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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVIII.—No. 9.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1883.

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CORDELIA.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 25th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 76.0	64.0	70.0	Mon. 72.0	55.0	63.0
Tues. 71.0	57.0	64.0	Tues. 75.0	57.0	66.0
Wed. 74.0	56.0	65.0	Wed. 79.0	63.0	71.0
Thur. 74.0	58.0	66.0	Thur. 79.0	64.0	71.5
Fri. 71.0	61.0	66.0	Fri. 78.0	64.0	71.0
Sat. 71.0	66.0	68.5	Sat. 88.0	51.0	69.5
Sun. 79.0	65.0	72.0	Sun. 73.0	52.0	62.0

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Echoes from London—Near to Nature's Heart—A Broken Chord—Procession at Nevada—Miscellany—When the Almond Groves were White—Adventure with a Lunatic—A Petrified Forest—Kit Carson's Ride—Wanted—A Daughter—Personal—Music—The Buchanan Romance—Hawthorne in Lenox—Fences at the Window—Rings—Palms—Walking—A Singular Tombstone—Literary—Banquet at Home—American Forest and Forestry—Echoes from Paris—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 1, 1883.

THE WEEK.

The event of the week has been the death of the Count of Chambord. He expired at Frohsdorf, on Thursday, the 16th inst. As we have previously stated, the protraction of his illness has prevented a surprise, and the effect of the Count's decease will be less than it might have been under other circumstances. The last of the Bourbons was a noble man—a type of fortitude and fidelity. He was a great exile, and his life has given a consecration to banishment. He has perhaps done more to honor his country and the French name by his attitude under misfortune, than he could have done on the throne. His career is a lesson and an example.

The French have achieved a great victory in Tonquin—which will go far toward bringing on a settlement. They bombarded and captured the forts and batteries at the mouth of the Hue River, after a brilliant land attack. The enemy's loss was very great. This victory must have its effect on the Annamites, with whom the French Civil Commissioner in Tonquin has gone, to negotiate.

GERMANY is doing a very ungracious thing by seeking every pretext to insult France. The latter is certainly not very wisely governed, but, so far as Germany is concerned, it has maintained a very becoming attitude, deserving of commendation in place of criticism.

The *Diritto* very properly points out to France that her foreign policy has gone far toward alienating the friendship of Spain, Italy, and England. There is no doubt that the republicanism of France constitutes a source of danger to such weak monarchies as those of Spain and Italy. With regard to England, there is this counterbalancing argument to be used, that France did not interfere in Egypt, notwithstanding her heavy material and political loss. England should not, therefore, be so sensitive about the operations in Madagascar.

BUSINESS is reported booming at Port Arthur. Lumber is coming in at a tremendous rate, Captain Symes alone having a contract to deliver ten million feet during the season, six millions of it to go over the railway to Winnipeg, four millions to be used at Port Arthur. The C. P. R. Company have given orders that all their coal shall be got in by way of Thunder Bay, which involves the handling of five hundred tons of coal per day the year round. New buildings, for stores, warehouses, hotels, and dwellings are

going up in all directions, and the population, which already exceeds three thousand, is increasing at the rate of a hundred or so a week.

The British Parliament has been prorogued. An eventful session has come to a close. The Queen's speech, going over the whole ground, presents a rather satisfactory report, and the tone of the reference to the Madagascar troubles is conciliatory. In domestic affairs there is also room for congratulation. The revenue thus far has not fallen short of the anticipated amount. The condition of the classes suffering from the depression in agriculture has, in most districts, shown some degree of improvement, and the general state of trade and industry is sound.

PREPARATIONS are being made for the Convention of the Irish National League of Great Britain at Leeds. The programme demands self-government for Ireland and direct representation of the Irish laboring classes in Parliament.

The military authorities in Spain recommend that extraordinary measures be continued in enforcement for some further time to come, with a view to the prevention of further outbreaks. The situation has improved in Spain, but it is only a lull, and a vague feeling of unrest will be maintained until there is a change.

CETEWAYO still lives and expects the British Government to help him in his troubles. He has an undoubted right to this help. The history of the Zulu war makes clear the obligation of the British people to regulate a country in whose affairs they meddled so deeply. It would never do to leave these barbarians to their own fate.

MR. BENNET H. YOUNG, president of the Louisville, Albany and Chicago Railway, gives in a letter to *The Railway Age* his reasons for persisting in the Sabbath-keeping policy begun by him as president of that road. Mr. YOUNG believes in the religious obligation to observe the Sabbath, and that "every railroad manager operating a road on that day violates human and divine commands, and by forcing his employes to do the same sets before them a continual example of the disregard of the highest obligations." This involves an indifference of the employes to the corporate interest of the companies, as they see those companies indifferent to their physical and moral welfare; and it lowers their moral tone, as they see the companies breaking the law of God and of man with indifference and impunity. "The most defenceless property is that of railways. Stretched out along lines reaching sometimes thousands of miles, it is simply impossible to defend it from sudden or organized aggression. . . . If every man in America were made a policeman, it would be impossible to defend all the railway property in this country; and as a consequence railroad corporations are more dependent upon the protection of the law-abiding, moral and Christian sentiment than any other class of property-owners. Are railway men therefore wise in thus doing what they can to teach and train their employes to violate the Sabbath, and with impunity to break the laws of the State for their protection? Would it not be wiser to encourage a respect for those laws?" The argument that the public will have Sunday trains he dismisses with authoritative contempt. The railways, he says, run trains to suit themselves, with little regard to what the public wants. They put on and discontinue trains as they find it pay, and do not hesitate to disoblige when they have any strong motive for so doing. Mr. YOUNG also thinks the railways would gain much by sending their men back to the bosom of their families for a whole day in each week, and that no mere question of receipts should be allowed to weigh against moral considerations. He concludes: "It is rumored that this order of mine will be rescinded. I have only to say that so far as tried the results have been more than satisfactory; no injury or loss has been sustained; the employes have in many ways expressed their gratitude and thanks for this privilege (of Sunday rest); and that so long as I remain in the management of the road no change will be made." We hope there will be no change,—at least, until the experiment has been made fully. If railway profits and public convenience can be secured by running only mail trains on Sunday, then Mr. YOUNG has taken a step which must be followed by every railroad in the country, and there will be a gain in the ampler recuperation of society and the business world from the weekly excitement of six days of labor, pleasure and fret. No nation ever needed the Sunday rest more than does America for the preservation of social sanity; and whatever makes the national Sunday more real will be welcomed by all who are wise to discern the signs of the times.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, August 4.

A NUMBER of Mr. Whistler's best pictures are to be sent to New York for exhibition.

THE Hove Commissioners will, it is reported, have to spend over £20,000 to erect defences against the encroachment of the sea.

THE Thuringian Band, which has been charming us all at the Fisheries, is being engaged for Sunday work. The form which sanctions the operation is that it will only play Lutheran hymns.

AN important London paper partially changed hands last week. A third remains in the original proprietary, but new management will supersede the old.

THE Countess of Jersey has contributed to *Longman's Magazine* a poetical contribution showing ability in construction and imaginative powers of no mean order.

THE factor for the Marquis of Queensbury is, it is said, making a tour of Texas, with the view of making heavy investments in ranch property and stock.

AN Irish priest who preached recently on the effect of a decision given in court under the Land Act, took for his text the passage in Matthew ix., 16—"And the rent is made worse."

THE doctors are discontented at the late elevation of one of their number to the rank of a baronet—they clamor for admittance to the House of Lords. Knock at the door long enough, gentlemen, that is the prescription we write for you.

THE birth of another young club is reported. It has been christened the Wimpole, after the street in which it finds a local habitation. It is started under good auspices, and promises to live honored and happily.

MR. O'DONNELL scored one from the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs on Monday. When the customary demand for "notice" of a question was made, the member for Dungarven inquired whether the Under Secretary could state—"without notice"—if Germany was a foreign country!

MRS. LANGTRY, who has returned to England, is said to have earned over £25,000 in the course of her American season. She will shortly begin a three weeks' provincial tour, returning to America in October for a short time, and afterwards visiting Australia for ten weeks.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S speech on the Suez Canal scheme has earned the approbation of friend and foe. Everyone is saying that it was a model of moderate argument and well-considered statement, and the Prime Minister has privately expressed his appreciation of it.

A COMPANY has been formed with large means and an influential director to let and sell villa farms within a convenient distance of London—that is, villas with a fair amount of land attached to them. The taste for a little farming is inborn in the Londoner.

TEN thousands pounds is being raised to send out competent engineers to make a survey of the Jordan and its seas, to ascertain if the Jordan will provide a marine railway to the Red Sea. The Duke of Sutherland is associated with this project.

THE astonishing assertion is made that Mr. Gladstone has announced his intention to withdraw all our troops from Egypt before the end of the year. Mr. Gladstone has pledged himself to this policy, Lord Hartington has endorsed it, and the Cabinet has accepted the statement of its policy by Mr. Gladstone and Lord Hartington.

NEXT year there is a possibility that a number of kiosks will be erected in Hyde-park, where light refreshments may be had. We announced it for this year, but there seems to have been difficulties in the way. A meeting has been held at the Duke of Westminster's town residence, which has now put matters on a practical footing.

SCOTLAND was wont to claim every great man as a Scotchman, Cetewayo was the last; but latterly, owing to the death of the article, perhaps, we have not heard much of these claims. The claim is heard once more; it says:—"Waddington, thou, too, art a Scot—a Chisholm, by the mother's side, in the year 1350—don't you remember?"

A NEW club. It is to be called the Clergy Club, and to do for the clergy of the country

what the National Liberal Club does for the Liberals and the Constitutional Club for the Conservatives. Such a club reveals an odd taste. One would imagine that the last thing a person would wish to do would be to go to a club where he would meet only brother parsons.

VISCOUNT GARMOYLE, the eldest son of Earl Cairns, is engaged to be married to Miss Fort-que, of the Savoy Theatre, the fairest of the fair fairies, whose hands for the last six months have been sought nightly in marriage by the stage peers in *Iolanthe*. His lordship is twenty-two years of age.

A ROTTEN-row critic complains of the spoiling of the grace, if not the beauty, of the girls who ride there by having their necks hidden in all-round choking collars, which cause their chins, he says, to stick out and their noses to be disdainfully elevated. There is a part of their fair faces between which might, at least, receive his laudation and his longing.

A curious warfare is waging between the admirers of claret and champagne, as to which is the dinner wine *par excellence*; but there is no doubt there is more certainty of having good wine poured out from under the label and cork of a well-known champagne growing firm than there is from a bottle of claret which bears a label of any one of the superior clarets.

GOVERNMENT by party is no longer an easy matter. The Liberals voted with the Opposition on Monday on Sir Michael Hicks-Baugh's amendment, empowering landlords and tenants to contract themselves out of the provisions of the new bill. Amongst them were such tried Liberals as Mr. Muntz and Sir John Ramsden. The truth is that a large number of the old school of Liberals dislike the grandmotherly system of State interference with private contract so common in the present day.

ALL the leading theatrical managers of London put in an appearance by counsel at Westminster on Monday. The theatrical errand was neither more nor less than to protest against the proposed scheme for lighting the great theatre districts of London with electric light. The opponents do not object to the light in itself—far from it; but they not unreasonably demur to being put at the mercy of a particular company for a given number of years—possibly to their own loss and inconvenience.

HAT-CRUSHING is the evidence in the House of Commons of a great oratorical success. When a man sits down on his chimney-pot it is equal to a brilliant peroration, if he be not a yielding Gibus. A blow on the top of his hat, smashing it in, if possible, is an Italian's method of saying, "There now, take that!" During the debate on the Agricultural Holdings' Bill, Mr. James Howard, who did a great deal of talking, spoilt two hats by sitting down on them. Last week he appeared with a third—a white one this time.

THE outlay required for the reconstructive repair of Westminster Abbey is still under the consideration of the Treasury and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. How the large sum required is to be obtained is not yet quite settled, but inasmuch as there is no promise of its being had by donation or subscription, and as it is understood that the property of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster cannot afford what is requisite, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have been referred to Mr. Gladstone, who has, it is understood, interested himself in the matter, and there is no doubt that the means of raising the money will soon be provided.

A number of gentlemen prominently connected with sport have resolved to demonstrate in a most practical form their sympathy with the young widow and the two orphans of Captain Webb, who lost his life whilst endeavoring to swim down the Niagara Rapids last week. A committee of gentlemen is at once to be formed, and Sir J. D. Astley readily promised to accept the presidency of the organization. With such a thoroughly hearty supporter of everything connected with the popular pastimes of the country at the head of affairs, it may confidently be anticipated that a handsome amount will be realized for the family of the ill-fated and all too venturesome swimmer.

A NEW daily journal, bearing the title of the *Morning News*, has appeared in Paris. It professes no political creed, but has been started for the express purpose of giving the latest English and American intelligence by telegraph, thus anticipating the London newspapers by several hours. It consists of four pages of toned paper about the size of the London *Globe*, and is in no wise an undesirable addition to the Continental journals.

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.

NEAR TO NATURE'S HEART.

Out of the depths of nature
Sweet thoughts at times will start
That rise, like a fragrant incense,
Cheering the downcast heart.

The chirp of the bird or the cricket,
The fluttering leaves of the trees,
The odor of woodland flowers,
Wooded by a southern breeze.

The warmth of the summer sunshine,
The loving of kine on the hill,
The silvery sky-hung crescent,
Or the cry of the whip-poor-will.

Brings back to the heart that is brooding
Some happy dream that is past
To gladden and cheer, for the moment,
Though the joy is too sweet to last.

As a child to its mother turning
Finds ever a quick relief,
So our common mother, Nature,
Gives solace for every grief.

JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

A BROKEN CHORD.

"My dear."—Two words on the otherwise blank sheet of paper the man by the desk looked down upon. Involuntarily he smiled; not that he suspected Richard Haines of tender intents, only it were not unreasonable it might be so.

Three words would have changed life materially that moment to the man beside the desk. But he could not dream of this; he only turned away forgetful to wonder where was Richard Haines. His business was of stocks, but he quite forgot when Richard Haines appeared; something betwixt a laugh and a whistle moved his lips as he noted the quick ejaculations, the energy with which the suggestive paper was shut within the desk.

This was more than business of stock, then, after all. Amid his surprise there flashed a sudden unexplainable curiosity as to that other word; he wished Richard Haines had written it. But a voice a bit impatient broke in upon his thoughts.

"I do not know as I shall ever rid myself of the bad habit of leaving things about; even unfinished letters lie loose for every one to see."

"In love for the first time, and in the first stages; that was evident," thought Hobart Cliff.

"A calamity in this case, Haines," he answered, gravely: "I think you are very much the man with the guilty conscience who needeth no accuser. And, now I look at you, you do not seem at all a man of stocks this morning; you look rather like a man in love."

"Do I?" A foolish little laugh broke on the other's lips. "Well, Cliff, I must confess I am—with the dearest, sweetest little girl in all the world. We are not yet quite engaged, but I am sure of her—that is everything, Cliff, you know."

"Yes." It was the one word he could utter, so precipitately Richard Haines went on:

"She has so many lovers, this little lady, and, oddly, I am the last of all. For I have only known her a few weeks; she chanced to me one day, and I— I fell in love with her at once. I would not have believed a man could be so foolish, but I guess it often happens so. By-the-way, how is the little girls up in Medway, Cliff?"

Hobart Cliff started at the question; the bantering smile left his face. He had, this brief moment, quite forgotten the girl in Medway; for the first time in weeks she, with attendant matters, had been clearly off his mind. To have her recalled in this sudden fashion, and all the rest brought back so plainly, was almost more than he could endure.

"Miss Burnaby is well, Haines."

Any other time Richard Haines would have stared at the testy answer; he was quite too absorbed now in his own ecstatic business; his lips moved for further confidences, but the other man grew suddenly impatient of his time. He hurried through his errands as best he could, and went back to his office to— to drum idly on his desk and think of Hester Burnaby. He had thought of her to the detriment of all business, these few weeks past—alas! never once as should a lover, though always she was the girl he was engaged to marry—the woman who must be his wife. Suggestion had loomed but to be battled bravely, to be cast, even with unstained honor, down. Always the inevitable had been Hester Burnaby.

Honor had served Hobart Cliff a lifetime, but honor strangely misbehaved to-day. Some impetus from that office-scene, he knew not what opened his soul unto suggestion; for the first time he suffered it, for the first time he suffered it, for the first time permitted the sweet face of Hester Burnaby to fade beneath the light of one no fairer, yet, these latter days, a very heaven to him.

He thought it out that day. Honor barred, he could reason calmly; he did not love Hester Burnaby, he could never feel for her again what he had fancied once he did. Under these circumstances it would be—yes, it would be wrong to marry her; better an avowal even of faithlessness now, than the mockery of fulfillment unto her lifelong misery. This last was a false view of honor; she would be the last to crave such act of him. On this line he thought it out. It was strange how the illusion grew. What would have seemed to him in the morning most a crime unpardonable, grew at evening a

very duty—to break his engagement with Hester Burnaby. With ready pen he did this—yes, with eloquence of words—but, for all, he hesitated as he signed his name; he had the strange feeling, that moment, a man might have who was signing his own death warrant.

Hobart Cliff had been a faithful lover in honor's stiff requirements. He was Hester Burnaby's betrothed in the maddest striving of his fresher passion; he had never once, of his own planning, sought the girl who had entranced him; he had even staid from places where he knew that he would meet her; he had, at times, been honestly sorry that they met so much by chance.

He meant to be circumspect now; he would wait at least till he received back his ring and letters ere he went with his tender story to Elsie Cray. But the old loosened, the new passion arose in might; it was only the following evening that he took his way to the pretty up-town cottage, with his whole soul upon his lips. So fond, so eager, with not even a thought now for Hester Burnaby.

"I am sure of her—that is everything, Cliff, you know."

He smiled as he recalled the words; he wondered if Richard Haines was really as sure of his little girl as he was of Elsie Cray. For he was sure of her! Jubilantly he remembered the many favors she had shown him, the shy but tender looks with which she had answered the at times uncontrollable passion of his look and act. His own—his own little Elsie! Ah, how his soul laughed as he drew near the house!

A pretty picture made Elsie Cray on the piazza that bright evening, looking up at the young moon with a light song on her lips. Was she thinking of him? He approached with step so hushed, so softly, she did note his presence till he was most beside her.

"Elsie!"

She had turned, ere the little word, in quick surprise towards him. Most women would have lost self-possession before the soul within his face, but Elsie Cray was quite used to souls; she was a lady with many lovers, and with only a quiet smile she extended her hand to him.

"You find me dreaming like a schoolgirl, Mr. Cliff, but—I am pleased to see you."

He was not in the mood, one brief moment, for such words as these.

"Elsie!" The name had been a song; it broke now, a cry of mingled yearning and demand. "Elsie, you know why I have come. You do not know why I have staid away; there were reasons, and I will explain, I can explain, but—oh! not this precious moment; just this little moment open your dear lips and tell me that you love me. If only one little word, my darling? That were more to me even than tenderer things now, Elsie."

So quiet the ending, so assured. So eagerly, yet so patiently, he waited for her; he would not so much as touch her little hand, he thought, till she should bid him. He had been a mystery to Elsie Cray these weeks; he would have been a mystery to her now had she had space for thought, but she was quite too absorbed in the answer she should make him.

"I am very sorry to hear you talk this way," she said, after a little, quietly looking up at him. "You fancied that I liked you, and I did; had you spoken sooner"—she had a fashion of being complimentary at such times—"had you spoken sooner I do not say how things might have turned. But it is useless retrospecting now, for the simple reason that I am engaged to be married, Mr. Cliff."

"Engaged, Elsie?"

"Yes; to Mr. Richard Haines."

It was a hard night for two of them. For the man walking away that first moment, from Elsie Cray, gradually to awake to the crushing realization that what had been life to him was but simple play to her. A heartless coquette, meaning to give herself to no man save such an one as Richard Haines—the rich stockbroker, whose wealth held rank in millions. This was Elsie Cray, the woman he had worshiped—the woman, despite himself, he worshiped still.

He had been wont, in little troubles, to turn to Hester Burnaby; her advice, her comfort in any perplexity had been eagerly sought by him. With strange forgetfulness his heart called out for her this hour; a wild cry rang out upon the night as suddenly he realized the gentle words that he had murdered, the faithful, fond caresses his own mad hand had made dead things for ever.

Strange, strange for all, that moment passion rested; life grew naught to him simply that Hester Burnaby had died. For she was dead—dead! This was the one thought of his weary brain as he walked along.

Hard for two of them. For the girl, sitting with the letter he had sent her, with pallid face and nervous fingers clutching it. She had loved him so; it seemed so hard, so very hard he should be false to her—his love, she had believed for eternity, to live only four little months. This was the simple ache of her heart that hour; all the pain her poor heart could grasp.

Over and over she had read the letter; she seemed strangely to cling to the cold, cruel missive his hand had written him.

"Would it be right for me to marry you with my heart bound up in another woman? Is it not better to be even what the world calls dishonorable, than to deceive unto certain misery? I know you would not have it so, Hester; when

you should—" Her eyes were wandering down the words again, but suddenly she paused; a point of argument rose up before her she was bound to reason out. A point of argument was much to her, that hour; she began eagerly to question this thing he had done to her.

What? Simply told the truth—the truth which he could not help, however hard it was for her to bear. This was all that he had done: he was right, he was noble; all that was honorable in man honored Hobart Cliff. For had he not done nobly by her? What mattered the hardness of the little present to the loveless marriage he had spared her, the years of misery? What—

"Bound up in another woman." The words flashed suddenly; she clasped her hands above the letter, and a smile played about her lips. She was recalling that day she told him that if only he were happy, she must be happy, too; even should he come to love another, as long as he was satisfied, she must be happy.

She had meant it truly; it had been always her idea of love. And now the time had come; this very moment she saw him bending down to the girl he worshiped; she listed his tender kisses, the murmured rapture of his words. Her soul clasped its rest; she looked, she listened, with the smile still on her lips.

But—so quickly the burden passed; ere the morrow she had drunk unto the dregs of bitterness. Each day harder, each the emptiness of her life more insupportable. And, because emotion must have some exercise in her, she hardened towards the man she had loved so fondly, each day came nearer hating him. Hobart Cliff had grasped it; all that was sweet, womanly in Hester Burnaby his own mad hand had murdered.

Still, strive as she did, she could not forget those four little months. One evening there dawned on her the strange fancy that if she could fully realize his happiness she might be reconciled to this all. The fancy grew a fascinating desire to see him bending towards this Elsie Cray, to watch his dark eyes light and his strong, sure hand caress her; to see—how much fonder, tenderer it would be than it had been with her.

Why not? The letter had particularized; it was but a little distance to the city, and, once there, she might find a way. An hour later Hester Burnaby stood in the city's streets.

She had no plan, she only walked hurriedly on towards the pretty cottage, trusting to chance to help her. They might be on the porch this pleasant evening; it was growing dark, and they would not notice that a girl walked slowly—he would not, at least; he had been her lover, and she knew, she thought, with a bitter laugh.

Slowly she drew near the house. The porch was empty; she was passing disappointedly when, just within a window, she saw two sitting—a fair face turned toward her, one herding to toy with a little hand. It was harder than Hester Burnaby had thought; her heart beat loudly; with a little despairing cry she turned, when suddenly one looked up.

Ah! a cry still but a cry of bewilderment and joy. Bewildering admitting but the one fact: that it was all a lie; strange as it was, a lie—for ever. Giddy with excitement, she hurried back again up the street; she did not note the tall figure turning the corner till it passed beside her; she looked up bewildered still. It was not strange looking that the sweet face grew, that she gazed into that face with a tenderer passion than even her tender heart had known—not strange that maiden coyness banished.

"Hobart—dear Hobart, is it you?"

He stood staring at her; his brain was weary yet, and, at odd times, that strange fancy came back to him. But when she spoke a light crept into his face, revealing how his heart had turned back to her since that hard night.

"Hester you speak to me that way! You are not angry with me for all that I have done? Ah, you pity me; some way you have heard the story of her coquetry, how she led me on to worship her—you know it all, and—you are not angry? You understand that there is such a thing as enchantment, and that the man so fortunate as to break the spell may find his own true soul again? Hester, little one, I know I do not deserve it, but—you spoke those sweet words to me; you are going to forgive me—to be to me as in the old days."

He paused abruptly, for the first time he realized her changing face. A moment she regarded him.

"That would be impossible," she answered, coldly; "it is a broken chord that may never resound again."

So she walked away from him. His eyes did not follow her; he only looked over where she had stood, with a faint smile on his lips. It had been but a vision—it was as he had fancied—Hester Burnaby was dead.

PROCESSION AT NEVADA.

At Austin, Nevada, on July 4, the public procession contained a locomotive and two flat cars which moved in a stately way through the main street, the cars being decorated and fitted for the display of emblematic devices and carrying young women representing the States, and symbolizing virtues, sciences, arts, and trades. The grade of the railway which passes up through the main street of the town from the station of the Nevada Central is 12½ feet to the 100, and being on the natural route of the pro-

cession, the locomotive and cars were utilized to most excellent and peculiarly effective advantage.

A correspondent says that all went smooth and easy enough going down the steep grade, the brakes being very competent and responsible hands, but many mechanically appreciative individuals were curious to see how it would be in coming up—whether the speed could be regulated to the pace of the procession marching before and behind. But that gallant little motor, weighing 33,000 pounds, just worked its way up the steepest plain road in the country, slowly, carefully, with the precision of clock-work, and regulated exactly to the gait of the procession. There was no difficulty whatever about it.

SEWER GAS AND TYPHOID FEVER.

Dr. George Hamilton, in the *Medical Record*, takes issue with those who assume the conveyance of germs of typhoid and scarlet fevers, diphtheria, and dysentery by contaminated drinking water, and who do not believe that sewer gas can spread the infection or originate the diseases. Referring to the epidemics that sometimes occur suddenly in cities fed with drinking water from some common source, he says that their sudden appearance and as sudden disappearance cannot be attributed to the character of the water, except on the supposition that the water changes suddenly from purity to impurity, and *vice versa*, a supposition incompatible with the delivery supply of water from reservoirs. Walled-up cesspools, he says, are common in the city and not usually found in the country, and the exhalations from unventilated and uncared for vaults have much to do with the prevalence of typhoid diseases.

MISCELLANY.

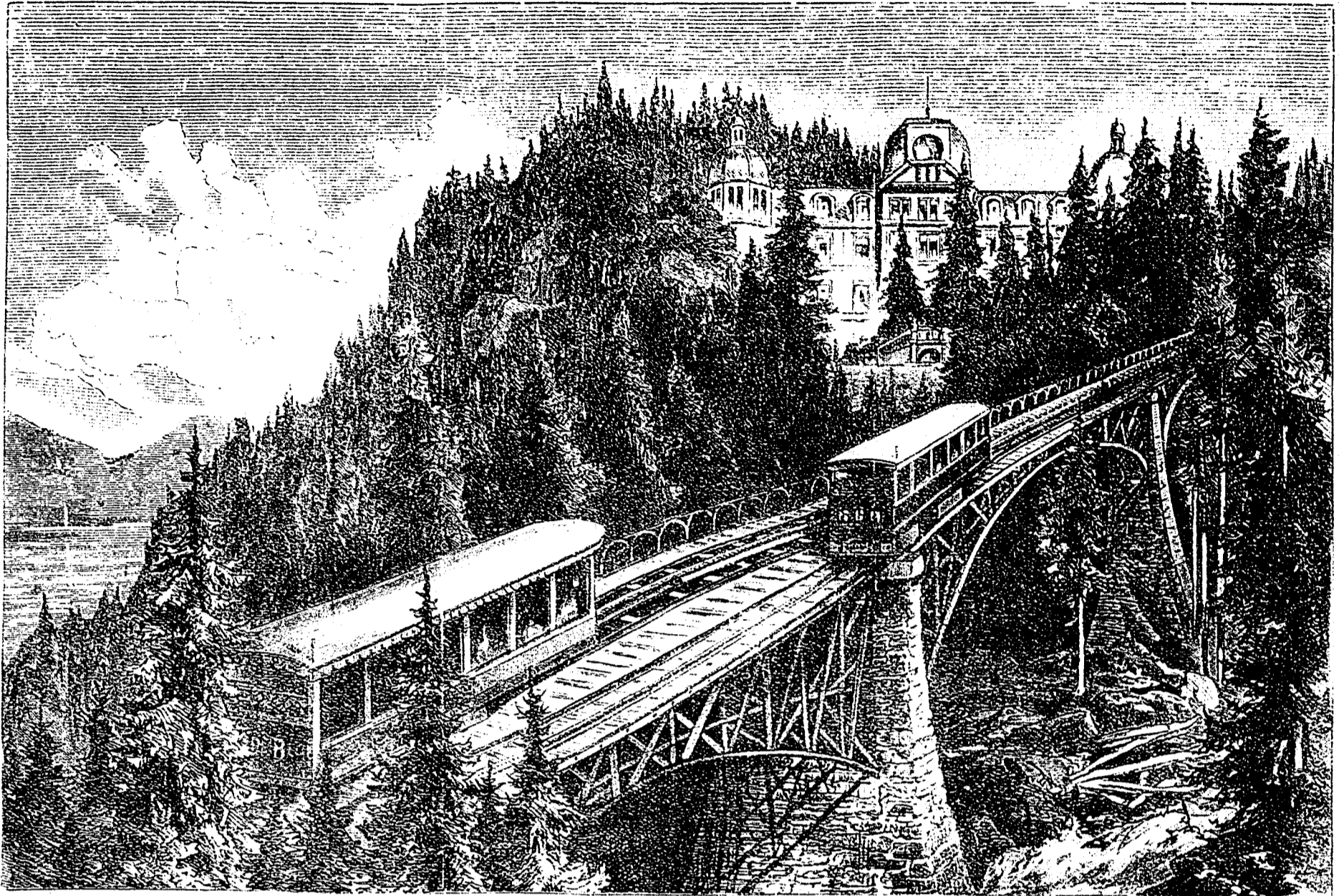
It will be some time yet before the museum of casts now being formed at South Kensington will be open to the public, but a considerable number of casts for the illustration of the history of ancient art have already been collected. Among the latest acquisitions are four slabs from a frieze recently brought from Lycia by Professor Benndorf, and which now adorn the Museum at Vienna. The material of this frieze is not marble, but calcareous stone, and the surface of the relief has suffered a good deal from weather; but notwithstanding this the sculpture itself shows that the design and execution belong to the fine period of ancient art. One of the slabs represents a four-horse chariot, the horses grouped in the same manner as on the metallsions of Syracuse. On another slab is a female figure, probably that of a queen.

A MESSAGE is now being circulated among the followers of Mahomet, intimating that the sun will this month, reversing his usual order of procedure, rise in the West. The purpose of this strange phenomenon is to announce the day of wrath which is to follow the day of mercy. The excitement created in the East by the circulation of this prediction is of course extraordinary. Repeatedly in the middle ages kindred predictions exercised a sadly disturbing influence upon Christendom. But it is among the imaginative people of the Orient that the effect of such deliverances is most marked. A short time ago Mahomet Sahi stated that the founder of Islam had appeared to him and warned him that the end was near. Moreover, it is notorious that the False Prophet of the Soudan claims to be the Mahdi, whose advent is to precede the final agonies of the world. It is difficult to account for the myths that have arisen on the subject.

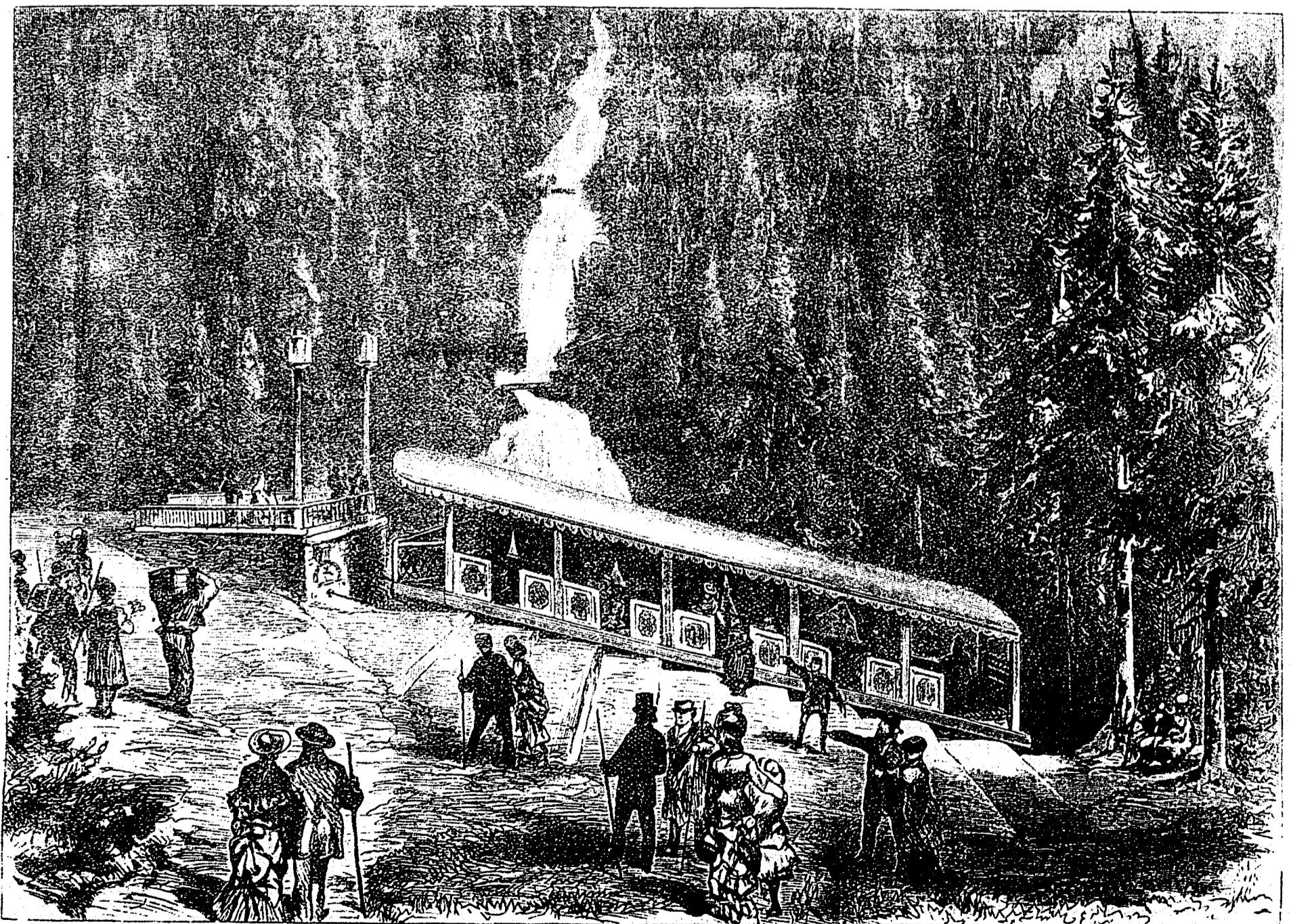
TRUTH says:—People are vastly mistaken if they suppose that a visit to Windsor signifies confidential intercourse with the royal hostess. The guests, and such of the household as are included in the dinner-party, assemble in the grand corridor, and the Queen enters from her private apartments, just as the repast is announced, and accords a formal greeting to each person. The company then goes into the dining-room (the Oak Room), and during dinner conversation is, of course, of a very rapid sort, "Shakespeare and the musical glasses." After dinner the party meet again in the corridor, and her Majesty goes round the circle, speaking perhaps for two minutes to each person, after which she retires, and the guests adjourn to one of the drawing-rooms, to finish the evening with music or cards. Next morning they leave without having again seen the Queen, so that very little political capital can be made out of a visit.

A CONTRIBUTOR to a Paris contemporary says the season of London is about to finish with a marriage "of first rate." It refers to the fiancée, an American lady, who, we are told, has no necessity to offer herself in a shower of pearls and dollars, the gold of her hair and the royalty of her twenty years being enough. This is charming as far as it goes, but the announcement that the proposed bridegroom is Lord Wolsley is rather a staggerer.

THERE is a dispute between two great fencing masters as to their relative prowess, and it is proposed, therefore, to have a grand assault; but the difficulty in arranging the terms is that one of the two celebrities wished to have, while the other will not accept, "white waistcoats and blackened foil buttons." He says it is lowering the dignity of the profession. Dear, dear! this is particular and grand.



SWITCHING.



THE TRACTION RAILWAY AT GRESSBACH, SWITZERLAND.



A STORM IS COMING.

WHEN THE ALMOND GROVES WERE WHITE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWN.

Gray the mountain-world, and old;
And the wintry sunset dies
Under melancholy skies
Rimmed with twilight's dreary gold;
Darkness veils the firmament;
Groping on, from height to height,
Clubs the lost, uncertain light,
Till the last faint beam is spent.

On the dusky lattice pane
Inez leans her lovely cheek;
Sees each grim, embattled peak
For some warning sign in vain;
Cold and blank the summits loom;
Thro' some cloudy gate ajar
Gleams one lone, adventurous star—
Flickers, and goes out in gloom.

"Was that Manuel's signal? Hark!"
Faint and far a bugle-wail,
Blown along the rising gale,
Drops into the hollow dark.
"Fearless he in chase, or fight;
But," she whispers, with a sigh,
"Evil things in ambush lie,
And the trail is blind to-night."

"Surer than the mountain goat's
Is his foot upon the crag,
And the eagle's wing may flag
Where his gay talmita floats!
Swifter than the desert wind
Is the mustang he bestrides;
Foes may follow where he rides,
But the arrow lags behind."

"Till the almond groves are white!"
Ah! what foolish words to say!
Then to smile and ride away!
But if he should come to-night—
Should he come to-night," she said,
"Would he plead my love again?
Well, he need not plead in vain,
Tho' the almond blossoms are dead."

Wild the gathering winds lament
Thro' arroya and ravine,
With the hiss of hail between,
And the roar of torrents blent!
"Ah! I wait and weep in vain!
Days must come, and nights must go,
Ere the almond blossoms blow—
And he will not come again!"

"Oh! my love! my love!" she cried—
"I was wroth with jealous spite,
When I spurned him from my sight!
But he only smiled and sighed:
"Till the almond groves are white!"
Santa Madre! pity me!
This had been our bridal morn;
Now the snows are heaped forlorn
Where his hidden grave may be!"

Morning on the mountain lands:
Hark! A hand is at the door,
Hush! A foot is on the floor,
Still the lady weeping stands:
He is kneeling at her feet,
While a flush of gold and rose
Creeps along the desert snows:
"Inez, love, forgive me, sweet!"

"Foes pursue, and storms delay,
I have ridden far and fast,
Till I elasp my own at last,
And—this is our wedding-day!"
Then she whispers: "Day and night
I have watched and wept for you;
But your parting words came true:
Lo! the almond groves are white!"

ADVENTURE WITH A LUNATIC.

AN ENGLISH STORY.

Alf Dixon, Tom Giffard, and I had gone up the river camping out; we had done our second day's work. It was early morning on the third day, glorious weather. I was in the boat, getting the steering-lines in order; Giffard and Dixon were on the bank, talking to Dr. Rawle. As I understood it, he was at the head of a private asylum for lunatics. He was Giffard's friend, not mine. He had been taking a constitutional when he happened to fall in with us just as we were sitting down to our open-air breakfast. The chance meeting led to Giffard inviting him to share our gypsy's meal. He did.

He was a pleasant fellow, not too old and not too young. I liked him exceedingly. We talked of things in general and of lunatics in particular. Something led to his mentioning—I think it was speaking of the cunning of a certain class of lunatics, and the difficulty of keeping them within four walls—the fact that one of his inmates had escaped a day or two previously, and had not yet been retaken. This was the more singular as it was tolerably certain he had not gone far, and search had been made for him in every direction.

As Giffard and Dixon were saying good-by, preparatory to getting into the boat, the doctor laughingly said, "Should you happen to come across him, I shall consider you bound to bring him back safe and sound. He's a man of forty-four or five, tall and bony, iron-gray hair, and has a curious habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Don't look out for a raving lunatic, for, on most points, he's as right as you and I. He's wrong in two things. Whatever you do, don't let him lose his temper, for whenever he does, though ever so slightly, he invariably goes in for murder; he's all but done for two keepers already. And don't talk to him of England or Englishmen, for, if he should get upon his native land, he'll favor you with some observations which will make you open your eyes."

We laughed. Alf and Tom shook hands with him, and got into the boat. We promised, if we should happen to meet him, we would certainly see him returned to safe custody. Alf

stood up and shoved us from the shore; we sang out a last good-by, and left the doctor standing on the bank.

It was a beautiful morning. The river was delicious, clear as crystal. We could see the bottom, and every stone and pebble on it; just a gentle breeze, fanning the surface of the waters into a ripple. We lit our pipes and took it easily. I am a good bit of a traveller, know many lovely nooks and crannies in foreign lands. I have lived abroad as much as at home; but I will match the higher reaches of our own Father Thames for beauty and for charm against any scenery in Europe; and on an early summer morning, after a spell of glorious weather, it is in all its prime; the water so cool, so clear; the banks so green, so charming; the stately trees of either side; the mansions seen over the meadows, or peeping out among the trees. You may choose your Rhine, Garda, or your Maggiore, or your golden Bay of Naples, but leave Cookham and old Father Thames to me.

Presumably, we had come for river beauties and the camping out. Presumably; but, as a matter of fact, there was a young lady lived not so far ahead, a mutual friend, Lillian Travers. Separately and jointly we had a high opinion of Miss Travers, not only of her beauty, but of other things as well; and, having come so far, we hoped we should not have to return until at least we had a peep at her. Unfortunately, though we knew Miss Travers, we had no acquaintance with Mister,—there was no Missis. We had met the young lady at several dances, and such like; but on each occasion she was under the chaperonage of old Mrs. Mackenzie. Apparently Mr. Travers was not a party man. But Lillian had promised to introduce us to him whenever she got a chance, and we were not unhelpful she would get that chance now. So, you see, the little excursion riverwards had more in it than met the eyes.

We went lazily on, just dipping the oars in and out, smoking, watching the smoke circling through the clear air. All thoughts of the doctor and his parting words had gone from our mind. We talked little, and that little was of Lillian and the chances of our meeting. We had gone some two or three hundred yards; we were close to the shore; Alf could almost reach it by stretching out his oar. We were dreaming and lozing when suddenly some one stepped out from among the trees. He was close to us,—not a dozen feet away.

He was a tall man, rather over than under six feet. He was dressed in a dark brown suit of Oxford mixture; he had a stick in his hand, wore a billy-cock hat, and his coat was buttoned right up to his throat. He had light whiskers, a heavy, drooping moustache, hair unusually long, iron-gray in color. He might be a soldier, retired from his profession, or an artist out painting; he certainly looked a gentleman.

We were passing on, when he raised his stick, and shouted out, "Stop!"

It was a regular shout, as though we were half a mile from him. We stopped, although it was an unusual method of calling attention.

"Gentlemen," he said, still at the top of his voice. "I should be obliged if you could give me a seat. I have a long way to go, and I am tired."

We looked at him and at each other. It was a free-and-easy style of asking a favor; but he seemed a gentleman, and an elderly one, too. Common politeness dictated civility.

"I am afraid," said Alf, "we have hardly room; she's only built for three."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," he said; "you can put me anywhere, or I'll take an oar for one of you."

I was on the point of advising a point-blank refusal, not appreciating his off-hand manner; but Alf thought differently.

"All right," said he; "we don't mind, if you don't. Steer her in, Jack."

I steered her in. No sooner were we near the shore than quite unexpectedly he stepped almost on my toes, rocking the boat from side to side.

"Hang it!" I said; "take care, or you'll have us over."

"What if I do?" he returned. "It'll only be a swim; and who minds a swim in weather like this?"

We stared at him: the coolness, not to say impertinence, of the remark was amazing. Begging a seat in our boat, knowing it was full, and then telling us he didn't care if he spilt us into the river! He seated himself by me, setting the boat seasawing again, crushing me into a corner; and, without asking with your leave or by your leave, took the steering-lines from my hands and slipped them over his shoulders.

"Excuse me," I said, making a snatch at them; "but if you will allow me."

"Not at all," he said. "I always like something to do, and I expect you've had enough of it."

His coolness was amusing; he was impenetrable. I know I, for one, regretted we were such mules as to have had anything to do with him. We waited in silence a moment or two.

"Come," he said, "when are you going to start?"

"Perhaps," said Alf, a bit nettled, "as you're in our boat a self-invited guest, you'll let us choose our own time."

The stranger said nothing; he sat stolid and silent. Tom and Alf set off rowing; the stranger steered right across the water.

"Where are you going?" said Alf. "Keep us in."

"I am going into the shade: the sun's too strong."

He had the lines: we could hardly insist on

his keeping one side if he preferred the other. He took us right to the opposite bank, under the shadow of the willow-trees. For some minutes neither of us spoke. With him cramming me on my seat and ramming his elbows into my side, my position was not pleasant. At last I let him know it.

"I don't know if you are aware you are occupying all my seat."

He turned on me short and sharp. All at once I noticed his left eye going up and down, like a blinking owl; his mouth wide open, disclosing as ugly a set of teeth as I should care to see. Like a flash, Dr. Rawle's words crossed my mind,—tall, strong, about forty-five, iron-gray hair, a habit of showing his teeth and winking his left eye. Gracious powers! Was it possible we had a lunatic with us unawares? I know the possibility, nay, the probability, of such a thing made me feel more than queer. If there is anything in the world I instinctively fear, it is mad persons. I know little of them; have never been in their company. Possibly my ignorance explains my dread; but the idea of sitting in the same boat and on the same seat with a man who—

Dr. Rawle's warning, "Don't let him lose his temper, or murder will ensue," made me bound from my seat like Jack-in-the-box. The boat tipped right out of the water, but I didn't care. The man was glaring at me with cruel eyes; my muscles were strung, my fists clenched. Every moment I expected him at my throat.

"What in the dickens are you up to?" said Alf. "What's the matter with you?"

"Excitable temperament, hot blooded youth!" said the stranger.

I could have said nothing had I chosen, but I preferred discretion; I did not like his eyes.

"N-o-thing," I said. "I think I'll sit in the bow." I didn't wait to learn if any one had an objection, but, swinging round, I scrambled past Alf, and tripped full length on to Tom's knees. The boat went up and down like a swing: it was a miracle he wasn't over!

"Is the fellow mad?" roared Alf.

At the word "mad" the stranger rose up straight as a post. "Mad!" he said; "do you know, sir—? He checked himself and sat down. "Pooh! he's only a boy."

In passing Tom, I whispered in his ear. "The lunatic," I said.

"What!" said Tom, right out loud.

"Hold your row, you confounded donkey! It's the man from Dr. Rawle's!"

"The —"

He was going to say something naughty,—I know he was; but he stopped short, and stared at him with all his eyes. Either Alf overheard me, or else the same idea occurred to him at the same moment, for he stopped dead in the middle of a stroke and inspected the man on the steering seat. Tom and Alf went on staring at him for a minute more. I kept my head turned the other way to avoid his eyes. All at once I turned; there was the stranger leaning half out of his seat, looking at Alf in a way I shouldn't have cared to have him look at me.

"What's the meaning of this insolence?" he said.

The question was not unwarranted; it could not have been pleasant to have been stared at as Alf and Tom were staring at him.

"I beg your pardon," said Alf, cool as a cucumber. "To what insolence do you refer?"

Tom actually chuckled. I couldn't have chuckled for a good deal; it seemed to me not only impudent, but risky. I couldn't forget Dr. Rawle's words about his homicidal tendencies. He turned red as a lobster. I never saw such an expression come over a man's face before,—perfectly diabolical. To my surprise, he sat down and spoke as calmly and deliberately as possible.

"Thank you," he said. "I shall not forget this."

There was a sound about his "I shall not forget this" I did not relish. Alf said nothing. Tom and he set off rowing as coolly as though nothing had happened. I extemporized a seat in the bow, and tried to make things as comfortable as possible.

I noticed, although Alf and Tom were so cool, they hardly took their eyes off him for more than a second at a time. His behavior before their furtive glances was peculiar; he saw he was being watched; he couldn't sit still; he looked first at one bank then at the other; his eyes travelled everywhere, resting where? his hands fidgeted and trembled; he seemed all of a quiver. I expected him to break into a paroxysm every second. If I hadn't called out, he would have run us right into the shore. When I called he clutched the other string violently, jerking the boat almost round. I heartily wished him at Jericho before he had come near us.

No one spoke. We went slowly along, watching each other. At last he said something.

"I—I will get out," he said, in an odd, nervous way.

"With pleasure," said Alf, "in a few minutes."

"Why not now? Why not now, sir?" he said, seeming to shake from head to foot.

"Where are you going to get, into the river?"

I admired Alf's coolness, I envied him. I only hoped he wouldn't let it carry him too far.

The man glowered at him; for a moment he looked him full in the face. I never saw a look in a man's eyes like that in his. Alf returned him look for look. Slightly, almost imperceptibly, he quickened his stroke. A little lower down was a little hamlet with a well-known inn

and a capital landing stage. When we came alongside the stranger said,—

"This will do; I'll get out here."

He turned the boat inshore. No sooner were we near enough than he rose in his seat and sprang on to the beach. There were several people about,—watermen and others. Alf was after him in an instant. He rose almost simultaneously and leapt on shore. He touched him on the shoulder.

"Now come, he said, "don't be foolish; we know all about it."

The other turned on him like a flash of lightning. "What do you mean?"

But Tom was too quick for him; he was on the other side, and took his arm. "Come," he said, "don't let us have a row."

The stranger raised himself to his full height and shook Tom off with ease. He then hit out right and left in splendid style. Tom and Alf went down like nippins. But my blood was up. I scrambled on shore and ran into him, dodged his blows, and closed. I am pretty strong. He was old enough to be my father; but I found I had met my match and more. I was like a baby in his arms. He lifted me clean off my feet and threw me straight into the river. It was a splendid exhibition of strength.

Tom and Alf, finding their feet, made for him together, and scrambling out as best I could, I followed suit. You never saw such a set-out. We clung to him like leeches. The language he used was awful; his strength magnificent; though we were three to one, he was a match for all of us. Of course, the by-standers, seeing a row, came up; they interfered, and pulled us off.

"Here's a pretty go!" said one. "What's all this?"

"Stop him! lay hold of him!" said Alf.

"He's a lunatic!"

"A what?" said the man.

"He's a lunatic escaped from Dr. Rawle's asylum!"

Instead of lending a hand, the man went off into a roar of laughter, and the others joined. The stranger looked literally frantic with rage. A gentleman stepped out from the crowd.

"There's some mistake," he said, "this gentleman is Mr. Travers, of Tollhurst Hall."

You could have knocked us all three down with a feather, I believe. Could it be possible? Could we have been such consummate idiots as to have mistaken a sane man for a lunatic? And that was Lillian Travers's father! I could have shrunk into my boots. I could have run away and hid myself in bed. To think that we should have dogged and watched and insulted and assaulted the man of all others, in whose good books we wished to stand,—Lillian Travers's father! Never did three men look such fools as we did then. We were so confoundedly in earnest about it, that was the worst of all. I don't care what you say; you may think it a first-rate joke, but he must have been an eccentric sort of elderly gentleman. If he had behaved sensibly, if he had made one sensible remark, he would have blown our delusion to the winds.

We tendered our apologies as best we could to the man whom we had so insulted, but he treated us and them with the loftiest scorn, and we got one after another into the boat amidst the gibes and jeers of an unsympathetic crowd; and, as we rowed from the wretched place as fast as our oars would take us, we each in our secret heart declared that we never would forget our adventure up the river with a lunatic. And we haven't. From that day to this I have never seen Lillian Travers, nor do I ever wish to.

A PETRIFIED FOREST.

An extensive petrified forest has been discovered near Corizzo, on the Little Colorado, New Mexico. The road at a distance of ten miles from Corizzo, says a traveller who has just visited the spot, enters an immense basin, the slope being nearly a semicircle, and this is enclosed by high banks of shale and white fine clay. From the banks it required half an hour's good drive to reach the heart of the immense petrified forest, and there a wonderful phenomenon met the gaze. Petrified stumps, limbs, and, in fact, whole trees lay about on all sides, the action of the waters for centuries having gradually washed away the hills round about, and the trees which once covered the high tablelands were now embedded in the valley beneath. Immense trunks, some of which measured over 5 feet in diameter, were broken and scattered over a surface of 300 acres; limbs and twigs covered the sand in every direction. Numerous blocks or trunks of this petrified wood had the appearance of having just been cut down by the woodman's axe, the chips having been scattered upon the ground. Many of the small particles, and even the whole heart of some trees, had become thoroughly crystallised, and the beautifully tinted cubes sparkled in the sunshine like so many precious stones. Every color of the rainbow was duplicated in these crystals, and those of an amethyst tinge would have passed the eye of a novice for the real stone.

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. J. WELLS.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Run? Now you bet you: I rather guess so. But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy whoa. No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes. But he is badger-blind, and it happened this wise:—

We lay low in the grass, on the broad plain levels, Old Revels and I, and my stern brown bride. Forty full miles if a foot to ride, Forty full miles if a foot, and the devil's Of red Camanches are hot on the track When once they strike it. Let the sun go down Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels, As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back, Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steel.

And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around, And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,— Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride, While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud, His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud, And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed.—

"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steel, And speed, if ever for life you would speed; And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride, For the plain is allude, the prairie on fire, And feet of wild horses, hard flying before, I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore; While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea, Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three, As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein, Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again, And again drew the girth; east aside the macheer, Cut away tapicharos, loosed the sash from its fold, Cast aside the cañenas, red and spangled with gold, And gold-mounted Colt's, true companions for years, Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath, And so hared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip let fall, Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain So steady and still, leaning low to the mane, With the heel to the flank, and the hand to the rein, Rode we on, rode we three; rode we gray nose to nose, Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows, We spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer, There was work to be done, there was death in the air, And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang, And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck

Flew around like the spray on storm-driven deck, Twenty miles! thirty miles!—a dim distant speck,— Then a long reaching line and the Brazá in sight! And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight, I stood in my stirrup and looked to the right, But Revels was gone! I glanced over my shoulder And saw the horse stagger, and Revels' head drooping.

Hard in his breast, and his naked breast stooping Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire, To right and to left the black buffalo came, In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair, With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher,

And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull, The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full Of smoke and dust, and it shook with desire Of battle, with rage and with bellows loud; And unearthing and up through its lowering cloud, Came the flash of his eyes like a ball-bolted fire, With his keen, crooked horns through the storm of his mane, Like black lances lifted and lifted again; And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through, And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left, and rose, neck and shoulder Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs; And up through the black blowing veil of her hair Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes, With a longing and love, yet look of despair, And pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her, And flames reaching far for her glorious hair, Her sinking steel, faltered, his eager ears fell To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead, Then she saw that my own steel still larded his head With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see, Was her father's, and once at the South Sañafée Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down, In a race where the world came to run for the crown.

And so when I won the true heart of my bride,— My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,— She brought me this steel to the border the night She met Revels and me in her glorious flight From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side, And said, so half-guessing, of all as she said, As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should nurse I should surely escape without other aid Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side, And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon And swift she would join me, and all would be well With hoot bloodshed or word. And now as she fell From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire, The last that I saw was a look of delight That I should escape,—a love,—a desire,— Yet never a word, not a look of appeal,— Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under, And the howling of beasts like the sound of the thunder,—

Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over, As the passionate flame reached around them and wave her

Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,— Till they died with a wild and desolate moan, As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone, And into the Brazos I rode all alone,— All alone, save only a horse long-limbed, And blind and bare and burnt to the skin, Then just as the terrible sun came in, And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide, Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brummed In eddies, we struck on the opposite shore.

WANTED—A DAUGHTER.

"An actress, sir? Never!" said Mr. Philander Greentree, in a voice that made the windows rattle in their frames.

And "Never" echoed his meek little wife, but in so faint a tone that it didn't disturb in the least the fly that was sitting on one of the pretty white puffs on her dear old head.

"And if you persist in being in love with the young woman, you must cease to be an inmate of my house," shouted Mr. Greentree. "And if you marry her, by heavens! I'll scratch you."

"Yes, we'll be obliged to scratch you," added the old lady, as mildly as she had spoken before, looking at the same time as though it would be utterly impossible for her to scratch any one under any circumstances whatever. Not that they meant scratching in the common sense of the word; scratching the young man's name from his uncle's will was the punishment they threatened.

"And I'll never give you a penny," thundered Uncle Philander.

"Oh, William, think of that!—not even a penny," said Aunt Tamasin.

"And I'll adopt a girl—I will, by heavens!" the old man went on, growing more and more angry every minute. "No more ungrateful boys for me. And she'll marry to please us, and her children shall be our grandchildren."

"My dear boy, consider," entreated the old lady. "How dreadful, how very dreadful, for us to have strange grandchildren!"

"Uncle and aunt—I suppose I must call you father and mother no longer," said the young man, slowly and firmly. "I am truly sorry to vex you, but I have plighted my faith to Miss Fieldbrook, and I can not and will not break it. She is an actress, but as good and lovely a girl as ever trod the earth—sweeter and lovelier than any girl I have been my lot to meet. And if you would only allow me to bring her here—"

"Bring her here!" repeated his uncle, stamping about the room in his rage. "Here, where your mother—I mean your Aunt Tamasin—has lived in quiet, virgin—I mean quiet, holy—I mean quietness and peace, sir, for nearly half a century! How dare you even think of such a thing, sir? An actress capering around these apartments! Good heavens!"

"Wouldn't be exactly right, William, you know, said Aunt Tamasin. "I never was a caterer, and at my time of life I don't think I could get used to one. I don't, indeed."

"Oh, you dear, funny old mother—'auntie"—began Will, with a sigh, but encountering his uncle's wrathful eyes and frowning brow, he grew serious again, and said: "Well, if you positively refuse to see Eva, I suppose we must part. I am very, very thankful to you for all you have done for me since I was left a fatherless and motherless boy; but give up the woman I love for a thoroughly unreasonable prejudice of yours I can not and will not. And so good-by, Uncle, will you shake hands with me?"

"No, I won't," replied Mr. Greentree, brusquely.

"Aunt, will you let me kiss you?"

"Of course I will, my dear boy," said Mrs. Greentree. "And if you change your mind, come back to us directly. We start for Greentree Cottage in a few days, you know, and I shall keep your room ready for you there all summer."

"No, don't, auntie dear," kissing her not once, but three or four times, "for I shall not change my mind, and perhaps, being one of the prettiest rooms in the house, my room may be chosen by your adopted daughter. And I hope from the bottom of my heart that she may spend as many happy hours there as I have. Good-by, fath—uncle."

But Uncle Philander answered not by look nor word, and as the hall door closed after his nephew, he exclaimed again: "An actress! By heavens! the boy's gone mad, and I wash my hands of him forever!"

"Don't say forever," begged Aunt Tamasin. "Forever's a long time—a very long time, Philander. And, oh dear! how I shall miss him! Such a good child as he has always been ever since he came to us fifteen years ago! Better in some things even than you, Philander; for you know you always say bad words when I lose my spectacles, which he never did, but looked for them time and again with the patience of an angel." And taking off said spectacles, she proceeded to lose them once more by laying them on the back of the sofa, whence they dropped to the floor behind it, where, with the dreadful "depravity of inanimate things," they remained snugly hidden, while she wept silently in her large lemon-verbená scented silk handkerchief.

"A few days after Will Greentree bade them "Good-by" the old couple were installed for the summer season in their comfortable country house, Greentree Cottage. And to Greentree Cottage came, before they had been there a week, this note from one of their oldest and most intimate friends:

NEW YORK, June 20, 1882.

"My dear Tamasin and Philander,—You told me, you will remember, just as you were leaving the city, that you would like to receive into your home this summer some young girl—the more friendless the better for your purpose—with a view, should she prove lovable and entertaining, to adopting her. Strange as it may appear, you had not been gone more than two hours when I met a young girl who I think will suit you to a charm. She is pretty, of cheerful disposition,

tolerably well educated, and naturally very clever; is an orphan and (her grandmother and only relative, with whom she lived, having died three weeks ago) homeless. I have spoken to her about your wish, and she is perfectly willing—nay, anxious—to come to you. And I am sure her companionship will add to your happiness, and help you to forget the disobedience of your self-willed nephew. Anyhow, receive her as a summer guest for my sake, for I loved and lost her mother; that is, she married the other chap.

"Faithfully yours, JAMES TOWNLY."

Mr. Greentree's face brightened as he read this note. "There, my dear," he said, handing it to his wife, "Townly—he always was the best and most reliable old chum a fellow ever had—has already found our daughter. For this girl will certainly please us, being heartily approved of by him. Pretty, clever, and cheerful."

"Yes, so he says," said his wife; "but he needn't have called poor William bad names, for all that. And I won't give her the boy's room. There's so many trousers and boots and base-ball and fishing things in it, that couldn't be of the slightest use to her, and would only be in her way."

"Do as you like about that, my dear," rejoined Mr. Greentree, who, to tell the truth, was secretly pining for the discarded one, and anxious to have some young life in the cottage; "but see that the room she is to have is got ready immediately, for I shall telegraph to Townly to send her at once."

And he did. And the result of the telegram was that the very next morning Miss Zerelda Ardemann made her best courtesy to the old lady and gentleman who wanted a daughter.

And never were any elierly people so quickly and entirely bewitched by any fair maiden as were Philander and Tamasin Greentree by this same violet-eyed, golden-haired, sweet-voiced, petite Zerelda Ardemann.

And as day followed day, and week followed week, she became more and more dear to them. She went through the house from morn until eve, wabbling like a bird, and when evening came she sat at the old-fashioned piano and sang the quaint old English ballads that Tamasin used to sing in her youth, while Philander, brave in swallow-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat, turned the pages of the music with gentle hand. She tripped lightly over field and meadow every day, and culled the loveliest of wild flowers, which with a grace that was all her own she arranged in vases and shells, and whatever she could find to hold them, until each room looked like a fairy bower.

And many a beautiful poem she repeated with rare skill in the gloaming, bringing the happy tears to the eyes of her delighted listeners. "Ah, if Will had only made her his choice!" the old lady would say to her husband at least a dozen times a day.

"By heavens! if he had," that impulsive individual would reply, "he wouldn't have waited long for my blessing."

The summer passed pleasantly, very pleasantly, away, and the advent of autumn found Mr. and Mrs. Greentree more in love than ever, if that were possible, with their charming guest.

"And do you think you could love us enough to call us father and mother, and to promise that when you give your whole heart to some one else you will not forsake us?" asked Mrs. Greentree of Zerelda one sunny September day.

"I know I could—I know I do," answered the girl, emphatically. "But I have a confession to make to you that I fear will turn you from me."

"My dear, it must be something very terrible to do that. But make it at once, and have it over. Philander! Philander! Zerelda has something to tell us which she fears will make us love her less. Please come and hear it."

Philander dropped the newspaper he was reading on the porch, and stepped into the dining-room through the opened window. Zerelda stood in the centre of the room with drooping head, but as soon as he had entered she tossed back the little ringlets that tried to shade the brightness of her eyes, placed her two little hands in the lace-trimmed pockets of her dainty apron, danced lightly across to where the old couple were now seated side by side, and said, in a voice fraught with innocent cheeriness: "After all, what I have to tell isn't so very bad. I have amused you both since I came here, haven't I? And I can go away at once if you wish me to go." And then, dropping gracefully on one knee, and folding her hands in pretty entreaty, she said: "Please, sir, and please, ma'am, I am an actress, and my stage name is Eva Fieldbrook. But all that your friend Mr. Townly told you about me is true."

"An actress!" exclaimed Mr. Philander Greentree.

"Eva Fieldbrook!" said his wife.

"Then you are the girl that Will—" began the old man.

"That Will—" repeated the old lady.

"That Will—" the same," replied Zerelda, demurely, still kneeling. "Please forgive me for being that girl."

But Mr. Greentree, without another word, bounded from his chair and tore out of the room. Zerelda sprang to her feet. "I'd better begin packing at once," she said, with a serious face. "I'm sorry to have vexed him so much. But indeed it wasn't my scheme at all. Mr. Townly and Will made it up between them. They thought that if you knew me you would—"

"And we do," interrupted the old lady, laying her hand lightly on her arm to detain her.

"Don't you do anything in haste, my dear. You don't understand Mr. Greentree as well as I do. Sometimes when he seems most angry he is most pleased. I'm sure he don't want you to go away."

"Of course he don't. Who said he did?" asked the old gentleman, entering the room hastily again. "I've just sent a telegram to Will telling him important business calls him here. There's another name for you, my dear—Important Business. Not as pretty as either of the others, but we'll find a fourth before we get through that will suit you best of all—Zerelda Greentree. How do you like it?"

"And I sha'n't have grandchildren the least bit strange after all," said Aunt Tamasin, a bright smile lighting up her dear old face.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

PERSONAL.

MARY ANDERSON has been pronounced in London to be the most classically beautiful woman now upon the stage.

It is said that Prince Bismarck has in his private cabinet three portraits of men whom he considers really great. One of these is the Emperor William, another Lord Beaconsfield.

DON ALFONSO XII., King of Spain, will go to Paris about the beginning of September, and will make a stay of several days in the French capital, before going to Vienna. On his return he will again pass through Paris.

PRESIDENT GREY is now at his favorite retreat, Mont-sous-Vaudrey, in the department of the Vosges. He is accompanied by Madame Grey and M. and Madame Wilson, and among the guests at his place of sojourn are M. Fourneret and Commander Cance.

THE Burmese embassy to France is composed of eight persons. The chief of the embassy is the private secretary of the King of Burmah, and a member of his council. The name of this Asiatic ambassador is Mingyee-Min-Maha-Zaya-Thin-Jan-Myo Zak-Ativin-Woon-Min.

MR. ALMA TADEMA is to supply the frontispiece to the new illustrated monthly, the *English Magazine*, published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., the first number of which is to appear in October, under the editorship of Mr. J. Conway Carr. Among the contributors to this number will be the editor and Professor Huxley, and one of its features will be a humorous article on the new Law Courts.

THE Count and Countess de Trani are at this moment at Eteat. The sister of the Empress of Austria, who is always very gracious, is a veritable "sportswoman," as the French say, and among her other numerous accomplishments she reckons that of being one of the most expert swimmers in Europe. She takes this exercise daily, and the remainder of the day is given up to excursions with the Count in the lovely environs.

A VERY singular incident occurred at the funeral of the Duke of Marlborough. At the moment the procession appeared on the entrance steps of Blenheim Palace a white dove fluttered down from one of the towers of the east wing of the palace on to the lawn in front of the coffin, and when the procession had just reached the steps on their return after the ceremony another dove flew from the lawn and alighted on the stone parapet immediately over the entrance doorway; both these birds had accompanied the late duke abroad in his yacht.

THE young Marchioness of Cavallonga—or, to put it in other words, the young Queen of Spain—has just left Franzensbad, where she has been staying with her two lovely little girls and with her mother, the Archduchess Elizabeth. Every morning the young queen used to walk to the pump-room and take the water. The stout Duchess de Medina had some trouble to keep up with her royal mistress, who used to walk briskly along, habited in a very simple gray batiste dress, and with a black straw hat on her fair head. On returning from her early walk, the queen never failed to go into the pastry cook's, buy some cakes, and carry them home in a little paper bag to her children.

THE City of Lagoons is particularly animated this year; as is natural, the coming of the charming Queen always proves a great attraction and gives new life to everything. A short visit has been paid by King George of Greece; the Royal Hellenic yacht *Amphitrite* is still in the waters, but will soon leave for the Piræus, to bring Queen Olga to Venice. The splendid baths at the Lido are as ever frequented by crowds of natives and foreigners; every steamer is chock full.

COVENTRY was thronged, the 6th instant, with thousands of visitors to witness the procession of Lady Godiva. The beautiful countess was represented by Miss Maud Forester, who rode a magnificent white horse. She was attired in a white veil, and wore the long-flowing hair which, according to the tradition, covered the original to her feet. The procession was a mile in length and was composed of a large number of benefit societies, fire brigades, several hundreds of beautifully dressed children on horseback, and representatives of historical personages who have directly or remotely had some connection with the fortunes of Coventry.



UPPER FALLS



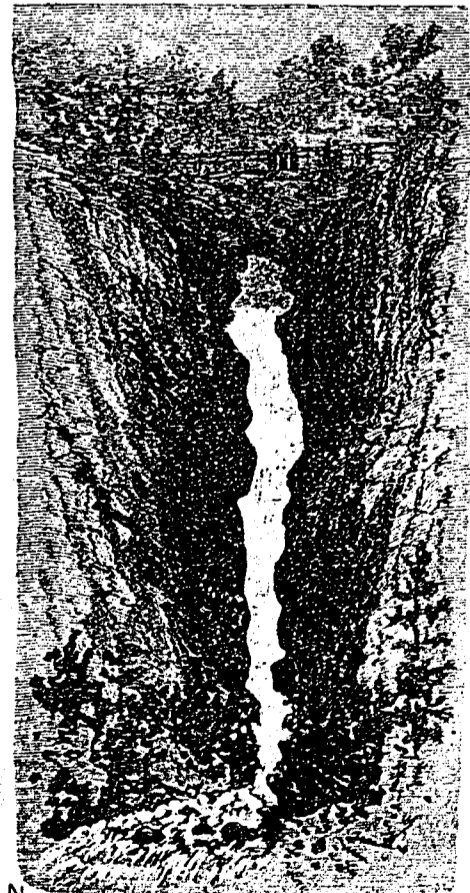
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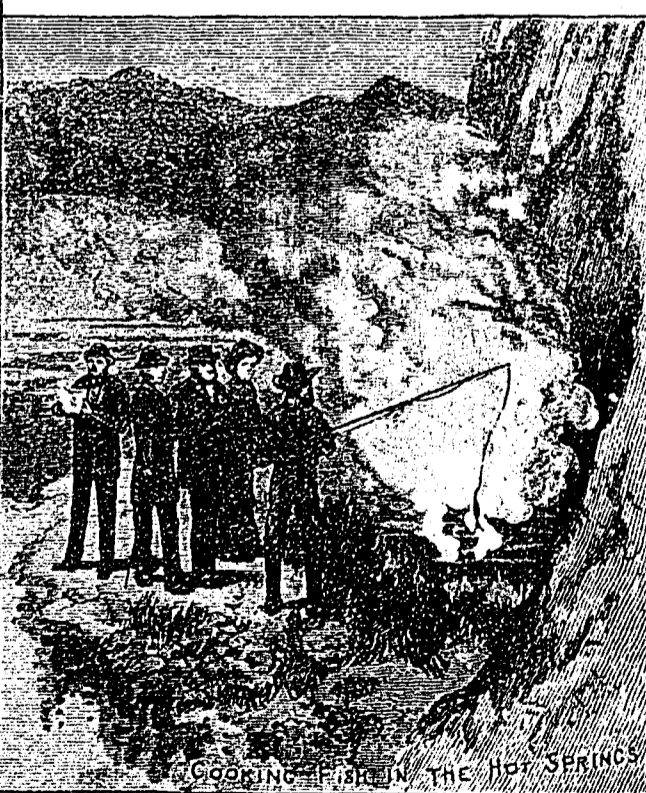
LOWER FALLS



GATE OF THE MOUNTAINS



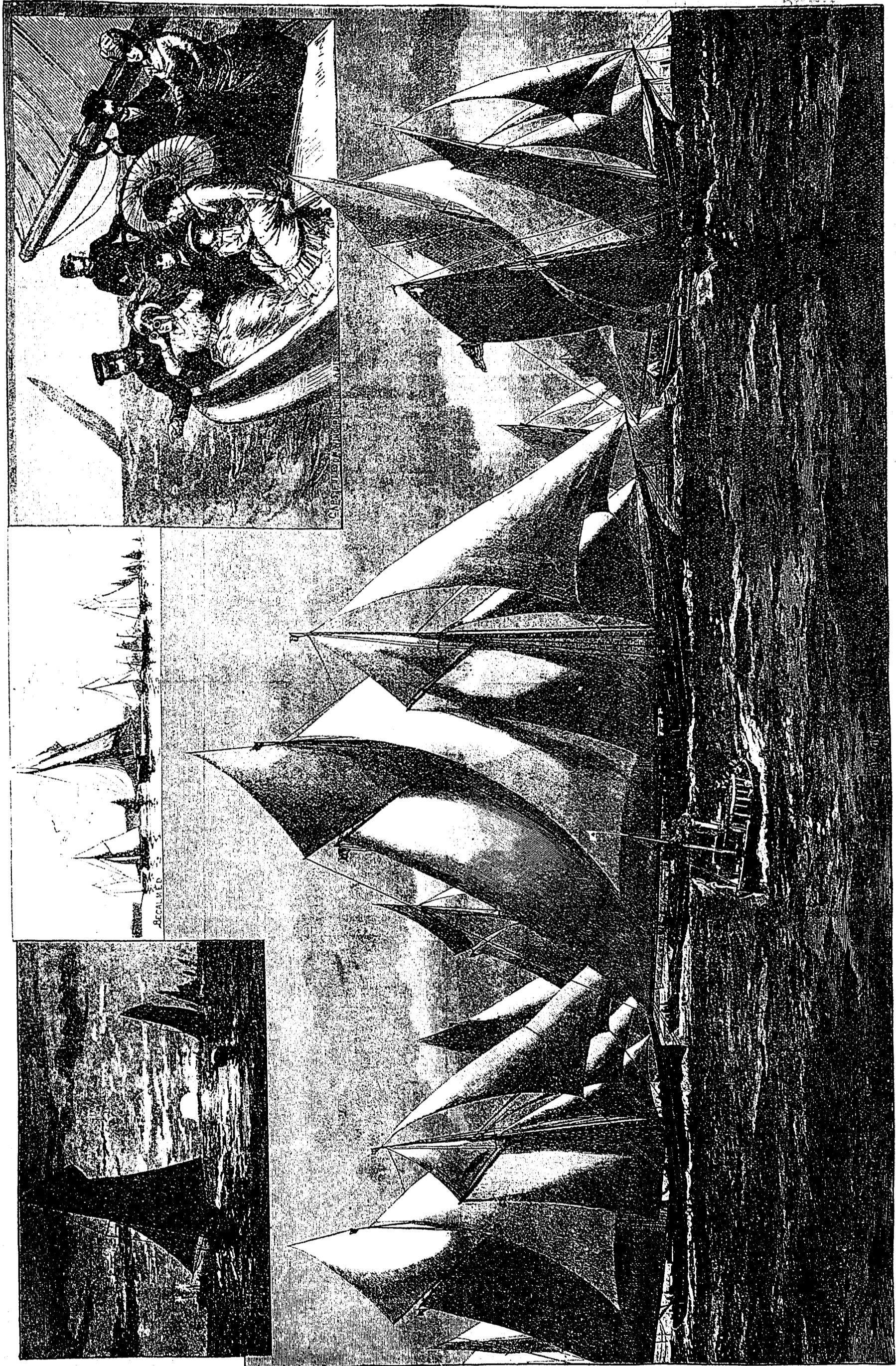
NATURAL BRIDGE



GOING FISH IN THE HOT SPRINGS



OBISIDIAN CLIFFS



CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

MUSIC.

RY VERA.

A tone of music
It may be a sound,
which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain by which we're darkly bound.

Awake, my harp! Thou long has slept
Wake now at witching eventide!
The dews their silent tears have wept,
The languid breezes gently creep
In woodland shades to hide:
Wake! By thy spells the gulf be spanned
That parts me from the spirit-land!

So may th' enfranchised soul go forth
To seek a bliss denied it here
In this dim dungeon of the earth,
This prison-house of narrow girth,
Stronghold of doubt and fear:
So may it rise and soar and dare
The trackless regions of the air.

Thus then the chords of my fingers sweep,
Hark, hark! What strain salutes my ear?
A hark! call from some lone steep
Where sentinels their night-watch keep
Because the foe is near?
Or is it Ocean's restless surge
That chants some drowned maiden's dirge?

Nay, let a livelier measure move
Like waves o'er golden sands that glance;
Let music wake around, above,
As Elf-land rings through lawn and grove,
To speed the jocund dance,
When joyous Oberon doth take
His way across the lilyd lake.

Or touch a softer, tenderer key:
Call up again the vanished scene
When Youth and Mirth and Liberty
Kept holiday beneath the tree
On the old village green.
Oh, days that were, I greet your shade
Across Time's rushing stream displayed!

No more! Those tones of other years—
The loved, the lost, to plainly speak:
A funeral train the Past appears;
Remembered joys shine bright like tears
Upon a faded cheek!
Since thus thy promise thou hast kept,
My harp, I would thy music sleep.

Thy witchcraft I invoke no more,
Nor woo the passionate transport strong
When vain regret, the boundaries o'er
Of Fate's inexorable shore,
Pours the full tide of song,
Nor, minion of the lost—the dead—
On Mem'ry's waters cast my bread.

Music, thy spells cannot recall
To embers cold their earlier fire:
Therefore, in Life's deserted hall,
Where garlands wither on the wall
And festal lamps expire,
All mute our vigil let us keep,
No more, my harp! Rest there and sleep.

THE BUCHANAN ROMANCE.

IDLE TONGUES AND A LOVERS' QUARREL.

Judge Curtis, in his new "Life of President Buchanan," devotes a page to the well-known romance, the unfortunate termination of which left its traces upon all the after-life of the man. Says the biographer:—With an honorable and distinguished professional career thus opening before him, a favorite in society, both from his talents and his character, young, high-spirited and full of energy, it seemed that happiness had been provided for him by his own merits and a kind Providence. But there now occurred an episode in his life which cast upon him a never-ending sorrow. He became engaged to be married to a young lady in Lancaster, who has been described to me, by persons who knew her, as a very beautiful girl, of singularly attractive and gentle disposition, but retiring and sensitive. Her father, Robert Coleman, Esq., a wealthy citizen of Lancaster, entirely approved of the engagement. After this connection had existed for some time, she suddenly wrote a note to her lover and asked him to release her from the engagement. There is no reason to believe that their mutual feelings had in any degree changed. He could only reply that if it was her wish to put an end to their engagement he must submit. This occurred in the latter part of the summer of 1819. The young lady died very suddenly while on a visit to Philadelphia on the ninth of the December following, in the twenty-third year of her age. Her remains were brought to her father's house in Lancaster on the next Saturday, just one week from the day on which she left home. "The funeral," says the diary already quoted from, "took place the next day and was attended by a great number of the inhabitants, who appeared to feel a deep sympathy with the family on this distressing occasion."

From the same source I transcribe a little obituary notice which was published in a Lancaster paper on the eleventh of December, and which the diary states was written by Mr. Buchanan:

Departed this life on Thursday morning last, in the twenty-third year of her age, while on a visit to her friends in the city of Philadelphia, Miss Anne C. Coleman, daughter of Robert Coleman, Esq., of this city. It rarely falls to our lot to shed a tear over the mortal remains of one so much and so deservedly beloved as was the deceased. She was everything which the fondest parent or fond friend could have wished her to be. Although she was young and beautiful and accomplished, and the smiles of fortune shone upon her, yet her native modesty and worth made her unconscious of her own attractions. Her heart was the seat of all the softer virtues which ennoble and dignify the character of woman. She has now gone to a world where,

in the bosom of her God, she will be happy with congenial spirits. May the memory of her virtues be ever green in the hearts of her surviving friends. May her mild spirit, which on earth still breathes peace and good-will, be their guardian angel to preserve them from the faults to which she was ever a stranger.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss—it breaks at every breeze."

The following letter, written by Mr. Buchanan to the father of the young lady, is all that remains of written evidence to attest the depth of his attachment to her:

LANCASTER, PA., December 10, 1819.

To Robert Coleman Esq. — My Dear Sir,— You have lost a child—a dear, dear child. I have lost the only earthly object of my affections, without whom life now presents to me a dreary blank. My prospects are all cut off and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explanation, but the time will come when you will discover that she, as well as I, have been much abused. God forgive the authors of it. My feelings of resentment against them, whoever they may be, are buried in the dust. I have now one request to make, and for the love of God and of your dear, departed daughter, whom I loved infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not. Afford me the melancholy pleasure of seeing her body before its interment. I would not for the world be denied this request.

I might make another, but, from the misrepresentations which must have been made to you, I am almost afraid. I would like to follow her remains to the grave as a mourner. I would like to convince the world, and I hope yet to convince you, that she was dearer to me than life. I may sustain the shock of her death, but I feel that happiness has fled from me for ever. The prayer which I make to God without ceasing is that I may yet be able to show my veneration for the memory of my dear departed saint by my respect and attachment for her surviving friends.

May heaven bless you and enable you to bear the shock with the foundation of a christian. I am, forever, your sincere and grateful friend,
JAMES BUCHANAN.

In the course of Mr. Buchanan's long subsequent political career this incident in his early life was often alluded to in partisan newspapers, and in that species of literature called "campaign documents," accompanied by many perversions and misrepresentations. Those publications are each and all unworthy of notice. On one occasion after he had retired to Wheatland, and when he had passed the age of seventy, he was shown by a friend a newspaper article, misrepresenting as usual the details of this affair. He then said, with deep emotion, that there were papers and relics which he had religiously preserved, then in a package in a place of deposit in the city of New York, which would explain the trivial origin of this separation. His executors found these papers inclosed and sealed separately from all others, and with a direction upon them in his handwriting, that they were to be destroyed without being read. They obeyed the injunction, and burnt the package without breaking the seal. It happened, however, that the original of the letter addressed by Mr. Buchanan to the young lady's father before her funeral was not contained in this package. It was found in his private depositories at Wheatland, and it came there in consequence of the fact that it was returned by the father unread and unopened.

It is now known that the separation of the lovers originated in a misunderstanding, on the part of the lady of a very small matter, exaggerated by giddy and indiscreet tongues, working on a peculiarly sensitive nature. Such a separation, the commonest of occurrences, would have ended, in the ordinary course, in reconciliation, when the parties met, if death had not suddenly snatched away one of the sufferers and left the other to a life-long grief. But under the circumstances I feel bound to be governed by the spirit of Mr. Buchanan's written instruction to his executors, and not to go into the details of a story which show that the whole occurrence was chargeable on the folly of others, and not on either of the two whose interests were involved.

Among the few survivors of the circle to which this young lady belonged the remembrance of her sudden death is still fresh in aged hearts. The estrangement of the lovers was but one of those common occurrences that are perpetually verifying the saying, hackneyed by everlasting repetition, that "the course of true love never did run smooth."

But it ran, in this case, pure and unbroken in the heart of the survivor, through a long and varied life. It became a grief that could not be spoken of; to which only the most distant allusion could be made; a sacred, unceasing sorrow, buried deep in the breast of a man who was formed for domestic joys; hidden beneath manners that were most engaging, beneath strong social tendencies, and a chivalrous old-fashioned deference to women of all ages and all claims. His peculiar and reverential demeanor toward the sex, never varied by rank or station, or individual attraction, was doubtless in a large degree caused by the tender memory of what he had found, or fancied in her whom he had lost in his early days by such cruel fate. If her death had not prevented their marriage, it is probable that a purely professional and domestic life would have filled up the measure alike of his

happiness and ambition. It is certain that this occurrence prevented him from ever marrying, and impelled him again into public life after he had once resolved to quit it. Soon after this catastrophe he was offered a nomination to a seat in congress. He did not suppose that he could be elected, and did not much desire to be. But he was strongly urged to accept the candidacy, and finally consented, chiefly because he needed an innocent excitement that would sometimes distract him from the grief that was destined never to leave him. Great and uninterrupted, however, as was his political and social success, he lived and died a widower and a childless man. Fortunately for him, a sister's child, left an orphan at an early age, whom he educated with the wisest care, filled to him the place of a daughter as nearly and tenderly as such a relative could supply that want, adorning with womanly accomplishments and virtues the high public stations to which he was eventually called.

HAWTHORNE IN LENOX.

The life of the great novelist in his retirement in the Berkshire Hills has an additional illustration in the following letter just brought to light by the Boston Saturday Gazette. It was addressed to Mr. Zachariah Burchmore, who had been associated with Hawthorne in the Salem Custom House. He is referred to in the prefatory chapter of "The Scarlet Letter" as "the model clerk."

LENOX, June 9, 1850.

Dear Zach:—I received your letter in due season, and should have answered it before, but have just got settled in my new residence, and hardly that. Beside, I had a cold that confined me to my chamber for several days. Since my recovery I have planted vegetables enough to supply all Salem, if I could only bring them to market. I am well pleased with my situation; have already got a good tan on my face, and expect to flourish. The children keep out all day, and are as brown as berries. My wife, on whose shoulders I kindly shifted all the trouble of arranging the house, will doubtless be very comfortable when she gets over her fatigue.

My house is an old red farm house (as red as "The Scarlet Letter"), a story and a half high; not very splendid in its outward aspect, but snug and comfortable, and with space enough for all our occasions. It is about a mile and a half from the village, whither I have not been since my arrival. Neither have I seen a single newspaper (except an anti-slavery paper) since the day I left Boston, and I know no more of what is going on in the world than if I had emigrated to the moon. I find it very agreeable to get rid of politics and the rest of the damnable turmoil that has disturbed me for three or four years past; but I must plead guilty to some few hankerings after brandy and water, rum and molasses, an occasional sugar, and other civilized indulgences of the like nature.

By-the-by, I have met with one unexpected piece of good luck. Sending to Pittsfield a few days ago, for a package we expected by railroad, the expressman brought back a strange-looking box that had come by way of Albany. On examination it was found to contain champagne of a first rate brand, and had been sent by the same unknown friend who, as I believe I told you, offered to lend me a thousand dollars a few months ago. If you come to see us this summer you will probably find a few bottles left. All other liquor (except water) you must bring with you, unless I should send me a case of gin, according to promise. For my own part I would rather have gin than champagne, as being both wholesomer and more agreeable. While on this subject permit me to express a hope that you will be as abstinent from choice as I am from necessity. Hadn't we better make a mutual pledge not to drink a glass of spirits until we meet again? Awful! I don't believe you will agree to it, nor stick to it if you do. As for myself I could not break the pledge if I wished, liquor being quite unattainable.

I hope and believe that you will yet live to acknowledge P—— to be a true man, as far as regards his conduct toward you and me. If false, he is certainly the most consummate hypocrite that ever lived; but fifty C——s should not shake my confidence in him, unless by circumstantial and other evidence better than his own word.

P—— has a real affection for you, and I trust you will not do or say anything that may make it impossible for you to be friends hereafter. He is certainly not a frank and candid man like yourself, but I uphold him to be incapable of treachery to his friends. P—— has not written to me.

While I think of it, I should like to have you ask C—— whether, a short time after I was appointed to the surveyorship, he proposed to either of the two M——s to engage in a plot to get me removed. As it is now merely a matter of curiosity, he will, perhaps, have no objection to telling the truth about it. The assigned reason was either that I declined to assist in getting him an office, or that I opposed his being put on appraising jobs. Do ask him about it; and tell him, too, that, whether true or not, I have occasionally the same kind of hankerings for him that I have for brandy and water and a cigar.

The devil take the N—— impudence. The true and only reason for my sending him a book was that he made a pair of snow shovels for my children last winter, and refused to take any payment. Judging him by his own rule, I have

no doubt the intended them as a bribe to secure my influence for reinstating him in the measurer's office; but I beg you to assure him that I shall make no claim on his good office in my behalf, great a man as he may think himself. My only object was to acknowledge, in the way of my trade, a kindness he had done me in the way of his.

Your letter is first-rate, and I heartily hope you will continue the correspondence, whenever you have leisure and inclination, without waiting for response on my part. That story of the shrimps is too good; and whether or no your information about W—— comes entirely from your own brain, it corresponds so well with his character that I can't help believing it.

I need not say that it would give me sincere pleasure to see you here. The butcher comes three times a week, so that you need not dread starvation; and in six weeks or so I shall have an overflow of vegetables. Give my best regards to Mrs. Burchmore, and, with my congratulations on your escape from the Custom House, I remain truly yours,
NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

VARIETIES.

FOREIGN gossip says Sarah Bernhardt is definitely separated from Damola. Her lawyers will maintain that the marriage was not according to law, and that Damola therefore has no claim upon her.

GUSTAVE DORE left behind him about twenty fine illustrations of Shakespeare, the best being of "The Tempest" and "Hamlet." There are many smaller studies which, though not quite finished, are sufficiently far advanced to be traced by the wood engraver.

INSTRUCTIONS have been received to resume work on the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert*, the operations of which were suspended during the discussion in Parliament. The cost is not to exceed £50,000 upon the hull and machinery, and £1,300 upon boats, rigging, and miscellaneous stores.

THE story of a diamond necklace of the value of £500, presented one evening to a young lady as a token of admiration for her great dramatic talent, especially seen by the giver, was a short one. The necklace was accepted, but the next day the lady left the stage, and the rising hopes of the admirer of dramatic art were doomed to disappointment.

At the Bank of France there are now 160 female clerks who receive three francs a day to commence with, and whose annual salary, after a year or two of service, rises to eighteen hundred francs; and at the Paris office of the Credit Foncier, where also there is a large staff of women, the remuneration, beginning at three and a half francs a day, rises in some cases to as much as 4,000 francs, or \$500 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from 9 to 4 o'clock on six days of the week; and the male and female clerks sit in different rooms—the women being superintended by officials of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest degree of privacy.

THE Russian Chemical Society having established a competition for the best lamps for burning the intermediate oils of the Caucasian naphtha, which have a density from 0.860 to 0.875, and found that the four competing lamps satisfy the required conditions, the best of them being that of M. Kumborg. According to experiments made by Professor Mendeleeff, the new lamps burn not only the intermediate oils, but also a purified mixture of all distillations, the heavy greasy oils which have a density of 0.910 at 15° included. Like the American naphtha, the Baku naphtha would thus yield more than two thirds (nearly three-quarters) of its weight of oils available for lamp, the oils from this last being far less dangerous than those of the former. It yields, besides, nearly thirty per cent. of greasy oils of great value.

It is announced that Lord Carnarvon intends touring it in the autumn in Canada and the United States, and will visit some of the colonial possessions of the Empire before returning home. This is a very sensible procedure on the part of one who will in all likelihood preside once more at the Colonial Office whenever his party succeeds to office. His lordship it is admitted on every side makes a model Colonial Secretary, possessing as he does a thorough grasp of the great questions with which he has to deal, and is in full sympathy with the feelings and aspirations of our loyal kinsmen beyond the seas who make up "Greater Britain."

THE upper class of Mexicans are highly educated. They have fine schools of art, law, theology and medicine. They have geographical and scientific societies, and carry on researches of this kind very earnestly and successfully. General Albert Myer, late Chief of the Signal Service Bureau, is said to have declared that the charts and reports coming from Mexico were more satisfactory than those from any other country. They do not as yet apply this finished education practically as we do. In common school education—the diffusion of learning among the masses—Mexico is very greatly behindhand. She has a good common school law, modelled after the laws of our own States, but it is practically inoperative. Her best men admit that they cannot get it into practical working order. It takes more than paper laws to found a common school system and establish it as an institution in the hearts of the people.

FACES AT THE WINDOW.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Faces at the window
Greet me day by day;
Faces strange, are most to me,
Yet they cheer my way.
Faces sweet and gentle—
Faces strong and true—
Faces of the dear old folks—
Baby faces, too!

One fair face I notice
As I pass along;
And the sweet lips ever seem
Ready for a song!
Yet the feet are crippled,
So the neighbors say,
And she only sees the world
As it goes her way.

And there is another
Charms me as I go;
'Tis a patriarchal face
With a beard of snow,
So much trust and patience
In the steadfast eyes,
Makes me almost long for years
That he may be wise.

Faces at the window
In the palace fair,
Where the panes of crystal
Shine like jewels rare,
Calm and placid faces
Beaming in the light,
Looking down the golden way
With no wolf in sight.

Faces at the window
Where the shattered pane
Of the squallid tenement
Letteth in the rain,
Little pallid faces
Clustering here and there,
Children's faces gaunt and thin
Framed in tangled hair.

Faces from the school room
Like to budding flowers—
Faces from the factory
In the noon-tide hours,
O'er these varied faces,
Known so long and well
To the ears of sympathy,
What a tale they tell.

RINGS.

It is still an obscure point in the physiology of the toilet, to know whether women did not commence by ornamenting before dressing themselves. In nearly all nascent communities, the women had, and have still, no other dress than rings, on the neck, wrists, ankles, in the nose, the lips, the ears, and even the cheeks. These are of bird's feathers, little chains of shells, brilliant seeds, colored stones and metal. From the general uniformity of this custom, from the commencement of all civilization, the ring may be said to take rank as the primitive vestment. Cuvier, who, at sight of a simple jawbone, could reconstruct extinct races, could, doubtless, with more certainty, reconstruct, upon the mere examination of a ring, an antediluvian woman.

It is difficult to fix the epoch, or the country, which first introduced the use of rings. Some attribute it to Prometheus, who, having refused to espouse Pandora, the first mortal woman, presented her with a finger-ring, by way of consolation. Pliny, on the other hand, claims that, before the siege of Troy, rings were unknown, giving as a reason that Homer, who names the jewels which adorned the Trojan dames, does not mention rings. This only proves that they did not use them. In the Old Testament mention is made of rings in Egypt, in the time of Joseph, more than six hundred years before the Trojan war.

Be this as it may, before speaking of the ring as an ornament, let us say a word on its different significations.

In ancient times rings bore a symbolic significance, spiritual or mysterious; they were sacred, profane, magical,—marks of honor or of ignominy,—and their material even served to distinguish ranks and conditions. Such were the rings of priests of ancient law, worn on the hem of their robes, and whose symbolic signification is now unknown.

The high-priest of Jupiter, the *Flamendialis*, wore a ring larger than any of his co-citizens, signifying that he was beyond control in any of his functions.

The pastoral ring of our bishops is a mark of their dignity and gage of their spiritual marriage with the church.

The nuptial ring is the sign of mutual fidelity, which the priest, blessing, puts upon the finger of the wife, saying, "Accept the ring of matrimonial faith." Thus is the ring given to nuns, who take the church for their spouse, etc.

Rings have been also marks of scientific attainments, authority, benevolence, fidelity, nobility and chivalry. The Rabbi Solomon Jarchi cites, as an article of patrimonial inheritance, the ring, which, in the first centuries, was a mark of honor, power and dignity.

The royal ring, or signet, gave something of sovereign power to the prince intrusted with it. Pharaoh, drawing the ring from his finger, and giving it to Joseph, established him over all his kingdom (Gen. xli. 42). Alexander, on his death-bed, giving his to Perdicas, signified that he was his successor. Mucianus, under Vespasian, bore his master's ring, and, by virtue thereof, conducted the affairs of state, even without consulting the Emperor, if we may believe Ziphilen.

Among the Turks and Satacens investiture of office was made by a ring. So under the earlier kings of France, princes and sovereign lords, investing their vassals with fiefs, placed a ring upon their finger, which bore the arms granted

to them. Such rings served as the signet, or seal, which took the place of a signature.

At the consecration and coronation of kings the ring is blessed which is put on the finger. In Savoy, the ring of St. Maurice is the mark of investiture of the dukes, ever since Peter of Savoy obtained it from the Abbey of St. Maurice, in Chablais. The Doges of Venice wedded the sea yearly, on Ascension day, throwing a ring into the sea, as if to oblige it to be ever faithful to them, by express privilege of the Pope Alexander III.

A manuscript ceremonial states that dukes received their investiture by the coronet or the ring; marquises by a ruby placed on the middle finger, counts by a diamond, viscounts by a golden rod, and barons and baronets by a banner.

The kings of Persia, in signs of kindness and friendship, presented a ring, and those only could wear it who received it from their hands.

The Incas of Peru placed rings of gold in the ears of those they wished to honor.

In Rome, senators and knights only could wear gold rings. The common people wore them of iron, significant of the moderation expected from them in their habits and manners.

Rings were not only signs of honor; they were marks of ignominy as well. Among many people the ring was a sign of servitude, among others a mark of corrupt morals. At Rome, for a long period, to wear two rings was a mark of infamy. Women alone could wear two without being subject to censure.

Rings have been, also, signs of magic power. In old fairy tales and chivalrous romances they played an important part, endowing their possessors with great privileges.

That of the famous Gyges was the most noted of talismanic rings. Its history covers an admirable practical lesson. A learned Eastern scholar tells us concerning it:—

"The philosopher Gylippus first mentions this ring. It was talismanic, but reasonably so, and thus came to Gyges's hands. Gyges lived in Peloponnesus, about eight centuries before Christ. He was young, handsome, rich, gifted and ambitious. He consulted Gylippus at his home, near Ephesus, as to how he could best use his time and talents.

"Read this every day at the rising of the sun," answered the philosopher, and he handed to him a *golden ring*, whose escutcheon formed a plain surface of an inch in diameter, upon which was engraved nine hundred and ninety-nine letters in almost imperceptible characters.

"On his return to Peloponnesus, Gyges read the inscription, which was as follows:—

"LOST HOURS.

"Let us suppose two individuals, one of whom rises at half-past nine in the morning, the other rises at six o'clock. Of these two persons each lives fifty years; the latter will count sixty-three thousand eight hundred and seventy-five hours, or what is the same thing, two thousand six hundred and sixty-one more days of active existence than the first."

"The inscription proceeds to estimate in figures, the value of the time thus saved, and the advance in social condition of an active population of a million rising at six instead of half-past nine.)

"Gyges seized upon the sense of this curious calculation of Gylippus. He rose many hours before his fellow-citizens; his labor, his talents, his industry, opened to him a career of distinction; he became an officer, a favorite of Candaulus, king of Lydia, and reigned after him.

"Such was the famous ring of Gyges; truly a talisman, as we see, but one which may be so to all the world."

After rings as signs and symbols, we have to consider them as ornaments, and how worn. Placed most commonly upon the fingers, they were at first worn indifferently on either hand. Later, the left was more used, as being less exposed to action, and consequent loss, than the right. And of the fingers the one next the least being most used, from the fanciful idea of a special nerve running thence to the heart.

Later still they were borne on all the fingers except the middle one, which was deemed at Rome infamous. Then came to style of wearing them on the *index*, or right forefinger; and finally they were worn in full *phalans*, three on each finger. This abuse was restricted by order of the Senate, and none wore rings that did not enjoy a certain fixed income. From the hands rings descended to the feet and ankles, and are still so worn among the East Indian nations; and they mounted to the ears, where they hold their ground among civilized barbarians as well as savages.

From the accounts of travellers we hear of negroes with ear-rings six inches in diameter; among the Mongols, a foot in length; while the Malabar women wear them of four ounces weight, with a hole in the ear large enough to pass the hand through. The Peruvians wore a ring in the nose, proportioned in size to their husband's rank. The ancient Mexicans, Brazilians, and other nations wore rings, stones, bones, etc., in the lower lip.

The luxury and the abuse of rings furnish some curious particulars.

Nonius, a Roman senator, was the first, it is said, to wear a ring set with precious stones. He wore one worth twenty thousand crowns, and was punished by the Senate for his extravagant vanity.

The Emperor Heliogabalus never wore the same ring twice, whatever its value. The ladies followed the lead, and, says Seneca, often bore

the price of two or three patrimonies on their fingers.

Cleopatra's famous act of extravagant luxury is exceeded by Pliny's account of Tolla, the wife of Caligula. "I have seen her," he says, "arrayed for simple visits, having her fingers, arms, neck, and ears loaded with jewelry to the value of forty millions of *sesterces*" (five millions of francs).

Juvenal ridicules the Latin fashion of changing rings like garments, with the season.

In one of his epigrams he speaks of "the summer gold, which cools the sweating fingers."

PALMISTRY.

The practice of the art of palmistry has become a popular pastime both at home and abroad. For the benefit of those who are ambitious to add to their accomplishments that of playing the sibyl, we have gleaned from various sources a few practical directions. It is not difficult to tell fortunes by the hand when once a few rules and principles are fixed in the mind. Hands are divided into three kinds,—those with tapering fingers, those with square, blunt tips, and those that are spade-shaped, with cushions or pools of flesh at each side of the nail. The first and highest type, with the taper fingers, belongs to persons of quick perceptions; to extra-sensitive, very pious people; to contemplative minds and to all poets and artists, who have ideality as a prominent trait. The second type, with blunt, square-topped fingers, belongs to scientific people; to sensible, well-balanced characters, and to the class of professional or business men who are neither visionary nor altogether sordid. The third type, those that are spade-shaped, with cushions at the sides of the nail, belongs to people of material instincts, strong passions, and a love of "creature comforts."

Each finger in every kind of hand has a joint representing each of these types. The lower joint or division of the finger next to the palm of the hand stands for the body; the middle joint represents mind, intellect; and the highest, spirit, soul. If the divisions are nearly equal in length, a well-balanced character is indicated. When the lowest division is longer than the others, it denotes a sensual nature, choosing utility rather than beauty. When the middle division is the longer, it shows common sense and a logical, calculating mind. If the top joint is longer than the others, it denotes too much imagination, great ideality, and lack of practical ability.

There are good hands of each type, and, as has been shown, the proportions and divisions of the fingers have as much to do with character as the shape of the ends of the fingers; for instance, the third or lowest type of hand, with the spade-topped fingers, may belong to an artist, poet, or author, but he will probably treat his subjects in a realistic manner. Then, again, the two hands rarely correspond in every particular, and one may offset the failings of the other. Study and experience are necessary in making a just estimate of character. The third finger is called the ring finger, and is supposed to be connected most nearly with the heart.

The principal lines of the hand are easily remembered: The life, which runs round the base of the thumb; the line of the head, which begins alongside the line of life (sometimes joining it), and crossing the middle of the palm; and the line of the heart, which goes from one side of the hand to the other at the base of the fingers. If the line of life is of a ruddy color, long and unbroken, extending nearly or quite down to the wrist line, it foretells good health and long life; if it be broken at any point, it denotes severe sickness; if short, early death; if double, it shows remarkable strength and vitality. The lines encircling the wrist number the years of life, one line marking thirty years.

If a character like the sun occurs on the life line, it denotes a loss of an eye or blindness; and each cross or knot means some misfortune or difficulty, great or small according to the size of the mark. The little lines are the lesser cares and troubles. Wavy lines in the ends of the fingers or elsewhere foretell death by drowning. A crescent-shaped mark below the little finger and below the line of the heart denotes insanity. A well-defined short line joining the life line indicates marriage. If no such line appears, the person will remain single, unless there be a short line or lines on the side of the hand below the little finger, as these also denote the number of times married. The lines extending down between the third or ring finger and the little finger to the line of the heart number the loves of a lifetime. If but a single line is visible, and that is deep and clear, the person will love faithfully and warmly. A long, well-defined line of the head promises intellectual power; but it may be too long; as, if it extends quite to the edge of the hand, it indicates too much calculation, craft, meanness. It should end under the third finger or thereabouts. If it is forked or double towards the end, it denotes deception and double-dealing, though, in a hand otherwise good, it may mean only extreme reticence or shyness. When this line is very short and faint, it shows stupidity, foolishness.

If the line of the heart is long, extending from the edge of the hand below the little finger up between the first and second fingers, it indicates an affectionate disposition, and also promises well for the happiness of the possessor. If it sends down short lines towards the head line, it shows that affection must be founded upon

presect; but if these small lines go upward, love is more a matter of passion and impulse. When the line of the heart is broken, it denotes inconstancy. But judgment must not be formed from any one appearance or line of the hand, as there are many things to be considered.

We should look in the left hand chiefly for honors, riches, loves, and misfortunes, and in the right for whatever pertains to health and length of days. All lines, if pale and wide, tell the absence of the quality attributed to that line, or the existence of the opposite quality. For instance, a pale, wide line of the heart indicates coldness, or even cruelty. When the lines of the left hand are clearest and ruddiest its possessor resembles his mother, both mentally and physically.

In the practice of the art of palmistry some knowledge of physiognomy is of great advantage; indeed, the two sciences go hand in hand, one supplementing the other. This is why the shrewd gypsy fortune-teller scans the face almost more closely than the hand of her patron. A few set rules in regard to the features and characteristics of the human face may well be added in this connection.

And, first of all, the soul dwells in the eye; and the ability to understand its language is inborn with most people without having to study it; but a few words in regard to it may not be amiss. Very quiet eyes, that impress and embarrass one with their great repose, signify self-command, but also great complacency and conceit. Eyes that rove hither and thither while their possessor speaks denote a deceitful, designing mind. Eyes in which the white has a yellowish tinge and is streaked with reddish veins denote strong passions. Very blue eyes bespeak a mind inclined to coquetry; gray eyes signify intelligence; greenish, falsehood and a liking for scandal; black eyes, a passionate, lively temperament; and brown, a kind, happy disposition.

Of the nose, a Roman nose denotes an enterprising, business-like character; a long nose is a sign of good sense; a perfectly straight nose indicates a pure and noble soul, unless the eyes contradict it; a *nez retroussé* signifies a spirit of mischief, wit and dash; a large nose generally indicates good mind and heat; a very small nose, good-nature, but lack of energy.

Thick lips indicate either great genius or great stupidity; very thin lips, cruelty and falsehood, particularly if they are habitually compressed. Dimples in the cheek signify roguery; in the chin, love and coquetry. A lean face is an indication of intelligence; a fat face shows a person inclined to falsehood.

Irascibility is accompanied by an erect posture open nostrils, moist temples,—displaying superficial veins, which stand out and throbb under the least excitement,—a large, unequal, ill-arranged eyes, and equal use of both hands.

A good genius may be expected from middle stature, blue or gray eyes, large, prominent forehead, with temples a little hollow, a fixed, attentive look, and habitual inclination of the head.

BELLE C. GREENE.

WALKING.

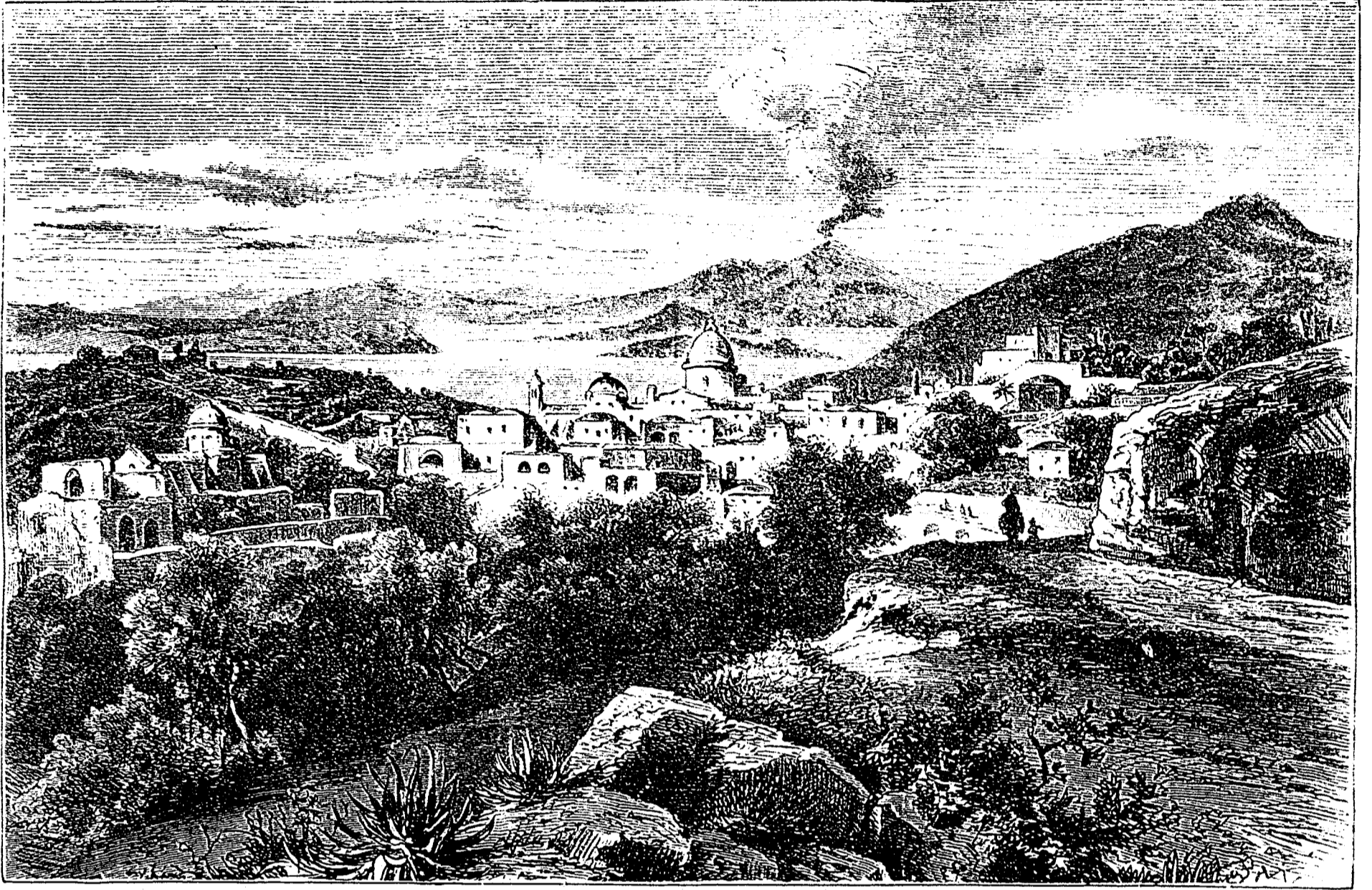
Among the advantages of walking are the opportunities given for self-communion and development of originality. One has to go off into the woods now and then to maintain acquaintance with himself. The friction of society and books gives polish, it is true; but that much-prized literary gift, individuality, is endangered by the polishing process, and character is too often sacrificed for brilliancy. A walk, to yield its best influence, should be taken alone. Companionship, though pleasant, is oftentimes obtrusive, and it curtails one's liberty of thought to be perpetually conversing. Pedestrianism is superior to horseback exercise, boating, athletic sports, and gymnasium practice, in that it requires no watchfulness or strain, permits the bestowal of the whole attention on whatever attracts the traveller, and admits of the readiest correspondence between mind and action. It requires no preparation; one has only to seek the nearest outlet from the town and turn his back on his fellow-creatures, to find himself in a region that his liberated fancy may transform into a Beulah.

A SINGULAR TOMBSTONE.

Dr. Prime, the venerable editor of the *New York Observer*, usually spends the summer months travelling in his native State, and about New England, and wherever he stops he is a welcome visitor. His weekly letters in the *Observer* are widely read, and are enjoyed by everybody.

In his travels, Irenæus comes across some strange people, and many queer things which he keenly appreciates, and he gives an account of them in his interesting letters.

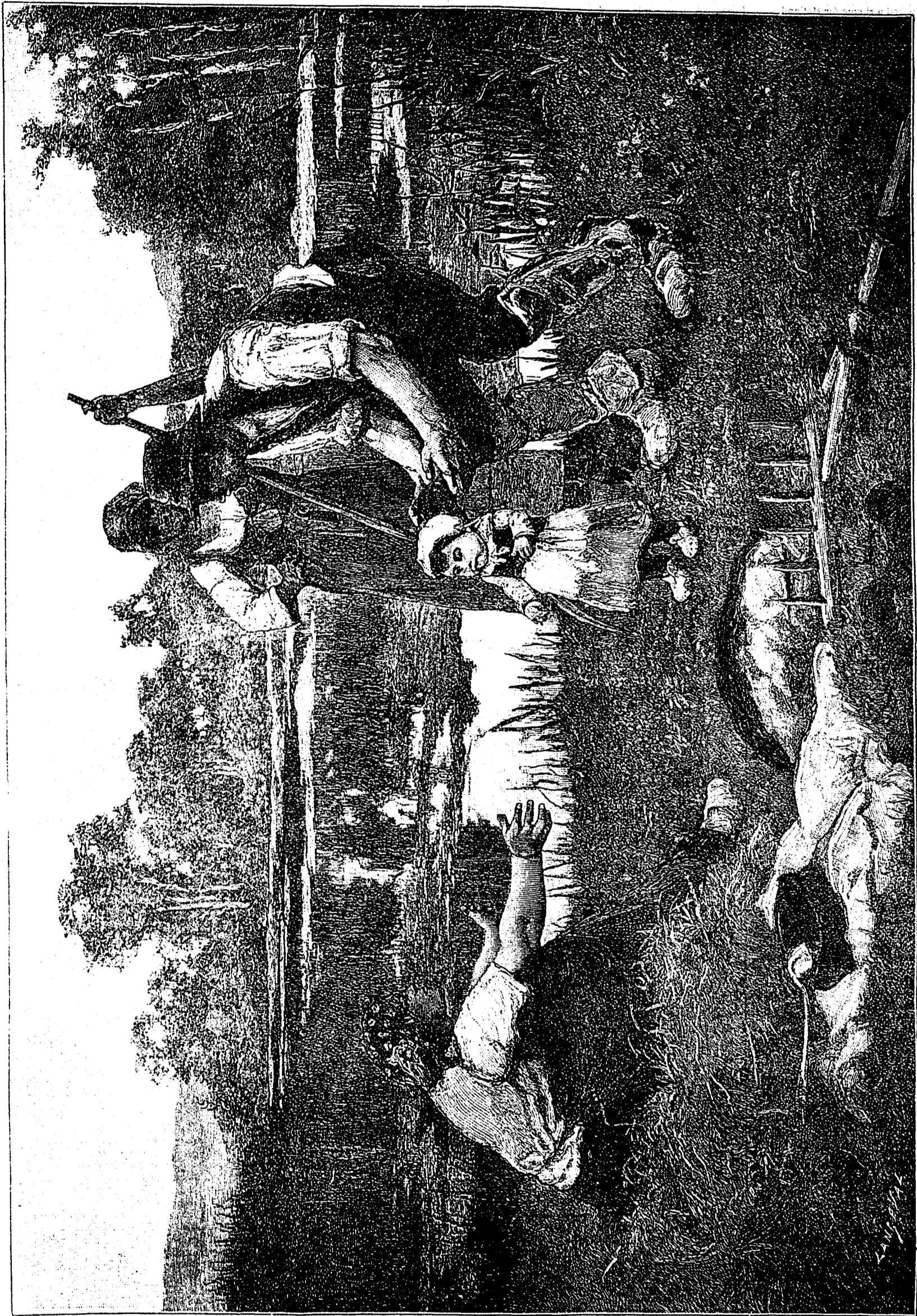
Among his last discoveries, Dr. Prime has found an odd monument in northern New York, which had been erected to the memory of a most excellent woman. A good man had lived happily with a devoted wife until they were well on in years, when she died. He bestowed upon her some fitting memorial to place over her grave, and the happy thought struck him that the square stove, by which they had been comfortable through many long winters, would be just what she would like to have if she had a voice in the matter. He had the stove taken to the churchyard and placed over the remains of his companion, who slept quietly underneath it.



CASAMICCIOLA—THE SCENE OF THE DISASTROUS EARTHQUAKE AT ISCHIA.



"THOU ART SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR"



FIRST STEPS.

LITERARY.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, having been written to in regard to the pronunciation of *Yolande*, sent the following reply:—

"They say the author's spelling was planned
To make the people pronounce Yolande;
And who could think 'twould be found handy
To use the cumbersome form Yolande?
Though those who wished a rhyme for Holland
Were doubtless welcome quite to Yolande:
But now upon us it has dawned
'Twere better far to say Yolande."

BANCROFT AT HOME.

I called on George Bancroft a short time ago, says a writer in the *Cleveland Leader*, and found him working among his roses. The rose is the historian's favorite flower, and he has the finest rose garden on the continent. It is situated back of his house on H street, Washington, D. C., and embraces a greenhouse and an open garden. It contains every known variety of roses, and is devoted to this flower alone. A gardener is kept especially to attend to it, though Mr. Bancroft spends much time in working in it himself, and understands all about rose-culture. The historian came into the house as I entered. He was clad in black broadcloth, and a slouch hat covered his iron-gray hair. A fine specimen of the highest class of intellectual workers is the Hon. George Bancroft. Over eighty-three years of age, he has a frame of iron and a brain as bright as that of a youth. He is of middle height, lean and wiry. His thin, thoughtful face is lengthened by his long silky beard of sable silver, and his thick gray hair is combed back from a broad, high, brawny forehead. He has light blue eyes and a complexion darkened by the winds of his daily horseback rides, for this old man rides daily, and he has one of the best blooded Kentucky steeds in Washington. Among the questions I asked him at this visit was:

"How long can you ride, Mr. Bancroft, without tiring?"
He replied, with a laugh:
"I don't know. All day, I suppose, if I had the time. Riding does not tire, and I generally spend three or four hours a day in the saddle. I believe the secret of good health is in taking care of yourself. I go to bed early and I rise early. I find the morning is the best time for work, and I would advise you to do your literary work then in preference to the evening."

I then looked around the room and remarked:
"Mr. Bancroft, you have a fine library."
"Yes," he replied, and his face lighted up as he did so, and I could see that he was very proud of his books. He arose and took me around the shelves, showing me how the books were two rows deep, and pointed out some of the rarer editions. He then gave me into the hands of his German valet, a bright Berliner, whom he picked up when he was in Prussia and brought him to this country, telling him to show me over the rest of the library. Bancroft's library is one of the finest private collections in the United States: every book of it is valuable, and it contains works in all the modern languages. There are over twelve thousand volumes, and these are closely packed in the four large rooms which comprise the little workshop of their owner. No display is made in the way of expensive cases for the books. They are kept in common shelves running along the wall, without covering of either glass or curtain. Bancroft knows his library perfectly, and could find any of his books in the dark. The bulk of the library is on the second floor. The chief work-room is first entered. It faces the street and is very large and well lighted. In its centre stands a large table covered with books and manuscripts; on one side of this sits the great historian, opposite him a young secretary, and often in addition another, all writing and working together.

The next room serves a two-fold purpose. It is a library and bed-room combined. Its walls are lined with books and in its centre a small single bed covered with a plain green spread is seen. "Here," said my guide, "in that bed sleeps the old gentleman, and on that table," pointing to a little table with two wax candles on it, which stood at the head of the bed, "he keeps pen and paper all night. If a thought strikes him he jots it down. Here," pointing to some elegantly bound books, "is his history in the German language, and here are some very fine engravings—hundreds of them."

"Tell me," said I, "something about Bancroft's habits."
"Mr. Bancroft," replied the German, "goes to bed very early, unless he is out at some entertainment. He is generally asleep about ten o'clock. He wakes very early and works often before daylight. You see the two candles on his night table. He commences work at five o'clock and keeps at it until breakfast time, at half-past eight, when he dresses and comes down stairs and has breakfast. Breakfast with him is a very light meal, consisting of some fruit, a cup of chocolate, an egg and a roll. He eats nothing more until dinner, when he takes a good meal. He does not think a man can do good brain work on a full stomach. After breakfast he goes again to work and continues at it until between one and two, when he receives his visitors. At half-past four he goes out to ride and comes back about seven. At this hour he has dinner, after which he either chats, reads or goes out for the evening."

Gossiping in this way we went over the whole of Bancroft's house. At every step the valet had something to say for his master, whom

he admires so greatly, and whom he told me he had served now these past ten years. Mr. Bancroft has a beautiful home. The house is a three-story brick on H street, near that of the millionaire Corcoran, and across the street from General Beale's. It is within a stone's throw of the White House, the Arlington and the Treasury, and is at the foot of fashionable Washington today. A wide hall divides the house, and on each side of this are reception-rooms and parlors, and at the left end is the dining-room. The parlors are full of curious mementoes from the different parts of Europe. There is a magnificent portrait of Kaiser Wilhelm, given to the historian by the German Emperor as a mark of esteem and affection. There below it is a present from Napoleon III., and beside this a little curiosity which has the inscription: "Given by Bismarck as a mark of friendship;" and so it is throughout the several rooms. Another curiosity is Mrs. Bancroft's needlework and embroidery. The old lady—she is nearly the same age as her husband, I understand—has a great talent for this art, and specimens of her handiwork are found in every room. There is a set of chairs cushioned entirely with her embroidery. A beautiful piano-cover shows the evidences of her skill, and embroidered table covers, screens and tidies add beauty to rooms already artistically furnished. One particular feature about this house of Bancroft's is its comfortable, home-like look. It seems as though it was made to be lived in and enjoyed. The elegant pictures on the walls, the plate-glass mirrors here and there, do not give to it the cold and stately look you get from a visit to the house of many a shoddy millionaire. Here everything seems for use, and the little home touches about everything throw a warmth over the whole.

Bancroft's history has been the work of his lifetime, and he told me to-day he was well satisfied with the last edition, just published. He said: "I want my history to be correct in every statement and in every particular, and I am working to that end." He has been working indeed a long time upon it, more by far than the average man's life. Fifty-eight years ago he began it, when he was twenty-five years old, and had been eight years out of college. He has been working at it steadily ever since, and it is now practically completed.

AMERICAN FORESTS AND FORESTRY.

The annual meeting of the Forestry Convention, at St. Paul this year, reminds us of the rise of dangers to our national prosperity through the destruction of our forests. When European settlers began their occupation of this continent, it was a land of great forests. The Indian population was very sparse and scanty; there probably are more Indians now in the United States than at an earlier date. They lived chiefly by hunting and fishing, though the better tribes combined with this a rough horticulture carried on by the squaws in the vicinity of their villages. The purely agricultural Indians were farther South, in the countries occupied by the Spaniards. The Indians of the North waged no war on the forests. He made but slight draughts on their resources for the construction of his canoes and his huts. He left no appreciable marks of his presence, except when his carelessness in handling fire produced a general conflagration. As a consequence, the streams and rivers of those days maintained an equable flow throughout the year; the supply of moisture was abundant, droughts and deluges being alike unknown.

The white man came with a well-marked notion of what his own interest was; and he came as a destroyer. His coming was providentially postponed until he had ridden himself in Europe of many superstitions and ignorances which would have vitiated his social condition in the New World. But he came from a Europe in which science had not mastered the great principles of nature's economy on many points, and in this matter of the uses of trees and forests among others. His only idea was access to the soil; his friend and companion was his axe. For a quarter of a millennium, he has been lifting up his axe upon the thick trees, and no other part of his activity has produced results so tremendous. It has been so great that the appearance of our continent to observers on the sister planets of our system must have changed very materially in the course of those centuries, large spaces appearing lighter in hue than they did.

But the effect of this wholesale clearance has been most deleterious in many respects. Trees are of vast importance in the aqueous circulation of our planet. A tree is a great hydraulic machine in which currents of water move with a surprising energy. The upward rush of water in a teak tree has been sufficient to lift a core of sand an inch in diameter and fifty or sixty feet in length into the heart of the tree, where it has been found when the log was cut in the shipyard. This upward stream carries to the leaves and branches the nutriment drawn from the soil through the root; a downward stream in other lines carries to the stem and root the nutriment of another sort absorbed through the leaves. But much of the moisture thus employed seems to be given off from the leaves, and a tree may be regarded as a vegetable fountain, drawing a water-supply from a recondite source for diffusion through the atmosphere. In a few species, the diffusion is visible in an actual dropping of water from the leaves. Or, again, a tree may be regarded as a reservoir of water, which it absorbs in times of plenty and

gives off in those of greater scarcity. A forest is such a reservoir in a larger sense, as it receives and retains the rain-fall, allowing it to pass off in gradual and gentle flow through underground channels, for the refreshment of the open country. The forest saves the moisture by checking the force of parching winds and breaking the evaporating energy of the sun's heat. In all these ways, the forests serve as checks upon the rapidity of the aqueous circulation. They do not permit the rain-fall to be evaporated at once into the atmosphere, to return in devastating torrents with the next storm. The equalize the supply in all directions, and preserve that evenness in the circulation which accords best with the needs of human agriculture.

But American settlement generally has been conducted in ignorant defiance of these principles. The first settlers took the thinner soil of the open places, to save themselves from the work of cutting down trees. When the forest had to be taken, the natural growths were regarded merely as obstacles. To destroy them without restraint or exception, was the work of the agriculturist. Vast hemlocks, oaks and maples were cut down and piled upon each other, and went up in flame or smoke. People said: "I guess there will always be wood enough in this region. At least, it will last my time." By and by, it began to run out. The few who had left any were paid for the privilege of cutting it for firewood. The new demand finished the work. There are districts in Ohio which were overgrown with great trees in the memory of people now living, but whose people now buy from Wisconsin every stick they use. Wisconsin is running the same wasteful course; so is Minnesota, and every other well wooded district in the Mississippi Valley. In the Ohio districts to which we refer, the streams once ran full the year round. Large fish were caught in them; great mills were turned by them. Now they are dribbles except when a great rain-storm has fallen, and then they become torrents. On the hillsides, these storms have cut great gulches where no such gulches were known before. And every rain washes away more of the soil than was lost in a year before the forests went. It is wonderful that the Ohio River becomes with every generation more of a vibration between a drought and a deluge.

In our time, a new impulse to destruction has come with the increased demand for timber. The first settlers burned the trees to get rid of them. Their children would be glad to buy them now. Some kind of lumber are nearly exhausted by mercantile demand. The black walnut for furniture is on the verge of exhaustion. The staves for French wine-casks, once cut all along the Mississippi and the Ohio, are now obtainable only in Arkansas, and the supply is limited. White pine, the most serviceable of all forest woods, is so seriously diminished that nothing but prompt care will prevent a pine famine in the next generation. Above all the railroads of the country are wearing out the forests. The life of a railroad tie is from three to five years. The annual consumption is enough to destroy a large forest, and the demand does not distribute itself equally over the whole country. Long lines of railroad—two of the Pacific railroads, for instance,—run through areas destitute of timber, and every mile represents a constant drain on some distant forest for its maintenance.

The Scotch say that always taking out of the meal-tub and never putting in soon comes to the bottom. Our meal-tub in this matter has been a large one; but we cannot be far from the bottom. We have trusted too long to the enlightened selfishness of individuals. The time has come for Government action on the lines indicated by European precedent. America is the only country which leaves the matter to luck. Some of our states have done a little by "arbor days" and tax-exemptions to stimulate wholesome action. But this is far from being enough. The time has come for a national supervision of timber resources, so far as the national authority can be extended to their protection.

In Canada, the Government of Ontario (once Upper Canada), has been moving, and none too early. From a special report by Mr. R. W. Phipps, of Toronto, we derive many of the facts we have presented, and we can recommend this report to all who are interested in the subject.—*The American*.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, August 4.

QUEEN ELIZABETH of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva") has been elected a member of the Académie des Jeux Floraux, of Toulouse.

THE death of Cetewayo is cited by the Bonapartist journals in Paris as a providential vengeance for the slaughter of the young Prince Imperial.

THE Knight Templars of Chicago, seventy-one in number, accompanied by twenty-six ladies and eighteen invited guests, are now staying in Paris.

THE German law courts are not over polite to the fair sex. A French lady witness in a Strasbourg court, who had sworn to the ownership of only twenty-six summers, when in reality she was the happy possessor of twice that number, was indicted for perjury.

ONE of the gayest fashionable marriages which

have taken place this year in Paris was that, on Monday last, of Mlle. Mathilde Nivière with Comte de Pleumartin. A great many aristocratic people returned to Paris to be present at the ceremony. The marriage unites two highly distinguished families.

DEAUVILLE seems to be the happy hunting-ground of Parisian society this year. The list of great people residing there is a long one, and it appears that life is going on at high pressure. Balls, garden parties, boating parties, picnics, bathing reunions, concert, and grand dinners abound, while men seeking their amusement unaided by beauty find in every way that delights them.

JOURNALISTS are noted for their peppery characters, and probably in France they are more excitable than in any other country. We are constantly hearing of witnesses being sent to this or that writer of an article that has touched the susceptibilities of some thin-skinned gentleman. Then follows the harmless meeting in some out-of-the-way suburb of Paris, or, if very desperate business is meant, across the frontier, and the *procès verbal*, drawn up more or less in an absurdly magniloquent vein, completes the affair satisfactorily to the parties concerned. In a recent difficulty, however, the gentleman challenged thought fit to decline to go on, so the challenger "went for him" in a restaurant and boxed his ears. On meeting in the Palais de Justice, upon the adjourned case which had brought about all the bother, the assaulted of the restaurant attempted to retaliate, but his doubtless well-intended blow was intercepted by an unfortunate avocet who chanced to be in the way. The first assailant, nevertheless, did not get off soot free, as the friends of the gentleman whose ears had been boxed waited at the bottom of the staircase for his adversary, and with the most undaunted bravery assailed him with sticks and umbrellas until the officers of the Court came to his assistance and rescued him from their courageous hands.

THERE has been a marked taste in Paris of late for what may be styled ethnographical curiosities. Natives of every outlandish country under the sun have figured *à tour de rôle* in the verdant enclosures set at the Jardin d'Acclimatation for exhibition of this nature. The pleasure-loving Parisians have been able to contemplate Esquimaux, Nubians, Abyssinians, Galibis, Patagonians, Congolese, etc. Nor has the Jardin d'Acclimatation proved large enough to contain all the savages which it has been found advisable to serve up for the Parisian taste, since an *impresario* of burbians has found it necessary to hire the Salle Krieglstein for the purpose of exhibiting African natives bearing the name of "Les Aïssaous." The special talent of the Aïssaous lies in eating broken glass, swallowing burning hot iron, and performing other feats of the same nature. Notwithstanding these talents, it must be admitted that they failed to attract very numerous audiences to the Salle Krieglstein, and they have not indeed had the same success in Paris as the Cingalese, whose presence at the Zoological Garden in the Bois de Boulogne has attracted the public considerably.

THE example is set by America in the matter of rapid reduction of the national debt is alleged in England as a reason for moving more quickly in that direction; but the specific proposals are not connected with American examples, as they originated in 1859, since which date the debt has been reduced from seven hundred and eighty-seven million pounds sterling to something like seven hundred million pounds sterling. Of late years the reduction has been at the rate of eight million pounds sterling a year, but for the whole period the average is not half so much. The bill now before Parliament proposes to pay off one hundred and seventy-three million pounds sterling, or a trifle less than a fourth of the debt, in the next twenty years. At this rate, the whole debt would be discharged by 1903.

The British national debt may be said to exist only in the shape of perpetual annuities. As the debt was contracted by accepting bids much below par, the nominal interest is very low,—three per cent., in fact. But the interest on the sums actually received by the Treasury is very considerable. As a consequence, the debt can be discharged only at a loss to the Government, unless at times when the interest of money is very low. If money is worth as much as three and a quarter per cent. a year, it is more profitable to go on paying three pounds sterling a year, to the holder of one hundred pounds sterling in "consols," than to pay him the one hundred pounds sterling and be done with him. But for the bonds which represent this sum the Government received but eighty or ninety pounds sterling at the start. So the English debt is in the worst possible shape for discharge; it bears really a high interest, but its nominal interest is so low that the principal can be paid only at a loss. The English people, however, prefer to take the loss and do something towards the discharge of the debt before the coal mines are exhausted or some other calamity has occurred to put a stop to their national prosperity. They they do in a characteristic fashion. Whoever holds "consols," and wishes to convert a perpetual into a terminable annuity of a proportionally larger amount, can effect the change by an arrangement with the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

It has been repeatedly said that men very often find consolation in the misfortunes of others, and this remark will perhaps apply as well to chess as to more important matters. No doubt, the chess-player who inwardly denounces his own shortcomings when engaged in a game with a club opponent, and who may often be politely informed by an interested onlooker that he has missed several plain opportunities of making moves which would have annihilated his antagonist, will read with much complacency the notes to be found at the end of many games in the great International Tournament.

He will be told that the masters of the game, playing for prizes amounting to hundreds of pounds sterling, make "grave errors," that their moves are often "useless and feeble," that others are "unaccountably weak," and that they make "palpable blunders." He will also find that they give "useless checks," and that a player with a "winning position leaves a Rook en prise, and resigns at once," and that, now and then, moves are even "absurdly weak" and in some cases "senseless!"

Such things, however, will occur in the best regulated Tournaments, and independent of any considerable "grave errors" may derive from such mishaps, they will certainly be useful if they serve as warnings to all players, great and small, to look carefully before they leap.

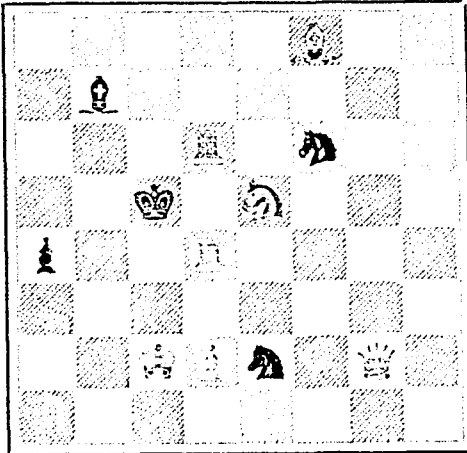
The result of the Chess Tournament was (the "Jewish Chronicle" says) a triumph for Jewish chess-players. Out of the fourteen engaged in the chief or "master" tournament, no less than six were Jews. And in the prize-lists the first prize was taken by a Jew, Zukertort, and the second prize was likewise adjudged to another Jew, Steinitz. Besides these, another Jew, English, secured the fifth prize, and a fourth, Rosenthal, obtained the prize allotted to the competitor who made the best score against the prize-winners. Out of the eight prizes given, no less than one-half were won by Jews. The very great number who take rank among the highest players, and the success of Zukertort and Steinitz, clearly indicate that there must be something in the Jewish intellect peculiarly adapted to the game. The mathematical bent of mind, the patience, perseverance, and daring, and the peculiar quality known as long-headedness are all properties of the Jewish nature, which are equally valuable for business and for chess. From the time of the Talmud, Jews have been pre-eminent at games similar to chess, and in modern times Jews have counted several of the best players for several generations.

We must not neglect to speak of the scores of Capt. Mackenzie in the late International Tournament. At the end of the first round his score was 5 won, 8 lost; at the end of the second 19 won, 22 lost. If the congress had commenced with the second round, the modest Scotchman would have won the first prize. In the Vienna International Tournament, at the termination of the first round the gallant Captain stood first. Who can explain the sudden changes.—(Globe-Times, St. Louis.)

PROBLEM NO. 448.

By Kerr Kling.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 446.

White. Black. 1 Q to Q Kt 3 1 Any 2 Mates acc.

GAME 574TH.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

Played in the second round of the London International Tournament, Thursday, June 7, 1883.

Table showing chess game moves for White (Steinitz) and Black (Zukertort) from move 1 to 31.

- 32 K K to Kt sq 32 P to B 5 33 B to B 2 (h) 33 P to B 6 34 Q to K 3 34 B to R 3 35 R to Kt 6 35 R to B 3 36 P to R 5 (g) 36 Q R to Q B sq 37 K to B 2 (f) 37 Q to B 5 38 B to Kt 3 38 Q to Q 5 39 B to Q 5 (e) 39 R takes R 40 P takes R 40 P to B 7 41 Q takes Q 41 P takes Q 42 R to Q B sq 42 P to Q 6 43 K to K 2 43 R to Kt sq 44 P to Kt 7 44 K to Kt 2 45 K to Q 2 45 B takes P 46 B takes B (f) 46 R takes B 47 K takes P 47 R to Kt 6 ch 48 K takes P 48 R takes P 49 R to K Kt sq 49 R to K 6 50 K to Q 2 50 R takes P 51 K to Q 3 51 R to K B 5 52 K to K 3 52 K to B 3 53 R to Kt 2 53 K to K 1 54 R to Kt sq 54 P to B 4 55 R to Q R sq 55 P takes P 56 R to R 5 ch 56 K to B 5 57 R to R 6 ch 57 K to Kt 2 58 R to Kt 7 ch 58 R to B 2 59 R to R 1 59 P to Kt 6 (a) 60 R to K Kt 4 60 R to B 5 61 R takes P 61 R to K R 5 62 K to B 2 62 R takes P 63 R to Q R 7 63 R to R 8 64 R to R 6 64 R to Q Kt 8 65 K to Kt 3 65 R to Kt 5 66 R to Q B 6 66 R to K 5 67 R to R 6 67 P to R 1 68 R to Kt 6 68 P to R 5 ch 69 K to R 3 69 R to K B 5 70 R to Q B 6 70 R to B 3 71 R to R 8 (a) 71 K to Kt 3 72 R to Kt 7 ch 72 K to R 4 73 R to R 8 ch 73 R to B 2 74 R to K Kt 8 74 R to B 2 75 R to Q R 8 75 P to Kt 5 ch 76 K to Kt 2 76 R to K B 2 77 R to R 5 ch 77 K to Kt 4 78 R to Kt 8 ch 78 K to B 5 79 R to K R 8 79 P to R 6 ch 80 K to B 2 80 K to B 6 81 R to K Kt 8 81 R to B 1 82 R to Kt 7 82 K to B 5 83 R to Kt 8 83 R to B 2 84 R to Kt 6 84 R to Q R 2 85 R to B 5 ch 85 K to Kt 4 86 R to B 2 86 K to R 5 87 R to B sq 87 R to Kt 6 ch 88 R to Q Kt sq 88 P to R 7 89 K to R sq 89 P to R 7 90 Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) This certainly places Black at a great disadvantage. P to Q B 3 was the correct play.

(b) Black's K side is now blocked, and White may direct his full attention to the other wing, which is much weakened.

(c) Absurdly weak. The proper move, Kt to B 4, was clearly indicated. Black could not then effect an exchange, etc.

17 Kt to B 4 17 Q Kt to Kt 3 18 Kt to R 5

and if Black takes the B, then follows:

19 Kt takes B 19 Kt takes P 20 Kt takes Q 20 Kt takes Q 21 Kt to B 6

and wins a piece, for he will capture the B checking.

(d) Threatening to win a P by exchanging Pawns and taking the Q P with the Kt.

(e) The best under the circumstances. Black prepares the sacrifice of a P in order to free his rook.

(f) Again weak. White could have well kept his Pawns intact and advanced the Kt to P, for Black could not venture to take the B, P, on account of the rook, Kt to Q 5, followed by B takes P.

(g) Senseless. R to Q B sq would have obviously saved the Pawn.

(h) Black is evidently playing for a draw, in order to get the first move next time, and White is systematically playing to win. If R takes B, Black replies Q to Q 3, recovering the piece, with an even game.

(i) Necessary. If White attack the Q in order to gain a P, he loses a piece, e. g.:

36 B to Kt 3 36 R to B 5 37 R takes R 37 Q takes R 38 Q takes P 38 Q to Kt 6 ch and wins.

(j) B to Kt 3 was again of no use, excepting for a draw. White could easily then exchange the two pieces and advance to R P, which would thus have been exchanged for the B P.

(k) In reply to R to Q sq Black could take off the R at Kt 6, and would gain three pieces for the Queen if White answered R takes Q.

(l) Such a blunder has rarely been witnessed in match play. It loses at once, while K takes P instead would have saved the game, with winning prospects, if Black ventures to win the K B P, e. g.:

46 K takes P 46 B takes B 47 P takes B 47 R to Kt 6 ch 48 K takes P 48 R takes P 49 P to Q 6 49 K to B sq

If R to B 5, White answers K to B 3, and if R to B 3, White equally wins by R to Q sq.

50 R to K sq 50 R to B 3 51 P to Q 7 and wins.

(m) Black plays the ending with precision and excellent judgment.

(n) R to Kt 4, with the intention of playing K to Kt 4, was now the only chance of a draw; but Black would then win quicker if he did not allow the entrance of the K at Kt 4 and checked with the R at B 6, followed accordingly by R to Kt 6 ch or K to Kt 3.

Trans. Field and Firm.

MR. MILLAIS has promised to paint and present to the Garrick Club a portrait of Henry Irving.

"THE GOVERNMENT," a Southern journal of Democratic associations in politics declares, "is more honestly served than private concerns, cities, counties or States." This is a sweeping statement, and yet it can be strongly supported by evidence. "The internal revenues of one hundred and fifty millions," the same journal adds, "were collected last year without the loss of a single penny by default. What private, municipal, State or other body corporate can rightly claim such phenomenal integrity in its servants?"

During her three weeks' visit to Aix-les-Bains Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice has been separated from her mother, the Queen, for the first time in her life. She was accompanied to the Continent by Lady Southampton, lady-in-waiting to her majesty, and Captain Edwards, groom-in-waiting, and will rejoin her mother and Princess Elizabeth on her return to Osborne. She is expected, on or about the twenty-third of September, to visit Aberdeen, Scotland, to open a bazaar in aid of a fund for the benefit of a hospital for sick children. At the same time she is expected to open Duthie Park, which has lately been presented to the city.

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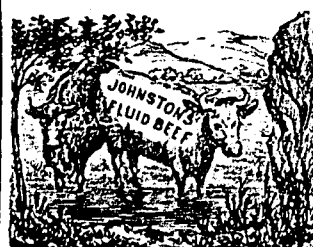
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