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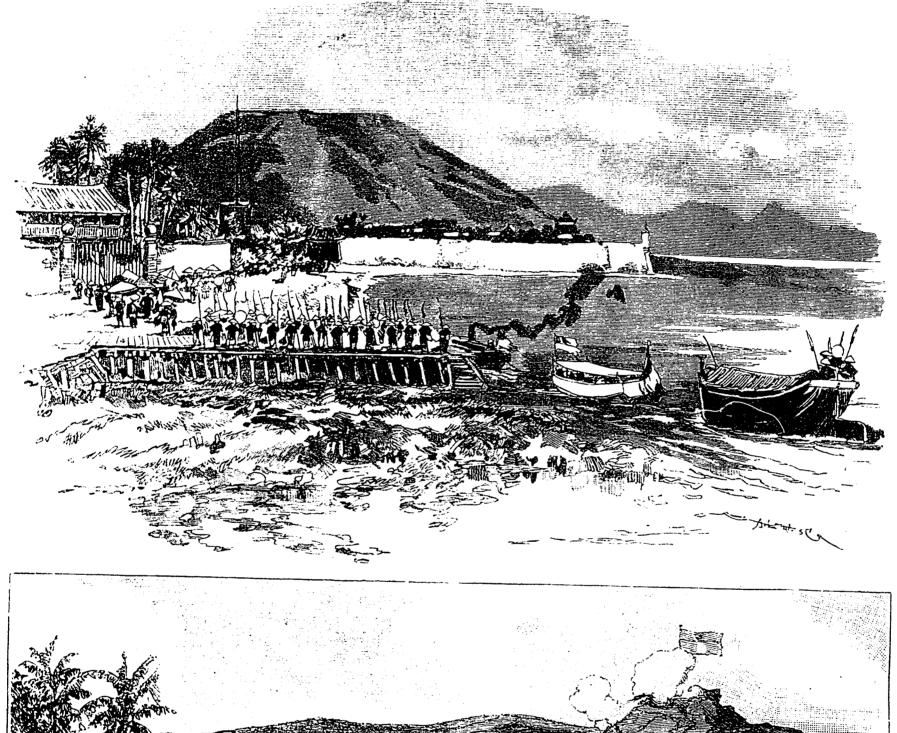
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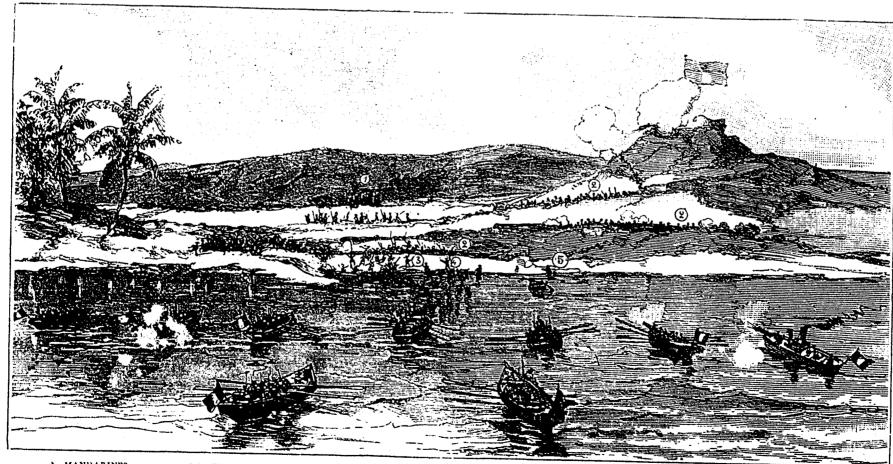
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1883.

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1. MANDARINES.

2. ANNAMITE POSITIONS. 3. COMMANDER POCCAYOR: 4. ENSIGN OLIVIERI. ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AT HUE. TAKING OF THE FORTS OF THUAN-AN. 5. LIEUTENANT GOURDON. THE TONQUIN EXPEDITION.

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

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CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS .- Arrival of the French Ambassador at Hue—Taking of the Forts of Thuan-an—New York—The First Race for the Cross-Country Championship, November 6th-The Start-The Tonquin Expedition-Marquis Tseng-Mr. L. Z. Joness-Aurachman Types-The Holy Mountain in Bohemia-In the Studio-The Leibnitz Statue in Leipsie, Inaugurated Oct. 25th.

LETTER-PRESS .- The Week-L. Z. Joneas-The Missing Link-Third Sermon from the New Preacher -My Saturdays-Varieties-Semebody's Mother -Under Meeting Branches - After All - Two Day's Trout Fishing-Foot Notes-Thanksgiving -The Childhood of a Poet-Tennyson's Youth-A Turkey Hunter's Adventure - Miscellany Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 24, 1883.

THE WEEK.

WE may expect any day a declaration of war between France and China. The intervention of the Powers in favor of peace, seems not to be acceptable to either party.

The German papers are once more advocating a hostile policy toward France. This is the more to be regretted that the better class of Parisian papers have moderated their tone of late. The visit of the German Crown Prince to Spain at this particular juncture, looks like an aggravation and must necessarily embitter the mutual feeling still more.

THE Nationalist cause is still making rapid strides in Ireland. The Limerick election created little interest and gave rise to no excitement, as it was a foregone conclusion that the Parnellite candidate would be elected. Meantime the Orange party are very active, and it is a question whether there will not be a collision in some of the Northern Counties.

THE election of Levis is a heavy blow for the Provincial Government. It is more than a Liberal gain, because the majority was largely recruited from discontented Conservatives. The people of this Province are at length awakening to the fact that something must be done toward getting out of the slough of despond. Speechifying and posing are not the proper means of recuperation. We require a strict business policy.

THE Government guarantee to the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is still exercising the patience of certain New York journals written in the interest of a band of stock-jobbers. The answer is peremptory. Either the railway must be continued or it must be given up. It is clear that it must be continued as it is a necessity for the country. It is therefore equally clear that the Government ought to step in in its favor, especially as there is absolutely no monetary risk in the matter.

land received for a long time, is the contemplated rapprochment between the Whigs and the Conservatives, as a bulwark against Radicalism. Argyll has filled Castle Inverary with a representative company of Scottish nobility and English Whigs whom he invited to meet Lord and Lady Salisbury. The Duke is said to have in contemplation plans for the actual going over to the side of Conservatives, and this really seems to be about the only course he will have left to himself should the Radicals carry forward all their schemes.

ECCLESIASTICAL news from Rome is rather of an interesting character. It is announced that the American Bishops there assembled have succeeded in pursuading the Vatican to consent to the appointment of a Papal Nuncio to the United States. The same journal also announces that the conference is favorable to con-

Cardinal resident in Rome and even of attempttempting to induce the United States Governfrom the United States to the Vatican with functions similar to these with which the British Government has in vested Mr. Errington.

In order that our friends may keep a record of the Standard Time, we append a few particulars. This standard time conforms to that of the 75th meridian and is known as the "Eastern time." It is exactly five hours slower than Greenwich time, and five minutes forty seconds slower than the time of the meridian of McGill College observatory. The change of local time in the principal cities of Canada to conform with the Standard time of the 75th meridian is as follows :-

Montreal	is in	6 6166	K Dack a	u.	t	15	min.	
Ottawa	44		forward	**			min.	
			torward			-2		ż
Kingston			**	• (, <u>'</u> ;	min.	,
Toronto		•				11.2	min.	
Hamilton						137	min.	
Landon	44	••	• •	••		24	min.	:

A traveller leaving Montreal hereafter will find his watch corresponding with the local time of all these Canadian cities, and of the cities of the Eastern States; when he enters the Maritime Provinces his watch will be exactly one hour fast, and when he journeys westward it will be exactly one hour slow in the central division.

L. Z. JONCAS ESQ.,

ONE OF THE CANADIAN COMMISSIONERS AT THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

Mr. Joneas was born at Grand River, one of the principal parishes of the county of Gaspé, and one of the most important cod fishery sta-tions of the Gaspé coast. His family has been for many years in the fishing industry. He received his early education at the village school and afterwards went through his classical studies. at the College of Ste. Therese. Several years after his return to his native place he went into the fishing business, as merchant and fishery outfitter, in which business he continued for a while. He was afterwards appointed Sheriff of Gaspé. In 1875-76 he was private Secretary to Hon. P. Fortin, who was the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. When Canada had to be represented at the London Fisheries Exhibition, the name of Mr. Joneas suggested itself naturally to those who knew him as a person who is theoretically and practically quite competent to discharge the important duties of joint Commissioner at the great show. His principal part being what concerns the Maritime fisheries, their organization, the trade they give rise to, etc., Mr. Joneas has fully justified the expectations of his friends. He is still in the prime of life. Mr. Joneas is an honor to his Province and to the persons who have upheld him.

The London Canadian Gazette of the 5th of July last, has the following article :-

"At a conference held on Monday, the 2nd of July, at the Fisheries Exhibition, under the presidency of the Hon. A.W. McLelan, Minister of Marine and Fisheries of Canada, a remarkably comprehensive and interesting paper upon the various tisheries of British North America was then read by Mr. L. Z. Joneas, one of the Canadian Commissioners at the Exhibition.

"The subject is a large one, but Mr. Joneas' practical knowledge of it enabled him to do jusice to all its branches, and he concentrated in his paper much information of great value upon all sections of the trade."

This lecture has been published by authority, at London, and circulated extensively. Besides, Mr. Joneas has addressed to the newspaper, Le Canadien, of Quebec, during the last three months several correspondences (nine in number), on subjects connected with the Canadian and foreign fisheries.

THE MISSING LINK

It was not over-clean down in the forecastle The walls of the ship were grimy and black, and the row of bunks only slightly resembled the neat little cots with snowy spreads on shore.

The swinging oil-lamp could not compare with gas, but in the circle of its dim radiance were seated perhaps as happy a set of men as any who gathered round the cheery open grates or air-tight stoves on the mainland.

Our watch had just been relieved, and contrasted with the raw, foggy night-air outside, the snug, tight "fokesel" seemed a paradise of comfort. Nils Jansen, the Swede, and Cal Rem-mick had turned in for a few winks of sleep, but five of us had gathered round the lamp, engaged in various occupations and disposed in different attitudes.

George Brass, our Cornishman, was doing some clumsy tailoring to one of his spare flannel shirts. Evan Evans, a stout and jolly little Welsham, was crooning away to himself snat-ches of song in the soft vowels of his native tongue, while he dove deeper and deeper into

committed to memory after repeated read-

Pierre Lafarge, not the light mercurial ment to appoint an accredited representative Frenchman indicated by his name, but a from the United States to the Vatican with heavily-built, broad-shouldered Canadian, sallow skin, and with high cheekbones, sat leaning his head on his broad palms and gazing fixedly into the darkest corner of the little room. It was a favorite trick of Pierre's, and had earned him the distinctive cognomen of "the drea-

> As for me I half lay, half sat in my bunk, thinking of home far away and the little woman busy in the Cape Cod school-house, and waiting for her sailer boy.

Egbert Brandt completed our little circle. Egbert was a son of the sea, par excellence. Born in Holland, he had drifted around the globe from port to port, until now, though not over five-and-thirty, there was hardly a continent or island on whose shores he had not set foot and with whose languages and dialects he was not, as you might say, "on speaking terms." He was a quiet man, but could spin a good yarn when the mood seized him, and it was a favorite pastime of my own to draw him out.

To night he was in an unusually pleasant mood, and it took little persuasion to induce him to commence his narrative.

When I was about twenty-three, (he said) 1 was on an East Indiaman coasting along the shores of Java. You can talk of the neatness of our Dutch housewives, but I tell you, mates, Capt. Von Vliet would have made their rosy cheeks turn green with envy. All hands were busy from morning to evening as we sailed alongshore; the decks were as white as endless holystoning could make them; the brass-work was polished till it shone like gold; and the rigging was kept so taut and trim and clean that not a war vessel affoat could excel us. An East Indiaman is generally as clean and pretty a craft as floats; but when you come to a Dutch East indiaman, you will realize that it is impossible for me to exaggerate the care spent on her good looks. Cleanliness and discipline were the two great hobbies of our captain; and had he been in the navy, he would have been rated the strictest of martinets.

However, the old captain had a kind heart beneath all his stiffness, and not one of his men could complain of ill-usage or overwork. We made the usual stopping-places along the

coast, and gradually drifted along to the east, until we reached a place where the range of chalky hills approached the coast line closely, and the patches of snowy soil glistening in the tropical sun stood out clear and bright against the rich green vegetation of the lowlands. The streams flowing down the slopes of these hills were heavily impregnated with mineral substances, which made them disagreeable to the taste and not over and above healthy in their effects.

Accordingly we kept on still farther to the eastward, in order to replenish our stock of fresh water before we should set out on our long homeward voyage. The weather was uniformly pleasant, until one day the breeze began to freshen, and kept on growing stronger and more boisterous until it blew a perfect hurricane. We vainly tried to keep on our homeward course, but at last it became impossible to do so, and every sail was furled and the ship

Night had come on early, and it was pitchy dark, save when now and then a stray flash of lightning lit up the gloom for an instant and then left it blacker than before. The great waves drove along, their white crests of foam seeming to race the heavy storm-clouds over-In spite of the utmost skill and strength of the helmsman, they would sometimes break over us and sweep our decks from stem to stern. One of the boats was stove in, and the other seemed preserved only by a miracle. It was impossible to stay on deck unless lashed to the foot of the rigging or the ship itself.

Suddenly a blinding flash, and a ratiling, jarring roar was heard. The whole ship was

The wreck was cut away, and we drove on before the tempest, which now seemed to have reached its height, but showed no signs of abating. It was a terrible experience. We were driving in the storm with no knowledge of our situation or direction. The wind, hilling for a moment, seemed then to blow at once from all points of the compass, shricking and screaming like ten thousand furies let loose. The gray dawn came late and revealed no improvement in our situation. It was impossible to see double the length of the vessel in any direction, for the waves towered high above us and the ship seemed to be in the center of a vast chaos.

Entirely at the mercy of the wind and waves, we were hurried on, dreading that each moment we might strike a hidden rock, or find ourselves driving on a lee shore. The only task of the man at the wheel was to dodge the mountains of water that were threatening overy moment to crush in the stern, or roll upon and overwhelm us with their tons of liquid destruction.

his sea chest to unearth that last letter from | How long we progressed in this fashion !

sidering the project of having an American his sweetheart, whose contents he had quite cannot tell you. It was a time when minutes seemed weeks, and days centuries.

It was my first experience with a cyclone, and I found it a decidedly unpleasant acquaintance. What the sailor prays for at such a time is plenty of soa room; and when we found our craft at last driving straight for shore, all hands gave up their hopes for safety, and looked for nothing else than death. A bold rocky headland jutting out into the sea, and toward which we were whirling in the boiling waves with the speed of a race-horse, loomed up dead ahead. We tried to let out a sail, but it flue away in ribbons before it could give us any

The helm was jammed hard-a-port and three men held the wheel, while the great waves beat against the side of the ship and threatened to crush it in.

Providentially, we ran by the point, so near that one could almost touch the frowning face of the cliff, and as we passed beyond, found that it was possible to swing around into comparatively smooth water. Here we cast anchor, and sheltered from the extreme fury of the blast, rode out the remainder of the storm in safety.

Then we set about finding out our position

and repairing damages. We could not tell how many days the storm had lasted, but knew that we must have been blown many leagues away from our starting-point. It was with great surprise, however, that the captain found, as a result of his observations, that we were laying off the coast of Papua or New Guinea. The boy which sheltered us was perhaps some thirty miles across in its widest part. The headland, where we had so narrowly escaped shipwreck. projected out a long distance, reaching toward a spit of sand on the other side of the harbor and narrowing then entrance to a width of about two miles.

All around the shore was a thick tropical forest, ranging to the very verge of the sea, except upon the headland I have spoken of, which stood out a naked mass of rock. Two or three streams and one small river emptied into this basin, but the former were almost concealed by the dense jungle growth along their sides. All, presumably, had their source in a range of high nills or mountains, whose summits were closely outlined along the horizon.

It was necessary for us to lie off this shore for some time, while the necessary repairs were being made on the ship. Out of our few spare spars a "jury mast" was being rigged to replace the mizzen-mast, the injured boat was having new planks set, and the wounds received by the good ship in her battle with the elements were generally looked after and, figuratively speaking, "bound up." While all this was going on we had seen no signs of life on shore. single native had put in an appearance, and the scene seemed, except for our party, a virgin world untrodden by the foot of man. Each day a party from the ship went ashore, returning laden with fresh water and fruits. Every nook in the pay was thoroughly examined, and the shores explored from headland to sand spit. The rocky point was evidently of volcimic origin, and numerous fissures and openings marked its roughened walls. It had little interest for most of our company, but to me it possessed some strange fascination. I clambered over it day after day, whenever I could get liberty ashore, until at last I made a discovery. treme end of the point stood a detached piece of lava, nearly rectangular in shape, and looking over it carefully, I found, rudely carved in one corner, two figures. One was a poorly ex ecuted cross; below it was the representation of a man holding a spear. The outlines were badly worn by the wind and spray, and the marking must evidently have been done at some very remote period; still it was sufficiently clear for me to observe the curious fact that the figure holding the spear was provided with a welldeveloped tail. I reported my discovery to Capt. Von Vliet, and he visited the spot at once, but without making any fresh discovery. For several days the place became an object of universal interest to the crew, and many were the surflooded with light for a second, and then the mises as to the origin of the mysterious marking looded with light for a second, and then the mixed and shivered from top to bottom. This was bad enough, but the bolt had done still more serious damage. When the helmsman had recovered from the stunning effects of the shock, he found the compass useless, the needle having disappeared, and nothing but a scortland, and traced the figure of the arch enemy of mankind, with the cross above it, to signify the mankind, with the cross above it, to signify the triumph of religion over sin.

At last the ship was nearly ready to sail, the captain intending to make as straight a course as possible for the nearest port in Java, where he could replace his compass. Granted a clear sky, he could easily make his port, guided by the sun and planets.

We had grown more careless after each visit to the shore, and had gradually relaxed our vigilance, until, instead of keeping a constant lookout as we had done at first, we finally grew to feel perfectly secure, if only one or two of the party had guns. This last day we started for the shore as usual, and reached land near the mouth of the little river. Karl Nieman and myself landed on one side of the river, and armed with our long dirk-knives and revolvers, started into the jungle. The rest of the party pulled the light boat up the stream, following the opposite shore. They were just disappearing round a little bend, when I saw the bowoarsman throw up his arms and fall heavily forward on his face. As he fell, the shaft of an arrow protruding from his side gave evidence that he had been struck down by some lurking

native. A few scattering pistol-shots followed, and then we beheld a terrible scene. The river banks swarmed with natives, and our commades were shot down one by one with the cruel shafts, while the boat floated aimlessly down stream A large war-cance shot out from the shore, and the little craft became an easy prize. Cut off from our ship, we could do nothing but hide ourselves in the jungle and watch the move-ments of our enemies. The war-canoe advanced slowly down the stream, towing our boat behind, and as it passed by we saw the dead bodies of our comrades lying as they fell. Parties from the ship had never before advanced farther up the river than where we had landed, until this day, and it was now evident that the na tives had retired on the approach of the boat and lain in wait far enough up the stream to ent off all hope of succor from the ship. They had not seen Karl and mysell land, and thought they had destroyed the entire boat's crew, for they did not appear to even glance our way as they swept along. The cance continued in its course until it drew near the mouth of the stream, and there, concealed by the heavy foliage along the river bank, the occupants, with their land allies, awaited the approach of the second boat from the ship. Our comrades on board had heard the shots in the distant conflict, and a fresh heat-load was coming with utmost speed to the rescue. As the crew neared the mouth of the river, they showed a commendable caution, however, and advanced slowly, keeping a careful lookout. The wind carried them over toward our side of the stream, but before they got within hailing distance they spied the ene my. The latter, seeing that the chance for a surprise was gone, put out boldly to the fight. Several other canoes came down the stream, filled with howling natives, who joined in the attack, and shot their arrows in a perfect cloud upon the devoted crew. Half a dezen rifle shots responded, and as many of the natives dropped. The fight was too unequal, however, and seeing that the first party were beyond the reach of help, the crew headed for the ship, closely pursued by the natives. Karl and I crept carefully through the dense growth along the river bank, till we gained a position whence we could see the issue of the conflict. The boat, though hard pressed, had teached the ship, and the small irms of the latter, together with her light howitzer, were called into requisition, and made fearful havor with the puissors. The latter gained the side of the ship, however, and swarin- Holland rather slim, yet we feit that we were ed upon her deck. Meanwhile, the anchor was not entirely lost as yet. At the close of the hastly raised, and spreading some of her suls, third day we found we were drawing close to the the gallant trait shook herself free from the flort of cames and headed toward the sea. The as-saillants fell like sheep before the fire of the howitzer, and the noble ship was soon treed. We watched her said away, hoping that she would later on lay to off shore, but she steered straight out to sea, until at last darkness came on with tropical suddenness, and shut her out from our

What to do we know not. Alone on this almost unknown shore, surrounded by enemics, of whose ernelty we had just witnessed a significant example, the chances were a thousand to one that we should shortly meet the fate of our comrades. We dared not kindle a fire, for that would insure our speedy capture; and yet, without a fire, we were at the mercy of the wild beasts of

the jungle.

We mully compromised by climbing high up among the boughs of a mangrove-tree, and there passed the weary watches of the night. At the first break of day we scanned the horizon anxiously, but there was no sign of the ship, not even a speck in the distance. They had evidently given us up for lost, and sailed away for good

I have seen some pretty hard situations in my day, boys, and have been placed many times where it was a toss-up whether I ever got out alive or not, but I never was so near giving up all hope as I was that morning. After a few moments of unreasoning despair, Karl and I commenced to plan what we should do. knew from what the captain had said that we must be somewhere about due north of Cape

Of course, if we could keep where we were, there was a possibility that some ship passing through the Torres Strait might come near enough to the shore to see our signals of distress and take us off. But how could we remain in this locality, with the natives so close to us? And was it likely that our signals of distress would be seen from a ship before our unwelcome neighbors would arrive to investigate? We crept carefully along through the thick forest, until we neared the river again, and then took observations from a lofty tree. They settled the question for us. On the other side was a gang of about fifty natives, clearing away the jungle and preparing to erect one of their communal dwellings. They were all as busy as bees, and showed plainly that they had come to stay, and were perfectly at home. Looking up the river, we saw more canoes coming down, and these seemed to contain the women and children of the tribe. It was evidently a migration to a new locality, and the quality of the newcomers made it obvious that intruders like ourselves had best leave the coast clear. There was no option in the matter. We must get away from this dangerous locality, and at once. Already the chattering and screeching of the myriads of parrots, disturbed by our successful tree climbing, was attracting the attention of our enemies, and it was quite probable that two or three, with their bows and arrows, might cross

So we descended from the tree and started way from the river. It was hard work pushing through the jungle, and without our strong dirks it would have been practically impossible. palms and mangroves, intermingled with di-rians, mangosteens, and other fruit trees, formed a very thick, dense covering of foliage, while giant brakes and flowering plants covered the ground. A perfect network of vines and creepers hung in loops, or crossed and recrossed from tree to tree. Had we been on a pleasure trip, we should have been charmed with the brilliant scene about us. Flowers of every conceivable color; gigantic butterflies, banded, striped, and dotted with crimson, blue, and gold; countless parrots, with bright, metallic, sheeny feathers; and even the rare bird of paradise floated before our eyes. But we were too intent on getting away from the river to stop and admire. So plucking some bananas and shaking down a few cocoanuts for provision, we forced our way through the forest. Occasionally, we came face to face with some stray monkey, who would whisk at once up a vine and gaze on us from the tree-top, chattering in terror; but not a native crossed our path. Climbing a tall palm just before night, Karl reported that we had rather headed away from the coast toward the mountains. We thought it advisable to keep on in the same direction, as there seemed to be smoke rising from different points along the coast, indicating the presence of villages, which we must avoid at all hazards.

We were both very tired with our hard day's work in the forest, and sleep was a ne-

It was agreed that one should stand guard while the other slept, and cutting branches enough to form a rough bed, Karl stretched out at full length, and was soon fast asleep.

I let him slumber till about midnight, and then woke him to take my own turn. The next day was a repetition of the preceding one, -a constant struggle to penetrate through the wilderness, and "watch and watch" at night. We were being driven still farther out of our course, we found, and our path was leading us more and more to the north. Thus far, we had lared luxustiously as regarded fruit, and the few pieces of hip treat we had found in our pockets had lasted wonderfully, so that it almost seemed like a pleasant janut. The absence of natives and wild (casts had revived our hopes, and although we considered our chances of getting back to mountains, and our usual afternoon lookout from a lofty tree showed no fires or smoke for a long distance from us. We felt quite secure, and so knocked over two or three of the paroqu is that fluttered round us with perfect fear-

Utilizing one of a precious stock of matches, we built a fire, and soon had the birds spitted and reasting merrily. A little stream near by, that we had crossed on a fallen log, furnished us with the best of liquor to wash down our repast, and a liberal supply of bananas and cocoanuts answered for dessert.

The next morning we were making our way as usual to the northwest, and were progressing rather better than ordinarily, the forest growth being less dense as we neared the mountains,

Our progress, although necessarily slow, was still quite perceptible, and after a few days we camped amoung the foot-hills. How well I remember the little glen where we rested that night. On three sides the rocky cliff rose a sheer hundred feet, bare and gaunt, and almost as straight as masonry. A large cavern opened at the rear of the glen, from which issued a gurgling, prattling little brook of the most delicions water. Indeed, had it not been for the brook, we should never have found this quiet camp for a huge detatched column of rock concealed the entrance almost entirely.

Once inside the little glen, we gathered wood and built a fire.

As we had started for a hunting trip on that memorable day, which brought with it our involuntary exile, we were still well supplied with ammunition for our revolvers.

The firelight shone far into the cavern, but revealed nothing except the dashing waters of the stream, and I lay down to rest, feeling almost as safe as if at home.

The natives villages seemed to be all near the coast, and Karl could not discern a single sign of human life that evening, as he gazed as usual over the landscape. So it was almost as a matter of form alone that he mounted guard, while I sank to rest on my soft spring mattress of boughs.

Poor fellow! He was slighter than I, and the exposure and hard labor of cutting through the forest had tired him terribly. I was almost tempted to exchange places with him this night and let him have the first nap; but I soon reflected that he would be fresher for the next day's work if we followed our usual arrangement. While I was thinking about it and looking into the fire, his form seemed to waver and grow hazy, and I fell asleep.

I awoke with a strange, terrible feeling of oppression to find a large, broad shouldered, ig-whiskered native sitting astride my chest, while two others were quietly knotting a strong, twisted vine around my wrists and ankles. Just in front of me I saw, swung up on the sturdy back of a six-foot native, the trussed-up form of Karl. As soon as I was properly secured, I was slung up in the same manner, and we started off. It was a few moments before I sufficiently recoved my senses to realize where I was and what clout, and were covered with a growth of light, I took our last few matches from my pocket,

was going on, and when in a measure I regained my mental equipoise, I made a strange discovery. I have said that the "old man of the mountain," who was calmly sitting on my chest when I awoke, had a heavy, bushy beard. But this was not the only peculiarity comprising in his personal make-up. As I was to sed upon his back, I saw a neat little tail, about a foot long, apparently growing from the base of his spinal column. Glancing at the others in the party, I found that one and all were similarly enclosed. Were they men? Or had we fallen into the hands of a troop of monkeys? Either way, it made little difference, I thought, as our bones would soon be whitening under the tropic sun. I had little time to look around, for our captors entered the cavern at once, and the light from the fire faded away in the distance behind us, until it became a mere glowing star afar off, and finally disappeared altogether.

We could see nothing, but the constant plashing and tinkle of the streamlet told us that our captors were following up its course. Hour after hour passed away, and still the steady march was kept up. Occasional guttural sounds were exchanged among our bearers and the escort, but as a general rule a perfect silence was maintained.

I think it must have been about noon when we made a halt. Although our bonds were not loosened, we were carefully fed and treated to refreshing draughts of the cool, sweet water. This looked favorable, and we cheered up a little. As we had not been gagged, a little conversation was possible on the way, and Karl confessed, with much contrition, that he had fallen asleep at his post, and allowed us to become the victims of a surprise. I could not blame the poor fellow, for he had been completely overcome by fatigue. So I told him not to mind it, but keep up a good heart, for we could at least die together like men. After a short halt the procession started again. The leaders lighted torches now, and in the dim light which they gave, our bearers made their way over stones and through pools of water, sometimes cronching almost on all fours, then again walking erect as the cavern ceiling resided. At last a bright star appeared ahead, and as we drew nearer, the rays gleamed brighter and leighter, till at last we came out in broad

The spot where we emerged seemed to be the bottom of a great well. High up on either side rose the gaunt, rough chiffs, till nothing but a narrow ribbon of sky could be disterned. There called it a well, but I suppose canon would be a more correct term, as we found when we were carried along farther. It was a cleft in the mountain, and just wide enough to afford a narrow and uneven path along the brookside. Here we halted for the night. Karl and I were duly and liberally supplied with provision and fruit, and a cushion of soft boughs was provided for our hed. Thus far, we had met with kind treatment in all save the restriction upon our liberty, and as we were completely worn out, we fell askeep in the midst of our enemies with the trustfulness of christhood.

We were awakened at dawn, and the bonds about our legs released, but we were obliged to walk in single file along the narrow path. It was only a short upshill jaunt before we reached a small poul where the little stream found its source. Skirting the shores, we clambered up over the father bank, and then commenced a We twisted and turned and doubled descent. on our tracks, climbed over small obstacles, and took detours around large obstructions, until at last, just before dusk, we reached a spot where we saw spread out before us a beautiful sight. We stood on the edge of a lefty cliff. Two hundred feet below, the feathery tops of the palm brushed against its rocky face, and the dark green leaves seemed like billows of an ocean of foliage. Here and there were glimpses of water, shining silver-white like molten lead, or touched with golden fire by the descending sun. About a mile away was a most charming lake dotted with islands, and far across the valley were the snowy caps of a sister range of mountains. As we walked on the scene dissolved as though shifted on the slides of a magic lantern, and we continued our descent. It was a long and ardneus task, but our captors seemed resolved to complete it that night at all hazards. When it became dark, torches were lighted, and we kept on until finally we entered the

saw ladders made of fiber dangling from the lofty trees all around us. With a double escort, we mounted the one pointed out to us, and were soon snugly ensconced in what seemed a huge bee-hive, or thatched bird's nest, firmly built among the higher branches. Here we passed the night. In the morning we descended with our guards, and were marched off again through the forest; but this time we we surrounded by a swarm of these strange natives, who chattered incessantly among themselves, evidently making all sorts of comments upon our personal appearance.

Little and big, male and female, all rejoiced in the same candal appendage, the lack of which in their prisoners evidently struck them as a matter of wonder and amusement. About noon we reached the shores of the lake, and here most of our escort left us, a few of our original captors still remaining. A long canoe lay almost concealed among the thick rushes at the water's edge, and into this we were pushed, and then at us fixedly, paddled out into the lake. Our guards, like the A queer ide

downy hair, not nearly so marke l as the thickmatted growth on the bodies of their monkey brothers. All were well-built, athletic fellows, and they propelled us over the water at considerable speed. We darted along, now skirting the shore of some little island, then crossing a belt of clear water, and then again gliding through a narrow passage between the clustering islets. At last we reached our destination, and were landed on what seemed the largest island of the lake. Here our coming caused the greatest commotion, and troops of these strange beings assembled from all quarters, running up and down their ladders like disturbed inhabitants of an ant-hill. Our guards conducted us to another "bee-hive" for our night's rest. What were they going to do with us? Since we had found our lives spared, we had never ceased to puzzle over this question. Could it be that the usual manageric conditions were to be reversed, and that men were to become a travelling show for monkeys? With the dawn of day came a partial solution of the mystery. Embarking again, we set out in the midst of a large number of canoes, well leaded down with their human (!) freight. One craft was evidently a great object of interest to the tribe, and the calm, white-whiskered old personage who sat in the stern, clothed in a bright red tunic, seemed to be treated with great reverence and looked up to by all. When we landed opposite the shore we had left the day before, the patriarch gave a few commands in a guttural tongue. Three or four stalwart fellows immediately responded, and cutting the ropes which secured our hands, each wrist was firmly grasped, and we were run along into the edge of the forest. Here we were thrown into a large cage formed of rails of some tough, heavy wood, almost as hard as iron. Our dirk knives had been carefully taken away, but for some unknown reason they had left us our revolvers and our small but precious stock of cartridges. Once in the cage, the door was securely fistened by driving down several posts in front of it, and then the natives disappeared, leaving us alone. Looking around our prison, we found in its center a jar of water, and near by several clusters of bananas, a few cocoanuts, and some small water-like cakes of coarse bread. This did not look like starvation, and we felt somewhat reassured; but a further search brought out some ghastly developments. Opposite the door, and fixed on the wall of the cage, was a grinning skull, and following a line of the same height around the eige, we saw no less than nine of these horrible momentos.

It only remained a problem now, what death we were to die, and we awaited without a ray of hope some new and final phase of the situa-

Just as night fell, a solitary native drew near and threw inside the bars a junk of raw meat. As the darkness came on we crouched together in the center of the cage, and awaited our fate in silence, too frightened to move. Suddenly there came a mighty rour, and some durk, massive boly dashed against the side of the cage, almost crushing in the wiry bars. It was a lion of the largest kind, and his eyes blazed like glowing stars, as he tore away at the cage in his encleavors to get at the meat inside. His furious roaring was answered from all quarters, and hundreds of fiery eyes glared upon us from every side, until the whole forest around seemed sprinkled with glittering spacks. Lions, panthers, and leo; ards dashed at the cage, or hurled themselves down from the branches upon it, till it seemed that no structure could stand against the terrible force of their attacks. They clustered around us so close that we could almost feel their hot breath, and thrust their long paws through the bars, almost reaching us as we lay on the ground beneath. We could not rise to throw out the offensive meat, for to do so would be certain and immediate destruction; and so the long watches of the night wore on, until at last, after seeming ages of torture, the first faint light of the moon appeared through the tree-tops. This revealed dimly the figures of the beasts outside, and we determined to have a shot or two at our foes. Raising my revolver, I took a careful aim at the glowing eyeball of a panther, who was crouching above us on the top of the cage. The crack of the revolver was followed by a terrible blood-curdling yell, and the panther dropped dead on the bars. His body was quickly dragged off and devoured by his companious, and the taste of blood made them fiercer than ever. They shook the bars of It was only a few steps, seemingly, before we the cage, and reached in their paws till their we ladders made of fiber dangling from the claws tore through the ground almost at our

> One leopard got a claw through Kirl's shoe and stripped it off, cutting deep gishes in his foot. He became a victim to his greed, however, for Karl seriously wounded him with a lucky bullet, and he was torn in pieces at once by the savage brutes.

Several more of our enemies were shot, and day dawned, finding us still alive, but almost

maniaes, after our night of horrors.

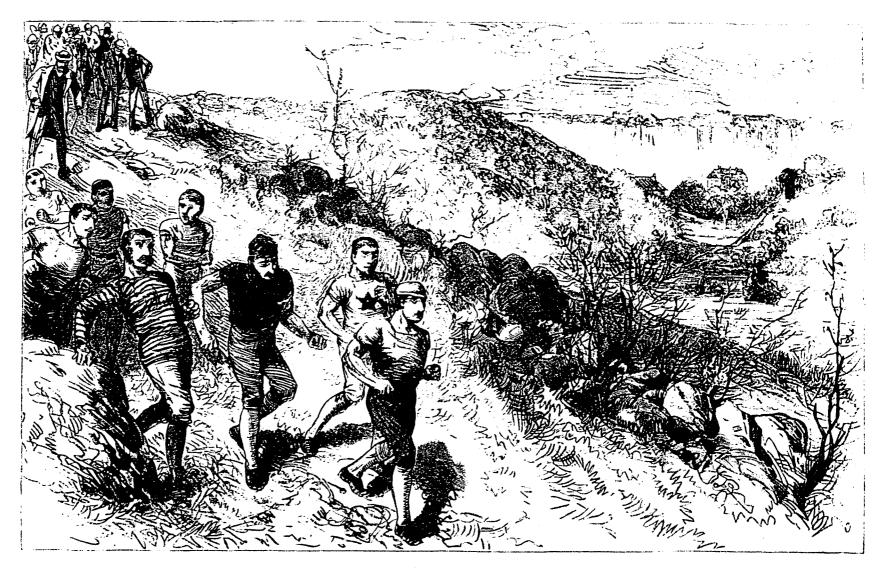
Our brute enemies withdrew with the morning light, leaving the last victim, a leopard, lying where he fell. Noon came and found us busy digging, with one of the skulls for a spade, a deep hole in the center of the cage, to creep into for refuge in the night to come.

Just at dusk the same native put in an ap-pearance, corrying in one hand a rude wooden He seemed thunderstruck at finding us alive and the cage unbroken, and stood looking

A queer idea flashed into my mind on seeing



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AURACAMAN TYPES.

and moistening my finger, rubbed it over the phosphorous and drew a cross upon my forchead. How it seems to burn and smoke, and what a curious wavering glow it gives. The effect was instantaneous. The native fell on his face on the ground, and then rising to his knees, gave a curious, crooning cry, followed by a piercing whistle. At once the edge of the wood was alive with this curious people.

The stakes before the door were torn up, and we were brought out, raised high in the arms of sturdy bearers, and carried to the water.

All along the way the path was lined with natives on their knees, singing a quaint, crooning chant, and it seemed like a triumphal procession. The king received us at the water's edge, and seated us at his side in the canoe of state.

I need say but little, and that briefly, of our him quietly. I need say but little, and that briefly, of our further experiences. How we found a people who were able to understand their monkey neighbors, as well as the savage "humans" near them, and formed the "missing link" between the two. How we gradually learned the language of this strange people, and how we aided them to repulse an incursion of their blood birsty neighbors from the coast, by bring-ing the "lightning and thunderbolt" of our little gods (or revolvers) to devour the foremost of their exemies, causing the rest to flee in terror. But the secret of their veneration for the cross we finally gained. It seemed that far back in the dim ages of their history, perhaps as long ago as the thirteenth or fourteenth century, a hand of wandering Christians, numbering among them two knights, were east upon the shores of New Guines, driven for out of their course by the wild sea way s. At that time, all the southern shore of the islands belonged to this race of beings, and the shipwrecked crew fell into their hands. All were murdered except the two knights, who, protected by their armor, fought so long and valiantly that their assailants finally deemed it best to grant a truce and secure the two heroes as allies. The knights lived long among them, fighting their battles and gaining their love and respect. The natives heard the story of the cross for the first time. and though it never made much impression upon their shallow minds, the symbol grew to be respected, as having attached to it the prowers of the invincible knights. One of the knights had carved upon the rocky headland the blems which I had discovered, hoping they might bring help at some time. After two years, as I have said. Karl and I finally persuaded the natives to guide us to the northwestern shore, or at least to the peaks of the mountain range. which at that point approached the coast quite closely. Here we watched for a sail, and when at last the long-expected white speck showed upon the distant horizon, we pushed our way through the jungle to the shore. On the beach we lit a fire, hoisted a white flag, and our efforts were rewarded by the sight of a ship being hauled to, and a boat putting off for the shore. Two hours latter we stood on the deek of the British ship "Nelson," and in due course of time landed in Hong Kong. We had promised to return to our long-tailed friends; but I must acknowledge that this was a stratagem justified by the old adage, "All's fair in love or war," and from that day to this I have never set eyes or foot on the island of New Guinea. As for Kail, he is now a well-to-do burger in old Amsterdam. Frank M. Foretsh

MY SATURDAYS.

(Concluded)

III.

Of course I did not like to visit Mead Cottage again in a hurry, as if I were unxious to hear what had happened in my absence; but I had not very long to wait. Mrs. Roper was one of those unfortunate persons whose mind and body act and react upon each other so closely that it act and react upon each other so closely that it the lantern, and of course, Mr. Goldthorpe could is always open to kind friends to call their do nothing else but offer to carry it. We started mental sufferings in ligestion, and their bodily ailments "nerves." She was at Church on Sunday, but on Monday she was prestrate, and was very unwell for two or three days. Cherry ostentationsly blamed the damp, and I privately blamed Cherry. She would not send for me while her mother was actually ill, and there certainly was no occasion, as she was herself the gling through the gate at the end. cleverest and tenderest of nurses; but on Thursday I had a note from her asking me to spend the whole of the next day with them, and menths way three hours ago, Mr. Goldthorpe ?" tioning that I should have to go round by the road, as the little foot bridge was now quite uuder water.

"One more such victory and you are undone, my poor friend," I remarked that Friday afternoon after I had enjoyed Mrs. Roper's narrative of her encounter with Mr. Goldthorpe. It has taken too much out of you.'

"What does that matter?" she said. "It has given Cherry time to think again; and she only needs time for thought. My child could not do such a thing deliberately. This little illness of mine has been a fortunate thing. It has given us both occupation, and allowed us to hold our tongues. We should have vexed each other if we had been shut up together these wet days and obliged to talk.'

We were sitting in the drawing-room, Mrs. Roper reclining, invalid fashion, in an easy chair well lined with pillows, and wrapped in a large white shawl. Suddenly a loud knock came to the door. She startled and flushed pain-

fully.
'It is that man again," she said. Oh, I did
not think it would have been so soon!"

"Let me tell him that you are too unwell to ! see him," I said, making a move toward the door; but she stopped me.

"He does not want to see me; it is Cherry and I promised that he should see her, if she chose. He must come in."

As we were speaking the door was opened. It was Mr. Goldthorpe who had knocked, and he did ask only for Cherry; but it never occurred to stupid little Jane to do anything but show him into the drawing-room, while she went in great excitement to tell her. Of course he fell into a confusion of apologies and explanations

hen he saw the state of affairs; but he did not offer the best of all possibe apologies by taking himself away. On the contrary, he discoursed about his journey to Paris, until Cherry appeared. She looked flushed and serious and greeted

After about ten minutes of company talk, she

"You will excuse me, I am sure, Mr. Goldthorne, but now that mamma is so unwell she is my first object; and when you arrived I was doing a little cooking for her which I cannot leave to the servant. I must go back and see to

"Certainly," answered Mr. Goldthorpe "don't mind me, I beg. I shall feel gratified by your not standing upon ceremony with me, and I am sure Mrs. Roper must feel an appetite for food cooked by your hands."
"Then I will say goodby," said Cherry, hold-

ing out her hand.

"But aren't you coming back I I don't mind waiting. I only came from Paris this morning, and I have come down here at once to see you. His voice grew quite viteous.

"Oh, yes, I am coming back," said Cherry, glancing at her mother rather uncertainly. "But, you see, we are a little put out just at present."

Mrs. Roper's hospitable instincts now came

uppermost. Suppose, dear, you combine that cookery for me with tea for everybody. Mr. Goldthorpe needs some refreshment, I am sure, after his tiring day, and Mrs. Singleton likes to go home

There was general acquiescence. Cherry departed to her household cares, and Mr. Goldthorpe and I talked Paris with redoubled vigor. In about half an hour a pleasant and substantial meal appeared, over which Cherry presided. Her lover expanded in the presence of his goddess; he was radiant with good humor, paid compliments all round, especially to her, and actually told some anecdotes, at which he laughed very loudly himself. Cherry smiled amiably, and I thought of the days when she would know them all by heart, and have to laugh as dutifully the seventh time of hearing as the first.

After tea she sang us a couple of pretty songs, and Mr. Goldthorpe sat by the piano and beat time. If there is any practice calculated to drive a singer distracted it is that; and Cherry's forehead wrinkled, and she left out a verse of her

Song.
"That's the sort of singing I like in a lady,"
"Yo has he remarked when she had finished. " No fuss about it, no screaming or running all about the place; but just a pretty little song that you can enjoy after dinner. When I want professionals, I can pay for them."

This dubious compliment perhaps accounted for the slight bang with which Cherry shut the piano; and I rose to say good-night, knowing that Mrs. Roper must be tired, and hoping that Mr. Goldthorpe would follow my example and postpone his proposal to a more favorable opportunity.

"I shall see you safe on the high road," said Cherry decisively. "Our lane is not in a state for you to travel by yourself in the dark. I'll get the lantern."

She speedily reappeared, cloaked and bearing off, but did not go far. We had barely gone round the corner of the house when a lapping sound close by startled us. Mr. Goldthorpe held the lantern lower, and it gleaned upon water lying on the ground walk." He held it higher, and it gleamed upon water covering the whole path, and we could hear the stream gur-

"Upon my word, I couldn't have believed it," he said, much perturbed. "I never guessed anything of this sort was likely to happen.'

"I wonder if I could wade it," I speculated. "Impossible," said Cherry decisively. "The ground rather falls than rises beyond the garden gate as far as the first turn of the lane. You would find the water deeper the further you

went."
"And we could not manage the boat in the dark ?"

"We could not get to it. It is laid up-as we thought, high and dry-on the mound near the shrubbery, and there is a stream between us and it now.

"Then, what is to be done?" asked Mr.

Goldthorpe.
"There is only one thing to be done," Cherry answered gaily. "You must resign yourselves to circumstances and be our prisoners for tonight. We'll put up somehow—you must not be too particular—and in the morning if you can't make your escape in our own boat we shall easily be able to signal some one to bring us a

"I, for one, shall be contented to be a prisoner to so fair a jailer," said Mr. Goldthorpe gallantly.

I reappeared in the house, feeling somewhat discomited, but Cherry and her lover were in high spirits. Explanations were made to Mrs. Roper, whom Cherry insisted on taking off to bed; and after she had disposed of her for the night arrangements for the accommodation of her unexpected guests kept her busy away from us. Mr. Goldthorpe, sitting alone in the drawing-room with me, began to look on the shady

side of his imprisonment.
"I suppose we are sure to be able to get a boat in the morning I" he questioned anxiously. "It depends upon whether any come this way or not, I should say," I replied. "I must say I cannot think what is to bring them."

"But if I don't get a boat I can't get back to town, and I must be at my office at twelve tomorrow. I have a most important engage

"Then I hope you will get a boat." "At any rate, this sort of thing can't last. The river will go down as fast as it came up, I

"Floods have been known to last three weeks without abating," I told him for his encouragement. I was willing that Cherry should see how cross he could be. In spite of his fine speeches he was rapidly falling into that state of mind, and when Cherry announced that our rooms were ready he made no attempt to detain her for the tete of tete which now at length was possible, but took his candle, and marched away gloomily to his chamber. Cherry gave me her room, and went to her mother's; but I did not sleep very

burst, which accounted for the rapid rise. The water was up to the very walls of the house, and there was no possibility of escape from within. Was there any of rescue from without?

I did not feel very cheerful as I went down to breakfast, nor did Mr. Goldthorpe look so. He was standing at the dining-room window watching for boats.

"This is a bad business, ma'am," he said as I

came in.
"I hope there is nothing worse before us than a few hours in comfortable quarters and pleasant society," I replied, trying to be cheerful.

"As to society there can be no dould; the

quarters are not quite the same thing. Habit, down. you know, mu'am, is a second nature, and I must own that I find it difficult to dispense with certain little comforts."

At this juncture Cherry entered, followed by Jane with a tray, and I must say that Mr. Goldthorpe did full justice to the little comforts that were still at his disposal. Mrs. Roper was reported not so well, having had a wakeful night, and I knew to what to attribute it.

Would Mr. Goldthorpe use his opportunity No man ever had a better. Here he was, shut up with his lady-love for hours, her mother safe out of the way, and her other chaperon frequently sitting with the invalid. I knew at least one other who would have cared little in such a situation for floods outside and business in London, but thought himself in paradise. Mr. Goldthorpe was of a different opinion. He kept perpetually felgetting over to the window, looking out for the boat that never came and interrupt

ing all attempts at talk or occupation.

"It's no use, Mr. Goldthorpe," said Cherry at last. "Nothing seems to pass us except some poor man's turnips. You'd better occupy yourself in fishing for them. We may be thankful to have them for dinner in a day or two." " For dinner!"

"Well, seriously, things look somewhat blue. We have very little room for keeping anything in this house, and we get most things in small quantities. The batcher was to have called this very day, and unless he takes a boat to us now we shall be short commons at dinner time. only things that we have a good supply of are flour, bacon, tea and jam."

"We can't starve, at any rate," I remarked, much relieved by the presence of tea on the

"But one can't live on flour and bacon," said

Mr. Goldthorpe in dismay,
"Flour can be made into bread, and I shall proced to effect the conversion if necessary," laughed Cherry. "If we can't live on bread, bacon and tea, for a day or two, we must be Sybarites.'

"One need not be a Sybarite to object to living like a farm laborer," Mr. Goldthorpe muttered. "Really, when one lives in such a place, one should make provision for what may

happen. Cherry did not reply, but left the room rather offended. By and by she recovered her temper and her sense of duty toward Mr. Goldthorpe She returned to the drawing-room and tried with all her might to entertain him. She sang to him until he got up and walked to the window, yawning and looking out for boats. She played cribbage with him until he grew tired of centing her and she grew tired of being beaten. She took her work and waited for him to begin making love to her, but he never began. In the intense ennui of that day the poor girl did ample penance for the sin of her flirtation with

At last, about the middle of the afternoon, an idea struck her.

"If you are so very anxious to go, Mr. Gold- moment, how far he had been carried! Could be

thorpe, can't you make an attempt to get the It is only at the other side of the shrubbery, tied up, and the oars are in the house. I don't think the water can be above your knees anywhere between us and it, and once you had

got to it you would be all right."

"Let me tell you, Miss Roper," he replied ill-temperedly, "that it is not so easy to walk in a current of water up to one's knees; I should probably lose my footing. And when I had got the boat, it would be of no use. I am not accustomed to rowing, especially in such awkward places as this. I should certainly be upset and drowned, and I prefer the chance of being starved."

Cherry subsided, and the day dragged through without any heroic attempt at remedy. We had what I should have thought a nice and sufficient little dinner, but for Mr. Goldthorpe's scarcely disguised disgust: and we ladies enjoyed an hour's peace while he slept after it. We all went to bed early, and if over girl looked utterly fagged and worn out it was Cherry Roper on the night of that wet Saturday which was to have been her betrothal day.

IV.

Morning dawned, and a dreary light spread slowly over a dreaty scene. We had agreed that ten o'clock would be quite soon enough for breakfast, and about that hour I wended my way down stairs. The hall door was open, and Mr. Goldthorpe stood at it, staring out dismally at the prospect and keeping up his everlasting watch for boats. So far from falling, the flood had tisen in the night, and it was now nearly up well in her little white bed, for the river whirled confusedly through my dreams.

With the first gleam of daylight I was at the stretched in front of us over miles of country. window, and looked out upon a sea of brown. We could not tell how far it spread, for trees waters. I atterward learned that a weir had bounded out view, but under and around every visible object there was the dull gleam of water. The trees swayed in the current across the flowing past it in a strong stream. Evidently, meadows, the pines dipped their needles into the quiet stream that evertlowed the shrubberies, distant roofs seemed to rise out of the river and we could hear a faint lowing as of cows in distress. Every new and then something indistinguishable would float down the main stream. too far away for us to make out what it might be, though we strained our eyes; but never came a boat. Indeed, none could have come by way of the river; it would have been impossible for any to have lived in such a current. The sky was heavy and looked full of rain, and there seemed no reason why the flood should ever go

It was not a cheerful sight, and I turned from

it to meet Cherry in the dining-room.

Breakfast is ready," she said. "We have eaten all our bread, and so I have made some hot cakes. But matters are growing serious. I find Jane was mistaken in telling me that she had plenty of flour; we have only about as much left as I have used this morning. The moral of

this is-to-morrow we shall probably starve."
"I don't think we shall be left to starve," I said, as checifully as I could; people will be sure to remember what a predicament we must be

"I don't know who there is to think much about us," said Cherry, dreamly. And that boat lying there, a few yards off! Oh, if we only had a man with us, instead of a fogey!"

The forey was summoned to breakfast and told the state of affairs, and that it was necessary to make our provisions go as far as we could. He only replied that of course a boat would come, and it was nonsense to starve ourselves; he, for one, was not going to do it. And accordingly, while Cherry and I only ate enough to keep us going, he made extra havor among the precious akes, by way of protest against our abstinence. Cherry's patience at last gave way, and when he made a momentary pause she rose from the table and carried away the dish. Mr. Goldthorpe glared after her.

"Polite, upon my word!" he remarked.
I could not stand any more of him just then,

and left the room. I was going up stairs when I heard a sudden call from Cherry in the kitchen. I hurried to her; she was standing at the back deer, with clasped hands and gleaming eyes. "A beat!" she cried. "A beat, coming here!"

I looked where she pointed, and through one of the bare hedges could see something moving a neighboring field.

"Let us call," I said. "It may not come to

"It is coming," said Cherry. "Don't you trouble."

"I wonder who it can be !" I remarked innocently. She turned and flashed a look at me. "A

friend of yours," she said, her eyes dancing with fun, "come to take you home to luncheon. There'll be all the more cakes for Mr Gold-thorpe's tea."

The boatman knew his way, apparently. was feeling along the hedge for a thin place, where he could force his boat through, for of course it was impossible to open any gates. We could hear him breaking away boughs. Presently there appeared among the thorns what proved to be the bow of a light river gig, and slowly the inmate pushed and pulled himself and his boat through. The instant that he had done so, however, he was in the full current of the stream which flowed past the lawn; his boat was whirled round and swept away toward the river. He had been obliged to draw in his oars when passing her through the hedge, and now he could not at once get them into use. In that

recover himself! We watched helplessly and breathlessly. There was not only the danger of the boat's being carried into the river, but of its being wrecked against something under water, which he could not see or know of. But he knew his ground. He let the stream carry him past the garden and out into the meadow beyond. There, of course, the current was slacker and he easily pulled aside out of it into the comparatively quiet water where he could turn his boat round. We had rushed to one of the upstair windows, and could see the incidents of the perilous little voyage. Without encountering the stream a second time, the oarsman made his way into the garden through a weak place in the hedge at the bottom, as he had broken in from the field, and slowly poled himself up between the rose bushes. By that time the whole household was gathered at the door to welcome Hugh Carfield. Of course it was he; Cherry had known it from the first, and I had not been long in guessing who was most likely to have come to our rescue.

"Are you all well?" shouted the young man almost before he was within speaking distance.
"All well," responded Mr. Goldthorpe, with
an air of responsibility. I hope you have brought us provisions."

Everything I could think of that would go in my boat," answered Hugh, bringing it up to

"You see I was right," said Mr. Goldthorpe, turning round to us. "I told you that a boat would come, and that such measures as Miss Roper proposed this morning were quite unnecessary. But young ladies always like to do the heroic."

It was so provoking that he had been right that if I had not been so hungry myself I could almost have wished that relief had not come so soon. But by this time Mrs. Roper was shaking hands with our deliverer.
"I don't know how to thank you, Dr. Car-

field, she said, "for coming to help us-and at such risk, too!"

"Don't take too much to yourself, mamma," laughed Cherry. "Dr. Carfield would never have left Mr. Singleton to starve." Then, in a lower tone, she added, as he clasped her hand. "It was good of you to come. I was never so glad of anything in my life as to see your boat behind the hedge.

Hugh could find nothing nice to say, of course -Englishmen never can when they are the heroes of the situation-so he only asked how we had fared. After we had related our experiences (or some of them) a council of war was held, at which it was promptly and unanimously decided that Hugh should return to the town and send punts at once to remove the whole party, the men being provided with hatchets to cut away the gates which blocked the lane. Mrs. Roper and Cherry would return with me to my house. He departed, taking a more circuitous and safer route than that by which he had come. Cherry watched him out of sight; and then we made a hasty but very cheerful supplement to our short breakfast, and proceeded to devote ourselves to the task of packing up what they needed to take with them, and putting the house in a state to be left empty. We were so absorbed in our work that we never heard the arrival of the first punt. The sound of voices outside, however, drew us to the house door just in time to see it pushing off, with Mr. Goldthorpe scated inside. When he caught sight of us he waved his hand and called out:—

"Excuse my not saying goodby, ladies; important business -- must cat h the next train; your boat will be up in a minute."

Cherry stood for a moment in speechless in

dignation, then burst out laughing.
"He is gone," she cried. "Hurrah! I never was so rejoiced to see any one's back. The Old Man of the Sea was a joke to him; Michael Scott's familiar spirit was a pleasant companion. He is the worst incubus that ever a set of unfortunate women had on their shoulders for two interminable days!" Then turning to her mother, she added with intense gravity, "I am quite satisfied now, mamma, that I did right indiscouraging Mr. Goldthorpe. You must see for yourself that it never would have dome."

That was Cherry Roper's only peccavi, but it was quite enough for her mother. I doubt that even Hugh got much more out of her at any time; but if she kept her contrition to herself, and made confession to nobody, she at any rate made ample satisfaction for her fit of worldliness. For when Mr. Goldthorpe recovered himself and wrote a formal proposal of marriage she refused him with equal formality, and a month or two later her engagement to Hugh Carfield was announced. He is not exactly a poor man, but he is not likely ever to be a rich one; yet Cherry seems to be perfectly contented. She herself accounts for it by saying that the great merit of a doctor as a husband is that you don't have enough of his society to get tired of him .-

ADOPTING A GRANDPA.

An old man, not ragged but clad in old and faded and time worn garments, and moving with feeble steps and weary air, sat down under a tree on John R street the other day to rest a bit. Three or four children were playing in the yard at his back, and directly a mite of a girl looked through the fence and asked:

Would you hurt a little girl ?" "Bless me, no!" he replied. " hy, I'd even step aside to pass a bug or a v child, I wouldn't hurt a hair in No. nead for all the money in the world."

"Are you anybody's grandpa?" she inquired, as the other children crowded up.

"No, not now, child. There was a timedear me ! but it hurts my heart to remember it when children called me grandpa. It was years ago—years and years, but I can almost hear their voices yet."

"Be you crying?" "No no. The tears will spring up as I recall the past, but I'm not crying. There are days when I can't keep 'em back—nights when I am a child, but I'm trying to be strong just now." "I guess I'll come out and see you. My doll's broke her neck and is 'most dead."

"Come right along, child! I used to mend legs and necks when the children brought their dolls to me.'

The little one passed through the gate and sat down beside the poor old man, and while he sought to save the life of the "most dead" doll by the means of a stick and a string the child

"You must be quite old, grandpa; you are all skin and bones.'

"Old? Bless you, yes. I was eighty-one only a week or two ago. Yes, I am poor in flesh as well as in purse."

"So your grand-children had dolls, eh?" "Yes, dear-dolls and toys and fine clothes and books and everything they wanted. I was rich then.

And did they comb your hair ?" "Oh, yes."

"And sing to you?"
"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll sing you a song, for I'm going to ask ma if I can't adopt you as my grandpa. You must excuse my voice, for I swallowed a pin the other day and ma expects it to work out of my shoulder in the fall. I guess I'll sing about the three little graves. Don't look at me or I shall forget."

And in a voice of full of childish quavers and frequently stopping, as if to swallow some of the words, she sung :-

Under an elm tree three little graves— Under the sod my children three: The years may pass, but my heart will grieve And sorrow will ever rest with me.

Under the clm I walked to-day, I booked———

"Why, grandpa, the tears are just running down your cheeks!"

Y-yes, child-I can't help it! My poor old life is full of graves and griefs I"

"Is your wife dead?"

"Long ago, child."
"And all the children?"

"Dead or scattered. I am all alone." "Well, that's funny. You can wipe your eyes on my apron, if you want to."

"Here's your doll—good as new."
"That's nice. If I should adopt you I'd keep you mending dolls all the time. Have you got over crying f

"Yes, child."
"Well, then, you must be hungry. I'm al-

ways hungry after a good cry. Wait a minute." She ran into the house to return with a generous slice of bread and butter and a piece of meat, and as she handed the food to the old man she

"I've got to go in now, but we'll remember that I've adopted you as my grandpa. Don't cry any more and come back to-morrow. Good-

by, grandpa!" Good-by!"

And men who passed by saw an old man with his face in his hands to hide his tears, and when they asked the matter a child who stood by ex-

"Why, sir, he's crying because he's all alone in the world and a little girl has adopted him.'

TENNYSON'S EARLY FRIENDS.

I have heard them all speak of these London days when Alfred Tennyson lived in poverty with his friends and his golden dreams. He lived in the Temple, at 58 Lincoln's Inn Fields, and clsewhere.

It was about this time that Carlyle introduced

Sir John Simeon to Tennyson one night at Bath House, and made the often-quoted speech, "There he sits upon a dang-heap surrounded by innumerable dead dogs;" by which dead dogs he meant "Enone" and other Greek versions and adaptations. He had said the same thing of Landor and his Hellenics. "I was told of this," said Mr. Tennysin, "and some time after 1 repeated it to Carlyle; 'I'm told that is what you say of me.' He gave a kind of guffaw. "Eh, that wasn't a very luminous description of you,' he answered.'

The story is well worth retelling, so completely does it illustrate the grim humor and unaffected candor of a dyspeptic man of genius, who flung words and epithets without malice, who neither realized the pain his chance sallies might give, nor the indelible tlash which branded them upon people's memories.

The world has pointed its moral finger of late at the old man in his great old age, accusing himself in the face of all, and confessing the overpowering irritations which the suffering of a lifetime had laid upon him and upon her he loved. That old caustic man of deepest feeling, with an ill temper and a tender heart and a racking imagination, speaking from the grave, and bearing unto it that cross of passionate remorse which few among us dare to face, seems to some of us now a figure nobler and truer, a sensation, which, like teacher greater far, than in the days when all it does not fail to do.

his pain and love and remorse were still hidden from us all.

Carlyle and Mr. Fitzgerald used to be often with Tennyson at that time. They used to dine together at the "Cock" tavern in the Strand among other places; sometimes Tennyson and Carlyle took long solitary walks late into the

THE SUBJECT OF "IN MEMORIAM."

Arthur Hallam was the same age as my own father, and born in 1811. When he died he was twenty-three; but he had lived long enough to show what his life might have been.

In the preface to a little volume of his collected poems and essays, published some time after his death, there is a pathetic introduction. 'He seemed to tread the earth as a spirit from some better world," writes his father; and a correspondent, who, I have been told, is Arthur Hallam's and Tennyson's common friend, Mr. Gladstone, and whose letter is quoted, says, with true feeling: "It has pleased God that in his death, as well as in his life and nature, he should be marked beyond ordinary men. When much time has clapsed, when most bereavements will be forgotten, he will still be remembered, and his place, I fear, will be felt to be still vacant; singularly as his mind was calculated by its native tendercies to work powerfully and for good, in an age full of import to the nature and destinies of man."

How completely these words have been carried out must strike us all now. The father lived to see the young man's unconscious influence working through his friend's genius, and reaching a whole generation unborn as yet on the day when he died. A lady, speaking of Arthur Hallam after his death, said to Mr. Tennyson, "I think he was perfect." "And so he was," said Mr. Tennyson, "as near perfection as a mortal man can be." Arthur Hallam was a man of reportable in tables. of remarkable intellect. He could take in the most difficult and abstruse ideas with an extraordinary rapidity and insight. On one occasion he began to work one afternoon, and mastered a difficult book of Descartes at one single sitting. In the preface to the Memorials Mr. Hallam speaks of this peculiar clearness of perception and ficility of acquiring knowledge; but, above all, the father dwells on his son's undeviating sweetness of disposition and adherence to his sense of what was right. In the quarterlies and reviews of the time, his opinion is quoted here and there with a respect which shows in what esteem it was already held.

At the time Arthur Hallam died he was an

gaged to be married to a sister of the poet's. She was scarcely seventeen at the time. One of the sonnets, addressed by Arthur Hallam to his bretrothed, was written when he began to teach her Italian.

"Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome,
Ringing with echoes of Italian song:
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right, with full piano tone;
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air;
Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Patrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely; without fear
Feast on the music. I do better know thee
Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me
will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life—
An English maiden and an English wife."

As we read the pages of this little book we come upon more than one happy moment saved out of the past, hours of delight and peaceful friendship, saddened by no foreboding, and complete in themselves.

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now, Sitting beneath an ivied, mossy wall.

. . . Above my head Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves, Seeming received into the blue expanse That vaults the summer moon."

There is something touching in the tranquil ring of the voice calling out in the summer noontide with all a young man's expansion.

It seemed to be but the beginning of a beautiful happy life, when suddenly the end came. Arthur Hallam was travelling with his father in Austria when he died very suddenly, with scarce a warning sign of illness. Mr. Hallam had come home and found his son, as he supposed, sleeping upon a couch; but it was death, not sleep. "Those whose eyes must long be dim with tears"—so writes the heart-stricken father—"brought him home to rest among his They chose in his own country his resting-place in a tranquil spot on a lone hill that overhangs the Bristol Channel. He was buried in the chancel of Clevedon Church, in Somerset, by Clevedon Court, which had been his mother's early home. - MRS. THACK-ERAY-RITCHIE, in Harper's.

VARIETIES.

A BOOK of Carlyle's notes is in preparation. A literary acquaintance was in the habit of sending him new books and magazines containing articles of special interest. Mr. Carlyle invoriably returned them with characteristic annotations. It is proposed to publish a selection from these brief but pointed criticisms.

GABRIEL Max's latest painting is at present exhibited at Munich where "The Viviscetor forms one of the chief attractions of the exhibi-tion at the Odéon. The picture is said to be a marvel of technical execution, but the whole scene appears to be planned in order to create a sensation, which, like the artist's former works,

THE FIRESIDE.

I have tasted all life's pleasures, I have snatched at all its joys,

The dance's merry measures, and the revel's festive noise; Though wit flashed bright the live-long night, and flowed the ruby tide, I sighed for thee, I sighed for thee, my own fireside!

In boyhood's dreams I wandered far across the ocean's breast In search of some bright earthly star, some happy isle of rest:

I little thought the bliss I sought in roaming far and Was sweetly centred all in thee, my own fireside!

How sweet to turn at evening's close from all our cares away, And end in calm, serene repose the swiftly passing day!
The pleasant books, the smiling looks of sister or of bride.
All fairy ground doth make arounn one's own fireside!

"My lord" would never condescend to honor my poor hearth:
"His grace" would scorn a host or friend of more plebeian birth.
And yet the lords of human kind, whom man has deified For ever meet in converse sweet around my fireside!

The poets sings his deathless songs, the sage his lore The poets sings his deathness songs, the sage his fore repeats.

The patriot tells his country's wrongs, the chief his warlike feats:

Though far away may be their clay, and gone their earthly pride,
Each godlike mind in books enshrined still haunts my fireside.

Oh! let me glance a moment through the coming crowd of years.

Their triumphs or their failures, their sunshine or their tears: their tears:
How poor or great may be my fate, I care not what betide,

So peace and love but hallow thee, my own fireside! Still let me hold the vision close, and closer to my

sight: Still, in hopes clysian, but let my spirit wing its flight: Still let me dream, life's shadowy stream may yield from out its tide. A mind at rest, a tranquil breast, a quiet fireside!

D. F. McCarthy.

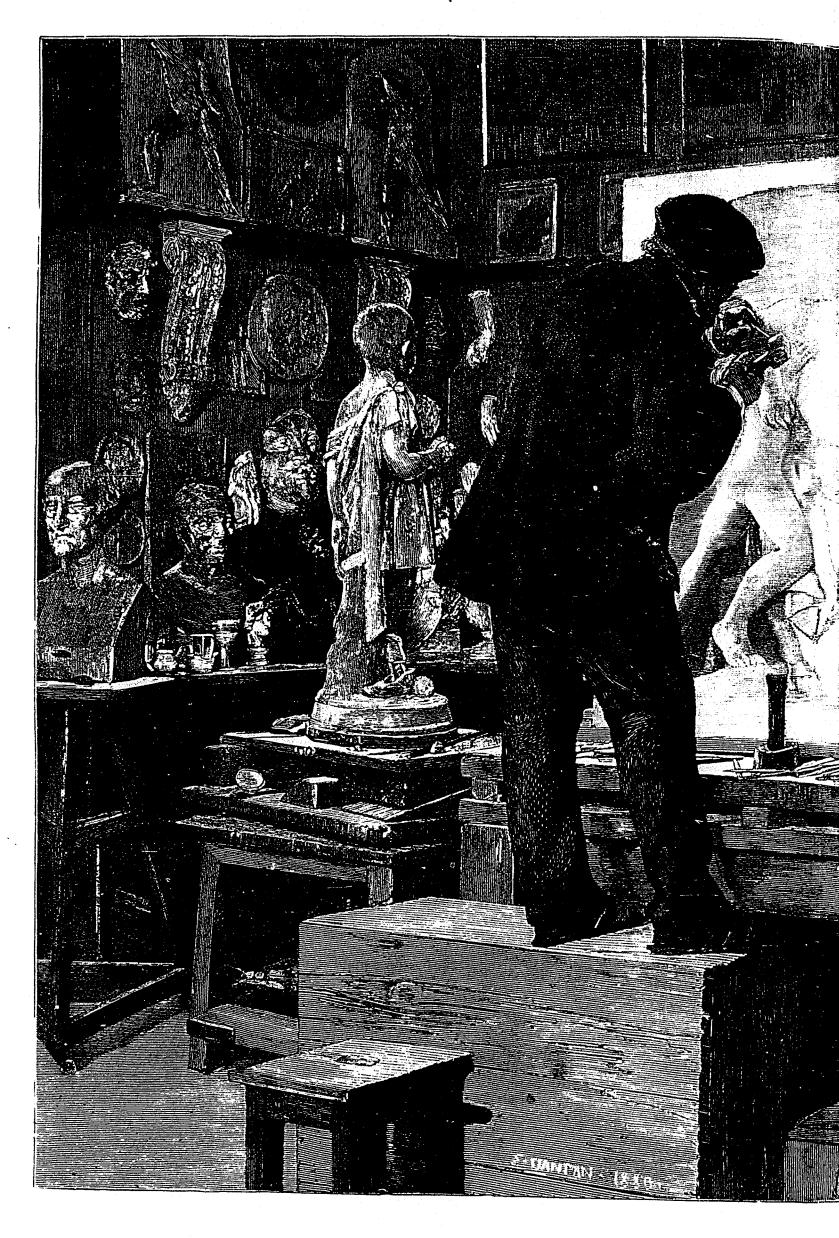
FOOT NOTES.

BOLD advertisement is the chief characteristic of the Augustan era of the drama. Mr. Augustus Harris has reached the highest pinnacle of fame in this respect. He actually tells us now what he thinks of the new play at Drury Lane, of which he is one of the authors. Augustus Haris says:—"By far the best drama I have ever been associated with." It is impossible to comment in this.

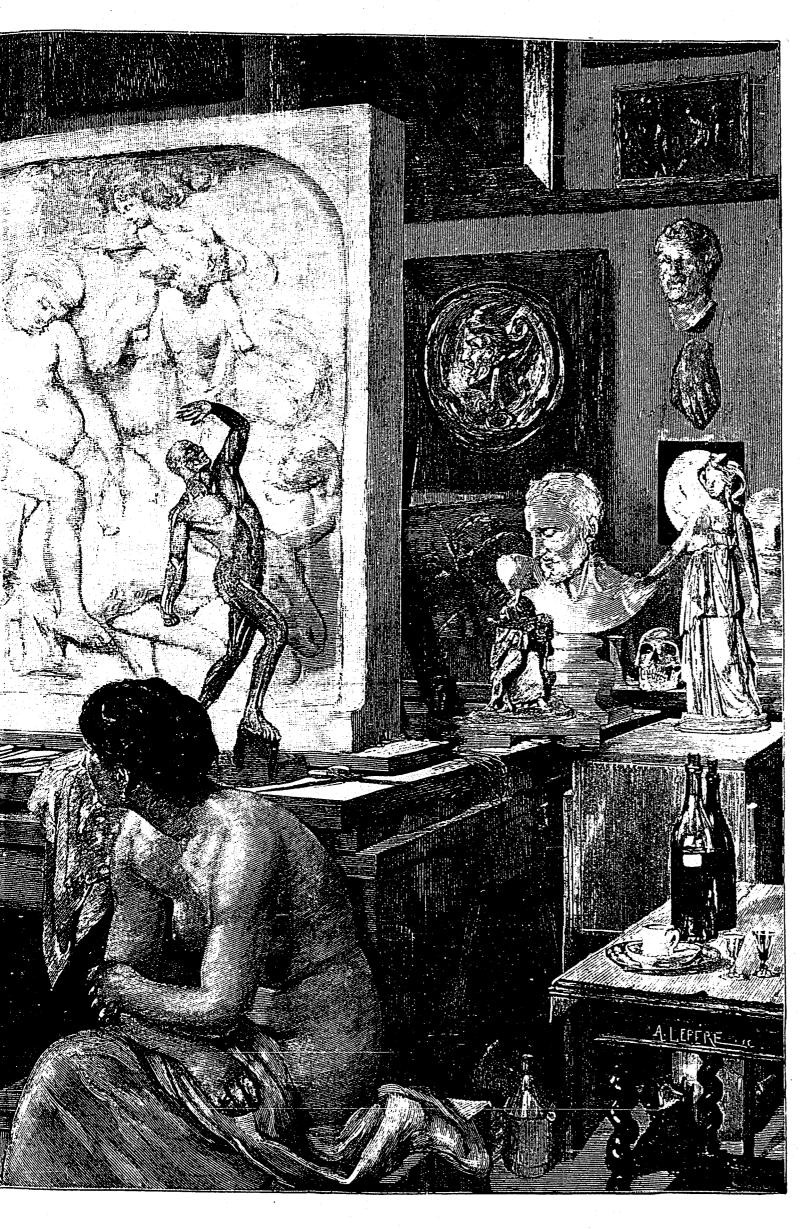
THE project of raising a statue to Ratazzi, Thomme fatal, as he is called by French writers, is giving rise to great discussion and dissension throughout Italy. It seems that the lovely perennial Princess de Solens, the widow of Ratazzi, who, as she expresses herself in a letter to the committee formed for carrying out subscriptions for the work, "although never ceasing to regret the loss sustained by the death of that great and good man, has deemed it both politic and prudent to replace him," has been actively employed in furthering the undertaking, and has collected a goodly sum at Madrid, where she now resides as wife on traisium naces of a grandee of Spain, high in office at the court. There never was a more striking example of the power of beauty than that afforded by the story of this fair daughter of Sir Thomas Wyse. First married to the Prince de Solens, who died not long ofter the union, then for many years living a free and independent life in Paris, amply provided for by the Emperor, who was always remarkable for kindness to his relations, she was still young and beautiful enough to inspire the deepest attachment in Ratazzi, who frankly confessed that although himself long past the age of devo-tion to the fair sex, he would have been willing to give up all honors and distinction and retire from the world with her had she so willed it. The sacrifice of his time and the privacy of his life to the pleasures of society, to which she was always devoted, was, however, far greater; and people used to wonder when they beheld this grave and potent diplomatic seigneur displaying his attachment by attending his beautiful wife to every place of amusement in Paris. The lady's infirmity of deafness compelled him to express in a loud voice the admiration he could not control even in public, and the conversations carried on at the theatre between the husband and wife in a loud tone that all might hear used sometimes to fill the audience with glee. One night, when the Emperor and Empress present at a gala performance at the opera, during one of the pauses in the orchestra the company were startled by an exclamation concerning the beauty of the Empress, uttered in an uncon-sciously loud tone by Madame Ratazzi, to which her husband replied by the compulsive shouting in her ear that she herself was far more beautiful than her Majesty. The publicity so uncon-sciously given to the observation produced, as might be expected, a boisterous roar of lughter amongst the audience in which their Majesties frankly joined, and the unconscious manner in which Ratazzi looked right and left for an explanation of the tumult excited redoubled merriment in the spectators.

PITTSFORD, Mass., Sept. 28, 1878. SIRS—I have taken Hop Bitters and recommend them to others, as I found them very beneficial.

MRS. J. W. TULLER. ticial. Sec. Women's Christian Temperance Union.



IN THE



STUDIO.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

The woman was old, and ragged and gray, And bent with the child of a Winter's day; The streets were white with a recent snow, And the woman's feet with age were slow.

At the crowded crossing she waited long, Jostled aside by the carcless throng Of human beings who passed her by, Unheeding the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street with laughter and shout, Glad in the freedom of "school let out," Come happy boys, like a flock of sheep, Hailing the snow piled white and deep; Past the woman, so cold and gray, Hasten the children on their way.

None offered a helping hand to her. So weak and timid, afraid to stir. Lest the carriage-wheels or the horses' feet Should trample her down in the slippery street.

At last came out of the merry troop. The gayest boy of all the group; He paused beside her and whispered low. "I'll help you across, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm Her aged hand on his strong young arm. She placed, and so, without hurt or harm. He guided the trembling feet along. Proud that his own were young and strong: Then back again to his friends he went, His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boye, you know, For all she's sged, and poor, and slow; And some one, some time, may lend a hand To help my mother—you understand—If ever she's poor and old and gray.

And her own dear boy so far away."

"Somebody's mother" bowed low her head In her home that night, and the prayer she said Was, "God be kind to that noble boy, Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

Faint was the voice, and worn and weak, But Heaven lists when its chosen speak; Angels caught the faltering word, And "Somebody's Mother's" prayer was heard.

MACMILLAN.

UNDER MEETING BRANCHES.

" Square Price, up to our place, he sent his daughter inter the mountains to the sugar-camp when she was peakeder than this girl, an' she come back brown as a nut an' as fat as a whale."

The doctor looked thoughtfully down at the Daghestan rng his polished boots were pressing, and gently touched his upper lip with the tip of the tongue from which so much high-priced wisdom was wont to fall. Evidently the eminent city practitioner was giving some consideration to the words of the old aunt from the country, who, having sown the seed of a good suggestion, wisely held her peace, only glancing occasionally over her spectacles at her delicate

That young lady did not even take the trouble to look disgusted at her grand-aunt's charming comparisons. She sat on the sofa, with her fair, pretty head resting on her anxious father's shoulder. Her blue eyes were turned toward the window, in a dreary gaze at nothing more interesting than the tops of the neighboring

A widowed father quite naturally makes an idol of his only drughter; but a man's idol should be like a jointed doll, moved to sit, stand, or pose only in accord with his will. It is an unpleasant surprise for a man to discover, as in this instance, that his pretty plaything has wishes and emotions which do not come within

Outward obedience Florence Gay gave most dutifully to her father; but the roses faded from her charming face, and health and strength slowly waned, till the beautiful girl was only a shadow of herself. Aunt Cynthia, whose good sense and long experience made her a family oracle, was sent for, and so strong was her faith in the out-door cure she proposed that she over-came the hesitating objections Mr. Gay brought forward, and with the unexpected aid of the family physician, who found the ease both oband pozzling, carried her point and persuaded them to try her prescription.

Persons of seventy, even when as active as Aunt Cynthia, do not usually join camping-out parties, but as the old lady had proposed the scheme herself, she was determined to see it carried out; so the week after Dr. Delaplaine had given his approval, found her, with the invalid niece, the half consenting father, and a young lady, who had been persuaded to join them, perched upon Summit Mountain.

Aunt Cynthia would have had them live in a very primitive picnic-fashion, but her nephew, being more sophisticated, had insisted on so many luxurious necessities that she gave up the control of the expedition, and the accommoda-tion became quite palatial compared to her former experience of wood-life. There was a sleeping-tent spread under the trees for the ladies, furnished with beds made of hemlock boughs. In Mr. Gay's tent a comfortable cot awaited his hours of rest; but his aunt was firm about the hemlock boughs for the invalid, and to encourage by example, nightly laid her ancient bones on a similar cooch.

"The smell of it's better than physic," she asserted, and no one being disposed to argument, she had her way; although Helen, Floy's friend, protested that her plump shoulders were decorat-

ed with a fine insaglio in evergreen pattern.

There was a smaller tent for Mark, Mr. Gay' servant, and some woodsmen, who were engaged to help and protect the party from possible annoyances; and a commodious parlor tent, fitted up with rugs, folding chair, a rough table, well concealed by a handsome cloth, books, papers, writing facilities, a mechanical lamp, and an oil-stove to make it a comfertable retreat when the mornings and evenings were cold.

Hammocks and large camp-chairs, that Floy and Helen would gladly have used for beds, had they possessed courage to repudiate the hemlock couches, were invitingly placed under the trees, with scrap baskets at hand to hold books and fancy-work. The soft, thick carpet of cool gray and enchanting emerald green, and the roof, an arabesque of lance-like points and foliated sprays against the clearest azure, were nature's own contribution to the sanitarium

It is hardly necessary to tell the well-informed reader that the sky was blue with a heavenly blueness, the forests a gleaming glow of scarle and gold, and the atmosphere a softly-tinted heze that might have been vapory smoke creeping through the earthy crust that covers subterranean fires where prisoned gnomes melt rubles and rare metals in the fervent heat.

Aunt Cynthia, surveying the landscape calmly through her second best spectacles (she was well to do, and wore gold ones Sundays), said it was "always so in Injun summer," but Helen, who had only enjoyed nineteen opportunities of observing the varied seasons circling round, exhausted her adjectives in the vain attempt to express her rapture.

Floy, lying on the canvas chair, stretched to its utmost limit and covered with rugs to form a couch, watched the leaves' ceaseless dance, and said little ; but Aunt Cynthia, giving her closer observation than the beauties of autumn, thought she saw, day after day, a brighter tinge of color come to her cheeks and the faint rose of her lips deepen to a scarlet line. But she was languid and sitent still, and it was hard to

awaken her to interest in anything.
"Why is it, Miss Steel, that poor Floy has changed so?" Helen asked, one day.
"She was so bright and happy once."
"You may as well call me Aunt Cynthy. I

ain't used to Miss Steel." "Thanks. Well then, Aunt Cynthy, what is the matter with Floy !"

"She's kinder under the weather, dear, a leetle run down, you know."

"Oh, yes, a blind man can see that; but I want to know what ails her?"
"Malaria," replied the spinster, drawing up

her lips and carefully scraping the dirt from a root she had been digging up with her fingers,
"Nonsense," said Helen, impatiently, "Why
can't you tell me the truth!"

"There, I do believe it really is yarrow !" said Aunt Cynthia, triumphantly, gnawing a bit of her exhum d treasure.

"Oh, please answer me," persevered Helen. "I don't believe you care a straw about your old roots and herbs. You don't want to taik about Floy, for you are afraid to trust me."

The old lady turned suddenly, prepared to give a searching look at the questioner, and discovered that the grieved brown eyes were full of tears. She melted at once. Her exterior was somewhat forbidding, but her heart was tender as a baby's. "Deary me, child," she exclaimed, throwing down her prize, " what have I done to hurt your feelin's !'

"Nothing, only you won't understand how worried I am about Floy, and you won't trust me. You would if you knew what friends we were at school. I don't believe we had a thought we did not tell each other."

"So her father says; but does she ever tell

you anything now?"
"That is what seems so strange, Aunt Cynthia. She seems to like me to be with her; but she does not talk to me about any-

thing. Oh, she is so changed !"
"Did she write to you when you was over in Europe?"

"Yes, at first; but after a while the letters stopped, and I heard nothing at all. I did not think it so very strange, for we were travelling fast then, and might easily have missed our letters. When we came home, in August, you know. I supposed, of course, that Floy was out of town, till her father told papa she was sick. I thought I never should get to see her. Every time I called I was met by the same temark from the butler, 'Miss Florence is too ill to see company, mum.' I grew to hate that pompous old Albert. I believe he enjoyed keeping me

out."
"Well, I don't take much stock in him myself," assented Aunt Cynthia. my silver fruit-knife while I was to James's, and I mistrust he took it."

"But what was the matter with Floy?" per-

"The doctor, he called it nervous prostration and malaria, sorter mixed," said the old lady, looking back at her niece to see if they were within her hearing, "and her father, he got

scared about her, poor motherless thing. I wish he'd sent after me before. Come down the hill a ways, where she can't see us; I hate to have her think we're talking her over."
"I'll run back and get a basket, and tell her we are going for ferns," said Helen, taking her-

self at her word and running to the tents.

She was back in a moment with her basket, and a little fleecy "fascinator" for Aunt Cynthia. "Bless your thoughtful little heart," said that lady, tying up her ears and climbing briskly

up the rocky path, where Helen helped her whenever she would allow herself to be helped. "My nephew sent for me," she began, when they had found comfortable mossy seats for themselves, in a sheltered stot where the wind reached them not, "and I left everythin and come straight down to the city. Floy was sick; there was no disputin' it, and it was a long time before I could get at the real trouble. It

and I went straight to James. 'James,' says I, 'You've let Florence get a disappointment, and I ain't sure but it's killin' her.' He was very stubborn, he is yet, and pretends he don't believe that's what ails her. But he knows bet-

ter."
"Oh, has Floy had a lover, and won't her father let her have him?" exclaimed Helen.
"Oh, how lovely! I always told Floy she'd be engaged before me.

'I can't say about being engaged," said Aunt Cynthia, doubtfully.

"Won't Mr. Gay consent to an engagement?" "He'd consent fast enough, and be as pleased as pie if she'd only be engaged to the right man; but you see there's two of 'em.

Two lovers ?" "Yes, beaus or lovers, whichever you want

"But Floy doesn't want them both," said Helen.

"Of course she don't," said Aunt Cynthia. disapprovingly. "Florence isn't a Mormon or a Shaker, or a bigamy, or any of those things. But as well as I can get hold of the story, there is, or was, two men wanting to marry her, and they've both been sent about their busi-

" Who sent them off, did Floy !"

"She let them both go. There was a right one and a wrong one, and as she couldn't have

Mr. Right, she wouldn't have Mr. Wrong."

"But what does it all mean! I wish Floy would tell me the whole story herself."

"I wish she would; but she hasn't talked enough all put together, to tell the story since I came into the house. No one can make her talk or take a mite of interest in anything, and till we fetched her up here she seemed to get poorer and poorer all the time. I can't say she's fat-tening yet, but she does have a shade more color."
"Poor Floy! She is only wreck of what she used to be."

she used to be.

"Yes, any one can see that, except her father."

"Oh, Aunt Cynthy, he does see it. I have seen him watch her till the tears came into

his eyes."

"Have you, really?" said Miss Cynthia, scornfully. "Well, if a pailful of tears came into each eye, and fell out in a stream, I wouldn't pity him. When my own niece that I brought up, Florence's own mother, died, I felt for James from the bottom of my heart, he grieved so. It used to comfort me in my own affliction to see how true he mourned, and as the time went on and he never seemed inclined to take up with a second wife, but set his whole mind on the girl she left,—that's Florence—I got just about as fond of him as I used to be of Tildy, that died. But I'm free to say he's disappointed me now, the way he's been crossing his own child, Tildy's girl, too."

"There must have been some reason," said Helen, " for I know he's worried to death about Floy. He came himself to beg papa to let me come up here with her, and when papa said I must go to West Virginia with him to see grandma, he gave him no rest till he let me off and promised I should join your party. He said I could cheer up Floy if any one could; but I don't have much success. Still I think she likes

me to be with her." "She'd ought to, for you're a good girl," said Aunt Cynthia, giving her an expressive little nod, "but it ain't in your power, nor mine, to do much for her."

"Who is Mr. Right? Do you know?" asked

Helen, suddenly.
"I know em both by name, but not by eyesight, but I don't know which is which. There's a Mr. Maxwell and a Mr. Martin. One of 'em is the son of a man that James had a business difficulty with years ago. The other is the son of a friend he used to think the world an' all

I know a Mr. Maxwell. Is his name

Arthur !"
"Yes, I think so."

"Then I think I know him. I would give anything to know if he is the out. Would it do to ask Flov P

"I don't think it would be best to say anythin' to her about the affair, unless we had some good news to tell. The doctor said something like that to me fore we came away."

"Well, we can find out some other way, peram certain I should have known it all from Floy if I had not been away at the time. But do you know if Mr. Gay had any personal objection to the man Floy liked?"
"I guess there was nothing against him ex-

cept that he was his father's son, and turned up in time to spoil the other man's chances."
"Maxwell, Maxwell," said Helen to herself,

musingly; "I wonder if Arthur Maxwell is the man Floy is breaking her heart for."

There was a lake not far below their campingground, skirted by a broad belt of beaches, beyond which, on the opposite side, was a scattered settlement too small to be called a hamle't but still not too obscure to receive its quota of city boarders in the season. It had no post-office of its own, but every day in summer, for love of gain, a small boy traversed the tedious distance to the next village, laden with letters to mail, and returning with what mail matter the one post of the day had brought. The young carrier had resumed his occupation, for a consideration, and Helen, who was as expert at the oars as Ida Lewis, made a daily trip across the lake to meet him and receive his budget of letters and time before I could get at the real trouble. It papers. Once she had persuaded Floy to join was the doctor finally gave me a glimpse of it, her, but she seemed so weary after climbing

back to camp that she resolved not to urge her again till the mountain air had had time to give her greater strength. Aunt Cynthia never trusted herself upon the water in anything smaller than a Sound steamer, and Mr. Gay, who had not left home for the good of his own health, could seldom be c. joled to leave the comfortable parlor-tent, so her trips were generally solitary ones. But one day, as she was about to push her light shallop from the shore, like Walter Scott's heroine, she was surprised to hear Mr. Gay calling for her to wait for him.

Helen would have been described by men of Mr. Gay's age, as a lively, bright little thing, with no particular depth of character, and not much faculty of observation; and if the young lady had heard that portraiture of herself sho would have laughed a merry little laugh, and shown no disapproval of her picture. On this particular day she chatted to her passenger in her most fascinating manner, but her little head was busy wondering why he should have come

without urging.

They saw the boy waiting for them on a rocky promontory at the usual place, as they neared the other shore, and Helen held out her small brown hand for the letter Mr. Gay had brought to mail. But he seemed quite determined to hand it to Johnny himself, although his awkward attempts to do so nearly toppled the little boat over. The water was deep, even at the brink, so the boy could render no assistance; and as Mr. Gay leaned over Helen, in his efforts to hand him the letter, he lost his balance and would have taken an unpremeditated plunge-bath if she had not thrown her arms round him and tumbled him unceremoniously into the bottom of the beat, which did its best to go over with the shock.

The letter, for which its writer had risked so much, flew out of his hand and calmly floatedt right side up, upon the placid water, ingeniously dodging Helen's oar when she essayed to push it toward the shore. At last she succeeded in giving it the right impetus, and Johnny with a forked branch secured it and laid it in the sun to dry. It had never been very near to Hel-in, but her far-sighted eyes read "Arthur Maxwell" on

her far-sighted eyes read "Arthur Maxwell" on its white surface as it floated by.

"Now, Annt Cyn," the girl said, later on, when the two were taking what the older lady called a "brambly ramble," "if Mr. Gay has broken faith, we have a right to do what we can for our side, which, of course, is Floy's. I believe he has been sending for Mr. Maxwell,— I suppose that is his man. If he has, I will surely get our man here, too. If all things are fair in love and war, they are just as fair for us as for him."

"I don't really think he will risk tormentin'

Florence when she's jest gettin' a mite better.' "I do. He's in a dreadful state of satisfaction about something this afternoon, and I'm morally certain he's planning an attack, as you might call it."

"Surely he wouldn't bring any kind of a visitor without givin' me warnin'," said Aunt Cynthia. "How does he s'pose we're going to accommodate him, livin' in tents in the wilderness. He'd have to roost in a tree like a turkey.

" He'd do that with extreme pleasure. He'd sit on a stile and continue to smile,' a week at a time, I daresay, if he thought it would soften Floy's heart. But Mr. Gay is too segacious to let him stop here. He'll have him stay over at Johnny's house, or some of those places, and drop in occasionally."
"You say you know Mr. Maxwell?" asked

Aunt Cynthia.

"Yes; he was at Saratoga when I was there

with papa, before he went abroad."

"Good lands!" exclaimed Aunt Cynthia.
"Why couldn't he have fallen in love with you instead of Floy ?"

"I suppose because Floy was so much better worth it," said Helen, with a little pang of ansaid Helen, with a little pang of annoyance, as she remembered how many of her thoughts were given to the unappreciative young man, whose devotion had certainly given her reason to feel that he gave no thought to any other than herself.

It was no surprise to Helen when Mr. Gay, two day's later, again invited himself to cross the lake with her, and as half expected, they found the little mail-carrier enjoying a conversation with a tall stranger. It was Mr. Maxwell, and the friendly greeting between the two people, who were so evidently well acquainted, seemed to greatly amaze and not entirely please Mr. Gay, who listened with surprise to the lively conversation they maintained upon the return trip.

If Floy's father hoped to arouse her from her

her apathy by bringing a stranger into camp, he must have regarded his experiment as a success; for she sprang from her chair with a quicker motion than any one had seen her make for months, and with flushed cheeks, glanced around as if she would escape if possible. But if Mr. Maxwell saw anything in her manner except gratified surprise at his appearance, he was too thoroughbred to let it appear, and his greeting was the perfection of cordial case.

Then followed his introduction to Aunt Cyn, who acknowledged it with straightened neck and dilated nostrils, like an old war-horse, whose blood stirs at the sound of a trumpet. But after a few polite commonplaces, the conversation fell entirely into the care of Helen, who, seeing the position was a trial to Floy, soon proposed to escort their guest to some of the wonderful points of interest she and Aunt Cyn had discovered in the vicinity.

(To be continued.)

AFTER ALL

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

After all the strife and care Comes sweet peace so calm and fair; After all the doubt and pain, Like the sunshine after rain. First the sowing then the reaping, Happy smiles will follow weeping, Honey far exceeds the gall

After all our morning ills, Lite our noon-day chalice fills, Freely given to each guest Of the sweetest and the best; First the waiting then receiving, Faith will follow unbelieving, Groundless fears hold us in thrall After all!

After all when bitter hate After all when bitter hate.
Comes in by the secret gate.
Love stands forth in bud and flower.
Love holds hate within her power!
First distrusting then admiring,
Love's sweet reign is all untiring:
Gladness cometh at our call
After all!

After all the cloudy skies
Dawneth light that makes us wise,
After all the sighs and tears
Comes the violage of the years;
Youth may weave a tangled story,
Age can crown the same with glory,
And with joy our hearts enthrall
After all?

After all the lonely days,
When friends to their separate ways,
When we still some loved place,
Missing each familiar face,
There will come sweet memories often
That will come sweet memories often
And the happy tears to fail
After all!

After all with life and love,
Man below, and find above,
Blessed memories, all our own,
We can never be along!
Though our loved or es no before us,
Still their spirits hover over us,
Death should note our hearts appall,
After all!

Let us then not cease to sow Let us then not crass to sow thin this tair green earth below. Knowing well that germ and blude Have His care, who worlds hath made: After sowing comes the reaging. Happy states will to how weeping. Honey for exceeds the gall.

TWO DAY'S TROUT FISHING.

SPORT AROUND LAKE MEMPHEEMAGOG - AMONG THE BROOKS AND AT SUGAR LOAF POND.

Any front streams around here?"

"Well, ves, there is one about a mile up the too. road; but I think it is rather late in the season to get any."
"I shall try it, at any rate."

Dramatic persone—A young man from Boston, the Manager of the Camperlown House, and your humble servant. Time—A bright day in the third week in September. Place-The verandah of the Camperdown House, George-

ville, Lake Memphremageg,
Turning to me, "Boston" said:
"Will you come and try your luck?"

" With pleasure." And we separate to get rods and line.

a steep hill, under a warm sun, making the perspiration pour down our foreheads. But the top was pouring down upon our devoted heads, and of the hill reached, partty level walking is the perspiration was pouring down our steaming before us, and in about twenty minutes we hear faces. the babbling of the brook, and it takes us but us; but baoved ourselves to extra exertions with a few moments to descend the bank, and presente the thought that there was trout at the end of pare for operations.

We reach a likely spot, and throw our lines, walking gently "so as not to frighten the fish." But there appears to be nothing there, and we knock your feet against; then we came to a bay, are on the point of moving to a more favorable with stones or planks placed here and there for

torn pair of pantaloons.

distance, and meeting with no success, I was beginning to get disheartened, when a cry from purling brooks, grace the shore, while the many my companion somewhat roused my drooping

He had caught a fish.

I hastened to his side to feast my eyes upon it. Yes, there it was a trout and no mistakea veritable little beauty-measuring just about two inches and a half.

But where there are small fish there ought to be large ones, we reasoned, and set diligently to more fields, moisten our parched lips from a work. Presently I got a bite—a good bite, too beautiful cool spring near the stump of an old—but, I lost it. My companion, however, was tree, travel over some more rocks, cross a few be large ones, we reasoned, and set diligently to more fortunate, pulling up another "beauty,"

but no larger than the first one.

And now it was my turn. How I longed to vance, throwinget a big fellow! But, no, the fates were ling:

"Eureka!" against us-my fish was about the same size.

We had now been "fishing" about one hour and a half-result: three tiny trout.

The water was so clear that we could see the

Arriving at a likely spot I threw my line, and had the satisfaction of seeing a "big fellow" only a few leet away. I advanced on a log projecting out into the brook. Nearer and nearer I got to it—another step and another, when my foot slipped on the slimy log, and I was preci-pitated into about two and a half feet of water vet to the skin. But the worst of it was that I lost my fish.

I glanced around to look for my companion, but had the satisfaction of knowing that he did not witness my inglorious descent—he was not in sight-I therefore had all the laugh to my-

Wringing my clothes out as best I could I thought I would have another try; but, the only result was a fish, if anything, even smaller than the other.

Shortly afterwards my companion joined me, and we prepared to return. After carefully stringing our fish, we started back to the Cam-perdown. It was hard walking, our boots being full of water. But we were hungry-our extraordinary exertions had sharpened our appetites, as we soon reached our destination, where "host" Merrick had an excellent dinner waiting for us. We were greeted with merry laughter, for we presented a sorry looking appearance. But when we presented four "magnificent" string of fish the laughter was redoubled, and

joined in by all present.
"For our "magnificent" string comprised seven trout and four nannows, weighing altogether, half a pound, the result of three hours' steady fishing, -not to mention the pleasure we received from our "duckings."

AT SUGAR LOAF POND.

"If you want a good day's trout fishing you should go to Sugar Loaf Pond, on the other side of the Lake," said Mr. George Merrick, of the Camperdown, addressing my Boston triend and myself, the day succeeding our above-narrated adventure.

'But how are we to get there? I thought the pond was private property, belonging to Mr. Prouty," I ventured.

"Oh, that is all right. I have a permit from the proprietor, and if you like to go I will make all atrangements for to morrow. I cannot go myself, but Mr. Oliver here will accompany you, and see that you are all O.K."

The invitation was gladly accepted, and next morning, at S o'clock, found the three of us ready to start. We were amply provided with a basket of provisions, rods, tackle and bait, and left the Camperdown in a merry mood.

The was a heavy mist over the Lake when we started, but before we had reached the opposite shore it had cleared away, and the sun shone torth in all its beauty-and with all its power

Landing just below the rains of the old Chateau de Silva, we dragged our boat ashore, and secuted it among the trees lining the banks, afterwards taking particular care to hide our oars. Then, all being ready, we started for the Pend. Waiking stendily up hill and down vale, we presently came to the main road in Potton, and then we met a lad, whom we bribed to con-duct us by the shortest route to the place we were in search of.

"It is about three miles," said the boy, by the nearest way I know of," but as he was going nearly all the distance, we placed ourselves In a few minutes the pair of us are ascending under his guardianship, and the tramp began, steep hill, under a warm sun, naking the perpendicular of the control of the con We felt a general "stickiness" all over lour journey.

The journey was a rough one. First we crossed a field, with occasional stumps and rocks to spot, when we hear a tremendous splash.

"Boston," who was a little in advance, his footing, for once stuck in that mud it would wanted to cross the brook, but in doing so, his be a hard task, indeed, to extricate one's self. wanted to cross the brook, but in defines, instead task, indeed, to extricate one sent character of the inhabitants naturally determine foot caught in a twig, and he went in headilist. Fortunately the water was not more than half a foot deep, so the danger of drowning was not great, and, although an expert swimmer, "Boston" had no occasion to display his natatory powers. He was soon on his feet again, suffer plain called Sebastopol, though for what teat plain called Sebastopol, though and the control of the day. It was less an ecclesiastical testival than a social and domestic holiday. The day of the day is detailed to the day. It was less an ecclesiastical testival than a social and domestic holiday. The day is detailed to the day is distinct that of the day. It was less an ecclesiastical testival than a social and domestic holiday. The day is detailed to the day is detailed to the day. It was less an ecclesiastical testival than a social and domestic holiday. The day is detailed to the day is detailed to the day. It was less an ecclesiastical testival than a social and domestic holiday. The day is defined to the day is detailed to the day is detailed to the day. It was less an ecclesiastical testival than a social and domestic holiday. The day is defined to the day is detailed to the day is defined to the day is de ing from nothing worse than a ducking and a son, I am at a loss to understand. From this point, looking down towards the Lake, the view We took counsel together and concluded to is magnificent, one of the many paneramie move up the stream. After advancing some views to be seen around Lake Memphremagog. Mountains, hills and valleys, with occasional pretty islands scattered picturesquely about the Lake, with Gibraltar Point, and its mammoththough unseen-hotel to the left; Georgeville nestling down in the hollow almost facing usand Owl's Head towering above us on the right, all together form a scene of the utmost grandeur

and picturesqueness. Resuming our journey, we pass through a few more bogs, and we are apprised of the end of our journey by Boston, who is a few yards in advance, throwing his hat in the air and shout-

We are soon by his side, and see the pond nestling peacefully between three hills-Mount Elephantis towering above us on one side, the

hook a couple more small ones, and made another move up stream.

Smaller brethren. The pond is about three quares suffocated Christmas, now murmurs softly with ters of a mile long, and in places about half a mile broad, with but one solitary farm-house around its shores. But the natural beauty of the surroundings amply repaid us for all our exertions in reaching the spot.

The house was situated on the opposite shore from where we stood, and, to save ourselves the extra tramp, we "hallowed" for a boat.

We had not long to wait. Soon we had the satisfaction of seeing a boat put off from the age, and was half full of water. But that defect was soon remedied, and as soon as we had bailed out, the three of us embarked, rowed over, and found a more suitable craft in which to enjoy our

And now the real business of the day commenced. We could see the fish jumping in all directions, and and anticipated a fine day's sport. The ground was smooth as glass, and the water as clear as crystal—so much so indeed, that we could see our bait at the end of some twelve feet of line. It was some time before we came to the conclusion which was the better way to hook them, but after vainly trying with the fly, we decided that it was too late for that sort of fishing, and so set to work with the old-fashioned "worm" bait. Even at that it was some time before we got a bite, the "little celebrate pontifical high mass at the great altar beauties" being much too 'cute for us, but finally Boston succeeded in hauling into the ing in his rustic church at Bemerton, or to the boat as pretty a trout as any one could wish to the day, safely "hooking a good many and also the natural signs and symbols, the flower and losing a good many, longing for a ripple on the fruit, of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of But ripple water or some clouds to obscure sun. o traverse before we reached the comforts of Georgevilie.

We had brought a basket with us in anticipation of having a large catch to carry back, so carefully gathering our spoil together, we placed them in one by by one, and found the total amounted to thirty trout, weighing about twenty pounds. Not so bad, after all, we concluded, taking into consideration the lateness of the season, the bright sunshine and the smooth water.

Our lunch basket was nearly empty, so after despatching its toothsome contents, and longing for more, we started on our homeward journey, promising that when next we visited Sugar Loaf Pond it should be with the understanding that our "better halves" were not to expect us till we have in sight—in other words we would remain all night so as to be ready to eatch the fish

the first thing in the morning.

Not being well acquainted with the country, and having no guide this time, we took the road on the homeword journey, and although it was a very long road-over five miles-we found it much better walking than the tramp of the morning. When we reached the borders of Lake Memphremagog it was dark as Erebus, and as we had not provided ourselves with a lantern, we had to look for our boat and ears by the light of matches. Having found what we desired without much difficulty, the row of two miles across was accomplished without mishap, and we found comfortably seated at an excellent supper at the Camperdown about 8 o'clock, rather tired, but all delighted with our day's excursion, and vowing that, if nothing happened, we would, with Mr. Merrick's permission, repeat the journey next summer. W. S. H.

THE KNICKERHOCKER CHRISTMAS.

While their neighbors upon Massachusetts Bay were banning Christmas, the Dutch at New Amsterdam gladly welcomed and honored him, and nowhere has he been so truly at home upon the continent as in the Dutch city. The character of the inhabitants paturally determinangrily at Diedrich Knickerbecker's story. But it is plain that the gay exaggeration of the old chronicler only emphasized the truth, and that his humorous imaginative touch produced a likeness as accurate as that of Bradford of the Pilgrims, or that of Winthrop and Sewall of the Puritans. The tranquil, contented burghers whom he drew were sure to make the most of Christmas-tide, and their neighbors who cursed it must have seemed to them the most whimsical

It was natural that the genius which described those burghers with so subtle a sympathy should seem to be kindled with them. Indeed, there was so much of the true Knickerbocker spirit in Irving that he is usually supposed by those who do not reflect, to be of Dutch descent. It is this quality, perhaps, this ready sympathy with cheerful and simple domestic enjoyment, which made the author of "Knickerbocker's History " the laureate of English Christmas. The holiday that he describes affects him as it affected the citizen of New Amsterdam, as a day of pleasure consecrated by religious association. And the enduring popularity of his charming "little beggars" frisking about, but nothing Sugar Loaf on the other, while a smaller hill essay shows that this is the Christmas of the and, perhaps, death large was to be seen. However, we managed to completes the trio. Between a notch is Owl's English-speaking race. Even the New England them in the house.

suffocated Christmas, now murmurs softly with Christmas bells. The children of the resolute God-fearing men who did not rest from labour on that first Christmas morning now rest and rejoice in the happy day whose dawn is a benediction.

But it is no longer a superstition of any scarlet woman, no longer a festival whose observance implies perilous adherence to papal or prelatical errors. The purifying spiritual fire, historically known as Puritanism, has purged the theological opposite shore, and in a very few minutes it had reached the spot where we were standing. It pure gold of religious faith and human symwas rowed by a little girl of some ten years of pathy. When the neophite a-ked his confessor what was the central truth of Christianity, the old man answered, "Charity." Then he ex-plained that charity meant love, and that love meant the spirit of universal fraternity. almsgiving which is the technical interpretation of the word is but a symbol of that giving of the heart and soul and life to help others of which the supreme sacrifice of Christ is the accepted type. The day that commemorates his birth is the festival of humanity, as the inspiring sentiment of actual life. The lovely legends of the day, the stories, and the songs, and the half fairy-lore that gathers around it, the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence of simplicity of Christian observance, from the Pop- in his triple tiara, borne upon his portative throne in gorgeous state to bare service in some missionary chapel upon the in the sunshine. It we ghed about a pound, After that we fishe I with varying success during the day, safely "hooking a good many and also losing a good many, longing for a vivel many." days which declares the universal human conor clouds came not, while the hours slipped away sciousness that peace on earth comes only from all too soon, warning us of the distance we had good-will to man.—Geo. WM. Curus in Har-

FOOT NOTES.

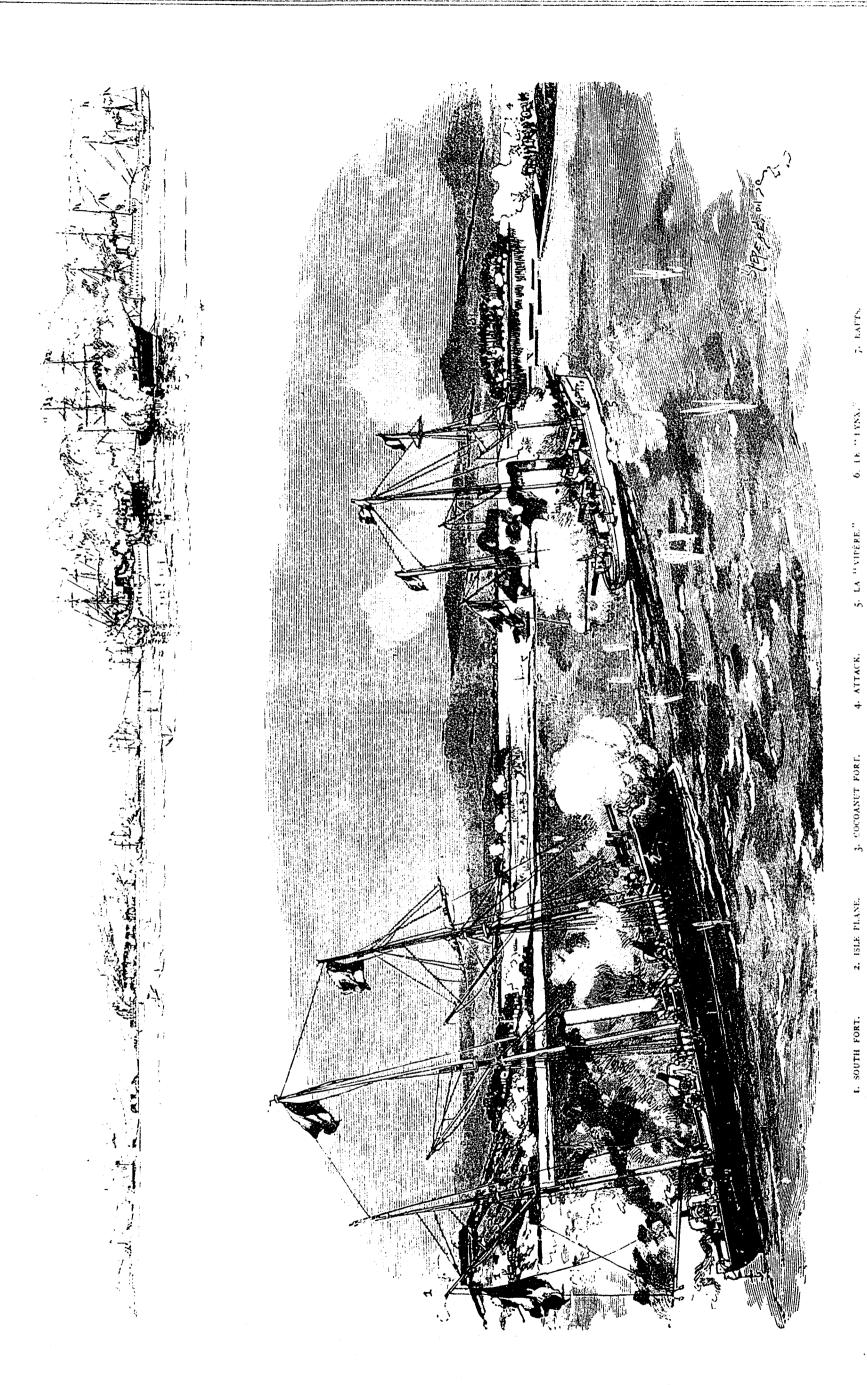
THE earthquake question is becoming serious. Shall we escape? The upheaval in Asia Minor is a good way off, but there has been a shock of carthquake at Gibraltar, and news has been received of shocks felt at Belluno, Malta, and Trieste. The Bishop of Lincoln must be more than ever confident that these disturbances portend the end of all things terrestrial. If he said this when he heard of the earthquake in Java, what will be say if he feels a shock in his own diocese?

A NEW light has been thrown on Lord Beaconsfield's career. An innocent young man of twenty-four named Tristram, who has written a novel, informs us that Lord Beaconsfield "entered public life with an idea. He believed that a return to the Toryism of the Georges was the only protection against the danger threat-ened by the Reform Bill. To this idea it has always been my belief that he owed his success." Mr. Tristram is a man of unusual penetration, for anyone who can see a return to the Toryism of the Georges in the Reform Act of 1867 must have that power of vision which Sam Weller energetically disclaimed.

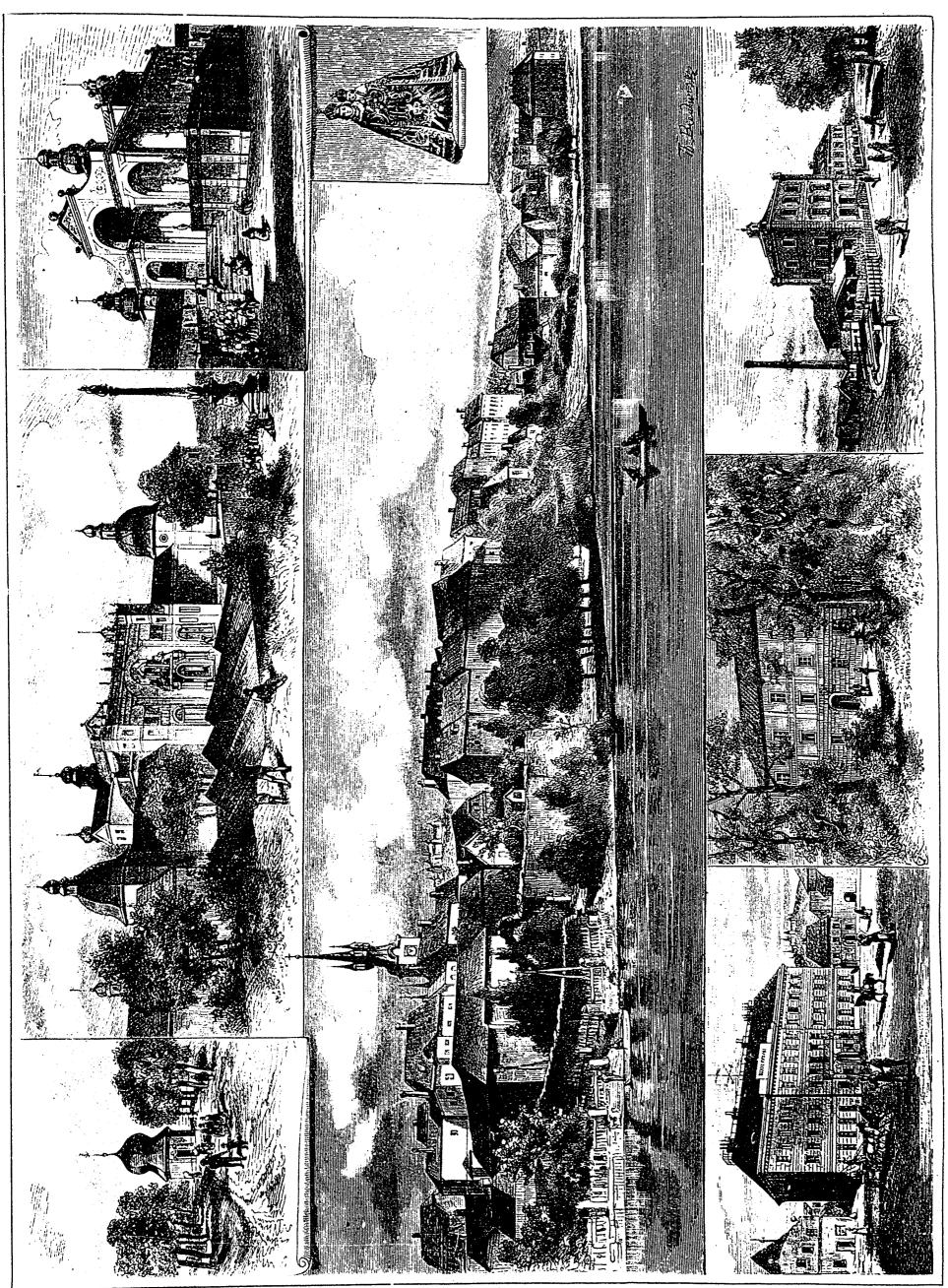
ITEMIZING NOT IN FAVOR .- English people are not entirely satisfied with their system of hotel-keeping, which is poor in many respects. Many of them have been over here of late, and like the American plan of charging so much per day. They do not desire a bill of particulars. Says the London Telegraph, praising our system: -In America, when the traveller pays his weekly bill for board, he does not find it supplemented by a per day for attendance; and if the traveller be really mean, he may travel from Cape Cod to the Golden Gate, from the Gulf of Mexico to Washington Territory, without, so far as his hotel bills are concerned, disbursing a single cent beyond the stipulated charge.

THOUGH Modjeska is an actress of strong emoional power, and becomes completely absorbed in the part she is playing, yet she possesses the faculty of being able to do two things at once. She will sit upon the stage writing a letter which appears to break her heart, giving utterance to sobs of despur, and with the teats falling down onveys to the audience a rea tacle of a suffering woman writing words that cost her agony; while upon the paper that lies before her she draws funny caricatures and all sorts of queer things. During her last engagement in England, when Dr. Daere played Armand with her, she on one occasion wrote a real letter to him instead of the letter to Nichette, which she is supposed to write in this last act. Constance wears a white wrapper, and Armand, when he comes in, kisses her dress. Mr. Dacre's lips had left a red mark so often on her white gown that Modjeska declared, in fun, it was impossible for her to buy any more new ones. She forgot to tell him this till he was on the stage, then it occurred to her. She quickly wrote, "Please do not put your red lips n my wrapper, because it is a new one." during the writing of this letter the audience supposed her to be in the intense throes of grief, so palpably did she simulate nature.

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







THANKSGIVING.

Oh! the glorious Thankszivings
Of the days that are no more.
How, with each recurring season.
Wakes their mem'ry o'er and o'er;
When the hearts of men were simpler,
And the needs of life were less,
And its mercies were not reckoned
By the measures of excess.

What a happy turning homeward,
On the eve of that glad day;
With a throng of recollections
Round each object in the way.
Here the school-house with its maple,
Leafless now, and dark, and grin,
Shaking with each gust that crossed it
Threat'ning rods on every limb.

There the mill whose towering summit
Boyish feet had loved to climb.
When the distant peak stood beck'ning.
In the slow of even time:
And where boyish hearts had wondered.
Till the coming of the stars
of the great, wide world that waited
Far beyond those sunset bars.

Ah, how gladly manhood's footsteps.
Took again the homeward way,
Fain to leave the world behind them.
Were it only for a day:
Fain to seek the dear old hearthstone,
Warm with loving hearts and true,
While in simple guilcless pleasures
Youth and joy returned anew.

Then how sweet and safe the sleeping. Neath the sheltering roof once more. With the sentry poplars keeping. Guard above it as of yore. Homely though the old square chamber. And its couch but quaint and rule. Still the dreams that someth its pillow. Were a bright beating.

Heaven send the good Thanksziving Ot that other simpler time.

Tarry with us not in foncy.

Not in retrospective rhyme;
But in true and living errnest.

May the spirit of the day.

Artiess plain and impretending Once again resume its sway.

THE CHILDHOOD OF A FOET.

The wind that goes blowing where it listeth. once, in the beginning of this century, came sweeping through the gurden of this old Lincolnshire rectory, and, as the wind blew, a sturdy child of five years old with shining locks stool opening his arms upon the blast and letting hims if be blown along, and as he travelled on he made his first line of poetry and said, "I hear a voice that's speaking in the wind," and he tossed his arms, and the gust whirled on, sweeping into the great abyss of winds. One might perhaps still trace in the noble tace of our Poet Laureate the features of this child, one of many deep eyed sons and daughters born in the quiet rectory among the elm-trees.

Alfred Tennyson was born on the 6th of August, 1809. He has heard many and many a voice calling to him since the time when he listened to the wind as he played alone in his fa-ther's garden, or joined the other children at their games and jousts. They were a noble little clan of poets and of knights, coming of a knightly race, with castles to defend, with mimic tour-naments to fight. S mersby was so far away from the world, so behindhand in its echoes (which must come there softened through all manner of green and tranquil things, and as it were hushed into pastoral silence), and though the early part of the century was stirring with clang of legions, few of its rumors seemed to have reached the children. They never heard at the time of the battle of Waterloo. They grew up together playing their own games, livbe found as that if a happy, eager family of boys and girls before Doubt, the steps of Time, the shocks of Chance, the blows of Death, have come to shake their creed?

These handsome children had beyond most children that wondrous toy at their command which most people call imagination. The boys played great games like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap, or again they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. The king was a willow wand stuck into the ground, with an outer circle of immortals to defend him of firmer, stiffer sticks. Then each party would come with stones, hurling at each other's king, and trying to overthrow him. Perhaps as the day wore on they became romancers, leaving the ta dazerted Then di they all sat round the table, each in turn put a chapter of his history underneath the bowllong endless histories, chapter after chapter diffuse, absorbing, unending, as are the stories of real life of which each surrise opens on a new part; some of these romances were in letters, like Clarissa Harlove. Alfred used to tell a story which lasted for months, and which was called "The Old Horse."

Alfred's first verses, so I once heard him say were written upon a slate which his brothe Charles put into his hand one Sunday at Louth, when all the elders of the party were going into church, and the child was left alone. Charles gave him a subject—the flowers in the gardenand when he came back from church little Al fred brought the slate to his brother all covered with written lines of blank verse. They were made on the models of Thomson's Seasons, the only poetry he had ever read. One can picture it all to one's self, the flowers in the garden, the verses, the little poet with waiting eyes, and the young brother scanning the lines. "Yes, you can write," said Charles, and he gave Alfred | The chateau of the Duchess Bujoncon, near back the slate.

father, later on, asking him to write an elegy on | American friends.

his grandmother, who had recently died, and when it was written, putting ten shillings into his hands and saying, "There, that is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, take my werd for it, it will be the last."—Mrs. THACKERAY-RITCHIE, in Harper's.

TENNYSON'S YOUTH.

Alfred Tennyson, as he grew up toward man-hood, found other and stronger inspirations than Thomson's gentle Seasons. Byron's spell had fallen on his generation, and for a boy of genius it must have been absolute and overmastering. Tennyson was soon to find his own voice, but meanwhile he began to write like Byron. He produced poems and verses in profusion and endless in abundance; trying his wings, as people say, before starting on his own strong flight. One day the news came to the village-the dire news which spread across the land, filling men's hearts with consternationthat Byron was dead. Alfred was then a boy about tilteen.

"Byron was dead! I thought the whole world was at an end," he once said, speaking of these by gone days. "I thought everything was over and finished for every one—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

I have spoken of Tennyson from the account of an old friend, whose recollections go back to those days, which seem perhaps more distant to us than others of earlier date and later fashion. Mrs. Tennyson, the mother of the family, so this same triend tells me, was a sweet and gentle and most imaginative woman; so kind-hearted that it had passed into a proverb, and the wicked inhabitants of a neighbouring village used to bring their dogs to her windows and beat them in order to be bribed to leave off by the gentle lady, or to make advantageous bargains by selling her the worthless curs. She was intensely, fervently religious, as a poet's mother should be. After her husband's death (he had added to the rectory, and made it suitable for his large family) she still lived on at Somethy with her children and their friends. The children were growing up, the older sons were going to college. Frederick, the eldest, went hist to Trinity, Cambridge, and his brothers tollowed him there in turn. Life was opening for them, they were seeing new aspects and places, making new seeing new aspects and places, making new triends, and bringing them home to their Lincolnshire rectory. "In Memoriam" gives many a glimpse of the old home, of which the echoes still reach us across half a century.—Mrs. THACKERAY-RITCHIE, in Harper's.

A TURKEY HUNTER'S ADVENTURE.

R. L. Duffy, while hunting turkeys in Wilcox County, Ga., recently, had a strange adventure which is worth printing. He left home before daybreak and, just as it was light enough to see an object a tew yards, he entered the swamp where he knew the turkeys had a roosting place He sat himself at the root of a large tree, and in a few minutes he saw the drove of turkeys playing on the ground, as they usually do when they leave their roost. Mr. Duffy laid his gun aeress a small log, and began taking sight, when he noticed that the log without mount or his conhe noticed that the log either moved or his gun slipped. He readjusted the gun across the log and again took aim, when the log again moved. This excited him and he forgot the turkeys and began to wonder what could be the matter. further investigation he was almost paralyzed with fear at finding that what he supposed was a log on which he had rested his gun was nothing more than a huge gopher snake. The reptile was about thirty-eight feet long, in the imagination of Mr. Duffy, and, although the gopher snake was never known to attack a man without being wounded or disturbed, Mr. Duffy thought it best to leave the swamp, and he did so. We shall probably hear something more from this monster reptile.

MISCELLANY.

An autograph letter of Lord Beaconsfield to Mr. Francis George Heath is prefixed to a new edition of his handbook to Burnham Beeches, in which the author of "Lothair," having mentioned that he passed part of his youth in the shade of Burnham Beeches, added: "I am not surprised that the ancients worshipped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious, in time weary. Sylvan scenery never palls."

BOUGUEREAU's fine painting, "Alma Parens," noticed recently in the Home Journal, has been sold from the Goupil gallery to Mr. Blanchard, President of the Erie Railway. The work was a conspicuous feature of the Paris salon exhibition. and so valuable was it considered to be when brought to this country that a duty of four thousand dollars was demanded for its passage through the Custom House. The sale is said to be for twenty thousand dollars.

MINISTER MORTON'S private residence in Paris is an imposing building on the Place des Etats (named in honor of our country), and is a very grand establishment. He entertains quite royally, not even Lord Lyons nor the Duke Fernan Nunez, the Spanish Envoy, outdoing him in the splendor of his balls and dinners. Poissy, was occupied by him during the summer, I have also heard another story of his grand. and he did the honors there to many of his

Thomas Nast, the artist, lives in a large roomy house standing on the corner of two pretty streets in Morristown, N. J. It has large porches, and almost hidden by the trees and shrubbery. A rustic fence, which Mr. Nash bought at the Centennial, surrounds the yard, in which is a fountain and several pieces of statuary. The interior of the house is furmshed elegantly; at the Centennial exhibition alone its owner invested twenty-five thousand dollars in furniture, etc.

COLONEL INGERSOLL has moved into his new house at Washington, next door to Senator Sherman's. His family is a very charming one. Mrs. Ingersoll has a wonderful tact as a hostess, and her two daughters are gifted the same way. During the winter they give weekly receptions. Every one with a decent coat and gentlemanly manner is welcome. But, somehow, the gatherings are not satisfactory. The best people do not go to the Ingersolls. The spectre of atheism is over the house. His family feel it, and the coionel finds that he has not obtained friends nor reputation by his auti-Christian assaults. Consequently he is giving up lecturing.

Among the noticeable lady speakers at the Reform Convention recently held in Leeds, England, was Miss Bright, a daughter of the "great tribune," who made a capital speech on woman suffrage. So, too, did Miss dane Cobaen, one of the five daughters of the late famous free-trader, all of whom are said to be "remarkable for beauty and intelligence," Miss Jane Cobden being "strikingly ake her father; possessing the same caim, reflective countenance and the same deep, penetrating eyes." Miss Cobden is spoken of as the most energetic of her family, and is the founder of a liberal club, where men and women are a iunitied upon terms of equality. both sexes being appointed to office.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY speaks as follows of her recent visit to the former home of Harriet Martimeau, now occupied by a Quaker family: "1 chatted with these friends, in the drawing-room where Emerson, Garrison, Chariotte Bronte, and many of the other great sons of earth had come to honor Harriet Martineau in the days gone by. I sat at the table in her library where she had penned so many nobe thoughts, looked into the mamber where she had slept, suffered and died, and out at the beautiful landscape she enjoyed in those last sail days. In the krighen, the same range, dresser, table and chairs stand there as she left them, and her lavorite obsek and yellow spotted cat, now sixteen years old, still keeps faithful watch on the threshold.

THE anniversary of the discovery of America was celebrated in Madria by a banquet of three briffication to special house, which was brifficative informated and decorated with fligs, the smelds of Spain and the American republics, both Augio-Saxon and Spanish. Speeches in several languages were derivered, after which a status of Columbus was unveiled. The menu, which was an international curiosity, was : - Soup -Isabel, the Catholic-American Soup; fish from he port of Palos, from which Columbus set sail on his first voyage to America; entrees, loin d'Ameral, Castifitan partridge, Ansies pheasants, Jamaica punch, roasted Brazilian peacock, Estramadura beans, Havana sweet breads, New York ices, Granada fruit, and Porto-Rico coffee.

The home of Mrs. E. D. E. N. South worth who has during the last torty years poured out upon the World such an avalanche of the lightest netion, is called "Prospect Cottage," and certainly deserves the name, situated as it is in the outskirts of Georgetown, D. C., on a bluff that overlooks the Potomac and commands a view of the wide range of hills and river beyond. The house is an odd gabled affair of very antique pattern, with low coilings and covered with trailing my; The rooms are small and few, but exceedingly tasty-a veritable sanctum for one whose thoughts and life drift naturally into a literary vein. Mrs. Southworth herself is tell and rather angular, but exceedingly hospitable, and has many triends. Her receptions are quiet, cosy, inexpensive affairs, thoroughly cordial and enjoyable. She is one of the few ladies who at the present day does not think it necessary to spend lavishly in order to draw guests within

-STEDMAN, the poet-critic and banker, comto the effect that he has abandoned his Wall street business and will henceforth devote himself exclusively to literary persuits. "This is just now calculated to injure me," he said recently to a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean: "I have, in fact, abandoned writing to go into business, because I could not make a living for myself and family by mere brainwork. Now, if I am deprived of the means to pursue an occupation in which I have been moderately successful, and which I understand, ends my literary life. I shall never write another line. shall have neither the time to devote to it nor the heart to engage in it. I am a critic and a poet, if you please. The largest income to be derived from literature comes through the novel. The successful novelist, in these days has a golden road before him, but I could not write a novel if I tried, and, I was about to say, I would not if I could, for my reputation has been won, what measure of it I have, by my verse, not by my prose writing. On some accounts I regret now that I ever began in these later years to write criticism. It is a thankless task.

PERE HYACINTHE is now in his fifty-seventh year. He has a broad and well developed chest, I from De Wette and Herder.

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

though his shoulders droop after the fashion of those of women. The brow is expinsive and smooth as ivory. The eyes are small, and generally dead and dull in the expression except at times, when he carries away the multitude by the passion and of his eloquence. In addressing an audience in the Cirque d'Eté he often re-minds one of the Hyacinthe who once preached hose wonderful sermons to the Catholic ciite of Paris from the pulpit of Notre Dame. At intervals, however, he seems to forget his sacred cilling, and will bury his hands in his breeches pockets while discoursing on the rights and prerogatives of divinity! His style of speaking is bold and classic, partaking alike of the fervor of Lacordaire and the stern logic of Bossuet. His gestures are nearly always perfect, and his voice is strong and sonorous. Happy in his exordium, he is happier still in his peroration, for he winds up his discourses in an admirably vehement manner suitable to the tastes of his listeners, who are borne along as on a wave by the magic of his enthusiasm and the art of his peculiar

Woman's Inconstancy, --- Francis I, of France wrote one day with a diamond on a window of the Chateau of Chambord the two lines-

Souvent femme varie: Bien fou qui s'y fie,

which, being literally translated, may run

A woman changes oft: Who trusts her is right soft.

His sister, Queen Margaret of Navarre, protested against the sentiment as a slander, declared she could quote twenty instances of man's fickleness, and then added, "And can you quote as many instances of woman's inconstancy for its so happened that a few weeks before this a genticman of the court had been thrown into prison upon a serious charge, and his wife was reported to have cloped with the page. Francis triumphantly cited this case, but Margaret warmly defended the lady, and declared that time would prove her innocence. Not many days had clapsed before it was proved that it was not the lady who had cloped, but the husband. During one of her visits to him in prison they had exchanged crotices, and he was thus enabled to deceive the julier and make good his escape, while his devoted wife remained in his phase. According to promise, Francis distroyed the pane of glass, but the couplet was remembered, though the incrient which proved it false has long since been forgotten.

TENNYSON'S BILTHELACE, - There is a place called Somersby, in Lincolshire, where an old white rectory stands on the slope of a hill, and the winding lanes are shadowed by tall ashes and elm-trees, and where two brooks neet at the bottom of the gashe field. It is a place far away from us in silence and in distance, lying upon the "ridged wolds." They bound the horizon of the regtory garden, whence they are to be seen flowing to meet the sky. I have never known Somersby, but I have often heard it described, and the pastoral country all about, and the quiet scattered homes. One can picture the fectory to one's self with something of a monastic sweetness and quiet; in ancient Norman cross is standing in the church yard, and perhaps there is still a sound in the air of the bleating of flocks. It all comes before one as one reads the sketch of Tennyson's native place in the Homes and Haunts of the British place in the Homes and Humas of the Driesa Poets: the village not far from the fens, "in a pretty pastoral district of sortiy sloping hills and large ash-trees... The little gien in the neighborhood is called by the old monkish name of Holywell." Mr. Tennyson sometimes speaks of this gien, which he remembers white with snow-drops in the season; and who will not recall the exquisite invocation :

"Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side, "Come from the woods that belt the gray hills. The seven class, the poplars tour. That stand beside my rather schoor. And chiefly from the brook that loves. To purholer matted cross and ribbe I sand, Or dample in the dark of rushy coves...

Of hither lead thy feet!

Pour round mine cars the fivelong bleat. Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds.

Upon the ridged wolds.

MRS. JULIA WARD HowE gives the following account of the amount of brain work undertaken and successfully carried through by Margaret Fuller in Boston during the winter of 1830-7 o one class she gave elementary instruction in German, and that so officiently that her pupils were able to read the language with ease at the end of three months. With another class she read in twenty-four weeks Schiller's "Don Carread in twenty-four weeks Schiller's "Don Car-los," "Artists," and "Song of the Bell;" Goe-the's "Herman and Dorothea," "Gotz von Berlichingen," "Iphigenia," the first part of "Faust" and "Clavigo;" Lessing's "Nathan do Weise," "Minna" and "Emilia Galloti;" parts of Tieck's "Piantasus," and nearly all the first volume of Richter's "Titan." With the Italian class she read parts of Tasso, Petrach, Ariosto, Altieri and the whole hundred cantos of Dante's "Divina commedia." Besides these classes she had also three private papils,, one of them a boy unable to use his eyes in study. She gave this child oral instruction in Latin, and read to him the history of England and Shakespeare's plays is connection. The lessons given by her in Mr. Atcott's school were, she said, valuable to her, but also very fatiguing. Though already so much overtasked, Margaret found time and strength to devote one evening every week to the viva voca translation of German authors for Dr. Channing's benefit, reading to him mostly

THIRD SERMON FROM THE NEW PREACHER.

Chillen! dars glory in the soun'
Ob tuneful hearts dat raise
A psalm of Zion, as aroun'
Dis yearth we sing God's praise.

Dis day am glorious an' bright : De craps am risin' well; An' all about us in de lan' De buds and blossoms swell.

Nature done 'ray herself dis day In weddin' robes so bright, Dat God hisse'f can't keep to hum, Dout showin' sinners light.

Ise heered about dat ornery place, Dat some folks love so well To tell about; de fire an' smoke Ob an eternal Hell.

But bress you' hearts, my chillen, no! 'Cordin' to common call. Dar ain't no sich place any mo' 'Cept right yere on disball.

Hell am de conscience, smitin' hard Yer soul, when you does wrongs; I s'pect dat plenty ob it, dough, To soune ob us belongs!

Ye don't think God would make de yearth. Creatin' all de folk. Ter close de show by one gran' smash, An' bust it all in smoke?

Whar am de man done tole ye so? God make de rich an' pa', To glorify dem in His sight, To see dem l'arn an' grow.

An' when de fight am ober, Him stretch out dat strong arm. And took ye to His bosom den, Safe from the debbil's harm.

An' speakin' 'bont the debbil,—him Bin muffin but a thief Oh conscience; rabbin' oh de soul All goodness,—leabing grief.

O sinner man! my sister, too! I tole ye to' de lawd. Ye better ketch on Hebben here, An' trus' yer soul ter God.

Ye better b'lieve dat Kingdom Come An' 'stituction 'tween decreeds, Won't help yer none; de Jedgment Day Won't stop ter sort de breeds!

Jes hol' en right smart to de chancu Objection glory hyar:
Dar's on'y one creed for us all,
An' dats—ter be jes squar!

De man who does his little hyar, An' does dat little well. Can count on Heldon pow'ful smart: He'll nebber see no Hell.

Now lef us bow de head in prayer, To Him dat gib de soul; Dem Sister Pheby, jes you raise Dat good ole "Jordon Roll."

An' may the Lam' o' God come down Ter tune our hearts dis night, To sing His praisin' mo' an' me', An' live widin His sight.

Glory an'de 'oner, chillen! 'Lelujah to de Lam'! Here ends de fust fo' verses Ob de forty-secon' l'salm.

HARRY HOLLAND.

VARIETIES.

At the recent Crofter's Commission held in Scotland, some "good things" were uttered by two witnesses at Gelspie, in Sutherlandshire. "The hill pasture is so poor, that the sheep are nearly turned into goats."..." We have nothing to thatch our dwellings with. If it rains outside for three hours, it rains inside for six." Or again, with reference to the unwillingness to enlist, "Let the duke take his sheep to defend his country."

A VEEY curious plea was put forward and accepted the other day by a bench of magistrates in the city of London, (Eng.) Application was made for the remission of a fine charged upon a Mr. Cohen, a member of the Jewish community. It was stated by the Chief Rabbi in a letter addressed to the Bench, that the family of the Cohens are descended from Aaron the High Priest, and that no Jew bearing the name of cohen, and being therefore presumably a descendant of the great High Priest, could consistently with his religious obligations enter a house in which lay a dead body. A quotation was made from the Book of Leviticus showing that it is generally contrary to Jewish custom to enter a house in which there is a corpse. It was, however, asserted that this did not apply to all Jews, but inexorably to the Cohens as presumed descendants of Aaron. Mr. Cohens objection to serve on the jury being founded on these religious grounds, it was accepted, and the fine was remitted.

MATTHEW ARNOLD tells us "Numbers," the proprietors of the Arlington Hotel, Washington, report some remarkable figures. They have just put into their hotel, which has been greatly improved of late, three thousand seven hundred yards of new carpet and a new clevator that runs two hundred feet a minute. How this would surprise the cross old gentleman who runs the old and dingy elevator of the Charing Cross Hotel, London. Going at such a rate would certainly take away his breath. At each floor he has to raise a bolt, unlock gates and throw them wide open, and when leaving the bolt must be lowered, the gates brought to and locked again, with one key for all the gates, necessitating the romoval of the key at each landing. addressed to the Bench, that the family of the Cohens are descended from Aaron the High

This slow process suits Englishmen well enough, but it is a constant source of annoyance to Americans who are accustomed to see things move rapidly. And then the elevator at the said hotel does not run after midnight, nor before nine a. m. But the official in charge is not to blame, he is faithful if cross. He has occupied his present dark and unhealthy position at the Charing Cross Hotel, going up and down, for seventeen years, and his wages are, so he told us, sixteen shillings (about four dollars) per week.

CAPTAIN SHAW has returned to town after a pleasant and interesting professional tour. He has been to visit the chief European capitals for the purpose of seeing how matters are ordered abroad when an alarm of fire is raised in a great city. He has seen at St. Stephen's in Vienna, the fire brigade represented in the steeple of the Cathedral as the most elevated and central point in city, and he has seen in Paris many methods of intercommunication which might well afford hints for London adoption. He has visited Berliu, where he had probably more to teach than to learn, and he has returned just at the time when the capital, beginning to fill, all business, including that of the fire brigade, gets brisk and animated. The Board of Works has been preparing for the campaign no less resolutely, and all that can be done for London audiences in London theatres has been attained. There is, however, a class not so well represented in this fire reform movement. There are a number of small halis, mechanics institutes, delating rooms, and Dissenting chapels, all built 30 or 50 years ago when regulations were not so strict, or the visit of fire so frequent. The Board of Works contemplates using what powers it has over these buildings in the direction of popular safety.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Canadian Illia Strated News, Montreal.

J. W. S., Montreal.-Letter and paper to hand. Thanks

In August, 1882, Mr. J. B. Munoz, one of the editors of the Brooklim Chess Chromicle, started agains of chess which took more than eight months to finish, and was destined to cross the Atlantic and travel some handreds of miles before its thirty-six players were enabled to bring it to a conclusion. The first player making his move sent it to another player, who, on receiving it, was requested to continue the game, and, as had been done previously, affix the date of move and locality, and forward the score to another amateur, who was invited to carry out a similar mode of proceeding. It was also arranged that the player who should make a winning move, or be able to announce a mate, should return the score to the starter. From a note at the exd of the score we learn that on March 14th, 1885, the game was handed to Sheriil Spens, of Glasgow, who, being satisfied that it was lost, returned the score, according to arrangement.

it was lost, returned the score, according to arrangement.

The score, with the name of each player, date and residence, has appeared in the London Chew Monthly and is also to be found in the October number of the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle. We are sorry our space will not allow of our publishing it in our Column.

In speaking of this it may be well for us to say that the Brooklyn Chess Chronicle has entered upon the second year of its existence, and is now, beginning with October, 1883, a monthly periodical. It is excellently conducted, and full of chess news. We can recommend it strongly to our Canadian players and others.

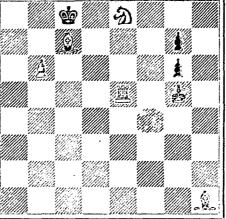
A short time ago we saw it announced that Mr. Steinitz had arrived at Philadelphia and was about to play some match games with Mr. D. M. Martinez, one of the best players of the chess club of that city, and now we hear that on the 2nd inst- he had already scored three victories over his opponent.

The book of the London International Tourney, with analytical remarks, is to be published in December next by James Wade, IS Tavistock street, Covent Gardon, W. C. London. The price will be 10s 6d.—Globe-Democrat, St. Louis.

We have been requested by an esteemed correspondent to publish in our Column the following extract from an essay on Education, by Professor Huxley:

CHESS AND LIFE.

PROBLEM No. 460. By W. T. Pierce.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

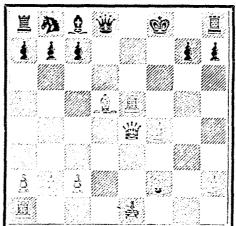
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 458. White. 1 Kt to Q 5 2 Mates acc. 1 Any

GAME 587th.

Played 8th May in the Vizayanagram Tourney. K. B's Opening.

WHITE.-(Mr. H. Lele.) BLACK.-(Mr. F. S. Ensor.) 1 P to K 4 2 B to V 1 P to K 4 2 Kt to K B 3 3 Kt takes P 4 Q to R 5 ch 5 Kt takes P 6 Q to R 4 7 P to K 5 (a) 8 Kt takes P 9 P to Q 4 1 P to K 4 2 B to B 4 4 P to Q 3 5 P to K t 3 6 Kt to K B 3 7 R to K t 8q 8 P takes P 9 Q to K 2 10 R to K t 5 11 B takes P 12 Q Kt to Q 2 (6) 13 Kt takes K 14 Q takes P 15 B to K 3 16 R to K 5 17 Kt takes B 8 Kt takes P
9 P to Q 4
10 Q to K 6
11 P to K B 4
12 B to K 2
13 P takes Kt
14 Q to R 2
15 K to B sq (c)
16 B to R 5 ch (d)
17 Q takes Kt ch
18 Q to Q sq 16 R to K 5 17 Kt takes 18 B to B 2 Kt takes B

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves,

NOTES

(a) The best continuation is-

8 B takes P 9 Kt to B 3 10 Q B takes P 11 R takes Kt

7 P to Q 4 8 P takes P 9 B to Kt 5 10 Q takes B

And White has good prospects of attack for the Pawn sacrificed. The interiority of the text move is well utilized by White.

(b) Slow and sure. Mr. Ensor is evidently taken by surprise by the debut and has no opportunity of displaying his wonted ability. In large tourneys luck is an important element.

(c) Ki to Q 2 seemed to adford Black a better chance of prelonging the contest.

(d) Fatal; but he has no good move now.

-Sporting and Dramatic News.

CHAPTER L

" I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

" My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move! I shrunk

From 228 lbs., to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed tenewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles I am not only as sound as a sovereign but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."

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

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

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> H. H. BELLAMY, Proprietor, BROCKVILLE, Ont.

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

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

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

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

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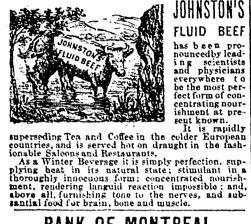
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