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# Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1882.

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A DOMINO.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Feb. 19th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 42°	24°	33°	Mon.. 33°	23°	28°
Tues.. 40°	33°	36°	Tues.. 23°	5°	14°
Wed.. 46°	29°	37°	Wed.. 25°	10°	17°
Thur.. 47°	33°	40°	Thur.. 30°	20°	25°
Fri.. 34°	22°	28°	Fri.. 30°	18°	24°
Sat.. 22°	-5°	8°	Sat.. 29°	18°	23°
Sun.. 23°	4°	13°	Sun.. 29°	21°	25°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 25th, 1882.

THE WEEK.

A NEW YORK correspondent of one of the daily papers calls attention to the remarkable growth in that city of so-called Society Journalism, in the space devoted by the leading journals to accounts of balls and receptions and the like. The name as applied to such mere record is hardly correct. Society Journalism proper is an entirely new product of the century. It is only a few years since EDMUND YATES and GRENVILLE MURRAY set the ball rolling by the issue of the *World*, which, though not devoted at all to the chronicle of balls and the description of dresses, was yet the parent of Society Journalism proper. The *Court Journal* for years has held its place in the matter of mere description of fashionable events, and with it the *World* never in any way interfered. The notion of the new paper was that of comment upon the doings of Society, under the significant title of "What the World Says," a title which, as will be seen, bears a double interpretation. The success of the venture was never for a moment doubtful, and when, a year after, Mr. GRENVILLE MURRAY sold out his share to Mr. YATES, he received more than double of his original investment. A crowd of imitators followed upon the heels of the lucky pair. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who had originally been engaged to write the city article for the *World*, quarrelled with the proprietors and launched a venture of his own in *Truth*. This was followed by a counterblast in *Calumny*. Then came *London*, *Society*, *Life*, and others, and *Vanity Fair* and the *Whitehall Review* introduced a similar feature into their columns. The last venture now in London is the establishment of a penny sheet, in which are collected the cream of the whole combined.

This feature of Society Journalism has never taken a firm root in the States, partly for the same reason that a comic paper never could exist there (until *Puck* was started), viz., that the dailies devote much of their space to comment on matters with which the daily press of the old country do not meddle. Private affairs are as freely discussed as public actions, and the Society Journalist has the ground cut from under him to a great extent. A sort of combination of the two—the *Court Journal* and the *World* types—has been made in *Quiz*, a little sheet now published in Philadelphia, and New York has the *American Queen*, which approaches more

nearly to the former, while the *Hour* aims apparently at the latter type. Even here in Montreal a paper has recently been started with a *Society* column, and has only failed from the inappropriateness of its other matter.

THE proverbial jealousy of professional musicians has never had a more forcible commentary upon it than is contained in the report of the Smoking Concert of the Duke of Edinburgh's Orchestral Society, which the *Gazette* publishes this (Monday) morning. "The Duke of Edinburgh's playing," says the correspondent, "was especially praised, even by professionals." If the report is correct, what a picture we have of praise reluctantly wrung from the very people who should have been most ready to give it. It is not the critics, you see, who refuse to acknowledge talent in an amateur, but the professionals, as such, and because they are such. As we suggested, however, it is possible that the report is not of that absolute value upon which to found an argument in so weighty a matter. Certainly it is funny enough in other respects. As, for example, the statement that "the drums were played by clergymen," which, though possibly true, seems to imply a connection between the "pulpit, drum ecclesiastic" and the ordinary kettle drum, not hitherto observed. Though, by the way, kettle-drums and curates have before been associated in the minds of irreverent society writers. It is just possible that the explanation of this and other irregularities is to be found in the concluding paragraph: "During the concert all smoked and drank as much as they wished," the correspondent, no doubt, amongst the number. And then the necessary conclusion, the enthusiastic statement: "The concert was most enjoyable." No doubt.

THE Vienna disaster of last December has set men's brains to work to reduce the danger of fire so far as possible, by alterations of one sort and another. The latest effort of ingenuity in this direction comes from New York, where a gentleman of a philanthropic and inventive turn of mind has recently patented a device for removing the obstruction to free passage presented in ordinary theatres by the rows of chairs or other seats. The device consists in such an arrangement of seats that in case of fire they can be made to fold up and sink out of sight, thus leaving the auditorium entirely free. We cannot help being reminded of the old French song which treats of the ingenious manufacturer who, to economize human labor, had established a factory to be run entirely by rats. His friend listened with patience to his description of the working, and then asked mildly, "What would you do if a cat got in?" The seats in question are so made that they can be raised or lowered for the whole floor at one point. And if—we can only say if—some peculiarly thoughtful wag were to take a fancy at a given moment to try the working of the machinery, and for that purpose were to possess himself of the controlling key—We draw a veil. The entrance of the cat would be nothing to it.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for March there is a note relative to the new halfpenny evening paper for London, the *Evening News*. It was established last July as an Independent Liberal Journal, but had such a want of success—it was not prosperous, as according to *Harper's*—that the proprietor was glad to sell out to the Conservative Press Corporation, Limited, which has been successfully floated to supply the English public with cheap Constitutional literature. The managing director of the Company is Mr. FREDERICK HYNDMAN, and the new editor of the paper is Mr. CHARLES WILLIAMS, a well-known London journalist and special correspondent. The first number under the new régime contained the following notice:—"The *Evening News* will address the Constitutional party in England who pre-

fer freedom of thought to the dictation of a "caucus," freedom of contract to legislative restraint, and the substantial interests of our operative classes to undue development of the profits of foreign producers, merchants, and carriers. The *Evening News* will likewise address those who look to the sanction of religion in their everyday and political life rather than to the leading of Atheists and Free-thinkers." This new addition to the London evening papers makes three for the Conservatives as against two for the Liberals.

DOINGS AT THE CAPITAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Ottawa, February 17th, 1882.

The drawing-room came off with much *clat*, and was attended by large numbers. The regulations issued to the Dominion Police were such as should have ensured everything going off without any *contretemps*. Unfortunately the obtuseness of the police compelled many ladies after taking off their cloaks in the Commons, to seek admission to the Senate by an outside door, as the policeman on duty at the inner side entrance had got into his head that he was not allowed to open that door for them. A few fortunate ones escaped this chilling promenade through the courtesy of the Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms.

Talking about the Dominion Police. Theirs is a happy lot. Their duties consist in standing at the various entrances to the Western and Eastern blocks. They condescend to open these doors for Ministers and Deputies, but there the line is drawn.

*Place aux messieurs*. The dailies have given your readers a list of ladies' dresses, but not one has spoken of what was worn by the men. At the drawing-room, two gentlemen appeared in frock coats, whilst one vainly attempted to make his bow in a cutaway jacket of grey tweed; and at the Government House ball on Tuesday, a gentleman shone in a frock coat of broadcloth, and he was an Ontario Mayor at that.

One thing I can say about the ladies' gowns; they were all new. "They all have to be on such an occasion," said to me one who knows, "for the other women would be down on any lady appearing in a dress that has served once." The laws of the Medes and the Persians are mild compared with this new, to me, ukase of the fair sex.

Many there are who want to know something about the Royal Archers of Scotland, now that they have seen Mr. Balfour in his gorgeous uniform of that distinguished corps. They can find all the information they require in an interesting history of the Corps, which possesses authentic records covering a space of two centuries. The book is in the Parliamentary Library.

The ball given at Rideau Hall on Tuesday, was attended by over 600 people; so perfect were the arrangements that there was not any crowding. Lieut.-Col. Freemantle and officers of the Halifax Garrison were present; with this party were Mrs. Shortt and Mrs. England.

The Hon. Edward Pierrepont, formerly U. S. Minister to the Court of St. James, is on a visit to the Capital.

There is a rumour that His Excellency intends giving a masquerade on the ice this winter. It will doubtless prove a grand scene and will rival the famous masquerade which took place in honor of his predecessor at the Victoria Rink, Montreal, in January, 1875.

At the Hon. Madame Caron's *soirée musicale*, which comes off on Saturday, the following ladies and gentlemen will execute an excellent programme. Prume will play; Mesdames C. Christin, Leduc, Aumond, the Hon. P. Fortin, M.P., and Mr. Gourdeau are to represent the vocalists, whilst Dr. and Madame Valade, Miss Barrett of Windsor, Dr. Prévost and Mr. J. F. W. Harrison will appear at the piano. The foregoing names are a guarantee that the invited guests will enjoy a musical treat. Madame Caron's at homes are famed for the good music presented.

Those who had the privilege of seats in the Gallery of the House of Commons on Tuesday last, saw most of the prominent members rise

and speak, viz: Sir John, Sir Charles, Sir Hector, Sir Richard, Messrs. Mackenzie Bowell, Blake, Huntington, Mackenzie and the President of the Council. With the exception of Sir Hector Langevin, who complimented the newly-elected member for Bellechasse on his maiden speech, the others cut a sorry figure at the pastime of word-slinging.

Why are charges of corruption and other unsavoury ones hurled from one side of the House against the other, when honorable gentlemen themselves do not believe in them, and when no right-minded man outside the House does? Our Blakes and Tupperes are above suspicion, and the dignity of the House is assuredly not enhanced by such petty squabbles.

On Wednesday afternoon, Lady Frances Balfour occupied a seat on the floor of the House; she soon left, as she no doubt found the Orders of the Day very dry reading.

I do not wish to get into trouble and so I care not, Paris like, to award the golden apple. Young men and old men too, are divided here as to whom belongs the coveted appellation of "belle of the ball" at Rideau Hall. An Ottawa Juno, who hails from senatorial precincts, a Montreal Venus, who once appeared as Parthenia at a *bal costumé*, and a Minerva, who comes from Cobourg famed for the number of its judges and of its pretty girls, are the competitors. If there is a general leaning towards any of the three, it is towards the last-named.

Yesterday's ball at Rideau Hall went off as pleasantly as did the first. His Excellency danced the first set of quadrilles with Madame Cauchon, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba. The belles were a lady from Montreal already referred to, and one from Quebec; the latter in a black dress trimmed with steel beads, aptly represented Night, and recalled Longfellow's lines.

The Indian costumes brought from the Northwest by His Excellency were much examined and admired. They are to be worn at the "pow-wow" to be given on the ice one of these evenings.

The most gorgeous uniforms were those of the members of what Mr. Bergeron has called in the House "our little army," that plucky and efficient force, the Mounted Police of the Lorne Land, as it is now called.

Montrealers doubtless entertain pleasant recollections of Capt. Lewis of the Fusiliers, now A. D. C. to Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon. He writes to me from what he calls "boom-berridden Winnipeg," to say that Lord Lorne has presented him with a silver cigar-case. His Excellency has displayed great thoughtfulness in giving *souvenirs* to the many friends he made during his trip through what he styled in his reply to one of the addresses presented to him at St. Boniface, "Greater Canada."

I must add to my list of those who are to contribute towards entertaining Madame Caron's guests to-morrow night, Mrs. T. Charles Watson, who is to recite "La prière du naufrage" by François Coppée.

The House is dull. Nothing doing. Mr. Girouard has introduced his bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. The Bishop of Ontario's followers hold up their hands in horror and predict dreadful things if it becomes law. Their sanction is however given without compunction to marriages between May and December, to mere *marriages de convenance* and others which it is not opportune to mention, so their squeamishness is out of place.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Greek play in New York has been very roughly handled by the critics.

THE *Detroit Free Press* endorses Miss Dickinson's Hamlet unreservedly.

WAGNER, the composer, is staying at Palermo, where he is living with his family in great retirement.

J. R. G. HANSARD, musical critic of the *Tribune*, is writing letters to that paper from the South of France.

A CONFERENCE of Hungarian poets and authors is soon to be held at Buda Pesth to discuss the preparation of a Hungarian Royal Hymn.

"CLAUDE DUVAL," the new opera by Stephens and Solomon, has been in rehearsal for months and will be presented for the first time on Monday, the 27th inst.

HERR WAGNER is about to take up his quarters in Greece for the purpose of making studies on the spot for a new opera drawn from the Greek mythology.

"MISS HAWK," said Patti to an interviewer of the *Philadelphia Press*, "not only has the voice and the power and ability to use it, but she is an actress. She acts from the heart."

**SHADOWS.**

The moon a light-hung world of gold,  
Low-drooping, pale, and phantom-fair;  
The fresh pomp of the summer leaves,  
And fragrance in the breathing air,

Beneath the trees flat silhouettes  
Mute idiot shapes that shun the light,  
Weird, crook-kneed things, a fickle crew,  
The restless children of the night.

In idle vacant pantomime  
They nod and nod for evermore,  
And clutch with aimless fluttering hands,  
With thin black hands, the leaf-strewn floor.

Quivering, wavering there forever,  
On the bright and silent ground  
Meshed and tangled there together  
While the rolling earth goes round.

And the gold-tinged airy ocean  
Ripples light in many a breeze  
O'er the sweet breathed purple lilac,  
O'er the tall and slumbering trees.

But comes the dawn,  
The spell is done;  
Weird spirits flee  
At rise of sun.

—W. S. KENNEDY, in *Harper's*.

**OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.**

**ANNUAL BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY.**—The twenty-ninth fancy dress ball of the Liederkranz Society of New York was held at the Academy of Music, on February 9th. The decorations of the Academy was chiefly floral, and were not numerous. The lobby entrances to the balconies were flanked with large vases, covered with silver foil, and filled with tall lilies and roses and other cut flowers, while over the doorway of the main aisle, and hanging between two similar vases, was a large wreath of smilax and roses, in the centre of which were the letters "L"—"K" set in tiny crimson buds. The edge of the dancing platform was ornamented with vases of cut flowers also, and between the vases at the various entrances stood guards in arms on sentry duty, with spears in their hands. Boxes ranged at the back of the stage converged in a bower or throne over the heads of the dancers. In the alcoves underneath these boxes there were displayed large cartoons of members of the society. The ball was opened at ten o'clock with a procession of thirty-two couples, dressed to represent various characters, and led by Prince and Princess Carnival and R. Steiner as Louis XIV. and master of the ceremonies. There were also represented a Louis XIII., and there were numerous other kings, queens, princes and princesses of other nationalities, besides several Don Carloses, a Lord Barleigh, a Count Egmont, a Henry of Navarre, a Sir Walter Raleigh and a Mary Stuart. After the procession there were the usual scenes of utterly antagonistic characters dancing together—nuns with demons, priests with gypsies, Oscar Wilde and Isabella of Spain, and "Michael Strogoff" and the "Colleen Bawn." There were dominoes of all shades and colors, men in German uniforms, several "Patiences," fat boys, vivandières, Roman costumes, Chinese mandarins, Mexicans, Poles, post-office carriers, the "Two Orphans," and harlequins. Van Dyke and the Jack of Spades were closely pursued by "the lively grasshopper." The ladies' orders were quite pretty in design, and were gotten up in crimson and gold. The design was that of a money purse of crimson velvet, and on one side two masqueraders were dancing in front of a golden lyre. On the other, Cupid, attired in a pair of gaudy wings, was shooting an arrow at a target, with two turtle-doves flying in front of him. One of these orders was given to each lady on her arrival. Twenty-seven dances occupied the attention of the participants until nearly daylight.

"THE LONG, LONG INDIAN DAY."—These engravings are tolerably self-explanatory, but we may observe that the titles underneath are taken from a poem which is, we understand, very popular among young military men in India, and which is called "The Long, Long Indian Day." Its poetical merits are not considerable, and it probably owes its popularity chiefly to the uncompromising spirit of disgust and discontent with India by which it is pervaded. But this growling is, we suspect, to some extent, affected, neither the civil nor the military services can really be unpopular, or there would not be such a host of candidates for them, while the rigours (can we apply the word to heat?) of the climate have been greatly mitigated by the accessibility (thanks to steam) of England and the Hills. We quote one stanza as a specimen:

Breakfast from nine till one,  
Sleep, till the setting sun  
Warns that the day is done,  
Then to the Band we run,  
And scandal talk with beauties tawny;  
The mess again at two  
Till half-past one or two  
Meanwhile a "peg" or two and brandy pawnee.

The scene of these engravings is laid in Bombay, and Mr. E. R. Penrose, Lieutenant, King's Own, the maker of the sketches, says, concerning the Parsee in his buggy: "The rich Parsees in Bombay drive very smart traps with fast-trotting Arab, and every evening they line the shores of the Bay to get the sea-breeze."

A DASTARDLY outrage is reported by Albanians on Commander Selby, of the British man-of-war *Falcon*.

**THE SHARK FISHERIES AT NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA.**

(SEE ILLUSTRATION.)

Our illustration represents a somewhat noted shark fishery near New Smyrna, on the Florida coast. The sharks are caught for the oil they afford, one sometimes gives seven or eight gallons. Some attempts have been made to collect the fins for exportation, but it does not pay. About \$100,000 worth of fins are yearly taken to Bombay and shipped to China. The line are about as large as a clothes-line, the hook being a foot long and connected to a three-foot chain by a swivel. The season commences the last of March or April, and at this time, every morning at sunrise, a boat-load of negroes can be seen rowing out toward the mouth of the river to the place where sharks most do congregate. The men generally keep time to the oars with song and laughter, and, in fact, the business has more of a sporting character than falls to the lot of many. Arriving on the ground, the boats are hauled up, the fires started, and the lines spread along the beach at a distance of about 200 feet from each other. They are now baited with fresh shad or bass, and taking the coil of line and slowly whirling the heavy hook around his head, the "line" man steps quickly to the edge of the water and puts the bait out beyond the breakers into the channel that here runs close to the bank. From forty to fifty feet of line is generally thrown over, and one hundred more kept as a reserve to play the fish, if he proves a large one. The line is coiled near the edge and passed over a crotch of wood and caught tightly; this is done to all the lines. After throwing over the decayed remains of the catch of the previous day to bait up the game, the men lie on the sands and wait for a bite, and their patience is not generally taxed. The shark usually bites very softly, sometimes nosing the bait and producing a tremor in the line; and then it is jerked up, and the fish slowly moves off. Now the line must be allowed to run out at least twelve feet to give him a chance to attempt to swallow it. Four or five negroes have it well in hand, and when the leader thinks the time has come, he gives the word and they stop paying out; in a moment it is taut, and with a yell they jerk the hook into the fish and then the sport commences. As he feels the cold steel the shark rushes towards the deep water, dragging the men sometimes in knee-deep before they can stop his headlong rush. Now he makes a rush to the right, stopping suddenly and running right at them; with a leap cleaving the water and showing his whole length, and shaking his ugly maw in vain efforts to get rid of the chain, down he comes with a terrible splash, only to find himself deeper in the coils, as the men have taken in every inch possible. Now, perhaps, another line is seen going out, and two men are obliged to leave it short-handed and attend to that; this gives the shark a better chance, and he pulls the men fairly into the waters suddenly slacking and sending them all down in heap, and as quickly starting off again; but the men, finally weary of this treatment, and giving him more line, run down the beach, dragging him through the surf to and fro, until, half-drowned, he grows weaker, and getting close to the chain, they run him, flapping and gnashing his teeth upon the sand. All but one now go to the help of the other line. The one left takes a sharp knife—carried by all—cuts the hook out, severs the head, rips open the stomach, and soon has the liver out. The fins are cut off by the boys, and the vertebrae are saved for canes.

**MUSICAL.**

The St. George's concert on Thursday night was attended of course by a large and appreciative audience. As the daily papers have for the most part confined themselves to a description of the addresses delivered on the occasion, it may perhaps be in order to say a few words about the music, which for an entertainment of the kind was unusually good. Mrs. Rockwood's singing is well known in Montreal, and I have had occasion to express my opinion of it more than once. But to Mrs. Rockwood the Society owed a double debt on Thursday. One of her pupils, Miss Josephine Stanley from Boston, appeared in Montreal for the first time, and was eminently successful in pleasing an audience, which if not very critical as a whole, contained amongst them several of our best musicians. Miss Stanley has a full round contralto voice and is mistress of Mrs. Rockwood's method, which is enough to say that her phrasing and vocalization are good. I believe the two ladies are to appear together in several concerts during the winter, and I hope to have the pleasure of hearing them. The other vocalists on Thursday night were Miss Lizzie Scott, Mr. W. Maltby and "Tom" Hurst, all of whom are favorites and best left alone on that account, and Miss McGarry read with a small voice, but great deal of humour and spirit.

"Patience" was duly sung as announced by the ladies and gentlemen of St. James' Episcopal Church in the Albert Hall on Tuesday, Canon Norman presiding at the piano. "Patience" without dresses or scenery seemed to me, I confess, a little like the accompaniment to a song without the song itself. Still what there was of it went well and did much credit to Canon Norman and his "company." One thing I can heartily praise and that is the reading of Mr. King, who rendered the dialogue in a way that did much to remove the objection to its omission from the stage. Financial success I ought to say, immense.

**ROUGH SHOOTING.**

For those who care more for sport than for an enormous bag, there is a great deal of enjoyment to be pick'd up in a day's rough shooting; and this is to be had in perfection in an island we wot of. It is a lovely, bright December day when we start for our island, the recent storms have cleared the air, and we can see with almost startling distinctness every trifling hollow, every slight difference in color in the range of hills immediately in front of us. Away to the left is the wide-stretching heath, where we can see big pools of water shimmering and glittering like stray jewels cast haphazard on a dark ground. Every tiny cloud that flits rapidly over the sky before the north-west wind is reflected in these pools, and their shadows drift over the heath itself like faintly-defined ghosts, passing before we could say they were there. On the right is the wide grey harbour, with the sea breaking in over the sandy bar, where the gulls are swooping and shrieking as if prophesying another storm not far off, and as we reach the shore in the punt ready for action, we note the heavy yellow-white clumps of foam lying on the sand that tell us that even in this sheltered spot the tempest has raged in no common manner. The island itself is covered with rough furze bushes and dead brown fern, with occasional sandy patches, that tell us that rabbits have been at work, and with bare places where the fern has been cut away boldly for bedding for the horses. And as we get out of the punt and haul our dog after us, we see him recognize the place, and in a few minutes he is off with his ragged old tail wagging furiously as he plunges wildly into the first furze bush he comes to. Cheapside is with us to-day, he has been fired with emulation, and has determined for once in his life to rough it in our company, and though our man sniffs contemptuously and is heard to mutter something about not wanting no "parlor-gents out with he," Cheapside lends him a new gun, and at once is partly forgiven for his existence. But poor Cheapside does not enjoy himself much. We wait on a little elevation while Joe and Bill investigate the bushes in what is at present an unsuccessful scarce after rabbits, and as we see nothing save four donkeys standing in a half-ring with their backs to the wind, gazing at three larks sitting silently on a thorn tree, he begins to think he has come to the island under false pretences. Presently, however, a tiny rustle is heard behind us, as of something creeping cautiously past; then a white tail attracts our eyes; there is an explosion, a great barking from the dogs, who are not as well educated as they might be; and the four donkeys dash wildly away, heels and tails waving in the air; the larks have vanished altogether, and two little gray bodies lie below our feet spasmodically kicking, an action soon stopped by our man, who takes them up by the hind legs, stretches them out straight in some mysterious and highly-successful manner, and then puts them away in his coat, the pockets of which are made to contain somehow or other any number of rabbits without appreciably altering the shape of the garment itself. We get about eight rabbits, and then Cheapside becomes restive; rabbits are "ojous," he says, and is there nothing else he wonders? "Well," says Charley, scratching his head, "I did know of a couple of burrow-ducks; but I'd allow they won't return until 'flight,' when we are sure to get them; but we can look for a hare in the hollow, and there's nearly sure to be snipe in the marsh. Ah! you should have come here in the old days, sir, shouldn't he?" added he, appealing to us; "those was times, before the gunners was so free; now everything gets shot up; and soon we shall not have any wild fowl left. Now, I remember—" But here we put a stop to his reminiscences, for Charley being a true sportsman is apt to romance over the days that are no more. And we want to do a little more walking before Cheapside quite gives in. The walking is rough, there is no doubt of it. The dead dry heath is in places as high as our knees, and we tramp through it for miles. The dry fern emits a queer pungent odor as we tread on it, and we destroy numerous cacoons, the feathery white balls of which are put away in sheltered spots for the winter. Doubtless these belong to the oak-egger moth, for earlier in the season we found thousands of the caterpillars, that on being touched curled themselves round tightly and refused to uncurl until we left them to their own devices. In the hollow we bag the promised hare, and in the marsh three snipe that get up like a flash of lightning and almost frighten Cheapside into a fit. And at the extreme end of the island we see some silver plover, that with judicious stalking we are able to add to our bag.

Then Cheapside marmurs food, and produces the very king of pies, which he presses upon us, imploring us to take "a bit of the lid," by which he means to insinuate that the crust is good to eat, and by the time we have consumed it, "lid" and all, the short December day begins to alter. The air gets suddenly chill, every tiny bit of water fishes and glows all at once, a faint red gleam begins to creep over the farthest hill, and we think of looking for the burrow-ducks, otherwise called sheldrakes, who build or rather put their nests in the rabbit-holes in the island, and take their local name from this fact. But Cheapside is very miserable, he has seriously galled what he calls his heels, and he wants to get home. However, he yields to our entreaties, and consents to wait just a little longer. The cold gets colder, a purple gloom climbs higher and higher over the

hills, the water becomes a luminous silver sheet, all red fades, and suddenly the moon begins to climb very, very slowly up from the clump of firs out yonder. "It did ought to be a full moon," says Charley, "what's come to 'em then?" We looked; where the full orb should have shone resplendent came up a curious crescent, the crescent in the wrong place somehow, and all over the rest of the moon was what looked like a crumpled veil. Then, as it rose higher, the dark travelled more and more over the crescent until the moon looked like a round, black ball, with a thin luminous line round the face. The light from it was so extremely curious that we forgot the birds, and only watched the eclipse, which presently took a red hue, and the whole atmosphere became darkly luminous. Then across the otherwise clear sky flashed a magnificent meteor, like a silver ball cast from hand to hand in some angelic game of play, going out all at once as it seemed to fall among the fir trees. Five minutes after there was another, then the light altered a little, and the sky became darker, showing out a myriad smaller stars. "They ducks has passed," said Charley, impressively; "Drat the moon; we were looking at her and missed them; but we may get a widgeon if we look out—that's to say if there's one left." Cheapside shivered and looked pathetic. We had got a fair amount of game. We had a long row, to be followed by a longer drive, and we wanted to watch the great shadow that still clung silently to the moon's countenance, and so we set our faces homeward. As we went along the water, the shadow began slowly, very slowly, to become thin; it did not pass away from side to side, as in our ignorance we expected it to do, but it looked as if layer after layer of mist was taken away, until nothing remained save what appeared to be a thin sheet of black tissue paper, through which a flood of golden light was poured out over the whole earth. By the time we had got to the sea this had gone, and the little fishing boats that had been out after sprats a mile or so from shore came sailing swiftly past us towards the harbour; each brown wing seeming full of luminous moonbeams, and each side of the boats glimmering as if made out of diamonds that in misty lines hung about every bush and twig capable of sustaining a dew-drop on the cliff, where presently a sheet of mist lay like some vast winding-sheet.—*Quiz.*

**NEWS OF THE WEEK.**

- SLAVERY in Egypt is to be totally abolished.
- THE Spanish pilgrimage has been abandoned.
- MICHAEL DAVITT, now in prison, is to be elected for Meath.
- HANLAN has got himself down to within 7 lbs. of his rowing weight.
- THE coronation of the Czar of Russia has been postponed till September.
- H. R. H. Princess Louise has become Patroness of the Women's Emigration Society.
- RESTER BROS., of Munich, have failed for a quarter of a million sterling.
- THE reported arrival at Moville of the steamship *Sardinian* was an error.
- FIVE hundred and seventy-two suspects are incarcerated in various Irish prisons.
- JAMES O'CONNOR, Henry Burton and Mallon have been released from Irish prisons.
- THE King of Burmah is taking steps to abolish monopolies and re-establish relations with India.
- AN explosion in a colliery at Rhondda Valley, Wales, on Saturday night, has thrown 2,000 miners out of work.
- EIGHT persons were injured by explosions of infernal machines contained in boxes addressed to parties in Edinburgh.
- THE steamer *Northern Light*, while on the passage from Pictou to Georgetown, (P.E.I.) got stuck in the ice off Cariboo, where she now lies.
- THE ship *Constantine*, which sailed from New York on the 18th of November for London, is supposed to have been lost with the 22 persons on board.
- PROFESSOR JACKSON'S pyrotechnic works at Chester, Pa., were blown up recently, causing a loss of some 20 lives, and wounding some 60 or 70 other persons.

A METHODIST minister travelling in Michigan was entertained by a family whose hospitality was greater than their means, and who were short of meat. In order to spread a good dinner for the parson, it was decided to slay the pet hen which belonged to the little boy of the family. This was a sacrifice, but the interests of religion and hospitality seemed to demand it, and so the bird's neck was wrung. After dinner the minister was asked to lead in family devotions, which with true clerical courtesy he consented to do. The family being called together, he knelt down on the floor, which was all boards, literally a-lorced with knot holes. While the prayer was going on, a lonely little chicken, one of the children of the deceased hen, came running under the house, lamenting the loss of its mother. The afflicted little lad put his mouth to the knot-hole, and sympathetically said to the chicken: "Peepy, peepy, I didn't kill your mother. They killed her for that big old preacher's dinner." That "big old preacher" was startled out of all sense of prayerfulness, and suddenly brought his devotional exercise to a close.



CHARACTER SKETCHES AT THE LIDERKRANTZ BALL, NEW YORK.

# "BONNY KATE,"

## A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

### CHAPTER XVII. (Continued.)

The redoubtable Drummer—one of the crack dogs of the pack—is himself well assured that it is all right, and, as the other hounds dash from all directions in answer to his voice and the harking shouts of the hunters, the sport fairly begins; and by the time the red sun peeps over the eastern verge, the fox is up and away. After him sweeps the pack in full cry, the hunters following, and shouting themselves hoarse. Tarleton and Will are in the van, and draw rein for no obstacle in their course. "It is to be hoped that those fellows have their lives insured," remarks one of the men who follow. Kate watches them wistfully whenever they are in sight. How she would like to go headlong over fences and ditches with them, instead of being compelled to choose comparatively safe and unadventurous ways! But, besides Mr. Vaughn's suggestion of caution, she has Mr. Lawrence to keep a sharp eye on her, and prevent her risking her neck.



An ebony imp, in a white apron.

An opportunity for what she desires comes at last, however. Directly across their way intervenes the marshy bottom of a small creek which feeds a mill-pond, and here Raymond, practising some of his most cunning tactics, doubles so cleverly that most of the dogs are thrown off the scent. Only Drummer still gives mouth valiantly, and presses eagerly forward. The hunters draw rein—the pack being scattered, the ground miry, the prospect far from inviting in any way, a division of opinion takes place, while the dogs nose in and out among the rank growth of grass and weeds, and seem completely puzzled.

"Drummer is right—I'm convinced of that!" says Tarleton. "Hark the dogs after him, Mose, and you'll see whether or not he's on the trail of the fox."

"If he is, we shall have to go round the pond," says some one in a tone of disgust. "The horses would mire in there."



"With pleasure," says Kate, gayly, sitting down and beginning to pour the coffee.

"I'm going through," says Tarleton. "Does nobody else intend to come?" To his surprise it is a feminine voice which answers.

"I do—if you will take me!"

He wheels round quickly. Kate is near his side, while Mr. Vaughn is at least a hundred



"I love you! I love you! I loved you since the first hour we met."

yards away, one of a group who are intent on some of the dogs who are endeavoring to recover the lost scent. The situation is a tempting one, and Frank Tarleton is not the man to resist the temptation.

"Certainly I will take you, if you are not afraid of mud and water," he says.

"Not in the least," she replies. "But let us start before uncle sees and stops me."

This is enough. Tarleton rides into the marshy bottom, and she follows. Two or three shouts of warning and expostulation are uttered, but neither heeds them. The dogs by this time have waked to a sense of their mistake, and are coming through also—running along half-decayed logs, splashing into water, struggling through mud. Far ahead is heard the voice of Drummer and his two or three supporters, whom Reynard has not baffled. The bottom is an absolute swamp, owing to the late heavy rain, and before Tarleton has advanced a hundred



"Horses ready, Mass. Frank."

yards he regrets his temerity. But to turn back, with the dogs in front and lost time to be made up, is something he cannot decide to do.

"I am sorry I brought you into this place," he says to Kate, as they splash through the black mud, with the horses sinking nearly to their knees, and threatening every moment to mire. "Are you willing to go through?"

"Oh, yes; I think we can do it," answers Kate, who is secretly a good deal dismayed. "If Mignon does not mire with your weight, surely Diana will not mire with mine—but we must not stop a minute. Here is the creek—I hope it is not deep."

"I will see," says Tarleton. He rides in as he speaks, and Kate, without waiting for a report, follows. Luckily the stream is not deep, but it is only part of a network of water intersected by islands of treacherous bog. It is no trifling matter to struggle safely through this, and by the

time the riders have accomplished it, their horses and themselves are covered with mud, and the dogs, though dear to memory, are altogether lost to sight and sound.

Finding themselves on firm ground once more,

they look at each other, and, yielding to an irresistible inclination, burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, if you could see yourself!" cries Kate. "There is a dab of mud on your nose, and a large splash on your cheek, and your coat is transformed into a spotted garment."

Presently they emerge in a field where two men are at work. "Can you tell us which way the hounds went?" asks Tarleton.

Both men pause at once. "Haven't seen any hounds," they answer, simultaneously. "They haven't come by here this mornin'."

"They must have kept along the creek,"



"May I inquire when this little arrangement was made?"

"My appearance must be handsome in the extreme," says Tarleton, making a futile effort to remove the dab of mud from his nose. "I will not be unkind enough to describe with such cruel exactness your appearance."

"I can imagine what I cannot see," says Kate, looking at her habit, which is spattered with mud and water. "What a dreadful place that was, and what a mercy that we did not mire outright! Now, what have we gained? Where are the dogs?"

Where, indeed! The question is easily asked, but by no means easily answered. If the earth had opened and swallowed up both fox and hounds, all sound and trace of them could not have vanished more completely. After listening intently for several minutes without hearing the faintest echo of the familiar cry of the pack, Tarleton exercises his throat and lungs by uttering several of the hunting-halloos which are so unmistakable. No answer is returned from any quarter. There is not a human being in sight, from whom information can be obtained, and the two who have come through so much in order to follow the dogs, look at each other again, a little blankly, as it begins to appear that they have lost them.

"By Jove, this is a fine state of affairs!" says Tarleton. "We are so shut in by woods that we can see nothing. But the dogs must have come to a loss, else we should hear them."

"I don't know," says Kate, doubtfully. "We were in that miserable bottom a long time trying to find the best way out. If the dogs are going at anything like good speed, they may be a mile away by this time."

says Tarleton, turning to Kate. "We had better go back."

So they go back and skirt along that stream; but no sign of the dogs do they find. That Tarleton has any throat left is almost miraculous, for he shouts till the echoes ring, without eliciting any response from anything but the echoes. After a while they reach a mill, and here they make inquiries, only to receive the discouraging assurance that nobody has seen or heard of the dogs. There is a bridge crossing the creek at this point, and over it they ride in a somewhat despondent frame of mind—conscious that their woful plight is calculated to impress any wayfarers whom they may meet.



"May I hope for pardon!" he asks, lifting his hat.

Indeed they have already run a gantlet of stares from a knot of men and boys loitering round the mill.

"They seem to have bin doin' pretty hard ridin' for to lose the dogs at last!" one of the starers is heard to remark.

"I think," says Kate, "that this adventure



"O Mr. Proctor, how glad I am to see you!"

"We won't give them up without an effort, at any rate," says Tarleton. "Let us ride in this direction."

Accordingly, they ride on through the woods, stopping every few minutes to listen for some sound of the chase—only to be disappointed.

must be specially intended to teach us that 'the more the haste the less the speed.' That is what Aunt Margaret has been preaching to me for many days; but I never realized the truth before."

"I think it is intended to give me an oppor-

tunity, which of late I have begun to think I should never have, to see you," says Tarleton. "I would not go over to Fairfields yesterday or the day before, because I knew there was no chance of such a thing; but I counted—you don't know how I counted—on this hunt. I knew you could not resist coming, and you can imagine, therefore, how pleasant it was to hear, as soon as I joined you, that Vaughn had come by your request."

"But it was not by my request," says Kate. "I never thought of asking, or—wanting him."

"Did you not?" says Tarleton. "Then it is all right! But I should like to turn him over in that bottom for making me believe that you did. I don't mind losing the hounds at all now—on the contrary, it strikes me rather in the light of a fortunate occurrence."

"It does not strike me in that light," says Kate. "What are we to do about it?"

"Clearly there is nothing to do except to go home. To ride up and down the country inquiring of every man we meet if he has seen the hounds, is a trifle too absurd. One of the first maxims which my father instilled into my youthful mind was, 'If you can't keep up with the dogs, you had better stay at home,' and it is impossible to explain why we failed to keep up with them."

"I think our appearance explains," says Kate, with a laugh. "Look how those people stare at us!"

The people in question are a party of ladies who fill an open carriage—for it must be understood that by this time the day is well advanced.

"The best thing we can do will be to leave the highway for the present," says Tarleton, pausing to open a gate, which chances to be the same which Mr. Vaughn opened a few days before when Kate proposed their short cut through the Southdale fields. "We will call by the house," he adds, as she rides in, "and have ourselves and our horses made a little presentable. It will never do to appear at Fairfields in such a plight as we are now."

To this suggestion Kate utters no demur—in fact it strikes her as the best thing possible under the circumstances. "Fancy what everybody would say if we rode up looking like this!" she observes. "Miss Vaughn would conceive a more dreadful idea of fox-hunting than she has already."

"When is she going away?" asks Tarleton. "I do not know—but not till after the races certainly. Mr. Vaughn seems very much interested in them."

"That follows of course. I suppose no man makes more money on the turf than Ashton Vaughn. No doubt you think, or may think, that I have no right to talk, that those who live in glass houses, etc.; but there is, and always has been, this difference between Vaughn and myself: I like racing for the sake of the sport, and I have spent ten times what I have made on the turf; but he cares nothing for the sport, and everything for the gain."

"Is it more creditable to spend money on the turf than to make it?" asks Kate. "I wonder why?"

Tarleton does not answer, for at this moment they reach the stable-gate, which a negro boy opens.

"Come to the house, Bob, and take these horses," says his master. "They must be washed off well and rubbed down."

"Where are all the rest?" asks Kate, remembering the number of loiterers about the stable when she was here last. "And where are the horses?"

"Gone to Arlingford," Tarleton answers. "You know the races begin to-morrow. I told Pierce to take them over to-day, and it seems he made an early start."

"Did you know," says Kate, as they ride towards the house with Bob trudging behind, "that Pierce is an old acquaintance of Mr. Vaughn's?"

"No," Tarleton replies; "but it is very likely. How did you chance to be aware of their acquaintance?"

"I saw them meet here at your stable-yard gate one afternoon when Mr. Vaughn and myself were riding, and it was so late that we made a short cut home. It struck me that they must have known each other peculiarly well from the expression of your groom's face."

"What kind of an expression?" asks Tarleton, with surprise and interest.

"I can hardly tell, further than that he seemed startled and not pleased."

"Not pleased, eh? Probably Vaughn is aware of some antecedents in his past life which Mr. Pierce would prefer to keep quiet. Now, let me take you down—they have drawn up at the entrance of the house—"Bob, go and tell Aunt Rachel to come here."

Bob disappears in the direction of the kitchen, and shortly reappears in the rear of Aunt Rachel—one of the most respectable of the old-time class of family servants. She is dressed with scrupulous cleanliness, a long apron of blue-and-white check, faded from many washings, covering the front of her dress, and a bright-colored kerchief is arranged turbanwise above her black, wrinkled face. Her eyes expand when she sees the appearance of the figures before her, and, while she makes an old-fashioned courtesy, Tarleton speaks:

"Aunt Rachel, here is a young lady you must take charge of."

"How is you, Miss Kate?" says Aunt Rachel. "I hope you's well, ma'am, and all the rest o' the family. Bless my soul, honey, but you is

muddy! Mass Frank oughtn't to a' let you git spattered up like this."

"Mass Frank couldn't help it," says Kate, for Tarleton has turned to speak to Bob, and does not hear the reproach. "It will soon rub off, now that it is dry. There is no harm done. But, where must I go?"

"You come this way," says Aunt Rachel, opening a door which leads into a passage, where a staircase winds away to the upper part of the house.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
Are all but ministers of Love,  
And feed his sacred flame."

Half an hour later, Kate returns, with all traces of mud removed from her habit, her face washed, her hair rebraided, her whole appearance as neat as when Mr. Vaughn was pleased by it in the hall at Fairfields six hours before.

As she opens the blinds of the sitting-room and glances in, Tarleton rises from the chair in which he has been sitting, with an exclamation. "You look fresh as Aurora!" he says. "Any other woman would be completely knocked out by such a morning. Won't you come in? I have contrived to make myself a little more comfortable since you were here last. This chair"—he moves one forward—"is really very good for lounging, if you will try it."

"Yes, it is very pleasant," says Kate, as she sinks into the soft depths; "but ought we not to be starting home? When uncle gets back to Fairfields, and finds that I am not there, he will be uneasy."

"I think not. I flatter myself he knows me well enough to feel sure that no harm will happen to you while you are under my care. As for Vaughn, if his anxiety takes him into that quagmire to search for you, he will be apt to come out, if he comes out at all, a sadder and muddier man."

"I don't think there is the least probability that he will go in," says Kate, with a laugh. "But really we ought to start."

"Really we ought to do nothing of the kind. I don't know how you feel, but I am absolutely faint from hunger. As for riding five miles farther without having first supported the inner man—the thing is simply impossible. I should sink by the wayside."

"What nonsense!" "Do you think so? Well, a goddess like yourself may not feel any needs of the kind, but I am a very ordinary mortal, with a very good appetite. I told Aunt Rachel to send us in something as quickly as possible, and I hope you will honor me by breaking bread beneath the roof of Southdale."

"What must be, must be," says Kate, on the simplicity of whose youthful imagination the majesty of Mrs. Grundy has never dawned. "I shall see what sort of an establishment you keep," she adds, with a laugh.

"It is Aunt Rachel who keeps it—not I. Ah, here the collation comes. I told her we were more particular about haste than variety. Not that I am in haste, but I feared you might be if I detained you long."

An ebony imp, in a white apron—Aunt Rachel's grandson, whom she is bringing up in the way he should go, with many counsels and much use of that rod—which Solomon commended—comes in and sets a small table with covers for two. Then he retires, and presently returns with a salver, on which are placed broiled chicken, deviled ham, a feathery omelet, and the old-fashioned biscuit, which a new generation are forgetting how to make. As he deposits them on the table, he speaks solemnly:

"Granny say she's sorry she haven't no rolls, Mass Frank, but it's so onertain when you's comin' back—"

"Tell her it is all right," interrupts Tarleton. "Now, Miss Lawrence allow me to conduct you to the table, and will you be kind enough to pour out the coffee?"

"With pleasure," says Kate, gayly, sitting down and beginning to pour the coffee, which flows as clear as French brandy into the cups.

It is a pleasant little feast which follows. Such moments are the sweeter for their rarity and brevity. It is doubtful if in all its wide journeying the sunlight falls on a happier pair than those who are seated together here. There is with both a joyousness, a freedom from care, an indifference to anything save the passing hour, which gives to this bit of pleasure an idyllic charm, transforming the coffee into nectar, and making Aunt Rachel's biscuit taste like celestial food.

Tarleton has himself well in hand, and startles Kate by no look or tone significant of deeper feeling. To him this is a golden hour, and he would willingly keep it unbroken to the last. Only when he can no longer restrain himself, he says, abruptly:

"Do you ever see ghosts? Don't be startled!"—with a laugh—"I don't mean anything very terrible. But I see them sometimes, and I fear that henceforward this room will be haunted for me. I shall never enter it without looking for a slender figure in a habit, with a pair of sweet, gray eyes."

"Shall you not?" says Kate. "Then, if I am to be transformed into a ghost, the sooner I go the better. But you live charmingly. Aunt Rachel takes the best possible care of you."

"And advises, directs, and bullies me as if I were ten years old."

"You ought to bear the advising and direct-

ing, and even the bullying, because she is so devoted to you—and affection is the most valuable thing in the world."

"I suppose it is—even the affection of an old black woman in a turban. What is it somebody says!"

"Beauty is easy enough to win,  
But one is not loved every day."

I don't know about beauty being easy enough to win—for beauties usually have a very high opinion of themselves—but the accuracy of the last line is unimpeachable."

"Yes," assents Kate, whose thoughts are thus recalled to her own grievance, which she had for the time forgotten, "and when one has to face the prospect of leaving everybody who loves one, or whom one loves, it is—it is very hard."

"What do you mean?" asks Tarleton, looking at her with startled surprise. He forgets all conventionalities in the fear which comes over him. "Are you thinking of marrying Vaughn?" he asks, quickly.

It is now Kate's turn to look astonished.

"What do you mean by such a question?" she says. "Do you think a man like Mr. Vaughn would think of marrying me? And if he did—but we need not talk of anything so absurd. No—I spoke almost without thinking; but there is no reason why I should not tell you that Miss Brooke has asked me to go away with her, and Aunt Margaret says I ought to go."

"Miss Brooke," repeats Tarleton. He certainly has not expected such news, and from his face it is manifest that it does not please him. "I did not think—but I suppose it is natural that she should want you. Do you intend to go?"

"I suppose I must," Kate answers, despondently. "Aunt Margaret says it is a brilliant opportunity, and that I should be very foolish if I refused it."

"But what do you want with brilliant opportunities? You are very happy as you are."

"Certainly I am happy, and I don't want them—that is, I don't think so."

"If you qualify your opinion already, you will be likely soon to find out that you do want them. But I had hoped—different things."

He rises abruptly, and takes a turn across the room; then comes back to her side.

"Everything seems in league to take you away from us," he says, in a half-smothered voice. "You said a little while ago that Ashton Vaughn would not think of desiring to marry you—so you have not yet learned that he is here for no other purpose than that."

"Mr. Tarleton!" She looks at him in amazement. "This is not a fit subject for a jest."

"A jest! Good Heavens! do you think I could jest about it? It has been the most deadly earnest to me ever since his sister told me the whole plan the other day."

"What plan do you mean?" she asks, incredulous, astonished, yet with a dim instinct of something to be told which she will be forced to believe.

"So you have heard nothing? Well, it is simply this: Your uncle, Mr. Ashton, wishes to find an heir, and he prefers one who can take and bear his name. At the same time it is to be supposed he is not easy about you, for he makes it a condition of leaving his fortune to Vaughn, that he shall marry you. Hence the reason of the latter being here."

There is a moment's silence. Then, "Are you sure?" Kate asks—her grave, startled eyes on his face. "Is there no mistake?"

"Not the least, unless Florida—Miss Vaughn manufactured the story, and I hardly think her inventive faculties are equal to that. So," with an effort to speak lightly, "you have only to put out your hand—to say Yes when you are asked—to secure the incomparable Ashton and your uncle's fortune."

"We will put the incomparable Ashton aside," she says, coolly. "He is nothing to me. But my uncle's fortune is something. Do you know what?"

"I suppose you feel that it is justly yours."

"Justly mine!" Her eyes flash. "I feel that sooner than touch one sixpence of it, I would—and understand I mean what I say—I would beg for my daily bread!"

"Then Vaughn has not much of a chance," says Tarleton, making no vain effort to suppress the joy which he feels.

"Not the shadow of a chance," she answers. "If he came of himself, he would have none; but to come because Mr. Ashton sent him—what can one say of a man who is so mercenary and contemptible as that?"

"Say that he is no worse than multitudes of his fellows. Give him his due. No doubt he thinks that you are far from a drawback to the fortune. Miss Vaughn said, with unusual devoutness, that it seems quite a providential thing that you are so charming."

"It was kind of you to discuss me with her."

"Don't you know that you would be safe in my hands?" he asks, with a strain of tenderness in his voice. "I was simply receptive. I had no objection to learning the secret of Vaughn's tactics."

"And after you learned it—what then?"

"Then I thought it likely that we might be called upon to lose you—and now it seems that I was only mistaken in the means through which this misfortune is to befall us. Miss Brooke is intrinsically better than Vaughn, but the result will be the same. If you go, you will never come back—at least, as you are."

"That shows how little you know me," she says, quickly. "Nothing can change my love for my home and my friends."

"You are too young and too inexperienced to know how people change," he says. "None of us are strong enough to resist some influences. Character is like wax, and, whether we know it or not, is constantly moulded by circumstances."

"But hearts are not wax," she says, "and they can remain true."

"They are the last thing which do," he answers. "Wealth, pleasure, power, excitement—the heart which, directly or indirectly, is not changed by these things is a *rara avis* yet to be found."

"Is it?" says Kate. "Then I suppose I need not be presumptuous enough to fancy that mine would stand the test."

She turns away as she speaks, for tears are in her eyes, which she does not wish him to see. His words and his tone have wounded both her heart and her pride. "All this is very foolish," she goes on after a minute, rising abruptly. "Whether I change, or whether I do not, is a matter of no importance to any one but myself. The matter is settled—I must go with Miss Brooke."

Tarleton is quick to discover the quiver of feeling in her voice, and with one step he is at her side. "Have I vexed you?" he says, taking her hand in both his own. "Don't you know I was thinking of myself? When a man sees himself on the eve of losing all that is most precious to him in the world, can he keep silence? Kate!"—as she tries to draw away her hand—"don't you understand? I love you! I love you! I have loved you since the first hour we met!"

The words leap out with impetuous passion. A moment before he had no idea of uttering them; but the temptation is too great for his powers of resistance. He holds Kate's hand in a grasp which, if she were thinking of it, might wring from her a cry of pain, and eagerly hurries on: "You must have felt it—you must know it! My whole heart is yours. I have not kept back even a thought for any one else in the world. Kate, I have no right to ask it—for I never felt so bitterly before how my life has been squandered and wasted—but can you love me?"

Kate looks up with her dewy eyes gleaming. The very breath seems hushed on her parted lips: "You forget," she cries, in an accent of pain and reproach, "Miss Vaughn!"

This is not very clear, but Tarleton understands what she means to imply, and a quick flush mounts to his brow. "What has Miss Vaughn to do with it?" he asks. "Has she been speaking to you of me?"

"She? Oh, no!" Kate answers. "But I have seen, I have heard—" Then, with a sudden, sharp tone, jarring the music of her voice, "Let go my hand. How dare you detain me like this?"

"I would dare a great deal more to make you listen to me," says Tarleton. "You shall hear me, whether you will or not! Florida Vaughn is nothing to me—that I swear on my honor. What you are, I have told you. Do not let us waste the precious minutes by speaking of any one but ourselves. If you can love me, for God's sake tell me so!"

The passionate appeal touches and thrills Kate to the centre of her soul. It has been already said that she is not likely to count the cost of anything, and she does not count the cost of this. She does not pause to consider what suffering it may bring to her, what sacrifice it may entail. When she answers, all her heart is in her voice.

"If I can! Oh, don't you know?—I do!" "My darling! my bonny darling!" he cries, and clasps her in his arms.

So for a few short minutes they may be left. Soft sunshine streams into the room, birds are singing outside, the world is going its accustomed course, while for these two, enchanted sands are dropping into the glass of time. In truth:

"The calendar hath not an evil day  
For souls made one by love, and even death  
Were sweetness, if it came like rolling waves,  
While they two clasp each other, and foresaw  
No life apart."

Presently Tarleton says, "How little I deserve to win such a treasure? Kate, if you only knew—"

But Kate places her hand over his lips. "Hush!" she says. "I don't wish to know anything. And I am no treasure—far from it. You will find that out before long."

"Shall I?" He draws the slender figure closer to him with a light-hearted laugh. "Treasure or not, whatever you are, you are mine!" he says, exultantly. "More than once in my life I have felt like blowing my brains out. Now I am glad I refrained from doing so. One such hour as this is enough to sweeten the whole burden of existence. Kate, what have you done to me? What spell of enchantment have you laid on me that I should love you better than I ever loved any human being in all my life before?"

Kate smiles. What woman does not like to receive such an assurance as this?—and Tarleton's earnestness cannot be doubted. The veriest skeptic of human faith or truth, looking at his face, would own that there is no material for a deceiver there. That it tells its story of love or hate, pleasure or anger, too plainly, is the worst that can be said of it. More than once people have applied to him that telling line,

"Truest friend and bravest foe,"

and the frank eyes, the impetuous lips, are alike outspoken as friend or foe.

Kate does not think of doubting them. She lifts her fringed lids, while the sunny smile deepens around her mouth. "I am glad of it," she says. "Why should I pretend that I am not? It is delightful to know that one has a royal empire somewhere—and we agreed a little while ago that affection is the most valuable thing in the world."

"It is a good thing that you think so," he says, "for I have little else to offer you. Oh, if I had only not been a fool!"

"You cannot help it now, so there is no good in thinking of it," says Kate. "And I like you very well as you are."

"Do you, indeed?" He kisses the sweet lips which utter this. "And I like you so well as you are, that I cannot endure the thought of any change being made in you."

"But you said a short time back that change is inevitable."

"Only inevitable under some circumstances. Kate, my Kate, promise me that you will not be induced to go with Miss Brooke!"

It does not require an effort for Kate to promise this. "No one will wish me to go after I have told them—the truth," she adds, with a fitting blush.

At these words the expression of Tarleton's face alters. He still holds her close to him, but his eyes turn with something of a troubled look over her dark hair to the window through which the sunshine slants in a golden stream. It plainly costs him an effort to speak, as he does after a moment:

"Will you forgive me if I ask—is it worth while to tell them yet? It only concerns ourselves, and I did not mean to speak till I had some definite future to offer you. I may have that before long—in a few days, perhaps. Do you not think that we might keep our counsel for that length of time?"

"Are you in earnest?" she asks, looking up a little doubtfully. "Is it quite—quite right?"

"How can it be wrong?" he answers, confidently. "It is only to be silent for a few days, and for a good reason. If you dislike it, I will not press the point; but it might be much better. Can you not trust me in this?"

"I would trust you in anything," she answers, quickly. "Love means trust, or else it means nothing. Yes, I will do as you say, if you have a good reason for it, and if you are sure it will only be for a few days. I could not keep such a thing from uncle longer."

"And I promise that I will not ask you to do so. Now, my Kate, one more kiss, for I hear some one coming. Our golden hour is over."

That some one is Bob, who appears at the door and reports: "Horses ready, Mass Frank."

"Very well," answers Tarleton. Then he turns to Kate, who, with a much heightened color, is tying on her hat before the mirror over the piano. "Ten minutes longer will not matter," he says. "Won't you sing 'Highland Mary' for me before we go!"

The idea of refusal does not enter Kate's head. There are few things she would not do for this young cavalier, and singing "Highland Mary" is not one of the number. So she says, "If you will open the piano"—and when the piano is opened, she sits down.

Surely never was the tender, pathetic song more sweetly rendered. Yet it is a sad song for a girl in the first flush of youth and happiness to sing to her lover; and so Kate feels, for she changes the air, as soon as the last words have fallen from her lips.

"That is too mournful!" she says. "I told you that it was best to leave them in the 'gay green birk,' beneath the hawthorn's blossom. Here is something I like—and it is old, too."

Then she sings—  
 "Dinna forget, laddie! dinna forget  
 Ne'er make me rue that we ever have met!  
 While though we sever, parted forever,  
 Willie, when far awa', dinna forget!"

"I haven't the least idea of forgetting," says a sudden, startling voice in the rear, "for, upon my word, this exceeds anything I ever heard of!"

Kate and Tarleton turn simultaneously. In the door, which opens on the piazza, stands Will, glancing with a comic expression from the breakfast-table to them, and from them to the breakfast-table.

"May I inquire when this little arrangement was made?" he goes on. "It is about the coolest thing of the kind I have the honor to be acquainted with. Here have I been scouring the country in search of you, with half a mind to have the creek dragged, and all the time you have been here deliberately breakfasting and singing songs!"

"Oh, no; we have not been singing songs all the time," says Kate, with a laugh, "and confess, Will, you have not been scouring the country farther than from Fairfields, perhaps."

"That is more than far enough, after riding sixteen or seventeen miles, and catching no fox at last."

"Poor fellow! did you not catch it? We lost the hounds, and were desperately muddled besides, so we thought it best to give up the chase."

"Yes, I dare say. Well, they are all much concerned about you at Fairfields, so the sooner you turn your face in that direction the better."  
 (To be continued.)

An explosion took place in one of the Durham collieries recently. Forty dead bodies have been recovered and as many more are supposed to be still in the pit.

**SIGHING NEVER CAN RAISE THE WIND.**

A plague of your sighing—I never knew good of it—  
 Wasting the body and weakening the mind—  
 Like a French *vol-au-vent*, 'tis a puff without food in it—  
 Keep up your spirits and keep down your wind.  
 Life is a race; we are all entered in for it;  
 Waste not your breath—you'll need all you can find;  
 Take your sighing to Lombard Street—who'll give you tin for it?  
 Sigh up, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind,  
 Then a plague of your sighing—I never knew good of it;  
 Wasting the body and weakening the mind,  
 A puff of that sort you'll find has no food in it—  
 Sighing, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.

Why should we sigh? Not for love, there's naught true in it;  
 Bright eyes will fade, and ripe lips will decay;  
 Wealth will not come for it; Health—it will ruin it;  
 Fame is so light, sighs will blow it away  
 Very much to my taste was that gay, old Democritus,  
 Laughing and chaffing at all that befell—  
 There's no nostrum from Halloway back to Alippocrates  
 Like a laugh from the heart to set all right and well.  
 Then a plague of your sighing, I never knew good of it;  
 Wasting the body and weakening the mind,  
 A puff of that sort you'll find has no food in it—  
 Sighing, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.

Stretch out your arm—there is muscle and bone in it;  
 Hearts that are brave make the world all their own;  
 From the pen to the plough there's work for each one in it;  
 He that will labour may rise to a throne!  
 Leave, then, to loafers such airs—it is wrongful!  
 For man, that's a breath thus to blow himself out.  
 On the voyage of life fill your lungs for a strong pull;  
 The our God assigns you ply manful and stout,  
 Then a plague of your sighing—I never knew good of it;  
 Wasting the body and weakening the mind,  
 A puff of that sort you'll find has no food in it—  
 Sighing, believe me, will ne'er raise the wind.

**A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.**

Some few years ago I was travelling by the afternoon Scotch express from London to the North, and had obtained a carriage to myself by a rather liberal allowance of "palm-oil" to the guard, in total disregard of the G. N. R. Co.'s regulations. I should here state that I am a very nervous man, and that anything out of the common upsets me for several days. I well remember how one unfortunate day I was obliged to go to Windsor on business, and unluckily it was one of the days of Ascot races, so as I was coming back—I got there all right—my carriage was filled with betting men, who made me so ill that, for a week, I was too ill to do any business. But to resume my story.

The train had got to Hatfield, our first stoppage, when a gentleman appeared at the door of the carriage I was in, and, taking a railway key out of his pocket, opened the door. There was nothing remarkable about him. He was dressed in a suit of dark cloth, a dark grey overcoat, a deer-stalker hat, and carried a black bag. Of course I was very indignant that my private compartment—as I chose to call it—was invaded by any one else, and was not in the best humor for conversation. The stranger did not, or would not, see it, and soon commenced talking with me. I tried to repel him, but he persevered, and at last we got very friendly. Just after we passed Grantham he opened his black bag, and took from it one out of a bundle of many papers.

"Are you interested in calculations?" he said, smiling as he spoke, and showing a fine set of teeth, one of which was set with gold.

"Well, yes," I replied; "that is if I have not forgotten my school arithmetic."

"I find it an excellent way of passing the time when I am on a long journey. I am now engaged in finding out how much land could be given to each person on the globe, dividing it between us all."

"Indeed," said I; "it must be very interesting."

"It is so," was the reply. Then, taking another paper from the bag, he said: "Here is another, where I have calculated how long it would take to go to the sun and back at the rate we are travelling now. This is one telling me how many sausages a well-fed pig would make, allowing seven to a pound. I have here a scheme for sending distressed Irishmen to the Sandwich Islands, where they would be eaten up at the rate of a dozen or two a day."

"What a very good idea. It is the best solution of the Irish question I have ever heard of."

"I would not confine myself to Ireland alone. There are many places where a reduction of the population would do good. But I have a better notion for lowering the number of the inhabitants of the globe. I would send them in vessels to the North Pole and let them remain there until they were no more."

So he went on, taking the greater share of the conversation, until we came near Carlisle, when I said: "Well, sir, I must really compliment you upon your devices for making the time pass. We are now at Carlisle, when I did not think we were past York."

We draw up at the platform, and the porters give out that there is a quarter of an hour for refreshments.

"Are you getting out here?" said the affable stranger.

"No, I am only going to Edinburgh, and if I eat here I won't be able to do so there," I replied.

"Would you mind taking care of this bag for me, then, sir?" said he. "I will be back in a few minutes."

The bell rang, and there was no sign of my calculating friend, but just as the train was moving, and when I could not prevent it, a stranger in a light ulster and chimney-pot hat got in.

"Well, well," I thought, "I must leave the bag in the cloak-room at Edinburgh, though its owner did not say where he was going to."

I kept the bag closed for some time, but at last my curiosity overcame my prudence and I opened it, and was soon engaged in one of his bewildering calculations. As I did so, I noticed the second stranger eyeing me, and, as I afterwards thought, smiling.

The train soon drew up at Berwick station, and I did not, of course, stop my examination of the papers. But here my attention was arrested by two station officials and a policeman, who, with a telegram in their hands, were looking in all the carriages; they looked in mine, walked on and came back again.

"Well, my man, we've found you, have we?" said they.

"What do you mean? Found me?"

"Yes, found you. You have just escaped from Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and you'll have to come with us."

"I! I am a respectable gentleman travelling for Messrs. Gloucester and Cheddar, cheese merchants, of 76 Westcheap, London," handing my card.

"No, you're not. You are a lunatic. Here is the telegram about you. We were to know you by your black bag of papers. Are you caught now?"

"There is some awful mistake here," I said.

"Well, anyhow, we can't keep the train waiting; you must get out."

Here the stranger put in and said: "My poor fellow, you had better go quietly, for if you do not they will make you." Here he smiled, and I recognized, as he did so, my calculating friend, for one of his teeth was set with gold.

"Well, gentlemen," I then said, "I will go with you, if this gentleman will accompany me."

"No, I won't. I must be in Edinburgh in three hours," he said.

"You had better, for I know you. What did you leave at Carlisle for? You're not the owner of the bag, are you?"

Then to the policeman I said: "This is your man. He is the gentleman who travelled with me from Hatfield, who got out at Carlisle, and, changing his clothes, got in again."

They took him, and as soon as I had seen him fairly locked up, I went back to the station and resumed my journey, which I completed without further mishap.

The unfortunate man was a really dangerous madman, and had escaped that afternoon from Colney Hatch. His hobby was in calculating impossible sums; he had run through a fortune in paper, pencils, pens and ink, and at last his son, to save anything for himself, had been compelled to put him under restraint. He went back quietly, and died soon after from the effects of his journey north, which he never got over.

Ever since my friends have dubbed me "The Calculator," by which name I am now known.

HILARY.

**ECHOES FROM LONDON.**

The greatest novelty in "specialist" journalism is a monthly magazine edited by a lady, and called the *Woodhen*, devoted to the interests of artificial hatching.

A QUESTION has been raised whether death caused by football "play" is manslaughter. It is coming to a pretty pass to hear this cool query propounded.

It is said that Mr. Hallé may probably receive the honor of knighthood. The act of recognition of high merit and worthiness would give universal satisfaction.

AMONG the rejected candidates for the office of Chief-constable for Birmingham, in the place of Major Bond, at a salary of £700 per year, was Lord St. Leonards.

AN extraordinary English daily paper is promised us, if one in three languages—English, French, and German—can be called English, from the fact of it being produced and published here. The funds of mind and coin at the disposal of this undertaking are, we are informed, enormous. The undertakers are said to be the Union Générale.

In the new hansoms—which are roomy, and into which three passengers can be put—here are to be found small looking-glasses, trays for cigar ash, and "a box of lights." Some drivers go further, and supply rugs to cover the legs of their fares, and others have small clothes-brushes for the passenger to brush himself up with on a muddy day.

It is said that there is a saving of more than forty per cent. per annum at the South Kensington Museum by the use of the electric light as compared with gas. As the authorities profess to be so favourably impressed with the light, perhaps they will be enabled to introduce it into the National Portrait Gallery, which is now closed before dusk.

THE electric lighting apparatus is not yet all fixed at the Crystal Palace. It has been decided to defer the presentation of medals in connection with the recent Woolen Exhibition until the ceremony can take place beneath the full lustre of the new light. Additional *éclat* will then be given to the ceremony, and Yorkshire manufacture will receive another pat on the back. Lady Bective surely ought to be asked to present the prizes.

MR. RICHMOND, R.A., has painted a portrait of Mr. Gladstone. He has also painted a classical subject—Hercules releasing Prometheus, and shooting an arrow at the eagle which has been making Prometheus very uncomfortable. Is this intended as an indirect compliment to the Prime Minister? If Mr. Gladstone were releasing the Irish landlords from the cruel position it, which they are tormented by the beak and talons of the Land League there might be something in the idea. Unfortunately Hercules is encouraging the eagle instead of assailing it.

WHO could have foreseen, ten years ago, when Miss Christine Nilsson was happily wedded at Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a brilliant congregation, as it appeared, to M. Auguste Rouzeaud that in a short time she would have lost her fortune and her husband, and that the husband, after being the cause of great trouble to her, would finish his career in a lunatic asylum? M. Rouzeaud has been unmistakably insane. One cause of the trouble was his mania for speculation, and the same infatuation, coupled with recent troubles on the Stock Exchange, has driven him mad.

MR. RUSKIN is bringing out a new work, entitled "Our Fathers Have Told us," which is intended to illustrate by the story of saint and knight the power of the Christian Church in the thirteenth century. The book will discourse about the monastic architecture of England and Wales, and also about Florence and Pisa. On account of the illustrations, the cost of production requires a corresponding public demand, and the author having renounced the ordinary method of subscription on through the booksellers.

THE telephone is about to be laid from London to Brighton, and it is proposed to have a telephone service, or circuit, in the latter town; by which the inhabitants may, if so minded, be able to converse with each other without the trouble or inconvenience of leaving their firesides. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the successful dramatic author, has endeavoured to get a telephone fixed between his house at South Kensington and the Savoy Theatre in the Strand, in order that he may listen to and direct the rehearsal of his pieces without the trouble of putting in an appearance on the stage, but, as he has been unable to get the assent of two or three of the neighbors to allow the wire to be carried over their gardens to his own, the project has dropped.

**HUMOROUS.**

ACCORDING to the Articles of War, it is death to stop a cannon ball.

A TEXAS man was lynched for riding a mule on Sunday. It was another man's mule, by the way.

FENDERSON says he wishes he were a rumor, for a rumor soon gains currency, and that he has never been able to do.

WHY should people sitting on an outside Irish jaunting car never be thirsty? Because they have two springs under and a well between.

A PLEASANTRY attributed to M. Thiers: When I was very young I was so little—so little—that I needed a pole to knock down the strawberries.

"FWEDDY, what is a 'mission-warwy'?"

"Aw a 'mission-warwy' is aw—a 'welligious beggaw.'"

THE card of a Cambridge liquor seller has upon its back the 6th and 7th verses of Prov. xxii.; "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish," &c.

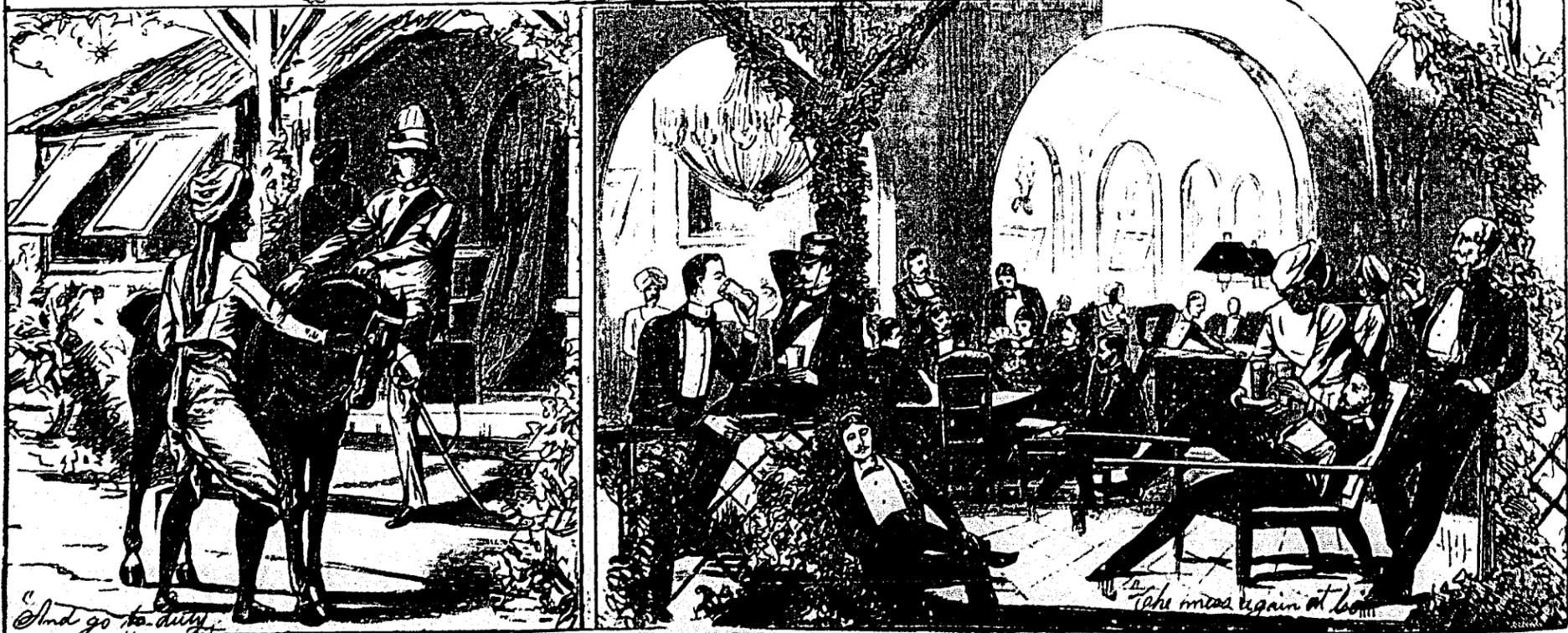
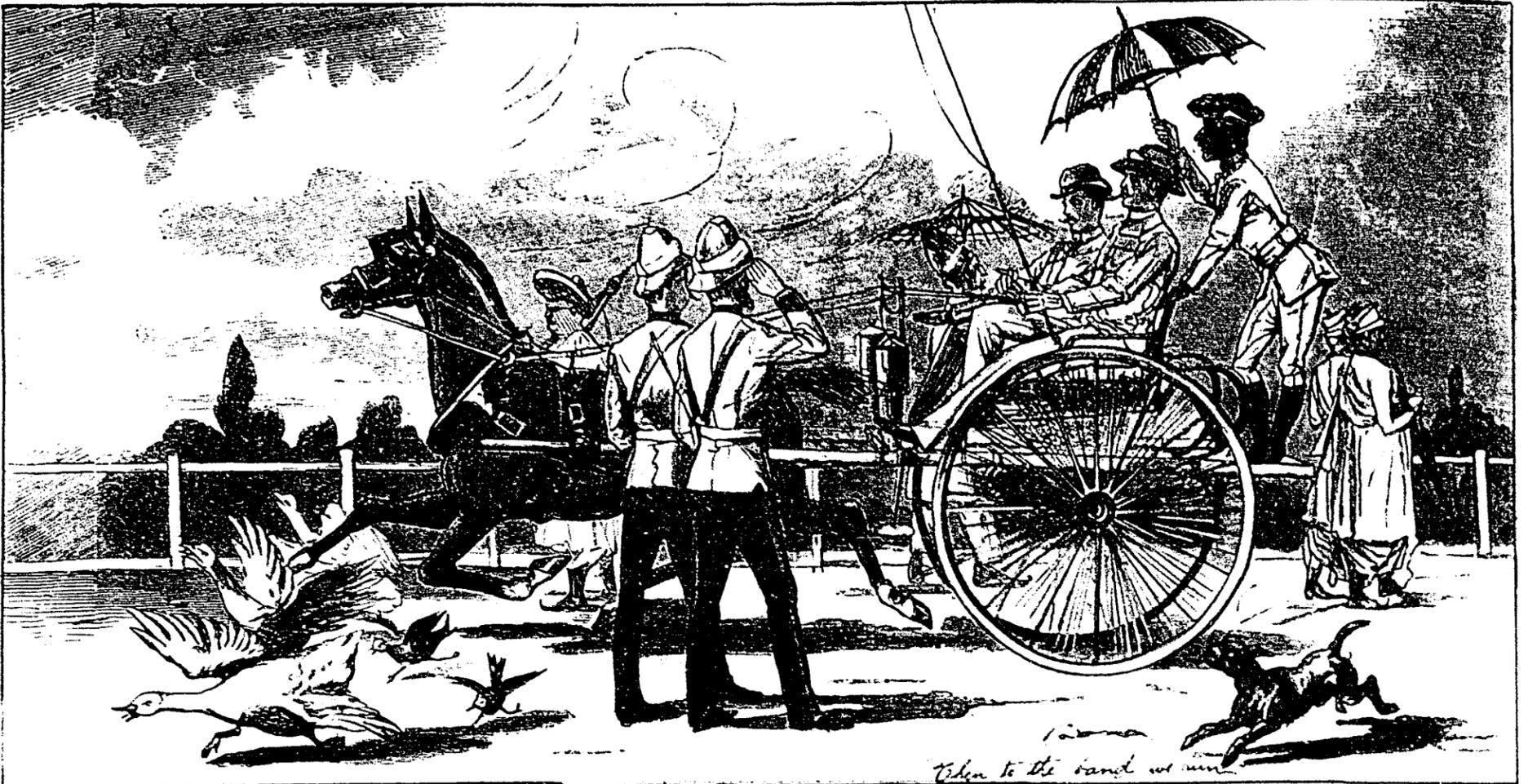
PAT's cousin says: "The best remedy for baldness, is to rub whisky on the head until the hairs grow out, and then take it inwardly to oilish the roots."

MR. HEEP said to a drunken fellow: "If I were in your place I would go out to the woods and hang myself." The answer was: "If youz in my place, you couldn't get there!"

A ROCKFORD man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary money, and received by return mail, written on a postal card in beautiful violet ink, the magic words, "Don't drink."

THE following story is told, with what foundation the reader may judge, of Librarian Tyler, who is noted for his conversational powers. Approaching a medical friend, he said: "I have a very sore tongue, doctor." "Let me look at it," said the doctor. The unruly member was duly protruded. "It is sun-burnt, sir, sun-burnt," remarked the doctor.

**The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.**  
 This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator. The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.  
 The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.  
 Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.



A SUBALTERN'S DAY IN INDIA.



"SLEEP, BELOVED CHILD."—FROM THE PICTURE BY ROSA HOHENBERG.

## UPON MY WORD SHE DID!

Her hair was black. "But black," she sighed,  
"Is very much too cold;"  
And so she bleached her locks until  
They looked almost like gold.  
A simple satin robe she wore,  
Which closely to her clung  
(In fact it was extremely scant),  
And from her belt a lily pale  
And four sunflowers hung—  
Four big sunflowers hung.

She would not touch a bit of meat,  
But oft she'd sit and weep,  
To think the broiled chops were once  
Part of a baby sheep.  
"And oh!" she'd moan, "these seared steaks,  
So full of gravy now!"  
(This was a slight mistake, I think).  
"Once wandered o'er the fields and meads,  
Attached to a cow—  
A gentle browsing cow."

She was the most poetic thing;  
She wouldn't harm a fly;  
"Its life is short at best," she'd say—  
"Oh, pray don't make it die!"  
The very cat for catching mice  
In tearful voice she chid.  
And then at last she married  
(And seemed quite glad to get him, too)  
A butcher; yes, she did—  
Upon my word she did!

—MARGARET EYTINGE, in *Harper's*

## MAJOR ASHTON'S MISTAKE.

Mrs. Damer knelt before the kitchen fire, toasting a thin slice of bread. Very careful attention that morsel of wheaten loaf required. It must be neither too brown nor too pale in hue, but must acquire exactly that crisp golden tint which is the height of perfection in toast; for was it not about to present itself in company with a cup of fragrant "five-o'clock tea" before the most "particular" lodger Octagon House had ever known—Major Roland Ashton, who lay on the shabby couch in Mrs. Damer's little drawing-room, hearkening to the splash of the waves on the rocks, and thinking his landlady was a trifle less attentive than usual this soft April afternoon, when purple clouds were floating over the faint blue sky and rain-drops hung on the wall-flower in the window, whilst a delicately-tinted rainbow drooped over the ancient church on the hill-side?

Mrs. Damer looked decidedly unfit for making dainty toast or doing anything else to which her undivided attention should be given—a tall, thin woman, clad in a garb of rusty brown linsey, having a small drab shawl pinned across her lean shoulders, a tumbled cap of black lace, decorated with dirty pink roses, on her head, over pale silvering hair twisted into a flat curl on either side of her sunken cheeks, whilst an arched nose of unusual dimensions gave to her features a decidedly parrot-like expression, increased by the wide-receding mouth and somewhat elevated chin. Yet there were not wanting, even now, those who said, when a kindly smile lit up the faded blue eyes, that Martha Damer was no bad-looking woman; and one or two elderly folk, who had known her before the life-story had graven itself in deep lines across the brow, and small channels, the result of much weeping, showed themselves at the corners of the eyes, declared that she had been a beauty in the spring-tide of her youth. But the sweet primrose days had floated into the "pitiless past" many a year ago.

Tears were heavy in the sad blue eyes just now, and a sob trembled in her throat.  
"Did you manage all right, Sep?" she asked eagerly, as light footsteps hastened down the dingy kitchen-stairs, and a fresh-cheeked young girl came to her side.

"Yes, aunt, famously," the girl replied. "I popped into the post-office when nobody else was there, and no one saw me go out or come in. Sophie didn't see me, though she was matching her ribbons in Fisher's shop. The letter and the order are on their way now, and, the man told me, will be sure to reach London in the morning. I did just see the Major on the West Hill as I was going, but I don't think he saw me. I went that way because I thought Jack might see me in the High Street; and, aunt dear, you gave me sixpence too much."

"Keep it, child," said Mrs. Damer, drawing down the flowerlike face to her own and kissing it tenderly. "I'll buy you a bit of velvet for your locket. You've been a good, good girl. I've been in such a fidget since you went, for fear Jack or Sophie should see you and wonder where you were going. So think I couldn't trust my own girls! But you are just like your poor mother, true as steel. Shall I ever forget—Bless me, there's the Major's bell! The cream and the tray are laid, Sep; and, when you've taken up the tea, run and see what Bell is doing. Her father will be so vexed if his tea is not ready; and I've ducks to stuff, and shrimps to shell for sauce—the Major has two gentlemen to dinner—and Jack's best shirt to iron; and you've flowers to get for the table, and all the silver to rub. Tell Bell she must come down."

Sep laid aside her hat, and, twisting up the shower of sun-kissed hair loosened by the April breezes, took up her load and went to do her aunt's bidding.

Old Mr. Damer was sitting with the Major when the little maiden entered with her tray. On Wednesday afternoons, when his handful of scholars rejoiced in a half-holiday, the old man usually ventured to inquire after the health of his lodger, and the Major would generally ask him to sit and chat a while; for Roland Ashton was somewhat lonely in his retreat by the sea, whither he had come to recruit his strength

after an illness consequent upon a wound from a cruel assegai received in an encounter with stalwart Zulus. And Mr. Damer, though pompous and prosy, was withal a human being with whom speech might be interchanged.

Still, for all his solitude, the young soldier was rapidly regaining strength and health in the salt breezes of Beachley, and was well content. Portly Mr. Damer rose as his niece came in with her load.

"I wish you a very good evening, sir, and wish you better," said he; and, the Major responding with a bow, Sep heard the heavy footsteps go "tramp, tramp" down to the stone-floored kitchen, where he expected tea to be awaiting him, and where as yet tea was not.

Sep drew a little table to Major Ashton's side, growing scarlet as she did so, for somehow the keen blue eyes of the young officer always would bring the hot blood to the girl's cheeks. She was anxious speedily to fulfil the behests of aunt Martha; but Roland Ashton would not let her go immediately. He liked to talk to Mrs. Damer's niece, to watch the graceful movements of the slender supple figure in the worn black dress; he liked to ask questions of the girl, to make the tender gray eyes glance timidly up at him from beneath the heavy-fringed lashes, to hear the soft voice, in which there was just a ring of the plaintive Irish accent, responding to his queries; albeit at that very moment Lady Adelaide Frere, his affianced wife, sat in the drawing-room at Ashton Manor, working point-lace and talking to his widowed mother, Lady Ashton. And Sep thought she had never heard tones so sweet and low as those of Roland Ashton.

"Why do they call you 'Sep'?" he asked now. "Your name cannot be Septimus!"

"No," she said shyly.

"Will you tell me what it really is?"

"Persephone," she said, "who gathered daffodils and was lost. But I am always called 'Sep.'"

"Persephone," he said, who gathered daffodils; and, taking some golden stars from a glass near him, he drew the girl closer and fastened the fragrant blossoms in her belt.

Sep crimsoned more deeply than ever then, and, hastening away, she thrust the spring flowers into the bosom of her dress, lest Bell should see them and wonder.

Bell was standing with bare shoulders before the little mirror, twisting her brass-colored locks into a heavy coil when Sep reached her.

"Please, Bell, do come and get tea," she urged.

"I'll come when I choose, and not half a fraction of a second before," replied that young lady.

"Won't you come, Bell?" she entreated.

"Goosey," answered Bell, "if you'd a lover to please as I have, you'd find you must make yourself look decent. 'Arry's not easy to please either; he went on like anything the other night, because I didn't wear my blue silk when we went to tea at his mother's."

Sep crept down-stairs then with quaking heart, fearing her uncle Damer's wrath.

There was to be festivity in Beachley on that April night—fireworks and divers games in the grounds of "Nathaniel B. Bolton, Esquire, of Shrublands," the prominent teetotaler. Mr. Damer, who was strong on the temperance question, had received tickets for himself and his family. For the past week Bell and Sophie had been planning what they should wear, and Sep, whose treats were very few, had ironed out her lilac muslin and polished up her one ornament, a silver locket which had belonged to her dead mother, till it shone again.

"Idle, useless hussies!" grumbled uncle Damer as Sep began to lay the tea things. "Nothing but dress and finery! Pity they hadn't feathers like the birds! What's this, miss?"—aloud. "Your aunt drove with work, the girls out of the way, and you stopping out two hours on your way to Jones's for eggs—needn't have taken ten minutes! And the Major saw you down over the West Hill with his own eyes—there! You don't go to-night; I will have order! No tea, and everything at sixes and sevens!"

"I went for aunt," rose to the girl's lips; but the memory of the anguish in aunt Martha's eyes choked back the words, and she walked silently away.

"Serves you right; don't wonder at pa being vexed, loitering about two hours when you could have been back in no time!" was the verdict of Bell and Sophie, on hearing of Sep's sentence.

So she helped her cousins to dress, and by-and-by they set off, Bell bearing a huge nosegay of gay flowers, presented to her by the devoted 'Arry, who, radiant in a violet velvet waistcoat, himself escorted the lady of his love and her fair sister.

When they turned the corner at the bottom of the hill, and, with many becks and nods, disappeared, the lonely little maiden, from her watch-tower in the attic window, looked longingly after them, shedding a few regretful tears. She sat there till she heard old Damer go out for his evening stroll, closing the door noisily behind him. Aunt came the clatter of the dinner-things. Aunt Martha did not call the child to aid her; she guessed that Sep was fretting over her punishment, and she was thinking how best she might compensate her niece for the disappointment.

After a while the April twilight deepened, stars trembled through fleecy clouds, and the young moon laid a glittering chain athwart the restless waves. The Major and his friends sauntered down the hill to the beach; and Sep, her

daffodils shining at her breast, went down to the drawing-room, ostensibly to "put it tidy," in reality to kneel on the low window-sill and gaze out over the sea.

Kneeling thus, she could see a whole fleet of fishing-boats illuminated by the moonbeams, and a great ship crossing the moonlit horizon, like some wild white bird; and, thus kneeling, the girl began to dream of the silent coming years and of the hero they would surely bring with them, who was to bear her away from this workaday life into enchanted lands.

Then Sep thought that it was a "wee bit" hard of Aunt Martha to see her punished for keeping her secret; and again she thought of the grief that might not be spoken, lying heavily at Mrs. Damer's sore heart; and then, starting at the sound of a light, firm footfall, Sep saw in the flood of silvery moonbeams Major Ashton close at her side. She had been thinking how unkind it was of him to tell her uncle that he had seen her on the West Hill, and she had been crying piteously alone in the April night. How silly he would think her!

Roland Ashton was always sorely troubled at the sight of a woman's tears; and the tears of this girl whom he liked, with the quaint sweet old name, distressed him sorely—so sorely that, when he had drawn from Sep the confession that he was, albeit unwittingly, the cause of her punishment, bending his shapely head, he drew lovely, sorrowful Sep close to him, and kissed her on brow and cheek and dainty lips, kissed her as he had never kissed Lady Adelaide Frere.

Persephone culled her hands from his then, and turned with crimson face to the door. The passionate touch of the young man's lips on her own had taught Sep that her hero was not far away in Dreamland, but here in aunt Martha's shabby house, and that, come what might, the world would never hold another being who could fill every corner of her heart as did Roland Ashton. This knowledge had lain for weeks in the child's breast, but only now had it burst forth into free and vigorous life, awakened by his kiss; and the discovery of her love sent through her a thrill of pleasure touched by pain.

At the open door stood Bell and Sophie, "tumbled" and warm; and behind them shone out the yellow locks of 'Arry, the thriving carver and gilder.

"Quite like a play!" hissed Bell.

"I'll tell pa!" murmured Sophie.

They dared not venture on more till the Major's door was safely shut.

She slipped past them, and out into the stone yard. The night had turned chilly, and the stars had hidden their faces; rain was falling now, and the moaning sobs of the sea came loud and strong. The girl shivered as a cold sighing wind stirred the daffodils at her breast. What had she done—oh, what had she done? How could she let Major Ashton kiss her? If she could only run away—away where nobody knew her!

When she went to lay the cloth for supper in the back parlor, Sep could see that they had been talking of her. Old Damer was smoking his pipe and swelling with wrath at his pretty niece. Sophie was at the cracked piano, shrieking out "The Captain and his Whiskers," whilst Bell and her lover were audibly giggling at her. So Sep, quickly finishing her work, stole away to bed before the storm burst upon her.

Lying wide awake, but with closed eyes, hours afterwards, she heard Bell and Sophie, after discussing the triumphs of the evening, say one to the other—

"To think of the Major and Sep—eh? Pa's savage! Won't she catch it to-morrow!"

To which Sophie, fastening her locks with a hair-pin, made answer—

"She's an awful dowdy little thing; but perhaps he has taken a fancy to her. Strange things do happen."

And, though that had been a troublesome day to little Sep O'Hara, she slept, and her dreams were sweet, the daffodils sending forth their fragrance from beneath her pillow.

Mrs. Damer appeared with the Major's breakfast-tray in the morning, greatly to that gentleman's disappointment. It had come to be a great pleasure to Major Ashton to lie back in his chair by the window and watch the willowy movements of blushing Sep. Now he could see, from aunt Martha's grave face, that such things were over and done with.

Life was a hard battle for Martha Damer. One grief lay at her heart like some great black serpent. It was the firstborn of her little flock who had woven this trouble for the mother who loved him best; and Dick had been so loving and handsome and gay in the old days. Now he was an outcast and a wanderer, and the father had forbidden the lad's name to be uttered in the home-circle. Evil days had fallen on the baby who had lain at aunt Martha's breast; and now here was fresh trouble in the shape of Orphan Sep, whom Mrs. Damer pictured loving, ruined, deserted. Uncle Damer and his better half had held solemn counsel together in the night-season, and decided that immediate steps must be taken for the protection of the foolish little lamb sheltered within their fold.

"A gentleman whose brother is Sir Mayne Ashton and a baronet can't want to marry our Sep," old Damer had growled.

"Well, John, you know her father was an Irish gentleman—Lieutenant O'Hara—and his father General O'Hara of O'Hara; and her mother was not my own sister. My poor father married a curate's widow the second time, and

bitterly they both rued it. Sep's mother was her daughter, and—"

"And, when your poor sister died and young O'Hara was killed in the mutiny, the fine O'Haras would have let the child die if you hadn't taken her," broke in Mr. Damer.

"True, John," replied aunt Martha; "but the child is gentle-born. Sep has true Irish eyes, and her hands are for all the world like her father's. May be the Major can see she is of gentle blood."

"Tut, tut! Rubbish!" the old man had grunted, falling heavily asleep; whilst Mrs. Damer, lying wide awake, thought mournfully of Sep the girl and Dick the boy, till the clocks clanging out six warned her that it was time to rise and gird herself for the daily toil.

The Major felt grieved for the sad-faced woman. He spoke kindly to her; and aunt Martha, bursting into tears presently, let him draw from her some brief words of the erring lad. Roland Ashton speaking a few hopeful sentences, the sore heart of the mother felt easier than it had for many a long day; and Mrs. Damer had not courage to reproach him for his too winning ways towards her niece.

"Rat-tat!" went the postman; and Mrs. Damer, hastening down, sent up Bell with three letters for the Major. One contained a tailor's bill, another was from his widowed mother, the third, in a flowing feminine hand, he read slowly; and, coming to the end, Roland Ashton tore the dainty epistle into tiny bits, flinging them away to the spring breeze, and watching them flutter down in a pink shower on the white lilac-bush, whilst Bell's black kitten darted madly after them.

Lady Adelaide Frere had written, breaking her engagement with him. "She never could have loved you," wrote Lady Ashton. The Major pondered a while, and instinctively thought of tender-eyed, soft-voiced Sep; then he made a goodly breakfast, and, going out, almost unconsciously ascended the stone steps winding up the great green hill that towered above the town. As he paused at the heavy gates leading to some quaint old garden within the walls of a ruined castle, there came towards him a slight figure in cool holland dress and jacket, and from beneath the shaly hat looked forth the deep gray eyes of Persephone, who treasured still at her breast the daffodils he had given her—long years afterward, when Sep and he were far apart, Roland found the faded blossoms betwixt the leaves of an old Bible. The Major took her hand and led her within the grounds—enchanted land to the happy girl, who, utterly forgetting her basket, which contained her uncle Damer's dinner, wandered hand in hand with her hero amid the beds gay with spring flowers, as one in some dream of wondrous beauty. The girl felt Roland Ashton's arms folded round her, and she did not shrink away. Only a sense of joy unutterable filled her, and it did not seem strange that the blue eyes were looking love into her own.

Dun clouds gathered overhead, and great drops fell fast on leaves and grasses. Roland drew Sep within an ancient crumbling tower, seating himself beside her on the old stone steps.

"Tell me you love me," he urged. "Say, 'Roland, I love you. I will be your wife.'"

Simply and fearlessly looking into the eyes of the one love of her young life, she echoed his words, the pure ring of truth in every syllable.

Roland sealed the compact with burning kisses, and Sep took them without any sense of shame or wrong-doing.

In the life of each mortal, it is said, comes one hour of perfect happiness. The moments may be scattered here and there on life's pathway, but the precious seconds come surely to each and all. These golden atoms of time came to Sep O'Hara as she sat on the stone steps in the rain, with her head pillowed on her lover's breast, whilst the gulls shrieked and thunder trembled in the distance.

Suddenly, the clocks striking out three, Sep started up; and her hero, escorting her to the gates of her enchanted land, stood watching the girl as she sped lightly down the rocky steps.

Old Damer was growling, and Jack swearing at the irregularity of his meals, whilst Sophie was sulkily cutting bread-and-butter, and wondering where, "that little wretch Sep" could be, when Mrs. Damer, breathless and excited, entered the little kitchen and exclaimed faintly—

"John, the Major wants to marry our Sep!"

"Bless my soul!" cried the old gentleman, started out of his usual decorum of speech, and forgetting his carefully-nursed wrath.

"Must be a fool!" grumbled Jack.

"Mercy on me!" screamed Sophie, dropping the butter upon the sanded stones and breaking the plate.

Bell was silent. It was impossible that this thing had befallen Sep, who could not play the piano, or even "do her hair," which was always tumbling in sunny masses on her shoulders—whose sole accomplishment was the singing of old German ditties learned in infancy at her dear father's knee amid the Rhine mountains! She—that "little stupid"—to marry a "gentleman," and here was Miss Bell Damer, with her wonderful auburn "coil" and musical abilities thinking it a proud matter to become "Mrs. 'Arry Fedder!"

"It's true," went on aunt Martha; "and he wishes to be married in a month's time; and he said to me, 'Mrs. Damer, I love your niece, and I wish to make her my wife, if you and her uncle have no objection.' He was holding her hand

all the time, and she looked so pretty and so happy. And I said, 'My dear,' I said, 'I hope you have both thought it well over. I'm not ashamed to ask if you really and truly love each other better than all the world beside, for I'm sure nothing but love that "many waters cannot quench" can give the power to act up to the beautiful words in the marriage-service. And, sir, though we never looked for our Sep to marry a gentleman like you, me and her uncle too had rather see her in her grave than marry for marrying's sake.' Then she told me he loved the child dearly; and Sep, she says in her grave steadfast way, 'Aunt Martha, I couldn't do that.' I thought 'twas my poor Charlotte speaking; and I up and told the Major that her father was an officer too, and that the O'Haras of O'Hara could hold their own with the best-born though they did leave the children to me, and I couldn't do more than treat her like my own; and she's been a good girl, and crying like anything in my room now.' And, after this incoherent speech, Mrs. Damer cried heartily herself.

Bell and Sophie whispered that white tulle over satin would look lovely, and after a while retreated to their sanctum above to "fit" a polonaise. Jack departed to his singing-class at the Oakbirds'; uncle Damer went out, and the Major also.

Twilight deepened, night came on apace; and Mrs. Damer, taking Sep's hand in hers, said—  
"Promise, child—promise never to say a word, even to your husband, of my trouble. It would kill us if— Promise; and, when you give your word, child, I know you cannot break it. Think, Sep, what might happen if—"

Aunt Martha's eyes were full of such anguish as the mothers of erring sons alone may know.

"I promise, auntie," said Persephone, in the lilac-scented April gloaming; and as she did so there fell on her a shadow of sadness that her married life should begin with a secret that might not be told to her husband.

Fair as a poet's dream looked Sep O'Hara, on her wedding day and seventeenth birthday, in her robe of clinging muslin, with a knot of frail white roses at her breast—Roland's gift, and her sole ornament. The O'Haras of O'Hara, on being informed by Mr. Damer of the marriage of their granddaughter, had made an offering of dazzling carbuncles—"heirlooms"—which Sep steadfastly refused to wear. Very tenderly aunt Martha kissed the birdie who was leaving her nest; only the night before Sep had fetched a letter from the post-office addressed to "M.D.," and on the same evening Ned Elton, the one little boarder, had been reading to his master of the Irish judge who had condemned his own son to death, and there came into the old man's face just such a look as the Galway lawgiver might have worn; and he muttered, "Ay, ay, blood for blood; it is right!" The mother learned on that day that the brand of Cain lay on her firstborn, and that men sought him to slay him. Sep knew it as they threw over her the bridal veil; and on this, the happiest day of her young life, the child's heart was sore for the aunt who had taken the place of a mother.

As the sunlight, streaming through the stained windows, fell upon the young wife's head in a flood of painted gold, Sep, kneeling, thanked Heaven fervently for the wondrous happiness vouchsafed her.

Major Ashton had not acquainted his "people" with the precise date of his wedding. He would introduce the girl to his mother as the granddaughter of General O'Hara, knowing well the value of a name.

As soon as Sep found time to don her simple travelling-dress of brown silk shimmering with a golden tint, just the colour of her hair, Roland took her away from Octagon House out into the wide world; and by-and-by Sep found herself alone with him in a railway-carriage, with the first kisses of her husband on her lips.

The Dammers made a little feast in the evening. Bell was proud to exhibit "Arry" in a state of devotion, Sophie danced till her feet ached, old Damer ate enormously of cold beef and pickles, talking of the "momentous and auspicious occasion" which had given rise to these rejoicings within the walls of Octagon House; whilst aunt Martha, alone, sitting on Sep's little bed in the darkness, prayed earnestly for strength to bear her lot.

In what a mantle of bliss was tender-eyed Persephone folded as she wandered through picture-galleries or cool dim cathedrals with her tall handsome soldier-husband, or made pleasant excursions to quaint flower-bedecked, leaf-embowered spots famous in song and story!

Once Sep, standing on the verge of a deep grassy dell where cup-mosses flowered and through which shining waters made melodious music, actually pinched her own plump white wrist to see if she really were a flesh-encumbered mortal or some spirit of happiness which might melt away at human touch, some supernatural creature hailing from that mysterious "somewhere where is never no rain, never sorrow in the air," and, the pain eliciting a smothered "Oh!" R. land exclaimed—  
"Darling, what is it?"

"My bracelet hurt me," replied Sep; when he answered by caresses which sent the girl deeper into Dreamland than ever.

Aunt Martha and Octagon House and the old life seemed to have floated away as a vision. In these days of delight Sep scarcely found time to write to her aunt. She was living utterly and entirely in her golden present, and, when at

rare intervals she found herself alone in some gilded salon, she became lost in blissful reveries of the wondrous inheritance of joy which had fallen to her lot, only to be roused by her husband's step and voice.

Coming late one summer night into a little German town, they found great festivities going on in honour of a foreign prince who had wedded an English princess; and there Major Ashton took his wife to a public ball, the only gathering of the kind Sep had ever seen. But on that never-to-be-forgotten night there fell into the golden stream of her wedded happiness just one drop of alloy.

(To be continued.)

LIFE AT A MEXICAN HACIENDA.

A week's visit at the hacienda of Tepenacasco proved one of the most agreeable experiences of my whole tour. The house was approached from the main road by a long lane through fields of the purple-flowering alfalfa, a larger and hardier clover; past a dark-walled corral, or cattle-yard; a very long, step-roofed barracks for laborers' quarters; and by a pond embowered in willows. From a distance, with its numerous out-buildings, it had the appearance of a ducal residence. It is plainer when reached, the space immediately in front having a farm-yard appearance, and containing in the centre a very large stone threshing-floor of the kind in which it is customary to thresh out grain, just as in the *patios*, by troops of running horses. It is of rubble stone, plastered and neatly whitewashed; a single liberal story in height, the part devoted to the residence having large windows, covered with gratings, and a belfry on top. To this are added, on the flanks, such a collection of granaries and corrals that a façade is made of probably six hundred feet in length. Some fountains project from the wall beside a door opening to the family chapel. Over the main entrance-door, is an inscription: "En apesete destierro y soledad disfruto del tesoro de la paz." (In this retirement and solitude I enjoy the treasure of peace.) Each principal granary or barn (called *troje*) is inscribed also with its title. They are built to keep the contents cool and of an even temperature, with walls of great thickness. But-tressed without, and with columns or piers of a yard square, running down the centre of the long dim interiors, they are more like basilicas of the early Christians than one's preconceived idea of a barn.

The buildings in the central clump, not counting those detached, cover alone between four and five acres of ground. The estate of which they are the focal point is eighteen miles in one dimension by six in the other, and contains not less than forty thousand acres. There are seventeen hundred head of neat cattle, and other things in proportion. On the pay-roll, in the week in which I was privileged to witness the operations, were laborers to the extent of eighteen hundred and fifty, men and boys. I confess to a fondness for country life, and with such a novel domain to explore, one must be difficult indeed not to be pleased. One day we mounted on horseback to go to visit the corrals, where portions of the animals are kept at night according to their changes of pasture; another, to the Ojo de Agua, a lovely spring, made mention of by Humboldt; again, to examine the different crops; again to various white hamlets that, like the city of Tulancingo, farther in the distance, dot the plain. At Acatlan is a most charming dark old ruined convent, with the green bronze bells yet hanging in the steeple. One day the household ensconced itself in a large wagon covered with willow boughs, and we drove to Zupitlan, a ruined hacienda, church, and hamlet on the estate itself, and held a picnic.

A high grassy hill, the Cerro, behind the house, affords wide views. We are in the midst of a level valley, with gently sloping mountains on all the boundaries. The leading crops are maize, barley, and maguey. The *tlachiquero* goes around every day, with his donkey carrying wine-skins, collecting the sweet sap from the maguey to make the *pulque*. He pours it into vats of skin in his department to ferment, treats it in his practised way for a fortnight or more, and then it is ready for sale. We see sometimes forty ploughmen come in and un-yoke their teams of an evening. The agricultural implements of the larger sort in use are American, but ploughs, spades, picks, and the like are manufactured at Apulco, near by, more cheaply. There are interesting home-made wooden forks and shovels yet remaining. Among the rest, the veritable Egyptian plough, of wood, with but an iron point, is much more in use than the modern sort. And for its purpose of turning shallow furrows and ploughing between the rows of maize it appears, to tell the truth, not ill adapted. The ground is treated by irrigation, no less than eleven large dams, one of them creating a lake two miles long, being formed for this purpose. The portions of land used for cultivation are taken irregularly in various parts of the estate, according to their proximity to these. Each has its name, as Las Animas, San Antonio the Larger, San Antonio the Less.

But it is a grazing country, and the chief industries are the raising of animals and the making of butter and cheese. The greater part of the cattle are hornless, which is effected by a simple process of searing the tender horn when sprouting, after which it does not increase. The idea is worth attention by American farmers and those who have to do with the transportation of

cattle. The calf here remains with its mother under all circumstances. It is a quaint sight at milking-time to see it lassoed, waiting, by no means patiently, the conclusion of the ceremony. Each of the departments is under the command of its own chief, and an accurate supervision and record is made of the whole. The book-keeper, "Don Angel," a taciturn young man, native of old Spain, with a talent for minutiae, fills out weekly, in a blank form, a statement going into the closest detail. For keeping the tally of revenues which amount to \$20,000 a year his own salary is \$400 and "found." The administrator, "Don Rafael," is paid \$1000, and has, besides, various lands and *casitas* of his own—a person of substance, in fact. He is a steady-going man of middle age, with a prominent scar on his forehead. I imagined some interesting story. No, he said it was got in breaking a vicious horse. A sensible man lets fighting alone; there are enough at that already. The Americans have excellent ideas. They all work; all wish to improve and make money. Without money a person might as well take himself off to the cemetery at once.

The butter and cheese-making is under control of "Don Daniel." He is a large, handsome young man, with rosy cheeks, coal-black hair and beard, and excellent teeth—a picture of health. He is of a lively turn, with assemblies around him congenial spirits, and the trumming of a guitar, and such choruses as,

"Amarillo el, amarillo no,  
Amarilla y verde me lo pinto."

may be heard from his room long after the sedate and the fatigued have gone to bed. Another inmate of the household is a youth of eighteen, a very voluble young person, Salvador, who proffers himself often as a guide. He is a cadet learning the business of conducting a hacienda; or, as some think, a young scape-grace of good connections put here to be kept out of mischief. Outside the household are the *mayordomo* and the *sobresaliente*, chief aids of Don Rafael; the *pastero*, who looks after the pastures; the *caporal*, who has principal charge of the stock. These are officials of a humble order, dark, blanketed men, bandit-looking enough on horse-back, but in reality as gentle as need be wished for. The *peons*, or day-laborers, live in about as poor a condition as the Irish pea-ants—except for having the advantage in climate—receive from six to thirty-seven cents a day for their labor, and seem without either chance or ambition to better themselves. There is a prison-room at the mansion, where one is occasionally locked up for a couple of days. Not that this is permitted by law, but "they are not civilized," as the proprietor explains, in English which still leaves something to be desired. "Nobody makes any disturbance about it, and otherwise they would not work."

The family spends a small portion of the year here, in an informal style of living. Servants and all call the young mistress Cholita, a diminutive of her name, Soledad. There is no expectation of receiving or paying visits in the neighborhood. Social life, owing to the distances and the scarcity of neighbors, does not exist. It must have been lonely indeed for the young American girl who had been employed as governess of small children in the adjoining hacienda shortly before. The dogs swarm in and out over everything. The place is kept as a big, generous farm-house, and not as a villa. It has been designed for greater state in its time. The old furniture, of the style of the First Empire, would command a premium from bric-a-brac dealers. The rooms are large and finely proportioned. There are an octagonal chamber, with beds in columned niches, and another having the bed raised upon a platform of highly palatial effects. The first proprietor is said to have been a man, finally ruined by his extravagances, who had half Tulancingo at his table; and it he were inspired by a sudden notion to go to the capital, one hundred and thirty miles, say, distant, he rode his horses till they dropped dead under him.—W. H. BISHOP, in *Harper's*.

HE USED TO BE A BOY HIMSELF.

The other day a show came to Little Rock and was shamefully imposed upon by Uncle Isom. While standing near the tent he saw a crowd of low spirited boys grieving on account of financial depression.

"Does yer youngsters want to go der show?" he asked.

The boys responded in noisy chorus.  
"Well, come on, den. I ust to be a chile myself, an' unlike the most of men, I haint forgot it. Count dese boys," he added, addressing the door-keeper. The man began counting, and by the time the boys had passed in Isom was walking round, talking to acquaintances from the plantation.

"Here," said the showman, "give me twenty tickets."

"What for? Does yer take me for a lottery agent?"

"You passed in twenty boys, and I want the tickets or the money."

"I doan owe yer no tickets, and I doan owe yer no money. I didn't tell yer ter pass de boys in. I said count 'em. I always heard that showmen is good on rithmatic, an' I wanted to satisfy myself. You say dat der was twenty boys. I doan 'spute your word, case I ain't no mather-tisian. Sposen I take a lot ob boys ter de cashier ob a bank and axes him to count 'em, does dat signify dat the cashier is going ter pass 'em into de money room. No sah. Go back ter yer tent. I sees a crowd going in."

The showman, remembering that he had left the entrance unguarded, turned and Isom walked away.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE celebrated pistol-shot, Mr. Ira Paine, has been frequently matched against the crack Paris marksmen, and has thoroughly defeated them.

A PILGRIMAGE on a grand scale is being organized for a visit to the holy shrines at Jerusalem. Every facility is offered to the faithful for the voyage.

IT appears that *Lohengrin* will not be performed at the Théâtre des Nations until next winter, and in *Italian*. In this way it is hoped all difficulties will then be avoided.

At the Porte St. Martin Theatre the lions in *La Biche au Bois* do not attract an audience, and it is said the poor beasts have got home-sickness from seeing a desert nightly before them.

IT has just been discovered that the number of persons present at the Opera Ball on the 14th ult., was 3,968, composed of 2,239 gentlemen in evening dress, 688 men in costume, and 1,041 women in costume or domino.

THE Jeunesse des Clubs has been very hard hit by the recent Stock Exchange panic. A Princess in print (reading the golden youth a lecture) says that in former times when twenty-five ruined itself, it was for pleasure, not for pelf. True old-fashioned French ideas.

THE Paris Gun Club has a lawn tennis court attached, which boasts of some first-rate French players. An English player, a Mr. William Dowel, wear informed, has arrived to snatch the laurels from the brows of the two crack players, M. Bringaud and M. Gaspard Errazu.

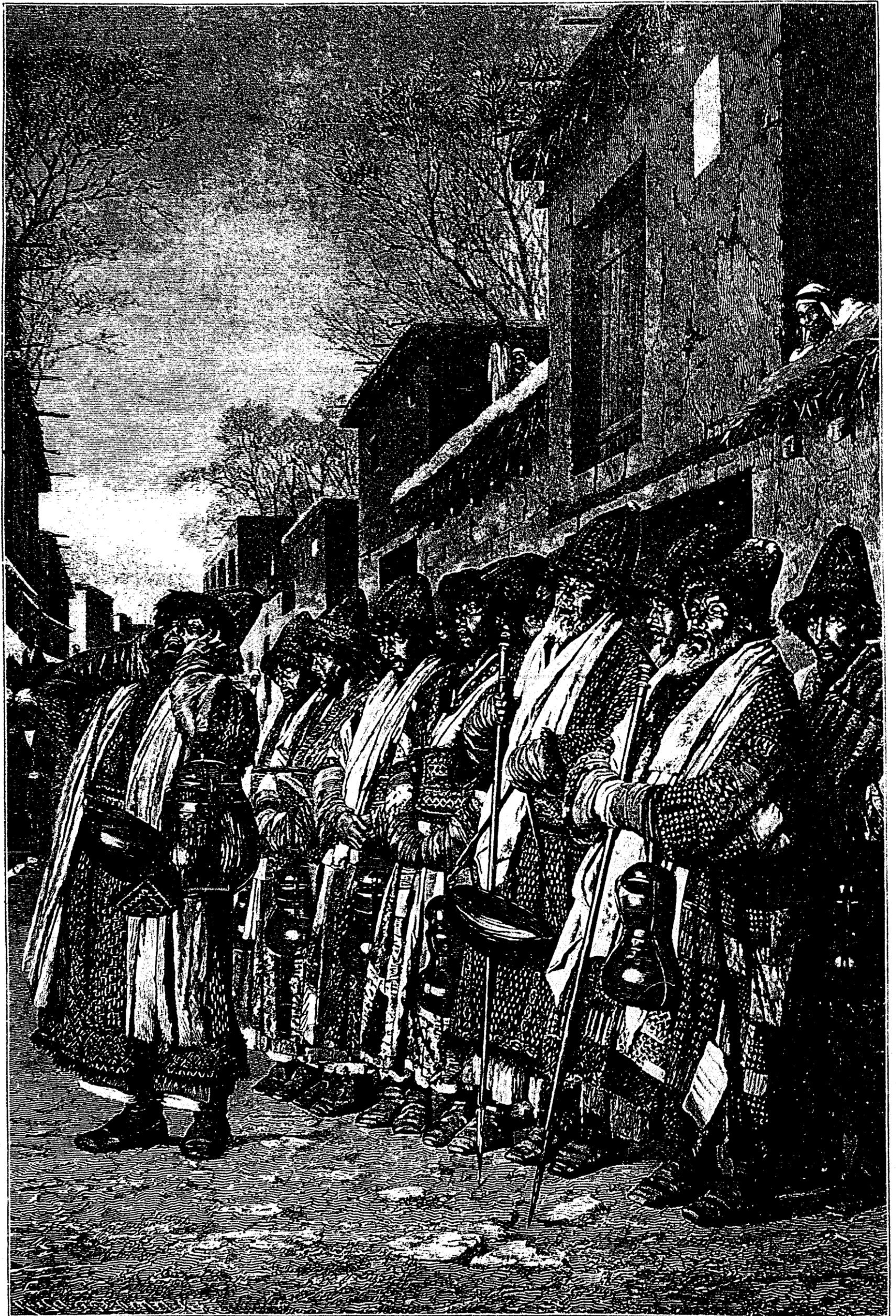
Mlle. JEANE BECKER was astonished on her arrival at Monaco, to play in *La Mascotte*, by a bouquet of orange flowers, which took three men to carry it. But there was a provoking part to the pleasant part, namely, not a note nor a card to say whence it came.

MAGNETISM is all the rage in Paris at present. Donato sees a new rival springing up every day. From England, Italy, Belgium, America the magnetizers arrive, and "subjects" are in great demand. Some of the curled and scented gentlemen of the Faubourg Saint-Germain are elaborating a new figure for the cotton, to be called the figure of magnetic sleep.

THE anti-Semitic agitation which has so ravaged Germany and Russia has not as yet broken out in France, but the hatred of the Hebrew race has long smouldered, and they who have failed to perceive this feeling may find themselves walking *per ignes suppositos cereri doloso*. A journal called the *Anti-Jew* has been established here for the propagation of this prejudice, and has already attained much support; and it is more than probable that were the red fool fury of the Seine to pile its barricades with dead again, as Tennyson says, the treasures heaped by the Jews in their many gorgeous palaces would not pass through the ordeal scathless as they escaped during the Commune.

SOME years ago several prominent families in the American colony were much annoyed by receiving showers of anonymous letters, written in a grossly insulting and vulgar style. The services of a Parisian detective being called in the author of these missives was speedily discovered, and only escaped punishment by a prompt flight from the city. The *Continental Gazette* says that the annoyance has commenced again in a different quarter, and the same remedy will be resorted to which proved so effectual in the former case. The peculiar combination which can induce a man or a woman (it is generally the latter) to indulge in the petty emission of venom involved in the sending of an anonymous letter is seldom united with sufficient cleverness to enable the writer to elude the researches of a trained detective.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East India missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. e-o-w



SINGING DERVISHES IN TURKESTAN.—DRAWN BY BASIL WERKHOAGIN.



SHARK FISHING ON THE COAST OF SMYRNA, FLORIDA.—(SEE PAGE 115.)



THE FIRST BOOTY.—FROM A PICTURE BY JOSEPH FLUGGN.

## "TO WHITELEYS."

A SCOTTISH HOME.

In mem'ry of a time when all the air was sweet  
With dewy scent of summer flowers,  
When sky and earth did vie, with shining looks to greet  
The quickly coming—fleeting hours.

When twilight's gentle calm, and softly falling shade  
Lulled Nature's happy heart to rest,  
And all her sun-tired children fair, of field and glade  
Sleep sweetly on her breast,

When friendship's hand held mine and love warmed  
friendship's heart,  
While the birds sang softly and low,  
And we, who since have drifted years and miles apart,  
Were side by side, and happy so.

Those summer days have long gone by, and ne'er again  
Shall my hand lay in thine, my dear—  
Yet, things that once have been, forever must remain,  
And mem'ry still shall hold them near.

So, even now, a still and quiet moment brings  
The sunshine of those days to me,  
Kind eyes meet mine, the roses bloom, the mavis sings,  
And, once more, fair "Whiteleys" I see.

S. R. HARTLEY.

## A CANADIAN PILGRIMAGE.

In the last number of *Harper's Magazine* Mr. F. H. Taylor gives the following interesting account of the anniversary festival of Ste. Anne de Beauré.

Le Moine, the contemporary local chronicler, gives his readers some account of the origin of the Church of Ste. Anne de Beauré, and the guide-books, with which every tourist down the St. Lawrence has his pockets stuffed, call attention to it as one of the standard attractions of the voyage. To the faithful it is the shrine of Lourdes, the Paray-le-Monial of the Western World, the most highly venerated spot in America, and is regarded with the same superstitions awe that Mexicans entertain toward Guadalupe and his divinely pictured blanket.

June 26, the anniversary festival of Ste. Anne witnesses a great visitation into the little hamlet, overflowing its hotels and miraculous shrine, while upon every other day of the year a smaller crowd of devotees are here to be found. Advertisements of "pilgrimages" are frequently to be seen in the Canadian papers, and these, which are usually excursions promoted for the benefit of "Young Men's Institutes," or the parish church, together with the large number of visitors drawn hither through curiosity, or invalids in hope of relief, make up a current of travel highly profitable, and supporting a daily steamboat from Quebec. The annual number of pilgrims is about 25,000.

Ste. Anne was the mother of the Blessed Virgin. After death her body reposed in the cathedral at Jerusalem until it was sent thence by St. James to St. Lazare, the first Bishop of Marseilles. This prelate afterward dispatched it to St. Auspice, the Bishop of Apt, who concealed his precious charge in a subterranean chapel. Goths and Vandals swept the church from existence, and for seven hundred years Ste. Anne rested forgotten. During brilliant ceremonies in the cathedral of the town, upon the occasion of the advent of Charlemagne, several miraculous incidents led to the recovery of the remains from the grotto, effulgent with divine radiance, and fragrant with heavenly odors. So read the chronicles of the Church.

Certain colonists in the Canadas were commended by an apparition to erect a church in honor of Ste. Anne upon its present site, which was done in 1658, and ten years later this new shrine was enriched by a relic, which was nothing less than a bone of the hand of Ste. Anne. This is still retained and carefully preserved, its exposition being a favor but rarely vouchsafed even the faithful.

It was long the custom of all ships returning from voyages to anchor here and honor Ste. Anne by a broadside. Old writers also speak of large villages of Indian proselytes which were located in the vicinity.

The name of Ste. Anne has always been a favorite in Canada, where, indeed, nearly every hamlet and railway station is canonized. There are said to be thirteen parishes in the Dominion bearing her name.

Our objective point, the Church of Ste. Anne de Beauré, stands at the base of a steep hill crowned with farms, behind which the land again rises, forming Mont Ste. Anne, the most elevated point upon the river, being 2687 feet in altitude.

Seen from the deck of a passing steamer, the hamlet appears to straggle aimlessly along the road, at a distance of a quarter of a mile across marshy flats.

Four years ago a new church was built—a handsome and classic structure, yet lacking a spire—and the patron saint graciously deserted the old church upon the hill-side, where she had so long succored weak humanity, and took up her abode in the new quarters provided.

In front of the handsome and classic edifice is set a large circular fountain, about which stood a number of pilgrims engaged in the obviously unusual work of washing their hands and faces, which were duly wiped upon handkerchiefs or coat-tails. Close at hand the proprietors of a small booth drove a good trade in the sale of beads, amulets, relics, and lithographs of the Virgin.

Passing the poverty-stricken, diseased, and tattered groups upon the steps of the edifice, we entered. The interior failed to bear out exterior promises, for the walls were roughcast, the beams unpainted, and seats of the most

primitive fashion. Near the door a boy was held up on the shoulders of men while he chipped away with a knife at a heavy cross, tossing the shivers to an eager crowd of devotees, to be carried home as relics.

Along the walls were hung a number of very ancient paintings. One of these, a portrait of the patron Saint, is said to be from the hand of Le Brun, the French artist, and was presented by the Marquis of Tracy. Others were painted by Lefrançois, a Franciscan monk, who died in 1685. One is a representation of Ste. Anne hovering over a ship in distress.

Upon a post the following notice was conspicuously tacked:

"As the number of masses asked in honor of Ste. Anne exceeds those that can be celebrated in this church, the faithful are informed that as many as possible will be said here, and the balance at other churches of this parish within the space of about a month from their reception."

"Priest of the Parish of Ste. Anne de Beauré."

By far the most conspicuous feature of the place was a towering trophy of crutches and canes, raised within the rail dividing the altar from the auditorium. These were of all sizes and shapes. Two fresh additions rested against the rail, where they had evidently just been deposited by the newly recovered owners.

Down the aisle toward us hobbled an old man with the help of two assistants. His crutches were discarded, but his features revealed a pain which gave the lie to his feeble praises of the saint at his restoration. At the rail a mother knelt, holding close a pigmy babe; and when she passed out her face was raised with new hope, but I saw in the face of the child only the seal of dissolution.

The priests in attendance moved about with a listless, mechanical air, bowing at stated places and intervals, one of them presenting a glazed medallion portrait of the saint to the lips of kneeling supplicants. The air of every-day occupation seemed impressed upon the whole drowsy scene, unrelieved by music or the usual pageantry of the picturesque Romish service.

As we walked up the single village street we passed the old man, who still dragged his weak frame bravely along, the two attendants upholding him. The agony in his every lineament would have won the admiration and roused the artistic enthusiasm of Parrhasius himself.

## THE ÆSTHETIC CRAZE.

Our latest guest was Mr. Legrand Savage. Mr. Savage was a kind of jest in London. He and his friends were the most recent result of the pre-Raphaelite spirit—a spirit which, however distorted and extravagant in many of its aspects and forms, is really a regenerating influence in modern art and life. The universal taste for greater beauty in all the accessories of life is both a consequence and manifestation of the pre-Raphaelite spirit. It was merely a name, like the Renaissance, to describe a certain stage of progress and perception in art. All that is said of Mr. Savage and the æsthetes, of their costume, their manner, their fanciful affectations, their unseemable absurdities, was said of Rossetti's and Millais's pictures thirty years ago. Mr. Savage and the school of which he is an accepted representative are only another form of the feeling which expresses itself in the art of ornamentation. He is a natural product of the time, which also produced the Kensington School in London and the Decorative Art Society in New York.

The Cynic, of course, asks whether all this makes Legrand Savage any the less d—well, diabolically—silly, or the people who run after him any the less foolish. Perhaps not. But why should we get angry with languishing ladies who love to lift a lily, or who sit in the rosy twilight of a deftly darkened room, clad in a tinted costume of duly adjusted hue, holding a harmonious screen? They are engaged in a laudable endeavor to give pleasure to the chance visitor. They are assisting the artist who colored and gilded the walls and hung the draperies and composed the ensemble of the drawing-room. Perhaps you would prefer that human beings should not make themselves adjuncts of furniture and wall-paper, and that immortal souls should not be rapt by a dado or enchanted with a frieze. But nature has room for humming-birds and flamingoes, for cockatoos and paroquets, for scentless but brilliant flowers, all of them fitly set in a corresponding landscape. Why not also for living parts of exquisite house-furnishing? The æsthetic lady in a green mist of verdure accordant with the tone of her boudoir obeys the same impulse of nature that poises a bird-of-paradise in the heaven of the Eastern isles.

If Cynic is not equal to these things, let him not seek relief in oaths and gibes and reckless reviling. If my tinted lady chooses sweetly to offer a lily to Mr. Legrand Savage, let not the Cynic shiver as he thinks of the London Mrs. Grundy. Let him rather reflect that Nature is wise and thrifty. She will not suffer us to be crushed by a lily. As she produces but an occasional dodo, so she vouchsafes few fanatics of the dado. Neither the dodo nor the dado shall devour us, and Cynic would be much happier if he could see that Mr. Legrand Savage is but an amusing extravagance of an excellent tendency, and if he could only school himself to care as little for John Bull's opinion of our "way" as that worthy cares for our opinion of his way. When it comes to a society that sometimes makes itself ridiculous, an impartial Cynic will agree that honors are easy.—EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR, in *Harper's Magazine* for March.

## A FRAUD IN CHARITY'S NAME.

This trading upon charity and the charitable is one of the industries of the great city. It is probably a very moderate statement that half of the enormous sum of money which is given every year in New York for charity is not only absolutely wasted, but actively increases pauperism, knavery, and crime. As "H. C. P.," a correspondent of the *Evening Post* whose initials reveal one of the most intelligent, energetic, and efficient laborers in the field of practical charity, forcibly observes, while most of the charities outside of the public institutions are administered by ecclesiastical organizations, there is no common understanding, no concert of action. One inevitable consequence of this chaos is that Chadband and Charlatana have a free field for their cheating, because there is no system or organization by which they can be detected and exposed. It is only a happy chance that a reporter comes in upon Chadband, and posts him in the Rogues' Gallery.

The trick of these gentry is very transparent. It is based wholly, as we said, upon the general good feeling and laziness of the community. The reader of these words, for instance, sitting comfortably by his fire, would very willingly succor somebody who has no comfortable fire to sit by, if he could do it without trouble. Happily for him the morning mail brings him a simple and candid circular, which is really an extraordinary coincidence. The circular sets forth that the Saint Thingumbob's Guild, or Fraternity, or Fold, or Home, or Arms, or other soft and humane name, is Not Sectarian, and is Devoted to the Relief of Sick Mothers and Suffering Children, and the Reform of the Neglected. It aims, D. V., to discover Real Necessity, to teach the Poor the Laws of Health and Economy, to show them How to Help Themselves, to make Employment the Basis of Relief, and to Provide Homes in the Salubrious West and South. It will also supply to the Absolutely Destitute a Home, Food, Clothing, and Moral and Humane Instruction; Preparing the Recipient for Honest Employment, and Aiding in Strengthening them against Temptation. Who will give a House, Rent Free, to the Deserving Poor, who are Eager to go upon the Land and Build up the Country? The Reverend Chuzzlewit Chadband is Director, and Sister Charlatana will be always at the office.

The comfortable reader sees at once the finger of Providence pointing the way that he wished to discover—the way in which, without personal inconvenience, he can aid the deserving poor to help themselves, and prevent the growing and alarming evil of pauperization. If to the circular a respectable and responsible name or two is appended, as an officer or a member of an advisory committee, it is conclusive. But money is always a dangerous gift even for charity, so with an excess of prudence the comfortable reader sends to Dr. Chadband an order upon the grocer for provisions. The humbly grateful doctor hastens to the grocer, and receives the provisions. The good grocer, also of a charitable mind, hears of this truly excellent institution, and encouraged by the order of the customer known to him, he, for his own share, doubles the gift of hams, sago, and soap. The inquisitive and incredulous Thomas, if such a skeptic there be, who happens in to verify the existence of the institution, finds the house, and beholds Sister Charlatana dispensing the cheese, currants, nuts, coffee, tea, and canned peaches, the soap and sago, buttons, cotton, ham, which cost her nothing, to a few melancholy recipients. She provides employment for the deserving, of whom she knows nothing, by sending applications to the address of advertisers in the *Herald*.

This is indeed beautiful. But what the incredulous Thomas does not see, nor the comfortable reader nor the good grocer suspect, is that Chadband and his assistants reserve for the institution a proper share of the provisions and cash received, and are simply living upon the charitable impulses and humane sympathy of the lazy and the busy. Can there be anything more indispensable than the common understanding and intelligent co-operation among legitimate and honorable charitable associations which H. C. P. urges? It will throw out Saint Thingumbob's Guild, Fraternity, Home, or however it be called, as promptly as the Clearing-house throws out a broken bank, and it will relieve the really honorable and humane guilds and fraternities and homes from the stigma which such swindles cast upon them all.

Meanwhile let the comfortable reader reflect that there is no way of being carelessly and comfortably charitable. In order to give wisely he must give carefully. To smother scientific charity is to increase pauperism, crime, and the public peril. It is as sensible to smother scientific physiology or scientific anatomy as to smother scientific charity, which is merely a phrase describing an intelligent system of treating poverty, founded upon the widest actual experience and the most careful thought.—*Harper's Magazine*.

HE GOT THE PLACE.—A story is told of a youth who was undergoing a civil service examination for a Government clerkship. He was asked the distance of the earth from the sun, and answered that he did not know exactly, but he didn't believe the sun was near enough to interfere with the proper performance of his duties if he got the clerkship. To the credit of the committee he got the job.—*Oswego Sentinel*.

## THE KIND OF A FELLOW HE WAS.

A very high-toned looking man in exquisite moustache, loud plaid clothes and necktie, low crowned hat, straw colored kids, and knitting needle cane, walked into a tobacco shop on Fourth street recently, and throwing down a half dollar said:

"Well, this is the worst town I ever saw; a gentleman can't get anything satisfactory and I am utterly unable to see how a person with fastidious tastes can live here. I say, Mr. Shopkeeper, can you sell a fellow a decent cigar?"

"Yes, sir," said the cigar man meekly.

"Well, then fly around lively and do it. Don't you see that half dollar?"

"Yes, sir. What kind of a cigar do you wish, sir?"

"What kind?"

"Ye, sir."

"Why look at me a moment, and see for yourself what kind of a cigar would suit me," and he drew himself up grandly and gazed down on the shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper looked and then took in the half dollar, got out a cigar, handed it to the man, with forty-nine cents change and said: "I owe you half a cent, sir, but I can't make change unless you take another cigar."

The nice young man looked at the shopkeeper, then at the cigar, then at himself and without a single word walked out of the shop.

## MISCELLANY.

PRECEDENCE AND AGE.—There is a story of Solomon not contained in the "Book of Kings." Two of his court damsels had a row as to precedence. Solomon looked kindly and said, "Let the oldest go first," and the damsels embraced and went in together with entwined arms.

WHEN Farmer Budge read that a bull painted by Rosa Bonheur sold for \$5,000 he remarked to his wife that he didn't see how a coat of paint could so greatly enhance the value of the animal, but if Rosa wouldn't charge more than ten dollars he would get her to paint his bull in the spring. And his economical wife replied that she thought he might paint it himself and save his ten dollars. The indications are now that the bull will be painted.

As a natural consequence of the hunting mania at Pau the attenuation of the female form is becoming daily more and more visible. One hundred and ten pounds is now declared to be the maximum that a hunting woman can allow herself to reach, and a great tailor is said to have issued an edict that no riding habit made in his establishment must have a waist measure of more than sixteen inches. To favour the attainment of this excessive slimmness, female underclothing is now made skin tight, and all the time-honoured garments of bygone days are discarded. Many ladies, we are told, wear only a single garment of chamois skin, over which the stays are laced, and no flowing garments of any kind are allowed to interfere with the symmetry of form which the clinging outside skirts display to the best advantage.

JOHN DEBOIS took a great deal of trouble to get a pair of boots in St. Louis for nothing, but he achieved success. He was a traveller staying at the Grand Central Hotel. He went to a store and ordered the finest pair that could be made. He was exact in his stipulations as to the material and style, and wished them sent to his room at a certain time. Then, he gave the same order to another store, except that the delivery was to be made an hour later. The boy who brought the first pair was sent back to have the left foot stretched, and the boy who carried the second pair was sent back with the right one. Debois then put on the two remnants, for which he had not paid, and caught the next out-bound train.

THE Rev. Daniel Isaac was an eccentric itinerant preacher. He once alighted at an inn to stay all night. On asking for a bed was told that he could not get one, as there was to be a ball that night and all the beds were engaged. "At what time does the ball break up?" inquired Mr. Isaac. "About three in the morning, sir." "Well then, can I have a bed until that time?" "Yes, certainly, but if the bed is called for you will have to move." "Very well," replied Mr. Isaac. About three in the morning he was awakened by a loud knocking at the door. "What do you want?" he inquired. "How many of you are in there?" inquired a voice. "There's me and Daniel and Mr. Isaac, and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply. "Then by Jupiter, there is plenty of you!" and the applicant passed on, leaving Mr. Isaac to finish his night's slumber.

THOUGH the sick covet health, they frequently and fruitlessly seek to obtain it by irrational means. Misled by false misrepresentations and absurd pretensions, they neglect those genuine restoratives which true science has placed at their disposal. No proprietary remedy has met with greater approbation from the medical faculty, and none has given more satisfactory proofs of its efficiency than Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The conjunction of these latter salts with Cod Liver Oil of warranted purity gives the preparation a great advantage over the ordinary cough mixtures, since the phosphorus, lime and soda are potent auxiliaries of the oil, invigorating the system, remedying poverty of the blood induced by waste of tissue, and increasing bodily substance. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. S., Montreal, P. Q.—Papers to hand. Thanks. M.J.M., Quebec.—We have not heard from you for two weeks. Hope you get the NEWS.

Our remarks on the trials and difficulties of the self-denying chessplayer, who boldly assumes the laborious position of Conductor of a correspondence chess tourney have led to our receiving the intimation that there are several lovers of the game in the Dominion who are anxiously waiting for an opportunity to enroll their names as belligerents in another postal encounter.

It may be well here, however, to say that whatever may be the feeling as regards the organization of another correspondence tourney, there can be no doubt as to the usefulness of the two encounters already concluded in inducing such a liking for chess of this nature, that a considerable number of single contests of a similar character are being carried on in Canada to the evident gratification and benefit of the contestants.

We are sorry to learn from a letter which appears in Turf, Field and Farm, that the contemplated chess match between Mr. Max Judd and Mr. Delmar is not likely to take place.

From the contents of the letter, which was written by Mr. W. S. DeVisser of New York, it seems that Mr. Delmar, when he began his arrangements with reference to the match, imagined that no objections to the contest would arise on the part of those who have business claims on his time and attention. Finding, however, that such is not the case, and that the carrying out of the affair might lead to the forfeiture of an important position which he now holds, he wisely determines to give up the match altogether.

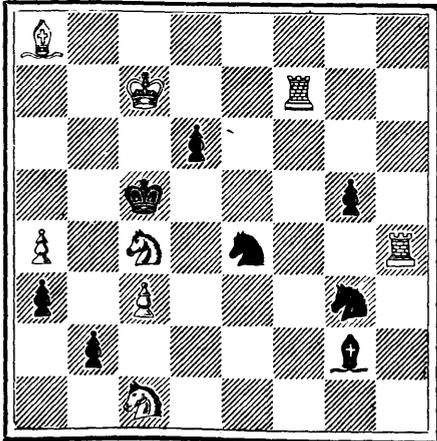
The Chessplayers' Chronicle announces that Mr. Steinitz will challenge the co-editors of the Chess Monthly (Messrs. Huffer and Zukertort) to a chess match of eleven games up. The stakes are not to be less than £100, nor more than £250. Two games to be played each week, and the time limit, fifteen moves per hour. It is also stated that Mr. Steinitz will offer his joint opponents the odds of two games out of the eleven; or, should they deem such an offer unacceptable, he will play them level, or even accept the odds of two games from them.

Modern chess has a good deal of spread about it. A gentleman in Honolulu recently solved a problem composed in Siberia, and published in the Illustrated London News.—Philadelphia Times.

PROBLEM No. 36

By H. M. Prideaux.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 367.

White. Black. 1. R takes P ch 1. Kt takes R 2. Kt takes P 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

GAME 496TH.

Played between Messrs. Morphy and Boden. (Ray Lopez.)

White.—(P. Morphy.) Black.—(S. S. Eoden.) 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 2. Kt to Q B 3 3. B to Kt 5 3. B to B 4 4. P to B 3 4. Q to K 2 5. Castles 5. P to B 3 6. P to Q 4 6. B to Kt 3 7. Kt to R 3 7. Kt to Q sq 8. Kt to B 4 8. Kt to B 2 9. Kt to K 3 9. P to B 3 10. Kt to B 5 10. Q to R sq 11. B to R 4 11. P to Kt 3 12. Kt to K 3 12. P to Q 3 13. P to Q 5 13. B to Q 2 14. P takes P 14. P takes P 15. Kt to B 4 15. R to B sq 16. P to Q Kt 3 16. B to K 3 17. Q to Q 3 17. Q to K 2 18. B to R 3 18. B takes Kt 19. Q takes B 19. K to B sq 20. Q R to Q sq 20. P to Q B 4 21. R to Q 3 21. K Kt to R 3 22. K to R sq 22. Kt to Kt 2 23. B to B sq 23. K R to B sq 24. P to Kt 4 24. Kt takes P 25. P to K R 3 25. K Kt to R 3 26. R to Kt sq 26. K to R sq 27. Kt to R 4 27. R to K Kt sq 28. Q R to Kt 3 28. P to Kt 4 29. Kt to B 5 29. Kt takes Kt 30. P takes Kt 30. Q to Q Kt 2 ch 31. K R to Kt 2 31. P to Q 4 32. Q to K Kt 4 32. Kt to R 3 33. Q to R 5 33. Kt takes P 34. R to B 3 34. Kt to K 2 35. Q to R 6 35. B to Q sq 36. B takes R R takes B P

37. Q takes B 37. Q R to B sq 38. Q takes K P 38. R to B 4 39. Q to K 3 39. P to Q 5 40. P takes P 40. R to B 6 41. Q to K 2 41. P takes P 42. B takes P 42. P to Q 6 43. Q to Q 2 43. Q to Q 4 44. P to Kt 4 44. K R to K B sq 45. B to R 6 45. R takes P ch 46. K to Kt sq 46. R to Kt sq 47. B to Kt 5 47. Q to Q 5 48. Q to B 4 48. Q to K 8 ch 49. Q to R sq 49. Q to K 4 50. B to R 6 50. Kt to K sq 51. R takes R ch 51. K takes R 52. B to Kt 3 ch 52. K to R sq 53. B to K B 4 53. Q to Kt 2 ch 54. B to Kt 3 54. R to R 4 55. Q to Q sq 55. R to K 4 56. Q takes P 56. R to K 8 ch 57. K to Kt 2

Given up as drawn.

The remarks on this fine game from the Chessplayers' Chronicle appeared in our Column of last week.

NOTICE.

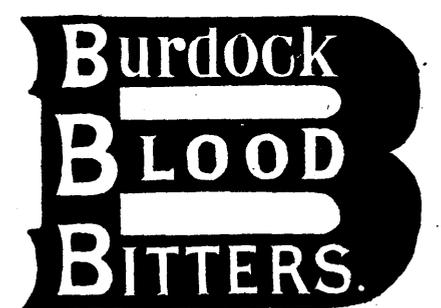
OUR Mr. Nolan is about to start this week on a Western tour for the purpose of collecting subscriptions and canvassing for the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. We trust our friends and subscribers will give him every assistance, and facilitate his work as far as may lie in their power.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

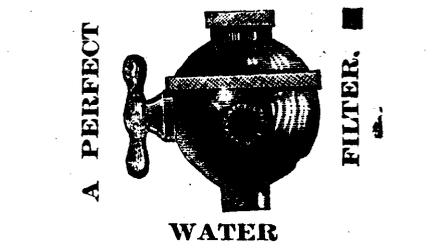
FEBRUARY, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, A.M., P.M., MAILS, CLOSING, A.M., P.M. Rows include: ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c. Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c., will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays. Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December. For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December. For Cuba, 10th December. For Cuba and Porto Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22nd December. For Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 15th & 24th Dec. For Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 29th December. For Curacao and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December. For Jamaica and West Indies. For Jamaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama), 1th and 30th December. For Hayti direct, 6th, 17th and 28th December. For Hayti, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec. For Porto Rico, 10th December. For Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, 6th December. For South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th, 20th and 30th December. For Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 21st December. For Windward Islands, 10th and 28th December. For Grevtown, Nicaragua, 16th December. Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December. For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.



WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS, DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY, INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, JAUNDICE, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN, HEADACHE, AND every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD. T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.



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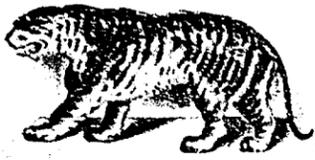
Cadbury's COCOA ESSENCE. PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING. It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS of the average of other Cocoas which are mixed with sugar and starch. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by shopkeepers for the extra profit.

Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Change of Time. COMMENCING ON Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882. Trains will run as follows: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa, 8:20 p.m. 8:30 a.m. 5:00 p.m. Arrive at Ottawa, 7:55 a.m. 1:20 p.m. 9:50 p.m. Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga, 10:00 p.m. 8:10 a.m. 4:55 p.m. Arrive at Hochelaga, 9:45 a.m. 1:00 p.m. 9:45 p.m. Leave Hochelaga for Quebec, 6:40 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 10:00 p.m. Arrive at Quebec, 8:00 a.m. 9:50 p.m. 6:30 a.m. Leave Quebec for Hochelaga, 5:30 p.m. 10:10 a.m. 10:00 p.m. Arrive at Hochelaga, 7:30 a.m. 4:50 p.m. 6:30 a.m. Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome, 6:00 p.m. Arrive at St. Jerome, 7:45 p.m. Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga, 6:45 a.m. Arrive at Hochelaga, 9:00 a.m. Leave Hochelaga for Joliette, 5:15 p.m. Arrive at Joliette, 7:40 p.m. Leave Joliette for Hochelaga, 6:20 a.m. Arrive at Hochelaga, 8:50 a.m. (Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.) Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga. Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains. Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec. Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m. All Trains Run by Montreal Time. GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, } MONTREAL. 202 St. James Street, } Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec. L. A. SENECAI Gen'l Sup't.

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We invite inspection.  
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 THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS,  
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 FINE AND MEDIUM.  
 AN IMMENSE STOCK.  
**HENRY SHAW & CO.,**  
 726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.)

\$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.  
 Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

**CASTOR FLUID** (Registered.)  
 A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.  
**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
 Sole Manufacturer,  
 144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

**70 NEW STYLE CARDS.** (Extra size board) Chromo. Motto, Ivy-Wreath, Fringed Hand Bouquet, Gilt Vase of Roses, no to add, same in fancy type, 10 etc. 14 names 11. Agents make 40 per cent. Sample Book of 90 styles for 1882 25c. or free with \$1. order. Packed so as to avoid damage. **CLAXTON PRINTING Co.** Northford Conn.



**NOTICE.**

**SEALED TENDERS,** addressed to the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon on **WEDNESDAY, 1st MARCH, 1882,** for the delivery of the usual Indian Supplies, duty paid, in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, consisting of Flour, Bacon, Groceries, Ammunition, Twine, Oxen, Cows, Bulls, Agricultural Implements, Tools, &c.  
 Forms of tender and full particulars relative to the Supplies required, can be had by applying to the undersigned or to the Indian Superintendent, Winnipeg.  
 Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Cheque of a Canadian Bank for at least five per cent. on the amount of the tenders for the North-West Territories, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.  
 The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.  
 [No newspaper to insert without special authority from this Department through the Queen's Printer.]  
**L. VANKOUGHNET,**  
 Deputy of the Superintendent  
 General of Indian Affairs.  
 Dept. of Indian Affairs,  
 Ottawa, 30th Jan., 1882.

**CARDS,** 10 Lilly & Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Scroll & engraved, in colors in case, & 1 Love Letter, same on all 15c. West & Co., Westville, Ct.

**The Scientific Canadian**  
**MECHANICS' MAGAZINE**  
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 A MONTHLY JOURNAL  
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 without which no bottle of the original **WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE** is genuine.  
 Ask for **LEA and PERRINS' Sauce,** and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.  
 To be obtained of  
**MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.**

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.**

The **CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY** offer lands in the **FERTILE BELT** of Manitoba and the North-west Territory for sale at  
**\$2.50 PER ACRE.**  
 Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.  
**A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE**  
 being allowed on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.  
**THE LAND GRANT BONDS**  
 of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be  
**RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM**  
 on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.  
 Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.  
 For full particulars apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, **JOHN McTAVISH,** Winnipeg, or to the undersigned.  
 By order of the Board,  
**CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.**  
 Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

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**EXTRACT OF MEAT**  
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**MEAT-FLAVOURING**  
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**MADE DISHES & SAUCES.**  
 An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.  
 "Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."  
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 TRADE MARK. The Great English TRADE MARK. Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing  
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 ARE PURE AND THEIR  
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 In every family where Economy and Health are needed. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Biscuits, cakes, Griddle Cakes, Ac. Ac., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**  
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