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# Illustrated News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 2.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

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{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



ON THE COMET.  
WHAT OUR ARTIST SAW OF DOMINION DAY.

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

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#### TEMPERATURE

as observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

#### THE WEEK ENDING

July 3rd, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 80°	55°	67°	Mon.. 89°	68°	78°
Tues.. 80°	58°	69°	Tues.. 82°	68°	75°
Wed.. 80°	60°	70°	Wed.. 86°	74°	80°
Thur.. 74°	58°	66°	Thur.. 80°	64°	72°
Fri.. 80°	56°	68°	Fri.. 80°	71°	75°
Sat.. 84°	60°	72°	Sat.. 78°	64°	71°
Sun.. 88°	60°	74°	Sun.. 79°	60°	69°

#### NOTICE.

The forthcoming number of the

### Canadian Illustrated News

(July 16)

will contain the first chapters of a romantic novel from the French of

MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN,

ENTITLED:

## THE BELLS.

Arrangements are being made for other new and interesting stories to follow.

#### CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—On the Comet—Sketches near Leadville, Colorado—President Garfield—The Electric Railway in Berlin—An Emigrant Train in the Transvaal—The Fleet Sports at Malta—The Victoria Rifles' Camp on St. Helen's Island—Silhouettes by Specht—Cattle Herding in Texas—Under Niagara.

THE WEEK.—Dominion Day—The President of the United States—Bi-metallic Currency—Domestic Economy and Cookery—Garfield, Conkling and Grant.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Ottawa Correspondence—Review and Criticism—The Victoria Rifles on St. Helen's Island—News of the Week—Light and Shade—A Golden Lining—The Emigrant Lassie—My Lady's Diamonds—Lines to the Young—The Old Corner Book Store—Her Terrible Adventure—Severs on the Idiots—An Emperor in Prison—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Miscellany—Railway in China—Cats on Board—Varieties—Humorous—Our Chess Column.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 9th, 1881.

#### THE WEEK.

DOMINION DAY has come and gone with the usual accompaniment of holiday making, so often described and so perseveringly repeated. Excursions in all directions, regattas, reviews, games, all had their share of happy pleasure seekers, while our predictions as to the weather could not have been surpassed by HENRY himself. No accident occurred, so far as the excursionists themselves were concerned, to mar the pleasure of the day, but the curious may find a striking coincidence of event in the news which met us on our return and that which clouded the brightness of the Queen's Birthday. As we came back from our last holiday trip to hear of a dreadful accident which had plunged our neighbours into the deepest of mourning, or we returned from our trip on Saturday with the news of the assassination of the President of the United States ringing in our ears. Truly if we enjoyed our 1st of July, loyal Americans will take little pleasure out of their 4th.

In the face of the comments *pro* and *contra* annexation, the attack on GARFIELD's life will prove a grave warning.

Whatever the result of the act, which as we write, bids fair to prove fatal to the President's life, its political import must needs be very grave. Whether or no the Stalwarts can be in any way connected with the attempt, the immediate result of the President's death will be to place them in power, and to reverse completely the result of the last election. Already annexationists are being asked whether they are prepared to join hands with a country which has for the second time in twenty years sacrificed her chief magistrate's life to political ends.

As we predicted from the first, the adoption by the Monetary Conference of a bi-metallic basis is as far off as ever, and the spirits of the bi-metallists are correspondingly depressed. Already England has found herself compelled to disavow the expressions of her Indian delegate, and it seems more certain than ever that she at least will never lend herself to the scheme, which, as has been all along obvious, must fall to the ground without her cooperation. Meanwhile the last effort of the bi-metallists has been the attempt to prove that the fluctuation of value as between gold and silver is not due to the depreciation of the latter in purchasing power, as has been generally supposed, but to the undue appreciation of gold. The Indian returns are cited in proof that silver has not lost its purchasing power at all, in spite of the premium to which gold has risen. The inapplicability of this argument, even if fully sustained by the facts, to the case in point is not hard to show. As regards India herself the almost common use of silver in purchasing throughout the country gives it a standard of commercial value which is little affected by its actual value as bullion, while the case of no other country is quoted to support an argument which would, if sound, find better evidence for its facts in the United States. But apart from this the appreciation of gold, if it be an accepted fact, is of itself an equally strong argument for the retention of a unique standard. The real argument against the bi-metallists lies in the fluctuations which such a coinage would introduce, and which depend upon the actual difference in value not the causes of that difference.

THE Domestic Economy Congress which has been held at the Albert Hall, London, and the National Training School for Cookery, which collected its friends and subscribers in the morning of the same day at Devonshire House, mark the alliance, not as frequent as it ought to be, of benevolence and good sense. Life is worth more, of course, than the means of living. But the means are essential to the end, and these societies deal in different ways with the instruments and agencies of our physical existence. Man has been defined as a cooking animal, and it is with this aspect of his nature that the society which met at Devonshire House deals. The Domestic Economy Congress, as its name implies, has a larger range of topics. It discussed on successive days not merely food and cooking, but needlework, clothing, and washing, the preservation of health, the management of the sick room, and the construction of dwellings. There is the truest utilitarianism in this direction of thought and labour. To make our lives more beautiful and more healthy is to make them more happy. To practise and to teach the rules of healthy living seems one of the most obvious, plain, matter-of-fact duties which "every-day" young men and women can engage in; so that satisfaction flows above tide-mark at finding it is also one of the most fashionable. There is no harder-worked word just now than sanitation, and ladies and gentlemen meet in fashionable drawing-rooms to discuss topics which only a few years ago no one cared anything about except architects and plumbers, and they did not care much.

#### GARFIELD, CONKLING AND GRANT.

Senator CONKLING is dead. Killed by a bullet fired through the body of JAMES A. GARFIELD by CHAS. J. GUITEAU, at the Baltimore and Potomac Depot in Washington. If GARFIELD lives then CONKLING must retire into private life, for without any accession of power, but with more or less stigma attaching to his reputation from this act of GUITEAU's, his already waning influence will be gone altogether. Suspicion, or at least doubt there will be associated with the name of Senator CONKLING in connection with this matter. For be he as innocent as a child of all complicity, or knowledge of the design of the assassin, still the fact, that he has been holding so hostile a position to the President, and had so much to gain by his removal, will cause many people to look upon him with sufficient doubt to withhold their countenance from him. But suppose GARFIELD dies as he probably will—what then? CONKLING becomes President—or which is the same thing, his tool becomes President. Dare he assume the new power which has fallen to him? Certainly not. Unless indeed he is prepared for revolution. Perhaps he is prepared for revolution. This may be the first step which he and the ambitious General GRANT are making to produce terrorism, and grasp imperial power. If GARFIELD dies, and ARTHUR becomes President, CONKLING and his clan must give him a wide berth, and keep their hands spotlessly clean of all spoils. If they do not do this then the killing of ARTHUR or CONKLING may follow the killing of GARFIELD. And when the people of the United States Republic once enter on the business of assassination then civil war will quickly follow—with empire as its object.

GRANT has been lying *perdu* for some time watching events and awaiting his opportunity. He is the figure head of the capitalist class, which look to him to secure their interests. They will support him. But we are inclined to think they are greatly mistaken in their calculations if they hope for success in their imperial designs. GRANT will hesitate at nothing, but neither he nor his associates are half familiar with the temper of the great mass of the people, nor of the hostility with which their movements are watched.

The assassination of GARFIELD will put the machinery of the Republican Government to a greater strain than any event in the previous history of the United States not excepting the civil war, or the murder of LINCOLN. We in common with every one in the civilized world are looking anxiously to see what will give way first

#### OTTAWA.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

A visit to Ottawa the capital of the Dominion of Canada, well repays the tourist or transient traveller; a city that within a comparatively short period has emerged from a primitive forest to one of considerable commercial and political influence. The several routes now leading into the city either by railway or river conveyance, afford an interesting variety of scenery, very attractive and pleasing to the tourist.

The approaches to Ottawa indicate the great staple commodity of this region, namely, the lumber trade, derived from the vast forests once situated near at hand, but now far distant on the upper portions of the river Ottawa and its tributary streams. Among the most prominent objects that attract attention are the Parliament buildings, their massive structure, towers and turrets looming up in the distance, and on nearer approach the lofty church steeples and public edifices, altogether evincing what has rapidly grown into a large and populous city of wide and extensive area; the streets being judiciously laid out of convenient width, some of which are as broad as those in Montreal. The gigantic water works afford an abundant supply of pure water with excellent drainage, and the sanitary condition of the city is in every respect all that could be desired. A most efficient fire brigade is organized, more especially necessary where so much combustible material abounds.

That part between the city and Hull (opposite) is termed the Flats, and is chiefly occupied with extensive mills for the manufacture of sawn lumber, enormous quantities of which containing several million feet are piled on the piers ready for shipment. The Suspension Bridge

crosses the river at this point, from whence a fine view is obtained of the Chaudiere Falls, over which an immense body of water comes rushing an foaming, casting a dense spray in all directions over the huge rocks, terminating in a rapid current. Here also may be seen the "Slides" for passing cribs of square timber to be formed into large rafts for descending the Ottawa and St. Lawrence rivers. A short distance above the Falls the substantial bridges of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway cross the river.

The main thoroughfares of the city, namely, Wellington, Sparks, Sussex and Rideau streets, are lined with handsome buildings, consisting of stores, banks, insurance offices, hotels, &c. Very handsome dwelling houses surrounded with tastefully decorated grounds are situated in various parts of the city, and in its vicinity Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence of the Governor-General occupies a pleasant site with appropriate surroundings, the mansion being richly furnished in every department. Beachwood Cemetery situated about two miles from the city is nicely laid out with trees, shrubbery, and winding paths throughout the grounds, several beautifully executed monuments surmounting some of the graves of the dead. The Rideau river which empties into the Ottawa at New Edinburgh over a small, but picturesque fall, is a shallow rapid stream, the waters of which are rendered navigable by the construction of the Rideau Canal leading from Ottawa to Kingston. This river is celebrated for an abundant supply of various kinds of fish, namely, maskinonge, pike, bass, &c., and is visited by many sportsmen who greatly enjoy this exciting recreation. The Gatineau, another river flowing into the Ottawa abounds in wild mountainous and lake scenery, and is also much frequented by sportsmen in the seasons for fishing, deer hunting, and other game. There are many other points of interest about Ottawa and its vicinity which must be reserved for another letter.

Victoria Avenue,  
Ottawa, June 30, 1881.

G. S. P.

#### REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

SCRIBNER.—The subject of Art, which the public expects to find treated, in some form, in every number of *Scribner*, is represented in the July number by two papers, by Mr. W. C. Brownell. One of these is the third of the series on "The Younger Painters of America," with consideration or illustration of the work of Mr. Sargent, Mr. Bruce, Mr. Maynard, Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Volk, Miss Oakey, Mrs. Whitman, Miss Bartol, Miss Knowlton, and Miss Cassatt. The other discusses the much talked of "Decoration in the Seventh Regiment Armory," and is accompanied by numerous and detailed drawings by Mr. Brennan of the principal designs in the Veterans' Room and the Library—the work of an association of artists which is likely to have a decided influence upon interior decoration in this country. Politics is represented by a first paper on "The People's Problem," by Albert Stickney, Esq., author of "A True Republic." The writer considers the Boss system and the Machine from a historical point of view, and with vigor and originality. He does not prophesy smooth things, but shows up American politics in a very interesting and alarming way. In the departments, which have the usual amount and variety, mention may be made of a discussion of cooperation, by a reviewer who thinks America an unfavorable field for it, a sketch of old New York Bohemianism, and accounts of an improved system of ventilation, gas fuel, combined plow and harrow, etc. Some "Sonnets from the Afghanese" appear in "Bric-à-Brac."

ST. NICHOLAS for July has among its "Fourth of July" contents a frontispiece which represents the scene upon ship-board, on the night Fort McHenry was bombarded by the British, in 1814, and during which Francis Scott Key wrote, on his knee, that famous song. "The Star-spangled banner." "Captain Sarah Bates," written by Charles Barnard, strikingly illustrated. Mr. Daniel Beard tells in an interesting way, with the aid of many pictures, "How to stock and keep a Fresh-water aquarium" a short article in French is presented for the boys and girls to translate; and there is a brief account, with a fine full-length portrait of Eugenio Mauricio Dengremont, the young Brazilian violinist. The two serial stories—"Phaeton Rogers," by Rossiter Johnson, with illustrations by W. Taber; and "Saltito Boys," by William O. Stoddard, with pictures by R. B. Birch. Dr. Felix L. Oswald's series of illustrated papers describing "Adventures in the American Tropics," are continued, and the installment given this month of Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's "Stories of Art and Artists" tells pleasantly of the early Italian painters, including Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci, and it is amply illustrated with pictures of the great art-works of the period.

THE *Art Amateur* for July has a seasonable and spirited frontispiece by Adrien Marie—"The First Sea Bath"—representing a nude and chubby urchin, struggling sturdily with his nurse, who is about to dip him in the surf. Some piquant sketches by Madrazo and other Parisian artists are also full of interest. The Château d'Anet, once famous as the home of Diane de Poitiers, is described and copiously illustrated. "Arnhem Faience," a peculiar ware "marked with a blue cock under the glaze," is the subject of an interesting article. The loan



collection of pictures at the Metropolitan Museum is editorially criticised, and the general mismanagement of that institution is vigorously exposed by Clarence Cook. Among articles of special practical utility are those on "Landscape Painting in Water Colors," "Drawing-Room Color and Decoration," "Turkey Carpets" and "Staining Wood." Some good embroidery designs, tile designs by Camille Piton, and plaque designs from Leloir and Detaille, complete a useful number of this valuable magazine. Price \$4.00 a year; 35 cents a single number. Montague Marks, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York City.

Messrs. Peterson Bros. (Philadelphia) bring out an eighth edition of May's popular "Earl of Mayfield." The book has well deserved the great success it has achieved, and we are glad to see it still to the front.

**THE VICTORIA RIFLES IN CAMP**  
ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

On the beautiful island of St. Helen is now encamped the black battalion known to all men as the Victoria Rifles.

A more lovely sight than this camp presents, it would be difficult to conceive. The little conical tents, like white sugar-plums, arrayed in dainty rows upon the green grass, with the still deeper green of the woodland glades as a background, the ominously black figures of the officers and men thrown out in sharp contrast with the snowy canvas habitations, or blending or fitting mysteriously through the shade, and shadows of the trees, throw such a glory round the grim purpose which underlies the whole thing, and gives it its *raison d'être*, as to make war seem sweet, and bloodshed almost beautiful.

To describe the arrangement of the camp would not be interesting, and would convey little idea to the reader, therefore we will not do so, beyond saying that it is most admirable, and that the whole bery of tents looks out from under the shade of trees upon the broad waters of the St. Lawrence.

The largest tent on the ground is devoted to the officers mess, and is decorated with consummate taste inside, with flags, and fans, and screens of bright color which give it quite a fancy-fairlylike appearance. When the rude boards of pine which constitute the table are covered by a snow white tablecloth, and that in turn by glittering glass, steel and silver, savory joints, and succulent edibles of various kinds, rosy wines, and amber ales, we feel that we would like to be ourself a *Pic*, and live in camp forever.

The taste displayed in the decorations is we believe that of Captain Abbott's aided by an æsthetic platoon drawn from the regiment.

Another large, and elegantly furnished tent, is nominally that of the Colonel, but is used chiefly as a reception room for ladies, and distinguished guests. It is a very luxurious affair indeed, provided with brocade easy chairs, and lounges, and rugs made out of skins of wild beasts. Here too the magic wand of Captain Abbott waved beauty all around.

All the other tents in the officer's quarters are similar, conical in shape, and comfortable within. Each has its camp bed, and camp wash stand, with camp chairs, camp chests, camp rugs, and other camp comforts.

We passed several hours here most delightfully, and we must say that a more frank, hearty, gentlemanlike set of young fellows than the officers of this regiment it has never been our good fortune to meet.

**THE QUARTERS OF THE MEN.**

The tents of the rank, and file are all conical somewhat smaller than those of the officers, and arranged in four parallel rows in an open green.

A large tent here serves as a canteen, where the bitter beer, and the swipecy soda water are dispensed to the men, nothing stronger. This fearfully illustrates one of the horrors of war. These poor fellows for two weeks or more can procure nothing more exhilarating than the beverage named, unless they crawl down to a suspicious looking tent on the other side of the high camp fence, and reach through the slats, when we shrewdly suspect, the proffered hand is received with an *ardent* grasp.

Another large tent is the sergeant's mess. Whilst near the river has been constructed a temporary wooden building for a kitchen, or cook-house. We were cordially invited to enter this structure, and there found four huge greasy stoves smoking, and steaming—huge piles of meat—vegetables, eggshells, &c. It was a very nice kitchen, but military and naval kitchens have never had any great attraction for us, so we stepped out, and down to the shores of the river, and took a long deep breath of the sweet air which come wafted over the face of the St. Lawrence.

**THE GAMES.**

the officers of this regiment (a list whose names we may as well give before proceeding further) gave on July 1st Dominion Day, a series of games which went off with great eclat.

Officers on Duty:—Lt Col Whitehead, Lt Col Crawford, Major Davidson, Captain Try Davies, Captain Henshaw, Captain Anderson, Captain Abbott, Captain Ahern, Captain Kinnear, Lt Howe, Lt Bowden, Lt Anderson, Lt Abbott, Lt Patterson, Lt Edwards.

Staff:—Surgeon Baynes, Paymaster Burrows, Quartermaster Hope, Act Adjt Major Atkinson.

Captain Wilgress, 1st Prince of Wales Rifles is doing duty in camp.

The sports were well managed and keenly contested, affording an enjoyable sight to visitors to the camp. The result of the various exercises was as follows:—

Running long jump—1st Corp Blaiklock, No 5 Co, 30 ft, 9 in. 2nd Pte Fisher, No 3 15 ft 6 in.

Putting the shot—1st Pte Galbraith, No 4 Co, 30 ft, 9 in; 2nd Corp Blaiklock, 30 feet 7 in.

Running high jump—1st Corp Blaiklock, 5 ft 1 in; 2nd Sergeant Baillie, 4 ft 11 in.

Team race, half-mile, six men per coy—1st No 3 Company; 2nd No 5 Company.

100 yards race—1st Pte Bolton, No 6; 2nd Pte Stewart, No 6.

One half-mile open—1st Corp N Fletcher, No 4; 2nd Pte Fisher, No 3.

Sack race—1st Pte Stewart, No 3; 2nd Pte Lackwood, No 6.

Obstacle race—1st Pte J Louson; 2nd Pte P Thompson, No 2 Co.

One-mile open—1st Paymaster Sergt Patton; 2nd P Michaud.

Tug-of-war won by No 3 Co.

One-quarter mile, light marching order—1st Pte Stewart, No 3; 2nd Paymaster Sergt Patton.

100 yards race for officers—1st Capt Anderson; 2nd Capt Hope.

Potato race—1st Pte Fisher, No 3; 2nd Pte J Louson, No 3.

Greased pole over water, won by Pte Balcourt, No. 1 Co.

The committee on sports was composed of Major Baynes, Capt Fred Henshaw, Lieut H Abbott, Color-Sergt O'Connor, Color-Sergt Matthews and Sergt Blaiklock. The starter was Color-Sergt O'Connor. The Secretary was Corp N Fletcher, and the Treasurer, Color Sergt Dillon.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

By an accident the sketches of the St Lawrence which appeared in our recent issue of the News were attributed to Mr. H. S. Ault in place of Mr. Chas. H Ault of Detroit.

A further series of sketches taken by our special artist at the Victoria Rifles' encampment will appear in our next issue, having been unavoidably crowded out of this.

**NEW ELECTRIC RAILROAD, BERLIN.**—The first electric railroad, exhibited at Berlin in 1879 by Siemens and Halske, has been greatly improved by German skill. A little railroad with a new machine made by Gerding and Birnbaum has been put in operation, running between the suburbs of Lichtenfelde and the Kadettenhaus a distance of two and a half kilometres. The locomotive has two wheels instead of three, as in the first attempt. The car holds twenty persons, and is fitted up with all the conveniences of our street cars. By the trials made it will run fifteen kilometres an hour. It is worked by stationary dynamo-electric machines at regular intervals. It was cabled from Berlin a few weeks ago that a horse, while crossing the track of this room, having set his foot upon the rail, was instantly thrown down, so strong was the current, and another horse having also touched the rail with his iron-shod hoof, received a shock which sent him galloping off in terror.

**LEADVILLE, COLORADO.**—The surprising rapidity with which the mineral riches of the State of Colorado, comprising part of the Rocky Mountain range of North America, have been developed by a host of eager settlers within the past twenty years, was noticed by us upon a former occasion. Leadville, the place where our Illustrations now presented were sketched by the same correspondent who furnished those of other mining districts, is the capital of Lake County, in the centre of the carbonate of lead region. It is situated in an almost level plain, on the banks of California Gulch, four miles from its junction with the Arkansas river. This place was first explored for gold in the summer of 1860, and a camp of five thousand men had assembled here in the following year. Gold was obtained, before the close of 1865, to the amount of three or four millions sterling in value, but the yield soon afterwards declined, though a new lode, which was opened in 1868, proved to be remunerative for a short time. The discovery of carbonate of lead, containing a large proportion of silver, was made at a later date, and it was not till April, 1877, that smelting furnaces for the treatment of this ore were erected on the site of Leadville, where a busy town of 20,000 inhabitants has since grown up. Hundreds came that year, and thousands in the year following; lines of stage-coach traffic and freight waggons, to and from Denver and South Park, were speedily established, and Leadville soon possessed its hotels, stores, banks, dancing-saloons and gambling-saloons, two or three newspapers, also two churches and a school-house, for the needs or desires of a large population. The Iron lode, the Camp Bird, the Argentine, the Carbonate, the Long and Derry, but especially that of Fryer Hill, have produced silver to an enormous amount, rivalling the great Comstock lode in the Sierra Nevada of California. Building and land-jobbing, in the town which grew so quickly, and where street frontage has reached the value of 250 dollars per square foot, realized immense fortunes within a few months. It is declared by some visitors to be "the liveliest town the world can show to-day." After nightfall, by lamplight, they say, "it fairly booms with excitement and life. The miners then drift into town in swarms; a dozen bands are drumming up audiences for the

theatres and variety shows; scores of saloons and gaming-houses are in full blast, and the entire place has the aspect of a grand holiday. Those who make money so easily spend it quickly, and life here tends to prodigality among all classes." But we are to'd by Mr. Frank Fossett, whose book on Colorado has been quoted, that Leadville is not worse, for actual crime, than other American cities.

**AN EMPEROR IN PRISON.**

The Emperor still broods in sullen retirement in his castle of Gatchina. His Majesty has paid only two or three fugitive visits to the capital during the last month. On the last occasion he was to attend the funeral *cortège* of the late Prince Oldenburg to the railway station. His Majesty's place was duly marked out in the official programme, but no two people who saw the procession agree as to whether he was behind the bier or not, and the newspapers all contradicted each other as to the Czar's presence. The most probable version seems to be that he awaited the late Prince's remains at the railway station. There is no relaxation in the vigilance exercised at Gatchina. General Count Vorontzoff-Dachoff is reported to have been unable to get on with his Imperial master and to have been obliged to leave him for a time; while on the other hand, it is stated that the Count has injured his leg and is obliged to keep himself quiet. It has not yet transpired which story is the true one. The contradiction of the first reports as to the way in which the village of Gatchina was protected, a contradiction drawn up by Count Vorontzoff-Dachhoff himself, does not apply to the vicinity of the palace, which is strictly guarded and watched. A short time ago two of the young Grand Dukes, cousins of the Emperor, were stopped in the grounds by a Cossack, who threatened to spear them if they advanced. A friend, who has occasion to visit the castle to see an official, tells me that as soon as he left the railway station and took the direction towards the palace, he felt conscious that the eyes of the police were following him, but it was only when he was about to cross the bridge over the castle moat that he was actually stopped. Here the police officials were all officers. They ascertained his business and escorted him to the service gate of the palace, the only one which is allowed to be approached. He at once found himself in the police-office, surrounded by officers. His passport was taken, and his description, the time of day, and business were all duly noted in a book, which the chief of police is supposed to examine every day. An officer was then sent to inform the official inquired for, while my friend was kept by the police. On the officer returning with a message that the official could be seen, my friend was escorted by a police officer down the long corridors to the room of the person he wished to see. All the way Cossack sentinels, with drawn swords were tramping up and down. It can readily be imagined that no official of the palace, however high he may be placed, is particularly overjoyed at present by the visits of his friends. My acquaintance was therefore exhorted, for the love of heaven, to confine his conversation to the merest common-places and not to stay too long. When he got to the train on his return journey he felt heartily glad and fortunate, though he could not shake off the sensation that the police were still at his back. Looking out of the windows of the corridor into the courtyards, of which there are four within the castle walls, he saw innumerable stacks of piled muskets, denoting the presence of a large force of infantry, and on the open place in front of the palace were picketed the horses of about a squadron of cavalry.

Persons whose business calls them daily to the palace and who are well known are rigorously searched. For example, a priest employed in the service of the Imperial chapel was lately subjected to such a close inspection that even his cigarettes were not overlooked. A Cossack officer is stationed at each of the doors of the sleeping apartments of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Heir Apparent during the night. The last-named complains continually of the restraint put upon his movements since his father's accession to the throne. He is not allowed to go out riding in the park, which particularly annoys him. None of the officers or Court officials are allowed to be away from the palace more than two or three hours at a time, and all are obliged to be in before nine in the evening. The Court will soon remove to Peterhoff, which is a small port at the mouth of the Neva. Here four lightships will be anchored, and no other vessels will be allowed to go near. The two yachts, *Slavinka* and *Czarevna*, will always be in readiness to convey the Emperor to and from St. Petersburg, accompanied on either side by a torpedo boat, manned with four marines.—*Correspondence of the London Times.*

**CONDENSED ELECTRICITY.**

Sir William Thomson has published in a letter to the *Times* the results of his experiments with the box which had been conveyed to him at Glasgow, having been stated to have been charged at Paris with a store of active electric energy to the amount of one million foot pounds. It consisted of four of Faure's batteries charged with electricity from an ordinary Grove's battery. The four batteries were enclosed in a wooden box, about a cubic foot in measurement, and weighed about 75 lbs. Sir William Thomson now makes the important announcement that all that has been stated has been more than borne out by experiment. No appreciable loss could

be ascertained to have occurred during the delay from transit, and until the stored energy was applied to working purposes in Glasgow. One battery was detached from the other and carried to another place to supply the force for an electric caudery; and a single battery, after having been left alone for ten days, yielded to Sir William Thomson 260,000 foot pounds, being some 10,000 above the original estimate. The first result Sir William Thomson looks for is the use of Faure's batteries in private houses, as reservoirs of electricity for domestic purposes, such as lighting, heating, the driving of sewing machines, and many other objects. We are reminded that we have now made a long step from theoretical to the practical. It has been the dream of many scientific men that at a comparatively recent date electricity would entirely supersede fires for cooking and heating, steam as a motor, and gas and oil as illuminants, and it would appear that that the dream must shortly become reality. The stumbling-block has hitherto been in an economical direction, and that the agents to be superseded were required themselves to produce electricity, and that the metallic conductors which would be required to deliver a sufficient supply for town populations would be enormously large and costly. Electricity, however is to be obtained from the atmosphere by simple mechanical means; and Dr. C. W. Siemens long ago spoke of Niagara as the natural and proper chief motor for the whole of North America! If the cost of storage does not materially enhance the expenses we can see in the future the use for industrial and domestic purposes of the stored energy in M. Faure's batteries. Can we imagine the result in a London atmosphere smokeless and clear, the ground below our feet and the air above us uncontaminated by the solid or gaseous products of the combustion of coal, our young trees no longer poisoned, and flowers and fruit allowed to flourish in town gardens, our rooms free from the damage which gas occasions, our pictures uninjured, and our precious metals uncorroded! Such is the future which looms before us. May we see the good time come!

**A NORWEGIAN VILLAGE.**

BY H. H.

Vossevangen is a little farming hamlet on the west shore of a beautiful lake. The region is one of the best agricultural districts in Western Norway; the "Vos" farmers are held to be fortunate and well to do, and their butter and cheese always bring high prices in the market.

As we drove into the village we met the peasants going home from church: the women in short green or black gowns, with gay jackets and white handkerchiefs made into a flying-buff sort of head-dress on their heads; the men with knee-breeches, short vests, and jackets thick trimmed with silver buttons. Every man bowed, and every woman courtesied as we passed. To pass any human being on the highway without a sign or token of greeting would be considered in Norway the height of ill manners; any child seen to do it would be sharply re-proved. Probably few things would astonish the rural Norwegian more than to be told that among the highly civilized it is considered a mark of good breeding, if you chance to meet a fellow-man on the highway, to go by him with no more recognition of his presence than you would give to a tree or a stone wall.

It is an odd thing that a man should be keeping the Vossevangen Hotel to-day who served in America's civil war, was for two years in one of the New York regiments, and saw a good deal of active service. He was called back to Norway by the death of his father, which made it necessary for him to take charge of the family estate in Vossevangen. He has married a Vossevangen woman, and is likely to end his days there, but he hankers for Chicago, and always will. He keeps a fairly good little hotel, on the shores of the lake, with a row of willow-trees in front; dwarf apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, and thickets or rhubarb has the place of honor. The dining-room and the parlor were like those at Eide, adorned with ivies and flowering plants; oleanders in the windows, and potted carnations on the table. In one corner of the dining-room was a large round table covered with old silver for sale: tankards, chains, belts, buttons, coins, rings, buckles, brooches, ornaments of all kinds,—hundreds of dollars' worth of things. There they lay, day and night, open to all who came: and they had done this, the landlady said, for years, and not a single article had ever been stolen: from which it is plain that not only is the Norwegian honest himself, but there must be a contagion in his honesty, which spreads it to all travellers in his country.—*July Atlantic.*

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

THE Empress Augusta of Germany is seriously ill.

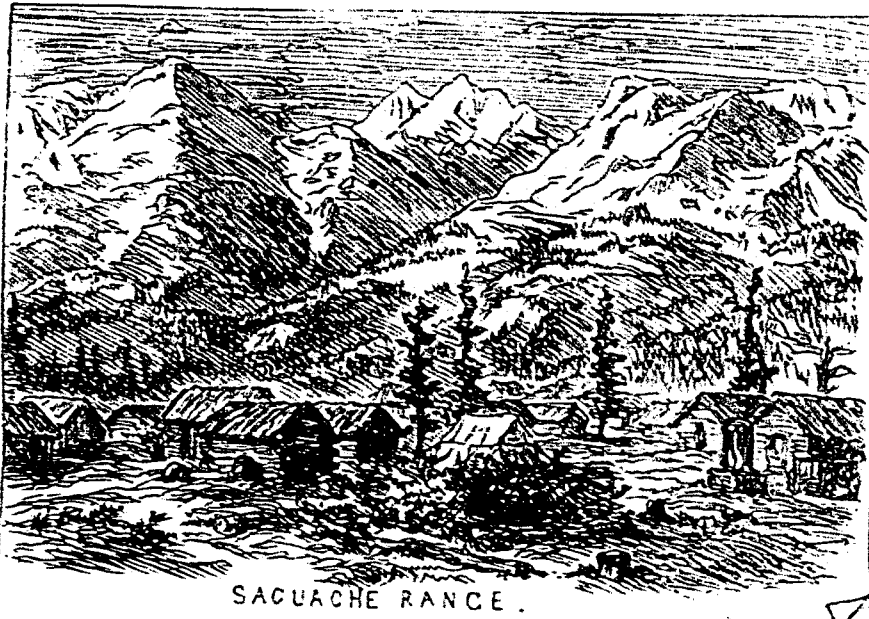
MR. GLADSTONE has decided on abandoning Cyprus.

THE retaliatory duties movement keeps growing apace in England.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD was shot on Saturday morning at the Potomac Railway Station.

THE number killed by the recent accident on the Morelle Railway in Mexico, is placed at 180.

AT the meeting of the London Athletic Club, on Saturday, Merrill, of Boston, won the two mile walking race by 50 yards, and Myers the quarter mile by eight yards.



SAGUACHE RANGE.



MINES ON FRYER HILL.



PLACER MINING IN A GULCH.

PROSPECTOR WITH BURRO.



ON THE ROAD TO LEADVILLE.



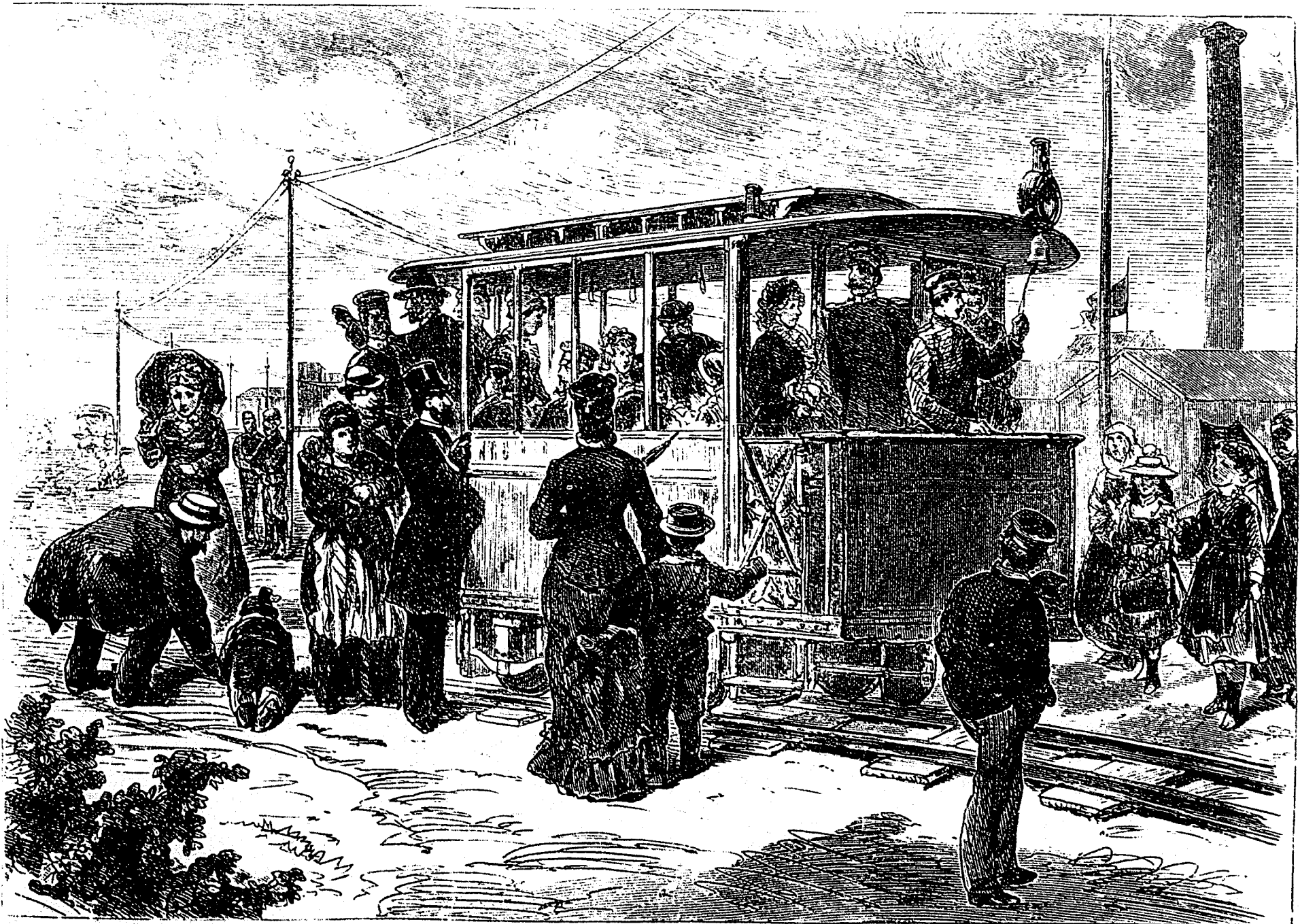
TENDER FEET.

THE MINING CRAZE.—SKETCHES NEAR LEADVILLE, COLORADO.





PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



THE FIRST ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN BERLIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

## LIGHT AND SHADE.

BY H. C. C.

All time is told, star-measured space is spanned.  
Life's web is woven but of light and shade;  
Heaven's fire-gems brodered on night's robe are scanned;  
Each choiring sphere twixt gloom and glare is swayed.  
Shades tell the life and death of every day;  
Shades shew the year's soft wing-beats flitting fast;  
Fashioned each form of light and shadow's play;  
And earth's dead rock-writ pageant of the past.  
Life's colouring is but a charm that wanes;  
Dim-vested truth in black and white abides.  
So graver's work outlasts the limner's hues.  
As in a storied scroll, whose fallow plains  
Bear fruit of variation that provides  
Past wit for future ages to pursue.

Thro' life's wide tract we press in one long line,  
Each shouldering each, yet o'er our several ways,  
Close tho' we be, unequal shadow plays.  
Yet light and shade in one great picture twine.  
Some 'neath the mountains tread the vale of death,  
Some where their jagged outlines fret the plains,  
Some where trees-shadows stir at every breath  
Of chance, some where continuous slen remains;  
Yet those shall find the limit of their night,  
And these shall know how transient is their day.  
These walk in summer, those in winter's clime.  
Some are eye looking to a future bright,  
Some, glancing back to glories pass'd away,  
Stumble, pressed onwards in the march of time.

## A GOLDEN LINING.

BY EMMA W. PHILLIPS.

I.

A LAST APPEAL.

The City clocks had not struck four, yet the dull December afternoon was already so dark that the street lamps were being lighted, while the gas for some time had been burning in Fordyce's outer office, where a number of clerks were busily writing.

"Happy the bride that the sun shines on!" laughed one of the latter, glancing through the window up at the murky sky. "The weather must alter considerably, or, if the adage be true, her ladyship is not to be envied."

"What signifies the weather," was the retort, "when one marries nearly a million of money! Hush! there's the governor's bell."

Springing from his stool, the speaker advanced to a green baize door, tapped, and entered a room luxuriously furnished, yet with many indications of business about it. Before the bright, glowing fire, in a study chair, sat John Fordyce, the merchant, or, as he was called by some, the merchant prince.

A handsome, tall, well-preserved, well-dressed man of over fifty, yet looking so much younger than his age that you would feel inclined to believe that, so far, he had found his road through life very easy travelling.

But, in reality, that had not been so, for his had been a very up-hill road to success; and now, ambitious and proud, the consciousness that he was a self-made man haunted him almost as if it had been a crime.

When a junior clerk in the wealthy firm of Venner, Venner, and Company, he had resolved one day to be the "Company," if nothing more, and an indomitable energy, defying all obstacles, had been crowned with success.

The Venners, widowers and childless, one after the other had retired, John Fordyce buying them out, so that at the present moment the firm stood in his name alone.

As the merchant's social position improved, the more like a haunting nightmare became the recollection of his antecedents and the knowledge that he possessed somewhere a younger brother, who, to use his own terms, "had gone to the bad," and was always turning up to bring the blush of shame to the prosperous merchant's cheek; for fate seemed to have decreed that as one brother increased his riches, the other should grow poorer and poorer.

For over five years, however, the merchant had neither heard nor seen anything of this brother. Their last interview had ended angrily.

Charles Fordyce's pride had been aroused and cruelly stung by his elder brother's words, and he had left, declaring that he would never again cross his threshold; and John Fordyce hoped that he would keep his word.

And John Fordyce wished it more than ever when Lady Hannah Belliston, the widow of a poor nobleman, graciously condescended to accept him and his wealth.

That day was the proudest in the merchant's life.

If anything could make society forget his antecedents, surely such a union would!

Lady Hannah Fordyce sounded equally as well as Lady Hannah Belliston, while Lady Hannah Fordyce's balls and receptions should be the talk of the town.

Apparently, there was not a cloud on the merchant's horizon. Only the one old speck—Charles Fordyce. To think of him sent a chill through the elder brother, who had given his aristocratic betrothed to understand, or rather had implied, that he had no relations.

How possibly could he confess to her the existence of ever shabby, impecunious Charles, much more let her see him!

"Tut!" muttered the merchant, moving irritably in his study chair, as this idea for the fiftieth time had recurred to him. "Why do I frighten myself with shadows! Charles is dead. He must be, or surely I should have heard something of him during these long years!"

To be rid of such troubling thoughts, John

Fordyce had rung his bell, asked for certain papers, and prepared to occupy himself with them until the hour for leaving the office.

Hardly had the clerk resumed his seat at the desk when the outer door opened, admitting a man of middle age. Tall, slender, or, rather, thin; his features were not only good, but refined, their wan, worn appearance adding to their delicacy. His scanty hair was more than iron-gray, his shoulders slightly stooped, while the steady, but well brushed coat, buttoned over the chest, was but poor protection against the wintry weather.

He entered in a hesitating, almost apologetic manner, while the voice was low and weak in which he inquired whether he could see Mr. John Fordyce.

"What name?" asked the clerk, curtly.

"Stride—Arthur Stride," replied the man, after a moment's hesitation, and nervously fingering the buttons of his coat.

The clerk went into the private office, then returning, bade the visitor enter.

The nervous movement extending to his lips, Arthur Stride crossed to the baize door, passed through, and closed it quickly after him.

As he advanced into the warm, bright light, the merchant glanced up. A paleness over-spread his features, which changed to a frown of anger, blended with surprise, as he sprang to his feet.

"You here!" he ejaculated, hoarsely. Again!

"You are astonished. I suppose you have a right to be," replied the other in his low, weak voice. "Perhaps you thought me dead? Perhaps,"—he hesitated, then added, "you wished it!"

The merchant checked the response which rose to his lips, and said, coldly, "After what passed between us at our last meeting, Charles Fordyce, I certainly did not expect to see you here again. Neither would I have permitted it had I known who was my visitor. How dared you," with contracted brows, "send in a false name!"

"Because had I given my own, you would have refused to see me."

"Your own!" said the merchant turned scarlet with indignation and alarm, as he regarded the shabby man before him. "You would never have dared to disgrace me!"

"By sending in that of Charles Fordyce?" put in the other with a faint, wan smile. "No; I meant the one I assumed when——"

"You threw up your last hold upon respectability by becoming a strolling actor," concluded the merchant through his teeth.

"You use harsh words, John!" said Charles Fordyce. "It was an honest living when no other offered. I might have succeeded, but for my voice failing me." And he laid his hand on his chest. "Misfortune seemed to adopt me, as fortune did you. All you touched turned to gold; that which I handled became dead leaves. Even my health was my enemy. But,——and he drew his thin figure erect,——" though poor——though often in bitter need—I have never disgraced you, John, nor myself!"

The merchant gave a scoffing laugh.

"Are you not a disgrace to yourself at this moment?" he said,—"a disgrace to me! We both started with the same chances. If you refused to work, is that any reason why you should hang always upon me?"

Charles Fordyce's white cheek glowed faintly. He bit his lip, evidently to suppress the reply that rose to it.

"John, don't be hard upon me," he said. "I have suffered much, and—I am ill. You and I are the only two left."

But the merchant was in no humour to be mollified. What a relation to present to Lady Hannah! Would not she hold it sufficient cause to break off the match?

Shame, fear, mastered all better feelings. He felt himself most deeply injured, and rejoined, with a sneer, "Pray, don't be sentimental. As a man makes his bed he must lie upon it. Because yours is hard, you have no right to make mine so. Of course, you come for money!"

"No!" and once more the colour rose to the speaker's face. "When we parted last, John, I said I would never ask you for another shilling. I believed then, as you did, that we should never meet again; but what a man will not do for himself he will do for others. I have a child. When a man's own future is past hope, he will use his best efforts, if he be worth anything, to brighten that of his children. I want work. I don't care how small, but something that will be steadily regular."

"Why come to me?"

"Because I hoped, with your influence, you might procure it for me. I'll prove worthy." "I will do nothing of the sort. But the offer I formerly made to you I renew; I will pay your passage to America or Australia, there giving you a start, on condition that you retain the name you have assumed, entirely renouncing that of Fordyce."

"No!" responded the younger brother, quietly but firmly. "I answer again, John, 'No!' I have never disgraced my father's name, and will not abandon it. I have said I have a child."

"Stop!" said the merchant, as the other moved towards the door; "reflect again. I offer you comfort."

The baize door closed; he was gone! "Farewell!" John Fordyce, seizing the poker, stirred the fire violently, having nothing nearer to vent his rage upon.

"The offer was generous; more than he had

a right to expect," he muttered, dropping back into his chair. "He alone is to blame."

He said so; but knew that he had acted harshly, even meanly. It was far more noble of Charles to wish for work than to live by another's aid. And how easy would it have been for the merchant to have got him what he desired!

He had said truly—by no dishonest act had he disgraced their name; while he had always been a generous, upright, just-thinking fellow from his boyhood. Generous—there had been his fault; ever willing to give his time or money to help a friend. And how proud he had always been of him, John, his senior by ten years!

Why did the recollection of what Charles had been—a bright, frank, merry, handsome lad—come back to him now, comparing itself with the careworn, shabby, yet not ungentlemanly man who had just left him?

Even for his own sake it would have been wiser to have procured his brother what he needed.

The merchant pressed the gong on the table, and a clerk entering announced that the carriage was waiting.

"Has Mr.—Mr. Stride left yet?" inquired John Fordyce.

"Yes, sir; went at once."

"See if you can overtake him! Ask him to return; say there was something I omitted to tell him. Quick!"

But the dark winter's afternoon had grown darker still, and though the clerk ran some yards to the right, then to the left, jostling the stream of pedestrians, he saw no sign of the thin figure of Charles Fordyce.

"Never mind," reflected the merchant, as he was driven home; "he is sure to come again!"

He endeavoured to throw off the recollection, but in vain.

Those two faces, the boy's and the man's, haunted him, even when sitting in Lady Hannah Belliston's box at the Opera.

Of all evenings, her ladyship had selected this one to bring her children—a good-looking boy of twelve, and a little dark-eyed maiden of ten.

The merchant fancied the boy was something like Charles.

By the way, his brother had said he had a child. Was it a boy or girl?

That night John Fordyce found it a relief even to leave Lady Hannah.

He could not go to his lonely home, though. He would drive to his club.

It was late when he prepared to quit the latter.

As he reached the top of the handsome staircase, a gentleman spoke to him, and he turned to reply.

There was a flush on his face. His brain felt dull and weary.

The brief conversation concluded, he made a step back.

"Take care, Fordyce!" exclaimed the other—"you are on the top of the stairs!"

The warning came too late.

The merchant lost his footing, fell, and rolled heavily down the stone steps to the bottom, where he lay insensible.

He was raised quickly by his alarmed friends, and carried into the smoking-room, where they placed him on a sofa, one of the waiters hastening for a doctor.

But before he came, the awe-struck group, conversing in whispers, knew that John Fordyce was dead.

After the first startling shock, the natural query arose as to who would succeed to his wealth, for John Fordyce had left no will.

Surely he had some relations!

The fact was after a while elicited that the merchant had had a brother, but whether now alive or dead no one knew.

The solicitors put the usual advertisements in all the papers: "FORDYCE.—Wanted, the next-of-kin of John Fordyce, *deceased*; but nothing came of them; and, after a while, people ceased to talk of the "Fordyce properties," and the over half a million of money wanting an owner.

II.

## MAURICE WALN'S PREDICTION.

It was a glorious day near the end of August. The slight breeze there was failed to disturb the glassy surface of the Bristol Channel, across which a small dark line, rather a haze than a substance on the horizon, indicated the Welsh coast.

The tors and doones of Devon, stretching away to Exmoor, lost something of their weird, gnome-like grandeur in the brilliant sunshine, while the splendid sweeps of golden gorse and heather quivered in the light like beds of topaz and amethysts.

"When such lovely spots as these exist,——and there are hundreds of them in England——can you explain, Waln, why people rush abroad?"

"Just for the same reason, dear boy, that some people cannot eat a chop or a plate of soup without it has a foreign name. But I fancy I have heard your remark before."

"And will again, while some have eyes and some have not," was the response.

"True. Still, if there be a thing I like more than another, my dear Hal, it is originality."

"A fact that I ought to have learned by this time, you growling old bear!" retorted the other, with a hearty laugh that echoed pleasantly among the hills.

The speakers both artists, were descending the steep path leading from Brendon to Watermeet, Lynmouth. Knapsacks were on their backs, their tourist hats were tilted over their sun-burnt foreheads, while each carried an alpenstock, the hilly country necessitating such assistance.

The elder by more than a quarter of a century was a broad-shouldered, middle-sized man, wearing a large iron-gray beard and moustache, and possessing clear, intelligent gray eyes, while his attire, not of the newest, sat on him with a picturesque ease rather than grace.

His companion's, of the knickerbocker style, was very different, fitting exactly to his tall, well-made, well-carried figure; whilst his felt hat, placed with an artistic jauntiness on a mass of fair, silky hair, showed a handsome, fair Saxon countenance, having a pair of merry blue eyes, harmonizing with the pleasant mouth, not wholly hidden by the long moustache and pointed beard.

"As to originality," proceeded the younger, a trifle sententiously, "I don't believe in it. What can be original in a world that is so very old!"

"Then because Eve was beautiful, is no other woman to be so, most sapient Hal!"

"There you have it. Beauty itself is not original."

"And never will be to you, Master Hal, rejoined the elder, "until you meet her who will be so in your eyes. Let others call her what they may, you will never believe she has had, or has, or will have, an equal."

"Until I meet her," laughed the young artist, lightly; until then, my art will be my mistress, my love!"

"Bosh!" growled his companion. "But here's the bridge, and there comes a flock of tourists."

"Tourists or not, I intend to take that sketch a little farther down," said Halbert Vane. "I can't miss the glorious light of to-day. And you?"

"Shall seize the same glorious light to finish my seascape on the shore. So good-bye until dinner."

"Ta, ta, old fellow!"

They had been proceeding along the narrow path; but now, with a wave of the hand, they separated.

Halbert Vane found the best spot from whence to take the sketch he desired, arranged his easel and materials near the whirling, flashing Lyn, and soon, humming beneath his breath as was his custom, was rapidly throwing in the splendid effects of light and shadow made by the hanging trees, and the sun's rays falling through the branches on the river, and its rugged, fern-festooned banks.

Time wore on. The stream of irrepressible tourists had ceased, the lights were beginning to shift, when, as Halbert Vane, pushing his hat off his forehead, leaned back critically to examine his work, a voice so musical that it thrilled him like an Eolian harp brushed by the wind, exclaimed behind him, "ah, papa, this is the best of all. Is it not like?"

Then as Halbert turned his head quickly, the voice added so innocently, so prettily apologetic, "I beg your pardon; I fear I was very rude. But I really could not help it."

Halbert Vane had already risen to his feet. Now, lifting his hat, he murmured a confused response, the recollection of which later made him flush with annoyance at his stupidity. She was a young girl of about eighteen, so charming, so bewitching of feature, so graceful of form, looking altogether so dainty as she stood archly raising her dark eyes to his; a smile, probably at his confusion, hovering about her red lips, and her little gloved hand grasping her alpenstock, that had it not been for her fashionable toilet, the artist might have taken her for a nymph of the sparkling Lyn, or a fairy that had sprung from the ferns at her feet.

In his life Halbert Vane had never beheld so exquisite a picture.

An elderly gentleman, fresh of complexion, genial of expression, his red-brown beard streaked with gray, was standing a little way behind her.

"My dear Gertrude," he smiled, advancing a step, "how can you be so impulsive! Really, you owe this gentleman no end of apologies, though an artist will, I am sure, readily excuse an enthusiast in art."

Halbert would have excused the pretty girl before him anything. Having, however, recovered himself, he answered, "That my poor attempt should have elicited such spontaneous praise I hold to be the highest compliment I could receive."

"There, sir, you are right," remarked the old gentleman, inspecting the sketch, Gertrude peeping over his shoulder; "for whatever my stepdaughter's opinion may be worth, it is honest and genuine."

"Would I could always command such a critic!" said Halbert, regarding the pretty countenance.

"She might not always be so favourable a one," laughed the girl, archly, "if she cared to preserve her reputation for honesty."

She leaned forward, perceiving the name scratched on the colour-box.

"Halbert Vane!" she read. "Surely not the Halbert Vane who painted the charming picture 'A Summer Dream' in this year's Academy?"

"Yes; the same," said Halbert.

"Here is the strangest of strange coincidences!" cried the girl, clapping her hands.

"Why, papa, here, bought it!"



"For your boudoir, Gertrude, because you admired it," rejoined the old gentleman. "And if Mr. Vane will allow me, I'll also purchase this one, for a companion picture."  
"Oh! was there ever such a good, generous stepfather!" ejaculated the girl, clasping her hands fondly round his arm.  
"Stay, stay, Miss Impulsive! It may be already commissioned."

"Were it so, I fear I should break the contract," smiled the artist, wishing that he could dare to present the sketch as a gift. "Fortunately, however, it is not, and I shall have infinite pleasure in completing this for—"  
"Miss Belliston, my stepdaughter," put in the gentleman. "You were abroad, sir, when I purchased your picture, and the affair was transacted through an agent; but there is my card, and I trust the future will improve our acquaintance."

Halbert, taking the card, read, "Mr. Samuel Marner, Cumber Priory," to which was added, in pencil, "Valley of Rocks Hotel."  
"No doubt," proceeded Mr. Marner, "we shall have the pleasure of meeting again during our stay. Now, Gertrude, we must hasten, or Lady Hannah will be waiting. Good morning, Mr. Vane."

The gentlemen raised their hats. Miss Belliston inclined her head gracefully, and in a moment the trees were hiding them from view.

Halbert Vane stood for a while looking along the path. The echo of Gertrude Belliston's musical laugh aroused him. He gazed around. What had come over the place! How changed it looked! Darker, as if clouds had swept over the sun.

"Have I found the, or my, original beauty so soon?" he murmured. "Has love already risen above art? Certainly I can't go on with the sketch. How old Wain will laugh! I'll stroll down to the shore and see how he is getting on."

Packing up his easel and shouldering his white canvas umbrella, Halbert Vane wandered down the path to Lynmouth as desperately in love as it was possible to be at first sight.

III.

A PERILOUS RESCUE.

"Prithce, why so pale, fond lover! Prithce why so pale!"

"Don't laugh at me, Wain. Be merciful to the fallen, I confess it; I am as hard hit as a man can be."

And Halbert Vane gazed moodily from the window of their lodgings at the sea creeping over the stretch of low dark rocks.

"The only original beauty has appeared," laughed the elder artist, putting great volumes of smoke from his pipe as he leaned back on one chair, his feet supported on another.

"In my eyes, yes. I should not mind had there been but the faintest hope of winning her," proceeded Vane; "but there isn't. Imagine a stepfather, who has made so much out of malt that he would find it difficult to say how rich he is, and a mother a Lady Hannah; while I—"

"While you—"  
"Am a poor artist, with a name and a fortune yet to make, if I can."

"A sensible rider that, Hal," remarked Wain. "As your master in art, you have once or twice taken my advice; do so now in a more serious matter. Let us pack up our traps and make tracks for Clovelly. The girl has cast a glamour over you. No wonder, for she is perfectly charming; but you must have courage, and fly temptation."

"You are right, Wain; I feel it," replied Vane, after a pause. "Always my friend, you are more than ever so now. I will fly. Art shall be my mistress still, and when I dethrone her it shall be for a substance, not a shadow. So 'off' shall be the word. We'll book our places on the coach to-night, then hey for Clovelly and Barnstaple, to-morrow."

"Bravo! An hour or two will complete what I have to do here of my landscape," exclaimed Wain, rising. "Then, Hal, I'm with you."

"And I'll go to the coach-office; then avoid all chance of an encounter by taking a last look at the Valley of Rocks. The Marner's dine at five, consequently will not be in that direction, especially all along the North Walk, for the wind blows rather roughly in shore."

"Good! At six I'll be in to tea."

"Yes; better go," reflected Maurice Wain, when Halbert had gone. "He's a fine-natured, handsome young fellow, with a bright future before him. I wouldn't have his life ruined by a woman. I don't say there's harm in the girl; but she'd laugh, flirt, look pretty, as is the way with all of them, never caring how serious a matter it might prove for poor Hal."

Vane having proceeded to the booking-office of the Barnstaple coach and taken two seats for the morrow, directed his steps to the North Walk.

The hour was one at which the Walk was generally deserted; while to-day, as the artist had remarked, a stiff wind blew inland.

Hark! What was that? The cry of a sea-bird? No; the shriek of a woman!

The artist had come to an abrupt halt as the cry had clef the air. Where did it come from?

From the shore! Yes; it rose again! What could be the matter? Halbert grasped the heather, and crawled in awful proximity to the edge of the cliff.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed a youth, who, with his sister, had run up. "You can't get down there, sir."

"I am going to see what is the matter," was the response.

"Oh, George!—George!" cried the girl; "he'll be dashed to pieces!"

But quietly, resolutely Vane proceeded until he could catch a glimpse of the shore beneath. A cold shiver ran through him. He had not been deceived in that voice. It was Gertrude Belliston's!

There she stood alone in the tiny cove, the sea lashing each headland and every wave cutting off her escape, the cruel rocks catching her voice and flinging its echoes out to the deserted waters.

A second was enough for Vane to realize the poor girl's dangerous position. He closely inspected the shore and the rocks; then he glanced back at the two on the Walk.

"You look," he said to them, "too good-hearted and sensible to be scared. I am sure you will render assistance. A lady has been surrounded by the tide. I shall endeavour to reach her. Run to Lynmouth; send boats round by the sea; bid men bring ropes to lower here. Go—go! Recollect a life may depend upon your speed!"

"You wait here, Mary," said the young fellow; and almost before Halbert Vane had finished speaking he was off.

Nearly as speedily the artist recommenced his descent, and the girl, crouching on the Walk, breathlessly saw him disappear from view.

It was a fearful descent. If the strong-rooted heather had yielded, death would have been certain.

But, steady of eye and foot, Vane continued to proceed slowly. Once looking down, alarmed at the cessation of Gertrude Belliston's cries, he became aware that she had perceived him, and, seeing his peril, for the moment had forgotten her own.

Fortunately the rocks at the spot which Halbert was struggling to reach did not slant inward, but were almost flat, only small projections here and there, with large spaces of smooth surface.

But Vane's hands and feet—he had managed to rid himself of his boots—appeared to have acquired a limpet tenacity of grasp. From rock to rock he succeeded in going till he had reached within twenty feet of the shore. Lowering himself then, he sprang, reeled, and fell upon the beach.

With a cry, Gertrude Belliston ran towards him; but he had quickly risen to his feet, a smile on his features.

"Oh, Mr. Vane," she cried, "there are two now to perish! Oh, why are you here?"

"To support and to encourage you, Miss Belliston. Fear nothing, and pray don't talk of perishing! They have gone for ropes up there, and should they not arrive in time, I must ask you to trust yourself to me, and we will have a swim for it."

"Trust myself!" exclaimed Gertrude, extending her hand. "Mr. Vane you have risked—perhaps sacrificed—your life for me!"

She raised her eyes to his, then quickly lowered them again, for his secret was confessed.

"The sea is coming in rapidly," he said. "Let us seek the best place to await the help that is coming to us."

She followed him in silence. There was a large mass of fallen rock, flat-surfaced, in the bay. Halbert Vane assisted Gertrude on to it, and together they waited, he now and then giving a shout to inform any help, had it yet come, on the North Walk of their position.

But no answering response greeted his call. Nothing broke the silence but the dash of the sea that was stealing up and surrounding the rock, and very soon was breaking over it.

A few more moments, and the water did not retreat, but remained about their feet. Vane looked at his companion. She was very pale, but calm. He glanced round for some more advantageous standing. There was none.

"Do not fear," he remarked, cheerfully, "if I have to swim for it."

"Oh, Mr. Vane," she said, "how greatly I regret that I should have tempted you to this danger!"

"I am happy to be here," he said. "Would not be elsewhere for worlds."

"I knew the tide was coming in, and hastened all I could when I found that I had gone too far along the beach; but hardly had I succeeded in struggling round yonder headland than I found the other impassable and that I could neither go back nor forward."

"Surely help should have arrived above by this time?" Halbert said; and shouted again.

No answer came, and the waves washed up to their knees. The artist had to support Gertrude to keep her on the rock.

Higher, higher it came, and Gertrude was forced to cling to the artist, to keep her footing and to avoid being carried away by the rush of waters.

Once more Halbert shouted, and this time he was answered—help had arrived at last.

Yes, there were strong arms and willing hearts above. Besides, there also was Mr. Marner, to offer heavy rewards.

Rapidly the rope, flung well out, rushed down to where they stood, directed by the boy, perched on a jutting piece of land.

Seizing it, Vane made in it a firm loop—twisting round the latter his coat, so as to make a kind of seat or cradle in which Miss Belliston could sit. Then with his handkerchief he se-

cured her to the rope by the waist, telling her to hold tightly with one hand while she guided herself with the other.

"Can you?" he asked, anxiously. "Do not look down—do not lose nerve."

"No," she smiled, "I will not be so ungrateful as to lose the life you have risked yours to save. And you!"

"I shall take to the sea. Now!"  
He gave the signal, and slowly Gertrude Belliston was carried up.

He watched the ascent until the waves beat too high, then plunging in, swam for the headland.

Halfway, he turned to look back. The young girl had just reached the top. He saw the ready hands extended, saw her move forward to her stepfather, and fall, evidently fainting, in his arms.

The insensibility would not hurt her. She was safe. He, Halbert, had saved her. Another shout, this time from seaward; turning, the swimmer beheld a boat shoot round the headland, and in one of the rowers he recognized Maurice Wain.

A few minutes later he had been pulled in, and the boat's head was set towards Lynmouth.

IV.

NOT GRATITUDE BUT LOVE.

"Gertrude, my own sweet Gertrude, can it indeed be that the love I give meets return?"

The speaker was Halbert Vane. Springtime had come, and under the budding woods near Cumber Priory the young artist stood, gazing with fervent passion, yet as one who could hardly realize some great happiness that had come to him, into the blushing, half-averted face of Gertrude Belliston.

The gratitude of Lady Hannah and Mr. Marner to Halbert Vane for the daring rescue of their daughter had been difficult to express, especially on the part of the latter, whose love for his step-child could not have been greater had she been his own daughter.

"Words can never repay," he had remarked, grasping the artist's hand, "only deeds; and should a time arrive when deeds may, rely on me. But for you, Gertrude must have perished. She could never have resisted the break of the waves. Help would have come too late."

Vane hardly comprehended his own feelings as he listened. Gladness, joy, hope, fear. Gertrude certainly owed her life to him; but could he make an unbecoming use of such a claim upon her gratitude? Assuredly not.

Better still go to Clovelly; so Maurice Wain advised; only this time his friend would not listen. How could he go when Gertrude was ill? Not seriously; but who could tell what would be the result of such a shock to her nervous system?

The elder artist shrugged his shoulders. "My poor Hal, your feet are already in the outer meshes of the web," he said. "I fear you are past rescue."

"It is true, Wain. Fate, you perceive, was against me. I would not—I cannot, old fellow, go, until I have seen her once more!"

And he did; only, however, as she passed, pale and weak, to the carriage, with its four horses, that was to take the Marner party to Barnstaple. Their departure had been hastened, for the sight of the sea, the rocks—the scene where she had stood so near the verge of death—had so nervous an effect on the young girl, that the doctor had advised Mr. Marner to take her home.

"I want so much to thank you, Mr. Vane," she said, with a smile, as she extended her little hand; "but yet I can't—I am so foolish; tears come instead of words. But Mr. Marner tells me he has invited you to Cumber. Then I will be stronger, and have rare opportunities."

Vane, bowing over the small white hand, murmured a response about the pleasure his being able to assist her had been, and his earnest hope for her speedy recovery.

"We shall see you at Cumber, shall we not?"

How could he say no with her dark eyes upon him, with that lingering pressure of her slender fingers, on his palm! Vane promised, with a fluttering heart, and kept his word.

For a month now he had been at the Priory, partly as a guest, partly professionally,—Mr. Marner commissioning several sketches of different views on his estate, and the artist had no longer the strength to refuse.

"Let me enjoy her presence while I can," he reflected. "Surely I can keep a lock on my lips! One day I shall hear she is engaged, that she is about to be married. Let me accustom myself to this fact, and know I am here on sufferance for a season."

But what lover yet found lock strong enough to silence his tongue, especially while in his lady's eyes he reads encouragement rather than reproof!

Coming home from a sketching expedition this bright spring day, he had met Gertrude in the woods. And as they talked, suddenly, how he could never rightly remember, his confession had not only been made, but he had learned also that he had been beloved.

"I might say, Halbert," she answered him, glancing up in her old, shy, arch way, "how could it be otherwise! Who better has a right to the life that you have saved? But for you, love or hate would be alike to me now."

"Truly; but," and his countenance changed—"but if gratitude alone urges you to give me

the affection I crave—if, but for the service I rendered, another might have found greater favour in your eyes—"

"You would forego my hand in that one's favour?" she smiled.

"Yes; for your sake, dearest."

"Since," with a pretty, disdainful pout, "my hand is held so lightly, I regret that there is not another."

"Lightly!" exclaimed Vane. "Gertrude, were you to tell me that another existed more fortunate in your love than I, I would wish you every happiness, and go—outwardly with a smile, inwardly with a broken heart!"

Her voice shook; tears started to the girl's eyes.

"Halbert," she exclaimed, as she held her hands to him, "do you think I could bear that! Do you think there could be another! Do not insult the pure love I feel by considering it the mere outcome of gratitude!" She paused. Her eyes fell; the colour rose; than she added, almost in a whisper, "Do you remember that afternoon at Watersmeet? I think I loved you then!"

"My angel!" And he folded her in rapture to his breast.

So, under the pleasant spring woods they wandered, forgetful of time, until the Priory clock, striking, warned them of the passing hours, and they prepared to part.

"And you prefer, dearest," said Vane, looking wistfully at her, "to make our love known to Lady Hannah and Mr. Marner yourself?"

"I do, indeed, Halbert!" she rejoined. "Trust me, though it is not the conventional course, in this case it will be wiser. I can say that which you could not speak."

"They will never consent, Gertrude. What am I! What have I to offer you?" he remarked, despondingly.

"You are the man," she smiled, as she moved from him, "who has saved my life, and given me a true, honest love. If mamma will not consent, why, then, we must consider."

Laughing, she tripped from him, and Vane sauntered back into the woods.

Meanwhile, Gertrude, when out of sight, slackened her pace. Despite her cheerfulness, she knew very well the scene she would have to go through with Lady Hannah. My lady's rage and indignation would be very great at the mere idea of such a misalliance for her daughter.

Yet surely an artist was in social rank the equal of a merchant or a brewer. As to money—well, it was that to which the girl referred when she remarked, "I can say that which you couldn't say." If Lord Belliston's widow married again, the bulk of his wealth was to go to his two children, to be under their whole and sole control on their coming of age. And Lord Belliston's widow had married again. "How rich I am!" thought Gertrude. "But Halbert shall not know if I can help it until after we are married."

Reaching the terrace, she proceeded to the morning-room, where she was certain at that hour to find her ladyship. She was rather pleased than otherwise to discover papa also there.

Lady Hannah, a tall, rather thin, cold-expressed, high-featured, handsome woman, was leaning on a couch, reading; Mr. Marner was making calculations in his note-book—puzzling calculations, for every now and then he thoughtfully rubbed his right eyebrow with the top of his gold pencil-case.

"How peaceful they look!" thought Gertrude, unable to repress a smile. "How little they guess the bombshell about to burst in their midst! The calm before the storm! Let me think of Halbert, and take courage!"

So saying, turning the handle of the glass doors, she entered. Both glanced up, then were about resuming their occupations, when Gertrude, advancing, said, quietly, "I am sorry to disturb you, mamma, but that has just occurred which I think will surprise you. I trust it will not pain; but I have felt that not any time should be lost before I let you know."

"Know!" ejaculated her ladyship, in her cold, high-pitched tones. "Surprise—pain—what! Whatever do you mean, child?"

"That just now, mamma, Mr. Vane has proposed to me; he has asked me to be his wife!"

"What?" In her amazement at such audacity her ladyship could say no more for a space; then, "He—he has dared—he has had the impertinence to ask you to be his wife!—you, Lord Belliston's daughter! Was ever the like heard of! This comes of treating such people as equals!"

"Such a person, mamma, saved my life!" put in Gertrude.

"True; and has received our thanks! Propose to you! Of course, my darling, you gave him a proper reply!"

"Don't be angry, mamma, but—I love Mr. Vane, and have accepted him."

The words were calmly but firmly spoken.

(To be continued.)

ORGAN FOR SALE.

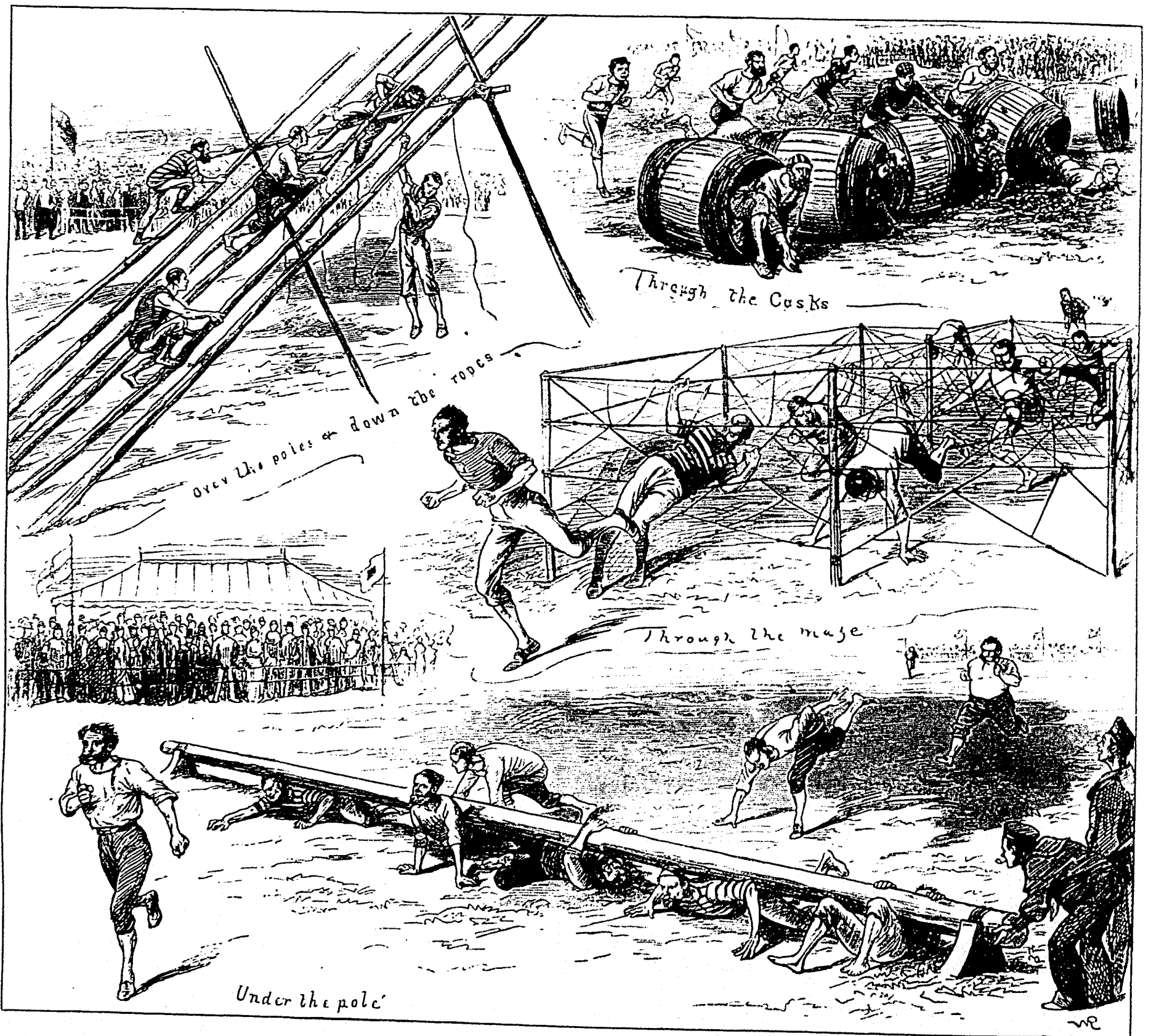
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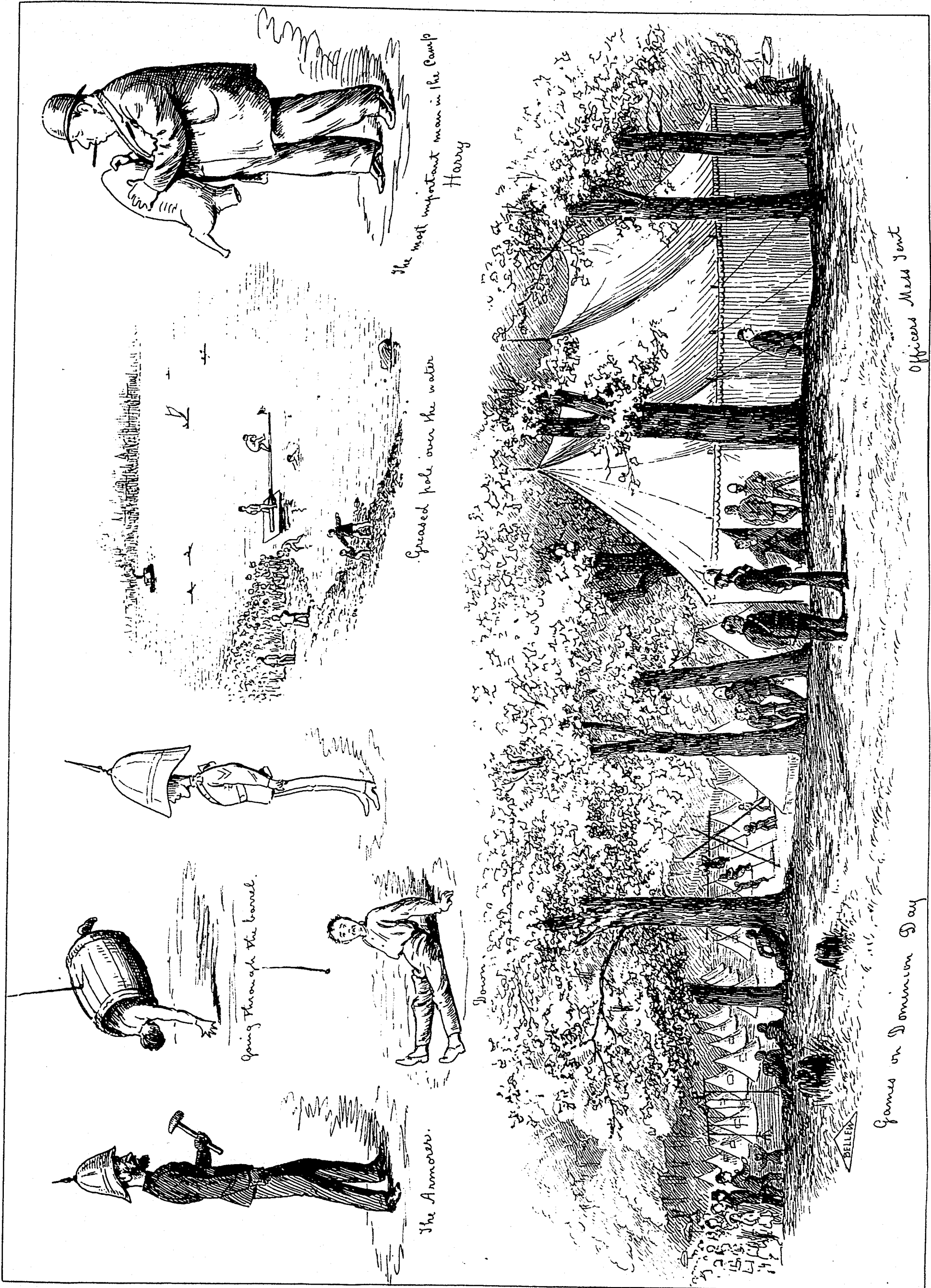




AN EMIGRANT TRAIN IN THE TRANSVAAL.



THE FLEET ATHLETIC SPORTS AT MALTA. THE OBSTACLE RACE.



The Armourer.

Going through the barrel.

Greased hole over the water

The most important man in the Camp Harry

Games on Dominion Day

Officers Mess Tent

THE VICTORIA RIFLES ENCAMPMENT ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



## THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

[The following lines contain the simple unadorned statement of a fact in the experience of a friend, who is fond of wandering in the Highland glens.]

As I came wandering down Glen Spear,  
Where the braes are green and grassy,  
With my light step I overtook  
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,  
Another in her hand,  
And she walked as one who was full loath  
To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she  
Had hair of flowing gold,  
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,  
Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what alleth thee,  
On this bright summer day,  
To travel sad and shoeless thus  
Upon the stony way?"

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,  
And thou art burdened so;  
March lightly now, and let me bear  
The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said, "that may not be;  
What's mine is mine to bear;  
Of good or ill, as God may will,  
I take my portioned share."

"But you have two, and I have none;  
One burden give to me;  
I'll take that bundle from thy back  
That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said: "this, if you will,  
That holds—no hand but mine  
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spear  
Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be  
Within that precious load,  
Which thou dost bear with such fine care  
Along the dusty road?"

"Belike it is some present rare  
From friend in parting hour;  
Perhaps, as prudent maidens' wont,  
Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand  
She gave a mournful wave;  
"Oh, do not jest, dear air—it is  
Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word: we sat and wept  
By the road-side together;  
No purer dew on that bright day  
Was dropt upon the heather.

JOHN STUART BLAGNIE.

## MY LADY'S DIAMONDS.

## IV.

When Susan returned home, just as the day was breaking she was startled by the sudden apparition of poor Micky, looking like a small ghost in his white night-gear, trembling in every limb, and with a face pale as ashes. Springing from his box-bed as the door opened, he flew to his mother, and clung round her, sobbing convulsively, as though his heart would break. The passion of terror and grief that shook his poor little frame was such as for some time to prevent her getting a coherent account of what had happened; but at last in broken words and sobs it came out. Too well the unhappy woman understood all. Her husband, her once good and industrious Jim, one of a gang of robbers—

Those who can recall the winter of 1862 may remember that gang whose maraudings in the neighbourhood of Dublin were so cleverly contrived as for months to baffle the efforts of the police to detect them.

What added to Susan's misery was the state of mind the little boy was thrown into by the knowledge that his benefactress were to be the victims of the plot. Lady Mary and her granddaughter visited Mercer's Hospital, where he had been laid-up after his accident, and their kindness had bound him to them with strong ties of gratitude and love.

"I'll go, mother, and warn them, that I will, if I have to walk every step of the road on my crutches. I'll ax the way as I go along. Any one will tell me."

"Yis; an' what do you think the men 'll do to you for peaching on 'em? Red Joe, that's by all accounts the ferociousist ruffian that—"

"I don't care! They may cut me into strips; they may throw me into the Liffey. I'll save them that was good to me."

"And tie a rope round yer father's neck. A hold yer tongue, child! You don't know what you're talking about. For your life don't let me ever hear a word about telling mortal. If I thought a sinner of what you heard that night would ever pass yer lips I'd—I'd—I don't know what I'd do to you!" sobbed the wretched woman. And what she did do was to catch the child to her breast, and smothering him with kisses, rock herself and him to and fro in her great agony.

She was truly in a dire strait. Afraid to breathe a word to her husband of the discovery the boy had made, lest it should ooze out and come to the ears of the men; and well she knew the desperate character of Red Joe, and that he would stop at nothing rather than be balked of his prize. Miserable at the thought of the crime Ryan was about to commit, and the intended outrage upon the dear ladies; and not daring to lift a finger to prevent it.

Day after day, too, she was beset by the entreaties and lamentations of Micky. The child was pining away before her eyes, "fretting the flesh off his bones." He could neither eat nor sleep, and his wan pinched face, piteous to behold, went to his mother's heart.

"Ah, mother dear, if you only knew how kind they were to me in the hospital, and their goodness to every whole mother's soul besides, in the place! Miss Edith as tender and gentle as an angel; and like an angel she looked as she'd come gliding up the ward wid a step as soft as the falling snow, and the light from the windies as she passed 'em, glinting off her lovely golden hair that shone like the sunbeams. Herself was a sunbeam, sure enough, in that gloomy place. A nod an' a smile she'd have for every one, passing along the two rows of beds to the top of the ward where Mrs. Lynch the nurse sat. And then after giving the "good-morning" to Mrs. Lynch, and hearing all about the patients, back she'd come again and stop at every bed. The feeling way she'd talk to the poor crathurs, axing so pitiful what the accident was, and where they had the pain! And the presents she'd have for every one! A bunch of flowers here or a bit of knittin', an' a book or a newspaper for them that were scholars and could read, and cakes and toys and scrap-books and pictures and sweets for the children. O, but the children doated alic on Miss Edith!" exclaimed Micky, with sparkling eyes. "The pretty bright ways of her! And the plays she'd invint for them! They'd forget to cry when she was there. An' stories! She'd sit down an' tell them stories, to such as wasn't too bad to listen, till they'd be that took up with hearkening to her you'd not hear a moan out of them. Myself didn't feel I had the broken leg on me while she was talking."

"You must tell me some of those nice stories, won't you, jewel?" said Susan, glad to see the child brightening over his hospital reminiscences, and trying to draw him on to forget for a little the subject on which he was unceasingly brooding on, and that was preying so ruinously upon his health.

"To be sure, mammy!" he cried eagerly. "An' may be they won't delight you." My lady—she too," he went on, "would be going about among the beds with something for every one. A packet of tea and sugar, or a screw of scuff, for the old grannies; and eggs and oranges, or a bottle of lemonade or raspberry vinegar—they're always kilt with the thirst, God help 'em! in that accident ward. If I was talking till to-morrow I couldn't tell the half of what those darling ladies' visits does for them poor patients. They'll be all lyin' there, tired an' fretful, wore out with the pain and the tediousness, and nothing to do or think of the long weary day but their misery; restless and complaining and unreasonable, and poor Mrs. Lynch's heart nearly broke with them. One calling for a drink, and another axing to have the pillow settled or the bandages; not knowing what to be at, the crathurs, with the dint o' pain and tiredness! And the children crying and wailing, and that cross and peevish, the world wouldn't plaze them. When in would come the ladies, and in a minute all would be changed! The groans and the whining would cease, and the pain be forgotten. You wouldn't think there was a bruise or a burn or a broken limb in the place."

"A great relief and blessing, surely!" said Susan.

"Yis. And for an hour after they'd be gone and the door shut upon them, the buzz of talk in the ward wouldn't stop. Every one axing the other what she had got and showing their things, and maybe changing or dividing them. And the talk the young woman would have about Miss Edith and every single thing she'd have on! Her clothes, an' her golden hair, an' her ornaments; for she always come to the hospital dressed grand on purpose. "To please the poor souls," sez she to Mrs. Lynch. Now wasn't that double kind of her, mother, dressing herself for sick creatures as if she was going off to a party?"

"'Twas better than a cordial the sight of her," the nurse used to say. "And if there was more in the world like them two angels of mercy, what a differ 'twould make to the poor!"

Which sentiment, we—recording in our true narrative the deeds of real characters, and copying from life real scenes—do most heartily endorse.

"And to think," sobbed poor Micky, breaking down suddenly at last, and bursting into a passion of grief—"to think of my darling ladies set upon by them villains!—dragged out of their carriage in the dead of night!—the jewels torn off 'em!—frightened out of their wits! O, mother it will kill them! You must do something, you must!"

"Whisht, Micky, whisht, my child; the walls have ears! Sure you know I can do nothing," moaned Susan. "Where's the use of going over and over again about what can't be helped?"

## V.

The St. Patrick's ball at the Castle on the 17th of March is always the most numerously attended of all the vice-regal festivities. No special invitations are needed as at the other state balls.

All who have been before presented are privileged to attend, on sending in their names to the Chamberlain. The numbers are generally swelled by many—families from the country and others who from various causes have been unable to pay their respects at previous drawing-rooms and levees; and for these there is held a sort of small court, when his Excellency receives presentations before the ball opens and dancing begins.

Lady Mary and Edith had good-naturedly undergone the usual gathering of domestics to admire the glories of their attire before leaving home. The gardener's wife, the lodge-keeper's

daughters, the poor lame dress-maker from the village, and a few others privileged outsiders, were among the gaping servants; Mrs. Parks standing behind her ladies, dignified and apart, waiting with her pins and wraps till the curiosity of the vulgar was satisfied; and Nelly, all unconscious of the dire mischief she had so innocently worked, grinning with rapture in the background.

The Commander of the day was the popular Lord Carlisle, appointed viceroy for the second time in June 1859, on the resignation of Lord Derby's administration. An unusual number of strangers had come up to town, and the presentations were still going on when Lady Mary arrived at the Castle.

At last, however, they are ended. The procession is formed—Lady Mary and her companion taking their places in it by reason of her rank and from her late husband having belonged to the household. "God Save the Queen" rings out from the orchestra, and the glittering train, fair women and brave men, bejewelled and bedecked, marches up the centre of St. Patrick's Hall, the Lord Lieutenant at its head, bowing graciously to the brilliant throng that lines his passage; with now and then a good-natured smile of recognition to some one in the crowd. When the procession reaches the dais the strains of the National Anthem give place to a lively country dance: "Patrick's Day in the Morning" is played. His Excellency gives his arm to the Lady Mayoress and leads her off. Couple after couple follow in quick succession. Feathers are tossing in the air for court plumes are *de rigueur* on this occasion. The ball has begun!

Why seek to describe it? The ball in St. Patrick's Hall differs not from any other.

When youth and pleasure meet,  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet!

Young hearts beating high with excitement, joy, hope, love. Older ones taking their pleasure more gravely. Chaperons looking on at their youthful charges with pleased or anxious interest; entering with zest into the moving scene; bright and lively now, to wax sleepy perchance by and by at the small hours; what time elderly gentlemen will be seen consulting their watches in tired anticipation of the carriage, and home.

Then will the "flying feet" fly faster, making the most of the shortening time, their owners glancing regretfully up at the first faint flush of the gray dawn appearing at the windows of the hall and gradually increasing; they hoping the while that "dear mamma" won't perceive it, and stealing a look to see whether she has got some one pleasant to talk to, and a comfortable seat.

Meantime the scene is most brilliant. St. Patrick's Hall with its magnificent proportions and adornments; the entire suite of apartments thrown open; the throne-room given up on this occasion to the dancers. The blaze of light! The delicious music! Lovely women in perfect toilettes, with stir of graceful plumes and sheen of diamonds—Lady Mary V's resplendent *parure* conspicuous among them. Men in court dresses and gorgeous uniforms—military, naval, militia, foreign, official,—a dazzling kaleidoscope ensemble of scarlet and blue, and rifle green, and gold and silver lace; orders and clasps, stars and medals, decorating many a manly breast.

Contrasting curiously with these is a gentleman in ordinary evening clothes, the only individual in the whole crowded room so dressed. As he enters, a knot of dowagers seated near the door, and evidently, from their glaring costume, not belonging to the "upper ten," wonder and stare with indignant disapproval.

"How strange!" "How did he get in without uniform or court dress?" "Such ignorance of the rules! such cheek!" "Why don't they turn him out!"

But he moves quietly on, his plain black suit and white tie, making him the more remarkable and remarked, from the contrast with all the brilliancy around. A lady bows to him, and whispers to her neighbour, "The American Consul."

And now there is a stir. At a signal from the Chamberlain's wand of office, the band once more strikes up "God save the Queen." The procession forms again and moves down the hall in the same order in which it has come up. The vice-regal party goes in to supper. Soon after this is over departure sets in, and among the first to leave is Lady Mary V with her granddaughter.

Counting on her punctuality, three men, well-armed, have taken up their posts at an angle of the road beyond the three-mile stone. They are crouched down behind a sheltering bank, watching breathlessly—the prize is a rich one. All is silent as the grave. Not a living soul have they met on the deserted road as they came out from town. The night is dry, a keen March wind blowing.

At last, to Red Joe's straining ears, there comes a faint sound. It is the carriage. Two points of light appear in the far distance. He clutches instinctively the gags in his pocket; one restless foot is already on the bank. In his hungry eagerness he can almost see the two cloaked forms as they lie back in their respective corners, more closely muffled than usual; for the night is cold.

Nearer and nearer sounds the click-clack of the horse's hoofs on the hard road; and larger and larger—like two fiery eyes—grow the lamps, as the doomed carriage close at hand now, comes speedily onward to its fate.

## VI

We will now go back a little in our story, and change the scene from the "halls of dazzling light," to the accident ward in Mercer's Hospital. Not the one visited by the ladies and occupied by women and children, as described by Micky; but that on the men's side of the hospital.

Here, in one of the row of beds, lies—helpless and suffering—Jim Ryan. A dray has knocked him down, the wheels passing over his body, crushing his ribs, and inflicting internal injuries.

It is visiting-day. Susan and little Micky have just left the ward, where they have been spending some hours, when a stealthy step comes up the stairs, and Red Joe—his hat slouched over his ill-looking countenance—appears at the bedside.

"My poor fellow, an' is this the way with you?" he whispers to Ryan. "Of all the boys in the gang, you're the one we could least spare, an' here you are,—worse luck!"

"Yis, here I am," said Ryan, "an' serve me right. Serve me right for the devil's turn I done to them that were charitable and good to my own flesh and blood. O Joe, it's the curse of God is on me for my bad courses! 'Twill be on you too and follow you, if you don't give up."

"Put, man alive!" exclaimed Joe, "d'ye think 'twas to listen to rot like that I come to this cursed hole! But I don't wonder at you, my poor chap. Small blame to any man to be down in the mouth, an' he lying on his back, sick an' sore. I come for to settle your mind about them ladies you're so sweet upon; and to tell you I'll see no harm that can be helped comes to them, no more than if you were to fore yourself at the job. And moreover, comrade, I'll take care that you get justice and fairness about the dividing of the swag."

"I'll never touch a penny of it!" exclaimed Ryan, "or a penny of ill-got money ever again as I'm above ground. If I live to get out of this bed, with the help of God, I'll be a changed man." Ryan did live and kept his word. "O Joe, Joe, don't do it! If ever you hope to see the light of heaven, don't!"

"Tis very like we'll give it up now—very like, indeed," sneered Joe. "No, bedad. But you'll see how virtuous, and purty-behaved we'll be, all of us, when we're living like gentlemen over in America on my lady's diamonds, Larry Burke is to take your place in the doings Patrick's night. Good-bye now, Jim. Never fear, but I'll see you all right and your pluck back again, when you're out of this den!"

The day after Jim Ryan's accident, Lady Mary and Edith were at breakfast when, among the letters brought by the morning's post, there appeared a shabby, queer-looking epistle addressed to the former.

"Honoured Lady" it said, "This is a warning. For your life. Don't you and Miss Edith go next or near the castle Patrick's night. There's them that's lying in wait to stop your carriage and rob you of your diamonds on the Way home. I'd have gave you Warning. Before this, only a near friend of my own was in it and he's not, by the mercy of God. This comes from a friend. Take warning and be said by it at Your peril!"

"An anonymous letter," said Lady Mary, tossing it across the table to Edith, with a laugh.

"How stupid these practical jokes are! Whoever wrote it to frighten me will find him or herself disappointed; it looks like a woman's hand. The idea of our being kept at home by a document like that!"

On reading it again, however, something in the tone struck Lady Mary, and she thought it might be as well, before committing it to the flames, to show the letter to Colonel Lake, the then Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

The Colonel looked grave as he read it. Taken in connection with the nocturnal outrages that had been so frequently reported to him, and the suspected existence of a dangerous gang of thieves, he viewed the matter in a serious light.

After some deliberation and debate with Lady Mary, the interview was closed with injunctions and advice as follows:

"Your ladyship will go to the ball as usual, making arrangements to stay in town after it, and spend the night at an hotel. Your coachman must also remain, having given your brougham and horse into the hands of my men. All which arrangements must be kept perfectly secret."

The result of which was, that when the three miscreants sprang out upon the carriage, expecting an easy victory over their defenceless prey, they fell into the strong hands of three stalwart policemen; who flinging off the wrappings that disguised them, disarmed and handcuffed Red Joe and his comrades before they had time to recover the shock of the sudden surprise.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases, and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discerned. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.

LINES TO THE YOUNG.

(Translated from Béranger.)

When stretched along the shore at ease,  
Ye bless the soft blue sky,  
Pity poor sailors, whom the seas  
And tempests sorely try.

Have they to love and thanks no right  
Who, dred of wind and wave,  
Point out, before they sink in night,  
The harbours that can save!

(From the French.)

"What dost thou in the shadowy wood?  
Oh! say, sweet plaintive Dove!"  
"I moan in broken-hearted mood,  
For I have lost my Love."

"Hast thou no fear, the hunter's snare  
May kill thee like thy mate?"  
"I care not—for, though Man should spare,  
Grief, still, must end my fate!"

GEO. MURRAY.

THE OLD CORNER BOOK STORE.

The annals of publishing and the traditions of publishers in this country will always mention the little Corner Book-store in Boston as you turn out of Washington street into School street, and those who recall it in other days will always remember the curtained desk at which poet and philosopher and historian and divine, and the doubting, timid young author, were sure to see the bright face and to hear the hearty welcome of James T. Fields. What a crowded, busy shop it was, with the shelves full of books, and piles of books upon the counters and tables, and loiterers tasting them with their eyes, and turning the glossy new pages—loiterers at whom you look curiously, suspecting them to be makers of books as well as readers. You knew that you might be seeing there in the flesh and in common clothes the famous men and women whose genius and skill made the old world a new world for every one upon whom their spell lay. Suddenly, from behind the green curtain, came a ripple of laughter, then a burst, a chorus; gay voices of two or three or more, but always of one—the one who sat at the desk and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house, the friend of the celebrated circle which has made the Boston of the middle of this century as justly renowned as the Edinburgh of the close of the last century, the Edinburgh that saw Burns, but did not know him. That curtained corner in the Corner Book-store is remembered by those who knew it in its great days, as Beaumont recalled the revels at the immortal tavern:

"What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid? heard words that have  
been  
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they came  
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest!"

What merry peals! What fun and chaff and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local rumor. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub.

And it was the work of one man. Fields was the *genius loci*. Fields with his gentle spirit, his generous and ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine taste, his delightful humor, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive as well as the gay men of the world and the self-possessed favorites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors, to place there if he could the English poets and "belles-lettres" writers, and then to call them all personal friends. Next year it will be 40 years since the house at the Corner Book-store issued the two pretty volumes of Tennyson's poems which introduced Tennyson to America. Barry Cornwall followed in the same dress. They caught all the singing-birds at that corner, and hung them up in the pretty cages so that everybody might hear the song. Transcendentalism and *The Dial* were active also at the same time. The idyl of Brook Farm was proceeding in the West Roxbury uplands and meadows on the shores on the placid Charles. The abolitionists were kindling the national conscience at Char-don Street Chapel and Marlborough Chapel. Theodore Parker was appalling the staid pulpits and docile pews. There was a universal moral and intellectual fermentation, but at the Corner Book-store the distinctive voice was that of "pure literature; and hospitable toward all, and with an open heart of admiration for the fervent reformers, Fields had also the most humorous appreciation of "the apostles of the newness," but minded with zeal what he felt to be especially his own business.

It was a very remarkable group of men—indeed, it was the first group of really great American authors—which familiarly frequented the corner as the guests of Fields. There had been Bryant and Irving and Cooper and Halleck and Paulding and Willis in New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. Of most of these authors the house at the corner came to be the publishers, and to the end they maintained the warmest relations with Fields, who was not their publisher only, but their appreciative and sympathetic friend. His kindred taste made him a faithful student of

English literature, and almost as a boy he read poems of his own upon public occasions, and published a volume or two, which were his credentials to membership in the guild. Later, his lectures upon English authors, many of whom he personally knew, were very entertaining and suggestive, like the charming conversation of one who has seen with observing and sympathetic eyes those of whom all men gladly hear.

The singular attraction of Fields for widely different natures was shown by the affection entertained for him by two men so different as Hawthorne and Dickens. In his later years, Hawthorne's home in Boston was generally Field's house, and Dickens would hardly have made his second and most triumphant and profitable visit to this country except for Fields, who was his "next friend" throughout the tour. Dickens speaks of him most kindly in one of the "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, after his return to England. It was certainly remarkable that Dickens, who, twenty-five years before, had gone home from his first visit indignant because he would not pay him copyright upon his works, which we universally read and enjoyed—and his complaint was most just—should have gone home from his second visit with more money made in a shorter time than any foreign author ever collected from us before. Field's service to him was immense, and Dickens was sincerely grateful.

Alas! such talk is but a reminiscence of "yesterdays with authors." Fields himself was sixty-four years old when he died; but there was such essential and indefeasible youth in his feelings and temperament that even a fatal and painful malady could not quench it. On the very day, or the day before, he died he went over to see Aldrich—for he was the friend of the younger as of the older authors—and it is a deep satisfaction to know that the end was as painless as it was sudden, sitting in his chair at evening, in the midst of friends, and listening to the voice that was the sweetest of all music to his heart. Long before he had left the old corner and the curtained nook, and had gone to more stately publishing quarters. From these also he had withdrawn some years ago, leaving business altogether, and devoting himself thenceforward to lecturing. But the hospitable heart made his beautiful home what that curtained nook had been. Younger men were taking the places of those that loitered in the old book-store, but they found in the home the old corner welcome, and they will understand why their elder brethren recall with such fond and regretful affection the curtained nook at the old corner, and the kind heart and generous hand that made it so memorable.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's*.

HER TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

There were a party of four couple coming over on the *Sarcelito* boat, last Sunday, and the prettiest girl of the gushers looked up at Mount Tamalpais and said:

"Oh, that horrid, horrid mountain. I had the most frightful adventure up there last summer you ever heard of. It's a wonder my hair didn't turn white."

"What on earth was it?" cried the rest.  
"Well, you see, I was up there with a private picnic party, and I wandered off by myself about a mile, picking flowers. After a while I sat down to rest in a lonely canon, and before long I heard a queer rustling sound in some bushes right behind me. I knew at once, somehow, that it was a grizzly."

"Great Scott! And you all alone!" shuddered her escort.

"Not a soul within a mile of me. I was just paralyzed with terror. I didn't dare to stir, but in a minute I heard the beast coming toward me through the thicket."

"Oh, if I'd only been there," said a pimply-faced young man, breathing very hard.

"I knew it was no use to try and run, and I had read somewhere that bears never touch dead people. So I just shut my eyes and held my breath."

"Gracious!"

"Pretty soon the great brute walked up close and began sniffing me all over. Oh, it was just terrible!"

"Should have thought you would have fainted."

"I didn't dare to," said the heroine.

"Just then I suppose the party rushed up and rescued you?" said the appalled audience.

"No, they didn't. Pretty soon I felt the great beast pulling at the flowers in my hat, so I just got up and shooed the horrid thing away."

"What! The grizzly?"

"Oh, it wasn't a grizzly. It was a nasty old cow. But just suppose it had been a grizzly."

But the audience refused to "suppose," and the party looked like a Quaker funeral until the boat struck the wharf.—*Virginia (New) Chronicle*.

SEVERE ON THE IDIOTS.

Once upon a time our settled minister exchanged pulpits with good old Parson Surely, of Bedwick. Mr. Surely was an earnest, zealous worker in the Master's vineyard, and though not ornate in his oratory, he was instructive, and, to the lovers of pure religion, he was interesting and entertaining. On the occasion to which I refer he had got on well with his sermon, and was treating of a subject which was of deep interest to himself, when he was interrupted and much perplexed by the whispering and giggling

going on in the singing seats, which were in the opposite end of the auditorium, and directly facing him. He bore it for a time; but, at length, the outrage against true church propriety became so palpable and harrowing that he was forced to stop his preaching. He cast a glance over his audience, removed his spectacles, and then, with a quiet, kindly smile upon his benignant face, he spoke substantially as follows:

"My friends, not long since I was preaching in a strange place and to a strange congregation, when I was interrupted and annoyed by a young man sitting very near the pulpit, who whispered to himself, and laughed, and moved about in the pew in a manner which I thought altogether unbecoming and indecent. I bore it while I could, and when I could bear it no longer, I spoke to him directly and emphatically, pointing him out, and chiding him for his conduct."

"I thought, when I was speaking thus, that many of my hearers disapproved my course; and I marvelled much why they should do so; but when the services were ended, and I came down from the pulpit, all was explained. One of the deacons came to me and told me he was sorry that I had spoken to that young man as I did. He was a poor idiot, whom the Christian friends had clothed and got out to meeting; and though the poor unfortunate knew no better than to misbehave, as I had seen, yet he seemed to gain real good from the exercises of the sanctuary."

"And from that time," continued the old parson, with a twinkling look toward the choir, "I have refrained from speaking publicly to those who may interrupt me by whispering and giggling while I am preaching, for fear I may be aiming the shaft of reproach at some poor idiot who knows no better."

And then, as calmly and serenely as passes the evening zephyr, Parson Surely went on with his sermon, to be disturbed no more.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE conversion of Evan's into the "Falstaff Club," embracing the construction of a private theatre in a part of the premises, is not likely to be carried out. The proprietor of Evan's has just placed the property in the market, which is announced as for sale or to be let.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA is, it seems, quite as high in the market as any other painter just now. Millais's works realize only from £1,500 to £3,000. Miss Thompson's, as we have already seen, about £750. Alma-Tadema has just disposed of "Sappho" to an American purchaser and secured £3,000 in hard cash as the result.

NEVER within the memory of living concert-goers were so many pianists of the first rank assembled together as are now to be met with in London. They are from all parts of Europe—Anton Rubenstein, from Russia; Joseph Wieniawski, from Poland; Dr. Hans von Bulow, from Dresden and Leipzig; Sophie Menter, from Vienna; Heyman, from Holland.

MR. MUDFORD, the editor of the *Standard*, was one of the guests at Lord Salisbury's dinner party lately, and he was subsequently at Lady Salisbury's reception. This looks like a reconciliation with the Tories of the "stern and unbending" school. If Lord Salisbury, as leader, is going to secure the voice of the *Standard* on his side, much recent speculation may be set at naught.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD has a genuine tank-table as a dinner table, the whole middle of which is occupied by a lake containing several rocky islands, and a quantity of gold and silver fish. Around the lake are broad banks of dark-green lycopodium. From the islands spring ferns and palms and innumerable fountains and jets of water. There is just enough table-surface left for the plates and wine-glasses of the guests, the remainder being given up to miniature landscape gardening of the most tasteful kind.

RUBENSTEIN has greatly aged since his last visit to London. He has lost also some of his uncouthness, which was indeed some of his charm. In America he has been taught to dress less like a genius, and more like a man and a brother. A capital description of him is given by a great friend of his, who is also famous for his *bon mots*. "Rubenstein," he said, "always looked like Beethoven, and he looks like him still; but he has lost that look of a Japanese Beethoven which he used to have." Those who saw him five years ago will admit the happiness of this description.

It was known that George Eliot's husband had full materials in his possession for compiling a life of the novelist. Mr. Cross has been anxious to make so interesting a work as perfect as possible, and with that object has been down to the central shires of England to collect all the necessary information. It was one of the admitted charms of George Eliot's work as a novelist that she did not generalize. Her sketches are not from the abstract. There is good ground for saying that all poor Maggie Tulliver's relatives—the aunts and the cousins from whom she suffered so much—are highly finished portraits of well-known local characters. The bits of scenery with which her books abound are also so vivid that they must be taken from

nature. Mr. Cross will be able to throw light on all this, and to fix permanently what in a few more years would irretrievably have been lost.

It is a well known point of Court etiquette that honours proceeding from the Sovereign should not in effect be conferred till she has given her sanction. Mr. Galstone is too prone to disregard this rule. He did it in the case of the Beaconsfield funeral, and there is some reason to think he has done it in the case of making out a list of names for peers and giving it publicity before Her Majesty has been consulted. Her Majesty very naturally objects. What the end of it will be is not clear, but at present it looks as if those mentioned for the honour will lose it, and the creation of the others be indefinitely postponed.

WHAT a curious thing is popularity. Since the Derby, Archer, the jockey, has been more talked about than any man in the country. All kinds of people seem anxious to know what he says, what he does, and how he lives. Enterprising correspondents have found out what he did on Derby Day before the race, and what he has been doing since. He is the petted of all classes. Titled men are proud of repeating what Archer said to them, if he said anything at all. Archer has the income of the Lord Chancellor, and his life is a round of pleasure, for he certainly loves the sport. We open our eyes with admiration and wonder when we hear of an artist getting £1,000 for a picture that has cost him, perhaps, a couple of years of work and thought; but Archer gets his £1,000 for a three minutes' ride.

OF poor Belford the actor, who recently died, many anecdotes are being narrated. He was a man who lived in the full sense of the word and also seemed always to be wide awake, that is never in bed. An instance in proof is worth reading perhaps. On leaving his house one evening for the theatre—he was then playing at the Strand—he told his servant to call him punctually at ten o'clock the following morning, as he had to attend rehearsal. She neglected to do so, and he never awoke till one o'clock. He rang the bell in a rage. "Didn't I ask you to call me at ten o'clock?" he inquired. "Yes, sir, but when I came down at half-past seven this morning I saw you eating your breakfast, so I thought there was no need to knock at your door." "Women like you should never think; it was my supper!" was all he said. Poor fellow, his whole life was an uphill game, for although till he was struck down by paralysis he was in receipt of a good salary, he supported a widowed sister, and brought up her numerous family.

AT "Ye fancie fayre" the other day one of the first things the Princess of Wales purchased was a magnificent bouquet, for which she gave a couple of sovereigns or so. Having inspected the various stalls, she was on the point of departing, when one of the ladies who had been most indefatigable in disposing of her wares, and who was evidently a personal friend of her Royal Highness, stopped her: "What are you going already?" "Yes," said the Princess. "Oh, then, do give me your bouquet, and wait a moment and see what I will do with it." Her Royal Highness complied with the request at once: whereupon the pretty vendor—for she was a very beautiful woman—promptly announced to the crowd of male admirers standing around her stall that flowers from the Princess's bouquet were on sale at ten shillings a-piece—"only a limited number to be disposed of." In less than two minutes thirty gallants had each one in his button-hole, and thirty golden half-sovereigns had been added to the funds of the charity.

A YOUNG girl and her lover were accustomed to meet for a quiet *He-a-tte* on an unfrequented half-mile race-course. When questioned as to the reason for choosing this particular locality, she blushing replied, "Oh, sometimes we are interrupted; and then John walks off in one direction and I in the other, and meet on the opposite side."

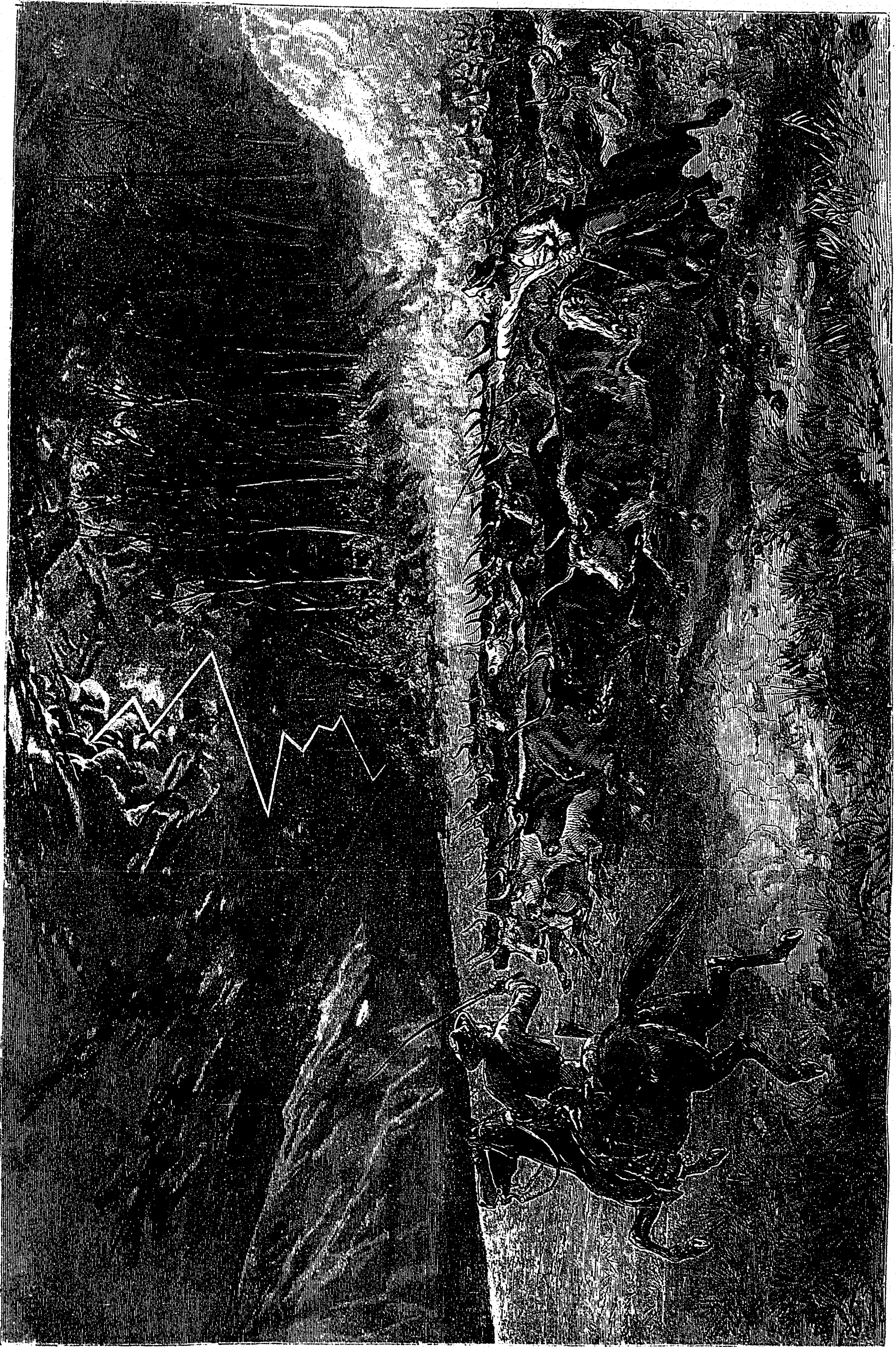
THOUGH the sick covet health, they frequently and fruitlessly seek to obtain it by irrational means. Misled by false misrepresentations and absurd pretensions, they neglect those genuine restoratives which true science has placed at their disposal. No proprietary remedy has met with greater approbation from the medical faculty, and none has given more satisfactory proofs of efficiency than Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The conjunction of these latter salts with Cod Liver Oil of warranted purity gives the preparation a great advantage over the ordinary cod mixtures, since the phosphorus, lime and soda are potent auxiliaries to the oil, invigorating the system, remedying poverty of the blood induced by waste of tissue, and increasing bodily substance. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

THE only safe and effectual medicine that acts at once upon the bowels, liver, skin and kidneys, while it cleanses the blood and strengthens the system, is Burdock Blood Bitters, the great vegetable renovating tonic. Sample bottles 10 cents.





PICTURES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—SILHOUETTES BY SPECHT.



CATTLE RAISING IN TEXAS.—HEADING OFF A STAMPED.



## RAILWAYS AND TELEGRAPHS IN CHINA.

We find from the remarks of an intelligent correspondent of the *Times*, residing at Shanghai, that during the past twelve months China has had a rude waking up. Hurried into a position of unmeaning defiance by the Chauvinism of hot-headed patriots, her statesmen, or those of them at the head of the provincial executive, were compelled, to justify brave words, to put the army on a war footing and the country in a state of defence. At every step their efforts were paralyzed by the want of those ordinary means of communication, the railway and the telegraph. To the advantages of these they had for years been keenly alive; but in deference to the old ladies of the Palace and their advisers, the dolts of the Academy, they had tried to do without them. The occasional reformer and the enterprising foreigner alike lost heart when they were told, even by officials of intelligence, that there was no hurry, and that men are just as happy travelling three miles an hour in a sedan chair as they are hurrying along fifty miles an hour in a train. So long as China drifted in the time-honoured grooves, adherence to the traditions of the past produced no extraordinary inconvenience. The want of roads and the difficulty and tardiness of inland communication were not felt in a country whose people knew nothing better, whose rulers preferred the ills they knew to those which the inventions of barbarian ingenuity might entail, and whose philosophers regarded the decay of public works and the silting up of rivers as the natural evolution of things, which, being sent by heaven, ought not to be interfered with. But last summer there came a time when there was hurry, and when men in sedan chairs were no longer happy. An army of defence had to be collected on short notice to repel an enemy who was at the gates of China. The officials charged with the task strained every nerve to get troops together, but they had the mortification of finding out that by their own folly in willfully shutting their eyes to improvements in other countries, or in refusing to give practical effect to the knowledge they possessed, they had shut the door to their own efforts and energies, and were impotent to utilize the force of men which the rulers of China might have had at their command. The one foreign novelty which they had allowed the introduction of—Chinese steamers of foreign type—was all they had to depend on, while their own antique methods were hopelessly inefficient. It was a bitter lesson.

Although the necessity for these preparations has passed away, there are signs on every hand that the experience gained will bear immediate fruit. I can write, I am happy to say, in a more hopeful strain than at any time during the past ten years, of the probability of a speedy introduction on an extensive scale of both telegraphs and railways. Regarding the former, I wrote last September, that the advisers of the Emperor, giving way to the pressing entreaties of the heads of the provincial Governments intrusted with the national defence, had sanctioned the creation of telegraph lines at once between the capital, Tientsin, and Shanghai, and that his Excellency Li Hung-chang had in consequence set about their construction, and had arranged with the Great Northern Telegraph Company for their working in the first instance. Material is now being imported and poles collected, and there is little doubt before the end of the year these lines will all be in working order. The utility of these for the purposes of Government alone, will be so marked that it does not require any gift of prophecy to foretell that in a very short time the system will be extended to all the great cities of the Empire. To railways, too, the attention of the Government is being earnestly directed by military officers, who have lately learnt that for purposes of defence they are even more useful than torpedoes and big guns. A proposal to connect the capital with Tientsin and the Yangtze by rail has been laid before the Throne by a most trusted general, and having been referred to the Governors-General of Chihli and at Nankin, it has been indorsed by their warm approval. But I hardly think the finances of China will permit her to embark on a scheme so extensive as this. All the money that she can scrape together from her impoverished exchequers or borrow from local banks will be required for the payment of the Russian indemnity. Although the highest figure at which rumour puts this is only 9,900,000 taels, even the raising of this small sum will tax the energies and the borrowing powers of the country. Were China to consent to give the requisite guarantee to Englishmen regarding construction and management, capital in plenty would be forthcoming for railways here. But these guarantees, with the newfangled ideas of sovereignty which diplomatists have furnished China with, and which in their Chinese dress are perilously like the arrogance of superiority, she is certain to refuse, and, without them, the purses of Lombard street will not be opened. However, a railway from Pekin to Tientsin would not be so very costly, and it is now quite probable that the Chinese will be allowed by their paternal Government to set about making it at once.

As far as the central Government is concerned, it should not be forgotten that the influential faction are acting in these matters on motives which had their origin in the fear of an invasion, and it is possible that as the fear is now dispelled, motives and actions may alike disappear. What is certain is that the events of the past few months, affording as they have done a clear

demonstration of the powerlessness of the country to avail itself of its resources for defence on any emergency, have brought mandarins to see that there are some things in earth not dreamt of in their philosophy. The pride of the whole official body has been deeply wounded, and wounded pride, a strong and abiding incentive, is driving Chinese officials who have been for years the most inveterate opponents of railways in this country, not only to unite with merchants in an outspoken desire for the improvement of inland communication by their general introduction, but to press such a reform as immediate on the rulers of the day. Their proposals, if not listened to, will become demands; the Government must inevitably yield; and China will at no distant date, if not immediately, take a new departure.

## ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc d'Aumale has sold his mansion, 129 Faubourg Saint-Honoré, for 2,050,000fr. cash down.

AN exhibition of original designs for Punch by Du Maurier, Keene and others, is now open at the galleries of *L'Art* in Paris. The humor and fun of the British comic journal seem to be fully appreciated by the French, though most Englishmen are unable to appreciate the less-refined wit of the French *Charivari*.

AN echo in Paris from the Vienna wedding festivities relates that at the grand gala dinner the Prince of Wales kept up a lively conversation with Princess Clementine, the youngest daughter of the King of the Belgians, jestingly remarking after a while: "One of these days, Clementine, we shall all come together again to celebrate your wedding." The young Princess blushed and turned abashed to her father. The Prince followed her eye and said, apologetically: "I beg your pardon, Leopold; who knows but she may yet be my daughter-in-law!" To which the King nodded smilingly.

HERE is a toilet seen in the trousseau of Mlle. Henriette de Nerona, who is to marry the Vicomte d'Humieres: a cashmere dress, *chèreuse-dela-reine* collar, with a satin front covered with *ecru* embroidery. A peasant's *fichu* of the same kind of satin trimmed with embroidery done by the hand and passed under the belt. This *fichu* can be changed at will, and replaced by others suitable to the weather. Another costume in *bee-coloured* satin—brown and gold—a coat in *morose* velvet cloth with the tails turned back like the uniform of the *Voltigeurs* of the Republic, and trimmed with cords with steel ends. This is to be worn on cool mornings.

THE Hotel de Ville is gradually emerging from its outer bandages, so to speak, of scaffolding and plaster, and though its advance towards completion is not quite so rapid as might be desired, yet at present the general aspect which the new edifice will bear may be discerned. The monumental staircases are laid out, the iron framework is put up, the roofs are already on, and an army of three hundred sculptors are at work on the multitudinous ornaments and carvings of the façade. The new Hotel de Ville buildings will have a quadrangular form, with a pavilion at each one of the four corners; two other pavilions on the façade, which will then be separated into three even parts; two other pavilions facing towards the Place Lobau, being eight pavilions in all. On the façade of the Avenue Victoria will be a large entrance hall, similar to that on the side of the Caserne Lobau. In the centre will be two courtyards to the right and left, and between these two courtyards, on the first storey, a large covered hall, which will so to speak, be framed in by four staircases leading up to it. The Salle des Fêtes, where will be revived those Hotel de Ville balls which in the former building were so brilliant, will be situated on the side of the Place Lobau. The Prefect of Paris will inhabit that part of the building which "gives" on the quay, while the principal wing of the façade will be assigned to the use of the Municipal Council.

## MISCELLANY.

CONSULATE DECLINED.—No, we are not a candidate for the Consulate at the Bifandovlandloosha Ghalba. We were, we admit that. But, learning that the last Consul was served up on toast at a State dinner, while the one before him was served raw at an informal lunch, we have withdrawn our acceptance of the appointment, in order to relieve President Garfield from complicating appointments, and leave the field clear to an Ohio man.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

IN California they are seeking to limit imprisonment for life to the expectation of life of the culprit, as determined by the tables of mortality in use by life insurance companies. By this mode, is a criminal sentenced to imprisonment for life should live up to the period of expectation, he would be liberated. This would mitigate the life sentence in many cases, and give the unfortunates a chance. It is a novel application of the doctrine of the expectation of life.

WHEN Queen Victoria entertained the late Czar, shortly after the marriage of his daughter

to the Duke of Edinburgh, gold plate to the value of \$10,000,000 was used. Here's where kings and czars have the bulge on editors. If we were to dine with the Queen we don't suppose she would place any more than \$2,500,000 worth of gold plate on the table. But when it comes to free passes for a circus the editor is ahead.—*San Francisco News Letter*.

THE University of Pavia, justly proud of a tradition to the effect that Christopher Columbus studied the art of navigation within its walls, is about to erect a monument in its library to the memory of the great seaman. This monument is to have the shape of a pyramid; a small jar containing some of his ashes will be placed inside, and the mausoleum will bear the following Latin inscription:

"Reliquias hic Christopheri admiræ Columbæ Ignem mundum cui reperisse datum."

IN the Bray Chapel at St. George's Chapel, where the memorial to the late Prince Imperial has just been erected, two figures of angels, sculptured in white marble, have been placed in the niches on each side of the central window of the south wall. The statuettes are about three feet high, and face the recumbent figure of Prince Napoleon, which lies beneath upon the sarcophagus in the centre of the little chapel. The figure on the right clasps a wreath of *immortelles* on its breast, while that on the left holds a skull in its hands. Both statuettes are finely sculptured and greatly improve the appearance of the Bray Chapel.

MR. O'BANNON tells the following story of a Turkish physician:

Called into a case of Typhus, the doctor examined the patient, an upholsterer, prescribed and departed. Passing the house the next day, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master were dead. To his astonishment he learned that he was much better. Indoors he went to learn from the convalescent that being very thirsty, he drank a painful of pickled cabbage juice.

Soon afterward a dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, seized with the same malady, sent for the physician, who forthwith ordered him to take a painful of pickled cabbage juice. The man died next day, and the doctor wrote in his memorandum book the following:

"Although in cases of typhus, pickled cabbage juice is an efficient remedy, it is not to be used unless the patient is by profession an upholsterer."

THEY do order those things better, or at least differently, in China than here, as witness the following extract from the *Pekin Gazette* of March 10th: "The Governor-General of Szechuen solicits the bestowal of a mark of Imperial approbation upon a young lady, 18 years of age, who starved herself to death upon the burial of her betrothed. The deceased died when she was only fourteen years of age, and it was only on the earnest exhortation of her parents that she did not then destroy herself. In deference to their prayers she desisted, but from that time forward she fasted continually, and spent her time in religious exercises. When the remains of her betrothed were about to be removed to their native place, she refused to take any sustenance and died. Honours are also solicited for the other females who have displayed their filial piety by self-mutilation."

DUMAS puts as a financier: One fine morning a shoemaker calls upon him to dun him for a 300-franc bill.

"I haven't any money to-day," says the author.

"No money!" echoes the shoemaker. "That is all very well for you to say, but here I am losing my time running after you. You don't think of that."

"I do," replies Dumas, "and as I don't wish to put you to any further loss on my account, here are 10 francs to pay for your time."

The fierce creditor retires; returns two days later; receives 10 francs for his trouble and loss of time; returns the third morning afterwards and gets 15 (it being a rainy day), and so on.

By punctuality and strict attention to business, the tradesman had received 360 francs from the author of *Monte Cristo* within the next three months, and Dumas' boot-bill remained unpaid.

A GOOD story was told *apropos* of a noble lord who was recently returning from the races. In the adjoining compartment were eight book-makers who, cleaned out by successive failures, were travelling without tickets, hoping by a turn of good luck to escape payment. At last one of them during a stoppage hit upon a brilliant idea. Pulling his cap down over his eyes and buttoning his coat he went to the carriage of the noble lord and his friends, and, assuming an official air, collected all their tickets. These he distributed among his own friends, and on the train reaching London the noble lord had a narrow escape of seeing himself and his friends taken into custody for attempting to defraud the railway company, for despite their assurances the officials declined to believe that anyone had been audacious enough to collect these passengers' tickets. The thing was too absurd. It was only by paying their fare a second time that the noble lord and his friends escaped from the clutches of the railway servants.

WRITES a Paris correspondent: Whether you live at the Barrière d'Enfers, or at the Bati-gnolles, at the Place du Trône, or the Trocadéro, you are pretty sure, towards nine o'clock in the morning, to be aroused by the long-drawn-out "*Ma bott' d'asperg's! Ma bott' d'asperg's!*" which some stout-lunged woman is bawling un-

der your window. One morning, Berton, the director of the Academy of Music in 1768, was startled at hearing the traditional "*Ma bott' d'asperg's!*" sung out, not in the ordinary *re*, but several notes higher. He ran to the window, looked out, and saw and heard a tall, well-built, intelligent-looking country fellow shouting the familiar street-crier. He called him. "Do you know, my boy, that you have a remarkably powerful voice? Are you never tired?" "Tired" ejaculated the vendor of asparagus. "Well, now! Why, it's to unbend a bit that I sing out so loud." "Do you wish to be engaged at the Opera?" "I have no objections." "To-morrow you shall have masters." The humble street crier became the famous Etienne Lainez, who charmed the ladies of 1770 as much as Sel-lier does the ladies of to-day.

THE English House of Commons, it is well known, has an elaborate ritual of the hat, and the other evening the Premier ignored it and came signally to grief. The Chairman of Committee was proceeding in the usual course, at the end of a discussion on the Land Bill, to "put the question," and order the House to be cleared for a division, when the Premier unexpectedly rose in his place and attempted to address the House. All Mr. Gladstone wanted to say was to propound a point of order. But the interposition of the Prime Minister at this unusual period was greeted with shouts from the Opposition, and counter-cries of support from the Ministerial benches. It was not only that Mr. Gladstone was addressing the Committee after its Chairman had already put the question, but he was guilty of the still more dreadful Parliamentary offence of speaking at such a juncture without his hat on. When a division has once been authoritatively ordered, the theory is that the House is no longer sitting, and therefore it behoves honourable members to make any remarks that they wish to utter, to without rising in their places or going through the polite ceremonial of uncovering their heads. Mr. Gladstone's hat, however, was not to be found, and consequently the Premier was some minutes before he could respond to the wishes of the House: when he did rise to speak, he was temporarily arrayed in the head-gear appertaining to Sir Farrer Herschell, Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, and, this being too small for the massive brain of the Premier, the incident naturally created merriment in the House, in which Mr. Gladstone himself joined. The event will probably not become historical, like the great hat scene in the German Parliament some eighteen years back, when the President, Herr von Bochum-Dolfs, threatened the disorderly Von Roon that he would "have his hat brought" to which the Minister of War replied defiantly, "I have nothing in the world to say against your hat being brought," but it shows the innate respect still existing in the House of Commons for those time-honoured customs which have gathered round its most ordinary proceedings.

## HUMOROUS.

WHY are sailors like pugilists?—Because they are at home on the spar.

A MANUFACTURING wire-worker, in an advertisement, invites the public to come and see his wire-fence.

THE inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands have discovered trichina in an American missionary. This is a sad blow at one of the country's leading exports.

CANDID!—He (speaking): "Why should I fear to sip the sweets of each red lip?" She (speaking): "No necessity for alarm at all! I use a vegetable colour which is not poisonous!"—*Punch*.

CONJUGAL.—Monsieur: "Do I make the law in my own house, or do I not? Answer me!" Madame: "Possibly; but nothing shall hinder me from presenting amendments."

A FIRM at Cawnpore has contracted to supply boots for the army. Let us hope that in the making of them the firm will consider the soldier's pore-crowns.

SUCH A PROUD MOMENT, TOO!—Proud father: "Oh—er—I wish to register the birth of a daughter." Registrar: "No, no; you must go back, my boy, and tell your father to come himself!"—*Funny Folks*.

FWED.—"Haw—what do you do with yourself to-night, dear boy?" Algy: "Nothing, and—er—precious little of that. Fact is, these light days get late so awfully early!"

IT was an Oxford student who, on being asked "Who was Egan?" replied: "Egan was a man who wrote fables, and sold his copyright for a mess of potash."

## The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

AGUE and all malarial and biliary complaints are most promptly cured by the great blood cleaning, liver regulating tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters. It acts on the bowels, liver, kidneys and blood. Trial bottles 10 cents.

"CATS ON BOARD."

(A True Story.)

"And why should na I have a cat of my ain, I should like to know? The wee bet thing is just a waif an' I mean to keep it!"

"Deed you'll not then! keep cats to fall overboard and bring bad luck upon us," said the boyish looking steward who with hands deep in trousers pockets and cap tilted over his eyes leaned cross legged against the corner of the saloon of one of our lake steamers.

"It need na fall overboard unless it were helped, an' I'll mind against that!"

"Ha, ha, keep track of a cat among the freight, I guess you'd have your hands full and a fine time of it too. But I am not going to have cats on board so over the thing goes," and the man made a feint to take the cat.

"Don't be in a hurry, John," I mean keep the beastie, and the cannie scots woman hugged the treasure closer while it purred its contentment against her neck.

"It's a beauty any way and it would go hard to drown the wee bet thing."

"One of the men will do it for ye," groaned John.

"An' bring ill luck upon the trip, eh?" and the woman felt she had gained a point in the argument.

"No my honey!" laughed John. "I guess we'll leave it at the next wharf and not risk the luck. I hate cats anyway."

"I don't doubt ye do, but ye might just as well let me keep this bet pussie, it'll no come in your way!"

"Won't it you bet? It will be under my heels all day and squawkin' round my room all night. You just leave it at the sound; it'll find a friend there may be to—drown it," and the man smiled.

"You're jokin' John, I'll keep the cat," and turning away well satisfied with the issue of the discussion, when the door of the state room near opened and the Captain, a dark thin lipped man with his coat buttoned to his chin and soft hat pressed over his brows came out, scarcely looking at them, sententiously remarking.

"No cats allowed on board, Stewardess," passed down the boat.

Scarcely was he out of hearing before the Steward laughed outright at the expression of dismay upon the woman's face, neither had remembered the vicinity of the Captain's room—and were equally annoyed at having the matter so summarily disposed of, for to disobey the command was not to be thought of, so pussie was left at the Sound.

A week or two afterwards amongst a large influx of English emigrants bound for the great North West came a maiden lady who loth to part with her beloved tabbies, had with much trouble and loss brought them to share her home in the new country, and as the fates arranged, part of her journey lay by the steamer upon which cats were forbidden freight; but by judicious tipping the old lady with the connivance of the porter had her five cats smuggled down below. Weary with their long journey over land the steamer had not been two days out before pussies had escaped from their box in search of mice amongst the freight—and one more venturesome than the others showed on deck under the feet of a wheel man who was off duty smoking his pipe on the gangway.

"Hello!" he cried as he spied her. "Here be cats aboard, over ye go, and bad luck go wid' ye!" Suiting the action to the word poor pussy was in a moment battling vainly with the waves.

"Bill you sinner; what did you do that for?" called out one of the hands near. "Ye've brought ill luck on this trip now for shure!"

"Ye might ha' let the beast be," cried another.

"She weren't harmin' ye!"

"I guess ye'll suffer for it!"

"Man but ye're a fool to go throw a cat overboard; where were ye born to know no better nor that!" said another.

With a grunt and muttered oath the delinquent knocked the ash of his pipe and went forward to his post, the men laughing at his discomfort.

The night closed in dark and still, over the broad surface of the lake a great calm lay, no land on either side, each succeeding wave rising in heavy and more sullen swell, that boded a coming storm. Orders were given to close down the hatchways and make all tight for the night. The sky grew darker and darker and ere midnight the storm broke, great flashes of forked lightning roft the inky clouds, deep roars of thunder rolled from end to end of the murky sky, drowning the sound of the rushing rain that fell in torrents on the tossing waves and shaking the boat from stem to stern. Of the sleepless passengers none were more disturbed by the storm than the four remaining tabbies, who also had found their way up from below and in the lulls of the storm told out their woe in long doleful wails that fell upon the luckless wheelman's ear like a cry from another world. Trembling and terrified but unable to leave his post, he tried to close his ears to the awful sounds, the weird yells and haunting cries, great drops stood out upon his forehead as ceasing on our side they were taken up and echoed back in wilder cadence on the other until the very air seemed laden with the wails of the murdered cat. At last the longest watch the man had ever known was ended, and stumbling down into the pantry to his supper before turn-

ing in he vowed that if he lived a hundred years he would never forget it—and as he wiped his forehead swore, "It were the last cat he'd drown you bet!"

OTTAWA.

VARIETIES.

In one of the Portuguese lyrical ballads, which, so far as we know, has never crept into print, a man begins a song half in banter, half in earnest:

It is better to love a dog than to love a woman. For for a piece of gold a woman will leave you to grief, But the affection of a dog is endless.

A woman, who perhaps has had some experience of the imprudence as well as of the voracity of mankind, replies, in ready caricature of the other:

It is better to feed a dog than to feed a man. For with a piece of meat a dog will leave you in peace, But the hunger of a man will last forever.

And the keen sharp-shooting is kept up through a long range of topics, the ball tossed back and forward from one skillful composer to another, and when improvisation fails traditional badinage is remembered and sung with equal gusto.

POND-BASS make very intelligent pets. I once had three hundred of these little fellows, perfectly tame. Down in one corner of the cornfield I found two patent washing-machines, the beds of which were shaped like scow-boats. These old machines were fast going to ruin, and I readily gained permission to use them for whatever purpose I wished; so, with a hatchet, I knocked off the legs and top-gear; then removed a side from each box, and fastened the two together, making a tank about four feet square. The seam, or crack, where the two parts joined, was filled with oakum, and the whole outside was thickly daubed with coal-tar. The tank was then set in a hole dug for that purpose, and the dirt was filled in and packed around the sides. Back of it I piled rocks, and planted ferns in all the cracks and crannies. I also put rocks in the center of the tank, first covering the bottom with sand and gravel. After filling this with water and plants, I put in three hundred little bass, and they soon became so tame that they would follow my finger all around, or would jump out of the water for a bit of meat held between the fingers. Almost any wild creatures will yield to persistent kind treatment, and become tame. Generally, too, they learn to have a sort of trustful affection for their keepers, who, however, to earn the confidence of such friends, should be almost as wise, punctual, and unflinching as good Dame Nature herself.

One of the same bass, which I gave to a friend of mine, lived in an ordinary glass globe for three years. He was a very intelligent fish, but fearfully spiteful and jealous. My friend's mother thought it was lonesome, and so, one day, she brought home a beautiful gold-fish—a little larger than the bass—to keep it company. She put the gold-fish in the globe, and watched the little bass, expecting to see it wonderfully pleased; but the little wretch worked himself into a terrible passion—erected every spine upon his back, glared a moment at the intruder, and then made a dart forward, seized the gold-fish by the abdomen, and shook it as a terrier dog shakes a rat, until the transparent water was glittering all over with a shower of golden scales. As soon as possible, the carp was rescued; but it was too late. He only gasped and died. The vicious little bass swam around and around his globe, biting in his rage at all the floating scales. Ever after he was allowed to live a hermit's life, and he behaved himself well. At last the family went away for a couple of weeks, and when they returned the poor little bass lay dead at the bottom of his globe.

One more incident, and I must close: A certain young enthusiast in aquarium matters, waking suddenly one night, beheld an awful apparition. At one side of the room, in a wavering circle of light, a gaping monster was about to make a mouthful of a wriggling creature as large as a cat. The cause of this strange vision soon appeared. The curtain of the window had not been drawn down all the way, and a street-lamp, shining in, made a sort of combined magic-lantern lens and slide of a glass globe, in which some aquarium pets were quarreling. But the "wiggler" escaped somehow, and no harm was done.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Smdent, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 334.

J. B. Lachline, P. Q.—Correct solution received of Problems Nos. 333 and 334. No 333 is a very beautiful Problem: What of 336?

We learn from the Chess Monthly that the mechanical chessplayer, Mephisto, is again to be one of the attractions of London to the amateurs across the Atlantic. His abode will be 48 Regent street, where he will be ready to receive the challenge of all comers. The last time he appeared in public, a small charge was made for permission to try the skill of the mysterious player, and we suppose the same plan will be carried out on his reappearance. Without attempting to explain the nature of "Mephisto," and the means by which he is able to carry on his mimic warfare, there is no doubt of extraordinary chess power being somewhere at command, and all who are bold enough to contest a game with him, have to do their best whatever their own capability may be.

Is "Mephisto" to be considered a professional player? It is evident that he plays for money, and that as soon as he becomes unattractive, and no longer draws the necessary number of daily visitors, he will disappear from the chess world.

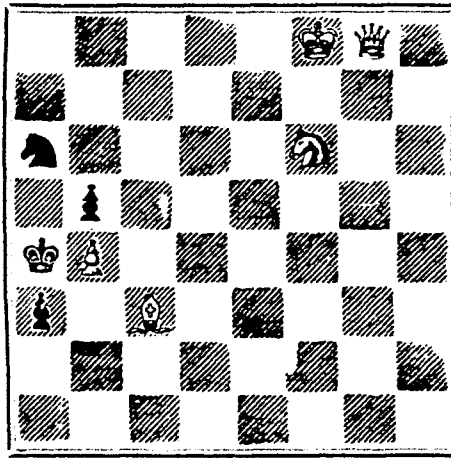
A game with him must at all times be beneficial to the player who is desirous of trying his strength against a strong opponent with a view to improvement, and therefore the trifling charge made will be paid with the greatest readiness.

The Field says with reference to the contest between Blackburne and Zukertort that "though the conditions of the match are not yet signed, we understand that the stakes will be deposited in the course of next week, and the commencement of the contest will be fixed for the earliest subsequent date. As a sign of the wide interest taken in the match amongst lovers of the game abroad who have no opportunity of watching the match personally, and can only become acquainted with the games through the medium of their publication in this country, we may mention that some prominent members of the Paris Cercle des Echecs have offered to back either player, merely for the purpose of facilitating the conclusion of preliminaries. We learn that neither party has accepted their chivalrous and complimentary offer, for Mr Zukertort's stakes were already covered at the time the proposition was made, while Mr Blackburne's subscription list was far advanced."

PROBLEM No. 336.

By C. W. of Sunbury.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 463th.

(From the Adelaide Observer.)

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

The following exciting struggle was conducted by letter a few years ago between the champion lady chess-player of Great Britain, Miss Mary Rudge, of Bristol, and Mr. C. W. Benbow, formerly of Birmingham, but now a resident of Wellington, N.Z.

Two Knights' Defense.

White.—(Miss Rudge.) Black.—(Mr. Benbow.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4 3. Kt to B 3
4. Kt to Kt 5 4. P to Q 4
5. P takes P 5. Kt to Q R 4
6. P to Q 3

B to Kt 5 (ch) is the popular move, but that in the text was sanctioned by Morphy.

- 7. Kt to K B 3 6. P to K R 3
8. K Kt to Q 2 7. P to K 5
Q to K 2 is the correct move.

- 9. P to K B 3 8. B to K Kt 5 (strong)
10. Kt takes P 9. P takes K B P
11. B takes Kt 10. Kt takes P
12. Castles 11. Q takes B
13. K to R 12. B to B 4 (ch)
14. Kt to Q B 3 13. Castles K R
15. Q to K 14. Q to K R 4
16. Kt to K 4 15. K R to K
17. Q to R 4 16. B to Q 3
18. Q takes Q 17. Q to R 4
19. Kt takes B 18. B takes Q
20. B to B 4 19. P takes Kt
20. B to B 4 20. B takes Kt

Mr. Benbow wisely leaves himself with a Kt against the B for the end game, which he continues from this point with great skill.

- 21. R takes B 21. R to K 7
22. R to Q B 22. R to Q B
23. K to Kt 23. Q R takes P
24. R takes R 24. R takes P
25. R to B 2 25. R takes R
26. K takes R 26. P to Q 4
27. K to K 4 27. Kt to E 3
28. P to Q R 3 28. P to K B 4
29. P to K R 4 29. K to B 2
30. P to K R 5 (bad) 30. P to Q 5 (ch)

Well played. Black's fair antagonist has indiscreetly fixed two Pawns on a different colour to the Bishop, and presently pays the penalty.

- 31. K to B 3 31. K to K 3
32. K to K 2 32. Kt to K 2
33. K to B 3 33. Kt to Q 4
34. B to Kt 8 34. P to R 3
35. K to Kt 3 35. Kt to B 3
36. K to R 4 36. Kt to Q 2
37. B to B 7 37. K to Q 4
38. K to Kt 3 38. Kt to B 4

And White resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 334

- 1. Kt at B 5 to Q 6 1. K to B 5 (a)
2. P to K 5 2. Anything
3. Q mates 1. K to Q 5
2. Q to Kt 2 (a) 2. K moves
3. Q or B mates

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 332

- WHITE BLACK.
1. K R to K Kt 7 1. Any
2. Mates acc.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 33.

- White. Black.
K at Q R 7 K at Q R 4
R at R 7 Kt at K 4
B at K B 2 Pawns at Q R 3
Kt at Q 8 Q B 3 and Q Kt 4
Pawn at Q Kt 3

White to play and mate in three moves.

The Burland Lithographic Co. (LIMITED.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of FOUR PER CENT. upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company has been declared for the current Half-Year, payable at the Company's Office, in this City, on and after the 10th Day of July, 1881.

By order of the Board,

G. B. BURLAND,

General Manager.

Montreal, June 24, 1881.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers

AND PUBLISHERS,

3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET, MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

- 12 POWER PRESSES
1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE.
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE.
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,
Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EM-BOSSEING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.
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AND AT MODERATE PRICES

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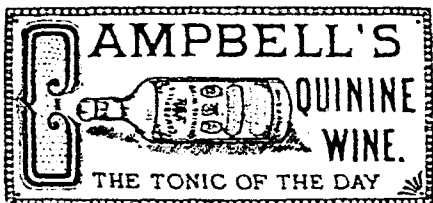
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