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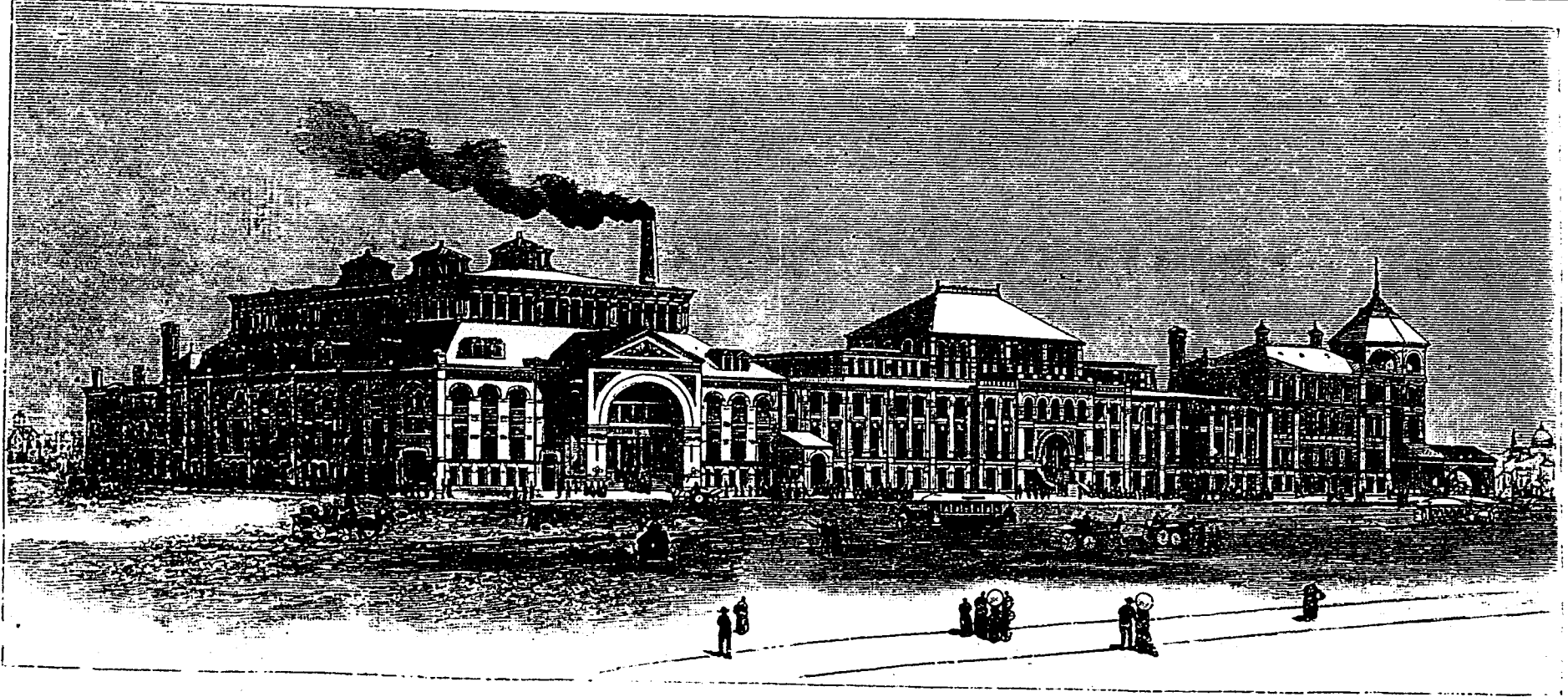
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1883.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.				
Sept. 29th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Sept. 29th, 1882.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	81	59	70	Mon.	71	50	60
Tues.	81	59	70	Tues.	72	54	66
Wed.	82	62	71	Wed.	79	62	70
Thur.	85	68	76	Thur.	79	64	71
Fri.	78	61	69	Fri.	78	61	69
Sat.	76	66	71	Sat.	68	61	64
Sun.	79	65	72	Sun.	73	62	67

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 6, 1883.

THE WEEK.

It is a matter for congratulation that our country is being visited by so great a number of distinguished men from Europe and the country. We have everything to gain by being better known, and there is nothing within our wide domain that needs to be hidden. Every day, more and more, Canadians have reason to be proud of their country.

The election in Algoma has been an unnecessarily bitter one, and the result is not satisfactory. The Conservatives have carried the disputed territory, and the Liberals derive their victory from the Manitoulin Islands. Mr. Mowat secures an increase of one in his majority, and that will about settle the vexed question of his power to continue his Government.

The booting at King Alfonso by a Paris mob, because he accepted the honorary colonelcy of a Russian regiment, will create a bad impression in both Germany and Spain. It will intensify the morbid feeling existing between the former and France, and raise a spirit of antagonism to the Republic in the latter. On the other hand, the Spanish Republicans may profit by it.

The Orangemen are coming forward in Ireland. At a representative meeting on Saturday a resolution was passed denouncing the National Land League as a body of treasonable conspirators. The resolution also condemns the inaction of the Government and announces the determination of the Orangemen to oppose the designs of the Irish National leaders.

LORD CARNARVON'S speech at the recent banquet tendered him by the citizens of Montreal, as it goes the rounds of the press, is eliciting a gratifying mass of favorable comments, and deservedly so. It was thoroughly sympathetic and struck the key-note of Canadian nationality. It contained a lesson for many of our own people, inclined to depreciate their own country.

It is satisfactory that there has at length been a break in the Lacrosse Championship matches. Last Saturday the Torontos beat the Shamrocks three games out of four. When one side uniformly wins, all interest is apt to die out in the national game. It is as with Hanlan, very few people, outside of the professional and amateur world, take the pains to speculate on the chances of a race in which he is entered.

The election in Jacques Cartier has resulted in favor of the Premier of the Province. The result was anticipated in a measure, and let us hope that it will put an end to the miserable personal warfare that has been going on for the past six months. Our Quebec friends would do much better to leave off their profitless speechifying and devote themselves to the rescue of the Province from the dangers by which it is threatened.

The city of Montreal is once more to the fore, making itself the representative of the whole Dominion. This week she gives a military and naval ball to Prince George and the officers of the Canada, and on the 15th inst., she will tender a farewell ball to the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise. It is only meet that the commercial metropolis should thus take the lead in important matters of this kind.

GENERAL BUTLER has received a second nomination for the Governorship of Massachusetts from both the Greenback and Democratic Conventions. Mr. Blaine predicts that he will not be elected, but the chances are that the contest will be a very close one. What militates somewhat against the General is that a number of Democrats are not disposed to push him too far, as he might aspire to the Presidential nomination, much to the embarrassment of the party.

A MEMORY OF WAGNER.

BY H. R. HAWES.

The memorial performance of Wagner's "Parsifal" at Bayreuth closed on July 30. He died on the thirteenth of last February at Venice. He was cut off in the full vigor of his productive genius. Time had not dimmed his eye nor shaken his hand, nor closed a single channel of thought or emotion. He sank thus suddenly in the spring of the year 1883, not without some warning, yet enjoying life up to its latest hour. "I will bear no longer the gray clouds and wintry skies of Bayreuth," he had said to his friends in the autumn of 1882.

The master needed rest after the ceaseless strain and excitement of the first "Parsifal" performance at Bayreuth last summer. A suite of apartments in the Palace Vendramin, at Venice, had been secured for him and his children—Daniel, Eva, Isolde and Siegfried (now twelve years old), were already there. Venice was in the greatest excitement on his arrival. Italy had been in the strangest way won over to Wagner near at Bologna, under the able and enthusiastic baton of a lamented maestro; indeed, Liszt told me he had never heard Wagner's operas more effectively given except at Bayreuth.

It was Wagner's desire to be left quiet at Venice, and his wishes were sedulously respected; but he was never inaccessible, and he was often to be found in the café, surrounded by a group of friends. The first remark of the Venetians who saw that spare, vivid figure, with flashing eye, and who heard his eager, eloquent conversation, full of wit and geniality, was, "Why, he is not an old man at all!" It is true there is something of the eternal child—an affluence of divine youth—about all great genius.

Richard Wagner rose at Venice between five and six, and worked till ten. In Venice he wrote his last art criticisms; and while the Italian newspapers affirmed that he was already at work upon a drama connected with Buddha and the great Aryan legends, the German prints declared that he had turned his attention toward Greece, and was going to Athens to try and recover on the spot something connected with the ancient Greek music. At the same time he was indefatigable in his efforts to prepare for the repetitions of "Parsifal" in 1883, at which he intended to be present, and which have just been carried out at Bayreuth with such magnificent success—July, 1883—in sad memory of his death.

He was already suffering from heart disease, and sat usually—the weather in Venice being chilly—in his fur coat. A glass of wine was always at hand, and when he suffered pain he would sip cognac.

His rooms, however, before breakfast were sacred, and his wife, Cosima, scrupulously respected them; but at ten o'clock she went in to bring him his letters, and after a short private chat the family breakfasted together. Wagner would then take his hat and go down the marble steps looking out upon the canal, and ask his gondolier about the weather. If too cold to venture out he would stroll forth, often with his wife, and go into Laveni's the pastry-cook's and buy bon-bons for the children.

Between four and six o'clock he might often be seen in the arcades and streets, with all the family, buying little presents for friends, or sipping coffee or good fresh beer beloved of all true Germans. The military band which played occasionally in the great square had produced a version of the "Lohengrin" overture in his honor, but played it in such a fashion that poor Wagner was constrained to take refuge in the pastry-cook's shop and stop his ears with both hands.

On another occasion, however, he went up to the bandmaster, in his great coat and slouched hat, and asked him to play something out of Rossini's "Gazza Ladra." The conductor, not recognizing Wagner, answered civilly that he had none of the music there, and could not well derange the programme. On Wagner retiring a musician told the bandmaster who the stranger was. Filled with confusion and regret, the worthy man instantly set for copies of the "Gazza Ladra" selection, and played it for two consecutive days. Wagner was much pleased, and again going up to the band, expressed his thanks, and praised especially the solo cornet, who had much distinguished himself.

The master dined early in the afternoon, and usually took a short nap afterward, the faithful Betty Burkel, a confidential family servant, always being at hand in the next room, knitting quietly.

At half-past three the gondolier was usually in attendance, and in fine weather the Lido, the public gardens, the San Lazzaro and Gludecca were visited.

In the milder autumn days of 1882, Wagner, whose breathing was occasionally oppressed, seemed to inhale new health and vigor out upon the wide lagoons.

"Ah!" he would say, drawing a long breath, "no smoke, no dust!" At night his sitting-room was a blaze of light with quantities of wax candles. People used to look up at Byron's quarters when he was in Venice, and wonder what festival could be going on. The waters of the Grand Canal were all aglow, but it was only Byron alone with the MMS. of "Manfred," "Parisiana" and "Don Juan." Wagner's old porter happened to be brother to Byron's old servant, Fido.

"There is something like Byron about this great German," he remarked.

"What is that?" they asked.

"Why, he has the same marvellous need of wax candles?"

"Where light is, there is joy," Wagner used to say, quoting the Italian proverb.

As the evening drew in, Wagner used to read aloud to his family—usually from some dramatic author. He sometimes got so excited that the good people in the house knocked at the door to know if anything ailed the master.

I heard him read his "Parsifal" at Mr. Dannreuther's in Orme Square, one night. George Eliot and many other celebrities were there. He was half on the stage all the time, and I can well believe in his being completely carried away by his subject. It was on that occasion that I received the kiss of Wagner—for he embraced me in German fashion—with the warmest thanks for an article I had written upon him in the *Contemporary Review*.

When absorbed in thought, he was in the habit of pacing up and down the room, with his hands behind him. He even had pockets made at the back of his coat. Dr. Keppler said this position of the arms allowed him to breathe more freely, and eased the diseased action of the heart.

On Nov. 19, 1882, Liszt came to see him at Venice. The two old men embraced each other affectionately on the marble stairs. They sat long hours together in deep and friendly converse. Jankowski, the young painter, who left his atelier at Naples to live at Bayreuth, and painted the Parsifal scenery was also there. He painted a remarkable portrait of Liszt, and a sacred "Family of Jesus," Joseph and Mary. The guardian angels in the air above were all portraits of Wagner's children.

Liszt was usually up at four o'clock, and both Wagner and Liszt got through a great deal of serious work in those small hours.

Wagner's personal popularity at Venice was extraordinary. In a short time he and every member of his family were known even to the children of the poor.

The master was open-handed and sympathetic to all. He seemed ever about—now with his wife, or with little Eva, his pet daughter, or Siegfried. He mixed with the people, chatted and joked, and was ever ready to relieve the poor. He was worshipped by his gondoliers.

"He patted me on the back," said one, "asked me if I was tired, and said; 'Amico mio, so the carnival has come to an end.'"

The man repeated the incident everywhere, as if it had been the great event of his life.

"They say he is greater than a king; isn't it so? (Egli e piu di un re, piscono non e vero!) was the common talk in the streets as he passed.

On December 23, Wagner undertook to conduct in the presence of a chosen circle, his "First Symphony," in honor of his wife's birthday. It was one of his very early works. On taking the baton he turned to the musicians and said: "This is the last time I shall ever conduct."

"Why?" they asked.
"Because I shall soon die."

THE UNIVERSITY'S OPPORTUNITY.

The University of Pennsylvania begins this week the one hundredth and twentieth year of its existence, and receives a larger entering class than it has ever before admitted. Yet the fact is undeniable that it has not in the past held, nor does it at present hold, a position of influence in the community at all commensurate with its age and importance. At one time, the centres of population, of economic importance and of culture for this country were all nearly coincident, and this centre was within the boundaries of New England. The first two of these points have gradually moved southward

and westward; the last has remained practically in the same place.

But there is a new kind of culture now needed,—that which belongs to an essentially industrial community. It is the culture which deprives active business and politics of their sordid tendency, and counteracts the materializing effect of a rapid industrial development. It is here that the opportunity of the University of Pennsylvania lies. The great practical methods by which industrial greatness has been attained must have a corresponding body of scientific principles at the bottom of them by which those methods may be tested, broadened and perfected. That the time has passed when men are willing to test the propriety of methods by their mere apparent results, is proved by the present widespread agitation tending toward Free Trade right in the face of the unparalleled prosperity that, in appearance at least, has been attained by a protective system.

In teaching the scientific principles that underlie practical methods, in pointing out the way to find an intellectual life in the midst of an industrial one, in the solution of many hard problems in that borderland where the life of thought and the life of action meet, the University can find a great and noble work, and one for which it has unusual facilities. It inherits alike the library and the teachings of Henry C. Carey; it is the only college of the first rank in this country where a distinctively nationalist theory of polity and economy is defended on scientific grounds, and it is situated in the midst of those communities that owe their existence in their present form to such an economy and polity. It has the opportunity to become a centre from which shall emanate new and better methods for the solution of questions of social science and industrial development, and from which shall go out young men prepared to carry such methods into practical application. It can elevate the active life in the midst of which it exists, and become to the Middle States what Yale, Harvard, and the other Eastern colleges, have been to New England.

The University has a great opportunity; it remains to be seen whether its trustees have the wisdom, its professors the ability, and its students and alumni the loyalty, to grasp the chance which the time have brought in their way.

E. P. C.

"THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE."

The Hoosier dialect which clothes "The Old Swimmer's Hole," and "Seven More Poems," (By "Benjamin F. Johnson of Boone" (James Whitcomb Riley). Indianapolis: George C. Hitt & Co.) is not a necessary adjunct to the quality which makes them really poems and not merely humorous verses. In some it heightens, no doubt, the effect of the rural details given with such freshness and accuracy of observation; in others, somewhat interferes with a delicacy of sentiment which would be more naturally expressed in a choicer form of speech. Burns instinctively marked his sense of the bounds of dialect fitness by abandoning his racy Scottish speech in his "Man was made to mourn," and other solemn and devotional poems; and Mr. Riley might possibly have imitated this example advantageously in his "Hymn of Faith," and "The Death of Little Mahala Ashcraft." However the outward garb is the least important point in the consideration of the poems themselves. There is a genuineness and lively force about these rustic riffs that we have not seen paralleled since the days of "Hosea Biglow." No conventional images borrowed from English bards intrude dislocatedly into Mr. Riley's landscapes; they are racy of the very rich, dark soil from which they grew. Better than by any descriptive epithets their peculiar qualities can be shown in extracts from some of their most characteristic passages:

"medder lands,
And country lanes, and swampy trails
Where long bulrushes brush my hands
And, tilted on the riddled rails
Of deaden' fences, 'old bob-white'
Whistles his name in high delight
And whirs away."

"I wonder through the underbrush,
Where pig-tracks, pintin' to'ris the creek,
Is picked and printed in the fresh
Black-bottom lands, like wimmern pick
Their pie-crusts with a fork, some way,
When bakin' fer camp-meetin' day."

"So tired you can't lay flat enough,
And sort o' wish that you could spread
Out like molasses on the bed."

"When the frost is on the punkin and the
fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyock and gobble of
the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineas and the
eluekin' of the hens,
"And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes
on the fence;
The stubble in the furries, kind o' lonesome-
like, but still
A-prenchin' sermons to us of the barns they
grewed to fill;
The straw-stuck in the meddor an' the
ropser in the shed;
The horses in their stalls below, the
clover overhead—
O! it sets my heart a-clickin' like the
tickin' of the clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and
the fodder's in the shock."

The descriptive is not, of course, the highest form of poetry; but it is one from which much true and pure pleasure can be drawn, and this can be found in no small measure in the didactic poems of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley.

THE TWO MOURNERS.

Low down the wasted sunset lies,
One bar of golden red;
Pale in the wintry gloaming rise,
The still slabs of the dead.
A silent mourner, watching late,
Has turned at last to go
Out through the little church-yard gate,
Across the dreary snow.

And loudly, so the night may hear,
Sounds his impassioned voice;
"Farewell, unutterably dear,
My second, priceless choice!
O might our days of parting prove
As men a moment brief,
Soul that hast gladdened with thy love
The black voids of my grief!"

"Thou couldst not hold the place of her
Whose loss had slain my youth,
Yet wert thou God's own messenger
Of comfort, hope, and truth;
Calming with counsels wise and sweet
My spirit's dismal care,
And trampling with victorious feet
Its serpent of despair!"

His bitter words ring desolate
Below the sombre skies;
He slowly nears the church-yard gate,
Then pauses in surprise,
For there a dark-robed woman stands,
Her white face dim to see,
The mourner starts; with lifted hands,
He murmurs, "Can it be?"

Softly the woman names his name,
And sadly bows her head;
"Our missions hither are the same,
To mourn the noble dead.
From yonder grave-mound gleams the fair
Commemorative cross
Of him who taught my life to bear
The anguish of thy loss!"

Along the verge of western skies
The last vague tinge is fled;
Pale in the wintry gloaming rise
The still slabs of the dead.
Two mourners that have lingered late
With quiet footsteps go,
One through the little church-yard gate,
Across the starlit snow.

For each is born a joy divine,
For each the heavens are bright
With jewels lovelier than line
The corridors of night.
Yet rarest is the joy that stirs,
In lands beyond the sun,
The souls of their dead comforters
Who died to make them one!

ON THE LAKE SUPERIOR.

THE PICTURED ROCKS AND THE GREAT CAVE.

The Southern Shore of Lake Superior, especially around the Pictured Rocks, is haunted ground; for it is there that the scene of "The Song of Hiawaha" is laid. It is a fitting theatre for the strange and grotesque shapes with which the imagination of the Indians peopled it, and for the fantastic stories they connect with it. The most characteristic of these is perhaps the Hunting of Pau-Puk-Keewis, the Storm Foot—an incarnation of the sudden tempests to which the lake is subject, and which, raging far and wide, end, in this particular myth, in the Pictured Rocks. They called Lake Superior "Gitche Gumee"—the Big Sea-Water, but are not known to have given a name to the Pictured Rocks, although the term has been in use for a great length of time. It would seem that the first white travellers were more impressed with the novel and striking distribution of colours on the surface than with the astonishing variety of form into which the cliffs have been worn.

These rocks are, in general terms, a series of sandstone bluffs, extending along the shore of Lake Superior, and could, so far as relates to height or extent, not be ranked among great natural curiosities, although such an assemblage of rocky strata, washed by the waves of a great lake, would not, under any circumstances, be destitute of grandeur. To the traveller coasting along their base in his frail canoe they would, at all times, be an object of dread. The recoil of the surf, the rock-bound coast affording for miles no place of refuge, the lowering sky, the rising wind—all these would excite his apprehension and induce him to ply a vigorous oar until the dreaded wall was passed. But in the Pictured Rocks there are two features which communicate to the scenery a wonderful and almost unique character. These are, first, the curious manner in which the cliffs have been excavated and worn away by the action of the waters, which for centuries have dashed an ocean-like surf against their base; and, second, the equally remarkable manner in which large portions of the rocky walls have been coloured by bands of brilliant hues. These colours are caused by the percolation of water impregnated with iron and copper, and show on the surface in bands, which are extremely brilliant at certain seasons contrasted with the yellow colour of the rocks. The latter have been worn by the action of the water into the most fantastic shapes, and pierced into thousands of caverns that frequently bear the most remarkable resemblance to Gothic architecture. They are situated at a distance of about seventy miles from the Sault St. Mary, which is at the eastern entrance to Lake Superior, where a ship canal connects its waters with those of Lake Huron. The line of cliffs extends about fifteen miles, and terminates at the eastern end in what is known as the Grand Chapel. This wonderful natural structure stands about fifty feet above the present level of the lake, and its arched roof is supported by two gigantic and beautiful columns, that appear to have been hewn and placed where they are by skillful hands. The backward reach of the roof rests upon the main cliff, and within the chapel is the base of a broken column, strongly suggestive of a pulpit. The roof is crowned with fir trees,

which maintain a terrible struggle for life with the storms which are so frequent here.

About half a mile west of the Grand Chapel is "The Great Cave," a huge rectangular mass of sandstone 250 ft. in height, projecting from the general line of cliffs some 300 or 400 feet into the water. The main entrance is on the lake side, through a beautiful arch one hundred and fifty feet in height (see illustration). There are other entrances on the eastern and western sides, but they are smaller and less imposing. The interior is partially filled with the debris of the distinguished walls, the surface of which, perforated by hundreds of smaller caverns, is covered with a brilliant emerald moss. The roof of the Great Cave, owing to the horizontal strata of the rock, has broken away in immense concave circles, which are also covered with velvet green mosses, and lit up by reflected light from the water below. The water of the lake is of a bright green colour, and is so clear that small objects are distinctly visible at a depth of thirty or forty feet. Agates of great beauty are scattered plentifully along the small strips of sandy beach that reach from the Grand Chapel to the Great Cave. The cliffs in the neighbourhood of the latter are covered with bands of red, green, and yellow, which run perpendicularly from the top to the water's edge, and produce the effect of gigantic eastern carpets of the richest dyes. Here is also Sail Rock, consisting of two immense flakes of sandstone, which have separated from the main shore, and at a little distance look like the sails of a large sloop. Sail Rock is visible in the background of our illustration. From the Great Cave to Miner's Castle, a distance of about eight miles, an unbroken perpendicular line of rocks plunges into deep water; and woe to the unfortunate vessel that is caught by a north-wester in the Channel between these dreadful walls and Grand Island opposite. Its fate inevitable. The only place where a landing can be effected is upon a small strip of beach at Miner's Castle. The latter is perhaps the most remarkable of the many resemblances to Gothic architecture by which the Pictured Rocks are distinguished. The natural masonry abounds with turrets, embrasures, and gateways, supported by hundreds of coloured columns. Bears, deer, beaver, and minks are numerous here; wild grape vines and other creepers decorate the great trees with festoons of fruit and flowers; and a picturesque waterfall tumbles from a high cliff into a forest of primitive growth. There are a few Indians on Grand Island, on the northern shore of which a light warns the mariner of the dangers of this rock-bound and storm-beaten coast. The chief features of the Pictured Rocks can only be effectively rendered by colour: enough remains, however, to inspire the artist for a translation in black and white, and to call forth the utmost skill of his pencil.

HEAD-MASTERS AT WESTMINSTER.

The appointment of a new head-master to Westminster School has given rise to some interesting anecdotes about this famous foundation, which existed long before Elizabeth's day, although she by bestowing upon it certain privileges has been commonly regarded as founder. The predecessor of the famous Dr. Busby was Lambert Osbolston. A letter of his to Laud's opponent, Bishop Williams, containing some obscure reflections on Laud, fell into the wrong hands, and the head master was sentenced by the Star Chamber to lose all his spiritualities, pay a fine of five thousand pounds sterling to the King, and a like sum to the Archbishop, have his ears nailed to the pillory in the presence of his scholars in Dean's Yard, and be imprisoned during the King's pleasure. Osbolston saved his ears by flight. "He hath gone beyond Canterbury," said the wits of 1633. The Long Parliament got him restored to his benefices, though not to his mastership, for which Busby was already approving his fitness.

Busby, born in 1606, ruled with a very high hand for forty-seven years. He was a champion flogger, and tradition avers extended his castigations even to outsiders. It is told how one afternoon when he was correcting themes there was a great noise of juniors playing. Busby twice sent down to stop the riot, but as this had no effect dispatched several big boys to bring up the chief culprits. A lean Frenchman happened to be standing in Dean's Yard. Him Busby's emissaries dragged, frantically resisting, up the school-room steps. "Horse him!" said Busby, when the young rogues had declared that this was the man who had made all the noise; and to the unspeakable delight of the whole school the Frenchman was well whipped and then hustled out. Boiling with rage, he hastened to the nearest coffee-house he wrote a challenge which he sent to Busby by a porter. The Doctor had no sooner read it than he said: "Fetch a rod and horse this man!" and the porter was served like his principal. He returned to tell what had happened, and this time the Frenchman could only exclaim: "C'est un diable!" It was Busby who receiving Charles II. excused himself for not walking bareheaded, on the ground that his authority over his boys would be gone, if they could suppose that there was a greater man in the land than he. During Busby's reign, a member of the ancient family of Wake took a flogging for a timid friend by assuming his offence. Years rolled by, and England became involved in troubles. Wake, a royalist, was brought before the whilom comrade whom he had befriended at Westminster, and who had become a Round-head judge. "One good turn

deserves another," and the judge now saved his school-fellow's life.

In 1764, Dr. Hinchcliffe was appointed, but resigned after three months, owing it is believed, to an anomaly which exists to this day. The King's or Queen's scholars—for they change their designation according to the sex of the sovereign,—are allowed access to the houses of Parliament during debates, provided they appear in academicals; but the privilege is not extended to masters. Dr. Hinchcliffe had been fond of attending debates when a boy, and becoming head-master tried to obtain the continuance of his privilege, arguing logically enough that where pupils are admitted the masters who have charge of them should be allowed to enter. But the Speaker could not see things in this light, remarking that boys who came into the House were under his charge. The Chancellor said the same thing as to the House of Lords, upon which Hinchcliffe, who had a high notion of his dignity, shook the dust of Westminster off his shoes. He was soon consoled with the mastership of Trinity, Cambridge, and in 1769 became Bishop of Peterborough.

Westminster has had one head-master, during the last half-century, of world-wide fame, Dean Liddel, of Christ Church, Oxford, joint author with the late master of Balliol of the standard Greek lexicon. The Dean was a Charterhouse man, and his successor at Westminster Dr. Scott (not his coadjutor in the lexicon), an Etonian. Westminster School has suffered much in popularity of late by being in London. A century ago, large open fields were in near proximity to it; but now all is built over for miles around, and English parents, as is very natural, prefer for their children schools in the country, where there is more light, air, and room for sports.

MISCELLANY.

A LUMINOUS idea has entered the mind of a German inventor; he proposes to make gentlemen's night cloaks luminous. There is no prowling Don Giovanni at night-time in the dark streets of the little German town who don't want to be found out (?).

THERE is a scheme on foot for a London tramway of considerable length to be worked by an underground rotating rope or cable; the hold-fast or clutch which connects the carriage with the rope passes through a small groove, too large to be clogged and too small to be an impediment that would cause horses to stumble. The projectors of trams are not always thus considerate.

It is very strange that so many writers cannot grasp the very simple rules with regard to titles of courtesy. Thus Lord Charles, Lord Marcus, and Lord William Beresford, whose names are often in the papers, are almost always incorrectly described under the generic title of "Lord Beresford." In the new play at Drury Lane one of the characters is the widow of an Admiral Piper, who, it is to be assumed, was a knight. She, however, is called "Lady Betty Piper," as if she were the daughter of a duke, marquis or earl. As it is a sort of low comedy part, and she behaves with a lack of good breeding, this could not have been the intention of the authors of *Freedom*, who are probably under the impression that a knight's wife prefixes her title to her Christian name.

LORD BEACONSFIELD would have been gratified could he have read the announcement made by the *Jewish Chronicle* of a Hebrew translation of his novel of *Tancred*. It has been made not from the original but from a German version, and the translator has prefixed to it an appreciative notice of the noble author. Of Lord Beaconsfield's affection for the nation to which he belonged by birth, the translator speaks in the most feeling manner. "He forgot not his people in his books, nor in his travels in the east were they ever from his thoughts. The sad lot of the Jews was as gall to him; but he did not satisfy himself merely with passive sympathy, for his whole strength was put forth on behalf of the race whom he never forgot throughout his whole career."

VEGETABLE-CELL CONTENTS.—The view hitherto entertained by most botanists that the chlorophyll and pigment grains as well as the nuclei and starch-formers of the vegetable cell are produced free in the protoplasm of the cell, receives no confirmation from the recent researches of the German botanists, Meyer and Schimper. From their carefully conducted investigations it would appear that all these more or less related bodies are present, or at least arise from distinct structures, termed "plastids," present in the cell from its earliest beginning, and that the differentiation which subsequently manifests itself in the distinguishing characteristics of these bodies is the result of gradual alterations produced in the protoplasm of the primitive plastids. All the intermediate stages between the colorless, deep-seated plastids ("leukoplastidia,") and the superficial or light-receiving plastids ("chloroplastidia,") and between these and the red and yellow grains ("chromoplastidia,") can be traced in many vegetable forms, as well in the flower and bud as in the stem and leaves.

AN instance of how easily foreign names become anglicized is related by General Jubal A. Early in reference to his own. General Early, as is well known, is of Irish extraction. His great-grandfather emigrated from Donegal, Ulster county, Ireland, in the early part of the

eighteenth century, to Culpepper county, Virginia, where he settled. The name of this ancestor, or grandfather twice removed, was McGuichie, which signifies "early rising," and was given, the general supposes, in those good old times when a man won a name by his character or deeds. The McGuichies were always among the first to uprising in those outbreaks which were of such frequent occurrence when Ireland was an independent nation composed of several small kingdoms. General Early's great-grandfather settled in Bedford county, some dozen miles from Lynchburg, where the old homestead still stands. Among the several brothers of the great-grandfather, one emigrated to Georgia, and was the father of Governor Peter Early. Bishop John Early, of the Methodist Church, was the son of another brother.

THE celebration of the quarter-centenary of Luther's birth is producing a crowd of books, pamphlets, photographs, oleographs and engravings upon Luther and Lutheran subjects in Germany. The hymn, "*Ein feste burg ist unser Gott*," has been adopted as a *fête* prelude, and choruses and part songs innumerable are being issued for the singing unions by various composers. Medals have been struck with the words, "Dr. Martin Luther, 1483-1546," and on the reverse his words: "Here stand I; I can no other. God help me." One artist has produced a portrait which is being printed in oil colors for the million, and he claims that the likeness is entirely new and original, shunning the antique and crude painting of Cranach, but retaining entirely the true portrait! Many of the books are issued for the colporteurs to sell amidst the masses at nominal prices, but studies of Luther's life and works of a higher and more expensive character are also very numerous. Statuettes after the various Luther monuments are also being largely manufactured for "hut and palace, school and house, poor and rich," and even lanterns for illumination with Luther's portrait are announced.

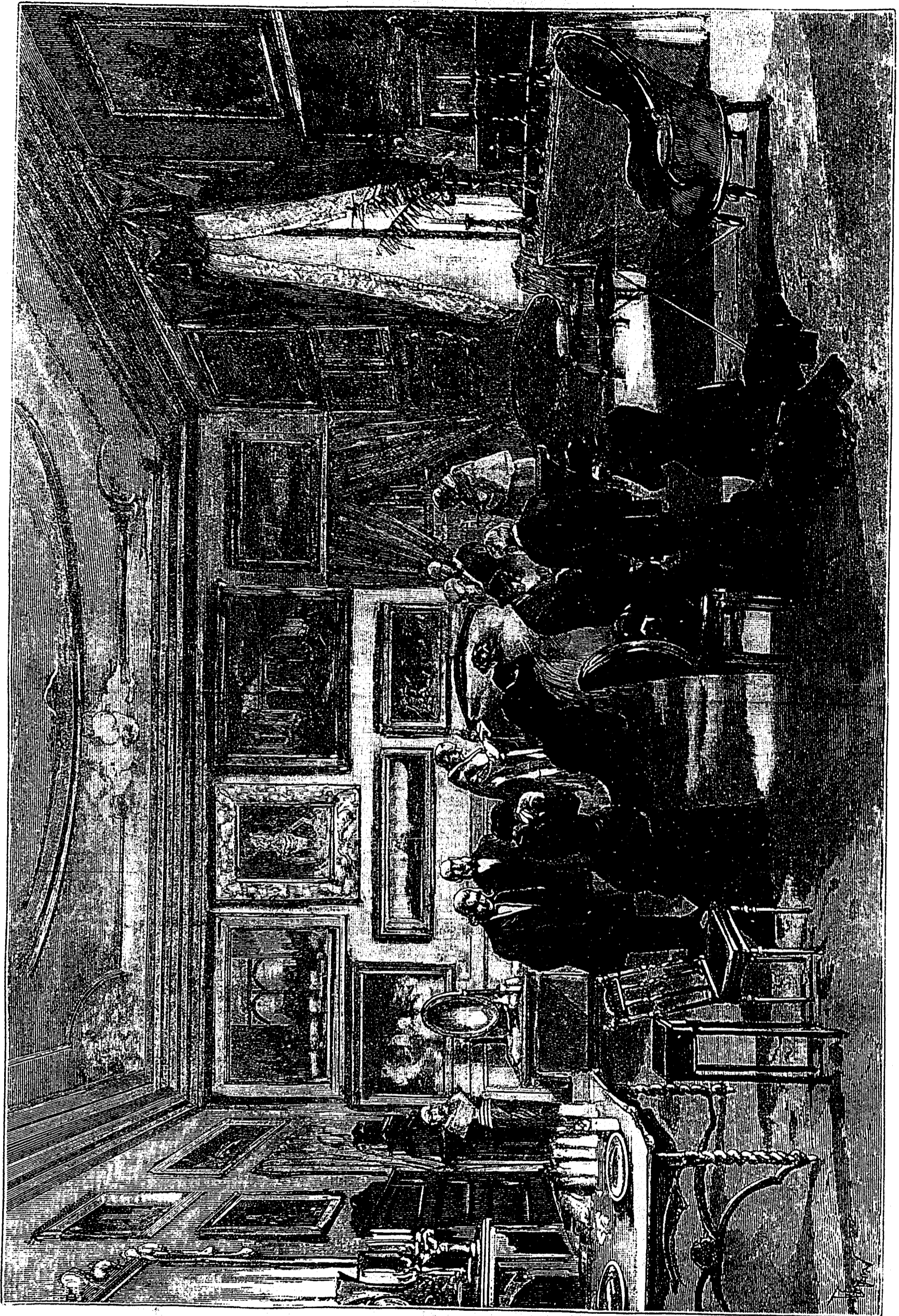
THE manuscript of Deuteronomy, claiming to date B. C. 800-900, the examination of which by experts at the British Museum has for some time past excited so great an interest, has been pronounced the work of a modern forger. This conclusion was almost simultaneously reached by Dr. Ginsburg, who had charge of the examination at the British Museum, and by Mr. Clermont-Ganneau, who had been sent to London by the French Minister of Public Instruction on a special mission to examine the manuscript. Difficulties were thrown in his way by Mr. Shapira, the owner or agent of the owners of the precious document, for which the British Museum was asked to pay one million pounds sterling. Mr. Clermont-Ganneau succeeded in obtaining sufficient evidence for his purpose. It has been proved that the forger had cut off the lower edge of one of the large rolls of leather containing the Pentateuch used in the synagogues, copies of which are occasionally to be met with in museums, this one being, perhaps, some two hundred years old. On these strips the learned rascal (the work could only have been done by a person familiar with Hebrew,) wrote with ink, making use of the alphabet of the "Moabite Stone," and introducing such "readings" as fancy dictated. It has furthermore been shown that Mr. Shapira first offered the bogus manuscript to the Royal Library at Berlin, which declined it as spurious after a very brief examination. He thereupon carried his treasure to the British Museum, and it at one time appeared likely that the trustees might purchase it.

FOOT NOTES.

THE introduction of the telephone into Russia was only effected a year ago, but its use has already become almost universal at St. Petersburg. Telephonic lines connect the most distant quarters of the town with the centre; cables are laid from the several islands at the mouth of the Neva to the town. Factories, warehouses, hospitals, even the Bank of Russia have introduced it; and public stations are being established in different parts of St. Petersburg at which persons can converse with each other at a distance for a small charge.

AMONG the recent interesting acquisitions made by the Berlin Museum of Art Industry, is the spinet once belonging to Duke Alfonso II. of Ferrara, the identical instrument upon which Eleonora of Este played to Torquato Tasso. The front of the key-board bears the name of the princely owner and the inscription: "Dum vixi tunc, mortua, dulces cano"—when alive (the wood) I was silent, now that I am dead, I emit sweet strains. The wood-work is richly lacerated in red and gold, the cover is painted, the sounding-board inlaid with ivory and ebony.

THE remnant of the royal whitelag of the Bourbons, which, attached to a bush, white lily, was laid upon the bosom of the Comte de Chambord while he lay in state at Frohsdorf, was the gift of Madame de Cussy, whose father, the Comte de Cussy, colonel of the Gardes du Corps, was one of the faithful adherents of Charles X. When that monarch was driven into exile the flag belonging to the Gardes du Corps was cut into pieces and distributed among the King's followers and the defenders of St. Cloud. Madame de Cussy's mother was the daughter of an English earl of an ancient Catholic family. The relic was deposited with all reverence within the coffin of the Comte de Chambord, and its origin duly inscribed upon the paper in which it was wrapped.



THE DEATH BED OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.



THE WELCOME BILLET.

THE MACE OF MAHMOUD.

BY G. T. LANIGAN.

(Mahmoud, the Idol-breaker, third Sultan of the Ghuznevid dynasty, who flourished about 1020, made the first permanent Mussulman conquests in India, plundering its temples and destroying their idols in twelve victorious campaigns.)

Into the Indian city
Rode, with his chivalry,
Mahmoud, the Idol-breaker,
The Sultan of Ghuznee.

The battle's roar was silent,
And bowed in blood and shame,
India beheld the Crescent
And heard the Prophet's name.

On to the mighty temple,
In the city's central space,
Rode the Sultan, swiftly, sternly,
Swinging his iron mace.

Under its roofs of sandal,
Its golden porticoes,
Idols huge and misshapen
Were ranged in endless rows.

And over the great altar,
A nightmarc carved in wood,
Half crocodile, half tiger,
The chiefest image stood.

The Sultan spurred his charger
In through the silver door;
Its hoofs beat sparks of jewels
Up from the ivory floor.

And the priests brought forth a treasure
Such as man did ne'er behold—
Caskets of flashing jewels,
And heaps of burning gold.

"Take it, O, mighty Sultan—
The treasure all is thine,
But spare to us yon image,
The glory of our shrine."

And the councillors and warriors
In Mahmoud's train that were,
All murmured to the Sultan:
"Take, and the idol spare!"

But the Sultan answered sternly:
"There is no God but one;
Mahmoud is his Prophet;
His mission shall be done!"

And in his stirrups rising,
He swung his mighty mace,
And smote the giant image
Down from the altar place.

It fell with a crash like thunder
Upon the ivory floor,
And, falling, burst asunder,
And so disclosed a store—

A wealth of gold and jewels
To which the ransom brought
By the priests to buy its safety
Appeared in value naught.

Since Mahmoud died have gone by
Nearly nine hundred years,
But still the conqueror's story
Lives in the people's ears.

And still when one is tempted
To swerve from being just,
And finds strength his temptation
To spurn into the dust.

And wins a richer guerdon
Because it was withstood,
They say that "he has struck with
The mace of King Mahmoud."

NINA.

(Concluded.)

England once more! The fat Professor, his lessons and his rooms had been left behind, and Kitty found herself established much more to her satisfaction than had been her lot in Germany. Their friend had taken lodgings for the two girls in a respectable locality of London; and thither they went, one, at least, fully appreciating the respect paid by their landlady to the tall, well-dressed young ladies who, being English, yet conversed freely with each other in a foreign tongue. Kitty felt they had climbed another round of the ladder, and she viewed complacently the extended prospect. It was nothing to what she hoped to attain; but it was substantial in the meantime. When, the very first evening, their friend appeared, bringing with him a younger and handsomer man, and, in spite of weariness, Nina sang and charmed them both—when supper followed, the old landlady pre-iding, as it had been arranged she was always to do, and much jesting and laughter prevailed, Kitty felt that now indeed they were tasting the sweets of life.

The gentlemen seemed as if they, too, enjoyed this evening. The girls that had sailed away three years before, aged respectively fifteen and sixteen, were now eighteen and nineteen. Dress and education had worked wonders in their appearance. True, Kitty was still inclined to decorate her hair with a string of beads when she could find them, and ribbons of bright color were a constant temptation to her; but Nina cared for no adorning of her person, and in her work forgot to do more than dress with simplicity. It was to her specially that the strangers turned, and both found it difficult to turn their eyes from the great, lustrous orbs, the depths of which seemed past finding out.

"What do you think of my protégée?" George Harris asked, coolly, as the two men pursued their way homeward somewhere about the midnight hour.

"She is a splendid creature, neither more nor less! What a pair of eyes she has!"

"She has fine eyes"—in a critical tone.

Then George Harris' praise of her ceased. When his companion continued to rave about her hair, her voice, the sensation she would make, he was absolutely quiet, and only made one mental note: he would take this young man no more to visit the sisters. Who could know the ending? They might fall in love with each other and marry, and all his projects would fall to the ground.

In the meantime the girls stood at their window, looking down on the quiet, lamplit streets. "Well, Nina, it is worth something now. Isn't your toil almost repaid? Why, you are a lady already! They treat you like a queen."

"I don't feel very different then, Kitty. I must have been a lady all along, although I don't know it, for I am sure I am not changed. It is just I when all is over."

"Of course it's just we; but we have got the fine things now, and it's we that sit at the window and look out and listen to them singing in the streets, instead of being out in the cold."

"We shall always bring them in, Kitty; shan't we?"

"Like the little thing you ran out to in Leipzig who stole the professor's boots!" Kitty laughed long and loud at the recollection. "Well, come, let us go to bed and dream about it all."

When they did retire, their dreams were different. Kitty's mind was full of stages and brilliantly-lit theatres, and her sister dressed in velvet and jewels; but Nina was dreaming of a possible scene in the little parlor they had just left, when, the glitter and excitement over, she would stand humbly proud before her kind friend and listen to his congratulations. Not in gold would lie her reward. Her kingdom lay in a purer, holier region as yet unknown to the sleeper at her side.

Day followed day, and Nina was harder at work than ever. From morning till night George Harris was in the little parlor, asking her to study this, to try that, and his pupil found all her pleasure in obeying him. He corrected, he praised, he suggested, and occasionally he brought friends to hear her powers.

"But when am I to make my *début*?" she asked one day, smiling. "Am I not ready yet?"

"Very soon, if you like," he answered; and her quick ear caught a tone of nervousness in his voice.

"When?" she asked, with a sudden bound of her heart.

"On the eighteenth there is to be a concert given at an aristocratic little town some distance from London. I have got it arranged that you may sing there—that is, only if you wish, of course."

"Then I shall try." But, even as she answered, she was conscious of an unaccountable nervousness for the first time sweeping over her heart and terrifying her.

"If you have any doubts of your ability—"

"But I must begin some time."

"You accept the proposal, then?"

"Yes, with pleasure"—trying to master her weakness. "What am I to sing?"

It was impossible not to notice that, now that the moment was come, George Harris was growing excited. He was visibly restless. He chose one thing, got her to sing it, declared it exquisite, then wondered if another did not better show the qualities of her voice. When he left, they were as far as ever from a decision.

When Kitty joined her sister, she found her with a strange light in her eyes.

"Is anything—has anything happened?"

"No, nothing—only I am to sing on the eighteenth."

Kitty took in her meaning, and even her cheek paled.

"This is the tenth," was all she answered.

Few words passed between the sisters during the following eight days. Every night it seemed to Kitty that the light had grown stronger in her sister's eye. It looked like the concentration of a purpose till it had grown a passion of determination.

To both it was a trying time. To Kitty it was the turning-point of whether the fairy-land she believed in and longed after was to be theirs or not; and she held her breath, as it were, in these days of suspense. To Nina it was her entrance too to a different fairy-land, and sometimes her will cried, "It must, it shall be mine!" Then, with a sudden horror, fear swept down upon her soul, and seemed to quench her very life. So it was with the sisters when the morning of the eighteenth dawned.

It proved a snowy morning. Kitty, wrapped up ready for the journey, stood in the window-recess watching the flakes fall, and talking in her usual rapid style to George Harris. The cab was due in ten minutes; but Nina was still in her room. Kitty had made a brief rally to-day, now that the time was so nearly approaching, and from very contradictories, "talked nineteen to the dozen" to her silent pale-faced companion. Presently she was surveying their friend from top to toe, and mentally admiring the long comfortable-looking ulster that enveloped him.

"Do you know this, Mr. Harris? The longer I know you, the younger you grow."

He seemed pleased with the compliment. The strained expression on his face relaxed, and he smiled.

"Then I must have seemed very ancient to begin with?"

Kitty shrugged her shoulders after the Continental fashion.

"Well, to be candid, I did think you were a sort of father—a professor, you know, seems something old and reverend."

"I was a professor of music at thirty. That is four years ago; I am thirty-four now. I dare say, though, that sounds rather old to eighteen."

"Not so old as thirty-one was to fifteen!" she answered, laughing. "I shall come by-and-by to think you quite youthful."

The door opened, and Nina entered. Both turned to meet her.

"Now, Nina, are you well wrapped up? Have you plenty round your throat? For my sake, don't take cold on the way down, and be hoarse at the finish!"

"I couldn't well get more on, unless you just packed me into a box with a few breathing-holes. I don't see how you can make me more secure"—speaking in a hurried tone unlike her usual one, and with an unnatural attempt at a smile.

George Harris went to her side and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Are you sure you are warm enough?"

"His gentle, almost reverent touch, thrilled her. She colored and paled under it. Surely her nerves were at an unnatural tension, when even this could move her!"

"Thank you; I am very warm."

"Here is the cab!" called Kitty.

"Stay a moment, Nina. If you are not going forward to this with all your heart, we shall stay at home. Nothing is easier than to give it up. What about the last three years? I am repaid already in having given you pleasure. Don't allow yourself to think that you have to do anything but please yourself. Give it up, if it is a trial—for the present at least."

Kitty heard his speech with horror-filling eyes. What if Nina listened? But she need not have feared. The light was burning fiercely in her sister's eyes.

"No, no, I shall not turn back. I shall try to succeed."

But the suggestion had brought up vividly to all three the trial in store for them, and awed even Kitty into her former silence.

Not a word was spoken as they drove through the snow-covered streets. All kept their gaze fixed on the busy thoroughfare. Once Nina, raising her eyes, turned them to the professor, and, discovering his, with a yearning pain in them, fixed on her, she trembled. A wild surmise arose within her as to the possible meaning of that yearning, then she recoiled suddenly at her own daring.

"He is as nervous as I am. If I fail, what will be—What then?"

In answer came a line of one of Bulwer Lytton's plays, which she had heard a few weeks before, and which ever since had not ceased to ring in her ears—"Fail! There's no such word as 'fail'!" And the light burned more steadily in her eyes.

Soon Kitty found herself, for the first time in her life, in a first-class railway carriage; but for once she did not notice her advance in the social scale.

Snow-covered fields, snow-laden hedges, snow-burdened trees, all passed in swift succession, till they stopped at their station, and took their way to a hotel.

It was to be a grand concert. No seats were reserved, because all had been taken at the highest price, and it was expected that the room would be a gay sight. Nor were the managers disappointed. Toward eight o'clock carriage after carriage deposited its contribution of laced and feathered dames at the door of the concert-room, till, as the advertised hour approached, the seats were fully occupied by men and women in evening dress.

Nina stood in the little room set apart for the singers, and gazed with envy in her heart at a stout-jolly looking woman bordering on fifty who was laughing and chatting easily with the manager. With a delightful ease of manner she was rolling and unrolling a piece of music in her hands. Why not? Had she not sung to an applauding public for thirty years, and what, to one who had taken the most difficult passages in opera music to the satisfaction of a crowded theatre, was this small audience, aristocratic and critical as it might think itself? Her position was secure; she could even afford to be careless. More, she could afford to be kind to the girlish creature with the great eyes who looked at her with such envy.

"You are to sing to-night for the first time, I believe?" she said, drawing near to her.

"Yes," answered Nina, unable to say more.

"You must not allow yourself to be nervous. There is nothing to be nervous about. Where did you study?"

"At Leipsic."

"Oh, I was there too, for a winter! Well, you may just remember for your comfort, when you go in to sing to these people, that it is likely that not more than ten of them could tell whether you are singing well or ill—artistically well, I mean, of course. They will know if you sing sweetly."

Kitty mentally thanked her for her words.

"You will incline their favor to you at first by your youth and your prettiness. What? Oh, it is my turn to sing! Well, I wish you no more nervousness than I have—and that is not much. Ta, ta!" And she waved the roll of music in her hand as a parting sign.

They heard her sing. Kitty kept the door ajar, and they could hear the words falling from her lips in ripples of music. At the close of the song there came a long burst of applause that meant nothing less than an *encore*.

There was a hush, and the voice rose again.

"She sings no better than you, Nina," whispered Kitty.

Nina drew a long breath. She had heard her own voice rise and fall with the same clearness

and tunefulness. That very passage she had done to the satisfaction of her cross old German professor.

Amid rounds of applause the favorite stepped into the little back room, the smile still warm upon her face.

"It is a full house and an appreciative audience," she said, fanning herself. "Good gracious, how warm I do get with my exertion! I am far too fat. You, now—I dare say you will come back as cool as a cucumber. You are to sing only once. It is plenty for you to look forward to; but, if you get on well, you will be sorry you have not to go back—you will feel as if you could do much better the second time. Who is on now? That thin little man with a nose like a hawk's? Then your turn comes next. Well, well, keep up your heart. We all had the same to go through."

Kitty liked her for talking; Nina scarcely listened. She was eagerly noting how far forward with his song the dark gentleman was, and occasionally stealing glances at George Harris, who stood with his back to them, talking to the manager.

The song was ended. Applause was being given but scantily. Soon it died away, and, without any smiles brightening his face, the little dark man appeared.

"Now, miss, are you ready? This way, please."

Nina rose, heard George Harris' voice in her ear, but somehow could not make out the words he said—she fancied that they sounded like regret that she had come at all; loudest of all, however, encouraging, urging her on, was an inward voice repeating unceasingly, "Fail! There's no such word as 'fail'!" Then it seemed, without any movement on her part, that she was suddenly brought into the midst of bewildering lights, and a blaze of white and scarlet danced before her eyes, a buzz of voices filled her ears and turned her brain. She had not power now to remember her role.

Kitty, having also caught a glimpse of rows of white and scarlet, and opera-glasses, it seemed to her, endless in number, leveled at the white-faced Nina, clasped her hands tightly and lowered her head to listen. George Harris crossed and recrossed the room with rapid, lengthened strides.

Never in all her life had Kitty passed through such an ordeal as this. Her finger-nails were cutting into the flesh in her efforts to keep still.

How slowly the moments passed. Surely no former pause had been so long as this! Could there be any reason for it?

"Some little delay," said the stout singer, good naturedly.

Kitty clenched her hands more tightly and threw her body forward to listen. Still no further sound than the busy hum of whispers, and now and then a cough.

"A mistake about the music probably. Ah, there—it is set right!"

For the first notes had been struck with a firm hand on the piano, and the hush of expectancy had settled down on the room. Kitty drew a long breath. A minute, and the few bars were played. Now!

No sound—nothing but unbroken silence; then a faint clapping of hands—alas, to encourage, not to applaud!

"Mr. Harris," Kitty gasped, "something has gone wrong!"

George Harris took the hint instantaneously; he had passed Kitty and was on the platform ere her speech was well ended.

There he saw a pitying audience whispering kindly, and applauding encouragingly his pale-faced shrinking protégée. Simply dressed in white muslin, she looked like a bewildered child, her eyes full of pain, as if some dread spirit was haunting her and she was hopelessly seeking relief. Her intelligence returned when her eyes fell upon George Harris.

"Never mind! Come away, Nina. My darling"—in a low, impassioned whisper—"it was cruel to allow you to come!"

She started. A light broke over her face like sunshine after a cloud. A moment's pause; then, in a clear voice, forgetting to whisper, she said:

"I will sing, please. I am ready. I can do it, I think."

Her words reached the ear of the pianist; and, only too glad, he began his work. Instinctively Nina stepped forward from her close proximity to George Harris, thinking for the moment far more of him than of the crowd below her. If it had been a maze before, dispossessing her of all ideas, it was a maze now far under her. The door of her true kingdom had been opened to her, and she only turned her head, as it were, to sing her joy into this. No sooner was the last note of the prelude touched than her voice rose clear and unflinching, tremulous, indeed, with feeling, but that only enhanced its sweetness. How she sang—sang as she had never sung before, as she would never sing again; for, at this supreme moment of her life, it was relief untold to let all her passion, her old pain and her new joy, swell out in melody!

Kitty heard and was thrilled with the tones of her sister's voice; and when, at the close, the plaudits came in such force that the house rang again, the girl, with a sob of relief, bowed her head and wept.

"Encore! Encore!" was the cry from many a lip.

But George Harris was firm in his remonstrance, and Nina never questioned his mastery. She would have sung on for ever to please the delighted people; but she would rather a

thousand times follow the bidding of him she loved. So, with shy smiles plying like sunbeams on her face, and the color heightening and fading in her fair cheeks, she passed away from the public gaze, sheltering under the shadow of his love.

"She is too sweet a bird that to come much to the front; she will nestle into some good man's heart, and he will not spare her to the public."

So said a good old lady among the audience, who, in her corner, was wiping tears from her eyes; and greatly would it have pleased her had she known that already what she had prophesied was approaching its fulfilment. Nina had passed away into that kingdom of which fairy tales have vainly tried to interpret the spell, the true world of romance, which, open to the toiling workwoman, makes her toil sweet gain, and, closed to the high-born beauty, robs her of her noblest birthright.

The veteran singer went forward with her congratulations.

"There is no doubt of your being a success. You will make us all jealous."

Kitty caught her sister's hand, and, trembling with excitement, put her splashed cheek against Nina's. It was dry, and dimpled with smiles; her trembling had passed.

"Nina, Nina," whispered Kitty, "I have been so miserable!"

"Poor Kitty!"—kissing her gently.

"When do you sing again?" inquired their new friend, curiously.

George Harris answered:

"That is quite uncertain; isn't it, Nina?"

"You know best"—smiling, but dropping her eyes shyly before his.

"It's my opinion she means to let him lead her by the nose," said, later, the lady-singer, in a confidential chat with the manager. "I don't believe she has an idea of her own value. But she is young; she will know it better by and by."

In the meantime the three had gone to the hotel. George arranged for the girls' comfort, and then went himself to spend the night with a friend. Kitty stood with her arm round Nina's neck.

"I always said you would succeed; and you have. But, oh, what a time it was before you began! It was awful! What was it, Nina?"

Nina shuddered at the recollection.

"I don't know. Just at the moment when I was to begin, fear suddenly swept down on me; my spirit seemed to melt away, and then there was nothing but terrible confusion, and my head whirled."

"What changed you, then, and took the nervousness so entirely away?"

But Nina did not tell her.

On the following morning, leaving Nina resting on the sofa, Kitty sallied forth to make a few purchases and see the strange little country town. She had half hoped that George Harris would be her escort, and, while talking over their mutual delight in Nina's success, would show her the principal sights of the town.

But George had not appeared, and at twelve o'clock Kitty decided that she could wait no longer; she would go alone, and see the shops and the people; and, despite her slight disappointment at their friend's non-appearance, never a lighter-hearted girl trod the streets than was Kitty. It was positively a relief to get some exercise for her physical powers, and her heart danced so merrily.

Down the main street she tripped; at all the drapers' shop windows she stopped to admire and conjecture what the stuffs therein displayed could be made up at, and how Nina would look in this and she in that; what would suit best as a trimming, and what styles were most becoming to them. It was abundant luxury to Kitty to stand there in the slush and think that the choice was actually open to them now. Nina had secured their fortune, and there were possibilities—she might say probabilities—of untold wealth in store for them.

"Nina may be a lady of title, yet," she said, exultingly to herself. "She may be anything she likes. There was that pretty ballet-dancer at Berlin; a prince married her, or, if he was not a prince, he was next door to it. A girl that only danced! I could have done as well, I believe, in that line, if I had been as shameless; and if she got a prince, why not Nina, who is so beautiful, and will be so famous? And who knows who will marry me? Perhaps the prince's brother!"

On her fancies ran, till they were directed into a new channel. A large, luxurious-looking carriage, filled with ladies, was being drawn in dashing style along the wide street.

"There, now, is the very kind of carriage Nina and I will have—and just such high-stepping horses."

Then she began to wonder what color she should prefer the cushions to be—purple or cinnamon-brown—and decided ultimately in favor of the latter, because she could have the liveries of the men to match.

Happy Kitty! Not many get their wild dreams so nearly realized.

Up the streets and down the streets, in blissful dreamings, the girl loitered, wondering occasionally that George Harris did not turn up anywhere. If he would come, they might have such a good talk about Nina's brilliant prospects; she could rattle on, sure of sympathy from him—and a sympathetic listener was all she needed to add to her happiness. Little suspicion had she that, while she was wandering on with light step, surfeiting her soul with delight, George Harris and Nina were enjoying themselves after a different fashion.

Not ten minutes had elapsed after Kitty's departure before a visitor had been admitted to Nina, and, rising hastily, a memory of the previous evening depriving her of words, she had found herself advancing with burning cheeks to meet her master. But how unnecessary are words when two souls attract each other! They meet and mingle mutely and swiftly.

When at last they talked, George asked, with some trepidation:

"Then you are content to come to the home of a quiet-going professor?"

"Quite content"—with a smile that told more than her words. "My future looks quite beautiful to me!"

Could Kitty but have heard!

"You will carry beauty with you wherever you go, my darling," said her lover, fervently; and a thankfulness possessed him that he was to be linked in the future to a soul that would create beauty wherever it might dwell.

Kitty had grown tired at last of her wandering, and became curious as to George Harris, where he could be, and as to whether Nina were alone all this time. So she turned her steps to their hotel; and, hearing from a waiter that their friend was in their room, she ran up lightly to find the cause of his absence. No suggestion of the advisability of knocking entered her mind, no suspicion of such a necessity being possible could have found its way into her consciousness.

Round went the handle with a whirl, and into the room she tripped, eager speech on her lips.

Poor Kitty!

Stopped short in her advance, in her speech, she stared with widened eyes at her sister's hasty movement and smiling confusion, at George Harris, smiling, too, as he rose to greet her.

"Good morning, Kitty! You look scared!"—laughing.

Kitty gulped something down, but found no words to do more than return his greeting.

"Good morning!"

George pitied her. He went forward kindly.

"The truth is, Nina and I have been stealing a march on you this morning—I have been persuading her, and she has promised to be my wife. Will you be pleased with me for a brother-in-law?"

Tears were actually in Kitty's eyes, but not the tears that fall. Alas, where was the prince now—and the prince's brother? And far, far worse, Nina was hers no longer. She did not answer his question; she asked another, her surprise still in her eyes.

"And will she go on singing?" But of course she will.

"We don't know yet. Nina says she does not care for fame. She is content with the prose of domestic life; and since I have learned to love her I have grown jealous of her."

The purple or the cinnamon-brown cushions were superfluous now. Possibly no carriage at all would await the Professor's wife. Prosy enough seemed such domestic life to Kitty. She could scarcely believe that Nina would deliberately throw herself away.

"Is it true, Nina?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, dear Kitty, all true. I can scarcely believe it myself; I am so happy."

Upon which George caught her hand, and, forgetting a third presence, they looked trustfully into each other's eyes. Their joy seemed complete.

But it was hard for Kitty!

AT CARCASSONNE.

BY HENRY JAMES.

The country, after you leave Toulouse, continues to be charming; the more so that it merges its flatness in the distant Cévennes on one side, and on the other, far away on your right, in the richer range of the Pyrenees. Olives and cypress, pergolas and vines, terraces on the roofs of houses, soft, iridescent mountains, a warm yellow light—what more could the difficult tourist want! He left his luggage at the station, warily determined to look at the inn before committing himself to it. It was so evident (even to a cursory glance) that it might easily have been much better that he simply took his way to the town, with the whole of a superb afternoon before him. When I say the town, I mean the towns; there being two at Carcassonne, perfectly distinct, and each with excellent claims to the title. They have settled the matter between them, however, and the elder, the shrine of pilgrimage, to which the other is but a stepping-stone, or even, as I may say, a humble door-mat, takes the name of the Cité. You see nothing of the Cité from the station; it is masked by the agglomeration of the *ville-basse*, which is relatively (but only relatively) new. A wonderful avenue of acacias leads to it from the station—leads past it, rather, and conducts you to a little high-backed bridge over the Aude, beyond which, detached and erect, a distinct mediæval silhouette, the Cité presents itself. Like a rival shop, on the individual side of a street, it has "no connection" with the establishment across the way, though the two places are united (if old Carcassonne may be said to be united to anything) by a vague little rustic faubourg. Perched on its solid pedestal, the perfect detachment of the Cité is what first strikes you. To take leave, without delay, of the *ville-basse*, I may say that the splendid acacias I have mentioned flung a summerish dusk over the place, in which a few scattered remains of stout walls and big bastions

looked venerable and picturesque. A little boulevard winds round the town, planted with trees and garnished with more benches than I ever saw provided by a soft-hearted municipality. This precinct had a warm, lazy, dusty, southern look, as if the people sat out-of-doors a great deal, and wandered about in the stillness of summer nights. The figure of the elder town, at these hours, must be ghostly enough on its neighboring hill. Even by day it has the air of a vignette: of Gustave Doré, a couplet of Victor Hugo. It is almost too perfect—if it were an enormous model, placed on a big green table at a museum. A steep, paved way, grass-grown like all roads where vehicles never pass, stretches up to it in the sun. It has a double *enceinte*, complete outer walls and complete inner (these, elaborately fortified, are the more curious); and this congregation of ramparts, towers, bastions, battlements, barbicans, is as fantastic and romantic as you please. The approach I mention here leads to the gate that looks toward Toulouse—the Porte de l'Aude. There is a second, on the other side, called, I believe, the Porte Narbonnaise, a magnificent gate, flanked with towers thick and tall, defended by elaborate outworks; and these two apertures alone admit you to the place—putting aside a small saltpore, protected by a great bastion, on the quarter that looks toward the Pyrenees. As a votary, always, in the first instance, of a general impression, I walked all round the outer *enceinte*; a process on the very face of it entertaining. I took to the right of Porte d'Aude, without entering it, where the old moat has been filled in. The filling-in of the moat has created a grassy level at the foot of the big gray towers, which, rising at frequent intervals, stretch their stiff curtain of stone from point to point. The curtain drops without a fold upon the quiet grass, which was dotted here and there with an humble native, dozing away the golden afternoon.—*October Atlantic.*

PREPARED FOR THE CHOLERA.

A middle-aged negro, who seemed to be laboring under considerable excitement, halted a policeman on Larned street yesterday, and asked:

"Say, boss, what 'bout dat 'Gypskum cholera de papers are makin' sich a fuss ober?"

"Why, they have the cholera over there," was the reply.

"An' she's gwine to spred to dis kentry?"

"It may."

"An' dey say it's powerful hard on de cull'd populashun. Man up Woodward ave. to'd dat it jumped right ober white folks to get at a black one."

"I believe that's so."

"Wall, Ize gettin' ready for it. Ize carryin' an onion in each beeches pocket. Women in de market tole me dat was a sure stand off."

"I shouldn't wou'er."

"An' Ize drinkin' a cup full o' vinegar wid kyann pepper sprinkled in. Hardware man tole me dat was a boss thing."

"Yes."

"An' Ize soakin' my feet in sour milk free nights in a week and rubbin' my spire wid kerosine ile. Batcher up Michigan avenue tole me dat was a sartin preventive."

"I should think it was."

"An' Ize got tarred paper an' cut-out soles to wear in my bates. One of de aldermen tole me dat de cholera allus strikes de feet fust thing. I reckon it won't get frew dat tarred paper. An' Ize been chewin' a gum made of beeswax an' taller, wid a leetle camphor gum rolled in. An' Ize bin bled twice in de last month, an' had a tooth pulled, an' my ha'r cut, an' my photograph taken, and I reckon if de cholera comes friskin' around Detroit I nee'n't be oneasy."—*Detroit Free Press.*

VARIETIES.

The Magliabechiana Library, at Florence, has bought of Count Luigi Capponi the important collection of writings regarding Fra Gerolamo Savonarola, which had been collected by Count Carlo Capponi.

M. PAUL MEYER has discovered another old French manuscript—this time in a private library at Contraat. It is a fragment of a versified life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, dating from the thirteenth century.

WILL CARLETON is described as tall and slender, with very much the look and appearance of a young country clergyman. He began contributing to the papers when but a boy, and was poet of his graduating class in 1869, since which four volumes of his poems have been published, their aggregated sales amounting to two hundred thousand dollars.

IN contrast with the time when praises of Eugenie's beauty filled the papers, and she was the recognized leader of fashion, comes this late picture of the ex-empress. "A rather stately looking woman, in deep black, not a bit of color anywhere; about her eyes the twinkling ripples that the years make, around her mouth the deeper drawn lines of sorrow; a sallow face, hair with gray in it."

At Seitendorf, near Neutitschein, in Moravia, is a wooden church erected in the fifteenth century. During repairs which were being recently carried on, some very old Gothic pictures were discovered hidden away under double folds of linen cloths. The Governor of Moravia has directed the Royal Conservator of Antiquities

and Historical Objects to take those pictures under his protection.

IN commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the defeat of the Turks by Sobieski (1683), an exhibition has been opened in the Stadthalle, at Vienna, of historical objects associated with that event. There is a large collection of books and medals, the tent of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustafa and a chain used for binding Christian prisoners, all lent by the King of Saxony.

THE Comte de Paris, although he has assumed no new appellation since the death of the Comte de Chambord, signing himself simply "Philippe, Comte de Paris," has modified his arms, taking what are known as "les armes Frances." The label which characterizes the arms of a younger branch disappears from his escutcheon, which now bears simply the three golden fleurs de lis upon an azure field.

AT Udine, after eighty-five years, the lion of St. Mark, which was pulled down at the time of the French invasion, has once more been put up on a Corinthian column in the middle of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele. The new lion is in Vicenza stone and is the work of the sculptor Signor D. Mendini. Like the lion at Venice, one of its paws, raised, rests on the Bible, on the open pages of which are cut the words: Pax tibi, Marce, evangelista meus.

A SOMEWHAT original style of spending a honeymoon is reported from Russia. When Count Sheremetieff married the Countess Heyden he hired the steamer *Olya*, which is now taking them up the Volga. Numerous wedding guests accompany the Count and Countess Sheremetieff, and the party on board the *Olya* includes a band, twenty singers, a photographer, a physician, male and female cooks, besides a numerous staff of servants.

IT is said that the Prince of Montenegro, who some time ago closed all the cafés and drinking shops in his dominion, regarding them as schools of effeminacy, extravagance and corruption, and abolished all titles, so that while formerly every other man in Montenegro was an "Excellency," now even the ministers have to be content with plain "Mr.," has recently issued an interdict against all "luxurious wearing apparel," including cravats, gloves, walking sticks, parasols and umbrellas.

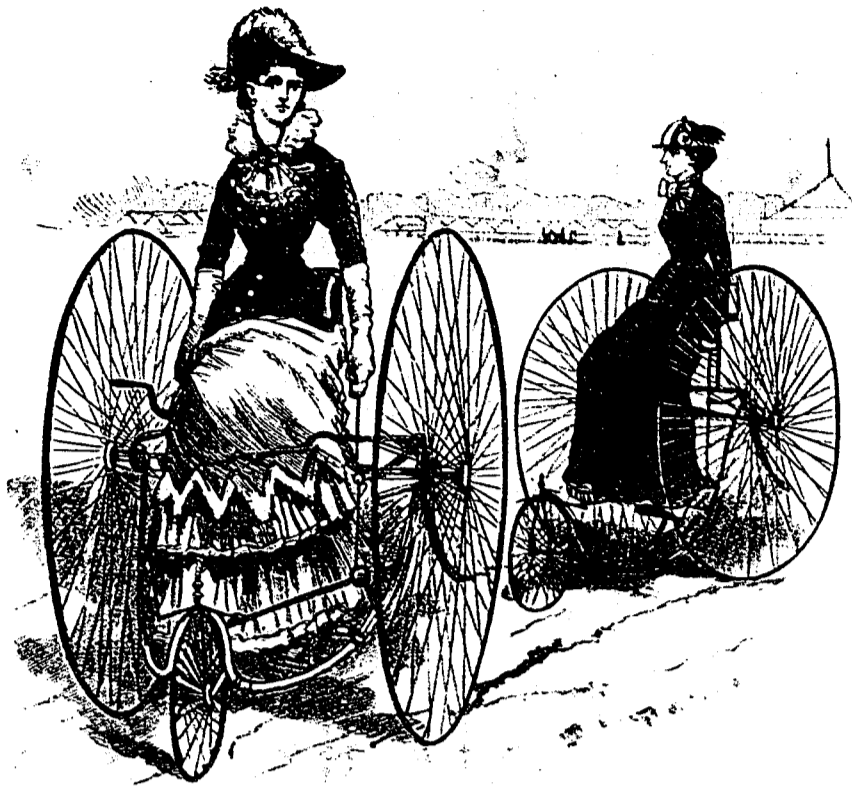
THE monument in memory of Alexandre Dumas, père, which is to be unveiled in October on the Place Malesherbes, Paris, is the last work of Gustave Doré. The novelist is represented seated before a table, in loose morning dress, writing. On the pedestal in front is a group formed by a young girl, who is reading aloud one of Dumas' works to a young student and a workman, who appear deeply interested. At the back of the pedestal is a figure representing Dumas' favorite hero, d'Artagnan, with plumed hat and fiercely curled moustache, and wearing the picturesque costume of Louis XIII.'s mousquetaires.

THE late M. Siraulin, the dramatic author, was a true type of the *boulevardier*, and especially of that imperial corps who are rapidly dying out. When, at the instigation of a friend, who became his partner, he started the celebrated confectioner's establishment in the Rue de la Paix, he always felt out of his element. He could never give it the close attention which a Paris business needs. He was much more at his ease in the greenroom of a theatre than in his shop. He was a *bon garçon* not in the full Parisian acceptance of the term, as he did not shine as a confectioner's *garçon*. But he was thoroughly popular with all who knew him.

Mlle BERNETTA (Miss Clara Brustein) returned last week from a seven years' stay abroad to her Cincinnati home. Mlle Bernetta is described as a brunette, with mobile face of perfect oval, brilliant dark eyes, beautifully arched brows and extremely graceful in carriage and manners. She brings with her many trophies of success which rewarded her efforts as a song-bird in the Old World, among them a wreath of velvet bay leaves, each one tipped with a golden berry, with which she was crowned at Naples on the occasion of her debut there as *Norma*. It will be remembered that Verdi called Naples the crucial city for both composer and singer, and so it is still considered, hence Miss Brustein exhibits the token of public appreciation and favor gained there with evident joy. Cincinnatians are, without doubt, justly proud of the success their young townsman achieved while abroad, and anxious that she should soon favor her own city by appearing before them. We understand that her manager, Gerome Eddy, has received overtures on Miss Bernetta's behalf from both Strakosch and Thomas, so the American public may soon hope to have the pleasure of listening to her.

SCIRIO, N.Y., Dec. 1, 1879.

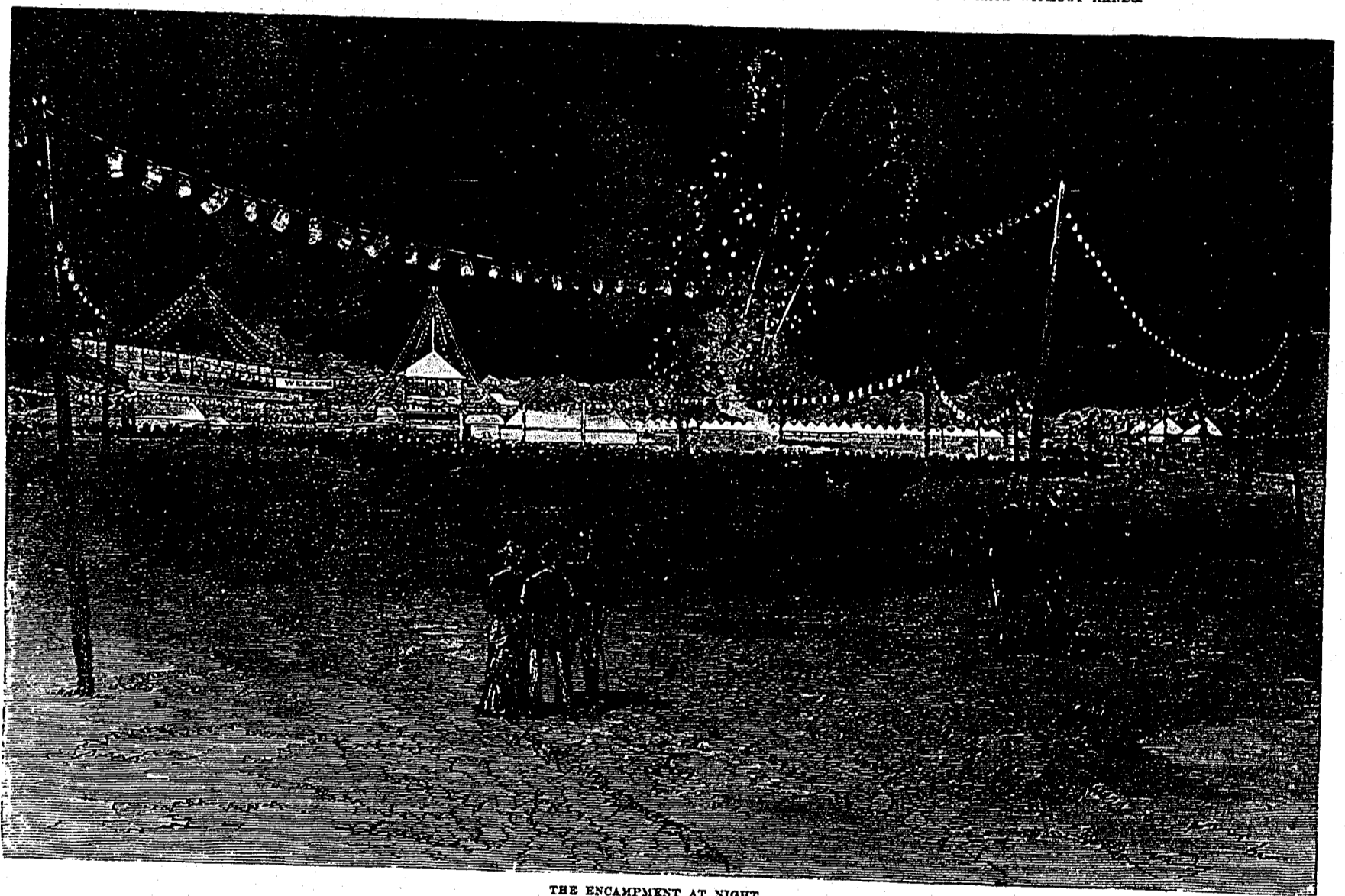
I am the Pastor of the Baptist Church here, and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my solo family physician, and advise in many chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both commend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.



LADIES RIDING THE TRICYCLE.



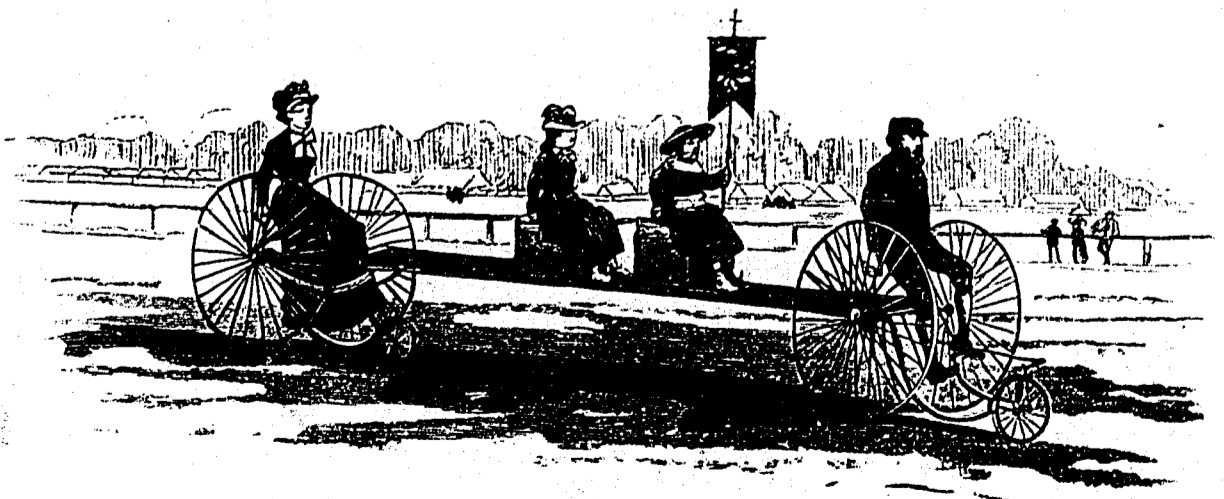
ONE-MILE RACE WITHOUT HANDS.



THE ENCAMPMENT AT NIGHT.

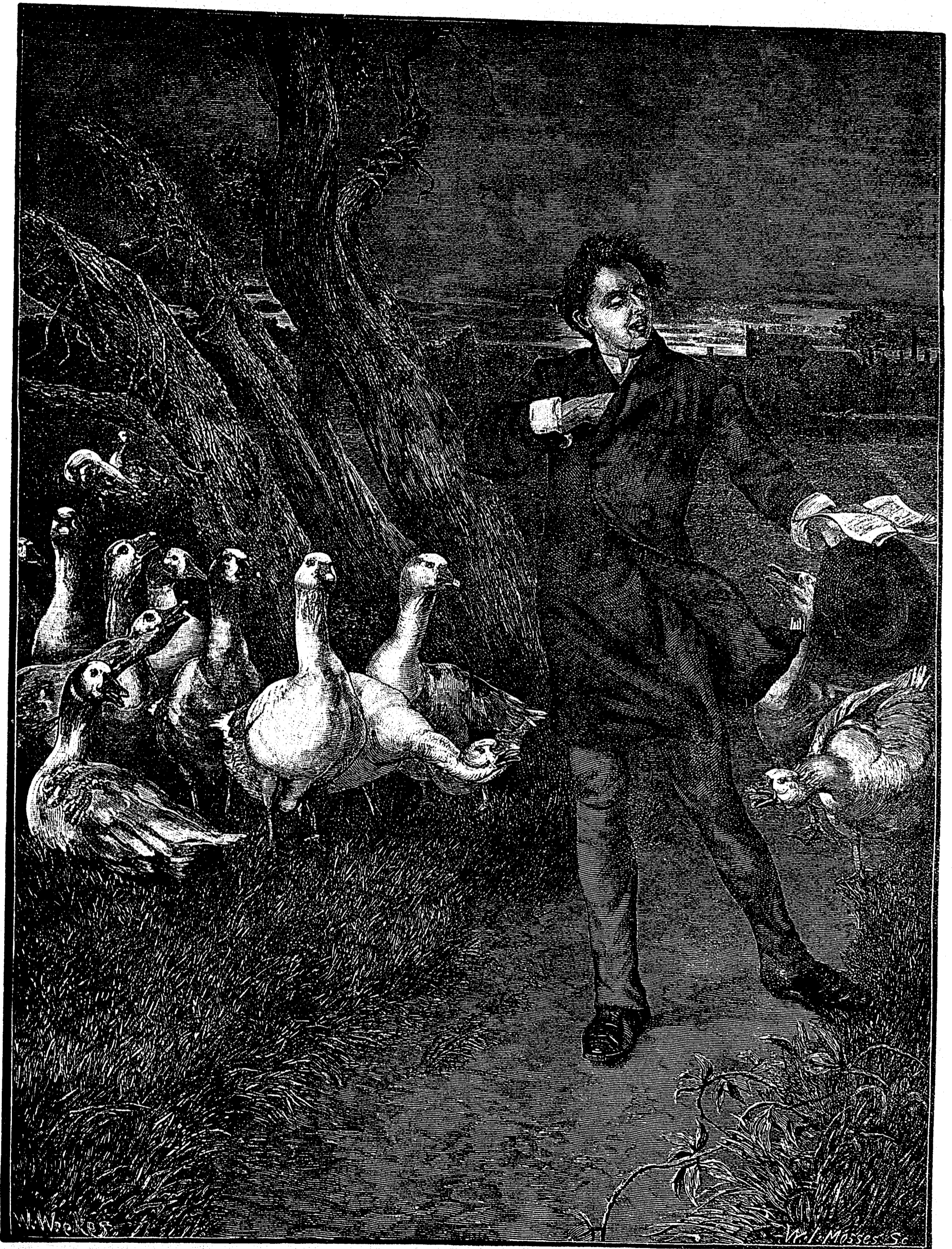


GATEWAY TO PARK.



FAMILY TRICYCLE.

THE GREAT BICYCLE TOURNAMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



THE VILLAGE ROSCIUS PRACTISING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE ELEPHANT SOLDIER.

Long, long ago, on India's plains,
There reared a battle fierce and strong;
The din of musketry was heard,
And cannon's roar was loud and long.
Old Hero marched with stately tread
His part to act in the affray;
And on his back, above all heads,
The royal ensign waved that day.

Fondly the soldiers viewed their flag,
Which shook its colors to the air,
Proudly the mahout rode, and sent
His watchful gaze now here, now there.
Till "Haft!" he cried; and Hero heard,
And instantly the word obeyed.
When, lo! a flash, a shriek, and then
His driver with the slain was laid.

Oh, fierce and hot the conflict grew!
Yet patiently old Hero stood
Amidst it all, the while his feet
Were stained, alas! with human blood.
His ears were strained to catch the voice
Which only could his steps command,
Nor would he turn when men grow weak,
And panic spread on either hand.

But yet the standard waved aloft:
The fleeing soldiers saw it. "Lo!
We are not conquered yet," they cried,
And rallying, fell on the foe.
Then turned the tide of conquest, and
The royal ensign waved at last
Victorious o'er the blood-stained field
Just as the weary day was past.

Yet waited Hero for the word
Of him whose sole command he knew—
Waited, nor moved one ponderous foot,
To his own captain's orders true.
Three lonely nights, three lonely days,
Poor Hero "halted." Bribed nor threat
Could stir him from the spot. And on
His back he bore the standard yet.

Then thought the soldiers of a child
Who lived a hundred miles away.
"The mahout's son! fetch him!" they cried:
"His voice the creature will obey."
He came, the little orphaned lad,
Scarce nine years old. But Hero knew
That many a time the master's son
Had been the "little driver" too.

Obediently the brave old head
Was bowed before the child, and then,
With one long, wistful glance around,
Old Hero's march began again.
Onward he went. The trappings hung
All stained and tattered at his side,
And no one saw the cruel wound
On which the blood was scarcely dried.

But when at last the tents were reached,
The suffering Hero raised his head,
And trumpeting his mortal pain,
Looked for the master who was dead.
And then about his master's son
His trunk old Hero feebly wound,
And ere another day had passed
A soldier's honored grave had found.

THE LITTLE RUSSIAN
SERVANT.

"Who's that?" said the Countess, stepping in
front of a young girl of fifteen or sixteen, bent
over an embroidery frame. The young girl rose,
prostrating herself three before her mistress,
then getting up remained standing, her hands
hanging by her side, her head slightly bent for-
ward under the investigating gaze of the Count-
ess, who through her eyeglass closely scruti-
nized her.

"It is the new girl, Your Highness," an-
swered the head lady's maid, coming forward
with the air of importance that thirty years'
employment gives to matter what functionary.
"She is the daughter of Foma, of the village of
Ikonine. She is come in her turn to pay her
father's debt—he is in Moscow."

"These peasant girls can do nothing," said
the Countess, with a wearied air. "What do
you expect to get out of this one?"
"She can't embroider, Your High-
ness; pray look yourself. She can be put to
the embroideries—not to the ground, but to the
trimmings. This is for the toilet table of Ma-
dame la Comtesse."

The noble lady, who could hardly see, being
shortsighted from her birth, examined the em-
broidery frame so closely that the tip of her
nose grazed the cloth.
"That's not bad," she said. "Come here,
little girl."

The little girl advanced, and the Countess in-
spected her as minutely as she had done the em-
broidery.

"How pretty she is! What's your name?"
"Mavra."

The word came like a breath from the rosy
lips.

"You must speak louder if you want us to
hear you," said the head lady's maid angrily.

Mavra turned her large blue startled eyes
toward her, let them drop, and said nothing.

"Sit down to your work," said the Countess,
amused at her new toy. With a quick, graceful
movement the young girl resumed her seat on
the wooden chair, and the needle firmly held
between her agile fingers went in and out of the
stuff with that short, sharp noise that stimulates
the action of the hand.

"That's right, you may go on," said the
Countess, her nerves irritated by the regularity
of the movement.

Then turning her back upon the young girl,
and trailing the heavy, rumptuous folds of her
dressing gown along the carefully washed pine-
wood floor, she disappeared through the door,
which was respectfully closed after her by the
head lady's maid. The Countess, an accom-
plished mistress of a house, made a practice of
paying a daily visit to this room, which was re-

served for the women of her service. Mavra was
left alone in the workroom—a large, well lighted
chamber, furnished simply with tables and
chairs for the use of the innumerable women and
girls invariably attached to the service of those
noble ladies who knew so well how to maintain
their rank in that blessed time of serfdom. At
this hour the workroom was empty. Some of
the women were washing, others ironing, some
cleaning and turning up ide down everything in
the private apartment the Countess had just
left. The young peasant girl, with her needle
uplifted, rested her ruddy hand upon the edge
of the frame and looked around her.

What multitudes of embroidered gowns, with
their rich lace trimmings, hung there on the
wall, waiting some slight repairs!—what end-
less petticoats, with their ornamented flounces
all freshly ironed, on cords along the huge room!
—what countless lace caps, worn hardly an
hour, pinned to a pin cushion as large as a pil-
low, used only for this purpose! and there, in a
basket on the corner of the table, what piles of
cambric chemises, delicately piped and pleated,
trimmed with Valenciennes lace and ornamented
with bright ribbons! And all this for one
person, without counting the silk stockings in
that other basket and the rings by dozens worn
by the Countess on her thin fingers. In this
world of living beings under God's heaven, what
importance given to one person that needed so
many other persons to serve her! and how the
nothingness of these was made more emphatic
by the dominance of that! Mavra sat wonder-
stricken. The head lady's maid, coming into
the room, found her still in a state of stupor,
stupidly staring above all at having made these
reflections.

"Well, you are lucky!" she said to her, with
a boastful look. "Our Countess took a fancy
to you at the first glance; you are now on the
list of embroiderers! You may thank God for
it. It is not often the Countess takes a fancy
like that at first sight."

"I—she, then, unkind?" innocently inquired
the girl.

"Unkind! Oh, no; capricious, like all
mistresses, but the kindest lady in the world,
and generous! Besides, this is a rich house;
nothing is counted—nothing at all."

This was true, nothing was counted; neither
plate, nor gold, nor precious objects—in short,
nothing; and yet nothing was ever stolen.
What was the good of stealing? What could be
the use of stolen things in a place like this, re-
mote from towns, where you could not wear
them, since you might be detected and arrested,
nor sell them, as there were no tradespeople?
In this lordly mansion, the doors of which were
never shut, nothing within the memory of man
had ever been purloined. As a set-off to this
the candle was kept burning at the two ends;
but are not candles made to be burned, and if
so, is it not the right thing to burn them up as
quickly as possible, since there are others ready
as soon as these are consumed? This was the
economic principle that ruled this old provin-
cial seigniorial mansion, where very little else
had to be purchased save tea, coffee, sugar and
wine—all other things being furnished by the
bounteous earth which produced the harvests
and fed the cattle.

"This is better than your village," continued
Dacka, proud of belonging to such noble mas-
ters and desirous to impress on the mind of the
simple peasant girl the importance and dignity
of the functions she was promoted to.

"It is more beautiful," replied Mavra, bend-
ing intently over her work.

"It was lucky they taught you to embroider,
else you would have been sent to the poultry
yard to feed the cocks and hens and look after
the calves. How did you learn?"

"My mother taught me. She was formerly
in service; she was a *devoevia* in the time of
the late Countess. She married a peasant."

"Ah!" said Dacka, "I thought your manners
were not quite those of a peasant girl; if your
mother was in service, that's another thing.
Come, take a cup of coffee with me. Prepare
the coffee pot and make haste before the others
come. I can't ask every one, you understand."

In this way, honored by the Countess's eye-
glass and favored by the lady's maid's coffee,
Mavra began her life as an embroideress, which,
to all appearance, was destined to go on in-
definitely, to save her father from more irksome
toil without remuneration. The arrangement
suited the Countess, and as she had a passion for
embroideries, a passion shared by most Russian
ladies, she preferred having a good embroideress
in her workroom to having a peasant at the
plough.

To Mavra there was but little difference be-
tween the *isba* of her father and the workroom
of the seigniorial mansion. Here, as there, her
life was spent in assiduous work from sunrise to
sunset. There her mother, an austere, sombre
woman, like most village matrons to whom life
had proved no light matter; here, the lady's
maid, often grumbling, but at times kind and
even condescending. The chief difference be-
tween the two modes of life consisted in the
daily visit of the Countess, who generally said
nothing, but passed with a solemn air through
the roomful of silent, awe-stricken women. But
one thing was lacking to Mavra, and this nothing
could replace—the evening hour of rest which
she used to spend by the fountain when sent to
draw water for her mother, or on the threshold of
their old cabin watching the spring rain falling
soft and warm, melting the snow so quickly that
its thickness might be seen visibly diminishing;
or, again, in the month of May, standing at the
edge of the forest listening to the nightingales

singing on the delicate golden branches of the
perfumed birch tree.

Winter passed fairly well, but when the first
breath of warm air set the melted snow stream-
ing down the roofs, which again the night's
frost transformed into long stalactites of ice,
Mavra felt a strange vague aching in her heart.
The house was overheated, and the close, nau-
sious air made her sick. What would she not
give to run as of old over the moors to see if the
moss were beginning to appear under the crys-
tallized transparent carpet of snow.

"What is the matter with this little girl?"
asked the Countess one day as she stopped
before the frame at which the young peasant
girl was diligently working. "She was as fresh
as a rose, and now she has grown yellow. Do
you feel pain anywhere, Mavra?"

Mavra raised her blue eyes to the noble lady
who, for the second time in her life, deigned to
address her, and replied in her low voice—

"Nowhere, Your Highness."

"Then why are you so yellow?"

"I don't know, Your Highness."

The Countess dropped her eyeglass and looked
kindly at the young girl.

"I know," said she after a moment's pause,
"the child wants air. She came here from her
village, and has passed the whole winter stoop-
ing over her frame. Henceforth, little girl, you
must go out into the fresh air twice a day, and
must learn the service of my bedroom; this will
give you exercise."

Thereon the Countess quitted the room, fol-
lowed by Mavra's grateful eyes now filled with
tears. From that day Mavra worshipped the
Countess; to approach her, to touch what she
had worn, to serve her, to receive her orders and
to execute them with the utmost speed and
dexterity was the great joy of the humble girl.
Her mistress, wrapped in all this gorgeous
luxury, the elements of which had been so long
under her eyes in the workroom, appeared to her
as some august being nearer her Creator than
any other of her fellow creatures. Not only did
Mavra pray to God for her, but at times she
inwardly prayed to her as to a saint, thinking
the pleadings of a being so superior must have
equal weight with the powers of heaven as with
those of earth.

That mouthful of fresh air that Mavra drank
in twice a day soon brought back the bloom to
her cheeks. Happiness had a share in it. But
spring, that came with strides to make up for
lost time, was the chief worker of this miracu-
lous cure. The days went on lengthening, ready
to melt into each other as they do at the sum-
mer solstice. And during these long evenings
the young girl loved to stand leaning against
the barrier of trelliswork serving as gate to the
courtyard of the seigniorial mansion, watching
the young peasant girls slowly wending their
way to the fountain with their empty pails, and
coming quickly back bent beneath their burden,
their heads stooping under the wooden yoke that
connected the buckets. Their time had passed
in gossip, and the mother or the mother-in-law
was waiting with a sharp reproof at home.
Mavra would gaze at the tall birch tree by the
gate as it gently waved in the evening breeze its
long branches, like those of a weeping willow,
and low and then see through them a pale star
in the pale sky, shining and seeming to be say-
ing something to her. The noises from the
river, the last horses returning from their even-
ing drink passing at a quick trot before her
shaking their wet manes, the distant songs, faint
as an echo, of the peasants returning in their
telegues from their day's labor—all these rustic
familiar things brought back the sweet memory
of the past and made her live in joyous anticipa-
tion of the future, a soothing and brightening
her path.

The young grooms noticed the pretty girl
that came out and stood every evening by the
gate to breathe the air "by order of the Coun-
tess." They mustered courage at first to say
"Good evening," then to add a few words.
Young Russians of this class are neither rude
nor forward so long as brandy does not flow in
their veins, and the Countess was implacable on
the score of drunkenness. Mavra answered in
her sweet voice, and sometimes laughed, show-
ing her white teeth. But no one dared ven-
ture further with her. She would slip, as it
were, through their fingers, and run scared into
the house. After a few attempts the young lads
grew accustomed to her reserved ways, and, to
speak frankly, they liked her all the better. The
coachman Simeon alone, who was not used to
such dainty damsels, his superb beard and black
velvet garments always winning at least a kiss,
taken and given back with good grace—Simeon
tried one evening to steal close to the pretty
girl while she, in her reverie, was gazing at the
stars. He approached without letting himself
be heard, and succeeded in getting his magnifi-
cent beard close to the young dreamer's cheek.
Warned by a rustling, she started suddenly,
turned her head, and in the movement received
the kiss she wished to avoid.

"Oh!" she said, with inexpressible horror,
wiping her cheek so violently with her sleeve
that she tore the fine skin.

All the servants around laughed, for Simeon
had prided himself on a better reception.

"Don't try this again, Simeon, or I shall tell
the Countess." Her eyes filled with tears at
the insult, and she looked at him with a menac-
ing air.

She spoke in a tone so earnest, so deeply
hurt, that the head lady's maid stopped the
laughter by saying with a voice of authority:—

"Mavra is a good girl and is right to reserve
herself for her future husband. You are a good

girl; and you Simeon are a lubber to have
frightened her in this way."

The coachman tried to pass it off with a joke,
but Dacka was more than a match for him; it
was no easy matter to have the last word in a
discussion with her. Simeon soon gave it up.
Mavra silently disappeared, and while the dis-
pute was still going on, she, with head buried
in her pillow, was sobbing bitterly.

She cried with shame at the rude liberty that
had been taken with her in the presence of all
the others, and for something besides that; for
her wounded modesty; for invincible disgust.
Had no one been witness of the scene she would
have shed the same burning tears. She could
not have said why; had she been questioned,
her only answer would have been, "I don't like
it." But to say why, she was incapable.

And so in tears she fell asleep, before the
other girls, less sensitive, had returned from
their daily stroll with their sweethearts.

From this day forth all treated with deference
the girl's reserve. The story was told to the
Countess by the discreet head lady's maid, and
the noble lady looked scrutinizingly at the
young girl when she came to attend on her, but
not a word of praise or blame was uttered; and
Mavra took for granted that no one thought
more of the adventure.

Summer was already on the wane when the
noble mansion, habitually so tranquil, was sud-
denly filled with noise and gaiety. The young
Count Serge had sent his carriages on before
him; saddle horses and hounds were stamping
and neighing in their stalls and barking in
their kennels as though the one aim of life were
to make the most noise possible in a given
time.

"How handsome he is, our young Count!"
Dacka kept on saying the livelong day, to while
away the tedious hours in the silent workroom.
"It was I received him in my arms when he was
born."

And she repeated again and again, with inex-
haustible complacency, the history of Serge's
birth, and the legend of his boyhood up to the
moment when this dear treasure of her heart
had gone to join the corps of pages, his trunks
laden with cakes, jams, and all that could possi-
bly be eaten under heaven.

The work-girls gave listless heed to these
hundred-times-repeated narrations, but Mavra
was never tired hearing them; it was like re-
ceiving gospel into her heart. Her good and
revered protectress made all things dear and
venerated that touched her nearly, and this
only son, loved, adored, longed for, became a
supernatural being, a kind of Messiah to her.

One morning at the end of August as Mavra,
who had risen early, was crossing the courtyard
to go waken up the laundress, who had over-
slept herself, she saw galloping along the en-
closure a *troika* of black horses with their heads
covered with bells.

"It's the young master," thought the little
servant; and without giving herself time for
reflection she ran to the ponderous gate and
threw it wide open. At the same time the bril-
liant equipage arrived; the coachman pulled
together his noble beasts, and without slacken-
ing their gallop they shot like an arrow past
Mavra, and ten steps further on stood still at
the foot of the steps. Dazed, her heart thrilled
by she knew not what impression of fear and
joy, she received full in the face the gaze of two
large, black, amazed and amused eyes.

"How like his mother!" thought Mavra as
she closed the huge gate that shut with a heavy
bang.

She turned slowly toward the steps as Serge,
jumping down from the carriage, looked round
at her again; he smiled when he met her blue
eyes full of simple admiration, and, giving her
a friendly nod, entered the house of his fathers.
A minute after he was by the Countess's bedside,
pressed lovingly in her arms.

When they had chatted two whole hours, as
they finished their tea, Serge, re-collecting him-
self, suddenly said to his mother—

"What is this new acquisition you have
made, mother? A little fair haired Raphael
opened the gate for this morning?"

The Countess thought for a moment.

"Ah! I know," said she; "it's Mavra—a
virtue—my dear child. A strange little creature
who adores me."

"She is quite right," replied the son respect-
fully. "What do you do with her?"

"She embroiders in the afternoon, and in the
morning she attends to me; but, Serge, you
must be prudent. My house is strictly kept;
don't you go and amuse yourself making gallant
speeches to my girls."

"Oh, mother! what do you take me for?"
carefully replied the young man. "I think of
a woman only when she is in a casket suited to
her style of beauty. Now, here you may have
pearls, but the casket is totally wanting."

They burst out laughing together. Only those
who thoroughly understood these two beings
could have guessed beneath this light talk the
strict propriety of the mother and the son's
respect for the maternal home. But Russians
of the *grande monde* are so constituted that
when they have no vice they take all imagin-
able trouble to affect it.

On leaving the dining-room the Countess and
her son directed their steps towards the garden.
In front of the house, in the courtyard, they
met Mavra stooping under the weight of an en-
ormous pile of linen which she was carrying
from the laundry. The sheets held in under
her crossed hands reached so high that she had
to raise her chin and turn her head sideways in
order to see before her.

"See, there she is," said the Countess in French, stopping to look at her.

"It is hard to say whether she is a Raphael or a Greuze," said Serge. "This morning she had more the look of a Raphael with a Russian nose; it is a hybrid style of beauty, but it has a certain charm."

They continued their walk while Mavra entered the workroom with her pile of linen. When her hands were free she stood trembling and silent, as though she had been guilty of a crime.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" said one of the girls, pulling her by the apron.

"I don't know," replied Mavra. "I feel as if I had received a blow, and my hands keep on trembling."

"You have carried too heavy a load for your strength. Sit down and you will see it pass off." And in fact it did pass away in a few minutes, but from that moment Mavra was haunted by a pair of black eyes that little suspected it.

Her veneration for the Countess was in no wise diminished by this. On the contrary, she loved her more if possible. But in place of one idol she had two. By little innocent tactics that surprised herself, she succeeded in having the service of the young Count's room assigned to her, and thenceforth her happiness was complete. The care of the wardrobe was in the hands of the *chambre*, who scrupulously avoided doing anything else; and while Serge on his magnificent black horse was galloping along under the vaulted arches of the pine forests that interwove their long branches above his head, Mavra, penetrated by a sweet emotion, with profound gratitude to God for making her life so easy and happy, was smoothing with her delicate hands the fine linen sheets of the camp bed on which her dear young master slept and passing her hesitating fingers over the pillow. "He will place his head there when night comes and close his eyes in sleep." This thought made the young girl raise her hand and blush as though there had been a profanation.

Serge was the most brack-neck rider in the world; not from bravado, since for the most part he was alone when he performed his wild exploits, but from instinctive contempt for danger. With a bound of his horse he would leap over the hedges and ditches that enclosed the fields, and when the whim seized him, would launch his horse to swim across a river, never troubling himself to find a ford; it was so easy besides, in these feats of strength and dexterity a stolid indifference to pain or peril grows gradually along with feeling of the ridiculous when the best prudence is exercised.

One fine morning, clearing a hedge six feet high—there were none lower—the Count's horse stumbled and fell on its side. A touch of the spur made it spring up, but when Serge tried to spur the other side, that on which it had fallen, he suffered excruciating pain. Fortunately it was the last hedge, else he would have had some difficulty in getting home. He rushed on, however, and reached the entrance; but when he endeavored to rest his foot on the stirrup to alight he found it absolutely impossible, and amid the lamentations of the servants who had gathered around, he had to let himself be taken down from his horse and be dragged, as he said, like a bundle to his bed.

When he was duly unbooted and examined, the surgeon, indifferently with which he allowed himself to be handled and moved about, spite of the paleness of his face, did not lessen the fact that he had seriously fractured his tibia.

The doctor was sent for, in conformity with a precept of the Countess who preferred a bone-setter at hand to the first surgeon in the world two miles off. A horribly complicated dressing, bristling with splints and bandages, was applied to the leg, with very respectful but formal injunctions not to move and to remain in bed for six weeks.

Six weeks! and the sporting season good, and flights of partridges started every minute by the Count's dogs, hunting now for their own pleasure, the door of the kennel being seldom closed; the horses neighing from sheer weariness, and the grooms giving themselves lumbago, brightening up trappings that were now to lie unused.

The Countess was a good reader, spite of her eyeglass; she read untiringly, the result of which was to send the patient to sleep—infallible result; simply an affair of time, often in ten minutes, sometimes an hour. Serge's breathing would become more regular, the fever that colored his cheek bones would gradually disappear, and then the good mother, closing the book, would go about her duties as mistress of the house, leaving Mavra in charge of her son.

Gradually the needle of Mavra's embroidery work would slacken its motion, and for long hours her eyes remain fixed on the face of the sleeping young Count. Daylight would decline and no candles be brought, lest the healing rest should be disturbed. Seated near the window in the deepening shadow, the outlines of her figure relieved against the pale blue autumn sky in which her dear stars were fast gathering, Mavra would lose herself in a vague infinite ecstasy as she sat gazing at her sleeping young master, whom her heart only could now see. At the first sign of his awaking she was on her feet, with her hand upon the bell. On the arrival of the lamp Mavra would withdraw to the workroom. At night in her dreams she would continue her spiritual, almost mystical, contemplation of the beautiful fair head asleep on its pillow.

When Serge got well she was the prey of an implacable, unconscious, immortal love. Henceforth she belonged to her idol. Present or ab-

sent he was her adored master, for him alone she breathed. She would have almost hated the convalescence that day by day was taking him from her had not the young man's weakness obliged him frequently to seek her aid. Supporting himself with a stick in one hand and resting the other on Mavra's shoulder, he would walk round his room. She was happy and proud the day when, to give the Countess a surprise, she led him thus into the little *salon* where the Countess, thinking he was asleep, was reading a devotional book. The agitated joy of the mother and the nervous gaiety of the son brought tears to the eyes of the young peasant girl; but stoical, like all her race, she drove the tears back to her heart.

Serge walked alone with a stick, then without a stick, limping a little; by and by his firm elastic tread was heard again on the waxed oak floor. The northern early winter was come, snow already blocking up from time to time the seigniorial mansion, then melting under the breath of a warmer wind till the great winter blockade finally set in. One day a sledge, lined with fur, drawn by spirited horses, clinking the bells that studded the harness, drew up before the door. Serge and his mother stepped into it, waving a friendly farewell to the household that crowded around with noisy benedictions. The Countess was to pass the winter at St. Petersburg, where her son was to resume his service in the huzzars of Grodno. When they were gone, when the heavy gate which Mavra had opened one beautiful August day was shut, and the snow fell slowly in large flakes reflecting the colors of the prism, it shut out all the outer world from the inmates of the seigniorial mansion.

Mavra returned to her embroidery frame, no longer under the orders of the good Dacka, but under the capricious, fateful superintendence of a housekeeper charged in the interval with the work-room department. Life was not so easy, but what matters it to Mavra that there should be more harshness or less kindness? She did not live in the present. Her waking hours were passed in an innocent ecstasy that wore her away without suffering. She did not know this was love. Had she known it no amount of prayer or tears would have been enough to expiate her unpardonable sin. She loved just as flowers blossom; her idea was exalted, her dream pure, and she lived upon them. One less chaste would have died. And as regards the young Count, he had no idea of all this.

The Countess came back in spring, and the house resumed its grand, hospitable ways. Mavra was profoundly touched to find that her mistress, far from having forgotten, inquired kindly after her. She returned to her personal attendance upon the Countess, with more devoted fervor than ever. Later on the young master was to come. Dacka conveyed in a mysterious manner that he had something better to do than bury himself in the country. In the evening she confided to the laundress, in interminable whispers, secrets that were no doubt interesting, but which Mavra made no attempt to overhear, being by nature and taste discreet and reserved.

On the eve of St. John, when young girls plait crowns of flowers, which they throw into the river to see if they are to be married within the year, Mavra went, like the others, to consult one after this graceful fashion. She never dreamed of marriage; it was a closed world to her, into which she had no desire to penetrate; but she would plait a crown and watch it through the eddies of the capricious stream. The girls had thrown in their garlands. Mavra's got entangled in flowers that a young lad of twenty had just flung in. He was a carpenter. The two crowns whirled round in company, and vanished together from view at the bend of the river.

"Here we are engaged, Mavra," said the carpenter. "Let it be once for all."

"No," she replied, calmly, without blushing.

"Why, do you dislike me?"

"No, not more than other people. I don't wish to marry."

This was enough to make the carpenter persist in his wish. He tried every means—went the length of begging the Countess to intercede for him. Mavra, sent for by her mistress, gave the same explanation.

"Well, if the child does not wish to marry, leave her alone," said philosophically the excellent lady, who would have scrupled to force a fly to drink a drop of milk.

And Mavra by her own desire was devoted to celibacy.

In the month of September Serge returned, but only for eight days. He brought no dogs nor equipages with him this time. When he saw Mavra he gave her a friendly smile and then thought no more about her. When he went away his mother accompanied him, and the house was again plunged into solitude long before the usual time. Six weeks later news arrived that the young Count was married.

This announcement was the signal for great rejoicing. According to ancient usage barrels of sweet beer and hydromel were brewed; white bread and meat were distributed to the whole village. The poor had abundant alms and the whole retinue of servants had new dresses. Mavra had a handsome blue woollen dress and a silk handkerchief. No one was forgotten; debts in arrears were remitted, and the young girl was suddenly told she might return for the winter to her family, till her father could make new arrangements for the payment in kind of what he owed.

This was no joyful news for the young peasant girl, but resignation is an inherent Russian virtue; she packed up her clothes in a basket and one fine morning courageously set out on foot for her native village. She was received coolly by her mother. One month more to feed! besides which, peasants are sparing of their demonstrations of affection. After a few days Mavra relapsed into her old habits, bent all day over her embroidery frame by the narrow window, in the evening standing leaning against the door, gazing, as was her wont, at the stars. More than ever she loved them; behind these marvellous lights, that she likened to tears—for she was often sad now—she saw the black eyes and handsome face that had taken possession of her soul. As long as she was staying at the grand seigniorial mansion where the image of her idol met her at every step in familiar attitude, where she had only to close her eyes to see Serge before her, Mavra was happy; she was of those for whom the innocent and daily presence of the beloved makes the whole happiness of life. Here, where nothing spoke of him, she felt for the first time the pain of separation. Uneasy, she asked herself what it was that was torturing her to this degree, and the truth nearly dawned upon her. But she stopped at the thought, not daring to sound it further, saying to herself that there must be at the root of all this suffering some great sin she herself was ignorant of. Morning and evening she knelt long before the sacred images, imploring God to deliver her from her pain; and feeling herself soothed by this effusion of mystic tenderness, she kept her sadness to herself, still refusing to fathom it. But she was visibly wasting away; the smoky atmosphere of her home had now the same painful influence upon her that the want of fresh air had formerly when she first left her village. She passed the winter suffering, uncomplaining, unrelaxing in her work. Gradually she gave up looking at the stars. Not only did they more than ever look like tears, but no sooner did she turn her eyes toward the night than they filled with tears, so that she hardly knew whether it was the fires of heaven or her own tears that sparkled beneath her eyelids.

Spring came, though more tardily than usual; then summer with its field labors. The Countess seemed to have forgotten Mavra, who thought with ever more and more resigned sadness of this much beloved mistress. Her indulgence concerning the service dues of her family appeared to the young girl not a favor, but a punishment. At haymaking as at harvest young lads seek out the girls. Had Mavra wished it she might have found ten husbands. She was no longer quite young according to the notion of peasants who marry their daughters at sixteen and their boys at twenty. She was getting on to twenty, and her mother at times reproached her, treating her as a useless mouth, although Mavra's embroidery was readily bought by the traders from the large towns who came to the village twice a year.

In the beginning of September, Serge said to his young wife, who was about to make him a father—

"If you follow my advice you will yourself nurse our child."

"I should like to do so, but then I must have a trained, devoted servant, one endowed with all the virtues," answered the young wife, "and mamma says this is more difficult to find than a suitable nurse."

"It is quite true," said the Countess, present at this family council, which had taken place on an average three a week for the last four or five months; "but, Serge, now that I think of it, we have Mavra! the sweetest, quietest, most devoted of nurse-tenders!"

"Mavra! the very thing. How is it we never thought of her before? Not trained!—seeing she is unmarried, but so active and intelligent!"

The manager was written to, ordering him to send on Mavra by the convey which every year, about this period, brought to St. Petersburg fruits, preserves, salt provisions, linen, and, in short, all the products of the earth. The young girl once more packed her clothes up in her little basket, and took her seat on one of the long file of heavy wagons that slowly rolled along the roads for eight or nine days, she sleeping at night under the linen awning drawn over the chests of preserves, while the horses were in the stables and the wagoners by their sides. Sometimes on awaking she saw the stars, but they no longer brought tears to her eyes.

When the convey of provisions arrived, and Mavra, still dizzy, had made the necessary change in her dress, she was led into the room of the young Countess, where the whole family was assembled, augmented within the last few days by a superb new-born baby, which none of the servants knew how to manage.

"Here you are, Mavra. 'Good-morning!' said the triumphant father, taking up his son in his awkward arms, at the risk of making him roar still louder. "You have a light hand and a gentle voice. I give you my son to take care of."

"I humbly thank you," said the young girl, pale with joy. "I shall do my best."

She carried the infant into an adjoining room, where she soon learned the special care to be given to a child of noble race, which was as different from its cradle from that of little peasants, his brothers in God's sight, as he would be the rest of his life. Toward evening the young mother, surprised at no longer hearing the music her first-born had already had time to accustom her to, sent Serge to find out the reason of this unusual silence. The young master

entered the large dark room where Mavra was slowly pacing up and down, the child's cheek pressed against hers, warming it with her warm breath and the love of a heart henceforth happy. She was singing a pleasant lullaby in a low voice, inventing words to the tune. "Dear child of my master, sleep on your servant's heart that loves you, treasure more precious than all things, my joy, my share of happiness in this world . . . my little star . . ."

Serge returned on tiptoe to his wife.

"I think our minds may be quite at ease," said he.

Mavra is now old. She declares she has always been perfectly happy.

CAUGHT IN A LIE.

"I once had an example of how well it is to tell the truth," said a gentleman who was once a prominent candidate for Governor of Arkansas. "Some time ago I was travelling on horseback through a very lonely part of the country. I was never a brave man, and I was not in the least surprised upon discovering that I was scared. Every rustle of the leaves, every sudden cry of a bird startled me. I couldn't think of anything but robbers and desperadoes, and shuddered as I remembered a man who, years ago, had been found in the woods, murdered in cold blood. Every feature of the ghastly face came up, and I turned sick when the gaping wound in his throat rose before me with startling verisimilitude.

"When I thus reflected, a short turn of the lonely road, winding around a thickly wooded hill, brought me almost face to face with two men who seemed to be standing for me. Their horses were hitched to a neighboring grape-vine, and the suggestive manner in which they looked at the animal I was riding sent a thrill like a streak of ice water up my back. I saw at once that they were desperate men, and felt that they would not hesitate to kill me. Fight was out of the question, for any such move, on my part would, I was convinced, prove certain death. For the first time in my life I resolved to play the bully, and, assuming what I fancied was an unconcerned expression, I said, 'Good morning.' "How are you?" they replied. "Going far?"

"I don't know that it is any of your business," I replied. "I don't want any trouble with you, for I have decided to lead a better life. Never again do I want it said that I shed the blood of a human being."

"A bad man, I reckon," said one of the desperadoes.

"At one time I couldn't have killed such an occasion; but, as I told you, I have resolved never to kill another man. I hope you will not molest me."

"Hold on, partner!"

"I've got no time to talk."

"But hold on! What's your name?"

"I'm Bill Poston, the outlaw, and the man of whom you have often heard. I have killed men far less than this, and I don't want you to cause a breaking of my resolve."

"Do as you like about your resolve," said the taller of the desperadoes. "I don't know who you are, but I know that you are not Bill Poston, the robber."

"How do you know?"

"Because I am Bill Poston, and this is my brother."

"Oh, Lord! I supplicated. Have mercy on me!"

"Climb off that horse, C. p.; I reckon we'd better hang you right here."

"I begged, but saw no mercy in their eyes; I prayed, but I heard no answer."

"I'll teach you how to go around the country committing depredations and laying them on to me! Fine man, you are! Stole this horse, I reckon. John, get that rope off my saddle. We'll swing him up right here."

"They put the rope around my neck. I prayed in vain; I asked the Lord to forgive me for my sins, and closed my eyes, every moment expecting to be drawn up."

"If I let you go will you promise never again to use my name?"

"I swear I won't. Let me live and I'll be a better man. I'll do anything for you, and when I'm elected Governor I'll pardon you."

"All right; you may go this time. Take off the rope, John."

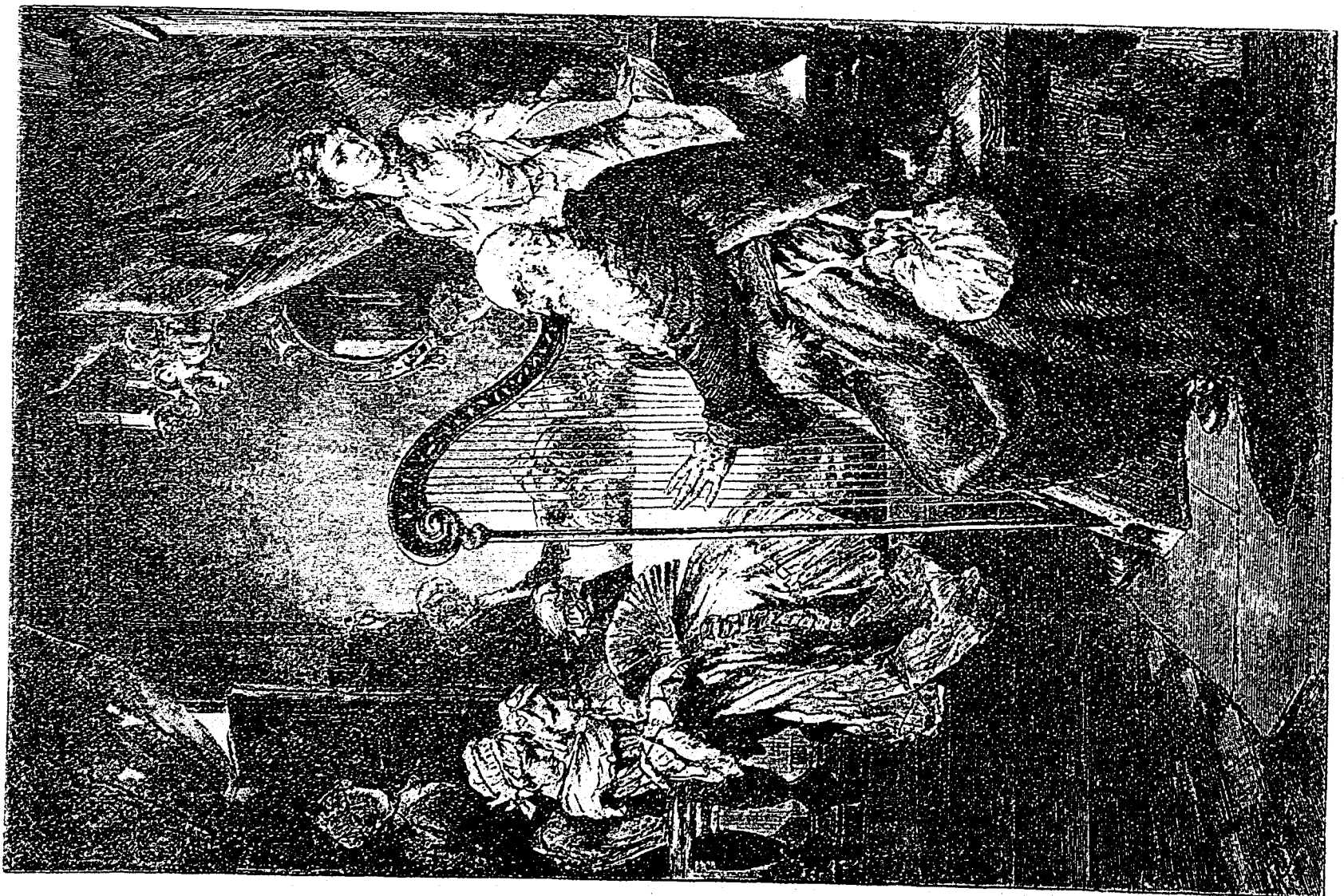
"I mounted my horse and rode away, with fearful thankfulness and a determination never to tell another lie. Next day, when I reached the place of discussion, a large crowd had gathered. When I approached the people were shouting with laughter. Great Alexander! Some one was relating my experience. Shoving my way forward, I recognized in the speaker the tall man who had accused me of taking his name. I could not face the crowd and left as rapidly as possible. The whole thing was a joke. At the election I was defeated by an overwhelming majority."

A WORLD OF GOOD.

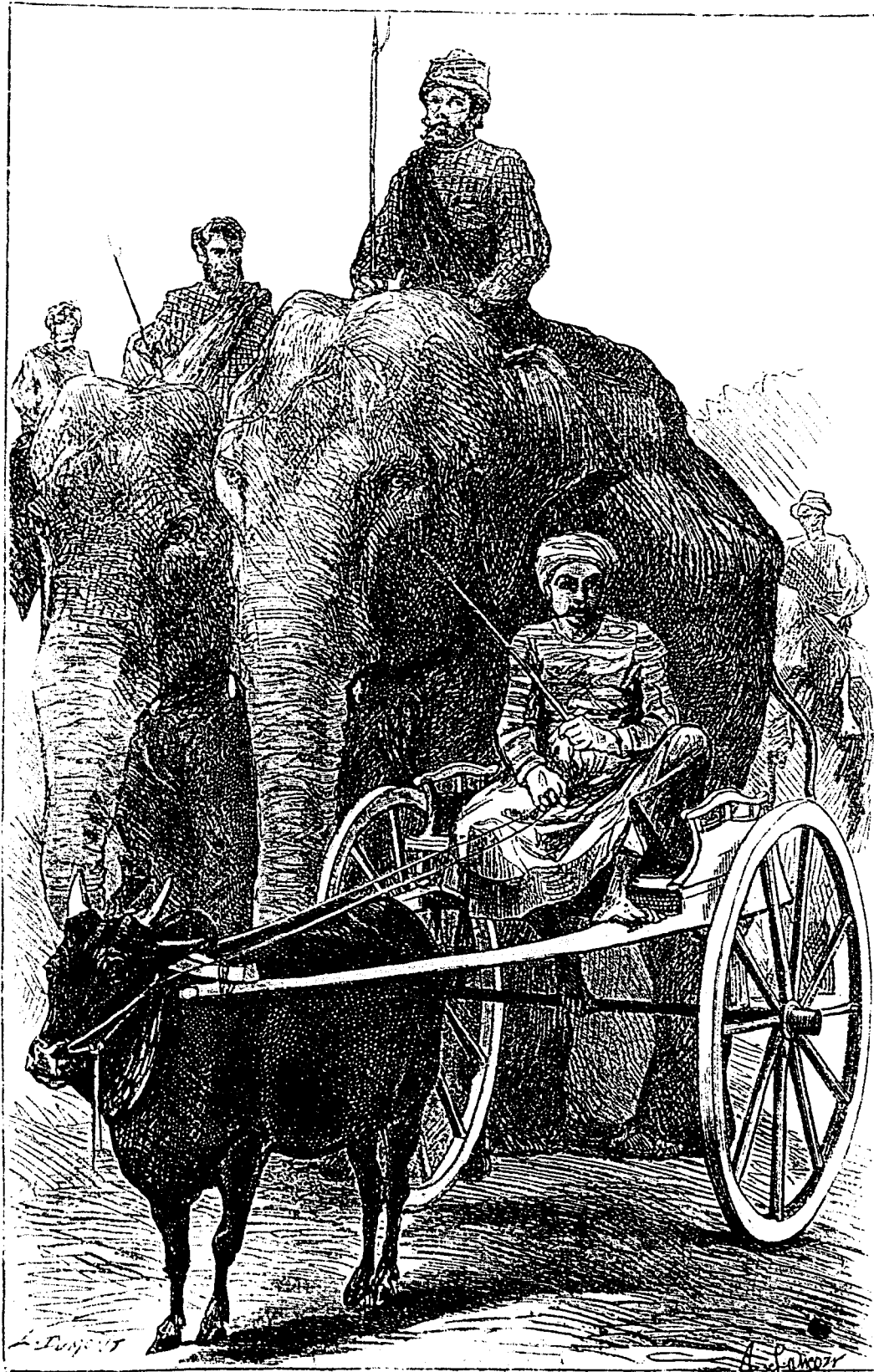
One of the most popular medicines now before the American public, is Hop Bitters. You see it everywhere. People take it with good effect. It builds them up. It is not as pleasant to the taste as some other Bitters, as it is not a whiskey drink. It is more like the old-fashioned bone-set tea, that has done a world of good. If you don't feel just right, try Hop Bitters.—*Nunda News.*



MARGUERITE'S FIRST MEETING WITH FAUST.



THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.



THE CINGALESE.—TYPES AND CUSTOMS.

THE GRAND PARADE.

The billows are out on grand parade
In their uniforms of blue;
Their white plumes toss in the passing breeze,
And their stumps are strong and true.

They march to the life-notes of the gale,
And the breaking surges' drum;
While the banners flash in the noon-tide light,
And the sea-gulls cry, "They come."

They come, and their march is a thousand years
Aye, a thousand years thrice told;
They shake the earth with their lofty tread,
And their heart-beats grow not old.

They give no heed to the haughtiest foe,
But on in their high career,
Mid lightning's flash, and the thunder's crash
They laugh in the face of fear.

The centuries sat and gazed amazed,
Yet the crowding billows came;
With their plumes still tossing in the breeze,
And their uniforms the same.

They came, sometimes like the rough dragons
Sometimes with the cannon's roar;
Sometimes they rush in the Northeast raid,
Till they terrify the shore.

Sometimes as still as the lovers' stroll,
When the moon walks in the sky;
Kissing the strand with their liquid lips,
And soothing it with a sigh.

They march till they touch the frozen North,
Then down to the Summer zone;
Still on, to remotest isles away,
To the eyes of men unknown.

They bow but to one Supreme behest:
To but one Commander's rod;
"Thus far," is the only law they heed,
And that law they know, is God.

And the coming centuries unborn,
Shall watch by the wave-washed shore;
Though the nations rise, and kingdoms fall,
The billows march ever more.

So, the waves of influence go on,
Our own, is an endless flow;
And all whom we reach for good or ill,
We never shall fully know.

SIMPATICA.

A dictionary would give sympathetic as the English translation of this comprehensive Italian word, "simpatica," and philologically the dictionary would be right. But far beyond the limits reached by this mechanical rendering, "simpatica," like charity, spreads its cloak over a crowd of moral and personal qualities, and includes within itself graces of various kinds and beauties of diverse forms. Active and passive at once, "simpatica" both sympathizes with and is pleasant to others. Like a mirror it reflects what it sees—like a star it is its own illumination by which its loveliness is made manifest. It gives and it receives; it loves and is beloved; it feels with and is felt for. The word is a word of power, and the quality which it represents is one of the most potent in all the catalogue of human moral possessions. Between those two sisters, what is it that attracts every one in Amanda, so that the sorrowful go to her for comfort and the joyous carry to her their happiness—as we go to the living fountain when we are thirsty, as we hear flowers on the bridal altar—while all the world keeps far away from Astarte, and is content to admire from a distance, and to pay homage without offering love? Between those two sisters there is not a question which is the more beautiful, the more intellectual, Astarte is a goddess to look at—a Corinne to listen to; while Amanda has a nose which leaves much to be desired, a skin that would be freckled in an Arctic winter, a figure which a lover's prejudice itself could not commend, and not an "ology at her command. All the same, Amanda is "simpatica," and Astarte is not. And even when she does kind things, and says gracious ones, Astarte does not touch the heart of those who hear her and whom she benefits so much as does Amanda when she simply sits and listens, and lets others pour out their hearts as they will. Through the soul of the one runs a certain glacial vein which seems to freeze up all that makes a woman "simpatica;" the whole heart of the other is one uninterrupted tract of warmth and softness—a rich soil, a genial air, and in consequence thereof fair flowers and useful fruits. The one is not "simpatica;" the other is; and volumes could not improve, though they might enlarge on, this definition.

There comes to the table-d'hôte a stranger unknown to any of the older guests. Before the dinner is over every waiter is her slave, every man her admirer, every woman her willing handmaid. She is pretty, but not overpoweringly lovely. Her eyes are large and soft and dark and tender; her smile is sweet and frank with the faintest touch of melancholy, like the down on fruit or the first colouring of an unopened bud; her manner is gracious and graceful; the tones of her voice are subdued and musical; her hands are white, well shaped and fine in texture. When you speak to her she listens with attention, with an air of self-giving for the one part and of reception for the other; when she speaks to you you are absorbed in what she says and when she leaves off you wish she would go on. It is not that she says anything worth hearing. She has evidently studied little and thought less. She knows nothing of science, of politics, of history, of philosophy. She has traveled one mile to your hundred, and her home has been her universe. Her accomplishments do not go beyond a little needlework and a little music; and in the resolution of the great mysteries of life she is nowhere. Still, for all that, you admire her

in her speech, and wish that the sweet, low voice could go on rippling its major nothings in a kind of musical cadence, which hold your heart though they leave your head untouched; and when she rises and leaves she seems to take with her all the light and melody and perfume of the hour. Ask yourself, what is the secret of her charm! She is "simpatica." She has no other merit. But this is that which includes all the rest—which creates all the rest! If she were not "simpatica," she would be nothing; being this she is all that most delights, most enchants, most warms, and rejoices those who know her.

All young people are, or should be delightful. The latter inflection is too often rounded off with: But are not; chiefly because they fail in this mysterious quality of "simpatica." There comes into your society, as the friend of your friend, a young girl who is introduced to you. You, a woman of more than a certain age and of quite a certain position, enter the room where your friend and the new arrival are sitting. The introduction is made generally. The young woman, sitting a little defiantly as well as awkwardly on the edge of the chair, remains sitting. She does not get up, does not smile; does nothing but make a faint and curiously cold inclination with her head, as if she had been a superior person to whom you were rather humbly presented; and when you, willing to be cordial, hold out your hand and bid her welcome, she puts into it the tips of five rigid fingers and looks as if displeased by the contact and the familiarity. Her after manners confirm the ungenial impression created by her first bearing. She is always defiant, always cold and repellent, and as if stuck round about with moral spikes; always as if afraid she will lose her dignity by being amiable—lower her pride by being sweet. She says sharp things when she has the chance, and she never does gracious ones—even though she has to go out of her way to avoid doing them. She starts hard and straight, and no return stare of those who object to her scrutiny can make her lower her pale grey eyes. She means no harm; she is in no sense bad or wicked; she is only insensitive, without delicacy of perception because without "simpatica." She plays the piano well, but she plays like a machine which has been perfectly arranged and is thoroughly wound up. For any extra grace given by soul or passion she has not a trace. She is simply an efficient kind of vitalized barrel organ, and with faultless execution contrives to take all the paths, all the poetry, all the suggested romance out of the most noble pieces in her repertoire. She is the last person in the world to whom a child would go for comfort in its sorrows, for help in its lessons, for aid in its difficulties, for companionship in its games—the last in whom a woman would confide, or to whom a man would look for feminine counsel. Hard, inflexible, granitic, she has of youth only its rounded outlines and smooth skin, of womanhood only its unserviceable muscles and physical form. She is essentially without that divine quality which we celebrate when we say that such a one is "simpatica;" and being thus without it, she can neither give grace nor call forth love.

In strong contrast to her stands that tall and graceful girl for whom at first sight you feel that kind of interest which experience tells you further knowledge will develop into affection. Not critically beautiful, her brow and eyes are of that sweet and thoughtful type we mean when we say, "Madonna-like." Her soft brown hair is parted simply on either side and the eyes which look at you with the tenderness of a Botticelli are fine and full of intellect. Her manners are the perfection of a young girl's manners—without consciousness, simple, thoughtful for others, without self-consideration or self-seeking in any way. She is courteous to every one, and to the old she is specially courteous. Her music is the music of true genius. Her instrument is the violin; and the great musician of Rome, whose whole soul is full of poetry and whose life is filled with harmony, listens to her, as much entranced as surprised. Were she poor, she would be famous. As she is, she is the charm of a limited circle only; but what a charm! how tenderly beloved! how frankly loving in return! She has genius of a rare type; but it does not make her conceited nor self-conscious. It only makes her more tenderly alive to beauty, to love, to grace, wherever she finds it; because she has a soul as well as a mind—because she is "simpatica" as well as gifted.

That nice young fellow who talks to every one by whom he sits, and knits up local companionships all around, he too is "sympatico." He makes even that cold, dry man of the world smile, and when others come in between, he is welcomed back to his old place, as would not have been the prettiest woman at table. Good-tempered, unconscious, kindly, he is everything we most like in a young fellow who has ceased to be a boy, but has not yet put on the hardness of manhood. Time and experience—especially if that experience be unfortunate—may rub off the finer qualities which he possesses now. From the good tempered, genial, light-hearted and "sympatico" fellow he is to-day, he may become suspicious, soured, repellent and dry.

The transformation will be great and regrettable if ever it comes to pass; but meanwhile he is as bright and charming a youth as one can well see, and no one is indifferent to his merits.

This quality of "simpatica" excuses a great many defects. This cameriera Gigia is greedy, curious, grasping. She is the chief spy on your "piano," and you know by proof that she spends

all her spare time in peeping through the key-holes of the various rooms to see what the inmates are doing. She is also jealous with all an Italian's jealousy; clamorous for "quattrini," and not always truthful. Nevertheless, outside this nucleus of bad qualities she has that divine grace of nature which makes her "simpatica" when occasion demands. If you are ill, she will nurse you with the tenderest devotion, and think nothing a trouble that will soothe your pain or hasten your recovery. If you are sad, she will do some little extra service, as if to give you a moment's pleasure and have a moment's respite from your sorrowful thoughts. While you stand in the sunshine she is her worst self; when you are in the depths of the shadow she is her best. Her worst is very bad, her best is very good. It depends then on your own nature whether you forgive the one for the sake of the other, or allow your indignation and disgust to overpower your gratitude and admiration. If you are "simpatica" on your own account you will do the former; if you are a pessimist the latter. It will not be difficult to say which it will be if you are wise and a philosopher.

To be "simpatica" is to hold the key of true clarity. No one who is this can indulge in the ill-natured surmises, the cross-cornered comments, the slanderous insinuations so sadly rife in society. No one who is "simpatica" repeats damaging stories or believes in shameful interpretations. Rather to one of this kind human nature is a thing to love, and its shortcomings are to be pitied rather than condemned—pitied as one pities failure of all kinds—from Sisyphus onward. Ah! we should do ill without this lovely quality to help us forward! It is the rose in the moral garden—the sweet in the intellectual sauce—the fruit to the close bread of duty. To feel with and for others. What a glorious widening out and enriching of one's life that is! How it increases our joy because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others—how it renders selfish brooding over our own woes impossible, because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others! Not generosity only, not kind-heartedness only, nor courtesy, nor unselfishness, nor keen perception, nor quick understanding—it is all these, and more than these. He who is "simpatica" has his entrance into all hearts and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint as without calculation he receives back without measure as without conditions.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept 15.

THE King of Holland has invited the King of the Belgians to pay him a visit at the Hague.

SOME people do not think it improbable that Mr. Tennyson will give us some verse *apropos* of his sea trip with the Premier.

MR. KYRLE BELLEVILLE is credited with the intention of becoming the manager of a London theatre ere long.

LONDON has witnessed this week the introduction of a four-wheeled hansom. It has some good points about it, and is a useful addition to the circulating medium.

THE portraits drawn for Mr. Black's novel, *Yolande*, of the heroine, by Mr. Overend, are said to strongly resemble a beautiful American young lady.

DURING the twelve nights on which Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Helen Terry acted at the Royalty Theatre of Glasgow the receipts amounted to upwards of £4,500.

THE Red Cross has been assumed by the burglars as their special sign. Any one finding such a mark on his premises had better give immediate information to the "protectionists."

MR. GLADSTONE has been solicited to play next month on the accordion at a fancy fair for the benefit of a charity. It is not generally known that our worthy Premier is very proficient on this chief of street nuisance instruments.

PEOPLE are dropping slowly back to town, and in a sort of shame-faced way hostesses are giving little "parties of consolation" to the unlucky mortals who cannot stay out the orthodox September amid continental excitements or country scenery.

THE building of the Prince's theatre in Coventry street is progressing with wonderful rapidity. In fact, the shell of the theatre has been completely erected. It is in advance of the surrounding building, which is to be constructed for shops and even an hotel.

THE latest addition to the English language is, it appears, the word "squip." It seems to mean a small measure of ardent spirits; but we are not certain on that head, because the learned authority who introduced it to the public notice the other day acknowledged that he was suffering from "squips."

A SYNDICATE of English capitalists has resolved to bring Italian dairy produce to England in great quantities. All the mechanical and scientific appliances for keeping the stuff as fresh as possible during the transit between the two countries will be brought into requisition.

THERE is to be an æsthetic school in Kensington to which the inhabitants of the æsthetic houses can send their children. It will be red brick, of course, and the little boys are all to wear knickerbockers according to the true Queen Anne model, which, happily, is green and yellow in its hues.

THE Garrick Club is undergoing a complete external transfiguration. An internal renovation will also take place before it reopens to admit its hundreds of talented and agreeable members. The club keeps up its reputation in every respect, and it has been famous for many things material as well as "brained."

FOR many off seasons town has not been so full of Americans. They seem this year to have arrived later or to have delayed on their way. The pacification of Ireland has detained many of them at Killarney. The National Gallery overflows with tourists studying their guide books and then looking up at the pictures. But the Fisheries take most of all.

THE Vauxhall and Cremorne Gardens' elements of attraction have been fully copied at the Fisheries Exhibition, therefore we are not surprised to hear that before the grounds and doors close it is proposed to give a grand costume entertainment, the idea being fishwives' dresses for the ladies, and the costumes of sailors of all nations for the males.

THERE will be an opportunity for enterprising newspapers to send their specials off on a mission which may prove profitable to the journals who are paying away too much to their staff. The mission would be ostensibly to report the next earthquake at Ischia, which the noted "volcanologist," Rudolph Falb, has calculated from unerring signs will take place on the 15th of October.

THE Millbank penitentiary is for sale, the Government having moved the establishment to other quarters. Now that club and is developing so rapidly, and quarters are difficult to get, this might be found eligible. Any Radical club about to begin business would find it cheap and suitable, and would certainly not feel any hesitation on account of the prison occupants.

THE Americans propose to get up an international lawn tennis tournament with England with some heavy prizes, hoping that what is done in the finance way in the United States will be covered by a like amount in England. Next year the contest is to be in London, the following one in New York. This is all right and amicable enough. Could not the two trials of skill take place in the same year?

ONE would think it difficult to be poetic about the leek, but a Welshman, at the recent concert given by the Marquis of Bute, offered the scent (incense, that is to say), of his homage to a fair singer, by presenting her with a leek, and these lines:

"This leek I send thee, lovely fair,
Thou' not like Pistol's to be eaten;
But on thy bosom proudly bear,
As once her gallant sons did wear
When Kymru's deadly foes were beaten.
'Twill fire thy soul with thoughts so grand
Of this thy much-loved native land—
Her song, her chivalry, her glory,
That thou wilt sing as ne'er before
Was sung in princely halls of yore
Thy noble countrymen's proud story."

DID SHE DIE?

"No!
"She lingered and suffered along, pining
away all the time for years."
"The doctors doing her no good;"
"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters
the papers say so much about."
"Indeed! Indeed!"
"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A DAUGHTER'S MISERY.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed
of misery.
"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic
trouble and Nervous debility.
"Under the care of the best physicians.
"Who gave her disease various names,
"But no relief.
"And now she is restored to us in good health by
as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned
for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

FATHER IS GETTING WELL.

"My daughters say:
"How much better father is since he used Hop
Bitters."
"He is getting well after his long suffering from a
disease declared incurable."
"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."
A LADY OF UTICA, N.Y.

THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

One glorious picture oft uncalled, but welcome,
Rises before me from a vanished time:
The strangeness of its beauty falling o'er me
Like the rich twilight of a sunny clime.

'Tis never out of season—that old story
The picture brings me—for I can it over,
And find it wondrous in the time of blossoms,
And in the ripening time grand as before.

Where floors of marble wind through gates of beauty,
I gaze, the carven glories all between,
And see, within a hall enthroned, a monarch
Goodly of form and beautiful of mien.

There seems a solemn passion in the silence
To throb and thrill, as there before the king,
Two women, deathly pale with strife and anguish,
A fair young babe into the presence bring.

And one is youthful—her dark eyes and tresses,
And glossed brown cheeks, telling of Egypt's
strand—
The full, soft, melancholy lips resembling
The immemorial statues of her land.

But sadder than the wail of wretched exile,
Comfortless by the stranger's river-wave—
Sadder than distant strains of wedding-music
To widow by her husband's new-made grave,

Is the great woe that presses on her spirit,
The troubled vision in her eyes that shine,
And the mad loneliness thrilling through the fingers
That with the baby-fingers clutch and twine.

Her sorrow-freighted thoughts go backward—back-
ward—
Where joy was found disguised in misery:
So much, so much we lost, yet to her bosom
The mother-love from every stain is free.

And simple words flow from her heart's deep sorrow:
"At midnight, while I lay upon my bed,
This living child was stolen from my bosom,
This woman gave to me her baby dead:

"Thy handmaid slept, O king! as one who trusted
Her treasure safe, and waking turned to see
What death had kissed, but lo! the grace was want-
ing—
And beauty of the dear one born to me.

"Thou, that in wisdom rulest thine own people,
Judge with just judgment from thy righteous
throne—
Thou, who art ever merciful to strangers,
Favored of Heaven, oh, give to me mine own!"

The other speaks. Her beauty to my spirit
The presence of "a joy forever" brings:
While even with awe I mark her eye's cold splendor
Meet with a level glance the mighty king's.

Judea's lily-buds in early girlhood
Had made the fitting garland for her brow;
And still that brow is fair, but she, the fallen,
Would for its decking pluck no lily now.

She stands before the king in robe of scarlet,
In vain delights of France and clasp of gold,
And skilled embroiderer's work and lace of purple,
For these—her better life was sold.

Fearful she stands, and yet with proud scorn,
Her bosom shakes her showery hair beneath:
While her small foot stamps a defiant menace,
And her height seems to grow with every breath.

Now her eyes drop, her lips part, and she utters
Her story with a feigned simplicity:
"My lord, the king, she has reversed the story—
Her child is dead; this child belongs to me."

Out-spake the king: "Go, bring a sharp sword
hither—
Divide the child—give unto each a part:
The story is the very same they tell me,
So will I satisfy each mother's heart!"

Would that thy soul, oh, daughter of Judea,
Soared up like Deborah's, or as Ruth's were pure!
Is pity's fountain frozen in thy bosom,
That this with bitter smile thou couldst endure?

But loneliest wind that moans across the desert,
Or egypt whispering by a sepulchre,
Breathes not such woe as that Egyptian pleading:
"Let the child live—even give it unto her!"

Then the king smiles: the sword sleeps in its scab-
bard:
"Dark Egypt's daughter, thou the mother art!
Press with thy lips thy babe's, clasp him, caress
him—
How a king's words make summer in the heart!"

And Judah's daughter saw, and all the people,
And fearing, praised the judgment of the king:
Better than rubies was the wealth God gave him,
Wisdom that was and is unperishing.

Great Solomon! the glories of thy Temple
Earth could not keep: but from the mighty Past
Thy words of wisdom echo, and the Ages
Repeat and glory and hold them fast.

CHEATING IN GRAIN SHIPPING.

"The wheat pluggers are about as plenty as
the men who always get the best fruit on top of
the half bushel, the good eggs in the top of the
box, the best hay on the outside of the load,
and so on. You see, we spend millions of dol-
lars every year to convert the heathen in foreign
lands, while the heathen at home are cheating
their neighbors out of their boots. The word
plug has reference to a way dishonest country-
men have of cheating grain shippers. They load
the bottom of the car with chaff or bran or low
grade grain, and put good grain on top of it,
and, as it is sold by sample, when it reaches its
destination, and the receiver discovers the cheat,
the shipper has to make good the loss.

"Is there much of this plugging done?"
"It is still very common, but not near so
much as it used to be. There is never a man
sharp enough to invent a trick but there is an-
other one sharp enough to detect it. We 'drop
onto' all their little games. And there are
hundreds of country shippers who can't even
now imagine how we inspectors see the bottom
of a car without unloading it."

"Well, it is somewhat mysterious—how do
you manage it?"
"You see this," said he, taking a charm from
his watch chain, "this is the instrument in
miniature that we use. By forcing this down
through a car of grain and then drawing out the

piston we have a vacuum into which, through
holes in the sides, the grain falls. This gives us
a sample of the grain in every inch of the car to
the bottom."

"And yet there are still people who will put
bad grain on the bottom?"

"Yes, but the complaint is growing less. You
see our orders are, when we discover a plugged
car to give it the lowest grade on our scale.
That sickens them. Some time ago a man sent
a car of grain in here with orders to ship it to
St. Louis if it didn't grade so and so here. Upon
inspection I found perhaps two wagon loads of
damaged wheat spread over the car about a foot
from the top, so it was sent to St. Louis. The
inspector passed it. A short time after I heard
from the shipper. He said it was loaded just as
I said it was, but he thought he would run the
risk of its passing here or St. L. us."

"What are some of the other plans used to
deceive the alert inspector?"

"Well, they will put damaged grain all
around the edges, for instance, and put little
layers here and there through the car. There is
a chance of distributing a wagon-load of bad
wheat through a car so that the inspector misses
it, and, like the men, above, they run the
risk."

"What is the best trick in your opinion you
ever discovered?"

"About the cutest thing I have seen, I re-
member, was this: Eastern shippers would fill sacks
with bad wheat and distribute them about a
car, standing them on the mouth of the sack,
and fill up the car. When they got the sacks
covered they would then pull them out, leaving
the bad wheat standing in a column just the size
of the sack, you know, and an inspector might
probe all day with his gauge without touching
one of these pillars."

"Do you hope to break up the practice in
time?"

"We can hardly hope to do that altogether,
but we can keep the evil at its minimum, which
is about what we are now doing."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 15.

THE favorite shade of the season is a beautiful
soft blue-grey, very delicate and refined, but
having the drawback of being extremely perish-
able.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT epitomises the position
of the Monarchists in France neat y. "Yester-
day," he says, "it was fusion; to-day it is con-
fusion."

THE second volume of *Keraban le Têtu*, the
novel from which Jules Verne's new piece of
that name at the Gaiety has been drawn, has just
been issued by the Hetzel Library.

A LITTLE Kalnuck came into the world this
week at the Jardin Zoologique d'Acclimation,
the mother being a member of the interesting
group who have been attracting the curiosity of
the habitués of that popular place, and the in-
vestigations of those given to the science of
ethnology.

PERE HYACINTHE left Paris last week for
Munich, where he will spend a few days with
his old friend and fellow-dissenter, Dr. Dollin-
ger. Shortly after his return the Père and his
wife, Mme. Loysen, will sail for America. The
great preacher is to deliver a series of lectures in
the United States, in aid of the rather scanty
funds of the Church in the Rue d'Arras. He
will return to Europe before Christmas.

THE fashion of the bathing costumes of Paris
ladies at the seaside has this year been copied
from the dresses of the women of Ischia and
Capri, who wear remarkably short petticoats,
very wide, and of the brightest of colors. They
are embroidered with gold. The edifice is
crowned by large red or blue hats, with enor-
mous pins to keep them flopping down at the
side.

A DUEL has taken place at Aix-les-Bains be-
tween two Italian gentlemen, General Danesi
and Signor Mass, the general being shot in the
thigh. The cause was a blow received by Signor
Massa for pushing against a lady's chair, an
apology for that offence not being considered
sufficient by the general, who struck out from
the shoulder and levelled the signor. These
sort of things disturb society for the moment,
but are finally considered out of the range of
civilization and unworthy of more than the
passing recognition, no effort being made to
analyse the cause for right and wrong.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

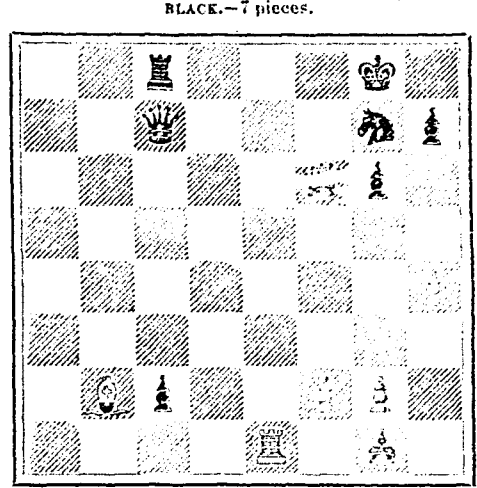
All communications intended for this Column
should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN
ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

We take the following diagram and accompanying
remarks from the Chess Column of the *St. Louis
Globe-Democrat*. The position after Black's 50th
move, and White's failure to take advantage of it,

constitute a curiosity in chess play when we consider
the importance of the contest in which they occurred.
Any of our readers who may be sceptical as to the
correctness of the diagram and moves, which are
given, and may be desirous of ascertaining for them-
selves, will find the game referred to, in our Chess
Column of the 9th of June, 1883. It is numbered 582.
We have played it over, and can see no reason why
White at his 51st move should not take the Pawn at
Black's Q B 7. If he had done so, Black apparently
must have lost the game.
It is difficult to attempt any explanation of such
oversights on the part of two of the greatest players
of the day. It was undoubtedly a bad play for Black
to allow such an opportunity, as for his opponent to
fail to take advantage of it.
It may be that Mason had such a profound opinion
of his opponent's caution and skill that he never
dreamed of being allowed such a chance of winning,
and consequently overlooked it when it was plainly
before him.

AN OVERSIGHT OF THE MASTERS

The following position occurred in a game between
Mason vs Zukertort, in the Chess Congress at Lon-
don. It was published in the *New York Clipper* as
game 1,382, with notes and remarks, even going so far
as to style it "the promised masterpiece." This posi-
tion was published with the remark that Mason had
a chance to establish a "certain draw" on the move.
(See diagram.)



But Mason overlooked it, and the following moves
occurred:

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| Mason. | Zukertort. |
| 49 Q to Q 4 | 49 P to K R 4 |
| 50 R to Q B 1 | 50 K to R 2 |

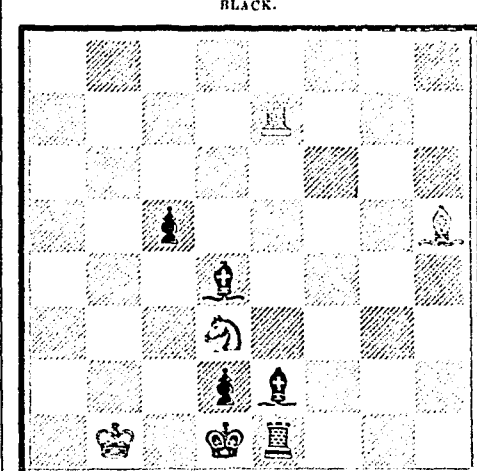
Now, Mason played 51 Q to Q 3 and lost the game.
Mr. Holmes, of Bay City, Mich., suggests that Mr.
Mason should have played 51 R takes Q B P. If the
position is correctly reported by the *New York
Clipper* Mr. Holmes is entitled to credit for discover-
ing an oversight by two of the best players in the
world, as well as an oversight by the author of the
notes and remarks published in the *Clipper*, for White
had a certain win on the fifty-first move by R
takes Q B P.—*Detroit Free Press*.
Dr. J. L. Cassilly, of this city, pointed out to us the
same method by which Mr. Mason could have won.

FRANCE.

In returning to St. Petersburg from London Mr.
Tschigorin stayed a short time in Paris, and played a
match of five games up with M. de Riviere. The re-
sult was that the Russian master won by the odd
game, the final score being—M. Tschigorin, 5; M. de
Riviere, 4; drawn, 1. The handicaps of the Cercle
des Echecs terminated in a brilliant victory for M.
Chamier, who won all his games except one which
was drawn. The Count Tausner gained the second
prize, and M. Istel third.

PROBLEM NO. 43.

By Miss I. M. Jones.



White to play and mate in two moves.

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 43.—(Kondelik.)
- | | |
|--------------|--------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1 B to K R 4 | 1 Any |
| 2 Mates acc. | |

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

GAME 580TH.
Played in the International Tournament between
Messrs. Mackenzie and Bird.

- | | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.—(Mr. Mackenzie.) | BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.) |
| 1 P to K 4 | 1 P to K 4 |
| 2 K Kt to B 3 | 2 Q Kt to B 3 |
| 3 B to Kt 5 | 3 Kt to Q 5 (a) |
| 4 B to R 4 (b) | 4 B to B 4 |
| 5 P to B 3 | 5 Kt takes Kt ch |
| 6 Q takes Kt | 6 Kt to K 2 |
| 7 Q to Kt 3 | 7 Castles (c) |
| 8 Q takes P | 8 P to Q 4 |

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 9 P to Q 3 (d) | 9 P to Q R 4 (e) |
| 10 Castles | 10 R to Q R 3 |
| 11 P takes P | 11 R to K R 3 |
| 12 K to R (f) | 12 B to Q 3 (g) |
| 13 Q to K 2 | 13 Kt takes P |
| 14 P to K B 4 | 14 B to K Kt 5 |
| 15 P to K B 3 | 15 P to Q B 3 |
| 16 B to Q (h) | 16 B to K B 4 |
| 17 R to K 2 | 17 R to K 3 |
| 18 R to Q | 18 Q R to K 3 |
| 19 B to B 3 | 19 Kt takes K B 2 |
| 20 B takes Kt | 20 B takes B |
| 21 Kt to R 3 | 21 Q to Kt 4 |
| 22 P to K Kt 3 | 22 B to K 6 |
| 23 Q to Kt 2 | 23 Q to K 3 |
| 24 P to K Kt 4 | 24 B to K Kt 3 |
| 25 Kt to B 2 | 25 B to R 2 |
| 26 Q to Kt 3 (i) | 26 B to Kt 2 |
| 27 P to Kt 5 | 27 B takes Q |
| 28 P takes Q | 28 R to Q 5 |
| 29 P takes P | 29 R to Q |
| 30 Kt to Q 4 | 30 R to B 3 |
| 31 K to Kt 2 | 31 K takes P |
| 32 K to Kt 3 | 32 R to B 4 |
| 33 P to Q 1 | 33 K to R 3 (j) |
| 34 R to Q 2 | 34 R to K Kt |
| 35 B to K 4 | 35 R to Kt 4 ch |
| 36 K to B 3 | 36 P to K B 4 |
| 37 B to B 2 | 37 R to K |
| 38 Kt to B 5 | 38 B to R 4 ch |
| 39 K to B 4 | 39 R to Kt 5 ch |
| 40 K takes P | 40 Q R to Kt |
| 41 Kt to K 6 | 41 B to Kt 5 ch |
| 42 K to K 4 | 42 R takes Kt ch |
| 43 K to Q 3 | 43 P to Kt 4 |
| 44 P to B 4 | 44 B to Kt 4 |
| 45 R to Kt 2 | 45 R to K 6 ch |

And White resigns.

NOTES.

- By Zukertort, Hirschfeld and Bird.
- (a) Mr. Bird's own defence, which he has adopted frequently successfully. Nevertheless we do not think it perfectly satisfactory.
 - (b) Either taking the Kt or retiring the B to B 4 would be preferable.
 - (c) Which involves a hardly correct sacrifice of a Pawn.
 - (d) 9 P takes P would be vastly preferable.
 - (e) For the purpose of bringing the Q R into immediate action.
 - (f) Weak: he rushes into Charybdis to escape Scylla. White had a satisfactory defence with 12 B to Q, followed, as soon as possible, by B to B 3.
 - (g) Mr. Bird now conducts a fine attack with his known vigor and ingenuity.
 - (h) Better late than never.
 - (i) Preparing an exchange of Queens, which, if anything, is favorable to the opponent.
 - (j) Initiating a beautiful finish, which Black carries out artistically.—*Glasgow Herald*.



ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, for the construction of a lock and regulating weir and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal. Also for the construction of a lock, together with the enlargement and deepening of the upper entrance of the Rapids Plat Canal, or middle division of the Williamsburg Canal. Tenders will also be received until TUESDAY, the 27th day of November next, for the extension of the pierwork and deepening, &c., of the channel at the upper entrance of the Galops Canal. A map of the head or upper entrance of the Cornwall Canal and the upper entrance of the Rapids Plat Canal, together with plans and specifications of the respective works, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Dickenson's Landing, on and after Tuesday, the 30th day of October next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. A map, plans and specifications of the works to be done at the head of the Galops Canal can be seen at this office and at the lock keeper's house, near the place, on and after TUESDAY, the 13th day of November next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted Bank cheque for the sum of Two Thousand Dollars, must accompany the Tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 28th Sept., 1883.

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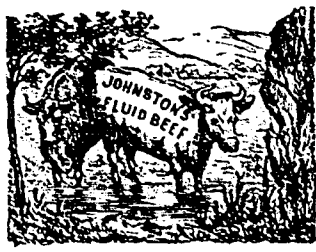
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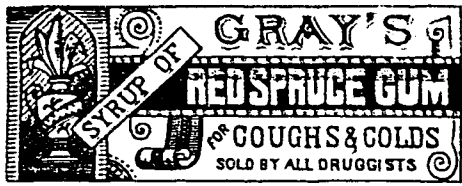
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