

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1883.

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



HAIDEE.

DRAWN BY G. L. SEYMOUR.

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.

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

THE WEEK ENDING

June 3rd, 1883.			Corresponding week, 1882.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 67°	52°	57°	Mon. 64°	51°	57°
Tues. 57°	50°	53°	Tues. 65°	49°	57°
Wed. 64°	50°	57°	Wed. 66°	46°	56°
Thur. 62°	50°	57°	Thur. 68°	50°	60°
Fri. 64°	50°	58°	Fri. 67°	50°	61°
Sat. 72°	52°	62°	Sat. 66°	45°	55°
Sun. 76°	56°	66°	Sun. 68°	48°	58°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Haidée—The International Chess Tournament—Sketches of the Principal Players—The International Fisheries Exhibition—The Czar's Coronation—The Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin, where the Coronation took place—The Distress in Ireland—Gathering Seaweed for Food on the Coast of Clare—The International Fisheries Exhibition—Plan of the Buildings—American Wheelmen—Parade on Riverside Drive—General G. H. Crook.

LETTERS-PRESS.—Another Political Scandal—The Week—The Real Lord Byron—An Historical Relic—General Crook's Apache Campaign—The Church of the Assumption, Moscow—The Indian at Work—The Higher Education of Women—Eucalyptus-Trees and Malaria—Varieties—Personal—The Epitaph—Disproportioned Marriages—Cremation in Japan—College Life and Real Life—Visit to Whittier—Echoes from Paris—Foot Notes—Some Old School-Books—A Tragedy of To-Day—The Trust Hour—Cruise of the "Nine Captains"—Ballade of Woodland Fairies—A French Novelist—Echoes from London—The Captain's Feather—Tree Planting in Kansas—Gardening in Bermuda—Gold, Silver and Paper Money—Miscellany—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.
Montreal, Saturday, June 9, 1883.

ANOTHER POLITICAL SCANDAL.

It is with sorrow and disgust that we announce the appearance of another political scandal. The *Globe* comes forward with flaming head-lines charging corruption upon the Government, such as reminds one of the great Pacific excitement of exactly ten years ago. The very fact of these charges being made is supremely hurtful to the country, and if there is any foundation of truth in them, the evil is immeasurably increased. Unfortunately, the violent manner in which the *Globe* conducts its political warfare does not allow us to attach much importance to its charges outside of documentary proof, and before these are brought forward, in a court of law, in the due course of an action of damages, the public effect of the charges will remain and continue injuring the fair fame of the country.

For ourselves, leaving all partisan feeling aside, and viewing this grave matter from the standpoint of national honor alone, we profess our disbelief of the charges, so far as the Government is concerned, and call upon every one of our fair-minded readers to suspend their judgment in the matter. We fancy that Sir John and his party have learned a sufficient lesson from the Pacific scandal to serve them a lifetime, and there was certainly no urgent need, considering their present strength, to conspire with contractors in carrying the elections by bribery and corruption. At all events, we trust the charges will be met promptly and energetically by all the parties concerned, and that the question may be settled as soon as possible. The truth, whatever it be, is better than doubt and suspicion.

THE WEEK.

It is a matter of regret that the French Société Postale de l'Atlantique should have deemed it necessary to suspend service between France and Canada.

The Pope's circular on Irish affairs is having a marked effect in the United States. The clergy are almost unanimously abstaining from the public meetings.

The relations between Prussia and the Vatican are again becoming disturbed. The last reply of the former to the latter leaves scant hope of ultimate agreement.

The reception of the Governor-General and the Princess Louise at Toronto was such as might have been expected, and their visit will result in a general awakening in the cause of rt.

HANLAN is to be congratulated, not so much on having maintained his proud position as champion oarsman of the world, as on proving once again that he is an honest and fair sporting man.

THE situation in the Province of Quebec is not improving. Ministers are busy with by elections, and no means that we know of are being taken to help the poor Province out of her financial troubles.

THE "Mado Negra," or Black Hind Conspiracy, is far from dying out in Spain, and as it is economic as well as political, there is no appearance of its speedy extinction.

We fear that the coronation of the Czar will prove an empty pageant. The Emperor was guarded by a whole army, and his decree did not conciliate the public feeling. A golden opportunity seems thus to have been lost.

THE REAL LORD BYRON.

Public interest in Byron rises and falls at irregular intervals. At times his story and his works seem almost forgotten; at others the mysterious fascination of his life, the sublimity, the passion, the satiric fire of his verse, assert a power which they might never indeed have lost but for the reaction which ensued on the extremes of Byron worship fifty years ago. Of late, thanks partly to Carl Elze's able memoir, and partly to the offensive charges circulated, only to be disbelieved, by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, there has been again a revival of our interest in the poet, coupled with a stonger desire than heretofore to judge of him without exaggeration either of praise or blame. But though the main outlines of his story are generally known, and the main features of his character fairly understood, there are still many points in both which the world imperfectly comprehends, forced as it has hitherto been to form its judgment on the partial or erring statements of the poet's friends, on revelations of himself expressly framed to deceive the curious, or on idle and often malicious gossip; and some of these tales, as we have reason now to know, have gradually given birth to the scandals of the grosser and more malignant kind. For much of this Byron was himself to blame. A selfish vanity was the besetting sin of a nature which had many noble elements; and Byron love to pose before the world in an imaginary character, and thus he led astray not strangers only, but very many whom he secretly loved. Without in any way attempting to extenuate the weaknesses or even the criminalities of his hero, Mr. Jeaffreson, whose researches have clearly put him in possession of some fresh materials, attempts to give them their proper value, and to show that Byron was in truth what Lord Broughton, his best friend, described him, a man "who had many failings certainly, but who was untainted by the baser vices."

The volumes open with a history of the Byron family, an ancient line, though broken by that bar sinister which drives the herald to despair, to which in its later generations a mixture of the Berkeley blood had brought a novel strain of turbulence. The poet himself was unfortunate in his birth, and still more unfortunate in his parents. Brought up in poverty by a passionate and wilful mother, who often seemed to take a mad delight in mortifying the proud spirit of her son, and by an austere but kindly Calvinistic nurse, he received impressions in his earliest youth which left an indelible and not always salutary mark upon his mind. A capacity for vehement attachments to persons of the opposite sex—next "childish fondness for a congenial playmate but a consuming passion"—was a characteristic of the poet even in the years when love to most boys is an unmeaning word, and his early loves for Mary Duff (at the age of nine) for Margaret Parker, and (at mature sixteen) for Mary Chaworth long exercised a potent influence over the man. Probably the last of the three, though the one whose name is generally associated with Byron's, was really the least loved of all. But beyond a doubt it was to his future wife Anne Isabet Milbanke, that Byron was drawn most closely, perhaps from the very antagonism of their characters—the one so capricious, passionate, and vain; the other so calm of judgment, and so severely good, even to the degree which implies scant charity for other's failings. Slander has represented their union as a marriage of *convenience*. But Mr. Jeaffreson shows us that this was not the case, for Miss Milbanke's assured fortune was only 10,000*l.*; and Byron, when he proposed to her, although a little troubled by debts, had just closed with an offer of 140,000*l.* for Newstead Abbey, besides retaining a considerable property in Lancashire. He was, indeed, then in the full spring tide of his greatness; a man of fashion, on whom had not yet fallen a shadow of disrepute; a bard whose name was on every one's lips; a Peer of Parliament, from whom much might be expected in the domain of politics, though not what the ruling powers of the day would have desired. How all his hope was blighted in a few months is a painful tale, in which the flighty Lady Caroline Lamb has as much to answer for as any.

To the strict, though at that time loving wife, prepared by all her precious training to think the worst of every seeming indiscretion and bitterly resentful of Byron's occasional affliction of weariness or indifference, eccentricities of temper, if not directly traceable to insanity, soon appeared in the light of serious outrages. Yet there was no thought at first of permanent separation. It was apparently the discovery of the *liaison* with Jane Clermont—a discovery which Mr. Jeaffreson thinks sufficiently explains why Dr. Lushington, who had counselled reconciliation in January, 1816, could no longer give the same advice after a "second statement" from Lady Byron in February—which broke the bonds between Byron and his wife, and drove him from England, pursued by the hootings of a capricious world. Absence, the insidious whisper of a ready mischief-maker ever on the spot, in the person of Lady Byron's old governess Mrs. Clermont, and slanderous rumours did the rest, rendering the overture for reconciliation sent from Geneva at the instance of Madame de Stael a fresh cause of anger, and making the breach ere long irreparable. There were spies, too, everywhere on Byron's track, and hundreds of malignant eyes abroad which watched without ceasing where he and Shelley lay ensconced, with Jane Clermont and her sister-by-affinity, Mary Godwin, behind the leafy bowers of the Villa Diodati, and drew therefrom the malicious inference of favour granted to the poet by both sisters, which very probably laid the first seed of the terrible hallucination to which Lady Byron was the credulous victim in her later years. This portion of the work is of course the most interesting, clearing up as it does so much that was still dark and open to malignant misconception.

Of Byron's reckless life in Venice, and of his later *liaison* with the Countess Guiccioli, Mr. Jeaffreson has also much to tell us. The latter he reduces very plausibly to the proportions of a somewhat prosaic love affair, in which the heart on both sides played a comparatively unimportant part. Very well told, too, are his labours in the cause of Greece, the enterprise by which, indeed, he seemed to have hoped to rehabilitate himself with those who were still dear to him. On the story of the memoirs, the design with which they were composed, the last wish of the poet that they should be destroyed, and the part taken by Hobhouse in seeing that purpose carried out, Mr. Jeaffreson also throws some fresh lights. On some minor matters he is perhaps less happy, and he certainly speaks much too disparagingly of the "Life" by Moore. The great merit of his volumes, apart from the services they render in elucidating obscure points in Byron's history, is their evidently sincere desire to deal kindly, yet honestly, with all, from the austere Lady Byron at one end of the moral scale, to the scapegrace, and we fear thankless, Leigh Hunt at the other. The admirers of Byron will read them with interest, and may flatter themselves that they have got a version of his history which no future revelations are likely to add much to or to impugn.

AN HISTORICAL RELIC.

The difference between the customs of 1850 and those of 1780 in Massachusetts is greater than most people realize. A striking illustration of this is furnished in a relic of the past century recently discovered by a gentleman of Boston among an old collection of papers in his family homestead at Wrentham. The article is a diminutive note-book, bound in coarse brown paper covers, on the outside of which is inscribed, in an awkward handwriting, "A Book for Transgressors on the Sabbath." It was the private note-book of a tithingman of Wrentham, Deacon Benjamin Day, in 1798. The entries are all in reference to various cases of Sabbath breaking, with the names of witnesses, and occasionally the record of the result of trials. The names are all Wrentham names and there is no doubt of the genuine character of this literary curiosity. The first memorandum appears to be a condensed digest of the legal provisions for cases of breach of the Sabbath, entered for the guidance of the zealous deacon, who had probably just become a tithing man. It is as follows, verbatim:—"Sabbath, June 10, 1798. Behave Rudely or indecently, 40s nor less 5s. Willful interrupt or Disturb 10 or 20s and to Demand of all such Persons the Cause thereof— together with their Homes and Places of abode— and if any person shall refuse to give answer—or shall give a false answer to such Demand he shall pay a fine £5 nor less than 20s."

It appears that the new official found occasion to exercise his authority the very next Sunday, when this entry follows:—"Sabbath June 17 James Curry of Providence coachman refused his Christian name.

Curry }
Barter } Boston.
Munson }

Each refused to give their Christian Names when requested in presence of Calvin Fisher."

It was a grievous case, but there is no record of fines or any other punishment. The following Sunday, June 24, there was no trouble; the date alone is recorded. But a week later there was a bold infraction of the law which must have been duly punished:—"Sabbath July 2 one Samuel Jones of Lime bound to Bridgewater said—" Then follows the appalling record of the misdeeds of that immortal rascal, John Smith:—"Sabbath July 9 one John Smith of Walpole inholder

Drove his Coach on Lord day and Refused to Stop or give any account of his Home or business—I then entered a complaint to Jabez Fisher Esquire—unnecessary witness Dea Blake Mr Shaw—" It is distressing to imagine the humiliating tableau formed by the tithingman, alternately threatening and beseeching the malefactor to stop and give an account of himself, while the hardened Smith whips up his nag and disappears down the road in a cloud of dust; but there were other kinds of law-breakers that Deacon Day had to deal with, as this memorandum shows:—"Sabbath July 15 at Noon I went up the Gallery and found a Number of young men that were full of Levity viz Bacon, Ruggles & Cobb &c."

Ater this there was apparently a long interval of peace, during which the tithingman found no occasion to make any entries in his little book. In 1799 there were but few breaches of the law. Under the date of Feb. 3d it is recorded that "Lemuel Pain, of Foxbury [Foxboro] Drove his oxen and Sled on the Sabbath and Said he was under a Necessity to travel." The same excuse was offered three weeks later by "Calvin and Luther Spencer from the State of Connecticut loaded with feathers in a two horse sly bound to Boston—they say for want of money, as they had but 4-6 if they could not sel their Feathers." In June of the same year "John Whipple of Providence and two gentlemen with him, travelled in the stage," and "2 of them would give no account of their Home or Business." Paul Wares witnessed this heinous deed. It is set forth that, on the twentieth of September, "Abijah Hall and Joseph Porter plaid at meeting, and the witness was B. H. wes"

There is but one entry for the ensuing year, 1800, and that is a particularly naive paragraph which illustrates the growing irreverence of the nineteenth century:—"Sabbath January 20 Nathan Shoreman of Bellingham in a fore wheeled Carriage Traveld—I asked him the occasion of his Travling to Day he told me it was none of my business— Witness David Fisher juner and Pegge Kallock." An impious epoch had dawned, and the tithingman was soon to be deposed. There are but few further entries. On the next page this memorandum is written:—"Franklin January 13 1802. Mr. Nathans had his trial before Pettiah Fisher Esq. Was fined for breach of Sabbath £34 s6. Witness and attendance &c £5 s2."

Perhaps the most astonishing entry of all is the last, which is as follows:—"About January 1802 Coll. Moses Whitney had 2 or 3 Balls in his Hous. About January 1803 he had a Dancing School in his Hous for about three Months, once a week—about Febr'y one Ball—March 11 1803 one Ball." What further enormities were committed by the wicked people of Wrentham have not been recorded by Deacon Day. It is known, however, by old residents, that a minister whose labors in the place extended over half a century of time, Parson Fisk, was once arrested for having visited his brother on Sunday. When the fifth and sixth regiments of Massachusetts volunteers left Boston for the front on Sunday, the twenty-first of April, 1861, the daily Advertiser said: "No tithingman attempted to arrest them." The tithingman had passed away, and this petty tyranny was but a memory. It is scarcely that now, except among the very oldest inhabitants.

GENERAL CROOK'S APACHE CAMPAIGN.

The raid of General Crook into Mexican territory in pursuit of the hostile Apaches is one of the most interesting experiments ever tried in our long warfare with the savages. Never before did a commander start on such an expedition, relying so largely upon Indian warriors and trusting so implicitly to Indian fidelity. General Crook's force consists of only about 300 men in all, and of these no less than 200 are Apache scouts, but a third of his little army being whites. The gallant General set out on his perilous march into the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre Mountains, where the stronghold of the Apaches is situated, some 200 miles south of the Arizona line, with an Apache as guide. This Indian was a member of the band of Juh, the chief leader of the hostiles, and had been sent by him to the San Carlos Agency in Arizona, to persuade the young warriors to go on the warpath, but was captured, and to save himself agreed to lead Crook in pursuit of his late comrades. The Indian scouts who compose the bulk of the little army are wonderfully active men, who are described as possessing "vision as keen as the hawk's, tread as untracing and as stealthy as the panther's and ears so sensitive that nothing escapes them." Rather under the average size, their chests are broad, deep and full; shoulders perfectly straight, limbs proportioned, straight and muscular, without a suggestion of undue heaviness. These scouts will march thirty-five and forty miles in a day on foot, crossing wide stretches of waterless plains upon which a tropical sun beats down with fierceness, or climbing up the faces of precipitous mountains, which stretch across this region in every direction. The two great points of superiority of the native or savage soldier over the representative of civilized discipline are his absolute knowledge of the country and his perfect ability to take care of himself at all times and under all circumstances. The policy of Great Britain has always been to enlist a force of auxiliaries from among the people of the

countries that have fallen under her sway. The Government of the United States, on the contrary, has persistently ignored the really excellent material ready at hand which could, with scarcely an effort, be mobilized and made to serve as a frontier police. General Crook is said to be the only officer of the army who has recognized the incalculable value of a native contingent, and if his present experiment is crowned with success, he will add to the fame which he has already won as an Indian fighter. Meanwhile, however, the keenest anxiety is felt for the fate of the brave General, and there will be general interest in the sketches elsewhere presented of the commander, his guide and the force with which he set out on his expedition.

THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MOSCOW.

The Cathedral of the Assumption, situated within the Kremlin, in Moscow, where the Czar was crowned, is not an imposing architectural structure, but the interior is decorated with profuse gilding. It displays five cupolas, supported by massive pillars, which are gilt, and the walls are adorned with large fresco paintings of Bible history, on a ground-work of gold. Among the chief ornaments of this church is a huge silver chandelier, in the shape of a crown, with forty-eight branches, weighing three thousand pounds of that metal; and there is a model of Mount Sinai, with Moses and the Tables of the Law on the top, all of pure gold, which is of enormous value. A Bible of immense size, with a cover inlaid with gold and jewels, so heavy that two men are required to lift it, is another of the treasures belonging to the Uspenski Sabor. The wooden seat or throne of Vladimir the Great, preserved in a curious shrine of open brass-work, fashioned like a tomb, is an object of great veneration, and there is a vast collection of relics, pictures of saints, and memorials of antiquity, belonging either to the early ages of the national monarchy, or to personages whose names are hallowed in the Eastern Church calendar. The church is historically notable for the fact that all the Russian Emperors since the days of Ivan the Terrible have been crowned within its walls.

THE INDIAN AT WORK.

The Indian, when forced by circumstances, as he repeatedly has been, makes promises to the Government, in the same unvarying manner, to give up his depredations on the frontier and apply himself to regular pursuits. He says that his heart has become good—especially when there is a prospect of presents ahead—and that he wishes to build "school-houses, churches and fences," to plant corn and wheat; in fact, as he terms it, "to follow the white man's road," and become civilized. These promises are usually made late in the Fall when grass is scarce. Now that he is so thoroughly hemmed in by white men and their settlements, his keen perception shows him there is no alternative but to work himself. His work consists of trapping and collecting skins, dressing them for furs, and also making baskets and bead-work, and in the springtime tapping the trees to make maple sugar. This some of the tribes have always done for themselves, with such rude implements as they could invent, but now they are enabled to make quite a business of it by the use of the saws, etc., which they have obtained from the whites.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The *Medical and Surgical Reporter*, Philadelphia, gives the following on this subject in an editorial of recent date:—"We trust that we will be pardoned if for we mean no disrespect whatever) when we say that it is not the true womanly woman, but rather the masculine woman, who hankers after this higher education. We are speaking in all sincerity, from a scientific standpoint, and mean no disrespect to any one.

We clearly recognize two distinct types of womanhood, between which all degrees of each are to be found. On the one hand, the timid, confiding, trusting woman, who, after completing her school or convent education, soon becomes to realize that her mission in this world is a domestic one, with all the mingled trials and pleasures which that word implies. On the other hand, we see the self-confident, self-asserting, self-reliant, fearless, masculine woman, who feels irresistibly impelled to push forward into the realms of science, and for whom the domestic duties have but a secondary attraction. These two types are both admirable; the one lovable, the other grand and noble. The first never gives a thought to the "higher education of women;" the second desires and demands it. Let her have it. If she be capable, she will make her mark; if she be not, Darwin's beautiful law will come into play, and she will disappear.

In a word, the number of women who demand scientific education are comparatively few; they possess many masculine characteristics, and are entitled to masculine privileges. If you give them the chance they may, perhaps, fulfil their earthly mission; if you deny them, you do them an injustice, by refusing a request the granting of which could do them no harm. Therefore again we say, grant their request."

ENGLAND'S NEW FIELD-GUN.

A new and powerful field gun, designed to supersede the 16-pounder as the weapon of the field artillery, has been proved at the butts in the Government marshes adjoining the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, and passed a satisfactory trial. The new gun weighs the same as the 16-pounder, namely, twelve hundred-weight, but is a breech-loader, and, like all the modern guns, has an elongated chase or barrel. The construction is, in all respects, identical with the most recent designs of the royal gun factories. The metal is steel, in concentric coils. The several advances made in the art of gunnery since the 16-pounder was produced by the experimental committee, in 1850, have enabled Colonel Maitland, Superintendent of the royal gun factories, to bring out this new gun of the same weight to fire a projectile six pounds heavier, and it will consequently be known in the service as the 22-pounder. The 16-pounder fires only three pounds of powder behind the shot; but the 22-pounder can with safety take seven and a half pounds, and with this charge it has registered the remarkable velocity of 1,775 feet per second, which is 420 feet higher than the performance of the gun which it is to supersede. Such a velocity implies a very extensive range, and the gun will probably do effective work with a 30-pound shell at a distance of three miles. A number of the new guns are to be at once manufactured at Woolwich.

EUCALYPTUS-TREES AND MALARIA.

About 100,000 eucalyptus-trees have been planted on a large tract of land in the Roman Campagna by the Trappists, to whom the tract was granted by the Italian Government. The vast marshes in the vicinity of Rome have exhales deadly vapors for many centuries, and no device hitherto employed has diminished their malarial influence. But the planting of eucalyptus trees has already made Tre Fontane, the abbey of the Trappists, habitable throughout the whole year, although the monks have heretofore been compelled to desert it during the sickly season. The result has excited the wonder of the Italian Government, and intelligent people everywhere are discussing the importance of introducing the eucalyptus in every malarial region where it will grow. The tree is useful for building ships and bridges, and also for railway ties, and as its growth is rapid, the considerations in favor of its introduction are many. The eucalyptus thrives in France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, and in Australia it is especially flourishing.

VARIETIES.

THE American artists show well this year at the Grosvenor Gallery. Especial praise is given to a landscape by Ernest Parton with the lines, "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

THE Canadians have patronized Commander Cheyne's idea of a balloon trip to the North Pole, and have given him the means of making his long-desired experiment. It is not yet stated when the expedition will start.

THE price that pictures are fetching this year in London is said to be quite remarkable. Not works in the studios but those hung on the walls of the exhibition, and even those offered for sale at public auctions, show a decided advance. In some classes of work that come to the hammer we are told prices have gone up two or three hundred per cent. Art is talked of in every place; for the moment it takes precedence of the drama.

THIS "mot" is attributed to Count de Chambord. The Duc de N—, one of his faithful followers, recently ventured to address to him a respectable remonstrance upon his inaction. "Give but the signal, Monseigneur," said he, "and France will receive you with acclamation." "Pardon me," replied the count, "you know that I am the child of a miracle, but I must be the father of one in order to mount on the throne of France."

THE hope that the subscriptions for the work of decorating the interior of St. Paul's would amount to a quarter of a million has been disappointed. The amount at present is £50,000. It is suggested that a better use might have been found for the money, as there are many purposes of great public utility much more pressing than the decoration of St. Paul's. Still, something decidedly handsome should be done for £50,000.

It has been the custom for a long period to make the Master of the Rolls a peer, and the possibility of elevating Sir George Jessel to the peerage during his lifetime was more than once discussed. Sir George would gladly have accepted the honor, and Mr. Gladstone was willing to confer it; but he hesitated to arouse the feelings which would inevitably have arisen when the first Hebrew took his seat in the House of Lords. This is the secret of the failure of Sir George Jessel's peerage.

THE writer on Mexican usages says that there, as in Spain, children receive the names of both their parents, so, for example, if a Miss Cervantes marries a Mr. Cortes their offspring are called Cortes and Cervantes. This we consider a very good usage as the different families of the same name are distinguished by that of the mother. Mexicans call each other by their Chris-

tian names, and the custom is not only confined to the men but ladies are also addressed by their gentlemen friends as Clara, Maria, Isabel, and much more frequently by the diminutive of the name as Clarita, Mariquita, Isabelita, etc.

THE adroitness of the London pickpockets was very amusingly illustrated the other day at the opening of the Birkbeck Institution by the Duke of Albany. Sir John Bennett, the famous watchmaker of Cheapside, was there after the ceremony, and proceeded, like Dr. Johnson, "to walk down Fleet street." He evidently fell among thieves on the way, for when he reached his home he found himself minus his watch and chain. Sir John's rather striking appearance is known everywhere, and the astute pickpocket was not mistaken when he fixed on him as a likely and profitable victim, for the watch alone was worth £170.

I CAN tell your readers a little anecdote about Mr. Bradlaugh which may amaze them, if it does not shock them. As the Marquis of Queensberry who is as great a free thinker as Bradlaugh and in fact suffers from a similar injustice at the hands of the House of Lords, was passing along the corridors, he overheard a superfine brother peer say: "Ah! this is absurd, don't you know! Fancy a son of a common shoemaker—a man who addresses open air meetings, being allowed to impede the legislature of England. It is monstrous!" "And don't you, my lord," said the Marquis of Queensberry, "worship and follow the son of a common carpenter who addressed one very large open air meeting when he delivered the 'Sermon on the Mount.'"

THE Saratoga monument at Schuylerville is completed with the exception of statues for the niches in the four external walls. The trustees propose to place bronze statues of General Philip Schuyler, General Horatio Gates and General Daniel Morgan in three of these niches, and to leave the fourth niche vacant with simply the name of "Arnold," underneath it. It is conceded that General Benedict Arnold's creditable participation in the battle of Saratoga entitles him to remembrance in that connection, but his treason forbids the erection of a statue in his honor. It is desired to dedicate the monument next year, and the trustees hope to be able to procure a statue of General Schuyler in time to have it unveiled at the same time.

THE late Lord Lawrence was one evening sitting in his drawing-room at South-gate with his sister and other members of the family, all of whom were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book, in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's up stairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later, put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "Yes," he replied, "that's why I married her."

—THERE are about ninety cities and towns in New England now dependent entirely upon gas. The American Electric and Illuminating Company of Boston has already procured charters, and it is intended to establish sub-companies throughout the New England States as rapidly as possible, and to extend the business as fast as machines and lamps can be turned out at the factory. There is, indeed, every indication that the shareholders will very soon receive increased dividends; and they are certainly to be congratulated upon the progress which has been made up to the present time. Within the past two months, separate plants have been established at Lowell and Fitchburg, Mass., and Hartford, Conn., and, generally speaking, business, is in the most prosperous condition.

PROFESSOR HADLEY, of Yale College, the distinguished Greek scholar, possessed an exceptionally happy faculty for dealing with young men. One afternoon a number of students assembled in the room situated over his own and commenced an uproar wholly out of character with the time and place. After enduring it for a while as patiently as he could Professor Hadley rapped with his crutch on the wall overhead, calling the young men to order. In a few minutes, however, the disturbance was renewed, the students becoming more boisterous and demonstrative than before. A good deal annoyed at the disobedience the Professor made his way up the flight of stairs and rapped at the door; when it was opened he simply said to the inmates: "I should like to see you, young gentlemen, at any time at my room, but I should prefer to have you come through the door."

THE Pope owes something to M. de Blowitz. How many people knew anything about the personality of Leo XIII yesterday? They cannot plead ignorance now. M. de Blowitz has in a single telegram to the *Times* painted the Pontiff in undying colors. "There is not a contemporary figure of more intrinsic and imposing grandeur than Leo XIII. In that vast and expansive intelligence no narrow thought can enter. No one can better sift the immutable in his dogma from what is capable of transformation, and whenever Prussia has only sacrifices to ask of him belonging to the domain where his will does not come in collision with the insurmountable barrier of dogma, Leo XIII will place his hand resolutely in the Chancellor's

and the two men will be proud of meeting and acknowledging each other." If the Pope and the Chancellor do not embrace after this, M. de Blowitz will have every reason to complain. There is only one great peacemaker on the earth, and Blowitz is his name.

A PAPER that is an admirer of Mr. Gladstone says he has lost his moral force—that amazing zeal which carried all before it, and which in the opinion of some of us, has carried the country some distance on the road to ruin. The key to the situation, we are told, is the personal disposition of the Prime Minister, and everything depends upon the effect the Whitsuntide holiday may have upon him. This is personal government indeed! But it is a bad sign when the friends of the Ministry begin shaking their heads and growing oracular. A perpetual shadow at one's elbow must be a very serious obstacle to the exercise of "recuperative power." To be under police supervision is generally thought a severe penalty for one's crimes, but our unhappy Premier exists under perpetual surveillance. When the first hour of the recess struck, and busy politicians scattered hither and thither for their holiday, they left their impediments behind them; but the First Lord of the Treasury must needs start on his travels accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, Miss Gladstone, and—the detective!

THE Empress of Russia, since she laid aside her mourning, has appeared in some gorgeous Parisian toilettes at the recent court balls at St. Petersburg. One of these was composed of pink uncut velvet, pink crape and pink tulle. The train of uncut velvet was bordered with clusters of pink ostrich plumes, matching the velvet exactly in hue, and was caught back with scarfs of pink crape embroidered with silver, which crossed over the point of the skirt and were held in place with a tuft of plumes. The skirt front was covered with flounces of pink tulle, embroidered with silver. Down the left side went a garland of roses in ruby velvet. The back of the skirt, underneath the long velvet train, was composed of plaited flounces, of pink crape. The low-necked corsage was ornamented with pink feathers and with a garland of ruby velvet roses that was attached to the right shoulder and met that on the skirt at the left side of the waist. On another occasion the empress appeared in a ball dress of white crape and tulle, trimmed with velvet wallflowers and with bands of velvet of the rich red brown known as "souci," which exactly matched the hue of the flowers. The skirt front was embroidered with pearls, the back being composed of three wide flounces of tulle, bordered with velvet. The sides of the train were trimmed with deep pearl fringes, and a sash of velvet with long wide ends fell over the tulle flounces.

PERSONAL.

ELISEE RECLUS has arrived at Smyrna on a tour through Turkey, to collect materials for the section of the Ottoman Empire in his great geography.

MRS. ALMA TADEMA, Mrs. E. W. Gosse and a third sister, are the daughters of Epps, of cocoa fame, and are known as "Nutritious," "Grateful" and "Comforting."

LAWRENCE OLIPHANT, whose new story, "Altiora Peto" is the talk of London, is living in Haifa, Palestine, where he has bought a house and intends to remain for some time.

MR. BROWNING'S admiring countrymen, the members of the seven Browning societies, gave him this year a birthday present of a beautiful drawing of Andrea del Sarto's picture representing himself as pleading with his wife. The original is the picture which inspired Mr. Browning's poem of "Andrea del Sarto."

THE death of Mrs. LaForge, a young writer, whose name is familiar to the readers of the "Century," "St. Nicholas," and other publications, seems doubly sad, says the Washington "Republican," when it is known that grief for the death of her betrothed, the executive officer of the *Jennette*, Lieutenant Chipp, was really the cause of her own death.

TURGENEV several weeks ago suffered repeatedly from attacks of mania, during which he endeavoured to evade the vigilance of his attendants and break his head by dashing it against the wall. When his friend Viardot, husband of the famous vocalist "Garcia," died, it was at first resolved to keep the matter secret from him. But his physician determined on a bold stroke. He walked up to him and without any preparation said, "My dear Turgeneff, your friend Viardot—here the patient anxiously looked up, and the doctor finished the sentence—"your friend Viardot is dead." The patient sank down in his chair, inarticulate sounds came from his lips and tears filled his eyes. He had recovered his memory, and this fact encouraged the hope that he may yet recover.

As soon as Mr. Roebing, the engineer of the Brooklyn Bridge, was stricken with that peculiar fever which has since prostrated him, Mrs. Roebing, says a Trenton correspondent of the *New York Times*, applied herself to the study of engineering, and she succeeded so well that in a short time she was able to assume the duties of chief engineer. Such an achievement is something remarkable. To illustrate her proficiency in engineering one instance will suffice. When bids for the steel and iron work for the structure were advertised for three or four years ago, it was found that entirely new shapes would be required, such as no mill was then making. This necessitated new patterns, and representatives of the mills desiring to bid went to New York to consult with Mr. Roebing. Their surprise was great when Mrs. Roebing sat down with them, and by her knowledge of engineering helped them out with their patterns and cleared away difficulties that had for weeks been puzzling their brains. Among those who have had occasion in the course of business at various times to test Mrs. Roebing's engineering skill is Frederick J. Slade, treasurer of the New Jersey Steel and Iron Company of Trenton.

ANSWER THIS.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable, that Hop Bitters has not or cannot cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.



THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.—SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL PLAYERS.



1. Taking in Sea Water for the Tanks.
4. A Chinese Artist at Work.

2. Chinese Carpenter setting up the Models.
5. Bergen Fisher-Folk (Norway).
6. Norwegian Fishing-Boat.

3. Dalecarlian Girl (Sweden) Cleaning Glass.
7. Primitive Irish Coracle.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—SPECIAL SKETCHES.

THE EPITAPH.

Here rest, in dust, far from life's flame,
Old garments and a perish'd name.
Press hard, lean hand of Time, cast down
The greenest garland, brightest crown.

A rose-tipped, beckoning finger leads
The man himself o'er new world meads,
Where, ardent-souled, he lies along
With fresher robes and newer song.

Creep towards him, Time: perchance, shall fall
This fine dress also to thy thrall,
Press on at speed—naught canst thou sack,
Save cast-off cloaks and lamps burnt black.

KENINGALE COOK.

DISPROPORTIONED MARRIAGES.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

"Sua quisque exempla debet equo animo pati."
—PRÆTORUS.

Julian was born in a village, but Julian was no rustic. He had the suavity, though none of the dazzling frailties, of the city. He was adopted very young by a rich merchant of Toucy, in Auxerrois. He lived in comfort and independence with his benefactor till the age of eighteen, and it never occurred to him that this state of happiness might not endure for ever.

But the fluctuations of commerce produced their too frequent consequences. The patron of Julian was ruined, and fled to a foreign clime. Julian was now thrown upon the world. The altered looks of those who had basked in the better fortunes of his friend, and who best knew how little his reverses had been merited—the reproachful mutterings of the epithet "bankrupt" which he heard from many, who were themselves far better entitled to the fate, disgusted him with the city. He thought of his paternal cottage and departed; and as he went on his way through the village of Quaine, of which the Marquis de Vaudon was the lord, he saw all the cottagers, with glad faces and in their holiday suits, assembled before the church. They were celebrating the betrothal of Aglae, the daughter of the marquis, to the Count de Vermanton. By the established privilege of the occasion, Aglae reigned supreme that day. She was the dispenser of justice and the bestower of benefactions. Julian, with noble humility, appeared before her. Aglae received him graciously. True, he knew nothing of plants and flowers and trees—how should he? His life had passed in the counting house. Aglae thought not of qualifications. The youth wanted employment, and she could offer him a place. Julian was immediately invested with the superintendence of the parks and gardens at Vaudon.

The generous mind cannot rest inactive under the sense of kindness. With Julian the ardor to return the obligation grew into a passion which absorbed every other. It was his aim by day, his dream by night. He watched young Aglae as she roved; if she paused to dwell upon the beauty of any flower, or to rejoice in its perfume, the favorite flower was sure presently to meet her view at every turn.

In rambling through the park one evening, Julian heard Aglae shriek. He darted to the spot. A brier had torn his lovely benefactress, and Julian saw blood streaming from her foot. Ere three days it was all over with the briers; not one remained in the park of Vaudon; and as Julian was no more blest than others with the power of curbing the spirit of destruction when once on the wing, no plant or bush which bore a thorn, not even the holly itself, escaped the general proscription.

The Count de Vermanton was certainly concerned at the accident of his betrothed; but he was almost as much so at the change which it had wrought in the park of Vaudon, and felt highly incensed at Julian as the cause. The fact is, the young lord, like most lords, young and old, held it vulgar not to be passionately enamored of all sports of the field. Indeed, at that time, they were universally looked upon as the most salutary of exercises, the most rational of pleasures; and salutary, indeed, it must be to butcher the defenseless, and most rational to delight in scenes of cold blooded carnage. Oh! 'tis a recreation worthy of heroes! So thought the count; but it did not seem to him so heroic to course through a park without underwood. "It were as good sport to shoot the boar in a cage or the rabbit in the poultry-yard!" exclaimed he, with chagrin, and he could not forgive Julian for the gratitude which marred his pleasures.

The grievance was consequently laid before the marquis; Aglae was present. In her Julian found an earnest defender. This was as it should be. They who have brought us into a scrape ought to be the most eager to help us out of it, but such an idea never came into the mind of the count. He, on the contrary, thought it passing strange that the daughter of a marquis should degrade herself by pleading for a menial. Aglae explained her reasons. They were unanswerable. But the count lost his temper in the discussion, especially when he found he was about losing his cause, and in his fury flung so insolent a glance at Aglae and Julian, that tears filled the kind girl's eyes and choked her utterance, and she left the room.

Aglae was no sooner in her chamber, whither she had flown to weep unheeded and unobserved, than she began to weigh the merits of the quarrel. Now, for the first time, and entirely through the intemperate conduct of the count, to whom she was really attached, she thought of

the assiduities of Julian ever since his coming to the chateau. From merely thinking of them she presently began to think of them with pleasure. She now called to mind his countenance. "None more interesting." His temper—"gentleness itself! What a pity the count's is not more like it!" She wondered how he should have so little of the rustic in his manners, and would fain hear his story. She was sure it must be romantic, and that he was better than he seemed. Certain soft glances she had never remembered before next came upon her recollection, and then she would think no more about him. "Why should she trouble herself about Julian, of all people in the world!" And yet, so incomprehensible is a woman's heart, if the count had come in at that moment to renew the quarrel about Julian, there is no knowing what might have happened. But he did not, and he was fortunate.

Some time passed over, and things resumed their usual course. On a treeless eminence in the park there was a little pavilion to which Aglae was very partial. It was her darling retreat. Thither she frequently withdrew with her books, or her drawings, or her guitar; but it was so open and exposed to the Summer sun, that she could not enjoy her seclusion half the time she wished. The glare made it unendurable, except in the morning or towards night. This could not escape Julian. He secretly assembled numbers of gardeners and villagers. In a single night trenches were dug round the pavilion. The linden and acacia were torn from their native soils and planted there in silence. On the morrow Julian found more than his reward in the delighted surprise of Aglae, to see her favorite pavilion thus, as it by magic, encircled with shade and flowers. To the count this was a fresh source of complaint. He thought the trees entirely spoiled one of the best views from at least a dozen points about the grounds, and even more from the chateau itself. The height had been left bare expressly for the prospect. It was bad taste as well as bad manners for the clown to shut it out thus. This time the marquis thought so too; nay, more, he thought it exceedingly presuming in the superintendent of his grounds to turn things topsy-turvy in this extraordinary way without saying a word about it. To make bad worse, a week was not over before all the new plantation died. Julian received his dismissal, and she for whom he had labored, and was now cast once more upon the world, did not dare to speak for him. A sad perplexity for a female heart; but one which you, reader, if you have loved, will find no difficulty in accounting for.

The dismissal of Julian was conveyed to him by the Count de Vermanton. It must be owned there was little delicacy or prudence in the selection. The consequence was what might have been expected. The count was insolent, and Julian became angry. The hot blood of the young count boiled at the idea of being answered by a menial, and he so far forgot himself as to reply with a blow. In frenzy Julian caught up the weapon of a gamekeeper which chanced to be within his grasp. The insulter, recoiling from its fury, fell backwards into the vast canal which crossed the park of Vaudon, and into which the Quaine had just discharged its waters. A lock had that moment been opened below, and the broad sheet was dashing towards it like a cataract. The count was already lost to view. Now, does not Julian exult? Now he will have ample vengeance! No. His desire of vengeance vanished when he saw his provoker helpless and perishing. He plunges after him. He is torn by a jagged rock as he plunges, yet wrestles with a giant's vigor against the whirl. For a while his blood upon the surface is the only clew to where he gropes beneath. At length his head is seen to burst through the hurrying waters. With one hand he sustains the unconscious count, and clings with the other to the slippery beam of a flood-gate, awaiting the boat which bears towards him; but his courage and his strength are no longer of avail. His vision becomes confused; he wildly grasps at some fancied object, and then he ceases to see or understand, and all his limbs turned numb. The next thing he knew he was in some gloomy place, but where, he could not conjecture, nor how he got there. At first his sight was dim and doubting, and could distinguish nothing. Had he awakened in another world? Where had he ever existed before? He had no memory of the past; his feelings were equally vacant; there was neither love nor anger in his breast. By degrees his perceptions returned—his curiosity was awakened. What was this place in which he laid? He attempted to rise, and now felt weak and could not move without difficulty. At last he succeeded in getting from his bed. He pulled apart the curtains. Astonishment! A bright and splendid apartment burst upon his view! Can it be? He remembers the apartment; it belongs to the chateau of Vaudon. It looks less brilliant now than it did at first, and now seems almost obscure, and only a dim lamp is standing in the corner, with women grouped around it. Who can those women be? Rapture! 'Tis Aglae with her attendants, and they are preparing rags to dress some wounded person. The eyes of Aglae seem yet swollen with tears. At this moment Julian feels his wounds in their intensest anguish, but he feels most happy, spite of all he suffers, as the thought flashes o'er his mind that he himself might be the object of their touching kindness, and that some of those sweet tears, perhaps, have fallen for him.

The Count de Vermanton soon got about. The first visit he made was to his preserver. But Julian's hurts were much more serious. He was sometimes in so high a fever that fears were entertained for his life. Aglae was unwearied in her kindness. The feelings of Julian towards her, which at first did not dare presume beyond gratitude, became daily more intense. Whenever the poor sufferer seemed to enjoy a momentary pause from pain, Aglae would come and talk to him, for she was sure it did him good; every time this happened she made a sort of promise to herself as she went back to her chamber that she would indulge him in no more such conversations.

In one of these gentle but dangerous visits, Julian, forgetting the distance which the distinctions of society had interposed between him and his benefactress, freely poured out his whole soul to Aglae. He told her the hopes and sorrows of his youth. His *amour-propre* (and that we ever feel with those we love) made his voice falter in some parts of his narrative, and Aglae liked him all the better for it. But when he came to the dreadful reverses which had deprived him of his second father; when he reminded Aglae that but for her he might have been left a homeless and unfriended wanderer, his voice was choked, and he could not proceed. Aglae was moved, and unconsciously held out her hand to him. He caught it eagerly. Their eyes met, and both were filled with tears.

We must leave the sick chamber a while, and turn to what is passing outside. Extraordinary events had now changed the political complexion of France. Two mighty parties were standing in a threatening attitude. They seemed only waiting for a signal to come to blows. The Constituent Assembly had abolished titles and their privileges. The Marquis de Vaudon had taken side with the levelers. He had just renounced his distinctions, and removed the escutcheon from his gate when the Count de Vermanton entered.

"Marquis—" exclaimed the count.
"Praised be the age of reason," interrupted the father of Aglae. "No marquis now, dear Vermanton."

"In that case, sir, replied the count, "our arrangements are null; I withdraw my promise. The daughter of the citizen Vaudon cannot aspire to an alliance with the noble race of the Counts de Vermanton."

"Be it as you will, sir; but remember, conduct like yours will create in the state a crisis of which men like you will be the victims. Farewell, sir."

"Come, hither, my daughter!" cried the ex-marquis, as he saw Aglae crossing the apartment. "Sit down, my child; I have ill-tidings for you, but I trust your affection for your father, and a sense of your own dignity will sustain you under them, and make you despise the fool who treats you so contemptuously."

"What is it you mean?"
"Your betrothed, the Count de Vermanton, disclaims his vows, and renounces your hand."

"Does he, indeed?" exclaimed the delighted girl, darting from her chair and springing into her father's arms. "Does he indeed renounce? Oh! blessed, blessed news!"

"How is this, child? I do not understand you. You loved him, did you not?"

"Y-y-yes, I for a long while thought I did, but when I saw what violent passions he flew into against you whenever you and he got into your arguments about politics—"

"Good girl!"
And she instantly hurried back to her patient.

"A terrible business has just happened," said she to him, the smile still on her lip, and her eyes still exulting. He learned all, and with sympathetic rapture he also exclaimed:

"Oh, blessed news!"

Meanwhile the illness of Julian took an alarming turn. Such frequent excitement irritated his wounds; his blood became more and more inflamed, the intervals of repose from fever diminished daily, and at length ceased altogether. Till then the doctor, with the customary prudence of his profession, had abstained from giving any decided opinion; but when everybody saw how the case stood, he ventured to tell what everybody knew—that Julian was in danger. Aglae was wrought up to the extreme of woe. Nothing will induce her to quit Julian's bedside. Her tears at once taught him her condition and his own. In one of his severest nights, as he started from his sleep with agony, the lover of Aglae saw her in a passion of tears, kneeling at the foot of his bed and praying.

"I am aware now how it is with me," said he to her. "All hope is over. Dry up your tears. Happiness was not to be my lot on earth. Even had I recovered I should have speedily been forced to a greater sacrifice than life—I should have been required to—"

Then checking himself, he cried: "Ah! if death indeed makes all equal, Aglae, I die—no—you shall not be left untold."

"Hush!" said she, placing her trembling finger on his lips—"hush! I know it all." And then taking his hands and pressing them, the innocent, the good, the affectionate Aglae, with an air almost solemn, bent down her brow towards that of the sufferer, and placing the first kiss of love on cheeks already cold in death, "Lo! we are united!" she exclaimed, and fainted.

But Julian had only been condemned to death by the doctor, and nature reversed the sentence. The return of his health, the certainty of being loved, the republican notions of the father of

Aglae, the departure of the Count de Vermanton, all seemed to encourage him to hope, and to promise him success. Yet still he failed. Citizen Vaudon received the proposals of Julian very ill. In vain was the father told by the lover:

"Our principles are the same. I think as you do, that all men are equal; and I have a far deeper interest than you in thinking so. Then let me have your daughter. Where is the difference between us? You have sundry heaps of gold, which I have not; there is no other difference. Is so paltry a consideration to be weighed against the happiness of your child and a brother citizen? You were unworthy to be called a man if you could think so. In the name of humanity, or in that which you prize beyond all others, the name of reason—"

He was pursuing his eloquent persuasion, when, in the name of reason and humanity, the citizen ex-marquis had him taken by the shoulders and thrust out of the chateau. Julian, stung to the soul, wrote thus to Aglae:

"Your father is a barbarian. Am I, then, less than he, that he should scorn me thus? You have my love, and you return it—what more can reason expect? He censured the conduct of the Count de Vermanton. His own is worse. The count did not profess one principle and practice another. Your father does. Woe to the parents whom rank and riches can render deaf to the appeals of love and nature!"

Aglae was pretty much of the same opinion; but what good did that do? To crown all, her father caught her with the letter. He saw what it might lead to, and having just received orders from the municipal authorities to impress his quota of volunteers for the defense of the country, he began with Julian.

"Will ye, nil ye, poor Julian, lo! you are a soldier! What became of him after that? That is more than I can tell. No doubt he did his duty, behaved gallantly, turned out a hero, and got himself killed; so we'll trouble ourselves no more about him, but return to Aglae, the main object of our narrative."

Time, that great comforter, that great destroyer, that great magician, brought about many a change in the chateau of Vaudon. The revolution was afoot, and in its course of carnage trod down even its parents. The ex-marquis found himself beset by unsleeping espionage. He was reproached as a lukewarm republican. The story of Julian was brought up against him.

His conduct to the youth was branded as treachery to the common cause, and insult to the universal people. To avert the rising storm he must find some way to conciliate the mob. None offered but the sacrifice of his daughter. Aglae was an obedient victim. Her father's life was at stake. She became the wife of a man resembling Julian in the humbleness of his birth, and the Count de Vermanton in the ungenerous-ness of his temper, but here the likeness ceased. Still he was at the head of the ruling party, and Aglae was sure that her husband would not let any harm come to her father. Alas! the daughter and the father were equally mistaken. The citizen found no defender in his son-in-law. Unfortunately for Vaudon, his patriotism was sterner, and these were no times for the honest. He had dreamed of a republic, but could see no republicanism in anarchy. He was cast into a dungeon. By his side on the straw there groaned another victim.

"What! Is it indeed you, marquis?" cried the Count de Vermanton. "What unaccountable change of fortune or opinion brings you here? I sought to save the republic."

"And I the monarchy."

The same day saw the blood of republican and monarchist mingled on the scaffold.

Reader! close your eyes on this disastrous epoch. Let twenty years of turmoil, of glory and of suffering pass, and follow me within the walls of Paris. See you not beneath the lowly roof that faces that splendid mansion, a tender mother listening to the complaints and sharing the anguish of a son, an only son, the sole friend now left to her on earth! This excellent mother is Aglae—this exemplary son the gentle offspring of her ill-fated marriage. Aglae has now no means of subsistence, but from the labors of her son. True, his success in the arts holds out a fair promise of much better days, but his mother's joy on this account gives way to her bitter apprehension for him on another. Theodore is in love with the only child of one whose fortune and rank render the attachment hopeless. The Duke de Stralsund derived his wealth and title from his military achievements. His retirement was devoted to the education of his daughter. The best masters France could afford were obtained for Pauline, and the Empire could produce no teacher of drawing and painting equal to Theodore. But the instructor soon became the lover. When this reached the duke's knowledge his pride revolted. It was not enough that their doors should be closed against the youth. The duke employed every expedient to root from Pauline's heart a dawning tenderness, which brought a blush of shame on his brow. Aglae, by those gentle arts with which a woman, and, above all, a mother, so well knows how to dress up the words of consolation, was endeavoring to calm the tempest in the boiling bosom of the young artist.

"My friend, my dearest Theodore, what can you ever expect from such a rash attachment? The son of a poor, nameless widow, marry the heiress of the Duke of Stralsund! Oh! my dear, it is the thought of a child, and quite unworthy of your years. You say she loves you, and if she fancies this: she does, what then? Will it excuse your exciting her to rebel against me?"

a widow, reduced to utter obscurity; she has who has a more sacred title to her love! For you may be sure of this—the duke will never consent. Indeed, he cannot, he ought not. The annoyances he has already given us ought to be sufficient proof to you how he feels upon the subject. Theodore, your mother enters thoroughly into your feelings, and pities them from the bottom of her soul. They recall scenes and sorrows of her youth. My heart has been as deeply wrung as yours is. Let my example give you strength and teach you the courage of resignation.

She was proceeding, when a man in livery entered from the splendid mansion opposite and handed her a letter. It was from the Duke de Stralsund. He was exceedingly severe against Theodore; lamented that it should be his misfortune to have such neighbors, and concluded by declaring that if the base corruptor of his daughter's mind did not instantly depart, he would put into force the means he had of compelling him.

Aglæ was all terror for her darling son. In the flutter of her feelings may she not have misread the letter? She peruses it again. Now for the first time she notices the handwriting. How strange! She could almost say they were the very characters, and then recollections at once delightful and distressing throng upon her mind. She was still musing upon the singular coincidence, as a second servant entered and announced the Duke de Stralsund. Theodore withdrew and the duke appeared.

"Madame," said he, to Aglæ, who received him with cheeks burning with agitation and her brow cast down. "I come to learn your decision. It gives me pain to make you unhappy, but do not compel me to harsh measures. Your son has the presumption to love my daughter. Nay, more; taking advantage of her youth and inexperience, he has dared to entice her to return his love. His rashness has been unchecked by the considerations of either fortune, fame or family."

"My lord duke," replied Aglæ, who had by this time sufficiently recovered from her confusion to examine his countenance intently, "if my son had been guilty of any crime, I would not attempt to justify him; but love is involuntary, and you should consider his youth."

"An artist—an artist to dare think of marrying my daughter!" "At our age, my lord, pride and ambition may alone have sway. At his the heart rules, and the rank of the beloved is forgotten in her charms."

"You approve the conduct of your son, then, madame?"

"I grieve for his misfortune. I respect the distinctions of society as much as you can, my lord, and my son had no thought in disturbing them, for they never once came into his mind. Put yourself in his place, and then pronounce. You have been as young as he, perhaps have loved as ardently. Did you at that time stop to reason, before you dared to feel?"

A sudden flush crimsoned the countenance of the man of power, but it passed away, and he proceeded with composure and decision:

"I say once more, madame, that your son loves my daughter, and they must no longer inhabit the same city. Let him depart and instantly. Who knows to what pitch his presumption may not carry him? The next thing I shall discover, if he remains, will be some clandestine correspondence, forsooth or—"

"My lord, I am already in possession of a letter—"

"Ha! Is it then so? Unparalleled effrontery. Has he then dared—"

"Read it, my lord," replied the mother or Aglæ, after having taken from her secretary a paper most carefully enveloped. "Read it, and then pronounce the sentence of the writer."

The duke, whose hand trembled so with indignation that he was some instants before he could unfold the paper, opened it and read as follows:

"Your father is a barbarian. Am I, then, less than he, that he should scorn me thus? You have my love, and you return it—what more can reason exact? He censured the conduct of the Count de Veumont. His own is worse. The count did not profess one principle and practice another. Your father does. Woe to the parents whom rank and riches can render deaf to the appeals of love and nature!"

In astonishment he lifts up his eyes.

"Aglæ! Aglæ! It is—can it be Aglæ?"

"Julian, it is; and it is Aglæ whom you would deprive of her son, her darling son—the only being now left on earth to be kind to her!"

"No more of sadness, no more of solitude and suffering! The Duke de Stralsund has made you weep. Julian, on his knees, implores your pardon; Julian, who only lives for you! And now, Aglæ," added he, with a smile, "may the daughter of the low-born Julian aspire to wed the grandson of the Marquis de Vaudon!"

CREMATION IN JAPAN.

A correspondent of the Hiogo News says: "There are three large cremation places in Osaka, and one of these I visited the other day. It is situated near the Katsugawa, outside the city limits, and is surrounded by a high wall. The appearance of the place from the road is similar to that of a temple, were it not for the chimney, which towers aloft about sixty feet. In the main crematory there are twenty large furnaces, each capable of burning three bodies;

so that sixty corpses can be reduced to ashes at the same time. Operations commence at eleven p.m., and by three o'clock in the morning the process is completed. Cremations do not take place during the day, in order to avoid any possible annoyance to the neighborhood, although the high chimney would probably prevent unpleasantness. There is another crematory connected with this chimney by a shaft, and it appeared of equal capacity with the main building, but I could not examine it as the doors were locked. When I visited this place there were five bodies awaiting cremation, three grown up persons and two children. It was then late, and no more were expected. I was particularly struck with the scrupulous cleanliness of the cremation establishment, and cannot avoid remarking that it reflects credit upon those in charge."

COLLEGE LIFE AND REAL LIFE.

With a few exceptions our great educational institutions, and still more the smaller ones, are in grasp and spirit far behind the age, and entirely out of sympathy with the modern world which the rising generation is soon to take possession of. From the moment the boy begins to prepare for college he faces the past; educationally he lives in the past; and the more conscientiously he does the work laid out for him the vaster will be the final gap between college life and real life. The intellectual habits acquired in school and college may possibly enable him ultimately to grapple with greater power and skill with the later problems of real life, greater, that is, than he would have shown had he been left entirely unschooled; yet in the administration of affairs he is likely to be distanced for the best part of his life by the unschooled practical man who knows from early and real experience precisely what to do in any emergency. The young man fresh from school is apt to know with thoroughness much that the busy world has no use for. He has general notions of many arts and sciences, but his positive knowledge of the realities upon which such arts and sciences are based is usually next to nothing; still less does he know of the practical methods of men who apply them to human uses. His educational years have been spent mainly in a world apart from and largely out of relation with the modern working world he is to enter upon when his schooling ends. His education, admirable as it may appear from a theoretical point of view, serves rather to unfit than to fit him for practical life; and his real education has to begin afresh in the rude and costly school of experience.

VISIT TO WHITTIER.

His country home at Danvers, Mass., is about a mile from the railroad station. I found the poet in a small room retired from the main part of the house and surrounded by his books and papers; His tall form is slightly bowed with age, but he retains all his old-time courtesy to strangers. He alluded to his correspondence, which was so large as to make irksome drafts upon his time and patience.

"Since Longfellow and Emerson died," said he, "Dr. Holmes and I have received much of their fugitive correspondence, which, added to our own, sometimes proves a serious burden. I receive letters daily from Portland, Me., to Portland, Oregon, from Misses in their teens, to boys in college. They send me their verses with a request that I attend to the publication and remit them the proceeds from time to time. The most, however under various disguises, entreat my autograph, a request I should grant more willingly if I knew them. As to my health I cannot complain; I have never been able to do protracted work, owing to severe neuralgic pains in the head, from which I have suffered since I was a boy. Unfortunately I have promised considerable work to the publishers, and this promise, unperformed, weighs like an incubus upon my spirits."

In discussing the recently published correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle, and of Carlyle and Emerson, Mr. Whittier said:

"Carlyle seems to have had none of the milk of human kindness in his veins. His letters show a side of his character which none of his intimate friends suspected. It would have been better for his reputation if they had never been published. In fact, so strongly have they affected myself that I have set to work and destroyed the major part of my correspondence, covering a period of over fifty years, lest it should be published after my death and bring suffering to any. I wish that all of the letters I have written could be treated by my friends in the same manner."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, May 19.

At a Parisian meeting an old second-rate actor who had given up the theatre and entered the government employment, said: "Ah, you don't call yourself Vaiancourt any longer?" "No, certainly not," replied the actor. "In returning to private life I gave up my theatre name, in order not to dishonor it!"

The old stories about vampires and wehrwolves had doubtless some foundation in fact. There exist creatures in human shape capable of committing any atrocity, however devilish and unspeakable. A man has just been arrested a

Visczac, in France, on a charge of digging up dead bodies and using them in a way in which, according to Herodotus, Egyptian priests used the corpses they sometimes disinterred. Nobody, probably, has ever imagined anything so horrible that some, at some time or other, has not either done or attempted to do.

AFTER running through all the changes in tint in hair, which the natural color of human tresses afforded or suggested, after coloring them black, red, grey and brown, bleaching to tawny, yellow and white, according as passing fashion dictated, the whimsical Parisian damsels are now appearing before a dazzled and bewildered world with locks of a beautiful olive-green hue. The hint, perhaps, was taken from the mermaids, but it has been improved upon by the selection of a new and artistic shade, in which it is easily possible to find dress-stuff to match the hair.

A STEAMER full of learned people is to leave Havre next month for Christiana, where the boat will remain a sufficient time to enable the travellers to inspect that capital and its environs, and continue thence along the coast to Hammerfest and the North Cape. Stopping at the most interesting places on the way from Hammerfest, the steamer will proceed to Spitzbergen, calling at Breen Solan. At Spitzbergen the steamer will make a stay of about a fortnight, thus giving to the travellers an opportunity to visit the most interesting parts of the island or to follow the pleasure of hunting and fishing.

A FEW moments of real amusement were enjoyed some evenings ago at the Hippodrome, which, we fear, is not often the case at that spacious establishment. On the occasion we refer to, a young Parisian gentleman, well-known for his eccentricity, came into the ring disguised as a clown, and performed a number of really humorous antics, taking a prominent part afterwards in a very comical wedding-scene which he had himself imagined. The hero of this interlude rarely lets a week pass without surprising the people who belong to *le monde à l'amuse* by some eccentricity, and he seems to have taken Lord Henry Seymour, of eccentric memory, for his model.

THE Ambassadors of France to the Russian Court upon the occasion of the Coronation is an American lady, Miss King, of Georgia. In that province there have existed from time immemorial two rival families of "Kings," the one known as the Big Pumpkin, the other as the Small Potatoe. Needless to say that it is not to the latter family that the Ambassadors Extraordinary belongs. Miss King was much in favor at Court during the latter days of the Second Empire. She was the life and soul of the Soirees at Coignac, and the Emperor often alluded to her as the most graceful specimen of American womanhood he had ever seen.

THE Count de Chambord still gives the greatest disquietude to his followers and relatives. His state is not absolutely hopeless, but the somnolent symptoms are alarming. The whole of the Legitimist party are preparing for the worst. Many of the most influential amongst them have hurried off to Goritz, where his highness lies still under the influence of the stroke he experienced ten days ago. The only words he utters now and then are "Gratz!" and "Froksdorf!" and the imagination of partisans always more vivid than that of other people immediately seizes upon the words as signifying that the chest which contains the secret papers of the Bourbons, and which was delivered into the hands of the Count de Chambord by the Duchess d'Angoulême when on her death bed at Gratz to be conveyed to Froksdorf is to be secured at once. Lord Burleigh's shake of the head was interpreted with far more fluency.

THE Duchesse de Bisaccio's grand Japanese fête has been all the rage. It comprised a bewildering collection of Japanese and Chinese art and curios. On every hand were festoons of Chinese satins and *crêpes* embroidered with flowers and birds, elegantly wrought fans, enormous pins and *clochettes* in silver and gold for the hair, hideous idols, marvellous ivory carvings, and flowers real and imitation, from the tea plant itself to the magnificent *roses de Chine*. The costumes, too, attracted a good deal of attention, and the collection of quaint artistic pottery ware ought to have satisfied the most approved aesthetic taste. The Duchesse de Camposelle gave a splendid ball last week at her mansion in the avenue Kléber. The immense saloons were resplendent with lights and the flash of jewels worn by the brilliant assemblage of ladies. An excellent orchestra of 40 musicians, under the direction of M. Gastaldi, was stationed in the conservatory, and dancing was kept up till the morning was very far advanced. A splendid collation terminated the fête which is likely to be talked about as one of the great events of the season.

THE theatrical paper in the *Quarterly Review* is said to have been written by Sir Theodore Martin. Naturally, it is extremely worth reading, even if one does not agree with all the talented author's views.

VARIETIES.

LADIES are promised a much more lovely looking-glass than they have ever had before, where, as the song of the "Devout Lover" hath it, may be seen "the great soul beaming in my lady's face." The brilliancy of the metallic deposit on the glass is said to be quite marvellous, and far away beats Venetia's best. It is also the invention of an Italian, a Professor Palmieri. We will not attempt to mystify our readers by explaining the process, which we don't understand, but as a general hint will state that glycerine is at the bottom of the treatment of saits of silver. Just as nitro-glycerine is proving so spiteful it saves its credit to have become thus pleasant in one of its results.

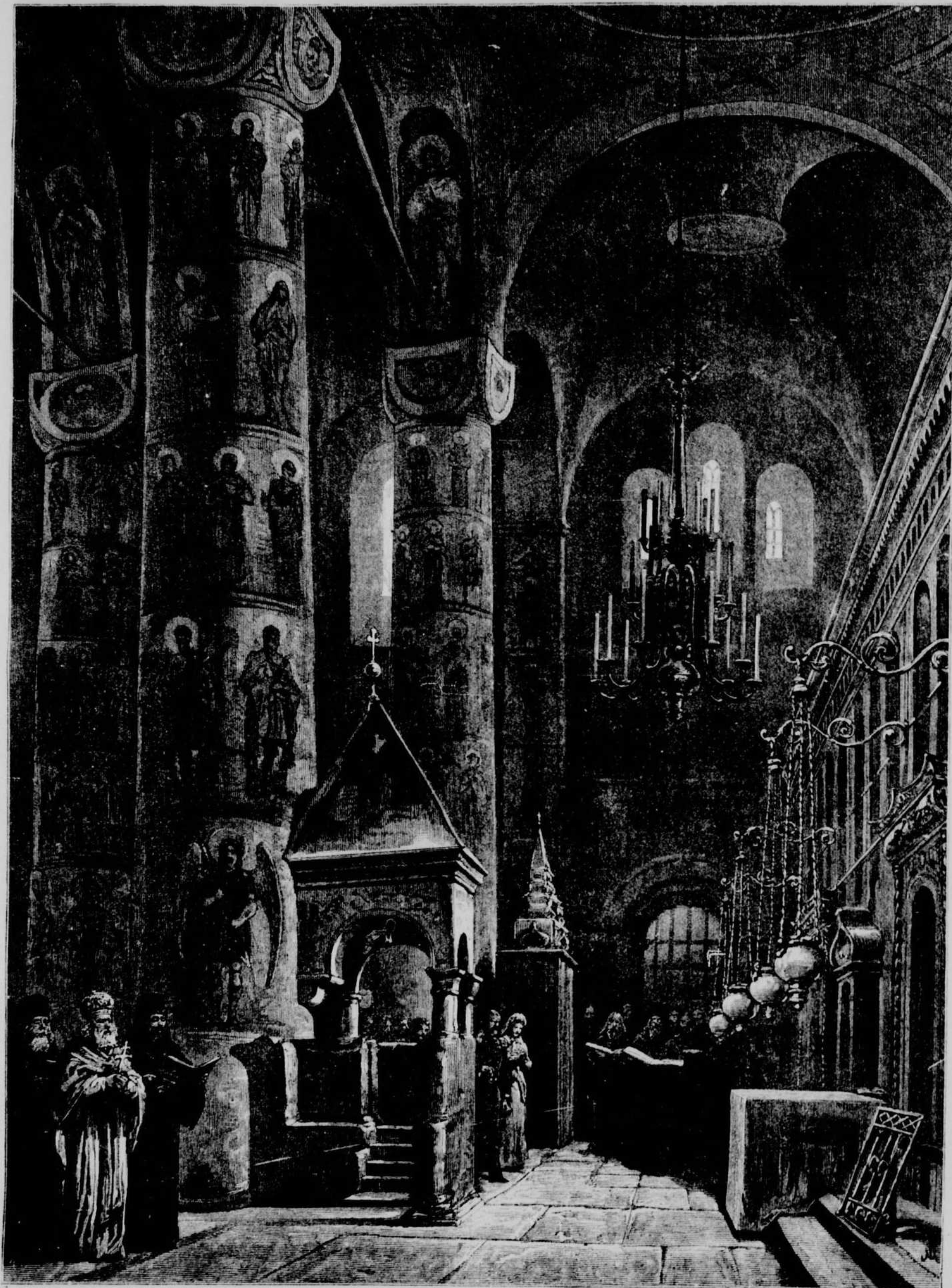
THE Spiritualists, being to some extent "played out," in the Western hemisphere, have been lately turning their attention to the East, where they are now trying to induce the Hindoos to join their ranks. But the Hindoos are wide awake, having profited by their long intercourse with English people. At a *seance* held recently in Calcutta a Bengalese gentleman put the leading spiritualist into a serious dilemma. In the course of the performance he had been touched on the nose by an individual said to have come from the other world, and purporting to represent the deceased father of the intelligent native, who at once remarked: "No, that is impossible! My father never washed himself once during his lifetime, and the hand of the spirit smelt of—soap!"

STATISTICS are claimed by the Catholics of Germany to show a large percentage of conversions to the Church of Rome from the Protestant aristocracy. Since 1880, it is said that no fewer than forty-four persons belonging to the "high nobility" have gone over, including three princesses (Sohns-Brannfels, Isenburg-Birstein, and Lowenstein-Wertheim), the Princess of Kourland, the Duchess of Sagan, eleven counts, twelve countesses (including the well-known Countess Hahn-Hahn), thirteen barons and three baronesses. On the other hand, the statement declares that only nine members of the Catholic aristocracy have been converted to Protestantism; namely, the Princess of Leiningen, three counts, three countesses, one baron and one baroness. Among the lower German nobility, the Church of Rome is also said to have made many proselytes.

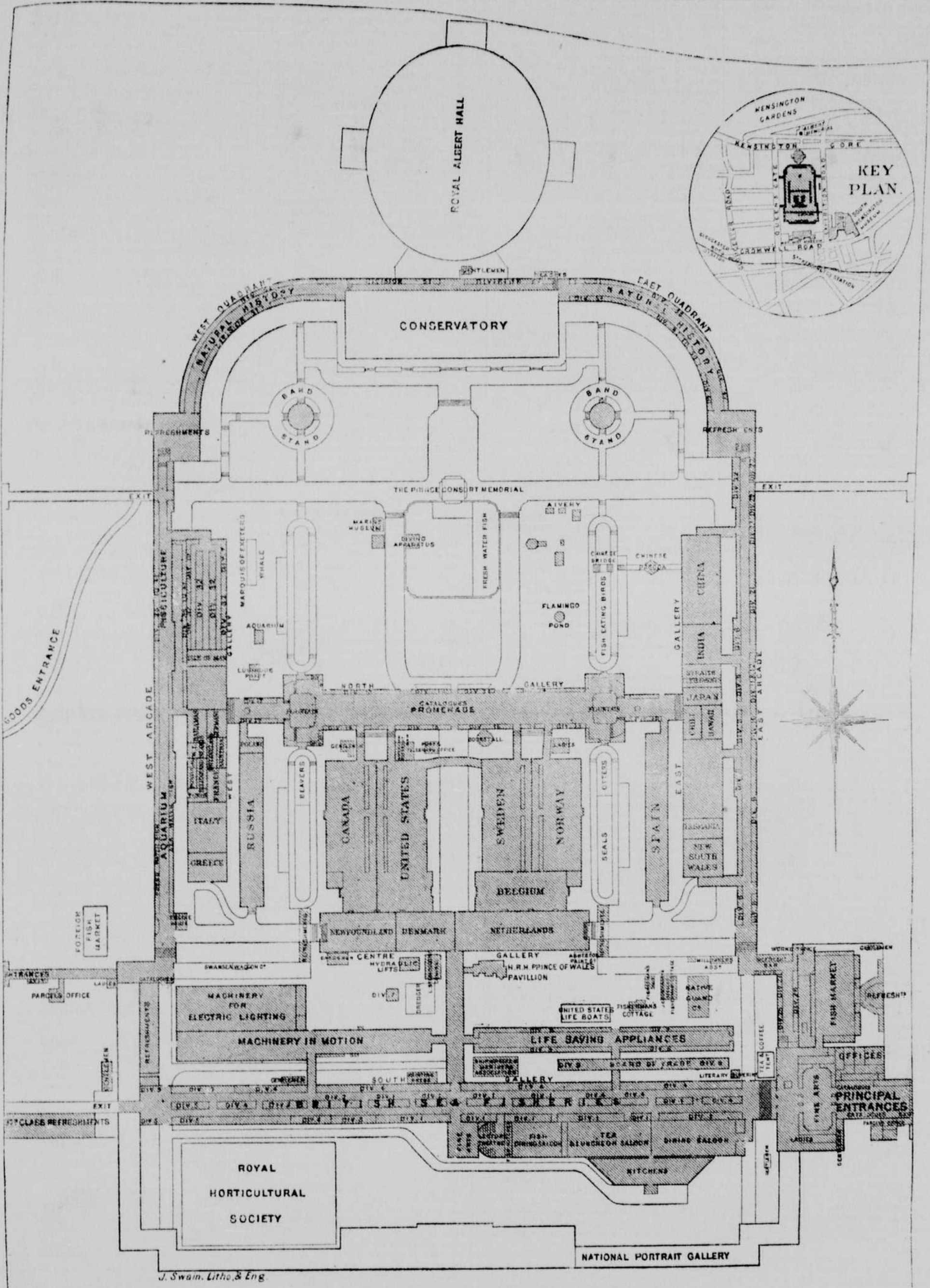
At the salon one perceives, says the Paris *Gazette*, very few traces of the irritation which is said to reign in the artistic official world of France towards Americans, on account of the recent changes in the American tariff as regards foreign works of art. Some few fine American pictures have been pitilessly "skied," but so, too, have some very excellent French ones. The contributions of Messrs. Bridgman, Sargent, Pearce and Ogden Wood, are all upon the line. Mr. Mosler and Mr. Alexander Harrison have not been as well treated as the merits of their contributions deserved. The "Breton Wedding," of the former, and "Un Esclave," by the latter, are among the finest American pictures in the salon. The colouring of the latter, in subdued tones of gray and green and faint rose colour, is very beautiful and delicate. As a whole, the picture surpasses the very successful "Castles in the Air," by the same artist. Mr. Pearce's pictures show conspicuous in strong qualities since their transfer to the salon.

PROF. FLEMING JENKIN, whose name is some guarantee that the project mooted is not chimerical, claims to be able to transmit goods and even passengers, in an almost continuous stream along a suspended wire rope or rod, by an electrical method of propulsion which he calls telpherage, the power being taken from stationary engines, as in the case of electric railway. It is now stated that a company called the Telpherage Company, (Limited), has been privately formed with this very object. An experimental line some miles in length will shortly be erected, and the names of those connected with the undertaking show that the invention has succeeded in gaining the confidence of men well able to judge such schemes. The plateway and the ship canal may soon have a younger rival. Shall we ever see a stream of cotton bales telphered along a suspended wire rope, rising straight from the hold of a ship and poured directly into our store-rooms with no intervention of carts or waggons? However novel the idea may be it no longer seems inconceivable.

A VEGETARIAN reports to the *British Medical Journal* the result of his year's experience without meat. At first, he found the vegetables insipid, and had to use sauces and pickles to get them down. As soon as he became accustomed to the diet, all condiments were put aside, except a little salt. The desire for tobacco and alcohol left him spontaneously. Then all his digestive functions became regular, and he found himself wholly free from headaches and bilious attacks. After three months, a troublesome rheumatism left him, and at the end of a year he had gained eight pounds in weight. He believes he can do more mental labor than before, and that all his senses are more acute. For breakfast, he has brown bread, apples and coffee; dinner consists of two vegetables, brown bread, and pie or pudding; for tea, he rejoices in bread and jam, with milk and water; and for supper, bread, jam, cold pudding, and, as a luxury, boiled onion. Eggs, milk, butter and cheese are used only in very small quantities. The dietist is a doctor, and his statement is drawing out many similar ones from medical men.



THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION IN THE KREMLIN, WHERE THE CORONATION TOOK PLACE.



100 200 300 400 500 FEET

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.
PLAN OF THE BUILDINGS.

SOME OLD SCHOOL BOOKS.

I have been back to my home again,
To the place where I was born,
I have heard the wind from the stormy main
Go rustling through the corn;
I have seen the purple hills once more;
I have stood on the rocky coast
Where the waves storm inland to the shore;
But the thing that touched me most

Was a little leather strap that kept
Some school-books, tattered and torn.
I sighed, I smiled, I could have wept.
When I came on them one morn;
For I thought of the merry little lad,
In the mornings sweet and cool,
If weather was good or weather bad,
Going whistling off to school.

My fingers undid the strap again,
And I thought how my hand has changed,
And half in loving, and half in pain,
Backward my memory ranged.
There was the grammar I knew so well—
I didn't remember a rule;
And the old blue speller—I used to spell
Better than any in school.

And the wonderful geography
I've read on the green hill-side,
When I told myself I'd surely see
All hands in the world so wide,
From the Indian homes in the far, far West
To the mystical Cathay,
I have seen them all. But home is best
When the evening shades fall gray.

And there was the old arithmetic,
All tattered and stained with tears,
I and Jamie and little Dick
Were together in by-gone years,
Jamie has gone to the better land;
And I get, now and again,
A letter in Dick's bold, ready hand
From some great Western plain.

There wasn't a book, and scarce a page,
That hadn't some memory
Of days that seemed like a golden age.
Of friends I shall no more see,
And so I picked up the books again
And buckled the strap once more,
And brought them over the tossing main:
Come, children, and look them o'er.

And there they lay on a little stand,
Not far from the Holy Book;
And his boys and girls with loving care
O'er grammar and speller look.
He said, "They speak to me, children dear,
Of a past without annoy;
And the Book of Books in promise clear
Of a future full of joy."

A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.

The long, sinuous, half-living, half-breathing monster, with its freight of human bodies and human souls, sped on its way from ocean to ocean. The weary mortals that it bore felt every joint and sinew within their tired frames throb and ache with the unaccustomedness of the rapid transit, and turned in vain from scanning the monotony of the prairie scenery to the still more monotonous and unchanging faces and conversation of their fellow-travelers.

One only among them all held some claim to interest even after the tediousness of hours of companionship. One only seemed as one set apart; as an outsider, whose way might lie with theirs for the present, but whose life or purpose they might never know.

When she had entered no one could tell, whither she was bound none among them could ascertain, though, in the first glow of interest at the welcome sight of a strange face, many had gathered about, and, under one pretense or another, had asked the question, only to be met with so chilling and yet so timid a response, that out of mere kindness to her as well as respect for themselves they could advance no further.

So she had been left to herself and her own thoughts—this young, girlish woman, with her English skin and English voice—and her thoughts were not dear companions just then, to judge from her set mouth and frightened eyes—eyes that grew shade by shade less fearful as mile after mile was left behind.

The train official when questioned gave but scant replies, though he might have told, had not a keen sense of honor prevented, of a young Englishwoman with frightened eyes, coming to him during the brief stoppage at a wayside village and imploring him to take her on with him—to take her small stock of ornaments—a chain, a ring, and an old-fashioned brooch—in payment for her passage-right.

So the hours passed by. Her fellow-travelers using one means or another to beguile away the long days, ever and anon glancing towards her in half-doubtful, half-questioning kindness, but always repelled; and she, the self-made pariah, shrinking further and further away from them all.

Gradually the nervous tremor that always overtook her as the speed began to slacken and the voice of the engine called forth the warning to the approaching halting place, wore away. She seemed more at ease, less overwrought. While passing through the smiling farm country and mountainous regions of Pennsylvania, she took from her small bag two objects that her nearest neighbor craned his neck in vain to see, thinking to obtain a clue to the mystery that surrounded her.

One was a tiny slip cut from an Eastern paper, the advertisement of a firm who pandered to the modern mania for aesthetic furnishings and costumes, who made a specialty of modern old English embroideries. The other was a bit of creamy satin upon whose surface a cunning hand had wrought a device of dog-violets and forget-me-nots with sprays of the

English ivy—wrought so perfectly, with such exactitude of form and color that they seemed to live, to grow upon their silken background.

At last the journey's end came; the terminus was reached, and, in the hurry and confusion attending the arrival, none noted or thought of the lonely woman, who, in her utter bewilderment, stood gazing about, this way and then that, watching the forms of the retreating ones, entirely at a loss as to which direction to take, which course to pursue.

By a question here and a direction there; by pushing her way through the chance openings in a crowd that seemed all elbows and sharp protruding angles, now and again regaining breath and strength after the encounter in the quiet desolation of some unfrequented street, she at length arrived at the address printed on the bit of paper so carefully treasured.

Here, after making known her errand and exhibiting her perfect work, she was immediately engaged as one of the many hands employed in the creation of the artistic needle work for which this firm has become world-renowned, and over which half the cultivated members of the earth's family—the ones who know—have gone mad.

Before allowing her to leave, her employer beckoned to one of the many accountants engaged in adding the long columns representing the enormous profits of the firm, and subtracting from them the proportionately small sum given as a recompense to those whose skill and labor had been, metaphorically speaking, the geese which laid these golden eggs, and motioned him towards the waiting woman.

"Your name?" asked the beckoned one, with a kindly smile at the pale face now before him.

The woman stammered and hesitated.

"Mrs——" she began at last. "No! I mean Gwendoline Darcy."

"A false name," thought the man, as he entered it at the foot of the long list, but he will smile at her, as Malcolm Goodale always smiled at any woman who seemed to need friendly sympathy.

"Now your place of residence, please," he added, looking up from his ponderous volume.

Gwendoline started and flushed.

The young man instantly guessed at the situation.

"You have no present home," he suggested, pleasantly, as if such a fact were a matter of small moment. "Then I would advise you to let me take you to my boarding place," continued this benefactor of helpless womanhood, this modern knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. "Many of the embroidery girls stay there, and it's a pleasant enough place, clean and homelike."

Two years had passed since Gwendoline's long, solitary journey from West to East. Two years, during which her skilled hand, quick eye and artistic mind had served to keep her, not in the luxuries, but in more than the bare necessities of life—the food and shelter for mere physical well-being.

That she was happy in her new home and employment none could doubt who saw the old bloom returning to her pleasant face, the old merry sparkle to her deep, blue eyes.

And yet, with it all, there still hung an air of mystery, of secret sorrow, about her. A month of careless, happy living, when every day seemed to bring new pleasure, every week had in its train new enjoyments, when her fellow-workers and companions would be attracted towards her by the very buoyant joyfulness and freedom from care that seemed to encircle her, would be followed by a fit of such deep despondency, such bitter pain, that all would shrink away again, repelled by the sudden change, the unaccountable demeanor.

Through all the varied experience of the past months Malcolm Goodale had befriended her. His first interest had never flagged. His help and advice had been hers in all her troubles and perplexities.

With all his love of ease and comfort, his laughing, careless good nature, he could never see a woman suffering for the lack of aid without offering his assistance in the difficulty. He might regret it, he might chafe angrily against the self-imposed duty afterwards, but the first impulse was always to take some of the burden from the feeble hands.

In this instance there was something more than a mere kindly impulse. Now it had become a pleasure to lend his strong manhood to another. To see the flush mounting slowly into Gwendoline's pale cheeks, to see the fearful shadow daily retreating from her eyes, were all the return he asked for his services—services that had been taxed not a little during the utter strangeness and unusedness of her first Winter in her new home.

There can be but one ending to such companionship. The result must inevitably be the same when a lonely, friendless girl finds her one support, her only counselor, in a man of her own age; who, in his overflowing good nature, gives comfort and cheer to all who stand in need, but keeps something deeper and higher than mere outward service for her alone.

Of course, the women, her fellow boarders, noted this fact. One might as reasonably hope to control the movements of the heavenly bodies, to "bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion," as to conceal an active love story from the feminine eyes, that are so quick to observe its first tokens. They were not slow to disclose to Gwendoline, by smiles and

innuendos, their knowledge of all that was occurring. For a time she seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of their byplay, but one day when she heard her name connected with young Goodale's, in an unmistakable way and with unmistakable significance, she seemed like one waking from a happy dream to the bitter realities of life again.

At last a crisis came.

One evening, wet, rainy and disagreeable, as she returned from carrying to her employers her latest handiwork, a masterpiece in its way—a screen, on whose rough, silky groundwork bloomed a cluster of pure ox-eyed daisies and feathery maiden-hair fern—as she struggled bravely on, proving the truth of the reverse of the axiom that "two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time" by the fact that both hands could not be used to steady the wind-blown umbrella, and yet one perform the office of lifting her dragging skirts from the pavement, she heard well-known footsteps hurrying towards her, and in a moment more they had overtaken her, and Malcolm was at her side.

She gave a sigh of relief as he took the bobbing umbrella out of her weary hands and held it firmly in his own.

"Oh, how nice it seems," she said, looking up at him with a smile as she rescued her already damp garments from further damage—"how nice it is to have somebody to take care of one."

"Do you think so, Gwen?" he asked, a light flashing from his face. "Then, my dear, I am sure you will be willing to grant me the privilege of taking care of you always. You must know how much I love you, how gladly I would relieve you from all care and sorrow, how willingly I would shield you from all hardship," his young, rather weak face wearing a more steady, more determined look in the strength of his purpose to be all he had said, ay, and far more to the woman by his side. "I am certain you care for me," he added, a ring of triumph in his clear voice, as he looked down, sure of his answer.

There was no happy light in her face. Her lips were set and bloodless, the old fear had returned to her eyes.

"Why, Gwen, my darling!" he gasped, startled by the sudden transformation. "What, what is it?"

"Don't ask me, don't speak to me!" said the girl, almost fiercely, and the door of her stopping-place was now reached, she sprang from him and rushed away—to be alone—away from him, from every one!

"What have I ever done?" she thought, bitterly, as, locked into her little room, she buried her face deep in the pillows of the narrow bed, and clinched her hands till the stretched cords cramped. "Why must my life be so different, so unlike others! How happy, oh, how happy I might be if only I dared! But I cannot—I cannot!" Her strained eyes burning hot, a shower of golden sparks falling endlessly before them, buried as they were in the soft down.

Lying thus she heard a footstep coming along the hall, then a soft knock at her door.

"Gwen!" called the voice of one of her girl friends. "Gwen! I have something for you. Something from Mr. Goodale," with a laugh.

There was no answer, and the girl without, never guessing of the anguish, the hopeless misery, of the girl within, slipped a small mischievous key beneath the warped door, and went away, saying to herself, "She will find it when she comes," wishing that she, too, might find the beginning of her life's romance.

How many hours passed by while she lay there in a sort of bodily stupor, only the poor racked brain fighting hopelessly against its new burden of sorrow, Gwen never knew. Long after the lighted street-lamp had thrown its bright reflection across her floor, she slowly rose and, lighting her own gas-jet, picked up the small note from beneath the door-sill and read it.

It was what she knew it must be—an expostulation against her strange conduct; an answer asked for; a right demanded.

She sat motionless for a moment, then a look of stern determination hardened her features.

"I must tell him," she said to herself. "He is right when he claims the knowledge. But, oh! my God! how hard it is to tell it—the shameful story!"

She took up her desk, itself a keen reminder of her lover, for he had given it as a Christmas present to her—a welcome gift at the time—when, though the very poorest were giving and receiving loving tokens, she in her loneliness had felt herself set apart from the merry throng in their holiday gladness; and, with a white, rigid face wrote.

In few words and brief sentences her secret was told. A pitiful tale of wrong done under the guise of religious sanction—of sorrow and misery that must haunt her until death brought a merciful relief.

The daughter of a well-to-do English farmer, her childhood's days had been passed in innocent and peaceful solitude. Then nothing had given warning of the cruel fate that was to claim her. It was not until after the death of both parents that any cloud of trouble or care, even "the size of a man's hand," had appeared upon her horizon. Since then a tempest had overwhelmed and engulfed her, body and soul. A prophet from the Western World had come to the small village where she had stopped after her bereavement, and, hearing of her land's property, her farm with its acres of golden grain, her orchards with their fruit-bent boughs, had

used the full measure of his eloquence in expounding to her the new faith.

Small wonder that, coming as he did in the newness of her first sorrow, she listened to his subtly worded phrases—listened and believed. Small wonder that, soothed, flattered, persuaded by his oily tongue and mock sympathy, she consented to give up her English home to go with him.

She thought with the apostle of old that in acting under this man's advice she was "doing God's service." She found, when bound by irrevocable ties, that she was in the very hot-house of corruption; that though in a land that drew up long codes of law against bigamy, she had been led into a community that recognized no such law, that claimed the freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, and yet violated openly and professedly one of His solemn commandments.

The horror of the dawning truth had almost maddened her; had crushed from her brain all thought and purpose save that of escape. This she had at length accomplished, but time alone could obliterate the fear, the awful dread, that, though living under the much vaunted freedom of the Stripes and Stars, she could, if retaken, if discovered through all her safeguards of name and distant habitation, be forced back into the sinful life, into the home over which three others beside herself ruled as mistresses in lieu of their marriage rights.

Time had gradually obliterated this haunting truth, time and the cheery presence of her new friend.

With the sorrow of to-day it had all come back. With every impulse of heart and nature she turned to the new life offered her, only to realize more cruelly the nature of the tie that held her back.

For one wild instant an alternative course flashed o'er her mind.

What need to tell all this, to inflict pain on another? Why not take the goods the gods had sent her? Surely the high Power, if there were any high Power that controlled the world, had forgotten her. Why not exclaim:

"Evil, be thou my good!"

And so exchange her present lot for one far happier, far more satisfying!

Her early training, the remembrance of her mother, all her home-life and home lessons forbade such a course.

The thought of the easy path to happiness for herself and another that lay through a divorce court never darkened her mind. She believed too implicitly in human inability to annul the binding force of the words she had spoken on her wedding morn.

And so, with a mind torn between duty and inclinations with hands that trembled and a heart that moaned in its agony, she finished and folded her letter.

"Oh, my love—my love," she sobbed, as she wrote the familiar name, "how can I give you up?"

For the next week there was a lull as of the calm that succeeds the tempest. Gwendoline went about as one in a dream. Malcolm was not in his accustomed place; she was spared the sorrow of seeing his anguish.

Then he came back to her, haggard and worn, rebelling against her decree, claiming his own, bringing all the sophistry of the age to bear on her firm resolution.

"You are not that man's wife, Gwen. You must acknowledge that. You are but one of four; he has no claim on you."

"I was his first wife," she answered, striving to keep her brain clear through this last severe test. "I am his wife. I cannot live with him. I cannot cleave to him in his evil ways—his self-styled religion; but I can marry no other," her lips and voice trembling over the last words, her eyes flashing one answering gleam of love at the man she was thus renouncing.

A wicked light shone on Malcolm's excited face as her firm opposition spurred him on to sharper resistance—to closer argument.

"I will win her yet," he muttered, as he turned to leave her, watching the slight figure with its bent head and hidden face. "She cannot hold out. To-morrow she must surely yield."

But with the coming of the morrow the young Englishwoman's place was vacant; her handiwork was left for another's completion. She had again sought for safety in flight. She had vanished as she had appeared, leaving no clew, no trace by which she might be followed; leaving only in one heart the bitter memory of her love and loss; bearing with her only the shame and pain of her sorrowful secret.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON, the novelist, of Alabama, has a very fine dairy in which she takes much pride. Her Jersey cows take prizes. She personally attends to the making of jams and jellies, and her guests at Mobile praise her excellent homemade wine.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering 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. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Novas 169 Power's Block, Rochester, N.Y.

THE TRYST HOUR.

Come to me, for I wait, Not by the garden-gate As off of old I waited, Under the hush of leaves, On dewy Summer eves, When by some worldly chance thou wert belated.

Ah, then it was so dear To list thy steps draw near, And feel thine arms enfold me, And with a whispered word, Sweeter the of teneb heard, To have the old, old tender story told me.

Nay, not as then I wait! Far, far more long and late The tryst I now am keeping, The sounds of wind and rain Are at my window-pane, And I am heavy-hearted with my weeping.

Unto the only place Where now I see thy face, The angel Sleep must guide me, I wait her darkening wing Above me hovering, Before thy long-lost form can stand beside me.

Come to me, it is late! O Sleep, O Love, I wait! And while so cold above thee I know the turf is prest, I'll dream that on thy breast I lay my head, and hear thy sweet, "I love thee!"

C. D. B.

CRUISE OF THE "NINE CAPTAINS."

A TRUE STORY OF OLD NANTUCKET.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

Nine men stood around the stove in Jeremiah Barnard's back store, a place where the men of Sherburne were very apt to congregate of a morning to talk over the news of the previous day and lay plans for the coming one. Nine fine stalwart men, hardy, bronzed and resolute, all in the prime of life—all Sherburne men—and each a skipper of some craft more or less important, ranging downwards from the big whalers swinging idly at their anchors in the harbor—for this was during the war of 1812, and the British had laid an embargo upon the port of Sherburne, and privateersmen were hovering all along the coast ready to pounce upon anything venturing to sail under the flag of the United States.

Now, whaling being the industry of Sherburne, and the money it produced almost the only means of procuring food, clothing and other necessities from New York and other places with which the coasters carried on an active little trade, this embargo proved a very serious matter to Sherburnites, and one not likely to be patiently borne by such men as now stood around Jeremiah Barnard's box-stove, and shook each other's iron hands with mysterious emphasis.

"Well, then, here's nine of us agreed," said Obed Coffin, the usual spokesman on all occasions: "Here's Folger, and Macy, and Hussey, and Coleman, and Ray, Tom Coffin and me, Gardner and Mitchell—that counts nine, don't it? And there's my schooner, the Betsey, and if you're agreed we'll now christen her the Nine Captains, load her with candles, oil and salt codfish, put her through to New York under the noses of the blockaders and bring her home again with corn enough to plant all Nantucket and make a johnny-cake or two beside."

"You'd rather plant beans than corn, hadn't you, cap'n?" asked Coleman, with a sly wink at Gardner, who hastily turned the subject by suggesting:

"Seeing we're all captains, it would be advisable to ship one fellow before the mast, for cook if nothing else. Who'll we find?"

"Why, there's Jared Dunham," suggested Tom Coffin, younger brother of the first speaker. "He's a poor stick for hand and reef, but he can make a chowder with any man."

"And I should say Cap'n Russell to take command, though we don't look for very strict discipline, I suppose," suggested Folger, while Macy added:

"Well, no; I reckon we've all played 'old man' too long to go back to be ship's boy; but one has got to take the lead, and I'd as lief it would be Dan Russell as any man I know."

"All right, mates, I'll do my best," said Russell, quietly, and once more the strong grip of an unspoken pledge was exchanged between man and man, and pretty soon the nine captains departed to their several homes.

Three days later Captain Russell stood in his own kitchen, dressed in his sea-clothes, packing a large canvas bag which he called a kit, and talking with his wife. A fine boy of perhaps fourteen stood by, with a very anxious look upon his face. Mrs. Russell looked from father to son, a cloud of anxiety darkening her comely brow.

"It's just as you say, mother," said the captain, examining the soles of a pair of boots. "If you need him at home, home it is, and if you don't I'll take him along."

"It isn't that I need him, Daniel, but the danger—"

"Danger! Fol-de-rol, woman!" interrupted the captain, good-humoredly. "The boy's no baby, nor no fool neither, and if it hadn't been for this embargo he'd have been off whaling before now. He don't care for danger, do you, Ned?"

"I guess not—not much," replied the boy, with a voice of superb disdain. "Come, mother, say yes, say yes, say yes, mamma, do!"

"Well, yes then, since you're bound to go, Ned," said the mother bravely, but so tremulously that her husband hurriedly changed the subject by saying: "And now, tell me wife, what'll you have from York. Say anything you've a mind to, old woman, and you shall have it, for I'm going to make my fortune this trip, and my fortune's your fortune."

"Well, cap'n, there are two or three little conveniences I'd like round the house," replied the wife, dropping her apron, and looking up rather eagerly. "Several of the neighbors have got them, and—"

"You ain't going to let them get ahead of you, blow high, nor blow low," interrupted the captain, putting the last article into his kit and tying it up with a bit of tarred rope-yarn. "Well, that's all right, my dear, and what are the little conveniences in plain English?"

"Well, I thought I'd like to have a warming-pan like neighbor Tabby Mitchell's for one thing. It's real handy in case of sickness, and—"

"There's the coach, father," interrupted Ned, as a faint and mournful sound swept by on the March wind.

"You're right, boy. Get your own kit ready! Now then, wife, warming-pan it is: and what else?"

"A coffee-mill I was thinking of. Aunt Dinah Folger says it saves a sight of trouble, and—"

"Coffee-mill it is. Anything more?"

"Well, husband, I'd like a first-rate Holy Bible, a big, square one, with a place to put down all the children's ages, and—"

"Come on, Captain Russell! Coach's blown twice a'ready," called Captain Coleman's voice from the gate, and Captain Russell, giving his wife a hearty hug and kiss, shouted, "Ay, ay!" into her very ear, and then, more softly: "Holy Bible it is, Lizzie, and coffee-mill it is, and warming-pan; and, Ned, I'll fetch 'em all if God spares my life, and do you keep yourself and the youngsters safe and well against I come home."

"I'll try, Daniel," and then Ned came for his good-by, and fifteen minutes later the wife and mother ran up to the walk on top of the house and waved her white apron in farewell to the Nine Captains, standing out of the harbor with a fresh southerly breeze on his weather beam. Space and time forbid us to follow the little craft on her adventurous voyage; suffice it to say that the favoring breeze continued, that she escaped the vigilance of British cruisers and privateersmen, and on the third day ran the blockade of New York harbor and triumphantly made fast to one of the rude wharves, now replaced by elegant piers in the lower parts of the city.

The candles and oil came at just the right time, and were disposed of at war prices to the great content of the owners, and even the salt fish went off at a profit well covering the cost of the entire journey.

The nine captains were men who never flinched from danger or toil so long as endurance was necessary, but they were also men who believed in recreation as well as toil, and having disposed of their cargo and bought the return freight of grain, provisions and various necessities for the island, they devoted a week or so to amusement and social enjoyment of the city so lately their own capital, for it was only nineteen years since Sherburne had been made over to the government of Massachusetts by that of New York State.

But at last both pleasure and business being well completed the jolly crew reassembled on board, hove their anchor, set all sail, changed shore clothes for son'westers and pea-jackets, and with a parting cheer to the comrades on the wharf the nine captains dropped down the stream and faced the blockaders.

"If we get clear with this cargo, boys, and sell at home as well as we have in York, it'll be the best voyage ever a man-jack of us made yet, according to its length that is," chuckled Capt. Berzillar Hussey, as he came aft to take his trick at the helm.

"Best not to bar'l your ile 'fore you get your whale cut in," growled in Captain Coleman, whom he relieved.

"That's so," asserted Captain Russell, standing by. "All I lay out for sure is to get my woman's warming pan and coffee-mill and Holy Bible safe ashore, and the rest goes for luck."

"Going to have a change of weather 'fore night," remarked Captain Ray, squinting his eyes up at the sun, and Captain Gardner, a very silent man, nodded significantly.

The prophecy was not long in proving itself correct, and by eight bells all hands were piped, not to dinner, as they would have liked, but to haul down the jib and reef both fore and main-sail, and in another hour the Nine Captains was scudding through Long Island Sound before a fifteen knot breeze, blocks and halyards rattling and swinging, canvas cracking, two men at the helm, an old-fashioned tiller by-the-way, whose length swept the quarterdeck from rail to rail, and everything portable shifting with every lurch of the crank little craft.

"Wish we had a hundred tun of ile in our hold," said Captain Coleman, uneasily. "That corn ain't ballast enough for such a gale as this."

"What I wish is that 'twas in barrels," replied Captain Folger. "If it should shift in a body over to leeward, it would be good-by to the Nine Captains."

"That's so, Folger, but it ain't going to shift," blithely spoke Tom Coffin. "And I tell you, boys, this is just the ground for bluefish, and unless I'm a bigger fool than I think myself, I see a school yonder. Mighty early for 'em, but I—yes, there she blows!"

"I believe you're right, Tom, who'd think of fishing in a gale like this," growled Macy, and Tom, with his jolly laugh, replied:

"Gale! Don't call this a gale, do you? Boy Ned and I are going to fish, I tell you, while the rest of you man the ship. Aren't we, Ned?"

"Yes, sir," replied Ned, delighted, and in a few moments a half-dozen lines were overboard, for Tom Coffin's practiced eye had not deceived him, and the Nine Captains had run across the earliest school of bluefish seeking their Summer resorts near the shore. The example was contagious, and presently every man on board, not otherwise engaged, was holding a bluefish line, or hauling in the beautiful victims, until the sport was suddenly arrested by two shouts from the two lookouts:

"British cruiser ahead on the weather bow!"

"Corn shifting in the hold!"

"Hang the luck!" cried Tom Coffin, hauling in his last bluefish, a splendid fellow, and flinging him into the tub in the lee scuppers, just about filled to the brim.

"Hang the corn, I say," retorted his brother. "We can neither fight nor run with our craft on her beam ends, if we don't capsize altogether."

"Look here, boys," exclaimed Folger, beckoning his comrades close together, "we're going to be taken sure; for, as Coffin says, we can neither fight nor run in this fashion, but that brigantine won't spare more than two or three men to take this schooner up to Halifax, and one of us will be carried along to condemn the craft in their courts; one of us, I say, mates, and I don't see a man here that isn't a match for any three of those press-gang fellows yonder."

"That's so, brother Folger," exclaimed one, and all gave assent by voice or look, while Russell quietly said:

"Send me, if you can, boys. I'll do my best, and maybe the Nine Captains won't make so long a cruise as Halifax."

"Yes, yes, Russell's the man; send him," exclaimed one and all, and Russell, putting his hand on Ned's shoulder, added:

"You'll look out for my boy, mates, and Ned, you see that mother gets her Holy Bible, and the rest of the stuff."

"I'll do my best, father," said the boy, stoutly, albeit his young eyes were bright with tears.

The gale had now moderated so far that the Wasp, one of the British cruisers blockading Long Island Sound, was able to round to cross the bow of the Nine Captains, fire a gun, and summon her to surrender, which, as already agreed upon, she did without resistance, and in a few moments a boat with the lieutenant commanding the Wasp, came aboard, examined the schooner's papers, asked a few questions, and ordered a parade of the crew.

"Ten men and a boy for this little schooner, and such fine-looking men, too!" exclaimed he. "Well, my brave fellows, your vessel is seized as a lawful prize, and if I had my way I'd draft every man of you aboard my ship as a British seaman; as it is, you'll be sent ashore at the nearest point of your own beggarly coast. Of course one of you has got to go to the provinces with the prize to condemn her, but he'll find a passage back easily. Which man will you recommend, captain?"

He turned to Captain Folger as he spoke, he having been put forward to receive the enemy by tacit consent, and he, gravely looking over the bronzed faces before him, replied:

"Well, sir, I don't know. Most of us have families and business, you see, and it would be hard for us to make a trip to Halifax just now, but there's our man Dan, if he'd do. He's a simple sort of a fellow, mighty little help aboardship, but he can cook tolerably, and do odd jobs as he's told. If he'd do, now—"

"Oh, yes, he'd do well enough. Where is he?" replied the lieutenant, hastily, for, truth to tell, the shifting corn had eared the Nine Captains to a very dangerous angle, and he was in haste to regain his own boat.

"You, Dan! Where are you, man?" cried Folger, as carelessly as he could, and Russell, slouching forward with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders rounded over, and as shiftless an air as possible all over him, replied:

"Here I am, cap'n. I don't want to go to Halifax."

"Oh, yes, you do, Dan. You've got nobody to cry if you never come back, and your place ain't hard to fill," replied Folger, a suspicious twinkle in his merry eyes. "He'll do as well as a better man, captain."

But the lieutenant was no fool, and his stern eyes had already noted the splendid proportions, well strung muscles and iron jaws of the proposed hostage, which not all Russell's assumed simplicity could make his face that of a fool or a coward.

"H'm! I don't fancy the looks of your man Dan, Captain Folger," said the lieutenant, grimly. "You say he'll do as well as a better man, but I don't see a better man here, and if I sent your man Dan aboard my prize I have a queer sort of a suspicion she'd never see Halifax. No, sir, Dan won't do; but there's a fellow that will," and, nodding towards Dunham, the cook, the officer added:

"That's the man who's going to Halifax, and as for the rest of you, bundle into that boat as

quick as you've a mind to, and I'll leave four of my own men aboard, and send a gang to shift that corn, if it's to be done."

"I believe it's law for us to take our personal property, captain," suggested Folger, swallowing his disappointment as well as he could, and looking around on his comrades.

"Yes, your clothes and money; rouse out your kits, sharp," replied the lieutenant, gruffly, as he glanced over the side.

"I've got two or three little matters aboard for my wife, cap'n," began Russell, amiably. "A warming pan and a coffee-mill, and a Holy—"

"Get your coffee-mill and your Holy, and go to glory with 'em, you villain," shouted the officer, half-laughing in spite of himself, and casting a longing eye over Russell's active figure.

"I'd like to rate you as A. B. aboard ship, that's all."

"Thank'y cap'n, but I'd about as lief sail my own ship," retorted Dan, diving down the companion way.

"His own ship? What does he mean?" demanded the lieutenant, uneasily.

"Oh, it's only some of his nonsense," replied Folger, carelessly. "There's that tub of bluefish, cap'n; they are personal property, I reckon. No part of the schooner's cargo, anyway. Want to trade for 'em, or let your men trade?"

"Trade? Why they are on s already, man," replied the officer, eyeing the lively fare greedily. "Just caught, eh?"

"Yes, sir; just caught, and as you won't trade, I'll fling 'em overboard again," said Folger, going towards them. "For we Yankees know the law certain in maritime matters, and these fish don't go with the craft, or there'll be a fuss."

"What'll you take for them?" demanded the lieutenant, dryly, for he knew that the Yankee captain spoke the truth.

"Five sovereigns, captain, not a penny less. Ship's stores you'll rate 'em, you know. It isn't your expense."

"Schooner's keeling over more, sir," reported the boatswain, touching his cap.

"And so she is. You'll get your five sovereigns as soon as we reach the Wasp, Captain Folger. All hands aboard the boat!"

Captain Folger solemnly winked at Captain Coffin, Captain Macy poked Captain Mitchell in the ribs, Captain Gardner thrust his tongue in his cheek to Captain Tom, and Captains Coleman, Hussey and Ray grinned delightedly at each other. Twenty-five dollars for that tub of bluefish gave them more satisfaction than the loss of their schooner and cargo depressed them.

Late that evening the Wasp landed her dangerous prisoners on the shore of Block Island, the British lieutenant drawing his first full breath as his boat returned safely to the brigantine's side.

"If those nine fellows had staid aboard the Wasp overnight, I believe they'd have taken her bare-handed," said he to the master's mate, standing beside him who gruffly responded:

"Shouldn't wonder, sir, specially that Dan."

The Nine Captains, with her cargo, shifted back into position, sailed for Halifax the next morning, but never reached there, nor was her fate ever known; but it is probable that the cargo again shifted and the schooner capsized.

The hardships and adventures of her late crew and owners upon Block Island, and their escape therefrom, after six weeks' waiting for a chance craft, would make another story as long as this, and cannot here be told. Landing on the western point of Martha's Vineyard, just below the pointed cliffs of Gay Head, now crowned by one of the finest lighthouses on the coast, but then desolate of all except a few Indian wigwams, they made their way on foot to the other extremity, where, at what is now called Oak Bluffs and Cottage City, they found a fisherman just in with his smack, and prevailed upon him to take them over to Nantucket.

"I expect nothing but they're all lost, neighbor Russell," said Mrs. Folger, with her apron at her eyes, as she sat in Mrs. Russell's kitchen, talking of the nine captains and their namesake, the schooner. "Food for fishes before this, you may depend, and you and I widows, neighbor."

"Hark! who's that whistling up the street?" cried Mrs. Russell, springing to her feet. If that 'Yankee Doodle' isn't my Ned's voice, I'm a fool!"

But she was no fool, then or ever, and in another minute Ned and his father were in the room, and the captain, dropping the kit from his shoulder to the floor at her feet, said, with a grim smile:

"There, mother, there's the cruise; all that's left of it; the coffee-mill and the warming-pan are inside there, and Ned's got the Holy Bible, he backed it all the way down the Vineyard, and maybe that's the reason he's come through safe."

"Maybe," said the mother, laughing and crying all in one. "Thank God anyway; and so you have brought home safe what's inside these four walls now, the cruise might well have been a worse one."

"Well, that's so, wife," replied the captain, thoughtfully.

CAN'T GET IT.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kind y, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases H p B t-ters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed up stuff that will only harm you.



Gathering Seaweed

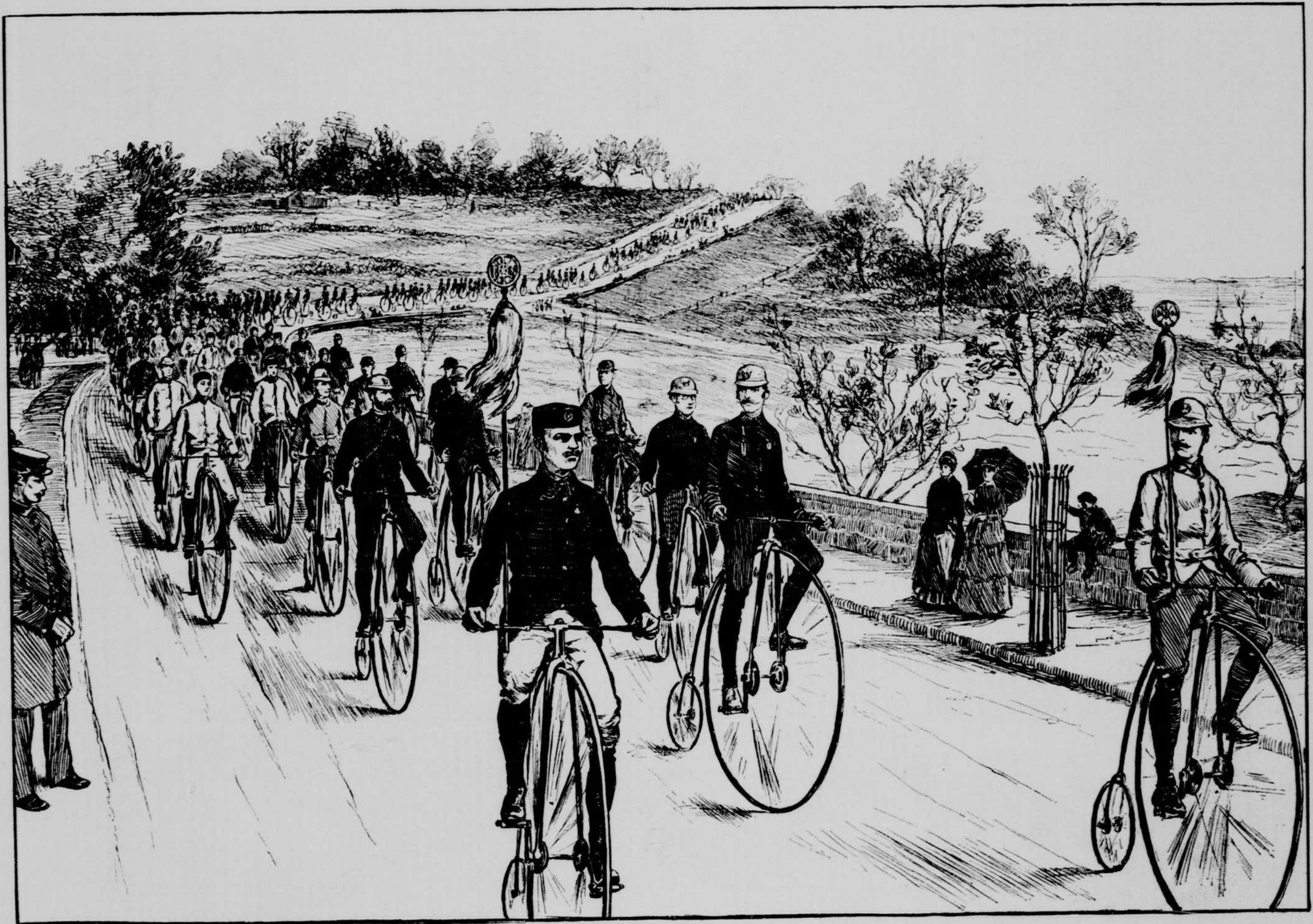
Dhlish Seller

Gathering Carrigun

Dhlish Girls

Peeling and drying Dhlish

THE DISTRESS IN IRELAND.—GATHERING SEA-WEED FOR FOOD ON THE COAST OF CLARE.



AMERICAN WHEELMEN.—PARADE ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE.

BALLADE OF WOODLAND FAIRIES.

When solemn midnight tolls the hour,
And in the glade no swain is seen,
Then nightly ope the forest flower,
Unless the storm abroad be keen,
And forth upon the velvet green
Titania leads her elfin band:
Sprites, gnomes, and goblins hail her queen—
Titania, queen of fairy land.

The gallant knights before her bow,
Armed with broad shields of silver sheen,
Stand lance in rest, and never cower,
Although the foe be fierce of mien.
Sir Puck in jaunty gabardine
Struts round with air of stern command,
Yet ever bows before her e'en,
Titania, queen of fairy land.

She holds in fee by spell-wrought power
All evil phantoms lank and lean,
And in the pines that lordly tower
The wayward oft hath prisoned been
And the fair fays that roam between
The woodland, in the meadows bland,
Pay humble court to her, I ween,
Titania, queen of fairy land.

ENVOI.

Mortals, who ever sow and glean,
Ye toilers of the horned hand,
The fairies are your friends, and e'en
Titania, queen of fairy land.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

A FRENCH NOVELIST.

JULES SANDEAU.

In "Ma Vie" George Sand does not tell in what wise she made the acquaintance of Jules Sandeau. The days of July, fifty-three years ago, set French schoolboys of the hobbledehoy age wild with excitement. Many of them broke away from pedagogic jails, in which they were locked up to study for that sine qua non of admittance to a profession or governmental post—the bachelor's degree. The gentle Jules Sandeau, son of a provincial registrar of deeds and mortgages was among the rebels. He escaped from a lyceum, went on a tour through Berri, and fell in at the ruined castle of La Châtre with Madame Dudevant. She, being romantic, invited him to Nohant, and took him on sentimental rambles through the valley of the Indre. He was her devoted page, and she was charmed with the contrast he presented to her wooden spouse, who governed her and his household in drill-sergeant fashion. At eighteen Jules was curly-headed, light of foot, ingenuous, gay, and something of a grown-up cupid. Though not the ideal man whom George Sand throughout her adult life sought, she found him an enchanting companion. However, as Dudevant objected to him, and he was dependent on his father, he had to quit Berri and go to study law in Paris. In his absence, the châtelaine of Nohant moped, had attacks of the vapors, found matrimony a galling chain, and only obtained relief in sitting up all night to express her feelings in the first, though not first published, of her works "Indiana." At the end of a year so passed, she broke away, and joined her young friend in the metropolis. He being now dead, Félix Pyat is the only survivor of the group of writers and artists in whose company George Sand entered the republic of letters fifty years ago. They were all from Berri. When the gifted wife of Baron Dudevant emancipated herself from dragging petticoats, and, to see life more conveniently, donned a man's coat, Jules Sandeau piloted her through the Quartier Latin. He and other Berrichons made a rampart about her at the pit entrances to theatres, and prevented her in the crowd from being roughly pushed to the wall. She was not then "George," but "Aurore" and Madame la Baronne. M. Sandeau was a law student of nineteen, and his fair friend a handsome, olive complexioned woman of seven-and-twenty, with large, serious black eyes that expressed only a power for day-dreaming. She and Jules with Pyat, worked at journalism, under the eye of a caustic, testy, and original person named Latouche, who was also from their province. He was over fifty, called himself their father in Apollo, and was the editor of the Figaro, which was then not larger than a son paper of the present day. It did not go in for news or actuality, but lived upon the wits and imagination of the staff. The office was in Latouche's bed-chamber—a big, old-fashioned room. He worked at the chimney corner, chatting as his pen ran on with his young apprentice journalists. Jules and Félix were alert writers, who knew how to point their sentences, and to give piquancy or biting power to their articles. The baroness had a little table and carpet to herself near the fire-place. She earned about thirteen francs a month, and considered herself well paid. While the others furnished just what was wanted, she only dreamed. When a subject was given to her to treat, and a slip of paper beyond which her pen was not to run, she got hold of a quire, and filled it with her straggling writing. Every word was foreign to the text. She generally ended by flinging all the "copy" into the fire. Jules one day rescued a manuscript from the flames. He saw there were, though it was all moonshine, many qualities which would delight sentimental readers, and proposed that newspaper work should be abandoned for novel writing. As Latouche was also in the publishing business, the idea was carried out. But the baroness asked her young friend to lend her his name. She had promised her mother-in-law—a narrow-minded, provincial dowager—never to disgrace that of Dudevant by associating it with literary

work. The "Sandeau" was halved, and "Rose et Blanche" was signed Jules Sand. The public took a fancy to it. Latouche asked for another novel. "Indiana," which had been brought away from Nohant, was produced. Jules declined to divide the honors of authorship. But as Latouche thought the name of Sand was already a good one in the literary market, it was agreed that the baroness was to keep it, and, to distinguish herself from the law student, to call herself George as well.

Jules Sandeau then lived in a poor sort of cockloft in the Rue Guenegand, opposite the Passage du Pont Neuf. It was a sordid part of the town, close to the Rue Mazarine. The literary association was an intimate one. George and Jules were of an age when people got drunk on cold water. Their feet were in the mud and their heads in the clouds—a state of things which lasted until the poet De Musset crossed their path. George then found out that Jules was neither "l'homme idéal" nor her superior. He was a human poodle, who did well enough to fetch and carry, but not to be worshipped. De Musset was famous, and therefore a feather in the cap of the woman who enslaved him. His bad temper was at the outset of the liaison regarded as a sign of superiority. A weakness for absinthe, and its consequences, were held as evidences of a Byronic temperament. The chulby, good-natured wit was deserted. He thought he should never recover from the blow, and asked Latouche whether he would not advise suicide as a means of escape from sorrow. That philosopher said: "If you were so heart-broken as you imagine, you would not ask counsel of any one. Go to Italy. Against your return, your wounds may be cicatrized." Jules went soon after George and her poet undertook, for love, liberty, and to vindicate equal rights, a journey to Venice. Latouche blessed the pilgrims ere they started; nevertheless, their pilgrimage ended in an irreconcilable quarrel. An Italian doctor was found more ideal than De Musset.

Sandeau, at Turin, wrote a letter to his former companion, and dropped it into a letter-box. Then, feeling ashamed of his weakness, he called on the postmaster and supplicated him to return it to him. "If you tell me the first and last sentences I shall have much pleasure." "They are, 'Je vous aime.' And the subject treated, 'Je vous aime, et encore, je vous aime.'" "And all that is about a monsieur called George? As I am not a fool, you won't be given the letter." Count Cavour entering, recognized in Sandeau a friend's friend, and obtained for him the amorous epistle.

The honest fellow did not harbor malice against the lady; but he avoided her all the rest of her life. He eventually married a woman to who he became the most attached of husbands, and he regretted his Nohant romance. "Mariana" was his answer to "Lelia" and "Jacques." There was a good deal of Jules in the "predestined" husband of the latter novel, in which the thesis was argued that gallantry demands of a husband of whom his wife is tired to emancipate her or to commit suicide. A sin of Sandeau's youth was having taught George Sand to smoke. She had no conversational talent, and was too imaginative to be a good listener. When she and a literary or artistic friend smoked, she did not resent being neglected by him.

Jules Sandeau, though a man of rare brightness of intellect, was plodding, and, until attacked by liver complaint, patient as an ox. Fortune favored him, but not in a striking manner, through the best part of his career. He soon got into a vein of luck, and kept in it. Louis Philippe's daughters and daughters-in-law were very expert in the use of the needle and scissors. They subscribed to a fashion journal called La Mode, and edited by a legitimist nobleman, Count Walsh. It was for it that Jules Sandeau wrote the greater part of his early novels. The Princess Clémentine, who had had Michelet for her professor of history, enjoyed the wit, invention and observation which distinguished them. She communicated her impressions of them to M. Guizot, who decorated Jules Sandeau just a year before the revolution. The Berrichon novelist did not at any time of his life burn the Seine. He was never attacked by the critics. It was impossible for a man or woman of cultivated taste or delicate feeling not to enjoy a work of his. But he did not, at any time, command the ear of the million. Novels giddid from beneath his pen, and were immediately ranked as standard ones in the book market. They were often cast into the shade by the tawdry sensationalism of Eugène Sue. But "The Wandering Jew" and the "Mysteries of Paris" are now as much out of date as the toilettes of Adrienne de Cardouille and the Marquis d'Harville. Those who perused in La Mode and the Revue des Deux-mondes, "Un Héritage," "La Maison de Parnon," "Un Debut dans la Magistrature" would read them a second time. "Mlle de la Seiglière" and "Sacs et Parchemins" are exquisite satires. "They are my best things," said their author to a foreign visitor, who called upon him a few years back to obtain from him information about the aspect of Paris during the first plague of Asiatic cholera, "because I could not help writing them. I felt bound to lash; but as I have not the temperament of an executioner, I did not flay the back of modern society."

Jules Sandeau was too placid, even in youth, to be a party man. In studying types he was indifferent to the colors which they hoisted. If he ever lost patience, it was with the aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, which he ridiculed in "Les Incurables." A mot of his was, in

describing the son of a Crusader, who dabbled in politics and imitated Count d'Orsay, "Esprit léger, bon estomac, cœur égoïste, il vivra cent ans, et il mourra jeune."

Jules Sandeau first knocked at the door of the Français when Ar-ène Houssaye was manager of that theatre. Samson was on the reading committee. The play was "Mlle de la Seiglière." It was a satire on the legitimists. Though not written for a political object, it was at once accepted, because the Bonapartists were coming to the front, and it would afford scope to the actors and actresses of modern comedy to distinguish themselves. Rachel, who detested everything but the classic tragedy, fought and intrigued to keep it out. It was very near defeating the plans of the prince-president, the royalist Catholics whom he had gained round taking offence at the arrows that were shot at them through the Marquis de la Seiglière. "Le Gendre de M. Poirier" owes its framework to Emile Augier. All the witty traits are due to Sandeau.

Sandeau was known in the Quartier Latin in his student days by the name of Rond-Rond (pronounced ron-ron.) He looked as if constructed of a series of large balls. The head was round and the body idem. Short, plump thighs and legs were connected with round knees. His shoulders, where the arms joined the neck, were round and the back was stooped. The face had the outline of a fat infant, or of that of a full moon on the signboard of a country inn. When he laughed, the mouth extended all across it. His teeth were set wide apart. The lips were full, and never were known to say an ill-natured thing. All satirical feeling and righteous or other indignation were expressed by the pen, which Jules Sandeau called on a memorable occasion his "bileduct." The eye was—before liver complaint and another wearying and fatal malady sapped his strength and undermined his intellect—quick, bright, piercing, but withal good-natured. It was the eye of a benevolent skeptic, who saw through the pomps and vanities of his time, took the world as he found it, now and then attempted to improve it, and when he failed, consoled himself with the reflection that the evil he attacked would in the right time destroy itself.

The late emperor, who instinctively shrank from satirical men, allowed Jules Sandeau into the inner circle of his household. He invited him to Compiègne, and made him librarian at the palace of St. Cloud. The novelist did not long enjoy that post. The invasion obliged him to return to the institute, of which also he was a librarian. He resided there in a gloomy set of rooms, to which the death of a beloved son appeared to attach him. That event gave to them a sacred interest.

Once a week the novelist was obliged, when his health permitted, to pass a day in the library. It was cold as a vault in winter. He walked up and down the long rooms quickly, and absorbed in his own thoughts. The outer world had ceased to interest him. Nobody ventured to annoy him, or even salute him. He wore, in thus pacing up and down, an old-fashioned beaver hat with a broad brim. George Sand and he used to read together on wet days, when they were apprentice journalists, in the library of the Palais Mazarin. "Immortality" was conferred on Jules Sandeau by the Academy in 1853. He was the first novelist who was not either a poet or historian as well who became one of the forty.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, May 19.

AMONG the promised novelties is to be a grand banjo contest.

ONE of the fashionable milliners has a room full of figures à la Madame Tussaud. Their wavy faces and forms are clad in the newest notions of fashion art.

THE lady who the other evening wore a corsage illuminated by the electric light is going to do it again. She was admired; but she would be without the corsage.

IT is said that a part of the site on which the old Law Courts at Westminster stood, and which is fast being cleared, will be laid out as a garden protected by railings.

THERE is a general idea that Cardinal Manning may attend a Levee—the first Cardinal since the Reformation. This is a reformation. His status will not be a difficulty for the Lord Chamberlain to arrange as some persons suppose.

SUCH is fame. Having passed the Electric Lighting Act, Mr. Chamberlain has given his name to a new apparatus for the best adaptation of gas to cooking purposes. "The Chamberlain Light" is "the cheapest, brightest, and purest known."

CHANG, the mighty and massive Chinese giant, seems to take a deep interest in the House of Commons, from the fact of his visits. It is to be hoped he does not come to champion any one who is going to see what physical force will do.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales have signified their intention of being present at a review of the boys and girls

drilled under the School Board for London, which is to be held on Saturday, the 23rd of June, at Knighton, near Woodford, the seat of Mr. E. N. Buxton, chairman of the Board.

MR. CHILDERS is the next Minister to be banqueted. His constituents, desiring to mark their sense of the high honor done through him to them by his appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer, have determined to give him a feast on the 16th inst., at Pontefract. His colleague, Mr. Sidney Woolf, presides over the dinner.

MANY heirs to great titles appear to be selling their wines. It does not seem to be objectionable, and they are simply realizing the results of the judicious investments of their wise progenitors, who foresaw that a good sound wine, purchased for a little money, bottled off, and put by in the cellar of a great noble will come out at cent. per cent., and even more, in a few years.

AMONG the exhibits at the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition was the dog Bob, which has become renowned as the faithful friend of the captain and crew of the yacht *Eira* during their perilous sojourn in the Arctic regions. Young Dr. Neale, who was the doctor of the expedition, had him in keeping, and great interest was expressed in the four-footed hero.

THE battle upon the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is to be of unusual severity. It is, in fact, to be a final. The whip which has been sent out by the Earl of Dalhousie, who moves the second reading of the Bill, urges peers to come early to vote, and to remain for the division, however late it may be. Society will have it that a certain statesman recently in the Government is personally interested in the Bill—in fact is waiting for it.

PEOPLE who go to the Academy have found out a new home of luxury, and fashion seems to have started a new custom. In Bond street, there is a French confectioner, who has fitted up a magnificent little room with tapestry and bric-a-brac, and who supplies a tiny cup of chocolate in most delightful little square cups of ancient pattern. To go and sip chocolate for ten minutes in this darkened place of rest, after the glare of the pictures, is now regarded as the "correct thing." We are returning, it seems, to an ancient custom.

WHATEVER be his faults, the member for Woodstock is not a man to be easily disposed of; and now, in spite of, or perhaps on account of, his audacity, Lord Randolph has taken a very much more prominent position in the eyes of the country than he occupied before. His speech on Monday on the Affirmation Bill shows clearly that in many respects he deserves his position. Both on Liberal and Conservative benches (Lord Randolph has enemies as keen on the one as on the other) it was admitted to be by far the best made by the Opposition during the debate.

THE Prince of Wales's speech at the Fishmongers' Hall was a capital one. All are speaking of it with admiration. Mr. Russell Lowell's speech was also excellent, sparkling with wit, humor, and good sense. Mr. Russell Lowell's speech was, however, dismissed in a line or murdered in a summary. Any magazine or newspaper would compete for a contribution, a newspaper column long, from the author of the "Biglow papers," and would pay handsomely for it. Yet here was the contribution to the world's not too abundant stock of genial humor to be had for the reporting, and it was set aside.

WOMEN'S suffrage is coming again to the fore. It has some-how gone back since the death of Mr. John Stuart Mill. Mr. Bright's opposition to it arrested the progress of opinion. But Mr. Morley has had such success with his memorial to the Prime Minister, asking him to include women's suffrage in any measure on the franchise he may propose this session or next that the Cabinet cannot fail to be moved. Already 100 members have signed the memorial, and many who have not signed, because they think the proposal would come better from some private member, have pledged themselves to vote for the proposition when it is made. The progress in parliamentary opinion is such as to leave little doubt that the House is now in favor of enfranchisement.

THE number of exhibitions lately held in London is little less than wonderful, and it must be remembered they have all been a success. There have been a bicycle and tricycle exhibition, an Egyptian war exhibition, a building trades' exhibition, and a furnishings exhibition. The last named, which includes a display of all kind of indoor furnishings, has attracted considerable attention, and has had no slight educative influence. A stroll through the Agricultural Hall, where the exhibition is held, is a very pleasant way of passing a half hour. There is always good music. Dan Godfrey leads the 1st Life Guards Band. One of the pieces played is a new polka of his own composition, called "The Merry Bells," as brilliant and taking a piece as has been composed for some time; and Messrs. Wilcox & Co. have secured its copyright.

THE CAPTAIN'S FEATHER.

The dew is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And the captain's waving feather
Proclaims the hour is nigh.

The dust is on the heather,
The moon is in the sky,
And about the captain's feather
The bolts of battle fly.

The blood is on the heather,
The night is in the sky,
And the gallant captain's feather
Shall wave no more on high.

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK.

TREE-PLANTING IN KANSAS.

The State of Kansas has made an encouraging beginning in tree planting. Two plantations of five hundred acres each, in Crawford County, illustrate what may be achieved in this direction.

GARDENING IN BERMUDA.

It is a marvel (says a Bermuda letter) where all the vegetables come from that are shipped from these islands to New York, for there is not a field of five acres extent in the whole place, and the entire acreage is only 12,000, of which 1,000 belongs to the Government, and more than 8,000 are hills and rocks utterly unfit for tillage.

GOLD, SILVER AND PAPER MONEY.

During the year 1881, the production of precious metals somewhat exceeded that of the previous year. The production of gold, in 1881, was of the value of \$107,773,157, and of silver \$97,559,460, whereas in 1880, the figures stood at \$106,436,786 for gold, and \$94,551,060 for silver.

MISCELLANY.

FROM an article upon Brighton in the columns of distinguished contemporary we learn, for the first time, what is the correct thing to do after arriving at the Brighton end of the Railway.

AN IMPORTANT point has been cleared up with respect to the Prophet Daniel. Belshazzar, the king, a' his impious feast, in the description of which Nebuchadnezzar is casually spoken of as his "father," promises to make Daniel, if he can read the writing on the wall, "the third ruler in the kingdom."

"THE young American gentleman from the East," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "is here and there found among the bona fide stock districts of the Western frontier, where no cultivating has to be done, where considerable capital is ventured, and where, by an intensely rough and hard life, a great deal of money may be made in a very few years; but as a small farmer, raising wheat and corn, and keeping a few stock upon a two or three hundred acre farm, with a prospect only of a livelihood and manual labor in the future, you do not find the graduate of Harvard or Yale, or any of his class. The rural and athletic instincts fostered by English life—the dislike, and often even contempt, for mental exertion that animates so large a portion of young England,—has no parallel in young America, who of all careers regards that of a farmer as the most effectually calculated to condemn a man to social and political obscurity, without any compensating gifts of fortune. In short, it is a singular thing that those rural instincts which are distinctly the product of an aristocratic state of society in the one country, turn naturally and unconsciously into those channels of industry in the other that are there held to be of all respectable pursuits the most plebeian."

SHAKESPEARE'S "MACBETH" TAKEN FROM THE BIBLE.—You will find the principal characters of "Macbeth" in the Book of Kings. Jezebel in the Bible is "Lady Macbeth" in the play. She it was that stirred up her husband to do all the devilry he did. Then take Hazael, a servant to the King. Under the influence of his wife, Jezebel, he plots to kill his master, and become King of Syria in his stead. This plot is successful, and Hazael is crowned King. This character exactly suits that of "Macbeth." The minor characters can also be found in the Bible. Of course, Shakespeare has altered the words, but the plot and characters are to be found there. Dr. Halsey, in his lectures on Shakespeare at Princeton College, stated that Shakespeare's regular practice was to study the Bible seven hours a day. There were not so many Bibles in his time as there are now, but although very costly, he had one, and made a daily practice of studying it. Where Dr. Halsey got his information I do not know, but presume he is correct.

Though Shakespeare was undoubtedly a great man, I think he is considerably over-rated, so far as his originality is concerned. I think he was not endowed with the genius of originality, but rather with the genius of arranging the writings of those gone before, and rewriting them in an attractive style.

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT, late editor of the New York World, being about to sail for Europe where he intends to remain an indefinite time, has placed his private collection of paintings, art-stic furniture, and bric-a-brac in the hands of Messrs. Lavit for exhibition and sale. There are about a hundred oil paintings in the list, and many of them possess a peculiar interest of subject and association, having been chosen by a scholar and connoisseur for their aesthetic qualities, independent of the mere fashions of popularity. There is, however, a goodly array of great names representing both the present and the past. Of modern schools there are examples by Zamacois, Ziem, Jimenez, Merle, J. M. W. Turner (a vision of Venice), Lombinet, Inness, David Johnson, Dial de la Pena, Isabey, Achenbach, Gudin, L. febre, de Jonghe, Mailhat. Among names of older renown are Ruysdael, Teniers, Sir Joshua Reynolds, L. sine, Wouvermans, Hobbema, Mignard, Canaletto, Graetz, Boucher, Salvator Rosa, Vanderwede. The collection of Oriental rugs comprises choice specimens of Daghestan, Persian, Coula, Morocco and Smyrna work. There are about two hundred curios mostly of Japanese and Chinese porcelains and bronzes. The Sevres and other European pottery comprise many specimens, and the selections of tapestries and arms and artistic furniture of the time of Francis I. and Louis XVI. are exceedingly interesting and valuable.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

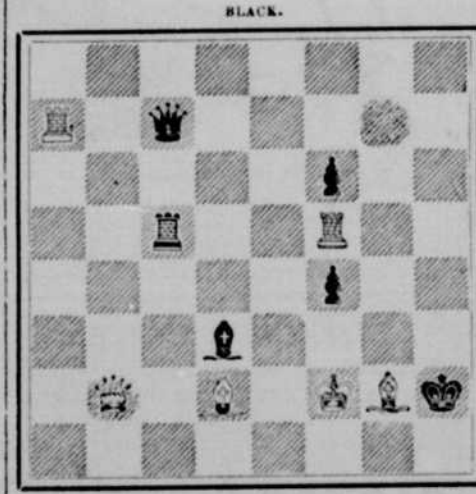
The game between Zukertort and Mason, which we publish to-day in our Column will, we believe, be one of the best in the great International Tourney, and deserves a place in the next edition of Mr. Bird's "Masterpieces." To play it over carefully, giving full and complicated positions, and the resources of the contestants, when ruin seemed inevitable on the one side or the other, is an excellent study for the chess student, and will enable him to form some idea of the skill of the great masters of the day. The game is excellently annotated, and one or two typographical errors in the notes do not in any way interfere with the score.

Annexed will be found a table showing the scores of the contestants in the International Tourney. Zukertort, Steinitz, Tschigorin, Mason, Blackburne, and Bird are taking the lead in the first round, but there is no knowing what changes may occur in the second.

Table showing scores of contestants in the International Tourney. Columns include Player names (Steinitz, Mason, Winawer, Mackenzie, Blackburne, Sellman, Zukertort, Englisch, Bird, Tschigorin, Noa, Rosenthal, Skipworth, Mortimer, Won.) and their respective scores.

PROBLEM No. 436.

By Dr. S. Gold.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 434.

White. 1 Q to Q Kt sq. 2 Mates acc. Black. 1 Any

GAME 562ND.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

Game played in the London International Tourney on the 30th of April, 1883.

Table showing the chess game between White (Mason) and Black (Zukertort) with move-by-move notation.

- 10 B to Q 2 (a)
11 Kt takes Kt
12 R to B sq
13 B to Kt sq
14 Kt to K 2
15 Kt to Kt 3
16 R to K sq
17 Kt to B 5 1 hr.
18 P to K 4 (d)
19 R to B 2
20 P to K 5
21 Q to Kt 4
22 B takes B
23 Kt to R 6 ch
24 B takes R
25 R to K B sq
26 Q to B 5
27 Q to Q 7
28 Q takes B
29 B to Kt sq

Position after Black's 29th move. BLACK.—Zukertort.



WHITE.—Mason.

- 30 Q to B 5
31 B takes P 2 hrs.
32 Q takes Q
34 P to Q 5 (j)
35 Q to B 4
36 P to K 6 (k)
37 P takes P
38 Q to B 7 (l)
39 Q to K 7
40 P to K R 4
41 R to K sq
42 Q to R 3 (m)
43 Q to Kt 3
44 B to K 3
45 B to B sq
46 Q to B 3 ch 3 hrs.
47 Q to B 6
48 B to Kt 2
49 Q to Q 4
50 R to Q B sq
51 Q to Q 3
52 Q to Q 4
53 Q to K 5
54 Q to B 6
55 Q to K B 3
56 Q to K 2
57 P to Kt 3
58 Q to Q 3
59 Q to K 4
60 Q to Kt 7 ch
61 Q to Kt 8 4 hrs.
62 K to R sq
63 K to Kt 2
64 K to R sq
65 Kt to R 2
66 K to R 2
67 K to Kt sq
68 K to B sq (p)
69 K to Kt 2
70 K to B 2
71 Q to Kt 6
72 K to Kt 2
73 K to B sq

Duration, 9 hours, 50 minutes.

NOTES.

- (a) P takes P is, we believe, preferable. The centre Pawns are not so strong when isolated.
(b) He should not have given him another chance of exchanging Pawns, and it was better to advance P to B 5 at once.
(c) White's pieces being barred up on the Q side, the march of the Pawns on that wing is all the stronger.
(d) Chosen with great ingenuity. Institutes a counter-attack on the K side. Of course, if he took the P he would have lost a piece by P B 5.
(e) It was better to play R R 3 first. The P Kt 7 was always safe on account of P B 6.
(f) Not necessary, though good enough. There was no real danger in moving back, e.g.:
24 Q to B 5
25 Kt takes P ch
26 B to R 6 ch
27 Kt takes Q
28 B takes R
29 K to R sq
30 P to Kt 3
31 K to Kt 2 best.
32 K to Kt sq
33 P takes Q
34 K takes B and wins.
(g) Wonderfully ingenious. We give a diagram of the position.
(h) The scheme is too deep and beautiful. As the combination is, on which it is based, it has a flaw. The plain P takes B, followed by Kt B 4 and R Q R sq, and afterwards Q to R 8 would have won easily.
(i) Highly attractive, but Mason sports his unsoundness.
(j) The only move. The seductive R to Q Kt sq would have lost. Black would have answered P to Kt 4.
(k) He loses his advantage by this move. R to Q B sq was the correct play, which ought have won. The game might have proceeded thus:
36 R to Q B sq
37 P to Q 6
38 Q to R 8 ch
39 P to K R 3, to guard against Q takes R ch and White should win.
(l) There was no more than a draw in it by best play, and he would have secured it at once by exchanging Queens. Anyhow if he played for more, it was better to move the Q to Q 4, followed by Q to B 6 in reply to Kt takes P.
(m) Again, Q to B 5 was more attractive. If, however, he took the Kt with the R, he would lose, for Black would Queen the P, and if the R ultimately interposed, the Q would take it off.
(n) He has won himself out with all the useless manoeuvring, and at last he commits a grievous blunder.
(o) All this is splendidly played by Zukertort, and was most probably clearly foreseen.
(p) Best. If K to Kt 2, then followed Q to R 7 ch, and by a discovered ch with the R the Q would be won.—Turf, Field and Farm.

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