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A BOHEMIAN GIRL, NEAR MARIENBAD.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HERN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

| Aug. 21st, 1881. | | | Corresponding week, 1880 | | |
|------------------|------|-------|--------------------------|------|-------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon.. 78° | 60° | 68° | Mon.. 80° | 65° | 72° |
| Tues.. 75° | 58° | 66° | Tues.. 69° | 65° | 67° |
| Wed.. 74° | 54° | 64° | Wed.. 76° | 56° | 66° |
| Thur.. 76° | 56° | 66° | Thur.. 77° | 65° | 71° |
| Fri.. 81° | 65° | 72° | Fri.. 76° | 64° | 70° |
| Sat.. 80° | 63° | 72° | Sat.. 75° | 63° | 69° |
| Sun.. 75° | 60° | 67° | Sun.. 79° | 63° | 71° |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 27th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE summer season is drawing somewhat to a close. Though we have had little hot weather comparatively this year, that little even has almost gone from us, and the people who have fled to sea-side and country resorts to escape the heat of the dog days, are many of them regretting the wraps they left behind them, and thinking seriously of a return to the more sheltered joys of town. Albeit we have looked in vain for the fulfilment of Mr. VENNOR's prophecies as to the cold spell, which was replaced in fact by the only warm weather we have had. In the country around Quebec the complaint is "no fruit." The late frosts killed off the strawberries, and the rain, while it came too late to do much good to the grain, has washed away the blueberries and raspberries till they are scarcely worth picking. Of hay, too, the harvest has been poor, especially on the north side of the river, where farmers are well pleased if they manage to save one-half of their last year's crop. As a consequence, hay will probably command a high price this winter in Quebec and Montreal. For the more pleasure-seekers the weather has been most enjoyable. For those who do not mind an occasional shower, the cool refreshing breezes and cloudy skies have worked wonders in restoring health to the jaded workers in close cities. Often it is out of the frying-pan into the fire with those who fly from the roasting heat of Montreal, to find themselves grilled on the Saguenay or broiled at Cacouna, but this year it has been otherwise, and few people who are not salamanders will regret the change.

THE Land Bill has passed through the House of Lords. A compromise has staved off the political crisis which seemed to be imminent. The fact is not without its significance, as showing on the one hand the reluctance of Mr. GLADSTONE to go to the country, and on the other the want of purpose in the Conservative ranks, which has made them too afraid to stake all upon the hazard of a die. That this will be the end of the difficulty we do not expect. So far, dissatisfaction at the result appears on every side. Both parties seem to have in a measure lost the confidence of their supporters in the country. There is nothing of which English people are less tolerant than the white feather, and it seems to have been shown freely on both sides. The Liberals have undone much of the work of conciliation,

which seems to have been the mainspring of the Bill from the first, while the Conservatives have lost a glorious chance, of which their late leader would not have been slow to avail himself. But the backbone is gone out of English Conservatism since Lord BEACONSFIELD's death.

THERE is a significant clause in the proposals for the revision of the Education Code recently laid on the table of the House of Commons by Mr. MUNDELLA. It refers to grants common to all schools, and runs as follows: "Music. The full grant will be paid if singing is satisfactorily taught from notes or according to the tonic sol-fa system. One-half only will be paid if singing is taught by ear." The meaning of this is of course a desire to encourage the teaching of music by a system of notation, whether by the ordinary staff with its lines and spaces or by the system of solfeggio syllables representing the diatonic scale. Singing is naturally the special form of music dealt with, since singing is the only form in which music is at present taught in the schools affected by the grants. The distinction apparent in the wording of the clause does not lie between any different systems of writing music. It lies really in the difference between teaching music as a science and a mental accomplishment, or giving children instruction in the art of producing more or less agreeable noise. The whole question, in fact, of whether music shall be taught to the rising generation or not lies in this distinction. The contention between the advocates of the varying systems need not be entered upon here. To wait until they had settled their differences before beginning to teach the children to sing would be like putting off teaching them to read till the whole system of spelling the English language had been reorganized and crystallized into unanimity. Literature must be got at even by the road of arbitrary spelling and pronunciation. Music must be taught, and music can only be taught, by some system of notation. The whole literature of music is shut out to those who have been taught only by ear. At present the ordinary way of writing is the high road to such music as is available, and the wisest course is to travel along it till a better is made clear. We are glad to find in the Revised Code a powerful inducement offered to instructors to take the fundamentally proper course, and we call the attention of those interested in the subject here to the practical form which elementary musical education is taking in England, of which Mr. MUNDELLA's motion is the outcome.

As every dog is allowed his first bite, so an English bull permitted once to gore. In an English jury have recently been investigating the question whether a bull belonging to a Mr. ROLFE had not exceeded his privilege. This animal was alleged to have ungallantly charged two women, and knocked them into a ditch. The husband of one of them brought his action, and it became necessary for him to show, before he could succeed, that Mr. ROLFE knew his bull to be savage. Testimony to the opposite effect was forthcoming in the shape of a statement that the beast was accustomed to graze on a cricket-ground, and that he rather liked being hit by a cricket-ball than otherwise. To the contrary effect there was positively no evidence, except an unlucky remark attributed to the defendant. Mr. BANKS, the plaintiff, swore that when he called on Mr. ROLFE the next morning to complain, the latter observed, "That's my old bull again." Mr. ROLFE was further said to have applied to his bull what commentators call an *epitheton ornans*, but that is neither here nor there. The Judge held that the use of the word "again" precluded him from taking the case out of the hands of the jury. This really seemed a little hard on Mr. ROLFE. For if he had simply said, "That's my old bull," he might have seemed to be expressing a brutal sympathy with its ferocious ex-

plot. It is fair to add, however, that he denied having said anything of the sort, and that the jury, not being satisfied that he knew that his bull was accustomed to assault mankind, gave him a verdict. The moral seems to be that owners of dangerous animals should abstain, when commenting on the present, from all reference to the past.

LEO HARTMANN, THE NIHILIST.

Leo Hartmann, a young Russian, who was prominently engaged in the attempt to take the life of the Czar in November, 1879, is on this continent. He is a member of the chief committee of the extreme wing of the Nihilist party in his own country, and he is commissioned by the leaders of the party to enlighten the people of Europe and the United States in regard to the purposes, the methods, and the motives of the Nihilists, and to ask aid for them. For that purpose he has published in the *Herald* a long and minute account of the attempted assassination of the Czar, accompanied by a statement of the facts which, he considers, justify the policy to which he has committed himself. This remarkable document is very fairly written, in a style of considerable simplicity and force, with but little attempt at eloquence, and indicates more than an ordinary intelligence, clearness of mind and self-possession. With the personal narrative we do not propose to deal. It has an air of truthfulness about it which will win it general credence. It certainly does not soften the features of the plot which betrays most clearly the great cruelty of the plotters.

There is no question as to the existence of a most cruel, arbitrary and oppressive despotism in Russia. Whatever may have been the motives which inspired the late Emperor in his experiments of reform, the experiments themselves have almost wholly failed. The emancipation of the serfs from the control of their masters is an accomplished fact; but they have passed to another servitude, which is all the more galling because they are no longer protected from it by the interposition of their lords. This is servitude to the government and to its corrupt, oppressive, and all-powerful agents. It dominates the life of the common people from two points: the imposition of onerous taxes, with the fearful penalties which attach to failure to pay them; the arbitrary control of the liberties, the person, and the property of the Russian subject through the inefficiency or the corruption of the institutions of justice. From these two points the despotism is absolute in its power. Whether that power is exercised as completely without restraint or compunction as Hartmann says that it is, it is impossible to say, but that it is exercised in a way to give rise to horrible injustice, to many instances of the most poignant distress, to numerous abominations of cruelty which are almost without name, there is no doubt. Its force may be fairly measured by the resistance which it arouses. Nihilism could not exist in its actual form without a strong support among the people. That support would not be given to a movement so openly desperate and violent as this is acknowledged by its leaders to be, unless there were very serious and extensive and just discontent among the people.

But with a clear perception of these facts it is impossible for Americans to give their approval to the Nihilists and to Hartmann as their representative. Their method is wild and wicked. It is avowed terrorism. They seek to "disorganize" the Government by the murder of its head and by that of the more prominent agents. By tyranny is not easily disarmed by fear, least of all by bodily fear, while it is hardened by the resentment which violence awakes, and the sympathy of a large proportion of mankind is challenged for rulers whose lives are passed amid perpetual dangers. The response to the cruel murder of the late Czar was one of almost uniform indignation and sorrow. It was regarded not as the deserved punishment of a despot, but as the slaying of a man weak rather than wicked. The sympathy of the civilized world was not with the revolutionists so much as with their victim, and the sympathy of the civilized world can not be dismissed with a sneer as wholly wrong or misguided.

ICE-YACHTING ON THE HUDSON.

This exciting sport is described and illustrated in the *Midsummer Scribner*, from which we quote:

"You go on down the river now with a good wind on the beam. The playful breeze freshens in flaws, as if trying to escape you; but still you follow its wayward motions: you start when it starts, flit over the ice with its own speed, turn and glide with the lightness and the grace of its own whirling dance. The ice-yachts darting about look like white-winged swallows skimming over the ice: as they cross and recross your course, you hope that every captain knows his business and will avoid collisions. The ice-yachts have anticipated your wish, and flown away to various points of the horizon while your thought drew its slow length along. The ice seems to be running under you with great speed, and you sometimes feel that you might easily drop off the open, spider-like frame of the yacht. By such rapid motion, the bubbles, crystals, and lines of the ice are all woven

into a silky web of prismatic hues. You distinguish only the cracks that run with the course; and, when they deviate from it, they seem to jump from side to side without connecting angles or curves. The mounds and the wind-rows seem to come up at you suddenly, and dodge past. You begin to hold on to the hand-rail, and lie close down in the box. If you are steering, you feel that your hand is the hand of fate; and the keen excitement nerves you to extraordinary alertness. The breeze sings in the rigging; the runners hum on the ice with a crunching sound, and a slight ringing and crackling; and a little spurt of crushed ice, flies up behind each runner and flashes like a spray of gems. The yacht seems more and more a thing of the air,—her motions are so fitful, wayward and sudden: The speed with which you approach a distant scene makes it grow distinct while you wink with wonder. Things grow larger, as if under the illusions of magic; you feel the perspective almost as a sensation. You turn toward a brown patch of woods; it quickly assumes the form of headlands; these are pushed apart, and a gorge appears between them; while you stare, a stream starts down the rocks, behind the trees; a mill suddenly grows up; the rocks are now all coated with ice; statues of winter's sculpture are modeled before your eyes, and decked with flashing crystals, just as you turn away to some other point of the horizon. So you seem to be continually arriving at distant places.

"A regatta is to be sailed over this course, and you arrive in time to see the start. The yachts all stand in a row, head to the wind. At the word, the first in the line swings stern around till her sails fill; she moves off at once, and the crew jump aboard,—one man standing or lying on the windward runner plank and holding on to the shrouds, and the helmsman and another man lying in the box. Then the other yachts successively swing around; and, in a moment, the whole fleet is under way, gliding in zig-zag courses among the windrows and mounds. They all diminish in apparent size with astonishing rapidity; they seem actually to contract in a moment to a mere white speck, skimming about the river miles away. You join the crowd of men and boys stamping and slapping to keep warm; you exchange a few words with a friend, and when you turn around again, behold the yachts sweeping down upon you! They grow as they come, flying at you with a wayward, erratic course, and you feel the wonder of embodied speed. The ten-mile race of the ice-yachts is lost and won in as many minutes. But for those who sailed it, these minutes were filled with more excitement than is found in many a long life-time."

BEN-SABA, THE OLD ASSASSIN.

At Nishapoor, in Persia, there was a great teacher of the law, the Imam Mowaffek. "I found there," writes one of his pupils, Nizamool-moolk, "two other pupils of my own age newly arrived, Hakem Omar Khayyam and the ill-fortuned Ben-Saba. Both were endowed with sharpness of wit, and the highest natural powers, and we three formed a close friendship. One day Hassan-Ben-Saba said to us, 'It is a universal belief that the pupils of Mowaffek attain to fortune. If we all do not attain thereto, one of us surely will. What shall be our mutual pledge?' We answered, 'What you please.' 'Well,' he said, 'let us make a vow that to whomsoever this fortune falls, he shall share it with the rest equally.' 'Be it so,' I replied. I went from Khorassan to Ghuznee and Cabool, and rose to be the Vizier of the Sultan Alp Arslan." The poems of Omar give indications of the thoughts that filled the breasts of the three youths. He was a profound mathematician as well as a poet, and has, not undeservedly, been called the Lucretius of the East. He revolted from the religion of his country, and flung his genius and learning into the abyss of general ruin. He writes, "I came like water, and like wind I go." To him life is

"A moment's halt, a momentary taste
Of being from the well amid the waste,
And then the phantom caravan has reached
The Nothing it set out from."

He questioned the universe as to its secret; but earth gave no answer, nor the soiling "that mourns in flowing purple, nor the rolling heavens." There was a door to which he could find no key, a veil which his eyes could not penetrate.

"Oh threats of hell, and hopes of paradise!
One thing at least is certain—this life flies;
One thing is certain, and the rest is lies:
The flower that once has blown forever dies."

His political sentiments, if he had any, are not expressed in the verses in which he has embodied his Epicurean philosophy. He says, indeed,

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar lies."

But the roses of the world had as little attraction for him as the Prophet's paradise. He rejected the offers of his old school-fellow. With far different spirit, Hassan demanded, in the tone of neglected virtue, his share of office and of power. His claims were admitted; but he used his high place only to intrigue against his benefactor. He was driven from the court of Bagdad, and fled to Isbahan, a moody and disappointed man. His religious opinions became unsettled; his belief in human friendship had experienced a shock. "Oh, that I had," he exclaimed, "but two faithful friends at my devotion!" Finally, like Augustine, like Ignatius, Loyola, like Westley, like Newman, like Mills, he

experienced that crisis in his spiritual life which is most fitly styled "conversion." He writes: "From my childhood, even from the age of seven years, my sole endeavor was to acquire knowledge. I had been taught to oppose the doctrines of the Ismailites; but the arguments of a friend made a great impression upon me. When he parted from me I fell into as ever fit of sickness, during which I reproached myself, saying that the doctrine of the Ismailites was undoubtedly true, and that, should death overtake me, I should die without having attained the truth." A strange confession when we think of Hassan's after-career.

Still striving after the truth, he sought teacher after teacher, and finally set out from his distant home to visit the spot which he now deemed the very source of truth, the skeptical college of Cairo. The ex-minister of a sultan, Hassan was no ordinary convert, and met with no ordinary reception. The head of the college, the *dai el daot*, or "missionary of missionaries," met him at the frontier, the high officers of the court waited upon him when he arrived, and the Caliph placed a palace at his disposal. Henceforth Hassan seems to have held that the highest truth was the formula already quoted, "Nothing is to be believed; everything may be done." For a second time Hassan's ambition and spirit of intrigue soon led to banishment. He returned to Persia by devious wanderings, making converts as he advanced. By their aid he obtained possession of a hill fort, Alamoot, "the Vulture's Nest," where he could defy the troops of the sultan. It was to Hassan what Geneva was to Bakunin. From it he derived the title by which his successors are best known in the history of the Crusades, the Old Man of the Mountain. There he organized his society into ever-narrowing circles of Aspirants, Believers, Teachers and Devoted. Thence he and his successors decreed death to the bravest and proudest of his foes. Against the wielders of the sword the Assassins brandished the dagger, and neither prince nor caliph, Mohammedan nor Christian, could escape their reign of terror. Conrad of Montferrat, King of Jerusalem, was stabbed to death in the streets of Tyre, by two Assassins who had been for six months in his service waiting for the opportunity. The Sultan Saoujar found a dagger implanted in his pillow, and received a letter bidding him to take warning, or the next time the dagger would be lodged in his heart. Henceforth, in fact, no man's life in the East was safe. The chiefs of the Assassins always affirmed that they killed no man for money or private revenge. "It is our habit," says a letter attributed to one of their chiefs, "to admonish those who have acted injuriously in anything towards us or our friends, and if they despise our admonition, to punish with severity by our ministers"—almost the identical words which the executive committee of the Nihilists published in their organs respecting the death of Alexander II.—HIGH CRAIG, in *Harper's*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The little village of Gastein in the Austrian tyrol has become famous by the recent meeting there of the Emperors of Austria and Germany. This meeting, which is to be repeated on the same spot in the course of next month, gives a historic interest to the place which, besides the picturesque beauty of the scene, must be our excuse for presenting it to our readers.

Two picturesque and characteristic views go to make up the list of our illustrations this week. The cave of the winds Niagara Falls, and Pilot Knob, Northern California.

MONTREAL SWIMMING CLUB.—The sixth annual races of the Montreal Swimming Club took place at St. Helen's Island, on Saturday afternoon, August 14. The prize list was as follows:—

800 yards race for seniors—1st, W. Murray, silver cup; 2nd, F. H. Desrosier, silver watch. Time, 10 minutes.

300 yards race for juniors—1st, G. H. Weston, silver cup; 2nd, G. Wand, gold pencil. Time, 5 minutes, 10 seconds.

Green race for seniors, 200 yards—1st, W. Prowse, silver cup; 2nd, B. Morris, music binder.

Green race for juniors, 200 yards, 13 competitors—1st, A. Irving, gold pencil; 2nd, W. Lyall, inkstand. Time, 3 minutes, 3 seconds.

Hurdle race for seniors, 100 yards, 5 hurdles—1st, A. B. Gwill, meerschaum pipe; 2nd, A. B. Murray, box of cigars.

Hurdle race for juniors, 75 yards, 5 hurdles, 11 competitors—1st, A. Irving, silver medal; 2nd, G. Maud, gold studs.

100 yards dash for seniors—1st, W. Prowse, silver pickle jar; 2nd, J. W. Demison, box of cigarettes.

Fancy swimming—1st, John Barlow, gold medal; 2nd, B. Morris, hunting knife.

Egg hunt—1st, J. Smith, a handsome volume of the *Scientific Canadian*; 2nd, A. Henney, cigar case. Smith picked up seven eggs and Henney six.

Live goose chase—The first goose was readily caught by D. Tansey; the second by A. Irvine.

Messrs. Williams and Walsh, the well known swimmers, gave an exhibition of the rescue of a drowning man, the "victim" being Walsh, who purposely tumbled out of a boat and made no attempt to swim, being rescued by Williams. The prizes were distributed on the ground by the donors.

P. Q. RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—Wednesday, August 10th, the second day of the shooting, was a gala time at the ranges, the band of the 65th Battalion being present, as well as a large number of our prominent citizens and their ladies, the latter evincing great interest in the result. At three o'clock the Hon. A. P. Caron, Minister of Militia, arrived on the ground and was received by the staffs of the various districts, and during his stay of about an hour he examined and expressed himself highly delighted with the arrangements of the meeting.

The most important match of the day, and perhaps of the meeting, was the Battalion match, for which teams from the Montreal Garrison Artillery, Prince of Wales' Rifles, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Sixth Fusiliers, of Montreal, the 8th Royal Rifles of Quebec, and the 54th Battalion of Sherbrooke entered. The first prize in this match is the Accident Insurance Company's cup, which has to be won twice consecutively to become the property of any corps, and was taken last year by the Sixth Fusiliers, and the year previous by the Royal Scots. The results of the various competitions have been already given in full and need not be repeated here.

NEWPORT AMUSEMENTS.

Susan Coolidge describes as follows, in the *Middlemarch Scribner*, some of the amusements of Newport:

"The amusements of Newport, in the season, are many and various. First and foremost should be named the Casino, a new feature, but already a most important one. This charming place, which is both like and unlike the conversation halls which, in Europe, bear the same name, is built on the Avenue not far from the Ocean House. Its aspect from the street is that of a low, picturesque facade, two stories in height, in the old English style, of brick and olive-painted wood, quaintly shingled and oddly carved, with wide casement windows, and here and there a touch of gilding. A single year has toned its color down to a delightful oldness, which would do no discredit to a street in Chester or Coventry. A broad entrance-hall in the middle of the building leads to an inner quadrangle, turfed and set with flower-beds, in the midst of which rises a splashing fountain. Above and below, on the street side of this quadrangle, are club-rooms and offices, broken by a picturesque clock-tower. To right and left are more club-rooms, a restaurant, dining and smoking rooms; dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen; smaller saloons, where entertainments may be given; and kitchens, wisely ordered on the second floors, where their noises and smells can annoy no one. The fourth side of the quadrangle is filled with a double curve of roofed galleries, two stories in height, where ladies sit the morning long, work in hand, chatting with their friends, enjoying the smell of the spray-freshened flowers, and listening to the music of the band. Beyond this first quadrangle lies another and wider one, edged with trees and shrubberies, past which winds the carriage-drive from an entrance at the back. This lawn is devoted to open-air tennis. At its far end is another long building, in which are racket-courts, bowling-alleys, and a beautiful ball-room, fitted up with a stage and all appurtenances for private theatricals. It will be seen how many and how various tastes may be served by a building of this sort.

"Polo play, and sitting by to see polo played, are among the other favorite Newport amusements. Still another is to ride or drive to the meets of the Queen's County Hunt, which, in the latter part of the season, has a run about twice a week. Foxes are not too plentiful in the island, and there are days when the hounds are forced—*tant de mieux*—to follow a trail of anise-seed, instead of their more legitimate scent. But the pace, the jumping, and the chance of broken bones are equally good; and as Reynard does not complain, and no baby, in act of being soothed of its infant ailment by the mild infusion which does duty as scent, has as yet fallen a prey to the mistaken ferocity of the pack, there seems no reason to cavil. Ladies often join in the sport.

"The Fort music is another bi-weekly pleasure, involving as it does the pretty drive round the southernmost curve of the bay, with the villa-crowned slopes of Halidon Hill on one hand, and on the other the wide outlook of blue water, broken by many islands. Close by is the tiny rock with its time-washed light house, where dwells the brave Ida Lewis, heroine of so much daring adventure, and beyond stretches the long point of Brenton's Reef, surmounted by the casemates and smooth glacis of Fort Adams. In the deep point of the inner cover lie the wrecks of two ships, one of them an abandoned slaver, drifted many years since into this quiet harbor, and gradually breaking to pieces under the slow, untiring touches of wind and tide. Only the ribs now remain; they lie, black, skeleton-like shapes, reflected in the tranquil waters of the cove—a perpetual pleasure to such artist eyes as take pleasure in contrast and happy accidents.

"Besides the fashionable Bellevue Avenue, and the celebrated ocean drive, which for nine miles follows the sinuosities of the shore from Bailey's Beach to Brenton's Cove, there are others less famous, but no less enjoyable: the drive over the two beaches, for example, and out to the long end of Sachuest Point, through gaps in stone-walls and across fields of grain, by overgrown tracks, where wild flowers and tall, nodding grass half bury the

wheels; or the drives to Coddington's Cove, to the Glon, to Lawton's Valley, or along the shore of the eastern passage. These inland drives afford constant characteristic glimpses."

MISCHIEF IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS.

We find the Middle Ages, when the Western world was young, overflowing with droll mischief. It was the order of the day. Artists and nobles, peasants and serfs, high and low, all dearly loved a jest, and went laughing through life as if it were a carnival, and one's only aim was to be jolly. There was a certain grotesqueness, a quaintness, a certain irresistible charm, about the mischief of those days which had never been before, and which can never be again. This was owing to two causes.

The first cause was this. When Christianity was established it had to wage war against a sensuality pervading every rank in life, and one which always mark a waning civilization. As a contradistinction to this the church went to the extreme of asceticism and taught that all earthly pleasures are sinful. This doctrine was naturally accompanied by manifold evils. It prevented progress, for every new step forward brought with it greater attachment to the "lusts of the flesh." Pleasure is absolutely necessary to mental as well as physical development. Hence, the ignorance and degradation of that long period known as the Dark Ages, though originating in the incursions of barbarians, were heightened and prolonged by the promulgation of the strange doctrine of asceticism. But this could not last. Human nature will assert itself, and after the harsh and stern period there came the reaction. The scholastic philosophy, which had fettered the learned and been the limit of learning, vanished like night before the morning redness of the rising Renaissance. "The Occidental mind was then," says Professor Morris, "like an overgrown, undisciplined boy such as savages are said to be. It celebrated its release from scholasticism and all its restraints by hurling at it manly anathemas, very much as the boy, when the period of his youthful schooling is over, is apt to turn his back on the scene of his scholastic discipline and on his teachers with the exclamation, "Good-bye, old school! you can't rule me any longer." It is no wonder that in such a state of society, when merriment burst its bands, mischief ran riot, and the lord of misrule became mighty.

The other cause for the merry roguery of the Middle Ages we find in the gradual civilization of the Northmen and their settlement over all Europe. These men, living in snow and ice, their long winter one endless night, seem from their very hardships and struggles to have evolved in a shorter time more sympathy than the Southern nations. There is a special tendency in the East and in Southern countries to associate pleasure with the exercise of cruelty. Though the Northmen were brutal enough, rough, unpolished warriors as they were, there was in them a queer, grotesque humor which softened their otherwise too rugged nature. Strong and invincible, they unconsciously influenced the people among which they settled; and the spirit which arose from the blending of the rich humor of the North with the refined malice of the South rapidly made itself felt through Europe. We see it peeping out from the goblins and fantastic figures of Gothic architecture; we hear it in the merry shake of the cap and bells of the privileged fool; and we find it in the quaint literature of those days. Even Satan appears in a new light; we almost lose sight of the dignified Lucifer of the Hebrews, and in the Mephistophelian laugh which now accompanies all his exploits there is a gleam of the mischief-maker Loki. This state of mischief served its good end. Luther and Calvin accomplished great reforms, but they might not have succeeded so readily had they been unaided by Rabelais, Ulrich von Hutten, and their brethren.—*July Atlantic*.

MISCELLANY.

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.—A tourist wandering alone upon the edge of a bog at the foot of Ben Nevis had the misfortune to miss the proper path and stumbled into a bog, where, ere long, his struggling served to sink him to his armpits in the treacherous mire. In this terrible plight he espied a stout Highlander not far away, to whom he cried out at the top of his voice, "Ho—what ho, Donald! Here—come here!" "My name is not Donald," the Highlander said, approaching the spot. "Never mind what your name is! Do you see the plight I am in? I can never get out of this alone." "Indeed, mon, I dinna think you can." And with that he turned away. "Good Heaven, are you going to leave me here to die?" the tourist cried. "Dd—? You want me to help you?" "Do I want you to help? What can I do else?" "Sure, I dinna know." "Will you help me?" "Ay—if you want me." "Oh, help, help, help me, in Heaven's name!" "Indeed, mon, why didn't you ask that in the first place?" And the Highlander quickly lifted him out and set him on hard ground.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an ancient "Yarmouth" lady who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course the school as a former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked, "Waal, master, what do you think he larnt the scollards?" "Couldn't say, ma'am.

Pray what did he teach?" "Waal, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was round, and went around, and all that sort o' thing! Now, master, what do you think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?" Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked, "It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things." "Waal," said she, "if the airth is round and goes round, what holds it up?" "Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction," he replied. The old lady lowered her "specs," and, by way of climax, responded, "Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!"

DUKE GEORGE OF OLDENBURG is certainly one of the most good-natured princes alive. A few weeks ago three thirsty souls broke into his cellars and abstracted thence fifteen bottles of choice old wine. They were caught making off with their booty, and indicted for burglarious theft at the Duke's instance by the State attorney. When their case came on for trial before the Strafkammer, the presiding judge announced from the Bench that His Highness had withdrawn from the prosecution, and ordered the thieves to be set at liberty. Deeply touched by this act of magnanimity, they resolved to seek audience of the Duke in order to offer him their humble thanks in person for having let them off so easily. His Highness received them, and, to their joyful surprise, told them that he had by no means resented their vehement desire to partake of his wine, but that the breach of etiquette they had committed in visiting his cellar without giving due notice of their intention to do so had caused him considerable annoyance. "I attach," he observed, "much importance to the observance of prescribed forms. If you should at any future time wish to invite yourselves to my cellar as my guests, let me know when I am to expect your visit, and you will be welcome."

"I THINK," said a well-known orchestral leader, that the best joke ever played in this town was on an ambitious amateur pianist when Gottschalk was here. The amateur's father was the owner of a large hall, and he offered the use of it to Gottschalk for his benefit. There was to be a piece for eight pianos, and the amateur was to play one of the instruments. I was leader. I thought Gottschalk would have a fit when I told him that the amateur couldn't play three straight notes of the piece.

"He is sure to throw us all out," said I, "and ruin the performance."

"Gottschalk swore like a major, but 'twas no good. The bills were out, and he couldn't go back on his programme, even if the gift of the hall for the night was no consideration to him. At last I hit on an idea that fixed the whole business. The amateur came down to rehearsal, and we praised him up until he thought he was to be the star of the night. As soon as he left we took the hammers out of his piano and made it as dumb as an oyster. I guessed he would never know the difference, with several pianos going at once. And just as I thought, that amateur or his friends never discovered that trick."

"No?"

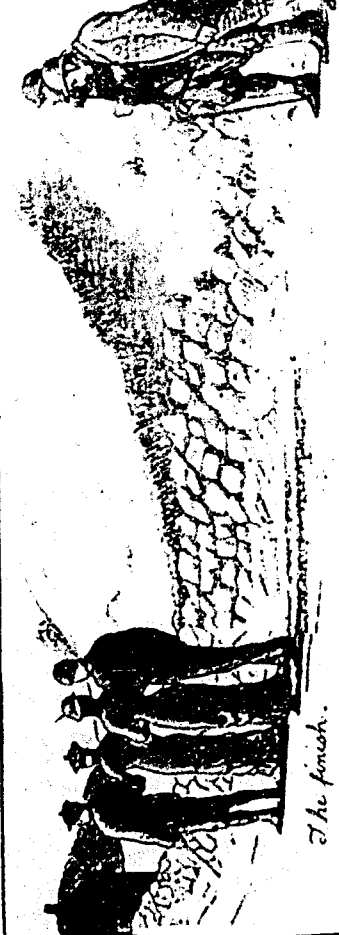
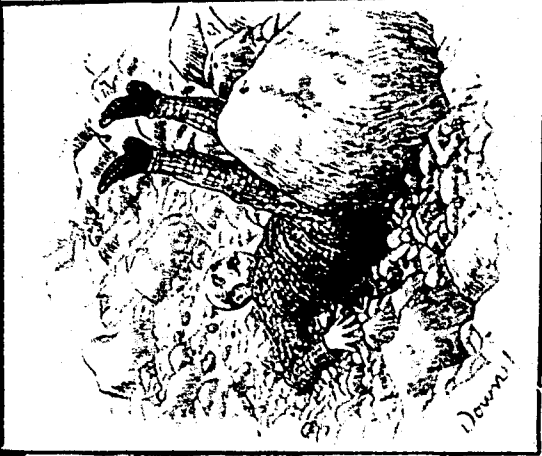
"No, sir; he just stilled in and pounded on that piano as if it was the worst enemy he ever had. He was bound to show off among so many good pianists, and hammered on his key-board until the perspiration nearly blinded him. Now and then I looked at him approvingly to give him fresh courage, and every time that I did he gave the piano a lunk that nearly made matchwood of it. His friends all around threw bouquets at him till he looked like a wedding arch, and when 'twas all over his head parent fell on his neck in the green-room and slipped a check for two hundred and fifty dollars in his hand. The old man didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels, he was so tickled."

"Didn't he do fine," said he to me, "among so many first-class professionals, too?"

"I never heard an amateur do so well in public," said I; and, what's more, I meant it, eh?"

WHAT makes you feel so uncomfortable when you have done wrong? asked a teacher who was lecturing his pupils on conscience. "My father's leather strap," answered a little boy.

YELLOW AS A GUINEA.—The complexion, in a case of unchecked liver complaint, culminating in jaundice, is literally "as yellow as a guinea." It has this appearance because the bile which enables the bowels to act, is directed from its proper course into the blood. In connection with this symptom there is nausea, coating of the tongue, sick headache, impurity of the breath, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, dyspepsia and constipation. These and other concomitants of liver complaint are completely removed by the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which is also an eradicator of scrofula, erysipelas, salt rheum, ulcers, cancers, humours, female weakness, jaundice and lumbago. It tones the stomach, rouses the liver, and after relieving them, causes the bowels thereafter to become regular. High professional sanction has been accorded to it; and its claims to public confidence are justified by ample evidence. Price, \$1.00. Sample bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a *fac-simile* of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



The major of us the way

The last bit on the peak

The start

Some low metal bar across the

Cracked eggs and youth cannot climb together

The man and his dog are a little bit of a party

The hour's work

The finish

THE TOURIST SEASON IN SCOTLAND.—THE ASCENT OF BEN NEVIS.

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.



Professor Softy hears in the upper air a lovely Tenor voice.



He discovers the singer in the chimney sweep ; tries his voice.



Falls on his neck and embraces him ; assuring him that he has a fortune in his throat.



The Professor prescribes a bath, and a diligent practice of the scale.



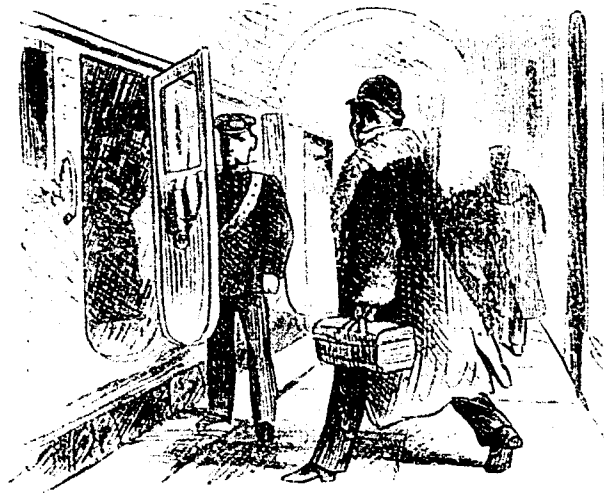
The ballet-master instructs him in stage business.



His first engagement ; the public are taken by storm.



The impresario engages him for \$400. The chimney sweep is in the seventh heaven.



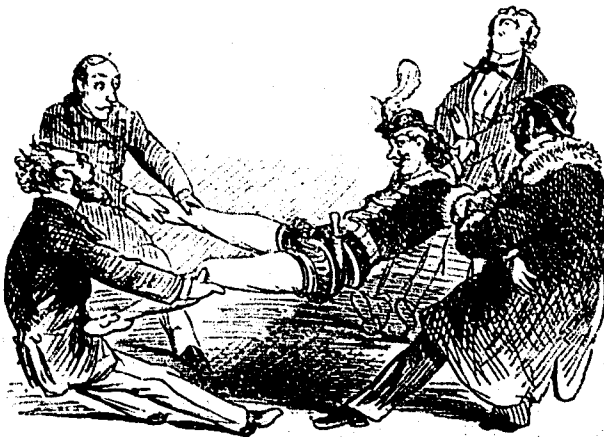
The impresario of Northville hears of the new voice, and takes the first train to secure him.



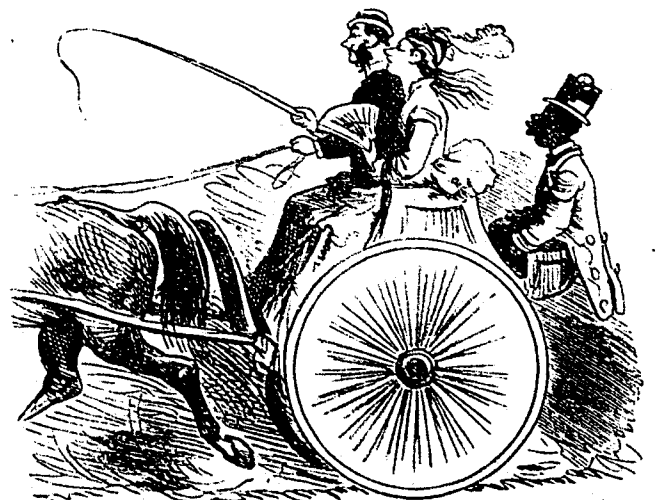
To his disgust he stumbles upon the manager of the Westville opera, offering \$1,000 to the Tenor.



The impresario of Northville, after hearing him in Tell, bids \$3,000. A contract is on the point of being signed, when—



Appears the manager of Southville, with an offer of \$7,500. The manager of Eastville raises the prize to \$15,000.



Finally comes Miss Trampelston with an offer of her heart and \$100,000 per annum, and—Germany loses her first tenor.

TWILIGHT.

Women, moths, bats, beetles, toads,
Love the passing away of day.
The graying of all colours bodes
To them soft circumstance, fair play
For purposeless activities
And undefined sympathies.

Now one's mind is like his dress—
No one can see its colours guess—
Now one's heart is like the sky—
Changing, doubtful, rich;
And conscience like the cross-roads sign
That tells not which is which.

I take some vagrant scent for guide—
Sweet-brier, lilac, mignonette,
Woodbine, hawthorn, violet—
And wander far and wide,
Homeless, nameless, with no kin,
Nor law above me nor within.

But way-side things I gladly greet,
As of my blood's most cherished strain.
They feed me with forbidden sweet,
Though drawn apart, I'm theirs again.
I kiss the stars, I clasp the sky,
And with the clouds on hill-tops lie.

For I have loved humanity,
And put a looser vesture on:
Dead things have living tongues for me—
In deserts I am not alone.
Though outcast, rebel, renegade,
Dark nature maketh me amends.
Her spring, taboos, yields me sweet aid,
Her creatures are my secret friends.

POWDER AND GOLD.

CHAPTER III.

THE MYSTERIOUS FOOTPRINTS.

The night passed without the slightest disturbance. The following morning, after performing all my military duties, waiting for the return of a scouting party which I had sent out under the command of Glauroth, and ascertaining that the river Oignon had no ferry or ford behind Chateau Giron, and that, according to all the reports that could be collected, the Franc-tireurs we had seen yesterday had fled down the bank of the river, the ever-moving clock of military service ran down for me, and I took courage, left my room on the lower floor of Chateau Giron, and told a servant whom I met to announce me to her mistress. The girl stared with wondering eyes at the Uhlán who had the presumptuous idea of paying a visit to the owner of the castle, and replied: "Mademoiselle, madame ne reçoit pas—she is an invalid: if it is any business matter, M. l'abbé—"

"Then, if Madame cannot receive me, take my card to Mlle. Kuhn."
She left me, and returning in a few moments ushered me into an elegantly furnished, sunny drawing-room looking out upon the gardens: at the back of the apartment was a doorway, concealed by brown velvet curtains; I saw by the waving of the folds that they must have just been drawn over the opening—probably the entrance to the invalid's chamber. Mlle. Kuhn was seated in the drawing-room upon a "dos-a-dos," and on the same piece of furniture sat the able-bodied my card in his hand, and apparently interpreting the name upon it to her "tant-bien-qu'on," as they say in French.

He rose to welcome me, and the young lady mentioned me to a chair beside her.

I must confess that I was somewhat embarrassed. I could hardly believe myself to be in the presence of the young girl who had made such a totally different impression upon me yesterday evening in the moonlight; and yet it was the same slender figure, with the beautifully sloping shoulders and the exquisite oval of the head which had so magical a charm for me under the rays of the moon. It was the same clear, musical voice that rang in my ears; and when she pushed aside the embroidery over which she had been leaning, and sat erect, I saw that she was quite as tall as she had appeared the night before. Only her features, which last night had seemed pallid, earnest, and almost stern, bore quite a different expression. She had not much colour, it is true, but there was a delicate tinge of scarlet on her somewhat brunette complexion that betokened perfect health; her features were not modeled according to the French type, but were regular and perfect in outline, while the expression ofquisishness that sparkled in her large brown eyes and played around her delicate lips certainly betokened no sternness of mood.

I observed that her hands trembled as she threw aside her work and drew on a pair of mitts that lay near her, and therefore concluded that she was of an impressionable temperament; the entrance of an "enemy" as I was, must have excited her, as the performance of the duties demanded by civility towards my involuntary hosts had embarrassed me.

"I hope you will allow me," I began, stammering and hesitating, "to apologize to you in person for the annoyances we have been compelled—"

"Ah!" she interrupted, "how could we fear annoyances from persons who only desire to make moral conquests; my cousin, the abbé, has told me of his conversation with you, and thus greatly soothed the anxiety of my mother and myself. My poor mother is an invalid; she could not travel, so we were compelled to remain here on our estates and hold our ground."

"Which I consider a great piece of good fortune for us!" I exclaimed. "But so far as moral victories are concerned, those were most arrogant words, which I should never have uttered if I had previously had the opportunity of meeting you, mademoiselle, which was afterwards afforded me in the garden, when I per-

ceived at once that it was I who incurred the danger of being morally vanquished."

She opened her eyes as if in astonishment, but there was an expression of indignation in the amazed glance she flashed upon me.

I felt that I had said something which she had utterly misunderstood, and the consciousness made me blush. No lady in Germany would ever have supposed that a young man, who was a perfect stranger, an enemy quartered in her house, would presume to enter at once upon a sort of declaration of love, but this French girl had evidently given me credit for such an intention, and vexed by the thought, I added quickly and somewhat harshly: "For if you continue to defeat all my arguments so eloquently and prove what wicked Huns or Goths we are to break into poor, peaceful France, and intercept the rays of civilization streaming from that great light of the world over the nations of the earth, I shall undoubtedly be disarmed and permit you to convert!"

Her face brightened, and apparently not at all annoyed by my sarcasm, she replied laughing: "It seems that my assertions have angered you a little, therefore they must be true, since truth alone makes an impression upon our minds."

"Will you pardon my incivility, mademoiselle," I replied, "if I contradict you? In France it is not the truth that makes an impression, but appearances. We Germans, with our simple, sober judgment, are amazed, perfectly bewildered, in presence of this psychological enigma: 'How is it possible that a great and polished nation can be so utterly blinded to the truth?'"

"Indeed, and what is this truth?" she asked somewhat scornfully.

"That France is vanquished, and will not perceive how much better it would be to end the spectacle of these continuous defeats by a speedy peace; that she so obstinately persists in indefinitely prolonging the tragedy of her humiliation—it is a policy which our minds cannot comprehend."

"And do our hopes that the fortune of war may change, afford no explanation of it?" now interrupted the priest.

"These hopes depend solely upon that reluctance to own the truth which is so mysterious to us. However," I continued, "I would venture to make an explanation of it, if I should not thereby fall into too great disfavour with you as a heretic."

"Pray, go on," said the priest, with an indulgent smile.

"France is educated in the dogma that she is invincible and superior to all other nations, as well as to believe in the infallibility of her church; these two principles are the foundations of her faith. But where dogma rules, all questions of what, why, and wherefore are sins; faith is right, doubt wrong; criticism of the pulpit is the work of the devil. If we read the history written by the church, she is always in the right; if we hear—I have heard from you, mademoiselle, how France gives her history, she is always right, and victorious. None doubt it, save the profane and treasonable! By this ecclesiastical and political orthodoxy, this dogma of superiority to other churches and nations, France is ruined."

The young lady looked at me in the utmost astonishment; she was evidently much perplexed by my words, and then exclaimed earnestly: "I cannot answer all this, I am not sufficiently learned in historical matters—you must reply, Etienne," she cried, turning to the priest.

The latter had been sitting motionless, watching me from under his drooping eyelids; at this appeal, the pale ascetic features, surmounted by the priestly shaven crown, assumed a more animated play of expression.

"Good heavens! what reply can I give!" said he. "These gentlemen, it seems, wish to rob France of her church, as they have already deprived her of her emperor, and we must wait patiently until they have accomplished the undertaking."

"I assure you that my words had no such meaning, reverend sir; we are very far from cherishing such evil designs; we desire only moral conquests, as I told you, not dogmatical ones!"

"Have you read Michelet's 'History of France?'" asked the young lady.

"No," I replied.

"I should like to know what you would say about it."

"Oh! how can you recommend such an abominable book!" cried the priest, casting a flashing glance at Mademoiselle Kuhn.

"I don't recommend it; I merely said that I should like to know what this gentleman would say to it. Many parts of the book charm me, while others are repulsive. Is it not natural that I should like to hear some one talk of it whose opinions are different from mine, and totally opposite to yours?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and I expressed a wish to read the book which was so interesting to Mademoiselle Kuhn. She had a copy, and proposed to send it to my room. We then spoke—I took advantage of the opportunity to enter upon some harmless neutral ground—of other works. She was familiar with many German books, but only the older authors, principally Schiller's dramas, Callot, Hoffman, of course, Topfer. She had become acquainted with a few German plays during a journey that she had taken with her father through Southern Germany, and talked about them all so animatedly, gaily, and with so much originality—often very paradoxically and strangely, to be sure, but with a secret sympathy and cordial warmth that

proved how keen an interest such things possessed for her—that it was impossible not to feel the contagion of her earnestness, not to become excited also and betray an earnest zeal to correct these paradoxical ideas, to place things in their true light; and thus it happened that the conversation was prolonged and became more and more earnest. The priest, who spoke only in monosyllables, appeared to be greatly annoyed; it may be that my heresies angered him less than the thought that Mademoiselle Kuhn was not only listening, but receiving them, would perhaps be affected by them and he might have a difficult task to remove the impression and purify her soul from these abominations! Sometimes there was an expression of bitter indignation in the wrathful glances cast upon her; sometimes—and then he raised his drooping lids and fixed his eyes upon her face—there was a dreamy softness in them, almost a languor in their gaze, as if he were drinking in her beauty without hearing what she said, without noticing anything but the echo of her musical voice. The idea entered my mind that the poor abbé was so unfortunate as to cherish a hopeless love for his beautiful cousin, or whatever the relationship might be.

I was so much fascinated, and the young girl appeared to be so little wearied by the conversation, that I was compelled to fairly tear myself away; I took leave, but had the satisfaction of being granted permission to return the following morning, to bring Mademoiselle Kuhn the copy of Faust that I always carried in my knapsack, in exchange for the promised loan of Michelet.

I felt as if I had been intoxicated by the conversation, so gay were my spirits when I returned to my room and took up Faust. I turned its leaves, thinking of all the opportunities for numerous interviews which this marvellous book would afford, of all the explanations and illustrations which the young lady would be compelled to ask from me, if she only began to read it attentively. Just at that moment my "Putzkamerad" entered.

"The people here must be very unwilling to have us occupy these rooms, sergeant," said he; "a very neat-looking servant-girl, who speaks a little German, came to me just now and said that they had much handsomer guest chambers in the story above, which we might take. I replied that we could not think of doing so, that you must remain below, to be at hand in case of an alarm; and besides, we did not wish to disturb the owners of the chateau and the sick lady; but she said that they would not be disturbed, and if I would go up I should not lose by it, for they would give me a handsome 'pouf boire.' The ladies did not like to have these rooms occupied because his Reverence the Bishop of Autun always slept here when he came to visit."

"And therefore," I interrupted, laughing, "no heretics can be permitted to remain."

"I don't think that was the true reason," replied Friedrich, shaking his head, and then added in a lower tone, "they have something in that room."

"In what room?"

"The one adjoining my chamber. A curtained door leads into it, but it is fastened with a strong, heavy padlock; and when I waked up this morning, and remained a few moments lying in the nice warm bed, I looked lazily at every piece of furniture in my room, and then saw on the floor the marks of dirty feet, which must have walked from your room through mine to the curtained door; and they must have been dirty feet to leave such traces. It must have been yesterday evening, too, just before we took up our quarters in this room, that they passed through; otherwise the marks would have been swept away; everything else in the house is perfectly clean, and there are servants enough. Do not say that I made the dirty spots myself, that can't be; for we did not take our boots out of the stirrups all day yesterday, and before I went into the room I rubbed my feet on the scraper in the hall; so who can have been here yesterday evening with these muddy feet, and walked into the room behind the curtained, padlocked door? Have the servants dragged anything there, or did the Franc-tireurs conceal the contents of the waggon in that chamber?"

Friedrich showed his quick observation, and the keen sagacity aroused in all our soldiers during this war, in these references; and that he understood how to put events together he plainly proved by adding: "I thought nothing of it at first, but when the pretty waiting-maid came to me with such pleasant smiles, tossing her head like a little cross-bill in its nest, and proposed that we move from the room—you know, sergeant, they are by no means accustomed to make themselves agreeable—I suspected something."

"It is possible," said I, "that they may be keeping something there which they do not wish us to discover. Who knows what treasures they may be! Perhaps their wine, or their silver. What does it matter to us? So long as you see the huge padlock hanging there, you may be perfectly sure that nothing can burst out of the ambush to harm you."

"I have already wondered whether the Franc-tireurs might not have concealed their weapons there!"

"If so we may be perfectly at ease since they are under lock and key." Here the conversation ended. When I crossed the courtyard a short time after to see that the horses were properly cared for, I cast a glance at the row of windows in the apartments occupied by Fried-

rich and myself, and saw that next the windows in the chamber where I had lodged my "Putzkamerad," there was another, the last of the row, which was grated. It must therefore be a corner room, and had probably served either as a treasure chamber or a prison for a lunatic.

When I went up stairs the following morning with my little copy of Faust in my hand, I found no one in the room but the abbé.

He received me with formal civility, and to my great disappointment said that Mademoiselle Kuhn would not be able to appear—she was with her mother, who had had a bad night. He then asked, offering me a chair: "You have brought one of Goethe's books—I believe you spoke of it yesterday—for Mademoiselle Kuhn?" "Yes, 'Faust,' which Mademoiselle Kuhn has never read."

"Faust—ah, yes—I have heard of it; he sold himself to the devil and then invented the art of printing—there is a good moral in the story; but can Mademoiselle Kuhn keep the book, which I see is no very short story, long enough to read it? She enters into such things with such enthusiasm, that it is a positive torment to be unable to finish!"

"I can set you at ease on that score," I replied, "or, to speak more correctly, I must unfortunately disturb you by the information that I have every reason to suppose our stay here will be long enough to afford Mlle. Kuhn plenty of leisure to read not only the first but the second part of Faust, and also to study it a little—for it certainly requires some little study, especially from a lady, a young girl."

The face of the reverend gentleman became by no means brighter at my reply. His question was evidently designed to obtain some information in regard to the length of our stay. Yet he continued instantly:

"Is it written for young girls?"

"For one like Mademoiselle Kuhn, why not?"

"You are right," replied the priest. "My cousin has claimed the privilege of reading almost anything. Good Heavens! what is to be done about it! The library cannot be locked upon her; and she is so alone here—the long winter nights must be spent in solitude on her mother's account. If she would only occupy herself with her music! but she declares she has no talent for it. She is an excellent house-keeper—the whole household is under her direction; she oversees the management of the estates, overlooks the steward, has her sick and poor, aids with counsel and money all the concerns of the parish—our steward is mayor, and it is just about the same thing as if she held the place; but all this does not occupy her time during the winter evenings she has whole hours to devote to reading which makes us none the better."

"If she gains information it is surely an advantage!"

"Perhaps so, from your point of view, but not from mine. But since you are a species of savant, and, as you have just assured me, your stay here will be so prolonged as to make it desirable to have some source of amusement, let me offer you the use of the library. If you will allow me I will show it to you."

He rose and I followed him. As we left the drawing room he added:

"The library adjoins our usual guest chambers. I will show them to you also, for I am sure you would prefer to have quarters there, where the best possible means of entertainment would be close at hand. The rooms are handsomely furnished and very pleasant; they not only overlook the courtyard, so that you can keep your men in view, but also afford a charming prospect of the gardens, the park, and the lovely valley of the Oignon. There is a small room adjoining for your soldier servant."

"I am very much obliged to you," I interrupted, "and thank you for your kindness, but I will not disturb you by moving up to this floor."

"Oh! you will not disturb us in the least," he exclaimed eagerly; "I will show you the rooms, and I am sure"

"I have private reasons for preferring to remain in down stairs."

"Private reasons?" he cried, looking earnestly into my face, as if to read my very thoughts.

There was evidently something in my words that had startled or perplexed him.

"When on the lower floor I am nearer to the door of the house and my men, and therefore prefer those rooms," I said.

"Oh! just as you please, of course," he replied, pushing back a pair of folding doors and admitting me into a large, airy hall, lighted by a large stained-glass window directly opposite the entrance. Under the window was a heavy round table, and beside it, bending over an open map, stood Mademoiselle Kuhn. The sun poured a flood of rainbow hues through the coloured panes, over her gray silk dress. She was really a "dazzling apparition" at that moment, and this must be the sole apology I can offer for the sudden confusion and embarrassment which I betrayed when I saw her so unexpectedly before me.

She could not help noticing it, my greeting was faltered out so hesitatingly. I had entirely forgotten my copy of "Faust," and left it in the drawing-room. She was very kind to relieve my embarrassment at once, by the words:

"So you do not disdain to visit our little library, although you must enter the very heart of France; all these are French books"—she waved her hand towards the dark oaken shelves that lined the walls; "the heart of France is

not Paris, but there, where the thoughts of the greatest minds in our country are crystallized in their best works. You may capture Paris, but you can never touch the heart of France; it will always beat with the same power and warmth, now and forever; the pendulum of the clock of the universe, whose hands show the nations when the hour for a new development of beauty, a new advance in civilization, has arrived."

I must have looked at her with a very peculiar play of expression, for her words at first made a strong impression upon me, but at the next moment I laughed aloud.

She looked at me angrily.

"Why are you laughing? I does that also appear to you a false 'dogma'?"

"Don't be angry with me," I replied, "but I could not help it. What you said was very beautiful, inspiring, sonorous—the very words that from your press and in your popular assemblies arouse your enthusiasm, by which the heart of a Frenchman is filled with a noble and beautiful emotion of love for his native land, expanded with the most sublime images, and of which the cold, critical judgment in our German minds asks only, 'Is it true?'"

"Well, is it not true?"

"No. Neither Italy, when she produced Dante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo; nor England when she gave the world a Shakespeare; nor Germany when she invented printing, instituted the Reformation, and gave birth to Kant and Goethe, have looked at the French clock to see whether the right hour had come!"

Mademoiselle Kuhn blushed, and the fear that I had angered her sent the colour into my face.

"Ah!" said she, "I don't believe this obstinate spirit of contradiction that clings to old, obsolete tales and names is exclusively German; it can also be found here in France. It is only opposition, man's love of opposition. And therefore," she added, raising her head defiantly, "I will not allow you to be, what at this moment you would like to appear, the representative of that German 'criticism' which slays every inspiration, every beautiful enthusiasm."

"So much the better," said I; "a critic rarely has the good fortune to please."

"Etienne," she continued, turning to the priest, "you must show our guest the different divisions of the library. There are the historical works," she added, motioning me towards one of the large book-cases. I approached it and began to read the titles on the volumes. Beside the shelves a narrow pier-table was suspended over an oval marble table, on which stood a beautiful bronze bust. As I looked at it my eyes fell upon the mirror, and I saw the abbé hastily whispering something to the young girl, which caused an expression of indignation or perplexity to pass over her fair face.

They looked at each other a moment in silence, then the priest rapidly whispered a few words. Mlle. Kuhn bent her head thoughtfully; he again addressed her, and she at last nodded as if in assent. The abbé then left her and, approaching me, offered to show me the different parts of the hall.

After a hasty survey of the nearest book-cases I turned away and went back to Mlle. Kuhn, who was still bending over her map. She pushed it aside, and thus revealed another volume, which she opened. It contained a collection of coloured prints of rural landscapes.

"This is an illustrated work of the most picturesque views in French Comte," said she, drawing it towards me. "Are not the landscapes very beautiful?"

"The artist certainly possessed a keen perception of beauty," I replied, after she had shown me the first pages; "but these views are probably greatly idealized. Whether this region really possesses such variety, such many-coloured tints, I have of course no means of judging."

"Ah! you will not admire them; you bring your German 'criticism' even into these lovely scenes of nature," cried Mademoiselle Kuhn, evidently vexed. "Really, that is too much! I would shame your spirit of contradiction if I could show you one of these landscapes, which lies but a few miles from here on the banks of the Oignon. This is the place," she added, opening the book and pushing the picture towards me. "You must acknowledge that it is a charming view, and if we could take you there you would see that the artist has neither flattered nor idealized it. What do you say, Etienne?"

"Certainly, we ought to take monsieur there," exclaimed the abbé, with evident eagerness; "we should certainly shame him if he doubts the beauty of this region; but monsieur would be well rewarded for the trouble of the journey by the rare beauty of the landscape."

I was somewhat surprised to find that the reverend assented to a plan which implied a certain degree of intimacy. I felt a slight suspicion that he noticed my intercourse with his cousin with aversion rather than pleasure, or perhaps a feeling of jealousy. This idea was apparently groundless.

"If the trip is not very long, and will not take me too far from my post," I said hesitatingly, and, I fear, blushing a little at the thought of making such an excursion in the company of the young mistress of the chateau.

"It is only an afternoon's drive," she exclaimed eagerly; "we might go to-day if I could leave my mother, but she had a bad night; so we will start to-morrow after dinner, about four o'clock."

I bowed.

"You will order the carriage, Etienne," said she; "and now I must go back to my mother. Farewell, sir, until to-morrow."

No one could make a more graceful and dignified salutation by a slight bend of the head, or move with a lighter, more elastic step, than Mademoiselle Kuhn as she now left the library.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE, BURGUNDY AND DUTY.

"Will you have nothing to fear from your countrymen if you drive out in such a friendly manner with an enemy?" I asked, as I also left the room, accompanied by the priest.

"You may be perfectly at ease on that score," he replied; "our peasants are not disposed to be warlike. The Franc-tireurs whom you pursued day before yesterday were, it must be acknowledged, people from this neighbourhood, and very harmless people too. Mademoiselle Blanche is a sacred person to them, and any one who is her guest becomes sacred also."

"Even if he is a barbarian of the Ulan race, from the distant borders of the Dragon country?" said I.

"You are jesting about my ignorance. My cousin has explained to me how stupid I was. But will you not just glance at our guest chambers?" asked the priest.

"I thank you once more for your kindness; I have already told you the reason I must decline it."

I bowed, and we parted.

"You are right," said I to Friedrich when I saw him again, "they wish us to remove from this room. We must be very watchful; keep your eyes upon the curtained door, especially to-morrow. I am going on a little excursion with the owners of the chateau; do not leave the room until I return."

"You are going on an excursion—and alone with our hosts! Entirely alone?"

"Why not? Are they not the best possible escort if I meet enemies?"

"You know best," said Friedrich, shaking his head; "you ought to take me with you," he added, after a pause.

"I shall need you more here—as a guard, you know."

"Or Herr Glauroth?"

He would have been the very last person that I should have taken with me.

"No, no," said I, "Herr Glauroth is not invited. Don't mention it to him—the trip will occupy only a few hours, and is not worth talking about."

But after all, I did take Friedrich with me as a companion on our excursion.

The priest called upon me the next morning. He had come, he said, to remind me that I had promised to drive with Mademoiselle Blanche and himself that afternoon to the old castle of Colomier aux Bois.

"How could I forget an excursion that promises to afford me so much pleasure! I anticipate a most delightful trip."

"I hope," said the abbé, laughing, "that Mademoiselle Blanche will also have the pleasure of seeing you perfectly delighted with her Colomier."

"Does it belong to her?"

"To the Kuhn family—the old castle, and a fine farm around it."

"Ah! so much the better!" I exclaimed. This fact ought to be quite sufficient to remove all suspicion, if the slightest doubt could have arisen in my mind, when made the recipient of such unusually kind attentions. It is the most natural thing in the world to desire to show a fine estate to a stranger, that it might perhaps produce an imposing impression upon him.

"I have a favour to ask of you," continued the priest; "we intend to take lunch with us, but we want a servant to take charge of it and serve it; Madame Kuhn's servant has joined the Zouaves, the gardener is not fit for such service—could not your man go with us?"

"Certainly," said I, without the slightest hesitation; "he has already expressed a desire to be allowed to accompany me."

"Then we will set out on our excursion at four o'clock?"

"Whenever you wish."

After a short conversation upon indifferent subjects, the reverend gentleman took his leave.

"So I am to take Friedrich with me," said I to myself. Strange! Why should we need servants for a simple country lunch, as they call it? Besides, why could they not take their coachman, if the others were absent? It seems that Friedrich is also to be removed from these rooms! Very well; I will see that no advantage shall be taken of it to overreach us. Why does not this priest speak frankly, and tell me what is concealed in the locked apartment? If they are keeping anything hidden there which they wish to remove, why don't they speak of it? why should they treat us as if we were thieves and robbers?"

I went to the library and took from one of the shelves a copy of the Chevalier von Faublas, which I had seen there the day before.

When we met at dinner, I said to Glauroth:

"You must be on duty this afternoon, my dear fellow."

"What duty?"

"I am going out on a reconnoitering expedition this afternoon with Friedrich. Mlle. Kuhn will be our guide, and"—

"Mlle. Kuhn! you are to take her as your

guide! Really, that is a strange proceeding! Take care that she doesn't lead you astray or carry you off entirely."

"Since such a catastrophe is possible, I will confide the chief command to you, that this division of the army may not be left without a head. The duty will not be very severe. You can choose the most comfortable arm-chair in my room, and light a cigar; but under no circumstances whatever are you to leave the apartment until I return. Those are my strict orders; if you infringe upon them I shall inflict a heavy punishment, or summon you before a court-martial; but as you are such a thoughtless fellow that I cannot depend upon you in the least, I have devised a powerful charm to hold you to your post: I have brought the Chevalier von Faublas down stairs for you."

"The Chevalier von Faublas! Who is he? What am I to do with him? Is that the name of the priest, and are we to build a little church together?"

"What are you talking about? I am speaking of a book—did you never hear of it?"

"No; I don't remember that a knowledge of it was required at our examination."

"Then you will take all the more pleasure in making the acquaintance of the Chevalier von Faublas now; he is such a wonderful, striking combination of the most miserable dissoluteness with remarkable personal beauty, that he will release a man like you during the few hours that you must remain on duty."

"Ah! it's a fine thing for you to try and assist in the care of my education in that way."

"Well," I answered, "I may rely upon it that you will not leave the room, whatever happens?"

"That sounds rather mysterious."

"I imagine that there is some secret about this matter; you will perform your duty all the more carefully."

I left the table, called Friedrich and prepared for the drive. A light open carriage was brought into the courtyard, drawn by two rather sturdy horses, which probably on other occasions were used for the farm waggons. The same man whom we had met in the garden on the evening of our arrival stood at their heads; he seemed to be a sort of general factotum, but on this occasion did not take the place of the coachman, for when Mlle. Blanche came down and sprang lightly into her place on the front seat he handed the reins to her. I hurried down the steps, not wishing to keep the lady waiting, and was offered the seat beside her, the priest and Friedrich sitting behind us. The horses started, and the young lady guided them with perfect ease. We drove through tilled fields in a southerly direction over an excellent road; and after a half hour's ride reached a narrow valley inclosed between two ranges of hills, rugged and steep on the right hand, but on the other side gently undulating; at our left was the Oignon meandering through meadows and willow copses, and over the whole peaceful, sunny landscape arched a broad expanse of bright blue sky.

"It is strange," said I, "war is the sole cause of my coming to this region, and yet at this moment it is impossible for me to believe in war. If we dream of friends and relatives who are dead, it is always as if they were still living; the fact of death is something which our immortal souls have no power to comprehend; in the same way, the fact of war is something that at this moment I cannot understand; war has no part in these scenes, the mind refuses to accept the idea of it; death and war are two things equally absurd and incomprehensible to the primitive man!"

"Then why do you bring war, since you yourself pronounce it to be inhuman?" asked Mlle. Blanche. "You will say, 'you began the conflict; you sought to invade our country.' But is any wrong inflicted by another repaired by committing a heavier sin ourselves?"

"Let us suppose," I replied, "lest we should dispute about the matter, and that it is some fatality, like a storm, a fearful hurricane, which suddenly bursts forth over such peaceful scenes. To how many forces and decrees of fate man is compelled to yield, and permit himself to be ruled, unable to do otherwise! Do not our passions vanquish us in this manner?"

"No," she said, almost vehemently, "we must learn to control our passions."

"Exemplary men may be able to do so," I replied, "if they have the discernment to see that their passions will lead them to ruin. But there are others in which we see only guides to happiness. Such a passion is love."

"How could anything lead to happiness which you yourself mention in the same breath with war, storm, hurricane, and the dark decrees of fate?"

"The fates crush us only when we oppose them. As soon as we submit and yield to them, they may bring us happiness."

"Submission," exclaimed Blanche, "is not the choice of every one. A strong and prudent man does not yield to fate, but holds the reins of his destiny himself."

"Ladies do not always possess the skill with which I see you guide the reins with a firm hand," I interrupted.

"Yet every lady might. All that is necessary is the desire to learn."

"Our highway is very smooth and level, an excellent road," said I, laughing; "yet perhaps we may come to some narrow bridge, some difficult turning or steep hill, where I shall have the pleasure of being obliged to help you."

"I would be very foolish if I should ask your aid before knowing whether you can drive."

"That is true; I must seek for some opportunity to prove it; I should like nothing better."

"There is Colomier aux Bois," said the priest, pointing to a ruined castle near us.

We had turned from the broad highway some time before, and were now driving through a very romantic valley formed by one of the tributaries of the Oignon. Rugged rocks and picturesque cliffs inclosed the little vale on either side; close at our feet the water of the stream rushed along a deep channel hollowed from the rocky soil; often its ripples were dashed into sheets of foam by the extreme rapidity of the current. At times our road, hewn along the stony bank of the brook, suddenly climbed a steep slope, leaving the water roaring through a deep ravine, and affording us a charming view of the lovely little valley of the stream. The ruined castle, which was in a southerly direction, stood upon a lofty ridge in a part of the valley entirely inclosed by hills. I had observed it some time before, but Mlle. Kuhn had not thought of showing me the goal of our journey until now. She was by no means so cordial as she had appeared the day before; there was a tinge of vexation in her manner, the words with which she answered me contained a veiled reproach, and her lips had the pouting expression by which women show us their displeasure. What was the matter? Did she regret the mark of favour which she had given me in making this excursion? Yet she had proposed the trip herself. I must confess I was by no means at ease.

I had already been fascinated by Mlle. Kuhn—ever since our first interview in the gardens—but on this excursion I became aware that I loved her. The profile of the graceful head beside me, slightly bending forward as if searching the distant horizon, was so noble, so beautiful, so haughty, so aristocratic. Her dark eyes had such a thoughtful expression, they revealed that mysterious depth of soul which a German ever seeks in the eyes of her loved ones; there was naught of that sudden change, from dreamy languor to passionate fire, which betrays a southern origin; her simple, natural manners expressed the purity of an earnest, self-controlled, strong character, and I was perfectly captivated by this beautiful, bewitching girl. I would have liked to roll on in the light carriage beside her, through the exquisite, sun-bathed landscape, forever, without pause or object, yielding the guidance of our conveyance solely to her hands!

We reached a little hamlet; at this point the mountain walls receded from the road, and the open space had been used as a site for a mill, over whose wheels a thin stream of water splashed over a smooth-worn stone; close beside the mill were a number of small houses with flower gardens attached, whose appearance denoted a comfortable amount of worldly prosperity. These cottages were built along the road, between the mountains and the highway; as our carriage rolled by several of the inhabitants rushed out and, standing on their thresholds, stared at the Prussian uniform, shouting something that I did not understand. A few lads who came towards us stood still in the middle of the road as if with the design of stopping our carriage. It is not impossible that they may have supposed Mlle. Kuhn was being carried off by the Germans, but if such was the case they were soon reassured, for the young lady said a few words which caused them to take off their caps to her and stand aside, looking after us with angry, lowering glances.

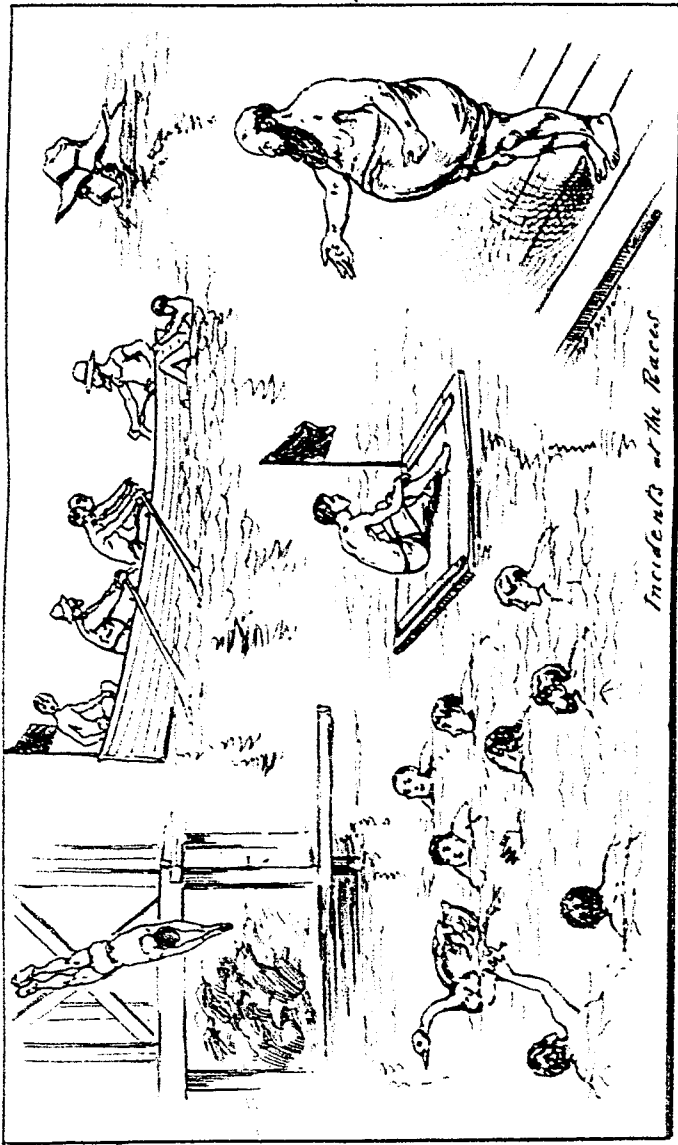
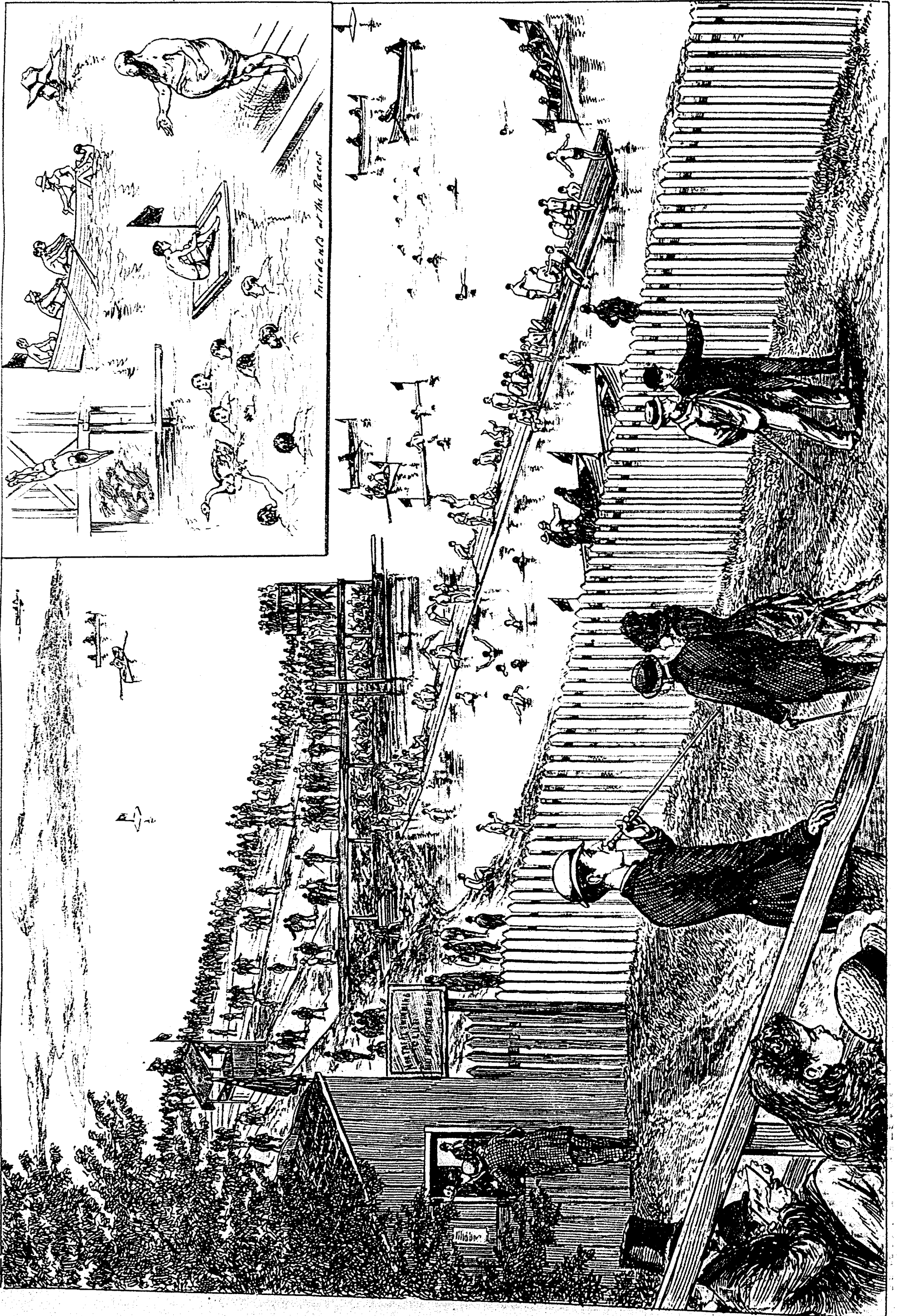
"This excursion with us will affect your popularity in this region, Mlle. Kuhn," said I; "and if, unfortunately, our troops should advance still farther and enter this valley, the people will accuse you of having pointed out the way. Are you not afraid?"

"No," she answered curtly; "I know my countrymen."

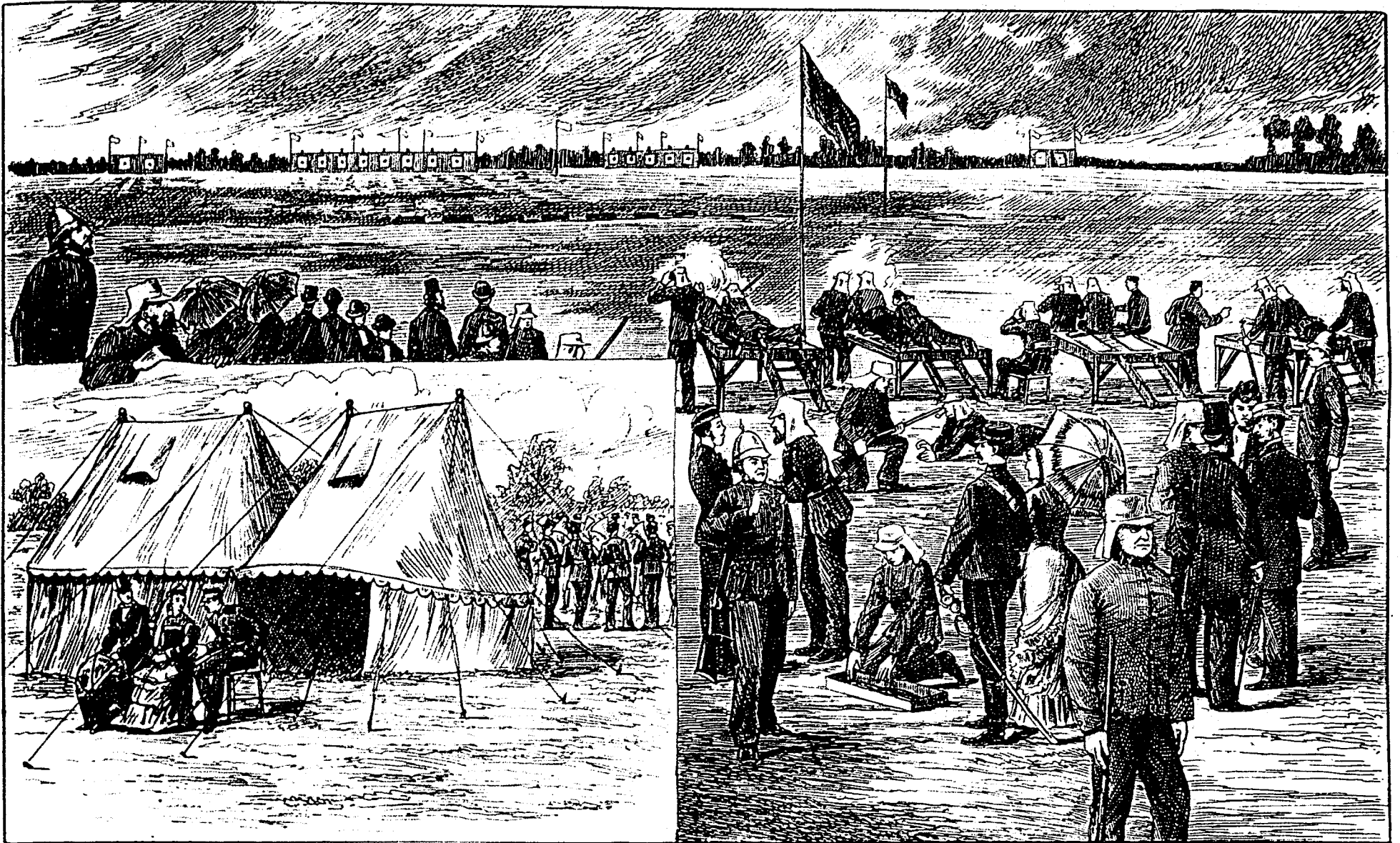
The priest joined in the conversation, and Mlle. Kuhn kept silence until we reached Colomier. The spot was indeed very beautiful. A circular, almost unbroken chain of mountains inclosed a meadow valley, which lay at their feet like a green emerald. In the background were the farm buildings, erected under the shadow of an overhanging precipice; at the right the river gushed from a narrow crevice in the rocks, and dashed roaring and foaming down the cliffs; a bridge was thrown over it from the farm-house to a forest pasture surrounded by dark pine trees, and against this background rose a beautiful, airy pavilion with a lofty pointed roof. A small verandah, with a balcony wreathed with vines projecting over the river, completed the artistic picture formed by the exquisite little structure. The picturesque masses of rocks around were covered and concealed by a rich growth of vegetation to half their height, and crowned by the huge walls of the ancient castle of the Colomier, which was once—so said the priest, who seemed to be more learned in history than geography—occupied by the ancient dukes of Burgundy.

(To be continued.)

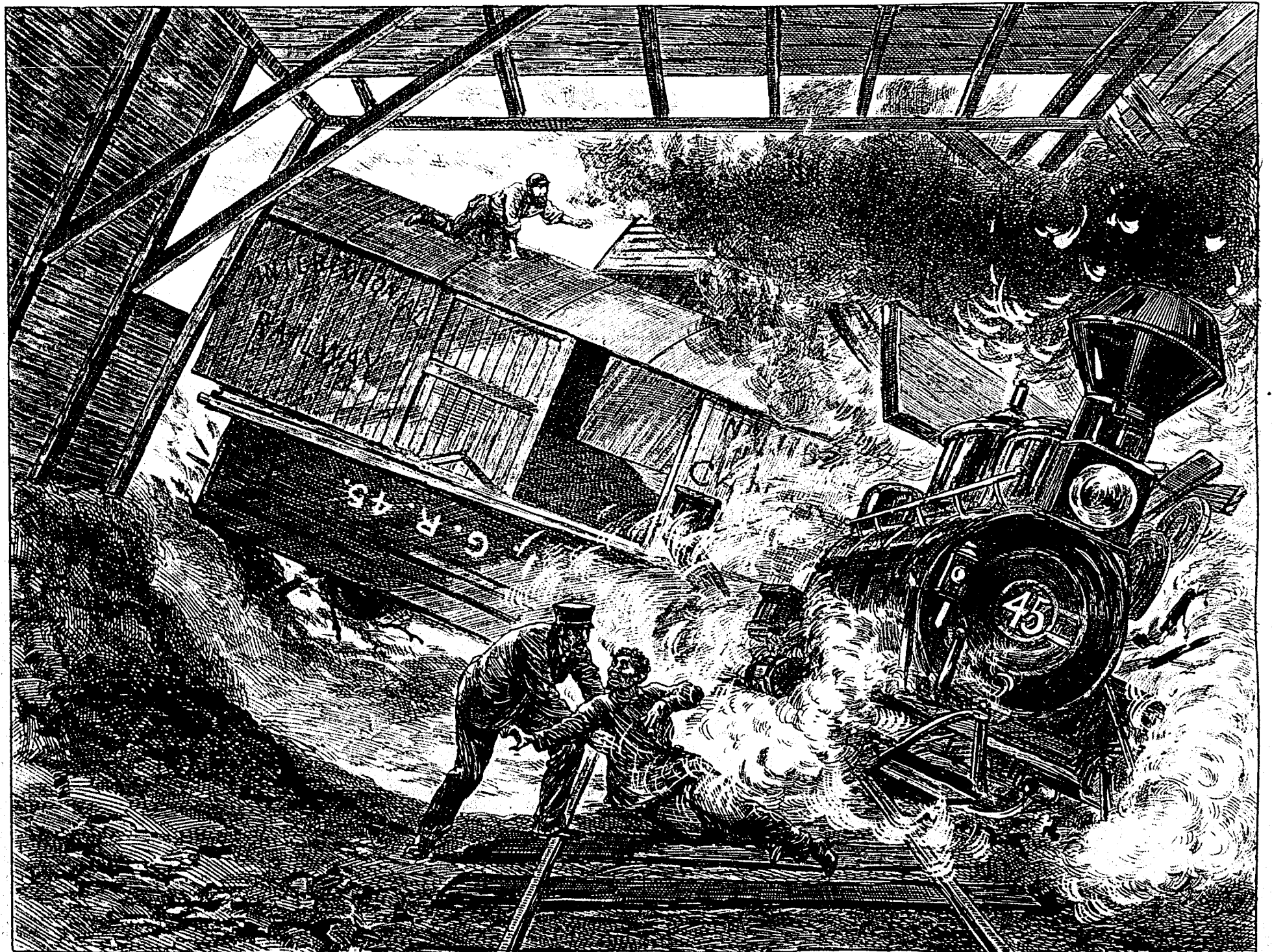
THE relative thoughts of the living and the dying never meet in more opposing points of extremity than when the spirit hovers over the confines of mortal intelligence, ere it takes its farewell flight from this world for ever. The living think of the sorrow, and of the passing away from this earth into the "ever-during dark" of the grave—the dying think of the consolation and the ascension into heaven.



MONTREAL.—SWIMMING RACES, AT ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



SHOOTING MATCHES, AT POINT ST. CHARLES, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE HON. THE MINISTER OF JUSTICE.



ACCIDENT ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—(SEE PAGE 131.)

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Grasshopper, grasshopper, dressed all in green,
And scarlet, and copper, and ultramarine,
You're the gayest grasshopper that ever I've seen,
Where are you going to? Where have you been?

Did the hot sun from a dew-drop create you?
Is there a brilliant being to mate you?
Is nature plucked with her last soul to fête you?
Does all the joy in the world await you?

O king of creation! Small bridegroom of June!
O white spark thrown off from the white heat of noon!
Musician who findest the whole world in tune!
Dry drinker, good fellow, pray grant me a boon.

Tell me, if I in the fields were to live, now,
To leap over leaves and among lilies to dive, now,
To revel, and take some gay girl to wife, now,
And give up all thought how to study and strive now,

But lie on the grass, on the brink of the river,
Singing—would such a fine life last forever?
Would summer ne'er go? Would I ne'er have to shiver
In winter's cold blasts for my lack of endeavour?

What? You say that the summer is not yet a-gone—
That you do not feel winter's breath yet a-blowing—
That roses can only be sipped while they're growing—
That in harvest, 'tis better be reaping than sowing.

ACROSS THE GULF.

"He does not know his own mind half a minute," thought Jane, amused. She brought both the tea and water, laughing at him, making playful, girlish jokes about his whims which would have shocked Miss Lowry.

Mr. Inlay did not know his own mind on that day, or on Monday or Tuesday. On Wednesday he was to go home. One hour he felt himself possessed by a demon, an honest, fierce creature who must have Jane, who could not live without Jane; the next, he was the calm and critical William Inlay, making contemptuous pictures of himself bringing home this bride. She would be expected to take the leading part in the religious and literary societies, and the aesthetic teas of Third Church society, —Jane, who had but one shabby merino gown, who adored chromos, who asked the other day if the Europeans were generally pagans. He was a fool, —a mad fool. And yet — yet —

Finally, he determined to do nothing until he had consulted his mother. She was wise: she always looked after his best interests. He would lay the whole matter before her.

When he was ready to start on Wednesday morning, he found, to his surprise, the whole household prepared to take the train with him.

"Mr. Sperry and I have business in Philadelphia," explained Mrs. Finn, "and Janey joins Kneedles there."

For an hour and a half longer, therefore, he would have her in sight. He felt an absurd boyish rapture of which he was ashamed. She was with her father in the front of the car: the old man was unusually kind and protecting in his manner to her, and she seemed tired and depressed. Mr. Inlay sat watching her. What rare distinction was in her face and figure! The Third Church had never seen anything like that. If he should bring her among them, it would be like setting up the Venus of Milo beside fashion-plates!

When the train stopped at Philadelphia he hobbled up to her. She looked up. "Is it really time to say 'Good-by'?" she said, her chin quivering a little. Jane was an affectionate creature, and very few people had been kind to her. The quiver of the chin meant just so much, —nothing more. But it touched Mr. Inlay to the quick.

"No. I am not going on to Baltimore to-night. I will stay here, —with you," he said, speaking thick and fast. As he handed her from the car his fingers were icy cold.

Jane watched him, wondering, as he sat opposite to her in the carriage, stiff and silent, a pillar of propriety in his high hat and upright collar, beside Mr. Sperry, fat, joking, and, as usual, many-hued as to clothes. Yet, there was a new meaning in the quick furtive glances of the younger man which made her breath come quicker with a pleased terror. It was not altogether an attraction of the blood which held Mr. Inlay there bound to this woman. There was a certain force and directness in her character and life which was totally new to him. He knew nothing of the world outside of books and the calm society of wealthy people whose manners and religion alike were pliable, inoffensive, and elegant. There were plenty of gentle, prettily dressed girls in his church, singing hymns sweetly, working beautiful Bible mottoes. But this shabby teacher, tottering through her youth with this selfish old man and boy on her back, —the sight stirred him like high distant music.

The carriage stopped at the door of a boarding-house on a side street. A lean, pimply man, smelling strongly of brandy, was standing smoking on the steps. He hurried out, tapped Janey familiarly on the back as she alighted, and went with her into the house.

"Business!" said Mr. Sperry. "That's Kneedles. He's sharp on the trigger, I tell you!"

"But that is not a gentleman!" said the clergyman, his pale face flushed. "He is not a fit person to have control of a school for young ladies. Miss Shannon must sever her connection with him at once. I insist—"

"Don't insist on anything just now," said Sperry with a worried look. "Come in; come in. She'll be out presently."

Mr. Inlay waited in the hall until Jane came out of the parlour. Mr. Kneedles preceded her. He stared at the clergyman's white neck-cloth, nodded to Sperry, and turned to the door.

"You'll come down at once!" he said authoritatively to Jane.

"Oh, immediately!" She was excited and pleased. Her eyes sparkled; that peculiar fine smile was on her lips which had become so dear to William Inlay.

As she went out on the steps he followed her; "I will go with you. I have something to say to you."

"As you please." But she hardly noticed him as she tripped lightly on, looking as if she could scarcely keep from singing or laughing. The slanting evening light struck through the quiet street. He observed with keen pleasure that the passers-by invariably glanced a second time at the radiant face under the picturesque wide hat. Was not this delicate rare creature his own!

"Mr. Kneedles is going to double my salary!" she broke out at last. "I shall have more work; but that's nothing. Twenty dollars a week. And we stay here all winter! There are schools that I can afford to send Bob to now, where he will be with gentlemen's sons. And there are lots of dear little houses for thirty dollars a month, —bath-room, gas, marble facings, — simply perfect! I always wanted to keep house. I'm a first-rate cook, Mr. Inlay. Gracious! It's too good to be true!" She swung her umbrella and laughed out loud from sheer gladness. Mr. Inlay shuddered. But no matter! These trifling *gaucheries* would soon be cured.

They were passing an open square filled with aisles of leafless trees. The snow lay deep and untrodden beneath. On the other side of the pavement was a high brick wall covered with flaming placards. It was a quiet place; he would speak to her here: "You speak as if this man Kneedles were to control your future. I think that I — Come away! Why do you look at those things!" he cried, interrupting himself; for she had stopped in front of a great poster and was examining it with beaming eyes. It represented a frowzy female of gigantic proportions, with a liberal display of neck and arms, being dragged by the hair to a precipice by a stalwart villain. Below, enormous red letters notified the public that this was Miss Violet Dupont in her great *role* of the Rose of the Prairie.

"You should not look at those vile things," he repeated gently, laying his hand on her arm.

She drew back so that his hand dropped. "Vile!" she said in a low tone. "Vile!" She grew excessively pale as she stood looking at him steadily. "You do not understand, Mr. Inlay. I am Violet Dupont."

He did not understand even now, nor until she had gone on speaking for some time. He was always unready of apprehension. He stared alternately at her and at the placard.

"Mr. Sperry said not to tell you that we were actors; you had prejudices. But — *role*! I did not think anybody —" She put the back of her shut hand up to her mouth with a choking sound, turned, and walked quickly away.

Mr. Inlay followed at a distance for several squares; then he came up to her side. Whatever battle was raging within him, the almost unconscious habit of stiff politeness was still dominant. "I am sorry if I appeared rude," he said. "That picture is really gross, vulgar; and you — you seemed the purest thing on God's earth to me. I cannot associate you with it." His eyes, as he spoke, were fixed on her with the same vacant, amazed survey as when she had first dealt the blow.

"You may associate me with it, then," said Jane tartly; "I am Violet Dupont. I suppose that picture isn't very pretty, —I don't think, myself, it's a flattering likeness of me, —but it's worth a good deal to me in my business. I never had my name on the posters before, and I did not expect to have my picture billed for years to come." And the soft lovely eyes glanced at it with triumph.

For there it was facing them again. On every blank wall, in the windows of the barber-shops and beer-saloons, Violet Dupont, with her bare neck and brawny arms, stared out at him. He turned to the woman whom half an hour ago he had meant to make his wife. There could be no doubt of it: there was an appalling likeness to her in it, and she was delighted with that horrible notoriety. Yet how pure she looked! He stopped, shuddering. He passed on, and he almost ran to overtake her.

As for Jane, she neither saw him lag behind nor run after her. She had forgotten that he was there. Twenty dollars and her picture billed! If this sort of thing went on, Bob could go to college. And Mr. Sperry had wanted to put him to a trade! There was a sweet little house with lace curtains at the windows: something like that, now, could be managed; and a new suit for her father. Her own street-dress was terribly shabby. She anxiously eyed the gown of every pretty girl who passed her. There was not one of them whose heart was filled with more innocent desires than was poor Jane's; but how was Mr. Inlay to know that! The vulgar publicity which would have been loathsome to him, undeniably thrilled her with triumph. She stopped at the back entrance to the theatre.

"Is this the place?"

"Oh, Mr. Inlay! I thought you had gone. Yes, this is the place. I am to be a super to-night, but I rehearse for the *rose* to-morrow," laughing to herself at the alarm and horror in his face. "You won't come in! No. I know: you have prejudices. Good-by, then. I shall see you at dinner."

Prejudices? As she passed down the dark little alley-way a gulf opened between them impassable as death. Yet he would drag her back

over it. This good pure girl tottering on the edge of hell, —should he not put out his hand to save her!

The terrible emergency almost forced William Inlay to know his own mind. He wandered about the streets until nightfall. Once a brother minister met him, and overwhelmed him with congratulations on his escape in the train: "En route to Baltimore, eh? No, no; come and take tea with us, and spend the night. It is our lecture-evening; perhaps you will make a few remarks to my people!"

"I have business," pleaded the wretched man.

"There are friends whom I must see."

If Dr. McLeod knew that his friends were strolling players, and his business to marry one of them!

The good doctor went home to his wife greatly troubled. "I met Brother Inlay just now," he said, "and he is completely shattered by that accident. I don't like his looks at all; his mind seems unhinged. I wish I had made him come home with me."

"I wish you had; we have a very nice tea. It would kill Mary Inlay if anything should happen to that boy," said his wife.

About ten o'clock Mr. Sperry ran against the clergyman behind the scenes of the theatre: "How! What! Mr. Inlay! How did you come here?" he exclaimed, shocked at his wild, haggard face. "Come into this room," for the young people were staring and laughing at the clerical neck-tie, which he had taken no pains to hide.

"No. I will stay here. I must see Jane. I must make her give up this life."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Sperry soothingly. "But if you would talk to her to-morrow—"

Mr. Inlay shook his head obstinately. "McLeod," he muttered, "wanted me to preach to-night. But my work is here. He that saves a soul alive—"

"Very well. Janey will be off presently." Mr. Sperry was hurried, and proceeded to make up his face at a glass, by means of cork and burnt umber and a gray wig. It was an anxious, not unskillful bit of work.

Mr. Inlay, left to himself, was startled by the fact that this was all work that was going on about him. A theatre, he had supposed, was a brilliant, bewildering fairy-land, the haunt of wild dissipation: players were lost souls who spent their time in idle jollity and open sin. There was no enchantment and no vice which it would have surprised him to see behind that fatal curtain. What he did see was a dusty floor and the plank backs of trees an inch thick, dirty canvas castles and stormy seas, a table set with tin goblets and a dish of cotton ice-cream. Where was the enchantment, the wicked sirens, the deluded lovers, that everybody knows reveal behind the scenes? Half a dozen workmen with their sleeves rolled up pushed the heavy board screens about; in an inner room some men and women, mostly middle-aged, were ranged on wicker settees, many of them with paper books in their hands, which they studied assiduously until they were called. They seldom spoke to each other, and looked worn and fagged. The players who ran off the stage with a laugh or song seated themselves instantly, dull and silent. Mr. Inlay's mind may have been unhinged, but he had sense enough to see that this was not hellish sport from which he had come to take Jane, but work, —hard, steady drudgery. The fun, the gaiety, belonged to the audience; behind the curtain there were few jokes or laughs. The only idle person was Jane's blind father, who sat dozing in the corner.

"He always brings Janey and takes her away," explained Mr. Sperry. "I bet you that fellow Kneedles will make her work now for her twenty dollars! She has three super's parts to-night, —nothing to say, but changes her dress ten times. Worst of it is, she goes right out of a heavy costume, —fur cloak and wraps over her head, —wet with perspiration, into a ball-dress, bare neck and arms. You've no idea of the draughts on that stage. I shiver even in my cloth clothes. Here she is."

How superbly beautiful she was! But nobody but himself seemed to think of her beauty.

Mrs. Finn, in trailing cotton-velvet robes and gilt crown, hurried after her: "Put this shawl round you. You are shivering, and your head is like fire. —This must be stopped, George Sperry, at once," she continued angrily. "If you don't speak to Kneedles, I will, though I break my engagement by it. It is sheer murder for a girl with delicate lungs."

Jane, who was coughing violently, checked herself with a laugh. "Nonsense, Emily! Never was better in my life! I can't expect to be paid twenty dollars for doing nothing. The truth is," she added vehemently, "I never can play a speaking part; that's the truth, and you know it. All that I can earn must be by posing. Don't speak to Kneedles. Don't take our bread and butter away."

Mr. Inlay stepped forward. But the life seemed to be suddenly sapped out of his arguments. He had meant to snatch this soul from the edge of hell. But was she on the edge of hell! "I came," he said formally enough, "to persuade you to leave this mode of life. It does not seem to me—"

"I understand all that," said Jane impatiently, standing very erect. "You have your prejudices against our profession, Mr. Inlay, but it is my trade. It is all I can do. I have myself and — and others to support. I cannot teach, nor write, nor paint. What other work is there that would bring me in twenty dollars a week?"

Was it really a trade, a mere question of work and wages!

"The temptation —" he faltered. "I don't think," said Mrs. Finn sharply, "that Janey is exposed to more temptation here than if she were a shop-girl obliged to dress decently and feed herself on three dollars a week. There, George, curtain's up."

A shrill boy's voice squeaked out something at the door, and in a moment the room was empty. Only Jane was left. She looked at Mr. Inlay, hesitated, and then went directly up to him and laid her hand on his arm. There was little intellect in her dark eyes, but there was an almost motherly affectionateness, a common-sense which seemed to the irreligious man before her, strangely durable and strong. "You are very kind to me," she said. "But you had better go away now. Clergymen don't come here. Don't worry about me. It's hard work, but the pay is good. It's the right thing —" she stopped, then repeated with emphasis, —"it's the right thing for me to stay with Kneedles."

She urged him gently toward the door. He had not asked her to be his wife, —she did not know that he loved her: "One moment, Jane!" stopping on the threshold.

"No. They are calling me. Good-by." She smiled and kissed her hand. He fancied that the tears stood in her eyes. "It is the right thing for me to do to stay just here." Then the door closed on her, and he found his way out into the dark street.

A year later the Rev. William Inlay one day passed with his wife the theatre in Baltimore.

"Miss Gertie Swan in her original *role* of the Rose of the Prairies. Kneedles's Great Combination!" he read. "I wonder where." He stopped abruptly. Young Mrs. Inlay turned, smiling, but when she looked at him she stopped abruptly. She had fine tact, and seldom asked questions.

A moment later they met, coming out of the theatre, a stout man and a pretty little woman in a Gainsborough hat. Mr. Inlay stopped and held out both hands. (He was a firmer, more decided, stronger man now in every way than when they had known him.) "Clara, here are some old friends of mine," he said. "Mrs. Finn, my wife. — Mrs. Inlay, Mr. Sperry."

There was a good deal of hand-shaking and curious glances on both sides. The handsome bride was very courteous and affable, though her nerves were greatly shaken. Actors' William's friends! Could she touch pitch and not be defiled! Though, indeed, these poor players really seemed to talk and look quite like other human beings.

Just before they separated, her husband said, "Mr. Kneedles, I see, has another *role* —"

"You did not hear about Janey?" said Mr. Sperry with a sudden sobering of his pompous manner. "No! — Tell him, Emily."

Mrs. Finn did not speak. There was an awkward silence.

"No, I did not hear," said Mr. Inlay loudly. Something in his tone made his wife look at him. She put her hand quickly on his arm, but he did not see or feel her.

"Janey is gone," said Mrs. Finn briefly.

"Yes," said Sperry. "It was that infernal Kneedles. He saw the child was ambitious to earn twenty dollars a week for her father and Bob, and piled on the work. She took cold the night you left. Me and Emily warned her, but she wouldn't give up. Lung-trouble. It only lasted a week. It was pitiful to hear her worry about those two, — Bob's schooling and the old man's overcoat, — everything. But the profession took it up; raised enough to get the old man in an asylum and to send Bob to college. Emily, here, has taken him home with her boys. So the poor child died content. Yes, Sir," said Sperry, after he had looked around and waited for somebody to speak, lifting his hat with a little dramatic flourish. "Yes, sir. Poor Janey has saluted the world!"

"Come, George!" said Mrs. Finn abruptly. "We have a train to make. You forget."

Mr. Sperry was very hearty in his adieu, shook hands twice with the bride (to whom Mrs. Finn only bowed with great stateliness), and drew Mr. Inlay aside to say, "I'm sorry I told you about poor Janey. I'd no idea it would knock you up so. But it's all right with her now."

"Yes," said Mr. Inlay, with deliberation. "It is all right with her now."

His wife did not speak to him until they had walked a long time through the quiet streets. Then she said gently, "That was a sad story. Very sad."

He made no answer.

"But what," she persisted, "can we do in such a case? There is such a wide gulf between us and them."

"Is there?" said Mr. Inlay, looking at her vacantly.

She thought he had not understood her, and said nothing more.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

A YOUNG mother, in despair of ever teaching her idle little girl, aged four, her letters, and thinking that perhaps the child knew more than she would admit, said, "Now Katie, I won't try to teach you to-day; you shall be mother, and teach me my letters." — "May I really and truly be mother?" said Katie. — "Yes, my darling." — "Let's begin, then," was the response. "You have been a very good child to-day, and you may have a whole holiday." And Katie shut up the book and ran off laughing.

A HIGHLAND PICTURE.

A still secluded glen,
A bluish clear and splendid,
Great mountains, crystal-crowned,
Standing as warders round,
Guarding the calm profound—
The silence deep as when
God's six days' work was ended.

A sunny day in Spring;
The young green leaves expanding
On elm and hawthorn fair,
Wooded by the balmy air,
In smiling beauty, where
The twisted woodbine cling
And solemn pines are standing.

Here is the eagle's home,
His chosen place of dwelling;
Here, where the old hills keep
Their everlasting sleep
In silence vast and deep,
At will the king-birds roam,
Their subjects' awe compelling.

Here too may we find rest
Afar from crowded places,
Where is the world's rule now
'Neath which our souls did bow?
We smile and wonder how
We owned its stern behest
And trod its narrow spaces.

Tired hearts o'erwrought with care,
Urged ways of trade harassing,
Workers in close towns pent,
Strangers to sweet content
Whose strength is well-nigh spent,
Would that ye all might share
The pleasures of our resting!

SUSANNA J.

THE ODOUR OF PINKS.

Pembroke Carroll opened his eyes upon an early summer morning within the walls of his boyhood's home. The house, a fine old mansion, had descended through a long line of Carrolls from father to son until the death of Pem's father, when it was discovered that the debts had eaten up the estate, and Pem was left with two sisters to support, his whole stock in trade being a good education, robust health, and an indomitable will. He had that sort of pride which would neither allow his sisters to want, nor to share his labour, and, besides this, he had set his heart upon having the old home for his own. Since he could not inherit it as his father and grandfather had done, it should be by the might of his own hands. To this end he worked hard in his profession, building slowly but well, and yet it was harder than anyone else could know. But his will was strong.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," he would say, and so each temptation passed.

His sisters married, and went far away, leaving him quite alone, though a tresseau and marriage settlement for each took a large slice from the loaf put by. But at last the home was his—fairly earned and hardly won.

When he awoke in the morning the birds were singing in the elm-trees by the window, the sun was shining, and there was peace in his heart.

Throwing on a dressing-gown, he hastened to the window and looked out.

He was startled from his reverie by the appearance of a slender young girl, in a white morning dress and pretty garden hat, who came out of the adjoining house, armed with a basket and a huge pair of shears, the latter seeming about half as tall as herself. She ran down the path until she came to where the pinks bloomed on either side; then she paused, put down her basket, tossed aside the shears, and buried her small nose in the hearts of about six pinks, one after another, before she stopped to take breath. Then she sat down and began to talk to the flowers and scold the bees, flourishing her shears about by way of emphasis.

"So, Miss Picotee, you are out at last with four blooms, you lazy thing! But never mind—you are so beautiful I cannot scold you; and besides, I'm so glad to see you at last I won't say a word. One—two—three—four—six great snowballs of sweetness on that lovely white carnation. And then—Oh, you dear, great, velvety, cardinal beauty! Really, I never knew anything before so bold as you are, you saucy bees, taking my finest pinks for your rocking chairs! I wonder you are not afraid of me and my cruel shears. For my part, I'm just dying of envy, for I'd like to sit in a pink, and be rocked about by the wind myself!" And then she fell to clipping the flowers, placing them carefully in the basket, and humming with the bees.

From bed to bed she went, cutting the stems with lavish hand, yet so abundant was the bloom, nothing was missed.

It was not until her pleasant task was completed, and she disappeared within the house, that Pembroke recollected he must hasten to his office.

All that he knew of the neighbours was that a Mr. Corson had purchased the house next his. A few days later a friend dropped in at his office just as he was about leaving for home.

Mr. Mason was chatty and friendly, with an exclamatory style of speaking which rendered his simplest sentences emphatic.

"You are next door to the Corsons now, Carroll, happy fellow!" he said. "The young ladies are quite the rage. Eldest—lovely girl!—is engaged to Squire Lynn. The second, Miss Laura—a perfect beauty, by the way—captured me long ago, though I can't tell why, since she is evidently inclined to favour young Sinclair. The third, Kate, is a bright, wholesome, sensibly-appearing girl, but rather young, and inclined to be shy; you will always find her near her mother. The fourth is away at school, and there is one, the oldest of all, who is married and settled. Miss Corson is a wonderful musician—wonderful! Miss Laura paints like—like—well, almost any old master. Miss Kate has no especial forte, but she cultivates flowers to

perfection, and especially affects pinks. But what I meant to say was that I'm going to call at the house this evening, and if you'll go, I'll drop in for you, Carroll. I met the Corsons a few evenings ago, and I was speaking of you and your buying back your old home, and Mrs. Corson seemed wonderfully interested—said she wanted to meet you. She asked me to bring you in. Splendid place to spend an evening. Music always, and such music! Games sometimes, very interesting conversation, and all manner of trifles in the way of refreshment. One evening a salad; another, if it chances to be warm—an ice. Fruit often, and sometimes nothing more than a cup of delicious coffee; but no matter how simple the thing is, it is served—well, like something you might read about, you know. Fruit or nuts come in on the most curious old plates, and coffee—well, it's worth while to drink from Mrs. Corson's china. And then the lady herself is so witty, without seeming to know it. Why, many a young man who cares nothing for the ladies, is fond of dropping in just to hear Mrs. Corson's conversation. And her husband, you know, is just as fond of her as possible."

"No, I don't know," said Pembroke, beginning to think he was receiving rather a large dose of the Corson family, when he was really interested in only a small portion of it. "But I'd rather like to know," he added; "and Mason, if you will be kind enough to call for me, I shall be glad to make Mrs. Corson's acquaintance."

Evening came, and Pem was ushered into Mrs. Corson's drawing-room, the prettiest room he had ever seen in his life; it was so bright and harmonious.

He found Kate by her mother's side, and, after mutual congratulations concerning desirable neighbours, he turned the conversation upon flowers. It was so easy to converse with Mrs. Corson, who was pleasant, gentle, and motherly, though young; and he was soon telling her of his fondness for pinks, of his mother, his present loneliness; and then a sudden feeling of shame caused him to stop short, for his eyes were wet. But he took courage when he saw that only Kate and her mother observed it, and their faces were earnest and sympathetic as well as their replies.

"The very next thing to be done to your place," Mrs. Corson said, brightly, a little later, "is to plant plenty of pinks, though I believe they are shy of bloom after transplanting, particularly the old hardy sorts. But Kate will tell you all about it, and she must send you pinks from our own garden, until they have time to bloom in yours. Is it too late to grow pinks this season, dear?"

"Too late for very much show this year," Kate replied. "There are a few free-blooming varieties that do not mind being transplanted, if it is done with care; we have many of these, and can spare all Mr. Carroll will need. Then, seeds sown now will blossom early next summer."

Pembroke thanked her, and then it occurred to her for the first time that she might have offered too much, and she glanced quickly into her mother's face for approval.

"Do not forget to attend to this, my dear," Mrs. Corson answered, with an approving smile; and, rising, she pulled two or three pinks from the bouquet which stood near, and presented them to Pembroke. Then some one called her away, and he began to converse with Kate in her absence, the warm colour coming and going in the young girl's cheeks, at the very thought of being left alone to entertain a comparative stranger. Then there was music, and Kate glided away, drawing near to where her mother sat, and he spoke no more with her that evening.

In the morning he watched the pinks from his window with renewed interest; watched, too, for the young girl, who was wont to gather their morning bloom; but she failed to make her appearance, and he went down stairs disappointed. Upon his return at evening, he found a large bouquet of pinks awaiting him, and a note, not from Kate, but Mrs. Corson.

"Last night," she wrote, "when I promised Kate would send you some pinks, it did not occur to me that it might not be customary for ladies to send bouquets to gentlemen, except, perhaps, in the case of long friendship. I do not fear to transgress this rule, and send you these for your mother's sake, and because I was glad to hear you speak of her so tenderly."

At church, on Sunday, Pembroke glanced over to the pew occupied by the Corsons, and saw that father, mother, and three daughters were there, the ladies all charmingly attired; Kate the simplest of the four, and with pinks in her bonnet—deep cardinal and white. As she turned to speak to her mother—she was always beside her mother—Pem saw that she wore a large cluster of natural pinks at her throat.

When they left church, he paused to thank Mrs. Corson for her gift, and then, for Kate seemed the odd one of the family, he found himself walking with her down the street towards home, her father and mother leading the way, and her two sisters following. He spoke of his happiness in being once more in his old home, only it seemed somewhat lonely; and then they talked, as usual, upon flowers.

"Miss Kate," he said, as they neared her home, "would you please allow me to walk with you to church this evening? I mean, too, for you to come and sit with me in my own pew. Positively I am too forlorn to say my prayers alone! Will you not take pity on me?"

"I will walk with you to church with pleasure," she said, seeming to consider it a very

serious affair; "and if mamma does not think it best for me to sit in your pew, you must sit in ours."

Mamma made no objection. She was not given to match-making in any way, but she liked Pembroke, and she felt he was a man to be trusted. So Kate, with pinks in her hair and at her throat, walked soberly to church by Pem's side. When they reached his pew there were strangers in it; but there was just room for two more, and as there were not prayer-books enough for all, Kate and Pembroke were obliged to use one between them. He glanced down upon the pretty, blushing face at his side, feeling a deep pleasure in having her almost to himself for the time. It was quite warm, and in fanning herself Kate wafted the perfume of the pinks toward him, fairly intoxicating him with their sweetness; so it is doubtful if he followed strictly all the prayers, although his heart was filled with earnest thanksgiving.

They walked slowly homeward, and as they turned into their own street, Kate said, "Mamma does not like us to invite gentlemen to the house on Sunday nights, so I cannot ask you to come in. But all other evenings we receive."

"Thanks; I will come soon if I may—perhaps to-morrow evening. And for to-night, please give me the pinks you have worn to-day."

"They are beginning to fade," she said. "Still I wish them. Perhaps I seem to you an insufferable beggar; and yet, until I met you, I had not asked the gift of a flower of anyone since I was a child."

Without a word, she unfastened the flowers and laid them in his hand, and he, carrying the rôle of beggar still farther, asked her to pin them in his button-hole. She looked up a moment; she stood just within the gate, where the moon shone clearly upon her shy, girlish face, while he was in the shadow. She felt he asked much; but he spoke so soberly, and seemed so sincere, she had not the heart to refuse him. So she pinned the pinks upon his coat in silence, her hands trembling a trifle as she did so.

"I cannot make you understand how much I thank you for all your gentleness to me," he said. "Only that I am so deeply your debtor already, I should be tempted to ask one thing more. This granted, the day would be a perfect one to me." He paused, and she looked so sweetly thoughtful, so staidly discreet, so unconscious altogether, he grew bolder, adding, "It has been, oh, so long! since my mother gave me pinks and kissed me; yet ever since, the two gifts have been associated in my mind. I have had so few of either in my life, that I am tempted—"

He paused, for though she spoke no word, she looked up into his face so shocked and frightened and distressed, he bitterly repented having spoken in such a manner.

"Forgive me!" he said, presently. "I would not have pained you so much for the world, believe me. I cannot tell you how deeply interested in you I am; how—My dear child! if I do not say good-night at once I shall frighten you more than ever. Only assure me that I am quite forgiven; I cannot go without that."

She put out her hand to him in silence; he pressed it in his, touched it gently to his lips as he said good-night, and was gone. And far into the night this grave man sat and thought of his home, in which Kate appeared as its guardian spirit, and all was peace and harmony.

In the days that followed he met her often, but never again alone. And when the rumour reached him that Mrs. Corson and Kate were to leave town for a few weeks, he went over at once and had an interview with Mrs. Corson, and telling her of his love for her daughter, begged permission to woo her for his wife. For answer, she gave consent, but counselled him against haste.

"I am going to take Kate away for a month," she said, "and I do not wish you to speak to her upon this subject until our return. This absence will prove you both; not that I doubt your sincerity, but this sudden passion is so unlike any former act of your life, and marriage is a step that should be taken with caution."

With this he was obliged to be content. He saw Kate but once before her departure, and not knowing the precise time of her return, he was apprized of it by seeing that demure young lady out among the garden beds one evening when he went home to dinner. Mrs. Corson, looking out, saw the expression of his face when he discovered Kate, and was at once convinced that his determination was unchanged. Directly after dinner he called, and the two went out into the garden to inspect the flowers. They gathered a few pinks, and then Kate sat down on a bench near the beds, and Pembroke told her that old, sweet story—the first time in his life that he had told it to any woman, yet Kate fancied he told it well. Perhaps it was because it was the first time she had ever heard it; but the perfume of the pinks was not sweeter than this story seemed to her.

So it came about that Kate Corson married before either of her sisters, and in due time she came to reign over Pembroke Carroll's home. Under her dominion it grew brighter and lovelier to him than it had ever seemed in the days of his boyhood, and he declares it was all owing to those blessed pinks that he came to know how sweet and fair his wife was.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

HEARTH AND HOME.

Books are the most discreet of all friends; they visit us without intrusion, and, though often rudely put aside, are as prompt to serve and please as ever.

We put too much value on the transient, and too little on the permanent. The things that are seen, are transient; the things that are not seen, are permanent. Eternal immovable things are the things that we reach by our thoughts and by our imaginations; while the things which we are handling, and for which we sacrifice all else, are transient.

We ought to think much more of walking in the right path than of reaching our end. We should desire virtue more than success. If by one wrong deed we could accomplish the liberation of millions, and in no other way, we ought to feel that this good, for which perhaps we had prayed with an agony of desire, was denied us by Heaven, and reserved for other times and other lands.

The minds of the incoming generations are as free from the possession of positive error as of positive truth, and they have capacities that may be qualified to discriminate between them. Instil into them the love of truth, as the supreme good; teach them, as a matter of conscience and duty, never to rehearse what is believed not to be understood; lead them from antecedent to sequence, from cause to effect, from element to combinations, and minds will be reared which will discover truth, not because they were originally stronger or better minds, but because from their position it will be more easy to discern it.

A WORKING-MAN in Manchester recently gave an "object lesson" that was full of meaning. Taking a loaf of bread, to represent the wages of his fellow-workmen, he cut off a moderate slice, saying to his audience, "This is what you give to the city government." A larger slice, which he then cut off, he said, "This is what you give to the general government." Then, with a vigorous flourish of his knife, he cut three-quarters of the loaf, saying, "This is what you give the brewer." Only a thin slice then remained, the greater part of which he set aside for the public-house, leaving only a few crumbs. "And this you keep to support yourself and family."

PEOPLE despise each other too much. There is really some good in almost everyone—something admirable in most. The stiff and solemn, serious man may be a model of integrity and purity, though the gay Bohemian grins at him. The Bohemian, at whose approach the sober man shudders, may really be warm-hearted, generous and self-sacrificing, though many libations flush his face, and he seldom saves enough to buy himself the coffin for which he makes himself prematurely ready. The business man, whom others think a man of shillings and pence, doubtless fought in his very youth an Apollon of discouragement, and is secretly more tender-hearted and charitable than he dare let the world know.

A PHILOSOPHER, like all philosophers, was poor, at times he was hungry; at times he was ragged. He offered to a pasha to teach his donkey to read in five years. But during the difficult task he was to be clothed in purple and fine linen, fed on the best, and lodged in a palace. If he failed, the penalty was death. One day an old friend met him leading the donkey to the grove where lessons were supposed to be given, and he said, "Surely you do not expect that ass to read?" The philosopher, putting his thumb to his nose, winked one of his eyes and said nothing. "But," continued the friend, "if you fail at the end of five years you will surely be strangled." "My friend," responded the philosopher, "you forget that in that time the ass may die."

THAT every living being has distinctive traits of character is evident from the difference that exists in children. One has a taste for going abroad, another for staying at home; one for books, another for games; one wishes to hear stories, another wants to see things done; one is fond of drawing, the other cannot draw at all, but he can make a machine. This difference, as you advance, becomes more pronounced. You are more distinct of your conceptions of what you can do—more decided in avoiding things which you cannot and do not wish to do. Now, I cannot but conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursuing it, freeing yourself from all importunities of your friends to be something which they like, and insisting upon that thing which you like and do, and in which you are tolerably certain of success.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

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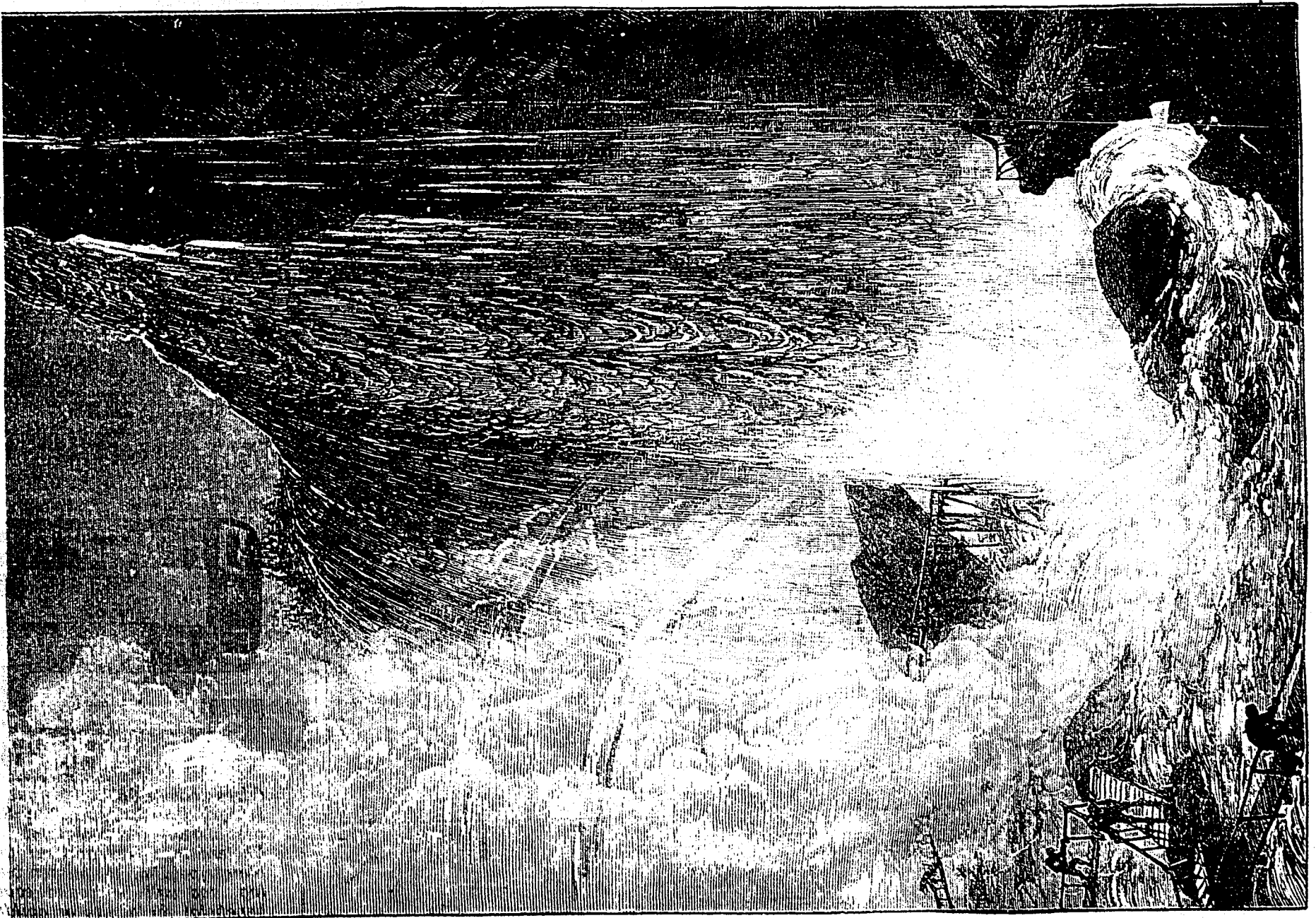
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GASTEIN, IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL.—THE PLACE OF MEETING BETWEEN THE EMPERORS OF AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.



PILOT KNOB, NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.



"PICTURESQUE AMERICA."—CAVE OF THE WINDS, NIAGARA FALLS.

NEVER AGAIN.

Never again, though years may come and go
And stars and suns may shine,
And blue waves beat the shore with restless flow,
Will your small hand clasp mine.

Never again, though orchards may grow sweet
With blossoms pink and white,
Will come the subtle music of your feet,
To fill me with delight.

Never again, when robins blithely sing
Songs that all souls rejoice,
Amid the many melodies of spring,
For me will sound your voice.

Never again, when through the shadows cold,
The moaning of the tide
Up from the sea in sad refrain is rolled,
Will you stand by my side.

Never again, while through the morning mist,
The opal glory streams,
Will we, where love has sanctified a tryst,
Tell over night's bright dreams.

Never again, oh! love so sweet, so fair!
The tides may rise and fall,
And bird songs echo through the fragrant air,
And you not hear my call.

Never again! The purple clovers toss,
And lilies vial keep,
As soft south winds go wandering across
The grave wherein you sleep.

FLIRTATION.

"O brawling love! O loving hate!
O heavy-lighthearted! Serious vanity!
Misshapen chaos of well-bearing forms!
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick heat,
Still-waking sleep!"

Flirtation!—gay, buoyant and versatile—
thou art the cement and the soul of society, at
once uniting the most incongruous characters
with thy caprices, and inspiring the most
sluggish natures with thy piquancy! Fresh
from the mint of selfish vanity, thou art stamped
with the impress of true feeling—and all may
coin, and all may circulate thee, yet be not
nearer "bankrupts of the heart." Like the
thoughts of genius, thou rovest unfettered
through every realm of fancy: and, with the
bee, thou gatherest thy hoards of enjoyment
alike from sweet or bitter sources—the gaiety of
intoxicated vanity or the gloom of wounded
pride! Sentiment and satire are equally tribu-
taries to thine empire of sensation; and subtle
wit and morbid feeling but minister to thy
greatness. Thou art, in fine, the kingdom and
sceptre of woman's authority; the vantage
ground where man never intrudes but to become
a captive; the bauble which he seldom attempts
to play with, without being subjected to its
power.

The ball-room, though the least appreciated,
is decidedly the best field of all others for a
flirtation: not but that a row in a boat adown
some tree-kissed, gently-flowing stream, at the
witching hour when the moon is high in the
zenith, is grand; not but that a drive in a gig,
a winter's work-table, or a rural walk, have each
their peculiar advantages, and that either, with
particular individuals, might be preferable for
the scene of action: but, in a chance affair, the
boat-riding is a trifle dangerous, for the gentle-
man may become a little too sentimental, and
the moon may have an equal effect on the lady,
and some words may escape her which it would
be inconvenient to recollect afterwards. The
gig, also, may be precarious, unless she is a good
tactician, and knows her enemy: the charm of
the conflict, too, is in some measure destroyed
by being thus forced into action. Again, by a
winter's fireside there is danger of an interrup-
tion from mamma, or some uncouth brother, who
has the barbarity to ask you to mend his glove!

In a ball-room she is not subjected to any of
these disagreeable annoyances. She stands any-
where she pleases—no one looks at her, for all
whom she cares about are similarly engaged. If
her cavalier is not sufficiently alert in his feel-
ings, she has only to pique them into vivacity
by praising his handsome friend, who he knows
is engaged to her for the next dance. If his
sensibilities are too much excited, and his ani-
mation begins to aggravate into heroics, she can
pass him on to her sentimental cousin, who
keeps an album and likes Byronism. In short,
she has every facility for her operations and
every resource in case of failure; for even if the
subject of them is stupid, inert, or otherwise
impracticable, is there not some man who loves
her to idolatry—some dark-haired, pale-faced
Werter of a fellow—for these, as all women
know, are the only lovers that really feel—is
there not, we say, one who loves her to distraction,
watching the progress of her complaisance
towards another the while, the swelling of whose
brain in snapping fantasies is delicious even in
thought?

Women do not entertain a sentiment of any
kind as steadily as men do; for the vivacity of
their natures will not admit of that; but their
susceptibilities are quicker and far more amiable
in their complexion.

A man in love, however well-bred, is often
morose; and however good-tempered, sullen at
times.

Indeed, Rochefoucault says that love is nearly
allied to hate. And even the gallant and accom-
plished Raleigh is led to exclaim—

"If love be life, I long to die!
Love they that list for me:
And he that gains the most thereby,
A fool at least shall be.
But he that feels the sorest fits,
Escapes with no less than loss of wits."

But we have rambled from the fairy ground
of flirtation to the wizard haunts of love.

We should think, however, that no fair flirt
would read those lines of Etheridge without
shrinking with apprehension:—

"Ladies, though to your conquering eyes
Love owes its chiefest victories,
And borrows those bright arms from you
With which he doth the world subdue:
Yet you yourselves are not above
The empire nor the griefs of love.
Then rack not lovers with disdain,
Lest love on you revenge their pain:
You are not free because you're fair—
The boy did not its mother spare—
Though beauty be a killing dart,
It is no armour for the heart!"

POPULARITY.

Great and good men are not always popular,
and popular men are not always great and good.
The best part of a man may be the outside of
him,—that which the world sees. The venge-
ing covers up his defects. If you tap him hard,
you will find that he is very hollow.

Some persons are very much liked in their
own homes, who are disliked everywhere else.
They are generous and kind to their own flesh
and blood, and mean and crabbed in their deal-
ings with others. In the street they are surly,
irascible, and unapproachable, and yet their
children at nightfall run to meet them on the
threshold. In the privacy of the domestic circle
they wear their sheep's clothing, and put on
the wolf-skin when they go abroad. On the
other hand, there are persons who are popular
among their friends at large, and who make
themselves very offensive at home. They put
on the sheep's clothing when they go abroad.
Having managed to make their own family as
uncomfortable as possible, they go forth to en-
liven the dinner-table of their neighbours, and
charm the social circle with their elevated con-
versation; so that the listeners cannot help say-
ing to each other, after "the beautiful man"
has left the room, "What a privilege it must
be to live under the same roof with such a de-
lightful gentleman!"

Some persons have a very enviable reputation
far away from the place where they live, who are
very unpopular among their own townsmen.
They have heard the man blow his trumpet until
they are tired of it. They read what the news-
papers say of him, with some wonder and con-
siderable contempt. They have punctured the
man who looks so big, and he has collapsed be-
fore their eyes. They have proved him to be
what Carlyle calls a "wind-bag." They have
seen how he acts, as well as heard how he talks,
and they judge him by his actions rather than
his words. On the other hand, some persons
are much disliked where they are not personally
known, because they have said certain sharp
things, or identified themselves with this or
that unpopular cause, while they are liked by
those who live nearest to them, because it is
well understood that, although they may have
a somewhat loud bark and make an occasional
mistake, they are true of heart, unselfish and
sincere.

Some persons become popular, simply by the
sweetness of their manner. They never go out
of their way to help a friend in distress, but
they have a smile for everybody, which costs
nothing. They lubricate the path of their pil-
grimage with soft words. "If they feel obliged
to decline" doing the favour which you ask of
them—and this they are pretty sure to do—they
refuse with such a grace that they seem to be
conferring an honour upon you.

Others are unpopular, simply because of their
want of manner. They may be just and
generous, but they are not always careful to
confer favours with gentleness and amenity.
Those whom they aid do not love them any bet-
ter for their gifts. They never give unless they
are satisfied that the gift is needed, and will be
rightly used. They never give, merely because
they are asked to give. They do not make a
parade of their gifts, because they are not liberal
for the sake of making themselves popular.

One may easily obtain a sort of factitious and
ephemeral popularity by always agreeing with
the opinions of other people, or, at any rate, by
never contradicting them. They are persons
who never "express their own minds" until
they have found out what others think. They
let their neighbours set the tune, and then they
strike in at the top of their voice. If they are
"forced into public life," they are sure to be
with the majority. On the other hand, some
persons become unpopular, as a consequence of
their honesty. They care more for the truth
than they do for their own reputation. They
will not lie to please anybody.

No one ever did any great good in the world
without being spoken against. A man may ob-
tain popularity at too great a sacrifice. Do not
start in life determined to make yourself the
most popular man in the town, but with the
endeavour to make yourself most truly worthy
of being popular. In striving always to do
right you may fail of popularity, but you are
sure to attain something that is far better, and
that is a good conscience.

VARIETIES.

Bou-AMEMA, the Arab chief who is defying
the French power in Algeria, is reported to be a
skillful conjuror. He can swallow swords, charm
snakes, take an unlimited quantity of sheaves of
corn out of his turban, and cure diseases by
simply touching the patient. His followers be-
lieve that he is a miracle worker, and an emi-
sary of Mahomet sent to work out the deliver-
ance of the Faithful from the Christian yoke.
Whatever may be Bou-Amema's pretensions to
miraculous powers, it is clear that he is a clever
strategist, and that he knows how to outwit the
French colonels opposed to him. The French

have before them another Abdel Kader, and it
will probably take them as long to subdue Bou-
Amema as it did to overcome Abdel Kader. In
addition to his other functions, Bou-Amema
holds forth to the Faithful, Koran in hand, and
promises to lead them to paradise by a short cut.
This curious mixture of soldier, priest, and con-
juror is just the sort of man to give the French
in Algeria an infinity of trouble.

THE following story is told of a counsel who
was taken down very neatly by a witness whom
he was browbeating. It was necessary to the
counsel's cause to make the witness in question,
who was an aged man, break down. The follow-
ing dialogue ensued. Counsel: "How old are you?"
Witness: "Seventy-two years." Counsel: "Your memory of course is not so
vivid as it was twenty years ago!" Witness:
"I think it is." Counsel: "State some cir-
cumstance which occurred, say, twelve years
ago, and we shall be able to judge whether your
memory is unimpaired." Witness: "I appeal
to the Court; I refuse to be interrogated in this
manner." The Judge: "You had better an-
swer the question." Witness: "Well, sir,
if you compel me to do it, I will. About twelve
years ago you"—addressing the counsel—
"studied in Mr. B.'s office." Counsel: "Yes."
Witness: "At that time your father came into
my office and said to me, 'Mr. D., my son is to
be examined to-morrow, and I wish you to lend
me five pounds to buy him a suit of clothes.' I
advanced the money, and from that day to this
it has never been repaid. I remember it as
though it was yesterday." Counsel, consider-
ably abashed: "That will do, sir; you may go
down."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Prob-
lem No. 328.
A., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem
No. 329.
E. D. W., Sherbrooke.—Received and acknowledged
with thanks. Next issue.

The great match between Messrs. Blackburne and
Zukertort has been brought to a conclusion and the fol-
lowing is the final score: Zukertort, 7; Blackburne, 2.
Drawn 5.

The result, no doubt, will disappoint many of the
friends of Mr. Blackburne, some of whom were not with-
out hope that he would add considerably to his score as
the fight progressed; but most chessplayers are aware
that games lost in the early part of a match, have a de-
pressing effect on the loser, and we are inclined to be-
lieve that the greatest of players are not exempt from an
influence of that nature.

The games of the match, which we publish weekly,
should be played over by all who take an interest in
chess. They exhibit wonderful skill, and one cannot
but be struck with the great resources at the command
of genius under circumstances when ordinary powers
would be entirely helpless, but at the same time, it will
also be apparent that occasionally opportunities were let
slip which will surprise those who are led to conclude
that everything would be seen when Zukertort was on
one side of the chess board, and Blackburne on the
other.

The Detroit Free Press has just issued the programme
of the Sixth Problem Tourney.

We have not yet seen it, but from the account of it
which we find in the *Chessplayer's Chronicle* we are led
to conclude that it is addressed to problem composers
generally. The prizes offered are \$10 for the best direct
mate problem in four moves; \$8 for the same in three
moves, and \$6 for the same in two moves. The condi-
tions are that the problems entered must be original,
that each problem must have a motto or device, and that
the solution must accompany each problem.

It is also stated that composers may enter any number
of problems, and that all problems mailed on or before
31st December, 1881, will be received. All the problems
will be judged according to the following standard:—
Neatness of position, 5 points; difficulty, 6 points;
beauty of idea, 6 points; merit of construction, 6 points;
thus giving 24 points to each perfect problem. The
publication of the problems to take place when a suffi-
cient number have been received.

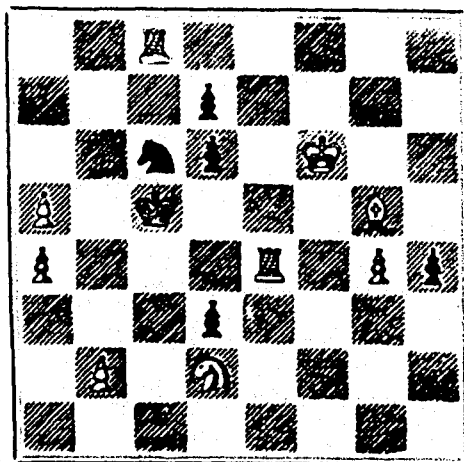
There is to be a solver's tourney, of which we shall
give the particulars in our next Column.

The St. George's Chess Club has "accepted" the chal-
lenge of the Philadelphia Club, with the stipulation that
the match be for a stake of \$1,000. As the proposal of the
Philadelphians was of a nature directly the opposite of
this, the "acceptance" is somewhat curious. Is the St.
George's Club in need of money? Or does it exist as a
money-making institution? We shall speak of this
again, but we doubt not that our Quaker City friends
will raise the amount and give the Londoners a show to
add to the Club's treasury; for, of course, the money, if
won, would go there, and not into professional pockets—
Oh! certainly!—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

PROBLEM No. 343.

By J. W. Abbot.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 471st.

(From the Field.)

CHIESS IN LONDON.

The fourth game in the match between Messrs.
Zukertort and Blackburne.

(Gioco Piano.)

White.—(Mr. B.)

- 1. P to K4
- 2. Kt to K B3
- 3. B to B4
- 4. P to B3
- 5. P to Q3
- 6. B to K3
- 7. Q Kt to Q2
- 8. Kt to B sq
- 9. B to Kt3
- 10. P to K R3
- 11. Q to B2
- 12. Castles
- 13. P to Q4
- 14. P takes P
- 15. Kt to Kt3
- 16. Kt to B sq
- 17. Kt to B5
- 18. P takes B
- 19. Q to K2
- 20. P takes Kt
- 21. Q to B3
- 22. P to K4
- 23. Kt to B2
- 24. R takes R (ch)
- 25. B to B4
- 26. P to Q Kt4
- 27. B to K2
- 28. R to Q sq
- 29. Q to B2
- 30. P to B3
- 31. Q to B sq
- 32. B takes P
- 33. B takes P (ch)
- 34. P to Q R4
- 35. Q takes Q
- 36. P to R5
- 37. Kt to B3
- 38. Kt to K3
- 39. Kt to Q5
- 40. P to R6 (ch)
- 41. R to K sq
- 42. P to Kt5
- 43. Kt to K7
- 44. R to K3
- 45. R to Q B3
- 46. P to R7 (ch)
- 47. R takes B (ch)
- 48. R to B2
- 49. Kt to Kt8
- 50. P to K3
- 51. K to Q sq
- 52. K to K2
- 53. R to B8
- 54. P to Kt4
- 55. P takes P
- 56. R to Q8
- 57. R to R8
- 58. K to B2
- 59. K to Kt3
- 60. R to R4 (ch)
- 61. K to R5 (ch)
- 62. R to R6 (ch)

Black.—(Mr. Z.)

- 1. P to K4
- 2. Kt to Q B3
- 3. B to B4
- 4. Kt to B3
- 5. P to Q3
- 6. B to Kt3
- 7. Kt to K2
- 8. P to B3
- 9. B to B2
- 10. P to K R3
- 11. P to K Kt4
- 12. Kt to Kt3
- 13. Q to K2
- 14. P takes P
- 15. Kt to H5
- 16. B to Q2
- 17. B takes Kt
- 18. Q Kt to Q4
- 19. Kt takes R
- 20. Kt to H4
- 21. Kt to R4
- 22. R to Q sq
- 23. K takes R
- 24. P to B3
- 25. P to Kt4
- 26. Kt to Q2
- 27. Kt to H sq
- 28. K to Kt3
- 29. Kt to Kt3
- 30. Kt to Kt3
- 31. P takes P
- 32. Kt to R5
- 33. P takes B
- 34. Kt to Kt3
- 35. Q to K sq
- 36. R takes Q
- 37. Kt to B sq
- 38. Kt to Q3
- 39. Kt takes K P
- 40. K to Kt sq
- 41. Kt to Kt6
- 42. R to Q sq
- 43. R to Q3
- 44. Kt to R4
- 45. Kt to B5
- 46. K takes P
- 47. K to Kt4
- 48. K takes P
- 49. P to K5
- 50. Kt to Q5 (ch)
- 51. P to R4
- 52. Kt to Kt5
- 53. Kt to Q4
- 54. P takes P
- 55. R to B3
- 56. K to H4
- 57. K to Q5
- 58. R to B7 (ch)
- 59. Kt to H5
- 60. K to K4
- 61. Kt to Q3
- 62. Kt to R2

SOLUTION.

Solution of Problem No. 341.

- White. Black
- 1. B to Q R4. 1. P takes B
- 2. R to K2 (ch). 2. K moves
- 3. Mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 33

- WHITE. BLACK
- 1. P to K Kt3. 1. Any.
- 2. Mate acc.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 34

- White. Black
- K to K R2. K to Q R5
- Q to Q R5. B to Q B3
- R to K Kt6. Kt to Q R4
- Kt to K B3. Pawns at K Kt3
- Pawns at K Kt3. Q Kt5 and 6
- and Q Kt5.

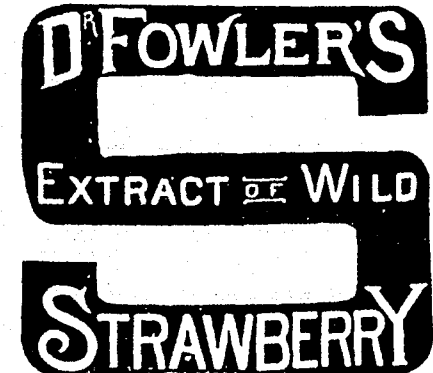
White to play and mate in three moves.

HUMOROUS.

At a recent trial in Ireland the judge was
about to pass sentence on the prisoners at the bar, of
whom there were several, when a witty Irish barrister
said, "Not too long a sentence, my lord; you'll want
them before long to try the jury!"

This advertisement recently appeared in a
New York journal: "My wife Mary Ann is staid and
stolen. I will break the head of anybody who returns
her to me. As to giving credit, every merchant has a
right to do so, but as I have never paid my own debts
it is not probable that I shall pay hers."

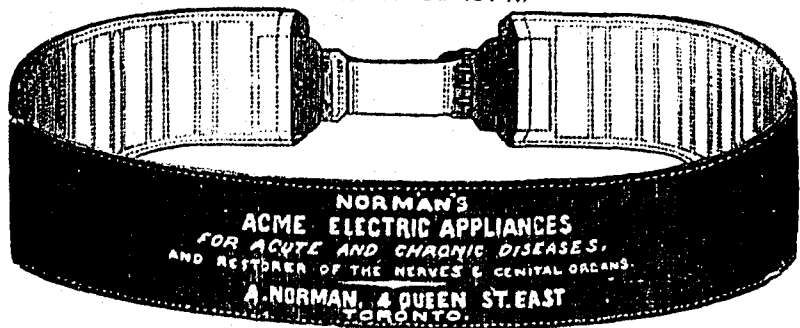
An old gentleman, finding a couple of his
nieces fencing with broomsticks, said, "Come, come,
my dears, that kind of accomplishment will not help
you to get husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded
one of the girls as she gave a lunge; "but it will help
us to keep our husbands in order when we have 'em."



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ness and Summer Complaint; also
Cholera Infantum, and all Com-
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ing, and will be found equally
beneficial for adults or children.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Nicoret Works," will be received until THURSDAY, the 25th August next, inclusively, for the construction of works at the mouth of the River Nicoret, Quebec, according to a plan and Specification, to be seen on application to Theophile St. Laurent, Esq., Mayor, Nicoret, or at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of Three Thousand Dollars, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so. If the tender be not accepted, the cheque will be returned. If the tender be accepted the party tendering will have to furnish security in cash to the extent of five per cent. of the amount of the tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By Order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 25th July, 1881.

NOTICE.

Persons who intend tendering for the above Works are hereby notified that the amount of the cheque to be transmitted with their tender, is Three Thousand Dollars as per the advertisement and form of tender, and not one Thousand as given in error in the specification.

By Order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 25th July, 1881.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Boiler Heating apparatus, &c.," will be received until WEDNESDAY, August 24th, for Heating apparatus required for the Penitentiary at Stony Mountain, Manitoba.

Plans, specifications, &c. can be seen at the office of J. P. M. Lecourt, Esq., Architect, Winnipeg, Man., at the office of D. B. Dick, Esq., Architect, Toronto, and at this Department on and after the 15th day of August, where forms of Tender, &c., and all the necessary information can be obtained.

No tender will be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signature, occupation and place of residence of each member of the same.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called on to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 11th August, 1881.

**UNIVERSITY OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE,
LENNOXVILLE.**

Michaelmas Term Begins Sept. 10th.

The examination for Matriculation and Bursaries will be held on September 13th. For particulars apply to

EDWARD CHAPMAN,
Secretary.

NOTICE.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY, for the election of Directors and other business, will be held at the Office of the Company, St. John Street, Montreal, on

TUESDAY, 6th SEPTEMBER, 1881, at 4 O'CLOCK P.M.

By Order,
GEO. JNO. ROWLES,
Secretary.

Montreal, 18th August, 1881.

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1881.



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— FROM —

14th to 23rd SEPTEMBER!

Under the Patronage of His Honour the Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec.

\$25,000 IN PRIZES!

This Exhibition promises to surpass any that has heretofore been held in the Dominion.

IT IS DIVIDED INTO THREE PRINCIPAL DEPARTMENTS:

AGRICULTURAL! INDUSTRIAL! HORTICULTURAL!

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

With a view of affording increased accommodation, the Exhibition Grounds have been extended, and the Buildings enlarged.

Ample provision is made for the display of Machinery in motion, and for the Exhibiting of Processes of Manufacture.

Many New and Interesting Features will be introduced in connection with the Exhibition.

Arrangements are being made for a GRAND EXPOSITION OF FRENCH INDUSTRIES, to be sent direct from Paris to Montreal, for this Exhibition.

It is expected that contributions will also be sent from other Foreign Countries.

The magnificent and world-renowned SS. *Parisian* will be in the Port during the time of the Exhibition.

GRAND DAIRY EXHIBIT!

Among the numerous other attractions,

SPECIAL PRIZES

On a magnificent scale, are offered by the Exhibition Committee and the Produce Merchants of Montreal, for exhibits of Butter and Cheese!

PRACTICAL WORKING DAIRY!

The Committee have made arrangements for a Butter and Cheese Factory in full operation during the entire Exhibition.

This promises to be one of the most interesting features of the Exhibition.

GRAND DISPLAY OF HORSES AND CATTLE!

Horses and Cattle will be shown in the Ring, between 2 and 5 p.m. each day, commencing Friday, 16th September.

Special Attractions!

Arrangements have been effected to supplement the Exhibition proper, by Special Attractions of an extraordinary character, embracing:—

TORPEDO DISPLAYS IN THE HARBOUR!

Demonstrating by a series of thrilling experiments on the River, the destructive effects of Torpedo Warfare, in this instance, against vessels of a large size provided for the purpose.

GRAND MILITARY DISPLAYS!

TORCHLIGHT PROCESSIONS AND FIREWORKS!

In the Evenings, specially designed on a scale of surpassing magnificence, eclipsing anything heretofore witnessed in Canada. Also,

ELECTRIC LIGHT EXHIBITION!

HORSE JUMPING!

GRAND ATHLETIC TOURNAMENTS

— AND —

FIREMEN'S COMPETITION, &c. &c.

A Programme of all the Attractions will be issued at a Later Date!

INCREASED FACILITIES WILL BE PROVIDED FOR REACHING THE GROUNDS.

Arrangements have been made with the Railway and Steamboat Companies to run Cheap Excursions and to issue Return Tickets at

REDUCED RATES!

Intending Exhibitors should send in their Entries without delay.

For Prize List, Entry Forms, or any other information, apply to the undersigned,

S. C. STEVENSON.

GEO. LECLERC.

Sec. Industrial Dept.,

Sec. Agr'l. Dept.,

181 ST. JAMES STREET.

63 ST. GABRIEL STREET.



Great Clearing Sale

Men's, Youth's and Children's Straw Hats at and under cost, to close all the lines now in stock.

R. W. COWAN & CO'S,

THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS.

CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

CANADA PAPER CO.

Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,

374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.

MONTREAL, P. Q.

—AND—

11 FRONT STREET,

TORONTO, ONT.

6 Love Letters, 24 Illustrated Escort Cards, 6 Popular songs assorted, all 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.



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GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE

TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse, as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, After Taking



Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing



Before Taking Pain in the Back. After Taking Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.



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DENTAL PEARLINE!

A Fragrant Tooth Wash. Superior to Powder Cleanses the teeth. Purifies the breath. Only 25c. per bottle, with patent Sprinkler. For sale at all Drug Stores.

1000 AGENTS WANTED for Visiting Cards, Flirtation, Escort, Yum Yum, Love Letter, Nip & Tuck & Hidden Scene Cards. Toys, Chromos, Books, Water Pens, Trunks, & all late Novelties. Until 3c. Big Profits. A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

70 YOUR NAME in New Type on 70 Cards 10c. New Styles, by best artists: Bouquets, Birds, Gold Chromos, Landscapes, Water Scenes, &c.—no 2 alike. Agent's Complete Sample-Book, 25c. Great variety Advertising and Bevel-Edge Cards. Lowest prices to dealers and printers. 100 Samples Fancy Advertising Cards 50c. Address: STEVENS BROS., Box 22, Northford, Ct.

50 ELEGANT NEW STYLE CARDS, Gilt Fringes Chromo, Fan, Ivy Wreath, Gilt Vase of Roses, &c., no two alike, name on 10c., by return mail. Agent's outfit, 10c. Carl Miller, Northford, Ct.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

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

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



SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY.

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

W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS,

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LEO HARTMANN, THE NIHILIST.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S



EXTRACT OF MEAT

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

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility. Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful. See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) C. David & Co., 48, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

TRADE **NORTON'S** MARK.



CAMOMILE PILLS are confidently recommended as a simple Remedy for Indigestion. Such is the cause of nearly all the diseases to which we are subject, being a medicine so uniformly grateful and beneficial, that it is with justice called the "Natural Strengtheners of the Human Stomach." "Norton's Pills" act as a powerful tonic and gentle aperient, are mild in their operation, safe under any circumstances, and thousands of persons can now bear testimony to the benefits to be derived from their use, as they have been a never-failing Family Friend for upwards of 45 years. Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. each, by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

CAUTION.

Be sure and ask for "NORTON'S PILLS," and do not be persuaded to purchase an imitation.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE



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



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

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

To be obtained of

MEMBERS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MEMBERS. URQUIHART & CO., MONTREAL.

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The Russell Hotel Company
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This Hotel, which is unequalled for size, style and locality in Quebec, is open throughout the year for pleasure and business travel, having accommodation for 500 Guests.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. HALLITT & Co., Portland, Maine.

Private Medical Dispensary.
(Established 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrew's Pains Expeller, Dr. Andrew's Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circumstances Free. All letters answered promptly without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, R. J. Andrew, M. B., Toronto, Ont.

50 All Gold, Chromo and Lithograph Cards (No 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50). Game of Authors, 15c. Autograph Album, 25c. All 50c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR.
Ask for it, and take no other. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
Trade Mark. (Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.)

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AND
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THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE TO
White Mountains,
Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell, Worcester, Providence.
BOSTON
and all points in NEW ENGLAND also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—

LEAVE MONTREAL

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8:20 a.m., with Pullman Car.

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Station this side at 5:00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2:00 p.m., instead of 3:00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8:25 a.m. instead of 9:15 a.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6:30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Conception, West Farnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL.

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8:25 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Station at 9:15 a.m., on Mondays at 8:25 a.m., instead of 9:15 a.m.

DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8:45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8:25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Conception and Chambly Basin. The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station. ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITHOUT CHANGE. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND. BAGGAGE PASSED BY THE CUSTOMS AT BONAVENTURE STATION, thus saving all trouble to Passengers at the Boundary Line. For Tickets, apply at 202 St. James street, Windsor Hotel and Bonaventure Station. BRADLEY BARLOW, President and General Manager.

CARDS, 10 Lily and Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto; Scroll & engraved, (in colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 15c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address TRUM & CO., Augusta, Maine.