

# THE GRAPHIC

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THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW  
HER MAJESTY READING THE REPLY TO THE ADDRESS AT THE EXHIBITION

## Topics of the Week

**PEACE OR WAR?**—A great many people on the Continent appear to have a vague impression that although war may not break out in the immediate future it cannot be very long deferred. Yet it is not easy to discover any very definite grounds for this opinion. For a time some pessimists tried to persuade themselves that Signor Crispi was being secretly encouraged by Prince Bismarck to create serious complications between France and Italy. The theory was that the German Chancellor was anxious to find an opportunity of striking a fatal blow at the French Republic, and that he wished Italy to prepare the way for the execution of his designs. But there is no proof that he had any such scheme; and the probability is that in the interview at Friedrichsruhe he sought to moderate rather than to inflame Signor Crispi's zeal in the assertion of Italian rights. The controversy about Massowah certainly shows that there is anything but a friendly feeling between the Italian and the French Governments; but to suppose that either desires to fight the other about that or any other question is to go far beyond the evidence at present accessible to the public. If we look further to the East we find, it is true, many elements of confusion; but here also the dominant influences of the hour seem to make for peace rather than for war. Russia would, of course, be only too glad, if she could, to intervene in the affairs of Bulgaria, and to regulate them in accordance with her traditional policy; and if Austria alone stood in the way, she would probably not be deterred from giving effect to her ideas. But behind Austria stand Germany and Italy, and the Russians are not so blind to their own interests as to rush into a quarrel in which, under existing circumstances, success would be almost impossible. Troubles may, no doubt, suddenly spring up from unforeseen causes; but there appears to be no sound reason for thinking that the international "situation" is in any respect worse to-day than it was several weeks or months ago.

**THE AFGHAN MISSION.**—The despatch of such an important functionary as Mr. Durand to Cabul has naturally excited a good deal of conjecture, more or less wild. It is argued that Lord Dufferin would not send his Foreign Secretary on such a dangerous mission without very cogent reason. True; but it does not necessarily follow that the Ameer has detected a Russian plot. The Mission must have been decided upon before Ishak Khan actually threw off allegiance to his cousin, and this would seem to indicate that the Ameer had previous reason for desiring a confidential consultation with some English official of high rank. It is quite possible that the real object sought by Abdurhaman Khan is to obtain an augmentation of the very liberal subsidy paid him by the Indian Government. If rumour may be credited, it would not be the first or the second time of his endeavouring to convince Lord Dufferin that a lac of rupees *per mensem* is all too little for India to pay for maintaining a "buffer" State on the North-West frontier. Should this be his purpose, it may be safely assumed that he will fill Mr. Durand's ears with stories of Russian intrigues and designs in order to enhance the value of his own alliance. Happily, Lord Dufferin is not of either a credulous or a combative nature. Moreover, when he was at Constantinople, he saw too much of Oriental diplomacy to be deceived by its peculiar methods. As regards Ishak Khan, there is no present reason to attribute his revolt to Russian prompting. As ambitious as he is able and daring, this man has for years lain under suspicion of disloyalty. Nor was the Ameer ignorant of his cousin's treacherous proceedings: there are plenty of tale-bearers in Afghanistan to carry such tidings to Court. But Abdurhaman Khan had enough of hot work on his hands without bringing matters to a crisis with his rebellious lieutenant, who was thus able to consolidate his position in Afghan Turkestan, and to give himself airs of independence. Professor Vambéry believes that Ishak Khan likes England better than Russia. We suspect that his affections, like that of his race at large, can always be bought at a price.

**PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S MESSAGE.**—The public have been solemnly warned by some political guides not to suppose that President Cleveland's recent Message was prepared merely for the purpose of "dishing" the Republicans. Nevertheless, most people, both in England and in America, persist in thinking that this is the true explanation of the matter. And it is not improbable that the President's unexpected "move" in the difficult game he is playing will prove to be highly successful. He has delighted those Irish voters who hate England even more than they love America; and the Republicans, while expressing disapproval of his motives, cannot conceal their admiration for his cleverness. We may doubt whether President Cleveland has displayed much wisdom or patriotism in suggesting a series of proposals which, if carried out, will do quite as serious damage to his own country as to Canada. His conduct seems all the more surprising when we remember that until he saw an opening for party advantage—he strongly advocated the settlement of the Fisheries' Question by mutual concession and conciliation. Perhaps, however, Englishmen have

hardly a right to blame him very severely, since tactics of a similar kind are certainly not unknown on this side of the Atlantic. The incident has created little excitement either here or in Canada; and, when the Presidential election is over, it will probably soon be forgotten. The Americans are thoroughly tired of an irritating dispute; and if President Cleveland remains at the White House, he and his party will no doubt discover some reasonable way of bringing the trouble to an end. The result will not be essentially different if the Republican candidate is chosen.

**VOLUNTEER MOBILISATION.**—The "service letter" in which the Commander-in-Chief sketches the outlines of Volunteer Mobilisation is a valuable State paper so far as it goes. It is marked throughout by sympathetic consideration for the convenience of our citizen soldiers, and we can only hope that those to whom its execution is entrusted will always be actuated by a similar spirit. The central idea of the plan is to create a number of self-dependent bodies in various parts of the kingdom, each of which would be able to bring into the field a certain proportion of its parade strength, in any emergency. It is recognised by the Duke of Cambridge that to call out the whole force for active service would bring the business of the nation to a standstill. He, therefore, seeks to ascertain beforehand the approximate number on which the country might count to keep the field for a brief campaign. When this most necessary information is obtained, we shall know whether the Volunteer force is such a weak crutch for England to trust to as some military critics would have us believe. Another object sought by mobilisation is, we are told, to convince any intending invader that he had better think once and twice and thrice before thrusting his head into such a veritable hornets' nest. In order to give the Volunteers this deterrent influence, they are to be subjected to brigade drills, while Lord Wolseley holds out hope that some day or other they will be supplied with those requisites without which they could not keep the field. It will be seen that the advantages so temptingly sketched in the service letter are purely prospective—it is, one might say, a dainty sop tendered to the Volunteers to induce them to accept a larger measure of military obligations. There are some, perhaps many, who do not at all relish the attempts of the Horse Guards to tighten the cord, believing that they already do enough for the country in return for the very scanty capitation money.

**BALLOONING.**—The truth of the proverb about the pitcher and the well was never more aptly illustrated than by the fatal accident which befell Mr. Simmons on Monday. The dangers of the pursuit are sufficiently obvious. The history of ballooning is marked, like the trail of an army, by the dead it has left behind it; and it would probably be no exaggeration to say that in proportion to their numbers professional aeronauts have the worst lives—in the actuary's meaning of the word—of any class of the population. The present year, which has seen such an impetus given to ballooning, has naturally been marked by a number of accidents—though, happily, not fatal ones, for the most part. In another page we record the misfortunes which recently befell a party of Belgian aeronauts. The German balloonist, Herr Wolff, met with a serious accident last week owing to his air-ship colliding with a tree; and, lastly, we have the disaster of Monday, caused in a precisely similar manner. Up to then Mr. Simmons had seemed to bear a charmed life. In his thirty years' experience he had made nearly five hundred ascents; and, though he had had many narrow escapes, he had come unscathed through them all. But the pitcher has been broken at last; and this should be a warning to aeronauts in general, and to Professor Baldwin in particular. In truth, the world would be no great loser if the practice of balloon voyaging were to be altogether abandoned. Hardly any real progress has been made in the art since the days of Montgolfier. The problem of steering the balloon is as far as ever from solution, and practically it remains what it always has been, a very dangerous scientific toy. These remarks, of course, only apply to free balloons—the captive variety, for military purposes, may have a great future before it.

**SANITARY PROGRESS.**—Not so very long ago it was thought to be rather heretical to speak of public health as subject to laws capable of more or less precise definition. Pestilence was regarded as a mysterious "visitation," and, when an epidemic broke out, the tendency of a good many people was to resent the notion that there were physical causes to which it might be due. Thanks to the growth of the scientific spirit, educated persons all over the world are now aware that there are certain fixed conditions with which communities, if they wish to keep down the death-rate, must comply. Mr. Chadwick, whose name will always be honourably associated with the modern movement for sound sanitary laws, had many interesting things to say on this subject in the admirable address read for him by Dr. Richardson at the Conference of Sanitary Inspectors at Brighton last Saturday. It was easy for him to present striking examples of the good effects produced by proper measures of sanitation; and, upon the whole, he was able to give a very favourable report of the progress that has been made lately in England by the cause to which he has devoted so much thought and labour. Still,

we are very far from having attained the ideal which Mr. Chadwick and other sanitary reformers have set before themselves. The controversy now going on about the public health of Manchester shows that, even in towns which pride themselves on being enlightened and progressive, municipal bodies may display astonishing indifference to the most elementary principles of sanitary science. The truth is that the mass of the people, and especially the working classes, are not yet sufficiently alive to the vital importance of this question. The matter is really in their hands; and, if they fail to bring pressure to bear on their local representatives, they must bear the greater part of the blame for the results. Perhaps the best way to convince them of their duty is to show—as Mr. Chadwick so ably showed—that the neglect of sanitation means the loss not only of life but of money.

**THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.**—The "Shaitan Arba"—devil's cart—at last screams its way from the Caspian to Samarcand, and General Annenkoff, the designer and indefatigable superintendent of the gigantic work, sports on his breast the coveted order of St. Alexander Nevsky in brilliants. Russia may be congratulated on this remarkable engineering feat. It is true that, as the graphic letters of the *Times* correspondent show, a great deal remains to be done before the railway is a railway in the English sense of the term. Still, even to construct the roughest line through such howling wastes for a distance of 900 miles in seven years is an achievement of which even the wealthiest country might be proud. And Russia is not wealthy; very much the reverse, as her Finance Minister knows only too well when the time comes round for making up his balance sheet. Will the Transcaspien railway, now that it is open throughout, yield reasonable interest on the capital sunk in its construction? If it pays its working expenses, that is as much as can be expected. Trade may possibly grow by degrees, but it must necessarily be of a limited character, inasmuch as the line runs for the most part through sparsely inhabited and, singularly unproductive countries. But, as every one knows, it was not constructed for commercial purposes; it is a military railway, pure and simple, its purpose being to facilitate the transport of troops to and from Central Asia. The Czar treasures the idea, some say, of reviving the ancient glories of Bokhara. By all means let him make the attempt; it will help to keep his treasury empty, and that is the best safeguard for the peace of Christendom. At all events, these wonderfully "wild cat" lines on which he spends such immense sums are eminently beneficial to Asiatic humanity. Civilisation of a sort follows them, and men are taught that robbery is not the first law of nature, nor murder the second. The Turkomans badly needed that teaching; a viler race of cut-throats and brigands never cumbered the earth.

**COUNTY CRICKET.**—Surrey first and the rest nowhere is the result of the season. The southern county, with only a single defeat to set against its twelve victories, has more than maintained the position which it achieved last year. Its success has been gained by good all-round cricket. In batting the Eleven had as little "tail" as a guinea-pig; in bowling Lohmann was as good as ever, and received able support from his comrades; while—except in the disastrous "return" with Lancashire—the fielding was uniformly excellent. Add to this the able captaincy of Mr. Shuter, and one has all the reasons which can be wanted. After Surrey, but *longo intervallo*, comes Kent with seven victories. Her high place is very greatly due to the consistent batting of Mr. C. J. M. Fox, who, long known as a very high scorer in second-class cricket, has well deserved his promotion to county honours. Yorkshire, always "there or thereabouts," is just behind, and here again some of the new-comers have done very well. Lancashire and Gloucestershire can hardly be separated. For the former Briggs has done admirable work with both bat and ball; while the latter seems at last to have discovered in Roberts the bowler she has long been lacking. Shrewsbury's absence has proved fatal to Notts, which has not been so low down on the list for many a long year, while Middlesex, strong as usual in batting, has been hardly dealt with on the bowlers' wickets. Poor Sussex, in spite of the excellent all-round play of her captain, Mr. C. A. Smith, has but one victory to put against nine defeats. Yet, even so, there is a long gap between Sussex and the best of the second-class counties. This, perhaps, is Leicestershire, which has had the proud distinction of beating both the Australians and Surrey (when Surrey was weak). Leicestershire has good bowling, and this year good bowling has been more essential than ever.

**SIR CHARLES WARREN AND THE POLICE.**—Many-voiced rumour alleges that there is "something wrong" with the metropolitan police. It is not in this instance, as it was a few years ago, that the chief detectives are suspected of being in alliance with the criminal classes. Nor has any blundering constable "run in" a respectable young woman, and endeavoured to damage her character by hard swearing. The question at stake just now is one of discipline—one might almost say of subordination. It is alleged that Sir Charles Warren shows far too much of the autocrat at Scotland Yard; that if Sir Edmund Henderson, during the latter part of his rule, might be compared to King Log, his successor bears a very close resemblance to King Stork. Whether this be the case or not, the public will agree that

of the two sorts of Commissioners the Stork variety best suits metropolitan requirements. No one will dispute that a strong man is required to control the 14,000 policemen who take their orders from Scotland Yard—a man with an adamant will of his own, and with the gift of looking out of his own eyes instead of through those of his subordinates. But such men as this usually have certain drawbacks; their very self-dependence often leads them into errors of judgment, which have the look of being prompted by harsh and overbearing impulses. It is true, no doubt, that here and there one meets with an ideal commander whose steel hand never shows itself outside the velvet glove. Lord Dufferin, we doubt not, would make an excellent Commissioner for the Metropolitan Police. But whatever may be alleged against Sir Charles Warren for deficiency of tact, it cannot be denied that the efficiency of the force has immensely improved since he became its head. That he has trodden upon some people's pet corns in carrying out this work is likely enough; one Assistant-Commissioner has handed in his resignation because, it is said, he could no longer bear the interference of his superior officer. If this be the case we can only regret that a gentleman who has rendered valuable service to the cause of order should have exhibited such sensitiveness.

**ICE CREAM AND ITS DANGERS.**—Wet summers are proverbially healthy, but it is just possible that one reason of their healthiness has hitherto been overlooked. If the Italians who vend ices in summer and chestnuts in winter could be induced, say by a Royal Commission, to give an account of themselves and their trade, it would probably be found that this summer the consumption of ices has been less than half that of last year or the year before. The London street-boy would eat ices when the snow was on the ground if he could get them, but even he sees a certain incongruity in consuming them during the steady downpour which has been the feature of the summer. If, then, as we imagine, the consumption of ices has been this year below the average, the mortality among street-children has probably been below the average also. These delicacies, even when made of the purest materials, are sufficiently dangerous when partaken of largely, and that they are largely partaken of is shown by the statement of Dr. Bennett at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court. Last year, he said, he had attended for over three months a boy who had taken six glasses of ice-cream. But the death of the little girl on whom the inquest was being held was due rather to quality than to quantity. The only wonder, indeed, is that the deaths are not more frequent than they are. For the dainties are too often compounded in filthy dens from impure materials. Bad water and sour milk, flavoured with acids instead of honest lemon-juice, are used in their manufacture; and, to crown all, they are frequently served up in leaden pots, so that lead-poisoning is added to their other dangers. It is to be hoped that the sanitary authorities will adopt the suggestion of the jury in this particular case, and cause samples of the ice-cream sold in the streets to be analysed, for in this matter the children of our poorer neighbours must be protected against themselves.

**WESTERN CUSTOMS IN JAPAN.**—A number of eminent American ladies, including Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Garfield, have addressed an open letter to Japanese women, expostulating with them on their adoption of foreign dress. It is impossible to say whether the letter is likely to do any good; but the advice offered to the women of Japan is certainly sensible, and we may hope that they will give it the consideration it deserves. Corresponding counsel might with advantage receive the attention of Japanese men, many of whom have acquired an extraordinary affection for long-tailed coats. The native costume, both male and female, is admirably adapted to the climate of Japan and to the general customs of the people; and it is much to be regretted that it should be displaced by a kind of dress that is neither so graceful in itself nor so well suited for the practical purposes of daily life. Unfortunately, it is not only in dress that the Japanese are imitating Western nations. They are naturally as artistic a people as any in the world, and in former times their supreme aim in art was to produce work corresponding to their own conceptions of beauty. Now they have been smitten by the love of gain, and their object too often is merely to turn out articles that will bring in quickly an ample return for the outlay of capital. The results are of course exactly similar to those which are due to like causes in Europe and America. The genuinely artistic impulse is becoming less and less powerful in Japan, and we may expect that, if the trading spirit grows as it has done elsewhere, the old methods of Japanese art, so exquisite and nearly perfect of their kind, will be altogether abandoned. The Japanese are anxious to play an important part in modern civilisation, and they may be sure that they will attain their end exactly in proportion as they are true to the best of their own instincts and traditions.

**BUCK-FEVER.**—The sudden death of Sir John Rose, which occurred last week in the Duke of Portland's Deer Forest in Caithness, was due to heart-disease. But the circumstances of the case—Sir John expired while in the very act of firing at a stag—has caused it to be attributed

by certain persons to "buck-fever." "Buck-fever," they explain, is that sort of nervous tremor which often overtakes a man when, after a long and weary stalk, he at last comes within range of his quarry. Instances have been adduced of the sportsmen whose eyesight has, without apparent cause, entirely left them at this supreme moment, and so robbed them of an easy shot. But it is really absurd to give such a restricted title to a disease which is as common as measles. Every one—barring those fortunate beings to whom Nature has granted "nerve," but not "nerves"—has had "buck-fever," or, in other words, that physical terror which comes at critical moments. The dramatic aspirant who finds, on making his or her first appearance before the public, that the powers of speech and locomotion have simultaneously departed, is afflicted with the particular species of "buck-fever" known as "stage-fright." "Blue funk" is the uncomplimentary name given to the variety which attacks the cricketer who "batters" a simple catch, or gets bowled first ball by a half-volley. The billiard-player who misses the easy hazard which would have given him victory; the student who sees nothing but an indistinct blur on the examination-paper which is set before him;—all these might with justice plead the influences of "buck-fever" in one or other of its numerous phases. In any of these positions, and in many others, where a great deal of pent-up emotion is released in a single moment, there is always a danger, if the subject be afflicted with heart-disease, of a fatal issue resulting. There is no reason, therefore, why a narrow title like "buck-fever" should be attached to a disease which assumes such a variety of shapes.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "YOUNG PARISIANS AT THE SEASIDE."



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the GLASGOW and IRISH EXHIBITIONS see page 244.

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**THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW**

HER MAJESTY was enthusiastically welcomed at Glasgow last week, and no pains were spared to make the City assume a befitting festival aspect. Throughout the line of the Royal progress the decorations were on a magnificent scale, the streets being literally ablaze with the elaborate combinations of streamers, wreaths, escutcheons, and devices. St. Enoch's Station was particularly brilliant, and the passage from St. Enoch's Square into Argyle Street was spanned by a triumphal arch, shaped and painted so as to imitate a structure of freestone. The arch was hung with flowing draperies of rich crimson, looped with orange. Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Grand Duke of Hesse and his son and his youngest daughter Princess Alix, was received at the station by the Lord Provost, the Hon. Sir James King, and was presented with a bouquet of orchids and white roses by Lady King. The Royal procession being then formed, the Queen drove through the densely crowded streets to the Municipal Buildings, where Dr. Marwick, the Town Clerk, read an Address to Her Majesty, recalling the various Royal visits which had been made to Glasgow, including those of Her Majesty in 1849 and 1859. "Of these repeated evidences of the Royal favour," the address continued, "the citizens are deeply



SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, BART., M.P.

sensible, and they have sought to connect their Municipal Buildings with your Majesty's Jubilee, so as to give permanent expression to the admiration and love with which your Majesty is regarded here." To this the Queen made a brief reply, concluding with, "I gladly inaugurate these noble Municipal Buildings, which are worthy of the ancient renown and modern prosperity of your great city." The ceremony of presenting the magistracies was next gone through by the Lord Provost, the procession re-formed, and Her Majesty proceeded to the Exhibition. There, at the west end of the Grand Hall, on a site usually occupied by a colossal statue of Robert Burns, a Royal *dais* had been erected, beneath which was the throne

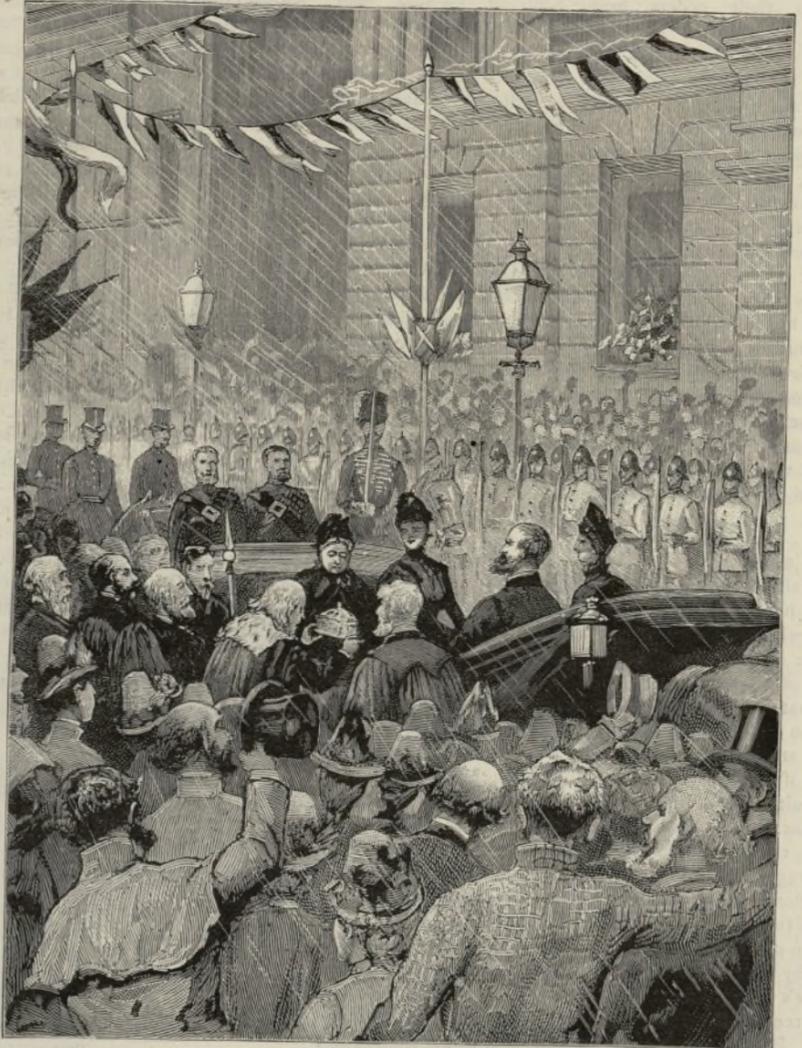


SIR JAMES KING, BART., LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW

—a richly-designed seat flanked by lions, and displaying the Royal arms of England. All the draperies were of Royal purple with gold fringe. At the main entrance the Queen was received by Sir Archibald Campbell, the President, the Lord Provost, and other distinguished officials, and was conducted to the throne. Her Majesty, having taken her seat with the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Henry of Battenberg at her left, and Princess Beatrice and Princess Alix of Hesse on her right, the Lord Provost, as Chairman of the Executive Council, read an address, to which Her Majesty made a gracious reply, stating that she was "greatly pleased by the warm manner in which I have been welcomed by the vast community of this great city," and



TRIUMPHAL ARCH NEAR ST. ENOCH STATION

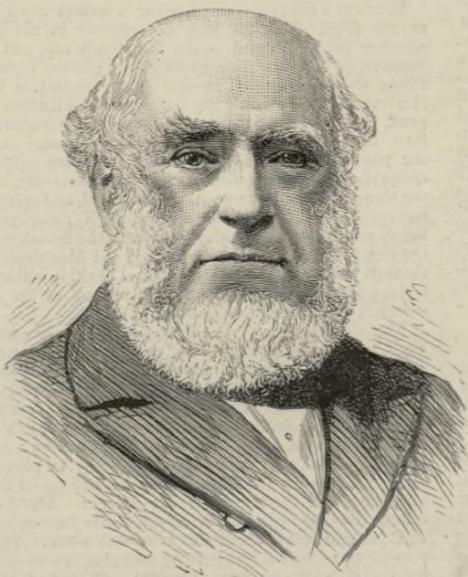


HER MAJESTY RECEIVING AN ADDRESS FROM THE CORPORATION AT PAISLEY



THE OPENING OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS, GLASGOW, BY HER MAJESTY—THE LORD PROVOST PRESENTING THE MAGISTRATES

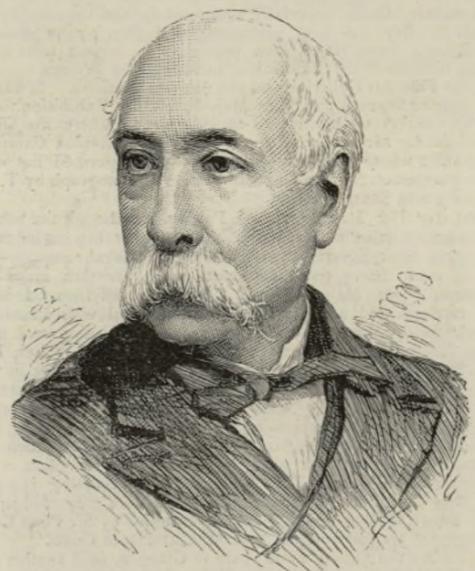
THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO GLASGOW AND PAISLEY



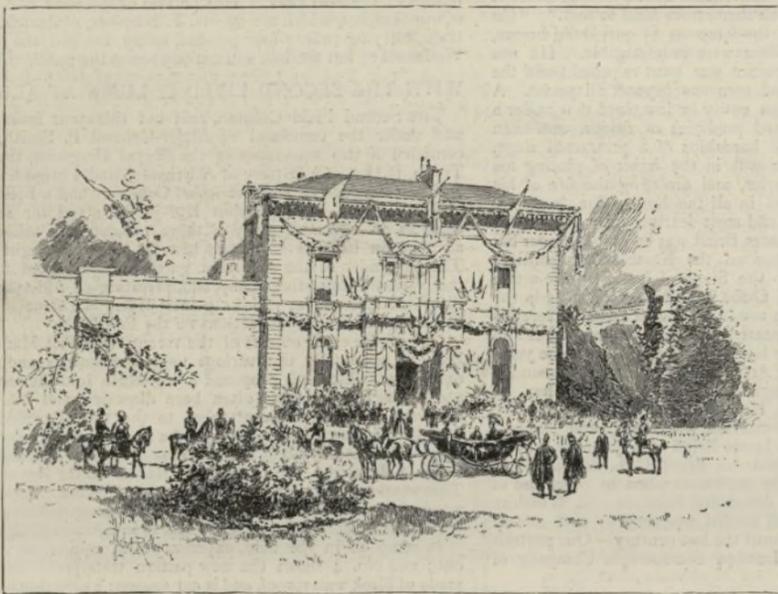
MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P.  
Born 1812. Died August 21, 1888



GENERAL SIR JAMES BRIND, G.C.B., R.A.  
Died August 3, 1888. Aged 80 years



SIGNOR FRANCESCO CRISPI  
Italian Premier and Minister for Foreign Affairs

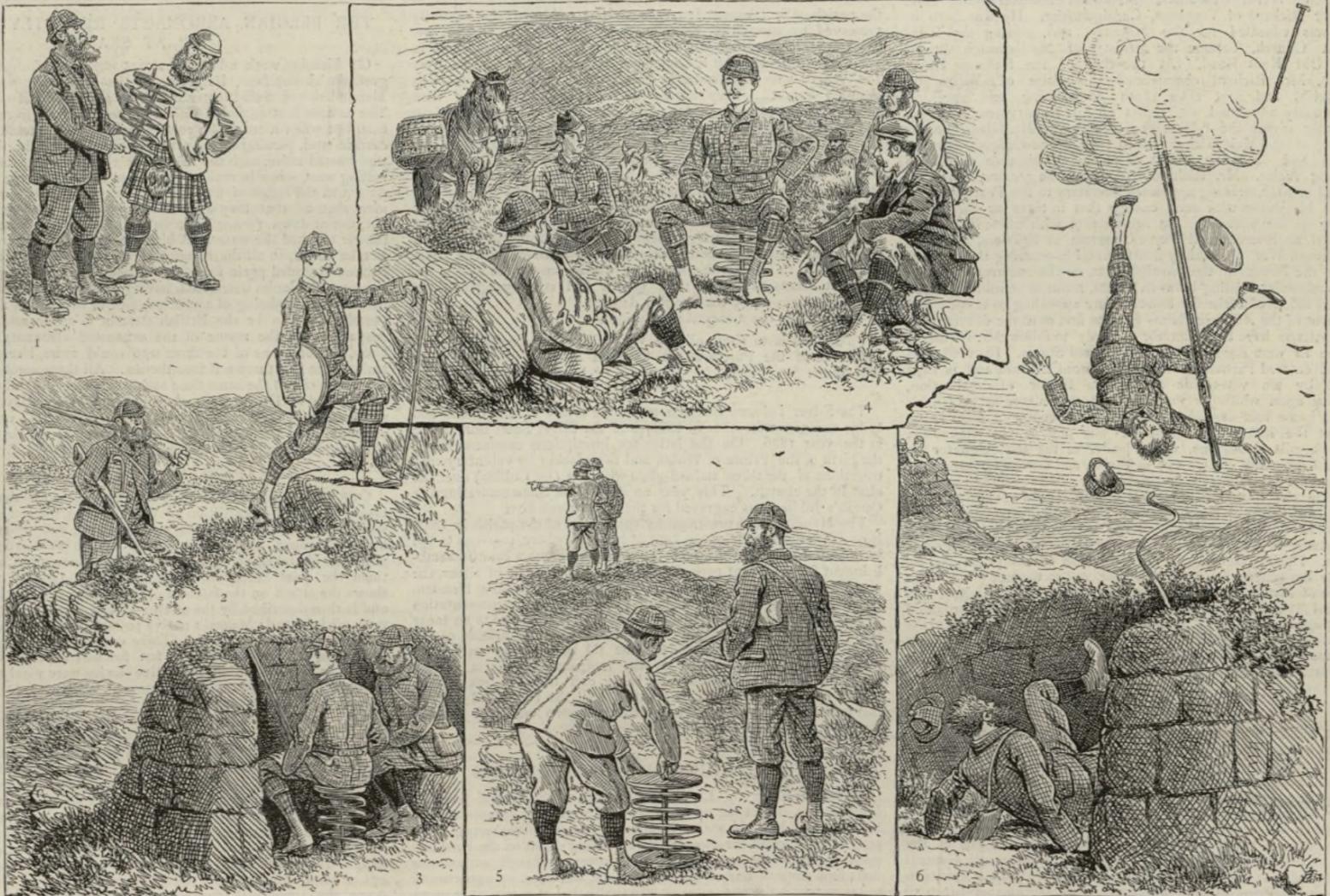


THE QUEEN AT GLASGOW—HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE



Presented by Launcelot Barton, Esq. Snuff Box Presented to the Churchwardens by William Jarman, in the year 1680 Overseers' Hammers, which have "Kept Order in the Parish for over 300 Years." Date about 1577

RELIQS ASSOCIATED WITH THE PARISH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND



1. The Keeper doesn't think much of the "New Patent Portable Spiral Adjustable Shooting-Seat"  
2. Still, it is so easily carried about  
3. And is so comfortable in the Butt  
4. At Luncheon it excites the envy of the young and the jealousy of the older Sportsmen  
5. The Green-Eyed Monster: "Confound that Fellow and his Seat; I'll hoist him"  
6. Catastrophe: A Screw loose Somewhere

HUMOURS OF GROUSE DRIVING

expressing her best wishes for the continued prosperity of the Exhibition. A song of praise founded on the late Prince Consort's chorale "Gotha," specially composed for the occasion by Mr. Joseph Bradley, was next performed, and then to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," the Queen proceeded to inspect some of the leading features of the Exhibition, including the Women's Industries, the Fine Art Galleries, and the Artisans' sections. It was not till a quarter to seven that Her Majesty left the Exhibition for St. Enoch's Station on her return to Blythswood, where the Queen resided during her visit as the guest of Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., M.P., whose mansion we illustrated and described last week.—Our portrait of Sir A. Campbell is from a photograph by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

Next day Her Majesty visited Paisley, and though the weather was somewhat unfavourable the inhabitants of that thriving industrial town gave their Sovereign a right warm and loyal reception—the line of route being gaily decorated with Venetian masts and streamers. Her Majesty drove there from Blythswood in an open carriage, and was presented on her arrival with an address of welcome by Provost Cochrane, in which allusion was made to the foundation of the ancient abbey in 1163 by Walter, Lord High Steward of Scotland, and to the elevation of Paisley in 1488 into a burgh by King James IV. of Scotland, the quatercentenary of which event Paisley was then celebrating. Her Majesty made a pleasant reply, expressing her satisfaction at learning from the address that Paisley, "in spite of the depression which is so unfortunately existing in so many parts of my kingdom, is in a prosperous condition." Her Majesty, after accepting bouquets from Miss Cochrane and Miss Stuart Clark, then proceeded up the High Street, halting at the platform occupied by Sir Peter Coats, and accepted another bouquet from Mrs. Archibald Coats.

On Friday the Queen went again to Glasgow, paid another visit to the Exhibition, and visited the University and Queen Margaret College. At the latter an address was presented to Her Majesty by Mrs. Campbell, of Tullichewan, the Vice-President of the Committee, in which were set forth the objects of the College, at present the only college for women in Scotland. These are to place within the reach of women a course of higher instruction, similar to that offered to the students in the Universities, and to give training such as is found at Girton, Newnham, Holloway, and other women's colleges in England. The College originated in an Association for the Higher Education of Women formed in Glasgow in 1877, and was incorporated in 1883 as a College, which was named after Queen Margaret of Scotland, the earliest patroness of learning and culture in Scotland. The Princess Louise consented to act as President of the College, and in 1884 Mrs. John Elder presented to the College the handsome building and fine grounds it now occupies. The lecturers in this College are the professors in the University, their assistants, and other graduates. The average number of students attending the College classes is 250, exclusive of the classes conducted by correspondence, which average 450.

Her Majesty replied, wishing the College all prosperity, and Mrs. Elder and other ladies having been presented, Her Majesty drove back to St. Enoch's Station, and the Royal visit to Glasgow was at an end. Her Majesty has conferred the honour of a baronetcy upon the Lord Provost of Glasgow in commemoration of her visit. Sir James King is the son of the late Mr. James King of Campsie. He was educated at Glasgow University, and was first elected provost in 1886. In 1861 he married Marian, daughter of Mr. William Westall, of Streatham Common, Surrey.—Our portrait is from a photograph by T. and R. Annan and Sons, Glasgow.

#### MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P.

MR. HENRY RICHARD, the popular Member for Merthyr Tydvil, whose earnest advocacy of International Arbitration resulted in the general acceptance of the principle by the leading statesmen of Europe, died suddenly on Tuesday week at Treborth, Bangor, the seat of Mr. R. Davies, the Lord Lieutenant of Anglesey, with whom he was staying on a visit. Mr. Richard was the son of a distinguished Welsh Calvinistic Methodist minister—the Rev. Ebenezer Richard of Tregaron, Cardiganshire. He was born in 1812, was educated for the Ministry, and, joining the Independent Church, became the Minister of Marlborough Chapel in the Old Kent Road. At the time of the Rebecca Riots, in 1843, Mr. Richard championed the cause of Wales and the Welsh, and has since, both in writing and speaking so vigorously advocated the rights of his countrymen as to be deservedly styled the "Mentor for Wales." Mr. Gladstone, in speaking at the Mold Eisteddfod in 1873, acknowledged that Mr. Richard had been the means of removing his own prejudices regarding Wales. Mr. Richard had always the greatest horror of war, and in 1848, on being appointed Secretary to the Peace Society, pursued his duties with such energy that in three or four years he gave up his pastorate. In conjunction with Elihu Burritt he organised an International Peace Congress at Brussels, and after the Crimean War was mainly instrumental in securing the recognition by the Powers of the principle that, on the recurrence of any serious misunderstanding between States, recourse should be had to the good offices of a friendly Power before appealing to arms. The settlement of the *Alabama* claims was the first outcome of this; but other nations have been scarcely as ready to follow Mr. Richard's doctrine as were England and the United States. In 1863 Mr. Richard entered Parliament as an Advanced Liberal, and in 1873 carried by ten votes his motion in favour of arbitration, a success upon which he was warmly congratulated by his friends both at home and abroad—Garibaldi and Senator Sumner being amongst the latter. Mr. Richard was one of the staunchest Nonconformist champions, was a leader in the movement for the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales, and for the furtherance of Intermediate Education in the Principality. He rendered yeoman's service in the education controversy, and fought valiantly for the reform of the Burial Laws—his services being recognised by his election in 1876 as Chairman of the Congregational Union—the first instance of such a high honour having been bestowed upon a layman. During the Session of 1883, true to his principles, he severely denounced the Egyptian War, and to the last was a warm partisan of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. Mr. Richard was a general favourite both inside and outside the House—his profound earnestness and staunch adherence to his principles winning him the respect even of his opponents, while in Wales his popularity was even more considerable.—Our portrait is from a photograph by G. Jerrard, 107, Regent Street.

#### SIGNOR CRISPI

THIS Italian statesman, whose curt despatches to France on the Massowah question, followed by his visit to Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, have so greatly aroused the apprehensions of European political circles, is a Sicilian, having been born at Ribera on October 4, 1819. He was educated for the law, and practised at the Neapolitan Bar. He early entered political life, however, and took part in the conspiracies which culminated in the overthrow of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies in 1848. He was one of the leaders of the Palermo insurrection, became a Deputy and General Secretary of War, and for two years formed one of the chief spirits in urging the Sicilians to offer every resistance, but on the victory of the Swiss regiments was compelled to fly the country. In 1859, however, he organised a fresh Sicilian revolution, and, landing at

Palermo with Garibaldi and his volunteers, fought as a private soldier. On becoming again a Minister, he speedily prepared the way for the final annexation of the Two Sicilies to the Kingdom of Italy. This being accomplished, Palermo very naturally sent M. Crispi as Deputy to the first Italian Parliament, in which he at once took a prominent position, and speedily became the head of the Constitutional Opposition. From that time forward he has been reckoned as one of Italy's foremost statesmen, and, in 1876, was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies. He is now Prime Minister, and holds the portfolio for Foreign Affairs, which he certainly directs in a vigorous, if indeed, a somewhat arbitrary manner, seemingly modelling his style upon that of Prince Bismarck. He is a warm partisan of the threefold alliance, which he regards as the best guarantee against any attack upon Italian unity by France—towards whom, indeed, he is somewhat apt to neglect the amenities of international courtesy. He cherishes a warm friendship for England, and has ever evinced a desire to join hands with the British both in the Mediterranean and Eastern Africa.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Schemboche, 38, Borgognissanti, Florence.

#### THE LATE GENERAL SIR JAMES BRIND

THIS distinguished officer died on the 3rd inst. General Brind entered the Royal (Bengal) Artillery in 1827, and was consequently sixty-one years in the service. Throughout this long period he evinced an earnestness of purpose, a devotion to duty, and a regard for the interests of all who served under him that gained for him the warm and undeviating respect of the Army; conspicuously at the memorable Siege of Delhi, in 1857, where, commanding for a great part of the time the besieging batteries, he animated all under him by a noble example and an almost reckless exposure of himself to danger. It was indeed said of "Brind of the Batteries" (a sobriquet he earned by the destruction his batteries wrought at Delhi) that he never slept. "We talk of Victoria Crosses," wrote a distinguished officer to one of the historians of the Indian Mutiny, "but Brind is a man who should be covered with them from head to foot." "On all occasions," wrote another of the foremost of our Delhi heroes, "the exertions of this noble officer were indefatigable. He was always to be found where his presence was most required; and the example he set to his officers and men was beyond all praise. A finer soldier I never met." It can easily be imagined that under a leader of this character men worked prodigies of valour, unshaken and undismayed by the trials and hardships of a protracted siege. It is well known that Sir James was in the habit of placing his chair on the parapet of the batteries, and directing the fire of his gunners and watching the effect in all the hottest fire from the enemies' batteries in the coolest and most fearless manner. In the earlier part of his career Sir James Brind was employed under Sir Sydney Cotton against the tribes on the North-West Frontier; and he took a leading part, after the Siege of Delhi, in the active operations which took place in Oude and Rohilkund, and in the pursuit of the noted Feroze Shah towards Central India. Here his services again gained for him repeated mentions in despatches and the thanks of Government. The late General served for some years after this as Inspector-General of Artillery in India, and commanded a division of the Army in Bengal from 1873 to 1878, when he retired from active military life. He was created a K.C.B. in 1869, and a G.C.B. in 1884. He was married five times, and leaves a widow and a large family. Sir James Brind was younger brother of the late Brigadier-General Frederick Brind, C.B., Bengal Horse Artillery, who was killed by the mutineers when in command of the Sialtiot Brigade, and was descended from an old Wiltshire family, his ancestors having held landed property in that county from the time of Edward III., until the last century.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company of Regent Street and Cheapside.

#### RELICS ASSOCIATED WITH THE PARISH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES

THESE interesting relics which connect the present with the past of the parish of St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, have been carefully preserved by succeeding churchwardens and are even now in use. At the parochial meetings of to-day, the ancient hammers shown in our engraving bear out the assertion inscribed on each, "For over 300 years I have kept order in this parish, though I have often changed hands." They came into the possession of the then churchwardens as early as 1573, the year after the passing of an Act which brought the principle of compulsory taxation into full effect: and there can be little doubt that they were used on the occasion of making the first Poor-rate of the parish. It is possible that on that occasion a symbol of authority was required to keep the parishioners in order, for, doubtless, they did not, in the beginning, relish being compelled to give by Act of Parliament, though they were ready, as in the present day, to respond to any appeal for voluntary charity. Beginning their duties in the peaceful years of Queen Elizabeth's reign, these hammers, fifteen years later, helped to impress the summons which came to the men of St. Clement Danes to defend their Queen and country against the imminent invasion by the Spanish Armada.

The oak box has a carved inscription:—  
"This Box is to Kepe all the Wrightings that doe belong unto the Poore of the Parish of St. Clement Danes in the County of Middlesex."  
"ANNO DOMINI 1660"  
"THO CALCOTT FECIT."

The Silver Tobacco Box was presented to the churchwarden and to his successors for ever in 1680, and the Silver Snuff Box as late as the year 1826. On the latter are inscriptions commemorating the birth of the Prince of Wales, and the placing by voluntary contributions of the three stained-glass windows (by Collins) over the altar in the church. This year an inscription commemorating the Queen's Jubilee was engraved for the ancient oak box.

The Hendon Box, presented by the officers of the parish in 1827, is so called from having been kept at Hendon, where, previous to the introduction of a new Poor Act in 1838, there was a country establishment for the infant poor of the parish. The box is of silver, the picture engraved on it is a view of the house and grounds at Hendon. Subsequently, in 1851, a silver plate was added, with a representation of the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. In 1878 an inner lining was placed in the box, commemorating the restoration of the parish church and chancel. On the lid there is an anchor in *repoussé* work. This device is the inseparable emblem of St. Clement, whose martyrdom, by being cast into the sea with an anchor chained to his neck, it typifies. All the relics and plate of this parish, among which are old silver flagons and cups bearing dates from 1609, are engraved with the anchor.

#### THE HUMOURS OF GROUSE-DRIVING

THESE sketches, by Lieut. Mackintosh, of the Second Seaforth Highlanders, depict the misadventures of a sybaritic sportsman who had provided himself with a certain patent collapsible spring spiral seat, so as to avoid the discomforts of sitting down on the hard and possibly damp ground. He had, however, reckoned without the malicious envy of one of his companions, who took an opportunity to tamper with the apparatus so effectually that at a critical moment the unlucky owner was shot up in the air like a Jack-in-the-box with the spring gone wrong, or a clay pigeon out of a trap.

#### THE RAILWAY ON MOUNT PILATUS

MOUNT PILATUS is as familiar a feature to visitors at Lucerne as the Rigi. Tourists look out eagerly in the morning to see whether or no Pilatus wears his cloudy cap, and so foretells the weather, or remind themselves of the gloomy legend that Pontius Pilate drowned himself in one of the mountain tarns in a fit of remorse. Hitherto, only regular mountain-climbers have scaled the peak, but now, thanks to the railway being constructed, the view from the summit of Pilatus promises to become as well-known as the prospect from the Rigi or the Uetliberg. The railway also resembles these lines, with certain improvements. It starts from the shore of Lake Lucerne at Alpnach-Stad, and creeps up the south-eastern slope of the mountain, through rocky tracts and shady beech-woods to its first halting-place on the Aemigen-Alp. Thence the line turns more to the north along the Mattalp, and after passing through two tunnels piercing the Esel peak, it will eventually climb a sharp gradient of forty-five to the plateau of the Hotel Bellevue—nearly 7,000 feet above the sea.

The total length of the Pilatus railway, when complete, will be 4,455 metres—2,215 metres in a comparatively straight line, and 2,240 metres in curves of from 80 to 100. It passes over a viaduct across the Wolfortbach, and through three small and two large tunnels. To afford additional security, there are two centre lines for cog-wheels, instead of only one, like most of the various other mountain routes. The lines are solidly laid on a granite bed, and protected on either side by low stone walls to prevent injury from snow, &c. As on the Rigi, the engine will do its chief work when ascending, and merely check the descent. Thirty-two passengers can be conveyed in each carriage, and the journey up the mountain will probably take about an hour and a-half. The engines have proved their speed, hitherto, by dragging up the material required for the railway, and have answered well. About two-thirds of the line was constructed by this spring, when the most arduous part of the task began—piercing the two tunnels through the solid granite masses of the Esel peak. This portion of the work is shown in one of our sketches, which are by Mr. T. Nieriker, of Zurich. The first train, carrying twenty-four persons, safely reached the summit on Wednesday; but the line will not be open to the public till next year.

#### WITH THE SECOND FIELD COLUMN AT ALDERSHOT

THE Second Field Column, sent out this year from Aldershot, was under the command of Major-General P. Smith, C.B., and consisted of two squadrons of the Royal Dragoons, the Chestnut Troop, R.H.A., (A Battery of A Brigade) and a brigade of infantry, with a Commissariat and Transport Company and a Field Hospital. The Column left Aldershot late in July, and for several days acted as an advanced party of those 100,000 men whose possible advance on London has lately been so vividly brought before us. The remainder of the Aldershot garrison represented a portion of the National Defending Army, and, pivoting on Aldershot, engaged the Field Column at various points within a radius of ten miles. No. 1 shows one of these actions on the Fox Hills.

One of the chief objects of the recent Aldershot Manœuvres has been to practically test various novel armaments and articles of equipment, which it is proposed to introduce into the service. The use of machine-guns has often been discussed, and No. 2 shows a Gardner gun, which was attached to the 12th Regiment. It was found to be very effective, though the rough ground near Fresham sorely tried its travelling powers, as may be seen in the sketch.

No. 3 shows the Nordenfett gun attached to the Royal Dragoons. This weapon, which was dashing handled by the "Royals," proved a valuable auxiliary for cavalry, though the gun being fired with the horses in the shafts, a steady aim is sometimes difficult.

In camp, as in the field, experiments in equipment were carried out; and No. 4 shows the new pattern waterproof-sheet. This is made of black waterproof, and is cut square; a cord threaded through one side enables the owner to draw it tight round the neck so that it can be used as a cloak at need.

Lastly, No. 5 gives a glimpse of the hostile General hard at work in his tent, issuing orders for a further advance on the metropolis.—Our sketches are by Major L. G. Fawkes.

#### THE BELGIAN AÉRONAUTS RECENTLY PICKED UP AT SEA

ON Monday week a balloon ascent was made from the Artillery grounds at Berchem, Belgium, by two Belgian officers, Captain Mahauden and Sub-Lieutenant Croy, and a civilian, M. Coulet. The balloon first ascended with a breeze blowing from the south-east, but when it reached a certain height encountered a contrary current, and, passing over Antwerp, drifted seawards. The Scheldt was crossed twice, and the aeronauts thought that they were travelling west, when in reality they were drifting to the North Sea. At 2 A.M. the lights of fishing boats were perceived, and the fishermen shouted that they were drifting to sea. Ballast was thrown out, but at dawn (5 A.M.) the balloon descended once more, and the car touched the water. A big fishing boat was hailed, but failed to take notice, so all the remaining ballast was thrown out, and the balloon ascended again for a short time; but, catching sight of a steamer, M. Coulet descended, having made a species of anchor for the balloon consisting of a sailcloth tied to the end of a rope. The vessel proved to be the British steamer *Warrior*, and a boat was despatched to the rescue of the exhausted aeronauts, Lieutenant Croy, the only one of the three who could swim, having taken off his uniform and thrown it into the sea. All three aeronauts jumped out of the car at the same time and were picked up, taken on board, and landed at Dunkirk on the following Wednesday. After the accident, the balloon, relieved of its occupants' weight, again ascended, and was last seen travelling towards the Scotch coast.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. F. Bulens, Brussels.

#### THE FIGHTING IN ZULULAND

OUR sketches are from an officer serving with the troops now taking part in the expedition against Dinizulu, the son of Cetewayo, who recently attacked his old rival Usibepu, and who in June put himself in open antagonism to the British authorities. He was joined in his rebellion by a number of his countrymen, and amongst them the chief Shingaan, his half-brother. One of our sketches shows the attack on the fastness of Slobekulu, held by this chieftain, and is thus described by the artist:—"The firing began about 12.30 P.M., on July 2nd; Mansel's native police opened the ball with well-timed volleys into the bush. These were smartly responded to by the rebels, and an exceedingly hot fire was kept up for about an hour. In the mean time the native levies were wisely allowed by Colonel Stabb, who was in command, to carry out their usual native tactics, and extending a horn round each flank, were already exercising a pressure upon the enemy, who were hidden from view by an almost impenetrable bush. At about two o'clock, the enemy being thoroughly shaken, Mansel's police received the order to charge. Nothing could have been finer than their advance upon a very strong position held by unknown numbers, and from which the mounted Basutos had been twice repulsed with loss.

"Mansel's police warmed to their work as the contest assumed a hand-to-hand character, assegai to assegai, and knobkerrie to knobkerrie. Here the dead lay in heaps—forty were counted in one heap. The police, now excited by the slaughter, became completely out of hand, and drove the enemy down the valley. A few escaped down the river with the women and children, amongst whom Shingaan, the rebel chief, is said to have been. Night alone put an end to the battle, and the troops bivouacked for the night about

two miles from the scene of the battle, and marched the following morning back to camp, driving about 1,000 cattle before them. Our loss was about forty; the enemy are computed to have lost between 200 and 300. A large number were wounded on both sides." Our other sketches need little explanation, but we may mention that the men of Klubi's Basutos are armed mostly with Sniders and assegais on the saddles. These saddles are somewhat rough and ready, and have pieces of sack or sheepskin under them. The men are very good scouts, and their ponies though rough are very good. They are not unlike Cossacks in appearance.

**WOMEN COALING A MAN-O-WAR, NAGASAKI, JAPAN**

OUR sketches are by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., who writes: "The Japanese Musumi have other duties than twisting paper into butterflies to coquette with fan-directed draughts, or posing with the cherry-blossom bough; and amongst them is that of coaling ships by hand, sometimes assisted by a little basin-shaped basket, and occasionally by a few coolies. These damsels recently, in heavy rain, put 450 tons on board a man-o'-war at one bout, ending at 3 A.M., the men on board only assisting with a hammer to break up an occasional big bit. They laughed incessantly, alas not ceasing when one of the stronger sex caved in. How long a breathing spell, with the joys of the bath, they have I know not, but they undoubtedly would come up to time in dainty prints and kerchiefs, soon however to be begrimed, leaving nothing bright or unsullied by the all-searching coal dust, save teeth, and two lovely, if oblique, black eyes."

**YOUNG PARISIANS AT THE SEA SIDE**

ALTHOUGH every English boy is presumably a "sailor born," and is never happy away from salt water in his holiday, no less zest for the annual trip to the seaside is manifested by his juvenile Parisian compeer, who takes quite as keen a delight in all the pleasures of the sands and salt-water ponds. Indeed, owing to the custom which prevails across the Channel of family bathing parties, he is frequently much more of an actual sea-dog than the young Briton, while he simply adores Jacques, the old bathing-man, who tells him marvellous legends of the deep, and relates over and over again how he won the cross for saving life which hangs on his breast. Our sketches, which reproduce with much force and vivacity many of the scenes so characteristic of a French watering-place, are taken from Mars' delightful coloured printed album, "Nos Chéris," published in Paris by Plon, Nourrit, et Cie, and in London, in translated form under the title "Our Darlings," by Messrs. George Routledge and Sons. The book is a capital work for children, as "our darlings" are shown not merely at the sea-side, but at home, in the country, in town, and at play—the drawings being especially well printed, and full of that humour and childlike grace with which "Mars" knows so well how to endow his juvenile subjects.

**"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"**

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 245.

**AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRIP DOWN THE DANUBE**

See page 239



**POLITICAL.**—Mr. Balfour has replied to statements recently made by Mr. Bryce, M.P., who took them from a pamphlet called the "Coercion Record," in which Irish magistrates were charged with an unjust and tyrannical administration of the Crimes Act. He goes into detail to support the view that at least one half of the charges are "absolutely devoid of any foundation whatever," and pronounces the "Coercion Record," if judged by Mr. Bryce's quotations from it, to be as a mine of romance only comparable to the "Arabian Nights."—Mr. Chaplin at an agricultural meeting in Lincolnshire referred to Mr. John Morley's assertion in a recent speech in that county that the Allotments Bill had been brought in and carried "only because the Tories were frightened at the result of the Spalding election." That bill, Mr. Chaplin said, was announced in the Speech from the Throne in February, and in June the Government accepted another Allotments Bill, brought in by a private member, whereas the Spalding election did not take place until July. It was not the interest of landowners to oppose such measures, which created an admirable market for the land, which many wished to sell, but could not.—Mr. Pritchard Morgan, the North Wales gold mine-owner, has issued an address as Gladstonian candidate for the seat at Merthyr Tydvil, vacant through the death of Mr. Henry Richard, who at the last General Election was returned unopposed. Mr. Morgan advocates Home Rule, not only in Ireland, but in Wales and Scotland.

**IRELAND.**—The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam has subscribed 20*l.* to the Parnell Defence Fund of the *Freesman's Journal*, which early in the week amounted to 800*l.* Lord Bessborough has also subscribed 10*l.*, having "always found him," Mr. Parnell, "in business and other matters to be a truthful man." Lord Bessborough was present at a meeting of the Carrick-on-Suir Board of Guardians, when he was thanked for his contribution, which, he said, "had nothing to do with politics."—At Wexford, on Monday, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., his brother Mr. William Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Walsh, proprietor of the *Wexford People*, were arrested and brought before the Resident Magistrate. Mr. J. Redmond and Mr. Walsh were charged with taking part in a conspiracy last month to prevent a landlord from letting certain lands, and Mr. W. Redmond for having a fortnight ago incited resistance to a Deputy-Sheriff in the execution of his duty. All three were committed for trial, but liberated on bail. Mr. Lane, M.P., was presented at Cork, on Tuesday, with an illuminated address and 800 sovereigns, in recognition of his political services, and as a token of sympathy with his supposed sufferings in Tullamore gaol. At a luncheon which he gave after the presentation the Queen's health was omitted from the toasts, and in its place that of "Ireland as a Nation" was drunk with great enthusiasm, Mr. Healy, M.P., responding.—At the funeral, in Cork, of a Mr. Murphy, a Fenian of 1867 notoriety, the Mayor, with Dr. Tanner, Mr. Lane, and Mr. Flynn, M.P.'s, being present, a Mr. Doran, a follower of John Mitchell, delivered an oration, in which he denounced the tactics of the Nationalist leaders, and asked whether the United States would be what they are now if Washington and his men had gone to the British House of Commons instead of taking up arms in defence of their country.—The Augustinian Friars in Cork lately ventured to purchase a high altar in London, and to have other work done here for a Roman Catholic Chapel, which would have cost them 100*l.* more had the order been executed in Cork. The Cork United Trades Association are, therefore, endeavouring to boycott the chapel, by advising the citizens not to attend it. The evictions on Lord Clanricarde's estate were resumed on Wednesday, the police being strengthened by the presence of a military force. Considerable resistance was offered by some of the evicted tenants.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—In reply to a deputation from the local ratepayers, who think Shoeburyness excellently suited for the annual competition of the Volunteers, Colonel Nicholson, R.A., Commandant of the School of Gunnery there, said he feared that the offer came too late, but that he would endeavour to promote the views of the deputation.—The British Archaeological Society is this year meeting at Glasgow, and on Wednesday inspected the famous ruins of Bothwell Castle, the "Tilletudlem" of "Old Mortality."—The fund raised for the widow and children of the late Richard Jefferies amounts in all to 1,514*l.*, and has been invested in the names of trustees, one of whom is Mr. Walter Besant.—Undeterred by the recent fate of Larry Donovan, Alfred Cooper, aged twenty-four, and employed in a City brewery, jumped for a wager off London Bridge on Tuesday last week, and immediately disappeared. His dead body was found on Monday in the Thames at Rotherhithe.

**THE DEATH**, in his sixty-eighth year, is announced of Sir John Rose, an Aberdeenshire-man, who emigrated at sixteen to Canada, and rose to be Minister of Works. In this capacity he superintended the arrangements for the Canadian visit of the Prince of Wales, whose acquaintance with him thus made ripened into friendship. He played an important part in the deliberations which issued in Canadian Confederation, and was appointed Finance Minister in the new Dominion Government. Returning to England in 1870, he was sent by the Home Government on a confidential mission to Washington in connection with the Canadian Fishery disputes, and he was one of the framers of the famous Washington Treaty of 1871. For these services he received a baronetcy. At home again, he became the unofficial adviser on Canadian affairs of successive Colonial Secretaries, and his co-operation in international exhibitions at South Kensington brought him into fresh contact with the Prince of Wales, who, in 1883, appointed him Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall. He was for a time a partner in the banking firm of Morton, Rose, and Co., and latterly he has been known in the commercial world as identified with such financial undertakings as the London and Westminster Bank and the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation. His first wife, an American lady, died in 1883, and last year he married the widowed Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, one of the Mackenzies of Seaforth. Sir John Rose has been for many years a conspicuous and popular member of London society.

**OUR OBITUARY** includes the death of Lady Audley, widow of the twentieth Baron Audley; in his sixty-first year, of the Earl of Berkeley, who was formerly in the army, and took no part in politics; in his sixty-first year, of Lord Conyers; in his seventy-fourth year, of Lord Alfred Paget, third son of the first Marquis of Anglesey, Clerk-Marshal in the Queen's Household, and well-known in London Society; in his sixty-first year, of the Hon. James S. Farnell, ex-Premier of New South Wales; in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. Philip Henry Gosse, the eminent zoologist, the author of many popular works on natural science, especially on marine zoology, and of several illustrative of Scripture and of Egyptian, Jewish, and Assyrian archaeology, leaving an only son, Mr. Edmund Gosse, the active *littérateur*; and of Mr. Simmons, the aeronaut, noticed in our "Legal" column.



"MR. PENLEY to the rescue!" might have been the name of the new farcical comedy at the COMEDY Theatre, which the authors, Messrs. Lestock and Everard, have preferred to call *Uncles and Aunts*; for without the irresistible drollery of this amusing actor it would probably have fared ill with so confused and purposeless a tissue of farcical personations and mystifications. In the first act Mr. Penley is unwittingly persuaded to palm himself off as the uncle and guardian of his own rival, and to give his consent to this rival's marriage with the very young lady he is desirous himself of espousing, though he does not know her Christian name, and is hence unable to distinguish her from her sister. As Mr. Penley is only a sham uncle and guardian, it is difficult to see how this device can further the ends of the young people, whose true love's course is only disturbed by the obduracy of the real uncle and guardian. This difficulty, indeed, appears to have dawned after while upon the dramatists; for even as little boys, when they have made a muddle at the game of "noughts and crosses" apply a sponge to their slates and agree to begin "all over again," so do these dramatists, after their first act, start an entirely new personation and mystification having kindred objects. A good natured-audience on the first night bore patiently with these things; condoned the feeble witticisms of the dialogue; and even attempted a smile when somebody made the scriptural quotation, "A special providence in the fall of a sparrow," *à propos* of the mishap of an invisible "aunt," who had only too obviously received the name of "Sparrow" by way, as they say at *Nisi Prius*, of "laying a foundation" for putting this objectionable pun in evidence. But, as we have already indicated, the real hero who rescued the play from otherwise inevitable disaster was Mr. Penley, as the feeble, good-natured, amorous little old gentleman in the dark brown wig, who drops his new attachment for his old flame with such obliging alacrity. Generally, indeed, the acting greatly helped the play, Misses Cissy Grahame and Vane Featherston as the two heroines, being eminently sprightly and pleasing, while Mr. Charles Groves, as a fippant and irresponsible "uncle," and Mr. W. F. Hawtreys as a decorous valet—a welcome variation upon the conventional upstart and ungrammatical domestic—were each good in his way. Minor parts were more or less cleverly filled by Miss Maria Daly, Mr. Draycott, Mr. Walter Everard, and lastly by Mr. Lestock, who, however, arrives on the scene too late to establish himself in the favour of the audience.

**THE AVENUE Theatre** has re-opened under the management of Mr. Henry Bracy, the well-known operatic singer and actor, with a revival of the burlesque *Don Juan Junr.*, which has been, to some extent, revived and freshened since its original production at the Royalty a few years ago. With this is associated Mr. Arthur Law's comedy entitled *Gladys*, of which we had occasion to speak when it was produced at a *matinée* at the Strand. The programme is light and lively enough, and Mr. Bracy's company, which included Miss Florence West, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Edward Righton, and other popular performers, is fully equal to the task of giving it effect.

The authorised version of Mr. Rider Haggard's *She* at the Gaiety is in active preparation. For the present, however, or rather, after this evening, when *Marina* will be played for the last time, Miss Sophie Eyre deems it advisable to close her doors.

The new comic opera *Pepita*, which, as yet, has been known only to provincial audiences, was played, for the first time in London, at TOOLE'S Theatre on Thursday evening.

Mr. Boucicault's new Dramatic School in New York is to have sixty pupils called "Internes." They are to pay and receive nothing, while they are to give their services for two years to the Madison Square Theatre. On the other hand, from those sixty, the management agree, afterwards, to select fifteen, who will receive ten dollars—about two guineas—a-week each, as members of an auxiliary company.



**WEDDING TRIPS IN A CANOE** are the latest fashion in the United States.

**THE SUN** revolves on its axis precisely in 25 days, 5 hours and 28 minutes, according to the investigations of Dr. Wilfing, of the Solar Observatory, Potsdam.

**THE FIRST STONE** of the late Emperor Frederick's final resting-place—the memorial chapel to be attached to the Friedenskirche at Potsdam—will be laid on October 18th, the fifty-seventh anniversary of the Emperor's birth.

**THE FRENCH CENTENARIAN**, M. Chevreul, kept his 102nd birthday on Tuesday. He is in very feeble health and spends most of the day in bed, occasionally driving out. For the last three months he has been obliged to give up attending the sittings of the various societies to which he belongs.

**THE BOULANGIST CARNATION** was formerly the Comtesse de Paris' favourite flower. Since its adoption by the General, however, the Comtesse has replaced the carnation by the rose, which is now being worn as an Orleanist party emblem. At the recent Paris banquet in honour of the Comte de Paris' fiftieth birthday, the President, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, sported a golden Orleanist rose in his button-hole.

**THE TRACES OF MR. STANLEY** are now being followed up by Major Barttelot with a caravan of 100 soldiers, 640 carriers, and 3 Europeans. The party left Yambunga camp on May 10th, intending to tread exactly in Mr. Stanley's footsteps, but as they are heavily laden with supplies, they cannot progress very fast. At present, the only news from Major Barttelot states that he had accomplished the first stages of his march without hindrance. The Congo Free State authorities have re-taken possession of Stanley Falls.

**A FINE LOAN COLLECTION OF OLD MASTERS** was opened at the Birmingham Art Gallery on Monday. The great attraction of the display is the loan of over ninety historical portraits of the Lennard family from Belhus House, Essex, which are very rarely accessible to the public, and which illustrate the work of eminent painters from the sixteenth to the end of the eighteenth century. Other notable contributions are Gainsboroughs from the Earl of Dartmouth, Vandykes from the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Joshua Reynolds from Lord Hertford, and ten fine Rembrandts, Murillos, and Velasquez from the Duke of Westminster.

**A THEATRICAL EXHIBITION** is proposed for next year at South Kensington. It would include models of theatres and the various methods of construction most favoured on the Continent and in America; collections of historical theatrical costumes, properties, manuscripts and portraits; and practical illustrations of the mode of manufacture and preparation of everything appertaining to a theatre both before and behind the curtain. The grounds would be laid out to resemble the best known scenes from Shakespeare, and arranged for the performance of open-air pastoral plays. The profits are intended to establish an actors' orphanage and a home for aged and disabled persons connected with all branches of the theatrical profession.

**THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE** to be erected in Paris will probably be inaugurated on October 14th. Speeches are to be made by Lord Lytton, M. Jules Claretie, as director of the Théâtre Français, and M. Mezières in the name of the Académie, while M. Mounet-Sully, the actor, will deliver a special poetical panegyric. The figure is the traditional likeness. Shakespeare stands upright, with a mantle draped over his left arm, while his right hand holds an open book. The pedestal is in rough grey granite and white stone. On the front are the words "William Shakespeare, 1564—1616," and masks ornament the four sides, while a garland of different fruits intertwines a ribbon bearing the names of Shakespeare's chief plays.

**THE "SUNSPOT OF REPUBLICANISM"** and the "Plumed Knight" are the two most popular titles accorded to Mr. Blaine during the present Presidential campaign across the Atlantic. The opposition parties are very ingenious in promulgating their opinions. At one New Jersey town a huge kite was sent up bearing General Harrison's portrait, and, as it failed to rise properly, some Democratic supporters proposed to paste on President Cleveland's likeness instead. They were allowed their way, and, much to their glee, the kite soared off triumphantly. In New York the Democrats nightly display at a large stereopticon coloured cartoons with terse arguments to convince the passers-by. Their rivals, not to be outdone, present their view of the case in the advertising spaces of the elevated railroads. A Presidential election is an expensive affair, for it generally costs the United States about four millions of money.

**THE NATIONAL GALLERY** has acquired several curious Egyptian portraits dug up by Mr. Flinders Petrie during his excavations in the Fayoum. Hitherto such works have been found only in museums; but the National Gallery authorities now think that this ancient historical art ought to be represented in the Gallery. Thus, five portraits have been bought, and six others presented by Mr. Mostyn Kennard. They are life-size panel portraits, showing the face and neck, and were placed over the head of the corpse on the outside of the mummy. This position may be seen in two mummies from the same place presented to the British Museum. Much interest is felt in the style of painting, and some damaged panels presented to South Kensington will be examined in order to find out what pigments were used. Further light is thrown on this question by Mr. Petrie's discovery of an artist's tomb, with six paint-pots full of colour.

**THE FOUR LITTLE SONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR** are so persistently imbued with the military element, that even their games are martial. The tiny fellows are spending their holidays at Castle Oberhof, in Thuringia, and in a corner of the grounds is a miniature fort with two cannons and a bivouac. In the morning the three eldest Princes appear in soldier-habit, the Crown Prince—aged six—playing the drum whilst his brothers march stiffly by, gun on shoulder. Three soldiers accompany them and show the children how to storm the fort, to go through military exercises, and the routine of camp life. The youngest of the quartette looks on from his governess's side, and wears a tiny helmet with his white frock. The latest of the family, the baby boy born during his father's visit to Stockholm, was to be christened yesterday (Friday) in Frederick the Great's Study in the Potsdam Palace, where all his brothers have been baptized. The Empress of Austria and the King of Sweden stand sponsors.

**LONDON MORTALITY** rose again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,438, against 1,330 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 108, although 115 below the average. The death-rate went up to 17.5 per 1,000. There were 192 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a rise of 30), 47 from measles (an increase of 14), 28 from whooping-cough (a rise of 8), 21 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 4), 17 from diphtheria (a rise of 4), 7 from enteric-fever (an increase of 5), and 7 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a rise of 3). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs also went up to 172 from 167, but were 7 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths, of which 35 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,401 births registered, being a decline of 203, and 300 below the usual return.



PILATUS FROM LUCERNE



VIEW FROM PILATUS TOWARDS THE BERNESE ALPS



A DANGEROUS CORNER



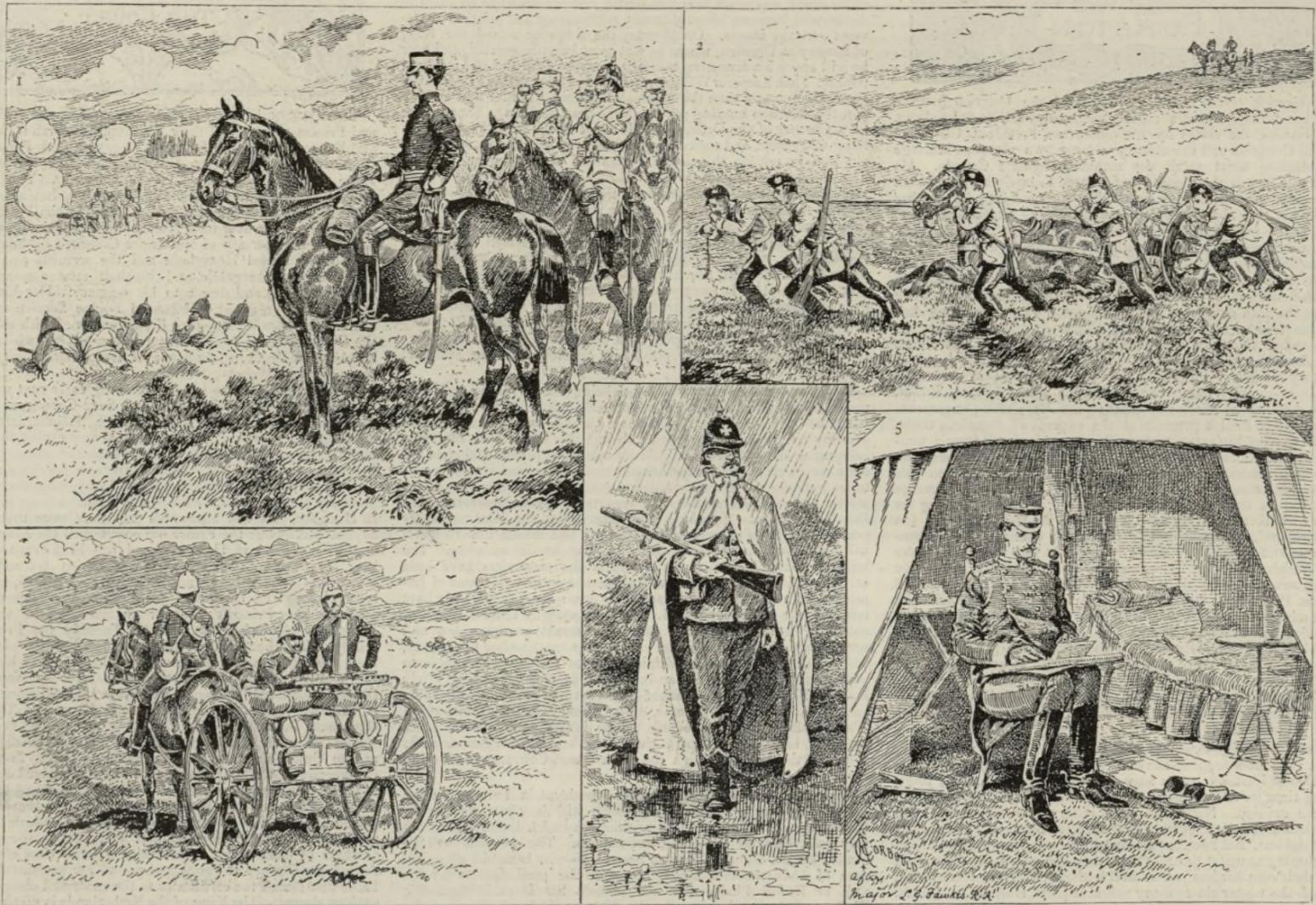
TWO ASSISTANTS OF THE PILATUS ENGINEERS



TUNNELLING ON PILATUS

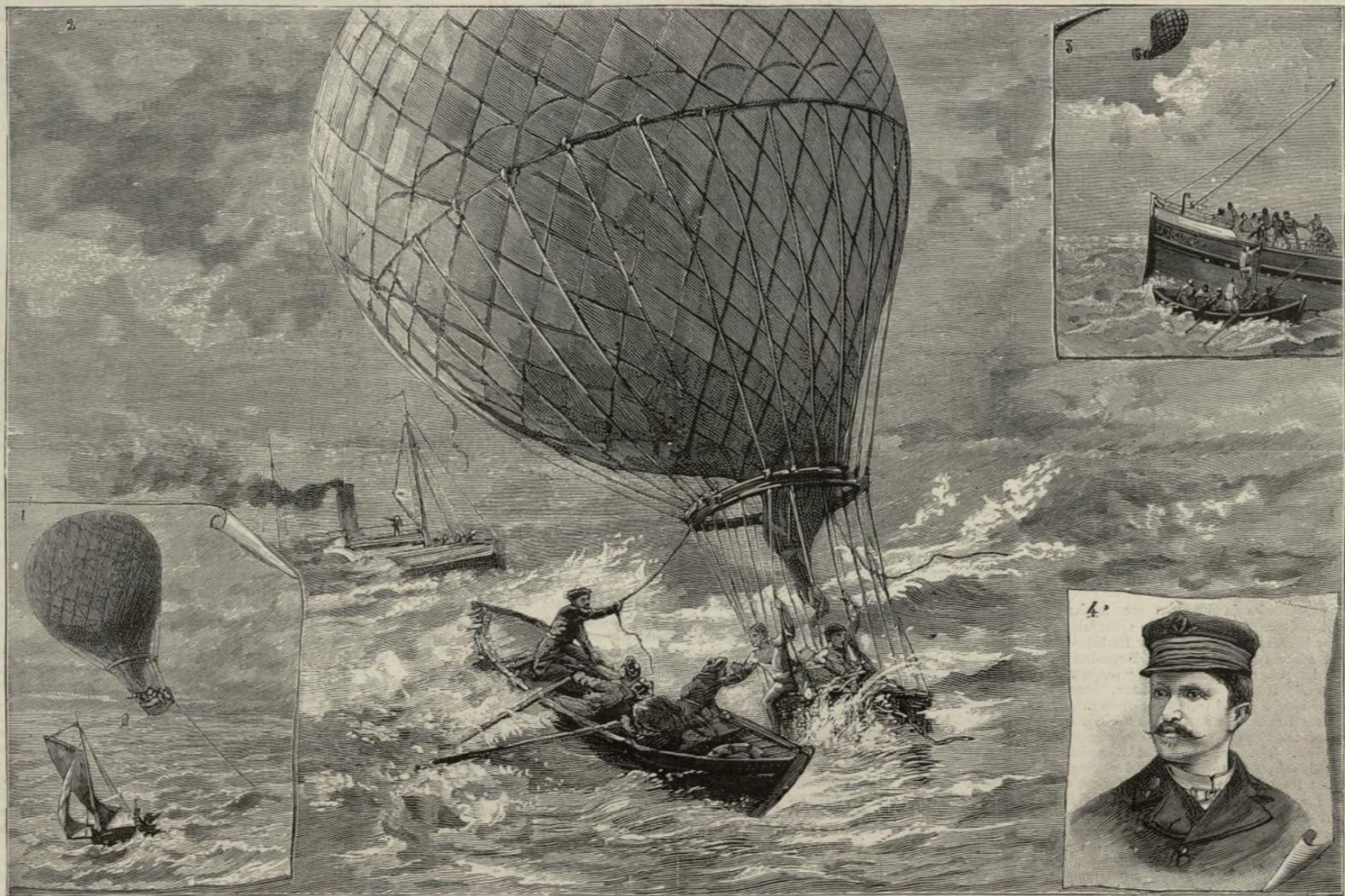


GENERAL VIEW OF PILATUS AND ALPNACH STAD, FROM THE SOUTH, SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE RAILWAY LINE  
THE NEW RAILWAY UP MOUNT PILATUS, SWITZERLAND



1. A Fight on the Fox Hills, Showing the Position of the Defending Force    3. A Nordenfolt Gun  
 2. The Gardner Gun Bugged    4. Sentry with the New Waterproof Sheet and Cloak (on Trial)  
 5. Major-Gen. P. Smith in his Tent after an Engagement, writing Orders for the next Day

NOTES WITH A FLYING COLUMN AT ALDERSHOT



1. The Balloon with an Anchor Trailing in the Sea    2. The Rescue    3. The Balloon Disappearing into the Clouds    4. M. Coulet, the Aeronaut

RESCUE OF BELGIAN MILITARY AÉRONAUTS IN THE NORTH SEA BY THE BRITISH STEAMSHIP "WARRIOR"



THE rejection of the Fisheries Treaty by the UNITED STATES Senate has brought about a rapid change in Presidential politics. Deftly turning the tables on his opponents, President Cleveland surprised Congress and the country at large by a vigorous Message recommending strict retaliatory measures against Canada. He pointed out that as the Senate had refused to ratify his diplomatic arrangement of the dispute, and showed no desire for further negotiations, the only other course was a sweeping retaliatory policy, which should most damage those who injure American commerce. Thus the first step should be to withdraw the privilege of free transit for Canadian exports and imports across American territory, such goods to the worth of fifty-four millions sterling having passed duty free within the last six years. This course, he argues, is perfectly legal, as the 29th article of the Washington Treaty securing such privileges expired with the Fishery clauses in 1885. Further, he wishes to tax Canadian commerce on American lakes and rivers, just as American commerce is burdened in Canada, and to admit retaliatory measures towards Canadian trespassers in American waters. As a party move, the President's action is most skillful. By this measure he effectually crushes the Republican arguments that he favours British interests at the expense of American trade, while he saddles his antagonists with the *onus* of rejecting a temperate settlement, and enforcing a policy which must in a measure rebound on American commerce. The Republicans grasped this view quickly enough, and tried, ineffectually, to stop the Message being read in the Senate, while Congress is now searching for evidence whether the President's arguments are legally sound. On the other hand, the Democrats are jubilant over President Cleveland's tact and ingenuity. There is no doubt that their party have scored immensely by the move, especially as they were previously losing ground in the campaign. But from an international point of view the President's change of face is not so indefensible. His present advice of retaliation virtually condemns his former policy of sanctioning the Fisheries Treaty, and lays him open to the charge of vacillation and inconsistency. However, in the present heat of electoral contest the party side of the question is everything, and to this reason the Treaty plainly owes its defeat. Under these exciting circumstances the Americans have bestowed little attention on the yellow-fever epidemic at Jacksonville, Florida, which has seriously increased.

CANADA herself generally expected that the Treaty would fail; but this retaliatory proposal has caused considerable surprise. It was hoped that at least the *modus vivendi* would continue for two years, allowing time for settlement when electioneering no longer biased American opinion. Naturally much bitterness is expressed, with suggestions of non-intercourse with the United States and of a regular commercial war. But now that the first surprise is past, the Canadians are beginning to assert proudly that they can carry on their trade within their own borders just as well without American concessions. Although the winter closes many valuable ports, Halifax, St. John's, and St. Andrew's are available all the year round for communication with Great Britain and other centres of commerce. Again the recent railway extensions have considerably lessened the annual quantity of goods carried through the United States. Probably a special Parliamentary Session will be summoned to consider the situation; and meanwhile Sir John Macdonald has hurried back to the capital, firmly refusing at present to give any hint of his views on the matter.

Passing to general EUROPEAN AFFAIRS, the echoes of Signor Crispi's journeys and interviews still provide the main topic. The Italian Premier announced himself so delighted at his interview with Prince Bismarck that he hoped to revisit Friedrichsruhe before long, and he was equally cordial when meeting Count Kalnoky at Eger on Sunday. But, as all three statesmen keep their own counsel on the subject and result of their discussions, beyond expressing their friendliness, the Continental public are reduced to simple speculation and rumours. The most likely statement asserts that Signor Crispi and Prince Bismarck discussed the extent to which each ally was bound to help the other in case of hostilities. All reports, however, tend to the one point, the maintenance of the Triple Alliance. Roman official circles specially insist that these interviews have changed nothing in general European policy. Evidently such protestations are intended to re-assure FRANCE, who daily grows more suspicious of ITALY. The mobilisation of the Italian Fleet gave the French a shock, though it simply followed similar action on their own side, but France cannot divest herself of the idea that Italy meditates a descent on Tripoli. Yet Italy openly avers that while she does not intend to withdraw from Massowah, she means to advance no further, thus, at the same time, replying to the complaints of Turkey, who now wants to alter the Suez Canal Convention afresh. However, it appears as if the diplomatic recriminations between Italy and France will cease for the present, as M. Goblet expressly states in his latest Note that there is no advantage in prolonging the discussion, which must now be left to the judgment of the Powers. This Circular is not specially noteworthy, being merely a repetition of past arguments on the justice of the French claim, with a categorical denial of Signor Crispi's assertions. Meanwhile Italy is quite satisfied with her own case, and vastly pleased with Signor Crispi for so energetically upholding her rights. Indeed, the whole dispute has undoubtedly strengthened the Premier's position, which otherwise might have been affected by the continued ill-fortune of the Italian arms on the Red Sea. It is a further proof of the popularity of the present régime that King Humbert has been heartily welcomed at the autumn manoeuvres in the Romagna, though this province was formerly a perfect revolutionary hotbed.

Domestic affairs in FRANCE are moderately quiet, after the electoral excitement of last week. General Boulanger has gone for a holiday in Sweden, leaving a few Parthian darts, in the shape of grateful addresses to the three Departments who elected him, wherein he politely speaks of the "worm-eaten edifice of Parliamentarism." He also visited Lisieux, where he was most enthusiastically received, and bade the people rally to the Republic. Yet with all his Republican sentiments the General does not disdain the support of the Royalists, who seem somewhat undecided towards Boulangism. Thus one prominent Orleanist, M. Bocher, studiously omitted all references to the General during an important demonstration at Pont l'Évêque in favour of the Comte de Paris. Moreover at the Comte's birthday banquet in Paris, another foremost Royalist chief, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, merely spoke of the movement as ephemeral and transient, without any decided condemnation. M. Jules Ferry, in the Vosges, was not so mild when he denounced the "wretched venture which has just triumphed in three Departments." Hitherto the Boulangists exulted in the uneasiness they caused in Germany, but they are rather crestfallen at an article in the *North German Gazette* declaring the national indifference to Boulangist successes. A more healthy excitement has been stirred up in France by the naval manoeuvres off Toulon. The French squadron was mobilised with great rapidity and success, and the only complaint is that the navy is grievously short of cruisers. M. Mollard, a prominent figure in diplomatic circles has passed away. He was introducer of Ambassadors, and during his career had served five Heads of the State and 1,200 Ministers.

The Emperor of GERMANY is gradually working through his series of Royal visits. The warm reception accorded to the King of Denmark was much noted in Berlin, and construed as an effort to distinguish between friendly family relationship and political agreement with the Danes. On Monday the Emperor visited the King of Saxony at Dresden, where he was most heartily greeted, and now he will enjoy his favourite military pursuits until the end of September. Then Emperor William starts for Italy, intending to visit King Humbert first and then the Austrian Emperor, in order that he may join the Austrian hunting parties. He has also been to Sonnenberg for a Chapter of the Order of St. John, of which he is Protector as King of Prussia, and took the opportunity to call on his nobility to aid him in raising the national standard of religion and morals. The Emperor's letters to Von Moltke on his resignation, now published, cause much interest from their affectionate and flattering terms. A terrible fire has occurred at Hamburg, in the Steinwarden suburb, where a considerable area of warehouses is destroyed, containing property to the amount of 300,000*l.* Fourteen persons are also missing. German activity in West Africa has resulted in taking possession of Addebar, near the Dahomean territory. The Germans aver that the place is merely occupied for exploring purposes, and does not touch the English trade route, but other reports assert that they have built a fort—Bismarckburg. Further, in East Africa they are stated to have come to grief with the natives, when taking over the administration of their portion of territory from the Sultan of Zanzibar.

BULGARIA grows more hopeful of being left in peace now that rumours prevail of Russia's disappointment that the Powers would allow her to coerce the Province. It is even said that the Czar is growing indifferent in the matter, though this looks more like wise acceptance of the inevitable. At all events for a year Bulgaria has done very well without international recognition, and she is content to let well alone. M. Stambouloff distinctly asserts this view of the matter, and flatly contradicts all reports of his disagreements with Prince Ferdinand. Speaking to an interviewer, the Minister highly praised the Prince's tact and judgment, and added that Bulgaria will not allow him either to abdicate or to be driven away. The brigand trouble is abating, as twelve of the marauders have been hanged, and others caught and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Alarmed by these sharp measures the brigands have released the photographer, M. Stoiannoff, without ransom.—EGYPT anxiously watches the Nile, which at present continues low and unfavourable. The cotton and maize crops are therefore threatened, while with a bad Nile the fellahen will be starved and unable to pay taxes. There has been an important dervish defeat near Wady Halfa. The dervishes attacked and captured Fort Khormoussa, but a detachment of Soudanese, under Lieut. Machell, came up from Wady Halfa, and killed eighty of the invaders besides repulsing the main body.—In TURKEY the British and French Ambassadors summon the Porte to sign the Suez Canal Convention, all other Powers having consented.

Afghan politics have again become prominent in INDIA. At the Ameer's request a confidential mission will shortly be sent by the Government to Cabul, in order to clear away such doubtful points as may exist between the two Governments. The Mission will be headed by Mr. Durand, Foreign Secretary—who is an old acquaintance of Abduraman's, having arranged the preliminaries for his visit to Rawul Pindi—and will include Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, Private Secretary to the Viceroy, Colonel Chamberlain, Persian interpreter to the Commander-in-Chief, a military Attaché, and a doctor, escorted by about 100 native troops. Leaving on October 1st, the Mission expect to stay a fortnight in Cabul, and return by November 1st. It is expressly stated that the Ameer has not invited the Mission just now owing to any special circumstances, but that the mere invitation is a proof of his goodwill towards England. However, though the chief discussion between Abduraman and the British Envoy may turn on the Ameer's dealings with the frontier tribes of Chitral and the Punjab, and the question of his successor, it is evident that the present attitude of Ishak Khan must enter into consideration. Ishak and the Ameer, who are cousins, were together under Russian protection till Abduraman's accession in 1880, when Ishak was made Governor of Afghan Turkestan. The cousins remained on the best terms till quite recently, when Ishak Khan seems to have shown his independence and his hopes of succession too plainly during the Ameer's illness. Abduraman bade him come to Cabul, but Ishak refused, scenting danger, and followed up his refusal by revolt. As yet, however, he has met with indifferent support. To turn from the Western to the Eastern frontier, the Sikkim-Tibet quarrel remains in much the same condition. The Tibetans still delay their attack, although they nightly prowled round the British positions, and have apparently brought up cannon into the Jalapa Pass. They seem quite satisfied that they could oust the British directly at need, and obstinately refuse to treat on any condition but the absolute withdrawal of our troops from Sikkim. Happily, their delay has given time for the reinforcements to reach Colonel Graham, the detachment of the Derbyshire Regiment having struggled up from Padong through violent rains and many transport difficulties. As the Tibetans have bridged the Rungpur in several places to threaten the British communications, Lieutenant Justice with a small force has been seeking out and cutting the bridges. Meanwhile, though the English are kept out of Tibet, Colonel Prejavalsky, with a Cossack escort, hopes to penetrate to Lhasa during his coming exploring expedition in Central Asia. Another little war is also decided on. The Indian Government will send a punitive expedition of seven thousand men to the Black Mountain in October. All the home news in India is purely military, from the proposal to re-organise the Presidencies' command to the coming Simla Conference with the Punjab chiefs respecting the disposition of their forces for Government aid if necessary. The arrangements made at the Conference will probably serve as a model for the other native States who have offered to help, and the Maharajah of Ulwar has already asked for a British officer to put his army in order. Lord Dufferin leaves Bombay on December 14th.

From ZULULAND rumour persistently repeats that Dinizulu has been caught by the Transvaal Boers, and handed over to the British. Nothing definite, however, is officially announced save that the revolt is over and the British troops are returning to their former stations. The Transvaal authorities continue most amiable, and the incident of the Boer Commander Grobelaar invading the territory of the chief Khama, who is under British protection, seems likely to be cleared up satisfactorily, both parties acknowledging the affair to be an accidental encounter. At the CAPE the Parliament has passed the South African Customs Bill.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS, the Lord Mayor of London has been enthusiastically fêted at Termonde in BELGIUM, his birthplace, a picturesque historical procession being arranged in M. de Keyser's honour. Plentiful compliments were paid to England and her institutions.—In AUSTRIA the International Corn Market has met at Vienna, reporting on the general harvest of the world. Count Andrassy, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs, has been seriously ill, but is recovering.—Like her neighbours, SPAIN is considering her defences. A chain of forts will be built along the Pyrenean frontier, and the Queen-Regent has just inaugurated the first fortress, near San Sebastian.—RUSSIA is preparing military mobilisation in the South, to be witnessed by the Czar, who goes thence for his tour in the Caucasus. A disastrous fire has occurred at Orenburg on the Ural, rendering ten thousand persons homeless.—Strikes trouble NEW SOUTH WALES. The miners in the Newcastle district are out, and Melbourne fears a coal famine, affecting her gas supply.



THE QUEEN is now settled at Balmoral for the autumn. Prince and Princess Henry and their children, the Grand Duke of Hesse and Princess Alix, and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught, are with Her Majesty, while the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse has gone back to Germany. The Royal party arrived at Balmoral on Saturday morning, having travelled all night from Blythswood, and during the afternoon Princess Frederica of Hanover came over from Abergeldie to see the Queen. Sunday being the anniversary of the Prince Consort's birthday, the gentlemen of the Royal Household and the servants and attendants of the Balmoral, Abergeldie, and Birkhall estates assembled at the Obelisk at noon and drank to his memory. Her Majesty and the Royal Family meanwhile attended Divine Service at Balmoral as usual. On Monday Princess Frederica dined with the Queen, and the Grand Duke of Hesse went out deerstalking, while on Tuesday Sir Augusta Paget had audience of Her Majesty. The Court returns south on November 22nd.

The Prince of Wales leaves Homburg early next week, when he will join his uncle, Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg, at Coburg, and accompany him to his hunting-lodge, Reinhardtsbrunn, in the Thuringian Forest. Thence he pays a flying visit to Gmunden to see his wife and sisters-in-law, and is expected about the 10th inst. in Vienna, to thank the Austrian Emperor for his appointment as Colonel of the 12th Hussars. He will stay with the Emperor for the army manoeuvres at Belovar, also accompanying him to Gdöllö in Hungary, and will afterwards join the Crown Prince to hunt in Styria. Meanwhile the Prince has entertained the King of Denmark and Prince John at Homburg, and has been over to Frankfurt to hear *Lohengrin*. The Princess remains at Gmunden with the Duchess of Cumberland, and the Empress of Russia, with her eldest son and daughter, has joined the party. A large garden-party was given in the Princess's honour on Saturday in the Queen of Hanover's villa close by, and on Tuesday the Princess and her family visited the Archduke Johann at Castle Orth. In the evening they witnessed some amateur theatricals. On his return to England the Prince will attend Derby races on November 12th, staying with Lord Hindlip at Doveridge Hall.—Prince Albert Victor is visiting Viscount and Viscountess Downe at Danby Lodge, Grosmont, Yorkshire.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been to Constantinople this week as the Sultan's guest, to witness the festivities in honour of the anniversary of the Imperial accession. He arrived on Wednesday in the *Surprise*, and was received with great honours, staying at the Genshu Palace on the Sweet Waters. He left the Mediterranean Squadron in Besika Bay, after bringing the squadron from Smyrna, the vessels experiencing intense heat during the cruise.—The Duchess of Connaught has attended a ladies' class of the St. John Ambulance Society at Poona, and passed her examination well. The Duke distributed the certificates to the successful competitors in the various classes.—The King of the Netherlands is much better.—The King of the Belgians has gone home from Scotland.



THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (From our Special Correspondent) —The Birmingham Festival is being held under somewhat unlucky conditions. The net profits of the Festival (including, of course, donations at the doors) have been gradually dropping off during the past few years, and, at this Festival, they bid fair to be even still further reduced. In 1873, no less than 6,577*l.* was netted, but, in 1885, the total had been reduced to 3,360*l.* This year, if the evidence of ballot receipts (one-third less than in 1882) be any criterion, the takings will be smaller than ever. It appears that the townsfolk resent the failure to secure a new work from a musician of commanding eminence. But this is clearly not the fault of the Committee. Dvorák (who we regret to hear is suffering from brain disease), after promising an oratorio on the subject of Cardinal Newman's "Dream of St. Gerontius," was so disappointed with the non-success of *St. Ludmila* that he resolved to stay his hand. M. Gounod was unwilling and Dr. Mackenzie was unable to finish an oratorio in time. Sir Arthur Sullivan, who was applied to first, absolutely refused, and Mr. Cowen had nothing ready. Dr. Hubert Parry and Dr. J. F. Bridge accordingly agreed to contribute new works, and we are bound to say that both the former's oratorio *Judith*, and the latter's cantata *Callirhoe*, are excellent examples of English art. But Birmingham will have none of them, and, although the bookings picked up a little later, yet the advance sale was only 525*l.* for the one, and 545*l.* for the other. The fickleness of Birmingham taste was alluded to by Mendelssohn, and the fault seems now to have been repeated, for, whereas three years ago Antonin Dvorák was treated as a sort of popular hero, yet this year his masterpiece in sacred music, the *Stabat Mater*, was performed before a miserably small paying audience, "dead-heads" being of course left out of count.

The Festival forces are pretty much the same as in 1885. The orchestra differs from that which Sir Michael Costa was wont to direct, the strings being fewer, and largely manned by foreigners, while the horns are doubled, the reed wind, as usual at this Festival, being accorded twice the ordinary allowance. The band numbers one hundred and forty-two, whereof eighty-six are strings, and forty violins. The chorus consists, in round numbers, of one hundred sopranos, sixty-five female and twenty-six male altos, eighty-six tenors, and ninety-two basses, or three hundred and sixty-eight in all. The quality of this chorus is for the most part exceedingly good, particularly on the part of the tenors and basses, and as all but about twenty of them are paid singers, it goes almost without saying that they are picked performers, and that there has been no difficulty in securing their attendance at rehearsals.

The rehearsals, indeed, have this year been more numerous than ever. Choral rehearsals innumerable have been held in Birmingham, and the band rehearsals were spread over eight days, at two of which the chorus and principal artists assisted. All this, of course, increases the expenses, but at the same time it secures a performance as excellent in every respect as the materials employed and other conditions will allow.

Of the performance of *Elijah* on Tuesday it is not necessary to say much. Dr. Richter's tempi differ somewhat from those usually adopted, although we are not disposed to quarrel with them. Mr. Santley was not in his best voice, but he sang the music of the Prophet with all his old fervour; Mr. Lloyd took the whole of the tenor music, while Madame Albani and Miss Anna Williams shared the soprano, and Mesdames Trebelli and Patey the contralto parts, being assisted in the double quartet by Miss Ambler, Messrs. Piercy, Brereton, and Foli.

The concert on Tuesday evening opened with Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*. Here, again, there is no need to enter into minute details.

The Bohemian composer's setting of the old Latin hymn has long ago been recognised as his best sacred work, and, although it apparently is somewhat above the heads of Birmingham, yet its admirable performance was fully appreciated by those who were present. The chief parts were undertaken by Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, Messrs. Piercy and Santley. All did well, the young Birmingham tenor especially distinguishing himself in the "Fac me vere." The miscellaneous programme included Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony, Liszt's third Hungarian rhapsody, and a new song from *Esmeralda* for Madame Albani, which secured a recall.

On Wednesday morning was produced Dr. Hubert Parry's *Judith*, the chief novelty of the festival. In this oratorio Dr. Parry has cast aside some of the pretentiousness which characterises the school of which he was formerly believed to be a member, and although he has adopted instead a curious mixture of styles, he is now for the most part melodious to a fault, and his orchestration and other workmanship are admirable. He employs leading motives, but only to a limited extent, and mostly to emphasise, or illustrate, certain scenes and characters. The principal motives thus used may be labelled those of Moloch, of Consolation, of Retribution, and of Doom. The story is that of Judith, taken from the Apocrypha, but as the principal incident of that story is unfit for oratorio treatment, the libretto is largely based upon the idolatry of Moloch in the reign of Manasseh, in whose time Judith's history is supposed to have occurred. The oratorio, after a brief prelude, opens in the Valley of Hinnom, where a procession of worshippers enter to celebrate their rites. The scene in which King Manasseh is informed that his own children have been chosen for the sacrifice is very powerful, both from the musical and the dramatic point of view, the semi-chorus of priests, the agonising tones of the King, and the fierce cry of the people, "Bring now the children," being particularly fine. A calmer tone prevails over the next scene, which is between the children and their mother. Nothing more quaintly pretty than the contralto ballad of the Deliverance of Israel from Egypt (sung by Madame Patey) exists in the oratorio. One of the children, too (a boy from Westminster Abbey), delivers a pretty song, and the scene closes when the priests take the children away, and Judith (Miss Anna Williams) sings a somewhat conventional air of comfort. The sacrifice follows, the dignified utterances of the King, the tripping choruses of the people, the sterner music of the priests, and the fierce denunciations of Judith affording some excellent contrasts. The Assyrians approach, heralded by the motive of Doom, and a remarkably fine chorus, in which the styles of Jews and Heathens are kept very distinct, records the Assyrian victory. An intermezzo shows Manasseh's repentance in captivity, and then follows the King's return. This music is hardly equal to that which has preceded it, although it contains a fine chorus, "Our king has come again," the impious message of the Assyrian general, sung by Mr. Santley, with its pendant chorus, and a capital chorus of the people as Judith leaves on her errand. The best portion of the second part is, however, the scene at break of day, when the king and the watchman are conversing, and Judith enters with the enemy's head. The battle chorus of Jews follows, and then the tenor song of the king, curiously enough written in the Handel style, but delivered with immense spirit by Mr. Lloyd. Another song for the soprano, and then comes the usual jubilant chorus to finish a somewhat unequal, but on the whole undoubtedly fine work. No finer performance than that under Dr. Richter could possibly have been desired, and at its conclusion the composer was called to the platform and was enthusiastically cheered.

Robert Franz' Psalm for double choir which followed is an early and not particularly interesting composition. On Wednesday evening was given *The Golden Legend*, the announcement of which without the composer's permission led to a somewhat smart correspondence between Sir Arthur Sullivan and the Festival authorities, to which it is not necessary to more particularly refer. The cast, at any rate, was the strongest available, it including Mesdames Albani and Trebelli, Messrs. Lloyd and Foli. Neither Madame Trebelli nor Signor Foli seemed to be thoroughly at ease, nor indeed was Dr. Richter quite at his best, if indeed certain arbitrary changes of tempo, particularly in the journey and sea-side scenes form any criterion. The chorus carried off the honours, particularly for a remarkably fine rendering of "God sent His messenger the rain." On Thursday Robert Franz' edition of the *Messiah* was announced, with a new organ "Offertoire" by Mr. J. F. Barnett, by way of *entr'acte*.

NOTES.—The Hereford Festival rehearsals will take place in London next Thursday, and at Hereford next Monday.—M. Jean de Reszke has refused to renew his existing contract at the Paris Opéra. But he will sing there from October to June 1st, when he comes to Covent Garden, so that the reports of his engagement for America are baseless.—M. Capoul has resolved to create the chief tenor part in Paris in M. Godard's opera, *Focelyn*, of the libretto of which he is part author.—M. Lamoureux and M. Colonne, from Paris, both propose to bring their celebrated orchestras to London next year for the purpose of giving concerts.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRIP DOWN THE DANUBE

"It's a great mistake to hurry—especially when you are out for pleasure."

Most people admit the truth of this axiom; very few act upon it. That is to say, very few English people, for a strange restlessness seems to infect us when once we start off wandering, and a desire to get to some other place is the dominant idea of the ordinary Britisher. Being ordinary Britishers ourselves, and therefore subject to this malady, we thought it would not be a bad idea to try and avoid it by going on a tour on which it would be almost impossible to hurry. For some time we entertained the idea of a voyage on a log raft down some big river, but, when the actual details of raft life were discussed, it did not seem so inviting. Besides, on a log raft you could not stop even if you wanted to, so then the element of hurry would come in again in another form, and, being compulsory, would be all the worse. A quiet evening's row on the Thames settled the question. Of all the varied forms of craft that navigate those placid waters, there is nothing to equal a house-boat for calm enjoyment and utter absence of all sense of hurry.

Therefore we decided on a house-boat. But we had also decided on going down some big river. Now most of the big rivers of Europe are rather rapid, therefore an ordinary house-boat would not do; and, besides, an ordinary house-boat requires men servants, and, perhaps, even maid servants—and where would then be our chance of peace? So the house-boat gradually dwindled down in size until it came to be about twenty-three feet long from stem to stern, and about six feet wide. The house part was made to take down and fold up in case of emergency. This arrangement would have been very useful, if only the emergency would have given us notice of its coming—but as it didn't, the result was not satisfactory.

One Herr Hielbroner, a boat builder in Ulm, was most zealous in carrying out the details of our plan, but as all the instructions had to be given by letter, it was not without some trepidation that we went down to his boat yard to see the result of our voluminous correspondence. It certainly was not handsome, but then German river boats never are, or at least never were in those days, they have rather improved lately. "Isn't she rather flat-bottomed?" inquired my friend. "Oh, that's all the better for getting over sand-banks," answered the builder. "Are not the planks rather thick?" said I.

"That's necessary on account of the rocks," said he. The oars were next examined, and found to be somewhat similar to elongated wooden spades working on iron swivels instead of in rowlocks. "They are quite good enough," said Herr Hielbroner, "the current will take you three or four miles an hour—you said you did not want to go fast—besides, there has been so much rain lately, that you will have an extra strong stream."

These observations were rather the reverse of comforting, and the idea of navigating this unwieldy craft down a flood stream, over shoals and rocks, with just a couple of paddles like this to give steerage way, did not seem at all inviting. However, we were in for it now, so we set to work purchasing stores and fitting in our hammocks, cooking-stove, &c. The interior really looked quite comfortable that night when it was all finished, and a heavy thunder-storm came very opportunely to enable us to test the efficiency of our tarpaulin roof. Tarpaulin, certainly, is not as cheerful a covering in the daytime as canvas, but there was such a lot of rain that summer that we had no cause to regret having chosen the sturdier substance.

The first few miles from Ulm did not present many difficulties, the country was pretty flat, but pleasantly diversified with fields and trees; the water was bright and sparkling, and ran swiftly enough to give us a little gentle excitement now and then when we stuck on a shoal, or when an extra large stone succeeded in reversing the relative positions of bow and stern. The shoals, however, had their good points, for they afforded a safe anchorage for the night, and effectually defended us from the danger of being run down by the log rafts, which often make a nocturnal voyage when it is clear and fine.

The most objectionable things on the river were the huge mill-wheels, with one end of their axles on shore, and the other supported by a large barge. They were always placed just where the current ran strongest, and it required careful manoeuvring to keep our clumsy vessel in the slack part of the stream and well away from those heavy floats, for there was no boom nor anything to prevent us being sucked right under the wheel.

Unfortunately, we succeeded so well for the first thirty miles or so that we became over-confident, and rashly consented to give a lift to some hot and dusty German "Handwerksburschen," who looked enviously at us shooting swiftly under a long wooden bridge that they were wearily tramping across. They say that kind actions always bring their own reward in the long run. There must be an uncommon long run attached to this action, for the only result we have noticed as yet was the loss of all our kit, which doubtless slowly made its way to the Black Sea. This accident was caused by the piles of a wooden bridge, through which a pelting stream ran sideways. We had allowed one of the German workmen to take a turn at the paddles while my mate and the rest put up the house and took shelter from a sudden storm. The poor man got frightened at hearing the noise of the water rushing through the bridge, he dropped his oars at the critical moment, and consequently our craft was carried against the piles, and stuck fast. We might have got her off if we had been alone, but as none of the Germans could swim, they quickly succeeded in upsetting the boat. It took us four days to refit and get a new supply of clothes, bedding, cooking-material, portmanteaus, watches, &c., and then we started off again, "diesmal ohne Handwerksburschen," as the *Neue Freie Presse* grimly remarked in its account of the accident.

It might be wearisome to give a long account of the cruise, though it was exciting enough to us at the time; but I would certainly advise any one who contemplates trying it to take either a tent or a boat that can be slept in, as hotels are few and far between, and it is annoying to have to leave the most beautiful bits just at the pleasantest time of day, merely because the nearest inn is ten miles off. We drifted about four hundred miles altogether, and spent nearly three weeks over it. There were so many interesting places that we could have easily spent double the time without finding it dull.

H. G. S.



A BILL to constitute the long-suggested Court of Appeal in criminal cases, empowered to deal with questions of fact as well as of law, has been issued. It gives an absolute right of appeal to all persons convicted of any criminal offence in England and Wales. In its decisions, the Court may reverse, annul, or affirm, a conviction, and set aside, remit, or reduce a sentence, but it may not increase any sentence. The Bill is backed by Mr. Anderson, Sir John Simon, Sir Albert Rollit, Mr. Rowntree, and Mr. Bradlaugh.

A CORONER'S INQUEST was held on Wednesday on the body of Mr. Simmons, the well-known aeronaut and the hero of nearly five hundred balloon ascents, who was killed on Monday, a little after 5 P.M., when descending from a balloon in which, the same afternoon, he had ascended from the Irish Exhibition at Olympia. The attempt to descend was made at Ulling, in Essex, two or three miles from Maldon. Among the witnesses examined were Mr. Simmons's two companions in the balloon, Mr. Miers, of the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, and Mr. Field, photographer, of Brighton, whose depositions were taken in bed, the former of them having, it is feared, received an internal injury, while the latter had his thigh fractured and his leg broken. From their evidence, supplemented by that of some local eyewitnesses of the catastrophe, it seems that the grappling irons thrown out to effect the descent got entangled in a tree. The balloon then bumped against the ground, rose again, and after thus falling and rebounding twice or thrice it burst at a considerable height in the air, and the car fell with great velocity to the ground. All its three inmates were unconscious when extricated from the wreckage. Mr. Simmons had received a fracture of the skull, and died without recovering consciousness. Mr. P. Spencer, aeronaut and balloon manufacturer, gave evidence to the effect that the bursting of the balloon was due to the force of the wind, and he referred with regret to the growing disposition of aeronauts to make balloon ascents without regard to the prevailing weather, in order not to disappoint the public. The jury returned a simple verdict of "Accidental death."

THE SHOCKING CASE of combined parricide and suicide at Surbiton was investigated at a Coroner's Inquest on Tuesday. The victim, Major Thomas Hare, formerly in the Enniskillings, and afterwards in the Cape Mounted Rifles, had retired from the Army, and was residing with his wife at Surbiton. His third son, Gordon Hare, thirty-three years of age, in early life emigrated to farm in America, but at the time of the tragedy was of no occupation, and was allowed by his family a guinea a week. He thought himself financially ill-treated by them, and was always very excitable, especially on that subject. He had twice been prosecuted for threatening his father's life, and since then has frequently been to his parents' house, where orders were given not to admit him. On Saturday he called on his brother, Maynard Hare, who was one of the principal witnesses at the inquest, and showed him some revolver cartridges, remarking that it was a matter of life and death, but did not directly threaten his father. On Friday last week he called at the house at Surbiton, when his father quietly walked him down the steps, telling him he

was trespassing, and he went away without offering any resistance. A little after seven on Sunday evening he called again, and, not being admitted when he knocked, he sat down on the top step before the door. A few minutes before eight his father returned home from church. According to the evidence of a maid-servant, the son said in an angry tone, "Major Hare," and immediately afterwards two discharges of firearms were heard. Gordon Hare had shot his father and then himself. Major Hare died soon afterwards, Gordon Hare immediately. The jury returned a verdict that Major Hare died from a bullet wound inflicted by his son, and that the latter committed suicide when in an unsound state of mind.

THE EXAMINATION OF CASEY was resumed at the Guildhall on Tuesday, when evidence was given in support of the charge which was brought against him in connection with the robbery of Uruguay and Ohio and Mississippi bonds, and which was fully detailed in this column last week. Evidence was also adduced to prove a fresh charge against him—that of stealing and receiving two Spanish bonds of 95*l.* 6*s.* each, which were found at his lodgings when he was arrested. The prisoner, who reserved his defence, was committed for trial.

SYDNEY FROUD, eighteen, described as a grocer's assistant at West Ham, was charged at the Westminster Police Court with removing the lock-pin of the fore-rudder of the steamer *Bridegroom*, so that it became unmanageable, and struck against the piles of the new Battersea Bridge, receiving considerable damage from the collision, which severely injured several of the passengers. The steamer ran between Kew and London Bridge, and was crowded with passengers, and the collision taking place at 8.20 P.M., when darkness had set in, caused a great commotion among them. The offence having been proved, Mr. D'Eyncourt said that the prisoner's guilt was clear, but that what could be done to him for such a senseless trick was another matter. He remanded Froud for a week, requiring substantial bail.



THE TURF.—"Is bookmaking a failure?" is the latest question of the day. "Truth," writing to a sporting contemporary, says that it is, and ascribes the failure to the increasing number of unsettled accounts and defaulting backers. Well, it may be so, and it may be, also, that being so, the world in general would not be very much worse off than it is at present. But, to judge by the number of loud-voiced gentlemen, with yet louder clothes, who continue to flaunt their diamond studs and shout the odds in the ring, we fancy that "Truth" is unduly despondent. At any rate, no one will be sorry to learn that one form of bookmaking, "welshing" to wit, is a failure in at least one part of Her Majesty's dominions. A New South Wales specimen, known as "Mary Jane," has recently been ordered to pay 8*l.* and costs, or, in default, to go to prison for six months for repudiating a wager made at the Rosehill Meeting.

A truly unlucky horse is Lord Zetland's Grey Friars. At the Stockton Meeting, on Thursday, last week, it came in first for the Cup but was disqualified for "boring," and the race awarded to Eastern Beauty. Later on, Grey Friars was pulled out again for the Norton Plate, again came in first, and was again disqualified, this time for carrying too much weight, which seems rather hard. Dunblane, which has been very successful of late, won two races at the Warwick Meeting, while Greywellthorpe also added another to his list of victories. At the newly instituted meeting of the East Riding Club, held at Hull last week, Forbidden Fruit won the Asley Handicap Plate on the first day, while on Saturday Lobster secured the Great East Riding Handicap Plate for Mr. Spence, Warblay, which came in first, being disqualified for "boring." Mounted policemen are out of place on a racecourse. In the Yarborough Handicap the horse of one of them collided with Jessie, ridden by John Osborne, knocked her over, and robbed her of the race. Worse than that, the mare was so injured that she died shortly afterwards, while Osborne's collar-bone was dislocated. He is progressing favourably, we are glad to say, but will not be seen in the saddle for some time. At Alexandra Park Mr. Heasman won the Middlesex Handicap with St. Dominic, and the Wood Green Plate with Corinia. Watts, who now heads the list of jockeys, rode a couple of winners.

At the York Meeting on Tuesday the Great Breeders' Convivial Produce Stakes and the Yorkshire Oaks shared the interest. The former was won by Wenonah for Lord Londonderry, Lady Clifton being second, and The Solent third; the latter fell to Mr. Douglas Baird's Briar-Root, which was followed home by Fallow Chat and Hall Mark. Stronvar walked over for the Thirty-second Biennial, and Forbidden Fruit scored again in the Zetland Stakes. Next day the last-named added yet another victory to his credit in the Londesborough Plate. Most interest on this day was naturally taken in the Great Ebor Handicap Plate, on which a lot of betting had already been done. In this Mr. Abington's Althorp had been favourite, but owing to a doubt regarding the weight he was to carry he was scratched at the last moment, and Treasurer started in most demand. The race fell, however, to a rank outsider in Mr. W. Sanderson's Nappa. Tommy Tittlemouse was second and Hungarian third. Chouffeur won the Knavesmire Plate. All doubt as to Friar's Balsam's chance of regaining his lost laurels in the Leger were set at rest early in the week, when the pen was put through his name, as it was found impossible to give him a proper preparation.

CRICKET.—Some remarks upon the county season, which finished in dismal weather on Wednesday, will be found among our "Topics of the Week." Surrey, owing to the batting of Abel (96) and the bowling of Lohmann (seven wickets for 17 runs) had all the best of its drawn game with Gloucestershire; Notts, which drew Lancashire last week, made another draw with Middlesex; and Yorkshire, which defeated Kent last week, scored a very narrow victory over Sussex. Next week we shall have some remarks to make regarding the averages. The bowling of Hulme and Phillips, who took ten wickets for 50 runs and eight for 56 respectively, was the chief factor in the defeat of the Australians at the Crystal Palace last week by a not very powerful "England Eleven." The Colonials at Portsmouth this week had, however, all the best of their drawn match with the United Universities team. The Parsees have won two matches since we last wrote, against Richmond and the Gentlemen of East Surrey. Of other matches we may note the return between Surrey and Leicestershire, in which the brilliant batting of Mr. Bowden enabled the champion county to take its revenge, the easy victory of Middlesex over Gloucestershire, and the big score of 601 (S. Colman 238) made by the Crystal Palace against Eastbourne. Against this the brilliant bowling of Mr. C. Green for the Magpie C.C. deserves mention. In eight matches he took thirty-two wickets (twenty-six of them bowled) for 52 runs!

THE RING.—Things have gone badly with the great J. L. Sullivan since he left our too-hospitable shores. He is said to have indulged too freely of late in the cheering cup, with the result that he has had a series of disasters. First, he let off a pistol in his hand, and damaged his terrible knuckles; next, while driving, he managed to collide with another vehicle, and damage himself again; and, finally, he has been had up at the police-court, and fined for



ONE OF MANSER'S POLICE



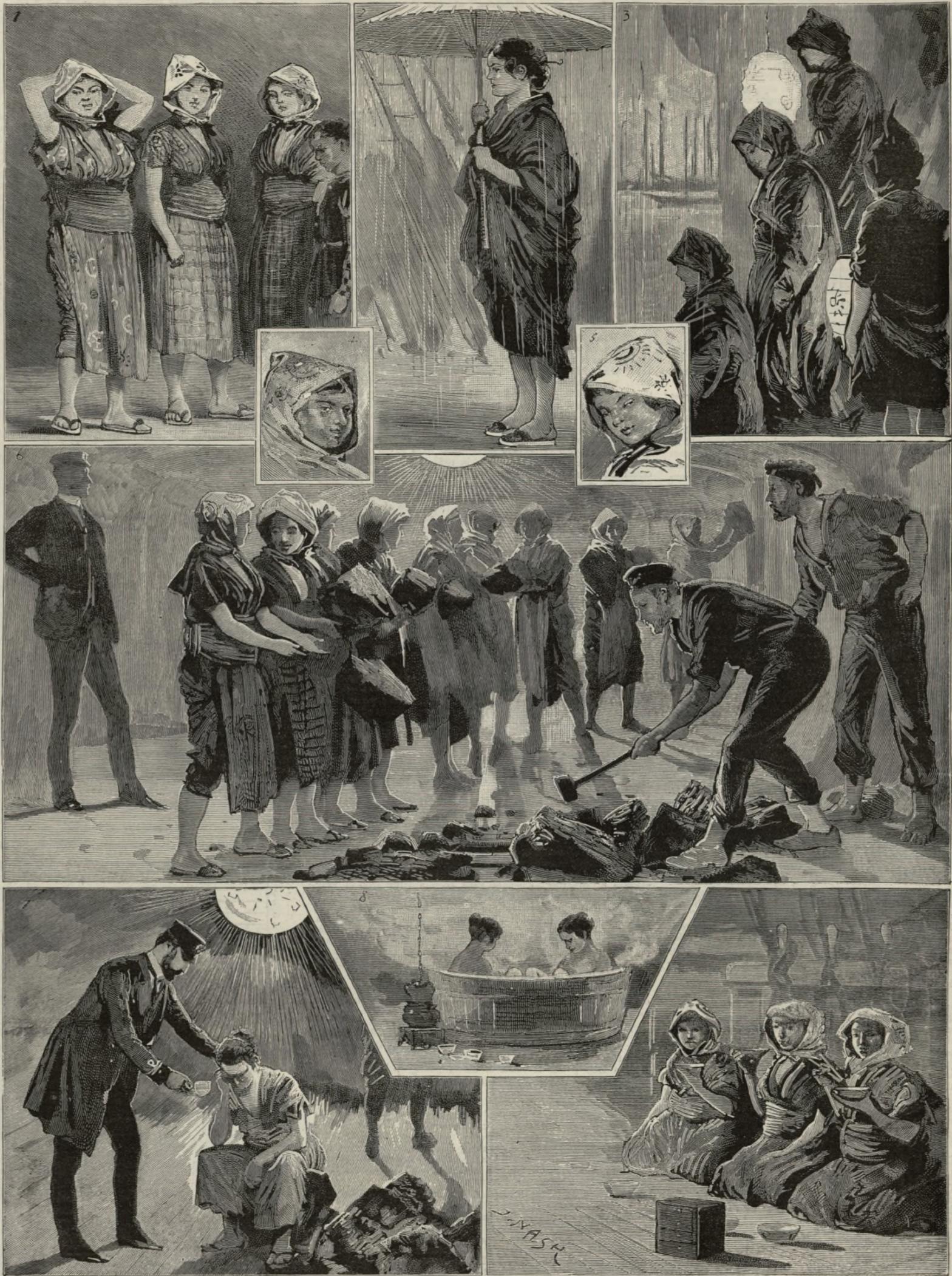
BASUTOS OF KLUBI'S LEVY



THE ATTACK ON THE SLOBEKULU FASTNESS HELD BY THE REBEL CHIEF SHINGAAN



THE RELIEF OF N'DWANDWE (AFTER USIBEPU'S DEFEAT BY DINIZULU) —NOVEL DUTIES FOR THE 6TH DRAGOONS: CARRYING BLACK BABIES ACROSS THE BLACK UMVOLOOSI THE REBELLION OF DINIZULU, SON OF CETEWAYO, IN ZULULAND



1. Arrival  
 2. A Lady Superior  
 3. 3 A.M., Departure

4 and 5. Two of the Workers after an Hour of it  
 6. Passing along: A Source of Innocent Merriment

7. An Injured Coolie  
 8. After the Work is Over  
 9. A Few Minutes for Refreshments

WOMEN COALING A MAN-OF-WAR AT NAGASAKI, JAPAN

drunkenness. In fact the "Slogger" is getting "slogged" all round.

AQUATICS.—J. Nuttall, whose loss of form at the beginning of the season still remains a mystery, had not the slightest difficulty in retaining the 500 Yards Amateur Swimming Championship on Monday.—The latest sport for which a championship has been instituted is "water polo." Accordingly, a competition for the Amateur Water Polo Championship is now in progress. What next?—O'Connor the American oarsman, defeated Gaudaur last week, and has now challenged Teemer for the Sculling Championship of America; but there is a hitch in the negotiations.

THE THAMES BOATING UNION.—This association has been formed at 51, Moorgate Street to protect the interests of the boating public on the Thames, and to ensure proper legal assistance in cases of damage, &c., through carelessness. The question of the proper repair and maintenance of the locks, weirs, towpaths, &c., is also engaging the active attention of the Union. The work of the Union will be carried on by a council of delegates, elected by the members and by subscribing boating clubs, and by an executive Committee. It is obvious that concerted, constant, and well-directed efforts, such as those of the Thames Boating Union, can do much more for the benefit of the interests of boat owners than the divided efforts of individuals, and the new association, therefore, deserves their united support.

CYCLING.—Mr. J. H. Adams bicycled 54 miles in less than 3 hours last week (record).



THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBAN'S continues to progress towards recovery.

THE CLAIMS OF THE WYCLIF SOCIETY to more public support than it is receiving are temperately and instructively urged by a correspondent of the Times, who points out that before that Society was established, six years ago, the great bulk of Wyclif's writings remained in manuscript, and thus no complete estimate could be formed of the character of his teaching as a whole. Eight volumes of them have been issued, and not much more than 300l. per annum has been contributed by the British public to the furtherance of the enterprise. The editors have devoted themselves to the performance of their difficult task without remuneration, but, in spite of this, unless new subscribers come forward to fill up the "inevitable gaps" made by time in the original list, the enterprise may have to be abandoned. The interesting communication closes with the following intimation:—"A few years more ought now to complete the work; and a sum of ten guineas, in ready money, will probably be sufficient to discharge any new subscriber of all further liability." Those willing to join the Society should send their names to the Secretary, Mr. J. W. Standerwick, at the General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand.



I.

In the Universal Review, the opening article is by Canon MacColl, who writes very thoughtfully under the heading "A New Political Departure." He is of opinion that men of Conservative opinion should be the foremost of all in agitating for some new departures, all the more so since "the prolongation of the agitation on the Irish Question has already forced on the Conservative party a new departure in another direction, which bodes mischief to their most cherished principles and privileges."—Noticeable also is Mr. Frederick Gale's illustrated paper, "Half a Century of Cricket."

"Ouida" laments eloquently in the Woman's World over the want of beauty in "The Streets of London." Oxford Street, she regards as the most painful and the most depressing thoroughfare that exists anywhere in the centre of any great city. "There is no earthly reason that I know of," she adds, "why Oxford Street should not be as beautiful and noble a street as the Maximilian-Strasse of Munich."—Some of "A Queen's Thoughts," by "Carmen Sylva," are really very creditable aphorisms. For example, we may quote:—"Many persons criticise in order not to seem ignorant. They do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture," and again: "Man is a violin, and it is only when the last chord is broken that he becomes a piece of wood."—Mrs. Cooper Oakley should find many delightful lady readers of her "History of the Bonnets of Queen Victoria's reign." The hats, it is to be feared, afford too dreary a monotony to tempt the literary analyst.

There is an excellent biographical paper in Temple Bar on the late Dean Hook, entitled "A Great Yorkshire Vicar." He was, as we know, a man of intense honesty. The following, from a letter of his to Bishop Wilberforce, is especially interesting:—"I was, to my misfortune, born and bred a Tory. When I devoted myself to the manufacturing districts, my sympathies being easily excited, I became heart and soul a Radical. But I have been timid in declaring myself, not liking to offend old friends. Had I been a public character, I should have swam down the stream from Toryism to Radicalism in a style easily understood by a good fat swimmer who seems scarcely to disturb the water. They might have pelted me from the shore, but I should have swam calmly on, and I should have shown how my principles of philanthropy were not changed but developed."—First rate short papers, too, are "Disraeli's Womankind" and "Matthew Arnold's Poetry."

Mr. W. H. Mallock writes in Scribner's, with much vivacity and freshness, about "Scenes in Cyprus," in which he treats of its general charm and fascination rather than of its specialised interests.—The Hon. Hugh McCulloch contributes "Memories of Some Contemporaries." After a public life of half a century, he gives, with much vividness, his impressions of eminent men whom he has known. Of Andrew Johnson he says:—"I differed from him upon some subjects; but I never had reason to doubt his patriotism or his personal or official integrity."—General Horace Porter in "Railway Passenger Travel," vouches for a train which ran between Churchville and Genesee Junction at a speed of eighty-seven miles an hour, and at several other parts of the same line at a speed of seventy or eighty miles an hour.

Most useful reading for the pedagogue will be found in Mr. R. Parkin's "Uppingham: An Ancient School worked on Modern Ideas," opening this month's Century of which, moreover, a "Portrait of Edward Thring" forms the frontispiece. Uppingham has been worked on very sound principles, and it can but do good that those principles should be widely known and appreciated.—There are certain astonishing revelations in Mr. George Kennan's striking article on "Exile by Administrative Process," in which he makes it abundantly clear that colossal wrongs are constantly inflicted in Russia from want of thought or ability on the part of high officials to do more than append their signatures to the documents affecting others, which come before them. For instance, we have a Mr. Lazareff exiled to the far recesses of Asia without his

having the remotest notion why it should all happen.—Mr. Charles M. Carter has a very suggestive paper on "The Industrial Idea in Education."

In Harper, Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell writes her first paper on "Our Journey to the Hebrides," whither she and her friends went with Dr. Johnson as a guide. Very pleasant papers these promise to be, especially as many charming woodcuts by Mr. Joseph Pennell, bring the wild Northern scenery close to the eye of the reader.—Professor E. S. Morse has some painful enlightenment for collectors of Japanese china in his well informed article on "Old Satsuma;" while Mr. Lafadio Hearn, in his "Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," paints in glowing colours the charms of Demerarian palms.



THE HARVEST is at last in full progress, though we have had to wait to the very last day of August before being able to announce the fact. If the same announcement is ordinarily made about the tenth of the month, then the season may be assumed as being as nearly as possible three weeks late. September, not August, must be the harvest month of 1888 in England, while, in Scotland, the completion of oat-cutting will certainly not be witnessed before Michaelmas is past. Even in France, the wheat-harvest is not yet over, and in England, south of the Thames, not more than half the corn is down. Comparing the returns made to one of the daily papers since 1881 with those of the present year, the wheat crop of 1888 ranks as very much the worst, the figures being on average expectations of 1,000 qrs. from a given area, 1881, 900; 1882, 922; 1883, 916; 1884, 1,122; 1885, 1,014, 1886, 868; 1887, 1,070, and 1888, 794. Barley has not been an over-average crop since 1881, though 1884, 1885, 1887, and the present year, all show very nearly an average. Barley, however, takes a great proportion of its value from its colour and quality, and these were both exceptionally good last year. An estimate just published puts this year's promise at 99 per cent., and last year's crop at 97 per cent. of a mean, but the quality of last year's crop may be returned to 10 to 20 per cent. better than that of the present year. Oats in 1888 will be the best of the cereal crops, as they both require, and are able to assimilate with advantage, more moisture than either wheat or barley. Covering nearly four and a-half million acres of the United Kingdom, and yielding in an average year five quarters to the acre, the oat crop of the present season may be put at about 22,500,000 quarters, a very large and substantial addition to the stock food of the country. The poor result of the wheat-harvest, which may now be regarded as inevitable, is the more felt, as it is undoubtedly due in an unusually large degree to the unsettled character of August. During July the wheat-plant, which had made a good winter start, resisted the evils of heavy rain and low temperature in a manner which surprised the agriculturist. A hot, fine, and dry August might have given us within ten per cent. of an average crop. But the hardness of the plant was not adamant; its powers of endurance failed at last. Many of the finest fields were beaten down to the ground, and in their laid condition were grown through and through by weeds in such a manner as to destroy all chance of the grain maturing properly. Everywhere all weeds have "thriven apace," and the soil has been denuded thereby of its power of nourishing the corn. The appearance of this year's wheat, where upright, is very deceptive; it is only on close examination that we discover the large number of defective and ungerminated grain-cells in each ear. There is also a grey mildew which escapes the casual gazer's eye. Straw is abundant in all the cereal crops, but it is not bright in colour, nor is it likely to prove of much value where cut and mixed with other articles as food for cattle. For thatching and such-like purposes, however, it will come in well, especially as last year's yield was very light. From Essex we hear that barley in that country is the best crop of the year, and clover-seed the worst. Wheat is all more or less blighted and defective in the ear, but peas, beans, and oats are good.

THE FRUIT-CROPS show a deficiency of apples in the two most important counties for their production, Devonshire and Kent. In South Wales, Monmouth, Hereford, and Worcestershires, however, the crop is often heavy, and the pears are likewise good in number. Quality and flavour are not expected to be satisfactory, owing to the absence of sunshine. Cherries have been a large crop of very inferior quality and value, both for eating and preserving. The yield of plums varies a good deal; they are late everywhere, but in Kent and the Eastern and Midland counties are a larger crop than in the South, South-West, and Western Counties. In connection with this subject, it may be mentioned that the Royal Agricultural Society, at their Windsor meeting next June, will award prizes for jams, fruit jellies, bottled fruit, preserved fruit for dessert, dried fruit for cooking, and fruit pulps.

THE NEW BOARD OF AGRICULTURE, in addition to the powers of the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council and of the Land Commission, which are transferred to it, is to have power to undertake the collection and preparation of statistics relating to agriculture, the inspection and reporting of any schools which are not public elementary schools, and in which technical instruction in agriculture is given, and in aid of any such school. The Board is also to have power to make or aid in making such inquiries and experiments, and collect, or aid in collecting, such information as the Committee of the Board may hold to be useful or beneficial to the agriculture of the country. Powers taken to transfer to the Board the powers and duties of other Government Departments which have at present co-ordinate jurisdiction with the new Department. The salary of the President of the Board is to be 2,000l. a year, and he is not to be debarred from sitting in the House of Commons. The staff of the Land Commission is transferred as a whole to the new Board, and the term Board of Agriculture is to mean also Horticulture and Forestry.

THE BRITISH DAIRY-FARMERS' ASSOCIATION have issued their programme for their Bi-Autumnal Show, commencing October 9th, at the Agricultural Hall. Considerable changes have been made in the Prize List. The judges are now required, in making their awards in the cattle classes, to take into consideration the milking powers of the cows, the number of calves they have produced in accordance with their age, and their aptitude to fatten. The general symmetry of the animal is also to be considered. Judges in the past have not neglected this last-named point, but it is well to express it definitely in their instructions. A class for Devons has been introduced, the cows to be in milk. The Red Polls of East Anglia are also provided with a class. Exhibitions of cross-bred cattle are in future to specify the exact nature of the cross, that is, the breed of the sire and dam respectively. There is a class for British-bred Jerseys, as well as for the cattle actually bred in the island. Pigs and goats are also to be exhibited, and, despite the gallant efforts of Mr. Holmes Pegler, the breeding and keeping of goats for milk does not thrive. Butter-making and cheese-making appliances will be exhibited on an extensive scale.

RYE GRASS.—Messrs. Sutton's recent experiments at Reading are of much importance to growers of rye grass. A pasture was sown down on an oat stubble in August, 1884. In one portion rye

grass-seed was included, and in the other it was excluded, additional quantities of cocksfoot and meadow fexne being employed in its place. In 1885, the produce of the mixture containing no rye-grass was so small that the crop was insufficient for the scythe to take hold of; the mixture including rye-grass gave, on the other hand, a crop equivalent to one ton of dry hay per acre. The returns for the three following years 1886, 1887, and 1888 are now before us, and show an average yield on the rye-grass mixture at the rate of 35 cwt. per annum per acre, and on the mixture from which rye-grass was excluded, of 33 cwt. Taking the four years' total return we have, with the rye-grass 20 plus 35 plus 35 plus 35=125 cwt., and for the pasture lacking rye-grass, only 0 plus 33 plus 33 plus 33=99 cwt. A net gain of 26 cwt. in three years, on each acre of pasture is a very substantial inducement to grow rye-grass.

HORSES.—The great Horse Fair at Horncastle last week was remarkable from increased supply of superior animals, and for the high prices paid for them. We are glad to see that the foreign inquiry for good English stock is rather increasing than diminishing, though this will prove disastrous in the end, unless our farmers really nerve themselves to increase their horse-breeding, and so provide enough good stock to meet a good demand both home and foreign. In the seven months ended 31st July, the number of horses exported was 6,382, as compared with 4,746 in the same seven months of 1887. The value was 413,625l. as compared with 266,594l.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A RATHER ambitious subject has been attempted in "Mary Magdalene, and Other Poems," by Mrs. Richard Greenough (Chapman and Hall, Limited), and the attempt has been crowned with a fair measure of success. The blank verse in which it is told is good of its kind—it reminds us rather of N. P. Willis at his best—but the author should beware of weak endings, and of a slight tendency to the use of the expletives. The story of the saint's early life and conversion, for which Mrs. Greenough had, of course, to draw upon her imagination, is remarkably well and effectively told; there is ingenuity in the idea that she had been, as a child, brought up in Corinth as a priestess of Aphrodite, and the scene at the banquet is good, where the words of Probus first awaken her sleeping conscience. But best of all is the episode of the box of ointment. After this the poem rather falls off; it needs a master hand to deal with the solemn matters of which it treats. "The Bridge of Sighs" is a rather graceful imitation of Longfellow. "The Maiden Countess" is a pretty lyric story; Bertha, the heroine, has been wedded when a child to Count Egbert, and they first meet when grown up. She takes what appears to us to be an unreasonable aversion to him, he vows to win her love and disappears; Bertha is next summoned to receive the dying words of her husband, who has spent the intervening years in mission work, but finds him apparently dead; her love awakes, and with her kiss so does his dormant spirit, and it is to be supposed that they live happily together. The little book is worth reading.

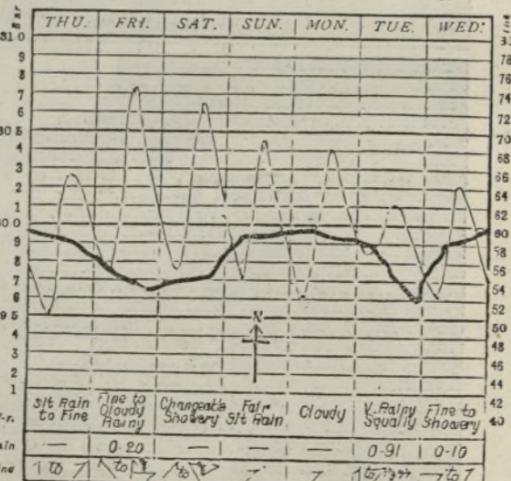
Welcome to all who know and love Burns's noblest poem will be the edition of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," illustrated by J. Stanley (James Nisbet). Mr. Stanley is seen at his best in his backgrounds and landscape surroundings—his figures are not without a suspicion of water on the brain—the drawing of the Wallace monument is really fine. The portrait and autograph at the beginning are interesting, although the former is, perhaps, somewhat idealised.

Another welcome book for the nursery is the collection entitled "Nonsense Botany and Nonsense Alphabets," by the late Edward Lear (Fred. Warne). It is in a fourth edition, and thoroughly deserves to be.

A book which has narrowly escaped being perfect of its kind is "Jacobite Songs and Ballads" (selected), edited by Gilbert S. Macquoid (Walter Scott). The selection is on the whole well done, but why did the editor alter "Bonnie Dundee," especially the first line? Surely he cannot be ignorant of the pronunciation of Claverhouse! The indices and glossary are all that could be wished, but why not give authors' names in another index? The introduction is fairly good.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (29th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been mostly changeable and unsettled, but in the Eastern and Southern parts of the Kingdom there were some good long intervals of bright sunshine, especially during the earlier part of the time. For the first day or two an anticyclone lay over Germany, while some large and deep depressions moved Northwards along our Western Coasts. The prevailing winds over our Islands were therefore Southerly, and in the West they occasionally blew with the force of a gale. On Saturday (25th inst.), however, pressure made up to the Southward of us, and from that time onward the highest barometrical readings were found over Spain. Shallow depressions now advanced directly over our Islands from the Westward, and showers fell in all districts, while the wind blew rather freshly from South-West or West. The most striking feature in the weather of the period was observed on Tuesday (28th inst.), when a depression—small and shallow at first, but of rapidly increasing intensity, moved in an East-North-Easterly direction across England, occasioning very heavy rain over our Midland and Southern Counties, thunder in places, and a fresh Westery gale across South and South-East Coasts generally. At the close of the time this depression had passed away to the Baltic, but an unsteadiness of pressure in the West seemed to indicate that other disturbances would shortly advance over us from the Atlantic, and the general appearance remained very unsettled.

The barometer was highest (29.98 inches) on Monday and Tuesday (27th and 29th inst.); lowest (29.59 inches) on Tuesday (28th inst.); range 0.39 inch. The temperature was highest (75°) on Friday (24th inst.); lowest (50°) on Thursday (23rd inst.); range 25°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount 1.21 inches. Greatest fall on any one day 0.91 inch on Tuesday (28th inst.)

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### CHAPTER XV.

GEORGE FREDERICK CHEFFINGTON, fifth Viscount Castlecombe, was, in many ways, a very clever old man. He was extremely ignorant of most things which can be taught by books. But he had a thorough acquaintance with practical agriculture, considerable keenness in finance, and a quick eye to detect the weaknesses of his fellow men. On the other hand, his overweening self-esteem led him to think that what he knew comprised what was chiefly, if not solely, worth knowing, and his avarice occasionally over-rode his native talent for business. In his youth he had been idle and extravagant. The former vice gave him the reputation of a dunce at school and college, and, by a reaction which belonged to his character, made him defiantly contemptuous of bookish men, with one single exception presently to be noted. As to his extravagance, that was effectually cured by the death of his father. From the moment that he came into possession of the family estates, which he did at about thirty years of age, his income was administered with sagacious economy, and by the time his two sons arrived at manhood Lord Castlecombe was a very rich man.

If he had a soft place in his heart it was for his son Lucius, who resembled his dead mother in features, and also, unfortunately, in the delicacy of his constitution. George, his heir, was like himself,—strong, tough, and hardy. Lord Castlecombe secretly admired Lucius’s talents very much, and had been highly gratified when his

second son took honours at his University. That this success had not been followed by any particularly brilliant results later, and that Lucius had, as it were, stuck fast in his career, had even decidedly failed in Parliament, and had finally been shelved in a Government post which, although lucrative, was inglorious, his lordship attributed to the increase of folly, incapacity, and roguery which he had observed in the world during the last twenty years or so. That a Cheffington of such abilities as Lucius should remain undistinguished was part of the general decadence. In politics Lord Castlecombe was a Whig of the old school; and though he continued to vote with his party, yet the only point on which he was thoroughly in sympathy with the Liberals—a word, by the way, which he had come greatly to dislike, as covering far too wide a field—was that they fought the Tories.

The person whom Lord Castlecombe most detested in all the world was his nephew Augustus. He disliked his extravagance, his poverty, and the biting insolence of his tongue. This antipathy had latterly added poignancy to the old man’s desire that his son should marry, and transmit the Castlecombe title and estates in the direct line; for Augustus was the next heir after his two cousins. It was true that the contingency of Captain Cheffington succeeding seemed remote enough. George Cheffington was only his senior by a couple of years, and Lucius was his junior. But neither of them had married; and they were well on in middle life. Lucius, indeed, seemed to have settled down into incorrigible old bachelor-

hood. And although George, in answer to his father’s exhortations on the subject, always replied that he really would think seriously of looking for a wife on his next visit to England (persons suitable for that dignity not being to be found, it appeared, in the particular portion of the globe where his official duties lay), yet the years went by, and still there came no daughter-in-law, no grandson to inherit the coronet and enjoy the broad acres of Castlecombe. The idea that Augustus Cheffington might ever come to enjoy them was gall and wormwood to their present owner. But he had never breathed a word on this subject to any human being.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith was gratified by her uncle’s gracious acceptance of an invitation to dine with her, soon after his arrival in town, about the middle of June. Lord Castlecombe did not visit her often; but that was from no ill-will on his part. In fact he was rather fond of Pauline. He considered her a bit of a goose; but he thought it by no means unbecoming in a woman to be a bit of a goose. And she had thoroughbred manners, a gentle voice, and was still agreeable to look upon. The old lord disliked ugly women, and maintained that the sight of them disagreed with him like bad wine.

This consideration influenced Pauline in her choice of the guests to meet her uncle. It was understood there was to be no large party. It had been agreed that they should invite Mr. Bragg, who had bought a good deal of land in Lord Castlecombe’s county, was director of a company of which the noble Viscount was Chairman,

and of whom his lordship was known to entertain a favourable opinion, as being a man who made no disguise about his humble origin, and was free from the offensive pretensions of many *nouveaux riches*. For, although Lord Castlecombe willingly admitted that money could buy everything on which most people valued themselves, he greatly disliked the notion that it could be supposed to buy the things on which he most valued himself.

"Well then, Frederick," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, "that makes four men: my uncle, Lucius, Mr. Bragg, and yourself. Then May and I; and I thought of having that handsome Miss Hadlow. Uncle George likes to see pretty faces. We want another woman, but really I don't know who there is available at this moment. There are so few odd women who ain't frights," pursued the anxious hostess, plaintively. "If it were a man, now— There are plenty of odd men to be had." Then, struck by a sudden inspiration, she said, "Why shouldn't we have an odd man instead of another woman? Uncle George gives me his arm, of course. You take Miss Hadlow, Mr. Bragg takes May, and Lucius and the odd man go in together. Positively, I think it would be the best arrangement of all."

"I suppose Lucius wouldn't mind, eh?"

"It certainly would be the best arrangement for me, at all events; for if there are only those two girls, I can simply put my feet up on a sofa when we go into the drawing-room, shut my eyes, and be quiet for half-an-hour, which, of course, would be out of the question if there was any woman who required to have civilities paid her; and in all probability I shall be in a state of nervous prostration by Friday. This season with May has tried me severely."

Mr. Dormer-Smith offering no objection, there only remained to make choice of the "odd man," and, after a moment's reflection, Pauline decided on young Bransby.

"Bransby!" exclaimed Mr. Dormer-Smith. "He's a dreadful prig."

"I think he's very nice, Frederick. But really that is not the point. He's engaged, or wants to be engaged, or something of the sort, to Miss Hadlow, so of course—"

"What? You don't mean to say that handsome girl would have such an insignificant fellow as Bransby?"

"I mean to say nothing about it. The subject has only a faint interest for me, Frederick. But what is important is that, in any case, he will help to take her off."

Mr. Dormer-Smith stared; he understood his wife's phrase, but not her allusion. "Why you don't suppose there's any danger of her setting her cap at Lucius?" said he.

"I should have no objection to her doing so."

"Well, there's nobody else."

"We need not discuss it, Frederick. Please give your best attention to the wine; you know that Uncle George is terribly fastidious about his wine, and the worst is that if he is discontented, he will not hesitate to say so before everybody."

That really did seem to her the worst. Most of the evils of life, she thought, might be more endurable if people would but be discreet, and say nothing about them.

The evil of Uncle George's public reprobation of her wine did not, however, befall her. Lord Castlecombe was content with his dinner, and looked round him approvingly as he sat on his niece's right hand. "A couple of uncommonly pretty girls those," said his lordship. "They've got on pretty frocks, too; I like a good bright colour."

Pauline had begged Miss Hadlow beforehand not to wear black, or any sombre hue, her uncle having a special dislike to such; and Constance, perfectly willing to please Lord Castlecombe by looking as brilliant as she could, had arrayed herself in her favourite maize-colour. "You have a very nice gown on, too, Pauline," added his lordship graciously.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith privately thought her own toilette detestable. It was a gaily-flowered brocade (a gift from her husband soon after Wilfrid's birth) which had been hidden from the light for several years. But she self-denyingly caused Smithson to furbish it up for the present occasion, and was gratified that her virtue did not go unrewarded.

"I knew you liked vivid colours, Uncle George," said she, softly.

"Of course I do. Everybody does, that has the use of his eyes. Don't believe the humbugs who tell you otherwise. Your upholsterer now will show you some wretched washed-out rag of a thing, and try to persuade you to cover your chairs with it, because it's *æsthetic*! Parcel of fools! Not that the fellows who sell the things are fools. They know very well which side their bread is buttered." Then glancing across the table with his keen, sunken, black eyes, he continued, "That little Miranda—what is it you call her? May? Well May is a very good name for her—is remarkably fresh and pretty. Good frank forehead. Not a bit like her father. Different type. But the other girl is the beauty. Uncommonly handsome, really."

"I'm glad you think May nice," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith. "Of course I was anxious that you should like her. She is poor Augustus's only child—only surviving child. You know there were five or six of them, but the others all died in babyhood."

Lord Castlecombe did know it, and remembered it now with grim satisfaction. At least Augustus had no male heir to come after him.

"Ah! Gus made a pretty hash of it altogether," said the old man. But he did not say it unkindly. He would not willingly have been harsh or brutal towards Pauline. She really was a very sweet creature, and had, he thought, almost every quality that he could desire in the women of his blood. For, it must be observed, Lord Castlecombe did not know that Pauline admired æsthetic furniture, nor that she considered Augustus to have been rather hardly treated by the Castlecombes.

"Of course," replied that gentle lady. "My poor brother's unfortunate marriage—"

"Oh! Ah! Yes. But that, at all events, seems to have turned out better than could have been expected." Lucius tells me there is a grandmother who has money, and is generous."

"Not to Augustus, Uncle George; Mrs. Dobbs positively refuses to assist Augustus."

"H'm!" grunted Uncle George, his opinion of Mrs. Dobbs's good sense taking a sudden leap upward. "Well, my dear, people have to think of their own interests, you know." Then, in a louder tone, "Frederick, send me that white Hermitage. It's a very fair wine, as times go—a very fair wine indeed."

When the ladies had left the table, young Bransby felt what he would have called, in speaking of any one else, "a little out of it." My lord talked with Mr. Bragg, Lucius and Frederick were discussing some item of club politics, in the midst of which the host would now and again interpolate some parenthetical observations addressed to young Bransby, obviously as a matter of duty. At length, in declining the claret which Mr. Dormer-Smith pushed towards him, Theodore took the opportunity to say, "Do you think I might venture to go upstairs? I have a message for Mrs. Dormer-Smith about a little commission with which she entrusted me."

"No more wine, really? Oh, my wife will be charmed to see you," replied Frederick, with alacrity. And, thereupon, the young man quietly left the room.

It was true that he had undertaken a commission for Mrs. Dormer-Smith; but he would not have prematurely withdrawn himself from the company of a peer and millionaire on that account. He was moved by a far weightier purpose. He had made up his mind to propose to Miss Cheffington, and, if the Fates favoured him, he might do it that very evening. For some time past—before May

left Oldchester—Theodore had been sure that he wished to marry her. There were drawbacks. She had no money (or at all events he had not reckoned on her having any money), and she had connections of a very objectionable kind. But he rather dwelt on these things, as proving the disinterested nature of his attachment. He was so much in love with May, that he liked to fancy himself making some sacrifices on her account. As to her feeling towards him, he was not without misgivings. But he watched her in society at every opportunity, and had convinced himself that she was, at all events, fancy-free. She did not even flirt; but enjoyed herself with child-like openness:—or was bored with equal simplicity and sincerity. As to her aunt, Theodore did not doubt that his suit would be favourably received by Mrs. Dormer-Smith. She must, long ago, have perceived his intentions; and he felt that his being invited to that intimate little dinner—almost a family dinner—was strong encouragement.

Theodore was fortifying himself with this reflection as he mounted the stairs to the drawing-room. His foot fell more and more lingeringly on the soft, soundless carpet as he neared the door. He was on an errand which can scarcely be undertaken with cool self-possession, even by a young gentleman holding the most favourable view of his own merits and prospects. One can never certainly reckon on one's soundest views being shared. A servant carrying coffee preceded him, and opened the drawing-room door just as he arrived on the landing; and Theodore felt positively grateful to the man for, as it were, covering his entrance, and relieving him from the embarrassment of walking in alone. He entered close behind the footman, and was, for a few moments, unperceived by the ladies.

The room was a little dim; all the lamps being shaded with rose-colour. Mrs. Dormer-Smith was reclining on a sofa, with closed eyes. But she was not asleep; for beside her in a low lounging-chair, and talking to her in a subdued voice, sat Constance Hadlow. May was at the other side of the room, leaning with both elbows on a little table which stood in a recess between the fireplace and a window, and apparently absorbed in a book. Theodore thought she made a charming picture, with the soft light falling on her fair young face and white dress; and his pulse, which had been beating a little quicker than usual all the way upstairs, became suddenly still more accelerated.

May looked up.

"Is that you?" she said. "Where are the others?"

It was not a very warm or flattering welcome; but Theodore was scarcely conscious of her words. He was thinking what a fortunate chance it was which left May isolated, so far away from the other ladies as to be out of earshot, if one spoke in a suitably low tone. At the sound of her niece's voice Mrs. Dormer-Smith languidly turned her head.

"Oh, please don't move, Mrs. Dormer-Smith," said Theodore, speaking in a quick, confused way, very different from his accustomed manner. "If I am to disturb you, I must go away at once. But—I don't take much wine, and he said—Mr. Dormer-Smith said he thought I might—if you don't mind my preceding the other men by a few minutes, I will be as quiet as a mouse."

He crossed the room and sat down by May, in the shadow of a heavy window-curtain.

The hostess murmured a gracious word or two, and then closed her eyes again. She had been a little vexed by the young man's premature arrival; but if he was content to be quiet, and whisper to May, she need not stand on ceremony with him. The fact was, she was listening with great interest to Constance's account of a feud which had arisen between Lady Burlington and Mrs. Griffin's daughter, the Duchess. Constance had the details at first hand, from Mrs. Griffin herself, on the one side, and from Miss Polly Piper on the other: for the feud had arisen about Signor Vincenzo Valli. The fashionable singing-master had thrown over one of the great ladies for the other, on the occasion of some *soirée musicale*; and the quarrel had been espoused by various personages of distinction, whose sayings and doings with regard to it Mrs. Dormer-Smith considered to be at once important and entertaining. She mentally contrasted with a sigh the intelligence, tact, and correctness of judgment which Constance brought to bear on this high theme, with the nonchalance—not to say downright levity and indifference—displayed by May. It was impossible to get May to interest herself in the bearings of the case. In fact, she had abandoned the discussion, and gone away to her book; whereas this provincial girl, with not one quarter of May's advantages, understood it perfectly, remembered the names of all the people concerned, had a very sufficient knowledge of their relative importance, and was able to impart to her hostess a variety of minute circumstances, narrated in a low, quiet tone, free from emphasis or emotion, which was delightfully soothing.

May, for her part, was by no means pleased to have her reading interrupted; but politeness, and the sense that she was, in her degree, responsible for the hospitality of the house, impelled her to close her book at once, and to turn a good-humoured countenance towards her companion.

"Isn't Uncle Frederick coming?" she asked, finding nothing better to say at the moment.

"Presently. Are you in a great hurry to see him?" returned Theodore.

"Oh no; I was amusing myself very well."

"Are you angry with me, for interrupting you?"

"Oh no," answered May again. But this second "Oh no," was not quite so hearty as the first.

"May I see what you have been reading?"

She pushed the book towards him.

"Mansfield Park." Whose is it?"

"Good gracious! You don't mean to say that you don't know?"

"I don't read novels," said Theodore, loftily, but not severely. It was all very well for women to have that weakness.

"But this is an English classic! Mr. Rivers says so. You really ought to know who wrote 'Mansfield Park,' even if you have never read it. It is one of Jane Austen's works."

"Ah! Do you—do you like it?" said Theodore, scarcely knowing what he said. He was playing nervously with a little ivory paper knife which lay on the table, and his whole aspect and manner—had not both been to some extent concealed by the shadow of the velvet curtain—would have betrayed to the most indifferent observer that he was agitated and unlike himself. He felt that the precious minutes of this chance *id est à die* were passing swiftly; he longed to profit by them; and yet, now that the moment had come, he feared to stand the hazard of the die, and kept deferring it by idle words.

"Oh, yes! I like it, of course," answered May. "Not so much, perhaps, as 'Emma,' or 'Pride and Prejudice.' Mr. Rivers advised me to read it."

It was the second time she had mentioned Rivers's name, and this fact stung Theodore unaccountably. It acted like a touch of the spur to a lagging horse. He burst out, still speaking almost in a whisper, but with some heat, "Rivers is a happy fellow! What would I give if you cared enough about me to follow my advice!"

"You have only to advise me to do something which I like as much as reading Jane Austen," replied May, archly. But his tone had struck her disagreeably. She peered at him furtively as he sat in the shadow, trying in vain to see his countenance clearly. The idea crossed her mind that he might have taken too much wine at dinner. But it was so repulsive an idea to her, that she felt she ought not to entertain it without better foundation.

"It is a most fortunate chance for me to have this—this blessed opportunity," pursued Theodore. (He had hesitated for the epithet,

and was not by any means satisfied with it when he had got it.) "I have long been wanting to speak to you."

"To me? Well, that need not have been very difficult," answered May, edging a little away, and trying to obtain a good view of his face.

"Pardon me. It is not easy to have the privilege of a private word with Miss Cheffington. When we meet in society, you are surrounded, as is but too natural. And latterly, in your own home, you have been a good deal engrossed. I could not say what I have to say before—"

He glanced over at Constance Hadlow as he spoke. This was an immense relief to May, who had been growing more and more uncomfortable, and vaguely apprehensive. She thought she understood it all now. Conny had been treating him with coolness and neglect. She herself had noticed this, and now he wanted to enlist the sympathies of Conny's friend.

"Oh, I see!" she exclaimed, "It's something about Constance that you wish to say to me."

"About Constance! Ah, May, you are cruel! You know too well your power!" he said, endeavouring to give a pathetic intonation to his voice, but producing only an odd, croaking, throaty sound. Then May decided, in her own mind, that he had been taking too much wine; and, angry and disgusted, she tried to rise from her chair and leave him. But she was hemmed in by the little table, and on her first movement, Theodore took hold of the skirt of her dress to detain her. May turned round upon him with a pale, indignant face, and flashing eyes. "Don't touch my dress, if you please. I wish to go away."

"Miss Cheffington—May—you must hear what I have to say now. You must know it without my saying, for I have loved you so long and so devotedly. But I have a right to be heard."

May was thunderstruck. But she perceived in a moment that she had, in one sense, done him injustice—he had not drunk too much wine. But this—! This was worse! How far easier it would have been to forgive Theodore if he had even got tipsy—just a little tipsy—instead of making such a declaration! She supposed she had no right to be disgusted; she had heard that properly behaved young ladies always took an offer of marriage to be a great honour. But she was disgusted, nevertheless; and so far from feeling honoured, she was conscious of a distressing sense of humiliation. She tried, however, to keep up her dignity, and at the same time to say what was right to this—this dreadful young man, who had suddenly presented himself in the odious light of wanting to make love to her. "Oh, please don't say any more. I'm very much obliged to you. I mean I'm extremely sorry. But I beg you won't say another word, and forget all about it as quickly as possible."

"Forget it! Nay, that is out of the question. I could not if I would."

Theodore began to recover his self-command as May lost hers. She was agitated and trembling. Well, he would not have had her listen to his words unmoved. She was very young and inexperienced. And he had, it seemed, taken her by surprise.

"Is it possible," he continued, softly, "that you were quite unprepared to hear—"

"Quite unprepared. But that makes no difference. And you really must allow me to go away. I'm very sorry, indeed, but I can't stay here another moment."

"Am I so repulsive?" said he, with a sentimental beseeching glance. But he met an expression in her face which made him add quickly, in quite another tone, "Well, well, I will prefer your wishes to my own," at the same time drawing himself and his chair to one side. She had looked almost capable of leaping over the table to escape. May brushed past him, and darted away out of the room without another word.

Theodore seized hold of the book she had left behind her, and bent his head over it. He saw not one word on the printed page beneath his eyes, but it saved him from appearing as confused as he felt. Had he been rejected? And, if so, was it a rejection which he was bound to consider final? Or had he received no real answer at all? Gradually, as his throat grew less dry, his head less hot, and his brain more clear, he arrived at the conclusion that he had virtually had no answer. May was little more than a child, and he had startled her. Then he remembered that word of May's, "It is about Constance you wish to speak to me." Could she be under any misapprehension as to his position with regard to Constance? The idea was fraught with comfort. That, at least, he could set right, and without delay. He rose and walked across the room at once to Mrs. Dormer-Smith's sofa.

At this moment the procession of men, headed by Lord Castlecombe, arrived from the dining-room. Constance glided away, leaving her vacant chair for Theodore, who immediately occupied it, thus cutting off Mrs. Dormer-Smith from the rest of the company. That lady looked anxiously across his shoulder. "Would you," she said to Theodore, "would you be so very good as to ask my husband to inquire where Miss Cheffington is? My uncle would like to talk to her I know; and—Oh, there she is! Thanks. Don't trouble yourself."

May had returned to the drawing-room; but instead of going near her noble grand-uncle, she perversely seated herself in a remote nook beside Mr. Bragg, with whom she presently began a conversation keeping her face persistently turned away from every one else. Her noble grand-uncle did not seem to care. His lordship marched straight up to Miss Hadlow, and stood before her, coffee-cup in hand, with his curious air of perfectly knowing how to behave like a fine gentleman whenever he should think it worth while. Lucius and Frederick were continuing their club discussion, which possessed the advantage—for persons of leisure—of having neither beginning nor end, and of being indefinitely elastic. Pauline took in the whole room with one comprehensive glance, and then leant back against her cushions with a sigh, which, if not contented, was resigned. She made no effort to recall May to her duty towards Lord Castlecombe.

"You must forgive me, Mr. Bransby," she said graciously, "if I have been selfish in engrossing Miss Hadlow. If you don't take care, my uncle will do the same! Lord Castlecombe admires her very much."

Theodore cleared his throat, settled his cravat with a rather unsteady hand, and looked at her as solemnly as if he were about to commence an oration. But all he managed to say was,

"There has been a mistake, Mrs. Dormer-Smith."

"A mistake?"

"Yes. I have some reason to believe that you are under a wrong impression about me."

His hostess faintly raised her eyebrows, and answered with a smile, "I hope not: for all my impressions of you are very pleasant."

Theodore bowed gravely. "You are very kind," said he. "It is important to me to set this matter right. You perhaps imagine—some one may have told you that I and Miss Hadlow—there has been, I believe, some idle gossip coupling our names together."

"Not very unnaturally," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, still smiling. But she began to wonder what he could be driving at.

"Well, I do think it hard that one cannot be on friendly terms with a person one has known all one's life without being supposed to be engaged to her."

"Or him," put in Pauline quietly.

"Of course. I mean, of course, that it is particularly unfair to the lady. But it puts a man in a false position too. I have just been speaking to May—"

Then, in an instant, the true state of the case flashed on Mrs. Dormer-Smith, to her unspeakable consternation. This, then, was

her model young man, whom she had pronounced to be so "nice" and so "quiet;" and who, moreover, had always expressed the most proper sentiments on the subject of unequal marriages!

"Oh," she said, coldly interrupting him; "it was scarcely necessary to say anything to Miss Cheffington on the subject."

But Theodore was beyond taking heed of any snub or check of that kind. "One moment," he said, breathing quickly. "If you will allow me to finish what I was saying, you will see—I am, as you must have perceived, deeply attached to your niece."

"No, no," protested Mrs. Dormer-Smith faintly. "I never perceived it."

"Then that must have been because you were looking in a wrong direction. You were misled about Constance Hadlow; otherwise, the nature of my attentions could scarcely have escaped you."

"And you say that you have been speaking to—to my niece?"

"I have this evening told her how devotedly I love her."

"Good heavens!" whispered Mrs. Dormer-Smith, letting her head sink back among the sofa-cushions. "And what was her reply?"

"Her reply was—well, practically, it was no reply at all. May was agitated and startled, and I think she had believed that foolish gossip about my engagement to Miss Hadlow. But I trust to you to explain—"

"Pray, Mr. Bransby, say no more. I regret extremely that this should have happened."

"Oh, but I don't know that I have any reason to despair," he answered, naively.

This was almost more than Pauline could endure. She got up from the sofa, and plaintively murmuring,

"Say no more; pray say no more. I really am not equal to it at present," fairly walked away from him.

That night, when the guests were gone, Mrs. Dormer-Smith sent for her husband to her dressing-room, and revealed to him what young Bransby had said. His indignation at the young man's presumption was equal to her own: although not wholly on the same grounds.

"You will have to talk to him, Frederick," she said. "When he went away he said something about requesting an early interview. I cannot stand any more of it. It upsets me too frightfully. Of course, you won't quarrel with him. Just give him politely to understand that it is out of the question. Fortunately, May appears to have been as much *outré* by this preposterous proposal as I could desire. May behaved very nicely to-night altogether. I was pleased with her."

"H'm! Oh yes; but I thought she might have paid a little more attention to your uncle. She never went near him after we came upstairs. I think she talked to old Bragg more than to any one else."

"Frederick," said his wife, slowly, "do you know that Lady Hautenville is making a dead set at Mr. Bragg for Felicia?"

"Is she?"

"Yes. Mrs. Griffin told me all about it. They are moving heaven and earth to catch him."

"Really? Well, *bonne chance!*"

"It would be *mauvaise chance* for him, poor man! Felicia has a frightful temper, and incredibly extravagant habits. She must be over her eyebrows in debt. But I fancy Mr. Bragg has better taste."

Her meaning tone made her husband look at her with sudden earnestness.

"What do you mean?" he asked, brusquely.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith put her hand to her forehead.

"Let me entreat you not to raise your voice!" she said. "I have had quite enough to try my nerves this evening. I mean that I think Mr. Bragg is interested in May. It would be a splendid match for her."

"What?" cried Frederick, disregarding his wife's request, and raising his voice considerably. "Old Bragg!"

Pauline turned on him impressively.

"Frederick," she said, speaking with patient mildness, as one imparting higher lore to some untutored savage, "Mr. Bragg is barely fifty-four; and his income—entirely within his own control—is over sixty thousand a year."

CHAPTER XVI.

THEODORE did not take his rejection meekly. In his interview with Mr. Dormer-Smith he pressed hard to see May again, and insinuated that she was under undue influence. Moreover, he conveyed, with stiff civility, that he considered himself to have been badly treated by the whole family, who had first encouraged his attentions and then rejected them.

"He really is a fearful young man!" said May to her aunt on hearing the report of the interview. "What does he mean by insisting on 'an answer from my own lips?' Could he not believe what Uncle Frederick said? Besides, he has had his answer from me. The truth is, he is so outrageously conceited that he can't believe any young woman would refuse him of her own free will."

"The idea of his dreaming for an instant that I encouraged him is too preposterous," said Mrs. Dormer-Smith, shaking her head languidly. "I am sadly disappointed. I thought him quite a nice person. I fancied he had sufficient *savoir vivre* to understand— However, it is one more proof that one can never reckon on half-bred people who don't know the world."

It was privately a great relief to May to know that her aunt took her part in this affair. Aunt Pauline's motives and views were still very mysterious to May on many points. She did not even now fully understand the grounds of her aunt's virtuous indignation against Theodore Bransby, although she was thankful for it. "Aunt Pauline thought him good enough for Conny," said May to herself innocently; "and Conny is so beautiful, and so much admired!"

It was true that—thanks, in the first place, to Mrs. Griffin—Constance had enjoyed a more brilliant season than she had ever ventured to dream of. Fashionable houses, of which she had read in the newspapers, but which had appeared to her as unattainable as though they were in another planet, had opened their doors to her; and old connections of her mother's family, finding her in the aforesaid houses, discovered that she was a charming girl, and were delighted to open their doors to her. She had accepted several invitations to country houses, and would probably not be at home again until late in the autumn.

Mrs. Griffin watched this young lady's progress with considerable interest. She opined that Miss Hadlow was a shining instance of the advantages of "race."

"In spite of having been brought up in the pokiest way in some provincial town, as I understand, that girl has a thoroughbred self-possession quite remarkable," said Mrs. Griffin. "She never makes a blunder. You are never nervous about her. She has no trace of that loud, bouncing style, which I detest, and which so many under-bred people take up nowadays, mistakenly imagining it to be the proper thing. She doesn't 'go in' for anything. And," added Mrs. Griffin, musingly, "there's a wonderful look of her grandfather, poor Charley Rivers, about the brow and eyes."

The season was rapidly drawing to a close when Mrs. Dobbs received two letters: one from her granddaughter, and the other from Mrs. Dormer-Smith. Jo Weatherhead, arriving one evening

at his usual hour in Jessamine Cottage, was told by his old friend that she had had a letter from May, and that she meant to read him a portion of it. No proposition could have been more welcome to Mr. Weatherhead. He drew his chair up to the grate—filled now with fresh boughs instead of hot coals; but Jo kept his place in the chimney-corner winter and summer—and prepared to listen.

Mrs. Dobbs read as follows: "You must know, dear granny, that I told Aunt Pauline yesterday that I really must go home at the end of this season. She has been very kind, and so has Uncle Frederick; but granny is granny, and home is home."

Here Mr. Weatherhead slapped his leg with his hand, and took his pipe out of his mouth as though about to speak; but on Mrs. Dobbs holding up her hand for silence, he put his pipe back again, and slowly drew his forefinger and thumb down the not inconsiderable length of his nose.

Mrs. Dobbs read on: "To my amazement, Aunt Pauline answered that it was my father's wish that I should remain with her altogether! That is not my wish. And it isn't yours—is it, granny dear? And if we two are agreed, I cannot think my father would object. I mean to write to him about it. I should have done so already, but I have not his address, and Aunt Pauline can't or won't give it to me. Please send it. I shall tell my father just what I feel. I don't care for what Aunt Pauline calls Society. I was happy enough as long as it was only like being at the play, with the prospect of going home when it was over, and living my real life. But to go on with this sort of thing and nothing else, year in, year out—it would be like being expected to live on wax fruit, or those glazed wooden turkeys I remember in a box of toys you gave me long ago. Please answer directly, directly. There's an invitation for me to go in August to a place in the Highlands, where Mrs. Griffin's daughter has a shooting-box. At least, I suppose it is Mrs. Griffin's daughter's husband who has the shooting-box. Only nobody talks much about the Duke, and everybody talks a great deal about the Duchess." ("Fancy our Miranda among the dukes and duchesses!" put in Jo Weatherhead, softly. And he smacked his lips as though the very sound of the words had a relish for him.) "Aunt Pauline wants to go Carlsbad; Uncle Frederick is to join a fishing-party in Norway; the children are to be sent to a farmhouse; and Mrs. Griffin has offered to take care of me in the Highlands. But I would far, far rather come back to dear Oldchester, and be amongst people who know me, and care for me, and whom I love with all my heart. Do write and ask for me back, granny darling! And mind you give me papa's address. I am resolved to write to him, whatever Aunt Pauline may say. He is my father, and I have a right to tell him my feelings."

"That's all of any consequence," said Mrs. Dobbs, slowly refolding the letter. "Oh, of course she writes at the end 'Love to Uncle Jo.' She never forgets that."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Weatherhead, who was very tender-hearted, blew his nose and wiped his eyes unaffectedly. "Of course you'll have the child down, Sarah," said he; "anyway, for a time. She's pining, that's where it is; she's pining for a sight of you."

Mrs. Dobbs sat choking down her emotion. She had cried privately over that letter herself, but she was resolved to discuss it now with judicial calmness; and it was provoking that Jo endangered her judicial tone of mind by that foolish, soft-hearted way of his, which was terribly catching. But she loved Jo for it, nevertheless, and scolded him so as to let him know that she loved him. "It's a good thing your feelings are righter and kinder than most folks', Jo Weatherhead, for you're sadly led by 'em, my friend. If you'd wait and hear the whole case, you might help me with your advice." Then Mrs. Dobbs pulled another letter from her pocket, and handed it to her brother-in-law. This second epistle was from Mrs. Dormer-Smith, and ran thus:—

"DEAR MRS. DOBBS, "I think it right to let you know how very important it is for May not to miss her visit to Glengowrie. There will be among the guests there a gentleman who has been paying her a good deal of attention—a man of princely fortune. I have some reason to think that May is disposed to look favourably on this gentleman; but he must be allowed time and opportunity to declare himself. No better opportunity could possibly be found than at Glengowrie; and I may tell you, in confidence, that the Duchess has, at my friend Mrs. Griffin's request, invited them both on purpose. I trust, therefore, that, in my niece's interests, you will induce her not to relinquish this chance. As to her writing to her father, it is absurd, and would only irritate my brother after his giving me *carte blanche* to do the best I can for her. If the visit to Glengowrie turns out as we hope, I shall have procured for her a settlement which many a peer's daughter will envy. My husband and I have such confidence in your good sense, that we are sure you will second our efforts as far as you can. Of course you will consider this letter *strictly private*, and will not, above all, mention it to May."

"I am, dear Mrs. Dobbs,

"Yours very truly,

"P. DORMER-SMITH."

"You see that alters the case, Jo," said Mrs. Dobbs, when he had finished reading the letter.

Jo nodded thoughtfully, and rubbed his nose. "Of course, what you want, Sarah, is for the child to be happy. That's the main thing," said he.

"Of course I want her to be happy. And I want her to have her rights," answered Mrs. Dobbs, setting her lips firmly.

"Ah! Yes, to be sure! Her rights, eh?"

"My son-in-law brought no good to any of us in himself. If his name can do any good to his daughter, she ought to have the benefit of it—and she shall."

"Ay, ay. Her rights, eh? To be sure. Only—only it ain't always quite easy to know what a person's rights are, is it?"

"I know well enough what May's rights are," answered Mrs. Dobbs, sharply.

"Nor yet it ain't quite easy to be sure whether they'd enjoy their rights when they got 'em," pursued Jo, with a thoughtful air. "Everybody likes to be happy. There can be no manner of doubt about that. And somehow the dukes and duchesses don't seem to be enough to make Miranda quite—not quite happy, humph?"

"I wonder you should confess so much of your dear aristocracy!" returned Mrs. Dobbs, with some heat.

"Why, you see, Sarah, it may be—I only say it *may* be—that the way Miranda has been brought up, living here in the holidays in such a simple kind of style, and all that, makes her feel not altogether at home among these tip-top folks."

"If you mean she isn't good enough for them, that's nonsense; downright nonsense. And I wonder at a man with your brains talking such stuff! If you mean they're not good enough for her, that's another pair of shoes. As to manners—why, do you imagine that that aunt of her's—who, though she is a fool, is a well-born fool, and a well-bred one—would be taking May about, presenting her at Court, and introducing her to the grandest society, if the child didn't do her credit? Not she! I'm astonished at you, Jo! I thought you knew the world a little bit better than that."

Mrs. Dobbs leant back in her chair, and fanned her flushed face with her handkerchief. Mr. Weatherhead, having smoked his pipe out, put it in its case, and then sat silent, slowly stroking his nose, and casting deprecating glances at his hostess. At length the latter resumed, in a calmer tone, "But May's future is what I've got to think of. I'm an old woman. I can leave her next to nothing

when I die. I want her to marry. All women ought to marry. Nobody in my own walk of life would suit her. And what gentleman fit to match with her was ever likely to come and look for her in my parlour in Friar's Lane? You ought to know all about it, Jo Weatherhead. We've gone over the whole ground together often enough."

They had done so. But Jo Weatherhead understood very well that his old friend was talking now, not to convince him, but herself. "Well, Sarah," he said, "there seems a good chance for May to marry well, according to this good lady. 'Princely fortune,' she says. That sounds grand, don't it?"

"Ah! And it isn't a few thousands that Mrs. Dormer-Smith would call a princely fortune."

"Not a few thousands you think, eh Sarah? Tens of thousands I shouldn't wonder, humph?" And Mr. Weatherhead pursed up his mouth, and poked forward his nose eagerly.

"Not a doubt of it."

"Bless my stars! To think of our little Miranda!—and her aunt says that May is disposed to look favourably on the gentleman."

"So she says. But I can tell you that May doesn't care a button for him at present."

"Lord! How do you know, Sarah?"

"How do I know? That's so like a man! No girl in love would give up the chance of meeting her lover, as May wants to give it up. If she'd rather come to Oldchester than go to Scotland, it is because—so far, at any rate—she doesn't care a button for him."

"I never thought of that. But perhaps, Sarah, she doesn't know that he is to be invited."

Mrs. Dobbs seemed struck by this remark. "Well now, that's an idea, Jo!" said she, nodding head. "It may be so. They seem to have had the sense not to talk to her about the matter. May's just the kind of girl to fling up her heels and break away, if she suspected any scheming to make a fine match for her. But she might come to care for him in time. There's no reason in nature, why a rich man shouldn't be nice enough to be fallen in love with. And by his taking to May—and she without a penny—I'm inclined to think well of the young man."

After some further consideration it was agreed that Mrs. Dobbs should write and propose a middle term: in the interval between her aunt's departure for Carlsbad, and the date of her invitation to Glengowrie, May should come down to Oldchester, on condition that she afterwards paid her visit to the Duchess. This arrangement would be a joy to Mrs. Dobbs, would satisfy May's affectionate longing, and could not prejudice the girl's future prospects. A letter to May was written, as well as one to Mrs. Dormer-Smith. This latter was very short, and may as well be given.

"DEAR MRS. DORMER-SMITH: "I have to acknowledge yours of the 5th ult. I agree with you that it would be a pity for my granddaughter not to accept the invitation you speak of. Some good may come of it, and I do not think that any harm can come. If May spends the three or four weeks with me after you start for the Continent, I will undertake for her to meet the lady who is to take charge of her to Scotland, at any place that may be agreed upon. I write to May by this post, and she will tell you what I propose. With regard to her father's address, I have had none for some time past, except 'Post-Office, Brussels.' This much I shall tell her, as I think she has a right to know it. You need not disturb yourself about her writing to her father, as I think, from what I know of Captain Cheffington, that he is not likely to answer her letter."

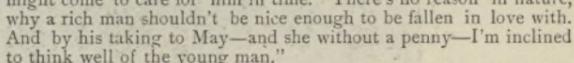
"I am, dear Mrs. Dormer-Smith,

"Yours truly,

"SARAH DOBBS."

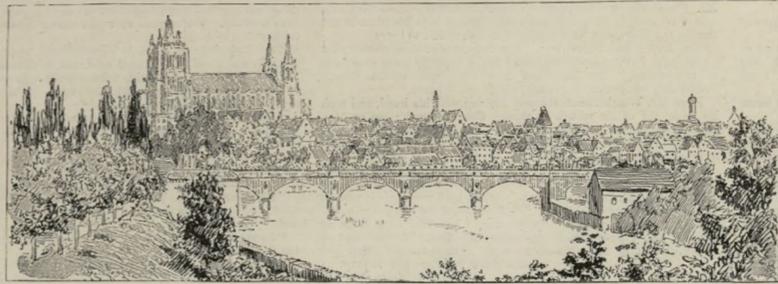
The proposal was accepted, and, within a fortnight after the despatch of this letter, May Cheffington was in Oldchester once more.

(To be continued)

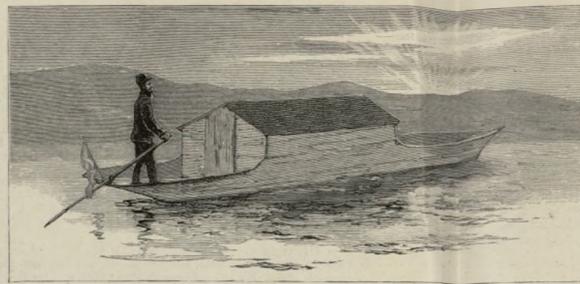


CHARLES WOODHOUSE.—Both words and music of "Cradle Song," the former by Caris Brooke, the latter by Learmont Drysdale, are smoothly written and unpretentious.—The same may be said of "Liesbed," a sketch for the pianoforte by the above-named composer.—A song which will deservedly make its mark and take a good place in the home circle is "Slumber Song," written and composed by Henry Knight and B. L. Moseley.—G. Saint George has been very industrious and with good results, as shown by three well-written *morceaux* for violoncello or violin, *avec accompagnement de piano*, entitled respectively "Romance Styrienne," "Chansonette," and "Barcarolle;" he has also composed a "Serenade Provençale," and arranged it as a duet for violin and piano, as a string quartette, and for a string orchestra. We like it best in the last-named form.—Two good examples of the popular form of musical compositions are "Première Bourrée Caractéristique," by Herbert F. Sharpe, arranged as a pianoforte solo, and with violin or violoncello accompaniment, and a "Berceuse" for pianoforte and violin, by J. Jacques Haakman.

MISCELLANEOUS.—An easy and neatly-written four-part anthem is "Oh, Lord, Rebuke Me Not," words from Psalm vi., music by Gaynor Simpson. Tuneful, but of a somewhat weak type, is "The Morven Waltz," by Walter de Watteville (Messrs. Patey and Willis.—W. Fraser has set to music "Then Shall the Righteous Shine" (St. Matthew, chapter xiii.) as an anthem for harvest-tide, in a very creditable manner; there are solos for bass and tenor. It is not an easy task to compose an original gavotte, "The Niphetos Gavotte," by Alfred H. Brewer, is a commonplace specimen of its school (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—A pretty piece for the pianoforte is "Whisperings by the Seashore," by Wilhelm Peters.—There is vitality and spirit in "The Postilion Galop," by C. M. Foudren (Messrs. Riviere and Hawkes).—Anglers will find greatly to their taste two fishing songs by Eugene Barnett. They are entitled "I'm Off in the Grey of the Morning" and "Oh, you Beauty! Won't You Come Out?" The words for both songs are by Henry Drinkwater. The frontispieces, drawn by A. Rowland Knight, are very spirited, and will awaken yearnings in the hearts of all amateur fishermen (Messrs. Francis Brothers and Day).—For lovers of field sports we have "Cricket Song," a merry ditty by L. E. Ridsdale, which should be sung and chorused by all musical cricketers (Alfred Hays).—"The F.O.S. Waltz," by Fred W. Lockyear, is more noteworthy for its eccentric frontispiece than for its musical merit (Messrs. Hart and Co.).—"Vocal Miniatures," a collection of favourite songs, edited by Sidney Churchill, is an excellent publication, well got up in a cheap form. No. 1., which we have before us, is Balle's popular "Then You'll Remember Me" (Edward Phillips).—"Impromptu Valse in A," by W. Dawson, for the pianoforte, proves that this clever composer's powers are not adapted for this light school of composition (W. Dawson).—Two sets of waltzes which do not rise above mediocrity are "Belle Queenie Valse," by George Elers (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.), and "The St. Cecilia Valse," by F. A. Hallsworth (E. Donajowski).



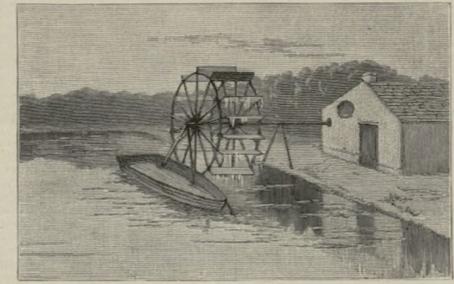
ULM



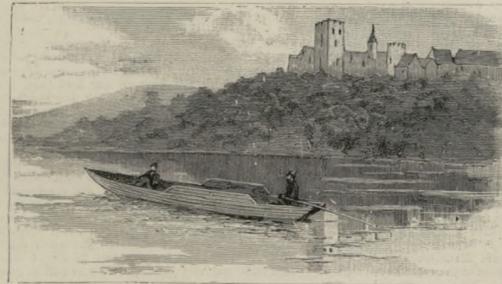
OUR BOAT



GOOD-BYE



SOMETHING TO BE AVOIDED



WE ARE IN NO HURRY



A LOG RAFT



ULM



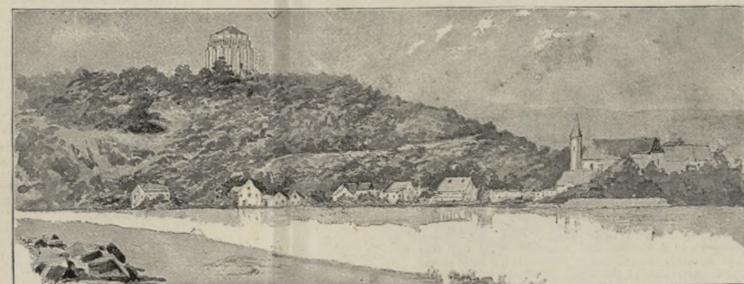
MELK



ST. NIKOLA



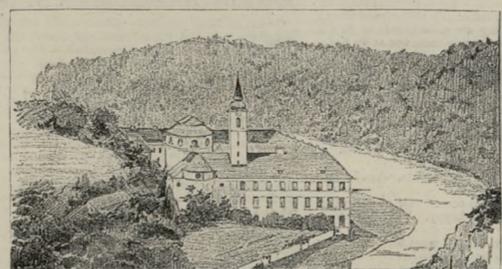
NEUBURG



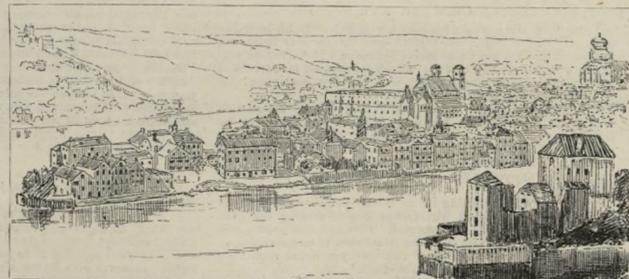
BEFREUNGS HALLE, NEAR KELHEIM



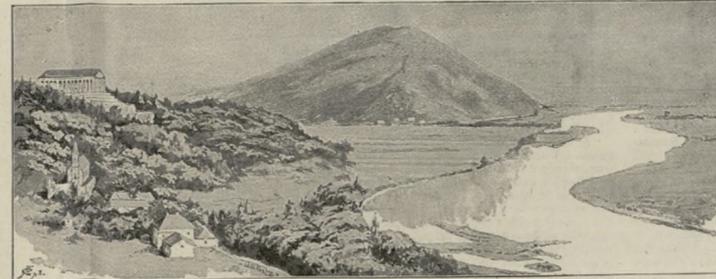
LINZ



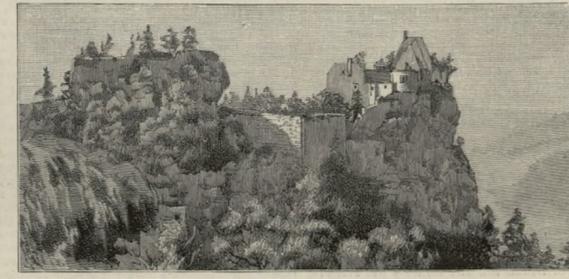
WELTENBURG MONASTERY, NEAR KELHEIM



JUNCTION OF THE DANUBE WITH THE INN AND ILZ AT PASSAU



THE WALHALLA, NEAR RATISBON



AGGSTEN



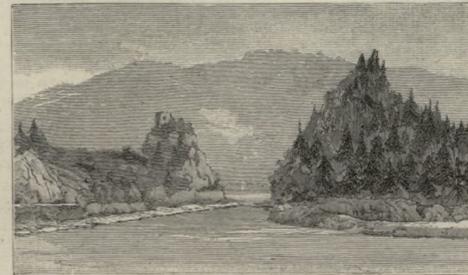
SCHÖNBÜCHEL



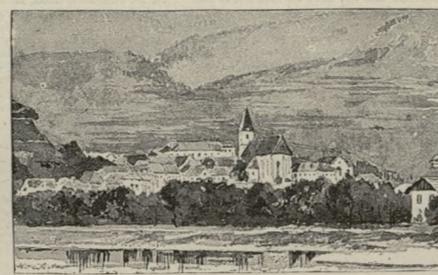
DÜRRENSTEIN, WHERE RICHARD I. WAS IMPRISONED



GREIN



THE STRUDEL



SPITZ

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TRIP DOWN THE DANUBE IN A HOUSE-BOAT



"BOATING" (Longmans) is quite worthy of the other volumes of the excellent "Badminton Library." The illustrations—either after Frank Dadd or from photographs—are clever; and several of them, e.g., the Oxford method of starting College Eights prior to 1825, are of historic interest. Mr. Woodgate, who has the advantage of an introduction by Rev. Dr. Warre, and a chapter on Eton rowing by Mr. Harvey Mason, has unearthed a wholly-forgotten race, rowed by Oxford in 1831 against the Leander Club for 200*l.* (Leander beat), in which the University crew included two Bishops (one the present Bishop of Norwich), and Mr. Peard, "Garibaldi's Englishman." Mr. Woodgate treats of sliding-seats (the slide and swing must work together), of training (the harm done to lads by professional trainers, who treated them "like gin-sodden seniors of forty, and began by physicking," has been immense), of mutiny, which must be stamped out, even if "stake" is thereby lost; and of professionals, of whom he gives many anecdotes. Speaking of Boyd v. Hanlan, he says, "Never was oarsman more wedded to vicious style and wanton waste of strength than the pet of the Tyne." Professional sculling, he thinks, has so sadly fallen off because, while amateurs are willing to be taught from first principles, our professionals are a medley lot, whose one ambition is to race before they can decently walk. For rising professionals, he would insist on fixed seats. For want of these, he thinks the 1,000*l.* given in Chinnery prizes were practically wasted.

"Mary, the Queen of the House of David" (Sampson Low), a tale of the Crusaders, in which Sir Charleroy de Griffin marries a Jew maiden (Rizpah), is made the vehicle of much moral instruction. De Griffin is not a good husband. "After years of libertinism, he had taken Mary for his patron saint, because, he said, his mother was so like her. But that mother had demoralised her son by over-indulgence; while Mary, though knowing her offspring to be divine, followed him, like a true mother, with a mother's divinely-appointed authority." The characters are a strange medley of Druses, Hospitaliers, Astarte worshippers, and an old clock man (fancy the people of Bozrah at the time of the First Crusade needing a clock-mender!), who talks universal brotherhood, and forms a "Balsam Band" to tend the wounded of all creeds. Rizpah's daughter Miriam becomes a Christian, and her telling her mother (with traditional additions) the story of Nazareth gives its title to the work. Dr. Walsh's book does not go out unheralded; Mrs. Beecher Stowe gives it her *imprimatur*, and Dr. Talmage supplies an introduction in which he truly says, "No one as well as a woman can handle the poor."

What a paradise France must be for the land surveyor! The map of a French estate, broken into 191 morsels, prefixed to "How the Peasant Owner Lives" (Macmillan) is as puzzling as that of an English parish in the days of common tillage, or of an Irish property held "in rundale." But the subject of the little book is something much more serious than the fantastic morselling of land; it is the burning question whether peasant ownership is or is not a mistake. Lady Verney thinks it is. "It can only answer in the neighbourhood of great towns." Fruit pays, if only there is a crop; but one poor man who depended on "cherries, damsons, and a large Bergamot pear, had had little or nothing on any of them for the last four years." Lady Verney likes her joke; Bosnia and Ireland have many points in common, only in the former the Turkish landlord hides behind a wall and pops at his defaulting tenant. "Why not vary in this way," she asks, "the monotony of Irish land troubles?"

Most clergymen know and value "Boys" and "Girls, their Work and Influence," and "Readings for Sick Children" (Skeffington) is what might be expected from the author of those two little books. The readings mingle prose and poetry, and bring out Scripture and its lessons in a very pleasing and profitable manner.

"Flash Lights" (Nisbet) are texts with brief explanations specially prepared by Miss Edith Smyth as Sunday readings for children. The book contains much that a child is sure to remember for good.

Mr. W. Axon, in the very amusing preface to "Stray Chapters in Literature, Folklore, and Archaeology" (Heywood: Manchester and London), tells us how puzzled he was for a title, and records that others from Aulus Gellius downwards have been in a like quandary, and that titles (e.g., "The Boke of Chess," which is mainly a treatise on ethics) have not seldom been misleading. Under any title we should be thankful for such a volume of essays. The subjects range from colour-names among gypsies, and the world's population in A.D. 2,000 (on which Mr. Gladstone had also been writing), and the cost of theatrical amusements, to Byron's influence on European literature and (a subject in which Mr. Axon is specially at home) "The Manchester Rebels;" and every page is well worth reading.

Mr. C. Cox, in his "Musings for Athletes" (Simpkin and Co.), pleasantly mingles anecdote with precept. There is much in these little homilies for all to take to heart. "Jacob's Eleven" and "The Value of a Good Name," for instance, may be read with profit by those who never ran or mean to run a hundred yards. Mr. Cox appreciates the value of the "cycle," "combining locomotive power with social usefulness, athletic skill, and endurance." He does not think the dare-devil feats of Buffalo Bill and his troop will ever be imitated by English athletes.

Owing to the many changes which have taken place in European Turkey, and the steady progress made in Greece during the last thirteen years, Messrs. Hachette and Co. have decided not to publish, as heretofore, one guide-book comprising both countries but to issue a special book for each. We have before us "Grèce—Athènes et ses Environs," containing very full information on all subjects of interest to those travelling in the country, and particulars of a large variety of tours, in and around Athens. Some capital maps, plans, and illustrations greatly increase the value of the book.

Besides being one of the cheapest continental trips available, the Ardennes has the merit of looking well in any season. The new edition of "Walks in the Ardennes," edited by Percy Lindley (123, Fleet Street, E.C.) forms a very pretty souvenir of that district, being tastefully bound and admirably illustrated; and contains a great amount of information serviceable to tourists, pleasantly told.

The author of "Sport in Ceylon" (Colombo: J. Fonseka and Sons), claims for his book that it is a guide to visitors in search of good shooting grounds, and as such it will doubtless be useful to sportsmen ignorant of the best localities. It contains accounts of some amusing adventures, but the illustrations are poor.

A capital little book, full of amusing anecdotes and lively sketches, is Mr. Victor Nathan's "Voyage to the Antipodes" (Liverpool: 25, Churchill Street), being incidents that occurred during the voyage. All who have journeyed to Australia will find pleasure in these sketches, and even those who have not will be able to derive some enjoyment from reading them.

"Seaside Scribbles," by Arthur Patterson (Jarrold and Sons), is a series of articles on Yarmouth contributed to a local paper, and now published in book form. They are all worth reading, the most interesting being that on the Conchologist. It is just the kind of book to take with one to the seaside, and read on the beach.

The excellent little book "Days and Hours in a Garden," by

"E. V. B." (Elliot Stock), has now reached a sixth edition. The only additions are one or two garden-plans, some drawings of favourite nooks, and an angel-drawing copied from Tennyson's "May Queen."



FOR some of our readers this is one of the most restful months of the year as regards the cares of the toilette; they have still a few weeks to spend at the seaside, and bearing in mind the extra holiday expenses they say: "October is quite soon enough to think of autumn costumes." But for a large section of society, especially where the banking accounts are not large, it is a busy and anxious time of preparation for country visiting, which at this mid-season requires a great variety of toilettes for out and indoor wear.

For day costumes much depends upon the locality to be visited, and the leading amusements thereof.

Where yachting is indulged in, two or three nautical costumes are sufficient, the one for rough usage, the other for calm and dressy occasions. For the former the most popular material is "knotted cloth," in a fast colour known as "yachting red," which was quite the rage this season at Cowes, and becoming alike to blonde and brunette, especially when its brilliancy is subdued by a white or cream flannel waistcoat. One of the most effective gowns from the hands of a specialist in yachting attire was made thus; the double-breasted bodice was fastened on the left side with three large pearl buttons; the *revers* were opened low to show a vest richly embroidered in narrow cream-coloured braid; the skirt was arranged with a full front, and wide *revers* braided to match the bodice.

A second costume was of fine navy-blue serge, with a loose-fitting bodice and gilt buttons, opening over a cream serge vest made with long points, quaintly trimmed with wide and narrow navy braid; a cream petticoat was visible on the left side, where the full drapery was drawn back to display a panel of navy-blue braiding.

The latest fashion in head-gear is a military undress cap, made of the material to match the dress with which it is worn.

For rough and stormy weather, a coarse and carefully shrunk dark blue serge is made with a plain, full skirt; above the hem a row of wide black braid with three rows of narrow braid on each side; a loose Garibaldi shirt fastened with a leather band, over which, when cold, may be worn a double-breasted jacket; a blue straw hat or a stockinette cap with a tassel, a safe and comfortable covering for the head when the wind is high.

For tennis costumes, plain and striped flannels are *de rigueur*—no other material is suitable for this active sport; the skirts are made with single close-fitting pleats and a drapery in folds; blouse or Norfolk bodice, cuffs, collar, and band of striped flannel; the leather belts are not supple enough for this game, which requires perfect freedom of movement. A cream foundation trimmed with striped blue or red flannel, or the arrangement reversed, looks neat and workmanlike. Now that the sun has lost much of its power, the jaunty little cricketing cap, made to match the costume, is almost universally adopted. Not only for tennis and yachting are the peaked caps worn by young girls, but they are also very popular at our English watering-places. Those of our readers who are experts at making those little jockey-cap pin-cushions which are so popular at bazaars can easily make these caps on a larger scale, and thus, at a trifling cost, provide one for each costume. On a very hot day a coarse straw Zulu or willow hat is comfortable, simply trimmed with soft white muslin, and a real flower, or its correct and more durable imitation.

For a wedding about to come off in the North, some very artistic dresses for bridesmaids have been prepared. They were made of the pleasing and latest improvement of that well-known and appreciated material, alpaca; this variation is a combination of silk and wool, and bears the name of *alpaca de soie*. It is as soft and pliable as muslin, but possesses the merit of not crushing. Six of these costumes were of the most exquisite cream-colour, the other six were in the new shade known as apple-green. They were made in the style of the so-called "statue-dress," which is most becoming to slim figures; the long-train skirts were quite plain; on the front was a very graceful drapery, which started from the left shoulder, and fell in folds to the hem of the robe. The hair was confined by a gold filagree-band for the cream, and a silver band for the green; a long and ample tulle veil fell over the back of the head. *Alpaca de soie* is made in a long range of colours and shades, but strange to say has not yet been produced in black. The bridal dress was of cream-white corded silk and brocade; the travelling dress was unique—of sand-colour very fine Indian cashmere with a tablier, panels, and vest of velvet a shade darker than the foundation, embroidered in silver thread and cord; bonnet to match.

The movement to help Irish industries has brought poplins again to the fore. We were recently shown some very beautiful New Royal poplins, a light and very silky make with a fine cord, which has superseded the coarse and somewhat heavy cords of last season. A speciality of this make is the "Self Edge," a great improvement upon the white and coloured selvedge which was so difficult to conceal in draping, and persistently came *en evidence* unless cut away. Some of the colours and shades of poplin shown us were perfect; for example, a mouse-colour, moss-green, Russian grey, dull and bright red, egg-blue, and string-colour. There are very few complexions can stand this last-named shade, even though well trimmed with a contrasting colour. Poplin is especially suitable for the Directoire coats, which are still much worn.

A charming Irish speciality is the silk guipure lace, which is made by hand in sets of deep cuffs, square collars, and frontlets; it looks remarkably handsome on poplin and velvet for dinner and other evening costumes. Irish lace of every description is very much worn this season.

A very elegant costume recently came from Paris: it was made of coral and beige-coloured *glacé* silk; the redingote opened over a petticoat of coral *crêpe*, gathered at the waist, ornamented on the hem with a deep *bouillonné*, through which ran a ribbon of pink *moiré*, fastened at one side with a large rosette of the same; the beige-coloured redingote was made with wide *revers*, outlined with coral *crêpe*, a pleated *fichu* of *crêpe*, Empire sleeves, slightly puffed to the elbow, where they were finished off with crossway folds of *crêpe*. With this costume was worn a bonnet, gloves, shoes, and stockings in black, which had a novel but pleasing effect. It is the fashion to wear gloves, shoes, and stockings of the same colour as the costume, but, as that is somewhat difficult to arrange exactly, black may be substituted.

This is a very good time to buy furs of every description, as the fashions for winter are quite ready, and whilst the sun shines warm and bright the prices are far more moderate than when the snow is on the ground. There is nothing very new in this useful and ornamental adjunct to the toilette, which promises to be worn quite as much this coming season as it was last winter; as a garment as well as a trimming it will be equally popular.

A very pretty novelty for trimming autumn mantles and costumes, recently introduced in Paris, is "silk beaver," a very good imitation of the fur after which it is named; it is durable, stylish, and inexpensive, and made in wide and narrow widths.



IT would be a little difficult to gather the drift of "Thoth" (1 vol.: Blackwood and Sons) had not the anonymous author, writing as "the celebrated philosopher and physician Xenophilos," been considerate enough to explain how "this narrative certainly declares that no human skill or strength of purpose can altogether conquer Nature and Chance, and may thus serve, like the tragedies of our poets, as a notable warning against pride and presumption." One may fairly take, therefore, the wild romance of Daphne, and the mysterious race among whom she fell, as meant to allegorise the limitations of human will, science, and enterprise. Thoth is the ruler of an ancient people who have succeeded in not only subduing the elements, and in wresting from Nature all her secrets, but in controlling life and death, in mentally and physically perfecting the human race, and even in apparently abolishing every sort of passion. The result is failure, grotesque in some directions, and horrible in others. Women are brutally degraded into mere machines, cruelty becomes a public virtue, and the whole people become the automatic slaves of a scientific superstition. How the introduction of the very human Athenian girl, Daphne, into this *plus ultra* of civilisation brings about a sudden and in every way satisfactory collapse, the reader may be very cordially directed to the book itself to discover. It need not be said that the romance has the elements of weakness inseparable from fictions in which the author gives himself *carte blanche* to formulate his own conditions, and to deal with them in whatever way best suits his own purpose. One never gets rid of the sensation of incoherence—not of that pleasant, aimless sort which belongs to the enchantment of the Arabian Nights, for example, but of that which resembles the vain and conscious efforts to dream on the part of one who cannot get nearer to it than dislocated thinking. It also lacks the compensating pungency of wit or satire, such as belongs to "The Coming Race," or "Erehwon." But on the whole it is distinctly superior to, and more interesting than, most work of its never wholly satisfactory kind. It is admirably written, many of its passages are not likely to be forgotten, and the human nature of Daphne, in contrast with the unimpassioned civism of her captors, is dramatically rendered. We have seen it very generally compared with Mr. Haggard's "She," from which we can only conclude that it has been very much less read than it deserves to be.

Nobody who cares for detective stories should pass over "A Study in Scarlet," by Conan Doyle (1 vol.: Ward, Lock, and Co.). The author has equalled the best of his predecessors in that popular line by bringing to light a seemingly impenetrable crime by means of severely logical deductions from apparently unconnected and well-nigh imperceptible traces; and he has actually succeeded in inventing a brand new detective, only reminding the reader of Poe's in being an amateur of genius in that particular direction. His two professional clients, with their clues which, while running in opposite directions, lead equally to nothing, supply him with an entertaining foil. The plot is rather daringly constructed, inasmuch as the crime is cleared in the middle of the volume, the remainder being given to its preliminary history. But this unconventional departure is justified by success, and by the complete renewal and maintenance of fresh interest to the close. Concerning the plot, we shall, of course, say nothing. We may say, however, that the latter portion of the story deals considerably with the earlier period of the Mormon settlement in an interesting manner; and that there is no trace of vulgarity or slovenliness, too often characteristic of detective stories. Besides being exceptionally ingenious, it may be read with pleasure by those do not care for such things in a general way.

"A Leal Lass," by Richard Ashe King ("Basil") (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), is a pleasant and entertaining, if not very interesting, and certainly back-boneless story. It has little movement, but skill in portraiture of the lighter sort keeps it from being flat or tame. Among the characters especially to be singled out are an Irish gardener with much of the ancient humour of his country about him, and a veritable genius for reporting conversations with a combination of verbal faithfulness and unintentional falseness of effect; and also an old maiden lady who enjoys the grievance of imagining herself to have been once jilted by a curate, and, in consequence, holds that, whenever anything goes wrong, there must needs be a curate at the bottom of it somewhere, while having for the benefited clergy all possible respect and esteem. We must not, however, forget the heroine, the "leal lass" herself, who is altogether sympathetic, and thoroughly deserves the title of honour. We have said enough to show that the story, while very far, indeed, from being exciting, is well calculated to be read quickly, and to afford a sufficient amount of quiet amusement.

"A Garden of Tares," by John Hill and Clement Hopkins (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.), is a minute and elaborate study of the lives, manners, customs, language, and pronunciation of a pack of unmitigated cads, male and female. Many of them have their residence in what the author calls "Swepe's Inn;" and their history appropriately reeks of soot. No doubt they are examined and dissected with a sort of microscopic cleverness; but is the mere cad, with nothing but dull, vulgar, uninteresting vulgarity and uncleanness about him, worth the application of the microscope—or of the telescope, for that matter? The authors seem to have some sort of notion that they are investigating some region of Bohemia; and, so far as there is anything more than a sham Boemia in London, they are very expert and industrious in raking among its gutters, *en chiffonier*. They seem to do their work even with a zest, for the language of their characters finds its way into passages where Mr. Hill and Mr. Hopkins speak to their readers in their own persons; and they have an air of being supremely smart and knowing which irritates, even while making one ashamed of one's own irritation. "Alfy's friends did not call 'Heads' or 'Tails,' but thought something peculiarly and vaguely knowing lay in calling 'Woman!'" So we read in "A Garden of Tares," throughout which Mr. Hill and Mr. Hopkins perpetually reminds us of Alfy's friends. The best thing about the book is the reproduction of dialect, especially Scotch, Irish, and the most recent form of Cockney; but even this is overdone. The gift of minute observation we are very far from denying to Mr. Hill and Mr. Hopkins; but surely there are more entertaining as well as more interesting objects than cads for its exercise.

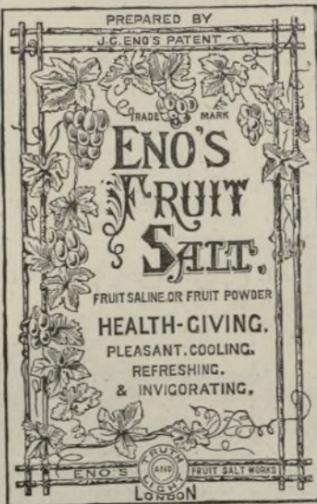
As may well be supposed, it is refreshing to turn to the sixth annual volume of Mr. W. Clark Russell's collection of maritime sketches, entitled (after the first of them) "The Mystery of the Ocean Star" (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus). Of these, we may especially note the weird yarn with which the volume opens; the admirable piece of descriptive writing called "Pictures at Sea;" the humorous "Longshoreman's Yarns" and "Weevil's Lecture;" and, for more solid interest, of a more or less anecdotic sort, "Forecastle Traits," "Lifeboats and Their Crews," and "The Old Naval Sea Song," if it be necessary or fair to select from two dozen tales and sketches bearing upon the true aspects of life at sea, and the real life of that least understood of all men, the sailor. To all who wish to know him as he is, and to help him with knowledge and sympathy, Mr. Clark Russell's volume is to be most heartily recommended, and we trust that it will be long before the close of a unique series which certainly shows no symptoms of exhaustion.



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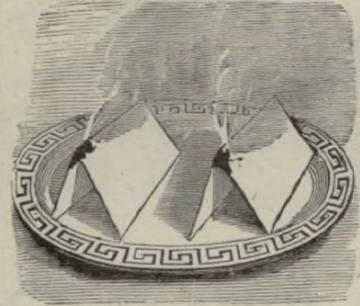
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