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1EMPERATURE

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS Montreal, Saturday, June 3, 1882.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The sixty-third birthday of our beloved 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 devolved upon the head of that pale, fair girl of eighteen, that her reign would not only be the longest of the century, but be attended by the greatest changes and revolutions in science, in politics, in religion-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 memorial.

"The man 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 before. His communications by letter with his fellows were carried on in very much the same method. He got his news from abroad and from home after the same slow, uncertain fashion. His streets and houses were lighted very much as they might have been when Mr. Pepys was in London. His ideas of drainage were equally elementary and simple. We see a com-plete revolution in all these things."

When we add to these the telephone, which we have to-day come to look upon as almost a necessity of life, and the wonders of electric lighting, the phonograph and the thousand other uses to which that wonderful medium is being daily put, we are conscious of a great gulf which divides us from the civilization of our grandfathers, 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 one enterprise originating immediately from Her Majesty, or 1ather from her consort, which has had its affect in encouraging industries throughout the world. The system of industrial exhibi tions, which now are a recognized feature of every year, owen its origin to the Great Exhibition of 1851.

The great glass palace in Hyde Park, made so memorable by Thackeray's ode, Balzac passed perhaps a third, certainly a marks an epoch in commercial history. The novelty of the experiment was what made it so especially memorable. Many subsequent exhibitions have far surpassed it in grandness and magnificence, but none have robbed it of the glory of being the first Great International Exhibition ever aroused of peace and good will among 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 Faraday, the, chemist and electrician ; do we not find Richard Owen, and Hugh Miller, and again Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall. Amongst philosophers stands out the rugged figure of Carlyle, the Chelsea Philosopher, while Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer are household names to-day. History claims Grote, Macaulay, Froude and Carlyle again. Fiction acknowledges two masters in Dickens and Thackeray, and a host of lesser lights from whom it were invidious to single out a few. Of women there are Harriet Martineau and Mary Somerville at the head, while Mrs. Browning, and Miss Thackeray, with novel writers by the score, deserve at least a mention 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 specially, it is because 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 Doré in France.

Such, in brief, has been the reign of our Queen, remarkable amongst all reigns not of her century 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, comes from every English subject's heart, " God Save the Queen."

THE SCHOOLBOY'S COMPLAINT.

THE Congress of French schoolboys is a novelty even in this age of Congresses. Apparently the pupils in what Mr. Matthew Arnold called " French Etons" do life. No one can not enlo that, if M. Maximé du Camp, Balzac, 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 confessions are sometimes extorted, or attempts are made to extort them from the boys, and schoolboy honor is thus sapped, or so say some of the French writers of autobiography. Punish-

which are cold, narrow, and unwholesome. great deal, of his school-life in the school prison. M. Maximé du Camp thinks the prison cells of his old school are almost as had as they 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 chez Tita. The planned. The wild expectations which it concierges have far too much power, and can grant small indulgences or sell small men have not been exactly realized, but luxuries at exorbitant prices. We do not mean to say that all French schools 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 Lycée 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 business and with a turn for poetry. The 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, so 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 around him, in every walk in life, but a complication of all sorts of unnatural woes. the result of impossible schemes, generally too clumsily devised to deceive an inmate of an imbecile asylum. Indeed, the relationship between this sort of novel and the morbid drama 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 in tendency that it is a great pity we have no censorship to suppress such productions. Those who have read or seen it will fail to find any moral in it, Ima to a blind harthan never gives beggar, since it subjects the recipient to cruel tortures 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 end, is the only resource ments chiefly consist of captivity in dens left, and, if the tortures and agonies con-

tinue, to throw the book aside. Even great authors overstep the bounds of human endurance-without any intent to harrow up the feelings-as witness 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 gives 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 called 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 sticks of authorship, and to qualify themselves for their sacred duty by abstaining from such literature themselves.

ENTHUSIASM.

Like fire, enthusiasm might be described as Like nre, entnusissin might be described as "a good servant but a bad master." Enthu-siastic persons are apt to be disturbed by their quieter brethren who share Talleyrand's dislike to "trop de zèle" in any cause. And yet what a blank would be left in the world if all enthusiasm were banished from it. The calm-judging, sober-minded man, who can never be stirred to strong emotion, is doubtless a wise and safe ac-quaintance, but is apt to become an extremely tedious one. An "impartial" historian is ge-nerally very dull reading. When Johnson said that he liked "a good hater," he doubtless in-tended to convey a protest against the colour-less, amiable characters who are capable of neither strong affections nor strong dislikes ; who cannot be stirred to anger by sight of wrong-doing. nor to admiration by knowledge siasm were banished from it. The calm judging, 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 ex-ample of this kind of person; and he himself attributed his unusual length of life (he attained arction ted his unusual length of his the attribute the age of ninety-four) to the fact that "he never langhed and never cried." Most people are familiar with the story of the friend who came to visit him when the savant was about to give directions regarding the dressing of a dish of early asparagus. Fontenelle invited his vi-sitor to share the delicacy, and finding that he prefered the asparagus cooked without oil, diected the cook to prepare half of the bundle to his friend's taste, half to his own. Scarcely, however, had the cook quitted the appartment, than the visitor 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 abbé is dead. You can dress all the asparagus with oil.

Fontenelle was not a solitary example of this equanimity of temper ; a nature peculiarly irritating to more excitable persons, who do not scruple to attribute the philosopher's calm to the selfishness of the philosopher's disposition. Enthusiastic people often commit great absur-dities, but are certainly more loveable individuals than the intensely reasonable man, whose heart never overrules his head. Most of us would pref r our friends to love us after the partial fashion of the fair Quakeress, who, when asked by a youthful friend if she could "give him her love," demurely replied, "Yes, John, I give my love to all our members, but I am afraid that thee is getting more than thy due share." Whether for good or evil, enthusiasm 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 childish exhibition of emotion was looked upon with respect. Great kings were not ashamed of giving way to public bursts of fary, now rarely beheld save in lunatic asylums. Philip de Comines relates, quite as a matter of course, how the Duke of Burgundy

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 self-control, and how leniently their age judged these fits of Berserker fury. They were equally outspoken in their repentance. To walk in procession publicly acknowledging his crimes was as little humiliating 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 of sanctity, the "donum-lachrymarum" coveted by pious monks. The strangest vows were made, wildest projects undertaken by acute and talented men, in an age when enthusiasm was respected and encouraged. There is a dark side the enthusiasm of our ancestors It frequently led them into acts of cruelty and bigotry. God frey de Bouillon, that pearl of chivalry, permitted an indiscriminate massacre of women and children at the taking of Jerusalem, in 1099, which would have eternally sullied the fame of a modern general; but which was considered praiseworthy in his age, because the victims were Paynims. Pious men sent their religious opponents to the stake. The same enthusiasm 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 Granada in 1365, he applied to Urban V. (then residing at Avignon) for money to pay his troops. The Pope, aware that Du Guesclin's army had been recruited from the dregs of the community, sent word that he was too poor to give gold, but would bestow a far more valuable gift—full absolution from all their sins. Du Guesclin's reply is amusing in its candour. "I tell you reply is amusing in its candour. "I tell you there are many here who care nothing about absolution : they would far rather have silver. I 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 cannot manage them otherwise." The Pope sent a cardinal, who confesses "the had rather been chanting mass at home," to mediate with the too practical minded soldiers ; but his Eminence found them obdurate, and was irreverent enough to cry, "I would the Pope were here himself, to cry, "I would the Pope were here himself, in his jaunty cape, I believe he would soon enough be stripped of it." Eventually a contribution in coin was sent from the Papal treasury. Enthusiasm the world over is strangely infectious. Enthusiasts in any subject are generally honest in their devotion to it, and hence the secret of their influence over the minds of others. The leaders of the many wild enthusiastic movements of the past firmly be-lieved in the righteousness of the causes they advocated. It is melancholy to think how much sincere devotion has often been wasted on very unworthy objects ; how some of the best of men have given their lives to prop up crumbling abuses, to perpetuate mistakes, to encourage acts of cruelty and persecution. But however we may differ from the enthusiast in his views of right, we cannot, in many cases, doubt his sin-cerity. His listeners believed his teaching because they saw he so firmly believed it himself.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE event of last week has of course been the celebration of the Queen's birthday, of which we speak more fully in another place. Our front 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 in 1840, in 1851, the Great Ex-hibition, in 1854 the Crimea; with the inven-tion of Telegraphy, the introduction of Steam and the many other strides which civilization has made during the most prosperous reign which England has ever known. It had been our intention to present this week some illustratrions of the review at Kingston, but owing to a press of other matter we have been compelled to defer their production until next week.

SATURDAY was an eventful day in the anuals of 1882-a day of strange and startling contrasts. In the afternoon of sunshine after rain, the "ethereal mildness" of which was a rebuke 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 ceres simple as the event was auspicious. That the Queen, so soon after the deplorable attempt on her life and the excitement of the Royal marriage should have consented to appear in the midst of her subjects was a gracious and courageous act worthy of herself. This attractive and gigantic pleasure-garden, once "a hunt-ing ground for the Sovereign of this kingdom," and in our time the favourite resort of East-End holiday-makers, was being gradually inclosed by neighbouring equatters and invaded by irrepressible builders, till its area had become se-riously restricted and its characteristic features were threatened with destruction. By a happy inspiration the City Corporation, which had some kind of *locus stands* in the case was induced to become the champion of popular rights. Its powerful influence and resources, backed by a number of favorable legal decisions, arrested in-sidious aggressions. Considerable tracts of for-

est land were recovered from the hand of the spoiler, and the entire forest was formally placed under the protection of our Civic Parliament, with the Duke of Connaught as its Ranger. Epping Forest is now secured as "a thing of auty and a joy for ever" for the benefit of her Majesty's subjects; or, as the Corporation ad-dress more precisely puts it, "an open space of nearly six thousand acres, extending from the confines of the metropolis for a distance of thirteen miles, is now available for public health and recreation." Our illustrations of the event will be found on page 840.

FROM the Northwest we have received a photograph of the Artillery detachment of the Northwest mounted police, whose head quarters 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 new building of the Masonic Female Orphan School, in Merrion road, Dublin, to which the Freemasons of Ireland have already subscribed a large sum, a Bazaar and Fancy Fair was held in the Dublin Exhibition Palace. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught and her Excellency the Counters Cowner, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, were patronesses of this Bazaar, and many ladies of good position consented to preside at the stalls. The azaar, or fancy fair presented some remarkable features, which are partly shown in our illustra-tion. The Leinster Hall of the Exhibition Palace was converted into a picturesque "old street," with "Shakespeare's House" at the upper end. All the quaint and beautiful buildings were sketched from originals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by Mr. Bingham M'Guinness, President of the Dublin Sketching Club; and the whole was constructed and decorated in the highest style of scenic art by Mr. Farrar and other artists of the Dublin Gaiety Theatre. A portion of the design occupied by the Belfast and Midland Counties Stall, near the corner of the Leinster Hall, opposite to the Shakespeare House and Pupil's Stall, was suggested by sketches from the "Old Tabard Inn," pulled down a few years ago in South-wark, where it had remained in actual use from the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, till its demolition in the course of some building improvements. The recesses and rude balconies under the roof are very interesting, and the general effect of the old house was carefully studied. The timbered houses brought together in this street represent the prevailing character of the dwellings and shops of the merchant and trader burges es. They were built with large, heavy timber framing, the interspaces of which were filled in with bricks, lath and plaster, or weather boardings. The gables ornamented with "barge boards" and casements, and the roofs were covered with red tiles, and ornamented with dormer windows to admit light and air to the rooms in the fine large roofs.

THE sad story of the death of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke is already an old tale, but its painful interest is revived by the arrival of the English mails with fuller accounts of the tragedy. We do not propuse to relate the whole story, which is probably familiar to m st of our readers. On the evening of the sixth of May the unfortunate gentlemen were walking together in the Pheenix Park in sight of the Vice-Regal lodge 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 Tom Burke" as he was known to his intimates 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 so did Nana Sahib shoot down the bearers of the flags of trace in the mutiny. On another page we give portraits of both these gentlemen and il-lustrations of the residences of the Chief Secretary and the under secretary in the Phœnix Park. The funeral of Mr. Thomas Burke 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 Dublin Corn Ex change, the Chamber of Commerce, the Council of the Home Rule League, and ether public bodies and organisations in Dublin, and throughout Ireland, met and passed resolutions denouncing the assassinations, and expressing sympathy with the bereaved friends. The body of Lord Frederick Cavendish was removed from the Viceregal lodge, Dublin, to the North Wall Wharf, on a gun carriage, and put on board the Steamboat for England.

EARLY PIETY.

BY NED P. MAH.

There is a small wise woman of some eight summers whose normal place of residence, through rain or shine, is a ditch by the side of the road that leads to the cemetery, of whose acquain-tance I have the honor, and whose profession it road that leads to the cemetery, of whose acquain-tance I have the honor, and whose profession it is to manufacture and sell garlands for the ad-interview that I was rapidly turning grey, and that it was worthy of remark, inasmuch as her host, and, with a few red strips of flannel, a

grandmother who was far up in the sixties was not grey as yet. To which I replied, explanatorily, that it was only wicked people who turned grey early. Whereupon she shook the little wise head gravely, and smole a smile of sympathy and pity.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and hen he is old he will not depart from it. No, when he is old he will not depart from it. but while he is still young he may. Clergymen's sons, who may reasonably be supposed to have a strict bringing up, are proverbially the worst. Too tight a bearing rein is good for neither man nor beast. Give a boy his head in all reason, but let him have all the advice he seeks and encourage 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 he remembered when sermons and canings are alike long since forgotten. Of course there is a good deal of truth in the

saying that a young man must have his fling, and it depends partly on the sort of head he has but a good deal also on the sort of company his pursuits 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 of early piety will lay the foundation of a miser-able old age in which the spirit, still young, is embittered by the growing infirmities of the body, and bald, toothless, and rheumatic, the old bachelor lingers amid the memories of plea-sures, in which he can no longer indulge with impunity, awaiting the tardy coming of that end, which will be a happy release to himself and to his friends. Therefore, O young man, he wise : and by a

Therefore, O young man, be wise; and by a somewhat niggardly economy of strength, prepare yourself to enjoy a green old age, which shall be able to indulge with a reasonable moderation in the 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 consequent good temper and comfort, that are the reward and the witness bearers of a discreetly husbanded youth.

SUCCESSFUL AUDACITY.

An unemployed actor, disinclined to rust in idleness, to say nothing of starving, determined to "do the provinces" as an entertainer. The provinces, however, did not prove the happy hunting-ground he expected, and when he ar-rived at a certain small town in the north, his funds and his spirits were equally low. The latter were not raised by the worthy who had the letting of the "hall" informing him a thea-trical exhibition would be "nae gude at a'" there; but that if he gave a lecture on chemistry the place would be crowded. At this straw our desperate actor clutched. He would turn scientific lecturer, and chance it being discovered that he knew nothing of his subject. The hall was engaged, the bills distributed, his last coppers spent on red fire, brickdast, 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 performance to a sudden end. The friendly hallkeeper had borrowed a pestiand mortar, a Leyden jar, and two or three retorts, which, with a few physic bottles filled with bright-colored waters, gave the table quite a scientific appearance. The pseudo-savant a scientific appearance. sommenced by reading a few pages of a popular many mispronounced words, the hydrogen ex-periment; and then it occurred to me to arrai.ge a little accident, which would perhaps make them nervous, and prepare them for what was to follow. This I did by thrusting a retort, neck downwards, into the fire; th) few drops of water vaporised, and burst it with a loud report. I then proceeded to explain the dan-gerous nature of the chemicula, dwelt on gun otton, sud len death of experimentalists by fumes, &c., meanwhile filling my mortar with brickdust and other harmless ingredients. Having worked the audience up to the required pitch of nervousness, I dilated on the dangerous and uncertain nature of the compound I was mixing. I spoke of my bad health, and wound up by saying : 'Startling and marvellous as the announcement may seem, it is nevertheless true, that were I to leave off stirring this mixture for one single second, the whole of this building and everyone therein would be blown into unrecognizable atoms!' In less than two minutes there was not a soul left in the place but Mr. Mactaggart and myself, who pitched the stuff away, and cheerfully divided the profits."

A NEAR SHAVE.

"What I am about to relate," writes a traveller, "happened in a rough mining town in Colorado. There was a grand ball at the ranch

grotesque accumulation of mountain roses. and row of dripping candles, the appointments of the place were perfect. My first partner in the giddy dance was the wife of the man who killed the village postmaster because he refused him a letter; she was fat, fair and forty, and danced with the grace of a cow. My next partner was the daughter of this charming pair, a young girl just bursting into the loveliness of womanhood; she was badly freckled, and sported a wart on her nose. My next partner was a blooming grass-widow, a fresh arrival; and then I rested. began to comment on new faces in the room. My companion in this pleasant pastime was a heavy-bearded miner, uncouth, roughly dressed, tobacco-slob bered, and very profane .. This was our first meeting, and I hoped it would be the

last. 'There goes a hard-looking case,' I whispered, as the wife of the man who killed the postmaster

sailed by; 'she's a bad 'un.' 'Yas,' replied the man, 'I'd hate to have the critter step on me. What an elegant target she "Yes,' I said, and turned my eyes on a tall

raw-boned creature sailing towards us, supported by a little man with sandy whiskers and red-top boots. 'Here comes the boss.''

How !' "The boss, I say; ain't she a lovely chimpanzee *

A what ?

'Chimpanzee !' He glared at me a moment and then reached for his revolver.

'What is a chimpanzee !' he growled fiercely, his red eyes growing large. I saw that I had made some mistake, and

hastened to explain. "Why-why,' I stammered, backing off, 'a chimpanzee is a lovely creature found in Africa -nothing so gorgeously beautiful as a chim-panzee! That is the highest compliment a lady can receive.'

Oh !'-and the man looked relieved. 'Yas, I think so myself, stranger; she is a lovely chimpanzee. She's my wife.'"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Hudson Valley peach crop will be a total failure

THE Parnellites have still 200 amendments to move to the Repression Bill. THE Madrid Cabinet is deliberating on the

reduction of the Customs duties. "Shotover" won the Derby on Wednesday,

Quicklime" second, "Sachem" third. THE Mexican Government is offering \$300

for each scalp of hostile Apache Indians. Or one thousand inhabitants of Iquique,

Peru, six hundred are sick with tertiary fever. CANON EENEST WILBERFORCE has been apointed Bishop of the new diocese of Newcastle, England.

THE Russian Committee of Ministers has issued a series of stringent regulations concerning the Jews.

THE rumored engagement between Princess Beatrice and a son of the Landgrave of Hesse is denied.

HON. MR. WALKEM, Premier of British Columbia, has received a ju lgeship of the B. C.

Supreme Court. A LONDON exhie announces the death of Sir John Holker, late Lord Justice of the High Court of Appeal.

THE Princess Louise sailed from Liverpool fo Quebec per Allan Line steamship Sarmatian ou

Thursday. SIR CHARLES BOWEN, Judge of the Queen's Bench, will succeed the late Sir John Holker in the High Court of Appeal.

ALBERT YOUNG, the man who wrote a threat-ening letter to the Queen's secretary, has been sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

THE Pennsylvania iron manufacturers hav decided to resist the demands of the men, and the strike has commenced in earnest.

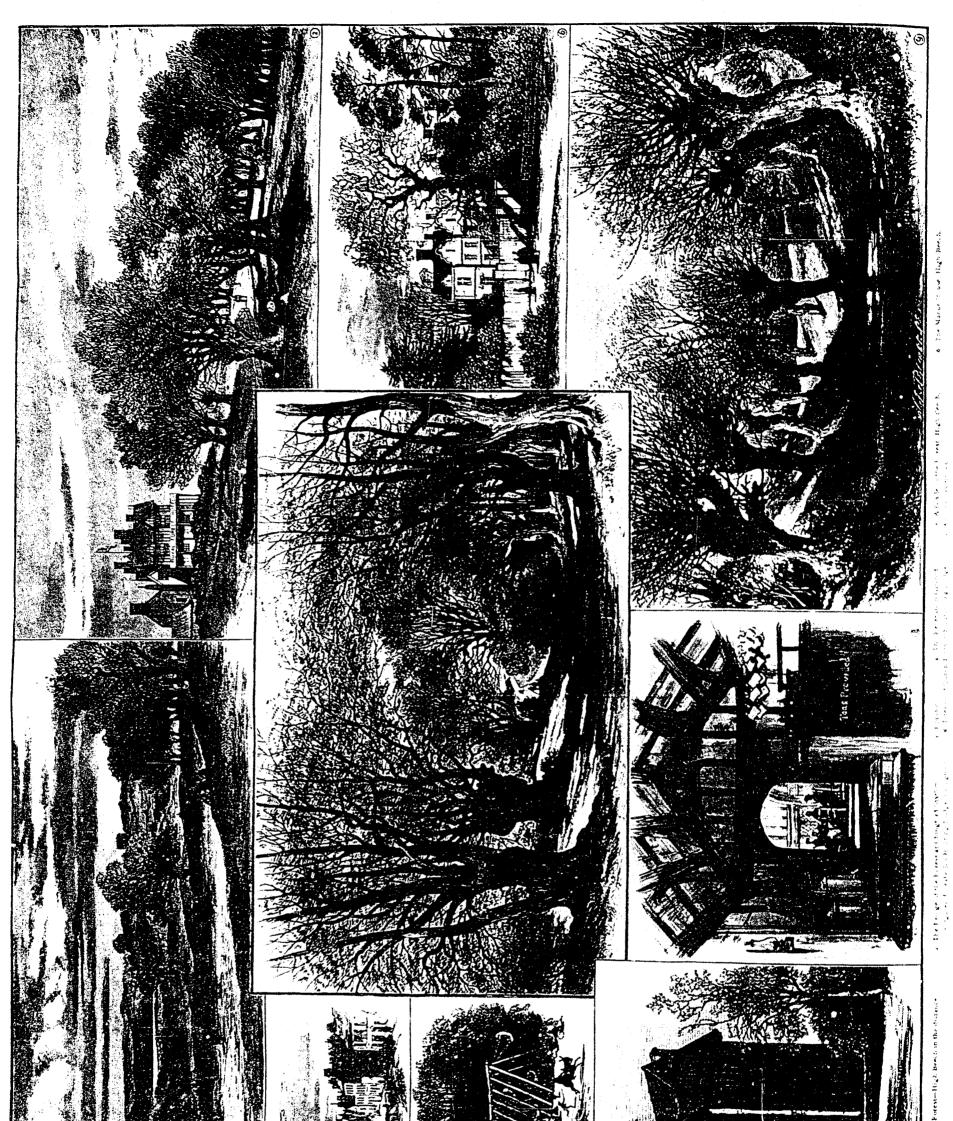
THE Island of Fayal, Azores, has been visited by an carthquake which destroyed churches, public buildings, and many houses.

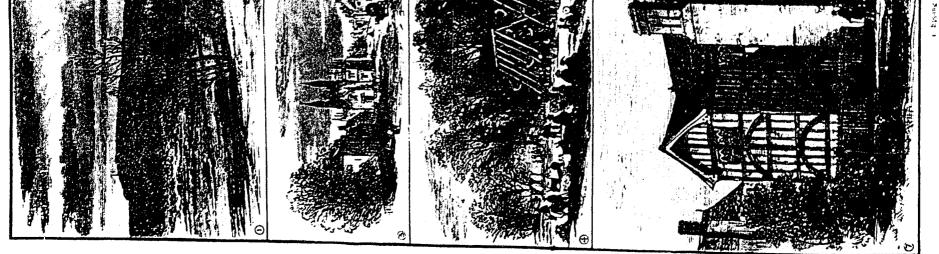
THE official list places the number of lives lost by the Manitoulin disaster at eleven, of whom eight were passengers and three deck hands.

ONE hundred and twenty Herefordshire farmers sailed by the Sarmatian for Quebec. They are sent out by Mr. James Bankin, M. P., to Canadian farms.

CONSUMPTION CURED .--- An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remsdy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bron-chitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical oure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by address-ing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. Novzs, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

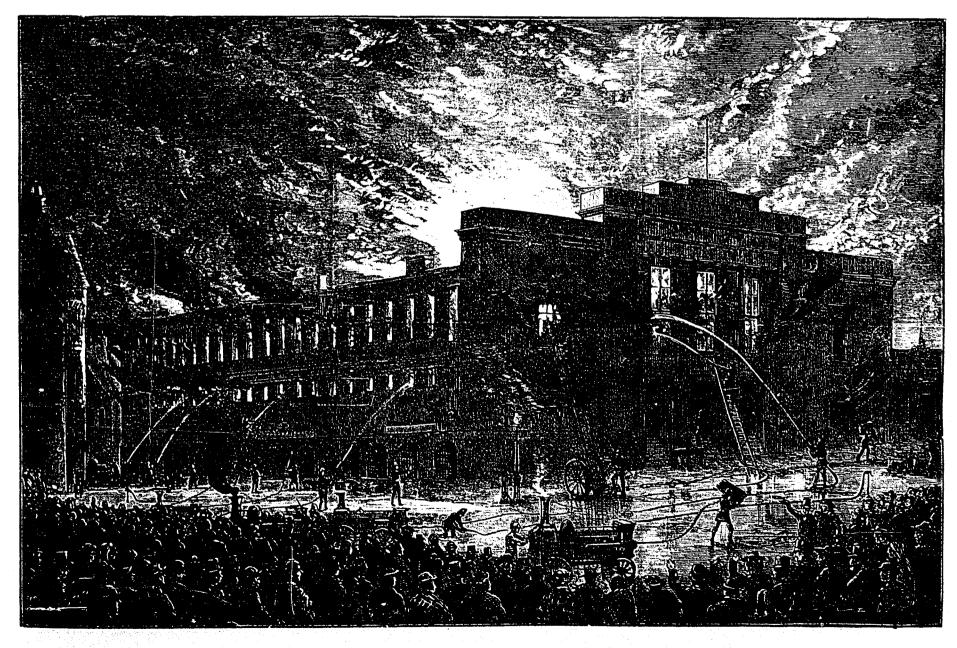
JUNE 3, 1882.







WITH THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE .- THE ARTILLERY DETACHMENT, FORT WALSH.



THE BURNING OF THE PUBLIC MARKETS, ABERDEEN.-(SEE PAGE 339.)

"BONNY KATE,"

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

CHRISTIAN REID.

BY

CHAPTER XLIV.

"So it is, my dear. All such things touch secret strings For heavy hearts to bear. So it is, my dear."

"What has happened to her ? What did those people do to her ?

It is Mr. Proctor who asks this inevitable question-for firmly rooted in the minds of all Kate's friends is the opinion that "those people," Kate's friends is the opinion that "those people," to wit, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton, are in some man-ner accountable for the great change which has been wrought in her—when he finds himself alone with Janet, after his first meeting with the girl who, two years ago, embodied for him all that was brightest and most charming on earth. Janet shakes her head gravely. "I am quite at a loss what to think," she answers. "In a degree, I know what has happened to her, but I do not know why it happened—and that puz-

degree, I know what has happened to her, but I do not know why it happened—and that puz-gles me. But she says, and we must take her word for it, that the people of whom you speak were very kind to her—as kind as they know how to be. I confess it is hard for me to believe that, or snything else good of Florida Vaughn; 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 Mr. Proctor. "There is no good in saying she is 'out of health '---what has put her out of health ! If ever there was a look of heart-break in any eyes on earth, it is in those eyes of hers," he goes on. "They used to be the most joyous I ever saw, and now they are the saddest." "They are," says Janet. "It almost breaks my heart sometimes to see the look in them when the thick merce is observing the attempts

she thinks no one is observing her-at sunset, for instance, when she gazes over the river, be yond the hills, like one who knows

'The weariness, the endless pain Of waiting for some one to come Whe nevermore will come again.''

"But for whom is she waiting ?" says the young man; " or, rather, for whom has she ceased to wait !- for she gives me the ides of one who has said good-bye to hope. Janet, you are a woman, and women can read each other—you ought to be able to tell."

"I can tell something replies Janet. "Sit down here, and I will tell you all I know."

They have been strolling down the lawn in the soft, June twilight; and having now reach-ed the bank of the little stream where Kate found her four-leaved clover, they sit down together on the warm, dry grass. "Two heads are better than one, even if one

is a blockhead," says Mr. Proctor, taking Janet's small hand in the clasp of his large one. "Tell me all you know. I don't ask from mere curi-osity, but in order to see if there is anything to be done."

So Janet tells all that she knows-which is very little, and the mystery of which is beyond her fathoming. "Only this is certain," she says in conclusion—" Kate cares as much for Frank Tarleton as she ever cared, and yet there is some 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 say why she sent him away when he went to her and proved that she had suspected him of trifling 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

done." "Nor I," says Mr. Proctor, "for lovers' quarrels are things outsiders had best leave

"But this is not a lovers' quarrel," says Janet. "Kate insists upon that. And it is not Frank Tarleton's fault-she insists upon that, also." " Then, in the name of Heaven, whose fault

is it ? "That is the mystery-that is what I cannot find out. It is not in the least like Kate to be secretive-but for once she is so.

"It would not do to-to send for Tarleton, would it ?" hezards Mr. Proctor, vaguely. A flash comes into Janet's brown eyes. "That

is likely !" she says. "Do you think if Kate was dying-and God knows she may be-she would wish us to put her so low as to send for a man who was always fickle as the wind, and who, by this time, no doubt, is sighing at some other woman's feet-indeed, for aught we know, may be married ?" Mr. Proctor is evidently unable to make any

other suggestion, so he chews a piece of grad and the cud of meditation for several minutes before speaking again. Then he says :

"I told your cousin once that if I could serve her in any way, I would go to the end of the world to do it. I meant exactly what I said, and I mean it yet. I don't shine in counsel, as you perceive; but in action I think you might trust me. If now or hereafter you see anything to be done, let me know, and I will do it at any cost

"I believe you would," says Janet, looking at him with affectionate eyes; " and if you don't. far better to act than to hine in counse

talk ; and best, the very best of all, to be a true-

hearted gentleman." There are others besides these two who would do much to serve Kate, to bring back the roses to her cheeks, and the starry lustre to her eyes ; but as the days go on, deepening in summer loveliness, they bring no healing for her on their wings, nor does any means of cure reveal itself to the anxious eyes that watch her. Once she has tried to ride; but although the distance was short, and Diana's paces gentle, she was too much exhausted to repeat the experiment; so her exercise is limited to driving daily in the little phaeton, with Janet for whip. Along the winding, level road, by the river, where she and Tarleton so often cantered gayly, and where-for she can no more rid herself of these recollections than she can cease to breathe—she gallop-ed at headlong speed the night she thought him dying, they bowl gently, when the rich sunset fires are kindled over the western hills, and the nres are kindled over the western mills, and the reflected glory glows on the tranquil breast of the river. Returning from one of these drives one evening, while the lingering twilight still holds the world under its spell of beauty, they holds the world under its spell of beauty, they find the family group as usual gathered on the piazza, but the tall young man who rises and comes forward to meet them, as Janet draws Madoc up, is not Will. In the dusk, neither of the girls recognize him until he speaks. "How do you both do ?" he says. "Kate, I am very glad to see you back again." "Why, it is Randal !" cries Janet. "What do you mean by dropping down upon one like this ?"

this 1

" Is there any harm in coming unannounced for once in a way?" he asks, with a slight laugh. "I have not been very well of late, and it is so horribly warm among bricks and mortar, that I got leave of absence and ran up here to the hills for a little coolness and rest."

He assists them out as he speaks, and Kate, who has not spoken yet, says, when he takes her hand .

"I am glad to see you again, Randal, ard 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 hardly expected that a young lady who has been abroad for more than

a year would come back an invalid." "Why not ?" she asks. "People die even in Paris, you know."

in Paris, you know." She says no more, but sitting down by her uncle begins to talk of her drive, and so it is that Randal does not see her until they go in to tea. Then, when the full light of the dining-room lamp falls on her, he, like every one else, is struck and shocked by the change in her appear-ance. He says nothing, but his eyes travel to her again and again, so full of wonder which is almost incredulous that, meeting them at last, the arvilles she smiles.

"You can hardly believe that it is I, can ou, Randal ?" she says. "You think I must

"You can hardly believe that it is 1, can you, Randal ?" she says. "You think I must be an impestor, do you not ? But the dogs all know me, so I must be Kate." "You will be Kate as long as you keep your eyes and your voice," he replies; but you are more altered than—than I thought possible." "One can alter a great deal," she says, glanc-ing with a little sigh into a mirror mink once "One can alter a great deal," she says, glanc-ing with a little sigh into a mirror which once gave back the radiant bloom of a face which then well deserved the Homeric epithet of "joy-

endowing." The subject is not pursued beyond this point, for Kate's health is a topic the family are more

inclined to shun than to discuss; but even after the frail figure and pale face have disappeared, they continue to haunt Randal'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-since he did not learn then, and does not know now, the extent of that sacrifice; but, together with much weakness, he has also some good in his character, and prominent 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 the verge of both ; and he is as sorry for her condition now as it is in his nature to be sorry for anything ; in fact, he is so sorry that he takes Jauet aside in the course of the evening and asks the oft-repeated question-" What is the matter with Kate ?'

Janet is surprised by this proof of concern, for she has heretofore imagined and frequently declared that it it not in Randal to care for anything on earth beyond himself ; but she reflects that it is according to the nature of things for Kate to win regard even from the selfish, so she answers him with the usual formula, giving the opinions of the doctors, and finally adding her own, as she sees—by the light of the moon fall-ing broadly over them as they sit on the piazza -that Randal is interested.

"I am certain as that I am living that her malady is more of the spirit than of the body," she says. "The doctors don't know what they are talking about-how should they ? I do not doubt that she 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 with such an ardent and faithful nature as hers, proceeds the speaker, with a heart-felt sigh; "but, in my worst auticipations, I did not think that it would kill her." " Love !" repeats 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

shuttlecock, like many people's-my poor Kate! I almost wish it was."

ended 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 Vaughn, had made mischief and persuaded Kate that Frank 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 for you ! Women despise a laggard in love as much as they scorn a dastard in war; and Frank Tarleton 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

"I hope you told Proctor so," says Randal, with a slightly uneasy laugh—for praise of Tarleton is even yet far from music to his ear. "But I do not understand why, if things were made harmonious in this manner. Kate should be breaking her heart for him now." "Nobody understands," says Janet, gloomily.

"There is some mystery in the matter which cannot be brought to light. After this, and after Kate had rejected Mr. Fenwick because— Miss Brooke says she told him—she was engag-ed to Frank Tarleton, she gave up the latter to to be additional with the define Mr. go abroad with that odious Mr. Ashton. It is absolutely incomprehensible."

There is a moment's pause before—in a voice which he is not able to control as well as he should like to do—Randal says :

"And has she never explained to you why she did so ?'

"Never; and that is one of the stranges parts of the matter. It is so unlike Kate to have a secret. She used 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 declares and beyond that she will not go. A ne-cessity, which was a duty, forced them apart, she says; but, for the life of me, I cannot tell what necessity, or what duty it could possibly have been.

Silence follows. It is doubtful whether Randal can speak —he certainly does not do so. A knowledge of all that Kate has suffered for him and through him flashes on him like a revela-tion, and proves an overwhelming one. Selfish and weak though he may be, he has enough of manhood in him to shrink aghast at the thought manhood in him to shrink agnast at the thought of what a burden he has flung 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 deserve to be held up to the contempt of the world !" he thinks. But to think this is one thing. To know

what to do-to resolve what to do-quite an-other. At the mere imagination of uttering the truth, his tongue seems to cleave to the roof of his mouth, and, rising at last, he walks away in perturbation, leaving Janet alon e.

CHAPTER XLV.

"Sweet is true love, though given in vain, in vain; And sweet is death, who puts an end to pain. I know not which is sweeter—no, not I: Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be. Love, art thou bitter? sweet is death to me. O love, if death be sweeter, let me die."

If Randal looks haggard when he comes down to breakfast the next morning-thereby greatly exciting Mrs. Lawrence's anxiety—the fact is not remarkable. During the hours of the summer night he has slept little, despite the de-lightful coolness which the hills send through every open casement to make sleep a blessing and refreshment; and, when he rises, the dis-quieting thoughts which filled his pillow with thorns are still with him. If he were mailed in callous selfishness, as many people are, he would put Kate and her sacrifice aside as something beyond himself, and therefore beyond his orbit of interest; but he is not able to do this. The touch which opened his eyes seemed to open his heart as well, and, seeing his conduct paint-ed in the colors of truth, he feels acutely all the consequences of it. What he does not see is how to remedy these consequences. There is no realization which should be more familiar to u-, yet which at certain times comes upon us with the force of more overwhelming surprise, than the realization of our powerlessness to suspend the consequences flowing from our own actions. To-day it is in our power to turn the current of our lives to the right or to the left ; to-morrow, having turned it. we can no more avert the merm march of effect treading fast on cause than the river which is sweeping through dark forests and fertile 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, recalls the expression of her face-which at the time he little heeded-when she gave him the cheque for which she had she gave him the cheque for which she had signed away her liberty and her love. He re-members the look in her eyes when to his ques-tion: "Did he give it to you as a free gift, Kate ?" she answered, "No; but the condi-tions 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 intent on his own great relief, but now he understands and reads all. "For every fault committed on and reads all. "For every fault committed on earth, somebody must pay the cost," 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 girl of whom he thinks lies sleeping serenely as a child, with her curling lashes resting ou her pale checks like the closed petals of a flower, his thoughts 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 out amid roses, with the garden lying beyond the win-dows, and the notes of birds coming in with the balmy air, the floods of sunshine, and the odor of blossoming trees and shrubs. Kate does not appear at breakfast, so he does

not see her again until in the course of the morning he enters the sitting room, and finds her admiring and discussing a squirrel which the children have brought in to exhibit. Randal looks on impatiently for a little while, then he bids the children "take the thing away ;" and much in awe of him—he comes, sits down by Kate, and, greatly to her surprise, takes one of her hands, with which she is doing some crochet-work. when they have obeyed-for they stand very

"How thin you are !" he says, looking st it compassionately. "There is hardly a feather's weight left of you. What does it mean, Kate ? --what does it mean ?"

"I fancy it means that I am wearing away 'like a snow-wreath in thaw,'" she answers, smiling.

"' Wearing away to the land o' the leal."

What tender expressions the Scotch have, have they not! I like that expression so much-'the land o' the leal !'"

"I don't understand what has brought you to this pass," says Randal, going on with his own thoughts. "Janet tells me that she thinks your illness is more of the spirit than of the body.

"Janet is mistaken," answers Kate, quietly. "I have not a regret on earth -no, no one-so how could I be ill in the spirit ? Don't trou-

so now could i be ill in the spirit i Don't trou-ble 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 says, in a low voice, "when, for the first time— for the first time, Kate, as God hears me ! —it has occurred to me that you are suffering from my fault ?" She looks up at him with area in which he

She looks up at him with eyes in which he reads only kindness and compassion. "I am glad you have spoken of that mat-

"I am glad you have spoken of that mat-ter," she says, lowering her voice 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 you know from what. So it is with the rest; so it is with this old house, which is the home of honor 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 save lived lor." "And in saving it you have sacrificed your-self," says Randal. "Do I not see --Kate, what was the condition on which Mr. Ashtom gave you that money ! I have a right to know

-I have rested in selfish ignorance too long." She shrinks away like one who avoids a rude touch. "Why do you wish to know!" she asks. "It is over and done with now." "I wish to know because I must reckon up

the full measure of my debt to you," he snow swers. "I can never discharge it—never on earth—but I must know. Kate, did you proga-ise to give up Tarleton ?" But still she shrinks, and her eyes gather an

expression of pain and sadness. Never, this side of eternity, will she think of how she bake farewell to all that made life worth living for, at Mr. Ashton's bidding, without feeling the

old, bitter thrill of agony renewed. "I see that you did," says Randal, after a minute's pause; "and I-I went away like a selfish coward, and left you to bear all the burden of my wrong doing." He buries his face in his hands, as he buried

it on that day now far gone by, when he come to the girl in the full flush of her new-found happiness, and appealed for help. She gave it then as freely as it was in her to give all things, and now she gives what is more precious than "gold and a multitude of jewels"-kindly, generous words.

"It was not your fault, Randal," she says. "You could not tell that Mr. Ashton would make such a condition. Don't be sorry. I tell you again that I would rather have been al-lowed to do this thing, than to have been happy

all my life long. Is not that enough " "For you, perhaps, but not for me," he atta swers, lifting his face. "Kate, is there no way of making things right again ? I would heattate at nothing—I think I should even be strong enough to tell—"

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She stops the words on his lips by extending her hand and grasping his. "Hush !" she says, in an imperative tone. "Never say that again ! If my uncle knew, you would undo everything. And how could teiling help what was done Life gives no opportunities twice-what we have let go once, we do not recover. Never say such a thing again."

He is absolutely awed by her vehemence, by 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-

She sinks again on the cushions of the couch with the color ebbing from her lips and cheeks as fast as it came to them.

"You do not understand," she says, "how impossible that is. Could I ask a man to come back to me whom eighteen months ago I sent away ! Is it likely that he -he, who has known and loved so many woman-remembers me yet, or would desire to return to me even if I was what he left me ! And, above all, what would any man see to love in such a faded wreck of womanhood as I am now ? No, dear Randal, all that is past—as past as if it were part of another existence. I do not deceive myself with any hope, I do not torment myself with any longing. I made my choice once and for all, longing. I made my choice once and for all and I do not regret it-no, not for a moment.

What can Randal answer? He is, in truth, incapable of speaking at all, and, before he can control his voice, Mrs. Lawrence enters, and the conversation is at an end.

But the reflections which preceded it do not end 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 one generous action may extend. For the first through all his nature," by the perception of unselfishness in another. When he contrasts Kate's simple fidelity to duty with his easy acceptance of her sacrifice, he appears so contempt-ible in his own eyes that it is matter of necessity to find some means of reinstating himself in his esteem, since, however salutary the scorpion-whip of conscience may be, it is never agreeable.

As time goes on, instead of becoming accustomed to the situation, he finds it more intolerable. To stand by and see Kate die for his fault—that is how it appears to him—how can he do this thing? Yet what else is there for him to do ? Having asked himself this question repeatedly and vainly, he at last, with an 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 resolution, he takes the first step toward executing it, by asking Janet one afternoon to go down to the river for a row. Janet readily agrees, not only because she likes 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 greatly improved thereby."

Randal, who has certainly been greatly taken down in his own esteem, but who is al-together unconscious of being improved thereby, considers, as they walk down to the river, how he can open the difficult subject before him. It is not until they are afloat that he does so, and then, knowing his own weakness too well to give himself any loophole of escare, he plunges into it abruptly.

"Do you remember the conversation which we had the first night I came, Janet ?' he asks. "It was about Kate, and you said that you could not imagine what necessity there could have been compelling her to give up Tarleton and go abroad with Mr. Ashton-do you want to hear what it was "

Janet's eyes spring wide open with amaze-ment, but ahe answers promptly : "Of course I want to hear—that is, if you will not violate any confidence in telling. But how is it that you know ! Has Kate told you

"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 shock," he adds, "but you may if you can, for you will be shocked." "Not about Kate !---surely not about Kate !"

soys Janet, as he pauses. "Not about Kate," he answers, with manifest

effort, "but about me. Don't say a word, but listen while I tell you the whole wretched sto This he does in quick, short sentences, every

one of which seems like a bullet to the girl who listens in silence, too aghast to speak, too stunned to move, hearing as if in a dreadful dream the recital of trust betrayed and disgrace so narrowly escaped. At first, in the terrible shock-and a greater could hardly be imagined -she overlooks the relation which the story has to Kate, and only takes in the fact that the poisoned arrow of dishonor has struck even the spotless Lawrence shield.

' My God !--- if papa knew !" she says.

"But he must never know," says Randal. "You will see that as clearly as I-whatever happens, he must never know. Think what you please of me, Janet-I deserve all that you can think-but try to see if there is nothing to be dense to With " be done for Kate.

"For Kate 1" echoes Janet, like one rousing

herself-and then it all bursts upon her. "And 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 we can

do to prove our love and gratitude to her ?" "I do not know—I do not see," answers Randal. "I hoped that you might see. Janet, I never thought that she was making such a sacrifice ; that, at least, I can say for myself. "I don't suppose you took the trouble to think 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.'

"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 strike a man when he is down-for, in fact, I do not care how hard and heavy you strike—but again I say, think of Kate. What is to be done for her ?"

"What can be done !" asks Janet, with somepassing beyond our reach. Poor Kate ! poor, Kate ! She has borne her burden like a herobut it has killed her !"

"She is not dead yet," says Randal, "and it seems to me that she might recover if—if something could be done."

"What ?" asks Janet. "It is easy to say 'something'-but what ! If Frank Tarleton could be brought back !-but I dare not build on that hope. Most likely he has forgotten her by this time, and would not care to come if he knew the truth." "If he were not so far away, I would run the

risk of telling it to him at any rate," says Randal. "But I cannot go to Egypt, and to write would be to run too great a risk in every way

'Yes," says Janet, "I have no opinion of writing. One word face to face is worth more duzen letters. If I could see him, if I than a conid look into his eves and speak Kate's name, would know what to say to him, or whether to say anything. But since I cannot see him, I must send to him. When life and death hang on an issue, we must grasp at any thread of hang. U shall end to him?"

hope. I shall send to him." "Whom will you send ?" asks Randal, startled. "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 all his instincts for the matter not to be safe in his

hands.' "You ought to know him best," says Randal, doubtfully; "but do you think he will leave all his affairs to go to Egypt on such an errand as

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 !" "You must not do anything of the kind,"

says Randal. "She does not wish any one to know what she did, and she would hardly forgive me if she were aware that I had told you. Serve her—if you can—that is better than to talk."

tank. "But I want to talk, also—I must talk, also!" cries Janet. "How can I see her, my poor, broken flower, with her lovely, pathetic eyes—aud not put my arms round her neck and pour out everything ! But that is selfish," she adds after a mean" adds, after a moment's pause, "and one should be ashamed to be selfish near her. I must think of her, not of what I want to do-and I can love her as well, and serve her as earnestly with silence as with speech. So, now, Randal, row fast, that I may write in time to catch the post."

(To be continued.)

HARMONIOUS COLORING.

A subject about which a few hints may be useful is that of home beauty ; the harmonious coloring of our household arrangements. It does not require riches to exhibit good taste ; every artists knows what charming tints he gets in the simple coloring of a cottage kitchen; the cleanly, washed brick floor whose red has become toned by a constant pattering of little hob-nailed not to mention the mighty tread of "father's " harges-the dark ratters and warm wood-smoke-brown of the walls ; the old settle with its patchwork covered cushion, memorial of "grandmother's" gowns and fine sewing : of "grandmother's" gowns and fine sewing; some pieces of quaint old delf stuck up among the willow pattern ; a carved corner cupboard per haps, or an hereditary oak chest, and the househer in her well-worn serge and pretty mob -who desires any more tasteful effect ? mo' cap

Harmonious coloring is not the first object of life, but every healthy mind is aware of being made uncomfortable by the glaring bad taste of some people's houses, and considering that beauty is as easy and inexpensive as ugliness, surely it becomes at least a secondary duty for the head of each household to make the surroundings in good taste. Some natures, without any affectation, are so sensitive to colors as to be quite upset by the dreadful mixtures they are obliged to gaze upon. Colors have a great influence on one's temper, and some harmonious combination will have as much power to calm our ruffled plumes as the gentle voice and soft word. It is trying, to say the least, to have just word. It is trying, to say the lease, to have just in front of you at a concert, where the music is exquisite, a dress of glaring green and muddy yellow close to another in which bright blue

predominates. It is difficult to describe the exact effect it has upon one, but you feel that the music was somehow spoilt, and you wish all colors at Jericho.

I occasionally visit a country village, and while there make calls on the principal inhabitants. The squire of the place lives in a mo-dernized dwelling, called by the rustics "The House." I always shudder at having to enter "the house;" it has a nicely-shaped bow-win-dowed drawing-room, from which the lawns and flower edged terraces look delightful, but

Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,

rushes 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 blue, the curtains are pea-green, the walls painted the coldest 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 stuffed heron, whose legs have been shortened to the size of a duck's, in order that the monster may be accommodated in the given space ; but this is not quite the worst ; the presiding spirit of the house is a Scotch lady, and wears the tartan. She possesses the kind and hospitable nature of her race, but if she were a very angel, that visit must be cut short. I am becoming maddened by mad rainbows.

It is with a feeling of relief I turn to my second call-to the cottage, the unpretending home of the not too-well-off doctor and his wife. The little rosy-cheeked white-aproned servant "please step in " to the one sittingasks me to asks me to "please step in " to the one sitting-room, and my outraged sense of beauty is com-forted immediately on glancing around that har-monious little sanctum; its shape is merely an ugly square, but that matters not, everything else is so grateful to the eye. The deal boards are staimed a rich brown, the mossy-patterned anorae carrent is asse green, bordared by some square carpet is sage green, bordered by some blending into it of dull crimson and sea-blue; the sofa, chairs and curtains are of sage-green cretonne, the curtains lined with crimson and edged with crewel flowers in sea-blue ; the walls are only papered with common drab oak, but they are so covered with lovely little pictures of all shapes and sizes, interspersed with a china plate here and there, or a carved bracket bearing some charming statuette, or an iridescent blue glass holding a fresh flower, that the walls are not seen at all. There is nothing costly about the room—most of the things, indeed, are home-made-but the eye is charmed and satisfied, and more so than ever when the home genius enters in her simple dress of cool sheeny gray, with some soft lace and a crimson knot at her throat. I have no idea whether she is considered handsome-as is the squire's wife-but she looks lovely, and her alpaca gown a recher-ché robe beside that apparition in tartan, rich 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 in 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 his own hand, and was like our childish visions 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 furniture were I forget-as we forget the individual notes when the music is passing sweet—it was perfectly harmonions. My friend's two little daughters were in the room-lovely children of eight and ten, one dark, the other fair ; their 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 arranged.

I sat some little time with them, enjoying the living picture of "an interior," and vividly con-scious of the inspiration of Keats' line, when the door opened and their mother entered ; she

the door opened and their mother entered ; she came towards me in a bright purple merino dress. It was like being wakened from a charmed dream by the man calling for the taxes. We need not enter the lists of lunacy with the modern æsthetic, who "lives up to a consum-mate teapot" by dressing to our furniture, but we can make our farniture blend with and enhance the style and color which best suits us individually. For instance, we need never---in eur home at least--so offend good taste as to seat ourselves in a mauve dress on a blue chair. or stand robed in red-brown close against a bright green curtain, which can show off nothing to advantage except a tortoise-shell cat.

For this reason of mixed colors, tartans are very difficult to dress in, and few people look well in them in the house, however negative the well in them in the furniture may be. Plaids were in-vented for wearing out on the Scotch hills, where the bright glances of color enliven and enhance a picture otherwise so wanting in warmth. Can any prettier sketch be made than that of a young highlander crossing the burn of his native glen ! The little head of the clan, too, may play about his ancestral hall in all the glory of his hereditary kilt and add much to the picturesqueness, but let not his mother, though the most conservative of her long line, display her patrotism by a tartan dress. We admit a macaw in its gaudy lines, or a child in its little bits of color to be an advantage rather than otherwise, but the yards of the same necessar for a lady's dress, is too much to be agreeable. sary Why should not the general hue of our fur-

niture become us rather than otherwise ! How overpoweringly hot would a red-haired, high complexioned family always look whose furniture 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 ebonies : the former, pale faced, pale-haired, dressed in drab with drab walls, drab furniture : the latter, dark-skinned, black-haired, dressed in black amid the ebony ch irs and tables ; what a strange depression should we experience in both these houses ; who could laugh in either ! But if a fairy came by and touched up the drab family with navy-blue and crimson, or covered the depressed-looking chairs with a cretonne of bright pink roses, and shone into the ebony darkness with gold and pea-cock blue, or deco rated the sombre figures with bunches of light pink or dashes of crimson-almost any color in act-what a transformation scene it would be ! English taste has of late greatly improved, and black has become quite a universal house garb, and with a how of color here and there is suitable to everyone, and can never jar with incongruons furniture ; it is to the color-blind, indeed, a very god-send. Who has not some acquaint ance 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 friends are obliged to be in mourning !

Certainly, if one lived in an ancient manor all black oak and crimson, it would be very charming 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 having touches of appropriate color, if in an artistic dream of old tapestry, in the beautiful blue green of old Worcester china.

But one cannot be always posing as the centre of a highly conceived picture. Every-day life must needs be something commoner, the delf, pots and pans, not the exquisite porcelain ; but to have the delf in good taste is what we should endeavor to do ; and really, now, when beautiful cretonnes are within the reach of all, and staining for deal floors to be had for a trifle, why should not even the most common-place abode be made to look picturesque !

The square carpet in the centre saves yards of material, and gives the room an individuality. That staring wall-paper can so easily be covered over with one of some soft pleasant hue, nowadays to be bought so cheaply, and any housemistress can contrive to hang it.

It is well known that invalids are seriously ffected by patterns on the wall at which b their horizontal position they must be constantly looking; and to every person it makes a difference whether, whenever he glances, his eyes meet a convulsed spider in green or orange, or are soothed by a soft tint that blends into his

other surroundings. As before said, vulgar colors affect our tempers, so for that reason alone, if for no higher sense of beauty, it behooves every housewife to make her home harmonious. -- Household Words.

THE PERILS OF LUMBERING .- Lumbering may have its romance for hardy and adventurous souls, but it also has hardships and perils which test human endurance to the outmost. By way of illustrating one of the parils which attends the business our artist depicts elsewhere a scene often witnessed when "jams" occur in the rivers down which the logs are floated to market. These "jams" often consist of some hundreds of enormous logs piled together in the form of a dam, and when one is discovered it is of the first importance that it should be broken up, since every minute adds to the accumulation of lumevery minute and to the accumulation of lum-ber and increases the difficulty or causes an en-tire stoppage of operations. The first thing ne-cessary is to discover the "key-log"—that is, the logs which holds the base of the dam. This the logs which holds the base of the dam. This discovered, there is a call for volunteers to cut it—an operation fall of hazard, as the whole fabric, the instant the "key" is cut, comes rushing down with a crash. There are usually, rushing down with a crash. however, in every camp, plenty of men ready to volunteer, since the man who cuts a "key log" is looked upon by the rest of the loggers just as a soldier is by his regiment when he has done any act of bravery. A correspondent who wited the operation, thus describes the exciting "The man I saw cut away a log which scene : brought down the whole jam of logs was a quiet young fellow, some twenty years of age. He stripped off everything save his drawers; a strong rope was placed under his arms, and a gang of smart young fellows held the end. The man smart young fellows held the end. The man shook hands with his comrades and quistly walked out on the logg, are in hand. I do not know how the logg-road one felt, but I shall never forget my feelings. The man was quietly walking to what very likely might be his death. At any moment the jam might break of its own accord; and also if he cut the kay-log, unless be instantly or out of the way. he would be he instantly got out of the way, he would be crushed by the falling timber. There was a dead silence while the keen are was dropped with force and skill on the pine log. Now the notch was near half through the log; one or two more blows, and a crack was heard. The men got in all the slack of the rope that held the axman : one more blow and there was a crash like thunder, and down came the wall to all appearances on the axman. Like many others, I ru to help haul away the poor fellow, but to my great joy I saw him asfe on the bank, certainly sadly bruised and bleeding from sundry wound but safe." Our picture gives a vivid portrayal of one of these scenes in the life of the hardy lumberman.



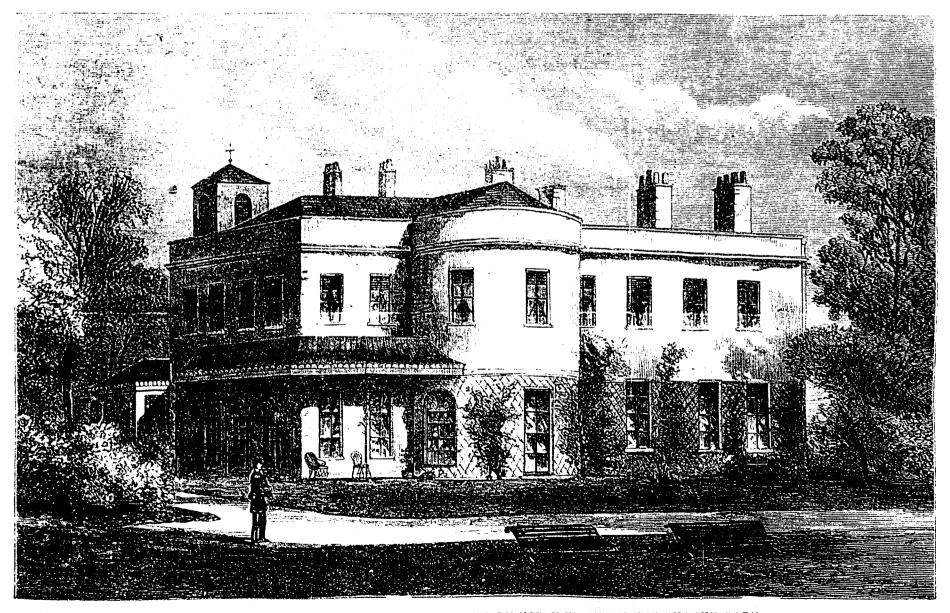
LORD FREDERICK CHARLES CAVENDISH, M.P., Assassinated, May 6, 1882.



A REAL PROPERTY AND A REAL PROPERTY AND A



MR. THOMAS HENRY BURKE, Assassinated, May 6, 1882.



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THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE UNDER SECRETARY FOR IRELAND IN THE PHOENIX PARK.

for him i

THE SONG OF STEAM.

Harness me down with your iron bands, Be sure of your ourb and rein ; Be sure of your ourb and rein; For I scorn the power of your puny hands, As the tempest scorns the chain. How I laughed as I lay conceal'd from sight, For many a countless hour, At the childleb boast of human might, And the pride of human power.

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When I saw an army upon the land, A navy upon the seas, Greeping along, a snall-like band, Or waiting the wayward breeze; When I marked the pesaant faintly reel, With the toil which he daily bore, As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel, Or tugged at the weary car.

When I measured the panting courser's speed, When I measured the painting course's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the flying car.

Ha, ha, ha! they found me at last; They lavited me forth at length; And I rush'd to my throne with thunder blast, And I laugh'd in my iron strength. Oh, then ye saw a wondrous obange On the earth and ocean wide, Where now my flery armise range, Nor wait for wind and tide.

Hurrah i hurrah i the waters o'er, The mountain's steep decline; Time-space-have yielded to my power, The world-the world is mine i The rivers the sun hath earlier blest, Or those where his beams decline; The giant streams of the queenly west, Or the orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep

The ocean pales where'er I sweep, To hear my strength rejoloe; And the monsters of the briny deep, Cower, trembling at my voice. I carry the wealth, and the lord of earth, The thoughts of the God-like mind; The winds lag after my flying forth, The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine.

In the darksome depths of the fathomiess mi My tireless arm doth play, Where the rocks never saw the sun deoline, Or the dawn of the glorious day. I bring earth's glittering jewels up, From the hidden cave below, And I make the fountain's granite oup With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel, In all the shops of trade ; I hammer the ore and turn the wheel, Where my arms of strength are made, I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint, I carry, I spin, I weave ; And all my doings I put into print, In the morning and also at eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay, No bones to be "laid on the shelf;" And soon I intend you may "go and play," While I manage the world by myself. But harness me down with your iron bands, Be sure of your ourb and rein, For I scorn the strength of your puny hands, As the tempest scorns a chain.

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 battle scenes of the Mo docs in the lava beds.

From the house a perfect storm of bullets rid-dled the fences and trees, behind which the as-sailing party had taken refuge. The interior of the kitchen of the place was illumined 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

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. She discorned her peril at a glance, and endea-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, killing 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 soldiers at Centralia ?" was the pertinent response.

"It will only drive James to fight the harder.'

He was right in his surmise. The bandits, unseen by their enemies, fired volley after volley, until the officers were compelled to retreat. Their effort at capturing the outlaws had met with failure. It had only driven the James band

to a more secure hiding place and had afforded the leader a sentimental motive for continuing his deeds of daring and cruelty. One of their number badly wounded was

spirited away, while the place or even direction adopted in flight by the bandits was unknown. It dislodged the men, however, temporarily at least from a section of the country where they depredations had driven people to abandon the

homes. It afforded the gang a full chance impress the community at large with the belief that the hanging of Dr. Samuels, the killing of Arthur 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 the men associated with him. The bandits marked their flight with one deed

at least of desperate revenge. The information furnished the police had, in their estimation, 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

of the James boys a party of five men drove up to the house of Daniel Askew and called him out. They riddled his body with bullets, and after informing his neighbours that he had given them away to the police, disappeared. 111-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 county, and for some months was forced to content himself with patiently awaiting developments.

with patiently awaiting developments. But the outlaws were not idle. After a hot and determined pursuit by the police, they sep-arated, and the James boys proceeded to Texas, where their brother-in-law, Allen Palmer, owned a fine ranch. Here Jesse James settled down for a small of ract his brather First with Cal a spell of rest, his brother Frank with Cole Younger and others organizing a party to rob a bank at Huntington, in Virginia. They obtained over six thousand dollars, and were pursued. In the fight with the police McDaniels was kill-ed and Hinds captured. The others escaped. It was in July, 1876, that the detective and 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 Pacific Fairoad at Ottervine, har sectaria. The train was stopped at midnight in a deep, rocky gorge and fifteen thousand dollars in cur-rency secured. Simultaneously with the report of the robbery came the knowledge to Wardell that the band were again in hiding in their old

resorts in Clay county. 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 by the detective.

It read : "The Northfield break is ready. Come down

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 devoted his time and energies to hunting down the James band, and he felt convinced that the end would be success.

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, showed intelligence, quick perception and talent, and the girl developed literary tastes of a no mean order. As school teacher she occupied a pleasant, moderately lucrative position, and the heart 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 enraptured glance, and returned the warm pressure of his hand with a shy look.

"You have returned, you have succeeded ?" she asked, eagerly. "I have come to see you again-succeeded,

"And the James band !" "Have defied arrest. Twice in Texas, once in Virginia, I have come almost face to face with them. At last I believe they are corn-

ered."

erea. Lillian shook her pretty head dubiously. "I fear you only imperil your life," she said. "And if I do, is it not in the interest of jus-tice, for your dear sake ?"

The girl blushed deeply and averted her eyes "Lillian !" She ventured to raise her glance to Wardell's face, at his words, but she secretly trembled with

the impassioned thrill of awakened love. "We have known each other for a long time," said the detective, " and no word of love has

passed between us, yet I feel that you are not in-different to my affection, and upon the thresh-old of a new series of perils, I feel that the knowledge that you love me would spur me on to noble deeds; speak, Lillian, do you love me ?" No need for the blushing, happy girl to reply.

The tell-tale eyes, the confused face hidden on ardell's shoulder, told him that his lo returned.

"It is a long quest," he said finally, after the first raptures of reciprocal love had somewhat subsided. "this search for the outlaws, but the detective expects and awaits disappointments, perils, adventures. He must be patient, vigi-lant, undauntable in will and action. When I return, if I return safely, and my mission is ac complished, will you be my wife

"Yes." "Then I go. From Younger I must learn the

secret of your parentage.'

"Then, even as I love you now, a homeless, nameless girl, I will continue to claim the proud privilege of protecting you and calling you mine.

He was gone as he spoke. His words were a prophecy concerning the perils which awaited

or him in his search for the Jesse James band.
1X.
IN PERIL.
"On time ?" "Yes." "Good. Where is the captain ?"

Strange and startling adventures were in store

JUNE 3, 1882.

Never mistrusting that the pretended fugitive

"Stranger." "Who's there ? speak or I'll fire !" broke

Wardell approached the boat. "Who are you ?" he asked, peering into the woman's face, a revolver in his hand. "A friend." "You know me ?"

"No, except that you are hunted by the

"And wish to get down the river to friends ?"

Wardell played his part to perfectionas the boat moved away from the shore.

Defly he led the way iron the shore. Defly he led the way into a conversation re-garding the outlaws. Within half an hour the unsuspecting woman had furnished him all the information he required. They had almost reached Point Rocks, and the detailing decided to present to Shalhy

the detective had decided to proceed to Shelby and see his friends and visit James afterwards,

when he stooped over in the boat quickly and picked up an object which had fallen from the

inside of his vest. He glanced quickly at the woman, but her eyes were fixed on the shore. "She did not see it," he muttered.

It was his official star, carelessly fastened,

She had thrown down the oars and he sup-

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 himself

had seen the official badge.

She arose in the boat. The next moment she flashed a revolver before his startled gaze. "What does this mean ?" demanded Wardell,

"It means," replied the woman, slowly and impressively, "that you are an impostor. You are not Indian Dick, a fugitive outlaw. You are a detective. One word, one move and I will

And covering his heart with the pistol the

outlaw's wife raised a whistle to her lips and gave a shrill resonant signal to her friends on

(To be continued.)

CARRYING IT TOO FAR.

Colonel Charles Spencer, counsellor-at-law, some years ago had to defend one Marshall charged with larceuy, against whom there was very strong evidence. Before the trial, Spencer went to his client, and told him his only

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 his place in the docks pale, haggard and wild-

looking. "Guilty or not guilty " asked the clerk. "Spoons," drawled the prisoner, with a blank

stare. "Come, plead guilty or not guilty," the clerk

repeated. "Spoons," was the reply. "Prisoner, will you answer the question put

HUMOROUS.

NEVER judge a man by his clothes. His tailor ay have a suit against him.

"I SEE this has a little dashed your spirits,"

"I DON'T like winter," said one pickpocket to other; "everybody has his hands in his pockets."

A LADY was asked, -..." At what age were you married !" She was equal to the emergency, and quietly esponded, " At the parson-age."

THE latest esthetic slang the ladies use when reproving their admiring gentlemen Mends is : "You flatter too awfully perfectly much."

" ISN'T there an awfully strong smell of pigs

A POPULAE clergyman in Philadelphia deliv-ered a lecture on "Fools." The tickets to it read, "Lecture on fools-admit one." There was a large attendance.

'' replied Jones,

ribed for the Jolonsi

in the air ?" asked Smith of Jones. "Yes," rep " that's because the wind is from the sou-wes

Mr. Editor : Tell me why colonel Is spelled in a style so infolenel † Shed one ray of light On a sorrowful wight, Who for years has subscribed for th

is what the man said when he put too much water in his friend's goblet.

"I am lost !" muttered the detective.

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.

posed was about to land.

bewildered, amazed.

fire.

shore

to you ?

ly insane.

resp

Spoons," he bawled.

"Yes, I, the wife of Jesse James."

from Wardell's lips in his pretended alarm.

was playing a ruse, she caused him to feign a

start of surprise as she spoke.

' A woman."

police." "That is true."

" I will aid you."

"Yes.

" You ?"

" Good. "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 a coalition with three officers, as he had found them working the same clue he had obtained. They had met at a point near the county line

and secreted in a little clump of timber, were awaiting the arrival of Captain Todd, who had been 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 ?" "No, but I am certain of one point—they are at a little landing seven miles down the river."

"Do you know where ?" "That is just it. I know that they are hidden somowhere near Point Rock settlement and are off their guard. In fact I have just overheard an interview which settles the fact beyond doubt in my mind that if we could but surround these men to-night victory would be assured."

" An interview ?" "Yes."

"Between whom ?" "The landlord and the wife of Jesse James." "His wife !'

" Yes."

" Is she here !" "She was at the tavern a few minutes since

She was talking confidentially to the landlord and I overheard her. She has come down the river in a boat to get some provisions and is on her way home."

" To the den of the band ?" " Yes.'

"What do you propose to do, to follow her !"

" No." " Why not ?"

"Because she is too keen for us and would discover us. Again, at Point Rock James has friends and we would be seen." What do you propose then ?"

"For you to adopt the disguise you carry with you and try and get into this woman's confi-

dence. "You say she is shrewd !"

"Yes.

" She will suspect me !"

"Not if the game is worked right. The point to be gained is the discovery of the exact where-abouts of the band. That once ascertained we can approach them by a circuitous route, and, evading the settlement, possibly capture them." Todd proceeded to detail a plan he had formed.

Its outline given to Wardell caused him a few minutes later to don the disguise of the average border ruffian. A large sombrero, short, thick whiskers and general ensemble caused a marvel-lous change in the detective.

Todd had sent a man to the river. He return-ed just as Wardell had completed his disguise. "Well !" asked the police captaiu.

"She's started."

" Mrs, James ?" "Yes."

"Ready," said the captain to the detective. The denouement of their scheme was now developed. It was, indeed the outlaw's wife who occupied the store boat proceeding down the stream to Point Rock.

At this point, the counsel for the prisoner in-terfered, and told the Court the prisoner was insane, and not responsible for his actions, Keen-witted and shrewd she turned the boat &c. "Do you understand what is said ?" asked towards the shore, as a mile from the tavern loud yells and a series of shots broke upon her the judge of the prisoner. "Spoons," was the reply. The judge discharged him, as he was evidentear

Hidden by the osier bushes which lined the shore of the stream, she watched the open country, startled somewhat as a man dashed to-wards the river and secreted himself within five Counsellor Spencer congratulated him on his escape, and suggested it would be a good idea to pay him. His client stared, and moved away with the simple remark "Spoons." feet of where she was.

A minute later the white moonlight revealed

three men dashing upon his trail. They were Captain Todd and his men, and pausing within hearing distance of the woman, they proceeded to converse for her benefit, in accordance with the plan they had formed with Wardell, who was no other than the pretended

fugitive. "He's escaped," fell upon the woman's ear, "Yes."

"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 !" " No, only fellow outlaws, and as such they will work together.'

"Shall we abandon the chase !" "Yes, he's gone," and the police officers re-

tired. "A lucky escape," the woman heard the pre-tended outlaw mutter. "If I could only reach Shelby, ten miles below Point Rock, before midnight, I could warn Dakotah Bill, and get into Arkanses before these police reach our trail again."

The game of the detectives was to enlist the sympathy and gain the confidence of Mrs. James. They had succeeded, for she was com-

pletely deceived.

RUSTIC PHILOSOPHY Oh dinna threep aye o' yon lad That's waitin' in the lonen dim,

I am nae ane tae fash my thoom For ony lad aroon I see; If I am no' the lass for him, I trow he's no' the lad for me.

He's no' the first, nor'll be the last, Though 't are looks sly, an' t' ither grim; I say he's no' the lad for me That hauds I'm no' the lass for him.

There's aye a Providence ower a', What is tae be, is boun' tae be; An' sae I'm no the lass for him, Gin he is no' the lad for me.

An' if I gang oot a' my lane. Hoo can I help't, if I see Jim ? Maybe he's no' the lad for me. I'm aiblins no' the lass for him.

I canna help't sud he be there I reckon a' the roads are free,---Oh wha will prove the lass for him ? I ken wha is the lad for me.

A lad as straight as hazel-rung, Wi' merry es an' sturdy limb ; I reckon that's the lad for me,— She's prood that is the lass for him.

An' there he is. Eh. sic a lad Tae wun his way I never see ; He swears that I'm the lass for him An' speers if he's the lad for me.

L. A. JOHNSTONE.

A DESERT ISLE.

BY HELEN D. BROWN.

It was ten o'clock of a July morning and the larger fraction of humanity had been some hours earning its daily bread. The idlers had but just risen from the breakfast table. To this latter class belonged the young man who leaned laxily over the piazza railing and looked ab-sently out on Lake Winnipaka. Beside him, sently out on Lake Winnipaka. Beside him, in a huge chair, sat a little woman rocking to and fro, with an untiring movement, and with 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 turn again to her brother, who stood with tettereous insetting infit the still water statuesque inaction, looking into the still water

below. "What are you going to do to-day?" the little woman asked.

" Nothing." "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 ?"

"The one with red "

" The one with real?" "Yes; don't you think she's pretty ?" "I hadn't thought of it." "Well, she is-remarkably. Wouldn't you like to meet her ? I could easily manage it." "I'm not particular. Is she worth while ?" "Ben, you exasperate me. Do you take an interset in enviring ?"

interest in anything "

"I don't do anything ' "I don't do anything else in Wall street. I'm off duty now. I believe in resting in a philosophical sort of way."

"Well, I suppose you are tired, poor fellow ! I know how you feel. I am tired myself, most of the time."

of the time." "Tired! I look like it," laughed the young man. "I'll tell you how it is : I simply want my liberty. It doesn't pay—this dancing at-tendance on half a dozen girls whom you never

see again." "Oh, well, don't, then."

Ben Adams at twenty-one had performed his social duties with great zest. Four years later he was still heart-whole, and beginning to take a purely fraternal interest in blushing debutantes. He danced less and went to the opera alone or with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of twenty-eight. With entire resignation young Adams acted as usher at many fashionable weddings, and without a sigh saw Katharine, Kate and Kitty led down the aisle by other men. And so he approached his thirties, and within a year of them leaned idly over the piazza railing at Lake Winnapaka and declared to his sister that Robinson Crusoe was the luck-iest fellow of his acquaintance. "Give me a desert isle for a summer sojourn. What would refresh a man like roing back to savagery ?" with his friend Rutland, a confirmed bachelor of

"I don't think it would be enough of a change to benefit some I know," laughed his sister. "Well, Ben, all I can say is, you are very dif-ferent from what you used to be."

In the meantime, the boat below pushed off, and Adams followed it with his eyes chiefly because it would have been more trouble to look another way. The young lady in the stern was Miss Josephine Vail, and the boy at the oars was her twelve-year-old brother. Josephine was a young lady of views, supported by more or less logic and by what some plainly thought better, an extremely pretty face. Her enemies --but she had none--would have said that while she despised conventionalities, no one was more annoyed when obliged to disregard them; that while she resented the protecting limitations of her sex, she was quite willing to accept the ather sex, she was quite willing to accept the at-tentions based on the theory of their existence. Her father had said one day, "Nothing would take the kinks out of our Josephine like settling down with a good husband." The young lady took it in high dudgeon, and went away meekly 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 herself, but be-cause it would keep Tom out of mischief. "Don't rock the boat, Tom. It doesn't frighten me, but I can't read."

There was a pause. "Row near the bank in the shade, Tom."

Another, longer pause. "Say, sis," said Tom, at length, "now we're off I'll 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 fellows who are camping out." "And going to take me ! I think you're

"Not going to take her I think you're mistaken, sir. Give me those oars." "No, you don't. Leave 'em alone and sit 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 further, anyway. I won't take you up to the camp if you don't want to go. You don't want to go back yet awhile, do you ?" "Tom, there's the Desert Isle just ahead. Don't run into it. Be careful: your going straight toward it." "We might land there," said Tom, blandly. "To be sure, we might," said his sister, glad of anything to divert him from the first scheme. "All right, just as you say." Tom turned his boat toward the great rock which lifted its broad back out of the water. It was fitly called the Desert Isle, for its few square feet of surface supported not so much as

It was nity called the Desert laie, for its rew square feet of surface supported not so much as a blade of grass or a bit of moss. "Hop out," said Tom. "I've got to see to the boat. I guess you can climb up to the top easy enough." "Of course I can," said Josephine; "as if I needed your help, you little monkey!" In a moment she stood at the top of the rock, and in another moment a derisive laugh came

and in another moment a derisive laugh came from below.

"Good-bye, Jo; I hope you will enjoy your-self. I'll see you later." Plato says, "A boy is the most vicious of all wild beasts." Plato and Miss Vail were of one opinion on that. She looked about her and took in the situation. She was monarch of about twenty-five square feet of rough gray rock, the sides of which descended abruptly to the water. Perched high on this massive pedestal, her figure stood out against the sky in bold re-lief. A book and parasol were her only access sories, for by some happy inspiration she had clung to these. The sun was high in the heavens, but its hot rays were mercifully tempered by a soft breeze on the lake. Josephine seated herself, raised her parasol

and opened her book. She faced the probability that at least two hours of noonday solitude were before her. The only philosophical course of action was to make the best of it. But what a situation to be discussed in situation to be discovered in. She 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 should laugh it off if anybody should see her, but under the most cheerful aspect she seemed to herself a ridicu-lous spectacle. To be ridiculous in a good cause had in it an element of heroism, but the present situation was one of unmitigated ab-surdity, and Josephine Vail always felt the heroic rather than the comic to be her forte. Once tears of real vexation started as her head began to throb in sympathy with the hot pul-sations of the air about her.

An hour had dragged its length along when Josephine suddenly lifted her head and listened Josephine suddeniy litted her head and listened painfully. A man's voice singing and the splash of cars and, yee, in an instant, a boat swung slowly round the bend. One man sat in it, lazily rowing and lazily singing. "It's that blass creature who watched us off this morning." thought Logenhing. "It's

"It's that blass creature who watched us off this morning," thought Josephine. "It's a type I detest. And to think he should see me here. It'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 oars. "I hope he'll have the good taste to suppose I came here of my own free will. He wouldn't think of interfering with me, I hope. What F I believe he's coming straight toward me." Josephine turned the leaves of her book with an interest that grew every moment more intense. But at last decency required some re-cognition of the nearing boat. The young man was rowing now as if he had a renewed interest in life. He was soon at the base of the rock. "I beg your pardon," he said, as he raised his hat; "can I be of any assistance to you ?" "You are very kind, sir. You find me in a

"You are very kind, sir. You find me in a

very absurd position." "You have evidently been shipwrecked. Are

you the sole survivor ? "No, not shipwrecked, but put ashore and abandoned by my cruel tyrant of a brother. To tell you the truth, sir, I am the victim of a practical joke. My little brother has left me here while he goes further up the lake to visit some friends who are camping there."

I beg you will make use of my boat, then, to return. I will come up to you in one mo-moment."

Leaping out of his boat before Miss Vail could

Leaping out of his oost before miss van could say a word, he drew it up on a low shelf of the rock and quickly reached her aide. "Let me help you," the young man said, with such a firm assurance of good-breeding, that she made no resistance or attempt at inde-

pendence, but accepted the proffered aid in a quiet, matter-of course way.

"Your boat your boat, sir !" she suddenly cried. It was too late. The rising breeze drove the water with such force against the rock as to dislodge the boat, and before Adams could grasp it, the little craft was gayly tilting about, a halfdozen yards away. The two looked at each other a moment

and then simply laughed, though both were

"And I am Mr. Adams. Can you be mag-

nanimous enough to forgive me !

"That is the question I should ask you." "Ah, you evade mine. At any rate, I shall never forgive myself. A worse bit of bungling I never saw. The truth is, Miss Vail, I have had very little experience in rescuing fair ladies. You are the first whose life I have tried

ladies. You are the first whose life I have tried to save. I am no hero, as you see." The genuine annoyance of her companion aroused the compassion of Josephine, and she began to talk to him with a cheerfulness 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 ourselves on his mercy when he comes back.

How are you going to account for me? Consi-der me your man Friday." Beneath their light talk ran an undercurrent of more or less bitter meditation on the part of each. Miss Vail shuddered to think what a good story this adventure would make for circu-lation 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 confounded scrape, but he soon forgot to be annoyed, and what is more, to be indifferent. He ended, I am obliged to confess, by ceasing to envy Robinson Crusce his desert isle, and considering his own far preferable. 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 out his watch, Adams found it to be three o'clock. "Now !" was all Josephine said, but there were conflicting emotions in the monosyllable. "Hullo-o," shouted a shrill voice across the water.

"Hullo-o," called Adams back.

Blank astonishment wiped all expression out of Tom's face at first, but a broad grin finally made its appearance.

"You're a great one, Ju," he muttered. "I'd like to know when ou wouldn't find s beau. Did he come down out of the clouds " beau. Did he come down out of the "Hush, sir; you've been a very naughty

As they rowed home, Adams devoted himself to cultivating the acquaintance of the young scapegrace. The latter proved very approach-able, and Adams found no difficulty in persuad-ing him to go fishing the next day. When they were home at last Josephine took

her young brother into her room and turned the

key. "Tom, you've treated me very badly to-day. What would you give if I wouldn't tell father ? You wouldn't like to be sent back to the mili-tary school, you know." "Say, sis, I'll tell you what," and the little

wretch gave a wink of immense significance

whet a wink of immense significance; "'W you won't tell on me, I won't tell on you. Honor bright, black and blue, cut me in two." "Mrs. Adams," said Mr. Ben. Adams te his wife 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 myself buying up that better. I nearly ruined myself buying up that better. I nearly runned myself buying up that precious brother-in-law of mine. You see, I thought on your account I wouldn't let him tell. I didn't care; I liked it. I had no busi-ness to, you say ? But I liked it, nevertheless. Here are Butland and his Mary. Let's tell them the story. They know we're going to Lake Winningke for one honeymoon " Winnipaka for our honeymoon."

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

BOWING across the Atlantic is the latest no-velty proposed. The hero, Captain Fred. Nor-man, has already crossed and recrossed the At-lantic in a craft 164 feet long by 64 wide.

THE construction will be shortly commenced of a tunnel between Tilbary and Gravesend. It will cost half a million of money, and, con-sidering the width that divides the shores, it may be called dirt cheap at that.

THE proposal to have a magnificent winter and summer garden in Brighton has found such general approval that the great difficulty, the money part, will, we hear, be overcome, and the scheme will be realized.

MR. EDWARD TERRY has thought better of his intention to take a theatre and bear the anxieties of theatrical management. He has re-en-gaged with Mr. Hollingshead instead, and will appear in the autumn in the new burlesque by Mr. Recce, called "Young Robinson Crusce."

ONE of the odd sights of London is that of two or three bodies, who, we presume, are trying to set a fashion, driving smart-looking gigs. An-other is the perambulating of coal-carts bearing 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-

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MR. BOEHM's fine statue of Carlyle, now in the Academy, has been bought by Lord Rose-bery. It is interesting both on account of artist and subject, and also because it is the model for the bronze that will soon be set up on the Embankment in honor of the historian. It is to be hoped that it is on the Embankment, and not, as it is now said, opposite the House, that the proposed monument will be put up.

In the lists of wedding presents to Prince Leopold, no mention has been made of the Mar-Leopold, no mention has been made of the Mar-quis of Lorne's gift. This is a large picture of the City of Quebec, which has been painted by a Toronto artist. This was a happy 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 at-tractions of Claremont.

THE Houses of Parliament just now present a emarkable appearance. If it were usual for our public buildings to suffer from the small-pox it might reasonably be supposed that the Houses of Parliament are just convalescent. What is happening is that they are undergoing a process of renovation. The stone is in places rotting away, and workmen are employed in cutting out away, and workmen are employed in citting out the rotten parts and filling up the places with sound stone. Three years ago the work was be-gun 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 away is constantly going on it seems probable that till the whole of the frontage has been re-placed the hand of workmen mill be alarge as placed the band of workmen will be slowly circling round, perpetually patching up.

A VERY strong protest will be made to the Royal Academicians on the rule which allows eight pictures to be sent and exhibited by an artist. It is thought that this works an unfair-ness both to those who get in and to those who are kept out—to the latter obviously, as other-wise their chance of admission would be greatly improved ; but to the former also, on the ground that if artists could only send in two canvasses they would concentrate their work upon these, and thus be better represented. The force of this argument is not good. We should probably have larger pictures, something more like those in the salon. But this would be a doubtful good. What our Academy should do would be to collect the best pictures out of the enormous stock 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 seek no further purpose.

A LITTLE 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 offered to him, and he was improving the shining hour by talking with Irish members and ascertaining how for thay would be able to work with him far they would be able to work with him. Mr. Callan characteristically thrust himself forward as the spokesman, and taking Mr. Chamberlain by the arm, walked him up and down the Ter-race. One of his compatriots observing this curious conjunction, engaged the photographer who is always on the premises, hurried him down stairs, got him to fix his lens, and by the instantaneons process there was produced a photo-graph of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Philip Callan arm-in-arm-that is, Mr. Callan had his hand on Mr. Chamberlain's elbow. Two or three copies have been taken, and the negative has been preserved. It may pro-bably be brought out at some critical juncture to surprise Mr. Chamberlain.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Philharmonic Society give their last conert of the season on Tuesday next, the 30th inst.

MRS. ROCK WOOD'S children's class give a susteal entertainment at the Academy on the fird of

MR. J. C. FREUND's new musical journal has been increased to 24 pages, and now embed non: the

WAGNER'S Ring der Nibelungen has been given in fall in Loudon under the most favorable elreunstinges possible.

MR. IRVING'S next appearance is to be as Faust in a new play by Mr. W. G. Wills.

An absent-minded father had been so much An absent minute in the habit of sending his children to their mother when they preferred any request, that the children after a time took to going directly to her, as to head-quarters. One day the elder son, aged six, wanted to look at a "picture-book" belonging to his father, and asked per-mission of his mother. She replied: "Go and ask your father." "Why," said the boy, in as-tonishment, "is he boss now ?"





RUSSIAN EXILES IN NEW YORK.





MASONIC BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR IN THE EXHIBITION PALACE, DUBLIN.

NO ONE KNEW.

(From the Norwegian of Bjonstjerne Bjornson.)

BY NED P. MAH. He hung o'er the back of a chair She danced, and was merry as fair. She flirted and smiled, And the young men beguiled, Till his heart was near breaking in two, But that there was no one who knew. The night that he came P. P. C.

The night that he came P. P. C. On the turf she lay prone as could be, And she cried, and she cried, For her life's love had died And vanished in that last adien ! But that there was no one who knew. He found naught the time to beguile, So he came back after awhile. The solace had found, Was plump, rosy and round, Yet her heart to the last was still true. But that there was no one who knew.}

THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

True in substance, though I tell it from memory not very retentive of details, and though true, probably new to many of my readers, is

the story of the ""Reconsidered Verdict."" Some sixty autumns ago the case was tried at Chester, before a Judge of great ability and eminence, and jury whose intelligence-but you shall hear. In the preceding spring—April I think was the month—there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire. Three men had tied down and gagged the farmer and his two maid-servants, and had rifed 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 button he had left behind. Also the same man had had his face so severely scratched by one of the maids, that the girl said "she was sure she had left her mark upon him."

Weeks passed without any arrest being made and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up at Liverpool on suspicion of being concerned in quite a differ-ent matter. He had with him a bundle containing some of the plunder of the farmhouse. More of the plunder was found at his lodgings. His face bore traces of scratching; and, to clinch the matter, his coat wanted a button, and the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that the buttons on it corresponded exactly with that picked up at the scene of the burglary. His defence was very filmsy. "He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the cout and things very cheap from a man in the street." "Did he know the man ?" "No, never saw him before, nor since." "How about the "Did he know the man's "No, never saw him before, nor since." "How about the soratches?" "Well he was a sailor, and too much accustomed to big hurts to take any notice of scratches." Of course he was com-mitted for trial, and the trial, as I said, came on at 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 touch off tropical fever as to send in his card to the judge, and ask for a place behind the bar. And yet, after all, there wis very little to be said. The circumstantial testimony above mentioned, was overwhelming, and in addition to that, farmer and servants with one accord swore to the identity of the prisoner with the burglar. There was no deence; the jury found a verdict of "guily" without leaving the box; and as burglary was a hanging matter in those days, it merely remained to pass sentence of death. Only a formula 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 upon you ?" Then the prisoner spoke for the first time. Just brushing his eyes with the

know no more of this 'ere burglary nor a babby ; but these witnesses ha'nt told no lies, I s'pose. And what can I say agin 'em ? When this thing came off—April, did'nt they say—I was fightin' the slavers on the Gold Coast. But you've got no call to believe that, and so there's an end to it " it.

There was something in the man's manner that impressed the judge; so he said not un-kindly, "But surely, prisoner, if your story is true, you must have friends and comrades with whom you could have communicated. If you 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, how could I let them know-leastways, not in time ? No, it's no use, and you'd better order me to be run up to the yard arm at once." "But," urged the judge, "the Court has no

wish to hang a man who may be innocent. Is there no one who could speak for you ?" The prisoner looked in a hopeless sort of way

round the court. "No," he began ; but just then his eye lighted

"No," he began ; but just then his eye lighted on the stranger from the inn. "Yes," he added, pointing to him," "There is a gentleman who might speak for me if he would." The judge turned round. "Do you know the prisoner? he asked.

"No, my lord," was the reply, "I never saw 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 judge; "is your name Captain Sharpe?" "Yes, my Lord." And "Captain Sharpe, 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 box and be sworn, that he may ask you questions. The captain went into the box, and the fol-

lowing dialogue ensued :---'Are you Captain Sharpe, of His Majesty's ship Vulture !' Ves."

"Were you in command of her on the slave coast this spring ?" 44 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 ?"

Yes.

"And you yourself led the boarders ?" "Oh yes; but all that is nothing—you 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 for it? Don't you remember that !"—and, brushing back his hair, the prisoner showed a 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 his eyes seemed starting from his head. length, as if in a dream, the captain muttered to 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 turn-ing to the judge, said "My Lord, this was the best man in my crew, and he saved my life. Providence has sent me here to save his. He is so changed by illness and imprisonment that I

so changed by liness and impresentent that 1 could not recognize him. But there is no mis-take now. If you hang the old bo'sun of the *Putture*, 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 unanimous "Not guilty." The prisoner was discharged, and left the dock arm in arm with the captain. They were hur-ried into a chaise, and drawn to the inn in a triumphal procession, and after a sumptuous lunch, they posted off together to London.

As they cleared the ancient town, Captain Sharpe might have been heard addressing his companion somewhat as follows :--- "Well, old ps], we pulled through that business pretty well, I think. But it was a near go. That was a good notion of Wily Bub's to wait for the verdict before moving. We could never have touched that avidence." that evidence.

"Yes," replied the innocent and long-suffer-ing boatswain of the *Vulture*, " and if you had cottoned to me a minute too soon, the old beak would have been fly to the trick. Lord, I was fit to burst when the old boy began to cry !"

From which brief dialogue we gather that "Captain Sharpe" might have known more of the burglary than of the *Vulture*.

Nothing more was ever heard of either of them. Such is the story of "The Reconsidered Verdict."

LITTLE WOMEN.

The conventional idea of a brave, an energetic, or a supremely criminal woman is a tall, darkhaired, large armed virago, who might pass as the younger brother of her husband, and whom nature seemed to have hesitated before determin ing 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 Macgregor, Lady Macbeth, Catharine di Medici, Mrs. Manning, and the old-fashioued murderesses in novels, are all of the muscular, black-brigand type, with more or less regal grace superadded, according to circumstances; and it would be thought nothing but a puerile fancy to suppose the contrary of those whose personal description is not already 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 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 later novelists, however, have altered the whole setting of the pallette. Instead of six-foot-ten, of black and brown, they have gone in for fourfoot-nothing, of pink and yellow; instead of tumbled masses of raven hair, they have shining coils of purest gold; instead of hollow caverns, whence flash unfathomable eyes, eloquent of every damned passion, they have limpid lakes of heavenly blue; and their worst sinners are in all respects fashioned as much after the outward semblance of the ideal saint as can well be managed. The original solid was a very gool one, and the revolution did not come be-fore it was wanted; but it has been a little overdone of late, and we are threatened with as great a surfeit of small-limbed, vellow-headed criminals as we have had of the man-like black. One gets weary of the most perfect model in time, if too constantly repeated ; 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," "bewildering blue eyes," "a small, 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 Lucrezia 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 sug-gestive of nervous force. Suggestiveness, in-deed, does not go very far in an argument ; but 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 Diack browed, broad-shouldered giances, with 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 of ten, the giantess with heavy shoulders and broad, black eye-brows is a timid, feeble-minded, good-tempered person, incapable of anything harsher than a mild remonstrance with her maid, or a gentle chastisement of her childher maid, or a gentle chastisement of her child-ren. Nine times out of ten her husband has her in hand in the most perfect working order, so that she would swear that the moon shone at mid-day, if it were his pleasure that she should make a fool of herself in that direction. One of the 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, and demands nothing better than to feel the pressure of the leading-strings, and to know ex-actly 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 humanity; a puny creature whom one blow from a man's huge fist could annihilate, absolutely fearless, and insolent with the insolence which only those dare show who know that rewith her ? She is a fraid of nothing, and to be controlled by no one. Sheltered behind her weakness as behind a triple sheet of brass, the provided by the 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 dominant and irrepressible, equall free from obedience and from fear. Who breaks all the public orders in sights and shows, and in spite public orders in sights and shows, and in spite of king, kaiser or policeman, goes where it is expressly forbidden that she shall go? Not the large-boned, muscular woman, whatever her temperament, unless, indeed of that exception-ally haughty type in distinctly inferior sur-roundlings, and then she can queen it royally enough, and set everything at most lordly de-fiance. But in general the large-boned woman obeys the orders given, because near enough to obeys the orders given, because near enough to the man to be on a par with him she, is still undeniably his inferior. She is too strong to shelter herself behind her weakness, yet too weak to assert her strength and defy her master on equal grounds. She is like a flying-fish, not one thing wholly; and while capable of the privileges of either. It is not she, for all her well developed frame and formidable looks, but the little woman, who laughs in your face, and goes straight ahead, if you try to turn her to ler right hand or to the left, receiving your remon-strance with the most sublime indifference, as if you were talking a foreign language she could not understand. She carries everything before her, or wherever she is. You may see her step-ping over barriers, slipping under ropes, pene-trating to the green benches with a red ticket, taking the best places on the platform over the heads of their rightful owners, settling herself among the reserved seats, without an inch of pastshoard to float her. You cannot turn her by main force.

Modern chivalry objects to the public laying on of hands in the case of a womar, even when most recalcitrant and disobedient; more particularly if a small and fragile looking woman. So 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 flutter of her ribbons among the *n* - and titters and nudges of the young fellows. If the battle is between her and another woman, they are left to fight it out as best they can with the odds laid heavily on the little one. All this time, there is nothing 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 turbulence; she leaves these as extra weapons of defense to woman who are assailable. For herself she requires no such aids. She knows her capabilities and the line of attack that best suits her, and she knows, too, that the fewer points of the contest she exposes the more likely she is to slip into victory ; the more she assumes, and the less she argues the slighter the hold she gives her opponents. She is either perfectly good-humored or blankly innocent ; she either smiles you to indulgence, or wearies you into compliance by sheer hopelessness to make any impression on her. She may, indeed, if of the very vociferous and shrill-tongued kind, burst into such a noisy demonstration that you are glad to escape from her, no meeter what spoils you leave on your hands ; just as a mastiff will

ink away from a bantam hen all heckled feathers and screeching cackle, a tremendous as-sumption of doing something terrible if he does not look out. Anyway, the little woman is un-conquerable; 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.

A BUSH-LAWYER AND HIS CLIENT.

"My wood-choppers captured a sloth this awyer,' 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 ? Here we are ! 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 lever saw in my life—a black, hairy little brute, about the shape of a young bear, but with a big tail that turned and twisted left and right like a snake.

"What in the world do you call that ?" I "what in the work do you can that, a asked...." a monkey or an overgrown squirrel ?" "No, it's a honey-bear," laughed the judge... "a kinkayou, as we call them. Just look up... there's half a dozen of them in that tree !"

On a catalpa-tree, near the stump, a whole 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 us 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 opossum; they could have been as not shown and the parameters and the para to take a look at their captive comrade, but the least movement of the old sloth would send them scampering up the tree with squeals of horror

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 of them," said

the judge. "Let's set that thing free, or he will squeeze him to death."

The old sloth held his prisoner as a spider holds a fly, encircling him entirely with his long-clawed legs, and while the captive mewled long-clawed legs, and while the capture mewica and snarled, the captor uttered grunts that sounded like inward chuckles. It needed our combined efforts to unclasp his long grappling-hooks, and we were afraid the prisoner would hooks, and we were afraid the prisoner would die before we could liberate him, but as soon as his feet 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," laughed the judge; "he will know better than to meddle with a lawyer the next time."-St. Nicholas.

WHY HE PUT THE LIGHT OUT.

William and John occupied separate beds in the same room. John was honest, but lazy. On entering their room to retire for the night, John, with his usual alacrity, undressed and jumped with his usual alacrity, undressed and jumped into bed, while William was pulling off his boots and deciding which side of the bed would most likely prove the softest. After a few minutes' delay, William sprang

After a few minutes' delay, William sprang into bed, placed his head upon two pillows, and doubled himself up, preparatory for a comfort-able snooz, when what should he discover, when just ready to 'drop off,' but that he had carelessly left the fluid lamp burning. The discovery gave rise to the following soliloquy: "Twont do to leave the lamp burning, but it's so yery cold thet I have most awfully to get

it's so very cold that I hate most awfully to get out on the floor; but still that lamp must be blown out. I woo der if I can't make John get out. I'll try. John L" "Halloa!"

"Did you ever know Daniel Hoskins, foreman of engine thirty-seven ? "No. Why."

"No. Why." "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 oxharo-gon fluidal vapors from a lamp that he accidentally left burning in the room. After the fluid was all consumed, the chemist said the oxidal suction of the wick so consumed the onitrogen of the lungs, that the fluidical vapors suddenly stopped the inspiration, and the heart cessed to beat

John raised himself up in bed, gazed with a sternness indescribable on the reclining form of his room-mate, and in a stentorian voice exclaimed :

"Why, in thunder, don't you blow out that lamp f

sleep." And in a twinkling of a cat's tail, John had extinguished the light and returned to his bed, muttering as he did so, "I'd rather get up a dozen times, than to die as Daniel Hoskins did."

In the morning John wanted to know all the particulars about the death of Mr. Hoskins ; but William had no recollection of ever speaking of it, and accused the honest fellow of dreaming.

THE SCHOOL BOY.

We bought him a box for his books and things, And a cricket bug for his bat; And he looked the brightest and best of kings Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train. With a troop of bls young compeets, ad we made as though it were dust and rain Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see The sign of a sorrowini heart ; at he only shouldered his bat with give, And wondered when they would start. Rot

Twas not that he loved not as heretofore, For the boy was render and kind; But his was a world that was all before, And ours was a world behind.

"Twustion his fluttering least was cold, For the child was loyal and true. And the parents love the love that is old, And the oblidgen the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower which only groweth down; And we scarrely spicke for the space of an hour As we drove back through the town.

EUROPEAN SCANDAL.

..... FROM MONACO TO MADNESS.

The following painful story is taken from the Whitehall River

his high birth to the most aristocratic society of the Empire, deputy and member of the House of Lords, husband of a woman his equal in rank, and father of two grown-up sons and two daughters, betook himself in an evil hour to Monte Carlo, to pass a few weeks of leisure. Tempted by the factilities for gambling so regularly and so punctually offered by the establishment, he tried his luck at the tables, and during the early part of his stay in the Principality, he had the tare chance, though doubtful fortune, to win a hundied thousand francs. Stimulated by success, he continued to play, and experienced the not uncommon fate of losing, in a few hours the sum he had gained in as many days. Naturally, after this, he played still more persistently, luried by the hope of redeeming his losses, and pene-trated by the gamblers fixed his idea that, if only he pursued long enough, he would be crowned success. His ready money exhausted, he sent to his banker in Hungary for fresh supplies, which all found their way into the coffers of the Administration. It then became necessary for him to borrow money; and, as his fortune was bound up with that of his wife and children, from whom he wished to keep his infatuation secret, he was reduced to seek loans on very disavantageous terms and from all sorts of people. Every gold piece he could lay hands on was gambled away as soon as he possessed it, and the admirable system practised by the Administration enabled him to devote all his funds. to the Casino without serious inconvenience to himself. As he stayed at the Hotel de Paris, which is under the direction of the tripet, he was not obliged to waste his money upon board and lodging. His bill was never presented to him, and, so long as he continued to receive large sums of money from his country and to risk them at the gambling tables, the necessities and even the luxuries of life were not grudged him by the Direction. Occasional awkward-nesses, indeed, could not be avoided ; if he dined at the Café de Paris, and had not a coin in his pocket, while waiting for a loan, it was rather calling to him to request that the bill for his repast should be transferred to his running account at the hotel, and the persons who assisted at this ceremonial sometimes betrayed by a covert sneer their astonishment that so high and mighty a personage as the Baron should be unprovided with pocket money. In the midst of the efforts which the unhappy man was making to obtain means to continue his frightful slavery, a fresh blow fell upon him in the shape of a letter from his wife. Rendered suspicious by his prolonged absence and his short incoherent letters, she had, by dint of prayers and menaces, prevailed upon the family notary to reveal the state of affairs to her. She had learnt the dismal truth that her husband, since leaving his home, had drawn the sam of a million and one hundred of the man who should have been their guide mortgaged — a sum of which he could not pay the quarter out of his personal property, and which could not be paid at all without touching the fortunes of his children—his sons, who had reached the ages twenty-five and twenty-seven, and has daughters who had attained their ma. and his daughters who had attained their majority. The receipt of his wife's sad reproachful letter only heightened the desparate excitement of the Baron. Every sense of dignity abandoned him ; to gain the napoleons necessary to enable him to pursue his mania, he did not shrink from the most degrading efforts. He visited the mean little cafes and restaurants, and persuaded the employees to lend him small sums, condescending also to borrow from the cooks and scullions of the hotel. With a hundred france at his command --sometimes with fifty, or even twenty-he stole to the tripot to stake his few miserable coins on the table to which he had first come provided with rouleaux of gold pieces and a portfolio well filled with bank notes. Truly it was a pitiable spectacle to behold this man of sixty years, grand seigneur in his own country, and entitled by his position to consideration wherever he went, now hanging

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with feverish anxiety over the board to watch the fate of each five-franc piece, and hardly able to restrain his tears as he saw it swept away. The bystanders, as a rule, did not treat him with reverence-lessons of forbearance and sympathy are not learnt by an intimate acquaintance with the gambling-table; the passion of play swal-lows up all gentler emotions, and if the neighbours of the wretched man thought of him at all, it was with contempt rather than pity. Suc-cessful vice laughed in his face, and his fellowlosers in the terrible game could not spare him a sigh.

Even the gainers by his folly and his misfortunes wearied of him. When its victim can only lose such pitiful sums as he now brought to the tables, the tripot ceases to be interested in them, and commences to count the cost of their maintenance. The best rooms at the Hotel de Paris are not destined for gamblers who play with a few five frame pieces a day, even if they bear sonorous names and are highly placed in the government of an Empire. Besides, the the government of an Empire. Besides, the Direction has a natural horror of tragedies, and tries to avoid them by every possible means; and truly there was now on the worn face of the unfortunate Baron, and in his haggard eyes, a sort of foreshadowing of some desperate deed. So he was watched, and a favourable opportunity for ridding the Principality of his presence was carefully sought. At length there came a day when, goaded beyond endurance, he turned away in pale despair from the tables and staggered rather than walked from the Casino to his room in the hotel. Utterly penniless, having exhausted every resource, not daring to write to his family, shrinking from the idea of ever seeing again the wife and children he had injured, wincing at every step he took under the contemptuous glances of the domestics, to whom he could not repay the paltry sums they had lent him --- what remained for him but to quit a world in which he could not longer live with honour The seductions of Monte Carlo enervate both mind and body, and this man, who might once have flung from him with contempt the notion of suicide, now welcomed it as a means of escapfrom the ignominy he had not energy and resolution to meet, but was too weak to carry out his purpose with sufficient physical force and nerve. The spies who had watched his departure from the Casino had followed him to the hotel. and received the information that he had locked himself into his room. Experienced in such cases, after a few minutes delay they told an attendant to knock at his door. No answer was given. The knock was repeated; still no answer nothing but dead silence. It was determined to break open the door, and when this had been done the couplogees of the Casino beheld a sight not entirely unfamiliar to them. The Baron was lying on the floor, covered with blood, senseless, but not dead. He had attempted to cut his throat with a razor, but his unsteady hand had not given a mortal wound. He was removed from the spot ; advice was obtained ; he was tended with care-the Casino, on occasions, can show a strange tenderness for its victims, and the rank of the sufferer made a scandal unadvisable; the doctors patched up the wound, and at the end of ten days the Baron was pronounced in a fit state to travel.

He had not the means to undertake a journey, but the tripot-always thoughtful under similar circumstances-was not niggarlly now. To the man who had enriched the Administration by more than a million of francs the sum of four thousand francs was graciously offered, and he was advised to leave Monte Carlo for his own country with the greatest possible speed. There is not room on the Monagasque territory for fruitless trees ; it was famous in olden times for gardeners, and the gardeners of to-day have not lost the tradition of the past ; the tree that does not bear is quickly rooted up, and not allowed to cumber the ground. The Baroh disappeared, and left no trace-the administration of the trips) keeps in such affairs the most absolute secrecy : I am, however, able to state that he reached his home, in the town of A-----, in the South of Austria, more dead than alive, and that compassion and reproaches were equally indifferent to him, for his mind had become incapable of distinguishing either. Though not a raging maniac, not shut up as such in a public asyhum, be is kept under restraint, and his wife and children, in addition to their other misfortunes,

Club is managed by those who know well what is ne cessary in order to maintain a healthy spirit among its members.

THE OTTAWA CHESS CLUB.

Last week the Ottawa Chess Club brought to a con lusion a very pleasant and successful season, antici clusion a very pleasant and successful season, antici-pating a pleasant reunion when the present warm wea-ther should be over. The following gentlement were elected officers for the ensuing year:-br. Hurlbert, President; T. G. Larose, Vice-President; W. H. Morgan, Secretary-Treasurer; J. B. Halkett, J. M. Musgrove and R. Moodie, members of managing com-mittee. The club has held meetings twice a week for the past six months, all of which have been well attend-ed, and all seemed to be satisfied with the social hours-enlined. rujoyed.

enjoyed. During the season a tourney took place in which the following members participated: --Messrs Halkett, Haweer, Hurtbert, Jarvis, Leggatt, May, Martin, Moodie, Morgan, Musgrove, Richie, Spittall, G. H. Taylor, W. Taylor, Larose and Burritt. In this contest each competitor played three games with every other competitor, the victor in each rubber scoring one. Three prizes were offered, the first a handsome silver medal, generously given to the club by Mr. Chatfield, of Rideau street, and the other, two sets of chessmen purchased by the club.

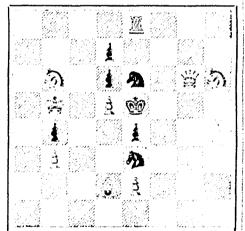
street, and the other, two sets of chessinen purchased by the club. The winner of the silver medal was Dr. Hurlbert, who won every rubber he contested and is admitted the best player in the club by those who took part in the contests. The second prize was taken by Mr. Larose, the pre-sent vice-president of the club, and the third by Mr. Moodie, now one of the committee of management. The several prizes were presented to the gentlemen who had workily gained them. A vote of thake was unanimously passed to Mr. Chatfield for his generous gift to the club of the medal which Dr. Hurlbert won.

At the Montreal Chess and Checker Club Room, No. 105 St. Jamus street, on Thursday evening last, Mr. J. G. Ascher gave an exhibition of simultaneous chees playing. He played with ten opponents at the same time, winning six and losing four games.—Datily Wituese.

The following respecting the Tournament at Vienna appeared in the Toronto *blidhe* of May 22. VIENNA GAMES.--Vienna May 20.--In the chees tour-bament here Mackenzle and Mason. Americans, had a drawn gave. The score of the horner at present is slightly the best. VIENNA TOURNAMENT.--Vienna. May 21.--At the close of the ninth day of the International Chees Tour-nament B.ackburn, Mason had won 5]. Steinitz 4], and Ware (American) 3. even games each. Ware (American) 3.



By J. P. Taylor BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 381. White. 1. K to K 7 2. Mates acc. 1. Any

GAME 510TH.

CHESS IN RUSSIA.

Game played in December last at St. Petersburg-between M. Mich. Tchigorine, the Ressian champion, and M. Sakoubovitch.

	Evans Gambit.	
White,(Mr. T.)		

(hite(Mr. T.)	Black,-(Mr. 8.)
1. P to K 4	1 P to K 4
2. Ktu K B 3	2 Kt to Q B 3
3. B to B 4	3. B to B 4
4. P to Q K t 4	4. B takes P
5. 1 10 0 11 3	5. B to B 4
6. P to Q 1	6. P takes P
7 1	7 12 10 (1 3

Black.

NOTES.

(a) This is the best continuation.

(a) initis the period struck was first suggested by the late Frof. Goring, and was thoroughly analyzed by Herr Minckwitz in the Schuchzeitung. 1871, page 33. (c) The best move, and one which, if properly followed up, gives Black a sure advantage, e, g.: 11. R

uj. gives black a sure	anvantage, c. g. :
White.	Black.
10	10. P to K B 3
11. B to R 4 beat	11. Kt takos B
12. Q to R 4 ch	12 Q to Q 2
13 Q takes Kt	13. Q to B 2
14. Kt to Q 5	14. Kt to R 3
15. P to K 5	15. Castles
16. P takes B P	16. B to K 3. He canne
	take P, because of 17. B tak
	P. for if 17. B to K 3, White
	replies In. Kt to Kt 5, Sec.
17. K to Kt 7 ch.	If P 17, Q takes Kt
takes P White loses in	
variation.	-
1 M D to bar ()	12 Deckey (s

14	P takes Q	IE. B takes Q
19.	P takes R (Q) ch.	19. R takes Q

19. P takes Q i.e. B takes Q 19. P takes R Q) ch. 19. B takes Q and Black wins another P. Having for the exchange-two passed P. supported by Bs. Black's game is to be preferred. Instead of 10. P to B 3, Black had two other lines of play, 10. Q to Q 2 and 10. Kt to K 2, neither of which is as good as P to B 3, e.g. 10. Q to Q 2; 11. B to Q 3, P to B 3, 12. B to B 4 Kt to K 2; 13. P to K 5 B P takes P; 14. P takes P, castles, &c., and Black's prediction is satisfactory. 10. Kt to K 2; would lead to a draw (see " La Stratégie," 1575, p. 150. (d) Though B to R 4 is probably better, this move is worthy of more attention and analysis than it has yet had. It is troublesome to Black, hinders his develop-ment, and threatens to win the Q P in many variations. (d) In this position, the capture of the B is feeble. Black cannot avoid the loss of a P. H should have played 10. B to K 5, 12. B to Q B takes P; 14. P takes P; castles Q R and Black saves his P and perfects his de-fence; if 12. B to Q K to S. P to Q B 3; 14. B to K 2; castles Q R or Kt to K 2 we (d) I hack's game is already prevarious. If he had played 4. P to B 3. Where recovers his P with the heiter game by 15. Kt takes B. (a) I. O to O'D hore a Prevence 10. B Kt stays B B B.

better game by 15. Kt takes B. $(g_1|5, Q|to|Q|2)$ over a $P-x, g_2 \in 16$. Kt takes B. B. P. takes Kt (17, Q|to|K3, kc, -(6)) Threatening the B.

(1) 17. Kt to K 2 is better, but would not save the

If 20, Q to Kt 3: 21. Kt takes B. Q takes Kt; 22.

(j) If 20, Q to Kt 3; 21, Kt takes B, Q takes Kt; 22, B takes P. (i) B 12, Q to B3; 22, P takes P, P takes P; 23, Q to Q B 3, and Black's game is wornly compromised, for if he pushes K P, 24. Kt takes B P ch. &c. (i) It is easy to see that Black's game is 'retrievably lost but this more only insters the catastrophe. (ii) For if P takes Kt 25, P to K 6 ch Q takes P; 26, Q takes P ch and wins the Q. (M. de Bezkrowney in 'La Stratégie.')

MURRAY CANAL. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned. and endorsed "Tendertorthe MURRAY CANAL" will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the twenty-eventh day of June next, for the Jormation of a Canal to connect the head waters of the Bay of Quinte with Pre-quilte Hartor, Lake Ontario. A map of the locality, together with plans and specifi-cations of the works, can be seen at this office and at firighton, on and after THURSDAY, the eighth day of June next, where printed forms of funder can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an ac-cepted bank diseque to the sum of \$3,000 mut accom-pany each tender, which sum shall be foreited if the party tender ng declines to enter into contract for the ex-tention of the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject in the conditions and on the terms stated in the specification.

sponteation. The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the re-eprotice parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to ac-cept the lowest or any tender. Department

By order, F. BRAUN, Sect

Secretary.

Dept. of Radways and Canals. J. O'tawa, 22nd May, 1882. y

TRENT NAVIGATION.

Fenelon Falls, Buckhorn Rapids, and Burleigh Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tember for Trent Navigation," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on WEDNESDAY, the Fifth David July next, for the construction of two Lift Locks, Bridge Piers and other works at Fenelon Falls, also, the construction of a Lock at Buckhorn Rapids, und for the construction of three Locks, a Dam and Bridge Piers at Burleigh Falls. The works at each of these places will be let separ-ately.

Maps of the respective localities, together with plans Maps of the respective localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after WEDNESDAY. the Twenty first Day of done next, where printed forms of Temier can be ob-tained. A like class of information relative to the works at Fenelon Falls will be furnished at that place, and for these at Buckhorn and Burleigh, information can be ob-tained at the tesident Engineer solice. Peterborough, Contr dows are requested to be g in mind that Tenders for the different works must be accompanied by an accepted hank cheque, as follows in-

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The chess season just past has been a creditable one for Canada, and has exhibited a degree of activity on the part of most of the clubs which gives a good promise bar the future.

for the future. The inerting of the Canadian Chess Association at Quebee bust winter was a very successful affair, and the telegraphic match which immediately followed between the players of the Ancien: Capital and those of Toronto, was another exidence of the right sort of feeling among the chess sunteurs of the Dominion Last week we gave in our Column an account of the late Ontario Chess Association Tourney, and to-day we have the pleasure of inserting the following extract from the Offauce Cifficn, which shows that the Offawa

7. Castina	7. Pto Q 3
5. Ptakes P	8. B to Kt 3
 Kt to Q B 3 	9. Kt to R 4 (a)
10. B to K K(5 (b)	10 P to K B3 (c)
11 B to B 4 (d)	11. Kt takes B (r)
12. Q to R 4 ch	12. Q to Q 2
1.3. Q takes Kt	13. Q to B 2
15. Kr to Q 5	 B to K 3 (7)
15. Q to R 4 ch	 B to Q 2 ig1
16. Q to R 3 (h)	16. R to Q B
17. K R to K	17. B to K 3 (i)
18. Kt takes B	15. R P takes Kt
19 P to K 5	19 B P takes P
(b) KURS KUS	20, Q takes B (j)
21. Kt takes B	23. Q to R 3 (k)
22. P takes P	22. P to Q 4 (I)
23. Q to B + ch	23. K to Q 2
24. Kt to B 5 ch	24. Resigns (m)

For the	Fenelon Falls work.	\$1,000
• •	Buckhorn Rapids work	500
·	Barleigh Falls work	1.7441

And that these respective amounts shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entring into contract for the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject ro the conditions and terms stated in the specification. The cheques thus sent in will be reuroed to the different parties whose tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to ac-cept the lowest or any tender.

cept the lowest or any tender. By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ourwa, 22nd May, 1882.

$\begin{array}{c} 12, \ Q \ to \ R \ 4 \ ch \\ 13, \ Q \ takes \ K \ 1 \\ 14, \ K \ to \ Q \ 5 \\ 15, \ Q \ to \ R \ 4 \ ch \\ 15, \ Q \ to \ R \ 4 \ ch \\ 16, \ Q \ to \ R \ 4 \ ch \\ 16, \ Q \ to \ R \ 3 \ ch \\ 17, \ K \ R \ to \ K \ 5 \\ 19, \ K \ to \ K \ 5 \\ 20, \ K \ to \ K \ 5 \\ 21, \ K \ takes \ B \\ 22, \ Q \ to \ R \ 5 \ ch \\ 23, \ Q \ to \ R \ 5 \ ch \\ 24, \ K \ to \ B \ 5 \ ch \$ Cadbury's COCOA PURE, SOLUBLE. REFRESHING.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocca Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the appertuous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES the AMOUNT of NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS of the average of other Coccas which are mixed with sugar and starch. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the extra profit

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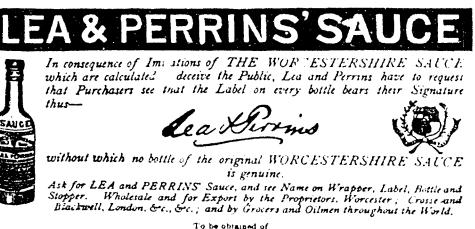
2 PATENT ENVELOPE MACHINES, which



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