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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

VOL. XXVII.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1883.

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GRAZIELLA.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 37°	27°	32°	Mon. 38°	16°	27°
Tues. 38°	27°	32°	Tues. 42°	24°	33°
Wed. 41°	33°	37°	Wed. 43°	24°	33°
Thur. 46°	34°	40°	Thur. 46°	23°	34°
Fri. 46°	34°	40°	Fri. 47°	23°	34°
Sat. 33°	25°	29°	Sat. 34°	23°	28°
Sun. 44°	28°	36°	Sun. 23°	5°	15°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 14, 1883.

THE WEEK.

THE Huron Chief, Picard, whose portrait we publish on the last page of this issue, was a worthy representative of his tribe. He lived a long life devoted to the good of his brethren. A successor was appointed immediately after the funeral.

THE dynamite conspiracy is developing into one of the most stupendous and hideous plots of modern times. The revelations that have so far been made are positively alarming. A feeling of extreme bitterness is spreading in London and the Provinces.

THE alliance of Germany, Austria and Italy against France is unnatural and untimely. If it is a movement against Republicanism; the effect may be a reaction in Italy, where the throne is none too secure. The despotism of Central Europe has bad grace rising against the general feeling in favor of democracy.

WE are pleased to learn that Mr. George Stewart, Jr., F.R.S.C., has been entrusted with the important task of writing for the "Encyclopædia Britannica" the articles relating to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Mr. Stewart is an indefatigable worker. We have to thank him for a copy of the very interesting and discriminating lecture on Longfellow, lately delivered by him before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec.

THE attempted representation of the Passion Play at New York has led to effective legislation on the part of the Albany members. A bill has been introduced in the State Senate prohibiting the personation of the Saviour in any theatrical performance whatever, whether with admission fee or otherwise. The bill makes the punishment for violating this law a fine of \$500 to \$2,000, or imprisonment for six to twelve months.

THE tide of immigration is already beginning to set in, and the arrangements of the Department of Agriculture are such as to meet the most urgent wants. Naturally enough, both the Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway are working toward drawing the bulk of this immigration into the North-West, but it is to be hoped that sufficient will be left to benefit the old Provinces. Quebec, especially, stands in need of help in this respect.

IN the death of Peter Cooper, our age has lost one of the most generous and enlightened of philanthropists. A child of the people, he sprang from nothing, was nurtured in poverty, and struggled up into wealth. When he had acquired a fortune, instead of scattering it in frivolous living, he provided largely for his family, and devoted an enormous balance to the education of the people. The Cooper Institute will ever stand one of the noblest monuments of a noble man.

ALTHOUGH Louis Veuillot had retired from active journalism, his death will none the less occasion a great void. He was, without cavil, the first French prose writer of the day, and as a polemist he possessed qualities of the highest eminence. Extreme in his views, and unrelenting in his hostilities, he created many enemies, but his sincerity was unquestioned, and he conquered the respect even of those who dreaded and hated him most. He was one of the chief literary figures of the generation.

THE truth is often hard to tell, but we are constrained to declare that the performances of Mrs. Langtry in Montreal were a general and palpable disappointment. As an actress, she hardly rises above the level of the amateur, and as to her beauty, it was not such as to make amends for her professional deficiencies. A deep lesson for Canadians lies in this—that even in the highest and most refined London circles, mediocrity, under the glamor of fashion, can find its way into public favor, and almost oblige people to call it genuine superiority.

WE deeply regret to learn the almost sudden demise at Ottawa, of Mr. Vicars, Secretary of the Dominion Kennel Club. It is feared his death was brought on by his excessive labors in connection with the late Bench Show. The event deprives us of sketches and drawings of the Dog Exhibition, which had been promised us by the zealous and intelligent Secretary. It is also our painful duty to record the death, at Ottawa, of Mr. C. D. Theriault, formerly foreman of the printing department of this office. He was highly popular, both professionally and socially.

IMMIGRATION PROSPECTS.

TO the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—Sir, Believing that a large number of your readers are interested in the question of immigration I have taken the liberty of addressing my opinion to you, as regards the present season. From what I have gleaned from an extended intercourse (by letter and personally) with persons enquiring as to the new world, I believe that Canada will this year receive a better class of emigrants than usual. The tenant farmers of England are realizing how immeasurably greater are the chances of success in a new country as compared with an old one such as England with its semi-feudal laws and heavy rents and taxation, and also that they can (as you are probably aware) purchase good farms in the Province of Ontario for the price they would pay for a three or four years' rental of a similar acreage in England; whilst at the same time they would get increased social, religious, political and educational advantages over those now experienced. They no longer believe that Canada is that ice-bound country which some limited States agents have endeavoured to show and hence the Canadians are indebted to the intelligent and energetic agents of the Dominion and Ontario Governments this side of the Atlantic for dissipating such ideas and also for the kind and generous treatment accorded the immigrants on their arrival in your country.

I find that many of the persons I am now sending out week by week are friends and acquaintances of those I took and sent out in 1881 and 1882. I find also that the enquiries concerning the great North-West are very considerable and these amongst men seeking investments in land and manufacturing interests; therefore the advantages Canada now offers to such people are likely to be productive of good results. I have already a large number who will join my party leaving Liverpool on May 3rd next, many of them having decided to settle in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec whilst a goodly number express an intention of going straight through to the North-West.

I am afraid however that domestic servants will not come over in large numbers this season and this by reason of the Australian Colonies offering free passages and promising higher wages than those to be obtained on the American Continent but, as regards farmers, agricultural and other labourers, mechanics, etc., I expect to have a larger number than heretofore.

I have already arranged for a larger number of personally-conducted parties (a lady accom-

panying the females) and if your readers desire any further information on the subject I shall be happy to supply it.

I am, sir,

Yours obediently,

JOHN JAMES JONES.

98 High Street, Homerton, }
London E. England. }

March 22nd, 1883.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

QUEEN VICTORIA it is said, always insists on taking off her bonnet when she eats. The other day she was at Netley Hospital, when Sir C. Pearson entertained her. John Brown, the faithful attendant, followed with what he called "the Queen's luggage." This "luggage" consisted of a small basket box, containing the royal cap, which was duly assumed before sitting down to luncheon. Sir Charles Pearson was greatly exercised in his mind when he knew the Queen was to be his guest for luncheon as to what dish she specially preferred, and accordingly he consulted Sir John Cowie, who replied, "If you want to please Her Majesty, you will have a dish of good baked apples handed to her; she dotes on them." Accordingly the finest apples were procured, and carefully cooked. The Queen partook of them readily, and, looking much pleased, she inquired of her host how he came to guess her favorite dish? Doubtless he allowed Her Majesty to think it was some inner consciousness that suggested so happy an inspiration. The days are probably over when such a lucky attention to a royal whim might make a man's fortune, or Sir Charles might now be sure of a dukedom. By the way, the Queen is very fond of walnuts too in their season, and always has a dish of them carefully prepared, with the shells removed and every bit of brown skin taken off, leaving the nut white and whole. This is rather a difficult process, but it is done in the still-room at Osborne by putting the shelled nut into a little hot water to make the skin peel off more easily. On this occasion, as on most visits of this sort, three distinct luncheons had to be provided—one for the royal party, one for the household, and one especially for Mr. John Brown himself, who objects to sitting down with the servants, but is hardly equal to the royal table. His position is somewhat like that of the poor governess as it used to be, before education was recognized as a claim to social attention. I have known such an unfortunate lady who, between the kitchen, where she could not go, and the dining-room, where she was not invited, run great risk of being starved to death, for the meals prepared for her by the ruling powers of the household, the servants themselves, were often as meagre and unsatisfactory as their own were plentiful and excellent. All this is changed now, and the certificated governess holds a professional diploma, which gives a definite and proper social standing to its owner. The absurd practice of walking backward before the Queen must be dreadfully embarrassing to all ladies who have to entertain her. Lady Pearson says that it cost her hours of difficult rehearsal to accomplish the feat of conducting Her Majesty up stairs to put on her cap, and down stairs afterward to luncheon.

A NEW SYSTEM OF TREATING FECAL MATTER.

AT a recent meeting of the Society of Engineers, London, a paper was read by Mr. Harry Olrick on the above subject, of which the following is an extract:

The almost universal system of water home sewage adopted when a city is near a river has given rise to a very grave inquiry as to whether this should not give place to some other method of disposal and utilization, which will not pollute the rivers. The pail system, apart from a sentimental view of the case, seems to work well in such towns as Manchester, Birmingham, Warrington, Rochdale, and others, the board of health of Manchester claiming that since the adoption of this system the cases of zymotic diseases have greatly decreased. They, like numerous other towns, are making manure out of fecal matter, besides treating and utilizing the other large amount of refuse, and although doing a considerable amount of work which does not produce revenue, they are not only self-sustaining, but work at a profit. The new system which the author calls particular attention to has been worked out by Baron de Podewils, of Munchen, and is claimed to be an improvement on other systems, from the facts that the operations of the factory are comparatively automatic, that no unpleasant odor can arise, since the operations are all performed in closed vessels, that by a system of quadruple evaporation the fuel necessary is reduced to a minimum, and the resultant manure is of high quality, and is sold at from £9 to £10 per ton.

A factory has been erected by the Baron of Augsburg, in Bavaria, which is designed to deal with the excrement of about 17,000 inhabitants, or about 7,000 cubic meters per annum. The fecal matters are deposited in air-tight tanks, the gases generated being drawn under the steam boiler and burned. From these tanks the matter is drawn into a mixer provided with revolving arms, where a proportion of sulphuric acid is added; the effect of this is to generate

carbonic acid and other gases which are conveyed away to be burned. From the mixer the fecal matter is forced into a fumigating pan; this pan is provided with hollow revolving arms which curve down to the bottom of the pan. Part of the products of combustion from the steam boiler are induced through the fecal matter by way of the hollow arms, and pass away, together with the gases generated, through an exhauster to the furnace of the boiler. From the fumigator a *monte-jus* forces the matter into a series of four evaporators, the vapors of one serving to evaporate the moisture from the next at a lower temperature and below atmospheric pressure, thus saving 75 per cent. of the fuel ordinarily required to produce the same result. These evaporators have a temperature varying from 140° to 248° Fahr. From the evaporators the *monte-jus* forces the, by this time, pasty mass into a tank provided with a bucket wheel. This tank is placed above the final drying machine, which accomplishes the most difficult part of the whole process, viz., evaporating the remainder of the 95 per cent. of moisture originally contained in the fecal matter, when it has reached a peculiarly tenacious and sticky stage. This machine consists of steam jacketed ring-shaped plates, on which the pulp is thinly spread by means of a rotating spout attached to a revolving hollow spindle, which conveys the pulp from the overhead tank fed by the bucket wheel.

After this layer has remained on the plate a few minutes it is scraped off by knives, also attached to the revolving spindle, and drops into a chute, whence it passes, by means of an elevator, into a disintegrator. This is the end of the process, a manure being produced in the shape of powder containing less than 2 per cent. of moisture, 8 to 10 per cent. of nitrogen, 3 to 4 per cent. of alkalies, and 3 to 4 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and consequently worth as much as imported guano. This factory has been in operation nearly three years, and although laboring under the disadvantage of having to use coal as fuel at 23s. per ton, the proprietor has been able to make 20 per cent. dividends. Another factory has been erected at Stuttgart with equally good results. At Augsburg a pail system is in use. At Stuttgart the cesspool is general. The author calculates that with a population such as England possesses, manure weighing 600,000 tons, and of a low estimated value of £4,000,000, is annually allowed to poison the air and water, instead of being permitted to return to the soil as Nature intended.

OUR PICTURES.

A PUBLIC SCHOOL FIRE-DRILL.—The recent terrible disaster in a New York school building by reason of the panic attending a fire alarm, has impressed upon the public the necessity of some system of drill in all institutions where large numbers of children are gathered together. Such a system has been for some time enforced in some of our cities, among which is Trenton, the capital of New Jersey. Our illustrations show the method which has been devised by Professor White, principal of the Centre Street Grammar School in that city. In case of danger, three strokes are sounded upon a gong on each floor of the building, upon hearing which every scholar immediately drops book, pencil, or whatever else may be in hand, and takes his stand in the aisle with hands folded behind him. Teacher and pupils then count thirty in concert, after which the order is given to "right about into line." The gong again strikes, the order is given to march, quick time, and the pupils file out of the room, while a young lady, who has stepped to the piano at the first stroke of the gong, plays a lively march. The scholars are drilled in this routine every morning, and they have become so familiar with it that the building can be quickly emptied, and danger of a panic in case of a fire alarm is almost removed.

FLOOD IN A CHURCH AT LYNN.—The high tide on Sunday, the 11th March, when part of the town of Lynn Regis was inundated for some hours, occasioned much inconvenience to the congregation at St. Margaret's Church, assembled for Divine worship. The water began to flow round the church gradually during the service; till, at the conclusion of the sermon, it rushed in at the west door, and soon covered a large space of the floor, to the depth of two inches and a half. Some of the people at once left the church when the water appeared; of those who stayed to the end of the service, many waded though the water over their shoes; but others were enabled to reach the south door by walking upon rows of chairs, which were placed along the aisles to form a temporary bridge. The water continued to rise to the height of 1 ft. 6 in., with chairs, hassocks, and books floating about in it; and it was feared that some damage would be done to the valuable oaken litany-desk and other new fittings of the church, which had lately been restored at considerable expense. A fire engine was set at work to pump out the water, and continued working all night. The church was clear of water next morning, but cannot be used for some time for public worship. In the central part of the town, a house was washed away by the flood, and a woman fell into the water, but was rescued by the exertions of the curate of St. Margaret's. Great losses of cattle, sheep, horses, and pigs, were sustained by the neighbouring farmers, one of whom, at the North Farm, lost eight hundred ewes in lamb.

TEA TABLE TALK.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

They sat drinking tea. Energetic
became the discussion on love.
The men, they were cold and æsthetic.
The ladies more tenderness prove.

Spoke the withered counsellor. Said he,
"Platonic all love should be."
With irony laughed his lady,
And then—"Alas!" sighed she.

The prebend, loud voiced and word wealthy,
Said "Love's flame must not burn high
Lest it render a person unhealthy."
His daughter asked lispingly "Why?"

The countess with languor pleaded
That "Love was a passion grand."
Then graciously she proceeded
The baron his tea cup to hand.

The small vacant place at table
You, my darling, had filled so well—
You had been so charmingly able,
My treasure, your love to tell!

SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

From the time when she was quite a little child, she had been accustomed to hear herself praised for her simplicity, her naturalness, her ingenuousness. She used to be paraded before strangers and encouraged to expatiate at her will as an example of childish innocence as purely unconscious as it was absolutely delightful; when all that she said was praised by her admiring elders and repeated with applauding laughter before her face, and the boldest flights of childish impertinence were treated both as flashes of genius and proofs of her general sweet simplicity. Thus, from the beginning she was allowed to do strange things and to say audacious ones under the guise of that same sweet simplicity which, in its want of consciousness—the twin sister of guile—makes such large claims on one's admiration; and in this way her rôle was marked out for her by nature, and she knew that she was to be Sweet Simplicity itself, with all the privileges that of character, to the end of the chapter.

Now, there are certain precious things which to touch is to destroy, like snow-crystals or the down of a butterfly's wings. We may add the bloom on a peach, the iridescence of a soap-bubble, and a girl's unconscious innocence to top all. Sancta Simplicitas was no exception to the rule which predicates destruction by manipulation. Aware that she was chartered and knowing what was expected of her on the one hand, and would be forgiven on the other, she now flung her line into very deep waters indeed, and now sailed over seas so shallow the wonder was she did not run aground and make shipwreck for life. But somehow she always saved herself in time. The risks which would have broken up others into matchwood did not leave a scratch on her, and she emerged from all her difficulties triumphant in her innocence, ignorant of her past dangers, Sancta Simplicitas to the end, ready for another bold cast into unknown waters, or a new spell of audacious steering into queer places not marked on the ordinary charts of society. Like an *enfant terrible* she became a terror to her friends; and no one knew what new enormity she might not commit, what new mischief she might not make, under the guise of innocence and want of the faculty to suspect evil. No one was safe. The friends for whom she professed most affection were just those who had most to fear at her hands: and, otherwise quite honest and straightforward girls stooped to subterfuge and concealment when Sancta Simplicitas was in the way. What agonies that poor little Linette had to undergo because of this habit of saying out all she knew, and ignoring the probability of the need of secrecy, which made the main characteristic of Sancta Simplicitas. *Appropos* of nothing, and when there was a dead silence at the table, suddenly Sancta Simplicitas, turning a beaming face on her friend, said in her loud clear voice, which her mother used to liken to a bird's song,

"What fun you were having yesterday, Linette, with Frank Foljambe in High Lane! I quite envied you sitting there on the bank like two turtle-doves!"

"Simplicitas!" says Linette, her face on fire. "Fun with Frank Foljambe in High Lane yesterday!" repeats Linette's mother, with an ominous look in her steel grey eyes; "were you in the lane with Frank Foljambe, Linette?"

"I was there for a moment, and I met him by chance!" stammers Linette.

"Sitting on the bank together?" asks the mother, with the same ominous look as before. "I was tired and sat down, and he sat down too," says Linette.

"And you did not tell me?"

"There was nothing to tell, mother."

"Nothing to tell, when I have forbidden you to speak to that young man—to meet him, to see him? Nothing to tell, Linette?"

Sancta Simplicitas looks from one to the other.

"I am so sorry," she says, with a penitent air. "I did not know that you were there in secret, Linette, else I would not have told about you."

"You are quite right, Simplicitas," says Linette's mother, yet more severely. "When girls do wrong and disobey their parents, it is only right that their sins should be made known.

Linette knows that she has done very wrong indeed, and that I am gravely displeased with her; and I am obliged to you, Simplicitas, for telling me the truth."

Hereupon Linette bursts into tears, and Sancta Simplicitas wipes her blue eyes to follow suit.

In her quality of dove-like innocence Sancta Simplicitas does the oddest things imaginable. She sees no evil, she says, and she cannot imagine that others should think what does not exist. Suppose she does go out for a whole day's sight-seeing with a handsome young compatriot, met by chance in Florence and glad of the companionship of a pretty girl "with no nonsense about her"—well, and why should she not? she asks, opening her eyes very wide when someone, more clear-sighted than her own mother and with courage in proportion to her perspicuity, remonstrates with her and counsels more prudence of conduct and more attention to ordinary rules of discretion. What harm can there possibly be in her going to the Pitti and the Uffizi, to the Boboli Gardens, to Fiesole, to Ginori's, with the young man like this Mr. Smith, so nice as he is albeit picked up at a venture and without credentials worth a pinch of salt? When she asks this she looks so full of almost cherubic innocence, you really do not know how to answer her. It is a frightful thing, you think, to stain the snow-white purity of a girl's innocence by opening her eyes to evil hitherto unknown and undreamt of. And if she be really so innocent, so unconscious of evil, so purely and childishly cherubic, is it not best after all to leave her where you have found her?—and in any case her conduct is her mother's affair, not yours. So you abandon your post with a discomfited air, and leave Sancta Simplicitas still unenlightened and triumphant.

Nothing is so precious to Sancta Simplicitas as the true truth. She has no idea that anyone can be offended by it. Wherefore, if your nose be red, she tells you of it; if your dress be ill-made, she pinches up the ugly fold between her fingers and shows the misfit to all around; if the color of your dress be unbecoming, she proclaims the fact in her shrill tones till the whole assembly turns round to look at you and condemn with her. No blot that can be hit is left untouched, and when you are not up to the mark in any respect whatever, no one within earshot is allowed to remain ignorant of your comparative failure. If you resent this publication of your shortcomings and infirmities, you only do worse for yourself, for Sancta Simplicitas is then doubly outspoken in her zeal to vindicate herself for truth's sake, and you have to undergo two acts of mortification instead of one. Neither is the most painful chapter in your life's history more sacred to her than were your fatigued looks, the crimson tip of your unhappy nose, the unbecoming arrangement of your wardrobe. Has your eldest son turned out ill, and gone off to Australia under a cloud so dense that you know neither time nor the future can dispel it? Sancta Simplicitas never sees you without making the most tender and minute inquiries about him, asking where he is? and what he is doing? and when did you last hear from him? as if he had been her brother or her lover at the least. Has her favorite daughter made a regrettable marriage, and taken as her husband the man above all most antipathetic to you? the man against whom you warned her almost to the extent of forbidding? Again Sancta Simplicitas, thinking no evil, and of course imagining that parents must always love their children and forgive them their misdeeds, makes the most careful inquiries respecting her condition and her happiness—and refuses to recognize your discomfort. Have you been engaged to a faithless lover, and has the engagement been broken off by the familiar process of jilting? Sancta Simplicitas, knowing nothing of the story, which rumor, however, has whispered pretty loudly to all concerned, invariably turns the conversation on that one special person, the sound of whose name is like red-hot iron in your soul. But what should such a sweet child of nature as she know of red-hot iron in a man's soul? of faithlessness in a woman's beloved? of vulgar jilting and well-known despair? You cannot tell her of your pain, any more than you could tell her of the impropriety on the surface of which she was floating; and you have to bear, with what courage and constancy you may possess, a torture which you know in your own heart to be voluntarily and needlessly inflicted. But no one ever attempts to unmask or to direct Sancta Simplicitas. The reputation of innocence granted her as a child she has carefully kept up as a woman, till she has established a claim for a kind of irresponsible freedom of manner, speech and deed, which is only possible to the doves of humanity. The world is both patient and credulous, for all the under-current of intrigue that goes on. The many imagine sweet Sancta Simplicitas to be all that she appears to be, and only the few perceive that she is not. But the few are discreet, and hold their convictions as sacred from the many—as they would hold their weak places from Sancta Simplicitas herself; and her youth passes in a perpetual flinging about of wildfire with a careless hand, and an incessant stamping on other folk's toes with a smiling face which seems to make design impossible.

In dress Sancta Simplicitas is as audacious as she is in spirit. She exaggerates all fashions, and clothes herself in garments which make the world stare, and which are always a caricature of the mode prevailing at the moment. When crinolines were in fashion, the Sancta Simplic-

tas of the day wore the widest that could be made; when tight skirts came in, she had hers tied back so that she could not walk with steps longer than a few inches, and not the ghost of a fold concealed her figure. In the rage of small hats she sticks a mere saucer on the top of her head—in that of large ones she is not content with anything short of a fish-kettle, with enough feathers round the brim to deck the top of a hearse. If she goes in for flounces and frivolities, she is a mass of shreds, like aristocratic rags sewn together—when she affects a severer style she makes herself look as much like a coachman or a jockey as she knows how. She wears double-breasted coats, belchers, wide-awakes and bluchers; and when men laugh as she passes, and women turn up their noses, she opens her eyes and asks "Why?" She is Sancta Simplicitas for her own part, and understands nothing of the world's more *rusée* methods. Indeed, the one thing that she cannot and will not understand is that aught should be forbidden. "To the pure all things are pure," is the motto by which she lives; and if she means no harm, she says with wide-open eyes, why should others think she does wrong? So she passes on her way, soft-footed, purring, and giving no warning as she leaps over the grass; but she knows when to make her silent spring, and where to touch the vital part, and whom to lull into security by her innocence of evil and her cherubic simplicity.

LITERATURE AND LAWS.

In his delightful chat in the "Easy Chair" of the February number of *Harpur's*, Mr. Curtis makes some statements which very well express what is a widespread opinion concerning literature and writers. It is summed up in these phrases: "The form of expression which the poetic genius takes, is instinctive, and is not determined by circumstance. Shakespeare was not a poet who wrote dramas because he lived in 'the spacious times of great Elizabeth.' It was the remarkable constellation of dramatic genius that made the splendor of those times. It is not to be supposed that he would have written epics had he lived under the Commonwealth, or that Milton eighty years earlier would have been a dramatist."

Yet there are objections to this manner of regarding the human mind and its operations. It requires us to suppose that the splendor of the Elizabethan stage was the result of a number of coincidences,—that at about the same time there were born a number of remarkable men, each of whom by chance hit upon play-writing as the form of composition that best suited him. A little later, in what we briefly call the literature of the eighteenth century, there was a still larger number of coincidences; and at the present time, equally by coincidence, there are a number of English bards and bardlings singing harmoniously imitations of the old French and Italian poems. When we look at the literature of Spain, France and Germany, the number and extent of these coincidences are very much increased. We find Boileau writing very singularly like that of Dryden and Pope; we find in France and Germany renewed interest in the past at the same time that this begins to show itself in England.

In these circumstances, is one not justified in supposing it possible that mere coincidence is an unsatisfactory explanation of these similarities? In general, do we not reject the notion of accidental coincidence when the examples amount to more than a very small number? If we see the cars running eastward over Cambridge bridge, packed, every morning between the hours of eight and ten, we do not call it a mere coincidence that so many people are going in one direction; we know that they contain people coming into town to their business; and it is not difficult to understand why it is hard to get a seat in the horse-cars going out of town towards six o'clock in the afternoon. Further illustrations are unnecessary. All science, all the business of life, rests on the more or less complete comprehension of the fact that there are certain laws in accordance with which human beings work and play; and an important part of the business of life is the investigation and interpretation of these laws. History teaches us that the past is not an incoherent jumble of accidents. We see in our own country the notions of freedom growing from the day the Pilgrims landed, and preparing the colonists for resistance to royal exactions. It is possible to trace clearly the rise of the spirit of secession in the South, and the reluctant aversion to slavery in the North. It is not by mere coincidence that at the last election the people rose against the politicians. Is literature, then, alone left in the world unaffected by circumstances? The reign of coincidence is still large, if it controls this form of expression.

Yet, just as travellers will not leave any tract of the earth's surface unexplored, men will find it hard to believe that the movements of literature are incapable of explanation. To take the case of Milton as an example, we see his poems full of classical allusion, of lines from Latin poetry; and we know that he lived at a time when cultivation rested on the study of antiquity. In the "Paradise Lost," it is easy to detect his references to his surroundings, and in the choice of his subject we see the Puritan spirit that eighty years earlier was barely beginning to exist. That Milton, if he had lived in the time of Shakespeare, would have written plays, no one can, of course, positively affirm. Yet his "Comus," which he wrote when every

poet wrote masques, and his "Samson Agonistes," which he wrote when all the critics and dramatists were busying themselves over the classical stage, make it a not unlikely hypothesis. Yet we may be sure that he would not have written his "Paradise Lost" then, because the influences to which he would have been exposed were wholly unlike those that helped to produce that great poem. England was powerful, successful, and beginning to assert herself; royalty was an object of respect, and the worship of the beautiful had not begun to shock the great mass of the people. Milton saw a different sight; and everything that he saw left its mark on his poetry. The "Paradise Lost" was the epic of a way of looking at the world that did not exist eighty years earlier.

Hence, it may be possible to say that the poet, in choosing the form in which he shall express himself, is modified by circumstances, just as he is in choosing the sort of house that he will build or the hat he will wear. We all, great and little, are modified by our time, just as we modify it and make it.

THE AUTHOR OF "KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN."

Frederick Nicholls Crouch, the author of the well-known song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," is now living in Baltimore, old and very poor. He has been composer, musician, author, poet, journalist, soldier and laborer. He was born in England in 1808. His musical education began in early youth, and when the Royal Academy of Music was established in 1822 he was admitted as a student. He afterward became a writer of works on music and a contributor to periodicals, during which time he associated with Thackeray and other London literary men. The words of "Kathleen Mavourneen" were sent to him by Mrs. Crawford, and the melody came to him as he was riding one day along the banks of the Tamar, in West England. "I was so infatuated with it," said Mr. Crouch, "that I sang the song to large audiences in the Plymouth Assembly Rooms, Plymouth, Devonshire, and within a week it began to spread." Mr. Crouch also composed the songs, "Would I were with Thee," "The Widower," "We Parted in Silence," "Sing to Me, Nora," "The Widow to Her Child," and many others that used to be popular. In addition to his songs he wrote the operas of "The Fifth of November" and "Sir Roger de Coverly." In 1849 he came to America with Max Maretzak, after the failure of whose operatic ventures of that epoch Mr. Crouch went to Maine, where he lectured on music and directed concerts for several years. He finally moved to Baltimore, and on the outbreak of the war enlisted in the Richmond Grays. He served all through the war. At its close he made his way to Buckingham Court House, Virginia, and worked on a farm as a laborer and gardener. Then he came again to Baltimore, and has remained there ever since. Finding that he could not make a living for himself and family by teaching music, he accepted a position in a furniture store as a varnisher. He is now out of employment and too old to help himself. He has a wife and five children. He tries to smile cheerily at fate—says the *Baltimore Sun*, from which we condense this account—but the smile is full of pathos.

ANOTHER FAST OCEAN STEAMER.

The Fulda is the name of a new ship lately built in Scotland for service between New-York and Bremen. She is a magnificent vessel of 5,124 tons gross, built by John Elder & Co., of Glasgow. The vessel lately went on a run extending over six hours, the trip being prolonged from Cumbrae Light to Corsewall Light, beyond the mouth of Lock Ryan, and back again. Over that great stretch of sea, and the time mentioned with the tide against her both ways, she attained, says *Engineering*, the extraordinary speed of 17,803 knots, or upward of 203 statute miles per hour, a speed which has never yet been exceeded by any other great ocean steamer, with the exception of the Alaska and the Stirling, which were also built in Fairfield Shipyard.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Sheriff's house at Tralee, Ireland, has been blown up.

LORD RIPON will resign the vicerealty of India at the end of the year.

CONRAD, who murdered his wife and children at Berlin, has been beheaded.

A LETTER from Michael Davitt strongly denounces the dynamite policy.

THE Phoenix Park murder trial has commenced; a true bill was returned against Joe Brady.

THE Paris police are watching the Russian refugees in that city, in anticipation of a plot against the Czar.

THE recent meeting of the Socialist congress at Copenhagen has aggravated the difficulties between Prussia and Denmark.

THE House of Commons passed the Government bill regarding explosives to its third reading yesterday afternoon. The bill provides for the punishment of persons causing an explosion endangering life or property by servitude for life, all accessories being treated as principals.



1. The window where the explosion occurred. 2. Clerks' Office. 3. Servants' Bed-Room. 4. Waiting-Room. 5. General View: + the window where the dynamite was placed.

THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION IN LONDON.



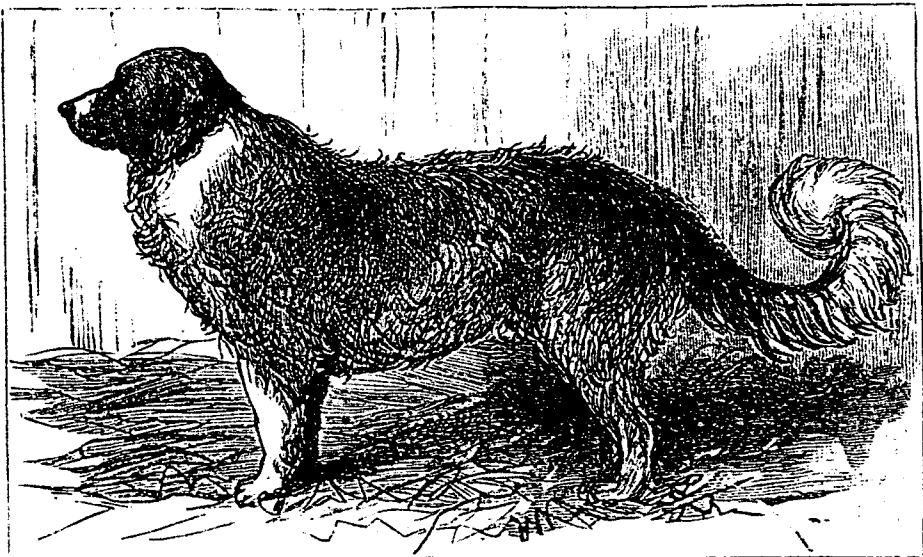
SCENE OF THE ATTACK



LADY FLORENCE DIXIE



THE WINDSOR ROAD, SHOWING THE WICKET GATE THROUGH WHICH HER LADYSHIP PASSED INTO THE PLANTATION WHERE SHE WAS ATTACKED



THE ST. BERNARD DOG, HUBERT, WHICH ATTACKED ONE OF HER LADYSHIP'S ASSAILANTS



"THE FISHERY," SIR BEAUMONT DIXIE'S WINDSOR RESIDENCE

THE ASSAULT ON LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

HELPMATE.

When the first gentleman in the land
Took the first lady by the hand
And led her out through Eden's gate,
Both were alike disconsolate.
The woman said—she was no shirk—
" 'Tis time for us to go to work!"
" Ay, madam; it is even so!"
The man replied; " but I can hoe,
And rake, and lead a life of toil,
And you your white hands need not soil."
Said mother Eve, " That will not do!
For I would spend my years near you,
And be a helpmate if I can;
So pray adopt some wiser plan."

Then Adam yielded to her wish,
And taught her how to catch the fish,
To rake and hoe, to delve and dig,
For he was no pedantic prig,
And felt supremely satisfied
To have her working by his side.
He did not boast superior knowledge
Because he'd longer been at college,
Nor twit her with inferior skill,
Nor nag and worry her, until
Her courage sank, and she'd no heart
To faithfully perform her part.
No. Her ambition he inspired,
And let her work as she desired.
And if there was more generous yield
Within her portion of the field,
He did not frown—an envious Adam—
But said, " It does you credit, madam!"

By healthful exercise prepared,
Each day in Adam's toil she shared,
And on a level with him stood
In all that was accounted good,
And in whatever troubles came
Both, I imagine, took the blame.
His education bore rich fruits,
Together they extracted roots,
And studied fractions, mental and moral
Philosophy, without a quarrel;
And made their own vocabulary,
The nucleus of our Dictionary.
Adam was pleased to have Eve make
A corner in mince pie, or cake;
And her stout nerves received no shock
At seeing Adam's watered stock.

Since then co-education's plan
Was useful to primeval man,
The sons of Adam can't do better
Than in the spirit and the letter
Continue the association
Without sophistical evasion.
In all relationships of life,
As mother, sister, widow, wife,
She was, forsooth, exalted high
From Moses down to Malachi.
Her wit was keen, her judgment clear,
And no one talked of woman's sphere,
Or thought it needful to complain
Her heart was larger than her brain.

The pretty maids of Israel
Went out for water to the well,
And ground the meal and made the bread,
And saw their household amply fed:
And yet, according to the books
Of Holy Writ, not only cooks
Were they, for it is not denied
" Young men and maidens prophesied."

When woman exercised her right
To do what seemed good in her sight,
She stood her ground in every test,
And seldom came off second best.
Who shall deny such praise as this
To Boadicea or Semiramis,
Or say the Sarrazossan maid
Herself unwomanly displayed?
Genius can never be unsexed!
In Genesis you'll find my text:
And men and women in those days
Were equal, so the Good Book says:
United lived, and when they died
Were buried always side by side.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE ROGUISH LOVER.

I.

" Well, which way shall I walk?"
" To the left."
" Ah! And what is there on the right?"
As O'Gara asked this second question, he half
smiled.
" Go and find out, if you prefer," Dr. Clarence
Pymm answered, slamming his medical pamphlet
upon the table, as if O'Gara was a fly to be
put to flight. " Only try to be back to dinner
at half-past one, sharp."
O'Gara was visiting Pymm—a most unusual
thing for one young man to do to another. But
they were both exceptional persons, as Pymm
was a successful unmarried medical practitioner,
and O'Gara an ex-military officer with a little
money and no profession. They were to be fast
friends for life, too, being just the kind of
cronies who forge an irrefragable bond to hold
until the end.
O'Gara appeared at dinner glowing with his
September ramble through the village.
" I went to the left, after all," said he, " and
I shall never regret it, I assure you."
Pymm was carving, but he stopped to look
over the roast.
" Pray, what interested you?" he asked.
" O'Gara hummed, and examined his polished
nails.
" Such a row of elms!" he ejaculated. " Have
you beer?" he added, to the colored waiter, with
a toss of the head. " Turn it on, then. Beer—
beer, I say. I have not been so thirsty for a
week."
" One would think you were in camp, Phil,"
remarked Pymm. " Perhaps you'd better sit at
the head of the table, and attend to the house-
keeping, you're so fond of lording it."
" Well, man, do you want the keg to sour?"
cried O'Gara, hurriedly clapping the lid of his
empty mug.
" You should learn to wait patiently, do you
hear?"
" Oh, I can wait long enough after I've got
what I want," exclaimed the young ex-officer,
with a snap of the eyes.
" And did you see any one?" says Dr. Pymm.
" See—yes. Your patients, I suppose."

" No healthy people, then?"
O'Gara smacked his lips, a dash of beer foam
on his moustache.

" Capital, by shot! Yes, I saw a young
lady. Another bottle there for your master,
Duncan."

Pymm lowered his face and moved in his chair
as if hiding a smile. Then he began his dinner
as soberly as a judge.

By the time they had got to cigars O'Gara was
very moody for such a handsome young fellow,
occasionally sighing after he had sent up rings
of smoke. He threw out morose suggestions
about life, the profession, and was even so par-
ticular as to mention the short-comings of
Havanas. When he had lounged round the
dining-room twice, while Pymm peacefully
smoked, he exclaimed,

" I'm going to accomplish it somehow!"

" What?"

" Making the acquaintance of that young
lady."

" Tell me how she looks. Probably I know
her."

" No, you don't; she is health personified."

" Never mind, I have some desirable acquaint-
ances." In fact, Pymm described the very girl
O'Gara had seen.

" Well, now," says O'Gara, " how am I to
meet her? If you were but married, Clare, like
a sensible fellow, your wife could invite her
here."

" I really don't know how you can meet
her," replied Pymm. " Her mother is an old
widow and a great invalid; never goes out; and,
besides, they are quite poor, and all that.
Proud, of course. Originally of good family.
In short, I think you'll have to give it up, and
get an impression elsewhere."

" Yes," O'Gara says, solemnly, but secretly
enraged at his friend's want of penetration.
Then added, " Yes, I'll manage it somehow."

" Oh, how?"

" Come into the library, won't you?" The
young man said this as if he were in his own
house, and marched off with a military tread.
Arriving at the library, he wheeled round,
touching his heels together. " Clare, old boy,
you must help me!"

Dr. Pymm bowed, with a shabby martial as-
pect half worn off by study.

" Let me first understand your case, sir."

" Pray what do you mean by that?"

" Marie Parleur (that is her name) is one of
the finest girls I ever met," said Pymm. " She
will interest you very much more than you
fancy, depend upon it."

" I shall fancy and desire everything of the
sort. I don't care whether you're in love with
her or not, though I should be sorry for you. I
do assure you I intend to marry her within the
year. I can save up money enough to do things
in style by that time, and even start a profes-
sion. Marie, you say?"

O'Gara seemed in a land of dreams as he
slowly pronounced the girl's name. He dimly
heard his friend inform him that the mother
and daughter were French.

" And it will be utterly impossible—" he
heard Pymm go on to say.

" Confound it!" cried the colonel—for such
he was—" will you explain again the reason
you think me incapable of courting the girl I
have chosen?"

" Phil, they are never seen anywhere. I only
see them myself through my medical attendance
upon Madame Parleur."

" Take me with you. That's all settled."

The doctor sank into a chair by the writing-
table, laughing. " You will frighten such a
creature as this girl to the other side of Chris-
tendom, I prophesy. She does not like such
blunderbusses as you are."

" Oh, now, I'm glad you told me. I'll be as
quiet as a stuffed kitten."

" But I don't take you, you must remember."

At this O'Gara became positively angry, and
swept round the room like artillery rushing to
position, alternately talking in cutting phrases,
or silent as the tables and chairs. Suddenly he
brought up in front of Pymm. " Can't you
make a doctor of me?"

" Yes, in the course of time."

" I am going to visit Madame Parleur as a
doctor."

Pymm sharply turned, giving utterance to a
decided contradiction.

" What's the matter with her?" asked the
Colonel, tilting on his heels and toes, with a
dogged look of saucy determination.

" Nothing. She is a hypochondriac."

" O'Gara threw up one hand and both eyes.

" Thank goodness!" he ejaculated.

Pymm rose, and stood in front of his friend, a
little taller, and much more amused. " Why?"
said he.

" I shall not need any profound research be-
fore undertaking her cure," the Colonel ex-
plained, but going off into another dreamy
pause as he spoke. He came to his eyes and ears
as Pymm slapped him rousing on the shoul-
der.

" You rogue, get that out of your head. Medi-
cine is a serious calling, not to be tampered
with."

The doctor went off to his office, leaving his
guest alone, but absorbed by an idea. He
called Duncan. " Has the doctor any old medi-
cine cases?" he asked of this functionary.

Duncan tried to conceal his astonishment,
and stammered an affirmative.

" Get one."

In the course of twenty impatient minutes the
servant returned, bringing a dingy bag.

" Now get a dish of hot water and a plate,"

says O'Gara, moving to the centre table, and
pushing up his cuffs.

Duncan stood still, rooted to the spot. Then
he proceeded to fulfill the order.

" Doctor's busy, I take it, eh?" remarked the
young gentleman, when the steaming bowl was
set before him. He emptied the half-filled medi-
cine bottles into the plate, and then dropped
them into the water. " Bring us a tray, Dun-
can my boy, and set these bottles on it, and
we'll lay 'em in the sun to dry."

The darkey became interested and active.
O'Gara's moods were usually catching.

The medicine case was quite emptied and
dusted, and the bottles were nicely dried in the
sun. Then O'Gara called for white powdered
sugar and cold tea, and filled alternate bottles
with each. When all was in order again in the
bag, he closed it with a click of the spring, and
looking up at Duncan, winked.

The functionary grinned back as he threw his
towel over his arm, venturing to suggest,
" Guess goin' to play a trick on de doctor, ain't
you?"

For reply the Colonel placed a gold dollar on
the tip of his left-hand forefinger, which was as
steady as a flag-pole, and held it in front of the
servant, who removed the coin very much as if
he had been a trained dog. Then O'Gara got
up, lifted the bag from the table, and marched
out of the library to his own room.

II.

" It won't do any harm, you see."

" No, I admit," returned Pymm to the
Colonel's somewhat persuasive tones. " As my
assistant, and with plain sugar, I can't see that
I should be to blame; but you will get into
mischief by blundering, for they are very keen
women. Good speech to you, though, you wild
rogue. I will write a note for you, saying I am
busy, and have sent you to inquire for me after
the old lady's health, and with certain medicines
if needed. Remember, however, that if you dis-
grace yourself by any stupidity, the probability
is that you will have ruined my whole prac-
tice."

" Ah, you are a friend indeed, man!" cried
O'Gara, enthusiastically.

Pymm looked at him steadily with a grave
expression, as of warning.

The Colonel, thus bravely launched on a
harmless medical career, without a single poison
in his wallet, was soon to be seen starting off for
his first professional visit, his bag slung over his
shoulder on his cane. Pymm happened to step
to the window, threw it open hastily, and called
out to him: " Down with it, you knave! That's
a poor beginning."

O'Gara touched his blue felt hat, dropped his
bag to his hand, and went gayly on.

Marie Parleur received him in the little
straw-carpeted and willow-furnished parlor,
whither he had been directed at the door by a
child of ten, who seemed to be a domestic.

O'Gara's heart danced for very joy to find
himself really in the cottage of the pretty Marie.
He wondered what people meant by casting
slurs upon cottage life. Surely it was of all
conditions the pleasantest! He was perfectly
happy and at ease. He spoke at once.

" Ah! Dr. Pymm could not come. I have a
note here which will explain why he sent me." He
handed the same to Miss Parleur, who sat
down by the window to read it, without a word.
O'Gara took out his handkerchief and flourished
it around his lips, which smiled. " You under-
stand?" he said.

" It is just as well," said Marie, refolding the
note, and looking up at him, and then rising.
" I will tell my mother that she is to expect you
instead of the doctor before you see her." She
bowed; and he believed that her dark eyes
gleamed once as she did. She left the room.

In a few moments the child-like girl was
sent for him.

Marie had already taken up her embroidery
at one side of the apartment. An elderly lady,
with snow-white hair rolled back from her fore-
head, sat in an easy-chair beside the table in
the middle of the floor. Her black arched eye-
brows and aquiline nose, her stately mien, and
her long taper fingers lying negligently upon
the purple table-cloth—all were so pronounced
as to strike O'Gara's vision at the same instant.
He made an obeisance in an angular manner,
and looked over at the self-absorbed and statues-
que Marie with reproach.

" Dr. Pymm's assistant," said Madame Par-
leur, in an impressive manner. " Young sir,
where have you studied?"

" Will Dr. O'Gara be seated?" proposed
Marie, not looking up from her work.

As soon as the colonel had found a chair, the
elderly lady repeated her appalling question.
He replied, put upon his mettle.

" I have studied wherever I have been,
madam. And let me ask you how you do to-
day—quite the same?"

" I am never the same," answered the white-
haired Parisian, lifting her curved eyebrows still
more. " Last night my daughter placed twelve
small pieces of flannel upon different parts of
my body, where unendurable chills had lodged
themselves. My nights are terrible."

" The autumn is setting in," said O'Gara.

" An eider-down coverlet—"

" No," interrupted the invalid.

" All right," assented the colonel. " By-the-
way, these haunting chills are a bore. I'll give
you a dose for 'em."

" You know them, then?" exclaimed Madame
Parleur, leaning forward with unwonted eager-
ness. " Who ever had them besides myself?"

" Oh, persons of fine organization, once in a
decade. They're very rare, and I'm glad of
having an opportunity of observing an example
of them. What do you do to amuse yourself
when they keep you awake?"

Marie looked up. O'Gara mentally roined
himself in.

" I am not of a temperament to be easily
amused, doctor," responded Madame Parleur,
gently, and sighed.

" Ah," cried the colonel, " but amusement is
exactly what you must have. New experiments
are allot, my dear madam, in regard to these
difficult distempers, which have already proved
marvellously successful. Believe me, Dr. Pymm
is so puzzled as to what next to try for you that
he has begged me, with your approval, and un-
der his supervision, to employ a few of those—
those treatments from the study of which, and
the—the observation of the results of"—a
glance at Marie—" I have lately come. In the
first place, your life must be rendered enjoy-
able."

Madame Parleur rolled up her eyes, and did
not lower them until the colonel proceeded.

" The next best thing to self-action is the ac-
tion of another. I shall exercise your muscles
through your imagination, and present you with
a caged squirrel."

Again O'Gara observed (through the side of
his head this time) that Miss Parleur stopped
sewing, in suspense. As for madame the mother,
she stared at her taper fingers in dismay.

O'Gara pulled his ear, and then remembered
the medicine case. He caught it up from the
floor, opened it on his knees, and took out a
bottle of sugar. Then he called for a glass of
water, and emptied a portion of the sugar into
it.

" How astonishingly like the method of a
homoeopathist!" the old lady said, alarmed.

The colonel jumped a bit, and then replied:

" We can not forego a medicinal prescription
because it has a dangerous similarity to the
other practice. As much deadly poison as I
I have powder in my bottle here would be the
death of a whole State were it dissolved in
bucketfuls of water."

" And you expect the make to your consec-
tion, then?" demanded the hypochondriac, with
distended eyes.

" Ah, this is not deadly poison."

Marie looked over at the opened case, and
then out of the window, as if thinking deeply.
She was evidently aroused either to interest or
suspicion by the jovial young Irishman.

" Drink this before retiring, madam," said
O'Gara. " And now will you tell me how your
appetite is?"

" It is all that is left to me of my youth,"
said Madame Parleur. " I eat faintly, but
nothing disagrees with me. My daughter is an
incomparable cook."

" I can not believe it," bluntly responded the
colonel, determined to carry on this line of dis-
cussion.

" Not! Your reason, monsieur."

" Can you expect me to believe that a young
lady who is so deft with silks and gauze should
be skilled in gravies and stewing and baking?
Impossible."

" Marie, you hear! Dr. O'Gara is a savage
to suppose you can not prepare a feast. Why,
sir, I love her very much, as you may think;
but if she could not master all culinary difficul-
ties, terrible as it would seem, I admit I should
not love her so much. Marie, how shall we
prove that you can cook?" Certainly Madame
Parleur had proved that she herself was a gour-
mande, and had happened upon a favorite
theme.

" It can hardly matter to the doctor how I
cook, dear," says Marie; to which the young
colonel mentally retorted, " Don't it, though?"
He really said:

" With all respect be it spoken, I have dined
and supped so royally abroad, and even in your
own Paris, that I am resolved, madam, not to be
misled by your extravagant praise of a young
lady who is undoubtedly more absorbed in
leisure than in the hot climate of a kitchen.
Let us allow that she dresses salad to perfec-
tion."

" Bah!" cried Madame Parleur, " you put
me in a fever with your obstinacy, good sir. I
assure you my pride is nettled, and I will con-
vince you beyond question that Marie is no
bungler. Here is my punishment for your im-
pertinence, which shall be the lighter that you
are the friend of our esteemed Dr. Pymm. You
shall stay to sup with us, and I give you my
word it will not be for the last time. Marie, go,
do your best, and plap the fairy, while the doc-
tor and I come to a fuller understanding of my
complicated ailments."

The colonel had blushed, bowed, smiled,
hemmed, and was profuse in his grateful ac-
knowledgments of the invalid's hospitable invi-
tation, which she in her turn begged him to ex-
cuse as a piece of informal plebeian pleasantry.
O'Gara closed his case with great good-humor,
threw himself back erect in his old-fashioned
chair, and put his hand to his hip as if resting
it upon an imaginary sword. Marie deliberately
folded her work, her lips compressed either in
anger or mirth, and in a moment left the others
to their discourse, which the young ex-officer
endeavored to lead into agreeable channels.

III.

" Nothing that I attempt," said O'Gara, bit-
terly, to his host, Pymm, " furthers my end at
all. Here is the healthy old Madame Parleur
getting as stout and strong as a milkmaid under

my treatment of *can-sure* and pets, and short walks at early morning. I was born to be a great physician, say, but I was never born to make quick work with Marie, who is as dumb as a fish, and does not even give me a good chance to make eyes at her."

"You have been playing your part of lover exactly two weeks, I think, and have got on at railroad speed, I say," Pymn responded, and nibbled off the end of his cigar. "As for me, I am only astonished that you have not been turned out of doors for some glaring nonsense or other. I have a mind to go with you on your visit to-day, and see how you proceed."

"You're welcome."

"Get your wonderful wallet, then."

"Do you know, I left it at the cottage by accident," says O'Gara. "I don't see how I could have been so careless."

The doctor turned his eyes on the young man, without moving, as he blew out his match.

"I'm afraid that was a great mistake," he remarked, in a tone of apprehension.

The two friends started off for the widow's cottage, stepping with the precision of the trained pedestrians they were.

Marie opened the door for them herself, as if she had caught sight of her old acquaintance, the doctor, as he approached, for she was quite cordial to him; and some of her aroused geniality seemed to extend itself to O'Gara, whom she smiled upon, and whose hand she pressed good-naturedly with her own.

They were ushered into Madame Parleur's special apartment, and found her with her invalid manner, but a better color in her cheeks than Pymn had ever seen there. She glanced amicably at the colonel, but to Pymn she said:

"You, sir, should take lessons of your assistant. He has the genius of a Napoleon in the field of medicine."

The doctor congratulated her upon the fortunate chance which had thrown in her way a mind so adapted to her needs as that of O'Gara, and asked the name of the finch which was singing in a cage at her elbow.

But Madame Parleur had already fastened her attention upon O'Gara, and implored him to tell her what she should take for a sensation as if all her bones were crumbling to dust.

"It is so cruel," she complained, "for pray do not our bones last even when we are dead! And yet I must undergo the terror of having them crumble within my living frame."

"It is an insult of nature not to be borne," cried the ex-officer. "Do but give me my medicine case, and I will see what can be effected."

Marie here started up from her chair, her face pink and dimpled, and going to a cupboard, took out the dingy little bag, and handed it to O'Gara.

Pymn looked at the girl and caught her eye. She tossed her head most debonairly, put her hands in the little pockets of her muslin apron, and stood beside the centre table, watchful, as O'Gara opened his treasure store. No bottles were there.

The colonel turned pale, gazing into his wallet.

"I have not finished filling them with coffee and salt," said Marie, softly.

The hypochondriac was constrained to rise to her full height with the shock of surprise at this episode, and as the three young people burst out laughing, she looked from one to the other in increasing perplexity, largely mingled with haughty displeasure.

"How!" said she, in her deep reverberating voice. "Are you all mad?"

"The Fates!" ejaculated the colonel, clutching his head with both hands in mock agony.

"Surely I have lived to see myself destroyed!"

"Madame," says Dr. Pymn, clearing his throat, and crossing one leg over the other as if he were about to lecture to a dozen students, "I favor me by resuming your chair, and by listening to me quietly." Madame Parleur sank back. "My friend O'Gara, permit me to inform you, does not believe in the infallible efficacy of medicine. Having learned from me that all my efforts at restoring you to robust health with drugs apparently resulted in nothing but disappointment, he asks me the favor of trying numberless practices at his tongue's end for giving you diversion and exercise. Do you realize, my dear Madame Parleur, that you would doubtless have refused to accede to these inspirations of his if your well-grounded prejudices had not been pampered by a certain semblance of powder and distillations? It is a matter for your candour and generous frankness to admit that my friend O'Gara has justified himself in his intelligent experiment, and that you are in fact a thousand times better in two weeks than you have found yourself for years. What do you say?"

The stately hypochondriac smiled, and made a graceful obeisance to the colonel, who had long ago recovered his self-possession, and made the best of the opportunity to get up something in the character of a flirtation with Marie. Her mother spoke.

"This explanation of your attitude toward me, young friend, wholly satisfies me. I am glad to have been considered worthy of your skill. But it is now my daughter's turn to enlighten me as to her meddling with your medicine case, which I suppose had in it drugs of some value, however mild."

Marie played with a chain of beads at her throat, and cast a covert glance at O'Gara. It seemed greatly to stimulate him.

"Mademoiselle Marie," he said, rising and bringing his heels together with a snap, as he

often did, and then gallantly kissing his hand to her, as if he was in the habit of doing that often too, "if she can guess as correctly the sentiments of my heart as she has done the contents of my medicine bottles, stands absolved from any conceivable resentment."

Marie at last gave utterance to a rippling laugh, at last saying,

"Ah, Dr. O'Gara, a person of so much professional enthusiasm as yourself, of such profound research, with originality into the bargain, can afford to forgive the petty offences of less gifted mortals." With a blush, she turned away, a thought coquettishly, and going over the window where her work lay, rested one hand idly upon the pretty silk.

"I have not much time," remarked Pymn. "O'Gara, do you have a few words with your patient, and I will try to induce Miss Marie to renew old acquaintanceship before it is too late." He took his chair to Marie's side, who seated herself, and sedately began her embroidery.

The couple at the window heard on an exclamation after another in the melodious tones of the old French lady, rising above the steady stream of O'Gara's hurried monotone, his Irish tongue having got his destiny into its own power. Madame Parleur's eyebrows reached almost incredible heights, her haunting chills crept over every limb, her bones shook if they did not crumble, and yet her understanding and her predilections were taken captive by the gracious eloquence of the gay colonel, who fully persuaded her of his sincere adoration of Marie.

The fascinating girl was herself conscious of a serious crisis, although Pymn did not allow her any ears to hear the conversation by the centre table. Her color came and went, and she often peeped out at the yellowing elm branches hanging near the window, biting her lip in some kind of perturbation.

And when O'Gara got up and stepped over to her, his gray eyes dark with earnest emotion, her brown eyes filled with tears, and she became so reserved that nothing would tempt her to raise her lids.

Not long after this important day, for such it turned out to be, the colonel caught Pymn standing alone, and looking at an object which he had taken out of his pocket.

"What time is it! I am always forgetting my watch now," says O'Gara. He went up and looked over Pymn's arm. He drew back again. The doctor had not been examining the time, as he had thought. "Why, Clarence," he said, "I did not know—what the deuce—you never told me! Is it a picture of Marie?"

Pymn turned, put a photographed portrait back in an inner pocket warmed by his heart's blood, and appeared a little unnerved.

"Why should I have told you?" he replied. "This is the portrait of a woman who is dead. You make me somewhat lonely in your new life of prosperous wooing. Well, I hope it will be of longer duration than that which I experienced. Our inclinations might have interfered with each other, you know, if I had not already loved."

ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

Straight through the trackless wilderness, over lofty mountains and frowning precipices as with a single stride, and through dark and gloomy gorges, crossing wild rushing mountain torrents with the twin silver threads, and pushing on and on through the hitherto unknown domains of the caribou and moose and bear, and the hunting grounds of the red Indian, or intruding upon the solitary watery avenues of the Canadian *Voyageur*, steadily on and on goes the marvellous work of spanning a continent. Thus ruminated a certain personage as he balanced himself upon the unsteady deck of the great Lake Huron steamer, one gusty day in November, and gazed meditatively across the troubled waters to the distant northern shore, whereon was now rapidly becoming visible, against the dark fringe of forest, the collection of low houses which marked the site of the very-much-in-the-far-perspective great city of Algoma mills, the present headquarters of the Manager of the Sault Ste. Marie Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The youth gazed pensively, as the prow of the steamer cleft the dark green waters, for he was sad, and his very soul was stirred within him. All day long the winds had blown from every quarter of the heavens, kicking up a tremendous sea, such as in these northern lakes is always only too ready to be kicked, and the huge steamer had been tossed and buffeted about as if no more than a little chip, and the youth had retired early in the day to the privacy of his stateroom, and had been seen no more of men, until just as the boat glided between the islands which guard the entrance to the Algoma harbor and into the smooth water beyond, he reappeared on deck, very pale and haggard, as one who had been passed through the furnace of affliction. Yea verily.

It is an exciting event to watch a steamer making a landing on a windy day on Lake Huron. She comes on slowly with her propeller stopped, rolling from side to side on the top of the waves, and hits the wharf a butt with her nose that sends every passenger "to grass," as it were. Then, as she slowly rebounds, lines are thrown out at bow and stern, and while she is tossing up and down like a mad thing, she is hauled up to the wharf, very much to one side, and made fast; that is, if the ropes don't give way. Generally they do, and then the exhilarating performance has to be gone all through

with again, to the great personal satisfaction of the small boy on shore. Sometimes, I have been told, a miscalculation is made, and the steamer rushes up to the wharf on the crest of the waves, and instead of having its career stopped in the proper place, it is carried by the impetus it has acquired clear over the dock and down into the water on the other side. I do not quite believe the story; I think it has been exaggerated.

As I stepped ashore (I regret to say the youth and I are one) upon the beautiful railway wharf, which, like everything else pertaining to the C. P. R., is built upon a substantial and never-mind-the-cost scale, I looked around me in order to discover the lofty spires and minarets, the stately buildings, the well-paved streets, thronging with rank and fashion, and all the other indications of a great city, but I did not make myself conspicuous by searching for these things very long, for they were not there. A dozen houses, a ruinous old mill sitting astride of a foaming creek; two stores and the railway office; a huge stable on the edge of the track, which ran up from the wharf and lost itself in the woods; this was all I saw, except infinite pigs. All around on every hand were the woods, dark and mysterious and impenetrable, and this little world looked bleak and bare enough, this November afternoon, with a leaden sky overhead and a pitiless wind that is never still. However, feeling freshened up after tea, I strolled out over the creek bridge and listened to the thunders of the surf on the beach, and to the wild howling of the wind in the forest, and tried my best to see something besides darkness and couldn't, for the night was as black as a lawyer's conscience, and it was not hard to realize that we were so far from civilization, and a distant cry in the woods quickened my imagination, and possibly my footsteps, as I groped my way back to the house and to bed, but not until I had collided with an aboriginal, who swore at me in hearty Irish until the very air smelt sulphurous.

There are only eleven miles of track laid from Algoma Mills on the north shore of Lake Huron eastwards, but I leaped on the construction train which went down the next morning, and with becoming diffidence soon found myself in the engine driver's cab. We rattled and thundered along over the rough, newly-made road, through immense rock cuttings, a single one of which had cost thousands of dollars and months of labor to bring down to the proper grade, and over a tremendously high trestlework, where the road crossed a valley, and so on to Serpent Mills on the Serpent River, the present terminus of the track. Here your ubiquitous correspondent fell in with one of the Superintendents of Construction, a "walking boss" in "navy" parlance, who kindly put in his way much valuable information.

The Sault Ste. Marie Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as the enlightened reader will not thank me for telling him, is intended to become the great carrying highway of the Canadian North-West (or at least until the main line is finished around the shore of Lake Superior, which will probably be in a few centuries). A line of steel steamers will ply between Thunder Bay and Algoma Mills, connecting at the latter point with the railway to Montreal and the sea board. This consummation is to be reached in about two years; the steamers are being built, and the railway has some 4,000 men at work upon it, and consequently, as if by magic, a magnificent road is fast pushing its way through hundreds of miles of wild, uninhabited country, which for natural difficulties and obstacles to railway work is hardly to be surpassed. This little piece of information I have thrown in regardless of consequences, and I will now proceed.

From Serpent Mills, although there is no track laid, the road is smoothly graded, and along this way we walked in the cool autumn morning, every nerve and fibre in our frames thrilling in the pure bracing air, and our eyes feasting upon the picturesque scenery about us. A broad, sluggish river, with reedy banks, winding in and out and sometimes almost doubling on its course, until it is not difficult to discern the reason of its appellation. High hills, rocky and precipitous, slope down to the water's edge, and just along their bases, creeping around almost impossible corners, the river on one side and scores of feet of perpendicular rock on the other, and dashing down into deep gorges and ravines, runs the roadway which is only waiting for the metal to be laid down to become a great throbbing artery connecting the old life of the world with the new. Always and ever the eternal forest! Hundreds and hundreds of miles of it, with scarcely a break; it creates a kind of awe in one's breast to be placed in the very heart of such a stupendous work of Nature, and as we were walking slowly along, a little impressed, perhaps, by the solemn grandeur of the landscape, we were suddenly startled by loud shouts, a little way above us, of "Fire! fire! fire!"

Now a fire has always been a weak point in my armour; I have run miles in my boyhood in pursuit of the engines, generally arriving on the scene of action in time to learn that the alarm was a false one, and so when this sudden cry was raised in the solitudes, off I started at break-neck speed, and darting around a sharp turn in the road, I found myself in the midst of a party of workmen, who were standing on a ledge of rock and yelling like fiends.

I looked at them in open-mouthed astonishment, and breathlessly inquired where the fire was. One of the maniacs ceased his noise long enough to look me from head to foot with a calm, deliberate stare, and then, after pointing up the road, sat down on the rock and laughed most

hideously. The fear of the mockery of a rabble never oppresses a great mind, and so off I started again, filled with a valiant desire to render my powerful assistance at the scene of the conflagration, and also with noble scorn of the cowardly men who sought a safe distance for their precious skins, and then did nothing but whoop like Indians, but I had not got six steps before I felt a strong grasp on my collar, and heard a coarse, loud voice in my ear, uttering with frightful rapidity whole strings of sentences of anything but an evangelical import.

"Why you blank, blank, son of a blank, where in blank blank blank are you going? blank blank!" etc.

I turned in indignation to reason with my detainer, a burly Hibernian, when all at once arose a fearful sound of crashing and rending and tearing. The ground shook beneath my feet, and I had been thrown down, but I had the admirable presence of mind to take a seat voluntarily. Over the edge of a low hill just before me came a great shower of stones and fragments of rock and tons of dirt and debris, and I thought an earthquake had come to pass. The alarming storm had quelled in a few instants and I looked inquiringly at the Irishman.

"Blast," he said, laconically, as he rejoined his comrades, who were now tramping slowly back to work, and, somewhat crestfallen, I went with them.

A great ragged gash in the solid rock was what appeared, out of which tons and tons of stuff had been "scooped" in a moment's space, and as I looked with interest at the almost magical work, I learned that when the drilling was finished and the blasting cartridges in, it was the custom for the gang to run pell-mell down the road shouting fire at the same time in order to warn off any stragglers; the foreman stays behind an instant to light the fuse, and then, with very little unnecessary delay, proceeds to make himself "scarce" also. This is the universal custom, and as I pursued my journey in search of more information, I really felt grateful that my thirst for knowledge had been quenched in this instance, however unceremoniously.

My next letter will give the privileged reader an account of a powder magazine explosion; six feet of law and justice; hum in bears; a railway camp and its inhabitants, besides other useful and valuable information to be found nowhere else in the wide world.

A. N. TEVHUNE.

THE TRIAL BY JURY.

Mr. Gilbert, the dramatist, once heard that his "Trial by Jury," re-named and slightly altered, was being given at a certain hall, and not liking to be swindled, he called upon the manager. The author opened proceedings by inquiring whether the hall was not let for amateur theatricals sometimes. It was, certainly, any evening, if not already engaged, and the manager inquired what his visitor proposed to play.

"Well, there's a piece called 'Trial by Jury.' I was thinking of that," the visitor replied.

"And a very good piece, too," the manager kindly assured him; "sure to take."

"I know who could play the principal parts very well," Mr. Gilbert said, "but I was doubtful about the chorus. Could you help me in this, do you think?"

"I think I could—in fact I'm sure of it—you need not trouble about a chorus that knows the music," the manager replied.

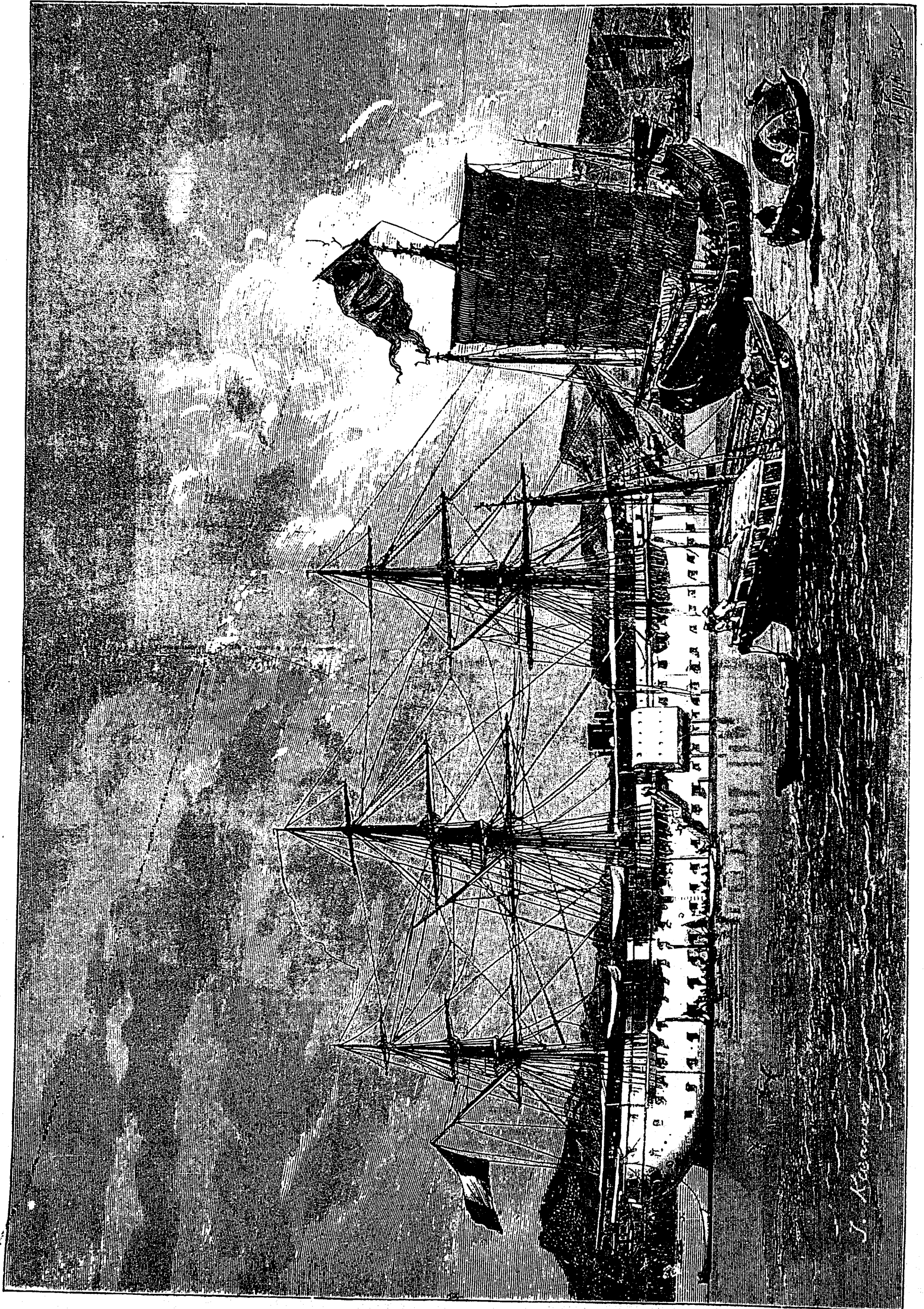
"Thank you; you are very kind," Mr. Gilbert gently answered; "but," he continued, "by-the-way, are there not some charges—fees—of some kind to be paid for the right of playing pieces of this sort? I fancy I have heard something to that effect."

Then the manager grew very confidential indeed. He looked sly. He even winked, and he said: "Never you mind about that. I don't. Why, we play the very piece you're talking about every night, only we don't call it 'Trial by Jury.' We ain't such fools. Gilbert and Sullivan don't know anything about it, and ain't likely to. You leave it to me, and you'll be all right."

It was now Mr. Gilbert's turn, and he quietly replied: "I think you've made a slight mistake. I am Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and I had heard that you were good enough to play my piece without mentioning it; so I came to see."

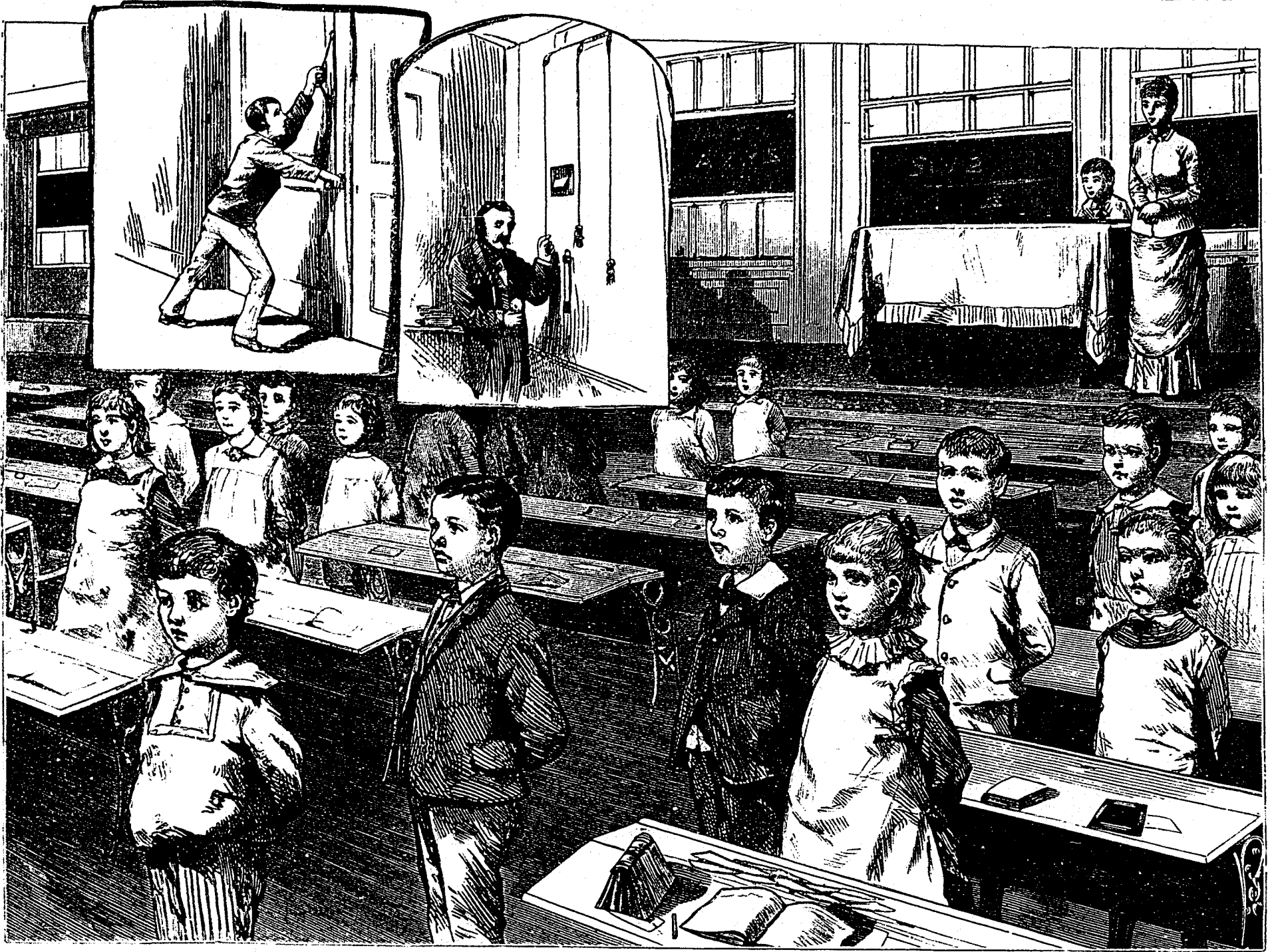
Mr. Gilbert declares that the man shrank visibly. From a huge creature six feet high, he seemed to descend to the dimensions of a child in petticoats; but Mr. Gilbert mercifully spared him for the sake of the fun he had afforded.

SIMPLE CURE FOR SORE FEET.—The following remedy for cold feet is recommended by the *Fireman's Journal* for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, car drivers, and others who are exposed to the cold. All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the toes as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woolen stockings drawn over thin cotton ones is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm, and at the same time preventing their becoming tender and sore.



FRENCH EXPEDITION TO TONQUIN. THE TRANSPORT LA CORCEZE BRINGING REINFORCEMENTS.

J. KENNEDY



NEW JERSEY.—FIRE DRILL AT THE TRENTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.



INUNDATION OF ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH, LINN, ENGLAND, DURING SERVICE.

IN AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I am tired! Let us sit in the shadow
This mosque flings, and puff a cigar,
And watch as they come from yon meadow
Those carriers, each with his jar.
How lithe and how languid they are!

Confess now 'tis something delicious
To leave the old life all behind,
Its turbulence, worries and wishes,
Its labors and longings, and find
A Nirvana, for once to your mind.

What softness suffuses the picture!
How tranquil the puffed repose!
See the child there, unbound by the stricture
Of dress that encumbers; he knows—
All nude of the gyves we impose—

What the meaning of freedom is better
Than any young Frank of them all,
Whose civilized feet we must gall
Whose white, Christian feet we must gall
With garments that chafe and enthrall.

Just look at you brown Egyptian,
Who poses the urn on her head;
Don't tell me her tresses are matted,
But mark the Greek Naiad instead—
Such grace to such symmetry wed.

Quick! notice the droop of her shoulder
As she lowers the urn to her arm:
None ever will tell, or has told her,
How perfect she is. There's the charm!
Such knowledge brings nothing but harm.

There's a group now: the jealous Zenanas
Cuevel in the evening their bowers,
And girls that look proud as Sultanas
Bloom out as the night-blooming flowers
That drowse with their languors the hours.

True wildings of nature! Each gesture
A study by art undefined;
They gather or loosen their vesture,
By no thought of observance beguiled,
Unconscious of aim as a child.

The traffic too: what now could ruffle
This white-turbaned Aryan's repose,
As placidly scorn the scuffle
And chaffer, he waits? for he knows
Whose the vanage will be at the close.

I miss—and how restful the feeling—
As I catch the low hum of these hives,
That Occident worry that's stealing
Thro' schemes that our culture contrives,
The calmness all out of our lives.

No exigence hinders their pleasures;
Unbeautiful haste does not fray
Their time of its margin of leisure;
While we, in our prodigal way,
Foretell the whole morrow to-day.

Yes, yes—I concede we're their betters,
Self-gratulant both that I am!
We have science, religion and letters—
The bane of the curse with the balm:
They keep their inviolate calm.

If only this land of the lotos
Would teach us the charm it knows best,
That could soothe the raptid nerve, that could float us
Far off to some island of rest,
What a boon from the East to the West!

DOCTOR GIRARD'S ADVENTURE.

No. 113 Rue de Bulac, Paris, was known to the medical profession and amidst its extensive circle of patrons as a *maison de santé*. Not that it was an ordinary mad-house, for all its surroundings were of the most luxurious description, all appearance of gloom and restraint was studiously avoided, and the limited number of patients received were all persons of wealth and acknowledged position. Doctor Girard, director of the institution, was a physician of acknowledged ability, who, as an authority in all cases of brain disease, had attained a European celebrity. He was a reserved, taciturn man, whom prosperity had never tempted into the slightest self-indulgence, and who devoted himself to his profession with an unwearied attention which knew no rest. Apparently he lived and had his being only in the interest of science. His confidential assistant was Doctor Fiehaud, who, in every respect was the direct opposite of his employer. The two had been boys together, and afterwards fellow students, but while Doctor Girard rapidly attained fame, Doctor Fiehaud who possessed but moderate abilities, sank into obscurity. Later, Doctor Girard resigned his friend from direct poverty and placed him as manager of his *maison de santé*, which was a sort of pet hobby of the man of science. Fiehaud was devoted to his friend with the most faithful fidelity. He was a tall, stately man of fine presence, and performed all the ornamental duties of his position in the most imposing manner, his suave dignity always produced the most favorable impression upon visitors, while his cheery good-humor gained the good-will of the patients. Doctor Girard, who was silent and brusque, hating to be troubled by the amenities of social life, found his old friend a most valuable auxiliary.

One lady—a lady of distinguished appearance—inquiring for Doctor Girard, was ushered into the reception-room. The eminent physician, who was writing hurriedly in the luxurious library which communicated with the reception-room, was far too deeply absorbed in his occupation to pay much attention, and only glanced carelessly over the letter of introduction which was handed to him. It was written by Sir Archibald Gordon, whose brother had been for long years under the care of Doctor Girard, recommending to the kind attention of the physician Lady Elmore, widow of Sir Robert Elmore, a gentleman of ancient lineage and great

wealth, a near neighbor of Sir Archibald's in England. With one swift glance over its contents, Doctor Girard tossed the note to his friend, whose duty it was to receive visitors, and who now advanced to receive the lady. She was a tall woman, who, though past her first youth, still retained great personal attractions. Her sombre mourning garments only heightened the charms of her exquisite purity of complexion, the luxuriant golden hair, the lustrous blue eyes which still retained the appealing softness of girlhood. Just now the pure blonde beauty was rendered more interesting by the traces of distress imprinted upon the delicate features, the soft blue eyes heavy with unshed tears.

"Oh, doctor," she said, earnestly, "my kind, old friend, Sir Archibald, has sent me to you. If you can aid me, you will in deed merit the richest blessings of a mother's heart."

Doctor Fiehaud, who was impulsively soft-hearted, gazed at the clasped hands and streaming eyes with the most profound sympathy, but at the first sound of that musical voice, Doctor Girard laid down his pen with a shiver, great drops of moisture gathered upon his damp brow, while he sat as though paralyzed by some sudden agony.

"Within a year I have lost the best of husbands, and my only son, the one hope of my blighted life, unless your aid can avail us, is condemned to a fate worse than death." Here Lady Elmore was convulsed by a prooxysm of violent grief.

As Doctor Girard listened to the persuasive accents, he felt himself drifting back to the days of his early youth. A look of premature old age settled upon that inscrutable face as he remembered the rash, impulsive youth whom that very voice had beguiled and betrayed. Long years had passed since he had heard it, yet every tone echoed through the inmost recesses of his heart. How he had loved and how he had suffered, yet he still played the part of temptress and betrayer.

After much persuasion from Doctor Fiehaud, Lady Elmore was induced to tell her story, which she related with much dramatic effect. The shock, occasioned by the sudden death of his father, had unsettled the reason of her only son, Sir Robert Elmore, a young man of twenty. His mania consisted in a desire for accumulating money, in fancying that great sums were owed him, and his present hallucination was a belief that he was a jeweler and diamond merchant. The mother, following the counsel of her friends, had decided upon placing him immediately under the charge of Doctor Girard. The thought of parting caused her so much anguish that she implored the physician to devise some plan by which she could leave her son without allowing him to suspect that the moment of separation had really come. Much moved by the depth of feeling displayed by the beautiful suppliant, Doctor Fiehaud acceded to all her request, and it was agreed that the next day Lady Elmore should bring her son to the Rue de Bulac under the pretense of allowing him to collect an account, that she should immediately pass out through the library into the corridor, thus reaching her carriage without a scene, which she declared, with a pathetic cadence in her faltering voice, her tortured nerves really could not endure.

"And you will be gentle with my poor boy, doctor! Though his disposition is naturally most frank and lovable he has grown strangely suspicious, and is liable to violent prooxysms of rage if his fancies are contradicted," Lady Elmore pleaded tenderly.

"A most charming woman, the beau ideal of a great lady. Such gracious sweetness and dignity!" admiringly exclaimed Doctor Fiehaud, in narrating the pitiful tale to his friend; but Doctor Girard, with resolutely compressed lips, which had grown strangely pale, answered never a word.

The next day an elegant equipage, drawn by a pair of high stepping bays, with coachman and footman in mourning liveries, and everything about it in the most chaste and correct style, drew up before the fashionable jewelry establishment of Messrs. Pétion & Fils. A tall, handsome lady, in deep mourning, alighted and entered the shop. The firm prided itself upon its reputation as diamond merchant—the foremost in the trade—and when the lady requested to be shown diamonds of fine quality, she was served with the greatest alacrity. She assured the shopman that she had visited every establishment of the kind in Paris, and as yet had failed to find anything which could satisfy her critical taste, and her close and intelligent examination of the stones set before her showed that she was no superficial judge of jewels. She required diamonds of the very first water, as they were intended by her husband, Sir Robert Elmore, as a gift to his only daughter on her approaching marriage with the Earl of Elmsdale. The Earl of Elmsdale was well known in Paris as a wealthy and liberal young nobleman, the Pétions had heard of his intended marriage with an heiress of great beauty, and impressed by the rank and influence of their customer, became, if possible, still more assiduous in their attentions. Sir Robert, who had been an invalid since the death of his son, had entrusted the selection to his wife, who was quite overburdened by the responsibility devolving upon her; but before concluding the bargain the jewels must be first submitted to her husband's inspection.

The firm of Pétion & Fils consisted of the father and two sons. The father, accompanied by his eldest son, happened at this time to be absent from Paris; the younger son, quite a

youth, had been left in charge of the establishment, with strict instructions to allow himself to be guided by the experience of an elderly clerk who had faithfully served the firm for many years. The young man, who was somewhat vain and self-confident, insisted upon himself serving the distinguished customer.

"Have you nothing superior to these?" inquired Lady Elmore, with a languidly supercilious glance.

The young man hesitated. Yes; they possessed the finest *parure* in all Paris; it had originally formed a portion of a royal bride's dower; the price demanded was very large, and his father had already entered into negotiations regarding them with the Messrs. Vrooman, the great Viennese bankers, which, however, were not concluded.

Lady Elmore expressed the most vehement desire to see them, and the gems, great limpid crystals, reflecting the light in lustrous rays, were set before her. Her blue eyes glistened.

"Ah! this will suit even Sir Robert's fastidious taste; and as to the price, for his daughter, who is his idol, nothing can be too good," she exclaimed, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction.

"They will suit, always provided Sir Robert is satisfied. If you have some really responsible person to whom you could intrust the diamonds, he could accompany me in the carriage and the bargain could be settled at once. Really, one hears of such terrible robberies that I should quite dread to assume any responsibility," Lady Elmore exclaimed, raising her eyes deprecatingly to the young man's face.

M. Pétion, who was much elated, laughed hilariously. Here was a fortunate chance for the display of his business talents. The gems whose sale his father had been negotiating for months he was disposing of to advantage in an hour. He himself would accompany the diamonds, and he felt himself quite equal to the most clever of the light-fingered gentry. Indeed, the police system was so perfect that thieves had little chance of escape.

Lady Elmore listened with gentle courtesy, while old Lebrun's whispered caution only irritated the hot-headed youth. In the highest spirits he followed the lady into her carriage, which was driven rapidly to the Rue de Bulac. The door was opened by a servant, who respectfully ushered them into the presence of a tall, portly gentleman, who received Lady Elmore with the most respectful cordiality. The appearance of the mansion was luxurious, the spacious apartments were elegantly furnished, and all bore an air of unpretentious luxury which suggested wealth and refinement. When Lady Elmore took the diamonds from his hand and passed quietly into the next room, young Pétion unsuspectingly accepted the seat offered him by the doctor, responding politely to the bland inquiries regarding his health, addressed him by his host. Doctor Fiehaud, who was in a most genial mood, exerted his conversational powers to the utmost for the amusement of his patient, but as the moments passed and Lady Elmore did not return, the young man began to be anxious to have his business concluded.

"If you would kindly examine the diamonds, sir, I await your decision," he ventured at last.

"But what diamonds?" inquired the doctor.

"Those purchased by Lady Elmore," insisted Pétion.

"Ah, yes. You must tell me all about them," responded the physician, with a humane desire to humor the caprices of his new patient and to allow the mother time to escape before he would summon the attendants to remove the son.

"The diamonds you ordered as a marriage present for your only daughter."

"Exactly; I have no doubt they will suit admirably," replied the doctor.

The youth had now become a prey to the wildest anxiety. The probable consequence of so heavy a loss, the prospect of his father's anger, his own shame and confusion flashed across his mind, filling him with the gravest apprehensions. He could no longer control his consternation. Execrating the folly which had allowed the precious gems to leave his own hand, he cried, excitedly:

"And I really must insist upon having the diamonds returned at once. Lady Elmore assured me Sir Robert—"

"Very mad, indeed, poor fellow," was Doctor Fiehaud's mental comment as, ringing hastily for an attendant, he repeated soothingly, "Certainly, it shall be immediately attended to, Sir Robert."

Pétion started to his feet, shouting furiously: "I am no Sir Robert, as you very well know. I am Jules Pétion, of the firm of Pétion & Fils, jewelers and diamond merchants, 186 Rue Montremorin. Give me my diamonds!"

"Certainly, my dear boy, certainly," in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

In the meantime Lady Elmore, the diamonds tightly clasped to her breast, made her way rapidly through the library. A few more steps and she would be free; she had secured the object for which she had been scheming for months; she held the greatest prize which in her life of adventure she had yet attained. She had cleverly confederated, but she had herself originated the adventure; upon her devolved the greatest peril. Her nerves were firm as finely-tempered steel, yet a thrill ran through her, causing her pulses to bound, her heart to beat tumultuously, as she gained the library door. It was securely fastened, but another door nearly opposite, which led into a small private study opening upon the courtyard, stood open. She entered, the door closed behind her, all means

of retreat were cut off. She was a woman of ready resources, fertile in expedients, and during her career as an adventuress in all the European capitals had encountered many risks, many sudden emergencies. With the quick instinct of self-preservation belonging to her class, she glanced around for some means of escape. Then, half-concealed by the curtain draperies, a man confronted her, a man who to her appeared like a ghost from the dead, an avenging apparition from the past, come to take advantage of her extremity. She had believed him dead, this man who had once loved her with the most tender, impulsive passion, whom she had beguiled and betrayed, whose life through her arts had been rendered a desert, and whose cold eyes now gazed at her steadily with cold, passionless scorn. She was a brave woman, to whom any tremor of fear was almost unknown; but for long years she had dreamed this man's fury, and now she trembled and cowered before him.

"Do you mean to kill me?" she demanded, impetuously, with a frantic impulse of terror for which she despised herself. Doctor Girard smiled contemptuously, and at the sight of that smile she felt that she was no longer mistress of herself; her clear brain was growing bewildered and confused; she became conscious that, in the game she had been playing, she was being pitilessly beaten. By a supreme effort she controlled herself; her shattered energies revived with the strong necessity laid upon her. She must make one strong effort for freedom. Should she appeal to the old passion! Once this man had turned pale at her glance—a frown had rendered him wretched. She had been able to make all the deepest chords in his nature vibrate into consciousness at the sound of her voice. Her beauty was still a potent power; she could estimate the exact extent of its influence; but she was a creature of swift perception and perceived that it would be of no use. He had passed beyond the reach of her blandishments; she could at least defy him; they were alone; if she could only remove him from her path; and her hand instinctively stole up to her breast where lay concealed the weapon with which she was always provided. Again Doctor Girard smiled, the woman's hand sank nerveless by her side; again, by sheer force of will, he had conquered. She grew ashy white, and then flushed crimson all over her face, laughing recklessly meanly.

"Madelon Lasarte, adventuress, thief, betrayer of the innocent, your career of crime is ended."

"Not quite yet." Her perfectly modulated voice was soft and low, the soft blue eyes were raised sweetly and gravely to his face. "Not quite yet, *mon ami*. Remember that I am your lawful wife; my exposure means your disgrace. Are you willing to figure before the public as the duped and husband of the noted adventuress, Madelon Lasarte, whose thrilling escapades would fill a volume. I have already served a term in the galleys. Consider your ambition, your brilliant reputation, and ask yourself whether your vengeance may not cost you too dear."

Again Doctor Girard smiled—a cold, inscrutable smile, which revealed nothing.

"You were pitiless in depriving existence of all that could render existence desirable. I will show myself more merciful than you. Go," he responded, quietly.

A gleam of triumphant exultation passed over the woman's face as he threw open the door which led into the quiet garden. As she passed into the air she drew a deep breath of relief that sounded almost like a sob. Then her heart suddenly stilled its fluttering and throbbing and sank like lead. The sudden panic, the tremulous tension of every faculty of her soul almost overwhelmed her as the *gendarme* stationed at the door gently laid his hand upon her arm.

"*Eh, bien, ma belle Madelon, we meet again!*"

When Doctor Girard sought Pétion, he found the unhappy youth in the act of being forced into a straight-jacket by three stalwart attendants, while in frenzied tones he demanded the return of his diamonds and denounced the author of his misfortunes.

"The very worst case we have had for months. No wonder the poor mother was heartbroken, and a woman so charming," whispered Doctor Fiehaud, solemnly.

When, however, the gems were returned to him and he learned of the danger which he had escaped, Pétion's joy was scarcely less excitable than his terror had been.

The story of the great diamond robbery at the time created quite a sensation. Doctor Girard's penetration and the keen sagacity of the police, both received much admiration. The oddest thing of all was that the woman who had so cleverly planned the scheme—a well-known adventuress—had been pronounced by all the eminent physicians a hopeless maniac. The doctor quite laid aside his reserve and explained in eloquent terms to interested groups of listeners how the excitement of her adventurous career had shattered her nerves, weakened the brain tissues until a very slight shock was quite capable of overthrowing the reason. She was possessed by the wildest hallucinations, the strangest of which was that she was the wife of the great Doctor Girard himself.

ARRANGEMENTS are now completed for the visit of the Lord Chief Justice to New York in the autumn, when he will be the guest of the American Bar. Lord Coleridge will, it is believed, be accompanied by at least one other of Her Majesty's judges, and by several leaders of the Bar.

IN THE GARDEN.

I.

She walked alone in the garden: The lilies all were dead, But a gorgeous orange tiger-flower Shone in the lily bed; And near the bushes where many A rose its sweets had shed, A tall fritoma its burning spikes Of fiery blossoms spread!

And at the foot of the oak-tree, The violet's home in spring, A pale pink-petaled chrysanthemum Was bravely blossoming; But nought she found of beauty Or joy in anything, And "Autumn's a dreary time," she said, "When birds no longer sing."

II.

He walked with her in the garden, And softly spoke her name, And she saw the glow of the tigridia, And the bright fritoma flame; And the blossom beneath the oak-tree No longer looked the same, But the sweetest of blossoms seemed to her That e'er to garden came.

"O flowers that come to cheer us," He said, "when days are drear, That linger in spite of cold and storm Till winter is almost here, Hear witness for me to this maiden That I hold her most dear." And "Autumn's a glad-some time," she said, "The gladdest of the year."

MARGARET EVINGE.

UNDER THE CONVENT WALLS.

About twelve o'clock one bright February day in Paris Madame Blanchet sat waiting for the arrival of her belated scholar, Miss Cora Bell, a young American whose habit it was to spend a couple of hours three times a week in so-called "elegant conversation" in the French language with that worthy dame. The little apartment where the teacher lived had formerly been a garret over the dependence of a suburban boarding-house, taken under some stress of circumstances by its present occupant, and little by little, through taste and perseverance, it had been made to "blossom like the rose." No wonder merry Miss Cora liked her tri-weekly French lessons. The walls of the large room, divided into two smaller ones by screens, were hung with fluted chintz, all flowers and leaves of brightest hue. A tiny porcelain stove diffused, when called upon (but that was not too often, for Madame, like all French women, believed in economy in wood), a friendly warmth. In both windows, whose panes of glass were polished like the speckled boards of the flooring, were kept plants and birds. A great green box of mignonette in flower sent out a luscious fragrance. Vines were made to start from behind every picture-frame and out of every china jar upon the shelves; and somehow or other they grew like Jack's bean-stalk, strong and green and luxuriant. Best of all, a flood of genial sunshine came in on all sides, for the garret boasted of various windows. Where Madame slept one could find out by peeping behind a screen at the tiny white-curtained bed with the crucifix above it, but where Madame cooked no one ever guessed; yet she had a fashion of producing from unknown corners a series of luncheons that were nectar and ambrosia to her youthful visitors. Days there had been in Madame's past experience when the poor lady had known what it was to subsist upon the slenderest of rations, but now the fame of her exquisite embroideries in chenille and silk was raised abroad, while her occasional scholars, like Cora Bell and a few liberal Americans of the same set, made up an income sufficient for the widow's wants.

Madame Blanchet, sitting at the open window overlooking an ivy-covered wall that just here formed the boundary of the Bois de Boulogne, felt quite wistful with regret over the non-appearance of her favorite scholar. "She will not come now," the widow said to herself, as the inevitable mantel clock struck a cheerful loud-voiced "one." "Truly, she has twined herself into my heart, that chere petite Cora. How she laughs and dances and sings her life away! Just like that other one—so many years ago." A shaver ran over the little woman's frame, and she closed her eyes as if to banish some painful image. "My pretty Cora will never know so sad a fate as hers, thank *le bon Dieu*." A light step upon the stairway, and Cora blooming with health and animation, came into the room.

"Don't scold, dear Madame. There is time enough yet for a chapter of our book before they send for me."

The lesson began, but Cora's attention wandered; her thoughts flew off at a tangent; her eyes grew dreamy; a deeper rose-color settled in her cheeks. At last a little white protesting hand was laid across Madame's page.

"Blanchet dear, I want to confess to somebody. Won't you be my friend? You know that papa is in America attending to business always, and that mamma is forever going out. I've nobody but that stupid Parker of mine, and talk I must—I must. Oh, Blanchet, if such a thing can be, I am too happy! All of this dear blessed morning he has been with me, and mamma has given her consent, and we are to be married soon."

And then, the flood-gates loosed, came a stream of joyous confidence. Cora never thought to look up at her listener until she felt a hot tear, then another, drop upon her hands clasped in the widow's lap.

"What is it, dear Madame!—what have I said to pain you?" the girl asked, wondering, to answered by a fit of bitter sobbing. With kind and gentle words Cora soothed her friend's emotion, and at last Madame Blanchet was able to speak once more.

"Forgive me, dearest young lady," she exclaimed. "In truth I never can forgive myself. I owe it to you to explain my weakness. See here: this picture which you have so often caught a glimpse of in my desk. Look at it—judge for yourself of her youth, her innocence, her beauty. She was my only child, and I have lost her forever. Years ago she knelt, as you do now, and poured out to me the wealth of her love and happiness, under circumstances like yours. The rest is too painful for you to hear."

"Tell me more," the girl said, tenderly. "I would be selfish indeed if I refused my sympathy at a time when all seems so bright before me." Little by little the story was revealed. Ten years before, Léonie Blanchet had been sought in marriage by a wealthy Englishman, to whom her mother had given her with some misgiving, watching her go from that modest home into a life of luxury with many anxious fears. The husband Léonie had chosen was handsome, young, and winning; he had made good his claim to a rank and station far above Léonie's expectations. Léonie adored him. What, then, was there to apprehend? The widow could not tell, but still! Léonie's first letters came to her so full of buoyant pride, of confident happiness, that for a time the mother could not but reflect upon it. The young couple were absent upon their wedding journey in the South, and had reached Rome, when a thunderbolt fell upon the pretty, trustful bride. The man whom Léonie believed to be her husband had left his true wife in England—a gay, fashionable beauty, sufficiently "emancipated," according to the notions of her class, to mock openly and lightly at her husband's latest fancy.

"But this is not for you to hear, my child," the little French teacher said. Cora, who from motives of delicacy had avoided looking at her friend, glanced hastily up, struck by the suppressed passion in her voice. What a transformation was there! In place of the quiet, repressed, demure personage she had been accustomed to see, Madame Blanchet's eyes were afire; her cheeks glowed with a dull crimson; her teeth were clinched.

"Do you know what I would have done to him?" she went on. "I am a Corsican, and the blood runs hot in our veins when it is stirred by wrong—*ca!*" The brief passion was spent. It was succeeded by a calm even more full of meaning. Cora waited until her friend could trust herself to speak.

"They parted then and there," Madame Blanchet went on, in a low tone. "He did not defend himself. He simply laughed at her—my poor, heart-broken, humiliated child. He said she was too innocent for the times she lived in. And so she was, *bon Dieu*, too innocent. She put all of this into one last letter to me, and then she fled—fled into the night."

"And now?" the young girl said, after a long silence. "Now she is at peace," the mother answered, quietly. "The Holy Church received her in its bosom. Léonie is one of the sisters of the convent of the Sepolte Vive. For some time past I have been laying up money in order to take the journey to Rome, but until recently it was all I could do to live here, and to go away from my employment meant starvation. Oh, if I could but have seen her, I would have starved—yes, gladly—but that is impossible. All I can do is to visit the outside of the convent upon her 'day.' Once a year each sister has a 'day,' when she is allowed to throw over the convent wall a flower in token to her watching friends that she is still alive, but that is all. I know what flower my Léonie would choose—a bunch of fresh white lilac!"

"Sepolte Vive"—buried alive!" the young girl repeated, sadly. A shadow seemed to fall over her life, and her budding happiness.

A few months later saw the Roman spring unfold in all its glory. A party of tourists were visiting that relic of mediæval days, the convent of the Sepolte Vive. Most of them turned back disappointed at the threshold, but a group of three people lingered until the rest of the sight-seers, after a colloquy held through a revolving barrel in the wall of the convent, had reluctantly dispersed. Over this barrel was traced an inscription: "Who would live content within these walls, let her leave at the threshold every earthly care." Upon these lines a woman dressed in black, standing apart from her two companions, kept her eyes fixed, while her lips moved in prayer.

The order of nuns who have thus condemned themselves to a living death subsist on charity. It is only when their supplies are totally exhausted that they are allowed, after twenty-four hours' starvation, to ring a certain bell, which the outside world interprets, "We are famishing." Two Lenten are observed by them during the year—the one common to all Catholic Christians, and another held between November and Christmas. In the intervals the sisters receive and partake of whatever food may be bestowed on them by visitors.

Two of the three loiterers were young and handsome, radiant with ill-disguised happiness. That they were new-made husband and wife none could doubt, and it was a pleasant sight to see the wife order to be brought from a carriage awaiting them a hamper of abundant dainties, and with the aid of her husband proceed to un-

pack their store. To gain answer from the convent the young man knocked briskly upon the barrel head, which, slowly turning, revealed a shelf within.

"What wilt thou, stranger?" came a voice, faint and far as the note of an Æolian harp. So strong was the sense of remoteness and of desolation produced by this sound that involuntarily the young wife clasped her husband's arm in shuddering.

"Oh! it is too sad," she whispered in his ear. "I think I will go back to the carriage and leave Madame Blanchet with you—may I not?"

"Nonsense, darling. Who is it who has contrived and carried out this little expedition, I should like to know! Come, cheer up, and bestow your bounties upon the good sisters within. Depend upon it they will relish them."

Their presents were given, and in exchange our visitors had received a series of *cartolini*, or tiny slips of printed paper folded like homœopathic powder papers, and intended to be swallowed whole by the believer, who might thereafter hope for a cure of any mortal ailment possessing him. As their colloquy with the unseen sister came to a close, the young man signed to Madame Blanchet to draw near. The mother had kept a veil over her face while standing by in silence, but now she sprang forward, and putting her lips to the opening, uttered with feverish anxiety a few sentences of wild pleading unheard by her companions.

Fainter and farther were the pitying accents that smote her ear in return.

"Sepolte vive, daughter. The grave gives back no answer."

"Let us wait beneath the garden wall, dear friend," Cora said, as between them her husband and she supported the steps of the trembling mother from the spot. "It should be at about this time that the flower is thrown, and oh! how it will comfort you to have it from her hand!"

Underneath the ancient wall of the convent garden the little group waited in silence. It was a moment of feeling too profound for words. As the hour drew near the mother left her friends and went to kneel alone upon a grassy mound where her cheek might graze the wall, as if caressing it. For a time all was silent. Then a bell sounded the hour with slow and solemn strokes. A bird burst into joyous carolling in the tree above where Cora stood. "It is a good omen," she said, glancing up into her husband's face. As the last stroke of the bell died upon the air something white and fragrant fell at the feet of the kneeling figure. "It is Léonie's white lilac!" Cora cried, starting joyously forward.

But the mother did not stir. The token had come too late to awaken joy or sorrow.

CONSTANCE CARY HARRISON.

HOT AIR FOR BOILER FURNACES.

The use of hot air for feeding the furnaces of boilers for generating steam where the heating of air is accomplished by conserving the heat of the waste products of combustion, and also the exhaust steam from engines and other sources, has been applied with much profit and satisfaction in a large establishment in this city, where its adoption has resulted in a decided saving in the consumption of coal, as indicated by an evaporating power of seventeen pounds of water to the pound of coal. In addition to this, one of the serious troubles and sources of waste in the ordinary methods of firing, viz., the slicing and cleaning of fires, is avoided. In this case it is done only at the end of the day.

In this apparatus, the draught power of the great chimney is alone sufficient to overcome the friction of the air in passing over the large surfaces of the heaters.

The first increment of heat is received by the air from a large surface condenser, into which the exhaust steam from the various engines and other appliances is discharged.

The temperature of the air after leaving the condenser ranges from 150° to 175°, varying with the temperature of the external air.

It then enters the pipes of a flue heater, consisting of a chamber placed between the boiler and the chimney and crossed by a large number of thin cast iron pipes arranged in sections, so that the air enters at the end next to the chimney, or coolest end of the heater, and emerges at the end next to the boiler, or hottest end; where the temperature as observed by a pyrometer, is found to be from 375° to 400° Fahr., at which temperature the air is drawn beneath the grate bars.

At several places, or between the doors, are inserted in the boiler setting a number of pipes with dampers, connecting the ash pit with the fire chamber, so that a part of the hot air, as regulated by the dampers, can be thrown into the fire chamber for perfecting the combustion of the gases.

The pressure carried in this boiler, which is of peculiar construction, is 110 pounds per square inch.

The appearance of the pea coal upon the grate, and the combustion of the gases, as observed through the peep holes, are highly characteristic of this system.

The coal appears of a dull red color, while the activity in the motion of the gases in the combustion chamber is remarkable.

In this condition of the fire, no clinker is made, while the coal seems to be partially vaporized, and the combustion completed above its surface.

The coal is fed in the usual way, at intervals of one-half to three-quarters of an hour, in thin

sheets; the grate carrying at no time a greater depth than six inches.

At the end of the day's firing the coal is allowed to burn down, when the fire is hauled from the grate, a new fire being built every morning.

No clinkers are found in the ashes and debris hauled from the grate; the fire bed does not become hot enough to form clinker.

In trials made by alternating a cold draught with the hot air draught, some simple effects were noticed. Upon closing the damper of the hot draught inlet, and also the dampers of the fire chamber connections, and opening the ash pit doors, so as to give the fires a cold draught as in ordinary boiler furnaces, the coal began to brighten and finally became white hot within the mass.

The volume of flame in the combustion chamber decreased; the pressure fell in a short time from 110 pounds to 90 pounds, showing very vividly that the combustion was going on within the coal bed instead of above it. In a short time the fires began to clinker, and recourse was had to dressing and cleaning the fires. This, on a grate of about 160 square feet with eight loors, was no light work.

The experiments seem to have fully confirmed the value of the hot air draught, and to finally establish it as an improvement parallel with the hot blast in the iron furnace.

It has been in constant use for several years. Its only objection seems to be the large cost of the heaters.

SWEARING BY TELEPHONE.

A quite practical question from an ethical point of view has just been decided, involving the morality of the telephone—whether one using its facilities is entitled to prostitute them to the furtherance of profanity; in other words, is a man entitled to swear by telephone, and will the courts protect him in the use of the telephone for that purpose? A case involving this issue came up recently in an Ohio town, where a party who used the telephone was addicted to the use of profane expressions in his communications.

He was repeatedly requested to cease his profanity, but refused. Then the company attempted to take the instrument away, and suit was brought to prevent them from doing so. The company had a rule prohibiting the use of "improper or vulgar language" in telephonic communications; and under this regulation they rested their right to remove the instrument. After hearing argument the court held that the company's claim was good, and that they had an unquestioned right to remove the instrument. In rendering his decision the judge said: "The telephone reaches into many family circles; and it must be remembered that it is possible, from the peculiar arrangement of the instrument, that a communication intended for one individual shall reach another. All communications should therefore be in proper language. Moreover, in many cases the operators in the exchanges are refined ladies, and even beyond this, all operators should be protected from insult." And so that instrument was removed and that swearer's profanity is not to be spread over the country by electricity. Probably good law, and undoubtedly good morals.

WAGNER'S PROPHECY.

It is related of Wagner that, when questioned as to why he did not come to America, "the meister said nothing. He simply touched my shoulder and beckoned me to follow him. He led the way in the direction of his house. We passed through the gate and through part of the garden. Then he halted and pointed to the right. As I turned I faced a plain granite mausoleum. On a slab over the portal was 'Richard Wagner' in plain, deep, sunken letters. 'I am an old man,' he said, 'and I have much to do here yet. You do not need me. America is the country of the future, and I am sure the music of the future will find a home there.'"

IMPROMPTUS.

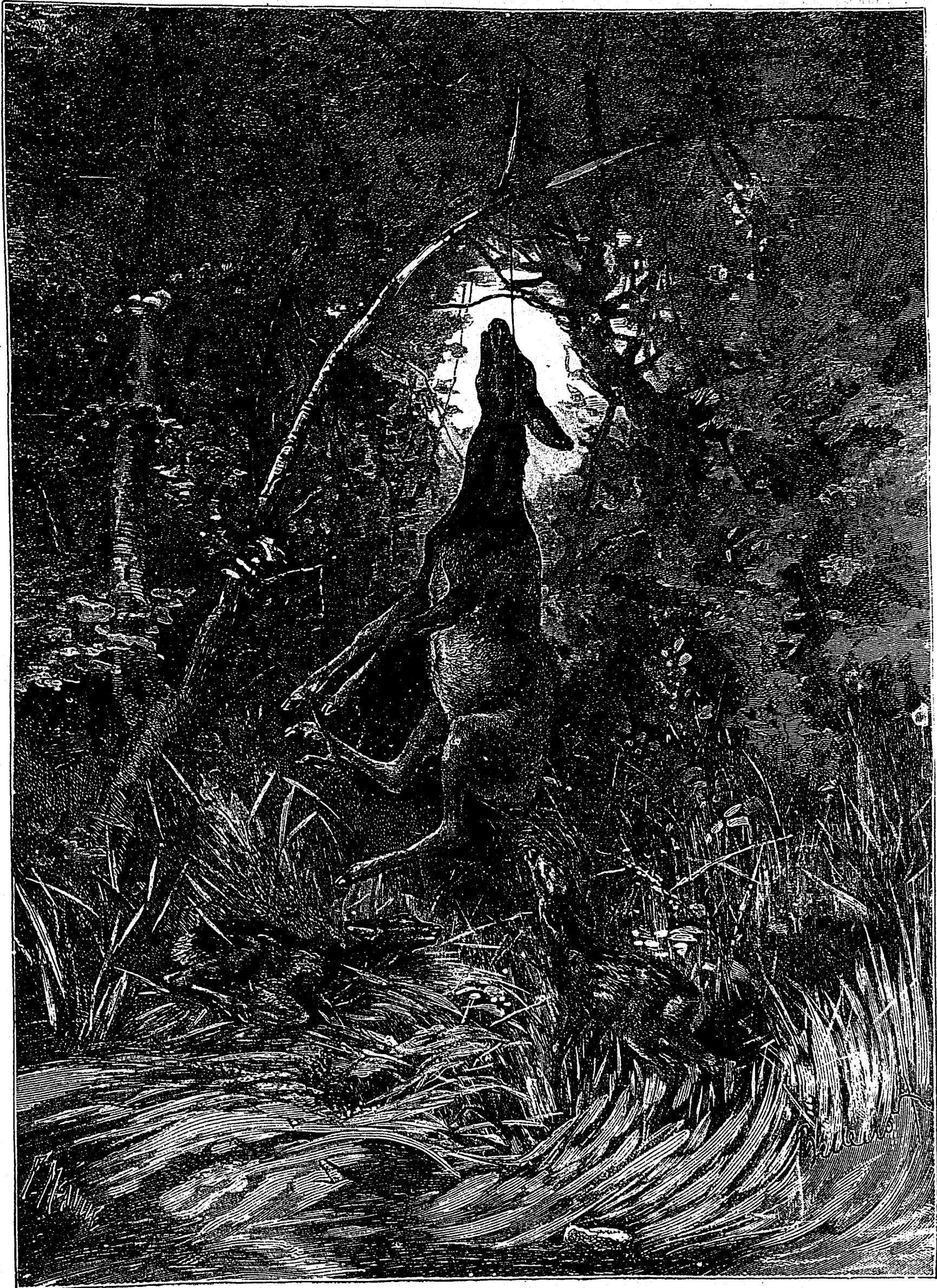
An impromptu is a piece written down, yet in the style of extempore playing, or improvisation. Many musicians have been noted for their fine ideas in extempore playing. This is to take up some musical idea, and at the piano elaborate it just as the ideas come. In impromptus the musician gives the idea that he is doing likewise, and the result in the music of Chopin and Schubert is something very fascinating. It may be as well to say that Beethoven and Mendelssohn never used this term for any of their music, but Chopin seems to have created it as something too dignified not to take a first place among musical significations.

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 remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers 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. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.



THE INTERESTING FAMILY.—THE PROTECTED.



THE INTERESTING FAMILY.—THE ABANDONED.

LOST EURYDICE.

(Loquitur Orpheus.)

A paradise before me lies
Where, under oriental skies,
Joy revels in the heart of Spring:
Her blossoms are ambrosial,
Her melodists are musical
And wave a wauton wing.

The mountain sleeps, the maiden dreams,
The river full of slumber seems:
Rest is the only thing I see:
Tranquility reigns everywhere:
In earth, in ocean and in air;
In everything except in me.

Could Nature's palpitating heart
Its happiness to mine impart
One moment of this paradise
Might compensate for all the ills
That feed the overflowing rills
Of disappointment's eyes.

In me no gladness can abide,
For thou art absent from my side;
Thy loveliness I cannot see;
Imagination keeps thy grace
Before my melancholy face,
But cannot kill my misery.

B. C. MACLEAN.

Montreal, 4th April, 1883.

ANGLO-PARISIANS.

Paris, in season and out, has always a colony or contingent of "Britishers." They are a more select and scattered body than that formed by the French in London, who have made local habitations and names—not always respectable—in Leicester Square and its neighbourhood. Still there is always a strong admixture of Albion in the Boulevard crowds from the Madeleine to a little beyond the Café Anglais; and the Rue de Rivoli to the Louvre, is entirely, according to the Parisians, in the hands of Sir Bull. Even when the tourists, who chiefly abound in the summer, are not in Paris, numbers of our countrymen and countrywomen are to be met in the places just mentioned. And these English whom one meets are for the most part inhabitants of the French metropolis, who have pastors, physicians, lawyers, and tailors of their own, and forming part like them of the same slice of the shopkeeping nation embedded, as it were, in the heart of frivolous Paris. These colonists from *Outre Manche* are scarcely ever met out of the range of their own houses, clubs, churches, and institutions. The Latin Quarter, or what remains of it, and indeed the southern bank of the Seine generally, are undiscovered countries to them. They have a wide territory of their own, embracing the wealthiest and the healthiest part of Paris; they are dispersed over the Avenues of the Champs Elysées, the Faubourg St. Honoré, and the Parc de Neuilly. They have literally "occupied" Western Paris. It is true that the language of Shakespeare may sometimes be heard in Belleville *cabarets*—for the British workman is often there; and do not the members of Salvation Army hold "Fort Valmy" on the dingy and dilapidated quay bearing the name of the famous victory of Dumouriez? Around the Rue Mornarmre also there is an active commercial colony of Saxons, and Manchester is strongly represented within sight of the red-painted offices of the revolutionary *Lanterne*. But these are "business people," and with them the true Anglo-Parisian has little save the name of nationality in common.

Your Anglo-Parisian is of various complexions and conditions. There are the strictly aristocratic Anglo-Parisians, who go to Trouville, Mentone, and the races regularly, old and young patricians, for the most part, who drive four-in-hand, and belong to the Jockey Club. There are the other aristocratic colonists of the professions, who go to Trouville, Mentone, and to church regularly, for they are strict observers of the Sabbath. But the most numerous class is that of the "chic Anglais" of the Boulevards and the *cafés*, whose occupation is often enigmatical. He is always well dressed, and gives the sartorial cut to a host of Parisian imitators who are proud to pass for Englishmen themselves. Formerly Frenchmen were pointed to as models of dress and distinction for us, and in an old play a Duke says to a friend returned from abroad:—

See you've been to France
A more correct and jaunty man
I ne'er did see before!

Nowadays we have changed all that, and young Frenchmen are proud to accept English models of elegance. Lorenzo de Lardy has become the hero of their worship and "the correctest of cards" gives them the cue for the proper colour of their ties and the exact length of their trousers. This "chic Anglais" may be a book-maker, a bagman, a half-pay officer, an "agent," or anything within the possibilities. If of a certain age, he knows as much about Paris as the old chronicler of the *Figaro*. He is familiar with all the best places on the boulevards—and the worst. You may see him, after dinner, outside the Café de la Paix with a huge cigar, the *Times*, and his brandy-and-water. He dines at the Grand Hotel, and breakfasts at Ducass's or Hill's, where his nationality is known to strangers by his taking British beer with the morning meal, a feat so vigorously English as completely to appal his Parisian imitators. Everywhere in the select parts of Paris may you see our distinguished countryman. In the *foyer* of the Opera; in a box on first nights; at the Salon on Varnishing Day; scrupulously following in the wake of that "tout Paris," as a certain conglomeration of mortals is called, as

if "tout Paris" were everywhere, and the rest of the globe a blank similar to that which many Chinese imagine to exist outside the Great Wall.

Our countrywoman in Paris is also interesting to notice. When very pretty and well dressed she excites the envy of the ladies, and calls forth the admiration of the gentlemen of France. To their discredit be it said, however, French writers—Octave Feuillet among them—are ungallant enough to sneer at Englishwomen. But this is done to curry favour with the fair of their own land; for two things which a Frenchwoman will not concede to an *Anglaise* are the attribute of beauty and the art of dressing. Theirs is the empire of taste and good looks. The grandeur of France may be dimmed, but the glory of Parisian millinery and the grace of Parisian coquetry are for ever. Even the *petite ouvrière*—as nearly every Frenchman will tell you—can wrap a cheap print dress, bought for fifteen francs at *La Belle Jardinière*, around her with a grace fit for Dido. It is time our countrywomen looked to their laurels. They are too prone to stiffness, and to regard the French as if the lively Gauls required a course of mothers' meetings and special sermons to put them on a par with Britons. A few lessons in dressing, even from the Parisiennes in *cachet*, as they rival them in the possession of that "beauty without paint" which is peculiar to Englishwomen.

W. L.

THE NEW-YORK MILK WAR.

The spilling of a few cans of milk and the temporary stoppage of the supply from the line of the Erie Railroad is not the beginning nor the end of the Orange County milk war.

The causes which goaded the farmers to desperation lie too deep to be rooted out by a schedule of prices set by a committee for a month or a year. Such agreements, entered into by a large number of people, are never maintained. Supply and demand will assert their power in spite of all the resolutions of farmers' committees or combination between creamery men and milk dealers. A few facts may give an idea of what has made milk farming a losing business.

The average Orange County farmer has a natural affinity for a mortgage. If he owns ten cows, he must mortgage his place and buy twenty more. He finds it impossible to care for so many cattle and carry on any other branch of farm labor. Not one farmer in five raises his own grain. Almost all of the feed used in Orange County is brought there from outside its limits. They do not even raise their own calves, but buy from the West, and add it to the mortgage. Many of them actually buy their butter and but very few raise any pork, either to eat or sell. The whole aim of their existence has been to produce milk. While the consumer was paying fifty cents for butter, sixteen to eighteen cents for pork, and twenty-five cents for beef, these farmers had not a pound of any one of these to sell, but were flooding the market with milk, for which they received a cent and a half to two and a half cents per quart. This is how the farmer has cheated himself.

Now very naturally follows how, when he had thrown away half his chances, a few shrewd men, not too philanthropic, coolly pocketed the other half. They established creameries in the milk country—skimmeries would be a much more expressive name. The farmer was invited to bring in his milk, and receive the New-York price for it, less the freight. This struck him as a good thing—no wear and tear of cans on cars, nor risk of losing them. The creamery man became his customer. But this customer was also a member of the Milk Exchange in New-York, which sets the price next month for the milk bought during this. Now when the creamery man has collected all the milk from a hundred farms, it is poured into small cans, and placed in shallow vats filled with water and ice. Here the cream rises, and is carefully skimmed off until the full milk delivered by the farmer has been reduced to a point just escaping the limit fixed by law. Part of the cream thus obtained is sold to New-York hotels at from twenty to thirty cents per quart, and part is made into the high priced "creamery butter." The skimmed milk, in which, often with the aid of a little salt, the lactometer bobs serenely at exactly the official figure, is then put into the usual forty-quart can and shipped to the city, and upon what this impoverished stuff will bring in the market is based the "New-York price" to the farmer for the milk delivered during the month past. In other words, the creamery man pays the farmer for his full milk what he himself gets for the skimmed article, and has the cream, butter, and cheese, for which he pays not one penny, for his profit. The expense of running a creamery is trifling, a one-horse engine and two or three men doing all the work. It is not very strange, then, that the creamery men have grown fat, while the farmer is unable to pay the interest on his debts. The writer knows of cases—and they are typical—where farmers have spent during the past season for feed alone as much, or within a hundred dollars of as much, as they received for milk, being out their help, interest on capital invested, interest on their indebtedness, and their time.

Now the farmers may get angry, when they find themselves being driven to the wall, and may denounce the creameries as the source of all their troubles, and call the proprietors swindlers and thieves, but it is the milk farmer who has made the creamery a possibility. The creamery is simply doing the work that should

be done upon the farms. Why do not a few farmers try making butter as well as selling milk, feeding a few porkers on the skimmed milk raising their own oats, rye, and corn for feed, bringing up a few good calves, and not try to turn everything into milk that is not wanted?

As matters stand now in the milk-producing counties about New-York, the farmers are like sheep running in a deep rut, making it an easy matter for the wolves to fall upon and devour them.

In this short statement of the case we have endeavored to state the facts as they were given to us by several of the most intelligent producers. Allowing for possible exaggeration on their part, there is still cause for reflection on the subject of overproduction of milk.

KING OF BAVARIA.

In view of the romantic veil of mystery which hangs over the private life of the present sovereign of Bavaria, and regarding which the French writer, Tissot, has regaled his readers with many a curious fancy of his inventive brain, a brief account of the new home the "Royal hermit" has had built for him and has inhabited since last fall, may not be uninteresting. It is the mountain castle "New Swan Rock" (Neuschwanstein), in the sumptuous solitude of which he received the news of the demise of his musical Horace, Richard Wagner. The castle is the quintessence of a royal and artistic retreat; its colossal dimensions alone make it one of the grandest palaces on the continent. King Louis has inhabited it since November 10th, 1882. The castle stands upon the summit of a high rock opposite Hohenschwangau. It is built entirely of granite, in pure Italian style with rich ornamentation, having numerous balconies and turrets, a height of fully six stories, and being connected with the roads on either side by means of two boldly-arched drawbridges. In the centre of the colossal structure there rises a tower nearly 350 feet high, with two architecturally beautiful verandahs, from which a magnificent view of the Bavarian Highlands is obtained. The roof of the whole castle is covered with copper, interspersed with sheets of the same metal—gilt. An immense courtyard, a unique specimen of the stonemason's art, is entered through a majestic portal. The front of the right wing of the castle is ornamented with two gorgeous frescoes, each nearly 40 feet in height; one representing St. George fighting the Dragon, the other St. Mary with the Child, the patron saint of Bavaria. On the extreme corner tower of this wing stands a gigantic bronze herald in mediæval armour, holding the Bavarian standard; on that of the left wing the bronze Bavarian lion. The whole of this fairy castle is richly ornamented with double pilasters and statues, much in the style of the Genoese palaces; while the splendour of its interior decoration exceeds the wildest fancies. Masterly frescoes, representing scenes from Wagner's *Nibelungen* and *Parsifal*; episodes from the Franco-German war and from the history of the Bavarian kings (1806-1867) cover the walls. The flooring is either of mosaic or of parquettèd wood. The king inhabits the apartments in the sixth story, which, besides the study, sleeping rooms and library, contain a saloon in which he receives the Cabinet Ministers. It was, in the study, embellished with the busts of his parents, of Wagner, Heigl, von Tann and Lutz, a painting of "Rheingold" and a plan of "Linderhof," that the king received the news of Wagner's sudden death through the chief of his Cabinet, M. von Ziegler. In the fourth and fifth stories are the rooms destined to contain the voluminous library and the collection of arms, coins, &c. The first story is completely taken up by vast corridors and staircases. Electric lights everywhere; Jablockhoff burners in the castle-yard, Edison and Swan burners throughout the castle. The stables are ornamented with frescoes, representing scenes of antediluvian life. This truly Royal Palace of the Bavarian monarch can be seen from a great distance; both Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau give the testimony of the highly-cultivated love of art of the descendants of the Wittelsbach family.

PREACHERS IN GOWNS.

An esteemed Presbyterian minister of St. Louis, Dr. Marquis, has caused much discussion in his congregation by beginning to wear a black silk gown during his public ministrations. Four ministers of the same church in our city have adopted this robe, which is in general, if not universal, use among Presbyterians in the British Islands. A hundred years ago, it was in general use by the American clergy. Less than that time has elapsed since no Protestant minister ventured to appear on the streets of Philadelphia, and, perhaps, of other American cities, without his black gown and bands. In this age of revivals and of æsthetic impulse the black gown has begun to come into pulpit use again. It is one of the many evidences of the indirect influence of the Oxford movement on bodies of Christians not in communion with the Anglican Church, that as fast as the black gown has been driven from the pulpits of the latter it has begun to reappear in those of the former, being the first step towards vestments and the like.

But historically it is a blunder for Presbyterian ministers to put on this official robe. The proper dress for the ecclesiastical successors of John Knox is the dark blue gown, which once

was in Scotland the symbol of Presbyterian orthodoxy. It was the Episcopalian party in Scotland which introduced the black gown, as is still recorded in the phrases, "black prelacy," "a true-blue Presbyterian." And, long after academic influence and Episcopal tradition had naturalized the black gown in the pulpits of the Kirk, the blue gown remained in use on "sacrament Sabbaths,"—those great gatherings which Burns caricatured in the "Holy Fair," and which were the direct ancestors of the American camp-meeting. From the services at the communion, all who were not partakers were excluded strictly, as in the primitive church. One of Scotland's greatest preachers records the deep impression made on him when by some oversight he, though still a mere lad, was allowed to remain in the church during this service, and witnessed, not only the solemnly impressive service, but the unusual robe of dark blue on the officiating minister. It was with the Presbyterians, therefore, first of Protestant bodies, that the ritualistic practice of using a special dress at the sacrament originated.

The phrase, "true-blue Presbyterian," is corrupted by some into "blue-stocking Presbyterian." "Blue-stocking" is of later origin, refers only to literary ladies, and has nothing to do with the Kirk.

ANIMALS AND MEN WHO NEVER SEE DAYLIGHT.

According to the *Philadelphia Record*, seventeen hundred mules employed by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company in connection with mining operations toil underground daily. At many of the mines the mules do not see the light of day for a year at a time, and very often a mule spends ten years of his life underground. The effect of daylight upon mules that have been so long in darkness is blinding. In many instances this blindness is permanent, the shock of sudden light being too great for the eyes; but it is the general rule that the mule staggers around in blindness for a few days, always, however, finding his way to the feeding bin, and taking true aim with his heels. At the end of the week eyesight returns, he brays with all the vigor of lung for which his kind is celebrated, elevating his tail as an accompaniment.

There are, in round numbers 2,300 of these animals employed in all capacities by the Reading Coal and Iron and Railroad Companies. Many of them are taken up and down on the cage at the mines daily. An officer of the company said recently that, in an economic point of view, they are thirty-three per cent cheaper than horses, but that this is offset by the risk run in employing these animals. No wagon boy has been thoroughly initiated until he has felt the weight of a mule's heel.

In the mining region, where disputes of almost all kinds are settled by fistieuffs, the mule plays an important part in the miner's training for battle. He approaches the mule, which seems to be sleeping, and gives him a few taps on the rump with his bare knuckles as a reminder that he is wanted to take part in a sparring match. The mule responds, the blows are parried, and the sturdy miner gets in one or two from the shoulder which knock the animal out of time, the latter retiring with backed ears and looking deeply humiliated. A number of gentlemen prominently identified with the anthracite coal trade, who have been practical miners, relate this as an actual fact.

VARIETIES.

DR. SIEMENS has all the plans prepared for the working and construction of an electrical railway between Dover and London.

A SCULPTOR in Athens has recently sent a request to England begging for the return to the Acropolis of the friezes of the Parthenon and other antiquities which were carried away by Lord Elgin. If the sculptor exhibits equal imagination in his productions he will do.

AN amateur Parliament at Mexborough apex the greatest follies of its betters not wisely but too well. At the last meeting there was a long discussion on a point of order raised as to whether the leader of the Opposition was in order in hissing one of his own followers who had voted against him. It was stated that other members of the House had, on the same occasion, expressed the state of their feelings by cat-calling and cock-crowing. Under the circumstances it is satisfactory to learn that a direful proposition to have the leader of the Opposition "taken outside the precincts of the House" was not carried into effect.

THE "Army of God" is the latest addition to the agencies for the regeneration of humanity. A circular has been issued by its leaders inviting "all church and chapel ministers and their congregations to meet at Finsbury Circus on Easter Monday to form a grand procession to Primrose Hill for religious services." The new organization is stated to have for its objects the gathering of all nations and all the people together to serve the Lord, the building of hospitals for incurables, finding homes for the sick and afflicted, maintaining the rights and privileges of the Church of God, and providing a better class of amusement for the people. The "colors," it should be added, are "white and primrose." How much longer shall the indignant master their just anger?

CARCASSONNE.

(From the French of Gustave Nadaud.)

BY MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD.

How old I am! I'm eighty years! I've worked both hard and long, Yet patient as my life has been, One dearest sight I have not seen— It almost seems a wrong: A dream I had when life was new. Alas, our dreams! they come not true: I thought to see fair Carcassonne, That lovely city—Carcassonne!

One sees it dimly from the height Beyond the mountains blue. Pain would I walk five weary leagues— I do not mind the road's fatigues— Through morn and evening's dew. But bitter frosts would fall at night, And on the grapes—that yellow blight! I could not go to Carcassonne, I never went to Carcassonne!

They say it is as gay a place As holidays at home! The gentles ride in gay attire, And in the sun each gilded spiro Shoots up like those of Rome! The bishop the procession leads, The generals curb their prancing steeds. Alas! I know not Carcassonne, Alas! I saw not Carcassonne!

Our vicar's right! he preaches loud, And bids us to beware; He says, "O! guard the weakest part, And meet the traitor in the heart Against ambition's snare!" Perhaps in autumn I can find The sunny days with gentle wind, I then could go to Carcassonne, I still could go to Carcassonne!

My God and Father! pardon me If this, my wish, offends! One sees some hope, more high than he, In age, as in his infancy. To which his heart ascends! My wife, my son, have seen Carcassonne, My grandsons went to Perpignan; But I have not seen Carcassonne, But I have not seen Carcassonne.

Thus sighed a peasant bent with age, Half-dreaming in his chair; I said, "My friend, come go with me, To-morrow, then, thine eyes shall see Those streets that seem so fair." That night there came for passing soul The church bell's low and solemn toll. He never saw gay Carcassonne, Who has not known a Carcassonne?

MR. BROWNING'S "JOCOSERIA."

The somewhat enigmatical title of Mr. Browning's latest work will hardly prepare his readers for the curious mixture which it contains; the poems can hardly be called disappointing, because the world has long ceased to expect from their author intelligible utterances or that music which no living poet used to produce more graciously. How is it that the author of "Pippa Passes" never gives us any melody now? Is it possible that he has really lost the power through long and wilful indulgence in roughness and discord? However that may be, the poems in the present volume are, with one exception, "Ixion,"—totally unworthy of the writer's once great reputation; and he has even contrived to mar the piece in question by the entire absence of rhyme, an essential feature in the elegiac measure when written in English; still, with all the faults there is a lurid splendour about "Ixion," and it has had a narrow escape of being a really fine work, which is more than can be said of most of the pieces. Two of these, shorter ones, are touching and simple, and have so obviously subjective a character as to be practically removed from criticism; we refer to "Wanting Is—What!" and "Never the Time and the Place," which serve, as it were, for prologue and epilogue, though perhaps the latter place is more effectively filled by the last stanza of "Pambo," apparently intended as an *ad misericordiam* appeal to the poet's critics:—

Brother, brother, I share the blame, Arcades enim vobis? Darkling, I keep my sunrise-aim, Lack not the critic's lambent beam, And look to my ways, yet, much the same, Offend with my tongue—like Pambo!

This is all very well, but as a matter of plain fact does Mr. Browning look to his ways? If he does so seriously, how are we to account for such strange, un-English words as, to cite only two, "columnar" and "acquest"? Why does he indulge in occasional spelling which seems to have been learned in New York, in a system of punctuation which leaves the metrical student in despair, and a constant use of ellipsis which as effectually destroys the music of his verse as it confuses the understanding of ordinary readers? But let us see now. The first two narrative poems, "Donald" and "Solomon and Balkis," would go trippingly enough, were it not for the natural irritations which arise when the musical ear is offended by the constant recurrence of rhymes which would have been excellent in a Strand burlesque, but offend when it is felt that the second word is dragged in to meet the exigencies of the first! Take these for example:

And minor damage left wisely alone— Like an old shoe clouted and cobbled, Out—what went in a Goliath well-nigh— Some half of a David hobbled.

Apart from other reflections, it strikes one that David is not recorded in Holy Writ to have been either cripple or pigmy. The story is a painful one, but redeemed in the last verse by the author's manly sympathy for the poor, in-

nocent beast, and contempt for its dastardly murderer:

I hope I gave twice as much as the rest; For, as Homer would say, "Within grate Though tooth kept tongue," my whole soul growled "Rightly rewarded,—Ingrate!"

Still one feels that "within grate" is no true rhyme to "ingrate." As for the second named, it is a curious study what would have been said about some passages had they proceeded from a writer of the so-called "fleshy" school; as this:

But Solomon nonplused! Nay! "Be truthful in turn!" so bade he: "See the Name, obey its best!" And at once sub-joins the lady — "Provided the good are the young, men strong and tall and proper, Such servants I straightway enlist,—which means ——" but the blushes stop her.

"Cristina and Monaldi" is fine and dramatic; the last two stanzas terrible in their intensity, when we remember the ghastly tragedy which they record:

Friends, my four! You, Priest, confess him! I have judged the culprit there: Execute my sentence! Care For no nail such towards wear! Done, Priest? Then, absolve and bless him! Now—you three, stab thick and fast, Deep and deeper! Dead at last? Thanks, friends—Father, thanks! Aghast?

What one word of his confession Would you tell me, though I lured With that royal crown adorned Just because its bars inured Love too much? Love burst compression, Flew free, finally confessed All its secrets to that breast Whence ——— let Avon tell the rest!

Then we come to the finest but one in the book, "Mary Wollstonecraft and Fuseli,"—and that is so noble and touching that it makes one forgive a great deal; it is but short, and we will not attempt to quote, but leave the reader to appreciate its beauty in the original. "Adam, Lilith and Eve" is, we must honestly confess, utterly beyond our comprehension. And now for "Ixion." In this we recognize something of the spirit of the "Prometheus Vincens," and rather more than a reminiscence of that magnificent fragment, "Caiban upon Setebos." As we understand it, the poem may well serve as companion to the last named; a wild, passionate appeal against the impossible tenets of certain narrow-minded religionists, and embodying withal some equally glorious lines; what could well be finer than this one:

Flesh that he fashioned with sense of the earth and the sky and the ocean.

Or take rather the following passage, by far the finest in the book:

Nay, but the feeble and foolish, the poor transgressor, of purpose No whit more than a tree, horn to erectness of bole, Palm or plane or pine, we land if lofty, columnar— Loathe it athwart, askew,—leave to the axe and the flame!

Where is the vision may penetrate earth and behold— ing acknowledgment Just one pebble at root ruined the straightness of stem?

Whose fine vigilance follows the sapling, accounts for the failure, — Here blew wind, so it bent: there the snow lodged, so it broke?

Also the tooth of the beast, bird's bill, mere bite of the insect Gnawed, gnarled, warped their worst: passive it lay to offence.

King—I was man, no more: what I recognized faintly Laying it prone: be sure, more than a man had I proved.

Watch and ward o'er the sapling at birthtime had saved it, nor simply Owned the distortion's excuse,—hindered it wholly: nay, more—

Even a man, as I sat in my place to do judgment, and pallid Criminals passing to doom shuddered away at my foot.

Could I have probed thro' the face to the heart, read plain a repentance, Crime confessed fools' play, virtue ascribed to the wise.

Had I not stayed the consignment to doom, not dealt the renewed ones Life to retrace the past, light to retrieve the misdeed?

Thus had I done, and thus to have done much more it believes thee.

Zeus, who madest man—flawless or faulty, thy work!

Of "Joehanan Hakka-losh" we would rather not speak at any length; it is very long, and seems to be intended as a sermon on the unsatisfactoriness of things generally, as exemplified in the experiences of the aged Rabbi; but we are really not sure that we have grasped the meaning, which is enveloped in meshes of verbiage, and what must be called cacophony. There is a typical verse at page 116, but it is so hopelessly entangled with its successors that quotation is baffled; some of the choruses in the *Esmeraldas* or the *Agamemnon* are nothing to it. In conclusion, cannot real, loving appreciation of his genius coax some more true singing poetry from the man who wrote "Paracelsus" and "The Pied Piper," and other treasures of a mory? There is not a superfluity of great singers nowadays, and it would be a grief if the rising generation should judge of Robert Browning by this his latest utterance.

MORTALITY OF PARIS.

According to the recent census, Paris has a population of 2,239,928. The total number of deaths for the week ending January 4th, 1883, was 1,099, of which 306 were under five years of age. There is an erroneous popular opinion

that very few births take place in Paris, but for the same week the number of births exceeded the number of deaths by 58, whereas in New York city the number of deaths generally exceeds the number of births. The number of legitimate births exceeded that of the illegitimate in the proportion of 852 of the former to 303 of the latter. In Heidelberg the average number of illegitimate births is about one third of the whole number of births.

For the week ending November 23, the proportion of births to that of deaths was as 1,242 to 1,071, an excess of 171 births, while for the week ending December 14, the number of births showed an excess of 137.

The number of marriages is, however, small, ranging from 381 to 403 per week at the periods above referred to.

In all cases the death list shows a decided preponderance of males, the largest number being due to consumption, which is followed by cerebro-spinal meningitis.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

The following letter from Mr. Shaw on the right of the winner of a game of chess to make use of the score for publication will, no doubt, be interesting to many of our readers. We shall be glad to have the views of others on this and kindred subjects. We have always considered the adding of notes to the scores of games a delicate matter, and yet it is very rare to find a game published without the winner coming in for a good deal of praise, and his antagonist for something quite the reverse. The loser of a game is sure of the hard knocks; as it is perfectly safe to condemn unsuccessful endeavours.

Montreal, April 2.

To the Chess Editor "Canadian Illustrated News."

Dear Sir,—Permit me to reply briefly to your remarks on my letter to the *Glasgow Herald*, republished in the "News" of 31st ult.

I agree with you that "off-hand" games, the product of haste and generally full of shortcomings, should not be published without the consent of both contestants, but, in the case of match games, tourney or otherwise, the same objection will not apply. It was to games of the latter description that I had reference in my communication to the *Glasgow Herald*. In contests of this nature players are presumed to exercise careful study, and use the highest skill of which they are capable. What legitimate objection can the loser make against the publication of such games? His protest of "discourtesy" on the ground that his consent to publication had not been previously obtained, is not, in my opinion, worthy of serious consideration.

Mortification, consequent on defeat, forms the real ground for his protest.

You manifest much compassion and sympathy for the poor chessplayer. Is nothing to be urged on behalf of the strong player?

Is it unreasonable to allow him, as a reward for his skill, the option of publication of a game in which he has proved himself the better man?

"To the victors belong the spoils," is an aphorism of an apparently truculent nature, but is it not the universal practice of mankind in all species of warfare?

You state that it has always been your practice never to publish a game without the consent of both parties concerned.

Are you not singular in this respect? I do not hesitate to say that such practice is not general on the part of chess editors in this country or elsewhere.

Fancy the amount of correspondence entailed by a strict observance of such practice!

How cunningly a chess editor would require to word his communication to an angry player (and in what game is the loser so angry as in chess?) in order to obtain his consent to publication! I imagine that most editors would resign their portfolios rather than face such a prospect.

Is it too much to ask that *sentiment* be eliminated from the question?

Chess is unlike all other games whatsoever. In it, the element of chance is wholly absent, skill is paramount. It has been truly characterized as "the most intellectual pastime, that the wisdom of antiquity has bequeathed to us."

Is the winner of such a game to be denied the right of publication of the result of his superior intelligence? Must he first beg the consent of his vanquished opponent? Is his omission to do so to be styled "discourtesy"?

Let it not be forgotten that the exercise of a right is often necessarily attended by "discourtesy" to the other party in the case. I will give you a notable instance of this in a private letter. I am, yours &c.,

J. W. SHAW.

TORONTO v. QUEBEC.

The telegraphic match between Quebec and Toronto was resumed last night, and will be concluded on Saturday. So far the two sides stand exactly even, but in the games yet to be finished Quebec has apparently a little the advantage. The score so far is as follows:

Table with columns for TORONTO and QUEBEC, listing players and scores. Total for Toronto is 31, for Quebec is 31. Source: Toronto Mail, March 30.

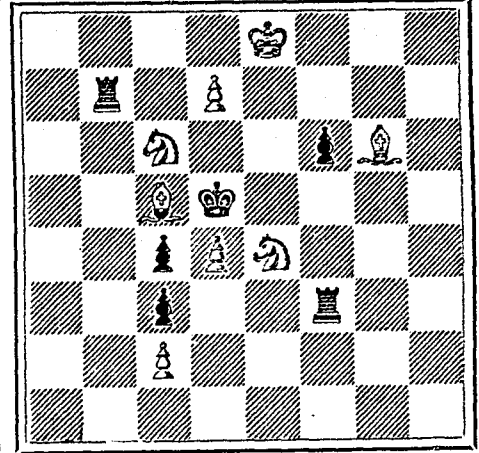
Mr. Blackburne's circuit: The great success which invariably attends the exhibitions of the distinguished blindfold player is so constant that the previous reports of his doings may be reproduced, and will read well, with a slight alteration of figures, as a *chronicle* of his latest provincial tour. At Sheffield, on the 24th of January, 10 blindfold games, winning 5, and 5 draws; out of 23 simultaneous games he scored 20, lost 2 and drew 1. Manchester, on the 5th ult., at the Exchange Chess Club, 18 games, against all comers, winning all with the exception of one draw. Burton-on-Trent, on the 6th ult., 9 games blindfold, winning 6 and 3 draws, and on the 7th he only lost 1 out of 19 simultaneous games.—*London Chess Monthly*.

Steinitz won eight games, lost one and drew one in the match with Mr. Golmayo, of Havana. He has returned to Philadelphia to take leave of his friends there prior to his return to England.

PROBLEM No. 423.

By J. P. Taylor.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

By mistake the solution of Problem No. 426 was inserted in our last Column and numbered 425. The solution of Problem No. 425 is as follows:

- White. 1 B to Q4. 2 Mates acc. Black. 1 Any.

GAME 554TH

Played recently between Messrs. W. J. Ferris and W. Braithwaite in the Cincinnati Commercial Correspondence Tourney.

Scotch Gambit.

WHITE.—(Mr. Ferris.) BLACK.—(Mr. Braithwaite.)

- 1 P to K4. 2 Kt to KB3. 3 P to Q4. 4 Kt takes P. 5 B to K3. 6 P to QB3. 7 B to QB4. 8 B to Kt3(b). 9 Castles. 10 P to KR3. 11 Kt to Q2. 12 P to KB4. 13 P to KB5(c). 14 Kt(Q2) to KB3(c). 15 K to R4. 16 Kt takes Kt. 17 Kt to K6. 18 Kt takes R. 19 Kt to Q7. 20 Kt takes P. 21 Q to Kt4. 22 K to R2. 23 Kt takes B P. 24 Q takes B. 25 R takes Kt. 26 K to R sq. 27 B to B2. 28 Q to K6. 1 P to K4. 2 Kt to QB3. 3 P takes P. 4 B to B4. 5 Q to B3. 6 Kt to K2. 7 Kt to K4(a). 8 Castles. 9 P to Q2. 10 B to Q2. 11 Kt to Kt3. 12 Kt to QB3. 13 Kt to K2(d). 14 Kt to K4. 15 P to KR3. 16 P takes Kt(f). 17 B takes B(g). 18 B to QB3. 19 Q to Kt4(A). 20 B takes P. 21 Kt takes P. 22 Kt to Q3. 23 Kt takes Kt. 24 B to B4. 25 B to Q3 ch. 26 K to R sq. 27 P to Kt3. 28 Resigns.

NOTES—By W. J. Ferris.

- (a) P to Q3 is also recommended. (b) Mr. Gossip here recommends B to K2. (c) The position is now the same as in a game between Braithwaite and Henderson in Hamilton tourney, which was thus continued: 14 Q to R5. 15 P takes P. 16 Q to R4. 17 B to Q sq. 18 B to KR5. 19 B to KR5. 20 P takes P. 21 R takes R. 22 R to KB sq. 23 P takes Kt. 12 Kt to K4. 14 P to Kt3. 15 Q takes P. 16 Kt to K2. 17 P to KB4. 18 Q to B3. 19 Q to K3. 20 R takes P. 21 Q takes R. 22 Kt takes Kt. And Mr. Henderson resigned. (d) Mr. Braithwaite thinks he will not invite the above continuation. (e) Q to R5 can not now be played because of Kt takes Kt. &c. (f) If 16 Q takes Kt, 17. Kt to KB3, and White wins a piece. (g) Probably the best move. If 17. P takes Kt, 18. B takes B, and White has a strong attack. (h) If 19. Q to Q3. 20. P to B6, Kt to Kt3. 21. P takes P.

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