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CONTENTS.

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CAMCOIAM ILLUSTRAEE NEWS,
Montreal. Saturday. June 3, 1882.

## THE REIGN UF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The sixty-third birthday of our heloved Queen was celebrated last Wednesday with the usual rejoicings. For forty five years the holiday has been kept with ever-increasing love towards her who, whether as Queen, wife, mother, or friend, has won the hearts of all her subjects and gained the respect of the whole civilized world. Few people would have prophesied when, in 1837, the crown of England de volved upon the head of that pale, fair girl of eighteen, that ber reign would not odly be the longest of the century, but be attended by the greatest changes and revolutions in science, in politics, in reli-gion-would be alike remarkable in liter ture and in war.

The opening of the Queen's reign was coincident with the chief discoveries which we have come to look upon as representative of modern civilization. Had it no other claims to a niche in the temple of history, the utilization of electricity, the application of steam to the purposes of locomotion, and the introduction of the penny post, would secure it a lasting me morial.
"The mau of the eighteenth century," says Justin Macarthy, "travelled on sea and land in much the same way that his forefathers had done hundreds of years his fellows were carried on in very much the same method. He got his news from abroad and from home after the sameslow uncertain fashion. His streets and housee were lighted very much as they might
have been when Mr. Pepys was in Lonhave been when Mr. Pepys was in Lon-
don. His ideas of drainage were equally elementary and simple. We see a complete revolution in all these things."

When we add to these the telephone, which we have to-day come to look upon as almort a necetgity of life, and the won-
ders of electric lighting, the phonograph, ders of electric lighting, the phonograph,
and the thousand oth $\mathrm{r} u=e s$ to which that wonderful medium is beiug daily put, we are conscious of a great gulf which divides us from the civilization of our grandfathera, and we find it hard to realize that all this has been accomplished within half $a$ century.

When we turn to commerce, we note at least une anterprise originating immediately from Her Majesty, or 1ather from her consort, which has had its. offect in world. The system of industrial exhibi tiona, which now are a recognized feature of every year, ower its origin to the Griat Exhibition of 1851.

The great glass palace in Hyde Park, made so memorable by Thackeray's ode, marks an epoch in commercial history. The novelty of the experiment was what made it so especially memorable. Many subsequent éxhibitions have far surpassed it in grandness and magnificence, but none have robbed it of the glory of being the first Great International Exhibition ever planned. The wild expectations which it aroused of peace and good will among men have not been exactly realized, but its effects, though different in kind, have none the less been very marked.
We have no inclination to review the wars which have made Victoria's reign remarkable. If they have been marked in many instances with a want of forethought, and carried out to the discredit of this or that Government, they have proved at least the genuine pluck of the British soldier, and the courage and skill of more than one general.
Of the literature of the reign a book might be written, nay, the material is already in print which would form a book of goodly size. Suffice it to point to the names of some of our greatest writers in every department of letters. Do we think of science, and can we forget Brewster, the experimental philosopher, or Michael Far aday, the, chemist and electrician ; do we not find Richard Ow9n, and Hugh Miller and again Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall Amongst philosophers stands out the rugged figure of Carlyle, the Chelsea Philoso pher, while Stuart Mill and Herbert
cer are household names to-day. History claims Grote, Macaulay, Froude and CarIyle again. Fiction acknowledges two masters in Dickens and Thackeray, and host of lesser lights from whom it were invidious to single out a few. Of women there are Harriet Martinean and Mary Somerville at the head, while Mrs. Browning, and Miss Thackeray, with novel writers by the score, deserve at least a menWriters by the score, deserve at least a men-
tion here. If we have left poetry to the last, it is not that we have no worthy names. With Tennyson and Browning at the head, the list of those who have courted the muse with some measure of success is by no means a short one. Hood, Buchanan, Clough, Bailey, Horne, and Charles Kingsley, who, whether he is to be claimed as poet or novelist, as preacher or philosopher, has now a place in men's hearts from which it will be hard to dislodge him.
In art we have one great writer and critic, Ruskin, and painters among whom, if there are few to name speoially, it is becanse the level of painting has so vastly improved that, if we have no giants, we have not a few who at least are no pigmies. Yet here, perhaps, Millais deserves
a place by himself in England, as Dore in F place
Such, in brief, has been the reign of our Queen, remarkable amongst all reigns not of her centary or country alone, but in all time and over all the world. The retrospect is too vast for us to do more than glance at it, while we repeat to-day the well-worn formula, which, well-worn though it be, comee from every English subject's heart, "God Save the Queen."

## THE SCHOOLBO Y'S COMPLAINT

Ter Congress of French schoolboys is a uovelty even in this age of Congreases thew Arnold called "French Etons" do not enjoy life. No one can wonder at that, if M. Maximé du Camp, Balzıc, and many other Frenchmen who have described their own school-life told the truth. Exercise of a genial kind is almost unknown to the boys. No football, cricket, fives, racquets, tennis, or anything else but prisoner's base, and a kind of game of catch with a soft ball, seem to be known to French schoolboys. The pion, or usher,
always has his cold, grey eye on them. Dishonorable confossions are sometimes oxtorted, or attempts are made to extort them from the boys, and achoolboy honor French sapped, or so say some of the ments chiefly consist of captivity in dens
which are cold, narrow, and unwholesome. Balzic parsed perhaps a third, certainly a great deal, of his school-life in the school prison colls of his ald school are almost as prison cells of his old school are alm were in his time, and that was very bad indeed. On holidays the boys become premature little men of the world, and Toto finds his way chiz Tita. The concierges have far too much power, and can grant small indulgences or sell small luxuries at ex rorbitant prices. We do not mean to say that all French schoo's are like this, but these details are taken from the writings of great Frenchmen who had been unhappy at school. Perhaps men who are to become great in literature are too odd as boys to be happy at school. Shelley was rather teased, and his one fight was not a success, though he is reported to have recited Homer between the rounds. But this story may be one of the many Shelley myths. When Edgar Quinet was at school with Jules Janin there were frequent barring outs, in which Janin was a ringleader. The future " prince of critics" was " sent down" for leading the rebels against too constant omelettes. But we see with pain that what the twenty delegates of the French schools most disliked was Greek and Latin. They want two modern languag s substituted in the Lycee curriculum, and so far, we suppose, they have Mr. Herbert Spencer with them. There might at least be an option : modern languages for boys with little turn for scholarship and literature; Greek and Latin for boys with little aptitude for modern life and busi French boy-delegates also ask for better food-a sensible request; for a reduction of the power of concierges, and for the amnesty of some lads lately expelled at Toulouse and Montpellier. But a congress of twenty seems scarcely representative enough, and it may be doubted whether the Minister of Education will attend to the prayer of the boys' petition

## THE MORBID NOVEL.

As it is unwise and not a sign of the highest culture to visit the morbid drama $s o$ the reading of the sensational novel is on the same plane. The time and tears wasted on this species of literature would build a boat and float it. The writers of books are often professional bookmakers, with moderate talents and no genius. Having only very ordinary powers of observation, the touches of nature which make the world kin are absent. Unable to understand human motives, to depict emotions and passions as they exist in life, or even to present surroundings in a picturesque manner, they are driven to scenes of human misery to give interest to many-paged dullness. Not the misery which one can find everywhere aronnd Which one can find everywhere around him, in every walk in life, but a compli cation of all sorts of unnatural woes, the result of impossible schemes, generally too clnmsily devised to deceive an inmate of an imbecile asylum. Indeed, the relationship between this sort of novel and the morbid drams is so intimate that one finds them dramatized at every turn. The "Two Orphans" is a fair specimen of this kind of work. Unnatural in conception, revolting in incident, it combines horrors so brutalizing ip tendency that it is a great pity we have no censorship to suppress such productions. Those who have read or moen it will fail to find any moral in it, other than this: never give alms to a blind beggar, since it subjects the recipient to oruel tortuies at the hand of some terrible monster who employs the poor sight-bereft mendicant. Such books as this are demoralizing, in creating a taste for horrors, and crushing out geniality, humor, and friendliness. They breed suspicion at every point, and he who reads one of them for the first time rises from the perusal worse than when he sat down. It seems to us, that no really good hearted person could sit down and go through a volume of such brutality with enjoyment. To rush to the last chapter of a book, to see how it will effत, is the only resource left, and, if the tortures and agonies con-
tinue, to throw the book aside. Even great suthors overstep the bounds of human endurance-without any intent to harrow up the feelings-as witnees George Eliot in "Adam Bede." But while the greatness of the work is undeniable, it is scarcely sufficient to compensate for its painfulness.

Authors have a great responsibility: while it is their duty and ought to be their mission to point out faults and vices, and to use all the power their genius give to correct them, it is likewise part of their duty not to foster nervousness and hysteria among their readers, lest what moral good they do be overbalanced by the physical and incidentally by the mental injury they inflict
There is another gradation in literature, -or, perhaps, it would be more fitly call ed a degradation. It is the Emile Zola order of novel. Much has been written and said against this man's productions, perhaps too much, since it attracts an attention to these receptacles of verbal filth which they do not deserve. It is not necessary to say more about them, except we hold that the authorities are not fully mindful of their duties in permitting these works to go unchallenged through the mails. The time, we trust, will come when it will be as disreputable, socially, to possess these books as to own a kit of burglar's tools.

Our English litersture is so rich in every kind of delightful novel, that there is no need to have recourse to either the torpedo English novel or the Sodom-and-Gomorrah French screeds. It is the especial duty of parents to prevent their children's natures from being warped by these crooked sicks of authorship, and to qualify themselves for their sacred duty by abstaining from such literature themselves.

## ENTHUSIASM.

Like fire, enthusiasm might be described as a good servant but a bad master. Enthusiastic persons are apt to be disturbed by their
quieter brethren who share Talleyrand's dislike quieter brethren who share Talleyrand s disike to "trop de zele" in any cause. And yet what siasm were banished from it. The calm-judging, sober-minded man, who can never be stirred to strong emotion, is donbtless a wise and safe acquaintance, but is apt to become an extremely nerally very dull reading. When Johnson said that he liked "a good hater," he doubtless in lended to convey a protest against the colour neither strong affections nor strong dislikes; who cannot be stirred to anger by sight of wrong-doing, nor to admiration by knowledge of deeds of heroism ; who pass through life without experiencing half the troubles of their more sensitive neighbours, and generally attain to an extreme old age. Fontenelle was an example of this kind of person; and he himsel the ace of ninety four) to the fact that "he never of nin and never cried." Most penple are familiar with the story of the friend who came to risit him when the sabant was about to give directions regarding the dressing of a dish of early asparagus. Fontenelle invitod his vi sitor to share the delicacy, and finding that ho prefered the asparagus cooked without on, di rected the cook to prepare hall of the bunde to his friend a tasto, half to his own. Scarcely, than the risitor fell down in a fit and expired. This tragic occurrence did not so disturb the easy-going philosopher as to make him forget his dinner. He ran promptly to the door and called to the servant, "My poor friend the abbe called t
is dead.
oil.".
Font

Fontenelle was not a solitary example of this equanimity of temper; a nature peculiarly
irritating to more excitable persons, who do not irritating to more excitable persons, who do no
scruple to attribute the philosopher's calm to the selfishness of the philosopher's disposition Enthusiastic people often commit great absurdities, bnt are certainly more loveable individuals than the intensely reasonable man, whoe heart never overrules his head. Most of us would pref. $\mathbf{r}$ our friends to love us after the partial fashion of the fair Quakeress, who, when askec hy a yonthful friend if she could "give
him her love," demurely replied, "Yes, John him her love, demurely replied, Yes, , Ionn, afraid that thee is getting more than thy due share." Whether for good or evil, enthvaisem would seem to be on the wane in the present day. It is decidedly out of fashion.
Centuries ago "repose" of manner was not a characteristic of "the class of Vere de Vere." What we should now term a childigh exhibition of emotion was looked upon with respect. Grea kings were not ashamed of giving way to public burlums philip matter of course, how the Duke of Burgundy
was wont to yield to the wildest outbursts of was wont to yield to the wildest outbursts of
passion if opposed or thwarted ; and appears to have thought none the worse of him for these
outbreaks. How constantly do we read of death or injury inflicted on their nearest and dearest by men incapable of selt-control, and how loniently their age judged these fits of Berserker
fury. They were equally ontspoken in the fury. They were equally ontspoken in thei
repentance. To walk in procession publicly repentance. To walk in procession publicl ing to a king as to fall into fits of mad passion Mail-clad warriors embraced in public; to shed tears readily was looked upon as a mark o sanctity, the "donum-lachrymarum" coveted by pious monks. The strangest vows were made
the wildest projects undertaken by acute and talented men, in an age when enthusiasm was respected and encouraged. There is a dark side
to the enthusiasm of our a to the enthusiasm of our ancestors It frequently led them into acts of cruelty and bigotry. God
frey de Bouillon, that pearl of chivalry, per frey de Bouillon, that pearl of chivalry, per
mitted an indiscriminate massacre of women mitted an indiscriminate massacre of women which would have eternally sullied the fame of Which would have eternally sullied the fame of praiseworthy in his age, lecause the victims were Paynims. Pious men sent their religious opponents to the stake. The same enthnsiasm
that prompted men to sacrifice themselves for a that prompted men to sacrifice themselves for a cause, a principle, made them pitiless regarding
their adversaries. To be tolerant was to be an infidel at heart.
Occasionally, even in the Middle Ages, we come across instances of the calmly practical temperament that is not to be disturbed from the steady pursuit of self-interest by any gusts
of enthusiasm. When Bertrand du Guesclin led a sort of crusade against the King of Granade in 1365, he applied to Urban $V$. (then residing at Avignon) for money to pay his troops. The
Pope, aware that $D \mathrm{Gu}$ Guesclin's army had been Pope, aware that Du Guesclin's army had been
recruited from the dregs of the community, sen word that he was too poor to give gold, but would bestow a far more valuable gift -ful
absolution from all their sing. Du Guesclin' reply is amusing in its candour. "I tell you
there are many here who care nothing about absolution; they would far rather have silver. am making them honest against their will, and leading them where they can rightfully pillage
Say this to the Pope. I must have money. I Say this to the Pope. I must have money. a cardinal, who confesses "he had rather been chanting mass at home, to modiate with the too practical-minded soldiers; but his Eninence to cry, "I would the Pope were here himself, enoagh be stripped of it." Eventually a contribution in coin was sent from the Papal treasary. Enthusiasm the world over is strange ly infectious. Enthusiasts in any suhject are generally honest in their devotion to it, and minds of others. The leaders of the many wild enthusiastic movements of the past firmly be-
lieved in the righteousness of the causes the advocaterd. It is melancholy to think how much sincere devotion has often been wasted on very unworthy objects ; how some of the best of men abuses, to perpetuate mistakes, to encourage acts abuses, to perpetuate mistakes, to encourage acts may differ from the enthusiast in his views of right, we cannot, in many cases, donbt his sincority. His listoners beliaved his teaching be-
cause they saw he so firmly believed it himgelt.

## our illustrations.

The event of last week has of coarse been the celebration of the Queen's birthday, of which we page contains a portrait of Her Gracious Majesty surrounded by suggestions of the various incidents of her reign : the coronation in 1836, the Royal wedding iu 1840, in 1851, the Great Ex-
hibition, in 1854 the Crimes ; with the invenhibition, in 1854 the Crimea; with the invenas made during the most proeperone reigm which England has ever known. It had been our intention to present this week some illustratrions of the review at Kingnton, but owing to to defer their production until next week.

Saturday was an eventful day in the anuals 1882-a day of strange and starting contrasts. "ethereal mildness" of whieh was a rebnke to those who are prone to disparage the English
climate, her Majesty was present at the formal dedication of Epping Forest to the use and en joyment of the public for all time." The ceremonial was as simple as the event was anspicious. attempt on her life and the excitement of the noyal marriage should have consented to appea couragoous act worthy of herself. gracious and tive and gigantic pleasure-garden, once "' a hant and in our time the farourite resort of East-En holiday-makers, was being gradually inclosed pressibe buildert, till its area had bocome se were threatened with destruction. By a happy
inspiration the City Corporation, which had some kind of locus diandi in the case was induce to become tif ohampion of popular righta. It
powerful inftimece and resources, backed by a
number of farorable legal decisions, arrestod in
est land were recovered from the hand of the spoiler, and the entire forest was formally placed ander the protection of our cont as its Ranger Epping Forest is now secured as "a thing of beanty and a joy for ever" for the benefit of her
Majesty's subjects ; or, as the Corporation ad Majesty"s subjects; or, as the Corporation ad
dreas more precisely puts it, "an open space of areas more precisely puts it, "an open space of
nearly six thousand acres, extending from the confines of the metropolis for a distance of thir recreation." Oar illustrations of the event wil be found on page 340.
From the Northwest we have received a phoNograph of the Arikery detachment of the are at Fort Walsh. This photograph we have engraved for page 341.
Masonic Fancy Bazaar at Durlin.-In aid of the fund required for completing and
furnishing the now bnilding of the Masonic Fe male Orphan School, in Merrion road, Dublin, to which the Freemasons of Ireland have already subscribed a large sum, a Bazaarand Fancy Fair
was held in the Dublin Exhibition Palace Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaugh and her Excellency the Coantess Cowper, wife of the Lord Lientenant of Ireland, were patron position consented to presice at the stalls. The bazasar, or fancy fair presented some remarkable features, which are partly shown in our illutra tion. The Leinster Hall of the Exhibition Palace was sonverted into a picturesque " old street," with "Shakespeare's House" at the
upper end. All the quaint and beautiful buildupper end. All the quaint and beautiful build teenth and seventeenth centuries by Mr. Bing ham hi Guinness, President of the Dablin and ding ; and the whas constructe by Mr. Farrar and other artists of the Dablin Gaiety Theatre. A portion of the design occu. pied by the Belfast and Midland Counties Stall the Shakespeare Honse and Paril's Stall, wa suggested by sketches from the "Old Tabar Inn," pulled down a few years ago in Sonth.
wark, where it had remained in actual use from wark, where it had remained in actual use rom
the middle of the reign of Queen Eliz its demolition in the course of some building improvements. The recesses and rude balconies general effect of the old house was carefully studied. The timbered houses brought together in this street represent the provailing charactor of the dwellings and shops of the merchant and
trader burgesses. They were built with large crader burgesses. They were built with large weare filled in with bricks, lath and plaster, or weather boardings. The gables ornamented with were covered with red tiles, and ornamented with dormer windows to admit light and air to the rooms in the fine large roofs.
Thr sad story of the death of Lnrd Cavendis and Mr. Burke is already an old tale, but its English mails with fuller accounts of the tragedy. We do not propuse to relate the whole sior On the evening of the sixth of May the unfor tunate gentlemen were walking together in the when they when they were attacked by four men who had
driven up in an outside car, and stabbed to the heart, the assassins driving off as they came. Mr. Burke, "handsome Tum Burke" as he wa known to his initimates has been for years in the permanent position of under secretary, and has
devoted his whole official life to working for the country in whose cause he has now lost his life. He was about forty years of age and unmarried. Lord Frederick Cavendish was the son of the Duke of Devonshire and brother of the Marquis of Huntington. His recent appointment as
Chief Secretary was considered as a conciliatory one, and his mission was a mission of peace. Even 80 did Nana Sahibshoot down the bearers of
the flags of truce in the mutiny. On another pag the fiags of truce in the matiny. On another page
we give portraits of both these gentlemen and il. lustrntions of the residences of the Chief Secretary and the under secretary in the Phoenix Park. The funeral of Mr. Thomas Barke took place on Tuesday, in the Glasnevin Cemetery, Dublin, and was attended by a representative of the Lord Lieutenant, the Judges, barristers, merchants and others, the members of the Dabin Corn Ex
change, the Chamber of Commerce, the Council of the Home Rule Leagae, and other public bodies and organisations in Dublin, and throughout Ireland, met and passed resolutions denouncing the assassinations, and expressing sympathy
ith the bereaved friends. The body of Lord Fred the bereaved fien regal lodge, Dublin, to the North Wall Wharf, on a gun carriage,
boat for England.

## EARLY PIETY.

> bT ned p. Maf.
> There is a small wise woman of some eight shrough rain or shine, is a ditch by the side of the tance I have the honor, and whose profession it is to manufacture and sell garlands fer the ad
ornment of graves. She observel at our last intorview that I was rapidly torning grey, and
that it was worthy of remark, inaemuch as her
grandmother who was far up in the sixties wa not grey as yet. To which I replied, explanato grey early. Whereapon she shook the littl wise head gravely, and smole a smile of sympathy and pity.
Train up a child in the way he should go, and
when he is old he will not depart from it when he is old he will not depart from it. No, but while he is still young he may. Clergymen's a strict bringing up, are provorbially the worst. 00 tight a bearing rein is good for neither man or beast. Give a boy his head in all reason, courage him to seek it. Lead but don't drive A mother's influence is the best for this, and a
mother's words will sink into the heart and be mother's words will sink into the heart and be remembered when se
long since forgotten.
ying that erong good deal of truth in the and it depends partly on the sort of head he has, but a good deal also on the sort of company his pursnits force him into, how long or how short that fling must be-and the worst of it is that Where, per" aps, not so much native inclination as the exigencies of the "good fellowship" of
business connections demand that this fling business connections demand that this fling
shall last for many years, this prolonged period shall last for many years, this prolonged period
of early piety will lay the foundation of a miser. able old agety in which the spirit, still young, is mbittered by the growing infirmities of the old bachelor lingers amid the memories of plea. sures, in which he can no longer indalge with impanity, awaiting the tardy coming of that nd to his friends.
Therefore, 0 young man, be wise ; and by a pare yourself to enjoy a green old age, which pare yourself to enjoy a green old age, which
shall be able to indulge with a reasonable mode: ration irthe pleasures which we are not intend. ed to exhaust in our youth-an old age not rendered hideous by a premature decay, but comely in the good preservation of teeth and
locks, and unwrinkled skin and happy in the locks, and unwrinkled skin; and happy in the he reward and the witness bearors of a discreetly husbanded youth.

## SUCCESSFUL AUDACITY

An unemployed actor, disinclined to rust in dleness, to say nothing of starviug, determined ropicese provinces as an entertainer. The hanting-ground he expected, and when he arived at a certain small town in the north hi unds and his spirits were equally low. The the letting of the "hall" informing him a thea rical exhibition would be "nae gude at a' there ; but that if he gave a locture on chemis try the place would be crowded. At this straw
our desperate sator clutched. He would torm scientific lecturer, and chance it being dis covered that he knew nothing of his subject. The hall was engaged, the bills bick coppers spent on red fire, brickdust, iron filings, and some innocent powders; the time came, and the lecturer stood before a crowded audience without any clear idea of what he was to say or do, save that he was going to perform
the old experiment of producing hydrogen, and a new one of his own invention, which he hoped would bring the p.rformance to a sudden end and mortar s Leyden jer and two or thre retorts, which, with a few physic bottles filled with bright-colored waters, gave the table quit a scientific appearance. The pseudo-savan onmmenced by reading a few pages of a popular and then, closing try by way trasted to impu dence to pull him through; and pull him
through it did. He say ${ }^{\text {" }}$ l explained, with many mispronounced words, the hydrogen ex periment; a and then it occurred to me to a raige a make them nervons, and prepare them for what was to follow. This I did by thrusting a retort of water report. I then proceeded to explain the dan grous nature of the chemic ils, dwelt on gau cotton, sud len death of experimentalists by famen, \&c., meanwhile filling my mortar with brickdust and other harmless ingredients.
Having worked the andience up to the required Having worked the andience up of thervousness, I dilated on the dangerous and uncertain nature of the compound 1 was up by areing. ' 1 spoke of my bad health, and wound announcoment may seom, it is nevertheless true, that were I to lesve off stirring this mix.
ture for one single second, the whole of this ture for one single second, the whole of this
building and everyone therein would be blown into anrecognizable atoms !' In less than two but Mr. Mactaggart and myself, who pitched
the stuff away, and cheerfally divided the profits."

## A NEAR SHAVE

"What I am abont to relate," writes a tra
veller, "happeaed in a rough mining town in Colorado. There was a grand ball at the ranch of Whiskey Jack, well known character in the 'diggings, and the etite of the district re-
sponded to the call in full force. The party was held in a rickety old barn belonging to the
hoot, and, with a few red strips of flannel,
grotesque accumulat on of mountain roses, and a row of dripping candles, the appointments o
the place were perfect. My first partner in th giddy dance was the wife of the man who killed the village postmastor because he refuesed him a letter; she was fat, fair and forty, and danced with the grace of a cow. My next partner wae just bursting into the lovelingess of a young gir she was badly freckled, and aported a wart on her nowe. My next parta and then I reeted began to comment on new faces in the room My companion in this pleasant pastime was a heary-bearded miner, unconth, roughly dreesed, tobacco-slob bered, and very profane.. Thin was
our first meeting, and I hoped it would be the last.
'There goes a hard-looking case,' I whispered, sailed by ; 'she's a bad 'un.' Whe an elegant target she would make for a poor marksman
'Yes,' I said, and turned my eyes on a tall raw. boned creature sailing towards us, support
ed by a little man with sandy whiskers and red top boots.

Here comes the bose."
The boss, I say ; ain't she a lovely chim. panzee f "A what $P$
He glared at me a moment and then reached or his revolver.
'What is a chimpanzee $P$ ' he growled fiercely. his red eyes growing large.
I saw that I had made
saw that I had made some mistake, and
'Why-Why,' I stammered, backing off, 'a chimpanzee is a lovely creature fonnd in Africe -nothing so gorgoonsly beautiful as a chim.
can receive.' I think so myself, stranger; she is a lovely
chimpanzeo. She's my wife.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

This Hudson Valloy peach crop will be a total ailure.
The Parnellites have still 200 amendments to aove to the Repression Bill.
Tre Madrid Cabinet is deliberating on the
coduction of the Costoms duties.
"Shotover" won the Derby on Wednes day, aicklime" second, "Sachem" third.
The Mexican Government is offering $\$ 300$ reach scalp of hostile Apsche Indians.
OF one thousand inhabitants of Iquique
Canon Erarrst Wilberforce has been ap England.
The Russian Committee of Ministers has issued a series
ing the Jows.
The rumored engagement between Princess Beatrice
Hon, Me. Walkey, Premiar of British Colaribit, ham
A Lonpor esble mnounces the dosth of Si Court of Appeal.
The Prinoess Loaise seiled from Liverpoil fo Tharsday.
Sir Charlse Bowen, Jadge of the Queen's Bench, will mucceed the lat
the Hith Court of Appeal.
Alsiar Xerria, the man who wrote a threat eniug lottor to the Queen's secretary, has been satenced to ton yeert penal servitude.
Tan Ponnsylvania iron manufacturers hav,
doci fod to resist the demands of the men, and deci lod to rosit the demands of the men, and
THis Island of Fayal, dzores, has been viaited pablic eartaquak which destroyod churches,
THE oficial list places the number of lives lost by the Lanitoulin disaster at eleven, of whom eight were peasengers and three deck ONr hundred and twenty Herefordehire farmers sailed by the Sarmatian for Queboe. They are sent out by Mr. Jame
settie on Canadian farms.

Congumption Cured.-An old phyician, rotired from practice, having had pleoed in his hands by an Eust India milsionary the formula
of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy
and permanent eure for cenanmption, Bron. and permanent care for consumption, Bron. Lang Affections; aloo a poadive and radical
cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous
Complaints after haring teated its Complaints, aftor haviag tented its, wouderful
curative power in thoumads of coses, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated it this motive and a deeire to charge to all who deaire it, this recipe, fin Gear





## BONTNYKAT円."

## ATEALEOESOUTHERNLIEE.

CFRISTIAN EEID.

## CHAPTER XLIV. 

What has happened to her? What did those peopledo to her ${ }^{\text {It }}$ is Mr. Proct
It is Mr. Proctor who asks this inevitable Question-for firmly rooted in the minds of all", to wit, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, are in some manner accountable for the great change which has beon wrought in her-when he finds himeolf alone with Janet, after his first meeting with the
girl who, two years ago, embodied for him all girl who, two years ago, embodied for him all
that was brightost and most charning on earth. Janet shakee her head gravely. " I am quite
at a loes what to think," she answers. "In at a loes what to think, she answers. "In a
degree, 1 know what has happened to her, but But whe it happened-and that puzword for it, that the people of whom you speak were vory kind to her-as kind as they know how to be. I confess it is hard for me to believe that,
or anything else good of Florida Vaughn ; but or anything else good of Florida Vanghn; but
Kate would be torn by wild horses before she would say it if it was not so."

Then what is the matter with her "' asks ir. Proctor. There is no good in saying she in ont of health - what has put her ont of in any eyes on earth, it is in those eyes of hers," he goos on. "They nased to be the most jo.ogo
I over saw, and now they are the saddeat." "They aro," nays Janet. "It almost. breaks my heart sometimes to see the look in them when she thinks no one is abserving her-at sunset,
for instance, when she gazes over tiee river, beyond the hills, like one who knows

## 

"But for whom is she waiting ${ }^{\circ}$ " says the young man; "or, rather, for whom has she Who has said good. bye to hope. Janet, you are ought to be able to tell.'
"I can tell eomething, replies Janet. "Si
down here, and I will tell down here, and I will tell you all 1 know. They have been strolling down the lawn in the soit, june twilight; and having now reachfound her four-leaved clover, they sit down together on the warm, dry grass.
is a blockhead,", says Mr. Proctor, taking Janet's small hand in the clanp of his large one. "Tel me all you know. I don't ask from mere curi oaity, but
be done."
So Janet tells all that she knows-which is very little, and the mystery of which is beyond
hrr fathoming. "Only this is oertain," she says in conclasion-" Kate cares as much for
Frank Tarleton as she ever cared, and yet there
is mome bar between them which she believes to be hopeless, and which is breaking her heart. She will not tell what it is-she will not any
why she sent him away when he went to her and Why she sent him away whon he went to her and
proved that she had sumpected hhim of trifing without just cause-she will not give the least clew to what induced her to go abroad with the
Ashtons, and so $I$ cannot see what is to be dune." "Nor I," azys Mr. Proctor, " for lovers'
 "But
"But this in not a lovers' quarrel," eays Janet. "Kate ingists upon that. And it is not Frank Tarleton s ian the she insists npon that, also."
is it " " That is the mystery-that is what I cannot find oat. It is not in the least tike Kate to be secretive-but for onco she is so.
"It would not do to would it ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ ' hazards Mr. Proctor, vor Tarleton, A flash comes into Janet's bro, vaguely. is likely!" she says. "Do you think. if Kate was dying-and god knows she may be-she
would wioh us to put her so low as to end for as man who was always fickle as the wind, and Who, by this timp, no donbt, is sighing at some
other woman's feet-indeed, for aught we know, may be married "'
Mr. Proctor is evidently unable to make any
one other suggestion, so he chows a piece of grase
and the cud of meditation for soveral minates before speaking again. Then he says : before speaking again. Then he says her in any way, I would go to the end of the and I mean it yet. I don't shine in connsel, as you perceive; bat in action 1 think you might
trust me. if now or herrafter you wee anything trast me. If now or herreafter you wee anything
to be done, lot mo know, and I will do it at any to be
"I bolieve yon would," sanya Janet, looking at
him with affectionate oyes;
and if you don"t him with affectionate oyes; and if you don't
hine in counse better to act than to
talk; and best, the very best of all, to be a traehearted gentleman.
There are others besides these two who would do much to serve Kate, to bring beck the roses
to her cheeks, and the starry lastre to her evea o her cheeks, and the starry lastre to her eyes
but as the days go on, deepening in summer loveliness, they bring ro healing for her on their mings, nor does any means of care reveal itself
to the anxious eyes that watch her. Once she to the anxious eyes that watch her. Once she has tried to ride ; but although the distance was short, and Diana's pacees gentle, she was too muer exercise is limited to driving deriment; so her exercise is limited to driving daily in the
little phaeton, with Janet for whip. Along the ittle phaeton, with Janet for whip. Along the
winding, level road, by the river, where she and Tarleton so often cantered gayly, and whereTarieton so often oantered gayly, and where-
for she can no more rid herself of these recollections than she can cease to breathe-she gallop-
ed at hoadlong speed the night she thought him ed at headlong speod the night she thought him dying, they bowl gently, when the rich sunset fires are kindled over the western hilla, and the
reflected glory glows on the tranquil breast of reflected glory glows on the tranquil breast of
the river. Returning from one of these drives the river. Returning from one of these drives
one evening, while the lingering twilight still one eveniog, whil the world under its spell of beanty, they find the family group as usaul gathered on the piazza, bat the tall young man who rises and Madoc up, is not Will. In the dusk, neither of the girle recognize him until he speaks.
am very glad to see jou back again."
do yon mean by dropping down npon one like do you
this ${ }^{\text {" }}$
" Is
"Is there any harm in coming anannounced for once in a way ${ }^{\text {? }}$ " he asks, with a slight laugh.
have not been very well of late, and it is so "I have not been very well of late, and it is so
horribly warm among bricks and mortar, that I horribly warm among bricks and mortar, that 1
got leave of absence and ran ap here to the got leave of absence and ran up
hills for a little coolness and rest."
He assists them out as he speaks, and Kate, Who has
"I am flad to see you again, Randal, and sorry that you are not well.
" Oh , my indisposition is only a trifle," he answers; but they have been giving me gloomy occounts of you, Kate. I harrly expected that
a young lady who has been abroed for more than a young lady who has boen abrood f
a year would come back an invalid.

## "Why not ${ }^{\text {" }}$ " sh.

She anys no more, but sitting down by her nacle begins to talk, of her drive, and oo it is that Randal does not see her until they go in to tea. Then, when the fall light of the dining-room
lamp falls on her, he, like every one else, is samp fals on her, he, lhe ecvery in her appear-
struck and shocked by the change ance. He says nothing, bat his eyes travel to almost incredulous that, meeting them at last, she smiles.
"You can hardly believe that it is I, can you, Randal 4" she saya. "Yon think I must know mest, sor, $I$ must be Kate."
" Y
"You and will be Kate as long as you keep yon eyen and your voice," he replies ; but you are
more altered than-than I thought poasible ," more alterod than-than I thought poesible.
ing with a little sigh into a mirror which once gave back the radiant bloom of a faoe which
then well deserved the Homeric epithet of "joy ondowing."
The subject is not pursued beyond this point, for Kate's haealth is a topic the family are more ha friil firure and pele face here dion arter the frail igure and pale face have disappeared,
they continue to hant Rendal's thoughts like an uneasy vision. It does not occur to him to connect Kate's failing health with the sacrifice which she made for him-sinve he did not learn then, and does not know now, the extent of that sacrifice ; but, together with mach weakness, he
has also some good in his character, and promihas also some good in his character, and promi-
nent in the last is the capability of gratitude. He does not forget that Kate saved him from moral and financial shipwreck when he was on dition now as it is in his nature to be sorry for naything; in fact, he is so sorry that he takes Jayet aside in the courre of the evening and asks
the oftropeated question-" What is the matter with Kate ?
Janet is surprised by this proof of concern, for she has heretofore imagined aud frequently de clared that it it not in Randal to care for any
thing on earth beyond himself ; but ahe reflects that it is according to the nature of thinge for hast it is according to the nature of things
Kate to win regard even from the selfish, 20 she answera him with the nsaal formula, giving the opinions of the doctors, and finally a adding her
own, as she seep-by the light of the moon fall ing browdly over them an they sit on the pianza -that Randal is intorestod.
"I am cortain as that I am living that her
malady is more of the spirit than of the body masiady
she says. "The doetors don't know what they are taliking about-how should they: I do not doubt that aho will die if this goes on, but I do
doubt that it will be any physical disease which
will kill her-or at least any disease save what is brought on by regret and hopelessness. I al-
ways knew that love would be a terrible thing Ways knew that love would be a terribe thing
with such an ardent and faithful nature as hers, wrich such anh ardenterer, with a heart-filt sigh,
proce that it wonld kill her
"Love I" repatat Randal. " Is that the mat-
ter! Who is she in love with $?$ ",
"She never has been in love with but one person," replies Janet. "Her heart is not a
shattlecock, like many people's $-m y$ poor Kate! shattlecock, like many.
I almost wish it was."
"With but one person !-then you must onded when she left here?"
"Which proves that you know very little about the matter. It is true that when Kate left here the affair was ended, because your friend, Mrs Ashton, then Miss Vaugha, had made only trifng with her ; but, as soon as he re. Was only trifing with her ; but, as soon as he re-
covered from his wound sufficiently to be able to travel, he went straight to her, told the truth himself, and not only that, but confronted Miss Vaughn and made her tell it-or, at least, made her acknowledge that he had told it. Ah "' cries
Janet, with kindling eyes, " there was a man Janet, with kindling eyes, "t there was a man
for you! Women despise a laggard in love as for you ! Women despise a laggard in love as
much as they scorn a dastard in war; and Frank much as they scorn a dastard in war, and rank Tarieton could no more be the one than the
other. When I heard of that, I forgave him everything that he had ever done or left undone and I took him into my heart of hearts and crowned him there.
"I hope you told Proctor so," says Randal, with a slightly uneasy langh-for praise of Tarleton is oven yet far from masic to his ear - But I do not understand why, if things were made harmonions in this manner,
"Nobody underatands," says Janet, gloomily "There is some mystery in the matter which cannot be brought to light. Aftor this, and after Kate had rejected Mr. Fenwick becansoMiss Brooke says she told him -she was engag.
od to Frank Tarleton, she gave up the latter to ed to Frank Tarleton, she gave up the lattor to
go abroad with that odions Mr. Ashton. It is go abroad with that odions $M$
absolutely incomprehensible.
There is a moment's pause
There is a moment's panse befor-in a voice should like to do-Randal says :
"And has she never explained to you why she

## dia so

"Never; and that is one of the stranges parts of the mutter. It is so unlike Kate to have a secret. She usd to be as open as the day, and
so she is now with regard to everything else. But nobody can draw anything from her about this. It was not Frrnk Tarleton's fault-that she de dares-and beyond that she will not go. A ne cossity, which was a duty, forced them appart, she says; but, for the life of me, I cannot tell
what necessity, or what duty it could possibly what necosanit
have been."
Silence follows. It is doubtfal whether Randal can spoak-he cartainly does not do so. A nowledge of all that Kate has suffered for him and through him flashes on him like a revelaand weak thovengh he may be, he has enough of nanhood in him to shrink aghast at the thought of what a burden he has flang on the shoulders of a woman-of a tender, faithful and heroic girl. "If it is true-if she did this thing on that ac-count-I deenerve to be held up to the contempt of the world ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ " he thinks.
Bat to think this is one thing. To know hat to do- to resolve what to of -quite an other. At the mere imagination of attering the
truth, his tongue peems to cleave to the roof of his month, and, rising at last, he walks away in perturbation, leaving Janet alon e.

CHAPTER XLV.




If Randal looks haggard when he comes down to breakfast the next morning-thereby greatly not remarkable. Lawrence's anxietyner night he has slept little, despite the deightful coolness which the hills send through overy open casement to make sleep a blessing quieting thoughts which filled his pillow with quieting thoughts which filed his pillow with callous solfishness, as many people are, he would put Kate and her sacrifice aside as something befond himsolf, and therefore beyond his orbit of interest; but he is not able to do this. The touch which opened his eyes seened to open
his heart as well, and, seeing his conduct paintod in the colors of trath, he feels acutely all the how to remedy these consequences There is no realization which should be more familiar to nu yet which at certain times comes upon us with the force of more overwhelming surprise, than the realization of our poweilessness to suspend To.day it is in our power to tara the current of our lives to the right or to the left; to-morrow, haring turned it, we can no more avert the mer-
ciless march of offect treading fast on canse than the river which is sweeping through dark foreste and fortile plains can turn its waters back to the far, fair mountains which gave them birth. Randal has vainly tried to persuade himself that the change in Kate is not a result of what
she did for him; but memory wakes, and, more terrible than a lion, rocalls the expression of her
face-which at the time he little heeded-when she gave him the cheque for which she had signed away her liberty and her love. He remembers the look in her eyes when to his question: " Did he give it to you as a froe gift,
Kate $Y$ " she answered, "No; but the condiKate $r$ " she answered, "No; but the condi-
tions on which it was given only concern mytions on which it was given only concern my-
self, , and I am very glad to do anything to gain this." He asked no more, being too intert on and reads all. "For every fault committed on earth, somebody must pay the eost," rings
through his mind, like a sentence of doom ; and for his fault, his grevious fault, he left Kate to pay the cost.
So through the hours of the night, while the irl of whom he thinks lies sloeping serenely as child, with her curling lashes resting ou her houghts revolve in an unending circle. It is no wonder, therefore, that he looks badly when he descends to breakfast, or that he has scant appetite even for the pleasant meal set ont amid oses, with the garden lying beyond the winaow, and the notes of birds coming in with the balmy air, the floods of sunshine, and the odor blossoming treess and shrubs.
Kate does not appear at breakfast, so he doess
ot see her again until in the conrse of the not see her again until in the course of the
morning be enters the sitting-room, and finds norning he enters the sitting-room, and finds hor admiring and discussing a squirrel waich
the children have brought in to exhibit. Randal ooks on impatiently for a little while, then he bids the children "take the thing away ;" and when they have obeyed-for they stand very much in awe of him-he comes, sits down by Kate, and, greatly to her surprise, takes one of her hands,
crochet-work.
"How thin you are !" he says, looking at it compassionatoly. "There is hardly a feather's
weight left of you. What does it mean, Kate i -wh de it mean
"I fancy it means that I am wearing away like a snow-wreath in thaw,'" she answers, miling

What tender expressions the Scotch have, have they not ${ }^{\text {the }}$ I like that
"I don't understand what has brought you to this pass," says Randal, going on with his own thoughts. "Janet tells me that she think" your illness is more of the spirit than of the body." "I have ns mistaken," answers Kate, quietly. "I have not a regret on earth -no, no oneble about me, Randal, pray ! It is very good of you-but I wish you would not."
" "How can I fail to trouble about you," he aays, in a low voice, when, for the first timefor the first time, Kate, as God hears me l-it
has occurred to me that you are suffering from my fault ${ }^{\prime}$
She looks up at him with eyee in which be reads only kindness and compassion.
"I am glad you have spoken of that matter," she says, lowering her vcice as he had
done, "because I am glad to tell you that if it were all to do over, with all that it cost multi plied a hundred-fold, I would do it gladly to have the pleasure of looking at my dear uncle and thinking that $I$, even I, was able to have saved him from-well, you know from-well, you know from what. So it is with the rest ; so
it is with this old house, which is the home of it is with this old house, which is the home of
honor and peace. I think : 'I have been alhonor and peace. I think : 'I have been al-
lowed to save it'-and then I feel that that is enough to have lived for."
"And in saving it yon have sacrificed your
self," says Randal.
Do I not see? Kate what was the condition on which Mr. Ashtom gave you that money ${ }^{\text {I }}$ I have a right to know
-I have rested in selfish ignorance too long." -I have rested in selfish ignorance too long." She shrinks away like one who avoids a ride
couch. "Why do you wish to know ${ }^{\text {" he }}$ touch. "Why do you wish to kno,
asks. "It is over and done with now."
"I wish to know because I must reckon yp the full measure of my debt to yon," he sn. earth-but I must know. Kate, did you prom. ise to give up Tarleton ${ }^{\text {f }}$
But still she shrinks, and her eyes gather mon expression of pain and sadness. Never, this
side of eternity, will she think of how she bole farewell to all that made life worth living for at Mr. Ashton's biddiug, without feeling tho old, bitter thrill of agony, renewed.
minute's that you did," says Randal, afters. minute's pause ; "and I-I went away likede:
selfish coward, and left you to bear all the bites den of my wrong doing.
He buries his face in
He buries his face in his hands, as he burfid it on that day now far gone by, when he che
to the girl in the full flash of her new-foud happinass, and appealed for help. She gave it theu as freely as it was in her to give all things, "gold and a multitude of jewills"-kindly, generons words.
" "It was not your fauilt, Randal," she wanya. make such a condition. Dou't be sorry. I toll you again that 1 woild rather hase been alo all my life this thing, than to have been happy all my ife long. Is not that enough " swers, lifting his face. "Kate, is there no wey, of making things right aqain? I would heaitate at nothing-I think I should even be atrong enough to tell-'

She stops the words on his lips by extending She atops the words on his lips by extending
her hand and grasping his. "Hash "'she says,
"Never say that again in an imperative tone. "Never say that again II my nncle knew, you would undo everything.
And how could telling help what was done And how could telling help what was done? Life gives no opportunities twice- What we have
let go once, we do not recover. Never say such let go onoe, we,
a thing agin.'
He is absolutely awed by her vehemence, by
the light which shines in her eyes, and by the the light which shines in her eyes, and by the
vivid flush which rises into her pale face
"Do not excite yourself," he says. "I will not undo what you have done at such a cost.
But if Tarleton could be brought back to you
you-
She sinks again on the cushions of the conch, withe the color ebbing from
as fast as it came to them.
as fast as it came to them.
"You do not
nderstand," she says, " how imposibibe that is. Could I ask a man to come back to me whom eighteen months ago 1 sent
away
Is it likely that he-he, who has known and loved so many woman-remembers me yet, ar world doesire to return to me even if I was
ohat he left me And, above all, what would any man see to love in such a faded wreck of momanhood as 1 am now ? No, dear Randal,
all that is past-as past as if it were part of another existence. I $\mathrm{d} \rho$ not deceive myself with any hope, I do not torment myself with any longing. I made my choice once and for all," What can Randal answer 9 He is, in truth, incapable of speaking at all, and, before he can
control his voice, Mrs. Lawrence enters, and the converration is at an end.
But the reflections which preceded it do not ond with him. If sometimes good deeds seem to bear no fruit in the eyes of men, at other
times it is hard to say how far the influence of times it is hard to osay how far the influence of
one generos action may extend. For the first time in his life this yonng epicurean is "shamed nnselishnness in another. When he contrasts Kate's simple fidelity to duty with his easy acceptance of her sacriflce, he appears so contempt-
ible in his 0 n eyes that. it is matter of neces. bity to find some means of reinstating himelf in his esteem, since, however salatary the scorpion-w
agreeable.
agreeable.
As tine goes on, instead of becoming accusable. To stand fault-that is how it appears to him-how can him to do Having asked himself this question repeatedly and vainly, he at last, with an
heroic effort of courage, determines to take Janet heroic effort of courage, determines to take Janet
into his confidence and see if her sharp wits cannot devise a remedy for what appears to him to be without any.
Having formed this resolation, he takes the first step toward executing it, by asking Janet one afternoon to go down to the river for a row. to be on the open water, but also, as she informs
Kete, because it is well to encourage Randal in the change for the better which distinguishes him. "I think something must have occurred to take him down wonderfully in his own
esteem," she has said before this, "and he is esteem,"' she has said be
greatily improved thereby.
taken down in his own certainly been greatly together unconscious of being improved thereby, he can open the difficult subject before him. It is not antil they are afloat that he does so, and then, knowing his own weakness too well to
give himself any loophole of escape, he plunges give himself any
into it abruptly.
"Do you remember the conversation which We had the first night I came, Janet fi' he asks. could not imagine what necessity there could have been compelling hor to give up Tarleton and go abroed with
to hear what it was ${ }^{\text {m }}$
Janet's eyes spring wide open with amaze ment, but ihe answers promptly
"Of course I want to hear-chat is, if you
will not violate any confidence in telling. But how is it that you know! Has Kate told
you r'
"she did not need to tell me-I know enough to guess how it was," he answers. "I
don't know that there is any good in warning you to prepare for a shoct," "he adds, "but you may if you can, for you will be shocked.'
"Not about Kate !-surely not about
${ }^{\text {soya }}$ an Janet, as he panses.
offort, " $"$ but abont me. Don't offort, "but abont me. Don't say a word, but
listen while I tell you the whole wretched story."
This he does in quick, short sentences, every one of which seems like a bullet to the giri who stanned to move, hearing as if in a dreadful dream the recital of trast betrayed and diagrace so narrowly escaped. At first, in the terrible to Kate, and only talates in the fact that the poisoned arrow of dishono
"My God l-if papa knew I" she says.
"But he must never know," says Randal. happena, he must never know. Think what can think-but try to see if there is nothing to be done for Kate.
hersalf-andthen it all bursts upon her. "And
this was what it meant !" she cries, clasping this was what it meant !" she cries, clasping
her hands. "It was for you-for us-that Kate gave up her lover, and went away to die by inches! Oh, is there anything that wo
do to prove our love and gratitude to her ${ }^{\prime}$ '
" 1 Randal. "Thoped that you might see. Janet, never thought that the was making such
sacrifece ; that, at least, I can say for myself."
"I "I don't suppose yon took the trouble to
hink anything about her," says Janet, who cannot restrain some bitterness. "The world was always bounded for you by yourself-and
now you see the result." you see the result.
"It has somewhat enlarged its bounderies for me lately," he replies, with a faint smile. I
won't suggest that it is not well to atrike a man when he is down-for, in fact, I do not care how hard and heavy yon strike-but again I say,
think of Kate. What is to be done for her ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ "' What can be done r'" asks Janet, with some thing like a sob in her voice. 'She is fast
passing beyond our reach. Poor Kate ! poor, Kate! She has borne her burden like a herout it has killed her
"She is not dead yet," says Randal, " and
eems to me that she might recover if-if something could be done."
"What ""
something'-but what ? If is easy to say could be brought back -but I dare not build on that hope. Most likely he has forgotten her by this time, and
knew the truth."
" If he were not so far away, I would run the risk of telling it to him at any rate," says Ranwould be to run too great a risk in every way."
"Yes," says Janet, "I have no opinion of than a duzen letters. If I could see him, if I conid look into his eyes and speak Kate's name, would know what to say to him, or whether Io say anything. But since I cannot see him,
I must send to him. When life and death hang I must send to him. When life and death hang on an issue, we must gragg
hope. I shall send to him."
asks Randal,
"There is but one person whom I can send," she answers. "That is George Proctor. He
will go for me, he will doubly go for Kate ; and though he is not brilliant, he is too true in al his instincts for the matter not to be safe in his "You
You ought to know him best," saya Randal doubtfully; "but do you think hefwill loave all
his affairs to go to Egypt on such an errand as his affa
this "'
"
"I know that he will," answers Janet. "He would go to Cathay if I told him that he could serve Kate by doing so. Take me back, Randal
I must write for him at once. And I want to see Kate! I want to express my love and gratitude to her
says Randal. "She does not wish me kind," says Randal. "She does not wish any one to know what, she did, and she would hardly for-
give me if she were aware that I had told you. talk."
" But I want to talk, also-I must talk,
also !" cries Janet. " How can I see her, my
poor, broken fluwer, with her lovely, pathetic poor, broken fluwer, with her lovely, pathetic
eyea-aud not put my arms round her neck and eyes-aud not put my arms round her neck, and
pour out everything But that is selfinh," she adds, after a moment's panse, "and one shonld think of her, not of what I want to do-and I think of her, not of what I want to do-and I
can love her as well, and serve her as earnestly ow fast, that I may write in time to catch the post." (To be continued.)

## harmonious coloring.

A nubject about which a few hinta may be aseful is that of home beanty ; the harmonions coloring of our household arrangements. It does artists knows what charming tints he gets in the simple coloring of a cottage kitchen; the toned by a constant pattering of little hob-nailed "father's" barges-the dark mittors and warm father's barges-the dark rattors and warm
wood-smoke-brown of the walls ; the old settle with its patchwork covered cushion, memorial of grandmother's. gowns and fine sowing
some pieces of quaint old delf stuck up among the willow pattern ; a carved corner cupboard permother in her well-worn serge and pretty mob cap-who desires any more tasteful effect? Harmonions coloring is not the first object of life, but every healthy mind is aware of boing some people's houses, and considering that
beanty is as easy and inexpensive as nglineas, surely it becomes at heasehold to make the surroundings in good taste. Some natures, without be quite upeet by the dreadful mixtures they are obliged to gaze upon. Colors have a great influence on une's temper, and some harmonions combination will heve as much power to calm
our raffled plumes as the gentle voice and soft our ruffled plames as the gontle voice and soft
word. It is trying, to say the least, to have just exquisite, a dress of glaring green and muddy
predominates. It is difficult to describe the exact effect it has upon one, but you feel that
the music was nomehow spoilt, and you wish all the music was som
I occasionally visit a country village, and
while there make calls on the principal inhabitants. The squire of the place lives dernized dwelling, called by the rustics "The House." I always shudder at having to enter
"the honse ;" it has a nicely-shaped bow-win"t the honse;" it has a nicely-shaped bow-win-
dowed drawing-room, from which the lawns and dowed drawing-room, from which the law
flower edged terraces look delightful, but
Where overy prospect pleases, and only man is
hes into my mind, for the incongruity of that room " gives me quite a turn." The carpet is
bright red, the chairs and sofas are covered with bright red, the chairs and sofas are covered with painted the coldeat gray, with not one hanging picture, whereon the perplexed eye may find a
momentary refuge. In the fireless grate (for it is summer) stands, with wings extended over its head, a stuffod heron, whose legs have been shortened to the size of a durk's, in order that
the monster may be accommodated in the given space; but this is not quite the worst; the prespace; bat thit of the house is a Scotch lady, and
siding spears the tartan. She possesses the kind and
wer hospitable nature of her race, but if she were a very angel, that visit must be cut short.
It is with a feeling of relief I turn to my
second call-to the cottage, the unpretending second call-to the cottage, the unpretending home of the not too-well-of doctor and his wife. The little rosy-choeked white-aproned servant asks me to "please step in " to the one sitting.
coom, and my outraged sense of beanty is com. forted immediately on glancing around that harmonious little sanctum; its shape is merely an ugly square, but that matters not, everything
ne else is so grateful to the eye. The deal boards
are stained a rich brown, the mossy-patterned aquare carpet is sage green, bordered by some
blending into it of dull crimson and nea-blue; blending into it of dull crimson and bea-blue; cretonne, the curtains lined with crimson and edged with crewel flowers in sem-blue ; the walls are only papered with common drab oak, but all shapes and sizes, intorapersed with a china plate here and there, or a carved bracket bearblue gless holding a fresh flower, that the wall are not seen at all. There is nothing costly
about the room-most of the things, indeed, are home-made-but the oye is charmed and satisgenins enters in her simple dress of cool shoeny gray, with some soft lace and a crimsou knot at her throat. I have no idee whether she is considered handsome-as is the squire's wife-but she robe beside that apparition in tartan, rich
che silk though it be.
Let it be noticed that in both these rooms the same colors range-they each contain red, blue and green-but in one they are vulgarized, and
in the other harmonized.
I remember once calling at an artist's house

I London; he was an R.A., and could afford to luxuriate in a beautiful home. His house had been decorated under his own eye, where not by of enchantel palaces. The drawing room was lovely, the walls and doors all of the softest shades of sage-gray, where exquisite pictures did not cover them; what color the carpet and far-
niture were I forget-as we forget the individual notes whon the mnsic is peasing sweat-it was perfoctly harmonious. My friend's two little eight and ten in the room-lovely children of dresses seemed to blend into and become a part of the tasteful whole, soft sage-green and the
palest turquoise-blue most simply and artistically palest turq
J sat some little time with them, enjoying the living pioture of "an intorior," and livay concious of the inspiration of Keats line, when the door opened and their mother ontored; she
came towards me in a bright purple merino dreas. It was like being wakenod from a ah
dream by the man calling for the taxes. dream by the man calling for the taxes.
We need not enter the lists of lunay with the modern resthetic, who "lives up to a consum mate toapot" by dressing to our furniture, but we can make our furniture blond with and on hance the styla and color which best suits un our home at least -so offond good taste as to or stand robed in red-brown close againat bright green curtain, which can show off no For this reason of mixed colors, tartans ars
very difficult to dress in, and few people loo very difficult to dress in, and few people loo
well in them in the house, however negative th
hae of the furniture may be. Plaids were in hae of the furnitupe may be. Plaids were in
vented for wearing out on the Scotch hills vented for wearing out on the Scotch hill enhance pioture otherwise so wanting in that of a young highlander crowsing the burn of may pley about his ancestral hall in all the
glory of his hereditary kilt and add much to the picturesquences, bat let not his mother, thongh hor patrotism by a tartan dresa. We admit a otherwise, but the Jards of the same necessary for a lady's dress, is too much to be agreeable.
Why should not the general hue of our fur.
niture become us rather than otherwise 1 How overpoweringly hot would a red-haired, high
complexioned family always look whoes furniture and wall paper were red and the proviling ture and wall paper were red and the prevailing
costume red also ; while turn everything but the red-hair to green and the improvement is magical.
Take two other families-the drabs and the dressed in drab with drab walle, drab furnitred, the latter dat in black amid the inned, black-haired, dresed a strange depression should we experience in both chese houses; who could langh ia either? But if a fairy came by and touched up the drab family with navy-blue and crimson, or covered bright pink roses, and shone into the ebony darkness with gold and pea-cock blue, or deoorated the sombre figures with bunches of light pink or dashes of crimson-almost any color in English taste has of late greatly improved, and and with a bow quite a color here and there is suit. able to everyone, and can never jar vith incongruous furniture ; it is to the color-blind, indeed, a very god-send. Who has not some acquaintance that he dare not ask to dinner for fear of the alarming taste likely to be displayed ? Are
we not greatly relieved when some of our friende we not greatly relieved when
are obliged to be in mourning

## are obliged to be in mourning

Certainly, if one lived in an anciont manor all ing to dress always in drab; if in a modern ing to dress always in drab; if in a modern
house of polished light wood and gold-drab drapery, in navy blue ; each dress of course hav. ing touchas of appropriate color, if in an artistic
dream of old tapestry, in the beantiful blue green of old Worcaster china.
But one cannot be always posingas the centre of a highly conceived picture. Every-day life mast needs be something commoner, the delf, pots and pans, not the exquisite porcelain; but ondeavor to do ; and really, now, when beantiful cretonnes are within the reach of all, and stain ing for deal floors to be had for a trife, why should not oven the most co
The square carpet in the contre saves yards of material, and gives the room an individuality That staring wall-paper can so easily be corered days to be of sor soft ploasant hue, nowamistress can contrive to hang it.
It is well known that invalids are seriousl affected by patterns on the wall at which by their horizontal position they must be constantly looking; and to overy person it makes a difference whether, whenever he glances, his eyee meet a convulsed spider in green or orange, of are soothed by a 80
other surroundings. ther surroundings.
As before said, vulgar colors affect our tempers, so for that reason alone, if for no higher make her home harmonious.-Houschold Words.

The Perilis of Lumberina.-Lumberingmay have its romance for hardy and adventurous sonls, but it also has hardshipe and peris By way of illustrating one of the parils which attends the business our artist depicts elsewhere a coene orten witnessed when logs are flosted to market. These "jams" often consist of some hundreds dam, and men one is discovered it is of the first importance that it should be broken up, since ber and increasee the diffioulty or cances an onber and in oreasen the difinoulty or cancen an on-
tire stoppage of operations. "The first thing noceseary is to discover the "Koy-log"-that is,
the loges which holde the bese of the dam. This the logs which holds the bave of the dam. This
discovered, there is a oall for voluntears to cut it-an oporation fall of hasand, as the whole rushing down with a orach. Thore are ravally, rolunteer, since the man who cuts a " koy log " a coldior is by his regiment when he hes done any aot of bravery. A correspondent who wit-
neemed the operation, thus describes the exciting scene: "The man I saw cut away a log which young follow, some twenty years of age. He erything save his drawera ; matrong smart young fellows held the ond. The man Walked out on the $\log$ a comrados and aniotly know how the loggry-road one folt, bat I shall never forget my feeling. The math wat quietly
walking to what very likely might be wo death. Walking to what very likely might be He dath
At any moment the jam might break of fite own
accord; and also if he out the koy-log, unlee
he instantly got out of the way, ho would b crashed by the falling timber. There was a doed and skill on the kine log. Whas dropped with fore near half through the log ; one or two more
blown, and a crack was heard. The men got in
all the slaek of the rope that hold the axman one more blow and there was a orrach like
thander, and down came the wall to all appens ancee on the axmase. Like many othorr, I ruched
to help haul away the poor follow but to great joy I saw him safe on the bank, ourtainly
acdly bruised and bleeding from sundry wounh bat safo." Our picture gives a vivid portrayal \& one of th.
berman.


LORI FKEDERICK CHARLES CAVENIMSH, MP.
Assisisisated, May 6, 1882.

the residence of the late chief secretary for ifeland in the phogix park.


MK THOMAS HENRY BURKE,


THE RESIIENCE OF THE LATE UNDEK SECRETAKY FOK IKELAND IN THE PHOENIX PARK.

## THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harnous me down with your iron bande,
Be aree of your ourb and roin ;
or 1 tocort the power of your puny haddu,
Ao tho tompead toorras the ohind.

Whon I anw an arryy apon the land,

Or wititiog the waymard brozer;

Or tugged at the woary oar
When I measured the panting courser's apeed,
The tight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the the arrier dove feorreed,
As they bore the law a king deoreed,
Oo the lines of mpatient love;
I oould not but think bow the world would foel
I ould not but think bow the world would foel
An these were outstripped afar,
When I shoald be boand to the rashing koel,
Or ohatioad to the Ayling aar.
Ha, ha, ha I they found me at last ;
They invited me forth at loogith ; And I rush'd to my throne with thundor blact,
And I lang g'd in my iron atrength.
Oh, then yeaw a wondrona change
On the orth and
On the earth and ooeano wide,
Where now my fiery armios
Nor wait for wind and tide.
Harrab 1 burrab 1 the watern o'er,
The mountain's steep decline; Time-apace-have yielded to my power
The world-the world is mine $i l$ The rivers the sun hath earlier ble The rivers the sun hath earilier blest,
Or thoe where hib bbens deoline;
The giant atreame of the queenly weot, The giant streame of the queenly west,
Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er Iowoep,
To hear my atrength reioloe ; And the monsteri of the briny doep Cower, trombiling at my volice.
I oarry the wealth, and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of the Godilike mind ; The thonghts of the God.like mind ;
The wind lag ofter my Aling forth,
The lightning is lef behind.

In the darksome deptha of the fathomlese mio
My tireless arm doth play,
Where the rooks never pavi the sun deoline
Or the dawn of the glorious day
I bring earth's sliterink jowela up
From the
From the hidden ogre below,
And I make the fountain' granite oup
With acrytal gush o'erflow.
I blow the bellowa, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trude ;
I hammer the ore and turn the whee I manare my the farns of strength are made, the mill, the mint, I carry, I apin, I wosve;
And all my doligs I pan tino print,

I've no macele to "reary, no broast to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the sholf :"
 Wat harreese me down with your iron bande, Bo sure of your ourb and rein,
For sisorn the strength of your
Ait tho tompeat nooras a ohain.

JESSE JAMES.

## VIII.

the outlaw's flight.
The commotion and confusion which followed the bursting of the oil-shell in the home of the outlaws resembled the bsttle scenes of the Mo
docs in the lava.beds. docs in the lava. beds. dled the fences and trees, behind which the riddled the fences and trees, behind which the as-
sailing party had taken refuge. The interior of sailing party had taken refuge. The interif an
the kitchen of the place was illumed as if an electric light had suddenly been sprung in the midst of silence and darkness, and amid the excitement a child's scream of pain and agony and a woman's horrified shriek mingled with the fierce oaths of the corraled bandits.
The shell, filled with oil and a concussion fuse with dynamite, had landed directly in front of Mrs. Samuels, the mother of the James boys. voured to kick it into the open fireplace. Before she could do so, however, it burst ; the ignited oil spread far and wide, illuminating the scene for miles around, killiag her little son, Arthur, and blowing off her arm close to the shoulder. "An inhuman mode of warfare, even against an outlaw," Wardell had said, deprecatingly, to
the detective by his side. "Any worse than James killing the wounded aponse. at onll ondrive James to fight the harder."
He wes right in his surmise. The bandits, anseen by their enemies, fired rolley after volley, until the officers were compolled to retreat. Their effort at capturing the outlaws had met to a more secare hiding. place and had afforded the leader a sentimental motive for continuing his deeds of daring and cruelty.
One of their number badly wounded wea apirited away, while the place or even diredtion adopted in flight by the bandits was unknown: It dislodged the men, however, temporiaity least from a seotion of the country where depredations had driven people to abandon ity impress the community at large with the belie that the hanging of Dr. Samuels, the killing of Artbur and wounding of Mrs. Samuels, and the fact that the bandits had been driven away from home, had operated to render Jesse James the
desperado he was, and not the natural perver-
sity and cruelty of his evil nature and that of he men associated with him.
The bandits marked their flight with one doed at least of desperate revenge. The information furnished the police had, in their estimation,
come not through the shrewd trail of the de. come not through the shrewd trail of the de.
tectives, but from the lips of a traitor in their midst.
The night following the attack npon the home
mist of the James boys a party of five men drove up They riddled bis body with bullets and after in They riddled his body with bullets, and after in forming his neighbours that he
away to the police, disappeared.
lll-luck seemed to have followed the outlaws for some time. Wardell, the detective, like the other officers, found considerable difficulty in tracking the men after leaving Clay connty, and for some months was forced to coutent himsel with patiently awaiting developments. and determined pursuit by the police, they sepand determined pursuit by the police, they sep-
arated, and the James boys proceeded to Texas arated, and the James boys proceeded to Texas,
where their brother-in-law, Allen Palmer, owned where their brother-jelaw, James settled down for a spell of rest, his brother Frank with Cole Younger and others organizing a party to rob a bank at Huntington, in Virginia. They obtain ed over six thousand dollars, and were pursued. In the fight with the police McDaniels was kill ed and Hinds captured. The others escaped. the outlaws again came upon the scene in their relative characters of criminals and man-hunter. Jesse James had recruited his band with several desperadoes from Indian Territory, and again set the country agog with a second robbery of the Pacific railroad at Otterville, near Sedalia The train was stopped at midnight in a deep, rocky gorge and fifteen thonsand dollars in car
rency secured. Simaltaneously with the repor rency secured. Simaltaneously with the report of the robbery came the knowledge to wardel
that the band were again in hiding in their ol resorts in Clay connty.
It was at Joplin that he struck the first clue leading to the tracing down of the bandits. Hobbs Kerry, a green miner, had gone in with the band, and while at the town named was in communication with Cole Younger. One day a
telegraph message came which was intercepted telegraph messag.
by the detective.

It read: and inspect log house in Clay county.'
Wardell needed but the clue the telegram afforded to post him as to the whereabouts and movements of the band. Quiescent as he had been, with the patient vigilance of the ferret, he had $n$ the that the end would be soccess.
He had not seen Lillian for some time, and after a day or two devoted to locating the band, he went to see his backwoods fairy.
How she had grown-how the beautiful face under the influence of a more refined civilization than that which had existed at the Bucher hotel, and the girl developed literary tastes of a no and the girl developed literary tastes of a no
mean order. As school teacher she occupied a leasant, moderately lucrative position, and the peart of Wardell beat proudly as he surveyed the handsome, graceful young lady who had saved his life on two occasions.
Lillian's cheek flushed as she met his enrap. ared glance, and returned the warm pressure of his hand with a shy look
she asked, eagerly.
vo come to see you again-succeeded
" And the James band $P$
in Virginia, I arrest. Twice in Texas, once in Virginia, I have come almost face to face
with them. At last I believe they are cornered."
Lillia

Lillian shook her protty head dabiously.
"A And if $I$ do, is it not in the interest of jus tice, for your dear sake
Tice, for your dear blushed deeply and averted her eyes
" "Lillian !"
She ventured to raise her glance to Wardell' face, at his words, but she secretly trembled wit the impassioned thrill of awakened love.
"We have known each other for a long time,"
said the detective, " and no word of love ha passed between us, yet I feel that you are not in passed between us, yet ifeel that you are not in old of a new series of porils, 1 foel that the knowledge that you love me would spur me on to noble deeds ; speak,Lillian, do you love me ? No noed for the blushing, happy girl to reply. The tell-tale oyes, the confused race hidden on Wirdell
"It is a long quest," he said finally, after the first raptures of reciprocal love had somewhat detective this search for the outlaws, but the perils, adventures. He must be patient, vigilant, undauntable in will and action. When return; if I return safely, and my
"Yes", will you be my wife
"Then I go. Irom Younger I must learn the worret of your parentage."
"And if you fail p".
"Then, even as I love you now, a homeless namoless girl, I will continue to claim the prond privileg
mine.
He was gone as he spoke. His words were a prophecy concerning the perils which awaited him.

Strange and startling adventures were in sto or him in his search for the Jesse James band.

## IX.

in peril.
"On time?"
" Yes.". Where is the captain?"
"Good. When
"Good. Where is the captain ?"
"In the woods. He will be here in a few minutes."
The speakers were Wardell and a Kansas City detective named Moore. The former had formed coalitinn with three officers, as he had roun hem working the same clue he had obtained. They had met at a point near the county line waiting the arrival of Captain Todd, who had ween reconnoitering the situation.
It was he who a few moments later came hurriedly to the covert where his companions were. "Any news"" inquired Wardell.
"Yes."
" What is it ?"
"The outlaws."
" Have you located them definitely 9 "
"Have you located them deinitely
"No, but I am certain of one point-they are
$t$ a little landing seren miles down the river."
" Do you know where ""
Chat is just it. I know that they are hid. den somowhere near Point Rock settlement and are off their guard. In fact 1 have just over heard an interview which settles the fact beyond doubt in my mind that if we conld but surroun, hese men to-night victory would be assured."
"An interview?'
"Yea."
"The landlord and the wife of Jesse James."
"His wife!"
"Yes."
"Is she here ?"
"She was at the tavern a fow minutes aince She was talking confidentially to the landlor iver in abast to get eome provisions and is on her way home.
"To the den of the band?"
" Yes." " No." Why not ?"
" Because she is too keen for us and would dis. over us. Again, at Point Rock James has riends and we would be seen."
"What do you propose then 9 ",
"For you to adopt the disguise you carry with you and try and get into this woman's confi you an
dence."
"Y
"You say she is shrewd!"
" Yes.'
"' She will suspect me $r$ "
" Not if the game is worked right. The point to be gained is the digcovery of the exact whereabouts of the band. That once ascertainea we
can approach them by a circuitous route, and, vading the settlement, possibly capture them. Todd proceeded to detail a plan he had
Its outline given to Wardell caused him a few ainutes later to don the disguise of the average border ruffian. A large sombrero, short, thick hiskers and general ensemb
Todd had sent a man to the river. He retur
d just as Wardell had completed his disgrise.
"Well $\%$ " asked the police captaiu.
"She's started."
" Yes."
"Ready," said the captain to the detective. The denouement of their schome was now devocoped. it was, the stream to Point Rock.
Keen-witted and shrewd she turned the boat Kowards the shore, as a mile from the cavern loud yells and aseries of shots broke upon her
Hidden by the osier bushes which lined the shore of the stream, she watched the open ountry, starlied somewhat as a man dahed to feet of where she was.
three men dashing apon his trail
They were Captain Todd and his men, and parsing within hearing distance of the woman they proceeded to converse for her benefit, in Wacordance with the plan they had formed who was other than the pretended fagitive,
fres escaped," fell upon the woman's ear from Todd's lips.
"And a big reward gone. It's my opinion boys, that Indian Dick, who has just outwitted us, has made for the James boys.
"Are they friends ${ }^{\text {" }}$
"No, only fellow, ontlaws, and as such they will work together."

Shall we abandon the chase ${ }^{\text {P }}$
"Yes, he's gone," and the police officers re
tired.
tended lucky escape," the woman heard the preShelby, ten miles below Point Rook, before mid night, I could warn Dakotah Bill, and get into
Arkangas before these police reach our trail

## again."

The game of the detectives was to enlist the sympathy and gain the confidence of Mrs. pletely deceived.

Never mistrasting that the pretended fugitive was playing a ruse, she caused him to feign a start of surprise as she spoke
"Stranger."
peak or I'll fire !" broke from Wardell's,"
Wardell approached the boat
"' Who are yoa ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ " he asked, peering into the woman's face, , , revolver in his hand.
"A friend."
"Youknow me P"
police." except t
" And wish to get down the river to friende ?"
"Y Yes."
" I will aid you."
"Y You ?"
"Yes, I, the wife of Jesse James."
Wardell played his part to perfectionas the oat moved away from the shore.
Deftly he led the way into a conversation regarding the outlaws.
unsuspecting woman had furnished him all the information he required.
They had almost reacked Point Rocks, and he detective had decided to proceed to Shelby and see his friends and visit James afterwards, when he stooped over in the boat quicicly and picked up an object which had falleu from the side of his vest.
He glanced quickly at the woman, but her yes were fixed on the shore.
It was his official star, carelessly fastent $d$, which had fallen to the bottom of the boat. "I will hurry on to Shelby," he said to the woman as the boat touched the shore.
She had thrown down the oars and he supposed was about to land.
Fool that he was to suppose that she, the shrewd wife of the outlaw, would betray by look or gesture the fact that she as well as himsel ad seen the official badge.
she arose in the boat. The next moment she "W asevolver before his startled gaze. wildered, amazed
"It means" " pressively, "، repied the woman, slowly and re not Indian detective. One word, one move and I will fire. covering his heart with the pistol the And covering his heart with the pistol the gave a shrill resonant signal to her friends on chore.
"I am lost !" muttered the detective.
(To be continued.)

## CARRYING IT TOO FAR.

Colonel Charles Spencer, counsellor-at-law, some years ago had to defend one Marshal charged with larceny, against whom there wae
very strong evidence. Before the trial, Spence went to his client, and told him his onl chance was the plea of insanity, and advised him to play the lunatic, and to answer all ques tions put to him with the word "spoons." The day of the trial came on, and Marshall took hi place in the dock pale, haggard and wildlooking.
"Guilty or not gailty ${ }^{\text {" }}$ " asked the clerk.
"tare. "Come plead guilty or not gailty," the olerk
repeated. ${ }^{\text {Sppoons," was the reply. }}$
"Prisoner, will you answer the question pat to you "'
At this point bawled. At this point, the counsel for the prisoner in-
terfered, and told the Court the prisoner was insane, and told the Court the prisoner was ${ }^{\text {alc. }}$

Do you understand what is said ${ }^{\prime \prime}$ asked the judge of the prisoner.
The judge discharged him, as he was ovidently insane.
Connsellor Spencer congratulated him on his ecape, and suggestod it would be a good idea sway with the simple remark "Spoons."

## HUMOROUS.

Nevire judge a man by his clothes. His tailor may have a sait agaisel aim.
"I sEE this has a little dashed your spirits," oriond'e coblot.

RUSTIC PEILOSOPEY.
Ob diona throep ayo o' yoin lad
An' ney het no the lad for me,
Weol, 1 am not the lase for him :



Thar't, aye a Provideonoe ower a',
An tat it' on the last for hime;
Gin he is no the lad lor me.




A lad as atraight en harol-rapg';
1 rookon that't the lad for mo, Shor prod that is the lace for him.
Au' thero he he Eh, Elo al ind


## A DESERT ISLE.

## by hrlen d. brown.

It was ten o'clock of a July morning and the larger fraction of humanity had boen some hours earning its daily bread. The iders had
but just risen from the breakfast table. To this but just risen from the breaikast table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned
laxily over the piazza railing and looked ab.
 in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to deft fingers plying in and out among bright silks and crewels. She was idle, too, in her woman's laborious way, but there, was a lack of repose in her indolence that made it restful to torn again to her brother, who stood with statuesque inaction, looking into the still water
below.
"What are por going to do to-day?" the little woman
"There's. a great deal going on, and very nice sort of people, too. Do you see that pretty girl "down there at the landing ${ }^{\text {" }}$
"The one with red ${ }^{\text {Y }}$ " don't yon th
"Y es ; don't you think she's pretty ${ }^{9}$ "
"I hadn't thought of it."
"I hadn"t thought of it.
like to meet her ! I could easily manage it."
" I'm not particular. Is she worth while $\psi$, Ben, you exasperate me. Do you take an interest in anything ? I don't else in Wall street. I'm off daty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of way.
"Whll, I sappose yon are tired, poor fellow ! I know how you feel. 1 am tired myself, most of the time."
man. "I'll tell you how it is: I simply want man. "I'll tell you how it is $: 1$ simply want
my liberty. It doesn't pay-this dancing atmy liberty. it doesn't pay-this dancing at-
tendance on half a dozen girls whom you never see "again."
" 0 h , well, don't, then."
Ben Adams at twenty.one had performed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he wre still heart-whole, and beginning to take a parely fraternal interesst in blashing debutantes. with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of
twenty-eight. With entire resignation young twenty-eight. With entire resignation young
Adams acted as usher at many fashionable Adams actod as usher at many rashionable
weddings, and without a sigh saw Katharine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other mon. And so he approoched his thirties, and mon. And so ho approacheaned idyly over the
within a year of thom lean
piazaa railing at Lake Winnapaka and declared piazza railing at Lake Winnapaka and declared
to his sister that Robinson Crusoe was the luckiest fellow of his acquaintance. "Give me a deesert isle for a summer sojourn. What would
refresh $a$ man
like refresh a man like going back to savagery ${ }^{9}$ " to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is, you are very different from what you used to be.
In the meantime, the boat below pushed off, and Adams followed it with his eyes chiefly be. canse it would have been more trouble to look another way. Tha young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine vail, and he boy at the oars
was her twelve-vear-old brother was her tweive-year-old brother. Josephine
was a young lady of views, supported by more Was a young lady of viewa, supported by more
or less logic and by what soue plainly thought or loss logic and by what some plainly thought
better, an extremely pretty face. Her enemies $\rightarrow$ better, she had none-would havesaid that while she dospised conventionalities, no one was more while she resentod the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the attentions based on the theory of their existence.
Her father had said one day, " Nothing wonld Her father had said one day, "Nothing wonld take the kinks ont of our sosephine like gettling
down with a good husband." The young lady down with a good habband. The young lady to wonder if it were true. On this particular
July morning Josephine accepted her brother

Tom's services as oarsman, not because she was not perfectly well able to row herealf, bat be "Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn"t ighten me, but I can't read."
There was a panse.
"Row near the bank in the shade, Tom."
Another, longer pause.
"Say, sis," said Tom, at length,
fill tell you where we' re going."
"Where you're going ?, Why, you're going to take me out for a row.
"Not much. I'm going two miles up, above to see some feilows who are camping out."
"And going to take me? I think you're And going to take me
mistaken, sir. Give me those oars."
" No, you don't. Leave "em alo
still.".
"Tom, turn this boat instantly or I'll-
" What'll you do? Come, now ; you sit still or I'll-

A thought seemed to strike Tom.
Come, keep cool, Jo. We'll go up a piece farther, anyway. I won't take you ap to the
camp if you don't want to go. You don't want to go back yet awhile, do you Y"
"Tom, there's the Desert Isle just ahead Don't run there's ithe Deasert Isle just ahead. straight toward it."
"We might land
"To be sure, we might", said Tom, blandly of anything to, wivert him from the first scheme "All right, just as you say."
Tom turned his boat toward the groat rock
which lifted its broad back out of the water, Which intlod called the Desert Iale, for its fow square feet of surface spaported no
a blade of grass or a bit of moss.
"Hop out
a "Hop grt", said Tom. "I're got to see to
the boat. I guess you can climb ap to the top easy enough."
"Of coursee I aan," said Josephine;
needed your help, you little monkey!
needed your help, you little monkey!", as if 1 In a moment she stood at the top of the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh oame
from below. "Good-bye
self. Ill see you later. Ple you will exjoy your Plato says," "A boy is the most vicions of all
wild beasts." Plato and Mime Vail were of one wild beasts." Plato and Mim Vail were of one
opinion on that. She looked about her and. opinion on that. She looked about her and
took in the situation. She was monarch of abont twenty-five square feet of rough gray rock, water. Perched high on this masaive pode the water. Perched high on this massive podestal,
her figure stood out against the sky in bold relief. A book and parasol were her only accese sories, for by some happy inapiration she had clung to these. The sun was high in the
heavens, but its hot rays were mercifully tem. heavens, but its hot rays were m.
pered by a soft breeze on the lake.
Josephine seated herself, raised her parasol and opened her book. She facod the probability that at least two hours of noonday solitude were
before her. The only philosophical course of before her. The only philosophical conrse of
action was to make the best of it. But what a action was to make the best ons stite remembered with satisfaction that a large party had gone on
a pic-nic to-day and the dowagers left behind were not given to boating at high noon. She tried to think how she ahould langh it off if anybody should see her, but under the most
cheerful aspeet she seemed to herself a ridicalons spectacle. To be ridiculous in a good canse had init an element of horoism, but the present situation was one of unmitigated ab-
gurdity, and Josephine Vail alver felt the heroic rather than the comic to be hor forte.
Once tears of real vexation started began to throb in sympathy with the hot pulsations of the air about her.
An hour had dragged its length along when Josephine suddenly litted her head and listened painfully. A man's voice singing and the splash
of cars and, yes, in an instant, $a$ boat swang of cars and, yes, in an instant, a boat swang
slowly roand the bend. One man sat in it, lazily rowing and lazily singing.
this morning" " creature who watched us of this morning," thonght Joesphine. "It's as
type I detest. And to think he should soe me hyere. Itt's really more than I can endure." The girl looked with envy on the tortoise which slipped easily from the base of the rock into the water as he heard the disturbing sound of oarse. I hope he'll have the good taste to mppose
came here of my own free will. He woulan't I came here of my own free will. He wouldn't think of interfering with me, I hopo.
believe he's coming straight toward $m$
Josephine turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grow every moment more cognition of the nearing boat. The young men mas roving now sif if he had o renered interent in liff. He was soon at the beso of the rock.
 very abuard position

You have evidently been shipwrecked. Are yon the sole sarvivor
" No, not shipwrect

No, not shipwrecked, but put ashore and tall you the truth, sir, I am the rictim of a practical joke. My little brother has left me prare while he goos farther up the lal
some friends who are camping there."
"I beg you will make use of my bost, then,
to return,; 1 will come up to you in one mo-
moment."
Leaping ont of his boat before Mise Vail could rock and quickly reached her aide.
rock and quick hy reached her nide.
Lot met me melp yon
ithe young man asid,
with such a firm aesurance of good-brooding,
that she made no revistance or attompt at indo.
pendence, but accepted the proffered aid in a quiet, matter-of. course way.
a Your boat ! your boat
Ciod. It was ! your boat, sir !" she suddenly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rock as to disiodge the boat, and before Adams could grapp
it, the little craft was galy tilting about, a half. dozen yards away.
The two looked
The two looked at each other a moment and then simply laughed, thongh both
conscions of its being questionable taste.
Adams sobered and said, "Can you ever for
ive me, Miss-
Miss Vail. I am Miss Vail.
"And I am Mr. Adams. Can you be mag"That is the to forgive me ${ }^{\text {" }}$ "
"That is the question I should ask you." never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling 1 never saw. The truth is, Mise Vail, I have
had very little experience in resciing fair adies. You are the first whose life I have tried to asve. I am no hero, as you see.
roused the compassion of Josephine and she began to talk to him with a cheerfalness and acceptance of the situation.
"What a cold-blooded little villain that brother of yours must be, Miss Vail, to desert
you in this fashion I suppose we must throw oursolves on his meroy when he comes back How are you going to mecon
der me your man Friday.
Beneath their light talk ran an undercurrent or more or lees bitter meditation on the part o good story this adventure would make for circalation among her friends, while Adams foresaw how it would add to the conviviality of his
club. He began with the fervent wish that he was out of this confonnded scrape, but he soon forgot to be annoyed, and what is more, to b indifforent. He ended, I am obliged to confess, isle, and considering his own far his doser There was a breeziness about this girl that made one forget the mounting thermometer. She had a way of going to the point, and, more over, she had a point, two things which Ben
Adams told his sister he appreciated in a woman.
In short, by dint of making the best of it, Miss Vail and Adams were both able to express an honest surprise when a boat appeared in the distance ; and on taking ou
found it to be three o'clock.
"Now !" was all Josephine said, bat there were conflicting emotions in the monoeyllable. "Hullo-0," shouted ashrill voice across the "ater.
"Hullo-0," called Adams back.
Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally "You're spearance.
" I'd like to know whene on wolldn't find bean. Did he come down out of the clonds "Hush, sir; you've been a very naughty boy."
As they rowed home, Adams devoted himself to oultivating the aequaintance of the young scappegrace.
able, and Adams found no difficalty in persuadaing him to go fishing the next day. her young brother into her room and tomed tho key. ${ }^{\text {Tom }}$, What wonld you give if I wouldn't toll fother You wouldn't like to be sent back to the mili. tary school, you know.
metch, "ryctch gave a wink of immense significance ; "Hou won't tell on me, I won't tell on you. "Mrs. Adams," maid Mr. Ben. Adams to his wifo at their wedding reception a year after, "don't you think we might afford to tell people now how we met? I never knew a secret kept better. I nearly ruined myyelf buying up that precious brother-in-law of mine. You see, I
thought on your scconnt I wouldn't let him thought on your account I wouldn't let him
toll. I didn't care ; I liked it. I had no businees to, you say! But I liked it, nevortheless them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winnipaka for our honeymoon."

## ECHOES FROY LONDON.

Rowine acrose the Atlantic is the latest no Velty proposed. The hero, Captain Fred. Nor-
man,
has already
cromed and recroses the Atlantic in a craft $16 \frac{1}{2}$ feet long by $6 \frac{1}{2}$ wide.

Thi construction will be shortly commencod of a tunnel botween Tilbury and Gravesend. It
will coot haff a million of money, and, considering the width that divides
may be callod dirt cheap at that.

The propoanl to have a magnificent winter and summer garden in Brighton has foand sach general approval that ine great dificuity, the
money part, will, we hear, be overcome, and the money part, will, we he
scheme will be realized.

Mr. Edward Trrey has thought better of his intention to take a theatre and bear the anxieties of theatrical management. He has re-en.
gaged with Mr. Hollingghead instead, and will appoarr in the autumn in the new burlesque by
$\mathbf{M r}$. Reoce, called " Young Robinson Crusoc."

ONE of the odd sights of London is that of two or three bodies diro, we presume, are liying to sther is the premby smart-10oking gigs. An on the side, in full advertising display, the coronet and the name of a noble coal-mine owner who, it seems, has gone into the retail depart .

Mr. Borim's fine statue of Carlyle, now in the Academy, has been bought by Lord Rosebery. It is interesting both on account of artist
and subject, and also becanse it is the model for nd subject, and also because it is the model ior the bronze that will soon be set up on the Em. hoped that it is on of the Embankment, and not s it is now said, opposite the House, that th proposed monament will be pat up.

In the lists of wedding presents to Prince Leopold, no mention has been made of the Marquis of Lorne's gift. This is a large picture of Toronto artist. This was a happy painted by
Thought on the part of the Governor-General, combining a pleasing acknowledgment of native talent with brotherly affection. Quebec is, in its older parts, a very picturesque city, and the picture when it
comes over should be a great addition to the atcomes over should be a
tractions of Claremont.

The Houses of Parliament just now present remarkable appearance. If it were usual for our
public buildings to suffer from the small.pox it public buildings to saffer from the small. pox of Parliament are just convalescent. What i happening is that they are andergoing a proces away, and workmen are employed in catting on the rotten parts and filling up the pleces with sound stone. Three years ago the pork wes begun at the Victoria Tower, and the men have just now worked round by the terrace frontage to the Clock Tower. As the process of wasting way is constantly going on it soems probeble that till the whole of the frontage has been re cling round perporally patching ap. cling round, perpetually patching ap.

A VERY strong protest will be made to the Royal Academicians on the rule which allow aighr pictures to be sent and exhibited by an ness both to those who get in and to thoae who are kept ont-to the letter obvionaly 2 as wise their chance of admisaion wonld be creeth improved; but to the former also, on the ground an artitu could only send in two cancaes and thus be better represented. The force of this argument is not good. We should probably have larger pictares, something more lize those What our Acad this would be a doubtfol good lect the best picturas out the sent for selection. Our Academy should forget the claims of friendship, and in one sense forget itself. Impossible artists they say are going to petition-let them if it amuses them, but ceek no farther purpose.

A littur incident happened on Wednesday week which illustrates the quickness and the
recklessness of Irish humor. At the time Mr Chamberlain had reason to believe the post of Chief Secretary would be formally officed to him, and he wae improving the shining hour by talking with Irish members and ascertaining how far they would be able to work with him. Mr. as the apokesman, and taking Mr. Chamberlain by the arme, walked him up and down the Terrace. One of his competriote ohearving this curious conjunction, engaged the photographer who in alvaps on the premises, harried him down stairs, got him to fix his lens, and by the instantancoons process there was produced a photo-
graph of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberiain and Mr. Philip Callan arm.in-erm-lhat is, Mr. Callan had his hand on Mr. Chamberlain's elthe negative has been preserved. It may, and bebly be brought out at some critical juncture to surptise Mr. Chamberlain.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIO.

Tri Philharmonic Society give their hat con-



WAGNER's Ring der Nibelungen hae been given


AN absent-minded father had boen 80 much in the habit of mending his children to their mother when they proforred any request, that
the children after a time took to going direetly to her, as to heed-quartors. One day the eldor sono aged six, wantod to look at a "piotars-
book" belonging to his father, and arod per. mission of his mother. She replied: "Go and
ask your father." "Why," maid the boy, ta to ask your father." "Why," naic
tonishment, "in ho bons now



KUSSIAN EXILES IN NEW YORK.


## NO ONE KNEW

(From the Norwegian of Bjonstiemue Biornson.) by ned p. mah.

Sha Alfred ond smilod,




Ho toond nagght the timo to bogaile
That olameo had fond


## THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

True in substance, thongh 1 tell it from memory not very retentive of details, and though true, probably new to many of my readers, Some sixty autumns ago the case was tried at Chester, before a Judge of great ability and eminence, and jary whose intelligence-bat you shall hear. ln the preceding spring-April I case of burglary at a farmhonse in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid-servants, and had rifled the house at their leisure. The police were told of the matter, and pretty accurate descriptions were given of the men. There were two other clues. In the struggle one of the men had lost a button from his coat, which batton he had left behind. Also the same man had had his that the girl said

## hor mark upon him.

Weeks passed without any anest being made and people began to forget the burglary, antil one day a man was taken up at Liverpool on sugpicion of being concerned in quite a differ.
ent matter. $H e$ had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. Morre of the plunder was found at his lodgings. clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the battons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the barglary. His defence was very flimay. "He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the cout, and things very cheap from a mani i: the street. "Did he know the man P" "No, never saw r, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take any
notice of scratches." Of course he was committed for trial, and the trial, as I said, came on Chester.
It excited a great deal of interest, and the court was crowded. An invalid staying at the principal inn so far shaking off a turch of tropical fever as to sond in his card to the judge, and ask for a wise very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above mentioned, was overwhelming, and in addition to that, farmer and servanis with one accord swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no de.
fence; the jury found a verdict of "guilty" without leaving the box; and as barglary was hanging matter in those days, it merely remula between him and judgment.

Pris ner at the bar, you have heard the verdict of the jury : Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed first time. Just brushing his eyes with the cuff of his coat he began-.
"Well, cap'n, it's hard to
"Well, cap'n, it's hard to be hung for noth'n but I can see this is a yard-arm business.
know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a babby know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a babby;
but these witnesses ha'nt told no lies, I s'poses And what can I say agin 'em? When this thing came off-April, did'nt they say-I was fightin came orf-apri,
the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you've got
no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it."
There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge; so he said not unkindly, " But surely, prisoner, if your story is
true, you must have friends and comrades with true, you must have friends and comrades with
whom you could have communicated. had thought they could do you good, you would have done this. It is too late now.
'. You're right, cap'n; it's too late. But
it's all very well to say 'let 'em know' when a man's locked up in gaol, and can't read nor write, and don't know where they are. They may be in America, they may be at the Cape, and how could it's no use, and you'd bett
in time : No,
me to be run up to the yard-arm at once
me "But," urged the judge, "t the Court has wish to hang a man who may be innocent. I there no one who could speak for you?
The prisoner looked in a hopeless sort of wa round the court.
"No," he began ; but just then his eye lighted on the stranger from the inn. "Yea" he The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner?
"No, my lord," was
him before in my life."
"Well, Captain Sharpe," said the prisoner. "If you put the rope round my neck I give in Go on, my Lord.
Stay," said the juige; "is your name R.N." was on the card he had sent in.
"Well, the prisoner seems to recognize you,
so I will ask you to step into the witness bor so I will ask you to step into the witness box
and be sworn, that he may ask you questions." The captain went into the box, and the fol owing dialogue ensued:
"Are you Captain Sha
Are you Captain Sharpe, of His Majesty' ship $V$ ult
"Yes."
" $W$.

Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring ?"

## "I was."

"And wasn't I one of the crew?
" Most certainly not.'
"But cap" $n$, don't you remember the big
slaver that gave you all the trouble, that you had to board"

And you yourself led the boarders ?
"Oh yea ; but all that is nothing Fyou may
easily have heard or read all about that." "Well, but cap'n, once more, don't you re member the big nigger that was almost cutting you down ? Don't you remember the man who
stood between you and death, and what he got brashing Don't you remember that ?',-and brashing back his hair, the prisone
great scar down one side of his head.
The whole Court looked on breathless, as the
captain stared at the scar and at the man till captain stared at the scar and at the man till
his eyes seemed starting from his head. At length, as if in a dream, the captain mattered o himself, "Good God, is it possible ?
Then slowly and deliberately he got out of the witness-box and clambered into the dock,
where he seized the prisoner's hand, and turning to the judge, said " My Lord, this was the bost man in my crew, and he saved my lifo. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is
so changed by illness and imprisonment that could not recognize him. But there is no mie take now. If you hang the old bo'sun of the Vulture, you must hang the captain with him.' Then followed a scene rarely witnessed in a
court of justice. Amid cheers and sobs that no one cared to suppress, the judge briefly directed the jury to re-consider their verdict, which they at once did, finding a nananimons "' Not guilty."
The prisoner was discharged, and lett the dock The prisoner was discharged, and lett the dock
arm in arm with the captain. They were hararm in arm with the captain. They were hur-
ried into a chaise, and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and after a sumptnon lunch, they posted off together to London.
Sharpe might have been heard addressing hi Sbarpe might have been heard addressing his
companion somewhat as follows :- "Well, old pal, we pulled through that business pretty well,
I think. But it was a near go. That was Think. But it Was a near go. That was a
good notion of Wily Bub's to wait for the verdict before moving
that evidence
that evidence."
"Yes," replied the innocent and long-suffer ing boatswain of the Vulture, "A and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, Lis lord, I weal would have been the old boy began to cry !"'
fit to burst when the
From which brief dialogue we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of No burglary than of the Vulture.
Nothing more was ever heard of pither of them. Such is the story of "The Reconsidered
Verdict."
elict."

LITTLE WOMRN
The conventional idea of a brave, an energetic, haired, large armed virago, who might pass as haired, large armed virago, who might pass as
the younger brother of her husband, and whom nature seemed to have hesitated before determining whether to make her man or a woman-a
kind of debatable and, in fact, between the two sexes, and one almost as much as the other. Helen Mlacgregor, Lady Macbeth, Catharine di
Mediri, Mrs. Manning, and the old-fashioued marderesses in novels, are all of the muscular, black-brigand type, with more or less regal grace
superadded, would be thought nothing but a puerile fancy to suppose the contrary of those whoee personal description is not alreauly known. Crime, in-
deed, especially in art and fiction, has generally been painted in very nice proportions to the number of cubic inches embodied and the depth
of color employed ; though we are bound to add of color employed; though we are bound to add
that the public favor runs towards muscular that the public favor runs towards muscular
heroines almost as much as towards muscular murderesses, which, to a certain extent, redresses the over.weighted balance. Our
noveligts, however, have altered the wholting of the pallette. Instead of six-foot-ten, of
black and brown, they have gone in for four-foot-nothing, of pink and yollow; instead of tnmblen masses of raven hair, they have shining
coils of purest gold; instead of hollow caverng, Whence trash unfathomable eyes, eloquent of
every damned pausion, they have limpid lakes of heavenly blue; and their worst sinners are ward semblance of the ideal saint as can well be
managed. The original, notion wae a very yoo I one, and the sevolation did not come be-
fore it was wanted; but it has been a little
overdone of late, and we are threatened with overione of late, and we are threatened with
as great a surfeit of small-limbed, vellow-headed criminala as we have had of the man-like black. One gets weary of the most yerfect model in
time, if too constantly repeatod; as now, when
we have all begun to feel that the resources of
the angel's face and demon's soul have been more heavily drawn on than is quite fair, and
that, given "heavy braids of golden hair,"
" "hat, given "heavy braids of golden hair,"
frame," and special delicacy of a seet and, lithe frame," and special delicacy of feet and hands,
ere we looked for the companionship, through three volumes, of a young person to whom Mes. salina or Lacrezia Borgia was a mere novice. And yet, there is a physological truth in this association of energy with a smallness ; perhaps, also, with a certain tint of yellow hair, which,
with a dash of red through it, is decidedly sugwith a dash of red through it, is decidedly sug-
gestive of nervous force. Suggestiveness, in doed, does not go very far in an argument; buc the frequent connection of energy and smallness in woman is a thing which all may verify in their own circles. In daily life, who is the really formidable woman to encounter? The
black browed, broad-shouldered giantess, with black browed, broad-shouldered giantess, w;
arms almost as big in the girth as a man's ; or the pert, smart, trim, little female, with no more biceps than a lady-bird, and of just about
equal strength with a sparrow \& Nine times out equal strength with a sparrow i Nine times out
of ten, the giantess with heavy shoulders and broad, black eye-brows is a timid, feebleminded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything harsher than a mild remonstrance with her maid, or a gentle chastisement of her children. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, so hat she would swear that the moon shone at mad-day, if it were his pleasure that she shou a
make of herself in that direction. One of me most obedient and indolent of earth's daughters, she gives no trouble to any one, save the trouble of rousing, exciting and setting her going; while, as for the conception or execution of any naughty piece of self-assertion, she is as
utterly incapable as if she were a child unborn, attery incapable as if she were a child unborn,
and demands nothing better than to feel the and demanns nothing better than to feel the
presare of the leading-strings, and to know exactly by their strain where she is desired to go and what to do.
But the little woman is irrepressible. Too fragile to come into the fighting section of from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absoately fearless, and insolent with the insolence hich only those dare show who know that re with her? She is afraid of nothing and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple sheet of brass, the angriest dare not touch her, while she provokes him to a combat in which his hands are tied. She gets her own way in everything, and every-
where. At home and abroad she is equally Where. At home and abroad she is equally
dominant and irrepresibile, equall free from dominant and irrepresaible, equall free from pablic orders in sights and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman, goes where it is expresaly forbidden that she shall go ? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her
tomperament, unless, indeed of that ex ceptionally hanghty type in distinctly inferior surroundiings, and then she can yueen it royally
enough, and set everything at most lordly deenough, and set everything at most lordly de-
fiance. But in general the large-boned woman obeys the orders given, because near enough to the man to be on a par with him she, is still shelter herself behind her weakness, yet too weak to assert her strength and dify ber master on equal grounds. She is like a fying-ish,
one thing wholly; and while capable of the
privileges of either. It is not she, for all her privileges of either. It is not she, for all her
well developed frame and formidable looks, but well developed frame and formidable looks, but
the little woman, who laughs in your face, and the little woman, who laughs in your face, and
goes straight ahead, if you try to turn ber to l er right hand or to the left, reciving your remonthing a foreign lenguage she could not understand. She carries everything before
her, or wherever she is. You may see her stepping over burriers, slipping under ropes, $p: n e-$ arating to the green benches with a ren tuck $\cdot \mathrm{t}$,
taking the best places on the platiorin over the taking the best places on the platiorin over the
heads of their rightful owners, settling herself heads of their rightful ownels, settling herself
among the reserved seats, without an inch of

## by main force.

Modern chivalry objects to the public laying on of hands in the case of a womar, even whel most recalcitrant and disobedient; more partiSo that, if it is only a usurpation of places spe cially masculine, she is allowed to retain what she has got amid the grave looks of the elders-
not really displeased, though, at the flatter of her ribbons among the.u-und' ititers and nudges her and another woman, they are left to fight out as beat they can with the odds laid heavil on the little one. All this time, there is notbing
of the tumult of contest about her. Fiery and combative as she generally $i$, when breaking the law in public places she is the very soul of serene
daring. She knows no heat, no passion nor daring. She knows no heat, no passion, no
turbulence ; she leaves these as extra weapons herself she reyuires who are assailable. Fo her capabilities and the line of attack that best suitm her, and she knows, too, that the fowe points of the contest she exposes the more likely she
and the less she argues the slighter the hold she gives her opponents. She is either perfoctly
good-humored or blankly innocent; she either good-humored or blankly innocent; she either
smiles you to indulgence, or wearies Jou into compliance by aheer hopelessness to make any
impression on her. She may, indeed, if of the very vnciferons and shrill-tongued kind, burst into such a noisy demonstration that you are
glad to escape from her, to meeter what spoils
you leave on your hands; just as a mastiff will
ink away from a bantam hen all heckled feasumption of doing something terrible if he does not look out. Anyway, the little woman is unconquerable; and a tiny fragment of humanity at a public show, setting all rules and regulations at defiance, is only carrying out in matter of benches, the manner of life to which nature has dedicated her from the beginning.-Quiz.
bUSH-LAWYER AND his client. My wood-choppers captured a sloth this morning, said the juage, as we walked toward lawyer,' as the Indians call them. They tied him to the stump of a tree, and what do you
suppose I found, when I came out to fetch him? suppose I found, when I came out to fetch him?
Here we are I Just look at this happy family!" The old sloth lay on his back, near the stump where the wood-choppers had left him, but in his claws he held the strangest animal I eve the shape of s young bear, that turned and twisted left and right like a that t
snake.
" W

What in the world do you call that $?^{\prime \prime}$ I asked--" a monkey or an overgrown squirrel $q$ "
"No, it's a honey-bear," laughed the judgea kinkayou, as we call them. Just look upOere's half a dozen of them in that tree!
family of these strange long-tails were eating their dinner, not in the least disconcerted by our presence, as it seemed, though two of them
eyed us, with outstretched necks, as if they de sired ns to explain the purpose of our visit. I stepped back to get a better look at them They had snouts and paws like fat young bears, North American pensem. theyinded me of North American opossum; they could hang by lowering themselves from branch to branch Now aud then, one or two of them came down to take a look at their captive comrade, but the least movement of the old sloth would send
them scampering up the tree with squeale of them sca
horror.
"That lawyer of yours has taken the law into his own hands," said I
"Yes, I suspect those little imps kept fooling
with him until he grabbed one the judge. "Let's set that thing free, or h will squeeze him to death.'
olds a fly, encir held his prisoner as a spider long-clawed legs, and while the captive mewled and snarled, the captor uttered grunts that combined efforts to unclage his long grappling combined efforts to unclasp his long grappling. die before we could liberate him, but as 800 n a his foet touched the ground, he bounced up the tree as if the fell fiends were at his heels.
"That fellow won't forget the day of the
month," langhed the judge; "he will know better than to meddle with a lawyer the next time."-St. Nizholas.

## WHY HE PUT THE LIGHT OUT.

William and John occupied separate beds in the same rooil. John was honect, but lazy. On antering their room to rotire for the night, John,
with his usual alacrity, undressed and jumped with his usual alacrity, undressed and jumped
into bed, while Willam a as pulling off his boots into bed, while Wilham a as pulling off his boots
and deciding which side of the bed would most likely prove the soltust.
ikely prove the soltust.
After a few miuutes
nta bed, placed his head upoul two pillows, and donbled himself up, preparatory for a confortast ready to ' 'drop off,' but that he had cureles,ly eft the flaid lamp barning. The discovery gave rise to the following soliloquy:
it's so very cold that I hate most burning, but it's so very cold that I hate nost awfully to get out on the flowr; but still that lamp must be
blown out. I wor der if I can't make Joun get bown out. 1 Wor.der if
out. I'll try. Johu ${ }^{\prime \prime}$

- Did you ever know Daniel Hoskins, foreman of engine thirty-seven ?

Nothing; only I didn't know but that you knew him. I saw by the papers that his death was caused, last week, by inhaling the oxharoally loft burning in the room. After the fluid ally left burning in the room. After the fluid
was all consumed, the chemist asaid the oxidal suction of the wick so consumed the onitrogen of the langs, that the flidical rapors suddenly stopped the inspiration, and the heart ceased to beat."
John
John raised himself up in bed, gazed with a sternneas indescribable on the reclining form of his room
claimed:
" $W$.
in thunder, don't you blow out that
"Well, sure enongh," was the reply; "it
ain't out, is it Well, never mind, John, it'll go out itself in a little while."
sleep." And in a twinkling of a cot's tail, John sleep. And in a twinkling of a cat's tail, John had extinguished the light and retarned to his a doze
did."
In the morning John wanted to know all the Warticulars about the death of Mr. Hoskins; but

| THE SCHOOL BO |
| :---: |
| We keright him a box for hin hooka anit thluga And a cricket bak fur bia bat: Anitingooked the frightert <br> Wo handed bion finto thes ralforay train, <br> Withatrocy of hin young cotapeern, And we madenn though it wore diast and rain Were thling vile ryen with teara. <br> We lonked in hia innueant face tw, apes Phoniso of a morrournt limart <br>  "Iran ane that he lured not wa hereterfures, <br>  And whrewa a wrid lemind. <br>  <br>  <br> Anat the ghildren the bive that in tove. <br>  <br> Whirh othly groweth down: <br>  |
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## kUhorean scanllit.

The following painfal story is talan frem the The haton-, an Ab-tin, behociag by he bopire, depary aby member of the llouse and hathrof two grown-up ons ant hwo hanh arlo, of lom a few weck of hisure. Temptal muctathy ath rod toy the stathashamen, he tried

 he continured to phay, and caperienod the not
ancomon fate of losing, in a fro hary the



 Whinintration. It then tw came nowesary for








 at ber ant de laris, and bal not a conn ho his
pocker, white waing for a loan, it was tather

 at this cormonial sometimes hetrayed by a mighty a permonage an the Barot should be wa
provied with phekri money In the mith: of The efforts which the mhaty gy mats was makimg to obtain rueane to continue his frightfulslavery,
a fresh blow fell won him in the shape of a ber from his wife. Rendered suspicious by linters. the had, by hime of prayess ant menares. irvaled upen the family notary to tuveal the
-tate of athirs to her. sho had beirnt the diathal
 Thoustad francs from his ectates, which he had
mortgoned an sum of whioh tio could wit hat Wh. guater cut of his prsome property, any
 macherd have ages twenty-five and twenty worm jority.
Then recipt of his wifres sud reproachful Jetter only heightend the desparate excitement of tho hircon. Every sonse of dignity abandoned him; to gain the napoleons m"essary to poable
hitu to pursue his manin, hr did not shrink from the most degrading. efforts, He visiteid kuaded the rophoyres to lend hum small sums, condesemding ulat to harrow frum the cooks
aud monitions of the hotel. With a hundrem franes at his command --sometimes with fiftr, his few misenty -he stole to the rrime to stake hat first come provided with roulwnux of gold picces and a portholio woll filled with bank
notes. Truly it was a pitiable spuctacle to behold this man of sixty years, grand scigmeur in
his own conntry, nad entitled by his mosition to consideration where ver ho went, now hankiug
with feverish anxiety over the bard to wateh
the fate of carh five-frane piece, and hardly nhbin
the fate of eath five-frane piece, and hardly able to restrain his tears as ho saw it sweptaway.
The hystanders, as a rule, did not treat him with reverner-lesegns of forhearance and sympathy
are not dearnt ly an intimate anequaintance with
 lows uf all peutler emotions, and if the neigh-
hours of the wratched man thought of himat all, it was with contempt raher than pity. Sur-
 anigh.
firn
fin fortunes wetaried of him. When ith vistime ans. roly low such pitifut sums as be now brought
to the tables, the in them, nom cemnences to count the cost of their maintenance. The best romems at the Hotel

 the government of an Empire. Ib.sides, the
Direction has a natural horror of tragedirs, and
er
 tragy thet was now on the worn face of the un
fortunate haron, and in his haggard eves, a gor fortunat haron, and in his haggard eves, a yor
of formantowing of some desprate deme So he wab wathon, and a fawourable opportunite for watefily wught. At hemoth there came a day
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 again the: wif. and cheifren he had mjuret tmptums glancy of the denmenti.a :o whom ho hin- what remanned fur him hat to anit a word
 aind and loyly, and haw man, wha meght onte hase thay from him with contompt the artion from the ignomathe hed hat an anorgen and reso Cution to there, but was tow werak to carry out his purgus with utticiont phymal fore an


 anser nothag hat dentsirne. It was de had twan done the ond hene of the tasian he The baron was lying on the flom, covered with hom, statems but not dad. He hat athmptd tocut his throat ritha razor, hat his unsteaty
hand had bot given a mortal wond. Hy, was removed from then a mortal wound.
he was tender was ohthed soms, can blow a strange tumbrnes for tio



but her tomithe manas thandertake ananay ircumstanes-was not migearlly bow. To if. man who lad enrinhel the Ammintratoon
mure than a million of
 was advised to leave Monte iarlo for hisown country with the greatest posulth phed. There fruithess treas : it was famons in oldrn thenes for ardeners, and the sardeners of today have not hos: the tradition of the pas: ; the tree that ines not bear is quickly rooted up, and not alowed
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