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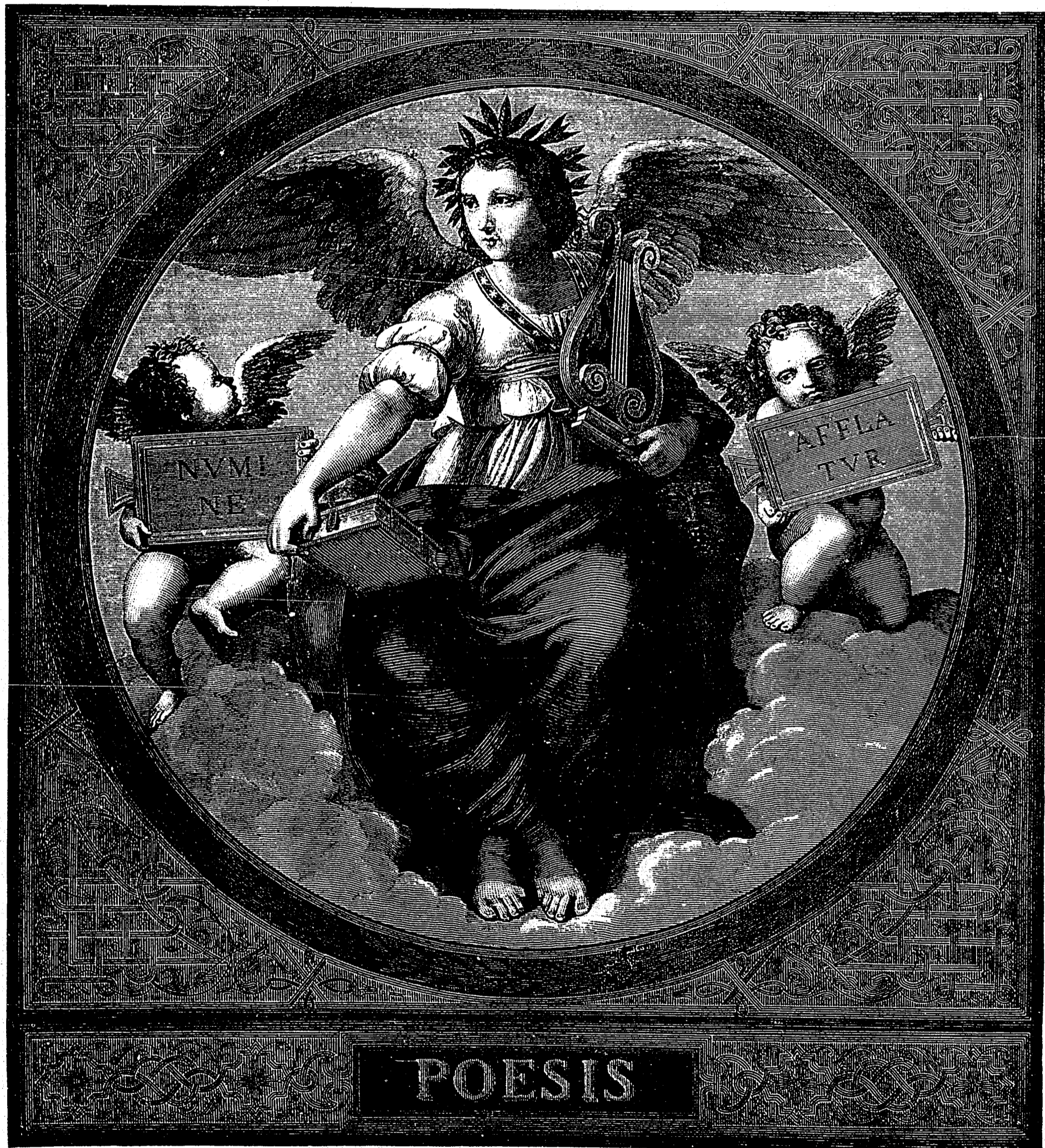
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POESIS

POESY.
PICTURE BY RAPHAEL.

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CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Poetry—Dom Henry Smuelders—The Boot and Shoe Factory of James McCreedy & Co.—The Pyramids During an Inundation of the Nile—The Rear Guard Protecting a Provision Train—Marquis Tseng.

LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Messrs. James McCreedy & Co.—The Marquis Tseng—Cremation in Portugal—Auctioning off the Baby—Old Joddrel—Humorous—The Supper of St. Gregory—The Kissing Bridge—Anglicisms in American Literature—Population of Paris—Varieties—Under Meeting Branches—The Kingdom of the Child—Lament for Summer—The Old-Fashioned Album—Americanisms—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 1, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE appointment of Mr. G. W. Ross as Ontario Minister of Education is a deservedly popular one. Mr. Ross is an educated man, a fine speaker, and much devoted to the cause of teachers.

THERE are still hopes that we may have a Wimbledon team again this year. An Ottawa gentleman has succeeded in making arrangements with the Allan Line for a great reduction in the price of fare.

THE German Crown Prince has been well received in Spain, but the reception is evidently official, and does not come from the people. The papers deprecate any German-Spanish alliance, and Marshal Serrano, the new Ambassador to France, has been making speeches of gushing friendship for that country.

THERE are again rumors of changes in the Quebec Provincial Cabinet. One thing is very certain—affairs cannot remain in their present condition. While politicians are wrangling, ministers travelling about, and public money is being spent in useless electoral contests, the Province is allowed to drift, and the condition of things is growing worse day by day.

THE war in Tonquin seems at last to have broken out in earnest. Three thousand Chinese troops attacked Haidong on the 17th. The French garrison, supported by a gun-boat, held the fort from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon, when the Chinese retreated. It is to be hoped, however, that peace may yet be maintained, and there is reason to believe that communications are still going on between M. Ferry, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Marquis Tseng, for the purpose of finding a fresh basis of settlement.

DOM HENRY SMEULDERS, Apostolic Commissioner to Canada, whose portrait we present in the present number, is a native of Belgium, having been born at Moll, near Antwerp, in 1826. In 1843 he entered the Order of Cîteaux, at Bornhem. After being ordained priest he was sent to Rome to continue his studies, and in 1858 was created Doctor of Theology in the Collegio Romano. He was then made Professor of Theology and Philosophy in the monastery of the Thermae at Rome, and subsequently in Belgium. He was successively Secretary and Procurator of his order, and travelled considerably with the Father General Cesari. After holding a number of offices of trust in the Order of Cîteaux, he declined the generalship of the same, and was appointed by the Pope special Commissioner to Canada to settle the ecclesiastical difficulties which have existed in this Province for some time.

ANOTHER military horror occurred during the week. Hicks Pasha and his whole army were

cut to pieces in the Soudan by the troops of the False Prophet. Apart from the loss of life itself, the catastrophe is to be regretted as likely to lead to further international complications. Moslem fanaticism will be aroused, and the Egyptian Government, single handed, is powerless to stem its advances. As the *Times* picturesquely states: The story of the destruction of Hicks Pasha's force will be eagerly told in Constantinople and Damascus and Bombay and Benares. Wandering preachers will carry the tale that an army of Moslems has annihilated an army commanded by English officers. The Mahdi has become the rival not only of the Khedive, but of the Sultan. He holds the Brotherhood of Kaderia, and there is hardly a town in Algeria or Tunis without a Kaderia shrine. He has the aid of the slave dealers, and the tribe he commands are desperately brave. If Colonel Coet Logon and Ibrahim Pasha have abandoned Khartoum and retreated to the Red Sea, then the whole course of the Nile, open and undefended, lies before the conquering Mahdi. The French will experience further trouble in Morocco, and the task of England in Egypt will become aggravated with additional difficulties.

MESRS. JAMES McCREEDY & CO.

BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURE.—ONE OF CANADA'S GREATEST ESTABLISHMENTS.

Among the most important industries of Montreal, and which it has been the policy of governments to stimulate and develop as much as possible, is that of manufacturing leather and shoes. They are both articles of necessity, and the demand for them is one that is ever increasing. The business, moreover, in Montreal is so well appointed that nowhere are to be found more extensive or

IMPROVED APPLIANCES.

The individual who has never gone through a shoe factory, and whose knowledge upon the subject is restricted to what he has seen in the humble cobbler's shop would, indeed, be astonished were he to visit one of the many mammoth establishments of which Montreal is possessed. The old-fashioned cordwainer used to take a long time to make a pair of boots, and frequently the misstatements and prevarications which were made to account for delays were such as to remind one of those champions of the art, Ananias and Sapphira. To-day in one of these factories, if need be, the leather can be taken in the hide, and, in half an hour, a pair of shoes fitted upon the customer. Such, however, it must be admitted, is not even now the custom. Although the rapidity of turn-out is perfectly possible, it is the practice to forward and finish the boots at wholesale, in which way a still greater economy in time is effected, the whole process being completed at

ALMOST LIGHTNING SPEED.

The boot and shoe manufacturers of the present own plants which may be said to be worth fortunes; they "bore with a big auger," and they rely upon small profits and rapid turns-over. In the days of awls, pigs' bristles and cobblers' benches, the rural shoemaker was the wise man of the locality, he was the individual in whom a great amount of the local information, indeed, of learning was centred, he knew everything and was acquainted with everybody, and, besides, never hesitated to rest from his labours and communicate to enquirers of the stock of knowledge which he had accumulated. He was, or thought he was, as good a theologian as the parish parson, as an antiquarian he was second to none, while upon local events and politics he was an unquestioned authority. But old times have changed, old manners gone, and in these days of steam and telegraph the individual shoemaker, except he is a

MOST EXCELLENT WORKMAN,

naturally begins to reckon himself with the past. Among the great boot and shoe houses of Montreal, the great manufacturing centre of the Dominion, the establishment of James McCreedy & Co stands prominently forward. Mr. James McCreedy, the head of the concern, originally started about twenty years ago, in the leather and finding business. The current fiscal policy having demonstrated something of the possibilities of the interest he, two years later, devoted himself to the manufacture of boots and shoes, and to-day occupies the position of the most extensive and successful manufacturer in the trade. The house has held its own through the many crises which have supervened; it bent to the breeze, but did not break before the blast. While many rivals have risen and some unfortunately have fallen, this firm has kept on

ACHIEVING AND PURSUING

and has to-day a manufacturing power larger than that of any other house in Canada. In obedience to business requirements, about four weeks ago, a move was made from the premises formerly occupied to magnificent and eminently suitable quarters bounded by St. Peter, Youville and Normand Streets. The building is of stone, five stories in height, with basement, its dimensions being 140 by 50 feet. In the basement

has been erected a 35 horse-power Corliss engine, the boiler being of steel and built by Mr. White of Montreal. The remainder of the cellar is occupied with the storage of leather. The firm are, we may state, sole agents for Ayer's oiled tan Larrigans, and upon this floor there is a

HEAVY AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK

of these goods. One of the latest improved hoists by Miller Brothers & Mitchell, connects the various storeys, the apparatus being so perfect that not the slightest danger is incurred either by passengers or goods; the trap doors open and close automatically, the whole working with smoothness which speaks solidity and security. The ground floor is occupied by the business offices over which Mr C. F. Smith, Mr. McCreedy's partner, presides, and generally manages with singular success and ability the whole establishment from bottom to top. The general office is in charge of Mr. John Hamwell, who, business speaking, has been "raised" in the concern. Alongside the offices is the sample room in which upwards of 300 lines are displayed from the finest ladies' and children's goods to the heaviest and most substantial men's wear. Behind is a very large assortment of

ALL CLASSES OF GOODS,

the firm having the well-earned reputation of carrying the largest stock of manufactured and unmanufactured material in Canada. This with the packers is under the care of Mr. Hugh McCreedy, one of the most courteous men in the trade, whose arrangements are such that, with the greatest economy of time, the largest orders can be got out. Special pains are taken by this house to meet in every particular the requirements of its friends who, whenever they visit the factory are afforded the very best facilities for making their selections from the latest and most popular lines. The shipping facilities from the Normand street entrance are of the very best, goods being received on Youville street. Near the St. Peter street front of the next story are the tables of the cutters, whose business it is to shape the leather for the making of uppers. There is here also an extensive supply of fine leather. Ranged along this room are a number of steam wax thread machines for stitching uppers, while further on, occupying the other half of the flat, are the cutters of sole leather. Here the hides are

STRIPPED, SKIVED AND ROLLED.

The soles are then cut out by the aid of two beam sole cutters, each with a daily capacity of from 1,000 to 1,200 pairs. The Bigelow heel presser is capable of turning out over 2,000 pairs per day, so that it will thus be seen the appliances are neither few nor small. Besides the machines enumerated there are leather splitters, moulders and other apparatus, while the arrangements for the keeping of this part of the stock appear to be about perfect, an excellent system regulating the whole concern. The flat above is used entirely for the manufacture of pegged work. The enumeration of the machinery used will at once show how complete it is in every particular. There are 30 lasters, 15 nailers, 3 pegging machines, 2 steam peg breakers, a Bigelow heel attachment, 2 Cote edge trimmers, 3 Cote heel trimmers, 2 friction rotary heel setters, 2 Union edge setters, 2 Tapley heel burnishers, 2 sand paper machines, and 2 rotary brushes. A number of employes are also engaged on

HAND RIVETTED WORK.

The precision which characterizes each of these machines fully bears out the contention of the paramount excellence of machine work, the best grades of which are barely distinguishable from the much more expensive work still done to a limited extent by hand. The portion of the flat above, fronting on St. Peter street, is taken up with sewn work upon which 2 Mackay sole sewing machines are employed. Here there are 1 beating out machine, 1 Buzzell edge trimmer, 1 King's steam heel trimmer, 1 Cote heel trimmer, 1 Union edge burnisher, 1 Tapley heel burnisher, 1 scouring machine, 1 Naumkaeg buffing, sand paper machine, 1 rotary sand paper machine and 1 rotary brush. The different processes with sewn goods are

EQUALLY AS INTERESTING

as those among the peggers, in both of which departments some of the most surprising automatic processes are performed. At the other end of the top story a number of treers and cleaners are busily at work finishing goods prior to being taken into stock, and wonderful, indeed, is the change which they make to come over the hitherto unfinished productions. There are always here—even when the season is over—stocks of seven or eight hundred cases of long boots of which the house makes a speciality, if, indeed, such a remark is applicable to a concern which does nothing by halves either as concerns extent or excellence. As if by way of contrast with the powerful and ceaselessly working machinery sit several hand workmen upon one of the floors, whose methods as thus illustrated do, indeed, seem quaint and old fashioned. One of the most satisfactory features of the firm's new building is the excellent way in which it is lighted, which it is said causes an economy almost equal to the rental. There is in addition every provision for safety, in the event of fire, while the ventilation and sanitary accommodations are all that could be wished for. Messrs. James McCreedy & Co., have constantly upon the road ten travellers who represent them in all sections, from

THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

Their present manufacturing output is about \$500,000 annually. They consume over \$100,000 worth of sole leather, over \$200,000 of upper leather and findings, and pay out over \$125,000 for labor. The firm buys all its goods and materials for cash, which gives it special advantages.

This establishment produces about 9,500 pairs of boots and shoes per week, their staples being in buff, pebble, kip and split leather, though as has been stated they do an extensive trade in the finer sorts. The present premises into which they have just moved have an easy capacity of from 12,000 to 15,000 pairs per week, which they could have easily disposed of last year. Owing, however, to the lasters' strike and the recent removal, it may be said that manufacturing operations were last year confined to about ten months, nevertheless as much actual business was done as during the previous twelve, with numerous and large orders that it was found impossible to fill.

Mr. James McCreedy was for some years before he embarked in business on his own account, assistant to Mr. Thomas Hawkins, leather inspector in this city. He was ever a friend to his workmen, and though difficulties have at times arisen and been somewhat awkward to adjust, on account of complications, he is

HIGHLY ESTEEMED BY HIS EMPLOYEES.

Indeed, the best proof of this is that despite the strikes some of the men—at least a third—have been employed by him for eight, ten and twelve years. But not only is the last mentioned observation peculiarly applicable; it is the common remark, as commercial men frequently testify, that the firm of Jas. McCreedy & Co., besides being leading manufacturers are accustomed to deal liberally, indeed generously, with their customers, no matter whether the times be good or what it is the practice to regard as hard and unsatisfactory. This gives them an additional claim, which salesmen are not slow to appreciate.

THE MARQUIS TSENG.

The Marquis Tseng, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Courts of London, Paris and St. Petersburg, and who is now one of the conspicuous figures of European diplomacy, is the eldest son of Tseng Kivo-fan, the first Marquis, who was the most distinguished statesman who had appeared in China for many years. He is a native of Hunan and about forty six years of age. He succeeded his kinsman, Kivo-Taj-jeu, as Minister of China to Great Britain and France in 1878, and afterwards when the question of the retrocession of Kuldja threatened to lead to a rupture of friendly relations between Russia and France he was also accredited to St. Petersburg, replacing that of Livadia, was negotiated, and, as everybody knows, it is he who has conducted the negotiations with France on the subject of Tonquin. The Marquis is a fine English scholar, and his personal manners are those of a polished man of the world.

CREMATION IN PORTUGAL.

The conflict which has been waged for a long time between the priests and the physicians throughout Portugal in regard to cremation has at last been brought to a temporary settlement. The authorities of Lisbon and of all the principal municipalities of the kingdom have issued decrees making cremation absolutely optional in all cases, and compulsory in every case of death occurring in a district in which diseases of the nature of plagues shall be officially declared epidemic. These decrees are uniform, and contain substantially all the legislation sought by the cremationists.

The agitation has been long and bitter, and has been carried on with all the expedients known to religious power and prejudice on the one hand and to scientific persistence and radicalism on the other. The cremationists intend eventually to endeavor to have the burning of the human dead made compulsory throughout the kingdom, and the present authorities sympathize with them to such an extent that if they dared they would at once abolish burial. Both the authorities and the doctors, however, believe that the agitation will be found to have so abolished prejudice that cremation, now that it is encouraged by the Portuguese law, will rapidly supersede interment. To prepare the way gradually for this change, the new decrees ordain that hereafter, at the end of every five years, all the cemeteries in each municipality and large town throughout the kingdom shall be cleared entirely of human bodies, all of which shall be burned in the public crematories.

Most of the priests oppose the operation of these new laws, and their opposition is taking the form of pulpit and confessional insistence on burial. The Progressives intend to undermine the clerical influence by making cremation so cheap and by surrounding its performance with ceremonies so simple that the poor will be drawn to its practice by their interest in its essential economy.

AN English glove-maker has brought out a new glove with a pocket on the inside of the palm, to suit the habit indulged in by the fair sex of carrying money in that position.

If your lips save from slips,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

What am I offered for Baby? Dainty, dimple, and sweet. From the curls above her forehead To the beautiful rosy feet. From the tips of the wee pink fingers, To the light of the clear brown eye. What am I offered for Baby? Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby? "A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no! That's too much beneath his value Who is sweetest of all below! The naughty, beautiful darling! One kiss from his rosy mouth Is better than all the dainties Of East, or West, or South!

What am I offered for Baby? "A pile of gold?" Ah, dear, Your gold is too hard and heavy To purchase my brightness here. Would the treasures of all the mountains Far in the wonderful lands, Be worth the clinging and clasping Of these dear little peach-blown hands?

So what am I offered for Baby? "A rap of diamonds?" Nay, If your brilliants were larger and brighter Than stars in the Milky Way, Would they ever be half so precious As the light of those lustrous eyes, Still full of the heavenly glory They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby? "A heart full of love and a kiss?" Well, if anything ever could tempt me, 'T would be such an offer as this! But how can I know if your loving Is tender, and true, and divine? Enough to repay what I'm giving, In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby! Your gold and gems and stuff, Were they ever so rare and precious, Would never be half enough? For what would we care, my dearie, What glory the world put on, If our beautiful darling was gone? If our beautiful darling was gone!

ANGLICISMS IN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

I believe it was Mr. Higginson who said that it has taken a hundred years to eliminate the lark from American literature; but there are several other lingering delusions which we have unlawfully inherited from our English ancestry. I have lately found myself much dissatisfied with Italy and the Mediterranean Sea, because the skies of one and the waters of the other failed to keep up their time-honored reputation for unequalled blueness. I do not need to explain that English writers have commented from century to century upon the contrast between the Italian atmosphere and their own, and have celebrated the glories of the former. The color of the waves that beat against the shores of Great Britain is apt to be a dull brown; in many places it seems as if the London fogs were the fountains from which the sea is replenished. But we Americans go on placidly making our copy-books say, over and over again, that the sky is blue in Italy, as if there were not a bluer and a more brilliant one over our own heads. Soft and tender the heavens may be in Venice and above Lake Como, but there is a tenderness and a softness of clear light and of shadowed light in New England of which we should do well to sing the beauty and the glory. Just in the same fashion we mourn over the gloominess of autumn, as if ours were the autumn of Thomson, or of Cowper, or of any poet who wrote of fogs, and darkness, and shortness of days, and general death, and sullenness, and chill despair. Here there is a little dull weather until winter is fairly come, but through the long, bright months of September and October, and sometimes the whole of the condemned and dreaded November, the days—not nearly such short days as in England—are bright and invigorating. But we are brought up on English books, and our delusions of this sort are, after all, rare disadvantages, that never can counterbalance the greater meries and delights of our inherited literature.—December Atlantic.

POPULATION OF PARIS.

An analysis of the population of Paris, just published, gives very singular statistics as to the inhabitants of the gayest city in Europe. It seems also, for its size, to be the most industrious. The proportion in which the working classes exceed those who live on their own incomes is the more remarkable as Paris is the recognized centre of expenditure and extravagance for all France. There are no cities that hold to the capital the same relative position that Liverpool, Manchester and Birmingham occupy relatively to London. More than half a million of Parisians are employed in commerce, trade and banking operations, while of the artisan class there are considerably more than a million and a quarter. The liberal professions seem to occupy but a small proportion of the population. All combined do not amount to 200,000, and in the subdivisions the prominence is quite different to what it would be with us. The great majority are in the public service, which employs more than medicine, law, and divinity combined. But, after the public service, it is art which gives employment and livelihood to the greatest number of Parisians. Forty-two thousand get their income from this branch of industry. The doctors come after, but a long way after. Medicine, in its branches, supports 16,000, the branches, of course, including chemists and all compounders and vendors of medicine. Then

comes the law, with its 16,000 votaries, from judge to bailiff. Literature figures very low on the list, for, grouped with science and journalism, it gives employment to only 11,000 people, while all the clergy of all the persuasions amount to but half that number. On the whole, Paris would seem to be more industrious, more artistic, less literary, and less religious than the ordinary visitor would suppose.

A PLEA FOR TAPESTRY.

Who can tell why the working of tapestry has gone out of fashion? It would be so much more satisfactory than the endless procession of tidies and pincushions and sofa-pillows, each with its little design, if some fair needle-woman would give her spare time and thought to a larger piece of work. It might be done in small separate squares, so that there would be no objection to the clumsy roll of canvas, which could not be moved about or looked upon as fancy-work; and it would be so picturesque and full of the spirit of romance to see a lovely lady with her colored crewels and her quaint designs, and know that she was stitch by stitch achieving a great work which would keep her memory bright for years to come. Nobody cares what becomes of the smaller pieces of needle work after their bloom is, so to speak, worn off, but let us picture to ourselves the religious care with which we should guard the handiwork of our great grandmothers, if it were of this sort. We venerate the needle books and works bags and samplers almost absurdly, and this is an index to our capacity for appreciating a more important treasure.

Besides, it is a great loss both to art and literature that our stitches tend to such petty ends. An embroidery frame is a charming addition to a portrait, and nothing could make a more delightful and suggestive background than the blurred figures and indistinct design of a tapestried wall. And in a story, what aid a writer could give his reader by his suggestions of the work the heroine's slender fingers toyed with idly, or called into existence skillfully in a busier hour! What light, indeed, the description of the design would throw upon the character of the maiden! We could make up our minds instantly to many certainties when we knew whom she had taken for her hero in a battle piece, or if it were only a quiet landscape which she deftly wove when she lover met her first.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Nov. 3.

MRS. and Miss Chamberlain have left Paris for London, but expect to return to this city some time in December. The English artist who has been selected to paint Miss Chamberlain's portrait for the Prince of Wales is Mr. Frank Miles.

THE opening of the Municipal Casino at Nice is announced for January 1st. A divertissement is spoken of as likely to form an attractive portion of the inauguration performance, in which Mlle. Singuli and a selection from the Grand Opera troupe will receive leave of absence to take part.

PRINCE Jerome Napoleon's son has been fortunate or unfortunate, as the family and the youth view the fact that he is now a conscript, as he has drawn a number which bids him join the ranks. He has been at school at Cheltenham, we hear.

ANOTHER American actress Miss Adelaide Detchon, is likely to make a greater sensation than any other has done on the stage on this side of the Atlantic, both for her good looks and talent. She is now in Paris, and has just signed an engagement with Mr. Elgar Bruce.

THE Florentine season will be a very gay one according to all reports. Among other high life items transmitted from that place is the report of the marriages of some members of very hospitable houses. The contracting parties are Count Rossi with Mlle. della Gherardesea, and the Countess Ferrari Corbelli with Count del Pozzo.

M. GABRIEL CHARMES, writing in the Journal des Debats, remarks that the hotels frequented by Germans at this time of the year are empty on account of the belief that German visitors run a risk of insult, and he warns Parisians of the danger, not only of losing German customers, but giving Prince Bismarck a pretext for another attack on France.

BONNETS still are generally worn small. Thanks to the Princess of Wales, those dear little becoming capotes still retain universal favor. A bonnet for Mme. Pierson, of the Vaudeville, is a perfect little gem—beaded tulle capote, with aigrette bow of velvet lace, secured by jet black comb; twisted under the brim was a torsade of scarlet ottoman. This harmony in black and red is called "chapeau cherabrin."

THE French Minister of Trade is actively preparing for the great, universal, and international exhibition, which it is proposed to open in 1889, in commemoration of the French Re-

volution. If there is a king or an emperor on the throne of France in 1889, doubtless he will not figure very willingly at the opening, and inviting foreign nations to participate is surely a mistake. What reply will Bismarck send, and what encouragement will Germany give to its people to contribute?

FOOT NOTES.

EDMOND ABOUT gives the following characteristic sketch of M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of the London Times:—"He is a very remarkable man, of a singular physiognomy, and curiously nice in his personal adornment. He is perhaps a little too much penetrated with a sense of his own merits and influence; but he is very clever, learned, quick at repartee, and capable of understanding a joke and of taking his own part in the encounter. I must admit that I was somewhat prejudiced against him before meeting him personally; but he improves with acquaintance.

ON another occasion my aunt was seated opposite to Mrs. Siddons at a dinner party. Some salad was brought to her, which she declined; but the host loudly extolled its very special merits, and urged her just to try it. So, after a little hesitation, the great tragedian turned round to the footman who stood behind her with the salad, and extended both her hands with a genuine theatrical air, à la Queen Katherine before Henry VIII., and throwing her head back in the true tragic style, exclaimed in her deepest tones and most popular manner, "I must—o-ey; then—bring me—the b-o-w-l!" The company were, of course, deeply impressed.

DEAN STANLEY, speaking at a conversation of the National Temperance League, on "Presence of Mind," related a number of anecdotes illustrating his theme. Sometimes, the Dean said, presence of mind is shown by silence, sometimes by action, and sometimes by action and word together. The better and higher their character is, the stronger and more efficacious, and the more likely they are to leave an abiding impression on those who hear and see them. Let every one try to get presence of mind; they may be assured that it is one of the qualities most brought about by sobriety and most injured by intemperance. A vote of thanks was passed by acclamation to Dean Stanley, who replied, amid merriment, "I am very obliged to you; I shall show my presence of mind by silence!"

RIGHT AIMS.—With all our boasted education, we have yet to utilize those lessons of self-knowledge and self-respect which should inspire each young boy and girl not to look forward with greedy eye to the possibility of becoming a great statesman or leader of fashion or star, but to search diligently for his or her capability, and to develop it, whatever it may be, in all earnestness, faithfulness and loyalty. Both in home-life and in school-life our influence over the young should always be in this direction. It is not a depressing influence—on the contrary, it is ennobling and full of the brightest hope. It is the only path to happiness, for no one is ever so happy as when he is successfully engaged in doing that which he can do well. It is the only path to value, for assuredly the worth of an individual to society depends upon his being in the right place and doing his own appropriate work. It is the only path to national welfare, for just as the health and perfection of the body depend on each organ fulfilling its own function, so the health of the body-politic depends on each individual understanding his own powers and his own limits, and developing the one without overstepping the other.

—AN affected actor who set himself up for great originality, especially in the pronunciation of words, was in the habit of playing inferior parts to Kemble's leading characters, and terribly annoyed the great man by his affectation and foolish pomposity. At length Kemble's wrath broke out, and one night in particular, he launched on the unfortunate fellow's head the bolt of discomfiture and ruin, quite to his amazement and surprise. Among the peculiarities of this actor in the pronunciation of words, he held that the proper name Cato should not be pronounced as it was then and is still, but with the accent on the last syllable, Cató, so as to rhyme with below. On this particular night Kemble played Cato, and the original, in one part of the play, had to come on and say:

Cæsar sends health to Cato.

So he entered, and addressing the great Roman, spoke out the words, laying peculiar emphasis on the last;

Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Kemble could not stand it any longer; he frowned, and changing the words in the play, he thundered out at the bewildered courier:

Would he had sent it by a better messenger.

THE father of Agassiz, the great naturalist, destined his son for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes. The latter especially were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations were spent in journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes. "If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know anything about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you." Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir

Roderick Murchison. "You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly, "What have you learned?" The lad was timid, and not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said at last, "I know a little about fishes." "Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there." All of the scientific savants of England belonged to this society. That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:—"I have a young friend here from Switzerland, who thinks he knows something about fishes; how, much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was, of course, extinct. "Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" said Sir Roderick. Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The grave old doctors burst into loud applause. "Sir," Agassiz said on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest, for I know now my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

EPIGRAMS.

The following neat epigram, by Sydney Smith, was written on the occasion of his returning home one day and finding little Jeffrey, the Edinburgh Reviewer, riding round the yard on a donkey, to the amusement of some children:

Short, but not as fat as Bacchus,
Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Græchus,
See little Jeffrey on a jackass.

Sent with a couple of ducks to a patient:

I've despatched, my dear madam, this scrap of a letter
To say that Miss — is very much better;
A regular doctor no longer she lacks,
So therefore I've sent her a couple of quacks.

Canning, having heard that Brougham wished his enmity to Pitt to be written on his tomb, wrote the following:

Brougham writes his epitaph, to wit,
"Here lies the enemy of Pitt."
If we're to take him à la lettre,
The sooner 'tis inscribed the better.

A commercial traveller having left a shirt at an inn, wrote to the chambermaid to forward it to him. This produced the following:

I hope, dear sir, you'll not feel hurt,
I'll frankly tell you all about it:
I've made a shift with your old shirt,
And you must make a shift without it.

Here is an epigram by Lord Byron on the world:

The world is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses that pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

On a clergyman complaining that he had lost his portmanteau:

I've lost my portmanteau—
I pity your grief,
All my sermons are in it—
I pity the thief!

To a Mr. Wellwood, who exaggerated:

You double each story you tell;
You double each sight that you see;
Your name is W. E. double L,
W double O double.

Which men are preferable?

Whether tall men, or short men, are best,
Or bold men, or modest and shy men,
I can't say; but this I can protest—
All the fair are in favor of Hy-men.

HUMOROUS.

WHEN is a ship like an actor? When she's anchored.
THE hussars naturally do the cheering for the German army.

A LIBERAL translation of "tempus fugit" is "few get time."

THE favorite novel of office-seekers—"Put Yourself in his Place."

THE man who meets one's remark with a "Fiddlesticks!" clearly wishes to do violence to one's feelings.

SINGERS should be above climatic influences, it is so easy for them to have a change of air.

THE oldest books on record are volumes of water, and they circulate all over the world.

A lodging-house keeper advertises "to furnish gentlemen with pleasant and comfortable rooms, also, one or two gentlemen with wives."

A GENTLEMAN, who has recently lost an eye, begs to intimate that he has now a "vacancy for a pupil."

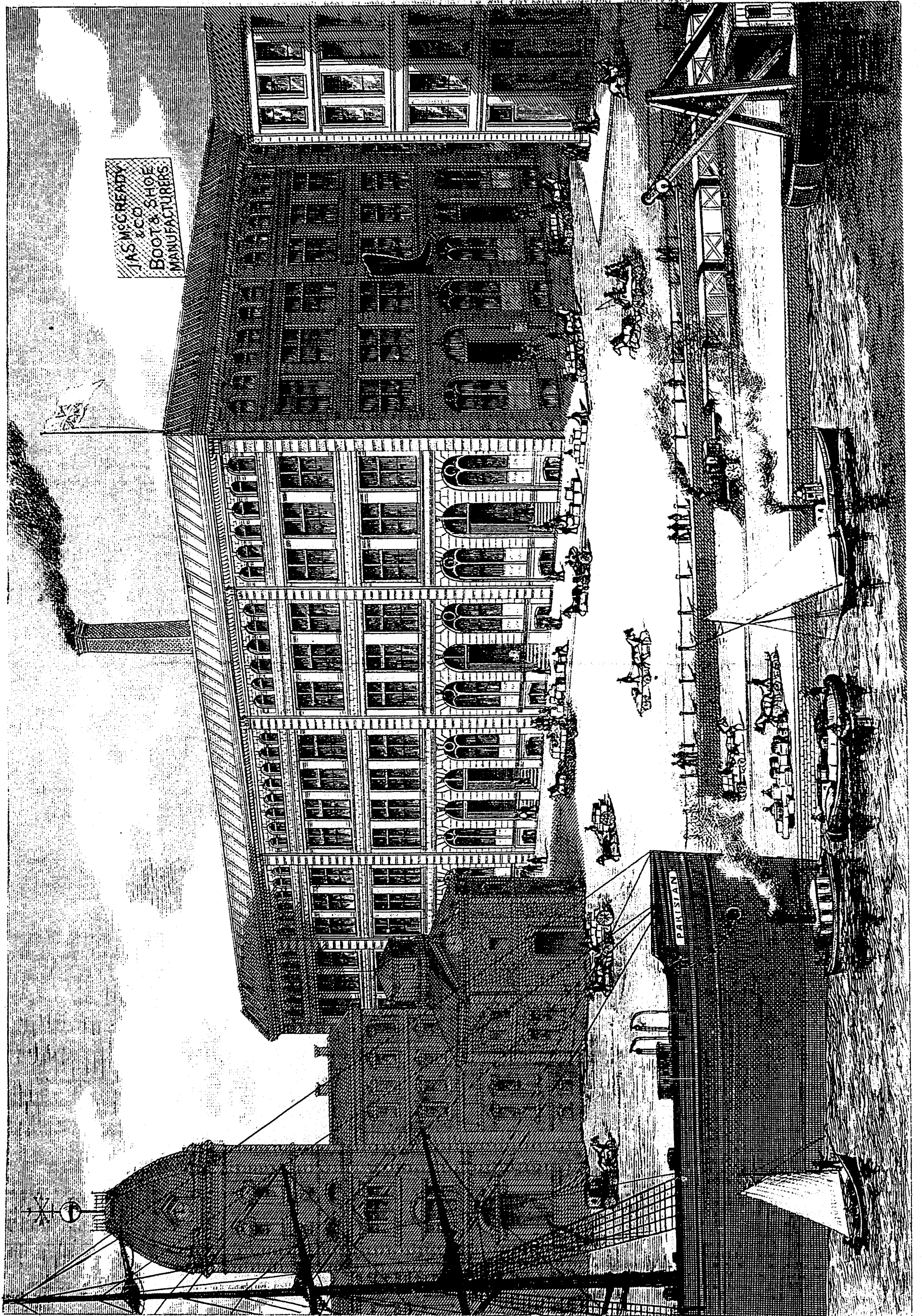
A PROGRESSIVE law-maker in Georgia has introduced a bill into the Legislature making "disaffection" a valid ground for divorce.

"I HAVE a great love for old hymns," said a pretty girl to her masculine companion "I am much fonder of young hers," was his reply.

AMONG the stories from the diamond-fields of South Africa, is one about a homestead and kraal whose plastered walls were found studded with diamonds.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878.

SIR—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial.
MRS J. W. TULLER.
Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.



MONTREAL.—THE BOOT AND SHOE FACTORY OF JAMES MCCREEDY & CO.



DOM HENRY SMUELDERS.
APOSTOLIC COMMISSIONER TO CANADA.

THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY.

A tale for Roman guides to tell
To careless, sight-worn travellers still.
Who pause beside the narrow cell
Of Gregory on the Caelian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came
A beggar, stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-sick in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give.
The silver cup my mother gave:
In Christ's name take thou it, and live."

Years passed; and, called at last to bear
The pastoral crook and keys of Rome,
The poor monk, in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside,
An unknown stranger, with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger: but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed,
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?"
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marvelled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen, and bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven,
I am the Wonderful, through whom
Whatever thou askest shall be given."

He spoke and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Prone on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain:
Nor vainly say, Verona's Paul,
Telling of her and her again,
On gray Vicenza's frescoed wall.

Still where-soe'er pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, the Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

JOHN G. WHITTIER, in *Harper's*.

THE KISSING BRIDGE.

A LEGEND OF ALBANY.

"We are coming to it soon," said he.
"To what?" said the very mouse-like little
Puritan maiden at his side, with a rising color
in her cheeks, and a dimming of the furtive
sparkle of her watchful, half-scared eyes.

"To the bridge," said he, composedly, but
with a slightly increased flush to his cheek, and
a momentary restraint in his off-hand gallant
manner.

"This is a bridge," said she, innocently
enough, stopping at the first snow-covered
plank of it with a little look of hesitation.

"This is nothing," said he, carelessly, stop-
ping himself too, and half turning round.
"They don't count this one. It is the other,
that we are just coming to."

"Why, what then? What about the other?
Is it not safe?"

"Ah!" said the tall young gallant, with a
meaning smile, "that much depends on what
you mean by safe. It is called here the Kissing
Bridge. Do you not know of it? Are you
such a stranger here?"

"I think I will go back now," she said, with
a little gasp as if for breath. "Yes, I have
heard of it, but I did not suppose that we should
have to cross it on our way."

"My dear child," he said, breaking at once
and for all through any thin social ice that
might exist between their better understand-
ing, and assuming a grand protecting air,
"the awful toll on that particular bridge is not
like that on most bridges, where you have either
to pay it or else go back. In this case it is quite
optional: you pay or not as you think best. To
tell the truth," said he, becoming more reassur-
ing still, "I think it is only understood to be
a frolic between those who are lovers, or at least
great friends;" and he began to move slowly
forward, as if he of course expected her to follow,
on those very liberal and safe terms.

The mouse-colored maiden crept slowly on
beside him, with rather a hesitating and waver-
ing step, gazing on anxiously ahead toward the
innocent snow-covered little structure that bore
such an awful reputation. If he had called it
the "gallows-tree" at once, it could scarcely
have fluttered her little heart more.

And who was she, this little specimen of
slightly mitigated New England Puritanism;
and what was she doing in roistering Albany, in
the still Dutchified province of Yew York,
among the festivity of the festive, and in the
thick of the New Year junketings? She was
little Ruth Gray, from Providence, and she was
on a visit to uncles, aunts, and cousins whom
her good people still loved, although they often
mourned to think that they were getting more
and more worldly, and their ways were scarcely
now the ways of their grandfathers. Even Ruth
herself had, from a very child, shown strange
little bits of waywardness and mutiny from the
iron rule of her fathers. Her mother died when

she was a child, and her father, a bluff sea-
captain, who, in moments of anger, had a way
of quoting Scripture to his crew that was in-
finitely more withering to them than the usual
maritime profanity, doted on this little lone
mouse of his in a way that often brought his
tenderness under the ban of sermonizing from
his elders of the church. Ruth had no trouble
at all in getting her father's permission to go on
a visit to his worldlyish, easy-going, money-
making brother in Albany; a friendly skipper
thither bound with a cargo of New England
rum took charge of her safe passage gladly.

Her aunts and cousins were deeply amused
at first with all her prim, staid little ways, and
with her still more prim and starched little cos-
tumes. No attempt, however, was made to add
a ribbon or a bit of lace to her dress, or to mo-
dify in any way her ideas of propriety; rather
at first did the place take on a little of her sober
tone, though, truth to say, she did not crave it,
or even strongly desire it; on the contrary,
wishing to be good fellow with the rest, she al-
lowed the narrow strings of her plain cap to run
a little wider, and the mutinous crinkle of her
gold-brown hair to relax from the smooth-as-it-
could-be-brushed parting down each side of her
fair brow to now and then a little tendril of a
rebellious curl that went as it listed. The rigid
little white arçons had soon a little pocket, and
not long after a little embroidery of white
stitching around the hems. She also took kind-
ly to a stray pucker and wrinkle about her staid,
severe black hood, and a wider and a more ag-
gressively tied bow at the instep of her russet
shoes; and as for the bewitching little muff
trimmed with silk that her good uncle bought
her, it would be flat insult and cruelty to him
not to wear it; and she in time even let them
fix a pair of goodly sarsnet bows to each end of
it. All these little gradual changes or develop-
ments in Ruth brought different degrees of feel-
ing to those about her. Her younger and more
thoughtless brood of cousins and "cousins" friends
hailed each new bow and ribbon with hilarious
joy, but her elder aunts and uncles thought
seriously of the day when she would have to be
returned to her somewhat strait laced father
and his rigid friends. If her good father could
be with her and follow her pliant ways with a
like relaxation of his rigidity, that would be an-
other thing; but when they would say to her,
"What a pity your father couldn't come too!"
and she would look at the complications that
might ensue therefrom with a wistful smile, they
still felt that any wishes they might have about
the father's influence did not much alter the ac-
count they might be called on to render to him
for the taking on of unallowed furbelows on
the part of the daughter.

Among Ruth's hidden cousins there were
some four or five more or less engaged, some
others about to be engaged, one or two states of
affection that would puzzle an anxious parent
to put a name to, and in view of all this gush-
ing condition of the affections, and the hilarious
season, there was such a general and unblush-
ing practice of good-natured kissing that poor
Ruth, whose ideas of this art, or pastime, or
science, or sin, whichever you choose to call it,
had gone from state to state of scandalization
and outraged proprieties until she had finally
accepted the inevitable as best she could, so
long as she, barring female cousins, could be
left out.

The aunts and uncles, with a remnant of pro-
priety, had made the thoughtless cousins prom-
ise not to put Ruth in the way of the ordeal of
the Kissing Bridge, and they had so far kept the
promise well. The proper uncles and aunts
meant that Ruth should fully enjoy herself,
but if there might be a line drawn anywhere,
their united consciences said it should be at the
first plank of that bridge. She, poor girl, had
heard much of it, and after the first shock had
kindly accepted it as one of the customs of the
country; and even when she somewhat severely
said that they didn't do such things in Provi-
dence, she mentally tempered the severity by
vaguely wishing they could, now and then, if it
was as nice as the girls and boys made out. Of
kissing or being kissed, except in the way of
now and then a hearty smack from her father
in an expansive mood, or the careful embraces of
cousins or aunts, who seemed anxious not to
crumple her nicely starched pinner, poor Ruth
knew nothing except by reports, which at that
gushing season of the year, as we said before,
were rather loud and common.

And now she was suddenly brought face to face,
if not with the actual thing, at least with the
possibilities of it.

And the tall cavalier by her side in the snow?
—Miles Foxcroft, so called. Not much was
known of him, except as a friend of one of the
"engaged" youths hovering about the youngest
and prettiest cousin.

"My friend Miles," was all the introduction
that Gerrit Schuler, the engaged youth, vouch-
safed, over a week previous to our introduction
to him, and not much more was asked of Gerrit,
who, in good truth, had little more to tell.
They had met in New York, and having many
points not at all in common, had at once sworn
eternal friendship. One was the open vessel;
the other was the wine that poured into it.
Wine? Well, scarcely that; it was rather a
mixture, with little of the true grape in it; but
it satisfied the friendly thirst of Gerrit. He
loved a hero, and, according to many accounts
—Foxcroft's most of all—this was the hero.
Under oaths of strict secrecy deeds were re-
counted, as they entered about at midnight,
that thrilled the very marrow of the eager list-
ener—dark hints of half-unwitting piracy, quite

excusable murder, and pardonable villainies of
every kind; these, illustrated with narratives of
hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures of
a more ordinary kind by flood and field, stories
of a weird and ghastly kind, were never want-
ing to fill the porous natures whom he thought
likely to credit him. There was a happy scar,
an ugly welt across his temple, that would al-
ways be brought in as an indisputable proof of
combats with pirates, or with Indians, or with
anybody who at that moment figured as the
enemy.

Few doubted these stories, as he was very
careful in the matter of his audience, but when
he did happen to mistake his man that man
generally doubted him enormously, scar not-
withstanding. Little did he care; he knew
that the world was wide, and inquiring minds
were few compared with the absorbent and
trusting natures.

Gerrit had told a certain few of his friend's
escapades, not enough to get him into serious
trouble, but rather to increase the general
heroic attitude in the eyes of the young men and
maiden. Ruth had had a carefully revised
edition of his career retailed to her for her own
personal admiration. To her it was like a fairy
tale; it was the one peep into enchanted land
that her young eyes had opened to. *The Pil-
grim's Progress* had hitherto been her only fairy
tale, for to her, notwithstanding most careful
explanations, this poor Pilgrim was all the
knights of romance rolled together. To be sure,
this was a very different kind of hero, this tall,
well-dressed, rosy-scarred youth walking beside
her, so kindly, so protective, so different from
any one she had ever known.

She half feared him, yet did not wish to bid
him go away and leave her. On ahead of them
were the laughing and chatting cousins and
lovers. She had been mildly scandalized to see
on the distant bridge some lightsome skir-
mishes that looked very much like "taking
toll"; her steps faltered somewhat, her heart
fluttered like an imprisoned bird, but she still
followed meekly to the fatal bridge.

On the top rail of the first bridge, at which
our story began, Ruth picked up a ready-made
snow-ball left behind by some of the merry party
gone before. (Snow-balling was almost the first
thing her riotous cousins had taught her after
her arrival, by the way.) She held the chilly
missile in her gloved hand as she walked along
beside this looming youth, held it in a very gen-
erally, ineffective way, too, he noticed. She had
only a very dim notion of using it as a weapon
of defense; still, she kept it in her hand as
something to fall back on in a moment of
peril.

"What are you going to do with your snow-
ball—throw it at some one when you get over
the bridge?" observed he, with a half amused
smile.

"I—no—I'm not sure that I shall cross the
bridge at all, and if I do I should not care to
hurt any of my friends with this icy ball." She
was careful to imply that the ball was very hard,
and capable of serious damage.

"Don't you think you will be apt to wet your
gloves and spoil them with that damp snow?"
This was said with the same kindly, protecting
air, which he had now put on permanently, it
would seem.

"I don't mind the gloves. Besides, the snow
is such a cold thing to handle without gloves,"
she said to him; and to herself she wondered
what his motives might be in wishing her to
give up her one visible weapon.

He was so much amused at the situation, at
her half fright and entire simplicity, that he
gave up all idea of thrilling her just then with
any wild stories of his past life.

The rest of the party had turned down the
lane over the bridge of kissing, and were in sight
only now and again between the tall trees on
either side the road. They could be well heard,
though; the screams and peals of laughter rang
through the frosty air. Then all was suddenly
hushed; they hid behind the trees to see what
would happen on the bridge to Ruth. The
elder and more staid cousin wished to go back
to prevent the dire catastrophe that they had
weeks ago been cautioned to avert. She was
easily kept within hiding, however, by the assur-
ance that Ruth would readily take care of her-
self, and if not—good sakes alive!—what harm,
after all!—only a bit of frolic.

The timid mouse had, beneath that placid
exterior, a certain strong will of her own, and
between the two bridges she had pretty neatly
planned out a course of action.

When they came to the crucial first plank of
the dreadful crossing-place, Ruth suddenly
sprang forward, and ran as if the spirit of Ata-
lanta had given to her her own fleet sandals in
exchange for her russet shoes. There was a
swish of a sad-colored robe, a flutter of white
apron, a twinkle of little gray feet—and she was
gone away and over the bridge before Foxcroft
knew what had happened to break the quiet
thread of their conversation off so suddenly.

She stood with her face half hidden by her
little muff, actually enjoying a wicked, roguish,
quite unpuritanical laugh at him, her cheeks
now redder than ripe cherries, and her rebel-
lious curl fluttering with excitement.

"I am not to pay now the toll, as you call
it. You should have been more watchful. I
am quite safe now." This with her face still
behind her muff, and the threatening snow-ball
ready for action.

"You need not have fled at that pace from
me at all," said he, with rather a hurt intona-
tion, when he reached her side. "I had no
malice in my mind. Nay, Mistress Ruth, you

do not know me at all. I should not have
claimed the usual toll against your will. We
are both strangers here, and why need we follow
their hoidenish customs?"

Poor Ruth felt that she had herself been
somewhat guilty of hoidenism in a mild form;
her swift scamper over the bridge from a purely
imaginary danger looked to her now as a mis-
take more unpardonable than certain forms of
wickedness.

The smiles had ceased to ripple over her
cheeks, and the laughing eyes were now sad and
wistful almost to tears.

"You must have heard some awful tales
about me, and, moreover, you must have well
believed in them, to have the fear you show of
me."

He said this with a desire to clear his tar-
nished reputation, if need be, but it was really
offered as the prelude to some few little stories
of his own valorous deeds, the offspring of his
own fertile brain. He was now beginning to
take an interest in the little gray maiden, and
to think her worthy of some of his choicest
lies.

"I never like to think evil of any one soever,
more especially of one we all like." Ruth was
not quite happy over her little speech; it told
too little of one thing and too much of another.

She could not then explain herself better,
as they soon found themselves among the laughing
revellers, who had been watching the incident
of the race over the bridge, and its denouement.
Noisy astonishment was freely expressed at the
curious, contradictory actions of each. Ruth
was the last person in the world that they would
have expected such spirited and exciting action
from, and Miles was the next last to have taken
it so calmly. They were both unmercifully
teased about the affair, as one may well im-
agine; but, to the further astonishment of all,
Ruth warily defended him, and even took no
end of blame upon herself. He magnanimously
blamed nobody in particular; it was all the
fault of the strange custom itself. They were
both strangers, and were in no way bound to
conform to such unheard-of usages.

"Of course if I had been crossing the bridge
with a native I should be a brute not to conform
as gallantly as the best men here. Or, had one
of you natives here been crossing with Mistress
Ruth, then would he have been within his
rights to have had his fair toll; but it would
have been rank impudence in two persons
strange to the country and almost to each other
to take a liberty such as that with your sacred
bridge and its time-honored customs."

He spoke so fairly and with such serious bear-
ing that he silenced the jeerers, and almost
spoiled the frolic for the rest of the walk. As
for Ruth, she was losing her heart more and
more every moment. He was so different from
the others, so manly, so fair, so generous, and
withal so protecting! It was impossible that
the strange whisperings of his deeds could have
much truth in them—and yet she had always
been taught to believe that the Demon had over
a fair outside, and won souls to him by seeming
goodness.

"Do you take—toll, as you call it, every
time you cross that place, returning as well as
going?" asked Ruth of the younger cousin,
with less hesitation now as she was getting used
to the subject.

"Oh, that indeed we do!" said that spirited
damsel, with the air of one determined to stand
by every right of way. "And I think it would
be a good thing to have a change of partners
going back, and then there would be no strangers
and no shirking." This was levelled full at
Miles and Ruth.

She looked at him with one little mute ap-
pealing glance, and he, understanding, spoke
up.

"Let those change who will. For my part, I
am well suited, and if Mistress Ruth thinks she
may trust me this time, we will go back as we
came, and finish our talk together. What say
you?" said he, kindly, to her, and with calm
directness.

She was pressing a little pattern in the snow
with the point of her tiny shoe. She brushed
back the stray curl with her gloved hand, and
answered only with a smile and the faintest of
nods, but the smile and nod and the silence
spoke many volumes of consent.

"I hope you do not dislike our queer old
custom; it is as old as the hills," said another
female cousin, as the beginning of a defense of
it, to Miles, in case he wished to "argue it
out."

"Nay, mistress, I like the notion of it amaz-
ingly, and if I find myself crossing it with those
to the country born, I will practice it with the
best of ye." There was a general laugh at this
sally, in which even Ruth joined; in fact, she
was getting to laugh more easily now that the
thaw in her manners had fairly set in. It was
like the ripple of a frozen brook set free in
spring-time.

When the merry party set their faces homo-
ward, Ruth and Miles lingered behind the
others again, much to the amusement of the
jestingly inclined. "We who are strangers
should stay behind, so that you may show us
the way, and, moreover, we can then the better
study the customs and behaviour of you all, so
as to be less strange in time," spoke up Miles.
"So go you all on before, and try and bear your-
selves more seemingly."

The mouse was no longer timid, as she kept
more closely to his side on the return saunter
along the snow-covered road. There was here
and there a slide of glistening ice where little
streams crossed the road, and on those they

could see others display their agility, and often the want of it, for there was much merry laughter over a seemingly uncalled-for falling about.

"Do you slide, Mistress Ruth?—that is, do you care to?"

"I—no;—that is, I have never slid—much. I don't think I should care much—"

This as she saw a group of four take sitting and recumbent positions rather abruptly. She gave a slight start, a little cry, and the little russet feet went both suddenly to the left, and the little black hood, and the mutinous curls, and the dimply smiles, and the jaunty muffs, and the rest of it, went as suddenly to the right; and as the outstretched appealing hand went to him, like lightning, for support, she felt a strong, quick arm interpose itself in good time to prevent as neat a fall as any one might wish for.

"There! you were nearly down. Not hurt? Well—there again!" as she gave another little slip. "I think you would do well to take my arm."

She had his arm at the moment, but he felt as if the timid little hand was slipping from it, and then the next instant he felt a more firm hold and pressure. But it was still anything but a steady lean upon it. He took the little fingers gently, and placing them with his own hand on the exact spot on his arm where she would have surer support, he gave her hand a little re-assuring pat, and almost a pressure, and left it; and it staid where it was placed, taking kindly enough to the resting position.

"We are passed all the slippery places now, are we not?" she asked, perhaps to save her sense of propriety.

"Nay, there may be many such places on the road, although we did not notice them so much coming as we do going back. It has been freezing, you know. Are you warm enough?"

"I think so; I don't think I have thought about it before."

"Keep close to me."

She said nothing, but she kept close enough; he did not have to allude to it again.

And now came the dread bridge again. The words of the gushing cousin came to her mind—"Indeed, yes; we pay toll both coming and going." She also remembered how he had waived all his claims in view of their strangeness to the land. The skirmishes of those who had gone before them had been very brief and scarcely noticeable. The time-honored custom was observed without a murmur.

It was rapidly getting dusk; the winter's afternoon was becoming winter's evening without much lingering in the way of twilight. The sun fell into a ditch of cold, gray, slushy cloud, and seemed to perspire a lurid stream for a few minutes, and then to get cold with the gelid ashen purple of iron plunged in snow; then it seemed to fall through torn slits of its sea of troubled gray, and it left the world to quick-gathering darkness.

The little party, each pair toned down a little with the sudden chill and gloom, crunched its way over the freezing snow toward home. The planks of the bridge creaked and complained as if stricken by sudden cold and rheumatism the heavy and the light step of the last pair touched them. The surface of the snow bore still the traces of much wild prancing to and fro in the regular and irregular toll-taking. Ruth said no word; there was not the slightest effort to withdraw the trustful hand, or the slightest impulse of the little mouse-like feet to fly again across and out of danger. He merely smiled, as if he was thinking of something he did not wish to say; and she, seeing the smile, guessed it out as well as if he had spoken. And he did speak when they were well over.

"You did not think it worth while to flee from me this time."

"You, too, seemed as if you had forgotten all about it."

This was not exactly the conveyance of what she meant to say. As she thought of it hurriedly, it seemed almost like a challenge. What if he would regard it in that light? In fact, if he did she could scarcely blame him; but she said nothing to mend matters.

"How soon the stars have come out! What a very bright one overhead—the pale green one!"

She lifted her hooded face to the place whence the starlight should have fallen—when, swift as flashed light, warm to her as a sun's ray, a light kiss just brushed the peachy down on her cheek—and the deed was done!

She felt that the world about her seemed suddenly to change its meaning to her. He was no longer the pure hero; for the moment she was tempted to believe him capable of any deceit or crime; and then, like a flash, she turned the blame upon herself, because of that unfortunate little remark. What else could he have done when he was plainly told he had forgotten? She hid one side of her face for a moment with her gloved hand, and the nearer side to him with her muffs, and wished for an inspiration for some proper thing to do. He only stood near her these few seconds, during which the universe turned inside out to her. And I am afraid he laughed a merry laugh of wicked enjoyment.

"There! it was not such an awful thing after all. Come, take my arm again—it is still slippery. It shall not happen again."

She took her previous hold upon his proffered arm, but she tucked the rebellious curl under her hood, and looked as stern and puritanical as she could at a moment's notice.

"Say you quite forgive me. We should not try to make ourselves so very much better than the others, who seem to enjoy themselves so much." He again patted the little hand snug-

gled in upon his arm, in a still more soothing and protecting way. "I find one looks like a fool if he does not follow the happy customs of a kindly people."

"I ought not to have reminded you of it; it seemed forward of me, as if I courted it, and I am sure I was not thinking of it in that way," she went on, half excusing him and accusing herself, and finally forbidding him to forget it and be forgiven.

The dreadful bridge was still in sight, and all this change, this revelation of new emotions, this upheaval of her little world to her, had taken place and was a thing of the past in this short time. And then, as if to make this offense seem small and trivial, he told her, as they walked home together under the winter stars, such tales of the marvellous and wonderful! It was Othello and Desdemona over again, only, let us hope, the Moor told the strict truth with more fluency than Miles did. He was so strange about this one quality of his! One would think that a good liar would not be able to contain his splendid gifts, but would lie right and left. But Miles was a born genius; he was the soul of truth and honor in all things except these dreadful adventures of his. Perhaps he more than half believed in them himself, so well did he tell them, and so strongly did he wish them to be true.

Ruth, so far from being shocked or scandalized, followed each awful incident with the effacing sponge of forgiveness, and when she had wiped away all the real sin she could with her sponge, she gilded up and haloed the occurrence until it became a thing to swing incense before in her own mind.

There was little concealment about her frank admiration of him. The tender eyes were ever on the watch for him when away, ever following his every movement when present. The tendrils of her sunny hair were twined but for him, because he admired it. The bows and the ribbons became more bewitchingly tied, and sprigs of cunning needle-work broke out about her dress like running vines in a June sun. She believed his most elaborate and embroidered romances with such readiness that he lost faith in his power of invention. It was like pouring water upon the thirsting earth, or telling fairy tales to eager children. The uncles and aunts, and even the cousins, were getting seriously anxious about this development. Ruth no longer shunned the awful bridge in their walks, and there was no more need of apology for not doing in Rome as the Romans do.

But, alas! one fine day there came a new figure upon the scene, who greeted Miles with much noisy familiarity and expansiveness, not entirely shared by the younger man, I beg to say. This was an old friend of Miles and his family, who knew them all, root and branch. The first surprise he gave them was by calling Miles simply Fox, instead of Foxcroft. This Miles explained, in his friend's absence, as merely an abbreviation; and then he was forced to admit that he liked not the name of Fox alone as well as with the croft. And then, finding that the threads of many of his stories were being drawn out to such an extent that the whole fabric would come to pieces before his face before long, he, feigning uncalled-for importance to an ordinary letter received, took himself away, not without several scenes with Ruth, and much dispensing with all need of the bridge as any excuse for the "custom of the people."

One week away, and Ruth but half consoled by vows to meet again, the kindly friend of Miles's youth told the whole of his history. His father, old Fox, was a quiet, well-to-do trader down in Maryland, who had never done anything in his life more dreadful than drive unequal bargains with the simple red Indian, to whom he trafficked rum and provisions in exchange for furs. Miles had been the mainstay of his father's trade, fond of hearing tales of pirates and of Indian adventure; had only once gone away from home, on a coasting vessel, and then came near killing himself by falling from the rigging, where he had no business to go, and cutting that ugly welt on his forehead. As there had been some four different versions of the origin of the wound, the company resigned themselves to the last one as being the most reliable.

"And now, as he has been a good boy so long, his father gave him leave and money to go to see a little of the country, and perhaps he might be able to fix on a good spot for a branch business. A most excellent young fellow, fond of telling of adventures that nobody seems to know much of except himself; but there! I'd trust him with anything except a story." Thus spoke the friend, and all seemed relieved that this blood-stained youth was now purified and washed clean.

Poor Ruth! It was a sad blow to her. There had been no real call for the tear of the angel to blot out the sin, no need of the gilding or the incense. The idol was of common clay. She never wished to see him more; and when they thoughtlessly laughed away his crimes, she could have wept, for to her they seemed to wash the dirt well into him, and smear him with common whitening as an outer finish.

Unreasonable!—very.

Unsatisfactory!—rather.

But here the story ends, as I heard it. Whether Ruth ever saw him again, or whether she went back to unmitigated Puritanism and straightened her rebellious curl back with searing-irons, I know not. I like to imagine an ending to her story, but I will not here put it with the pure fragment of an old-time tale as it was told to me.

ODE TO A HEN.

"How fond thy clucks, when quick thy callow brood
Thou call'st to gorge some poor, belated worm," etc.
—Stanza ciii.

Author of omelettes! Origin of eggs!
High be thy place in proud creation's plan!
If thou wert not, where were fair *fricassees*,
Seductive salad, or the potted can?

Some taunt thy courage, hen, nor deem thee brave
When nude contention, rears "her wrinkled front."
Guard thou the nest, most useful of thy kind,
Whilst roosters, spurred, sustain the battle's brunt!

Thou art not wise, yet wisdom leads, full oft
Through paths most devious, to conclusions blind;
With level head thou tread'st life's thorny road,
Leaving the purblind pedant far behind!

What be the goal men seek, but few may gain?
Wealth, fame, ambition,—fleeting shadows all.
Contentment, priceless jewel, nought can buy,
Not all the world hid in Earth's rolling ball!

Then art thou blest! 'Neath thy protecting wing,
Thou gatherest thy chickens, safe and warm.
What though a second Caesar strode the blast:
Not 'pon thy head should break the bloody storm!

What though you peerless Corsican arose,
That giant genius, mightiest of man's race;
A loaded die, thrown by an unseen hand
To serve some end, then hurled to dire disgrace!

Still wert thou safe! Napoleon knew, full well,
The perfect nourishment thine egg supplies!
Ye strung the sinews that wild Waterloo
Alone might snap before a dazed world's eyes!

How fond thy cluck, when quick thy callow brood
Thou call'st to gorge some poor, belated worm,—
Some "evening reveler" (as Byron sang),
Surprised at morn, and "nabbed without a squirm."

When ye bold drummer sells ye heaviest bills,
Wot'st thou whence flows his inspiration, then?
By "egg-flip" braced, prates he his well-worn tale,—
A "ten strike" scores, and—thanks ye humble
hen!

And, oh! full oft, as o'er his lonely meal,
In fancy sits he by his faithful wife,
The new-laid eggs recall their courtship days,
The good-night kiss, and all the old farm life.

Yon grub, a thing abhorrent to man's sight,—
A vicious pulp that blasts the tender vine,—
Thy balmy chemistry transmutes, forsooth,
To blest spring chicken, or to pot-pie, fine!

Were I to name thy myriad virtues o'er,
No editor would print my mussy scroll;
So, hen, farewell! If thou wouldst get in type,
I must cut off my tale—not thine, good soul!

ELLIOTT PRESTON.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Nov. 3.

It is stated that the Duke of Connaught will not serve the usual five years in India, but that, after two years, he will return home to succeed the Duke of Cambridge in the Horse Guards.

THE Farmers' Alliance, which has just had an important meeting, will not be content with the Agricultural Holdings Act, so that we may have the whole question reopened next session. A very pleasant look out.

THE Clarendon Historical Society are preparing for publication a facsimile pack of cavalier playing cards of the time of Charles II. The society, founded in 1882, has already reproduced a considerable number of rare and curious pamphlets.

WHEN the explosion occurred on the Metropolitan Railway, there were some 20,000 people besieging South Kensington Station from the Fisheries Exhibition, waiting to be taken home. By twelve o'clock the trains had got in order again, and had managed all the traffic.

It is the intention of the foreign and colonial commissioners at the Fisheries Exhibition to ask the Prince of Wales to accept from them a handsome album containing the portraits of all the representatives of the countries and colonies taking part in the show at South Kensington.

THE Luther Exhibition at the British Museum continues to attract a great number of visitors, and it is probable many Londoners have been attracted by it to Great Russell street who had not previously visited the institution for years.

LISZT is going to publish his piano method; the pianist world will be all on the *qui vive*. He will, of course, remember that he can stretch his digits about two inches farther than any other mortal. His method, however, chiefly consists of swooping down on the keys with his talons like an eagle does on a dove.

It is stated that the main object of the visit of the Cape Premier and the Transvaal delegates to this country is to raise money. The Transvaal exchequer is as empty at this moment as it was when the sum of twelve shillings and sixpence was all we could find in their coffers at the time of the Convention.

THE fashion of refreshing clients and customers is not to be confined to houses of business. There is one very well-known physician, whose waiting-rooms are crowded with patients and their friends, and whose butler brings each visitor who

has to wait for the doctor a cup of tea. This was the usage of Dr. Critchett also, and has found favor with other oculists.

THE Rev. E. Brice, B.A., of Bradford, a clergyman of eleven years' standing, announces that he has left the Church for the Stage. We are accustomed to the announcement of converted actors and converted clowns as preachers; but it will be indeed a novelty to see the Rev. Julian Gray, or the Prison Chaplain in "It is Never Too Late to Mend," played by a real clergyman in Holy Orders.

AN illustration of the dangers of overhead telegraph and telephone wires was given in the city this week. By the falling of a telephone wire in the heart of the city a lady was seriously injured and several gentlemen had narrow escapes, and one street in London is said to be crossed by 1,400 wires, which makes pedestrianism in the city become a positive peril. Civilization is becoming too complicated.

ANOTHER exhibition which is likely to become a permanent institution among us is that of the show of St. Bernard dogs, held under the auspices of the St. Bernard Club, at Knightsbridge. It is a magnificent collection of those fine animals, and the club is evidently doing good service in encouraging the keeping, and improving the breed, of those useful and sagacious specimens of the canine race.

AN action has been entered—whether it will go for trial remains to be seen—in which a gentleman sues a well-known morning paper for a thousand guineas for supplying an early copy of "Endymion." Competition is often keen amongst newspapers, but a thousand pounds is a high price for even a modern tip. However, the gentleman who is to be plaintiff is very sanguine that he will recover the amount.

UNDER the title of "Our Sceptred Isle," Mr. Alexander Macdonald, a journalist of travelled experience, sings the praises of the Dominion as a field par excellence of emigration, but Mr. Macdonald is sufficiently cosmopolitan to admit that "every facility has been provided for the further development of our race whose powers and capabilities as colonisers of the waste places of the earth have been fully proved." "Our Sceptred Isle" is dedicated to the Earl of Dufferin.

"To the Sweetest Woman the World Has Ever Known." This is the romantic heading in an advertisement published in one of Monday's papers. The advertiser goes on to address his innamorata in the following dulcet tones:—"Come to me without a shilling. Help me in the work of providing for the welfare of those dependent on me, and you shall not be sorry that you gave up all for a work of love." This is cheerful. Young ladies, as a rule, when they marry a man, expect that he will do the working part of the contract, and leave them to manage the house. But this gentleman evidently wants a business partner as well as a wife. What can "The Sweetest Woman the World Has Ever Known" think of the appeal?

THE sale of coral, shell, and glass has been so unprecedented and so steady that some of the chief Italian dealers have decided to be permanently represented in the West end. Shops have been taken close to the South Kensington Station for the rest of the season, and the Italian colony seems to thrive. We shall inevitably have cheap restaurants in the district, and the Kensington Museum will be relied upon as the local attraction for visitors. The Italians are like the French in this, that they do not so much settle in a foreign city as that they colonize it or part of it. We know the French quarter in Leicester square, and the Italian quarter round about Hatton garden. The sudden springing up of cheap Italy in the district of Queen's gate is regarded with a very modified feeling of enthusiasm by the fashionable neighbors.

Loss and Gain.
CHAPTER I.
"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."
"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I
Could not move!
I shrunk!
From 223 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

Dublin, June 6, '81. R. FITZPATRICK.

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered three words—Take Hop Bitters!



THE REAR GUARD PROTECT



TING A PROVISION TRAIN.

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD

Out of the common daylight of the world
I wandered forth into a golden dawn.
A buoyant and a brilliant atmosphere,
In which all language had a sweeter sound.
All faces shone, and salutations glad
Of love and cheer flew fast from lip to lip.
Then, as the light glew strong upon the heights,
Bell answered bell with jubilant refrain.
Until the hills the dying echoes caught,
And wafted upward even to heaven itself.
And then there was a silence and great peace,
While in the air above me and around
A whisper rose that grew into a song—
"Enter the happy kingdom of the Child!"

And then a miracle befell my sight,
With eyes no longer hidden I beheld
A realm immeasurable, a golden zone
That like a ring of flame shone round the world.
And everywhere the joy was in the air,
Wreaths bloomed on shrine and window, and so sweet
The incense rose from every heart and home
It seemed a bright new world within the old,
A thousand summers mingled into one,
And still the burden of a song went on,
Too silver-sweet for any human voice—
"This day began the kingdom of the Child."

"Oh, who?" I cried, "is lord of this fair realm?
Why do all hearts leap up with victor's joy?
I see no lofty forts, no steel-clad ranks,
Nor signs of martial conquest. Can he be
A warrior and a king of high renown
Whose wide dominions thus unguarded lie?"
The answer came—"By mightier force than arms
Our monarch has his royal honor proved.
His truth is keener than a thousand swords,
His purity so dazzling that the hosts
Of unclean error flee before the sight,
And in the fervid summer of his love
The superstitions of the elder world,
Like vapors of the sunrise, disappear.
Look now upon the train of vanquished kings
Who bow before the sceptre of the child!"

Then down the borders of this shining land
There passed a gloomy train, and by their front
Majestic, awful even in their fall,
I knew them not as warriors, but as gods—
Osiris, dear to Egypt's ancient shrines,
And Isis, the world-mother, at his side,
Whose single tear renewed the wasted Nile;
They too, the bright Olympian deities,
With echoes of remembered music still
Upon their lips, recreatingly passed by;
And the stern monarchs of the icy North—
Odin, a wanderer from the fallen throne
Of old Valhalla, and the bony Thor,
No longer glorying in his strong right hand,
And as they passed, the wilderness gave up
Its tawny gods, the spirits of the storms,
The mountains, and the precipices wild,
And all walked heavily, with benumbed head,
Save only Isis, in whose mourning eyes
I see a wistful yearning for the Child.

As these strange shadows of the fallen faiths
Slowly departed, over all the sky
A soft, serene illumination grew,
A rose and ineffable morning light;
And forth from cot and bower and palace came
Myriads of little children, bounding forth,
With lilies-of-the-valley in their hands,
And fragrant branches of the forest green.
These went before, and with them followed on
An army with white banners borne aloft,
On which in shining letters was inscribed,
The legend beautiful, "Good-will to men."
"These are his guards and warriors," said the voice;
"See how the way-side blooms beneath their feet!"
Then I, in haste of sudden ecstasy,
Said to the voiceless spirit at my side,
"If eyes can bear such splendor, let me look
Upon the face of him you call the Child."

Then, like a cloud, the peasant disappeared,
And a rare orient landscape was unveiled—
Wide plains in moonlight slumber, olive boughs
Rocking beneath the nests of wakeful birds,
And, lighted by one radiant morning star,
The straw-thatched stable of a humble inn.
There in a manner, warm with breath of kine,
Behold! the mystery of all mysteries,
The joy in sorrow and the light in gloom,
Heaven in earth's lowliness, God in the Child!

No crown he wore, but round his peaceful brow
An aureole shone, from whence unnumbered rays
Floated away to crown less worthy heads.
His hand no sceptre clasped, but fast and far
The beams of morning as his herald's rode
To bear the Christmas gladness to the world,
And fast and far his dearest angel's sped,
Blessing the little children and the poor
With the best utterance of his perfect love;
And sorrow heard, and mourning lips were still,
And evil hid itself and was afraid.
Oh, then with heart at rest I heard again
The voice, that swelled and grew into a song:
"This day, till time shall end, from shore to shore,
Shall come the blessed kingdom of the child!"

UNDER MEETING BRANCHES.

(Concluded.)

"You are very well acquainted with Floy, I suppose," Helen said, as he helped her to cross a stony brook which she was quite in the habit of springing over alone.

"Yes, I have met Miss Gay very often," was the answer, so calmly given that Helen decided that if he was an ardent lover, his feelings were wonderfully well controlled.

"She has been very sick," she volunteered.

"Yes; but she is looking better than I expected to find her, from what I have heard."

"He was in the habit of hearing about her. I thought so," said Helen to herself.

"You were about to speak?" said Mr. Maxwell, stopping.

"I was going to speak of the beautiful ring you wear," she said quickly, jumping at the first thought which occurred to her. "It looks like a lady's ring."

"But it is not, yet," he answered, looking down at the diamond on his finger.

"Not yet?"

"No, but it will be some day. The stone belonged to my mother, and years ago, in her last sickness, she gave it to me. 'You will find some one dearer than yourself some day,' she said, 'and when you do, if she is a woman I could love, give her this.' I do not much like jewelry for a man, but I had the stone set in a ring,

and have been wearing it *pro tem.*, till its rightful owner claims it."

"She will not claim it unoffered," said Helen, thinking the topic a very safe one with another girl's lover.

"She will not have to," Mr. Maxwell said earnestly. "If the woman God has made for me will have me, she shall have this trifle, too. I only hope that I shall know her when I see her, that woman my mother would have loved."

He turned away as he finished, as if to hide some feeling too plainly written on his face, and Helen was silent, wondering in her thoughts how Floy could have refused the love of such a man. She was puzzled, too, for he did not speak as if he already loved the woman the ring was waiting for. They walked on a few moments in silence. Then she spoke with sudden frankness.

"Mr. Maxwell. You do not seem like a man who would take a girl at the cost of her own happiness."

"Can any one—can you—think me capable of such a wrong?"

There was honest indignation in his voice, and Helen, obeying an impulse, went on courageously, telling him all she knew of Floy, and the complication which had arisen and wrecked her hopes and health.

Perhaps to make it easier for her to speak, perhaps to conceal some feeling, he covered his face with his hands as she talked, and she wondered, pityingly, if she was cruelly wounding him. But she would not let the opportunity escape of helping Floy, so she spared no details; although it cost her much to tell a man so plainly of the evil he had helped to work.

"I am quite sure, and so is Aunt Cyn," she said, in conclusion, "that Mr. Gay would long ago have given up his opposition to Mr. Martyn if he had not been so determined in your favor."

"Thank you, a thousand times." And the hands, extended to grasp hers warmly and gratefully, were withdrawn from a face which gave no indication of having gone through any struggle. "You have made me your debtor for life."

His admiration of her candor was so emphatic that Helen's long lashes fell upon her flushed cheeks, and her voice faltered a little as she said,

"Then you are not angry with me for being so frank?"

"Angry?" There was a world of expression in his tone.

"But," he continued, "I must say a word in my own defence. Mr. Gay and my father long ago had a scheme for uniting their families in the only way possible. I knew something of their wishes, and as I would gladly please my poor old father, who hasn't too much comfort in life, I called frequently at Mr. Gay's after I came on to New York, and finding his daughter remarkably pretty and attractive, I really did pay her rather constant attention; but I am positive that I never was in love with her. Now this seems a mean story to tell, and I assure you nothing would make me tell it but the desire to right myself in your eyes."

"Your confidence shall be sacredly kept," murmured Helen.

"I know that, but I don't know how to say what I have to say, without appearing like a conceited puppy. Don't look at me, please. I think on most subjects I could drink inspiration from your eyes, but not on this. So, listen, but don't look. One day the old fellow—Mr. Gay, I should say—joined me as we came out of church, and actually thanked me, in his most affable manner, for falling in with the views of my elders, and congratulated me gracefully on having won his daughter's heart. I supposed I had, as he said so, and I began to recall several confirmatory passages in our short acquaintance. At least I considered them as corroborative testimony, although I see now that all Miss Gay's kindness of manner sprang from her good-nature."

"Floy has charming manners when she is like herself," said her friend.

"So she has, and I was an egregious ass to mistake her meaning."

"I wish you wouldn't call yourself names."

"Please let me, it's such a relief. It is so humiliating to confess that I had the vanity to think that a lady cared more for me than I did for her. But really, I was not glad of it, I will say that for myself."

"But you were willing to sacrifice yourself?"

"Oh, don't put it in that way, please. I knew she was a lovely girl; it would certainly be no hardship to spend life with one like her; and I knew I had been devoted enough to warrant her supposing, if she felt inclined, that my heart was hers. So I did not offer any explanation to Mr. Gay, but passively accepted his congratulations, thinking that perhaps at some later time an opportunity to set things right might come."

"But it was doing Floy an injustice, if you did not love her," said Helen, still feeling strongly for her friend.

"It was indeed, but I did not see how I could give her the mortification of feeling that her affection was unrequited. I can tell you I walked back to the Brunswick in an awful state of mind that Sunday. When I got in, the clerk handed me a telegram from home. My father was very sick again and wanted me. I started that night, enclosing the despatch in a hurried note to Floy, explanatory of my not being able to spend the evening with her, as I had promised. I have never seen her since till to-day, although I called many times early in the sum-

mer. Mr. Gay said she was sick, but has never spoken of any cause beyond constitutional debility."

"And you have never had any explanation with him since that Sunday?"

"No. I have been such a coward that as long as the subject rested I hated to agitate it."

"I don't wonder, but what about Mr. Martyn?"

"Yes, what about him, sure enough? You say Floy is fond of him. I hope she is if he cares for her. I never saw him at her house."

"No, I dare say not, for he does not live in town. Aunt Cyn says he is a tutor at Harvard."

"I suppose that implies want of fortune, and is Mr. Gay weak enough to make that an objection?"

"Oh, no. I don't believe he minds that. It's being the son of Mr. Gay's old enemy that stands in the young man's way. Even that, as I say, might have been forgiven for Floy's sake if your pretensions had not been so agreeable to the old gentleman's feelings."

"I wish I knew Martyn," said Mr. Maxwell.

"Stop a minute, I have an idea."

"Cherish it," said Helen, roguishly.

"No, I won't. I'll act on it immediately.

There's a club of walkers, all Harvard men, stopping a few miles below."

"Really?"

"Yes, and I have two cousins in the party. They all graduated three years ago and agreed to get up a walking tour in memory of their old tramps. I'll see them to-day. Some of them must know Martyn."

"And you will get him up here," said Helen, jumping at the conclusion, and clapping her pretty hands with joy.

"I will indeed, if the thing is possible," said Mr. Maxwell, fervently.

He had good news for Helen when he took the little carrier's place, and handed her the mail, the next morning when she rowed across the lake as usual. Not only did the Harvard men know Wilder Martyn, who was one of their own class, but they were expecting him to join them at once. He had given up his tutorship, which was never intended for a permanency, and, with two friends, was bicycling through the country.

"The fellows camped in the valley, near the road, on purpose to accommodate the wheelmen," he explained.

"We must get him up here," said Helen, "but we must take Aunt Cyn in our council."

"But you are not going to tell her—"

"Anything you would not wish her to know," answered Helen, understanding his unspoken thought.

Aunt Cynthia was entirely in favor of bringing Mr. Martyn to call on Floy. As Mr. Gay had summoned his man, they were justified in playing the same card.

"But he can't get over the rocks on one of them velocipedes, or bicycles, whichever you call 'em," she said, dubiously.

"No, Aunt Cyn, but I don't suppose he is so wedded to it that he wouldn't get off for Floy's sake and come up the mountain on foot like the rest of us."

"Well, I shan't make no secret of it to James. If you're sure the young man's comin', I shall just tell him so. He can't forbid a person's comin' into the same woods with him, and he can't lock the doors on Florence, 'cause there ain't no doors, so I don't see as he can help himself no way."

That it was an honest way of dealing with the matter they all agreed, but Helen and Mr. Maxwell both felt that it would be premature, and, after great urging, the old lady consented to let the plot unravel itself.

A day or two later Helen begged so hard for Floy's company in the boat that the girl was actually forced to consent. She had been better, stronger, and more like herself for a few days, and the short walk to the water did not fatigue her as it had done before. In a quiet way she even seemed to enjoy floating on the still water, idly watching the sparkling spray as Helen's oars dipped with slow regularity.

"Floy, darling," Helen said at last, after a long silence, "do you think you are strong enough to see a stranger?"

"Mr. Maxwell?" questioned Floy, not even turning her head toward the shore they were nearing.

"No, Floy; some one else. Look, won't you, dearest! He is waiting so eagerly for a look."

She turned. The man who stood by Mr. Maxwell's side, his blond head uncovered and his brown eyes shining with happy expectancy, made a step forward with arms stretched toward her, as if, even at a distance, he would claim her and clasp her to his heart. It was, as Aunt Cynthia would have put it quaintly, Mr. Right himself.

Floy flushed and trembled, then turned so deathly white that Helen feared the experiment was going to kill her, but the color came back in a moment and she half rose in her seat. Then, with a long, quivering sigh that was half a sob, she sank back, saying—

"Oh, it must not be! Take me back, Helen. I have promised papa not to see Wilder without his consent. Oh, take me back!"

But it was too late. The stranger, who did not wait for an introduction to Helen, had seized the bow of the boat she had not ceased to send toward the shore, and pulled it in. Fortunately for Helen Mr. Maxwell possessed enough presence of mind to assist her to step out, and in a moment, before Floy had time to remonstrate, Mr. Martyn was seated in front of her, holding

her hands and feasting his eyes upon the dear face which love for him had thinned and paled.

Floy would not land, and rather than be *de trop*, Mr. Maxwell and Helen considerably went on a search for beech-nuts, leaving the reunited to toll and tell again the misery separation had caused to each. But it would not do to tarry long, for Mr. Gay was hungering and thirsting for his daily mail. So, as Floy could not climb to the encampment alone and the boat's capacity being extremely limited, Wilder Martyn rowed her across, and after giving his assistance up the mountain, returned to the pair who were awaiting him with wonderful patience.

Mr. Maxwell had attached himself to the Harvard party, so, after taking Helen over the lake, he rowed back to Mr. Martyn, and walked with him to their camp near the old coach-road.

When Helen entered the tent, Aunt Cynthia was administering restoratives to Floy, who seemed to have just revived from a fainting turn, and Mr. Gay looked like a man whom apoplexy had made its prey. His face was dark and swollen, and his hands were clutching at his collar.

"Oh, go to Mr. Gay, Aunt Cyn," she exclaimed. "He looks as if he was going to die. I'll take care of Floy."

It was several minutes before she could understand the situation, but Mr. Gay, after Aunt Cyn's wet towels and other applications to his head had begun to take effect, informed her excitedly that he was a beggar! Like many another good business man whose wisdom deserts him in his riper years, he had invested the bulk of his fortune in some attractive speculation, which letters and papers just received had informed him was doing just as such things generally do, and his whole fortune was imperiled.

"I could save nearly everything," he shouted, as if they were all deaf,—"everything, if I could send a despatch; but, confound this place,—yes, confound it, it's twenty miles from a telegraph station!"

"Send James on horseback," was Helen's prompt suggestion.

"Where are you going to get a horse?" roared Mr. Gay, "and if we had a horse it would take a day to get there, over the mountains, and my broker leaves town every day at three. He lives at Montclair."

"Write the despatch instantly," said Helen, struck by a sudden happy thought, "and give it to me."

"What's the use!"

"Don't ask, but do it instantly," said she, hastily passing him pen, ink, and paper.

He obeyed her in a sort of half-stupid way, and having glanced at the despatch to see if it was addressed, she hastily slipped it into an envelope and ran off like the wind, with the message in her hand, leaving the party in speechless wonder at her behaviour.

They were even more astonished when she came back flushed and triumphant, declaring that the telegram was on its way. She refused to explain, but promised Mr. Gay so solemnly that it should be in his broker's hands that day that he could not help gathering some hope from her words.

Floy had handed her father the mail with such animation in her manner and such an altered look in her face, that he bent over and kissed her fondly, telling her she looked like his own child again.

"It is because I have seen Wilder, papa. He is here," Floy had said, too truthful to deceive him.

Then such a storm of anger had arisen that poor Floy sank helplessly before her father's wrath. Aunt Cyn had flown indignantly to the rescue, and partly to escape from her bitter words of reproach, Mr. Gay busied himself with his newly-received mail matter, and had come upon the exciting news which dwarfed all other troubles into insignificant trifles. This was the account which Aunt Cynthia gave to Helen in return for the whispered explanation she made of the telegram episode.

The autumn moon was round and radiant that glorious night, and the three expectant women, too nervous to occupy themselves as usual, in the cosy quarters prepared for their evening hours, brought their wraps and sat under the trees in the dry, bland air. All day there had been a breeze, but now the stillness was perfect. There was very little conversation between them, for all were listening. At last the distant sound of voices and crackling branches reached their ears, and soon, guided by the fire which Mark had kept burning, Mr. Maxwell brought Wilder Martyn to them.

Helen sprang to meet them. "Were you successful?" she cried.

"Yes," said Mr. Martyn. "The despatch went off in time."

"You are sure?"

"Positive, for I waited for an acknowledgment that it was received. And here it is," holding up a telegram.

"Young man!" said Aunt Cynthia, solemnly.

"Oh, excuse me," interrupted Helen. "I never thought to introduce you. Mr. Martyn, Miss Steel."

"Never mind giving me an introduction," said the spinster. "I know who he is, and it ain't no matter who I am. I only want to tell him that if he's brought a telegraph about that business of James's, it's about the best thing he ever did for himself, and he'd best just hand it to James himself."

Floy and Aunt Cyn led the way into the tent, where Mr. Gay, with his elbows on the table and his hands clasping his temples, looked like despair itself.

"Papa," Floy said, going up and taking one hand down from his gray head. "Listen to me, papa. Wilder has brought news for you."

Mr. Gay held out his other hand in a bewildered way to receive the envelope Mr. Martyn handed him, and read mechanically:

"Yours received. All right. Will act under orders. Stokes & Rathbone."

He read it twice before the meaning seemed to make itself clear to his troubled brain.

"How was it done?" he said, at last.

"This young man went all the way astride of a bicycle," said Aunt Cyn, "and he came back on a bicycle, too," as if the return trip was the climax of the marvellous.

"Mr. Martyn, you have made me your debtor for life," said Mr. Gay, rising slowly and giving his hand to the young man he had once treated so cavalierly.

"I should think you did owe him considerable gratitude," remarked Aunt Cyn, with emphasis. "Teatin' over rocks and trees on one of them ticklish bicycles, and comin' back in the dead of night, too."

"But who told him to go! How did he know I wanted to send the despatch? I don't understand it at all."

"Well, this is the length and breadth of it," said Aunt Cynthia. "Helen, she thought she could catch the young man alone they started to row over the lake, 'cause one of 'em had just left her up here. That was her hurry to make you write the telegram, and when she got it she just tore down the hill. They'd got off in the boat, but she yelled at 'em and they come back. Then she give this one the despatch an' he went for his bicycle and put. How he ever stays on it when it's a spinnin' is more'n I know. I couldn't stick on half a minute even 'twas standin' stock still."

Mr. Gay repeated his thanks more warmly, but his old aunt was not satisfied.

"I was to a play wrost," she said, addressing the company generally; "it was the only one I ever went to, and there was a king into it an' he had a jewel that was worth as much as his head, for if he lost it his hah country would slip out of his hands. 'Twas a kind of a fairy piece. Well, he lost the jewel on the bank of a lake, and a great fish, that looked like a cod, came out of the water and gobbled up the precious stone. The king was just crazy then, an' went trampin' round like he'd had a knock on the head. Bin-by, a young man, he jumped into the lake and tumbled up the fish and slashed it open, and handed the king the jewel. I tell you the old fellow was pretty well set up then, an' he was as grateful as you please. He just says to the young fellow, says he, 'Take anything you want in the hah kingdom an' welcome.' Now, then, what d'ye s'pose he took? Why, the old man's daughter. A very nice young lady she was, too, if her cheeks hadn't all been all painted cherry color."

The application of the parable was very palpable. Floy turned as cherry-red as the king's daughter, and Mr. Martyn stepped to her side as if it was in his heart to follow the lucky fisherman's example. What Mr. Gay was about to say cannot be told, for at this delicate juncture the rest of the party entered the tent, Helen holding up her hand to shade her eyes from the fierce light of Mr. Gay's mechanical lamp.

"My sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Cyn, "where'd you git that big diamond ring? You girls both agreed to leave every mite of jewelry to home."

"My mother sent it to her, Miss Steel," said Arthur Maxwell, gravely, stepping between Helen and the light.

Aunt Cynthia understood the situation in an instant.

"Then, James," she said, "you may just as well give in first as last. Here's Mr. Maxwell and Helen been striking up a bargain. I ain't surprised at it neither, an' as the young people has parted off, you may as well let the others jine hands and give 'em your blessing. Now that Providence seems to have took up the affair, there's no use in your trying to go against it."

Floy's arms were around her father's neck, as the last words were spoken, her soft cheek pressed against his face. "I will do nothing to displease you, papa," she whispered; "indeed, I did not know Wilder was coming when I went on the lake."

Sentiment was not to be expected from Mr. Gay. He glanced at Mr. Maxwell. He had drawn Helen to his side with an air of proprietorship. He gently disengaged the clinging arms from his neck and looked for a moment into his daughter's blushing face.

"You may please yourself, my daughter, and that will please me." Then turning to the old lady, "I won't interfere with Providence, Aunt Cyn. Your remedy was worth the trial. Floy has found her cure in the woods."

MRS. M. C. HUNGERFORD.

WILLIAM ROWE was arrested in a Western town the other day for beating his wife with a hoe as if it was her own right to hoe his own Rowe.

In searching for gold, much depends upon whether the right measures are taken to find its Quartz can be relied on as serviceable, but pints will always fail.

Indulgent parents who allow their children to eat heartily of highly seasoned food, rich pies, cake, &c., will have to use Hop Bitters to prevent indigestion, sleepless nights, sickness, pain, and, perhaps, death. No family is safe without them in the house.

THE STREAM.

The feathery touch of the south wind's wing Waked to joy a stream that went murmuring, Folding its ripples with glide and glance With motions of song in its glowing dance. It laughed with light through its reeds and sedges. By the shaded flags on its trembling edge. The fly unveiled her virgin breast, In a dream of bliss, by its voice caressed; On its margin were blooms of every hue, Brave in the light of the morning dew; Chased by the sun and the soft summer air The wild-rose the depths of her heart laid bare: The stream, odor-laden, swift and free Bore its mystic song to the waiting sea.

Through the shivering air with icy breath The passing winds, with a pitiless death, Stole the bloom from the flowers; their winged seeds Laid low at the roots of the countless weeds. Leaf after leaf, and day after day, The wild-rose had mingled with common clay: The nettles and darnels were strong and rank. The woods of the hemlocks sunless and dank. The reeds and the sedges that laughed in the light Moaned with the breath of the cruel night: The stream that was touched by the south wind's wing, Its song all forgot in its murmuring, Still onward sped to the waiting sea, And was lost in its surge though swift and free!

HARRIET CONVERSE.

OLD JODDRELL.

THE OLD SHOP.

I.

"Where to, sir, in Soho?" said the cabman, opening the little trap door in the roof, and looking down.

"Greek street, No. 17," said Mr. Garrod, an artist, shouting upwards.

"But no, never mind; put us down here, and we'll walk the rest," said his friend Tollemache, jerking back the front of the hansom.

"What's the fare, cabby, from Baker street?"

"Two shillings, sir." The astute cabman put the matter interrogatively and tentatively.

"Two shillings?" said Garrod, vehemently; "eighteen pence; why, I've driven it over and over. A nice horse that of yours; goes so well, —no string-halt about him."

Garrod, associate of the Royal Academy, was in a sarcastic vein.

"Why on earth don't you turn him out to grass? He's too fat for London work."

The cabman shrugged his heavy coat up over his shoulders, and replied playfully, —cabmen being strong in repartee, —

"Lor, sir, why a cab is the very best nursery as was ever known for an old oss."

"Oh, give him the two shillings for that, Garrod," said Tollemache, laughing; "for, 'pon my word, it's cheap at the word."

The cabman gone, Mr. Garrod took the arm of his brother artist, and walked towards the grave square of Soho.

It is pleasant on an autumn evening to leave the roar of Oxford street, with its glittering shops, its luminous fog, and its interweaving crowd, and to plunge into the meditative dimness of a district like Soho, that has seen better days, and that struggles hard against poverty, that asserts, in a feeble, dingy way, its former grandeur, and that can afford to despise new, more showy, and more popular neighborhoods. No! a district where the Duke of Monmouth once revelled, and where Sir Cloudesley Shovel held levées of stiff old admirals, can suffer no derogation from being slightly dull.

If on autumn evenings stray dead leaves do crawl and drag before one on the pavement, and draughty breezes run their ghostly harping fingers along the rails of the murky garden in the square, who, I should like to know, has a right to complain? People who want gaiety can go to Mayfair, where carriages roll, fat-legged footmen saunter, windows gleam and glitter, and Italian music oozes out from every chink. Soho is for serious, quiet, thoughtful people, who are really in earnest.

"It is twelve years now since you and I went to work at old Brathwaite's," said Tollemache. "It was three years, you know, before I went to Italy; that's nine years ago, because I remember I went to ask Brathwaite for introductions to Gibson and Power, and I and Marks went together and stayed supper with him."

"I go now and then," said Garrod, "just to keep up old acquaintance. You'll find the old boy just the same, —black velvet cap, long black Titian gown, square beard, solemn frown, great thumb-ring, bad Italian, brag, Johnsonianisms, chaff, —just the same, just the same jolly, clever, vain, unfortunate, pretensions, delightful old humbug that he used to be. But the old set are gone, —the old familiar faces. Old Lush is dead, Mrs. Lush and Brown, and Baker, and Davis, they're all gone. Tollemache, it is my belief we got very old! What's the time? I've left my watch behind."

"Ten past seven."

"Good. We shall be just in time to see the fellows at the model. I like to see old Brathwaite go about from easel to easel with a word here, a chaff there, a shrug or a hint; it makes me think of old times, when we used to paint shadows in his way, with that fatal Indian red and black. Only just think of it, Tol: Indian red shadows; and how we believed in it, too; rather, eh?"

"I remember the day I first went to draw in Greek street. There was a sketch of old B.'s on the staircase, —German students drinking at a window, raising their glasses to an invisible friend opposite: reckless, coarse thing; but I

thought it sublime. 'Let me only do something like that, and exhibit it at the Academy, and I shall die happy,' I thought. I said it, too, I remember, quite loud; and turning to pick up some charcoal and brown paper I'd dropped in my enthusiasm, I looked around and saw old B. smiling approval at me from the hall. Didn't I turn rose pink neither! By the by, do you remember old Joddrell, that queer old boy, half cracked about his rejections at the Academy, who never missed the model, and always sat on the same stool? He's dead years ago, of course?"

"Not he," said Garrod; "I bet you we'll see him to-night, sure as you're alive, hard at it as evers and just as hopeful and full of veneration for old B. He is an evergreen. He was there last year, when I went the week before sending in. He was full of a theory about glazing fresh shadows with a new brown obtained from opium. He asked after you, and he told me, I remember, that Frith was overrated, and Millais was a man of promise, but he would never do anything. Old Joddrell has been, they say, fourteen years at some picture."

"Well, I should like to see old Joddrell again: he used to bear Mark's chaff so good-naturedly. I suppose he'll master the stippling in another ten years, and get a picture hung in another twenty. Yet he had some talent, too, the old codger, in a queer sort of way."

"Very queer — burnt sienna high lights. Why wasn't he a coach painter like his father? He was disinherited, you know, they used to say, because he took no art."

"Well, I really like the man, because he adores old B.; and old B. ought to be adored, though he cannot either paint or draw. Besides, I like to see a man hold on to one idea like a bull-dog; it does me more good to see that, than to see mere bumptious success, especially if it is undeserved. Hadn't Joddrell a pretty nice, that used to call for him? She was quite a child in our time."

"Ha!" said Garrod. "Yes, I think was a child; poor little drudge, she used to carry the old food's paint-box, I remember. I suppose even the greatest duffer has some one who believes in him."

"I shall enjoy seeing the old place, Garrod. How we used to peg away at those statues! Hang that 'Laocoon'; how many pains in the back he has given me! And as for that 'Fightin' Gladiator,' I used to swear, you know, his muscles changed every time I looked at him."

"Here we are," said Garrod; "how we shall see the old shop again."

The two friends had halted at the door of a gaunt, black house in Greek street, a house where Sir Thomas Lawrence had once lived, a house over whose threshold so many of the wise, and great, and beautiful, and brave of a former generation had passed.

"I feel," said Tollemache, "like a boy who has got a Christmas parcel, and won't cut the strings for a moment or two, just to increase the pleasure of anticipation. I am like a lover who will not break the seal of the long-expected letter. Garrod, come over to the other side and let us look at the old place from a new point of perspective."

"Oh, come along, old fellow!" said the less romantic Garrod, stroking his auburn beard. "I say, this is better, old man, than stewing at the Langham, or at Mrs. Ben Solomon's soirée, eh? How fresh the air is to-night!"

The two friends stood in the quiet street looking up at Number Seventeen, with the six dull windows, and the door, as sombre and dark as if it led to a family vault. Once it opened as if by magic to the one heavy knock of a youth, who carried a roll of paper and a flat tin paint-box.

"There goes one of old B.'s future Raj heads," said Garrod sarcastically, and twitching his peaked beard spitefully; "another young bear with all his troubles before him."

The two artists were about to cross the street arm-in-arm, when the door at Number Seventeen once more swung open, and a lady stepped out, —a young lady in black, dressed with the exquisite neatness of a Frenchwoman, in such a pet of a little "spoon" bonnet, the purple strings of which fluttered playfully in the air, as she turned to shake a large, pale, bony hand, belonging to a bulky man in a black velvet sleeve, that came after her through the doorway.

The young lady, in half-mourning, with a small portfolio under her arm, tripped down the three great white steps leading from Number Seventeen with a modest grace and softness that quite bewitched the two unobserved spectators, who looking from the shadow into the light, could see without being themselves conspicuous.

"There's a chance for a bachelor," said Garrod wistfully; but his companion did not hear him, for he was gazing intently at the little slim form in black that was just turning into the square. "Old B., by gad, letting out a lady pupil," said Garrod. "Old B. was always peculiarly polite to lady pupils, especially when they were pretty. I'll knock."

Down fell the knocker, and incontinently the door opened.

There stood a thick-set, bearded man, rather below the ordinary height, who wore a long black velvet gown, that gave him the air of a magician in comfortable circumstances; a black velvet cap crowned a broad square brow, an artist's bold, clever eyes, an actor's rather coarse nose, and a somewhat weak chin. Vanity, fun, and sorrow had fought for possession of that strongly marked face. In a word, it was the face of a restless, desultory, disappointed man, who

assumes an air of superiority to cover the defeats of his ambition.

"What, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! welcome to Denmark," he said, in a full and pompous yet kindly voice, worthy of an extraneous. "What, Garrod and Tollemache, associates of the Royal Academy, honoring our poor roof! Well, my dear fellows, I am glad to see you once more, if it is only to congratulate you. That picture of yours, Garrod, of 'Doctor Johnson doing Penance in the Market-Place,' beats Wallis, it is so manly and so tender. And your 'Dames in a Convent,' Tollemache, very vigorous and noble. You'll both do great things. Upon my word, I thought it was Miss Rose Joddrell come back for her bushes. I suppose you met a charming young lady as you turned the corner, eh?"

The two young men replied in the affirmative, as they shook hands warmly with their old master. Garrod half shut his eyes, pulled his peaked beard, and elongated his naturally long face.

Tollemache's round and fuller features literally beamed and shone with good-nature, and his spectacles glittered in the light of the hall lamp. Tollemache was not handsome, but he had an expressive, amiable face, and a good manly figure and bearing; and, above all, he was a gentleman, not merely by descent, but by sterling qualities.

The hall they stood in was a sort of marine storeroom of art. Dusty alto-reliefs hung on the wall; a huge smoky bird's-eye view of Rome tapestried the left-hand side, casts of hands and feet the other; while over the door stood a huge head of Minerva, that looked blandly down on all the novices who entered her temple to join in her humanizing worship. In the window sill rested a pile of great coats and hats, and stacks of portfolios and paint-boxes.

Through a sort of dim-lit anteroom, full of shelves and presses, a glimpse could be obtained from the long hall of the gallery, blocked up with easels, where the students were working at two rows of Greek statues — casts as large as life — on which two large gas-burners shed a glare of light.

"The model is sitting up-stairs," said Brathwaite; "otherwise we are very full now, thank you. No great profit, as you know, but still bread and cheese. I like to help in the work, and urge the young fellows on. I've been hard at it till you came at 'Kant's Critique of Pure Reason,' —the objective side of human character."

Garrod winced like a tired horse that fears the whip. He remembered of old Brathwaite's metaphysics.

"I suppose we may go up and see the men at work," he said; "I conclude they're grinding away as usual."

"Does the wheel of Ixion ever rest?" said old Brathwaite grandly, waving his hand in the direction of the stairs, "or the stone of Sisyphus ever stand still? Ascend, honored friends, and let us visit the laboratory of genius. There go the easels again; I can assure you that those young fellows knock down at least sixty-and-forty easels every blessed night of their lives."

The two artists smiled at each other, and followed old Brathwaite to the life school. They ascended a staircase hung with sketches of models in all sorts of costumes; the very ceiling was a mass of pictures.

Mr. Brathwaite paused before a large dark picture on the stair head, as full of figures as an ant-hill full of ants.

"There," said he, "is that; you've seen it before, Garrod; Tollemache hasn't, I think. Four thousand figures — 'Last Judgment'; exhibited before the queen, by Honorable Phipps — highly delighted at her Majesty's approval; offered five hundred pounds for it by Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy — refused it, gentlemen. I intend to leave that picture as a heirloom to the nation."

"Old game," said Garrod's eyes, but his tongue was silent. Tollemache laughed and coughed, rather too late to drown the sound.

"Whom have you sitting to-night, sir?" said Garrod, using from habit the old term of respect.

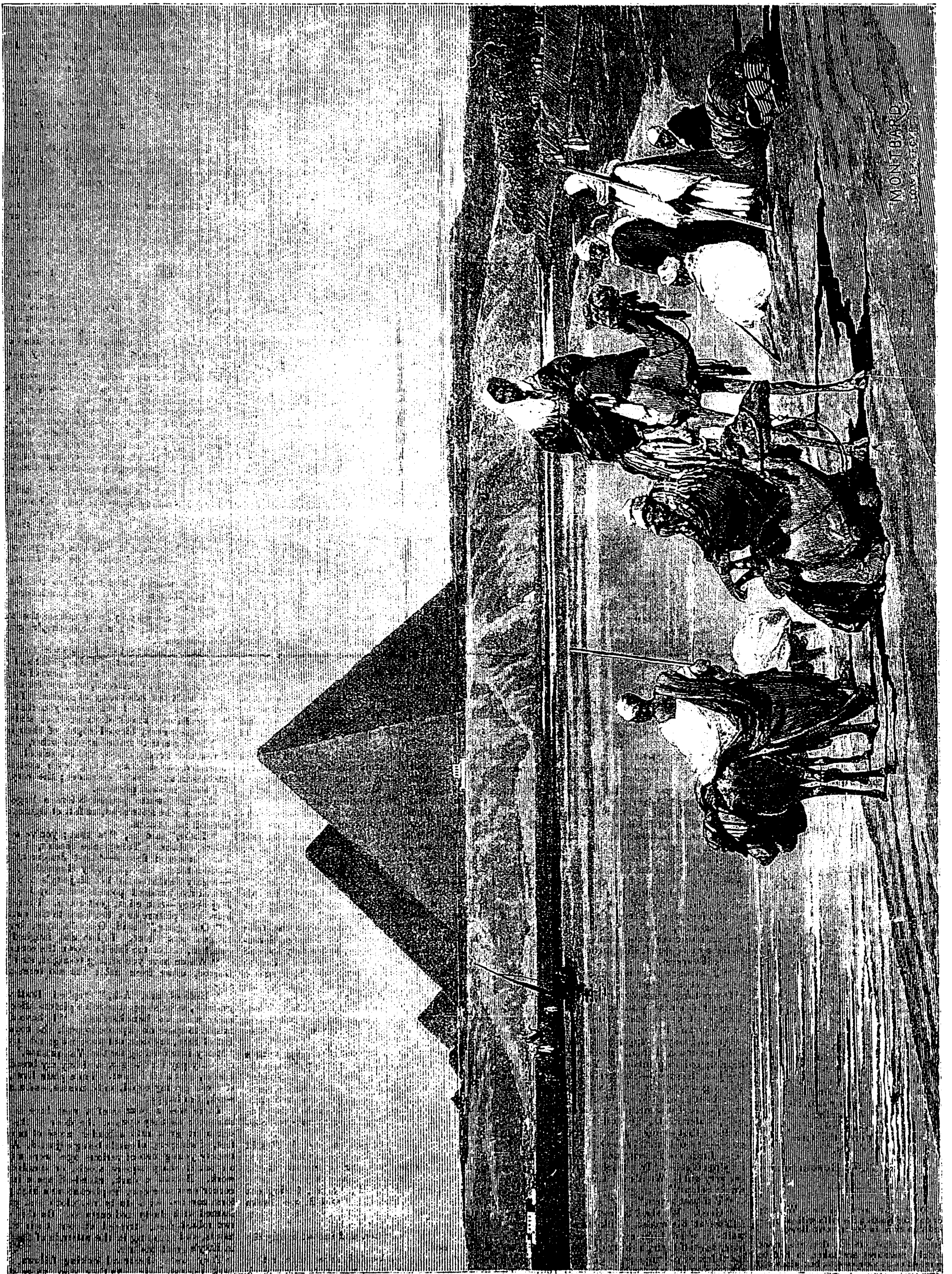
"Holford and Ash," replied Brathwaite grandly, as he stopped to rub a picture affectionately with his handkerchief. "I have determined to spare no expense to push the boys on. Bit of Etty, my dear old master's grand picture, 'Mercy interceding for the Vanquished.' If I can only pay for the gas, and buy my bread and cheese, that's all I want. I'm a plain liver, and if I can get my copal, and canvases, and stuff to work, I'm happy."

There was a buzz as of a vast hive in full summer; as they opened the door of the life school it grew into a louder noise of moving feet, of whispers, of easels being adjusted. About twenty young men of various ages were sitting on small sharp square stools, or standing to work. Behind a dark, railed-off space in the corner near an empty fireplace stood a high platform covered with dusty red cloth and partly framed with dusty red curtains. On this were two robust men, stripped all but their waistbands, and standing in the attitude of the men in Etty's great picture.

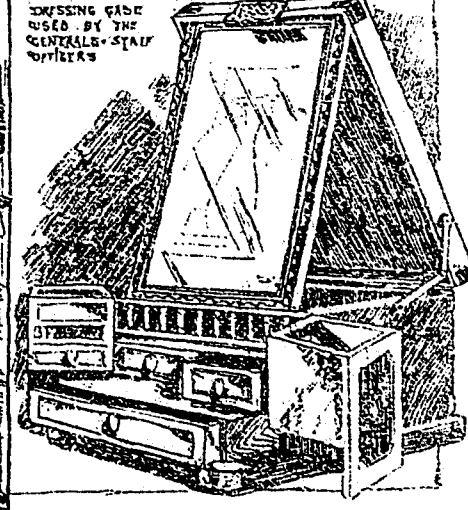
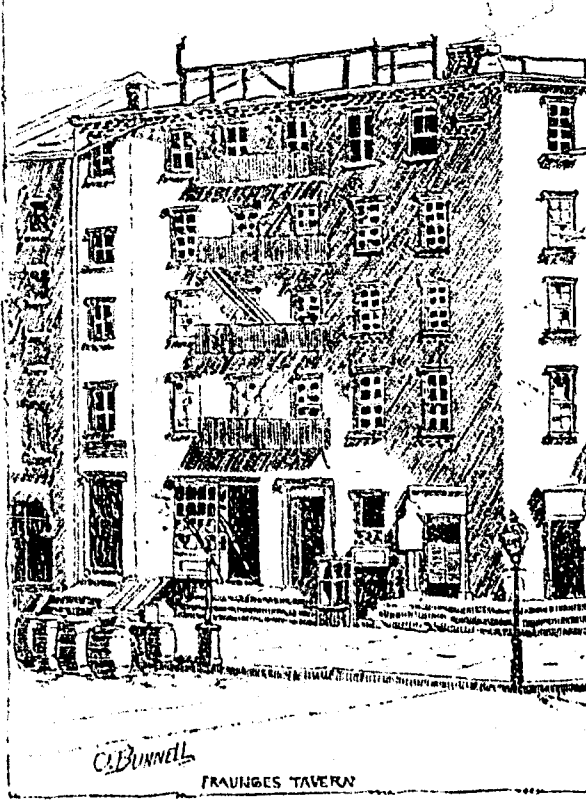
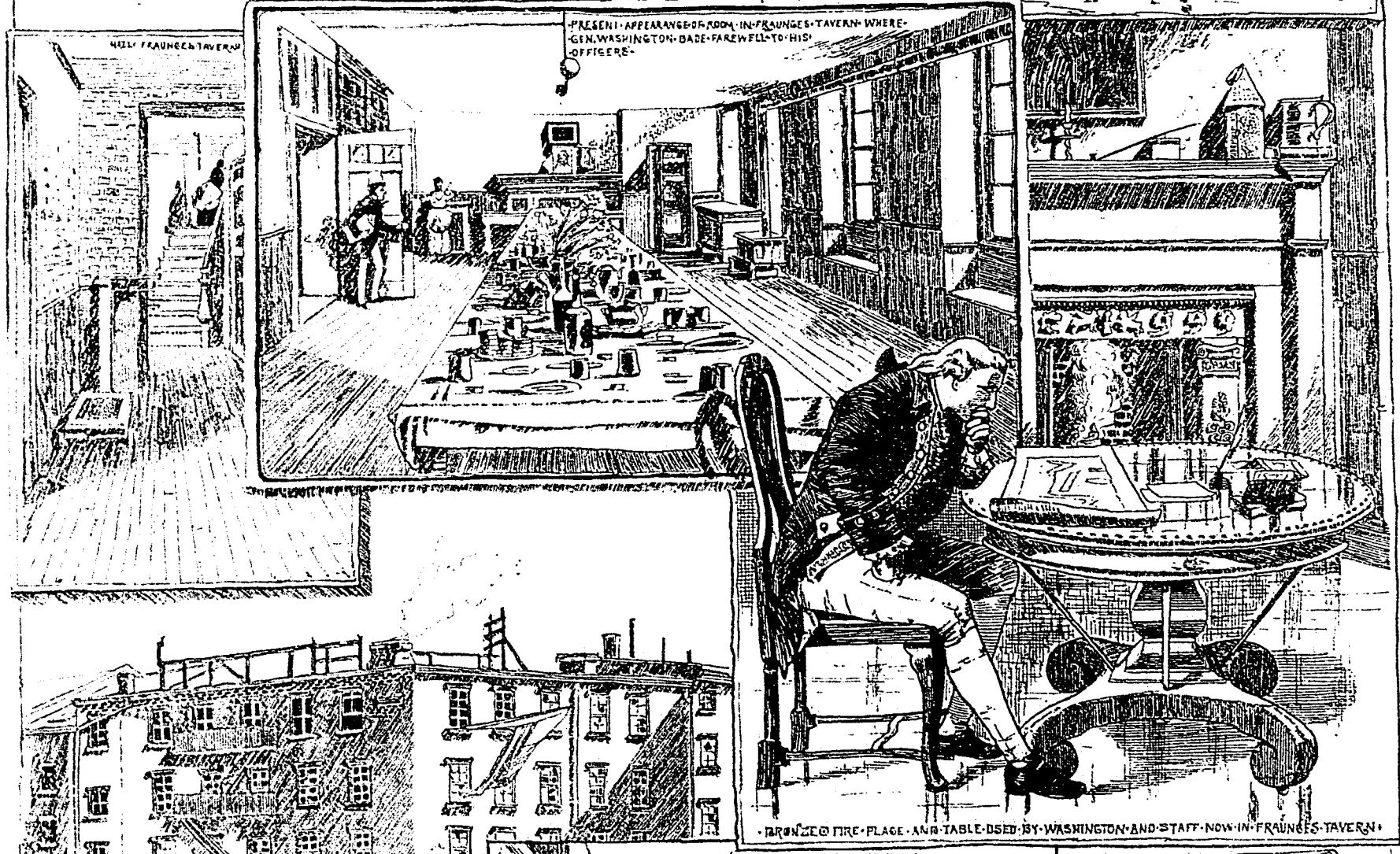
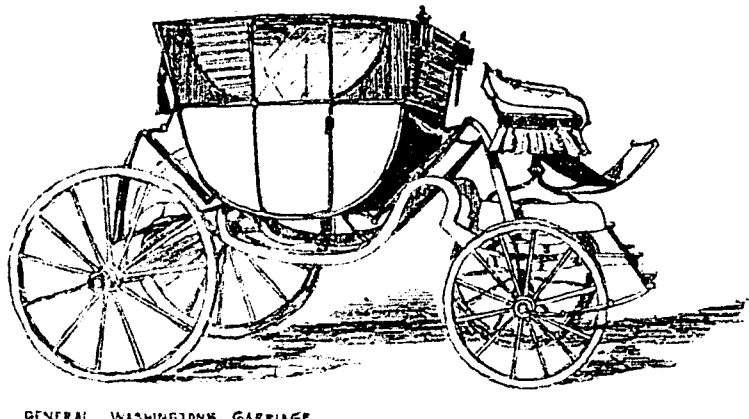
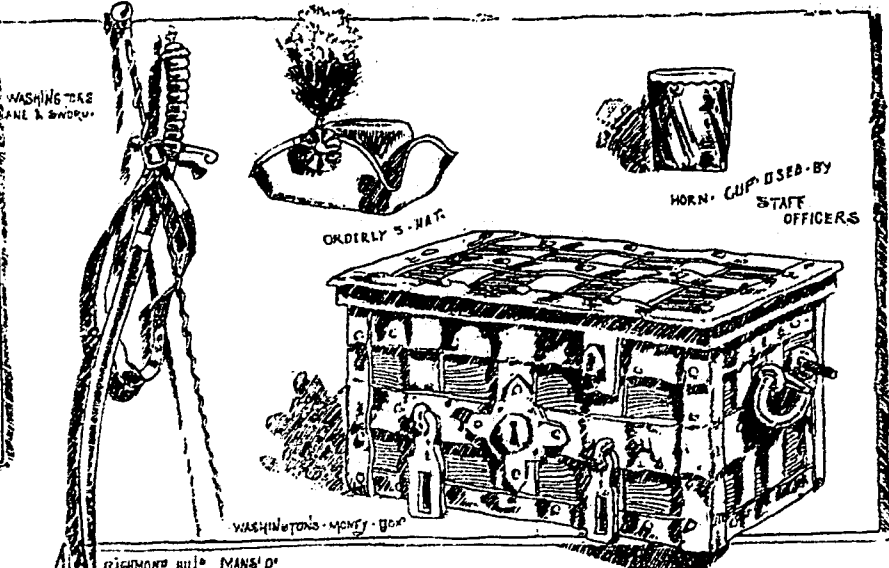
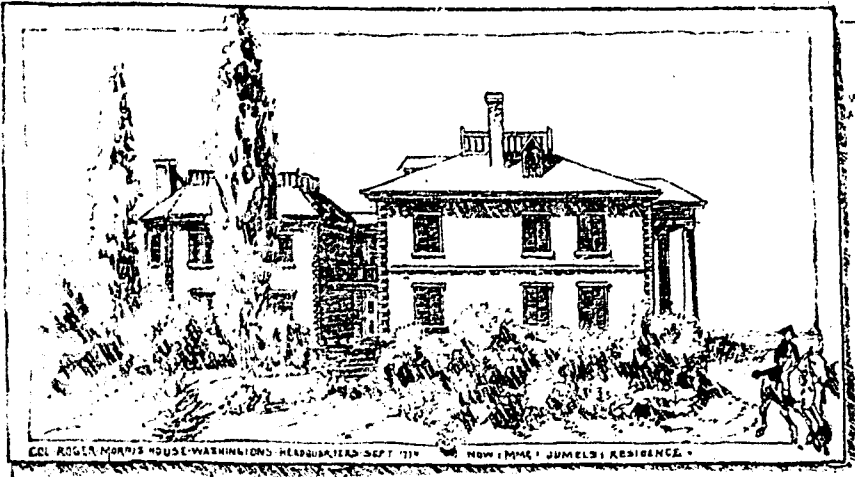
They were theatrical-looking fellows, with dark longish hair. As they stood there grappling with their muscular arms and brawny legs shining in the rich glowing light, they furnished no bad material for the painter.

"Did you ever see such color?" said Garrod. "By George, what a biceps! Did you ever see such a trapezius, sir? Glorious; that beats Etty."

"Yes, that's better than my dear old master



THE PYRAMIDS DURING AN INUNDATION OF THE NILE.



NEW YORK IN 1783.—SOME PRINCIPAL OBJECTS AND PLACES OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

could do. What are you doing, Holford? Keep the attitude."

"If you please, sir," said the model, suddenly gripping the calf of his leg with a hideous grimace, "I can't stand this more than ten minutes at a time. It gives me the pins and needles."

Here the model coolly sat down on the edge of the platform, and began to chate coquettishly his well-shaped leg.

The students, with many growls, groans, sighs, and violent mutterings, laid down their brushes and pushed back their easels, as the two models relapsed into prosaic attitudes, and drank the beer brought for them with much gusto. All heads erect turned now to see who the visitors were, and to discuss art in general.

Among them, in the front row nearest the railing, sat a little precise old man, with rather a large bald head. He was a trimly dressed old person, in a coat that was rather short in the arms; and he was also remarkable for high, sharp shirt collars, and a large square gilt eye glass hanging round his neck like an order, and supported by a broad black ribbon of watered silk.

This old gentleman, who seemed rather a butt of the younger students, to judge by various whispers and titters, painstakingly collected his pencils, charcoal, porte-crayon, and pen-knife from the vacant stool next him, as he rose and folded together the sketching block on which he had been drawing in pen and ink, and, rising to go, stepped over the low railing.

"What, are you off, Mr. Joddrell?" said Brathwaite. "That is unusual. Why, what is going to happen, sir—an earthquake?"

"No, Mr. Brathwaite," said the quiet old enthusiast; "but I don't feel very well; the heat is too much for me, I think; so I'm going down to do some anatomy in the gallery, or perhaps I'll just throw off a sketch of the Clyde."

"Here are two old friends of yours, Mr. Joddrell," said Mr. Brathwaite, "who have just been asking after you, and want to see your great picture, of which they have heard so much." Old B., as he spoke, waved his hand proudly towards Tollemache and Garrod, and mentioned their names and titles in a loud voice, in order to impress the students.

Old Joddrell looked up through his enormous gilt eye glass, and slowly came to a memory of the visitors' names. Then his face brightened.

"Why, goodness gracious!" he cried; "it is not—it is n't—yes, it is—what, Garrod and Tollemache? and how grown to be sure! Did you ever see such a study of flesh! Even Mr. B. is astonished and delighted."

"Will you allow me to see what you have done, Mr. Joddrell?" said Tollemache politely; for the uncle of such a niece demanded respect.

"Certainly, sir," said Joddrell, opening his little portfolio, and producing a coarse, off-hand, but tolerably vigorous sketch in pen and ink.

"It is in the manner of my old friend Stothard. I never remove the pen from the paper when I once begin. I get four of these done at a sitting; about half an hour each. It is a plane of mine for getting a rapid *coup d'œil*."

"Most spirited," said Tollemache.

"Full of go," said Garrod quietly, but with no especial enthusiasm; for the sketches were careless, far too hasty, and, indeed, altogether wanting in individuality and detail, which Joddrell deemed unsuited to the "grand and large style."

"My friend here improves every year," said Mr. Brathwaite grandly; "every year he attains new power in his drawing, more ease, a more decided manner."

Old Joddrell looked up at his patron with a veneration and gratitude that was touching in its very humility.

"You must all come down and take a glass of wine with me; we'll talk shop," said Mr. Brathwaite, "and look over some Turner drawings I've had lent me by Mr. Munro: such gems—jewels, sir! jewels of the very first water."

As the party descended the stairs, old Joddrell halted for a moment at a peculiarly liquorice-colored sketch. It was a mass of dusty brown, from which emerged a coarse goggling face, with a ruff round the neck as large as a cart-wheel.

"Rembrandt all over," said the enthusiast, tossing his hand vaguely over the treacherous face; "cavernous gloom: flashing torch-light."

A vain smile passed over old B.'s face as he rubbed his chin complacently. "Yes," said he, "my dear old master used to say I had the true Rembrandt temperament,—sunshine and gloom. But come along, mes comrades; once more unto the breach, dear friends; come and taste the brown sherry my old friend Baron Ben Adler sent me last week."

Old B. literally flourished the baron with the Jewish name over the heads of his auditors.

The little spare room—old B.'s special den—where the party now sat was a queer little place, with a burnt brown ceiling, and was hung with drawings of persons half flayed, and ostentatiously displaying the muscular anatomy of their legs and arms. The foot of Madame Vestris, the arm of Thurtell, the hand of Lucrezia Borgia, were among the disjointed casts hanging round the walls; old dusty costumes, dry seaweeds, shells, and stuffed birds, crowded every corner, and lumbered the very mantel-piece.

The Turner drawings were exhibited; one of the Lorelei Rock attracted special attention. The sky wore the pure, crystalline primrose color of an autumn evening; while a purple mist diffused itself round the Syren Rock and

over the river, on which a light sparkled from a boat. It was a scene from fairy-land.

"Ha, Mr. B.," said Joddrell, turning to a rather bituminous head after Etty, "why don't you exhibit this? Why deprive the world of such treat as this?"

Mr. B. turned his big thumb ring round angrily. "No," he said, "never. I repay scorn with scorn. After my death, these pictures will go to the National Gallery to disgrace the ignorant academicians who have rejected my works."

"Bravo! bravo!" said old Joddrell, clapping his hands; "and I, too, shall have my revenge when I finish my magnum opus, the dream of my life. Now it is so nearly finished, I think, my dear friend, I am justified—am I not?—in calling it the *accomplished* dream of my life."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. B., patronizingly.

They had again wandered into the hall, to examine a study after Jordaens, by Etty, a rosy brown sketch, but beautiful in color as autumn fruit, when there came a little quick knock at the door.

Tollemache, who was next it, instantly opened it. To his delight, but rather to his confusion it proved to be Miss Rose Joddrell.

He bowed. She apologized with a pretty confusion for troubling him, though no apology was requisite. She look so gentle and pretty; her cheeks, naturally pale, warm with walking, and her eyes expressing surprise and anxiety at her uncle's idleness.

"Miss Joddrell," said Mr. B., in the high-born cavalier manner, "allow me to introduce to you two distinguished Associates of the Royal Academy,—Mr. Horace Garrod and Mr. Robert Tollemache."

If Venus ever courted, she certainly courted like Miss Rose Joddrell, thought Tollemache, and he blushed slightly as the thought entered his mind.

"Why, dear uncle," Rose said, running and taking the hand of the old artist, "why ain't you at work? Why, uncle never misses the full time, does he, Mr. Brathwaite? and I wanted only a quarter to nine as I came past the Princess Theater."

"I don't feel very well, my dear. The heat was so great, and I fell rather giddy. I've been working too hard lately, Rose. My head is not quite the thing; but I'm rather better since I took some wine."

"You mustn't work so, uncle. Mr. Brathwaite, don't let him work so hard. He never comes and plays whist now with us in Guildford Street."

"Miss Joddrell, you must know, is no mean artist," said Brathwaite, taking a portfolio from an open press. "I really hope, in time, that she will go near to equal Miss Mutrie. Look, here are azaleas, fleshy and waxy; here are roses, soft as setib, you long to ruffle them open; they seem to expand as you look."

"Oh, now you flatter me, you spoil me, Mr. Brathwaite," said the blushing artist.

But Tollemache gallantly confirmed his old master's opinion, and so did Garrod, in his dry, cynical way.

By a most fortunate coincidence, then the two friends discovered that they and Mr. Joddrell and his daughter went home in the same direction, as old Joddrell had chambers in Gray's Inn Square, and Garrod and Tollemache were engaged to a call party in Lincoln's Inn.

Garrod, with a wicked smile, conveyed old Joddrell, while Tollemache followed with Rose, who seemed by no means displeased at the order of the march.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the stars were out in all their mystic jewelry; Orion was watching Holborn, and Charles driving his stellar wain through the blue air above Smith-field.

Joddrell grew enthusiastic upon art, while Tollemache's talk was more remarkable for expression and quiet fervor than depth or especial appositeness.

"Yes, Garrod," said Joddrell, waving his hand at the constellation of Orion, as if he was a personal enemy,—"yes, sir, I tell you, the time is come when the final laws of art will soon be discovered, when we shall be able to teach every boy the rules of the divine Raphael, and to discourse with even savages in pictorial, the universal language, sir, will be a pictorial one. History, religion, must be taught by pictures; civilization will receive his last great impetus, sir, from our art; and if I can but help forward this great work by that one picture—the work of my life—I shall feel, sir, on my death bed that I have not lived in vain. But here, sir, is our turning; I must leave you Rose, my dear."

"The old duffer," thought Garrod, "why he can't paint a bit."

Tollemache's last remark before they reached Theobald's Road, where they separated, may perhaps serve to show what the conversation between himself and Rose had been.

"I shall never forget this evening, Miss Joddrell," he said, looking up starward, "never; it shall be a red-letter day forever—forever in my calendar. How grateful I am for the good fortune that has enabled me to make the acquaintance of my old friend's fairest pupil!"

"I am happy, too, that—" began Miss Joddrell, somewhat hesitating in the words.

"Rose."

"Yes, uncle dear?"

"We must turn here. I have just promised Garrod, Rose, as an old friend, to waive my long-standing objections, and show my magnum opus to him, my dear old master, and Mr. Tollemache, if he will honor me with a visit next

Friday, at six, if that will suit you all. It's Number Two."

Tollemache was only too happy; he was overjoyed. Rose stood lost in wonder at her uncle's invitation. She was rather glad there was no lamp where they stood, and that her face could be seen. Then there was a general hand-shaking. Rose was rather nervous, considering the form was one so simple and of such every-day occurrence.

When Joddrell and his charming niece were well out of hearing, Garrod stopped, bit the tip off his cigar, spit it out spitefully, looked scornfully up the street, and said,—

"That is a monstrous old humbug, and I mad as a march hare on his one topic."

"But not without some touch of genius," said Tollemache; "and that dear little niece of his atones for his faults. We'll go."

"Genius be hanged. Tollemache, it's a case with you, I can see."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Tollemache, but a tell-tale red mounted to his very forehead.

THE MAGNUM OPUS.

II.

The Friday arrived, and at six o'clock precisely old B., Miss Joddrell and her aunt, and Messrs. Garrod and Tollemache passed through the gateway of Gray's Inn, and entered the murky "barraek square." It was a dull November evening, and a chill white fog lurked about the corners of the enclosure and loomed in the obscure doorways. The moon shone with a sickly lantern light, and yielded no omens of good.

Rose was in the highest spirits, and tripped gayly before the rest, happy as a child; and whenever she turned and smiled, it seemed to the infatuated Tollemache that she smiled only for him.

"He has never shown any one the great picture yet," she said, "has he, aunty?—not even to our dear friend here. This is the door, Mr. B.; it is the third floor back, such a large nice room."

Number Two was a house in the south-west corner; it seemed trying to hide itself in that dismal corner, and its old dusty, cumbrous staircase looked very black, sordid, and open to the weather.

They all mounted to the third floor, Rose tripping before them, till they reached a large black door, which was ajar. The moment Rose touched it, open it flew, and old Joddrell appeared in full evening dress,—huge collars, bunch of seals, frilled shirt, light pantaloons,—the fashion of forty years ago.

"Welcome, welcome, gentlemen," he said "How are you, my dear Rose? bringing sunshine with you as usual; and my dear sister Fanny, too; and all to celebrate my victory. Happy day for art, and for me, happiness for a future age. To-night I feel rewarded for years of toil and care. Welcome, gentlemen; and last but not least welcome, you, my dear old master."

The old artist was in that state of nervous excitement in which the feeling cannot be restrained. His thin gray hair way tumbled, his eyes sparkled, his face glowed with a feverish color, his breath came in short quick gasps. Rose's eyes expanded with surprise at her uncle's manner.

The three artists, silent, but full of curiosity, were all this time foraging about the huge, dusty, ill-lit room, examining the huge Rubensque sketches—daring, but careless and confused—that tapestried the walls. All at once Mr. Brathwaite stopped like a painter before a study of a female figure almost as large as life, the head crowned, the body semi-nude. It was a Cleopatra, and the artist had thrown a certain coarse, barbaric grandeur over the features.

"This is a fine thing, Joddrell; but it wants a something—" Here he moved his hand generally over the picture.

"Oh, don't stop to look at that—that is a mere study of a pose—it is worth nothing. What you see, gentleman, around the room are my twenty years' errors."

"I don't know. I call them very fine things," said Garrod, shrugging his shoulders at Tollemache, who was handing chairs to Rose and her aunt.

"Vigorous drawing, grand chiaro-oscuro," said Mr. B., settling the question forever. There's no two words about it, sir; you have the making of a great painter in you, and so I always said. Ha! young men, I too might have done something if the Academy had but done me justice. Dear old Etty used to say I should be a second Velasquez, with a dash of Rembrandt. Now then, Joddrell, for the great picture."

"Yes, the picture—the picture, dear uncle," said Rose.

Old Joddrell stood before a huge mahogany easel, which had a wheel to raise and lower its rack. He held in one hand the corner of a long green serge curtain, that covered a large picture which stood upon it.

"I have aimed, gentleman, in this picture of 'Venus Rising from the Sea,' at a perfect combination of color and drawing. They have been too long divorced. We see the skeleton severe in its mathematical laws. We see, also, the beauty of the flesh that covers it. In its rosy atmosphere, my figure floats as fish do in water. The contour, you will say, is perfect. It is finished, but I can look at it now with pride. For ten years I have studied the effects of light. The hair is sunshine fixed and rendered eternal. The flesh sometimes seems to me almost to breathe.

Some day, I know, she will rise and leave me. I thank the source of all good," said the enthusiast, tears springing from his eyes, as he clasped his hands, and looked solemnly upwards, "for granting me power to create a form of such perfect beauty."

As he said this, Mr. Joddrell slowly drew aside the curtain that hid his picture. To the surprise, astonishment, and almost horror of the spectators, there was nothing to be seen but a chaos of mingling colors, blending tones, slurred tints, with a dreamy form here and there looming as from a fog. Here and there, grotesque lines shut in this prismatic mist. In one corner there peeped forth from a gray tesselat a delicious foot—a living foot—the torso of a Venus in Parisian marble. It seem emerging from the debris of a burnt city.

Rose and her mother sat trembling, and with eyes fixed with dismay on the insane picture, that some slow and progressive destruction had effaced and turned to Bedlam confusion, as the artist's brain had slowly become impaired.

Mr. Brathwaite stood before the picture silent, his right hand covering his mouth, his hat drawn over his eyes. As for Garrod and Tollemache, they could hardly believe their senses. They had fallen on their knees, and were examining the canvas at various elevations and from various angles, to see if the light had not in some way neutralised the effects.

Joddrell watched their movements with delight. "Yes," said he, "examine it. It is new Roman canvas; look at the nails and the stretcher; feel the texture at the back. It is not a real woman; it is only paint."

Then the crazed man chuckled with delight at the astonishment his work had produced.

"He is poking fun at us," whispered Garrod; "but there is a woman buried somewhere underneath," pointing to the innumerable coats of color that lay like a perfect hide upon the canvas.

Old B. said nothing. He was pained at the disclosure of the decay of mind in his old pupil, but the younger men turned to Joddrell to try and understand what produced his apparently insane ecstasies.

"This is in good faith!" said Garrod in his queer way.

"Faith! Yes. One must have faith in art. One must live years in imprisonment with one's work before one can produce such a creation; and all done with these brushes that I am showing you. Some of these shadows have cost me years of work. Look at this soft gray light under the eyes. Observe it in nature; it seem, almost untranslatable. Can you not imagine the incredible labor such an effect has taken me to produce? Remark, my dear Brathwaite how the contour is lost and found by turns. That idea I took from Raphael, but I have carried it further than he ever did. The bosom, too, is a *chef d'œuvre*. You see I've loaded the high lights with empasto till I have caught the real light, as the flesh would in nature. By incessant work I have totally effaced the grain and texture of the paint; and bathing the contour in half tint, I have removed all traces of art, and given it the very roundness of nature. Look closer, Mr. Tollemache; it does not do at a distance. There, look, look, look; it is most remarkable."

Joddrell pointed as he spoke with the end of his maul-tick to a vein of pure, unbroken color, that stood out like an oasis in the midst of the prismatic desert.

Brathwaite still remained silent. Tollemache nudged Garrod unobserved, and replied, from very compassion,—

"Mr. Joddrell is a poet as well as a painter. This work must revolutionize art. What hours of enjoyment you must have spent, sir, over this dream of yours! No wonder the picture has grown dear to you."

The old man was so absorbed in the contemplation of his picture, and in lighting two more moderator lamps to throw fresh lustre on the *chef d'œuvre*, that he could not hear Tollemache's remarks.

"What's the use, Tollemache?" said Garrod, rubbing the picture with a wetted finger; "sooner or later he must perceive there is nothing on the canvas."

The old man's senses suddenly awoke.

"What do I hear? Nothing on my canvas?" he said, looking steadily at the two artists and then at his picture. "What did you come here for? Do you dare to tell me I am stark staring mad? Can't I see it there? Queen of all possible beauty—nothing! What, after ten years of work, you come here, then, to make a fool of me? You mean, I suppose, that I have in parts overworked the picture, that I have spoiled it! Come, Mr. Garrod, tell me in what way you think I have injured the *tout ensemble*!"

Garrod's cynical face screwed up to a perfect knot as he rubbed his peaked beard in a puzzled sort of way. The anxiety visible on the white face of the old man was so cruel and so agonizing, and he dared not reply for a moment. Then he lifted the green curtain that had again fallen over the picture, and said,—

"Look; judge for yourself."

The old man looked, and a smile of ecstasy passed over his features as he frowned at Garrod and turned entreatingly to Mr. Brathwaite.

"My dear old master," he said, taking his hand with almost piteous entreaty, "it is for you to disprove these envious slanders, and not let them mock me. You are my old friend, the friend who taught me so many of the secrets that led me to this *chef d'œuvre*. Speak, I implore you; speak, and tell me what you see on this canvas."—(To be continued.)

LAMENT FOR SUMMER.

Oh! how I loathe this sad autumn weather. Clouds that lower and winds that wail: The rain and the leaves come down together. And tell to each other a sorrowful tale.

my old college chum. I can answer for Nestor and for his good heart." Then, in a fine spidery kind of hand, Augustine Brohan ventures to assert:—"All sensible people prefer dishonor to death."

AMERICANISMS.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

The stigmatizing of a word, or a phrase, or even a pronunciation, as an Americanism, by any censor, however accomplished or however thoroughly English, or by any "authority" (so called), British or American, however high, is not to be regarded as of very great moment in the settlement of the question, still less as at all decisive.

THE OLD-FASHIONED ALBUM.

It is curious that in this age of revivals so few people think of keeping albums: it was a good old fashioned, and one which would well repay many of us to resume. To possess mementoes of our friends is always pleasant, and when these are really characteristic, the possession becomes still more precious.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and paper to hand. Thanks. Have posted a letter to your address.

E. E. S., New York, U.S.—Have answered your letter by post.

A. B. S., Canadaigua, New York.—In the solution of Problem No. 454 White's first move is Q to K 5. If Black's reply should be R to K R sq. White's second move would be R from B sq to K Kt sq, and mates in two moves from that position.

The arrival of the great chessplayers, Zukertort and Steinitz, at the same time, on this continent is an event connected with chess which seems to create much commotion among the players of the United States, and, no doubt, will disturb to some extent the accustomed quietness of the chess amateurs of the Dominion of Canada.

The visit of a great chessplayer to a club of amateurs is calculated in many respects to be beneficial, but at the same time it may have its disadvantages. It would take too much time to enter into the whole of either of these just now. We can merely say that the visit to a chess club of one who may have obtained a very high position as a player is in many respects useful in placing before those who may be striving for improvement in the game the perfection which may be reached by one, who, independent of natural fitness, is willing to acknowledge his indebtedness to a patient course of well regulated study.

To return, however, to the visit to this continent of Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz, we certainly cannot see in saying that chess at the present time is in no way neglected as far as the claims of its greatest players are concerned. To such an extent, indeed, are they exciting attention, that even their bookings are daily chronicled, and very likely their disputes will produce a partisanship which will intensify their rivalry.

A notice has been sent to the chessplayers of Montreal calling a meeting for the purpose of considering the advisability of establishing a "down-town" chess club. The mere fact that such a meeting has been called would lead many to come to the conclusion that there had been lately a large increase in the number of chessplayers in the city, and that increased accommodation had become a necessity.

A short time ago, we stated that a chess match was to be played between the New York and Philadelphia Chess Clubs. We now learn that the contest has taken place, and ended in a tie, each side having won the same number of games with five draws.

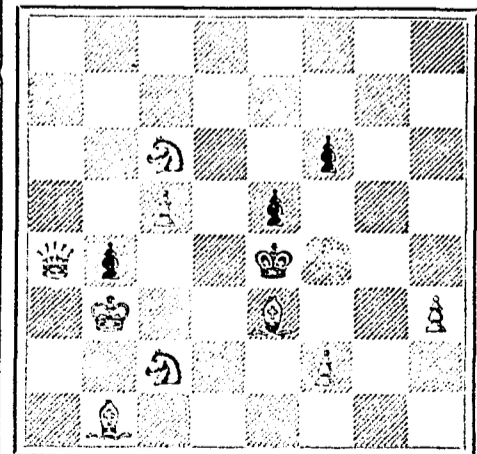
The games between Messrs. Steinitz and Martinez in Philadelphia have been continued since our last issue, the second game of the series being drawn by Mr. Martinez and the others being won by Mr. Steinitz, the score as we go to press being Steinitz, 4; drawn, 1. The play in this series was interrupted this week by the absence of both the contestants from Philadelphia, they having come to New York to take part in the great match between the Philadelphia Chess Club and the Manhattan Chess Club.—Turf, Field and Farm.

Mr. William Haller is now the holder of the St. Louis Chess Club challenge cup, an elegant goblet valued at \$30, and Mr. Max Judd, being anxious to dispossess him of it, has challenged him on the following terms, to wit: In the first game Mr. Judd gives a knight, in the second a pawn and two moves, and in the third a pawn and move. The match will commence this week.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

PROBLEM No. 461.

By A. Townsend.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 459.

White. Black. 1 Kt from Q 3 to B 2 (a) 1 K to Q Kt 2 2 Q to Q Kt sq 2 K moves. 3 Q mates

1 — (a) 1 K to Q 2 2 Q to Q 3 ch 1 Any 3 Q to Kt mates

GAME 588th.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT. Played in the International Tournament, 1883, between Messrs. Steinitz and Tchigorin. (Steinitz Gambit.)

Table showing chess moves for White (Mr. Steinitz) and Black (Mr. Tchigorin). White moves include 1 P to K 4, 2 Kt to Q B 3, 3 P to K B 4, etc. Black moves include 1 P to K 4, 2 Kt to Q B 3, 3 P takes P, etc.

And White resigns.

NOTES.

(a) In the game with English, Steinitz at this point played 10 P takes Kt. The move in the text is unquestionably stronger. (b) This B-hop is now out of play, and from this point White's game goes steadily to the bad.—Illustrated London News.

VARIETIES.

Canadian Magazine

OF Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

EDITOR—HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A. (Camb.), Associate Memb. Inst. C.E.; Memb. of Inst. M.E. (Eng.) and American Inst. M.E., Professor of Civil Engineering and App. Mech., McGill University.

Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

It is hoped that the MAGAZINE will also be a medium for the discussion of questions bearing upon Engineering in its various branches, Architecture, the Natural Sciences, etc., and the Editor will gladly receive communications on these and all kindred subjects. Any illustrations accompanying such papers as may be inserted will be reproduced with the utmost care.

A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumes will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

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The efficiency and success of the Magazine, the only one of the kind in Canada, must in a great measure, depend upon the hearty co-operation and support of the Public.

NOTE.—All communications relating to the Editorial department should be addressed to the Editor, 31 McTavish St., Montreal.

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upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current Half-Year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its Branches, on and after

SATURDAY, THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

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

By order of the Board,
W. J. BUCHANAN,
General Manager.

Montreal, October 23, 1883.



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Plans, specifications, &c., will be ready for examination at the places previously mentioned, on and after **TUESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of NOVEMBER.**

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Secretary

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