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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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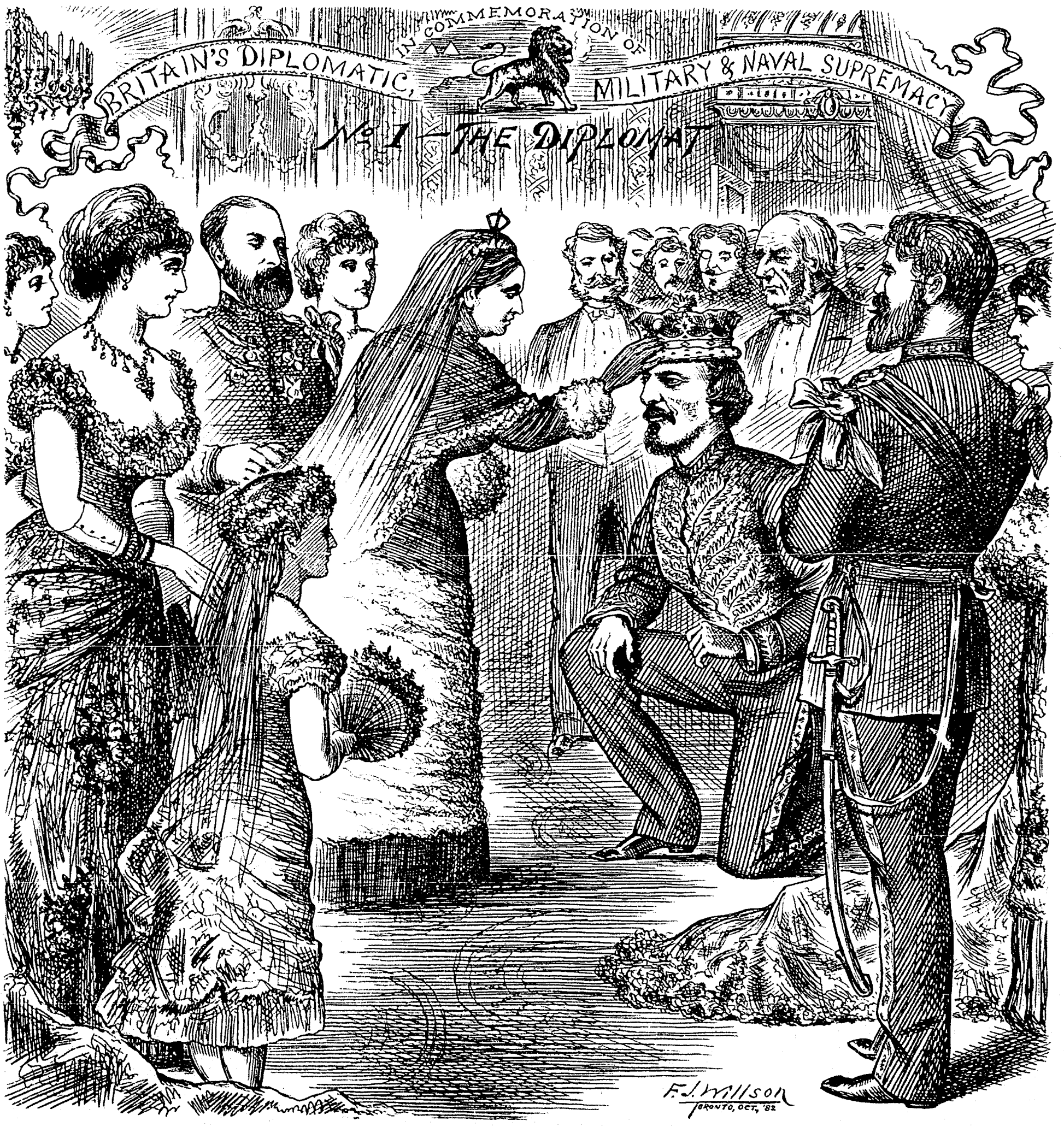

"THE DIPLOMAT."

"The Earl of Dufferin is to be created a Marquis, in recognition of his distinguished diplomatic services in connection with the rebellion in Egypt."—*English despatches.*

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 7th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1881.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	72°	65°	68°5	Mon.	66°	64°	65°
Tues.	61°	50°	55°5	Tues.	68°	52°	60°
Wed.	66°	39°	52°5	Wed.	70°	58°	64°
Thur.	60°	42°	51°	Thur.	54°	50°	52°
Fri...	61°	46°	53°5	Fri..	45°	28°	36°5
Sat...	61°	40°	50°5	Sat..	61°	38°	49°5
Sun..	72°	54°	63°	Sun..	64°	46°	55°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 14, 1882

THE WEEK.

Says the *World* of Lord Dufferin's behaviour in Constantinople:—"Lord Dufferin will receive a marquisate for the admirable manner in which he has conducted affairs at Constantinople. The British Ambassador has done something to revive the older traditions of diplomacy, and to remind Europe that there is another, and often a better, way of carrying on international negotiations than the brutal Bismarckian method. Lord Dufferin has beaten the Turks at their own game. Their diplomacy is always supple and dilatory, and it suited the British Ambassador to meet the Turks with their own weapons. The truth is that neither party was very anxious to bring matters to a point. The English Government were not eager that the Convention should be signed; and the Turks were unwilling to enter into it on the only conditions on which England would agree. Both parties had thus recourse to a dilatory diplomacy. The Turks had many difficulties to raise; but Lord Dufferin more than matched them. He had an unfailing supply of criticisms, objections, proposals, and counter-proposals. When the Convention was about to be signed some new point was always raised; and thus the game was kept up from day to day and week to week. Then came the victory of Tel-el-Kebir; and the Turks found that they had been outwitted and baffled. Lord Dufferin told the Sultan that the Convention was no longer necessary; and the Sultan was bound to admit the force of the plea. The British Minister has since been consoling the Palace with profuse assurances of the friendliness and good-will of England. The Turks know very well, however, that they have been out-manœuvred by the English Ambassador; but Lord Dufferin deserves well of his country for relieving them of dangerous allies at a critical moment. It is long since a diplomatic contest has been conducted with so much tact, adroitness, and success."

***

Our portrait of Dr. Pusey, which appears on another page, will be supplemented next week by an article upon the life and preaching of the "father," as he was affectionately called by his "sons" at Oxford and elsewhere. Hence the brief *resumé* of his life which appears this week is not to be taken as the final dismissal from notice of one of the great leaders of a great religious movement.

***

Pages might be devoted to the subject of newspaper criticism in Canada. The crudity of the expressed opinions of many of our leading sheets, and the errors into which a hasty generalization or a desire to belittle an adversary leads them, can be most charitably accounted for by supposing that the Delphian oracle is at times entrusted to the manipulation of some "fresh" reporter. All this is by the way, however, though the idea was suggested anew by the curious article on the approaching visit of the British Institution, which appears in the *Canadian Manufacturer*. The careful student who discusses gravely the action of the authorities in the matter, "spreads himself" to a considerable extent over the mistake of the *Globe's* correspondent in giving the date of the proposed visit as 1884, and enlarges upon the idiocy and general untrustworthiness of the *Globe* in permitting such an error. O great and worthy critic, know that thou hast indeed "written thyself down an ass." What if the *Globe* be right, and thou wrong. 1884, and not 1883 as you suppose, is in fact the date fixed for the meeting, the result of a compromise about which all the world, except, of course, yourself, has heard this long while.

***

The photographs of the North-Western Indians, which are engraved in this number, present some characteristic types of Assiniboines and Blackfeet, taken for the most part in the neighborhood of Fort Calgarry by an amateur photographer named Hook, whose visit to this region was made for the express purpose of obtaining a photograph of Sitting Bull, which, however, after undergoing many privations and dangers, he failed in obtaining. The difficulty of photographing these Indians consists mainly in the superstitious awe with which they regard the process. They are firmly impressed with the belief that the camera produces very much the effect of the "evil eye" of medieval superstition, and that an Indian who has been subjected to its baleful glare, loses his cunning of eye and hand, and becomes as a squaw in the chase and on the war path. Sitting Bull's objection to the process was a somewhat more practical one. He was satisfied that Mr. Hook's object in securing his likeness was in order that copies might be taken for the U. S. Government and sent to all the posts in order to effect his capture or death. This impression could not be removed, and its existence might have cost Mr. Hook his life.

***

Fort Calgarry is under the command of Captain McElroy, and is garrisoned by about 100 men. It protects a tract of country which is developing daily into a magnificent stock-raising district, under the energy of Mr. Cochrane, who has at present some 5,000 or 6,000 head of cattle, and who is proving year by year the suitability of the vast prairies of the North-West for raising stock for the home market.

***

An interesting letter has just been printed, for private circulation, from Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Reginald Talbot, of the 1st Life Guards, written at Ismailia, and addressed to Colonel Keith-Fraser, the old commanding officer of the regiment. It gives an account of the doings of the Household Cavalry from their arrival at Ismailia, where they were picketed without tents in "the dirtiest, hottest place, without an atom of shade for men and horses," down to the night of the moonlight charge. Its style contrasts very favorably with the high-flown descriptions of certain special correspondents. It was to Colonel Talbot that Mahmoud Fehmi, Araby's Engineer General, surrendered, and he had slipped off his uniform and said that he was a landed proprietor. He says a good word for the stamina of the charges of his squadron; only one horse of the 1st Life Guards had died of illness up to the date of the letter, and there were no cases of sore backs. The 2nd and the Blues had not, however, been equally lucky. The Foot Guards he describes as being kept "at navies' work." He anticipates the end accomplished at Tel-el-Kebir with great accuracy. A sad complaint is made of postal mismanagement, the writer having only received one letter and one lot of newspapers since the landing. He ends the letter as he began it, by expressing "the heartfelt regret we all feel that you, who have been in the main instrumental in our being sent out, are not here to lead us."

***

Colonel Talbot's description of the moonlight cavalry charge is worth transcribing:—"We marched along the line of sand-ridges, an occasional order to trot alone breaking the silence. We must have marched five or six miles, when it was broken by the boom of a gun, followed by the hissing of a shell. General Lowe shortly ordered our guns to unlimber and reply, and the 7th Dragoon Guards to clear the front of our guns, which they did by retiring, making us the first line. The Household Cavalry continued to advance at a walk, when in a moment became visible a white line of infantry in our immediate front, which opened a tremendous fire upon us. Not a moment was to be lost: 'Form front in two lines!' 'Draw swords!' 'Charge!' and we were upon them. Until we got within a hundred yards they continued to fire; but in one moment the brilliant light from the flaring line, the rattle of the fire, and the whirring of the bullets ceased: the white line had faced about, and was in flight. We rode them down in solid rank; but, as they dispersed, we opened out and pursued. They fell like ninepines, many of them unwounded, who fired and stabbed our horses as we galloped past them. We charged for three hundred yards; then Ewart called out, "Rally!" and we set to work to collect our men .....I can imagine no more splendid sight than this moonlight charge of our fine fellows on their dark horses against the guns supported by the white line of infantry, whose fire was so brilliant in the night that it looked just like the lighting of some grand pyrotechnic display. Then the cheer we gave, then the few seconds of silence, and then the havoc and the slaughter!"

***

This story from a correspondent is too good to lose: "A friend of mine was travelling from London to Liverpool to catch the *Peruvian* on her last journey in. On leaving Euston Square Station, an old gentleman took his seat by the door, and, having adjusted many rugs and wraps to his satisfaction, turned to a gentleman who sat opposite, and said: 'This train stops at Crewe, I think?' He was answered in the affirmative, and off we started. First stop was Willesdon, and the old gentleman seeing the guard pass, exclaimed, 'Is this Crewe, guard?' 'Oh no,' replied the guard, 'not yet.' Next stop the same enquiry was made, the guard replying, 'I'll tell you, sir, when we arrive at Crewe.' But still, not satisfied, the persistent traveller enquired several times yet whether we had reached Crewe. At last he became tired and fell soundly asleep in his corner, and when Crewe was actually reached, my friend jumped out to get a glass of ale at the buffet, and the train was beginning slowly to move off when he again took his seat, but observing the old gentleman to be still asleep in the corner, he turned to the guard who was shutting the door, flag in hand, 'You have forgotten to call our friend,' he remarked. 'Oh, dear, so I have, sir,' exclaimed the guard, whistling for the train to stop, and shaking the old gentleman, 'Crewe, sir, Crewe, here you are.' Slowly opening his eyes, and putting a hand into his breast pocket, he replied, 'Oh, I don't want to get out here, but my sister told me to take three pills when I got to Crewe.' Situation—Pill box, and consternation of guard, who uttered blessings (!) not loud, but deep.

FICTION.

"Novels are sweet," said one of the masters among novelists. "All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women. A vast number of clever, hard headed men, judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers."

So wrote William Makepeace Thackeray, speaking from out the fulness of his knowledge as a man of the world no less than as a man of letters. Publishers tell us that this branch of literature is—next to theology—the most fecund of any, far exceeding in popularity either history or biography, poesy or philosophy, and that the writers and readers thereof increase in number with each succeeding year. Time was, and still is, with some worthy folk, when the productions of the novelist were looked at askance by those having the control and training of youth, for whom such writings were regarded as little better than inventions of the Evil One.

Some excuse perhaps there was for so severe a view, when works of fiction were charaterized by the coarseness and license of the eighteenth century, and one can well understand how that many people were offended at Fielding's too frankly calling a spade a spade, at Smollett's broad style of speech, and at Sterne's thinly-veiled improprieties. From all this it was but natural and seemly to preserve young readers of either sex.

With later times, however, has come a healthier and better state of things into the domain of novels and romances. The imagination, no less pure than powerful, of Walter Scott, and the delicate genius of Jane Austen, were the heralds of a new era of fiction. The good seed sown by these great writers was not long in bringing forth fruit a thousandfold. Their wholesome example became the rule with their contemporaries and successors; and now, happily, there remains little need to place restrictions on the myriads of eager readers of our lighter literature.

Of course we are aware that there still exist those who regard all fiction as more or less objectionable—prejudice surviving reformation here as elsewhere. Such people may be roughly divided into two classes—the blindly puritanic and the severely practical. The first-named are prone, as we have already intimated, to look on any and every creation of the fancy, any unadulterated product of the imagination, as incompatible with a strict regard to the sober truth. Fiction, they argue, emanates from the Father of Lies, and novels, *par conséquence*, are to be put in the same category as cards—the "Devil's books." From this position no amount of reasoning can move them. "Against stupidity," says Schiller,, "the gods themselves are powerless."

As for the second class of objectors the severely practical—they are fairly typified in the individual who took exception to "Paradise Lost" on the ground that it was "mere supposition" and "proved nothing." Persons of this grimly matter-of-fact order, intellectual Gradgrinds, derive a higher satisfaction from the barren statement that two and two are four than from all the beauties of our great Christian epic, and would prefer a "mute, inglorious Milton" to a poet whose far-reaching vision should compass "things unattempted before in prose or rhyme."

Despite, however, of all detractors and adversaries, slow to understand and swift to misrepresent, fiction flourishes as the green bay tree, and many are those who rest and are thankful beneath its wide-spreading branches. Toil-worn men and women, weary with treading the hard highway of daily routine, of facing the stubborn facts of life, here find a temporary forgetfulness of the dust and turmoil of existence; ardent, enthusiastic youths, whose lot, perchance, it is to suffer from uncongenial surroundings and "meanness of opportunity," discover in fiction an escape from the dull round of commonplaces which hedges them in, and, for a time at least, may sun themselves in the light and warmth of a realm peopled by an imagination in harmony with their inmost spirits; quick-souled, sensitive maidens, their impulses dwarfed by the bonds of "the great god Circumstance," their horizon cramped by conventionality, hearken to the voice of the story-teller, and are comforted, living anew in the records of lives made beautiful by love and self sacrifice, by high endeavour and still higher endurance.

Grave indeed is the responsibility which rests with those who may thus lighten the burdens and appease the mental hunger and thirst of their fellow-creatures. Unhealthy fiction there is, we admit; but the remedy for what is mobid, vulgar, or vicious in literature is to supply that which is healthy and pure; and to do so, moreover, at such a price and in so attractive a form that it may have every chance of competing successfully against the evil it opposes. To provide stories "that give delight and hurt not" should be the aim of every honest writer, the unfailing care of every editor who caters for home and household, whether in town or country, across the seas, or within sound of Bow Bells.

F. B.

ARTISTIC ECCENTRICITIES.

In traversing the grand galleries of paintings in Europe one is constantly annoyed by the astounding anachronisms and ignorance of manners and customs in the times anterior to their own which most of the artists exhibit. Take the following as illustrations:—Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Saviour, and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the lookers on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or, rather, to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flounces. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scripture informs us, he is represented using a more effectual instrument—he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catharine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper with the table ornamented with tumblers, filled with cigar-lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

BUT——

He and She, on nothing bent,
Met one day by accident;
Bantered, till it came about
She at last was quite put out.
Said she could not, would not stay,
To be teased in such a way;
But—but—
Would you be surprised to know
That she never turned to go?

He was poor, and so was she;
Had no prospects certainly;
He made love to all he met,
He was, too, a sad coquette.
She had broken hearts by dozens,
He'd a score of love-sick cousins;
But—but—
Would you be suprised to hear
They were married in a year?

He loves land and she the sea,
He the town, the country she;
She on music deeply dotes,
He detests the name of notes.
'Tis a sad but true assertion,
What she loves is his aversion;
But—but—
Would you be surprised to see
They jog together splendidly?

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLEY.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE GREY.

The Obituary of last month contained the name of the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart., G.C.B., of Falloden, Northumberland, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a grandson of the first and nephew of the second Earl Grey; and when therefore he first entered Parliament, at the close of 1832, as one of the members of the newly enfranchised borough of Devonport, it was naturally thought that he would not be passed by, and Lord Melbourne, on taking office as Lord Grey's successor, made him Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. In 1839 he was appointed Judge Advocate-General, and in June, 1841, when Lord Melbourne's Cabinet was almost in the very throes of dissolution, he was still further advanced to the more dignified office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1846, on the break up of the Peelite party and the resignation of its head, Lord John Russell was intrusted with the duty of forming an Administration. In that administration Sir George Grey figured as Home Secretary, and in 1854 and 1855, we find him holding the Secretaryship for the Colonies under Lord Aberdeen; from 1855 to 1858 again the Secretaryship for the Home Department, and he was reappointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster in 1859. Two years later he was once more returned to the Home Department, which office he retained till 1866. Thus it will be seen that Sir George Grey's official life extended, with only a few breaks, over more than thirty years. His Parliamentary career was very long, extending from December, 1832, with the exception of only a few brief months, down to February 1874, when he retired into private life. He sat, as we have said, for Devonport down to 1874, when he was chosen for the northern division of Northumberland. He lost his seat there, however, five years later, but was returned shortly afterwards for Morpeth. Sir George Grey is remembered as an honest, upright, and painstaking Minister, and a man who was equally respected in the House of Commons and beloved in the bosom of his family. He was nominated a Grand Cross of the Bath, Civil Division, in 1849. He married, in 1827, the eldest daughter of the late Hon. and Right Rev. Bishop Ryder, of Lichfield and Coventry, by whom he had an only son, Colonel Grey, who is deceased, and whose eldest son, born in April, 1862, succeeds to his grandfather's title, and becomes third Baronet.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Newcastle-on-Tyne and of London.

THE LATE REV. DR. PUSEY.

This eminent High Church theologian died on Saturday, at Ascot Priory, Berks, in the eighty-third year of his age. The Rev. Edward Bouverie Pusey, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Hebrew in that University, was a son of the Hon. Philip Bouverie, who added to that title the name of Pusey by Royal license. The first Earl of Radnor was his father's elder brother, and his mother was Lady Lucy Sherard, a daughter of the Earl of Harborough. Dr. Pusey was educated first at Eton, then passed to Christ Church, Oxford, and, in due course, obtained high honours and his degree of Batchelor of Arts. In 1824 he gained the University prize for a Latin essay. A Fellowship of Oriel College was then bestowed on him, and as early as 1828 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew, to which a canonry of the cathedral is attached. From that period dates Dr. Pusey's chief ability and fame as a polemical theologian. One of his first works was a book entitled "The State of Religion in Germany," founded on his own personal experience of what he considered the evils of Rationalism applied to religious beliefs. He became an ally of John Henry Newman, now Cardinal Newman, who was then at the head of a theological school or party including Kebble, Robert Wilberforce, Richard Hurrell Froude, and others, nicknamed "the Tractarians" when they started the "Tracts for the Times," in 1833. After taking part in that memorable series of publications, Dr. Pusey was sure ever afterwards to rank as an interesting figure in the controversies of the Church. His name had come to be adopted to designate the new school of thought. Many who had no notion who Pusey was had heard a great deal about "Puseyism" and "Puseites." Consequently, as the figure-head, if not the leader, of the new movement in favour of Catholicity and authority, Dr. Pusey's name has become the common property of Church History. Yet it was not till the Tractarian agitation had been going on for some little time that Dr. Pusey took a part in it. His first "Tract" was the eighteenth, on the benefits to be derived from fasting; and he subsequently wrote two others dealing with baptism. He also, in connection with the same High Church movement, undertook the work of jointly editing the "Library of the Fathers" and the "Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology."

The other leaders of the party, except Pusey and Kebble, drifted into Romanism, but Newman from the first knew that Pusey did not agree with him in all his opinions, and in his "Apologia" he states that Pusey never had any tendency to sever himself from the Church of England and join that of Rome. Yet both Newman and Pusey suffered ecclesiastical censure for the opinions expressed by them with regard to the new theological departure. Newman's Tract, Number Ninety, upset the whole undertaking by a very free dealing with the Articles and Prayer book, for which he was obliged to resign the vicarage of St. Mary's, Oxford. Dr. Pusey also preached a sermon on "The Holy Eucharist, a Comfort to the Penitent," in 1843, which led to his being suspended by the Vice-Chancellor from preaching in the University pulpit for three years. The result of Newman's conflict with authority was that he subsequently retired into the Church of Rome; the effect of Pusey's suspension was only that he protested vigorously against the censure, and quoted patristic literature to proved himself in the right. Sacerdotal absolution was boldly proclaimed in this same sermon, as also was the duty and privilege of confession; but the particular fault found by the Vice-Chancellor was an assertion of the doctrine of the Real Presence. Except for literary labours and occasional sermons, Dr. Pusey's life may be said to have been singularly uneventful. He was never in the way of ecclesiastical preferment. Among the chief works of Dr. Pusey are a treatise on "The Ancient Doctrine of the Real Presence," "Letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury in Defence of Church Principles," a treatise on Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, "On the Use of Private Confession," a "History of the Councils of the Church," a learned "Commentary on the Minor Prophets," and numerous other sermons, books and pamphlets. He married, in 1828, Miss Maria Catherine Barker, who died in 1839. He had a son, who has been some years deceased, and two daughters, one of whom is living. Dr. Pusey resided almost constantly at Oxford, but would sometimes visit the establishment at Ascot of the Devonport Sisters of Mercy, founded by the late Miss Sellon, who conduct a convalescent hospital there; and at that place he died.

THE FIRST BLEEDING IN RUSSIA.

The Czar Alexis, father of Peter the Great, was one morning in a state of great irritation. He alternately walked about and sat down, contradicted and scolded his courtiers around him, who stood trembling before his bloodshot eyes and the unnatural hue of his countenance. All of a sudden his sight became darkened, his head fell heavily upon his shoulder, his legs tottered, and he fell into a sweon on the floor. He was laid on the sofa, and his physician at once sent for, who, finding his pulse at a perfect stand, and all the symptoms of the face indicating an approaching attack of apoplexy, ordered the Czar's arm to be uncovered, in order to bleed him. But hardly had the doctor taken in hand the lancet, when Alexis, somewhat recovering from his sweon, opened his eyes, and asked the doctor in an angry tone what he was about.

"I was about to bleed you, your majesty," replied the other softly.

"To bleed me!—I don't understand you."

"This instrument," said the doctor, pointing to the lancet, "would make such a slight incision in the flesh of your arm as to cause much less pain than even the scratch of a pin, but it will cause a few drops of the thick blood to flow off, and facilitate thereby the circulation of the whole system."

"How!" shrieked Alexis. "You mean to wound me, and spill my blood intentionally. How dare you!"

"It's true, sire, the cure of bleeding is not yet known in your vast empire, but it has been introduced into Poland, Germany, and France with unfailing success; but I would certainly not have dared to attempt it on your majesty's person if I had not found you in imminent danger of your life."

"Nonsense! I will not allow my body to be wounded, or my blood to be spilt," said the Czar, doggedly.

"But consider, Czar Alexis," remonstrated the doctor earnestly, "in taking from you a few drops of blood I am sure to save your life; but if you refuse, I cannot answer for the consequences, and what now appears only a slight indisposition, may turn to a most serious illness, which will baffle all my skill and all the medicine in the world."

Struck by these ominous words, Alexis asked whether there was no other means of saving his life.

"None that I know of," replied the doctor, seriously.

"Does bleeding hurt a person in good health?" asked Alexis.

"Certainly not; it can neither harm nor do good to persons who are in no need of it."

"Then," said Flexis, "bleed yourself first, doctor."

"With pleasure; but my arm will then be so weak for a couple of days that I shall not be able to perform the operation on you during that interval.

The Czar then told all his courtiers to stand round in a circle, and ordered the doctor to bleed them all in turn. These were Ilia Milaslowsky, the Princes Narishkin and Dolgorucki, Count Tolstoy, General Lubanoff, and many more of high rank and birth. Each and all were bled, in blind obedience to the Czar's will; however, when the turn came to Streshneff, who was bent with age and enfeebled by long service, the doctor made a full pause, and looked hesitatingly at the Czar, as much as to say, here is danger in the operation. Encouraged by the pause, Streshneff bent his knee before Alexis, and said:

"May your majesty please to pardon the liberty I am taking to beseech you, in all humility, to spare me the few drops of blood which the Almighty has still left in my veins at my advanced age. What may be useful or harmless to the young, may prove dangerous to the old."

The doctor nodded assent to the assertion. The Czar, however, felt himself so insulted that, clenching his fist and inflicting a blow on the breast of the old man, he shrieked in a most violent voice:

"How dare you, old dog, to disobey your sovereign? If you do not at once bare your arm, I shall have you shot like an old beast."

We need not say that Streshneff underwent the operation, which done, the doctor told Alexis that it was now his turn to be bled.

"Very well," said the Czar, gloomily, and baring his arm, turned away his head, and bid the doctor make haste.

Strange to say, Alexis, who could with the utmost indifference look on at the blood he caused to be shed of thousands of his subjects, was coward enough to be frightened at the sight of a few drops of blood from his own body!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, September 9.

A SMART, if not a kind *mot* is attributed to Alexander Dumas when speaking of Mdlle. Duverger: "She recalls my youth, but not her own." Also alluding to a brother journalist, he remarked, "he knows absolutely nothing, and makes capital use of it."

THE director who has secured for four years the services of the newly-found great tenor, Salomon, at the rate of seventy-two thousand francs a year, makes a curious stipulation—namely, that he is to have a month's holiday a year, during which time he is to seek repose and not fatigue himself by singing at fashionable seaside places. This is paternal.

IT will be remembered that some years ago a waiter swallowed a silver spoon which sent him to the hospital. Vain efforts were made to extract the article, though the happy thought of sending for a burglar did not occur to the medical men. We hear that last week they broke open the waiter's plate chest by means of a deep cut, and got the silver spoon out amidst universal congratulations. The value of the spoon to connoisseurs is said to be a thousand francs. This is the way to make money clearly.

WE are informed from Luchon that a talented young member of the Bar of Paris has committed half-suicide by means of a pistol. He has, be it understood, only dangerously wounded himself. The cause was love, disappointed love for a Mlle. Marguerite, under whose window he had been standing in the rain for eight hours. To bring about a desire to extinguish one's-self such a dose of rain would be the natural means. The young lady was not softened by the consequences of his act, but her friend was, and took her place at the bedside of the wounded man. No doubt he will show his gratitude.

THE French gentleman is now outdoing the Englishman in his patronage of a lounging jacket. He wears the article all day long, and is never seen in a frock coat. That is relegated to the official world, and marks the man who must not indulge his taste for dress, but keep up a respectable and sober exterior to receive clients, or to present himself before his betters. The Frenchman, however, glorifies the English lounging jacket and etceteras of costume by wearing all the colors of the rainbow. Let us instance the Baron de V——, who the other day appeared in a jacket of light blue and yellow trousers, a white satin neck tie, with a pin representing a columbine sticking her leg through the said scarf. A violet-colored vest with gold buttons, white cashmere shoes, and a white hat with a black band; this, with an ivory cane with a china nob, completed an appearance which the ladies called *ravissant*, the English of which is "*Nobby*."

THE *Figaro* now bestows all its sympathy on "*ce pauvre Arabi*;" it is delighted at having discovered in Shakespeare, "Alas, poor Arabi!" and is delighted to air a quotation as yet unhackneyed. Our acquaintance with the works of the "Divine Williams" is inferior to the Gaul's, but perhaps he will be so good as to say from which play or sonnet he *déniché* his quotation. Alas, poor Arabi! he says; after having received a certificate from the great Frenchman Lesseps, after having done so much, without having burned down or pillaged Cairo, or inundated the Delta, or bombarded Alexandria, he is now vanquished. "Were he in the hands of France he might be sure of honorable and humane treatment, but we tremble when we reflect that he is in the power of the vengeful English. We remember their treatment of Joan of Arc, Napoleon and Marshal Ney."

A REALLY comical incident occurred a few days since in the office of a small Radical sheet entitled *Le Citoyen*, which has of late been engaging in violent discussions with other organs of the same stamp. Last Saturday evening, at about twelve, after the departure of nearly all the editors and printers, the rooms of *Le Citoyen* were invaded by twenty-five or thirty persons, who, striking terror by their number and their threatening attitude into the breast of the solitary individual left at that advanced hour in charge of the premises, exacted the immediate insertion of a notice retracting certain statements made by *Le Citoyen* that very morning. The same aggression was repeated the next evening, so the staff of *Le Citoyen* not only took measures to defend the entrance against all invaders, but made an appeal to a certain Radical Society called "La Fédération du Centre" in order to obtain a reinforcement of troops. A detachment of fifty men was instantly furnished, and has since remained upon the premises. It has been proposed to escort each editor of *Le Citoyen* safely to his door every night, and, generally speaking, the most thorough measures have been taken to protect the assaulted staff.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

QUEEN VICTORIA is to visit the south of France.

CHOLERA is epidemic in the Dutch possessions in Oceania.

MR. HENRY EDMOND KNIGHT has been elected Lord Mayor of London.

THE Danish Arctic expedition is ice-bound east of Vaigatiz Island.

THE Courts-martial have commenced their sittings at Cairo.

THERE is said to be proof that Arabi ordered the massacre and pillage at Alexandria.

SECRETARY FOLGER has accepted the Republican nomination for Governor of New York State.

GENERAL WOOD'S and General Alison's brigades will form the British army of occupation in Egypt.

AN Alexandria despatch says many arrests, including the Chief of the Notables, have been made at Damietta.

GREECE is again reinforcing her troops on the Turkish frontier, Moukhtar Pasha having refused to evacuate Gonnista.

AN international conference on the protection of submarine cables meets in Paris on the 18th of October.

THE British transport *Carthage* has arrived at Portsmouth with 11 officers and 101 men wounded at Tel-el Kebir.

A MADRID despatch reports that Cholera in Japan has ceased. In Manilla the deaths on Thursday numbered 20.

MR. E. DWYER GRAY was released on the order of Judge Dillon recently, on payment of the £500 fine.

THE Khedive has assured the Duke of Connaught that he will not interfere if the court-martial condemns the rebel leaders to death.

IMPORTS into the United States for the twelve months ending on the 31st of August were valued at $741,982,917, and exports at $737,048,772.

TWELVE thousand British troops will remain in Egypt for the present, to complete the work of restoring order. The country is rapidly resuming its normal condition.

A MEERSCHAUM mine has been discovered in North Carolina.

TAMBACH & SON, of Manchester, Calcutta and Bagdad, have failed for £159,000.

SIX hundred Jewish families have left Pressburg, in Hungary, on account of the anti-Jewish riots there.

A GRAND review of the British troops in Egypt was held on Saturday, and created a great impression on the natives, who were present in large numbers.

A NUMBER of non-commissioned officers of the Indian contingent in Egypt are to go to England to receive the war medal from the hands of the Queen.

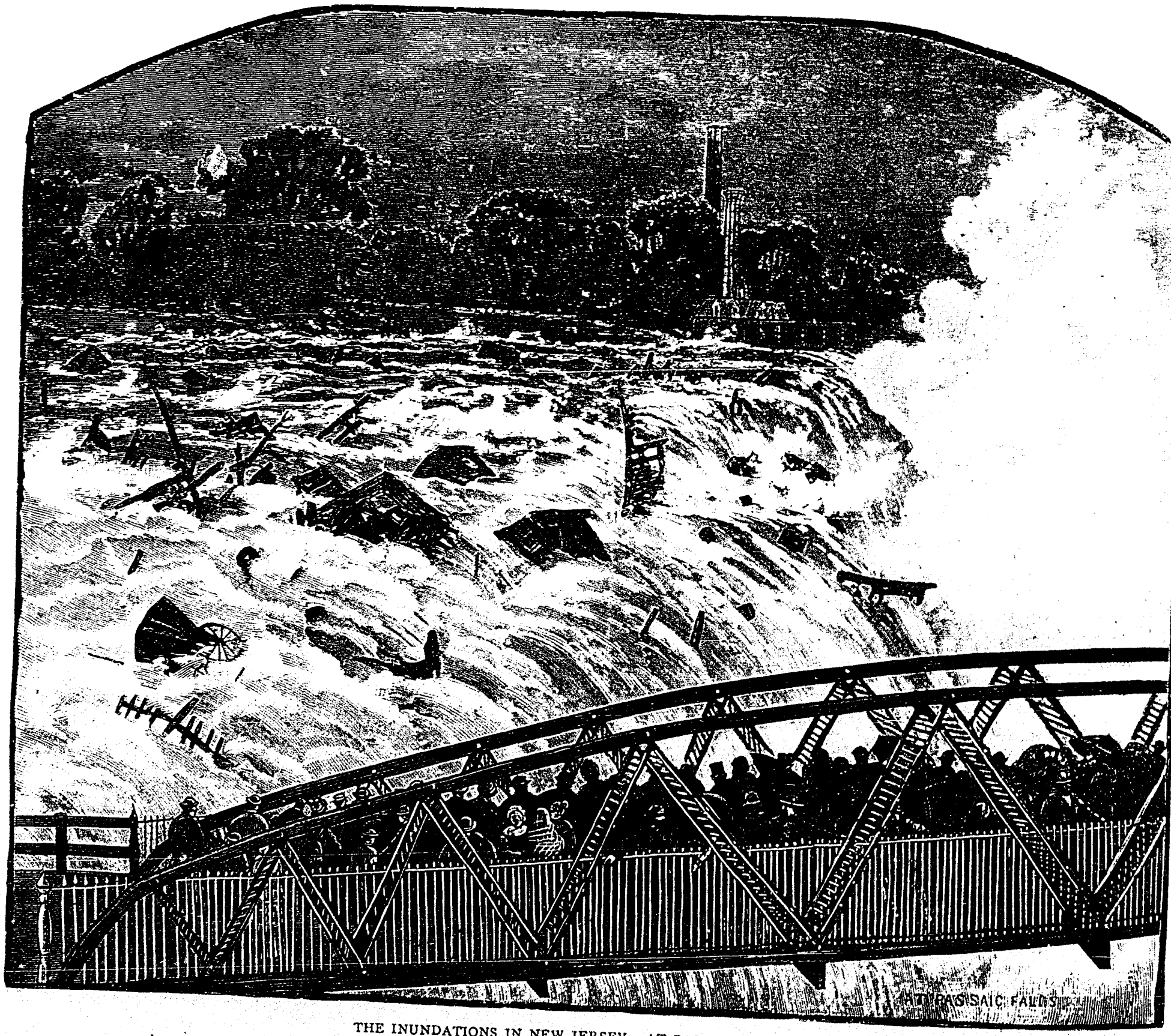
THE Sultan has reminded Lord Dufferin that the Turkish note in reference to the withdrawal of the British forces from Egypt is still unanswered.

THE floating debt of France is to be increased by some two or three hundred million francs, for the prosecution of extraordinary public works.

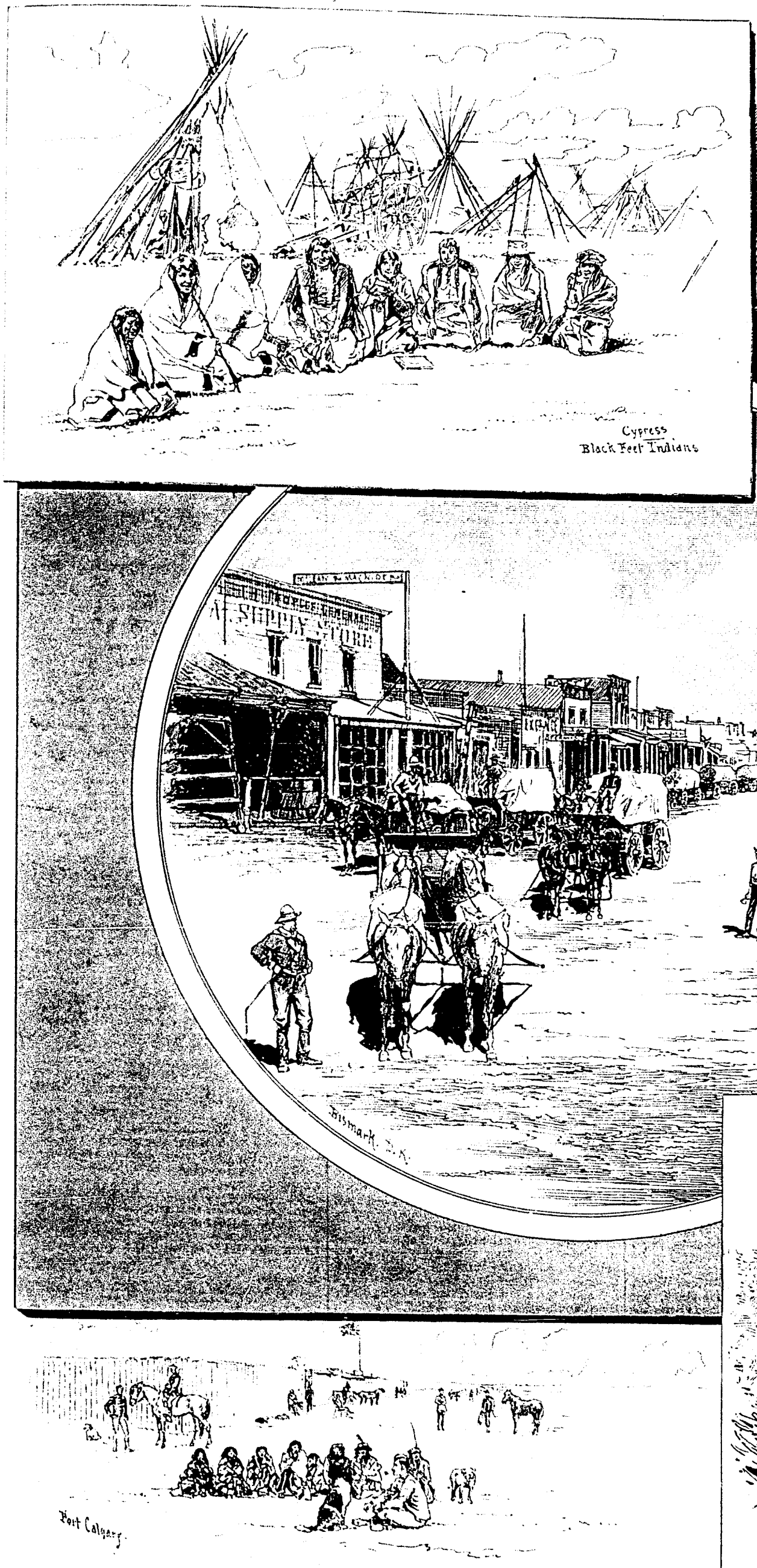
A GLASGOW despatch says Professor Blackie is heading a fresh land agitation movement in the highlands of Scotland, wholly independent of the Land League party.

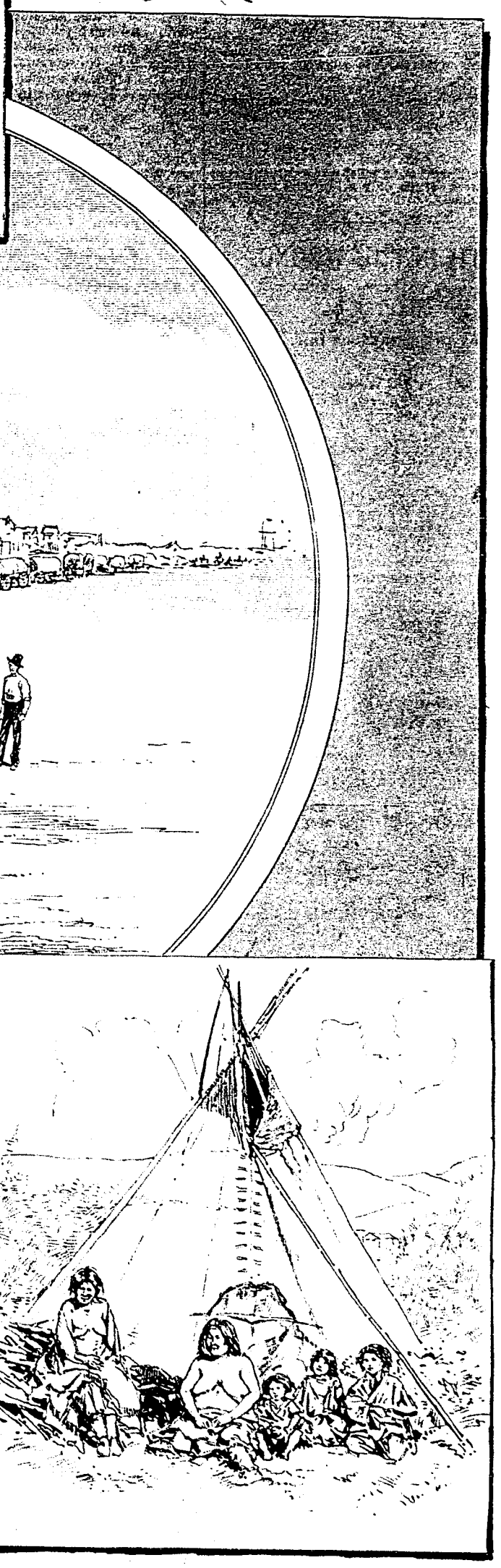
THE LATE RIGHT HON. SIR GEORGE GREY, G.C.B.

THE LATE EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY, D.D.



THE INUNDATIONS IN NEW JERSEY.—AT PASSAIC FALLS.





TYPES OF INDIANS IN THE NORTH-WEST.—From Photographs by W. E. Hook, Minnehaha Falls.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

*(From the French of the late Dr. Hubert La Rue *)*

I.

Calm City of the Dead, to thee I oft repair,
To dream of Heaven's rest, in which I hope to share
When this poor frame decays.
Beside my new-made grave I see my mother weep,
While, with sweet voice of faith, breaking the silence deep,
My dear child kneels and prays.

II.

O dear ones three, who lie beneath the wintry ground,
While o'er you sweeps the wind with melancholy sound,
You, as you lay, I see,
In garb of death so pale, beneath his chilly touch—
Then comes, like wholesome dew, the thought that even such
I, too, ere long, shall be.

III.

In Heaven we all shall meet—there is our real home;
What is there on this earth to cause our thoughts to roam
From joys that wait us there?
There we shall live in peace, devoid of care or fear,
There sorrow never comes, there never falls a tear—
And Heaven is won by prayer.

John Reade.

* The beautiful verses of which a translation is here attempted were written only a few days before Dr. La Rue's untimely death.

BOTH IN THE WRONG.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE HONEYMOON TRIP.

"'My sweet Olive,—

"'Your loving letter is to hand. Before long I shall return to England, darling, and——' Why, Olive, what does this mean? A man's writing, too!"

The face raised to the speaker's is very fair, flushed as it is with sudden confusion and surprise.

He has entered the room quietly, and read the above extract aloud before she has been aware of his presence.

"It is nothing," she returns, doubling the letter up hastily and putting it away. "That is, nothing which concerns anybody except myself. I suppose, Wilfred, I may be allowed to have some affairs of my own?"—with a touch of defiance in the clear tones.

"But, my dear Olive, anything that concerns you should concern me," he says, earnestly. "Surely, if I wish to see that letter, you won't withhold it from me."

"Why do you wish to see it?" she asks.

"I am curious to know who it can be from, Olive. I was not aware that you were carrying on any correspondence down here."

She hesitates a minute. Her face is averted, to hide from him its tell-tale thoughts.

"I'm sorry, Wilfred; but I can neither show it you nor tell you who it is from,"—in a low voice.

He turns away to the window, with a pained expression. Already a refusal from the woman of his choice! It is hard—very!

"I think, Olive," he says, slowly, after a silence that has been ominous, "I am well within my right—indeed, it is my duty as a husband—to insist upon seeing that letter."

"If you cannot trust me, why did you marry me?"

She speaks in a bitter tone at last, and he sees in the brown eyes, lifted to his boldly, a gathering angry light that is new to him.

Has he been living through some sweet dream, he wonders, and is this the rude awakening? It seems but yesterday since he stood with this fair young girl in the chilly church—they two alone, without kith or kin beside them—and pronounced those vows that made them one.

He had taken her—Olive Rayne—from a cheerless home, where, her parents being dead, she had lived with an aunt who had made life a misery to her. And he had believed she could be happy with him and love him. Had there been any mistake?

"Have you already forgotten the promise you made three short weeks since, Olive?"

"What promise?" she asks, quickly.

"To love, honor, and obey——"

"No!" interrupting him with a short laugh. "As far as obeying goes, I shall keep it when you are reasonable in your requests. As for the rest——"

"Well, Olive? Don't hesitate on my account, pray."

But his handsome sunburnt face has paled, and he speaks with an effort.

"I don't see why you shouldn't know the truth," she returns, slowly. "I have never loved you, Wilfred."

"Never loved me!" He draws a deep, painful breath. "Why did you marry me, then?"

"Why?" she continues, in the same slow manner. "To escape the drudgery at Aunt Rayne's, and—and because you were rich, and I thought I should like to be a rich man's wife."

Then she rises, and with her face still turned from him, goes to the door.

"Stay, Olive!" and with a quick stride he is beside her, and leads her back to the easy chair.

His way is so strange and imperious, so different to what it has been of late, that she is constrained into complying.

"So you do not love me?" he says, quietly, very different from the tone of upbraiding she expects.

"I never told you I loved you," is her impetuous reply.

"Not in so many words, but you led me to infer so. Unfortunately I love you, as I've told you repeatedly. However, this is no time for reproaches. I also have a confession to make. Have I ever told you I was a wealthy man?"

She looks up, dazed for a moment at this abrupt query.

"No, I have not, Olive; and for the very good reason that, as I stand before you at this moment, I am not worth a hundred pounds."

"You're joking, Wilfred!" she says, in a low, tremulous voice.

"I was never more in earnest in my life. Is this the sort of place a rich man spends his honeymoon in?"—looking round on the plain but quaint and homely-furnished room. "A cheap lodging in an insignificant little village like Brookside! No servants, no luxuries; waited on by an officious landlady! Surely there are no evidences of wealth in all this to mislead you?"

"But—but you let me think——Oh, I cannot believe it!"—turning from him with an indignant sob.

"Why not? What grounds have you had for believing otherwise? Beyond meeting me at the house of a common acquaintance, you know nothing of me. You have never seen or heard of a single relation of mine. You have never asked me about my position in the world, nor did your aunt see fit to do so. Am I to blame if you have been under a misapprehension?"

"I trusted you as a gentleman, Mr. Garthorne!" facing him haughtily now, with flashing brown eyes and crimson face. "I have been imposed upon shamefully!"

"Not more than I have been. It is a case of false pretences on both sides, Olive. For the present, I daresay I can manage to scrape together a living for us both, without any greater hardship than having to practise economy."

"I have not married to be a poor man's drudge!" she returns, disdainfully. "You have quite mistaken the woman you have made your wife, Mr. Garthorne. Your wife! For the future we will go separate ways; I will be Olive Rayne to the world again. Here!"—springing up and wrenching open a pretty escritoire beside her—"my marriage certificate!"—tearing the copy of the said document to shreds. "My ring!"—throwing it at his feet. "I repudiate these, as I do everything connected with you and your marriage!"

Superb and beautiful she looks in her withering scorn, notwithstanding it is a trifle theatrical and overdone.

He stands lost in amazement and admiration, until her opening of the door arouses him.

"One moment before you go, Mrs. Garthorne!" he exclaims, coldly. "I understand you desire to leave me—to be independent as you were before our marriage. When do you propose to——"

"This very day—this very hour!" is the impatient rejoinder.

"So be it. In future, you are free, not only to go where you will, but, as you leave me of your own accord, to provide for yourself. If, after a while, you regret this and come to me——"

But she turns from him contemptuously, and without waiting to hear another word, sweeps from the room.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW GOVERNESS.

Herne Hall is a fine old country residence, gray, ivy-grown, standing in a well-wooded park of moderate size, and situated about two miles from that thriving market town, Pennerstow.

Its present master is Mr. Geoffrey Warde.

He is a middle-aged man, a widower with three children, and has held for many years, until lately, an important post in the old-established Pennerstow bank.

He inherited Herne Hall from Barbara Warde, the widow of his elder brother, Humphrey, but though she died some two years ago, he has not—owing to certain conditions in her will—been able to claim the property until within the last month or so.

As he sits in the library, letter-writing, this fine summer's afternoon, he cannot be credited with very good looks. The face that pores over the desk is sallow, with high cheek-bones, quick, eager eyes, and thin, compressed lips. His hands are large and bony, and he is tall and spare in build.

Suddenly, his eldest daughter, Amy, a charming girl of some twenty years, enters.

How came such a sire to have such a daughter? She is all freshness, and sweetness—a ripe beauty, with deep blue eyes and brown, wavy hair, and soft red lips that are temptation itself.

"I have come back, papa," she says, standing demurely by his chair.

"Very good, my dear. I expected you today," raising his face for her kiss.

"Lady Hamlin pressed me very much to make my visit longer, but as you only gave me permission to remain four days, of course I couldn't, papa. Oh, and the ball was such a success, and I did enjoy it!"

"Hum!" is the unsympathetic rejoinder. "How about the pearls?—missing by this time, I daresay?"

"Oh, no, papa? I've brought them safely back with me. Everyone admired the necklace extremely."

This was the first occasion of Amy's wearing, in public, the valuable jewels left her by her aunt Barbara.

"Did Mrs. Jarwin tell you that I wanted to speak to you the moment you came in?" asks Mr. Warde.

"Yes, papa. And she told me that Olive arrived two days ago. I haven't seen her yet."

"Miss Rayne, if you please, Amy," he says, impressively. "There must be no familiarity now between you. Miss Rayne is here as the governess to your younger sister and brother, remember."

"But, papa, we have known each other so long," pleads Amy, wistfully. "And, besides, she wrote me as a friend, asking if I could find her a place where she could earn her own living, and be free from that horrid aunt of hers."

"And you found her a better one here than she could hope for. You must be content with that, my dear. I have spoken to her myself on the matter, and she perfectly understands that she takes her position here as a governess, and not as a friend. I have also made it a condition that we shall hear nothing from her of that rascal, Sidney."

"Oh, papa! how could you pain her by referring to him?" her soft cheeks flushing up hotly.

"If people will have disreputable relations, they must suffer," returns Mr. Warde, coolly. "Not that I think there's much chance of his ever annoying anyone in this neighborhood again. He prefers his freedom abroad to the chance of penal servitude in England. Now, you understand me, Amy, about Miss Rayne?"

"Yes, papa. I must do as you wish, I suppose," she says, demurely.

Then she goes out, and in the hall meets a stout woman, well dressed, but with a red, blotchy face and fishy eyes which tell their own shameful tale.

"Miss Rayne is in the school-room miss, if you'd like to see her."

"Thank you, Mrs. Jarwin."

She enters the school-room. We have seen the brown-eyed young lady before, who rises to meet her with such a self-possessed air. Two children—a boy and girl aged about ten and twelve—spring up from their books, and rush at their sister with a boisterous glee.

"How are you, you little pair of romps? A kiss, Gertie? Don't, Freddy, you bad boy! You've nearly dislocated my arm. I am afraid, Miss Rayne," to Olive, who stands looking on calmly, "you must find them very unruly."

"Rather. They may go now," says Olive, looking at her watch. "Indeed, their time is nearly up."

"Thanks, Miss Rayne. Hurrah!" shouts Master Freddy. "Amy you must come and play lawn-tennis with us. Mustn't she, Gert?"

"Very well. Run along, and get your hats; I'm going into the garden," says Amy, following them out.

Olive is alone. She gives a little sigh. Her life here is to be a very comfortless one she perceives. Well, it is her own doing. She is stooping to pick up some books, when there is a light step, and, before she can look up, two little hands cover her eyes from behind.

"Olive, you old dear! You didn't think I was going to run away without a word of welcome or a hug? You cold, heartless thing! You don't love me half as I love you."

And thereupon a "hug" and kisses follow, to which Olive submits graciously, with an amused smile.

"My dear Amy, it's so kind of you to——"

"Not another word, dear. By-and-by, I'll find a chance. Here come those tiresome children for me!"

* * * * *

Tap, tap, tap! very softly.

"May I come in?" in a whisper to correspond; and as Olive is sitting in her bed-room that same evening, Amy's witching young face peeps round the half-open door roguishly.

Without waiting for the word of permission, she glides in, looking a pretty picture in her dainty dressing-gown, with her brown hair rippling down over her shoulders.

She brings a low chair, and seats herself by Olive, and nestles to her like a fond, overgrown child.

"I've come to have a chat, you dear old love!" she says, sighing contentedly.

Olive smiles down on her with the superior wisdom of grown-up years.

"Your old habit of calling people names, Amy—not naughty names, it's true. What do you want to chat about, dear?"

"About yourself, and how you get on here, and what you've been doing with yourself the last two years; and—and about *him*, my Sidney, there's a darling, Olive!" hiding her blushing face on Olive's shoulder. "I've heard so little of him lately, and—and I don't get to love him less."

"You silly puss, Amy!" and Olive strokes the soft hair tenderly. "His letters are full of you, dear—of his great love—something phenomenal, it seems to be. What a funny thing love is! His last letter I posted to you. Did you receive it?"

"Yes, nearly four months ago,"—in an injured tone. "Surely that wasn't his last, Olive?"

"I have heard from him once since, from Paris; and *such news*, dear! He is coming back to England. He says he won't skulk abroad any longer like a guilty man. He intends to try and prove his innocence, or take the consequences."

"Poor old Sid! Poor love!" sighs Amy, her sunny face clouding over dismally. "If papa would only believe him innocent! I can't think why papa doesn't, Olive. It seems to me one has only got to know Sidney to be convinced he couldn't commit such a thing as forgery."

"Papa isn't in love, dear," smiles Olive soberly.

"I suppose that's it. But I never could understand why Sidney wasn't tried and found innocent instead of going abroad."

"That was because the evidence against him was so conclusive, dear. Your father's own lawyer, who was acting for Sidney, advised him to accept Mr. Warde's offer—that the affair should be hushed up and he go abroad. I sometimes wish he'd stayed and faced it out."

"Why didn't he, Olive?"

"Because he was young, and allowed himself to be persuaded. This was how it was, Amy. Sidney was under your father in the bank, as you know, and it fell to his duty to manage your Aunt Barbara's account and receive her checks. Your father used to place great trust in him, and even introduced him to your own home, which was the time he first learnt to love you, you puss. Well, when your aunt discovered that some one had drawn over three thousand pounds from her account by means of forged checks, suspicion naturally fell upon poor Sidney. Then it was discovered that your aunt's maid, who often used to be sent to cash checks, had cashed these particular ones. She was accused of it, and swore most positively that her accomplice was Sidney."

"The wicked woman!" pants Amy, with flushed, indignant features. "But, Olive, my aunt's maid was—was Jarwin, who is here now."

"What! the housekeeper?" exclaims Olive in surprise.

"Yes; and now that I remember, aunt was very angry with Jarwin about something. I always wonder why papa has her here. I can't bear the woman."

"She's the only one who knows the truth about Sidney," says Olive, thoughtfully. "It is indeed curious your father keeps her. However," seeing Amy's pained, puzzled face, "it is not for me to say. How have you enjoyed yourself, and what have you been doing with yourself the last few days, dear? I hear you have been very gay."

Amy accepts the turn in the conversation without comment, and enters into a vivid description of her visit to Lady Hamlin's. When she comes to the first wearing of her precious pearls, she exclaims, "Oh, you must see them, Olive! They are such beauties. Come with me to my room. Everyone has gone to bed, and we can go softly."

Somewhat reluctantly, Olive is persuaded to accompany Amy. They go out of the room and down a narrow staircase, Amy leading the way with the lamp. Then along a passage and into a wide corridor, from which the main staircase leads down below. Here Amy pauses, shading the light with one hand.

"I suppose you know your way about now, dear," she says, beneath her breath. "You sleep in the top room on the east wing. Jarwin sleeps below you. It's a shame! You ought to have had her room, as I told papa. You may shake your head and smile, you dear old love! I feel highly indignant!"

And with an expressive little grimace, she glides into a thickly-carpeted gallery, with several doors going into it from either side.

"That's 'pa's door," she whispers. "And this"—pointing to the next—"is mine."

It stands ajar, and they enter. They are in an elegantly-furnished dressing-room, communicating by another door with the bedroom beyond. The latter is in darkness, but a subdued radiance is shed over the dressing-room by a hanging lamp.

Amy produces a massive, old-fashioned case from her wardrobe, and with all the eagerness of a child, unlocks it with a tiny key attached to her watch-chain.

"What's that?" exclaims Olive, in a hushed voice. "Didn't you hear someone in the other room, Amy?"

Amy, half petulantly, stays in her delightful occupation a moment to listen. "Why, I declare, Olive, you're getting quite a nervous old thing! I didn't hear anything. There now!" displaying in the open case a magnificent set of pearl ornaments. "Don't be envious! Are they not beautiful?"

Olive is too thoroughly a woman not to admire and express her admiration.

She even permits Amy to clasp the costly bracelets about her shapely rounded arms, and fasten the necklace round her white, queenly throat.

"You look lovely!" says Amy, replacing them in the case. "You shall see me in them another time. It's getting so late, we must go back now."

They arrive safely at Olive's door, and bid each other good night

Amy returns to her own room.

"I wonder why papa is so particular about Jarwin's light?" run her thoughts, as she locks the case containing her pearls, which she has omitted to do before in her hurry. "He never used to care what time the servants went to bed."

CHAPTER III.

HARSH SUSPICIONS.

Breakfast is nearly over on the following morning at Herne Hall.

The governess, Miss Rayne, and her two pupils have b ‹ken themselves already to the school-room.

Mr. Warde, who makes a later appearance at the table, is engaged with his letters; whilst Amy, presiding over the coffee-urn, has just handed her f‹ her his second cup of coffee.

"Who can that be?" she exclaims, as she perceives a vehicle coming round the bend in the avenue towards the house. "It's the fly from Pennerstow Station, papa, and there's a gentleman inside with some luggage."

Mr. Warde looks up from his correspondence and out through the window, with a countenance expressive of some irritation.

"It must be the fellow himself," he mutters. "It's like his impudence! I only got his letter this morning, and here he is."

"Who is it, papa?" asks Amy, curiously.

"Wilfred Garthorne. He writes to say that now we've come into the property, and he being a poor man without any prospects, he hopes I'll do something for him. He suggests I may want a private secretary. A very likely thing! I suppose he regrets now he has been such a fool and missed his chance."

The servant enters with a card, which Mr. Warde looks at and flings aside with contempt.

"Tell him we're at breakfast, James. If he'll join us, show him in."

Then he again divides his attention between his letters and his breakfast.

Amy is wondering to herself what this new comer is like.

Years ago they knew each other when she was still a child and he a raw-boned lad of sixteen.

Aunt Barbara, whose own nephew he is—she being a Miss Garthorne—hoped at one time that Amy and he might make a match of it.

When he comes in, Amy sees a handsome, sunburnt young f‹llow, broad-shouldered, with frank, open features, and crisp, curly brown hair.

And as he takes her little hand, there is a half-smile in his gray eyes, that comes to her like a pleasant memory of former days.

"I suppose I ought to congratulate you on coming into the property, Mr. Warde," he says, good-humoredly. "A couple of years ago, when my aunt died, most people seemed to think it a mere cast of the die whether it would be yours or mine. I knew better, as I wrote and told you."

"Thanks," returns Mr. Warde, dryly. "You had your own reasons, of course, for not complying with the terms of your aunt's will; but it seemed to me they were not hard."

"What! to be bound down to marry before a certain age not hard? I think it rather a humiliating condition. What do you say, Miss Warde?"

"I hardly think so," laughs Amy. "Of course, it depends upon what the age is."

"Well, twenty-six. My aunt's will, you know, decreed that if I were not married on my twenty-sixth birthday—which was three months ago—Herne Hall should revert to your father."

And he glances towards Mr. Warde, who is, however, mentally immersed in his letters again.

"Aunt Barbara believed in early marriages," replies Amy. "Besides, Mr. Garthorne, I don't think twenty-five an unreasonable age for a young man to marry, especially when he is free to choose where he will, as you were."

Then he dir‹cts the talk to the old days, when they were a good deal together.

Presently, Mr. Warde, who has apparently been paying no attention to them, rises from the table.

"If you have finished, Garthorne, perhaps you'll come with me to the library," he says. "By the bye, Amy, I haven't locked your pearls up. Bring them to me, my girl."

Wilfred follows him to the library in silence.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Warde," he says, when they are seated, "my visit is not altogether an acceptable one."

"It isn't the visit I object to, Garthorne," is the cold, tardy reply; "but you seem to have an idea that you have some claim upon me. That I dispute."

"Scarcely a claim, Mr. Warde. I thought that perhaps you might find some occupation for me, knowing that my aunt's allowance ceased three months ago, and that I am self-dependent."

"Hum! I must see if there's an opening in the bank. As for a secretary, it's one of the last things in the world I require."

"Don't trouble, then," returns Wilfred, lightly. "I shall have to exercise patience, like Mr. Micawber, and wait for something to turn up."

He rises, and pretends to examine the books on the shelves behind.

Mr. Warde wonders why his visitor is so persistent in thrusting his company upon him when he knows it is unwelcome.

An awkward silence ensues, which is broken by Amy, who enters, bearing in her hands her case of pearls.

"They're all right, I suppose?" remarks Mr. Warde, taking it.

"Oh, yes, papa," handing him the key, which she had taken from off her chain. "I was looking at them last night."

He unlocks the old-fashioned receptacle, and utters an exclamation.

The case is empty!

"What is this stupid joke for?" he demands sternly.

Amy stares aghast! Incredulously she feels the purple-velvet lining of the case, but in vain.

Not a shadow of a pearl is there!

"It isn't a joke, papa!" she gasps. "I cannot understand it. They were all right last night."

"They've been stolen; there's no doubt of it!" returns Mr. Warde, harshly. "This comes of letting girls wear valuable property before they can take care of it!"

The tears well up in Amy's deep blue eyes.

"Does the lock appear to have been forced?" asks Wilfred, who has been an interested listener.

"Not in the least," says Mr. Warde, examining it. "Whoever has taken them has used the key, for it is impossible to pick such an intricate lock. By the way, why were you looking at them last night?"

"I was showing them to—to Miss Rayne, papa," falters poor Amy.

"To Miss Rayne!"—with a frown. "Then to Miss Rayne, as the last person who saw them, excepting yourself, we must look for some explanation of their disappearance."

"Oh, papa, you cannot suspect her of—of ——"

"Never mind what I suspect; that sort of thing runs in families. Ask Miss Rayne to come here, James," to the footman who enters.

Amy sinks, sobbing, into an easy chair, while Wilfred seats himself in a window, as far out of sight as he can, with a book in his hand.

When Olive enters, queenly and self possessed, her attention is attracted at once by the woe-begone spectacle presented by poor Amy.

"I have an unpleasant duty to perform, Miss Rayne!" says Mr. Ward , severely. "I must inform you that my daughter's valuable pearl ornaments have disappeared mysteriously. I understand you were looking at them last night. You must not be surprised, then, that certain suspicions are aroused."

The crimson tide surges up to Olive's white brow, and she turns on him with flashing eyes.

But before she can speak Amy springs up, and flinging her arms round her neck, sobs out, "Don't believe it, darling Olive! Nobody who knows you could think such wicked things! I wish—I wish I'd never had the wretched pearls!"

There is an impatient, muttered exclamation from the other side of the room, and Olive's gaze falls upon Wilfred Garthorne.

The color dies out from her beautiful features, and they grow white and tremulous.

"Come here, Amy!" exclaims Mr. Warde, seizing his daughter, and pushing her into the chair. "Now, then, Miss Rayne, what have you to say about the matter? Your appearance seems anything but one of conscious innocence."

Amy's tears as she looks at her friend suddenly cease to flow, so astonished is she at the change which has come over her.

Olive's calm reliance has vanished. She is confused, and her white lips move as if she would speak but cannot.

Then Wilfred comes forward.

"I think, Mr. Warde," he says, in tones quivering with repressed feeling, "you are somewhat unjust in accusing this young lady in this manner. You are not certain even that the jewels have been stolen."

"Will you have the goodness to mind your own business, Garthorne?" is the sharp rejoinder.

For a moment Wilfred seems to meditate an angry reply; then he controls himself, and turns away to the window.

"You can go back to your duties, Miss Rayne," Mr. Warde says, coldly. Then he adds as she moves slowly to the door, "I shall put the matter in the hands of the police. Your explanation will have to be made to them."

CHAPTER IV.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Some days pass. Notwithstanding Geoffrey Warde's obvious threat about the police, nothing further has been heard about the missing pearls, nor has he thought fit, apparently, to institute any inquiry concerning them.

Olive goes about her duties silently and gravely. She and Wilfred, who is staying at the Hall in spite of Mr. Warde's churlish reception, have not met alone. She is careful to keep out of his way—indeed, the avoiding of each other seems mutual.

She has no opportunity to ask Amy about him, for Mr. Warde, to make his prohibition against his daughter's familiarity with her effectual, is keeping watch over her.

But one afternoon Mr. Warde goes into Pennerstow with his two youngest children to see the Agricultural Show. Olive has not been asked to go, but Wilfred is to drive Amy over in the phaeton.

"Olive, you old dear, you must come with us," cries Amy, bursting into the school-room, Olive's place of refuge and privacy. "It was a shame of papa not to ask you, but I don't care what he says."

Olive shakes her head with her usual calm smile.

"Oh, but you must!" persists Amy. "The phaeton is ready at the door, and Wilfred is waiting."

Amy is on the old terms of familiarity again with "Cousin Wilfred," as she used to call him.

Why does her intimate way of speaking of him jar so oddly on Olive's ears? Olive is conscious that it does, and also that it is accompanied with some new and unsatisfactory feeling that induces her suddenly to alter her mind.

"Very well, Amy; I will get ready.

"You old dear!" gushes Amy. "Won't I joke Wilfred about being a false prophet! Don't be long, dear."

"One thing, Amy," says Olive, earnestly, coming back from the door. "You have never spoken to Mr. Garthorne about me and—and Sidney?"

"Not a word, dear. He has asked me how we came to know you, and why you look so mournful; but I put him off. Indeed, I hinted at some disappointed love-affair, I think."

"And what did he say?"

"Laughed, and asked what was to be expected if women persisted in giving their hearts away in one direction and their hands in another. He's not at all like the Cousin Wilfred I used to know; he has grown so cynical and sarcastic, especially about marrying for money."

"He's poor, isn't he?"

"Very poor. But we're keeping him waiting all this while, and——"

"I'm going, dear. Do I look so very mournful, though?"

"Sometimes you do, poor old love!" laughs Amy.

But when she joins them on the wide steps beneath the shady portico, with heightened color, and when afterwards they are bowling down the leafy avenue, and along the hard dusty road, she seems in the best possible spirits.

In the eyes of Londoners, the Agricultural Show at Pennerstow is a very unpretending exhibition. But at the banquet at the Town Hall in the evening it is spoken of and looked upon by the company as a very creditable affair indeed.

It is held in the park of a munificent baronet who owns a good share of Pennerstow, and is altogether the great man of the neighborhood. And as he can very well afford to be hospitable and open-handed, he throws open on this occasion his beautiful gardens and conservatories to the public.

After glancing with interest at most of the exhibits, Wilfred and his two lady companions are glad to leave the more crowded domains of the show, and stroll about in the luscious fragrance and perfume of the delightful rose-garden.

"Why, where is Olive?" exclaims Amy, suddenly turning back, for she and Wilfred have gone on together in consequence of the path being narrow. "She was behind us a minute ago."

She is not to be seen.

Wilfred chews his tawny moustache with vexation.

They walk about, looking for her in vain, and in their search come upon Mr. Warde and the children.

"I will leave you with your father, and go and see what has become of her," says Wilfred, in a low voice.

Amy gazes after him, wondering somewhat at this sudden display on his part of interest and concern about a woman.

Meanwhile, what has become of the truant?

In the largest conservatory—that with the glistening dome of glass, beneath which the volunteer band is discoursing rather oppressive brassy strains—she is seated. A young man, dark and good-looking, with something foreign about his heavy moustache and beard and about the fashion of his clothes, is standing beside her.

They are not near where the gay throng is buzzing and pressing its way along the avenues radiant with bloom and rich with flower-scents. They have hidden themselves behind the great fountain, in an out-of-the-way corner, where the distant music reaches them, pleasantly mingled the splash of the waters.

"Why did you trust yourself here, Sidney," she is saying, "in Pennerstow, where every one used to know you?"

(*To be continued.*)

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, September 23.

THERE is a paper proposed, perhaps has been started, called *The Rag*. It is not military.

THE recent eccentric game of chess played by a clergyman with real men and women, has suggested the representation of the same thing at Agricultural Hall.

THE Board of Works has come to the decision that trees should be planted and seats should be provided in all districts within its scope. This is a sweeping and a wise conclusion.

BRIGHTON is shortly to rejoice in a tramway. Owners of horses that will considerably deteriorate in value by broken knees may not be overpleased to hear of the prospect before them.

THE Australian Cricketers will make one thousand pounds each by their professional performances in England—honor and pelf in unstinted measure.

WE are indebted to Mr. C. M Palmer, M. P., who, speaking at Newcastle the other day, proposed a new canal which shall render us independent of the Suez Canal. The new one is to be purely British.

AT the funeral of Mdlle. Feyghine, the young Duc de Morny had the manliness to follow the hearse containing the remains of the poor girl. He was the observed of all the observers, the *gamins* running before to get a good look at him.

IN the process of preparing herself for her appearance before an American public, Mrs. Langtry has accomplished a feat, the secret of which she might sell for more than she will realize by her trip, great as her success may be. She has become better looking. That is the fiat of judges competent and unprejudiced.

MUCH amusement was caused in the City of London Registration Court this week by a discussion respecting the frequent changes of name undergone by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett-Burdett-Coutts, husband of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Because of these mutilations the Liberal agent objected to the claim of Mr. Burdett-Coutts as a liveryman of the Vintner's Company, but the vote was eventually allowed.

SOME of us may differ from Sir George Grey in politics, as we may disagree with Dr. Pusey in doctrine, but still, when compared with either, what mites are the majority of mankind! By the way, it may not be generally known that Sir George was as strongly in favor of legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister as Dr. Pusey was opposed to it. Had they lived for another year they would probably both have seen an Act to that effect added to the Statute-book.

IT is noted that there are a large number of American literary men in London at the present moment—among novelists, Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James; among poets, Mr. Aldrich and Mr. John Hay; and among humorists, Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Dudley Warner. Mr. Wm. Winter, the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, who has been staying in England a short time, has returned to America, and is loud in praise of the hospitality he received there.

IN reply to an inquiry as to whether Sir Garnet Wolseley was a total abstainer, Cardinal Manning writing to one of the secretaries of the Middlesborough Temperance Society:—"I can on my own knowledge, derived from Sir Garnet Wolseley's lips, affirm that he is a strict total abstainer. His army in Egypt is the first, I believe, who ever carried tea in their bottles to assault an entrenched camp." We asked the same question at the United Service Club of a senior officer, who replied: "I don't know; he may be a total abstainer, but I have seen him drink his wine here."

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, it is said, privately communicated this addition to his for ever famous "The war will be ended by the 15th of September." "I shall be back in London before November." What a guest for the next Lord Mayor at his inauguration dinner! What a speech his civic majesty will have to make! How will he have to address the hero, as my Lord, or as Field Marshal! Without a great honor is bestowed and quickly, the nation will roar out its disgust. Honors will have, indeed, to be scattered, as so many have proved themselves worthy by eminent services.

A JOURNALIST who has been enjoying a week by lying on his back on the seashore, thinking of nothing and reading nothing, writes home that he secured to himself a salute (with cannon of course) from the *Lively*, having on board the Duke and Duchess of Albany. He says in the columns of his paper:—"The *Lively* went past not more than a quarter of a mile from shore; so close, indeed, that when I recognized her, and sent greeting with an improvised flag consisting of a white pocket-handkerchief affixed to a wooden spade, I had an answering salute from the little steamer.

A GOOD story comes from Forfarshire. About three weeks ago, the minister of one of the chief towns in that county, an eccentric man, played upon his congregation what seemed a practical joke. There was an intimation he had forgotten to make at the proper time; and immediately after the benediction he exclaimed, "Oh! by-the-bye——" Then he forgot what he had remembered. He paused for a little to see if he could collect his thoughts. They would not arrange themselves, however; and, without a word of explanation, the minister stepped down the pulpit stairs. Arrived in the gown-room he forgot that he had gone thither to look for the paper on which the intimation had been written; took off his cassock, and went home to dinner. Waiting to hear the citation about which there had been so much ado, a portion of the congregation, it is said, remained until the minister returned to conduct the afternoon service. That part of the story, however, must be taken with reserve.

"SURRENDER."—A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR IN EGYPT.

MY SPRINGS.

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that, with unbroken flow,
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky,
And mirror all of life and time,
Serene and dainty pantomime!

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
Though heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify,

Always, when the large form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in its very verity.

Always, when Faith with its stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally!

Always, when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints and Glory fails,
And coy Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love! O Wife! thine eyes are they,—
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure,
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath,
Yet calmly unafraid of death:

Thronged, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor folk's love
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves,

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan;
And loves (no less) for spidery lace
And broideries and supple grace,

And diamonds, and the whole sweet round
Of littles that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth:

Dear eyes, dear eyes! and rare, complete—
Being heavenly sweet and earthly sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For, when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

Sidney Lanier.

SO LIKE THE PRINCE.

I.

While I was staying at Ludwigstein some three or four summers ago, the Prince arrived in his own territory, to remain a few months, for the hunting season, and brought with him a very noticeable valet—a youth of singularly fine appearance and possessed of a somewhat winning and polished manner: no one knew where he had found him.

Such was the dearth of change in Ludwigstein, that even the new valet created a sensation; indeed, so much so, that when this same valet appeared with his Prince outside the palace grounds, the people for a time looked at the valet even more than at the master.

The Prince was perhaps a little imprudent in introducing this young man into his household, valet though he was; for, to tell truth, he bore a striking resemblance to his master; but his Serene Highness was given to doing things after his own fashion, never concerning himself, or even thinking for a moment, what others might think or say. Being the greater part of his time away from home enjoying life in foreign cities of pleasure, he forgot that there was an opinion in Ludwigstein: wherefore did the folk of that little place open their eyes the wider, as is their wont when one greater looks with indifference over their heads,—not that it appeared that the likeness between master and valet had been observed by the former, though so evident to the rest of the world.

The fact is, that the Prince hated the place, and, confounding the people with it, hated them. It is a sleepy, stupid town, dusty in sunshine, and muddy after rain; its town council, which thinks itself metropolitan, is poor and primitive, and has not yet conquered the pride it takes in handing all its revenues over to the Prince, who, on his part, well acquainted with all the modern improvements, has failed hitherto in introducing any of them into the capital. Indeed, the Serene Highness, observant of Russian maxims in these days unfavorable to Princes, did his best to withhold from them the new ideas, lest they should come to know of the great cauldron of conspiracy now simmering, and which he cordially hoped would soon boil over and scald the disaffected, each according to his deserts. For the rest, the Prince, who had weighed these these things in the general scale, hoped that all would continue to be for the best, leaving him to have his own way at home and abroad, and his subjects theirs as heretofore.

It might be fairly inferred that the people of Ludwigstein knew pretty well all about their Prince, seeing that he ruled over so small a realm, and that the distance between him and his lowest subject was by no means equal to that between the Czar of all the Russias and his serfs. But their knowledge of the Prince and his movements was very slight, and the less authentic as being gossip which had filtered from the stable and kitchen through the instrumentality of kitchen-maids and grooms; for the Prince was away the greater part of the year, and came only to the home-palace to hunt the boar.

I remember when for the first time I visited the little town in which this palace stands, how, as everything was shown to me, it was introduced with the whispered word "princely," just as it might be "ducal" at Weimar, or "royal" at Berlin; it was the princely stable, the princely farm, the princely park, the princely palace—as if the Prince himself were in the midst of them, though as little seen as his fish in the princely ponds, or his face in the princely mirrors of the château.

The royal suite had returned to Ludwigstein three days before the inhabitants had a sight of the new valet, and on this occasion he was seated behind the Prince as the carriage drove through the town to a favorite pavilion in the neighborhood. People were struck with his resemblance to the prince. And not they alone; for the same idea was in vogue among the lords and ladies of the court.

As time went on, it was seen by the courtiers at the château that the new valet was rapidly gaining the Prince's favour. They made a pleasantry of the dexterous way in which the new valet anticipated the wishes of his master, and saw how, in place of the menial duties of his situation, he was set to the performance of higher ones; for his Serene Highness had more than once dictated letters to him and had caused them to be issued in the valet's handwriting. Besides all this, the Prince had put into his hands a batch of accounts to examine, and had deputed him to pay out certain moneys. These doings, as if they had been contrary to court etiquette, were, for want of better, made topics of conversation between the chancellor and the mistress of the robes, and the chamberlain and the ladies-in-waiting. But, playfully as this matter was treated by them, there was something like disquietude among the courtiers, who cannot think with complacency of a favorite, even though he may belong to the domestic class.

Meantime the valet himself maintained a demeanour respectful rather than servile towards all, without distinction, as if he scarcely belonged to the household; which, from the courtier's point of view, if not impertinent, was irritating in the highest degree.

At this time Herr Harmann, the valet, liked no society so well as his own; and when he had disposed of his other duties, he would betake himself to his master's dressing-room, and, whatever his motive may have been, was never so happy as when determining the point of how he looked in his master's clothes. It is astonishing how great a portion of his time he spent, while his master was hunting the boar, in trying on now a gold lace coat and now a wig; for the Prince, being a little bald, possessed a wealth of perukes. On these occasions, Herr Harmann was very serious; and when he stood before the mirror to survey himself, he would assume an elevated air, conscious of the likeness he bore to the Prince: "This is Herr Harmann who stands outside the mirror; but that is the Prince within it."

Though, like an actor, he was in this way continually performing his own high part and encouraging his aspirations, he began to assure himself that he must not long remain a servant, but must take his place nearer to the Prince whom he so much resembled.

All this, however, was a secret between him and the mirror.

Nevertheless, he felt difficulty in concealing from others when among them that the Prince's cloak was on his shoulders. Meantime the Prince found him more and more useful, now entrusting him with duties which pertained rather to the steward, and now employing him in the work of a secretary, until at last he became both, to the great dissatisfaction of those who already held those offices.

In this way, while more than a year had passed, the Prince had as usual been on visits to other courts, and, in the character of the foreign count, had visited Paris and London, taking with him a portion of his suite and the invaluable Harmann.

The latter during the travels had shown a new character; he was a perfect linguist, and the effectiveness with which he made use of his talent was strikingly exhibited in Paris, at the Hôtel des Grands Seigneurs, where, discussing an important overcharge in the bill, he entered into the matter with the manager of the hotel in the Prince's presence, with so much fluency and tact as to lead to a considerable reduction in the charges.

One afternoon the court was amazed at learning that Herr Harmann had been appointed the Prince's secretary, and had been entrusted with the management of the royal estates, a large part of which was the public revenue. When the chamberlain whispered the fact to his brother-courtiers, the announcement was received superciliously; but the ladies were more indignant. Fortunately for the new secretary, he was on the point of departing on a financial mission for the Prince, and so avoided the resentment that awaited him throughout the household.

Now that such a change had been made in his position, Herr Harmann naturally came into more familiar contact with his master. Among his manifold duties, it was a part of the morning's business to retail the latest news to the Prince when the latter was disposed to listen, which led Herr Harmann to make an assiduous study of the journals.

"There has been an attempt to assassinate the Grand Duke of Saxe-Waldeck, Monseigneur," he said one morning, as his Serene Highness entered the library.

"Thou loving God!" said the Prince; "why, the Saxe-Waldecks have been six hundred years on the throne!"

"Fortunately the assassin entirely failed, wounding only some of the attendants, your Highness," said Harmann.

"Thou loving God!" said the Prince; "the man who attempts the life of a ruler is worse than a sovereign who cuts to pieces a whole nation."

Herr Harmann was so elated at becoming the Prince's secretary that he began to spend money like a minister: he became extravagant though he tried to hide it, but none could fail to perceive that his dress was most costly.

One day, when the Prince was out hunting, Herr Harmann strolled into the town, and, as he passed the barracks, to his surprise the guard presented arms. He did not show his astonishment, but returned a salute. He had been mistaken for the Prince, a circumstance which suggested to him how easily he might play a royal part, bearing as he did his prince's likeness on his face. On a similar opportunity he paid a visit to the market-place, and on his appearance there the busy throng suspended its bargainings, all whispering, "The Prince, the Prince!"

All these impressions accompanied him on a mission to Paris; they were not to be easily forgotten.

It was not known at the court until after the secretary had left that the Prince had made him Herr von Harmann, and decorated him with the order and ribband of Saint Hermann; the secretary not only made the most of this on his travels, but even insinuated that he was travelling *incognito*, as though he were actually the Prince that he would like to have been.

Herr von Harmann's mission to Paris was soon completed, but not without showing him how easy a matter it would be to personate the Prince for whom he was mistaken by more than one person in high places; particularly when, to render the resemblance more striking, he donned the Prince's wig, with which he had provided himself, and wore a dress after the fashion of that which His Serene Highness had worn on his travels. This mistaken identity put new ideas into his head: he loved pleasure and independence; the servility necessary to be observed at court was irksome to him; he had gambled and lost money, and, to crown all, he had left Ludwigstein deeply involved in debt. Taking all these things into his consideration, he was not long in determining to visit London and there do a stroke of business on his own account.

II.

The London season was at its full. The streets were crammed, and, though August had set in, the hotels were crowded with visitors. But while most people were longing for the country, there was one, Herr von Harmann, who, to his extreme delight, was paying a new visit to this metropolis, his face, already bronzed, presenting a contrast to the over-worked inhabitants who were becoming more and more bleached through the dissipations of the town. The Prince's secretary had arrived *en grand seigneur* at Ling's Hotel, where he stayed in that strict incognito which is generally assumed to conceal a higher rank, but in his case to hide a lower one.

There was a resort, in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, for foreigners also somewhat incognito, but in an unfavorable sense, and this was called the "Hôtel des Châteauk en Espagne," where the new arrival at Ling's Hotel was speedily buzzed about. The Prince of Ludwigstein was in London! The *habitués* of this place met as usual in a back parlor allotted to their special use, discussed the questions nearest their hearts with their usual fervor, drank their Lager-Bier, ate their sauer-kraut and schinken. They too had the tired look as of a gay season, but it was in them due to untiring ardor in a luckless cause. It was a motley company. Men of all nationalities, but with one aim—the downfall of kings. The conspirators numbered between fifteen and twenty, and sometimes more when foreign members arrived on some mission of moment. The conversation was always noisy when unimportant, but on occasions when news of uncommon interest reached them, their debates were confined to impassioned whispers, and the president had no easy task. In the midst of all this tumult, if the hissing of snakes can be called such, how little, if at all, any one of these anarchs saw their own meeting as symbolizing the principles of anarchy which governed them.

The president was a Monsieur Lucien Raquonart, a Genevese of gaunt and body aspect; he had a massive countenance, which being beardless, and surmounted by black curly hair, gave free scope to the expression of eyes dark, fierce, and rebellious. On his right was a little spare man who looked as if society had not dropped him without giving him a farewell squeeze; everything about him was pinched, and he quivered as with a chilly recollection of that last *poignée de main*; but, little as he was, he seemed full to choking of some great resentment. He had a small grey beard; his eyes were rat-like, and busied themselves in taking note of the proceedings, now and then looking up at the door as if he had had more than one unequal contest with a policeman.

In front, grouped round a number of little tables, were the several members of the Association. All these were occupied in earnest discussion, and only ceased talking the minute before Monsieur Raquonart, or some other of the company, "had the word." The president had risen to speak, and the little spare man claimed silence by repeatedly bringing a heavy letter-weight sharply down upon his desk, as though he were putting conspiracy up to auction. The chattering came to an end, though gesticulation for a time continued. The president then began to review the progress recently made by the Association, dwelling with Nihilistic triumph on its late successes in Little Russia, Germany, and Spain; after much treason, concluding his discourse by painting the future enterprises of the Association in red colors, and then the Republic!

As his speech ended, of course there was a burst of applause. The president did not sit down on this recognition of his eloquence, but, passing his long fingers through his hair, he bent forward and said in suppressed tones:—

"Citizens, I have not done yet. The words I have just spoken were an essential preliminary to this evening's business. I have a matter of the utmost importance to bring before you—a matter which must be gone into and decided upon without delay. I have this afternoon received special information from our agent Darjaux that the miscreant, Ludwig of Ludwigstein, is in this capital. He was seen to-day at Wartog's, the bankers, negotiating a loan for his own private uses. He is staying at Ling's Hotel. Citizens," said Monsieur Raquonart, bending forward and bringing his open hand sideways down on the table, as though improvising a guillotine,—"Citizens, there must be no half-measures. I propose, therefore, that we go through the forms that all of us have given allegiance to, and to-morrow, at an opportune time and an opportune place, another triumph be added to the triumphs of history."

Upon this the company rose and cried in an undertone: "Vive la Commune! Vive le Socialisme! Vive l'Internationale!" Then the little spare man got down from his seat, went up to a closet, unlocked it and took out a square box. The lights were lowered, leaving the room almost in darkness. The box was handed round and the members, one by one, took out the lots. When all had done this, including the President and his neighbor, the lights were raised; they seemed to bring a new expression to every face except Raquonart's, over whose features the shadow of a moment before still seemed to linger; immediately after, however, it was succeeded by a light of its own; his teeth glittered as he almost hissed: "A la bonne heure!"

On the following day the metropolis was thrown into a state of consternation. An event happened which made every one ask every one else if he had heard it, which made newspaper reporters run and write, and news-boys cry with the voices of men; the town seemed short of breath.

At about half-past seven in the evening, just as it was getting dusk, and people were driving home from the Row to dinner, a man suddenly vaulted into the middle of the road in that quieter part of the park near Kensington, and, holding a pistol in his hand, discharged it at the occupant of an open carriage which was then passing. The reporters said that the victim was no less a personage than His Serene Highness Prince Ludwig von Ludwigstein. As is usual in London, it was not long before a small crowd of persons collected round the vehicle, not in time, however, to assist in the arrest of the assassin, who had made his escape through the trees. As the servants and some of the crowd pressed forward to lend their assistance, they found that the occupant of the carriage had been badly shot in the face.

The authorities set the usual inquiries on foot, having a clue to the culprit's identity in the evidence given by the footman, who described him as a man with black hair, fierce dark eyes, and a white and beardless face.

That night His Serene Highness Prince Ludwigstein slept in royal repose in his Schloss at Ludwigstein; wherefore Monsieur Lucien Raquonart and his confrères had not added a new triumph to the triumphs of history.

Poor Herr von Harmann recovered, but with the loss of all that resemblance to the Prince which had contributed so largely to his happiness and his misfortune.

A. Egmont Hake.

HUMOROUS.

Never insult a milkman by asking him what watering place he is going to this summer.

The spectacle of a lot of bald-headed men in bathing is said to resemble an animated game of billiards.

During a military parade recently a young man in the ranks tried to bow to three girls at once, and broke his neck.

A singular individual has started a queer sort of a restaurant. He advertises "Ladies' costumes for dinner and breakfast."

"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The lover musingly, fondly said;
"And yet it forms a halo fair
To-night above her sacred head!"

"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The maiden smiling, sweetly said,
And laid it on the back of a chair
And went to bed!

Nice is to air some new musical compositions during the winter season. Amongst other items will be an operette called *Parti Carré*, by M. de Lajarte, a composer of promise.

A LEGEND OF LOUGH REE.

(*Translated from the Irish.*)

'Twas summer; the morning was shining
O'er heaven's expansion of blue;
And the flowers of the vale lay reclining,
Inhaling their night-draught of dew;
While Eva lay yet on her pillow
In a slumber of deep reverie,
In her home at the verge of the billow
That swelled by the cottage of Ree.

When "ho!" said a voice at the window,
'Twas the voice of her chieftain Milcer;
"Arise my dear, fair, gentle Eva,
Let's bathe in the waters anear."
She rose at the call of her lover,
And bright as a goddess was she,
Alas! little thought she she'd never
Again see the cottage of Ree.

Adown to the edge of the waters
That swelled in the Shannon's dark tide
With the fairest of nature's meek daughters
The chief of Milcer proudly hied;
He stood on the bank of the river,
"I'll first venture in dear," said he;
"I'll follow my love" (with a quiver)
Said the star of the cottage of Ree.

Across the blue waters he darted,
Nor thought that forever and aye,
He from that bright fair one had parted;
Oh! woeful to him is that day:
For lo! when he glances behind him,
Engulfed in an eddy is she
Who to life had most dearly entwined him,
The flower of the cottage of Ree.

Engulphed by some sprite of the water,
Enraged to behold charms so dear,
Is beauty's mild, fair, gentle daughter
The dazzling, young bride of Milcer;
A whirlpool wound round and round her,
No help from its grasp can her free;
For the magical demon has bound her,
The pride of the cottage of Ree.

He hastens to rescue his darling,
"Tis vain, O! unhappy Milcer,
Henceforward from this dismal morning
That fair one's no longer thy *dear*.
He saw the fierce waves roll above her
"O Lord!" he said, "thus must it be
That I, her affectionate lover,
Must part with my Eva of Ree,"

Her last gurgling breath met his ears:
A moment,—the scene is all o'er;
The wild raging eddy appears
As placid and calm as before.
Below poor Eva is sleeping,
Above lonely wailing is he
For her:—all in vain is his weeping:
She's lost, the fair Eva of Ree!

"Farewell and for aye gentle Eva.
The doom thou hast met *soon* be mine;
May I in thy blest mansion see thee,
Where the rays of *eternity* shine,
Drinking deeply of sorrow's full measure
I'll weep my lost darling for thee:
Since nought there is left to give pleasure,
By the lonely sweet cottage of Ree.

"A BARD OF DUNBOY."

Montreal Sept. 30th, 1882.

AN ÆSTHETIC TEA.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

Upon the Rennweg, that old roadway leading from the Schwarzenberg Platz to Imperial Belvedere, the summer palace built by Prince Eugene of Savoy, that roadway along which the Empress Maria Theresa passed when leaving the irksome cares of state and the tedious duties of Vienna court life, she went for a few days to rest to these marble halls and luxurious apartments whose great windows overlooked the Kaiser Stadt, the Danube and the heights of the Leopold and Kahlemberg, upon this Rennweg, in the neighborhood of Schwarzenberg palast and its lovely garden, stand many old palaces and cloisters, built in the reign of that most imperial of sovereigns, Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles VI.

One of these cloisters, no longer used as a convent home, shelters numerous families of gentle birth who, through loss of fortune, are obliged to earn their bread as best they may, teaching music or the languages, embroidering, painting or copying manuscript. None but those who are known to be of good family and social worth are allowed domicile in this building, for it is imperial or state property, and of course an emperor must have the crême de la crême of tenants.

On the ground floor of the building of which we write, at the farther end of the marble-paved cloister walk, with its arched and quaintly stuccoed ceiling, dwelt one whose duty it was to instruct the daughters of a noble house in music and English and accompany them in their daily walks. The position was somewhat of a sinecure, as the slightest headache, imaginary or real (oftener the former), would excuse the lessons, and as driving was easier than walking and a coroneted coach always ready in the palace court yard, the daily airing was a charming drive in the Pratei or an excursion in spring and autumn days to gather ferns among the Nussberg hills, mountain gentian and haidenröslein on the heights of the Sofian Alps beyond Hütteldorf. Evening always found the pianiste in her cozy appartment at the end of the old klostergang, or else in the upper tier of the Hofopern theatre with the conservatorists and other musical students in the Kaiserstadt. Occasionally she would send out cards for an "æsthetic thee," and then about five o'clock her little parlor would be filled with musicians, composers, professors, débutanti, dilletanti and a few old musical critics who came there to listen, not with one ear toward the scenes and the other strained to catch the call of "that boy," whom printers in all lands seem to take fiendish delight in despatching for "copy."

Good-natured, clever little De H—— (the cleverest critic in Vienna, and always to be seen at classical concerts), his small wrinkled face mounted with a pair of huge gold spectacles—through which he never looked, however, but held his tiny note-book and pencil close to his eyes, jotting down the faults and triumphs of the artists before him, dropping that pencil, bending down to seek it with his near-sighted orbs, kicking over his well-worn silk beaver hat, then stumbling over his cane and finally placing it so that every one else stumbled over it too as they entered the concert hall—little De H—— came to these teas, deposited his stick and hat in the corner, sat on the edge of his chair, covered his knees with a huge linen handkerchief, upon which he placed a generous triangle of hugelhupft, hung the napkin brought him over his arm, talked, laughed and sipped his tea from an old cracked satsuma cream cup, and only put it down to applaud by clapping his hands over the piano performance of one of the company or to rest his hands on his knees and lean forward, earnestly listening to a dramatic recitation or vocal rendition of some unpublished composition. Then his criticism so just, so lenient, but so seldom praise, and where no good could be spoken he sipped the tea most energetically and pronounced unqualified encomiums upon the goodness of that beverage.

There was another critic, an old lady whose mother had been brought up by her aunt, the great Schroeder-Devrient, and had been a pet of Beethoven's, who came to these teas. She was a precise little body, always dressed in heavy black satin and rare old laces yellowed by time. She had the gentle manners of by-gone days, the charming little courtesy, the affable smile and a comically nervous manner as she spread a napkin over her dress and placed her tea-cup far on the old wooden table by which she always sat, her knitting work on the sofa beside her, the lace lappets of her cap, which she always brought folded in a silk kerchief, bobbing in time to the music, for the old lady's head was a perfect baton and moved this way and that like any *tactir stab*—"ganz tactmässig," we sometimes called her.

Often in the midst of this home-like hour the door would fly open and the face of the handsome Ede would peep into the room, then, with pirouet and polka step, his Spanish cloak flying from his shoulders, he would be in our midst, and literally shaking off mantle, hat, and dropping his cane, he would seize the hostess by both hands, imprinting a kiss on each, declare that he could not stay for a moment, had "written a waltz that day—goes so—" then would hum a few measures, whirl up to the piano, beg pardon of whoever might be seated before that instrument, and play a provokingly few, soft, bewitching strains, start up, turn away, rush back, strike a final chord, saying, "just for my nerves, you know, all tones must cease in a resolution—no tea for me, thanks, a caramel, yes, a rose drop, delicious, no, no backerei, oh yes, an éclair, danke schön—ah, I cannot stay, must go home and rest, I wield the baton at a court ball tonight, my coat sleeve weighs three pounds, gold embroidery, you know, frightful, shall die some day; my only regret will be to leave the beautiful women of Vienna, no other city in the whole world!"

A guest once suggested America.

"No, no, am afraid of water, never cross it, have no use for it, a curse ever since the deluge of Deucalion; America is grand, no doubt, Joseph was treated like a king there, fine pianos, yes, but too much business, no art"—

"But one makes money there," suggested another.

"What's money? All one wants is to find a florin or two in your pocket to pay a fiacre when you're tired, money—ah, it is a great bore; worse than a chromatic interval for a trombone."

"But it is more of a bore to be without," said a young painter, who was a pupil of Makart.

"Oh no, one can always borrow from a friend when one's check book is not convenient, indeed I must go, now don't you want tickets to my concert to-morrow evening, take all you want," and he throws a handful on the piano, "give me a pen, though; must affix my autograph to make them more valuable, you know"——

"Yes, valuable to the door-keeper," suggested the critic; nothing less than a concert of strictly classical music ever secured his attention.

The tickets signed, with butterfly motion the talented, handsome young musical director would catch up hat, mantle and cane, then pressing a farewell kiss upon the finger-tips of the hostess, disappear as instantaneously as he had entered. The room during a visit from Edouard Strauss always seems in a whirl, the guests in a constant flutter, one seems to breathe in waltz time and the head grows dizzy trying to catch an imaginary waltz measure vibrating mesmerically on the air. When he goes everything and every one seem intensely quiet and commonplace.

To break up this dazed state of the guests, sometimes a musician present would give the trompeten rufe from the "Ring des Nibelungen," and this would lead to long discussions upon Wagner. A distinguished conservatory professor once turned the score of "Rheingold" upside down and played it. "Really it sounds better so, I think," said he, but the critic exclaimed, "O! p'fui," and the guests looked solemn. Another day, Wolzogen's "Leitfaden" would be produced, a few chapters read and analyzed, then perhaps young Mottl, (lately musical director of the unfortunate Ring Theatre), would be present and play that exquisite idyl, the cradle song music dream written by "der Meister" for his son, "der musste Siegfried heissen."

But the hour passes all too quickly. At six the musicians and critics present leisurely put on their wraps; no one ever hurries in Vienna, and taking leave of the hostess with compliments innumerable, start for the opera, theatre, or concert-room.

Sometimes, but it was only on rare occasions, after a particularly brilliant concert, they would return to the musician's apartments, and sending to the nearest restaurant for a simple supper, such as "Braten, gemischter, salat, lager and garniter Lipthauer," with cigars and cigarettes, eat, drink and smoke until the small hours warned them that they must get some sleep before the duties which awaited them the next day.

After ten o'clock p.m., in Vienna, the sound of piano music ceased, no one except those living in their own palace or those who obtain a special license, which is most difficult to obtain, is allowed to indulge in any musical study or instrumental entertainment. Of course on rare occasions, such as a dancing soirée or wedding reception, permission to use the piano may be obtained, but as a rule when the house door is closed at ten o'clock silence reigns supreme. After four o'clock in the morning it makes no difference at what hour scales and finger exercises begin, even cornet and trombone practice is carried on with good effect to awaken the birds at sunrise, but "early to bed, etc.," is an article of vast importance in the creed of these excellent Viennese, and although some few busy, energetic musicians, mostly American students, attack their instruments as the birds begin to sing, most of the native students believe that the earlier to slumber one goes and the later one awakes, is the royal road to health and happiness, which is all the "wealth" they care to obtain.

A MODERN MAMMA.

That she is a sweet woman all are agreed. She professes to live in charity with all men, and stranger still, all women. Her voice is velvet in its softness; her manners have all the full-blown grace of a matronly self-possession. Society's thistledown, she would seem satisfied with floating on summer seas, aimless and indolent. She assures her little suite she is "all for romance." Scientific match-making is criminal. Bidding for eligibles is barbarous. Her daughter shall choose for herself. But in spite of the guileless protestations, Black Care ever sits close behind her, and, in her going out and coming in, haunts her day and night. The purring murmur of the sympathetic voice, the genial insouciance of her comfortable presence, are a picturesque domino, making a unity of purpose and a capacity for self-denying pains that would win laurels in the professions, and might, indeed, subdue continents. The part she plays does, in fact, require all a tactician's genius. She must be light of touch, but firm of grasp. She must master that concealment of art which is itself, we are taught, the sublimest art. Her strength lies in mystery. The Wagner of society, her method, like the music of the future, must be all surprises; her schemes must contain no tricks of hackneyed strategy. On rare occasions, to sister-matrons—like herself, on the war-path—the "anxious mother" drops the mask, and shows as the scheming duenna, the farsighted unscrupulous woman of the world.

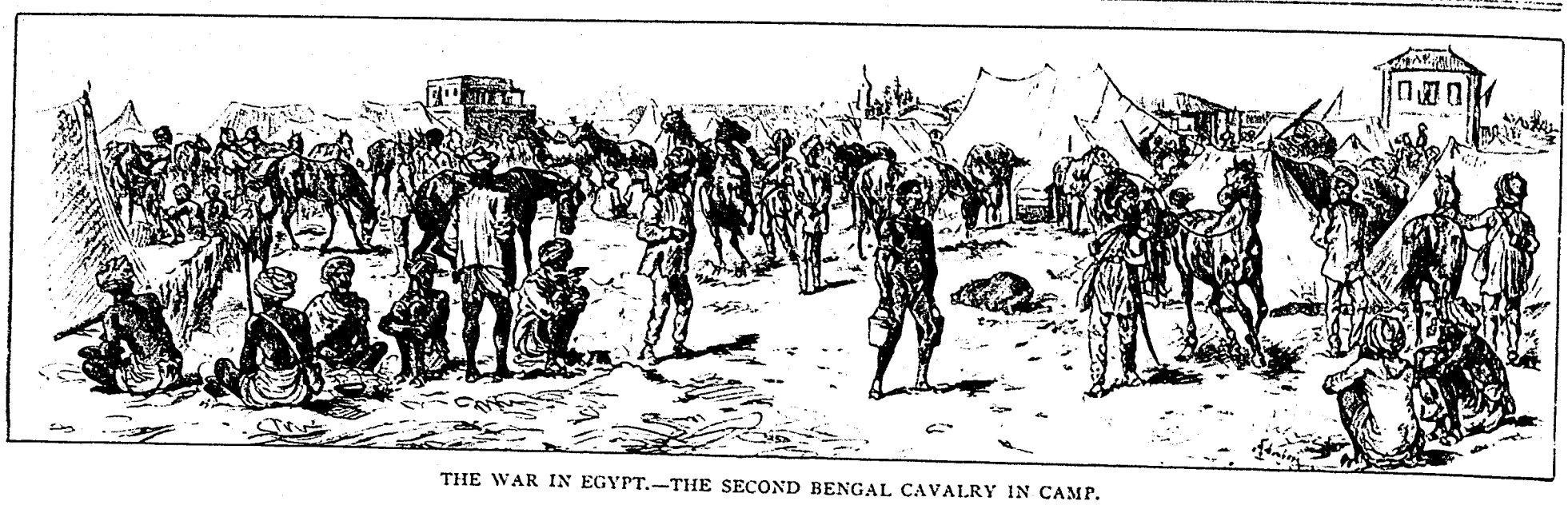
Mater pulchrâ filia pulchrior. Such virtues and valour and aims deserve success. Too often they fail to achieve it. Her first experiment is a sad, even an ignominious, breakdown. She begins boldly, and flies high. Some undergraduate peerlet, without form and void, crosses her path. He dances persistently with the daughter. The mother nurses tenderly and trains affectionately his erratic fancy. To him and his her country house is made a vacation Lotus-land. To suit the exigencies of the case, his little vices are watered down into virtues. Her fond imagination soon rears, as even cool-headed, ripe, British motherhood will do at times, her cloud castles in the air. Her visiting-list is already, in her mind's eye, beginning to contain names of note that will make it a Jacob's ladder to the celestial regions of the highest social bliss. As her scheme ripens she grows sweeter. She begins to cloy. But of a sudden her sunny prospects cloud over. Her prize has been played long enough. The landing net is adjusted. But he is lost. A boyish blunder results in rustication. He breaks the Queen's peace in a mess-room escapade. Still eager to ignore the *contretemps*, she finds, with a sinking heart, that society will not at present hush it up as a mere frolicsome episode in the breezy seed-time of wild oats. In such moments of crisis it is sometimes well to fall back on prerogative. It is convenient to plead a stern father's command. Good easy man, in reality he only desires his daughter's happiness. But the parental edict issues. The maiden is to "give him up." The time of rebellion is not yet. The schoolroom is too fresh in memory. And so there is the usual romantic exchange of old love-letters; a half-hour of declamation, mock heroics, a few tears, and he leaves his cousin Amy—his no more. To the mother's dismay he succeeds prematurely to his father's coronet, moves the Address successfully, becomes a pattern legislator, an exemplary landlord, makes his mark and the match of the season. Like a trained campaigner, my Lady Kew must receive defeat, philosophically, harden her heart, spin her gossamer afresh, and play the old stale piece again, with new scenery.

More skill is requisite at this stage. In turning over new leaves the old pages must be pasted down securely. This is difficult, and requires time. Besides, the daughter begins to run alone. She begins to despise the maternal go-cart. As yet she has not shown herself a chip of the old block. If mothers have sold themselves for settlements, she fails to understand that the younger generation should do the same. But she has been under fire. The smell of gunpowder clings to her. Mysteriously she remains on hand. The story of her adventures has gone down the wind; the whispering haunts where men unmarried most foregather have made her tale, in a hazy way, their own. It comes about that her ball-cards do not fill so rapidly as heretofore; at best they show tell-tale gaps. The rank and file of doubtfully eligible knight-errants muster courage; the youthful cleric thinks *his* time has come, and begins to skirmish around. Cousin Amy complains to any and every sympathetic ear that she has not received fair play. Motives essentially feminine begin to act. There is still an attraction in the mother's *beaux yeux*. It begins to be borne in upon her that the sceptre is passing from her. There is a fresh claimant to the throne of beauty in the household. And so between parent and child a civil strife of intrigue and finesse breaks out. Once war is declared, battle is in the air, and the drum has beat to quarters, all is fair. Scruple ceases to exist in the maternal vocabulary. The ebbing and flowing tide of the damsel's correspondence is at times mysteriously diverted. A council of war is held at head-quarters: if the early post brings the daughter suspicious missives, postmarks and handwritings are closely scrutinised; if an envelope directed "Miss" should be read and treated as "Mr.'—of course by an oversight—and disastrous results and stormy interviews ensue, the incident is forgotten in the hotter strife of less questionable strategy. Perhaps the inquisitor herself has correspondents whose letters she is wise in leaving unopened at her husband's breakfast-table. Time is passing. The anxious mother wrings her hands. She pipes, but the daughter dances not; mourns, but her child laments not. It is too late in the day for the maternal chaperon to be squeamish in strict adherence to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing else. She is apt to overdo her part. An interesting detrimental, whose original intention began and ended in a passing flirtation, proves amusing to the damsel. The mother paints him to her as a monster of vice. Her charge, with the quixotic wilfulness and malignant generosity of maidenhood, fights his battles behind his back, and gilts him with angelic virtues which had escaped the notice of his best friends. It is useless for the watchdog to fawn on eligible cavaliers. They ride by. The daughter has laid up for days of trial a whole harmony of dainty daggers, wherewith to retaliate on the sharp practices of her matronly guardian. On both sides the stiletto is sharpened in practised hands. At times there is open cut and thrust. The younger combatant hears she is "letting slip chances, wasting her time, losing her looks." With the charming, and even brutal, candour of youth, she gives as good as she gets. The *denouement* is usually a compromise. The last act is not strictly spectacular. The wedding-bells, to practised ears, have a ring of sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Those in the secret, matrons or maids, after a time proclaim the story on the housetops. The responsibility rests with the mother. Husband and wife agree to go their separate ways, or do so without any agreement at all. They become one only to become two, and those who had singed their wings at the flame are thankful at auspicious and timely escape from closer contact with the modern mamma.

JENNY LIND'S COURTSHIP.

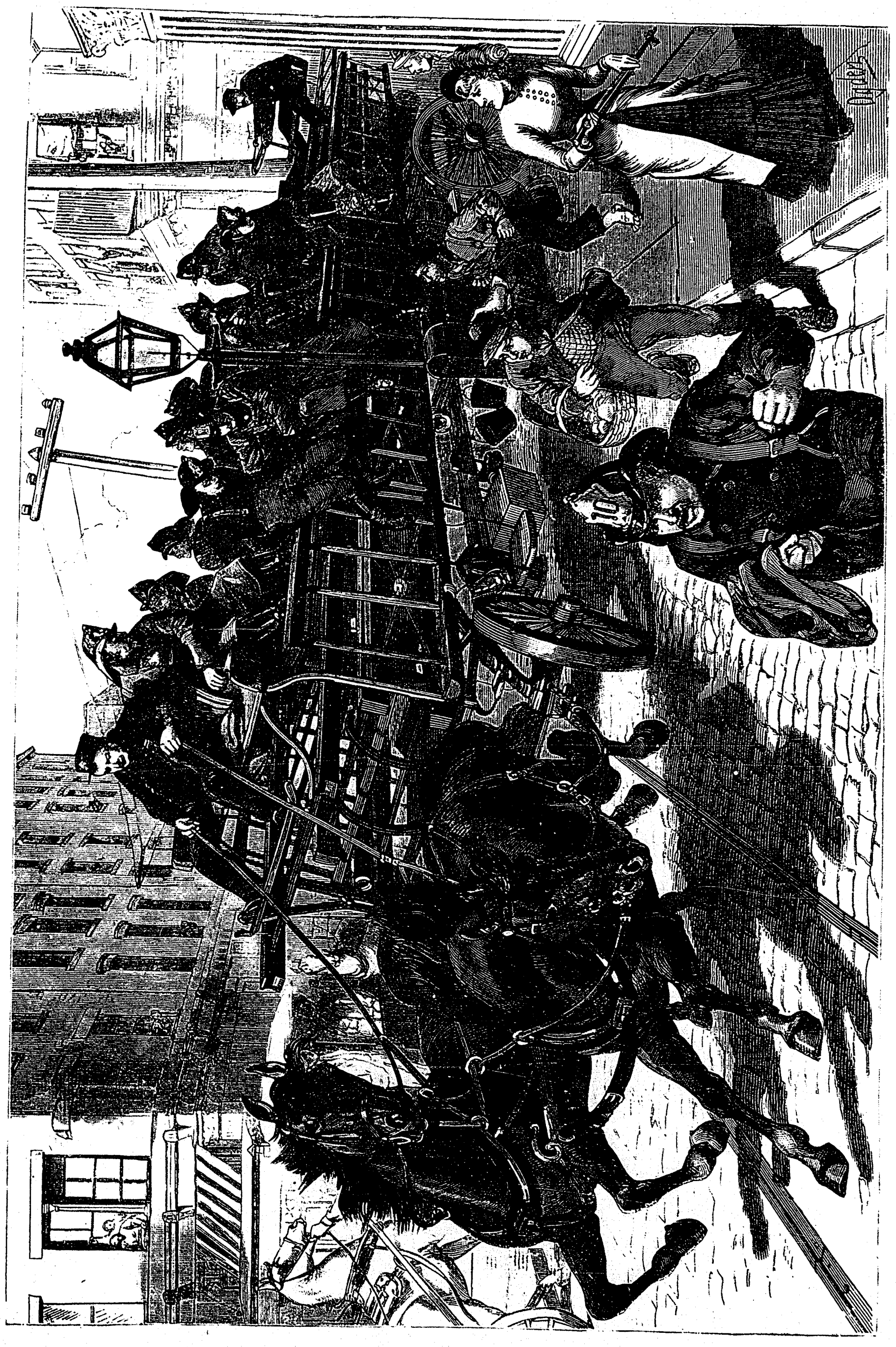
"I am a Quaker, as you know," a Philadelphian recently said to me, "and it is reported that, shortly before Jenny Lind's visit to our city, an aged lady arose in one of our meetings and said she had heard that "Jane Lyon, a very *wicked woman*, was on her way to this country to sing," and she hoped that none of the young people would be drawn away to hear her. Nevertheless, an uncle took me and my brother to the Saturday matinee. We had seats in the balcony and so near the stage that we could in a way see behind the scenes. Early in the entertainment Jenny Lind sang, "Home, Sweet Home," and the audience was beside itself. Among the members of her company was her future husband, Otto Goldschmidt. He was to the audience simply an unknown pianist, and to be obliged to listen to anything but the voice of Jenny Lind was provoking. Well, the man played, and from where we sat we could see Jenny Lind behind the curtain listening most intently. When he had finished, the audience seemed in nowise disposed to applaud; but Jenny Lind began to clap her hands vigorously, observing which, we boys reënforced her, and, observing he face light up—I can see the love-light on it yet—we clapped furiously until the applause spread through the audience. When he had finished playing a second time, my brother and I set the ball in motion, and the applause was great enough to satisfy even the *fiancée* of Otto Goldschmidt."—*Century*.

A FRENCH paper assures us that at a meeting held by some distinguished aristocrats, the English idea has been accepted that young ladies may walk out unattended and without fear of interference. How benevolent!



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—THE SECOND BENGAL CAVALRY IN CAMP.

AT CLOSE QUARTERS.—THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.



AN ALARM OF FIRE.

TWO HYMNS.

Extract from the account given by Mr. Tinkiss, one of the survivors of the steamer *Asia*:

"About five o'clock in the evening land was sighted, and the cry of 'Saved!' was raised, but they little thought that before that shelter was reached they would be beyond all earthly aid. The mate now struck up the old familiar tune, 'Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore,' in which we all heartily joined. Our voices were next heard reverently singing, 'The sweet by-and-by,' when we fondly thought we could meet on the shore to which we were now drifting." * * * It appears that shortly after the touching incident below related, that three out of the suffering five breathed their last.

Oh, think of that boat as she ploughed her way,
'Mid the raging wind and the blinding spray,
And hark to that cry of the souls she bore,
"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore."

There were saddest hearts in that shipwrecked band,
But they sang in thankfulness, sighting the land:
Oh! was ever that hymn so sung before?
"Pull for the shore, sailor, pull for the shore."

Nearer they drifted, then changed their song,
Their voices weak, but their courage strong,
Knowing not some of the singers must die,
They reverently sang "In the sweet by-and-by."

But some were nigh spent, and could not reach
That longed-for haven, the distant beach,
Their voices soon sank to a dying sigh,
And hushed was the hymn, "In the sweet by-and-by."

Alas! Of those few who the waters braved,
One man, and one woman, alone are saved;
On their memories stamped for evermore
That "Sweet by-and-by" and "Pull for the shore."

FRANCES J. MOORE.

TORTILLA MAKING IN MEXICO.

A richly illustrated paper in the October Century, by Robert H. Lamborn, gives a graphic description of "Life in a Mexican Street," including the following about the tortilla, the bread of Mexico:

As you approach the interior of the city, at various places you find "tortillerias" occupying basements on a level with the street. This national combination of the grist mill and the bakery holds such an important place in the Mexican domestic economy that we may well afford time to examine a typical establishment with care. The tortilla is eaten by all classes throughout the nation, and it is almost the exclusive food of large numbers of the poorer people. I have met with it at the banquets of cabinet ministers and literary men, and the implements for its manufacture are invariably found in the humblest native hut. Visitors to the Centennial will remember in the Government building a large drawing of the interior of a Pueblo Indian house; this drawing, with a very few variations, would represent the interior of a hundred thousand Indian homes, existing from the borders of Colorado to the State of Yucatan. Maize is everywhere; two-thirds of the cultivated ground in Mexico is devoted to raising it. There is a saying that there are but two prerequisites for a household outfit by an Indian couple contemplating matrimony: a *petate*, or mat of reeds, which serves for a carpet and a bed, and a *metate*, a flat inclined stone placed upon the earthen floor, on which to pulverize the corn before forming it into cakes for baking. I concur in the estimate of well-informed natives, that so general and exclusive is the use of Indian corn, that, were this crop to fail, one-third to one-half the aboriginal population would perish of starvation. A single frost that, on the 29th of August, 1784, injured the young plant, it is calculated, resulted in the death of over 30,000 persons. A population of millions is dependent upon the success of the crop. Ireland is not so dependent upon the potato, and millions in India scarcely so dependent upon rice, as the Mexican people are upon maize,—now the foremost of our cereals, the monarch of our prairie-lands, and the arbiter of stock exchanges; it conceals from all who will trace its ancestry, from even the most persistent botanist, every clue to its native valley and to the form of its tropic progenitor.

The tortilla-shop opens with wide doors upon the street; the citizen may stand upon the flags of the sidewalk, buy his cakes, and not only obey the injunction of the elder Weller regarding veal-pie, but, while making the acquaintance of the chief cook, may see, examine, comment upon, and, if needs be, direct the whole process of manufacture.

Imagine a blacksmith's shop from which the Amazons have driven Vulcan, leaving only the grimy walls, the glowing, unchimneyed hearth, and a store of charcoal piled in a corner. The Amazons have rolled back their sleeves to the shoulder (if they possess such incumbrances) and have placed themselves on their knees upon the stone floor, with the inclined rough surface of the lava *metate* before them. Upon this stone they place, from a wooden tray, handful after handful of corn, which has been soaked and heated in water containing quicklime in solution. This alkaline substance has softened and loosened the exterior coating of the grain that in ordinary mills produces the bran. With a long, round stone, held like a rolling-pin, this corn is rubbed to a coarse paste, which is pushed, as fast as it is deemed sufficiently crushed, upon a pine board placed below to receive it. This paste now goes to the cake-maker, who stands near the fire. She takes a small piece, and, holding her hands vertically, pats it rapidly into a tin disk. This is thrown at once upon a hot earthen plate, where it is soon thoroughly baked or roasted. The tortillas thus made are collected hot into closely covered baskets, and are sold at three cents per dozen to the people who flock around, ready to carry them off in their hands or beneath pieces of protecting cloth. Enormous as is the aggregate of this manufacture, each shop is eminently a retail affair. I once asked the proprietress of such an establishment how many tortillas she would sell for a dollar; she threw up her hands and eyes at the visionary immensity of the transaction, exclaiming: "Good Heaven! I could not count—a very great great many!"

TUCKERTOWN TROUBLES.

There was a great church bother in Tuckertown last year, but our folks weren't in it. The trouble began in the choir, who couldn't agree about the tunes. On some Sundays the organist wouldn't play, and on others the singers would not sing. Once, they all stopped short in the middle of "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and it was real exciting at church, for you never knew what might happen before you came out; but folks said it was disgraceful, and I suppose it was. They complained of the minister because he didn't put a stop to it; so at last he took sides with the organist and dismissed the choir, and declared we would have congregational singing in the future. 'Most everybody thought that would be the end of the trouble; but, mercy! it was hardly the beginning! Things grew worse and worse. To begin with, the congregation wouldn't sing. You see, they had had a choir so long, people were sort of afraid to let out their voices; and besides, there was Elvira Tucker, who had studied music in Boston, just ready to make fun of them if they did. For she was one of the choir, and they were all as mad as hornets.

In fact, the whole Tucker family were offended. They said folks didn't appreciate Elvira, nor what she had done, since she returned from Boston, to raise the standard in Tuckertown. And of course they were real mad with the minister, and lots of people took their side and called 'emselves "Tuckerites."

You see, the Tuckers stand very high in Tuckertown, and other people try to be just as like them as they can. They were first settlers, for one thing, and have the most money, for another; and they lay down the law generally. The post-office and the station are at their end of the village. They decide when the sewing-societies shall meet, and the fairs take place, and the strawberry festivals come off. If there is to be a pic-nic, they decide when we shall go, and where we shall go, and just who shall sit in each wagon. If anybody is sick, Mrs. Tucker visits 'em just as regularly as the doctor, and she brings grapes and jelly, and is very kind, though she always scolds the sick person for not dieting, or for going without her rubbers, or something of that sort. If mother had a hand in this story, not a word of all this would go down. She says they are very public-spirited people, and that they do a great deal for Tuckertown. I suppose they do; but I've heard people say that they domineer much more than is agreeable.

The people on the minister's side were called "Anti-Tuckerites"; but, as I said, our folks weren't in the quarrel at all. The consequence of being on the fence was, that I could not join in the fun on either side, and I think it was real mean. Every now and then, the Tuckerites would plan some lovely pic-nic or party, just so as not to invite the Anti-Tuckerites. Then, in turn, they would get up an excursion, and not invite any of the Tuckerites. Of course, I wasn't invited to either, and it was just as provoking as it could be.

One day, when I went to school, I found that Elvira Tucker was going to train a choir of children to take the place of the old choir.

"I went over to call on Elvira last evening," I heard Miss Green tell our school-teacher, "and I found her at the piano playing for little Nell to sing. It was just as dusk, and they did not see me; so I stood and listened, and wondered why we couldn't have a choir of children instead of the congregational singing. Elvira said she thought it would be lovely."

Now, I had been to singing-school for two winters; so I thought I ought to belong to the choir.

"You can't, 'cause only Tuckerites are going to belong," said 'Melia Stone. "And your folks aren't one thing or another."

I couldn't stand being left out of all the fun any longer, so I said: "I'm as much a Tuckerite as anybody, only our folks don't approve of making so much trouble about a small affair."

"I want to know!" said Abby Ann Curtiss. "Well, I'll ask Miss Elvira if you can belong there."

Mercy me! I had jumped from the fence and found myself a Tuckerite! I was sure mother would be real mad if she knew what I had said, for I suspected in my heart of hearts that, if she had jumped from the fence, she would have landed on the minister's side. I made up my mind that I would not tell her what had passed, for maybe, after all, Miss Elvira would decide that I was no real Tuckerite. But the very next day she sent word to me that she would like to have me join the choir.

I told mother that I was wanted in the children's choir because I had a good voice, and I never said a word about being a Tuckerite.

"A children's choir," said she. "That's a real good idea—a beautiful idea."

She never suspected how I was deceiving her.

Well, we had real fun practicing. That week we learned a chant and two hymns.

One day Miss Green came in.

"How does she happen to be here?" I heard her ask Miss Elvira, with a significant look at me.

"Oh, she has a real good voice," answered Miss Elvira, laughing. "Most of the children who can sing are on the Tuckerite side. Besides, from something she said to Abby Ann, I think at heart the Halls sympathize with us."

What would my folks have said to that? I felt half sick of the whole affair, and went home and teased mother to let me go and visit Mary Jane.

I never shall forget the Sunday I sang in the choir. Miss Elvira played for us on the organ, for when the real organist heard that only the Tuckerite children were to belong to it she refused to play. Everybody seemed surprised to see me in it, and even Dr. Scott looked at me in a mournful sort of way, as if he thought the Halls had gone over to the enemy. What troubled me most, though, was the look mother gave me when she first realized that the choir was formed only of the Tuckerite children, and that she had not found it out before.

But, in spite of all this, I enjoyed the singing. We sat, a long row of us, in the singers' seats up in the gallery. After the hymn was given out and we stood up, Miss Elvira nodded to me and whispered: "Now, don't be afraid, girls. Sing as loud as you can."

"Mercy! how we did sing! Twice as loud as the grown-up choir. Luella Howe said, afterward, that we looked as if we were trying to swallow the meeting-house.

But I never sang but just that once in the choir.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE ENCHANTED WELL.

BY MAUD D. HOWARD.

There it lay on the Benson property between two cross-roads, and as there was neither bucket nor pump attached to it, the travellers who passed that way could draw no water. Some of the older inhabitants said the water had a queer, bad taste. The land on which it was built was rocky, and no one remembered when it had been built or why. There unused and open, it was a most dangerous-looking abyss, with no protecting wall around it, even. It was but a few minutes' walk from Mrs. Richmond's, and, when Louise's song had ended, some of the party proposed they should pay it a visit.

"Those who look in the well for the first time behold their future partner's face. Come, all who wish to learn their destiny, follow me!" cried Clara Richmond.

Nearly all followed the young girl to the two cross-roads at the base of the hill.

"Louise has never been here; she must look first," said Milly Benson.

"What must I do to conjure the spirit of the well to show me my fate?" asked Louise.

"Nothing, but simply stoop over its mouth and you will see the one who loves you best mirrored in its glassy depths," was the rejoinder.

"Have you faith in the fortune telling property of the well, Miss Louise?" said Herbert Langley.

"Yes, certainly Mr. Langley. Is not the face of the one we love the best always in our mind, and would it be a difficult thing for the imagination to picture it in the water below? Yes, I will be the first to read my fortune," she answered.

"And you will tell us if you see anyone down there?" cried little Lily.

"O yes!" Louise laughingly replied.

Cautiously she bent forward on her knees, and tightly grasped the broken sides with her hands and peered down into the dark water. She saw the smooth, evenly laid bricks growing smaller and the well narrower in perspective.

Then, as her glance rested on the quiet pool below, the memory of a pair of tender, honest eyes flashed into hers and some sweet words of a letter she carried next her heart recurred to her. "Darling, I am coming soon," they said.

With an exclamation she drew back, a bright blush suffusing her cheeks.

"O you have seen some one," cried Lily, clapping her hands.

Meanwhile, a horse and rider were advancing along the south road. The rider was George Langley who had gone some months ago to the city to earn a livelihood as secretary to a scientific geological society.

George had become deeply interested in his work and the researches of the society, but his salary was not a very large one.

After he had become acquainted with the lovely Louise Richmond, he had presumed to ask for her hand in marriage; and, on going to Louise's father for his sanction, had been rudely repulsed by the old gentleman on account of his poverty. However, the lovers kept up a secret correspondence while Louise was visiting her aunt.

Now George was going back to his old home for a few days and he would have the pleasure of seeing Louise again. With this thought he chirruped to his horse and they flew along the road until they reached the village.

Presently he caught sight of the little party surrounding the well, and he urged his horse to still greater speed.

The little party hearing the sound of hoofs on the roadway, turned their heads and saw George Langley. In another instant he was beside Louise gazing with love into her eyes which were gloriously lit by his presence.

After salutations had been exchanged all round, for they were all his old friends, George asked,

"What were you doing when I came up?"

"Trying to see our fortunes in the well. At least Louise was, and now you've just arrived in time to try yours," said Clara.

"My fortune. Ah! I see we're on the Benson property. This land ought to be very valuable," said George, looking around on the rocky surface.

"Is your father at home now, Miss Milly?"

"Yes, Mr. Langley, papa's at home this summer. As for the value of this piece of property, papa says its good for nothing but blasting."

"Tell Mr. Benson I wish to see him in the morning on important business. To-night, Herbert, I shall put up at the hotel and be at home to see them all to-morrow."

"You haven't seen your fortune yet?" persisted Clara.

"Well, shall I tell you the name of my fortune?" said he, as he peered down the well as Louise had done.

"Yes, yes! O do!" they exclaimed.

"Her name is—Petroleum."

"George," Louise cried, "I understand you!"

Negotiations were entered into with Mr. Benson and George Langley became the possessor of the oil-well.

The returns which it brought in during the first year gave George courage to again present himself before Mr. Richmond and ask the hand of his daughter which was not refused him this time.

HOW ARTHUR SULLIVAN BOUGHT A CARPET.

He bought a carpet in Alexandria, and the purchase took him three months. One morning, so runs Dr. Sullivan's narrative, he was passing by one of the bazaars where tapestries and such things are sold, when a particularly handsome and rich fabric caught his eye. He went in, and, after pretending to look over a lot of things which in reality he did not want, he said to the man who solemnly presided over the place,

"And what is the price of that carpet?"

"That," responded the dealer, "is not for sale. I purchased that carpet at a great cost to feast my eyes upon. It is magnificent—superb. I could not part with that. No, by Allah!" or words to that effect. "Will the English gentleman have a cup of coffee?"

The English gentleman would. He would also have a cigarette. After that he went away. In a day or two he came around again, and once more made the pretence of looking through Macdallah's stock. He had obviously failed to fool the sly Egyptian before as to the article he really wanted, so he took more time to it upon this occasion. As he expected, the sedate owner of the bazaar finally approached him.

"I have concluded, after several sleepless nights," said the merchant, "to part with that carpet. It grieves me very much to do so, for I have become very fond of it. I had hoped that it would be the light of my eyes in my old age. But the Prophet has counselled unselfishness among his people, and I will sell to the English gentleman."

"How much?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Nonsense. I'll give you £5."

The Egyptian's dignity was obviously wounded. An expression of absolute pain crossed his face. But he forgave Dr. Sullivan, and they had another cup of coffee and a cigarette together.

Then Dr. Sullivan went away, as before. In a week or so he dropped around again. After going through the regular business of looking over the stock, he was again approached by Macdallah.

"I have concluded, after much thought," said that worthy, "that I asked you too much for the carpet the other day. When Macdallah feels he is in the wrong, he is quick to acknowledge it. The English gentleman can have the beautiful carpet for £50."

"Now you acknowledge your error," replied Mr. Sullivan, "I will confess that I was wrong in offering you only £5 for your carpet the other day. I did that in joke, of course. I didn't mean it. Bless you, no. And since you are prepared to make concessions, I will do the same. Instead of £5, I will give you £6.

More coffee and another cigarette.

The next time Dr. Sullivan went around, the merchant took off £5 more, and the purchaser added £1. So it went on, with haggling and coffee, until Dr. Sullivan had finally agreed to give £12, at which price he took away the carpet. It would have cost about $250 in London. He says that the kind of business mentioned is considered the strictly proper thing in Egypt and Turkey. But Americans, he adds, are spoiling the trade in this direction. While he was in Alexandria a gentleman named Morgan, from New York, came along and visited the bazaar of Macdallah. Three carpets struck his fancy and he priced them.

"Three hundred pounds," said Macdallah.

"Well," replied Mr. Morgan, "that seems a fair price, and I'll take them. Here's your money."

The next time Dr. Sullivan saw the merchant he was almost tearing his hair with rage against the "dog of a Christian." He explained the matter in an injured tone to the sympathizing Englishman, adding that Mr. Morgan's method was not "business."—*Boston Herald.*

A SQUIRREL'S NEST.

ST. JAMES' GAZETTE.

I had long known there must be a squirrel's nest in the big tree at the corner of a certain avenue, for I have often remarked split shells of hazel-nuts laying about loosely at its roots; and nut-shells split in such a fashion alway indicate the presence of a squirrel. There are three creatures in England that largely feed upon filberts—the squirrel, the field-mouse, and the nuthatch; and when you find an empty nut you can easily tell which of the three has been at it by the way they each adopt in getting out the kernel. The squirrel holds the nut firmly between his fore-paws, rasps off the sharp end by gnawing it across, and then splits the soft fresh shell down longitudinally with his long front teeth; exactly in the same way as a ploughboy splits it with a side jerk of his jack-knife. The field mouse presses the nut against the ground with his feet, and drills a very small hole in it with his sharp incisors, through which, by turning the shell round and round in his paws, he picks out the kernel piecemeal. The nuthatch, having no paws to spare, fixes the filbert in the fork of a small branch or the chink of a post, and pecks an irregular breach in it with his hard beak; the breach being easily distinguishable from the neat workmanlike round gimlet-hole made by the field-mouse.

But although I knew the squirrel was there by circumstantial evidence, I had never seen him till after the great storm tore up the tree, roots and all, and strewed it, a huge ruin, right across the face of the park close by the gate-house. Even then he did not at once desert his home, before the labourers began hacking off the branches; when he quietly betook himself with his family to a neighbouring oak, whither he has since transferred by night the scanty remainder of his spring hoard. The relics of the hoard are still to be seen in the abandoned hole, a deep recess where a gnarled bough had made a natural scar, improved upon with careful art by many generations of squirrels. There are acorn-skins, split shells of cob nuts, beech-mast, and other mouldering spoils in plenty—the ancestral shards of many a winter feast. Indeed, it is curious how the trees and the animals have managed in this matter so cleverly to outwit each other in the see-saw of continuous adaptation. For the nuts have acquired their hard shells to get the better of the squirrels; and the squirrels have acquired their long pointed teeth to get the better of the nut-shells.

Yet even at the present day, when the balance of victory apparently inclines for the moment to the side of the squirrel, the trees are not without their occasional revenge: since some nuts either prove too hard for the depredators or are forgotten in the abundance of supplies; and so it has happened that, in certain recorded cases, the existence of young seedlings in wild places has been demonstrably traced to an abandoned hoard, which has afforded a good supply of rich manure to the germinating embryos. It is odd, too, how general among the rodents is this instinct of laying by supplies for the winter, due, no doubt in part to the exceptionally imperishable nature of their chief foodstuffs (for nuts, grains, and roots do not decay quickly, like fruits or meat), and in part to the usual close similarity in their surroundings and mode of life. We can hardly regard it as a habit derived from a single common ancestor, because it appears so sporadically, and so many related species are wholly wanting in it. Most probably it has been independently evolved in the squirrel, the harvest-mouse, the rat, the field-mouse, and the beaver, from the fact that in each group alike those who manifested it most would always best survive through the chilly and foodless northern winters. On the other hand, the storing instinct is sometimes replaced among allied animals by other instincts almost equally remarkable: as in the case of the dormouse, who gets over the same difficulty by fattening himself inordinately during the summer, and then sleeping away the winter so as only to use up the irreducible minimum of foodstuffs in the absolutely indispensable vital actions of the heart and lungs.

From the point of view of mere survival, it would matter little whether any particular group happened to fall into the one practice or the other. It is very noticeable, however, that while the sleepiness of the dormouse has fostered, or at least has not militated against, a stupidity as great as that of the guinea-pig or the tame rabbit, the more active and provident habits of the squirrel and the beaver have fostered an amount of intelligence extremely rare among rodents, or, indeed, among animals generally.

I once kept a tame squirrel for some months, not in a wretched little tread-mill cage, but loose in my rooms; and in affectionateness of demeanour, as well as in general cleverness of perception, it certainly surpassed a good many dogs that I have known. Doubtless the habit of storing food grew up at first, as the west-country proverb says, more by hap than cunning. It may have originated merely from the thoughtlessly greedy practice of carrying home more food at a time than was needed for immediate consumption. Still, though the custom need not have been deliberately intelligent in its origin, it must have tended to develop intelligence in the animals displaying it; and even now that it has hardened into an inherited instinct, it may often be a very conscious bit of prevision indeed with old squirrels who have seen more than one winter, and who know that nuts or berries cannot always be obtained with equal ease. At any rate, the fact that squirrels, rats, and beavers are now very clever animals is undeniable; and there is every reason to believe that their cleverness has been partly brought out by their provident habits.

Another thing that probably adds to the physical basis of intelligence in squirrels is their possession of a pair of paws which almost serve them in the place of hands. Mr. Herbert Spencer has pointed out that many of the cleverest animals are those which can grasp an object all round with some prehensile organ. Such animals, in fact, are the only ones that can really quite understand the nature of space of three dimensions. The apes and monkeys with their opposable thumb, the elephants with their flexible trunk and its finger-like process, the parrots with their prehensile claws, are all instances strictly in point. Even among the usually stupid marupials, the opossum has a true thumb to his hind foot, which he uses like a hand, besides possessing a very flexible tail; and the opossum is not only proverbially cunning, but he also has alone succeeded in holding his own among the highly developed mammals of America, while all the rest of his kind are now confined to Australia, their competers elsewhere having been killed out without exception during the tertiary period by the fierce competition of the larger continents.

Wherever we find a clever animal, like the dog, without any grasping power, we also find a large development of the sense of smell, which may be regarded as to some extent compensatory. But it must never be forgotten that the cleverness of the dog has been greatly increased by long hereditary intercourse with man, while the cleverness of the elephant, the monkey, and the opossum is all native and self-evolved. The squirrel's paws stand him in almost equally good stead. For though he has no opposable thumb, he can hold a nut or a fruit between them, rolling it about or adjusting it meanwhile; and his teeth also serve as regular tools, which further enable him to manipulate an object held in the paws almost as well as any other animal except the apes and monkeys.

It is observable, too, that his tail belongs markedly to one of the two types common among forest-line tree haunting creatures. Those which crawl or hang among the boughs have generally prehensile tails to aid them in grasping the branches: those which run and leap from tree to tree have generally bushy tails to aid them in balancing themselves, and to act as a sort of aerial rudder. In the flying squirrels and many other similar exotic types the use of such tails as a parachute is supplemented by extensible folds of loose skin stretching between the legs or the fingers.

A group which shows so much variety of specialisation for its peculiar functions is likely to be an old one; and is fact the squirrels rank among our oldest surviving indigenous mammals. As a class they date back as far in geological time as the lower miocene; and even our English species must have inhabited this country, practically unchanged in appearance or habits, for many thousand of years, except when driven temporarily southward by stress of passing glacial periods.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The annual meeting of the Montreal Chess Club took place on Saturday last, October 7th, at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street. Dr. Howe presided, and there was a good attendance of members.

The report of the Secretary, J. Henderson, Esq., showed that the club numbered twenty-five members, and that the funds were in a satisfactory condition, leaving a small balance in hand. The most important subject connected with the operations of the club during the past year, independent of its regular weekly meetings, which were well attended, was the part taken by some of its members in the Congress of the Canadian Chess Association, held at Quebec in Dec. last. After the reception of the report, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Dr. Howe.

Vice-Presidents, Thomas Workman, Esq., and W. H. Hicks, Esq.

Secretary, J. G. Ascher Esq.

Council, Messrs. J. Barry, J. Stirling, and J. W. Shaw.

A vote of thanks was then tendered to J. Henderson, Esq., the retiring Secretary, for his indefatigable exertions during the last three years to promote in every way the best interests of the club.

The subject of the annual meeting of the Canadian Chess Association in Montreal next December was then taken into consideration.

The Secretary of the Association, J. Henderson, Esq., stated that a preliminary meeting of the Managing Committee would be held in Montreal in the course of a few days.

A subscription list to meet the expense of the Congress was then opened, which amounted to seventy dollars at the close of the meeting.

The match between the amateurs of St. Louis and Mr. Max Judd, at the odds of a Knight, has been concluded, and the former have learnt what patience and perseverance may accomplish.

We would now advise them to keep on improving their play till they are able to challenge their formidable antagonist to another contest, on condition that they receive the odds of Pawn and move. If every chess club had a member possessed of the skill of Mr. Judd, and who, like him, would use it to influence the players around him, what a good thing it would be for our noble game!

THE AMATEURS DEFEAT MAX JUDD.

It is now the amateurs' time to rejoice. After a third engagement with Mr. Judd at the odds of a knight they have finally succeeded in scoring a victory over him. Messrs. Bird and Merrill each played their third game and won it—making the score 14 to 8 in favor of the amateurs. Mr. Judd should feel highly complimented on the result, because ten years ago when he first came to St. Louis to try his fortune there was only one player that could be found to venture a game with him at the odds of a knight. Now at least twenty-five can be named who are as good as he who contended with him a decade ago. Year by year chess has increased in St. Louis until she will compare favorably with any other city in the Union, and in losing this match Mr. Judd must not imagine that he has lost any of his wonted skill, but must admit that the St. Louis players, under his excellent instruction and careful guidance, have risen above mediocrity. They rank equally with those of other cities, and, having proved their ability by their works, they deserve great credit for having by perseverance attained the rank of strong players.—*Globe-Democrat.*

PROBLEM No. 402.

BY G. J. SLATER.

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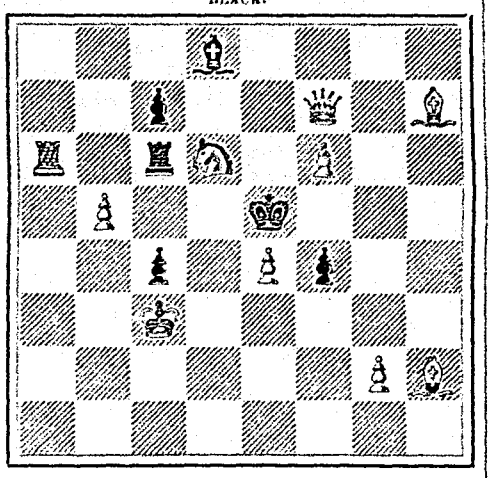

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 400.

White.	Black.
1. P to K 3	1. Any.
2. Mates accordingly.	

GAME 52ND.

Played in the Vienna Tournament between Messrs. Schwarz and Mason.

WHITE.—(Schwarz.)	BLACK.—(Mason.)
1 P to K 4	1 P to Q 4
2 P takes P	2 Q takes P
3 Kt to Q B 3	3 Q to K 4 ch (*a*)
4 B to K 2	4 P to Q B 2
5 Kt to B 3	5 Q to B 2
6 P to Q 4	6 B to B 4 (*b*)
7 P to Q 5	7 B to Q 2
8 Castles	8 P to K 3 (*c*)
9 P takes K P	9 B takes P
10 Kt to Q 4	10 Kt to B 3
11 Kt takes B	11 P takes Kt
12 B to Q B 4	12 P to K 4
13 P to B 4 (*d*)	13 B to Q 3
14 R to K sq	14 Q Kt to Q 2
15 P takes P	15 B takes P
16 P to K Kt 3	16 Castles Q R
17 Q to B 3	17 Q R to K sq
18 B to K 3	18 K R to B sq
19 Q R to Q sq	19 P to K R 4
20 B to B 4	20 B takes B
21 P takes B	21 R takes R ch
22 R takes R	22 Q to Q 3 (*e*)
23 B to K 6	23 K to B 2
24 P to B 5	24 Kt to Kt 5
25 Q to Kt 3	25 Q takes Q ch
26 P takes Q	26 Q Kt to K 4
27 K to Kt 2	27 P to K Kt 3 (*f*)

POSITION AFTER WHITE'S 27TH MOVE.

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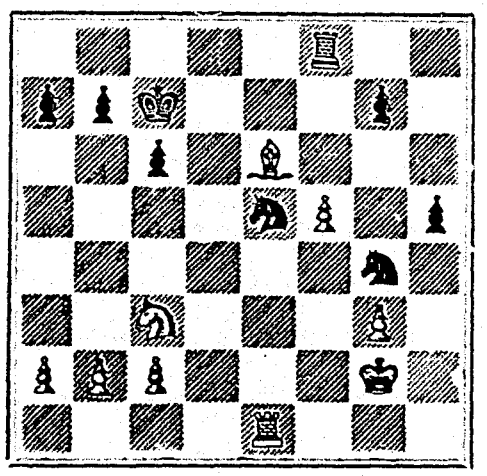


WHITE.

28 P to B 6	28 R takes P
29 B takes Kt	29 Kt takes B
30 R to K 7 ch	30 K to Q 3
31 R takes P	31 R to B 7 ch
32 K to Kt sq	32 R takes P
33 R takes P	33 R takes P
34 P to R 4	34 R to Q B 7
35 Kt to K 4 ch	35 K to K 4
36 R to K 7 ch	36 K to Q 5
37 Kt to Q 6	37 R to Q R 7
38 Kt to B 7	38 P to Q B 4
39 Kt to Q 6	39 P to B 5 (*g*)
40 Kt to Kt 5 ch	40 K to Q 6
41 R to K 6	41 R takes P
42 R to Q 6 ch	42 K to K 6
43 R takes P	43 R to R 8 ch
44 K to Kt 2	44 R to R 7 ch
45 K to Kt sq	45 R to Q 7
46 Kt to B 3	46 R to Q 6
47 Kt to Kt 5	47 P to B 6
48 R to Q B 6	48 R to Q 8 ch
49 K to Kt 2	49 R to Q 7 ch
50 K to Kt sq	50 P to B 7
51 R to B 3 ch	51 K to K 5
52 Kt to Q 6 ch	52 K to Q 4
Resigns.	

NOTES.

(From Land and Water.

(*a*) Not so good as Q to Q R 4, though often leading to similar positions.

(*b*) The correct play is 6 Kt to K B 3. He could also obtain a tenable position by 6 P to K 3 notwithstanding the shutting in of the Q B. The text move entails a loss of time in an opening of which a hindered development is a special feature.

(*c*) By no means as bad as it looks, but nevertheless we must prefer Kt to B 3.

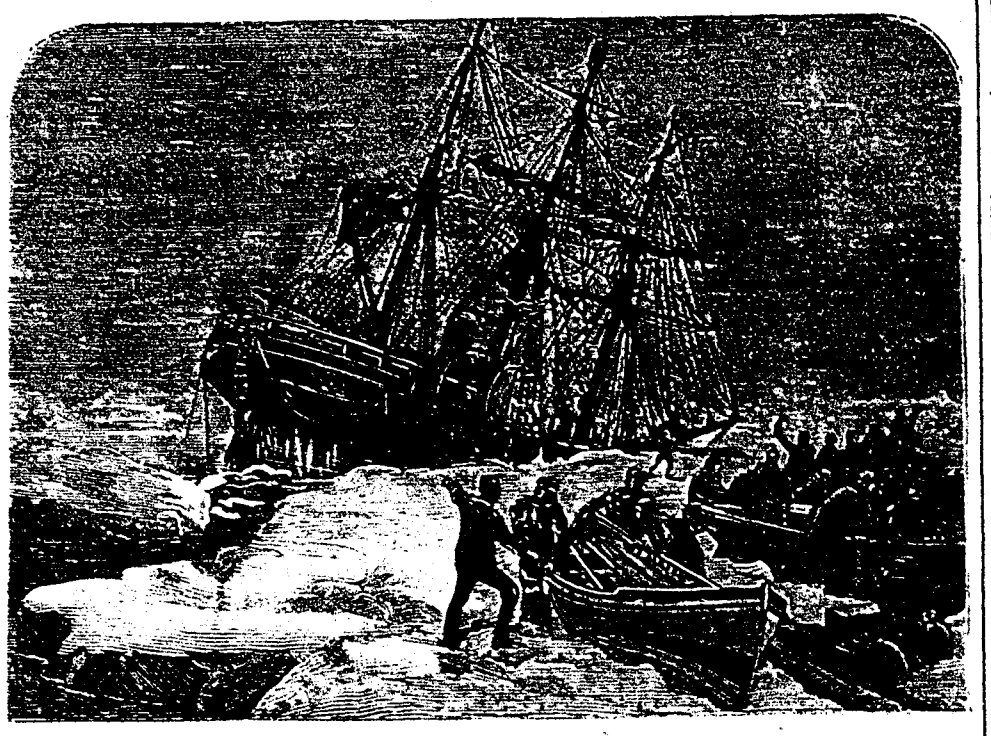
(*d*) Expecting probably a speedy victory. He should be content with the small advantage accruing from B to K Kt 5.

(*e*) Kt to Kt 5 could be profitably played, but he may not have time to thoroughly scrutinise the complications of that line. The text move is sound and good, and it preserves various beneficial points.

(*f*) Pretty and pleasing. Mate in four if White retake.

(*g*) Very good play all this, and Black has now a clear winning game.

THE EMPIRE OF THE DEAD.—According to M. Maspero, the soil of Egypt is thick with mummies. Dig in any part of the country and the preserved corpses of ancient Egyptians are brought to light. Indeed, at some distance from the Nile the soil is rendered unproductive, and therefore can not support its population because of these artificially preserved dead bodies. It is after all a wise provision of nature which decrees that the body shall moulder away after death. The preservation of the dead is unnatural, and if universally done, would in time make the world uninhabitable except by dried corpses. The cremationists have a new argument in the lesson taught by the burial of the Egyptian dead, but after all would it not be better to place the bodies at once in the earth, so that the component parts would assimilate naturally with the soil to which it belongs. Cemeteries and graveyards violate the intention of nature as much as did the burial customs of the Egyptians.



THE FOUNDERING OF THE *EIRA*, AUGUST 21ST, 1881.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

OCTOBER, 1882.

DELIVERY. A. M.	DELIVERY. P. M.	MAILS.	CLOSING. A. M.	CLOSING. P. M.
		ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.		
8 30	.....	(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	8 00
8 30	.....	(A Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia	8 15	8 00
.....	6 30	Ottawa River Route up to Carillon	6 00	.....
		QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		
8 00	.....	Berthier, Sorel & Batiscan Bridge, per steamer		6 00
.....	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by North Shore Railway	.....	1 50
8 00	.....	(B) Quebec by G. T. R'y	.....	8 00
8 00	.....	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthab'ska & Riviere du Loup R.R.	.....	8 00
.....	12 50	Can. Pac. Railway Main Line to Ottawa	7 00	.....
9 20	.	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches	.....	4 45
9 20	.....	Do St. Jerome and St. Janvier	7 00	.....
9 20	.....	St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway	.....	4 00
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Coaticook, &c	6 00	2 30 &
8 00	.....	Acton and Sorel Railway	.....	8 00
10 00	.....	St. Johns, Stanbridge & St Armand Station	6 00	.....
10 00	.....	St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railways	.....	2 15
9 30	.....	South Eastern Railway	.....	4 15
8 00	...	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I	.....	8 00
		Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 11th and 25th September.		8 00
		LOCAL MAILS.		
9 45	.....	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval	.....	4 30
11 30	...	Beauharnois Route	6 00	.....
10 30	...	Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Verennes & Vercheres	.....	1 45
9 00	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace	9 00	1 00
9 00	5 30	Hochelaga	8 00	2 15 &
		Huntingdon	6 00	2 00
11 30	...	Lachine	6 00	2 00
10 00	5 30	Laprairie	10 30	2 15
10 30	3 00	Longueuil	6 00	1 45
10 30	...	Long Pointe, Point-aux-Trem. & Charlemagne	.....	2 00
10 00	...	Point St. Charles	8 00	1 15 &
8 30	2 30 &	St. Cunegonde	6 00	.....
11 30	.....	St. Lambert	.....	2 15
10 00	.....	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache	7 00	.....
.....	12 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M)	6 00	2 00
11 30	5 30	Sault-au-Recollet & Pont Viau (also Bougie)	.....	3 30
10 00	.....	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis	7 00	.....
10 00	6 55		11 45	8 30
		UNITED STATES.		
9 15	....	St. Albans and Boston	6 30	.....
8 9 00		Boston and New England States, except Maine	.....	5 40
8 9 30	...	New York and Southern States	6 00	2 15 & 5 20
8 00	12 30	Island Pond, Portland & Maine	.....	2 30 &
8 8 30	.....	(A) Western & Pac. States	8 15	6 00
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.		
		By Canadian Line, Friday 1st	.....	7 00
		By Cunard Line, Monday 4th	.....	7 00
		By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 5th	.....	2 15
		By White Star Line, Wednesday 6th	.....	2 15
		By Canadian Line, Friday 8th	.....	7 00
		By William and Guoin Line, Monday 11th	.....	2 15
		By Cunard Line, Monday 11th	.....	7 00
		By White Star Line, Tuesday 12th	.....	7 00
		By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 13th	.....	2 15
		By Canadian Line, Friday 15th	.....	7 00
		By Cunard Line, Monday 18th	.....	7 00
		By Supplementary Cunard Line, Tuesday 19th	.....	2 15
		By Inman Line, Wednesday 20th	.....	2 15
		By Canadian Line, Friday 22nd	.....	7 00
		By William and Guoin Line, Monday 25th	.....	2 15
		By Cunard Line, Tuesday 26th	.....	2 15
		By Hamburg American Packet, Wednesday 27th	.....	2 15
		By Canadian Line, Friday 29th	.....	7 00

REGISTERED LETTER MAIL for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m.

[A] Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m. and 9.15 p.m.
[B] Do. 9.00 p.m.

Mails for St. Thomas, W.I., Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., on the 20th of each month.

Mails leave New York for the following Countries, as follows:

For Porto Rico direct, September 1st and 15th.
" Venezuela and Curacoa, September, 2nd and 20th.
" For Cuba and W. I. via Havana, September 2nd, 16th and 30th.
" For Brazil and W. I. via Havana, September 6th.
" The Windward Islands, September 6th and 27th.
" Jamaica, Turck's Island and Hayti, 8th and 28th.
" For Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, September 9th, 21st and 23rd.
" Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, September 12th.
" For Cuba and for Mexico via Havana, September 14th and 28th.
" Hayti and U.S. Columbia (except Asp. and Pan. 15th and 29th.)
" South Pacific and Central American Ports, September 9th, 20th and 30th.
" Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turck's Island, September 26th.
" The Bahama Islands, September 28th.

Mails leave San Francisco:

For Australia and Sandwich Islands, Sept. 23rd.
For China and Japan, September 7th, 13th and 28th.