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Wholesale News

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UNDER THE OLD REGIME.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

May 21st, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 80°	40°	50°	Mon.. 70°	41°	57°
Tues.. 64°	38°	51°	Tues.. 63°	40°	51°
Wed.. 64°	38°	51°	Wed.. 60°	45°	52°
Thurs.. 65°	40°	52°	Thurs.. 63°	39°	51°
Fri... 80°	45°	53°	Fri... 64°	45°	54°
Sat... 64°	45°	54°	Sat... 63°	45°	54°
Sun... 65°	49°	57°	Sun... 60°	34°	42°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, May 27, 1882.

DECORATIVE ART A LA WILDE

Last week we spoke of OSCAR WILDE himself. It remains to add a few words upon his lectures as delivered in Montreal. Mr. WILDE is not a lecturer "to the manner born"; neither has his education or experience qualified him to be a teacher of great things. The natural result was that his stage utterances, though true in the main and throughout aiming at a great and true ideal, yet failed to produce any very remarkable effect. The lectures were in fact thoroughly unpractical. It is one thing to see the ideal of the beautiful and to wish to have it introduced into our homes. It is quite another to suggest methods by which this ideal may be won.

To take an example. Mr. WILDE told us that to produce really artistic work, the workman—and by this term he gave us to understand that he meant the ordinary everyday mechanic—should be surrounded by an atmosphere as it were of beautiful things. Now that is in itself very charming, but we all know that in fact not only are the surroundings of the average workman perfectly unlovely, but in the majority of instances they are so from the mere necessities of the case.

All this is the result of a want of practical experience in the reforms he suggests. Mr. WILDE like many others of his temperament, has a warm and wholly admirable sympathy for the lovely in Art, in Music, in Nature, but he has never studied (or if he has he has not profited by his studies) the conditions under which these effects are attainable in our present state of civilization.

What we want, and what we must clearly look to another than Mr. WILDE to give us, is a thoroughly practical exposition of the methods by which we may manage to obtain not perfection in art, not even, for the majority of us, the best in itself, but the best we can get for our money and labor—seeing that many of us have to decorate our rooms and dress our women with a view to the smallest possible outlay consistent with the end we have before us.

If Mr. WILDE has aroused by his coming an interest in these subjects sufficient to lead people to the consideration of them at all, he has our best thanks. If even he has persuaded our citizens that what many of them have been accustomed to consider beautiful because costly, is in the majority of cases the incarnation of ugliness and bad taste, then once more he has done a good work. And as for the lectures themselves. Well, people want to see the man, not to listen to him, and thus no one can complain, if they saw much and heard little.

MORAL INSURANCE.

Civilization may be defined in a rough way as the division of responsibility. The savage builds his own house, digs out the hollow log for his yacht, kills the material for his dinner, executes his enemy, divorces his wife, and due time burns or buries her himself. The cultured man does all these disagreeable duties by proxy. In like manner he finds it convenient to lighten his cares by shifting as many of them as possible on to other people's shoulders. He pays an insurance company an annuity for relieving him of the duty of providing for his family, rebuilding his house if burnt, or replacing his furniture if destroyed. For twopence a head there are speculative gentlemen in the city who will take their chance of having to make good to any number of widows and orphans the defunct products of a railway accident; and there are several associations which readily agree for a modest subscription steadily paid in advance to guarantee the soundness of your drains, the health of your horses, your doctor's bills, and the honesty of your clerks, or make somebody else pay all round for the damage done. But though it is doubtless very solacing to know that by joining the Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes we can be physicked free, or be put under ground at an absolute profit to our surviving—but not disconsolate—relatives by becoming members of the Ancient Order of Foresters, men do not live solely to make it hot for the sanitary authorities, and the anticipation of being carried to the Cemetery in good style affords but a moderate satisfaction to men not imbued with the Chinaman's philosophy.

Nor do these insurance companies, which undertake to guarantee, if not the honesty, at least the result of the dishonesty of their clients, exactly meet our wants. Probably few of us are consumed with a desire to forge anybody's name, to manipulate cheques, or to rob a bank. And; not unlikely, a still smaller number of us never have an opportunity of indulging in any of these vicious luxuries; while no system of moral insurance as yet devised has undertaken to save the erring subscriber from the legal consequences of his knavery, or even that the wordiest of counsel shall do his best to cheat the hulks or the treadmill of their dues.

Most of us meet with some accident or other in the course of our lives; many have fires, and all of us die. Hence the insurance companies, which gamble in the chances of these events, calculate on what is a greater or less certainty, and must accordingly charge corresponding premiums. But there are other incidents in most people's lives which no corporation has yet provided for, but which are even more urgent to be seen to.

Until lately marriage was one of these, but a Marriage Insurance Company has anticipated the appearance of this article, and should prove a great boon to the company. But there are other ways in which such a system of Insurance might be made available. The poor man, the rich man who has suddenly met with reverses of fortune, and the widow, could be enabled to educate their children in the way they had proposed in brighter days, and marry their daughters in something like the grandiose fashion which long custom has made almost indispensable. But there are other aspects of moral insurance which, if more difficult to work, are not less desirable to try and put in practice. Wards in Chancery in England at all events, as all the world, and more especially those impulsive young men who elope with them, know to their cost, are remarkably well looked after. Yet the Lord Chancellor has, personally, little to do with them. Paid officials manage the "the wards" like so many chattels, and keep the run of their affairs by a system of book-keeping by double and single entry. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to ask whether the system could not be extended to the operations of an insurance company? There is a general ten-

dency in mankind to go to the bad, and, doubtless, a statistician could easily tell us the average of black sheep in any given number of highly respectable families. The years between seventeen and twenty-five are notoriously parlous ones for the every-day young man to tide over. They are always getting into trouble, being sued for breaches of promise or for assaults, coming a cropper over the favorite, taking to billiards, brandy and politics, or getting hopelessly over head and ears in debt. Few mothers are capable of biting these "ne'er-do-weels," and many fathers, after being half-ruined in the attempt, give it up in despair. But the discreet solicitors and confidential agents of the Moral Insurance Company (Limited) could manage things much more easily. Montagu Montmorency (né Mordecai Moses), the advertising money-lender, would know it was no use "trying it on" with "the company," and the accommodating tradesman, who got a gentle hint that a particular minor was "in the hands" of the same powerful corporations, might restrain his ardour in proffering credit to a youth so well looked after. "The Company" might—and if the policy specified for this, would—send to their clients being settled in life, sent to the Northwest, or coached up with such skill as to be sure to win a place in some competitive examination. The rest ought to be merely a question of details and actuarial columns. It may be objected that all this would tend to reduce parental responsibility and encourage the objects of such policies in reckless courses. We hardly think so. Sane people do not run in front of a cab simply because in the event of having their limbs broken they are entitled to six guineas a week until they can walk; nor, as a rule, does the holder of a fire insurance policy burn down his house after paying the first year's premium. A good boy, even supposing he knew the fact, would be unwilling to forfeit the premiums paid to secure the advantages thus put in his way, while the bad one might indulge his evil propensities with greater caution when he remembered that he must in future reckon not with a soft-hearted mother or an inexperienced father, but with the keen, just, though unmalleable officials of a corporation.

LONGFELLOW'S EARLY PROMISE.

In the school readers of half a century ago there were two poems which every boy and girl read and declaimed and remembered. How much of that old literature has disappeared! How much that stirred the hearts and touched the fancies of those boys and girls, their children have never heard of! Willie's "Saturday Afternoon" and "Burial of Arnold" have floated away, almost out of sight, with Pierpont's "Bunker Hill" and Sprague's Fourth-of-July oration. The relentless wings of oblivion incessantly slow. Scraps of verse and rhetoric once so familiar are caught up, wafted noiselessly away, and lodging in neglected books and in the dark corners of fading memories, gradually vanish from familiar knowledge. But the two little poems of which we speak have survived. One of them was Bryant's "March," and the other was Longfellow's "April," and the names of the two poets singing of spring were thus associated in the spring-time of our poetry, as the fathers of which they will be always honored.

Both poems originally appeared in the *United States Literary Gazette*, and were included in the modest volume of selections from that journal which was published in Boston in 1826. The chief names in this little book are those of Bryant, Longfellow, Percival, Mellen, Dawes and Jones. Percival has already become a name only; Dawes, and Grenville Mellen, who, like Longfellow, was a son of Maine, are hardly known to this generation, and Jones does not even appear in Duyckinck's *Cyclopædia*. But in turning over the pages it is evident that Time has dealt justly with the youthful bards, and that the laurel rests upon the heads of the singers whose earliest strains fitly prelude the music of their prime. Longfellow was nineteen years old when the book was published. He had graduated at Bowdoin College the year before, and the verses had been written and printed in the *Gazette* while he was still a student.

The glimpses of the boy that we catch through the recollections of his old professor, Packard, and of his college mates, are of the same character as at every period of his life. They reveal a modest, refined, manly youth, devoted to study, of great personal charm and gentle manners. It is the boy that the older man suggested. To look back upon him is to trace the broad

clear and beautiful river far up the green meadows to the limpid rill. His poetic taste and faculty were already apparent, and it is related that a version of an ode of Horace which he wrote in his sophomore year so impressed one of the members of the examining board that when afterwards a chair of modern languages was established in the college, he proposed as its incumbent the young Sophomore whose fluent verse he remembered. The impression made by the young Longfellow is doubtless accurately described by one of his famous classmates, Hawthorne, for the class of '25 is a proud tradition of Bowdoin. In "P's Correspondence," one of the *Mosses from an old Manse*, a quaint fancy of a letter from "my unfortunate friend P.," whose wits were a little disordered, there are grotesque hints of the fate of famous persons. P. talks with Burns at eighty-seven; Byron, grown old and fat, wears a wig and spectacles; Shelley is reconciled to the Church of England; Coleridge finishes "Christabel"; Keats writes a religious ode on the millennium; and George Canning is a peer. On our side of the sea, Dr. Channing has just published a volume of verses; Whittier has been lynched ten years before in South Carolina; and, continues P.: "I remember, too, a lad just from college, Longfellow by name, who scattered some delicate verses to the winds, and went to Germany, and perished, I think, of intense application, at the University of Göttingen." Longfellow in turn, recalled his classmate, Hawthorne—a shy, dark-haired youth fitting across the college grounds in a coat with bright buttons.

Among these delicate verses was the poem to "An April Day." As the work of a very young man it is singularly restrained and finished. It has the characteristic elegance and flowing melody of his later verse, and its half-pensive tone is not excessive nor immature. It is not, however, for this that it is most interesting, but because, with Bryant's "March," it is the fresh and simple note of a truly American strain. Perhaps the curious reader, enlightened by the observation of subsequent years may find in the "March" a more vigorous love of nature, and in the "April" a tenderer tone of tranquil sentiment. But neither of the poems is the echo of a foreign music, nor an exercise of remembered reading. They both deal with the sights and sounds and suggestions of the American landscape in the early spring. In Longfellow's "April" there are none of the bishops' caps and foreign ornament of illustration to which Margaret Fuller afterwards objected in his verse. But these early associated poems, both of the younger and older singer, show an original movement of American literary genius, and, like the months which they celebrate, they foretold a summer.

That summer had been long awaited. In 1809, Buckminster said in his Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard College: "Our poets and historians, our critics and orators, the men of whom posterity are to stand in awe, and by whom they are to be instructed, are yet to appear among us." Happily, however, the orator thought that he beheld the promise of their coming, although he does not say where. But even as he spoke they were at hand. Irving's *Knickerbocker* was published in 1809, and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" was written in 1812. The *North American Review*, an enterprise of literary men in Boston and Cambridge, was begun in 1815, and Bryant and Longfellow were both contributors. But it was in the year 1821, the year in which Longfellow entered college that the beginning of a distinctive American literature became most evident. There were signs of an independent intellectual movement both in the choice of subjects and in the character of treatment. This was the year of the publication of Bryant's first alim volume, and of Cooper's *Spy*, and of Dana's *Ipsley Man*. Irving's *Sketch-Book* was already finished, Miss Sedgwick's *Hope Leslie* and Percival's first volume had been issued, and Halleck's and Drake's "Croakers" were already popular. In these works, as in all others of that time, there was indeed no evidence of great creative genius. The poet and historian whom Buckminster foresaw, and who were to strike posterity with awe, had not yet appeared, but in the same year the voice of the orator whom he anticipated was heard upon Plymouth rock in cadences massive and sonorous as the voice of the sea. In the year 1821, there was the plain evidence of an awakening original literary activity.

Longfellow was the youngest of the group in which he first appeared. His work was graceful, tender, pensive, gentle, melodious, the strain of a troubadour. When he went to Europe in 1826 to fit himself more fully for his professorship, he had but "scattered some delicate verses to the winds." When he returned, and published in 1833 his translations of "Coplas de Manrique" and other Spanish poems, he had apparently done no more. There was plainly shown an exquisite literary artist, a very Benvenuto of grace and skill. But he would hardly have selected as the poet who was to take the strongest hold of the hearts of his countrymen, the singer whose sweet and hallowing spell was to be so deep and universal that at last it would be said in another country that to it also his death was a national loss.

The qualities of these early verses, however, were never lost. The genius of the poet steadily and beautifully developed, flowering according to its nature.—G. R. CURTIS, in *Harper's*.

THE Chicago gambling houses are again in full swing.

THE SOUTHEAST CHAMBER.

In the southeast chamber he lies;
And above him, after the rain,
Thro' the dark on the wall is shed
The moonlight, rippled and deep.

Closed are the beautiful eyes;
Dulled is the eager brain;
And over the book that is read,
Old age, like a child, asleep.

And the tidings of woe are whirled
From the chamber facing the south,
Horne on the sun sublime,
On the wings of the forests spread

To the ends remote of the world:—
"Serenus, seeker of truth,
The star of this latter time,
The man of our love, is fled."

Lonely indeed there lies
But the slave of a noble will,
But the house of thoughts that were pure,
For these can no longer stay.

Yet the sweet soul heavenly wise
Beyond us, shall touch us still,
As a song thro' our prison-door,
Enchanting, and far away!

LOUISE MOORE GUINNY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SNOW ON THE PLAINS.—A snow blockade is one of the most unpleasant adventures which travellers by railroad can encounter on the great plains of the West. To say nothing of the detention, which is always a nuisance, there is the danger of running short of fuel and provisions, especially when a train is blockaded on a wild stretch of thinly peopled territory. Instances have occurred where a train has been detained for several days before the track could be cleared, and the unfortunate passengers were nearly as much in danger of freezing or starving to death as if they had been wrecked on an arctic ice-field. Extra precautions are of course taken when there is danger of a snow blockade, and passenger trains are furnished with several powerful locomotives to enable the engineers to push their way through ordinary drifts. It often happens that a train meets with an accumulation of snow which baffles repeated efforts to clear it from the track. In such cases the train is backed a considerable distance, and then rushed at full speed into the opposing drift. This manoeuvre is sometimes repeated many times before success is attained. Our illustration will give the reader a good idea of the obstacles and perils that beset a snow-blockaded train.

MOOSE-HUNTING IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the hunting sketches in this number spent several weeks in the forests tracking moose under the guidance of an experienced Indian hunter, whose wood-craft filled him with admiration. On striking a recent trail, the taciturn red man would lead the way in perfect silence through the sombre pine forest, over hill, through valley, and across frozen stream and morass. Sometimes fortune was kind, and the noble game was captured on the first day. At other times, several days would elapse before the hunters had a chance for a shot. Now and then the artist was fearful of being lost in the dense forest; but his guide, though unprovided with a compass, always found his way back to camp by the nearest way, no matter how devious and long had been their course. The permanent camp from which the hunting excursions were made was a rough log cabin, the interior of which is shown in the illustration. It was square in shape, each side composed of three large logs laid one on the other, and forming a wall about three feet high. The roof was made of poles running up to a centre point, and closely thatched with moss, twigs, and broad strips of birch bark. An opening in the roof served the purpose of a chimney. The first sketch shows the Indian guide testing the ice on a stream. The picture of a moose's head was copied from a specimen shot by an Indian last year. It measured five feet six inches between the tips of the horns. In sketch No. 3 the guide is supposed to be regaling the weary hunters after the day's sport with exciting stories of adventure in the forest.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE IN THE CLOUDS.

The story I am about to relate happened during the Franco-Prussian war, in which the art of ballooning played so important a part. The city of Paris was formally invested on the 25th of Sept., and the imprisoned inhabitants had no means of communication with the outside world save by means of carrier pigeons and balloons. So complete, however, was the system carried out that every event which happened in Paris was duly chronicled at Tours, the seat of the governing powers, despatch balloons journeying to and fro daily.

It is six o'clock a.m. The morning is extremely fine, considering that it is late in October. On an immense open space in front of the large hall at Tours, a space set apart for the accommodation of the numerous experienced aeronauts then employed in the Government service, walks to and fro Monsieur Gustave Nadar, one of the most celebrated professors of aerostation. Occasionally he looks up at the heavens, as if taking a critical survey, and anon he turns his gaze in the direction of a huge balloon, then in course of being filled at a short distance from him. Anyone could see that Monsieur Nadar

was getting impatient. He is waiting the arrival of the private secretary of the Minister with important despatches, which he is to convey that day to Paris. It is a service of great danger. The intrepid voyager will have to pass over the Prussian lines, where thousands of men engaged in "grim visaged war" will watch him, and secretly hope for some fatality to befall him. His balloon, the Intrepide, aways about majestically, as though chafing under the restraint placed upon it.

All is prepared, when Monsieur Barré, the secretary, appears, carrying with him a packet of documents neatly tied up, and presenting them to Monsieur Nadar, speaks a few words of caution and explanation. The aeronaut takes the packet, and in company with the secretary hurries to the balloon. Nadar lightly springs into the car; he stoops and places the precious documents in a kind of secret pocket artfully concealed under the drapery. Having done this, he looked round thoughtfully at the necessary paraphernalia placed ready to hand, as though mentally assuring himself that his assistants had omitted nothing towards the means of carrying out his perilous voyage in safety. Finally he tightened a strong belt which he wore round his waist, from which could be plainly seen a pair of bright-looking six chamber revolvers. In a quiet but firm tone he called to the men, "Make ready." Then shaking hands hurriedly with Monsieur Barré, who wished him "success," the men grasping the ropes had eased the huge machine up some ten or fifteen feet, when directly came the sharp command, "Let go."

Away the entrepide rises straight and swift as an arrow from the bow. For the first ten minutes the balloon, although checked in speed, seemed as if it had not swerved a yard from a direct upward course. Soon the current of air necessary, and calculated upon by the aeronaut, was felt, and she drifted swiftly off in the direction of Paris. Steadily and quickly was the journey being accomplished. Eleven o'clock had arrived. Monsieur Nadar was three thousand metres in the air, and over the opposing forces of the Prussians, which appeared as though a lilliputian host had taken to the field, so minute did they appear by distance. Fort Charenton was reached, and Paris could plainly be observed. Monsieur Nadar quickly congratulated himself upon the ease with which he was apparently accomplishing his journey. He was taking but little heed of the surrounding prospect, his eyes being fixed intently upon the distant capital.

Suddenly an exclamation of surprise came from him. On his right hand appeared a huge balloon. He shades his eyes with his hand to gain a clearer view, for the sun's rays were bright and strong in illuminating the atmosphere around him. A second now came to view on his left hand. Monsieur Nadar became alarmed, although long before he had mentally resolved to die rather than suffer himself to be made a prisoner.

The French colours were soon flying from the car of the Intrepide. Both the stranger balloons immediately responded by exhibiting the same tokens of nationality.

"Friends, by all that's lucky!" cried the excited Monsieur Nadar. But vain were his endeavours to make out the faces of his "friends." They studiously kept them turned from him. Nearer and nearer the machines were drawn towards each other. The occupant of the car beneath the first balloon was now near enough to be hailed by Monsieur Nadar.

"Holloa!" shouted the aeronaut of the Government.

"Holloa!" answered the stranger.

"Who are you? What is your name, and what is your purpose?" were questions asked one after another in tones of hurried excitement. "I am beside you, Monsieur Nadar," came the reply; "you see I know you. As to my name, it is Carl Von Paek, principal aeronaut to the Prussian forces, now in thousands below us; and I am going to carry you a prisoner to them."

At the conclusion of the above remarks the Prussian banded in the French colours, substituting in their place those of his own nation. He had, in point of fact, been sent up by the Prussian commander less with a view to capture the aeronaut himself than to obtain possession of his despatches.

Monsieur Nadar, nothing daunted, quickly and fearlessly retorted, "Thank you; perhaps you will capture me first. And your companion yonder?" he added, pointing to the other balloon, as yet out of speaking distance.

"You will soon discover," replied his antagonist, at the same time firing at him from a revolver, the bullet taking effect by passing through the neck of the Intrepide, just above the Frenchmen's head. The gas poured out with a hissing sound from the bullet holes, but Nadar was equal to the occasion, for in a moment the punctures were stopped with a strongly adhesive substance which he carried with him to serve in case of emergency. It was evidently the desire of the Prussian to aim at the aeronaut rather than to destroy the balloon, for the second shot passed through cordage close by him. Swift as thought Monsieur Nadar thought of a ruse to deceive the enemy, for on the second fire he threw up his arms with a loud cry and dropped out of sight in the car. The Prussian, thus deceived, raised himself to his full height, and for the first time during the novel warfare stood exposed to view, waving his hat with joy in the anticipation of his prize. Nadar only requires this opportunity, for a well aimed shot from his revolver tumbled the fellow over with a fearful groan of agony. He directly poured five or six

successive shots into the body of the balloon, which instantly began to settle down on its way to the earth, bearing with it the dead body of its late exultant owner. Our hero's attention was now called to enemy number two, who had got near enough to fire, but who made no attempt to do so. Monsieur Nadar, conceiving that his intention was to grapple with him, flung out a bag of ballast, and quickly rose above the coming enemy. The slight alteration of altitude brought the Intrepide in contact with a fresh current of air, which wafted it, as it were, at an angle with the course before pursued. The effect of this was to cause the balloons to cross, the Prussian one at the time being below. It sealed his doom, for Nadar, watching his chance with breathless anxiety, made all ready, and at the very instant of crossing he cut away the grappling iron which hung extended underneath the car. With a crash it tore through the enemy's balloon. Thought could hardly be quicker than the flight to earth, a shapeless mass. M. Nadar, after this extraordinary victory, descended to the current of air he had before been journeying in, and although an hour behind the usual time for accomplishing the passage, Paris was reached by him, and his despatches were delivered in safety.

For this heroic act he received a unanimous vote of thanks from the then existing Government, besides a handsome monetary acknowledgement. Nadar performed many other journeys during the war, but none that brought him into such close proximity with the Prussians as this "aerial combat."

DECEIT.

Agreed, that many rambling shots have been fired, much twaddle talked upon this subject; yet, these oft-talked-of themes still hold sway—are the topics of to-day.

Progress, which all thoughtful minds aim for, advocate the cause of, can be made, even on the most every-day and homely words imaginable. Love! never yet a "tabooed" subject, never shall grow old, never become less engrossing through all time; so with our subject Deceit. As we go on through life nearing the allotted span of existence, we find our topic Deceit takes a large share in life. Yes, a subject oft talked against, not always assailed, however.

Who has not felt the prick of the pointed weapon Deceit in a trusted friend? Bulwer is right. "The pen is mightier than the sword," and the sting of a hundred battle-field wounds of glory, less torture than the bite of the sarcastic pen of a wounded, but, afortime affectionate, friend, whose very nature is outraged by the devil Deceit! provided it be a woman—withal a literary woman—upon whom deceit be practised. What the men are afraid of is such a woman. So surely as God made woman to be a helpmate to man, so surely did woman in her turn emphatically wed the friendship of a good and upright man to help her successfully over the pitfalls and shoals of this dreary path, called life! But, if that friend deceive! (Not to say that they are not even strong to the end, who are not afraid, who move "straight as a dart," do what they believe to be right, turned not aside by the sneers, the jeers, or the ridicule of a multitude, men who show forth by their lives that the high-minded thoughts which exalt them and aid the weaker sex predominate; act as balm on the weary-laden, but "ever onward" spirit of the woman.) Yet, so surely there is also the sting of the scorpion deceit, which not all the arts of the devil taken together, (there are other good points, however, in favor of the individual) can ever arrive at, or hope to attain for him forgiveness for this abominable treachery.

MAX MAURICE.

GOOD TALKERS.

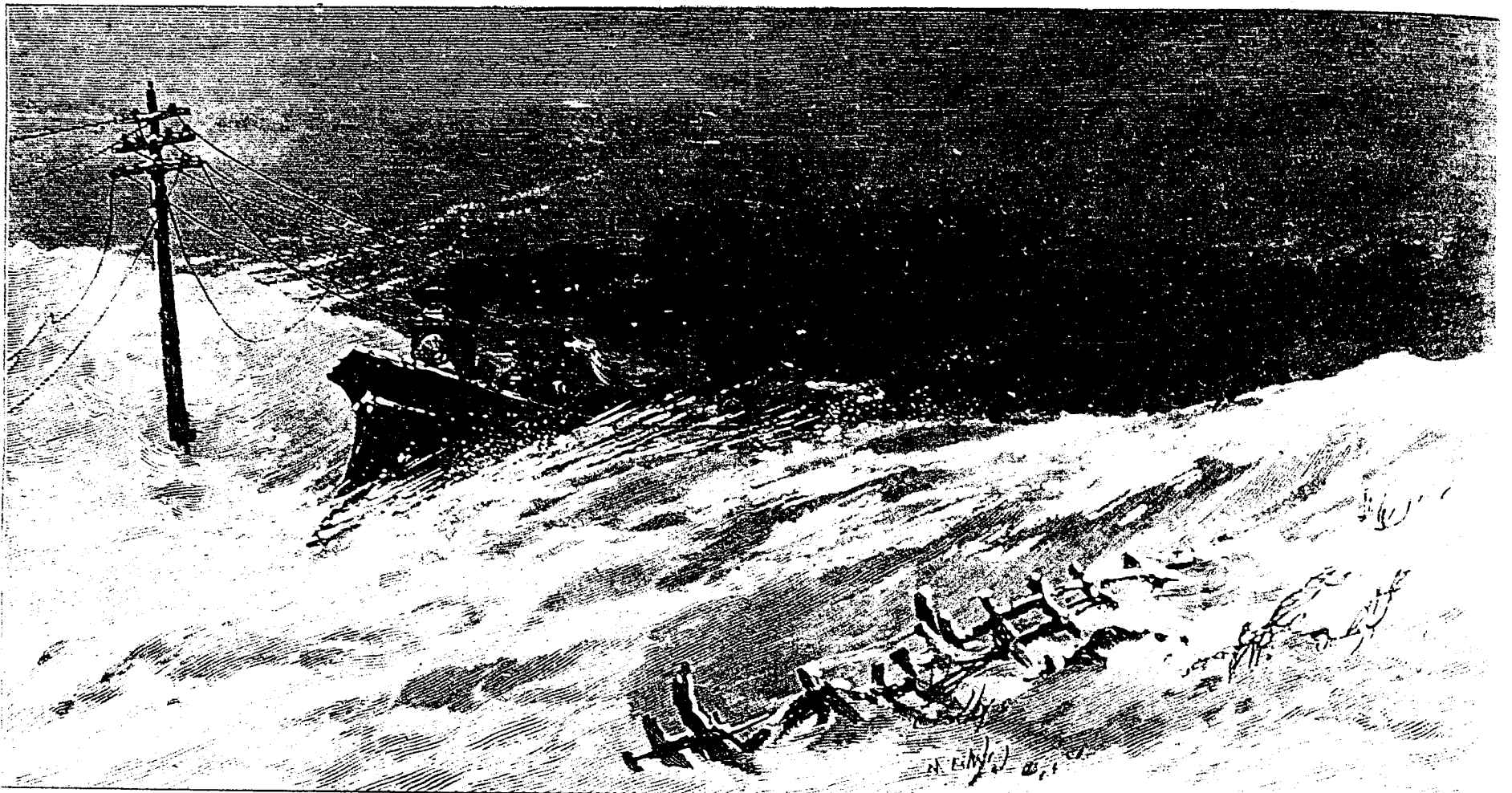
The commonest errors in spoiling the art of conversation are the talking too little or too much. On the one hand, there are the people—for whom, in comparison, I entertain a greater degree of sympathy and respect—who talk very little. This is occasionally the case to an extent which is ludicrously exaggerated. They apparently confine themselves to monosyllables. They seem to think with the misanthrope that conversation is the bane of society. Turning into the by-ways of anecdote, I may mention a curious instance that is recorded of a man who wished to be hermit and misanthrope by deputy. This was the Hon. Charles Hamilton, who, in the time of George II., laid out at Cobham the famous grounds celebrated by Gray and Horace Walpole. Among other pretty things which he erected on his grounds was a hermitage, and he took it into his head that he would like to have a real live hermit to inhabit it. He accordingly advertised for a hermit, and offered seven hundred a year to any one who would lead a true hermit's life, sleeping on a mat, never suffering scissors to touch his beard or his nails, and never speaking a syllable to the servant who brought his food. A man was found for the place; but after three weeks he had enough of it, and retired. It is hard to see what good his seven hundred a year could have done him under such conditions. Still there are people whose tone of mind is essentially of a hermit-like condition. Keble says of all of us, "Our hermit spirits dwell and range apart." One meets with people whose social powers have died out from sheer disuse. They sometimes become sardonic in their monosyllables. They put in Burchell's "Fudge!" to most remarks they hear. Apparently they regard us poor trivial

talkers as being extremely shallow; and perhaps remind us of the saying that "speech is silver and silence golden; speech is human, silence is divine." For myself, I like the silvery sound of really human speech. It is just possible that these sublime beings do not talk for the simple reason that they have nothing to say. One remembers Coleridge's story of the man in the coach, whose dignified reserve, thoughtful face, and massive brow he regarded with mute admiration. The great being said nothing until they went in to dine at a hotel ordinary, when he plunged his fork into some potatoes, and exclaimed, "Them's the jockeys for me!" Unquestionably one often meets with people who are quite painfully shy and reserved, feelings which are quickened by their own knowledge of their defects. Addison was a notoriously poor talker. He himself knew it; but he also knew how much he had to set off against this deficiency; "I haven't got ninepence in my pocket," he said, "but I can write you a check for a thousand pounds." Goldsmith "wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll." I know people who possess an astonishing genius for repartee. But unfortunately it takes them a good many hours to prepare their repartee, and their answer is only ready when it is literally a day too late. Of course there are people who resemble those familiar birds of our childhood, that, unlike the birds of Aristophanes, can sing, but won't sing, and should be made to sing. They can talk, and they ought to talk, and they should be made to talk. Indeed, there is one class of men whom I confess I regard with some measure of suspicion and dislike. They are a peculiar race of listeners. They make it a point of hearing as much and saying as little as possible. They are the suckers of other men's brains; or, as Disraeli said of Peel, the burglars of other men's intellects.

A very good story is told of an eminent Oxford professor who at one time had very considerable influence over the minds of many of the young men of the university, and was supposed to pursue a Socratic method in eliciting the dormant powers of young men. The professor knew how to be silent, and also how to talk, especially in the salons of the great and wealthy. One day he invited a promising under-graduate of the great intellectual college to take a walk with him. The young gentleman was slightly flustered with the honor of the invitation, and was prepared to pick up any golden grains of truth which might be let fall on his account. They walked out as far as Iffley, but to his great surprise a stolid silence was consistently maintained by the mighty being whom he was prepared to accept as his guide, philosopher, and friend. At last, as they turned back from Iffley lock, the under-graduate ventured to observe, "A fine day, professor." The professor vouchsafed no reply, but strode back silent into Quod, and the young fellow did not have strength of mind to renew his attempt. As they entered beneath the archway the professor fixed his keen philosophic glance upon him, and mildly said, "I did not think much of that remark of yours."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- THE Russian General Kaufmann is dead.
- ECUADOR is again in a state of revolution.
- THE French squadron at Athens has sailed for Alexandria.
- THE disabled steamer *Catalonia* has arrived at Queenstown.
- THE British and French squadrons have reached Suda Bay.
- THE Irish detective force is to be re-organized.
- THE French squadron at Athens has sailed for Alexandria.
- THE Khedive appears to be practically master of the situation.
- A SERIOUS affray is reported amongst white miners in Alaska, a number having been killed.
- EARL SPENCER declares his intention of pursuing a vigorous policy.
- A HEAVY fall of snow has damaged the cotton crop in North Carolina.
- THE coast of Western Australia has been swept by a destructive hurricane.
- AN eclipse of the sun was observed in Upper Egypt on Wednesday.
- DAMAGE done by the anti-Jewish movement in Russia is set down at £22,000,000.
- CANON MURPHY, while preaching in St. Kevin's Chapel, Dublin, on Sunday, suddenly expired.
- LIEUTENANT LUCKEHOFF, of H. M. S. *Cormorant*, has been murdered by natives of one of the New Hebrides.
- IN view of Parnell's apparent withdrawal from the extremists, he is to be asked to publish the Land League accounts for two years past.
- A FORM of special prayer, to be used during the present troubles in Ireland, has been adopted by the Upper House of Convocation at Canterbury.
- SPECULATORS have been buying up coffee from the wrecked steamer *Pliny* at 40 cents a bushel, and shipping it to New York. The Customs officials have demurred, and seized the stuff in transit.
- THE steamship *Pliny*, from Rio Janeiro for New York, went ashore on the homeward voyage, and will become a total loss. She was valued at \$250,000, and her cargo, consisting principally of coffee, at \$350,000. No lives were lost.



A SNOWSTORM ON THE PLAINS.—BREAKING THROUGH A DRIFT.



MOOSE HUNTING IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

"BONNY KATE," A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XLII.

"Tired out we are, my heart and I,
Suppose the world brought diadems
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems
Of powers and pleasures! Let it try.
We scarcely care to look at even
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
We feel so tired, my heart and I."

It is decided that the Ashtons are to leave Rome immediately after Easter, and Kate is very sorry for the decision. She thinks with a shudder of the glittering brilliancy of Paris, of the stately magnificence of London, as she saw it under the sun of an English June, and even of the deep blue lakes and snowy peaks of Switzerland; but she loves the sombre and sacred glory of Rome, as all sorrowful hearts do love it. Over the threshold of almost every church within its limits her feet have passed, before almost every shrine she has prayed for peace and patience; and in the dusky shadows of immemorial arches, before altars where faith has made its home for centuries, she has gained all that she asked. In the struggle which has drained the blood away from her cheeks "to grieve the poor heart," and wasted her to a frail shadow of the joyous girl who was the sunshine of Fairfields, more natural sweetness of character has given place to the higher charm and more tender grace which are the fruits of combat and the crown of victory.

Holy Week has come, and, as usual, the number of strangers in Rome begins to increase. Kate feels little interest in this increase—for who, she thinks, can arrive that she cares to see?—until one day she comes out of one of the churches to find Mrs. Ashton's carriage waiting for her, and in the carriage, beside Mrs. Ashton, a familiar and dearly-loved face. For a moment the girl stands incredulous, then she springs forward, and throws her arms around Miss Brooke.

"Oh, is it indeed you, my dear, dear friend!" she cries. "How happy it makes me to see you!"

"And me to see you, my Kate, my bonny Kate," says the elder lady. "I could not bear to be in ignorance about you any longer—I felt that I must come to see you. Let me look at you! Why, my child, my child, what has come over you! You told me" (to Mrs. Ashton) "that she was changed, but I did not think—"

"That I could be changed so much?" asks Kate, as she pauses. "Ah, never mind about that—what does a little flesh more or less matter! You are not changed, you are as lovely as ever; and I am so glad, so glad, so glad to see you!"



Janet meets the post boy

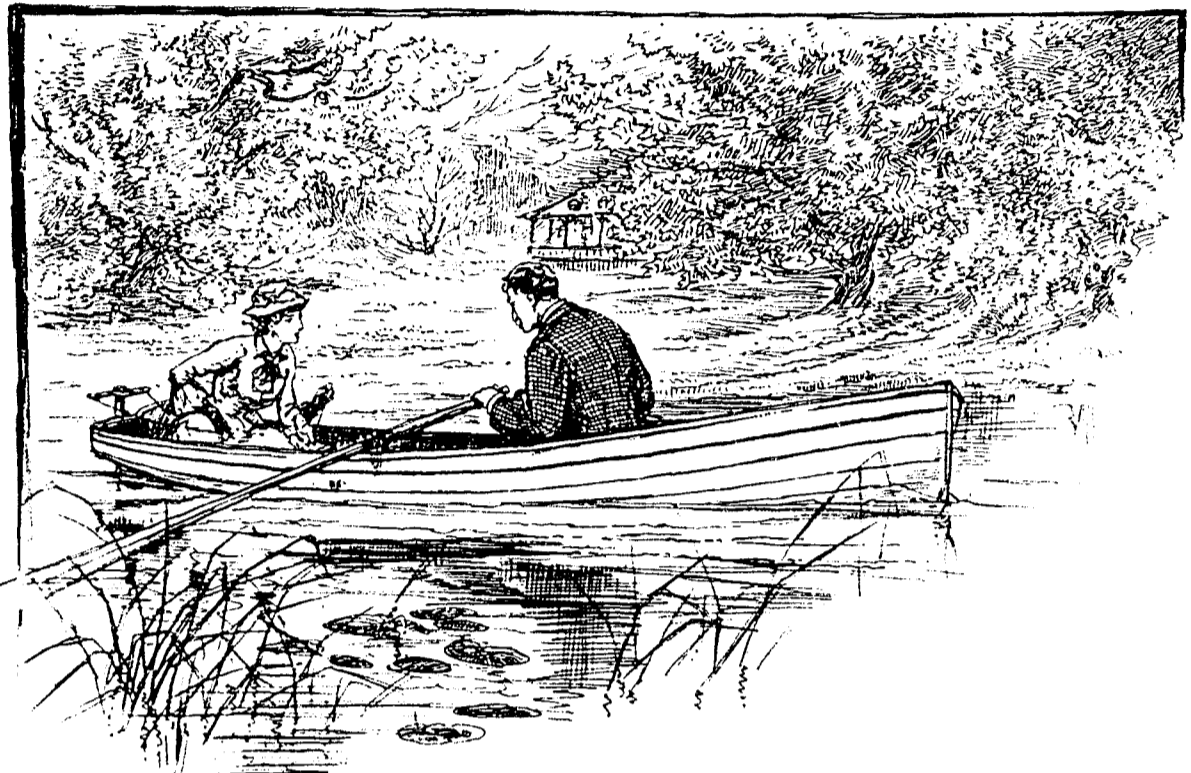
No doubt of the gladness, for her face is almost transfigured by it, her eyes shine, her lips smile, into her pale cheeks a faint color rises. Mrs. Ashton regards her with surprise, and says to herself, "If Miss Brooke thinks her changed now, what will she think when she sees her look as she does usually?"

Miss Brooke, meanwhile, is recognizing more and more the alterations in the face and figure before her, and they fill her with a consternation which she finds it hard to dissemble. Can this be Kate, the Kate she found at Fairfields, the Kate who left her to go away with the Ashtons? She can hardly credit such a transformation; and she feels like turning fiercely to the woman beside her, and saying, "What have you done to her? How wretched have you made her life that she should look like this!"

That such a charge would be unjust, we know; but Miss Brooke does not know it, and her heart burns within her as she gazes at the girl, who looks at her and feels how good, how

very good, it is to have a fragment of her own old world with her once more.

"You must come with me to my hotel, Kate," she says, after they have exhausted the common-places into which people naturally fall on meeting after long absence. "I cannot let you out of my hands. I must see you and talk to you with a comfortable sense of possessing your society without fear of interruption."



"Do you want to hear what it was?"

"Of course I will come with you," says Kate. "In fact, I fear you will not be able to shake me off when you wish to do so. I shall probably haunt you as long as you are in Rome—or we are."

"You are thinking of leaving Rome soon, then?" says Miss Brooke to Mrs. Ashton.

"Next week," the latter answers.

"You will return to America?"

"Oh, no" (with a slight shrug). Neither Mr. Ashton nor myself have any desire to return to America. We go to Paris."

"Do you think my heart is broken?" says Kate. "I do not, I only think it is tired—very tired—and homesick, as I said. Don't think that any one has been unkind to me. Mr. and Mrs. Ashton have both done all they could for my pleasure—and I often feel that I am very ungrateful not to be pleased. Indeed I have tried to be; but I am tired—just tired—that is all."

Her voice drops with a pathetic cadence which goes straight to her listener's heart—as, indeed, Kate's tones had a trick of going to all hearts—and her head sinks on the knee beside her. "It is so pleasant to be with you again!" she repeats, with a long, soft sigh.

Miss Brooke cannot control her voice for several minutes; but Kate is quite content with the silence, quite content to sit motionless, with a tender hand upon her head, and drink in rest as one drinks wine. Presently, however, the elderly lady speaks.

bound to stay with Mr. Ashton unless he chooses voluntarily to send me away."

"You are bound to stay with Mr. Ashton!" repeats Miss Brooke. "Why are you bound? For heaven's sake, has he bought you, body and soul?"

"Something like it," answers Kate, quietly. "He has bought me—never mind how or why—not in the soul, thank God, but certainly in the body. It is but a poor shell to be esteemed worth buying, is it not?" she says, holding up one thin hand which the light shines through. "But every one to his taste, and, as I said before, I am bound to stay with him as long as he chooses to keep me. So, you see, I can no more think of going home than I can think of going to heaven."

"But this cannot be!" says Miss Brooke, passionately; and then a sense of discretion comes over her, and she stops. Why waste words on Kate if it is true that the girl is in

"Kate," she says, "this life is killing you—do you know that? It is simply killing you, and, unless you wish to die, you must end it. I do not understand—I have never understood why you cast your life with the Ashtons; but I think that you must recognize now that the the experiment has been an unfortunate one. I have never in my life been so shocked by any one's appearance as by yours. You are shadowy as a spirit, and Mrs. Ashton tells me that both her husband and herself are seriously alarmed by your want of strength. What must the state be which even they perceive? I speak to you plainly, because you must understand that this is no matter for trifling. Your malady is plainly more of the mind than of the body; but maladies of the mind can kill, and I do not believe that you will recover unless you come to me and let us together sail next week for home."

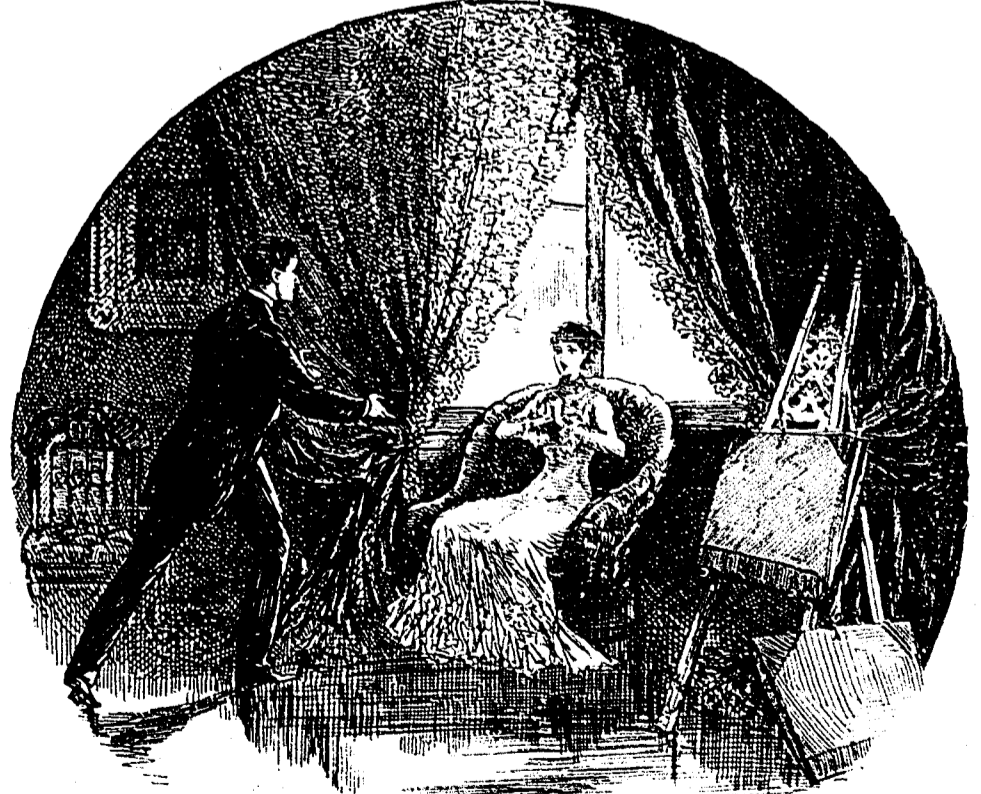
The girl looks up with a smile as sad as it is grateful. "Time makes no change in you," she says, "You are as kind as you ever have been, and I like, oh, I like very much to hear you say such things, because they prove that

some manner bound to abide by Mr. Ashton's decision? Miss Brooke feels within herself the courage necessary to beard that lion in his den, and she determines that she will do so, while deciding to say no more to Kate about the matter. So silence falls again, and it is Kate who breaks it next.

"I am ashamed to think that I have not yet asked about Mr. Fenwick," she says. "I hope he is well. Is he not with you?"

"No," answers Miss Brooke, with some reluctance. "He could not come with me—at least not conveniently. He is—he is engaged to be married."

"Indeed!" says Kate. She starts; and, if the words stab her, it is not in any manner that Miss Brooke can understand. Through her mind there flashes like lightning the thought: "If he, why not another?" But, after an instant's pause, she goes on quietly: "That is certainly news, and if he is happy, I am very glad. Is he engaged to any one whom I know—and are you pleased, dear Miss Brooke?"



"My Kate! my Kate! will you come to me now?"

you love me still; but, dear friend, it cannot. If I die, I die—that does not matter at all. But it matters to keep one's faith, and I am

"I am as pleased as I could expect to be under the circumstances," replies Miss Brooke, enigmatically. "No; he is not engaged to

any one whom you know. He met the girl at a watering-place last summer. She is nice enough—I have no fault to find with her—but she is not you, Kate."

Kate takes the hand which is still smoothing her hair, and touches it with her lips. "I cannot quarrel with you for thinking well of me," she says; "but, if this girl loves him with all her heart—and who better deserves the love of a woman's heart than he?—she is more worthy of him than I could ever have been. You must see that now; and you must let me say, too, that I am very glad he did not suffer any long pain or disappointment of my causing."

"What man ever does suffer long pain or disappointment of any woman's causing?" says Miss Brooke, who is plainly out of humor with her adored nephew. "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love—never for love!—According to my experience, my dear, their hearts are made of India-rubber."

"I suppose they are," says Kate, with a pang at her own heart which has long since grown familiar. "And indeed, it would be selfish to wish them to remember," she goes on sadly, with her thoughts wandering far from Mr. Fenwick, far as the palm-girt shores of Egypt.

".....In our mortal air,
None thrives for long upon the happiest dream."

she says, with a faint, sweet smile, "and those have cause to be grateful who can forget that which has become only a dream."

It is on the elder woman's lips to say: "Have you forgotten?" but she forbears, for an instinct warns her that such a question would be like laying a rude hand on a bare and quivering nerve.

"Have you any more news about my old friends and acquaintances?" asks Kate, wistfully. "Is any one else married or going to be?"

"I cannot recall any one else, except your old friend, Ashton Vaughn. I suppose you have heard of his marriage to the rich widow, Mrs. Carraway?"

"Oh, yes," says Kate, with a laugh. "I have heard of that, and you may be sure I did not wear any willow for him. Mrs. Carraway was the very fat woman who used to hang herself with gold and jewels like a barbaric queen, was she not? No doubt Mr. Vaughn felt, after Uncle Ashton disappointed his hopes by marrying instead of dying, that a fine gentleman who could not work and was ashamed to beg, must do the best he could for himself."

"I am told that the affair about Frank Tarleton's horse has set a mark on him which he finds hard to live down," says Miss Brooke—and before she finishes the sentence, could have bitten her tongue for her indiscretion.

But Kate's pale cheek has a flush of pleasure, for even to hear Tarleton's name in this incidental manner is like water held to thirsty lips—but the flush dies as quickly as it came.

"It seems as if all that happened in another life," she says, slowly. "When I think of Fairfields, and the old days, and the old faces—dear, dear faces, God bless them all!—I am almost sure that I have died and been buried, and am in the place of departed souls."

"If this goes on, I think you will be there very soon," says Miss Brooke, and she determines afresh to speak to Mr. Ashton without delay.

On the next day, therefore, she calls at an hour when she knows Kate is likely to be out, and boldly attacks that gentleman.

"I have been inexpressibly shocked by Kate's appearance, Mr. Ashton," she says. "Are you aware of the condition of her health? Do you know that unless some change is speedily made in her life, the child will certainly die?"

"I know that Kate does not appear to be in very good health," replies Mr. Ashton, considerably surprised and rather startled, "but I hardly think that she is in danger of death. I appreciate your interest in her, however, and—what change of life do you suggest?"

"I suggest," says Miss Brooke, "that you consent to my taking her back to America. I believe that she is pining as much from homesickness as from anything else, and that one sight of Fairfields would do more for her than all the airs of Italy."

"Has she told you this?" asks Mr. Ashton. "She has told me nothing—she has not uttered one word of complaint," replies Miss Brooke. "I saw—who could help seeing?—the state of her health, and I urged her to come with me and let me take her home; but she answered that she had promised to remain with you as long as you desired to keep her. I found her so immovable that I determined to say no more to her, but to come to you, and beg you to consent to my taking her. Surely," she goes on, imploringly, "she cannot have been with you so long without your learning to love her—and it would be better to give her up than to see her die, would it not?"

"It would be very unpleasant in every way to see her die," says Mr. Ashton, calmly, "and I will think of your proposal, and let you know my decision to-morrow."

"A creature as utterly without human feeling as if he were an iceberg!" says Miss Brooke to herself, as she goes away with little hope of gaining her point.

But the man whom she thus condemns proves that night that he has a heart under all his icy selfishness. When Kate is about to bid him good-night, and they are alone in the apartment, he says, kindly enough, "Sit down, my dear—I have something to say to you."

She is a little surprised, but she sits down quietly, and on her face is no trace of eagerness or curiosity. There is a world of sad truth in that Arab proverb which says: "Despair is a free man, Hope is a slave." When we have ceased to hope, we no longer fear; and Kate has ceased to hope for anything.

"Miss Brooke has been talking to me to-day, my dear," Mr. Ashton goes on, gazing at the pale young face,

"Which looks, undoubtedly,
As though a blooming face it ought to be."

"She is very much concerned about the state of your health, and thinks that it would be improved by your returning to America. What do you think?"

"I think that she is very kind—as kind as any one can possibly be," answers Kate, with grateful moisture gathering in her eyes, "but you know that I am in your hands, Uncle Ashton. I will go or I will stay, as you decide."

"And have you no choice, no wish yourself?" he asks.

"If you were quite willing I should like to go," she answers, with the same quietness, "for the dearest friends I have in the world are in America—but, as I often think, I can love them and pray for them as well here as there, and nothing else greatly matters."

"That is not a natural state of feeling," says Mr. Ashton, sharply. "Kate, I asked you once before to tell me what is the matter with you—I ask you now frankly, are you pining for the man you gave up to come with me?"

At this most unexpected thrust, a flush comes into Kate's face which makes her for a moment look like her old self, and she lifts her head with its old proud gesture.

"I think," she says, with dignity, that you might have spared me such a question. I have certainly suffered keenly from that of which you speak; but if I know myself, I am incapable of pining for any man on earth; not even for the man whom I loved better than my life, when at your bidding I sent him from me."

"In making that requirement, I thought that I was acting for the best," says Mr. Ashton, falling into the formula with which people often console themselves for blunders beyond their mending. "I thought that I would save you from a mistake that would ruin your life—Kate, I should like to hear you say that you believe that."

"I do believe it," answers the girl, in her frank, sweet voice, "Why should I doubt it? Every one agreed with you. My other uncle said that he would never consent to such a marriage. I do not blame you—no, not at all. You were very generous, and for your generosity you had a right to make a condition, and it was a condition for what you thought my benefit. How could I blame you, then? Indeed, I only wish I could have repaid you better."

Somewhat to her surprise, Mr. Ashton rises and walks across the room, where he pauses for a moment and clears his throat once or twice before returning. Then he comes back and says, abruptly:

"You have repaid me for the service which I rendered you, for you have been, during all the time you have been with me, the most pleasant and capable companion that I have ever known. I am not a generous man, but I hope that I am a just one, and I acknowledge that you had some claim upon me. I should have taken you when your father died; and I wish now that I had done so—but it is too late to talk of that. What I wish to say at present is that I am sorry if I made a mistake a year ago, and I give your life back into your own hands to do what you will with it. If you choose to stay with me, I need not say that I will amply provide for your future; but, if you prefer to go with Miss Brooke, you are at liberty to do so."

His voice ceases, and, for a minute, Kate can only gaze at him in silence—bewildered as a captive bird which sees his cage-door set open, and knows not what to do with the strange boon of freedom which has come to it. When she comprehends at last what has been given to her, she realizes, in her own utter incapacity for any joy thereat, how much too late it has come. Ah, why does that which we desire, that for which we eat out our hearts in longing, that for which we besiege Heaven with prayers, always come too late? What gift ever falls into our hands when they are stretched out for it? If it comes at all, it is after those hands have dropped in weariness, and when delay has robbed fruition of more than half—sometimes, indeed, of all—its value.

"Thank you, Uncle Ashton," says Kate, at last, as one might speak in a dream. "You are very good; and, I think, you are a generous as well as a just man. I shall never forget how generous you have been to me; and I hope you will not think me ungrateful when I say that I should prefer to go to my old home and my old friends."

CHAPTER XLIII

"Love that hath us in the net,
Can he pass and we forget?
Many suns arise and set;
Many a chance the years beget;
Love the gift is love the debt.
Even so."

In this way, Kate makes her choice once more between two widely diverse paths in life, and without a single sigh of regret turns from the brilliant world, which has tempted her vainly with its powers and pleasures, to set her face toward the well-loved home that sheltered her joyous youth.

The nearer she approaches to this Mecca of her heart, the more does apathy give place to an anticipation so keenly passionate that it almost seems like a flame burning in the fitful glow of the wasted cheeks, and shining in the luminous eyes. When they land in America, her reluctance to pausing anywhere short of their destination is manifestly so great that Miss Brooke sends a telegram at once to Fairfields, and they take their way thither as fast as steam can carry them.

Of the excitement which this telegram creates at Fairfields, it is vain to speak. To know that Kate is absolutely and definitely coming home is enough to send an electric thrill of joy through the whole household, and, in somewhat lesser degree, through all the neighborhood also. They think of her as of the princess of a fairy-tale, they picture her to themselves as far more charming than when she went away—a brilliant, accomplished woman of the world, perhaps, instead of the radiant girl who is shrouded in their memories, but still with the old tender eyes, the old sweet smile. "No doubt she will be changed," Janet says a dozen times a day; no doubt she will be an altogether different creature in many respects from the girl we knew, but Kate cannot fail to be Kate through it all."

"I should think not, indeed!" says Sophy, who is now Mrs. Wilmer. "She was always the most affectionate and the most honest person in the world, and if she is that still—and I am sure she will be—we can pardon her for being prettier and more fashionable, and for having a few foreign airs and graces."

"I don't suppose the airs and graces will interfere with her love of riding," says Will. "I must try that new horse of mine with a side-saddle and a riding-skirt. She will like him, I know."

So they discuss and make ready for her, and so they are altogether unprepared for the pale shadow of Kate who emerges from the train when it rushes into the familiar Arlington station-house, and falls on Janet's neck with a cry like a tired child that has found its mother's arms.

"Kate!—is it Kate?" cries Janet, shocked, incredulous, overcome with wonder and concern. "Have you been ill? What is the matter with her?" (to Miss Brooke).

"She has not been well," answers that lady, "and so I thought it best to bring her home. I think, like the Swiss soldiers, she was pining for the blue hills. She will get better now, I hope."

"I shall get better if there is any better for me," says Kate, "and, if there is not, I do not much care after I have seen you all again. Janet, you have not altered an iota, and oh, Will, my dear Will, how like yourself you are!"

"Did you expect me to be like anybody else?" asks Will, with an attempt at a laugh which is not very successful.

Indeed all desire for laughter dies out of the hearts of those who look on that changed countenance and think of it as they knew it before. When she makes her appearance at Fairfields, consternation settles over the household, and Mr. Lawrence can hardly trust himself to utter a word as he takes her into his arms.

"O uncle, how glad, how happy I am to be with you again!" cries Kate, clinging to him, as one who has been shipwrecked might cling to a rock. "It seems too good to be true! I cannot realize that I am here! I think I must be dreaming, and that I shall wake up to find myself far away."

"No, my dear little girl, you are here, and you shall never go away again," answered Mr. Lawrence, in a trembling voice. "God forgive me for ever sending you away—to be brought back like this!"

He does not address the last words to Miss Brooke, but she answers them, after Kate has been taken away with strict injunctions from Mrs. Lawrence to rest in her own room.

"Remember," she says, "that no such change as this came over Kate while she was with me. You cannot imagine any one brighter or more blooming than she was during the months she spent in my house. As I wrote to you, however, she suddenly and, to me, unaccountably determined to go abroad with the Ashtons. She was with them for a year, and a month ago I met her in Rome looking like this. I saw that she would die if something was not done, so I urged her to return with me to America; but she refused to do so, saying that she was bound to remain with Mr. Ashton as long as he wanted her. Then I appealed to him, and he—displaying a little more human feeling than I thought he possessed—agreed for her to come if she liked. So I have brought her."

"God bless you for it!" says Mr. Lawrence. "If I had known, I would have gone myself and brought her away; but I could not know, and but for you we should have heard nothing until we heard the news of her death. What did those people do to her?" he adds, sternly.

"She insists that they did nothing—that they were very kind. Certainly, I never imagined that Florida Vaughn possessed a hundredth part of the feeling she displayed at parting with Kate. We parted in Paris, and there I carried Kate to an eminent physician who said—"

"Well," inquires Mr. Lawrence as she pauses, "what did he say? I am prepared for anything after seeing her."

"His opinion was rather more favorable than I expected," answers Miss Brooke. "He said that her heart is affected—that there is an hereditary tendency to organic disease of the heart, which has been developed by distress and trouble of mind; but that, as yet, the disease does not threaten life if her general health can

be reestablished, her mode of existence be made easy and tranquil, and her mind freed from whatever anxiety is resting upon it. Those were his words."

"But what anxiety is resting upon it?" asks Mr. Lawrence. "Do you know?"

Miss Brooke shakes her head. "I confess that Kate has been an enigma to me," she says. "I ceased to make even an attempt to understand her when she discarded Herbert for Frank Tarleton—then threw the latter over with apparent indifference, in order to go abroad with the two people in the world whom she seemed most to dislike."

"That remains a mystery to me," says Mr. Lawrence; "but I am very certain that Kate had some motive which we do not suspect—and I do not think it could have been other than a good one, for God never made a more unselfish creature than she is."

Notwithstanding the shock caused by Kate's appearance, several days elapse before the household settles down to a thorough knowledge of her condition. The idea that she can be not strong enough to ride, not able to row, not capable of climbing hills, forces itself with difficulty into the minds of the younger members of the family; and even the elders learn but gradually what a change has been wrought in her. She is glad beyond all measure of ordinary gladness to be with them again; but this gladness cannot bring back strength to her frame, nor elasticity to her spirit, and, as day follows day, they perceive with alarm how deep the change in her has struck.

To Kate herself there is a revelation of this. Do we ever realize what alterations the resistless march of time, the more resistless force of circumstances, have made in us, until we return after long absence to some familiar spot, and, looking around, say, "Is it I who have come back?"

"Places are too much
Or else too little for immortal man;
Too little when love's May o'erflows the ground,
Too much when that luxuriant robe of green
Is rustling to our ankles in dead leaves.
'Tis only good to be here or there,
Because we had a dream on such a stone,
Or this or that; but, once being wholly waked,
And come back to the stone without a dream,
We trip upon '—alas! and hurt ourselves;
Or else it falls on us and grinds us flat,
The heaviest gravestone on this burying earth."

There are many such stones to fall on Kate's turn where she will. In her eager yearning for Fairfields she did not know how full of associations like sharpened swords everything there would prove. If the memory of the past was with her even beneath foreign skies, and amid alien surroundings, what is it here on the very scene of her brief, sweet dream of love? All the summer beauty of the forests, the murmurs of the river, the graceful outlines of the hills, have for her but one association. What were all these places before Tarleton filled them with his presence, with his step like music, and his smile like light? She does not know. All memory is merged for her in the recollection of that one space of existence when the two looked into each other's eyes and read the story which is as old as time, and sometimes fair as heaven, though far more often sad as earth.

But she does not yield to despondent regret now any more than she has hitherto done. Her pleasure at being again with those whom she loves so faithfully is almost pathetic, and her old friends, who soon begin to come in scores to welcome back their bonny Kate, find her unaltered in her cordial simplicity, however much they are shocked by the woeful change in her appearance. But as the days pass on, she hears nothing of one old friend, and at last she speaks of him.

"Janet," she says, "what has become of Mr. Proctor?"

Janet, who has some sewing in her hands, does not lift her eyes as she answers:

"Nothing has become of him—I mean, no change of any kind has befallen him. He is living where he always has lived, and doing what he always did, and he will be here to-morrow to see you, Kate."

"Will he?" says Kate. "I am glad to hear it—I shall be glad to see him. I have thought of him several times, but, since nobody has mentioned his name, I was half afraid to ask about him—I was afraid he might be gone away, or—dead, perhaps."

"He would have been to see you before now, if I had not written to him that you were too weak to be excited—and I was afraid that seeing him would excite you," says Janet.

Kate puts out her hand and touches softly the one which is sewing. "How thoughtful you are!" she says. "But you are mistaken—it will not excite me to see him; it will not make me remember anything more vividly than I remember it now. Of all my friends—and I have been very rich in friends, if poor in all else—there is no one whom I think of more kindly than of Mr. Proctor. I used to laugh at him, him, did I not? But now and then there are occasions in life which prove what is gold and what is base metal, and he was proved to be gold to the core."

Janet has not usually much color, but, as she lifts her face now, there is a flush on her cheeks which makes her almost pretty.

"Kate," she says, "would it distress you to hear that, although Mr. Proctor has never forgotten you, he has changed sufficiently to—to want to marry somebody else?"

"He, too!" says Kate, with involuntary dismay at this fresh proof of the limited nature of masculine constancy. Then she gathers herself together after a moment's pause, and goes on,

with a slight laugh. "I forgot how long I have been away—nearly two years, and how could we expect a man to remember so long as that? And, indeed, I am not selfish enough to be sorry that he has forgotten me sufficiently to want to marry somebody else—if the somebody else will make him happy. Who is she, Janet?"

"She is somebody who used to laugh at him, too, but who has learned better, now, and will try to make him happy, if she can," answers Janet, blushing to the roots of her hair, yet laughing, also. "Here is a ring you have not observed," she says, drawing one from her finger. "Look at the initials in it."

Kate, in a blank state of wonder and stupidity, takes the ring; but when she has mastered the fact that it is from G. P. to J. L., light begins to break upon her understanding.

"So it is you, Janet!" she cries. "O my dear, how very glad I am! This is better, a great deal better, than Mr. Jones, the widower. But how did it come about?"

"Through you, of course," says Janet. "After you went away he seemed to have no comfort except in talking to me about you, and in that way I came to know him better than I had ever done before. He is not brilliant, Kate, but he is as true and generous as a man can be."

"I know that," says Kate. "Who could know it better?"

"But you do not know—at least I hardly suppose you know—that it was he who went to Southdale when Frank Tarleton was recovering, and told him the story of how you found him. No one else had told him—no one else would have told him—but George Proctor said that he should know it. The consequence was that Frank left as soon as he was able to travel—to go to you. Kate, have I made a mistake? I could not bear that you should not know how unselfishly he tried to serve you."

"No, dear, you have not made any mistake," answers Kate, dropping the hands which she had involuntarily lifted to her face. "You have done very right. I would not have missed this knowledge for anything—I would not have remained in ignorance that I owe to that generous soul the very best gift of all my life. If you had ever known what it was to struggle against what you believed to be a love for an unworthy object, you would know the greatness and blessedness of having it replaced by a memory without a stain—and this you tell me that I owe to Mr. Proctor. Ah, may God hear my grateful prayers, and bless him through life and beyond death!"

The passionate sweetness of her voice thrills to Janet's heart; and acting on an impulse which is too strong to be resisted, she seizes her cousin's hands.

"Kate," she cries, "I must, I must ask you—why did you and Frank Tarleton part when he went to you the last time? If you have a memory of him without stain, it could not have been his fault, and yet—"

"His fault!" repeats Kate, as she pauses. "No—it was my fault, first, last, all the time. It was my fault when I doubted him here, it was my fault when we parted finally. No truer gentleman ever kept faith than he. I am proud and glad to tell you that."

"Then why did you part?" reiterates Janet. "You loved him then, and, O my dear, my dear, you love him now—do I not see it?"

"If I do, it will not harm him," says Kate, with a faint smile. "I cannot tell you why we parted—I cannot tell any one—but I affirm on my honor that, neither directly nor indirectly was the parting his fault. Now let us say no more about it. Why should we talk of what is as dead as if it had happened a hundred years ago?"

"But is it dead beyond all chance of resurrection?" pleads Janet. "Is there no hope? If you let him know—"

Kate stops the words on her lips by a gesture.

"You are talking of what you do not understand," she says. "There was no lovers' quarrel, or anything of that kind. Under the pressure of a stern duty, we parted definitely and finally fifteen months ago. From that day to this, I have never heard from or of him, and I am not mad enough to dream that he remembers me still. Why should he? He said that he would forget me, and I fancy that it was not a hard task. Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Proctor have both succeeded in it since then."

"But you did not love them," says Janet.

"And Frank Tarleton had reason to believe that I did not love him," answers Kate. "At least, he said that it cost me nothing to give him up—though I think if he could see me now he might change his mind. Not that I am pining for him," she adds, quickly; "not that I regret what I did. One does not have many opportunities in life to do what is right at some cost to one's self—and one would be very cowardly not to be able to bear a little pain which is only one's own pain."

"But pain can kill!" cries Janet, sharply.

"If God wills," Kate answers. "But what then?"

*'Come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but Death who comes at last.'*

Don't look so sorry, though. I shall not die if I can help it, for I am too glad—too more than glad—to be with you all again."

(To be continued.)

The English Government has offered £500 for information leading to the arrest of any one harboring the assassins or aiding their escape.

FRANK H. CUSHING.

At Fort Wingate—whose clustered buildings of light grey adobe look cheerfully out from a mountain-side background of dark green pines across a brown plain to a panorama of this architectural sublimity—while sitting in the officers' club-room one warm afternoon, we saw a striking figure walking across the parade ground: a slender young man in a picturesque costume; a high-crowned and broad-brimmed felt hat above long blonde hair and prominent features; face, figure, and general aspect looked as if he might have stepped out of the frame of a Cavalier's portrait of the time of King Charles. The costume, too, seemed at first glance to belong to the age of chivalry, though the materials were evidently of the frontier. There were knee-breeches, stockings, belt, etc., all of a fashion that would not have an unfamiliar look if given out as a European costume of two or three centuries ago. But it was a purely aboriginal dress, such as had been worn on that ground for ages.

Answering our inquiry, the army officer with whom we were talking said: "That is Frank H. Cushing, a young gentleman commissioned by the Smithsonian Institution to investigate the history of the Pueblo Indians as it may be traced in their present life and customs. He is living at Zuni, that being the best field for his researches. It is no stroke of eccentricity that prompts him to dress that way; no desire to make himself conspicuous. He is one of the most modest fellows I ever knew, and the attention attracted by such a costume is really painful to him. But he bears it without flinching, as bravely as he has borne many perils and privations in the cause of science. He has an end in view, and wisely adopts the means best suited to its attainment. That is the course taken by all men successful in whatever may be their chosen pursuits. Stanley would have been a fool to wear the fur clothing of the arctic regions, or even his native starched linen, on his expedition into the heart of Africa. Neither would a miller follow his trade in a suit of black broadcloth. So Cushing, to make a success of his investigations, can not stand contemplating his subjects from the outside, like a spectator at a play. He must go on to the stage, and take his own part in the performance. There are no people more distrustful of the motives of strangers than are the North American Indians. One can only learn anything trustworthy from them by gaining their confidence and sympathy; so Cushing has adopted the only sensible course. He has become one of the Zunis for the time being, has conformed to all their observances, and learned their language thoroughly. He has been made their second chief, and is a recognized leader among them. His reward is that the curtain of a mysteriously hidden past and present has been lifted for him. To a primitive people rank and authority are most powerfully indicated by their outward symbols. To maintain his influence, Cushing must out-Zuni the Zunis, so to speak. A man sent to them from the great father at Washington, and with means and leisure, as he seems to have, must dress according to his station. And it pleases and flatters them to see him always arrayed in the full traditional costume of their nation—a dress such as they only wear on formal occasions. He is amply rewarded for all such conformities to their pleasure. As you are intending a trip to Zuni, gentlemen, you ought by all means to meet him. To be there with him will alone make it worth your while to have come across the continent. His companionship will give you an insight into the life of a strange people whose strangeness is passing quickly away—a life which otherwise you could hope to know only by what the un instructed, and therefore deceiving, vision might tell you."

We soon met Mr. Cushing, and spent a few pleasant days with him at the fort. The knowledge gained by our intercourse, which developed a warm mutual friendship, proved to be the finest preparation for the trip, like "reading up" before setting out on a tour to strange countries. Mr. Cushing was visiting his friend Dr. Washington Matthews, the post surgeon, and was engaged in packing some rare specimens to go to the Smithsonian Institution. Dr. Matthews was in hearty sympathy with Mr. Cushing's work, being himself an able ethnologist, who has made a reputation by his researches among the Hidatzas of the Northern plains, and is now making similar studies among the Navajos. Another energetic worker in the aboriginal field, whose duty happened to call him to Fort Wingate at the time, was Lieutenant Bourke, of General Crooke's staff, detailed to make special studies of the habits of the Indians. Lieutenant Bourke was modestly depreciatory of the value of his own work in comparison with that of Mr. Cushing, whom he termed the ablest American ethnologist. But Lieut. Bourke's investigations, as recorded in his accurate and remarkably full notes, can not fail to form valuable contributions to ethnological science.—SYLVESTER BAXTER, in Harper's.

A ZUNI COUNCIL.

The Zunis delight in a council. These councils are frequently held, there being no specified intervals of time for their sessions. They are called whenever occasion arises, and all affairs of the nation are discussed and regulated by them. They are legislatures and courts in one, and furnish an extremely interesting picture of parliamentarism in its primitive form. When a council is deemed necessary, the Governor orders his herald to summon it. At sunset, when the air

is quiet, the herald stands upon the highest house-top in Zuni—a statuesque figure against the clear sky—and utters the call in a loud, measured, and resonant voice. The women all hear it, and the tidings quickly spread, so that in the evening there is sure to be a good attendance. The herald answers for the newspaper in Zuni, for all proclamations and items of news deemed of general importance are announced in this way.

After dusk on the evening of the council dark figures with blankets wrapped about them—for the evening air is always cool—enter the Governor's house silently as shadows. A grave salutation and a grasp of the hand, and they seat themselves in the large room used for the councils. One evening about a hundred of the leading men were thus assembled, sitting on a sort of bench running along the side of the room, or squatting on their haunches in a circle. On the floor, in the midst of the circle, the Governor had strewn a lot of corn husks, and a bag of fine-cut being set out, cigarettes were rolled, and a constant smoking was kept up. The air would have been thick enough had not the large fire-places given such excellent ventilation. The women and young men gathered respectfully around the doors and windows and listened. As the evening wore on the room grew warm, and the men gradually shed their garments, until about half the assemblage sat with naked bodies of a ruddy bronze hue. As it grew late, some arose and glided silently out of the room. But it was an important matter they were talking about, and the most of them staid until it was settled at a small hour of the morning. The subject was discussed earnestly and gravely, no motion being shown either in the face or in the manner of speaking, although some would occasionally betray their excitement in a trembling voice. It was a will case under discussion, and the Governor sat motionless and speechless, being the judge from whose decision there could be no appeal. Early in the evening the two caciques who were present arose to go. In response to Mr. Cushing's question, Lai-ai-tai-lun-kiia said, "Though it is our place to elect our Governor, it is not for us to say anything that may influence his judgment." Would that all public men had as nice an idea of the proprieties of politics! It is not the voice of the people that chooses the Governor of Zuni, but the caciques.—Harper's.

EATING AND SLEEPING.

These two occupations have a closer connection than most persons are willing to admit. The notion is prevalent that it is unhealthy to eat late at night or just before retiring. This comes from the severe denunciation of "late suppers," contained in the old popular works on diet. But the argument in these publications was not directed against food at a late hour in the day. It was the midnight debauch that was the object of attack; and even here it was less the gluttony than the drunkenness which alarmed the doctors and called forth their reprehensions.

Man can train himself to the habit of sleeping without a preceding meal, but only after long years of practice. As he comes into the world nature is too strong for him, and he must be fed before he will sleep. A child's stomach is small, and when perfectly filled, if no sickness disturbs it, sleep follows naturally and inevitably. As digestion goes on the stomach begins to empty. A single fold in it will make the little sleeper restless; two will waken it; and if it is hushed again to repose the nap is short, and three folds put an end to the slumber. Purgative or other narcotic may close its eyes again, but without either food or some stupefying drug it will not sleep, no matter how healthy it may be. We use the oft-quoted illustration, "sleeping as sweetly as an infant," because this slumber of a child follows immediately after its stomach is completely filled with wholesome food. The sleep which comes to adults when the stomach is nearly or quite empty is not after the type of infantile sleep.

It is a fact established beyond the possibility of contradiction that sleep aids digestion, and that the process of digestion is conducive to refreshing sleep. The drowsiness which always follows the well-ordered meal is itself a testimony of nature to this inter-dependence. The waste of human life by the neglect of this lesson is very great. A healthy person who goes to bed on a full stomach will always awake in the morning with a better appetite for his breakfast. If dinner is eaten in the middle of the day, and a light supper is served at six in the afternoon, a hearty luncheon should be provided at ten in the evening, or just before the hour of retiring. The rule should be to eat at the last moment before going to bed, whatever that hour may be. And this latest meal should not be of "light" viands, as this phrase is commonly understood. The less a person eats at any time of cake or pie, or the countless hummeries that go to make up a fancy tea-table, the better; but none of these should be eaten at bed-time. Cold chicken, cold roast beef, corned beef, or wholesome meat of any kind, with bread and butter will serve the substantial requisites for this collation. Warm milk with bread and fruit makes a very wholesome evening meal. With a clear conscience and a full stomach any man in tolerable health may derive from his nightly sleep that recuperation which ought to come from this sweet restorer of life's daily wear and waste.

MDME. ANNA BISHOP'S concert in New York, on the 27th, is looked forward to with great interest.

OSCAR WILDE AND A PEANUT BOY.

A man who was on the same train with Wilde, coming from Reno to Ogden, relates an amusing experience. Wilde was lounging back in his seat, dreaming of asphodel, etc., when the train boy woke him up by shouting:

"Oscar Wilde's poems for ten cents!" The poet started up into a sitting position, with:

"Great Gurod! is it possible that my poems have reached such beastly figures as that!"

"Three for two bits," continued the boy. He offered the poet some copies of the Seaside Library edition in paper.

Wilde grabbed the book and fixed his big eyes on the boy.

"Do you know, my dear sir, that you are lending your countenance to a hellish infringement on the rights of an English author!"

"Is that so?" replied the boy, slowly. "Do you 'spose the feller that rit the book will know it?"

"Of course he will. How can your guilty acts escape his cognizance?"

"His cognouznance ain't anything to me. It ain't loaded, is it?"

"I am the author of those poems."

"Ah! go away," snickered the boy. "You are ringing in for a commish. Twon't work, Cully. Folks put up jobs on me every day. Here, take a wasted peanut and fill up. If I thought such a looking chap as you rit them lines, I 'ye 'spose I'd peddle 'em?" No sir!"

The crowd roared, and Wilde joined heartily in the laugh. After the boy was assured that the man was none other than the poet, he went to Wilde and offered him a dozen oranges to call it square.—Salt Lake Tribune.

VARIETIES.

THE only place in Europe, with the exception of Milan, where cremation can be performed is at Gotha, where there is a cremation hall in the fields without the city. It has been erected about two years and a half, and in that time fifty-two bodies have been cremated, and their ashes are preserved in urns in the outer hall. The process costs about twenty five dollars, and involves nine hours of preparation. A religious service can be read over the remains before they are taken down to the furnace, and the Protestant clergymen now offer no objections, though the Roman Catholic priests are very bitter against it. A fair proportion of Jews are also willing to dispose of their dead in this manner. Only two of the nearest relatives are allowed to descend with the officials to the closing scene, and the body is not consumed by fire, but reduced to ashes by air heated to 600 degrees Réaumur. Two hours are allowed to elapse before the ashes are collected, and in case of a man they generally weigh about six pounds, and of a woman about four pounds.

THE London Pictorial says: "The present fashion of short hair for ladies is as astonishing to the masculine mind as were the big lumps of pale tresses that went before the epoch of small heads. They were, of course, atrocious, yet hardly so utterly hideous as the shrimp locks now so much in vogue. It is astonishing that people cannot be content with a pretty fashion, and remain satisfied with it—but no; change—anything for change, is the cry of the present day; and so we have short, boyish hair in lieu of the humble knots in the neck, and the fluffy pretty front curls of last season. Little girls are made to look like boys, older girls don Newmarket coats and jockey caps and carry sticks, and middle-aged women—aye, and even old ones—crop their grizzling or gray tresses, and surely can have no conception of the positively dreadful look of short white hairs, instead of neat rolls under the bonnet or hat. Why do women try to ape men! Not even the divided skirt can make them invulnerable to the pains and penalties of the sex; and though some may long to be men, they can but long after all, and must remain women to the end of the chapter. By the way, does every one know that a devout male Hebrew thanks God every day in his prayers for his goodness generally, but more especially for the fact that he was not made a woman?"

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

EDWIN BOOTH sails for England on the 31st inst.

MDME CAMILLA URSO is to visit Montreal shortly.

THE Albert Hall is to have a new lease of life as the Bijou Theatre.

THE "Two Orphans" are looked for at the Academy the latter half of next week.

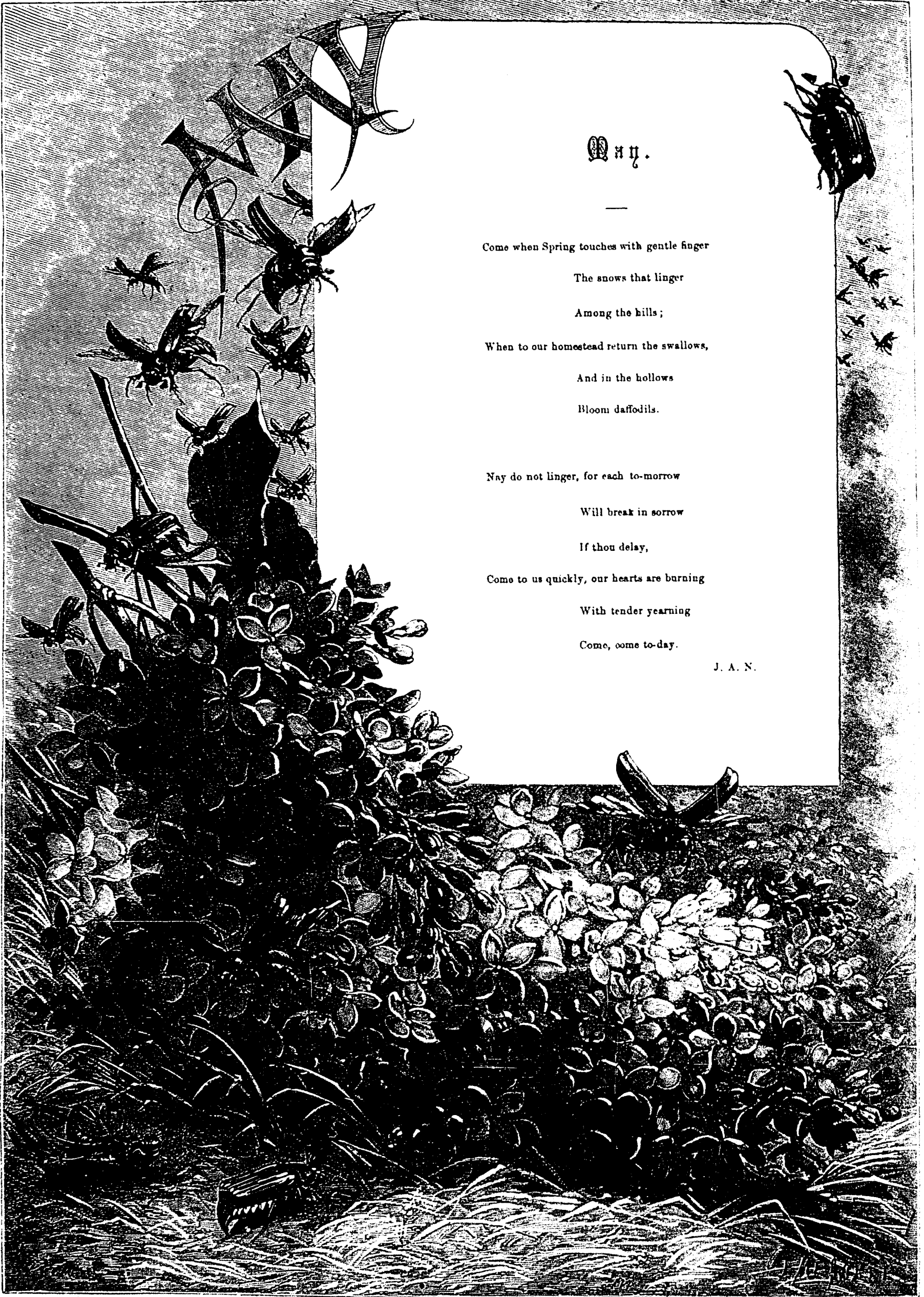
ROSSI complains bitterly of the way in which he has been treated in the States.

MAURICE GRAU'S French Opera Company have been doing an immense business at the Academy of Music.

M. VON GLASER, Sarah Bernhardt's manager, intends to give a series of Wagner concerts in America next fall.

OSCAR WILDE lectured on Monday and Saturday in Montreal, on Tuesday in Ottawa, and on Thursday in Quebec.

"Music and the Drama" is improving with every issue. The editor, Mr. J. C. Found lately received a most flattering letter from Mme. Materno in praise of the paper.



MAY.

—

Come when Spring touches with gentle finger
 The snows that linger
 Among the hills ;
 When to our homestead return the swallows,
 And in the hollows
 Bloom daffodils.

Nay do not linger, for each to-morrow
 Will break in sorrow
 If thou delay,
 Come to us quickly, our hearts are burning
 With tender yearning
 Come, come to-day.

J. A. N.



"TWIN THE CUP AND THE LIP."



"THERE'S MANY A SLIP—"

LOVE AND THE DIAMOND.

I.
"Jewel bright
O shine to-night
For my love doth love me:
Gleam and shine,
O ring of mine!
Like you star above me!"

II.
"Tell oh tell
Will all be well
As the years pass over me?
Gleam out, gleam bright,
O crystal light!
And speak the joys before me."

III.
"My light shall glow
His love will grow
Forever and forever,
Loyal to thee
For eye be'll be
And cease to love thee—never."

OKLAHOMA.

JESSE JAMES.

VI.

THE DETECTIVE'S FATE.

The predicament of Wardell, the detective, when he found himself discovered by the outlaw, Jesse James, was a perilous one.

Like the two Dromios, the two men, himself and Scipio, stared at one another. The former in consternation, the latter in mute bewilderment. Even Bruce himself, who accompanied the negro was puzzled, for Wardell's make-up was a perfect copy of Scipio, from his short curly shock of hair to the hump on his back.

The detective realized that the denouement was at hand, the crisis near, and as he saw no avenue open for escape, he silently submitted himself to the fate of death which threatened him.

"What does this mean?" demanded James, his face expressing the keenest surprise.

"It means that you have been deceived," replied Bruce.

"Deceived!"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"By yonder impostor," said Bruce, pointing to Wardell.

"An impostor," repeated James, "Is he not a negro?"

"No, he is a spy."

"A spy!"

The words broke simultaneously from several of the band, as with angry flashing eyes and resolute faces they sprang before Wardell.

"Yes, he came to my house two nights since, overheard my talk with Scipio, and taking advantage of the information, followed the darkey after I had sent him here and induced him to change clothes with him by frightening him. Last night Scipio thought better of his flight and returned to me. Here I am to unmask this impostor."

"Who is he, anyway?" inquired Bob Younger, as he approached Wardell.

The detective was silent.

"Who are you?" persisted the outlaw raising his revolver.

"A detective."

James started.

"Your name?"

"The prisoner hesitated, but finally said boldly, "Wardell."

"Wardell!"

A cry of mingled surprise and alarm broke from Jesse James' lips.

"Kill him!" he cried.

Younger raised his revolver and took deadly aim at his foe.

Crash!

A shot echoed through the cabin, but not from his weapon. He had fallen to the floor while with a cry of rage and pain he lifted his hand.

A mysterious bullet from an unknown hand had fired a ball through the window of the cabin, striking the revolver from the bandit's hand in time to save Wardell's life.

"Who fired that shot?" cried James, excitedly.

"It came through the window," said Frank James, his brother.

The bandits sprang to the door, and for half an hour searched the vicinity.

"Did you find any one?" inquired Bruce, who had been guarding Wardell, when they returned.

"No."

"Who could it have been?"

"Some accomplice of this man. I shall kill him first and then find out the other."

Cole Younger interposed a detaining hand as James was about to draw his weapon.

"Not that way," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because I have a better scheme."

"What is it?"

"Bruce tells me that his reason for hastening hither was to warn us."

"Warn us?"

"Yes."

"Of what?"

"Of peril. He says that a body of police were at Foreston last night. Some one has put them on our trail."

"We must leave this place if this is true."

"It is true," affirmed Bruce.

"As to this man," said Younger, indicating Wardell, "we will make an example of him."

"In what way?"

"Shooting is too mild. We will mount our horses, take him with us, and hang him at the cross-roads."

James' silence gave the assent to the proposition.

The bandits collected together their treasures, and a few minutes later rode away, leaving Bruce and Scipio behind and leading Wardell, his hands bound and with a long rope around his neck.

They halted as they reached the cross-roads, and Younger threw the end of the rope across a high limb of a tree and secured it.

He had removed the rope from Wardell's neck. He now lifted the detective to a horse and again secured the lariat around his throat.

The night was a dark one, only occasionally the moon coming out from behind the clouds, irradiating all the sombre scene with that melancholy tinge which no pen has ever yet delineated, no pencil portrayed. It was during one of these gleams of moonlight that Younger gave the word—

"Ready!"

The bandit who held the horse's head started the steed. The body of the detective dangled in mid-air.

At that moment a shot was heard. The body of the man whirled around and fell. The rope had been cut in two by a bullet.

A look of superstitious alarm was visible on the face of James, while his companions started with alarm and dismay vainly looked around for the place whence this second mysterious shot had been fired.

"He shall die!" cried Younger, with a fierce oath. "Get your revolvers ready and watch on all sides."

The detective's face was pale but resolute. He had determined to meet death bravely if it was inevitable.

The rope was re-arranged and the horse drawn up. The signal word was spoken and this time the body dangled in space with no friendly hand to save him.

"Come boys," said James. "I'm getting somewhat alarmed at these shots. The man ain't worth the risk of standing here to be fired at."

They drove off and his last backward glance at Wardell, revealed him hanging from the limb of the tree.

Yet they had scarcely disappeared when a form sprang from some underbrush near by. It was the figure of a young man with fair face and anxious eyes, who hastened to the tree with a quick movement, and severed the rope by which Wardell was suspended.

With trembling eager hands the newcomer untied the rope and attempted to resuscitate the insensible detective.

A sigh of relief escaped his lips as he witnessed the return to consciousness of Wardell.

The detective opened his eyes and stared confusedly around. Then his gaze rested on the face of his preserver.

At that moment the moon shining out plainly revealed the face of the other. Despite the male attire and the shorn tresses the detective recognized his companion, and in startled tones cried:

"In heaven's name how came you here?"

He had reason to wonder, for his preserver was no other than the backwoods beauty, the adopted daughter of Bucher the tavern-keeper, who had saved his life once before.

VII.

CORNERED.

One week after the occurrence of the events detailed in the last chapter, affairs had shaped themselves to a basis much at variance with the original plans of Wardell.

When fully recovered from the effect of the brutality of the outlaws he found himself face to face with the beautiful girl who had twice saved his life, gratitude and surprise were mingled, and he listened interestedly to her explanation of what had transpired since he had seen her last. She told him that it was indeed her face which he had seen at the window of the bandit's cabin. After escaping from Bucher she had donned male attire, and in this disguise had endeavored to learn where the detective was. At last she had located, and traced him to the cabin of the outlaws, and, as he now so gratefully discerned, had rescued him from a horrible death.

Together they determined to seek some town remote from the haunts of the train robbers. It would be folly to pursue them on foot, and they started for Forreton, where they arrived the next day.

Here Lillian Bucher, as she was known, had resumed her proper attire, and found a temporary home with a friend. Here, too, she told Wardell all she knew of her past. It was a dark mystery, save in one regard. She had believed herself the child of Bucher and his wife until one night she overheard a conversation between him and Cole Younger. During that interview she heard enough to convince her that she had been stolen or adopted by the tavern-keeper in early infancy, that he knew her parents, and that when she came of age she would become heiress to a fortune. It was Younger's scheme to marry her, to claim her fortune, and to divide with Bucher.

When Wardell had listened to the story, there was a warm regard in his eyes.

"Lillian," he said, in a friendly tone, "you and I have strangely met. We must part now for a time, at least. But while I return to the trail of these outlaws, it is also to ferret out the secret of your life, to wring from Cole Younger's lips the mystery of your fortune."

They had parted with a firm hand-clasp, and a warmer sentiment of esteem mutually existing between them.

The flowers had faded, autumn had glided into winter ere the detective, after months of faithful research, found the lost trail of the James band.

It was a cold December day, when the detective, closely enveloped in mufflers and overcoat, approached a wayside tavern about ten miles from Muncie. The secret movements of Jesse James which had baffled detective skill for many months, had at last been found, and he believed that he could now corner his men away from home and in a section of the country where they had but few friends.

Captain Lull, of Chicago, and John Wicher, a Pinkerton detective, had both been murdered by the outlaws, who had grown more and more desperate than ever, but Wardell did not hesitate. The capture of these men seemed to have become the ruling motive of his life. The promise of the bank president at Corydon had been redeemed and he did not fail to sustain Wardell and his aged father and mother.

"I must earn the reward," the detective had decided, "not because of it, but because it is my duty to rid the country of these merciless desperadoes, and to avenge the death of Wilson, my friend."

He entered the little tavern and advanced to the stove with a feeling of comfort as he experienced the genial warmth of the place. He would fain have remained there, but he knew duty necessitated a long journey ere the night was past.

"Did a party of men call here a few hours since?" he asked of the landlord.

"Yes."

"On horseback?"

"Yes and well mounted, too."

"How many were there?"

"Five."

"Which way did they go?"

"West."

Wardell thanked the man, but did not gratify his curiosity as to the motives of his questioning. He hurried from the place and proceeded down the snow-choked road in the direction indicated by the tavern-keeper.

The tracks in the snow were numerous and confused, but he pressed on resolutely. Daylight was nearly gone as he reached a side road and saw that the horses' tracks diverged from the main highway.

"The railroad!" ejaculated the detective. "Their old game. Always too late. My plans seem fated to meet with disaster."

It was indeed the old game of the outlaws and the Kansas Pacific was the road which was destined to suffer from their bold depredations. They reached the station at Muncie about dark, placed obstructions on the track and when the train stopped, detached the train, ordered the engineer, with revolvers leveled at his head, to proceed half a mile up the track with the express car, robbed it of twenty four thousand dollars in jewelry and money and then escaped.

Wardell arrived after the robbery had taken place.

Doomed to disappointment in his hope of overtaking the outlaws, there was nothing to do but to remain quiet and again search for new clues regarding their whereabouts.

It was fully a month before his efforts were crowned with success. But during that time he was not idle. In connection with the St. Joseph police he located Bud McDaniel, in that city. He was arrested while intoxicated, and identified as one of the new gang, by the possession of a large amount of jewelry stolen in the Muncie raid.

He escaped after his trial, but was killed in so doing, being the next after John Younger of the gang, to pay the penalty of his crime.

Clell Miller and Jim Hinds and two others, were captured soon after. Both escaped by holding officers between themselves and the fire of their enemies. Thompson, the other member of the band evaded arrest for the time being.

Wardell had now become convinced that James was either operating more than one band, or that some of the old outlaws had retired from the perils of bandit life.

One wild evening in January the detective had informed the police that he believed that the James boys were housed at their mother's home near Kearney. He had traced them to that neighborhood, but had been nearly killed in escaping, his horse being struck twice by bullets.

The police pretended to have the same information. At all events, later in the evening Wardell was invited to a conference in a private room at a hotel where a dozen men met him.

They introduced themselves as Pinkerton detectives, referred to the large rewards offered for the capture of the James gang, and asked Wardell what he thought of a descent upon the old farm house.

"My peculiar methods of operation are different to yours," he said. "It will be no easy task capturing these men."

His companions, bold in their ignorance, treated his words with disdain.

"Show us the house," they said, "and we will risk the rest."

"I will not go," replied Wardell. "It would be suicide to attempt to corner those men until we know more of their movements. If you will detail four parties of men to surround the house, there may be some show of success."

The city marshal tried to induce him to accompany them, while the others were loud in their boasts of being able to outwit the bandits.

"Come with us at least," they persisted. "You know the spot, and we have a plan which cannot fail to drive James out of the house."

"Jesse James is a host in himself," said Wardell, "and seven men cannot cope with these men under cover."

"And if we could dislodge them?"

"You cannot."

"Why not?"

"Because they are too watchful."

"Leave that to us," said one of the detectives, confidently.

Wardell at last consented to accompany them, and wagons were secured to convey them to the supposed hiding-place of the James band.

The house commanded a full view of the surrounding land, but the detective party was divided so as to obtain a full view of the place. None ventured to approach the house which they felt contained men waiting for a fair aim at their enemies.

"The house is dark," said Wardell.

"We will dislodge the bandits and light it up soon enough," said one of the officers.

As he spoke, he took from his pocket a small conical shell.

"What is that?" inquired the detective.

"It is an iron shell filled with oil."

"What do you propose to do with it?"

"To light the fuse and fling it into the house."

"And the result?"

"An explosion or a fire to drive the people out."

Wardell was silent. He realized that if James had his faithful friends with him, the battle which would ensue would precipitate disaster to the detectives.

Just then a man approached the officer.

"He is in there," he said, in a low, cautious tone.

"James?"

"Yes."

The officer poised the conical shell in his hand and hurled it toward the house.

It crashed through the window, and a loud explosion and a sheet of flame followed.

Jesse James was cornered at last.

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC.

Scalds from hot water as a rule, are not so severe, as, excepting in extreme cases, the scurf skin is only raised like an ordinary blister. Any remedy prescribed for burns is equally efficacious for scalds, but if the scalded surface be instantly covered with cotton wool, it is, if the accident be of a slight nature, sufficient. Another admirable remedy, and one generally near at hand, is lard. That especially prepared by chemists, is, of course, the best, but it is only the ordinary house lard divested of the salt, by washing. This should be thickly spread on pieces of old soft linen, and kept in place on the scald or burn by bandages of lint, or better still, by strips of calico torn from old garments. The scald or burn should be always well protected from the air, and on no account should cold water or similar cold bandages be applied.

Bruises from knocks and falls, where the skin is not lacerated may be relieved by an application of warm arnica, which, by the way, is an excellent remedy to keep on hand, as it is useful for a variety of accidents. In the absence of arnica, the old-fashioned remedy of covering the bruise with fresh butter should be tried.

Jammed fingers, through the unexpected shutting of a drawer or door, though not generally looked upon as serious casualties, may sometimes be attended by the most serious consequences, for if all parts of the end of the finger be injured, the bone and flesh of the whole joint may mortify. In ordinary cases of this kind, the best and quickest way of obtaining relief is to plunge the afflicted member into water as hot as can be borne. By this means the nail is softened and yields, so as to accommodate itself to the blood poured out beneath it, and the pain is speedily lessened. The finger should then be covered with a bread and water poultice, pending the surgical treatment necessary, where the fingers are badly crushed.

HUMOROUS.

Cool and collected—A paid ice bill.

WHAT fruit does a newly married couple most resemble? A green pair.

EMBROIDERED mustard plasters are now recognized as a necessary feature of aesthetic medication.

WHY is a drunkard like a bad politician?—Because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

"DON'T you know what a cuckoo is, darling?" "Oh! yes, auntie, of course. It's that horrid bird that doesn't lay its own eggs."

GERMAN friend: "Da picture you haf painted is most pitiful; dere is only one word in de English language which describes it—and I haf forgotten it."

[For the NEWS.]

THE BIRD AND THE HEART.

When Summer reigned as Queen of Time
And fair-blown flowers were in their prime,
A little bird came to my pane,
And sang its sweetest, soft refrain;
It soothed my heart, for I was sad,
It made my ailing spirit glad.

But when the Autumn came, it fled—
Ah, me! my heart was drear and dead,
Enfeebled was its bounding beat,
And roused no joy nor rapture sweet;
It longed to hear the soothing strain,
And beat in unison again.

All through the weary Winter while,
My heart waked up no cheery smile,
And seemed as though the chilly blast
Its feebled blood had frozen fast.
Its tide, methought, would never flow
In joy and love like long ago.

But when the Spring cast off its hood
Of snow, and loosed the frosty snood
That bound its tresses, then the bird
Returned, and its first cheering word
Unlocked the gates that stayed the flood
Of joy, and quickened all my blood.

From this we learn that though the heart
May have been pierced with sorrow's dart,
The balm of Time can heal the harm,
And leave behind a subtle charm
That almost makes one wish the pain
Would come, be cured, and go again.

C. M. R.

SUNDAY AT LAKESIDE.

BY NED F. MAH.

"May I help you make the toast, Miss Polly?"
"No, indeed you mayn't, sir; it's all made.
Besides, if you do, you'll hinder me so I'll be
late for church."

Whether this extremely logical speech was intended for a decided veto we can scarcely, in the face of a certain adage covering negatives and affirmatives in regard to the female persuasion, generally, take upon ourselves to declare. We are, however, certain that the individual to whom it was addressed did not so consider it and he advanced into the kitchen in consequence.

And really the attractions of the speaker were such that a man might be pardoned for having a sterner denial than Polly Norman's pretty lips were wont to frame to gain the privilege of her society. Uniting in her veins the blood of a mother who was of French extraction with that of a father who was an honest John Bull, Polly joined the fascinations of a French woman with the frank simplicity of an English girl. She was a brunette, her face was a perfect oval, and beneath the clear olive of her complexion the rich blood mantled with a charming healthful glow, tinting with the brightest ruby the ripe lips that were parted by the whitest and evenest of teeth, while raven tresses, arranged with that perfect neatness which is peculiarly French framed this delightful picture of fresh young beauty. Her active figure, possessed a suppleness and natural grace no art could ever have imitated, and her raiment, simple and unassuming in texture and color, yet had about it the indescribable *distingué* air which a French woman knows how to impart to the commonest apparel.

What wonder then that Frank Hinton, admitted to the daily influence of a companionship so charming in Polly's rustic home on the margin of a Canadian lake, should not have remained altogether insensible to the attractions that so close an intimacy served only to enhance. He had been banished to these transatlantic backwoods ostensibly for the good of his health which had suffered, so it was alleged, in consequence of some unhappy love affair in his native land. And though the stalwart form and ruddy cheek did not seem to warrant the assertion, yet doubtless wiser heads than his had sapiently decreed his exile and there were reasons why his absence was necessary to allow some youthful folly time to blow over and be buried in oblivion.

"But really and truly this is the last piece," asserted Polly, deftly depositing from the spears of her long toasting fork a crisp, brown square upon a huge pile of similar brown squares, and administering a liberal application of the fresh, white butter, the produce of her own dairy, upon the thirsty surface of the cereal. "Still if you are determined to make yourself useful you may fill the tea pot," and suiting the action to the word she presented the silver vessel at the spout of a giant kettle that hissed and sputtered on the stove.

Possibly it was because the bright face was an irresistible magnet to the young man's eyes that the next moment a shrill cry of pain echoed through the kitchen and Polly dropped the tea pot as though she had been shot.

But as Polly's nerves were in good order and she was a sensible girl not given to strive after effect or make scenes, in a second she had dashed the scalded hand into a bucket of cold water, and declared, in answer to Frank's lamentations and extravagant self-accusations that "it was nothing—nothing at all," although the skin had turned white and blistered in a very ugly fashion.

Then she told where he would find some burn salve of her mother's own manufacture in a tin upon the third shelf to the right in the storeroom. And in the next minute he had fetched it and was binding up the wounded member most assiduously. They stood with their heads very close together at this business so that their hair touched, and Polly's cheek flushed a little

and Frank's hands trembled just a trifle nervously.

As they were still in this romantic attitude, Fanny Wendell the American girl, appeared in the doorway.

Fanny was the complete antipodes of Polly. Polly was faultless and truth and naturalness personified. Fanny was a deception from the top of her false hair to the tips of her high-heeled boot. Polly spoke out of the fullness of her good, merry heart in the full, clear tones of her fine voice as a child of nature should. Fanny filtered her words through a nasal drawl, doubling her vowels, and indulging in all kind of affected vagaries.

Perhaps it was well for Frank that Fanny was there to remind him that there was another and more artificial world to which he belonged and to which he must one day return, that he could not always live in Arcadia and fish and shoot and learn to plough, and milk cows, and make butter, and play Damon to Polly's shepherdess. That there was a society in which full dress consisted of something more than brushing the hair and putting on a clean collar, in which Polly's beauty would have been deemed vulgar by the side of the rouge and powder of city belles, and her frank sayings deemed rude, and the experiment of transporting her there have been disastrous in the last degree to herself and him. Fanny was a great flirt and chatter-box and it was decidedly a good thing for Frank that she was there to divert his attention from Polly. Whether it was quite such a good thing for Polly is doubtful because it raised a sort of rivalry in her and made her think more of Frank's words and looks than she would otherwise have done.

"Well, I vow! what a romantic picture! So this is why you teach the virtue of early rising to Mr. Frank, is it! That you may have a quiet hour's sparking all to yourselves before breakfast. Well, I declare, who'd have thought there was so much mischief in the quiet little thing! But I shall have my revenge by sparking him myself every moment until church time. Let go her hand this instant, traitor, and come here to me."

Yes, Fanny was an incorrigible flirt and reckless coquette, and like too many young women of the present day to be found not by any means in America alone, aped a fastness of costume and a laxity of language more becoming to a "pretty horse-breaker" than a young lady from —th avenue. Had she united to this looseness of demeanor the strength of mind to conceive a violent attachment she would long ago have gone to wreck herself or have worked sad havoc among her male acquaintances. As it was there was not much harm in her, she was too frivolous to cherish, and certainly not calculated to inspire a grand passion. Could such women see how men whose love is worth having, despise them, surely they would endeavour to divest themselves of such a manner as eagerly as they strive to acquire it.

Fanny hadn't been two days in the house before she had challenged Frank to kiss her, not a week before she inveigled him into taking solitary strolls with her in the bush, reading poetry to him, and playing Darby and Ivan, as she expressed it, generally.

She became honest John Norman's pet aversion. One day he even forgot himself so far as to characterize something she did or talked of doing as "disgraceful." Fanny pouted, and declared if she was considered disgraceful "she would write to papa to be taken away at once. I always was a spunky sort of girl, you know, and speak before I think sometimes. I can't help that, that's my style." And the grey eyes looked a trifle moist. "There, then, child, don't be angry. I'm Jack Blunt, you know, you musn't mind me, only I should love you a deal better and be prouder to know you was my daughter's friend if you did dress and speak and carry on sometimes just a trifle less like a hussy. There, then, dry your eyes and don't take on and talk about going away when you know you're as welcome as the day to make my house your home just as long as you and your people think fit." And so she threw her shiny, white arms round the old man's neck and left a speck of pearl powder on the tip of his sunburnt nose, and having thus "made it up" went into the spinnery to look for Frank.

Yet there was very little really bad in this queer girl, despite her affectation of loose demeanour. For one day with her head on Frank's shoulder and her yellow, false hair flooding all over him, justifying the excess to herself by her desire that he should not be angry, she took him to task about Polly: "Look here, Mr. Frank Hinton, you ought to have some pity on that girl. Of course, you would never think of marrying her and I don't believe you are even the least bit in the world in love with her."

"Don't talk nonsense," said Frank. "Of course not. But why on earth am I to pity her?"

"Because, stupid, she's in love with you."
"Now you are talking nonsense at any rate." But he flushed a little with a secret sense of gratified vanity. Is it in human nature for a man to entirely disbelieve one woman when she tells him that another loves him?

"It's true, true, I tell you. Don't I sleep with her and hear what she says in her dreams. Besides she's so jealous of me that she could bite my head off. Now, just you mind what I say and don't be too kind to her, that's all. She'll be breaking her heart when you go away."

Nothing more was said on the subject. She moved along very Grecian bondically a few steps, leaning very heavily on Frank's arm, and then

as they approached the open in front of the house, "Then go back to your ploughing like a good boy and let me go in alone, the less we are seen together the better. The old man has just been telling me my ways are disgraceful. Ta ta, and cogitate what I said about Polly."

But let us go back to the kitchen.
Just at this juncture John Norman, junior, commonly called Jake, came loafing in with his hands full of eggs warm from the nest. Jake was a handsome, sun-burnt youth with a frame like a young Hercules and a gymnast of no mean talent, and like the gentry of that profession generally, when off duty, affected a loose, shambling; lazy gait at all times.

When he had blushed a good morning to Fanny and laughed at Polly's mishap, telling her it served her right for boxing his ears last night, and she had merrily given him proof that she had one sound hand yet, he was made a prisoner in the corner by the dresser and put under cross examination:

"Did you go up to Black Ned's for the buggy last night?"

"Yes'm," with a sheepish air and a tug at his forelock.

"Did you get it?"

"No, your majesty," trembling terribly.

Polly's left hand in requisition again.

"Stand up straight, sir, and don't be silly. Why not?"

"Please your Polly's majesty, Black Ned had two ploughs and a harrow to finish, and couldn't get it done."

"Nonsense, the ploughs could have waited till Monday and we want the buggy to-day."

"But, please 'm, Smith on third concession and Jones on the fifth must have them early on Monday morning, and Black Ned is a hard-shell Baptist and wont work on Sunday."

"Nevertheless he might have got up early and fixed the buggy this morning. It's a work of necessity. He might have known we couldn't walk to church with the roads in the state they are."

"Please 'm, if you'll let me have the clean table cloth and the prayer book, and the family Bible, I'll be parson and we'll have church in the front parlor."

"Don't be profane, sir," another box on the ear. "I'm ashamed of you."

Jake simulated excruciating agony, "Please your cruel sistership, if you let me out and promise not to hit me, I'll engage to take you all to church dry foot and in slip up style."

"Prisoner, the court accords you your liberty on your parole of honour. But fail at your peril."

Jake drew his fore finger across his throat, and a scir-r-ring sound issued from his larynx.

"Thou shalt do so unto me, and more also, if thy servant perform not this thing."

And the council for the persecution making way, he scuffled out of the door.

Then Polly's little sister Angelique appears at the dining-room door, forcing her way with head and elbows between Frank and Fanny, and with her bright curls gleaming like burnished gold against the background of Miss Wendell's blue dress, inquires:—
"I thin't the eggth boiled 'et, Polly? I'se tho hungry."

The little one is immediately caught up and appeased by Frank with kisses and carresses, and the three retire into the breakfast-room on Polly's declaration that the meal "will never be ready while they stand there and hinder." Here bluff John Norman is discovered in his shirt sleeves, before a looking glass propped against the window panes, going through the laborious process of a Sunday shave, an operation which he could no more perform with comfort to himself, in his bed-room than he could carve a joint unless he had previously dressed for dinner by taking off his coat.

But now the last thing—the tea and coffee, toast, eggs and bacon, and chops—came trooping into the room in quick succession, borne by Polly and the servants; and Mrs. Norman rustles downstairs in some light, well starched material and takes her place, cool and smiling, and neat about the head like her daughter, at the board; and the others have scarcely followed her example before Jake, beaming with exercise and self-satisfaction—he had thrown two somersaults in crossing the yard in the exuberance of his spirits at some recent project—completes the circle.

There isn't much said at breakfast for all the participants have country appetites and are too busy to talk, except Fanny, whose tongue nothing can completely silence. And there is some laughter at Angelique's expense, who persists in commanding Frank—she calls him Frank—to give her some more "shickens, 'tos I don't like 'white dath ony 'e felderth," and after some cross-questioning it is elicited that the idea originated with Jake who warned her she would turn into a lobster if she stuffed herself with "foderth." Then there is a burst of tears because Fanny giggles and thereby insults M'dlle Angelique's dignity, and she is carried out in a squall by Frank who calms the infantile tempest with the latest intelligence about piggy-wiggies and geegees.

"Well, sir, are you prepared to redeem your promise?" inquires Polly.

"Put on your bonnets, girls, and see which will be ready first, you or the carriage."

"Well," says Fanny, "if you arn't jest like the good fa-a-ry in Cinderella."

"And don't you wish you might meet the prince at church," retorts Jake.

"Well" assents Fanny, "I shouldn't be a bit angry if we di-i-d."

In a quarter of an hour they are down stairs again, Polly in a becoming straw hat with simple trimming; Fanny with a non-descript article on the highest peak of the hair mountain that surmounts her head, "looking" says old Norman, "like a saucer full of ice," at which Fanny declares "that he is always making fun of her and she does believe its because she's a Yankee girl." Thereupon he asserts that Yankee girls may be just as good as other people, and all he quarrels with her about is what she calls "her style." Though if we are to be strictly impartial we are afraid we must state that we cannot help thinking there is just enough of the English purse pride about our honest John to make him feel that he has gained the right by taking in his friend's daughter for a season, when, owing to a scarcity of funds produced by an unwise speculation he is willing enough to reduce the household expenditure by sending her to rustication and recruit her health at Lakeside—to laugh at her as much as ever he pleases.

There is something else to laugh at now, however, which is soon the cynosure of all eyes. Jake's impromptu carriage which proves to be nothing more or less than the old Scotch cart which has undergone a new painting this Spring and now stands, radiant in blue body and vermilion wheels in the morning sunlight, with Crown Bess between the shafts. Jake descends with dignity, gravely removes the tail-board, deposits it at the side of the front door, carries out a chair to assist in mounting the vehicle in which trusses of straw have been placed on the sides to form seats, and informs the family that "the carriage waits."

Mrs. Norman laughs good-humoredly and clammers somewhat weightily into the conveyance subsiding upon the straw couch with her back to the house. Polly springs deftly after and sits at her right side. Angelique is lifted in by Frank, and then Fanny, after wading under how she can ever get up there and vowing its a "real shame of Black Ned," desires Frank with a caricature of modesty in her eyes "not to look," and ends by exhibiting fully six inches or more of padded calf and pink stocking than there is the slightest necessity for, or than even Frank has ever seen before. Then paterfamilias gets up in front, Jake mounts to his throne with one leg on either shaft, Frank is accommodated with a precarious perch upon the tail-board, and they set off.

Now Brown Bess, though a useful animal about the farm, not about ploughing even occasionally has been known to trot her fifteen miles within the hour in a light buggy or asleigh, and she no sooner feels Jake's steady tug upon the lines than she knows he means business and settles down into a steady stride, planting her honest round feet with a plosh-plosh in the half liquid mud upon the road, that sends samples of the black batter flying high into the air to alight in not infrequent instances upon the dainty ribbons and draperies of the occupants of the scotch cart, and imparting that clattering up-and-down motion which is the peculiar attribute of that vehicle at a high rate of speed, and so completing the discomfort of the ladies, and the fendish delight of the irrepressible Jake.

"Land sa-a-akes, Mr. Norman!" cries poor Fanny, gripping the side boards of the cart with both hands, while the words are rather jolted out of her than uttered, "do go slow. I declare I'm going all to pieces." Thereupon Jake looks over his shoulder and asseverates:

"Can't hold her, Miss Fanny. Can't, honest injun! She will have her head when she's once started." While all the while the rogue was urging the willing mare to increased exertion.

Miss Norman's commands and Polly's pleadings were alike in vain. "Hold thy tongue lass," said the elder Norman, "the faster we go the sooner 't will be over," and with this philosophy they were forced to rest—only the word is a misnomer where there was no rest—content. The little Angelique is the only one completely happy. She laughs and screams with delight.

At length the quaint little church with its green yard and the shed for the shelter of teams during service looms in sight.

"Mind, now, Jake," says old Norman to his son as they approached the grey stone edifice, "you bring us up handsomely at the porch so that the women folk needn't dirty their shoes as they get out."

"All right, old man," says Jake, and getting the old mare well in hand he turns her sharp round by the lintel, backs up till the wheels touch and then with a sly kick of the heel loosens the bar and—a catastrophe better to be imagined than described!

"You should have seen," says Jake, as he sits on the table at his friend Bill Scaramouche's, way back in the bush, and helps himself to a drink out of Bill's stone jar, after having given vent to his excitement by throwing the giant swing three several times over the horizontal bar on which Bill dries his clothes—"you should have seen my old man's legs fly past my left ear, it would have done your heart good."

"But your mother and the gals," says Bill, "Good land and jiminy, man! they might have broken their bones!"

"Little fear," says Jake, "there was plenty of straw. Besides they are all plump except Fan, and she's too well padded to hurt."

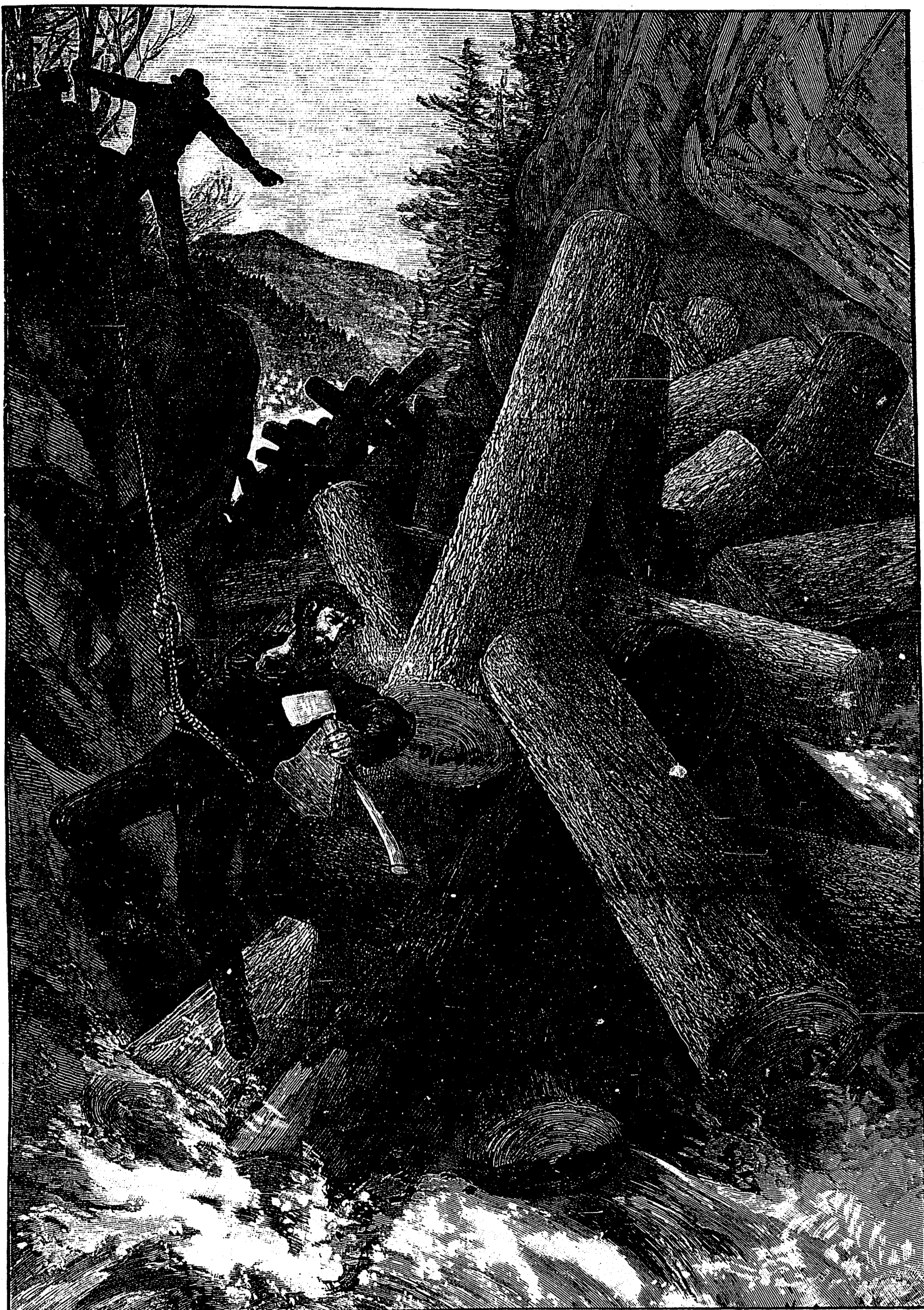
"And you didn't stay to inquire?" says Bill.
"You bet, I didn't. Made tracks like a streak of greased lightning, and guess I'm a fixture here for two days at the very least computation!"



THE FIRST DIVISION PASS TO THE DINING HALL.



DINING TIME. THE CHARITY CHILDREN OF PARIS.



WITH THE LUMBERMEN.—CUTTING THE KEY-LOG IN A "JAM."

THE MEANING OF AN OPAL.

"See with what vivid and what varied flame
I love you, Agnes," said my love to me.
Always so tenderly he breathes my name.
The little name seems a caress to be.

Clasped in an endless circle of fair gold,
An opal—less a jewel than a fire—
Burned with bright hues whose symbols sweetly told
Of deathless love, of truth, and pure desire.

We studied this keen opal, he and I,
Cheek warm on cheek, hand safe in sheltering hand:
Here burned the blue of fair fidelity,
There shot the gold of wisdom and command;

Here vivid violet, in which red and blue
Blent cunningly to tell the truth of love;
And then all suddenly love's crimson hue
Triumphantly all colors spread above.

Next sprang to light the emerald's fairy sheen,
Whereat I looked at him; he, whisperingly:
"Of old, Hope's sacred symbol was this green;
Profaned it means, love's tender jealousy."

Then glowed an orange light, where red and gold
Met in an *oriflamme*; and softly he
Spoke yet again: "This union, sweet, doth hold
Sign of eternal wedlock that shall be.

"Fire-like, this trembling and most vivid light
Speaks deepest passion—hear you me, my life!
Yet purely above flame reigns virgin white,
So does this opal speak of you, my wife!"

SENTENCED TO BE SHOT.

Farmer Owen's son had been found asleep when doing sentinel duty, and he was sentenced to be shot. A telegram had been received by his father saying the sentence would be carried out in 24 hours. Mr. Allen, the minister, called to do what he could to comfort the sorrowing family. During the visit a letter arrived; Blossom, the farmer's daughter, opened the door and received it. "It's from him," was all she said. It was like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen took the letter but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and he held it toward Mr. Allen with the helplessness of a child. The minister opened it and read as follows:

"Dear Father,—When this reaches you I shall be—in—eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it and now it has no terror. They say they won't bind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, that it might have been on the battle-field of my country, and that when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously, but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty—oh, father, I wonder the thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and when I am gone you may tell my comrades. You know I promised Jimmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went on double quick, and the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else tired, too. And as for Jimmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was tired when we went into camp, and then it was Jimmie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake though a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until, well—until it was too late.

"God be thanked!" said Mr. Owen. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve—'time to write to you,' our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could. And do not lay my death against Jimmie. The poor boy is broken hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father. Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now. God help me! It is hard to bear. Good-bye, father. God feels near and dear to me, as if he felt sorry for his poor broken hearted child, and would take me to be with him in a better life.

"To-night I shall see the cows coming from the pasture and precious little Blossom standing on the stoop waiting for me; but I shall never—never—come home. God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night a little figure glided down the footpath toward the railway station. The guard as he reached down to lift her in the carriage, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answers told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his own child than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had brought Bennie's letter with her. No kind heart like the President's could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning she reached New York and the guard hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now might be life. The President had just seated himself to his evening's task, when the door softly opened and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want?"
"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered Blossom.
"Bennie! Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes; I recollect. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely.
"But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jimmie was so weak. He did the work for two, sir, and it was Jimmie's night, not his; but Jimmie was too tired. Bennie never thought of himself, and he was so tired too."

"What is this you say, child? come here. I do not understand," and the kind man, as ever, caught eagerly at what seemed to be a justification of any offence.

Blossom went to him. He put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and she turned up her pale anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! and he was President of the United States, too. A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through little Blossom's mind; but she told her simple, straightforward story and handed Bennie's letter to Mr. Lincoln to read.

He read it carefully, then, taking up a pen, wrote a few hasty lines and rang his bell. Blossom heard his order given.

"Send this despatch at once!"

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence even when it took the life of a child like that, Abraham Lincoln thinks that life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until tomorrow. Bennie will need a change after he has faced death; he shall go home with you."

"God bless you, sir!" said Blossom.

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room and a strap was fastened around his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that can carry a sick comrade's baggage and die uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the railroad station to welcome them; and, as farmer Owen's hand gasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently: "The Lord be praised!"

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

At the Princess's Theatre a new romantic drama by Mr. G. R. Sims is in rehearsal, to take the place of the "Lights of London" as soon as that most successful of plays is withdrawn.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL has been to Rome, and will soon again be preaching in London. From the first he was one of the most effective of the preachers at the Pro-Cathedral, and the building was always crowded when he was to occupy the pulpit.

It is said that up to the present the cost of the Land Act has been nearly £90,000. How many peasant proprietors would this money have created! And how many poor land owners or annuitants on land would have been kept from ruin and starvation by this large sum of wasted money.

MRS. LANGTRY'S photographic popularity is immense, and she has beaten Miss Mand Branscombe clean out of the field. There is another lady now whose beauty is the subject of general admiration. She is on the stage at the Gaiety, and what is strange is that though she has been there a long time her merit is only now being recognized. It is none of the famed Gaiety quartette—Nellie Farren, Kate Vaughan, Annie Gilchrist, or Phillis Broughton.

THE "bustle," which was inaugurated with other objectionable features of female costume at the beginning of the present season, is attaining exaggerating proportions. Combined with tight lacing, which, in spite of Dr. Richardson and other moralists of the hygienic school, is now flourishing more than ever, it has the effect of entirely disguising the natural proportions of the human figure. Moreover, it is not only ugly in itself, but it sometimes gets displaced, with ridiculous results.

THE most important picture sale of the season at Christie's will be the magnificent portraits, paintings, and miniatures from Hamilton Palace. The sale will also include the Duke of Hamilton's collection of art treasures, sculpture, bronzes, steel work, coins, clocks, enamels, porcelain, chandeliers, decorative furniture, &c. The sale, which will last many days, will commence on Saturday, June 17, and the illustrated catalogues are one guinea each. No such disposal of unique works has taken place in this country for many years.

CETRYWAYO was to have left Cape Town by this time, but difficulties have arisen about his interpreter, the deposed king displaying very violent likes and dislikes as regards those who are to be his companions. He is, none the less, coming to England. The statements to the contrary are wholly unfounded; but the question of where he shall be housed is not yet settled. It is agreed he is not to go to Buckingham Palace, nor do his friends like the idea of putting him in an hotel. It seems to be the

intent to provide a private house for him, where he will be free to act as he pleases. The Colonial Office, of course, will pay all the necessary expenses.

ONE of Prince Leopold's gifts to his bride is a fan, which a fashionable paper describes as being of the most delicate workmanship and design. The sticks are of goldfish pearl, inlaid with gold, which grows pale as the tapering points are approached. The material of the fan itself is lace, on which the designs of the garlands on the sticks are repeated, the blossoms chosen being Marguerite flowers, which, with the daffodil and pink, are immensely in favor at present. Between each daisy wreath are roses, the petals of which are detached and form a fluttering shower with the slightest movement of the fan.

It is said that the Marquis of Lorne will be asked to veto the Canadian Bill for legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister; and in the event of his refusal, Her Majesty the Queen will be petitioned to disallow the bill. In the event of such an extreme course being resorted to, there is no likelihood of the Queen complying with the terms of such a petition. Apart from the wrench such an act would give to the Constitutional relationship between this country and Canada, it must be remembered that both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh ostentatiously voted for a similar Bill in the House of Lords, and it has always been understood that they thus gave expression to "family feeling" on this delicate subject.

THE United States seems to be the paradise of the notorious. Directly a man's name is in everybody's mouth, whether he be a martyr or murderer, he is at that moment wanted in America, there to give lectures and otherwise exhibit himself to a people thirsting for information. Mr. Oscar Wilde has been over there at least two months, and something new must be discovered. That something has been discovered in the manly form of the expelled legislator. Mr. Bradlaugh has been asked to go to America in the autumn and deliver a course of lectures, and what was very much more to the purpose, an immediate advance of £2,000 was offered. What a pity it is that some of these people return, and if we could only be sure that America would keep all the British notoriety, how happy should we be to part with some of them.

There is a duel on the tapis, and it is exciting a great deal of emotion. The principals are an Englishman and an American. The former is known as a young baronet, who prides himself upon an ancient ancestry in the North Riding of Yorkshire and a new-born gallantry at Nice towards a beautiful brunette, widowed countess; and the American boasts of his cousins in the banking business of the metropolis. Both the intending or possible belligerents are young, and, of course, indiscreet. A gentleman who is "in it," says that nothing short of the baronet's blood will satisfy the cravings of the American, and that a trip to the region of *le brave Belge* is to bring the belligerents face to face. Friends are endeavoring to avert the meeting, but the Yankee renders this difficult of attainment.

THE chairmen of the various London gas companies have been telling their shareholders that they have nothing to fear from the electric light; that electricity gives no better light than gas, and is much more expensive. Electrical engineers, on the other hand, are equally confident that gas as a lighting agent is doomed, and that electricity gives a more economical, and in every way better light. Sir Henry Bessemer says we might burn all our coals at the pit's mouth, and convey its force to London by cable, in the form of electricity; and he calculates there would be a saving of three-fourths of the cost of every ton of coal. "Would it might come true!" ejaculates the smoke-begrimed Londoner. Competition between the various Electric Companies in London is very keen. The Brush Company have proposed to light the shops and houses in Fleet street with the electric light, at a cost very little, if anything, in excess of that of gas.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A CHAMBERLAIN of the King of Servia has arrived in Paris with an invitation to President Grévy to be present at the coronation this summer in Belgrade.

BACCARAT not being a sufficiently sure means of ruin to most, a new gambling game has been introduced at the clubs; it is called *Makao*, and is of Italian nationality. The novelty may perhaps be the charm.

THE celebrated Cora Pearl is about to make her *début* at the Cirque d'Été as an equestrian artist. It is believed that she will have a greater measure of success than on the occasion of her appearance as an actress.

IT is the intention of the Government to introduce a bill for the repression of the obscene publications which for months past have been hawked about so freely on the boulevards. The project meets with general approbation, as it is

recognized that it is high time something was done to put an end to a scandalous nuisance.

A FRENCH advocate who seeks distinction in another field of science has submitted to the Academy a scheme for producing perpetual Spring in England and France. All that has to be done is to construct a dyke 500 miles long across the sea from Ireland to Norway, to keep out the current of water and floating ice.

SOME time ago the *Figaro* jocularly announced the marriage of M. Gambetta to a widow of Marseilles. The details of the supposed happy event were so farcical that it is hard to believe that they could have been taken seriously; but since then bouquets and presents of all kinds have been sent to Ville d'Avray, the parcels being all addressed "To Monsieur and Madame Gambetta."

A PARIS milliner has just concluded a contract by which a dealer in game in Berlin undertakes to deliver the skins of 30,000 pigeons during the season, for the adornment of hats and bonnets. The birds are to be caught in all parts of Germany, and taken to the railway yard, and there killed and immediately skinned, the skins being forwarded to Paris, and the carcasses being retailed for a small sum each on the spot.

If the Palais des Tuileries is not soon restored or razed, a forest will have grown up round what remains of the old pile. Behind the wall of planks which extends along the Rue des Tuileries a vegetation may be seen slowly but steadily creeping up, and even small trees—lime, maple and plantain—have taken root among the ruins. If nothing is done, nature will certainly soon screen from our eyes this ghastly memorial of the Terrible Year, for the small trees, with the present magnificent weather, will rapidly send up their branches in front of the remains of the building devised by Philibert Delorme.

ON returning from the first representation of *Francesca de Rimini* we fully echoed the general execration against the abominable obtrusive insolence of the *claque*. Never was their impertinence so offensively demonstrated. It is an insult to the audience at the Opera to turn into their midst a horde of unwashed, coarse persons. The papers call for the suppression of the *chevaliers du lustre*, but they will call in vain. The performers say that this stimulant of hired applause is indispensable; without this encouragement they cannot play, sing, or dance. Our English performers contrive to dispense with this loathsome aid. On many occasions we have expected to see the audience rise against these interlopers and expel them by force; but it seems that there are no limits to Parisian endurance, and the nuisance is allowed to continue.

A LADY called recently at the establishment of a celebrated male doctor. She sobbed bitterly; she was in great trouble. Her son, who had a large fortune, fancied himself a merchant's clerk engaged in extensive mercantile transactions. She called with her son one day by appointment. The doctor requested her to retire; she left with a small parcel, and the youth presented a bill for payment. The doctor had been prepared for this form of insanity. The young man was pounced upon by four employes and held by their united force under a *couche* bath upon his head, he screaming the while for his money. It transpired that the lady had represented herself to be the doctor's wife, and had made extensive purchases from a jeweller, who had sent his clerk with her in a cab to receive the money from her husband.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.—Mr. Emerson's life was a happily rounded period filled with noble activities and crowned with merited honors. He passed away when he had finished his labors, at the close of his day, without encountering the long twilight of enforced inaction. In the full measure of respect and reverence he vanished from the gaze of his fellowmen, to be conjoined more intimately to the Spirit of Nature which he loved and to the ineffable Over-soul which he adored.

There the holy essence rolls
On through separated souls;
And the sunny *Æon* sleeps
Folding nature in its deeps.
The race of gods,
Or those we erring own,
Are shadows flitting up and down
In the still abodes.

All honor to-day to his high worth and fame
And no word of cavil over the small dust of the
balance of any limitations of opinion and life.
Enough that his counsel and example will en-
dure as long as men need encouragement in the
path of spiritual perfection, need to be embold-
ened to follow their higher inner light in de-
fiance of current hypocrisies, to dare to be true,
to be themselves though legions should be band-
ed in error against them.

For this is love's nobility—
Not to center bread and gold,
Goods and raiment, bought and sold;
But to hold fast his simple sense
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand and body and blood
To make his bosom-counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.
—Horn Journal.

For the News.]

OPEN WATER.

(From the Norwegian of Bjorstjerna Bjornson.)

Open water! open water!
Through weary wintertide looked for with yearning.

Open water! open water!
Warm smiles the sun. The ice no longer bearing

Open water! open water!
Storms must be, and storms are soon arriving.

Open water! open water!
Where rock forms and sky tints again are blotted

Open water! open water!
The sun's fierce rays and the warm rain descending

NED P. MAH.

WEDDING-GIFTS.

The sightseers who on the last Wednesday in
April passed through the White Drawing-room
at Windsor, must have left that august chamber

ODDS AND ENDS.

The sight of an afflicted face, provided it
mourn a healthy sorrow, creates within every
manly breast an honest respect.

"She whom we love is beautiful," an old-
time saying of the Italians, and 'tis rarely
quoted, for, if the choice of one were the choice

Strange to say, the foremost novelists of the
day are Scotchmen.

Thomas Hardy, who weaves his stories as he
trains his vine-covered portico, or prunes his
heavily-laden poplar trees on the banks of the

The crude utterances of Nature are not to be
despised. Expostulate with them in one form,

Was there ever a beautiful idyl formed, any
brilliant success achieved by painter, poet, or

The bark of a watchdog at midnight; the
lark winging her flight to heaven's gate, singing
her matin song; the dive of a fishy monster;

Literature and the successful combatant re-
quire pace, but not pace heedlessly striven after.

MAX MAURICE.

speculation sometimes gives birth. People do
not snuff nowadays, so that one unfailing re-
course of the gift giver is dried up; and a punch-

Young couples who marry for love, and en-
deavour to live on the proceeds of a Treasury
clerkship, or a slenderly-paid commissioner of

The Student's Chess Club at Prague is probably the
largest of the kind in existence, numbering 98 members.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

J. W. Huddersfield, Eng.—Post card just received.
Will make enquiries and send you answer by post.

The Vienna tournament has ere this been brought to a
conclusion, and the results will soon be things of the
past, but they will form an important part of the history

It will be seen by an item in our Column to day that
Mr. Bird, who a few years ago paid a visit to the chess-

Captain Mackenzie, also a visitor some time ago to the
Montreal Chess Club, has, we learn, crossed the Atlantic

We learn that Mr. H. E. Bird will take part in the coming
Tournament at Vienna. His entry promises that the

The Student's Chess Club at Prague is probably the
largest of the kind in existence, numbering 98 members.

ONTARIO CHESS ASSOCIATION TOURNEY.

The final partie in this contest was played at the To-
ronto Chess Club rooms last Thursday evening between

The following is the complete score, the first-named in
each case being the victor:

FIRST ROUND.

Littlejohn, Toronto, v. Lockwood, Guelph.
Gordon, Toronto, v. Baldwin, Guelph.

SECOND ROUND.

Gordon v. Barclay. Littlejohn v. Judd.
Baldwin v. Ryall. Lockwood v. Punshon.

THIRD ROUND.

Gordon v. Littlejohn. Judd v. Barclay.
Baldwin v. Lockwood.

Fifth Round.—Judd v. Baldwin.

Sixth Round.—Littlejohn v. Judd.

Seventh and Final Round.—Gordon v. Littlejohn.

The first prize therefore falls to Mr. Gordon and the
second to Mr. Littlejohn.

Apropos of this Association, the conditions of the Pro-
blem and Solving Tourney will shortly appear in our

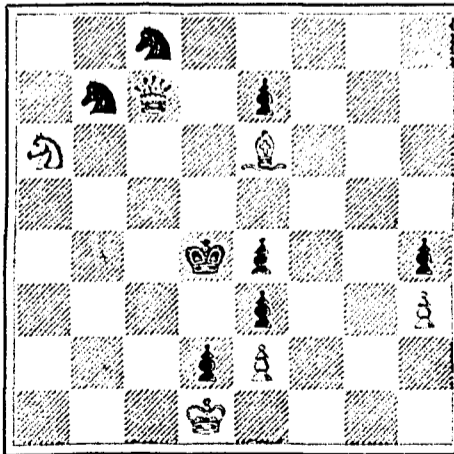
Mr. Blackburne gave a blindfold exhibition at the
Twickenham Chess Club on Wednesday, April 12. He

It was very different at Brighton on the 21st inst
when Mr. Blackburne contended against Messrs. Bow-ey,

Next evening there was a simultaneous exhibition at
the same place against twenty opponents, three of them

PROBLEM No. 382.

By J. B. Fisher.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 380.

White. Black.

- 1. B to Q Kt 4 1. B to B 4
2. B to Kt 6 2. Any
3. Mates acc

If R to B 2, or R to B 3, then 2B or P takes R.

GAME 503TH.

Played in the Leipzig Chess Congress between the first
and second prize winners, Herren Englisch and Paulsen.

(Sicilian Defense.)

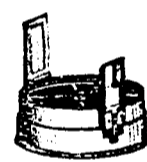
White.—(Herr Englisch.) Black.—(Herr L. Paulsen)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to Q B 4
2. Kt to K B 3 2. P to K 3
3. Kt to Q B 3 3. Kt to K B 3
4. P to Q 4 4. P takes P
5. Kt takes P 5. Kt to K B 3
6. K Kt to Kt 5 6. B to Kt 5
7. P to Q R 3 7. B to R 4
8. P to Q Kt 4 8. B to Kt 3
9. Kt to Q 6 (ch) 9. K to K 2
10. Kt to B 4 10. B to Q 5
11. Kt to Q Kt 5 (a) 11. P to Q 4
12. Kt takes B 12. P takes Kt
13. Kt takes Kt (ch) 13. P takes Kt
14. B to K Kt 5 14. Q to B 2
15. Q to Q 4 15. R to Q sq
16. Q to B 5 (ch) 16. K to K sq
17. B takes Kt 17. P takes B
18. B takes P 18. Q to B 5
19. B to Q 3 (b) 19. Q to K 4
20. Q takes Q 20. P takes Q
21. K to K 2 21. P to K 2
22. K to K 3 22. R to K Kt sq
23. P to K 3 23. B to K 2
24. K R to Q sq 24. Q R to K B sq
25. R to K B sq 25. B to B sq
26. Q R to Q Kt sq 26. B to Q 2
27. P to Q R 4 27. R to Q Kt sq
28. P to Kt 5 28. P to Q B 4
29. P to R 5 29. R fr K Kt to Q B sq
30. P to Q B 4 30. R to Kt 2
31. B to K 2 31. R fr B sq to Q Kt sq
32. R from Kt sq to Q sq 32. P to B 2
33. P to B 4 33. P takes P (ch)
34. R takes P 34. R fr B 2 to B sq
35. P to K 5 (c) 35. R to K B sq
36. B to B 3 36. B to B sq
37. B to K 4 37. P to K R 4
38. R to R 4 38. R to K R sq
39. B to B 6 39. P to B 3
40. P to Kt 4 40. P takes K P
41. R takes P 41. R takes R
42. P takes R 42. K to B 3
43. R to Q 2 (d) 43. P to R 3
44. P to K R 6 44. K to Kt 3
45. P to Kt 6 45. K takes P
46. B to Q 7 46. R to Kt 2
47. B takes B 47. R to Kt sq
48. P to Kt 7

And after a few more moves Black resigned.

NOTES.

- (a) A beautiful move.
(b) White would have done wrong to take the P and
check. He would have lost all the advantage he had
gained.
(c) Well played.
(d) Bringing the affair to a close.



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

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.
 It is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful.
 See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.
 To be had of all Grocers, Grocers, and Chemists.
 Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only):
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CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

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

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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 **MERRILL, J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MERRILL, URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.**

40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in Case name in gold & jet 10c West & Co., Westvil's Ct.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

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

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

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.

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

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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.

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FURNITURE.

FINE AND MEDIUM.

AN IMMENSE STOCK.

HENRY J. SHAW & CO.,

726 Craig St. (Near Victoria Sq.)

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

MAY, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.	CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
8 9 00		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	8 00
8 8 40		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carleton.	8 15	8 00
		QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		
		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer.		
3 35		Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway.		
8 00		(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.	1 50	8 00
8 00		(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.		
12 50		Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa.	7 00	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches.	1 00	
8 00		Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier.	7 00	
10 00		St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway.		2 15
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Contrecoeur, &c.	6 00	2 15 8
8 00		Acton and Sorel Railway.		8 00
10 00		St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station.	7 00	
10 00		St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Sherford Railways.		2 15
9 00		South Eastern Railway.		4 45
8 00		(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I. Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 24th April.		8 00
		LOCAL MAILS.		
9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval.		4 30
11 30		Beauharnois Route.	6 00	
11 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Varennes & Vercheres.		
9 00	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace.	9 00	1 45
9 00	5 30	Hochelaga.	8 00	1 00
11 30		Huntingdon.	6 00	2 5 5
10 00	5 30	Laohine.	6 00	2 00
10 30	3 00	Laprairie.	7 00	2 00
10 30		Longueuil.	6 00	2 5
10 00		New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch.		1 45
10 00		Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trem, & Charlemagne.	8 00	4 45
8 30	2 30 6	Point St. Charles.		2 00
11 30		St. Onegonde.	6 00	1 15 5
10 00		St. Lambert.		
1 30		St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache.	7 00	2 15
11 30	5 30	Taunier West (St. Henri de M.).	6 00	
10 00		Sault-au-Roccollet & Pont Vian (also Bongie).		2 00
10 00	6 55	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mills-End & Coteau St. Louis.	7 00	3 00
		UNITED STATES.		
8 9 40		Boston & New England States, except Maine.	7 00	
8 8 40		New York and Southern States.	6 00	1 45
10 30		Island Pond, Portland & Maine.		2 5 4
8 8 40	12 30	(A) Western & Pacific States.	8 15	2 30 8
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.		
		By Canadian Line on Thursday		7 00
		By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday		7 00
		By Cunard on Monday.		9 15
		Do. Supplementary, 11th and 25th December		
		By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday.		2 15
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday.		2 15
		By White Star and Inman Lines 14th and 28th April		2 15

(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8.45 a.m., and 9.15 p.m.
 (B) Do 9.00 p.m.

Mail for St. Thomas, W. I., Brazil, Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave New York by Steamer:

- For Bahama Islands, April 12th.
- Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.
- Brazil, April 5th and 11th.
- Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 22nd.
- Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th.
- Cuba and W. I. via Havana, April 15th and 29th.
- Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th.
- South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 1th, 20th and 29th.
- Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th.
- Venezuela and Curacao, April 15th.

Mails leave San Francisco:
 For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th.
 For China and Japan, April 19th.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT upon the paid up capital stock of this Institution, has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, and at its branches on and after,

Thursday 1st day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on Monday the 5th day of June next. The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board,
A. MACNIDER,
 Assistant General Manager.
 Montreal, 25th April, 1882.