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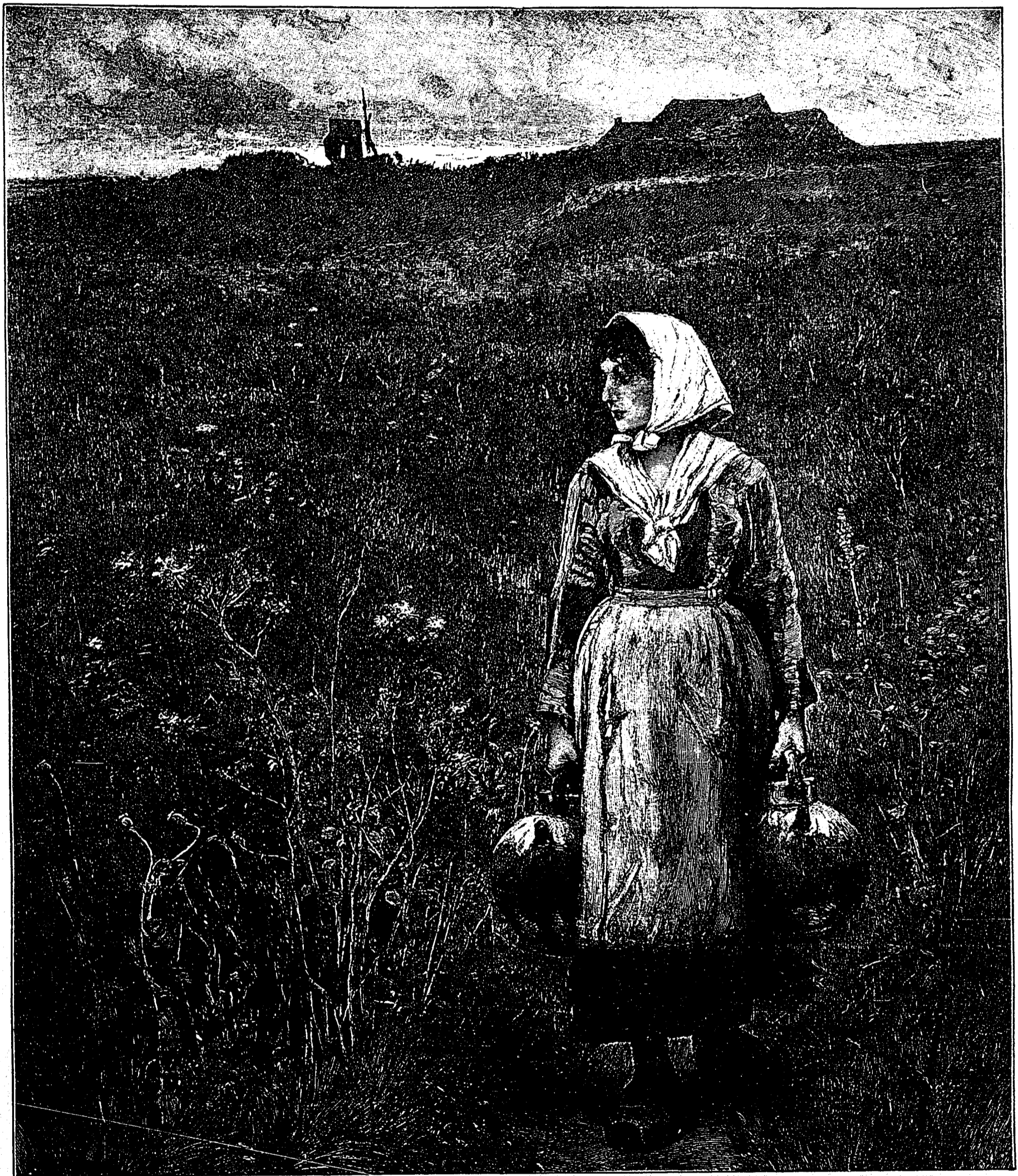
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 8.

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THE WATER CARRIER.

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TEMPERATURE

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

| THE WEEK ENDING | | | Corresponding week, 1882. | | | | |
|------------------|------|------|---------------------------|------------------|------|------|-------|
| Aug. 19th, 1883. | Max. | Min. | Mean. | Aug. 22nd, 1882. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon. | 76 | 64 | 70 | Mon. | 72 | 55 | 63.5 |
| Tues. | 71 | 57 | 64 | Tues. | 75 | 57 | 66 |
| Wed. | 74 | 56 | 65 | Wed. | 79 | 62 | 70.5 |
| Thur. | 74 | 58 | 66 | Thur. | 79 | 64 | 71.5 |
| Fri. | 77 | 61 | 69 | Fri. | 78 | 64 | 71 |
| Sat. | 77 | 66 | 71.5 | Sat. | 68 | 51 | 59.5 |
| Sun. | 79 | 65 | 72 | Sun. | 73 | 52 | 62 |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 25, 1883.

THE WEEK.

CHOLERA is rapidly diminishing in Egypt and all fears of its dissemination in Europe have been dispelled.

CANADA is once more in the first rank. Our team won the honors at Shoeburyness, and bear back the trophy.

THE Republicans are making steady headway in France. Complete returns of voting in the elections for Councils General show a largely increased gain for the Republicans.

THE Count of Chambord had a relapse during the week, and his condition was very critical for a couple of days, but he has since rallied. He is by no means out of danger, however.

THE telegraphers' strike is at an end. The loss has been heavy to the operators, the companies and the public. A little understanding after the battle might perhaps mend the whole trouble.

THE visit of the Ontario Press Association to Montreal, Quebec and the Saguenay district was in every respect satisfactory and must necessarily result in the promotion of mutual understanding and good feeling.

THE Gazette and the Globe have not yet come to agree on the figure of Mr. Mowat's majority in the Ontario Legislature. The latter claims a majority of 12; the former holds that the Ministry will have hardly any votes to spare outside of its own.

THE building of the Canadian Pacific Railway is one of the marvels of the age. No line has been so rapidly or so well constructed. It has now reached Calgary, 850 miles beyond Winnipeg, and that event will be duly celebrated by a notable gathering of railway and other officials.

MR. MACDONALD, the factor of the Cluny estate, is on his way to Canada, sent by Lady Cathcart to visit settlers from her estates and ascertain their condition, with a view of facilitating the settlement in the Dominion of others of her tenants who are able and willing to strike out for themselves and make homes in the North-West.

THE situation in Spain is deepening in gravity; the revolt is both civic and military and directly against the Monarchy.

BY the removal of Admiral Pierre from the command of the Madagascar squadron, and the appointment of M. Waddington, as Minister to the Court of St. James, the Government of the French Republic has taken steps of conciliation that ought to be reciprocated in Great Britain. The two countries are the leaders of civilization and ought to stand by one another.

WHILE our Canadian crop may not prove quite as abundant as was expected, it will be above the average, and we shall have plenty to spare to supply the deficiencies of other countries. The English crop, for instance, is estimated at two million quarters less than that of 1882.

THE progress of religion in the North-West is evidenced from the fact that it has been decided to separate from their respective dioceses such portions of the Diocese of Rupert's Land and the Saskatchewan as were comprised within the district of Assiniboia and form them into a new diocese to be known as the Diocese of Assiniboia.

COLLECTOR ROBERTSON received a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury recently authorizing him to order the inspectors to pass the baggage of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge and his friends without examination. Lord Coleridge is expected to arrive here from England to-day or to-morrow. The compliment of permitting him to escape the annoyance of the customs inspectors is a distinguished one. This privilege is very rarely accorded by the Treasury Department, and can be given only by the personal order of the Secretary himself. The Collector said yesterday that Lord Coleridge is the first traveller upon whom this honor has been bestowed during his term of office.

THE following notice given by N. G. Hill, Police Magistrate of Clifton, Ont., to Captain J. D. Rhodes, deserves to be preserved as a credit to Canadian common sense and humanity. The paper explains itself:—"I see by paragrahs appearing in the newspapers from time to time that you contemplate attempting to swim the Whirlpool Rapids below the Niagara Falls. I beg to notify you and all others that you will not be permitted to carry out your mad project if you attempt to take the water from the Canadian shore. I presume the American authorities will also take precautions to prevent a repetition of the Capt. Webb disaster. From what you are reported to have said about the rapids and your plan of operations, you evidently know nothing about the former. Your attempt to reach your lifeboat as your promise is impossible. To moor one at the point indicated would be far more impracticable than to board a railway train going thirty miles an hour. If humanity would be benefited in any way by the sacrifice of other lives in this kind of experiment it might be well to accept your offering. Capt. Webb was not prevented from taking his fatal swim because no one supposed for a moment that he would actually undertake what was proposed. Now that the result has proved the existence of this new kind of insanity, the Ontario police at this point will see to it that fresh victims of the malady are cared for."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Get married, my boy? Telemachus, come up close and look me right in the eye, and listen to me with both ears. Get married. If you never do another thing in the world, marry. You can't afford it? Your father married on a smaller salary than you are getting now, my boy, and he has eight children, doesn't have to work very hard, and every year he pays a great pile of your little bills that your salary won't cover. And your father was just as good a man at your age as you are now. Certainly you can afford to marry. You can't afford not to. No, I'm not going to quote that tiresome old saying that what will keep one person will keep two, because it won't. A thousand dollar salary won't keep two one thousand dollar people, but it will keep two five hundred dollar people nicely, and that's all you are, just now, my boy. You need not wince or get angry. Let me tell you, a young man who rates in the world as a five hundred dollar man, all the year round,

Monday as well as Saturday, the day after Christmas just as well as the day before; the fifth of July as well as the third, he is going to rate higher every year, until he is a partner almost before he hoped to be bookkeeper. Good reliable five hundred dollar young men are not such a drug in the market as you suppose. You marry, and your wife will bring tact, and love, and skill, and domestic economy that will early double your salary. But you would have to deny yourself many little luxuries and liberties! Certainly you would; or rather you'd willingly give them up for greater luxuries. And you don't want to shoulder the burdens and cares of married life? I see you do not. And I see what you do not realize, perhaps—that all your objections to marriage are mean and selfish. You haven't given one manly reason for not marrying. If you do marry you are going into a world of new cares, new troubles, new embarrassments. You are going to be careful and worried about many things. You are going to be tormented with household cares and perplexities all new and untried to you. You are going to be pestered and bothered and troubled. You will have to walk the floor with ten pounds of baby and a barrel full of colic, when you are nearly crazy for sleep. You will have to tell stories to the children when you want to read. You will have to mend a toy for young Tom when you ought to be writing letters. You will have to stay at home in the evening when you used to go to the club. The baby will rumple your necktie and the other children will trample into your lap with their dusty shoes. Your wife will have so much to do looking after the comfort of her husband and children that she won't be able to play and sing for you every evening, as your sweetheart did. Your time will not be your own, and you will have less leisure and freedom for fishing and shooting excursions, camps in the mountains and yachting trips along the coast, than your bachelor friends of your own age. I admit all this. But then, you will be learning self denial, you will be living for some one else; you will be loving some one better than you love yourself, and more than a thousand fold that compensates for all that you give up.

Why, you want to remain single now, my boy, just because you are selfish. And the longer you stay single the more this selfishness will grow upon you. There are some noble exceptions among bachelors, I know, and some mean ones among married men; and a selfish married man needs killing more than any other man I know, but as a rule—just look around your own friends and see who are the unselfish men; who it is that gives up his seat in a street car to a woman—not a pretty, young girl, but a homely, wrinkled woman in a shabby dress; who is it that heads the charity subscriptions; who pays the largest pew rent; who feeds the beggars; who find work for the tramp; who are the men foremost in unselfish work? I know your young bachelor friends are not stingy. Oh, no. I know Jack Fastboy paid \$570 last week for a new buggy—it is light as a match box and has such a narrow seat that he never can ask a friend to ride with him; and at the same time Dick Slocum, who married your sister Alice five years ago, gave \$250 for the cyclone sufferers. I think the angels laughed all that afternoon, my boy, but I don't think it was because Jack paid \$570 for his new buggy. If you want to shirk the responsibilities of life, my dear boy, you may; if you want to live forty or fifty years longer with no one under the heavens to think about or care for or plan for but yourself, go ahead and do it; you will be the only loser, the world won't miss you nearly so much as you will miss the world; you will have a mean, lonely, selfish, easy time, and, unless you are a rare exception to your class, little children will hate you, and the gods never yet loved any man whom the children disliked.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 23.

THE literary Hungarians who have been feted so brilliantly by the Parisians have asked for their revenge, and, as a consequence, a return visit had been arranged by a number of Parisian literary men.

THE new decoration for *Mérite Agricole* is now being worn by many who seem proud of it. The color of the ribbon is green, and it is mistaken for an Italian order. The cultivators are recipients excluding the cultivators of letters.

THE marriage of the Prince de Valori to Miss Alexina Louise Bouvier, of Philadelphia, will shortly take place, the banns having been published last week. The bride is the sister of the late Mrs. Frank Drexel.

THE Municipality of Paris have voted 3,190 francs to the purchase from the Government of fragments of the Tuileries, to be placed in the Hotel Carnavalet, formerly Madame de Sevigne's residence, and now a museum of Parisian history.

HANDKERCHIEFS are now made to match each toilet. If the dress is of apple-green and dark green combined, the handkerchief must have a centre of the light-green linen and a border of the olive-green. Some new handkerchiefs are cut in an octagon and have the days of the week in each of the seven corners and the name of the owner in the eighth.

MARIANNE'S TRAGEDY.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

"They are all poor things," said Marianne, pushing aside the book. "I'll write a better one myself."

"You'll be lucky if you don't live one, Blue-Rose," called in a voice through the open window. "If ever any one was cut out before hand to make high tragedy of life, it is you."

The young girl turned and glanced over her shoulder, making a pretty, mocking gesture.

"Prophet! what makes you prophesy that?" she said, demurely.

"Many things compel me." Aubrey Lynn sat down on the low carved oak sill of the window, and, taking his hat off, disclosed the pale harmony of fair, close-cut curling hair, straight features, and waving beard—the greatest contrast to that girl-face opposite him, rich with soft olive color, broad velvet cheeks, and hair and eyes purplish in blue-black hue.

For sake of that rich color Aubrey Lynn had named his cousin, when first he saw her, the Blue Rose.

"The bold originality of your ideas, my Blue Rose," he went on, "and the vigor with which you express some astonishing sentiments lead me to conclude that, if possible, you will make a mess of your life; it will be all high tragedy, with yourself in the leading part. You will likewise make enemies. But of that hereafter."

The young girl leaned back in her chair, lifted her soft, dusky arms above her head. She clasped her hands, smiling meditatively.

"I don't see how one can make a tragedy of life in these days, my cousin Aubrey," she said.

"Where are the materials to be got from? The men are poor things; they smoke and try to make money—they smoke always. It is disgusting. If you ask a man to do you a service he stops first to fling away a cigarette; the women—" she paused and looked about her as if in search of some brilliant idea hiding thereabouts, but her search was evidently not successful. "The women—are poor things, too," she finished tamely.

"I wish you would not call me your cousin," was Aubrey's sole, angry response.

"Why do you call me Blue Rose? You know how I detest the name," was the girl's retort.

"Will you compromise," he asked, eagerly.

"If I give up Blue Rose, will you promise never to say Cousin again. You know we are not cousins, really—only third or fourth, and that this red line counts nothing. For purposes of consanguinity it was worn thinner than water long ago."

"Ah, well! what does it matter whether the degree is first or third, if we only feel like cousins." The beautiful gold-brown creature fixed, with a tantalizing smile, her velvety eyes on her companion. One might have fancied she took strange pleasure in tormenting him—there were piercing stings veiled in her soft manner.

"Brother and sister could not care for each other more than we do, you know," she finished.

Aubrey gazed at her with baffled eyes. He was helpless in her hands. But presently he burst out:

"If you call me 'cousin' I never will answer you, Marianne—never. I—I hate it. I—I don't wish to be related to anybody. I detest relationships of all sorts."

He stopped. The door beyond, opening into a lofty hall, swung back, and a new comer entered on the scene. The intruder was a man, older than the others, with a face that, clear-cut as out of yellow ivory, would nevertheless have been plain but for its look of power and for the flashing brilliancy of the great deep black eyes.

"What is the trouble, now?" asked a new voice—but what a voice. A high-hung bell cutting wintry air may have such a sweet, clear, piercing sound. "Are you wrangling, you two?"

"It's not a quarrel yet," With rather a quelled air the gypsy turned away, gathering up her fancies. "What do you think, Jasper; here if Aubrey disclaiming me as a cousin; he thinks any tawny stain shows poorly against his blue blood."

Jasper Radcliffe fixed those luminous eyes of his, with no smile in their flash, on Marianne's face.

"Oh, indeed; but you can wait for revenge when it is your lot to cast him off."

He walked up to Aubrey, putting a gentle hand on the youth's shoulder. There was genuine love in his eyes, making them beautiful as a woman's now.

"Come, old fellow, I want your company. I've an invitation down to Creedmoor to the shooting-match. It includes you; so we must keep to our practice. Suppose we try a bout now?"

Aubrey got up readily enough, but he looked at Marianne. She did not so much as glance that way, but there was recentfulness as well as tears in the large, dark gaze she fixed on Jasper, who passed out without so much as a glance at her.

The house belonging to the estate known as Redvale, where these people dwell, was built high; it overlooked all the country about in that wild Kaatskill region. It was an old-style house, framed in harmony with its surroundings, with gables and carved porches and lattice casements.

A place where beauty might act its life-drama out and ever feel at home.

It was late when the gentlemen came in. The sun was going down in billows of flowing color.

There was no sound about save the sound of dumb life in the woods, and of the wind and cascades in the dell.

Marianne was passing through the hall on her way up to her room when the two hunters entered. They looked black and tired—Jasper the more so, it apparently being his custom to try "ornamental shooting"—such as lying on his back and trying to shoot over his shoulder. The girl surveyed them with curling lips.

"Noble creatures!" she murmured. "I trust you have had good sport. I trust you have killed something."

Aubrey laughed, but Jasper returned her look steadily.

"Nothing but wild things, Marianne—nothing of consequence. We haven't tried our hand on anything human—anything worth the name yet."

Aubrey stared, but the girl passed on without reply, with flashing cheek. Her thoughts were busy.

"He is too sure. He needs humbling," she said to herself. "He needs being 'brought down.'"

She was late when she entered the room where they were assembled for dinner, but she was beautiful. She wore a dress of emerald green velvet, its scant folds clinging so close that her tall, slim figure seemed serpent-like in its lithe movements. In the high coils of her backward-brushed hair were two small, blood red poppies.

Aubrey looked and opened his soft, blue eyes. "Saints above! how resplendent we are tonight!" he exclaimed.

He looked again, this time more examiningly. "The dress is beautiful, Marianne; but the poppies. I don't quite fancy the poppies. Why do you wear them? There are prettier flowers in abundance I could get for you."

"Oh, I like them," answered Marianne, with a queer smile. "The poppies suit me."

"They ought to suit you, surely," said Jasper, who had sauntered up to where the two stood on the hearth-rug. "Poppies stupefy, and they can kill, if you want their service."

Fortunately, at this moment the servant announced dinner. Mrs. Lynn being a lady to whom decorum was the salt of life, wrangling before her was out of the question. They took their places at table—Aubrey opposite his mother—the other two facing each other. Marianne had not spoken again, but her blood was fiery. She had felt the sting in Jasper's soft words. The dart of keen fury was still piercing her.

"I will stupefy him," was her thought. She knows her beauty well. "He thinks he is sure. I will stupefy him."

After dinner Aubrey asked if coffee might be sent to the room—called the library, because there was a billiard-table in it. He had some "work" to do. And it was thither that fate, in the course of the evening, directed Mrs. Lynn's aimless step. She would "see what the young folks were about." Once inside the door, she stopped still, staring in angry surprise.

For the Blue Rose was smoking; she stood watching the young men at a game of billiards. They were smoking, which was nothing; but a cigarette was in Marianne's lips.

"Marianne smoking!" cried the angry lady. "Is it possible—smoking?"

"Yes, Aunt Laura," said the culprit. "I like a cigarette after dinner. I think it is good for the stomach."

Mrs. Lynn, silent with exasperation, was meditating what next to say, when Aubrey interferred.

"Mother is right, Marianne," he said, eagerly. "It is not nice to see you smoke."

"But you smoke," said the siren. "Why should not I, if I like? It is great fun to make the cigarettes."

"Why do you interfere, Aubrey?" now said another voice—a voice that cut across the talk of the other two like cold, keen steel. "Why should I not Marianne smoke if she chooses? All the women—of a certain stamp—smoke. Lovely lips! Tobacco lends a charm to them. Be wise and interfere not."

"How you two are always wrangling," said Aubrey, pettishly. "It is not possible for you to agree about anything? It is confoundedly unpleasant for those who have to hear it."

Marianne had turned white after her first crimson flush of rage. She stood with clenched hands.

"He does it purposely. He is always putting me in the wrong. He likes to hurt me. And it is always about you—you! If it were not for you we should be friends."

She turned and darted out of the room, leaving Aubrey standing, stricken helpless by her poisoned words.

This passed away. A few days after Aubrey came in bearing a package. He unfolded it from many wrappings, revealing at last a statue, a pretty boy, some ten or twelve inches in height. "Is it not a beauty?" he said, to Marianne. "See how he laughs—and that wreath falling from his curls. Isn't he a jolly little fellow?"

"What is it meant for?" asked Marianne, looking.

"Don't you see? It's a Love."

"But it has no wings—it's a crippled Love?" The artist had purposely given it the appearance of wings that had been broken close off by the shoulders. Love with wings broken and gone would be better, perhaps, than with wings crippled and trailing in the dust.

"Don't you like him. I got it purposely for you," said Aubrey, turning to the young girl with some timidity. "Perhaps his wings will grow again."

"Oh, but I don't care about him," said Marianne, with indifference. "The house is full of such things already. One can't stir in this room now without knocking something over."

She turned her shoulder. Aubrey's handsome face flushed with mortified feeling. Then Jasper spoke.

"Poor fellow! Give him to me, Aubrey. I like such things. He shall have the place of honor in my room—over the mounted stag's-head."

"No, no! If you are going to hide him away up there, I will take him. At least, he will make a variety. I will find room for him, Aubrey, said Marianne, eagerly.

"Do; he will serve for a symbol," was Jasper's low-voiced comment. "He is Love, but he has no wings. He will grovel for ever on the earth. He will never soar."

Marianne looked her enemy steadily in the face. She patte! the Cupid on the back. "Poor little fellow! He's been caught in bad company; some cruel hunter has made a target of him and torn away his wings. I shall heal him."

And Jasper was silent, not quite perceiving what her smile meant.

And after this there was a change in the mental attitude of these people—apparently a change. If the dominant wish of Jasper Radcliffe's heart had been to make himself pleasing in Marianne's eye, he could not have rendered her more subtle homage—he could not have instilled more delicate flattery into every look and speech. If, too, there was a barb sheathed now in his suave words, the sweetest rose-and lily essence smothered its keen sting.

It would seem that all his time, all his thoughts, were hers, to be used for her pleasure.

"You and Jasper are great friends now, are you not, Marianne?" said Aubrey, one day, when Jasper had brought her the latest book of the season from the city. It might be noticed that he had never called her the "Blue Rose" since that day when she had protested so vigorously against the term.

"Oh, yes, great friends—the best of friends," answered Marianne, readily. "Are you not glad?"

"Yes, I suppose so," said Aubrey, slowly. "Don't you think it nice—don't you think it much better to be friends than enemies?"

asked the girl, pursuing the theme. If Aubrey's eyes had not yet discovered the dark form hidden by the hangings dropped over the western-looking window, she at least knew it was there. And it was to Jasper's ears she was speaking.

"Yes," once more says Aubrey, slowly. "I do think it's nicer to be friends; but, hang me, if I do think Jasper is quite your friend, Marianne!"

Then he colored up hotly, feeling that he had been traitorous to his friend. For of this thing he was sure, Jasper was a friend to him.

"I mean—you know, I mean to say, Jasper is the best fellow in all the world; the kindest, the strongest-hearted—one who would stand by a fellow to the death. But, somehow, for all your soft words and looks, I don't quite believe in his good will to you. And you know, Marianne, I'm fond of you."

The brave fellow's voice faltered; he could get no further. He loved both of these two so well; but Marianne, lifting her eyebrows scornfully, turned away.

"Aubrey," said Jasper, that evening, when the two young men were alone together, "I have been thinking why don't you go abroad?"

Aubrey, who had been fidgeting up and down the room, started with surprise. "Go abroad?" he repeated—"for what purpose?"

"For many purposes; for change, for amusement, to make something of your life."

"My life is well enough here," said Aubrey, coldly.

"And, then, the distinction," pursued Jasper, not heeding. "When a man occupies a special post—when he has responsibilities and commands others—he cuts a sharper outline against the world. Women, and men, too, like that."

Aubrey's eyes kindled; his color rose. *Would Marianne like it for him?*

"And you are lucky enough to have relations who can get you any post abroad," finished Jasper, tossing back a rolling ember on the hearth.

Aubrey did not speak at once; his thoughts were busy. To get a fine position under the Government, abroad—in London, Berlin, in Rome—to take Marianne with him, his wife. To make her happy, and let the world see all her wondrous grace of charm and beauty! Why, he wondered he had not thought of it before. And, too, once Marianne was his wife, Jasper could not help but like her. This strange animosity would die, and the two beings he cared most for on earth, besides his mother, would be friends.

"I'll do it," he cried. "I'll set about it at once. It is a glorious plan." He put a loving hand on Jasper's shoulder, "Your plan, old fellow, too."

After that his days were dreams of glory. And he had not long to wait, as such things go. Once his name and claim presented, then followed a good deal of "wiring." He had on his mother's side a powerful Southern influence to back him. He was young, wealthy, handsome. There was a vacancy abroad—in a word, he was successful.

"And you shall go with me, Jasper, he insisted. "This is your work. You shall have a holiday and accompany me. Then what a lever you will have, hunting up odd things."

He got up, walking back and forth through the long room, imagining things, while Jasper listened.

"I can fancy you, Jasper, early and late, exploring out-of-the-way unknown picture shops. You will smell deliciously of old rags and turpentine. You will haunt the stalls for old books, old manuscripts. What a fever you were in when you found that bundle of yellow old letters up in our garret. How you looked!"

Jasper Radcliffe could not, one might have thought, have looked much more death-like reading the old letters than he did now.

"Yes," he said, slowly, "it was a shock-reading those. They were like flashes of lightning from my dead father's soul. They were written to one woman—poems of passion, each word weighing like gold."

A sort of pale illumination transfigured his face. His eyes gleamed with light, under which was darkness.

"My dear fellow," said Aubrey, putting an affectionate hand on the other man's shoulder, "you are tired out. I happen to know you haven't slept much for two nights. Burns tells me you wander through the grounds. You are killing yourself. Come, now, don't think of those things so much."

"Oh, I shall sleep to-night. I shall take enough chloral to insure that, and as for not thinking, why, sometimes I wake at dead of night roused by that pant of pleading passion in those letters. He pleads for very life as well as for his happiness at his false love's hands. Pauline! Pauline!"

"Was that the woman's name?" asked Aubrey.

"Pauline! Pauline! Can you not hear it? Why, a heart-choil snaps at each word."

He was getting wilder. But just then a hand put aside the curtains of the window—a flower-wreathed head, dark but bright as Love itself, appeared.

"Who is calling Pauline? That was my mother's name," said Marianne, looking in. "How will you look? May I come in? Are you quarreling?"

She leaned against the sash, like some flower of dark tropic bloom, hiding a poisonous blood.

"Oh, yes, come in," exclaimed Aubrey; but Jasper, dark and wild and angry, flung a lightning glance towards her, and then walked swiftly from the room.

"Why, how strange he looks!" exclaimed the frightened girl. "Is anything the matter with him?"

"He is only a little restless. He has been working rather hard for me in this matter, and is tired out," was Aubrey's answer, given a little at random.

"Do you think—do you suppose he is—that he will be like—like his father?" whispered Marianne, shrieking closer to him. "You know he put an end to his life."

"I know," said Aubrey, who was beginning to untangle some threads of memory. "But he suif red early in life from an unhappy love; he never was the same after it. Jasper is all right."

"Of course he never will suffer from that cause," was the girl's answer, tossing her head saucily.

"Don't think of it. I'll look him up presently," was Aubrey's hasty reply. He was not quite satisfied that Jasper was "all right," after all. "You know he always has these wild moods after working hard by day and not sleeping of nights."

But later, at dusk, when he sought Jasper, his friend was not to be found. Burns had seen him "prowling about in grounds, looking quite ill." Aubrey himself, feeling quite "used up," went to Jasper's room. It was warm and still, with one wide set, uncurtained window through which stars and moonlight streamed. At the far end was a desk, partly shaded by a rich hanging drapery from his view of the room.

Aubrey flung himself into the easy chair before the desk. A carafe holding iced water stood there, and a half-filled glass. He was thirsty and glad of the water. So he emptied the half-filled glass at one swallow. Then he filled it from the carafe and drank it again.

"I'll wait till Jasper comes up," then said Aubrey, leaning comfortably back in his chair.

Time swept on. Star and moon stilled through the clear stillness shone a id watched solemnly. How calm the night grew. No sound, no stir.

Did angels watch there, looking down, waiting? Jasper, coming in with softened tread, crossed the room and flung himself down on the floor prone by the open casement. His mood had softened with the softening hour. It was at such times as this that his young mother had drawn him to her knee and told him stories of the far Bible-world that haunted him even now.

He could hear her soft voice, he could see the soft flush of her cheek; she had been the angel of his darkened home in that sad youth of his when he remembered his father's presence as always something baleful, terrifying!

"Mother, mother!" he sobbed. "I will believe! You are an angel now; and there has been one good woman in the world, for you have been here. Oh, help me now—help me!"

He grew calmer. The wild fire in him died down the solace of sweet, falling tears was his. And then the strange stillness in the room seized on him, and a great awe fell about him as a mantle might, oppressing him. He could not tell how late the night was, but more than one hour had passed while he wept there.

"I'll take a few drops of the chloral now," was his thought. "Careless! I must have left it all standing there in the tumbler."

He rose and pulled the curtain by the desk aside. He stopped, stood there and looked. He could not cry out, for he had no voice with which to speak.

It was the vigil of the dead Jasper had kept.

The dead! the dead! the dead!

Who shall bury them out of sight? Where is the soil deep enough to cover them from our eyes? Where is the space so wide the sound of lamentation cannot pierce and wake no sound but echo?

"I hear not the voice of my love! I sit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears."

Jasper was ready to go; such few possessions as he wished to take with him he had gotten together. He could have carried them in a knotted handkerchief in his hand—memorials of the dead—priceless!

He was stealing silently across the grounds, when out of the stillness of a sudden Marianne's figure, clothed in black, rose; Marianne's sad eyes fronted him. A long shudder shook Jasper from head to foot; he shrank back, speechless.

"So you are going?" she said, sadly. "After all the trouble, after the ruin you have wrought, you go like this?"

He was silent; not so she. Her words ran on like flame.

"It was your work; you did it—you! But for you he would be here with us now. You thought he loved me—you came between us with gibes, with mockery of me. I did not love him, but I would have been as a sister to him always, and made him care for me as such; only you meddled—you meddled to his harm."

Jasper found tongue at length to break through this wild inconsequent flow of resentful speech. He took a step forward.

"Hush!" he cried angrily. "You are saying things you will be sorry for. You go too far."

"Too far?" Her scornful laugh was like flame in Jasper's ears. "How far did you go, Jasper? Did you care when you came between us—him and me? True, I did not love him, but you meant to harm me. Always you worked to harm me in his good, true mind. Why did you? You hated me always. Why did you hate me, Jasper?"

Her eyes were soft with tears now; their fire dead. Old letters—letters written by a hand dead and dust now—speak, "Answer this question, why did you hate me, Jasper? Then you planned to take him away, and you made me believe—oh, it was wicked—wicked—you used soft words and looks—you looked promises you would not speak—you swore oaths in your glances that your lips did not dare make, falsely. Jasper—Jasper!"

He stood stricken—a new fire about him, torturing and kindled by his own hands. Suddenly he stirred as a man out of a trance might, looking up.

"Oh, just God!" he cried. "I never once dreamed of this. I never even thought of this, that you loved me—me! I never thought that, God knows."

Her face was dropped into her hands now. Large tears rolled from her tight-clasped fingers, dropping to the leaves where their feet stood. Jasper hesitated a moment; he looked about him—around—above—helpless! He pitied her with all his strong being, he pitied her, knowing what he knew—what was in store for her—but he would give her her choice.

"If you love me, Marianne, if you dare be my wife, then come with me."

She turned pale, but her dark eyes flashed sweet and clear of sorrowing tears once more.

"I am going," said Jasper, again. "If you dare to be my wife come—come now!"

"As we are?" she faltered.

His look hardened. "I am Cain! What is there in the place I could take—or you? The world lies before us. Come!"

Still she glanced backwards. Here was life, soft with ease, sweet with luxury, shut in from care and riotous ways, graceful and bright, made soft to tired feet and grateful to harrowed ears. Still, robbed of his presence what would even this luxury be? She loved him.

"I will go." She burst into sobs. "I am a most unhappy woman, more sinned against than sinning, Jasper. And you do not love me?"

He did not answer. He pulled her shawl up more closely about her shoulders.

"Come!" he said, simply.

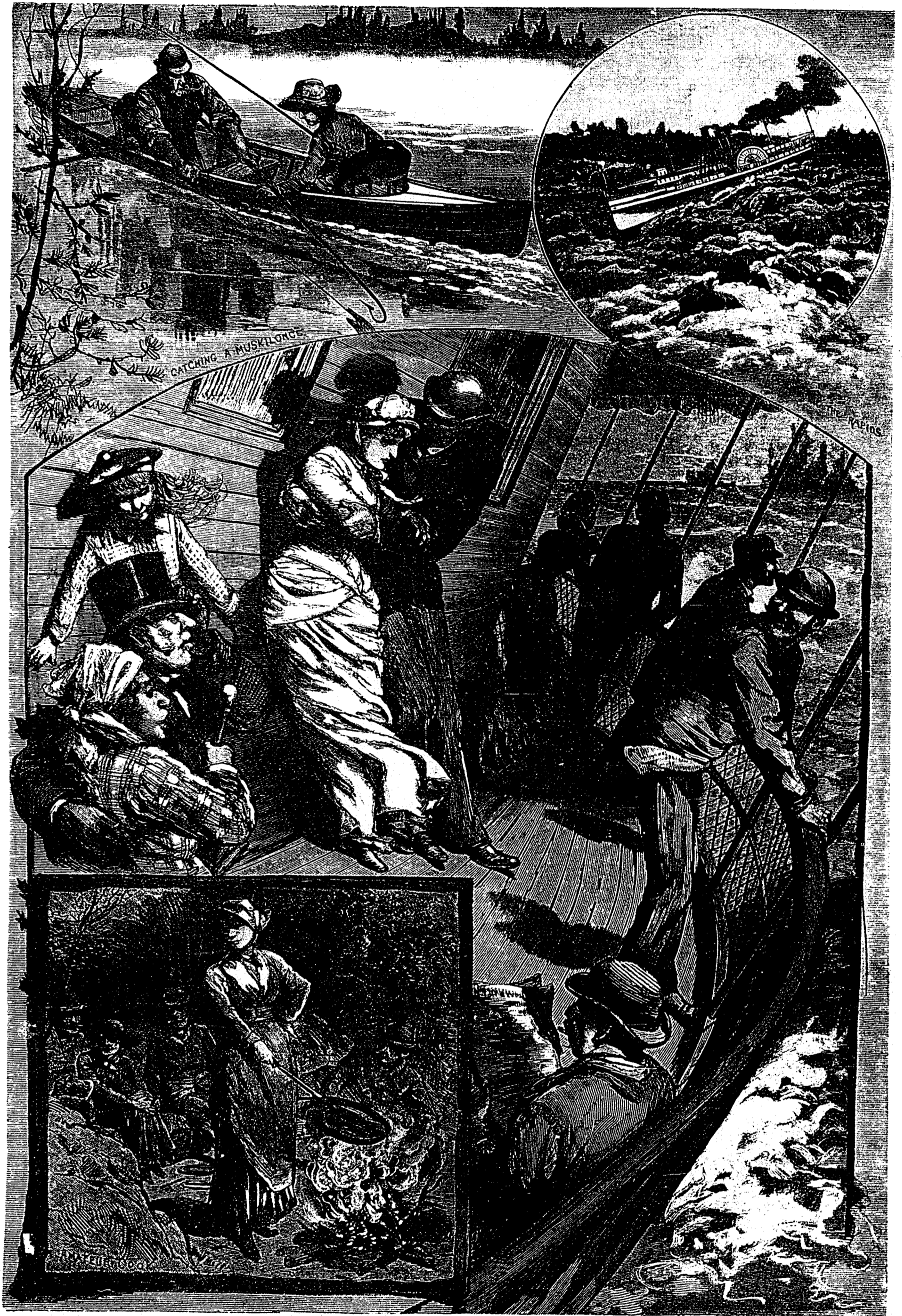
And they went away together.

ONE who finds out little piquant matters relative to London antiquities points to Debenham House in Hammersmith, and tells us to make a note of it, as it is one of those old-fashioned houses to be talked about on account of its former illustrious residents. No other house in London, he says, could boast such a succession of great players for its occupants. It appears that Mrs. Siddons lived there, as did the Kembles, and the Keans, Mr. Charles Mathews, Mrs. Waylett, and Madame Vestris. The house was an old one when Mrs. Siddons took it. Her successors have become occupants perhaps as much on account of the traditions of the house as because of its intrinsic convenience and its surroundings, which have been very pleasant.

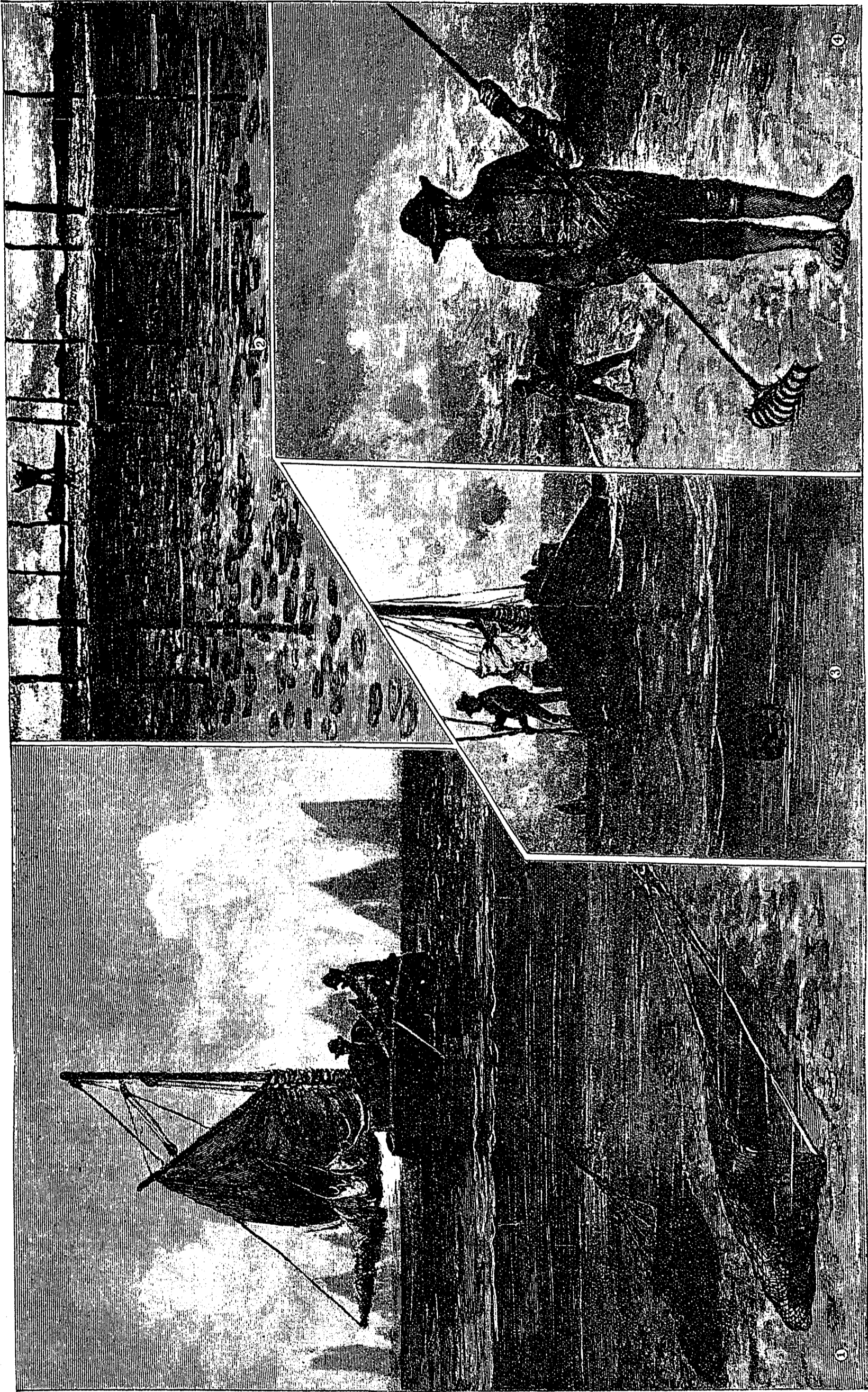
SILVER CREEK, N. Y., Feby. 6, 1880.

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

W. H. WELLER.



ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.—SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.



1. Dredging. 2. Oyster Lot. 3. TONGING CLAMS. 4. CLAMMER.

OYSTER AND CLAM FISHERIES.

WHAT WILL MOTHER SAY?

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

What will mother say, my boy?
 What will mother say,
 When she hears of evil deeds
 You have done to-day?
 All her hopes and plans for you
 Blighted at a breath!
 Honor scorned and virtue lost:
 This is worse than death!

Tearfully she thought of you:
 Prayerfully she kept
 Vigils through the solemn hours
 When all others slept,
 When she learns how heartlessly
 You have turned away
 From her loving counsels, oh!
 What will mother say?

Other sons might be misled,
 Every way pursue;
 Undisturbed the confidence
 She reposed in you,
 When she finds how cruelly
 You this trust betray,
 Blinding and deceiving her
 What will mother say?

When she comprehends the truth
 Long she's been deceived!
 When she cannot fail to see
 How she's been deceived:
 When the idol Love had thronged
 Proves 'twas coarseness play;
 All unworthy such a reward—
 What will mother say?

Ere you wander from her side
 Into paths of shame:
 Ere you sacrifice your pride,
 In a virtuous name:
 Ere you follow after those
 Urging you astray,
 Heed the voice that whispers now:
 "What will mother say?"

A SILHOUETTE.

It was the second day of Lucy Coyt's journey from home. For years she had looked forward to the time when she should set out to earn her living in that mysterious "South" which, before the war, was like a foreign land to most Northern women. At that time families of the class to which Lucy belonged trained their clever daughters as teachers to go to the cotton States, precisely as they now fit their sons to go to Colorado or Dakota. In any case they would do better than at home, and they might open up a gold mine in the shape of a rich widower or susceptible young planter. Two or three of Miss Coyt's classmates had disappeared victoriously in this way. She fancied them as reigning over a legion of slaves, and adored by a swarthy, fiery Don Furioso; and naturally the possibility of such a fate for herself glimmered hazily in the distance. Though, of course, it was wrong to hold slaves; at least, she was feebly confident that was her belief ever since David Pettit had talked to her about it the other evening. The Reverend David had brought some queer new notions back with him from the theological school.

"He'll wait a long time for a call in our Synod if they suspect he's an abolitionist," thought Lucy as the train whizzed swiftly on. "I wish I'd given him a hint; though he wouldn't have taken it. Dave was a nice sort of a girl-boy when he used to help me skim the cream. But he has grown real coarse and conceited, with his white cravat and radical talk." She drew a book from her bag which he had slipped into her hand just as the stage was starting. "*Imitation of Christ!*" eying the cross on the back suspiciously. "It reads like sound doctrine enough. But Dave will have to be on his guard. If he brings any papistical notions into our Synod, his chance for a call is over."

She leaned back, uneasily feeling that if she could have staid and watched him, poor Miss Daisy (as the Fairview boys used to call him) would have had a better chance, when the train suddenly stopped. Miss Coyt had been expecting adventures ever since they started. Now they had begun. The train (she was on a railway in Lower Virginia) was rushing across a trestle bridge, when, with a shrill screech of steam, it stopped. Half of the men in the car crowded to the door, where a brakeman stood barring the way.

"Run over a cow?"

"No. Hush-h! Don't skeer the ladies!" Miss Coyt laughed to herself. Jake Carr, the brakeman on the Fairview road, would have thrust his head in and yelled, "Keep your seats, gents!" These Southerners were ridiculously gentle and soft whenever they came near a woman. This brakeman was mild-mannered enough to have kept sheep in Arcadia. It was plain that Fairview was many hundred miles back; this was a different world. Lucy's quick eyes had noted all the differences, although she was miserably abashed by the crowd—so abashed, indeed, that she had been parched with thirst since morning, and could not summon courage to go to the water-cooler for a drink.

Looking out of the window, she saw on the bank below the bridge a hunched heap of gray flannel and yellow calico. The men from the train ran toward it. "Something's wrong. I'd better take tight hold at once," thought Miss Coyt. She took her purse out of her bag and put it in her pocket, lest there might be a thief in the car, and then hurried out after the men. She had a very low opinion of the intelligence of men in any emergency. At home, she always had pulled the whole household of father and brothers along. She was the little steam-tug; they the heavy scows, dragged unwillingly forward.

She reached the quivering heap on the bank. It was a woman. Miss Coyt straightened the clothes, knelt down and lifted her head. The gray hair was clotted with blood. "Why, she's old! Her hair's white!" cried Lucy, excitedly, catching the head up to her breast. "Oh dear! oh dear!"

"It's old Mis' Crocker!" said a train man. "Yon's her cabin down on the branch. I see her on the bridge, 'n' she heerd the train comin' 'n' she jumped, 'n'—"

"Don't stand there chattering. Go for a doctor!" said Miss Coyt.

"I am a doctor," said one of the passengers, quietly, stooping to examine the woman. "She is not dead. Not much hurt. An arm broken."

The men carried Mrs. Crocker to her cabin. She had caught Lucy's hand, and so led her along. The other women craned their necks out of the car watching her. They were just as sorry as Lucy, but they were in the habit of leaving great emergencies in the hands of men.

"What can that bold gyarl do?" they said. "The gentlemen will attend to it."

The men, having seen Mrs. Crocker open her eyes, straggled back to the train.

"Time's up, doctor!" shouted the conductor. "Express is due in two minutes."

The doctor was leisurely cutting away Mrs. Crocker's flannel sleeve. "I shall want bandages," he said, without looking up. Lucy looked about the bare little cabin, half drew out her handkerchief, and put it back. It was one of her half-dozen newest and best. Then she espied a pillow cover, and tore it into strips. The doctor pressed the arm as composurely as if the day was before him. Miss Coyt kept her eye on the puffing engine. All the clothes she had in the world were in her trunk on that train. What intolerable dawdlers these Southerners were! There! They were going! She could not leave the woman— But her clothes!

There was a chorus of shouts from the train, a puff of steam, and then the long line of cars shot through the hills, leaving but a wisp of smoke clinging to the closing forest. The doctor fastened his last bandage. Miss Coyt, with a choking noise in her throat, rushed to the door. The doctor looked at his companion for the first time. Then he quickly took off his hat, and came up to her with that subtle air of homage which sets the man in that region so thoroughly apart from the woman.

"I beg of you not to be alarmed," he said.

"But they are gone!"

"You have your ticket? There will be another train before night, and you will find your baggage awaiting you at Abingdon."

"Oh, thank you!" gasped Lucy, suddenly ashamed of her tear-dabbled face. "It was very silly in me. But I never travelled alone before."

The doctor had always supposed Northern women to be as little afflicted with timidity as life-insurance agents. His calm eyes rested an instant on Miss Coyt as he folded his pocket-book. "It was my fault that you were detained, madam," he said. "If you will permit me, I will look after your baggage when we reach Abingdon."

Lucy thanked him again, and turned to help Mrs. Crocker, who was struggling to her feet. How lucky she was to meet this good-natured, fatherly doctor in this adventure! It might have been some conceited young man. The doctor, too, was of a very different human species from the ox-like Fairview farmers whom she had left behind, or neat, thin-blooded Davy Pettit. Miss Coyt had known no other men than these. But in the intervals of pie-making and milking on the farm she had gone to the Fairview Female Seminary, and had read Barlyle, and the Autocrat in the Atlantic, and "Beauties of German Authors"; and so felt herself an expert in human nature, and quite fitted to criticise any new types which the South might offer to her.

Mrs. Crocker went out to the doctor, who was sitting on the log which served as a step. She looked at the bridge.

"Powerful big tall thet wur," she said, complacently. "There's not another woman in Wythe County as could hev done it atthout breakin' her neck."

"Ah, you've twenty good years of life in you yet, mother," he said, good humoredly, glancing at her muscular limbs and skin, tanned to a fine leather-color by wind and sun.

"Oh, I'm tough enough. Brought up eleven children right hyar on the branch. All gone—dead or married. I helped build this hyar house with my own hands twelve years ago. What d'y'e think o' thet corn?" Ploughed and hoed every hill of it."

"It's outrageous!" said Lucy, authoritatively. "At your age a woman's children should support her. I would advise you to give up the house at once, divide the year among them, and rest."

"No, missy; I never war one for jauntin' round. Once, when I wur a gyarl, I wur at Marion. But I wur born right hyar on the branch seventy year back, 'n' I reckon I'll make an eend on't hyar."

"Seventy years!—here!" thought Lucy. Her eyes wandered over the gorge lined with corn, the pig-pen, the unchinked, dirty cabin. The doctor watched her expressive face with an amused smile. Mrs. Crocker went in to stir the fire.

"Better, you think, not to live at all!" he replied to her looks.

"I do not call it living," she said, promptly.

"I've seen it often on farms. Droppin' corn and eating it; feeding pigs and children until both were big enough to be sent away; and that

for seventy years! It is no better life than that fat worm's there beside you."

The doctor laughed, and lazily put down his hand that the worm might crawl over it. "Poor old woman! Poor worm!" he said. "There is nothing as merciless as a woman—like you," hesitating, but not looking up. "She would leave nothing alive that was not young and beautiful and supreme as herself. You should consider. The world was not made for the royal family alone. You must leave room in it for old women, and worms, and country doctors."

Lucy laughed, but did not reply. She did not understand this old gentleman, who was bestowing upon her very much the same quizzical, good-humored interest which he gave to the worm.

"I don't know how you can touch the loathsome thing, anyhow," she said, tartly. "It creeps up into your hand as if it knew you were taking its part."

"It does know. If I wanted it for bait it would not come near me. I fancy all creatures know their friends. Watch a moment."

He walked a few steps into the edge of the woods, and threw himself down into the deep grass, his face upward. Whether he made signs or whistled Lucy could not tell, but presently a bird from a neighboring bough came circling down and perched beside him; another and another followed, until, when he rose, it seemed to her that the whole flock hovered about him, chirping excitedly. He stopped by the bee-hives as he came back, and the bees, disturbed, swarmed about him, settling back on his head and shoulders. Lucy ran to him, as he stood unharmed, gently brushing them off, pleased and flushed with his little triumph.

"One would really think you knew what they said."

"I wish I did!" he said, looking thoughtfully at the birds flying upward. There was a certain sentimentalism, a straining after scenic prose and effect, which would have seemed ridiculous to her in Dave Pettit; but she found it peculiarly attractive now.

"You have no charm?"

"No. Only that I have been friends with them all since I was a child, and they know it. I remember when I was a baby sitting with the black pickaninies on the ground playing with frogs. Even then" (with the same touch of grandiloquence in his tone) "I did not find anything that was alive loathsome or unfriendly. I beg your pardon," suddenly. "I did not mean to bore you with the history of my infancy."

"Bore me! Why, I never met with so singular a trait in anybody before."

Miss Coyt was now satisfied that this was not only a most extraordinary man in intellect, but in goodness. She could imagine what life and strength, living so close to nature as he did, he would carry to a sick or dying bed! It was like the healing power of the old saints. There was the advantage of travel! How long would she have lived in Fairview without meeting anybody with traits so abnormal and fine! She began to have a sense of ownership in this her discovery. Now that she examined the doctor, he was not even middle-aged; how could she have thought him old! What woman's tenderness was in the cut of his mouth! This astute young woman found the close-shaven jaws indicated a benevolence amounting to weakness. The eyes were less satisfactory; they were gray and bright, but they said absolutely nothing to her, no more than if they belonged to a species of animal which was unknown to her. This only whetted her interest. Was he married? Was he a church member? What would he probably think of that favorite passage of hers in Jean Paul! This young woman, she should have asked earlier, was neither engaged nor in love. She intended to be in love some day, however; and there were certain tests which she applied as she went through life to each man whom she met, just as she might idly try to set different words to some melody known only to herself.

The man (who was not in want of a mate) had quite forgotten the woman. He had gone into the kitchen, and finding some bacon and fresh mountain trout, had set about cooking dinner as if he were in camp. A mess was already simmering on the fire. He fastened a towel before him for an apron, lifted the lid from the frying-pan and dropped something into it from a case of vials which he took out of his pocket.

"Always carry my own sauces," he said as Lucy came up. "Smell that!" sniffing up the savory steam with an unctuous smile. "Ah-h!"

Lucy ate the dinner when it was ready in a kind of fervor. She had never met a gourmand before. There was a fine individual trait in this exceptional character.

The fair-haired stout doctor, with his birds and his cookery and his jokes and his pale impenetrable eyes, seemed to her for some reason a bigger and more human man than any she had ever guessed were in the world. If she were only a man and could make a comrade of him! She had never made a comrade of her father or brothers; they were always taken up with pigs, or politics, or county railroad business. And the ideal companion she had picked out for herself from religious novels was unsatisfactory—as a matter of fact. She looked speculatively at the broad-backed linen duster in the doorway. She was as unconscious of the speculation in her eyes as the polyp fastened to a rock is of the movement of its tentacles groping through the water for food.

The doctor had no curiosity about her. When Mrs. Crocker questioned her as to her name and

age, he whistled to the farm dog, not listening to the answer.

"What you doin' hyar in Vuhgny, enny-how?"

"I came from Pennsylvania to teach a school in a place called Otoga, in Carolina," said Lucy.

"Hev some friends in these parts, I reckon?"

"No, none at all. Unless I may call you one, Mrs. Crocker," with a nervous laugh.

"Reckon you'll not see much more o' me, ma'am. Otoga, heh? My son Orlando lives thar. 'Pears to me I'd keep clar o' thet town of I wur a young woman 'thout perfection. Orlan's tole me a heap about it."

"Why, what is the matter with Otoga?" exclaimed Lucy, rising uncertainly. "I must go there. My engagement—"

"Matter? Nothin', only it's thar the Van Cleves hev gone to live. You've heerd o' them, o' course?"

"No. Van Cleves?"

The doctor came up to the open door, watch in hand.

"The train will be due in twenty minutes."

"I am ready. Who are these people, Mrs. Crocker? I must live among them."

"They won't hurt you, I reckon. There's no higher toned people than the Van Cleves and the Snydams. Only it's sort of unpleasant whar they are, sometimes. You see, 'leisurely lighting her pipe with a brand, 'n' them two families swore death agin each other nigh a hundred year ago, an' since then thar's not a man of them h's died in his bed. They lived in Tennessee. Orlan he tole me the right of it. Four brothers of the Van Cleves barricaded the Snydams up in thar house for five weeks, an' when they were fairly starved an' crep' out, they shot them dead. Thet wur the grandfathers of this present stock. But they hev kep at it still. Not a man o' them but died in his boots. Thar's but one Snydam left, 'n' thet's Cannel Abram. His father wur shot by the Van Cleves. So when Abram wur a boy, he says, says he, 'Now I'm gwine to put a final eend to this whole thing.' So he went at it practicin' with his pistol, 'n' when he thought he wur ready he challenges Judge Van Cleve, 'n' shoots him plumb through the head. Oh, Orlan says it wur a fah doo-l, no murder. Thet wur two Van Cleves left, jess boys, nephews of the judge, 'n' they'd gone to California. But the Cannel Abram he followed them, 'n' shot one on the deck of a ship bound for Chiny. 'Tother he dodged him somehow 'n' come back, 'n' is livin' in Otoga. But he'll be found. Cannel Abram 'll track him down,' wagging his head with the zest of horror.

"But is there no law at all here?" cried Lucy.

"I can't believe such a wretch would go unhung anywhere."

The doctor tapped on the window. "The train is in sight. You must bid our friend good-by."

Lucy shook hands hurriedly with the old woman. She had some money in her hand to give her, but, after a moment's hesitation, dropped it back into her pocket, and handed her a tract instead. "Religion will do her more real good," she thought afterward, quiting an uneasy inward twinge; "at least it ought to."

When they had boarded the train the doctor arranged her seat with gentle, leisurely movements, and brought her last week's Richmond paper. He did not, as she expected, take the vacant seat beside her, but disappeared, only returning when the train reached Abingdon.

"This carriage will take you to the hotel, madam. I have written a note to the landlord, who will show you every attention. No, no thanks," shutting her in, his fat, agreeable face showing an instant smiling over the door. He did not offer his hand, as all the men whom Lucy had known would have done. He lifted his hat, hesitating a moment before he added, half reluctantly: "It is probable that I may meet you again. My business calls me to Otoga."

Miss Coyt bowed civilly, but as the carriage rattled up the street she laughed aloud and blushed. She herself did not know why. It was certainly very lonely and dangerous for a woman adventuring among murderers and assassins...

Three days after she left Abingdon, Lucy, rumbling along the mountain-side in an old waggon, came in sight of a dozen gray, weather-beaten houses huddled on the edge of a creek in the gorge below.

"Yon's Otoga," said the driver, pointing with his whip.

"Hi, Dumfort!" shouted a man's voice. "Hald on thar!" and a big young fellow in butternut flannel appeared in the under-brush. "You can't go to Otoga. Yellow Jack's thar afore you. Six men dead since yest'day mawnin'."

"The devil!" Dumfort pulled up his mules.

"So I say. Six. I an' my wife hev been on the lookout for you since mawnin'."

"Bleeged, captain. Six! That about halves them down thar. T! T! I dunno's ever I was more interrupted than this afore!" snapping his whip meditatively.

Lucy, peeping through the oil-skin blinds, could see the bold, merry face of the young countryman. He stood pulling his red beard and frowning with decent regret for his neighbors. Of course he was sorry, but he had so much life and fun in him that he could not help being happy and comfortable if the whole State of Carolina were dead with yellow fever.

"I've got the mail, too. An' a passenger," said Dumfort, jerking his head back to the waggon. "What in the mischief am I to do?"

"The mail 'll keep. Drive right up to my house, an' my wife 'll give you an' the other man shake-downs till the mawnin'."

"Tain't another man."
The young man stepped quickly forward, with an instantaneous change of manner. He jerked off his quilted wide-rimmed hat ("made out of his wife's old dress," thought Lucy). "I did not know that there was a lady inside," he said. "I was too rough with my news. Come up to my house. My wife'll tell you there's no danger."

"I shall be very glad to go," said Miss Coyt. Dumfort drove up a rutted mountain road and stopped before a log cabin. Of all houses in the world, it was plainly the first venture in life of two poor young people. Lucy read the whole story at a glance. There was the little clearing on the mountain-side; the patch of corn and potatoes (just enough for two); the first cow; the house itself, walls, ceiling, and floor made of planed planks of the delicately veined poplar; the tidy supper-table, with its two plates; the photographs of the bride's father and mother hung over the mantle-shelf in frames which she had made of bits of mica from the mine yonder. Here was a chair made out of a barrel and trimmed with pink muslin, there a decorated ginger jar, a chromo of the Death of Andrew Jackson on the wall. Lucy was on the same rung of the ladder of culture as her hostess.

"She has a very refined taste," she thought. "That tidy stitch was just coming in at Fairview." Hurrying in from the field, her baby in her arms, came a plump, freckled, blue-eyed woman.

"Mistress Thomas," said Dumfort, ponderously, "let me make you acquainted with Miss Coyt. She war ago'in' to Otega to teach school."

The two women exchanged smiles and keen glances. "Baby's asleep," whispered the mother. "I'll shake hands when I lay him down." Lucy ran to turn down the crib quilt. "He's tremendously big," she whispered, helping to tuck him in.

"Now, Dorcas, let's have supper," called the farmer from the door, where he sat smoking with Dumfort. "Our friends must be hungry as bars."

Dorcas smiled, and with intolerably lozy slowness tucked up her sleeves from her white arms and began the inevitable chicken frying. Lucy suddenly remembered how unbusinesslike was the whole proceeding. She went up to her hostess, who was stooping over the big log fire.

"What do you charge for board?" she said. "I should like to stay here until the sickness is over in Otega. That is, if your charges are reasonable," saying her keenly. Her rule always was to make her bargain before buying, then she never was cheated.

Mrs. Dorcas's fair face burned red. "We don't take folks in to board," she drawled in her sweet voice, looking at Lucy curiously. "But we'll be mighty glad if you'll stay's long's you can. It's powerful lonesome hyah on the mountains. We'll take it as very kyind in you to stay."

"It is you who are kind," said Lucy, feeling miserably small and vulgar. But how could she have known! They did not use strangers in this ridiculously generous way in Fairview.

Mistress Dorcas shot an amused speculative glance after her, and went on with her frying. Miss Coyt, presently finding the baby awake, took him up and went out to the steps where his father and Dumfort still smoked and gossiped in the slanted yellow beams of the lowering sun. The baby, who was freckled and soft-eyed as his mother, replied to Lucy's cooing and coddling by laughing and thrusting his tiny fat fist into her ears. Lucy stooped and kissed him furtively. She felt lonely and far from home just then.

"What do you call baby?" she asked. "Mrs. Dorcas came to the door. 'His real name is Humpty. But he was baptized Alexander—Alexander Van Cleve.'"

Lucy sprang to her feet. "Van Cleve!" staring at the farmer. "I thought your name was Thomas!"

"Thomas Van Cleve," smiling. "Why, what's wrong with that?" Lucy felt as though a blow had been struck at her, which made her knees totter. "They told me in Virginia that the Snydams were on your track."

There was a sudden silence, but Miss Coyt, being greatly shaken, stumbled on. "I did not expect to come in your way—I'm not used to such things—and this poor baby," hugging it passionately. "It's a Van Cleve too?"

The young man took the boy. "Quiet yourself. Humpty will not be hurt by—any one," he said, and putting him up on his shoulder he walked down to the chicken-yard. His wife went in without a word, and shut the door. Lucy sat down. After a long time she said to Dumfort:

"I have made a mistake."
"Yes. But you couldn't be expected to know. I never heard a Snydam's name mentioned to a Van Cleve afore. It was so surprisin' it didn't seem decent, somehow."

"I don't understand why," groaned Lucy.

"No! Ther's things what ain't never talked of. Now ther's the Peterses in the Smoky Mountings. There used to be a disease in the Peters family which attacked one leg. But it turned out to be true Asiatic leprosy. Well, it isn't reckoned civil hyarabouts to talk of legs afore a Peters. Now this family's got a—a discussion hangin' on with the Snydams for a hundred year, as onfortinit's leprosy. An' well, probably you're the first person's ever mentioned it to them."

They relapsed into silence until they were called in to supper. Lucy felt as if a thin glaze

of ice had risen between her and the Van Cleves. They were afraid of her. As for her, her food choked her. But after supper Mrs. Dorcas brought out a flannel slip which she was making for baby, and Lucy insisted on trying it on. She was fond of babies. She had a saquee in her trunk which she had been braiding for her brother Joe's child.

"I'll bring it down to give you the idea," she said, and ran up for it.

Van Cleve looked at it over his wife's shoulder when it came. "Try that thing on Humpty, Miss Coyt," he said, and when it was on he held the boy up on his outstretched arm. "Pretty's a picture, hey, Dumfort?"

"I'll finish it for him," exclaimed Lucy, with a gush of generosity. "I can make Sam another."

Mrs. Dorcas broke into a delighted flood of thanks. She jumped up to fit and button it on the boy, while her husband, quite as vain and pleased as she, held him. It seemed incredible to Lucy that this ghastly horror, which never could be mentioned, stood like a shadow behind the three; that this commonplace, jolly little family went to bed, rose, sat down to eat, with Death as their perpetual companion, dumb, waiting to strike.

The next morning was that of an April day. The whole world was swathed in fog and gray dampness, and the next moment it flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, every leaf quivering back in brilliance. Young Van Cleve had set off by daylight, whistling behind his steers. Before noon he came up the mountain, his head sunk, silent and morose. Even the ruddy color was gone; his thick-featured, jolly face was nipped as with age.

Dorcas ran to meet him. "Are you sick, Tom?"

"No."

"Have you?"—she glanced swiftly around—"have you heard—anything?"

"Nothing. I thought it best to throw off work to-day."

He drove the steers into the inclosure. As he unlocked them he sent keen, furtive glances into the darkening woods. Meanwhile the sky had lowered. Clouds walled in the mountain plateau; the day had grown heavy and foreboding.

Dumfort came to Lucy, who was sitting on the steps with the baby.

"Thomas has had a warnin'," he said in a low tone. "Cannel Abram's on his track."

"He has seen him!" She started up, catching up Humpty in her arms. "He is coming here!"

"So I think. But Thomas hasn't seen him. He's ben warn'd. I've heard that them Van Cleves allays kin tell when a Snydam is near them."

"Nonsense!" Lucy set the child down again.

"Jest as some men," pursued Dumfort, calmly, "kin tell when there's a rattlesnake in the grass nigh: an' others creep with cold of a cat's in the room."

Miss Coyt, still contemptuous, watched Van Cleve sharply as he passed into the house. "Dorcas," he said, quietly, as he paused, "bring Humpty in. Keep indoors to-day." He went up to the loft, closing the trap door behind him, and Lucy fancied that she heard the click of fire-arms.

Dumfort's pipe went out in his mouth with his smothered excitement. "He's loadin' Snydam's comb!" he whispered. "Thom's ain't the same man he was this mornin'! He's layin' to, 'n' waitin'."

"To murder another man! And he calls himself a Christian! He had family prayers this mornin'!"

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded Dumfort, fiercely. "Thomas's got his dooty laid out. He's got the murderer of his brother to punish. The law's left it to them two fumbles to settle with each other. God's left it to them. Them old Jews sent the nearest of kin to avenge blood. The Snydams hev blood to avenge." He got up abruptly and walked unsteadily up and down the barn-yard. Dorcas had left her work, and with Humpty in her arms sat by the window, her keen eyes fixed on the thicket of pines that fenced in the house, black and motionless in the breathless air.

No rain had fallen as yet, but the forest, the peaks of the mountains beyond, the familiar objects in the barn-yard, had drawn closer with that silent hush and peculiar dark distinctness that precedes a storm. They, too, listened and waited. Lucy heard a step in the house. Van Cleve came heavily down from the loft and seated himself, his face turned toward the road by which a stranger must approach.

Lucy stood irresolute for a few minutes; she felt as if she could not draw her breath; the air was full of death. Pulling the hood of her water-proof over her head, she crossed the stile and walk'd down the road. "I will be the first to meet the wolf," she said aloud, laughing nervously.

The road wound through the unbroken forest down to the creek. As she came nearer to the water she heard the splash of a horse's feet crossing the ford. She tried to cry out that he was coming, to warn them, but her mouth would not make a sound; her legs shook under her; she caught by a tree, possessed by childish, abject fear. When the horse and rider came into sight she had fainted hysterically.

It was the good-humored doctor. He turned quietly at her cry, and smiled placidly. Nothing would startle that phlegmatic mass of flesh. He alighted, tied his horse, and came to

her with the leisurely, noiseless movements peculiar to him.

"You are frightened. What are you afraid of, Miss Coyt?"

"Oh, of a monster!"—laughing feebly—"a human beast of prey that is in these mountains. Every time a branch moved I expected to see his murderous face coming toward his victim."

She wanted to pour out the whole story, but he stood stolid and incurious, asking no questions. She hesitated and stopped.

"I saw nobody," he said, composedly.

Whether he was interested or not, she must tell him. He was so wise and kind; he was a man used to control other. If he would interfere he could doubtless put an end to it all.

"It is a vendette," she began. "You heard of it the time of the accident."

"You should not allow yourself to be excited by the gossip of the mountains," he interrupted, gently; but his eyes, smiling down at her, suddenly seemed to her as hard and impenetrable as as granite. "I fear I must leave you. I must reach Otega before noon."

"You must not go to Otega," catching him by the arm. "The yellow fever is there. Half of the population are dead."

"Worse than that, I am afraid," he said, gravely. "We heard this morning that there was now neither doctor, nurse, nor anybody to bury the dead."

"And you are going to help them?" drawing back with a kind of awe.

"I am a doctor," he said, indifferently, "and I can nurse in a fashion, and if the worst comes to the worst, I can dig a grave."

"I'm sure it is—very heroic," gasped Lucy. The tears came to her eyes.

He frowned irritably. "Nothing of the kind. Somebody must go, of course. The physicians in Abingdon are married men. I am a stranger, and have nobody. There is nothing to keep in this world but a little business which I have to do, and that lies in Otega. I really must ride on. But I will take you safely home first. Where are you staying?"

"At the cabin yonder. Behind the pines. Thomas Van Cleve's."

The doctor had stepped before her to the bend aside the bushes. He stopped short, and stood motionless a moment, his back to her. When he turned there was an alteration in his face which she could not define. The actor was gone; the real man looked out for an instant from behind the curtain.

"Young Van Cleve lives in that cabin?"

"Yes, with his wife."

"A child? Is it a boy?"

"Yes, the dearest little fellow. Why do you ask?"

A smile, or it might have been a nervous contortion, flickered over the fat, amiable face. His tones became exceedingly soft and lazy.

"It is with Van Cleve I had business to settle. I have been looking for him a long time."

"Then you will come to the house with me!" She would have passed on, but stopped, troubled and frightened, she knew not why. The man had not heard her; he stood slowly stroking his heavy chin, deliberating. Certainly there was nothing dramatic in the stout figure in its long linen coat, low hat, and boots sunk in the mud—there was not a trace of emotion on the flabby, apathetic features, yet Lucy cowered as though she had been brought face to face with a naked soul in the crisis of its life.

"I have been looking for him for a long time," he repeated, talking to himself. "But there is Otega. They need me in Otega."

There was not a sound. Not the fall of a leaf. Even the incessant sigh of the wind through the gorges was still. The world seemed to keep silence. The time comes to every man when the devil of his life-long appetites and passions rises to face the God that is in him for a final struggle.

He looked up at the cabin; it was but a step. He had been following Van Cleve for years. He drew his breath quickly once, thrust the bushes aside, and began to climb the rock.

The sun suddenly flashed out; a bird fluttered up from the thicket, and perched on a bough close beside him, sending out a clear trill of song. He stopped short, a quick, pleased heat coming to his face.

"Pretty little thing, hey? It knows me, d'ye see? It's watchin' me."

He waited a moment until the song ceased, and then nervously adjusted his hat.

"I'll go to those poor devils in Otega. I reckon that's the right thing to do." And turning, he hastily mounted his horse.

Lucy felt that he was going to his death, and he seemed like an old friend. She ran across the road and put her hands up on the horse's neck.

"Good-by," she said.

"Good-by, Miss Coyt."

"I will never see you again! God bless you!"

"Me!" He looked at her, bewildered. "God? Oh yes. Well, perhaps so." He rode down the road, and the stout figure and flapping linen coat disappeared in the fog.

Four days passed. Dumfort, who appeared to be a man of leisure, lounged about the cabin, helping with the work, and occasionally bringing news from Otega, gathered from some straggler who was fleeing from the fever. He came in one morning and beckoned Van Cleve out.

"There's one of them poor wretches fallen by the way-side. He's got the plague. It's my belief there's not an hour's life in him."

"I'll come," Van Cleve hastily gathered some simple remedies; he had not heroism

enough to leave his family and sacrifice his life for his neighbors, but he was a kindly fellow, and could not turn back from any dying creature creeping to his door. The two men went down the mountain together.

"I wanted," said Dumfort, "to pull him under a rock. But he said, 'No, let me die out-of-door.'"

"That was a queer notion."

"Yes." Dumfort glanced askance at his companion. "He's ben doctorin' in Otega. Went there voluntarily. I heard of him two days ago." After an embarrassed pause, he added, "He wants to see you, Thomas. You, personally."

"Me? Who is he?" (halting.)

Dumfort lowered his voice to a quick whisper. "It's the man that's been follerin' you an' your'n, Thomas."

Van Cleve uttered an oath, but it choked on his lips. "An' he's dying? What does he want of me?"

"God knows, I don't." The men stood silent. "He's ben doctorin' them pore souls in Otega," ventured Dumfort, presently.

Still Van Cleve did not move. Then, with a jerk, he started down-hill. "I'll go to him. Bring them other medicins, Dumfort."

But when he reached the dying man he saw that it was too late for medicines. He kneeled beside him and lifted his head, motioning Dumfort to stand back out of hearing.

What passed between them no one but God ever knew.

As the sun was setting that day Van Cleve came to the cabin. He was pale and haggard, but he tried to speak cheerfully.

"It was a poor fellow, Dorcas, down in the woods as died of the fever. Dumfort an' I have buried him. But I'd like you and Miss Coyt to come to the grave. It'd seem kinder, somehow." He carried the baby in his arms, and when they reached the place—it was a patch of sunny sward, where the birds sang overhead—he said:—"Humpty, I wish you'd kneel down on the grave an' say your little prayer. I think he'd know, an' 'd feel better of it; an'—there's another reason."

The next week Miss Coyt received a letter from home, which, with very red cheeks, she told Dorcas would compel her immediate return home. Mr. Pettit, of whom she had told her, had received a call, and had asked her to be his wife, and this would put an end to her experimental teaching in the South. In a day or two Dumfort drove her back to Abingdon, and the little family in the cabin returned to their usual quiet routine of life.

THE CHICKADEE.

BY BRADFORD TORREY.

He is, *par excellence*, the bird of the merry heart. There is a notion current, to be sure, that all birds are merry; but that is one of those second-hand opinions which a man who begins to observe for himself soon finds it necessary to give up. With many birds life is a hard struggle. Enemies are numerous, and the food supply is too often scanty. Of some species it is probable that very few die in their beds. But the chickadee seems to be exempt from all forebodings. His coat is thick, his heart is brave, and whatever may happen, something will be found to eat. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is his creed which he accepts, not "for substance of doctrine," but literally. No matter how bitter the wind or how deep the snow, you will never find the chickadee, as we say, under the weather. It is this perennial good humor, I suppose, which makes other birds so fond of his companionship; and their example might well be heeded by persons who suffer from moods of depression. Such unfortunates could hardly do better than to court the society of the joyous tit. His whistle and chirps, his graceful feats of climbing and hanging, and withal his engaging familiarity (for, of course, such good-nature as his could not consist with suspiciousness) would most likely send them home in a more Christian frame. The time will come, we may hope, when doctors will advise bird-gazing instead of blue-pill. To illustrate the chickadee's trustfulness, I may mention that a friend of mine captured one in a butterfly-net, and, carrying him into the house, let him loose in the sitting-room. The little stranger was at home immediately, and seeing the window full of plants, proceeded to go over them carefully, picking off the lice with which such window-gardens are always more or less infested. A little later he was taken into my friend's lap, and soon he climbed up to his shoulder; and after hopping about for a few minutes on his coat-collar, he selected a comfortable roosting-place, tucked his head under his wing, and went to sleep, and slept on undisturbed while carried from one room to another. Probably the chickadee's nature is not of the deepest. I have never seen him when his joy rose to ecstasy. Still his feelings are not shallow, and the faithfulness of the pair to each other and to the offspring is of the highest order. The female has sometimes to be taken off the nest, and even to be held in the hand, before the eggs can be examined.

MONROE, MICH., Sept. 25, 1875.

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

W. L. CARTER.



SUMMER-TIDE



PLEASURES.

TWILIGHT.

The Sunrise waits behind Heaven's gates, Unclosed of lagging Morning; In shadows slow the world below Fore-greets it, self adorning. The cold, gray light is rising heard, The herald still on every hill The red Sun's royal flowing. The still dark night foresees the light Before her heat she lends us; And waning far, the dwindling star Its mystic message sends us. In glowing pride of prospect wide The firmament uncloses; And wakes to bliss with stooping kiss The petals of the roses. The watch dog's sleep, serene and deep, Breaks on the morning's breaking. And pillowed head that mocked the dead From dream to work is waking. The sons of toil in earth's turmoil Come forth ere day to labor; And lay wealth outsleaps his health, To compensate his neighbor. The world of sound springs up around, In murmurs waxing ever; And wearied men are armed again, To face the long endeavor. We know not, we, what this may be, The mystery of aces, Which day by day writes lives away On unremembered pages. But calm at least, they watch the East, For victory or disaster, Who firmly hold the best the old, And Faith alone the Master.

SCORPION GULCH.

A GOLD-SEEKER'S TALE.

California in the scorching midsummer in 1855.

Joe Hereford, my fast comrade, and myself had been working a lonely claim on the Red Bar of the Dry Fork of Feather River for over six weeks, and, in the mountain coolness of one evening, soon after sunset, we found ourselves sitting at the door of our little shanty, seriously discussing whether we should continue or abandon the claim, and "prospect" for richer diggings. We had another partner in our present claim, a Mexican or native Californian—I never knew which,—named Miguel Gonzago. He resided with his wife and little daughter at an insignificant ranch some miles below us, on the Yuba, and near the miniature commonwealth of Ophir, which then consisted of five log edifices, all drinking-saloons, an equal number of cattle corrals, and several miners' tents. Gonzago had gone home for the night. Before going, however, he had strongly urged the abandonment of the bar, and a resort to the richer deposits of the mountains.

The profits of our claim had been steadily decreasing, and both Hereford and myself at length came to the conclusion that we would, at all events, "sink the claim," as the phrase went; but in what direction next to turn our gold seeking steps we were at a loss to determine. We were always sanguine. That the Eldorado of our golden dreams would, sooner or later, be reached, we never for a moment doubted. For two hardy, adventurous years we had wandered from gully to gully, from stream to stream ditching, dredging, cradling, sitting: had made money, lost some also, and now possessed sums of tolerable magnitude in bank at Sacramento. But we had followed the glittering bubble too long to be satisfied with any but colossal results. "Shall we go home?" was never a question with us, but invariably, "Where shall we go next?"

Our present contemplated change of base, however, involved a new consideration. We had long had vague apprehensions about the trustworthiness of our swartly partner, Miguel, or "Don Miguel," as we jocosely termed him.

We had now fallen into a reverie, when Hereford suddenly broke the silence with,— "George, are n't you somewhat afraid of the Don?"

"Yes," I replied, starting a little at the question, for, at the very moment he spoke, the sinister features of the Mexican were floating darkly through my thoughts.

"I don't like him at all," said my comrade. "If he was n't so shrewd, I would go in for turning him out of the concern. Do you know," he continued, "when I was down at Marysville last week, I heard Jack Hays describing the appearance of that infernal robber and murderer, Gonzago, whom the Vigilance Committee chased for miles up the San Joaquin valley without being able to catch him."

"What of that?" "Nothing, only the description fitted our Don to a dot."

"Pshaw!" "Besides that," persisted Hereford, "I believe he hates me like a fiend. The greaser has got it into his head, one way or another, that I have been making love to his wife."

I laughed, for I had, "in one way or another," got the same thing into my head.

Except that we would quit the claims, at all events, we came to no conclusion whatever, and soon retired to our bunks, to sleep the thing through and see what the morning would bring forth.

We rose betimes, while the sky was yet rosy in the east, as our preparations for departure

would occupy several hours. After a hasty meal of biscuit and salt junk, Hereford proceeded to gather our mining implements together, while I stuffed the provisions into rude panniers of canvas cloth, wherewith to pick our mule for the journey. Our visits to Marysville or Sacramento were necessarily unimportant; we were, therefore, in the habit of secreting our earnings, when of considerable amount, generally by burying them in the ground, until opportunity was afforded one of us to convey them to the nearest depot. Upon this occasion we had accumulated upward of a hundred ounces of the precious dust, and concluded that the safer plan would be to bury it in the near vicinity of our "ranch," by which name we dignified the dilapidated eight-by-ten log-hut which we had erected among the golden-rods and rank grasses at the water's edge.

Other preparations being complete, we sewed up our dust in a little sack, and went into the underbrush to find a suitable place for secreting it. Men are always somewhat nervous upon such occasions. We had hardly entered the thicket before there was a rustling sound behind us; and we both wheeled swiftly, with instinctive alarm.

"Did you see her?" exclaimed Hereford. "I saw nothing."

"But I did. I think it was that monkey-faced girl of the Don's. She slipped through the brush like a ghost."

"What of it?" said I. "She runs through the mountains at will, and has frequently been here before."

"Not at daybreak," grumbled Hereford, uneasily. "Do you know, George, I suspect the Don sent her as a spy upon us." This seemed entirely unreasonable to me, and, without replying, I led the way deeper into the thicket. We heard another rustle, but saw nothing to warrant suspicion, and, soon selecting a suitable place,—a little hillock, completely surrounded by a dense, bristling growth of the Spanish bayonet,—we put our treasure under ground, blazed the trees on either side to mark the spot, and then retraced our steps.

We had barely reached the bar again before we heard a familiar volley of mongrel maledictions fired at some beast of burden. A moment afterward, Don Miguel broke out of the undergrowth on the opposite shore of the stream, driving a laden donkey before him. He was immediately followed by his wife,—Donna Maria, as we called her,—who was thrown upon the back of another donkey, which was about the smallest adult specimen of his species I ever saw. How he supported the weight of his handsome but buxom mistress was a marvel, to which I can only liken the phenomenon of a tiny ant shouldering the carcass of a bluebottle fly to his winter quarters. The Don's little bare-legged girl was trotting merrily beside her mother as they came through the brush.

"Good morning, seniors," said the Don, who spoke tolerable English when he so wished.

We returned his salutation, and, as he had every appearance of migrating somewhere, asked him where he was going.

"Caramba! No; you going to ranose los rios!" said he, in great surprise.

"Yes," replied Hereford; "but we did n't know that you were."

"Si, si, senior! Caramba! We must dig more dust. Plenty up the mountains! Oh, plenty! plenty!" he earnestly exclaimed, illustrating his idea of "plenty" by describing with his arms a mighty curve, the continuation of which would probably have taken in about three fourths of the starry heavens.

But, as nearly every barren bar, stream, or gully to which he had heretofore plotted us had been described in much the same manner, we had grown somewhat skeptical. Nevertheless, we had great faith in Gonzago's skill as an explorer, and, after a few minutes' consultation, agreed to accompany him. To my surprise, Hereford was now more earnestly in favor of it than myself. I soon, however, discovered that it was all owing to the shrewdness of the Mexican, who had brought his wife to accompany us; for the black eyes of the fair senora were alluring lights in that then comparatively womanless wilderness. She was from Sonora, barely twenty-five, and possessed much beauty, so far as it is to be found among the humbler classes of Mexico. Besides, she was very lively, rattled off a jargon of Anglo-Spanish very musically, and now looked prettier than ever as she sat picturesquely perched upon her diminutive donkey, with the smoke-wreaths of her cigarette curling lazily up from her pretty lips.

The Don was a man of forty, dusky-featured, gloomy-browed, and sunken-eyed, romantically dressed in the most approved rancheiro style of slouched sombrero, white fringed buckskin trousers, and enormous spurs, upon the whole, half-ruffianly in his appearance, but polite and suave withal.

The little girl, Inez, was probably ten years old, perhaps eight, and possibly twelve. She ran at large, half-naked, picked up rattlesnakes and bloated spiders with charming impunity and laughed like an idiot at everything she saw.

Hereford, having gone to the forest, returned with our mule, which had been picketed there. It occurred to me, for the second time, to ask the Don where he proposed to go.

"Oh, plenty dust! Plenty! plenty!" he replied, again describing an arc of the heavens to indicate the limitless extent of affluence to which he was about to lead us. But, upon

being pressed to explain himself more minutely, he throw some light upon our understandings by mentioning the single name, "Los Scorpioes Gulch!"

I started back in surprise, and Hereford mechanically paused from arranging the pack on our mule. But the Don and his wife laughed immoderately at our astonishment, and the little Inez chimed in as a matter of course.

"Caramba!" said Miguel. "Gulch only sixty miles off! Gulch full of gold!"

"True; but fuller of snakes, tarantulas, and every other poisonous pest!" cried Hereford; "and I, for one, have no inclination to pursue lucre in such company."

The place in question was far up in the sierras, somewhere in the neighborhood of Antelope Creek. A few miners, who were supposed to have been there, had spread marvelous reports throughout the mines of the treasures there concealed, but most effectually guarded by indescribable swarms of deadly insects and reptiles, as well as being almost unapproachable from the topographical nature of the neighboring country. I, for one, however, had come to regard these stories as altogether fabulous, or, at best, ridiculously exaggerated; a sort of bugbear, resorted to by the old miners for the purpose of frightening new-comers. Hence I rather liked the adventure, although the proposition had somewhat startled me at first. Hereford was induced, with a little persuasion, to fall in with the scheme.

An hour after sunrise we started for the gulch, crossing Feather River, and striking through the mountains northwest by north. We had a difficult journey before us, which would probably occupy five days, as most of the way lay through the rough, frowning sierras, increasing in height at every step, over stony and very indistinct hunting trails, where, it seemed to the inexperienced eye, a wild goat could scarcely climb with safety. Nevertheless, with our hardy experience, and our bright visions of the promised land perpetually before us, to our eyes the distance hourly lessened, and we counted it now by footsteps. Our black-eyed senora would cook the game we killed, twice a day, and, as the country we traversed was well watered, we could almost nightly encamp beside a pleasant stream, where, after the breathless heat of those scorching days, the cool, clear gushes from the mountain's heart were an unspeakable blessing.

On the evening of the third day we reached Antelope Creek, and Donna Maria's faithful little donkey dropped down and died at the brink. It was the first instance in my experience of a donkey actually perishing from exhaustion. I had therefore been led to suppose that you could drive them any distance whatever, and feed them on a sheepskin for an indefinite period of time.

Otherwise than that the remainder of the journey would have to be performed on foot. The senora was by no means concerned at the loss of the faithful animal. The next day Hereford played the gallant in giving her the support of his arm over the more difficult portions of the way. These were numerous, for now we were in the very midst of the loftiest mountains of Shasta County, including peaks surpassed by few in California or Oregon for sublimity of scenery,—a region even yet unknown in many of its secret features to the steps of civilized man.

At about midday on Thursday, the fourth day out from Red Bar, we reached a most delightful plateau. It was covered with ample pasturage for our animals, and kissed at its eastern brink by an ice cold torrent, which ran swiftly by, ere making the grand plunge of four hundred feet, which it accomplished about half a mile beyond. Here Don Miguel announced to us that we were within a mile of our destination, and proposed to make the plateau our encampment while we prospected the gulch. This we assented to. Leaving Donna Maria and her little changeling of a child to prepare the meal by our return, we set out for the infinite "plenty, plenty," of which our guide had so confidently assured us.

As we turned from the comparatively level plateau upon a narrow path, which wound deviously around an awful chasm between two lesser crags, Hereford and myself instinctively paused, and sent forth a great shout of surprise and admiration at the grandeur and magnificence of the scene so suddenly disclosed above, beneath, and around us. Far to the northward rose a single cone, of whose sublime isolation and splendor we had frequently heard from the elder miners, who had given it the nautical but significant title of "sky scraper." Now we beheld it for ourselves.

"Not with the frenzy of a dreamer's eye, But soaring, snow-clad, through its native sky, In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."

In the interval between our perilous stand point and this giant of the waste were lesser peaks, looking more gloomy and somber as they lay in the mighty shadow of their superior, and broad, green canons bordering flashing streams, which rushed to the verge of some near chasm, visible or unseen, while the thunderous music of their fall was borne to our ears on the free, fresh air. One cliff rose with peculiar grandeur far away to the left of the grand cone, and over its rugged crest we could see one torrent slide through the pine tops below, like a smooth, broad sheet of cold, blue steel. We were familiar with mountains, but the magnificence of this glorious scene was a picture to be recalled through vicissitudes of a life-time.

After lingering for many seconds upon its marvelous beauty, we followed the Mexican,

who piloted us silently around the narrow brink of the chasm. Attaining firmer ground, we climbed a sharp ridge, through a twilight of dense pine, then down again over more level ground, but still through the trees, until we came suddenly upon the steep, sloping verge of an abyss so black, so terrible, that it seemed grotesque and unnatural,—the phantasm of some haunting dream.

"Come, Don! hurry us around this infernal hole!" said Hereford, impatiently: "it looks like the mouth of the bottomless pit. Come, let us go on to the gulch!"

"Caramba!" exclaimed the Mexican, with a complacent chuckle. "Caramba! This is the gulch."

We looked at him with an amazement. "Si! si!" he continued. "Los Scorpioes Gulch! Plenty gold! plenty! plenty!"

"Suppose you go down first and fetch up a few specimens," said Hereford, with some bitterness.

In spite of our disappointment, we both laughed heartily at the ludicrous figures we cut on the outer verge of that yawning, horrible pit, whose very brink was almost unapproachable, without the certainty of being precipitated into unknown depths.

Gulch, until lately, was an obsolete word of Scandinavian origin, signifying, as a verb, to swallow or devour greedily; here, as a substantive, a greedy swallower or devourer; and, therefore, was almost synonymous with gulf or abyss. I only know that I found the word in California when I went there; and it is a most excellent one, if we wish to preserve an analogy between the meaning of a thing and the sound of the term expressing it.

Scorpion Gulch, as it was called, was an enormous, irregular rift or crater, covering a surface of probably two acres and a half. The outer edge, upon which we stood, was fringed with dark and lofty pines on every side, with the shadows of a dozen far loftier mountains upon them. The ground sloped from this outer edge, at a steep decline,—say that of sixty degrees,—down to the proper verge or edge of the abyss, which, from thence, dropped into perpendicular blackness; while a little rill of water leaped flashingly down one corner of the slope, and entered the pit with a very slight, shrill, ringing sound, which, as it came up from below, I likened in my mind to the laughter of some maniac giant, confined forever in the gloomy depths. Aside from this there was a strange and oppressive stillness. The sound of the distant caravats was here shut away by the dense woods on all sides, and, owing to the close vicinity of the mountain wall, a strong breeze seldom stirred the trees, which rendered the midday heat almost unbearable. The trees were also so lofty that, on the one side or the other, their shadows almost covered the pit, so that the sunlight could seldom reach its mouth with an illuminating ray, but merely stole round the outer skirt,—in a pallid, frightened way, it seemed to me. The sloping sides,—between the bordering pines and the inner brink,—were covered with a thick growth of the pale, tufted grass of those regions, known as buffalo grass, interspersed with the sharp, stout, bristling prongs of the Spanish bayonet, prickly pear, and other species of cacti. As we stood wondering at the edge of the timber, instinctively keeping hold of the trees, a rat snake, about four feet in length, slipped boldly out from behind a cactus clump, eyed us indignantly for a few seconds, then glided glimmeringly down to the gulch, passed cautiously over, and was lost to our sight.

I turned away with a shudder. My comrades followed me, and we began to retrace our steps.

"To-morrow we come with ropes and crow-bars, and prospect way down to the bottom," said Don Miguel.

The idea of returning to that pit of evil struck Hereford and myself as so preposterous that we laughed immoderately at the proposition. But, all the way, and about the camp-fire in the evening, the Mexican urged so earnestly and vigorously for an exploration of the gulch, that we went to sleep half persuaded to attempt it.

In the morning we were fully so. A hearty meal and a long, refreshing slumber are wonderful antidotes to morbid thoughts. When the sun was about three hours high, we started again with crow-bars, picks, and spades, while the Don carried a bran new three-quarter inch manilla rope, about a hundred and twenty-five feet in length, which he took from among the effects with which his beast had been laden. Donna Maria gave us a charming God speed in Spanish, bestowing a bright look on Hereford with her large black eyes; little Inez ran for a considerable distance screaming and laughing after us; and we saw in everything auspicious signs of success.

Arriving one more at the gulch, it did not look quite so gloomy and forbidding as on the evening before. We allowed our guide to make the preliminary preparations, which he quickly performed with a practiced hand. Our apprehensions were further mollified by the fearlessness with which he approached the yawning chasm.

Fastening one end of his stout rope to a tree on the side which sloped most gradually to the verge, he took the cord in his hand and boldly walked down to the inner brink. He then called out to us to let the crow bar slide down to him. This we did, and, supporting himself with the rope, he soon succeeded in inserting the huge bar deep into the soil. He then made fast the rope to the bar, thus forming a very ingenious rail, by which one could descend to

the mouth of the pit with comparative security. According to his directions, we now rolled him down some pine branches and several large stones, which he dexterously caught and proceeded to build round the crow bar into a little pyramid, selecting and fitting the stones with such nicety that they made a bulwark of considerable strength. Then, flinging the remainder of the line over the verge of the chasm, he suddenly caught it with a seemingly careless grip, flung himself over it, and in an instant was lost to view.

His disappearance was so sudden that it startled us considerably. At the same time it gave us a much higher opinion of our swarthy confrère than we ever before had entertained.

He must have gone down pretty far, for, although we could hear him swearing at the obstacles he was encountering, his voice came up very indistinctly. Then there was a silence for many seconds. We began to fear that some accident had befallen him, when suddenly the rope was tugged more vigorously, indicating that he was now ascending, and pretty soon his huge sombrero appeared above the mouth of the pit. With an agile leap he was again standing on the edge.

"Gold! gold! plenty! plenty!" he cried; and, taking off his hat, he took from its depths, and tossed up, two fragments of dirty quartz, weighing two or three pounds each.

Hereford and I uttered cheerful exclamations as we cracked one of these open with a pick. Absolutely one-eighth of the mass was pure, glittering metal. The second fragment proved even richer than the first. Surely, we had found our Eldorado at last.

But sin is a frequent accompaniment of wealth. "See!" said Hereford, pointing to the earth that was clinging to one of the fragments; and, as I looked, I saw a scorpion about three inches in length spring from it and glide with incredible rapidity down the slope.

"Pluto, the god of riches, was also the deity of hell," I moralized.

But we were by no means despondent. We now thought little of the horrors of that rift in the bosom of the hills, but only of the yellow treasures which its black maw must contain.

Miguel now came up to us. After witnessing our delight with his usual quantity, he intimated that the gulch should now be explored upon a more extensive scale. He said that he had not gone more than thirty feet; and his powers of language were entirely inadequate to express the "plenty" of gold which he had seen shining on the walls. He thought that one of the party had better be fastened to the rope and lowered down to its full length, it being his theory that the quartz was richer further down. Hereford and I were so elated at the prospect of filling our pockets on the instant, as well as of making preparations for future cart-loads of the precious mineral, that there was some contention between us as to which should first come down. At length we tossed up a half-dollar to decide, and I was elected.

Strapping a small pick to my belt, and providing myself with pine-knots and matches, to illuminate the depths when I should get to the extent of the line, I concluded my preparations by stuffing in my belt a small meal-bag, in which the Donna had placed my lunch. The bag I confidently expected to fill with gold before returning to the surface. Then, permitting Miguel to fasten the rope under my arm-pits, I was swung over the chasm, my two comrades meanwhile keeping a tight grip on the rope, which had also a twist round the crow bar.

A feeling of horror took possession of me as I felt myself slowly descending into the unknown depths of that fearful abyss. I raised my hand, feeling of the tightly drawn rope above my head, and was astonished that I had not before noticed how very frail it was. My sensitiveness was so great that it seemed to be a mere thread. I was filled with a vague horror that it might at any moment snap, and launch me to destruction; nevertheless, I conquered my fears by a great effort of volition, controlling myself sufficiently to call up at intervals, "All right!" to my companions above. Upon examining the wall of the chasm nearest me, I was also exceedingly encouraged to perceive, in the uncertain light, the yellow glitter, which I knew so well how to appreciate. The rock was literally seamed and clothed with golden ore. I was about to realize all I had dreamed; I was penetrating the bosom of the mountains, the golden heart of the sierras, at whose gloomy exteriors I had so often moodily gazed, longing to pierce them with clairvoyant vision; nevertheless, the darkness soon became so dense that I could not see my hand before my face, and my golden visions were slowly darkened by the actual terrors by which I was surrounded.

At length I felt that the extremity of the rope must be reached, as the regular jerks above my head suddenly ceased. I had left the broad, sunny daylight behind me; but now, turning my gaze upward, through the apparently diminutive aperture at the top, the outline of which I could faintly distinguish, I saw the stars shining brightly in the heavens. I must now surely be deep enough. Feeling out for the wall, I luckily found it close at hand, and, to my joy, discovered a broad, firm ledge, which I immediately gained, giving a sigh of relief as I loosened the tight pressure of the cord from across my lungs. The wall was moist, but I managed to strike a match, and soon kindled a flaring torch from one of my pine-knots, placing it in a niche just above my head. I was disappointed at the amount of light emitted by the flame, which I attributed to the dampness of the atmosphere;

nevertheless, a broad portion of the opposite side of the chasm was made visible, the sight of which dissipated any uncertainty which may have existed in my mind as to whether the glittering particles I had seen were truly gold. The glorious metal cropped out in huge, pure masses at my very feet. The entire circumference of the abyss was auriferous ore. I was almost wild with conflicting emotions. Where I stood the quartz was exceedingly friable. It was possible, with a little diligence with my pick, to detach masses, seventy-five per cent. of which was clean, genuine gold.

I was suddenly interrupted in my operations by a great noise, as of contention, far above my head. I could hear curses and yells, and now and then fragments of the little pyramid, which Gonzago had piled about the crow-bar, would come hurling down before my face. I held my breath in an excess of terror. An indistinct premonition that something frightful was about to happen took possession of me, and I quaked from head to foot. Just then there was a great shout at the top; then, as a mass—rendered shapeless by the velocity of its fall—came rushing by me to the depths below, a shriek, an awful howl of horror, smote my ears with an emphasis which will continue to echo through them till my dying day. That mass was a human form, that howl a human voice.

Whose? My heart stood still as I put to it that frightful query. I listened, with a sense of hearing sharpened by my extremity into an acuteness of abnormal intensity. Far, far down below went the sullen boom of that falling body, striking the ledges as it went, until at length it died away, and then, far up above, I heard a fierce shout, and caught the expression, "Accursed Americanos!" Then, with horrible rapidity,—like the events of a lifetime that pass in panorama through the brain of a drowning man,—link by link, I worked together the incidents of the few previous days,—our instinctive fear of Gonzago, his silent, sinister ways, his little girl spying us as we buried our treasure, his jealousy and hatred of Hereford, and, best of all, his luring us to that remote and almost impenetrable crater,—all these reflections rushed through my mind in an instant, and I knew that my friend was, ere this, in the other world.

In a few seconds I was aroused from my horror by feeling a tug at the rope from above. Instinctively loosening it from my person, I wound the end securely around a massive fragment close at hand. Scarcely was this done when the crow-bar and rope came rattling and clanging by me. Down, down, clanked the iron bar, but was soon brought to a stop by the fastening, which I had made secure. The fiend at the top was evidently in doubt as to whether he had succeeded in launching me after my comrade, for he hung around the mouth of the abyss, sending down a jargon of oaths and yells, but without eliciting any response from me. At length all was silent. I concluded he had gone away; and, sitting down upon the ledge, and bowing my head upon my knees, I gave myself up to the host of emotions which oppressed my brain.

Need I say that I considered myself lost beyond redemption? The awful extremity of my own situation soon ameliorated the grief and horror into which the death of my friend had plunged me. I must have sat thus for hours, for, when I again scanned the walls of the abyss, I saw them but indistinctly, for the torch which I had lighted was nearly consumed. Even while I looked, it burnt from its fastening and fell into the unknown depths below. The bare idea of being left in that subterranean darkness was so horrible that my hand fluttered at my belt for a match immediately.

But I paused. I only had three more pine-knots. Should I not be sparing of them for an emergency? Emergency? What one could arise more perilous than my present situation? The air was so moist that I began to shake with cold. No sound through that real of darkness,—no sound but the shrill small voice of that little torrent, dripping somewhere downward through the gloom. When far above, in the blissful regions of light and warmth, I had imagined that sound to be the chuckling laughter of a fiend. With what fearful fancies did it now impress me! I could have sworn that it was a voice, a demoniac voice. There was a weird, ghostly significance in its hollow but ringing laugh. Now it would chuckle in a wicked, self-satisfied way, then it would ring loud and clear in silvery peals, with a joy so exultant and wild that I feared it would make me insane, and closed my ears with my fingers, which gave to it a muffled, ill-defined murmur, as of half-suppressed mirth, which was more horrible still. The awful blackness of that quintessence of midnight darkness lay upon me with the weight of an iron globe. I shut my eyes, and would yet feel it, pressing upon head and bosom until I could scarcely breathe. But sufferings of the imagination, like those of the body, must cease in time; and, after an interval, I resigned myself to my fate, and passed into a kind of torpor of despair. From this I was awakened by a clammy hand,—so it seemed, a corpse-like, death-dewy, shuddering hand, passing across my neck. Flung it off with a stifled shriek, I hastily lit another torch, and perceived that the ledge upon which I stood was swarming with the great, black, loathsome lizards peculiar to California, one of which must have given me that clammy touch which had so appalled me. The sudden gleam of the torch was reassuring, and I again began to examine the

walls in a mechanical way. To my disgust, they were alive with large scorpions, while, from several ledges, I noticed, hanging and swinging, several of those hideous, black, bloated spiders, the tarantula, whose very aspect curdles the blood of the stranger. The bite of this insect is exceedingly venomous and sometimes fatal, and the sting from the tail of the scorpion—doubly dangerous from the fact that it moves with incredible velocity—is scarcely less painful.

Again I viewed the glittering, gold-crustled walls of my prison-house with gloomy reflections. Above, around, beneath my feet was opulence outvying that of kingdoms and principalities, wealth enough to equip vast armies and cover the seas with mighty navies; all this within my clutch,—all this, and yet not enough to purchase me a gulp of God's pure atmosphere; not enough, perhaps, to save me from a lingering, miserable, unwept-for tomb. I covered my face with my hands and burst into a torrent of bitter, scalding tears. But, dark as may be the vicissitudes of fortune, often there are little things which may afford momentary relief.

I found that the little rivulet, whose silvery voice had at first so frightfully affected my morbid sensibility, dripped from the rocks so near me that, by cautious crawling, I could reach a little splashing basin, which it formed on the right-hand extremity of the ledge whereon I rested. I drank a deep draught, and bathed my head in its refreshing currents. That, at least, was sweet and pure, and I fresh from the free air of the mountains above. It had no longer a demon's voice for me, but tinkled merrily down like a chime of fairy bells. That hearty draught and ablation was like a resumption of the connection with the upper world, which I had almost resigned forever. Naturally of a disposition exceedingly sanguine, the reaction from despair to hope was almost like the work of enchantment. I began to eye the walls, not with the dull stare of hopelessness, but with the swift glance of enterprise.

The ledge upon which I stood was a broad, deep platform of mingled earth and quartz, and it shook as I stamped it with my heavy heel. It must, therefore, be also comparatively thin as well as broad. Advancing to the outer edge, as near as I dared, I cast the light of my torch up and down the opposite wall, and saw that the conformation of all sides was in no instance smoothly perpendicular, but composed entirely of ledges or galleries, at quite regular intervals, probably varying in width from six to ten feet. Above and below, as far as I could throw the light of my torch, I saw this singular formation, and concluded that it must be so all the way to the surface. It struck me at once as a kind of ogre's amphitheater, as if there, in other days, they had held their hideous orgies.

I was encouraged to find myself planning and devising, with a busy brain, some method of ascent, however ridiculously impossible. Anything was preferable to the torpidity of despair. To ascend by climbing up the edges of these projections, outside, over their appalling brink, was not to be thought of for a moment. Even if the horror of the unfathomable depths had not been a sufficient objection, the fact that these edges were crumbly and insecure was an insurmountable one. I retired to the center of the platform I occupied, and looked up. The ceiling of the ledge immediately above was about two feet above my head. The only possible mode of ascent seemed to be by digging one's way up through the successive platforms or tiers. When I reflected that I must be nearly or quite one hundred feet below the crater's rim, the old qualms of despair almost repossessed me; but I managed to become myself again.

At least I would die trying to escape. Choosing several large fragments, I loosened them with my pickaxe, and built a little hillock on the ledge, by which I was enabled to step up to within a few inches of the ceiling, and, avoiding the loathsome insects as much as possible, I commenced pegging away at the rocky roof with all my might. It was very slow and arduous work; still I made headway in the friable stone made porous by the filtrations of ages and the corrosions of nameless centuries. Once I came very near losing my pick. It flew from my hand by accident, and almost rolled over the ledge. Regaining it, I proceeded to avoid a similar accident by securing it to my wrist with a thong, which I cut from my buckskin trousers. While doing this, I perceived the rope dangled over the ledge. I had forgotten all about that; yet there it was, with the crow-bar probably attached to its other end. I was overjoyed at this discovery, as the crow-bar would be a most valuable auxiliary to the furtherance of my project. Quickly drawing up the line and looping the still secure bar, I set to work again with a degree of cheeriness which surprised me. I pried off great fragments, making a most appalling, long-echoing din. In about an hour, to my great joy, I felt the crow-bar go through to the surface above. With a little more hard work I effected a large breach in the yielding rock, through which, after increasing the elevation of the artificial stool on which I stood, I could thrust my head and shoulders. Very greatly encouraged, I put all my implements up through the aperture, and then crawled up myself, torch in hand.

After gaining the new ledge, I found, to my alarm, that my torch was more than half consumed. I had only time my way up about ten feet, according to my calculation,—estimating eight feet from floor to ceiling, with two for the thickness of the ledge, through which I had forced a breach. At that rate it would require

the light of more than a dozen pine-knots—of which I now had but two and a half—to light me up to life again; nevertheless, I resolved to do the best I could with the materials at hand. The next ledge, immediately overhead, was thicker than the first, but not so far above me, which rendered it easier of access; and I made a breach in about the same time. In this way, after consuming another of my precious pine-knots, I forced through five ledges in all, when I was so exhausted that I concluded to call it a full day's or night's work. (I could not tell which) and knock off for a dose of nature's sweet restorer. I was very hungry, and then, for the first time, examined into the contents of the little meal-bag slung at my side. Meat there was none,—only a few broken pieces of hard-tack. I had seen the Donna place meat within the bag. It must have been removed by that monster in human shape, who would thus consign me to death by starvation—thus to insure my destruction. How precious now became these pieces of hard-baked and stale crackers!

With a full knowledge of their value, I took a handful of the crumbs, crawled to the tumbling rill, which I yet held within reach, and there made a supper whose delicious relish passes all words to express. This done, deeply refreshed and thankful, I crawled back to my working place, extinguished the torch, and composed my weary limbs for repose, satisfied that I was forty feet nearer the surface than when my labor commenced.

Notwithstanding the dampness of the air and the tormenting lizards, I slept well, and arose strong and hopeful for another struggle to gain the upper air. Before lighting my torch, I was greatly encouraged to perceive that the darkness was not so densely black as it had been. I could see the larger auriferous particles glittering on the wall. To my still greater satisfaction, on creeping to the verge of the ledge, and looking upward, I noticed that the stars in the sky were not so distinct as upon my former observation. I correctly ascribed these phenomena partially to the fact that my sight had improved on longer acquaintance with the darkness, and partially because I was approaching the regions of light. I also argued that I must have passed a portion of one day and an entire night in the abyss. When I first observed the stars from the lower ledge it was shortly after my descent, and, therefore, broad day in the upper regions; whereas now, if it were night, I should perceive the stars quite as distinctly as if viewing them from the earth's surface.

Much encouraged, though with a visible sense of hunger, I lit my torch and set to work with a will. The present roof which I was attempting to force was more difficult than any of the others, being thicker, harder, and more compact. Fully twelve inches of the way was through quartz unmingled with earth or sandstone, although it was veined, seamed, and crusted in every direction with pure metal. How the huge masses glittered and shimmered as they rolled, like flashes of yellow light, over the giddy brink!

I was now so confident of ultimately reaching the upper world that, before proceeding to the work of my divergence, I spent upward an hour in hewing out the most valuable pieces of quartz I could select, and filling my little meal-sack, first carefully gathering every crumb of the cracker, which I placed in my side-pocket,—all, save one piece, which would find its way to my mouth.

When at length the little bag was filled, by its weight I judged it to contain pure bullion to the value of nearly twenty thousand dollars. This I resolved to carry with me to the upper world, if possible; and, not to burden myself with more, I now proceeded to attack the roof.

I here, however, met with a misfortune which impressed me more severely than any incident that yet had befallen me. Scarcely had I resumed my labors with the crow-bar when it accidentally slipped from my hands and rolled over the ledge. I stood for a few seconds perfectly petrified with grief and despair. The ringing clang of the bar as it bounded from ledge to ledge to the seeming depthless abyss sounded like the knell of expiring hope. I looked upon the event as a judgement upon my cupidly in gathering together wealth in such a place, when time was so precious, and burst into tears. All men learn to weep in the course of an average lifetime: I graduated in the accomplishment during my residence in that shadow of the valley of death.

I still had my pick, and again I dashed away despair by a resort to my unfailing and sympathizing little friend, the torrent. Judgement or no judgment, gold-seeking was my trade, and, grasping my remaining implement with an iron hand, I resolved to cleave to my bag of bullion if the heavens fell.

I soon found that I had somewhat exaggerated the misfortunes sustained in the loss of the crow bar. Although fully four hours were consumed in breaching the ledge, at length I succeeded, and passed through with all my effects. I was well rewarded for my perseverance, for here I found the uniformity of the system of ledges destroyed by a long natural gallery, upward of thirty feet in height, while the ledges continued on the opposite side of the abyss in unbroken order. I immediately attacked the sloping and irregular side of the gallery, to hew a staircase around and up to the highest ledge I could see on the opposite side. Thus, however, required many hours of arduous toil; and when at last I reached the ledge, and had I carried

(Continued on page 126.)



THE ANGEL AND CHILD.



MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

up my effects, I was almost utterly exhausted. Just then my last pine knot torch expired. But this now gave me little concern, for I had reached a point barely twenty feet below the top of the crater's rim, and could see quite distinctly, as the sun had not yet gone down.

I had left the little rivulet far behind in my devious ascent; so, wearily retracing my steps, I found it again, and, placing in my mouth the last crumb of the cracker, I took a deep draught from the limpid fluid. Then regaining my lofty perch, — not, however, without being severely stung by a scorpion on the way,—I prepared for sleep.

That night I had a horrible dream. I thought that I rolled from the ledge into the abyss. Down, down, indefinitely down, I felt myself plunging, while a great sound of thunder was in my ears. At length, of all the impossible freaks of dreamland, I landed safely on a ledge, with a moderate bump, which merely awoke me. I was lying on my back, and started up in alarm, for I could see no stars above me. All was inky blackness. Good heavens! The dream must be true. Surely the heavens had fallen in with a vengeance. In my first confusion, I argued that perhaps I had fallen so far that the stars were out of sight; but just then a crash of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning apprised me that the blackness overhead was only a temporary freak of the elements.

After awaking from another and longer nap in a drizzling rain, I was further alarmed to find my left hand so swollen from the sting of the scorpion that I could use it only with the greatest difficulty. I also discovered, after due toil at the rocky roof overhead, that it would be impossible to effect an aperture sufficiently large to admit the passage of my body. The rock through this was like adamant. After great effort I succeeded in piercing with my steel-pointed pick a small hole, and pushed through it all my effects, but could not follow. The only way of making the ascent was to project the rope through, so that it would hang over the ledge, then to secure it by the handle of the pick under the hole, then climb up over the brink of the ledge by means of the suspended cord. It was a fearful thing to contemplate, — dangling again over that frightful pit, — while, in my present wary and faint condition, with a disabled hand, it seemed almost impossible; nevertheless, it was the only chance, and I nerved myself for the attempt. Slung the rope through, and securing it, I swung over the gulch with a prayer for deliverance on my lips. By great effort and indescribable pain from my suffering hand, I succeeded in climbing to the coveted ledge, where I sunk down moaning and breathless.

But I was now so high up that I could look over the verge of the pit almost to the roots of the encircling trees. To my amazement, I discovered that I had emerged almost at the very spot where I had left poor Hereford and the perfidious Mexican at the time of my descent into the pit, in which I had remained three days and four nights. From the fact that I knew my ascent had not been made in a straight line, I argued that I must have performed the complete circuit of the crater once, perhaps twice, in the course of my devious windings. The spot whence I had been lowered down before lowered down bore many indications of the terrible struggle which must have ensued before Gonzago had succeeded in overcoming and flinging his victim into the abyss.

Now, leaving my implements behind me, by a great effort I threw my heavy bag of gold far up and beyond the smooth, treacherous green slope; then I clambered up, with a profound shudder at the horrors I was leaving behind. I had not crawled more than half-way up the brief, funnel-shaped slope when I heard a fierce "*Carumba!*" behind me, and, turning my head, while I clung to a cactus with both hands, I saw the infernal Don at the edge of the opposite pine skirt, taking deliberate aim at me with his rifle. With the instinct of a guilty soul, he had been unable permanently to leave the scene of his fearful crime, but had probably, haunted the gulch like a spectre, fearing that the ghosts of the dead within would rise and bear witness against him.

He fired, but, in his excitement or terror, missed me entirely. My belt still retained its never-absent knife and revolver, and the presence of that infernal wretch nerved me with the new incitement of vengeance.

By a desperate effort I scrambled up before he could get another shot at me; but the blood-thirsty ruffian was around the pit and confronting me as soon as I gained the skirt of trees. Emaciated and disabled as I was, without a moment's hesitation, and without a word, I caught my knife and closed with him. He was a man of prodigious muscular power; but vengeance nerved me with superhuman strength. Neither party expected mercy. We were at such close quarters that neither of us could, for the instant, use a weapon. Brief but unspeakably terrible was that struggle on the verge of the bottomless abyss. At length I felt his fresh and well-fed muscle overcoming my wasted frame. I felt him lifting and bearing me to the horrid edge. The agonizing thought of being again precipitated into that perdition of darkness inspired me with electric volition and thews of steel. With a yell, which must have been heard for miles, I got my swollen left hand on his windpipe and closed it with a deathly grip. Then, as he relaxed his clutch, I got in a blow with my knife, then another, and he rolled from me toward the verge of the chasm. Regaining my own balance only with the utmost difficulty, I saw him stay

his descent for one instant by clutching a prickly-pear bush, while he glared at me with eyes in which hatred and horror commingled. Then, as the weight of his grasp tore the shrub from its tendrils, he disappeared.

I heard the echoes rising from the depths of the pit as the body clove its way downward, bounding from ledge to ledge and displacing in its fall loose stones and masses of earth, the sounds dying away faintly and more faintly still till all was silent.

Faint with hunger, and overcome by my extraordinary experiences, I sought my rifle, which I had left in the thicket before my descent into the pit. I found it, together with poor Hereford's, and managed to shoot a great wood grouse. This served to appease my raging hunger; and then I lay down, overcome, to sleep a sleep of many hours. It was full blazing day when I awoke.

I never heard what became of Gonzago's wife and child. They were not at the plateau where I had left them, though the donkey and mule were; and they were never seen at Ophir again. Like enough the villain murdered them both.

Reaching Marysville, at length, in safety, I passed a few days in rest, but never uttered a word of my adventure. To make my way home, to leave behind me the horrors of the gulch, and never to lure thither, by tales of its treasures, other victims, was my set purpose; so I passed from the mountains to the coast a silent man; nor was my silence on that one theme again broken until to tell to poor Hereford's mother the awful story of her son's burial in Scorpion Gulch.

OYSTER AND CLAM FISHERIES.

With every recurring season the wholesale cost of oysters and clams is noticeably enhanced. To this date keepers of restaurants and eating-houses have been able to supply the public at prices which prevailed for many years past. The day, however, is near at hand when the patrons of these establishments must be prepared to meet a largely augmented tariff on their favorite roasts, steaks, and broils. Apart from a growing scarcity due to the increased demand for home consumption, we are called upon to supply annually to foreign consumers thousands upon thousands of barrels. It is not to be wondered at that our oyster beds promise soon to rival those of Europe in barrenness. The efforts made abroad, regardless of cost, and under the protection and care of energetic governments, to encourage and foster the artificial propagation of oysters have been attended with such slight success as would lead us to suppose that attempts in a similar direction in this country will be productive of even less satisfactory results.

Where in Europe there were formerly hundreds of square miles of oyster beds, here there are thousands; consequently we may hope for a few years longer to enjoy the oyster at a price which will not be entirely prohibitive. The demand for this bivalve, however, is here so far in excess of what it was in Europe in the best years of its oyster beds than no comparison can be instituted on which to base a surmise as to the length of time necessary for the total exhaustion of our sources of supply. Whereas, abroad, oysters were always more or less a luxury for the rich, here they are consumed, either on the shell or canned, in every household of the land from Maine to the Pacific coast.

So far back as 1850 ten million bushels were annually taken from the Chesapeake alone. To-day probably thirty million bushels are withdrawn from the same beds. No natural increase can keep pace with such an exhaustively demand. What scientific research may develop in the future in regard to the artificial propagation of the oyster can not be foretold. The results so far attained do not present a particularly encouraging outlook. One locality is very much like another in the monotonous similarity of the criminal and reckless treatment of our fisheries; consequently in citing the case of the Great South Bay of Long Island we tell the story of them all.

When the Dutch retired from New Amsterdam, and the English secured possession of the entire territory of Long Island, large grants under royal patent were given to favored subjects of the crown. Some of these, where the land touched the edge of the numerous bays which flank the south side of the island, carried with them the proprietary rights to the fishing and fowling of the adjacent waters. So slight a value was placed by the proprietors upon these privileges that in one case the right was relinquished, in favor of a town on the edge of a bay twelve miles long and two broad, for the sum of eighteen dollars. Could this privilege, later on, have been sustained and protected, it would have brought to the owner a princely revenue.

In certain cases these original rights to the ownership of the products of the bays and estuaries were retained by the descendants of the first proprietor. This has given rise to litigation, to which no end as yet can be seen. Could the owners of these large tracts have foreseen the destruction of what promised to be of inexhaustible proportions! No one comparatively a few short years since could imagine that the magnificent native oyster and clam beds of the Great South Bay should ever come so near to barrenness as is the case to-day. The actual disappearance of the oyster from these waters might have already been accomplished were it not for the fact that the planting of this

bivalve on leased lots under water has for a time postponed the evil hour.

Before the demand and consumption of the oyster became so enormous, a simple method of taking this bivalve was employed. The use of tongs was universal. Under its dispensation the exhaustion of the beds was practically impossible. The opening of new and profitable markets required the employment of more expeditious of taking the oyster from its bed; consequently the dredge—a bag-net with heavy iron jaws, towed in the wake of a powerful sail-boat—was introduced. If this instrument simply scraped up the oysters it would not be so harmful; but for every oyster that it captures the heavy iron jaws press to destruction a dozen into the mud. Through the use of the dredge the European oyster beds have become barren. For Long Island fishery showed no signs of exhaustion before the introduction of this trap. Immediately following upon its use the price of oysters commenced to advance from forty to sixty cents a tub (rather more than a bushel) to two dollars and fifty cents for the same measure. This increase in price, it is, however, but fair to say, was somewhat accelerated by the necessities of the foreign market, which absorbed the catch of the South Bay in preference to that of all others, from the fancied resemblance of oysters from this locality to the European sorts. Notwithstanding these demands the price of the "Blue Points" of Long Island has not enhanced in proportion to that of oysters taken from other well-known waters.

It has been supposed that the planting of oysters on lots under water, protected and cared for by particular owners, would in a measure restore the prosperity of the oyster fishery of the Great South Bay. As a set-off to this, oysters when planted as indicated appear to be subject to perils which do not assail them on their native beds. Diseases and vigorous foes, which were less destructive to the native beds, render this new industry of oyster-culture as precarious a crop as any grown on the land. A drought is as fatal to it as any agricultural operation, not in the actual destruction of the oyster, but in a loss of condition from the lack of supply of fresh water from the numerous streams flowing into the bay. A rainy season is followed by a crop of fat and full-flavored oysters, while during one of light rain fall they are tasteless, and mere bags of water. From the washings of the streams the oyster secures the food necessary for its full development and nourishment. Modern ingenuity has devised a remedy against the ill effects of a dry season. The oysters are placed upon floats and covered with fresh-water heated to a proper temperature by steam. A few days of this treatment transforms a flabby and watery oyster into one of aldermanic obesity.

While the cultivation of the oyster by planting has up to this time been moderately successful, it remains to be seen whether in the near future, in the face of the exhaustion of the native beds, it will be able to meet the enormously increasing demand. With the experience of the yearly enhancement in the price of oysters, it will be safe to say that those raised by cultivation will not be more than sufficient, as is the case to-day in Europe, to supply as a luxury the tables of the opulent.

The future of the hard-clam fishery is even more depressing than that of the oyster. Formerly that of Long Island was famous. "Little Neck" held with clams the same significance as "Blue Point" did with oysters. Moreover, it possessed an elastic expansion which enabled it to cover a large area of territory. We have clams to-day simply because they are not dredged, but taken with tongs, or raked on flats left here by the receding tide. Were they as reproductive as the oyster, there could be no fear of their disappearance for years to come. Unfortunately the waters in which they are taken are limited in extent. A brief statement will show the decline in this fishery. What is said of the locality mentioned will apply to all. The clam beds in the Great South Bay of Long Island were once famous sources of supply. Ten years since a good daily catch for one man fishing with tongs from a boat was five thousand clams, slightly more or less. These sold from ten to fifteen cents per hundred. To-day one thousand clams per man is a good average, and sell at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per hundred. Coney Island and similar resorts absorb during the season vast numbers of clams. Moreover canning factories have been established. These send to all parts of the world steamed clams, or chowder.

We can not eat our cake and have it too, or, in other words, we can not supply with oysters and clams the immense and growing population of this country as well as that of foreign lands. To accomplish this feat we shall need a more intelligent care and supervision of our fisheries than has been accorded in the past.

GASTON FAY.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, July 25.

MRS. HAWES is compiling a Chaucer Birth-day Book. It will be published this autumn.

THE Savage Club had a grand dinner on Saturday last, and welcomed several American representatives of the Lotus Club of New York. There was a great deal of mirth heard, and wit and wisdom spoken.

THE Lady Godiva procession at Coventry on Bank holiday has been fully arranged, and the lovely rider engaged.

LORD ASHBURNHAM, failing to obtain the price he asked from the French Government, has, it is said, decided to dispose of the MSS. to the highest bidder.

THE price of Mr. Bereton's "Biography of Mr. Irving," with several illustrations, is to be fifteen shillings, but there will be a three guinea *edition de luxe*.

THE restless and the everlasting workers are agitating for a delivery of letters on Sunday. Let us have one day of peace, in the name of holiness and wisdom.

RECENTLY an elegantly bound copy of the Holy Scriptures was presented to Mr. Storey Maskelyne, M.P. So singular a gift to an Oxford don has caused many to wonder what are the motives which prompted the selection.

A NEW "Peerage" by Mr. James E. Doyle, is in the press. It will show the succession, dignities, and offices of every peer from the Conquest down to 1872, and will be illustrated with portraits, shields of arms, and fac-similes of autographs.

THE King's road Promenade and East Cliff, Brighton, have been beautified and adorned by a number of evergreens, which now give a rural and fresh appearance to that rather arid looking bit of the grand old town.

THE structural alterations that have been going on for some time at the back of the Adelphi Theatre give great facilities for stage effects, and have been found very useful in producing the old favorite piece, "The Streets of London."

NOW that the model of the Duke's statue is more developed, it appears that it is intended to place it with the face looking straight through the Horse Guards' Arch, which certainly will give the colossal statue every possible chance of approval.

WHILE mentioning the prowess in shooting of the Scotch at Wimbledon, it has not been observed that they also brought out a new military fashion. Several members of the London Scottish, bare of knee, came covered with respectably proportioned Gambs.

IRVING BISHOP, who has been creating so much excitement in London, is well-known to many older citizens of New York, from the circumstances of his birth and youthful troubles. His father was at one time a millionaire. His mother was a relative of Washington Irving, after whom the son was named.

HER Majesty is understood to have become possessor of two handsome sedan chairs, formerly the property of Queen Charlotte, which were to have been included in the sale of the effects of Princess Mary of Cambridge and his Royal Highness the Duke of Teck.

THE Corporation of Grimsby have decided to present the Duke of Connaught with a large gold key of elaborate workmanship, and to the Duchess and Lady Eleanor Heneage, who will plant trees in the park, will be presented gold and silver spades as souvenirs of the event.

AT Glasgow, on the 6th of September, Mr. Irving will be entertained at dinner by the Pen and Pencil Club—a local Bohemian set, like the "Savages." Another semi-private dinner may also be given to the distinguished actor in London before he leaves for good. Mr. Toole is moving in the matter, but nothing is yet settled.

A HANDSOME piece of plate has been presented by Lord Waveney and the Right Hon. A. S. Ayrton to Mr. Lennox Boyd "on behalf of many members of the Reform Club, in recognition of the services and sacrifices he made in resisting the attempt to interfere with the right of the members to decide upon the admission of candidates."

AGAIN the whole Civil Service is agitated. In one department detectives have been employed to tempt the officials with drink and cigars in order to test their superiority to officers of the kind. The head of another department has sent round demanding from every official personally whether he communicated important public facts to a member of Parliament.

THE "Merry Duchess" increases in popularity, and the elegant little Royalty consequently is brimful nightly. When town goes out of town and country arrives, the folk from the provinces will doubtless be drawn to this house by the wide-spread fame of this merry piece, and by the renowned grace and sparkle of the fascinating actress, singer, and manageress—pretty Kate Stanley.

ICI BAS.

Mr. Editor,—I beg to send you another version of "Prud'homme's beautiful little poem."

Chatham, Ont., 4th August, 1883.

FR. FISS.

I.
Here below the lilies die,
And the birds' songs soon are o'er,
But I dream of summers nigh
That will bloom forever more.

III.
Here below lost friend-ship, love
All poor mortals must deplore,
But I dream of Heaven above
Where some will live forevermore.

SHOOTING THE ST. LAWRENCE RAPIDS

There is a thrilling charm in the sense of existing danger while shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The thought that the slightest mistake on the part of the pilot, the least flaw in his chain of action, the slightest deviation from the line laid down by him on the seething, foaming, madly rampant waters, would lead to the crack of doom, possesses a horrible fascination, which gradually increases as the steamer swiftly approaches the gates of this watery Inferno.

The huge steamer Robsaw, which meets the train from Niagara Falls, touches at Alexandria Bay at a trifle before seven o'clock in the morning, and continuing down the accelerated tide, stops at Morrinstown Park, Brockville, Ogdensburg (where passengers take the train for Lake Champlain, Lake George and Saratoga), and Messena Landing.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The Nuremberg Tournament is still attracting the chief attention of chessplayers at the present time, and the competitors in this great contest ought to be much gratified with the efforts that are being made to entertain them.

The banquet, which took place on Tuesday, the 17th ult., was a brilliant affair, and the speeches were of a nature to show the great interest which is taken in the noble game in many parts of Europe at the present time.

The following is the score of the competitors in the Tournament up to Wednesday, July 25th:—Bardeleben, 7 games won; Berlin, 7; Bier, 5; Bird, 7; Blackburne, 9; Fritz, 5; Gunsberg, 5; Hruby, 6; Lange, 5; Leffman, 2; Mason, 2; L. Paulsen, 5; W. Paulsen, 3; Giemann, 7; Schalloer, 8; Schottlander, 6; Schwarz, 7; Weiss, 5; Winawer, 8.

Montreal chess-players will be gratified to see that their old friend, Mr. Bird, is likely to take a high position at the close of the Nuremberg Tournament.

Our kind correspondent, Mr. Shaw, has returned from his European tour, and speaks in glowing terms of the chess-magazines which it was his good fortune to meet in London and Paris, and elsewhere, and whose skill he is so well able to appreciate.

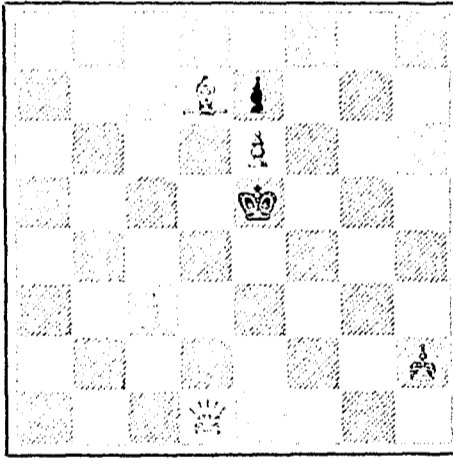
Upon two of the competitors in the Nuremberg Tournament the eyes of the chess world will be fixed with much curiosity. We allude to Von Bardeleben and Mr. Gunsberg. The former, it will be remembered, carried off the first prize of the Vizayanacaram Tournament, and that in a style which, after taking into account previous achievements of a similar kind, excited the suspicion that he would be formidable amongst first-rates. As to Mr. Gunsberg, his reputation has for some years past been steadily rising, and that reputation was shown to be well deserved, when in 1881 he fought a match with Mr. Blackburne upon even terms (save as to two games conceded at starting); for the score of actual play was Blackburne 7, Gunsberg 1, drawn 3.

NUREMBERG TOURNAMENT.

Just before going to press we learn that this contest is finished, and that Winawer gains the first prize; Blackburne obtains the second prize. Fuller particulars in next Column.

PROBLEM NO. 47.

By Bass.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 45.

- White. Black.
1 Q to Q R 5. 1 P takes Kt
2 P to K R 6. 2 K moves
3 Q takes Kt mates.

GAME 7960.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

- White.—(English.) Black.—(Zukertort.)
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 K 5. 3 Kt to B 3
4 P to Q 3. 4 P to Q 3
5 Kt to R 3. 5 P to Kt 3
6 P to K R 3. 6 B to Kt 2
7 B to K 2. 7 R to Q 2
8 Q to Q 2. 8 P to K R 3
9 Q takes K R. 9 Kt to Kt 3
10 P to Q 4. 10 P takes P
11 Kt takes P. 11 Kt to K
12 Q R to Q. 12 Kt to K 4
13 B to K 2 (6). 13 P to Kt 4 (6)
14 P to B 4. 14 P takes P
15 B takes P. 15 Kt to K 3
16 B to K 3. 16 Kt to R 5
17 R to B 2. 17 R to Kt 1
18 K to R (6). 18 P to Q B 3
19 Kt to Kt 3 (7). 19 B to Kt 3
20 B takes K R P. 20 Kt takes P
21 R takes Kt (7). 21 K takes R
22 K takes R. 22 Q to R 5
23 R to Kt 3 (7). 23 Q takes R P ch
24 K to R. 24 Q to Kt 6 ch
25 K to R. 25 Q to R 6 ch

- 26 K to Kt. 26 Q to Kt 6 ch
27 K to R. 27 Kt to Kt 5
28 B takes Kt. 28 B takes B
29 R to K B. 29 B to B 6 ch
30 R takes B. 30 Q takes R ch
31 Q to Kt 2. 31 Q to R 4 ch
32 K to Kt. 32 K to Q 2
33 K to B 2. 33 B to Kt 2
34 B to B 1. 34 B takes Kt
35 P takes B. 35 R to K
36 Q to B 3 (7). 36 Q to R 5 ch
37 K to B. 37 P to Kt 4
38 Kt to B 5 ch (h). 38 P takes Kt
39 Q to Q 3 ch. 39 K to K 2 (4)
40 Q to Q 6 ch. 40 K to B 2
41 Q to Q 7 ch. 41 R to K 2
42 Q takes P ch. 42 Q to B 3
43 Q to R 7 ch. 43 K to K (j)
44 Q to Kt 8 ch. 44 Q to B
45 Q takes Q ch. 45 K takes Q
46 B to Q 6. 46 K to B 2
47 B takes R. 47 K takes B
48 K to K 3. 48 K to K 3
49 K to B 3. 49 K to K 4
50 K to K 3 (k). 50 P to B 5
51 K to B 3. 51 P to Kt 4
52 K to K 3. 52 P to B 4
53 K to B 3. 53 P to Kt 5
54 K to K 3. 54 P to R 4
55 P takes P (h). 55 B takes P
56 K to Q 2. 56 K takes P
57 K to B. 57 P to B 6
58 K to Q. 58 K to B 6
59 K to B. 59 K to K 7
Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) The best reply. If 13 P to B 4, Black intended B takes B: 14. Either Kt takes B, Kt to B 5; 15. R to Q 3, Kt takes B; 16. Q takes Kt, Castles with a good game.
(b) Although not completely developed yet, Black takes up the attack, and successfully carries it out.
(c) If 18. B takes P, then 18.—, B takes B; 19. Q takes B, B takes P.
(d) Obviously overlooking the opponent's intention.
(e) If 21. B takes B, Black would proceed with Q to R 5; 22. Q to R 6. R takes B; 23. Q takes Q, Kt takes Q, with the superior game.
(f) After 22. Q to K 3, B takes B; 24. Q to Kt 3, Q takes Q ch; 25. K takes Q, K to K 2. Black would have a vastly superior position.
(g) Weak. 35. Kt to Q 4 would be better.
(h) Desperate, but he has nothing better. If 38 P takes P, Black wins with R to K 5 ch; 39. K to Kt 2, Q to R 5 ch; 40. K to Kt 3, R to Kt 5 ch; 41. R to B 2, R to B 5 ch, etc. If, on the other hand, 38. Kt to Q 2, then P takes P; 39. Kt takes P, R to K B.
(i) If K to B, White forces a draw with 40. Q to Q 6.
(j) K to B would have won easily.
(k) Both players overlooked that White could have turned the tables with 50. P to B 4.
(l) If 55. K to B 3, then P to R 5; 56. K to K 3, P to R 6, etc.—Standard.

FOOT NOTES.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper counts up thirty Californians who have died in ten years, each of whom was worth over a million, and some of them many millions. The only ones of the thirty who left anything to public purposes were James Lick, R. B. Woodward, Louis Strauss and William Sanlein. The two last were dry goods dealers and contributed to charitable institutions, Woodward left \$40,000 for the poor, and Lick a large educational fund.

A good deal of anxiety is felt in sporting circles as to the prospect of the grouse season. From some cause or other there seems to be a good deal less than the usual amount of information on the subject attainable. To judge from the meagre reports which have as yet appeared in the press, there is a fair chance of a good season; but private information gives reason to believe that most of those who go North on "the Twelfth" will be rather disappointed. Disease is reported to be alarmingly prevalent on some of the best moors.

A NEW American buggy with one wheel is reported. It consists of a wheel which will be attached to a horse by means of a pair of buggy shafts and which will carry at the other end a buggy seat. The inventor claims that by means of his new contrivance absolute safety in driving is secured, as the wheel can only tip or turn over in case the horse does the same thing. Besides, he claims that his new vehicle can get anywhere where a horse can get, and that the horse will be able to make greater speed in this contrivance than in any sulky of the old pattern.

PRINCE LOUIS FERDINAND, a cousin of the King of Bavaria, who has already distinguished himself by extensive studies in more than one branch of science, has recently published a "Monograph on the Tongue," considered with reference to its comparative anatomy in man and in several kinds of the other animals. The work has 105 splendid illustrations. Prince Louis Ferdinand, who is in his twenty-fourth year, has lately married a sister of King Alfonso of Spain.

THE grandest treasure it is possible for man to possess on earth is a good wife. The poorest investment he can ever make is a worthless one. Personal adornment may please the eye of the vulgar, but it will not hide a false heart. Sin may cloak itself for a brief season in the garment of hypocrisy, but sooner or later it shall come to judgment. Pure affection is a priceless jewel, the embodiment of earthly bliss. In the true union of husband and wife money should not enter into the consideration. The happiest homes the world ever knew have been bought and paid for by mutual earnings after marriage. The good and true wife adores her home and makes it a little heaven. It is the abode of a royal family, a king and queen dwell within. There are no false gods in such a household.

THE catalogue of the library of the late Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., is now in print, and the sale takes place on Monday, the 30th inst., and seven following days at the sale-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, 13 Wellington street, Strand. This library comprises, probably, the most choice collection of topography ever formed, most of the works being on large paper, and bound in the best style by the most eminent binders of the time. The books of prints are remarkable for beauty and impression, and the drawings, especially those executed in water-colours, are magnificent. The engravings include portraits and topographical views, and have evidently been selected with great judgment and taste.

It is proposed to build a number of bungalows at Brighton. This will exactly suit the Saturday to Monday class of visitors, who scarcely require palatial residences during their fleeting sojourns, although, of course, born to palatial life and surroundings, and having them elsewhere, where they fix their abodes for the major part of their time.

British American Bank Note Co.

The Annual General Meeting of Shareholders of the British American Bank Note Company for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the Offices of the Company, St. John street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 4th September, 1883, at THREE o'clock P.M. By order, GEO. JOHN BOWLES, Secretary.

CARDS all lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto and Chromo, Love Letter and Case name in gold and jet, 10c. WEST & CO., WESTVILLE, CONN.

STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL,

Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners, 341 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Opposite Exchange Bank). C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L. W. DOUG LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.

BELLAMY'S

Healing Samaritan Ointment

HAS CURED Salt Rheum for T. J. Claxton, of Montreal. Ringworm for J. M. Watson, of Morrisburg. Barber's Itch for W. H. Jackson, of Toronto. Scalp Itchings and Dandruff for Rev. T. Pickett, of Brockville. Use for all kinds of skin diseases and sores. Price 25 and 50c. per box. Sold by all first-class wholesale and retail druggists in Canada. H. H. BEL AMY, Proprietor, BROCKVILLE, Ont.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, Sole Manufacturer, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

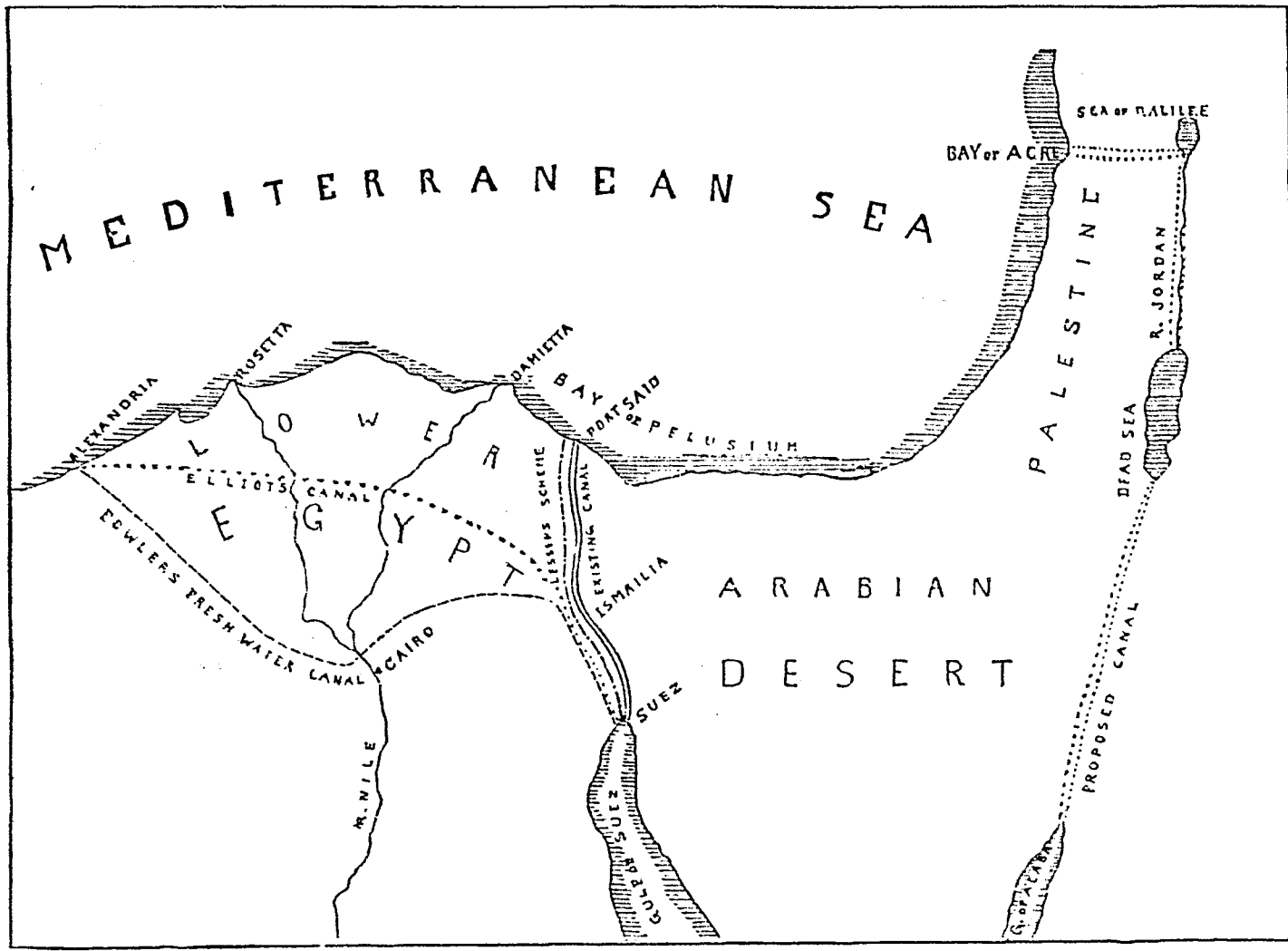
THE COOK'S FRIEND

BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 29-32-36a 55 College Street.



MAP OF THE PROPOSED NEW SUEZ CANAL.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY,

MONTREAL.
Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
Revenue Stamps,
Bills of Exchange,
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