

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 18.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



TYPES OF BEAUTY, MIMOSA.

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; \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

April 30th, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 42°	30°	36°	Mon. 35°	16°	25° 5
Tues. 37°	20°	28° 5	Tues. 42°	21°	31° 5
Wed. 31°	14°	22° 5	Wed. 40°	23°	31° 5
Thur. 35°	20°	27° 5	Thur. 46°	21°	33° 5
Fri. 42°	24°	33°	Fri. 47°	21°	34°
Sat. 45°	20°	32°	Sat. 31°	22°	26° 5
Sun. 17°	35°	11°	Sun. 22°	5°	8° 5

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Types of Beauty, Mimos—The Pantheon at Rome—The New Italian Ironclad *Leopoldo*—Pleasures of the Road with a Scotch Team—The Drummers' Room in a Western Hotel—A Masterpiece of the Old Flemish School—The Countess Nassau-Siegen—The Art of Driving Tandem—Life-Saving Corps of the New York Fire Department at Drill—Lien. J. M. T. Partello.

LETTER-PRESS.—The North-West Lands—The Week—Employment for Immigrants—New Books—In a Strange City—The *Leopoldo*—The New York Fire Department Life-Saving Corps—The Champion Army Rifle Shot—W. C. Bryant as a Journalist—A Daring Ride—Household Art Hints—Re-appearance of the Star of Bethlehem—A Gentle Little Lady—A Northman's Story—Artistic Varieties—Robert Herrick—Lafitte's Hand—Personal—"Old Mother Hubbard"—A Tribute to Dr. O. W. Holmes—Daffodils and Poets—Musical and Dramatic—Burning an Elephant—John McCulloch and G. Wilkes Booth—A Strange Story—A Family Dinner—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 5, 1883.

THE NORTH-WEST LANDS.

In view of the large number of immigrants already pouring into the country, we call attention to the main features of the Land Bill, laid before the House last week by Sir John Macdonald. The object of the Premier is to consolidate all the laws relating to Dominion Lands into one Act, so that settlers going into Manitoba and the North-West may understand the nature of the laws under which they take their acres. One of the principal amendments to the old law provides that parties can obtain a second homestead. It has been found that when a party had really performed all his settlement duties, there was an objection to his being deprived of the opportunity of getting a second homestead, and the consequence was that he went across the line to the United States and got a second or rather a first homestead. This will now be changed and the settler will be entitled to a second homestead in the North-West.

Another change is in reference to the time of residence after obtaining a location. At present it is provided that every person going into the North-West, should settle upon his land within six months after making his entry. The Premier regards this limit as too short and proposes to extend it. He also makes provision against what is known as "homestead jumping," which has been largely practised, especially in locations where the value of land has increased.

After some important amendments in regard to inspection and cancellation, the Premier declared that hereafter no claim to school lands shall prevail. The Government cannot accede to the demand of the Manitoba Provincial Government, and hand over to the latter all such school lands in the Prairie Province, but they are willing to do the next best thing and that is, as they dispose of the lands, hand over the annual interest to the Province for educational purposes.

With respect to pre-emption the Government have decided to refuse them under certain circumstances. It has been found in the United States that the pre-emption right had operated

in favor of "land grabbing," and this evil must be obviated here. It is well known that our regulations are much more liberal than those of the United States and purposely made to attract immigrants. A homesteader has a right to make an entry for 160 acres and also the right at the same time to pre-empt 160 acres more. For excellent reasons, it is proposed to do away with the latter right, but if the power to do this is given the Government by Parliament, the date on which the change is to take force, will be placed so far ahead as not to effect the immigration of the next two seasons. Sir John proposes to discontinue the privilege of pre-emption after the 1st of January, 1885.

THE WEEK.

MR. CHARLTON'S seduction bill is meeting with slender favor in the Senate. Sir Alexander Campbell made a most discriminating argument in reference to it.

THE ship laborers of St. John, N.B., are very unwise and retrograde. It is simply ridiculous to demand that the use of steam winches in unloading deal cargoes should be done away with.

IT appears that the recent complaints lodged against Mr. Dewdney have received no favor from the Government, as his appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of the North-West Territories has been gazetted.

THE anti-clericalism of the present French Government is affirming itself more and more boldly. Their last move is the asserting of the right to cut off the salaries of priests and even bishops, for cause.

SOME of the wisecracks of Parliament are making fun of our "standing army." Any far-seeing man will understand that the maintenance of A and B Batteries, as the nucleus of a trained and educated force, is wise statesmanship.

IT looks rather significant that the German Government, in order to facilitate the movement of troops, have decided to lay a second track on all railways leading toward Russia. And the joke becomes grimmer when we read that the Russians are equally active.

IN Ireland, the trials are going on. Another prisoner has been found guilty and sentenced to be hanged, while further ramifications of the giant conspiracy have been unearthed. The general feeling has been somewhat better, and it is probable that it will be still more soothed by the deliberations of the Philadelphia Convention.

AS we predicted weeks ago, the Government of Quebec have little or no chance of inducing the Federal authorities to grant them the subsidy which they demand. At least, we see no prospect for the present. This result will complicate the financial situation of our Province, but we have nobody to blame except our own selves.

THE female clause of Sir John's new Franchise Bill is already bearing fruit. The ladies are crying "for more." The Women's Suffrage Association of Toronto have issued a circular to members of Parliament demanding that the municipal and parliamentary franchise be given to women on the same conditions of qualification as men.

THE Government have come down with an admirable lands bill for the North-West, all the provisions of which are improvements in the direction of liberality toward immigrants and settlers. We are pleased to see that the Opposition have herein met the Government in a broad spirit, and are prepared to sustain the resolutions in their main features.

WE confess that we are not of those who would regret to see Mr. Gladstone retire upon a

peerage. So long as such distinctions are essential parts of the British system, it is an ungracious affectation to regard them as derogatory to a great man's position. The Earldom of Midlothian would certainly not dim the prestige of even Mr. Gladstone.

JOURNALISTS do not generally shine as speculators or colonizers. Their Colonization Company intended to operate at the Saskatchewan Forks has proved a failure. The unfortunate shareholders lose 25 per cent of their subscriptions. Cheques for amounts payable at the Bank of Montreal have just been issued by the Treasurer.

THE date of the Czar's coronation has at length been definitely settled for the 26th May. This is a matter of congratulation because, the ceremony being regarded as essential in the Russian system of Government, it cannot be any longer delayed, and will probably prove to be an important turning point in the politics of the present reign.

WE place scant faith in the alleged appointment of Mr. Forster to the Governor-Generalship of Canada. That gentleman has no such prestige for the office, 'as we have been accustomed to, and he would be profoundly distasteful to our Irish population. We make this remark altogether independently of Mr. Forster's merits as a statesman.

WE always entertained the suspicion that the treatment of Cetewayo was bungled from the beginning. It is possible that his restoration is about to prove a further blunder. His supremacy is disputed by a large tribe of Zulus who maintain their rebellion by force of arms. It will be very unfortunate if England finds herself obliged to interfere again in this struggle.

THERE is no reason to believe that the Government of Great Britain have made any demand for the extradition of Irish conspirators in the United States, and there is still less reason to expect that, if such a demand were made, it would meet with a favorable hearing. England herself has a rather strange record in this matter of extradition which, in a crisis, would undoubtedly be urged against her.

WITH regard to the peculiarly vexed question of the King's (P.E.I.) election, while we should have preferred to see it thrown back upon the people, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the weight of strictly legal argument was on the side of the action of the Committee. Mr. Macmaster's speech was a luminous exposition which gives this young member, at one bound, a foremost rank among the constitutional lawyers of the House. That is the kind of solid men required in Parliament.

THE Irishmen of America are to be congratulated on the result of their proceedings at the great Philadelphia Convention. In spite of the presence of a delegation from the dynamite wing, they not only succeeded in maintaining harmony throughout the sittings, but also passed resolutions which, however strongly worded, did not overstep the bounds of constitutional warfare. Much of this success was due to the admirable temper of the attending clergymen, and to the statesmanly influence of the new President, Mr. Sullivan, of Chicago.

OUR double lacrosse team, of whites and Indians, sail this week, under the Captaincy of Dr. Beers, who has done wonders in organizing the expedition. We have already given full particulars of this project, and will only repeat that the team have taken upon themselves to distribute a supplement of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS specially prepared for the occasion. This supplement is a handsome work, both in engravings and letter-press, and is without question the most important contribution to immigration literature yet attempted. It will do a world of good.

EMPLOYMENT FOR IMMIGRANTS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Dear Sir,—I shall feel much obliged if you will allow me to inform your readers that I shall leave Liverpool by steamship *Oregon*, on May 3rd, with my first personally conducted party this season and I hope to arrive at Quebec on or about May 12th. On my arrival at Rimouski on both occasions last year I sent telegrams to all the Dominion and Ontario agents stating the class of people on board, and they kindly replied to Quebec by the time I arrived there, informing the Dominion Agent (Mr. L. Stafford), and the Ontario Agent (Mr. R. M. Persse), and myself of the class of immigrants they required in their locality. This system I shall adopt on the present occasion, and shall feel obliged to any of your readers needing the help of men or women to communicate almost immediately with the Agent of the Dominion or of the Province in their part of the country so that he may be able to send on to Quebec full particulars. I shall have in my party between three and four hundred persons, comprising farmers, agricultural and general laborers, mechanics, domestic servants, etc., the great majority coming from country districts in England, Scotland and Wales, and a few from Ireland. The domestic servants are coming out under the direct supervision of Miss Say; a good number of my party are going straight through to Winnipeg and other centres in the North-West. I shall return to England in the early part of June and shall leave Liverpool again with my succeeding party on June 28th. I am now sending out from 60 to 100 immigrants each week, many of them being men of capital, intending to take up land in the North-West and farms in the Province of Ontario. It may be that some of your readers may wish to communicate with me during my visit to Canada, they can do so by addressing me at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. Thanking you for your kindness and past favors,

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

JOHN JAMES JONES.

98 High Street, Homerton, }  
London England. }  
April 16th, 1883. }

NEW BOOKS.

HONOR EDGEWORTH, OR OTTAWA'S PRESENT TENSE. BY VERA. OTTAWA: A. S. WOODBURN.

We have read this work with some curiosity and interest, on the information that it was the maiden effort of one of the most gifted young ladies of the Dominion capital. Anything that emanates from a native pen always enlists our sympathy, and we are inclined to view the productions of our young literature with feelings of special favor. In the present instance, however, no preferential complacence is required, as the book can stand bravely on its own merits. We may say at once that we were surprised, from the initial pages, at the author's sureness of touch and firmness of style, qualities denoting anything but the inexperience of a novice. As to the construction of the story, which is usually our first test of a novel, it is natural and well-sustained, and, barring a little suddenness and abruptness in the transitions from one leading situation to another, it is properly cumulative and culminating. Honor's first encounters with both Guy and Vivian are rather precipitate, and, considering the girl's character, a little forced, but, after a bit, the dialogue rather reconciles us to the surprise. As a rule, the personages are ably drawn. The heroine is well introduced, and her adventures are skilfully developed, and throughout she has the knack of attracting us to her fortunes. The giddy, but good-hearted Guy is a happy pendant to the central figure, while, the heavy villain is an excellent foil. But the strongest and noblest character of all is Henry Rayne, who is so powerfully limned that we suspect he must be drawn from life. The episode of Fifine deepens the main plot considerably, and its *renouement* is brought on with timely force. Indeed, there is much dramatic talent displayed throughout the work, without straining after effect, or exaggerating the effect of passion. The glimpses of Ottawa "high life" are amusing, and, at times, somewhat sarcastic, but not so distinctive as we had been led to expect. Altogether, this work is far above the average standard of similar books of fiction, and while congratulating the author upon her success, we trust we shall be treated often and soon to other productions of her able pen.

HUMOROUS.

RESERVED seats—Patches for a small boy's trousers.

EMPATHY for a dead oarsman: "This was the noblest row-man of them all."

To doctors: Any patient worth knowing is worth knowing well.

At this season of the year the submissive spouse is simply a tacks gatherer.

OSCUATION is the art of hitting the popular taste, and it is mostly hit with a Miss.

SOME people are like a well-used rocking-chair: they are always on the go, but never get ahead.

[FOR THE NEWS.]

IN A STRANGE CITY.

BY NED P. MAIL.

Over the iron rail I lean, Where in the stream reflected, glowing, Like fiery poplars downward growing, The city's myriad lights are

I watch the crowd pass to and fro— The idlers whom the scene entrances; Gay stridings—girls with sparkling glances— Among them all no face I know.

And, by the zephyrs, t'wards me blown From yonder café 'neath the arches Flout polkas, waltzes, deus marches— I stand, amid the crowd, alone.

And o'er the bridge—a meteor bright— A train shoots t'wards the station, shrieking, Freightened with friends whom friends are seeking— I seek not, nor am sought, to-night.

Heavenward a silent sigh I send And murmur—would my life were ended! Youth, health, enough of money—blended Are nothing—when you lack a friend.

And sadly to myself I own— To him life's fullest joy is meted Who makes another's life completed— It is not good to be alone.

I seek my hostel, wondering Where, trammled by a lot pathetic, Wanders, with yearnings sympathetic, The soul to which my soul is kin?

And by what irony of fate, Filled with good wishes towards others, I walk, a brother among brothers, Yet walk among them isolate?

THE "LEPANTO."

The Lepanto, launched on the 17th of March last, is sister ship to the Italia. The following description is partly abbreviated from one given in King's "War Ships," and copied from that work into Sir Thomas Brassey's work on the "British Navy." Side armor proper is dispensed with, the only plating being about 19 inches of steel-faced or steel armor on the barrette tower, and horizontal armor in the form of a deck, 4 feet 6 inches below the water line, consisting of three inches of steel. She carries four Armstrong breech-loading 100 ton guns in the centre barrette tower, which is of peculiar shape, and consists of a wall inclosing two turntables placed diagonally, like the turrets of the Infleebille, and so arranged as to permit of all-round fire from the guns. The hull is of steel sheathed with wood, the lines fore and aft being very fine. It is constructed with the usual double bottom, 3 feet 3 inches between the skins amidships, and divided into numerous separate cells. Great strength is given to the structure by the bulkheads and decks. Two longitudinal water-tight bulkheads extend for the length of 254 feet 6 inches in the ship. These, together with the transverse bulkheads, divide the hull into fifty-three large compartments, which are again subdivided horizontally by four water-tight decks. The first of these is the armored deck above mentioned, which extends from stem to stern, and is incurvated at both extremities, meeting at the bow the extreme point of the ram, and thus adding material strength where most needed in the event of ramming an enemy.

Immediately above this armored or lowest deck is another, 6 feet above the water line, constructed of thin iron or steel and covered with wood. The side compartments between this and the lower deck just named, which are divided into water-tight cells, are to be filled with cork, as in the Infleebille. There is, however, this important difference, that whereas the last named ship has a long citadel in the middle of her length, protected by heavy armor, and relies upon cork only at her extremities, in the Italia the cork and water-tight cells afford the only means of preserving stability when the sides are penetrated near the water-line. The third or battery deck is 14 feet above the water line, and upon it are to be carried twelve guns of 6 inches caliber; and 7 feet 9 inches above this, and 25 feet above the water line, is the fourth or upper deck, supporting the casemate battery, 7 feet 6 inches in height, in which are to be placed the great guns in quadrantal shields at each extremity of the oval. The guns are to be fired en barbette, being supplied with ammunition from below the armored deck through armor-plated cylinders or shafts, of 9 feet inside diameter.

M. Dislère, in the Revue Maritime, gives further particulars as to the Italia and Lepanto. Each vessel is to be propelled by two screws of 19 feet diameter, each of them being worked by an engine of six cylinders. The power expected is 18,000 horses, giving, it is hoped, a speed of sixteen knots. The usual amount of coal is 1,500 tons, but 2,500 can be carried. At low speed the fires might be kept in for six months. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Dimension and Value. Includes: Length between perpendiculars (400 ft. 6 in.), Breadth of beam at water line (72 ft. 9 in.), Draught of water forward (25 ft. 6 in.), Area of immersed midship section (1,770 sq. ft.), Displacement at load draught (1,148 tons), Length of armored tower on fore and aft line (88 ft. 6 in.), Breadth of armored tower across ship, extreme (72 ft. 6 in.), Length of armored tower per se (96 ft. 0 in.), Breadth of armored tower (52 ft. 9 in.), Distance of stem from armored tower (170 ft. 0 in.), Thickness of sides of tower, including armor (3 ft. 3 in.).

Table with 2 columns: Description and Value. Includes: Thickness of iron armor on tower (1 ft. 7 in.), Height of centro of heavy guns above water line (32 ft. 8 in.), Height of top of tower above water line (30 ft. 0 in.), Height of upper deck above water line forward (25 ft. 0 in.), Height of upper deck above water line aft (23 ft. 0 in.), Height of upper deck above water line amidships (22 ft. 6 in.), Height between upper deck and battery deck (7 ft. 9 in.), Height between battery and second deck (7 ft. 9 in.), Height between second and armored deck (7 ft. 6 in.), Depth of lower deck below water line amidships at sides (5 ft. 6 in.), Depth of hold under lower deck (21 ft. 0 in.), Extension of ram beyond forward perpendicular (6 ft. 4 in.), Distance of point of ram below water line (5 ft. 6 in.).

MOTIVE MACHINERY.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Value. Includes: Number of engines (4), Number of cylinders (12), Number of propellers (2), Diameter of propellers (19 ft. 6 in.), Number of boilers (26), Number of furnaces—three to each boiler (78), Length of ship fore and aft occupied by engines, coal and boilers (250 ft.), Hull (5,000 tons), Armor of armored deck (1,200), Citadel (900), Ammunition shafts (246), Chimneys (552), Total weight of armor (2,898), Teak backing (114).

The boilers were designed and made by Messrs. Penn. The engines are two sets of the three-cylinder vertical inverted type, on each of the two screw propeller shafts, making twelve cylinders in all. Twelve of the boilers will be located in three groups aft of the engines, and fourteen in the three groups forward of the engines. The after boilers are placed sufficiently high above the keel to admit of the passage of the screw shafts under them. The engines are of the same type as have been supplied by Messrs. Penn to the Northampton and Agamemnon, the cylinders being of equal diameters, applied to cranks set at equal angles. The steam and exhaust valves are so arranged as to allow the engines to be worked either on the compound or non-compound system, as desired.

THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

The first public drill of the newly organized Life-saving Corps of the New York Fire Department took place in Printing House Square on April 15th, in the presence of a large crowd of admiring spectators. The corps was in two gangs of seven men each, under command of Second Assistant Chief Bonner, and under direction of Christopher Hoell, the instructor from St. Louis. First they brought out twelve scaling ladders and laid them in a row in front of French's Hotel. The ladders weigh about thirty pounds each, and vary in length from twelve to fifteen feet. The steps are ranged along one central pole. On the top is an arm of iron, which is hooked like the beak of a bird, and barbed on the under side. The ladders are made of hickory and strengthened with Norway iron. The men, who were young, agile and strong, each had strapped around the waist a wide canvas belt which contained a small pickaxe, a rope slide, and on the front a large spring hook. At a signal from Mr. Hoell the first gang seized their ladders and placed them against the front of the hotel. The head man then thrust the hook of his ladder into the window of the first story, and, having secured a firm hold on the sill, climbed up rapidly until he was on a level with the window. He then caught the spring-hook at his belt into the crook of his ladder and was thus held, his hands being left free. The second man passed up a ladder from below, and the head man hoisted it and caught it in the sill of the second-story window. Then, releasing his hook, he climbed to the second story, while the second ascended to the first story. The other firemen followed in turn with other ladders, and the head man ascended until he had reached the seventh floor. He entered the window there, and all the other men ran up the ladders, which hung in a continuous chain, and disappeared after him. Four minutes elapsed from the placing of the first ladder to the disappearance of the last man. At another signal the men climbed out of the windows, and running down the ladders, took stations at the different stories and passed the ladders down again. Ladders and men were all on the sidewalk in 3½ minutes. The second gang repeated this manœuvre in quicker time, going up in 3 minutes and coming down in 3 minutes.

THE CHAMPION ARMY RIFLE SHOT.

The distinction of being the champion army-shot of the world belongs to Lieutenant J. M. T. Partello, of the Fifth Infantry, United States Army. Lieutenant Partello is an Ohio man, having been born at the capital of that State, March 4th, 1854, but his parents removed to Washington two years later. He attended school there, and at eighteen was appointed a clerk in the War Department. When the American Rifle Team went abroad in 1874 and gained their victory over the Irish Team at Dollymount, he conceived the idea that he could shoot a rifle, and broached the subject to his

father; but he discouraged it in every way, and urged his son to devote his attention to the study of law. The young man complied, and graduated at the Columbian Law University. But the idea of becoming a rifleman could not be extinguished, and in 1878, his father having died, young Partello resolved to at least make the trial. He first bought a small rifle, and, after a little practice, found that he was quite right in thinking that he had a "knack" for shooting. Colonel Burnside, President of the Columbia Rifle Association of Washington, advised him to become a member of that association, and enter the lists as a candidate for membership on the team that was to represent Washington at Creedmoor in the Fall of 1878. He did so, came out number one in thirteen straight competitions for membership, and went to Creedmoor and won a number of matches there. In October, 1878, he made the best record for long-range shooting in the world, scoring 224 points out of a possible 225 at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, the weapon used being a Remington long-range rifle. About this time the officers of the army began to awaken to the importance of the soldiers learning to use their arms, and President Hayes commissioned Mr. Partello an officer of the army, in recognition of his excellent record as a marksman. His duties since then have always been to instruct the line in the use of their arms. Last August Lieut. Partello entered the contest for the Department of Dakota prize, and won it, General Terry presenting the gold medal and announcing that the young lieutenant stood at the head of the 4,500 officers and men in that department. From this contest he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth in September following, to compete for the great division of the Missouri medal, which he won after a hard contest over the pick of the 1,500 troops in that military division. This was the seventeenth prize which he had received for rifle marksmanship.

Lieutenant Partello ascribes his success to the fact that on entering the service he dropped the sporting rifle, and devoted his attention to the military service rifle, until now he understands it probably better than anybody else. His whole duty in the army is as inspector of musketry, and he has charge of the rifle ranges, etc., at Fort Keogh, Montana, the largest post in the army. Lieutenant Partello has won his own way, and his success is in every way creditable to him.

W. C. BRYANT AS A JOURNALIST.

To those who know anything of journalism it is idle to speak of Mr. Bryant as a great journalist. His range of knowledge was not wide, his judgment was frequently unsound, and he had not the rhetorical gifts which commend opinions to the acceptance of a large audience. It was characteristic of the man that while he imagined himself to be a purist in the writing of English and prepared a list of errors which were to be rigorously excluded from the columns of his newspaper, his private letters, and published writings were thickly strewn with solecisms which had escaped his imperfectly instructed eye. Few men whose judgment upon the matter is deserving of respect will deny that the journal with which his name is associated was less skillfully edited under Mr. Bryant's guidance, than it subsequently was in the hands of his son in law, or than it now is under the present management. The author of "Thanatopsis" was never able to give his newspaper a large circulation, but its advertisements proved lucrative, and his profits from this source ultimately brought him a handsome income.—(N. W. Hazeltine in New York Star.)

A DARING RIDE.

The most conspicuous act of reckless courage I ever saw displayed on any battle field during our great civil war occurred at the second battle of Manassas on the 30th of August 1862. It was performed by a Federal artilleryman in the presence of both armies, and was witnessed by at least 1,000 men, many of whom are still living and can readily recall the incident when reminded of the circumstances. Just as Hood's men charged down the hill near the Henry House upon the first Federal line, and it became evident he would capture the battery stationed there, a Federal artilleryman determined to save one of the cannon, if possible, and to do so he had to take it up the side of the ditch in front of the Confederates for half a mile. The ditch was four feet wide and as many deep, and could not be crossed with the cannon. How he got his horses hitched or whether they had really ever been taken from the piece I never have known, but the first I saw of him he was coming up our front in a sweeping gallop from the cloud of smoke and Hood's men were firing at him. As soon as he escaped from that volley he came in front of our brigade and under range of our muskets on the left and as he swept on up the line a file fire was opened upon him. Our line was approaching the ditch rapidly at a double-quick and the lasso between us and the ditch was getting narrower each second, but the artilleryman seemed determined to save his gun from capture and he flew along his course at a tremendous rate of speed. He had four large gray or white horses to the cannon and they came up the valley in splendid style. The man sat erect and kept his team well in hand, while his whip seemed to play upon the flanks of the leaders and all four horses appeared to leap together in regular time. The ground was very

dry and a cloud of dust rolled out from under the horses' feet and from the wheels of the cannon as they came thundering along.

Three regiments of our brigade had already fired at him as he rushed along their front and as he approached the left of another I ran down the rear rank shouting to the men: "Shoot at the horses! Let the man alone and shoot at the horses! You are firing too high!" At this I saw a noted marksman in Company F drop upon one knee and sight along the barrel of his musket and fire, but on came the man and the gallop of his team was unbroken. Ramming in another cartridge the marksman was ready again in a minute and just as the cannonier swept across his front within 100 yards, he knelt down and taking deliberate aim at the foremost horse fired again, but on went the team unharmed as before. Thus he passed along the whole front of our regiment and then along another on our right and escaped around the head of the ditch and across the field and up the hill beyond. As far off as we could see him his team was still going in a gallop, but when out of range on the hill beyond the ditch he turned in his saddle, and, taking off his hat, waved it around his head several times and some of the Confederates cheered him.

At least 500 men fired at that Yankee gunner, and I have often wondered if he escaped death in the subsequent battles of the war and lives to tell of the fearful gauntlet he ran along the front of a whole brigade of Confederates firing at him.—(Capt. H. T. Owen in Philadelphia Times.)

HOUSEHOLD ART HINTS.

There is nothing about a home that makes it so cheerful and healthful as an open fireplace. The fireplaces of the past were cheery, delightful, dirty, warmth-givers. The modern arrangement is a thing of beauty and joy, from its desirability and cleanliness. A mantel of tile of a low tone presenting harmony, contrast, or carrying out the key-note of color in a room is far more artistic and less expensive than one of marble. A corner mantel and fireplace is also very effective.

A ceiling should be the lightest of decorations. One should have, in looking at it, the illusion of an horizon opening to the sky.

One of the most prevalent errors in regard to the ornamentation of the dining-room is that the decoration should be suggestive of the purpose for which the room is used. With this idea the walls are covered with hunting scenes and fruit pieces. In short, wherever the bewildered guest turns he is confronted by food, food everywhere, forcing him to remember that he is in a room for eating alone.

The custom of painting "dove saucers" is being revived. It was once greatly in vogue. It consists of painting the likeness of the lady or gentleman in whom one is most interested. Jugs, plaques or other articles may be similarly ornamented.

The revival of art needle work began in 1872. It was brought about by some ladies of rank, with the Princess Christian at their head. They established a school of art needle work in a house in Sloane street, London. It had two objects in view: To furnish employment for impecunious gentle women, and to restore needlework to the high place it once held among the decorative arts. From the earliest times it has been considered the most suitable employment for women. We read of "the divers colors of needlework in the Bible, in the Iliad and Odyssey. Penelope's never ending labor appeals to the imagination with an ideality of poetry. Various articles of furniture can be richly ornamented by needlework. Screens, piano covers, hangings to place back of piano, all can be decorated in an endless variety of designs. Mirrors are now largely put into worked frames. Curtains of serge, diagonal cloth, silk sheeting, felt, plush, Canton flannel, all can be beautified by embroidery. Hand-made linen is considered the best for outline work, panels and designs of figures. The work is done with bobbin silk, twist silk, flosselle creme, Japanese gold and whatever materials the worker finds desirable.

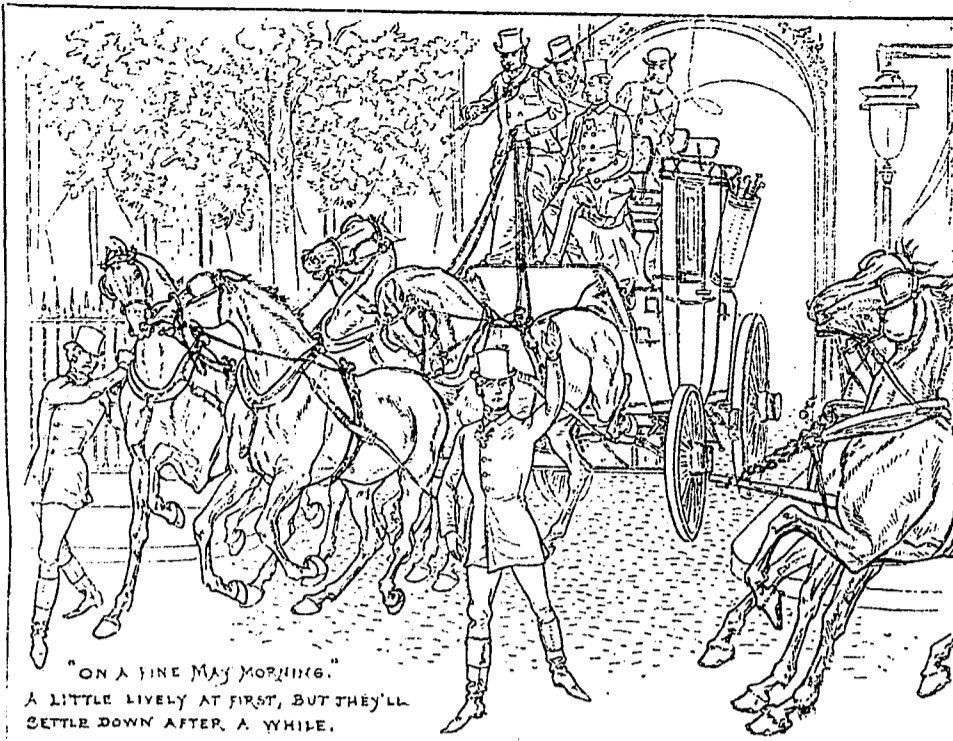
Screens are one piece of furniture on which the tastes and individuality of those who use them can be the most displayed. There is no other article which gives such scope for the exercise of home talent, and none where the range of expense is so varied.

Very handsome effects are obtained by the use of applique designs upon curtains and chair covers.

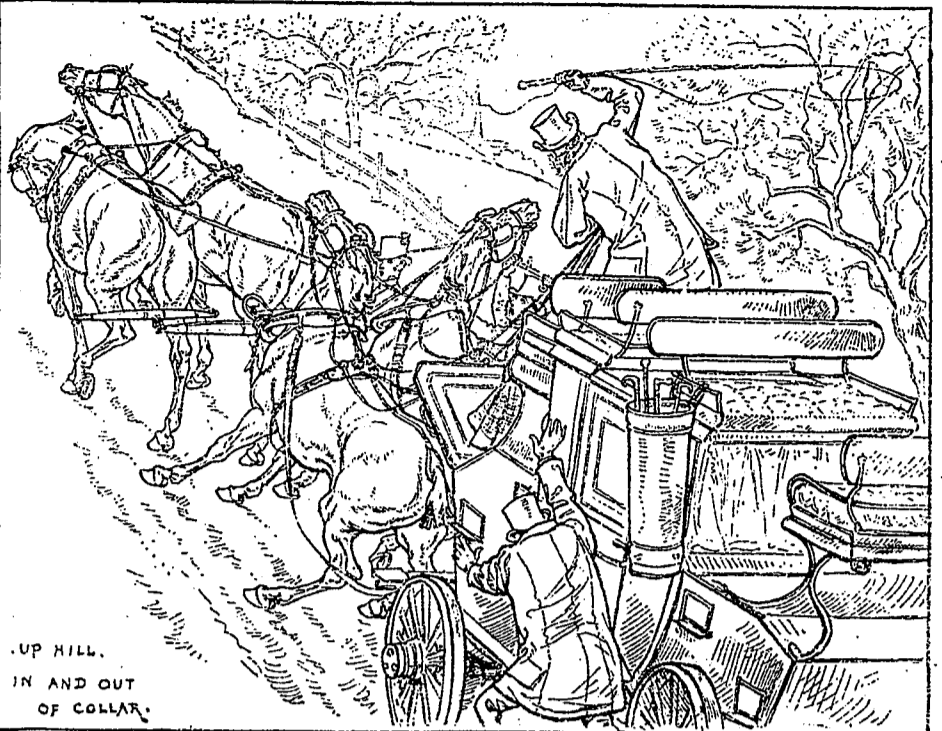
REAPPEARANCE OF THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

The reappearance of the star of Bethlehem is predicted by astronomers for this year or the next. On November 11th, 1572, Tycho de Brahe discovered a star in Cassiopea which equaled Sirius, and even Venus, in brightness, for a month, and then fell back into its former insignificance. Conjecture sought to establish a connection between this ephemeral phenomenon and two similar apparitions in 1264 and 945. A not unnatural inference was that the same increase in volume of this remarkable star occurred before 945, and the date of the Nativity. This star is now again due.

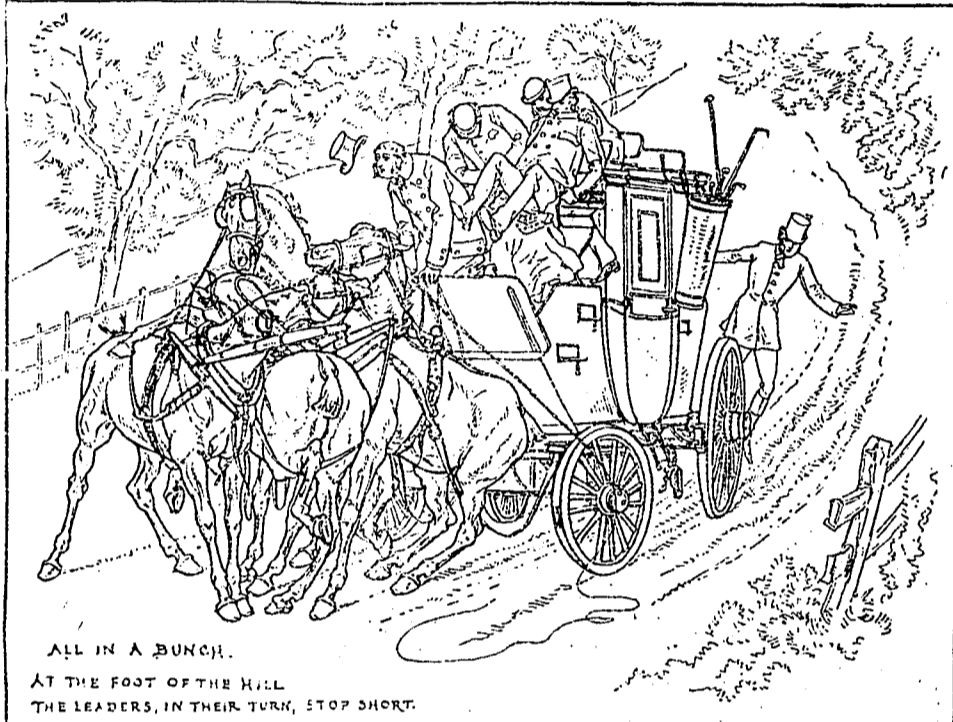
The latest story is that of a man who can heat a bucket of water in ten minutes by just sticking his nose into it. That's easily accounted for—his nose has got a boil on it.



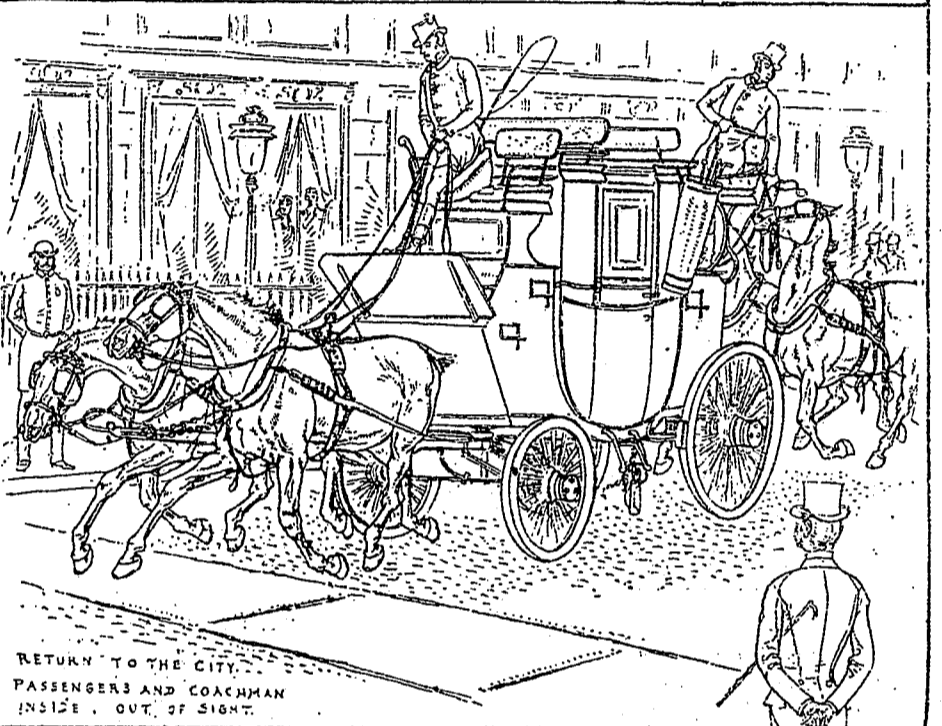
"ON A FINE MAY MORNING."  
A LITTLE LIVELY AT FIRST, BUT THEY'LL  
SETTLE DOWN AFTER A WHILE.



UP HILL.  
IN AND OUT  
OF COLLAR.

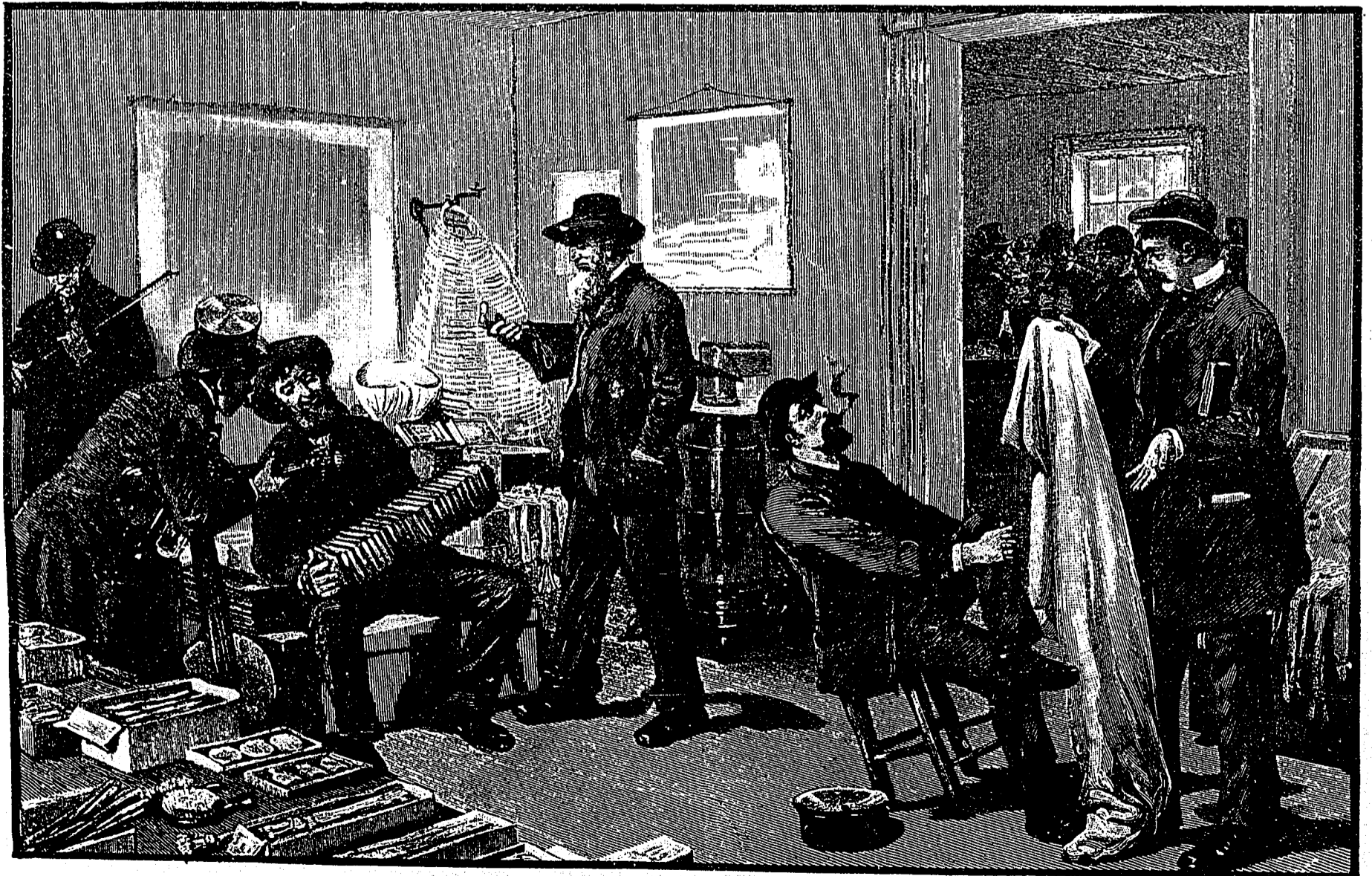


ALL IN A BUNCH.  
AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL  
THE LEADERS, IN THEIR TURN, STOP SHORT.

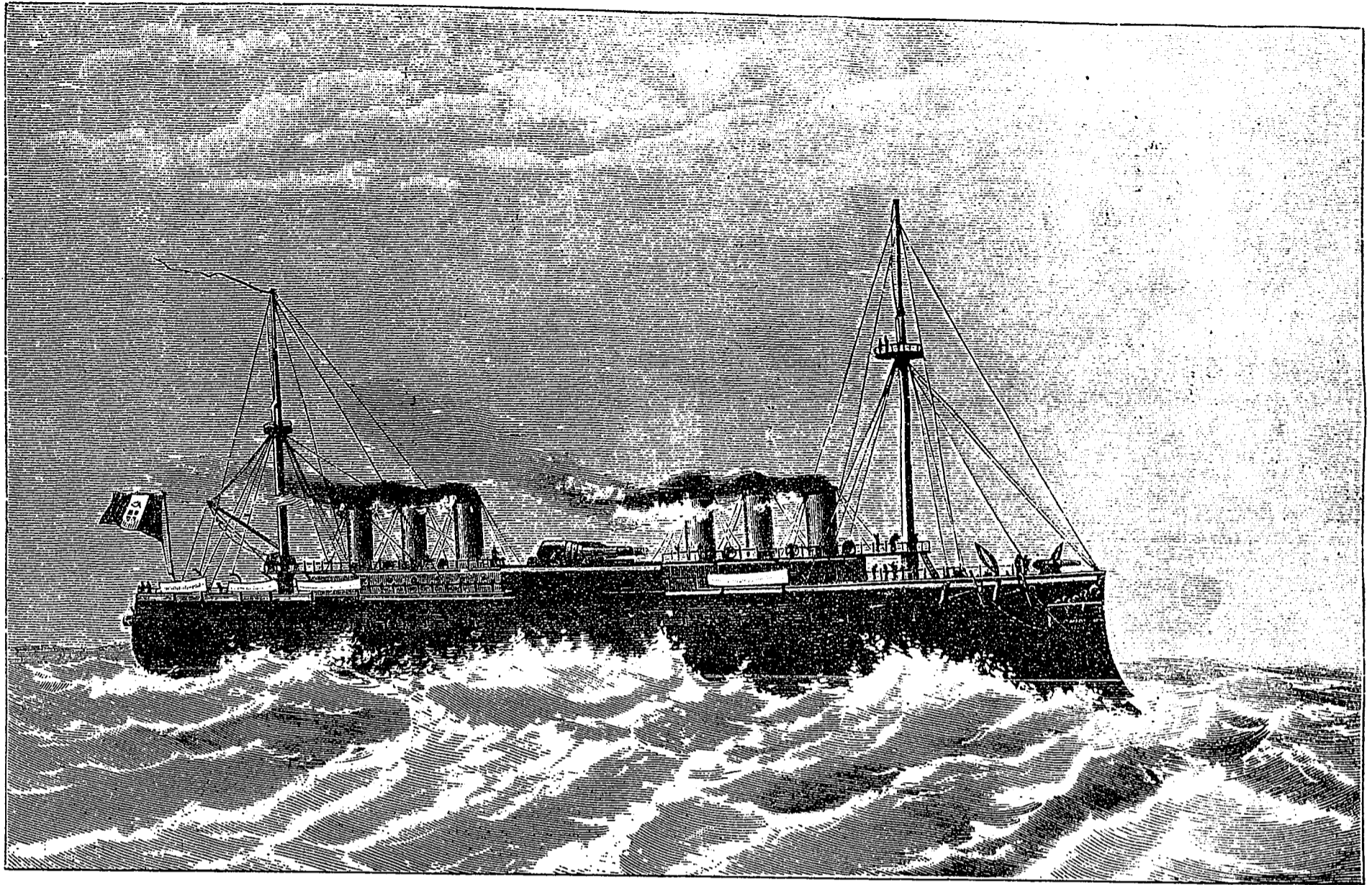


RETURN TO THE CITY.  
PASSENGERS AND COACHMAN  
INSIDE, OUT, OF SIGHT.

PLEASURES OF THE ROAD WITH A SCRATH TEAM.



THE DRUMMERS' ROOM IN A WESTERN HOTEL.



THE NEW ITALIAN IRONCLAD *LEPANTO*.



THE PANTHEON AT ROME.

## A GENTLE LITTLE LADY.

(Villanelle.)

A gentle little lady, with melting eyes of blue,  
Kissed me in a dream at the middle of the night,  
How happy would I be if my dream came true!

The moon through the window a silver lustre threw  
When the lovely vision rose like a seraph on my sight,  
A gentle little lady, with melting eyes of blue.

I dreamed that she loved me, and all my sorrow flew  
Far away, like a bat, at the dawning of the light,  
How happy I would be if my dream came true!

And as she bent above me it seemed to me I knew  
Another who possessed each charm and beauty bright,  
A gentle little lady, with melting eyes of blue.

But my sorrow soon returned, for the moments were  
But few,  
She lingered there before me in a radiance of white;  
How happy I would be if my dream came true!

Oh, sweetheart, I will whisper the secret now to you;  
Yours was the presence that put my care to flight,  
A gentle little lady, with melting eyes of blue;  
How happy I would be if my dream came true!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

## A NORTHMAN'S STORY.

BY MRS. FARR, AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX,"  
"ROBIN," ETC.

I.

On the coast of Norway, half-way between Stavanger and Bergen, among the many light-houses which mark the spots of especial danger, not one stands more conspicuous than Folgrounes, a little north of that broken line of reef which stretches out from Volø.

Bare, wild, desolate, the sight of a human habitation on that lonely rock seems to send through the beholder a shudder—there, on the very summit crowning its pinnacle, stands the light-house, and by its side the long white-painted dwelling of those whose duty it is to keep the light in order.

Except for the railed-round walk, levelled to keep watch from, every inch of ground must be scrambled over, and a line of staples driven into the rock points the almost sheer descent to where a boat lies sheltered below.

Seldom do the elements favor the wishes of those who feel a curiosity to land here; and it is mostly due to necessity or misadventure that the spot is ever visited by a stranger. Should chance in either form have carried one there, he would not long ago have been brought face to face with two whose lives by a strange fatality seemed linked together, Henrik Larsen and Nils Kroll.

Though near of an age the one to the other, while Larsen's hair was already gray, his face lined, and his heavy figure slouched and bent down from the shoulders, Kroll's still youthful-looking face met your gaze with a frank cheery smile; he was possessed of a fund of good humor, and his movements were quick and active as becomes a smart sailor.

"What made you come here, Nils? What makes you stay?" were questions I had kept on my lips ever since I first saw him, and some years had gone by since then, each season bringing me to Norway to the same neighborhood, when certainly once during my stay I contrived to pass a day—sometimes lengthened into two or three—with my friends the two light-house men.

At first Larsen would only growl a reply to me, but about the third year—seeing that my determination not to leave without seeing them made me run a risk of considerable danger—his mood softened, and, after his sombre fashion, he deigned to bid me welcome. Nils' pleasure in my company was very outspoken, and steadily increased as we got to know each other better. In his early days he had spent some time in England, and though by every opportunity I had, through magazines and newspapers, I tried to quench his thirst for knowledge, much more satisfactory to him than reading was my presence and the intercourse we held together.

Larsen usually took advantage of my being there to have a fit of "the shivers," only a pretext for Nils enjoying my company unrestrainedly, as whatever there was to do he did it. Nothing would have given him greater offence than for Nils to disturb himself in any way.

"I talk it all over with him after," Nils would say; "and that's what he likes—if he ever listens to what's going on it must be in his own way."

I smiled. Time had taught me how attached to each other these men were; the causes which bound them still remained a mystery.

There are occasions when confidences seem begotten by the atmosphere; the sun, the sky, the moaning wind, each brings an influence to bear. Nils and I, sheltered in a hollow—where, dropped in the rock, we could stand leaning our elbows on a ledge in front of us—were watching the departing glories of a northern sunset. It was late in the season. I was homeward bound, the next day was the day of parting. I had seized the opportunity of unusually calm weather to pay an extra visit to Folgrounes while waiting for the steamer which would put in for me on its way to Stavanger.

A few hours before, when all around was calm and still, Larsen—to whom croaking became as natural as a raven—predicted that there would

be more wind, and now the clouds broken up in fleecy masses over the sky promised that the morrow would bear truth to his prophecy. The edge of each cloud was a golden setting which deepened and spread out toward the fiery orb already slowly sinking.

I do not know how long we had stood silent—we were both smoking—when, as well as I can remember, for the first time I heard Nils sigh heavily.

"I fear, my poor fellow," I said, "this half imprisonment is often very irksome to you."

He shook his head, but in a way that did not quite answer me, and suddenly I found myself asking why he had come, what had brought him there, and he was saying, "I'll tell you. I should like you to know, what nobody else has ever heard, my story—which means the story of us two. Henrik"—and he nodded back to the light-house where Larsen was trimming the lamp—"and I were both born in Bergen, and from childhood there ran the streets together. What made us such close chums I don't know, for his people were more well-to-do than mine; he had a father living, I but a widowed mother. Besides this, he was three years older—something important that in the age of boys; and then the difference in our dispositions, nothing could be wider. He was shy and retiring, called sullen because he did not speak, and obstinate when he would not give way. Somehow I could generally manage him, and coax him out of any ill-humor; and not seeing his faults, as others named them, he obtained a great influence over me. I worshipped his resolution and his courage to endure, and looked on him as a hero because, though his father might thrash him within an inch of his life, he could not make him give in.

"Old Larsen was an ill-conditioned, violent man; and all the family, it seemed to me, except Henrik, were like him. There was little peace in the house, so Henrik took to spending his evenings with me; my mother, because he was attached to me, made him welcome, although on a few occasions he drew on himself her displeasure by betraying jealousy.

"While still a very young lad, with my mother's apron string not loosened round me, it became necessary that I should part from her. A shipmate of my father's came over from North Shields. He was in want of a boy, and he made an offer for me. To be turned into sailors seemed to me then the sole reason why boys were brought into the world. All my companions, their fathers, the men we knew, were connected with the sea. How was it possible to have any other ambition? My heart was filled with joy to think I was about to enter on this life. I knew of only two regrets: I had to part from my mother, and Henrik was not going with me. Old Larsen had other views for him; he meant to place him with a cousin who was a fish salter.

"That first rough apprenticeship was the beginning of my picking up the English I know, and it served me in good stead when I got back again to Bergen and was looking about for something better to do.

"Four years I had been absent, and it seemed as if it could not have been more than a day, for all was as I left it. I knew the people I met in the streets, although not one of them remembered me; the wares in the shop windows looked still familiar, and Mother Olsen, sitting in the Torv Almendingen under the steps of Handelsmand Dybvad's house, had the same horns of currants and tied-up sticks of cherries, and was knitting away at the long leg of a stocking just as I left her.

"I quickened my steps home, because the tears would come into my eyes—all my life though they've played me that nasty trick of getting suddenly watery. My mother, I asked myself—will she recognize me?

"One of the first questions I put after freeing myself from her embrace was, 'And Henrik, where is he?'

"Very little letter-writing had been kept up between us while I was away. Mother, with four of them younger than me to work for, had too much to do, and I was a slave, kicked and driven by everybody. It was the usual fate of a collier boy in that day.

"Henrik has left Bergen. His father is mad against him. He has run away.' Where, she did not know, only he had gone to sea, 'to seek you,' she added, 'for he has never had another friend.'

"No more had I; but then, a stranger in a foreign land, I had no opportunity; Henrik had many. His constancy flattered my vanity, which, as I dare say you have seen, is a weak point with me.

"That evening I set to work to find him out, and very soon I was put on his track; so that, having got a berth on board a Hamburger detained in Bergen for repairs, at Hamburg I came upon him, and it was not long before he joined our ship's company, and thus the intimacy of our boyhood was restored.

"By this time I could not help seeing that Henrik had grown into a queer kind of chap; not that I had anything to complain of, excepting through his jealousy. No matter who it might be—old, young, man, dog (we had not the chance of its being a woman in those days), if they liked me he hated them, and would go to work at scheming how he could set us one against the other.

"Lots of chaps wanted to chum with me. Not one cared for Larsen. I cannot quite tell why. If he was rough and surly, so were they; at least the most of them. Still, by common consent he was treated as an outsider—seldom noticed, never confided in.

"Strange as it seems, this did not appear to give him so much pain as it gave me; and, to my surprise I soon noticed that while they might slight or annoy him without rousing his anger, I had but to show the most trivial preference for anybody to throw him into a fury. A slavish affection is certain to become irksome, and I was beginning to fret under the gall of its fetter when, we having by this time reached Monte Video, I fell sick of the fever.

"It was desperately hot weather, and we were taking in hides for our cargo, the sun beating down on our heads, so that you had to gasp for every breath. Stupid, foolhardy, with no knowledge of danger, because precautions interfered with my pleasure, I refused to take them; and being struck down senseless was the penalty. It was then Henrik showed his devotion. He deserted from the ship rather than leave me, and sold and spent everything he had until he was left with not much more than the shirt on his back in his endeavors to pull me through. It was to his care I owed my life, and tears in great drops rolled down his cheeks the first time I was able to speak to him in my usual way. After I had once answered the helm I went along with my head to wind and was soon all right again; but, with no respectable clothes and our money gone, the two of us had a roughish time. We were forced to work at whatever came to hand— from serving liquor at a bar to doing the dirty bidding of a nigger-driver.

"At last, through hanging about the port, we stumbled across a Norwegian whose ship hailed from Nieuwediep. Its captain was a Dutchman, and having listened to our story, which we told him truly, he believed us, advanced money for our clothes, and took us aboard with him, though she was a leaky old tub, and not the sort of craft we had been used to. Out of gratitude we stayed by her the whole trip, returned in her, and soon found our way back to Norway. I went home, but Henrik didn't care to face his family, so we parted at Christiania, where he entered on board a coaster, and I soon after found a similar berth in another.

"I was very well satisfied with my position; but though we found opportunities to meet frequently, Henrik was discontented. He made a grievance that I did not care to be with him, and so constantly worried me, that at length one evening when we had met at Stavanger and were ashore there, I gave him a promise that I would look out for a foreign-going ship in which we could again be together.

"Delighted that he had gained his point, he became, for him, quite jovial. Nothing would do but we must have an extra glass to drink luck to the undertaking, and afterward we strolled down to the landing-place and stood smoking.

"On an evening like this I can always bring that long past one back to me. Again in my ears sounds that voice; I strain them to catch its melody.

"Listen! I said to Henrik, 'they are singing,' and I motioned him to go closer up to the house, through whose open windows the music reached us. Two persons were singing, the voices of a man and a woman; one of them played an accompaniment on a guitar. Even now I cannot tell what spell fascinated me, but after the song had stopped, I pushed Henrik away. 'Wait,' I said, 'perhaps she'll sing again.' 'There are two of them,' was his reply. There might have been a dozen, I listened but to one, the notes of a voice that had entranced me.

"At twelve o'clock that night my vessel left Stavanger to continue on its journey, and as we slowly steamed away I fixed my eyes on the house and made a promise that, on our return, I would find out who was the singer. But some months went by and I had not found my opportunity, though by that time I had contrived to pick out the air, all but two or three bars which always baffled me. One evening at Laurvig I had gone into the wood expecting to meet Henrik, whose vessel started from there. The townsfolk were flocking up to hear the band; I loitered among the trees expecting him to overtake me. Suddenly all the blood in my body rushed to my head—I heard the song, it was sung by the same singer. Half a dozen steps brought me close behind the group—three young girls: they were walking hand in hand together.

"Hush! Signe,' said one mischievously, 'somebody is listening,' and turning they were brought face to face so close to me that we all burst out laughing. Among our class of life in this country our manners are free; those who have a fancy for each other need not be kept silent for lack of introduction. Within half an hour of that moment we were all the best friends. I had been told by them who they were, and in turn they knew what there was to hear about me. When the other two had paired off with the young fellows whom we met on the way, I found courage—for I never felt so shy with any one before—to tell Signe how at Stavanger I had listened to her song, and how ever since it had haunted me. Yes, she had but lately returned from Stavanger, where she had been staying with a friend; her home was Laurvig. She was an orphan, but her mother, just before dying, had married again, and she was given a home by her step-father. Talking earnestly together we soon lost her companions, and did not meet them again; as for poor Henrik, I had forgotten all about him.

"Well, that night, the forerunner of many others, left but one thought in my head—when, how, where, should I meet Signe? I loved her madly; the one question I was always asking myself was, 'Did she love me?' Henrik, to whom I confided my fears, scoffed at my timi-

dity. 'Why don't you ask her?' he would say, roughly. I did not for answer tell him how often I had tried, but that the words seemed to choke me. And so time went on. I had to leave Laurvig—I came back; again I went away. Sometimes Henrik and I met, sometimes I missed him; when I did so the fault was mine. With Signe I wanted no other company.

"Falling in with him at Christiania, he surprised me with the news that an offer had been made him of a good berth. A captain from Bergen, whom he knew, was going a voyage to Valparaiso, and if he liked to take it, the post of third mate would be given to him.

"Well, of course you'll go?"

"I should if they had room for two," he said quietly.

"But come, old fellow—I stopped, not quite knowing how to put what I wanted to say. My love for Signe had changed me completely, and I saw that I had no right to allow him to miss this chance, when I meant to seize the first opportunity. Knowing his temper, I began speaking in a roundabout way; he anticipated me.

"I understand," he said. "You mean we needn't be so much together now? All right!" and he was turning away when he stopped. "Look here," he said, "do you care for the berth? If so, take it," and he wheeled himself round brusquely.

"But I was not going to let him part with me that way; for a whole hour I tried to win him to a happier humor, and in doing so opened out my heart and its desires, finally dealing a last fatal blow by saying, 'If I took your offer it would be because of Signe.'

"And it is because of her I make it to you."

"Ah! I said, with a lover's stupidity; 'at last you are beginning to like her, I know, for my sake.' But he stopped what I was saying by shaking me off roughly.

"If it's settled that you'll go," he said, "we'd best look up Jansen and ask him if he'll take you."

"And the result of this visit was that a month later I started for Valparaiso, the betrothed of Signe.

II.

"Never try to light a flame near a mine of gunpowder," Signe, with that desire for conquest which seems the thirst of woman's nature, although her heart was given to me, began striving to make Henrik her prisoner.

"I was not without blame in this matter; for, seeing her interested, I had amused her by relating instances of his almost savage jealousy; and now, when ostensibly by virtue of his trust—for I begged him to be a brother to her—he, in hopes of finding an occasion for slander, dogged her footsteps and followed her everywhere, the thought came that she would try if she had the power to make him love.

"People did not call Signe beautiful. I did not think her so myself, but her eyes, like her voice, haunted you. They were tender, deep, sad; they seemed to look down into your heart and leave their light there. Henrik always looked away from her; it is his habit, you know, more especially if he does not feel well disposed toward a person; and he hated Signe from his very soul, and, strange to say, quickly penetrated the game she was playing with him.

"I, who have been given the confidences of the two, know the fight that went on between them. The lapse of years makes our judgment clearer, and, in full possession of the misery wrought, I still have pity for them. 'Tis said that hate and love often lie closer than we dream they do. One moment Henrik was my friend, the next every barrier was dashed down and he had clasped Signe to his heart and called her his own.

"Poor child! until that time the love permitted to meet her eyes had run as a placid stream. Suddenly a torrent had overwhelmed her, and by its force carried her breathless away. Fear of the giant she had called to life sealed her lips, stopped her heart—another time she would find courage. When he was gone she would think of what to say. But as a snake with a frightened bird so Henrik's power was cast over Signe. She was no longer mistress of herself; a nature stronger than she had dreamed of held her at its mercy, and Henrik was mad; the love he now felt was a frenzy. Leave her! go, as I had done, for her to make a victim, and fall the prey of some other? Sooner would he have carried out the temptation often present to his mind of jumping with her into the seething waters and thus securing his possession forever; and Signe dreamed as much and the heart in which I still was imaged died away within her. Another influence, too, was brought to bear. Her stepfather, desirous of getting married himself, urged Henrik's suit, and the unhappy one, not daring to confess the truth, that it was through her coquetry this savage love had been born, advanced fifty excuses, but never the right one.... They were married.

"I had been gone eighteen months, and, driven desperate that I had never been written to by either of them, I was preparing to leave my ship and get some berth in a homeward-bound one, when a former shipmate met me. He had a sister at Laurvig, and she had written to him.

"So you have lost your sweetheart," he said; "and a precious good riddance I should say, since she has taken up with Larsen."

"Larsen! Oh, has she?" Not I, but my lips were speaking; they were making a brave effort for me.

"My sister writes they're soon to be married, too."

"Did I answer? I don't know. The next thing I remembered I was far away out of the town, by myself—alone, where I could roll on the ground, tear up the earth and call aloud, 'Signe! Signe!'"

"Alas, rage is very impotent, and when it is over there follows dumb misery, harder to bear because it must be hidden. I never doubted but what I had been told was true. In spite of the efforts I had made to cheat myself into a brighter mood, for months there had been hanging over me the certainty of coming evil; but not through Henrik. In my thousand speculations not a doubt of him had ever crossed my mind."

"Oh, Signe! I, who had been reckless and spendthrift, how I saved and hoarded for you! There was a gay-colored silk shawl, some flowers made from the feathers of birds, white coral, shells, a trinket or two, and the money I had put by. Twenty times I spread out all before me, asking myself 'What shall I do with all this—this, that was meant for her?' and I ended by making it into one parcel and writing on it Signe's name. And I looked about to find a ship going to Norway, and then I entrusted it to the keeping of some one who promised to have it safely delivered to her."

"God help the man who is struck by such a blow when alone and friendless in a foreign land; if he is not to seek death he must find destruction."

"I pass over the next four years of my life, to blot out which I would willingly forfeit half of that which remains to me."

"I had long since left my ship and had entered on board a Chilean one trading between Valparaiso and Rio Janeiro. I was first mate of this vessel, and the crew, grown familiar with a recklessness which they called courage, all obeyed and most of them looked up to me. We were making for the port of Concepcion, some three hundred miles from Valparaiso. It was moderately fair weather, and we calculated that in another couple of days we should reach there; but the night set in cloudy, and in spite of there being a moon the darkness thickened round us. Gradually a heavy fog spread over and hung low on the water, hiding from our sight the silent and terrible rollers, the first warning of which was the fury of one breaking into the ship and drenching to the skin every soul on board of her. Taken aback by the shock, had not the captain from experience been thoroughly familiar with the coast, our situation would have been an awkward one; as it was we felt anything but secure until about ten on the following morning, when, the wind freshening a little, the haze cleared away and every man breathed more freely. There was nothing now to do but keep the vessel on her course. The captain went below leaving the charge to me. Some time passed by, and then I believe, although I could never quite ascertain, some one went to rouse him."

"He came on deck to find that in his absence I had managed that the ship was being steered straight into land again. I don't attempt to describe his anger. To estimate such an error one must be a seaman, and I had not a word to say in defence of a mistake which was inexplicable to myself."

"He was still enlarging on the disaster which my carelessness—might have led us into, when we were silenced by the cry of something in sight—a ship—and in distress, seemingly; and by the aid of the glass we could see, not far from a towering rock, a vessel which the terrible surf had carried over the shoal and half embedded in the sand. Into my mind leaped the thought that there was the solution of the puzzle—to get aid for these poor fellows was the reason I had blundered. If help was to be given I would give it. Only waiting until we got near enough to get a better view, I put the question to the captain. 'Yes, I could go if any of the rest would go with me.' I asked them—made a sort of speech—and he whose hand must have ruled the helm helped me, so that with one voice they shouted 'Yes.'"

"I must pick my crew," I said; and I singled out six men, and the rest helped us to get out the boat, and we started on our way while the captain brought the ship to lie-to as the breakers would permit."

"While reading of wrecks and the many men saved from them, I have asked myself how was it I could remember so little of that time of danger. Truly, I can only tell you that we reached the ship; that my first question was, had they any sick or hurt among them; if so, they must be lowered first, then the youngest and least experienced. The boat was thus filled. We left, reached our own ship, and with better heart than before set off back again for those who were waiting us. I had not left them without swearing a promise that not one should be left behind; but about halfway there came over us a dread that saps the courage of the stoutest sailor. Following us we perceived three sharks, and the men who had voluntarily braved the anger of the waves trembled in every limb at the sight of these monsters of the deep. There was a common pause. I pulled out the revolver I had with me and pointing said, 'The first who stops pulling I shoot dead.' My resolution steadied them; they gave way with all their strength, and the faint sound of a cheer told us how we were gaining ground."

"Between fatigue, exposure, and the extra amount of drink they had taken, for, as far as I could guess, few among the crew were quite sober, the task of getting the men from off the

ship was not an easy one. Floating timber, spars, rigging, threatened with each roller to swamp us, and by the time the last man was in the boat I felt pretty nigh exhausted. I made a pause while word was passed asking if they were all there. The captain, with several others, in trying to throw a line on to the rock had perished before we reached them. The answer came, 'Yes;' but with it a doubt seized me. Stupefied as they seemed, could I trust them? Seizing my moment, I rushed forward. There at the door near the cabin a man was lying prostrate, his face hidden. 'Dead drunk,' I thought; and my hand was on him when he sprang to his feet. It was Larsen. 'Off with you; leave me,' he cried savagely. 'I'll not be beholden for life to you.'

"Please yourself," I growled, turning away. 'Take that to Signe,' and a canvas money-bag was thrown after me; 'tell her if I forced her to marry me, it is by own free act I make her a widow now.'

"My heart gave a great leap, but the same instant I felt its bound make me a murderer. I took a step forward, and pointed my revolver so that its muzzle all but touched him. 'I won't leave you here living,' I cried. 'Come with me or I fire.'

"Fire."

"His lips said the word—no sound escaped them. The effort he was making was greater than he had strength to endure, his face blanched as in death, his body fell together, he gave a stagger so that I caught him by the throat, dragged him along, and we stumbled and fell one on the top of the other into the boat, where he lay senseless as a log. For a few minutes I was stunned, but quickly recovering we made all speed back to the ship, where, to the astonishment of all, I laid claim to Henrik. 'I know him,' I said. 'I'll look after him; help me to take him to my cabin.'

"The history of the ill-fated ship we had rescued these men from was one that is very common. She was bound from Rio with a heavy cargo, taken hastily on board and clumsily stowed by a crew made up of men of all nations. The captain who had lost his life, judging from the report given, was a brave fellow, but unable to maintain discipline. At the first show of danger there had been a general rush to the spirit store, which, although guarded by Larsen—whom they described as a Northman who had only joined lately—they forced and drank until there was not a sober one left among them. Many were hurt and needed looking after. We had no doctor; the sole charge of Larsen was handed over to me. I need not enter into the details of his illness—a fever with great brain disorder, haunted and tortured by images of Signe and of me. Long before the moment when, reason suddenly returning so that he believed he was dying and wished to make a clean breast of it, I was in possession of how he had sinned and how they both had suffered; the reproaches she had heaped on him, the love she had withheld from him, the ever-gnawing agony of the demon jealousy. At length it became insupportable, and after a terrible scene he had left her, vowing that until he found death he would keep away. His object in getting to Rio was to be somewhere near me, so that through him word might reach me whenever Signe should be free to marry. When it comes to holding converse under the shadow of death, we go very straight to the point, and that day, when, worn out with much speaking, Henrik let himself fall back, to take, as he believed, his last sleep, not a trace of anger was left between us; no forgiveness had been asked, no repentance spoken of, but this full confession was accepted as freely as it was given."

"Well, you know, he recovered; in my turn I brought him back to life, and more, I sent him back to Signe. God is my witness that from that time I believe not a thought of jealousy existed between us. With a heart brimming over with satisfaction, I saw him set sail in the ship that was to carry him to Norway and to her. And from that hour, as if I had awakened from a hideous nightmare, I was a new being. At least I had never been wholly a bad fellow, and much of the folly I had plunged into, instead of distracting, disgusted me. By degrees my lost good temper, even my cheerfulness, came back, and by the time a year had passed I was cherishing thoughts of again seeing my home. It was true that at Bergen there was no good old mother to return to, but my sister and brothers still were there. In the letter Henrik had sent me after his arrival, he told me he had seen them, for he had been to Bergen to claim some money which, by the death of his father during his absence, had come to him. With it he meant to buy a share in a ship, of which he would be captain; and his only direct mention of Signe was, that when he again went to sea she wished to go with him. That seemed to speak well for their reconciliation. After that I heard no more from Henrik."

"I waited until the following spring before I left my ship, and then there was some delay in hearing of a homeward-bound one. Going down to the port one evening I met a friend."

"I've just left some one inquiring after you," he said. 'Larsen, the fellow who we all thought was going to die, you know.'

"Larsen! he here—what's he doing?"

"He's captain of a ship; he's got a share in her. They've come from Monte Video with hides, I hear."

"After that I was not long in meeting Henrik, who was ashore searching for me."

"Signe is with me," he said; 'she wants to see you.' I suppose I seemed to hesitate, for as

if to urge me he added, 'her health hasn't been good since her baby died. You won't refuse her?'"

"Oh, no." I wished though, all the same, that I could think of some excuse why I should not go. I did not want to have the flavor of this bygone history taked up again. The Signe, she whom I had loved, was dead—this one was now nothing but Henrik's wife to me. We got into a boat, and as we neared where the ship lay, Henrik broke into the midst of something I was telling him by saying, 'You mustn't think her ill; she'll soon be better now—she only looks thin.'

"Thin! This ghost, this shadow, with only the eyes left to remind me. Could it be Signe!—the Signe I had loved; the Signe I now knew had loved me!"

"Forgetting everything else, I flung myself down before her, and the tears poured from my eyes like water. I believe that not one of the three but knew what caused this outburst of sorrow, although each gave a different reason."

"You guess, don't you, that seeing they wished it, I joined them. Henrik was all anxiety to return home. In his opinion the sea did not agree with Signe. The weather, too, had set in warm; and heat, he said, always tried her. Alas! poor fellow, how pitiful were the poor devices he tried to veil the truth with!"

"That Signe was dying those who looked at her could not doubt; but to Henrik no one had ever dared to hint as much. Lose her now, just when he had gained her love! Fate could not be so cruel to him. So to me it was that Signe spoke openly, freely conversing of the time when she would no longer be with us. The hope of seeing Henrik and me reconciled to each other had been the strongest motive for her coming so far, and in the solemn talks we had together the sad past was laid bare."

"Henrik and I had so arranged our ship duties that it was not possible for us to be together with Signe; and both of us now felt this a relief. Daily she had grown weaker; she was not able to rise from her bed now. Every motion of the ship gave her such distress that, anxious as we were to get on, we had to lower the sails to stop the rolling. I think, at this time, his bitterest enemy must have felt compassion for Henrik. The unhappy fellow neither ate nor slept. Not a moment's rest did he give himself. Every one could see the agony he suffered; and yet, in the face of what was before him, he spoke as if there was still hope for Signe. We had on board with us one of those books about medicines which captains of vessels take to sea with them. In this he was forever searching for some fresh remedy; and because I would entreat him to let her be, he would turn fiercely on me, saying I did not care whether she was well or ill. What mattered it to me?"

"One evening as I sat by Signe's side watching—she had hardly moved or spoken that day—suddenly her hands stretched out. I turned and, looking on her face, I knew the moment for parting had come. Henrik! how should I get him? I dare not call his name for fear I might disturb her."

"Signe! I whispered; 'Signe, do you know me?' and I bent my face down to her, and the half-closed lids gave a quiver, and then the eyes opened, but not to look at me. The light that came into them was fixed above. A radiance spread over her face, and before its brightness faded the spirit of Signe had passed away."

"Henrik! I said, going on deck to him; but before I could add more, at sight of my face, he pushed past me, and was down in the cabin. At the threshold I caught hold of him. 'Nothing is of any more good now,' I sobbed. 'In an instant, without a struggle, before I could call you, it was all over. She did not speak. I don't know if she knew me.'

"I fancied this might calm him; but he flung himself forward, and, catching her in his arms, poured out a torrent of reproach on me. I had neglected her. Fool that I was, she had but fainted; it was a swoon! Hadn't I eyes? Could I not see? And he began rubbing her forehead, chafing her hands, calling on every one he could think of to help him. He would have the whole crew down to try and bring back the circulation of her blood. Life had often been restored—after hours he had seen people brought in as dead breathe and move and speak again. So to humor him—for they looked on him as mad—the men came and spent hours in their vain endeavor; and then one by one they stole away, and the poor stricken soul was left alone with her loved one."

"After that night Henrik allowed me to have my will. There was but one order he gave. Signe's body was to be carried with us to land; and then he shut himself up in the cabin where she had lain so long and paid no more heed to anything going on around. What would have happened to the ship had I not been on board her, I cannot think. Possibly he might have roused himself; I do not know. As it was, unless to take sufficient food to keep himself alive, he neither moved nor spoke."

"You know full well, I dare say, that sailors are counted very superstitious among men. Their solitary lives feed the imagination, so that they tack their faith to dreams, omens and apparitions. Presently it became foreboding talk among those on board several had seen the ghost of Signe. It was a sign, they said, that her spirit was not at rest, and unless her body was given to the sea some terrible disaster would most certainly overtake us. Vainly, to calm these rumors, did I tell them that though, each

night going to see that all was safe, I often stood for hours by the coffin's side, never once had she appeared to me. My words had no weight. Our carpenter lay sick; our boy, a favorite among the crew, fell overboard; the murmurs which until now had been but the rumble of a distant thunder, became distinct and audible, until I was told that no man had engaged with me; I was not the captain there, and unless what they demanded was carried out, they refused any longer to obey. Nothing remained but to tell Henrik, and one evening I went to his cabin, and, without preamble, repeated to him what the crew had bid me say. 'So we must bury her,' I added stolidly; for since she died no word of friendship or sympathy had been exchanged between us two; 'I have made all ready; no one will disturb us. Come with me.' And together we went."

"The moon shed its light over the water; myriad stars lit up the sky; reverently we lifted our burden, and then slowly lowered it down to the sea. Oh, the agony of that moment, when each waited for the other to let go! The hesitation passed swift as a flash of lightning; there was a splash; a cry wrung from the inmost souls of two men whose eyes met as they raised their bent heads, and sobbing fell each on the other's neck."

"Well, from that day Henrik and I have never crossed an angry look or word. We reached home in due time, but between one thing and the other, the cargo being next to spoil, the ship out of repair, all the money he had left him beside that which I had saved was gone. There were berths in plenty open to me, but nothing for him; the sorrow that had tried him so sorely had turned him into an old man, more feeble and bent down than you now see him. For me to leave him would, I saw, be worse than his death blow; it would cost him his mind. So that when through old Jacob Anders dying the *Kolgeroes* wanted fresh hands, heartily I thanked heaven for giving us this opening. I am very well off here, more contented than half the people you meet; and as for Henrik, only one place in his eyes will be better, and that is, if ever we should get aloft, there to live, and never again part from Signe."

ARTISTIC.

ALMOST the only really fine monument to Wellington was erected by his tenants. It stands near the London entrance to his old Hampshire home, and is of bronze, nearly nine feet high, representing him in the field-marshal's uniform.

ONE of the pleasantest pieces of Italian news is that relating to the Corsini Palace in Rome. The Government decided to purchase it and make of it a *palazzo delle scienze*,—a sort of Roman Somerset House. Depretis, with the Minister of Education, Torlonia (the Roman syndicate), the presidents of the *Accademia* and other scientific societies, met with Prince Corsini to complete the contract. The terms included the palace, with all the land adjoining as far as the Janiculum, the price paid being \$625,000. After the papers had been signed, the Prince informed the assembled parties that he made a gift to the new establishment of the Corsini library and gallery of pictures, both of great value.

VARIETTES.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS has finished his long-announced novel, and it will be published next month. It is chiefly remarkable for a strong study of a vivisectionist of the most gold-blooded type.

MR. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER begins his duties as editor of "The Drawer" in *Harpers Monthly* with the May number. The late Mr. W. A. Seaver had charge of this popular department of the magazine for many years.

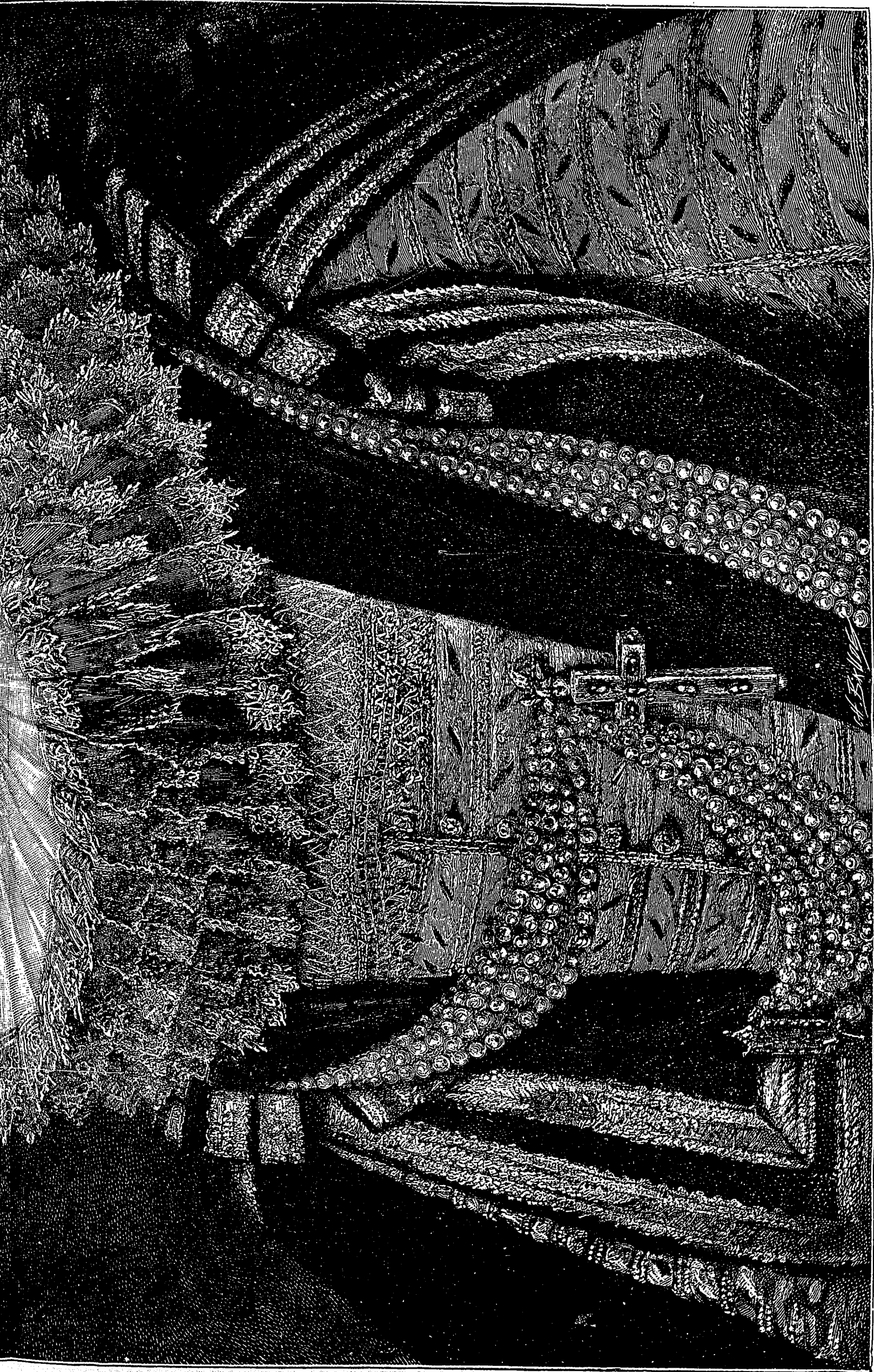
MR. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP is held at work on a new novel, "Newport," which will run through a half-dozen numbers of *The Atlantic*, beginning in July. It is, as its name implies, a sketch of life and society in the old Rhode Island capital. Mr. Lathrop proposes, it is stated, to make New York his permanent abiding-place.

SOLAR CANNON OF THE PALAIS ROYAL.—Strangers in Paris who have happened to be in the garden of the Palais Royal at noon on a fair day, will have noticed groups of persons watching intently at a not very conspicuous object in the garden, but all eyes seem turned towards it. The object which attracts their attention is a small cannon of antique pattern, which is automatically fired at midday by the arrangement of a sun glass so adjusted as to concentrate the sun's rays upon the priming powder, and produce an explosion at exact noon. Referring to this little cannon *L'Astronomie* says it dates from a greater antiquity than is generally known. It thundered during the Commune, under the Empire, during the days of '48, under Louis Philippe, under the Restoration, during the wars of the Grand Armees, during the guillotines of the reign of Terror, on the day when Camille Desmoulins harangued the people, under Louis XVI., under Louis XV. In his charming "Journey from Paris to St. Cloud, by Land and by Sea," published in 1751, Neel makes his young tourist regulate his watch by it. The pillar on which it is fixed stands at the point where, in 1641, a year before his death, Cardinal Richelieu established a bond between the manors of St. Honoré and of the Archbishopric.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.





A MASTERPIECE OF THE OLD FLEMISH SCHOOL.

THE COUNTESS NASSAU-SIEGEN BY P. MORELIZ.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1591—1671.

Down Devon's dales returning spring  
Brings timid larks that soar and sing,  
And buds on Hawthorne hedges;  
But there no songs like thine take wing  
Of love, and swains-a-shepherding  
And jovial Bacchic pledges.

As merry are thy laughing lays  
As his who gained Hipparchus' praise,  
And hymned the vine-god's glories;  
As his of glad Sicilian days,  
Ours who won Augustan bays  
By honey-sweet amours.

What loves were thine! First, Julia fair,  
E. throned in graces far more rare  
Than Grecian Antiope:  
Dianona, Eleonora share  
Thy rich regard, and thee in snare  
Had Silvia gay, and Chloris.

Thou sang'st of roses soft and sweet,  
Of lovers in bloom where lovers meet,  
Of amorous Anacrotis;  
Of dances led by fairy feet,  
The wassail, wake, the soft-eyed, neat  
Corinnae, and Phyllis.

Thine age was one of mighty men!  
Dung Wit with Wisdom married then,  
As later time confesses.  
Will Shakespeare, Bacon, rare old Ben—  
Can such a reign be known again  
As was the good Queen Bess?

We like thy friends of pastoral creed,  
To whom of thy thy blithesome reed  
Would raise the tried Phryges;  
Thy prophesy proves true indeed,  
O! praise thou hast a worthy need,  
Thy "pillar" still thy verses!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

LAFITTE'S HAND.

A STRANGE STORY FROM WESTERN TEXAS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

(Continued.)

It was here, where they hoped to rest, they found their enemy waiting. Waking one morning in the gray dawn, they found themselves surrounded by Bowie's Rangers. From the first moment Dick knew there was no hope of either victory or escape. If Lafitte, and a score of men like him, had been by his side, he would have made a fight for life or liberty, but the men around him were thieves, and not fighters. Mirijilla had disappeared, the rest hastened to procure indemnity by swearing they were merely Dick's Llano's hired men. Dick only accepted with a haughty silence the misfortune that had come upon him. Bowie himself was full of annoyance in facing his duty. He had long loved Kate Llano, and he wished with all his heart that Tom had escaped. But the men in his command were in a highly incensed state of mind. They had been called from home when their crops and cattle needed them, and all, more or less, were sufferers from these organized bands of horse-thieves. They were for hanging Dick at once.

"Give him a rope and a black-jack shrift," they cried, unanimously. Bowie's influence was strained to the utmost in order to get the majority to agree in carrying the culprit back to the settlements for a fair trial.

"If we hang him here his friends will say ugly things about our motives; besides, he only can give exact information as to the right owners of the animals," urged Bowie, and, after some disputing, the plan was accepted. Half a dozen picked men took charge of the prisoner and rode homeward with him. What a wild, weary ride to death it had been! Dick shuddered and shut his eyes many a time as he retraced his unfortunate steps.

His only hope was in Bram Bowie. This famous ranger was the very man to tie to in any trouble that did not involve guilt. As it was, Dick had seen his eyes fill, and his lips twitch, when he looked at him. If he had to die he thought he would like Kate to marry such a man; he thought it would be easy for any woman to love so handsome, and honorable, and brave a soldier. For Bram was one of those frontier heroes in whose faces the history of Texas may be read. He had been born on a battle-field, and reared in his solitary home in skill and craft against wild men and wild beasts, until he had eyes all round him, and ears like an Indian. And withal, his nature had a certain grand tranquillity, like the great windless depths of the Texas forests.

At length they reached the Colorado again. Dick looked sadly at the clear, sweet stream, which is said to draw back to it all who have once drunk of its waters. Two miles beyond it was Kate and home. He had been taken to Bowie's house, and was a watched prisoner in it.

"Bowie," said Dick, "I want to see my sister. Will you send for her?"

"I'll go myself, Dick. Dick, I am just about as miserable as you are; I wish to God there was anything I could do!"

"There is nothing, Bowie. You must do your duty. I wish I had done mine."

The man went out biting his lips, and when he returned Kate was with him. Oh, what a bitter meeting! What shame and sorrow and unavailing regret! Dick thought there was no

hope. Kate would not believe that. She knew that Bowie would do his best, and with all the men present she pleaded Dick's cause, until many a rough hand wiped gentle tears away. After Bowie had taken her home again, she determined to tell Africa, and under his protection ride around to all the adjacent ranchers and beg them on the morrow to be merciful. But Africa in some way had already divined the dismal news. She found him sitting on the floor of his cabin rocking himself slowly to and fro, with a stern, tearless face, equally wretched and hopeless.

"Taint no use, missec," he said; "I done see two dead men leave Mass'r Bram's house, and dem two dead men were my young mass'r and ole Africa."

Early in the morning the jury summoned the previous night assembled at Bowie's. Unfortunately for Dick, they were all men to whom horses represented the most solid interest of existence. Negroes were only born to take care of horses; corn and oats were only planted to feed them; pistols had been invented to defend them; God had made the prairies specially as a pasture for them. To steal a horse in these men's eyes was a crime to which murder or treason seemed venial in comparison. And Dick's daring and popularity, his skill in organizing raids, and his courage in carrying over the rider such large droves, had made him for three years a thorn in the side of the whole country west of the San Saba and the Red Fork. Without Dick Llano, Mirilda and Lafitte were useless; no men would work under them.

The sheriff of the county was there and read the letter already alluded to. Bowie spoke in a scathing manner of the disgrace of condemning men on anonymous information. "I would not hang the meanest cur I have because some cowardly villain wrote and said he had bit him, and then was afraid to put his name against the charge." Then he spoke of Dick's youth, and of the great services his father had done Texas in her early struggle for freedom. Finally, he offered to become security for his future good behavior. The man's speech, though hesitating, had that touching eloquence which profound emotion strongly controlled represents. Kate's beauty and sorrow and sisterly devotion added to the merciful sentiment; for a few moments after Bowie's speech it seemed probable that Dick's life would be spared. The men stood together in groups, talking in whispers, and old Africa watched them with a scorn and hatred he took no trouble to conceal.

The question was decided by the entrance of Lafitte. He came as a penitent, prepared to confess all, and more than all, if he could by any means compass Dick's death. He ignored Dick altogether, and addressed himself with a wily eloquence to the jury. He had important information to give about horses and horse-thieves, and he gave it. There was no longer any doubt as to the result. Only Bowie, of all present, refused to sanction the death-sentence. When Kate began to plead, the men, unable to endure her tears, left the room as solemnly as if death was already in it—all except Bowie and Lafitte. Perhaps it was because Bowie covered the exit of the latter with his pistol that he remained; but, as he felt himself compelled to resume his seat, he glanced at Dick with a stealthy, smiling hate that was hideous to see.

Bowie felt as if he could strangle the reptile, and Africa raised himself from the ground—where he had sat embracing his master's knees—and faced him. The negro was *possessed*, no one could doubt it. Bowie watched him in amazement; Lafitte shivered and cowered under the basilisk eyes which regarded him:

"*Cursed—cursed—cursed!*" the negro cried, in a hoarse whisper, "now am I for eber! You wrote dat letter, *you did*, and I see *gwine to cut de right hand off you!*" And as he spoke he drew his keen hunting-knife and rushed up on the traitor. Bowie felt as if he was in a dream; for a moment the terrible passion of the negro fascinated him, the next he rose to interfere, but, before he could do so, there was a click and a shot, and Africa fell.

"*Dead or alive, I'll cut it off yet!*" he cried, with the fury of a demoniac, and then tottered towards his idol, with a look in which was concentrated an eternity of love. It would have gone hard with Lafitte the next moment but for Bowie; but the man's sense of justice prevailed even over his loathing hatred. "He did it in self-defense, boys," he said, calmly; "the negro would have killed him else." And with a few muttered curses and glances of contempt they strolled outside again. For it had been decided that Dick must die at sunset, and they sat down in the shade to smoke and wait for the hour. It was scarcely worth while to break another day about a young horse-thief, especially as there was an election on hand, and the little county town on the morrow would be a lively place.

"Bowie," said Dick, with a bright, tearless eye, "throw my blanket over Africa; in an hour or two you can bury us together."

Bowie did it, and then turning to the wretched brother and sister said: "Dick, is there anything on earth I can do for you?"

"Yes, Bowie, there is. I am willing to die; I have, perhaps, deserved it; but, for my father's sake, spare me the shame of being hung. I shu'n't mind a pistol-shot from you, and there are plenty of good rifles here. Ask these men for my father's sake to do me this favor."

Bowie nodded and went out. He staid some time, but he came in with a hopeless face. The tragedy that had just occurred seemed to have

been put in some way or other to Dick's account. The men were angry and impatient. Bowie himself thought it was a well-to-shorten so terrible a trial for all who cared for the lad. So, just as the sun dropped towards the west, they led him out to die. He was quite calm, and Kate kissed him over and over with a despairing love that even through its great agony strove to breathe of hope and of forgiveness.

"God is more merciful than man, Dick," she cried. "He will pardon the contrite; so Brother. I give you a rendezvous in a better world than this. Remember!"

She did not follow him out of the house, and Bowie remained by her side, for the tree selected as the tree of punishment was almost at the door.

"Gentlemen," said Dick, "I asked a favor you thought it right to refuse me. Still I ask it once more. Is there any one here who, for my father's sake, will give Dick Llano a man's death?"

No one spoke. Suddenly Kate appeared on the veranda. "Stop one moment," she cried, in a voice that compelled attention. "Dick! oh, Dick! *I will do it!*" and, with the words, he fell dead with a ball through his heart.

The next moment Kate was lying insensible in Bowie's arms, and he had quietly put his pistol in his belt again.

In the confusion no one cared to make an inquiry; the man was dead, that was enough. There was a cry of "Saddle up before sundown," and Bowie was very soon left with the two dead men and the insensible woman. They could scarcely have been left in more pitiful hands.

When Kate came back to her wretched self again it was midnight. Two negro women were watching her, and Bowie was sitting on the moonlit veranda his great heart almost broken for the sorrowful girl inside. The bodies of Dick and Africa had been buried under one of the great oaks that shaded the Llano homestead. Bowie had taken them there, and with his own hands laid over the grave the green turf it had displaced. He thought this would be the thing Kate would like best.

When he returned from his sad duty Lafitte was at his gate. He said he felt ill, and was afraid to ride further, and asked to be allowed to stay until the morning. Bowie pointed to a small room on the north veranda, but he never spoke to him, and Lafitte saw that his company was not desired, and that in fact, Bowie would peremptorily refuse it if offered. So he went to the room pointed out, and a servant took him some beef and bread and a cup of coffee.

Bowie cared no more about him; he had far more interesting things to think about. Kate was in his house; she had been conscious of his sympathy in that last supreme moment of her brother's life, and had relied upon his help. Did she love him? And when the first sorrow for her brother's death was over, would she trust her life to his care?

Soon after midnight he became conscious of a *Presence!* He knew not what it was, but it passed him swift as the wind, and the next moment a long horror-stricken shriek seemed to fill the whole atmosphere with clamor. Kate, and the women watching by her, heard it, and fled, white and trembling, out of the house. The negroes in the quarters heard it, and from every cabin they stumbled out screaming "Mass'r Bram! Mass'r Bram!" "Indians," was probably the first thought of all, especially of the dogs were howling in an unearthly manner, but a few minutes sufficed to explode this fear. Far and wide no living thing troubled the peace of nature. The night was exquisitely warm, and light and still; the very cattle seemed to be asleep and dreaming.

Then Bowie noticed that of all on the place Lafitte alone had not heard the cry. They went in a body to his room. He sat in a large chair by the open window, still dressed, his pipe and newspaper fallen into a little pool of blood on the floor. He was quite dead, though scarcely cold, and on the table at his side, *cut off from his body*, lay his right hand. Kate stood with parted lips and deathlike face gazing at it; Bowie after a moment touched it, to assure himself it was not a vision. Then he noticed that beside the fingers there was a piece of paper.

"Why, that is Africa's writing!" gasped Kate, in a horrified whisper; and, stooping forward, she and Bowie read these words in the negro's unmistakable hand: "DEAD OR ALIVE, AFRICA KEEL'S HIS WORD!"

Far and wide the wondrous circumstance spread. Bowie would not suffer a thing to be touched, and sent riders to all the men who had been present at poor Dick's expiation. Each man brought a little crowd with him, and all saw and read with a trembling terror the supernatural message. Some skeptics suggested that perhaps Africa had written this message and given it to Lafitte before the latter shot him, and that Lafitte had been examining it when he himself had been touched by the finger of Death. But the whole company relapsed into a solemn silence after the following conversation between Captain Bowie and the sheriff:

"Sheriff, what time was it when Africa was killed?"

"Four o'clock, precisely."

"What time was it when you gave me the San Antonio Herald?"

"A quarter past six. I had mounted my horse and was leaving your gate when you asked me if I had a late newspaper. I gave you the San Antonio Herald."

"Do you know the date?"

"Surely. I got it in San Antonio a week ago to-day. It was June 18th."

"Gentlemen," said Bowie, "I have only this to say. When I came back from burying Dick Llano and his servant, Lafitte stood at my gate. He asked for a night's lodging. He said he was sick; he looked to me like a man in mortal terror. I would not speak to him, but I gave him a room and sent him some supper. He told Cassie, my housekeeper, to ask me for a newspaper, and I sent him the very one the sheriff gave me, and from which you will see this slip has been torn."

Then all looked again at Africa's message. It was written on the top of the San Antonio paper, and the date was June 18th.

"Gentlemen, I was present when Africa was shot. The words which provoked the shot were these: 'You wrote dat letter, and I see gwine to cut de right hand off you!' Then, after he fell, he gasped out with his dying breath, '*Dead or alive I'll do it!*' Gentlemen, Africa has kept his word."

PERSONAL.

MR. SERJEANT BALLANTINE has been converted to polygamy by what he has observed at Utah. He thinks it is just the thing required to people a new colony. Very practical, as usual.

MR. JOHN MORLEY has finally decided not to give up his connection with the *Pall Mall Gazette*. A variety of statements on the subject have been circulated, but as Mr. Morley's decision in the matter has only recently been come to these rumors have not been contradicted. Mr. Morley will continue to do much of the political writing of the *Pall Mall*, though he will be relieved of some of the "inside" editorial duties.

THE famous Greeley farm in Chappaqua, Westchester County, will before long be sold under the provisions of Mrs. Greeley's will. Colonel Nicholas Smith, who occupied the farm until recently, has removed to Kentucky with his three children, and Miss Gabrielle Greeley, who, with these children, is heir to the property, is living in this city. The farm contains eighty acres and has several buildings upon it, including Mr. Greeley's big stone barn. The old homestead, where "Busy Life" and the "History of the Rebellion" were written, was destroyed by fire.

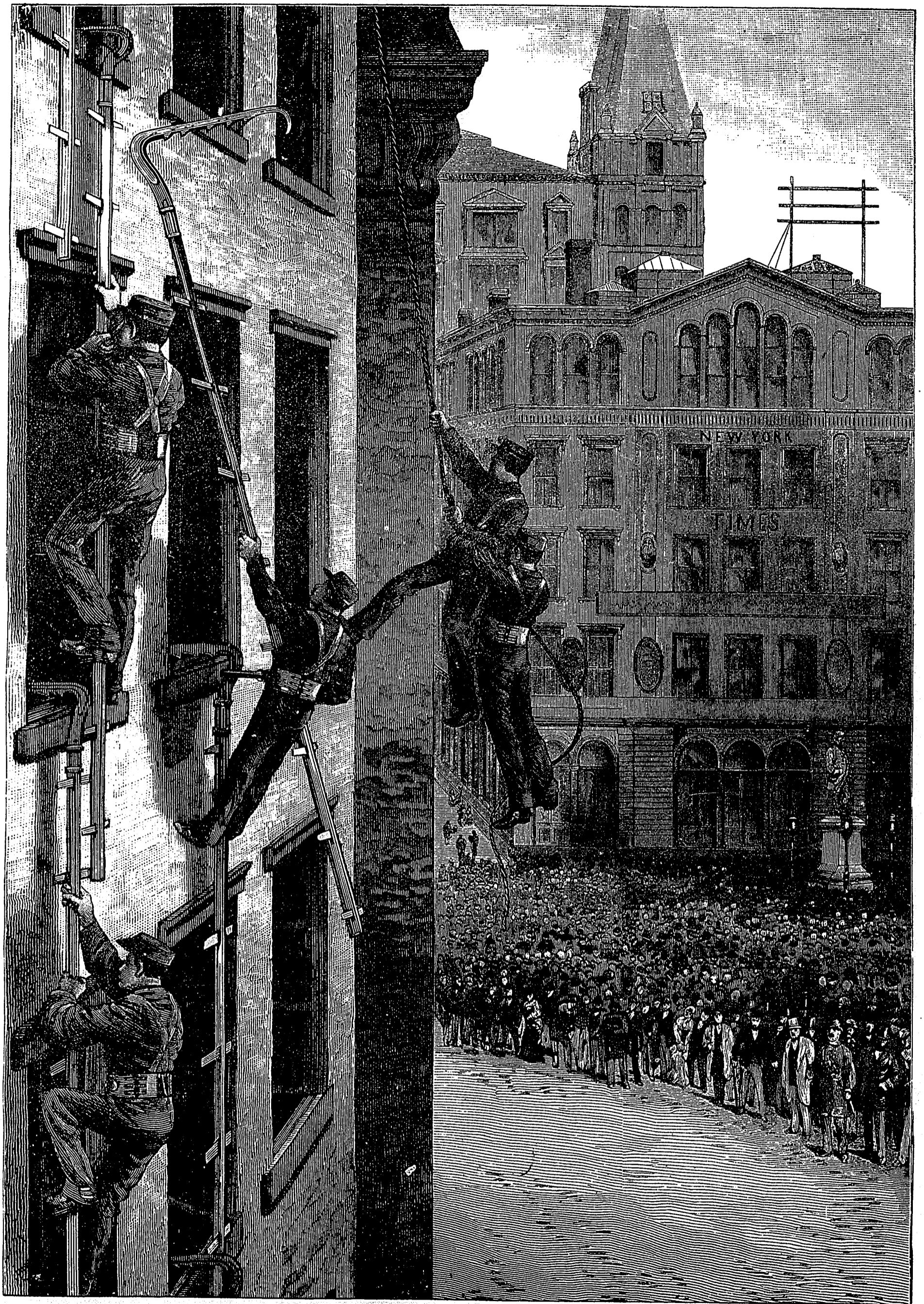
THE dynamite fiends might have literally danced upon the Houses of Parliament recently, as the Parliamentary police force were partaking of the hospitality of Sir Edward Watkin at the Cannon-street Hotel. But happily the circumstances is not known beyond Palace-yard. Mr. Denning exhibited considerable art so as to conceal his movements. He ordered his men to meet him in plain clothes in Cannon street, at seven o'clock. The order was not accompanied by an explanation of the object of the movement. It was only on rendezvousing opposite the hotel that the object was explained.

THE Marquis of Lorne, from a Boston point of view:—"His countenance, though not unlike the familiar portraits, had much more of expression and maturity of thought than they suggested. The well-marked features, especially the penetrating eyes and slightly aquiline nose, gave an expression of quick discernment and fearlessness. His complexion is the ideal of health in ruddy freshness, his bearing is erect, and his step easy and elastic. A shapely head, flaxen hair and moustache, and well-defined chin also catch attention, so that even the humble habitué of Cambridge street, who had no knowledge of his presence in Boston, looked after him as he passed along with the expressions of admiration, blended with curiosity."

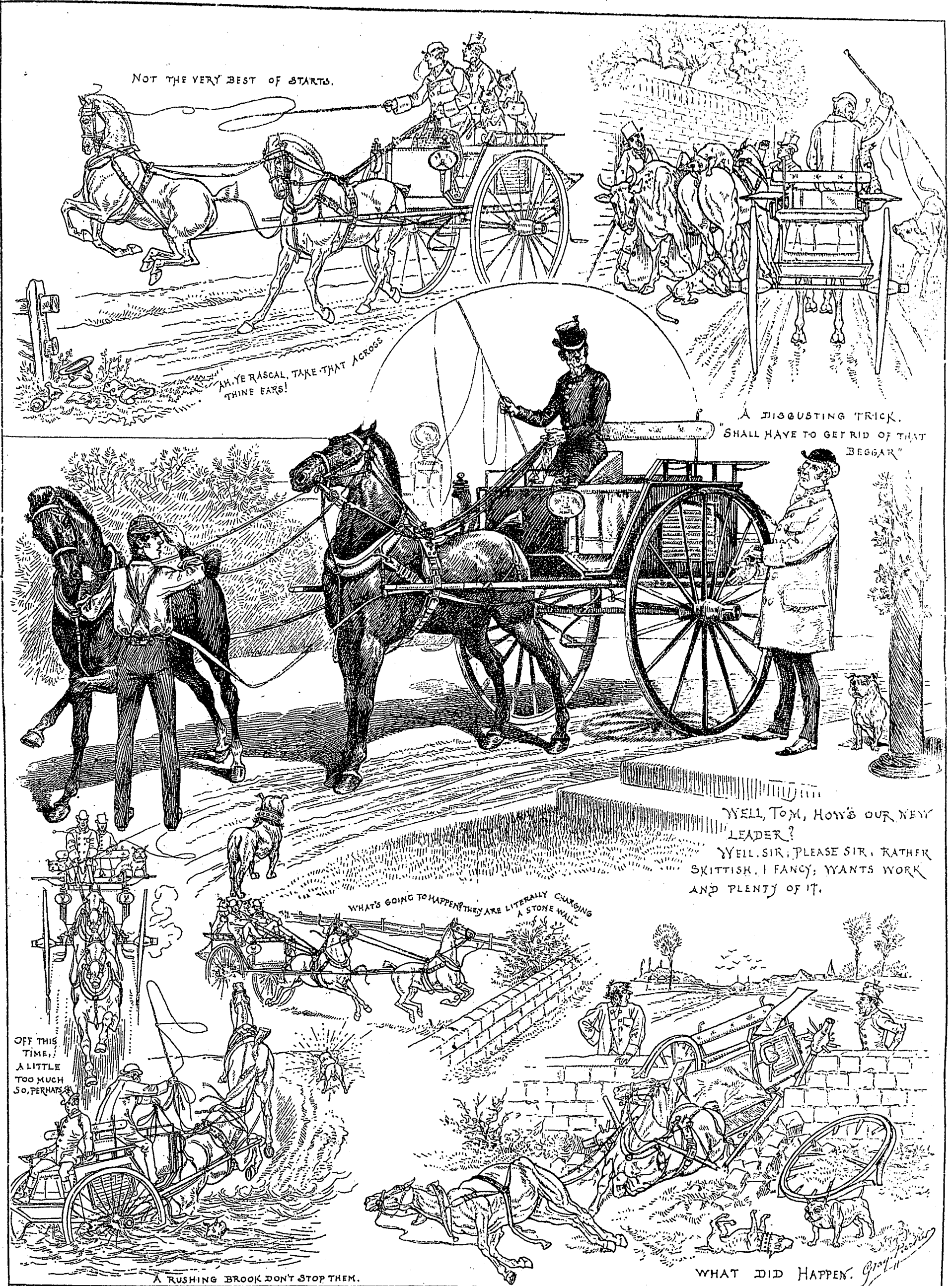
WHEN a man is old enough to know better, writes Wilkie Collins to William Winter, he generally commits some of his most flagrant indiscretions. This new book, "Heart and Science," so mercilessly excited me that I went on writing week after week without a day's interval of rest. Rest was impossible. I made a desperate effort: rushed to the sea; went sailing and fishing; and was writing my book all the time "in my head," as the children say. The one wise course to take was to get back to my desk and empty my head, and then rest. My nerves are too much shaken for travelling. An armchair and a cigar, and a hundred and fiftieth reading of the glorious Walter Scott, (King, Emperor, President and God Almighty of Novelists)—there is the regimen that is doing me good. All the other novel-writers I can read, while I am at work myself. If I only look at "The Antiquary," or "Old Mortality," I am crushed by the sense of my own littleness, and there is no work possible for me on that day.

SPEAKING of American novelists, the *Pall Mall Gazette* explains that "what Englishmen are likely to find fault with in American novelists is not that they are immoral—they are neither more or less immoral than our own,—but that they are not sufficiently American. With one notable exception, the best of them produce a peculiarly refined, perhaps over-refined, species of the European novel, keen, analytical, epigrammatic, cynical, but with none of the dash and freshness which we expect from a country of such vigorous youth and so vast a future."





NEW YORK.—LIFE SAVING CORPS OF THE NEW YORK FIRE DEPARTMENT AT DRILL.



THE ART OF DRIVING TANDEM.

JOHN McCULLOUGH AND J. WILKES  
BOOTH.

John McCullough replied to some questions I addressed him here during last week, as follows: "I presume I have seen the entire band of men John Wilkes Booth was drilling for his scheme to kidnap President Lincoln, yet he never introduced me to any of them, but would turn aside when he might accidentally fall upon them at his room and say: 'John, you don't want to be bored with those flats. Come along!' I think the simplicity of my devotion to the stage and my desire to rise on it saved me from his confidence. He saw no political mettle in me. His own temptation sprang, perhaps, from not loving his art enough to be satisfied with it. Actors in all times have been very close to the spirits who make conspiracies. Shakespeare could have been in the gunpowder plot, as he was only 40 years old when it was discovered in that circle that frequented his theater. Booth once took me riding, much against my will, on horseback, to show me, he said, a good way to get out of town. Said I: 'John, I'm sore as a hard-boiled egg and want to leave by the train.' I found him once in boots, spurs and gaiters, with a knife, pistol and map of Maryland before him, and he sprang upon me like a watch-dog. Another time he borrowed \$100 of me to come to New York and get some rebel friend out of prison; he was poor and so was I, and I had to rake to get the money and he to pay it back. I found his wardrobe in Canada and sent it to his mother; he had shipped it to Nassau and the vessel had been wrecked. I think he had little money, though he did make some in speculation. His mind was very intense; he always was a Southern man. When his name came out as the assassin, the scales fell from my eyes and I interpreted what I had seen.

## THE DOCTORS UNMASKED.

But if the editors are unmasked to-night, what shall we say about the doctors? If you are finding out by his poor words and halting manner how little and unimportant the mysterious "we" of a big newspaper may be, what do you think of your own exhibition? There are, here present, at least a dozen of you from whom I myself have heard the most solemn and magisterial instructions as to how one should live. Avoid late dinners; avoid crowded rooms; eat simply; drink sparingly; don't smoke—three courses for your dinner and a single glass of wine; keep your dining room cool, avoid drafts, be sure to have the air pure and fresh, never sit over an hour at table! Ah, yes; those are the familiar formulas. Every one of you remembers them; every one of you has given them a thousand times, and taken a good fee for it every time. Now we've got you out from behind the screen. This must be what you meant by it. This is the way you live. This is where the fees go. The united skill of 200 doctors, concentrated upon the single problem of Hygiene, how to produce for themselves the best and most wholesome way of dining, has resulted in this. Well, well; it may be naughty, but it's nice; and we are more obliged than we can tell you, for being shown at last, so satisfactorily and on the highest medical authority, just what "Plain Living and High Thinking" mean.—(Whitclaw Reid at Holmes' Banquet.)

## HOW PERFUME IS EXTRACTED.

One of the best methods of obtaining perfumes is by the use of grease. The process is called maceration. The best fat employed is marrow, which is melted in a water bath and strained. While it is still warm the flowers are thrown in and left to digest for several hours. They are then taken out and fresh ones are placed in the grease. This is continued for several days. The grease and perfume are then separated by the use of alcohol. Beef marrow is not the only substance used in extracting the odors from the flowers. Inodorous oils are also used, especially refined olive oil, which is more extensively employed in the south of Europe. The process used for delicate plants, such as jasmine, tuberosa and cassia, which will not allow the use of heat, is on the principle of absorption. A layer of purified lard and such mixture is spread on the glass bottom of a square wooden box, and upon this freshly gathered flowers are spread every morning as long as the flower is in bloom. The boxes are kept shut, and the grease soon acquires a very strong odor. In saturating oil, instead of glass bottoms to the boxes wire ones are used, upon which cloths soaked in oil are laid, and the boxes or frames are piled upon each other to keep them close. After the oil soaked cloths are sufficiently charged with the perfume, they are placed in a press and the oil is squeezed out.—[New York Sun.]

## BURNING AN ELEPHANT.

The fires were at a white heat and filled with long iron bars. Presently men in red shirts took the glowing irons from the fire. How the elephant roared when he saw their flaming points. He knew what was coming, and his struggles were awful when a hot hissing bar was thrust into his mouth. But his rage did him no good. The only thing he could do was to lie down and roar. Once, in his rage, the elephant wound his trunk around a sparkling bar, evidently to use it as a weapon of defense, but

when his beautiful trunk began to burn and fry his courage gave way and the poor beast fell upon his knees and uttered cries like a sick child. "That is good; now he is coming to his senses," said a pale keeper, as he prodded him around the mouth with a bar fresh from the forge. All seemed going well, when a new source of disturbance was discovered. Some tigers, which the men had neglected to wheel out of a distant part of the arena, discovered what was going on and joined the "circus" with terrific yells. The elephants replied; lions in an adjoining room opened their mouths, and in less than two minutes I had an idea of Central Africa that was enough to scare a man out of his skin.

The roar of the beasts and the sickening smell of boiling elephant flesh made me feel as if I were within ten minutes of perdition. The scene became so horrible that I left the building and tried to walk off the impression by tramping up the street under the bright morning stars. It was just daylight when I reached my hotel, but I could still smell the roasted trunk of the mad elephant.

## MISCELLANY.

VERDI has put the last crotchet into *Iago*, and has fixed December as the date for its representation in Milan. Boito is the author, after Shakespeare, of the libretto.

It has been proposed to erect on the promenade at Brighton six double seats with screens of glass. Two dozen would be doing the thing handsomely.

THE French silk manufacturers are experimenting with great hope of success upon the labors of a certain spider which has just been discovered on the African coast. This spider weaves a thread of bright yellow, which is of great strength and perfectly elastic.

THE great-granddaughter of Mrs. Siddons was to have made her first appearance in London recently, in "The Ladies' Battle," at the Gaiety Theatre, but the date has been postponed on account of the death of her husband, Mr. Lobb. Miss Siddons is no novice, and has played in the provinces for some time.

TWO new species of marigolds are brought out this spring, one called calenda, and the other gold cloth, or cloth of gold. The former is a double flower of bright yellow, distinctly striped with bright orange. The latter is of French extraction, and has bright gold bars evenly marked on rich dark velvety petals.

VARIETY is the salt of life; the prettiest colors and most graceful shapes, if seen continually and in masses will weary the eye. The reason why fashions change so rapidly now is because they at once spread through every stratum of society, and become deteriorated and common. But even this ought not to goad us on in a wild race of senseless and sometimes ugly experiments.

THE Marquis de Saint-Aignan, so well known in Nice society by her charming and refined hospitality, has been recently very ill, and is now slowly progressing towards recovery. Her many friends in Paris as well as those at Nice will accord their full sympathy to this amiable and intellectual lady in her period of suffering. Her illness was caused by the unduly severe weather which has recently prevailed at Nice.

MR. MAPLESON is said to have been robbed of his travelling bag; the thief hoped to find all the renowned manager's dollars in it, but was, we are happy to hear, grievously disappointed. The haul was not worth the danger—some two or three hundred dollars at most. We are glad to hear that Mr. Mapleson has had a lucky time this winter; he will be in London in the course of the month.

It would be somewhat laborious to chronicle all the Wagner "In memoriam" concerts now being given on the Continent, but it may be noticed that those who have most violently opposed the theories of the great "musician of the future" during his lifetime, are now enthusiastically assisting at commemorations of him. This is rather ironical. Why so enthusiastic in recording his departure?

THE latest in pansies, which will also be a fashionable flower, is called the snow queen; it is quite different from the common white pansy, the flower being very large and of a satiny white; but as an oddity fruit blossoms will be all the rage, and a young girl with apple blossoms or a peach or cherry spray in her belt is not an unpleasant sight to think of, especially if she is very young and pretty.

A CERTAIN clerical journal in Rome, is endeavoring to increase its circulation by giving every annual subscriber the right to six hundred masses free of charge. But the Paris *Gaulois*, more carnal minded, proposes to insure its readers against worldly, instead of spiritual risks. Every annual subscriber has his life insured for a thousand dollars, with a smaller sum for injuries through accidents during the year; and the purchaser of even a single number is entitled to a proportionate amount if a copy of the paper be found on him at the time of injury or death.

We are, it seems, menaced by the invasion of colors as strange as they are new, and it is with profound astonishment that one hears propositions from the most renowned dressmakers to

make their costumes in shades of rouge homard, jaune safran, vert grenouille, ventre de biche sprinkled with radis or mandarines, gris crapaud, and caevette change-cante. Let us hope for the honor of the good taste of the Parisians of our time that these exaggerated materials will remain with the manufacturers, unless they are sent to adorn the fashionable ladies of Honolulu, which is where we should prefer them to go.

If women would only allow common sense to govern them, they would feel that for the inch or two they diminish the circumference of their waists by tightening themselves in, they become unattractive in so many other ways; quite leaving on one side the hygienic part of the question, which alas! the vain and foolish will never consider. There are few indeed, who, like the clever and beautiful Maréchale de Soubise, Louis the Fourteenth's faithful friend, will make the sacrifice of giving up all meat except chicken, and never wearing stays, for fear of injuring their health or their complexion.

THE Belgian journalists are great observers of the 1st of April, and fill their productions with such a variety of what are called, for some unknown reason, *poissons*, that it is unsafe to believe anything read in a newspaper for at least a week after the "festival of fools." The credulous public are misled by various devices; but, perhaps, the most popular this year has been the announcement of the arrival of stars in the theatrical world and consequent performances, or fictitious Court news. Ordinarily startling events fresh from England or France are chronicled; but for the last few months murders and dynamite explosions have completely palled on the most inveterate lovers of sensationalism.

MR. HENRY IRVING, when on Thursday presiding at the Lyceum Theatre Provident and Benevolent Fund festival, spoke of the difficulties against which managers had to struggle within the last few years! This is quite refreshing. Why, we all thought that their only difficulty was to know how to invest their money. Will Mr. Irving take a hundred thousand for the result of his struggles as a manager? He was really a little timid, and must have seen the procession of guarded police vans on its way to Bow-street, for he expressed alarm at the overflow of amateurs into the profession, yet he admitted that actors had all been amateurs once in their lives. Quite right, sir; and some of them have remained amateurs.

IN an onion, as in onion, there is strength, and it is a toothsome vegetable when fried and poured over a beefsteak. The very aroma arising from the combination is appetizing. It even creates an appetite in the passing stranger, who gathers a whiff of it as he goes by, for it perfumes, from the kitchen where it is being cooked, the entire neighborhood. Everybody living near by knows what you are going to have for dinner, and grows envious thereat, wishing that it were to be eaten at their table and not at yours. They never envy you, however, when they smell your corned beef and cabbage and turnips cooking, nor when they discover that you are going to have boiled salt codfish for dinner. And yet those old fashioned dishes are not to be treated lightly, notwithstanding the late Mr. Emerson's disapprobation of them.

PARISIAN journals are very severe in their criticism of one of the pieces recently produced in London. One witty writer rather aptly describes it as "an indigestible salmi of two good French plays," and complains that the author did not even do them the scanty justice afforded by correct quotation. If we cannot write plays without foreign assistance it is rather unfair that every French play rendered on the English stage, maimed and distorted by the ignorant "adaptor," should be described as an inferior production. The tone of French drama may not be high, but quick, clever dialogue is by no means the least art the audience of the feeble *véchauffis* might suppose. If English playwrights would imitate the dialogue, instead of the more dubious characteristics, they would do well. In titles, too, French writers are usually happy in their choice.

How burglaries are managed. At a West end establishment lately a burglar was caught red handed in the strong room opening a safe containing a fortune with a key as perfect as though it had been made originally for the lock. The man was convicted, and his prosecutors, out of curiosity, begged him to tell them how he got the key. "Nothing easier," he replied. "We knew who carried the key and what it was like; so me and my pals we gets into the same carriage with your manager when he's going home by rail. One of us has a bag which he can't open. Has any gentleman got a key? Your manager produces his bunch, and my pal, he has was in his palm, and takes a likeness of the key of the safe while seeming to open his bag. There's the secret for you." Moral: Don't be courteous to strangers in a railway carriage. Their palms may be waxed.

BARNUM is like a barnacle; he hangs on to anything and everything. He eloped with our elephant "Jumbo," and now he wants "Lady Jumbo"—a small pony which was exhibited at the Agricultural Hall during the Horse Show some two years ago. This diminutive specimen of the equine race is only twenty-eight inches in height, and was purchased in the first instance by Lady Burdett-Coutts, and subsequently sold to Lady Brooke. The tiny mare follows its mistress about like a dog, walks upstairs after her,

and no one but her ladyship can coax it into its stable. It accompanies Lady Brooke in her walks, and if she enters a house, stays outside till she has finished her call. No one but Lady Brooke dare touch it, and whenever she enters the stall the pony rears on its hind legs as a sign of delight at seeing its mistress. We trust that Barnum will on this occasion be beaten. To exchange the pleasure of Lady Brooke's society for that of the celebrated Vankee showman would be a hard fate—even for "Lady Jumbo."

MR. MORRIS MOORE, in order to contribute as much as lay in his power to Raphael's centenary, kindly lent Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas" to the Campidoglio, in honour of the day. Few Italians had yet seen this exquisite work, and those who saw it for the first time at the Campidoglio remained in ecstasies before it. Among these were the King and Queen of Italy, who immediately desired to see its fortunate possessor, who was then presented to their Majesties by Duke Torlonia, the Syndic of Rome. Their Majesties talked at some length with Mr. Morris Moore, and were most affable. The Queen, with truly womanly feeling, spoke in English, which she speaks most charmingly. "She is a perfect gem!" says Mr. Moore, "as fascinating in manner as she is lovely in her person." The Queen was most interested in the history of this celebrated picture, and Duke Torlonia has written to say that Rome will feel ever grateful to Mr. Morris Moore for his courtesy in lending so valuable a work, of which he is, very naturally, most jealous.

A travelling-altar may certainly be counted among the most singular requisites; one such has, however, long been in use in the Imperial House of Austria. On all longer journeys the Emperor takes with him not only a Court chaplain, but also his travelling altar. To this latter attaches a history. It dates from the time of the Emperor Rudolph II.; at it prayed Ferdinand II.; it accompanied the Emperor Joseph II. in his Turkish campaigns, and in more recent days the Emperor's brother Ferdinand Max took it with him to Mexico. The altar consists of an oblong wooden box, strongly fastened with iron, on the inside of the cover of which, when opened, an ancient painting, representing the Holy Supper, may be seen. The two side pieces, hinged, are turned up to give more length; four wooden legs, nicely folding into the body of the box, can be let down to raise the altar to a proper height; the consecrated altar stone is taken from the box and placed on the *mensa*, and the three cloths put on together with the cross and candles. The Emperor Francis Joseph carried the altar with him to Palestine in 1869, also to the opening of the Suez Canal; the theol. Chaplain, Dr. Dudik, read mass on it at sea.

HOTELS ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.—A New York hotel man, speaking of the European plan, said its results had been wonderful, and there was no likelihood of a change back to the American. His house, he added, fed five times as many persons as it supplied with apartments. Business men in the vicinity had no time to go home for lunch, and they came to the house to satisfy their appetites. He knew of several families who had given up their own table d'hôte to the excellence of the cuisine of the hotel, and were regular patrons of the house. The variety was large, and they could always get what they wanted. This was a feature of the hotel business that had become marked in a short time and promised to grow to great proportions. Taking meals in this way would be found less expensive to those who knew how to order. Large dishes were served. In most instances one order answered for two, except individual dishes. In no American city was the European plan so generally in vogue as in New York, but the hotels of the other large cities, the speaker said, would soon have to adopt it. Guests were better satisfied, and would demand it. There were hotels that still adhered to the American plan, but they enjoyed what might almost be termed exclusive classes of patronage and occupied positions peculiarly their own.

WRITTEN WITH VIOLET INK TO THE MUSIC OF A DISTANT HAND-ORGAN.—The flowering trees and the roses are the glory of the Southern springtime. The atmosphere is green, and golden, and pink, and roscate with the varying bloom mingling with the tracery of leaves. Veiled in gleaming white, trees stand like brides, trembling, expectant, beneath superabundant nuptial lace; through the tangled greenery there is a flush of pink from the thronging blossoms of the Judas tree; every stump and prostrate tree is clasped by the eager tendrils of the yellow jessamine, which springs to each convenient tree and enrobes it like a king in cloth of gold, crowns it with a golden crown, and hangs in lordly festoons among the gray Spanish moss, each flower passionately diffusing its exquisite, entrancing odor.

Your feet crush the large blue and white violets at every step, while far above the great white cups of the magnolia look out of their foliage casements like fair women upon lovers far below. Look anywhere, everywhere you see tinctured miracles of bloom, bewildering, enchanting by their profusion as well as their great beauty.—*Louisville Courier Journal*.

A GERMAN went to a friend and said: "Tomorrow I owe you \$20,000. I am ruined. I cannot pay it, and I cannot sleep a wink." The creditor said: "You didn't you wait to tell me to-morrow? Now neither can I sleep a wink."







THE "SKREI" Cod Liver Oil.

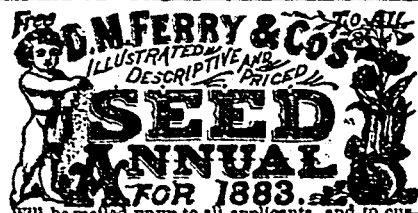
Pure, Pale and almost tasteless. No other Oil to compare with it.

KENNETH CAMPBELL & CO.

STEPHENS & LIGHTHALL,

Advocates, Attorneys and Commissioners, 34 1/2 NOTRE DAME STREET, (Opposite Exchange Bank).

C. H. STEPHENS, B.C.L. | W. DEW LIGHTHALL, B.A., B.C.L.



Will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains about 175 pages, 600 illustrations, prices, accurate descriptions and valuable directions for planting 1500 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Fruit Trees, etc. Invaluable to all, especially to Market Gardeners. Send for it!

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.

British American BANK NOTE COMPANY, MONTREAL.

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

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds, Postage, Bill & Law Stamps, Revenue Stamps, Bills of Exchange, DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS, Promissory Notes, &c., &c., Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving. Portraits a Specialty. G. B. BURLAND, President & Manager

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (LIMITED)

CAPITAL \$200,000,

GENERAL

Engravers, Lithographers, Printers AND PUBLISHERS,

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

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

- 12 POWER PRESSES
2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which make, print and emboss envelopes by one operation.
1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE,
1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,

Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EX-BOSING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed IN THE BEST STYLE

AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY. The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.

A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.

Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality; and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND, MANAGER.



LIEUT. J. M. T. PARTELLO, FIFTH U. S. INFANTRY CHAMPION ARMY RIFLE-SHOT OF THE WORLD.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus-

Lea Perrins

without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross & Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



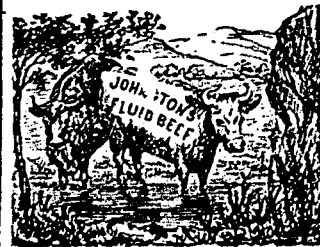
EXTRACT OF MEAT

FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT-FLAVOURING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.



(Under the Direct Patronage of H. M. Government.)



JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

has been pronounced by leading scientists and physicians everywhere to be the most perfect form of concentrating nourishment at present known.

superceding Tea and Coffee in the colder European countries, and is served hot on draught in the fashionable Saloons and Restaurants.

As a Winter Beverage it is simply perfection, supplying heat in its natural state; stimulant in a thoroughly innocuous form; concentrated nourishment, rendering languid reaction impossible; and, above all, furnishing tone to the nerves, and substantial food for brain, bone and muscle.

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

FURNITURE.

FINE AND MEDIUM. AN IMMENSE STOCK. HENRY J. SHAW & CO., 726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.)

1 GILT Floral Autograph Album, 1 Photo Card Album, 1 Memoranda Book, 18c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

CASTOR FLUID (Registered)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, Sole Manufacturer, 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Canadian Magazine

OF

Science and the Industrial Arts.

PATENT OFFICE RECORD.

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

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

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

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

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

In view of these great improvements the subscription price will be \$2.50 payable in advance, and it is confidently anticipated that a large increase will be made in the number of subscribers.

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

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

All business communications, subscriptions, and payments to be addressed G. B. BURLAND, Manager, BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO., 5 & 7 Bleury St., Montreal.

Advertising rates will be given on application to the Office of the Company.

Agents Wanted in every Town and City in the Dominion to solicit Subscriptions and Advertisements, for which liberal commissions will be paid.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 19-21-23 College St.

FITTS A Leading London Physician establishes an Office in New York for the Cure of EPILEPTIC FITS.

From Am. Journal of Medicine. Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a speciality of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

CANVASSERS WANTED.—To solicit subscriptions and advertisements for the CANADIAN MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE AND THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS, to whom liberal commissions will be paid. Intelligent young women would find this agreeable and profitable employment. Address, G. B. BURLAND, 5 & 7 Bleury Street, Montreal.