
It was only a Shop-Girl learning to live! Only a Girl of the Shop!

But the lips that love can belips that lie, and a manly mouth may be cruelly curled.
Though women keep loving the eyes that are blue, and linking the "handsomest man in the world,"
So the toy that is broken is thrown away, and the heart embittered that once was prized:
And women who work like slaves can find their labor of love is at last despised.
They profess to be sick of the shop—these men—who nail their wives to counter and till:
They snarl and snap when they find her faint, and proceed to curse when they see she's ill:
For brave little wives must be mothers at last,—there is little for three, when sufficient for two.
So the Gordian knot is cut by the man—who departs, as such chivalrous gentlemen do.
'Tis only a wife and a child who are left, by the cowardly fool or the ignorant top:
And it's only a Shop-Girl—thinking of sin—only a Girl of the Shop!

Only a Shop-Girl! Spare her, men! Who have sisters to love and mothers to pray:
She would like to be honest, but must not look ill: at least, so the good-natured customers say:
So they kindly suggest that a down-trodden wife does not fit with the trade of a practical age,
And she looks the wide world pretty full in the face, and turns, with a sigh of relief, to the stage:
Not the stage as it should be—the stage as it is—with its dazzle of jewels and glamor of dress,
Where womankind buzz round the candle of fame, and scorch their poor wings—they could scarcely do less!
From the shop to the stage 'tis a natural step—for the bitter in spirit and broken in heart.
Who find that, no matter how little the wage, the profession contrives to be mightily smart!
But the life is worth living! So ray it becomes! From pleasure to pleasure it spins like a top:
See! it's only a Shop-Girl—painting her face!—only a Girl of the Shop!

What a sermon is here! Is Morality dumb? Or why doesn't virtue white and preach
At a woman who's driven from shop to the stage, and discovers that honesty's out of her reach!
She thinks once more of the days at home: as down on her pillow she sinks her head:
She sees her sisters faintly fine, and hears her little one cry for bread!
And then comes love—not the old, old love, as she felt it once in the country lanes—
But a passionate fever of riddled youth,—who reckons the cost, and who counts the gains?
Still, a dinner or so in a time of need! and a soft new dress for a lovely form.
Are things that most women are grateful for, they are sails of life that weather the storm.
Only a Shop-Girl fallen away!—by the road of life! Samaritan, stop!
Only a Shop-Girl! Waiting the end! Only a Girl of the Shop!—Punch.

"LEEK-SEED CHAPEL."

Soon after the promulgation of Methodism in England it spread with great rapidity over the counties of Devon and Cornwall, and especially among the miners and lower orders. For a long period after its introduction the clergy and higher classes of society in the west of England manifested a dislike to the new doctrines which can scarcely be imagined in these days of modern toleration. It was thought by many young gentlemen good sport to break the windows and nail up the doors of a Method st chapel. The robbery of a Wesleyan preacher, as a spree, by two young gentlemen, became the subject of an investigation, and the frolicsome young men had to pay very dearly for their practical joke.

Among the uneducated local preachers was one known by the name of "Old Gardener." This old man was no common character—inceded he was quite original, and by far the most popular preacher among the disciples of John Wesley in the vicinity.

He kept a small nursery garden about two miles from the town of St. A—, working hard at his occupation of gardener by day, and praying and preaching to his fellow-sinners, as he called them, in the evening. He lived in the poorest manner, giving away all the surplus of his earnings in charity, distributing Bibles, and promoting to the utmost of his ability the extension of Methodism. His complexion was a sort of dirty, dark, iron grey, and his whole appearance lean and grotesque. Although extremely ignorant, he possessed no small degree of cunning; of this the following incident affords ample evidence:

The "Old Gardener" was once subjected to a burglary and attempt at robbery. He lived with his wife in a small and somewhat dilapidated cottage, not far from the high road. Three

young "squires," who all despised and hated Methodism, having heard that the old man had been recently making a collection to build a Methodist chapel, thought it would be a good frolic to rob him temporarily of the proceeds of this collection. The result of the frolic is best related in the words of one of the actors:

"We set out," said he, "upon our expedition with blackened faces, upon a dark night, a little before twelve o'clock. We had dined late, and all of us had Dutch as well as Cornish courage; yet I confess, when it came to the point, I felt myself a coward. I began to reflect that it was but a dastardly frolic to frighten the poor old man and his wife in the dead of night.

"The clock struck twelve. 'Now is the very witching time of night,' exclaimed Tom.

"Don't let us frighten the poor people out of their wits," said I.

"No," said Ryder, 'we will be gentle robbers—gentle as Robin Hood and Little John.'

"I said that I would rather return than proceed. 'Recollect,' said I, 'the old fellow is an old soldier, as well as a saint, and fears nothing human.'

"Nonsense," exclaimed Ryder, 'here goes.' He pressed the feeble door of the cottage in which the old man resided; it immediately gave way and flew open. We entered, and found ourselves in a sort of kitchen. To our great surprise there was a light shining from an inner room. This made us all hesitate.

"Who is out there at this time of the night?" exclaimed a hoarse voice from within. I knew it to be the unmistakable voice of the 'Old Gardener.'

"Give us your money, and no harm shall befall you," said Tom, 'but we must have your money.'

"The Lord will be my defence," rejoined the 'Old Gardener.' 'You shall have no money from me; all in the house is the Lord's—take it if you dare.'

"We must and will have it," said we, as we entered the inner room, after taking the precaution of fastening the chamber door as we entered.

"We soon wished we had suffered it to remain open, as you will see.

"Now, consider us face to face with the 'Old Gardener,' and a pretty sight was presented. Three ruffians (ourselves) with white waggons' frocks and blackened faces; before us the 'Old Gardener,' sitting on the side of his bed. He wore a red worsted nightcap, a checked shirt, and a flannel jacket; his iron grey face, fringed with a grizzly beard, looking as cool and undisturbed as it he had been in the pulpit preaching.

"A table was by the side of the bed, and immediately in front of him, on a large deal table, was an open Bible, close to which we observed, to our horror, a heap of gunpowder, large enough to blow up a castle. A candle was burning on the table, and the old fellow had a steel in one hand and a large flint in the other. We were all three paralyzed. The wild, iron-faced, determined look of the 'Old Gardener,' the candle, flint and steel, and the great heap of powder, absolutely froze our blood, and made cowards of us all. The gardener saw the impression he had made.

"What! do you want to rob and murder?" exclaimed he; 'I think you had better join with me in prayer, miserable sinners that you all are! Repent, and you may be saved. You will soon be in another world.'

"Ryder first recovered his speech.

"Please to hear me, Mr. Gardener. I feel that we have been wrong, and if we may depart we will make reparation, and give you all the money we have in our pockets.'

"We laid our purses on the table before him. 'The Lord has delivered you into my hands. It was so revealed to me in a dream. We shall all soon be in another world. Pray, let us pray.'

"And down he fell upon his knees, close to the table, with the candle burning, and the ugly flint and steel in his hand. He prayed and prayed. At last he appeared exhausted. He stopped and eyed the purses, and then emptied one of them out on the table. He appeared surprised, and I thought gratified at the largeness of its contents.

"We now thought we should have leave to retire; but, to our dismay, the 'Old Gardener' said:

"Now, we will praise God by singing the 100th psalm.'

"This was agony to us all. After the psalm, the old man took up the second purse, and while he was examining its contents, Ryder, who was close behind Tom and myself, whispered softly:

"I have unfastened the door, and when you hear me move make a rush.'

"We did so; and at the same moment heard the old fellow hammering away at his flint and steel. We expected to be instantly blown into fragments. The front door, however, flew open before us; the next step we found ourselves in the garden. The night was pitchy dark. We rushed blindly through brambles and prickly shrubs, ran our heads against trees, then forced ourselves through a thicket hedge. At last, with scratched faces, torn hands, and tattered clothes, we tumbled over a bank into the high road.

"Our horses we soon found, and we galloped to Ryder's residence. Lights were produced, and we sat down. We were black, ragged, and dirty. We looked at each other, and, in spite of our miserable adventure, roared with laugh.

"We may laugh," exclaimed Tom, 'but if this adventure is blown, and we are found out, Cornwall will be too hot for us the next seven years. We have made a pretty night of it. We

have lost our money; been obliged to pretend to pray for two long hours, before a great heap of gunpowder, while that grim-faced, ugly, red-capped brute threatened us with an immediate passage into eternity. And our money forsooth must go to build a meeting house! Bah! It is truly horrible. The old fellow has played the old soldier on us with a vengeance, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole country.'

"The affair was not yet ended. Reports were spread that three men disguised as black demons, with horns and tails, had entered the cottage of the 'Old Gardener,' who had not only terrified them, but had frightened them out of a good sum of money, which he intended to devote to the building of a new Methodist meeting-house. It was given out that on the following Sunday, 'Old Gardener' intended to preach a sermon, and afterwards solicit subscriptions for the meeting-house, when he would relate the remarkable manner in which he had been providentially assisted with funds for the buildings. Our mortification was complete. Tom, whose hatred of Methodism was intense, declared he would blow up the meeting-house as soon as it was built. Our curiosity, however, was excited, and we all three determined to hear our adventure of the night related by 'Old Gardener,' if we could contrive to be present without being suspected.

"Sunday evening arrived. The meeting-house was crammed to suffocation; and with the dull lights then burning in the chapel, we had no difficulty in concealing ourselves. The sermon was short, but the statement of our adventures was related most minutely and circumstantially in the old man's quaint, homely, and humorous phraseology. This evening he seemed to excel himself, and was exultingly humorous.

"I never," said he, 'saw black faces pray with greater devotion. I have some doubt, however, he silyly observed, 'if their prayers were quite heavenward. They sometimes turned their faces towards the door; but a lifting of the flint and steel kept them quiet.'

"He then added, with a shake of the head and an exulting laugh. 'But they had not smelt powder like the old soldier they came to rob. No, no; it was a large heap—ay, large enough to frighten old General Clive himself. The candle was lighted, the flint and steel were ready. You may ask, my friends, if I myself was not afraid. No, no, my dear friends,' shouted he, 'this large stock of apparent gunpowder was—it was my whole year's stock of leek (onion) seed!'

"The whole congregation somewhat irreverently laughed; even the saints almost shouted; many clapped their hands. I was for a moment stupefied by the announcement, but at last could hardly suppress my own laughter.

"We subscribed to the fund to avoid suspicion, and left the meeting. After the sermon we joined each other, but could not speak. We could hardly chuckle 'leek seed,' and then roared with laughter.

"It was a good joke, though not exactly to our taste. It has, however, more than once served for subsequent amusement.

"The chapel was built with the money collected by the gardener. Time and circumstances now induce me to think that there has been no detriment to morality or religion by the erection of the meeting-house, which was afterwards known as 'The Leek-seed Chapel.'—*St. James' Magazine.*

THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

The oldest newspaper in this world is called the *King-Pau*, or Capital Sheet. It is now, and has been, published at Peking, China, ever since the reign of the Emperor Quang-Soo, who, as it is generally known, died late in the afternoon of the tenth century.

When the first number of the *King-Pau* was called on the street of Peking, in the month of May, A.D. 911, some of the smartest men in the town shook their heads and predicted that it would not last more than three months, at the outside.

There are plenty of these smart men now.

A very peculiar feature of this Chinese organ is that for the first five or six centuries of its existence it only appeared at irregular intervals. There were intervals of fifty, sixty, and even a hundred years, between the issues; so it was not a daily paper by any manner of means. It appeared semi-occasionally, so to speak. China is not a progressive country even now, and a thousand years ago a newspaper that managed to get to press once in fifty years was regarded as a marvel of journalistic enterprise. The people were not accustomed to rushing things, and shook their heads at the recklessness of the editor.

There must be a great many advantages in managing a paper according to the ancient Chinese plan. After the paper was out, the editor could take such a nice, long rest. He could go out fishing, stay as long as he pleased, and still have time to prepare some copy for the next issue. If a long haired poet came prowling about with a long-winded atrocity of a poem, instead of having to stand him off with lame excuses, the editor could say, "I print your poem with pleasure. It will appear in my next issue, seventy-five years and six months from to-day." That would settle the matter. In those days, when a man paid a nickel for a paper, being anxious to obtain the latest news, the mere fact that the last issue of that paper was published before he was born, did not matter.

We should think that there was some danger of the editor becoming a little confused as to

dates. The editor never received any postal cards complaining that the three last issues of the *King-Pau* had not been received, as that would cover no less than 250 years. Unless the mails were much like our own mails, there was not much danger of the country subscribers getting two issues of the paper at one and the same time. It must have been very difficult for the public to ascertain when that kind of a newspaper was really dead. If there was no issue for a hundred years, the constant reader would begin to say, "It seems to me I haven't got my last number of the *King-Pau*. It must have got lost in the mail." If the paper did not appear after a lapse of a century and a half, rumours unfavourable to the financial standing of the paper were heard, and there was some talk of a splendid opportunity to start a new paper; that there was a void in the newspaper world that might be advantageously filled, if some parties with brains and capital were to go at it with a vim. Regular subscribers were in the habit, no doubt, of dropping into the *King-Pau* office, and asking when that paper was coming out. People who wanted to insert advertisements in the coming issue did not have to hurry up to get them in the paper, when there was seventy-five years or more time to write them out, and take them to the office. During the latter part of the twelfth century, the proprietors of the *King-Pau* determined to push things, so it appeared regularly every fifty years. Everybody said that the proprietors were crowding on too much steam, and that there would be an explosion, but they were mistaken. About the time that Columbus discovered America a new partner was admitted into the firm, and he had the paper out every twenty-five years. For several centuries it came out regularly on the year of publication. After a while the western barbarians began to educate the Chinese up to the English standard, and now it is flourishing. Here is what an exchange says of the present status of the *King-Pau*:

"Now, however, it appears in three editions daily. The first, issued early in the morning and printed on yellow-paper, is called *Hsing-Pau* (Business Sheet), and contains trade prices, exchange questions, and all manner of commercial intelligence. Its circulation is a little over 8,000. The second edition, which comes out during the forenoon, also printed upon yellow-paper, is devoted to official announcements, fashionable intelligence, and general news. Besides its ancient title of *King-Pau*, it owns another designation, that of *Shuen-Pau*, or 'Official Sheet.'

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, Nov. 25.

THE Advanced French Republicans, who already have civil marriages and civil funerals, are now beginning to practice civil baptisms.

Among the latest fashionable arrivals in Paris are the Duchess of Newcastle and her daughter. They have the intention of passing the winter here.

MRS. MACKAY has, we are glad to hear, quite recovered from her recent severe illness. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay have returned to the Rue Tilsit, Paris, where society hopes that they will soon resume their most pleasant parties. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay are most deservedly popular, and they spend their enormous wealth right royally; ungrudgingly seeking to make others enjoy that which riches only can procure.

THE Prefect of the Seine is about to remove from the gates of cemeteries crosses and other symbols not accepted by all religions. Families will still be at liberty to place such symbols on the tombs of relatives; but the divisions between Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish graves being about to disappear, under a recent law, the gates or other accessories will henceforth be of a neutral character.

MR. TENNYSON'S new drama has during the past week attracted larger and more favorable audiences than might have been anticipated from the augury of its stormy first night. It may, therefore, eventually prove a satisfactory production, at any rate from one point of view; but it should be borne in mind by those who are anxious to reverse the earlier verdict, that such a success may, through various causes, be attained without any real reference to the qualities of the piece as a work of dramatic art.

It is rumored that M. Loyson (Père Hyacinthe) is about to visit London with his wife, in order to raise funds for the expenses of a new chapel—the one he now occupies in the Rue d'Assai being too shabby to tempt fresh proselytes to his Gallican creed. Père Hyacinthe will be accompanied by his wife, who is an excellent canvasser, having before her first marriage acted in that capacity to Mme. Domereat, a famous dress-maker of New York—for whose book of fashions she was a most successful agent for some time. It seems that Mme. Loyson was the inventor of an ingenious method of bracing for young girls, and the patent taken out at New York is still in activity. It was this circumstance that caused the report which appeared in all the Paris papers at the time of the union that Père Hyacinthe had married a staymaker.

RANELINE.*

Evening's shades were darkly closing,
Stilly night began to roign,
O'er that fastness where reposing
Lay the wounded and the slain.

None there was a vigil keeping;
Cosby's bloody flag was down;
Strown in death, his hosts were sleeping
'Mong the heather deep and brown.

Then it was a form came stealing,
Soft and silent was the tread;
At each mangled carcase kneeling,
Viewing the faces of the dead.

Closely viewing, yet little heeding,
Every remnant one by one;
Kinsman, foeman, dying, bleeding,
Shattered sword and broken gun.

On she went, no danger fearing:
Gone her feelings of dismay—
Lo! when to a cavern hearing,
There a glittering sabre lay.

Then came forth the tear-drops streaming,
Then the sad and piercing wail,
There her Donald's sword lay gleaming,—
Who, O who shall tell the tale?

Heart-rupt now, in anguish weeping,
Oh, that cry, how sad and sore!
"Art thou, dear, forever sleeping?
Shall I never see thee more?"

"Thou shalt see me lowly lying,"
Said a voice that whispered near,
"In this cold cave bleeding, dying;
Hither Raneline, dear!"

'Twas their last, short pensive meeting,
Yet a meeting ne'er to part;
While his dying heart was beating,
Stilled to death her beating heart.

One moment saw their sorrows over:
Calmly, sweetly, and serene
Died that brave, young Irish lover,
Died the lovely Raneline.

"DUNBOY."

"OUR DRAWING ROOM."

It has often been observed that some of the communications in the agony column of the *Times* would afford material for a thrilling romance. If we were to descend lower in the scale of journalism, we should find in the oracular utterances of some editors abundant foundation for a tragedy, a farce, or a melodrama. It must be admitted that by a similar agency valuable and otherwise, inaccessible information may occasionally be conveyed. This, however, is rather an exception, and, as a rule, the questions with which editors are beset are extremely foolish. The sporting papers, for instance, devote a column to replies to correspondents, who appeal to the editor to decide incomprehensible bets, to give his opinion as to the comparative trustworthiness of advertising tipsters, or inform "an anxious reader" whether the colors of the winner of the Chester Cup nineteen years ago were blue and orange, or scarlet with white sleeves. Until lately, before those nuisances were suppressed, complaints from idiotic victims of "discretionary investors," or "sworn bookmakers" of the *Benson and Kerr* type were extremely frequent; but I believe that in such cases the more usual course was to suppress the letter and increase the charge at which the advertisements of such rascals were inserted.

Perhaps, however, the most frivolous and ridiculous aspect of this branch of journalism is to be found in the newspapers which are devoted to the ladies. It was once my fortune to come across a copy of a curious periodical of this kind, and I think it may fairly be congratulated on having attained the fame of absurdity in this direction. The number, it is true, is not a very recent one; but it may, I imagine, be regarded as a fair sample of a publication which appears to enjoy a considerable circulation among the gentler sex.

It is the custom of this journal to print the questions of its correspondents under the title of "Our Drawing-room." These queries seem to be invariably written by ladies, almost invariably—according to their own statement—by young ladies. The contributors evidently are not of the class known as strong-minded females; they do not evince the slightest sympathy with Miss Lydia Becker or Mr. Jacob Bright, or express any interest in the cause of the higher education of women. Their inquiries, though of the most heterogeneous description, are on the whole of an eminently practical and prosaic order.

The first, for example, is from "A Country Subscriber," who, I read with a shudder, "would feel greatly obliged for a recipe for making black puddings."

The next question is from "Minnie," who, being unfortunately afflicted with freckles, has

bought some "Antiphetic Milk," in order to remove them. It appears that the directions for using this invaluable cosmetic—which will, I trust, prove less disastrous in the results of its application than that which was once purchased by Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse—are printed in French, and "Minnie," as she modestly puts it, "cannot decipher them perfectly." She "has those about her" who are possessed of that rare and enviable accomplishment, but with an ingenuous candor, charming to observe, she does not like to apply to them, and flies for help to her friendly editor.

Then, "A Welsh young Lady" is "disturbed to find a great many small hairs growing on her chin." Can the editor tell her how to remove them? The omniscient editor, flattered by an adroit compliment which this crafty young woman from Wales pays to his excellent magazine, to which it appears she is a constant subscriber, recommends her to "remove the hairs one by one with small pincers."

This bearded damsel is succeeded by "Geraldine," who "would be much pleased if any one would give her a recipe for whitening red hands, with which she is troubled." I cannot help fancying that "Geraldine" must be a *nom de plume* culled from a sensational romance; it is certainly difficult to believe that a lady who really possesses so aristocratic a name should be troubled with such vulgar appendages.

Leaving "Geraldine" with this incidental remark, I next come to the query of "A Lover of Music," the absurdity of which is only matched by the incoherent language in which it is couched. She begins by stating that about a year ago she was troubled with a "swelling on her neck," which compelled her to wear spectacles. I confess that the relation of cause and effect does not strike me as particularly clear; but perhaps some of my medical readers may be able to explain how a swollen neck can produce shortsightedness. Be this as it may, the glasses have hitherto been kept a strict family secret, unsuspected by the most intimate friends.

But now a difficulty arises. "A Lover of Music" is about to be married, and she is anxious for the editor's opinion on the important question whether the mystery of the spectacles should be divulged to her future husband. A wide question is thus unconsciously broached; and I should myself be glad to learn whether young ladies who are in the habit of supplementing their natural attractions by adventitious charms, usually regard ante-nuptial confidences there aught as a matter of moral obligation. The "Lover of Music" next proceeds to justify her *sobriquet*, and inform the much-enduring editor that it is only within the last year that her papa has been able to afford a piano; but that, since the state of the family exchequer has permitted him to indulge in the luxury, she has practised steadily two hours every day, "and can now play some tunes very nicely." Her friends, however, unsympathizing wretches, "say it is nonsense this waste of time"—perhaps "A Lover of Music" had exasperated them by forgetting to make the beds—"and I shall have plenty of other things to do after I am married." The editor, however, who can, of course, afford to indulge from a distance the æsthetic proclivities of his fair correspondent, counsels her to persevere with her piano; but, taking into consideration the spectacles, the carbuncle on the neck, and the two hours' practice which she thinks will be "so nice for her husband and herself" I do not know that I am disposed to envy the admirer of "A Lover of Music" his prospects of matrimonial felicity.

"Mina," who comes next, is delighted to find that another lady is of opinion that "it is fast for girls to sit on the stairs; she has seen couples do it this season, and has thought how foolish it looked." Most reprehensible, indeed! and if Mina, who evidently moves in fashionable circles, has found no sympathetic swain to share a stair with herself, I can fully comprehend her virtuous indignation.

I observe that almost every inquirer attempts to gain the editor's good will by eulogizing his magazine. "Dark Eyes," who sends some trivial question about a petticoat, is particularly fulsome in her compliments. "I subscribe," she writes, "to your magazine, and like it so well that no one could induce me to give it up; and I only wish I had begun to take it sooner." The editor is good enough to express his appreciation of this gushing tribute.

"A Country Girl," evidently some bashful, ingenuous maiden from *Venusia*, wishes to know "if it is allowable to wear little brown holland aprons in the morning." A question of such difficulty and importance the presiding genius of "Our Drawing Room" probably referred to his wife. If any of my readers are exercised on a similar subject they will be glad to learn that the oracle gives an affirmative reply.

My last quotation must be from the letter of "A Subscriber," who would "be glad to know why people turn to the east in the Creeds," and if the editor would "kindly give her a pattern for a jacket-body." "A Subscriber" who thus *naively* illustrates the smallness of the interval between the sublime and the ridiculous is evidently a person of large and sympathizing mind, equally interested in, and equally ignorant of, the mysteries of millinery and theology, of economical habits and—inquiring dispositions.

I have now given a specimen, taken almost at random, of the contents of "Our Drawing Room," and it will be seen that those feminine confessions of which the editor is the recipient are, if not highly intellectual, at all events of a

perfectly innocent type. At the same time, I feel bound to observe that if the young women of the period are adequately represented by the correspondents of the magazine, I sincerely pity the young men.

OUR HORSE.

The following are axioms:
1. A barn or stable, attached to your house, leads to a horse.

2. A horse leads to a coachman and gig.
3. A horse and coachman lead to a pair.
4. A pair leads to a carriage.
5. A carriage leads to bankruptcy.

Of course the foregoing axioms are based on the supposition that you are a married man. If you are still revelling in the delights of bachelorhood, or more sedately, but quite as thoroughly, enjoying the adjourned pleasures of widowhood, you may be satisfied with Shanks's mare; but, if you are blessed with a better half, you had better hire a place on which there is no stable, and, if possible, a place on which no stable can be put.

We reached the one-horse stage very soon after our removal to our rural home. As soon as I placed my eyes on the stable in our back yard, I knew what would happen, and I waited patiently for Mrs. Lot to develop her ideas. The next delightful point in Mrs. Lot's character is, that one is not compelled to wait long under such circumstances. We were returning from church at noon on Sunday, when Mrs. Lot made the first move in her little game.

"Don't you think," she suggested, "that it would be pleasanter to ride to and from church?" "Oh dear, no!" replied I. "It is ever so much better to walk. Walking stirs up the blood, refreshes the system, limbers the muscles, increases the appetite, invigorates the limbs—" "Dear me!" exclaimed she. "I don't want a lecture on physiology."

I knew she did not; but Mrs. Lot should have studied the history of the horse, who could be led to the water, but could not be compelled to drink. I determined that I would not aid her in her manoeuvres. As I made no answer to her exclamation, she paused for a moment, and then continued: "I think," said she, "that we should have a horse so that you and I can ride to church."

"Nonsense!" said I. "It's no distance; only a mile."

"Well, I think it is some distance," said she with some temper.

"Assume that it is," said I, in my calmest manner, "still you must admit that it would be foolishness for us to keep a horse, merely for the purpose of riding to church once a week."

"Oh, I could use him on other days," she remarked quickly.

"Doubtless," I responded; but we cannot afford it."

That was a very silly move on my part. She brushed that objection aside as easily as she would a cobweb. She knew as much about my income as I did, and she proceeded at once to prove to me conclusively that we could afford it. Then I objected to the expense of a coachman; but she at once dropped into figures, and then I knew that the fight was over. Of course, figures can't lie; but if there is any proposition which cannot be proved by figures, I have not yet met it. They have a provoking habit of upholding the ideas of the person who uses them.

The result of our discussion was that, before I had demolished my share of the pudding at that Sunday's dinner, the purchase of a horse had been determined on. Of course I had expected to yield from the first, and I had stood out chiefly to see how Mrs. Lot would manage the business, and with the hope that, by making the purchase of the horse appear as a tremendous sacrifice, I might succeed in avoiding the purchase of some other expensive luxury on which Mrs. Lot had set her heart.

It was arranged that I should look up a horse; but, as I am a very deliberate person when called upon to look up things which I do not wish to buy, I was not surprised that my wife finally became impatient.

"Are you waiting for that horse to grow?" asked she one day.

"No, my dear," I attempted to explain. "There," said she, "never mind! To-morrow I'll go with you to help you to look him up."

On the morrow we went to that part of the city where horses do most abound, and the very first stable we came to had on it a sign on which was written the legend, "Horses for sale cheap here."

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Lot, "is exactly what we want."

"My dear," said I, "allow me to observe to you that there is one thing, which you should never buy cheap. Buy your bonnets cheap."

"I'd like to see myself."

"Or your gloves."

"And have them burst on my hands."

"Or your shoes."

"And have them leave me barefooted."

"Or your hose."

"And have the colors run."

"But never buy horses cheap. Cheap horses are invariably bad."

For once in her life she took my advice; but I believe if that sign had read "Horses for sale dear here," I should not have succeeded in keeping her out of the place.

We finally entered a stable, and we were shown a very nice looking horse. I assumed an appearance of wisdom as I examined his teeth and his limbs, and then I asked Mrs. Lot if she liked him.

"Oh, he's splendid!" she gushed. I happened to glance at his optics.

"There's something wrong about that animal's right eye," I said to the dealer.

"Only a slight cataract," said he.

"It doesn't injure him?" asked Mrs. Lot.

"Oh, dear, no," said the dealer; "not a bit."

Mrs. Lot looked at me appealingly.

"My dear," said I, "a cataract in a horse's eye often leads to a fall."

We examined quite a number of animals on that day; but I suggested so many diseases to Mrs. Lot that she became afraid to buy a horse. Finally she exclaimed: "I know what I'll do! You evidently do not know a good horse from a bad one. I'll get Tom to buy one."

So the matter was turned over to my brother, who soon bought us a very nice horse and gig at a moderate price.

Mrs. Lot soon learned how to drive the horse, and she apparently obtained a large amount of pleasure from him. Unfortunately my wife's mother was too timid to drive the horse alone. Oh, if she had only driven herself some day, and the horse had only run away, I should have been perfectly satisfied to have had the gig smashed to smithereens, if—but let me not be blood-thirsty. The funny thing about the matter was that the horse and gig were ostensibly purchased to take Mrs. Lot and myself to church; but, in practice, Mrs. Lot and her mother rode to church, while I trudged along on foot. Mrs. Lot, however, insisted that that was my fault because I could buy a victoria, and then we could all ride. I knew however that a victoria meant a pair, so I walked.

We tried a variety of coachmen. Some got drunk and smashed things generally; some scarcely knew the horse from the gig; some refused to cultivate our garden; some were saucy to us, and some raised rumpuses in the kitchen. I endured them all with complacency, for I hoped that Mrs. Lot would finally become disgusted with all coachmen. Whenever she complained to me I agreed with her, and suggested that we should sell the horse.

Our horse is a playful sort of a beast. He gets just about one-third the amount of exercise he should have. As he spends a large part of his time in the stable, he exercises his brain in conjuring up extraordinary performances. He has a trick of taking off his halter, whenever the humor strikes him. One day, having freed himself from his shackles, he went to the corn bin and ate at his leisure. When we found him, he looked like a hog-head mounted on four legs. If we had given him a drop of water, I am sure that he would have exploded. We sent for a horse doctor, and the whole family sat up all night nursing and doctoring the steed.

On another occasion, when he had slipped out of his halter, he found the stable door open, and proceeded to march out into the garden. The coachman was away from home and so was I. The horse pranced around among the vegetables and flowers, until Mrs. Lot happened to see him. Mrs. Lot went out quite boldly to catch the animal, but she might as well have tried to put salt on a robin's tail. He pranced around, and finally rolled in the flower garden. Mrs. Lot followed him around till her feet were wet and muddy; and she thought she was about to catch him, when he suddenly turned, and with his hind heels threw a great mass of dirt all over the front of her person. The blow was so sudden that she tumbled down and ruined her dress. Fortunately I entered the yard at that moment, and I soon put our steed in the stable.

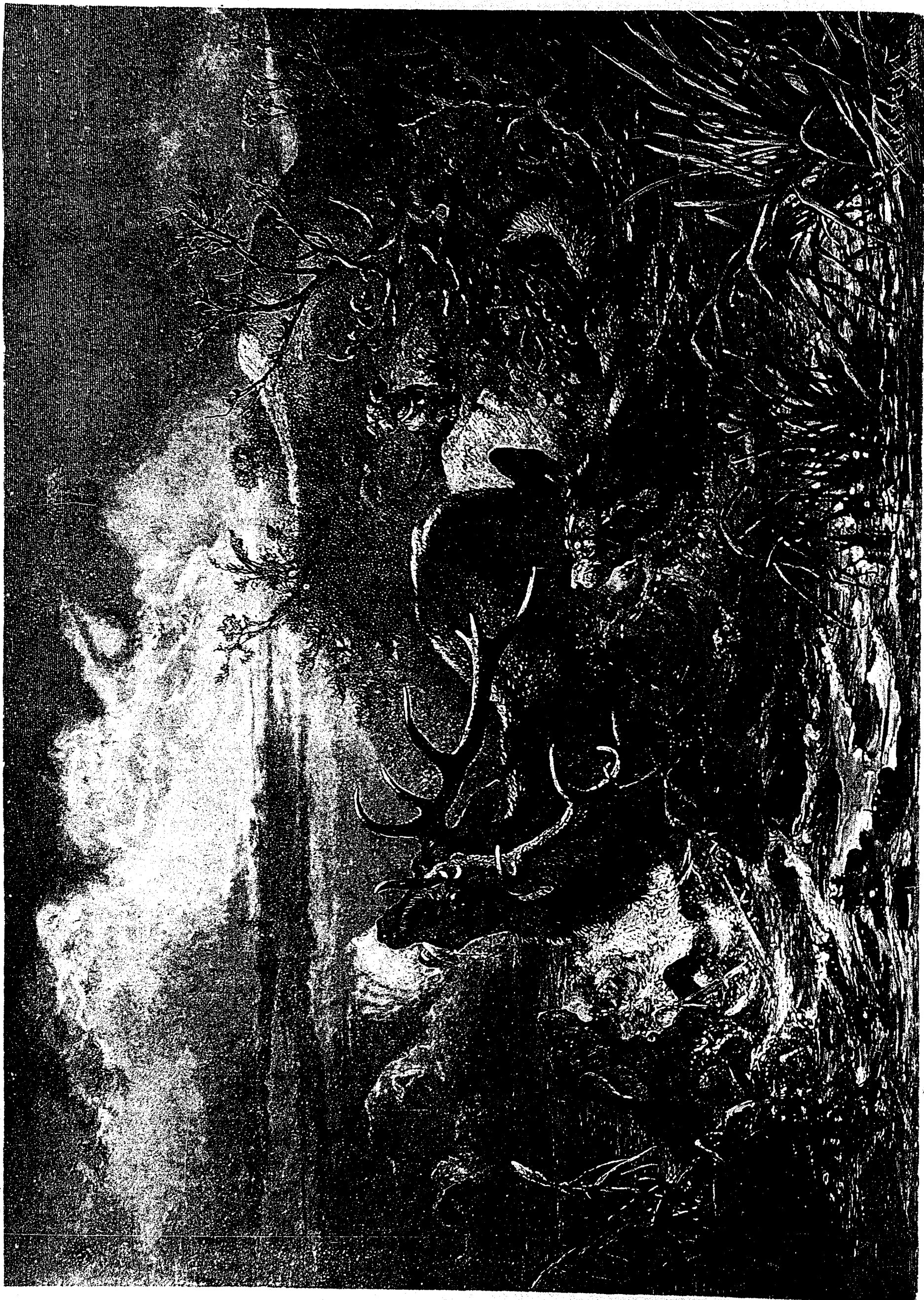
"He's a nasty, mean, ugly beast!" said Mrs. Lot.

"So he is," said I. "Let's sell him."

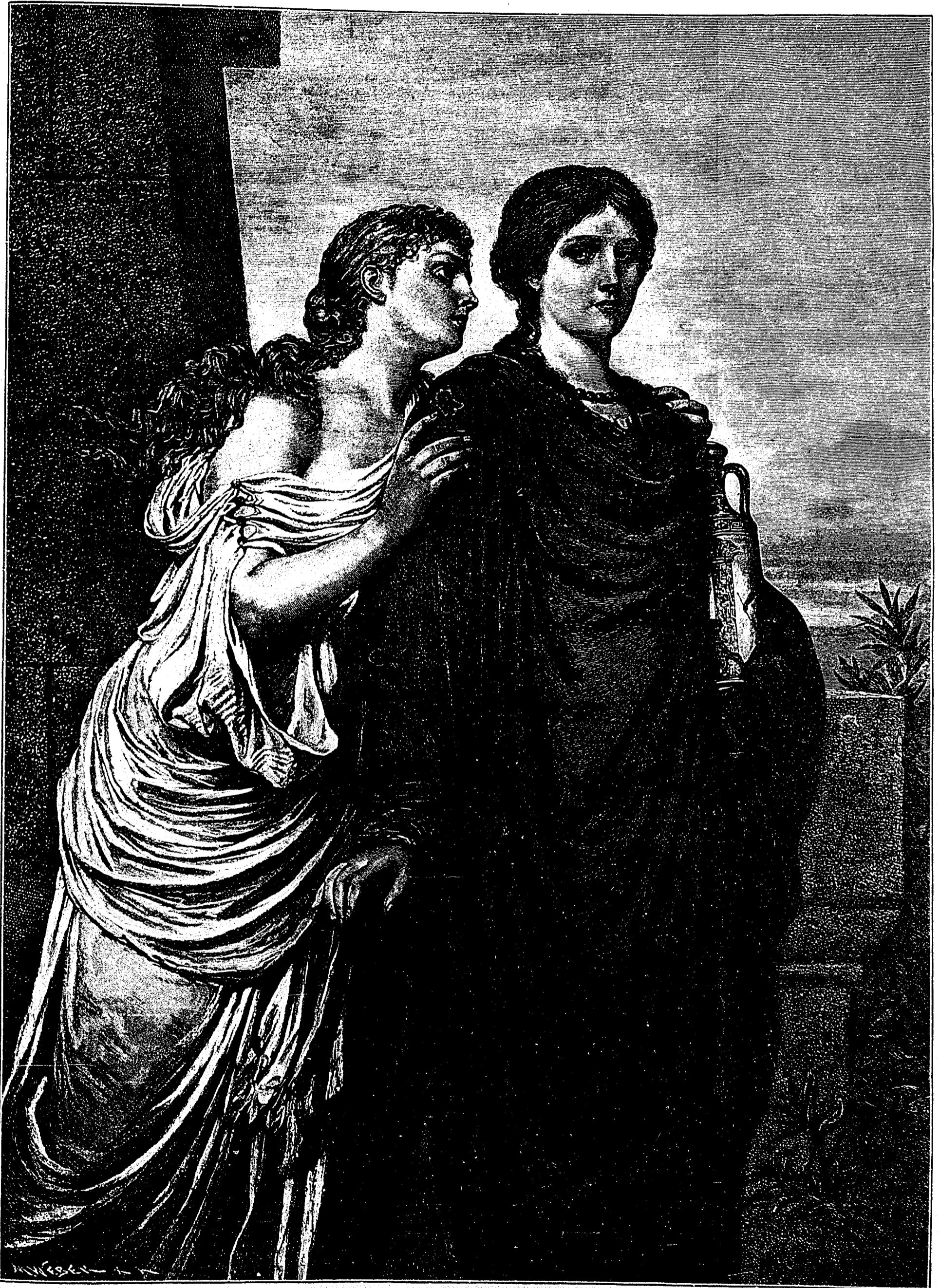
Thereupon Mrs. Lot cooled down. We still keep our horse, but there is one thing about which Mrs. Lot dares not complain.

THE natives of Lucca, in Italy, assert that the scorpion will destroy itself if exposed to a sudden light, and Mr. Allen Thompson confirms this assertion in a letter published in *Nature*. He says that his informant and her friends, whilst residing during the summer months at the baths of Lucca, were so much annoyed by the intrusion of small black scorpions into the house, and there being secreted among the bed-clothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress; that they soon became adepts in catching the scorpions, and disposing of them in the manner suggested. "This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near to the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times. This state having lasted for a minute or more, the animal suddenly became quiet, and turning its tail or the hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and, piercing it forcibly, in a few seconds became quite motionless, and in fact, quite dead. This observation was repeated very frequently; in truth, it was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the animals, and the young people were in the habit of handling the scorpions with impunity immediately after they were so killed, and of preserving many of them as curiosities." It has been fully proved by other writers that the scorpion will invariably commit suicide when surrounded by a ring of fire.

* On the eve of the ever memorable day of Glenmalur (25th Aug., 1880), say the Irish peasantry, when, in vengeance for the bloody massacre of Mullaghmast, the flag of England went down before the swoop of the exasperated Irish, Raneline Doyle, the young and beautiful daughter of a Wicklow cotter, hearing that a young noble of the O'Moors, to whom she was affianced, had fallen, traced her way, with bare feet, through the reeks and heather of that romantic fastness, and, after a protracted search among the dying soldiery, found her lover wroth in his blood in a cave to which her attention was attracted by the well-known bill of his sword which lay at the entrance. Perceiving the loyal youth convulsed in the pangs of death, she fell upon his bosom, and both died simultaneously. How far this accords with authentic history we do not pretend to know; but certain it is that the peasantry of Glenmalur, even to this day, narrate, in the native language of old Erin, the pathetic story of O'Moore and Raneline.



TAKING TO THE WATER.—DRAWN BY FREDERICK SEEBURGH.



ANTIGONE AND ISMEAL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EMIL TESCHENDORF.

HER PORTRAIT.

Yes, I keep the picture, although, my dear,
The face is that of a woman I hate.
You can read a name in the corner here,
And underneath it is scored the date.

Reginald painted it years ago.
My fair, sweet Reggie, my only son.
He was killed in the war, as perhaps you know.
In a nameless skirmish in '61.

Yes, the face is fair, so thought my lad,
And he painted it well—twas the last he did.
He shut himself in, for his heart was sad,
And the picture when finished was safely hid.

I found it after my boy was dead;
I thought when I saw it my heart would break.
The girl is living, unmarried, 'tis said:
Perhaps she is single for his dear sake.

They played together in babyhood:
I have held them one upon either knee,
For I loved the girl as I always should
Had she never taken my boy from me.

No, I was not jealous, a mother knows
She must yield her son to a later claim.
He will choose a mate as his father chose,
For love's own sake and his pride of name.

Their creeds were different. All my life
I had looked on her's as a damning cheat:
And "rather than see that girl his wife,
I would have my Reginald dead at my feet."

So I said—Oh God!—and my choice was given.
I thought of my words when my boy lay dead.
It is cruel to think that avenging heaven
Should judge a woman by rash words said.

His heart was broken and he could die,
But I live on through the dreary years,
And now you know, though I hate her, why
When I look at her picture you see the tears.

MARGARET COMPTON.

THE BOSS AND HIS AIDS.

One of the nation's prominent beings, indigenous with American politics, is "The Boss." The Boss is a great man, and stands forth mighty and inscrutable, an autocrat wielding his sceptre with a strong hand.

He must be brave as a lion; sagacious as an elephant; with all the cunning of a fox and the obstinacy of a bull-dog. His hide should be thick as that of the rhinoceros, and he must be as quick as the leopard in the mythical ability to change his spots. Like the hyena he must have an appetite for ghoulish work, while his eyes must be powerful as the eagle's, and his talons equal to those of any bird of prey. He must have a backbone combining all the vertebral rigidity of the whole animal kingdom, and his heels should resemble in their trip-hammer power the catapults of the great American mule.

He must be a man of quick conception, ready to comprehend situations at once, and when an emergency suddenly rises he must be able to take it by the coat-collar and make it resume its seat. He must be a positive character in all things. He cannot be a boor, for social qualities are useful to him.

He is not the creation of human hands; he is born, not made, and his qualifications are merely perrusions of noble gifts of the Creator. In all deals on the political card-table, the Boss stacks the cards just as really as do such magnates as Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, *et omnes*, in Wall Street.

The Boss dictates candidates and sketches plans of political action, and if the man desiring an office does not suit the Boss, he may as well take a back seat without waiting to be sat upon and rolled over afterward.

The Boss does not always act openly, but generally prefers to keep in the background. Sometimes he is a judge "out of politics" as he says. He does not openly take part in the composition of tickets, but when a candidate comes to the surface the question is usually asked, "Does he suit the Judge?"

The Boss has his trusted lieutenants, selected for their fealty to their leader, and no man can expect to obtain an appointment within the territory of any Boss unless the latter espouses his cause. In many cases the Boss is a Senator or an Assemblyman, or even a lesser county official. Oftentimes he holds no elective office, but may be an appointee of the Government or State. In office or out, he exists, and seems to be as inseparable from the political machinery of this Republic as the engineer from the machinery driving a steamboat.

Senator Hamblin, the Boss of his senatorial district, had his trusted aids in every town.

As the Senator dismissed two persons from his office, the door opened and Paddy Sullivan entered. Paddy was a large, red-faced, sandy-haired Irishman, his cheeks covered with a long rough beard. Holding a cigar between the second and third fingers of his left hand he seized his black slouched hat with his right and dropped it on the table. His appearance seemed to please the Senator, for he extended a more cordial welcome to Paddy than to any previous visitors.

"How are you, Paddy?" he said, warmly grasping the great mass of flesh that individual used for a hand.

"Foine as a top, Sinitor, and how's yersel'?" quickly answered Paddy.

"Well—very well. Sit down and let's have a quiet talk. Throw away that old stump, there—try a choice Havana," and he passed the cigar-box taken from a private drawer.

"Now, Paddy, how are all the boys, and how go politics at 'The Shades'?"

"Politics has been so dull that we're only been able to dhrav about two kegs of lager a day. I've always noticed, Sinitor, that when

politics is a little hazy, the boys are busted and the beer tap only runs dribblets. Ah, Sinitor, if I was in Congress, be jabers! I'd go in for a law that would have elickshun hild ivery mouth. But see here, Sinitor, look out for that blagyard Daley. He bought four kegs of lager lasht week; but shure I sot up six kegs for the b'ys—and—sh-h-h-h, d'ye moind—I tould 'em Sinitor Hamblin had left orders for me to do it—that I did. When the Daleys get the shtart of Paddy Sullivan and his frinds it's when Paddy's shlapin'."

"You did right," said the Senator, "and you can send the bill to me. By the way, Paddy, are the boys all right? How many of the laborers at the mill can you poll for me? Ah, Paddy, you are a clear-headed man; no one can control as many votes as yourself."

"Ah, bedad! yee's jist roight. Ayven the good Father Burns wid his blissed callin' can't run as many men wid his holy power as Paddy Sullivan wid his lager and whiskey. The b'ys knows who's their friend, and when they was swallowing Daley's lager I tips 'em the wink and says I, 'B'ys, dom Daley, but here's to the hilt of the Boss!' and Sinitor, ivery mother's son of 'em was rid hot for yees!"

"Well, Paddy, keep your eyes open. The caucus will be held in about six weeks. In the meantime set a keg of lager on tap each Wednesday and Saturday evenings and let the boys drink. If Daley comes around let Miller know. I shall be absent a few days, but on my return we must open the ball. One hundred copies of the *Investigator* will be given you each week. Give them to the boys, and call special attention to the leading article. Right must win. Daley is engaged in an infamous conspiracy to help the corporation, and if it takes every dollar I am worth I am bound to stand by the people against monopolies. Ah, Paddy, to just such men as you are we indebted for a sound government founded and upheld upon patriotic principles. Without such, America as a nation would be a failure. Yes, sir, a failure."

"There's where your head is livil, Sinitor, and when yees git Paddy Sullivan's influence, yees git as thure a heart as iver went pitty-pat benaythe a man's vist. But I must go, and never ye fear but that yee'll bate that Daley. Good-mornin', sir, good-mornin'," and Paddy was gone.

The Senator quickly threw open the window, and the fumes of tobacco, whiskey, and onions passing out, he thus soliloquized:

"Whew! that chap is not a very sweet-smelling bouquet. Gracious! it makes me sick. What a dirty road is the political highway to success. Bah! But a man cannot secure good fruit without the use of unsavory fertilizers, and so it is with politics; the tree must be nursed, and if the gardener wants palatable fruit he must not object to the fertilizing element needed to give the tree life and strength. No, I can stand a thousand Sullivans if they are as strong politically as Paddy."

At that moment the door opened and Cyrus Hart Miller entered.

"Well, Miller, what is it! You seem hot and flushed. Anything new?" quickly asked the Senator.

"Yes, and you must act at once. You remember a military company is about to be organized here. Those in charge have succeeded in getting enough names enrolled to obtain the necessary papers for organization. The company is an assured fact, the next thing needed is a name. Daley has offered to buy them a complete set of colors worth four hundred dollars, if the company is named for him. I just learned this from Kip Rogers, who expects to be captain, and I said to Kip, 'Senator Hamblin would do better.' How would Hamblin Guards sound? The organization is to be composed of the best blood in Cleverdale, and every man would be a strong friend of a generous patron. It is a good scheme, Senator, and a magnanimous offer from you would make the company a powerful auxiliary to your other strings. Of course there is the 'Hamblin Steam-Engine Company,' the 'Hamblin Yacht Club,' all good, substantial aids to your ambition; but, Senator, the 'Hamblin Guards' would be of more real benefit to you than all the rest put together. What say you? I told Kip I would see him in an hour's time, for Daley wanted an answer this evening."

"Miller, you are a shrewd manager. Yes, you are right. You can say to Kip that I will present a stand of colors worth seven hundred and fifty dollars. The company can command me for one thousand dollars cash beside to fit up their parlors if the organization is named for me. Not a bad idea, and when the grand centennials occur the 'Hamblin Guards' shall go. Yes, Miller, they shall go with all the glory the men and their patron can command. Go at once and bring me their answer."

Miller was off in an instant, when the Senator seated himself and thus soliloquized:

"Hamblin Guards! eh! yes; it will read well in the newspapers. Ah, it is pleasing to see one's name in print—for other people to read. Such things as this, for instance, tell at the polls:

"Senator Hamblin is the generous patron of our local churches. He gives large sums for the support of the gospel. His charities are generously bestowed, while his name is recorded upon the hearts of all who love the church."

Thus he soliloquized, until interrupted by a note which read as follows:

"Investigator" Office.

"Dear Senator,—I will be at your house at 7 p.m. Will you be at home? Toll boy yea or no.

"Yours faithfully,

"J. RAWLINGS."

"Tell him yes," said the Senator, and as the boy passed out he remarked: "What the devil does he want now?"

Promptly at seven that evening, Editor Rawlings was admitted into the library at Senator Hamblin's residence.

"Good-evening, Senator! Excuse me for calling. I will not occupy much of your valuable time. I have called to inquire concerning our business matters. I want to go to New York on Friday to buy that press and engine (which Senator Hamblin had already promised him, by way of purchasing the support of his newspaper—*The Investigator*—in the coming campaign.) What shall I do about payments?" said Rawlings.

"You can buy a press and engine for fifteen hundred dollars and have them billed to me," said the Senator. "After election I will make over same to you after you render me a bill for legitimate services and distribution of campaign papers. Do you understand?"

"Y-e-s, I understand, but Daley sent word he would give me out-and-out two thousand dollars to support him. Business is business, Senator, and I must make hay while the sun shines. Now, I don't want to be mean or go back on a bargain, but hadn't you better see the two thousand dollars? You needn't say yes now, but let Miller come around and see me—he can fix it, for Miller is a man of business."

Senator Hamblin rose and walked toward the door. He was not in an agreeable mood, for he knew the man was a knave. Yet he was at his mercy. Had he followed the impulse of his mind he would have kicked him out-doors, but conquering his feelings, he said:

"Rawlings, you are not playing fair with me. If I accede to your demand now, will this be the last I must know where I stand, as I cannot pay all I am worth for the help of a newspaper. Everybody thinks I have a gold mine and that they can tap me at their will."

"Oh, no, Senator, I don't think anything of that kind, but the railroad are shelling out money to overthrow you, and you know that business is business. I would rather be with you, by thunder, and am only asking what is fair."

Senator Hamblin aware that Rawlings would desert him if he did not accede to his extortionate demand, and anxious to terminate the interview, replied:

"Well, I suppose I must submit. Miller will call in the morning and arrange matters. I have an engagement at eight, and time is most up."

Rawlings, not at all put out by the Senator's manner, rose and said:

"All right, I will leave you. I am solid, Senator—a regular thoroughbred—and when I go for a man I go my whole length," and passed out.

"Solid! Yes, you are solid—in your cheek. You are one of the representative men of the political arena. Bad—bad; and still you must be tolerated—yes, courted and paid. It is a blot upon our institutions that such rascals sometimes mould public opinion, all because they can wield a powerful pen. They prate of honesty and rob a man by their disgraceful blackmailing and— But how could politicians get along if it weren't for such rascals!"

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 25.

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was present at Saturday's review. She stood beside Mr. Gladstone on a stand erected in the garden of his official residence in Downing street.

SOME thousands of pounds were expended for the privilege of seeing the troops pass through the streets. Many householders in favored parts obtained a rich harvest, and one house in Parliament street—or the windows of that house—were let for no less than £90. This was merely to see the men march down the street.

THE death of Dr. Hawkins, the venerable Provost of Oriel, will not only cause a good deal of regret at Oxford, and possibly some competition for the headship of the college, but it will place a canonry at Rochester of the value of £1,000 a year in the hands of the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister's ecclesiastical patronage seems to know no bounds. There was some talk at one time of transferring some of the Rochester Chapter endowments to St. Albans, where there is now no chapter, but it is doubtful whether the idea will be acted upon.

THERE is reason to believe that the Duke of Hamilton, in carrying out the recent sales of valuable pictures, manuscripts, &c., which belonged to his family, had a laudable object in view, viz., that of enabling him to attain such a position financially as should free him from the control of trustees. It would also appear that his grace has now reached that position, at least this is the inference drawn from the circumstance that the receipts of rent given to the ten-

ants on the Hamilton estates, at the term just passed, had the words "Trustee of" erased, and were accordingly in the name of the Duke alone.

At a School Board meeting convened the other day by the Lord Mayor, he allowed each candidate a quarter of an hour's speaking. Sir John Bennett was the first to enter the lists, and when he had gone through his fifteen minutes of vigorous declamation the Lord Mayor brought down his hammer with a resounding bang. "Is time up, my Lord Mayor?" inquired Sir John. "It is," replied the President. "Not yet, I think, my Lord Mayor!" insinuated Sir John. "I think so," replied the Lord Mayor. "I have two minutes more by my watch," said Sir John, "and you can always depend on my watch." This neat advertisement was received with considerable merriment.

How was it that the people who made the crowd knew the distinguished officers so well who rode by! One and all of them; they never made a mistake, singling out Sir Garnet Wolseley, General Drury Lowe, Sir Evelyn Wood, General Willis, Sir John Acland, and others, and measuring the warmth of the reception they gave them with a well-judged appreciation of the deserts of each general at least—such appreciation as civilians are capable of after a careful and full perusal of the deeds of the campaign. General Drury Lowe came in for a very splendid oration all along the line. Needless to say Sir Garnet was treated as the hero of the day.

It was a fancy, but one that was to be supported on the score of probability, that the soldiers of the campaign showed, as they marched past on Saturday, a *suspicion* of latent fierceness which smacked of the bloody business in which they had lately been engaged, and it followed that it would be a matter of perfect indifference to them whether they began again or not. Such is the inevitable fruit of war. It was not difficult to recall to the mind and compare the somewhat *farouche* aspect of the men before us, who had shed blood, with the placid aspect of the soldiers of peace which they had been but a few months past.

THE review had a curious and unexpected effect upon the theatres, and more than one manager was half inclined at the last moment to close his house. Others were compelled to remain open—as the Lyceum, for instance—by reason that seats had been booked for weeks in advance. Certainly, not a few tried to get rid of their bargains, but this was not permitted, so, as the owners of the seats in question could not get relieved of them—they kept their seats and came in late to the play. Mr. Toole, by the kindness of the Commander-in-Chief, was the recipient of three reserved seats at Whitehall; but this did not prevent the genial artist getting to his theatre in good time to carry out the programme he had announced for a "morning performance."

ON Saturday morning the counterpart of the scene which was witnessed years ago on the return of the troops from the Crimea took place in front of Buckingham Palace, where the Foot Guards were mustered—this time being commanded by the Duke of Connaught, who was then, perhaps on the balcony where our gracious Queen now stood, and received the troops with most marked expressions of pleasure, and the greatest condescension. The men were intensely gratified at this favor, elevating their bearskins, and waving them on the tops of their rifles, giving round after round of hearty cheers for their sovereign. This was the most striking incident of the many which will be memorable on this day, and we are not surprised to hear that it will be celebrated in illustration first, and later on appear on canvas.

THAT was a breathless moment on the review ground, and all eyes strained to take in to the full the most simple yet the most important and touching event of the day, when Sir Garnet Wolseley was conducted to the Queen by the Duke of Cambridge, and remained in attitude of attention while Her Majesty spoke to him. We all knew by her fervent and eloquent manner that the words she spoke must be of great thanks and high elogium, special to himself, and general to his officers and men. Sir Garnet could not have been unmoved at such a moment, so proud a one for a soldier; indeed, he repeated his salutations several times before the brief and emphatic address was concluded. The Queen at this moment, as also throughout the day, showed that she entered with all her heart into the act of honoring, while she seemed to evince little short of delight at her own brilliant reception from her right loyal and enthusiastic subjects.

WOMAN'S HOLIEST WORK.—In the highest, holiest type of wife-love there is always a large proportion of mother-love, that kind which finds deeper pleasure in watching over, shielding, guarding, warding off trouble from him in whom is centred a woman's holiest affections, than in being watched over and shielded herself. To spend and be spent for him is her chief joy. To watch and nurse is woman's holiest work, not to be pampered, petted, and kept from care and responsibility until she becomes the most useless thing on earth—a helpless baby in a woman's form.

WILLIAM BLACK AND HIS METHOD OF WORK.

If Mr. William Black were an Irishman I should feel inclined to pay tribute to his nationality by saying that he is most at home when he is out ; which is an easy way of saying it, all the same. It is difficult to tell where he is most at home—on the deck of a yacht in the Northern seas ; tramping the cliffs at Brighton ; studying character in the United States and astronomy in Egypt ; brooding over a favorite landscape in an artist's studio ; talking politics at the Reform Club ; or doing the honors of Paston House. I have seen him under most of these conditions, and have always found him the same pleasant, sympathetic companion, the same thoughtful, unostentatious, quick-witted gentleman. Tightly built, lithe of limb, strong in the arm, capable of great physical endurance, the novelist is nevertheless below the medium height. Short black hair, a thick brown moustache, a dark hazel eye, a firm mouth, a square forehead, Black gives you the idea of compact strength—a small parcel, so to speak, well packed. You might sooner take him for an artillery officer who had seen service, a yachtman, or a man who spent most of his life in out-door sports and pastimes, than set him down as an author, and particularly as a novelist.

Black might pass for a member of any profession except the clerical, or for an ordinary gentleman of the time, until you came to know him well enough to talk to him familiarly, and then you would find, as you always do in men who have made a mark on the current history of the times, in whatever direction, something extraordinary in his talk and in his appearance. You would first be impressed with the bead-like brightness of his eye, and its steadfastness ; and then you would probably be struck with the fact, if you were travelling with him, that every bit of natural phenomena going on around him is an object of constant interest to him ; that he knows the names of the birds you see and their habits ; if you are at a sea port, then he knows every class of craft, and every rope in its rigging ; if you are talking of art, or literature, or politics, that he has strong, well-informed opinions, and that he is perfectly frank and open in expressing them ; and, moreover, that if you do not want to talk, he can be silent as an oyster.

It is in these moments of quiet that Black is busiest. His Muse is reflective. She indulges in long periods of incubation. At these times the novelist is possessed not by one spirit, but by many, by spirits both good and evil ; and not only by spirits, but by plots, and not only by plots, but by words and sentences.

"My method of work," he says, in answer to my inquiries, "is, I think, a pernicious one, and I should be sorry to have it mentioned if it were to lead any young aspirants for literary fame to adopt it. Every man has his own way of working, and mine, I repeat, is most objectionable, and a way I warn any young man to avoid. From now until October in every year I write nothing, hardly put pen to paper except in the way of a private letter or to make an occasional note. But I am at work on my next novel. I put it into complete shape, even to the very construction of some of my sentences. I often keep these in my mind for two and three months. I am thus always ahead of my writing to the last. Of course the method has this advantage : you can 'work in' any incidents or circumstances occurring in the interval that may suit you, and you get familiar with your characters ; they become, as it were, part of your family, part of your daily life, which to me seems the awful part of the business ; working in this way you have your story continually on your mental shoulders, a Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea."

We are at the novelist's chambers overlooking the Thames Embankment. It is April. The afternoon is warm, the atmosphere gray. Sitting with his back to the window, my host turns now and then as if to let his thoughts wander down the river with the vessels that pass to and fro—now a lumbering barge, now a penny steamer, now a tug towing along a sort of aquatic procession.

"Do you make a summary or précis of your story before you begin to write ?"

"Not on paper."

"Do you make notes of scenery, localities, atmospheric effects ?"

"Yes, often very elaborate and careful notes, and especially in regard to atmospheric surroundings. If one does not correctly and completely frame a character or an incident, with all the circumstances of the time and place, one gets only a blurred page. For example, one may say, 'It was a beautiful day.' But what kind of a beautiful day ? It must be described so that the picture shall be truthful and finished. Every human being in real life has a background, and must have in a novel if the story is to appear real to the reader."

"There is nothing more charming in fiction or in essay-writing," I feel impelled to add, "than the artistic use of natural effects in the illustration of character, and the development and exhibition of incidents, tragic or otherwise ; the pathos that may belong to a gray morning or an evening mist, when woven in with a sad thought or a tender episode, must have often touched you who are so great a student of Nature's mood ?"—JOSEPH HATTON, in Harper's.

TYPHOID fever, which has been so very prevalent in Paris, is now happily on the decrease.

MY POODLE.

One day last week I was marketing about the town of Dieppe, and wondering why under Protection everything was two-thirds the price paid in our own blessed Free-trade country—saddle of mutton for instance tenpence a pound, bread sixpence for an immense loaf as big as a year old baby, fresh butter thirteen pence a pound, and other things in proportion—when I saw a Poodle. Now I like Poodles, so I inquired, and finding that this one belonged to a grocer who lived hard by, I interviewed the grocer. I found him conversing with a friend of his—a peasant who had come in from the country to sell some pigs, that being market-day. As he was telling me stories of the Poodle and making him do his little tricks, the peasant said, "Ah, I have a much finer dog than that, and if Monsieur wanted to buy one, I would sell him." Monsieur said that he would at any rate like to see the dog ; and it was arranged that he should be brought next day for inspection.

The next day accordingly the peasant appeared with a very splendid young Poodle of the "Mouton" kind. The dog was extremely dirty, his hair matted in great lumps all over him and all unkempt and uncared for ; but he had so fine a carriage and so intelligent an eye, more like a woman's than a dog's, that I was taken with him at once. "He's called Fawk," said the man, "an English name, because these dogs as Monsieur knows are English or Scotch, which is the same thing." It was news to me that Poodles were an English race, but I asked why he was named "Fawk," being prepared to find that my lamented friend Guido Fawkes had retained in France the admirers he had so completely lost in England. "Well, we call him Fawk because it means Renard, and he is as clever as a Renard." "Oh, I see, Fox." "Why, yes, Fawk, as you say."

The peasant wanted a hundred francs, but after some bargaining sold him to me for sixty, while a stray friend of his volunteered to get the animal beautifully shaved as he should be for another ten. So the bargain was struck, and the dog was sent off to be washed and barbered. The result proved, when he was brought back, to be so far disappointing that the dog looked rather worse than before. Meantime, however, I had by chance heard of one who was described to me as a real artist in shaving Poodles, and having found him and induced him to undertake the business afresh the first thing in the morning, I made the dog comfortable for the night in the passage at the foot of the companion ladder. He had already become endowed with the new name of "Froggie," and seemed disposed to be friendly ; but he was still much distressed at finding himself away from home and friends, and howled pretty continually for some hours. Finally he seemed to take somewhat to me. So long as I was close to him he stopped howling altogether, but as soon as I left him he began again, the howls dying away gradually as I once more approached him, when he nestled up to me as though to appeal to me personally for protection against all those fearful strange men and things by which he was surrounded.

At daylight the artist came. He looked over the dog and the barbarian trimming that had been given him with sighs and groans. "Ah ! les malheureux !" said he, "me l'ont-ils aimé ? Tenez, Monsieur, they have disengaged his eyes in an absurd manner. They should have let the hair come down in a point along his nose, à la Marie Stuart ; then it is absolutely necessary that a Mouton should have moustaches, here, à la Bismarck, you know. It will be difficult to arrange him properly, but I will do what I can, and I answer for it that you will not know him. I can tell you one thing. You may pride yourself on having one of the best of his race. His head is magnificent, and when he is properly arranged en lion, with his mane washed and combed, you will nowhere find a better. It is a splendid dog, un maître chien."

Now it was high water at twelve that day, and I, being bound out and having to get out of the harbor by three o'clock at the latest, had stipulated that whatever was to be done to the dog must be done by two o'clock. But at two o'clock, when I had got into the outer harbor, no dog came, and after fuming and fretting some time, as I saw the water falling, I went ashore and to the artist's house. Here I found him with his wife and five children—all clean, smart, and well-looking—and Froggie lying on his side upon a table, submitting himself motionless to the shears, but taking in everything nevertheless out of the corner of his bright brown eye. He wagged his tail without moving his body when he saw me, and the artist began to apologize for being late, and said, "There, as Monsieur must go, there was the dog. He regretted not to be able to finish him, but at least he was less disgraceful than he had been."

Therewith the artist rose, Froggie jumped off the table and shook himself, and we hurried down to the ship. Froggie is now lying on the cabin floor, with his eye steadfastly fixed on me. He is fast friends with the crew, who put him through circus performances and flying jumps through a life-belt on deck ; and he is very fond of peering down the fore-castle hatchway at the hour of meals. But he regards me as his particular friend and refuge against the strange world ; he has to be tied up to prevent him from jumping overboard after me whenever I go away without him, and he seems to be then only truly happy and at peace when he is within reach of me. So that I think him a charming beast.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is seriously ill.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Paper to hand Thanks. Solution received of Problem No. 409.
P. H.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 410. (S. Loyd's.)

Annexed we give a table showing the number of games already ended in the Cincinnati Correspondence Tourney.
We congratulate Mr. Ferris, the Conductor, on the success, so far, of an enterprise which we feel sure occupies a large portion of his time and attention.

Games ended in Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney to November 6, 1882.

Table with 3 columns: PLAYERS, WINNER, LOSER. Lists names of chess players and their respective win/loss records.

A few days ago Captain Mackenzie played at the Manhattan Chess Club twenty games simultaneously. There was a large attendance of the members of the club and also of strangers, and great interest was manifested in the proceedings.

In contests of this nature there always occur a sufficient number of expected and unexpected events to afford scope for the amusement and excitement of the onlookers, but it is not often that such a treat is furnished as the following, which we take from Turf, Field and Farm.
"One of the amusing incidents of this bloodless contest was found in the game of Mr. 'Little.' This gentleman, to whom Captain Mackenzie, Messrs. Delmar Teed and others are in the habit of yielding the odds of the queen in off-hand games, made a most extraordinary fight, parrying all of his walking opponent's attack with rare skill and judgment, till at midnight he had acquired for himself a position which gave promise of eventually proving victorious over the captain's science. The spectators crowded around his board and encouraged him to persevere, which he did 'up to a certain point,' when, by a hidden and subtle coup the captain won a piece by force, which so demoralized Mr. 'Little' that his nerve deserted him, and his resignation was gracefully tendered in a few more moves."

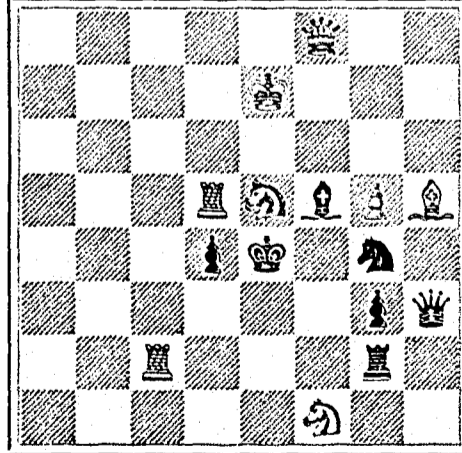
As every one predicted, the match between Steinitz and Martinez was won by the former, the score at the close standing 7 to 0 in favor of the former. Mr. Steinitz is now playing a match with Mr. Thompson, of Philadelphia, where the champion will remain for some time. From thence it is announced he will go to Cincinnati and other cities, including St. Louis, provided the players there wish a visit from him. Before his return to Europe he will probably play a match with Captain Mackenzie.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

Mr. Max Judd, the present holder of the St. Louis challenge cup, has been challenged by Mr. William Haller to play a match for it. Under the rules governing such contests, the former has to give the odds of Knight.—Cincinnati Commercial.

PROBLEM No. 411.

By Robert H. Seymour.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 408.

White. 1 B to Q Kt 4, 2 Q to K 5 ch, 3 Q or B mates.
Black. 1 Kt to Q 3, 2 Any.

GAME 409TH.

From Turf, Field and Farm.

The sixth game in the match at Philadelphia, between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez.

(Evans Gambit.)

Chess game record for Game 409th. Lists moves for White (Mr. Martinez) and Black (Mr. Steinitz).

GAME 410TH.

The seventh game played in the match at Philadelphia between Mr. Steinitz and Mr. Martinez.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

Chess game record for Game 410th. Lists moves for White (Mr. Steinitz) and Black (Mr. Martinez).

A PRUSSIAN GRACE DARLING.—At Pilau, in Prussia, there lives a woman who has for some years consecrated her life to the noble and dangerous task of rescuing persons from drowning. Whenever a tempest comes on, day or night, Catherine Kleinfeldt, who is the widow of a sailor, is ready with a boat, in which she puts out to sea, and frequently goes farther than any other, in order to give help to those who may be shipwrecked. More than 300 individuals have been saved by her efforts ; and, accustomed for twenty years to make voyages with her husband, she possesses a skill and hardihood that render these efforts unusually successful. When she is seen, the greatest respect is paid to her, and the sailors regard her as their guardian angel ; the very children of the fishermen go upon their knees to her, and kiss the skirt of her dress. The Prussian and other Governments have decreed her medals, and the Principality of Pilau has made her an honorary citizen for life. She is about sixty years of age, with an athletic figure of great strength (a Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proportions), she has a masculine countenance, which, however, is softened by the benevolent expression that it constantly wears.

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CHARACTER SKETCHES.



A.—Look there, that must be somebody wonderful, he needs two chairs to himself.
B.—Oh! he must be a shoemaker, advertising his speciality.



Mrs. L.—What are you going to do with your daughter?
Mrs. S.—Oh! she is going to be an actress.
Mrs. L.—And your son?
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