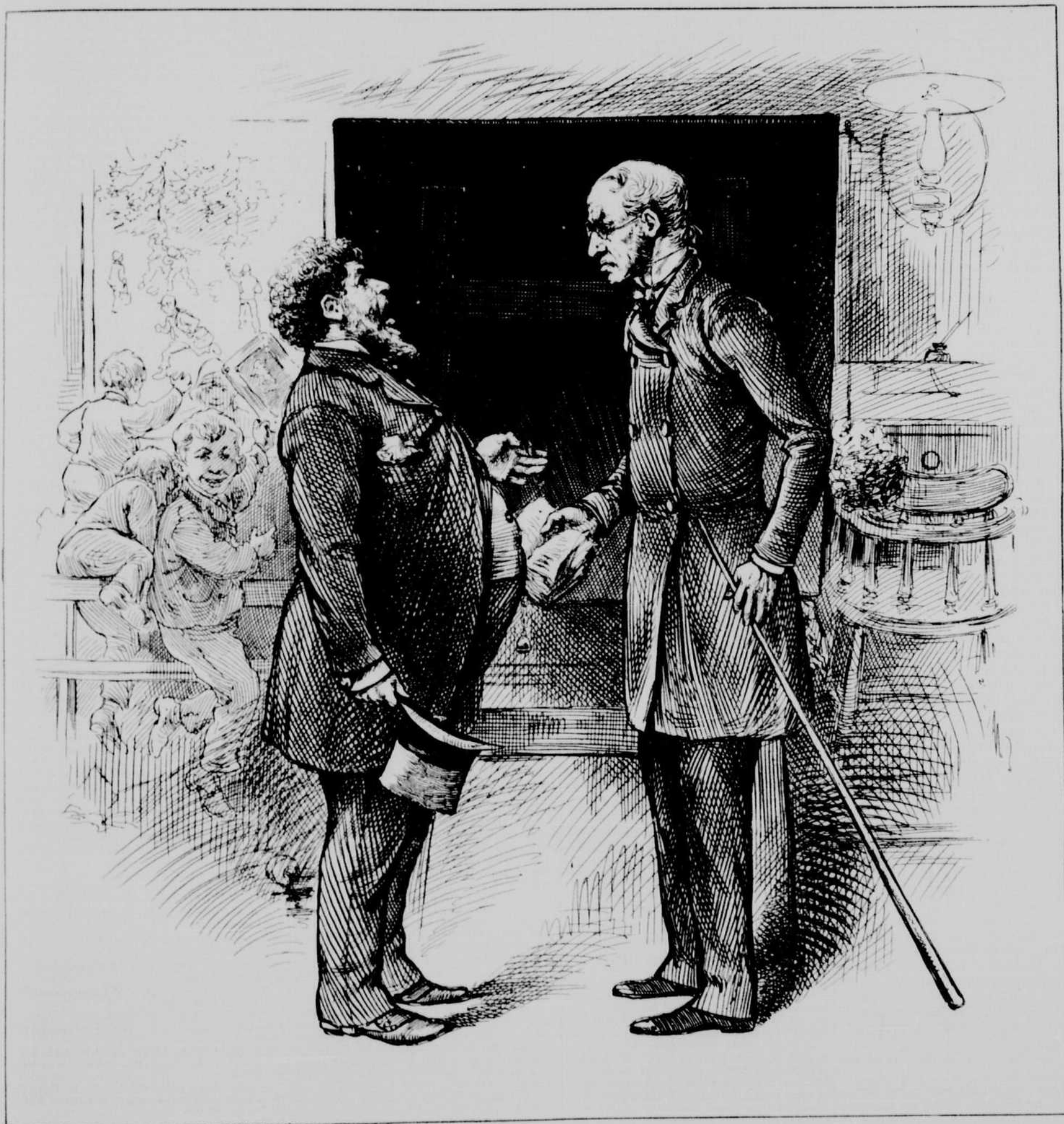


Canada's Illustrated News

Vol. XXV.—No. 24.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1882.

(SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.)



"AND THE CHILDREN ARE TO SUFFER FOR IT."

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING				Corresponding week, 1881			
June 11th, 1882.							
Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.	
Mon...	60°	48°	54°	Mon...	71°	50°	60° 5
Tues...	73°	47°	60°	Tues...	60°	45°	52° 5
Wed...	75°	57°	66°	Wed...	68°	45°	56° 5
Thur...	72°	58°	65°	Thur...	73°	45°	59° 5
Fri...	66°	48°	57°	Fri...	78°	50°	64° 5
Sat...	66°	50°	58°	Sat...	86°	55°	70° 5
Sun...	70°	46°	58°	Sun...	82°	55°	68° 5

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 17, 1882.

ARE THE CHILDREN TO SUFFER FOR IT?

The position of the education question is practically unaltered. Meetings have been called at all the district schools for the discussion of the question, but its ultimate decision seems some way off yet. There are but two courses open to the rate-payers in the matter. They must say emphatically that, come what may, the education of their children shall not be sacrificed to any considerations of economy; or they must admit that education is in itself so purely a secondary matter that they can afford to lay it aside if it costs too much, or, at any rate, that it is of far more importance to them to have the money in their pockets than for their children to have the means of utilizing whatever brains they may have been furnished with. The one course is to retain their self-respect, and to take a high and almost unassailable position: the other to stultify themselves in the eyes of all educated and sensible men. It is possible that in finding fault with the expenditure of the School Board, they have reason on their side. At any rate, though we do not wish to enter into the subject here, they are perfectly within their rights in criticizing the action of the Trustees. All we ask is that the children shall not suffer for it. Should your housekeeper expend her weekly allowance before the end of the week, you do not say, "Well, we will have no dinner in future." Because your tailor sends you in an exorbitant bill, you do not therefore go naked. You get a new housekeeper, maybe, or you change your tailor, but clothes and food you must have, so long as you can pay for them at all.

Is it not equally important to you to have education for your children? Is it not incumbent upon you to say, "Come what may, they shall not suffer for it?" If the money you pay is ill spent, see you to it that it is better expended in future. Economy by all means, so it be of the right kind, only remember the famous distinction between domestic and political economy. "Domestic economy," as described by a well-known humorist, "means spending a shilling to save a pound. Political economy is spending a pound to save a shilling."

See then that your economy is of the former kind.

We have spoken elsewhere of the hardships of the teachers, and of the injustice which any reduction of salary would in many cases involve. But what we want to impress upon the citizens of Montreal is that it is not the School Board, not the

teachers who really will suffer if their purse-strings are closed against the present demand, but the children of your loins, those to whom you look to take your places in the world and perpetuate your names. Are you going to let them ask for bread and offer them a stone?

A MONSTER BELL.

Great Paul arrived safely in London on the 22nd ult., and one week was occupied in preparations for raising it into its place. Another step is thus taken towards the completion in all its details of Wren's great work. The bell-tower was built for one of the largest bells in the Kingdom, and it will now possess the very largest. Great Paul is the heaviest bell which has ever been hung in England; it is said to be the heaviest which is anywhere actually to be rung by swinging it, instead of being merely struck, as "Big Ben" is, by a hammer as it hangs. Great Paul is the largest bell in England, and consequently occupies no insignificant place among the great bells of the world. The bell is broad rather than high. It measures rather less than nine feet in height, but the diameter at its base is nine feet and a half. Its actual weight is sixteen tons 14 cwt. 2 qrs. 19 lb. Big Ben weighs nearly three tons less than this; while "Great Peter," in York Minster, weighs but ten tons and three-quarters; "Great Tom," at Lincoln, only reaches five tons and a half, and the largest bell already in St. Paul's, five tons and a tenth. These are the chief bells which have been cast in England, and the two bells which will reply to each other from the Clock Tower at Westminster and the Bell Tower of St. Paul's are consequently very far the largest in the country. Much more ambitious castings have been made in foreign countries. There are bells at Olmutz, Rouen, and Vienna, which weigh eighteen tons. There is also one at Rouen, which was cast in 1501, which is a few pounds less in weight than Great Paul. The largest bell on this continent is in Notre Dame Cathedral at Montreal. The great bell at Pekin, which is fourteen feet in height and thirteen feet in diameter, is said to contain fifty-three and a half tons of metal. There are two at Moscow which dwarf even this magnificent casting. One of these, which was moulded in 1819, is said to weigh eighty tons, and is the largest bell the sound of which is ever heard, though, we believe, it is only chimed, and no attempt is made to ring it. The monster which dwarfs all others is in the same city, and is called the Monarch. It is the king of bells, but it is a bell no longer. It was cast in 1734, and its height and diameter, which are equal, are twenty-one feet, and its weight was 193 tons. Great Paul might hang in this huge bell in place of the clapper. The Great Bell of Moscow was successfully hung in its place in 1734, but in 1737 a fire took place in the tower, and the monster fell, bringing down everything with it, and burying itself in the earth. It lay broken in the ruins for a hundred years, and in 1847 was raised and placed on walls, so that it now forms the dome of a chapel which has been excavated underneath it. The new bell, now to be added to the peal of St. Paul's is of a shape and weight to give great volume and penetration to its sound. Its note is E flat, and its tone is said to be exceedingly clear. It will probably be clearly audible over the whole metropolitan area.

BRIDAL DRESSES AND CUSTOMS.

The mere words of "bride" or "wedding" at once bring bright smiles to the sternest faces, and even the most ill-matched forget their own deceptions in the warmest wishes and anticipations for the happiness which seems inseparable from every newly united pair. Is not marriage the summit of human bliss? Who thinks of glancing at the seamy side of the picture? Yet how many young couples, perfectly suited in every respect, find themselves but the victims of circumstances, and forced to tread a very different path to the one in which they had first started on their new career! But who will dare to dampen exultant hopes by a few words of warning or advice? Moralizing is a thing of the past. Like jesters of old, our mission is to

amuse; to dispel by cheerful chat, for a moment at least, all melancholy and weariness. Now, then, for the bright side of the question. Is there a paragraph in the papers scanned with greater care than the announcement of marriages or the descriptive column of fashionable weddings? To read such an account in a fashionable circle is simply to expose oneself to a perfect volley of admiring exclamations. How beautiful! How lovely! What a grand set out! pours from the eager listeners. Indeed, any discordant note is sure to come only from some sour old maid. Anyhow the affair remains the topic of conversation for the day.

No need, for the present, to linger on the details of brides' dresses which are constantly given in these pages, and vary, like ordinary toilets, according to every freak of fashion. The materials employed are generally rich, and include plushes, moires, and all the immense scope of satins—merveilleux, duchess, de Lyon, figured, watered and striped. Generally these handsome fabrics are combined, as in a white satin dress with a plush train, or a satin petticoat worn under a princess robe of embossed silk. In rare cases, velvet is used for such characteristic gowns as the Medicea, reproduced, for instance, in velours Corinthien with white satin and Mechlin lace trimmings.

A very stately attire befitting a dignified wearer! But, for a girlish bride nothing is sweeter than *crêpe de Chine*, muslin, or gauze draped over satin, rendered snowy with tuile puffings and enhanced by natural blossoms. Evidently the bridal dress can never be too light or fleecy, and we may expect soon to see the shining Spanish lace fabricated into princess gowns for shy, fair worshippers at Hymen's altar. Of course, robes of real lace are almost out of the question except for princesses.

Pure white is orthodox for these occasions, though during the last two years *crème* has gradually crept in, being employed alone or mingled with white; in this wise snowy moire appears in company with cream satin, studded by pearls. In another model the skirt is of ivory satin, and the trained princess dress of cream colored brocade, and again a toilet of ivory satin is richly embroidered with iris lilies in pearls.

Although simplicity should reign in the make, if not in the material, fussiness of style is daily gaining ground on these virginal attires. Thus we see costly diamonds and pearls, and elaborate gimp ornaments employed in the drapings of trains and skirts, exquisite flounces of lace or embroidery meandering over the entire toilet besides rows of pearls, borders of swan's-down, chenille fringe and trembling marabout feathers. Even steel now and then lends its sheen to pearl or satin-stitch embroidery, wrought on the material itself.

For those who cannot afford such magnificent wedding dresses, fashion has very thoughtfully brought into vogue materials within the limits of the most slender purses, and if you do not feel inclined to take the sainte mousseline of our grandmothers, your choice can fall upon llama, cashmere, and why not barège? Among these there are numerous imitations of lace at most reasonable cost—Breton, Moorish, Languedoc, imitation Valenciennes, etc. Many firms now have a speciality for brides' dresses, and advertise them at most extraordinarily low prices. Should their charges be, however, still beyond your means, call to your help a good dressmaker and set to work yourself. Apart from the saving of expense, this plan will give you additional pleasure, and if handy you will be able to devise the toilet in such a way that it is very little creased or gathered up.

One of the quaintest wedding dresses of last season was an early English costume in cream brocade, trimmed with cream roses and lace. The full bodice, confined by a belt, was finished off with a drooping collar in lace, and at the side hung an old-fashioned reticule to match. Broad satin ribbons prettily tied the long silk mits above the elbows. To complete the tableau the bride had actually discarded the enveloping veil for a genuine coal-scuttle bonnet in white satin, whereon nodding plumes were clasped by diamond brooches. The bridesmaids likewise had a bygone air in their costumes of Umrisur cashmere, two in turquoise and two in copper yellow, all four donning sashes and shoulder knots of deep red silk. Clustering round the demure central figure they formed a unique group worthy of an artist's reproduction. No doubt, little by little, much of the eccentric and of the picturesque will introduce itself into our nuptial festivities. By the way, antique and foreign wedding pageants would form a capital feature for bazaars and entertainments. A deal of interest and fun might be excited by such a get up, provided the national customs, processions, and dances were adhered to. Good substitutes indeed for the overdone fairs, too often lacking in zest for want of the clap-trap of the quack, the mysterious revelations of the gypsy, and the enticing cries of the vendors.

The dress of the bridegroom, too was once a point of great interest even in Western countries. Gentlemen did not always scorn fripperies and trinkets as they do now. Here is an example taken in 1680.—A Prince de Conti was married in a coat of straw-yellow satin, edged by a galloon, powdered with diamonds, the sparkle of which was still heightened by an *appliqué* border in black velvet. The same work decorated the trunk hose, and the greater part of the cloak, entirely lined with black velvet and tied by fire-colored ribbons, faced with white velvet. Narrower ribbons formed bows on the shoes, adorned by centre clasps of diamonds, which also glittered on the shoulder

sash and sword. The bridegroom's felt hat was radiant with a red feather, spotted white. Of the young lady's dress we are merely informed that it consisted of a white coat outlined with diamonds and pearls, and the usual small wreath was replaced by five rows of pearls which the king himself courteously placed in the hair.

When pure white was introduced would be difficult to say. It is not universal throughout Europe. Without going very far back, we all remember that the bridal dress of the Duchess of Edinburgh was in white satin embroidered with silver, while red velvet composed her heavy regal cloak. And, almost yesterday, the young Princess Victoria of Baden, in compliment to her husband, donned a dress of silver tissue, with Scandinavian silver ornaments. Still, is not white the very thing for youthful brides? It admirably harmonizes with the halo of purity, candor, simplicity, truthfulness, innocence, and, above all, of hope, with which poets of all ages have surrounded the betrothed.

The wreath—a sign of triumph among the Romans—completely encircles the head, and finishes off in a single or double trail; it is mounted either as a chaplet of tiny flowers, or as a tapering diadem.

Since ornaments, like all else, must be white, the selection is naturally limited to diamonds, pearls, sometimes intermingled with cat's eyes and opals, though the principal one of all—the ring—is a plain band of gold—again an emblem of purity and virtue, as well as the husband's pledge to keep his promise as indicated by the old Saxon word, *soef*, meaning "pledge." But this is not all; it betokens on the one side authority and on the other submission. Hence, also, the choice of the left or weaker hand, and of its weaker finger. However, we may as well peer into a few more reasons why the marriage finger has been selected. A delicate nerve running through it communicated direct with the heart—so supposed the ancients, who, on the same account, also called it medical, from its being the best to touch wounds and mix drugs. Superstition thought that with such stirring nothing injurious could be dropped into a potion without mysteriously conveying an instant warning to the heart.

In the Catholic ritual can perhaps be found the best explanation of the custom. With the ring, the bridegroom touches the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, meanwhile pronouncing one of the names of the Holy Trinity. Over the thumb, being the strongest, the Father is named, over the first finger the Son, and over the second the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from both Father and Son. But, on the third, behold he slips the golden circlet right to the end, to take possession of it, and to show that, after God, the husband is the wife's lord and master.

Very wise and touching are all these emblems, surrounding the bride with a peculiar interest. But where, pray, are the symbols and dress of the man? We must leave the inquisitive to find out, if they can.

THE SENATOR'S VISITING CARD.

The mystic letters written on visiting cards are a source of bewilderment to the Congressmen from rural districts who cannot decipher their meaning. Once that stalwart Kentuckian, Senator McCreery, met a foppish young constituent, who had just returned from Paris, and said to him:

"I received your card the other day. I recognized your father's name, which is the same as yours, and supposed that it was his son; but what did the letters E.P., written in a corner mean?"

"Why, Mr. Senator," replied the travelled man, "it is customary in Paris to write the initials of certain words on leaving cards. For example, had I been going away, I should have written P.P.C., the initials of *Pour prendre congé*—to take leave. As it was, calling myself, I wrote E.P., the initials of *En Personne*—in person."

"Oh!" said McCreery, "I understand." A week or so afterward the two met again, and the young man said:

"Senator, I received your card, but couldn't comprehend what the letters S.B.A.N., in the corner meant. Pray interpret them!"

"With pleasure," said McCreery, his eyes twinkling with humor. "S.B.A.N. are the initials of *Sent By a Nigger*!" The young man tried to laugh, but really couldn't see the point of the inscription. Others did.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mrs. Anna Bishop's concert was a tremendous success.

JOSEFFY is to be with us in Montreal about the middle of next month.

NEW YORK is to have a Wagner season in 1883 under Herr Newmann.

MORE than twenty theatrical managers sailed for Europe on the 6th inst.

ENGLAND's estimate of Wagner has wonderfully changed, and the Nibelungen Ring has made many converts.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has laid aside his "Egyptian" Symphony and is busy with the score of his new opera.

A PERFORMANCE for the benefit of George Conly's widow and children was to be given in New York on the 10th inst.

MR. FREDERICK ARCHER has been on a visit to Montreal and Quebec, where he has given a series of organ and pianoforte recitals.

GEORGE CONLY, the operatic singer, and Retget, the promising young pianist were drowned lately while travelling with the Emma Abbott Company.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE cartoon upon our front page this week alludes to the quarrel now on foot between the City Council and the Board of Education. The city object to an increase of the school tax on the ground that the appropriation originally made was sufficient if properly managed. The School Board meanwhile hint that unless something is done to help them they may be compelled to close some of the schools.

WE publish this week an engraving of one of Mr. Henderson's charming landscape photographs taken on the St. John's Road, back of Bay St. Paul.

THE passage round Cape of Good Hope has been known to all generations of men as one of the most dangerous of ocean voyages, and many are the wrecks which have taken place upon its treacherous rocks. Our illustration represents a boat, evidently carrying the survivors of such a wreck, tossing upon a sea which is gradually subsiding after the storm of the night before. The unhappy castaways have just caught sight of a vessel in the distance, which they eagerly hail.

THE fight between a tiger and an elephant is graphically depicted by E. Specht in his picture entitled "A Terrible Foe," which we publish in this number. Usually in such encounters the elephant from his greater weight has the best of it, and will, if he can get his foe down, kneel upon his body and crush him to death. In the present case, it seems likely to go hard with the tiger, who is tightly grasped in his enemy's trunk, and apparently powerless to save himself from his impending fate.

THE DUBLIN MURDERS.—One of the devices resorted to with a view of getting a clue to the perpetrators of the Dublin assassinations was a parade in the private police yard behind Dublin Castle of all the red-paneled public cars and bay horses employed by car-drivers—that being the style of car and color of the horse which carried the assassins out of Phoenix Park. Those who had seen them drive away were, however, unable to identify any of the vehicles paraded. During the excitement succeeding the murders, a party of divers, and of seamen from H. M. S. *Bellevue*, dragged and searched the bed of the Liffey in hopes of finding the weapons, if they had been thrown away by the assassins in their flight, but of course nothing was discovered.

GARIBALDI.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was born at Nice, of poor parents, on the 22d of July, 1807. At an early age he embraced his ancestral calling of a sailor, and was for several years engaged in the coasting trade in various parts of the Mediterranean. At the age of twenty-four he became acquainted with Mazzini, with whom he was concerned in an unsuccessful conspiracy against Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia. Compelled to leave his country, he eventually made his way to South America, and soon after his arrival in that country engaged in the privateer service of the revolted republic of Rio Grande against Brazil, and experienced the various vicissitudes of victory, defeat, imprisonment, shipwreck, and escape in the revolutionary war. Amidst his trouble and dangers by land and sea, he found comfort in his marriage with a Brazilian lady, named Anita, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who fully returned his affection.

In 1847, hearing of the elevation of Pius IX to the papacy, and persuaded of his liberal tendencies, Garibaldi offered his services, but they were not accepted. He then offered his sword to Charles Albert, then in the field against Austria, and upon being repulsed by that monarch, repaired to Milan, where he was commissioned by the provincial government to organize Lombard volunteers for the war of freedom. After the flight of the Pope, Garibaldi visited Rome, where he found the people rejoicing over the proclamation of a republic, under which he was elected to the Constituent Assembly. He received orders to watch with his troops the movements of the King of Naples, but was called from this duty in order to resist the French army, which was then proceeding to invest the Roman territory. A severe battle took place on the 30th of April, in which Garibaldi, after a hard struggle against superior discipline and numbers, drove the French soldiers from the field. This victory was followed up by another, over the Napoleon army, on the 9th of May. Rome, however, after a terrible struggle, which raged without intermission from the 28th of June, fell into the hands of the French; and on the 2d of July Garibaldi, with 5,000 of his volunteers, took his departure to carry on the war against the Austrians and the King of Naples. But misfortunes overpowered him. Many of his soldiers surrendered to the enemy, and his faithful Anita, who had shared all his dangers, yielded up her life, a victim to anxiety and fatigue.

Then came the episode of his life in America—as a soap and candle manufacturer on Staten Island, a merchant in Cincinnati, a wanderer in California; and then a brief return to his old business as a trader in the Mediterranean. Having amassed a little capital, he purchased the small island of Capraia, off the coast of Sardinia, where he settled down as an agriculturist, determined to await events.

The opportunity came in 1859, when he was summoned by Victor Emanuel to Turin to concert the plan which he was to play against the

Austrians, then threatening Sardinia. He received a commission as Lieutenant-General, and found himself at the head of a choice band of 3000 volunteers, with which he left Turin on the 20th of May, and carried on a guerrilla warfare, which greatly harassed the Austrians. His followers—soon increased to 17,000 men—took Varese, Camerlata, and Como, and were successful at Bergamo, Brescia, and Rezzato.

After the hasty Treaty of Villafranca, which put an end to the war, leaving Venice in the hands of the Austrians, Garibaldi retired from his command, and resigned his rank in the Italian army, in order that he might be free to engage in his long-meditated expedition for the liberation of the Two Sicilies from the misrule of Francis II. When all was ready, he embarked at Genoa for Sicily on the 5th of May, 1860; landed on the 10th at Marsala, where he proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily, in the name of Victor Emmanuel, and proceeded to take Palermo and Messina. He then crossed the straits, landed in Calabria, and possessed himself of Naples, which he entered on the 5th of September.

The Neapolitan army was defeated on the 1st of October; on the 21st the people of Naples voted in favor of annexation to the Sardinian States; on the 7th of November, Victor Emmanuel entered Naples, and on the 27th the army of Garibaldi was disbanded.

Garibaldi now retired to Capraia again, where he matured his plans for the ill-advised and unsuccessful expedition against Rome, in which Victor Emmanuel was obliged to take part against him. In 1864 he paid a short visit to England, where he was received with great enthusiasm, and again retired to Capraia. He took an energetic part in the campaign of 1866, which gave Venice to Italy; but still restless under the exclusion of Rome from the kingdom, he began an agitation in 1867 for the annexation of the Papal States. This brought him again into collision with the Italian government, and he suffered arrest and imprisonment. He succeeded, however, in escaping, and entered the Pontifical States at the head of a small force. After a few unimportant successes, he was defeated by the combined French and Papal forces at Mentana on the 4th of November. On the evening of the same day he was arrested, and conducted to the fortress of Varignano, near Spezia. Owing to a severe illness, it was soon deemed expedient to transport him to Capraia.

With the exception of the brief episode of service in France during the Franco-German war, Garibaldi's military career was now ended. He lived to see the desire of his heart fulfilled in the restoration of Rome as the capital of the united Italy; and although he would have preferred a republic, he gave a loyal support to the monarchy, as offering the only practicable solution of the great problem of Italian freedom and unity.

THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

The myth of which Wagner has availed himself for the libretto of his music-drama, now being performed in London is as follows, details of the plot that would be unacceptable to our readers being necessarily omitted. Three Rhine nymphs, guarding the treasure of the Rhine-gold, are visited by the gnome, or Nibelung, Alberich, who makes love to them. Being repulsed, he vows to renounce this passion for ever, and is thus enabled to acquire their precious hoard, from which he makes a ring of magic power. Wotan, the god, requiring a castle to be built, engages the giants Fasolt and Fafner to perform the task, promising them, as payment, Freia, the goddess of youth and beauty. Upon her departure the gods turn old and grey, and Wotan, alarmed, endeavors to persuade the giants to accept something else in place of the goddess. They offer to take Alberich's treasure, which, in addition to the magic ring, consists of a "turn-helm," or "wishing-cap," that gives power to its possessor to take any form he pleases. Alberich, disporting himself before Wotan as a toad, is seized and bound. Forced, as the price of his freedom, to yield the cap and ring, Alberich gives up both, but lays a deadly curse on the latter. The giants obtain the two as the recompense for their labour in building the castle, but they quarrel and Fasolt is slain; his brother Fafner retiring to a cave to guard the treasure, taking the form of a dragon the better secure it. Siegmund, a warrior, and son of Wotan, seeks refuge in the house of an enemy, named Hunding, who is bound by the laws of hospitality to leave him unharmed from sunset to dawn. In the night Siegmund, Hunding's wife, elopes with the guest, having previously drugged her husband, and informed her lover of a magic sword that the god Wotan had left plunged in a tree. This sword Siegmund, being possessed of supernatural strength, plucks out and takes with him. The god Wotan, being instigated by his wife Fricka, withdraws the power of this magic sword, and also his protection from his son Siegmund, dispatching "Brunnhilde" (a walkyrie, or corpse-finder) to acquaint him with his doom. She, won by his noble bearing, strives to aid him in his combat with the pursuing husband, Hunding. Wotan arrives on the scene, kills both Siegmund and Hunding, and in anger with the walkyrie Brunnhilde deprives her of her immortality, dooming her to lie in a charmed sleep for any man to wake and possess. In answer to her pleadings he permits a wall of fire to be placed around her, so that only a hero shall penetrate it and arouse her. Before the spell of sleep overtakes her Brunnhilde informs Siegmund

that she will be the mother of the hero Siegfried, and that he shall restore his father's magic sword, of which she hands Siegmund the broken pieces. Siegmund retires to the hut of Mime, the gnome, who lives in the heart of the forest. There she gives birth to Siegfried and dies. Mime knows that Siegfried will, on arriving at maturity, possess great, almost immortal, power, and believes that through him he will one day be able to acquire for himself both the ring and turn-cap from Fafner the giant. To this end he forges a sword for Siegfried, but the hero testing it breaks it like a splinter of wood, and subsequently, pressing Mime for the secret of his parentage, discovers that the broken pieces of his father's sword are in Mime's possession. Siegfried sets to work and forges himself a new sword, of irresistible strength, from the remnants, which he names "Needful." He then, being urged thereto by Mime, attacks the giant Fafner, whom he slays, obtaining both cap and ring. Upon licking the blood from his hands he is enabled, through magic, to understand the language of the birds. These tell him that upon his anointing his entire body with the said blood he will be invulnerable. He does so, but a leaf from a tree settling on his back, a small portion of him is left unsafe, and of this—when too late—he becomes aware. The birds further inform him that a lovely maiden lies in a charmed circle of fire, and that only a hero into whose bosom fear has never penetrated can win her. Siegfried, who does not know the meaning of such a word, makes way through the fire, and gains Brunnhilde. Brunnhilde awakes, falls in love with her knight, and gives him her horse, Grane, to assist him in a noble enterprise, Siegfried, in return, bestowing upon his magic ring. Siegfried then departs, promising to return. He shortly arrives at the castle of King Gunther, on the Rhine, with whom dwell his half-brother Hagan and his sister Gudrune. Siegfried is given by these people a magic draught, which causes utter loss of memory. He swears brotherhood to Gunther, completely forgets Brunnhilde, falls in love with Gudrune, and in return for her hand undertakes to go through the fire and fetch Brunnhilde as a wife for Gunther. Taking Gunther's shape by virtue of the turn-helm he again makes his way through the fire and brings Brunnhilde by force, having dragged the ring off her finger, to Gunther for his bride. Upon arriving at Gunther's castle he reassumes his own shape, when Brunnhilde recognizes him and proclaims his perfidy. She then, in the agony of her resentment, enters into a contract with Gunther and Hagan to destroy him. Hunting near the Rhine, the Rhine maidens endeavor to coax the magic ring from Siegfried, warning him of its dangerous power. He derides their counsels, but later on, when Gunther, Hagan and the rest join her, and all are resting from the chase, Hagan, being previously instructed by Brunnhilde, stabs him in this one vulnerable spot. Siegfried's body is brought back to the castle. Hagan kills Gunther in a struggle for the ring which he is unable to force from the finger of the dead hero. The funeral pile is built, and as Siegfried is being consumed Brunnhilde, having discovered how her lover has been tricked, throws herself into the flames. The river rises, and the Rhine maidens reacquire possession of the magic ring.

A VOX HUMANA STOP THAT CAME TO GRIEF.

When Hopkins was organist at St. Abednego's Church he gave a concert for the benefit of the Sunday school. Hopkins would fib sometimes, and he told a number of brother organists that he had a *vox humana* stop in his organ. As several of them were going to attend the concert Hopkins determined to prevent their detecting the deception, so he engaged a friend of his who sang tenor at the minstrels to come up and get into the organ case. It was arranged that Hopkins was to give a certain signal, when the minstrel was to tune up and sing "Nearer my God to Thee," while Hopkins went through the motions on the keys. When the concert came off the scheme worked splendidly. Everybody exclaimed, "How beautiful!" "Sweet, isn't it?" "Sounds exactly like a human voice." Then there was an encore, and then "Sweet Bye and Bye" was sung. Right in the middle of it the *vox humana* stopped suddenly. Then it was heard swearing in the most modern fashion and using dreadful language inside the organ. Then it yelled for help, and Hopkins dashed around to the rear of the organ to see what was the matter. He found that the man had been standing on the bellows, and that the blower objected to the heavy weight, and finally had begun a fierce combat with Hopkins' friend. And now the blower had the *vox humana* stop down on the floor inside the organ, and he was nibbling at *vox humana*'s nose and rolling him around against the pipes and among the machinery in a manner that threatened general demoralization to the organ. The more the combat deepened, the louder the *vox humana* stop howled! They were finally separated by the church wardens, and the concert proceeded in a minor and melancholy key. Hopkins wishes the bellows man had smothered the *vox humana* minstrel on the spot as he was discharged next day.

A SURVEYOR has recently been sent to prison for feloniously appropriating some title deeds. This has convinced him that he wasn't monarch of all he surveyed.

DOMESTIC.

ORANGE BASKET.—Remove the inside pulp of the orange carefully by making a small incision on one side. Then cut the skin into the shape of a basket, leaving about one-half an inch of the stalk end for a handle. Fill the basket with ices, ice-creams, frozen punches, or whipped creams, jellies, etc. They look very pretty on a table. The pulp of the orange can be utilized by removing the seeds and sweetening with sugar; or it can be used to make orange ice-cream or water-ices.

COCONUT BISCUITS.—(1) Grate 2oz. of coconut, mix with 1lb. powdered white sugar, and the whites of three eggs, previously beaten to a stiff froth. Drop small pieces of this mixture on paper, place in a baking tin in a slow oven for about ten minutes. (2) Scrape off the rind, and grate the nut quite fine, and mix with half its weight of finely powdered white sugar and the white of an egg. Drop the mixture on wafer paper in rough pieces, the size of a nutmeg, and bake in a moderate oven.

RHUBARB JELLY.—Peel the rhubarb, cut it into pieces, and dry them well. Leave them so prepared over-night, spread out on a dish. Boil them without any water in a preserving pan. When the juice has been compressed, run it through a flannel bag, and to each pint add one and a quarter pounds of white sugar and a quarter of a pound of sliced apples. Boil together very gently on a slow fire, constantly skimming all the scum as it rises. To one quart allow one ounce of gelatine or isinglass. This is imperative; rhubarb-jelly will not set. When the syrup sets, the jelly is ready. Test it by pouring a little upon a plate, and, if it fixes, it is ready to take off.

CHINESE SOUP.—Two young fowls, or one full-grown; half pound ham, one gallon of water; cut the fowls into pieces as for fricassee; put these with the ham into the pot with a quart of water, or enough to cover them fairly; stew for an hour of the fowls are tender; if tough, until you can cut easily into the breast; take out the breast, leaving the rest of the meat in the pot; add the remainder of the water boiling hot; keep the soup stewing slowly while you chop up the white meat you have selected; rub the yolks of four hard-boiled eggs smooth in a mortar or bowl, moistening to a paste with a few spoonfuls of the soup. Mix with these a handful of fine bread-crumbs and the chopped meat, and make it into small balls. When the soup has boiled, in all two hours and a half, if the chicken is reduced to shreds, strain out the meat and bones, season with salt and white pepper and chopped parsley, drop in the prepared force-meat, and, after boiling ten minutes, to incorporate the ingredients well, add a little at a time, a pint of rich milk thickened with flour. Boil up once and serve. A chicken a year old would make better soup than a younger fowl.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

MANY deaths are reported from yellow fever in Havana.

A MOHAMMEDAN rebellion has broken out in China.

MERCENARY assassins of land-owners are travelling through Germany.

TWENTY-EIGHT persons have been executed for political crimes in Hayti.

ON account of the illness of Hanlan, the Winnipeg regatta will be declared off.

It has been decided to remove the remains of General Giuseppe Garibaldi to Rome.

A VESSEL arrived at Philadelphia from Havana has two cases of yellow fever aboard.

EXTENSIVE coal deposits have been discovered in the Moose River District, United States.

"FIDDLER" won the Alexandria plate at Ascot yesterday, "Foxhall" second, "Petronel" third.

MR. ANGUS MORRISON, ex-Mayor of Toronto, was found dead in his bed on Saturday morning.

REPORTS state that the wheat crop this year will be the largest ever harvested in the North-Western States.

ADVICES from the South predict the almost entire failure of the cotton crop along the northern belt line.

THE latest report of the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie's condition states that the hon. gentleman is progressing very favourably.

ROSS resumes training on the Red River today. He will claim the championship if Hanlan fails on the second deposit.

THE Dominion Government have purchased from Senator Northwood's son a site in Winnipeg on which to erect a new post-office.

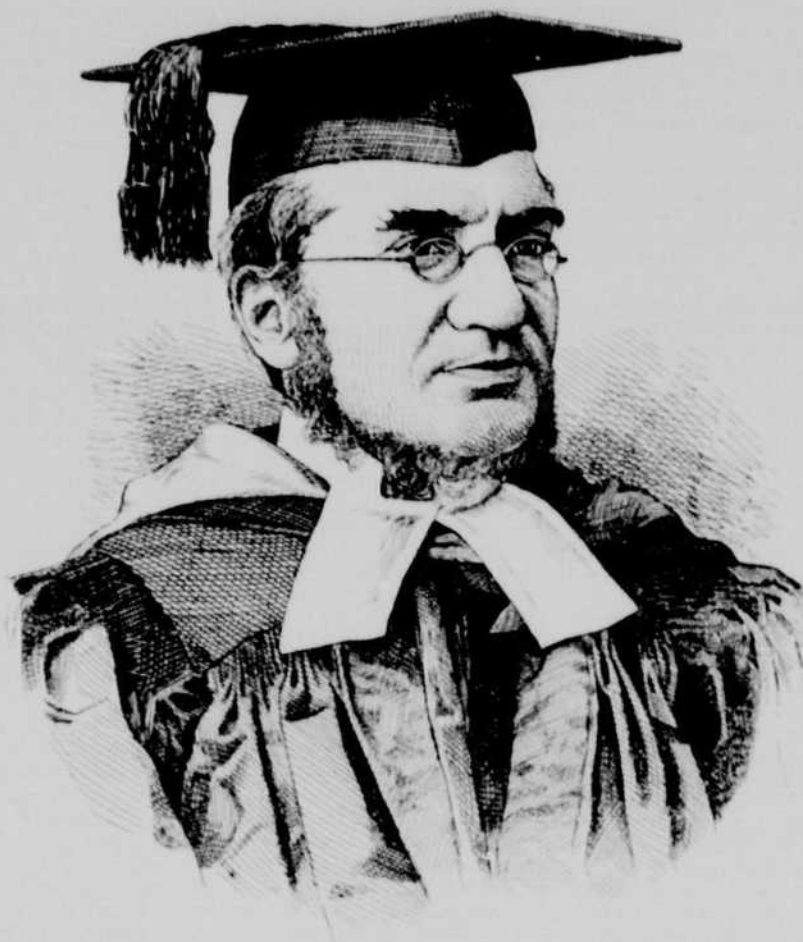
THE situation in Egypt is more critical than at any previous moment in the present crisis. Arabi Bey is determined to yield only to superior force.

A RESOLUTION has been unanimously adopted by the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, in favor of Methodist union.

IN Davitt's farewell speech before leaving for New York, he said Ireland was to be rescued by a strong appeal to justice, and not by the "wild justice of revenge."

THE LATE DR. DE SOLA.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. DeSola, which occurred in New York on Monday evening, the Hebrew community of Montreal sustain a loss scarcely greater than that which will be experienced by all classes of our citizens. For thirty-five years past, Dr. DeSola has been identified with all movements tending to promote the moral and intellectual welfare of our people, has occupied a distinguished position in the principal universities of the Dominion, and has achieved for himself a reputation extending over the whole continent, and reaching the scholars of many countries. He was born at London, Eng., on September 18th, 1827, being descended from an ancient Spanish-Jewish family. His father, the Rev. David Aaron DeSola, enjoyed a high reputation as a divine and scholar, and his ancestors present a long line of illustrious names celebrated as scholars, physicians and statesmen. Young DeSola received a careful education, under paternal supervision. After having finished his academical studies, he took to Hebrew, literature and theology. Diligence and perseverance soon produced the results which always attend them. Before reaching manhood, Mr. DeSola was urged by many who recognized his worth to apply for a ministerial office in his native city. But a wider sphere of action had been opened for him in the New World. In 1847 he responded to a call from the Portuguese Hebrew congregation of this city. Here began Dr. DeSola's steadfast labors. In the first year of his residence in this city he lectured before the Mercantile Library Association, on the "History of the Jews of England," and that his efforts were duly appreciated is evidenced by his having been requested to address the same society, as well as the Mechanics' Institute, every succeeding winter, during which a course of lectures was given, besides often lecturing for the Sommerville course. The Doctor was chosen President of the Natural History Society some years ago, and in that capacity received Prince Arthur, when he visited that institution. Before this organization he delivered very interesting lectures on Jewish history, and on the zoology, cosmogony and botany of the Scriptures. In a short space of



THE LATE DR. DE SOLA.

time Dr. DeSola's talents brought him out so prominently that in 1848 he was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Semitic literature in McGill College. The duties attached to that honorable office he discharged with commendable zeal. Shortly after this the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him, and he was selected to address the graduates on behalf of the faculty, at one of the commencements. Professor DeSola labored for the welfare of his brethren as a minister, but more particularly as a writer. Many articles from his pen have graced the columns of the secular and Jewish press, and the drift thereof has been the exaltation of the religion of Israel, and the exposing to view of the grand literature of his people. Of the Professor's writings we may mention: "Notes on the Jews of Persia," "Commentary on Samuel Hannazid's Introduction to the Talmud," "Peristol's Cosmogony," "Life Shabbethai Tsevi," "History of the Jews of Poland," "History of the Jews of France," "Critical Consideration of the Dietary Laws of the Hebrews," "Life of Saadia Gaon," and numerous other works. Dr. DeSola was in close literary relations with the Rev. Isaac Leeser, and purchased from the latter's executors the plates of his works, and re-issued several of these, principally the several Forms of Prayer and Leeser's Translation of the Old Testament. Recently the Doctor published a revised translation of the entire Jewish form of prayers in six volumes, dedicated to Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart. In addition to all this, Dr. DeSola has constantly identified himself with educational and charitable associations. On the 9th of January, 1872, Professor DeSola was invited to open the United States Congress with prayer, he being the first foreign clergyman ever invited to invoke the divine blessing within the halls of the Capitol. His outpourings elicited favorable comments by reason of their broad and humanitarian character. Of late years the doctor's health has been failing, but a trip to Europe temporarily restored him. He was on a visit to his sister in New York when suddenly attacked by the illness which proved fatal. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss.



RUINED MILL, NEAR QUEBEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY M. A. GENEST.



ST. JOHN'S ROAD, BEHIND BAY ST. PAUL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALEXANDER HENDERSON, MONTREAL.

UNWIDOWED.

They ask me, Shall I love again?
Alas, they little know my heart!
For twenty graves would yawn in vain
That woman from my life to part.

They see her now no more, I know;
But still with me she smiles and talks;
And where the flowers she cherished blow,
Beside me still at eve she walks.

I loved her once, and won her love
(Green days, and yet in memory green);
And now she is my wife above—
Above, and here, by men unseen.

My wife—although the form I loved
In death's gray mist is coldly furled;
My wife—however far removed,
The sweetest woman in the world.

What, then, is left with me to give,
Since I am here, and here alone?
Dear wife, around me love and live,
My angel, and not less my own!

Thou know'st that tale we read of yore—
The bound that on his master's grave
Pitched camp till death; and thou much more
Wilt camp around my mortal cave.

Yet am I selfish! Are there joys
Thou must forego to wait with me,
And only hear the golden noise
Far off, and only far off see?

O, I were jealous of sweet heaven,
Did I not know how, from thy youth,
The only joys were those whose heaven
Is love and sacrifice and truth.

So, from the freer life above
My dungeon, kiss me through the bars;
Thou art my bride, thou art my love,
This side or that side of the stars!

WADE ROBINSON.

OUR DERBY SWEEPSTAKES.

"Bob!" I shouted.

No answer.

"Bob!"

A rapid crescendo of snores ending in a prolonged gasp.

"Wake up, Bob!"

"What the deuce is the row?" said a very sleepy voice.

"It's near breakfast-time," I explained.

"Bother breakfast-time!" said the rebellious spirit in the bed.

"And here's a letter, Bob," said I.

"Why on earth couldn't you say so at once! Come on with it," on which cordial invitation I marched into my brother's room, and perched myself upon the side of his bed.

"Here you are," said I: "Indian stamp—Brindisi postmark. Who is it from?"

"Mind your own business, Stumpy," said my brother, as he pushed back his curly tangled locks, and after rubbing his eyes, proceeded to break the seal. Now if there is one appellation for which above all others I have a profound contempt, it is this one of "Stumpy." Some miserable nurse, impressed by the relative proportions of my round grave face and little mottled legs, had dubbed me with the odious nickname in the days of my childhood. I am not really a bit more stumpy than any other girl of seventeen. On the present occasion I rose in all the dignity of wrath, and was about to dump my brother on the head with the pillow by way of remonstrance, when a look of interest in his face stopped me.

"Who do you think is coming, Nelly?" he said. "An old friend of yours."

"What? from India? Not Jack Hawthorne?"

"Even so," said Bob. "Jack is coming back and going to stay with us. He says he will be here almost as soon as his letter. Now don't dance about like that. You'll knock down the guns, or do some damage. Keep quiet like a good girl, and sit down here again." Bob spoke with all the weight of the two-and-twenty summers which had passed over his towsey head, so I calmed down and settled into my former position.

"Won't it be jolly?" I cried. "But, Bob, the last time he was here he was a boy, and now he is a man. He won't be the same Jack at all."

"Well, for that matter," said Bob, "you were only a girl then—a nasty little girl with ringlets, while now—"

"What now?"

Bob seemed actually on the eve of paying me a compliment.

"Well, you haven't got the ringlets, and you are ever so much bigger, you see, and nastier." Brothers are a blessing for one thing. There is no possibility of any young lady getting unreasonably conceited if she be endowed with them.

I think they were all glad at breakfast-time to hear of Jack Hawthorne's promised advent. By "all" I mean my mother, Elsie and Bob. Our cousin Solomon Barker looked anything but overjoyed when I made the announcement in breathless triumph. I never thought of it before, but perhaps the young man is getting fond of Elsie, and is afraid of a rival; otherwise I don't see why such a simple thing should have caused him to push away his egg, and declare that he had done famously, in an aggressive manner which at once threw doubt upon his proposition. Grace Maberley, Elsie's friend, seemed quietly contented, as is her wont.

As for me, I was in a riotous state of delight. Jack and I had been children together. He was like an elder brother to me until he became a

cadet and left us. How often Bob and he had climbed old Brown's apple-tree, while I stood beneath and collected the spoil in my little white pinafore! There was hardly a scrape or adventure which I could remember in which Jack did not figure as a prominent character. But he was "Lieutenant" Hawthorne now, had been through the Afghan War, and was, as Bob said, "quite the warrior." What ever would he look like? Somehow the "warrior" had conjured up an idea of Jack in full armour with plumes on his head, thirsting for blood, and hewing at somebody with an enormous sword. After doing that sort of thing I was afraid he would never descend to romps and charades and the other stock amusements of Hatherley House.

Cousin Sol was certainly out of spirits during the next few days. He could be hardly persuaded to make a fourth at lawn-tennis, but showed an extraordinary love of solitude and strong tobacco. We used to come across him in the most unexpected places, in the shrubbery and down by the river, on which occasions, if there was any possibility of avoiding us, he would gaze rigidly into the distance, and utterly ignore feminine shouts and the waving of parasols. It was certainly very rude of him. I got hold of him one evening before dinner, and drawing myself up to my full height of five feet four and a half inches, I proceeded to give him a piece of my mind, a process which Bob characterizes as the height of charity, since it consists in my giving away what I am most in need of myself.

Cousin Sol was lounging in a rocking-chair with the *Times* before him, gazing moodily over the top of it into the fire. I ranged up alongside and poured in my broadside.

"We seem to have given you some offence, Mr. Barker," I remarked, with lofty courtesy.

"What do you mean, Nell?" asked my cousin, looking up at me in surprise. He had a very curious way of looking at me, had cousin Sol.

"You appear to have dropped our acquaintance," I remarked; and then suddenly descending from my heroics, "You are stupid, Sol! What's been the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Nell. At least, nothing of any consequence. You know my medical examination is in two months, and I am reading for it."

"O," said I, in a bristle of indignation, "if that's it, there's no more to be said. Of course if you prefer bones to your female relations, it's all right. There are young men who would rather make themselves agreeable than mope in corners and learn how to prod people with knives." With which epitome of the noble science of surgery I proceeded to straighten some refractory antimacassars with unnecessary violence.

I could see Sol looking with an amused smile at the angry little blue-eyed figure in front of him. "Don't blow me up, Nell," he said; "I have been plucked once, you know. Besides," looking grave, "you'll have amusement enough when this—what is his name?—Lieutenant Hawthorne comes."

"Jack won't go and associate with mummies and skeletons, at any rate," I remarked.

"Do you always call him Jack?" asked the student.

"Of course I do. John sounds so stiff."

"O, it does, does it?" said my companion doubtfully.

I still had my theory about Elsie running in my head. I thought I might try and set the matter in a more cheerful light. Sol had got up, and was starting out of the open window. I went over to him and glanced up timidly into his usually good-humoured face, which was now looking very dark and discontented. He was a shy man as a rule, but I thought that with a little leading he might be brought to confess.

"You're a jealous old thing," I remarked.

The young man colored and looked down at me.

"I know your secret," said I boldly.

"What secret?" said he, coloring even more.

"Never mind. I know it. Let me tell you this," I added, getting bolder: "that Jack and Elsie never got on very well. There is far more chance of Jack's falling in love with me. We were always friends."

If I had stuck the knitting-needle which I held in my hand into cousin Sol he could not have given a greater jump. "Good heavens!" he said, and I could see his dark eyes staring at me through the twilight. "Do you really think that it is your sister that I care for?"

"Certainly," said I stoutly, with a feeling that I was nailing my colors to the mast.

Never did a single word produce such an effect. Cousin Sol wheeled round with a gasp of astonishment, and sprang right out of the window. He always had curious ways of expressing his feelings, but this one struck me as being so entirely original that I was utterly bereft of any idea save that of wonder. I stood staring out into the gathering darkness. Then there appeared looking in at me from the lawn a very much abashed and still rather astonished face. "It's you I care for, Nell," said the face, and at once vanished, while I heard the noise of somebody running at the top of his speed down the avenue. He certainly was a most extraordinary young man.

Things went on very much the same at Hatherley House in spite of cousin Sol's characteristic declaration of affection. He never sounded me as to my sentiments in regard to him, nor did he allude to the matter for several

days. He evidently thought that he had done all that was needed in such cases. He used to discompose me dreadfully at times, however, by coming and planting himself opposite me, and staring at me with a stony rigidity which was absolutely appalling.

"Don't do that, Sol," I said to him one day; "you give me the creeps all over."

"Why do I give you the creeps, Nelly?" said he. "Don't you like me?"

"O yes, I like you well enough," said I. "I like Lord Nelson, for that matter; but I shouldn't like his monument to come and stare at me by the hour. It makes me feel quite all-overish."

"What on earth put Lord Nelson into your head?" said my cousin.

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Do you like me the same way you like Lord Nelson, Nell?"

"Yes," I said, "only more." With a small ray of encouragement poor Sol had to be contented, as Elsie and Miss Maberley came rustling into the room and put an end to our little talk.

I certainly did like my cousin. I knew what a simple true nature lay beneath his quiet exterior. The idea of having Sol Barker for a lover, however—Sol, whose very nature was synonymous with bashfulness—was too incredible. Why couldn't he fall in love with Grace or with Elsie? They might have known what to do with him; they were older than I, and could encourage him, or snub him, as they thought best. Gracie, however, was carrying on a mild flirtation with my brother Bob, and Elsie seemed utterly unconscious of the whole matter. I have one characteristic recollection of my cousin which I cannot help introducing here, though it has nothing to do with the thread of the narrative. It was on the occasion of my first visit to Hatherley House. The wife of the Rector called one day, and the responsibility of entertaining her rested with Sol and myself.

We got on very well at first. Sol was unusually lively and talkative. Unfortunately a hospitable impulse came upon him; and in spite of many warning nods and winks, he asked the visitor if he might offer her a glass of wine. Now, as ill-luck would have it, our supply had just been finished, and though we had written to London, a fresh consignment had not yet arrived. I listened breathlessly for the answer, trusting she would refuse; but to my horror she accepted with alacrity. "Never mind ringing, Nell," said Sol, "I'll act as butler;" and with a confident smile he marched into the little cupboard in which the decanters were usually kept. It was not until he was well in that he suddenly recollected having heard us mention in the morning that there was none in the house. His mental anguish was so great that he spent the remainder of Mrs. Salter's visit in the cupboard, utterly refusing to come out until after her departure. Had there been any possibility of the wine-press having another egress, or leading anywhere, matters would not have been so bad; but I knew that old Mrs. Salter was as well up in the geography of the house as I was myself. She stayed for three-quarters of an hour waiting for Sol's reappearance, and then went away in high dudgeon. "My dear," she said, recounting the incident to her husband, and breaking into semi-scriptural language in the violence of her indignation, "the cupboard seemed to open and swallow him!"

"Jack is coming down by the two o'clock train," said Bob one morning, coming in to breakfast with a telegram in his hand.

I could see Sol looking at me reproachfully; but that did not prevent me from showing my delight at the intelligence.

"We'll have awful fun when he comes," said Bob. "We'll drag the fish-pond, and have no end of a lark. Won't it be jolly, Sol?"

Sol's opinion of its jollity was evidently too great to be expressed in words; for he gave an inarticulate grunt for an answer.

I had a long cogitation on the subject of Jack in the garden that morning. After all, I was becoming a big girl, as Bob had forcibly reminded me. I must be circumspect in my conduct now. A real live man had actually looked upon me with the eyes of love. It was all very well when I was a child to have Jack following me about and kissing me; but I must keep him at a distance now. I remembered how he had taken out of the Hatherley Brook, and how I treasured it up among my precious possessions, until an insidious odor in the house had caused the mother to send an abusive letter to Mr. Burton, who had pronounced her drainage to be all that could be desired. I must learn to be formal and distant. I pictured my meeting to myself, and went through a rehearsal of it. The holly-bush represented Jack, and I approached it solemnly, made it a stately curtsy, and held out my hand. "So glad to see you, Lieutenant Hawthorne!" Elsie came out while I was doing it, but made no remark. I heard her ask Sol at luncheon, however, whether idiocy generally ran in families, or was simply confined to individuals; at which poor Sol blushed furiously, and became utterly incoherent in his attempts at an explanation.

Our farmyard opens upon the avenue about half-way between Hatherley House and the lodge. Sol and I and Mr. Nicholas Cronin, the son of a neighbouring squire, went down there after lunch. This imposing demonstration was for the purpose of quelling a mutiny which had broken out in the henhouse. The earliest tidings of the rising had been conveyed to the House by young Bayliss, son and heir of the

henkeeper, and my presence had been urgently requested. Let me remark in parenthesis that fowls were my special department in domestic economy, and that no step was ever taken in their management without my advice and assistance. Old Bayliss hobbled out upon our arrival, and informed us of the full extent of the disturbance. It seems that the crested hen and the Bantam cock had developed such length of wing that they were enabled to fly over into the park; and that the example of these ringleaders had been so contagious, that even such steady old matrons as the bandy-legged Cochins had developed roving propensities, and pushed their way into forbidden ground. A council of war was held in the yard, and it was unanimously decided that the wings of the recalcitrants must be clipped.

What a scamper we had! By "we" I mean Mr. Cronin and myself; while cousin Sol hovered about in the background with the scissors, and cheered us on. The two culprits clearly knew that they were wanted; for they rushed under the hayricks and over the coops, until there seemed to be at least half a dozen crested hens and Bantam cocks dodging about in the yard. The other hens were mildly interested in the proceedings, and contented themselves with an occasional derisive cluck, with the exception of the favorite wife of the Bantam, who abused us roundly from the top of the coop. The ducks were the most aggravating portion of the community; for though they had nothing to do with the original disturbance, they took a warm interest in the fugitives, waddling behind them as fast as their little yellow legs would carry them, and getting in the way of the pursuers.

"We have it!" I gasped, as the crested hen was driven into a corner. "Catch it, Mr. Cronin! O, you've missed it! you've missed it! Get out of the way, Sol. O dear, it's coming to me!"

"Well done, Miss Montague!" cried Mr. Cronin, as I seized the wretched fowl by the leg as it fluttered past me, and proceeded to tuck it under my arm to prevent any possibility of escape. "Let me carry it for you."

"No, no; I want you to catch the cock. There it goes! There—behind the hayrick. You go to one side, and I'll go to the other."

"It's going through the gate!" shouted Sol.

"Shoo!" cried I. "Shoo! O, it's gone!" and we both made a dart into the park in pursuit, tore round the corner into the avenue, and there I found myself face to face with a sun-burned young man in a tweed suit, who was lounging along in the direction of the House.

There was no mistaking those laughing gray eyes, though I think if I had never looked at him some instinct would have told me that it was Jack. How could I be dignified with the crested hen tucked under my arm! I tried to pull myself up; but the miserable bird seemed to think that it had found a protector at last, for it began to cluck with redoubled vehemence. I had to give it up in despair, and burst into a laugh, while Jack did the same.

"How are you, Nell?" he said, holding out his hand; and then in an astonished voice, "Why, you're not a bit the same as when I saw you last!"

"Well, I hadn't a hen under my arm then," said I.

"Who would have thought that little Nell would have developed into a woman?" said Jack, still lost in amazement.

"You didn't expect me to develop into a man, did you?" said I in high indignation; and then, suddenly dropping all reserve, "We're awfully glad you've come, Jack. Never mind going up to the House. Come and help us to catch that Bantam cock."

"Right you are," said Jack in his old cheery way, still keeping his eyes firmly fixed upon my countenance. "Come on!" and away the three of us scampered across the park, with poor Sol aiding and abetting with the scissors and the prisoner in the rear. Jack was a very crumpled-looking visitor by the time he paid his respects to the mother that afternoon, and my dreams of dignity and reserve were scattered to the winds.

We had quite a party at Hatherley House that May. There were Bob, and Sol, and Jack Hawthorne, and Mr. Nicholas Cronin; then there were Miss Maberley, and Elsie, and mother, and myself. On an emergency we could always muster half a dozen visitors from the houses round, so as to have an audience when charades or private theatricals were attempted. Mr. Cronin, an easy-going athletic young Oxford man, proved to be a great acquisition, having wonderful powers of organization and execution. Jack was not nearly as lively as he used to be, in fact we unanimously accused him of being in love; at which he looked as silly as young men usually do on such occasions, but did not attempt to deny the soft impeachment.

"What shall we do to-day?" said Bob one morning. "Can anybody make a suggestion?"

"Drag the pond," said Mr. Cronin.

"Haven't men enough," said Bob; "anything else?"

"We must get up a sweepstakes for the Derby," remarked Jack.

"O, there's plenty of time for that. It isn't run till the week after next. Anything else?"

"Lawn-tennis," said Sol dubiously.

"Bother lawn-tennis!"

"You might make a picnic to Hatherley Abbey," said I.

"Capital!" cried Mr. Cronin. "The very thing. What do you think, Bob?"

"First class," said my brother, grasping eagerly at the idea. "Picnics are very dear to those who are in the first stage of the tender passion."

"Well, how are we to go, Nell?" asked Elsie.

"I won't go at all," said I; "I'd like to awfully, but I have to plant those ferns Sol got me. You had better walk. It is only three miles, and young Bayliss can be sent over with the basket of provisions."

"You'll come, Jack?" said Bob.

Here was another impediment. The Lieutenant had twisted his ankle yesterday. He had not mentioned it to any one at the time; but it was beginning to pain him now.

"Couldn't do it, really," said Jack. "Three miles there and three back!"

"Come on. Don't be lazy," said Bob.

"My dear fellow," answered the Lieutenant, "I have had walking enough to last me the rest of my life. If you had seen how that energetic general of ours hustled me along from Cabul to Candahar, you'd sympathize with me."

"Leave the veteran alone," said Mr. Nicholas Cronin.

"Pity the war-worn soldier," remarked Bob.

"None of your chaff," said Jack. "I'll tell you what I'll do," he added, brightening up. "You let me have the trap, Bob, and I'll drive over with Nell as soon as she has finished planting her ferns. We can take the basket with us. You'll come, won't you, Nell?"

"All right," said I. And Bob having given his assent to the arrangement, and everybody being pleased, except Mr. Solomon Barker, who glared with mild malignancy at the soldier, the matter was finally settled, and the whole party proceeded to get ready, and finally departed down the avenue.

It was an extraordinary thing how that ankle improved after the last of the troop had passed round the curve of the hedge. By the time the ferns were planted and the gig got ready Jack was as active and lively as ever he was in his life.

"You seem to have got better very suddenly," I remarked, as we drove down the narrow winding country lane.

"Yes," said Jack. "The fact is, Nell, there never was anything the matter with me. I wanted to have a talk with you."

"You don't mean to say you would tell a lie in order to have a talk with me?" I remonstrated.

"Forty," said Jack stoutly.

I was too lost in contemplation of the depths of guile in Jack's nature to make any further remark. I wondered whether Elsie would be flattered or indignant were any one to offer to tell so many lies in her behalf.

"We used to be good friends when we were children, Nell," remarked my companion.

"Yes," said I, looking down at the rug which was thrown over my knees. I was beginning to be quite an experienced young lady by this time, you see, and to understand certain inflections of the masculine voice, which are only to be acquired by practice.

"You don't seem to care for me now as much as you did then," said Jack.

I was still intensely absorbed in the leopard's skin in front of me.

"Do you know, Nelly," continued Jack, "that when I have been camping out in the frozen passes of the Himalays, when I have seen the hostile array in front of me; in fact," suddenly dropping into pathos, "all the time I was in that beastly hole Afghanistan, I used to think of the little girl I had left in England."

"Indeed!" I murmured.

"Yes," said Jack, "I bore the memory of you in my heart, and then when I came back you were a little girl no longer. I found you a beautiful woman, Nelly, and I wondered whether you had forgotten the days that were gone."

Jack was becoming quite poetical in his enthusiasm. By this time he had left the old bay pony entirely to its own devices, and it was indulging in its chronic propensity of stopping and admiring the view.

"Look here, Nelly," said Jack, with a gasp of a man who is about to pull the string of his shower-bath, "one of the things you learn in campaigning is to secure a good thing whenever you see it. Never delay or hesitate, for you never know that some other fellow may not carry it off while you are making up your mind."

"It's coming now," I thought in despair, "and there's no window for Jack to escape by after he has made the plunge." I had gradually got to associate the ideas of love and jumping out of windows, ever since poor Sol's confession.

"Do you think, Nell," said Jack, "that you could ever care for me enough to share my lot for ever? I could you ever be my wife, Nell?"

He didn't even jump out of the trap. He sat there beside me, looking at me with his eager gray eyes, while the pony strolled along, cropping the wild flowers on either side of the road. It was quite evident that he intended having an answer. Somehow as I looked down I seemed to see a pale shy face looking in at me from a dark background, and to hear Sol's voice as he declared his love. Poor fellow! he was first in the field at any rate.

"Could you, Nell?" asked Jack once more.

"I like you very much, Jack," said I, looking up at him nervously; "but"—how his face changed at that monosyllable!—"I don't think I like you enough for that. Besides, I'm so young you know. I suppose I ought to be very much complimented and that sort of thing by your offer; but you mustn't think of me in that light any more."

"You refuse me, then?" said Jack, turning a little white.

"Why don't you go and ask Elsie?" cried I in despair. "Why should you all come to me?"

"I don't want Elsie," cried Jack, giving the pony a cut with his whip which rather astonished that easy-going quadruped. "What do you mean by 'all,' Nell?"

No answer.

"I see how it is," said Jack bitterly; "I've noticed how that cousin of yours has been hanging round you ever since I have been here. You are engaged to him."

"No, I'm not," said I.

"Thank God for that!" responded Jack, devoutly. "There is some hope yet. Perhaps you will come to think better of it in time. Tell me, Nelly, are you fond of that fool of a medical student?"

"He isn't a fool," said I indignantly, "and I am quite as fond of him as I shall ever be of you."

"You might not care for him much and still be that," said Jack sulkily; and neither of us spoke again until a joint bellow from Bob and Mr. Cronin announced the presence of the rest of the company.

If the picnic was a success, it was entirely due to the exertions of the latter gentleman. Three lovers out of four was an undue proportion, and it took all his convivial powers to make up for the shortcomings of the rest. Bob seemed entirely absorbed in Miss Maberley's charms, poor Elsie was left out in the cold, while my two admirers spent their time in glaring alternately at me and at each other. Mr. Cronin, however, fought gallantly against the depression, making himself agreeable to all, and exploring ruins or drawing corks with equal vehemence and energy.

Cousin Sol was particularly disheartened and out of spirits. He thought, no doubt, that my solitary ride with Jack had been a prearranged thing between us. There was more sorrow than anger in his eyes, however, while Jack, I regret to say, was decidedly ill-tempered. It was this fact which made me choose out my cousin as my companion in the ramble through the woods which succeeded our lunch. Jack had been assuming a provoking air of proprietorship lately, which I was determined to quash once for all. I felt angry with him, too, for appearing to consider himself ill used at my refusal, and for trying to disparage poor Sol behind his back.

I was far from loving either the one or the other, but somehow my girlish ideas of fair play revolted at either of them taking what I considered an unfair advantage. I felt that if Jack had not come I should, in the fullness of time, have ended by accepting my cousin; on the other hand, if it had not been for Sol, I might never have refused Jack. At present I was too fond of them both to favor either. "How in the world is it to end?" thought I. I must do something decisive one way or the other; or perhaps the best thing would be to wait and see what the future might bring forth.

Sol seemed mildly surprised at my having selected him as my companion, but accepted the offer with a grateful smile. His mind seemed to have been vastly relieved.

"So I haven't lost you yet, Nell," he murmured, as we branched off among the great tree-trunks and heard the voices of the party growing fainter in the distance.

"Nobody can lose me," said I, "for nobody has won me yet. For goodness' sake don't talk about it any more. Why can't you talk like your old self two years ago, and not be so dreadfully sentimental?"

"You'll know why some day, Nell," said the student reproachfully. "Wait until you are in love yourself, and you will understand it."

I gave a little incredulous smile.

"Sit here, Nell," said Cousin Sol, manoeuvring me into a little bank of wild strawberries and mosses, and perching himself upon a stump of a tree beside me. "Now all I ask you to do is to answer one or two questions, and I'll never bother you any more."

"I sat resignedly, with my hands in my lap. "Are you engaged to Lieutenant Hawthorne?"

"No!" said I energetically.

"Are you fonder of him than of me?"

"No, I'm not."

Sol's thermometer of happiness up to a hundred in the shade at the least.

"Are you fonder of me than of him, Nelly?" in a very tender voice.

"No."

Thermometer down below zero again.

"Do you mean to say that we are exactly equal in your eyes?"

"Yes."

"But you must choose between us some time, you know," said Cousin Sol with mild reproach in his voice.

"I do wish you wouldn't bother me so!" I cried, getting angry, as women usually do when they are in the wrong. "You don't care for me much or you wouldn't plague me. I believe the two of you will drive me mad between you."

Here there were symptoms of sob on my part, and utter consternation and defeat among the Barker faction.

(To be continued.)

MR. W. H. SMITH paid, it is said, 2,000 guineas for the picture of Lord Beaconsfield after he had undergone much suffering, which by the Queen's command was hung up at last year's Academy. He has now gone to the artist for a pendant to it—a picture of Lord Salisbury, which Mr. Millais is painting to add to what is likely in time to prove a celebrated gallery of historical portraits. Mr. Smith, it is understood, will give £1,000 for it.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER AMONG THE THIEVES.

I began operations on a good-looking young pick-pocket familiarly known as "Perth Bess," whom I was anxious to make No. 1 in our album. Now Bess, when brought out into the yard and seated on a chair in front of the camera, had at once an idea of the purpose for which she had been brought there; and, familiar as I am in "reading faces," I saw she was determined on thwarting our pictorial intentions, although she wisely kept her own counsel. The plate being prepared, and everything ready, I enjoined on her the necessity of sitting quite still when I told her to do so. She faithfully promised obedience. "Steady, then," says I, pulling off the cap, and Bessie's head simultaneously underwent a series of slow, steady oscillations from side to side which totally destroyed plate No. 1. On developing it I found a sharp body with an intensely blurred head. I made fifteen trials on Perth Bess that day, but they were all total failures. When I pulled off the cap from the lens, she was so nervous, she said, that the sight of the round glass looking at her that way made her feel so queer that she shook and trembled all over. Intimating my intention of giving up operations for that day, Bessie's eye twinkled and plainly told me that she thought herself the victor. So she was led back to her cell for a time. In this experiment no head-rest had been used, and finding the necessity of such an adjunct, no time was lost in procuring one with a heavy iron foot. Next day Bess was marched out and again placed in the operating chair. During the focusing she behaved well—not the least motion was perceptible; but when the ground glass had been removed and the dark slide inserted in its place, Bess, who had acquired a knowledge of the routine of the business, on observing the cap removed from the lens, suddenly threw around her head with an exclamation concerning "Thir flees that were kittlin' her nose." During eight or nine trials the same game was played. It was either "thir flees" that tickled her at the critical moment, or it was the head-rest that troubled her back neck, or it was an observation by her that she thought a side view of her face would look better (accompanying the observation with a corresponding movement), or, when a side view was attempted, a corresponding movement to the front, with a remark that, after all, the front view would be the best. I could stand it no longer; so, after preparing a plate, I called a couple of constables to come to my assistance, in order that her head might be kept steady by force. Having strapped her arms firmly down by her sides, my assistants stood behind and held her head and shoulders as firmly as possible. The plate was exposed; but during these five seconds, her face had undergone a series of contortions so hideous that I retreated to my dark room considerably crest-fallen, and when the result was developed, it showed a picture so truly extraordinary that language would utterly fail to describe it. Bess was conqueror once more. It now became evident to me that prisoners were not at all ambitious of having their portraits taken, and that, seeing so far as I had gone, both coaxing and force had been resorted to without success, it now only remained for me to try what cunning would effect; for not only was the governor extremely anxious to have some prints of the girl for distribution among some of the other officers, but, "worse to feelings proud," my failures in portraying a black-eyed demure young lassie, were the subject of very free comment by my brother officers, and bets as to my ultimate success were being extensively made. After some hours' cogitation, followed by a day's work of a mechanic, I was again in the field, with my black-eyed enemy sitting before the camera as innocent-looking as possible. The camera was uncapped and standing in its place; on the top of it rested my hand carelessly, one finger, unseen by her, being in contact with a little brass knob which very slightly projected from the top. "Now, Bess," says I, "I intend once more to try and take your portrait; but before we begin, I want to see if you can hold your head steadier to-day than you did formerly." Bess, little thinking that the focusing had been all adjusted before she was brought out, and that at that moment there was a sensitive plate in the camera waiting only the touch of the finger on the brass knob aforesaid—which, in reality, was a trigger throwing open a secret shutter inside the camera—not dreaming of this arrangement, Bess sat as steady as a rock. The knob was pressed, the secret shutter did its duty, and, when the picture was developed, it displayed a magnificent negative, sharp and clear. Various mechanical and even electrical contrivances were subsequently brought to bear on the principle of a secret exposure. Several of these contrivances answered their purpose most admirably, especially the electric one, which, by means of a wire passing up the stand and in contact with an electric magnet inside the camera, enabled me to expose the plate from the inside of my dark room. It is now six weeks since I began operations as just detailed, and I have modified my original opinion about prisoners objecting to the taking of their portraits. Although there are one or two who—like Bess—strongly object, I find the generality are rather proud of the distinction. For instance: "Slushy Bob," a fellow with a most uncompromising face, was particularly desirous of being "taken off," and actually requested that his own clothes might be removed from the storeroom in order that he might be taken in propria persona. This

suggested to me a pregnant hint that for purposes of identification there was little use of taking gaol birds in gaol costume; and acting on this, and by holding out as an inducement for good behaviour, the taking their portraits in their own clothes, we have succeeded in interesting the prisoners to such an extent that at present there is actually a competition who should be taken. One most trouble-some desperado, in for a burglary, has most humbly petitioned that a copy of his portrait might be sent to his mother, promising—in the event of complying with his request—that for the future term of his stay with us we will not be troubled with any acts of insubordination on his part.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE plans for a new Chamber of Deputies (the building) is under consideration. The cost will be under a quarter of a million sterling. The Chamber will be erected in the new court of the Palace.

THE Cercle de la Chasse, which last year gave an interesting dog show in the Tuileries Garden, will again organize an *exposition canine*, to take place from June 3rd to June 11th. All Paris will go to the dogs.

MADAME SARAH BEHNHARDT and husband were announced for the 25th in the "Dame aux Camelias." The world that has gold has given as much as fifty louis for a box and fifteen for a stall. Sarah goes halves.

M. OCTAVE FEUILLET, the French dramatist, is seriously ill. If anything happens to the worthy Frenchman the loss to English drama, tists will cause them sincere grief. It will be a complete fraud upon them, and close a never-failing supply of plots and dialogues.

M. JACQUET's picture of "La France Glorieuse," in the present Salon, is a very curious work of art. The female that represents France is seated on her cloud with the jaunty aplomb of a circus-rider. And how comes it that she has apparently only one leg? Is that a delicate allusion to the loss of Alsace and Lorraine?

THE French Crown Jewels have been a matter of much trouble to the various Governments that have succeeded the one which could legitimately make use of them. We have been given many reports of many committees, and the last has determined to sell half, and apply the money to some useful purpose. Retaining half seems like anticipating a necessity for them again.

FROM information furnished by the recent census, it appears that the gay capital has within its walls as many as 2,250 somnambules or fortune-tellers. This gives one fortune-teller to every 800 inhabitants. Some thirty of them earn on an average upwards of 60,000fr. a year, while the less fortunate pocket between 5,000fr. and 6,000fr. annually.

IN *lingerie*, a thousand and one dainty and charming trifles are being constantly produced. Collarettes, fichus, jabots, and ruffs of mull, figured and plain, the most delicate shades of silk and satin, and a new mother of pearl silk, are very handsome. Elizabethan ruffs are made of the finest embroidered India muslin. Some have a row of pearl or fancy beads on the edge.

VICTOR HUGO is known to have a great taste for drawing, and to be in the habit of sketching during the intervals of writing. While composing his "Toilers of the Sea" his pen was more than usually busy in drawing on the margin of this manuscript and on scraps of paper. It is said that he made no fewer than fifty-two sketches, twelve of which are sea pieces illustrative of the work he was occupied on. They display great talent, and are interesting from the fact that they were drawn by the illustrious French poet. They have been engraved, and are now published in the form of an album. Unfortunately this album is not for sale, but is to be distributed only among Victor Hugo's friends and relations. This is not the first work of the kind from the pen of Victor Hugo. Many years ago an album of his drawings was published, but this work has become very rare, and as a matter of fact it is, as regards artistic power, by far inferior in value to the present album.

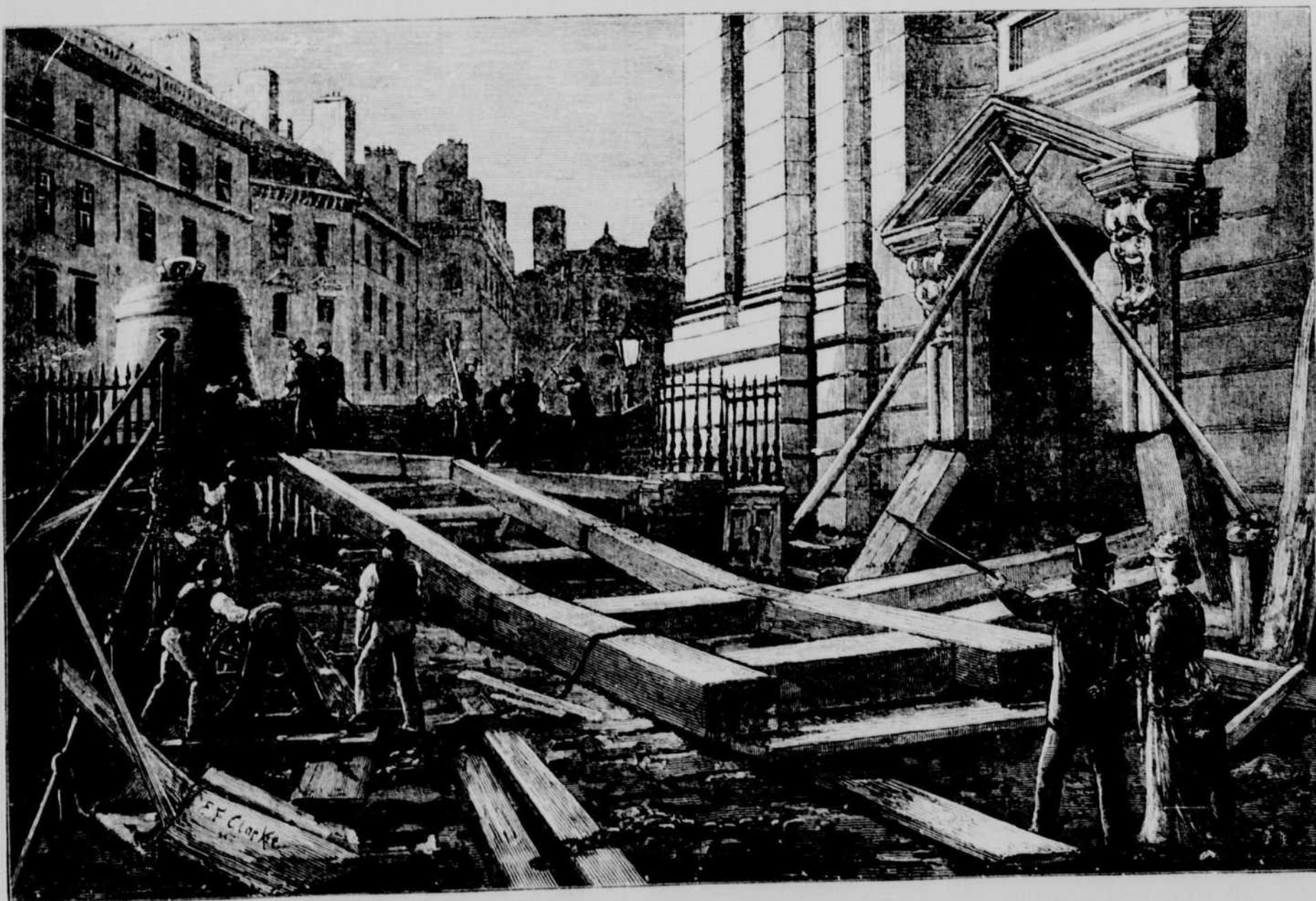
CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical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



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY.



THE BIG BELL FOR ST. PAUL'S.—A REST ON THE ROAD.



ARRANGEMENTS FOR GETTING THE BIG BELL INTO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

AN IRISHMAN'S PLEA.

BY E. K.

Foul is the stain on the fair fame of Erin,
Heralded far is the tale of her shame;
Villains, conspiring for vilest dishonor,
Infamy shed on a glorious name.

Bright was the past of the glories of Erin,
Honor and valor and freedom allied,
Long ere the Viking swooped down in his warship,
Long ere the Saxon came in his pride.

Saintly and brave were the bold men of Erin;
Salutary or brave can we call them no more,
Using the knife of the secret assassin,
Lurking in ambush, or seeking in gore.

Noble of old were the brave men of Erin,
Women in safety might pass through the land;
Now (shame to tell it) a lady of Erin
Falls by an Irishman's dastardly hand.

Brave as renowned were the Fionns of Erin,
Fair to their foemen and true to their friends;
Now the four traitors who claim that fair title—
Fenians they call themselves, feadish their ends.

Grateful of old were the brave men of Erin,
Mindful of kindness, forgetful of wrong;
Now while the kindness is ever forgotten,
Wrongs are the subject of speech and of song.

Not long ago were free benefits scattered,
Pardon for past from a generous foe;
Now all the hopes of a nation are shattered,
Shattered for ever by one fearful blow.

Blame not that crime on the true men of Erin,
Think not they favored the miscreant band;
They felt the blow of the secret assassin
More than the victims who died by his hand.

SUSPICIOUS AND DISTRUSTFUL.

If Rousseau may be said to stand almost apart and alone in bad eminence, as a man morbidly suspicious and inveterately distrustful, there were times and seasons, or moods and tempers, in the life too of his great contemporary and fellow-countryman, Voltaire, when that mocking spirit seemed nearly as far gone in the same baleful direction. Witness what Carlyle writes of him during his second visit to Berlin in 1751-52, when ill health, discontent, vague terror possessed him, and "suspicion that dare not go to sleep; a strange vague terror, shapeless, or taking all shapes;... fear, quailing continually for nothing at all," yet passing often enough into "transient malignity, into gusts of trembling hatred." Here however the disease was acute rather than chronic. That is more than can be said of a later philosopher, the pessimist Schopenhauer, of whom we are told how easily angered he was, how suspicious and irritable; how the slightest noise at night made him start and seize the pistol that lay ready loaded; how he would never trust himself under the razor of a barber, how he carried a little leathern drinking-cup about with him if he dined in a public place, to avoid possible contagion, and how he carefully locked away after use his pipes and cigar-tips lest another person should touch them; how he never entrusted to his native language any accounts or notes regarding his property, but wrote his expenses in English, his business affairs in Greek or Latin; how he concealed his valuables in the strangest places, and even labelled them with deceptive names to avert the suspicion of thieves; how he hid bonds among old letters, and gold under his inkstand. This inborn nervousness is said to have caused him much torture, and to have been bitterly regretted; but it appears to have been quite unconquerable, however unworthy of a philosopher. Sir Walter Scott records in his diary how, on meeting Thomas Moore in 1825, and comparing notes with him about "poor Byron," his previous impression was fully confirmed that, like Rousseau, their late friend was "apt to be very suspicious," especially resenting the slightest notice of his personal deformity, and suspecting every glaze of gazing at it. Suspicion, however necessary it may be to our safe passage, as Johnson says, through paths beset on all sides by fraud and malice, has always been considered, when it exceeds the common measure, as a token of depravity and corruption. He who is overrun with suspicion and detects artifice and stratagem in every proposal is always liable to the imputation of having derived his judgment from the consciousness of his own disposition, and so of attributing to others the same inclinations which he feels predominant in himself. An unlovely portrait is drawn in the *Rambler* of the man—a young one withal—who comes into the world with scruples and mistrusts, makes a bargain with many provisional limitations, hesitates in his answer to a common question, lest more should be intended than he can immediately discover, considers every caress as an act of hypocrisy, and feels neither gratitude nor affection for the tenderness of his friends, because he believes no one to have any real tenderness, but for himself. As no torture is said to equal the prolonged prohibition of sleep, so in effect it is with the man who dares never give rest to his vigilance of distrust, but regards himself as encompassed by secret foes; and suspicion is, on the moralist's showing, not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness, he that is already corrupt being naturally suspicious, while he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. To apply a passage from Shakespeare, "a noble spirit ever casts such doubts, as false coin, from it." Goethe makes a suspicious disposition the bane of Torquato Tasso, for whom Leonora's sighful wish is, "Oh that he would

Model his temper as he forms his taste,
Cease to avoid mankind, nor in his breast
Nurture suspicion into hate and fear."

Later in the play a less charitable critic asks, in discussing and disparaging his character,

What's his suspicion but a troubled dream?
He thinks himself environed still by foes.
Oft with complaints he has molested thee.
Notes intercepted, violated looks,
Poison, the dagger—all before him float.
Thou dost investigate his grievance—well!
Dost thou appear? Why, scarcely a pretext!
No sovereign's shelter gives him confidence,
The bosom of no friend can comfort him.

In De Montfort is depicted by Joanna Baillie in sombre tints a tragically pronounced type of this untoward temperament. His old servant protests in the opening scene of the tragedy,

I've been upon the eve of leaving him
These ten long years; for many times he is
So difficult, capricious, and distrustful,
He galls my nature.

So with Byron's Werner, whom it would not be easy to persuade, Josephine assures Gabor, "of your good intentions." "Is he so suspicious?" asks Gabor. And the sorely tried but ever loyal wife replies—

He was not once; but time and troubles have
Made him what you behold.

GABOR.

I'm sorry for it.

Suspicion is a heavy armour, and
With its own weight impedes more than protects.

In rebuke of Boswell's tendency to despondently distrust his great friend's friendship if he did not answer a letter off-hand, Johnson called such distrust "a mode of melancholy, which, if it be the business of a wise man to be happy, it is foolish to indulge; and, if it be a duty to preserve our faculties entire for their proper use, it is criminal." Suspicion, the doctor went on to say, is very often a useless pain. From that, and all other pains, in winding up his letter, he wished Boswell free and safe—being most affectionately his, Sam Johnson. It stands on record of and against John Dennis that throughout his life the violence and suspiciousness of his temper were such that he rarely made a friend or an acquaintance in whom his distempered vision did not soon discover an enemy in disguise. His quasi-namesake, Dionysius the elder, could scarcely have outdone him in this ugly demerit or defect—one however only too compatible with royalty, be it as had an emperor as Domitian, or as good a one as Hadrian. Of the Emperor Claudius the record of Suetonius is that in nothing did he show himself so fixed and consistent as in suspicion and distrust; from the commencement of his reign he was afraid to be present at any great feast, unless accompanied by his body-guard of spearmen, and with his soldiers to act as waiters at table, instead of the usual attendants. If he ever went to see a sick person, the sick-room was first searchingly inspected, the very bolsters and counterpanes being closely examined and jealously shaken. Those who came to pay their respects to him were liable to have their clothes at large and their pockets in particular subject to a minute scrutiny; and highly exasperating to any Roman, with a particle left in him of self-respect, were the ignominious liberties taken by these inquisitorial experts. None of his councillors or secretaries might approach Caesar's person before their steel pens were taken from them—the steel pen of that age being still more formidable to Imperialism than in another sense it has been in our nineteenth century. Domitian was laughed at by his imperial sire for being shy of mushrooms at supper, as though, if his destiny was to die by either cold steel or poison, mushrooms were more to be dreaded than the sword. But Vespasian's laughter rather tended to confirm Domitian's habit of distrust than to cure him of it; and, as emperor, the moody youth showed himself incurable, fearful and anxious, moved by the faintest suspicion to extravagant precautions and stratagems of self-defence. Take again the instance of Kaiser Rudolf II. Persuaded by his astrological prognostications that his life would be endangered by one of his own blood, his naturally distrustful temper all the more severely alienated him from his brothers and kinsfolk. He never made his appearance in public, nor attended the worship of the Church. He caused covered galleries to be built, with oblique windows, that he might pass from his apartments to his stables and gardens without being exposed to the peril of assassination. While his dominions, as we read in the history of the House of Austria, were ravaged by the Turks, or desolated by civil war, while enemy on enemy was rising against him, he secluded himself in his palace at Prague, absorbed in gloom and suspicion, or haunted by all the apprehensions which prey on weak, indolent, and superstitious minds. Thus he became, in Archdeacon Coxe's words, "hypocondriacal and impatient, irritable almost to frenzy, refused to admit foreign ambassadors, drove even his confidential ministers from his presence, and strangers who were induced to visit the Emperor of Germany could not otherwise gratify their curiosity, than by introducing themselves into his stables in the disguise of grooms." Prescott, in his history of the conquest of Peru, finds occasion to remark that a suspicious temper creates an atmosphere of distrust around it that kills every kindly affection—which occasion is found in the case of the Viceroy Blasco Nunez, with whom to suspect was so inveterately habitual, such habit being second nature, that to suspect was also to be convinced. It made him place himself in a false position with all whom he approached, and wrought deplorable mischief

all round. In Ellis Bell's weird romance of repulsive realism, *Heathcliff's* one good councillor takes him to the glass, and bids him mark the two lines between his eyes, and those thick brows that, instead of being arched, sink in the middle, and that couple of black fiends, so deeply buried, who never open their windows boldly, but lurk glinting under them, like devils' spies. He is urged accordingly to wish and smooth away the surly wrinkles, to raise his lids frankly, and change the fiends to confident, innocent angels, suspecting and doubting nothing, and always seeing friends where they are not sure of foes—else he will get, and retain for life, the expression of a vicious cur that appears to know the kicks it comes in for are its desert, and yet hates all the world as well as the kicker for what it suffers.

The younger Dacre, as portrayed in one of Lord Beaconsfield's earlier fictions, if ardent, was also morose; if unwary, was also suspicious; every one who opposed him was his enemy; all who combined for his preservation were conspirators; his father, whose feelings he had outraged, and never attempted to soothe, was a tyrant; his brother, who was devoted to his interests, was a traitor. These were his living and his dying thoughts. "He was one of those men who, because they have been imprudent, think themselves unfortunate, and mistake their diseased mind for an implacable destiny." In morbid excess of distrust and perverse misgivings, the type is of that class of which Jean Jacques Rousseau is so distinctively a representative man. Examples less note worthy or less notorious abound in literature and life. Gibbon writes in his *Journal* an estimate to this effect on the Abbé Montgon, whose suspicious temper peopled his haunted mind with imaginary enemies. Cardinal Fleury's cabal against the abbe, for instance, Gibbon takes to have been chimerical; why should the cardinal have been the abbe's enemy? The abbe did not deserve to be the object of his vengeance, still less of his hatred or jealousy—yet, to hurt this man, the cardinal during five years employs concealed and almost invisible instruments, and transforms into rogues or cowards an archbishop, a duchess, a marquis, and a count, who, all of them, on the abbe's own showing, had formerly been very honest people. John Locke, in his correspondence, imputes to Sir Isaac Newton an unhappy predisposition to this habit of mind: "He is a nice man to deal with"—in the old grammatical sense of "nice," not in the now prevalent young-ladylike one—and a little too apt to raise in himself suspicions where there is no ground; and thereby hangs a tale of the quarrels of authors, or at least of misunderstanding and estrangement for a while between men of letters. Beethoven in his darker mood was but too ready to see only collusion and treachery where friends were proposing to do him a service. Turner ultimately became so suspicious and sensitive that he mistrusted the motives of all with whom he had to do. So nearly may the greatest of musical composers and of landscape-painters be reduced to the level of a Mr. Guppy, when that pretentious young fellow came to suspect everybody who entered on the occupation of a stool in Kenge and Carboy's office of entertaining, as a matter of course, sinister designs upon him; when he was clear that every such person wanted to depose him, and, if ever asked how, why, when, or wherefore, shut up one eye and shook his head; and when, on the strength of these profound views, he in the most ingenious manner took infinite pains to counterplot when there was no plot, and played the deepest games of chess without any adversary. Suspicion, Owen Feltham warns us, for the most part proceeds from a self-defect; and then it gnaws the mind. "He who knows he deserves not to be considered ill, why should he imagine that others should speak him so?" We may observe how a man is disposed by gathering what he doubts in others. A habit of mistrust Sir Arthur Helps may well describe as the "torment" of those whose love and friendship it taints—who take up small causes of offence, expecting their friends to show the same aspect to them at all times, which is more than human nature can do; who try experiments to ascertain whether they are sufficiently loved, and which narrowly by the effects of absence, and require their friends to prove to them that the intimacy is exact ly upon the same footing as it was before. Granting that some persons acquire these distrustful ways from a natural diffidence in themselves, for which they are only loved the more—a result they might find ample comfort in, if they could but believe it—the unwelcome truth remains that with others these habits arise from a selfishness which cannot be satisfied; and of these the endeavour should be to uproot such a disposition, not to soothe it.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It is now thirty-six years since the House of Commons sat on a Derby Day.

A WEST End parson is credited with such a strong business instinct that he makes a charge of a pound a year to ladies who want spiritual advice.

THERE is a rumor that the more advanced Liberals who may secede from the Reform Club are to join together and start a new club, to be built in Northumberland avenue. The cost of such an undertaking on such a site would be fabulous.

THE Brighton Aquarium was honored by the birth of a porpoise the other day. This is said to be the first experiment of this kind in England. The small porpoise retired from business as soon as it had entered it.

MISS E. FARRER's benefit at the Gaiety Theatre on Monday afternoon might have been mistaken for a great floral show, as the stage was continually being covered by bouquets. The Prince of Wales was present.

AN hotel has been commenced in Northumberland avenue. It will be called the Hotel Metropole. Everything in this locality is on a magnificent scale to secure a profit, and the Metropole will not be an exception.

A SINGULAR and elegant effect was produced the other evening by a gentleman in the stalls slapping his bald head instead of clapping his hands. It sounded very loud. No doubt it will become the fashion, as so many of our gilt youth have a great deficiency in this part (of course, of hair).

MESSRS. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge have received instructions from the Duke of Hamilton to sell by auction the magnificent libraries of printed books and manuscripts from Hamilton Palace. The first sale, forming the first portion of the Beckford library, will commence on Friday, June 30th, and will continue during the eleven following days.

M. VERRARD DE SAINTE-ANNE is the author of a scheme for a bridge across the channel, and the picturesque plans he has already shown to the President of the French Republic, while he proposes to confer the like honor on Mr. Gladstone, after which he hopes to form a company and raise funds. The proposed bridge will be twenty-three miles in length, and parts of it will be tubular, some iron framework open to the elements and other parts solidly resting on viaducts of masonry.

THE lady to whom Mr. Bigger is engaged was escorted by that gentleman through the House of Commons the other day. Mr. Bigger, hat in hand, brought them through the lobbies, and pointed out Mr. Forster taking his luncheon at the bar. Their attention was also drawn to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Toole, the comic actor, who happened to be in the lobby, as also many other illustrious persons, including Mr. Bradlaugh, "Dear Mr. Broadhurst," Mr. Gibson, and also Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, and Mr. Warton.

A FREQUENT visitor to the House of Commons is Prince Teck. He is there nearly every night now. It is said commonly that he has been appointed Reporter Extraordinary and Special Correspondent to Her Majesty, vice Prince Christian, who held that post during the late Parliament, but who got tired when foreign politics passed away from debate. Prince Christian used to come and go in silence, bowing here and there. Prince Teck delights members by his affability and freedom. The former saw more of the progress of debate; the latter hears most of the gossip.

MR. FRITH has almost finished his picture representing the private view at the Royal Academy, and it will appear on the walls of Burlington House next year. It is, of course, a picture of "portraits," a selection of representative men and women has been made for it, and each of these has separately sat to the painter. Viewed alone from this point, some idea can be gleaned of that excessive labor and patience expended on such a work. The group of persons is of a mixed order. There are Sir Henry Thompson and Mrs. Langtry, George Augustus Sala and Henry Irving, and other well-known town celebrities, down to Oscar Wilde, whose celebrity is at the moment somewhat under a bushel.

THE presentation at the London University College of the eleven young ladies who had come up to receive the degrees awarded them took place last week. The ceremony was an interesting one. The donning of the academical robe was a novel feature of the solemnity. The two young ladies who obtained the degree in Science "with honor" wore the long black gown with hood, lined with russet brown. The nine other successful candidates who had carried off the degree in Arts wore hoods lined with yellow. The square college cap is found to be unbecoming, unless the hair is curled low down in the neck and frizzed upon the forehead, and then the result produced is charming—at least, so it was declared in the case of one of the young ladies who had evidently studied the effect more closely than her comrades had done. But the modern dress of many flounces in front seemed sadly out of keeping beneath the sober garb of learning, and the huge papillon which protruded below the waist of one of the new doctresses, giving the idea of a hump-back and round shoulder in the case of the wearer, was productive of great laughter on the part of the rival students, who gave way to much unbecoming criticism on female vanity—all in Latin, however, which somewhat softened its harshness.

ANGEL FOOTPRINTS.

God made the earth: He saw 'twas good,
Green with all creatures' needful food,
Shaded with groves, and bright with rills,
Diversified with plains and hills,
Mountain and valley, marsh and dell,
The whole creation pleased Him well.
Ocean and river sang His praise,
The birds trilled all the happy days,
The golden sun gave glorious light,
The twilight came, and then the night;
With moon's soft splendor, starlight's ray,
The night was almost fair as day;
But when the king of day had set
There seemed some beauty lacking yet.

So, then He called his angel host
To search the world from coast to coast;
Across each plain, beside each brook,
To search out every sunny nook;
To go where mountains rear their heads,
Beside the rivers' rocky beds,
O'er knolls wood-crowned, in forest shade,
In every dell and woodland glade,
O'er every crag and headland bold,
O'er rocky steep and grassy hold,
Until they had, without a doubt,
Searched every nook and cranny out.

At His command the angels flew:
They searched the whole world through and through,
And lo! when dawned the morning hours,
The earth was beautiful with flowers.

In every spot by foot careased,
In every place by finger pressed,
Wherever seraph's wing had fanned,
Or garment trailed, of angel band,
There sprang the myriad flowers, so bright
They rivalled all the stars of night.

'Tis given to him who sows the seed
To say it shall be flower or weed;
Then let us sow with loving hand,
These "angel footprints" through the land.

MRS. J. M. K.

AUNT ANNIE'S TEETH.

BY SHEERWOOD BONNER.

Aunt Anniky was an African dame fifty years old, and of an imposing presence. As a wattle-maker she possessed a gift beyond the common, but her unapproachable talent lay in the province of nursing. She seemed born for the benefit of sick people. She should have been painted with the apple of healing in her hand. For the rest, she was a funny, illiterate old darky, vain, affable, and neat as a pink.

On one occasion my mother had a dangerous illness. Aunt Anniky nursed her through it, giving herself no rest night nor day until her patient had come "back to de walks an' ways ob life," as she expressed the dear mother's recovery. My father, overjoyed and grateful, felt that we owed this result quite as much to Aunt Anniky as to our family doctor, so he announced his intention of making her a handsome present, and, like King Herod, left her free to choose what it should be. I shall never forget how Aunt Anniky looked as she stood there smiling and bowing, and bobbing the funniest little courtesies all the way down to the ground.

And you would never guess what it was the old woman asked for.

"Well, Mars' Charles," said she (she had been one of our old servants, and always called my father Mars' Charles), "to tell you de livin' trufe, my soul an' body is a-yearnin' fur a han'sum chaney set o' tee!"

"A set of teeth!" cried father, surprised enough; "and have you none left of your own?"

"I has gummed it fur a good many ye's," said Aunt Anniky, with a sigh; "but not wishin' ter be ongrateful ter my obligations, I owns ter havin' five natural tee. But dey is po' sagers; dey shirks battle. One ob dem's got a little somethin' in it as lively as a speared worm, an' I tell you when anything teches it, hot or cold, it jest makes me dance! An' anudder is in my top jaw, an' ain't got no match fur it in de bottom one; an' one is broke off nearly to de root; an' de las' two is so valler dat I's ashamed ter show 'em in company, an' so I lif's my turkey tail ter my mouf every time I laughs or speaks."

Father turned to mother with a musing air. "The curious student of humanity," he remarked, "traces resemblances where they are not obviously conspicuous. Now at the first blush one would not think of any common ground of meeting for our Aunt Anniky and the Empress Josephine. Yet that fine French lady introduced the fashion of hankkerchiefs by continually raising delicate lace *mouchoirs* to her lips to hide her bad teeth. Aunt Anniky lifts her turkey tail! It really seems that human beings should be classed by *strata*, as if they were metals in the earth. Instead of dividing by notions, let us class by qualities. So we might find Turk, Jew, Christian, fashionable lady and washerwoman, master and slave, hanging together, like cats on a clothes-line, by some connecting cord of affinity—"

"In the mean time," said my mother, mildly, "Aunt Anniky is waiting to know if she is to have her teeth."

"Oh, surely, surely," cried father, coming out of the clouds with a start. "I am going to the village to-morrow, Anniky, in the spring wagon. I will take you with me, and we will see what the dentist can do for you."

"Bless yo' heart, Mars' Charles!" said the delighted Anniky; "you're jest as good as yo' blood an' yo' name, an' mo' I couldn't say."

The morrow came, and with it Aunt Anniky, gorgeously arrayed in a flaming red calico, a baudana handkerchief, and a string of carved

yellow beads that glistened on her bosom like fresh buttercups on a hill-slope.

I had petitioned to go with the party, for, as we lived on a plantation, a visit to the village was something of an event.

A brisk drive soon brought us to the centre of "the Square." A glittering sign hung brazenly from a high window on its western side, bearing in raised black letters the name Doctor Alonzo Babb.

Dr. Babb was the dentist and the odd fish of our village. He beams in my memory as a big round man, with hair and smiles all over his face, who talked incessantly, and said things to make your blood run cold.

"Do you see this ring?" he said, as he bustled about, polishing his instruments, and making his preparations for the sacrifice of Aunt Anniky. He held up his right hand, on the forefinger of which glistened a ring the size of a dog-collar.

"Now what d'ye s'pose that's made of?"

"Brass," suggested father, who was funny when not philosophical.

"Brass!" cried Dr. Babb, with a withering look: "it's virgin gold, that ring is. And where d'ye s'pose I found the gold?"

My father ran his hands into his pockets in a retrospective sort of way.

"In the mouths of my patients, every grain of it," said the dentist, with a perfectly diabolical smack of the lips: "old fillings—plugs, you know—that I saved, and had made up into this shape. Good deal of sentiment about such a ring as this."

"Sentiment of a mixed nature, I should say," murmured my father, with a grimace.

"Mixed!"—rather! A speck here, a speck there. Sometimes an eye, oftener a jaw, occasionally a front. More than a hundred men, I s'pose, have helped in the cause."

"Law, doctor, I you beats de birds, you does," cried Aunt Anniky, whose head was as flat as the floor where her reverence bump should have been; "you know how dey snatches de wool from every bush to make deir nests."

"Lots of company for me that ring is," said the doctor, ignoring the pertinent, or impertinent, interruption. "Often, as I sit in the twilight, I twirl it around and around, a-thinkin' of the wagon-loads of food it has masticated, the blood that has flowed over it, the groans that it has cost—Now, old lady, if you will sit just here—"

He motioned Aunt Anniky to the chair, into which she dropped in a limp sort of way, recovering herself immediately, however, and sitting bolt-upright in a rigid attitude of defiance. Some moments of persuasion were necessary before she could be induced to lean back and allow Dr. Babb's fingers on her nose while she breathed the laughing-gas; but once settled, the expression faded from her countenance almost as quickly as a magic lantern picture vanishes. I watched her nervously, my attention divided between her vacant-looking face and a dreadful picture on the wall. It represented Dr. Babb himself minus the hair, but with double the number of smiles, standing by a patient from whose mouth he had apparently just extracted a huge molar that he held triumphantly in his forceps. A gray-haired old gentleman regarded the pair with benevolent interest. The photograph was entitled, "His First Tooth."

"Attracted by that picture!" said Dr. Alonzo, affably, his fingers on Aunt Anniky's pulse. "My par had that struck off the first time I ever got a tooth out. That's par with the gray hair and the benediction attitude. Tell you, he was proud of me! I had such an awful tussle with that tooth! Thought the old fellow's jaw was bound to break! But I got it out, and after that my par took me with him 'round the country—starring the provinces, you know—and I practiced on the natives."

By this time Aunt Anniky was well under the influence of the gas, and in an incredibly short space of time her five teeth were out. As she came to herself, I am sorry to say, she was rather silly, and quite mortified me by winking at Dr. Babb in the most confidential manner, and repeating over and over again, "Honey, yer ain't harf as smart as yer thinks yer is!"

After a few weeks of sore gums Aunt Anniky appeared radiant with her new teeth. The effect was certainly funny. In the first place, blackness itself was not so black as Aunt Anniky. She looked as if she had been dipped in ink and polished off with lamp-black. Her very eyes showed but the faintest rim of white. But those teeth were white enough to make up for everything. She had selected them herself, and the little ridiculous milk-white things were more fitted for the mouth of a Titania than for the great cavern in which Aunt Anniky's tongue moved and had its being. The gums above them were black, and when she spread her wide mouth in a laugh, it always reminded me of a piano lid opening suddenly and showing all the black and white ivories at a glance. Aunt Anniky laughed a good deal too, after getting her teeth in, and declared she had never been so happy in her life. It was observed, to her credit, that she put on no airs of pride, but was as sociable as ever, and made nothing of taking out her teeth and handing them around for inspection among her curious and admiring visitors. On that principle of human nature which glories in attracting attention to the weakest part, she delighted in tough meats, stale bread, green fruits, and all other eatables that test the biting quality of the teeth. But finally destruction came upon them in a way that no one could have foreseen.

Uncle Ned was an old colored man who lived alone in a cabin not very far from Aunt An-

niky's, but very different from hers in point of cleanliness and order. In fact, Uncle Ned's wealth, apart from a little corn crop, consisted in a lot of fine young pigs that ran in and out of the house at all times, and were treated by their owner as tenderly as if they had been his children. One fine day the old man fell sick of a fever, and he sent in haste for Aunt Anniky to come and nurse him. He agreed to give her a pig in case she brought him through; should she fail to do so, she was to receive no pay. Well, Uncle Ned got well, and the next thing we heard was that he refused to pay the pig. My father was usually called on to settle all the disputes in the neighborhood; so one morning Anniky and Ned appeared before him, both looking very indignant.

"I'd jes like tell yer, Mars' Charles, began Uncle Ned, "ov the trick dis nesser'ble ole nigger played on me."

"Go on, Ned," said my father, with a resigned air.

"Well, it wer de fift' night o' de fever," said Uncle Ned, "an' I wuz a-tossin' an' a-moanin', an' ole Anniky jes lay back in her cheer an' snored as ef a dozen frogs wuz in her throat. I wuz a-perishin' an' a-burnin' wid thirst—an' I hollered to Anniky; but lor! I might as well a hollered to a tombstone! It wuz ice I wanted; an' I knowed dar wuz a glass somewhere on my table wid cracked ice in it. Lor! lor! how dry I wuz! I neber longed for whiskey in my born days ez I panted for dat ice. It wuz powerful dark, fur the grease wuz low in de lamp, an' de wick spluttered wid a dyin' flame. But I felt aroun', feeble like an' slow, till my fingers touched a glass. I pulled it to me, an' I run my han' in an' grabbed de ice, as I s'posed, an' I flung it in my mouf, an' I crunched an' crunched—"

Here there was an awful pause. Uncle Ned pointed his thumb at Anniky, looked wildly at my father, and said, in a hollow voice: "It wuz Anniky's tee!"

My father threw back his head and laughed as if he had never heard him laugh. Mother from her sofa joined in. I was doubled up like a jackknife in the corner. But as for the principals in the affair, neither of their faces moved a muscle. They saw no joke. Aunt Anniky, in a dreadful, muffled, squashy sort of voice, took up the tale:

"Neksh ting I knowed, Marsh Charles, somebody's sheizing me by de head, a-jammin' it up 'gin de wall, a-jawin' at me like de angel Gabriel at de rich ole sinners in de bad plashe—an' dar wash ole Ned a-spittin' like a black cat, an' a-howlin' so dreadful dat I tought he was de debil; an' when I got de light, dar wash my beautiful chany tee a-flung aroun' like scattered seed-corn on de flo', an' Ned a-swearin' he'd have de law o' me."

"An' arter all dat," broke in Uncle Ned, "she purtends to lay a claim fur my pig. But I says no, sir; I don't pay nobody nothin' who's played me a trick like dat."

"Trick!" said Aunt Anniky, scornfully; "whar's de trick! Tink I wanted yer ter eat my tee! An' furdormor, Marsh Charles, dar's jes dis about it. When dat night set in, dar warn't no mo' hope fur old Ned dan for a foundered sheep. Laws-a-mussy! dat's why I went ter sleep. I wanted ter hev strengt' ter put on his burial clo'es in de mornin'. But don' yer see, Marsh Charles, dat when he got so mad, it brought a sweat dat broke de fever! It saved him! But fur all dat, arter munchin' an' manglin' my chany tee, he has de impudence o' tryin' to 'prive me of de pig dat I honestly 'arned."

It was a hard case. Uncle Ned sat there a very image of injured dignity, while Aunt Anniky bound a red handkerchief around her mouth and fanned herself with her turkey tail.

"I am sure I don't know how to settle the matter," said father, helplessly. "Ned, I don't see but that you'll have to pay up."

"Neber, Mars' Charles—neber,"

"Well, suppose you get married," suggested father, brilliantly; "that will unite your interests, you know."

Aunt Anniky tossed her head. Uncle Ned was old, wizened, wrinkled as a raisin, but he eyed Anniky all over with a supercilious gaze, and said, with dignity, "Ef I wanted ter marry, I could git a likely young gal."

All the four points of Anniky's turban shook with indignation. "Pay me fur dem chany tee!" she hissed.

Some visitors interrupted the dispute at this time, and the two old darkies went away.

A week later Uncle Ned appeared, with rather a sheepish look.

"Well, Mars' Charles," he said, "I's 'bout concluded dat I'll marry Anniky."

"Ah! is that so?"

"Pears like it's de onliest way I kin save my pigs," said Uncle Ned, with a sigh. "When she's married, she's bound ter 'beg me. Women, 'beg your husband's; dat's what de good Book says."

"Yes, she will beg you, I don't doubt," said my father, making a pun that Uncle Ned could not appreciate.

"An' ef ever she opens her jaw ter me 'bout dem ar tee," he went on, "I'll mash her."

Uncle Ned tottered on his legs like an unscrewed fruit stand, and I had my own opinion as to his "mashing" Aunt Anniky. This opinion was confirmed the next day when my father offered her his congratulations. "You are old enough to know your own mind," he remarked.

"I's ole, maybe," said Anniky, "but so is a oak-tree, and it's vigorous, I reckon. I's a purty vigorous sort o' growth myself, and I

reckon I'll have my own way wid Ned. I'm gwine ter fatten dem pigs o' his'n, an' you see ef I don't sell 'em nex' Christmas fur money 'nough ter git a new string o' chany tee."

"Look here, Anniky," said father, with a burst of generosity, "you and Ned will quarrel about those teeth till the day of doom; so I will make you a wedding present of another set, that you may begin married life in harmony."

Aunt Anniky expressed her gratitude. "An' dis time," she said, with sudden fury, "I sleeps wid 'em in."

The teeth were presented, and the wedding preparations began. The expectant bride went over to Ned's cabin and gave it such a cleaning up as it had never had. But Ned did not seem happy. He devoted himself entirely to his pigs, and wandered about, looking more wizened every day. Finally he came to our gate and beckoned to me mysteriously.

"Come over to my house, honey," he whispered, "an' bring a pen an' ink an' a piece o' paper wid yer. I wants you ter write me a letter."

I ran into the house for my little writing-desk, and followed Uncle Ned to his cabin.

"Now, honey," he said, after barring the door carefully, "don't you ax me no questions, but jest put down de words dat comes out o' my mouf on dat ar paper."

"Very well, Uncle Ned; go on."

"Anniky Hobbleson," he began, "dat weddin' ain't a-gwine ter come off. You cleans up too much ter suit me. I ain't used ter so much water splashin' aroun'. Dirt is warmin'. Spec' I'd freeze dis winter if you wuz here. An' you got too much tongue. Besides, I's got anoder wife over in Tipper. An' I ain't a-gwine ter marry. As fur havin' de law, I's a-leavin' dese parts, an' I takes de pigs wid me. Yer can't fin' dem, an' yer can't fin' me. Fur I ain't a-gwine ter marry. I wuz born a bachelor, an' a bachelor will I represent myself befor de judgment seat. If you gives yer promise ter say no mo' bout dis maryin' business, p'raps I'll come back some day. So no mo' p'raps I'll come from your humble worshipper."

NED CUDDY.

"Isn't that last part rather inconsistent?" said I, greatly amused.

"Yes, honey, if yer says so; an' it's kind o' soothin' to de feelin's of a woman, yer know."

I wrote it all down, and read it aloud to Uncle Ned.

"Now, my chile," he said, "I'm a-gwine ter git on my mule soon as de moon rises ter-night, an' I drive my pigs ter Col'water Gap, whar I'll stay an' fish. Soon as I'm well gone, you take dis letter ter Anniky, but min' yer don't tell whar I's gone. An' if she takes it all right, an' promises ter let me alone, you write me a letter, an' I'll git de fust Methodist preacher I run across in de woods to read it ter me. Den, ef it's all right, I'll come back an' weed yer flower yardin' fur yer as purty as preachin'."

I agreed to do all Uncle Ned asked, and we parted like conspirators. Sure enough, the next morning Uncle Ned was missing, and after waiting a reasonable time, I explained the matter to my parents, and went over with his letter to Aunt Anniky.

"Powers above!" was her only comment as I got through the remarkable epistle. Then, after a pause to collect her thoughts, she seized me by the shoulder, saying: "Run to yo' pappy, honey, quick, an' ax him if he's gwine ter stick ter his bargain 'bout de tee. Yer know he p'intedly said dey was a *widdin'* gif."

Of course my father sent word that she must keep the teeth, and my mother added a message of sympathy, with a present of a pocket-handkerchief to dry Aunt Anniky's tears.

"But 'It's all right," said that sensible old soul, opening her piano lid with a cheerful laugh. "Bless yo, chile, it wuz de tee I wanted, not de man! An', honey, you jes sen' word to dat shifless ole nigger, ef you know whar he's gone, to come back home an' git his crap in de gown; an' as fur as I'm concerned, you jes let him know dat I wouldn't pick him up wid a ten-foot pole, not ef he wuz ter beg me on his knees till de millennial day."

HUMOROUS.

EDITORS are privileged characters. They have a right to be ink-consistent.

THE Boston Star hears it rumored that divorce and perjury are American monopolies.

HOOD called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion "a wooden oath."

"No, George," she said, in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new belt buckles in a shop window would make any woman lose a train; but," she added, musingly, "sometimes she might have to run a little."

THE TRAGEDY.

He sits alone, in a darkened room,—

Alone, in the fading light;

Why is his brow so heavily with gloom?

And his cheeks so deathly white?

But though his heart is sick with care,

His courage never bleaches;

His eyes are fixed in a glassy stare,

What is it his firm hand clenches?

A little courage, he murmurs. Yes!

A little, and all is won.

A choking gurgle, more or less,

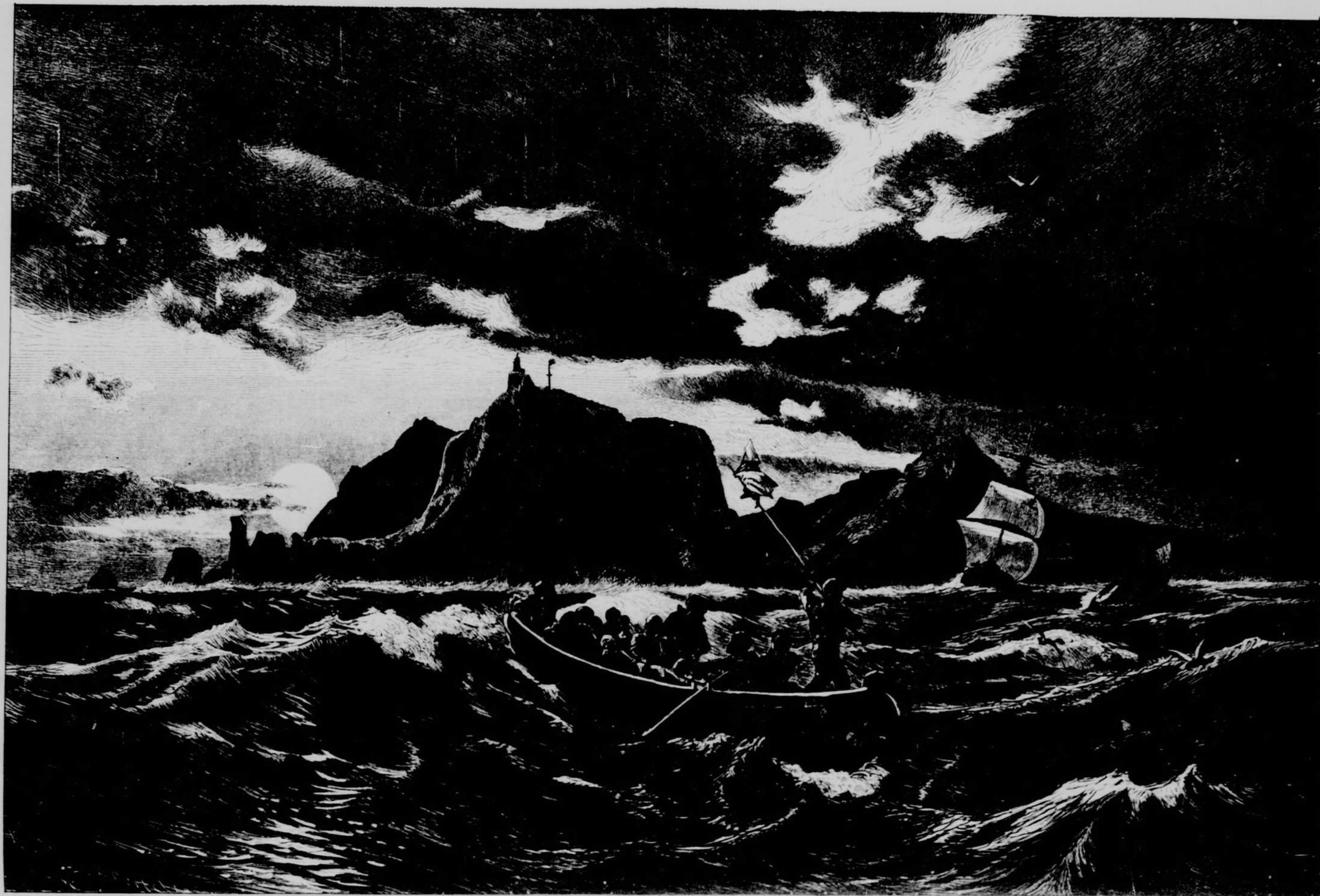
A gasp, and the deed is done.

Without a shudder, or eyelid wink,

Ah! it makes the heart recoil;

That he so truly, calmly drank

A Glass of Castor Oil!



AROUND THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.



A TERRIBLE FOE.—FROM A DRAWING BY E. SPEGUT.

A WALTZ OF CHOPIN'S.

Last night, at the ball, when the band began
To play, in its perfect fashion,
That brilliant, beautiful waltz of Chopin
Filled full of fire and passion,
I thought for a moment my heart would break
With its sense of loss and its empty ache.

I had heard it often when you and I
Deemed life a gay waltz-measure;
When we dreamed nothing—except to die—
And love seemed a season's pleasure.
When we played with our hearts, like boys with a
ball,
And laughed good-bye, and thought that was all.

If we had known on that parting day,
As we learned too well on another,
That we were carelessly tossing away
The best of ourselves, and each other,
I think we would not have said Adieu
With quite that innocent air—do you?

Had we known the rapture of life—its zest
Was to go with no returning,
That under the future a vague unrest
Should always and ever be burning;
That nothing would seem as it seemed before—
I wonder would we have closed the door?

Had we known that never again on earth
Could we laugh as we laughed that season,
That life's glad ripple and lift and mirth
Were not to be held by reason—
That the heart has needs, as well as the brain—
Had we known all this, why then that strain,

So full of the passion and fire and gleam,
Of Chopin's own great spirit,
Could never awaken the pain in me
That it does whenever I hear it.
Had we known then what now we know
We would not have let each other go.

SOME WESTERN EXPERIENCES.

We dropped down—perilously far down it seemed to me—from the last step of our carriage plump in virgin mud, full an eighth of a mile from the nearest building. The nearest building was a long, low shed, ostentatiously yellow with piney youth, perched upon crutches or stilts, and ascended, like the Capitoline Hill, by means of an immense inclined plane ridged with supports for the feet. It was piled high with stuffed grain sacks, as could be seen through its wide open door, and was spoken of with conscious pride by the villagers as "our noo deepeo."

A few villagers were gathered about the train, its daily arrival being the diurnal and never waning sensation of the hamlet. The most of them, hands in pockets, were idly looking on, while one caught the slim mail bag, throwing another into the car in its stead; one exchanged packages with the elegantly moustached, bediamonded, and jaunty express manager; one or two others climbed into the train which would carry them to their mighty metropolis of twenty thousand and some fifty miles away.

To my indignant disappointment not one of these villagers was extravagant in hat-brim or boot-leg. Not one of them was red-belted or pistol-environed. Neither fringe, feathers, nor buckskin loomed upon my expectant vision. I smarted under a sense of wrong that picturesque fancy was not cajoled even with rainbow-hued or blood-red flannel, and that every man wore a shirt more or less white, and "store clothes" in which could be traced generic likenesses to the masculine raiment of that effete civilization which had just cost me out.

Had we indeed come so far, braved danger on heaving water and death on shuddering rail, only to find the Joaquin Millerised westerner on his native prairie but a sallow and looser-jointed Yankee than those we had left by the far eastern sea?

"I'll wager that they have literary conversations and sketch from Nature," growled S.

"There's plenty of clay modelling about their legs," I sniffed, nose in air, and determined not to be propitiated that cowhide, thick with mud, replaced the romantic leggings I had set my heart upon.

The station was evidently in a depression between two undulations of the prairie. From where we stood, a miry road, with fat alluvial soil, strong in potentiality of opulent harvests, although now ploughed only by hoofs and wheels, stretched before and behind us up two long gentle slopes, over the tops of which the road disappeared. In the whole length of the road before and behind us only two pedestrians (savouring dogs, pigs, hens, and such small deer) were to be seen, picking slow way across that sticky chasm. One waggon—a long unpainted box affair without springs—stood in front of a small building half-way up the rise or "prairie roll" before us. Before one or two doors, presumably of "stores" from the flannel shirts, overalls, and festoons of gingham and muslin hanging before them, two or three stalwart westerners were tilted back in chairs. A sun-bonnet or two was wavering back and forth in gardens. An open space, dusky and lurid as mouth of Plutonian cavern, with silhouette demon hammering before dancing flames, was two-thirds up the road, and these were all the signs of life we saw beyond the little group at the deepeo.

The village consisted of this one long street; the houses and shops, or "stores," ranged along it with the regularity of figures in the Parthenaic frieze. Scarcely a tree was to be seen, not a hedge or shrub, not a blooming flower or swelling bud, not a single decorative branch or vine, in a land where Nature responds so readily to the idliest asking, that vines and plants grow, like Jonah's gourd, almost in a night.

The dwellings were usually enclosed by two rows of boards nailed to an occasional post, to which the bark still adhered.

Each side of the miry road was a narrow border, a sort of Pompeian arrangement of gold against black, just wide enough for two persons to walk abreast. This Pompeian decoration was scarcely regarded by the villagers as having decorative value or aesthetic significance. To them it was, instead, cap-sheaf and key-stone of the village's sumptuous civilization—its new side-walk.

The houses, mostly unpainted, stood somewhat widely apart, and were built after the Italianized Gothic of certain Tuscan cathedrals. That is, each had a frontispiece magnificently out of proportion to the edifice behind it, pyramidal façades, lacking cusped niche, imaged bracket, sculptured cornice, and saint-crowned apex to be equally impressive, yet giving as vital impression of aspiration as ever spiritualized Gothic lines, even if of aspiration not spiritual, but mundane. There were no porticoes, porches, piazzas, not a flying gable or round arch—nothing but Doric simplicity of ten-foot rears, fronted with Tuscan façades at least twenty feet high.

We walked up the Pompeian decoration, through the cracks of which ribbon-grass grew and fluttered. Half-way up a woman stood aside to let us pass, in a bright red sun-bonnet stiffened with pasteboard, and long calico train stiffened with mud.

"Marm," she said, "who be you a-lookun fer? I ken put you stret" (straight).

We were looking for the "hotel" two steps away. We stepped directly from the side-walk into a narrow entry, hung with straw hats, bits of harness, slimsy linen garments that somehow reminded one of drowned corpses of masculine raiment, to find ourselves in the parlor. It was a lead-colored room newly painted. A rag carpet covered the floor, and a profusion of braided mats covered the carpet. The sofa was hair-cloth, the chairs of cane; cotton curtains at the windows were edged with coarse hand-knit trimming. George Washington in frame of popcorn and family ambrotypes in one of wood hung over a decoration of pine. This decoration was supported on turned brackets, and was called a chimney or mantelpiece, although not a chimney was in the hamlet. Such are sometimes the feeble forms in which majestic ideas expire; the glorious gods of old Greece dying in agonies of grotesqueness as Christian saints on Lombardic sarcophagi, the monumental chimneypiece of the Renaissance expiring on western prairies as a strip of painted pine.

The sheet-iron stove stood in the center of the room upon a zinc-covered dais, its pipes soaring away through ceiling and upper chambers out through the roof. Harps and cornucopias of varnished acorns and leather leaves decorated the walls, and the room in its ensemble was the most elegant within fifty miles.

The manner of our life at the inn did not lack novelty. My little room was the prophet's or prince's chamber, according to the character of the guest. Its one window looked over a collection of pig-pens, an expanse of ploughed ground, then a monotony of green billows rising behind one another, so near the sky that I was shut away as by a solid wall of emerald from the marvellous sunsets that had been one of the promised delights of my western life.

But although Nature's splendours were shut away from me, I had those of art. My imposing-looking bed, which ignominiously "caved" upon the slightest excuse, was covered with one of those triumphs of human genius called "album quilts." Every white square was inscribed in marking-ink with an appropriate sentiment and the name of the donor. The one which oftenest greeted my waking eyes moved my soul with stately cadences.

"When this you see,
Remember me;
For as this I do
I think of you."

MOLLIE SANDERS."

The first day of the second week, going to my room after breakfast, I was startled to find my pillows, erst clad in white, dressed in chocolate print, exactly like the dress in which Sis had waited upon table. I found later that in full half of those cathedral-facaded houses the "fore-room" was *salles à manger, chambre à coucher*, and *salon* in one; and the bed was always dressed, save on such ceremonious occasions as a sewing-bee or tea party, in the darkest and most serviceable prints that could be found.

I could exist with pig-pens usurping the place of sunsets, but with coloured pillow-slips—perish the thought! I dived among my own effects, and soon those pillows suggested the thinnest of hand-spikes in the white raiment of the most opulently contoured of pursers.

"Sis" was sixteen, freckled, with white eyelashes, a long calico train, and red "waterfall," second only to Niagara. She was daughter of the innkeeper, with a lark's voice and motion, and was "hail fellow well met" with the boarders, whom she bullied and quizzed. Woe to the luckless wight who tried to bandy witticisms with her! More than once have I seen the head of some such foolish one an unwilling pedestal, for the immense platter from which Sis served the *pièce de résistance* of the meal, the miserable gargyle not daring even to wink lest floods of gravy descend upon it. It was Sis who always rang the dinner-bell, standing in the middle of the road before the house, and swinging the boisterous thing till its brazen voice echoed far out over the billowy prairie. Then from bench and forge, from office and counter, from gossiping coterie at the post office (which

was also drapery, mercery, stationer's, chemist's, grocery, and faience establishment all in one), from washing-bench at the back-door, where tin basin and crash roller were free to every comer, from garden, prairie, and "noo deepeo" rushed the bachelor boarders, who met three times a day around that neatly-served table. They took their repast invariably in linen coats, said coats always remaining between meals suspended from nails in the front entry. So obtuse had my perceptions become amid the rotten civilisation of cities that I failed to discover a compliment to myself in this uniformity of linen, till, after leaving the inn for our own house, I chanced one day to peep into the dining-room where twelve celibates sat at meat with not a coat among them.

One noon the dinner-bell was laggingly answered by blacksmith, carpenter, capper, a young clerk, and district judge from the metropolis.

"Now jest look here, you uns!" exclaimed Sis indignantly; "ef you've done gone, shut yer cabbage-heads enter the notion that I'll stand sech conducts as these, you're jest sucked in. You, Judge Brown, you'll jest have to eat your pork done gone cold."

The boyish "Judge" laughed, and answered Sis somewhat after the same republican simplicity of manner.

That same afternoon, fleeing my shutterless western window, I was reading in the dining-room. I was surprised to see Sis lay the table for six o'clock supper, while yet the sun was so high, and still more surprised when I heard the bell making frenzied uproar in the street. I obeyed an eloquent convulsion of white eyelashes, and remained in my seat by the window, when judge, carpenter, and others came rushing in, chorusing with wonder that the afternoon had seemed so short. The hands of the clock told six.

"Laws!" exclaimed Sis, glancing up at it, "Reckon I mought as well turn that there clock's snoot back agin, now I'm done gone sure you uns won't be late for supper."

And she turned it back, just the sixty minutes that must elapse before those deluded souls could eat.

Strangers were not unknown in our inn. One day a dashing individual, perfumed and jewelled, addressed me at the dinner-table:

"Marm, I calculate that that there's a real diamond in your ring."

Sis was not there to answer for me, so I was obliged to calculate that "that there" was no sham.

"Would you like to swap it, marm, for dry goods, millinery, pins, needles, embroidery, gaiter boots, Cologne water, hair-oil, face-powder, pills?"

Another day a voice addressed me from vague regions remote:

"Marm, jest tell yer ole man that them air harness need a right smart o' grease."

My "ole man," aged twenty-four, was again absent, but intuition told me that the speaker was he who had borrowed his sulkey and belongings a few hours before.

Once I failed to appear at table during several meals. When I came down at last to supper (in a print *peignoir*) ample proof awaited me that slimsy linen can cover gentle hearts. Almost every one of my fellow boarders had greeted my reappearance with some little token of kindness—a saucer of rare berries, a pile of early green corn, two blooming plants in pots from the metropolis, a lovely new kitten in a bran new tin basin, kitten and basin presented by my nearest neighbour at table, the village tinker. As each boarder finished his swift repast he widened his passage door-wards so as to include my chair, and said kindly, with deference evidently paid to my sex and not to any difference of social position, "How'd'y (*Anglice*, how do you do), marm? Hope you're done gone shot o' that there misery in your side."

But it came to pass that we wearied of our inn. We had eaten so many chickens fried in pork fat and soured with cream, that we shuddered at every cock-crow. We were exhausted with struggles that our bread be cold at least once a day, and that our lettuce be not always dressed with ham gravy. We yearned for coffee unmixed with scorched barley, and for other than the dampest of brown sugar in our tea. So, when a cot of three rooms, shutterless, cellarless, chimneyless, porchless, treeless, vineless, and well-less, but with soaring Gothic-Italian façade, was offered us for \$24 a year, we gladly removed thither. The proprietor added a kitchen, into which one dived down from the main house by means of an immense step; and then, pointing out the town well to the braceleted and ear-ringed maid in calico train and bare feet, who had agreed to serve us for a dollar a week, left us to make or mar our domestic peace as we would. Fortunately we had brought with us various modest elegancies in the way of muslin curtains and pretty table-covers. We bought the cheapest of pine furniture, and I covered as much of it as I could in soft draperies. One of our boxes also held a cheap carpet, large enough to cover all our floors; but whose ingrain glory I am afraid set in neighbouring hearts thrifty shoots of the plant which Casimiro de Medici said no man should water. Then we unpacked our books, hung our few pictures, and made believe to be exuberantly happy. Nevertheless there were drawbacks to that exuberance, even although in a month after taking possession I had adorned our Tuscan-Gothic façade with a Renaissance portico of pine scantling and wire, covered thickly with wild cucumber and morning glory vines, under which I could sit in the gloaming and forget my chagrin that heaving

billows of emerald shut me away from the walls of rose-tinted pearl, the jewelled domes and sparkling spires of a still more western city than ours, in the vigour with which I must defend myself against the mosquitoes. Even though tremulous veils of feathery cypress, and swinging bells of morning glory screened our windows, and the little plot of ground before the front door flamed with honest verbenas, grown valiantly from a single bouquet, though oyster-cans hung from every *coigne d'avantage*, looking like sculptured globes of malachite, with lustrous thick leaves of pendent vines, and though weird, dreamlike music wavered through our rooms with every breath of hot air passing over the æolian harp which I had fastened in one of the windows, there were yet drawbacks besides the worms that devoured our melons and the mosquitoes that devoured us.

One burning midnight every door in the village yawned widely open as usual to entice some possible breath of air to enter. The slaps, bangs, and angry murmurs of the customary warfare had for some time been hushed in our cot, and the field was left clear for our trumpeting loas to glut their bloodthirst upon our exhausted frames. Suddenly, with a shuddering sense of something horrible in the air, I started broad awake. I had heard nothing, seen nothing, felt nothing, yet I was numb with terror. It was one of those swift spiritual awakenings in which the soul seems to outrun the body in the race towards consciousness, and to be quivering with keen vivid sensation while yet the body is arousing its senses one by one. Whether such awakening is beneath the warning sweep of guardian angel pinion, or from cry of some consciousness left watching while the soul sleeps, let wiser than I say, I only know that I was awake, cold and trembling in the grasp of an unrecognisable horror, some minutes before I was conscious of the outer world. Then I heard a sound, another, and another, each more awful than the last. They were sighs, long, deep, agonised sighs, like dying ones, broken by inarticulate moans, and came from directly under my bed.

My first thought was that S. was dying. But no, from the adjoining room I could hear his calm unconscious breathing. Even as I listened the dreadful moans continued, and I was too paralysed to raise my voice. But—there came a sudden convulsion beneath me that shook my bed, a heavy sound as if some large body struggled and gasped in death. I shrieked—wildly, agonisedly—and in an instant S. was beside me. It was not necessary to explain my cries, for he could hear the sounds as well as I. He stooped and looked under the bed. Then with a sudden exclamation he reached under. Another moment and the night air was thrust through and through with wild unearthly clamour, as S. flew frantically across the house in pursuit of the squealing porker, who had broken down our fence in pursuit of a night's lodging.

One torrid afternoon I was sitting upon the floor of our "fore-room," packing away the week's table-linen in the seat of the chintz-covered barrel, which was at once linen-press and armchair. From my position I could see nothing out of doors but a vivid crimson spot just beyond my vine-covered portico, where my adored verbenas waxed strong and blood-hued in the dazzling sunshine. The house was perfectly still, for Amanda had gone for water, and the day itself was as undisturbed in its molten glare as if I were the only living soul in all the broad universe. Not even a dreamlike breath of music came from my æolian harp, and only the soulless locusts whirled their melancholy and eternal wh-r-r-r-r in the heavy-headed prairie-grass. My thoughts were far away in a better land, although an earthly one, and my eyes were dim with tears as I saw the name by which I had once been known, but by which I should be known again never more.

Suddenly, right in the heart of this great, hot, sad silence, I became conscious that all the malachite globes of my oyster-cans were swaying violently to and fro. I could hear the dishes rattling in the china closet (a packing-box on end curtained with muslin) and could feel the floor beneath me heaving like the billows of an angry sea.

"Heavens!" I cried, springing to my feet. "Have I left home and friends to die like this in a western earthquake?"

The rocking increased, till now our cot seemed almost lifted from the earth and poised upon the brink of an abyss mercifully hidden from my shuddering sight. Just as my terror was at its height, I heard Amanda's voice in fluent yells at the gate. An ins' it more and the earthquake drifted away in unfused uproar out upon the prairie.

"'Twan't nothin' but Briggses hogs, marm, a-scrappin' ther dod-rotted hides agin the under-pinnin'" screamed Amanda reassuringly in at the door.

Our diet in that prairie village was naturally limited. Fish was, of course, unknown, but chickens figured with satiating frequency upon our table. Everything that could be made with milk, eggs, and sugar was at our command, and we had such vegetables and small fruits as the worms, insects, and chickens left us, which was not much. "Side-meat," i.e. fat pork preserved in brine, was the staple viand, one so unacceptable to us that a "killing day" was a red letter one in our calendar. On such a day I would see an unusual commotion up the hill beyond our "noo neepo." Our fellow citizens would be rushing excitedly about, each with a lump in his hand, which my practised sight recognized as just-killed veal, occasionally beef,

never mutton. In that cellarless, iceless hamlet, where the heat-shimmers wimpling over the prairie made one seakick, and the mercury freely disported itself up to 100 in the shade, meat must be consumed at once, or not at all. The frolicsome calf of the dawn, therefore, was often the veal of a score of families at noon, although we always managed to preserve ours, by a preliminary cooking, until night. On such rare days I made a sort of fete. I brought out my finest napery and laid the table myself with such small luxuries as I had in the way of silver and china. I even despoiled my adored verbena bed, and robbed the cypress vines of some of their burning stars, sending Amanda out upon the prairie to select the most graceful grasses to mix with them, much to that demoiselle's surprise, her first impression being that we wreathed ourselves with them and sang a sort of *lo-baccio* chorus during our unwonted feast. Then when all was done, the vegetable ready to be "dished," the roast crisping in the oven, the custards luke-warming in a basin of tepid water, and S. looked for each moment, Amanda and I would arm ourselves with towels and rage about the "fore-room" like maniacs escaped from their cage, slapping, banging, till murdered flies lay about us in piles, and the atmosphere was as clear as that of insect-breeding prairies can ever hope to be. Then S. would come in with ever fresh delight at my little banquet, and we would dine, forgetting for a tiny season that "draw-backs" existed.

One day this programme had been carried out almost to completion. The raging of two maniacs had been performed to the satisfaction of the actresses and the annihilation of most of the audience. I heard S.'s step at the gate. Just then, fancying a peculiar and significant odor from the kitchen, I rushed out to discover the cause. S., too, upon entering, noticed the odor of a few drops of spilled gravy and dived directly down into the kitchen after me. I opened the oven door and gracefully invited him to "sniff." He sniffed once, twice; then sniffed no more! Chaos was let loose in the banquet-hall. Thence came the sound of heavy pounding, then a crash. It sounded as if all the China in the universe, as if the Celestial Empire, the flowery kingdom itself, tottered to its fall, and fell. Into chaos we rushed, to see my pretty *fete* dissolved like the baseless fabric of a dream, and my white tablecloth disappearing into the horizon like white sails upon trackless sea. "Ingersoll's colt!" was our rueful trio.

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

LAGER BEER.

I have finally come to the conclusion that lager beer as a beverage is not intoxicating.

I have been told so by a German who drank it all night long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home sober in the morning. I have seen this same man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk it was in German, and nobody could understand it.

It is proper enough to state that this man kept a lager beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believed him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head outwist as tho it was hung on the end of a string, but I was told it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I thought it was so, for I never bled over was than I did when I got home that night. My wife thought I was going to die, and I was afraid I shouldn't.

O, how sick I was. Fourteen years ago, and I can taste it now.

I never had so much experience in so short a time.

If lager beer is not intoxicating it used me mighty mean, that I know.

Still I hardly think that lager beer is intoxicating, for I have been told so, and I am probably the only man who ever drunk any when his liver was not plumb.

I don't want to say anything against a harmless temperance beverage, but if ever I drink any more, it will be with my hands tied behind and my mouth pried open.—Josh Billings.

VARIETIES.

A good story is told of a Quaker volunteer who was in a Virginia skirmish. Coming in pretty close quarters with a Southerner, he remarked, "Friend, it's unfortunate, but these stands just where I'm going to shoot," and blazing away, down came the Southerner.

HERE is an illustration of the wonderful power of the electric light. In a letter from the commander of an Argentine war vessel, it was stated that while she was lying six miles off shore, it was at a cottage two miles inland possible to read small print by the light of the electric beam from the ship.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.—Make nice boiled custard of a quart of milk and the yolks of five eggs properly sweetened. Boil till it thickens to the right consistency, take it off the fire, and put in the flavoring. Take a gill of sugar and a pint of ripe strawberries; crush them together and pass through a fine strainer. Take the whites of four of the eggs, and while beating them to a stiff froth add a gill of sugar, a little at a time. Then to the sugar and eggs add the sweetened strawberry juice, beating all the while to keep it stiff. This makes a beautiful pink float, which is to be placed on the top of the custard.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

W. H. St. Louis.—Letter received. Thanks.

THE GRAND VIENNA TOURNEY.

The latest scores of the leading players in the Vienna Tourney, which we were enabled to publish in our Column last week, were very interesting, and no doubt highly gratifying to a very large number of amateurs on this side of the Atlantic.

Capt. Mackenzie, whose name stands first, is well known to many in Montreal, and his pleasant and courteous bearing during his sojourn in this city, two or three years ago, independent of his well known skill, will lead his friends to hope that he may be enabled to maintain, to the close of the great contest, his foremost position.

Chessplayers who are willing to undertake a passage across the great ocean in order to enter the lists with the strongest opponents that are to be found among European nations, deserve our admiration, if for their enterprise alone.

The following from *Turf, Field and Farm*, culled from Vienna and Berlin papers, will be read with interest:—

On the evening of the 9th the Vienna Chess Club gave a banquet in honor of the participants in the Tournament and the guests at the "Hotel Metropole," which was very animated. Baron Rothschild, the President of the Club, presided, and the committee, with Baron Kollisch at its head, exerted itself to give a hilarious and sociable tone to the gathering, so that soon strangers and residents became friends. After the fifth course Baron Rothschild arose and proposed a toast to the Emperor in an appropriate speech, in which he communicated to the guests present that the Emperor had presented to the directors of the chess club 2,000 guilden as an honorary prize of the International Chess Tournament. Then Dr. Libarzki offered a toast to the foreign guests, among whom were the presidents of chess clubs of many continental cities. Zukertort responded, and, in turn, offered a toast to the Vienna Chess Club. Dr. Meltzer toasted the president of the committee, Baron Kollisch, and Kollisch, in return, proposed a toast to the "Masters" of the chess board—Steinitz, Blackburne and Zukertort. Many serious and humorous toasts followed, among which an apothecary of chess and its international character, by Ritter v. Gompertz, aroused stormy applause.

The magnificent donation of 1,000 florins (5,000 fr.) by the Emperor to the Tournament fund, has enabled the committee to increase the amount of the prizes. They are now as follows:—

First prize—Emperor's prize—2,000 fl. and 1,000 fr.—6,000 fr.

Second prize—2,500 fr.

Third prize—1,500 fr.

Fourth prize—800 fr.

Fifth prize—600 fr.

Sixth prize—400 fr.

Special prize to the player making the best score against the three first prize winners, 1,200 fr.

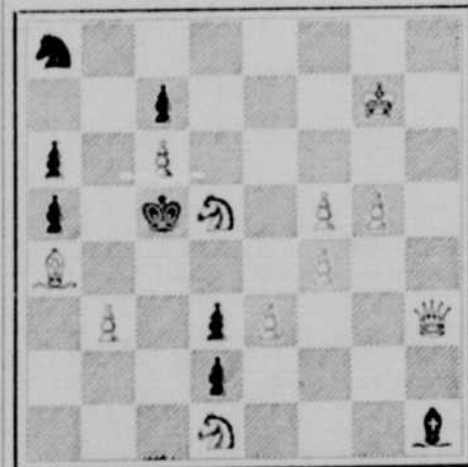
CHESS.

VIENNA, June 10.—The chess tournament during the past week has been disastrous for the American champion Mackenzie, he losing to Mason and Bird, and only drawing against Ware and Paulsen. Mason improved his position and now lies for second place. Ware beat Henry in excellent style to-day. Steinitz leads with a score of 18; Mason and Winawer follow with 17 each; Mackenzie and Zukertort, 15 each; English, 15; Blackburne, 14; Ware, 8.—*Montreal Gazette*, June 12.

PROBLEM NO. 385.

By Karl Koudelik, Prague.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 385.

White. Black.
1. Q to K Kt sq. 1. Any
2. Mate acc.

GAME 385TH.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

Played in the first round of the Vienna International Tourney, May 10, 1882.

Ruy Lopez.

White.—Captain Mackenzie. Black.—(Herr Winawer.)

1. P to K 4. 1. P to K 4.
2. Kt to K B 3. 2. Kt to Q B 3.
3. B to Kt 5. 3. Kt to B 3 (a).
4. P to Q 4. 4. P takes P.
5. Castles. 5. B to K 2 (b).
6. P to K 5. 6. Kt to K 5.
7. B to K sq. 7. Kt to B 4 (c).
8. Kt takes P. 8. Kt takes K.
9. Q takes Kt. 9. Castles.
10. Kt to B 3. 10. Kt to K 3 (d).
11. Q to K 4. 11. P to Q B 3 (e).
12. B to Q 1. 12. P to K Kt 3.
13. B to R 6. 13. R to K sq.
14. Q R to Q sq (f). 14. P to K B 4.
15. Q to B 3. 15. P to Q 4 (g).
16. P takes P en passant. 16. B takes P.
17. B to B 4 (h). 17. B takes P ch.
18. K to B sq. 18. Q to R 4.
19. B to Kt 3 (i). 19. Q takes B.
20. P to Kt 3 (j). 20. Q to B sq (k).

21. K to Kt 2. 21. B takes P.
22. Q takes B. 22. K to R sq.
23. R to K R sq. 23. R to K 2.
24. R to Q 6. 24. P to B 5.
25. Q to Q 3. 25. P to B 6 ch.
26. K to B sq. 26. Q to B 4.
27. R to Q 8 ch. 27. K to Kt 2.
28. Q to Q 6 (l). 28. Q to Kt 4.
29. R to Kt sq. 29. Q to Q B 4 (m).
30. R to Kt 8 ch (n). 30. K takes R.
31. Q takes Q. Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) We do not pretend analytically the merits of this defense; we merely say we prefer P to R 3. As a remarkable fact we have seen a great many games prematurely break down, this defense having been adopted; noteworthy among them being one at Berlin where Winawer defeated Dr. Schmidt in twelve moves.

(b) This is better than Kt takes P.

(c) Had Black played the defense of 3 P to R 3, the White Bishop in the usual course would have retreated to R 4, and therefore, after Black's 7th move Kt to B 4, that Bishop would be attacked and compelled to move, thus giving Black time. Upon this fact we base our opinion that 3 P to R 3 is a good defense.

(d) The Knight is also disadvantageously placed on K 2. We think Black might have played P to Q 3 instead of Kt to K 3; it would have better developed his game.

(e) The very thing White wanted; he brings his Bishop into activity at the cost of Black's time.

(f) Now White's superiority is established: R to Q sq is very good, it further weakens Black's Queen's file in combination with the Pawn on K 5. Black's defense therefore turned out badly.

(g) A desperate effort to force his cramped position, but risky, in view of the position of White's Rooks.

(h) Overlooking the palpable rejoinder of Black; a waiting move, such as P to K R 3, would have done good service to White.

(i) In case White should have made an effort to retrieve his lost fortunes by B takes Kt, B takes B and then retire his Bishop, Black would have a winning check with his B to B 5, but through the move in the text White also loses two Pawns, which defense turned out more fortunate for White than could be expected.

(j) White relied upon this move to regain the piece.

(k) Surely Black had a straight road to victory by Q to R 6 ch and on Queen's interposing exchanging, K to K 2 would have been too dangerous for White to venture on, after exchanging Queens, and Bishop takes Pawn, Black would be two Pawns ahead.

(l) White is playing well, and makes the most of his attack, while Black is evidently playing carelessly.

(m) This loses the Queen; he might have played Q to R 5. White could not then have played B takes Kt, on account of Black's reply of B takes B, threatening B to B 5 ch.

(n) Highly ingenious. Black has no choice. If K to B 3, Kt to K 4 wins, or if K to R 4, R to R sq ch, followed by Kt to K 4 ch.—Notes by Mr. Gunzburg in *Chess Player's Chronicle*.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus, Montreal, P.Q.," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, 22nd instant, at noon, for the Erection and Completion of

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By order,

F. H. ENNIS.

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 6th June, 1882.

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The works at each of these places will be let separately. Maps of the respective localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after WEDNESDAY, the Twenty-first Day of June next, where printed forms of Tender can be obtained. A like class of information relative to the works at Fenelon Falls will be furnished at that place, and for those at Buckhorn and Burleigh, information can be obtained at the resident Engineer's office, Peterborough.

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For the Fenelon Falls work, \$1,000
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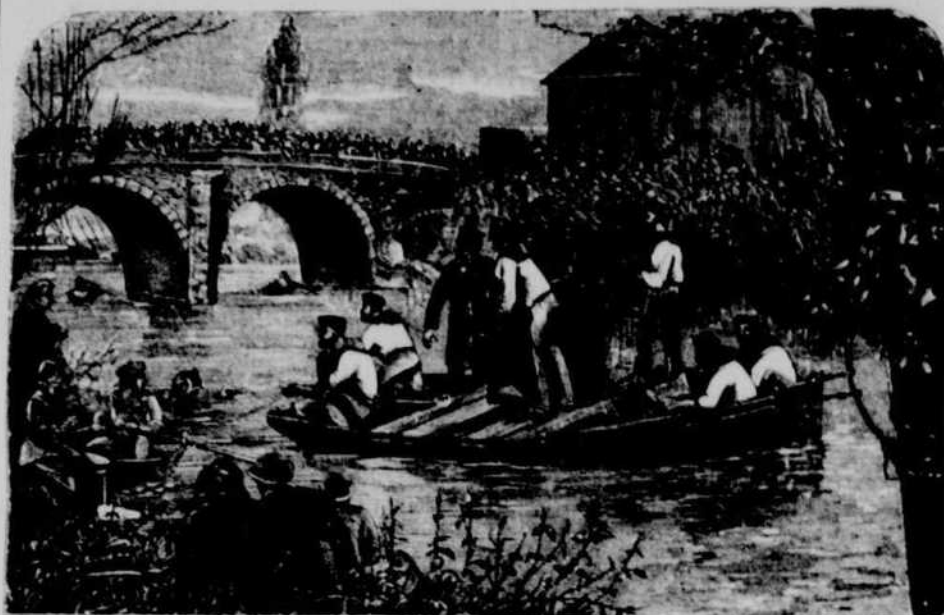
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By order,

F. BRAUN,

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Dept. of Railways and Canals,
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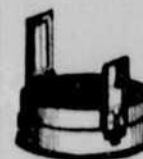
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