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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

BURLEIGH STREET

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GOLD MEDAL, Health Exhibition, London; HIGHEST AWARD, Adelaide, 1887.

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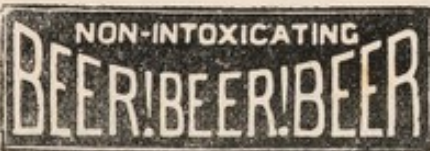
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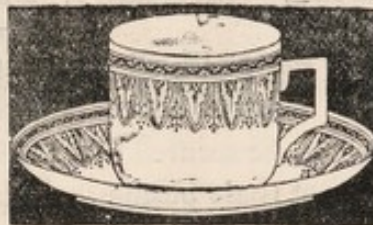
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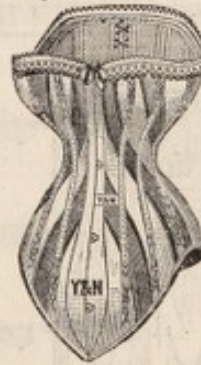
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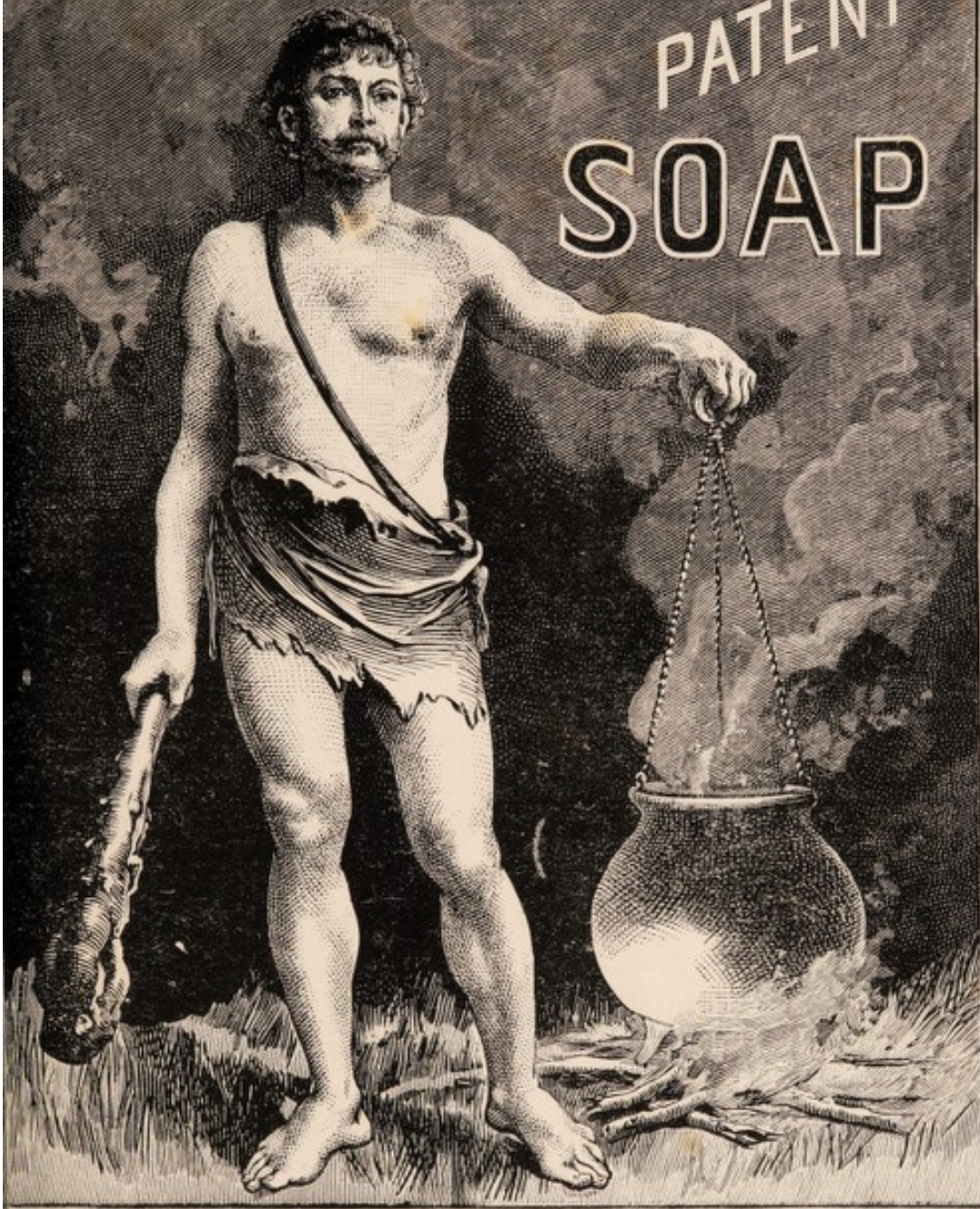
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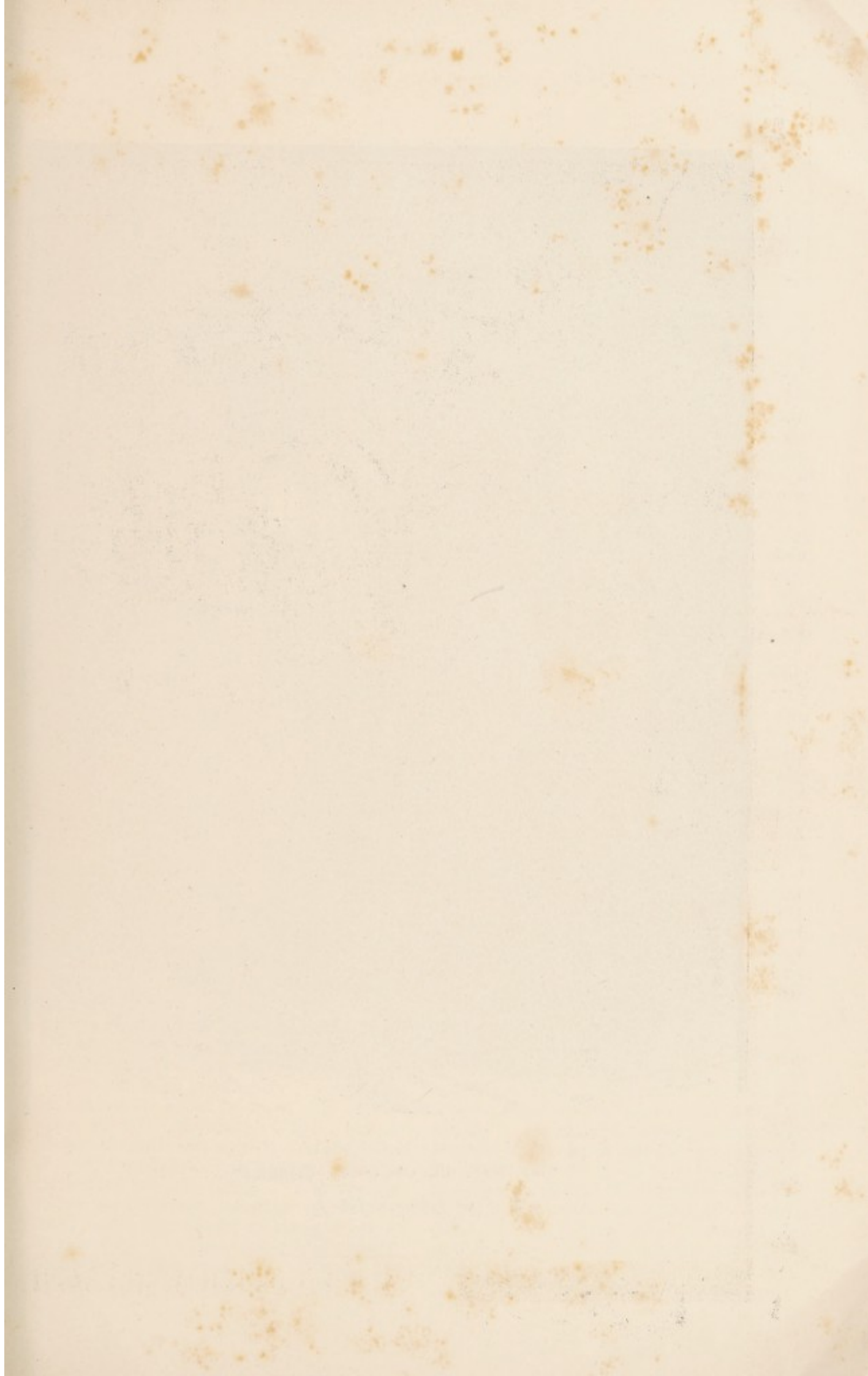
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"MY SON, BE OF GOOD CHEER!"

(A Torture by Hope.)

A Torture by Hope.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM.

[COUNT VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM, who lives at Paris, where he edits the *Revue des Lettres et des Arts*, is one of several living French writers who have made a special study of short stories. He is a highly original writer, and, although as yet quite unknown to English readers, an extremely powerful one. Many of his stories are such as could have been written by no one but himself; but probably he approaches more nearly to Edgar Allan Poe than to any other English author.]

BELOW the vaults of the *Oficial* of Saragossa one night-fall long ago, the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, sixth Prior of the Dominicans of Segovia, third Grand Inquisitor of Spain—followed by a *fra redemptor* (master-torturer), and preceded by two familiars of the Holy Office holding lanterns—descended towards a secret dungeon. The lock of a massive door creaked; they entered a stifling *in pace*, where the little light that came from above revealed an instrument of torture blackened with blood, a chafing-dish, and a pitcher. Fastened to the wall by heavy iron rings, on a mass of filthy straw, secured by fetters, an iron circlet about his neck, sat a man in rags: it was impossible to guess at his age.

This prisoner was no other than Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, a Jew of Aragon, who, on an accusation of usury and pitiless contempt of the poor, had for more than a year undergone daily torture. In spite of all, "his blind obstinacy being as tough as his skin," he had refused to abjure.

Proud of his descent and his ancestors—for all Jews worthy of the name are jealous of their race—he was descended, according to the Talmud, from Othoniel, and consequently from Ipsiboe, wife of this last Judge of Israel, a circumstance which had sustained his courage under the severest of the incessant tortures.

It was, then, with tears in his eyes at the thought that so steadfast a soul was excluded from salvation, that the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, approaching the quivering Rabbi, pronounced the following words:—

"My son, be of good cheer; your trials here below are about to cease. If, in presence of such obstinacy, I have had to permit, though with sighs, the employment of severe measures, my task of paternal correction has its limits. You are the barren fig-tree, that, found so oft without fruit, incurs the danger of being dried up by the roots . . . but it is for God alone to decree concerning your soul. Perhaps the Infinite Mercy will shine upon you at the

last moment! Let us hope so. There *are* instances. May it be so! Sleep, then, this evening in peace. To-morrow you will take part in the *auto da fé*, that is to say, you will be exposed to the *quemadero*, the brazier premonitory of the eternal flame. It burns, you are aware, at a certain distance, my son; and death takes, in coming, two hours at least, often three, thanks to the moistened and frozen clothes with which we take care to preserve the forehead and the heart of the holocausts. You will be only forty-three. Consider, then, that, placed in the last rank, you will have the time needful to invoke God, to offer unto Him that baptism of fire which is of the Holy Spirit. Hope, then, in the Light, and sleep."

As he ended this discourse, Dom Arbuez—who had motioned the wretched man's fetters to be removed—embraced him tenderly. Then came the turn of the *fra redemptor*, who, in a low voice, prayed the Jew to pardon what he had made him endure in the effort to redeem him; then the two familiars clasped him in their arms: their kiss, through their cowls, was unheard. The ceremony at an end, the captive was left alone in the darkness.

Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, his lips parched, his face stupefied by suffering, stared, without any particular attention, at the closed door. Closed? The word, half unknown to himself, awoke a strange delusion in his confused thoughts. He fancied he had seen, for one second, the light of the lanterns through the fissure between the sides of this door. A morbid idea of hope, due to the enfeeblement of his brain, took hold on him. He dragged himself towards this strange thing he had seen; and, slowly inserting a finger, with infinite precautions, into the crack, he pulled the door towards him. Wonder of wonders! By some extraordinary chance the familiar who had closed it had turned the great key a little before it had closed upon its jambs of stone. So, the rusty bolt not having entered its socket, the door rolled back into the cell.

The Rabbi ventured to look out.

By means of a sort of livid obscurity he distinguished, first of all, a half-circle of earthy walls, pierced by spiral stairways, and, opposite to him, five or six stone steps, dominated by a sort of black porch, giving access to a vast corridor, of which he could only see, from below, the nearest arches.

Stretching himself along, he crawled to the level of this threshold. Yes, it was indeed a corridor, but of boundless length.

A faint light—a sort of dream-light—was cast over it; lamps suspended to the arched roof, turned, by intervals, the wan air blue; the far distance was lost in shadow. Not a door visible along all this length! On one side only, to the left, small holes, covered with a network of bars, let a feeble twilight through the depths of the wall—the light of sunset apparently, for red gleams fell at long intervals on the flag-stones. And how fearful a silence! . . . Yet there—there in the depths of the dim distance—the way

might lead to liberty! The wavering hope of the Jew was dogged, for it was the last.

Without hesitation he ventured forth, keeping close to the side of the light-holes, hoping to render himself indistinguishable from the darksome colour of the long walls. He advanced slowly, dragging himself along the ground, forcing himself not to cry out when one of his wounds, recently opened, sent a sharp pang through him.

All of a sudden the beat of a sandal, coming in his direction, echoed along the stone passage. A trembling fit seized him, he choked with anguish, his sight grew dim. So this, no doubt, was to be the end! He squeezed himself, doubled up on his hands and knees, into a recess, and, half dead with terror, waited.

It was a familiar hurrying along. He passed rapidly, carrying an instrument for

tearing out the muscles, his cowl lowered; he disappeared. The violent shock which the Rabbi had received had half suspended the functions of life; he remained for nearly an hour unable to make a single movement. In the fear of an increase of torments if he were caught, the idea came to him of returning to his cell. But the old hope chirped in his soul—the divine "Perhaps," the comforter in the worst of distresses. A miracle had taken place! There was no more room for doubt. He began again to crawl towards



"IT WAS A FAMILIAR HURRYING ALONG."

the possible escape. Worn out with suffering and with hunger, trembling with anguish, he advanced. The sepulchral corridor seemed to lengthen out mysteriously. And he, never ceasing his slow advance, gazed forward through the darkness, on, on, where there *must* be an outlet that should save him.

But, oh! steps sounding again; steps, this time, slower, more sombre. The forms of

two Inquisitors, robed in black and white, and wearing their large hats with rounded brims, emerged into the faint light. They talked in low voices, and seemed to be in controversy on some important point, for their hands gesticulated.

At this sight Rabbi Aser Abarbanel closed his eyes, his heart beat as if it would kill him, his rags were drenched with the cold sweat of agony; motionless, gasping, he lay stretched along the wall, under the light of one of the lamps—motionless, imploring the God of David.

As they came opposite to him the two Inquisitors stopped under the light of the lamp, through a mere chance, no doubt, in their discussion.

One of them, listening to his interlocutor, looked straight at the Rabbi. Under this gaze — of which he did not at first notice the vacant expression — the wretched man seemed to feel the hot pincers biting into his poor flesh; so he was again to become a living wound, a living woe! Fainting, scarce able to breathe, his eyelids quivering, he shuddered as the robe grazed him. But—strange at once and natural—the eyes of the

Inquisitor were evidently the eyes of a man profoundly preoccupied with what he was going to say in reply, absorbed by what he was listening to; they were fixed, and seemed to look at the Jew *without seeing him*.

And indeed, in a few minutes, the two sinister talkers went on their way, slowly, still speaking in low voices, in the direction from which the prisoner had come. They had not seen him! And it was so, that, in the horrible disarray of his sensations, his brain was traversed by this thought: "Am I already dead, so that no one sees me?" A hideous impression drew him from his lethargy. On gazing at the wall, exactly

opposite to his face, he fancied he saw, over against his, two ferocious eyes observing him! He flung back his head in a blind and sudden terror; the hair started upright upon his head. But no, no. He put out his hand, and felt along the stones. What he saw was the *reflection* of the eyes of the Inquisitor still left upon his pupils, and which he had refracted upon two spots of the wall.

Forward! He must hasten towards that end that he imagined (fondly, no doubt) to mean deliverance; towards those shadows from which he was no more than thirty paces, or so, distant. He started once more—crawling on hands and knees and stomach



"THEY HAD NOT SEEN HIM!"

—upon his dolorous way, and he was soon within the dark part of the fearful corridor.

All at once the wretched man felt the sensation of cold *upon* his hands that he placed on the flag-stones; it was a strong current which came from under a little door at the end of the passage. O God, if this door opened on the outer world! The whole being of the poor prisoner was overcome by a sort of vertigo of hope. He examined the door from top to bottom without being able to distinguish it completely on account of the dimness around him. He felt over it. No lock, not a bolt! A latch! He rose to his feet: the latch

yielded beneath his finger ; the silent door opened before him.

"Hallelujah!" murmured the Rabbi, in an immense sigh, as he gazed at what stood revealed to him from the threshold.

The door opened upon gardens, under a night of stars—upon spring, liberty, life! The gardens gave access to the neighbouring country that stretched away to the sierras, whose sinuous white lines stood out in profile on the horizon. There lay liberty! Oh, to fly! He would run all night under those woods of citrons, whose perfume intoxicated him. Once among the mountains, he would be saved. He breathed the dear, holy air; the wind re-animated him, his lungs found free play. He heard, in his expanding heart, the "Lazarus, come forth!" And, to give thanks to God who had granted him this mercy, he stretched forth his arms before him, lifting his eyes to the firmament in an ecstasy.

And then he seemed to see the shadow of his arms returning upon himself; he seemed to feel those shadow - arms surround, enlance him, and himself pressed tenderly against some breast. A tall

figure, indeed, was opposite to him. Confidently he lowered his eyes upon this figure, and remained gasping, stupefied, with staring eyes and mouth drivelling with fright.

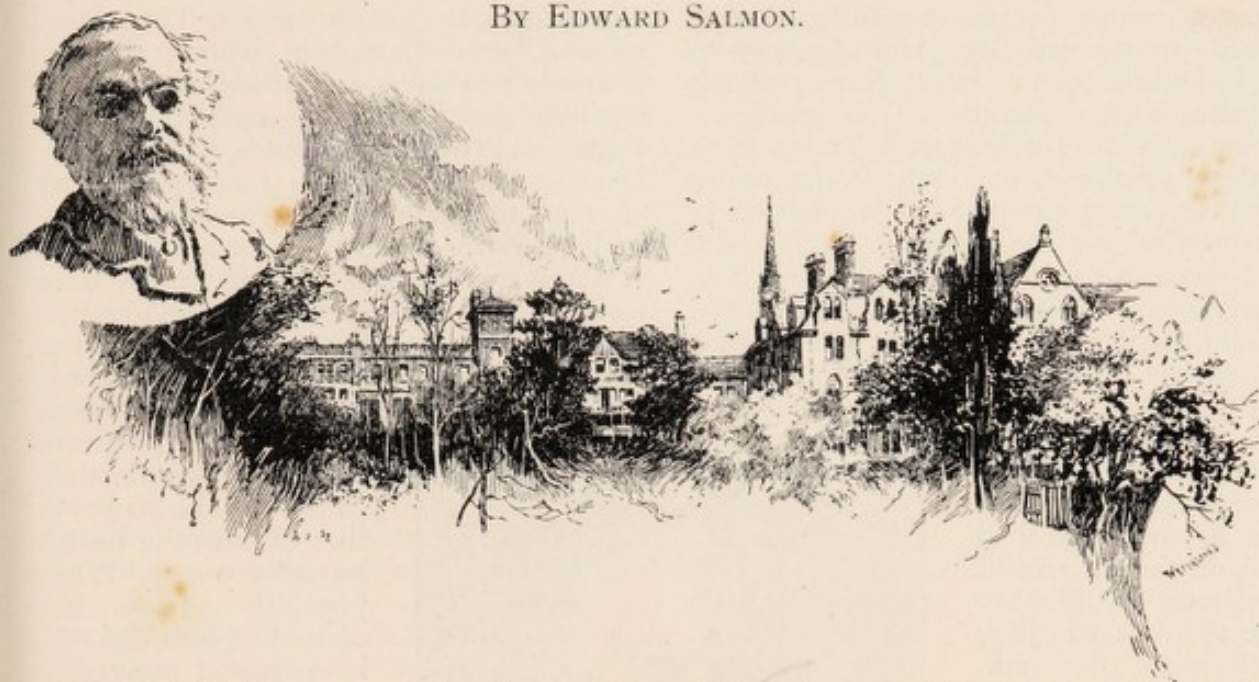
Horror! He was in the arms of the Grand Inquisitor himself, the venerable Pedro Arbuez d'Espila, who gazed at him with eyes full of tears, like a good shepherd who has found the lost sheep.

The sombre priest clasped the wretched Jew against his heart with so fervent a transport of charity that the points of the monacal hair-cloth rasped against the chest of the Dominican. And, while the Rabbi Aser Abarbanel, his eyes convulsed beneath his eyelids, choked with anguish between the arms of the ascetic Dom Arbuez, realising confusedly *that all the phases of the fatal evening had been only a calculated torture, that of Hope!* the Grand Inquisitor, with a look of distress, an accent of poignant reproach, murmured in his ear, with the burning breath of much fasting:—"What! my child! on the eve, perhaps, of salvation . . . you would then leave us?"



How the Blind are Educated.

BY EDWARD SALMON.



HOW many of the thousands who go every year to the Crystal Palace remember, or even know, that hard by is an institution which should claim the support of all who have hearts to feel for the afflictions of their fellows? Perhaps if some of us, on pleasure bent, knew as much of the working of the Royal Normal College for the Blind as we do of the neighbouring giant palace of glass, we should appreciate the blessing of sight at a truer value. It is to be feared that few who go through life noting its facts, observing the beauties of Nature, regarding the faces of those they love, and transacting their private business without help from other people's eyes, give the thought they ought to the precious nature of the vision they boast, however limited it may be. Still fewer are they who take the trouble to inquire what is being done for those who share not the glories of God's light. Yet to be plunged in a lifelong darkness; to be doomed, whilst breath lasts, to a constant round of blind man's buff; to be able to walk, but not to see where one is going; to be able to talk, but not to know, by the expression of another's face, whether one's remarks are welcomed or not; to be able to listen, and not to watch the speaker—in a word, to be robbed of half life's joys, is surely a fate which should command sympathy, prompt, practical, and universal.

The writer of this paper has, during the last twelve or thirteen years, been more or less intimately associated with the blind. Nothing ever strikes him as more extraordinary than the genuine happiness of most of them. What ought, it would seem, to have proved a crushing blow, has apparently had little or no effect on the brightness of their lives. Nor does the infirmity prove any great bar to their independence. Think of, among many others, Milton undertaking his "Paradise Lost," his history of England, and his Latin dictionary after he became blind; of Philip Bourke Marston—whose sorrows were not primarily due to his affliction—mastering the typewriter, so that he could communicate with his friends and produce his poems without the aid of an amanuensis; of Henry Fawcett, who refused to allow the accident which cost him his sight, to change his life, and who not only kept up his riding and his fishing, but won his way to Cabinet rank. To men like Mr. Fawcett, no doubt the possession of a life's partner means much, and indeed ample material exists for an interesting article on the wives of blind men, who have been to them what Francis Huber's was to him—"A good pair of eyes, a right hand in all his troubles, and a light for his darkest days."

We are, however, not now concerned with blind men but with blind boys and girls, and with those especially who are

receiving their education at the Royal Normal College at Upper Norwood. This institution owes its existence to two men, whose efforts on behalf of their fellow-sufferers cannot be too gratefully acknowledged—to the late Dr. Armitage, and to Dr. Campbell, the president, whose portrait, together with a picture of the college, is shown at the head of this paper. The meeting of these gentlemen in London some twenty years ago revolutionised the whole system of education for the sightless. Dr. Armitage spared no trouble, no money, no time to advance the interests of the blind, and it was a fortunate circumstance which threw one so ready to place his energy and his wealth at their disposal, in contact with another who, like Dr. Campbell, wanted only such support to enable him to enter on the experiment of helping the blind to take their part in life's battle with the confidence and the same chances of success and independence as the seeing. How completely they worked together is shown by a little anecdote which Dr. Campbell is fond of relating. They had been to a conference at York, and, as was their custom, travelled third-class. Some other congressmen, with first-class tickets, were considerably astonished, and exclaimed:—

"What, are you going third-class?"

Dr. Armitage's reply was characteristic of the practical and cheery kindness of the man.

"Campbell and I have too many children to be able to afford to travel first," he said.

"Have you a large family, doctor?" asked one of his friends in surprise.

"Yes," he answered, "our English family alone numbers about 32,000, and they have relatives in all parts of the world."

The moral was plain. The few shillings Dr. Armitage and his colleague were saving, were destined to assist the work of amelioration, and the gentlemen paid them a chivalrous and graceful compliment by exchanging their tickets and travelling in

the same compartment with the two benefactors and servants of blind humanity.

To such self-denying spirits as these is England indebted for the institution which forms the subject of this paper. The *régime* adopted by Dr. Campbell—who by the way it should be said is an American—was flat rebellion against the systems previously in vogue, and still maintained by other bodies. Dr. Campbell's belief in physical training amounts to a religion. He does everything with reference to it and it alone. A quarter of a century ago he himself was to have died of consumption, but what did he do? Quietly sit down and wait for the end to come? No; blind as he was, he took the boat

to Europe and climbed Mont Blanc. There are a good many thousands in the world who would like to have the health he enjoys to-day. What physical exercise has done for him, he believes it will invariably do for his pupils. Determination to conquer obstacles is the only thing which will make a two-legged creature a man or woman, he says; determination is only possible to a vigorous and healthy mind; a vigorous and healthy mind can only come of a vigorous and healthy body; and a man who has not been trained physically, is, to Dr. Campbell, an engine without motive power.



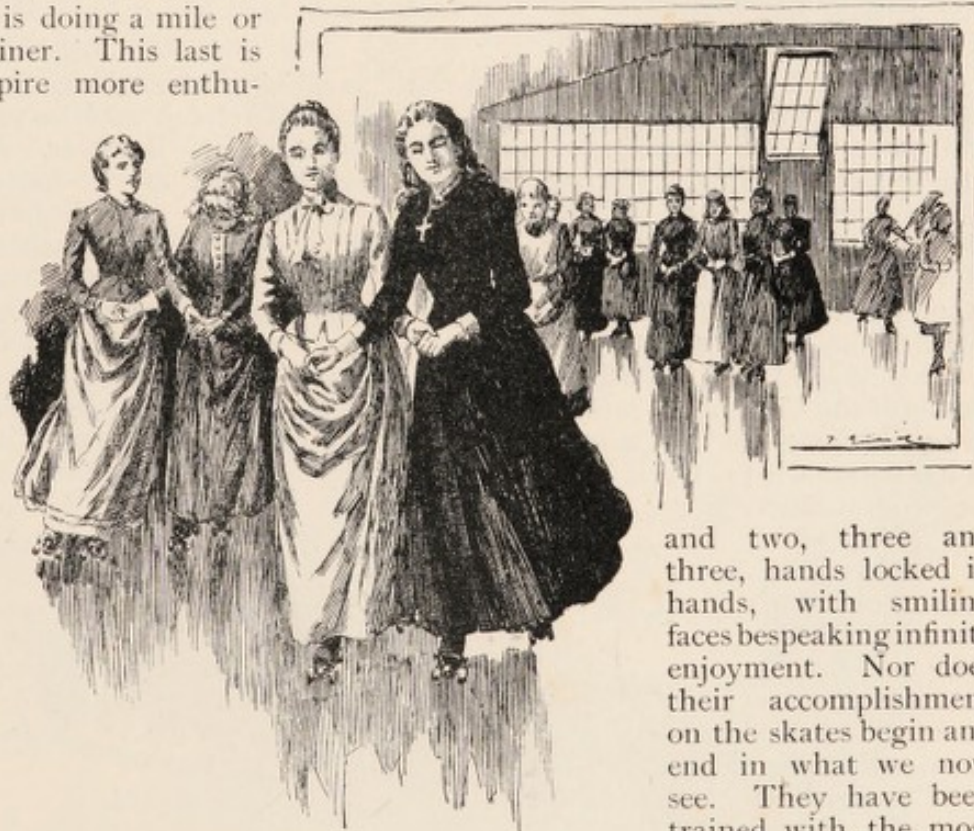
THE LATE DR. ARMITAGE.

The outcome of the adoption of such ideas is that the blind boys and girls at the Normal College, like Dr. Campbell himself, are self-reliant, cheerful, and healthy, and seen trotting about the beautiful grounds of the College, no one would ever think they are sightless. The manner in which Dr. Campbell leads the way from his house to any part of the grounds is somewhat disquieting to those who do not know him. He walks without stick, and without stumbling, and runs up and down flights of steps without troubling even to grasp the rail at the side. How can he tell when he reaches a corner or the top of a flight of steps, to tumble down which would be to break his neck? He learns where he is by the most ingenious

contrivance imaginable. Wherever there is a turning, or an obstacle, or a step which might prove a source of danger or embarrassment, the asphalted pathway is slightly raised. It is high enough to prevent one's stepping over it without noticing it; it is too low to cause one to catch one's toe and trip up. Hence, it is only necessary for the blind promenader to keep his or her wits moderately alive to be able to go wherever he or she pleases in perfect ease and safety.

The Armitage Gymnasium, which we visit first, is declared by an expert to be one of the most complete he has ever seen. Lads of all ages are going through every form of exercise; here two or three are vaulting the horse with a neatness incredible almost to those who have not seen it; there another is working his way along the parallel bars; here one stretches himself at length on the long incline, a machine used for pulling up one's own weight, for strengthening the muscles and broadening the chest; there another turns a nautical wheel or is doing a mile or two on a home trainer. This last is calculated to inspire more enthusiasm among the lads than any other athletic or gymnastic feat. Ordinary home trainers, of course, have a dial which indicates the distance ridden. In order that his boys, even in such a matter, should be made as independent of other people's eyes, as it is the object of the school to make them in all details of life, Dr. Campbell has had fitted to the machine a bell which strikes at the completion of every quarter of a mile. How this broad-shouldered, strong-limbed lad astride it works away with might and main, bent, apparently, on making a record; how keenly he enjoys the effort, and how utterly and happily oblivious he seems of the fact that he is not as the majority of his fellows are!

From the boys' gymnasium let us make our way to the girls', where roller-skating is going on. It is an apartment some 24 feet long by some 18 wide. Here are a dozen or more girls moving on the tiny wheels rapidly round and round. They touch neither the wall nor the seats by the wall, whilst the immunity from collisions induces one to exclaim: "Surely here we are not in the presence of the totally blind, whatever may have been the case in the gymnasium." We are, indeed. But how is it these sightless young ladies move so rapidly, and yet with a safety and precision which might make their seeing sisters envious of their skill? Solely by instinct and practice. When roller-skating was first introduced, Dr. Campbell had electric bells ringing on the walls, but he has now accustomed his pupils to do without these disturbing guides, and for all the spectator can see they find no sort of inconvenience from their reliance on their own senses. Here they go two



RINKING.

and two, three and three, hands locked in hands, with smiling faces bespeaking infinite enjoyment. Nor does their accomplishment on the skates begin and end in what we now see. They have been trained with the most perfect care, and are

capable of going through the most involved manœuvres. Those who observe them skating in lines, parting, wheeling, crossing and recrossing each other's paths, may imagine that this sort of performance is only possible in their own rink, but last year I had a privileged opportunity, at

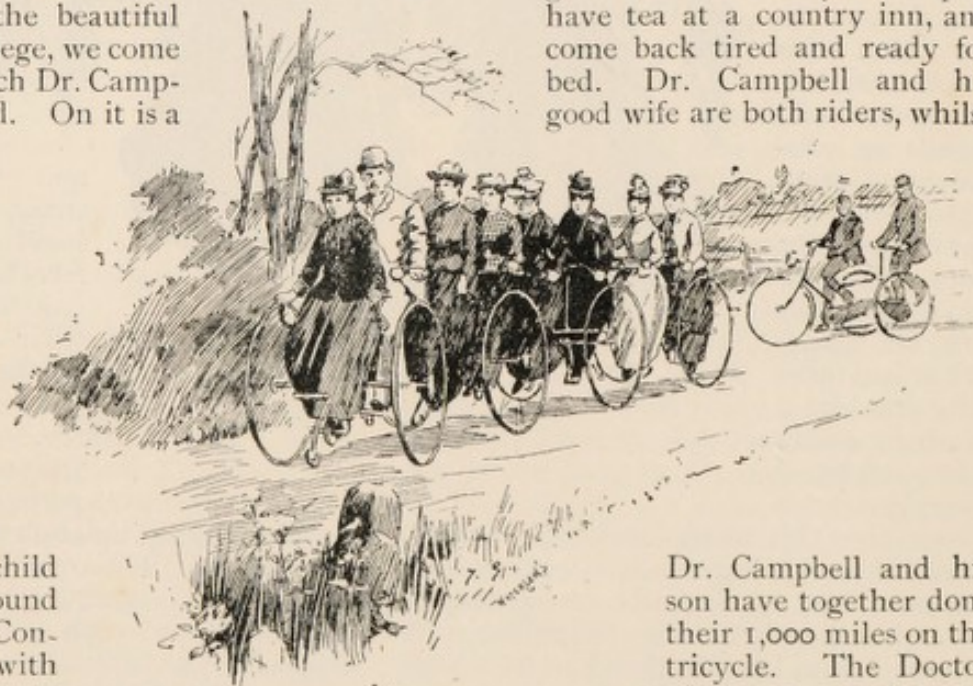


ON THE LAKE.

St. James's Hall, of seeing that they are as much under control in a strange place and in the presence of a considerable public as in their own grounds. Moving solely by word of command, they go within a few inches of obstacles in entire safety. It is a performance, the wonder of which can only be appreciated by those who have watched it.

Making our way now towards the other end of the beautiful grounds of the College, we come to a small lake which Dr. Campbell has constructed. On it is a boat containing eight girls, who dip their oars "with a long, long pull and a strong, strong pull," not unworthy of the men who sang to the midshipmite. Dr. Campbell—who stops short only at pure miracles—does not expect a blind child to steer a boat round and about a lake. Consequently a person with eyes occupies the stern seat. So, too, with

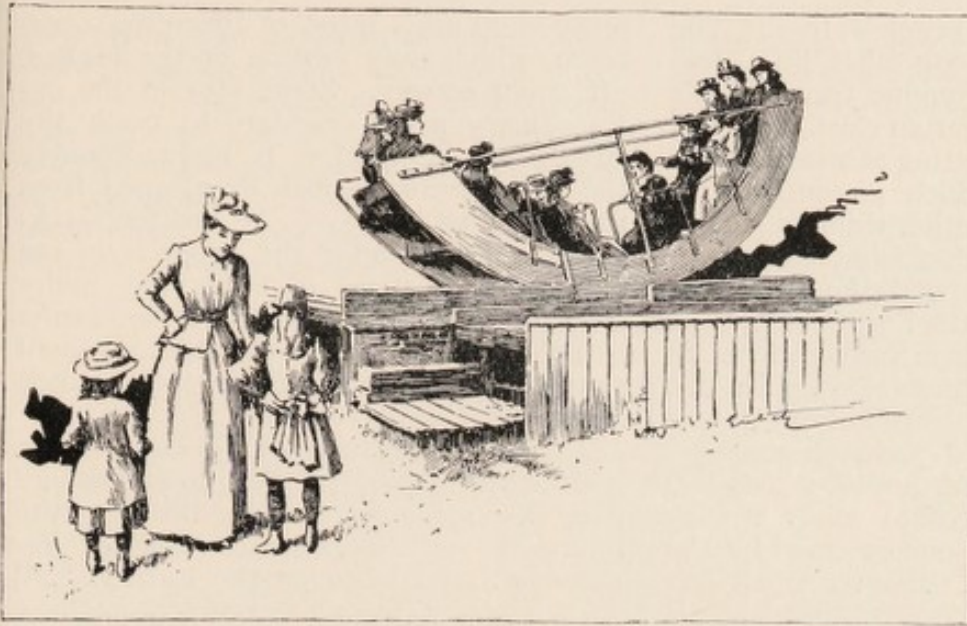
invariably steered by someone who can see. To have such a person with every blind rider, however, would mean the employment of an immense number of people. An eight-in-hand is, therefore, devised, and this machine may often be seen on the country roads of England, carrying its seven sightless riders. They go out for a twenty-mile spin, have tea at a country inn, and come back tired and ready for bed. Dr. Campbell and his good wife are both riders, whilst



CYCLING.

Dr. Campbell and his son have together done their 1,000 miles on the tricycle. The Doctor gives an amusing account of a tour in

tricycling. Some people, carried off their balance by the marvels which he introduces to them, have given publicity to the statement that blind girls and boys go careering away together on a machine. So they do, but they are



THE ROCKING-BOAT.

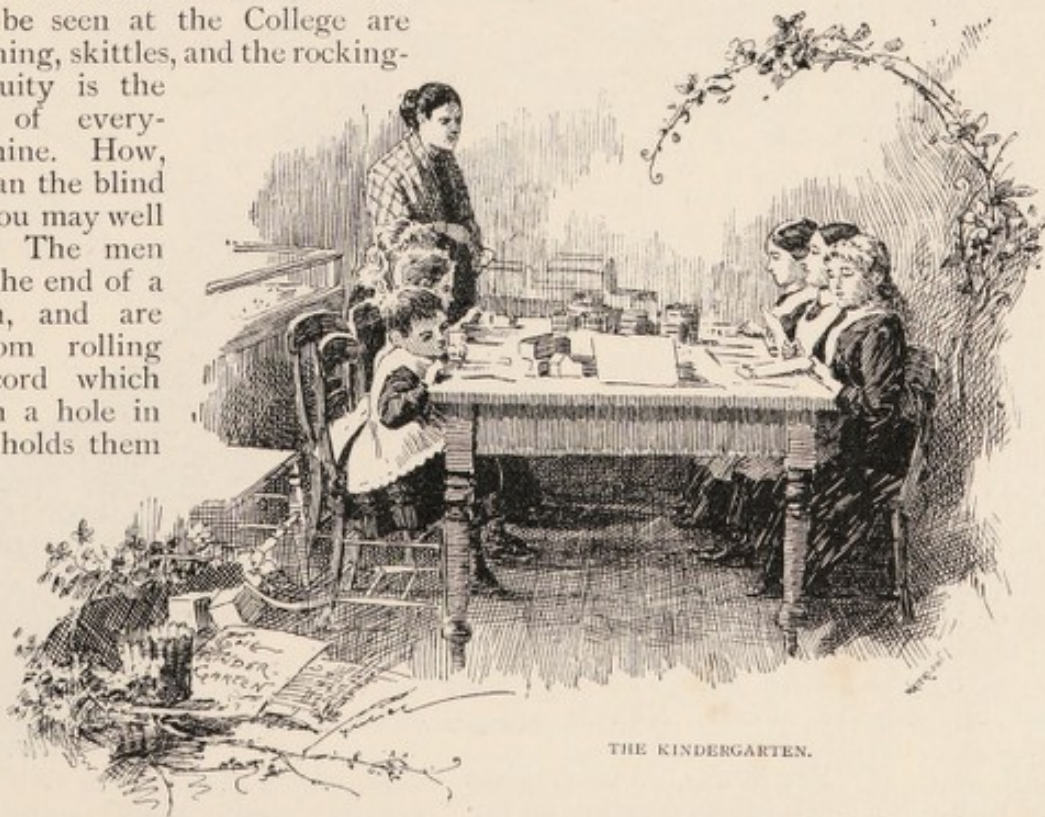
So having made a shot, they can find out how many men have been bowled over, and there is never any risk of losing the ball. Whilst several boys amuse themselves in this way, a dozen girls get into the rocking-boat close by, and as they swing themselves backwards and forwards sing softly and melodiously to the roll of the boat.

Norway. His tricycle was probably among the first seen by the Norwegian peasant, and he relates how one man with a pony-cart on a country road followed them for hours, and when they put up at an inn and wanted water, how he ran off to get some from the mountain spring as joyously as though the tricyclists had been creatures of a celestial world, and how, when they were having their feed at the inn, this rapt admirer rang the bell of the machine, to the delight of a crowd of enthusiastic onlookers.

Other forms of outdoor amusement and recreation to be seen at the College are swinging, running, skittles, and the rocking-boat. Ingenuity is the characteristic of everything we examine. How, for instance, can the blind play skittles, you may well ask? Thus: The men are placed at the end of a long platform, and are prevented from rolling away by a cord which passes through a hole in the board and holds them where they fall. The ball having rolled to the end of the platform, drops over on to a slope, and returns to the players.

Even now we have not exhausted the possibilities of enjoyment which the grounds afford the pupils of the College. During the summer time many of the girls have their little plot of flower garden. They take the greatest interest in the cultivation of plants which they cannot see, and to place in their bosoms a flower which they have grown themselves, is one of the delights of their lives.

So much for what Dr. Campbell properly regards as the generation of the motive



THE KINDERGARTEN.

power of his young people's lives. The steam being ready, along what lines does he make the human engine travel? We start with the Kindergarten class. Half a dozen little girls are sitting at a table interweaving slit paper which presently is to decorate baskets and other things. One is a mite recently from Port Elizabeth, South Africa. She has mastered the theory of her work, and her little fingers only need practice to make them as efficient as those of her older companions. In this room is a glass case containing some clay models of pea-pods, buttercups, and other things that grow—which one would imagine they could never readily grasp in detail—every one executed by the pupils of the College. Even a small dog has not proved beyond the powers of these magic modellers. From the Kindergarten to the Geography class. Embossed maps lie on the table, and the pupils put their fingers on The Wash in England, or on the Andes, or on Tasmania, as quickly almost as one's eyes can travel from point to point. They answer questions as to what grows in a certain place, or who discovered it, accurately and readily. Other classes are learning geometry, the rudiments of agriculture, French and arithmetic. The reading class is one of the most interesting. Books in the Braille system lie before the pupils, who are running their fingers deftly over the mass of dots, and delivering passages from "Hamlet," with sufficient hesitation to prove the genuineness of the reading, and yet with an intelligence not always displayed by those with eyes who read Shakespeare aloud. Now and again the pupil comes to a word such as "Fortinbras," and it gives her just a moment's pause, creating an im-

pression on one's mind of difficulties overcome, which only *naïveté* or the highest art could convey. Some idea of the extraordinary pains necessary to teach the Braille system—and it is unquestionably the best invented—may be gleaned from the fact that it has to be written backwards. For instance, the paper is placed between two strips of brass, the under strip being impressed with a succession of holes, and the upper divided into small squares through which the stylus or punch is passed.

As the writing has to be done from the back of the paper, it is easy to understand that the reading runs in the opposite direction—a circumstance adding immensely to the labour of the learner. All sorts of contractions have of course been adopted, and the blind write from dictation certainly as fluently as the ordinary school-boy, and they can read what they have written even more fluently, for the average school-boy reads most things better than his own caligraphy. In the same way the most difficult sums are done by means of a

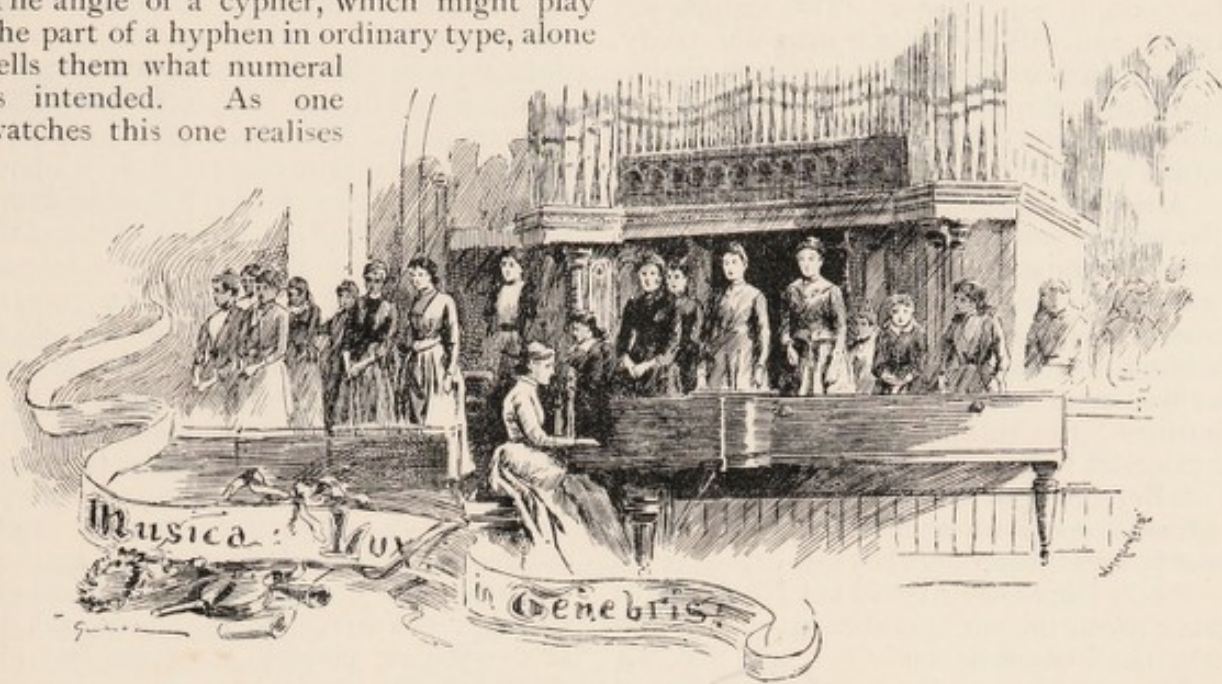


CARPENTERING AND PIANO-MENDING.

type board, and it is simply astounding

how rapidly the pupils write down figures delivered as units and read them off as billions, millions, or hundreds of thousands. The angle of a cypher, which might play the part of a hyphen in ordinary type, alone tells them what numeral is intended. As one watches this one realises

organ recital and some glees fittingly bring this succession of wonders to a close so far as the visit to the College is concerned, but



the force of Mr. W. W. Fenn's words:—"Give the blind man in his fingers an equivalent for his eyes, and the darkness in which he lives is dispelled." On this condition the Normal School at Norwood is a veritable creator of light.

Let us now take a glance at the workshop, where the boys are using plane and chisel, pointing and dovetailing pieces of wood which not only answer ends in themselves, but the treatment of which serves to make the blind useful with their hands. They seldom cut their fingers, extra care no doubt giving greater immunity. Another workshop near at hand is occupied by young men perfecting themselves in all the branches of piano-forte making and tuning. They learn to do everything, from tightening a wire to putting a new one in, and hundreds of testimonials from those who have employed blind tuners speak for the thoroughness with which they do their work. To enable the learners to familiarise themselves with the parts of an instrument, Messrs. Broadwood made specially for them a model which can be taken to pieces and put together again till they know all about it. The interest which Messrs. Broadwood have shown in the College has assumed very practical shape, and it is noteworthy that among the employés of the firm is an old pupil of Dr. Campbell's.

Music of course is the principal means of gaining a livelihood with the blind. An

really only lands us on the verge of the great question of life after the College training is ended. Throughout the world blind musicians, who owe their education and their skill to Dr. Campbell and his wife, are earning their own livelihoods. In 1886 the aggregate earnings of ex-pupils amounted to nearly £10,000. Last year the sum was £15,000. This great result, however, has been accomplished in the teeth of a mountain of prejudice, ignorance, and I must add injustice, to surmount which has cost Dr. Campbell a mightier effort than the ascent of Mont Blanc. All he asks on behalf of his pupils is a fair field: he wants no favour. Two instances of the difficulty of securing even this may be given. An organist was wanted for a large church; Dr. Campbell was anxious that one of his pupils should compete. From the first the authorities declared it was impossible a blind man could hold the position, and to make it impossible the candidates were to be called on to play any two tunes from the hymn-book which any two people in the congregation might select. Here was a test which it was believed would defeat the blind man's chances. It reached Dr. Campbell's ears, and he forthwith obtained a list of the 250 tunes which had been most sung in that particular church during the last few years, set his man to translate their score into his own Braille, and to master them by heart. The day of trial came, and the first

hymn called for was played by the blind candidate not merely as it was written, but with variations. The authorities marvelled, but said it was chance. The second was called, and still the blind man was ready. "It's a miracle!" was the exclamation, but the blind man won, and holds to-day, the position competed for against not only the world but the world's uncharitableness.

A second instance is equally eloquent of the completeness with which these sightless lads are equipped by Dr. Campbell to battle with the world. An organist and choir-master was wanted, and the idea of putting a blind man up for the post was scouted as ludicrous. In the organ part of the business, the blind candidate came out indisputably first.

"But," said to him the gentleman with whom the appointment rested, "you could not possibly teach our boys."

"Is it fair to say I could not till you have given me an opportunity of showing whether I could or not?"

The only way to dispose of the claims of this sightless irrepressible was to have the boys in. He immediately put them through their exercises, and handled them in a way which argued greater knowledge of what is wanted than most seeing masters display. Some even of the rival candidates declared the blind man to be the best among them, and he secured the appointment, to the advantage of all concerned.

In the old days the poor blind were educated as beggars, and the more intelligent of the indigent blind were appropriately nicknamed by Theodore Hook the indignant blind. Dr. Campbell does not mind where his pupils come from. Whatever they may be when they are admitted to the College, there is only one thing to be said of nearly every one of those who leave it—they are ladies and gentlemen in education and deportment, equally able to earn their

own living and to grace the society in which they may find themselves. Such a result has been accomplished by terribly hard work. Like Milton, Dr. Campbell "steers right onward." He is a sort of Napier, and only expects others to do what he does not shrink from himself. He is the most kindly of martinets. Blindness with him is no reason for non-punctuality, and if a boy is late in getting out of bed, he orders him to retire at night half an hour earlier, so that he may have the sleep he seems to need. Such punishment is, we may be sure, felt all the more keenly, because the doctor himself sets the example of what is right. For instance, every boy is supposed to be ready for a swim in the splendid bath of the College at a certain hour, and he cannot excuse himself, even to his own mind, for being absent or late on the score that the Doctor enforces rules he does not carry out, for every morning Dr. Campbell takes his plunge with his scholars. He is determined that in everything possible his boys and girls shall go forth into the world unsurpassed by their more fortunate brothers and sisters. His efforts to rob the blind of any sense of dependence on others, which they find so humiliating—efforts which Dr. Armitage fostered with such lavish generosity—and to make them useful citizens instead of the helpless recipients of local doles, are deserving of a support which has hardly been accorded to them. The Royal Normal College for the Blind is a wondrous illustration of the adage that even the darkest cloud has its silver lining. Here, at least,

we find the drawbacks consequent on one of the most appalling of human infirmities reduced to a minimum. God alone can restore the light of day to the brain from which it is now excluded, but that He has delegated to man the power to do almost all else, let the College we have now described so fully bear witness.



Out of a Pioneer's Trunk.

BY BRET HARTE.

IT was a slightly cynical, but fairly good-humoured crowd that had gathered before a warehouse on Long Wharf in San Francisco, one afternoon in the summer of '51. Although the occasion was an auction, the bidders' chances more than usually hazardous, and the season and locality famous for reckless speculation, there was scarcely any excitement among the bystanders, and a lazy, half-humorous curiosity seemed to have taken the place of any zeal for gain.

It was an auction of unclaimed trunks and boxes—the personal luggage of early emigrants—which had been left on storage in hulk or warehouse at San Francisco, while the owner was seeking his fortune in the mines. The difficulty and expense of transport, often obliging the gold-seeker to make part of his journey on foot, restricted him to the smallest *impedimenta*, and that of a kind not often found in the luggage of ordinary civilisation. As a consequence, during the emigration of '49, he was apt on landing to avail himself of the invitation usually displayed on some of the doors of the rude hostleries on the shore: "Rest for the Weary and Storage for Trunks." In a majority of cases he never returned to claim his stored property. Enforced absence, protracted equally by good

or evil fortune, accumulated the high storage charges until they usually far exceeded the actual value of the goods; sickness, further emigration, or death also reduced the number of possible claimants, and that more wonderful human frailty—absolute forgetfulness of deposited possessions—combined together to leave the bulk of the property in the custodian's hands. Under an understood agreement they were always sold at public auction after a given time. Although the contents of some of the trunks were exposed, it was found more in keeping with the public sentiment to sell the trunks *unlocked* and *unopened*. The element of curiosity was kept up from time to time by the incautious disclosures of the lucky or unlucky purchaser, and general bidding thus encouraged—except when the speculator, with the true gambling instinct, gave no indication in his face of what was drawn in this lottery. Generally,



"IT WAS AN AUCTION OF UNCLAIMED TRUNKS AND BOXES."

however, some suggestion in the exterior of the trunk, a label or initials; some conjectural knowledge of its former owner, or the idea that he might be secretly present in the hope of getting his property back for less than the accumulated dues, kept up the bidding and interest.

A modest-looking, well-worn portmanteau had been just put up at a small, opening bid, when Harry Flint joined the crowd. The young man had arrived a week before at San Francisco friendless and penniless, and had been forced to part with his own effects to procure necessary food and lodging while looking for an employment. In the irony of fate that morning the proprietors of a dry-goods store, struck with his good looks and manners, had offered him a situation, if he could make himself more presentable to their fair clients. Harry Flint was gazing half abstractedly, half hopelessly, at the portmanteau without noticing the auctioneer's persuasive challenge. In his abstraction he was not aware that the auctioneer's assistant

was also looking at him curiously, and that possibly his dejected and half-clad appearance had excited the attention of one of the cynical bystanders, who was exchanging a few words with the assistant. He was, however, recalled to himself a moment later when the portmanteau was knocked down at fifteen dollars, and considerably startled when the assistant placed it at his feet with a grim smile. "That's your property, Fowler, and I reckon you look as if you wanted it back bad."

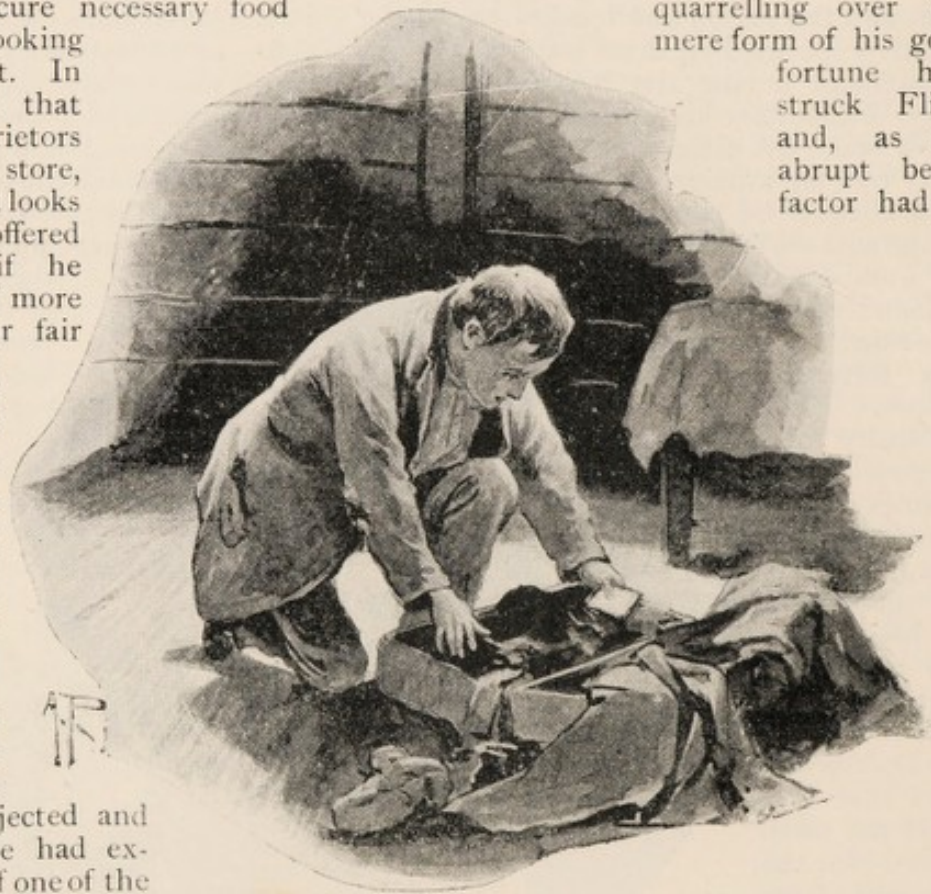
"But—there's some mistake," stammered Flint. "I didn't bid."

"No, but Tom Flynn did for you. You see, I spotted you from the first, and told Flynn I reckoned you were one of those chaps who came back from the mines dead broke. And he up and bought your things for you—like a square man. That's Flynn's style, if he is a gambler."

"But," persisted Flint, "this never was my property. My name isn't Fowler, and I never left anything here."

The assistant looked at him with a grim, half-credulous, half-scornful smile. "Have it your own way," he said, "but I oughter tell ye, old man, that I'm the warehouse clerk, and I remember *you*. I'm here for that purpose. But as that thar valise is bought and paid for by somebody else and given to you, it's nothing more to me. Take or leave it."

The ridiculousness of quarrelling over the mere form of his good fortune here struck Flint, and, as his abrupt benefactor had as



"HE EXAMINED ITS CONTENTS."

abruptly disappeared, he hurried off with his prize. Reaching his cheap lodging-house, he examined its contents. As he had surmised, it contained a full suit of clothing of the better sort, and suitable to his urban needs. There were a few articles of jewellery, which he put religiously aside. There were some letters, which seemed to be of a purely business character. There were a few daguerreotypes of pretty faces, one of which was singularly fascinating to him. But there was another, of a young man, which startled him with its marvellous resemblance to *himself*! In a flash of intelligence he understood it all now. It was the likeness of the former owner of the trunk,

for whom the assistant had actually mistaken him! He glanced hurriedly at the envelopes of the letters. They were addressed to Shelby Fowler, the name by which the assistant had just called him. The mystery was plain now. And for the present he could fairly accept his good luck, and trust to later fortune to justify himself.

Transformed in his new garb, he left his lodgings to present himself once more to his possible employer. His way led past one of the large gambling saloons. It was yet too early to find the dry-goods trader disengaged; perhaps the consciousness of more decent, civilised

garb emboldened him to mingle more freely with strangers, and he entered the saloon. He was scarcely abreast of one of the faro tables when a man suddenly leaped up with an oath and discharged a revolver full in his face. The shot missed. Before his unknown assailant could fire again the astonished Flint had closed with him, and instinctively clutched the weapon.

A brief but violent struggle ensued. Flint felt his strength failing him, when suddenly a look of astonishment came into the furious eyes of his adversary, and the man's grasp mechanically relaxed. The half-freed pistol, thrown upwards by this movement, was accidentally discharged point blank into his temples, and he fell dead. No one in the crowd had stirred or interfered.

"You've done for French Pete this time, Mr. Fowler," said a voice at his elbow. He turned gaspingly, and recognised his strange benefactor, Flynn. "I call you all to

witness, gentlemen," continued the gambler, turning dictatorially to the crowd, "that this man was *first* attacked and was *unarmed*." He lifted Flint's limp and empty hands and then pointed to the dead man, who was still grasping the weapon. "Come!" He caught the half-paralysed arm of Flint and dragged him into the street.

"But," stammered the horrified Flint, as he was borne along, "what does it all mean? What made that man attack me?"

"I reckon it was a case of shooting on sight, Mr. Fowler; but he missed it by not waiting to see if you were armed. It wasn't the square thing, and you're all right with the crowd now, whatever he might have had agin you."

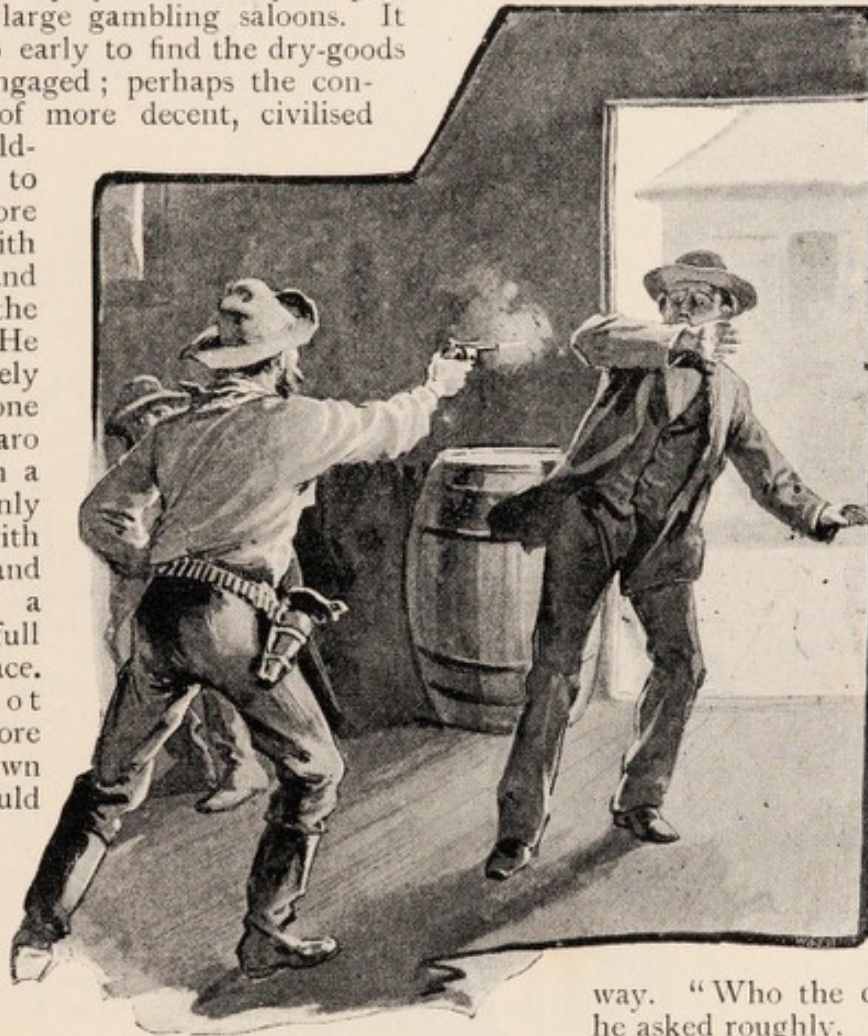
"But," protested the unhappy Flint, "I never laid eyes on the man before, and my name isn't Fowler."

Flynn halted, and dragged him in a door-

way. "Who the devil are you?" he asked roughly.

Briefly, passionately, almost hysterically Flint told him his scant story. An odd expression came over the gambler's face.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "I have passed my word to the crowd yonder that you are a dead-broke miner called Fowler. I allowed that you might have had some row with that Sydney Duck, Australian Pete, in the mines. That satisfied them. If I go back now, and say it's a lie, that your name ain't Fowler, and you never knew who Pete was, they'll jest pass you over to the police to deal with you, and wash their hands of it altogether. You may prove to the police who you are, and how that d—



"THE SHOT MISSED."

clerk mistook you, but it will give you trouble. And who is there here who knows who you really are?"

"No one," said Flint, with sudden hopelessness.

"And you say you're an orphan, and ain't got any relations livin' that you're beholden to?"

"No one."

"Then, take my advice, and *be* Fowler, and stick to it! Be Fowler until Fowler turns up, and thanks you for it; for you've saved Fowler's life, as Pete would never have funk'd and lost his grit over Fowler as he did with you; and you've a right to his name."

He stopped, and the same odd, superstitious look came into his dark eyes.

"Don't you see what all that means? Well I'll tell you. You're in the biggest streak of luck a man ever had. You've got the cards in your own hands! They spell 'Fowler'! Play Fowler first, last, and all the time. Good-night, and good luck, *Mr. Fowler.*"

The next morning's journal contained an account of the justifiable killing of the notorious desperado and ex-convict, Australian Pete, by a courageous young miner by the name of Fowler. "An act of firmness and daring," said *The Pioneer*, "which will go far to counteract the terrorism produced by those lawless ruffians."

In his new suit of clothes, and with this paper in his hand, Flint sought the dry goods proprietor—the latter was satisfied and convinced. That morning Harry Flint began his career as salesman and as "Shelby Fowler."

From that day Shelby Fowler's career was one of uninterrupted prosperity. Within the year he became a partner. The same miraculous fortune followed other

ventures later. He was mill owner, mine owner, bank director—a millionaire! He was popular, the reputation of his brief achievement over the desperado kept him secure from the attack of envy and rivalry. He never was confronted by the real Fowler. There was no danger of exposure by others—the one custodian of his secret, Tom Flynn, died in Nevada the year following. He had quite forgotten his youthful past, and even the more recent lucky portmanteau; remembered nothing, perhaps, but the pretty face of the daguerreotype that had fascinated him. There seemed to be no reason why he should not live and die as Shelby Fowler.

His business a year later took him to Europe. He was entering a train at one of the great railway stations of London, when the porter, who had just deposited his portmanteau in a compartment, reappeared at the window followed by a young lady in mourning.

"Beg pardon, sir, but I handed you the wrong portmanteau. That belongs to this young lady. This is yours."

Flint glanced at the portmanteau on the seat before him. It certainly was not his, although it bore the initials "S. F." He was mechanically handing it back to the porter, when his eyes fell on the young lady's face. For an instant he stood petrified. It was the face of the daguerreotype. "I beg pardon," he stammered, "but are these your initials?" She hesitated, perhaps it was the abruptness of the question, but he saw she looked confused.

"No. A friend's." She disappeared into another carriage, but from that moment Harry Flint knew that he had no other aim in life but to follow this clue and the beautiful girl



"THE PORTER REAPPEARED AT THE WINDOW."

who had dropped it. He bribed the guard at the next station, and discovered that she was going to York. On their arrival, he was ready on the platform to respectfully assist her. A few words disclosed the fact that she was a fellow-countrywoman, although residing in England, and at present on her way to join some friends at Harrogate. Her name was West. At the mention of his, he again fancied she looked disturbed.

They met again and again; the informality of his introduction was overlooked by her friends, as his assumed name was already respectably and responsibly known beyond California. He thought no more of his future. He was in love. He even dared to think it might be returned; but he felt he had no right to seek that knowledge until he had told her his real name and how he came to assume another's. He did so alone—scarcely a month after their first meeting. To his alarm, she burst into a flood of tears, and showed an agitation that seemed far beyond any apparent cause. When she had partly recovered, she said, in a low, frightened voice:

"You are bearing *my brother's* name. But it was a name that the unhappy boy had so shamefully disgraced in Australia

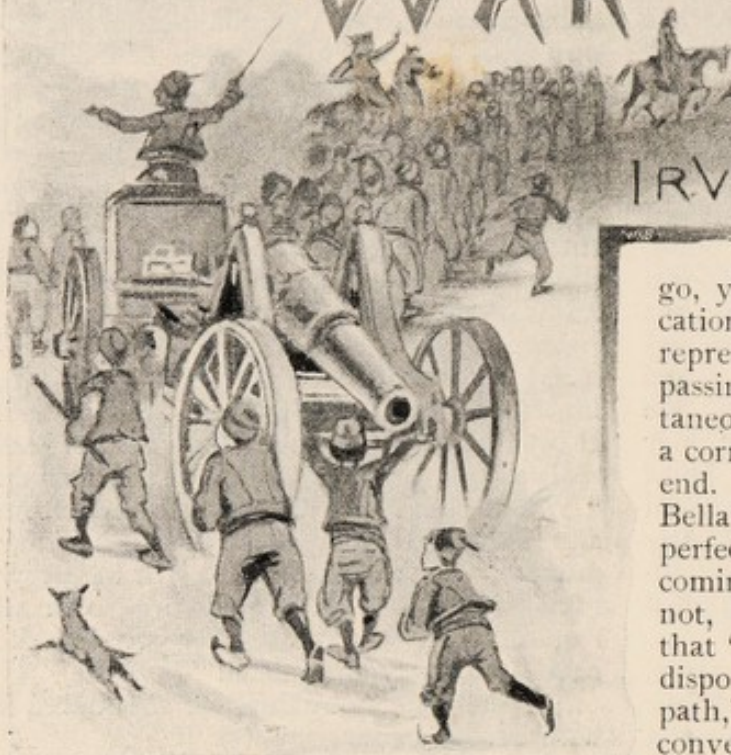
that he abandoned it, and, as he lay upon his death-bed, the last act of his wasted life was to write an imploring letter begging me to change mine too. For the infamous companion of his crime who had first tempted, then betrayed him, had possession of all his papers and letters, many of them from *me*, and was threatening to bring them to our Virginia home and expose him to our neighbours. Maddened by desperation, the miserable boy twice attempted the life of the scoundrel, and might have added that blood guiltiness to his other sins, had he lived. I *did* change my name to my mother's maiden one, left the country, and have lived here to escape the revelations of that desperado, should he fulfil his threat."

In a flash of recollection Flint remembered the startled look that had come into his assailant's eye after they had clinched. It was the same man who had too late realised that his antagonist was not Fowler. "Thank God! you are for ever safe from any exposure from that man," he said, gravely, "and the name of Fowler has never been known in San Francisco save in all respect and honour. It is for you to take back—fearlessly and alone!"

She did—but not alone, for she shared it with her husband.

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR PATH

BY
IRVING MONTAGU



“**ONE** never can tell.” This is a world of change, and anything beyond the limits of the most fertile imagination may happen to anyone, anywhere, at any moment.

Were I a bellicose Bellamy, I might incline towards “Looking backwards” from the standpoint of a hundred years hence, and thus, posing as a special of 1991, might sigh for the shortcomings of the past, and picture myself crossing, on an aerial machine, the erst dark Continent (now lit by electric light) at a pace which would have even shattered the nerves of the driver of an old Brighton express—“a ponderous steam conveyance which, a hundred years ago, succeeded the stage coach.” Again, I might suppose myself sending sketches or despatches from remote battlefields by means of “the electric communicator,” a coil carried in one’s portmanteau, and which, by a simple mechanical arrangement—one end being secured at the office of your newspaper in Fleet-street or the Strand—unwinds as you travel, so that, wherever the fates have destined you to

go, you may be in immediate communication with the editor of the journal you represent; nay, more, the electric current passing through your pen or pencil, simultaneously producing copy or sketches with a corresponding pen or pencil at the other end. I say, were I a sort of bellicose Bellamy, I might compare the possible perfection of the future with the shortcomings of to-day; but then, you see, I’m not, and, though quite content to admit that “one never can tell,” I’m still more disposed in these “Anecdotes of the War-path,” by sticking to the practical present, to convey some idea of the doings of correspondents at the front.

To begin with, an iron constitution is the best basis on which to build up the war special, whose gifts with pen or pencil will depend entirely on the diplomacy he possesses by means of which to get to the front himself, and, at the same time, keep sufficiently in touch with the rear, to be in perpetual communication with his own headquarters at home.

I remember how one, otherwise most brilliant Special, whose talent won for him a reputation which he continues to enjoy, came utterly to grief through want of that tact which enabled others, during the siege of Plevna, to get their articles and sketches through. Between the slowly, very slowly contracting girdle of Muscovite steel which encircled that place and the Danube, there was a perfectly free communication. The historic bridge of boats was crossed without difficulty, and, Roumania being thus reached, one was in direct, uninterrupted correspondence with the street beloved of Doctor Johnson. The Special in question, however, being assured by suave, courteous, and in many cases English-speaking officers, that the Russian Bear was the soul of

honour, and the Russian field-post the most convenient mode of conveyance, put his despatches into the military post bags at Plevna. Then, "with a smile that was childlike and bland," did those Muscovite postal authorities receive them, stamp them officially—and—well, they were never seen again! Thus was a most daring Special, possessed of marvellous talent (I will not say if with pen or pencil) recalled to England, and, in that capacity, lost to the world. He lacked a diplomatic faculty, without which success is impossible to the war correspondent.

A case of a camp-kettle, too, comes vividly back to me, in which a man delayed his departure from London for three days in consequence of some fad about a peculiar commodity of this kind which was being specially made for him, and this when Europe was ablaze with war. Through that confounded camp-kettle he might lose the key to the position, yet the tinker came in *facile princeps* and that knight of the pen was nowhere. Happily, however, "fads" very seldom get to the front at all, or, if they do, change front themselves soon after their arrival.

It seems to me that the man who would win his spurs on the war-path must, by being ready to start at any moment, accept the inevitable in the light of "Kismet," and be prepared to turn circumstances, good, bad, or indifferent, to the best account possible; he will meet with fewer difficulties, and be better able to cope with those he does experience.

By the way, were you ever shadowed? The sensation, novel to begin with, is trying in the long run, and infinitely less endurable than being made prisoner of war, pure and simple.

I had this experience shortly after the entry of the Versailles troops into shattered, still burning, Paris.

My wandering propensities and the notes I from time to time made led to my being so persecuted that I would have done much to change places with Peter Schimmel, of shadowless fame. I think my nose, which, in polite society, might be called *retroussé*, must have suggested the tip-tilted organ of the typical Teuton, and that hence suspicions of fresh complications were aroused. Suffice it to say I was shadowed by a hawk-eyed, hook-nosed, beetle-browed, oily-looking, parchment-faced being, who seemed, by his very pertinacity, becoming my second self. I hurried from place to

place in quest of incident, the pattering feet of my shadow—if I may so put it—announced his presence everywhere. I mounted an omnibus, and there was a double ascent up those spiral steps which led to the roof, that hawk-eyed shade was seated either by my side or with his back to me. In the evening I strolled down, say, the Boulevard des Capucines, while, with measured tread, smoking a cigarette the while, I was followed by the oily one; in short, through the many occupations of my life he was ever in my wake, till at last release came.

I was arrested and taken before the Commissary of Police, when it was discovered I had been mistaken for somebody else, and, with many apologies and regrets that I was *not* the rogue I might have been, I was released, my shadow being "unhooked," so to speak. And now, oddly enough, I had a morbid satisfaction in remembering the wild-goose chases I had taken that Government spy—up one street, down another, away into the suburbs of Paris, back to its centre, only to repeat the dose when I had time, till, more attenuated and cadaverous than ever, that hawk-eyed minion of the law could barely drag one leg after another. Strange as it may seem, when rid of him, I missed him, missed him awfully, I assure you; feeling quite lonely and incomplete without him, and should have been almost pleased to have had him tacked on again.



"A SUBSTANTIAL SHADOW"

Those Parisian shadows suggest to me a strange shadow pantomime I once saw in Spain, during the Carlist campaign, at an engagement at Behobie. The fighting began at about five in the morning in a dense white fog, when the Carlists made a desperate effort to take that small town from an inferior but unflinching force. The effect was, on approaching the scene, most ludicrous. In the first place, one was strangely impressed by mingled sounds as of the barking of dogs and the quacking of ducks, which turned out to be only terms of derision which each side was hurling at the other. Then, on coming closer still, the shadow pantomime of which I have spoken presented itself, just for all the world like mimic war on a white sheet, till, the veil of fog lifting, fighting—literally to the knife—presented itself in all its terrible reality. Under cover of that fog the Carlist hordes had come down from their Pyrenean retreats without the aid of those arranged ruses which the armies of all nations have so often to fall back upon. Amongst these is the common one, when wind and locality serve, of attacking under cover of the smoke of burning forests or furze bushes. One ruse during the siege of Plevna has always struck me in this connection as having been cleverly conceived.

The Turks, on the occasion of a sortie, secured as many uniforms of dead Russians as was possible. These they promptly put on, and, covering their main body, advanced *backwards*, as if retreating in good order on a strong Russian position. The Turkish officer in command—understanding the Russian tongue—gave the order to "Retire." Seeing and hearing this, the Russians, supposing it to be an unexpected retreat of their own men, made no defence, till, when too late, they discovered them to be Moslems in Muscovite garb, who, after a most sanguinary fight, succeeded in occupying the vantage point they had gained.

The eccentricities of bullets, too, are not a little interesting. There was a case in Asia Minor of a bullet which made six distinct holes of entry and exit in a man's body, without materially injuring him, before it passed away into the open. It may be explained that the man was in a kneeling position and firing at the time he was struck. This erratic ball passed first through the biceps of his right arm, between his ribs, and again through the triceps of his left arm. In Spain, also, I

remember an instance in which a bullet passed through an officer's chacot, the draught of which stunned him; he was found quite insensible, though uninjured, while that chacot had been drilled with the ball which had thus prostrated him. On two occasions I have myself had similar and most providential escapes—once at a place known as La Pucha, on the banks of the Bidassoa, where, when sketching for *The Illustrated London News*, I was brought suddenly to the ground by a Carlist bullet, *with one leg completely shattered*, but then, you see, it was the leg of the camp stool on which I was seated; the other was when Conigsby, *The Times'* correspondent, and myself were going in a drosky in the direction of Zimnitza, to join the Russians at Plevna.

Our route lay for some considerable distance along an exposed road by the side of the Danube, and it was then that the Turkish batteries on the opposite shore opened a deliberate fire on us with such telling effect that the back of our conveyance was considerably splintered, and a portmanteau against which I was leaning completely smashed, its contents being hardly recognisable. I am reminded, while on this subject, of how the correspondent to the *Macon* journal was once in imminent peril of being blown to atoms, a circumstance to which I was an eye-witness.

He was about to return through a huge wooden gate into a besieged Spanish town. During his absence of only about ten minutes, however, a large mortar had been put in position behind it, and a large roughly sawn aperture made. Just at the very moment of his return, it was fired, the draught sending him flying for some considerable distance!

Though within a hair's breadth of death, he was happily only bruised, while thus unwittingly seeking "the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth." Nor are the eccentricities of shot and shell more curious than those of cold steel, the most remarkable instance which I remember being that of a Russian and a Turk, who, meeting, fought to the death with fixed bayonets in a wood in Anatolia. The fatal thrusts must have been simultaneous, the strange fact being that both stood, with their legs much apart, each with his bayonet embedded deeply in his adversary's breast, for several days, and were to be seen, still erect, in the attitude of their last terrible death-struggle.

But it's not with men alone that the wanderer on the war-path is in touch. His faithful ally, the horse, has a share of his sympathy, specially if in the course of his peregrinations he waded through the mud to headquarters in Bulgaria in 1877. Facts are stubborn things, and, when I say it was a matter of statistics that twenty-two thousand draught and other horses alone fell between Sistova and Plevna from the combined effect of fatigue and mud, it will be seen that "going to the front" is as difficult as getting to the rear—touching which,

tims of that muddy deluge. In some cases, reaching as it did to our own horses' girths, we came to a standstill altogether, and it was only after hiring at enormous cost many others, to which we sometimes added oxen, that we could plough our way through it at all to some more elevated spot, with the prospect on our arrival of descending into an equally deep and depressing slough of despond within the next five minutes on the other side.

Did it ever strike you that the mother-in-law is often a much-misunderstood and under-valued individual?

If great men owe their greatness in many cases to maternal influence, is it not possible that even the much-derided mother-in-law



"GOING TO THE FRONT."

by the way, I may on another occasion have something interesting to say.

Mud! why, we were in a very sea of mud; it found its way over the tops of our jack-boots till it saturated our socks, this always happening when, and it was often, we dismounted to lend a hand at the spokes of our supply waggon, from the bottom of which came many-coloured streams of half-diluted coffee, weak tea, and moist, very moist sugar. Crimean mud is historic, yet one who had gone through that campaign and who was with me in Bulgaria assured me we ran it very close.

Dead horses were to be seen here, there, and everywhere, some having died in the most grotesque attitudes, and all the vic-

may sometimes have had hers, too, on the destinies of mankind? Yet, it would seem in Servia—at least, when I was there, during that short but sharp campaign—that the mother-in-law was at a greater discount than here. And this is my reason—not a bad one, I take it—for coming to that conclusion. One morning, when in Belgrade, I saw a sturdy Serb being roughly hustled off to prison. Inquiring the cause, I found he had been condemned for the murder of his mother-in-law to five years' penal servitude, but that his conduct had been so exemplary that he had for some weeks been out on a sort of Servian ticket-of-leave. When I saw him, however, he had just committed an offence beside which

the "ineffectual fire" of murder paled—he had stolen a leaden spoon from an ice-shop, and for this theft he was promptly executed the following morning—by which, I take it, leaden spoons must have been very scarce in Belgrade at that time, and mothers-in-law very plentiful.

Looking from that capital, which, unpicturesque in itself, is picturesquely situated at the juncture of the Trave and the Danube, the panorama presented of the shores of Hungary is most inviting, and at the time of which I am writing its effectiveness was added to by a large encampment of Pharaoh Nepeks—Hungarian gipsies. Ever on the alert for subjects for my pencil, I was not long before I chartered a small boat, and joined those wanderers, with whose brethren I had for-gathered in many countries, and concerning whom I had written much and made innumerable sketches, and by whom I had always been received as a "Romany rye."

This, however, was my first acquaintance with the Pharaoh Nepeks, of whose hospitality I cannot speak too highly. It appeared, however, that I had arrived at the moment of a political crisis. What the particular disagreement may have been—not understanding Romany sufficiently—I am unable to say. I only know that I had not been there many hours before a wordy warfare led to blows, and that encampment of about seven or eight hundred gipsies was at desperate logger-heads. Indeed, I have only on one occasion seen more frantic hand-to-hand fighting at close quarters in actual war.

Rushing on each other with long-bladed knives, they fought with a skill which must

have been begotten of long practice, and terrible were the wounds which were presently inflicted; in fact, the matter was looked on as so serious that troops from the Hungarian garrison of Semlin, hard by, were sent to put a stop to the disturbance. This at once caused a diversion. Whatever their intestine troubles may have been, they were one against the invaders of their camp.

It was at this moment, fired by the wildest enthusiasm, that a perfectly bewitching gipsy girl rushed forward and led her tribe against the common enemy. Bayonets, however, if sometimes brittle, are often stubborn things, and the steadily advancing lines of Hungarian troops quieted at last those desperate Nepeks; not, however, before many were severely wounded and numbers of prisoners taken, amongst whom I found myself being hurried off to a guard tent, much to my annoyance, since night was approaching, and I wanted to get

back to Belgrade before sundown. That annoyance, however, was short-lived, since I found myself placed in the same tent as that lovely young gipsy girl, to whom I had lost my all-too-susceptible heart an hour ago; indeed, then it was that I made the rough sketch which illustrates this article. Her chiselled features, the wildfire in her sloe-black eyes, her dishevelled hair, and the coins and beads with which those locks were interwoven, her torn green velvet bodice and coarse salmon-coloured



"A NEPEK BEAUTY."

skirt are all as vividly before me now as then. Nor did she seem averse to my companionship, especially when she found I could make myself understood through the medium of two languages—that of Romany,

which is, of course, common to gipsies of all nationalities, and that of the eye, which is common to humanity at large. Indeed, when, later on, we were liberated, my freedom came all too soon. I had been made captive by one who now had to return to her kinsfolk, while I, in melancholy mood, was pulled across "the Danube's blue waters" in the direction of Belgrade, casting, as I did so, many furtive glances behind at my fair fellow-prisoner, who, with several others, was waving me adieu from the shore; and I think, if I remember rightly, in my dreams that night, coils of dishevelled raven hair and sloe-black eyes played a conspicuous part.

Should you ever be called upon to assist at an operation on the leg of a fellow-creature under circumstances in which chloroform is not obtainable, insist on holding the wounded or otherwise affected limb. I speak advisedly, since I recall, while writing, a little incident which happened to me in the hospital at Belgrade on the occasion of my bringing to that place several men who had been wounded at Delegrad and Alixentatz. One of these had to go through the painful process of probing for a bullet, which had taken up its quarters somewhere in the calf of his *left* leg.

"Hold his *right* leg, Montagu," said Dr. McKeller, the head of the medical staff (than whom there was never a more brilliant Britisher on the war-path); "hold on to the right, and we'll look after the left." There was a merry twinkle in his eye which, at the time, I only attributed to his natural good humour.

Directly the probe made itself felt, that right leg was drawn up till the knee almost touched the nose of the patient, when, the pain becoming unbearable, that leg, to which I was still clinging, shot out straight, and, striking me in the chest, sent me, like a pellet from a catapult, flying across the ward, greatly to the merriment of the assembled doctors and nurses. Never, I say, under any circumstances, unless you are a Hercules, undertake, unaided, to hold — *the other* leg.

In these rambling reminiscences I wish rather to give to the reader a rough *résumé* of some few of my experiences than make any attempt at an abbreviated story of my life. Thus it is I pass in rapid review such incidents as in accidental succession present themselves. Indeed, as I write, I am reminded, by the snarls and contention for a bone of several dogs in the street below, of the Fosse Commune at Erzeroum, a deep entrenchment across which those who would from any point enter that grimy Oriental city have to pass on rough wooden bridges.

There must be some Eastern sentiment which necessitates the



"WAR, PESTILENCE, AND FAMINE."

Turks of Anatolia being more or less in touch with the dead—otherwise why those mangy man-eaters (no, not tigers, but half savage dogs) which prowl about o' nights in the by-ways of Erzeroum, or scratch up in the graveyards, as they too often do, all that remains of poor humanity, which, in this part of the world, is but thinly and lightly covered with mother earth? The backs of these scavengers, raw, and sometimes bleeding, tell too plainly the nature of their calling, since they suffer from a peculiar scurvy so induced. When the commissariat is low, they go further afield, even to that cordon of corruption outside the place, where vultures, hawks, owls, and other birds of prey fight or forgather with wolves and such like four-footed adventurers, and where, though metaphorically the man-eater takes a back seat, he still picks up some loathsome trifles—the *menu* is not perhaps so choice as in his own graveyards, but the supply is plentiful enough in all conscience—everything corruptible, from a dead cat to a dead camel, finding a last resting-place somewhere within that seething circle.

Hark! Do you hear the thunder of the guns in the *Devé Boyun* Pass yonder? Do you see the smoke mingling with the fleeting clouds in the far distance? How complete a picture this—could you see it as I do now in my mind's eye—of "war, pestilence, and famine!"

It's a far cry from Anatolia to Bulgaria, from Erzeroum to the Russian lines round about Plevna; but such a flight to pen and pencil on the plains of paperland is nothing. Thus do we now, on the wings of fancy, find ourselves at Porodim, in the Cossack camp, during Osman Pasha's stubborn resistance—where Conigsby, of *The Times*, and McGahan, of *The Daily News*, and many others, including myself, were later on

sending home news or sketches, and awaiting developments.

Not unlike a sack of potatoes on legs, your average Cossack, when he has dismounted, has more the clumsiness of the clown than the cut of the crack cavalry soldier about him, while his peculiar aversion to water at once negatives any notion of personal smartness, from a European point of view. On the other hand, put him in the stirrups, mount him with all his paraphernalia on his shaggy little steed, and he will ride, if need be, "through fire, and—if quite unavoidable—water," too, if it be only the will of the Czar.

It's a beautiful, nay, touching sight to see the Cossack of the Don at the first streak of early dawn on commissariat duty. As an explorer and discoverer of dainties in obscure hen-roosts, he stands—save for Reynard himself—alone; seldom returning without bringing in trophies on his lance-head which will give a zest to the Major's breakfast—or—his own.

One morning at Porodim several correspondents and myself were making desperate efforts to break the ice with a view to something like a lame apology for the homely tub. At length, having succeeded in doing so, we commenced our ablutions, and soon found ourselves the subject of comment on the part of several burly fellows, who seemed quite entertained at our proceedings.

"Wonderful!" said a Cossack Corporal, turning to my interpreter Nicholoff. "Wonderful! Englishmen, are they? Why, they wash in the winter time!"

While on the subject of Cossacks, several odd incidents present themselves:

The Times correspondent and myself having one day secured (no matter how) a fowl, promptly proceeded to

pluck, cook, cut up and—but no, I mustn't put the cart before the horse—we were interrupted in our arrangements for the mid-



"TIT-BITS AT THE FRONT."

day meal by the passing of a number of ox-teams, taking supplies of all kinds to the front, which were driven by Cossack camp followers. One of these, allowing his oxen to continue the even tenor of their way, stopped for a moment to take in the situation. Our preparations evidently amused him, and we, noting his interest in our movements—more especially, *The Times* correspondent—indulged in a certain amount of Anglo-Saxon badinage, at which that Cossack seemed to wonder more vaguely than before, till my companion felt it quite safe to say—in the vulgar vernacular, holding up at the same time *his* half of that mutilated fowl before the burly bullock driver—"There now, I dare say you'd make small bones of that if you could get it, wouldn't you?"

In an instant the Cossack had seized the dainty morsel in his grimy grip; the next it was quite beyond reclaim between his teeth, and then, to our utter astonishment, in unmistakable North Country dialect he said:—

"Wull, p'raps I shall, now I've got 'un; I'm a Yarkshermun, I am." And with this, munching to his infinite satisfaction that drum-stick as he went, he turned on his heel and rejoined his oxen.

On inquiry we found him to be a Yorkshire ne'er-do-weel, who, after many vicissitudes, had somehow enlisted in the Cossack contingent.

Before the siege was over, however, we had more than forgiven the unexpected appropriation of the succulent drum-stick.

One night—one of the most severe of that terrible winter—when such little wood as was obtainable was almost too damp to ignite, myself and several other correspondents were sitting in sorry plight round an apology for a camp fire, half frozen, and utterly demoralised, in a condition, in fact, of benumbed misery, which I at least have never before or since experienced. Save for the lurid glare of Plevna, like a smouldering volcano in the distance, and the tread now and again of a sentry in the crisp snow, we might

have been, as indeed we in some senses were, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Presently, however, a sound broke the stillness of the night—a sound which caused our hearts to throb, and circulated anew the blood in our half-frozen veins, a sound which spoke to each of "England, home, and beauty," of a welcome in store for us in the old country, of hopes realised, and promises fulfilled—that sound took the form of music, and probably the most acceptable form music, at such a moment, could take; for, proceeding from a rough reed pipe, there floated across to us on the cold night air the welcome old strains of "Home, sweet home:" sympathetically, exquisitely rendered, it seemed literally to resuscitate us. Yes, indeed, we had each of us something to live for, much to be thankful for, and when afterwards we ascertained the player to have been none other than our Yorkshire Cossack, it was pleasant to reflect that if he had once played the dickens with our dinner he had more than recompensed us with "Home, sweet home."

Although we were sometimes in such sorry plight as I've referred to, Conigsby was well pleased to mix with the Muscovites; he had previously been accredited to the Turks, and at Philippopolis, Adrianople, and elsewhere, had been frequently warned that the strong Russian bias of his letters to *The Times* boded him no good; indeed, that "a cup of black coffee," as poison is politely termed by the Moslems, was in active preparation for him.

Loth to accept these hints, it's more than probable he would never have come to Plevna at all, had not a very forcible argument been presented to him. It happened thus:—The representative of Printing House-square—quite innocent of coming events—rose one morning rather earlier than usual. His room seeming unusually dark, he proceeded at once to draw up the blind, when, to his intense horror, he suddenly found himself face to face with a corpse—the corpse of a Bulgarian



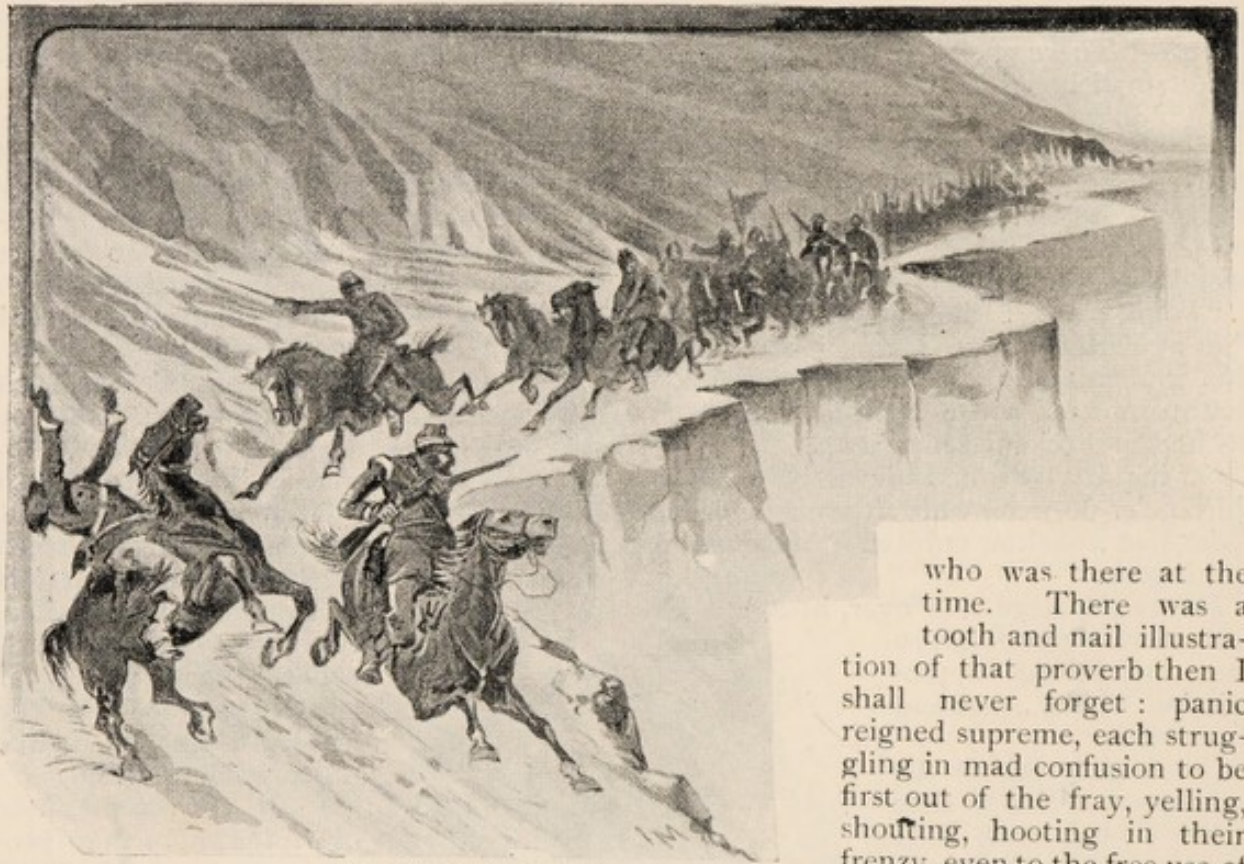
"HOME, SWEET HOME."

traitor — which, during the night, had been hoisted by means of pulleys outside his bedroom window. The Turks, to say the least of it, had a design on his appetite for breakfast. This gentle reminder was sufficient for him; he quite understood now how matters stood, and so exchanged as soon as possible to the Russian lines.

His successor, whose views, alas! were also Russophile, sent only a limited number of despatches to *The Times*. It was *café noir* that did it. I think he was buried at Scutari.

I have heard it remarked by some stay-

know what fear is." Let him, as soon as occasion serves, take a dose of ignominious retreat—*one* dose before bedtime will be found quite sufficient. Let him experience a retreat, say, down a rugged mountain defile in Spain, with the enemy in comparatively close proximity on a parallel ridge, a deep gorge between them, pouring in a deadly fire on retreating artillery and cavalry. This I experienced once not far from San Sebastian. "Everyone for himself, and the devil take the hindmost." I cite the apt quotation of my old friend Edmund O'Donovan, of *The Daily News*,



"A RETREAT IN SPAIN."

at-home critics of war that they "don't know what fear is," that they are, in other words, ready-made heroes for whom there is, unfortunately, no scope. To such I would recommend some of the minor emergencies of a campaign as tests worth trying. Personally, I am quite willing to confess to having experienced at times painfully unpleasant qualms, and fully believe that to do so is only human. Overcoming fear is declared by some to be heroic, and individual acts of unselfish bravery under such circumstances cannot certainly be too generously commended; but defend me from the untried swash-buckler who "doesn't

who was there at the time. There was a tooth and nail illustration of that proverb then I shall never forget: panic reigned supreme, each struggling in mad confusion to be first out of the fray, yelling, shouting, hooting in their frenzy, even to the free use of the butt ends of carbines and revolvers, anything, in short,

to clear the way for that best beloved and all-important "Number One."

It's astonishing, isn't it, with what jealous care poor humanity looks after number one, even though life be at a discount, as it was during the siege of Plevna, when one morning Conigsby and myself sallied forth in opposite directions in quest of material for our respective papers? Each in turn, though separated by some miles, found himself under a withering fire from Turkish rifle pits, and later on each found himself hastening for the kindly protection of the same advanced Russian earthworks.

"This, Montagu," said Conigsby, "is an

incident which should not be overlooked. A sceptical world will never believe it—yet stay—unless—oh, yes, I have it. You do a picture for *The Illustrated News* representing our noble selves, specially your humble servant, you know, as we now are in the forefront of the fighting, while I write up the occurrence in *The Times*. Such corroborative evidence, which is, moreover, absolutely true, will place our zeal beyond question, and show the reading and picture-loving public that life at the front is not all 'beer and skittles.'"

That day is particularly marked on my memory as having been one of exceptional interest, incident, and hard work, terminating in a night made almost unbearable by the howling of wolves and the neighing of terror-stricken horses. With this—"An Attack on the Encampment of *The Times* and *Illustrated London News*," forming a subject for the pages of that journal—and with Conigsby's version of the experience (it may be taken with several grains of salt), which he gave at a Press dinner on our return, I will bring this chapter of accidents and incidents to a close.

"Never, gentlemen," said he, "never on any account go to the front with a war artist. They are dangerous individuals, I assure you. Most of you will remember a certain illustration of Montagu's in which our camp was represented as being attacked by wolves; but you don't, I think, know the true story concerning it.

"One night, wearied beyond measure with a long day at the front, I was striving in vain to sleep through a medley of sounds in which the short, quick, raspy barking of wolves, and shouts of men striving to

pacify scared horses, combined to make night hideous, when, unable to stand it any longer, I rushed into Montagu's tent—for, without enlisting his aid, I felt apoplexy must be the end of it—and aroused him.

"Montagu, my dear fellow, do you hear those wolves? They are simply unbearable. I have tried every expedient but one—it's our last resource. If there's one thing in this world more than another calculated to scare wolves it will be one of your pictures for *The Illustrated London News*! Whereupon I seized one of his latest productions, and, rushing out, faced those fiery invaders.

"The result was instantaneous. With a fearfully prolonged yelp they scuttled off helter-skelter to the hills, where they were very soon lost to sight.

"But, remember, I have already warned you against going to the front with a war artist, and would ask you now to listen to Montagu's terrible retaliation. Goodness knows, I am loth enough to admit it.

"Those wolves came back again, and then it was that he, rushing into my tent, said that lunacy, ay, raving madness, stared him in the face, unless the last die were cast—if that wouldn't settle them, nothing would. With this he grasped a half-finished article of mine to *The Times*, and confronting those wolves, read aloud to that astonished pack the first short paragraph. Then it was that, utterly panic-stricken, they fled, howling in wild confusion, to the Balcans, and I understand they have been scarce in Bulgaria ever since. Who, after this, will question for one moment the far-reaching influence of the British press?"

(To be continued.)



The Rynard Gold Reef Coy Ltd

BY WALTER BESANT.

ACT I.

YOU dear old boy," said the girl, "I am sure I wish it could be—with all my heart—if I have any heart."
"I don't believe you have," replied the boy, gloomily.

"Well, but Reg, consider; you've got no money."

"I've got five thousand pounds. If a man can't make his way upon that, he must be a poor stick."

"You would go abroad with it and dig, and take your wife with you—to wash and cook."

"We would do something with the money here. You should stay in London, Rosie."

"Yes. In a suburban villa, at Shepherd's Bush, perhaps. No, Reg, when I marry, if ever I do—I am in no hurry—I will step out of this room into one exactly like it." The room was a splendid drawing-room in Palace Gardens, splendidly furnished. "I shall have my footmen and my carriage, and I shall——"

"Rosie, give me the right to earn all these things for you!" the young man cried impetuously.

"You can only earn them for me by the time you have one foot in the grave. Hadn't I better in the meantime marry some old gentleman

with his one foot in the grave, so as to be ready for you against the time when you come home? In two or three years the other foot I dare say would slide into the grave as well."

"You laugh at my trouble. You feel nothing."

"If the pater would part—but he won't—he says he wants all his money for himself, and that I've got to marry well. Besides, Reg"—here her face clouded and she lowered her voice—"there are times when he looks anxious. We didn't always live in Palace Gardens. Suppose we should lose it all as quickly



"THIS HEARTLESS HAND."



"FIVE THOUSAND DOWN, HARD CASH."

"I've dropped five thousand in it, and they haven't come up again yet."

"They will. I have been round the estate, and I see money in it. Well, sir, here's my offer: five thousand down, hard cash, as soon as the papers are signed."

Reginald sat up. He was on the point of accepting the proposal, when a pony rode up to the house, and the rider, a native groom, jumped off, and gave him a note. He opened it and read. It was from his nearest neighbour, two or three miles away: "Don't sell that man your estate. Gold has been found. The whole country is full of gold. Hold on. He's an assayer. If he offers to buy, be quite sure that he has found gold on your land.—F. G."

He put the note into his pocket, gave a verbal message to the boy, and turned to his guest, without betraying the least astonishment or emotion.

"I beg your pardon. The note was from Bellamy, my next neighbour. Well? You were saying——"

"Only that I have taken a fancy—perhaps a foolish fancy—to this place of yours, and I'll give you, if you like, all that you have spent upon it."

"Well," he replied, reflectively, but with a little twinkle in his eye, "that seems handsome. But the place isn't really worth the half that I have spent upon it. Anybody would tell you that. Come, let us be honest, whatever we are. I'll tell you a better way. We will put the matter into the hands of Bellamy. He knows what a coffee plantation is worth. He shall name

as we got it. Oh!" she shivered and trembled. "No, I will never, never marry a poor man. Get rich, my dear boy, and you may aspire even to the valuable possession of this heartless hand."

She held it out. He took it, pressed it, stooped and kissed her. Then he dropped her hand and walked quickly out of the room.

"Poor Reggie!" she murmured. "I wish—I wish—but what is the use of wishing?"

ACT II.

Two men—one young, the other about fifty—sat in the verandah of a small bungalow. It was after breakfast. They lay back in long bamboo chairs, each with a cigar. It looked as if they were resting. In reality they were talking business, and that very seriously.

"Yes, sir," said the elder man, with something of an American accent, "I have somehow taken a fancy to this place. The situation is healthy."

"Well, I don't know; I've had more than one touch of fever here."

"The climate is lovely——"

"Except in the rains."

"The soil is fertile——"

a price, and if we can agree upon that, we will make a deal of it."

The other man changed colour. He wanted to settle the thing at once as between gentlemen. What need of third parties? But Reginald stood firm, and he presently rode away, quite sure that in a day or two this planter, too, would have heard the news.

A month later, the young coffee-planter stood on the deck of a steamer homeward bound. In his pocket-book was a plan of his auriferous estate, in a bag hanging round his neck was a small collection of yellow nuggets; in his boxes was a chosen assortment of quartz.

ACT III.

"Well, sir," said the financier, "you've brought this thing to me. You want my advice. Well, my advice is, don't fool away the only good thing that will ever happen to you. Luck such as this doesn't come more than once in a lifetime."

"I have been offered ten thousand pounds for my estate."

"Oh! Have you! Ten thousand? That was very liberal—very liberal indeed. Ten thousand for a gold reef."

"But I thought as an old friend of my father you would, perhaps——"

"Young man, don't fool it away. He's waiting for you, I suppose, round the corner, with a bottle of fizz ready to close."

"He is."

"Well, go and drink his champagne. Always get whatever you can. And then tell him that you'll see him——"

"I certainly will, sir, if you advise it. And then?"

"And then—leave it to me. And—young man—I think I heard, a year or two ago, something about you and my girl Rosie."

"There was something, sir. Not enough to trouble you about it."

"She told me. Rosie tells me all her love affairs."

"Is she—is she unmarried?"

"Oh yes, and for the moment I believe she is free. She has had one or two engagements, but, somehow, they have come to nothing. There was the French Count, but that was knocked on the head very early in consequence of things discovered. And there was the Boom in Guano, but he fortunately smashed, much to Rosie's joy, because she never liked him. The last was Lord Evergreen. He was a nice old chap when you could understand what he said, and



"VERY LIBERAL INDEED!"

Rosie would have liked the title very much, though his grandchildren opposed the thing. Well, sir, I suppose you couldn't understand the trouble we took to keep that old man alive for his own wedding. Science did all it could, but 'twas of no use——" The financier sighed. "The ways of Providence are inscrutable. He died, sir, the day before."

"That was very sad."

"A dashing of the cup from the lip, sir. My daughter would been a Countess. Well, young gentleman, about this estate of yours. I think I see a way—I think, I am not yet sure—that I do see a way. Go now. See this liberal gentleman, and drink his champagne. And come here in a week. Then, if I still see my way, you shall understand what it means to hold the position in the City which is mine."

"And—and—may I call upon Rosie?"

"Not till this day week, not till I have made my way plain."

ACT IV.

"And so it means this. Oh, Rosie, you look lovelier than ever, and I'm as happy as a king. It means this. Your father is the greatest genius in the world. He buys my property for sixty thousand pounds—sixty thousand. That's over two thousand a year for me, and he makes a company out of it with a hundred and fifty thousand capital. He says that, taking ten thousand out of it for expenses, there will be a profit of eighty thousand. And all that he gives to you—eighty thousand, that's three thousand a year for you; and sixty thousand, that's two more, my dearest Rosie. You remember what you said, that when you married you should step out of one room like this into another just as good?"

"Oh, Reggie"—she sank upon his bosom—"you know I never could love anybody but you. It's true I was engaged to old Lord Evergreen, but that was only because he had one foot—you know—and when the other foot went in too, just a day too soon, I actually laughed. So the pater is going to make a company of it, is he? Well, I hope he won't put any of his own money into it, I'm sure, because of late all the companies have turned out so badly."



"OH, ROSIE, YOU LOOK LOVELIER THAN EVER!"

"But, my child, the place is full of gold."

"Then why did he turn it into a company, my dear boy? And why didn't he make you stick to it? But you know nothing of the City. Now, let us sit down, and talk about what we shall do—Don't, you ridiculous boy!"

ACT V.

Another house just like the first. The bride stepped out of one palace into another. With their five or six thousand a year, the young couple could just manage to make both ends meet. The husband was devoted; the wife had everything that she could wish. Who could be happier than this pair in a nest so luxurious, their life so padded, their days so full of sunshine?

It was a year after marriage. The wife, contrary to her usual custom, was the first at breakfast. A few letters were waiting for her—chiefly invitations. She opened and read them. Among them lay one addressed to her husband. Not looking at the address, she opened and read that as well:

"DEAR REGINALD,—I venture to address you as an old friend of your own and schoolfellow of your mother's. I am a widow with four children. My husband was the Vicar of your old parish—you remember him and me. I was left with a little income of about two hundred a year. Twelve months ago I was persuaded in order to double my income—a thing which seemed certain from the prospectus—to invest everything in a new and rich gold mine. Everything. And the mine has never paid anything. The Company—it is called the Rynard Gold Reef Company—is in liquidation because, though there is really the gold there, it costs too much to get it. I have no relatives anywhere to help me. Unless I can get assistance my children and I must go at once—to-morrow—into the workhouse. Yes, we are paupers. I am ruined by the cruel lies of that prospectus, and the wickedness which deluded me, and I know not how many others, out of my money. I have been foolish, and am punished: but those people, who will punish them? Help me, if you can, my dear Reginald. Oh! for *God's* sake, help my children and me. Help your mother's friend, your own old friend."

"This," said Rosie, meditatively, "is exactly the kind of thing to make Reggie uncomfortable. Why, it might make him unhappy all day. Better burn it." She

dropped the letter into the fire. "He's an impulsive, emotional nature, and he doesn't understand the City. If people are so foolish. What a lot of fibs the poor old pater does tell, to be sure. He's a regular novelist—Oh! here you are, you lazy boy!"

"Kiss me, Rosie." He looked as handsome as Apollo and as cheerful. "I wish all the world were as happy as you and me. Heigho! Some poor devils, I'm afraid——"

"Tea or coffee, Reg?"



Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

JOHN LAWRENCE TOOLE.



HEREVER the English tongue is spoken the name of J. L. Toole is a household word. After winning his

spurs in Dublin, he made his first appearance in London at the St. James's Theatre, which was then under the management of Mrs. Seymour. This was in 1855. From the St. James's he migrated

Bedford, will be always remembered in connection with that theatre. It was during this period that our first two portraits were taken. The

third portrait represents him at forty-five years of age, before which time he had produced Byron's "Dearer than Life" at the Queen's, Henry Irving playing *Bob Gassett*, and Lionel Brough *Uncle Ben*. The theatre he built for himself in King William-street was

From a] AGE 20. [Photo.



AGE 25.

From a Photo.



AGE 45.

From a Photo.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Burton Bros., Dunedin.

to the Lyceum, where he played, among other characters, *Flip Flap* to Charles Dillon's *Belphegor*, Mrs. Bancroft, then Marie Wilton, being in the cast. It was but a step from the Lyceum to the Adelphi; and his merry reign there, in conjunction with Paul

opened in 1879. Our fourth portrait was taken in Dunedin, New Zealand, about five months ago, in the course of his remarkably successful tour through the Australasian colonies.

For these portraits we are indebted to Mr. Toole's courtesy.

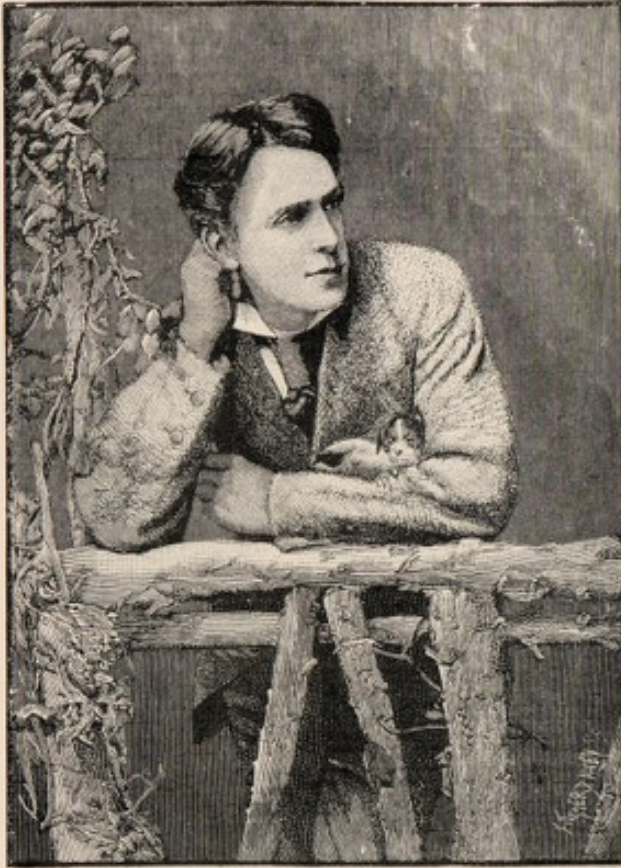
EDWARD S. WILLARD.

BORN 1854.



R. E. S. WILLARD, whose career at the Shaftesbury Theatre within the last two years firmly established his claim to be regarded as one of our few really great actors,

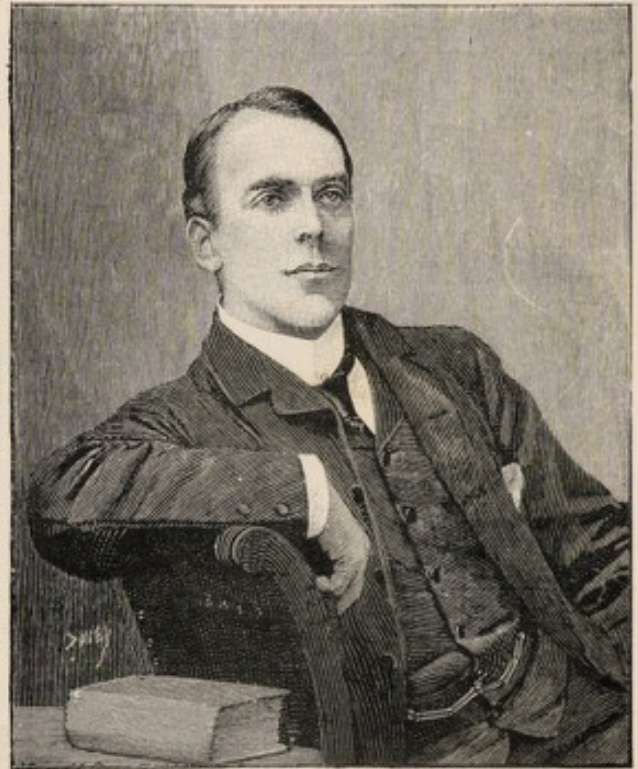
followed, leading to his engagement at the Princess's under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett. His performance of the *Spider* in "The Silver King" was no less popular than that of his chief. Although Mr. Willard's position in the first rank of actors could not have been long delayed, his sudden leap to the front was almost the result of a fortunate accident. He had accepted a long engagement from Mr. Hare for the new Garrick Theatre,



From a]

AGE 18.

[Photograph.



From a]

AGE 27.

[Photograph.

made his first bow to a theatrical audience at the Theatre Royal, Weymouth, in December, 1869, and afterwards gained some useful experiences on the "Western Circuit." In 1875 he married Miss Emily Waters, now well known in literary circles as "Rachel Penn," and then he made his first appearance in London at the Covent Garden Theatre. Five years of hard work in the provinces



From a Photo. by]

AGE 36.

[J. Templeton Grove.

which, fortunately for Mr. Willard, was cancelled by him when he refused to play the opening part assigned to him. This left him free to assume the reins of management at the Shaftesbury Theatre, where his remarkable performances of *Cyrus Blenkarn* and *Judah* established his claim to pre-eminence, and more than justified the faith and confidence of his numerous admirers.



AGE 12.

of the chief provincial theatres in a variety of characters. These early studies, combined with great natural abilities, have borne the fruit to be expected; and to-day Miss Rorke, as the frequenter of the Garrick Theatre know to their delight, is one of the most charming and finished actresses at present on the English stage.



AGE 14.



AGE 16.

MISS KATE RORKE.

M

MISS KATE RORKE, at the age at which our first portrait represents her, was already on the stage, in the character of one of the little school-girls in "Olivia." At fourteen she was still a stage school-girl, this time in the Bancrofts' production of "School" at the Haymarket. Soon afterwards she joined Mr. Charles Wyndham's touring company, and at the age of our third portrait was delighting the audiences



PRESENT DAY.



AGE 5.
From a Photo, by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



AGE 7.
From a Photo, by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



AGE 14.
From a Photo, by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



AGE 19.
From a Photo, by Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

board H.M.S. *Britannia* at Dartmouth. At nineteen, he became an undergraduate at Trinity College, Cambridge; after which he was transferred to Aldershot to study military science.

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From a Photo, by] AGE 26. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

BORN 1864.



At the age of seven Prince Albert Victor was receiving his education at home. At fourteen—at which age he is here depicted in a Highland costume—he

was, like his brother George, a cadet on



From a Photo. by] AGE 3 MONTHS. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 10. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 6. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 15. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

THE DUCHESS OF FIFE.

THE Duchess of Fife, as our readers are aware, inherits in no small degree the conspicuous gifts of grace and beauty for which her Royal mother is so pre-eminently distinguished. That such has been the case throughout her life is manifested by the charming portraits which here represent her from the age when, as a solemn baby, her first photograph was taken, down to her appearance at the present day.

These portraits are reproduced by special arrangement with Messrs. W. and D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 3. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 5. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 14. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

BORN 1865.



From Prince George at the ages of three and five we have nothing to record; but at the time at which our third portrait represents him, he was a middy on board H.M.S. *Britannia*. A sailor is always a popular member of all classes of society, and "our sailor prince" enjoys the reputation of being among the most popular of his profession.

These portraits are reproduced by special arrangement with Messrs. W. and D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Messrs. W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Levitzky, Paris.



From a Photo. by] AGE 19. [Bergamasco, St. Petersburg.



From a Photo. by] AGE 25. [Sarony, New York.

MME. ALBANI.

THE first portrait we give of Mme. Albani-Gye shows her at eighteen years, when a student under M. Duprez, of Paris. The second represents her at nineteen, as *La Sonnambula*, in which rôle she made a triumphant *début* in 1872 at Covent Garden. Mme. Albani spent her 25th birthday in New York, where she created the part of *Elsa*. The last photograph represents her as *Desdemona*, a character which particularly appeals to her.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [Sarony, New York.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [M. Hansen, Stockholm.

In 1885, on pleasure bent, she came to England, and, in the cause of a charity, made her *début* at the Albert Hall, since when she has been continually sought for concerts in town and country. Only a few weeks back she appeared for the first time in a London opera at Covent Garden, where she is now performing.



From a Photo. by] AGE 24. [Florman.



From a Photo. by] AGE 27. [Chancellor, Dublin.]

MISS AGNES JANSEN.



THE first photograph we give of Miss Agnes Jansen brings her before us at eighteen years of age, then a student at the Royal Academy of Music in Stockholm. Under the guidance of her accomplished master, Hugo Beyer, she made such marked progress that she was shortly afterwards engaged to appear in the leading contralto rôles at the Opera House of her native city.



From a Photo. by] PRESENT DAY. [The Stereoscopic Co.

Humours of the Post Office.

WITH FAC-SIMILES.

II.

THE pages in the "Post Office Album," through which we were looking in our last number, are by no means exhausted. There is yet another curiously addressed missive to Her Majesty—"To the lady queen vicktorieha queens pallice London" (Fig. 1); the late

a somewhat remarkable envelope—sufficiently suggestive, however, to reach him (Fig. 3); whilst the Receiver and Accountant-General of the Post Office received a veritable puzzle in "Receive the county general Cheapy hall London" (Fig. 4). One remaining specimen (Fig. 5) here reproduced—which was actually delivered to the proper

persons for whom it was intended—we will leave to those of our readers who revel in the unravelling of the mysterious.

Turn over another leaf, and you are requested to make yourself acquainted with an interesting little Welsh town in Merionethshire, familiarly

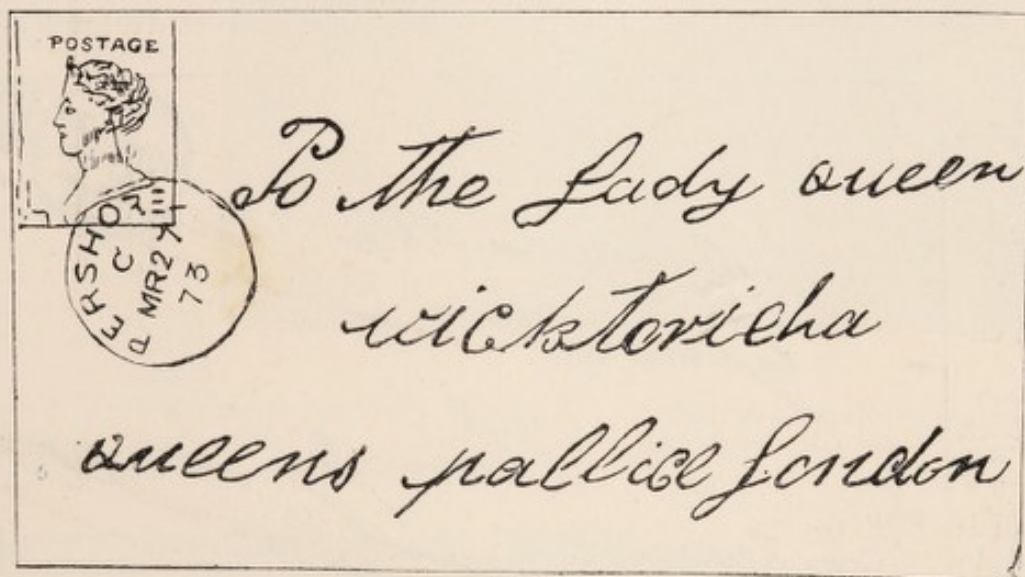


FIG. 1.

Earl of Beaconsfield was also signalled out for an hieroglyphic wrapper (Fig. 2); the gentleman occupying the civic chair at the Mansion House in 1886 was the recipient of

known as "Llanllanfairpyllghyllgheryogogoch"; and the next page gives rise to unbounded sympathy for the unfortunate postman who dutifully delivered a letter to—

Mr Dusserrhea
att the hause
berdass
London

Mr. Disraeli
House of Commons
London

FIG. 2.

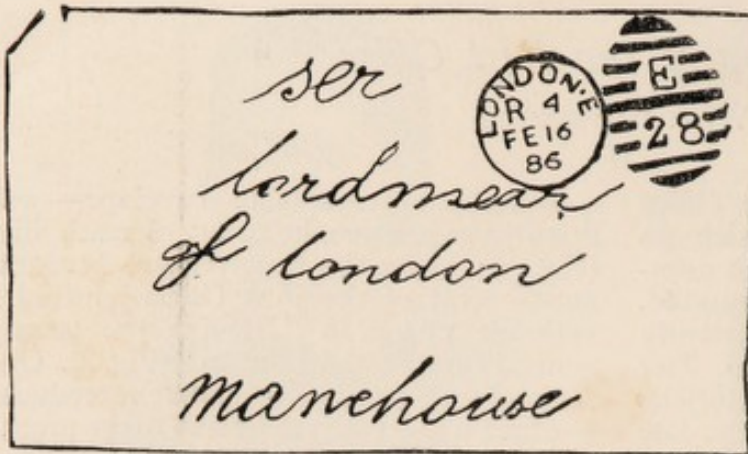


FIG. 3.

account by a foreign one. A minister, evidently just ordained, and residing in Jamaica, is depicted in the pulpit with his old college cap and boots in the distance, with the reminder to "Never forget old friends." One envelope strongly suggests that somebody has a weakness for anything but toast and water, for the gentleman is represented fast asleep, with a huge barrel of beer above him, and the tap still flowing freely into his opened mouth, which is waiting to receive it.

The volumes devoted to humours

"Mr. Paddy O'Rafferty O'Shaugnessy, 'The Beautiful Shamrock' Next door to Barney Flynn's Whiskey Store. Knock me down entirely street, Stratford on Avon In the County Cork if ye like Dublin."

One gentleman is evidently partial to boxing—all his envelopes are pugilistically illustrated, whilst another individual's wrappers always bear a request—in big capitals—to carry his communication by a British vessel, and on no

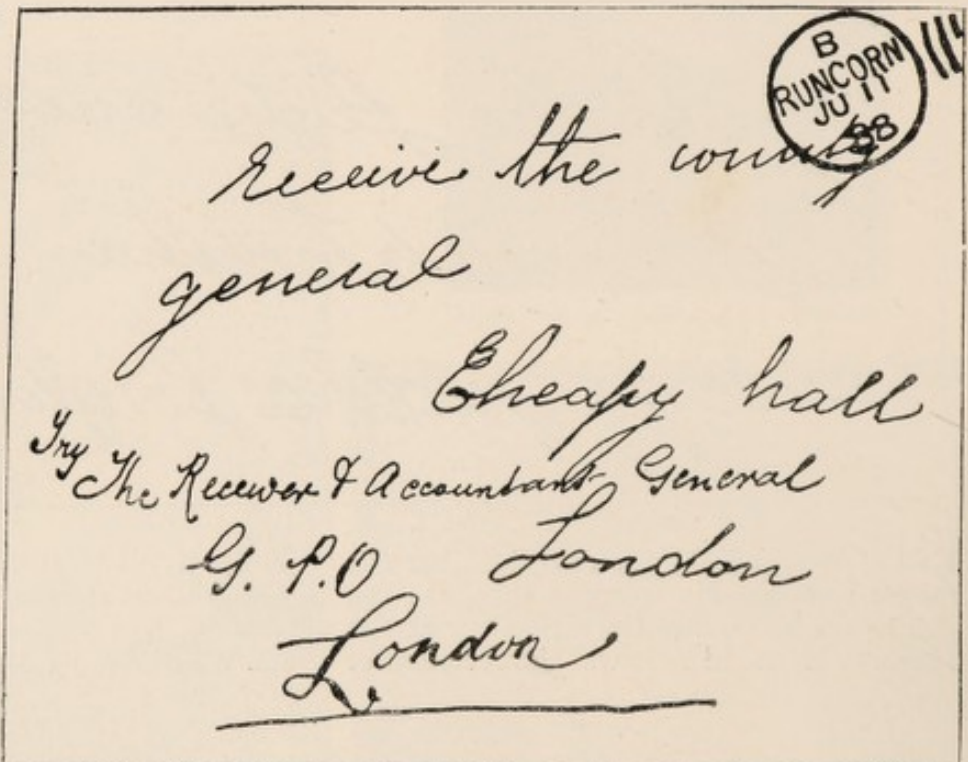


FIG. 4.

o g r e e w e l l t o h
 n e w t t l b y b o y
 w e e e r n e r b e a n g
 b e d a s w h e s

FIG. 5.

nearer at home are brimming over with merriment, whilst not a few leaves contain somewhat serious impressions. Suggestions of holiday making form a prominent feature. Pretty and effective views of the sea and country lanes, picturesque valleys and mountains, are liberally displayed on the

various envelopes. One lady is at Margate, attired in such masculine clothing, with binocular under her arm, that the artist has added a flowing beard to her face. There is a landlady presenting a bill, whilst the next is really a very original idea of the various stages of matrimony. On a number of boards resting on an easel, is one marked "1883," with a pair of lovers drifting down a stream in a boat, whilst



FIG. 6.

"1884" finds the same pair in wedding garments. Other "years" are waiting for their events in the lives of the young people.

Another envelope, bearing the Peckham post-mark, thus silently appeals :—

"To Exeter fair city, by Western Mail,
 Good postman, send me without fail;
 And when in Devonshire I arrive,
 Over Exe Bridge and through St.
 Thomas drive,
 Past the old turnpike, and up the hill
 Held sacred to Little John's \times still,
 Just where the road begins to turn,
 You'll find Rose Cottage and Mrs.
 Hearn.
 Ask her if there's a fair young lass
 Come down from London her holidays
 to pass;
 To her please deliver without delay,
 For I'm postage paid, and so you need
 not stay."

The poetry is not great, but it is suggestive.

An eminent maker of umbrellas received a most artistic wrapper, with numerous illustrations showing the position his umbrellas held amongst the community. Gentlemen are using them as a means of roaming the seas, whilst a more adventuresome spirit, remarking



FIG. 7.

Poetical addresses are as numerous as they are varied. Here are one or two examples. A postman read the following instructions :—

"Near Bristol City may patience lead thee;
 At Totterdown Row—postman, heed me—
 Stands Gordon House, 'tis passing fair,
 And Mr. Brittain dwelleth there.

that "Umbrellas make you rise in the world," is going up *à la* balloon with one. Finally, at the death of the worthy manufacturer his own umbrella is carried in state followed by an appreciative populace, and the head of his memorial stone is further decorated by a number of these very useful pro-

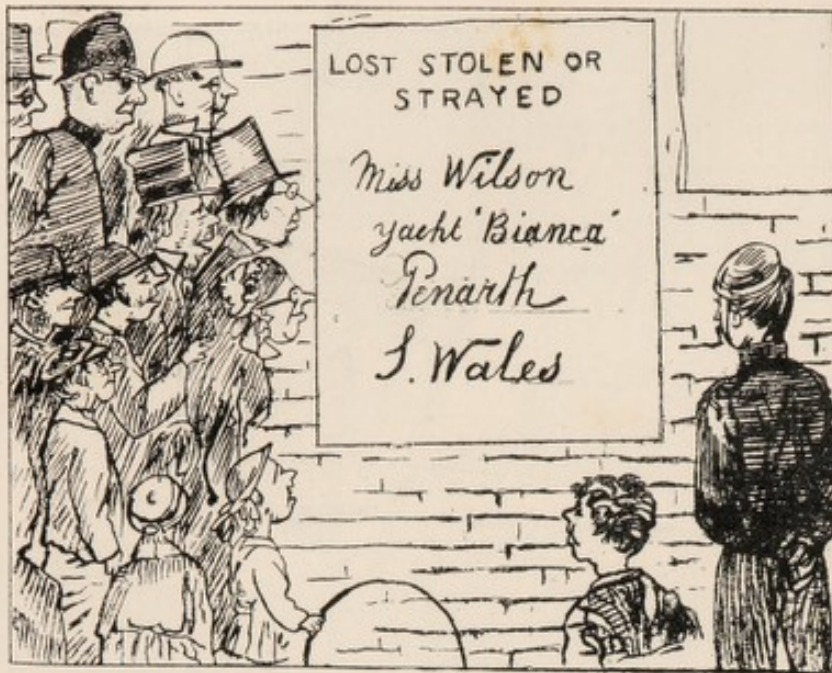


FIG. 8.

tectors. The uncertainty of our glorious climate is the subject for another wit, who has drawn a monumental stone over which a watering can is freely flowing with the words—

Sacred
to the
memory of the fine weather
which departed from this land
June, 1888.

Also
the sun of the above.

One envelope has an ingenious direction on it. It is intended for s.s. *Kaisow*, lying in the Red Sea. It shows a very intelligent-looking sow labelled K, with a belt round it in the form of the letter C painted red.

A somewhat similarly addressed wrapper is one despatched to Wales. Swansea is represented by a swan with a capital C in the immediate vicinity of its tail (Fig. 6); whilst following the word South is a representation of a num-

ber of enthusiastic fishermen making every effort to harpoon some whales. A stalwart Highlander, in all his glory, appears upon another, wishing "A guid New Year to ye," and as he holds out a palm almost as large as himself, he merrily exclaims, "And here's a hand, my trusty fren'!" An invalid is lying with a heavy box on him, labelled appropriately "A Chest Complaint." John Bull and Young Australia occupy two corners of the wrapper, shaking hands across the sea, whilst the next is a loving message to an ocean roamer, showing an energetic little nigger indulging in what is frankly admitted to be a "mangled version of an old song," to the effect of—

" Good bye, John,
Don't stop long,
Come back soon to your numberless chickabiddies ;
My heart is low,
The winds blow so,
And takes away my sailor."

Niggers seem strong favourites for illustrative purposes. A magnificent specimen of a black is that of a gentleman in a huge broad-brimmed straw hat, with the name and address written on an equally prodigious collar. The gentleman destined to

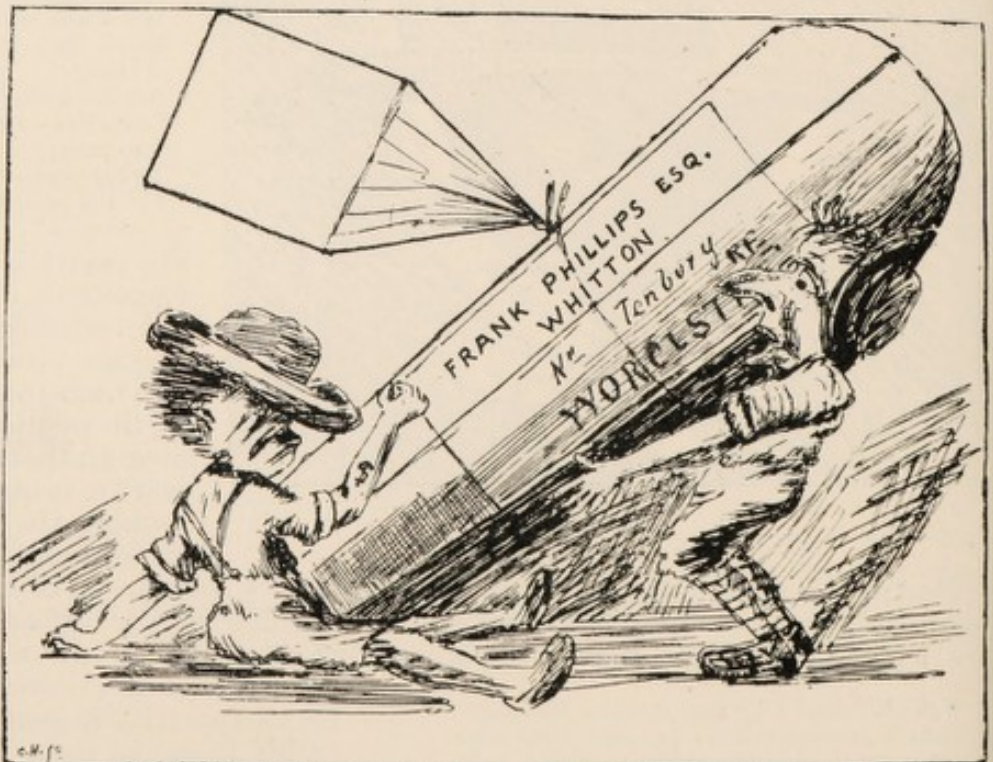


FIG. 9.

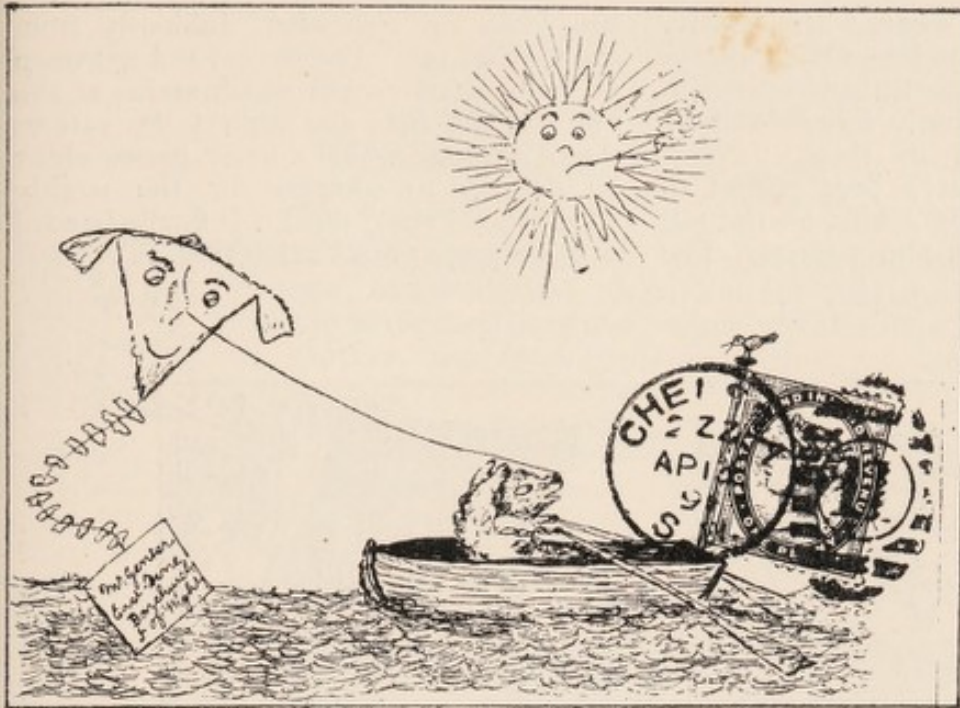


FIG. 10.

receive the letter rejoiced in the name of Black, hence the presence of our dark friend (Fig. 7). Here (Fig. 11) is a merry little drummer boy, whose face is hidden by the paper he is reading, which bears the postage stamp.

A young lady residing at Port Elizabeth probably felt a shock when she found on an envelope from "home," a gentlemanly but gluttonous cannibal making a small lunch out of a venturesome white man, whom he is swallowing at a single bite. "A Native Swallowing a Settler" is the comforting inscription on it. Equally startled, too, probably, was the lady who found that she had been singled out as "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed," with a crowd of interested on-lookers—including representatives of the military and police—eagerly scanning the bill on which was set forth her name and address (Fig. 8).

What looks like a sly hint at matrimony was sent by an amorous swain to a young damsel at Cape Town. A gentleman's head, labelled "An unfurnished flat," surely suggests house furnishing. Page after page of the postal scrap-book is replete with illustrations: artists, sculptors, eminent politicians, all classes of the community, all have their own particular "skit"—a musician, probably, and a violinist to wit, receiving his envelope with a pictorial representation suggesting the weight of his instrument, so much so that it took a couple of men to carry it between them, and even then the fiddle and case

proved too heavy, and was allowed to fall to the ground, much to the evident hurt of one of those engaged in the job (Fig. 9).

"The lion is a noble animal, and to his keeper he appears to possess no small degree of attachment." So says an envelope with the king of beasts taking his unwary keeper into his paws.

It is needless to say that married people receive a fair share of attention from the envelope

artist. The "delighted parent" is in strong evidence, whilst the nurse approaches with gladdened step and joyfully exclaims "Twins, sir!"

And a wit winds the series up with a request on his missive addressed to the care of a post-office to the effect:—"Don't give him this unless he calls for it."

We append a couple of illustrations



FIG. 11.

which seem to have escaped the usually keen eye of those at the Post Office, always on the look-out for these little curiosities in envelopes. One is kindly forwarded by a gentleman interested in these "Postal Humours," and shows a boar partial to boating playfully flying a kite, on the tail of which is the name and address. The

sun looks on somewhat dubiously from above (Fig. 10). The second is a specimen of many similar ones which arrive at the office of *Tit-Bits*, and depicts the various stages through which a letter passes whilst on its way to compete for the weekly "Vigilance Prize," until it is finally handed in at its proper destination (Fig. 12).



FIG. 12.

Celebrated Beauties.

"Woman, be fair, we must adore you ;
Smile, and the world is all before you."

LOOKING back across the gulf of years which divides us from the latter portion of the last century, we must be struck by the total change that has passed over society generally. No men like those giants in intellect, Chatham, Fox, Swift, Johnson, now fill the canvas ; no fine gentlemen, who, as Thackeray says, were in themselves a product of the past, and for which the finikin, white-vested masher is but a poor substitute. And the women !—those wondrously fair creatures, whose faces have been handed down to us by Reynolds or Gainsborough, and who smile at us from their gilt frames. What witchery in the almond-shaped eyes, long and languishing ; what pouting lips ; what arched and lovely necks ; what queenly dignity in their gait and carriage, and withal nothing of the voluptuous immodesty which marks the

wanton beauties of Charles II.'s Court : they were mistresses, these were wives.

There was never a period when so much homage was paid to beauty as in the last century. Men went mad for a lovely face, fought duels for a smile or a flower given by their mistress to a rival, and threw prudence to the winds to obtain her. We

are now going to take a glance at some of these fair magicians, whose stories read, many of them, like fairy tales ; Cinderella, for instance, pales before the history of the two Irish girls who, more than 150 years ago, crossed the fish-pond which divides the sister countries, and came to seek their fortunes, with only their lovely faces *pour tout potage*. The surpassing beauty of the sisters has become matter of history, nor,

perhaps, is there a parallel instance of mere beauty exciting so extraordinary a sensation as that produced by these portionless girls.

Horace Walpole, writing to Sir Horace Mann, says :— " You who know England in other times will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to Ministers ; the two Miss Gunnings are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the Duke of Newcastle or Lord Granville."

Again he says : — " The Gunning girls have no fortune,

and are scarce gentlewomen, but by their mother. (She was the Honourable Bridget Bourke, third daughter to Theobald, sixth Viscount Mayo.) The Bourkes have Plantagenet blood, quite enough to compensate for the inferior tap of the Gunnings."

Maria was the eldest of " the goddesses,"



ELIZABETH GUNNING (DUCHESS OF HAMILTON).
(From the Picture by C. Read.)

as Mrs. Montagu styles the two girls. She was born in 1733, Elizabeth two years later. Consequently, when they appeared in London, one was nineteen, the other seventeen.

The character of the beauty of the Gunnings will be seen in the accompanying portrait of Elizabeth—long swimming eyes, and small, delicate mouth, and the soft, composed face, breaking from between the two lace lappets, secured in a top-knot over the head.

Soon both sisters had admirers. "Lord Coventry, a grave lord of the remains of the patriot breed," dangled after Maria, while Elizabeth was singled out by the Duke of Hamilton, who was wild and dissipated. He fell desperately in love with the young beauty, who, on her side, was well tutored by her Plantagenet mother how to play the noble fish she had on her line. The sequel is well known; how the Duke, inflamed by Elizabeth's coyness and coquetry, insisted upon the extempore marriage at midnight, the curtain-ring doing duty for a golden fetter. Her sister's good fortune decided the fate of Maria, who in a short time wedded her grave lord.

It is an old maxim that "Nothing succeeds like success," and the furore caused by the "goddesses" increased after their elevation to the peerage. "The world is still mad about the Gunnings.* The Duchess of Hamilton was presented on Friday; the crowd was so great that even the noble crowd in the drawing-room clambered upon chairs and tables to look at her. There are mobs at their doors to see them get into their chairs, and people go early to get places at the theatre when it is known they will be there. Doctor Sacheverell never made more fuss than these two beauties." A shoemaker got two guineas for showing a shoe he was making for Lady Coventry. But the mind of her ladyship was not equal to her beauty, the fact being that neither of the girls had been educated decently. The Duchess, however, concealed her deficiency better than Lady Coventry, who, Horace Walpole tells us, said every day some new "sproposits." Stories flew about of her sayings which, no doubt, lost nothing in the repetition; as when she told the good-natured king that the only sight she wished to see was a coronation. It was to him she also complained that she could not walk in

the park, the people stared at her so much; upon which George II. sent her a guard to keep the starers in order. This incident caused the circulation of the accompanying ballad, composed by Horace Walpole:—

"Shut up the park, I beseech you,
Lay a tax upon staring so hard;
Or, if you're afraid to do that, sir,
I'm sure you will grant me a guard.

"The boon thus requested was granted,
The warriors were drawn up with care.
With my slaves and my guards I'm surrounded,
Come, stare at me now, if you dare!"

The beautiful Coventry enjoyed her title but a short time, killing herself by the excessive use of white paint. She died at the early age of twenty-eight, and it was a tribute to her that she was regretted by all who had known her; even the heartless set who made up her world have a word of sorrow for this beautiful simpleton.

Elizabeth was more prosperous. Her life from end to end was a success. She was double-duchessed, marrying, a second time, after a year's widowhood, Colonel Campbell, who succeeded to the Dukedom of Argyle. The Duke of Bridgewater had also proposed for her. She was created Baroness in her own right, and given the office of Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte. She died in 1791, having been mother to four dukes and wife to two, a dignity which few women could claim.

Here come another pair of charming sisters, Catherine and Mary Horneck, daughters to Reynolds' kinsman, Captain Kane Horneck; they are best known to this generation through the medium of Oliver Goldsmith's admiration for them, just as the Miss Berrys' best claim to celebrity is Horace Walpole's quasi-Platonic friendship. The loving nicknames of the "Jessamy Bride" and "Little Comedy," which were given to the sisters by Oliver, show the terms of intimacy upon which he stood. And this friendship seems to have brought out some of the best points in the character of the lovable author of the "Immortal Vicar." Now we see him leading them through the crowded masquerade at the Pantheon, arrayed in his plum-coloured suit and laced hat; or he is conducting them and their mother on a trip to Paris, his simple, harmless vanity highly pleased at being the escort of such a lovely trio (for Mrs. Horneck was as handsome as her daughters). As usual, his innocent pride was misinterpreted. Boswell, whom Horace Walpole calls the "Mountebank to a Zeno," talks of his envious disposition,

* Horace Walpole's letters.

and adds that when accompanying two beautiful young women with their mother on a tour in France, he was seriously angry that more attention was paid to them than to him. But Boswell seems always to have hated Goldsmith.

Of the two sisters, Mary, the younger, the "Jessamy Bride," seems to have exerted a strange fascination over him. "Heaven knows," as his biographer, Mr. Forster says, "what impossible dreams may have come to the awkward, unattractive man of letters," but he never aspired to other regard than his genius and simplicity might claim at least, for the sisters heartily liked him, and perhaps the happiest years of his life were passed in their society."

One is glad to hear of even a ray of happiness crossing the path of the poor, sensitive poet; but it was nevertheless through his admiration for the "Jessamy Bride" that he met one of those mortifications which press keenly upon one of his highly strung, nervous temperament. This annoyance came when he was in the full tide of the success of "She Stoops to Conquer." We may assume that the sweetest part of this success had been that it raised him in the eyes of his dear Mary. Nine days after, *The London Packet*, in an abusive article directed against the author of the new comedy, attacked him coarsely. "Goldsmith had patiently suffered worse attacks, and would doubtless here have suffered as patiently, if baser matters had not been introduced, but the libeller had invaded private life and dragged in the 'Jessamy Bride.' 'Was but the lovely

H—k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain.'"

On reading this, Goldsmith fell into one of his sudden furies. He rushed off to the publisher, Evans, and beat him with his cane. Evans, who was a sturdy man, returned the blows; the combatants were at last separated, and Goldsmith was sent home in a coach much disfigured. The affair did not end here; the poor, sensitive poet was abused in every newspaper of the day, all steadily ignoring the *real* ground of offence. He had in the end to pay fifty pounds to Evans for the assault.

It is pleasant to think that during the lifetime of the poet no rival disturbed his peace of mind. Catherine, "Little Comedy," married early Mr. Bunbury, second son to Sir Charles Bunbury, of good Suffolk family, but up till the time of Oliver's death, the "Jessamy Bride" had no declared lover, nor did she marry Colonel Gwynn until three years later. Both sisters mourned their gentle friend sincerely. At their request his coffin was opened that a lock of hair might be cut from his head for them. It was in Mrs. Gwynn's possession when she died nearly seventy years later. She

lived to a great age, preserving her beauty even in years. The Graces in her case had triumphed over Time. Haslett met her at Northcote, the artist's; she was talking of her favourite, Dr. Goldsmith, with recollection and affection, unabated by age.

"I could almost fancy the shade of Goldsmith in the room," adds Haslett, "looking round with complacency."

Let us make place now for the most lovely of all Sir Joshua's lovely creations—and the



MARY AND CATHERINE HORNECK.
(F. on the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

woman in the flesh was quite as beautiful. Her beauty got her a royal husband, hers legally with all sanction of Church, but not of State. Ah! there was the sore place. It was, in fact, her beguiling of the Duke from the right path of royalty that induced the famous Marriage Act of 1772. The Duke of Cumberland, third brother to George III., was little more than an overgrown schoolboy; his manners, Wraxall says, made his faculties, which were limited enough, appear even meaner. He was immensely attracted by Lady Anne Horton, recently a widow, and daughter to Colonel Simon Luttrell, of famous, or rather infamous memory; an Irishman of wild, roistering habit, who had been put forward to fight Wilkes, and so made Lord Carhampton.

Anne Horton is described as having bewitching, languishing eyes, which she could animate to enchantment if she pleased. Her coquetry was so active, so varied, and yet so habitual, that it was difficult not to see through it, and yet as difficult to resist. She danced divinely, sang charmingly, and was by no means deficient in talent. Like all the members of her family, who were cunning and specious, she laid her snares for the weak prince so adroitly that he fell in with all her plans; and, her marriage being duly witnessed, she had none of the heart-burnings and uncertainty which poisoned the life of Lady Waldegrave, who had married the Duke of Gloucester, but had left matters very much to his honour. Both ladies, to say the truth, had a troublous time. It was hardly worth the fuss and the turmoil, the ups and the downs, the humiliations and the slights inflicted upon them by the Royal pair, and their subservient Court.

Here we have another group of sisters—Irish too—the Miss Montgomerys, daughters to Sir William Montgomery. They are painted by Sir Joshua as twining wreaths round a statue of Hymen, a pretty allegory, for the three girls were standing hand in hand on the threshold of Hymen, one of them being engaged to Mr. Gardiner, afterwards Lord Blessington; the other to the Honourable J. Beresford; the third and handsomest to the Marquis of Townshend, then Viceroy of Ireland. The Marquis, who was son to the odd Lady Audrey, who figures in Walpole and Selwyn, was a frank and fearless soldier, having fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy. His fancy had been taken by Miss Montgomery, whom he had seen some two years before performing in a Masque of Comus at Marlay, the residence of



ANN, DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.
(From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

Mr. Latouche. He had then prophesied she would be a lovely woman, and felt bound to set the seal of his approval upon the fair creation. Mrs. Delaney says that the women did not admire Lady Townshend, which, no doubt, is a proof that she attracted the admiration of the worthier sex. In Sir Joshua's picture she fills the canvas—her attitude is commanding, her smile bewitching. Her sisters are of a less majestic type.

What a lovely creature have we here—Elizabeth Linley, whose talents and mental endowments were something surprising, joined as they were to a beauty which seems to have captivated every soul who came near her; indeed, we have only to look at her portraits by Sir Joshua and Gainsborough, both evidently stimulated by love of their subject, to gather an idea of the spell she worked. The expression of the faultless face is so divinely sweet, there is such a mixture of archness and intelligence

in the wondrous eyes, that we can make a guess at what the impression must have been when life animated the lovely picture. So, too, it was with her singing; she was possessed of the double power of delighting an audience equally in pathetic strains and songs of brilliant execution, a combination allowed to few vocalists.

The life of this gifted being was a troubled one. It began in a romance,

returned to London. Richard fought two duels with Captain Matthews, and finally the course of true love ran smooth, and he and Elizabeth were publicly wedded, with all pomp and ceremony, in April, 1773.



MRS. BERESFORD.



LADY TOWNSHEND.

(THE MISS MONTGOMERYS.)

(From the Picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds.)

MRS. GARDINER.

which added to her interest in the eyes of the public. The Linleys were all musi-

cians; her father, Dr. Linley, was a teacher of great eminence, living at Bath. When the Sheridans came to reside there, the two brothers fell at once in love with the siren Elizabeth, who had already more lovers than she knew how to manage. She preferred, however, Richard Sheridan, and eloped with him to France, to avoid an importunate lover, Captain Matthews. On their arriving in France, the astute Richard worked on his companion's feelings and persuaded her to be married to him at Lille by a clergyman who performed these irregular marriages. The bride at once retired to a convent, where she remained until her father came to fetch her. Of late this version of the incident has been denied, and it is said there was no marriage; anyhow, the father, daughter, and Sheridan

From the first the public took the young pair under its protection; they made friends everywhere. It was in truth an ideal union of beauty and talent. Mrs. Sheridan's lovely voice

would have ensured them a good income; but her husband would not allow her to sing in public. This resolution on his part earned him the hearty commendation of Johnson:—"He has acted wisely and nobly. Would not a gentleman be disgraced by having his wife singing publicly for hire? No, sir, there can be no doubt here." *Autre temps, autres mœurs*—a gentleman does not now disdain to live by his wife's earnings!

Meantime, admirers crowded round the beautiful Mrs. Sheridan. Sir Joshua's portrait of her as "St. Cecilia" was exhibited in the Academy of 1775. Most simple and beautiful, was the praise of the carping critic, Horace Walpole. Even the excellent and most virtuous King took notice of the young beauty, and it was said ogled her when she sang in oratorios.

The struggle in which Sheridan was more or less engaged during his whole life had begun. A brilliant, erratic genius, such as was the author of the "Rivals," is not a safe guard of domestic happiness; but, after all is said and done, Sheridan

was not so much to blame, and even his worst enemy cannot deny that he had a warm heart.

Moore tells us that, with all her beauty and talent, Mrs. Sheridan was not happy, nor did she escape the censure of the world; but that Sheridan was ever unmindful of her, Moore declares to be untrue. On the contrary, he says he followed her with a lover's eye throughout. Her letters to him would certainly give the reader the idea that she was on the best terms with her husband. They are delightful, fresh, and natural, and perfectly frank This gifted woman died early. She was only thirty-one when consumption laid its fatal hand upon her . . . During her last illness Sheridan was devoted to her. His grief and his remorse for any shortcomings in his married life are most touching! Miss Le-Fanu, writing an account of the last days to Miss Sheridan, says: "Your brother behaved most wonderfully, although his heart was breaking, and at times his feelings were so violent that I feared he would be quite ungovernable at the last.

Yet he summoned up courage to kneel by the bedside till he felt the last pulse of expiring excellence." And Mr. Moore tells us that, some weeks after his wife's death, "a friend, happening to sleep in the room next his, could hear him sobbing through the greater part of the night." But soon after he fell in love with Pamela, and married a Miss Ogle in two years.

And now we come to the most beautiful

woman of her time, Isabella, Duchess of Rutland. Looking at her picture by Sir Joshua, we cannot but be struck by the infinite grace of the attitude, the queenly dignity mixed with womanly sweetness. The Duchess was in fact eminently womanly, although acknowledged to be a queen of beauty. No word of scandal touched her name; and this in an age of Sneerwells and Backbites.

In *The European Magazine* of 1782 there

is this curious testimony to her Grace's devotion to her lord:—
"Annexed to the respective names are the amusements which the following women of fashion principally delight in:—

Lady Spencer, riding.
Lady Salisbury, dancing.
Lady Craven, acting.
Lady Pembroke, Viol de Gambe.
Mrs. Damer, platonic
Mrs. Greville, poetry.
Duchess of Devonshire, admiration.
Lady Weymouth, mankind.
Lady Huntingdon, The Tabernacle.
Lady South, the last word.
The Duchess of Rutland, her husband."

In 1782 the Duchess accompanied the Duke to Ireland, where he filled the post of Lord Lieutenant. She was well fitted to win the hearts of the Irish people, who were then, as now,

easily impressed by beauty. The magnificence of the little Court had never been equalled, while at the same time decorum and a certain order were preserved, which had not always been the case. Under Lords Chesterfield and Townshend, Mrs. Deans talks of the guests carrying the dishes off the supper tables, and in Lady Hardwicke's time there it was that the romping bouts and the famous



MISS LINLEY.
(From the Picture by Gainsborough.)

Cutchacutchoo prevailed, but no wicked tales are told of our Duchess's Viceroyalty. Once only did she descend from her pedestal of dignity: it might be that the breath of frolic was too strongly in the air for even a Saxon nature to resist. Anyhow she *did* repair to the Irish Ranelagh Gardens to see the fun, disguised in the dress of one of her own waiting-women. She was of course recognised, and mobbed.

On another occasion, her jealousy was excited by hearing the Duke say he had accidentally seen the loveliest woman he had ever beheld. She never rested until she found out the residence of this

Mrs. Dillon, and forced her way into her presence, when a glance told her she was both beautiful and virtuous. Ashamed of her suspicions, she frankly told what had brought her, and warmly invited the other to return the visit. This, however, Mrs. Dillon had the good sense and dignity to decline.

In Mr. Gilbert's interesting history of Dublin, he mentions that the body of the Duke was awaked (according to the Irish custom) in the House of Lords for three nights. The coffin was then carried by bearers to Christ Church Cathedral, where it lay in State. The Duchess returned to England, and never married again.



Three Birds on a Stile.

BY B. L. FARJEON.



A LEARNED bishop has declared that the night before men and women are married should be spent in solitude, and devoted to prayer, repentance, and meditation; but a bishop may be very learned, and yet deficient in common sense. Miss Adelaide Dorr, who was to be married to-morrow to Mr. Arthur Gooch, had several sisters, two brothers, and the usual number of parents. With all these around her, popping in and out, asking questions, making remarks, laughing, crying, teasing, and kissing, and trying on things, you may imagine the state she was in. Arthur had put in an appearance, but he had gone away early, he had so much to do to complete his arrangements for to-morrow. There was, of course, a tender leave-taking in the passage, from which Adelaide came in rather quieter than usual, but she was not allowed to be quiet long. The entire house was in a flutter of excitement, and had the charming girl expressed a desire for solitude, for the purpose of following the learned bishop's advice, it would instantly have been feared that the prospect of approaching bliss had turned her head. She had no wish for solitude, and as to her having anything to repent, the idea was monstrous and absurd. There is little doubt that before she fell asleep on this important night in her young life she would breathe a prayer, but it would not be exactly such a prayer as the bishop had in view. And it is true she thought a great deal of Arthur; indeed, she thought of little else—a statement, perhaps, which my female readers will dispute when they take into consideration the wedding dress and the trousseau. All I can advance in proof of my assertion is that Adelaide was very much in love, and that there are circumstances—rare, I grant—in which dress does not occupy the first place in a woman's mind.

Neither did Arthur Gooch, who was as much in love as Adelaide, spend the last night of his bachelor existence in solitude and repentance. When he left Adelaide, he jumped into a hansom, and was driven to his chambers, where he expected to find a letter of pressing importance. He was

not a man of fortune; he had good prospects, which were almost certain of realisation, and he had a little investment or two which paid him fair interest, and which could not, without loss, be turned immediately into cash. Now, the expenses of the coming wedding, and the furnishing and decoration of a house he had taken on lease, had made more serious inroads on his bank balance than he expected. Calculating the expenses of the honeymoon trip on the Continent, he found that he would run short of money, and in this dilemma he applied to a friend, Jack Stevens by name, for a loan of seventy-five pounds, which, with seventy-five of his own, which he had by him, would carry him and his pretty bride comfortably through. It was Jack Stevens' answer to his letter asking for the loan that he was expecting as he rode to his chambers with the image of Adelaide in his mind. What a dear girl she was! Was there ever such another? Was he not the happiest man in the world? And so on, and so on. Who is not familiar with a true lover's rhapsodies? Arthur was the sort of man who would have rivalled Orlando, had the positions been similar. He would have carved Adelaide's name on every tree.

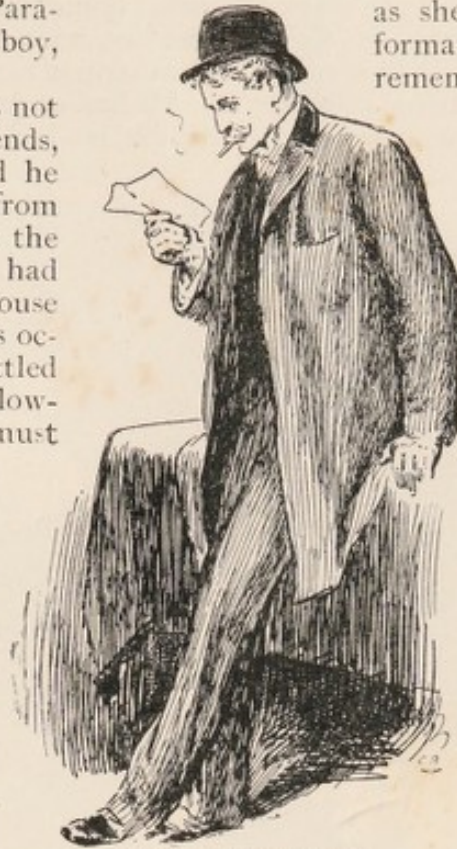
Running up to his rooms, which were at the top of the house, he found half a dozen letters in his letter box, and among them one from his friend. It may be mentioned that Jack Stevens would have been his best man, had it not been that his presence was imperatively demanded in another part of the country on the day of the wedding. It was provoking, but it could not be helped.

"Dear Arthur," said Jack Stevens in his letter, "certainly you can have the money, and more if you want it. As time is so short, I do not care risking it through the post, and a crossed cheque might not suit you. I have to catch an early train in the morning for Manchester, as you know, but I shall be at Lady Weston White's 'At Home' between eleven and twelve o'clock to-night. I saw a card for the crush stuck in your looking glass. Look me up there, and I will hand you the notes. I am awfully sorry to give you the trouble, but I can't come to you, and I am anxious to be certain that you are properly furnished before you

and your bride start for Paradise. Always yours, dear boy, JACK."

Lady Weston White was not one of Arthur's intimate friends, but he was on her list, and he generally received cards from her three or four times in the course of the year. He had not intended to go to her house in Grosvenor-street on this occasion, but Jack's letter settled it, and he got out his swallow-tail. The money he must have, and there was no other way of getting it. There were letters to write, and a lot of things to be attended to which he calculated would keep him up till one o'clock in the morning. Well, he would have to stop up another hour or so, that was all. At half-past eleven he was in Grosvenor-street, engulfed in one of those London crowds of ladies and gentlemen which contribute to the success of a London season. The beautiful house was literally packed; to ascend a staircase was a work of several minutes, and to find his friend Jack in such a vast assemblage a matter of considerable difficulty. It was a notable gathering; the *elite* of society were present, distinguished men and fair women, and Arthur, as he squeezed his way along, thought he had never seen so wonderful a profusion of diamonds and lovely dresses. The ladies seemed to vie with each other in the display of jewels. They glittered in the hair, round the necks, in the ears, on the arms and bosoms, on shoes, and fans, and ravishing gowns; and Arthur observed that a new fashion was coming into vogue, diamond buttons on ladies' gloves. "If any of the light-fingered fraternity were here," thought Arthur, "they could gather a fine harvest." And said aloud, "Allow me." A lady had dropped her fan, and Arthur managed to rescue it from the crush of feet. It sparkled with diamonds. At length Arthur reached the hostess, who held out two fingers to him.

Lady Weston White was a woman of great penetration, and, as became a society leader, of perfect self-possession. She never forgot a face or a circumstance, and, busy



"ALWAYS YOURS—JACK."

as she was at present in the performance of her arduous duties, she remembered that Arthur Gooch was to be married within a few hours; she remembered, also, that to her R. S. V. P. she had received a line from him regretting he could not accept her kind invitation. She said nothing, however, but gave him rather a questioning look as he passed on to allow other guests behind him to pay their respects to their hostess. The look puzzled him somewhat; it seemed to ask, "What brings you here?" He had quite forgotten that he had declined her invitation. At length, after much polite squeezing and hustling, after dropping his handkerchief and picking it up again, to the annoyance of some neighbours who had become fixtures and could scarcely move for the crush, he saw

Jack Stevens in the distance. They were both tall men, and communication being established between them they made simultaneous efforts to get to each other. This accomplished, Arthur hooked Jack's arm, and said:

"Let us get out of this as quick as we can."

It happened that Lady Weston White was close enough to hear the words, of which fact Arthur was oblivious, but as they moved on he turned in her direction, and caught another strange look from her. "What on earth does she look at me in that manner for?" he thought. "One might suppose I came without an invitation." He and Jack got their hats and coats, and going from the house, stopped at the corner of a street a few yards off.

"I haven't a moment to spare, Arthur," said Jack, "nor have you, I should imagine. I had almost given you up; it is a mercy we met each other in that crowd." He took out his pocket-book. "I would walk home with you, old fellow, if I had time; you must take the will for the deed."

"All right, old man," said Arthur; "it was very good of you to take all this trouble for me. I don't know how it was I miscalculated my finances so stupidly."

"Oh, these accidents happen to all of us. Feel nervous about to-morrow?"

"It makes me rather serious, you know."
 "Of course. Wish I could be there. Now, no nonsense, Arthur. Will seventy-five be enough? Isn't it cutting it rather close? Don't spoil the honeymoon for a ha'porth of tar. You can have a couple of hundred if you like. I've got it by me."

come home to after the honeymoon!—there she lies, with a smile on her pretty mouth, dreaming of me. Your health, my darling!"

He had opened a bottle of champagne, of which he had already drunk a glass, and



"Well, make it a hundred," said Arthur. "It will be safer perhaps. Adelaide might take a fancy to a new bonnet."

"Or to some chocolate creams, or to the moon and stars," said Jack, with a good-humoured smile, "and you'd get them for her. Say a hundred and fifty."

"All right. A hundred and fifty."

Jack Stevens, shaded by his friend's tall form—for several persons passed them as they were talking—counted out thirty five-pound Bank of England notes, and slipped them into Arthur's hand.

"Thank you, Jack."

"Not necessary. Good night, old fellow, and good luck to you. Kiss the pretty bride for me, and give her my love."

"I will, old man."

A few minutes afterwards Arthur Gooch was in his chambers, "clearing up," as he called it. He wanted to leave things as orderly as he could, and in the accomplishment of this laudable design there was a great deal to do. All the time he was writing and tearing up papers and burning them, and packing bags and portmanteaux, he was thinking of Adelaide.

"Dear little woman! I wonder if she is asleep. She hasn't left things to the last as I have done. Altogether too tidy for that. While I am fussing about in this musty room—what a cosy nest we shall

"LET US GET OUT OF THIS AS QUICK AS WE CAN."

now he poured out another, and as he held it up to the light he saw Adelaide's bright eyes amid the sparkling bubbles.

"Your health, my darling, and God bless you!"

He drained the glass, and set it down.

It was really a love match, of which there are more in this prosaic world than cynics will admit. These young people were all the world to each other, and if anything had occurred to prevent the wedding coming off their hearts would have been broken.

Arthur set the glass upon the table with a tender light in his eyes, and as he did so he heard a ring at the street door below. As has been stated, his chambers were at the top of the house, but everything was very quiet, and that is why he heard the bell so plainly. The window of the room in which he was working looked out upon the street. He took no notice of the ringing, and proceeded dreamily with his packing. The wine he had drunk intensified his sentimental mood, and he paused many times to gaze upon the portrait of his darling which stood in the centre of the mantelpiece. It was a speaking likeness of the beautiful face; the eyes seemed to look

at him with looks of love; the lovely lips seemed to say, "I love you, I love you." And Arthur pressed his lips to the sweet face, and murmured in response, "I love you, I love you! With all my heart and soul, I love you, and will be true to you."

Suddenly it occurred to him that the street door bell continued to ring. The sound jarred upon his ears. Throwing up his window he leaned forward, and at the top of his voice inquired who it was that continued to ring so pertinaciously.

"I have come to see Mr. Arthur Gooch," was the answer.

"To see me?" he cried in wonder.

"Yes, you, if you are Mr. Gooch."

"What for?"

"On most particular business."

Wondering more and more, the young man ran down the stairs and opened the street door. In the dim light he saw the figure of a gentleman with whose face he was not familiar.

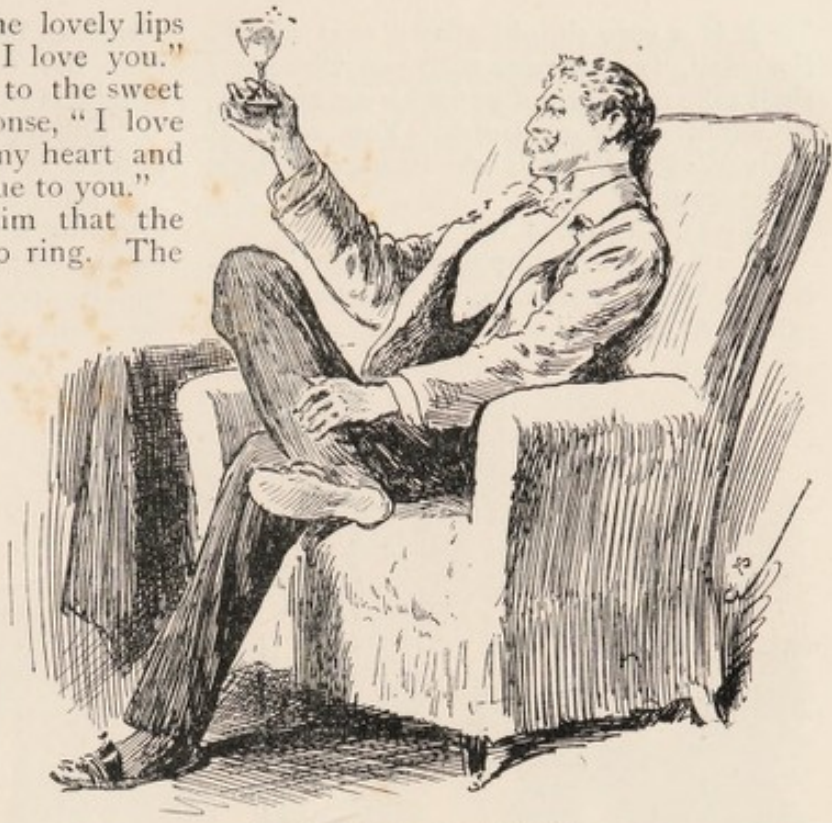
"What do you want with me?" he asked.

"It will be best for us to speak privately," replied the stranger. "It is a most delicate matter."

"A most delicate matter!" stammered Arthur.

"A most delicate matter!" repeated the stranger in a grave tone.

The young man did not reflect upon the imprudence of asking a stranger up to his rooms at such an hour of the night. With the exception of the housekeeper, who occupied the basement, and who had been heard to declare that nothing less than an earthquake would wake her, once she was asleep, Arthur Gooch was the only night resident in the house. All the chambers, with the exception of his, were let as offices, and were tenanted only during the day. It is scarcely probable, however, if Arthur had given the matter a thought, that he would have acted differently. Here was a stranger paying him a visit, at an untimely hour it was true, but upon a delicate matter, which had best be disclosed in private. Arthur was a man of muscle, and stood six feet and half an inch in his stocking feet. The man who had intruded himself upon him was about five feet eight, a weed of a



"YOUR HEALTH, MY DARLING!"

man in comparison with him. There was, moreover, no lack of physical courage in Arthur—a quality, it may be remarked, very different indeed from moral courage, in which respect a pigmy may be superior to a giant.

"Come up," said Arthur, and the two men ascended the stairs. "Now," he said, when they were together in his room, with the door closed, "you see that I am very busy. Explain your errand as briefly as possible. What is this delicate matter you speak of? I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. Oh," he said, looking at a card presented by his visitor, "Mr. P. Foreman. Your name is as strange to me as your face. Who are you? What are you?"

"I am a private detective," said Mr. P. Foreman.

"A private detective!" cried Arthur, with an ominous frown. "And what business can you have with me at this hour of the night? I've a mind to pitch you out of window."

"Don't try it," said Mr. P. Foreman. "I should be bound to resist, and my shouts would be certain to bring someone to my assistance. As to my business, it is, as I have informed you, of a delicate nature."

"Speak in plain English if you have any regard for yourself."

"It is a very simple affair," said Mr. P. Foreman, "and it rests with you whether I shall take my leave of you with an apology, or adopt other measures. You were at Lady Weston White's 'At Home' a couple of hours ago."

"I was. What of it?"

"I am employed by her ladyship," proceeded Mr. P. Foreman. "She has given other 'At Homes' this season."



"DON'T TRY IT."

"She has, and I have been present at them."

"So I understand. Very serious things have occurred at those parties of her ladyship's at which you were present. Some of her guests have made complaints to her, and it is only at great expense and trouble that these complaints, and their very serious nature, have been kept out of the society papers."

"What has all this rhodomontade to do with me?" demanded Arthur, impatiently.

"I am about to tell you. Valuable diamonds have been lost at her ladyship's 'At Homes,' and have not been recovered. Her ladyship is naturally anxious to put a stop to this, and to bring the—" (Mr. P.

Foreman hesitated, and chose another word than the one he intended to use)—"the offenders to justice."

"Quite proper," said Arthur. "Go on, and cut it short."

"The display to-night was brilliant, and knowing that it would be so her ladyship employed me and one or two others to keep watch upon suspicious persons. As you see"—he unbuttoned his light overcoat—

"I am in evening dress. I was supposed to be present as a guest, but I was really there in my professional capacity, keeping my eyes open. Had it been regular pickpockets whom her ladyship suspected I should have found it an easy job, as I know most of them, but it was not. She suspected certain gentlemen upon her list, to whom she was in the habit of sending cards."

Mr. P. Foreman spoke in a significant tone, and there was no mistaking his meaning. Arthur laughed.

"Does her ladyship do me the honour to suspect me?"

"I am not at liberty to say; my orders are to speak not one word that might compromise her ladyship."

"A very prudent instruction. Well?"

"Certain articles of jewellery have been lost to-night in her ladyship's house. A crescent diamond brooch, another with the device of three birds on a stile, and a pin of brilliants with a pearl in the centre. There may be other articles missing, but we have not heard of them. Of the three ornaments I have mentioned the one most easily traced is the three-birds-on-a-stile brooch. The birds are perched upon a stile of gold; one is set with sapphires, one with brilliants, and one with rubies. I remarked to her ladyship that it was a pretty device. She is quite determined to make the matter public, and to bring the— the offenders to justice without an hour's

delay, if we are fortunate enough to track them down."

"I infer," said Arthur, glaring at his visitor, "from the very guarded answer you gave to a question I put to you that her ladyship really does suspect me. I am greatly obliged to her ladyship." He recalled the strange looks which Lady Weston White had given him, and believed that he could now interpret them. He strode to the door and threw it open. "If you have any regard for your bones, you will now take your departure. I give you just one minute."

"If you send me away unsatisfied," said Mr. P. Foreman, composedly, "I shall, in accordance with instructions received, have you arrested the first thing in the morning, and brought before a magistrate on a distinct charge."

Arthur's heart seemed suddenly to cease beating. There was no mistaking that the man was in deadly earnest, and would carry out his threat. What! To be arrested on the very morning of his wedding! True, the charge was false and monstrous, but it would take time to prove it so, and meanwhile—

Yes, meanwhile, there was Adelaide in her bridal dress waiting for her bridegroom. Indignant as he was he could not but inwardly acknowledge that his best course would be to hush up the affair if possible—not for his own sake, but for Adelaide's. The shock to her feelings would be too great; she might never recover from it, and the happiness of her life might be for ever destroyed. Mr. P. Foreman, standing rather timidly near the open door, kept his eyes fixed upon Arthur's face. He shrank back as Arthur approached him.

"I am not going to hurt you," said the young man. "Come in and shut the

door." Mr. P. Foreman obeyed. "You said at the commencement of this interview that it rested with me whether you would take leave of me with an apology, or adopt other measures. By other measures you meant my arrest." Mr. P. Foreman nodded. "But how do you propose to arrive at the apology?"

"It is entirely in your hands," replied Mr. P. Foreman. "You have only to prove your innocence, and I apologise. Her ladyship trusts everything to me, and will be guided entirely by the report I present to her."

"I have only to prove my innocence!" exclaimed Arthur. "But how can that be done if you will not take my word for it? I swear to you that I am innocent, and I declare this to be a foul and monstrous charge, for which, if I am put to any inconvenience or annoyance, I will make her ladyship and all concerned in it suffer. Now are you satisfied?"

"That is not what I meant," said Mr. P. Foreman, quietly. "What I require is *proof* of your innocence. I cannot take your word.

Any other gentleman would say as much." Arthur could not help admitting that this was true. "Again I ask you," he cried, "how can I prove my innocence, except by my word?"

"It is very easily done. You have not changed your clothes. You have on your dress trousers and waistcoat; your dress coat hangs upon the back of that chair. If none of the missing articles are in the pockets I will offer you the completest apology in my power, and shall sincerely regret that I have caused you so much uneasiness."



"GO ON, AND CUT IT SHORT."



Mr. P. Foreman was a private detective, but he certainly spoke like a gentleman. Throughout the interview he had conducted himself with moderation; there was even a sadness in his manner which, now that so reasonable a course was suggested, impressed itself upon Arthur.

"I am quite willing," he said, "to do what you ask, though I dispute your right, mind."

"I understand that," said Mr. P. Foreman.

"It is only," continued Arthur, "because I am to be married in the morning, and wish to spare a young lady's feelings, that I submit."

There was a deeper sadness in Mr. P. Foreman's voice as he observed, "To be married in the morning! I must be mistaken." He took a step towards the door.

"No, you don't go now," exclaimed Arthur. "I insist upon your stopping, and being completely satisfied. There's my coat. Search the pockets."

But Mr. P. Foreman would not touch the garment. "If you insist," he said, "you must go through the formality your-

self. I should be ashamed to have a hand in it."

"You are a good fellow, after all," said Arthur, with a great sigh of relief. "Will you have a glass of champagne?"

"Thank you," said Mr. P. Foreman. Arthur filled two glasses. "Your health," he said.

"Your health," said Mr. P. Foreman. "Allow me to wish you joy and happiness."

"Now you shall see," said Arthur, in a gay tone. "Come a little nearer; I might be a master of leger-demain."

A melancholy smile crossed Mr. P. Foreman's mouth, and he stood, apparently unconcerned, while Arthur turned out the pockets of his waistcoat and trousers.

"Nothing there," he said.

"Nothing there," said Mr. P. Foreman, and again moved towards the door.

"Stop a moment," said Arthur, "there is my coat."

He turned out the pockets upon the table; from the breast pocket he produced the bank notes he had received from his friend, Jack Stevens; from the tail pockets a handkerchief and gloves. Nothing more. He laughed aloud, and lifted the handkerchief from the table. The laugh was frozen in his throat. As he lifted the handkerchief there fell from it a jewelled brooch, the device a stile of gold, with three birds perched thereon, one of sapphires, one of rubies, one of brilliants.

"My God!" he gasped, and sank into a chair.

Mr. P. Foreman did not break the silence that ensued. With sad eyes he gazed upon the crushing evidence of guilt. At length Arthur found his voice.

"You do not, you cannot," he cried in an agonised tone, "believe me guilty!"

Mr. P. Foreman uttered no word. Arthur's face was like the face of death. A vision of his ruined life rose before him, and in that vision the image of his fair young bride, stricken with despair.

"What am I to do?" moaned the unhappy man. "What am I to do? As I

hope for mercy in heaven, I swear that I am innocent!"

Mr. P. Foreman in silence pointed to the brooch on the table. It was an eloquent sign, but he seemed to sympathise with the hapless man before him. Arthur rose to his feet, trembling in every limb.

"Have mercy upon me!" he murmured, stretching forth his hands. "Before God I am innocent!"

"I am sorry for the young lady," said Mr. P. Foreman, "deeply, deeply sorry. I have a daughter of my own, whom I hope one

Mr. P. Foreman put his hands before his eyes. "My duty!" he murmured.

"You owe a duty elsewhere," said Arthur, in a rapid, feverish voice. "The lady who has employed you trusts you implicitly, and will receive your report without question."

"I do not grasp your meaning," said Mr. P. Foreman.

"Your daughter is in delicate health, you say," continued Arthur. "You hope to see her one day happily married. You are not rich?"



"HE GASPED, AND SANK INTO A CHAIR."

day to see happily married. But she is in delicate health."

There was a plaintiveness in his voice, and Arthur, overwhelmed as he was, caught at the despairing hope which presented itself to his distracted mind. He and the man who held his fate in his hands were alone; there were no witnesses, and not a sound reached them from house or street.

"Save me!" implored Arthur. "As you hope for your daughter's happiness, save an innocent man—save an innocent girl from despair and death!"

"I am very poor," said Mr. P. Foreman. "Do you think I would otherwise follow this miserable occupation? Fortune has been against me all my life."

"It smiles upon you now," pursued Arthur, desperately; "it offers you a chance. You speak like a gentleman; you have a soul above your station. See here. There are a hundred and fifty pounds in bank notes. Take them; they are yours—and keep my secret, guiltless as I am. You are not a young man; you have had experience of the world; you must know the voice of innocence when you hear it. Could a guilty man plead as I am pleading? By all your hopes of happiness, save me! No one is near; no one knows but you and I. It is so easy, so easy!—and I shall bless you all my life!"

"You tempt me sorely," said Mr. P. Foreman. "My daughter is ordered abroad for her health, and I have no means to take her."

"You have means here, at your hand. Take the money—it is yours; I give it to you freely. No one will be the wiser, and you will be an instrument in the hands of Providence to save two innocent lives!"

"Let me think a moment," said Mr. P. Foreman, and he turned his head. Arthur awaited his decision in an agony of despair. Presently he spoke again. "I will express no opinion of your guilt or innocence, but you have offered what I cannot resist. I will take the money, and will keep your secret, for the sake of the lady you are about to marry, for the sake of my poor daughter. It may be the means of restoring her to health. As for this brooch—"

"Take it," cried Arthur, impetuously, "and do what you will with it. It is one of my conditions. Heaven bless you—Heaven bless you!"

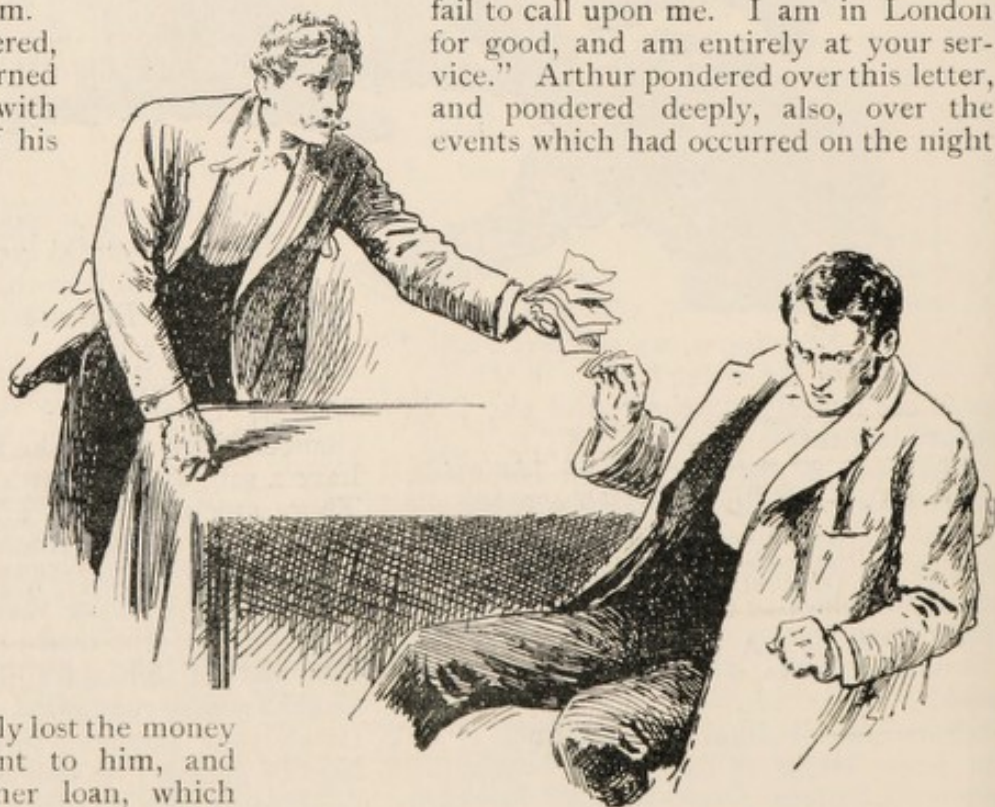
"We are accomplices in a transaction that must not be spoken of," said Mr. P. Foreman, who had put the money and the brooch into his pocket. "I pity and despise you, as I pity and despise myself."

He did not wish Arthur good night; seemingly ashamed of the bargain they had made, he went downstairs, accompanied by Arthur, who closed the street door upon him.

Dazed and bewildered, the young man returned to his room, and with great throbbings of his breast at the mysterious danger he had escaped, completed his preparations for the wedding and the honeymoon. Before he threw himself upon his bed in the vain attempt to seek oblivion for an hour or two, he wrote a letter to his friend Jack Stevens, saying he had unfortunately lost the money that had been lent to him, and begging for another loan, which was to be forwarded to a hotel in

Paris where he intended to stop with his young wife for a few days.

There is no need to describe the wedding. Everything passed off well, and everybody in church declared they had never seen a lovelier bride; but they observed, at the same time, that the bridegroom appeared far from happy, and one of the spectators remarked that he looked several times over his shoulder, with the air of a man who feared that a ghost was standing behind him. His own people and his new relatives, being in a state of excitement, did not take the same view of it; they said he was nervous, which was quite natural on such an occasion. Adelaide was tremblingly happy, and she and her lover-husband departed on their honeymoon amid the usual showers of rice and hurling of old slippers. In Paris, Arthur received from Jack Stevens a draft for another hundred and fifty pounds; but in the letter which accompanied the welcome draft Jack said he could not understand how Arthur had managed to lose the money. "I saw you," wrote Jack, "put the money in the side pocket of your dress coat, and button your overcoat over it. How could you have lost it? Did you have an adventure, and are you keeping it from me? Make a clean breast of it, old fellow. I should like to know. And if there is anything I can do for you while you are away, do not fail to call upon me. I am in London for good, and am entirely at your service." Arthur pondered over this letter, and pondered deeply, also, over the events which had occurred on the night



"TAKE THE MONEY—IT IS YOURS!"

before the wedding; and the more he pondered the more he was dissatisfied. Once his young wife, who had noticed that something was weighing on her hero's spirits, said to him:

"Arthur, dear, are you happy?"

"Very happy, darling."

"But quite happy, Arthur?"

"Yes, darling, quite happy. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know—only you seem so melancholy sometimes."

"All your fancy, darling."

"I suppose so, Arthur, dear."

But the young bride was not satisfied for all that. She was sure that her hero was keeping something disagreeable from her. However, like a sensible little woman, she did not worry him; no bride could expect greater attention and devotion than he showed towards her, and she lectured herself, and said that she could not expect to know everything about her husband all at once. "I shall have to study him," she said, "and when I know him thoroughly I will make him perfectly, perfectly happy."

On the eighth day of the honeymoon something curious happened. They had travelled from Paris to Geneva, and they put up at the Grand Hôtel de la Paix. The first time they dined in the hotel, Arthur, looking up, saw exactly opposite to him the forms of Mr. P. Foreman and a lady. He turned red and white, and his heart beat furiously. There appeared, however, to be no cause for apprehension; Mr. P. Foreman looked him straight in the face, and evinced no sign of recognition. Perceiving this, Arthur took courage, and glanced at the lady. Again he turned red and white. On the bosom of the lady's dress was affixed a beautiful brooch—a stile of gold, with its three little birds of rubies, sapphires, and brilliants.

"Did you think the lady opposite to us was very pretty, Arthur?" asked Adelaide, as she and her husband stood close together after dinner, looking into the clear waters of the lake.

"I did not take particular notice, dear," replied Arthur, awkwardly.

"Oh, Arthur! I saw your eyes fixed upon her."

Arthur did not dare confess that it was the brooch he was staring at, and not at the lady, so he diverted Adelaide's thoughts by means of those tender secret caresses which render young brides supremely happy. But he thought very seriously, nevertheless.

The lady who accompanied Mr. P. Foreman seemed to be in perfect health, and she was not young enough to be his daughter, by a good many years. The dreadful position in which he had stood upon the occasion of Mr. P. Foreman's nocturnal visit to his chambers weighed terribly upon him. He knew himself to be innocent; but the brooch which his accuser had now appropriated was found in his pocket; he had taken it out himself. How had it got there? That was the mystery that was perplexing him, and he felt that he could not be at peace with himself until it was solved. That night he wrote to Jack Stevens, and made a full confession of how he had lost the money, and in his letter he gave a very faithful description of Mr. P. Foreman.

"If you can clear up the mystery," he said in his letter, "for Heaven's sake do so. I do not advise you to go to Lady Weston White to make inquiries, for that might result in attracting attention which, as things stand, I wish to avoid; but do what you can for me, and act as you think best, for the sake of your old and unhappy friend, Arthur." He directed Jack to reply to him at the Hôtel Victoria, Interlaken, where he proposed to take Adelaide after a stay in Geneva. He made his visit to this beautiful city shorter than he intended, so anxious was he to receive Jack's reply. It was not there when he arrived, but on the following mid-day it was delivered to him.

"My dear Arthur," (Jack wrote), "my dear simple friend, my timid love-stricken swain, your letter astonished me, and in your interests I set to work at once. I have a friend who is a real detective—a real one, mark you—and when I entrusted him with your precious secret, and read to him the careful description you have given of your saviour, Mr. P. Foreman, he first looked at me in blank amazement, and then burst into a fit of laughter. 'By Jove!' he cried, when he got over his fit, 'that is my friend Purdy. He's been at his tricks again.' 'Who is your friend Purdy,' I inquired, 'and what are the particular tricks you refer to?' He did not favour me with an answer, but stipulated that I should pay an immediate visit to Lady Weston White, and ask whether the jewels lost in her house on the night before your wedding had been recovered. I did as he bade me, and learned from her ladyship—what do you think? Why, that there were no jewels lost in her house, and never

had been, to her knowledge. I did not enlighten her, old fellow, having some regard for your reputation for shrewdness. I went straight from her to my friend the real detective. Learn from me, O wise young bridegroom, that Mr. P. Foreman, *alias* Purdy, is no more a detective than I am, that he must have slipped the brooch (all false stones, my boy) himself into your pocket, having previously ascertained that you were to be married in a few hours, and that he practised upon you a rather clever trick which he has practised successfully upon other victims as simple as yourself. Now I come to think of it, I shouldn't wonder if he was one of the men who passed us when I gave you the thirty five-pound notes at the corner of the street. My friend the real detective tells me that Purdy is one of the best actors he has ever seen, and that his skill would beat the devil himself. Let us hope he will soon have

fellow. Tell your little wife all about it, and tell her at the same time that I have given an order for a brooch, of which I shall beg her acceptance, with the very original design of a gold stile and three little birds perched atop of it. Give her my love, and accept the same from yours ever and ever."

Arthur danced about the room when he read this comforting letter. Adelaide looked up from a novel in which she had been absorbed.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you," she cried, "you dear old goose?"

"Never mind the dear old goose," said Arthur. "Let us have a waltz round the room, you dear young darling!"

A waltz they had, and they made some glasses on the table jingle so that a chambermaid knocked at the door, and asked whether her services were required.

"Not at all," replied Arthur, in very



"BY JOVE!" HE CRIED, "THAT IS MY FRIEND PURDY."

the chance of trying it on with his Satanic majesty. Anyways, he is enjoying himself on the Continent with your money and mine, and, as he has cast a cloud over the first fortnight or so of your honeymoon, I should recommend you to lengthen it by just as many days of happiness as he has robbed you of. And here is another recommendation, my dear, simple, old

indifferent German. "I am only giving madame a lesson."

At the end of which lesson Arthur related to his bride what it was that had been disturbing him. How she pitied him! The tears ran down her pretty face as she took his between her little hands, and gave him kisses which he returned with interest. Of that you may be sure.

"Oh, Arthur," said Adelaide, with the fondest of looks, "I am glad I married you ; because, you know, you do want someone to look after you."

As for the rest of the honeymoon, I leave you to imagine it. All I will say is, that I wish no newly married young couple a happier.



A Night in an Opium Den.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A DEAD MAN'S DIARY."



YES, I have smoked opium in Ratcliff Highway, and in the den which was visited by Charles Dickens, and through the pipe which had the honour of making that distinguished novelist sick.

"And did you have lovely dreams? and what were they like?" asks a fair reader.

Yes, I had lovely dreams, and I have no doubt that by the aid of imagination, and a skilful manipulation of De Quincey, I could concoct a fancy picture of opium-smoking and its effects, which might pass for a faithful picture of what really occurred. But, "My Lord and Jury"—to quote the historic words of Mrs. Cluppins, when cross-examined by Serjeant Buzfuz—"My Lord and Jury, I will not deceive you": what those dreams were, I could not for the life of me now describe, for they were too ærial and unsubstantial to be caught and fixed, like hard facts, in words, by any other pen than that of a Coleridge, or a De Quincey. I might as well attempt to convey to you, by means of a clay model, an idea of the prism-fires and rainbow-hues that circle, and change, and chase each other round the pictured sides of that floating fairy-sphere which we call a soap-bubble, as attempt, unassisted, to describe my dreams in words. Hence it is that in this narrative, I have confined myself strictly to the facts of my experiences.

The proprietor of the den which I visited was a Chinaman named Chang, who positively grinned me over from head to foot—not only when I was first made known

to him by the friend who had piloted me to the establishment, but as long as I remained within grinning range. An uninformed onlooker might not unnaturally have concluded that I was stone-deaf and dumb, and that our host was endeavouring to express, by his features, the cordiality he was unable to convey in words. In reply to every casual remark made by my companion, the Chinaman would glance up for a moment at his face, and then turn round to grimace again at me, as though I, and I only, were the subject of their conversation, and he was half afraid I might think he did not take a becoming interest in it. In the few words which I exchanged with him, I found him exceedingly civil, and he



THE PROPRIETOR.

took great pains to explain to me that his wearing no pigtail was attributable, not to his own act and deed, but to the fact that that ornament had been cut off by some person or persons unknown, when he was either drunk or asleep—I could not quite make out which. The deadliest insult which can be offered a Chinaman (so I understood him) is to cut off his pigtail, and it was only when referring to this incident, and to his desire to wreak a terrible vengeance upon the perpetrators, that there was any cessation of his embarrassing smile. The thought of the insult to which he had been subjected, and of his consequent degradation in the eyes of his countrymen, brought so evil a look upon his parchment-coloured features, and caused his small and cunning eyes to twist and turn so horribly, that I was glad to turn the conversation to pleasanter topics, even though it necessitated my being once more fixed by that bland and penetrating smile so peculiarly his own. The smile became more rigid than ever, when I informed him that I was anxious to smoke a pipe of opium. The way in which he turned his face upon me (including the smile, which enveloped and illumined me in its rays) was, for all the world, like the turning-on by a policeman of a bull's-eye lantern. With a final grin which threatened to distort permanently his features, he bade us follow him, and led the way up the most villainously treacherous staircase which it has



A VILLAINOUS STAIRCASE.

ever been my lot to ascend.

"Den" was an appropriate name for the reeking hole to which he conducted us. It was dirty and dark, being lit only by a smoking lamp on the mantel-shelf, and was not much larger than a full-sized cupboard. The walls, which were of a dingy yellow (not unlike the "whites" of the smokers' eyes) were quite bare, with the exception of the one facing the door, on which, incongruously enough, was plastered a coarsely - coloured and hideous print of the crucifixion. The furniture consisted of three raised mattresses, with small tables on which were placed pipes, lamps, and opium.

Huddled or curled up on these mattresses lay two wretched smokers — one of them with the whites, or, I should say, "yellows," of his eyes turned up to the ceiling, and another, whose slumbers we had apparently disturbed, staring about him with a dazed and stupefied air. Something in the look of these men—either the ghastly pallor of their complexion, or the listlessness of their bearing—reminded me not a little of the "white lepers" of Norway. I have seen patients in the hospitals there whose general aspect greatly resembled that of these men, although the skin of the white leper has more or a milky appearance — as if it had been bleached, in fact — than that of the opium-smoker, which is dirtier and more yellow. The remaining occupants of the den, two of whom were Chinamen, were wide awake. The third

was a partly naked Malay of decidedly evil aspect, who shrank back on my entrance, and coiled himself up in the recesses of a dark corner, whence he lay furtively watching me, very much in the same way in which the prisoned pythons in a serpent-house watch the visitors who come to tap at the glass of their cages. The Chinamen, however,

friend, watching me narrowly all the time, through the chink between his knees. At this point of my visit, and before I could take any further stock of the surroundings, I was not a little surprised by the entrance



IN THE DEN.

seemed pleased to see me; and, after I had handed my cigar-case to the nearest, begging that he and his friend would help themselves, they became quite companionable. One of them, to my surprise, immediately relinquished the drug which he had been smoking, and began to suck with evident relish at the cigar. The other, after pocketing the weed, lay down on his back with his arms behind his head, and with his legs drawn up to his body, in which singularly graceful and easy attitude he carried on a conversation with his

of a young, and by no means ill-looking Englishwoman, to whom I gave a civil "good evening," receiving, however, only a suspicious and surly nod in reply. She occupied herself at first by tickling one of the Chinamen under the armpits, evidently finding no little amusement in the fits of wild, unearthly, and uncontrollable laughter into which he broke, but growing weary of this, she seated herself on the raised mattress where I was located, and proceeded to take stock of her visitor. Beginning at my boots, and travelling up by way of trousers and waistcoat, up to my collar and face, she examined me so critically and searchingly from head to foot that I fancied once or twice I could see the row of figures she was inwardly casting up, and could hear her saying to herself, "Boots and trousers, say, sixty bob; and watch and chain, a couple of flimsies each; which, with coat and waistcoat, bring it up to thirty shiners; which, with a couple of fivers for links, loose cash and studs make about forty quid



A MALAY.

—that's *your* figure, young man, as near as I can reckon it."

While this was going on, my host, Mr. Chang, was busily making preparations for my initiatory smoke by sticking small pellets of the opium (a brownish, glue-like substance) upon a pin, and rolling and re-rolling them against the pipe, which is about the size of a small flute, and has a big open bowl with a tiny aperture at the base. Into this aperture the drug-smear'd pin is slipped, and the pipe is then held over a lamp, and the fumes of the burning opium inhaled. The occupation is by no means a luxurious one; for, as surely as I removed the pipe from my lips to indulge in a furtive cough (and it did make me cough a bit at first), it inevitably went out. By means of repeated applications to the lamp, however, I managed to get through the allotted number of pipes, and sank slowly and insensibly into the deep waters of slumber, until at last they closed over my head,

and I was swept and borne unresistingly away upon the vast seaward setting tide of sleep.

Of my dreams, as I have already said, I have but the haziest of recollections. I can just recall a sensation of sailing, as on a cloud, amid regions of blue and buoyant ether; of seeing, through vistas of purple and gold, a scene of sunny seas and shining shores, where, it seemed to me, I beheld the fabled "Blessed Isles," stretching league beyond league afar; and of peeps of paradisaical landscapes that

swam up to me as through a world of waters, and then softened and sank away into a blending of beautiful colours, and into a vision of white warm arms and wooing bosoms.

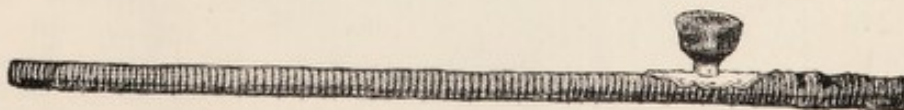
And so we slept on, I and my wretched

companions, until, to quote Rossetti:—

Sleep sank them lower than the tide of dreams,
And their dreams watched them sink, and slid
away.

Slowly their souls swam up again, through gleams
Of watered light, and dull drowned waifs of day;
Till, from some wonder of new woods and streams,
He woke and wondered more.

Yes, "I woke and wondered more"—woke to wonder where I was, and where were my boots, my hat, and my umbrella; woke to find the faithless friend, who had promised to guard my slumbers, sleeping peacefully at his post; and woke with a taste in my mouth which can only be likened to a cross between onions and bad tobacco. And this taste, in conjunction with a splitting headache and a general lowness of spirits, served, for the next day or two, to keep me constantly in remembrance of my visit to the Opium Den in Ratcliff Highway.



Janko the Musician.

FROM THE POLISH OF SIENKIEWICZ.

[HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ is perhaps the most popular of contemporary Polish novelists. He is a realist, but his realism is tempered by a dash of romance. Keenly in sympathy with the poor, the oppressed, the despised, and possessed of a genius for portraying the character of Polish peasants, he has a particular gift for depicting the sufferings of artistic natures dimly conscious of their gifts, or blighted by the curse of mediocrity. Sienkiewicz was born in 1845, and was educated at the University of Warsaw. In 1876 he went to California, and first attracted attention by letters descriptive of the New World contributed to the newspapers of his native country. These sketches were collected, and, together with some short tales, published at Warsaw in 1880 under the title of "Pisma." To his American experiences we owe Sienkiewicz's delightful story, "For Daily Bread," one of the most simple and touching narratives possible. His chief work, "With Fire and Sword," has been translated into English. This gifted writer was almost entirely unknown in this country until recently. At the present day he resides at Warsaw, where he edits a paper.]



WEAK and frail came he into the world. The neighbours, assembled round the bedside, shook their heads over mother and child. The blacksmith's wife, the most experienced amongst them, began to comfort the sick woman after her fashion.

"You just lie quiet," she said, "and I will light a blessed candle. It's all up with you, poor dear, you must make your preparations for another world. Someone had better run for the priest to give you the last Sacraments."

"And the youngster must be baptized at once," said another. "I tell you he won't live till the priest comes, and it will be some comfort not to have an unbaptized ghost spooking about."

As she spoke, she lit a blessed candle, took the baby, sprinkled it with holy water, till it winked its eyes, and at the same time pronounced the words:

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and give thee the name of Jan," adding imme-

diately (with a vague recollection of the form of prayer used for the dying): "And now depart, O Christian Soul! out of this world, and return to the place you came from. Amen."

The Christian soul, however, had not the least intention of departing out of this world. It began, on the contrary, to kick with the legs of the body as hard as ever it could, and to cry, but in a fashion so feeble and whimpering, that it sounded to the women like the mewling of a kitten.

The priest was sent for, discharged his



"THE PRIEST WAS SENT FOR."

sacred office, and retired ; but, instead of dying, the mother recovered, and, after a week, went back to work.

The life of the baby hung on a thread ; he scarcely seemed to breathe, but, when he was four years of age, the cuckoo cried three times over the cottage roof—a good omen, according to Polish superstition—and after that matters mended so that he somehow attained his tenth year. To be sure, he was always thin and delicate, with a slouching body and hollow cheeks. His hay-coloured hair fell over his clear, prominent eyes, that had a far-away look in them, as if he saw things hidden from others.

In winter the child crouched behind the stove and wept softly from cold, and not unfrequently from hunger if "Mammy" had nothing in the cupboard or in the pot. In summer he ran about in a little white blouse, tied round the waist with a handkerchief, and wore an old straw hat on his head. His flaxen hair poked its way through the holes, and his eager glance darted hither and thither like a bird's. His mother, poor creature ! who lived from hand to mouth, and lodged under a strange roof like a swallow, loved him, no doubt, after a fashion, yet she gave him many a cuff, and generally called him a "changeling." At eight years of age he began life on his own account, now driving a flock of sheep, now making his way deep into the forest to look for mushrooms when there was nothing to eat at home. He had Providence only to thank that the wolves did not devour him on one of these expeditions. He was not a particularly precocious boy, and, like all village children, had the habit of sticking his finger into his mouth when addressed. The neighbours prophesied that he would not live long, or that, if he did

live, he would not be much of a comfort to his mother, for he would never be strong enough for hard work.

One distinguishing characteristic he had. Who can say why the gift was bestowed in so unlikely a quarter ? But music he loved, and his love was a passion. He heard music in everything ; he listened to every sound, and the bigger he grew the more he thought of melody and of harmony. If he tended the cattle, or went with a playfellow to gather berries in the forest, he would return empty-handed, and lisp, "O mammy, there was such beautiful



"YOU GOOD-FOR-NOTHING MONKEY!"

music ! It was playing like this—la, la, la !"

"I'll soon play you a different tune, you good-for-nothing monkey !" his mother would cry angrily, and rap him with the ladle.

The youngster might shriek, and promise not to listen to the music again, but he thought all the more of how beautiful the forest was, and how full of voices that sang and rang. Who or what sang and rang he could not well have told ; the pine-trees, the beeches, the birch-trees, the thrushes, all sang ; the whole forest sang,

and the echo sang too...in the meadows the blades of grass sang; in the garden behind the cottage the sparrows twittered, the cherry-trees rustled and trilled. In the evening he heard all imaginable voices, such as are audible only in the country, and he thought to himself that the whole village resounded with melody. His companions could only wonder at him; they heard none of these beautiful things. When he was set to work to toss out hay he fancied he heard the wind playing through the prongs of his pitchfork. The overseer, who saw him standing idly, his hair thrown back from his forehead, listening intently to the wind's music on the fork, seized a strap, and gave the dreamer a few cuts to bring him to his senses, but it was of no avail. The neighbours, at last, nicknamed him "Janko the Musician."

At night, when the frogs croaked, the corncrakes cried across the meadows, the bitterns boomed in the marsh, and the cocks crowed behind the fences, the child could not sleep, he could but listen with delight, and heaven only knows what harmonies he heard in all these mingled sounds. His mother dared not bring him with her to church, for when the organ murmured or pealed, the eyes of the boy grew dim and moist or else brightened and gleamed as if the light of another world illumined them.

The watchman, who nightly patrolled the village and counted the stars, or carried on a low-toned conversation with the dogs in order to keep himself awake, more than once saw Janko's little white blouse scudding through the gloom to the alehouse. The child did not enter the tavern, but crouched close up to the wall and listened. Within, couples revolved merrily to lively

music, and now and then a fellow would cry "Hooray!" One could hear the stamping of feet and the affected voices of the girls. The fiddles murmured softly, the big 'cello's deep notes thundered, the windows streamed with light, every plank in the taproom seemed to creak, to sing, to play, and Janko listened to it all. What would he not have given to have a fiddle that would give forth such sounds, a bit of board that would make such music! Alas! where was *he* to get it; how could he make it? If they would only allow him just to take one in his hand! . . . But no! all he could do was to listen, and so he listened till the voice of the

watchman would call to him out of the darkness—

"Off to bed with you, you imp!"

Then the little bare feet would patter away to the cabin, and the voices of the violins would follow him as he ran through the night.

It was a great occasion for him when at harvest time or at a wedding he heard the fiddlers play. At such times he would creep behind the stove, and for days would not speak a single word, looking straight before him with great glowing eyes, like those of a cat at night.

At last he made himself a fiddle out of a shingle, and strung it with horse-

hair, but it did not sound as beautifully as those in the alehouse; the strings tinkled softly, ever so softly, they hummed like flies or midges. All the same, he played on them from morning until night, though many a kick and cuff he got till he was black and blue. He could not help himself, it was in his nature.

The child grew thinner and thinner; his shock of hair became thicker, his eyes grew more staring and swam with tears, and his cheeks and chest became hollower. He had never resembled other children, he



"OFF TO BED WITH YOU, YOU IMP."

was more like his own poor little fiddle that one could scarcely hear. Moreover, before harvest-time he was almost starving, living as he did chiefly on raw turnips, and on his longing, his intense longing, to own a violin. Alas! this desire bore evil fruit.

Up at the Castle the footman had a fiddle that he sometimes played in the evening to please his pretty sweetheart and his fellow-servants. Janko often crept amongst the climbing plants to the very door of the servants' hall to hear the music, or, at least, to catch a glimpse of the fiddle. It generally hung on the wall, exactly opposite the door, and the youngster's whole soul was in his eyes as he gazed at it, an unattainable treasure that he was unworthy to possess, though he held it to be the most precious thing on earth. A dumb longing took possession of him to touch it just once with his very own hand—or, at any rate, to see it closer. . . . At the thought the poor little childish heart leaped with delight.

One evening there was no one in the servants' hall. The family had for a long time lived abroad, the house was empty, and the footman, with his sweetheart, was elsewhere. Janko, hidden amongst the creepers, had already been looking for many minutes through the half-open door at the goal of his desires.

The moon, at her full, swam high in the heavens; her beams threw a shaft of light across the room, and fell on the opposite wall. Gradually they moved towards where the violin hung, and streamed full upon it. To the child in the darkness a silvery halo seemed to shine around the instrument, illumining it so brightly that Janko was

almost dazzled; the strings, the neck, the sides were plainly visible, the pegs shone like glow-worms, and the bow like a silver wand. . . . How beautiful it was; almost

magical! Janko gazed with hungry eyes. Crouching amidst the ivy, his elbows supported on his little bony knees, he gazed open-mouthed and motionless at this one object. Now fear held him fast, next moment an unappeasable longing urged him forward. Was it magic, or was it not? The violin, with its rays of glory, absolutely appeared to draw near to him, to hover over his head.

For a moment the glory darkened, only to shine again more brilliantly. Magic, it really was magic! Meantime, the wind murmured, the trees rustled, the creepers whispered softly, and to the child they seemed to say, "Go on, Janko, there is not a soul there. . . . Go on, Janko."

The night was clear and bright. By the pond in the garden a nightingale began to sing—now softly, now loudly. Her song said, "Go on; have courage; touch it." An honest raven flew softly over the child's head and croaked, "No, Janko; no." The raven flew away, but the nightingale remained, and the creepers cried more plainly than ever, "There's no one there."

The fiddle still hung in the track of the moonbeams. The little crouching figure crept softly and cautiously nearer, and the nightingale sang "Go on—on—on—take it."

The white blouse glimmered nearer the doorway. Soon it was no longer hidden by the dark creepers. On the threshold one could hear the quick, panting breath of the delicate child. A moment more and the little white blouse had disappeared,



"JANKO WAS ALMOST DAZZLED."

only one tiny bare foot still stood upon the steps. In vain the friendly raven flew by once more, and cawed "No, no,"—Janko had already entered.

The frogs in the pond began suddenly to croak as if something had frightened them, and as suddenly were silent. The nightingale ceased to sing, the climbing plants to whisper. In the interval Janko had edged nearer and nearer to his treasure, but fear seized him. In the shadow of the creepers he felt at home, like a wild creature in a thicket, now he quivered like a wild creature in a snare. His movements were hasty, his breath came short.

The pulsing summer lightning that glanced from east to west illumined the apartment for an instant, and showed poor trembling Janko almost on his hands and knees, his head stretched out, cowering before the violin, but the summer lightning ceased, a cloud passed before the moon, and there was nothing to be seen nor heard.

Then, after a pause, there sounded through the darkness a low wailing note, as if someone had accidentally touched a string, and all at once a rough, sleepy voice broke from a corner of the room, asking angrily—

"Who's there?"

A match cracked against the wall. Then there was a little spurt of flame, and then—great heaven!—then were to be heard curses, blows, the crying of a child, appeals, "Oh, for God's sake!" barking of dogs, people running with lights before the windows, uproar in the whole house.

Two days later poor Janko stood before the magistrates. Should he be prosecuted as a thief? Of course.

The justice and the landlord looked at the culprit as he stood in the dock, his finger in his mouth, with staring, terrified eyes, small, emaciated, dirty, beaten, unable to tell why or wherefore he found himself there, or what they were about to do to him. How, thought the justice, could anyone try a wretched

little object like that, only ten years of age, and barely able to stand on its legs? Was he to be sent to prison, or what? One must not be too severe with children. Would it not be well if a watchman took him and gave him a few strokes with a cane, so that he might not steal a second time, and so end the matter?

"Just so. A very good idea!"

Stach, the watchman, was called.

"Take him, and give him a caning as a warning."

Stach nodded his stupid, bull head, took Janko under his arm like a kitten, and carried him off to the barn.

Either the youngster did not understand what it was all about, or he was too terrified to speak; in either case he uttered not a word, and looked round him like a little frightened bird. How did he know what they wanted with him. It was only when



"HE TOOK JANKO UNDER HIS ARM LIKE A KITTEN."

Stach seized him, laid him on the barn floor, and, holding him fast with one hand, turned up his little shirt with the cane, that poor Janko shrieked "Mammy!" and after every blow he cried "Mammy, mammy!" but lower and weaker each time, until after a certain number of strokes, the child was silent, and called for his mother no more. . . .

The poor broken fiddle!

You clumsy, wicked Stach! Who ever flogged a child in such a fashion? The poor, tiny fellow was always thin and weakly, and scarcely had breath in his body!

At last the mother came and took the child with her, but she had to carry him home. Next day Janko did not rise. On the third day he breathed out his soul in peace, on the hard bed covered by the horsecloth. . . .

As he lay dying, the swallows twittered in the cherry-tree that grew before the window, a sunbeam peered through the pane, and flooded with glory the child's rough hair and his bloodless face. The beam seemed like a track for the little fellow's soul to ascend to heaven.

Well for him was it that at least at the hour of death he mounted a broad and sunny path, for thorny would have been his road in life. The wasted chest still heaved softly, and the child seemed still conscious of the echoes of the outer world that entered through the open window. It was evening; the peasant girls returning from hay-making passed by and sang as they went; the brook purred close at hand.

Janko listened for the last time to the

musical echoes of the village. Beside him, on the horse-cloth, lay the fiddle he had made from a shingle. Suddenly the dying child's face lit up, and his white lips whispered—

"Mammy!"

"What is it, dearie?" asked the mother, her voice stifled with sobs.

"Mammy, God will give me a real fiddle in heaven."

"Yes, darling, yes," replied the mother. She could speak no more, for from her heart the pent-up sorrow burst suddenly forth. She only murmured "Jesus, my Jesus!" and laying her head on the table, wept as those weep from whom death robs their dearest treasure.

And so it was. When she raised her head and looked at the child, the eyes of the little musician were open but fixed, the countenance was grave, solemn, and rigid. The sunbeam had disappeared.

"May you rest in peace, little Janko!"

* * * *

Next day the Baron and his family returned from Italy to the Castle. The daughter of the house and her suitor were there amongst the rest.

"What a delightful country Italy is!" remarked the gentleman.

"Yes, and the people! They are a nation of artists! It is a pleasure to note and encourage their talent," answered the young lady.

* * * *

The larches rustled over Janko's grave!

A Silver Harvest.



SHOOTING SEINE-NET.



flourishing industry; but, at present, owing principally to the large increase of drift-net boats which, in their more regular expeditions, tend to break up the "schools" or "shoals," the old picturesque way of catching them by the "seine" boats is

CORNISH pilchards are, no doubt, sufficiently well known to create some interest in the method by which they are caught. Some years back the fisheries were worked almost entirely by the "seine" net system, and had developed into a most

more or less falling into desuetude. The glory and excitement of the pilchard fishing belongs, however, to the seine-net almost exclusively. For weeks the cliffs are patrolled by anxious watchers, and when once the red streak in the water shows to the practised eye the "school" slowly moving, the cry "heva" or "hubba" is heard shouted from one to another, and every man, woman, and child rushes to the beach. A volunteer colonel the writer once met touring about Cornwall with a camera had skilfully arranged a characteristic group of fishermen and lasses in a disused fish-cellar, and had carefully had an artistic background of nets, lobster-pots, &c., built up after some hours of trouble and difficulty, when, just as he was about to raise the cap, a tap at the little window, a cry of "hubba," and his group flew off like lightning out of the place. He never got them again. For many weeks they were all busy with the pilchards.

Another visitor, not knowing the colloquial terms of the fisher-folk, was alarmed to hear his landlady, in great excitement, shout to a neighbour, "Shot at Cadgwith," and anxiously inquired whether anyone

was hurt or killed. Though the fishing villages as a rule are in communication only through coaches, or more often carts, the news of the first catch rapidly flies; naturally each place anticipating the advent of the pilchards at any moment.

Many of the fishermen are almost practised athletes. Down a long "way" or "slip" the big seine boat is shot, the men hanging on, pushing, or clambering on as the boat is launched into the sea. In a second the big heavy oars are shipped, every man in his place, and pulling with all his strength for the "shoal," guided by the "huer" who, on the top of the cliff, directs

times turning out too young and small, and, though these latter are valuable to the sardine factories, many of which are established in Cornwall, the cost of packing and drawing the fish over many miles of rough country prevents it being worth the labour and trouble. And the roads in some places, say, for instance, the way down to Sennen Cove, Lands End, are most decidedly rough, the writer having once seen a poor old blind man, who perambulated the country with a donkey-cart and apples, once literally hung up on a huge boulder of rock in the middle of the road. The fish once reached, the net is thrown into the sea



LAUNCHING THE TUCK-BOAT.

them by waving two branches of furze-bush in the direction required. The turn-out of a metropolitan fire-engine is not accomplished more expeditiously. This work, as may be supposed, is very arduous, and on many parts of the coast the manual labour is superseded by steam seine-boats, which are constantly kept at sea on the look-out, the men being paid weekly wages by the proprietors. Occasionally the "school" is missed, and sometimes, in the difficulty of manœuvring the heavy boats in a comparatively rough sea, a small portion only is secured. Many tries have often to be made, the fish some-

and a complete circle made round them, the net righting itself in the water by the leads at the bottom and the corks at the top. Then comes the "tuck-boat," often launched by women and children, carrying a smaller net, which is fastened inside the bigger "seine," and partly under the fish, by means of which, by gradually lessening the circle, the precious catch is forced to the surface. Large heavy boats, characteristically called "loaders," are used to convey the fish to the shore. Stalwart young men dip the "tuck-basket" into the shoal of live fish, the water naturally draining out when it is raised to the surface, while the pil-

chards are stowed in the "loader" by large wooden shovels, to the accompaniment of the screams of thousands of sea-gulls.

It is almost alarming, too, to see how deep in the water the boats are loaded, within an inch or two of the gunwale, Mr. Plimsoll's load-line evidently not applying; though, fortunately, accidents are rare.

Upon arriving at the shore or landing-place many from their own and neighbouring villages are there to take them up in "creels" to the cellars. We have once seen a large influx of Cornish miners for this work only. They are paid 2d. a basket, and can make £1 a day, though the work is comparatively laborious.

Of course the natives manage at these times to get fairly well provided with fish. The children are very busy picking up the stray pilchards, and the stray ones getting scarce, an apparently accidental stumble on the rough stones may upset a large creel full, which is not worth gathering up when fish is plentiful.

The pay is pretty good for this work, the children even getting 3d. per hour. The pile is then undone, the fish packed with great care in barrels, and by means of a long lever with a heavy stone hooked on at the end, pressed down tightly. It is then ready for the market.

The inland villagers are good customers for pilchards, and, indeed, for all sorts of fish, conger and mackerel being especial favourites with all. They are usually supplied by the country dealers called "jowters," though how the word arose is uncertain; but the biggest market is Italy, several Italians being permanently established in Cornwall in the business. It might be supposed that the fishermen themselves would care but little for fish, but experience shows that few people are so particularly fond of it. We have often heard the natives declare that a bit of fresh or salted fish was better at any time than meat, roast or boiled. In the winter, when unable to go to sea, the storms and gales



DIPPING FOR PILCHARDS.

If large catches, or perhaps two or three catches fill the cellars, an interesting sight is to see the fish packed on the ground by the women and children, salt being plentifully used, of course, and the heads placed outwards. The row of carefully arranged pilchards is then thatched over and left to pickle for about a month.

preventing the men from doing anything for a livelihood, the salted pilchard is the staple article of food. Served with a boiled potato it makes a savoury enough dish, though I think, perhaps, it needs an acquired taste on behalf of the town dwellers to enjoy it thoroughly.

Most of the fishermen have their plot of



PACKING.

land, and in their intervals of enforced leisure are assiduous gardeners, cultivating generally sufficient potatoes to last the winter.

The oil which is pressed out of the fish is drained by little gutters into a small well, and although after some lapse of time it becomes anything but odorous, or even agreeable to the view, it is very valuable to the men for dressing their boots, &c., which become so hardened by the sea-water. Many of the fishermen in days gone by have made a considerable lot of money by

Cornish pilchards. In some of the fishing villages it is not at all uncommon for the men to have built their own cottages out of their earnings and to have put a little by besides. Formerly, too, the "schools" came along as early as August, but now they are seldom seen until October. No satisfactory reason either for their present apparent scarcity or the change of the time of their appearance can be given, the fishermen themselves being at a loss for an explanation.



The State of the Law Courts.

III.—THE BAR.



UNDOUBTEDLY the Bar possesses a charm that belongs to no other profession. Not only are its possibilities magnificent, extending as they do to the Woolsack, but it has the further attraction of being the one calling wherein the youthful aspirant may rely upon his personal attributes even more than upon industry and training for success. Many instances could be mentioned of eminent leaders who have been inundated with briefs, and have easily made their £10,000 or more a year, not on account of their legal lore, but because they have been brilliant and persuasive speakers, charming of manner, and quick at repartee.

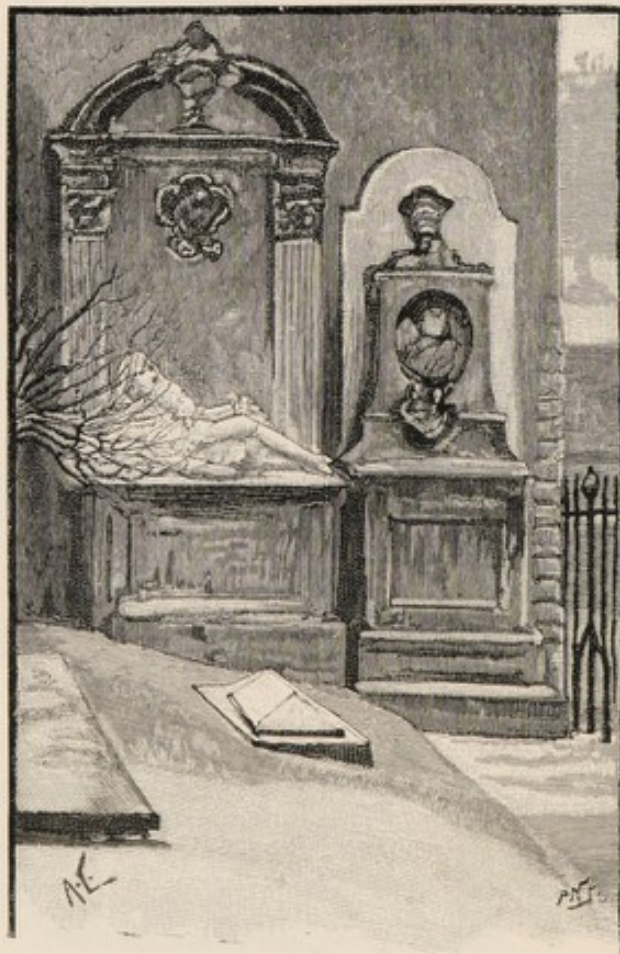
Perhaps it is natural that most of the smart young graduates who swell the ranks of the Bar should feel themselves fully equipped, if not in their store of learning, at least in personal qualifications. But it is unfortunately a fact that this feeling of youthful confidence, admirable in itself, has in a great measure led to the growth of a numerous army of needy barristers, many of whom are only too anxious to pick up an occasional guinea at the County or the Criminal Courts.

The prizes of the Bar are only for the few, and the disappointments for the many. This uncertainty itself, perhaps, is an attraction to some of the numerous aspirants who would emulate the successes of Cockburn, Ballantine, Russell, Davey, and other great

counsel. The advocates' profession is a very ancient one, and goes back to Roman times. The independence of the Bar has always been its greatest boast. Whether it has worthily maintained that characteristic of recent years is a question that we shall discuss later on, but that it did so formerly there can be no doubt. In illustration of this, we may relate a story of a counsel named Wilkins, who was defending a prisoner before Baron Gurney, a very severe judge. Wilkins thought that the judge had made up his mind to convict the prisoner, and, in the course of his address to the jury, he had the temerity to say: "There exist those upon the Bench who have the character of convicting judges. I do not envy their reputation in this world, or their fate hereafter!" The prisoner was in the end acquitted, but whether as the result of this attack, which Baron

Gurney felt very keenly, or not, it is impossible to say. It may be doubted whether any advocate nowadays would venture to speak in a similar way. It is possible, however, that Baron Gurney was unaware of his reputation for severity, and Mr. Wilkins' remarks may have had a salutary effect upon him.

The appointment of barristers is now effected by the four Inns of Court, namely, the Inner Temple, the Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. These Inns are voluntary associations, having no statutory powers, and it is only by virtue of



THE TEMPLE: "HERE LIES OLIVER GOLDSMITH."



NEW COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE.

ancient custom that they enjoy the right of calling students to the Bar. They are respectively governed by a self-elected body called "Benches," who consist of the judges, a number of Queen's counsel, and a few veteran "juniors." The barristers as a class have no voice in the management of the Inns, or in the discipline of their profession. The social status of the Bar has of late years deteriorated, although it is true that barristers are generally drawn from a much higher social level than solicitors. Individual merit is, somewhat erroneously perhaps, supposed to be as great a factor for success as interest, and this, together with other considerations that we have already alluded to, induces a large proportion of the most accomplished University graduates to devote themselves to the Bar in preference to any other profession. University men, however, are not the only aspirants to the Woolsack, whose first step is to obtain a call to the Bar. There is quite a gathering of coloured gentlemen in the Middle Temple, including natives of India, many of whom, no doubt, intend to practise in their own courts; Hottentots, Negroes, Mongolians, dreamy-eyed Japanese, and perhaps an occasional Redskin—many of whom seem to take to the methods of European civilisation quite naturally.

The Inner Temple is considered more

fashionable than the Middle, and is preferred by University men, especially perhaps those who are prejudiced in favour of uniformity of colour in their fellow-students. Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn call comparatively few men to the Bar.

Some particulars of the process of being "called to the Bar" may be of interest. The aspiring barrister must remain a student for three years, and will have to pay nearly £200 in stamp duty and fees to his Inn. Exception is, however, made in the case of solicitors, who, under recent regulations, can be admitted to the Bar without delay on payment of the fees. Within the last fifteen years an examination has been instituted for all students except solicitors, the latter having been examined by their own society; but, before that time, it was only necessary to eat twenty-four dinners a year for three years in the Hall of the Inn, besides paying the fees, in order to become qualified for the Bar. The dinners are still retained, and although it is not pretended that students insensibly imbibe legal knowledge with their meals in the atmosphere of the picturesque old dining halls, there can be no doubt that the dinners serve a useful



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purpose in enabling the future barristers to form each other's acquaintance. With what mingled feelings these dinners must be looked back upon in after life! Of two boon companions in student days one may, perhaps, be judge of the High Court, while the other is still struggling for a precarious livelihood in the County Court.

Students coming from the Universities are only expected to eat twelve dinners a year. The reason for this distinction is shrouded in mystery, but perhaps some solution may occur to the ingenious mind of the reader. It is usual for students to read with junior counsel in large practice, to whom they pay a hundred guineas a year. In return for this they have the run of the papers, from which they are no doubt enabled in some degree to familiarise themselves with the advocate's profession; if they require tuition, they must employ a regular coach. The examinations, however, are by no means severe. They secure a certain amount of legal knowledge on the part of the barrister, which can easily be acquired by a few attendances at the lectures held at the Inn, and a not very assiduous reading of Roman and Common Law. Upon the completion of his three years, the student is called to the Bar, by going through the solemn ceremony of taking a glass of wine with the Benchers of his Inn, and, together with a crowd of his compeers, listening to a friendly monition from the Senior Bencher, or some other venerable greybeard. Having purchased his wig and gown and a brand-new blue bag, the young barrister is then started on his career. He takes chambers in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, which he

probably shares with some other aspirants, and then proceeds on his way to the Wool-sack.

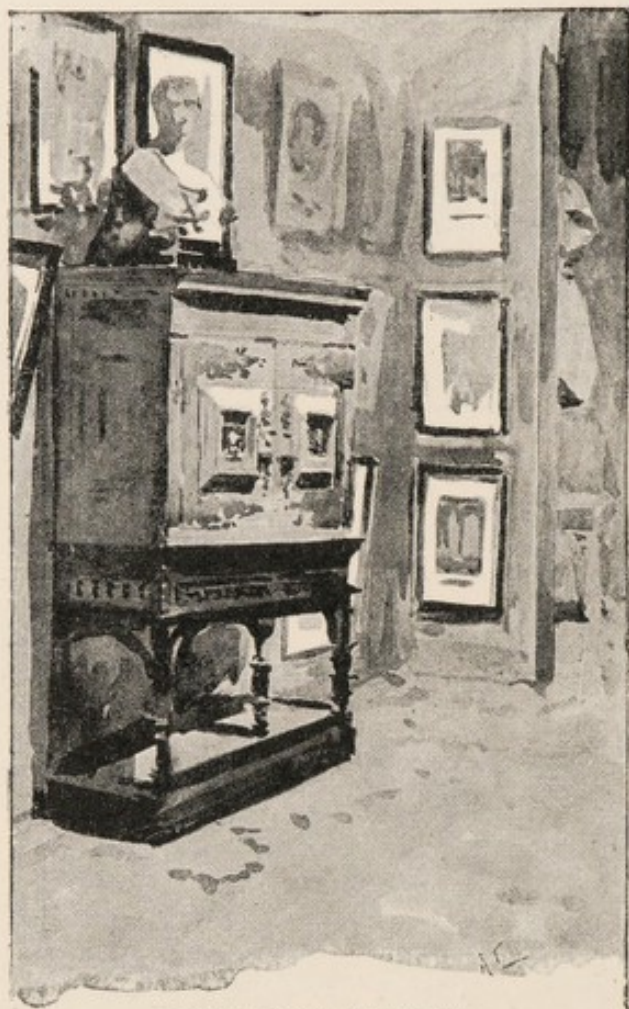
The sensations of a young barrister when he first addresses the Court are usually somewhat agonising. Serjeant Ballantine describes his first experience as follows:—"I rose, but could see nothing; the court seemed to turn round and the floor to be sinking. I cannot tell what I asked, but it was graciously granted by the Bench."

He sat down with a parched throat and a sort of sickening feeling that he would never succeed. "Most successful advocates," he adds, "have experienced these sensations, and to this day I believe that many rise to conduct cases of importance with some of their old emotions."

The work of the Bar is divided into several sections, so that the beginner has a fairly wide choice as to which department of his profession he will make his own. There is the Parliamentary Bar, the Common Law Bar, the Equity Bar, and the Criminal Bar; and besides these, several barristers are exclusively occupied with Patents and Conveyancing.

But there are sections within sections, consisting of small coteries of specialists who devote themselves to the Divorce Court, to the Privy Council, or to Admiralty work.

While the majority of barristers pass the legal year in the Metropolis, except when on circuit, there are a good many who settle down in populous districts and become known in the profession as local barristers. Both Common Law and Equity men who are, through the pressure of competition, unable to make their way in London, or who perhaps have the advantage of being related



CORRIDOR, INNER TEMPLE HALL.

to some eminent firm of provincial solicitors, prefer the certainty of making a decent livelihood in a busy manufacturing town to the keener competition of the Metropolis.

They are somewhat looked down upon by their brethren in London, the work in the provinces being of an inferior kind, mainly confined to the police courts, county courts, and quarter sessions.

The occupation of the local barrister, in fact, does not commend itself to the majority of the Bar, notwithstanding that a few are able to make their £2,000 or £3,000 a year.

The Parliamentary Bar, probably the most lucrative branch of the profession, is engaged in Private Bill business before Parliamentary Committees. A popular Parliamentary Q.C. will make as much as £20,000 a year, and sometimes even those figures are exceeded. The leading "silks" have always a great number of cases going on at the same time before Committees of the Lords and Commons, and they spend their day in walking from one committee-room to another, opening a case here, replying on a case there, and cross-examining witnesses whose evidence-in-chief they have never heard. This perambulatory practice led to such abuse that in 1861 the committees decided not to allow a barrister to cross-examine who had not been present during the whole of the examination-in-chief, and recently Mr. Han-

bury has endeavoured to enforce this rule. No doubt it is, generally speaking, a wholesome regulation, for the reiteration by successive counsel of the same questions

leads to an inordinate waste of public time and money. It ought, however, to be enforced with moderation, for it by no means follows that a counsel who has not heard the examination-in-chief is the less able to cross-examine effectively. One of the objects of cross-examination, it should be understood, is to elicit fresh facts, and in that respect it is not necessarily dependent upon evidence-in-chief.

Undoubtedly cross-examination is one of the most difficult as well as one of the most important of a counsel's duties, and a barrister who makes his mark in this particular function is pretty certain to be in general request. It is no less important to know what questions to put than what to refrain from asking. Many counsel are too apt to imagine that by browbeating a witness, and overwhelming him with a multitude of questions, they are conducting

their cross-examination effectively. Baron Alderson once withered up an advocate of this character by remarking: "Mr. So-and-so, you seem to think that the art of cross-examination is to examine crossly."

The Parliamentary Bar certainly numbers within its ranks several highly-talented counsel, not the least eminent of whom are Mr. Pope, Mr. Bidder, Mr. Littler, and Mr. Pembroke-Stephens, of whom we give portraits. We have already referred to the great incomes that are made in this department



INNER TEMPLE HALL.

of the Bar, and when it is remembered that the work is limited to the time during which Parliament is sitting, it becomes apparent that the fees paid to leading



MR. LITTLER.

MR. PEMBROKE-STEPHENS.

MR. BIDDER.

MR. POPE.

counsel must be enormous. Indeed, the fees marked on their briefs often amount to hundreds of guineas, and the junior gets a sum equal to two-thirds of the amount paid to the leader, except in cases where the latter receives a special fee. And, added to this, both receive a refresher of fifteen guineas a day. Surely such payment is excessive.

In one very essential particular the members of the Equity Bar differ in their customs from other branches of their profession. Practising before the five Chancery judges and the Chancery Court of Appeal, the leaders of the Equity Bar attach themselves to particular Courts, and invariably decline to leave their own favourite sphere of operations to appear in another Court without a special fee. The result of this arrangement is that litigants employing eminent counsel in Chancery cases can be almost certain of their attendance throughout. However heavy may be the fees paid to counsel of the Equity Bar, it can at least be said that they generally give full value for their money—a gratifying compliment that can hardly be extended to other branches of the profession. But satisfactory as the system may seem to be from the client's point of view, experience shows that it is not without its serious disadvantages. The continuous contact of particular counsel with particular judges is varying in its effects. In some cases it leads to an undue influence on the part of the counsel over the judges, while in others the judges use their power to such an overbearing extent that even eminent Queen's counsel are sometimes subjected to a degree of abasement that is painful to witness. The demeanour of one or two of the Equity judges is, in fact, characterised by an absurd pomposity, and, however great their abilities, they are not so high-minded as to

disdain the petty delight of trying to humiliate the leaders of the Bar. There have been several instances of a judge taking a personal dislike to a counsel, and by making him feel it on every possible occasion, practically dismissing him from the Court. Thus it will be recognised that the system gives judges too much power over members of the Bar.

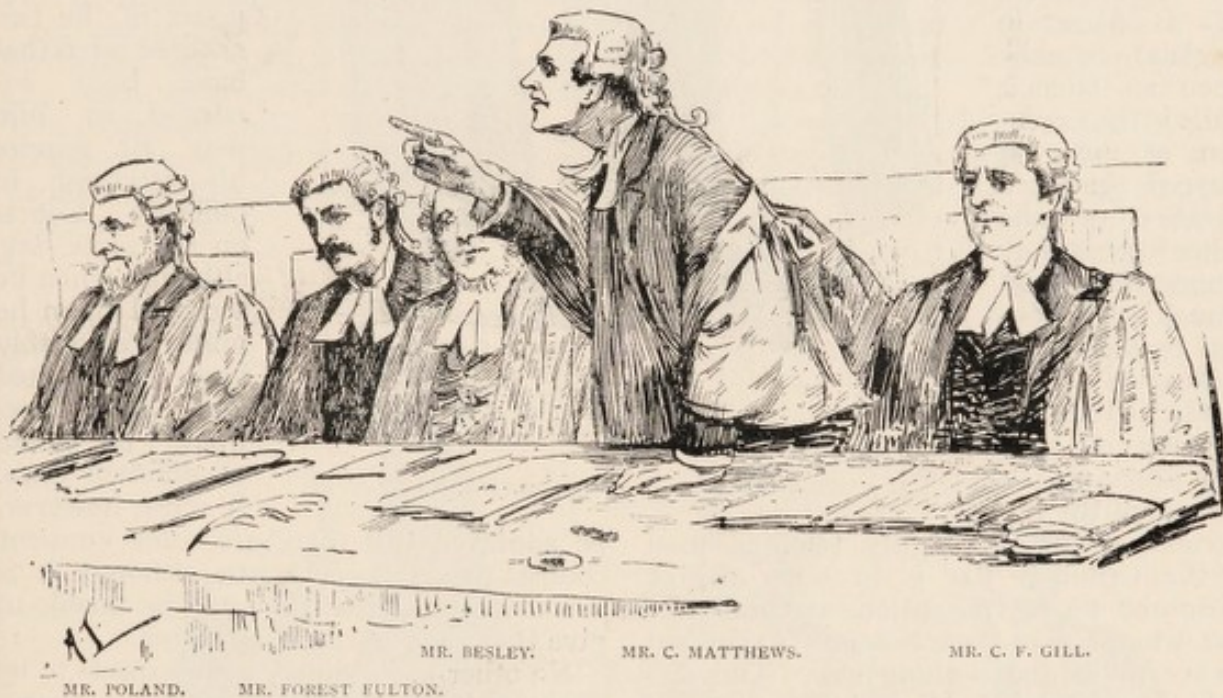
There are always two favourite "silks" in each Court, who practically divide the work between them. The special fees that we have already referred to are, however, frequently obtained by eminent Queen's counsel. The greatest advocates of the Equity Bar—like Sir Horace Davey or Mr. Rigby—do not attach themselves to any Court, and will not, in fact, appear in Court at all without a special fee. The incomes made by some of the most eminent Equity counsel are prodigious. Lord Selborne, when Sir Roundell Palmer, is said to have made over £30,000 a year; and rumour has it that neither Sir Horace Davey nor Mr. Rigby are earning much less than that amount.

Although, as a rule, the members of the Equity Bar do not shine in public life, it has nevertheless associated with it several distinguished names, such as those of Westbury, Cairns, and Selborne, all of whom found in the Chancery Courts the stepping-stone to fame.

The Criminal Bar of London congregates at the Old Bailey (which is the Assize Court for the Metropolis and part of the Home Counties) as well as at the Middlesex and Surrey Sessions, held respectively at Clerkenwell and Newington. In speaking of the Criminal Bar, the brilliant exploits of such men as Ballantine, Parry, Huddleston, Gifford, Hawkins, and Clarke naturally occur to one's memory. But what a sad

falling off is now apparent ! There is not a single name of distinction now associated with the historic Court that has in the past resounded to the eloquence of so many splendid advocates. Nowadays the mention of the Criminal Bar only brings to mind such men as the Government prosecutor (official in all but name), Mr. Poland, and a crowd of lesser lights, among whom Mr. Forest Fulton, M.P., and Mr. Gill stand forth as the most talented. There are at the Criminal Bar a number of newly-fledged barristers, and several indigent and disappointed men who are content to gain a small and precarious livelihood. A handful secure a respectable living, and comparatively large incomes are only made in two

for negligence being successful against solicitors, there is no reason why they should have any terrors for counsel. It would certainly be satisfactory to see the barrister's profession put upon a more business-like footing. Advocates are, under the present conditions, sometimes the prey of unscrupulous solicitors, who hand them briefs marked with tempting fees that are never paid, and when these harpies have tired out the patience of one guileless counsel, they devote similarly undesirable attentions to another. Happily, such solicitors are comparatively few ; but even respectable firms often avail themselves of the inability of counsel to recover fees by taking unconscionable credit.



or three cases, notably among those who have Treasury work. The compulsory litigants, who often have to send the hat round among their friends for the purpose, can for the most part only provide small fees, and small as they are, they do not always reach the hands of counsel.

It may be interesting to mention here the curious fact that barristers cannot recover their fees at law. The fee, it appears, is an honorarium, and nothing more. Of course, while barristers have no legal claim for their fees, no action for negligence, however gross, can lie against them ; and it is obvious that, if the power were accorded to them of recovering their fees at law, they would also be liable to action in case of negligence. If we may judge by the very rare occasions of actions

The system should be changed, and if barristers were made liable for negligence it would, perhaps, have a wholesome effect in preventing some of them from accepting briefs to which they or their clerks must know that they cannot attend.

To return to the Criminal Bar, one cannot help observing how great is the disadvantage at which a prisoner is sometimes placed. The unfortunate man has perhaps been unable by himself or his friends to find the necessary funds to instruct a counsel, or perhaps he has managed to scrape together a guinea, which he hands over the dock, as his case is called, to some inexperienced barrister, who thereupon finds himself face to face with a wary and experienced advocate like Mr. Poland or Mr. Gill. The prisoner's chances of vindi-

cating himself, innocent though he may be, must be greatly reduced by the disadvantages under which he labours.

The State, which expends enormous sums for the conviction of criminals, ought, undoubtedly, as is the case in many other countries, to provide legal assistance for the accused in order to secure a fair trial. So far as we are aware, there is only one case in which this is done in England, namely, when an offence, while in the execution of duty, is charged against a member of the police force, a body of men who are in a much better position to secure for themselves legal assistance than the majority of ordinary prisoners.

Perhaps the deplorable dearth of highly talented men at the Criminal Bar is in some degree accounted for by the curious circumstance that when a man once becomes a criminal lawyer he can be nothing else. The dismal atmosphere of the Old Bailey seems to permeate all his future prospects, and he is rarely able to emerge from it into the higher ranks of his profession. The Lord Chancellor, Mr. Justice Hawkins, and Sir Edward Clarke are, perhaps, the only living instances to the contrary; but even they belong to a somewhat bygone time, and were never exclusively criminal lawyers.

The leading common-law work of the High Court is practically divided among a dozen or so eminent Queen's counsel. It is a matter of common complaint that the leaders accept briefs, knowing well at the time they receive them that they will not be able to attend to them. There is a good deal of truth in this, although the supposed delinquents are able to put forward a very plausible plea of justification. It is certain that they cannot always know what briefs



MR. INDERWICK.

SIR EDWARD CLARKE.

they will be able to give full attention to, seeing that there are a number of Courts engaged in trying cases some of which may last days, and some only minutes. Indeed, a counsel with a very small practice may find that, owing to the unexpected manner in which the cases on the list are sometimes disposed of, the two or three briefs that have been entrusted to him may all require his attention in different Courts on the same day, although when he accepted them he might reasonably have anticipated that the cases would be called on different days. It must, however,

be admitted that there are some eminent counsel who accept briefs, although it is morally certain that they will be unable to give them any personal attention.

No other professional man expects to be paid for work that he does not perform, and there can be no doubt that the proper course for counsel overwhelmed with briefs to pursue is to return those that he cannot attend to, thereby enabling his client to obtain legal assistance elsewhere, and at the same time distributing a little work among his less fortunate brethren of the Bar. The public are, however, at fault in insisting on retaining an eminent advocate at a fancy price, when their cases could be just as well conducted at much smaller cost by men whose names figure less frequently in the reports of important trials. In any sensational *cause célèbre* it is almost certain that the names of Sir Charles Russell, Sir Edward Clarke, and Mr. Lockwood, will appear on one side or the other. These eminent men have, in fact, the pick of the work, and the same may be said, in regard to

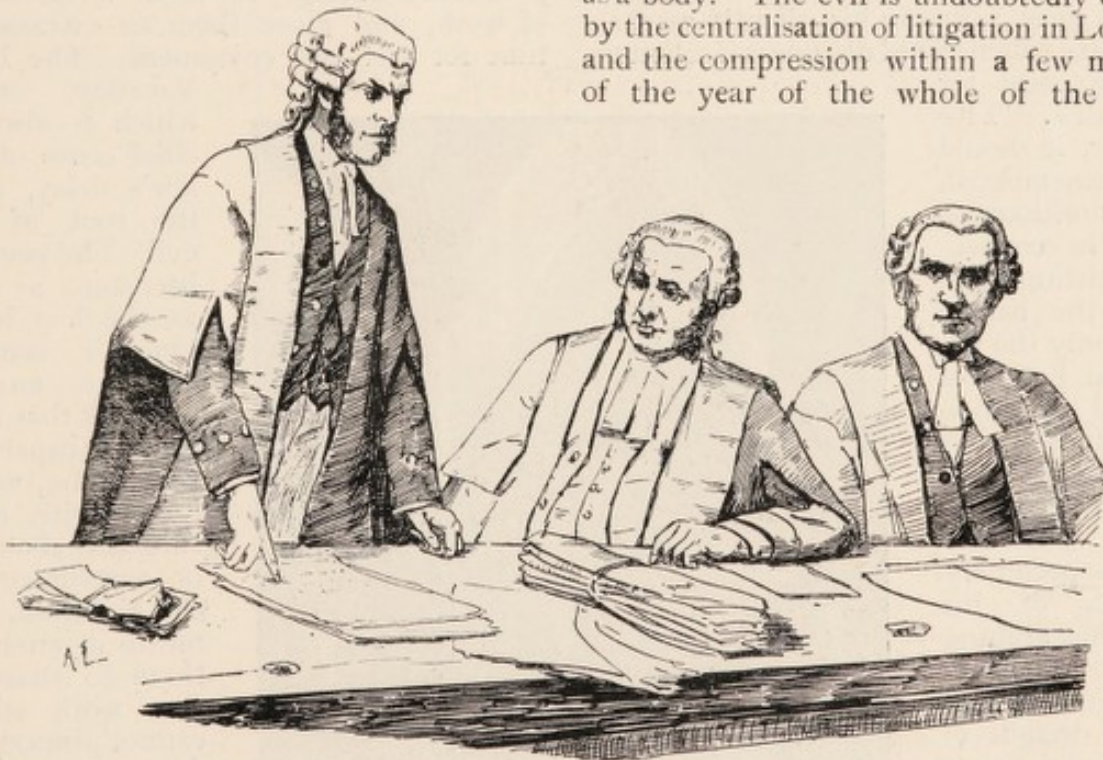
great commercial cases, of Sir R. Webster and Mr. Finlay, and, before his recent elevation to the Bench, of Mr. Henn-Collins.

The work of a somewhat less distinguished character is in the hands of half a dozen Queen's counsel, among whom may be mentioned Mr. Kemp, Mr. Willis, Mr. Jelf, and Mr. Winch, while there is a "tail" of "silks" who, not being fortunate enough to rank as popular favourites, have to content themselves with a very much smaller practice as well as smaller fees. Under the present conditions there is nothing like a fair distribution of work among the leaders of the Bar. This is perhaps in a great measure due to the action of solicitors, who, if they have a rich client in a big action, are sure to run after one of the half-dozen most popular advocates, and with a less wealthy client they will retain one of the next half-dozen. It is indeed curious to observe how slavishly solicitors run after the most eminent counsel on the chance of securing their

ting at the same time, examining a witness in one place, and addressing the jury in another; while their imperfect knowledge of their cases must inevitably tell to the disadvantage of their clients, who perhaps have paid them fees of one or even two hundred guineas, with corresponding refreshers.

From what we have said it will be obvious that it is only the very few who can hope to become wealthy at the Bar, and such a lottery is "taking silk" that many "juniors" refuse to have the distinction conferred upon them, preferring the modest income that they are able to earn to the uncertainty and disappointment that falls to the lot of most of those who become leaders. Even a prosperous junior who gives up his practice to become a Q.C. runs the risk of being left out in the cold altogether.

A state of things that practically places the monopoly of the legal work in a few hands tends neither to the advantage of the public nor to the prosperity of the Bar as a body. The evil is undoubtedly caused by the centralisation of litigation in London, and the compression within a few months of the year of the whole of the High



SIR HENRY JAMES.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

services, rather than entrust their briefs to less noted men, who, even if their ability be less, would at least make up for it by greater assiduity and closer attention. The result is that these favoured gentlemen may be seen popping in and out of the ten or twelve Queen's Bench Courts that are sit-

Court business. There is no valid reason why the Courts should not sit the whole year through, and barristers and judges take their holidays as they personally like to arrange. The amalgamation of the two branches of the legal profession has been much discussed in recent years, and it has

many warm advocates both among barristers and solicitors, one of the strongest being the Solicitor-General. But no doubt the majority are opposed to the suggested change. Its supporters, in fact, are for the most part to be found among ambitious young solicitors who have acquired a taste for advocacy in the Police and County Courts. They urge that it would cheapen litigation, inasmuch as there would be only one person to pay instead of two, and they point to the United States and to the Colonies as indicating that amalgamation would work well. In great cities, however, the division of labour between the advocate and the solicitor, although theoretically non-existent, is in reality very similar to what it is in this country. The advocate must always be the advocate, and nothing more, and the drudgery of preparing the material for him to work upon must be reserved for other persons, whether they occupy the position of solicitors, partners, or clerks.

Under the present system, a solicitor can exercise his judgment in retaining the counsel most suited to his client's case, an advantage which would disappear if solicitors had barristers for partners. The solicitor, it should be remembered, has multifarious duties in connection with litigation, whilst the barrister is only the adviser on points of law and the advocate. It is further to be observed that the barrister, not being associated with the pecuniary interests of his client, but arguing his case solely on legal grounds, and on the weight of evidence, possesses a degree of independence and a reputation for trustworthiness which, if he were a solicitor as well, he would be unable to enjoy. It is not from an amalga-

mation, such as that suggested, that an amelioration of the present system is to be looked for. Notwithstanding its high reputation, the Bar, by tamely submitting to a system that works out to its own detriment, is itself responsible not only for its own unsatisfactory condition, whereby the bulk of the profits of the profession go into a few hands, but also in a considerable degree for the gross defects of our judicial system. Recently the members of the Bar have formed among themselves a Bar Committee to protect their interests, but it appears to have done little practical work, and to be little more than a mutual admiration society.

It is obviously to the interest of the leading and wealthy members of the profession, several of whom are legislators, that the present state of things should continue. They make splendid incomes within the short legal year; while the Long Vacation, which completely closes the Courts, prevents the intrusion of competitors during their holidays. The present system practically secures to them a monopoly of work, and gives them an extravagant time for rest and enjoyment. The Long

Vacation, then, which is also the chief cause of the law's delay, is at the root of the evil. The younger barristers as well as the less lucky Queen's counsel, who are anxious for work that they are fully capable of performing, would regard with pleasure the abolition or curtailment of the Vacation, as a means of enabling them to share in that work which cannot properly be done within the brief period now occupied.

Are the members of the Bar, notwithstanding all their boasted independence, afraid to speak out even in their own



IN THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

interests? They alone are capable of properly exposing the scandals of our judicial system, and of bringing about improvements that would be as much to the advantage of the public as of themselves; and yet their voice is uniformly silent. It is certain that had the leaders of the Bar opened their lips in the House of Commons, those scandals to which we adverted in former articles would either

have been non-existent or would have been promptly remedied. It is not, however, from the leaders of the Bar that reform is to be expected; the first step must be taken by the rank and file, who, by a united movement showing that they do indeed possess independence and grit, will increase their own prosperity and at the same time commend themselves to the public.

The Home for Lost Dogs.



THE Home for Lost Dogs, at Battersea, is a veritable haven of rest for the "lost

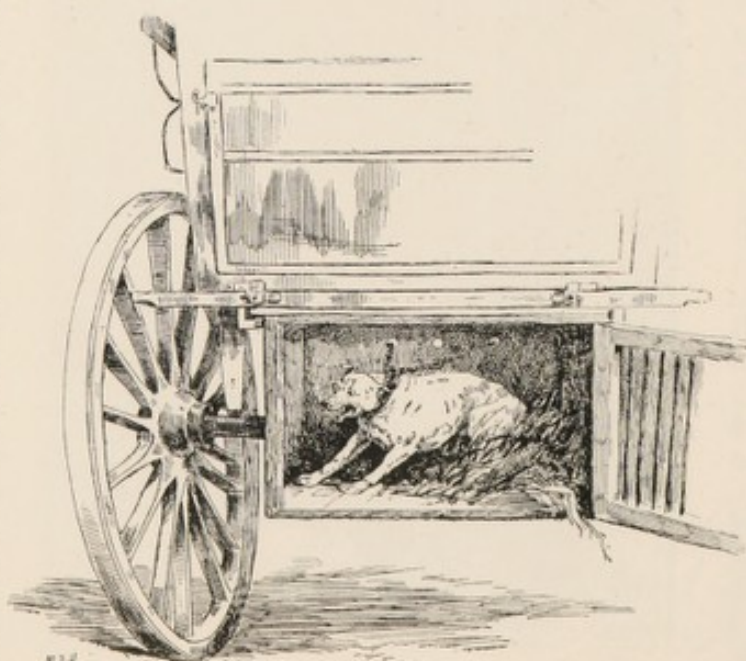
and strayed." It started in the most unpretentious way, some thirty years ago, in a back kitchen at Islington; to-day its premises possess ample accommodation for the temporary lodging of over 20,000 wanderers every year; indeed, during 1890, no fewer than 21,593 passed through its gates (homes being found for 3,388), 1,771 were restored to their owners, and 1,617 new homes were provided where satisfactory safeguards were assured. Such are the interesting canine statistics given to us as we start on our tour of inspection, under the guidance of Mr. Matthias Colam, the secretary.

We have entered the great red gates, and stand for a moment upon the threshold of the Receiving House, for a van passes almost at our elbow. Its appearance suggests "police"; at any rate, the driver is an indisputable representative of law and order in mufti. Those familiar cries betray who the inmates are—all sorts and conditions of dogs picked up by the police; this is a deposit of some thirty lost animals about to find apartments for a time. When the muzzling order was first put into force, such a van would have to run over to Battersea three and four times a day, and then leave

a load of the lost behind. The conveyance is specially constructed for this purpose. Our friendly "policeman in plain clothes" opens the back door, and there one can see that the interior of the van is made into a tenement of two floors, the bigger dogs being placed below, and the more diminutive species above. Iron rings are arranged round the sides, to which the animals are attached by their chains. A small but important apartment, however, is that placed at the bottom of the van, between the two back wheels. It takes the form of a cage, with iron bars and a grating of fine wire. This is designed for the accommodation of a more than usually troublesome dog, sometimes one that is mad, so that he is carried from the police-station to the "Home" without upsetting the quieter-disposed dispositions of his fellow-animals above.

Of course some dogs are brought here by kind-hearted individuals other than the police, and as many as 500 from all sources have been received in the course of a day. It is impossible to single out one part of London more famous for its "lost" than another—they arrive from the East and from the West. That delightful little King Charles which is just now cuddled up in a corner of the Receiving House has probably strayed from its customary luxuriousness of a drawing-room in Belgravia—it will surely be claimed in a few hours—whilst its next-door neighbour is a

bull-dog, with a prodigious head, which strongly suggests pugilism and Whitechapel. The Receiving House is situated on your immediate right. It is the first room into which the lost dog goes when it claims admission to the home. A dozen dogs are waiting to be examined—collies, fox terriers, and two or three nondescripts in addi-



IN THE CAGE.

tion to the tiny King Charles and massive bull-dog already caught sight of. On a beam above, which stretches from one side of the apartment to the other, are hanging the chains and collars of the animals

after a certain lapse of time—and then running away with its new owner and winning an important prize at the Brighton show! More startling still was the case of a bloodhound sold to Mr. Mark Beaufoy,

M.P., for a small sum. That dog, once numbered amongst the lost, was destined to become the mother of the champion bloodhound of the world — “Cromwell.” Dogs have been sold over and over again and have returned. One little story which we hear as we pass into the main yard is worth repeating.

“Bluebeard” was his name, and he was a



THE RECEIVING ROOM.

admitted during the past week, under their proper divisions of Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and so on. This little collection of a dozen are taken in hand one by one. Should any of them be suffering from rabies, they are at once sent to the “Condemned Cell,” to which we shall presently pay a visit. The hon. veterinary surgeon, A. J. Sewell, Esq., is sent for, and if he endorses the opinion of the receiver—himself a man who “knows a dog”—the animal is at once destroyed. Some poor creatures pass a day or two in the Infirmary, and are quickly mended under kind and humane treatment, whilst those dogs who have had their day, and are past all aid, are destroyed.

This Receiving House has been accorded Royal patronage, for amongst what might be called the canine sweepings of London who have found their way here, the Duchess of Teck’s dog has looked in; so has the Marquis of Hartington’s, and Lord Brassey’s. Amongst the rarest of the wanderers located here have been a couple of African sand dogs, little creatures without a vestige of hair on their bodies, saving a relieving tuft on the head. Even at the Dogs’ Home many a romance might be found. Think of a poor lost creature being picked up for a few shillings—for dogs may be purchased

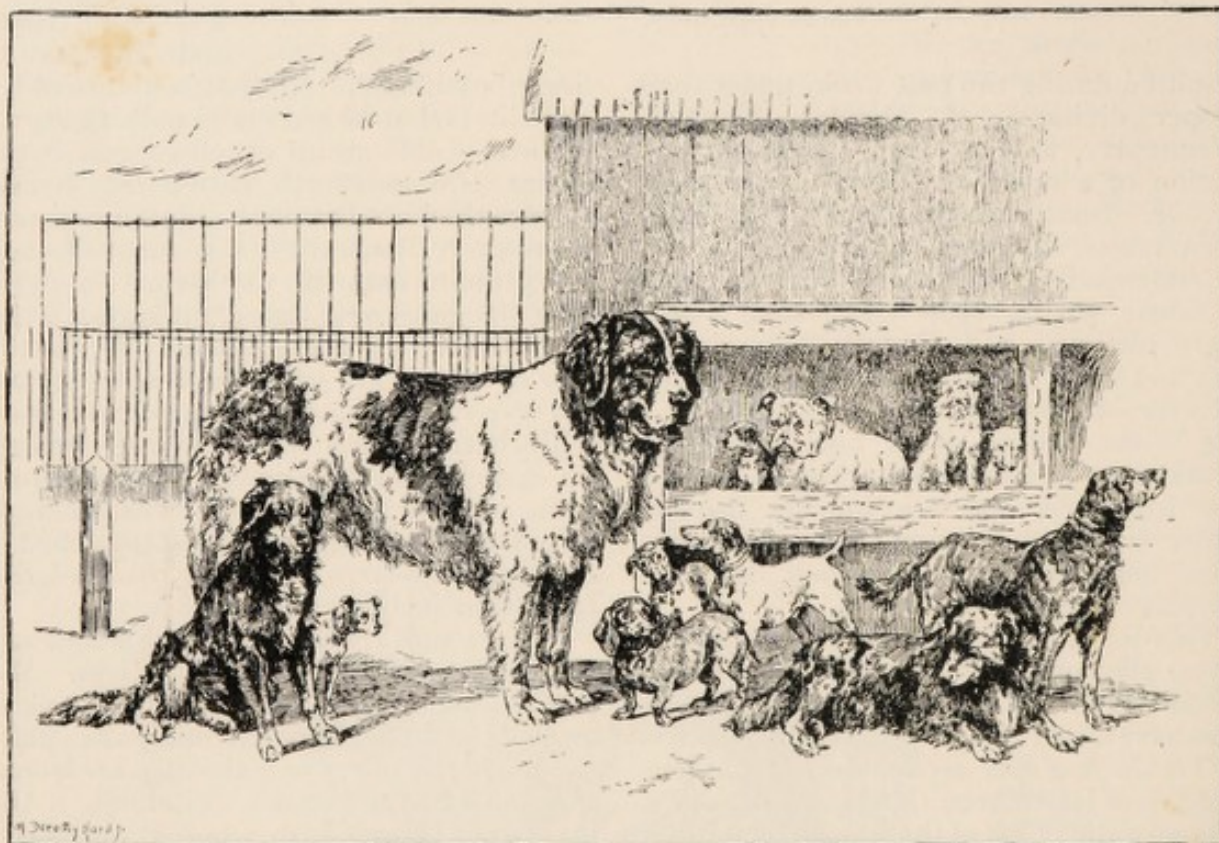
lively boarhound. All that is known of his early life is that he was found walking about, without visible means of subsistence, in the vicinity of Wandsworth. He was lost—hence, away with him to Battersea. On four separate occasions “Bluebeard” was restored, and every time he found his way back. One night, after the gates were closed, the keeper heard a tap-tap-tap at the entrance. It was the paw of a dog, and when the keeper opened the door it was none other than our old friend “Bluebeard” who had delivered himself up again for the third time. When he crept in he went straight to his former kennel. Eventually, “Bluebeard” was despatched to the country, where, according to the latest reports, he is doing well.

We are now on our way to the kennels—fine, light, airy, and well-built places. We pause just a moment, however, in the playground; for all the bigger kennels have a playground in the rear, where the dogs are let out to enjoy a merry gambol, or indulge in the luxury of a shower-bath, where at one end of the ground a fountain is playing, under the refreshing sprays of which the dogs delight to run. Wooden boxes are provided under which the animals may go in the summer months, when the sun proves too warm for them, or shelter from the rain during an occasional shower, or inclement weather.

This particular play-ground is inhabited principally by large dogs—retrievers, Scotch collies, greyhounds, and even what are generally known as carriage-dogs. We invite them to the sides of the play-ground—round which substantial iron bars run—and what a noise is there! Yet we are assured that at night not a sound is to be heard—the sudden shriek of the whistle of a passing train over the bridge close at hand, or the warning note of a steam tug on the river never disturbs them. Dogs in company seem to ensure contentment. You may peep into half a dozen other play-grounds, where the creatures will be found to be more of a diminutive type—hundreds of fox-terriers; indeed, it would seem that the lost terriers number ten times more than any of the other species, whilst retrievers and collies vie with each other for next place on the roll. And round these immense open cages good people wander with distressful countenances in search of those who have left their kennels in the back garden without notice, or wagged their tails

again, makes a frantic effort to pull down the iron bars in its joy, but all to no avail. Then a keeper enters the playground, picks Jack up in his arms, and surely never was a happier recognition. It is really this that those in authority at Battersea depend upon more than anything else, so as to ensure the lost animal being returned to its rightful owner. As a rule, the person losing a dog goes into the yard accompanied by a keeper. He picks out a dog, and it is fastened near the gates, where it can be seen from the office. The owner is invited to this part of the yard, and the keeper watches how the dog and its master meet one another again. This simple plan seldom fails. Furthermore, a set of questions have to be answered by the claimant, and mistakes seldom occur.

It is whilst we are watching the dogs at play, just as Jack—lost no longer—is tripping away merrily over the stones of the yard, that we are entertained with numerous anecdotes by our genial guide. We hear of a devoted owner of a little pet terrier. Hers



THE PLAYGROUND.

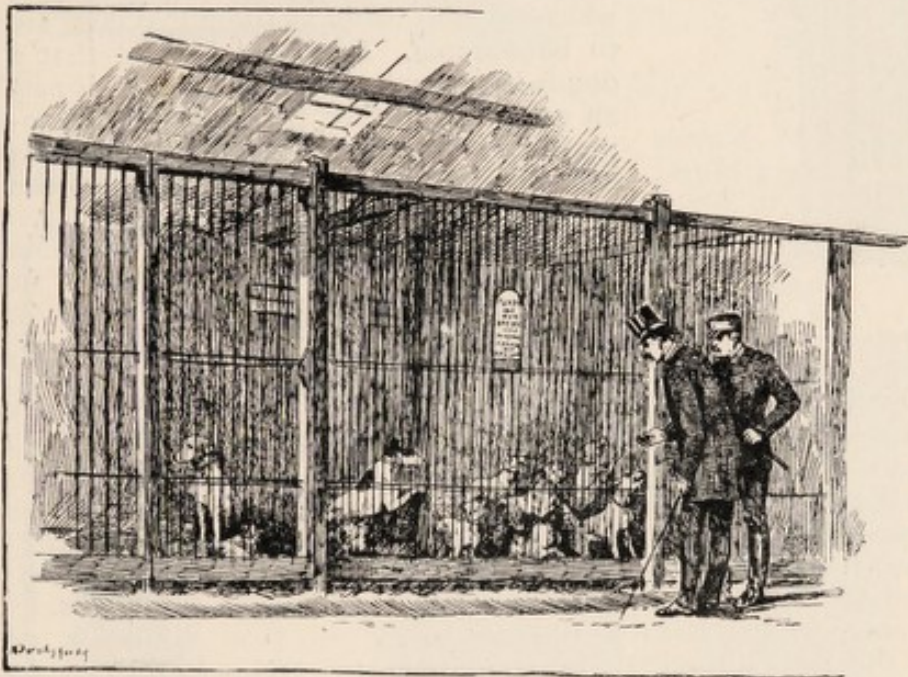
for freedom by forsaking the comforts of the hearth-rug in the front parlour. Suddenly a visitor recognises and is recognised.

"Jack, Jack!" the owner cries. Jack jumps up in mad delight, barks and barks

was but an instance of many who come several miles in search of their favourites. This lady travelled some six or seven miles every day for a week in the hopes of having this same little terrier returned to her. It was

the last day of the week, and there was the affectionate owner scanning eagerly every dog that entered. At last the rumble of the wheels of the police van was heard, and when the door was opened, there amongst the other inmates lay a tiny creature in the corner fast asleep.

"That's Dot! my little Dot!" cried the lady, and at the sound of her voice the wandering terrier jumped up, and seemed as though it would go mad ere one of the assistants could loosen its chain. Dot went away again with its mistress.



THE KENNELS.

It is needless to say—to put it kindly—that wrongful appropriators of dogs occasionally pay a visit to Battersea, and a capital story is told of one of these gentry who had seen a kind-hearted policeman taking in a lost pug that same morning.

"Good mornin', sir," said this worthy, entering the office; "I've lost my dawg, and if you don't mind, I should feel mich obliged if yer'd let me 'ave a look round the 'ome?"

"What sort of a dog was it?" asked the secretary, coming in at that moment, and recognising the man as a well-known dog stealer. "When did you lose it?"

"This mornin', sir. An' it's a pug, with a collar and studs and a blue ribbin round its neck."

"Quite right—we had such a dog come in this morning," the secretary said. "Just wait a moment—sit down."

Our friend from Whitechapel did, evidently much pleased with his tactics.

In a few moments he was invited to step into the yard, where some four or five pugs were held in check by a keeper.

"Which is yours?" was asked.

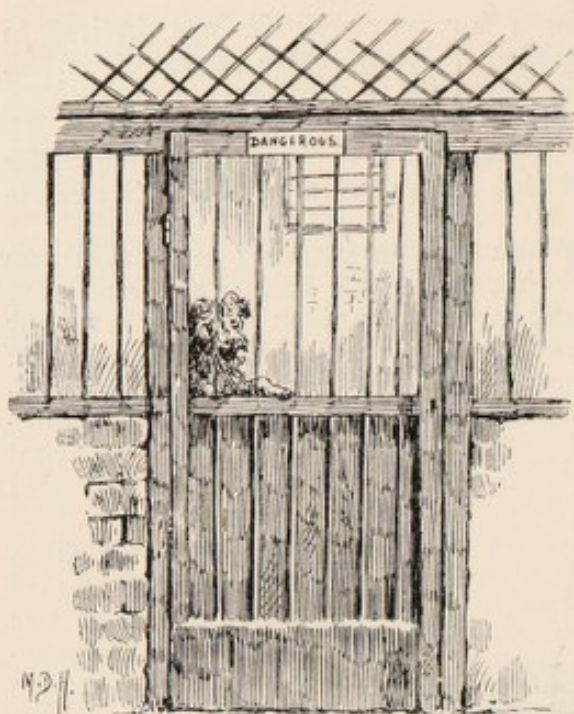
"Vy, that's it, sir—that with the collar and blue ribbon round 'is neck. See 'ow 'e knows me!"

When this enterprising gentleman was told that the dog he had chosen had been in the home a fortnight, and, further, that the collar and ribbon had been taken off the real dog's neck and temporarily decorated the throat of another animal, Whitechapel was somewhat abashed, and was glad to get away.

The principal kennels are in the centre of the yard, and are divided into compartments denoting the various days on which the dog entered, so that at the completion of the period which the law requires all dogs should be kept, the animal will have been a temporary tenant of all of them in rotation. The two sexes are separated immediately they enter, and you may walk down the centre avenue enjoying the frolics of the mer-

riest of fox-terriers in one cage, and stay to admire the fine coat of a lost St. Bernard, or pat a good-looking collie on the back as they look almost pitifully towards you. This little army of dogs eat some two tons of biscuits and meal in a fortnight. At six o'clock, when the place is closed, the dogs are bedded down with plenty of clean straw and a liberal supply of sawdust, and every hour a night watchman goes his rounds to see that there is no fighting, and to attend to the Crematorium—the latter one of the most important branches in the work of the institution.

There is just a moment to peep in at a substantial looking shed, specially built for the protection of puppies born at the Home. A magnificent St. Bernard is lying convalescent in the corner. Then, in another part of the yard, more kennels are visited, scrupulously clean, patterns of neatness; and one compartment in the far corner rivets our attention for the moment, for a



"DANGEROUS."

blue enamelled plate bears the significant word "Dangerous." It would not be well at any time to attempt to cultivate the acquaintance of any of its inmates.

The Home has every reason to be proud of its collies. It was a smooth-coated collie borrowed from the Home for Lost Dogs which figured so prominently in the last Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. The dog was borrowed for the purpose of testing the value of the German system of sending messages by these useful creatures during the progress of military operations in time of war. The dog was attached to a cyclist who rode the whole length of the hall—over bridges, ruts, and other difficulties in the way—the animal following him. Then the cyclist wrote a message, and tied it round the collie's neck.

The way was pointed out to him, he took a silent view of the road before him, and then, with a sudden bark suggestive that he understood, away the collie went, and delivered the despatch safely as required. This dog is now the property of Major Crabb.

We are now nearing what is, perhaps, the most important part of the Battersea Home, the Infirmary—which is practically the condemned cell—the Lethal Chamber, and the Crematorium. The condemned cell is a huge kennel separated into two compartments, through the iron grating of which often as many as a hundred dogs are to be counted. It should be said that a dog is never put to death unless it is past all cure, and, further, that the means employed are as quick and humane as scientists have yet discovered. For many years the method of killing was by the administration of hydrocyanic acid, but Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., conclusively proved that the most painless way of causing death was by the use of narcotic vapour, and he superintended the erection of an excellent Lethal Chamber, which was finished in May, 1884, and since then has been in constant use.

It is possible to narcotise as many as a hundred dogs at one time.

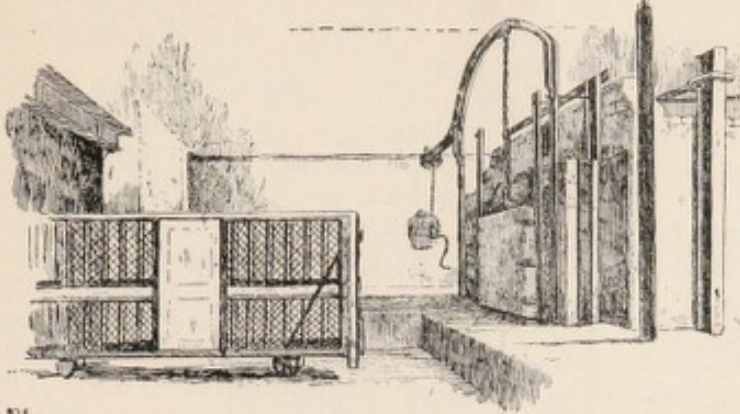


THE CONDEMNED CELL.

This generally takes place at night. The unfortunate animals are conveyed from the Condemned Cell to a large cage some ten

lar principles, intended for use when a dog has to be destroyed at once.

Exactly opposite the Lethal Chamber is the Crematorium. This is a white brick structure, with a chimney some 65 ft. high. It is so built that the bodies of the dogs do not in any way come in contact with the fuel; the heat being obtained from the coke furnace below. The door of the Crematorium is wound up by the means of a windlass, and the interior reveals a space of about 10 ft. long by 9 ft. in width. After the lapse of some five or six hours from leaving the Lethal Chamber, the animals are put in here. By the morning all that



LETHAL CHAMBER AND CREMATORIUM.

feet long, by four feet in depth and width. Two such cages—each of which is divided into tiers—are here. When the dogs are safely secured in the cage, they are taken to the chamber, the door of which is unlocked, the bar-bolt lifted, and the cage with its inmates is run into the Lethal apartment. Here it remains for some six or seven minutes, during which time the chamber is charged with carbonic acid gas, and a spray of chloroform is pumped in, which the dogs immediately inhale. This process of bringing about all that is needed is not strangulation or suffocation, but is essentially a death sleep. There are also two smaller chambers presented to the Home by Dr. Richardson, constructed on simi-

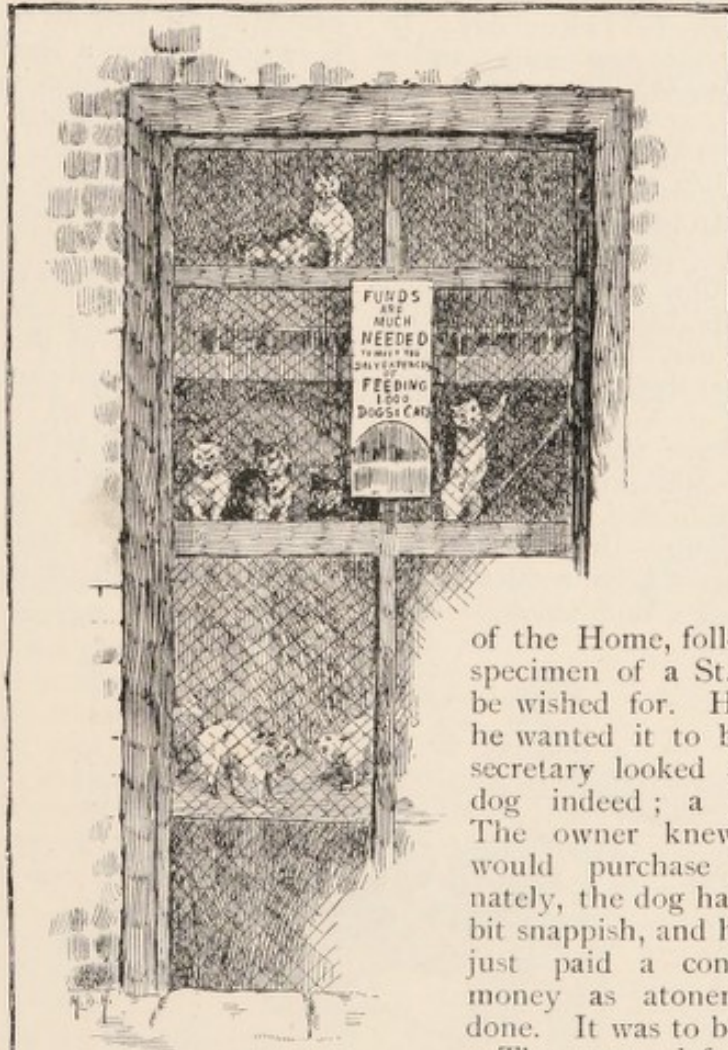
remains of them is a few charred bones, and in a corner of the yard may be seen a dozen or so of sacks, containing all that

remains of many a domestic pet, waiting for the soap-makers (who buy them) to come and fetch them away. The number of dogs thus destroyed every week averages three hundred.

A very touching incident occurred just where we are standing, only a few weeks before.

A gentleman entered the gates of the Home, followed by as pure a specimen of a St. Bernard as could be wished for. He said quietly that he wanted it to be destroyed. The secretary looked at it. A valuable dog indeed; a splendid creature. The owner knew it. No money would purchase it, but, unfortunately, the dog had proved himself a bit snappish, and his master had only just paid a considerable sum of money as atonement for damage done. It was to be destroyed.

The master left the dog, and said he would return in an hour's time. He did so, and by this time the creature had been taken to the Lethal Chamber, and lay there on a slab



THE CATS' HOUSE.

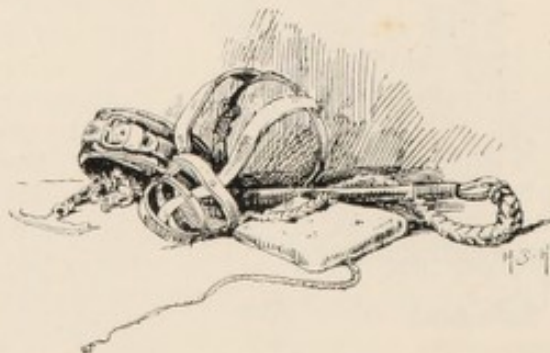
apparently asleep. It was hard for his master to believe that he was dead. The gentleman even felt the dog's heart to see if it was beating, but there was no sign of movement. Then he broke down; the strong, stalwart fellow burst into tears as he talked to his favourite. He told the dead creature that they had been companions for ten years, and he felt the parting more than that of a brother.

Again he went away, but the next day found him once more at the gates. He had had no sleep—could he see his dog again? But it was too late. All that was left of the once envied St. Bernard was a few ashes, and without a word the heart-broken master turned and left the place.

One corner of the premises is particularly interesting, and we look in whilst passing. It is the cats' house. These are in many instances stray cats, picked up in West-end areas, and brought to Battersea by benevolent ladies. They are fed twice a day. In the morning they get new milk, and a varied diet of the customary horse-flesh and fish. Many parcels of fish are sent as presents for the cats. The frolicsome pussies have decidedly comfortable quarters, and they, too, have a playground, in which are planted tree trunks, of which they freely avail themselves. One of the cats' houses is peculiarly noticeable. These are the boarders, for cats may be left here at a charge of 1s. 6d. per week. This little collection in front of us is the property of a lady who has no fewer than a dozen here. All have their pet names, and she frequently comes to feed them herself. These splendid Persians and Angoras—the latter with a marvellous tail—have been residents here for some three years, and amongst them

may be seen a fine specimen of a Russian cat with a wonderful head, which seems to while away its time by curling itself up in its own particular box or sleeping apartment; and a bob-tail may also be found playing merrily.

As we leave the yard, we look in at the men's reading-room, plentifully supplied with newspapers, and a small library, the shelves of which are principally taken up by volumes of a "doggy" nature. The office, too, must not be forgotten. These rows of immense ledgers contain the records of hundreds of thousands of dogs which have enjoyed the hospitality of the Institution at some time or other. The Board-room is a fine apartment, and round the sides of its walls legacies and donations are chronicled in letters of gold. Framed missives from Royalty may be read in abundance—Her Majesty the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge are the patrons of the Home. There is recorded in a book at Battersea an expression of opinion, none other than that of Her Majesty, which is worthy of being quoted in these pages. On the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee an address was presented by those interested in the work in connection with this very admirable institution. Her Majesty made reply and said:—"The objects of your association appear to be deserving of the greatest sympathy and commendation; and your solicitude for the welfare of dogs, the friends of man, who have shown so much zeal, fidelity, and affection in the service of mankind, is the fitting complement of the charity which strives to comfort and succour the unfortunate and afflicted members of our own race."





A STORY FOR CHILDREN : FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

IN the reign of King Moabdar there lived at Babylon a young man named Zadig. He was handsome, rich, and naturally good-hearted; and at the moment when this story opens, he was travelling on foot to see the world, and to learn philosophy and wisdom. But, hitherto, he had encountered so much misery, and endured so many terrible disasters, that he had become tempted to rebel against the will of Heaven, and to believe that the Providence which rules the world neglects the good, and lets the evil prosper. In this unhappy spirit he was one day walking on the banks of the Euphrates, when he chanced to meet a venerable hermit, whose snowy beard descended to his girdle, and who carried in his hand a scroll which he was reading with attention. Zadig stopped, and made him a low bow. The hermit returned the salutation with an air so kindly, and so noble, that Zadig felt a curiosity to speak to him. He inquired what scroll was that which he was reading.

"It is the Book of Destiny," replied the hermit, "would you like to read it?"

He handed it to Zadig; but the latter, though he knew a dozen languages, could not understand a word of it. His curiosity increased.

"You appear to be in trouble," said the kindly hermit,

"Alas!" said Zadig, "I have cause to be so."

"If you will allow me," said the hermit, "I will accompany you. Perhaps I may be useful to you. I am sometimes able to console the sorrowful."

Zadig felt a deep respect for the appearance, the white beard, and the mysterious scroll of the old hermit, and perceived that



THE MYSTERIOUS SCROLL.

his conversation was that of a superior mind. The old man spoke of destiny, of justice, of morality, of the chief good of life, of human frailty, of virtue and of vice, with so much power and eloquence, that Zadig felt himself attracted by a kind of charm, and besought the hermit not to leave him until they should return to Babylon.

"I ask you the same favour," said the hermit. "Promise me that, whatever I may do, you will keep me company for several days."

Zadig gave the promise; and they set forth together.

That night the travellers arrived at a grand mansion. The hermit begged for food and lodging for himself and his companion. The porter, who might have been mistaken for a prince, ushered them in with a contemptuous air of welcome. The chief servant showed them the magnificent apartments; and they were then admitted to the bottom of the table, where the master of the mansion did not condescend to cast a glance at them. They were, however, served with delicacies in profusion, and after dinner washed their hands in a

golden basin set with emeralds and rubies. They were then conducted for the night into a beautiful apartment; and the next morning, before they left the castle, a servant brought them each a piece of gold.

"The master of the house," said Zadig, as they went their way, "appears to be a generous man, although a trifle haughty. He practises a noble hospitality." As he spoke, he perceived that a kind of large pouch which the hermit carried appeared singularly distended; within it was the

golden basin, set with precious stones, which the old man had purloined. Zadig was amazed; but he said nothing.

At noon the hermit stopped before a little house, in which lived a wealthy miser, and once more asked for hospitality. An old valet in a shabby coat received them very rudely, showed them into the stable, and set before them a few rotten olives, some mouldy bread, and beer which had turned sour. The hermit ate and drank

with as much content as he had shown the night before; then, addressing the old valet, who had kept his eye upon them to make sure that they stole nothing, he gave him the two gold pieces which they had received that morning, and thanked him for his kind attention. "Be so good," he added, "as to let me see your master."

The astonished valet showed them in.

"Most mighty signor," said the hermit, "I can only render you my humble thanks for the noble manner in which you have received us. I beseech you to accept this golden basin as a token of my gratitude."

The miser almost fell backwards with amazement. The hermit, without waiting for him to recover, set off with speed, with his companion.

"Holy Father," said Zadig, "what does all this mean? You seem to me to resemble other men in nothing. You steal a golden basin set with jewels from a Signor who receives you with magnificence, and you give it to a curmudgeon who treats you with indignity."

"My son," replied the hermit, "this



"THEY WERE SERVED WITH DELICACIES."

mighty lord, who only welcomes travellers through vanity, and to display his riches, will henceforth grow wiser, while the miser will be taught to practise hospitality. Be amazed at nothing, and follow me."

Zadig knew not whether he was dealing with the most foolish or the wisest of all men. But the hermit spoke with such ascendancy that Zadig, who besides was fettered by his promise, had no choice except to follow him.

That night they came to an agreeable house, of simple aspect, and showing signs of neither prodigality nor avarice. The owner was a philosopher, who had left the world, and who studied peacefully the rules of virtue and of wisdom, and who yet was happy and contented.

He had built this calm retreat to please himself, and he received the strangers in it with a frankness which displayed no sign of ostentation. He conducted them himself to a comfortable chamber, where he made them rest awhile; then he returned to lead them to a dainty little supper. During their conversation they agreed that the affairs of this world are not always regulated by the opinions of the wisest men. But the hermit still maintained that the ways of Providence are wrapt in mystery, and that men do wrong to pass their judgment on a universe of which they only see the smallest part. Zadig wondered how a person who committed such mad acts could reason so correctly.

At length, after a conversation as agreeable as instructive, the host conducted the two travellers to their apartment, and thanked heaven for sending him two visitors so wise and virtuous. He offered them some money, but so frankly that they could not feel offended. The old man declined, and desired to say farewell, as he intended to depart for Babylon at break of day. They therefore parted on the warmest terms, and Zadig, above all, was filled with kindly feelings towards so amiable a man.

When the hermit and himself were in their chamber, they spent some time in

praises of their host. At break of day the old man woke his comrade.

"We must be going," he remarked. "But while everyone is still asleep, I wish to leave this worthy man a pledge of my esteem." With these words, he took a torch and set the house on fire.



"THE HERMIT DREW HIM AWAY."

Zadig burst forth into cries of horror, and would have stopped the frightful act. But the hermit, by superior strength, drew him away. The house was in a blaze; and the old man, who was now a good way off with his companion, looked back calmly at the burning pile.

"Heaven be praised!" he cried, "our kind host's house is destroyed from top to bottom!"

At these words Zadig knew not whether he should burst out laughing, call the reverend father an old rascal, knock him down, or run away. But he did neither. Still subdued by the superior manner of the hermit, he followed him against his will to their next lodging.

This was the dwelling of a good and charitable widow, who had a nephew of fourteen, her only hope and joy. She did her best to use the travellers well; and the next morning she bade her nephew guide them safely past a certain bridge, which, having recently been broken, had become dangerous to cross over. The youth, eager to oblige them, led the way.

"Come," said the hermit, when they were half across the bridge, "I must show my gratitude towards your aunt;" and as he spoke he seized the young man by the hair and threw him into the river. The youth



"ANGEL OF HEAVEN!" CRIED ZADIG.

fell, reappeared for an instant on the surface, and then was swallowed by the torrent.

"Oh, monster!" exclaimed Zadig, "oh, most detestable of men!"—

"You promised me more patience," interrupted the old man. "Listen! Beneath the ruins of that house which Providence saw fit to set on fire, the owner will discover an enormous treasure; while this young man, whose existence Providence cut short, would have killed his aunt within a year, and you yourself in two."

"Who told you so, barbarian?" cried

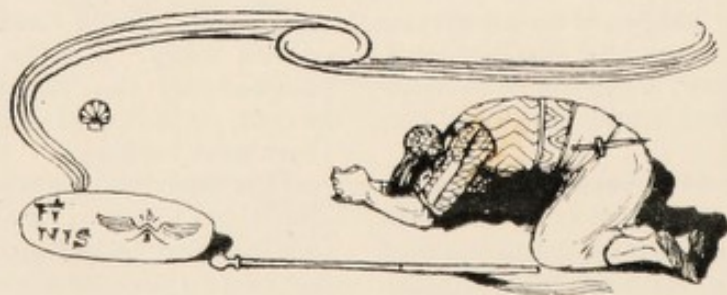
Zadig, "and even if you read the issue in your Book of Destiny, who gave you power to drown a youth who never injured you?"

While he spoke, he saw that the old man had a beard no longer, and that his face had become fair and young; his hermit's frock had disappeared; four white wings covered his majestic form, and shone with dazzling lustre.

"Angel of heaven!" cried Zadig, "you are then descended from the skies to teach an erring mortal to submit to the eternal laws?"

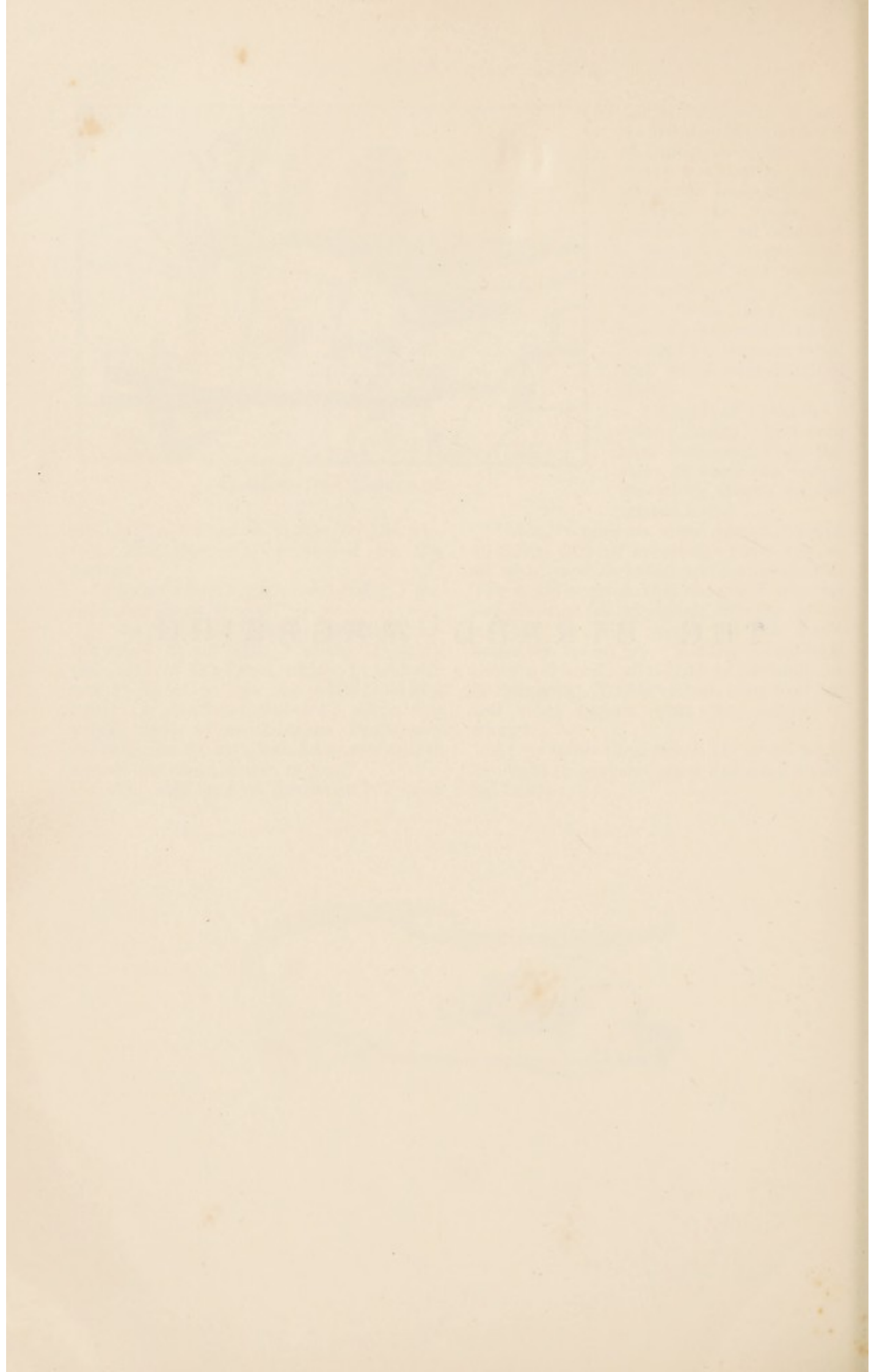
"Men," replied the angel Jezrael, "judge all things without knowledge; and you, or all men, most deserved to be enlightened. The world imagines that the youth who has just perished fell by chance into the water, and that by a like chance the rich man's house was set on fire. But there is no such thing as chance; all is trial, or punishment, or foresight. Feeble mortal, cease to argue and rebel against what you ought to adore!"

As he spoke these words the angel took his flight to heaven. And Zadig fell upon his knees.



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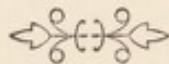


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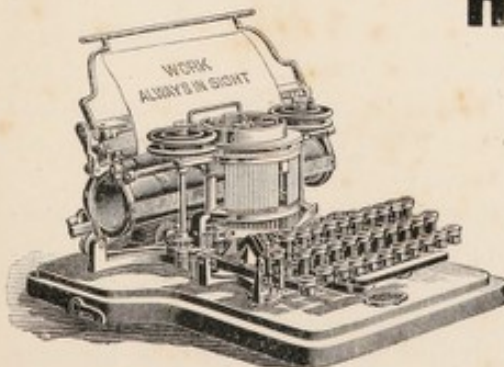
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FOR nearly 100 years a certain family of working people living in Paris have ended their lives by suicide. From father to son, from mother to daughter, has descended a plain gold ring, and on the finger of every one of these suicides, as they lay in death, this ring has been found. Only last year the body of a young man who had killed himself was brought to the Morgue, and on his finger was the fatal golden circlet. He was the last of his race. The ring was buried with the corpse, from which no one acquainted with its history will have the courage to remove it.

The mental taint in this family came from some remote ancestor, and was intensified by their recognition of it until it became a controlling force; and the ring was accepted as imposing upon its possessor the obligation to commit suicide, after the example of the person who last wore it. This form of mania usually originates in a disorder of the nervous system, which in its turn arises from anæmia, or poverty of the blood, one of the results of imperfect nutrition.

A recent letter from a gentleman living in Norfolk contains the following assertion: "*I longed for death; I was afraid of the night; I was afraid to be alone, yet I hated society. I was afraid that in some one of those hours of deep gloom and depression I should lift my hand against my own life, for I knew that many had done so from the same cause.*" The dark hours became a time of terror to him, so he says. He tossed and tumbled on his bed, wondering if morning would ever dawn again. In this case it was not an accusing conscience, as he had committed no offence; the cause was purely a physical one—yet all too common in England—indigestion and dyspepsia, with the long chain of consequences dragging after it, nervous collapse among them.

He relates that his skin and eyes had been more or less discoloured for years, often of a ghastly and repulsive yellow. This was due to the presence of bile in the blood and tissues,

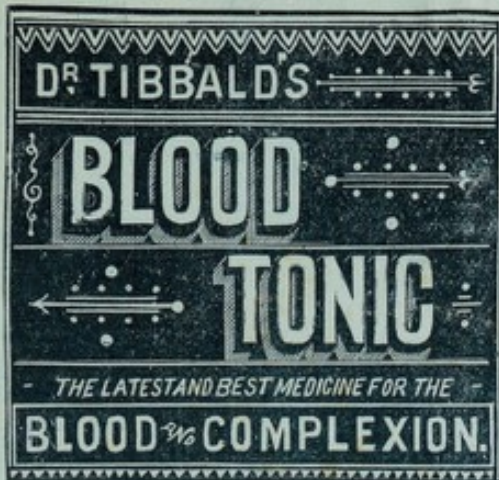
where it had no business to be. But as the weak and torpid liver could not remove it, no other result was possible than the one our friend experienced. His head frequently ached as though fiends had turned it into a workshop, and pains chased one another through his body as though he had at least half the maladies catalogued in the popular books on disease.

Yet one thing, and one only, was responsible for all the mischief, namely, the poison introduced into the blood from the decaying food in the stomach and intestines. The cold feet, the loss of appetite and ambition, the mental despondency, the sense of weariness and fatigue, the bad taste in the mouth, dry cough, giddiness, palpitation, chills, weakness, &c., are a brood of foul birds hatched in one nest, and the mother is always indigestion and dyspepsia.

Time passed somehow, as it always does, whether we laugh or cry, and this man grew heartily tired of a life thus burdened and spoiled. He longed to see the end of it, and no wonder. But the last page of his letter is pitched in a higher key. He says, "When I think of what I was, and what I am now, I can hardly realise the change. For the past six months I have been using a preparation known as Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and it has actually revolutionised my whole system. One of my tenants recommended it to me, and I tried it just to please him. Now I praise it for myself, and thank the men who make and advertise it. My troubles are over, and I feel (at 57) as light, elastic and gay as a boy on his summer vacation. I tell my doctors they are beaten at their own trade by an old German nurse, and so far as I am concerned they can't deny it. I have no more horrible thoughts of self-destruction, for I find too much enjoyment in living. My thanks are too deep for words."

The author of this letter consents to the publication of so much of it as is here printed, but declines to allow the use of his name, at least for the present, for reasons we are bound to respect. But the evident sincerity of his story will carry conviction to every candid mind.

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