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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVIII.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883.

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THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

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TEMPERATURE

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

Table with columns for dates (Aug. 5th, 1883) and corresponding week (1882), with sub-columns for Max., Min., and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 11, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE French are at a standstill in Madagascar. They are unable to advance on account of the smallness of their forces.

THE anti-semitic warfare is still raging in Russia, being more popular than governmental. In one instance, the military had to be called out to quell the riot.

It need surprise no one to read of a Republican uprising in Spain. If the French Republic maintains itself any length of time, the fate of monarchy among the Latin nations will be sealed.

HANLAN, the Invincible, has again been challenged for very heavy stakes by Laycock, of Melbourne. The Australian has nothing to lose—having already been beaten once by the Canadian—and everything to gain. If by any accident he should happen to win, he would spring into the championship of the world at one bound. All these sports are much the work of chance.

THE sensation of the week has been the murder of James Carey, and the excitement consequent thereupon in Great Britain and Ireland has not yet subsided. The whole drama is exceedingly sad and disgusting, as it reveals the fact that neither religion nor civilization seems to be able to check the course of certain passions.

THE French have a heavier task upon their hands in Annam than they perhaps anticipated. We read the other day of a gallant sortie from Hanoi in which the French garrison caused great slaughter and captured a quantity of artillery, but the latest now is that the Annamites have recovered all the positions lost in that engagement.

THE cholera scourge has not abated in Egypt but there is some reason to believe that the disease is not precisely Asiatic Cholera, but a distemper caused by the filthy condition of the towns and the filthy habits of the people. During the British occupation of Damietta, for instance, many animals and bodies were dumped into the water regardless of consequences. The disease has not spread either with the rapidity of Asiatic Cholera.

ALTHOUGH violence has abated in Ireland, political agitation is still rife. The National League have decided to call a series of conventions in all the counties of Ireland, with a view to choosing a central executive committee. Arrangements are being made to resume the propaganda for securing an Irish Parliament, a peasant proprietary, and the adoption of other measures. It is also intended to hold in the Fall of 1884 a general convention of Irish societies throughout the world.

THE negotiations between the Vatican and France in regard to matters of religious discipline have, through the instrumentality of President Grevy, resulted in accord on the principal questions at issue, and instructions in pursuance of the arrangements made have been sent to the Papal Nuncio at Paris.

THE Australian Agents-General in London have presented a long statement to Lord Derby, Secretary of State for the Colonies, relative to the reasons of the Australians for desiring the annexation of, or the establishment of a protectorate over, the Western Pacific islands and a portion of New Guinea. They point out the state of anarchy existing there, and the danger of the establishment of French penal settlements. The Agents-General give direct assurance that the colonies will recognize the necessity of contributing to the cost of the policy they ask England to pursue, and are willing to place themselves in a position to act unitedly in the matter and in concert with England, although they cannot hastily decide the large question of federation.

THE views of Sir Henry Tyler, President of the Grand Trunk Company, on matters concerning Canada are worthy of notice. He is reported as saying that our credit now stood high on the English market. This had been brought about mainly through the instrumentality of the Grand Trunk, and although the feeling of the London public was not at present very much disposed to investment; still, he thought that opportunities in Canada were looked upon with favor. There were those who said that Canada did not get as large a share of the emigration from the Mother Country as she was entitled to, but in his opinion what was wanting in quantity was made up in quality. Agricultural laborers rather than mechanics and skilled workmen were needed, and it was far better to get a smaller number of the very best class of immigrants than a large number of those whom it was undesirable to have here. The visit of the lacrosse teams had excited a great deal of interest in England, and the members were enthusiastically received wherever they went. In answer to a question as to the probability of a double track between this city and Toronto, Sir Henry said that the traffic was now getting too heavy for one line, and that it was only a question of time when a double track would be laid between these two points. When asked if he thought they would be able to increase the speed of trains in that event, he replied that he did not think it was advisable to run with any greater speed than the present fast train between Montreal and Toronto. He expressed the intention of the company to continue improving their system in order to meet the growing requirements of the Canadian public.

CAPTAIN WEBB DROWNED.

Captain Matthew Webb, the famous English swimmer, lost his life in an attempt to go through the Niagara whirlpool rapids on July 24th. The course he sought to go over was the same as that which the Maid of the Mist ran many years ago. No craft but this has ever survived the perils of that terrible channel, and no human being, save the members of her crew, ever passed alive through the rapids. The announcement that Captain Webb proposed to attempt the foolhardy feat was not generally credited, but the few hundred spectators who gathered found that it was indeed true. Shortly after four o'clock he was rowed to the centre of the river about a mile above the railway suspension bridge, took off his clothes and jumped in. He soon entered the rapids, in which he was plainly seen by those standing on the bridge, swimming determinedly. At times he plunged out of sight and then again could be seen on the top of a huge wave. It was a thrilling spectacle and a brilliant performance. The struggle in the rapids lasted thirteen minutes, by which time Captain Webb had reached the whirlpool.

Here he was seen to throw up one of his arms, as if to signal some unforeseen danger. A second later he was buried in the foaming billows, which dash upwards forty or fifty feet, and whirl and seethe as if lashed by a thousand furies. This was the last seen of the intrepid swimmer. The search continued until dark, when his manager gave him up as lost and returned to Niagara falls.

Captain Webb was a native of Shropshire, England, and the son of a physician. He went to sea at an early age, and became the captain of a merchantman. He first attracted public notice by jumping from the Cunard mail steamer Russia, during a storm, to save a sailor who fell overboard. For this he received at the hands of the Duke of Edinburgh the first gold medal given by the Royal Humane Society. In 1875 he accomplished his greatest feat, swimming across the English Channel from Dover to Calais. The trial took place August 24th and 25th, and after a desperate struggle with the choppy sea he accomplished the distance of twenty-five miles in 21h. 45min., the best time on record. He has visited this country several times. On August 13th, 1879, he swam from Sandy Hook to Manhattan Beach, Coney Island, a distance in line of ten miles. Owing to the tides and the fact that his contract would not permit him to land at the island before five p.m., he was in the water eight hours and swam in all about sixteen miles. He was a man of powerful physique, being six feet one inch tall, finely proportioned and weighing about two hundred pounds in condition. He was forty years of age. He leaves a wife and two children in England. He had accumulated \$15,000 by his exhibitions.

AN OLD CANADIAN LANDMARK.

In the early summer of the year 1666 there landed on the spot where the foundation of the city of Montreal had been laid some 25 years previous, a youth, from Old France, in his 24th year, of manly form and noble bearing, whose calm exterior bespoke one who would shrink from no danger, and who would cling with unflinching tenacity to any cause he might espouse. This youth was Robert de la Salle, who, for 21 years, acted a most conspicuous part in the early history of Canada. In quest of new discoveries and with the hope of finding a water way through Canada to China, he travelled and re-travelled over the then unbroken forests of the great West, and traversed and re-traversed, in his frail Indian canoe, all of our vast inland lakes, and southward and westward by the Ohio, the Mississippi, and the then other unknown rivers, in search of the great object of his ambition, until he met his death in March, 1687, somewhere, we believe, on the banks of the Missouri. He was, without question, one of the most remarkable explorers recorded in history.

The present is not to deal with his discoveries or explorations, these are matters of history, but simply to point out a spot, an old landmark, nearer our own home, of which, or even of its actual existence, few, probably not one in a thousand of the present inhabitants of Montreal, is aware. It is the Canadian home of Robert de la Salle, the home in which he lived for some four years of his early Canadian life, and in which he concocted and matured the great schemes which engrossed the last sixteen years of his life.

La Salle, shortly after his arrival, acquired from the Seminary of St. Salpice, a grant of land at Lower Lachine, on which he erected a home to serve a triple purpose, viz: A signiory house, a fur trading post and a fort.

THE BUILDING.

On the Lower Lachine Road, one mile and a half above the Lachine Rapids, just at the head of the new inland cut of the Montreal Water Works, on the "Fraser Homestead Farm," adjoining the old "King's Posts," (which was also part of the La Salle estate) stands an old stone building, about sixty feet fronting on the road and some thirty feet deep, one story and a half high. The inside has a cellar, two floors and a garret, the walls are pierced with over thirty gun holes, which are quite perfect inside but the outside of them has, from time to time, been plastered over to keep out the cold to protect it for the uses to which this old building has been turned in later years. The outside still presents a fair appearance except the east gable end which is separated a little at the top from the main building. This was the home of Robert de la Salle, a name dear to all Canadians, but few now know of its existence, and fewer still of its whereabouts. Its walls have withstood the rough blasts of over two hundred years, the waters of the St. Lawrence still glide quietly by it as of old, but the rich fur-laden fleet of Indian canoes no longer visits that spot, nor is the merry song of the Canadian voyageur now heard there; those days are gone!

In its earlier days it was the resort of the Indian tribes from their far distant hunting grounds to exchange their furs with La Salle, and it is on record that a band of Seneca Indians, with their chief, spent a whole winter with him at his home. The tread of passing armies, French or English, westward or homeward to Montreal, was a familiar sound and of frequent occurrence; this was the point of embarkation by batteaux or canoe westward, and resulted in the establishment of the "King's Post" in later years. Connected with his home La Salle reserved 420 acres as a homestead for himself, this comprised the present "Fraser Homestead" and the two adjoining farms, he also reserved a common of 200 acres, this com-

mon remained intact until the year 1835, when it was divided among the neighboring farmers.

As a protection from the Indians, La Salle built a stone wall from 10 to 12 feet high, about eight acres long on the front and east sides of his home, the remains of this wall can yet be seen. Within this inclosure he planted an orchard of the choicest pears and other fruits from Old France. This orchard only fell into decay within the past forty years, its final destruction occurred in 1859, during the intense cold of that winter.

The above is a short account of one of the most interesting old landmarks of Canada. The writer's grandfather visited this old place about one hundred years ago, and twenty-five years later, became the purchaser of the "Fraser Homestead Farm," on which the old home of Robert de la Salle still stands and may be seen.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNITY.

John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the Oneida Community in New York, who fled the State about a year since to escape indictment, is now an exile. The last heard of him he was at Clinton, Canada, near Niagara Falls, living with his wife, although three others of the Community women went with her when she joined him. The Community at the time furnished him with a home and funds. Noyes was the autocrat of the Community. His word was the law from which there was no appeal. Since the departure of Noyes the "Family," or Community, has been governed by a committee of ten men and ten women, who consider all questions arising and direct all business. They have abolished the mixed-marriage system and adopted the monogamic relation. Many wedding ceremonies have been performed, and those who were married previous to entering the Community are again living together. The functionary who links the couples is an ex-Episcopal minister, who has for fifteen years been a member of the Community.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

The Library of Congress now contains, as nearly as can be ascertained, 649,076 books and pamphlets, an increase of about 87,000 last year. More than 130,000 volumes of the books are now "necessarily stored in heaps in various rooms connected with the Library or are placed in double rows on the shelves." Of the 59,984 volumes of books added to the Library last year, 11,260 were bought, 12,297 were copyright deposits, 27,045 were presented by Dr. Toner, of Washington; 6,712 were received from other donors, and 2,770 were received from exchanges and from the Smithsonian Institution. Within the year \$18,554 was received on account of copyright fees, the whole number of copyright entries being 22,918.

In the year the fifth volume has been published of the original documents in French, relating to the French discoveries and settlements in the Mississippi Valley and the north-western parts of America. One more volume will complete this series, and it will be finished this year, together with an atlas of maps.

ROYAL CRADLES.

The lately born Infante of Spain, Mary Isabel, sleeps, wakes and cries in a cradle shaped like a conch-shell, and lined with the palest of pink satin. Her tiny form is covered with point d'Alençon lace, specially made from a pattern designed by the Queen of Spain's mother, in which the arms of Spain and Austria are gracefully blended. She has a coverlet and tiny pillow, on both of which the lines of the House of Bourbon and the Y of her pretty name, Ysabel, are lined and interlaced. The other new royal baby, the young Hereditary Prince of Sweden, has a much less delicate cradle, as becomes a hardy young Norseman. It is shaped like a swan, the wings coming up, if wished, and sheltering the little prince, and is well provided with down-stuffed accessories.

THE ILLNESS OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

The illness of the Count de Chambord has been as painful to the illustrious sufferer as it has proved a puzzle to his physicians. Though not yet out of danger, there are indications of a favorable turn in the malady, and we may yet have to chronicle the complete recovery of the hope of the French Legitimists. During the earlier days of his illness, the Count, who pined for the open air, was taken daily, on a carefully prepared bed-stretcher, to a favorite spot in the private gardens, where if the sun proved too warm or too glittering, he would be placed under the shade of a marquee and permitted to enjoy the view of the long, flower-bedecked, tree-shaded alley, in which he loved to saunter alone, forming a thousand plans for his beloved France when the white flag should again float over the gilded roof of the Tuileries. On the 7th of July the Count was able to receive a visit from the Count de Paris, the Duc de Nemours and the Duc d'Alençon. They were received in the "Gray Chamber," and the scene is described as being singularly impressive, the man "sick unto death," propped up with pillows, meeting his blue-blooded kinsmen with all the superb courtesy of the ancien régime. While there is life there is hope, and the Count de Chambord may yet live, if not to see the white flag float over the Tuileries, at least to enjoy a longer evening of life in the peaceful pleasure of the château at Frobsdorf.

THE BELLS.

A PARODY.

Hear the teacher with the bells—  
Rising bells—  
What a world of misery their turbulency tells!  
How they jangle, jangle, jangle,  
Through the icy air of morn!  
While the stars that still bespangle  
All the heavens seem to dangle  
Loosely to and fro in scorn—  
Keeping up a hum,  
With the baser beat of drum,  
To the most merciless measure that so wonderfully  
well.  
From the bells, rising bells—  
From the jangling and the wrangling rising bells.

Hear the tuneful table bells—  
Table bells—  
What a world of solid comfort their calling foretells!  
And of dainty dishes that delight  
Th' school-boy's ravenous appetite!  
Soon a thousand flying feet  
Begin to fall,  
As they hasten swift and fleet,  
Stalking, stumbling down the stairs, to find a seat  
Within the hall.  
Longer and longer still they pour  
O'er Pea-pie Association's plentiful store.  
How they swell,  
As they tell  
Of the music of the bell!  
The soft, silvery bell,  
The jingling and the tinkling  
Of the breakfast bell,  
Of the bell, dinner bell,  
The supper bell!  
The rhyming and the chiming table bell.

Hear the stupid study bells—  
Study bells!  
How the school-boy's heart with lofty indignation  
swells,  
As their sudden, surly sound  
Drives him from the college ground!  
Now begins the search for books  
With eager, anxious looks,  
Full of fears,  
Lest the long, unending lesson be unlearned,  
And his loud and ringing laugh to tears be turned.  
Fast and faster fly  
Fitting moment by;  
Still he strives with last endeavor  
To master, now or never,  
Lessons dull and dry and long delayed;  
But the bell, bell, bell,  
What a tale its terrors tell,  
Of despair!  
And the tutor's clash and roar  
Still another horror pour  
On the palpitating bosom of the heir:  
Yet the boy be clearly know,  
By the twinging,  
And the switching,  
How the tutor's fury elds and flows:  
And his ear distinctly tells:  
In the banging,  
And the clanging,  
How the fury sinks and swells,  
By the sinking and the swelling in the anger of the  
bells—  
Of the bell—  
Of the bell, study bell—  
In the clamour and the clamour of the study bells!

Hear the tame retiring bells—  
Retiring bells!  
What a world of rest and dreams their monody fore-  
tells!  
In the late hour of the night,  
How we welcome with delight  
The soft, measured music of their chime,  
When from out their cell  
Softened sounds begin to swell  
All in rhyme!  
And the boys—ah, the boys,  
Wicked upper-story boys,  
All in time,  
Now are sliding, sliding, sliding,  
Down the ancient walls,  
Through the misty darkness dimly gliding,  
To the distant dancing halls,  
How their throbbing bosom swells  
At the dying sound of bells!  
While in dances with the belles  
Keeping time, time, time,  
To the prompter's ruler rhyme,  
In the dizzy whirl with bells—  
Merry belles!  
Keeping time, time, time,  
In a sort of woeeful rhyme,  
To the sweeter swelling note,  
That now begins to faintly float  
From the darker corner far remote!  
Better far to keep in time,  
With a happy Runic rhyme,  
To the rolling, rolling bells,  
The sweet retiring bells,  
To the swelling of the bells,  
Of the bells, retiring bells—  
To the chiming and the rhyming retiring bells.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

From a lady's point of view a once brilliant and attractive court beauty, who for eleven years had not contemplated herself in a mirror, can hardly perhaps have a stronger claim to the term eccentric than that single fact implies. But Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, daughter of Evelyn Pierpont, Duke of Kingston, and Mary, daughter of William Fielding, the third Earl of Derby, had many other claims to be regarded as eccentric, not the least in the eyes of her contemporaries being her learning and literary accomplishments. For in her day a lady "of quality" was chiefly distinguished by the frequency and coarseness of her oaths, and one who could write decently and spell correctly was regarded as a particularly well-educated woman.

Lord Kingston only followed the prevailing fashion in giving his daughter little or no education—of what use could education be to a lady who would never have to earn her own living! What she did get was, she says, "exactly the same as Clari-sa Harlowe's" and one "of the worst in the world." But it was a fashionable education, and all that she acquired beyond and above it she owed to her eccentric love of knowledge and books. Her mother died while she was still a child. She contrived to share her brother William's lessons in Latin and French, and to get some assistance in her classical studies from Bishop Burnet and the Bishop of Salisbury. At the age of twelve she composed verse in imitation of Ovid's Epistles, and when nineteen she knew a little Greek, and

had translated, from Latin, the "Enchiridion" of Epictetus. She had also studied Erasmus, and read with eagerness every book within her reach, passing entire days in their perusal. In 1709 she wrote: "My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master. I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any very great progress; but I find the study is so diverting. I am not only easy, but I am pleased with solitude that indulges it."

In her runaway love-match there was an eccentricity on her part which Mr. Wortley Montagu appears to have resented as coquetry. Her wedding clothes were bought, her marriage settlements drawn up, and the day appointed for her union with another lover favored by her father, before, hesitating and uncertain of her own mind to the last, she wrote to the one whom her father had declined to accept as a son-in-law:

"Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a nightgown and a petticoat, and that is all you will get by me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she proffered to lend us her house. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodging, make no scruple of it; let it be where it will, if I am your wife I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. \* \* \* 'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect anything; but, after my way of education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to dependancy upon relatives I have disobliged."

Mr. Spence, who made her acquaintance at Rome in 1740, writing of her and her marriage, said:

"She is one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best-natured, cruellest woman in the world; 'all things by turns and nothing long.' She was married young, and she told me, with that freedom which much travelling gives, that she never was in so great a hurry of thought as the month before she was married. She scarce slept any one night that month. You know she was one of the most celebrated beauties of her day, and had a vast number of offers, and the thing that kept her awake was who to fix upon. She was determined as to two points from the first—that is, to be married to somebody, and not to be married to the man her father advised her to have. The last night of the month she determined, and in the morning left the husband of her father's choice buying the wedding ring, and scuttled away to be married to Mr. Wortley."

One of the letters to Mr. Wortley to some extent confirms the description above given, for writing of her marriage to her lover just before it took place, "If I change my mind you shall know before Sunday."

In the coarsely vulgar and immoral Court of the first George, to which this eccentric lady was introduced in her twenty-fourth year, a conspicuous character was the son of a footman, named Craggs, who had risen in the world somehow, who confessed that when getting into his carriage his first impulse was always to jump up behind it. One of King George's several openly-kept mistresses bestowed favor upon young Craggs, who, one evening, when Lady Mary was escaping from the coarse society of the Court, carried her back up the stairs and into the ante-room against her will.

When her husband went as ambassador to the Porte she accompanied him, and famous indeed are the letters in which she describes her travels, which were conducted with great state and ceremony. In the east Mr. Wortley traveled with three hundred horses and a retinue of one hundred and sixty persons, besides his guard of janissaries.

On her return she crowned her reputation for eccentricity in the eyes of thousands, and made many powerful enemies, including nearly the whole of the medical profession, by that which now constitutes her greatest claim to the gratitude of posterity; she introduced vaccination, and says of the task, "If I had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy which it brought upon me, I would never have attempted it." To a man the medical faculty rose against it, clergymen denounced it from the pulpit as impious and heathenish, and mobs hooted her, the fact that she tried it first on her own son before she urged its general adoption bringing upon her the outpourings of rancor and malignity as a cruel woman and an unnatural mother.

In 1739 Lady Mary separated from her husband with his consent, and retired to live alone abroad, chiefly in Italy, occupying for many years a deserted palace, gardening, reading, writing, teaching the surrounding poor to make bread, butter, etc., cultivating silk worms, and returning to England after her husband's death in 1781, was regarded and visited as a kind of natural curiosity.

Horace Walpole, who was not her friend, describes her as wearing a horseman's coat "and other eccentric costumes." Mrs. Montagu says she neither spoke, acted, nor dressed like anybody else, and, describing a visit to her, said, "Her domestic establishment is made of all nations, and when you get up into her drawing-

room you imagine you are in the first story of the Tower of Babel. A Hungarian servant takes your name at the door; he gives it to an Italian, who delivers it to a Frenchman, the Frenchman to a Swiss, and the Swiss to a Polish; so by the time you get to her ladyship's presence you have changed your name five times without the expense of an Act of Parliament."

She died in her seventy-second year, and left her son—more than he deserved—one guinea.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 21.

THE English fashion of publishing a list of the presents given to the bride and bridegroom on their marriage has now been adopted by the French aristocracy.

ONE of the Parisian papers is offering its readers a daily report of the numbers and colors that turned up the day prior at the tables at Monte Carlo.

THE approaching marriage in high life is announced of the Marquis de Levis, son of the Duke and Duchess de Levis-Mirepoix, with Mlle. Henriette de Chabannes La Palisse.

THE inviting theme of "The Honeymoon" is occupying the musical and literary capacity of Messrs Noel and Tréfen, and the result is to be a comic opera in three acts.

THE Préfecture of Police has put the pipe out of the cabdrivers by forbidding them to smoke when they are driving. It was pretty well time that this impudent and vulgar proceeding, which has been too long tolerated, was put a stop to.

NAUNDORFF, one of the numerous pretenders to the title of Dauphin of France, is about to publish a pamphlet advocating his claims. The late Jules Favre was convinced by the evidence adduced by Naundorff that he was what he professed to be.

DURING the illness of the Count de Chambord many marriages in high life, which would otherwise have been celebrated with great rejoicings and much pomp, have taken place in a very simple fashion.

It is a matter of much pleasure to announce that young Offenbach, the son of the great composer, is recovering fast from a most dangerous condition of health. He is a very talented musician, he is remarkable, *en passant*, and will worthily follow in the footsteps of his father, if promises are fulfilled.

THE coachman of high life is assuming an unheeded dignity of manner and amazing belief in his status; for instance, the other day the coachman of the Marchioness D. L— flung up the reins because he was asked to drive her friends home. He said his "functions" were to drive the marchioness, and no one else would he drive.

"LIKE a bird!" Yes, just so! Your beauty at the seaside intends to dress like one. She will be in robes and dresses, even hats, entirely composed of feathers of the barn-door cock, of the swan, of the partridge, of the jay, and so on. The bill will be a little dear, and the poor birds will have to pay also for the cost of the extravagant fashion.

THE new director of the Renaissance is insisting upon all his actors and actresses attending a singing class which he has formed at his theatre, in order to drill all without exception into a knowledge of the rudiments of singing, and, if possible, take them a step farther. The idea is a good one, and might be copied by all other managers, each one having its little Conservatoire.

THE Duchess de — exhibits a phenomenal appearance to her Parisian friends. She left a few evenings ago for the East with certain marks of age upon her sweet face; she returns without a vestige of those marks and with fifteen years of wear taken off her appearance. The reply she gives is, "It was a *philtre* that was given me, and I drank of it often." The sceptical reply, "But why do the Orientals, then, grow old and worn?"

WILLIAM ASTOR has made a contract for a new steam yacht, to be ready for service next May. The cost is to be three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Compared with Jay Gould's yacht *Atalanta*, Mr. Astor's yacht will be twenty-nine feet longer, of four feet greater beam, and five and a half feet greater depth of hold. The vessel will be of steel, and two hundred and thirty-five feet long, on the water line, twenty feet depth of hold, and thirty feet breadth of beam. She will be supplied with compound engines and steel boilers, and will have a regular cruising speed of fourteen knots per hour. The yacht will have well-appointed quarters for the crew, a spacious reception saloon on the main deck, and large staterooms for Mr. Astor and his guests.

LITERARY.

MISS A. W. FIELDE has prepared a dictionary of the Swatow dialect, the first work of its kind ever published.

GEORGE MACDONALD, with eight members of his family, is giving dramatic recitals in costume of "Polyeucte" and "Macbeth," in London.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, of Bavaria, who is said to have done some hard work in the domain of comparative anatomy, is about to publish a memoir on the tongue.

MISS JULIA A. WHEELLOCK, a young lady of Dorchester, Mass., has just made her debut as "Gilda" in Verdi's "Rigoletto" at Rome under the stage name of Signora Valda.

AN odd book has just appeared in England. It contains diagrams of the palms and backs of the hands of twenty-two eminent persons, among whom are Mr. Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Wilkie Collins and the Duke of Argyll.

DONALD G. MITCHELL's works ("Ike Marvel") are to be issued in a new edition. "Reveries of a Bachelor," the author's most popular book, put forth first about thirty years ago, begins the list and will be printed from new plates.

MR. G. A. AUDSLEY, of Liverpool, who is well known by his work on Japanese art, is preparing a book on the history and practice of chrono-lithography, tracing the development of the process by the aid of elaborate illustrations.

SHAKESPEARE literature is far from being exhausted. A new work, "Shakespeare's Hamlet," by A. Dehlen, has just made its appearance at Göttingen (Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht, publishers), and is spoken of as one of the most original and characteristic commentaries on the wonderful creations of the great British bard.

EDWIN ARNOLD has nearly ready another Indian poem composed of five idyls from the Sanskrit of the "Mahabharata," as follows: "Savitri; or, Love and Death," "Nala and Qumayanti," "The Enchanted Lake," "The Saint's Temptation" and "The Birth of Death."

HERR OTTO SCHULZE, the well-known Oriental publisher, of Leipzig, announces a new monthly periodical, entitled "Literatur-Blatt für Orientalische Philologie," under the editorship of Professor Ernst Kuhn, of Munich. The first number will appear in October.

ONE million and a half copies of Martin F. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" have been sold in the United States, but the author has reaped little benefit from it. Some of Mr. Tupper's admirers, including Mr. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Robert Browning, are raising a fund to be presented to him.

PERSONAL.

THE London *World* says that Henry James is a "cultivated Yankee without imagination."

W. D. HOWELS, the novelist, is in Boston. Henry James is also in Boston at his old home on Mount Vernon street.

PROFESSOR PAINTER, of Roanoke College Virginia, joins Charles Francis Adams, Jr. in the crusade against Greek and Latin.

THE Duke of Teck and Duchess (the Princess Mary of England), are going to reside abroad for pecuniary reasons, finding it quite impossible to live in England on their income.

MR. and Mrs. William W. Story are in London. Mr. Story's status of "Sardanapalus" has been bought by Mr. Cyrus Flower for his private gallery on Hyde Park.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE is thus pictured by a writer who saw her three weeks ago: "A rather stately-looking woman, in deep black, not a tinge 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."

SENOR BARCA, the Spanish Minister, who died suddenly recently, was one of the most popular members of the diplomatic circle in Washington. He was fifty-two years old and in his own country had won an honorable rank as a lawyer and politician. He left a wife and two daughters, one unmarried.

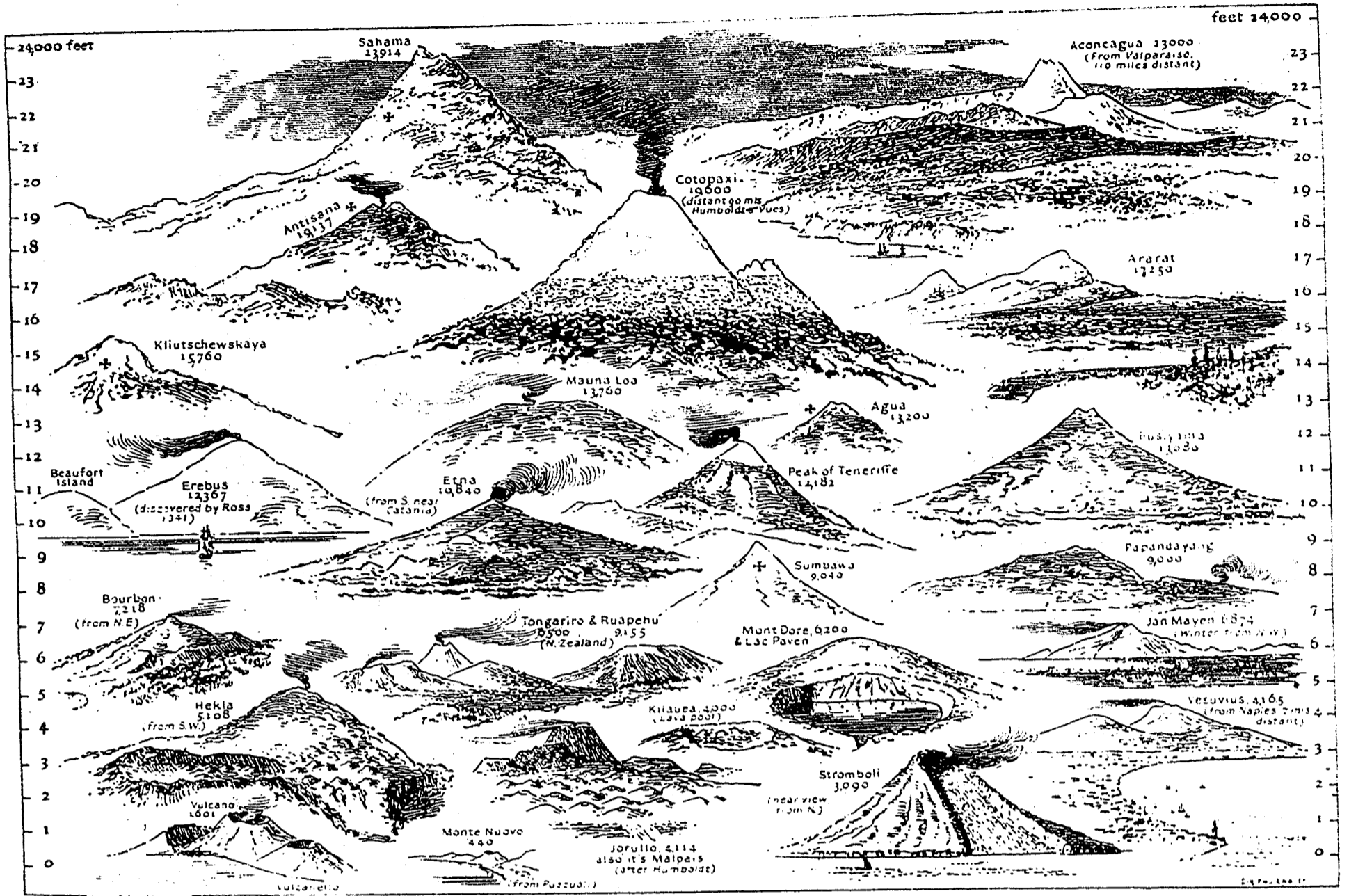
A GRAND-DAUGHTER of the poet Burns is at present in receipt of relief from the London Scottish Corporation. Her name is Mrs. Pyke. She is the wife of a workman, who through no fault of his own has fallen into poverty, and the daughter of the poet's oldest son Robert, who for some time was employed in Somerset House.

A MISER'S WILL.

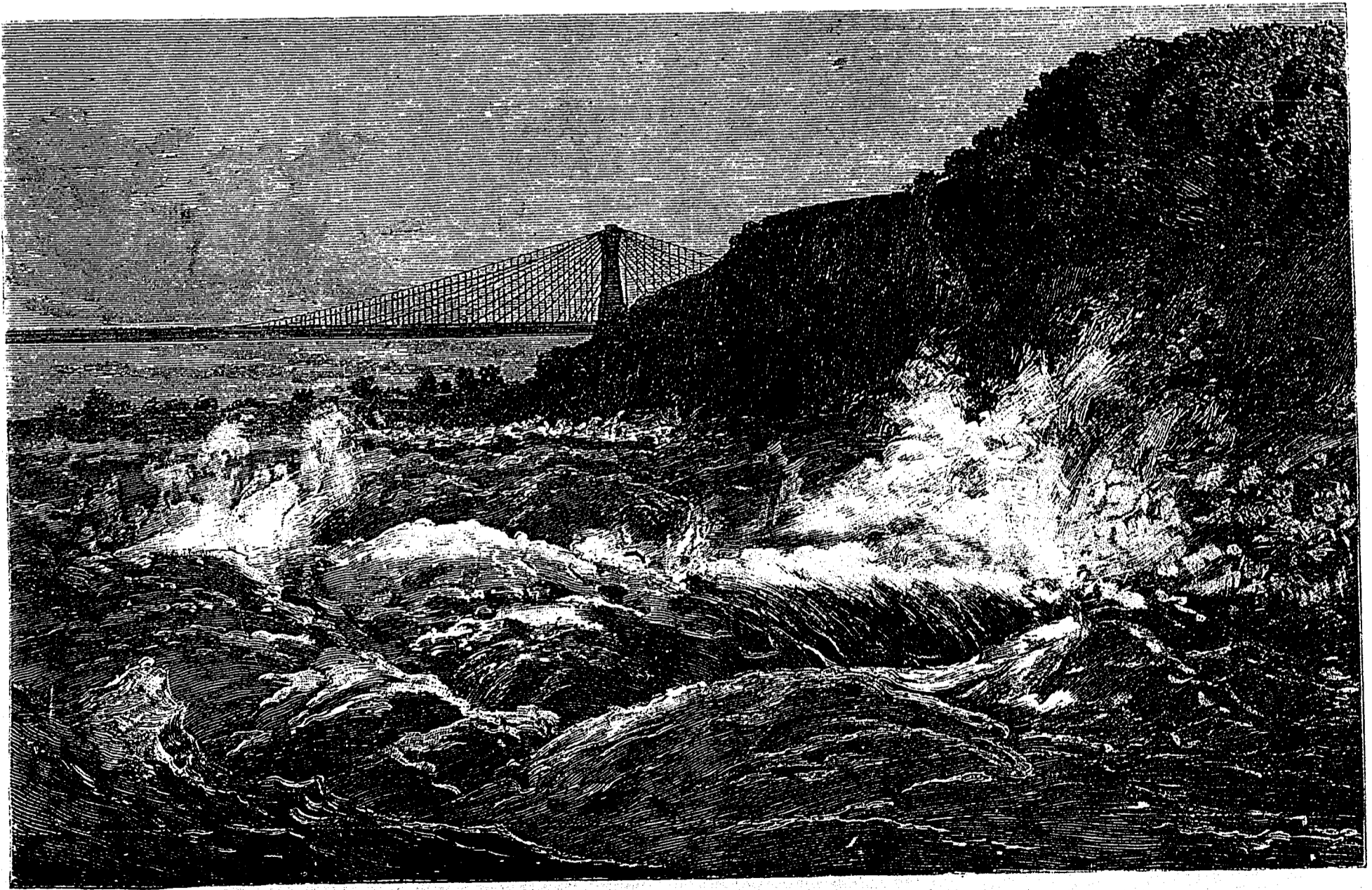
The will of Miss Barbara Scott, a wretched old woman who inherited several fortunes, and increased them by every means which her miserly instincts could devise, has been upheld by the Superior Court in Montreal. McGill University gets \$40,000, and various hospitals, churches and charitable institutions receive the rest. For years before her death she lived isolated in the old family mansion in the suburbs of the city, until the dirt and filth became so intolerable that the Board of Health was forced to interfere. She refused even to employ a female domestic, but allowed an old man to visit the house daily to do chores. She died without an attendant, and, when the executors took possession, thousands of dollars were found rolled up in scraps of old paper. Not the least remnant of food was discovered in the house, and the doctors thought she starved herself to death. The relatives, who were practically ignored, tried to break the will on the ground of insanity, but the Court held that the testatrix was of disposing mind, though eccentric.

LADY BEAUTIFIERS.

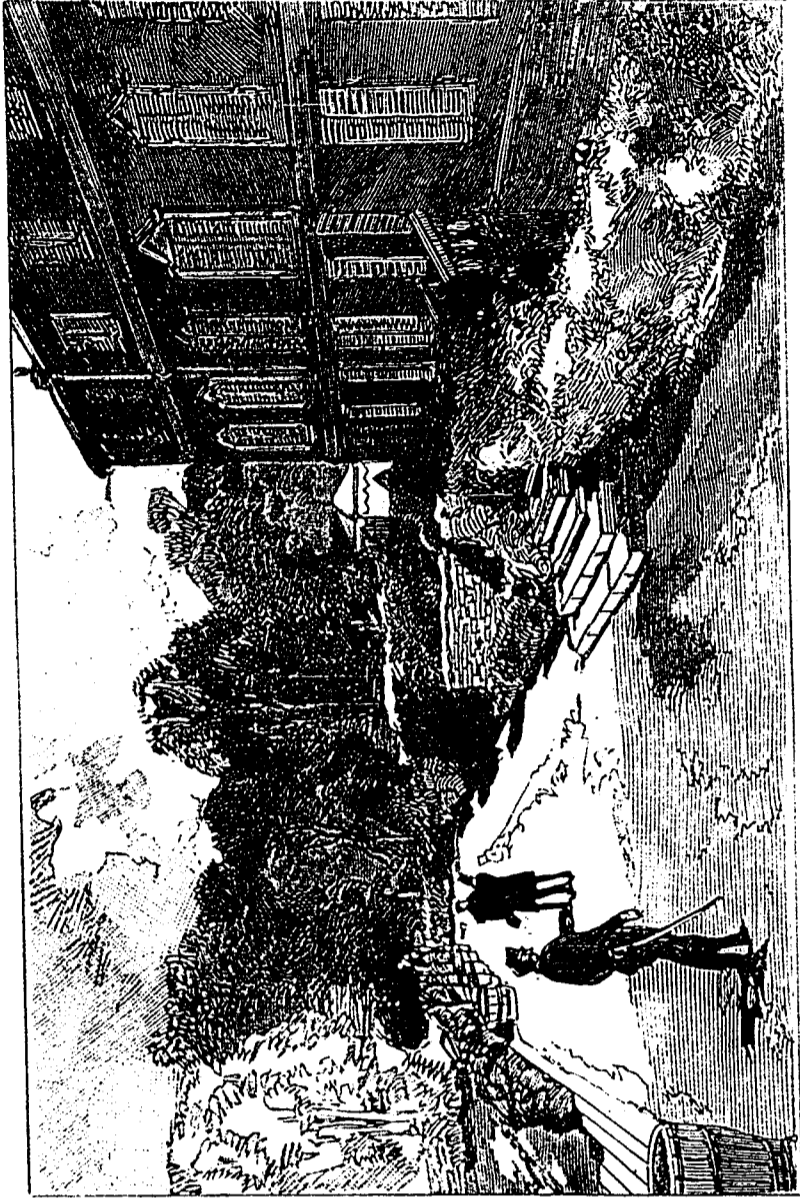
Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health, and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.



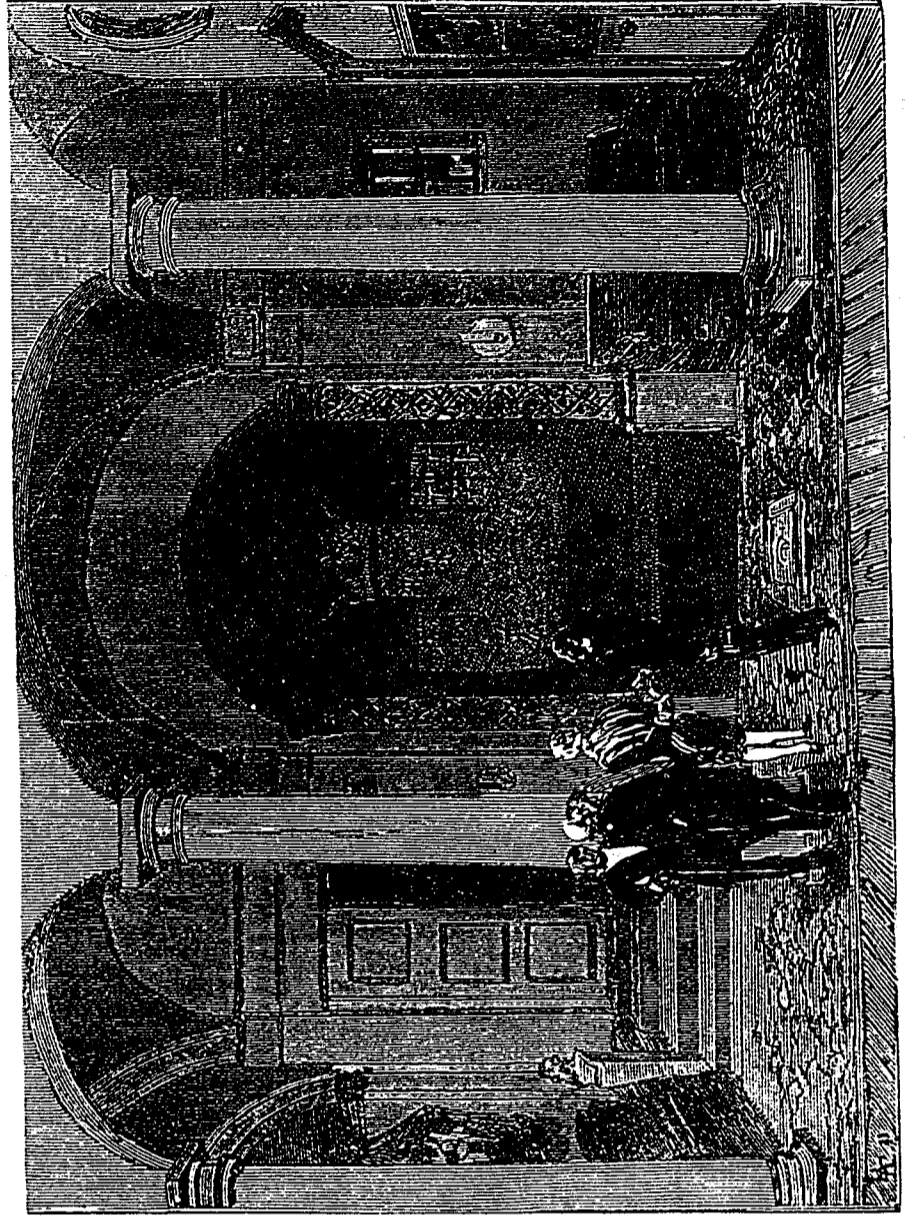
THE VOLCANOES OF THE WORLD.



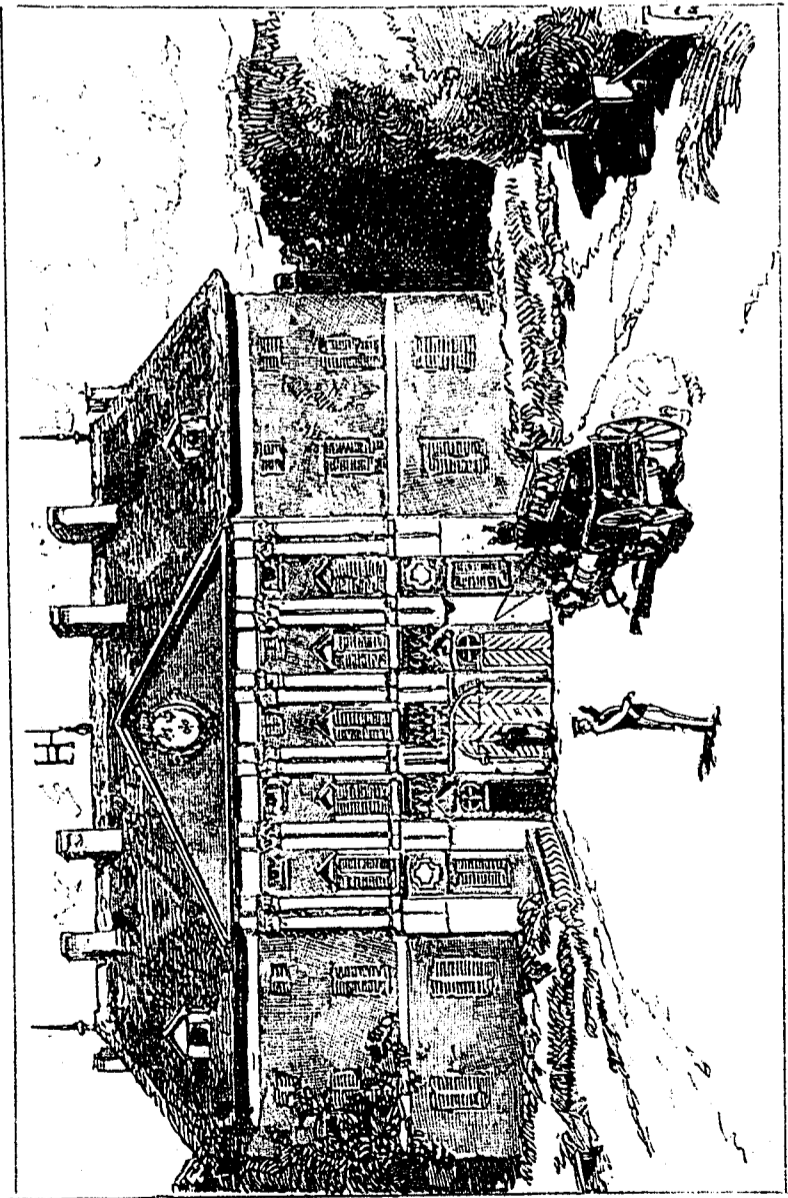
THE WHIRLPOOL RAPIDS AT NIAGARA.—SCENE OF CAPTAIN WEBB'S FATAL EXPLOIT, JULY 24TH.



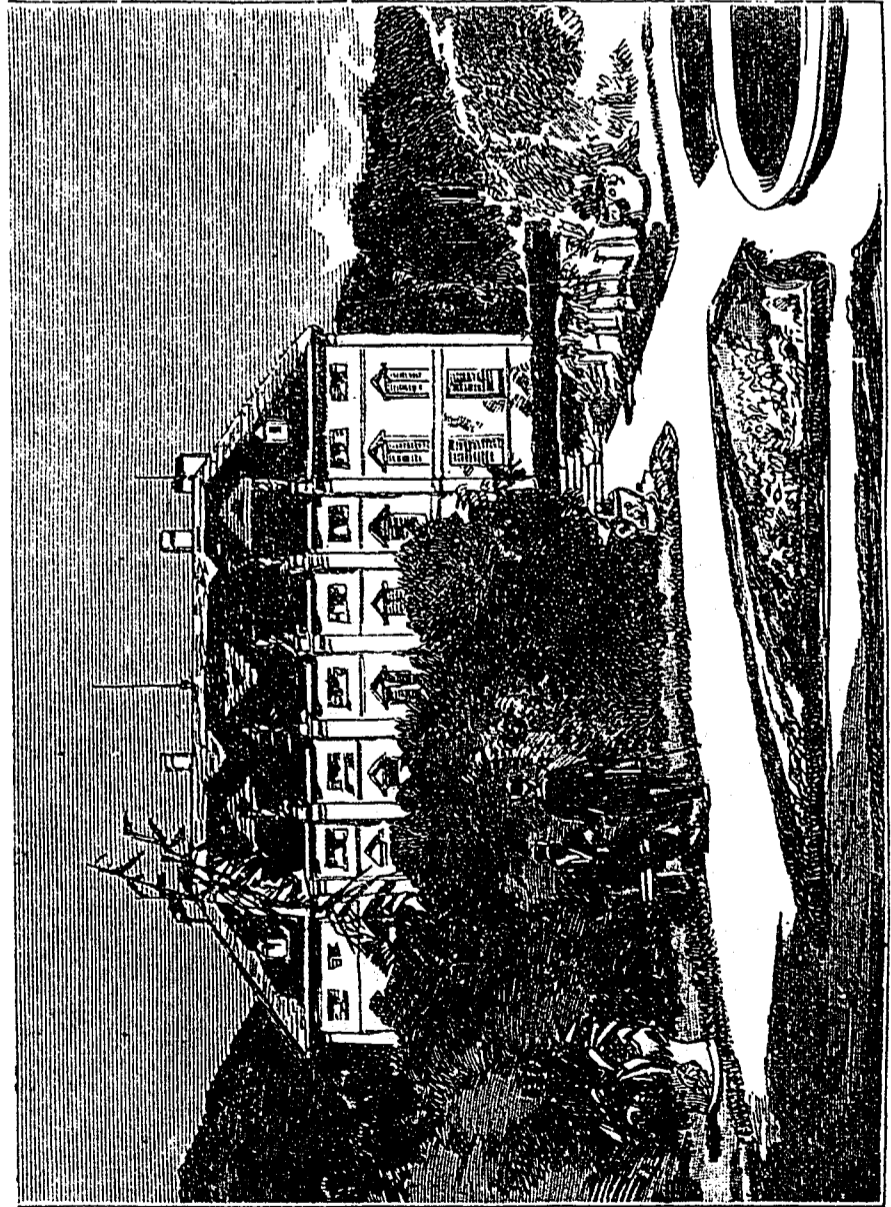
ALLEY OF THE ORANGERY.



VESTIBULE OF THE CHATEAU.



PRINCIPAL FACE OF THE CHATEAU.



WESTERN SIDE OF THE CHATEAU.

FROESDORF.

## THE VOYAGERS.

From the depths of the Unknown,  
From the bosom of the Throne,  
All these countless millions come.

Launched out into childhood's sea,  
Charged with joy and misery,  
Struggling for supremacy.

Bearing in their childish eyes—  
In their quaint thought replies,  
Great unfathomed mysteries.

Onward come with youthful years,  
Grander hopes and darker fears,  
Interspersed with smiles and tears.

Gliding into fancy's realm,  
With no hand to guide the helm,  
Passions oftentimes overwhelm.

When life's labor doth begin,  
Some to honor, some to sin,  
Rapidly are ushered in.

Some will care for naught but pleasure,  
Some will strive for worldly treasure,  
Some seek glory in full measure.

Some will journey, ever singing,  
Radiant hearts about them clinging,  
Glorious fruits thus homeward bringing.

Some from their abundant store  
Will so help the sorrowing poor,  
That they'll hunger never more.

Year by year will pass away,  
Bringing age and slow decay,  
Bringing locks of silver gray.

Then the shadows slowly lengthen,  
Strangely then the pathways darken,  
As with eager souls they hearken.

To the rustlings in the air,  
To the last adieu of care,  
To the pastor's parting prayer.

To the whispering from the river,  
To the heart's instinctive quiver,  
To the voice, "I will deliver."

Then the soul, on angel's wing,  
Seeks for life's eternal spring—  
Seeks the new awakening.

Hears the greeting from the Throne,  
"O my child, well hast thou done!  
To thy Father's mansion come."

## ETHEL'S FLIRTATION.

"Then there's Captain Crawford. Of him it behooves us to speak with bated breath. He is fairly good looking, but thinks himself an Adonis, has a comical dry way of saying things which makes you laugh, and is agreeable to a certain extent, but believes himself to be an original genius who would take the world by storm if—mark the 'if'—he thought it worth so taking. He is also rich, and is possessed by the idea that every mother wants him for one of her daughters, and that all the daughters are in love with him; therefore, as the world will generally take you at your own valuation, providing you have sufficient confidence on the subject—which he certainly has—he is regarded with awe and admiration by lots of women who ought to know better. Of course he is a flirt, though he flirts in a manner quite peculiar to himself. It is against his principles ever to put himself out for anything or anybody; but, coming, as to-night, on a party of strangers, he will look about, know at a glance which woman will be the most likely to amuse him, and, tacking himself on to her with slow deliberation, will graciously permit her to do so for as long or short a time as she may happen to be easily get-at-able. In this way he has broken a good many hearts, and boasts, or rather doesn't boast—for that isn't in his line—but contrives to imply, by the calm superiority of his manner, that his own has never been touched."

This description of one of one of the guests at a country house was given by its youngest daughter to another guest, a fair, pretty girl with pale yellow wavy hair and big blue eyes fringed by long black lashes. She was sitting on the hearthrug, amidst an untidy confusion of outdoor garments and wraps, and was busily employed in curling the feathers of her hat. Before she could answer a third girl looked up from the flowers she was arranging in bouquets and remarked:

"Alice hates him."

"So I perceive," replied the golden-haired damsel on the hearthrug; and, looking up mischievously into Alice's face, she added, "Are you one of the victims of this hero's peculiar style of flirtation?"

"Oh, dear no," Alice answered, with perfect candor. "I don't amuse him; so he treats me with great civility, because he considers it due to himself as a gentleman and one who can trace his family back to one of Boadicea's followers—none of your vulgar modern Conqueror's for him!"

"I shall make it my business, as long as I am here, to take him down," remarked the owner of the blue eyes.

"I think, Miss Ethel, you had better leave him alone," said Flora, still busy with the flowers. "Alice has been hardly fair to him, for he is undoubtedly popular, both with men and women."

"Besides," chimed Alice, "he won't give you the chance. You are not his style."

"Pooh!" retorted Ethel. "I shall find the chance; and, as for not being his style, girls, before he leaves this house he shall propose to me, and I shall refuse him!"

The sisters were so scandalized by this an-

nouncement that it was some time before they could find words to express their horror; at last Flora said:

"I hope, Ethel, you don't intend to become fast."

"Fast! No; but I intend to confer a benefit on society by taking down this man who thinks so much of himself."

"You will be clever if you do," muttered Alice.

"I will. Oh, won't I dance upon his feelings, Alice! You may come and listen through the keyhole to his proposal."

Flora's face expressed strong disapproval; but Alice asked:

"But how are you going to set about it?"

"Oh, when I have met Captain Crawford, and understand him a little, I shall see! Thackeray says—oh, bother, I forget what he does say!—but it's something about any woman being able to marry any man. Now I don't want to marry this creature; I only—Ah, there's the dressing-bell, and I haven't unpacked a thing!" Springing up with astonishing alacrity, she gathered her wraps together, rattling on—"I'm sure I've forgotten the key of my box! Oh, dear, I wish I could pick up a rich husband! I do hate unpacking. I shall be late for dinner. Happy thought! I will be late, and burst suddenly on his admiring gaze alone in my glory, instead of dawning slowly on his perceptions among everybody else. The old room, I suppose, Flora?"

Away she went, dropping veil, gloves, and various small articles before she even reached the door. But Ethel Raine, though she talked so recklessly in private, was usually tolerably well-behaved in public, and nothing was farther from her thoughts than to be intentionally late for dinner. Therefore she was much dismayed to hear the bell ring before she was ready; and, when she crept into the dining-room after every one had gone in, it was with a considerably heightened color and a subdued manner that contrasted curiously with the bravado airs she had given herself up stairs. When she recovered from her confusion, she found herself being greeted with some effusion by her left-hand neighbor, a youth just transplanted from Eton to Cambridge, and consequently filled with a great idea of his own importance; but he had as fervent an admiration for Ethel as was consistent with the still more fervent admiration he at present entertained for himself.

All was fish that came to Ethel's net. She was always ready to be amused by anything or anybody; so she turned her blue eyes on Tom Grainger, and forgot all about Capt. Crawford, till, in a pause in her lively chatter, she found Alice looking at her meaningly from the opposite side of the table. Following the direction of her eyes, she took a survey of the gentleman on her right, and it suddenly dawned on her that he was the famous Captain Crawford. This discovery filled her with the liveliest delight. He, however, took no notice of her, so she had to content herself with listening to his conversation with the lady he had taken in to dinner, which she did with so much interest that she had very little attention left to bestow on Tom Grainger. He wondered a little at her change of manner, but did not altogether object to it, as it gave him the opportunity of talking a little about himself, which Miss Ethel had not hitherto allowed him to do.

Apparently Captain Crawford found the handsome widow he had taken in to dinner decidedly amusing, for he sat down beside her afterward in the drawing-room, and never stirred for the rest of the evening. Ethel, observing all this, put him out of her thoughts for the present, and abandoned herself to enjoyment in whatever shape it might come.

Alice Layton followed Ethel to her room that night, to remark mockingly:

"Well, you haven't done much yet with Captain Crawford!"

"Oh, I've been taking his measure!" Ethel replied. "I have it now on my fingers' ends."

"He doesn't admire you. I heard him tell mamma that you were too small, and that blue-eyed women were always humbugs."

"He shall find out the truth of that to his cost, and admire me, too, before he leaves the house."

But Alice shook her head.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Lord is already in possession of the field. What will you do about her?"

"The widow! Leave her alone, to be sure! You don't suppose I am going to lower myself by quarrelling over any man with any woman! As long as Mrs. Lord can keep him, she may; but I have taken his measure, as I said, and I think—recollect I have the reputation of a beauty, and, though he may not admire me, that goes a long way with a man—I rather think a judicious mixture of politely-veiled indifference and a small amount of skillfully spread butter, together with a studiously concealed tendresse for somebody else, unknown, will settle him."

This struck Alice as being nonsense; but it also had a worldly ring in it that, Flora not being there to do so, she felt it her duty to reprove.

"You talk so wildly, Ethel dear. I don't think mamma would like to hear you."

"Well, she doesn't hear me," replied the incorrigible Ethel. "And now good night. I can't afford to lose my beauty sleep, for I want to look my best to-morrow."

And she did look her best the next morning, though her dress was only a plain dark serge; for Ethel was an orphan, without a relative in the world except her grandfather, with whom

she lived, and who was by no means overburdened with this world's goods; therefore she had not the means of dressing smartly; but she had the knack of making everything she wore look nice.

Even Captain Crawford, in spite of his professed antipathy to blue eyes, could hardly have helped being pleased with her appearance, when, on coming out, he found her standing on the doorstep watching the party mount.

"Are not you going to ride, Miss Raine?" he asked.

"No; I'm afraid."

"That's a pity. You lose a great deal of pleasure."

"Do I?" she questioned listlessly, all her interest apparently centered on the horses; then, glancing indifferently at him—"I see you are got up for riding. I shouldn't have thought you were a hunting man."

"Why not?"—a little gleam of triumph coming over his face at the reflection that she must have been observing him pretty closely.

But she had no idea of allowing him to cherish this pleasing delusion, and answered carelessly, her eyes still idly roving round:

"Oh, I don't know! Everybody one sees, if only for a moment, leaves some sort of impression on one's mind. I suppose that is the one you have left on mine."

"That I am not a hunting man? Curious, isn't it?"

"Yes," then, as if suddenly aroused to a consciousness of what she was saying—"Oh, dear, what am I saying! I'm sure I don't know!"

"Where is your horse, Captain Crawford?" cried Mrs. Lord, who, mounted on a fine animal lent her by a friend in the neighborhood, and attired in an exquisitely-fitting habit, looked remarkably handsome.

"Coming," he said laconically, and then, to Ethel, with a glance toward the widow, "Admire her!"

He looked down at her with evident curiosity for the answer.

"I do indeed; she is very handsome."

There was not a trace of reluctance or pretended enthusiasm in her tone. It was simply the natural statement of a fact. His horse being led round at this moment, she disappeared within doors without seeing him mount; nevertheless she noted from the window that he rode down the avenue beside Mrs. Lord.

The party returned very early, all more or less cross, having had a bad day. About five o'clock Captain Crawford strolled into the drawing-room, in search of amusement. There was Mrs. Lord ready for him, arrayed in her most fascinating of tea-gowns; but perhaps he had had enough of her society in the hunting-field, for he did not take the chair beside her, and, declining tea, went on into the inner room, where he found Ethel buried among the cushions of a huge arm chair, reading a novel, from which she merely looked up on his entrance, and then took no further notice of him.

"You seem very comfortable," he said at last, when he found that she had no intention of starting the conversation.

"I am, thank you," she replied, just glancing at him over the top of her book, as he leaned against the mantelpiece, and then continuing to read.

Captain Crawford was beginning to have a notion that this little lady, though she was small, fair and blue-eyed, might be able to amuse him if she choose; but she evidently did not choose, and he was much surprised thereat. Without being quite so vain a man as Alice Layton had been pleased to represent him, he was accustomed to be petted by the fair sex, and, though he had occasionally experienced hard snubbing, this careless indifference was something new—so new that, in order to fathom it, he exerted himself to make another remark:

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?"

"Meditating"—this time not even raising her eyes.

"Meditating?"

"Yes—on my ball dress for to-morrow."

Then there was silence again, till Ethel looked up with an impatient air that said plainly, "I wish you would go away and leave me in peace," which roused a spirit of opposition in him, determining him to stay; but he could not make up his mind to go so far as to offer another observation. How much longer Ethel would have read, and Captain Crawford have stood before the fire, glancing at her furtively and stroking his moustache, it is impossible to say, for, after the silence had lasted about two minutes, Mrs. Lord came in. She looked suspiciously at Ethel, but addressed herself to Captain Crawford.

"We are going to play billiards; won't you come, Captain Crawford? Indeed you must; we cannot do without you."

"Can't you? Miss Raine, do you play billiards?"

"Sometimes."

"You had better come too."

"No, not this evening."

"Oh, you must!" said Alice, who had just entered. "You really can play well."

"I can't. My heroine is being pursued by a wild bull, and the hero, who has only one leg, is looking on helplessly over the hedge. I really can't leave them in that deplorable position without knowing what becomes of them."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Lord, with great enthusiasm. "I never can lay down a novel when once I get fairly into it."

In point of fact, she never took one up, nor a book of any kind except a fashionable magazine; and yet she contrived somehow to make herself agreeable to men; and she walked Captain Crawford off now before he could say another word, Alice lingering to observe:

"I don't think you will succeed at this rate."

"Indeed! That you opinion, is it? But, Alice, you maligned that poor man dreadfully. I rather—no, I don't; but he is rather nice."

"Oh, Ethel, Ethel," began Alice, but, hearing herself called, ran off, without bestowing the advice she had intended for her friend.

The men were all out shooting the best part of the next day, so that even Mrs. Lord had very little opportunity of monopolizing Captain Crawford. However, when she came down dressed for the ball, she was indeed arrayed for conquest—in pale yellow satin, with diamonds sparkling in her dark hair. Ethel was all in white, and looked her very best; but, alas, her very best faded into insignificance besides the widow's stately beauty! But she was in exceedingly high spirits, so much so that Mrs. Layton, who took a motherly interest in the lonely girl whom nobody kept in any sort of order, deemed it best to take her with the matrons in the landau, sending her own staid girls in the omnibus with the rest of the party. Ethel was inclined to sulk in consequence of this arrangement; but, as her companions did not take the least notice, she found it expedient to recover her temper before they arrived at their destination. She danced the first waltz with Tom Grainger, and saw that Captain Crawford had Mrs. Lord for a partner. Everybody who did not know was asking everybody else the name of the woman in yellow satin and diamonds; and all who did happen to know gave themselves important airs in consequence. In fact, Mrs. Lord carried all before her; and Captain Crawford did not exactly dance attendance on her, but followed lazily in her train of admirers.

A conviction began to force itself on Ethel's mind that this ball would not be the scene of unequalled pleasure she had expected—not for lack of partners—she always had plenty of them; but even a superfluity of partners is not always sufficient for happiness, though no doubt to a well regulated mind it ought to be; Ethel's, however, was not a well regulated mind. For some time she conducted herself with great propriety, returning to her chaperon immediately after each dance. Once she was rewarded, if she considered it in that light, by Captain Crawford's sitting down beside her and inquiring how she was enjoying herself, to which she, of course, replied that she had never enjoyed herself more in her life; and then, after offering in perfect good faith to introduce some young men to her if she were not dancing enough, he strolled away to Mrs. Lord.

After this Ethel threw propriety to the winds, and plunged into a frantic flirtation with a weak-eyed and weaker-minded young man, whose head she so completely turned by her smiles and the liveliness of her conversation that for the next three weeks he spent all his spare time in writing affectionate epistles to her, in which he offered to lay his life, with all he possessed, at her feet, never having courage to send any of them, but always carrying one in his pocket, so that, in the event of being suddenly inspired with the requisite courage, he should have it at hand to dispatch at once. Ethel was routed out of a corner, where she had been sitting for about a quarter of an hour encouraging the unfortunate youth to talk nonsense to her, by Captain Crawford, who said a little satirically:

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Miss Raine; but all our party are ready to go, and Mrs. Layton is looking for you."

Up jumped Ethel, and, with a cool nod to her victim, took Captain Crawford's arm, remarking gayly as they went back to the ball-room:

"Now I shall get a wiggling."

"Pon my word, I think you deserve it," he said dryly.

"Captain Crawford did not dance with you at all, did he?" inquired Flora, as she and her sister paused at Ethel's door to say good night.

"Of course he didn't," said Alice; "he is a great deal too vain of his height and his fine figure to make himself look ridiculous by dancing with so small a person."

"I got on very well without him," Ethel said, with a little loss of her head, but something very like tears in her eyes.

"He don't really care for dancing," pursued Alice; "but he thinks he and Mrs. Lord make such a handsome couple that he does not object to showing off with her."

"Oh, I'm sick of Mrs. Lord and her smart gowns!" cried Ethel, pettishly. "Good night;" and she entered her room, slamming the door in her friends' faces with very scant courtesy.

Most of the party left the next day, with the exception of Mrs. Lord, who was going on to a house in the neighborhood, and Captain Crawford, who was to remain for a shooting party on Wednesday and Thursday. Ethel always came for an indefinite period. Mrs. Lord kept pretty strict guard over Captain Crawford all day, but went to her room to rest after tea under the delusion that her captive was safe in the smoking-room till dinner time; but he appeared in the drawing-room ten minutes after she had left it.

"Will you come and play billiards, Miss Raine?"

"Yes, I don't mind," Ethel said, her tone very demure, but her eyes sparkling.

"Miss Alice is coming to mark for us. I hear you play very well."

"This is an honor unto which I was not born," remarked Ethel, in a perfectly audible aside to Alice. "I fear I shall collapse under the weight of it."

This little piece of satire reaching his ears, Captain Crawford turned round to look at her and laugh, as he led the way to the billiard room. Ethel could play billiards—it was about the only accomplishment she possessed—and she won the first game; but her success elated her so much that her spirits ran away with her, and she now played so badly that her adversary took her to task.

"Look here, Miss Raine; next week I'll give you a lesson every night. You would play very well, but you want ballast in this as in everything—you get too excited."

"You are very kind. Suppose I were to give you a lesson instead. You would be a good player if you had a little less ballast in that and everything else. You are too much in the habit of pretending you don't think anything worth any trouble. The sense of your own dignity weighs you down."

"I am greatly honored by your having studied my character so attentively," he said, much amused.

She flushed to the roots of her hair, saying angrily:

"I have never studied your character. It is written on every line of your face—it is revealed in every inflection of your voice, in your every word and gesture."

"It must be very unpleasant, seeing the impression left in so bad."

His voice was cold; and, having turned away, Ethel did not see the smile on his face. A shadow came over her own, and, after a moment's silence, she said meekly, almost entreatingly: "I beg your pardon; I am afraid I was rude; I didn't mean to be."

"Oh, Ethel, you goose!" murmured Alice under her breath; but Captain Crawford's somewhat cynical face softened as it never did to Mrs. Lord, though he only said:

"Rude! I should think so; but I don't mind."

Mrs. Lord's face at dinner was rather expressive when some allusion was made to the billiard-playing.

"I'll give you a hint, Ethel," Alice said, as they walked to church on Sunday, Captain Crawford and the widow being ever so far behind. "Mrs. Lord is afraid of you."

"Please don't!" said Ethel, piteously. "It is not kind of you to remind me of the dreadful nonsense I talked the other day. It was only a joke. I couldn't cut out Mrs. Lord, and—ad I don't wish to; and he really isn't so bad as you said, at any rate," her usual spirit suddenly regaining the ascendancy. "I couldn't be bother undertaking so hopeless a task as taking him down."

Certainly, as long as Mrs. Lord was in the house, it was a hopeless task, for nobody got a chance of speaking to the Captain, but whether this was the result of his admiration or her skillful pertinacity it is not easy to say. But Mrs. Lord went away on the Monday, her last words being addressed to Captain Crawford.

"You will be sure to come and see me in London?"

"Oh, certainly, if I happen to find myself there!" he replied; and then, as she drove away, he said to Ethel, who had come out with the rest to see her depart:

"I wonder how much she spends on her clothes?"

But Ethel would not be betrayed into spitefulness.

"A good deal, I dare say—and quite right, if she has it. So much beauty deserves a fine setting. How shall we console you for her departure?" she added saucily.

"If I tell you, will you undertake the task?"

But he received no answer, for Ethel had followed the others indoors. The house was full again the next day for the shooting; but Captain Crawford did not seem to find any of the ladies sufficiently amusing to replace Mrs. Lord. Alice, however, found a little amusement for herself, in so much that she had no time to watch Ethel's proceedings. Flora never had taken so much interest in them, and Ethel herself was unusually quiet on the subject. But she was very good-tempered, which was a sign that she was at least not bored. So the days slipped by. On Thursday night Mrs. Layton, being late, sent down a message that they were not to wait dinner for her. Mr. Layton, giving his arm to a dowager, requested the others to follow as they pleased. Captain Crawford, with more alacrity than was usual with him, immediately offered his arm to Ethel, and even went so far as to exert himself to be agreeable during dinner; and Ethel made no sarcastic remarks on the honor done her; but listened to him with a happy smile.

"I am going away to-morrow afternoon," he said presently. "May I call on Mr. Raine when I am in London?"

"He would be very glad to see you," Ethel replied quietly.

Later in the evening she happened to be alone in the inner drawing-room, looking for some prints that somebody wanted, when Captain Crawford followed her thither.

"Don't look for those things now, Miss Raine. I say; you said I might come and see you in London."

"I said you might come and see grandpa," Ethel corrected, demurely.

"I have known you only for ten days; but ten days in the same house together constitute a much more intimate acquaintanceship than

ten years spent within half a mile of each other. So there's no good my waiting to speak. You know me as well now as you would after twenty years. I can't make fine speeches; but I love you, Ethel. Will you be my wife?"

It ought to have touched her; a declaration of love so simple and straightforward, and from a man that more than one charming woman had tried to captivate in vain. For the few seconds that he was speaking a struggle was raging in her breast, though she stood so quietly with downcast eyes; but the remembrance of her rash resolution was strong within her. The demon of vanity and mischief conquered. Raising her blue eyes wonderingly to his face, she said—oh, so innocently!—

"I am so sorry! How could I know you were in earnest? I have always heard—indeed have seen for myself—you were such a flirt that it never occurred to me that your attentions were serious."

He looked at her for a moment thunderstruck, and then walked quietly out of the room. A minute after, she rushed out by another door, and escaped to her room by a side staircase. It was late then, and everybody was saying good-night in the drawing-room; so Ethel was not missed till Flora and Alice, passing her door, bethought themselves of her and went in. She was sitting on the hearth, with a very woeful countenance, and was by no means glad to see them.

"What do you want? I have a headache," she said, petulantly.

"Have you, dear? You had better go to bed quickly then," Flora said kindly.

"I believe you are thinking of Captain Crawford and your failure with regard to him," Alice laughed.

"I am thinking of my success," Ethel retorted, reflecting that, if she had paid dearly for her triumph, she might as well make the most of it. "He has proposed to me, and I have refused him."

But she rather spoiled the effect of the announcement by bursting into tears, also considerably marring Alice's enjoyment, for her face, which has assumed a look of keen delight, clouded over at this finale. She was too dismayed to speak; but Flora, who prided herself on having a well-balanced mind and never allowing her clear judgment to be dimmed by foolish sentimentality, observed:

"You had better have accepted him; you would have had your triumph just the same—in fact, a greater one; for, as it is, I don't see how people are to know anything about it."

Ethel continued crying, and said nothing.

"I wouldn't distress myself about it," said Alice, soothingly. "He will very soon get over it."

But this piece of consolation quite failed.

"I dare say he will," wailed Ethel. "But it isn't that. Oh, I am ashamed of myself! Why did I ever make that foolish, unwomanly resolve? Oh, why did you allow me? What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"You see, wrong-doing always brings its own punishment," said Flora, sententiously, thinking it an excellent opportunity for a moral lesson.

But Ethel, far from showing herself inclined to profit by it, stopped crying and turned on her fiercely.

"I wish you would go away; I hate you! You are so self-righteous. You are only fit to be the matron of a reformatory. Do you never, never do anything wrong!"

With this somewhat lame conclusion—for she had meant to say something smart, only nothing had occurred to her—Ethel relapsed into tears again, and Flora stalked out of the room in a fit of offended dignity. But Alice remained to make fresh attempts at consolation.

"It will all come right," she said, not exactly clear as to the sense in which it ought to come right.

But Ethel was inconsolable. It never could come right; look at it as she would, each aspect was more hopeless than the last. He had paid her the highest compliment a man can pay a woman; and she had repaid him with flippant impertinence. He loved her, and she had hurt his feelings. Now after to-morrow she would never see him again, and he would never know.

Alice, who was beginning to see how the matter stood, went on another tack.

"If you knew Captain Crawford as well as I do, you would know that, if he had had the remotest suspicion that you were running after him, he would never have cared for you. Besides, though you talked so grandly, I have never observed that you put your schemes into practice. You were always as meek as a mouse in his presence, exactly like yourself."

"Oh, but I had the intention; it was just as bad!"

And on this point Ethel took her stand, and would not be comforted; so that Alice was obliged at last to leave her still lamenting in a forlorn attitude on the hearth, and with the apparent intention of continuing to do so all night.

From her appearance, when she came down to breakfast next morning, she might have kept her long vigil. As ill-luck would have it, the chair beside her was the last one remaining vacant when Captain Crawford appeared. However, he was equal to the occasion, if she was not. He looked as cool and nonchalant as ever, said "Good morning" to her as if they had been on the easiest terms possible, looked after her during breakfast, and even occasionally addressed his conversation to her. He was so precisely the same as usual that poor little Ethel's

nervous changes of color and her utter inability to swallow a morsel passed unnoticed.

The whole party rode or drove to the meet in the neighborhood. Even Captain Crawford, who was going to leave by an afternoon train, went in for half a day's hunting. Alice and Ethel were left at home—the former because her pony was lame, the latter because she professed to be unwilling to leave her friend alone all day, as everybody was going to lunch at the house where the meet was. In spite, however, of her anxiety concerning her friend, Ethel did not take much pains to make her society agreeable to her. She was moody, not to say sulky, scowled if Alice ventured to mention Captain Crawford, and yet declined to talk of any one else, and was, in fact, so unpleasant that Alice revolved in her own mind the advisability of leaving her to herself and going out for a walk on her own account. Reflecting, however, that this might be uncivil, she suggested that Ethel should accompany her. That young lady acceding to the proposal with a dismal resignation that was by no means encouraging, they started in solemn silence soon after luncheon.

It was one of those still, soft, gray days that one sometimes sees in the middle of winter. There was not a sound to be heard but the occasional trills of a robin perched upon some leafless twig in the hedgerow, or the lowing of a cow in some distant field. "The exquisite peace that lay upon everything could not fail to exercise a soothing effect even on the most ruffled temper, so Ethel became more amiable, if scarcely more cheerful. Presently they spied on the top of a high bank that ran along the road they were walking on a quantity of snowdrops, the first of the year. With an exclamation of delight, Alice climbed up the bank, whither Ethel followed her, and both set to work to pick the flowers. While they were both thus occupied, the stillness of the air was suddenly broken by the sound of horses' hoofs coming rapidly along.

"Our party must be returning; they are very early," Alice remarked.

"There is only one," Ethel said; and then, her tone suddenly changing—"It is Captain Crawford!"

The next moment he had reined up his horse on the road close to them.

"I am afraid I shall miss my train," he said.

"Do you know what o'clock it is? My watch has stopped."

While Alice was taking out her watch to reply to his question, he looked for the first time at Ethel, and, as his glance rested on her, all the anger and bitterness he had been cherishing against her died out of his heart in spite of himself. She made an exquisite picture standing there on the green bank, with a slight background of brambles and leafless hazel-bushes, her hands full of snowdrops, her golden hair and fair face now set off to the best advantage by her little black fur cap and tiptop. Her eyes were hidden by their long lashes, for she had not courage to raise them. For a moment he looked, and then turned resolutely away.

"A quarter-past three, do you say? I shall only just do it. Let me see. My shortest way will be to jump into that field, and so across to the farm."

"Wait a minute!" cried Alice. "The bank is rotten just here on this side."

It was too late. The top of the bank was reached in safety; but, in leaving it, the horse's hind feet caused the earth to give way, and before the frightened girls quite knew what had happened, Captain Crawford was lying motionless at the edges of the ditch, and the horse, having struggled to his feet, was careering wildly over the field. It was the work of a moment to scramble down; and Ethel flung herself down upon her knees beside him, crying wildly:

"He is dead—oh, he is dead!"

Alice, though hardly less terrified, was more collected.

"I will run for help; and you, Ethel, untie his cravat—I know that is the right thing to do—and then dip your handkerchief in the water that is in the ditch and bathe his face."

With these instructions, Alice hurried away in search of assistance, while Ethel, with trembling fingers, endeavored to carry them out. Having done so without any result, she abandoned herself to grief, and wept bitterly for some minutes. Suddenly Captain Crawford opened his eyes and regarded her curiously.

"Pray don't distress yourself so much on my account, Miss Raine," he said, a little faintly. "I am not hurt; I was only stunned."

But Ethel, who in her excited state of mind hardly knew what she was saying, cried out passionately:

"Oh, Captain Crawford, forgive me, forgive me for the way I treated you yesterday! I am so sorry; and—and—it wasn't true."

It was a rather incoherent speech; but Captain Crawford seemed to understand it; for he took her hands in his, looked for a moment into her little tear-stained face, and then leaned forward and kissed it.



In the capacity of bridesmaid Alice Layton assisted at the wedding, but even then could not help expressing, in most unflattering terms, her private opinion of the bridegroom to her fellow-bridesmaids, and regretted to the end of her life that Ethel had so speedily atoned for having "taken him down."

THE END.

VARIETIES.

THE funniest thing in matrimonial disputes comes from Portland, Oregon. A couple procured a divorce, and now the late wife is suing the late husband for 5,000 dollars for subsequent breach of promise of marriage.

ROME has had her first cremation. The body burnt was that of Senator Cipriani. The ceremony took two hours and a half, and succeeded well. Those who wish to have a body burnt instead of buried must send in a petition to the prefect, with the doctor's certificate, in a sealed envelope, and with a notification of the Cremation Society's consent, also with the authorization of the civil officer and the judicial authorities. These preliminaries make cremation difficult.

THE Emperor of Russia has recently received some valuable presents. The Khan of Khiva gave him four richly caparisoned horses from Khiva, several eastern robes and carpets, ancient and modern weapons, two necklaces, and a couple of native hats of state, formerly worn by the Khivan Khans, ornamented with precious stones. Among gifts presented to the Czar by the same are twenty thousand gold ducats of Bokharo, in five velvet sacks, for distribution in charity, and a robe for the empress, richly embroidered with fine pearls.

A YOUNG man handed a poem to an editor of a Scotch paper the other day while he was very busy, and requested him to read it. The editor politely looked it over, and at once ordered it to be put on the editorial page. He then gave the young man a cheque for a thousand pounds, and invited him out to dinner. It is hoped that henceforth all poets will, in their own interest, send their contributions to Scotch papers.

A WOMAN'S smile is thus described in a Hawaiian romance: "Her rich red lips parted and there flashed upon the landscape two rows of beautiful white teeth. Slowly her mouth opened wider and wider. Deeper grew the dimples in her bronze cheeks. Brighter danced the sunbeams in her eyes, until a stray ray, darting through the foliage of an over-hanging bough illuminated the deep cavern of her mouth, bringing into view the back of her head. Then, seeing us gaze intently upon her, she shut her jaw and darkness fell upon the scene."

AN amusing story is told in an American contemporary of how a litter of mongrel puppies found owners, their owner not liking the idea of having them destroyed. It happened that a steamer was about leaving Kentucky for Johnsonville, the captain of which was requested to take them on board, and give them away if possible; but, on his suggestion, they were invoiced to a person at Florence, Ala., at a value of twenty-five francs each, the basket being placed in a conspicuous place. The result was that every pup was stolen before their destination was reached.

THE school of the nobles in Tokio, Japan, has in the court behind the school building a physical map of that country between three and four hundred feet long. It is made of turf and rock, and is bordered with pebbles, which look at a little distance much like water. Every inlet, river and mountain is reproduced in this model with a fidelity to detail which is simply wonderful. Latitude and longitude are indicated by telegraph wires, and tablets show the position of the cities.

RICHARD POHL, the well-known musical writer and champion of Richard Wagner and Franz Liszt, has just published a volume entitled "Studies and Reminiscences of Franz Liszt," being a collection of articles written by him since 1853. The work is of more than ordinary interest to the unprejudiced student of the North German school down to the present day. The author had dedicated the volume to the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who in return made him a Knight of the Order of the White Falcon.

VITAL QUESTIONS!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu'."

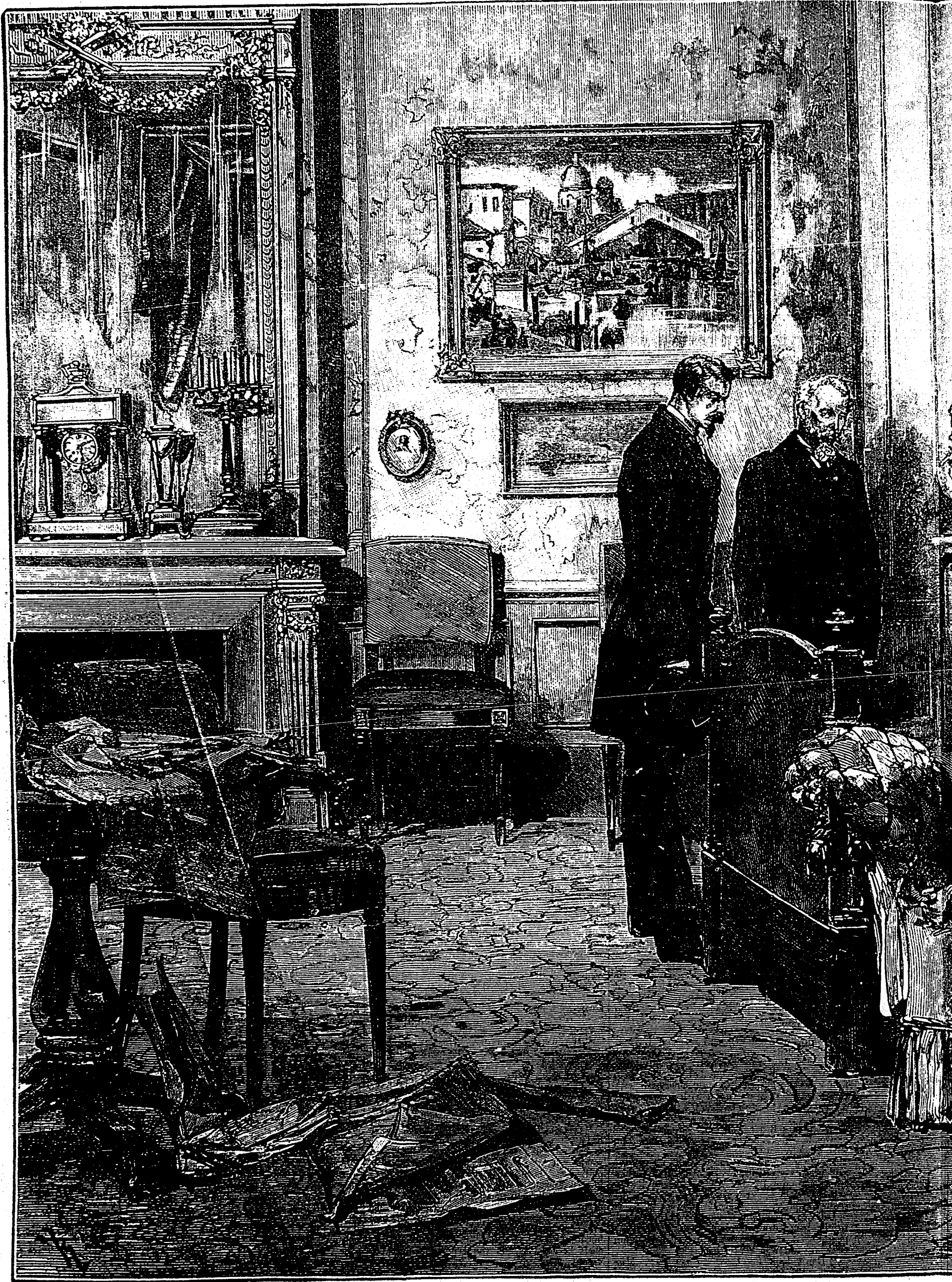
Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you: "Mandrake! or Dandelion!" Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

[Concluded next week.]





FROHSDORF.--Visit of the Count of Paris, Duke of Nemours and



and Duke of Alençon to the bedside of the Count of Chambord.

## LIBER AMORIS.

## EPIQUE.

Upon the Delphic leaves  
Of this prophetic book  
Whoever will may look;  
No eye but mine perceives  
What gladdens there, or grieves,  
Nor why the peace of years  
Is wrecked with hopes and fears.  
Many will read the words,  
But none will understand  
The meaning, though the birds  
Fly up and down the land,  
And, wooing, learn and teach  
That universal speech.  
You know it not, and I  
Only so much thereof  
As signifies I love—  
But not the reason why.

## WHY.

If you see a flower to-day,  
And the scent of it is sweet,  
You will know what it is—  
No flower, but a kiss.  
For I blow you my way,  
And it grows at your feet!

If you hear a bird to-day,  
And its melody is dear,  
You will hearken to it long—  
No bird, but a song.  
For I wing you my way,  
And it sings in your ear!

If you have my song to-day,  
And you feel its gentle art,  
And if you have my kiss,  
And know how pure it is—  
Be careful of them I pray,  
For they are my soul and heart!

## OUR FELLOW-LODGER.

"Aubrey, there she goes! Do come and look at her just to please me. I wonder who she is, and what her story is; she has such a proud, handsome face, and looks so dreadfully sad! Isn't she handsome?" I added, as my husband, at my request, came to the window to look at the young lady who had so piqued my curiosity.

We had only been married a week, and were enjoying our honeymoon at a quiet little seaside town in Dorsetshire, where the fresh sea breezes mitigated in some degree the scorching heat of the July sun. We had taken rooms in the airiest house we could find, and our only fellow-lodger was a Mrs. Hall, a tall, handsome gypsy-looking woman, with great lustrous dark eyes, and a queenly step, and a look of haughty sadness that roused my curiosity.

My landlady, Miss Rowe, could tell me nothing about her lodger, except that she believed she was seeking a place as governess or companion, and seemed far from rich. She could not even discover where the interesting stranger came from, though she had several times asked her as plainly as she could. "But she's a perfect lady, ma'am," added the quaint old maid, "and speaks like a duchess, so dignified and grand like; I'm sure she's all right, ma'am."

What the old lady's ideas of "all right" were, I had no idea, but I quite agreed with her that Mrs. Hall was "a perfect lady." The quiet, courteous bow with which she passed me on the stairs, the white, well-fitted hand with its handsome ring, the whole air of good breeding and refinement spoke for her even more than the plain but good clothes she always wore.

"She goes out every morning at this time," I said, as my husband leaned over my chair and watched Mrs. Hall pass the window, "and comes back in about an hour, looking weary and depressed, and then sits on the beach by the hour together, either painting or doing embroidery. I fancy she sells her work."

"Very likely, poor thing," replied my husband, compassionately. "She is probably some young widow left without a penny, and too proud to be dependent on her friends. She certainly is very handsome; but never mind her now. Come out for a walk. I promised to go and see that horse this morning at Dyke Farm. I think he is just what Fred wants, so I don't want to lose him."

"Oh, Aubrey, I can't walk all that way in this broiling heat," I exclaimed, languidly. "Can't we drive there this evening?"

"Not very well," replied Aubrey, "for I made a positive engagement with the farmer at twelve. Besides, I want to drive you to those ruins this evening. I don't mind the heat, but I don't like leaving you alone."

"Oh, never mind that," I answered, laughing. "It will be a great relief to lose sight of you after being together for a whole week. Pray go. I shall go on to the beach and sketch the cliffs."

"That rude speech has quite set me at rest," returned my husband, pulling my ear. "Don't expect me till you see me," for I shan't return till I've made you repent it. I expect you want to get me out of the way, to scrape acquaintance with Mrs. Hall. I expect she'll ask to tell your fortune," he added; and, laughing merrily at my indignant "Nonsense!" he ran down stairs and left the house.

Aubrey was partly right, for the idea had flashed through my mind that if he was out of the way I might make friends with this interesting stranger; and, full of this thought, I put on my hat, put my sketching materials together, and made my way to the beach, sitting down close to the spot where Mrs. Hall generally took her seat. I had just finished the penciling in, and was tuning my paper, when she came slowly toward me, her eyes fixed on the ground, and her whole air expressing more dejection than

usual. She did not see me until she was very near me; she then started, and raised her head, looking undecided whether to stay or go. I saw that tears were trembling on her beautiful sweeping lashes, and it emboldened me to speak.

"I hope I have not taken your usual seat," I said, half timidly. "I want to get a good view of the town and that cliff opposite."

"It does not matter at all," she replied, hurriedly. "There is still plenty of room for me in the shade, if I shall not be in your way."

"Not in the least," I replied, quickly. "I shall be very glad of a companion, for my husband has left me alone."

Something in my speech made the rich colour deepen on her cheek, and a look of keen pain dart across her features; and evidently with a great effort, she replied, in a low tone, "You are so young a wife, that I suppose a few hours' separation seems long to you?"

"This is our first," I said, laughing, "so I can hardly say yet. But where is your husband? Have you been long separated?"

It was a most impertinent question, and regretted as soon as asked, for my companion winced as if she had been struck, and turned very pale. For a few moments she was silent, and then, in a cold, dry voice, said firmly, "I have no husband."

My heart smote me, for I had never heard such a tone of inward misery, and I exclaimed, eagerly, while the tears started to my eyes, "Oh, please forgive me! It was very rude and unkind of me to ask. I am so sorry!"

Mrs. Hall pressed one hand to her throat and looked straight out to sea, struggling hard for composure.

"Don't speak like that," she said, hoarsely. "I can't bear sympathy yet. But it does not matter—it does not matter!"

She rose and walked hurriedly away, her head thrown back with a defiant air, and her carriage more queenly than usual.

I was more sorry than words can express for having allowed my curiosity to lead me into such an error and thus thwart myself, for I felt convinced that the young stranger would avoid me for the future.

Aubrey was provoking enough to laugh at me when I told him of my failure, and said he thought that I was better without such a mysterious acquaintance. But I did not mean to give up all hope yet of getting at Mrs. Hall, so the next morning I watched for her to pass the window again; but she did not appear at her usual hour, nor did she go to her accustomed seat on the bench at all that morning, and I began to fear she was ill or determined to avoid me.

"Is Mrs. Hall ill?" I asked of Miss Rowe, as she laid out her luncheon. "She has not been out this morning."

"She's gone, ma'am," replied the old creature, sententiously; "she went away yesterday afternoon, while you were out driving. Poor thing! I found her crying bitterly when I took her her bit of lunch; but she tried to hide it from me, and never said a word, only asked me to bring my bill, as she was going. I took it to her, and she paid me, and walked away at four o'clock, and a porter came and fetched her trunk. I only hope there ain't nothing wrong about her; but she don't write or receive no letters, and there weren't no directions on her box, for I looked particular myself. She were a strange lady, but my heart ached for the poor thing when I see her so sad and lonely."

The kind-hearted old woman wiped her eyes as she left the room, and I turned to my husband with a blank look of dismay.

"Oh, Aubrey," I cried, "I wonder why she's gone! I believe it was because of what I said."

"It looks like it," replied Aubrey, pulling at an obstinate cork in a bottle of ale, until he was black in the face. "Bther this cork! I wish it was as easy to get rid of. There you are, you obstinate beggar," said he; and he put the bottle on the table and proceeded to wind the cork off the corkscrew as if there was no such thing as a beautiful, mysterious young widow at all in the world.

"How provoking you are, Aubrey!" I exclaimed, impatiently. "I was so anxious to know more of her, and do away with the pain I had given her; and now she is gone—afraid of my prying into her affairs, most likely—and I must seem like an inquisitive busybody to her."

"So you are, dear," said Aubrey, coolly, as he cut up the cold chicken; "but you won't feel it so much when you've had some luncheon. So come along! Be thankful you've got a good husband of your own, and don't ask about other people's for the future."

"Oh, Aubrey, don't tease," I replied, listlessly. "I really am so sorry. I never saw anybody who attracted me more. I wish she had not gone; I meant to make friends with her."

"Well, Minnie dear," said my husband, more gravely, "I can't say I wish you to make friends with every pretty, mysterious woman you meet. I don't care for my wife to make acquaintance with people she knows nothing about; and this lady was evidently hiding, or why was she so secret as to where she was going; and what was there in your simple question to upset her, as you say it did! I own I'm glad she's gone before the matter proceeded further."

I felt that Aubrey's remarks were very sensible, and I said no more on the subject; but I rose from the luncheon-table to wander through the open window on to the lawn, and wonder where the sad, handsome Mrs. Hall had gone, and whether she would ever cross my path again.

There are some women who have an irresistible fascination for others of their own sex—for whom those younger than themselves feel an admiration and attraction almost equalling what a man would feel. I had never been a girl to make rapturous friendships, and though I had many companions and friends of my own age and sex, I had never had any of the demonstrative, absorbing affection for other girls that I had often witnessed, and secretly despised. But this woman had cast a spell over me. From the first moment that her beautiful dark eyes rested on me, and the faint smile passed over her sad face as I met her on the stairs, I had felt irresistibly drawn toward her. I had watched her every movement, so full of grace and dignity, as she daily passed my window, and longed to know her history, why she was so lonely and sad; and had hoped to make a friend of her, and draw from her the cause of the sadness that hung over her. I think melancholy has a peculiar charm for the young, especially when it is accompanied by beauty; and I hers was a face that would haunt any one who saw it or who met the glance of those dark, lustrous, heavy-fringed eyes. But she was gone, and I sat down on the grassy bank in front of the house, and gazed out over the deep blue sea, feeling almost sad as I realized it.

Presently I was aroused by an approaching step. Aubrey was still in the sitting-room, looking at a distant vessel through the great telescope, so it was not his step; turning my head, I saw a tall, fair, handsome young man enter the garden. He started violently when he saw me, and a bright look of delight passed over his fine features; but it vanished in a moment, and he strode past, and rang a quick, sharp peal at the front door bell.

"Another lodger," I thought to myself; but his words startled me into a more lively interest.

"Does a Mrs. Hall lodge here?" he asked of Miss Rowe, in a tone of ill-concealed anxiety, when she appeared.

"She was here, sir," she replied, slowly, "but she left yesterday afternoon."

The gentleman uttered an exclamation of intense disappointment, and wheeled round on his heel, as if unable to control himself.

"Gone again!" he cried, impatiently; "so near, and yet to miss her! By what train did she go, and where were her boxes directed?"

"She went by the 4.20, I think, sir," replied the old lady; "but I can't say for certain, as there's a down and up train about the same time, and she might have gone by either. There weren't no directions on her box, sir, for I looked."

The stranger made no reply, but with a heavy sigh and a slower step he left the garden and went toward the station. Aubrey and I looked after him and then our eyes met.

"The plot thickens," he said, half laughing. "I wonder who he is! She has evidently run away from somebody; but whether he's husband, brother, or nothing, I can't say."

"Poor man!" I sighed, "how disappointed he seemed! He must be her husband or her lover. And but for me they would probably have met. How I wish I had not spoken to her!"

"And very likely have had a worse row than ever," returned my husband, laughing. "Never mind, Minnie, it was to be; so don't cry over spilt milk. I only hope you won't follow her example and run away from me, for it's a great deal too hot to scour the country after you, and you'd get into all sorts of scrapes."

"Nonsense, old conceit," I replied, with mock indignation; "as if I could not get on perfectly well without you! Now go and get my work case and your book, and we'll sit out here under the trees; it is cooler than in the house."

We had been sitting there half an hour when the stranger once more made his appearance, this time with so slow and measured a step, and such a look of misery in his blue eyes, that my heart ached for him. He lifted his hat as he met my eye, and, coming up to us, said, in a quiet, subdued tone, "Will you forgive me for addressing you, and for asking if you can tell me what has become of Mrs. —, of my wife? I have lost all trace of her; perhaps you can give me some clue. I am quite worn out with searching for her."

His voice sank, and leaning down on the iron railings he buried his face in his arms, and remained silent. I looked at Aubrey, for I did not like to speak, and, with some hesitation, he said: "Indeed I would gladly assist you in any way in my power, but Mrs. Hall left the house while we were out, and we know nothing of her except that my wife had a short conversation with her yesterday morning."

He raised his pale, wretched face and fixed his eyes on me, while great drops, telling of the depth of his misery, stood in them, in mute inquiry. I repeated, word for word, what had passed between us, and spoke of her extreme agitation, while he drank in all I said with eager looks.

"What can it mean? What can it mean?" he exclaimed wearily, as I ended. "I begin to feel as if I were in some horrid dream. Oh, would to Heaven I were to awake and find Maud once more by me! Can she have gone mad? She told you that she had no husband? Will you let me tell you what has happened, and lend me your help to unravel this fearful mystery?"

He looked at me, turning, as a man always will, to a woman for comfort in his hour of sorrow; and I replied, warmly, "Indeed I shall be very glad to hear, for I never felt more interest in anybody than I did in Mrs. Hall."

He laid himself down on the grass near us, resting his head on his hands, to hide at times the emotion that nearly overpowered him.

"Hall was no more her name than it is yours," he said, sadly. "My name is Harry Ray, and she is my wife as firmly and surely as Church and Law can make her. We were married last February, after a year's engagement, and I do not think anyone on earth could be happier than we have been ever since, for I loved—may, loved her as I believe few men do love, and she returned my affection with equal ardor. Yes, if I never see her again, I can not and will not believe that she did not love me as truly and devotedly as I could desire."

"I am a barrister, and live a few miles out of London, and am, of course, generally tied by the leg. But last month I fancied Maud was looking pale and wanted change, and we planned to go down to Bournemouth for a few weeks. Would to Heaven I had never thought of such a place! We were to go together, of course; but just at the last moment some business occurred to keep me in town a week longer; and, as the lodgings were already engaged, I persuaded Maud to go down first and wait there for me. She went, and I had a happy, loving letter from her, saying she was thoroughly enjoying the place and longing for me to join her. I went down the moment my business was ended, and found the house empty, and Maud gone! I have never seen her since!"

He stopped, and hid his face, while his whole frame trembled with his efforts to command his feelings. The tears were in my eyes, and Aubrey looked fitfully and uncomfortable. Presently Mr. Ray raised his head, and in a low, trembling tone continued: "The landlady told me that she had gone off in the middle of the day with a box, and had left no message, except to say that I should be there by seven and would explain everything. In her room was a note addressed to me, saying only this: 'You will never see me again. It will be quite useless to search for me. I have found out everything. I do not reproach you. Your own heart will do that bitterly enough. Farewell for ever.' All the jewels and presents I had given her were left, except a locket containing my miniature, and her engagement and wedding rings. She loves me still—but, oh, Maud, Maud, why have you left me? You will break my heart." And, bowing his head on the grass, he sobbed like a child.

It is a terrible sight to see a man cry; and my own tears fell fast, while my husband rose and paced the lawn with hurried steps.

"Cheer up, my poor fellow!" he said, in a husky voice, kneeling down and laying his hand on the other's shoulder. "It is all some horrid mistake or mischief-making, and will all come right yet, take my word for it. We must set the police to work. They will soon discover her."

The young man raised his flushed face, and dashed aside his tears.

"I am very weak," he said, tremblingly; "do not despise me. It is now ten days since I lost her, and I have hardly eaten or slept; and now, just when I thought I had found her, I am thrown back and further off than ever."

"It is very trying," replied my husband, gently; "but bear up bravely and hope for the best. I will do all in my power to help you. Go and look in her room if you can discover anything to assist you. You had better advertise in the Times. People would not lightly pass her by or forget her."

"There is no fear of that," replied Mr. Ray, proudly. "She is far too quietly and beautifully to pass unnoticed. I will do as you advise."

He rose and walked slowly to the house, while Aubrey and I discussed the strange story we had just heard. Presently Mr. Ray returned sad and dejected, but calm and composed.

"There is no trace of any sort," he said; "nothing but a rose in a glass and a half-finished sketch of this place. I shall sleep here to-night, and start again to-morrow on my wanderings, though I do not know where to look for her now."

We begged him to join us at dinner; but he refused, saying he was not fit for anybody's society but his own.

Poor fellow, he must have spent a sad, lonely evening in the room that was so true a picture of his life now, deserted by all that made it bright and beautiful. He left us on the following morning, leaving us his address to telegraph to him should we discover any trace of his wife; and he went on his weary journey, even more touching in his manly sorrow and loneliness than the beautiful woman who had caused it.

Weeks passed away; we left our little seaside lodgings and settled down in the cosy cottage in Surrey that was to be our home; but in spite of all that I had to engross my thoughts, I could not forget the misery of the deserted young husband; and I at length induced Aubrey to write and ask if he had found the wanderer. The answer came; it was quiet, hopeless sorrow sending a pang in our hearts as we read it.

"I am still alone," he wrote. "Every effort has failed to discover my lost wife. I begin slowly to realize that her words are true, and that I shall never see her again. I have returned to my home (if home I can call it), and am striving to bear my burden like a man and a Christian. Your kind sympathy gives me as much pleasure as anything now can in life; but do not let remembrance of my grief damp your happiness. I cannot look forward. I dare not look back; but I live from day to day with no

thought, no hope, no joy, nor fear. My heart is broken."

It was a miserable letter; but what comfort could we give? Truly life had lost every ray of sunshine for him; and if hearts can break, his was broken by the woman to whom he had given it. Often and often did his pale, handsome face, with its melancholy blue eyes and quivering lips, haunt me, and the words, "Oh, Maud, Maud, why have you left me! You will break my heart!" ring in my ears in those tones of bitter anguish. And so summer faded into autumn, and autumn shivering gave place to hoary winter, and the lonely man sat by his desolate hearth, and bore his ruined life.

One chill December evening I was sitting by the fire, listening for the step in the hall that was the sweetest sound in the day to me, when my husband returned from his dingy London office, with the merry cry of "Minnie—wife—where are you?" that called me to his side; but this evening he came in quietly and entered the room in silence. One glance at his face showed me that something was wrong, and with a vague feeling of alarm I sprang forward.

"Aubrey, what is the matter? Why are you so quiet?" I asked. "Is anything wrong?"

"I am afraid there is, dear," he said, passing his arm round me; "but my little wife will bear it bravely, I know. I had a letter from your mother to-day, to say that your father is very ill indeed, and begging me to take you to him to-morrow. It may not be as bad as she thinks. We will hope for the best; but you had better get ready to start by the first train to-morrow."

I would not worry my husband by giving way to my grief, but, with many a silent prayer and unshed tear, I packed all we should need, gave the necessary orders to my servants, and started by the first train. On the following morning I found my father better; the fit that my mother had feared had been warded off, and the visit of woe was turned to one of rejoicing. We stayed for Christmas, and came home for New Year's Day, and as we neared the quiet little station that was nearest to our home I said to my husband, "How little I thought, Aubrey, that we should return so happy! I made up my mind for the worst, for Dr. Taylor said last year that he was afraid papa would go off very suddenly some day. How well it has all ended!"

I turned to my husband as I spoke, when I felt as if somebody had struck me a violent blow on the head, and I knew no more. When I came to myself I was lying out in the cold winter night on the embankment, and Aubrey, with a very pale face, bending over me and pouring brandy down my throat.

"Thank God, my darling!" he cried, as I opened my eyes. "Are you hurt?"

I tried to raise myself, and, though feeling very stiff and bruised, could do so, and soon found that I was unhurt. I looked around. What a fearful sight that pale winter moon looked down upon—carriages smashed and overturned; one huge engine lying on its side, almost hidden in the clouds of white steam that escaped from it; the other mounted high on a heap of ruins, as though exulting in the mischief it had done; dead and wounded strewing the lines, or propped against the frozen grass embankment, while cries and moans sounded on the still night air, telling piteous tales of the pain and grief around us. With a cry of horror I struggled to my feet and clung to my husband.

"Oh, Aubrey, Aubrey, how terrible! What can we do?" I cried, while I shuddered from head to foot at the fearful sights around us—limbs and mangled bodies, blood, or dead faces among the crushed carriages.

"Come away, dear one," he said, passing his arm around me; "this is too frightful a sight for you. The station is within a mile. We had better walk on."

I obeyed, and we made our way through the terrible scene, till one body, lying far apart from the others, as though flung there by the violence of the shock, a young woman, her hands clasped tightly together, and her pale face upturned in the moonlight, made me stop with an exclamation of horror.

"Aubrey, Aubrey!" I cried, turning sick and faint, "it is Mrs. Hall—Mr. Ray's lost wife! Oh, is she quite dead?"

Kneeling down by her side, I laid my hand on her heart. Alas! it was quite still. I could not feel the slightest pulsation, and giving way to this last shock, I burst into tears.

After all that long, long search, all those mouths of misery and watching, was this all that the poor husband was to find—that still, cold body? She was fearfully thin, and there were lines of pain around the beautiful mouth and closed eyes, and I knew that the mistaken woman, had suffered as deeply as, or even more so, than her deserted husband.

"Oh, Minnie, Minnie, this is very sad," said Aubrey, sorrowfully. "Is she quite dead? Here, Thompson," he cried, catching sight of a medical man he knew, "come here for a moment, and tell me if this poor woman is really dead."

"Glad to see both of you all right," replied Dr. Thompson, as he approached. "This is an awful sight. It's lucky I was here." He knelt down by the still body, and placed his hand on her heart. He shook his head, and raised himself. "She's not quite dead," he said, "but it's only a matter of a few minutes. Do you know her?"

"Yes," I answered; "we have met before, and I know her husband. Oh, Dr. Thompson, can you not save her? Aubrey, the brandy—quick!"

I took it from him, and placing her head in

my lap, forced some between her teeth, while the two gentlemen stood by and watched me.

"That is the best thing," said Dr. Thompson; "but I cannot tell what injuries she has. If we could only get her to a house. But I must be off. We shall meet again." And raising his hat, he hurried off.

Meanwhile my patient began to show some slight signs of life. Slowly and faintly her heart began to beat perceptibly, and, with renewed hope, I exclaimed, "Oh, Aubrey, she might be saved if we could get her home. Run to the station and see if you can get any sort of conveyance; otherwise she will die in this cold."

Aubrey went, but not to the station. One of the unbroken carriages was being detached, and was going to be pushed by the men, filled with the wounded, to the station. It was stopped just in front of me, and I, with my charge, was placed in it, while Aubrey ran by the side. The journey was soon accomplished. Once started, the carriage, impelled by a dozen eager men, went easily enough, and in a few minutes I was seated, with Mrs. Ray half sitting, half lying by my side, in a fly, and driving homeward. She was still unconscious, though her breathing was now audible, and we left word at the station for Dr. Thompson to come to us as soon as he possibly could. We also telegraphed to Mr. Ray, to say "We have news of your wife. Come to us at once."

It was late at night when we reached our quiet little home, and the servants, who had heard a rumor of the accident, were on the watch. A bed was quickly warmed, and the still unconscious lady was undressed and placed in it, and then all we could do was to sit still and wait for the arrival of Dr. Thompson, though I still persisted in my doses of brandy at intervals. It might have been from this, or from the warmth of the room and bed, that the color came slowly back to the lips and cheeks, and a faint sigh escaped from her, as she slowly opened her eyes and whispered, "Harry."

My heart gave a great jump, and I leaned eagerly forward, saying gently, "Do you want your husband?"

She gazed at me in bewilderment and tried to speak; but being worn out and exhausted, she fell asleep. Long and soundly she slept, in spite of the arrival of Dr. Thompson, who, after a slight examination, declared that he did not believe she had received any injury at all, but had fainted from terror and weakness.

"She is as thin as it is possible to be," he said; "but I can see no sign of injury. I will call again in the morning, and, until then, give her brandy and arrowroot, or beef-tea; something to put a little life into her."

He left us; and I sat by the bedside through the long winter night watching the sleeper, while Aubrey took the rest he needed so much more than I did. I could not have slept if I had tried; my brain was far too excited by surrounding events and the scenes I had so lately passed through. But men need sleep more than women, and he had to go to business in the morning.

The hours wore on, and there was no sound in the room but that of the moving coals in the fire, and the heavy breathing of the sleeping invalid, who seemed, as Dr. Thompson had said, completely worn out and exhausted.

The casement slowly grew a glimmering square,

when the sound of approaching wheels made my heart beat, and rising softly from my chair I crept from the room, and hurrying down stairs with noiseless feet, I opened the hall door just as Mr. Ray, pale, eager and excited, raised his hand to the knocker. He seemed struggling between hope and fear, and without a moment's pause he exclaimed hoarsely, "Maud! Where is she? Is she alive?"

"Hush! yes," I replied, placing my hand on his arm and drawing him into the dining-room. "She is here and sleeping. With God's help we may restore her to you. She was in the train to which the accident happened last night, and we found her and brought her here. She has only spoken once and then it was your name."

"Thank God!" burst from the young man's lips, in tones of such heartfelt gratitude that the tears sprang to his eyes. "Take me to her. Oh, let me see her while she sleeps! I will not speak nor move: only let me see her face again."

I could not refuse, though I felt doubtful as to the prudence of acceding to his request; so slipping off his boots, he followed me up-stairs. She still slept, her dark hair falling loosely about her pale face, and one thin, white hand, on which still glittered her wedding ring, and a handsome diamond one, rested on the counterpane.

Harry Ray knelt down by the bed, his breathing coming thick and fast, and gazed at her with eyes of such deep, devoted love that I began to realize the depth of the misery he had suffered. There were lines on his high forehead, and a firm setting of the finely-cut lips that told their own tale of suffering and self-control, and I felt convinced that the noble nature had been raised and purified by the ordeal.

Meanwhile Maud, as if conscious of the presence of her husband even in her sleep, began to show signs of awaking, and fearful of startling her we drew back behind the curtains. Then the soft dark eyes unsealed, and the same cry as before broke from the pale lips—"Harry!" I saw him shiver from head to foot as the name fell on his ear, and I slept hastily forward.

"What is it you want?" I asked, gently.

"Are you better?"

"I want my husband," she said, faintly, "I thought he was here."

"So I am, my darling!" he exclaimed, drawing aside the curtain and bending over her. "Maud, my own love, my wife! have I found you at last?"

Her head fell on his shoulder as he caught her to him; I heard her murmur, "Oh, Harry, forgive me?" and I stole away, feeling that that was no scene for a third person to be present at.

Surely no joy on earth could surpass theirs; and I sought Aubrey, with a bright heart, to tell him that the husband and wife had met. We left them alone together, for I felt that he would prove a more efficient nurse than I; and I went down to prepare breakfast, for I knew that the two gentlemen, at all events, would need it, and I was beginning to feel very much exhausted myself.

When I went up-stairs again, Mr. Ray was standing on the landing, waiting for me, such a look of intense happiness in his deep blue eyes that they seem actually to glow. He took my hand in both of his, saying, earnestly, "Mrs. Merton, no words of mine can thank you for what you have done; but surely it must be almost reward enough to know the unutterable happiness you have given me. It was all a terrible mistake. She has told me all. Will you go to her? I do not think there is anything the matter with her but extreme exhaustion."

I went into the bedroom and found Maud lying back, with a bright spot on each cheek, and her eyes closed; but, oh, such a happy smile playing round her beautiful mouth! She looked very weak, and I would not let her speak until she had had the breakfast I brought her; and before she had finished, Dr. Thompson arrived. He corroborated what Mr. Ray had said, and told me to feed her up and she would soon be well and strong, and told her to lie down and go to sleep again.

"I will," she said, taking my hand, and lifting her lovely eyes pleadingly to mine; but let Harry come and sit with me. I will not talk. I will go to sleep; but I want him by me."

I could not refuse such a request, and I felt, judging by my own feelings, that she would sleep the sounder for having him by her; nor was I mistaken. Through the whole day she slept, only waking now and then for the food she so greatly needed, and she rapidly grew stronger.

Two days afterwards her happy husband carried her down-stairs, and laid her on the sofa in my little drawing-room. Then I heard the story of her disappearance, for she told it to me herself as I sat by her, Harry leaning over her, and drinking in the sweet tones of the voice he loved so well, and had thought never to hear again.

"Harry told you," she said, "of my going to Bournemouth to wait for him, and then vanishing the very day he came; so I will begin there. I had made acquaintance, by accident, with a young woman who had interested me very much, she looked so sad and so very delicate. She used to come and sit in the wood with me, and by degrees we became so friendly that I asked her one day why she was there all alone, though as yet I did not even know her name. Then she told me her history, crying bitterly most of the time. She was not a lady, for her father was a bookseller in London; but she was pretty and gentle, and had all the softness and refinement of a lady; and it seemed that a young man who dealt with her father (a gentleman, she said, and a rich man, though she did not know what his profession was), had fallen in love with her, and succeeded in gaining her affections in return. Then, when he found she loved him, he told her that his father, who was a very proud man, would never consent to his marrying so far beneath him, and, after much persuasion, he induced her to run away with him, and to become his wife secretly. They were married, and for some months they lived very happily; but then his love began to cool, and he left her more and more often. He kept her in comfort and independence, but slighted and abused her, and told her again and again that he wished with all his heart he had never married her, as he loved another girl, a handsome girl, with plenty of money, and but for her he should make that girl his wife."

"The poor young wife cried as if her heart would break as she added that she had not seen or heard from her husband for six months, and feared that he had married this rich, beautiful Maud Alders. You may imagine my horror, for that was my own name before I married; and I asked her breathlessly what her husband's name was; she told me it was Harry Ray!"

"I can hardly bear even now to think of what I felt as the words fell on my ear. The poor girl must have thought me mad, for I rose and left her without a word. I went back to my lodgings like one in a dream. I could not collect my thoughts or realize anything except that I was not Harry's wife—that that young girl was the real Mrs. Ray; and I—what was I? I had only one thought. I could not meet Harry again; I must go. But where? I did not know nor care; but like one in a horrible dream, I packed my clothes. Since then I have wandered about from place to place, making just enough to exist on by selling paintings and work. I would not go back to my own home, for how could I face my parents with such a tale? Besides, I knew that Harry would find me there, and I could not meet him again."

"At last a craving came over me to see that young girl again, she whose life had been wrecked by the same hand that had wrecked mine, to hear more from her—to know if he had returned to her now that he had lost me; and I went back to Bournemouth. I carefully shunned my

old lodgings, fearful of being recognized; besides, they were far beyond my scanty means. I knew where the young girl had lodged, and I went there and asked for her. 'She's dead,' said the woman who opened the door. 'She died three weeks ago. Her father's in there if you want to see him.' She flung open a door as she spoke, and I found myself face to face with a white-haired old man, who seemed bowed to the earth by his grief."

"The old man rose and came toward me. 'Were you looking for my Annie?' he asked, in a low trembling voice. 'She's at rest. She's gone from me; but I'm soon going to her. Only a little while, a very little while.'

"Dead!" I exclaimed; but the question I longed to ask died on my lips. I could not ask if Harry had been with her. The old man wiped away his tears and raised his eyes.

"Yes, dead," he repeated slowly. "He broke her heart. My poor child was murdered. He took my one pet lamb, and then killed her. She never spoke again after that letter—that cruel, cruel letter! Oh, he might have let her die in peace, my poor little Annie, my poor child!"

"What letter?" I asked, my heart beating slowly and heavily before this touching witness of the baseness of the man I loved.

"The old man fumbled at his pocket, and producing a letter, put it into my hand. One glance showed me that it was not my husband's writing, and a sharp pang shot through me. Was it then a mistake after all? With a whirling brain I read these words:

"You ask me to own you for my wife before you die: to let you tell your father so. Tell him what you choose, you are no wife of mine; Harry Ray is no more my name than Dick Jones, nor do I intend you to know what it is. If you want more money, you can have it; but I cannot come to you, as my wife is ill. You had better send for your father."

"I gave back the letter to the old man, who sat weeping silently. I felt sick and giddy; and my heart ached sorely for the cruelly bereaved father.

"God comfort you!" I said, "for I cannot. I did not know there was such wickedness on earth."

"I left him, for my whole being was yearning to see Harry once more, my poor deserted husband. I hurried to the station, got into the next London train, and you know the rest. Had I been killed, my poor Harry would have been made wretched for life by my hasty presumption, my want of faith in him; but God was very merciful."

She ceased and we were all silent. Two hearts were very full, and my own was almost equally so at the sight of their happiness.

#### MISCELLANY

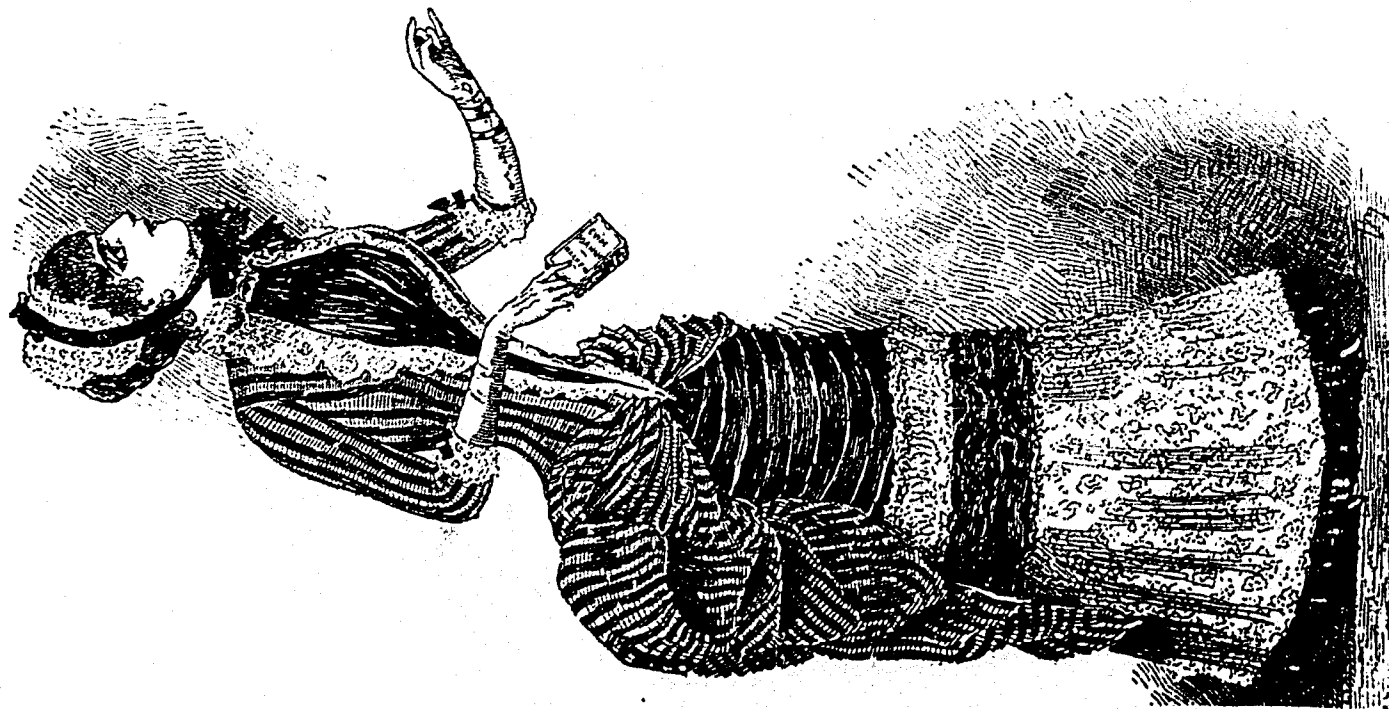
No fortunes have ever been accumulated by individuals in England equal to those of Stewart and Vanderbilt. The largest personality was that of Mr. Brassey, the great railroad contractor, thirty million dollars. The next largest was that of Mr. Morrison, dry goods, twenty millions dollars, with real estate equal to some two million five hundred thousand dollars more. The Duke of Westminster's reality can fall little short of one hundred million dollars, but his father only left four million personality, and this included a famous collection of pictures.

M. GOSNOLD is busily engaged upon the work which is to be performed at the Birmingham festival of 1883. It is entitled "Death and Life," and will be in two parts. The first part, "Death," will be a species of requiem. The second, "Life," will be a description of the New Jerusalem, taken from the "Revelations," and in it the motifs used in the first section will be repeated, but developed in such a way as to express the joy of the souls of the saved in the heavenly Jerusalem of saints. It is reported, but it is to be hoped without foundation, that M. Gosnold does not intend to write any more for the operatic stage.

"MR. MACKAY," we learn from the London World, "has been living for some years between Paris and Mentone, but he contemplates returning home this fall. He is building a magnificent house in New York for a winter residence, and for a summer abode he already possesses a splendid domain in Nevada on which he has erected a house as large as Buckingham Palace and quite as sumptuous in its interior arrangements. Mr. Mackay's income averages one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per month, and there does not seem any prospect of the mines, from which he derives his wealth, becoming exhausted, but when they do he will have a mighty 'pile' to fall back upon."

#### ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.

I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.



No. 1. AFTERNOON COSTUME.

Red satin, cream lace, striped red and gold satin. The skirt of red satin has a deep lace bounce sewn on with a bouillonné of red satin; the upper part of the tablier is folded. The pannes and bodice are striped satin with pointed blastron of the plain material, outlined with lace. Overdress, 3s. 1d., or of costume, 5s. 1d., by post only, The Editor, 346, Strand, W.C.



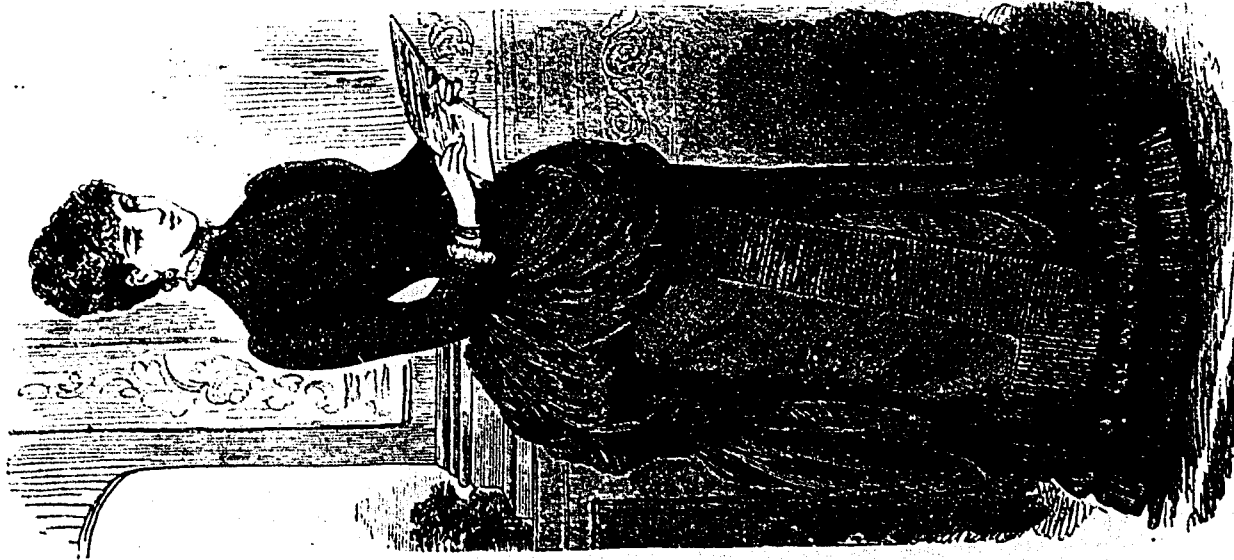
No. 2. BOATING COSTUMES.

Fig. 1 and 3. Gilet of Etonne.—Alpaca or summer serge, blue or hazy colour. The frock is bordered with deep plaiting, likewise the skirt. For back see Fig. 3. Costume, 2s. 7d. by post only. Fig. 2. Yachting. Dress of dark blue Anglo-Indian cloth and cream cloth. The kilted skirt is in the two colours, the blue being used for the wider plaits. The pointed tunic, which is draped at the back is of plain blue. Bodice opening at the top, light blue rows over a dark waist with gold buttons. Light blue cuffs. Hat, 2s. 6d., skirt, 2s. 1d., by post only, The Editor, 346, Strand, W.C.



No. 3. COUNTRY COSTUME.

Plain and flowered sateen with cream Lagenodon lace. The skirt is edged with two kiltings headed with a row of lace and three scantily gathered bouillonnés. Pointed bodice with full sleeves of floral sateen, the plastron being of the plain sateen. The fichu collar of lace and cambrio is fastened with a flower. Bodice, 2s. 7d., by post only, The Editor, 346, Strand, W.C.



No. 4. MORNING COSTUME. Cashmere and silk, grey, brown, or dark green. The silk skirt is bordered with a flaring and bouillonné. Cashmere panola, bordered with other cashmere. Pointed bodice with high sleeves and drapery of plain cashmere. The cuffs match. Bodice, 2s. 7d.; skirt, 3s. 1d., by post only. The Editor, 346, Strand, W.C.



No. 5. EVENING DRESSES.

Fig. 1. BALL TOILETTE. In emerald strawberry satin, velvet of a darker shade, and cream lace. The low bodice, paniers, and train are velvet; the shawl consists of draperies of satin, edged with lace and terminating with a falling. The paniers are short on the hips, plaited, and the train is puffed. Bodice and paniers, 2s. 7d.; skirt, 3s. 7d.

Fig. 2. DINNER GOWN. Navy-blue satin broché with peaches in plush; garnet velvet. The broché overskirt is vandyked, the points resting on a plain satin plating. The paniers are broché, and the puff at the back matches the plating. The bodice has revers and waistcoat of garnet velvet. The jabot is lace. Bodice, 2s. 7d.; skirt, 3s. 1d., by post only. The Editor, 346, Strand, W.C.



No. 6. EVENING DEMI-TOILETTE.

Nun's veiling, silk, lace, and velvet. The silk skirt is edged with a killing, headed with several lace flounces. The draperies and paniers are of veiling, the former looped with velvet and the latter trimmed with lace. Pointed bodice, with sleeves of the two materials, likewise the fichu. Bodice and paniers, 2s. 7d., by post only. The Editor, 346, Strand, W.C.

FASHION PLATES.

## A REGRET.

## I.

I met the maiden that I loved  
One evening on the sea;  
And, save a peeping star or two,  
All by ourselves were we.  
The silken moths flew round about,  
And softly moved the air,  
But softer on my shoulder fell  
The flutter of her hair.  
And so we walked an hour or more:  
How swift the minutes sped!  
And then we parted—well-a-day,  
What might I not have said?

## II.

I met the maiden that I loved  
One sweet May-morn again,  
And, save the happy Sabbath bells,  
No sound was in the lane.  
But when I looked her in the face  
So fast the blushes flew,  
No wild-rose blossom in the spring  
Had ever such a hue.  
And so we wandered toward the church  
How swift the minutes sped!  
And then we parted—well-a-day,  
What might I not have said?

## III.

I met the maiden that I loved  
Once more in after-years,  
And as she passed me in the street  
I scarce could look for tears.  
For by her side a stranger walked,  
And she might be his bride—  
But oh! she smiled not as of yore,  
Our darling village pride.  
Then most I thought of one still e'er,  
Of one May-morn how sped,  
And how we parted—well-a-day,  
What might I not have said?

AROUND THE RICHELIEU BY  
MOONLIGHT.

CHARMING SCENERY.—HISTORIC SITES.—  
FAMILY COMFORT.—TRIFLING EXPENSE.—  
HEALTHFUL RECREATION.

There are thousands of us who know the Richelieu only by name. And yet it is as picturesquely beautiful as the St. Lawrence is sublimely grand. It has features that are unique on this continent, and scenes to be met with nowhere else in America. Supposing you want an outing on the water, and can afford neither time nor money to go to the seaside. Then take the Richelieu. It is essentially the river for families. The trip is short and easy. Trundle the young ones down to the Bonsecours Basin and embark on the steamer Chambly at 1 o'clock of a Tuesday afternoon. Put your traps in the stateroom. Direct yourselves of superfluous shawls or other gear, and sit you down in the cool shade of the forecastle. In a few moments you are gliding through the channel and the great wings of the water breezes are fanning your cheeks.

The panorama opens at once. There are Longueuil and Boucherville on the one hand; Longue Pointe and Pointe-aux-Trembles on the other. Presently the clear waters of the Ottawa flow in from the Bout de l'Île, and opposite, the twin towers of Varennes gleam from the wooded height. Then come St. Sulpice and Lavaltrie on the northern bank; Vercheres and Contrecoeur on the southern—all historic names, recalling the seigneurs and nobility of 200 years. About five o'clock Lanoraie appears in sight, where we round to, unload and take in freight from the long pier, after which the welcome supper bell is heard and cheerfully obeyed. The table is spread in the upper saloon, with all the windows open, so that the shifting scenes on the shore can be observed even while we eat. The meal is scarcely over, and the post prandial cigar lighted, when a broad curve is made and Sorel stands before us like a sentry at the mouth of the Richelieu—Sorel, the site of the old French fort, built by an officer of that name, and the William Henry of a later English date. The spectacle at that soft evening hour is very beautiful. After a halt of twenty minutes, we proceed up the Richelieu, through a labyrinth of docks and ship-yards. For the first twelve miles the banks are quite elevated and thickly wooded down to the water's edge. All is silent and solitary, and the imagination easily goes back to the far time when Champlain propelled his canoes over the same route on his way to the land of the Iroquois, discovering the pretty lake that bears his name, and mooring at the foot of Carillon or Ticonderoga. It is safe to say that this part of the Richelieu has not altered in those two hundred years—the same banks of sand, the same bushes and trees. A bend in the river and two steeples spring into view—St. Roch on the right, St. Ours on the left. We stop at both places. Down from the hills they all come—men, women and children, with the village curs—to see the steamer come and go. It is the calm hour of twilight; the work of the day is done in field and farm-house, and the passage of the boat is a pleasant break in the monotony of the week. All along this river the French *habitant* can be seen in his primitive condition. A few miles further on is the St. Ours lock, or dam, where we are naturally detained a bit, after which all is plain sailing. The sun goes slowly down in banks of hammered gold, and a pink atmosphere suffuses all the landscape. Then the colors deepen as the gloom advances. Purple cows and sheep drink the purple water, and violet ropes sink silently into violet wells. St. Denis and St. Antoine are reached, facing each other over a narrow expanse, and the sweet Angelus bells mingle from the bellries of both:

Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of prayer!  
Ave Maria! 'Tis the hour of love!  
Ave Maria! May our spirits dare  
Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

At St. Antoine you are shown the large stone house where Sir Geo. Cartier was born, and from which he crossed to the other side to take part in the battle of St. Denis. At the latter place the field lies tranquil and all unconscious where Gore's Waterloo veterans were driven back by a handful of peasants, armed with truncheons and old blunderbusses. Near by is St. Charles, which our venerable friend, General T. S. Brown, can tell us all about. There Wetherell made short work of the rebels, entrenched at the De Barzsch mansion. The sun has scarcely sunk in the West when the moon arises in the East. It is the harvest moon, full and round as a ball, and yellow as a guinea. Slowly it mounts from the sedges, clears the dark tops of the forest trees, until, having attained the open spaces of star-light, it bathes the whole valley of the Richelieu in its mellow radiance. The tin-clad spires of the village churches glitter like shafts of silver. The surface of the river shines like a burnished shield. The white farm-houses on the shore are repeated in the water. The mirage is weird and beautiful. All is calm and silent, but it is not the solitude of death.

Nature sleeps in the sweet repose of night, under the eye of the moon, that fills the whole heavens and the earth with its mild queenship. One by one the lights on either side of the bank go out. Not a sound is heard of bird or beast—only the thud of the waves of the steamer's bow, and even that is hushed as the Chambly puts in at St. Marc toward midnight. The engines are stopped, the fires are banked, and we all retire till five o'clock in the morning. At that early hour motion is resumed; we are awakened by the Angelus bells of St. Marc and St. Charles, and are out again on deck to greet a glorious sunrise. The air is deliciously cool, and we experience an exhilarating sense of rejuvenation. It will be admitted that this short trip is worth undertaking, if only for the triple enjoyment of a sunset, a full moon and a sunrise amid such exceptional scenery. The first place we make is Isle aux Cerfs, where we stop to land a piano and a quantity of household goods. This charming island, famous among the old hunters of the Richelieu for its stag and other game, has just been purchased of Major de Montenach by M. Senechal, who is fitting it up for a summer residence. He is improving the fine manor house, embosomed in secular trees, and bringing up water to it in pipes from the Richelieu. On the pier we saw Messrs. Dansereau, Drolet, Bergeron and a handsome group of ladies and children, who are spending a few days in that leafy retreat. I have a notion, however, that the island is rather too isolated for pleasure, being more adapted to the seclusion of country family life. This isolation is modified in a degree, indeed, by the presence of the little steam yacht *Undine*, which we saw balancing under the trees, and which is used to carry the denizens to any point that they may desire to visit. On leaving Isle-aux-Cerfs the landscape increased in beauty, owing to the superior quality of the soil. The fresh air of the morning tossed the branches of the silver poplars till they looked like waves of apple blossoms, while the purple poppies and vinegar plants flushed bright on the sloping banks. The uplands were flushed with the spreading fields of buckwheat.

At St. Hilaire we passed the stately mansion of the Rouvilles, the home of the Campbell family. A venerable bank teller of Montreal, was disporting himself in a boat. Then we crossed over to Belœil, under the bridge, made famous some twenty years ago by a terrible catastrophe, and beneath the giant shadow of Rouville Mountain. A little beyond are the Belœil Powder Mills, a group of neat brick houses, removed from all other habitations for acres. Next is St. Matthias, and then we sailed into the broad basin of Chambly. Here, again, the spectacle was imposing and varied. Four mountains in view—at the rear, the basaltic pillars of Rouville; to the left, the majestic hump of Rougemont; to the right, the grand sweep of Boucherville, and far in the front, the blue outline of our own Mount Royal. I fancy there are few prettier places in this province than Chambly and its basin. After breakfast we were given ample time to land. We visited first the statue of De Salaberry, which we found in good condition, the little park in the midst whereof it stands, being well attended to. We then wended our way to the old fort at the Canton and were agreeably surprised to find that it had been partially renovated. Three of the walls have been repaired, that facing the rapids being still in ruins. The preservation of this historic monument is due to the zeal of M. Dion, who obtained a grant from the Federal Government for that purpose. We left Chambly at 10 o'clock in the morning on our way back, stopping at every town and village on either shore, where we were pleased to observe that there was plenty of freight awaiting us. On touching at Belœil again, we were shown a number of residences belonging to Montreal people, such as the Jodoin, Desmarreaux, Bellemare, and others. Mr. H. J. Gray has also a splendid farm there. We arrived at Sorel at eight o'clock and remained in port till three in the morning, when we set out for home, which we reached in good time for breakfast. We were thus two nights and one day and a half on the water, having every comfort, and crowding together a series of health-giving enjoyments

which I venture to say cannot be surpassed anywhere. The expense of the voyage is only a trifle, the meals are excellent, the attendance is of the best, and from the captain and purser, who have both been on the Richelieu for upward of thirty years, every courtesy and attention is received. Indeed, they make the trip resemble a family party excursion. There is a second voyage on Friday, extending to Monday, thus giving three days on the river. If the Richelieu & Ontario Company had maps drawn of this lovely river, with historical and other notes, and distributed them in folders, I am confident they would obtain abundant patronage, and the traveling public would thank them for one charming tour the more.

J. L.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, July 21.

THERE is to be a junior Savage Club. The old boys will, doubtless, have reason to be proud of the young ones.

MADAME SARAH BEENHARDT will appear at another English town next week, namely, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

SPA hopes to get the pigeon-shooting of the world, and is making especial arrangements for matches for the autumn and next year.

BRIGHTON will be the first place on the south coast where the new and improved bathing-machine will be seen which we recently alluded to.

AMONGST the names of those who it is thought may possibly receive the vacant garters are those of Lord Northbrook and Lord Roseberry.

A FACT in natural history has been noticed by the observant of late, namely, that young men moving about the West End wear white duck trousers.

AMONG the experiments of the day will be a new halfpenny daily paper. It will be under the highest auspices, and the greatest expenses.

THE Prince of Wales has made the gratifying announcement to the members of the Imperial Club that he accepts the Presidentship of their club.

ONE of the additions to the Fisheries Exhibition which creates considerable interest is the boat in which Mr. Johnston made his 1,000 miles trip from Norway.

THERE are a number of Chinese officials on a visit to this country at present. Their chief object seems to be the inspection of manufactures in which war material is made.

A NEW complimentary phrase now heard in Paris is, "You are quite electric." Presumably it is meant to assert that the complimented one is most sparkling and brilliant.

IT is perhaps forgotten that the late Sir William Knollys had literary claims of a fairly high rank. Among his other productions were some excellent translations of the Odes of Horace.

A PIER a mile long is a big thing, and a turn up and down to sniff the briny will be enough for a day. It is promised for Weston-Super-Mare; the cost will be £100,000.

THE handsome stained glass window, subscribed for by members of the House of Commons, to the memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, is to be placed immediately in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.

THE Brighton Aquarium whale is perfectly well in health—mind and body are both vigorous. It is pronounced by an expert, "a young Beluga." It is not an offensive remark, and we believe means a white whale.

ANY millionaire in sovereigns may make an agreeable investment of a portion of his wealth in the purchase of the principality of Monaco, which, it is said, is for sale—gardens, tables of play and all the rest.

LACROSSE clubs are being established in many parts of the country, as a consequence of the recent visit of the Indians and Canadians. The game has taken the public taste, and yet another enemy (with tennis) has been found for old King Cricket.

IT has been in a mildly sarcastic way proposed by a few dissatisfied gentlemen to invite a dozen Savage Club members to supper, and give them exactly what the inviters got on Wednesday night at Albert Hall. There is a prodigious amount of grumbling about this part of the business, and a second show would certainly be ill patronized.

THERE can be no reason to believe that there was anything in the report of a sinister prophecy having been made of the near end of the late Duke of Marlborough. The cause of death has been proved by his grace's medical attendants to have certainly been due to ossification.

THE Americans think that it would greatly lessen danger by fire if all the new theatres were henceforth to be built at the angles of streets, and that permission should not be given to construct theatres elsewhere. The Americans have always been favorable to a "corner."

M. MAURIEL has found innumerable friends willing to aid him in his new position of manager of the Théâtre Italien. It has been said he has been offered the decorations of Covent Garden and also those of the Lisbon Opera, that Madame Albani will sing for him, and Mlle. Tremelli has been engaged.

SIR ARTHUR HAYTER having secured to him newer and brighter hat in place of the one which was lost so mysteriously, has wreathed his face in smiles to correspond, and jauntily speaks of August 22nd and 23rd as the probable date of the conclusion of the Session.

M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS has returned to Paris in consequence of Madame de Lesseps having just presented him with another son. M. de Lesseps has eight sons and four daughters by his present wife, to whom he was married less than twenty years ago. The constructor of the Suez Canal was born in November, 1805.

THE proposed chess match between Messrs. Zukertort and Steinitz will not come off. The hero declines, and he cannot be blamed; he has gone through great fatigue, and need not, without great cause, put himself through a new test process. It is usual in all cases of laurels won to give some time to the winner to digest them.

WE are glad to hear that Professor Huxley has been elected President of the Royal Society. Some said he would be passed over, great as his claims were. This snub has, happily, not been given—we never saw a sign of it. We are not speaking materially, but metaphorically.

Those who clamour for the abolition of the bearing-rein are now as pressing for the discontinuance of the blinker. There is, perhaps, something to be said in favor of the idea, especially if the animal is gentle and amenable, but we hope that the "reformers" will not progress in their demands and ask first for the bit to be done away with, then the driving reins—lastly, the whip.

THERE is a report that the old project has been revived of removing the monuments from Westminster Abbey to St. Paul's Cathedral; doubtless the notion has been revived in consequence of the removal of the statue of the Duke of Wellington from its exalted station to another place as yet not exactly decided upon.

THE story is told that Sergeant Ballantine recently wrote a letter to Mark Twain, and becoming exasperated because the funny man of Hartford didn't answer, followed his epistle with a sheet of paper and a postage stamp. Mark replied on a postal-card, "Paper and stamp received; please send envelope."

AFTER all we are not to have sixpenny telegrams till October, 1884, when we shall be able either to send a dozen words, address included, or five words including sender's address, the receiver's not being charged for. It cannot be done earlier because it takes long to instruct in telegraphy; usually about four years, says an authority.

THE following singular advertisement appears in the "agony column" of a London morning paper: "It is not our custom to give matrimonial advice, but as you have paid for the advertisement and postage, we reply by stating that when a lady writes 'She cannot marry you,' it means exactly the reverse. Our experience of womanhood justifies the answer."

A FEW days ago Lady Emily Kingscote called around her serving men and serving women, and informed them that she had decided to make an important alteration in her domestic establishment. She had decided that she should no longer be recognized there. It had been the practice, as it is in so many, for Lady Emily Kingscote to allow beer money to her servants. This money was entered, as is the case in all well-regulated households, in a book, and this book her ladyship declares should no longer have upon its pages the charge called "beer money." There was no intention to deprive her servants of the equivalent, which they should receive as usual, but not in the name of beer money. After some conversation amongst the astonished servants, who valued their place (which is a good one) higher than their inclination to dispute the will of their mistress, they decided that the money should be received as washing money. This compromise was duly accepted between the contracting parties.

IN THE SOUTH-EAST PINES.

BALLADE OF THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

Oh, art thou weary of the glare
Of cities and the fevered show,
And dost thou loathe the fret and care
That through their ways forever flow?

Thou wilt not hear the trumpets' blare,
No diva's shrill arpeggio;
No danseuse demi-nude will dare
Lorgnettes unpeeled row on row;

And thou shalt greet beyond compare
The fairest vision life can owe,
When through the calm and fragrant air
The night shall come with stars aglow.

ENVOY.

Oh, prince, I pray this boon bestow
On one unlearned in courtier-skill,
Come with me now and fear no foe
Where sings the lonely whip-poor-will.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

REMINISCENCES OF ERNEST RENAN.

M. Renan is the great apostle of the delicate;
he upholds this waning fashion on every occasion.
His mission is to say delicate things,
to plead the cause of intellectual good manners,
and he is wonderfully competent to discharge it.

M. Renan carries to such a high point the art
of pleasing that we enter without a protest into
the pleasantness of the account he gives of himself.
He is incapable of evil, learned, happy,
cheerful, witty, devoted to the ideal, indifferent
to every vulgar aim.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The Counties Chess Association meeting was advertised
a short time ago to take place at Birmingham,
Eng., on the 30th of July, 1883.

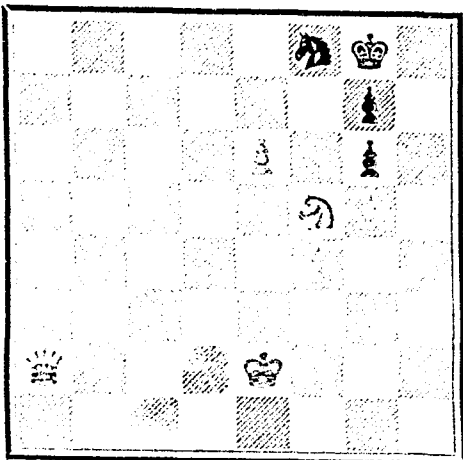
The chess class of the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific
Institution is to have the benefit of being once
more conducted by its founder, Mr. H. J. Webber,

The jovial Belden, of the Hartford Times, gets off
the following: "There is very little style about chess.
It gives a man no opportunity to balance himself on
one leg, lean half over a green table and jab a real
ivory ball with a cue held across the small of his
back."

PROBLEM No. 445.

By Fritz Peipers, San Francisco, Cal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 445.

- White. 1. Q to Q8. 2. Q to QKt6. 3. Q mates. Black. 1. K takes Kt. 2. K moves. 1. K takes B. 2. K moves.

INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

GAME 57th.

The following magnificent game was played May 5th.

(English Opening.)

- White.-(Zukertort.) 1 P to QB4. 2 P to K3. 3 Kt to KB3. 4 B to K2. 5 Castles. 6 P to Q4. 7 Kt to B3. 8 P to QKt3. 9 B to Kt2. 10 Kt to QKt5. 11 Kt takes B. 12 Kt to Q2. 13 P to B3. 14 Q takes Kt. 15 B takes P. 16 B to Q3. 17 QR to Ksq. 18 P to R4. 19 P to K5. 20 P to B4. 21 R to K3. 22 P takes P en pas. 23 P to B5. 24 B takes Kt. 25 P takes Kt P. 26 P takes P ch. 27 P to Q5 ch. 28 Q to Kt4. 29 R to B8 ch. 30 Q takes P oh. 31 B takes P ch. 32 B to Kt7 ch. 33 Q takes Q. Black.-(Blackburne.) 1 P to K3. 2 Kt to KB3. 3 P to QKt3. 4 B to Kt2. 5 P to Q4. 6 B to Q3. 7 Castles. 8 Q Kt to Q2. 9 Q to K2. 10 Kt to K5. 11 P takes Kt. 12 Q Kt to B5. 13 Kt takes Kt. 14 P takes P. 15 K to Bsq. 16 R to B3. 17 R to B2. 18 QR to QBsq. 19 Kt to Ksq. 20 P to Kt3. 21 P to B4. 22 Kt takes P. 23 Kt to K5. 24 P takes B. 25 R to B7. 26 K to Rsq. 27 P to K4. 28 QR to B4. 29 K takes P. 30 K to Kt2. 31 K takes R. 32 K to Kt sq. 33 Resigns.

NOTES.—(By C. E. Ranken.)

- (a) B to K2 is generally thought safer here. (b) The Kt is not so well posted at this square as at B3 after P to B4. (c) Allowing White to exchange his Kt for the K B; surely P to B4 would be more correct play. (d) We should have preferred supporting the Kt with P to B4, for now Black both loses his command of the centre, and is obliged to block up his own Bishop.

(c) As long as White's Bishops are in their present
position, he need not regard his opponent's possession
of the open file with his rooks; he therefore quietly
pursues his attack, the full force of which Blackburne
evidently underrated.

(f) It was better perhaps to retire to Q 2, in order
afterwards to have the defence of Kt to B sq.

(g) A weak move as followed up. Black's idea was
to get his Kt exchanged for the adverse K B, so as to
be able to play R to B7. He should, however, have
retaken the P with Q instead of Kt, which would at
any rate have prevented the immediate advance of
the hostile B P.

(h) A splendid conception, which, it is needless to
say, perfectly electrified the spectators. If Black
captures the Queen, he is mated as follows: 29 B
takes P ch, K takes P, 30 R to R3 ch, K to Kt3, 31 R
to Kt3 ch, K to R3 (best), 32 R to B6 ch, K to R4,
33 R to B5 ch, K to R3, 34 B to B4 ch, K moves, 35
R mates! If on the other hand Black retires the Q
to K sq, the answer is equally R to B8 ch, and if he
play the R at B7 to B4, the winning reply is Q takes P.

(i) If Q takes R, it is obvious that mate follows by
B takes P ch very speedily.—British Chess Magazine.

FOOT NOTES.

A GERMAN chemist has just patented a new
process for manufacturing a substitute for gutta-
percha. It is claimed that the product is pro-
duced much cheaper and cannot be detected
from the real article. It is said to wear equally
as well.

A NEW national order has been founded in
France under the title of "Ordre du Mérite
Agricole." As the name indicates, this order is
destined to reward the services rendered by ci-
tizens who have devoted themselves to the prac-
tice or teaching of agriculture.

AN interesting discovery has just been made
at Halle-on-Saale, where, in the St. Mary
Library, built in 1607, a wax mask of Dr.
Martin Luther has been preserved. It had
been taken in Halle during the night of the
twentieth and twenty-first of February, 1546, in
which Luther's body was placed in the Market
Church on its journey from Eisleben to Witten-
berg.

IT may seem very strange, but this year Mr.
Gladstone is beginning, out of doors, in personal
appearance and ways, to resemble, of all men
in the world, Lord Palmerston. He walks in a
jaunty way, has a flower in his coat, wears
white hat and vest, and flourishes a cane with
a hand encased generally in a lavender kid
glove. In fact, he looks younger than any of
his colleagues, with the exception, perhaps, of
Mr. Chamberlain.

IN the recent debate in the British Parlia-
ment on giving the franchise to women, a
powerful appeal was made by the opponents of
the measure to preserve the immemorial usages,
to let things remain as they are. This argument
was demolished by Mr. Jacob Bright in a single
happy turn. "If," said Mr. Bright, "we had
always adhered to what was consecrated by
time, instead of being the foremost nation on
earth, we should have been nothing but a group
of painted savages."

STRANGELY enough the son of Jules Simon,
who celebrated the merits of workwomen in his
book entitled "Jenny l'Ouvrière," has himself
married a woman who originally belonged to a
very humble class of society. His father, not-
withstanding his literary sympathy for ouvrières,
is understood to have contemplated a more aris-
tocratic union, and is not entirely satisfied at
the manifestation of poetical justice by which a
former work-girl, like Jenny herself, has be-
come his daughter-in-law.

PROBABLY the most singular curiosity in the
book world is a volume that belongs to the
family of the Prince de Ligne, and is now in
France. It is entitled "The Passion of Christ,"
and is neither written nor printed. Every letter
of the text is cut out of a leaf; and being inter-
leaved with blue paper it is as easily read as the
best print. The labor and patience bestowed in
its completion must have been excessive, espe-
cially when the precision and minuteness of the
letters are considered. The general execution
in every respect is indeed admirable, and the
volume is of the most delicate and costly kind.
Rudolph H. of Germany offered for it, in 1640,
eleven thousand ducats, which was probably
equal to sixty thousand at this day. The most
remarkable circumstance connected with this
literary treasure is that it bears the royal arms
of England, but when it was in that country,
and by whom owned, has never been ascer-
tained.

It would be rather an awkward state of mat-
ters if the expedient adopted by a couple of
tradesmen who were summoned on the jury at
the Middlesex Sheriff Court, and who desired to
get rid of their obligation to the Crown, were
followed by all who object to the duty. These
two ingenious fellows came dressed in their
working garb, and with all the paraphernalia
of their trades about them. One of them, a jour-
neyman carpenter, appeared just as he had come
from his work, with his tool-basket across his
arm, and the other, a butcher, had on the blouse
and striped apron peculiar to his calling, both
very greasy. The sheriff showed his apprecia-
tion of their design by excusing them.

WANTED.

Any one having in hand No. 4 of the XXVI. Volume
of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS would confer a
favour by transmitting it to this office. It would be
paid for it required.



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