

# *Canada* **Illustrated News**

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ONE VIEW OF CANADA.

MR. HULL CANADENSIS reads from *New York Tribune*.—"Union with England is of service only to a small wealthy class of shipping merchants and politicians, who come to Canada to make fortunes which they invariably go back to England to enjoy. Besides this class, the Canadian population is made up of the thriftless, happy-go-lucky French habitants and swarms of Irish emigrants, without capital, experience, or business capacity." Mixed this, Mr. *Tribune*, I came here to get wealthy, and I am going to stay.  
HIBERNICUS:—The *Tribune* never loved Canada, John. Everybody isn't blind or a fool! We don't forget poor Greeley's Gentle Shepherds of '66.  
M. L'HABITANT:—Il est l'envie. Et ce n'est pas pour vous, M. le Rédacteur, le Chemin Pacifique.

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## TEMPERATURE

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

## THE WEEK ENDING

| Jan. 8th, 1882. |      |       |  | Corresponding week, 1881 |      |       |  |
|-----------------|------|-------|--|--------------------------|------|-------|--|
| Max.            | Min. | Mean. |  | Max.                     | Min. | Mean. |  |
| Mon... 12°      | 3°   | 7° 5  |  | Mon... 40°               | 20°  | 30°   |  |
| Tues... 12°     | 0°   | 6° 5  |  | Tues... 38°              | 3°   | 20° 5 |  |
| Wed... 8°       | -7°  | 0° 5  |  | Wed... 39°               | 12°  | 25° 5 |  |
| Thurs... 13°    | -2°  | 5° 5  |  | Thurs... 38°             | 22°  | 30°   |  |
| Fri... 19°      | 5°   | 12°   |  | Fri... 35°               | 1°   | 18°   |  |
| Sat... 29°      | 17°  | 23°   |  | Sat... 31°               | 20°  | 25° 5 |  |
| Sun... 34°      | 25°  | 30°   |  | Sun... 30°               | 19°  | 24°   |  |

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 14, 1882.

THE REV. CANON NORMAN has published an exhaustive treatise on the Revised Edition of the New Testament, the result, apparently, of more close study than has for the most part been bestowed upon the work by commentators in this country at all events. We say apparently, for the review of such a pamphlet demands time for its consideration proportionate to the amount of labour bestowed upon it, and we hope in a later number to be able to deal with it at greater length.

TO-MORROW (Tuesday), if all be well, the Marquis will sail for Canada to complete the term of his Governorship. In spite of the determined way in which many of the papers have endeavoured to prove that he is not coming back, we may take it for granted that his return is as certain as it will be acceptable to all but the few who object in principle to any Governor who may be sent them from England. The Marquis has done much every way since his arrival in Canada to encourage the growing taste for art and literature amongst us, that function which has been the glory of so many hereditary sovereigns, and which is, at least, one main source of usefulness in a Governor, whose spheres of action are limited in other directions. It is to be hoped that the Princess' health may so far improve that before long we may welcome her again amongst us. Whatever fault may be found with the Vice-Regal Court as an institution, there can be no two opinions as to the advantage of its being presided over by a Princess of the blood Royal, and we look forward to her return with scarcely less interest than we have watched for that of the Marquis himself.

SOCIETY Journalism, so called, is spreading its civilizing influences to the Antipodes. Japan has not only adopted the garments of Western civilization and endeavoured to improve upon our laws, but with the advance of the more external requirements of the age, she has developed that taste for scandal which seems to underlie modern fashionable society. Amongst her numerous evidences of progress none are perhaps more striking than the humble, but not altogether unsuccessful, efforts of the native papers to import into that eminently progressive country the true style and flavour of what is known as "Society" journalism. Thus in the *Osaka Nippo* we read that, "The

female hair-dresser who waits upon the lady of a certain statesman was requested by that personage to retail to him all the news she heard in other private houses. The woman," it is added, "thus acquired influence, and every month one or two of her friends received situations under Government. Now she is sought by many persons, and even men of education are paying court to her in order to secure her kindly notice." In such innuendoes does your true Society journalist delight. And a little further down we have an item more directly personal. "Several detectives," it is observed, "are said to have arrived in Kyoto, and to be watching the behaviour of those who are intimate with the Imperial Princess and nobles who reside in that city." On the other hand, the *Kobe Shimpō* seems to prefer to cultivate the valuable art of appearing to be on easy terms with the high official and ex-official personages; for here we read that, "when Mr. OKUMA was in office the great respect with which he was treated precluded him from accurately ascertaining the feelings and wishes of the people. Now, however, that he has resigned," we learn that "he can freely mix in all public gatherings, and is only anxious to receive invitations." It is difficult to say what may not be expected of a country which, suddenly throwing off the exclusiveness and self-conceit of ages, begins to develop another sort of civilization at this tremendous pace.

## THE CARRYING OF INFECTION.

A telegram from Port Jervis in to-day's (Monday) *Gazette* announces the closing of the churches there on Sunday on account of the prevalence of small-pox in the town. The lesson to be learned from the news is one which we should not be slow to take. The world over there would be much less disease, and the more virulent forms of epidemic could be far more readily stamped out, were even the most ordinary precautions at all universally adopted.

In Canada, even more than in England, where the lesson is being slowly learned, such precautions are far more honored in the breach than the observance. With the alarming prevalence of diphtheria at present in Montreal it is perfectly astonishing to an outsider to notice the recklessness with which the spread of the disease is encouraged by an entire neglect of any quarantine such as would suggest itself to any but those concerned.

This matter of going to church is an instance in point. The obligations imposed upon the members of any church to attend public worship, can never be paramount to considerations of public health, and those who go straight from an infected house to sit in the midst of a crowded congregation, where perhaps they come actually into contact with fifteen or twenty of their neighbours, should remember that their observance of supposed religious duty may inflict suffering and, perhaps, death, on many innocent persons.

It was only recently that the writer observed in one of the leading churches of the city a lady, whose daughter was recovering at home from a severe attack of scarlet fever. What, think you, should be her feelings, if one of her friends, who could not avoid touching her or sitting beside her, is stricken down by the poison which her carelessness spread around her.

The sending of children to school from infected houses is another case in which our Board of Health might be expected to interfere—especially in the case of the Public Schools. Instances could be quoted of children who have attended school while actually sickening for diseases which were rampant at their homes. In England such offences against the public health are not only punishable, but are, in fact, severely punished in the case of the Board Schools, while the larger public boarding schools make it an invariable rule to receive no pupil within three weeks after the entire recovery of any member of his family who may have been ill of infectious disease.

Another cause of the carrying of infection, we believe, may be found in the carelessness of many of our doctors in this respect. It is hardly conceivable that in the nineteenth century the superstition should so largely prevail that doctors cannot carry disease. Doctors wear the same clothes and are for the most part made of the same material themselves as other mortals, and the same precautions exactly are required in the case of a visiting physician as of any ordinary visitor. That many of them do take such precautions goes of course without saying, but it is to be feared the majority either never think of the matter at all, or at least excuse themselves on the plea of necessity. The leading doctors of London are fully awake to the importance of due precaution. One in particular, a physician of eminence, has a dressing-room close to his hall-door into which he enters immediately on his return from an infected house, and entirely changes his clothes, washes his hands, etc., before communicating in any way with his family or his other patients. This is, of course, the extreme of precautionary measures, and such a course, however desirable, may not be possible to all the members of a busy and often ill-paid profession. But the principle is one which should never be lost sight of, and doctors, we believe, might do much which they certainly do not do now, to check the spread of disease, or, at least, to alleviate the suspicions which prevail in many quarters that they do not care. As we said before, these remarks do not apply at all to those members of the profession who enjoy deservedly the confidence of their patients and the world outside.

The subject in any case is one which will bear investigation, and we recommend it to the attention of the Board of Health and of all intelligent and thinking persons. Something can be done to arrest the evil by the imposition of penalties for careless exposure, but more, far more, by the action of a healthy public opinion in the matter.

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is rumoured that Russia intends to ask for a new loan of £20,000,000.

An attempt is being made to bring the "Hogarth" hat into fashion. The idea is taken from a picture called "The forfeit." An arch-looking girl has put on a young officer's hat, and the young officer bends over her shoulder and takes "compensation for disturbance." The hat is three-cornered. It will be a brave woman who will dare to wear it.

It appears that an "Anti-Crinoline" League has been formed. The members take the following pledge:—We, the undersigned, believing that the artificial aid to dress known as crinoline or hoop is inconvenient and ungraceful to the last extent, hereby engage ourselves never to wear the same, whatever attempt is made on the part of milliners to impose this tyranny on the ladies of England.

THE deceased wife's sister has lost her best friend—Mr. Henry Thornton, the London banker, who died the other day, and who was the oldest banker in the city of London, and spent more than any other person to give sisters-in-law the right to marry their brothers-in-law. It was against him that those sneers against wealth seeking, after a breach of the law, to condone its offence, were directed.

DR. PARKER is preparing a fresh sensation for his congregation. He has made arrangements to have the City Temple illuminated with the electric light. This will be done in connection with the undertaking of Mr. Edison to light the Holborn Viaduct, and some house in the neighbourhood with his lamps. It is an additional attraction to Dr. Parker that this patronage of science will not cost him anything. Mr. Edison's agents, recognizing the advantage of the advertisement, will light the City Temple for nothing.

THE great bell of St. Paul's is now ready for delivery, and it is hoped that it may be hung in its place ready to ring on Easter morning. The question is, how it is to be got to London. As it now lies in the foundry at Loughborough it weighs 17½ tons. The railway company have declined to convey it; and even if they were willing to try, there would be the necessity of transshipping it to and from the railway station at either terminus. There is no wagon that would carry such a load, and the authorities are slowly coming to the determination that they will have to build one especially for this service, to convey the bell by rail from Loughborough to St. Paul's.

It is stated that, at the earliest possible moment after Parliament meets, a full explanation will be demanded from the Government of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Liverpool, in which he distinctly declared that the Government encouraged the Land League agitation until after the Land Bill was passed—that is for nearly six months after the Protection of Life and Property Act was declared by the Government to be absolutely necessary in order to suppress the lawlessness brought about by the League.

THE Neo-Greek costume, one of the latest aesthetic ideas, combines the classic characteristics with the requirements of modern fashion. It is composed of pale blue cashmere draped over a train of white cashmere, and trimmed with gold embroidery done in Greek key pattern. The blue bodice has transparent sleeves of white pine-apple silk, opened in diamond spaces on the outer arm, and edged with gilt braid. The pointed Greek apron is sewn permanently to the waist, and the back has two softly draped square breadths falling on the square train of white cashmere. Pleadings of white satin are at the foot; white pine-apple silk is gathered inside the square neck. Etruscan gold necklace and bracelets, reproductions of the gold ornaments excavated by Professor Schlieman, should be worn with this costume.

THE excellent idea of the sale of good soup in the poorer streets, so general in Paris, would undoubtedly meet with well-deserved popularity here. This system is wisely practised in some populous parts of Paris for the benefit of work-people going to their several employments in the cold and discomfort of a wet winter's morning, and would be more successful in London and other large towns, where tea and coffee, too often most inferior in quality, are the only counter attractions to the "drop of something to keep the cold out" so generally indulged in by the British workman. The art of soup-making is but indifferently understood in England; but if some enterprising person would set up a small stall at some busy place, like Covent Garden Market, at about 6 a. m., and would sell a good article at a low price it would prove no unprofitable speculation.

HUMOUR is not dead, but sleepeth. "An Egyptian fellow" has written on the Dun Echt outrage. In his country—that is, in the land of the Pharos—such outrages, he says, are thought nothing of, simply because they are of every day occurrence. The principal resurrectionists, he proceeds to say, in a spirit of irony, are "your own countrymen, who, for the sake of money, I suppose, do not hesitate to plunder our most ancient and sacred tombs, and I have seen some of the bodies here in London among your national treasures; showing, I would presume, that the conduct of these body thieves is approved of the nation. I would, therefore, beg your countrymen, your policemen, your gentry, to let this fuss subside. It is only the body of one earl that is missing." There is a wise saying which may be appropriately quoted here—With what measure ye mete it shall be meted to you again.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

WARSAW is reported in flames.

THE Nihilists are making preparations for another movement.

A LONDON despatch announces the death of Mr. Ralph Bernal Osborne.

THE Chilean Government has annexed the Peruvian province of Tarapaca.

HERR RICHTER is to resign the leadership of the Progressist party in Germany.

THERE are 1,150 cases on the list of the Supreme Court of the United States.

JOSEPH CHARRIOL, of Bordeaux, has failed for 15,000,000 francs and absconded.

THE trial trip through the St. Gothard Tunnel on Thursday proved highly successful.

THE Cork police have dropped upon a large stock of arms imported from the United States.

THE packing firm of J. Winslow, Jones & Co., of Portland, Me., has failed, with liabilities of \$182,000.

THE reported massacre of two hundred girls by order of the King of Ashantee has received confirmation.

APACHES attacked the Gavillon mines, near Camp Sonora, Arizona, killing several persons and carrying off a girl.

A mandamus is to be applied for to quash the resolution conferring the freedom of Dublin city on Parnell and Dillon.

AN attempt is reported to have been made recently to steal the bodies of Napoleon III. and the Prince Imperial from the vault at Chislehurst.

THE *Daily News* says Blaine's circular to the Southern Republics amounts to an attempt to establish an American protectorate over Central and South America.

A DETACHMENT of cavalry has been sent to Perry's Landing, on the Upper Yellowstone, to protect the engineering staff and construction company of the Northern Pacific against the Crow Indians.

THE Pontifical Secretary of State has addressed a note to the several Powers enquiring what steps they would take in the event of the Pope being compelled to leave Rome.

## COQUETTE.

"Coquette," my love they sometimes call,  
For she is light of life and heart;  
What though she smile alike on all  
If in her smiles she knows no art!

Like some glad brook she seems to be,  
That ripples o'er its pebbly bed,  
And prattles to each flower or tree,  
Which stoops to kiss it, overhead.

Beneath the heavens' white and blue  
It purrs and sings and laughs and leaps,  
The sunny meadows dancing through  
O'er noisy shoals and frothy steep.  
'Tis thus the world doth see the brook;  
But I have seen it otherwise.  
When following it to some far nook  
Where leafy shields shut out the skies,  
And there its waters rest subdued,  
In shadowy pools, serene and shy,  
Wherein grave thoughts and fancies brood  
And tender dreams and longings lie.  
I love it when it laughs and leaps,  
But love it better when at rest—  
'Tis only in its tranquil deeps  
I see my image in its breast.

—January Century.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—The cartoon on our front page alludes, as will be seen by the dialogue to the recent remarks of the New York Tribune upon Canada and the Canadians.

THE GERMAN PEASANT'S SUNDAY.—For the truth of the satire in our illustration of the German peasant's Sunday at home we cannot be responsible. It contains probably as much truth as such satires generally do, and what it lacks in accuracy it makes up in picturesqueness. Some of us may have remarked a somewhat similar ending of the day in the rural districts of this Canada of ours, where Sunday is first a day of religious observation and last but by no means least a grand holiday, to be celebrated as holidays, unfortunately, not unfrequently are.

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.—A flood, caused by the prolonged heavy rains, has swollen the rivers of a lowland district, and their overflowing waters have covered great part of the meadows, through which are cut several ditches, the banks overgrown with sedge and reeds, while here and there rise the leafless stems of wintry-looking willows, marking the brink of the deeper channel across the fields. In summertime, or in any tolerably dry weather, there is a convenient footpath this way to the neighbouring hamlet, the abode of honest rustic families, one of which seems just now in a plight to demand our compassionate sympathy and kindly concern. The young wife and mother, early in the day, as her good man was away to his work and not expected home till nightfall, ventured to lock her cottage door and walk over to the village, two miles distant, that she might visit a married sister, there lying in her first "confinement." To perform this errand of affectionate duty without neglecting her own children, of whom she has two, the rain having ceased that morning, and the sky being once more clear, she carried her baby with her, and bade little Jem, who was five years old, trudge along by her side. After staying three or four hours, doing what she could in the way of womanly aid and comfort, and taking a noon-day bit of dinner at her brother-in-law's table, she set forth betimes in the afternoon, with the two children, on her way home. By the turnpike road and the lane that turns off to the left it is quite three miles and a half, so she thought she would go back the shorter way that she came. It had been only rather muddy, with a few nasty puddles, and with a loose plank in the foot-bridge at the end of Farmer Bull's nine-acre piece, when she passed in the opposite direction at ten o'clock. But the river, since then, has been rising so rapidly, by the inflow of other streams from the moorland hills, that now, at half-past three, she finds herself in the midst of a broad shallow lake, standing upon a very narrow strip of soft and squasy turf, which will soon be cut off from the firmer ground behind, if the inundation pours into a slight hollow fifty yards in the rear. To advance one step further cannot be thought of; she is now at the edge of the ditch, but the plank has been washed away, and the meadows beyond, though she can see her own dwelling on the farther side, are overspread with a chilly expanse of water, at least half a mile in breadth. It will be dark enough in another hour, this late December afternoon; so there is no time to be lost in retracing her steps, and with very wet feet, and with terrible fears and anxieties, more for the children than for her own sake, regaining the safe and solid road. Little Jem will cry with fright, and the poor mother will be sadly weary, before they reach home, chilled and exhausted, long after the usual tea-time; and there will be no fire to warm them, or to boil the water for a cup of tea. The husband will have come home to find the door locked against him, and will have gone to spend his wages at the Blue Boar.

A NOVEL CREMATION CEREMONY.—The death-bed insurance business in Pennsylvania appears to be falling into disfavour. Not only have the authorities commenced a legal war upon it, but the credulous people who have been victimized by it are losing faith in the system and turning against it. A novel illustration of the popular feeling on the subject was furnished a few days since at a place called Heydt's Tavern, some twenty miles from Reading. The people of that vicinity, it appears, had suffered largely from the operations of the death-rattle companies. Thomas Heydt, a man

of means, held policies to the extent of \$25,000, and had been swindled out of several thousand dollars in assessments. One of his risks died some time ago, and after waiting and struggling for many months, he compromised with the company for \$197. He was so much incensed by this action that he determined to burn all the policies he held, and invited his neighbours to join with him. On the 24th ultimo the projected cremation took place. Early in the day the people began to gather from all directions—on foot, on horseback, and in all varieties of vehicles. One delegation was headed by a band of music. The heads of some of the most influential families in the district met together in the hall of the hotel. The total amount of the insurance held by them was \$250,000. The meeting was organized with the chief victims as president, vice-presidents and secretaries. Those in attendance related their experiences, which showed that many had been reduced to poverty by the assessments they were forced to pay, and some had borrowed money from friends and relatives to meet the demands of these sharks, and were unable to pay it back. The policies and assessment notices were strung together upon a pole and soaked with coal-oil. A little niece of the hotel proprietor fired the pile, and \$250,000 worth of insurance certificates were consumed to slow music, while Mr. Heydt and a number of his neighbours formed all-hands-around and savagely danced about the pole. A collation was spread for those present, and a ball in the evening wound up the festivities.

A KANGAROO COURT IN TEXAS.—The illustration represents one of those *extempore* courts summoned and presided over by Judge Lynch, the necessity for which, existing undoubtedly in a rough state of civilization which the regular processes of law could not reach, is happily done away with. The extreme sentence of the law, if it may be so termed, has evidently been passed upon the unhappy wretch who with the courage that is born of despair awaits his fate at the hands of the appointed executioner. Such scenes do not bear dwelling upon.

THE BURNING OF THE RING THEATRE AT VIENNA.—Our readers are already familiar with the terrible tragedy of the 8th of December last in which upwards of one thousand victims were hurried into eternity. We give this week an illustration of the theatre itself before the fire, one of the public buildings of whose architecture Vienna was justly proud.

THE ROBBERY OF EARL CRAWFORD'S TOMB.—This latest incident of body-snatching has caused great excitement in fashionable circles the world over. The late Earl of Crawford and Balcarres died in Italy and his body was carried thence to be interred in the family vault at Dunect House, twelve miles south of Aberdeen. It has now been discovered that the body was taken away, at some time which is not yet ascertained, and that the vault has been broken into, and the coffin opened. Great indignation is felt by all classes of people in the neighbourhood, and equal sympathy with the noble family whose feelings have been so atrociously outraged. It can only be supposed that this infamous deed was perpetrated for the purpose of exacting a large sum of money by way of ransom.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE CRUISING CLEAR WATER LAKE.—This interesting feature of the great trip of the Marquis of Lorne to the extreme north-west territory of Canada last summer shows the vice-regal party nesting the last portage on the beautiful Clear Water Lake, on July 28th. There were ten large and brilliantly painted bark canoes, all fully manned with crews uniformed in red shirts, blue caps and white trousers. Nearly all were Indians or half-breeds, save one crew of Scotchmen who manned the first canoe bearing the Marquis. As the last portage was neared the procession ended in something like a race. Each crew wished to show its prowess, and all were eager to win the honour of second place behind His Excellency's boat, so that, whirled away by the excitement of the figures, the voyagers neglected for once the grand landscape.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER-BOY.

HOW WE GOT A SHELLING.

The men are in good spirits and all ready for the fray, but as the day wears on without further developments, arms are stacked, and we begin to roam about the hills; some are writing letters home, some sleeping, some even fishing in a little rivulet that runs by us, when toward three o'clock in the afternoon, and all of a sudden, the enemy opens fire on us with a salute of three shells fired in rapid succession, not quite into our ranks, but a little to the left of us; and see! over where the Forty-third lies, to our left, come three stretchers, going by on a lively trot to the rear; for "the ball is opening, boys," and we are under fire for the first time.

I wish I could convey to my readers some faint idea of the noise made by a shell as it flies shrieking and screaming through the air, and of that peculiar whirring sound made by the pieces after the shell has burst overhead or by your side. So loud, high pitched, shrill and terrible is the sound that one unaccustomed to it would think at first that the very heavens were being torn down about his ears!

How often I have laughed and laughed at myself when thinking of that first shelling we got there by the river! For, up to that time, I had a very poor old-fashioned idea of what a

shell was like, having derived it probably from accounts of sieges in the Mexican war.

I had thought a shell was a hollow ball of iron filled with powder and furnished with a fuse, and that they threw it over into your ranks, and there it lay hissing and spitting, till the fire reached the powder, and the shell burst and killed a dozen men or so—that is, if some venturesome fellow didn't run up and stamp the fire off the fuse before the miserable thing went off! Of a conical shell, shaped like a minié-ball, with ridges on the outside to fit the grooves of a rifled cannon, and exploding by a percussion-cap at the pointed end, I had no idea in the world. But that was the sort of thing they were firing at us now—Hur-r-r—bang! Hur-r-r—bang!

Throwing myself flat on my face while that terrible shriek is in the air, I cling closer to the ground while I hear that low, whirring sound near by, which I foolishly imagine to be the sound of a burning fuse, but which, on raising my head and looking up and around, I find is the sound of pieces of exploded shells flying through the air about our heads! The enemy has excellent range of us, and gives it to us hot and fast, and we fall in line and take it as best we may, and without the pleasure of replying, for the enemy's batteries are a full mile and a half away, and no Enfield rifle can reach half so far.

"Colonel, move your regiment a little to the right, so as to get under cover of yonder bank." It is soon done; and there, seated on a bank about twenty feet high, with our backs to the enemy, we let them blaze away.

And now, see! Just to the rear of us, and therefore in full view as we are sitting is a battery of our own, coming up into position at full gallop—a grand sight indeed! The officers with swords flashing in the evening sunlight, the bugles clanging out the orders, the carriages unlimbered, and the guns run up into position; and now, that ever beautiful drill of the artillery in action, steady and regular as the stroke of machinery! How swiftly the man that handles the swab has prepared his piece, while the runners have meanwhile brought up the little red bag of powder and the long, conical shell from the caisson in the rear! How swiftly they are rammed home! The lieutenant sights his piece, the man with the lanyard with a sudden jerk fires the cap, the gun leaps five feet to the rear with the recoil, and out of the cannon's throat, in a cloud of smoke rushes the shell, shrieking out its message of death into the lines a mile and a half away, while our boys rend the air with wild hurrahs, for the enemy's fire is answered!

Now ensues an artillery duel that keeps the air quivering and quaking about our ears for an hour and a half, and it is all the more exciting that we can see the drill of the batteries beside us, with that steady swabbing and ramming, running and sighting and bang! bang! bang! The mystery is how in the world they can load and fire so fast.

"Boys, what are you trying to do?" It is the general commanding the division who reins in his horse and asks the question, and he is one of the finest artillerymen in the service, they say.

"Why, General, we are trying to put a shell through that stone barn over there; it's full of sharpshooters."

"Hold a moment!"—and the general dismounts and sights the gun. "Try that elevation once, Sergeant," he says; and the shell goes crashing through the barn a mile and a half away, and the sharpshooters come pouring out of it like bees out of a hive. "Let them have it so, boys." And the general has mounted, and rides, laughing, away along the line.

Meanwhile, something is transpiring immediately before our eyes that amuses us immensely. Not more than twenty yards away from us is another high bank, corresponding exactly with the one we are occupying, and running parallel with it, the two hills inclosing a little ravine some twenty or thirty yards in width.

This second high bank, the nearer one, you must remember, faces the enemy's fire. The water has worn out of the soft sand-rock a sort of cave, in which Ducky Bill, our company cook, took refuge at the crack of the first shell. And there, crouching in the narrow recess of the rock, we can see him shivering with affright. Every now and then, when there is a lull in the firing, he comes to the wide-open door of his house, intent upon flight, and, rolling up the great whites of his eyes, is about to step out and run, when Hur-r-r—bang—crack! goes the shell, and poor scared Ducky Bill dives into his cave again head-first, like a frog into a pond.

After repeated attempts to run and repeated frog-leaps backward, the poor fellow takes heart and cuts for the woods, pursued by the laughter and shouts of the regiment—for which he cares far less, however, than for that terrible shriek in the air, which, he afterward told us, "was a-sayin' all de time, 'Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger! Where's dat nigger!'"

As night-fall comes on, the firing ceases. Word is passed around that under cover of night we are to cross the pontoons and charge the enemy's works; but we sleep soundly all night, and awake only at the first streaks of morning.

We have orders to move. A staff officer is delivering orders to our colonel, who is surrounded by his staff. They press in toward the messenger, standing immediately below me as I sit on the bank, when the enemy gives us a morning salute, and the shell comes poodling about which the group is gathered; the mounted officers crouch in their saddles and spur hastily away, the foot officers throw themselves flat on their

faces into the mud; the drummer-boy is bespattered with mud and dirt; but fortunately the shell does not explode, or the readers of *St. Nicholas* would never have heard how we got our first shelling.

And now, "Fall in, men!" and we are off on a double-quick in a cloud of dust, amid the rattle of canteens and tin cups, and the regular *flop, flop* of cartridge boxes and bayonet-scarabards, pursued by the hot fire of the enemy's batteries, for a long, hot, weary day's march to the extreme right of the army at Chancellorsville—*St. Nicholas*.

## VARIETIES.

"Look here, Matilla," said a Galveston lady to the colored servant, "you sleep right close to the chicken house, and you must have heard those thieves stealing the chickens." "Yes, ma'am, I heard de chickens holla, an heard de voices of de men." "Why didn't you run out then?" "Case ma'am, (bursting into tears), case I knowed my old fadder was out dar, and I wouldn't hab him know I se lost confidence in him, foah all de chickens in de world. If I had gone out dare and kotched in de world, it would hab broke his ole heart, and he would hab made me tote de chickens home for him besides. He done tole me day before dat he's gwine to pull dem chickens dat night." *Galveston News*.

COL. MACDONALD, late Director of Public Instruction at Madras, India, in a recent lecture in London pointed out that in many parts of India education was regarded as unbecoming the modesty of the female sex; inasmuch as it facilitated intrigue, it was fit only for the profligate females who engaged in public dancing and singing. In some districts no man will marry a girl who is able to read. At the existing schools the great majority of the pupils never go beyond the elementary stage of education, because Hindu girls leave school when they are about eleven. Parents instead of paying fees, expect to be bribed with presents of money and clothes for their children, and require a staff of servants to be kept up to conduct them to and from school. Because of the difference between the education of the English and Indian women, although England has been intimately connected with India for 150 years, there is to-day little social intercourse between the natives of that Empire, and the mother country.

PNEUMATIC BELL-CALL.—A system of pneumatic call-bells annunciators that has been in use for some time in England has been recently modified and improved for introduction into America. It consists essentially of a small bellows, an air-tube, and a second bellows, that may be used to strike a gong-bell or control the dials of an annunciator. The bellows, which is quite small and intended to be operated by hand, is closed by pressure of the finger on a push-button, by pulling a handle, or by pressing on a rubber bag, that forms the tassel or end of a cord hanging from the wall. The closing of the bellows sends an impulse of compressed air through a small tube, and causes a circular bellows to expand. At the end of this bellows is an upright rod that moves a segment of a geared wheel. A smaller wheel geared to this segment moves with it, and causes the hammer of a gong bell to give a series of rapid strokes. The bell "chatters" like an electric bell for a moment, and the pressure being removed, the ringing mechanism returns to its original position by its own weight. No clock-work or spring is required, all the parts being self-acting. The invention, in its present condition, seems likely to be of value in dwellings, small hotels, and on board steam-boats.

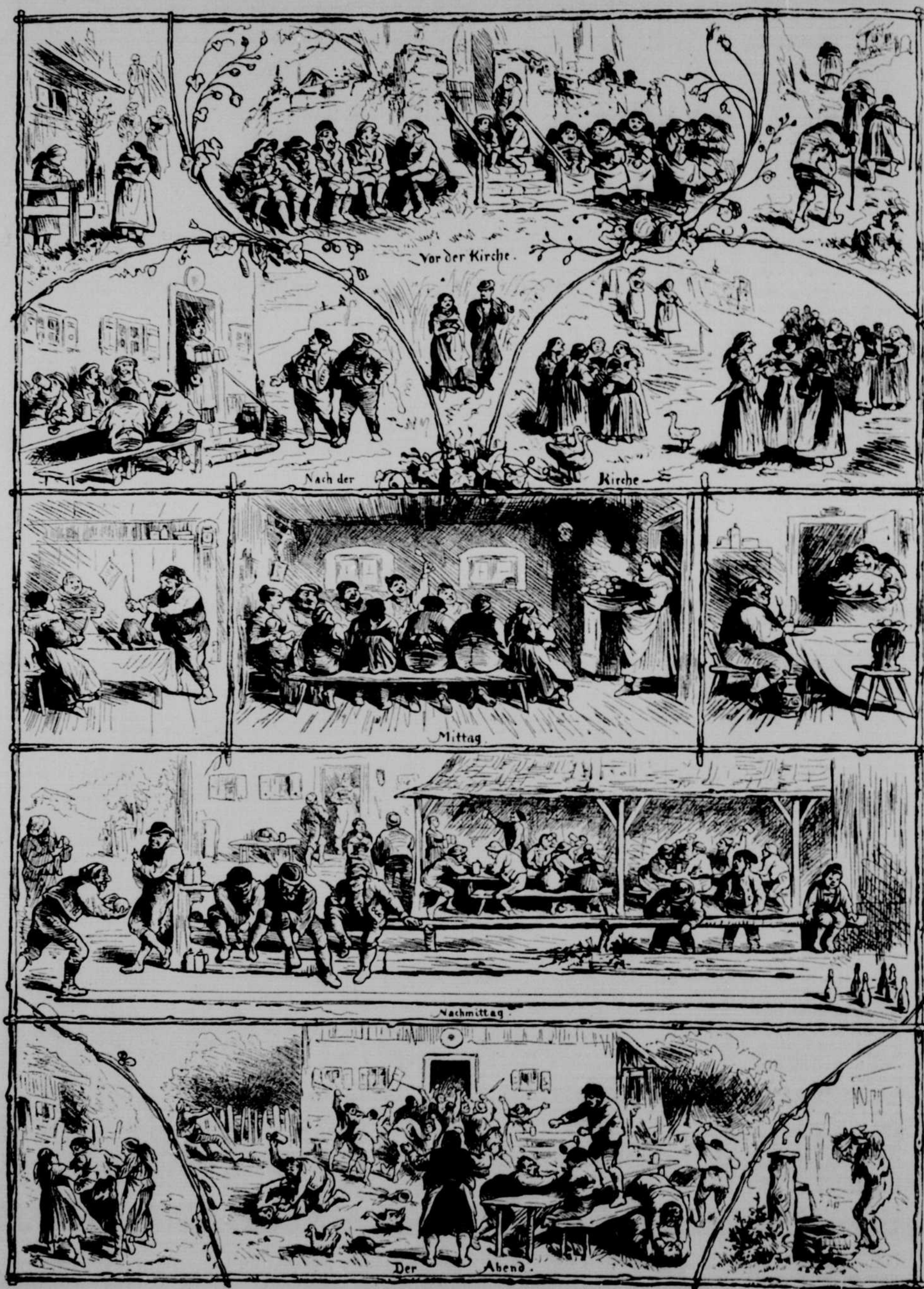
## "BEHIND HER FAN."

Beneath her fan of downy stuff,  
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,  
With peacock feathers, purple eyed,  
Caught daintily on either side,  
The gay coquette displays a puff;  
Two blue eyes peep above the buff;  
Two pinky pouting lips, . . . enough!  
That cough means surely come and hide  
Behind her fan.

The barque of Hope is trim and tough,  
So out I venture on the rough,  
Uncertain sea of girlish pride,  
A breeze! I tack against the tide,  
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff, —  
Behind her fan.

—The Century.

The elements of bone, brain and muscle, are derived from the blood, which is the grand natural source of vital energy, the motor of the bodily organs. When the circulation becomes impoverished in consequence of weak digestion and imperfect assimilation of the food, which should enrich it, every bodily function flags and the system grows feeble and disordered. When the blood becomes impure, either from the development of inherited seeds of disease, its contamination by bile, or other causes, serious maladies surely follow. A highly accredited remedy for these evils is NORTHRUP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, which eradicates impurities of the blood and fertilizes it by promoting digestion and assimilation. Moreover this fine alterative and stomachic exerts a specific action upon the liver, healthfully stimulating that organ to a performance of its secretory duty when inactive, and expelling bile from the blood. It likewise possesses diuretic and depurative properties of a high order, rendering the kidneys active and healthy, and expelling from the system the acrid elements which produce rheumatic pain. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle 10 cents. Ask for NORTHRUP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a fac-simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.



THE GERMAN PEASANT'S "SUNDAY AT HOME."

# "BONNY KATE." A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

## CHAPTER VI.

"I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man."

"Can that be Kate coming in the gate?" says Sophy, looking out of the window. "And, if so, who is that with her?"

The persons whom she addresses—to wit, Mr. Proctor and Janet, who are practising a duet with piano and flute, without the faintest prospect of accord in the matter of time or harmony—rise, and, approaching the window, also look out, one over her shoulder, the other over her head.

"It is Miss Kate," announces Mr. Proctor. "I recognize her, and I recognize Lightfoot; but I don't recognize the man with her—not at all."



"It must be some one whom we know," says Janet. "Kate would never allow a stranger to accompany her. Is there any new arrival in the neighbourhood? Eureka!" she cries, suddenly. "It is Frank Tarleton!"

"Tarleton!" echoes Mr. Proctor, in a tone altogether devoid of pleasure. "Do you think so? But where would Miss Kate have met him? He was not with the hunt."

"I don't know where she could have met him," says Janet; "but I am ready to wager anything that it is Frank Tarleton."

"You are right," says Sophy, who has been looking intently at the approaching horseman; "it is Frank Tarleton, and he has changed scarcely at all."

As she utters the last words, she passes out on the veranda; so Kate and Tarleton find her standing at the head of the steps when they ride up, apparently as much at ease with each other as if their acquaintance had been of weeks, instead of hours.

"Sophy," cries Kate's gay voice, "do you know who this is? I have promised not to introduce him."

"As if there was any need for you to do so!" Sophy replies. "Frank, I am delighted to see you back again."

"Neither do I," says Janet. "Who can he be? He is dressed well, and mounted well—he looks well, altogether, but I don't know him."

It is odd that he should be a stranger to all of us; and yet Kate is riding with him," says Sophy, craning her neck for a better view. "She is such a madcap, that I am never quite certain what she may or may not do—though she means no harm."



Clasped in both of his.

"Not half so delighted as I am to be back," Tarleton answers, springing from his horse. It is the work of an instant to lift Kate down, and then he mounts the steps, and Sophy finds the hand she extends clasped in both of his. "How glad I am to see you," he says, "and how familiar you look!—only changed a little, and prettier than ever. An old friend may say as much as that, may he not?"

"An old friend has no license to become a new flatterer," Sophy responds, shaking her head with a smile. "Where did you two pick each other up? We have been wondering over the question ever since you came in the gate."

"Oh, it is a long story," says Kate. "I lost the hounds, and found Mr. Tarleton—that is the sum of it. Have the huntmen come in yet?"

"Nobody except Mr. Proctor," Sophy is beginning, when that gentleman appears on the scene to speak for himself.

"I hope Lightfoot carried you well, Miss Kate," he says, solicitously; for he entertains a suspicion that something unusual must have occurred to bring Kate back before the rest of the party.

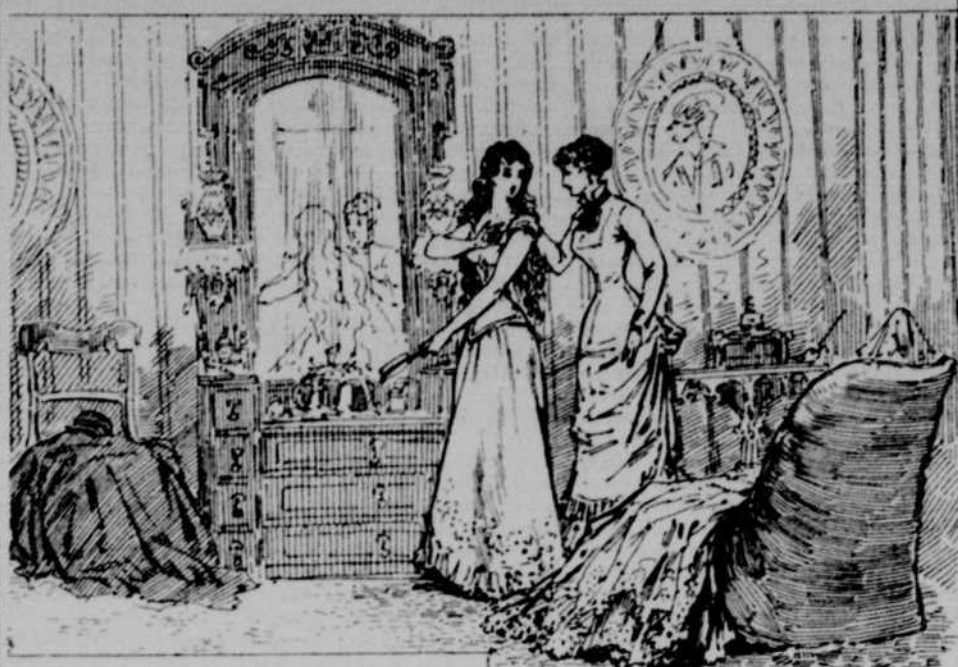
"Oh, very well—very well, indeed!" she replies, glibly. "It was not Lightfoot's fault that the saddle turned," she says to her conscience. "But I lost the hounds completely," she goes on; "the first time I ever did such a stupid thing. I might have lost myself, too, if I had not found Mr. Tarleton; and he brought me home."

"I am sure we are very much obliged to you," says Sophy to Tarleton, who looks a picture of innocence and virtue. "I felt uneasy when Mr. Proctor reported that he had mounted Kate on his horse, and left her alone."

"It was wrong," says Mr. Proctor, in a self-convicted tone. "I felt that after we parted, and wished very much that I had not suggested the exchange."

"It was not wrong," says Kate, in her pretty, imperious way. "You must not think so for a moment. It was kind and obliging, and unselfish, and if I did not find the hounds, I had a delightful ride—for which I must thank you," she adds, involuntarily laying her hand on his arm.

It is the first time she has ever done such a thing, and the slight momentary touch of her



fingers sends a thrill to Mr. Proctor's inmost heart. With herself, the sources of the impulse which thus result in action are so complex, that it is difficult to trace them. Chief, however, is a remorseful sense of having totally ignored and forgotten, in her "delightful ride," the man who sacrificed his own pleasure for hers, and a sense, for the first time, of the pain which she may yet be forced to inflict upon him. Why it is that she realizes for the first time that his love for her is not merely matter for a jest, she does not



"Eureka! It is Frank Tarleton."

know; but she does realize it, and hence she is inclined to an unusual consideration of his feelings. The consequence of this consideration, however, is a trifle awkward. Her hand falls



Kate and Janet enter the dining-room.

light as thistle-down on his coat-sleeve, and does not rest there an instant; but that instant is long enough for her to read her mistake in his face, for Sophy to be surprised, and for Tarleton

to be oddly conscious of astonishment and resentment. He looks at Proctor, and, as Proctor meets his glance, they, at least, understand each other from that moment.

A little earlier, the heart of the former would have sunk within him at the thought of such a formidable rival; but Kate's sweet tones, and above all that involuntary familiar action, have given him a new hope and courage. So he says, quickly:

"I will not think anything you don't wish me to think; and I am truly glad your ride was pleasant, though I could not be with you. If you like Lightfoot, pray remember that he is at your service whenever you choose to command him."

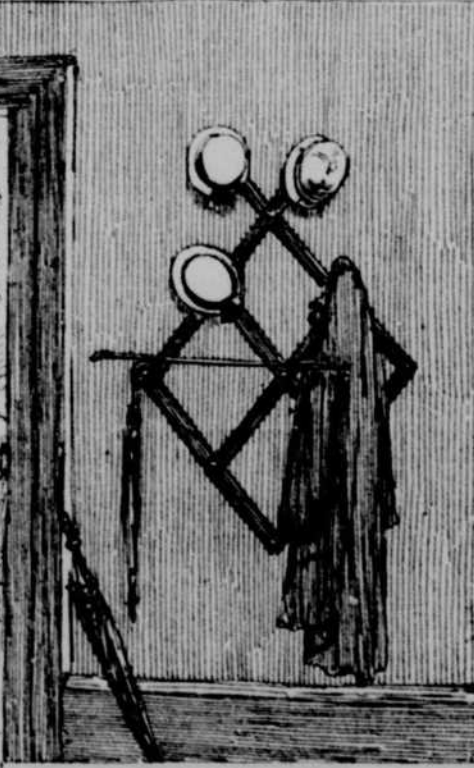
"Thanks—you are very kind," she answers; but a slight tone of constraint has come into her voice, and, saying, "I must change my dress," she enters the hall and goes up-stairs.

She is not allowed to gain the haven of her chamber without another delay. In the hall above she meets Mrs. Lawrence, and that lady stops her.

"What is this I hear, Kate, about your taking Mr. Proctor's horse, and going after the hounds alone?" she asks. "You must know that such conduct is very rash, and not what your uncle would approve. I disapprove of your going hunting at all, as you are aware; and, at least, I insist upon your keeping within certain bounds."

"I did not suppose there was any harm in taking Mr. Proctor's horse," Kate answers. "He insisted upon coming home with me in any case, and I saw no reason why we should both miss the chase because Diana fell lame. So I took Lightfoot, and followed the rest of the party."

"Did you find them?"



"It was Mr. Tarleton. I met him accidentally, and he introduced himself."

"Introduced himself!" repeats Mrs. Lawrence, in vexed astonishment. "How did he know who you were? What reason did he have? Kate, you have had some accident, and you are trying to deceive me."

"How suspicious you are, Aunt Margaret!" cries Kate. "Lightfoot behaved beautifully, and Mr. Tarleton will tell you that it was my unprotected condition which alone appealed to his chivalry. He saw me riding rather fast, and

he was afraid I might meet with an accident; so he followed, and—when I lost the hounds hopelessly, introduced himself, as I said.

"I am very sorry that you should have met him," says Mrs. Lawrence, shortly; "and if you had come home, as you should have done when your horse fell lame, there would have been no need for you to make a very undesirable acquaintance, in a very undesirable manner."

With this she goes her way, full of irritation which it is impossible to express more clearly without the risk of doing harm. She feels instinctively that, by this informal mode of entrance, Frank Tarleton has taken possession of his old, familiar place—a place from which it will be impossible to dislodge him, without a concurrence of action on the part of her husband and children, for which she cannot hope. "Not one of them will look beyond the pleasure of the hour," she thinks; and then she adds, again, "I am sorry that Kate met him."

That young lady retires to her chamber, and proceeds to examine the extent of her injuries. These are, happily, not great. With the exception of a general stiffness and soreness of feeling, which is the usual result of a fall, she only finds a painful bruise on her left shoulder, which received the first force of the shock, and the small cut on her temple, which has been already mentioned.

"How thankful I am that it is no worse!" she thinks. "Suppose I had dislocated my shoulder, or had my face cut to pieces, or my head broken—how dreadful that would be! I feel as if I was deceiving people, by concealing that I was thrown; but what good would it do to tell?" Aunt Margaret would think it was because I went fox-hunting; uncle would not want me ever to mount a decent horse again; and Mr. Proctor would blame himself about the saddle, when, in fact, it was altogether an accident, for which nobody was to blame. What is good for bruises, I wonder! I suppose my shoulder will turn black and blue; but I can wear a thick dress, and hide it. I am very much afraid somebody will notice this cut on my face; but there are numbers of ways in which people can hurt themselves without being thrown from horseback. Shall I put a strip of court-plaster on it? No; that would make it too conspicuous. I had better trust the hair, as Mr. Tarleton suggested."

The lips curve into a soft smile over the recollection of Mr. Tarleton's suggestion; but their expression changes quickly to a grimace of pain, as the hands which she has lifted to her head drop down again, the left falling to her side, the right clasping her left shoulder.

"O-h!" she says, aloud; and in the long-drawn interjection there is consternation as well as pain. "What am I to do now?"

The question is more easily asked than answered. How is a young lady, who cannot lift her hand to arrange her hair, to keep the injury which incapacitates her from the knowledge of the cousins who share her room? Kate is still considering this dilemma, and gazing at herself in the mirror with a rueful countenance, when the door suddenly opens, and Janet enters.

"Are you not dressed yet, Kate?" she asks. "The hunting-party have returned, and luncheon is nearly ready.—Why, what is the matter?"

"The matter is," replies Kate, desperately, "that I have hurt my shoulder, and cannot comb my hair."

"Hurt your shoulder! How did you—Oh, I see! You have been thrown. Don't deny it!"

"I have no idea of denying it," returns Kate. "What would be the good? But please, Janet—dear Janet, don't mention it."

"I can't promise anything till I know whether you are much hurt," says Janet, who is pleased to have discovered what it was not intended that she should know. "How did it happen? I said, down stairs, that I felt sure that you had met with some accident; but Frank Tarleton denied it absolutely."

"That was because he promised me not to tell it," says Kate. "I hope you will be as kind; for I am not hurt at all, seriously, and there is no reason why the matter should be known."

"You have got a badly-bruised shoulder, at any rate—and a cut on your face, I perceive. Here! give me a comb, for luncheon will soon be ready; and now, while I put up your hair, tell me all about it."

Having no alternative, Kate complies with this request, and relates her adventure in full; while Janet combs out the tangled masses of her hair, and listens with a judicial expression.

"Well," she says, when the story is finished, "I suppose there is no reason to mention the matter; but I hope such a narrow escape will be a lesson to you not to ride strange horses on fox-chases, and not to jump fences with any horse. It was a good thing that Frank Tarleton chanced to be at hand. By-the-by, what do you think of him?"

"What can I think, except that he is charming?" Kate answers, readily. "I like him even better than I expected to; and I can't believe anything very bad of him, Janet."

"I dare say not," replies Janet, dryly. "I like him, too—nobody can help liking him; but I don't suppose there is any doubt but that he is a sad scamp, and a dreadful flirt, besides. Take care, Kate; don't let him flirt with you."

"Forewarned is forearmed," says Kate, gayly. "Don't be afraid, dear old Wisdom. If there is any flirting done, I will not be the victim; I promise you that."

"But there must not be any flirting done,"

says Janet, energetically. "Kate, you are a child, if you think you can hold your own with Frank Tarleton, as you do with a stupid love-sick fellow like George Proctor. Besides, he has such a reputation that, if your name is once connected with his, gossip will be certain to say that you have had the worst of it. Forewarned is not always forearmed; people may be too confident."

"I am not," says Kate. "I won't flirt with Mr. Tarleton, and I won't let him flirt with me. Does that satisfy you? Oh! how you are pulling my hair!"

"Am I? I was looking at this end, here. What made you cut one lock so much shorter than the rest?"

"I don't remember having cut any at all," answers Kate, much surprised. "What do you mean?"

Janet flings one of the heavy plaits which she is braiding over her cousin's shoulder, and points to one end from which at least four inches have been cut, in a jagged, irregular manner.

Kate gazes at it in absolute amazement. When she arranged her hair that morning, it was all of an even length; and now a lock has mysteriously grown shorter.

"That is, certainly, the most extraordinary thing!" she says, finding words at last. "I have not cut a strand from my hair for six months, at least; and yet it is plain that somebody has cut it."

Janet looks at her, suspiciously. "I begin to think that you are an accomplished dissembler," she says. "How could anybody cut a lock from your hair, and you not know it?"

"I am sure I can't tell," Kate replies, "unless it was done when I was asleep."

"Mr. Proctor must have bribed somebody to do it, then," says Janet. "There!"—as a bell clangs below—"I have been expecting that. Luncheon is ready, and you are not."

#### CHAPTER VII.

"Oh, life was sweet and beautiful—  
its pretty pleasures all my own!  
Oh, life was very full,  
And every minute lived alone!  
And every minute was so strong,  
It brought its little new-born bliss,  
Sweeping in tender light along,  
Or leaving shadows like a kiss."

When Kate and Janet enter the dining-room, some time after luncheon has begun, a clatter of knives and forks and plates is mingled with the cheerful sound of many voices. Men fresh from a fox-hunt of ten or fifteen miles are likely to possess good appetites; and the luncheons at Fairfields, on hunting-days, are well known for their excellence. Money for new toilettes, new furniture, or fashionable expenditures of any kind, is rarely forthcoming, as the girls are well aware; but in the old-fashioned style of living, the generous, open hospitality, Mr. Lawrence will allow no change. His genial face appears at the end of the well-filled table now, and near it Kate perceives Tarleton's crest of "light and lustrous curls." As she slips into a seat, General Murray, who has a special fancy for her pretty face, at once addresses her:

"Truly sorry we lost you, Miss Kate! I must take you under my charge at the next chase, and then there'll be no chance of your missing the sport. These young fellows are not as reliable as we old ones, after all.—Eh, Lawrence?"

"I shall be delighted to be taken under your charge, General," answers Kate; but you must not think of blaming the escort for my misfortune. Mr. Proctor not only lost the hunt, through his kindness in staying with me, but he gave me his own horse, and brought Diana home."

"For the first we can't allow him much credit," says the General. "To stay behind with you, could scarcely be reckoned a hardship by the most enthusiastic hunter; but the last was undoubtedly an act of unselfishness, and therefore I am sorry that you did not profit by it. We were not going so fast but that, with a good horse, a rider like yourself should have been able to overtake us."

"I don't understand the matter," breaks in Will. "You couldn't have had your wits much about you, Kate, to have lost the hounds when they were so near you."

"They were not near me," says Kate, who feels guilty, but knows that it will not do to betray any tokens of the kind. "After I parted with Mr. Proctor, I only heard them once, and that was faintly."

"Didn't you tell me," says Will, appealing to Proctor, "that she left you where the road turns to Patterson's? The fox had doubled back, and the hounds about that time were beating around the head of Albert's mill-pond; so, in a straight course, we were not farther off than a quarter of a mile."

"But how could I know that?" asks Kate; "and if I had known it, I couldn't have gone to you in a straight course, could I? Mr. Tarleton will tell you that I was doing my best to find the dogs, when he encountered me."

She sends an appealing glance toward Tarleton, who instantly comes to her support.

"I testify emphatically that Miss Lawrence was making every effort to that end that a bold rider could make," he says. "If you have ever lost the hounds yourself, Will—"

"Never did such a thing in my life!" interposes Will.

"Well, I have been less fortunate; I have lost them, and I know that to find them again is sometimes a puzzling matter. Therefore, I

thought your cousin very wise when she determined to turn homeward."

"I have no doubt it was the best thing she could do under the circumstances," says Mr. Lawrence. "But it was a pity you did not come into the chase, Frank; we had a capital run. It would have reminded you of old times."

"I should have enjoyed it, I have no doubt," answers Tarleton; "but I do not need the music of the hounds to waken my recollections of old times. Everything about me does that—my old friends most of all."

"I hope you've come back to live among your old friends," says Wilmer, cordially. "There are many vexations in a planter's life; but, after all, it's the most independent in the world."

"Yes, I think it is," Tarleton answers; but he does not say he has come back to embrace this independent existence."

"I wish you would stay, Frank," says Sophy, who is conscious of a sufficiently preoccupied heart to utter what she likes. "There are a hundred ways in which we could make you useful; you were always more obliging than Will."

"So long as I do stay, I will endeavour to maintain my good character," says Tarleton. "Can't you make some use of me at once? I am at your command."

"Take care!" says Will, warningly. "You don't know what you are about, my good fellow. To give women a *carte-blanche* of that kind, to fill in at their own discretion, is—"

"Is to be certain that they do not abuse it," interrupts Sophy. "Don't mind anything that he says, Frank; he is fast becoming a regular mis— What do you call it? If you are in earnest about placing yourself at our service, don't you want to go to Oakdale with us, to a croquet-party, this afternoon? The whole family there will be glad to see you."

"I shall be delighted to go," replies Tarleton, readily.

"Even to play croquet?" asks Janet. "I fancied you would despise that amusement as much as most people do who have tasted more intoxicating draughts of pleasure."

"I am a most accommodating person in my tastes," he answers. "They always fit my situation, like a glove."

"In that case they may sometimes be too elastic, may they not?"

"I fear there is little doubt of that," he responds, carelessly; "but just now I feel that I should like a game of croquet very much."

It is with a sense of despairing resignation—a sense as of one who fights vainly against fate—that Mrs. Lawrence listens to this conversation. She feels the utter helplessness of making any further effort against Tarleton's reinstatement in his old, familiar place, for Mr. Lawrence is plainly determined to ignore her remonstrance, and she cannot blame either Will or the girls, since nothing has been said to them. Neither is she herself insensible to the charm which every one finds in this very attractive black sheep. Impossible to steel her heart against him; impossible to be cold and distant with him, and yet impossible also not to feel a foreboding of harm to come, a certainty of imprudence committed in the present which will yet bear bitter fruit.

Luncheon over, Tarleton finds, or makes—he is an adept in all matters of the kind—an opportunity to speak to Kate, and inquire how she feels after her fall.

"I have been thrown often enough," he says, "to be aware that the worst of such an accident comes after one is off the horse. You have concealed the cut very thoroughly," he adds, glancing at the light tendrils of hair on her temple.

"Janet arranged that," Kate answers. "She found me in a sad plight, for my shoulder received the brunt of the fall, and I could not lift this hand"—she extends the left—"to my head. Nobody knows the convenience of possessing two hands until he or she has lost one; so I was wondering what I could do, when Janet came in. I was obliged to tell her the truth, and, like a dear, good girl, she has promised not to mention it."

"And so your shoulder is disabled?" says Tarleton, in a tone of great concern. "Ought you not to have advice about it? There is really no reason why you should not tell—"

"Hush!" she says, quickly. "Some one may overhear you. My shoulder is not at all seriously hurt; it only inconveniences me a little. You must not break your promise—indeed, you must not!" she goes on earnestly. "Poor Mr. Proctor would never cease to reproach himself, if he heard of my accident."

"Poor Mr. Proctor!" repeats Tarleton, remembering, with a twinge—is it of jealousy?—the scene on the piazza. "Allow me to say that he is happy Mr. Proctor, to be so regarded."

"Surely I should be very ungrateful if I did not regard his feelings, when he gave up the hunt for me," says Kate, meeting his gaze with her candid eyes.

"I am the last person in the world to deny that gratitude is a virtue," he answers; "but, as General Murray remarked, I am not sure that Mr. Proctor's act was one of heroic unselfishness. To give up the hunt for you—one could hardly hesitate over that alternative."

"Couldn't one?" asks Kate, laughing, but blushing, too. "Ah, wait till you are tried! To make protestations, is one thing; to keep them in the field, is quite another. Mr. Proctor—"

"Has done both. I doubt not," says Tarleton, as she pauses. "But I hope you don't

mean to imply that Mr. Proctor is the only man who can keep protestations as well as make them!"

"I suppose that after you have made them you feel pledged to keep them," she answers; "so it is best not to make them at all."

"The question is, How can one help it?" he asks, looking at the lovely, smiling face.

"The question is, rather, Why should you think it worth while?" she says, while her eyes tell him that his are by no means the first compliments to which she has had the pleasure of listening.

Before he can answer, Sophy approaches, and lays her hand unexpectedly on Kate's shoulder, making that young lady start, and nearly betray the fact of her injury by an exclamation.

"Sorry to interrupt you," says the former, "but it is time we were getting ready for going to Oakdale. I promised Carrie we would come early, because she wants us to meet her friend, Miss Palmer."

"I think," says Janet, "that Kate had better be excused from going. I am sure she must feel the worse for her morning's adventure."

"Janet!" cries Kate. She seizes Janet's arm, and draws her out of the room into the hall. "How could you!" she says, as soon as they are out of hearing. "How could you be so mean! You promised not to tell."

"And have I told!—that you should pinch my arm black and blue!" asks Janet, injuredly. "I only said what is very true, that, after such an accident, you ought to stay at home."

"I don't agree with you at all, and I certainly don't mean to stay at home," says Kate. "What is a fall from horseback, when one is not hurt? Why, nothing at all. But I must go and dress. Janet, what shall I wear!—my black silk and corn-coloured overdress! Yes, I think that is the most becoming toilette I have."

She turns, and is half-way up-stairs before Janet can reply, to approve or demur. As the latter remains where she is left, with a look of perplexity and consideration on her face, her cousin's clear, sweet voice floats back, stinging

"Oh, for Friday night,  
Friday is the gloamin';  
Oh, for Friday night,  
Then my true love's comin'."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

"We two stood there, with never a third,  
But each by each, as each knew well.  
The sights we saw and the sounds we heard,  
The lights and the shades, made up a spell  
Till the trouble grew and stirred."

Oakdale is a pleasant country-house, in which the Nortons, the nearest neighbours and oldest friends of the Lawrences, have their abode, and where, like the Lawrences, they remain the year round, through summer's heat and winter's frost. They are agreeable, companionable people, without marked characteristics of any kind; the father a good planter, the mother a gentle lady; the girls fresh and pretty, the sons established in different professions, and doing well. Carrie Norton and Will Lawrence have for some time played at love-making, and, if the play should end in earnest, there would be no objection to anticipate on the side of either family. Whether it will end in earnest or not, cannot yet be determined. Carrie laughs when she is teased about Will, and Will enjoys being rallied about Carrie; and this is the extent to which matters have progressed with them.

Miss Norton at the present time has a visitor—an intimate friend and "old schoolmate," of whom she talked a great deal ever since the remote period (about two years ago) when they left school together. According to her account, no one is so pretty, no one so charming, as Belle Palmer; and it is in honour of this young lady that she has bidden her friends to come and play croquet on the Oakdale lawn, with the prospect of one of Mrs. Norton's admirable suppers and a dance, later.

About four o'clock the company begin to arrive, and the Fairfields carriage is one of the first equipages to put in an appearance.

"Here are the Lawrences," says Grace, the second of the Norton girls, glancing out of the drawing room window. "Upon my word, they are well escorted! One, two, three gentlemen on horseback, besides one driving the phaeton."

"O, the Lawrences always have escorts and to spare," says a bystander. "They are all popular; and Kate is the belle of the county."

"I have heard so much of Miss Kate Lawrence since I came here, that I am very anxious to see her," says Miss Palmer, with the curiosity which one reputed belle always feels about another, yet with a comfortable sense, too, that she has nothing to fear, and that it is for Miss Kate Lawrence to tremble—if trembling be needed.

Carrie goes out to meet her guests, and there is a chorus of voices on the piazza for several minutes. Then it becomes apparent that some one of more than ordinary importance belongs to the party, for Mrs. Norton is arrested as she is in the act of crossing the hall, and Carrie bids her father come and "welcome an old friend."

"Who can they have with them, I wonder?" says Grace. "I think I shall go and see."

Before she can cross the room, however, the feminine portion of the party enter, and Carrie introduces them to Miss Palmer.

The eyes of the latter at once fasten on Kate, and her mind is not quite so easy as it was before she saw this young lady, whom, in her own mind she has called disdainfully, "a country belle." Miss Palmer herself lives in a large town, and is a product of the latest civilization in the matter of dress and appearance. From

the fringe of blonde hair across her forehead, to the tip of her boot, she is according to the strictest law of "style"; and since Nature gave her a pretty face and a peach-bloom complexion, she passes muster for a beauty. Nevertheless, some faint instinct tells her that she does not bear comparison with the girl who stands before her now, with her deer-like head and high-bred air, her delicately-chiseled face and radiant eyes.

"She is not a beauty, but there is certainly something very striking about her," the discomfited belle acknowledges to herself. The next instant, Kate and everything connected with her fall into insignificance, as the group of gentlemen enter and attract Miss Palmer's attention.

"Why, yonder is Mr. Tarleton!" she exclaims, in astonishment. "Who could have thought of meeting him here!"

"It is his home," says Sophy, "and therefore a very natural place to meet him. You know him, then?"

"No, not exactly," Miss Palmer answers. "But I know a great deal of him; and he has been pointed out to me by friends of mine, who were also friends of his, so that I almost feel as if I knew him."

"You will be able to quite feel so very soon," says Sophy, smiling. "Here is a specimen of the women who make such men as Frank Tarleton what they are," she says to Kate, as they turn away a moment later. "That girl is ready to fling herself down under his chariot-wheels, and be honoured if he deigns to amuse himself by flirting with her."

The truth of this is manifest when Tarleton is presented to Miss Palmer. She not only receives him with marked distinction, but turns from every one else to bestow her undivided attention upon him. Watching her, as she practices her beneficent every device of shallow coquetry, Kate is conscious of a sensation of disgust amounting to absolute repugnance.

"Janet is right," she thinks. "It will not do to let Mr. Tarleton even begin to amuse himself with me. He has been too much spoiled by other women, for there to be any safety in indulging with him in the light flirtation that one does not mind with less flattered men. He would soon set me down as one of the victims of his fascinations; and so I shall make him understand that I am to be severely let alone."

This prudent resolve she has excellent opportunities for practising in the course of the next two hours—opportunities rather more excellent than agreeable. Owing to the state of her shoulder she is forced, greatly to the surprise of the company, to decline joining the game of croquet, and to content herself, instead, with that doubtful amusement known as "looking on."

"Come, and give me the benefit of your advice," says Mr. Proctor, standing before her, mallet in hand. "You know what a wretched player I am."

"I can give you my advice, but I can't give you a better stroke," she says, with one of the bright smiles that have worked its undoing.

Nevertheless, she goes and directs his play, filling him with elation, and trying the while—though not always with success—to keep her eyes and attention from Tarleton, who is generally to be seen in the neighbourhood of Miss Palmer; though whether he follows her, or she follows him, is difficult to tell.

Mr. Proctor remarks this juxtaposition, during a pause in which Kate and himself sit under the shade of a spreading oak, and watch the others knocking the balls about.

"Miss Palmer is very pretty. I don't wonder that Mr. Tarleton should admire her," Kate answers.

"Tarleton himself is a—rather good-looking; don't you think so?" asks the vaguely jealous man, knocking his mallet diligently on the root of the tree.

"He is more than rather good-looking; he is exceedingly handsome," returns Kate, calmly.

"I suppose women generally admire him," says Proctor, who is pleased, and yet not pleased, with this frank commendation. "But looks don't weigh much with men."

"Except to prejudice you against one another," says Kate, who is vexed, yet whose vexation, like her companion's jealousy, is, with regard to its cause very vague. "I never knew a man who did not sneer at beauty in another man; though I have never met one who was grieved at possessing any share of it himself."

"I have often heard that a handsome face pleases a woman better than anything else," says Mr. Proctor; "but I fancied you would think more of brains."

"And why should not a handsome face have brains behind it, as well as an ugly one?" she asks. "All kinds of faces are odious without intelligence; but I am sure the Greeks, who were the most intellectual people in the world, were also the most beautiful."

The Greeks prove too much for Mr. Proctor. Before he can find a reply, several voices inform him that it is his turn to play; so he is forced to rise, and bend his energies to the task of sending his ball through a wicket, from which it has been ignominiously knocked away half a dozen times.

"You are destined to be so hopelessly beaten, that I don't think I can stay to witness your defeat," Kate says, for his comfort, when he returns to her side. "I like to play croquet, but I find looking on very stupid; so I shall go to the house, and talk to Mrs. Norton."

She saunters away as she speaks; but it is not

to go to the house, nor to talk to Mrs. Norton. On one side the lawn stretches into a garden, thither she bends her steps. It is probably the first time in her life that she has voluntarily sought solitude when company was to be had, and she does not at all understand why she feels so much out of spirits.

"I wish that I had not gone fox-hunting this morning," she thinks. "I gained nothing by it except a hurt shoulder, which has spoiled my enjoyment this afternoon; for if I were playing croquet, I should not feel so dull. Miss Palmer, if she knew anything about my adventure, however, would be glad I did not stay at home. If I had done so, Mr. Tarleton would have gone to Greenfield and taken the train, and then she would not have had the pleasure of his society. Aunt Margaret says that all men are horribly vain; and if all men are vain, what must a man be who has such good cause for vanity?"

(To be continued.)

#### HE WAS FROM DEADWOOD.

A Brooklyn boy, who had spent some six months in the Black Hills, struck home last week and sauntered up Fulton street. He was dressed in an antelope-shirt, a pair of black tail deer-skin pantaloons, beaded moccasins, and a white felt hat with a brim like a wagon wheel. He wandered into a saloon, thumped his fist on the counter, and howled for tan juice with glittering eye.

"Will yer jine me, stranger?" he said to three or four gentlemen sitting at table, adding as they hesitated, "I reckon ye'd better. With me a invite means liquor or blood. Ye'd better come up."

They approached the bar, and all took beer, except one, who took cider, explaining that he had never touched spirits in his life.

"Wall, I'll be dogged!" roared the skin-deck traveller. "Ef yer was with me whar I hang out ye'd be inter hole. 'Cause thar's whar yer got ter drink, whether ye drink or not. 'Sluck!' And he poured in the poison."

"Whare ar you from, if I may ask?" inquired the cider man.

"From 't right from the gulch. The clean up put me a few thousand ahead and I'm wanderin' to see the sights. You bet!"

"From the mines?"

"Straight from jist whar yer reckoned I was, stranger. I been inter the Hills. Panned big, and now I'm in fer a reg'lar old He. You bet!"

"How are things in the Hill now? Is business depressed, or is it flourishing?"

"I don't know nothin' about them big words, but ef yer want fer ter know how things is, they're thar; right thar. I see twenty millions o' money taken out o' my mine in fourteen hours. That's trade! That's hitting gilt every wash, and don't yer forgit it; you bet."

"How does Custer City seem to progress?"

"I ain't bizness with no Custer City,—I'm a miner, I am."

"I saw in a recent paper that a number of troops have been moved to Fort Meade. Do they think there is any danger from Indians?"

"Injuns! Injuns, pards. Why there's mor'n seven millions of 'em setten around on the rocks waitin' for a chance to lite in. Injuns! Why you don't know nothin' about Injuns here. I seen ten hundred thousand troops killed in an hour and a half. But I don't mind no Injuns! I tunnelled under four tribes camped half a mile from my claim, and every dogged one of them went up in a blast. You bet! There can't be no Injuns git away with a Hiller, and don't yer forgit it."

"Deadwood must be rather a dangerous locality. I had no idea it was so exposed."

"Deadwood! Dangerous, jist, stranger, if yer ever learned to gamble. Say, put yer money on the statement that Deadwood is dangerously placed yer'll win, pard. Yer'll scoop the pot each tussle, or count my judgment dence box."

"Going to be in Brooklyn any length of time?"

"Jist come to take a squint at it. Say, show me round. Show me to a faro-bank. I've got too much dust for comfort, I'd like to drop or pick up. Show me around, stranger, and I'll make yer proud of yerself."

"I don't think you would find me a very good guide, for I've only been here a comparatively short time, but perhaps one of my friends who reside here would—"

"Don't belong here! Whar yer from, stranger? Whar's yer tepee?"

"I live in Deadwood," responded the stranger.

"I'm only—"

If the young traveller will come round and pay for those drinks, all will be forgiven.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE paintings at the opera by Baudry have been nearly spoiled by dirt and gas fumes, and are to be replaced by porcelain representing the same subjects.

PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE, who married Madame Blanc's youngest daughter, is reported to have sold his interest in the Monaco gaming-tables to a "society of English capitalists" for \$2,900,000.

THE widow of the Duke of Richelieu, *née* Heine, a granddaughter of Solomon Heine, will speedily become the wife of the Hereditary Prince of Monaco, whose marriage with Lady

Mary Douglas (now Countess Festetics) was last year dissolved by the Pope.

THE rage for marrying actresses has become the prevailing epidemic. The recent histrionic marriages are to be followed by that of Mlle. Croizette. The papers announce the probable nuptials of the Duc de C— with Mlle. Marie M—; of M. de Fitzjames, brother of the Duke of that ilk, with Mlle. Alice Regnault. Other members of the Jockey Club have of late contracted strange alliances of this description.

WANDERERS about Paris cannot fail to have perceived a white placard posted up all over the gay city, wherever board or boarding presents an inviting surface, informing passers by that on the 18th inst. a census will be made of the French population, and prescribing rules to be observed on that occasion. The new census documents do not differ from those used on former occasions, excepting that no question is asked concerning religion. The questions are limited to age, sex, profession and duration of residence.

THE shamelessly frivolous duelling still continues; an offence is taken and a challenge given for the most insignificant reason; it seems like a desire for mere notoriety. Sometimes, however, blood-thirstiness is the motive; for instance, there is a duel now pending between a Neapolitan gentleman (who has come all the way from Naples to fight), and a Parisian, and the terms of the duel contract are that it is to be with swords—a *mort*, or till one is totally unable to confront his adversary; with a view to a fatal issue, the duel is to take place on the frontiers of Luxemburg, so that the victor may make his escape.

THE favourite combinations of colour for day wear are bronze and garnet, "tabac à l'Épague," and old gold, seal and amber, fawn and chestnut, blue and mastic, violet and heliotrope, violet and scabieuse, resida and myrtle, copper and black, cardinal and black, navy blue and Bordeaux, &c. For evening wear the combination of three light shades is popular; or, one with a contrasting dark shade. Ruby and the palest blue is often mixed with excellent effect, light Suede and opal blue, rose d'Orient and peacock blue, Bengal rose and moss green, hussar blue and nuphar green, amber and deep red, &c.

THE otherwise triumphant success of Sardou's *Olette* at the Vaudeville is shadowed by a failure in one comparatively trifling point, and that is in regard to the toilettes worn by Mlle. Blanche Pierson. Her first dress of pale silver-gray satin, with pale pink tunic embroidered with silver and trimmed with silver passementerie and fringe, is stiff and ineffective. Her toilette in the third act, a reception or dinner-dress of gold yellow satin, profusely trimmed with black lace and jet loops of yellow satin ribbon, the front of the skirt being likewise ornamented with a great V-shaped arrangement of jet embroidery, is showy, but is neither tasteful nor becoming. The only really elegant dress in the whole play is the walking costume of pearl-gray satin and Sicilienne, which Mlle. Marie Legault wears in the second act, and which is deliciously fresh, youthful and pretty.

THE niece of Marshal MacMahon, Mlle. de la Selle, has taken the veil as a Benedictine nun, and the ceremony drew together the two parties of the Empire and the Restoration. It has been regarded almost as a fusion between them. Don Conturier, the Benedictine Father, performed the ceremony of reception, and his allocation has been quoted as one bearing such evidence of hope in the return of religious feeling in France that it has made the deepest impression upon the gay world of Paris. The fair recluse was splendidly attired as a bride during the first portion of the ceremony. The jewels of the family—her special inheritance—were worn to give the ceremony all the *éclat* possible, and the lace which adorned the bridal robe was considered by the ladies present to be beyond all price. The female members of the MacMahon and La Selle family beheld, perhaps, with regret these treasures depart for ever from amongst them, when the bridal ornaments disappeared to give place to the black veil and hempen belt of the Benedictine. All becomes the property of the convent to which the nun retires.

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

THE MARRIAGE LIFE.—The marriage life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or a happy condition. The first is when two people of no genius or taste for themselves meet together upon such settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation in the land and cash of both parties. In this case the young lady is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect to those above them. The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and presentment, put together for reasons well-known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to

avoid what they think the chief of evils, poverty, and insure to them riches, with every evil besides. These people live in a constant constraint before company. When they are within observation they fret at each other's carriage and behaviour; when alone they revile each other's conduct. The happy marriage is where two persons meet and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may live in spite of adversity or sickness; the former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the portion of our very make.—*Sir Richard Steel.*

MATCHMAKING MOTHERS.—In the very highest circles, as I am informed by the best authorities, this matchmaking goes on. Ah woman—woman! ah wedded wife!—ah fond mother of fair daughters! how strange thy passion is to add to thy titles that of mother-in-law! I am told when you have got the title, it is often but a bitterness and a disappointment. Very likely the son-in-law is rude to you, the coarse, ungrateful brute! and very possibly the daughter rebels, the thankless serpent! And yet you will go on scheming; and having met only with disappointment from Louisa and her husband, you will try and get one for Jimima, and Maria, and down even to little toddlers coming out of the nursery in her red shoes. When you see her with little Tommy, your neighbour's child, fighting over the same Noah's ark, or clambering on the same rocking horse, I make no doubt in your fond silly head, you are thinking, "Will these little people meet some twenty years hence? And you give Tommy a very large piece of cake, and have a fine present for him on the Christmas tree—you know you do, though he is but a rude, noisy child, and has already beaten Toddlers, and taken her doll away from her, and made her cry.—*W. M. Thackeray.*

#### HUMOROUS.

ONE touch of rumour makes the whole world chin.

A TRUE American is too honest to steal. He gets trusted.

TAKING things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

WE know an old maid who says it's bad enough for the men to get married without fools of women imitating them.

WHO says it is unhealthy to sleep in feathers? Look at the spring chicken and see how tough he is.

MAGISTRATE: "Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" Prisoner: "No, your honour; I have always employed first-class lawyers."

ONE point of difference between a timid child and a shipwrecked sailor is, that one clings to his ma and the other to its spar.

THEY asked him was he the best man at the wedding. "No," he said; "I don't know as I was the best, but I was as good as any of 'em."

THE STATE OF IRELAND.—Murphy (in the Law, to his two new clerks): "An' now, bhoyas, listen to me; I'll have no fighting in me office. If a clerk of mine was to kill another clerk, bedad, I'd just sack the pair of them."

QUALIFYING A SWEEPING ASSERTION.—Sophie (after hearing about Frank): "I declare I shall not believe a word a man says to me. Tudy 're all liars!" Beatrice: "For shame, Sophie! You're (regretfully): 'At least all the nice ones are!"

HOUSEKEEPER (showing party of American visitors round the old baronial mansion): "And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the ancient banquetting hall, erected by the third earl, in the reign of —" Miss McShoddy (interrupting): "My! it's an elegant feedin'-room, ain't it, pa?"

"THAT dog of yours flew at me this morning and bit me on the leg, and now I notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about? It's me that's mad!"

"HAVE I not a right to be saucy if I please?" asked a young lady of an old bachelor. "Yes, if you please, but not if you displease."

#### QUEL DOMMAGE!

It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm? We sat on the steps, for the evening was warm; We spoke very softly, and—as to his arm, It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm? The scent of the hay-feds crept up from the farm. We were quite in the dark, save the fire-flies swarm (It was just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?) A bird from the hedge whirring up, broke the charm. He beat, as I started in foolish alarm, And—twas just Cousin Jack, and so—what was the harm?

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

# A DONKEY STORY.

WITH A MORAL.



In summer time the folks from town  
To Feldberg flock, one with another,  
They climb it, up one side, and down  
The other.

On donkey back the mother sits,  
"Warranted free from vice" her steed is;  
The others march, as best befits,  
Per pedes.



A little brook obstructs the way,  
They urge the steed with reasons various;  
The donkey much prefers to stay  
Just where he is.



In vain they urge: in donkey fashion  
He grunts—his meaning undisputed—  
"It's no use getting in a passion,  
I'm rooted."

With sticks and stones, and noisy roar,  
Determined to o'ercome the creature,  
The tourists charge, of vict'ry or  
Defeat sure.

The gov'nor pulls in front, while Miss  
And Mrs. strive to make the mare go  
By studiously applying vis  
*A tergo.*



The guide boy yells, the babies cry,  
When suddenly, as if for fun  
Off goes the ass, and victory  
Is won.

MORAL.

We ever seek some wished-for lot,  
And when in time Dame Fortune's brought it,  
We're apt to find it isn't what  
We thought it.



A DONKEY STORY WITH A MORAL.



THE RISING OF THE WATERS.—DRAWN BY A. E. ELSLIE.

## IN VIENNA.

Haah! not a word! Not a word!  
Even the tongues of fire now are hushed,  
And only a puff of smoke is heard  
Now and then, when the ashes are stirred,  
Where the dead lie charred and crushed.

How many, did you hear?  
A thousand is it they miss?  
My God! what a horror of pain and fear!  
A stricken battle were goodlier cheer  
Than a day of gloom like this.

But the kindly smoke would kill,  
God could not burn them quick—  
Men and women who did no ill,  
And babes and maidens, whose anguish still  
Makes the heart faint and sick.

Av! surely it must have been so;  
They died of the dense black smoke,  
And only looked on the fiery glow  
As the distant flames leapt to and fro,  
Then slept and never woke.

Made to be burned, do you say?  
What if it had been a kirk?  
Men have been slain when they went to pray;  
And be it a sermon, or be it a play,  
The fire would do its work.

A wful, is it, to go  
From gallery, box, or pit,  
To the world eternal? Yes; but so  
It is bad from the shop or the bourse to go  
With the spirit that reigns in it.

Why should art be a sin?  
Or the love of it stir up wrath?  
Words well spoken the heart will win;  
And what is there wrong in a picture? or in  
The song that a blessing hath?

You stage has been sometimes trod  
By souls that would make your's dim  
Through the light that lightened their clay abode.  
Be still and know that the Lord is God;  
Do not father your hard thoughts on him.  
—Scottish American.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A DRUMMER BOY.

THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

"Colonel, close up your men and move on as rapidly as possible."

It is the morning of July 1st, and we are crossing a bridge over a stream, as the Staff-officer, having delivered this order for us, dashes down the line to hurry up the regiments in the rear. We get up on a high range of hills, from which we have a magnificent view. The day is bright, the air is fresh and sweet, and the sun shines out of an almost cloudless sky, and as we gaze away off yonder down the valley to the left—look! Do you see that? A puff of smoke in mid-air! Very small and miles away, as the faint and long-coming "boom" of the exploding shell indicates, but it means that something is going on yonder, away down in the valley, in which, perhaps, we may have a hand before the day is done. See! Another—and another! Faint and far away comes the long-delayed "boom!" "Boom!" echoing over the hills, as the Staff-officer dashes along the lines with orders to "double-quick! double-quick!"

Four miles of almost constant double-quickening is no light work at any time, least of all on such a day as this memorable first day of July, for it is hot and dusty. But we are in our own State now, boys, and the battle is opening ahead, and it is no time to save breath. On we go, now up a hill, now over a stream, now checking our headlong rush for a moment, for we must breathe a little. But the word comes along the line again, "double-quick," and we settle down to it with right good will, while the cannon ahead seem to be getting nearer and louder. There's little said in the ranks, for there is little breath for talking, though every man is busy enough thinking. We all feel, somehow, that our day has come at last—as indeed it has!

We get in through the outskirts of Gettysburg, tearing down the fences of the town lots and outlying gardens as we go; we pass a battery of brass guns drawn up beside the seminary, some hundred yards in front of which building, in a strip of meadow-land, we halt, and rapidly form the line of battle.

"Generals, shall we unfurl knapsacks?" shouts some one down the line to our Division-general, as he is dashing by.

"Never mind the knapsacks, boys; it's the State now!"

And he plunges his spurs up to the hocks in the flanks of his horse, as he takes the stake-and-rider fence at a leap and is away.

"Unfurl the flags, Color-guard!"

"Now, forward, double—"

"Colonel, we're not loaded yet!"

A laugh runs along the line as, at the command, "Load at will—load!" the ramrods make their merry music, and at once the word is given, "Forward, double-quick!" and the line sweeps up that rising ground with banners gayly flying, and cheers that rend the air—a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten.

We drummer-boys sit on our drums, and watch the line going in with cheers. Forthwith we get a smart shelling, for there is evidently somebody else watching that advancing line besides ourselves; but they have elevated their guns a little too much, so that every shell passes quite over the line and plows up the meadow-land about us in all directions.

Laying aside our knapsacks, we go to the Seminary, now rapidly filling with the wounded. This the enemy surely can not know, or they wouldn't shell the building so hard! We get stretchers at the ambulances, and start out for the line of battle. We can just see our regimental colors waving in the orchard, near a log-house about three hundred yards ahead, and

we start out for it—I on the lead and Daney behind.

There is one of our batteries drawn up to our left a short distance as we run. It is engaged in a sharp artillery duel with one of the enemy's, which we can not see, although we can hear it plainly enough, and straight between the two our road lies. So, up we go, Daney and I, at a lively trot, dodging the shells as best we can, till, panting for breath, we set down our stretcher under an apple tree in the orchard, in which, under the brow of the hill, we find the regiment lying, one or two companies being out on the skirmish line ahead.

I count six men of Company C lying yonder in the grass—killed, they say, by a single shell. Andy calls me away for a moment to look after some poor fellow whose arm is off at the shoulder; and it was just time I got away, too, for immediately a shell plunges into the sod where I had been sitting, tearing my stretcher to tatters, and plowing up great furrows under one of the boys who had been sitting immediately behind me, and who thinks "That was rather close shaving, wasn't it, now?" The bullets whistling overhead make pretty music with their ever-varying "z-i-p! z-i-p!" and we could imagine them so many bees, only they have such a terribly sharp sting. They tell me, too, of a certain cavalry-man (Denis Buckley, Sixth Michigan cavalry it was, as I afterward learned)—let history preserve the brave boy's name—who, having had his horse shot under him, and seeing that first-named shell explode in Company C with such disaster, exclaimed, "That is the company for me!" He remained with the regiment all day, doing good service with his carbine, and he escaped unhurt.

"Here they come, boys; we'll have to go in at them on a charge, I guess!" Creeping close around the corner of the log-house, I can see the long lines of gray sweeping up in fine style over the fields; but I feel the Colonel's hand on my shoulder.

"Keep back, my boy; no use exposing yourself in that way."

As I get back behind the house and look around, an old man is seen approaching our line through the orchard in the rear. He is dressed in a long, blue, swallow-tailed coat and high silk hat, and coming up to the Colonel, he asks:

"Would you let an old chap like me have a chance to fight in your ranks, Colonel?"

"Can you shoot?" inquires the Colonel.

"Oh yes, I can shoot, I reckon," says he.

"But where are your cartridges?"

"I've got 'em here, sir," says the old man, slapping his hand on his pantaloons pocket.

And so "old John Burns," of whom every school-boy has heard, takes his place in the line and loads and fires with the best of them, and is left wounded and insensible on the field when the day is done.

Reclining there under a tree while the skirmishing is going on in front and the shells are tearing up the sod around us, I observe how evidently hard pressed is that battery yonder in the edge of the wood, about fifty yards to our right. The enemy's batteries have excellent range on the poor fellows serving it. And when the smoke lifts or rolls away in great clouds for a moment, we can see the men running, and retreating, and sighting, and firing, and swabbing, and changing position every few minutes to throw the enemy's guns out of range a little. The men are becoming terribly few, but nevertheless their guns, with a rapidity that seems unabated, belch forth great clouds of smoke and send the shells shrieking over the plain.

Meanwhile, events occur which give us something more to think of than mere skirmishing and shelling. Our beloved brigadier-general, stepping out a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position and movements, is seen by some sharp-shooter off in a tree, and is carried severely wounded into the barn. Our Colonel assumes command of the brigade. Our regiment facing westward, while the line on our right faces to the north, is observed to be exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns, as well as from the long line of gray now appearing in full sight on our right. So our regiment must form in line and change front forward, in order to come in line with the other regiments. Accomplished swiftly, this new movement brings our line at once face to face with the enemy's, which advances to within fifty yards, and exchanges a few volleys, but is soon checked and staggered by our fire.

Yet now, see! Away to our left, and consequently on our flank, a new line appears rapidly advancing out of the woods a half mile away, and there must be some quick and sharp work done now, boys, or between the old foes in front and the new ones on our flank, we shall be annihilated. To clear us of these old assailants in front before the line can sweep down on our flank, our brave Colonel, in a ringing command, orders a charge along the whole line. Then, before the gleaming and glistening bayonets of our "Buck-tail" brigade, as it yells and cheers, sweeping resistlessly over the field, the enemy gives way and flies in confusion. But there is little time to watch them fly, for that new line on our left is approaching at a rapid pace; and, with shells falling thick and fast into our ranks, and men dropping everywhere, our regiment must reverse the former movement by "changing front to rear," and so resume its original position facing westward, for the enemy's new line is approaching from that direction, and if it takes us in flank, we are done for.

To "change front to rear" is a difficult movement to execute even on drill, much more so

under severe fire; but it is executed now steadily and without confusion, yet not a minute too soon. For the new line of gray is upon us in a mad tempest of lead, supported by a cruel artillery fire, almost before our line can steady itself to receive the shock. However partially protected by post-and-rail fence, we answer fiercely, and with effect so terrific that the enemy's line wavers, and at length moves off by the right flank, giving us a breathing space for a time.

During this struggle, there had been many an exciting scene all along the line as it swayed backward and forward over the field—scenes which we have no time to mention yet.

See yonder, where the colours of the regiment on our right—our sister regiment, the 149th—have been advanced a little to draw the enemy's fire, while our line sweeps on to the charge. There ensues about the flags a wild *mélée* and close hand-to-hand encounter. Some of the enemy have seized the colours and are making off with them in triumph, shouting victory. But a squad of our own regiment dashes out, and amid yells and cheers and smoke, you see the battle-flags rise and fall, and sway hither and thither upon the surging mass, as if tossed on the billows of a tempest, until, wrenched away by strong arms, they are borne back in triumph to the line of the 149th.

See yonder, again! Our Colonel is clapping his hand to his cheek, from which a red stream is pouring; our Lieutenant-Colonel is kneeling on the ground, and is having his handkerchief tied tight around his arm at the shoulder; the Major and Adjutant both lie low, pierced with balls through the chest; one Lieutenant is waving his sword to his men, although his leg is crushed at the knee; three other officers of the line are lying over there, motionless now forever. All over the field are strewn men wounded or dead, and comrades pause a moment in the mad rush to catch the last words of the dying. Incidents such as these the reader must imagine to himself, to fill in these swift sketches of how the day was won—and lost!

Aye, lost! For the balls which have so far come mainly from our front, begin now to sing in from our left and right, which means that we are being flanked. Somehow, away off to our right, a half-mile or so, our line has given way and is already on retreat through the town, while our left is being driven in, and we ourselves may shortly be surrounded and crushed—and so the retreat is sounded.

Back now along the railroad cut we go, or through the orchard the narrow strip of woods behind it, with our dead scattered around on all sides, and the wounded crying piteously for help.

"Harry! Harry!" It is a faint cry of a dying man in yonder grass, and I must see who it is.

"Why, Willie! Tell me where you are hurt!" I ask, kneeling down beside him, and I see the words come hard, for he is fast dying.

"Here in my side, Harry. Tell—Mother—Mother—"

Poor fellow, he can say no more. His head falls back, and Willie Black is at rest forever!

On, now, through that strip of woods, at the other edge of which, with my back against a stout oak, I stop and look at a beautiful and thrilling sight. Some reserves are being brought up; infantry in the centre, the colours flying and officers shouting; cavalry on the right with sabers flashing and horses on a trot; artillery on the left, with guns at full gallop sweeping into position to check the headlong pursuit—it is a grand sight and a fine rally, but a vain one; for in an hour we are swept off the field and are in full retreat through the town.

Up through the streets hurries the remnant of our shattered corps, while the enemy is pouring into the town only a few squares away from us. There is a tempest of shrieking shells and whistling balls about our ears. The guns of that battery by the woods we have dragged along, all horses being disabled. The artillery-men load as we go, double-charging with grape and canister.

"Make way, there, men!" is the cry, and the surging mass crowds close up on the sidewalks to right and left, leaving a long lane down the centre of the street, through which the grape and canister go rattling into the ranks of the enemy's advance-guard.

And so, amid scenes which I have neither space nor power to describe, we gain Cemetery Ridge toward sunset, and throw ourselves down by the road in a tumult of excitement and grief, having lost the day through the overwhelming force of numbers, and yet somehow having gained it, too (although as yet we know it not), for the sacrifice of our corps has saved the position for the rest of the army, which has been marching all day, and which comes pouring in over Cemetery Ridge all night long.

Aye, the position is saved—but where is our corps? Well may our Division-General, who early in the day succeeded to the command when our brave Reynolds had fallen, shed tears of grief as he sits there on his horse and looks over the shattered remains of that First Army Corps, for there is but a handful of it left. Of the five hundred and fifty men that marched under our regimental colours in the morning, but one hundred remain. All our field and staff officers are gone. Of some twenty captains and lieutenants, but one is left without a scratch, while of my own company only thirteen out of fifty-four sleep that night on Cemetery Ridge under the open canopy of heaven.—St. Nicholas.

THE Alhambra is taking something like £500 per night at the doors.

## A REVIEW OF MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S "THEORY OF THE WILL."

At the December meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute of England, which took place at its house, 7 Adelphi Terrace, London, the Secretary, Captain F. Petrie, announced that this Society, founded to investigate philosophical and scientific questions especially those said to mitigate against the truth of Revelation—had enrolled 122 members during the year of which 55 were resident in America and the Colonies, the total number of its members was now 940; it was further stated that this year many of its American members had combined and founded the "American Institute of Christian Philosophy," a Society to carry out the same objects and organization in America, and for that purpose it had adopted the same objects and whole scheme, but that while taking this step its founders had decided to keep up their individual connection with the Institute in England. After this a paper was read on Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Theory of the Will."

The author showed that Mr. Spencer's philosophy denied all freedom of will, and made deliberation to be only the mental aspect of the commingling of nerve molecules. In the time of indecision these were colliding one against another, but when a decision had been reached the strongest nerve-stream had made head against all the rest, and was flowing unobstructed on its way. Such, according to Mr. Spencer, was the passage of deliberation into decision, of hesitancy into volition. Manifestly this set aside all freedom of will, made the whole process merely mechanical, and as Dr. Spencer allowed, was the negation of moral obligation. The paper criticized Mr. Spencer's argument, and maintained that Mr. Spencer, from first to last, had only made one bold assertion, and had repeated it many times, but had given not one iota of proof. Thirteen of his arguments—all he had presented—were carefully examined, and shown to be nothing more than confident assertion. They were classified and replied to as follows:—First Spencer said that "the real proposition involved in the dogma of free will" is "that every one is at liberty to desire or not to desire." Against this, Kant and Hamilton were quoted, as admitting that we must desire, but holding that free-will can restrain desire. The martyrs could not but desire to avoid the flames, but their will held in control their lower nature and compelled it to obey the law of righteousness. Secondly, Mr. Spencer simply assumed that the will had no control or power of free choice, which was the very thing he was bound to prove. He next called it "an illusion" to think "that at each moment the ego is something more than the aggregate of feelings and ideas actual and nascent which then exists." Evidently this was confounding substance with phenomena, between which elsewhere he carefully discriminated, and it was making the ego only a succession of states, and denying all substance of mind, which was going contrary to one of the structural doctrines of his philosophy. Mr. Herbert Spencer had frequently stated that the ego was nothing else than the state of consciousness passing at the moment, but this statement was never sought to be proved, indeed he contradicted himself, inasmuch as he spoke of "the subject of such psychical changes." Now "subject" is that which underlies phenomena, but he had said the ego was only phenomena, so that his subject was only a hypostatized zero. He next suggested that the will seems to be free because its action is incalculable. This was shown to be only an *ad captandum* argument, for the flight of a bird through the air seems to the untrained intelligence to be free, but the student of science saw that every movement of its wings was according to fixed law. Mr. Spencer lastly urged that if psychical changes conformed to law there could not be such a thing as free-will. In reply to this, it was shown that the will might make its own law, to which psychical changes would conform and yet be free, and that the will would, in this way, adumbrate its own moral nature. Taking for a moment the Theistic position: surely God was free, and yet He perfectly conformed to His own law, so also man might be free, purposely made so by God, in order that, being free, he might acquire the true value of righteousness. Thus all Mr. Spencer's arguments had seemed to fail when examined thoroughly, and the matter stood where it was. Finally, it was contended that the freedom of the will was the unassailable citadel from which alone the doctrine of moral responsibility could be defended, and as such it was a question appealing powerfully to all, and having in it the gravest moral issues. With the will free, conscience was seated on the throne, and life was a great moral test of fitness for an eternity of righteousness.

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## THE ROSES SHALL NOT HEAR.

Come out to a voice! come down by the shore  
Of silence to whisper one word in my ear;  
Nor sea, nor the winds, nor waves that implore,  
Not even the star-kissed roses shall hear.

And if thou'lt be mine, speak low, speak low  
The word my spirit is pining to hear;  
None but my heart shall the miracle know,  
While the sun by the sea and earth is held dear.

Oh, I shall be happier than birds that sing  
O'er roses and rain just born in the year  
Of their wedding, their passionate, flowerful spring—  
But thy words not even the roses shall hear.

Oh, I shall be brighter than morning that dyes  
To the kisses of light, to her god without fear,  
Sweeter than perfume and myrror that lies  
On the lips of the lily or song-wavelets near.

Oh, I shall be glad as the evening that loves  
To muse by the sea when the storm has gone by  
With stars and the sunset, and heart like the dove's,  
And music and passion asleep in her eye.

Speak it low, very low, lest the zephyrs forget  
To stay with the violet trembling with fear;  
Nor dewdrop, nor pansy, nor sweet violet—  
Not even the roses that music shall hear.

So happy I'll be, so sweet, true and strong  
When comes the one word, ever making life dear—  
So lovely, existence will blossom in song  
So precious, not even the roses shall hear!

## MAIDIE.

## I.

A Scotch stile with rough pointed handles  
like the horns of the altar. Perched upon the  
said stile, her head thrown back against one of  
the handles, her white soft dress swathing her  
in clinging folds, a fair picture was Maidie.

The sky glowed salmon and gold, the river  
ran down below, trees rustled, cattle left brows-  
ing and drew near, scanning Maidie with curious  
eyes.

But Maidie noted nothing of all this, for truly  
she had much to think about, and she had come  
out to that particular place fully determined to  
think it all out at as great a length as she  
pleased. A happy afternoon's dreaming had  
seemed to her a very desirable thing from the  
moment when the object of those dreams had  
gone off with the shooters, and now she was en-  
joying it thoroughly.

Maidie, Jinny, and Cecil Dundas lived, and  
had lived, nearly as long as they could remem-  
ber, with their uncle the Admiral.

Uncle Andrew loved them all, but Maidie was  
the apple of his eye.

Storgheid was uncle Andrew's house; the  
rushing Storg the river at Maidie's feet.

Maidie was an exquisite being; tall, slight,  
and fair, with tender dark-gray eyes, and a skin  
of which the delicate bloom gave one the idea  
that even a touch would wound her, an indica-  
tion of feelings and susceptibilities almost too  
highly strung for this workaday world. Not  
 seldom, indeed, would she bewail the loss of some  
pleasure from which she had absented herself  
through a sort of morbid dread of having her  
feelings trodden on, and would then fully agree  
with her sister Guinever (shortened to Jinny in  
babyhood) when she encouragingly remarked,

"But you know, Maidie, you really are a  
quite too ridiculous old shrinkest!"

Sweet Maidie! All alone with Nature she  
could dream at her ease, and smile and wonder  
over this new and delightful incident in her life;  
that Neile Campbell should have fallen in love  
with her, instead of with any of the thousand  
other girls he had met.

"I wonder if he won't find this place very  
dull! Odd he should like to go with all those  
uninteresting men, though of course he had to.  
How handsome he looked last night among all  
those old fogies! And how he took it out of  
General Towney at billiards! That pleased me.  
Conceded old thing! What a splendid head  
Neile has! O, looking at her watch, 'I've  
stayed out too long. They will be back, and  
Jinny will be home! I wonder how he will like  
Jinny!"

For Jinny had been away when the conquer-  
ing hero arrived, and had moreover never seen  
the said hero; Maidie's little romance having  
taken place at an old house further north,  
where she and Captain Neile Campbell had been  
on a visit, and where, the weather being wild  
and much companionship unavoidable, and  
Maidie being charming and Neile impressio-  
nable, and what with one thing and another, the  
usual results followed, and they were engaged;  
and last night Neile had arrived at Storgheid  
to make acquaintance with his betrothed's  
people.

The sun dropped suddenly behind the low  
hills; the gude-wife from the farm on the other  
side of the river began to call home her ducks;  
and Maidie, gathering up her sweeping folds  
with a deft hand, walked through the grass  
along the river-path.

Past the first hedge she saw two forms advan-  
cing to meet her—one in a shooting suit of rough  
gray, the other all in white garments like her  
own, swinging a large hat in her hand.

Neile and Jinny!

And a gray mist swept up from the river, and  
the day grew suddenly dim.

## II.

Maidie awoke the next morning with a feeling  
of considerable depression upon her—a feeling  
that did not wear off, but deepened as the days  
ran by.

Neile had said,

"By Jove, your sister's the most beautiful  
woman going!"

And Jinny had "allowed" that there was  
something very sympathetic about Neile, when  
Maidie had delicately sounded them as to their  
opinions of each other.

And their tastes fitted so well!

Maidie, sitting in the old window-seat in the  
great hall, it might have been a fortnight after  
Neile's coming, could hear them trying melo-  
dies together.

Perhaps it was as well Maidie was in the hall  
and not in the music-room; for Neile, leaning  
against the piano, with his dark eyes fixed on  
Jinny's profile, was putting far too much ex-  
pression into his violin-strings, and Jinny  
seemed rather confused and self-conscious.

"I'm tired of playing," she said, lifting her  
radiant eyes to Neile's from under her rippling  
russet hair.

Neile had been absorbed in thoughts vague  
and sweet, and had been translating those medi-  
tations into music. This sudden lunge of  
Jinny's gave him a shock, though he did not  
show any signs of discomfiture; but merely  
stroked his dark moustache reflectively, quietly  
observing:

"O fie! Why add to the mass of falsehood  
already going in this wicked world! Are you  
ever tired of playing? Did you ever try *work*?  
You didn't give that last phrase rightly; let me  
show you;" and, stooping over her, he played a  
few notes. Was it for the chance of touching  
Jinny's straying fingers? The touch was almost  
too much for him; and Jinny's flush became  
crimson. He could almost feel the hot glow of  
her cheek; the brown head and the golden were  
perilously close.

Jinny sprang up.

"O, don't go!" said Neile. "I was on the  
brink of composing the most lovely sonata in  
fifty thousand parts!"

"Rather lengthy, isn't it?" said Jinny.

"The subject demanded it," said Neile; his  
eyes adding, "You were the subject."

Jinny dropped hers.

"Are you going with us to-night?" she  
asked.

"Certainly. Lady Townley talked to me  
like a mother about it; she seemed quite  
anxious to prevent my finding Deerleale dull. I  
don't feel it so in the least; rather too excit-  
ing, in fact. Do you find it dull, Miss Jinny?"

"Sometimes," responded Jinny. "Try bil-  
liards for a distraction, shall we?"

"Poole," said Neile; and I will let you take  
all my lives with pleasure."

So the day waned, and presently Maidie,  
coming down stairs attired in cream satin, with  
a mass of palest roses on her fair bosom, caught  
sight of Neile and Jinny standing together,  
waiting in the hall till the party assembled;  
and Neile took a flower from Jinny's bouquet,  
and did not put it in his coat, although it disap-  
peared into some inner recess.

"A talisman!" he said.

"Against me!" queried Jinny, raising her  
eyebrows.

Maidie was paler than ever that night; but  
Jinny! In a white-lace dress, the only touch  
of colour a huge cardinal fan, with her radiant  
violet eyes, her russet gold hair rippling all over  
her charming little head, her whitest shoulders  
and superb arms, and over all that indefinable  
air of a wood-nymph!

"How lovely your sister looks to-night!"  
said Maidie's old admirer, Frank Murray, in the  
pause of a waltz. "I suppose that's the fellow  
she's engaged to," he continued; for he had  
only come over for the dance, and had not heard  
the story correctly. "He seems awfully smit-  
ten, and no wonder! Lucky man!"

"Lucky man! Lu-u-ky man!" sighed the  
orchestra, and then began swaying round in the  
most absurd fashion.

"I think I'll sit down," Maidie gasped. "I  
feel giddy."

"Fearfully hot," sympathized Frank. "Ven-  
tilation conspicuous by its absence. Come into  
the conservatory, it's better there."

So Maidie went with him, a mist before her  
eyes, a buzzing in her ears, and the band play-  
ing softly in waltz time, "Lucky man! Lu-u-ky man!"

Out of the mist a picture took form—Jinny  
sitting against dark shining leaves, the soft glow  
from a Japanese lantern lighting her gleaming  
eyes, and falling like sunset over her shadowy  
dress. Close by, Neile lounging with long lithe  
limbs against a pillar; while, like an angry  
cloud, hovered between them Jinny's cardinal  
fan, of which Neile had possessed himself, and  
was making it do duty for both.

## III.

Restlessly turning, weary with thinking, un-  
able to stay the iteration, "Lucky man! Lu-  
u-ky man!" in her ears, Maidie's feverish night  
merged into morning.

"It's absurd! After all, why do I worry my-  
self? He danced a good deal with her; but  
that's nothing, coming from the same house,  
and my sister, Jinny, I know, is irresistible to  
most people. I should be jealous if it were any  
one except Neile; but I feel sure of him!"

Did she?

"And Jinny, she always flirts with every one;  
but she means nothing by it. Nothing! Yet—  
O, I cannot bear it! If—if—just yesterday  
Neile was talking to uncle Andrew about our  
wedding. O, I wish I could sleep, if only for a  
couple of hours. I shall look a fright!"

A "fright" she did not look, but pale and  
fragile as a wood flower after a storm.

At the late breakfast next day, "Maidie's  
wearied," said Aunt Margaret. "You made her  
dance too much, Neile!"

Good soul, she had not been to the ball!

There was a moment's silence. Maidie's heart  
thumped; Jinny blushed; Neile looked up  
from his plate, a rather conscious expression in  
his eye.

"You mean Mr. Francis Murray," he said.  
"Maidie quite cut me. I saw them, but when  
I went to look for her she was gone; they were  
both gone!"

"We were in the conservatory," said Maidie;  
and having said it, she could not resist glancing  
from Neile to Jinny, who returned the glance  
uneasily.

Neile looked at Maidie, and noticed how wan  
she was; it did not strike him to connect her  
dejected appearance with himself.

Accustomed to improve the shining hour in  
any way that took his fancy, he did not appre-  
hend danger, and forgot the riskiness of playing  
with fire. No doubt if he had thought on the  
subject at all, he would have considered himself  
quite exemplary in the character of an engaged  
man, and would cheerfully have fought anybody  
who presumed to differ from his opinion. Per-  
haps some slight wave of compunction did pass  
over his inner consciousness; but Jinny happen-  
ing to rise at that moment, he was constrained  
to watch her graceful movement, and if there  
were dim warnings they were routed on the  
spot.

"What shall we do to-day?" he asked, as  
they strolled into the old hall.

"Well, I don't mind confessing I'm awfully  
done up," said Jinny. "I haven't a toe left;  
so I shall take a delightful nap after lunch."

Here Cecil, her brother, appeared.

"I have a message to thee, O Captain!" he  
exclaimed.

"Yea; what may your message be?" asked  
Neile.

"Uncle Andrew sent me in to tell you that  
the water serves, and that we're going to have a  
'leistering' to-night," said Cecil.

"Then we'll all assist," said Jinny; it's the  
first this season."

"The first! then we may all wish wishes!"  
cried Maidie, who was recovering her spirits,  
and inclining to deride her nightmares of the  
last twelve hours.

"Bide at home, maids! bide at home!" said  
Cecil, who was a boy of dominating disposition.  
He and Jinny had pitched battles on an average  
five times a day. "There's no room in the  
trows" ("trows" being two flat-bottomed boats  
fastened together) "for such kittle cattle."

"Then you'll have to stay out," retorted  
Jinny.

"Tuts!" said Cecil, "girls always faint, pok-  
ing their noses where they're not wanted."

"Sing, 'Booh, to you!"

"Pooh-pooh, to you!"

chanted Jinny, making for the broad staircase,  
Cecil flew after her.

"Sing, 'Bah, to you!"

"Ha, ha, to you!"

came down the stairs, followed by the banging  
of a door; and Cecil, balked of his victim, re-  
turned panting.

The old house was very still in the quiet of  
the long afternoon, as Maidie came down from  
her nap, refreshed and comforted.

As she crossed the hall the pale October sun-  
shine streamed in and lighted on one of the  
family portraits hanging above the deep fire-  
place. She stood a moment regarding it, rest-  
ing one foot on the low stone that ran round the  
hearth. A subdued clicking came from the  
billiard room; and immediately after, from the  
music-room close at hand, stole the low wail of a  
violin, beginning the exquisite duet in the  
garden-scene of *Faust*.

Low, tender, and sweet, Maidie listened en-  
tranced, as it rose in cadences ever more pas-  
sionate, until—silence!—was that a sob?

Maidie walked in at the open door, her light  
step unheard on the thick carpet, her form hid-  
den by a mass of tall plants that served as a  
screen, and saw—Jinny held fast in Neile's  
arms, her lips parted, a scarlet flush on her  
lovely cheek!

Their gleaming eyes looked deep into each  
other's depths; the next instant Neile gave  
Jinny one long fierce kiss that seemed to absorb  
her very soul.

"O Neile, O Neile!" panted Jinny, "what,  
what will Maidie say?"

"Darling, darling!" sighed Neile, "I never  
thought I should love any one as I do you!"  
kissing her hair. "Maidie will forgive us; she  
would not make us all unhappy. I don't think  
she cares much for things. It will be all right  
—in time."

Maidie stood dazed; then crept out to fly  
across the hall, up the stairs, into her room, bolt  
the door, and weep, weep, weep!

"O God in heaven! God in heaven!" she  
sobbed. "I don't care much! Don't care much!"

The afternoon wore on. Maidie lay on her  
bed weeping, weeping. Her maid knocked.  
Would she have some tea? No, she would not.  
She would not go down to dinner.

Later Jinny knocked at her door, and called:  
"We are going out to the 'leistering.' Do  
come if you can, Maidie!"

She answered nothing; but presently, when  
they were gathering on the river's bank among  
the rugged Highlanders, shouting and waving

their torches, Maidie stood wrapped in a heavy  
plaid, with her hat pulled down over her brows,  
shielding herself from the flickering light.

"That's right!" exclaimed her old uncle.  
"Glad you're better, my pet! Now, then, in  
with you; push off now, Sandy;" and into the  
trows they got, and drifted out into the stream.

Neile and the Admiral were standing, spear in  
hand, waiting for the moment when the un-  
lucky fish, attracted by the torches, should rise  
to meet their fate.

Maidie and Jinny were crouching near, un-  
heeded in the general excitement. They had not  
long to wait.

"Hand ye'r licht lower, Jamie mon!"

The river was running strong, and soon in the  
circle of yellow light round the trows the doomed  
fish were swarming, and the cruel game began,  
the men striking in every direction.

Maidie rose and stood near her uncle.

"Sandy, ye blethering idiot, stand out of  
Miss Maidie's way! Now, darling! Hullo,  
there's a fine fellow! Heuch! Have at him!"  
he lunged forward, the boat swayed. Maidie  
was gone!

"God! Where's Maidie?" he shouted.

Jinny screamed, and hid her eyes in her  
shawl.

"Maidie! Maidie!" shrieked Neile; and,  
tearing off his rough jacket, he plunged in.

A few brief minutes of confusion, shouting,  
hoping.

"He canna find her!" said one of the rough  
men, looking beyond the circle of light, shading  
his eyes with his hand.

"I doot the lassie's a ready's far's the  
island."

Was it chance or was it design? Who can say  
now?

Maidie was gone.

The following day, when they found her  
body, the pale still lips opened not, either to  
accuse or to justify.

## MISCELLANY.

WHERE TO FIND A HUSBAND.—The Marquis  
of Lorne presided recently at a meeting in Exeter  
Hall, respecting immigration to Canada, held  
under the auspices of the Women's Emigration  
Society, and after expressing the pleasure he felt  
at seeing so influential a meeting in London for  
the promotion of the emigration of women to the  
colonies, said that Schiller had written:—

"All honour to women; to them it is given  
To wreath the dull earth with the roses of  
heaven."

Nevertheless, continued his Excellency, in Lon-  
don they might be said to have too much of a  
good thing—too many of those heavenly roses.  
(Laughter.) On the other hand, in Canada  
they had far too few of them. There was a great  
demand for domestic servants or helps in Canada,  
and nothing could be happier or healthier than  
the appearance and position of the servants of  
the Canadian farm house. (Cheers.) In the  
town, ladies complain of their inability to pro-  
cure helps, and said that if they obtained one  
who was at all prepossessing she was sure to get  
an offer of marriage and go off within a fortnight.  
(Laughter.) In the remoter districts the same  
complaint was urged with greater force; in fact  
the further west a girl went the more offers of  
marriage she received. (Laughter.)

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN attempt is being made to induce Mrs. Ken-  
dal to play the Queen in the "In a Balcony" of Mr.  
Browning.

HERR EIFFE speaks English with very little  
accent, and displays an amount of intelligence which is  
rare on the stage.

The Spanish violinist Senor Sarasata is highly  
successful at St. Petersburg.

BERLIOZ's admirers will be glad to know that  
an English edition of the "Mémoires" will shortly be  
published.

The reading of "Hamlet" given by Herr  
Martin L. Eiffe at the Langham Hall recently was a re-  
markable triumph of talent and application.

BERLIOZ's "Benedetto Cellini" is said to be  
underrated for production during the forthcoming Carl-  
Rosa opera season.

MR. C. VILLIERS-STANFORD is engaged on an  
orchestral work for the next Birmingham Festival.

MILIE SARAH BERNHARDT's success at  
Vienna has been so great that she proposes to play in  
that city again next January.

AN interesting event at the Popular Concert  
of last Monday evening was the first performance of a  
pianoforte quartet by an English composer.

A SECOND "professional matinee," or morning  
performance, to which actors and actresses are invited,  
is announced for the 30th inst. at the Princess's Theatre,  
where "The Lights of London" is still in the full swing  
of success.

## The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all  
modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, com-  
modious parlours, public and private dining-  
rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200  
guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to  
be unexcelled, being furnished with all the deli-  
cacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal  
railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading  
wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings.  
This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay  
and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort  
for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

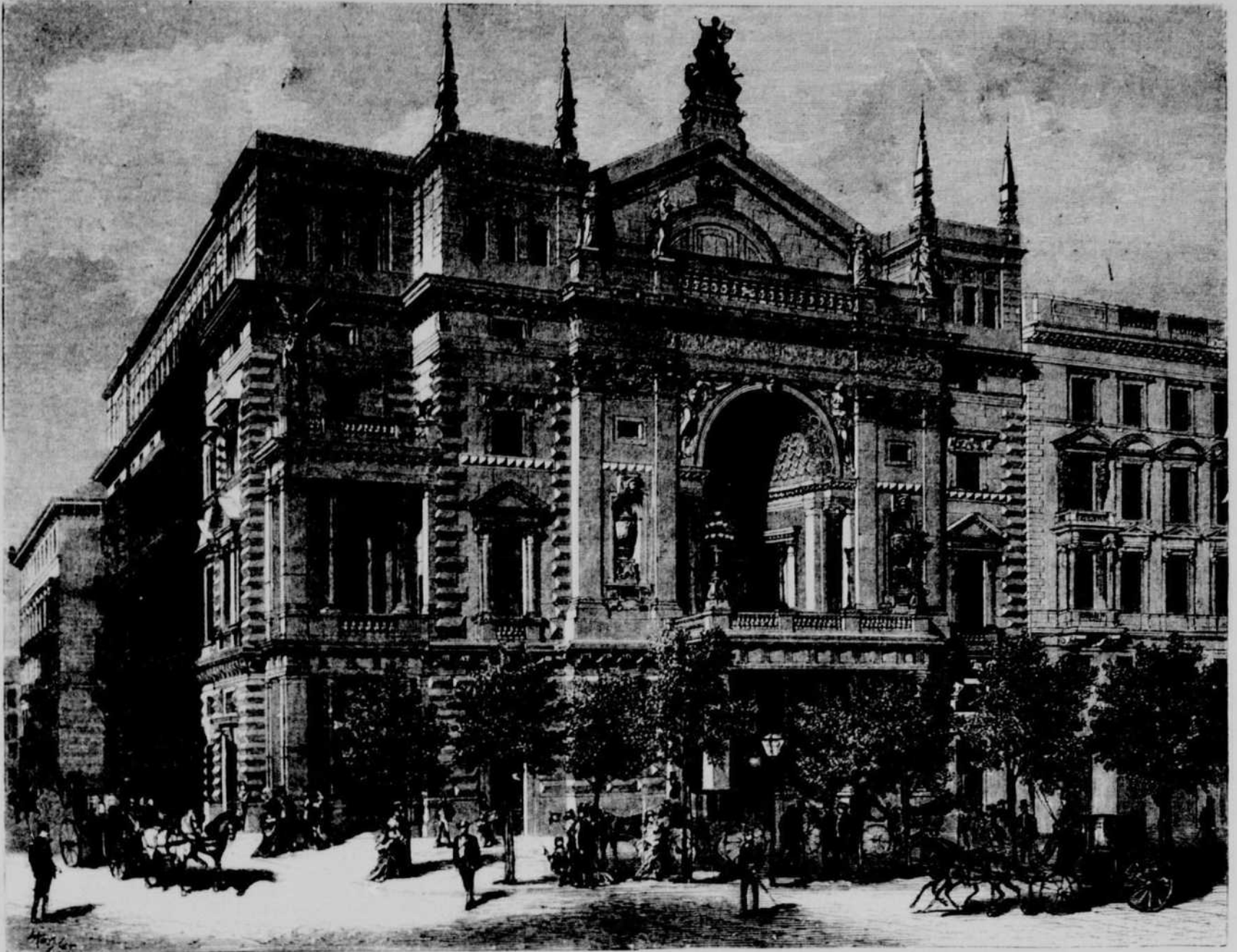
Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special  
arrangements made with families and parties  
remaining one week or more.



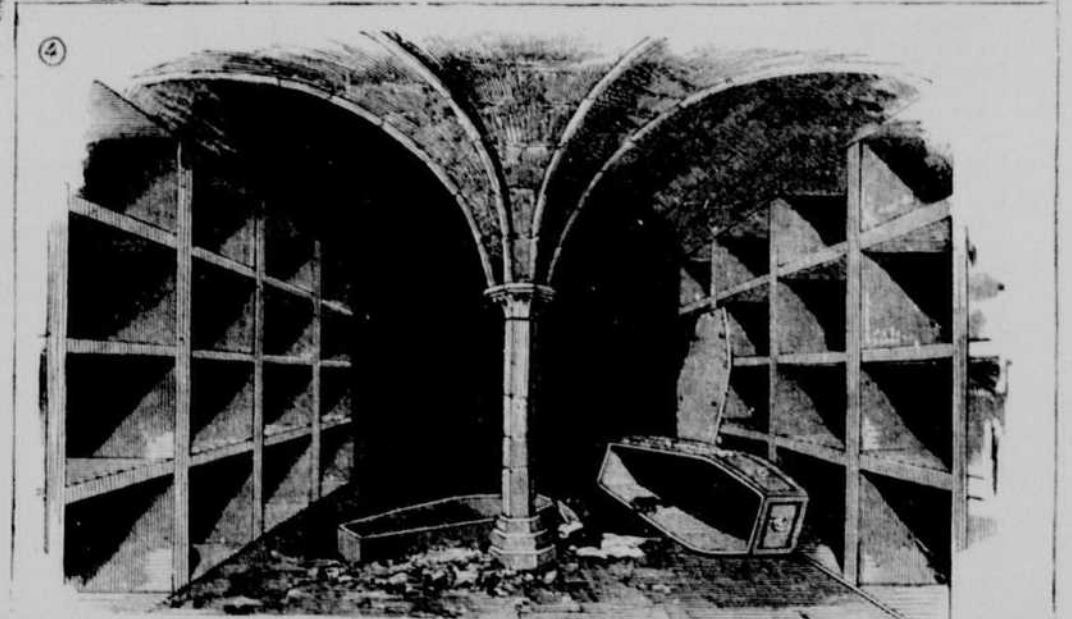
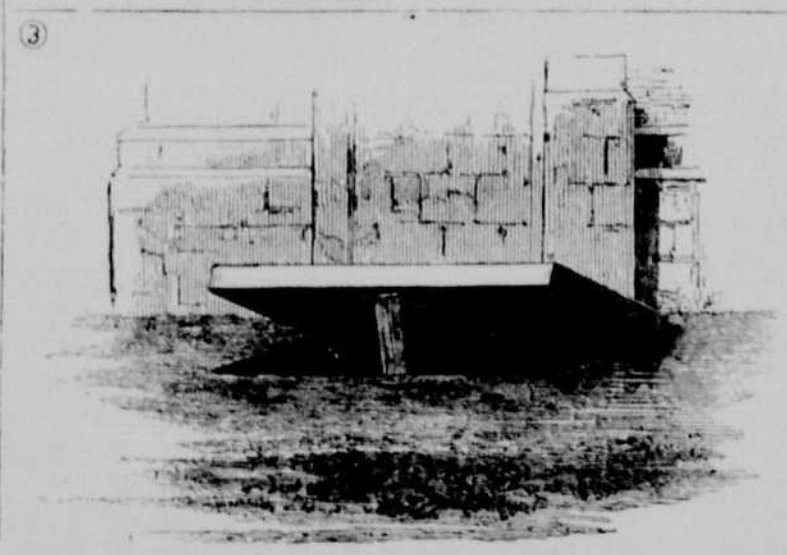
CREMATION OF GRAVEYARD INSURANCE POLICES IN PENNSYLVANIA.—(SEE PAGE 19.)



A "KANGAROO" COURT IN TEXAS.



THE RING THEATRE IN VIENNA, LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



1. Duncricht House, near Aberdeen.

2. The Chapel.

3. Entrance to the Vault.

4. The Vault, with the Shelf on which the Coffin lay (marked with a cross).

ROBBERY OF THE TOMB OF THE LATE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

[For the NEWS.]

## HOW KARL RIMMER BEGAN THE NEW YEAR.

By the Author of "Lazy Dick," "Prose and Poetry," "Tim's Little Lass," etc.

## CHAPTER III.

"Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task has done,  
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages;  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney sweepers, come to dust."

Fear no more the lightning flash,  
Nor the all-dreaded thunder stone;  
Fear not slander, censure rash,  
Thou hast finished joy and moan;  
All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

That same Christmas Eve Hardy sat by a wood-stove in the lower story of the lighthouse. A low wailing of wind and wave filled the solemn midnight. The snow had ceased falling, and a dying moon shone down upon the waste of waters like a wan smile upon a dying face.

Hardy was thinking intently, you could see by the deep furrows on his brow. Not pleasant thoughts, either; brooding in solitude over wrongs has not a beneficial effect upon the character. Suddenly the door flew open, and in strode Karl Rimmer. For a moment Hardy stared at him in silence, then a scowl darkened his face.

"What brings you here at this hour of the night?" he cried. "It's like your cheek to come into my house uninvited. Are you not afraid of tempting providence?"

"Hardly, if I dare cross the water at this season," rejoined Karl boldly.

"Go back the way you came, then," retorted Hardy, who was trembling with anger. "Karl Rimmer, I curse you to your face!"

"Wait a bit," said the other quietly, a strange smile dawning in his eyes, that which covers a bleeding heart; "Harry Hardy, I have wronged neither you nor any man intentionally. It is because I fear doing so that I am here to-night."

"Go on," growled Hardy, but now he noticed for the first time how haggard was the young man's face, how wearily the strong frame leaned against the opposite wall.

"I came to bring you a Christmas gift," Karl said again, still with that strange sad smile. "To resign my claim to the dearest and the fairest wife in the town. Ha, you are ready to listen to me now?"

"This is no subject for joke," exclaimed Hardy, rising to his feet. "Explain yourself, I beg."

"In one moment," Karl replied, "but one word first. Do you love her still?"

There was no need for Karl to speak Essie's name, the other man understood him too well.

"Confound your impudence," he cried, "I believe I am a fool not to kick you out of the house."

"Do you love her still?" repeated Karl. Something in his strange persistence moved Hardy to reply.

"Well then, I do, and always mean to."

"Then it's all right!" exclaimed Karl, bringing his hand down upon Hardy's shoulder, while a spasm for a moment contracted his face. "It's all right my boy, for she loves you."

It took some little time after this for Karl to go through a brief account of his late engagement, but he did not flinch, and Hardy, suddenly recognizing the nobility of the man, grasped him by the hand, begged his pardon for his harsh welcome, and asked Karl what he would advise him to do. The latter answered promptly:

"Go to her at once, I say."

"But how about the light?"

"I'll stay here till you return."

"Rimmer, how am I to thank you? What sort of a crossing is it?"

"Almost impassable. You must have a care for the ice. To tell you the truth, Hardy, it's a dare-devil enterprise. I doubt if I ought to urge it upon you."

For answer, Hardy went to a peg, took down his coat and cap, put a flask of brandy in his pocket, and turned to the door with a smile. Karl followed, and the two went down the steep cliff together. Just before Hardy stepped into the boat he turned to Karl: "God bless you for your noble generosity, Rimmer. I'll be back to-morrow."

"I'll give you till the day after. But I say, Hardy, bring some fire-arms with you, and some good strong bolts; you'll understand when you get ashore."

"Aye! aye!" said Hardy, and pushed off. Looking back, the last thing he saw was a tall soldierly figure, standing on the summit of the rock, in the full blaze of the lantern with folded arms and face turned to the cloudy west.

The crossing was attended with the greatest personal risk. Huge masses of drift ice threatened every moment to swamp the boat, and only after the hardest labor on the part of Hardy was he able to effect a landing. As he stood with his back to the shore to haul up his boat, he did not see a number of rough-looking men, with black masks over their faces, stealing down to the beach; did not hear them even, from the softness of the new-fallen snow, till they were all upon him. Worn and spent with

toil, he was able to make but a poor show resistance, and he was soon knocked down, bound hand and foot, and carried up the beach to a log cabin, thrust within, and the door locked.

The cabin was fully three miles from any human habitation, and days might elapse before anyone passed. He remembered the fact with a sinking heart. Now he understood the full significance of Rimmer's remarks in parting, when coupled with some words let fall by one of the party.

They meant to attack the lighthouse. They could secure the Government stores laid in for the winter all the more easily since fortune had favoured them they supposed by placing in their hands the person of the lighthouse keeper. Now they could proceed to plunder at their leisure.

But to return to Karl. Worned with his perilous voyage, and no less by the strong mental emotion he had been undergoing, he flung himself down upon Hardy's bed and fell into a deep sleep. At about dawn he was awakened by a strange scraping noise outside his window. He was on the alert immediately; his parting injunction to Hardy had been founded on the shrewd suspicion that the murmuring and discontent among a certain class of fishermen, and the great dearth of food which prevailed, would finally lead to an attack upon the Government stores. Suddenly he heard a series of thundering blows; it was evidently the intention of the robbers to beat in the door. Karl did not withdraw the bolt.

"What do you want?" he shouted in a loud commanding voice.

There was an astonished pause. "Please master, we're cold," answered a voice at length, that Karl recognized as belonging to one of the worst characters in the village. "Let us in to get warm."

"Not I," repeated Karl coolly. "Go back the way you came, my fine fellows. The work is heating enough to please the devil."

"If you don't we'll burn the place down," howled a chorus of voices.

"Not on any account," was Karl's reply; "I'm quite warm enough, thank you kindly."

"None of your chaff, let us in." "Not to-night," sang out Karl in reply.

The banging was renewed; finally the door yielded, and a dozen men rushed in. Of what was poor Rimmer's gallant resistance; of what avail to fight so desperately against such heavy odds! Long before they left he was lying senseless on the floor in a pool of his own blood.

Christmas day a high wind from the north set in, and before noon a hurricane was raging that lasted several days, accompanied by blinding showers of hail. Essie Moore was standing in the store one evening, when the door suddenly opened, and some customers came in.

"Heard the news?" they were saying excitedly. "The Bull Rock lighthouse has been attacked, and all the stores carried off."

"The Bull Rock?" cried Essie, starting forward, her face as white as the snow outside.

"I hope they left something behind for the poor lighthouse-keeper," observed another, "the ice is drifting terribly, and in this hurricane it's impossible to go to his rescue. There's been a red signal flying from the tower since morning."

"Oh God," groaned Essie, "my punishment is greater than I can bear!" And what other dreadful thing were they saying.

"That's a singular thing, the disappearance of young Karl Rimmer; hasn't been seen for seven days, they say. His family are half crazy about him."

Later that evening Essie sat alone in her little parlor, the mere shadow of her former self. Weeping and watching had dimmed her once bright beauty. Suddenly she started up with a loud scream of mingled joy and terror—Harry Hardy stood before her, looking as though he had just risen from a long illness. She forgot everything that had passed and could only run to him sobbing:

"Harry, dear Harry, are you alive?"

But he did not stretch out his arms to take her; only he gasped out with awful reproaching eyes.

"Where is Karl Rimmer?"

"I don't know," wailed Essie; "but, oh Harry, he forgave me, won't you?"

"I cannot think of anything but him just now," he answered hoarsely, and reeled for a moment; then caught hold of a chair to steady himself. "Essie, will you give me something to eat?"

She flew to comply, and after the food had revived him he told her of his long confinement in the log cabin; of the rigour of his jailors who barely allowed him enough food to sustain life; of his escape only that evening; and last and worst of all, his fears for Karl's safety.

"The wind has fallen, thank God, and, dead or alive, I go after him to-night," he concluded solemnly.

Then he suddenly turned to Essie and began again:

"Darling, all the past is only gladly forgiven, but till I have gone to his release, I dare not seek any reward. Think how he has sacrificed himself for us two!"

"He is a noble fellow!" she cried: "I wonder why I can't like him so well as you, Harry."

And Essie was no longer the vain, cowardly girl, but a brave high-spirited woman; and she it was who went with Hardy to the village, and by her passionate pleading, and royal scorn of all their fears, persuaded a crew to man a boat. At the last moment in spite of Hardy's entreaties and her father's commands, stepping in

herself, and setting forth on the perilous voyage.

Now Karl Rimmer, recovering from his stupor hours after the departure of the midnight marauders, found the place ransacked from top to bottom. Even the remains of a salt herring that had formed part of Hardy's evening meal, had been greedily devoured. Added to this the north-easter sweeping the gulf, cut off all hope of success for some days to come.

At first he did not so much feel the want of food, the pain in his head and loss of blood had greatly weakened him, and destroyed all appetite. The second day a horrible sinking feeling took possession of the healthy young frame. Still he tried each day to kill the time by dipping into Hardy's books, trimming the lamp, and so on. The third day he contrived to put up a red flag, but the rain and hail prevented the villagers from seeing it till long afterwards; nor would they have been able to render any aid till the wind fell.

And now the young hero's sufferings began in real earnest, and were too terrible to be described. Hour after hour he paced the rock, his huge prison house, or crept back benumbed with cold to the fire; no food anywhere, no help nigh. Oh God, that he should be so strong, and the battle so fierce and long! Now he could only crawl up the stairs to light the lantern at night. Three! Four! Five days! How he counted them as they passed! What an eternity they seemed! Sometimes his mind wandered a little and he would spend hours in counting only; but he always stopped at the number eight, which was to have been his wedding day. He never could somehow get past that; and at last New Year's Eve came.

He had climbed up to the lantern the night before, and been too weak to descend again. All through the long day he lay almost past suffering now. Once more the solemn shadows of night gathered, and away in the west the evening star stepped down to meet the sea. His mind was growing clearer now; the light, which had been burning all day shone full upon his face and made him smile.

"Little Essie, safe and happy," he murmured. "God don't make me a dreadful memory to her. I'm glad I'll die instead of that other fellow. God bless him too; and the dear old father; and the dear home sisters. Mother, gone before, went you come to meet me across the great wide sea! Oh, that awful pain, gone at last! Thank God, thank thee, oh my High Father."

Then he dozed away for some hours and awoke with mind quite unclouded. All around the great wall of rock swished and swirled the innumerable waters and thundered against the far off coast with a noise like thunder. Through Karl's soul swept an utter, awful loneliness; he felt as if he had lost God. Suddenly there came a great stillness upon him, and it may have been that the living presence of the Holy Legend stood beside him; for his mortal ears heard far off the bells of the little Catholic Chapel ringing in the New Year; only his mortal eyes were fast-closed as he stretched himself out with a long, gentle sigh. They could not see what made him smile, and murmur:

"The Christ-Child!"

"Hush, Essie," said Hardy whispering, he hardly knew why; "stay below and let me go up first to see if he be there."

But she pressed up beside him. Nevertheless Hardy reached the top a little in advance, and stepped into the lantern; then stepped back again, and put up his hand to stop her. But he was too late.

Essie saw through her dim blurred sight a long, dark form upon the ground, and a halo of soft brown curls. Once more she stood between her two lovers, but the eyes of one would never more brighten at her coming. The lantern burnt still, clear and steady though it was broad day. Aye, there lay the light full upon his face, and another light which only the angels saw! For, the old, old year of mortality was over, and Karl Rimmer had begun a new year with God.

F. GWILT.

THE END.

## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

Correct solutions to Problems Nos. 359, 360 and 361 received from K. F. Sherbrooke, P. Q. R. R. B., Guelph, Ont.—Circular received. Thanks.

In giving in our last Column a short account of the proceedings of the Canadian Chess Association at their late meeting at Quebec, we had only space to state that Montreal had been selected as the place of meeting for the next Congress, and that T. Ledroit, Esq., of Quebec, had been again elected as President. The following is a complete list of the officers for the ensuing year:—

President—T. Ledroit, Esq., of Quebec.  
Vice-Presidents—Messrs. T. Workman and W. H. Hicks, of Montreal; and Dr. Ryall, of Hamilton.  
Managing Committee—Messrs. J. B. Cheriman and F. A. Lambert, of Ottawa; F. H. Andrews, E. T. Fletcher and M. J. Murphy, of Quebec; H. A. Howe, L. L. D., J. Barry, and E. B. Greenfield, of Montreal.

Secretary—Mr. J. Henderson, of Montreal.  
The Tourney commenced on Tuesday evening, December 27th, the following gentlemen having entered their names as competitors—Messrs. F. H. Andrews, J. Barry, R. Blakiston, C. D. Bradley, E. C. Burke, C. P. Champion, E. H. Duval, J. Henderson, W. H. Hicks, T. Ledroit, D. R. MacLeod, J. O'Farrell, E. Pope, E. Sanderson, J. W. Shaw.

We have received a circular from which we learn that the third annual meeting of the Ontario Chess Association will be held in Guelph, on Friday and Satur-

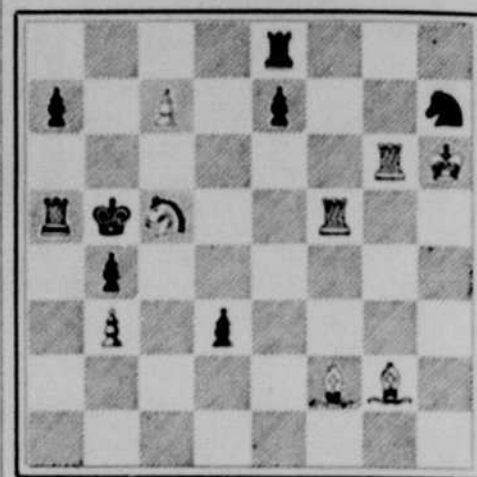
day, the 17th and 18th days of February, 1882. It further appears that by the rules of the Association all chessplayers residing in Ontario are eligible for membership, upon payment of one dollar, and all organized clubs subscribing five dollars are allowed to send delegates to the meeting of the Association. A tournament is to be organized at the close of the annual meeting between clubs connected with the Association, and prizes competed for.

Capt. Mackenzie reached New Orleans on the morning of Wednesday, December 21st, as the guest of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers, and Whist Club. He will remain there for ten days or two weeks. There is no present foundation for the report that Capt. M. has arranged to transfer his headquarters from St. Louis to the Crescent City. On the 23rd a peripatetic exhibition was to come off at the rooms of the club—Turf, Field and Farm.

## PROBLEM NO. 363.

By H. E. Kidson.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

## GAME 490TH.

First game played at Quebec in the Canadian Chess Tourney of 1881-82, 28th December, 1881, between John Barry, Esq., of Lachine, and C. D. Bradley, Esq., M. D., of Quebec.

(Queen's Pianchetto.)

|                    |                      |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| White—(Mr. Barry.) | Black—(Dr. Bradley.) |
| 1. P to K3         | 1. P to Q4           |
| 2. P to Q Kt3      | 2. P to K4           |
| 3. B to Kt2        | 3. P to Q3           |
| 4. Kt to K B3      | 4. P to K B3         |
| 5. Kt to B3        | 5. B to K3           |

This opening of the Queen's Pianchetto promises a long and uncertain game.

|              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| 6. B to K2   | 6. Kt to B3  |
| 7. P to K R3 | 7. P to K R3 |
| 8. Castles   | 8. Q to Q2   |

Both players appear to be fencing with much caution.

|               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 9. Kt to R2   | 9. P to K Kt4 |
| 10. P to K B3 |               |

Rendered necessary by the threatening pressure from Black's Knight's Pawn.

|               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 11. P to Q4   | 10. P to K R4 |
| 12. P takes P | 11. Q to B2   |

It was wrong of Black to allow this exchange of Pawns.

|             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| 13. P to B4 | 12. B takes P |
|-------------|---------------|

Rendered absolutely necessary by the threatened capture of White's Knight.

|               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| 14. P takes P | 13. P takes P |
| 15. Kt to B3  | 14. B takes P |

The only salvation for his Knight.

|              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| 16. K to R1  | 15. B to K7 (ch) |
| 17. B to Q3  | 16. Q Kt to Q2   |
| 18. Q to K2  | 17. Kt to K Kt5  |
| 19. Kt to Q1 | 18. Q to K Kt6   |

The only move available to save White from extinction.

|             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| 20. Q to K1 | 19. P to Q5 |
|             | 20. Q to Q2 |

The pressure of Black on White's castle has been tremendous, but somewhat premature, but the declined exchange of Queens enables White to secure a position, which favourably affects the remainder of his game.

|                |                |
|----------------|----------------|
| 21. Q to R4    | 21. Q Kt to K4 |
| 22. P takes Kt | 22. Kt takes P |
| 23. Kt takes P | 23. K to Q2    |

White is now freeing himself at Black's cost, the latter seems to have exhausted himself at his 19th move, and now White becomes the aggressor to the final coup.

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 24. B takes P    | 24. Kt takes Kt  |
| 25. B takes Kt   | 25. K R to K Kt1 |
| 26. B to R7      | 26. R to Kt5     |
| 27. Q to R2      | 27. Q to K2      |
| 28. K to K3 (ch) |                  |

White avails himself of a serious blunder on the part of Black: the latter now seems to be playing nervously, as the vista darkens before him.

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 29. Kt takes R     | 28. K to K1       |
| 30. B to K4        | 29. P takes Kt    |
| 31. Q to R8 (ch)   | 30. R to Q1       |
| 32. Q R to Q1 (ch) | 31. K to Q2       |
| 33. B to B5 (ch)   | 32. B to Q4       |
| 34. B to B4 (ch)   | 33. K to B2       |
| 35. Q to R6        | 34. K to Kt3 (ch) |

A spasmodic agony of Black's.

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 36. K takes B    | 36. Q to K7 (ch) |
| 37. R to B2      | 37. Q takes Q R  |
| 38. B to K3 (ch) | 38. K to R3      |
| 39. Q to B4      |                  |

Threatening mate next move.

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 40. Q to B7      | 39. P to Kt4     |
| 41. K to Kt3     | 40. Q to Q4 (ch) |
| 42. Q to B8 (ch) | 41. P to B4      |

Black is gradually undergoing the dissolving process.

|                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 43. Q takes R (ch) | 42. R takes B |
| 44. Q to B7 (ch)   | 43. K to R4   |
| 45. P to B4        | 44. K to Kt5  |
| 46. P takes P      | 45. P takes P |
| 47. Q takes P (ch) | 46. Q to Q8   |

And Black resigns, thus concluding a stubbornly contested game.

## SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 361.

|            |        |
|------------|--------|
| White.     | Black. |
| Kt to K R6 | 1. Any |
| Mates see. |        |

**Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 359.**  
 White. Black.  
 1. R to Q K 4. 1. K to Q 3 (best)  
 2. Kt to K B 4 (ch by dis). 2. K to B 4  
 3. B mates

# Burdock BLOOD BITTERS.

**WILL CURE OR RELIEVE**  
 BILIOUSNESS, DIZZINESS,  
 DYSPEPSIA, DROPSY,  
 INDIGESTION, FLUTTERING  
 JAUNDICE, OF THE HEART,  
 ERYSIPELAS, ACIDITY OF  
 SALT RHEUM, THE STOMACH,  
 HEARTBURN, DRYNESS  
 HEADACHE, OF THE SKIN,  
 And every species of disease arising from  
 disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH,  
 BOWELS OR BLOOD.

**T. MILBURN & CO.,** Proprietors,  
TORONTO.

## Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

### Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON

**Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.**

Trains will run as follows:

|                           | MIXED.     | MAIL.      | EXPRESS.   |
|---------------------------|------------|------------|------------|
| Leave Hochelaga for       |            |            |            |
| Ottawa                    | 8:20 p.m.  | 8:30 a.m.  | 5:00 p.m.  |
| Arrive at Ottawa          | 7:55 a.m.  | 1:20 p.m.  | 9:50 p.m.  |
| Leave Ottawa for Ho-      |            |            |            |
| chelaga                   | 10:00 p.m. | 8:10 a.m.  | 4:55 p.m.  |
| Arrive at Hochelaga       | 9:45 a.m.  | 1:00 p.m.  | 9:45 p.m.  |
| Leave Hochelaga for       |            |            |            |
| Quebec                    | 6:40 p.m.  | 3:00 p.m.  | 10:00 p.m. |
| Arrive at Quebec          | 8:00 a.m.  | 9:50 p.m.  | 6:30 a.m.  |
| Leave Quebec for Ho-      |            |            |            |
| chelaga                   | 5:30 p.m.  | 12:10 a.m. | 10:00 p.m. |
| Arrive at Hochelaga       | 7:30 a.m.  | 4:50 p.m.  | 6:30 a.m.  |
| Leave Hochelaga for St.   |            |            |            |
| Jerome                    | 6:00 p.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at St. Jerome      | 7:45 p.m.  |            |            |
| Leave St. Jerome for      |            |            |            |
| Hochelaga                 | 6:45 a.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at Hochelaga       | 9:00 a.m.  |            |            |
| Leave Hochelaga for       |            |            |            |
| Joliette                  | 5:15 p.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at Joliette        | 7:40 p.m.  |            |            |
| Leave Joliette for Hoche- |            |            |            |
| laga                      | 6:20 a.m.  |            |            |
| Arrive at Hochelaga       | 8:50 a.m.  |            |            |

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
 Trains leave Mills-End Station ten minutes later than  
 Hochelaga.  
 Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger  
 Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
 Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and  
 from Quebec.  
 Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.  
 All Trains Run by Montreal Time.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES

TICKET OFFICES:

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292 St. James Street, QUEBEC

Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.

L. A. SENECA

Gen'l Sup't.

70 Choice Chromo Cards, or 50 elegant new Chromos  
 name on, 10c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

## THE COOK'S FRIEND

### BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a  
 HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

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

## THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME.

IT SAVES TEMPER.

IT SAVES MONEY.

For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and  
 wholesale by the manufacturers.

W. D. McLAREN, Union Mills,

47-57-372

44 College Street



## Private Medical Dispensary.

(Established 1860, 25 GOULD STREET,  
 TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Parit-  
 cantio, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all  
 of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private  
 diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary.  
 Circulars Free. All letters answered promptly, without  
 charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confi-  
 dential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. S., Toronto, Ont.

# Cadbury's COCOA ESSENCE.

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING.

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

## Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

JANUARY, 1882.

| DELIVERY.                 | MAILS.                                                                                                                              | CLOSING.    |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| A. M.                     | P. M.                                                                                                                               | A. M. P. M. |
| ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES. |                                                                                                                                     |             |
| 8 30                      | (A) Ottawa by Railway                                                                                                               | 8 15 8 00   |
| 8 40                      | (A) Province of Ontario,<br>Manitoba & B. Columbia<br>Ottawa River Route up to<br>Carillon                                          | 8 15 8 00   |
| QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES. |                                                                                                                                     |             |
|                           | Quebec, Three Rivers, Ber-<br>thier, Sorel, per steamer.                                                                            |             |
| 5 35                      | Quebec, Three Rivers, Ber-<br>thier, &c., by Q. M. O. &<br>O. Railway                                                               | 1 50 8 00   |
| 8 00                      | (B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.                                                                                                             | 8 00        |
| 8 00                      | (B) Eastern Townships<br>Three Rivers, Arthabaska<br>& Riviere du Loup R. R.                                                        | 8 00        |
| 12 50                     | Occidental Railway Main<br>Line to Ottawa                                                                                           | 7 00        |
| 9 20                      | Do St. Jerome and St.<br>Lin Branches                                                                                               | 4 30        |
| 8 00                      | Do St. Jerome & St.<br>Janvier                                                                                                      | 7 00        |
| 11 30                     | St. Remi, Hemmingford &<br>Laprairie Railway                                                                                        | 2 15        |
| 8 00                      | 12 45 St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke,<br>Concord, &c.                                                                                    | 6 00 2 15 8 |
| 8 00                      | Acton and Sorel Railway                                                                                                             | 8 00        |
| 10 00                     | St. John, Stanbridge & St.<br>Armand Station                                                                                        | 7 00        |
| 10 00                     | St. John, Vermont Juno-<br>tion & Shefford Railways                                                                                 | 2 15        |
| 9 00                      | South Eastern Railway                                                                                                               | 4 45        |
| 8 00                      | (B) New Brunswick, Nova<br>Scotia & P. E. I.                                                                                        | 8 00        |
|                           | Newfoundland, forwarded<br>daily on Halifax, whence<br>despatch is by the Packet<br>leaving Halifax on the<br>7th and 21st November | 8 00        |
| LOCAL MAILS.              |                                                                                                                                     |             |
| 9 45                      | Valleyfield, Valois & Dor-<br>val                                                                                                   | 4 30        |
| 11 30                     | Beauharnois Route                                                                                                                   | 6 00        |
| 11 30                     | Boucherville, Contrecoeur,<br>Varennes & Vercheres                                                                                  | 1 45        |
| 9 00                      | 5 30 Cote St. Antoine and Notre<br>Dame de Grace                                                                                    | 9 00 1 00   |
| 9 00                      | 5 30 Hochelaga                                                                                                                      | 8 10 2 15 5 |
| 11 30                     | Huntingdon                                                                                                                          | 6 00 2 00   |
| 10 00                     | 5 30 Lacaprairie                                                                                                                    | 6 00 2 00   |
| 10 30                     | 3 00 Laprairie                                                                                                                      | 7 00 2 15   |
| 10 30                     | Longueuil                                                                                                                           | 6 00 1 45   |
| 10 00                     | New Glasgow, St. Sophie,<br>by Occidental Railway<br>Branch                                                                         | 4 30        |
| 10 00                     | Longue Pointe, Pointe aux<br>Trem, & Charlemagne                                                                                    | 8 00 2 00   |
| 8 30                      | 2 30 Point St. Charles                                                                                                              | 1 15 5      |
| 11 30                     | St. Cenegeons                                                                                                                       | 6 00        |
| 10 00                     | St. Lambert                                                                                                                         | 2 15        |
|                           | 1 30 St. Laurent, St. Martin &<br>St. Eustache                                                                                      | 7 00        |
| 11 30                     | 5 30 Tanneries West (St. Henri<br>de M.)                                                                                            | 6 00 2 00   |
| 10 00                     | Sault-au-Rouge & Pont<br>Viau (also Bougie)                                                                                         | 3 30        |
| 10 00                     | 6 55 St. Jean Baptiste Village,<br>Mile-End & Coteau St.<br>Louis                                                                   | 7 00 3 30   |
|                           | 11 45                                                                                                                               |             |
| UNITED STATES.            |                                                                                                                                     |             |
| 8 30                      | 40 Boston & New England<br>States, except Maine                                                                                     | 7 00 5 40   |
| 8 40                      | 40 New York and Southern<br>States                                                                                                  | 6 00 2 15 4 |
| 10 30                     | 12 30 Island Pond, Portland &<br>Maine                                                                                              | 5 40        |
| 8 40                      | 40 (A) Western & Pacific<br>States                                                                                                  | 2 30 8      |
|                           | 8 15 8 00                                                                                                                           |             |
| GREAT BRITAIN, &c.        |                                                                                                                                     |             |
|                           | By Canadian Line on Thursday                                                                                                        | 7 00        |
|                           | By Canadian Line for Germany on Thurs-<br>day                                                                                       | 7 00        |
|                           | By Cunard on Monday                                                                                                                 | 5 25        |
|                           | Do Supplementary, 13th and 27th<br>December                                                                                         | 2 15        |
|                           | By Packet from New York for England,<br>on Wednesday                                                                                | 2 15        |
|                           | By Hamburg American Packet to Ger-<br>many, Wednesday                                                                               | 2 15        |
|                           | By White Star Line on 16th and 30th<br>December                                                                                     | 2 15        |
|                           | (A) Postal Car Bages open till 8 45 a.m., and 9 15 p.m.<br>(B) Do 9 00 p.m.                                                         |             |

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c.

Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor  
 on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for  
 Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c.,  
 will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays.

Mails leave New York by Steamer:

For Bahamas, 8th and 21st December.  
 For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December.  
 For Cuba, 10th December.  
 For Cuba and Porto Rico, 3rd, 17th and 22nd December.  
 For Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 15th & 24th Dec.  
 For Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 25th December.  
 For Coracao and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December.  
 For Jamaica and West Indies.  
 For Jamaica and the U. S. of Columbia (except Panama),  
 15th and 30th December.  
 For Hayti direct, 6th, 17th and 28th December.  
 For Hayti, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec.  
 For Hayti and Maracaibo.  
 For Porto Rico, 10th December.  
 For Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, 6th December.  
 For South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th,  
 20th and 30th December.  
 For Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 21st  
 December.  
 For Windward Islands, 10th and 28th December.  
 For Greytown, Nicaragua, 16th December.

Mails leave San Francisco:

For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December.  
 For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.

## DOMINION OF CANADA.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Incorporated by Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada.

## Five per Cent. First Mortgage Land Grant Fifty Year Gold Bonds.

Total Authorized Issue - \$25,000,000

Accepted by the Government of Canada as Security  
 for the Completion of the Contract between the

Government and the Company - \$ 5,000,000

Now Offered to the Public - \$10,000,000

Principal and interest payable in gold coin of the present standard weight and fineness,—the  
 Principal in Montreal, Canada, and the Interest on 1st April and 1st October, at the option of  
 the holder, either in Montreal or New York; or in London, England, at the rate of 4s. 1½d.  
 Sterling for each dollar.

Bonds in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500 each. Principal payable in October, 1931,  
 unless previously tendered in payments of lands and thereby cancelled; or, redeemed by the  
 Trustees, out of the proceeds of sales of land, either by purchase at the current market prices, or  
 by drawings, at ten per cent. premium.

## TRUSTEES FOR THE BONDHOLDERS.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS, Esq., President of the Bank of Montreal.

Hon. JOHN HAMILTON, President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., Merchant, of New York.

The Bonds are secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to the said Trustees, which confers upon them, unde  
 the express authority of the Charter, ample powers for enforcing payment of the Bonds, Principal and Interest,  
 and effective means for securing to the Bondholders the entire net proceeds of the lands. Before its execution the  
 Deed was submitted to the Government, which has since accepted the \$5,000,000—to be held by it as security for  
 the completion of the contract in accordance with the provisions of the Charter.

The Mortgage, thus created, constitutes a first charge upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting  
 to 25,000,000 acres of the finest farming lands, situated in what is known as the "The Fertile Belt" of the  
 Canadian North-West, which is now admitted to be the largest tract of uniformly rich land suitable for growing  
 the best quality of wheat, &c., to be found on the Continent of America, and the Company may locate its entire  
 Land Grant exclusively in this tract, rejecting all sections unfit for settlement.

The Bonds will be accepted by the Company in payment for lands at 110 and accrued interest.

By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually,  
 when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be handed over to  
 the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to secure the performance of the Company's obligation to pay  
 the interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of  
 Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent. and accrued interest; but if the Bonds  
 cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from  
 time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation  
 at 110 per cent. and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with  
 the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be  
 paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest at four per cent. per annum, upon the amount re-  
 maining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest  
 on the Bonds, and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company,  
 that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, with-  
 out availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully  
 expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the  
 issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be  
 the interest on these Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver-General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40,  
 Vic. Cap 47.

Provision is made for the Registration of the Bonds at Montreal, New York and London.

Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of  
 Trust, the President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersigned.

These Bonds are now offered to the public by the undersigned at par and accrued interest, the right being re-  
 served to advance the price at any time without notice.

Applications for the Bonds may be addressed to:—

## THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Montreal,

Its Branches in Canada, and its Agencies, U. S.,  
 and at 9 Birchin Lane, London, England.

J. S. KENNEDY & Co.,

63 William Street, New York, or

W. WATSON & A. LANG,

Agents of the Bank of Montreal,

59 Wall Street, New York.

Montreal, 25th November, 1881.



## FURS

We are now offering the most elegant and stylish assortment of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's FURS to be found in the city.

We invite inspection.

**R. W. COWAN & CO'S,**  
THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS  
CORNER OF

Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

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

## CASTOR FLUID

(Registered.)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**

Sole Manufacturer,

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

40 ALL Chromo Cards. Elegant New Imported designs, your name in fancy type, 10c., or 40 Fun and Flirtation Cards, 10c. AGENTS Complete Sample Book, 30c. J. B. HUST, D. Nassau, N. Y.



Of all the Shaving Soaps offered to the public, **BOTOT'S**

**SHAVERS**

**FRIEND**

is the best. It produces a rich, non-drying Lather, and will not injure the skin.

## The Scientific Canadian

MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

AND

PATENT OFFICE RECORD

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE ONLY SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICAL PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE DOMINION.

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## British American BANK NOTE COMPANY.

MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.

Capital \$100,000.

## General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,  
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,  
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DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,  
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,  
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate Engraving.

Portraits a Specialty  
G. B. BURLAND,  
President & Manager



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE ON CLEAR WATER LAKE.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.

The CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY offer lands in the FERTILE BELT of Manitoba and the North-west Territory for sale at

**\$2.50 PER ACRE.**

Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at six per cent.

**A REBATE OF \$1.25 PER ACRE**

being allowed on certain conditions, for cultivation and other improvements.

**THE LAND GRANT BONDS**

of the Company, which can be procured at all the Agencies of the Bank of Montreal, and other Banking Institutions throughout the country, will be

**RECEIVED AT TEN PER CENT. PREMIUM**

on their par value, with interest accrued, on account of and in payment of the purchase money, thus further reducing the price of the land to the purchaser.

Special arrangements made with Emigration and Land Companies.

For full particulars apply to the Company's Land Commissioner, JOHN McTAVISH, Winnipeg, or to the undersigned.

By order of the Board,

**CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.**

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

## NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELT INSTITUTION.

(ESTABLISHED 1874.)



**A. NORMAN, Electrician,**

4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

CONSULTATION FREE. Large Circulars, with Testimonials, may be had on application.

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**EXTRACT OF MEAT**

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

**CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.**



For 1882  
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

**70 NEW STYLE CARDS.** (Extra fine hand.)  
Motto, Ivy-Wreath, Fringed Hand Bouquet, still Vase of Roses, no to allow, name in fancy type, etc. 13 names \$1. Agents make 40 per cent. Sample Book of 50 styles for 100¢ Postage free with \$1 order. Packed so as to avoid damage. CLAXTON PRINTING Co. Northford Conn.

**THIS PAPER** MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in **NEW YORK.**

**CARDS** 50 LOVELY Chromo Cards, our Drawing Room and Bouquet series, entirely new, name in 10c. Sample Book free with \$1 order. Franklin Print. Co. New Haven Ct.



**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Emory's Bar to Port Moody.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Tender for Work in British Columbia.

SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 25 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

19-30

**"NIL DESPERANDUM."**

**GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE**

TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self Abuse; as loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

Before Taking Pains to the Back After Taking  
Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

**THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,**

Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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