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Canadian Illustrated News

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GALES ON THE ATLANTIC,

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. H. DAVIDSON.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: $4.00 per annum in advance, $4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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TEMPERATURE,

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

THE WEEK ENDING

January 2nd., 1881.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Corresponding week, 1880.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon..	30°	15°	22° 5	Mon..	3°	—8°	—2° 5
Tues.	21°	7°	14°	Tues.	20°	—2°	9°
Wed..	13°	5°	9°	Wed.	32°	20°	26°
Thur.	9°	—5°	2°	Thur..	31°	4°	18°
Fri..	12°	—6°	3°	Fri...	4°	—19°	—7°
Sat...	10°	4°	7°	Sat...	20°	—4°	8°
Sun...	17°	7°	12°	Sun...	40°	20°	30°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, January 8, 1881.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE ONLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER IN CANADA.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1881.

With the New Year we present to our subscribers and the public generally the XXII. Volume of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

A new era of prosperity is dawning upon the country. After a long period of depression the good times are close at hand. Through good and bad alike we have not relaxed our efforts to maintain and improve our standard of excellence, and now that prospects are bright once more, we come forward to offer a paper improved as well as the times.

We have made changes in our editorial department, by which we hope to ensure bright, sparkling and original reading matter. The want of a good, readable family paper is widely felt throughout Canada, and this want we are determined to supply. Our paper is to be read, not merely looked at for the illustrations.

With the new volume appears the first chapters of a new and highly interesting tale, entitled, "Against the Law," by Dora Russell, an author whose "Beneath the Wave" was so much appreciated by our readers a couple of years ago.

The illustrations of the paper we propose to materially improve, and shall endeavour to bring them to the highest possible state of excellence. A greater amount of original work is to be introduced than heretofore; and in this department we appeal to our friends throughout the country to send us sketches and notes of such subjects as they may think will interest our readers. Where possible, such drawings should be in pen and ink, but we shall be glad to receive drawings of any kind, or even photographs, where the subject is of sufficient importance.

From our literary friends we ask the same favours. The Editor will be pleased to receive stories, articles, or notes on any subject of interest.

In conclusion, we would say to our present subscribers: If you have been satisfied in the past, you shall be more satisfied in the future; if you were right in subscribing to us last year, you will have double reason for renewing your subscription, while all such as have never yet taken the paper, we would remind that the New Year is the time to turn over a new leaf—and that leaf should be the page of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

THE WEEK.

CANADA is decidedly looking up in public notice as far, at least, as England is concerned. Since the day when the *Times* described the Prince of Wales as landing at Kingston on his visit to these parts, a change has come over the spirit of our dream. We notice a growing tendency in English papers to multiply allusions to Canadian politics, Canadian news, even be it said Canadian newspapers, albeit Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, if reports are to be believed, has a wholesome horror of our journalistic lines. It is possible that this may be due in part to the appointment of the Marquis of LORNE and the impetus given to the interchange of news by the visit to our shores of a member of the Royal Family, but we may look further yet for the real cause, and congratulate ourselves that our fortunes have awakened a genuine interest in the Mother Country, and that by our energy and perseverance we have forced our country into notice.

THE Canada Pacific Contract will, of course, be a fresh bond of union between the countries. We leave the party organs to quarrel over the *pros* and *cons* of this tremendous measure. Editorially we have no politics if the term is to be synonymous with party. But we have always endeavoured to supply our readers with the best information on Parliamentary subjects through our weekly Ottawa letter; and now that the one theme of discussion in social and political circles alike is the Pacific Railway question, we publish this week as a supplement a portion of the debate containing Sir CHAS. TUPPER'S explanation of the Government policy. We say nothing as to its merits, but leave our readers to pass their own judgment upon it.

WE are glad to see that the Cork Steam Packet Company are meeting with a rough handling from the London press in the matter of their late refusal to ship Mr. BENCE JONES' cattle. Mr. JONES sent sixty head of stock to Cork for shipment to Bristol by the Company's steamer *Xenia*, but the Company, alarmed by the threats of other shippers of cattle to transfer their custom in case they received the consignment, refused to take them. It seems hardly credible that the directors of a well-known and respectable Company should lend themselves to such a scheme of persecution; and moreover, we take leave to say, it was a shortsighted measure, since the directors might have seen that had they done their duty not they but the shippers were sure to be the losers in the long run, and, to use the words of the London *Daily News*, "They might have risked something to preserve their self-respect." It is such servile obedience, not even to terrorism (for no violence seems to have been threatened) but to self-interest of the narrowest kind, that has done much and will do more to alienate the sympathy of all of us.

THE experiments which are being tried in London in the use of the electric light seem to show a complete triumph over the problem of street lighting, and lighting large spaces. The lights on the Thames Embankment, though perhaps not mechanically perfect, may at all events be said to be a pronounced success, while the contrast between the gaslit dial of the clock at Westminster and its adjoining face which has recently been illuminated by electric light is described as very marked indeed. The principal railway stations of the metropolis are rapidly adopting the new system, and the City of London is to be illuminated in three large districts by three different processes.

IN the other problem, that of the application of electricity to domestic use, the furthest point seems to have been reached by Mr. SWAN, whose remarkable experiments appear for the present to have distanced EDISON, though the latter expresses himself confident of ultimate success. Mr. SWAN, like Mr. EDISON makes use of incandescent carbon; and the light from this is more manageable, and resembles gas very nearly in its effect. A detachable hand lamp seems unlikely to be obtained, but in this respect the same may be said of gas; and the other difficulties, those of subdivision and the providing of a suitable and durable medium to act as a wick, require only the attention which is now being bestowed on them, to yield perfectly satisfactory results.

EVEN while we write, however, comes the account of a mournful accident on the *Livadia*, which bids us remember that final success in the matter must depend in part at least upon the degree of safety with which the light of the future is to be handled. One of the men, unaccustomed to deal with the light, was asked to hold the lamp for a moment, and grasped it by the brass knob. This alone would have been harmless had he not happened inadvertently to touch the naked wire by which the connection was made. Instantaneously the circuit was completed, the electricity flashed through the living conductor and the unfortunate victim of his inexperience fell dead to the ground. Of course inexperience is always dangerous in scientific matters, but where the danger is so great as this, and the chances of danger increased by the very invisibility and silence of the terrible agency we read with surprise of the presence of naked wires, where insulation is so easy, and of engines of most tremendous destructive power being given to a bystander "to hold for a minute." We fancy the majority of people will ask about their new light before they try it "is it safe"—as well as "How much light does it give?"

WE know little of the difficulties and dangers of dramatic criticism it seems. To see the real thing one must go to Paris where Mr. SARCEY, the veteran critic of the *Figaro*, and his colleagues have recently had a somewhat unpleasant experience. The gods objected to the want of appreciation of some of the press at the representation of the play called "Garibaldi" some days since, and the cry was raised "Kick out the Journalists." In all military operations at a theatre persons in the gallery have an advantage, and this the democrats appear to have used rather unfairly on the occasion in question. It is delightful no doubt, or seems so to the outsider, to go to all the first nights of new plays; but it is less pleasant to have to subordinate artistic judgment to popular taste at the risk of being pelted with cauliflowers, carrots, orange peel and other vegetable missiles, and to feel, as Mr. SARCEY feelingly complains, that it is impossible or useless to reply.

WE are not without a nobility of our own it seems. The Queen has been graciously pleased to recognize the claim of CHAS. COLMAN GRANT, Esq., to the title of Baron DE LONGUEUIL, of Longueuil, P.Q. The Barony dates back to the year 1700, when CHARLES LE MOYNE of whom Mr. GRANT is the lineal descendant, was created by LOUIS XIV. Who shall say that Canada is not an aristocratic country now? A few more such discoveries and the vexed question of the Senate will be set at rest forever. We shall have a House of Lords of our own. *Je vous salue, M. le Baron.*

THE news of the late melancholy accident at Southampton has, as might be expected, made a point in favour of those who condemn football as a dangerous amusement. It is a not uncommon fault with such partisans to generalize from insufficient data. A man has been killed at football; the death of a man under such circumstances is undesirable: *ergo* football is undesirable. So runs the syllogism of these would-be logicians.

Let it not be thought that we do not deeply deplore the mournful accident which carried off young Mr. GIBBS in the fulness of his youth and strength. But it would be unjust to condemn a game on account of the results in a single instance. The fact is that football, partly from its comparatively late introduction, partly from the division of its votaries into at least two antagonistic bodies, has never taken quite a firm hold of the public affections. Cricket is so thoroughly a national and representative game that all its shortcomings are forgotten in its intense popularity. And yet it is not so many years ago that young Mr. COTTERELL met an even more awful, because more sudden, death at the hands of a schoolfellow while engaged in a match at Harrow. And it may be reasonably doubted whether, of the smaller accidents, injuries to arms and legs and eyes, a greater number are not attributable to the older game.

CRICKET will always be the favourite game with the ladies, who, after all, are the final judges in the matter of popularity. It is played to begin with in warm weather when we may sit at ease to watch the game, without stamping our feet and blowing our fingers to restore a faithless circulation. Cricket too is more sociable; we may chat as to the merits of the game with our friends on the in side; we may even, if we are not afraid of speaking to the man at the wheel, steal a furtive conversation with "long leg" in a propitious interval. And lastly cricket is clean and pretty, and associated with pleasant days at Lords and luncheons on friendly drags. But football if it wear less of a holiday dress than its sister, is none the less, under whatever rules it be played, a thoroughly manly, healthy game, and one which we should be slow to neglect or condemn upon the unproven presumption of its danger. We have no space for a eulogy of this or that code of rules, but we are ready to enter our protest against the comments of our contemporaries on the game itself.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT

THE RECESS AND THE SESSION—THE RESULTS AND COMING SITTING—HIS EXCELLENCY RECEIVES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1881.

The object of these letters being to give you a short history of our Parliamentary proceedings, the recess necessarily makes my letter this week short. There are, however, some points in the recess having relation to the session, which call for notice. Parliament was called at the early date of December 16th, for the avowed purpose of having the Pacific Syndicate agreement ratified before the Christmas holidays. Of course there was ample time for thorough discussion of the measure and its passage before Christmas; but the Opposition determined that this should not be, and it was quite within their power to prevent it. They also gained their point, contrary to the first announcement of Sir John Macdonald, of obtaining a continuous recess long enough to allow meetings to be held in the country, at which the orators of the party could appear, instead of an adjournment from Thursday to Tuesday over both holidays, with sittings between. These gentlemen, however, do not appear to have found exactly what they wanted, and the friends of the Government in their turn are jubilant over what has actually happened. The Ministers determined that the opponents of the measure should not have the field to themselves, and when, on two occasions, it was found that Mr. Blake found reasons for declining to meet Sir Charles Tupper before open public meetings, a pretty rough shock was given to confidence in what some men, at least, would fain believe, the supremacy of his powers as an orator, with such a cause as his friends said he had in hand. Then, too, Sir Richard Cartwright appears to have received a check at the hands of Mr. Kirkpatrick, the report, according to the Government papers, being that a resolution at the meeting was carried against him. But whatever may be the contention on this head by the friends on his side, it is undoubted that his meeting was far too hopelessly divided to enable him to take from it any ammunition for Parliament. Then, again, and last and greatest wonder, after what we have been led to suppose, Mr. William Macdougall, at a very large meeting of his con-

stituents in Halton, only found it necessary to criticise some details of the measure, resolutions at his meeting having been carried in favour of supporting the scheme as a whole! These resolutions having been moved by his eloquence. He had not before spoken, and it is easy to see that he may have been misunderstood and misrepresented, his objections having actually been to questions of detail. This point is not altered by the fact that every body misunderstood him, myself among others, and I hasten to make this explanation.

The proceedings during the recess are, as a whole, a sorry result for those excited gentlemen who stood immeasurably "aghast" at the millions which the Government were prepared to fling away, or fling at the Syndicate. The result, moreover, proves that the sober second thought of the people of this country is not to be whipped up into foam by merely excited assertions; and the fact will still remain, as I stated in a former letter, that whether this country builds the Pacific Railway by the medium of a Company, or directly by contracts let by the Department of Railways, that work will never be done for a less sum than $53,000,000 in money, and 25,000,000 acres of land, which, without the railway, is utterly valueless. This is the length and breadth of the Government scheme; and all parties being committed to build this railway by the medium of a Company, there really is no substantial argument against the main features of the Ministerial scheme, whatever objections may be made to some of the details. The scheme which Mr. Mackenzie advertised in 1876, and to which his Government and party are irretrievably committed, to give $10,000 and 20,000 acres of land, a mile, for 2,700 miles of railway, together with a guarantee of 4 per cent. on a further $7,000 a mile, which involved a liability of $18,900,000, was an infinitely more onerous undertaking for Canada than that of the Government of Sir John Macdonald. In the face of a fact of this nature, which is known to every body, the kind of opposition which one now hears is simply amazing.

You will find, too, that the more the alleged land monopoly in the hands of a Railway Company is criticised, the more will the objections to it vanish into thin air. There might be a land monopoly which would be dangerous, and I am one of those who think that the extent to which land speculation has already been carried in the Province of Manitoba is highly injurious to the public interests; but large blocks of land given for the building of a railway are an entirely different thing. The Company must sell its lands to get money to go on with, and it wants people to inhabit them to furnish business for the railway. The Company is, therefore, impelled to dispose of the lands for business reasons and on business principles, the public having the assurance that the commercial instinct will go more directly to its aim than is possible for governments, subject to party change. The land companies of the Western States actually spend three or four times more than our Government does to promote immigration, and they are, above all things, successful. This Syndicate will have to spend more millions of dollars to settle its 25,000,000 acres of land than our Government could get Parliament to vote, or, even if voted by Parliament, could spend to advantage, subject, as it is, to political influences.

I was prevented by the length of my last letter from noticing the speech of Mr. Ives, of Sherbrooke, in support of the Government scheme; but it is fair to say now that it was a marked feature of the debate, and contained a grouping of important facts which have not yet been answered, and which cannot be by simple declamation.

Altogether, in view of the sort of declamation we have had, the friends of the Ministry are jubilant at the course which events seem to have taken, and they will enter into the contest on Tuesday with renewed confidence. This is a favourable condition in which to make any modification that may be agreed upon, as respects details, and I have specially in view, in saying this, the Customs duties, and the form, at least, of the taxation clauses.

His Excellency the Governor-General is receiving visitors in the Privy Council Chamber, and every body is going to pay their respects to the head of the Government.

I may be allowed to wish a Happy New Year to the readers of these letters.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR first page will remind our readers "who live at home in ease" of all the discomforts and dangers which the late stormy weather has entailed upon those who are buffeted by the waves of the Atlantic. The very look of the vessel brings with it a certain sinking of the soul, and the feeling that on such a sea man is indeed "a thing of nought," as far, at all events, as his stomach is concerned.

THE disgraceful scene in the French Assembly which culminated in the expulsion of Baudry d'Asson from the Chamber, will be fresh in the memory of most of our readers. The last scene in the farce, so far, is that M. Baudry d'Asson, nothing disconcerted by learning from M. Gambetta that he could not directly move in the Chamber to prosecute him for false imprisonment, has applied to the Senior Judge of Instruction, reputed a clerical, to issue a writ against M. Gambetta, the Questors, and the head usher. Nothing but ridicule can possibly come of this.

THE American Congress seem anxious to emulate the emotional style of proceedings in the French Chamber, to judge from the late occurrence at Washington. It seems a little difficult to reconcile conflicting accounts as to who was mainly responsible for the disgraceful scene which took place. A preliminary skirmish apparently ended in Mr. Weaver, of Indiana, somewhat too plainly intimating that Mr. Sparks, of Iowa, was a liar, to which the said Sparks promptly responded by calling Weaver a scoundrel and a villain. Weaver, who seems by the account to be a remarkabley powerful man, was for executing summary vengeance on his opponent, and, but for the interference of members on both sides, a pitched battle would probably have taken place. Order was with difficulty restored by the Sergeant-at-Arms, when the House adjourned in a most excited condition. Weaver has since tendered an apology for his behaviour. Comment on the event seems needless. It may be compared only to the incident of which our next picture is an illustration.

THE festival celebration at Vienna in honour of the Centenary of Joseph II's accession began on the night of Monday, the 29th November. Our illustrations, taken from the *Illustrated London News*, represent several incidents of interest in the life of the Emperor, besides those of the celebration itself. The story of the Emperor descending from his carriage at the sight of a peasant ploughing, and trying his hand at the work, is familiar to most of us.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE HURON AND BRUCE RAILROAD.—This melancholy occurrence, by which 4 persons were instantly killed, took place on Christmas night. The night express, going south on the London, Huron & Bruce Railway, one and a quarter miles north of Clandeboye station, while crossing the side road, ran into Mr. James McGrath's sleigh, which contained himself, wife and child, Mr. Matthew McGrath, Miss McGrath and Miss Blake, who were returning to their home in Biddulph, from spending Christmas with their friends in McGillivray. James McGrath and wife were instantly killed, and Matthew McGrath and Miss Blake lived for about one and a half hours after being struck, but neither of them spoke. The child was found in the ditch crying, and was taken to Mr. Grundy's residence near by, where Dr. Sutton, of Clandeboye, dressed its wounds. The little child is about one and a half years old, and is suffering from a fracture of the right arm, and is considerably bruised. The doctor, however, is not without hopes of its recovery. Miss McGrath jumped from the sleigh when within one rod of the track, and thereby saved her life. The engine-driver saw the sleigh on the track just as the engine struck it, and at once reversed his engine and backed up to the scene of the accident, when the trainmen were horrified to find that four souls had been launched into eternity without a moment's warning. Truly a melancholy ending to a day of rejoicing. "In the midst of life we are in death."

IT would go ill with us if, in the holidays, we had not an illustration or two for the children. The new style of sleigh-riding, which our artist represents as coming into vogue, is not perhaps to be recommended on all occasions; but every child will appreciate the sketch of "Our Holidays." We only hope all our young friends are enjoying themselves as much as their representations in the picture.

AFFAIRS in Ireland still occupy a large share of the public interest. The illustration which we give this week represents the eviction of a recalcitrant farmer by the constabulary, and is from the pencil of Montbard, the talented artist of the *Monde Illustre*.

THE EARTHQUAKES IN SOUTHERN AUSTRIA.—Our readers have doubtless been made aware of the terrible nature of these recent convulsions of the earth, which began on the 9th of Oct., and continued with more or less violence nearly a month. The earthquake extended throughout Southern Austria, from Vienna to the Adriatic and the frontiers of Bosnia. Shocks were felt at Serajewo, Derwenta, Brod, Pola, Triest, Zilli, Klagenfurt, Funfkirchen, Odenburg, Marburg, Laibach, and Gross-Kanischa. It was in Agram, the capital of Croatia, however, that the greatest damage was inflicted. Three shocks of earthquake occurred on the 9th, a period of an hour intervening between the second and third. One of them, which lasted ten seconds, was so powerful that not a single house remained uninjured. The palace and country seat of the Cardinal Archbishop of Agram, the Military School, and the Government Cigar Manufactory have been half destroyed by the earthquake shocks, and terrible damage has been done to the farm buildings in the neighbourhood within a radius of about fourteen miles. The losses caused in Agram are estimated at 8,000,000 florins, without reckoning the damage done to the cathedral and churches. Competent authorities state that it will take years to repair the damage to the Cathedral, in which, besides other things, the whole of the vaulted roof over the Canons' stalls has fallen in. The Palaces Kristinèc, Helena, and Pankovic are heaps of ruins, as are also some of the churches. The Emperor at once sent a donation of ten thousand florins for the most helpless sufferers. The last and most violent shock was felt on the 8th Dec. last. The illustration in our paper is taken from the pages of the Leipsig *Illustrated Times*.

MISCELLANY.

THE new Rugby settlement in Tennessee was described in glowing terms by Mr. T. Hughes, Q.C., in a lecture which he delivered at the Working men's College, on Saturday last. In the "Central avenue" of the new town are the company's offices, a temporary church, a new hotel, lodging-houses, and a co-operative store, and the land already cleared swarms with melons, tomatoes, Irish potatoes, "liver beans," and other valuable produce.

THE "THIEVES' SUPPER," which has now become an annual institution at the Union Chapel, Little Wild street, Drury Lane, took place recently, under the presidency of Mr. Flowers, the Bow street Magistrate. About 200 persons who are or have been "known to the police" partook of the meal, and were afterwards addressed by the Chairman and other gentlemen interested in the movement. Mr. G. Hatton, the Secretary of the Mission, read a number of grateful letters from reclaimed criminals, and stated that during the past year 5,333 persons had been provided with breakfasts on the morning of their discharge, and 2,059 had been induced to sign the pledge.

THE Passion Play as presented at Ober-Ammergau, in 1880, was a paying piece. The forty performances brought in $520,000, an average of $13,000 for each performance. The every day theatre manager would be glad to secure a play that would bring him one-thirteenth of that. The proceeds have been divided into four parts, one-quarter being divided among such inhabitants of the village as are householders, one-quarter set apart for expenses of the theatre, one-quarter divided among the actors, and the fourth given to the public schools. The performances were attedded by 175,000 persons, among them a king, a prince imperial, a grand duke, and many other distinguished people

ASTRONOMICAL science has lost an eminent discoverer by the death of Professor James Watson, the astronomer of the State University of Michigan. He was a Canadian by birth, but settled early in the United States, and graduated at the Michigan University, to which his name was afterwards to bring much honour. In the list of places which have rendered good service to astronomy the name of Ann Arbor, the picturesque little town by the banks of the rapid Huron, stands high. In Ann Arbor is the Michigan University, and from the University Observatory Professor Watson made the numerous discoveries of asteroids which obtained for him in 1870 the gold medal of the French Academy of Sciences. In Ann Arbor, too, he wrote the scientific books and treastises which have given him an honourable place in the literature of science. In 1870 Professor Watson went to Sicily to observe the eclipse of the sun, and in 1874 he was at the head of the successful American expedition which went to Pekin to witness the transit of Venus, whose results the late Mrs. Somerville so much regretted that she should not live to learn. In 1877 he was appointed to the charge of the Observatory of the Wisconsin State University. His career was a laborious and a useful one, and he has left behind him a name that will hold a respected place in the history of scientific observation. His body has been taken back to Ann Arbor, and he is buried most fittingly in the place where he lived so long, first as student and scholar, then as writer and observer; the place from which he so often "out-watched the stars.

MANY years ago a young man made his appearance in Stratford, and spent a few weeks at the tavern which then existed, to afford shelter to stage-coach travellers. Whence he came, and what his business none could guess. Directly opposite the tavern stood the small cottage and forge of a blacksmith named Folsom. He had a daughter who was the beauty of the village, and it was her fortune to captivate the heart of the young stranger. He told his love, said he was travelling *incog.*; but, in confidence, gave her his real name, claiming that he was heir to a large fortune. She returned his love, and they were married a few weeks after. The stranger told his wife that he must visit New Orleans. He did so, and the gossips of the town made the young wife unhappy by disagreeable hints and jeers. In a few months the husband returned; but before a week had elapsed he received a large budget of letters, and told his wife that he must at once return to England, and must go alone. He took his departure, and the gossips had another glorious opportunity to make a confiding woman wretched. To all but herself it was a clear case of desertion. The wife became a mother, and for two years lived on in silence and hope. By the end of that time a letter was received by the Stratford beauty from her husband, directing her to go at once to New Yoak with her child, taking nothing with her but the clothes she wore, and embark in a ship for home in England. On her arrival in New York she found a ship splendidly furnished with every convenience and luxury for her comfort, and two servants ready to obey every wish that she might express. The ship duly arrived in England, and the Stratford girl became mistress of a mansion, and, as the wife of a baronet, was sainted as Lady Samuel Sirling. On the death of her husband, many years ago, the Stratford boy succeeded to the title and wealth of his father; and, in the last edition of "Peerage and Baronetage," he is spoken of as the issue of "Miss Folsom, of Stratford, North America."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

HEAVY snow has been falling in Scotland.

SERIOUS floods have caused loss of life in Cyprus.

SHOCKS of earthquake are reported from Roumania.

FOOT and mouth disease is spreading very rapidly in England.

AN army corporal is under examination at Limerick on a charge of drilling Fenians.

TWO arrests have been made at Clonbar for complicity in the murder of Lord Mountmorris.

MR JUSTIN MCCARTHY has been elected Vice-President of the Home Rule Conference in Dublin.

THE first detachment of workmen for the Panama Canal leaves Paris for Panama next week.

DISASTROUS floods have broken down a number of dykes in Holland, submerging eighteen villages.

INCOMING vessels at New York report having experienced severe weather on the Atlantic.

GREAT excitement is reported in Orange Free State, and it is feared the Dutch will join the Boers.

THE Land League professes to have information of a deep-laid landlords' plot to excite the labourers against the farmers.

THE trial of the Traversers commenced in Dublin on the 28th ult. but seems to cause little excitement. It is believed that Mr. Parnell and his colleagues will insist on presenting themselves at the opening of Parliament.

THE French ironclad *Richelieu*, an 8,000-ton vessel carrying ten guns, has been burned in Toulon Harbour. A number of the crew were injured.

AN Australian steamer just arrived at San Francisco brings news of the massacre of the captain and four of the crew of the *Sandfly* by South Sea Islanders.

PROFESSOR T. HARTING, of the University of Utrecht, has drafted an address to the British nation, which is receiving numerous signatures in Holland, praying for the re-establishment of the independence of the Transvaal.

A WASHINGTON despatch says there is a possibility of complications with Great Britain, on account of the larger privileges to be granted to the United States by the new commercial treaty with China.

QUITE a scene occurred in the French Chamber of Deputies on M. Loissant submitting papers accusing M. Girardin of having been a Prussian spy. The Chamber finally voted confidence in M. Girardin's innocence.

"GEORGE ELIOT," the authoress, was buried last week in the Highgate Cemetery. There was a great assemblage of literary men. The weather was wet. The mourners included her husband and Profs. Tyndall, Risley and Colvin.

HUMOROUS.

ON the meeting of two friends the following colloquy ensued:—"Where have you been?" "To my tailor, and I had hard work making him accept a little money." "You astonish me! Why?" "Because he wanted more."

AT a great dinner given by many of the first rank, Lalande was placed between Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier. "How lucky I am!" said he. "Here am I seated between wit and beauty." "And without possessing either one or the other," observed Madame de Staël.

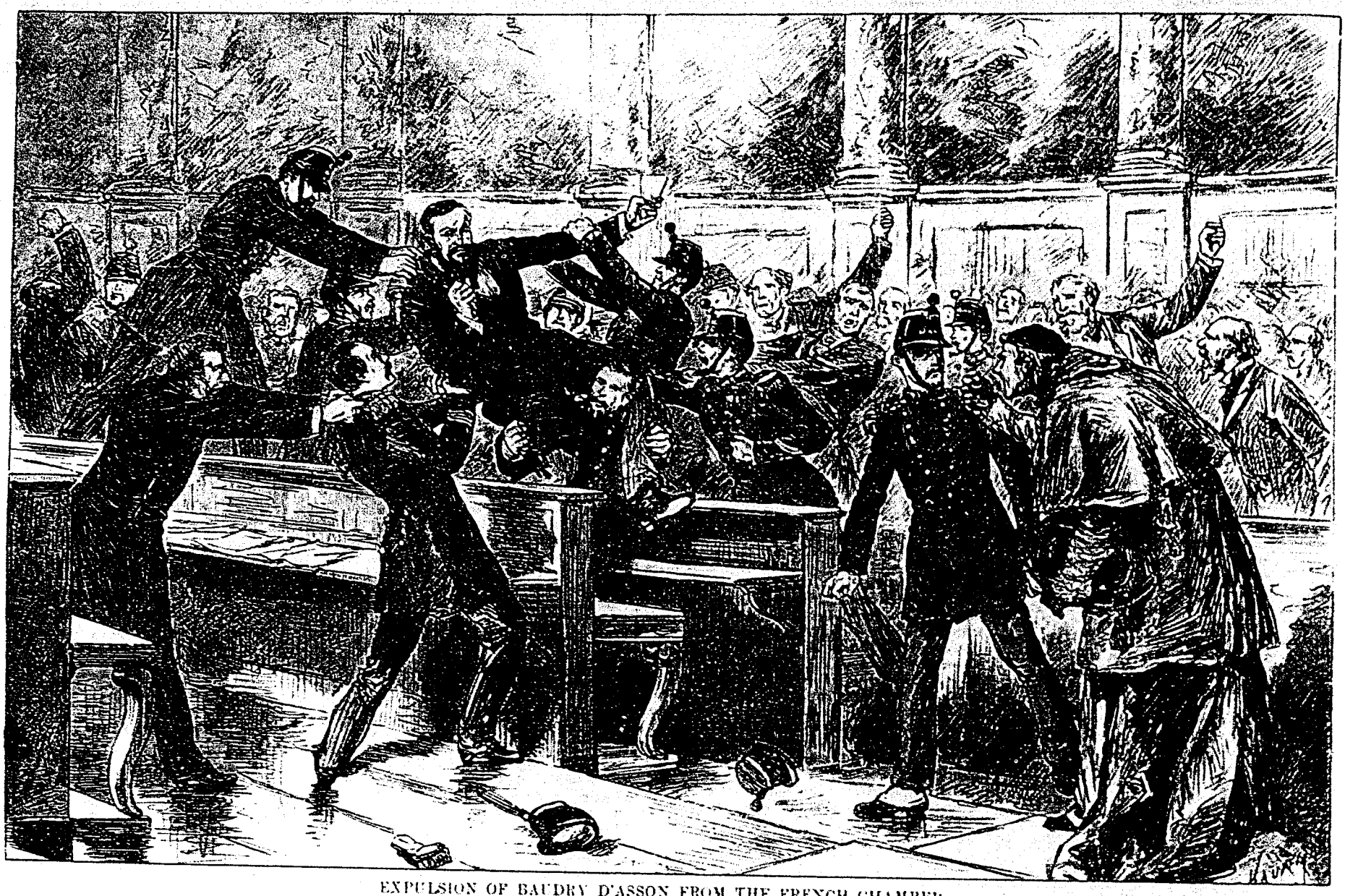
A MAN may denounce infidelity, in a spirit which is itself essentially infidel. David Hume once said to such a person, "You hope I shall be damned for want of faith, and I fear you will suffer the same fate for want of charity."

UNCOMPROMISING.—The Doctor's Daughter: "I declare you're a dreadful fanatic, Mrs. M'Clitom: I do believe you think nobody will be saved but you and your minister." Old lady: "Aweel, my dear, I whiles hae my doots about the meenister."

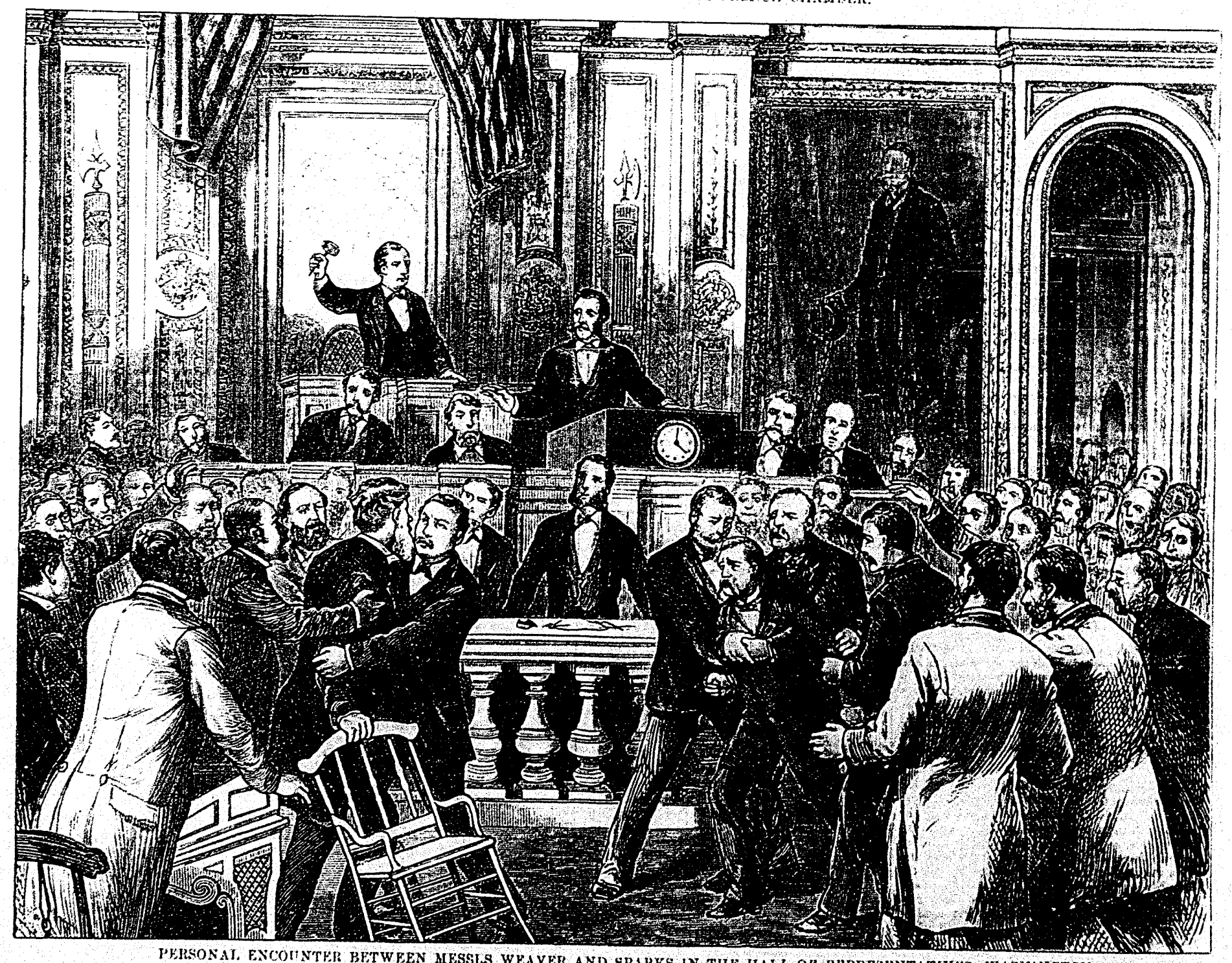
A BACKWOODS preacher once elucidated as follows in connection with the parable of the virgins:—"In ancient times, my beloved hearers, it was the custom after a couple had been married, for ten virgins to go out with lighted lamps and meet 'em on the way home, five of these virgins being males and five females."

AN amusing end to a tragedy recently took place at the Music Hall, Lancaster. Mr E Fletcher was playing Hamlet before a large and appreciative audience. The play went off in good style till the last scene, when Hamlet, who had to kill the King, stabbed the unfortunate monarch and threw him back in his chair. But, to the horror and surprise of the melancholy Dane, he saw the throne-chair, on which lay the corpse of his guilty uncle, slowly wheel to the edge of the platform on which it had been placed, and then topple over. Down went the King of Denmark on his head, up went the feet of the now struggling living King, and vainly did the courtiers try to help him—he was wedged too fast in the chair. The audience roared with laughter, the actors chuckled, the musicians screamed. "Drop the curtain!" said Hamlet. But the scene shifter was too much taken up with the joke to obey the summons; at last however the audience, breathless with laughter, saw the drop scene fall on one of the most amusing episodes ever witnessed on the stage. After a short interval the curtain rose again, and Hamlet tried to regain the sympathy of the audience; but the ghost of the wicked King still cast a hall over the scene, and it was with a hard struggle Hamlet regained his composure, dying in the usual orthodox manner.

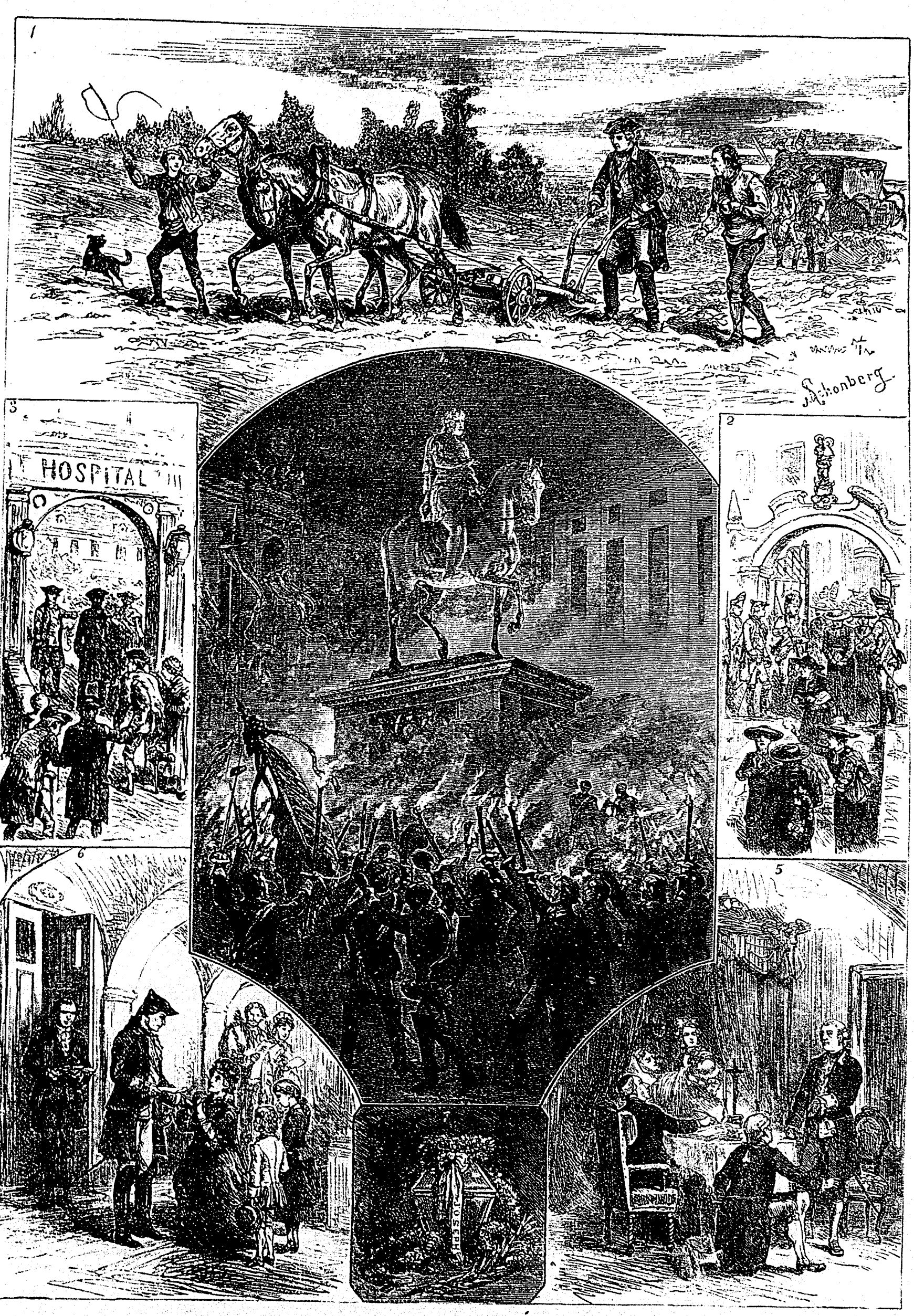
TURBULENT LEGISLATION IN FRANCE AND AMERICA.—(SEE PAGE 19.)



EXPULSION OF BAUDRY D'ASSON FROM THE FRENCH CHAMBER.



PERSONAL ENCOUNTER BETWEEN MESSRS. WEAVER AND SPARKS IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON.



1. The Emperor Joseph II. trying his hand as a ploughman. 2. Expulsion of the Jesuits from Austria. 3. Joseph II. founding an hospital. 4. Torchlight procession around statue of Joseph II.
5. Joseph II. acting as godfather. 6. Joseph II. giving audience to a soldier's widow. 7. Garlands for the tomb of the Emperor Joseph II.

CENTENARY FESTIVAL IN MEMORY OF THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II. AT VIENNA.

AGAINST THE LAW.

A NOVEL.

BY DORA RUSSELL.

Author of "The Vicar's Governess," "Footprints in the Snow," "The Silver Link," &c., &c

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

"Very well; and your address is?"

"I still do not see why I should give you my address, Mr. Bingley."

"I may have reason to write to you about these notes, said Mr. Bingley. "You had better give me your address—better make a friend of me." And again Mr. Bingley gave a little laugh.

"My mother lives at a village they call Seaton-by-the-Sea, said Miss Keane after a moment's thought. "A letter addressed to 'Miss Keane, Seaton-by-the-Sea, Southlandshire,' will reach me."

Mr. Bingley took down the address very carefully.

"Thank you," he said, after he had finished "Well," he continued, looking at the pretty agitated girl before him, "and how do you and my sister get on?"

"Oh, very well, I think," replied the governess.

"That means, I suppose, young lady, that you are forced to put up with her!" laughed the widower "She's not, and never was, an over amiable person, my sister Maria. She was a pretty girl, but she's got fat and coarse now, and thinks with her money and her carriages she can ride over every one, but she's mistaken!"

Mr. Bingley, having thus frankly stated his opinion of his sister, folded up the three five pound notes which Miss Keane had brought with her into the shop, and prepared to lock them away in his desk. But the governess made another effort to get them back.

"If it does not make any matter to you, Mr. Bingley," she said, "if you will wait, I would much rather, please, have those notes again, and pay your account when I come back."

"But I would much rather keep them, please," said Mr. Bingley. "All right, young lady—don't you be afraid; I won't do anything about them without giving you due notice. There, they are safe now!" And Mr. Bingley locked his desk, in which he had placed the notes, and which also contained the paper which he had referred to when he first saw them.

Miss Keane gave something between a gasp and a sigh when she heard the lock turn.

"Then you will let me know," she said, "if you hear anything about those notes, and not speak to any one else till you have told me?"

"Exactly!" answered Bingley. "I'll let you know first; in the meantime, you can trust me; and now good-morning." And he boldly held out his large, red, coarse hand.

For a moment the poor young governess hesitated, and then timidly put her hand into his.

"Good morning," she said; "I hope you will find the notes all right."

Once more Bingley laughed.

"I hope so," he said. "But take my advice, young lady; if you have any more from the same source, don't you attempt to pass them, or you'll get into trouble!"

And having said this, Mr. Bingley opened the door of his private office for Miss Keane to pass out; and with the man's last words ringing in her ears, the poor girl walked through the shop, and a minute later was in the street.

She was trembling and visibly agitated, and as she was hurrying on, a gentleman suddenly overtook her.

"How fast you are walking!" he said, smilingly. "I'm glad I've seen you! I wanted to wish you a happy Christmas before you go away, and may I give you a small Christmas-box?"

He was a good-looking man who said these words, tall and well-made. He was William Glynford, junior (as he was called in business transactions), the nephew of William Glynford, senior, of Bridgenorth House; and he was in business with his uncle, having shares in some of his collieries; and he also, as well as William Glynford, senior, was supposed to be a rich man.

He was unmarried, but many a good-looking girl in Farnhame would not have said him nay if he had asked her. But somehow or other he had never asked any one. His friends joked him about this, but William Glynford always declared that he had still plenty of time before him.

He was, however, thirty-three, and his uncle used to advise him to remain unwedded.

"You take my advice, Willie," the old William Glynford would say to the younger one. "I've tried it on twice, and the result of my experience has been that I wouldn't do it a third time!

Mr. Glynford often told his nephew this, and the young man knew that his uncle really meant it. It had not been a happy marriage, this second one that Mr. Glynford, senior, had made with the tradesman's daughter, for Bingley's shop had descended from father to son.

It was not her social position, however, which worried the old man. It was the vulgarity of her mind. Mr. Glynford despised her small affectations, and her efforts at gentility at once amused and annoyed him. He had a shrewd, kindly vein of humour in his composition, and his nephew, William, had also some share of this quality.

William Glynford, junior, admired the young governess at Bridgenorth House. He had first seen her at the children's party there, when the poor girl had worn the dress from Bingley's shop which was now threatening to bring her so much trouble.

He saw a fair delicate-looking girl, with small features, and a trustful expression; and as she was exceedingly well dressed, in white cashmere and white silk, he supposed her to be one of his aunt's guests.

"Who is your new beauty?" he said, going up smilingly to the stout, florid-looking woman who could never forget that she had once been pretty, and never liked to hear another woman called so.

"That girl?" she answered, with a shrug of her substantial shoulders, upon her nephew indicating that he alluded to Miss Keane. "Do you really call her pretty? She is my governess, but I certainly do not think anything of her looks."

"Perhaps not," answered William Glynford, still smiling. "After a second glance, I agree with you—she is not pretty!"

Mrs. Glynford felt relieved. She would have been disgusted if one of her relations had really admired a poor girl who was earning her own bread.

"Where did you pick her up?" continued William Glynford.

"Oh, Mrs. Snowdon recommended her," answered his aunt. "She had known her father, who was a doctor at Seaton-by-the-Sea; but, between ourselves, I would not have taken this girl if I had known as much about her as I do now. I am told that her mother drinks; and Miss Keane, I believe, sends all her money to this debased creature! It's very shocking, isn't it?"

"Miss Keane sending her money to her mother?" inquired Mr. William Glynford.

"Altogether, I mean—such a connection!" said Mrs. Glynford.

"Yet she is very well dressed, isn't she, if she sends all her money away?" said William Glynford, musingly, his look fixed on the governess.

"She's well dressed to-night," answered Mrs. Glynford, sharply; "too well dressed for her position, I think. I must inquire about this dress. I hope she hasn't got it on credit."

"Ladies never do that kind of thing, you know!" laughed William Glynford, Mrs. Glynford's extravagance in dress being notorious.

"I am not speaking of ladies, William," said Mrs. Glynford, in a slightly injured tone. "Ladies have their position in society to keep up, and must be well and expensively dressed; but governesses and that sort of people ought, in my opinion, to be neatly clothed—that is sufficient."

"No doubt you are right," answered William Glynford.

And he turned away; but during the evening contrived to make the acquaintance of his aunt's pretty governess.

He did this very simply—handed her a heavy music-book that she was endeavouring to lift from beneath a pile of other music.

"Allow me to do that for you!" he said; and then stood and talked to her for a few minutes.

But only for a few minutes. He knew his aunt too well to make his attentions in the slightest degree remarkable. But when he met her a day or two afterwards with his little cousins, he stopped, and had a very agreeable conversation with his aunt's governess.

And he had had many conversations since. He admired this girl; was beginning (sometimes he thought) to do more than this, and often caught himself wondering if he would meet Miss Keane when he started for a country walk, and admitted to himself (sometimes also) that he felt very much disappointed when he did not.

And the pretty governess—what did she think of this good-looking, well-bred, and well-endowed gentleman, who met her so often? She thought, perhaps, too much of him, that he was pleasant to her sight, and his voice agreeable to her ear.

So, when he met—or, rather, overtook—her returning from her painful visit to Bingley's shop, she started violently when he addressed her, and asked her if he might buy her a Christmas-box.

"I—I did not see you until you spoke," she said.

"No," he answered, kindly. "Well, now, when you have seen me, may I repeat my question?"

"What question?" asked Miss Keane, shyly glancing up at Mr. Glynford.

"May I give you a Christmas-box?"

William Glynford asked this question in the sharp, frank manner which was natural to him.

He was a very straightforward man. He liked this girl, and meant to show her that he liked her. He had a frank look also, as well as a frank manner, and pleasant clear blue eyes, which at this moment were fixed with a smiling expression on the young governess.

"You are very good," she answered; and she also smiled. "Yes, I think I should like a Christmas-box. It is so long since I had one."

"Do me the honour of accepting this, then," said William Glynford, drawing a small parcel out of his coat-pocket, and placing it in Miss Keane's hand. "Don't open it until Christmas Day, though."

"Oh, that is asking too much of any woman!" said Miss Keane, with a little laugh.

"Very well; open it when you please. And you go to-day! By what train?"

"In the two train. I shall reach Seaton about nine."

"Well, I hope you'll have a pleasant Christmas; and I hope also that you won't forget all your Farnhame friends while you are away."

His manner expressed more than his words, and the young governess blushed deeply.

"I will not forget them," she said.

"And there was something else I was going to say," continued Mr. Glynford, with a slightly embarrassed air. "Oh, yes; I shall in all probability be in the neighbourhood of Seaton-by-the-Sea before the month is over. If so, will you allow me to call upon you?"

Miss Keane blushed more deeply still at this request, and smiled brightly and gladly.

"I—I shall be very pleased to see you," she said.

"Thank you. Well, I must not detain you now, I suppose! Good-bye, Miss Keane; it will not be long, I hope, before I see you again."

He held her hand in his firm, strong clasp as he said this. He liked her, and was sorry to part with her, and by that subtle instinct with which one human heart fathoms another's feelings, the governess knew this.

And this knowledge was very pleasant to her. Her step grew lighter as she walked on to Bridgenorth House after this brief interview with William Glynford, and no sooner did she arrive there than she proceeded quickly to open the small parcel containing his Christmas box.

A jeweller's leather case first appeared, and when she undid the clasp of this, she found a large, plain, dull gold locket, with a valuable and brilliant diamond in the centre, sparkling like a star.

She gave a half cry of joy.

It was so beautiful; but she was not thinking of its intrinsic value. She was thinking "He must care for me!—he never would have given me this, unless he really cared!"

During the next hour she could think of nothing else. She finished packing her boxes, kissed her little pupils, and got into the cab and drove to the station, with this thought still uppermost in her mind.

"He cares for me!" she kept whispering to herself, as she drove along the stony streets of Farnhame. "He must care for me!" she repeated to herself, as she walked through the station.

She had a few minutes to wait before the train came up, and while standing on the platform was startled by some one touching her arm from behind.

Hastily looking round, to her inexpressible annoyance, she recognized Mr. Bingley, the tradesman.

"Ah, Miss Keane," said he; "I saw you go past in a cab a few minutes since, and thought I would just walk down to the station and repeat emphatically a word of warning in your ear. On *no account* try to pass any more of those notes—you understand? But here is the train coming up; allow me to hand you in. Be sure you do not forget what I have said. Good-bye!"

Mr. Bingley took off his hat; the train moved on; but the bright day-dreams that the young governess had been indulging in a few minutes before, had now vanished. In their place had risen the grim spectral shadow that men call fear.

And this grim spectre went with the girl all the way to Seaton-by-the-Sea. She was haunted with the memory of Mr. Bingley's words and looks.

"What did he know about these notes?" she kept asking herself, and great fear for the consequences of what she had done took possession of her.

At last she reached the station on the railway nearest to her home. In the summer time quiet people go for a few weeks to Seaton-by-the-Sea, for the bathing season. But in the chill December days the little village has no visitors.

Miss Keane was indeed the only passenger who left the train; and as the omnibus, which in summer runs between the station and the village, had also disappeared for the winter, the young governess was forced to walk the distance, and, tired and dispirited, she arrived at home.

It was a gray stone house, standing in a neglected garden, that she now approached. No one was looking out to watch for her, nor to welcome her, and she rang the door-bell twice before she could obtain admittance.

And who admitted her?—a woman, trying her best to look sober!

"Is it you, Sissy?" she said. "Well, how are you? Is the—train in?"

"Oh, mamma!" said Laura Keane—Sissy, as her mother called her.

Yet this woman was not old, and had been handsome. But now over her features had passed that change by which the fatal weakness that she indulged in always betrays itself.

CHAPTER III.

AN UNHAPPY HOME.

The last years of her husband's life had been darkened, and her young daughter's years overshadowed, by Mrs. Keane's deplorable failing.

Together the mother and daughter entered what had been in Doctor Keane's time the drawing-room of the house; but it could be called a drawing-room no longer. Disorder and discomfort reigned. Nothing, in fact, could excel the dismal and uncared-for appearance of this room; and its one occupant, when Laura and Mrs. Keane entered it, added to its melancholy effect.

This was a young girl, crippled and deformed. When a babe, Maud Keane had fallen from her mother's arms, and had been so seriously injured that she had never recovered.

She grew up repining, the wonderful beauty and intelligence of her countenance being spoiled in general by its discontented and peevish expression.

But at times you saw that gleam of light which flashes only over the countenances of those gifted with strong mental power.

These wonderful rays, rifle though they were, told their own story.

Imaginative and inventive, the beautiful ideal creatures of her mind sometimes made her forget the dismal realities by which she was surrounded.

There she lay, her books, her scraps of paper, her little bottle of ink, her pen, all scattered carelessly around her.

She lifted herself up as her mother and sister entered the room, and a half-glad cry escaped her lips.

"Laura!" she said—"Laura!"

And Laura went up to her, and kissed her.

"How are you, dear Maud?" she said.

For a moment Maud did not answer. She looked wistfully—enviously, perhaps—at her fair sister.

"You look well, and seem well, Laura, at least," she said, presently. "I am never well."

Laura put her hand caressingly on her sister's head, and smoothed back the thick, soft, damp, dark hair.

"And how does the writing go on?" she said, smiling kindly. "Have you got lots of new pieces to read to me, Maud?"

"Nothing worth reading—nothing that you would care for," answered the young writer; and then the next moment her features lighted up.

"I have one thing," she said. "It's not finished. But I see it—I hear it! It's about a girl who loved too well—who idolized the man she loved—and died when she found the real and ideal were two different souls."

"The old story" laughed Laura. "Ah, Maud, our ideal and our real men are always totally different."

"I see no real ones," answered Maud; and again the discontented, envious expression crept over her. "Here I lie, day after day, with no company but that."

And the young girl pointed as she spoke to their mother, who, by this time, had sunk down on a dilapidated easy chair, and had fallen fast asleep.

"How very shocking it is!" said Laura, in a low tone.

"It's torture!" said the young girl on the sofa, passionately. "And to think—to think that I might have been like you, Laura—fair and tall, like you—but for her!"

"It's very sad!" answered Laura.

And she put her hand softly into her sister's.

But Maud dashed it away.

"Sad!" she repeated. "Yes, it's very sad, isn't it?"—and she gave a bitter laugh. "No youth nor life for me; no one to love me; always to be neglected and alone!"

As the girl ended this speech, the extreme bitterness of her emotion overcame her, and she burst into passionate sobs.

Laura knelt down, and put her arm round her sister's poor thin neck.

"Hush, dear!" And she pillowed the poor cripple's head on her bosom. "Think how clever you are, Maud! Rosy cheeks grow pale and fade, and tall figures get bowed and bent; but a great mind gets greater with age, and beautiful thoughts are fresh when beautiful faces are old and changed."

The weeping girl listened, and apparently was something comforted.

"Do you really think I am clever?" she said, raising her tear stained visage, and looking eagerly at her sister. "Pope, you—you know, was deformed, and yet he lives still. He will always live!"

"And all the beauties and beaux of his time are utterly forgotten," said Laura, trying to speak lightly, and smiling at her sister. "You see, my dear, you have something far greater and higher than a pretty face."

Maud, with the versatility of her disposition, began to smile.

"I have to prove that yet," she said.

"There is a struggle always at first," answered Laura, kindly. "Some one whom I know at Farnhame—Mr. William Glynford" (and a soft blush stole to her fair cheeks), "told me once of a young cousin of his, who tried to be an author, and how he tried and tried for long in vain."

"And did he succeed at last?" asked Maud, eagerly.

"Yes," said Laura; "but it was a sad tale, after all. He died in the first flush of his success."

"But he had *lived!*" said Maud, enthusiastically. "He had been recognized!—he was no longer an unknown clod!"

Laura smiled again at her young sister's enthusiasm.

"And *you* won't be an 'unknown clod' (as you call us poor, commonplace people) some day, Maud. Some day, when I'm an ugly old woman, I'll boast of my clever sister," said Laura.

The poor girl lying on the sofa gave a restless sigh.

"When will it be, I wonder?" she murmured,—"when will my dreams come true?"

CHAPTER IV

DEBT.

When Laura Keane awoke the next morning she could hear the waves breaking on the sandy beach of Seaton-by-the-Sea.

The soft monotony of the sound, and the otherwise perfect stillness which reigned in the house, would, in all probability, have helped to lull most happy young girls to sleep again, but Laura could not sleep.

An unpleasant memory came to disturb her in the stillness of the winter dawn. Mr. Bingley's familiar looks of admiration, his strange questions and manner about the notes which had come so oddly into her possession, and, finally, his mysterious warning

"*on no account*" was she to change the other two notes which she still held, he had told her: and yet the miserable poverty of her mother's household sorely tempted her to do this. Poor Maud, who ought to have wine and soup, and everything strengthening, was absolutely wasting away for want of what those notes would purchase!

And yet she dare not change them! Laura Keane thought of this on that first dim winter morning when she awoke and found herself in her mother's house; but she always came to the same conclusion—she dare not change her notes, and must try even to forget that she had them in her possession.

But this was very hard to do. Mrs. Keane had not more than one hundred a year to live on, and drank the best part of that away.

Laura Keane had left her mother's house six months before, in great bitterness of spirit. She had been well educated, and, after her father's death, had remained with the excellent and accomplished lady at whose school he had placed her. She had remained as governess to the younger pupils, and from seventeen to nineteen had occupied this position.

But this good woman died suddenly.

The school was broken up, and the pupils scattered. The young governess, Laura Keane, had returned to her late father's house at Seaton-by-the-Sea, to find a miserable home—a degraded mother.

At last a lady in the village, compassionating Laura's position, recommended her as governess to Mr. Glynford's family at Farnhome.

Thus Laura Keane went to live at Bridgenorth House, and found that all ladies did not treat their governesses in the kindly fashion which her late schoolmistress had done.

A person without money was, in Mrs. Glynford's estimation, a contemptible being. The tradesman's daughter judged everything and every one by the rules of the narrow school in which she had been reared. Laura Keane was poor, and therefore Mrs. Glynford despised her; Laura Keane was good-looking, and Mrs. Glynford did not like her better for being so.

But as we have seen, the girl had not been without some pleasure. Mr. Glynford was always kind to her, and Mr. William Glynford had brightened her life somehow by his words and looks. She had indeed left Farnhame with regret, and her dismal home seemed sadder than ever to her, on her return to it for the Christmas holidays.

It had become worse since she had left it. Her mother was poorer and more deeply in debt even than before.

A ring at the door-bell created an unhappy feeling in the hearts of the inmates of the gray stone house at Seaton-by-the-Sea. They knew what it usually meant—a bill, a dun. They came day after day, but there was no money to be got. Mrs. Keane had none, and the young sensitive cripple—the girl genius—had her dreams and her fancies constantly rudely broken and disturbed by wrangling creditors at the door.

Could anything be more melancholy? Laura's spirits sank lower and lower. She felt such intense pity for Maud, such shame and anger for her mother. Here was a delicate young creature absolutely perishing for want of proper support, and her mother saw this, and knew it, and yet would, or could, not restrain her fatal craving.

The second day of Laura's return home all the change which Mr. Bingley had given her out of her three five pound notes was gone. It went on absolute necessaries. It was Christmas Eve, and there was nothing in the house. So Laura bought a few articles of food, and a little wine for Maud.

Then she went down to the sands, and walked by the sea. The white frost had stiffened and fringed each blade of grass on the banks, and the salt tide that had lingered too long on its journey back to the great waters had been caught and frozen as it fled.

Above, the sky was all mist and haze. A gray sky and a gray sea, and not a living soul to be seen as the girl paced thoughtfully along the shore.

She had her hand clasped to her throat. Ah, beneath that little hand lay William Glynford's gift, and it seemed pleasant to her to hold it there, and to believe that even at that moment he might be thinking of her.

If he really loved her, and would ask her to be his wife! This thought came also to the girl's mind, and deepened her soft colour.

If he really loved her! But, on the other hand, would his love be strong enough to overcome the cruel humiliations of her life? Her mother! Ah, that so sweet a name should ever be so degraded and abased as it was at this moment in this young girl's heart!

For she now perceived her mother unsteadily approaching her.

"Sissy," said Mrs. Keane, beginning to shed maudlin tears, "my dear child, I have come to seek you. What do you think has happened? On Christmas Eve, too! Oh, dear—oh, dear, isn't it shocking?"

"What is the matter, mother?" asked Laura.

"The bailiffs?" wept Mrs. Keane. "Would you believe it, that bad man, Johnson, the grocer, has put in the bailiffs? He has often threatened; but on Christmas Eve—Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" and then the same sad refrain as before.

"How much is his bill?" said Laura, who was faint and trembling.

"Twenty pounds," answered Mrs. Keane; "but he says he'll take ten for the present. Oh, Laura, couldn't you write to the lady you're with, Mrs.—I forget her name—but couldn't you write to her, and ask her to advance this little sum? Do! Don't quite break your poor mother's heart—on Christmas Eve, too! Do—do ask her, Sissy! I'll go down on my knees to you if you will!"

"I can't write to Mrs. Glynford," said Laura. "She wouldn't send me the money if I did. She's hard and cold, and said all sorts of cruel things to me when I asked her to advance my salary before, and told me then that she would never do such a thing again."

"And you have none—none!" said Mrs. Keane, rocking herself to and fro. "Oh, why was I born! Oh, why—why am I not dead?"

"Oh, mamma," said Laura, "do try to compose yourself! You cannot go through the village as you are now."

"What do I care for the village!" said Mrs. Keane. "The village has turned its back upon me because I am poor. I care nothing for the village—nothing for anything in the world!" And then came another hysterical wail.

"Hush, mother!" cried Laura. "I'll try—I'll try to get this money if you'll be quiet."

At sight of her mother's frightful condition, the thought had darted into poor Laura's mind that she had two five-pound notes in her possession.

True, she had resolved that nothing should induce her to change them; that she had remembered Mr. Bingley's warning. But then she looked at her mother.

"Will you try! Oh, Sissy, do try!" said Mrs. Keane, catching hope from her daughter's words. "If you could only lend me ten pounds, or get me ten pounds *anywhere*, just for a week, to get these men out of the house at Christmas-time, I'll promise—do you hear, dear?—faithfully promise to pay it back again. Mr. Bray, your poor father's executor, will send me twenty-five pounds on the ninth of February, and you shall have it then."

"But why not ask Mr. Bray for it now, mother?" said Laura.

"I have asked him, my dear—I've begged of him—all in vain. It's no use writing to him. He's harder than stone. It would only waste a stamp."

Laura sighed deeply. She did not know what to do; could not consult her mother—nor even tell her the truth about those mysterious notes.

"I will try to get some money, mamma," she said, soothingly, "if you will come quietly home." And, at the girl's entreaty, Mrs. Keane took Laura's arm, and together they retraced their steps to the village.

Laura could see their few neighbours looking at them, half-pityingly, half contemptuously, as they proceeded home. Oh, how bitterly the girl felt the disgrace!

At last they reached the old gray stone house where Doctor Keane and his father before him had lived and died. And they had been very much respected. But what can a country doctor earn in a scantily-populated district beyond a bare living?

Laura's father had been able to save very little. He had died, poor man, in the prime of life, his last hours embittered by the knowledge and the spectacle of his wife's besetting sin.

As the girl and her mother went into the passage, she saw the two men sitting in the dining-room. They had their pipes in their mouths, and winked at each other when they perceived Mrs. Keane. But when they saw the pale, distressed look of her young daughter, they laid their pipes down, and rose from their chairs, as Laura entered the room.

"Sorry to be here, miss," said one of them; "but Mr. Johnson says he must have his account squared up. Perhaps you'll be able to help the missus a bit!"

"Will one of you go for Mr. Johnson?" asked Laura, pale and trembling.

"I'll do that now, gladly enough," said the man who had spoken. And, after exchanging a few words with his mate, he went away, and Laura contrived to get her mother up-stairs.

Then she went to seek for Maud.

This sensitive, nervous, passionate girl was in a fearful state when Laura found her. She was kneeling by the couch in the (so-called) drawing-room, where she usually wrote, with her hands pressed over her ears, to shut out the hateful sounds below, and with shame and despair imprinted on her mobile and expressive countenance.

"Maud, dear Maud!" said Laura; and put her arms round the poor girl's form.

"Do you know?" whispered the poor thing; and her head fell on her sister's neck.

"Yes, yes," said Laura, kindly. "Darling, don't tremble so—they will go away presently. I have sent for Mr. Johnson, and have some money that I will give him."

"Oh, send them away—send them away!" cried Maud. "Oh, Laura, it will kill me—it will kill me if they do not go!"

This poor, clever, over-wrought girl did not mean to be selfish when she said these words. It was her temperament. The gifted brain, the highly strung nerves, were half maddened in this hour of excitement and distress. She forgot that Laura also must be suffering; forgot, in fact, everything except her own overwhelming emotion and distress.

Laura was very tender to her. She kissed the pale, throbbing brow, and made the poor child drink some of the wine that had been bought in the morning for her, and promised again that she would try to get "the men" down-stairs to go away, if Maud would only endeavour to compose herself.

But when suddenly a ring sounded at the outer door-bell of the house, both the girls started alike. They knew, or guessed, who the applicant would be.

Mr. Johnson, the grocer, had indeed returned with his bailiff, and presently the one little disorderly handmaiden kept by the Keanes rapped at the room door, and said, "Please, Miss Laura, Mr. Johnson wants to speak to you."

Laura rose from her kneeling position by her sister's side, with that assumed calmness with which we often endeavour to conceal the bitterest emotions of our hearts.

And Laura Keane's emotions at this moment were very bitter. She was going to meet this man—this importunate creditor—and what was she about to offer him?

She remembered Mr. Bingley's looks, and Mr. Bingley's words.

"On no account," he had told her, was she to endeavour to pass those notes; and now she was about, actually, to do so.

Yet she turned to say a whispered word of kindness and hope to the trembling young invalid on the couch.

"Don't be afraid," she said. "I'll soon be back."

And went down-stairs to meet Mr. Johnson.

A foxy-looking man, with red, scanty hair and a thin visage, was the grocer of Seaton-by-the-Sea.

He knew all about the Keanes, and knew, therefore, that Miss Laura had just returned from her situation in the north, and supposed that she would still have her half-year's salary in her pocket, and this supposition had induced him to put the bailiffs into Mrs. Keane's house.

"It was a chance," he said, with his foxy smile; and he, therefore, had hurried to the house with the greatest alacrity when he had received Miss Laura's message.

He took off his hat when the young girl appeared.

"Very sorry, Miss Laura, about this," he said, "but it's absolute necessity compels me. The times are so bad, and your ma has owed this account so long, that I'm driven to do what's very unpleasant to my feelings."

"How much is it?" said Laura. "For how much will you take these men away?"

"Well, Miss Laura," said Mr. Johnson, turning his hat in his hand, and smoothing the felt, as if considerately, "how much—in fact, how much could you spare me? The bill is over twenty pounds."

"I have ten," said Laura. "Will you take that?"

Again Mr. Johnson turned his hat, and again almost tenderly smoothed its felt.

He was wondering if he could get more, and was doing a little mental arithmetic as to the probable amount of the young girl's salary, and how much she was likely to have left of it, after deducting travelling expenses, &c.

"Ten is very little," he said, presently.

"It is all I have," answered Laura, desperately; "so I can give you no more."

"Well, Miss Laura," said the grocer, still gazing contemplatively at his hat. "I'll tell you what I'll do, to end any unpleasantness, especially at this time of the year. I'll take the ten pounds, if you'll give me a written and signed agreement that you'll pay the other ten during the course of the next six months. That's a fair offer, I think; and if you agree to it, I'll at once withdraw the parties in the next room."

For a moment Laura hesitated, and then, remembering Maud's distress, agreed to the man's terms.

"Very well," she said. "I'll get the ten pounds, if you will draw out the agreement."

This was soon done. When Laura returned with the two notes in her hand, Mr. Johnson had his agreement drawn out ready for her to sign, and had not even forgotten to put a stamp on it.

He then gave Laura a receipt for the ten pounds, and proceeded to put down the numbers of the two notes which she presented to him, in his pocket-book.

"I always take the number of any notes which I receive," he said, with a self-satisfied air, and Laura's heart sank as she heard these words.

"And I must again express my regret, Miss Laura," he said, "that this has occurred. But we must live, you see, and business must be attended to."

"Yes," said Laura; and she bowed, and moved away; and, a few minutes later, Mr. Johnson and his bailiffs were gone.

(To be continued.)

THE RED MEN OF THE UNITED STATES.

Our treatment of savage races forms one of the most unpleasing chapters in the history of civilized human nature. These remarks especially apply to the savages of North America, who have been poisoned with adulterated alcohol, cozened out of their lands and only made use of when we wanted their help in maiming and killing our white brethren. Of late years, however, the Canadian Government has been fairly successful in its dealings with the Indians, and has in this respect shown a good example to its Republican neighbours across the border. We have already on former occasions shown why the Canadians manage better than the Americans in this matter. First of all, a monarchical Government is better able than a democratic Government to restrain with a strong hand the restless spirits of its outlying settlements; and secondly, the parts chiefly inhabited by the Indians in the British Dominions have till lately possessed little attraction for the gold-seeker or the emigrant. The reverse of this obtains in the United States, where, moreover, the pioneers of civilization are often desperadoes and scoundrels, and where too frequently the Indian Agents have been more intent upon filling their own pockets than in benefitting the savages. We are glad to note that the American Government is now showing a sense of greater responsibility towards these poor creatures, of whom there are still some 250,000 within the limits of the Republic, and that genuine efforts are being made to educate children and to teach them industrial pursuits. All the Indian tribes are not alike in this respect, some are much more capable of civilization than others; but, even if civilization is in some cases impossible, the scandal of these perpetually-recurring Indian wars might be terminated. Unbiased American testimony informs us that the first provocation to strife usually comes from white men. For this there is an efficient remedy in the hands of the Government. The inadequate and overworked little American army should be increased in numbers, and the Indian Agents, as well as the public generally, should, in all matters concerning the Indians, be under the control of the military commanders.—*Graphic.*

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. RISTORI, who is now playing in Germany, has had an immense success in "Marie Stuart," at Hanover.

MISS KELLOGG has had a notable success upon the operatic stage in Vienna, and says that it is her intention to stay two years longer in Europe.

IN PARIS the great event has been the production of M. Sardou's much-talked-of comedy, *Divorçons*, at the Palais Royal. In this M. Sardou reconciles a married couple, who are only waiting for the passing of a Bill authorizing divorce to separate on the simple plea of incompatibility of temper, by the old trick of making the wife jealous of her husband.

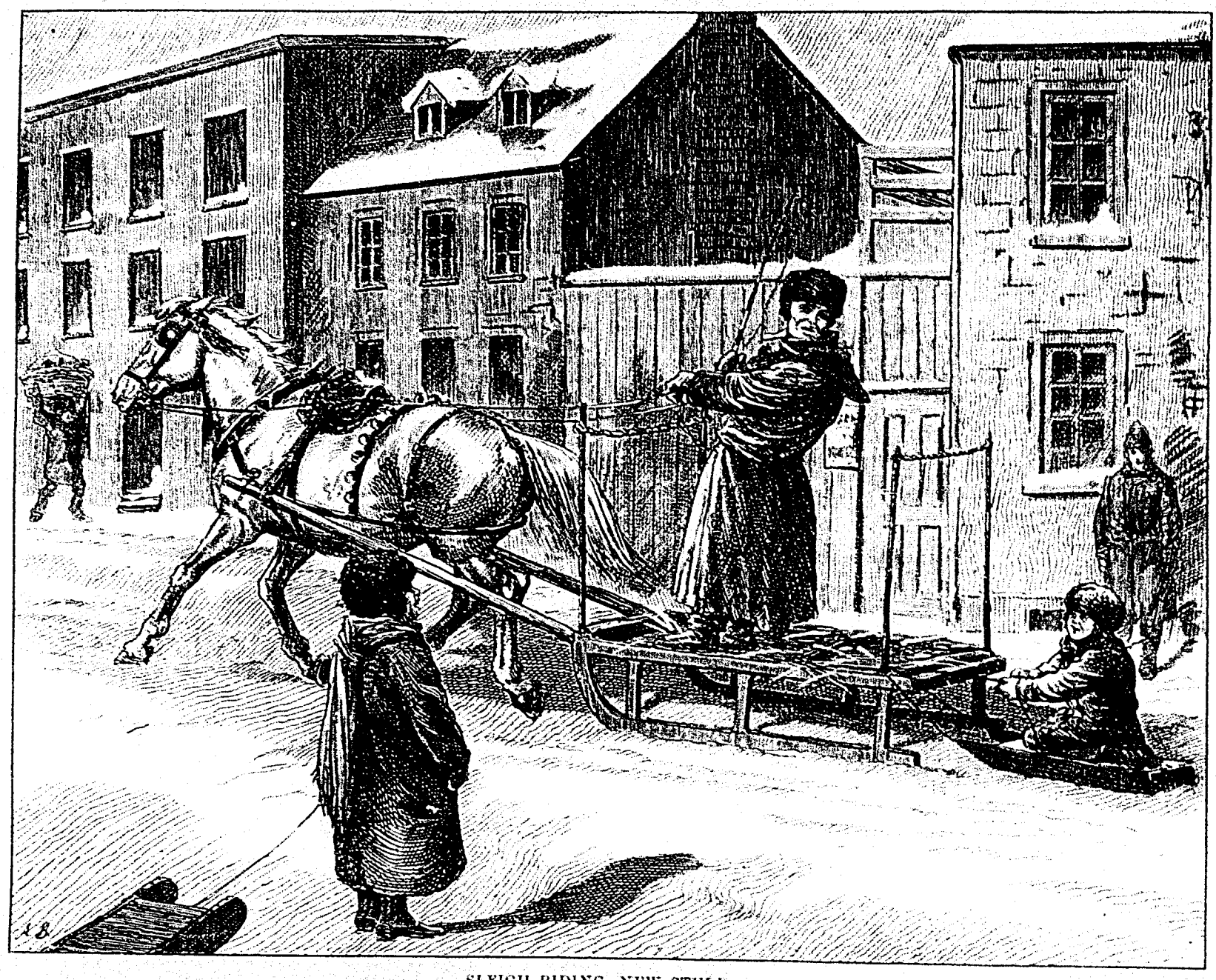
MADAME PATTI, it is said, has taken a strange liking for Richard Wagner's weird strains, forming such a marked contrast to the melodious airs of Rossini, Bellini and Donizetti, which she has so long excelled in. She is especially fond of the part of *Elsa* in "Lohengrin," which she has been carefully studying in order to appear in it next season in London.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE Astronomer Royal of England announces the discovery of a bright comet in 1h. 5m. right ascension, six degrees nort declination.

DR. EBERS, the well-known Egyptologist, has obtained at Thebes an ancient Egyptian papyrus roll containing a treatise on medicine. Considerable space is devoted to the disease of the eye, in the treatment of which the Egyptians were very skilful.

AN Indian scientist, who had a collection of frogs, recently found the dead body of one of them behind a register in his office, evidently having died from starvation. On dissecting the body he found the lungs clogged with thousands of black crystals which looked like coarse gunpowder. Under the microscope those crystals presented regular facets with smooth surfaces, presenting the same angle of crystallization as the diamond. On burning they gave off carbonic acid gas, and they are pure crystals of carbon as the diamond is. The investigator thereupon propounds the theory that in the ages gone by the huge reptiles of the antediluvian period, dying under circumstances similar to those under which the frog died, may have formed large crystals of carbon in their lungs which were afterwards transformed into the hard and lustrous diamond.



SLEIGH RIDING, NEW STYLE.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE HURON AND BRUCE RAILROAD.—(SEE PAGE 19.)

OUR HOLIDAYS.—HOW WE ENJOYED THEM.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

I.

What! thou, so soon,
New Year?
That by thy oft appearing hauntest
Our dream of glad continuous youth;
What welcome boon
Bring'st thou? what cheer?
Thou art so quick of pace, so proudly vauntest
Thy coming, without look or thought of ruth.

II.

We try to rob,
New Year,
With show of mirth and festive greeting
Thy fated visit of its gloom;
We hush each sob,
And dry each tear
Of natural regret for time fast fleeting,—
Watching the cradle we forget the tomb.

III.

When thou dost add,
New Year,
Another to the world's life-number,
And show us time unknown before,
With hearts grown sad,
And hopes grown sere,
We mark our sun stride westward to the slumber
That wraps the dead with night and darkness o'er.

IV.

Yet, wherefore fault,
New Year,
Thy coming thus? Thou too art mortal,
Thou too, like us, hast youth and age
Thou know'st no halt
In thy career,
Thou travellest unceasing to the portal
Where flit the ghosts of earlier pilgrimage.

V.

Thou too shalt die,
New Year,
And to thy grave be rudely hurried,—
Another in thy place shall rule:
So shall pass by,
In order drear,
The funerals of the Ages, till, all buried,
The graveyard of the years of Time be full.

VI.

We'll hail thee then,
New Year,
All grateful for the time and chances
Thy fleeting life will furnish ours;
Nor shrink again,
With foolish fear
From thy benign approach, and blest advances
For thou dost bring fit work for all our powers.

VII.

When thou no more,
New Year,
Shalt come as now, and we inherit
The land that knows nor sun nor night
Nor pent-up store
Of Time, as here,
We will remember in the world of Spirit
Thou cam'st as Earth's restorer, not its blight.

L.

THE GRASP OF A WITHERED HAND.

AN IRISH STORY.

Aw, bedad, sir, I don't mind tellin' yeh a bit. Shure now that we're safe out av our thrubble it's only too glad I am t' tell th' story t' any wan that'll jist let iviry wan know that me good husband, Pat Cassidy, nivir had act or part in th' murdher av his ould uncle Tim—God rest his sowl!—this fine Christmas eve; for it's he that wasn't th' bad soart!

Well, sir, me an' Pat was coortin'—jist pullin' a coard, as th' sayin' is—for close on' two years. Not that he sed much t' me for a long time; but shure, sir, usen't I t' see th' heart in his face whin he'd meet me in th' chapel-yard after mass av a Sunda', or at fair or market, or whin we'd sit discoorsin' anundher a hedge av a Sunda' evenin'? He was a fine sshrappin'-lookin' boy, wid th' best behaviour av any wan ivir I met; but shure, sir, he'll be in in a minit; he's only jist gettin' a creel av turf from th' stack.

It's jist about three years ago sence Pat asked me av I'd marry him. Av coorse no dacint girl cud say she would all at wanst; that 'ud be a disgrace t' her. So I kept quillin' up a bit av me apern as we war sittin' anundher th' hedge that Sunda' evenin', an' th' sorra word I sed. An', bedad, I don't mind tellin' yeh, sir, that I cud say a word wid th' joy, for I loved Pat—well, sir, no, not as well as I love him now that he's me good husband; but I loved him as well as any girl cud love any boy before she's married t' him.

"Mary Rooney," sez he,—shure it's well I rimimber iviry word he sed; an' throth I cud hardly hear his voice,—'faith it's th' brakin's o' me heart yeh are intirely! I'm that fond av yeh, Mary, that I'd live an th' clippins o' tin wid yeh, sooner nor in a slated house wid any one else.'

Well, bedad, I knew Pat was in airnest, an' it's no matther what I sed meself now; anyhow, we agreed that as soon as it was convaynant that Pat was t' spake t' th' priest. I don't know whether or not yeh know it, sir, but Pat's people war all dead, an' he was an orfin, an' he always lived wid his ould uncle, Tim Sullivan. He was allaways called ould 'Tim the Smaddherer,' bekase he used t' whitewash an' to do jobs av plastherin' all through th' counthry. Aw, but it's he was the miserly ould chap! Afther a while he was near bein' kilt wan day, be raison av an ould wall that he was plastherin' up givin' way an' fallin' on him. He was near dyin', so he was. An thin whin Docthor Crean sed he was as well as ivir he cud be, what d'ye think, sir, but it was found out that poor ould Tim's right hand an' arm was no use t' him at all; an' there they used to hang for all th' world as dead an' as withered as av he got a fairy blast.

"Mary," sez Pat t'me wan day, "d'ye know I'm onaisy about me uncle Tim? He has such a quare look in his face sometimes, jist as though he was hidin' somethin' from me, or thinkin' somethin' quare.'

"Throth, Pat,' sez I, "me mother sed th' same thing last Sunda' when we saw him."

"Did she now?" he sez, quite glad-like.

"Ay," sez I; 'an' d'ye know me mother says she thinks yer uncle must have some money saved somewhere, an' that he's afeard av bein' robbed av it now that he's not able t' use his right hand an' arm, av any wan was t' come t' thry and take it from him."

Pat looked at me, an' then he gives a smile, an' he sez in his own quare way,

"Well, now, Mary alannah, I don't say but what yer mother's as cute as a pancake; but shure what'd me uncle Tim be thryin' t' hide anythin' from me for?"

"I don't know, Pat; but yeh know he was allaways quare,' sez I.

Well, sir, to make a long story short, shure poor ould Tim Sullivan got quarer an' quarer, an' at last Pat spoke t' Father Mulcahy about it, an' asked his advice.

"Lave yer uncle to me, Pat," sez Father Mulcahy. 'I'll soon find out what's throublin' him. I know a good dale, but it's under sale av confession; but I'll spake t' yer uncle Tim, an' we'll aise his mind betchune uz."

Three or four days afther, I was sittin' in th' door, doin' a little bit av sewin,' whin who comes along be Dogherty's boreen but Pat? I seen he was in a great hurry, an' I got up an wint t' meet him. His eyes was dancin' out av his head, an' he sez in a whisper,

"Whisht, Mary acushla! Shure it's a made man I am, an' a proud woman you ought t' be this day!"

He looked such a fine handsome boy that I don't deny I did feel a proud girl; but I didn't tell him that, av coorse.

"Arrah, tell me what it's all about, Pat," sez I.

"Just this," he sez, still in a whisper, as av he was afeard av any wan listenin'. "Father Mulcahy got the soft side av me uncle Tim, an' what d'ye think, Mary alannah? but th' ould fella has been puttin' money by for many a year, an' he sez it's all for me, as I was like a good son t' him."

Poor Pat got very red when he tould me that, an' I sez an shure it was only th' truth, not a word more or less—

"So yeh war, Pat, and as good a son as ivir brathed."

"Well, th' say a good son makes a good husband, Mary," sez he; "anyhow let me tell yeh the rest av me story. What d'ye think but me uncle Tim has close upon a hundhred an' twinty pounds, an' he keeps it all in our own cabin?"

"Pat!" sez I; for who'd ivir think ould Tim Sullivan cud have such a fortune?

"Ay," sez Pat, "he has been hidin' it away iverywhere, an' now Father Mulcahy got him t' promise t' take it in t' Misther Bradley t' th' bank in Clonmel where they'd take care av it for him, an' there'd be no fear av him bein' robbed."

"Bedad, it's a great day for us, Pat," sez I.

"It is, Mary,' he sez; 'an' now what I want yeh t' do is this: me uncle Tim wants t' go th' bank t'morrow, so I can't go wid him, for I have t' go t' Bracken fair wid the two pigs, so I want yeh t' take me uncle into th' bank wid yeh."

"Av coorse I will," sez I; for throth I'd do more than that for Pat.

"Yeh see, because av his withered hand an' arm I don't like him to go alone,' sez Pat; "for it's lonely crossin' th' mountains; an' thin some blackgards might know he had th' bit av money an' set on him."

"Throth I'm not much use av th' did, Pat," sez I, laughin'; and Pat laughed too, for it was only in fun what he was sayin' about any wan doing anything t' th' ould uncle.

Och! Wirra, wirrg! Shure wasn't it th' black bitther mornin' that riz th' next day? Ould Tim kem down t' our cabin, dhrivin' the low-backed car* with a chaff bed an' it, an' a blue quilt over that for me t' sit on.

"Well, God be with ye both!" sez me mother, as we war goin' away; an' she threwn an ould shoe afther uz for luck, an' it hit ould Tim Sullivan's withered hand.

He turned round quite quick, an' his face got red, an' he was goin' t' throw t' shoe back; only I cried out.

"Tim agrah, for th' love av God, an' don't throw back th' luck!"

"Arrah, whisht, girl," he sez, in his quare angry way, "why wouldn't I throw it back?"

"Bekase it's unlucky,' sez I; an' shure, sir, I cudn't say more nor that. But Tim Sullivan wasn't like other people.

"Divil may care," sez he, "as Punch sed whin he lost mass! I'll taiche yer mother t' make game of me dead hand—so I will!" an' wid that he threwn back th' ould shoe, an', och hone a rie, shure not a lie I'm tellin' when I say he threw back the luck too.

On we wint over the mountains, for it was a good seven miles t' Clonmel. Ould Tim didn't spake much: an' sez I t' him,

"Arrah, Tim, what are yeh bringin' in the sack av piatees for it is not even the market-day?"

"Ax no quistions," he sez, quite short, "an ye'll be tould no lies."

"Throth,' sez I,—but, shure, I was only in fun all th' time,—"it's me own opinion, Tim, that yeh hav all th' money in the sack, an' that it's not piatees at all."

Ould Tim gives a jump, an' sez,

"Now look here, Mary Rooney, yer not goin' t' come over me that way. It's nothin' t' you where I keep th' money."

Afther that th' sorra a word more he sed until we kem t' th' bank in Bagwell-sthreet. It's a grand house, shure enough. So we wint up th' steps, ould Tim carryin' th' sack av piatees on his back. The very first person we met was Michael Neale, a third cousin av me mother's, an' there he was, dhressed like a gintleman, in a blue coat an' brass buttons, bekase he was th' sarvint at th' bank.

'Arrah, Mary Rooney,' sez he, 'it's glad I am t' see yeh; an' how are you, Tim, an' where are yeh goin' wid the piatees?'

'Never mind,' sez Tim. 'I want t' see the masther; I want Misther Bradley.'

'Hadn't yeh bettber lave th' piatees here,' sez Michael; and shure he was right too.

But no, bedad! Ould Tim tuk no notice av what Michael sed; but in athrough th' glass doors he walked, an' me follyin' him.

'Young man,' sez ould Tim t' a gintleman in a glass case, 'where's yer masther?'

'Who?' sez he.

'Yer masther,' says Tim.

'I suppose yeh want Misther Bradley?' says he.

'Didn't I say so?' sez ould Tim, who had a short timper.

Misther Bradley kem out, an' he sez.

'O, so you're Timothy Sullivan, that Father Mulcahy was tellin' me about. Come in here.

Well, we wint round be th' back av th' glass cases into the purtiest little parlour yeh ivir laid yer two eyes on; an' thin Tim tould th' gintleman that he wanted t' put his hundhred an' twinty pounds in th' bank.

'We'll take th' hoighth av good care av it for yeh,' sez Misther Bradley, that was as pleasant-spoken a gintleman as ye'd meet. 'An' yer quite right to take Father Mulcahy's advice, and t' put it in the Bank av Ireland.'

'I'll let yeh take care av it,' sez ould Tim, houldin' out th' sack av piatees, 'av ye'll just keep th' money the way I give it t' you.'

Misther Bradley stan's up an' looks across the table.

'Why, thin,' sez he, in a wondherin' voice, 'an' have yeh th' full av that sack av money, me good man? It must be all in coppers!'

'Th' divil a copper!' sez ould Tim, quite smart. 'It's all in goold.'

'A sack av goold!' sez I. 'Why, Tim, shure it's piatees yeh have in that sack.'

'Now wimmin is too fond av talkin',' sez Tim. 'See here, sur;' an' he opens th' sack, an' there was nothin' t' be seen but piatees.

'Let's hear all about it,' sez misther Bradley, an' throth I think I seen a laugh in his eyes. But who cud help it? For whin I tell yeh all, ye'll say it was no wondher, sir, that I couldn't help laughin' meself.

CHAPTER II.

'Ay!' sez ould Tim Sullivan, lookin' at me, 'yeh may laugh av yeh like, me dacint girsha. But I wasn't goin' t' be such a fool as t' tell yeh what was in th' sack whin we war comin' down th' mountains. Who did I know might be listenin'?'

'Let us come t' business,' sez Misther Bradley. 'Where's the money you want to put in the bank?'

'Here, sir;' an' ould Tim takes up a fine piatee—a Scotch Down—an' out av it he takes a sovereign.

'Well, that bates!' sez I.

'Bedad, Tim,' sez Misther Bradley, an' he thryin' t' keep down th' laughin', 'yeh have a way av yer own av keepin' yer money safe. That's not th' way th' Bank av Ireland keeps its money.

'Well, sir, it's about that I want t' spake,' sez Tim. 'Yeh see, sir, there's a hundhered an' twinty goold sovereigns there in that sack, an' iviry wan av thim is hid sep'rate in a piatee. It's th' way I kep thim this many a year; an' whin th' piatees begins t' get bad, thin I change thim, and put the sovereigns into fresh piatees. Now, sir, I don't mind a bit lavin' th' money wid yeh, av ye'll keep it jist as it is, an' I'll come reg lar an' keep an eye afther it meself, an' change th' piatees, not t' give yeh th' thrubble av doin' it.'

'Me good man,' sez Misther Bradley, 'yeh make a great mistake! Shure we cudn't take yer money in that way. Yeh must thrust the bank—shure yeh don't think th' Bank av Ireland 'ud rob yeh av it?'

'Now see here, sir,' sez Tim Sullivan. 'I don't mane no offince in life; but yeh know, sir, that whin people has th' handlin' av money it often sticks to their fingers.'

'Look here, Sullivan,' sez Misther Bradley. 'Only I know it's ignorance makes you speak so, I'd be angry with you.'

'No, sir, I'm not as ignorant as yeh think,' sez Tim, 'an' I'll only lave me money wid yeh in th' way I say; so that I can come down any day an' see that it's not touched. An' I'll change th' piatees meself, not to give yeh th' thrubble, sir.'

Well, me jewil, shure there was great talk betchune ould Tim Sullivan an' Misther Bradley. Th' sed a lot that I didn't undherstand about intherest, whativir that is, an' it's me own opinion that Tim didn't undherstand it aither; an' th' long an' th' short av it all was, that Tim wouldn't lave the money in th' Bank av Ireland, onless he was let keep it safe in th' piatees, an' come an' look at it whiniver he liked.

'Go out, Mary,' sez Tim t' me, 'an' look afther th' car. We must be gettin' home afore nightfall.'

So out I wint, an' found th' horse stanin' quite quiet; an' there was Michael Neale at th' top av th' steps, an' shure I cudn't help tellin' him av th' foolishness av ould Tim Sullivan.

'Arrah no Mary!' sez Michael; 'shure, yer not in airnest?'

'Bedad, I am,' sez I; 'an' shure here we're goin' home agin with Tim's hundhered an' twinty sovereigns stuck in th' sack av piatees.'

'Throth, he's th' quare Tim,' sez Michael. 'Yez'll hardly be home afore dark.'

'Bedad, we won't,' sez I; 'for the crows comes home airly just now.'

'Ay, faith; but here's ould Tim.'

'Don't tell him I towld yeh,' sez I, in a whisper, knowin' th' ould fella's quareness.

An' thin, shure, aff we wint again across th' mountain road. It was about a week afore Christmas, an' there was a little snow an' ice an th' roads that med it hard for th' baste. The crathur was tired too, so that it was dark night afore we kem t' th' pass av Creevagh, just a mile an' a half from my mother's.

'Tim,' sez I, 'I'm awful cowld.'

'It's a hard night,' sez he.

An' so it was; it was freezin' fit t' kill any wan, an' th' stars was sparklin' up in th' sky.

'D'ye know, Tim,' sez I, 'I'm that cramped an' cowld here sittin' an th' car, that I think I'll get down an' walk th' rest av th' way home.'

'Jist as yeh like,' sez he.

'Come in an' have a cup av tay or a taste av whisky t' keep th' life in yeh, whin yer passin',' sez I.

'Thank yeh kindly, Mary; so I will,' sez he.

Well, off I wint, an', bedad, I soon got fine an' warm, whin all av a suddint I missed me footin' an th' ice, an' down I kem. Me hands was all scraped, an' a sharp stone ran right into me left hand.

Whin I got home I saw I was all bleedin', but I put a cobweb an' a bit av a rag an it, an didn't mind it a bit.

Afther a while who comes up but Pat. I towld him all about what happened, an', shure, he was angry at first, an' thin he laughed. We got th' tay ready, an' some beautiful griddle-cakes an' fresh butther, an' we war waitin' for ould Tim Sullivan, for it was apast th' time for him t' come.

'I don't hear th' car,' sez Pat, goin' t' th' doore an' listenin', 'an' me uncle ought t' be here by this.'

We waited another while, an' thin sez Pat.

'Bedad, I'm gettin' onaisy! Maybe th' horse fell on th' ice; th' roads is so slippy, an' me uncle hasn't th' strength t' help it up. I'll go down by the Creevagh Pass.'

'Ay, do, Pat,' sez me mother; an' as soon as he wint out she sez t' me.

'Throth, Mary alannah, I didn't like ould Tim throwin' back his luck this mornin'; people may laugh, but no good cud come from doin' such a thing. Why, even didn't somethin' happen t' yerself? Yeh fell an' cut yer hands.'

'Ay, faith, mother,' sez I, an' me hands war smartenin' me; 'but shure yeh don't think anythin' happened t' ould Tim Sullivan?'

'Throth, I dunno,' she sez; 'but shure he ought t' be here now.'

I don't know why it was, but I cudn't rest aisy afther me mother sayin' that; an' I cudn't take a mouthful av tay, or a bit av th' griddle-cake, but kep goin' backwards an' forrards t' th' doore. It was freezin' hard, an' there wasn't a breath av air, nor a sound anywhere; an' just as I was comin' away from the doore wan time, I thought I heered some wan runnin' up th' boreen.

I was right too. The steps kem nearer an' nearer, an' in a few minnits who comes runnin' up but Pat, an' ketchin' hoult av me he comes into th' kitchen.

'For th' love o' God, what's th' matter?' sez me mother; an' gev a schreech, for Pat's face was as white as th' snow outside, an' his eyes burnin' like two coals, an' there was blood on th' front av his shirt, an' on his hands, an' on the rest av his clothes.

'Pat! Pat darlint!' sez I, 'an' what's this for at all, at all?'

'Me uncle Tim,' he sez, in a hoarse soart av a voice—'he's kilt there beyant near the Creevagh Pass, an' some wan ran away wid th' sack wid th' money in it.'

'Kilt!' sez me mother. 'O Pat, what'll we do?'

'I'm goin' t' run over t' Paddy Closkey's, t' ask him an' th' boys t' come,' sez Pat, runnin' t' th' doore as he was spakin'; 'an' you, Mary, run aff for Father Mulcahy, an' he'll bring me poor uncle up here, Mrs. Rooney.'

Av coorse that was all settled, an' me mother got th' bed in th' room ready, an' Pat an' th' Closkeys, th' father an' th' three sons, wint aff t' th' Creevagh Pass for poor ould Tim, an' meself set aff t' th' chapel-house for Father Mulcahy.

'Now, me girl,' sez Father Mulcahy, as we war comin' along over th' mountain road, 'tell me all about this terrible affair.'

Shure, thin, sir, I towld his rivirence all about me goin' wid poor ould Tim t' th' bank, an' how he wouldn't lave th' money; an' thin about how I was so cowld on th' way home, an' got down an' walked th' rest av th' way; an' av how Pat kem in an' thin wint down t' th' Creevagh Pass, an' kem back t' say his uncle was there, kilt intirely.

'It's a bad business, Mary *ma gra gal*,' sez

* A vehicle without springs, and with wheels formed of solid pieces of wood, the only kind of car which stands the wear and tear of the mountain roads.

Father Mulcahy, an' just thin we kem t' th' doore.

There was poor ould Tim Sullivan lyin' an th' bed in th' room, jist as th' boys carried him up. Shure any wan cud see it was death was on his face. Father Mulcahy wint over an' tuk hould av his hand for a minnit, an' looked very sharp into his face, an' thin he turned away, an' sez he t' me mother quite nice an' solemn-like:

'Biddy Rooney, call in some av th' nabours, an' we'll say a mass for th' repose av his sowl.'

Thin we all knewn for sartin that poor ould Tim Sullivan was dead. He was th' awfullest sight, sir, yeh ivir seen. Shure his head was reglar battered in wid stones.

'Now, me good people,' sez Father Mulcahy afther mass, an' me mother an' me was sayin' our bades, 'this is a very sarious an' dhreadful affair, an' some wan av yer ought to go an' tell the polis at wanst.'

'I'm goin,' yer rivirence,' sez Pat, 'as soon as I see yer rivirence home acrass the mountain.'

So aff Pat set, sir, an' in a few hours who comes but a whole lot av polis, an' a docther; an' some av th' polis stayed all night, and nivir lost sight av poor ould Tim, an' thin, as I suppose yeh know, sir, there was th' inquist th' next day.

Well, sir, at th' inquist they cud only find out that poor ould Tim was batthered t' death wid stones on the head, but th' cud say no more, so then Misther Reilly, the crowner, sed that 'Timothy Sullivan met wid his death athrough his head bein' batthered wid stones, an' want av further ividence.'

CHAPTER III.

But, sir dear, shure th' quarest part av the whole thing was that afther poor ould Tim Sullivan was dead, what d'ye think but in his poor withered hand, that for th' many's th' day cudn't hould a rush—it was that wake—well, in his hand was tight grasped a good big bit av some quare soort av gray cloth!

'It's wondherful t' think about,' sez Father Mulcahy, whin the docther an' the crowner war talkin' about it.

'It was just th' terror an' th' strength av the death-struggle that did it,' sez Docthor Crean; 'the was in such a desperate way that it even put life into th' withered hand.'

Well, sir, poor ould Tim Sullivan was waked in me mother's cabin, an' he had a grand funeral. All the paple cum from far an' near kem t' it, an' Pat an' me thought it was very nice an' respectful av them too. So whin we war comin' home me mother axed Pat t' come wid us an' t' have his tay. Th' poor boy was very down in himself. It wasn't bad enough to lose his uncle that was always good to him, as quare as he was; but, sir dear, it was terrible hard t' lose th' bit av money too, for nayther sight nor light av it cud we git.

'Never mind, Pat,' sez I, thryin' t' comfort the poor boy; 'never mind, acushla! Shure wouldn't it be worse nor th' dirty money av we lost wan another?' An' me face turned as red as a turkey-cock whin I sed such a bowld thing t' th' boy that was roorin' me; but it was just me heart said it, I cudn't help meself.

'Yer right, Mary avourneen, yer right, acushla!' he sez. 'But this I'm determined on, Mary: I'll nivir rest antil I fix me poor uncle's Tim's murdther on some wan.'

Well, just as Pat sed that, we heerd some throuble, an' in walked some av th' polis. The sergeant walked over t' Pat, an' sez he,

'Pathrick Dionysius Cassidy, in the Queen's name I arrest you for being concerned in the murder of Timothy Sullivan.'

Pat jumped up; but before he cud say wan word, th' policeman had th' handcuffs on him.

I thought I'd have died wid th' shame an' th' fright, sir. I felt iviry dhrop av blood goin' back t' me heart, an' me head wint intirely whin th' sergeant kem over t' me an' sed,

'Mary Josephine Rooney, in the Queen's name I arrest you for being concerned in the murder of Timothy Sullivan.'

Me poor mother nearly wint mad, sir. But av we war tuk, an' that night we war lodged in Clonmel jail,

Och, weirasthru! but it was th' cruel day for us both! I cudn't hear anythin' about poor Pat, an' he cudn't hear anythin' about me. An' thin' sir, as I suppose yeh know, we war brought up for thrial one day, an' th' foulishest things yeh ivir heerd was sed about th' two av us. Shure th' sed, sur, that bekase me hand was all bleedin'—an' shure yeh know it was from the fall I got—that it was bekase I helped Pat—an' he as innocent as a baby, sir!—t' murdher poor ould Tim Sullivan that we might get th' money he had hid in th' sack av piatees!

I don't deny, sir, but that what all thim lawyer gintlemin sed was very like jist as av it cud all have happened. For shure enough there was blood on both Pat's clothes an' mine; but that was from his thryin' t' rise his uncle whin he found him lyin' kilt in th' snow at th' Creevagh Pass; an' an my clothes too from th' cuts on me hand. An' thin Misther Bradley sed I was wid poor ould Tim, an' knewn all about th' money in th' piatees, an' iviry wan knewn me an' Pat was goin' t' be married; so all th' lawyers an' gintlemin put wan thing an' another together, an'—och! va! shure I thought I'd ha' died whin I heerd it—me an' me poor Pat was aich give twinty year penal sarvitude.

There was jist wan thing I always feel glad about, sir, an' that is, that I got th' same punishment as me poor Pat. I cudn't bear t' think that he'd be sufferin' an' me free. But we both had wan thing that med us look forward t' th' long time whin we'd get out av prison, an' that was, that both me an' Pat knewn it was all a mistake, an' that he cud thrust me, an' me him, jist th' same at th' ind av th' time.

So th' sorry weary months wint on, an' it seems that wan day Misther Barron av Barronstown was in th' polis-station. Misther Barron was a magisthrate in th' country, an' a nice free-spoken gintleman. An' it's he was th' quare funny gintleman too! Whin he was young he used t' be away in furrin' parts antil he kem into th' property whin his father died.

An' wan day he was in the polis-station, an' he was lookin' at some things that th' polis had hung up in their barrack-room; an' what d'ye think, but there was th' bit av curious gray cloth that was found tight in poor ould Tim Sullivan's hand th' very night he was murdhered. Misther Barron felt it, an' he looked at it very airnest.

'Will yeh tell me,' sez he, 'where yeh got that?'

So thin th' sergeant tould him all about poor Tim, an' about Pat an' me; an', bedad, tould him th' whole story av th' thrial from beginnin' t' end.

'But, sir,' sez th' sergeant, 'we nivir cud get any clue about that bit av cloth.'

'I can give you a clue,' sez Misther Barron. 'It's a piece tore av a mornin' coat I had made from some stuff I brought wid me from th' aist.'

'Go on, sir,' sez th' sergeant; 'for, sir, we're not quite sure that we hit on th' right people whin we tuk up Mary Rooney an' Pat Cassidy; but yeh see, sir, we had t' do somethin' for th' credit av the force, an' we were able t' make out a very good case agin thim.'

'Stop!' sez Misther Barron; 'shure I rimimber it now. That coat, whin it was wore out, I gave to an old sarvint av mine.'

'Who was he, sir?'

'His name was Michael Neale,' sez Misther Barron. 'He left me whin I wint abroad two years ago, an' I got him a situation wid Misther Bradley in th' Bank av Ireland.

So, sir, jist as th' ah did wid poor Pat an' me, th' all began puttin' two and two t'gether about Michael Neale: an' wan day th' tuk him up, an' tuk all his clothes—an' not a lie I'm tellin' yeh, sir, whin I say that it was found out that th' piece av cloth that was found in the grasp av poor ould Tim Sullivan's withered hand fitted in exact t' where it was tore from a coat med av' the same kind av cloth that was found among Michael Neale's clothes.

Shurely, sir, it was a wondherful time, an' a wondherful thing altegether. An' thin, shure I rimimbered that I towld Michael Neale on th' bank-steps all about poor ould Tim havin' th' sovereigns in th' piatees. An' wan thing an' another kem out; an' how Michael had got a friend av his t' buy a small farm for him; an' so, wid wan thing an' another, Michael Neale, t' make a long story short, saw there was no use in denyin' it any longer, an' he confessed that it was him that murdhered poor ould Tim Sullivan.

Och, sir, shure it was worth bein' in prison, an' goin' athrough all th' throuble for t' see how glad th' nabours war t' see me an' Pat, as soon as we war let out. Throth, our hearts comes up in our mouths whin we think av all the kind words was sed about us! An' it's all the gintlemen that was kind—Misther Barron an' Misther Bradley an' all av thim. Shure betchune thim all th' bought this little farm for uz, where we're as happy as th' day's long.

Yes, sir, it was a terrible day th' day that Michael Neale was hanged. Nayther me nor Pat 'ud go to Clonmel that mornin', though there was plenty that asked uz t' go: an iviry night me and Pat sez a prayer for th' repose av Michael Neale's misfortunate sowl.

An' now, sir, that's th' whole story. But I hear Pat's voice, sir, an' here he is! He's as good as he's good-lookin', sir; an av yeh ask him anythin' about it, he'll jist say:

'The good God always defends th' right. He knewn Mary an' me was innocent; an' t' show that He has the power t' do ivirythin' He put power even into the Grasp of a Withered Hand.'

Bannacth Ladth! Sir, maybe we'll meet agin'

HEARTH AND HOME.

NOT KNOWING EVERYBODY.—There is one satisfaction in not knowing everybody; we avoid the acquaintance of a great many disagreeable people. Judging from the proportion among those we meet in society, or fall in with through the course of business or the adventures of travel, whose conspicuous traits of character strike us unpleasantly, we ought, perhaps, to feel a liveiv sense of gratitude that we escape the acquaintance of so many persons it would not be pleasant to know. Here is a man, for instance, so hateful that even his own wife does not love him, but, if she were not the kind, patient soul she is, and conscientious about it, would like to be divorced from him. None of his neighbours can get on with him in peace, while his business transactions habitually end in lawsuits or quarrels. Now you do not happen to know him. The fates have never brought you in contact. Is it not a piece of good fortune? And even among women—next as they are, in the order of nature, to angels—there are said to be some the lack of whose acquaintance need not make a man feel poor. It is said that Cæsar knew every man in his army. Perhaps on this account he felt the less reluctance about exposing them to the fire of the enemy.

GIVING A SUPPER.—In giving a supper for say twenty-two persons, the length of the table should not be less than twenty-two feet. Care must be taken to allow the guests sufficient room to be seated; about eighteen to twenty inches are generally allowed for each person. Nothing is more uncomfortable than having to squeeze into too small a compass. If more guests are invited than can be seated at one time, it is necessary to have relays of viands to replace those which have been eaten, and the host or hostess will see that the second party have nearly the same dishes on the table as the first. It is the fashion now at supper-tables in England to have nearly all the dishes that require carving cut up beforehand; in doing so great economy is attained. The hostess will do well to superintend nearly all the preparations, and to arrange the flowers in the centre-piece and in the vases, also dish up the fruit in the epergnes, taking care to use fern and ivy leaves for the better display of the colours of the fruits, and adding a few cosaques and bons-bons on the top of the fruits. Care must be taken to have enough plates, knives and forks, and dessert-spoons, allowing about three changes for each person; if the party-giver has not sufficient of these, take care to appoint some person to wash up some, and set them in the proper place ready for the waiter or maid-servants to use when required. If this is strictly enforced it will save great confusion when the guests are seated.

A PRETTY WOMAN.—Is she such an object of envy as she seems, all said? Beauty is a great gift; but its possessor has her trials. From mere girlhood the pretty woman is the object of attentions she has not tried to attract, attentions that often only annoy and embarrass her from the one sex, and render her the object of envy, and too often ill-natured suspicion and unkindness, to the other. Plain women or ordinary women are prone to look upon the brilliant and beautiful woman as their deadly enemy, and by tacit consent they combine to wound or crush the common foe. In consequence, she is always receiving small stabs that wound her keenly. Then it is impossible for a handsome woman to have any comfortable masculine friendships. No sooner does a man speak to her than he is at once supposed to be in love with her, while an ordinary civility is a proof of courtship. Married or single, old or young, all male creatures are presumed or feared to be her lovers, and she cannot receive the smallest amount of attention from a given individual without being accused of desperate flirtation. In this respect she has not half the liberty enjoyed by a plain woman. Again, a beautiful woman cannot go out without an escort, when it would be perfectly safe for a plain person to go, or enter a gentleman's office on any business whatever without being suspected. In the humble walks of life, indeed, remarkable personal loveliness is perhaps the greatest misfortune a girl can have, since many ladies will not employ a maid-servant or seamstress who is handsome, while a person so endowed is perpetually pursued by a dangerous or insulting admiration.

FOOT NOTES.

ANGUS M. SMITH, one of Sir John Franklin's companions in the Arctic regions, lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

THE Princess of Wales, while out with the hounds the other day, had a very narrow escape from a serious accident. Her horse stumbled or shied, and she was thrown over the saddle, where she hung suspended until an attendant rushed forward and released her.

THERE has been a rumour that Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., author of Ginx's Baby," "The Battle of Dorking," and other political satires was going to Canada to edit a paper. It is stated that when asked what truth there was in the story, Mr. Jenkins exclaimed that he "would rather go to Botany Bay than edit a Canadian newspaper."

THE ice harvesters at Troy, N.Y., have already filled their storehouses. An experienced dealer says that ice has not been cut so early in fifteen years. The cakes that have been stored this season average a foot in thickness, and are of excellent quality. A full supply is anticipated, and a reduction next season of fifty per cent. from last summer's prices.

FOR Christmas decorations this year the citizens of Philadelphia used 14,000 trees, 500,000 yards of laurel and other wreaths, and 1,000 barrels of moss, costing in the aggregate about $54,000, to say nothing of vast stores of holly and flowers. The trees came principally from Maine, and the laurel and moss from the swamps of New Jeasey.

THE house of refuge on the top of Mount St Gothard, founded in the fourteenth century, will be permanently closed two years hence. The opening of the tunnel will render it useless, as not even beggars will cross the mountain on foot. At present the Hospice affords shelter, food, and a bed to 20,000 people yearly.

CHARLES LAMB remarked of one of his critics: "The more I think of him, the less I think of him."

SONNET.

After reading Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese.

I have no power the hearts of men to move
With verse, whose melody is clear and strong,
As when the immortal queen of English song
Sang to her poet husband of her love.
Yet as the tender cooing of the dove
In her mate's ears is sweeter than the rush
Of song from lark, or nightingale, or thrush,
So may'st thou prize my notes e'en hers above;
Fain would I weave for thee as bright a wreath,
But since bay, rose, and laurel hang too high,
And I can only pluck what grows beneath,
Take this poor knot of daisies: let it lie
Near to thy heart it seeks no higher lot
Than to rest there by all but thee forgot.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

MUNKACSY'S picture of Christ before Pilate, which is now nearly finished, has been sold for 150,000 francs.

THE monument to Bellini is near completion. It is being executed by Monteverde, the most renowned sculptor that Italy at present possesses.

THE Municipal Council of Paris has voted a credit of a million for the sculptures of the new Hôtel de Ville. The total amount that will be spent on sculpture in the building will be one million francs.

AN important discovery of Roman relics, consisting of vases more or less perfect, ornamented with finely executed human and animal figures in relief, and fragments of pottery has been made at Schleitheim Schaffhausen.

MESSRS. HART & RAWLINSON, of Toronto, send us a copy of Baring Gould's favourite hymn with illustrations from the pencil of Mrs. Schreiber. The book is tastefully got up, and the paper and type work leave nothing to be desired, while Mrs. Schreiber's name is sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the illustrations, some of which are really charming.

LADY PUBLISHERS.—Mrs. Florence I. Duncan, the author of *My Intimate Friend*, etc., has become a publisher, one of the firm of Duncan & Hall, of Philadelphia. Miss Heygate-Hall, her partner, has been for ten years one of the managers of the largest publishing house in Philadelphia, and stands high among the publishers for her phenomenal business talent. She is an English lady resident in the Quaker city; was born at Aithorp Hall, Northamptonshire, (being on her mother's side a Spencer), and on her father's side she is a granddaughter of Sir Richard Heygate of Boulogne *et Cadiz*.

THE Paris Salon is being seriously reformed at last, and in addition to the decision not to admit more than 2,500 pictures, it has been further determined to abolish the privileges of certain artists whose works were exempt from examination, and entitled to a place on the walls, whatever their merits. Artists may now send any number of pictures; while works of industrial art—including porcelain, goldsmiths' productions, bronze-work, &c.,—will also be admitted to the Exhibition. The plan of a triennial Salon has been abandoned in favour of a decennial exhibition, the first of which will take place in 1884. Portraiture will be particularly strong in the coming Salon, the likenesses of M. Gambetta, by Madrazo; of M. Henri Rochefort, by E. Manet; and of M. Coquelin aîné, also by Madrazo, being amongst the most notable.

MR. WHISTLER'S VENETIAN ETCHINGS.—At the gallery of the Fine Art Society, in New Bond street, twelve etchings of large size recently executed by Mr. James Whistler are now on view. These are admirable examples of the art. Besides being very picturesque and true in local colour, they are full of tone, and display a complete mastery over the technical difficulties of the method. We have seen no works that so vividly recall the aspect of the quaint byeways and smaller canals of Venice. They are, as etchings should be, above all things suggestive; in none of them is imitation pushed beyond the limits proper to the art. "The Piazetta" and the "Venetian Mast" are striking examples of the artist's graphic powers of realization; the figures as well as the architectural features of the scenes are indicated with an assured mastery of touch that could scarcely be surpassed. The other plates are, however, not less worthy of admiration; in none of them is there a superfluous line or a touch that could be eliminated without in some degree injuring the general unity of effect.

FASHION NOTES.

MUSLIN hoods, finished with a ruffle in the neck, are worn with gowns of all colours and materials.

PUFFS of coloured satin are inserted into the outer seam of black dress sleeves when they are worn in the evening.

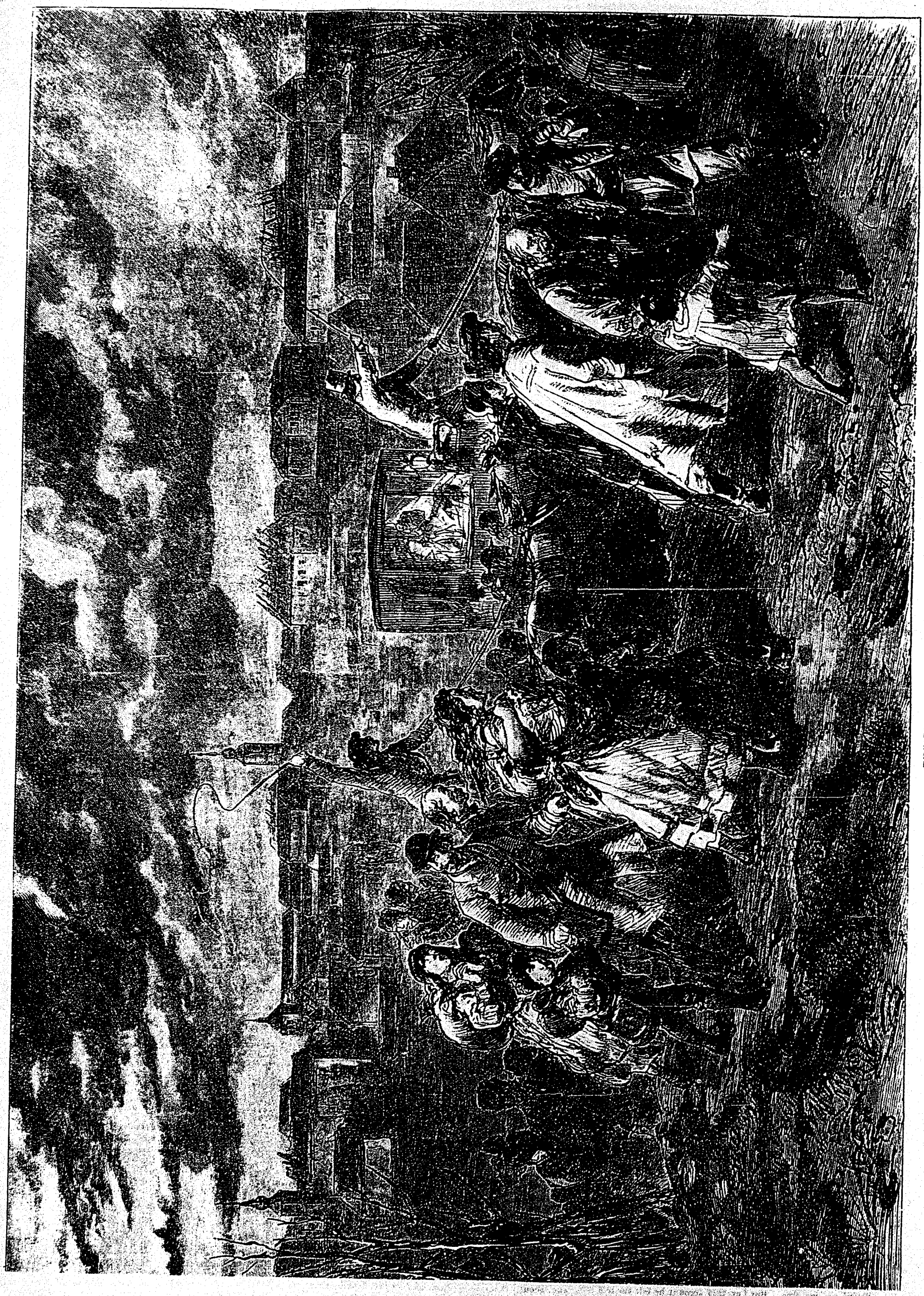
SMALL fan feather fans of a pale gray, with the border and centre in green, are the newest in London.

NO orange blossoms on the skirts of bridal gowns, and no veil on the face, are the two new points in costume at London weddings.

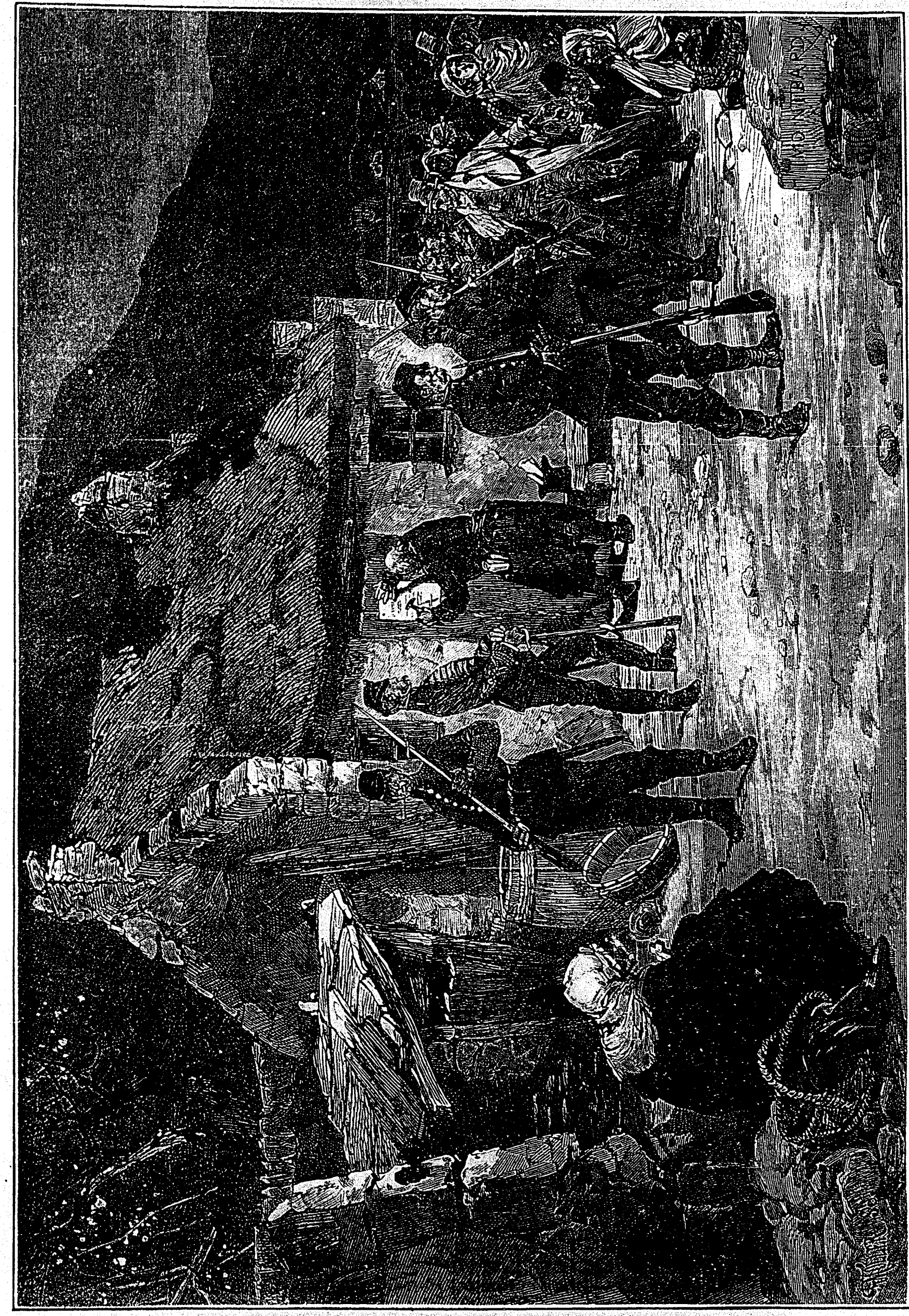
THE newest thing in bonnets is a mechanical contrivance by which butterflies are suspended by invisible wires, and by means of clockwork caused to flutter amongst the floral garlands with which the structure is profusely decorated.

THE English skating costume of 1881 is a short skirt, with a pleated flounce; a tunic with a double point bordered with fur and lined with a soft woollen check, and a long fur bordered jacket, fastened with gold buttons, and fitted with a fur tuff about the neck.

THE new feature in evening toilet is the floral jabot, a pretty conceit enough. A broad double garniture of rich lace ornaments the bosom of the dress. Between the folds a wreath of natural violets pressed together as tightly as possible, reaches from the throat to the waist. Neither jewels nor ribbons are considered *de mise* with this new fashion, which is meant to attract the eye exclusively.



THE EARTHQUAKES AT AGRAM, CROATIA.



IRELAND.—EVICTION OF A FARMER BY THE CONSTABULARY

WHAT IS THY DREAM ?

Sweet face that gazeth down the glade,
Searching the solemn aisles of shade,
Are past dreams dead, past hopes betrayed ?

Was once thine heart a blossom fair,
Laughing within life's spring-like air ?
Is life now over-hard to bear ?

Thine eyes are pensive; whither stream
The swift sad thoughts whose wild wings gleam
Across thine heart? what is thy dream ?

Ah, was it by some summer sea
That Love's bright hand laid hold of thee,
Fast hold, and then in vain didst flee ?

And dreamest thou now of waves that broke
Nigh some one's footstep when he spoke,
And bowed thy spirit to his yoke ?

Or was it mid the meadow sweet,
In some soft merry green retreat,
Where thou couldst hear thine own heart beat,

In such spot came the conquering tread
Of Love; who bound about thine head
His tender wreath of roses red ?

Are all the roses white to-day,
Now Love's frail foot has fled away,
And left the woods and seashore gray ?

Thou musest surely on such things,
And round about thy spirit clings
A memory whose mere faint touch stings :

A memory of those woods and seas,
Where through once lingered passion's breeze
And love's soft laughter: where are these !

GEORGE BARLOW.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

The Englishman who makes a tour in America —and trips across the Atlantic are becoming more and more common every day—returns home after six months with a definite though somewhat condensed picture of a vast and prosperous country, made up in the main of bustling business cities and crowded pleasure resorts. He sees New York with its teeming streets, its long line of Broadway stores, its marble drapery shops, its beautiful Central Park, its fast-trotting horses, its Fifth Avenue filled with spacious houses of stately New Haven stone, its Irish quarter crammed with a squalid poverty which reminds him only too faithfully of European capitals in their dreariest aspect. He sees Chicago with its monster hotels; Philadelphia, with its neat Quakerish avenues; Boston, with its crooked old-fashioned streets; Washington, with its empty squares and hideous architectural nightmares, all too solid for an ugly dream. He goes, of course, to Niagara; and there he finds a small city of huge wooden hotels, with tin-plated cupolas, and a crowd of well-dressed people from all nations upon earth patiently paying their dollars with exemplary resignation at the ubiquitous turnstiles which fence in every separate point of view. He goes also to suburban Long Branch, with its echoes of shoddy New York society; to pleasant, leafy, over-dressed Saratoga; to the much-infested surf of Newport; and perhaps even to the White Mountains, or the lakes of north-western New York. Everywhere he finds masses of human beings, monstrous overgrown inns, well-paved streets, iced drinks, exorbitant prices, electric bells, abundant telephones, unlimited wealth, copious vulgarity, and all the latest modern improvements or monstrosities, as the case may be. Then he comes home again, perfectly satisfied that he has seen America, and greatly interested in what he has learned.—*St. James Gazette.*

MUSICAL.

A Christmas concert of classical music was held on Tuesday, the 28th ult., in Wesley Church, in aid of the church fund. The programme was of an unusually high standard, but in spite of the difficulties of the music, the rendering was in all cases very praiseworthy. The choruses, in particular, were of an unusual degree of excellence for amateurs, and much credit is due to Mr. Fetherstone for this, we believe his maiden attempt at conducting. He suffered apparently from a cold during the rendering of his solo. Miss Lusher possesses a very sweet and sympathetic voice, a little, perhaps, lacking in dramatic power, but of a very pleasing *timbre*. But the event of the evening was undoubtedly the finished rendering of "The Marvellous Work" (Creation) by Mrs. Leach and the chorus. The *verve* and precision with which this lady sang was quite remarkable and her execution of some very troublesome passages was clear and delicate. She was well supported by the chorus throughout. Mr. H. Russel Popham presided at the fine organ, a recent gift to the church from Mr. G. B. Burland. The instrument is a $5,000 organ, from the establishment of Messrs. Warren & Son, Toronto. The performance concluded by the singing of Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus."

SOCIETY AT LARGE.

LADY CHELMSFORD, the grand-niece of the Duke of Wellington, is said to be "an *élégante* of high reputation, who closely copies all the costumes of Sarah Bernhardt, whom she strikingly resembles."

LADIES will discover in "Endymion" a new mode of showing their regard for dead husbands —a mild form of suttee. The heroine cuts off her long hair, which reached nearly to her feet, and ties it round the neck of her husband in his coffin. The idea is original, but it has not much else to recommend it.

FOOTMEN are going out and footwomen are taking their place in London. Dining the other night in Eaton Place, says a correspondent, the door was opened by one of the latter in a most charming and becoming livery. Black-and-white mob-cap for head-dress, stand-up collar and white cravat and small pin in it, rich brown-cloth coat with livery buttons, cut somewhat like a man's hunting-coat, and a buff waistcoat with a High Church collar—such was the uniform.

ÆSTHETIC receptions have broken out in Berlin. The first was held last week by a band of enthusiasts living near the Botanical Garden. Ladies and gentlemen, described as "coryphées of science and art," gathered around ladies who were attired after ancient Greek fashion. Greece was the theme of the evening: a Berlin professor discussed Olympia, a foreign diplomatic gentleman the Morea and Athens, and another professor the Greek costume as a work of art.

THE Bachelor's Club, which promises to be the sensation of next season, already numbers over three hundred members. The bachelors may be congratulated on having secured one of the finest club-houses in London. There are to be drawing and dining-rooms, to which members may introduce ladies for luncheons and dinners, and small dining-rooms for snug parties of eight or so. As the cuisine and wines will be of the highest character, and agreeable to the fastidious tastes of bachelordom, these rooms will no doubt be extensively patronized.

SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA ARTISTS

The assertion by the society of Philadelphia Artists that their second exhibition is the finest and completest in the history of American art is not an extravagant one. It is certainly a most important showing, and has, I think, a national significance. It is national in fact, and cosmopolitan in feeling, that is to say all, nearly all the best American workers are represented, and the paintings show the influence of nearly every school of art in Europe.

Large canvasses are rather the rule; and the many visitors to the Academy, a number of whom are buyers, are heard frequently to make this an objection. I note it as worthy the attention of our artists. They do not like, they say, to buy a big picture which they soon tire of. I find the popular vote is for June-green landscape, warm autumn sunsets, *genre* pictures, especially when they treat of child-life, and marines with wonderful distances. For example No. 94, "Un Chanson," by Edward May, and No. 350, "Aged Companions," by R. Swain Gifford, though they are much admired, come under this criticism. "Un Chanson" is a portrait picture of a very pretty lady in a tastefully rich robe of pink silk, draped with white lace—all well done—who has lithe, fair, and lady-like arms; her head has a well-bred pose, and in her beautiful brown eyes there is a winning French-American gleam; but one would get tired of seeing her lips always parted "just so." To Mr. Gifford's picture, which is good, the objection is made that however well painted are the "Aged Companions"—two old trees—the idea need not have been elaborated out of the covers of his sketch book, "*C'n'est pas Marc Aurèle,*" but it is what the buyers are saying. I hope I may be forgiven for taking a sordid view of the question for I know enough of artists' lives to say that the actual sale of picture is of more use to him than the sentimental prize essay writing about it in the newspapers. Few artists have private incomes to boil the pot for them and enable them to work for art's sake alone, and if the public expects that unpaid artists can keep up the struggle, the public will be disappointed and the artists may starve; nay, I am not sure that it is not this very experience of the precariously remunerated artist life that has led this young society to endeavour to enlarge their usefulness and enhance their value by bringing the public and the artists nearer together without the medium of the dealer, for their mutual benefit. They know full well the practical side of all labour, brain labor as well as hard labor, which achieves its best after the rent of the studio is paid. I have heard it said that a picture is none the worse for being painted after a good dinner.

It is gratifying to know that a large number of good paintings are sold. I passed from one cabinet into another in which I remained an hour, and returned to the first to find that three large pictures had been sold in that short space of time, and I heard enough and saw enough to lead me to think that this exhibition is of more importance, not only to the city of Philadelphia, but to the country than from the first glance at the catalogue one would suppose.

Certainly there are a number of bad and stupid pictures, at least a dozen, perhaps more, but it requires very little intellect to "cut and slash" at an artist's work, being a favorite habit with the least civilized of the visitors at our art galleries. The really cultivated in art I notice are not afraid to admire.

En somme. The artists may well be proud of their exhibition; their earnest, good and noble work has added to their list of friends and admirers and they have introduced themselves to a larger number of people than have ever before visited the Academy. They have also through Mr. Temple's generosity, given a great deal of pleasure to the poor as well, who may on Sunday visit the Academy free of charge, and the life and manners of people are better for their achievement.—FLORENCE I. DUNCAN.—*In the Home Journal.*

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE French Government are about to propose to the Chamber of Deputies that the crown jewels should be sold, "as they do not possess any historical value." They are expected to realise about five millions francs.

Two Candiote ladies of the harem of Ismail Pasha have installed themselves at Saint-Germain. The inhabitants of Saint-Germain are curious to know whether the ex-Khedive intends to establish his whole seraglio there.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has received from France more than one hundred and thirty letters containing proposals to translate into French his new novel *Endymion*. It is not stated whether any choice was made by the noble Lord among this mass of offers.

OYSTERS of an unusual size were sold a few days back at the Paris central markets. A dozen of the bivalves taken at random and put in the scales were found to weigh six kilogrammes 175 grammes, or more than a pound each. They were pronounced exquisite by some connoisseurs who were present, notwithstanding their enormous proportions.

FRANCE is a republic. Hereditary titles were legally abolished long ago. And yet there are several persons who make a comfortable living out of making genealogical researches, and fabricating a noble descent for retired *cocottes*. Here is an advertisement, "Achives de la noblesse. Cent mille dossiers de chartes et généalogies. Recherches généalogiques. Consultations. Additions de noms. Les nobles qui ne figurent pas dans le *Nobiliaire Universel* doivent s'inscrire pour le 13me volume, etc."

VARIETIES.

IN Roumelia the rose harvest is reported to have been an exceedingly abundant one this year, the value of the total yield exceeding, it is estimated 1,000,000 francs. The richest harvest of late years, however, was in 1876, when 3,300 pounds of attar of roses, of the value of 932,017 francs, was exported from Philippopolis alone. The attar is principally exported to France, Austria, America, and Germany, England obtaining what she requires from India. The French scent manufacturers, and especially the Parisians buy the finest qualities of attar, while the second qualities are mostly sent to Russia and Austria.

FROGS, as an edible in Detroit alone, form an industry for a large class of people, and a special item on the bills of fare at hotels and restaurants, the largest of the last mentioned establishments showing an average purchase of 10,000 dozen during the seven months of their popularity. Unlike oysters, they are good during all seasons, but in the winter months frog fishing is abandoned. They are caught along the river and Lake St. Clair shore in nets, but in the marshes they are speared. As soon as caught they are skinned, and the refuse part thrown away: the largest frogs are kept alive and taken in crates of a peculiar construction to Chicago, Cincinnati, and New York.—*Detroit Free Press.*

IF "BERTIE TREMAYNE" in "Endymion" is really the counterfeit presentment of Lord Houghton, and not of the late Lord Lytton, the forthcoming critique of the former on Lord Beaconsfield's novel will be doubly interesting. The experiences of Lord Houghton in the charmed inner circle as well of the aristocracy as of the *literati* of England date back to a time when the late Premier was vainly knocking at the outside gates, and was not as yet possessed of the "Open sesame," at whose magic utterance the doors were to fly open and admit him to the delights that panted after. As neither peer is enamoured of the other, and the one has been caricatured in the pages of the other's romance, we may look for such a display of vigorous writing and such an exhibition of polished yet biting sarcasm as may cause Lord Beaconsfield to wish that he had confined himself to libelling the dead.

A TRUE PATRIOT.—Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, when he was general of a brigade, entailed the censure of the great Napoleon, although the latter admired him for his genius and his bravery. The Emperor, in one of his characteristic fits of passion, deprived him of his command, telling him he should never again draw a sword in the service of France. Some months after, and while reviewing his troops, Napoleon saw a private in the ranks whose appearance was strikingly like that of the degraded general. The Emperor advanced towards him, and at once recognized in the humble soldier his once distinguished brigadier. "Lannes," said Napoleon, "I thought I ordered that you should never again draw a sword in the French service." "You did, sire," replied the private; "but you can't prevent me from fighting for my country with a musket." Napoleon acknowledged the nobility of the man, and immediately restored him to his command.

AN EXASPERATING WITNESS.—Not even a lawyer, however skilful in cross-examination, can make a witness tell the truth, provided the witness wishes to evade it. It is impossible to put a question in such exact language that it will demand the desired answer. It was necessary, on a certain occasion in court, to compel a witness to testify as to the way in which a Mr. Smith treated his horse. "Well, sir," said the lawyer, with a sweet and winning smile—a smile intending to drown all suspicion as to ulterior purposes—"how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?" The witness looked up innocently and replied: "Generally a-straddle, sir, I believe." The lawyer asked again: "But, sir, what gait does he ride?" The imperturbable witness answered, "he never rides any gate at all, sir, but I've seen his boys ride every gate on the farm." The lawyer saw he was on the track of a Tartar, and his next question was very insinuating. "How does Mr. Smith ride when he is in company with others? I demand a clear answer." "Well, sir," said the witness, "he keeps up with the rest if his horse is able to, or, if not, he falls behind." The lawyer was by this time almost beside himself, and asked: "And how does he ride when he is alone?" "I don't know," was the reply; "I was never with him when he was alone." and there the case dropped.

New England has been again wondering of late what it shall do with its surplus women. The solution of the problem from an American point of view is indicated in the following extract from a Boston girl to the Boston *Globe*: Some two months ago I went with a party of friends to Helena, Montana. It is a place of 4,500 inhabitants, mostly men, and a good many young men from the East who have gone out there to make their fortunes. Many of them are college graduates, and hundreds are exceptionally fine specimens of young American manhood, with brains, health, pluck and industry. The result of my visit, as you may imagine, was that I was engaged to be married in less than a month. I could have had a hundred offers if I had desired, because young men are as plenty there as girls are scarce, or as girls are plenty in this latitude. Some of the staid old New Englanders may think I made a hasty engagement; but if the ladies could see my George, and know his goodness and antecedents, they would not be surprised. I am here now to get my wedding outfit, and expect to be married on Christmas day. Everywhere I stopped in the new towns out West I was amazed to see how scarce women were and what a warm welcome Boston girls received. The newspapers in New York and elsewhere may poke as much fun as they please at Boston girls. They are far above par and at a premium out West.

A JAPANESE funeral is a novelty to the Parisians. The craze for Japanese silks, Japanese porcelain, Japanese *bibelots* has long been at its height in Paris. Only a few weeks ago a prominent bluestocking invited *tout Paris* to a conference on the Japanese stage, which was illustrated in her salon by an ingenious draughtsman. The Parisians with their traditional consciousness and admiration of their own merit, have christened the Japanese "the Parisians of the East." In short, there is a strong current of sympathy between the Parisians and the Japanese. You may imagine, then, the excitement in the section of society known as *tout Paris* when it was announced that M. Sameshima (Jushie Naonobou), the little Japanese Ambassador, was dead. The little gentleman, who died recently of a pulmonary malady, at the age of thirty-seven, was very popular amongst his diplomatic colleagues, and his receptions were highly esteemed. He had, indeed, with the singular facility of his race, become thoroughly Europeanised. The funeral took place this morning at ten o'clock, in the presence of *tout Paris*. That was a matter of course. *Tout Paris* is sympathetic and good-hearted, but curious, excessively curious. According to the Japanese custom, only men had been invited to the funeral, but the feminine element of *tout Paris* protested, and at the last moment about a hundred invitations were sent out to ladies. The crowd which assembled to see the funeral was immense. The Japanese custom is to use scarlet drapery for funerals. The Paris "Pompes Funèbres," admirably organised as it is, could not provide hangings of this colour, and so the Embassy in the Avenue Morgeau was hung with black. Instead of a *chapelle ardente* a *chambre mortuaire* was arranged with a profusion of shrubs, flowers, trees, and Japanese lanterns. The funeral procession was more European than Japanese. There was a hearse drawn by six horses, and the pall-bearers were the German, Spanish, Belgian and Swiss Ambassadors. The body was buried in Montparnasse cemetery. Before the coffin was lowered in the vault all the Japanese passed before it, bowed, and threw leaves on it. This touching farewell ceremony excited the liveliest curiosity among the Europeans present.

A DOCTOR, passing a stonemason's shop, called out, "Good morning, Mr. D. Hard at work? I see you finish your gravestones as far as 'In the memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man—"unless somebody's ill and you are doctoring him, then I keep straight on."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Many thanks.

F., Lansing, N. S.—Should the Tourney take place, we will send the particulars.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 305.

We have to acknowledge the receipt, from Mr. John Barry, of Montreal, of a pamphlet consisting partly of reprints of contributions to the "Canadian Illus'd News," which he has furnished on several occasions. Mr. Barry is an excellent chessplayer, and he is equally ready with his pen, which he uses most skilfully in connection with all subjects relating to the noble game. His talent, moreover, is not confined to chess alone, as this *brochure* will incontestably prove.

Mr. Bird, who is so well known to Montreal chessplayers, has written a long letter, which is copied into most of the leading Chess Columns on both sides of the Atlantic. It contains many things, there is no doubt, which are interesting to chessplayers generally, but our space will not permit us to notice these now, with the exception of his desire to play a match with Mr. Steinitz. Such a contest would excite the attention of the chess world at the present time, but we cannot say whether or not it is likely to come off. At all events, the challenge is an evidence of the acknowledged characteristic of Mr. Bird, and that is, his willingness on all occasions to meet his opponents over the board.

We learn from the *Globe Democrat* that Mr. Max Judd recently gave at the Mercantile Library Chess room, St. Louis, an exhibition of his ability to carry on a large number of games simultaneously. In this contest, out of fourteen games, he won nine, lost two and drew three.

Mr. Blackburne's tour of the provinces led him to Cheadle last week, and his performances appear to have excited a sensation in the little Staffordshire town. The first day was devoted to blindfold play, the champion opposing ten local amateurs simultaneously, winning eight games and drawing two; and the second day to playing against all comers simultaneously, seeing the boards. In this contest he was equally successful, to say the least of it; for he won ten games, drew two, and lost none! Each seance attracted a large number of spectators, and the *Cheadle Herald* devoted a leader to the subject of chess and the occasion.—*The Illustrated London News*.

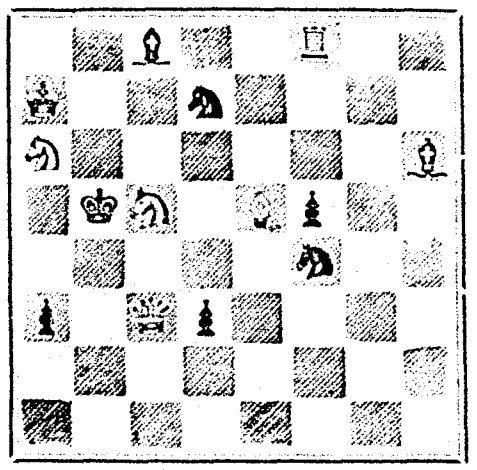
On the 6th ult., Mr. G. B. Fraser encountered, blindfold, a strong team of eight members of the Dundee Club, at the new rooms in the Imperial Hotel. Only one game was finished, which was won by Mr. C. E. Baxter; three or four others were declared in favour of Mr. Fraser and the remainder as drawn.—*Chessplayers' Chronicle*.

Blindfold play is not so rare now as it was in 1783, when Philidor surprised the world by playing at the Chess Club, St. James Street, London, "two games at the same time, without sight of the boards."

PROBLEM No. 310.

By J. H. Robinson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 458TH.

A brilliant game, played in Australia, Melbourne a short time ago, between Mr. Goldsmith and Mr. Esling.

White.—(Mr. Goldsmith.)	Black.—(Mr. Esling.)
1. P to K 4	1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	2. P to Q 3
3. P to Q 4	3. P to K B 4
4. P takes K P	4. P takes K P
5. Kt to Kt 5	5. P to Q 4
6. P to K 6	6. B to B 4
7. Kt to Q B 3	7. Q to B 3
8. B to Kt 5 (ch)	8. P to B 3
9. Castles	9. B takes K P
10. Q B to Q B 4	10. P to K 6
11. Q Kt to K 4	11. P takes Kt
12. Kt takes B	12. P takes P (ch)
13. K to R sq	13. B to Kt 5
14. B to K Kt 5	14. Q to Kt 3
15. R takes P	15. Kt to Q 2
16. Q takes Kt (ch) (a)	16. K takes Q
17. Q R to Q sq (ch)	17. Resigns

NOTE.

(a) White's moves in the latter part of this game are very good.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 308.

White.	Black.
1. B to Q B 2	1. Any
2. Mates acc.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 306.

In this Problem a B P should be at Black's K Kt 6, instead of K B 6 and a W P at W's K 2.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Q Kt 5	1. Kt P moves (best)
2. R takes Kt	2. P Queens
3. P to K 4 mate	

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 307.

White.	Black.
K at Q Kt 2	K at Q 6
R at K 4	B at K B 5
B at K B 3	Kt at K 7
B at K sq	Pawn at K 6
Kt at K 7	
Pawn at Q B 4	

White to play and mate in three moves.

OUR COUNTRY COACH.