

# THE GRAPHIC

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THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN"  
A SKETCH ON THE MERSEY WHILE THE LEVIATHAN WAS BEING TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH

THE NOTICE BOARD STATING THE ISLAND TO BE  
A BRITISH POSSESSION



HOISTING THE UNION JACK, FLYING FISH COVE

THE ANNEXATION OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND, PACIFIC OCEAN, BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT  
RECENTLY PROCLAIMED A BRITISH POSSESSION BY THE CAPTAIN OF H.M.S. "IMPÉRIEUSE"



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE AT THE EISTEDFODD.**—All's well that ends well. The division of opinion as to the propriety of a political speech at Wrexham on Tuesday did not prevent Mr. Gladstone from being cordially received at the Eistedfodd, and well he repaid the heartiness of his reception, to say nothing of the support given him by Welsh constituencies. His ingenuity was never more conspicuously displayed than in the skill with which he made history and literature furnish him with tributes to the virtues of Welshmen. In Wales Christianity survived when it was stamped out in England by Pagan Saxons, and the mind of the late Mr. Henry Richard, a typical modern Welshman, Mr. Gladstone pronounced to be a sanctuary of Christian faith, Christian hope, and Christian love. The character of Fluellen in *Henry V.* ought to fill every Welshman with pride, for it was the expression of Shakespeare's own admiration of the Welsh; and Shakespeare, Mr. Gladstone took occasion to remind his audience, "was a great man." Sir Hugh Evans in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is not, indeed, an ideal cleric, and to place a Welsh parson at Windsor in the reign of Elizabeth was, according to Mr. Gladstone, a decided anachronism. But that anachronism was deliberately resorted to in order to please Queen Elizabeth, of whose affection for the Welsh he displayed a knowledge which is far from general. The "Men of Harlech" is the finest national air in the world; at least, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion. Welsh music might have alliteratively suggested a reference to Welsh mutton, and to the Welsh mountains on which it is produced, but Mr. Gladstone was silent on these suggestive themes. Wales is not famous for its eminence in the pictorial and plastic Arts, but the orator did not fail to mention that a Welshman, Mr. Burne Jones, is one of the most illustrious of living painters. The most skilful piece of flattery, however, in which Mr. Gladstone indulged, was the expression of his regret that he himself is not a denizen of the Principality. It might have been otherwise, for the great Simon De Montfort wished to include Hawarden in Wales, but a "high political influence," doubtless that of some obstructive Tory of the time, overruled him, and Mr. Gladstone must content himself with being "near the rose." All this may provoke an occasional smile, but it is a good-humoured one; and, with a few not very important exceptions, there was nothing in Mr. Gladstone's Eistedfodd oration to irritate the most sensitive of those Tories and Dissident Liberals whose disapproval he certainly can never be charged with labouring to avert.

**THE ALLOTMENTS PROBLEM.**—The reference made by the War Secretary to the question of "rooting the agricultural labourer in the soil" does not help the public to get much "farrard" with that problem. It is quite possible that the fear of having the Allotments Act put in force against them may have influenced some landowners to accommodate the villagers with garden plots. But these cases are quite exceptional; Mr. Stanhope cannot have studied the matter very deeply, or he would be aware that the Allotments Act has almost entirely failed to fulfil its intended objects. Either the local authorities refuse, on one pretext or another, to put it in force, or, when they comply, the conditions of tenancy are almost prohibitory of profitable cultivation. The Government are singularly short-sighted to play fast and loose with poor Hodge. First, he counted upon Mr. Gladstone to do something to improve his lot, but, when that gay deceiver turned aside to flirt with the Irish Delilah, Hodge pinned all his hopes on Lord Salisbury's benevolent statesmanship. Nor was he altogether wrong in imagining that the Premier wishes well to him. But the leader of a great party dare not give too much play to sentiment in any one direction. Landowners and farmers have to be considered as well as labourers, and neither class has any real liking for allotments. The landowner holds them in aversion because they involve an immensity of trouble in the management; the farmer objects to them even more strongly on the ground that his *employés* would reserve the best of their strength for the tillage of their plots, instead of expending it on his land. There is, too, the old idea that allotments create a certain sense of "independence" in their holders, rendering them less squeezable in the matter of wages. All this may be true, or the reverse, but the fact remains that the agricultural labourers are seething with discontent which, were a General Election to take place this year, would assuredly work enormous harm to the Government. There is yet time, however, for Lord Salisbury to introduce an Allotments Act Amendment Bill, traced on really generous and sympathetic lines.

**CHINESE AND AUSTRALIANS.**—It is beginning to be pretty evident that the Court of Peking has no idea of allowing the outer barbarians to taboo the Celestial race. The Chinese claim to be treated on the same footing as other peoples are; no better, no worse. If their presence is not relished in America or Australasia, no more is that of Europeans or Yankees in China; hence they would have precisely the same justification for forbidding Englishmen or Americans to settle in their country as these peoples have for

closing their ports against Chinese emigrants. Such being the Mandarins' way of viewing the complication, it is not surprising that they have refused to ratify the treaty with the United States which would have practically given up the whole case. Had they done so, England would have been sure to put in a similar claim; indeed, Lord Salisbury did so last month, assuming that the Chinese-American treaty had been already ratified. What is to be done now? The United States and Australasia are resolved that, come what may, Chinese emigrants must go elsewhere than to their ports; the Tsung-li-Yamen appears equally determined to exact the same treatment for Chinese emigrants as is accorded to those of other nationalities. Here, clearly, is an *impasse*, and the only question seems to be, which side will give way. There is no room for compromise; the Convention drafted by the late Australasian Conference makes a feeble effort of that sort, but there is little chance of its acceptance now that the analogous American Treaty has been bluntly rejected. It would be easy, of course, for the English and American Governments to prohibit the landing of Chinese coolies on their territories, but both are very anxious, for reasons of their own, to cultivate close relations with Peking. Being quite aware of that fact, the Mandarins believe that they hold the winning card in this diplomatic game, and such might be the case were the several Governments alone concerned. But both in America and Australasia popular feeling is thoroughly aroused, and that is a factor which the Tsung-li-Yamen may find inconveniently powerful.

**THE LOCAL TAXATION OF HOSPITALS.**—The letter from the Honorary Secretary of the Charities' Rating Exemption Society may well arouse surprise and indignation. It was generally believed that hospitals were exempt from local taxation. They are so, indeed, everywhere in Ireland and Scotland, but far from universally in England. In London Guy's pays annually 1,400*l.* in local rates, St. Thomas's 2,133*l.*, and this while the strenuous efforts of the charitable of all classes, made not only on Hospital Sundays and Hospital Saturdays, scarcely enable the London hospitals to meet an expenditure devoted to the most benignant of objects. The statutory exemption from taxation bestowed on churches and chapels, on literary and scientific institutions, is denied to those asylums for the sick and the maimed, the blind and the insane, which in other countries are supported or aided by the State instead of being despoiled under authority derived from it. The origin of the right to levy rates from hospitals is only less absurd than the claim itself. Charities had been exempted from local taxation with the enactment of the 43rd of Elizabeth until 1866. About that date the Mersey Docks Board claimed to be so exempted on the plea that they rendered public services. The question came by appeal before the House of Lords, which decided against the Board. Unfortunately, in the course of the proceedings Lord Westbury let drop the remark that charities were not specifically exempted from taxation in Elizabeth's famous statute, although they were authorised in it to receive part of the poor-rate to be levied under it. Acting on Lord Westbury's hint, certain local authorities proceeded to claim the payment of rates from hospitals, and judicial decisions enabled them to make good their claim. A Bill, however, is to be introduced into Parliament next Session to confer on charities legitimately entitled to it, the exemption from local taxation which they enjoyed for two centuries and a-half until little more than twenty years ago. It is promoted by members of the House of Commons of such different political opinions as Sir Julian Goldsmid, Sir Algernon Borthwick, Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, Sir Robert Fowler, Mr. O. V. Morgan, and Mr. H. Lawson. Its object needs only to be known to secure it the hearty support of all right-thinking men.

**"THE FIRST."**—Seldom has partridge-shooting begun under more unfortunate conditions than it did on Saturday. The cold wet season which has proved so disastrous to the crops has not spared the birds. Many of them perished of cold and exposure a few days after being hatched, and the remainder have been sadly handicapped in their search for food owing to the lateness of the harvest. Hence coveys are small, the plump young partridges which delight the epicure are scarce, and bags have chiefly consisted of old birds and "cheepers." In Leadenhall Market on Saturday (where, as usual, partridges were on sale so early as almost to justify the old game-dealer's belief that they were sent by telegraph), the choice lay for the most part between last year's birds and birds hardly bigger than blackbirds. Specimens weighing less than eight ounces each were sold for three shillings. In these circumstances we are glad to learn that many sportsmen are not going to begin shooting till the middle of the month. By that time we may expect that the harvest will have been got in, and the birds will have had an extra fortnight's growth. At present besides the other disadvantages enumerated above, there is too much cover. The birds take refuge in the standing corn, and consequently are very difficult to dislodge. But when the fields have been reaped, and the partridges are better grown, those who have been content to bide their time should enjoy some very good sport, for the present deficiency is in quality rather than quantity. Indeed, if we were to have many more "Firsts" like this

year's, it would become a question whether it would not be advisable for the Legislature to postpone the opening of the season till a later date.

**THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS.**—There was a time—not very remote either—when the world hoped much good from the annual meetings of labour representatives. It was assumed that, even though a considerable deal of nonsense were talked, a solid nucleus of sound common sense based on practical knowledge would make itself heard. This expectation still remains to be fulfilled: the later Congresses have contributed very little, if anything, to the public stock of information about industrial questions. Too often party questions have occupied the time that ought to have been devoted to the consideration of practical economics: the leaders appeared far more anxious to make Parliamentary capital for themselves than to seek remedies for working-class grievances. Nor is this selfish tendency yet exorcised. The report of the Parliamentary Committee speaks plainly enough, it is true, on the scandal, denouncing those who make the annual Congresses "national receptacles for the promotion of private interests." But, at the very commencement of proceedings, the chairman endeavoured to introduce the Fair Trade question, and was only stopped with great difficulty. It is to be regretted that the Report did not deal at greater length with the sweating system. Here is precisely the sort of subject on which the public are entitled to expect enlightenment from the proletariat. Unhappily, those who drafted it suffered their pens to run away into some exceedingly stupid stuff about the "hideous and deep-rooted hypocrisy" of preferring cheap goods to dear. It is to be feared that this is, and always will be, a failing of human nature; at all events, no traveller has ever discovered a people who showed the reverse tendency. Savages are quite as keen over a bargain as civilised folk; we may even doubt whether Mr. Broadhurst and his colleagues are in the habit of seeking out the dearest shops for food and clothes. Apart from a leavening of this rubbish, the Congress shows a commendable disposition to keep clear of sentimental cant, and to stick to the prosaic and practical.

**CHURCH "RESTORATION" AND THE LAW.**—Dr. Jessopp has donned his armour to combat the Vandals who, doubtless with the best intentions, but with the most deplorable results, are, on the plea of so-called "restoration," destroying much that is beautiful, picturesque, and interesting in our ancient churches. Perhaps through the exertions of this racy and vigorous cleric there will be an awakening of public opinion leading to some alteration in the law, without which the monitions of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and the mild protests of the Society of Antiquaries are destined to be comparatively fruitless. In the striking letter in which Dr. Jessopp recorded the recent wholesale demolition of the most attractive portions of an ancient church in his own county, the most important passage practically is that in which he described the flagrant illegality of the proceeding. The restorers had applied for a faculty, and the surveyor of the county had given notice of his intention to oppose it. But before the day appointed for a hearing the contractor employed by the restorers appeared on the scene, and the work of destruction was quickly performed. Surely some legal machinery might be invented which would ensure the punishment of the law-breakers in such a case. In a number of other cases the expense of procuring a faculty is made the excuse for not applying for one. It might be well to diminish the expense of the application, but what seems most pressing wanted is the creation of a body, or bodies, empowered to interfere in restraint of destruction disguised as restoration, and to procure the due punishment of such offenders as those whose operations have been graphically described by Dr. Jessopp. The subject is one which might fitly be brought before the approaching Church Congress at Manchester.

**ALPINE ACCIDENTS.**—That Englishmen take their pleasures sadly is an imputation which is gradually losing its force. We suppose no one will deny, however, that a good many Englishmen like to take their pleasures dangerously. Probably, therefore, the numerous climbing accidents which have occurred this year will not prevent as many persons as usual risking their lives and limbs in making mountain ascents. But as it is unwise to run unnecessary risks, even (if we may be pardoned the paradox) in the pursuit of danger, we trust that they will take the advice which has recently been lavished upon them. In the first place, the intending climber should not depend too implicitly upon the guide-book's statement that such and such a mountain is "easy," or that another is only "moderately difficult." What may be easy under one set of conditions may be difficult under another, and consequently guides, and the best guides procurable, should always be taken. Secondly, climbing even of the simplest kind should not be undertaken without proper equipment—the omission of which nearly caused a serious disaster to the two adventurous spirits who essayed the ascent of Beachy Head the other day. Thirdly, the guides themselves should be looked after. Guides vary greatly in skill and carefulness. Thus the Tyrolean guides are said to be very careless about roping, either not using ropes at all, or leaving such short intervals between the climbers that the ropes are practically useless to



prevent a fall. With such precautions, climbing need not possess for grown-up persons in sound health more than that spice of danger which is one of its greatest charms. Persons in weak health should avoid mountaineering; while to take children on such expeditions, despite the exploits of Miss Flossie Morse on Mont Blanc, is little short of criminal.

**THE SLAVE TRADE IN AFRICA.**—It is only natural that Commander Cameron should be burning with anxiety to deal a blow at the horrible traffic in human beings which is depopulating Africa. When he made his adventurous journey from ocean to ocean, he was brought face to face with the horror almost every day. But since that time matters have become worse instead of better—so much worse that it only seems a question of time when vast tracts of the most fertile regions of Africa will be absolutely destitute of inhabitants. But what could England do to stop the infamies of such inhuman wretches as Alvez and Ferreira? Even as matters stand, there is no nation on earth that has made, and still makes, such heavy sacrifices for the suppression of the Slave Trade. It would be too much, therefore, to saddle this country with the further responsibility of hunting down the scoundrelly Arab gangs in Central Africa. That work must be left to private effort, with such assistance as our ships of war and Consular authorities on the coast could render. Nor is there any reason to believe that a well-organised endeavour, properly supplied with funds, would not be quite capable of freeing the Dark Continent from its pests. The brave show made by the merest handful of Europeans on the Nyassa proves that the Arab slave-dealers are not so formidable as was supposed. It is clear, too, that the oppressed races only need good leadership, decent arms, and a little discipline to be ready to take an effectual part in the work of deliverance. Commander Cameron has a different conception—not based on hard fighting—in his mind; but he prefers to keep it secret for the present. He loves gentle methods, and his own success in getting across the Dark Continent without fighting goes far to justify this personal preference. We question, nevertheless, whether gentleness would not be wasted on the Arab men-stealers: for such wretches the rigorous processes of Mr. Stanley would seem to be more suitable.

**ORNAMENTAL STEWARDS.**—The scratching of Althorp for the Great Ebor Handicap last week at the eleventh hour has naturally caused a good deal of indignation among the racing public. They had backed the horse to such an extent that until a day or two before the race he was favourite in the betting, and here they were deprived of a run for their money. Certainly this was hard. But it cannot be said that Mr. Abington, the owner of Althorp, was to blame for withdrawing his horse. The facts were as follows. The weight which the handicapper had assigned to Althorp was 8st. 8lb. But after the weights were published he had won the Lewes Handicap, and the question then arose, "Did this victory entail a penalty in the race at York?" The obvious persons to appeal to in this difficulty were, as one would have supposed, the Stewards of the York Meeting, and to them accordingly Mr. Abington appealed for a decision as to the weight his horse was to carry. But the Stewards, after carefully considering the case, refused to give a decided opinion. Mr. Abington, then, was in a dilemma. If the horse ran without the extra weight and won, it would be objected to for not carrying enough; if it won with the extra weight, it would still be objected to for carrying too much—an equally valid reason, strange to say. Consequently, he took the only way of preventing all disputes, and Althorp was scratched. No doubt the Stewards would defend their action, or rather inaction, on the ground that any decision they might give was liable to be over-ruled by the Jockey Club. In that case it is time that a change was made, and that Stewards were given greater freedom of action. Then they would be useful. At present they seem purely ornamental.

**IS TEMPERANCE DECLINING?**—"Yes" might be the reply if a hasty inspection of the imperfect statistics of a single financial year, that ending 31st March, 1888, justified a decisive answer to the question. Some of the figures given in the newly issued report of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue are certainly striking. The quantities of home-made spirits charged with duty had been diminishing since 1883-4, but in 1887-8 they increased for the first time. In England the quantity of ardent spirits consumed increased from (in round numbers) 14,700,000 gallons in 1886-7 to 15,140,000 in 1887-8. But, before jumping to the conclusion that a larger amount of ardent spirits was consumed in England in 1887-8 than in 1886-7, it must be remembered that the figures of the Inland Revenue Commissioners refer only to home-made spirits. It has happened before now that the consumption of home-made spirits has diminished while the consumption of foreign spirits has increased, and the converse of this may have taken place during 1887-8. In 1886, for instance, the consumption of British spirits was less by (in round numbers) 655,237 gallons than in the preceding year, but the consumption of foreign and colonial was 622,000 gallons more. How easily statistics of the kind may be misinterpreted is shown by the utterly inaccurate conclusions which have been drawn from some of the figures in this report, which relate to Scotland. The quantity of spirits charged with duty north of the

Tweed was more by 274,749 gallons in 1887-8 than in 1886-7. From this it has been inferred that much more whisky was drunk in Scotland in the later, than in the earlier, year. In point of fact actually less by nearly 100,000 gallons was drunk there. The seeming discrepancy can be accounted for by supposing a great increase in the export of Scotch whisky to England. There remains the increase of nearly 300,000 barrels of beer brewed in the United Kingdom in 1887-8, compared with 1886-7, and yielding a net return to the Revenue of more than 8,710,000*l.*, which the Commissioners remark is the largest amount ever received from the Beer Duty. But this increase they attribute partly to the Jubilee rejoicings during the thirsty months of June and July last year. That was clearly an abnormal consumption, and our Temperance friends may derive some consolation from the theory thus considerably broached.

**THE STONES OF ENGLAND.**—In "A Visitor's Impressions of India," published in the *Times* last week, the writer dilated upon the magnificent architecture and materials of some of the temples and palaces he visited, and especially upon the great use made of coloured stones. His very natural enthusiasm seems to have raised the patriotic spirit of another correspondent, who, writing this week, implies that "we could do it if we liked." There would be no difficulty, he says, in erecting buildings in the United Kingdom of equally beautiful stones. "Cornwall abounds in the richest porphyries and serpentines; Scotland has granites of various colours, and possesses a marble of a very pure white," and so on, and so on. "Very true, so they do," as Captain Corcoran says. But the difficulty in adopting the idea, and building our houses and our banks and our town halls out of these materials, is the difficulty which meets us in all our out-of-door operations—the climate. What would the very pure white marble of Scotland look like after a year or two in our murky atmosphere? Even the granites and the serpentines would in a short time, probably, begin to lose their brightness under the fatal influences of London smoke, and become dingy and decayed. No! Give us what "A Visitor" calls "the blistering sunlight of India," and we shall be only too glad to make more use of the beautiful materials which we possess; but till we get that we must content ourselves with the freestone and red brick to which we are accustomed. And, after all, it is questionable whether anything looks much better than good red brick, toned down with age, and relieved with ivy.

**NOTICE.**—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, entitled "A LOVE STORY OF THE ENGADINE," by Lieut.-Colonel Harcourt.

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### THE "GREAT EASTERN" TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH

AFTER thirty years' vain struggle against an adverse destiny, this leviathan steam-ship has been beached on the shores of the Mersey to be broken up for old iron. The *Great Eastern* was planned by Mr. Brunel and built by Mr. Scott Russell to accomplish the voyage to the East round the Cape without having to stop by the way for coal, and was originally intended to take some 3,000 first, second, and third-class passengers, and a large cargo. Her length was 692 ft., her breadth 83 ft., and the depth of her hold was 24 ft., and her registered tonnage 18,914 tons. She was fitted with both paddle and screw engines, carried five funnels, each 100 ft. high, and had a coal-bunker space of 10,000 tons. She was built at Millwall, and great difficulty was experienced in the launch, which occupied three months, and cost 60,000*l.* In 1859, the mammoth steam-ship started on her first trip to the United States, but had to put back through the explosion of a steam-pipe, by which a number of persons were killed and injured. Next year she reached New York, and made several trips across the Atlantic, but the receipts were unequal to the enormous expenses. In 1861, she was utilised as a troop-ship to take the Guards to Canada, but it was not until 1865 that her true vocation was considered to have been found—namely, to lay a telegraph cable between England and America. In this work she was occupied for some years—an attempt being made in 1867 to utilise her as a passenger-ship between New York and Havre during the Paris Exhibition—but when there were no more cables to lay she was relegated to idleness and Sheerness, where cockney "trippers" were admitted to view her interior at a shilling a-head. Two years ago the vessel was taken over by a syndicate, and stationed in the Mersey as a species of People's Palace of Amusement, being subsequently transferred to Dublin. After a brief visit to the Clyde the *Great Eastern* was sent on her last voyage to the Mersey, where, on Saturday week, she was beached near New Ferry, on the Cheshire shore, to be eventually handed over to the dismantling hammer. Even to the last her ill-fortune appeared to attend her, as during her journey from the Clyde she encountered a gale, during which the tug was obliged to cast her loose, while her own engines being stopped for a short time the great vessel became unmanageable, and for hours rolled about at the mercy of the wind and waves. On the weather moderating, however, she was again taken in charge, and finally towed by the tug *Stormcock* to her last berth.

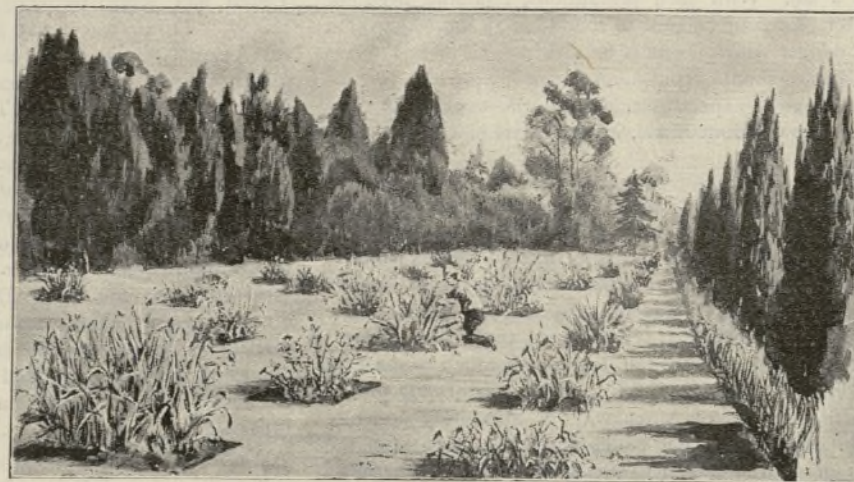
### CHRISTMAS ISLAND

OUR illustrations are from photographs taken by a naval officer on the occasion of the formal annexation of Christmas Island by Captain William H. May, of H.M.S. *Imperieuse*, on the 6th of June last. Christmas Island is situated in the Pacific Ocean in latitude 10 deg. 25 min. south and 105 deg. 43 min. east longitude, and lies 200 miles south of the western end of Java, and about 65 miles between that island and the Keeling Islands, which also belong to Great Britain. The island consists largely of coral, covering a volcanic core, and since the deposit of the coral has been upheaved over 1,000 feet. It is covered with a mass of tropical growth, densely wooded, and is the undisturbed abode of thousands of birds of all descriptions, who had evidently not previously been troubled with visitors, some of them being so tame that they sat still and allowed themselves calmly to be caught, without betraying any fear. The ceremony took place in Flying Fish Cove, practically the only part of the island boasting anything approaching to a landing-place. One of the illustrations shows the guard of honour—a party of blue-jackets and marines, under the command of Lieutenant Hewett—in the act of saluting the Union Jack, which had just been hoisted. Captain May, accompanied by several of his officers, had just announced that Christmas Island had become a British possession, and the *Imperieuse*, lying off the cove, did honour to the occasion





THE PRINCIPAL'S HOUSE



THE BOTANIC GARDENS



THE DAIRY, EXTERIOR



THE VETERINARY HOSPITAL



THE ENTRANCE



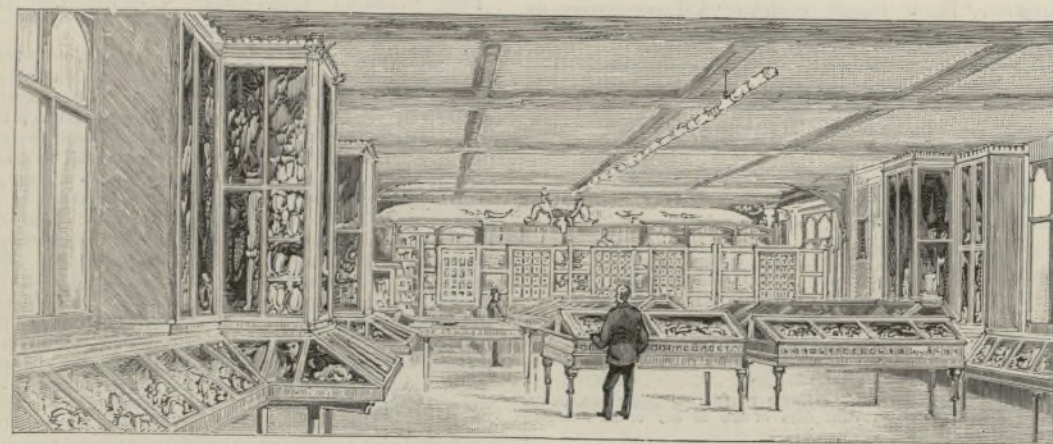
THE QUADRANGLE



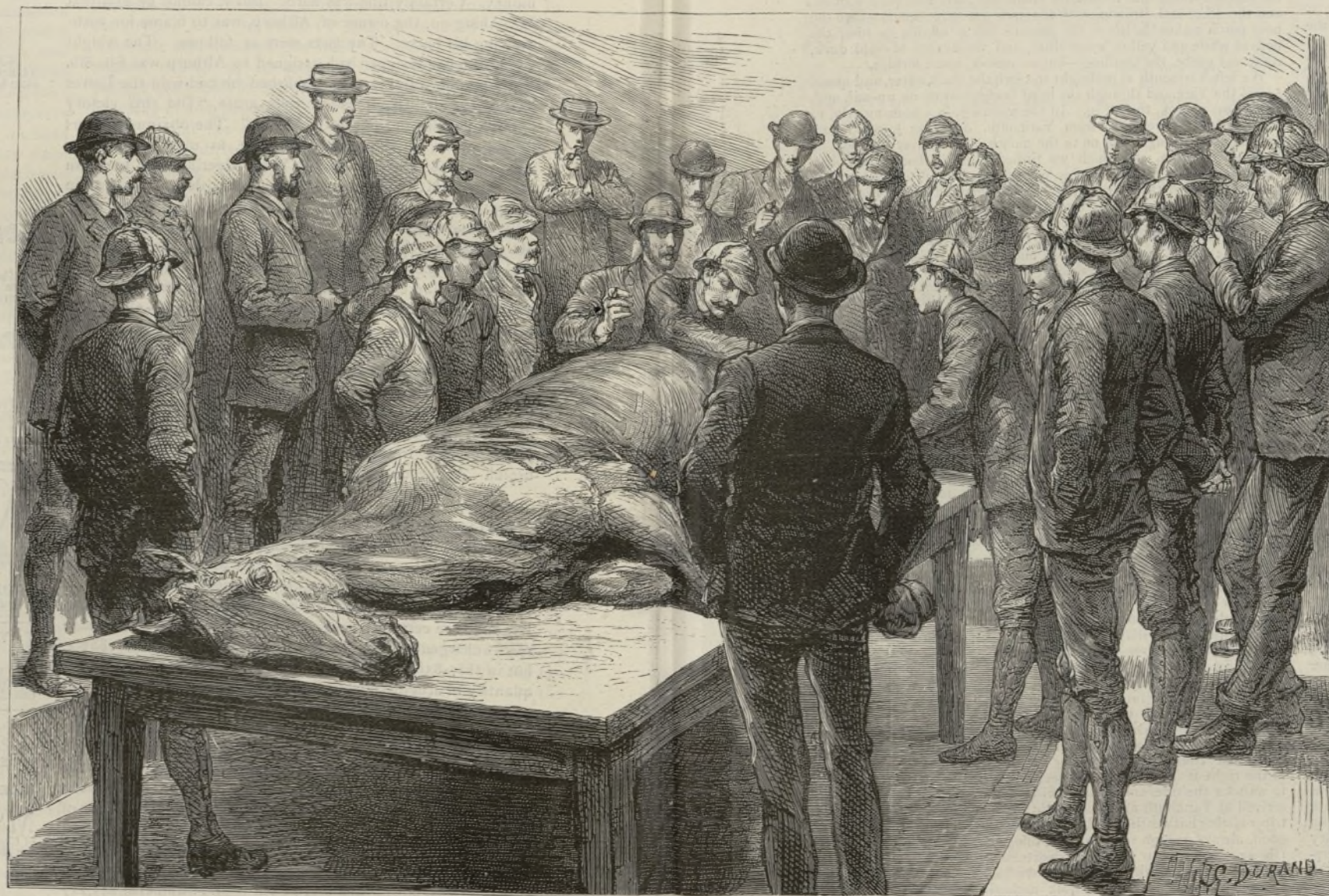
GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS



THE COLLEGE, SOUTH FRONT



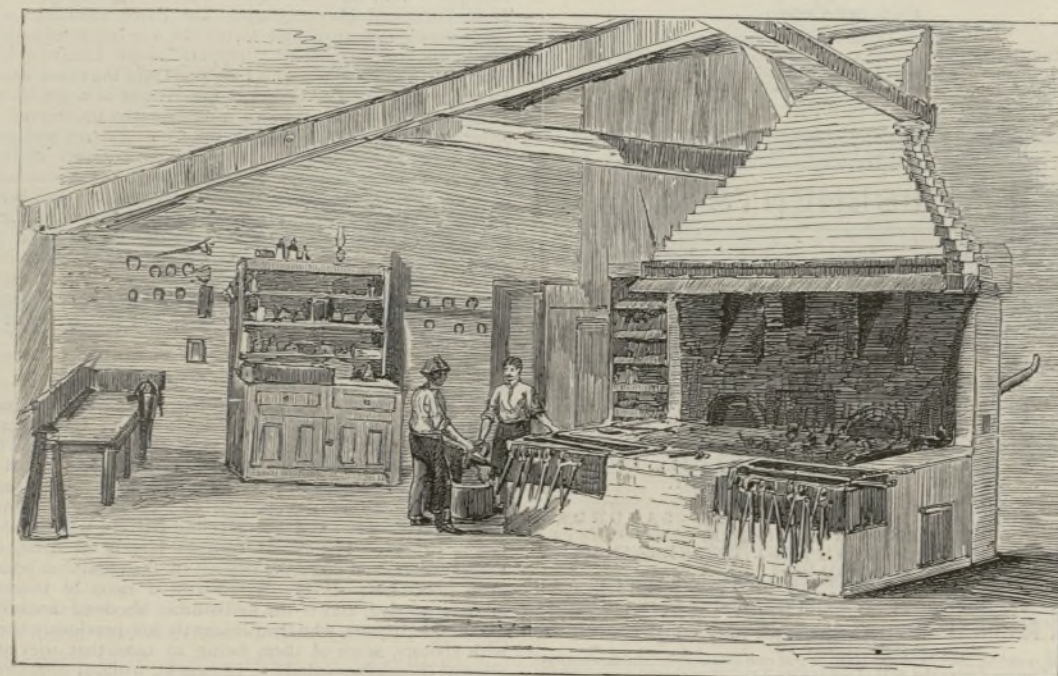
THE MUSEUM



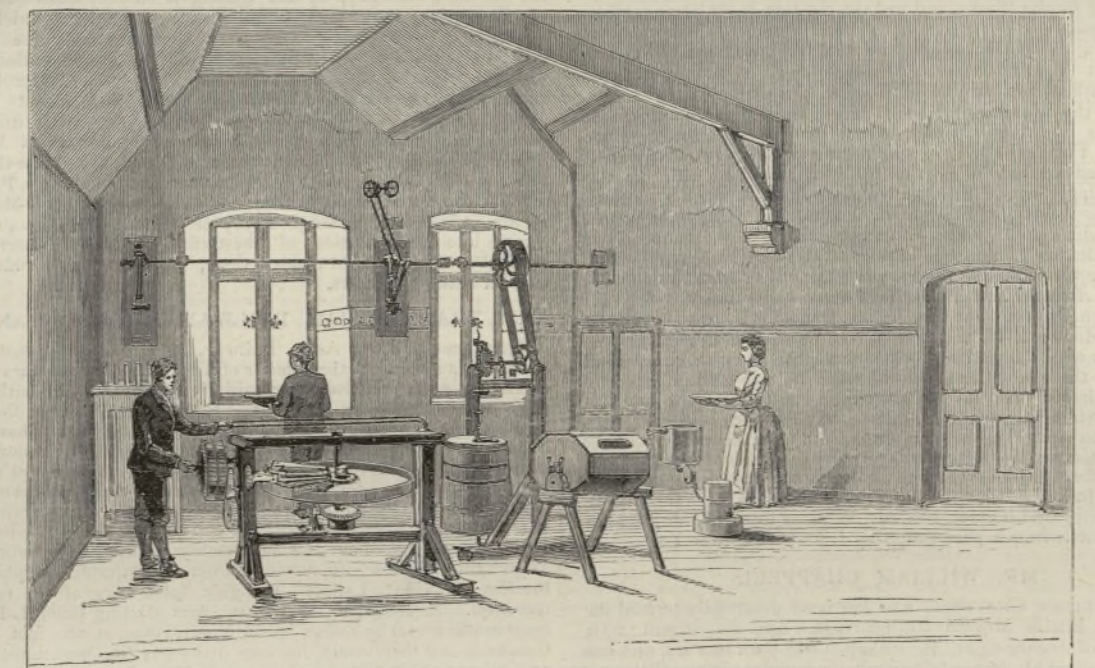
THE VETERINARY SHOP



THE COLLEGE FARM



THE FORGE



THE CHURNING-ROOM IN THE DAIRY

THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER  
VISITED BY THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION DURING THEIR MEETING AT BATH

Ayuntamiento de Madrid



with a Royal salute. A cairn was then constructed, in which was deposited, in a sealed tin, a record of the proceedings. The notice-board shown informs visitors that an addition has been made to the British Empire. In the illustration, the ship's carpenter with his mates have just finished their work of placing the board in position on a prominent tree.

#### THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, CIRENCESTER

THE Royal Agricultural College, with the large mixed farm attached for the purposes of affording practical instruction to students, was established in 1845 by the Prince Consort, with the support of a number of influential personages, for the purpose of promoting the scientific study and successful practice of agriculture. It was incorporated by Royal Charter, under which it grants certificates and diplomas of Membership and Associateship. In 1870 a supplemental charter with new powers was obtained, and in 1880 Her Majesty was pleased to command that the College be styled "The Royal Agricultural College." The College is fully equipped both for practice and scientific instruction, having a large outdoor and indoor staff, who give full courses on Agriculture in all its phases, on Dairy Farming, on Estate Management, Forestry, &c., their teaching being practically illustrated by means of the farm, the dairy, the veterinary hospital, the workshops, the botanic gardens, the laboratories, and an excellent museum. The College is situated about a mile from Cirencester, and adjoins Oakley Park, the seat of Lord Bathurst. The building, a handsome Gothic structure, stands in the midst of the College farm, and contains a museum, lecture theatre, laboratories, studies, chapel, dining hall, library, reading room, dormitories, out-students' common room, and the apartments for the resident professors. Of our engravings one shows the museum, which is divided into special departments for the illustration of the several branches of instruction, such as farm produce, models of agricultural buildings, chemical substances relating to agriculture, minerals, natural history specimens, and collections of anatomical and pathological preparations, and skeletons with reference to veterinary science. Much attention is paid to this last department, and the veterinary hospital is fitted up for the reception of diseased farm animals, and with dissecting and microscopic rooms, and a shed for *post mortem* examinations. Another of our illustrations shows the smiths' workshops, which contain three forges for horseshoe making and other smiths' work, a shoeing shed, a lathe-room, a carpenters' shop, and a room for saddlery and harness work. The College farm, which, as we have said, surrounds the main buildings, is especially well suited for practical instruction, being a mixed farm of about 500 acres, of which 450 are arable and the remainder pasture. There is a variety of heavy and light land, which necessitates difference of treatment, and thus increases the value of the practical lessons. The farm buildings were erected at a cost of 4,000*l.*, and are adapted to the best modern systems. The farm is noted for its breed of live stock, and the instruments and implements used are of the best and latest types, so that the students can keep up well with the age. The dairy, which is a practical working dairy on scientific principles, is a substantial building divided into three main apartments, respectively appropriated to the cooling and setting of milk, and raising of cream; the mechanical separation of cream from milk by centrifugal force, and the churning, working, and making up of butter; and the manufacture of various kinds of cheese. The Botanic Garden is a very valuable medium for instruction in the botany of agriculture and arboriculture—being divided into numerous plots occupied by representatives of the natural orders, grasses, and other plants. The number of students at the College number sixty to seventy in-students, and thirty to forty out-students. As a rule the former are required to be at least eighteen years of age, and the latter over twenty-one. The ordinary College course extends over two years, and for the diploma over two years and one session. The diploma of membership (M.R.A.C.) answers to a University degree in "honours," and the diploma of Associateship to a "pass" degree. The present Principal is the Rev. John B. McClellan, M.A. The College and farm are to be visited to-day (Saturday) by the members of the British Association now meeting at Bath.

#### SIR JOHN ROSE

THIS distinguished statesman and financier died on August 24th while actually engaged in stalking a stag at Langwell, Caithness-shire, where he formed one of the Duke of Portland's shooting party. He had fired at the stag once or twice, and was in the act of firing again when he fell, and died almost immediately. Though his main career was connected with Canada, Sir John Rose was not of Canadian, but of Scotch parentage, having been born in Aberdeenshire. He emigrated in 1836, when he was sixteen, at the time when Lord Durham was battling a formidable rebellion. Young Rose at once served as a volunteer, and must have distinguished himself by a display of judicial talent, as he was appointed Assistant-Recorder of the Court Martial on the insurgents. Pursuing his law studies, he was called to the Canadian Bar, rose speedily to be Queen's Counsel, in 1857 became Solicitor-General, and entered parliament for Montreal. Two years later he became Minister of Public Works, and had the conduct of the arrangements in connection with the visit of the Prince of Wales, thus founding a friendship which the Prince entertained for him throughout his life. He subsequently took a prominent part in the deliberations which led to the Canadian Confederation, and, at the Conference held in London, represented the Protestants of Lower Canada. After the Federation Act, he was appointed Finance Minister, and during a three years' tenure of office passed a variety of most useful fiscal measures. He was also an exceedingly able diplomatist, and fulfilled various difficult missions to the United States with much tact. In 1870 he retired from Canadian political life, and came over to London to occupy himself chiefly with business matters. The Government, however, sent him to the United States on a confidential mission to negotiate upon the *Alabama* and Fisheries Treaties—the result being the Washington Treaty. For this he was created a Baronet—Sir John Rose, of Montreal. He has since served on various Commissions, in connection with Transatlantic Affairs, and has taken much practical interest in the various Exhibitions, while he was no less active in financial circles. He was for some time partner in the banking firm of Morton, Rose, and Co., and latterly has been connected with the London and Westminster Bank, and the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporation. He married twice, firstly Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Robert Emmett-Temple, of Rutland, United States; and last year Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his eldest son, Mr. William Rose, of Montreal.—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. Ludovici, New York.

#### MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL

MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL, who has been deservedly termed the "Chief of British Musical Antiquarians," died on August 20th, at the age of seventy-eight. Mr. Chappell was born in 1809, and was the eldest son of Mr. Samuel Chappell, the founder of the well-known music-publishing business. In 1861, having retired from business, Mr. Chappell devoted himself to what had been for many years previously a favourite pursuit—his antiquarian researches into the history of music. He had been one of the first to collect and to collate in a compact form the English music of bygone years, with notes on the pedigree of the various songs and melodies, with anecdotes relating to them, and frequently with adaptations of the words to present in a practical fashion to the English people the

music of their forefathers. Mr. Chappell was the sole founder in 1840 of the Musical Antiquarian Society, and was one of the originators of the Percy Society. He was for many years treasurer of the Camden Society, and was connected with various other learned and antiquarian associations. The first part of his "Collection of National English Airs" was issued in 1838, and with the assistance of Dr. Crotch, Professor Sir George Macfarren, and Mr. J. A. Wade, it was finished in two years. This valuable work consisted of a collection of ancient English song, ballad, and dance tunes, interspersed with remarks and anecdotes, and preceded by an essay on English Minstrelsy. Amongst others of his works were a collection of "Old English Ditties," that valuable and recognised authority on national English music, "Popular Music of the Olden Time," which had been expanded from his earlier work, and "A History of Music, Art, and Science," while he edited Dowland's songs, and a large amount of the music of the madrigalian era for the "Musical Antiquarian Society."—Our portrait is from a photograph by J. E. Mayall, 164, New Bond Street, W.

#### LORD ALFRED PAGET

LORD ALFRED PAGET, whose death occurred on board his yacht on the 24th ult., was born in 1816. He was the third son of a distinguished Field-Marshal, the first Marquis of Anglesea, K.G., his mother being a daughter of the first Earl Cadogan, and renowned for her beauty. Lord Alfred was educated at Westminster School, and entered the Royal Horse Guards in 1832, passing through the various grades until he became full general in 1881. From 1837 to 1865 he sat in the Liberal interest as one of the members for Lichfield. A great favourite with the Queen and Prince of Wales, Lord Alfred Paget at various times held the offices of Chief Equerry and Clerk Marshal to Her Majesty. He was also one of the most popular members of London Society, and his tall stately figure and rubicund good-humoured countenance were universally known at the clubs, the theatres, and in fashionable circles generally, by whom they will be sadly missed. Lord Alfred was also an enthusiastic yachtsman, and at the time of his death was Vice-Commodore of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. He was married in 1847 to Miss Cecilia Wyndham, the youngest daughter of Mr. George Thomas Wyndham, of Cromer Hall, Norfolk, and leaves thirteen children.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Boning and Small, 22, Baker Street, W.

#### THE TOMSK UNIVERSITY, SIBERIA

THIS University was opened on August 3rd. Many years since, the "Siberiaks," who were compelled until now to send their sons as far as Kazan when they wished to give them a University education, asked the Government for permission to open a University in Siberia. Opinions were for some time divided as to whether the University should be established at Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia, or at Tomsk. The latter was eventually selected. Money was freely subscribed in Siberia for the erection of a building for the University, and some three or four years ago the structure was ready. A good library had been purchased and transported to Tomsk, but the Government refused to grant the authorisation for the opening. The Siberians had even abandoned all hope of ever seeing a University in the colony, but the Government finally gave way, and the University is now open, although only with two Faculties—Medical and Juridical.

The building occupies a fine position, and contains twenty lecture rooms, library, museums, and halls for meetings of the students. The two three-storied buildings which are seen on both sides of the main building contain the apartments of the professors. The anatomical laboratories are especially spacious and well organised, while the Clinical Hospital has accommodation for sixty-five men, forty women, and twenty children. The botanical garden extends to the forest, and a special building will be erected for the astronomical observatory.

Siberia is heartily to be congratulated upon the opening of the Tomsk University, as higher education, particularly with regard to natural science and medicine, was greatly wanted. Siberia has already contributed several noteworthy men to scientific circles, such as the chemist Mendeleyeff, the zoologist Polyakoff, the historian Schapoff, the geographer Potanin, and the chemist Potylitsin, and others; and we may be sure, now that better opportunities are afforded, that we shall hear of many more.

Up to the present, the only institution where young men could find any facilities for scientific work was the East Siberian Branch of the Geographical Society at Irkutsk, eighteen hundred miles to the east of Tomsk. Since its building and library were destroyed during the conflagration of 1879, a new building has been erected, by private subscriptions, and it is now one of the finest structures of Irkutsk. Its museum yearly acquires more and more importance; so also its publications. We should also mention that there is an excellent local museum (Natural History and Archaeology) at Minisinsk (in South Yeniseisk), and another at the town of Yeniseisk.

#### THE RANGER'S HOUSE, GREENWICH PARK

THIS mansion, which has been presented as a residence for life to Lord Wolseley, by the Queen, is on the south-west side of Greenwich Park, facing Blackheath, and is a brick-built house, once the residence of Lord Chesterfield—whose famed "Letters to his Son" are little read by the present generation. He was wont to call his house "Babiole," or "La Petite Chartreuse," but it was more generally styled Chesterfield House—a and a shady avenue running under the Park wall from the summit of Croom's Hill is still known as "Chesterfield Walk." The old Duchess of Brunswick, sister to George III., came there in 1807, in order to be near her daughter, the ill-fated Caroline, Princess of Wales, who had been apportioned an adjoining residence—Montagu House—which was subsequently pulled down, and the grounds thrown into the plantations of Chesterfield House. In later years the Duke of Connaught resided there, while studying for his commission in the Engineers.

#### NEW TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY TO SAMARKAND, I.

THIS great Central Asian Railway, which has been constructed by Russia to open out the interior of Turkestan and Bokhara to her commerce, and to facilitate her military communications with those regions, is 900 miles in length, and runs through some of the most terribly arid and sandy deserts in the world. The line has taken about seven and a half years to construct, though the major part, from Kizil Arvat, has been laid in three years. It has almost wholly been constructed under the supervision of General Annenkoff, and will, it is stated, when matters are in working order, bring St. Petersburg and Samarkand within ten days' distance. The line was formally inaugurated on the anniversary of the Czar's coronation, May 27th, and our illustrations, from photographs supplied by the Rev. Dr. Henry Lansdell, will give some idea of the country traversed. A passenger for Central Asia starting from St. Petersburg would travel by rail as far as Vladivavkas, at the foot of the Caucasus, and then would have to drive over the mountains, some 150 miles, to Tiflis, whence train would be again taken to Baku, on the western shore of the Caspian. Thence a steamer would convey him to Ouzoun Ada, the Western terminus of the Transcaspian Railway, from which place the line now runs to the once famed capital of Tamerlane—Samarkand. An interesting account of the journey has been given by the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times*, whose narrative does not inspire the reader with any frantic desire to follow his example until the traffic arrangements have been somewhat improved. With the

exception of bridging three rivers, the Tejend, the Murghab, and the Amou Daria (or Oxus), few engineering difficulties have been encountered—the chief difficulties to contend with being the shifting and drifting sands, and the liability of certain parts of the line to be suddenly flooded. These have been combatted by the planting of a curious shrub, "Saxaul," which takes root in the sand, and eventually forms a protective screen, and by the construction of numerous conduits to carry off the flood water. The line has been very cheaply built, costing without rails about 2,850*l.* per mile, native labour at a few pence a day being utilised, and General Annenkoff had a special train fitted up as bedroom, dining room, kitchen and all, so as to be always in the van. As the rails were laid down on moved the train. The ordinary carriages on the line at present can hardly be termed luxurious. There are no first-class—but in the scorching weather of a Central Asian summer cushions would be decidedly at a discount—the pleasantest part of the train being the upper or third-class storey of the carriage—for many of the carriages, as may be seen in one of our illustrations, have two floors. The fuel used in the engine is petroleum. To return to Ouzoun Ada, the *Times* correspondent describes it as "a bivouac on the edge of the desert." A number of slight, narrow wooden piers jutting out all round the semicircular sandy bay, a few dozen sailing-brigs, barges and small craft, and two or three steamers, at anchor, with straggling rows and clusters of small wooden houses, huts, and warehouses, belonging to the railway officials and different shipping companies, the whole framed in all round by hills and mounds of sand as far as one can see from the water—such is a picture of Ouzoun Ada. We will further describe the route in our subsequent articles, but we may mention here the bridge at Chardjui across the Amou Daria, or Oxus, shown in our illustration, which is a light structure of wooden piers, and stretches nearly two miles across the wide river bed, including an intervening island. The first or principal bridge is 5,740 English feet in length, and there are two smaller bridges near the Bokharan side. As we have said, the line has been mainly constructed by General L. M. Annenkoff—one of the most distinguished officers in the Russian service, who had had railway construction experience in Lithuania. General Annenkoff himself took part in the last Central Asian campaign, and was wounded by the side of General Skobeleff at the taking of Geok Tepé, which now forms one of the chief stations at which the "Shaitan Arba," or Devil's Cart, as the locomotive is known out there, now halts. He showed the most untiring energy, and among the workmen he was called the "nagaika," or whip, of construction, on account of the indefatigable manner in which he urged on everything and everybody. He has been rewarded by the Czar with the Order of St. Alexander Newsky, the appointment as Chief Director of the line for twenty years, and by a congratulatory Imperial rescript, in which the Czar wrote, "For three years you have laboured with characteristic energy at the accomplishment of this task, sparing neither health nor strength, in a constant struggle against natural obstacles which seemed almost insurmountable."

#### BATH IN ITS PALMY DAYS

See page 263

#### A LOVE STORY OF THE ENGADINE

See pp. 269 *et seq.*

#### "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 273.

#### A CRUISE THROUGH THE NORFOLK WATERWAYS

ALAS for the tyranny of editors! But for that, good reader, "The Skipper" could lead you through river, broad, and dike, show you the reaches where that freshwater shark, the pike, does most abound, and the dikes and streams, with the rare gravelly swims, where the bold perch makes the life of the juvenile fish a burden to him, the beds of white and yellow water-lilies, and the haunts of wild duck, coot, and grebe, the thrilling—but no matter, space forbids.

We left Yarmouth at midnight to catch the slack water, and went across the Yare and through the fixed bridges, when we up-sail, and, about two o'clock, turned in. In the morning, in a pouring rain, to Acle Bridge, twelve miles from Yarmouth. Here we lowered mast and quanted through, and on to the mouth of the River Thurne, or Hundred Stream, up which we turned, and anchored at Potter Heigham Bridge. We next day visited Martham Broad, and went aground athwart the entrance, where we remained for the night, and tipped some wherry-men to tow us off in the morning. Through Hickling and Horsey, and back to Potter Heigham. In the morning took the dinghy, and rowed up to Womack Broad, spinning as we went: result, two large perch and two jack. Sketched the old boathouse, and back to breakfast; then up anchor, and, having a fair wind, sailed straight away for Wroxham, leaving the intervening places for the return trip. Had a sail round Wroxham Broad, turning in from the river by the gateway (shown in sketch), then into the river again, and anchored among the fleet by the bridge (shown in sketch). "Useful and Ornamental." This sketch was made here also. The cook washing up, and one of the children arranging flowers for the cabin table. Quanting through Wroxham Bridge, we made sail for Belaugh and Coltishall, and moored by a park-like meadow (see sketch of "The Prior"). We spent two days here, it was so pleasant, walking about the neighbourhood and shopping in the village, fishing, &c. Ash-trees abound here by the river, many dead and dying. We left here for Belaugh (turning back again), and anchored by a meadow close to some cottage gardens, where the youngsters foraged for fruit, milk, eggs, &c., and from which point was made the sketch of Belaugh Church, which stands prettily on the top of a hill, surrounded by trees. Here Master Tommy distinguished himself by catching a big fish, which, but for the Skipper, would have caught him. From here back to Wroxham, through the bridge, and past Hoveton, Salhouse, and Hoveton Little Broad to Horning, where we were received by the kids with "Hey, John Barleycorn," the only song they know apparently, and anchored by Horning Ferry, and, in the evening, foraged up in the village. We also pulled into Ranworth Broad in the dinghy and sketched the church. We had "a capful of wind" the next day; running down to St. Benet's Abbey, we again anchored, and from thence explored the River Ant, and Stalham, and Barton Broads, and brought home a jack. "The Cabin Boy" had elected to stay with the cook and catch fish, but he only had one, and that had him, taking away his line, float, &c., and leaving him lamenting. In the evening, we pulled into South Walsham Broad by the Fleet Dike. Next morning we set sail for Yarmouth, keeping to the right at Thurne Mouth, anchored for a time at Acle Bridge to wait for the tide, and, after having a pleasant sail by moonlight, arrived at Yarmouth about midnight. We had a pleasant fortnight's trip, roasting hot weather, and only one wet day. The fishing was fairly good, always enough sport to make things lively. We had no accident (though, but for our Captain's smartness, the boom in jibbing would have taken two of the youngsters overboard), and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The Norfolk authorities should take steps to regulate the steam launches (some of them full of rowdy excursionists from Yarmouth), which drive along at full speed, and by which we were twice nearly swamped whilst fishing. Any remonstrance is met by abuse, in language not choice. These will have a tendency to drive the better class of yachtsmen from the rivers, and they are the ones who spend the money. Any one wishing to explore the waters should write to the Secretary, Waveney Cottage, Mutford Bridge, Lowestoft, who has a first-class fleet of boats, of which *The Prior* was one.

"THE SKIPPER"





**POLITICAL.**—Before addressing the Eistedfodd on Tuesday at Wrexham, Mr. Gladstone delivered a political speech at a meeting presided over by Mr. Osborne Morgan, M.P., in much of which he traversed old ground. He defended his recent parallel between Russia's treatment of Poland and England's treatment of Ireland. While admitting that he had seen a political prisoner in King Bomba's gaol chained to an ordinary felon, he explained that the unhappy man had been convicted of high treason, which could not be said of the political prisoners in Ireland. After censuring in some detail the prison treatment of the late Mr. Mandeville, he made the rather curious statement that, if his Home Rule scheme had been accepted, Wales and Scotland would have remained very much as they were before. But the rejection of it had made Welshmen and Scotchmen think of their own claims, and with thirty Welsh members supported by seventy odd Scotch members, all that Wales can justly claim, was Mr. Gladstone's rather vague prediction, would ere many years be granted by Parliament. A few days before the delivery of this speech, a Welsh newspaper published a letter from Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, who was a member of one of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets, in which he expressed the strongest conviction that when his party returns to power, it will treat Welsh questions from the point of view of the Welsh people, among the chief of these being, he added, the Disestablishment of the Church in Wales and the tithe question.

A PEERAGE has been conferred on Sir John Savile, known until last year as Sir John Savile Lumley, late British Ambassador at Rome, who has been in the Diplomatic Service since 1842, and a Baronetcy on Sir Charles Tupper, since 1883 High Commissioner in Great Britain for the Dominion of Canada.

THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING of the British Association opened at Bath on Wednesday, when an interesting and often entertaining address was delivered by the President for the year, Sir Frederick Bramwell, the eminent Civil Engineer. Much of it turned on the effects produced in applied science by "next to nothing," and the address wound up with a reference to the intellectual, the moral, and even the poetic element in the labours of the Civil Engineer. In some striking remarks Sir Frederick Bramwell gave his reasons for repeating his prediction of years ago that the days of the steam engine for small powers are numbered. He adduced several illustrations of the statement that the working of heat engines without the intervention of the vapour of water, by the combustion of the gases arising from coal, or from coal and from water, is now not merely an established fact, but a recognised, an undoubted, and a commercially economical means of obtaining motive power.

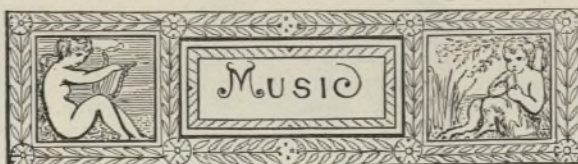
IRELAND.—On Sunday, in the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Elphin, a letter was read from Dr. Gillooly, the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese, dissuading his flock and his clergy from attending a Nationalist demonstration at Sligo in aid of the Parnell Indemnity Fund, and admonishing them to keep clear of illegal meetings.—Mr. William Redmond, M.P., addressing meetings on Monday, spoke cheerfully of what he concluded to be his approaching incarceration. He did not seem to fear insomnia as an effect of the much talked-of plank-bed. On the contrary, he said that he would go to prison and sleep there like a top, for he required rest after the long, weary nights in the House of Commons.—In a violent speech at a gathering at Ballygarrett, Mr. Michael Davitt censured the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone and his followers as too moderate, and intimated that Mr. Parnell's moral force would be more effective if there were added to it a judicious mixture of physical force.—John Meade, a farmer at Kilmihill, ventured to pay his rent on receiving a reduction of forty per cent. He has been punished by a visit from six armed Moonlighters who, on Monday night, broke into his house, seized him, stripped him, and dragged him into a field, where, after he had been savagely beaten with sticks, he was made to swear that he would never again pay rent without consulting his fellow-tenants.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Commander-in-Chief has issued an order for the formation of twelve more brigades of Volunteers, in addition to the nineteen already organised. The order affects about 72,000 infantry volunteers, and leaves very few of them still to be brigaded.—A deputation from the Council of the National Rifle Association, which included Lord Wantage, visited, on Tuesday, the proposed Cannock Chase site for a new Wimbledon, and it is understood expressed themselves very favourably respecting it.—The London workshop subscriptions to the Hospital Saturday Fund became due on Saturday last, and will, it is expected, reach at least 8,000l.—The Library Association, as well as the British Archaeological Association, is holding its annual meeting at Glasgow.—The free public libraries in Salford were opened last Sunday for the first time. The value of the personality left by the late Mr. Frank Holl, R.A., has been declared at 36,180l.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of Lady Hamilton, of Pitcorbie, Fifeshire; of Sir Samuel Rowe, late Governor of Sierra Leone; in his sixty-fourth year, of Major-General Thomas Inglis, late of the Royal Engineers, First Inspector of Works at Woolwich, for many years employed in designing and executing the iron defences of the United Kingdom and the fortresses abroad; in his sixty-sixth year of Mr. Charles Markham, formerly Locomotive Superintendent on the Midland Railway, and for the last twenty-four years Managing Director of the Staveley Coal and Iron Company (Limited), who at the General Election of 1886 as a Liberal Unionist unsuccessfully contested North-East Derbyshire; of Mr. Henry Stevenson, for many years proprietor and editor of the *Norfolk Chronicle*, and a distinguished local naturalist, author of a standard work on "The Birds of Norfolk," and other contributions to the literature of ornithology; in his forty-ninth year, of Mr. John Eglington Bailey, the Manchester antiquary, who contributed many valuable articles to the "Palatine Note Book," was for a time Honorary Secretary to the Chesham Society, and wrote a meritorious biography of Thomas Fuller; suddenly, in his seventieth year, of M. Gustave Masson, Assistant-Master and Librarian of Harrow School, who did much to extend a knowledge of the language, literature, history, and biography of France in a long series of publications, especially by his editions, with notes and introductions, of separate works and plays of the chief dramatists and other French classics; and, in her sixty-ninth year, of Mrs. Wordsworth, wife of Mr. William Wordsworth, son of the poet, whom he succeeded as stamp distributor in the Northern counties. He was the last survivor of the Rydal Mount household, and has been interred in Grasmere Churchyard in a grave next to that of Dorothy Wordsworth.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased again last week, when the deaths numbered 1,342, against 1,438 during the previous seven days, being a decline of 66, and 143 below the average. The death-rate again went down to 16.4 per 1,000. There were 144 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 48), 39 from measles (a decrease of 8), 24 from whooping-cough (a decline of 4), 23 from diphtheria (an increase of 6), 15 from scarlet fever (a fall of 6), 10 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 2 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a decrease of 5), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs declined to 130

from 172, and were 45 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 53 deaths. There were 2,508 births registered, being a rise of 107, but 135 below the usual return.



**GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.**—The new opera was "read" to the artists at the Savoy on Monday, and, although the utmost secrecy is preserved, we are informed (and, unless, as is quite possible, wickedly deceived, we have reason to believe) that the plot is somewhat as follows. Immured in the Tower of London, some three centuries ago, is a notable prisoner, who within an hour must die. He greatly desires, before he expiates the anger of the King on the scaffold, that he may marry, chiefly in order to defeat his villainous cousin, who, he rightly believes, has caused his arrest, and who will inherit his estates if he dies wifeless and childless. A singing girl, who is the sole support of a widowed and sick mother, eventually assents to the sacrifice, and they are married: neither party being permitted to see the face of the other, and both being separated immediately after the ceremony. Whether Mr. Gilbert ever saw Vincent Wallace's *Maritana* will probably here be asked by opera lovers, supposing this account of the plot to be correct. A Court Jester, too, plays a prominent part in the piece. The hero is, of course, never beheaded, and indeed escapes from the Tower. Some time after, the disconsolate wife, or widow (for she knows not which, and durst not inquire), falls in love with a young gallant, and is sorely disturbed in her mind by the conflict between the duty she owes to her husband (whom she has never seen) and the real affection she bears for the youth. The plot is cleared up when she tells him all the truth, and learns that she has fallen in love only with her real spouse, who in a delightful spirit of paradox thus proposes to elope with his own wife. We must repeat that we give this plot only as it is told to us, but if so excellent a story, related with such circumstance, and containing so many Gilbertian touches, be not the true plot, it is, at any rate, interesting enough for somebody else to set to music.

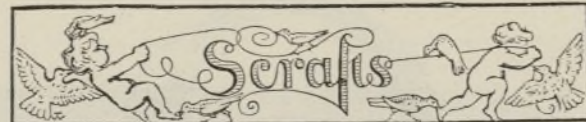
THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The programme of this week's "Classical Wednesday" at Covent Garden may have been a very good programme in its way, although unfortunately few people will agree that it was really classical. Those who believe Spohr (whose "Consecration of Sound" symphony was given) is thus classical, will hardly extend the compliment to Liszt's E flat concerto, played by Mr. Arthur Friedheim, while the lovers of Berlioz' *Carnival Romaine* overture, would probably not appreciate the two movements from Molique's concerto, which Mr. Carrodus performed. Mr. Sims Reeves, however, appeared after a long absence, and sang "If with all your hearts," and "Sigh no more, ladies," and for an encore "The Minstrel Boy," being far more loudly applauded for the ballads than for the air from *Elijah*. Madame Valleria, Mr. Piercy, and Mr. Santley are among the vocalists who have been engaged during this week.

BIRMINGHAM TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL (From our Special Correspondent).—We have already given a full account of this festival down to Wednesday of last week. On Thursday morning Robert Franz's edition of the *Messiah* was again performed. It attracted a smaller audience than usual, and was again severely condemned by the local and other press. It may therefore possibly now be shelved, which would be a pity, as it is, at any rate, far more in consonance with the Handelian spirit and intention than the existing version of Mozart-cum-Costa, although that edition is, of course, hallowed by long custom and familiarity. Messdames Albani and Patey, Messrs. Banks and Foli were the chief vocalists, the ladies certainly here being superior to the gentlemen.

Thursday evening saw the first performance of Dr. J. F. Bridge's cantata *Callirhoe*. The Westminster Abbey organist has tried to show himself a cut above the organ-loft, and it is the barest truth to say that he has succeeded. The work is always melodious, and often tunelessly operatic, although Dr. Bridge has amply proved that when occasion arises he can also be dramatic. The opening scenes, where the Priest of Bacchus is urging his suit to the fair Callirhoe, where he offers her flowers, passionately confesses his love, and is rejected on the sole ground that the girl is incapable of affection, are almost idyllic. Then comes a change, when the priest prays to his god to smite the people with lunacy for the girl's want of taste, when the image bows its assent, and a powerfully descriptive chorus in and out of the temple shows that the plague has begun its work. The scene of the invocation, where a deputation come to consult the oracle of Dodona, where the god answers by the clanging together of the brazen bowls hung on the trees (this feature is realistically depicted by means of some newly-fashioned gongs), and where the judgment is put forth that a willing maiden must die for the people, unless some other person will die for her, is all conceived and carried out in the most dramatic fashion. Then comes the scene of the Sacrifice, where the priest kills himself for the maiden, and Callirhoe, overcome by so superlative an evidence of love, follows his example, the two eventually being changed into river gods, and sporting playfully among the Nereids and Tritons as the story ends. The cantata contains some excellent work for the chorus, no part for the baritone, only a small rôle for the contralto (undertaken at Birmingham by Madame Trebelli, but hardly worthy of her), and two strong parts for soprano and tenor, performed respectively by Madame Albani and Mr. Lloyd. Later in the evening Miss Fanny Davies gave an admirable performance of Schumann's pianoforte concerto, and Herr Grieg (who, by the way, proves to be descended from a family whose representatives still reside at Fraserburg, in Aberdeenshire), conducted an old fashioned suite which is already well known in its guise of a pianoforte duet. On Friday the morning's programme comprised Bach's *Magnificat*, Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and Berlioz' *Messe des Morts*, and the Festival ended in the evening with Handel's *Saul*.

It is understood that the receipts and expenses of the Festival are each about 1,000l. less than in 1885, so that the balance is about the same. The next Festival will be held in October, instead of August.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Hereford Festival will take place next week. We have already announced the programme, and shall in due course specially report the performances.—Madame Patti arrived in England on Monday from Rio. It is said that during the six months she has earned over 35,000l., and that she will return next year to South America, under the direction of Mr. Maurice Grau, with an increased guarantee.—Antonin Dvorák has written this week from Bohemia a characteristic letter, which proves that his alleged illness is a myth, and that he has recovered from the annoyance of the too-partial success of *St. Ludmila* at the Leeds Festival.—It is reported that Dr. Hubert Parry and Mr. Corder will compose choral works specially for the Leeds Festival next year.—Sir Arthur Sullivan has been elected a Director of the Philharmonic Society.—The deaths are announced of Madame Blanché Cole (aged 37) once a well-known English Opera singer; of Mr. Henry Baumer, formerly of the Royal Academy of Music and a respected teacher; of Mr. Phasesy, of the Crystal Palace orchestra and the inventor of the euphonium; and of Mrs. Gabriel Davies, of Oxford, a song composer.



SCHUBERT'S REMAINS will be disinterred in Vienna on the 22nd inst., and placed in the new Central Cemetery by Beethoven's fresh grave.

SIGNS OF WINTER already appear in Berlin. The storks departed last week, and the "ice-bird" has been seen in company with the first fog of the season. All these wintry emblems are phenomenally early.

BLACK SILK BATHING-DRESSES are the admiration of the American public at Newport. Two fashionable dames, belonging to most select Boston society, walk into the sea in elaborate garb, consisting of black silk sleeveless bodices and short skirts, black silk toque hats, long black silk gloves, and stockings to match.

AN AMUSING "DOGS' DEMONSTRATION" took place on Saturday at Newbury in Berkshire. All dogs had been muzzled by order during the summer months, and as the regulation expired with August, the liberated animals were taken in procession through the town, led by a band of music in a four-horsed break, to show their joy at their newly-gained freedom.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY will now be able to take part in the international scheme of charting the Heavens by photography. A suitable telescope has been at last sanctioned by the Treasury, which also provides a similar instrument for use at the Cape. Thus five British and Colonial Observatories will share in the work—Greenwich, Oxford University, Melbourne, Sydney, and the Cape of Good Hope.

POOR CHILDREN IN LONDON show that they can be trusted to behave themselves when necessary. During the three months just ended, when the Inner Temple Gardens have been open every evening, not the slightest damage has been done to shrub, flower, or tree, though the gardens have been constantly crowded by the very poorest gutter children. Lincoln's Inn Gardens remain open this month from 5 P.M. to dusk.

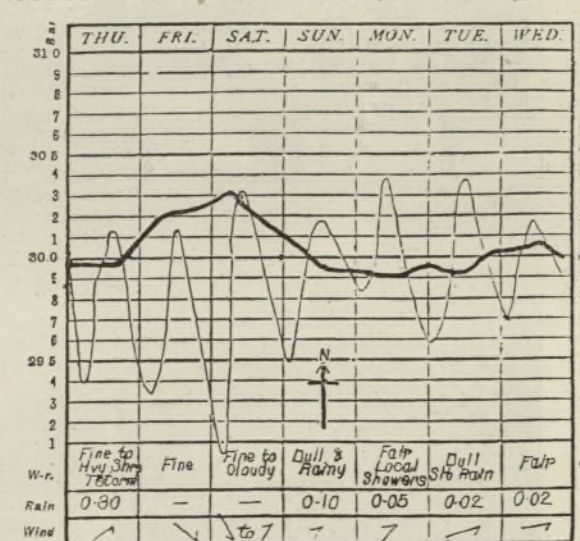
AN "AUBURN" SYMPOSIUM is to be given this month in St. Louis, U.S.A., by a rich red-haired belle of the city. She will only invite such of her friends as show some faint tinge of red in their hair, and the guests will be waited on by red-haired pages and maids, while even the table linen and service will match the prevailing hue. Some would-be guests without auburn hair are thinking of a trip to Nevada, where the Mono Lake possesses the peculiar quality of turning the hair golden in a few baths, and bright red if the bathing is steadily carried on.

THE NEW TRADE-ROUTE from England to Siberia arouses so much interest that great disappointment was felt at the report of the *Phanix* being wrecked in the Yenisei. Happily, the vessel only grounded on a sandbank on her way up from Yeniseisk to the Kara Sea, and speedily got off without damage, so she is now once more steaming to meet the *Labrador*. The latter vessel should be nearly at her destination by now, and after exchanging cargoes with the *Phanix* will return home, whilst the *Phanix* goes back to Yeniseisk. Another smaller boat, the *Seagull*, has been sent after the *Labrador* through the Kara Sea.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE DUKE OF AOSTA AND PRINCESS LETITIA BONAPARTE next Tuesday will bring about some curious family relationships. The Duke will become the son-in-law of his sister, Princess Clotilde, the brother-in-law of his nephews, and the nephew of his own brother. The Princess will be sister-in-law to her mother and uncle, the King, stepmother to her cousins—her husband's children—and aunt to her cousins, the Duke and Duchess of Braganza. As wedding dress the Princess will wear a beautiful lace toilette presented to the ex-Empress Eugénie on her marriage by the town of Liège, and which Napoleon III.'s widow never wore but once when a bride. She kept it for the bride of the Prince Imperial, but, as her son is dead, she has sent it to the Princess Letitia. The lace represents wreaths of Bonapartist violets. One family disagreeable in the coming wedding has arisen through Prince Victor, who refuses to meet his father, Prince Napoleon, and so will not therefore even be invited to his sister's marriage.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1883.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (5th inst.). The thin 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 this week has been very changeable generally. Bright sunny intervals have been interspersed with very heavy local showers, while at the opening of the period thunderstorms occurred at several of the Southern and Eastern Stations. The barometer has been mainly lowest off our Northern Coasts, Northern Scandinavia, and the Mediterranean, while it has been chiefly highest over France and Germany. Northerly breezes prevailed at first, but these soon gave place to winds from between West and South-West, and while these occasionally freshened considerably here and there, they were, on the whole, of little strength. The sky was frequently clear and bright, but commonly clouded over quickly and heavily, when copious precipitation took place locally; this, however, was mostly in the form of showers, and did not last long. In the aggregate for twenty-four hours the only value shown of any importance was about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches on Saturday (1st inst.) at Stonyhurst. Temperature has been slightly below the normal in most places. No maxima worthy of mention have occurred, but on Friday (31st ult.) the thermometer on the grass fell a degree or two below the freezing point at several inland English Stations.

The barometer was highest (30.35 inches) on Saturday (1st inst.); lowest (29.94 inches) on Monday (3rd inst.); range 0.41 inch.

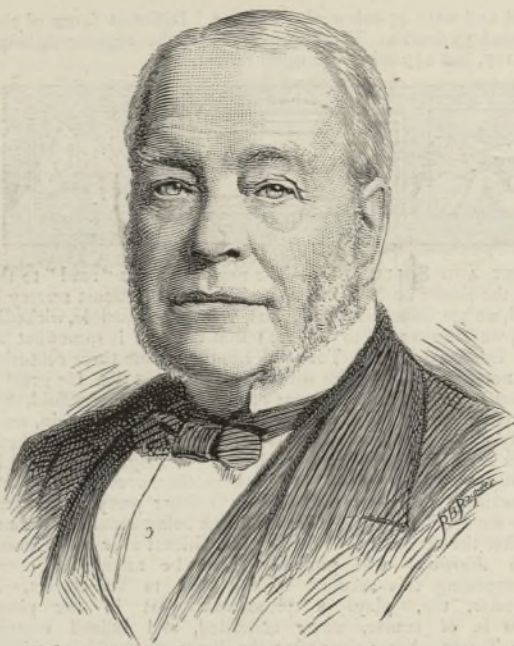
The temperature was highest (68°) on Monday and Tuesday (3rd and 4th inst.); lowest (41°) on Saturday (1st inst.); range 27°.

Rain fell on five days. Total amount 0.49 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.30 inch on Thursday (30th ult.)

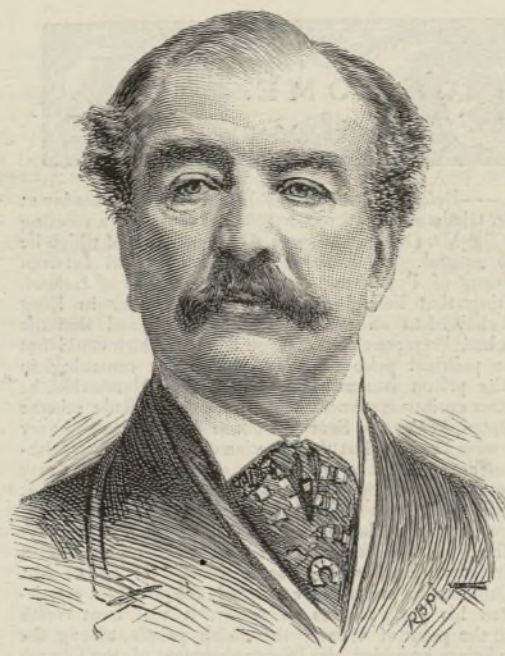




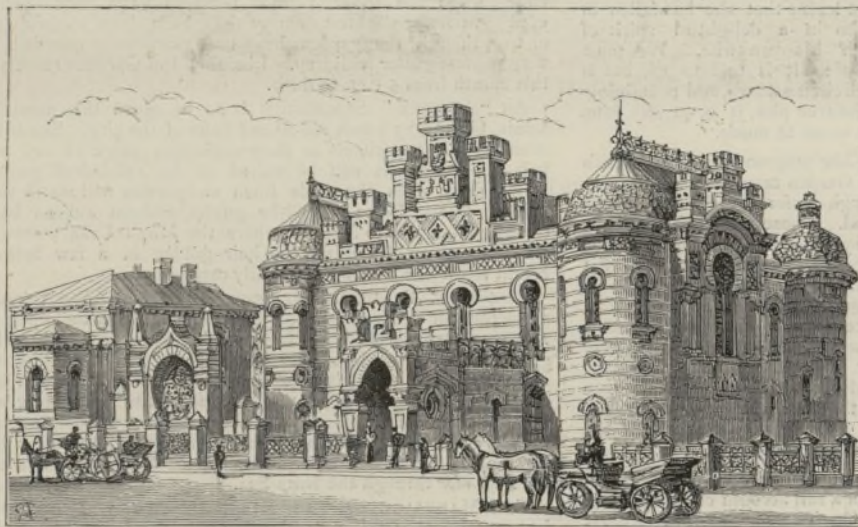
THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ROSE, BART., G.C.M.G.  
Born in 1822. Died August 24, 1888



MR. WILLIAM CHAPPELL, F.S.A.  
Born in 1809. Died August 20, 1888



GENERAL LORD ALFRED H. PAGET, C.B.  
Born 1816. Died August 24, 1888

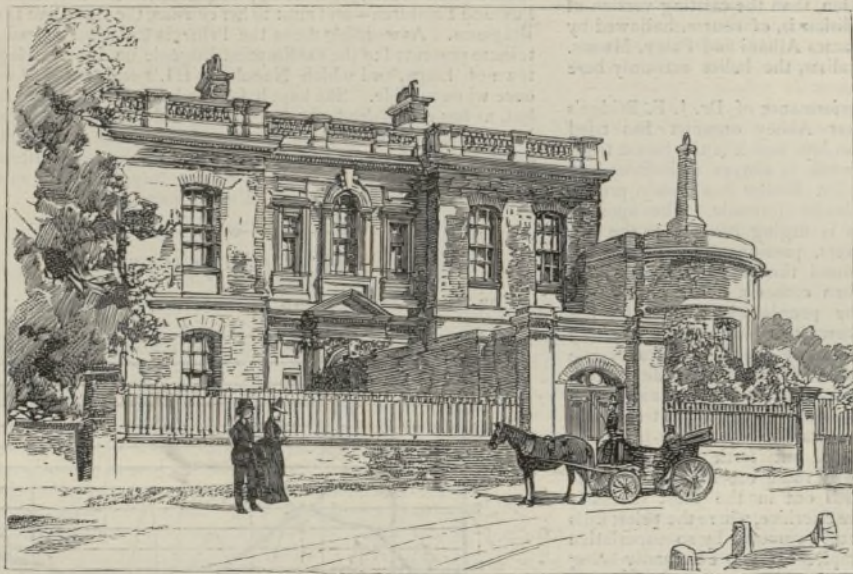


THE EAST SIBERIAN BRANCH OF THE RUSSIAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY AT IRKUTSK

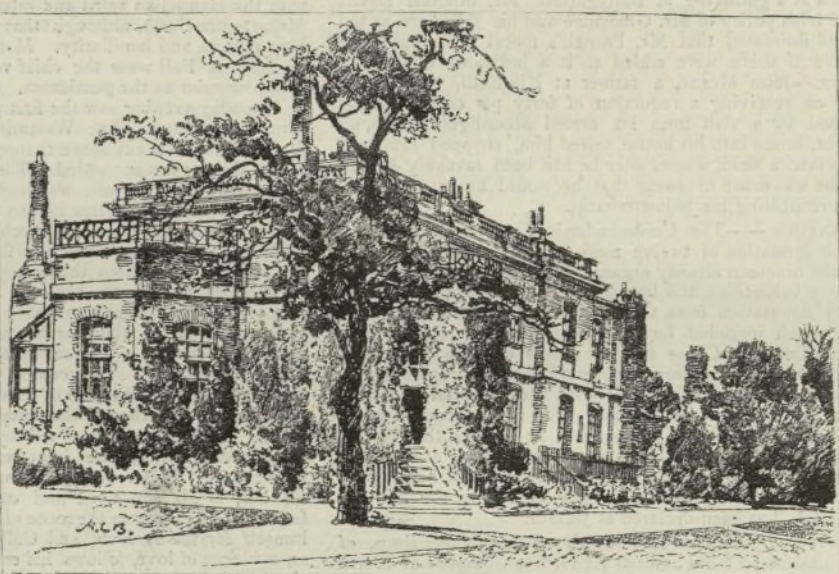


NEW RUSSIAN UNIVERSITY AT TOMSK, SIBERIA

THE PROGRESS OF LITERATURE AND SCIENCE IN SIBERIA



THE EXTERIOR



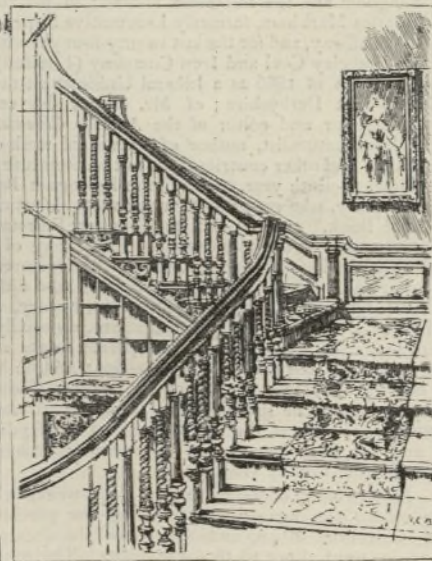
THE HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN



A PATH IN THE GARDEN



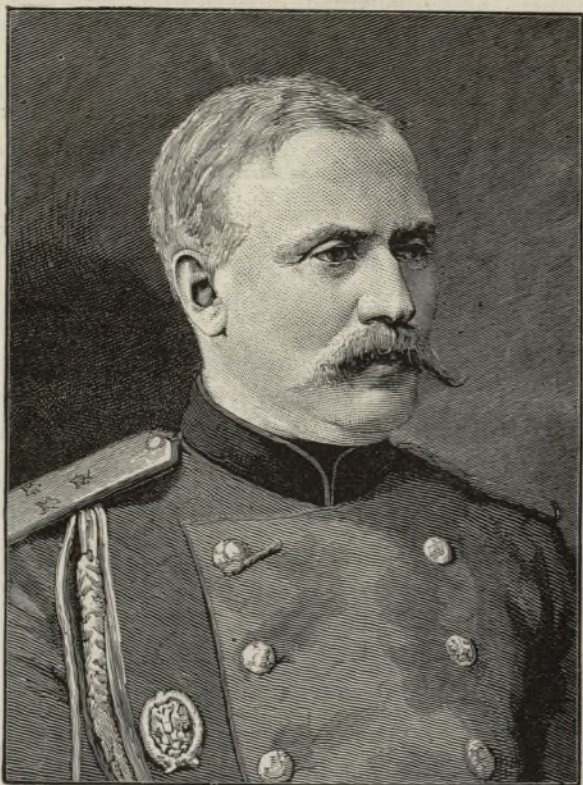
VIEW FROM THE HOUSE, SHOWING THE STABLES AND CLOCK TOWER



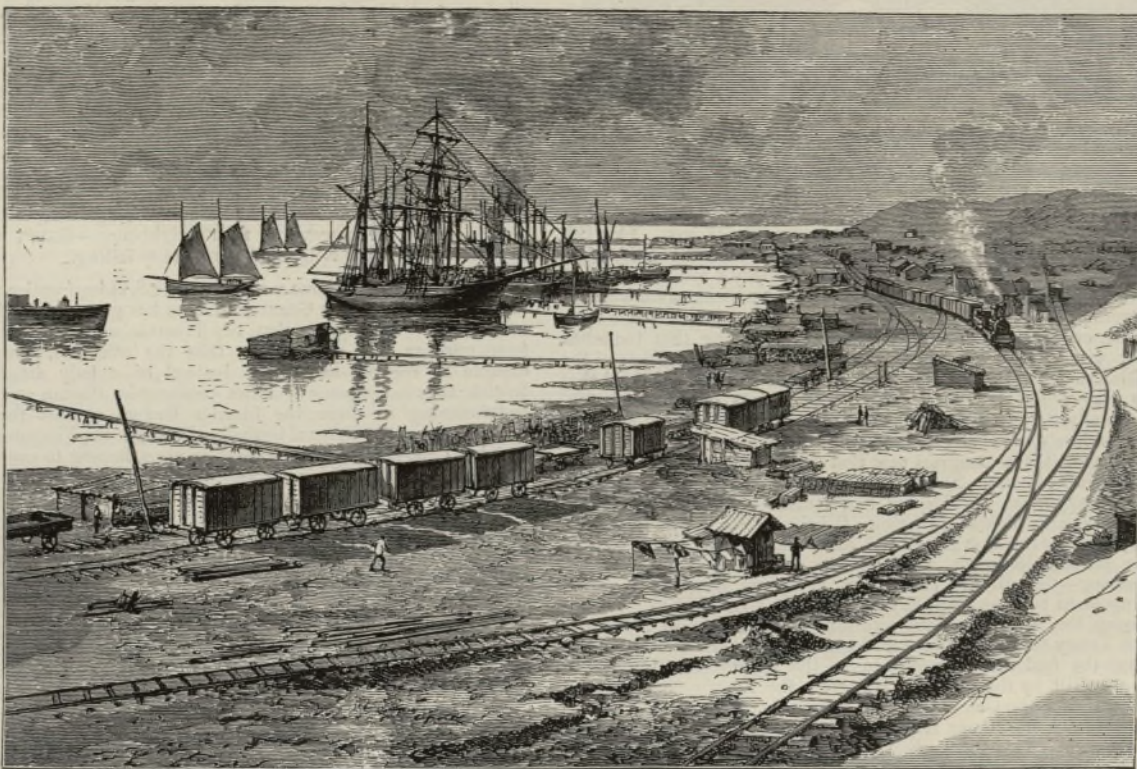
THE STAIRCASE

THE RANGER'S HOUSE, GREENWICH PARK  
RECENTLY PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN TO LORD WOLSELEY AS A RESIDENCE FOR LIFE





GENERAL L. M. ANNENKOFF  
Who Planned the Line



THE WESTERN TERMINUS, OUZOUN ADA, ON THE CASPIAN SEA



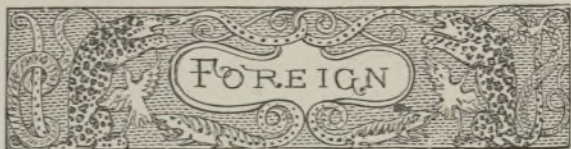
BRIDGE OVER THE OXUS, 6,230 FEET LONG, THE LONGEST IN THE WORLD



LAYING RAILS

THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA, I.  
VIEWS ON THE NEW TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY FROM THE CASPIAN SEA TO SAMARKAND





THE Fishery dispute between CANADA and the UNITED STATES is pursued on both sides with much energy and determination. While the Senate was debating favourably on President Cleveland's Message, the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Lower House rapidly drew up a Retaliation Bill on the lines of the President's suggestions, and reported their measure to the House. This Bill empowers the President to suspend transport in bond of Canadian goods across United States territory, and to levy a toll of tenpence per ton on Canadian vessels using certain American waterways, or to prohibit their use altogether. Democrats and Republicans alike agreed on these terms, the only difference being that the latter party wished to notify Great Britain that the 29th article of the Washington Treaty was abrogated, while the former body held that this step might lead to a delay of two years in the legislation. Eventually the Republicans yielded. Indeed, from present evidence it is unlikely that any politicians will venture to oppose the Retaliation Bill in Congress now that public opinion unmistakably declares in its favour. Stern retaliation is all the more imperative, so say its supporters, considering how lenient Secretary Bayard has proved towards British sealers in Behring's Sea. The American skippers complain that the British have fished freely this season to their serious detriment, and that the Alaska seals are fast disappearing—this British favouritism being set down to a secret arrangement between Mr. Bayard and Mr. Chamberlain. British jealousy, too, is even credited with influencing China to reject the Draft Treaty restricting Chinese immigration into the United States, though the real cause appears to be the amendments introduced into the Bill by the Senate. However, the Americans are determined to keep the Celestials out at any price, so on hearing of the Pekin refusal, the Lower House hastily passed a sweeping measure of exclusion. This Bill prohibits Chinese labourers re-entering the States, after having once left the country, and abrogates the existing treaty. It will apparently pass the Senate, both parties being anxious to gain the Pacific Coast vote by fostering the anti-Chinese sentiment. Bad news comes from Florida, where the yellow-fever at Jacksonville is now firmly rooted, causing dire distress.

Meanwhile the prospect of American retaliation has produced an important outburst of patriotic spirit in CANADA. Acting evidently on strong instructions from home, the Cabinet are, however, specially guarded in their utterances. Thus, the Ministers of Public Works and Justice, when speaking at Hagersville, simply complimented the Canadians on their patriotic unity, and gave no clue to Government policy. Still, both avowed that the country must not truckle to a foreign nation, but must maintain her honour and dignity. There is some suspicion that Sir John Macdonald is neither agreed with the Home Government nor with his Cabinet colleagues on the subject, and that a split in the Ministry may occur. The Canadian Ministers, at all events, are unanimous in denying President Cleveland's right to suspend the privileges of the Washington Treaty without due notice.

Military and naval tactics have replaced political discussions and interviews on the Continent for a time. The five great EUROPEAN Powers are reviewing their defences by land and sea, showing that, while willing to plan and talk of peace, they still get them ready for battle. Thus RUSSIA assembles her forces in the South under the eye of the Czar, ITALY exercises her fleet in the Mediterranean and her army in the Romagna, watched by King Humbert; GERMANY and AUSTRIA invite foreign Royalties to admire their military strength, and FRANCE congratulates herself on possessing an efficient Navy after the experience of the Toulon Mobilisation. Failing a Sovereign, M. Floquet has been witnessing the Navy Manœuvres, and paying high compliments to the Service at various banquets during his Southern tour. But he takes care to insist that such displays do not mean war. On the contrary, the Republic is eminently pacific, and only needs time and popular indulgence to make it perfect. M. Jules Ferry in the Vosges also pleads for Republican unity from the Opportunist point of view, but otherwise politics are very quiet, particularly as General Boulanger has disappeared, no one knows whither. Indeed, the only item is the general approval of the Government for refusing to sign the Sugar Bounties Convention. The cold weather has brought people back to PARIS unusually soon, so the theatres are re-opening, and the Parisian public are much divided on the merits of the English classical drama as illustrated by the *Taming of the Shrew*, now being played by the American Company at the Vaudeville. Shakespearean humour does not suit Parisian taste, but Miss Rehan's Katherine is much admired.—A terrible accident occurred on the Lyons-Mediterranean line on Wednesday morning. The Italian express to Paris went off the line near Dijon, and was run into by the Paris-Geneva express. At least twelve persons were killed and forty injured, some fatally, while an English lady, Miss Mariott, is among the dead.

GERMANY kept the anniversary of Sedan this year with even more than the usual enthusiasm. Two Kings, the Sovereigns of Sweden and Saxony, together with an Austrian Archduke and the heir to the Greek throne, were present, while the energetic young Emperor, appearing to his troops long before he was expected, ensured the success of the brilliant Guards' parade by personal vigilance. The King of Sweden had come to Berlin as sponsor to the Emperor's youngest boy, who was christened Oscar Carl Gustav Adolph, in honour of his godfather. This compliment specially delighted King Oscar, and on returning to Sweden he spoke enthusiastically of the friendship between the two nations. Undoubtedly Emperor William seems bent on forming bonds of relationship on all sides, for the engagement of his sister, Princess Sophie, to the Crown Prince of Greece is not only a link with the East, and thus another bulwark against Pan Slavism, but an additional tie to Denmark, whom the Emperor has so remarkably conciliated of late. Moreover, the report of a marriage between the Emperor's youngest sister, Princess Margaret, and the Czarévitch is again current. Turning to home politics, the Socialists are jubilant over the success of their well-known member Herr Liebknecht, elected for one of the Berlin seats in the Reichstag. On the other hand, the Conservatives are greatly annoyed that the Emperor should have appointed Herr von Bennigsen President of Hanover, thus giving a lift to the National Liberal party. Silesia is threatened with disastrous inundations for the third time this year, owing to the heavy rains, which at the same time have done so much harm in AUSTRIA as to effectually check the military operations in Bohemia. The Emperor and Crown Prince found the country round Pisek and Budweis like a lake, and instead of witnessing manœuvres His Majesty visited the towns in a boat to relieve the sufferers.

IN EASTERN AFFAIRS, the quarrel between the King and Queen of SERBIA seems likely to linger on, now that the Belgrade Consistorial Court, at King Milan's request, has adjourned the case for three months. Ostensibly the King requires time to study the Queen's reply to his petition for divorce. This petition is written in his own hand, and advances as reasons for his demand mutual unconquerable aversion and various other irreconcilable personal differences between the couple, together with the Queen's political attitude, which endangered the national interests. Queen Natalie

simply denies the King's charges, and begs the Consistory to bring about a reconciliation. She is now ready to accept conditions similar to those she so firmly refused at Wiesbaden, but as the King at present holds the Crown Prince he is not so willing to be lenient. BULGARIA is hunting down her brigands with much energy. Various confessions aver that the brigands plotted to capture Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambouloff, while Russian subsidies were also accorded. Bulgaria and the Porte have at last agreed upon mutual postal accommodation, after a long wrangle over admitting the Bulgarian stamp on East Roumelian letters, while compromise has also settled another squabble between the two Governments—the Bellova railway.—Now the ALBANIANS are once more agitating for independence, seeing the success of their neighbours.—EGYPT fast loses hope over this year's Nile, which is steadily falling.

IN INDIA the wearisome waiting on the Sikkim frontier promises to end at last, now that General Graham has gathered his full force at Gnatong. It is plain that the Tibetans will not retire without force, nor are they disposed to take the offensive, though fully capable as regards numbers. Instead of openly attacking the British, they raid upon our allies' territory in Bhotan and Nepal, endeavouring to rouse the frontier Powers against the Indian Government. So General Graham will attack the Tibetan positions with his 1,800 men and four mountain guns, hoping to expel the invaders from Sikkim. This accomplished, there is no intention at present of carrying the war over the frontier, unless in absolute self-defence. The next frontier expedition—against the Black Mountain tribes—will number about 1,700 men, and will start on October 1st, under Brigadier-General McQueen. Further over the frontier, in AFGHANISTAN, the Ameer is very hopeful of crushing Ishak Khan, having hemmed him in on three sides. Moreover, the rebel meets with little support from his own troops.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the agrarian movement in RUSSIA again grows threatening, the peasants in the South being especially hostile to the large landed proprietors.—In SWEDEN a coast railway has been opened between Helsingborg and Gottenburg, establishing a through service between Copenhagen and Christiania.—SOUTH AFRICA has experienced terrible gales. Nine out of eleven vessels lying in Algoa Bay were wrecked, with loss of life. There is no further official news of Dinizulu, but General Smyth has returned to Durban.—On the WEST COAST the garrison of Lorenzo Marquez mutinied through discontent with their barracks. The revolt was soon quelled.—A serious earthquake alarmed NEW ZEALAND on Saturday, being felt throughout both islands. Christchurch suffered severely, the Cathedral and other buildings being badly damaged, though no lives seem to have been lost.—In VICTORIA the Supreme Court has decided in favour of the Chinese passenger on the *Afghan*, who claimed damages for not being allowed to land. Some of the judges dissented from this opinion.



THE Royal party in the Highlands follow their usual country outdoor routine. The Queen drives twice daily, while the Princesses ride, and the Grand Duke of Hesse goes out deer-stalking. Princess Beatrice and the Grand Duke also picked up the Glassalt Shiel with Sir A. and Lady Campbell. Princess Frederica frequently dines with Her Majesty, and the Duc de Chartres has been over from Invercauld to dinner, while the Revs. W. Tulloch and A. Campbell have also been among the Queen's guests. The former Minister also officiated at Divine Service before the Royal party on Sunday. On Monday Her Majesty and the Princesses drove to Glen Gelder Shiel, the Grand Duke joining the Duc de Chartres for a grouse drive at Invercauld. Prince Henry is cruising among the Hebrides in his yacht *Sheila*.

There has been a regular family gathering at Homburg during the Prince of Wales's stay. In addition to Princess Christian, the Empress Frederick and her second daughter arrived on Saturday from visiting the Villa Reiss, near Kronberg in the Taunus, which Her Majesty thinks of taking as a summer residence. In the afternoon the Prince and his two sisters drove out together, and next day the Empress and her daughter returned to Friedrichsruh. The Prince of Wales and Princess Christian left on Wednesday for Coburg, being joined at Frankfurt by Prince Christian, with his eldest son and two daughters. Prince Christian and son afterwards went on to witness the army manœuvres, while the Princess and daughters stayed with the Duchess of Edinburgh, and the Prince of Wales with Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg. After hunting with the Duke in the Thuringian Forest, the Prince of Wales will reach Vienna next Monday for two days' stay before accompanying the Austrian Emperor to the military manœuvres at Belovar, and the shooting parties at Gödöllö. On his way the Prince will visit his wife and daughters at Gmunden, where Emperor Francis Joseph has already been to see the Czarina, the Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Cumberland. A grand luncheon party was given in his honour, and the Emperor left shortly afterwards. The Czarina and her son and daughter also left on Saturday night for Russia. The Princess of Wales and her daughters are making numerous excursions with the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, having been to the Duke's shooting-box at Waidmannsruh, to the picturesque Lake of Landach, and to another hunting seat at Schratzenau.

The Duke of Edinburgh was most warmly greeted by the Sultan during his visit to Constantinople.—The engagement is now officially announced of the Crown Prince of Greece and Princess Sophie, third daughter of the Empress Frederick. The Prince is twenty and the Princess eighteen years of age.



THE HEALTH OF THE BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH has considerably improved.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL on a recent Sunday conducted Divine Service after the Presbyterian form in the new Scotch Established Church at Pitlochrie, Perthshire, which was crowded on the occasion.—The Committee of the Church of England Working Men's Protestant Union have passed a resolution cordially thanking him for his "timely letter and protest" in regard to the absence in the Lambeth Encyclical of any reference to the "unhappy divisions about the doctrine and ritual of the Lord's Supper."

JOHN BUNYAN died on August 31st, 1688, at the house of his friend, Mr. Strudwick, a grocer, at the sign of the Star, on Snow Hill, in whose vault, in Bunhill Fields Burial Ground (which Southey called "the Campo Santo of the Dissenters"), he was buried. On Friday, last week, being the bi-centenary of his death, hundreds of

admirers of the "Pilgrim's Progress," many of them Colonists and Americans, reverently visited his grave.—In the same burial ground rest George Fox, the founder of Quakerism, the mother of the Wesleys, Dr. Isaac Watts, and last, not least, Daniel De Foe.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Herbert Burrows, a well-known Socialist, together with Mrs. Besant have, it is said, applied to the Bishop of Manchester, for permission to speak at the approaching meeting of the Church Congress in that city.—According to the new Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference, the number of members of the Communion in Great Britain is 448,056, including those on trial, with 1,982 ministers, including probationers and supernumeraries.—At the centenary celebration of the Baptist Church in Australia, the Rev. Dr. A. McLaren, of Manchester, will represent the Denomination in England.—"General" Booth has appointed a week of self-denial, during which Salvationists are to renounce luxuries, and send the money thus saved to head-quarters. A similar experiment some two years ago brought in 3,000*l*.



THE TURF.—The Great Yorkshire Stakes was the chief event on Thursday, the concluding day of the York Meeting last week, but only attracted three starters, Ossory, Arrandale, and Caerlaverock, which finished in the order named. Cheroot won the Gimcrack Stakes for Mr. Lowther, Hungarian the Lowther Plate for Mr. Peck, while Ossidine and Lyddington were also among the winners. The week was filled up by the meetings at Huntingdon and Scarborough, but the racing calls for little comment. At the former, George Barrett was very successful, riding three winners on the first day, while his brother Fred and Mr. Abington each rode a couple on the second. At Scarborough, Ossidine added another win to his credit in the Alexandra Handicap Plate, and Tommy Tittlemouse won the Castle Plate.

There was racing at Four Oaks Park on Monday. Commissary won the September Maiden Plate, and, being brought out again later on, also secured the Berkeley Welter Handicap. Teviot won the Beaufort Nursery Plate and Sulphur the Langley Plate. Sulphur, by-the-by, is eleven years old, and his success is one more proof of the length of time some horses can keep on racing. Tonans, who won a race last week at Huntingdon is ten, while as for old Laceman, whose successes we have several times had occasion to notice, he is twelve.

The Derby Meeting was chiefly remarkable for the number of rich stakes offered. Thus, on Tuesday there were the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes and the Peveril of the Peak Stakes, both of 1,000 sovs. The former was secured by Mr. J. Pritchard's filly by Bruce—Mrs. Jones, Windfall being second, and Bret Harte third; the latter fell to Lord Cadogan's Astrologer, who was followed home by Sweetheart and St. Helen. Then, next day there was the Breeders' St. Leger, of 1,000 sovs., in which Rada secured a popular victory for Lord Falmouth from Caerlaverock and Arrandale; the Devonshire Nursery Handicap, of the same value, which Eulalia placed to the account of Mr. Charles Archer; and the Harrington Stakes of 700 sovs., which fell to Sir Robert Jardine's Sweetbriar.

For the St. Leger, to be run on Wednesday next, the state of the market still points to Ayrshire, who has been gradually shortening in price. It is hard to say what can beat him if fit and well, and yet he hardly seems of the stuff of which winners of the triple crown are made.

CRICKET.—The third and deciding match between England and Australia was played last week at Manchester, and resulted in an easy victory for the Old Country. For the first time this year, the Englishmen won the toss, and, going in to bat on a fairly-good wicket, made 172. Dr. W. G. Grace made 38, and seven others reached double figures, the other three obtaining the unenviable "egg." The Australians, with the exception of Lyons (22 and 32), could do nothing with the English bowling, and only put together 81 and 70. Peel altogether took eleven wickets for 68 runs. This week, however, the Colonists have enjoyed the unusual pleasure of winning a match (their last victory was over Kent at the beginning of August), by beating an "England Eleven" at Harrogate. The most noticeable feature of the game was that Bannerman (who carried his bat through the second innings for 39) so far forgot himself as to hit Attewell out of the ground for six.

At Scarborough I Zingari beat the Gentlemen of England, though the latter were assisted by the Demon bowler. Mr. Spofforth took eleven wickets in the match for 124. Mr. E. M. Hadow signalled his recovery from his recent accident by making 34 and 75 for I Zingari, for whom Mr. A. J. Webb also battled well. The match between the Parsees and Scarborough resulted in an absolute tie. Yorkshire beat M.C.C. Good batting on the part of Mr. Key, aided by Beaumont's bowling, enabled Surrey to defeat both Essex and Derbyshire. The Irish team now touring on the other side of the Atlantic have beaten All Canada in a single innings. Waltham Green, for the second year in succession, got into the final of the London and Suburban Cricket Association Competition. Last year they were beaten by Dartmouth Park, but this year they managed to defeat Sloane Park pretty easily, and so secured the *Sportsman* Challenge Cup.

Mr. T. C. O'Brien nominally heads the county batting averages with 50. He has only been in nine times, however, so Dr. W. G. Grace who has made 902 runs in twenty-four innings, average 37, really has the better record. Five Surrey men have averages of over 30—Mr. Abel 37, Mr. Read 36, Mr. Shuter 33, Mr. Bowden and Mr. Read 30 each—but Kent, with Mr. Patterson (30) is the only other county with a batsman among the "thirties." Mr. Eccles and Briggs for Lancashire, Gunn for Notts, and Mr. Newham for Sussex have done best. In bowling it is "Lohmann first and the rest nowhere." The great Surrey bowler took 142 wickets for less than nine runs apiece. The wickets of Martin for Kent, Briggs for Lancashire, Burton for Middlesex, and Richardson for Notts, all cost about 12 runs apiece.

FOOTBALL regularly began on Saturday last, and already we have to record victories gained by Preston North End, Aston Villa, and Blackburn Rovers. One of the visiting teams promised for this season has arrived, in the shape of some Canadian Associationists. They have already defeated County Antrim, Belfast Distillery, and Belfast Clarence.—The death (in Queensland) is reported of Andy Hunter, formerly a leading member of the Aston Villa Club.

CYCLING.—The Long Eaton track, which has become famous for record-breaking, was the scene of two quick performances on Friday last week. First, H. Sansom, Nottingham, tricycled half a mile in 1 min. 22.3 secs.; and then H. E. Laurie, who is only seventeen years old, rode twenty-one miles within the hour on a "Safety" bicycle.—A new use for the tricycle is reported from Berlin. Two youngsters having quarrelled, agreed to settle their differences in the following way:—They were placed about three hundred yards apart, and, having mounted their machines, charged madly against one another. Honour was satisfied by the breakage of one of the machines.—M. Terront won the Bicycling Championship of France on Sunday.



## BATH IN ITS PALMY DAYS

THE various phases of the history of Bath—Roman, mediæval, and its palmy days, the era of Ralph Allen, Beau Nash, and J. Wood—in the eighteenth century—as displayed in existing monuments of each epoch, offer attractions which account for the current visit of the British Association to study its archaeological memorials. The architectural beauties of Bath have been pronounced by Lord Hervey such as to confer "a high place amongst the cities of this world;" "Savage Landor declared "Bath was the only place habitable after Florence;" and Lord Macaulay describes Bath as "that beautiful city, which charms even eyes familiar with the masterpieces of Bramante and Palladio." The most prominent of Bath's claims to attention are the hot mineral springs, to which are due its popularity as a health resort, extending back to nearly twenty centuries.

The traditional repute of "Bathæ Ayde" commences with the mythical Bladud, the swineherd, whose swine, while indulging their constitutional proclivity to wallow in comfortable oozy morasses, were the first to draw attention to the warm, bubbling springs; the curative qualities of the tepid waters thus secured recognition; while in a subsequent century the Druids, with a love of the miraculous, dignified Bladud with the titles of prince and philosopher, and invested him with the fanciful reputation of a magician, with occult powers of heating the waters, and compelling them to boil in their fountains. It was reserved for the invading legions of the Roman Emperor Claudius, A.D. 43, to realise and profit by the virtues of the mineral springs, which they turned to practical account; bathing being a luxury welcome to the Romans, the discovery of the thermal baths led to the establishment of a permanent camp; a miniature Rome sprang up in Somerset, with a walled and fortified city surrounding the baths, and villas for the chiefs raised on the neighbouring hills.

Under the reign of Domitian, Julius Agricola munificently added to the attractions of the city a temple dedicated to Minerva. To Geta, the son of Septimus Severus, is given the credit of having enlarged the baths, and erected public structures, about the year A.D. 208. Extensive remains of the Roman city, its walls, and the famous baths, attest the importance of Bath under the Emperors. A capacious Roman bath was discovered beneath the Abbey House in 1754, and the members of the British Association are now invited to survey the great Roman bath, recently opened to the light of day by the energy of Mr. Charles E. Davis, F.S.A., the City Architect. On the same authority, the citizens of Bath are assured that similar grand memorials of the past are still unearthened; as, however, these occupy a conjectural area, assumed to cover 150,000 square feet, they are likely to remain undisclosed.

Geoffrey of Monmouth, William of Malmesbury, and other antiquarian authorities allude to the baths; Leland, who visited the springs in 1542, is more particular in his descriptions, and from the seventeenth century their history is distinct and continuous. The chief interest surrounds the King's and Queen's Baths, of which several delineations exist, referring to different stages of their progress. The earliest of these is a drawing (now in the Print Room of the British Museum) made by J. Johnson in 1675; this is engraved amongst our illustrations. Concerning these baths Dr. Venner wrote in 1628, "The King's Bath is the hottest, and it is for beauty, largeness, and efficacy of heat, a kingly bath; indeed, being so hot as can be well suffered. The Queen's Bath is a member of the King's Bath, a wall only going between them, with a passage to therein, to go from one to the other—so fairly built and fitted, with such convenience for bathing, as the like (I suppose) is not elsewhere to be found." As Wood remarks, the "Conveniences" did very well, while the houses immediately surrounding them were sufficient to entertain all the bathers that came to the City, as bathers were enabled to go directly from their beds into the Hot Waters, and return to them again. These "Lodgings" are shown in the drawing, and Mr. C. E. Davis, in his account of the mineral "Bathes of Bathæ Ayde in the Reign of Charles II.," has ingeniously identified the respective establishments.

The Queen's Bath, formerly the "Women's Bath," was so christened in honour of the sojourn there of Anne of Denmark, and on the face of the lodging which, in Johnson's drawing, occupies the entire west side of the Queen's Bath, is the inscription "Annæ Reginæ Sacrum 1618," commemorating the visit of James the First's consort. The dry pump, or douche (also shown (E) with an attendant pumping), was, with the "Pump House," built by the Corporation in 1662; Henry Chapman, Mayor in 1664, caused a brass plate to be placed on this building, thus inscribed:—

Jehovah's blessing let's admire,  
Here's constant heat and yet no fire;  
Bethesda's Pool by sacred hand  
Within removed to heal the land,  
God and the King are here our free importers;  
God gives the waters and ye King the Charities.

The practice of drinking the waters, advocated by Dr. Jones in 1572, gradually became regarded as an essential element in the "cure;" the little "Pump House" proved insufficient for the accommodation of visitors, and the authorities instituted successive improvements; Queen Anne's visit in 1702 increased the reputation of the waters, and in 1705 a Pump Room was commenced. This was enlarged in 1734, "a gallery built for the music, and steps made to the King's Bath." The appearance of this structure, the predecessor of the present building, is depicted in Fayram's drawing, 1738, dedicated to Frederick, Prince of Wales, who, with his consort, and the Prince of Orange, derived considerable benefit from the waters. Another version of the King's Bath by Fayram shows the centre erection, known as "the Cross," or "kitchen window," whence the hot-spring had its outlet, on the roof are votive offerings of crutches, on the walls are brass rings dedicated by grateful patients; the statue of Bladud is seen under his niche, and the remaining portion of the Stonor balustrade, erected as a thank-offering by Sir Francis Stonor in 1624; the sketch represents the moment when the water is drawn off for cleaning purposes, showing the floor of the bath.

The buildings surrounding the present King's and Queen's Baths were chiefly due to Baldwin, the city architect, and were completed in 1792; the plans of the Pump Room were drawn by Palmer in 1794. A general view of the earlier establishment is reproduced from a drawing by Robins. The social aspects of the Baths and Pump Room have been graphically given by the pen of Christopher Anstey; they survive pictorially in the drawings of Thomas Rowlandson, who made various characteristic sketches of Bath, and the life there at the close of the eighteenth century; five of these sketches are engraved amongst our illustrations; it may be noted that the original drawings by this artist of the Baths, the Pump Room, the exterior of the building, and Bath Racecourse are exhibited in the Pump Room.

As seen in Rowlandson's version of the Baths, ladies and gentlemen then met together in the water, though this practice does not obtain in our day. Anstey wrote:—

Oh! 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,  
And then take the water like so many spaniels.

Pepys on his visit to Bath mentions that "women and men live all the season in the waters, parboiled, and look like creatures of the Bath." Smoking was permitted in the Bath when Johnson made his drawing, and, in the eighteenth century, ladies wore bouquets when bathing, floating trays held cups of coffee, and the indispensable snuff-boxes were carried in miniature boats. A local handbook has been prepared, descriptive of the antiquities of Bath, for the use of Members of the British Association.



SIR JAMES HANNEN, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, the Royal Commissioners appointed to investigate the alleged connection between "Parnellism and Crime," have arranged to hold their first meeting on Monday, September 17th. They will then hear any applications that may be made on the part of persons concerned; and Sir James Hannen will, it is expected, make a statement explanatory of the programme of the proceedings. The actual investigation, it is believed, will be opened on Wednesday, September 19th, in the Central Hall of the Royal Courts of Justice, which will be structurally adapted for the purpose. The Attorney-General, Sir Henry James, and Mr. Finlay, Q.C., will, it is understood, appear as leading counsel for the *Times*; while Mr. Parnell and the Irish party will be represented by Sir Charles Russell, Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., and Mr. Asquith, Q.C. As regards the action for libel brought against the *Times* in the Scotch Court of Session, the defences are not due until October 15th; and the impression seems to be that the trial, if proceeded with, will not begin before February or March next year.

SIDNEY FROUD, grocer's assistant, surrendered to his bail at the Westminster Police Court on the charge—the proceedings in connection with which were previously reported in this column—of interfering with the steering gear of a Thames steamboat, in consequence of which it collided with the piles of new Battersea Bridge, causing personal injury to several passengers and considerable damage to the boat itself. Mr. D'Eyncourt took a lenient view of the matter, and, thinking that the prisoner had acted without malicious intent, fined him 55s., with 23s. costs.

A SERIOUS CHARGE OF ARSON was preferred at the Stratford Petty Sessions against Charles Butler and John Sharpe, described as club proprietors, for setting fire to a dwelling house at Leytonstone on Friday last week. When the firemen arrived at the burning house, their captain entered it, and among other suspicious circumstances which he observed then and subsequently, the furniture and carpets were found crowded into the middle of a room, and chairs were smeared with resin, a quantity of which with some gunpowder was lying about. The furniture was insured for 500l. in the name of Sharpe, who during the proceedings in Court accused Butler of having instigated the arson and made the arrangements for its coming off. Both prisoners were remanded.

AT A CORONER'S INQUEST at Liverpool on a shipwright who had died from eating mussels, the house surgeon of the Northern Hospital in that city stated that it was not known scientifically what part of the mussel was poisonous, but it was conclusively ascertained that the mussel as a whole was at times poisonous. He was of opinion that the subject should be investigated. A jurymen said that he himself had suffered from eating mussels, but was cured by drinking new milk.



IN accordance with managerial announcements made at the closing of the HAYMARKET for the holidays, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has re-opened his doors with Mr. Haddon Chambers's drama entitled *Captain Swift*, of which we gave some account when it was produced at a *matinée* performance last June. The play, which, as somebody in the stalls on Saturday evening was heard to observe, might have been aptly called "A Criminal in Clover," is not wholly satisfactory either in tone or sentiment; for it tends to exalt into a hero a highway robber, who is masquerading in the character of a respectable officer, and seeking, under shelter of this disguise, to win the hand of a rich, impressionable, and confiding young lady. The consideration and the favour bestowed upon this pampered ruffian by the entire household of an English country gentleman, whose acquaintance he has made by picking him up in the streets when he was in danger of being run over, approaches the confines of the ludicrous. Nor is this peril diminished by the incredible number of arbitrary coincidences by which the personages are supposed to be brought together. The climax of these is reached when the scheming butler discovers in the Australian bushranger a long lost foster-brother; while the mistress of the household, on little ground, beyond the circumstance that her mysterious guest is just twenty-five years of age, jumps at once to what proves to be the well-founded conclusion that he is no other than her illegitimate son, of whom she has lost sight from his infancy. The absurdities and exaggerated sentimentalities of the story, which ends with the suicide of the criminal amidst the general sympathy of the respectable circle on which he has obtruded himself, would have probably commended it to the satirists of the Anti-Jacobin in the robust days of Canning and his associates. In these times, however, it causes hearts to flutter, and even handkerchiefs to be raised to the eyes of sympathetic spectators. It is just to say that the situations are dramatic, the story steadily developed, and the personages cleverly drawn and amusing. These advantages, combined with the admirable acting, go far to explain the eagerness with which the spectators on Saturday confirmed the favourable verdict of the *matinée* audience. Mr. Beerbohm Tree, though he carries the trick of pause and deliberation to excessive lengths, is seen to great advantage in the part of the cool and polished scoundrel, and is able to add a touch of pathos to his melancholy end; Lady Monckton plays with passionate earnestness the character of the mother, and Mr. Macklin in the prominent part of an Australian squatter, who suspects, and finally knows, Captain Swift to be the Queensland bushranger who once robbed him—though he seems to admire him very little less on that account—is forcible and natural throughout. Not less fortunate is the author in the representation of his minor passages. Mrs. Tree as the impressionable heiress displays a very fresh and pleasing style and manner. Miss Rose Leclercq as her easy-going, good-natured, worldly-minded sister, exhibits a very finished kind of art; and Mr. Kemble, Mr. Brookfield, Mr. Fuller Mellish, and Miss Cudmore are each and all satisfactory representatives of excellent little character sketches. Picturesquely and lavishly mounted and admirably acted, *Captain Swift*, for all its shortcomings, is pretty certain to achieve a success.

Mr. George Grossmith's musical skit upon the Lyceum version of Mr. Stevenson's "Strange Case" which was brought out at the ROYALTY on Monday, under the title of *The Real Case of Hide and Seek*, proved a little disappointing. The keynote of the joke is sounded in the programme, which observes that "while Mr. Stevenson has shown the fatal consequence of inventing a potion which enables a man to be two distinct persons, Mr. Brough intends to show the disastrous effects of leaving such a draught about." Not much genuine fun, however, resulted from the sudden transformations of the various personages, who are supposed to have incautiously tasted of the draught, save in the case of Mr. Brough,

whose burlesque imitations of Mr. Mansfield's unearthly tones and movements were highly diverting, while his second metamorphosis—by way, apparently, of a climax of horrors—into a grotesque likeness of Mr. Mansfield's unsuccessful rival Mr. Bandmann, provoked great merriment. The songs, which are Mr. Grossmith's, both as regards words and music, are also sprightly and clever; but, as a whole, the performance was characterised by a flatness for which the spectators were certainly not prepared.

Nothing is more slippery than the title of a forthcoming play. The new romantic spectacular drama in preparation at DRURY LANE was to have been called *Hearts of Oak*; but Mr. Augustus Harris—perhaps because he bethought him of Allingham's old comedy and Stevens's interlude, not to speak of a more modern melodrama, of the same title—has now determined that the play shall be called *The Armada*, a romance of 1588. The scenic capabilities of this glorious episode in our annals need hardly be pointed out. Mr. Harris is, we believe, of opinion that as a spectacle *The Armada* will eclipse all his previous efforts.

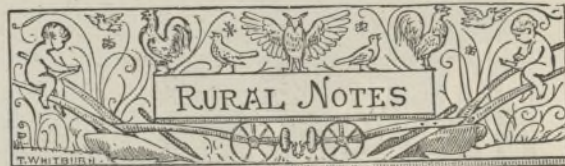
Mr. Jack T. Grein now furnishes regularly to the Paris fortnightly *Revue d'Art Dramatique*, a graphic sketch of the latest productions of the London stage.

February of next year is the earliest date at which Mr. Hare hopes to be able to open the GARRICK Theatre, which Mr. Gilbert is building for him in the new road at Charing Cross. Mrs. Bernard Beere in *La Tosca* is to be the special attraction. Mr. Hare will, of course, play the sombre, but powerful, part of the Police Minister lately enacted here by M. Pierre Berton.

The Parisians find the performance of *Taming of the Shrew* by the Daly Company coarse and noisy. So did some judicious critics on this side of the Channel, though all were agreed in praising Miss Rehan's Katherine. Shakespeare, for all this, is decidedly in fashion in France. M. Porel of the Odéon has found the performance of *Much Ado About Nothing* so profitable that he has announced his intention of producing in succession versions of every one of the plays which are still in the category of the acting drama.

THE STRAND Theatre has closed its doors for awhile. It will re-open on Saturday, the 15th inst., with *Kleptomania*, a farcical comedy, by Mr. Mark Melford, together with a revival of Mr. Byron's burlesque of *Aladdin*.

At the ROYAL AQUARIUM, last Saturday, was produced "a spectacular operatic sketch" called *Zamir*, which consisted mainly of the incantation scene from *Der Freischütz*, with a prologue, and some new songs. The burden of the piece fell upon Mr. Theodor Reuss as Caspar, Mr. T. W. Page as Max, and Miss Annie Wilson as the innkeeper's daughter. Miss Wilson sang her songs very prettily, and also recited the prologue. The good scenic and spectacular effects should make the new piece highly popular.



THE SEASON.—The weather of the last fortnight of August was very unseasonable, nor did September bring material improvement. A few districts during the last ten days of August had fairly dry days, the early part of the morning being often brilliantly fine, but masses of shower clouds have marked this most exceptional year, coming up before noon, and causing a loss of six hours' sunshine even where there was no rainfall. Most regions, however, have had inundating thunder showers, or else hailstorms, and the amount of laid and twisted corn, which was considerable in mid-August, had become deplorably large before the arrival of September. The West and South have suffered more than the East and North, which is some trifling comfort, the less afflicted regions growing five millions out of a total crop of eight millions of wheat. We are sorry to hear of a good deal of mildew and blight in Lincolnshire and the Fens, where over a million quarters of wheat should be grown in a good year. The enormous quantity of water distributed over the Western shires may be judged from the fact that the Wye at Hereford rose thirteen feet, while the Derbyshire Derwent rose eight feet. That the defective grains are numerous in the ears of wheat is a report which we receive from almost every county, and which must be taken as largely discounting the promised yield, even from those fields which maintain a hopeful appearance. A calculation of this year's harvest has been published, wherein the estimates of eight leading authorities in as many publications are averaged, and a mean yield of 7,900,000 quarters is arrived at. This, however, does not include the estimate of the *Times*, which is the lowest of all. The reason for the omission is well known, the leading journal having this season made an extraordinary and grave miscalculation in the acreage. But this does not necessarily deprive the estimate of the yield per acre of value, and we do not suppose that it was without good advice on the point that so low a figure as 23½ bushels was assumed. This was probably too low a fortnight ago, but it would require some boldness to aver that it is too low after the late rains and storms.

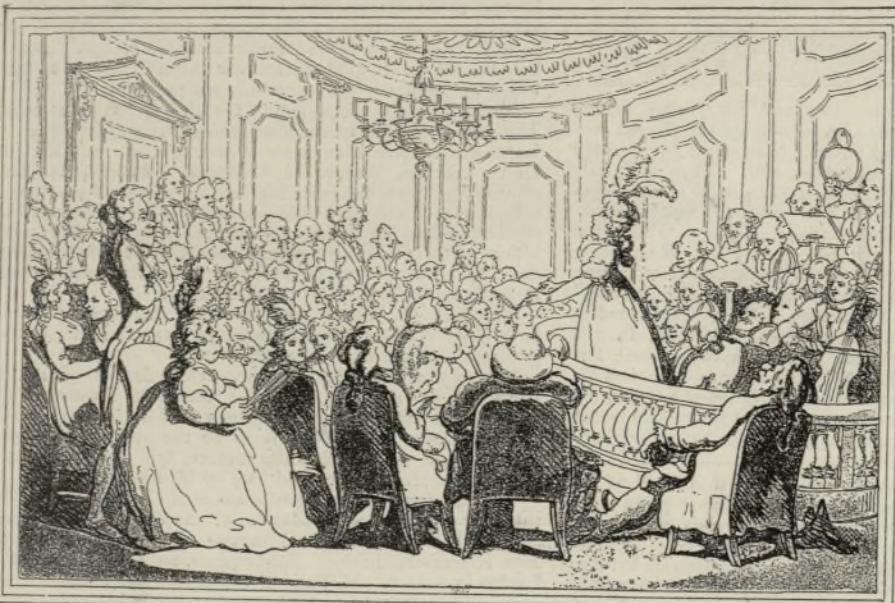
IRELAND.—The Irish agricultural returns show an improvement so far as the acreage under different crops is concerned. The cultivated area has increased from 2,921,112 acres of tillage last year to 3,004,917 acres now, while the pastures have extended from 2,143,818 acres to 2,222,622 acres. The wheat area is the largest for five years, and barley shows an increase, which, however, is balanced by a decline in oats. The cultivation of rye, beans, and peas seems to be dying out in Ireland, and there is also a very serious falling-off in the area under flax. Tares, rape, mangel, and beetroot seem to have usurped the soil, while potatoes show an increased and turnips a diminished acreage. We are sorry to hear that the wheat and barley crops are very disappointing, and that disease is spreading among the potatoes. Oats, however, as also roots, should be a big yield.

BRITISH WHEAT SALES AND PRICES for the cereal year ended 31st August are now complete, and they are not of a character to encourage wheat-growing. The mean price for the whole year was only 31s. 1d., against 33s. 6d. in 1886-7. Nor was this the only bad sign, for sales were lowest when prices were highest, and *vice versa*. In September last, 816,471 qrs. were sold for 29s. 4d., October 1,017,735 for 29s. 7d.; thus nearly two million qrs. of new wheat were parted with for less than thirty shillings. November sales were 731,496 qrs. at 30s. 8d., December 917,634 at 31s. 2d., January 661,086 at 31s. 0d., February 682,630 at 30s. 4d., March 753,474 at 30s. 4d., and April 704,856 at 30s. 4d. also. Thus, about four and a-half million qrs. only realised an average of 30s. 8d. per qr. May sales were 610,025 qrs. at 31s. 6d., and June 488,345 at the same price, and it was not till reserves were almost exhausted that July rose to 32s. 2d. with 424,344 qrs. only sold, and August to 35s. 6d. with the all-but unprecedented small sales of 214,665 qrs.

THE VIENNA AGRICULTURAL CONGRESS opened on August 27th, but the ideas of grainholders at this international fair were generally above those of buyers, to an extent which rendered business almost impossible. On September 1st, the Congress reported on the wheat crops of Europe, and the report was of a character calculated to advance prices. Russia, indeed, was stated to have a crop 5 per cent. over average, Austria 7 per cent., Hungary 10 per cent., and Roumania 25 per cent. above a mean; but against this favourable aspect of affairs in the East and South-



SUBSCRIPTION CONCERT, ASSEMBLY ROOMS



"But talks of the Opera and his Signora,  
Cries Bravo, bravissimo, bravo, encore,  
Yet I think, though she's at it from morning till noon,  
The dear little thingum-bob's never in tune."

Howlandson fecit.



FASHION, ITS FRAILTIES AND FRIVOLITIES, LED TO BATH BY FOLLY, 1770.  
From a contemporary Satire.  
"I'm certain none of Hogarth's sketches  
E're formed a set of stranger wretches."



VIEW OF THE OLD PUMP ROOM, ADJOINING THE KING'S BATH  
With the prospect of the Conduit and the Pump, after the Drawing by Fayram, 1738

BEAU NASH  
Painted by T. Hudson, 1740

THE FASHIONABLE PORTRAIT PAINTER'S STUDIO



"Or to the painter's we repair,  
Meet Sir Peregrine Hatchett there,  
There he whispers, not unseen,  
Tender tales behind the screen."

Howlandson fecit.

THE PRESENT PUMP ROOM AS IT WAS IN 1798



"It shocks me to see them look paler than ashes,  
And as dead in the eye as the statue of Nash is,  
Who the evening before were so blooming and plump;  
I'm grieved to the heart when I go to the pump."

Howlandson fecit.



BLADUD SON TO INDIVIDERAS  
THE ONLY KING OF THE BATHS  
FROM BRYTE A GREAT PHILOSOPHER  
AND MATHEMATICIAN: BRED AT ATHENS  
AND RECORDED THE FIRST DISCOVERER  
AND FOUNDER OF THESE BATHS EIGHT  
HUNDRED SIXTY AND THREE YEARS  
BEFORE CHRIST THAT IS TWO THOUSAND  
FIVE HUNDRED THIRTY FIVE YEARS  
SINCE ANNO DOMINI  
1672

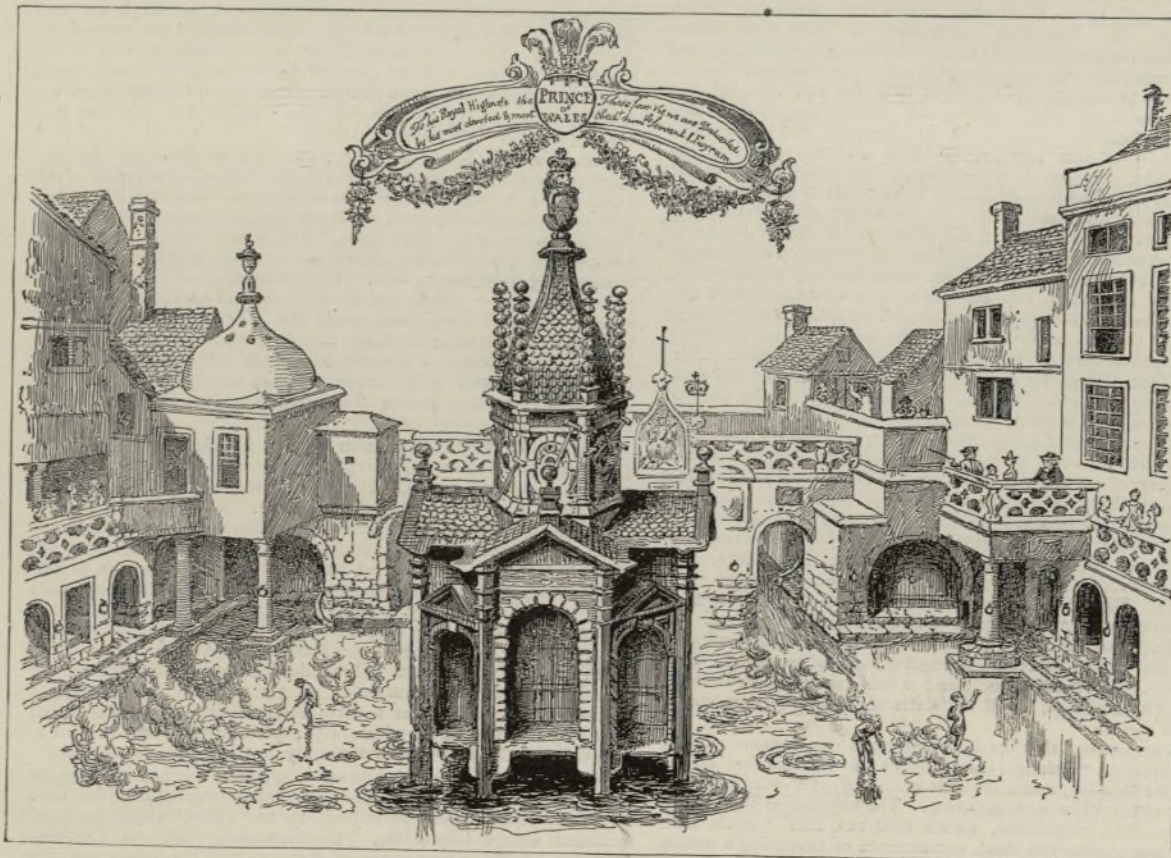


INTERIOR OF THE KING'S BATH, 1798



"Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex  
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,  
To day many persons of rank and condition  
Were boild by command of an able physician."

Howlandson fecit.



THE KING'S BATH AS IT APPEARED IN 1738, WITH THE THANK OFFERINGS, THE GIFTS OF THE RECOVERED PATIENTS  
After the Drawing by Fayram

VIEW OF THE BATHS UNDER CHARLES II.

After the Drawing by J. Johnson, 1675

A. King's Bath B. Queen's Bath C. The Cross over the "Kitchen Window," the outlet of the Hot Spring D. This Tablet on the Wall is the Stonor Stone  
E. The Dry Pump and Pump House F. Bladud's Statue G. The Parlour H. Sir Francis Stonor, of Stonor, Knight, 1624 (Donor of the Stonor Balustrade)



A VIEW OF THE KING'S AND QUEEN'S BATH, INCLUDING THE GREAT PUMP ROOM  
After Robins, 1738

THE NEW OR UPPER ASSEMBLY ROOMS



"What joy at the ball, what delight have I found  
By all the bright circle encompassed around,  
Now why should I mention a hundred or more,  
Who went the same circle as others before,  
To a tune that they play'd us a hundred times o'er?"

Howlandson fecit.

BATH AND ITS BATHS IN THEIR PALMY DAYS  
FACSIMILES OF CONTEMPORARY PRINTS  
(BATH IS THIS YEAR THE MEETING-PLACE OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION)

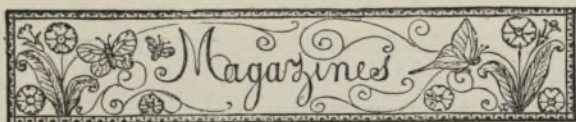
Ayuntamiento de Madrid



East, the clouds which hung over other regions were found to be unusually black. Thus, Germany, where average crops had been expected, was declared to be 9 per cent. under the mean, France and Italy with 20 per cent. deficient, and the United Kingdom and Switzerland 22 per cent. Small but still appreciable demands on the resources of the exporting countries were also to be expected on the part of Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium.

THE POTATO DISEASE, which been spreading rapidly during the past fortnight, may sometimes be prevented reaching the tubers by cutting off the haulm. It has now been ascertained that it is due to the presence of an infinitesimal fungus which settles in the first place on the haulm. The disease comes with wet weather, owing to a dry air being fatal to the fungus, while moisture encourages it to send out certain white threads known as *mycelium*. These not only penetrate the leaves and stalk of the plant and suck up the sap of life, but they twist and creep their way down the stalk to the tuber itself, on which they thrive exceedingly, penetrating it in many directions, and causing that state of disease known as rot. Early varieties escape the disease best of all, then good cross-bred potatoes have a greater resisting power than the old pure varieties. A very bold attempt is being made by Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, by hybridising the English and Peruvian species, to find "a disease-proof" potato: we can only hope that such spirited endeavours to meet what has more than once proved a national calamity will be at least not wholly unfruitful.

HORSES.—The big Horse Show just held at Dublin has been a great success, there being an extremely large display of horses, and the standard of merit being probably the highest yet reached at any Irish Show. Captain Davis was the principal prize-winner, with Mr. Hallwell Steeds and Mrs. Mackie. A smaller but also a very successful Show has been held at Buxton, where Mr. Jacob Wilson at the Show luncheon strongly urged upon farmers the immense importance of breeding good fillies; while Mr. Chandos Pole Gell took up the parable on the other side, and referred to the importance of good stallions, as well as to the increased facilities for obtaining their use offered by the Royal Agricultural Society. A note, also an encouraging one, comes from the extreme North, where we hear there is a great demand for Shetland ponies for the United States. The only drawback in matters equine has been the season, which has been one of severe loss to posting and coaching establishments throughout the entire kingdom.



## II.

A VIVID picture of the practical working of the East End Sweating System is given in the *Nineteenth Century* by Miss Beatrice Potter. "Pages from a Work-Girl's Diary" represent actual experiences of the writer as a trousers-finisher. She describes admirably the surroundings into which she had the courage, from philanthropic motives, to throw herself.—Sir Lyon Playfair treats of "Lord Armstrong and Technical Education." He contests the conclusions recently ventilated by the great manufacturer, and allowing that the great industrial machine of this country is good enough in itself he maintains that it needs proper oiling to make it work smoothly. The lubricant which it so much requires is, in his opinion, the technical education of the productive classes.—As might have been expected, Mr. Wemyss Reid's book has roused Mr. Gladstone to

write on "Mr. Forster and Ireland." The article will be dry reading except to those versed in the minutest details of recent history and contemporary controversy. "The upshot of the matter," Mr. Gladstone says, "I think, is, that the intellectual process by which Mr. Forster convinced himself of the duty and necessity of resigning his office in May, 1882, remains, as it is presented in these pages, an unsolved riddle."—Full of suggestive material for deep thought is "Belief and Conduct," Mr. Leslie Stephen; while Mr. Oswald Crawford writes about "Slavery in East Central Africa."

"The Present Problem in India" is the subject of the opening paper in the *Contemporary* by Sir William Wilson Hunter. We ourselves have set forces in motion in India which render it impossible for us to stand still. The old native props of Empire are undermined, or have fallen away. The question arises how far it is practical to utilise the new forces in their place. Sir William protests, in any case, against repressing the aspirations which we have created.—Mr. Holman Hunt has a pleasant, chatty lot of reminiscences of John Leech.—As for those ambitious of undying fame in one department of human activity, they will not derive much comfort from Professor Seeley's view of "Literary Immortality." He thinks "real literary immortality" is exceedingly rare. "From the Elizabethan age," he says, "to the end of the seventeenth century almost the only English works which seem to me to enjoy immortality" are "Shakespeare," Milton's "Poems," Bacon's "Essays," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." In lyric poetry there is real literary immortality he holds; Gray and Goldsmith last, in his opinion, largely because they are packed small. Tennyson, however, will be as much read a hundred years hence as now.—Mr. Stead is readable with his "Impressions of Petersburg."

The article of the month in the *Fortnightly* is, of course, Lord Wolseley's on "Military Genius." He expresses a belief that "the torrent of anarchical democracy lately let loose upon England is undermining, and must eventually destroy, that fabric of military and naval strength upon which our stability as a nation rests." He discusses Cæsar, Napoleon, Wellington, Marlborough, and Moltke, and generally is not inclined to under-estimate the part played by the great military leaders in shaping the world's destiny.—Mr. Baumann, M.P., writes on "The Conduct of Business during the Present Session;" one advantage, he thinks, of our failing to pass the estimates by August is that we shall be able to make the experiment of a November sitting.—In "The Fall of Fiction" Mr. Rider Haggard is assailed without mercy, but the strictures, on the whole, seem to be very just.

The most interesting contribution to this month's *National* are Mrs. Jeune's "Recollections of Mr. Forster." He had a keen sense of humour, and the comical side of things appealed to him strongly. "Many epithets and anecdotes," writes this lady, "applied to him by the Irish amused him greatly, and there were several in particular he used to tell me with the greatest relish. Some of the Irish National papers used to speak of the 'Chief Secretary sneaking down to his gambling hell,' alluding to the time in the afternoon when he walked down the principal streets in Dublin to the Kildare Street Club to play his rubber of whist. Mr. Forster once received an anonymous letter stating that his murder in the Phoenix Park had been planned, but that he was spared on that occasion on account of 'the young and lovely creature at his side.' It concluded, 'But to hell with these tender fancies.'"

*Macmillan* contains an admirable and humorous, if cynical, paper on "The Glorified Spinster."—Mr. Stephen Wheeler's "The Indian Native Press" is to be commended as well-informed and excellently written. Moreover, in its opening page is a first-rate Persian story.—Mr. Minto will repay perusal on "Pope and the Poetry of the Eighteenth Century."

A good piece of short fiction is "My Treasure," in *Blackwood*;

while Colonel Pilkington White has much historically interesting to tell in "The Romance of State Mapping."—Sir Theodore Martin gives a fine translation of Uhland's "The Minstrel's Curse."—"Under Canvas in a Proclaimed District," by Mr. F. Noel Paton, is vivacious and amusing as to the humours of rough life in the disturbed part of Ireland.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt writes very cleverly and humorously in *Murray* on "Some Recent Criticism of America." He appears to fairly demolish Lord Wolseley and Sir Lepel Griffin. The late Mr. Mathew Arnold is more sparingly handled, as much of his criticism Mr. Roosevelt regards as just. Jean Ingelow somewhere says that Americans say "sass" for sauce; "So they do," remarks Mr. Roosevelt. "as much as Englishmen say 'heggs' for eggs." At a dinner in London he was "sitting next a very pretty woman, who was evidently bent on saying pleasant things about America, indeed, to some of her speeches I was obliged faintly to demur, as when she credited us with the national ownership of the River Amazon. Finally, she electrified me by observing that she liked to hear me speak, 'because she was so fond of the American accent, it reminded her of a banjo.' The remark was evidently made in perfectly good faith. I murmured my acknowledgments, and she continued the conversation with the vivacity naturally attendant upon the pleased consciousness of having paid a neat compliment.—Mr. Acworth concludes his series with "The Great Eastern Railway" and an interesting "Note on the Race to Edinburgh."

Mr. A. R. Hardy begins a new serial, "Passé Rose," in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which shows much promise.—A curiously interesting paper is furnished by Mr. H. C. Mervin on "Daniel Drawbaugh," a claimant of the original invention of the telephone; while "Home Life of the Redstart" is contributed by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, who writes of birds so intelligently and sympathetically.

Rarely-trodden ground by the *littérateur* is touched in the *English Illustrated* by Mr. Adam Gielgud, who takes us about "In the Polish Carpathians," and writes in pleasant fashion of their people and wild scenery, which the woodcuts, all good in their kind, bring home to the eyes.—Mr. Ashby Sterry's "London Street Studies" should be read, particularly for the very faithful reproduction of familiar figures from the pencil of Mr. W. D. Almond.

Besides the serial matter in the *Illustrated Army and Navy Magazine* there is an excellent paper on "Bermuda: Our Oldest Colony," by Major-General "X," adorned with four sketches which place pleasantly before the eyes the cheerful scenery of the place.—There is also in this periodical a capital series by Mr. Irving Montagu, entitled "Wanderings of a War Artist." This month he deals with the Franco-German War, and especially with the Paris Commune.

Archdeacon Farrar's critique in *Longmans* of "John Ward, Preacher," will attract, doubtless, numerous readers to Miss Margaret Deland's work. The centre thought of the story is Eternal Punishment, and the Archdeacon is warmly eulogistic of the author's handling of a difficult fictional theme.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a beautiful heliograph from Sir J. E. Millais' painting "The Convalescent."—There are two good notices of foreign artists in the magazine, "The Barbizon School: Rousseau," by David Croal Thomson, and "Barnard Van Orley," by W. Shaw-Sparrow.

The frontispiece of the *Art Journal* is a fine engraving of Mr. Arthur Hacker's "By the Waters of Babylon."—Mr. Joseph Hatton writes in a light and agreeable manner of "Some Provincial Clubs: Birmingham."—We may also commend for letterpress and illustrations, "Old England's Boston," by Mr. Charles Whymper.

The illustrations of the *Salon* constitute its chief attraction. This month among the rest there is a fine engraving from Otto Wolf's "Christ and the Unfaithful Woman."

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THE KING OF PHYSICIANS.—PURE AIR. JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

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Class 569, 1721 Gs. Class 570, 1724 Gs. Class 571, 1727 Gs. Class 572, 1730 Gs. Class 573, 1733 Gs. Class 574, 1736 Gs. Class 575, 1739 Gs. Class 576, 1742 Gs. Class 577, 1745 Gs. Class 578, 1748 Gs. Class 579, 1751 Gs. Class 580, 1754 Gs. Class 581, 1757 Gs. Class 582, 1760 Gs. Class 583, 1763 Gs. Class 584, 1766 Gs. Class 585, 1769 Gs. Class 586, 1772 Gs. Class 587, 1775 Gs. Class 588, 1778 Gs. Class 589, 1781 Gs. Class 590, 1784 Gs. Class 591, 1787 Gs. Class 592, 1790 Gs. Class 593, 1793 Gs. Class 594, 1796 Gs. Class 595, 1799 Gs. Class 596, 1802 Gs. Class 597, 1805 Gs. Class 598, 1808 Gs. Class 599, 1811 Gs. Class 600, 1814 Gs. Class 601, 1817 Gs. Class 602, 1820 Gs. Class 603, 1823 Gs. Class 604, 1826 Gs. Class 605, 1829 Gs. Class 606, 1832 Gs. Class 607, 1835 Gs. Class 608, 1838 Gs. Class 609, 1841 Gs. Class 610, 1844 Gs. Class 611, 1847 Gs. Class 612, 1850 Gs. Class 613, 1853 Gs. Class 614, 1856 Gs. Class 615, 1859 Gs. Class 616, 1862 Gs. Class 617, 1865 Gs. Class 618, 1868 Gs. Class 619, 1871 Gs. Class 620, 1874 Gs. Class 621, 1877 Gs. Class 622, 1880 Gs. Class 623, 1883 Gs. Class 624, 1886 Gs. Class 625, 1889 Gs. Class 626, 1892 Gs. Class 627, 1895 Gs. Class 628, 1898 Gs. Class 629, 1901 Gs. Class 630, 1904 Gs. Class 631, 1907 Gs. Class 632, 1910 Gs. Class 633, 1913 Gs. Class 634, 1916 Gs. Class 635, 1919 Gs. Class 636, 1922 Gs. Class 637, 1925 Gs. Class 638, 1928 Gs. Class 639, 1931 Gs. Class 640, 1934 Gs. Class 641, 1937 Gs. Class 642, 1940 Gs. Class 643, 1943 Gs. Class 644, 1946 Gs. Class 645, 1949 Gs. Class 646, 1952 Gs. Class 647, 1955 Gs. Class 648, 1958 Gs. Class 649, 1961 Gs. Class 650, 1964 Gs. Class 651, 1967 Gs. Class 652, 1970 Gs. Class 653, 1973 Gs. Class 654, 1976 Gs. Class 655, 1979 Gs. Class 656, 1982 Gs. Class 657, 1985 Gs. Class 658, 1988 Gs. Class 659, 1991 Gs. Class 660, 1994 Gs. Class 661, 1997 Gs. Class 662, 2000 Gs. Class 663, 2003 Gs. Class 664, 2006 Gs. Class 665, 2009 Gs. Class 666, 2012 Gs. Class 667, 2015 Gs. Class 668, 2018 Gs. Class 669, 2021 Gs. Class 670, 2024 Gs. Class 671, 2027 Gs. Class 672, 2030 Gs. Class 673, 2033 Gs. Class 674, 2036 Gs. Class 675, 2039 Gs. Class 676, 2042 Gs. Class 677, 2045 Gs. Class 678, 2048 Gs. Class 679, 2051 Gs. Class 680, 2054 Gs. Class 681, 2057 Gs. Class 682, 2060 Gs. Class 683, 2063 Gs. Class 684, 2066 Gs. Class 685, 2069 Gs. Class 686, 2072 Gs. Class 687, 2075 Gs. Class 688, 2078 Gs. Class 689, 2081 Gs. Class 690, 2084 Gs. Class 691, 2087 Gs. Class 692, 2090 Gs. Class 693, 2093 Gs. Class 694, 2096 Gs. Class 695, 2099 Gs. Class 696, 2102 Gs. Class 697, 2105 Gs. Class 698, 2108 Gs. Class 699, 2111 Gs. Class 700, 2114 Gs. Class 701, 2117 Gs. Class 702, 2120 Gs. Class 703, 2123 Gs. Class 704, 2126 Gs. Class 705, 2129 Gs. Class 706, 21



# A LOVE STORY OF THE ENGADINE

SKETCHED AND WRITTEN BY LIEUT.-COLONEL HARCOURT



TARASP KURHAUS

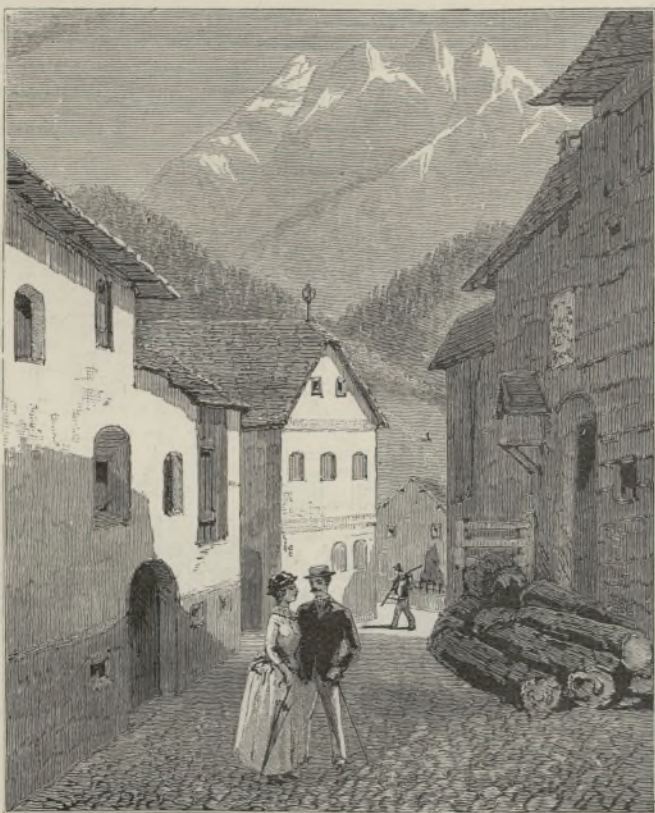
I.

**A**FTER ALL IT IS A VERY SMALL WORLD! Now who would imagine that Olive Delamere could, in a London drawing-room, suddenly come across her cousin Dick, who was supposed at the time to be with his regiment in India? And, in one sense of the word, there was, so to say, no meeting, for there was no recognition, as indeed, there could not well be, between Captain Delamere and the young lady, for before the night in question they had never set eyes on one another.

The husband of Olive's grandmother, Lady Delamere, was the younger of two brothers, and, for some reason that no one could ever ascertain, he had been preferred by his father, and had inherited The Fell estate, which it rested with the owner to dispose of as he pleased. But so it was, and the younger son entered into possession, and was for some service rendered to the Crown knighted a year or two after. Sir Oliver died at a comparatively early age, his only son, who had lost his wife within two years of his marriage, having previously deceased him, leaving but one child, Olive, who from her birth had lived with her grandmother, Lady Delamere, into whose hands The Fell had passed at Sir Oliver's demise.

The two branches of the family had never been on speaking terms since the passing over of the elder son. Sir Oliver's brother, Eustace, was furious at being deprived of his rights, and would hold no communication with his sister-in-law. He had risen to high command in the Army, and married, when well on in years, a young and very beautiful woman, the only issue of this union being Dick Delamere, above referred to.

It is quite possible that, at the death of the General, his widow and the owner of The Fell might not have been averse to settling the family feud, but there was a difficulty as to how the first advances were to be made, and no kind friend was forthcoming as a go-between. And then Lady Delamere lived in a remote part of the country, and seldom came to town, where the General's widow resided. It thus happened that the two ladies had never met, while the cousins Olive and Dick were in absolute ignorance as to each other's identity and



VILLAGE OF SHULS



TARASP

whereabouts. But it had of late been a trouble to Lady Delamere that this long-standing feud could not be amicably arranged, and, in speaking to her granddaughter, she regretted she had not ere this held out the olive branch, though fearing at the same time as to how any advance she made might be received.

A curious chance did, however, bring the cousins together. Olive being now "out," and having to be presented, Lady Delamere took a house in town for the season, and it was at a large musical party in Queen's Gate Gardens that Dick and Olive were thrown together. It fell about thus: Staying with Lady Delamere was a young lady friend of Olive's, who was a violinist, and on this occasion Miss Fotheringay had been asked to play. It so happened that a pin was wanted, and Olive, seeing there was some dilemma, crossed the room to come to her friend's aid, and finding what the requirement was, with easy self-possession, and yet in a very winning manner, turned to a gentleman, whom for the moment she mistook for some one she knew, and who curiously enough had been very admiringly regarding the singularly graceful girl who bore such high-bred breeding in every look and gesture, and asked if he could render any assistance. Dick—for it was her cousin to whom she spoke—at once produced the needful article from his button-hole, which Olive with a smile of thanks handed to Miss Fotheringay. But some one had been beforehand with her, and so she absently put the pin in her own dress, keeping her hand on it, and the music now commencing



FROM ARDETZ TO TARASP



LADY DELAMERE AND OLIVE WERE SITTING BY THEMSELVES

nothing more was said. Miss Fotheringay having finished her playing, Olive was stepping forward to congratulate her, when Dick, stirred by some sudden impulse, addressed her: "If you no longer require the pin I gave you," he gravely said, "might I have it again?"

"Oh, certainly. You see, it was not wanted."

"Thanks very much. It's a fancy of mine to have it."

The pair separated, but a flush rose to the girl's face as she caught the eager look the handsome young soldier bent upon her. The incident, however, rather impressed itself on her mind, and the more so, when shortly after she heard her hostess addressing her late interlocutor, who was leaving, as Captain Delamere; and then herself inquiring, she ascertained that this gentleman must almost certainly be the cousin she had never before seen. Dick, also, ere he went away, had been informed who the lady was with whom he had been conversing; but men are not so sharp as women in these matters, and he did not at the time imagine that the charming girl he had talked with could possibly be in any way related to him.

Next day Olive mentioned to her grandmother that her cousin, Captain Delamere, must most certainly have been at the musical party with them. Lady Delamere was exceedingly interested, and declared she would at once find out where her sister-in-law lived, and go and call on her, for she was very anxious that the two branches of the family should be reconciled.

However, she was just too late, for on the very morning of the day she called Mrs. Delamere and her son had started for the Continent. Shortly afterwards, Lady Delamere was herself ordered abroad. She suffered from rheumatism, and her doctor recommended her to try the waters of Tarasp in the Engadine. Accordingly she and Olive started thither, the latter remarking that it would be curious if they should come across Mr. Delamere.

II.

THE Engadine lies in the heart of the Rhaetian Alps, and winds for some sixty miles through the south-east of Switzerland. Throughout its entire length it is subdivided by the River Inn, which at first a tranquil stream, losing itself in lakes varying in size and loveliness, at last dashes, in its impetuous course, into the Austrian Tyrol.

Being unable at first to obtain accommodation at Tarasp, our travellers stayed at the Belvidère at Shuls. This is not a picturesque town, though it has a few points worthy of the attention of the landscape artist. The upper town boasts of some large hotels and a few poor shops, the lower, which is of great age, being inhabited almost solely by the peasant farmers. The principal feature in Shuls is the church, which stands on a jutting promontory high above the Inn. Across the river rise forest-clad slopes, crowned by heights over 10,000 feet above sea level, the crests of which are coated with eternal snow.

During their stay in Shuls it was no easy matter to go anywhere, for the weather became wet and cold, and walking or driving with any approach to comfort was an impossibility. So it resulted that up to the day Lady Delamere secured rooms in the Tarasp Hotel they did not know a soul in the place except the doctor. Located in their new quarters, in a pleasant suite of rooms overlooking the garden, the change for the better was most decided.

The Tarasp Hotel, which is two miles from Shuls, is an immense straggling building, capable of containing about 250 people, nearly the whole of the lowest range facing the river being given over to reception and drawing-rooms, a species of indoor *café*, and a billiard-room, outside of which last is a large area covered in with glass, where breakfast can be served in wet weather. The whole





LOWER ROAD FROM TARASP TO SHULS

of the building is brilliantly illuminated by electric light, which is kept burning the entire night. The gardens have also illuminators of great power; and here in the evenings the band plays for about an hour and a half, and the visitors in the hotel stroll up and down the broad path, or sit in this equable climate under the trees enjoying their coffee. On the other side of the river is the Trink Halle, where the waters are served out to the drinkers, and the band plays every morning. The English church is just behind the hotel.

Two days had passed since the change of hotels, and already our ladies had picked up one or two pleasant friends at the *table d'hôte*. At Lady Delamere's right sat a General Carew and his son, an *attaché* at the Roman Embassy; nor was Olive left out in the cold, for she had made the acquaintance of a very charming Austrian lady, Frau Hochstein, whose husband hailed from Pesth. The English of this couple was not as perfect as it might be; but English they would speak, and so Olive had not many opportunities of improving her German, until a regular deadlock occurred, when English for the moment had to be given up. By a good arrangement prevailing at Tarasp, the endeavour is made to secure seats close together for compatriots at the *table d'hôte*; and on the second day the General saw opposite him an old friend, Colonel Wreford, who proved a pleasant addition to the circle.

"Do you know, Lady Delamere," said the General in a break in the talk, "your name sounds very familiar to me?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes. There was a Delamere in my regiment, a chum of mine; but I've lost sight of him for years."

"Do you recollect his Christian name?" inquired Lady Delamere.

"Yes; it was Eustace. Any relation of yours?"



MALOJA

"I think," returned Lady Delamere in a low voice, "we must both be thinking of the same person. My husband's elder brother was Eustace, and I know he was in the army."

"But, surely—Ah, by the way, I recollect that Delamere was always very hot on some grievance he had, and—"

"I may as well tell you the story." And here she hurriedly related the facts. "Have you ever seen Mrs. Delamere?" she went on.

"Oh, yes; I know her well. Then you have never met her?"

"No, and I should like to do so, for I think these family misunderstandings are greatly to be deplored."

"I am sure I can take on myself to say you would like Mrs. Delamere. Her only son, Dick, a fine young fellow, is at home on leave. I think he is in the Rifles."

"I assure you, General Carew, it would be a real pleasure to me to meet him and his mother."

"They would be quite of your way of thinking. That I am sure of."

"I believe," here interrupted Colonel Wreford, "I heard you mention the name of my friend, Mrs. Delamere. Perhaps you would be interested in learning she is coming here—probably will arrive to-day. Any relation of yours, Lady Delamere?"



OSTERIA VECCHIA

"Yes, we are related. Did you say she would be here soon?"

"I left them at Ragatz—that is, Mrs. Delamere and Dick. Perhaps you have not seen him?"

"No," replied Lady Delamere. "But every one is rising. Shall we go into the garden?—It is curious," she continued to Olive, "that they should be coming here. At any rate, I can with a clear conscience now tell Mary I did my best to find her in town."

"I am glad, Granny, they are coming."

"Yes, my dear. I think, on the whole, the place is more endurable



SILS MARIE

now we begin to know people. Just wait for me at the bottom of the stairs, I want to get my sunshade."

"What nonsense, Granny! Of course I shall go for it," and so saying Olive ran upstairs, found what she wanted, and, returning, almost ran against no other person than Dick Delamere, who, however, was so attentively helping his mother that he did not notice the young lady particularly.

"What a very sweet face!" said Mrs. Delamere, as Olive passed.

"Who? I did not see her," replied Dick, looking quite in the wrong direction.

"Not there, Dick. She went downstairs."

"Ah, I see," casting his eyes over the bannisters. "Some German Fräulein, I suppose. No, hang it—why—"

"What is it, my dear boy? You know we must get upstairs," said his mother, laughing.

"Pardon me, mother. I suppose I must be mistaken. I fancied I had seen the lady before. I just caught a glance of her face, and it appears familiar to me."

"Well, Dick, she seems a very charming girl."

"Now, mother, how can you jump to this conclusion?"

"Oh, I go a great deal by first impressions, and I'm sure she is a charming girl; and she's English."

"Think so! I fancy you may be right. But here we are at last. Ah, now I recollect. I am perfectly sure she is that very Miss Delamere I saw at the Buxton's party."

"They were now inside their rooms."

"Dear me, Dick! How very strange if she should turn out to be your cousin. The only awkward thing is that I am sure I don't see how we are to ever know them, for her grandmother, with whom she lives, has cut us for years."

"Dear mother, I fancy the 'cutting,' from all you have told me, has been pretty equal on both sides."

"True. All I can say is, I shall be very glad to shake hands, and let bygones be bygones."

Half-an-hour afterwards, when Lady Delamere and Olive were sitting by themselves in a retired angle of the garden, they were surprised by the sudden stoppage of two figures in front of them. The gentleman promptly raised his hat, but the lady came forward with outstretched hand.

"I must introduce myself. Dear Jane, I wish we had met before. Believe me, it is a real pleasure to see you now. I am your sister-in-law."

Lady Delamere rose, as did Olive, and heartily responded. "I must introduce Olive to you, eh, Mary?"



THE DILIGENCE TO ST. MORITZ



CAMPFER AND SILVAPLANA





ST. MORITZ—GENERAL VIEW

"Yes, that is my name."  
 "And this is my nephew?" asked Lady Delamere, turning pleasantly to Dick.  
 "Yes; he tells me he has seen Olive before."  
 "I heard something about it," returned Lady Delamere, with a smile. "It really is very pleasant, our thus meeting; and, indeed, Mary, dear, I very much blame myself that there has been this estrangement."  
 "We will let the past bury itself."  
 Meanwhile Dick and Olive had sauntered down the path.  
 "You see—Miss—Delamere—"  
 "No—not that—we are cousins," she protested, looking frankly up at her companion.  
 "I am quite ready to assume all rights of relationship," he laughed. "Then Olive it shall be. I hope you will also remember my name is Dick."  
 "Dick," she pleasantly laughed. "Yes, I shall recollect. It is not a very long name."  
 "I had some sort of intuition, Olive," and he hesitated momentarily.  
 "Quite right," she nodded.  
 "Some intuition, Olive, when I asked you for that pin that I should see you again."  
 "Did you know who I was?" she quickly demanded.  
 "Hadn't an idea at the time."  
 "And I suppose you have thrown the pin away?" half looking up at him.  
 "Indeed, I have not," he warmly rejoined. "Nothing of the sort. I've stuck it in my card-case. See! There it is now," producing one of those double cases, through the inner leather of which ran the pin.



BREAKFAST UNDER THE TREES

Olive coloured pleasantly, but said nothing.  
 "As it virtually was my own property, you do not object, do you?" he asked.  
 "Oh, no," she nervously laughed; "I shouldn't have thought it could have had such a value in your eyes. Shall we turn? I hardly saw Mrs. Delamere—my new aunt."  
 "And I for my part have barely exchanged a word with my aunt. I am sure I shall fall awfully in love with her."  
 "Do you know I think you will? At any rate I hope you will."  
 "There can be no doubt of it."  
 "But," she asked, "how is it you are in England?—I mean back from India? We heard you were still there. You see we were enough interested in you to inquire as to your whereabouts."  
 "It was more than kind of you. I need scarcely say how distressing to me has been this disunion in our very small family. But as to myself, I got seedy, and they sent me home for a year, which accounts for my sudden appearance. Ah! here are Lady Delamere and my mother coming to meet us."  
 After chatting for some little time, the quartette, agreeing to have their places together at the *table d'hôte*, separated, as Mrs. Delamere had to go and superintend her unpacking.  
 The days were now passed very agreeably. There was the general meeting at the Trink Halle in the morning, where the feeble band of nine or ten performers played. Breakfast followed under the trees, unless it happened to be wet, which it now and then was, when came pleasant sociable chats in the shady garden, where the ladies brought their work, and the gentlemen were graciously permitted to smoke. Then in the afternoon parties were made up for excursions, a sort of picnic being arranged to which all the apparatus for tea was conveyed, Dick contending with his cousin for the right to carry the small basket which contained the stores of provisions. Or, wandering further afield, the four Delameres engaging a carriage would drive over to Fontana and see the Tarasp Schloss, a picturesque-looking edifice at a distance, but not worth much when closely inspected; or to some of the neighbouring villages where there was anything to be seen either in the way of view or buildings.  
 Fontana is about three miles from Tarasp on the other side of the Inn, and is a very favourite afternoon resort of the hotel folk. There is a carriage drive the entire way, but a short cut for pedestrians through the wood joins the regular road, almost a mile and a half from the Schloss at a point where there is a very lovely view up the valley towards Ardetz, which village can be just faintly seen in the distance. The absurdity of it is,

that having reached Fontana no one ever does anything else, and refuge is at once taken out of the blinding glare on the dusky side of the one hotel the little place boasts of, and there the inevitable coffee and roll is again brought forth, and after a rest the travellers again descend the hill.

But Olive was determined to explore, and Dick was only too happy to go with her.

"We will give you one hour, and no more," said Lady Delamere. The two went through the village, from which there is a very fine view of the valley and the heights on the other side, and first turned into the Carmelite churchyard, where Dick pointed out to his cousin the curious arrangement of skulls and dead men's bones placed in a sort of receptacle to the left as you enter.

They next wandered on to have a look at Val Plafna. Passing through a wood they came upon a broad road, which wound through the forest and across a roaring torrent, which they presently traversed by a rustic bridge, just where a picturesque sawmill gave a finish to the picture. Olive, who was very ready with her pencil, had her sketch-book out in a trice, and, to her cousin's great admiration, made a hasty drawing, which he pronounced with bated breath to be a great work of art. Olive laughed and pleasantly coloured; and, putting up her materials, the pair pushed on, and proceeded further than was advisable if they were to return within the allotted time. Then Olive suddenly stopped, and looked at her watch.

"Oh, Dick?"

"What is it?"

"Why, we have been away three-quarters of an hour."

"No! Really? Then I suppose we must hurry back."

"Yes, and run for it too. We can't keep them waiting."

"But can you run?" he asked.

"Can't I? Come, I'll show you."

And away they raced, stopping every now and then to recover breath, Olive, with her heightened colour and the rich glow of health about her, presenting a very fair and delightful picture. Still, run as they might, they were late, and had, moreover, as they came back towards Fontana, to moderate their pace, as the descent through the fields was very steep. However, the two elder ladies were taking it very easily, and seemed to think the cousins had come back in fair enough time.

### III.

ONE afternoon it was decided that they should drive to Fettau and return by Ardetz. A carriage was soon procured, and the party immediately started.

The road runs back to Shuls for some distance, and then winds up the hill side to Fettau, the lofty church tower of which, a ruin also from the effects of fire, can be seen many miles away. The conflagration, it appears, only lasted in all for three hours, in that brief space of time sweeping right through the devoted village, doing enormous harm, for the houses, having all shingle roofs, and much timber in the walls, burnt like tinder. The scarred ruins were nearly all as left by the fire, and these, with the upstanding porticos and frameworks, showing the colouring matter inside the rooms, gave a strange resemblance to Pompeii. The only hotel in the place was but half rebuilt, and there they got some coffee, and then proceeded to what was termed the "Paradis." Suffice it to say this was a long way off, and when reached was pronounced not worth going to see. Perhaps, under other auspices, a more cheerful conclusion might have been arrived at, but the day had turned cold and misty, and a bitter wind swept down the valley.

In the village Olive asked Dick to stop with her for five minutes while she sketched a quaint old doorway, for just about here the houses had escaped the flames. The children crowding round were evidently highly delighted at each stroke, one of them calling out as Olive cleverly dashed in a figure,

"Oh, that is Fiddle! Come and see where she has put Fiddle."

But the return journey had now to be made, so the carriage was called up, and the party drove by some very grand and striking scenery, finally emerging on the village of Ardetz, which boasts of a tower on an eminence close by the hamlet. A little further the road winds round and falls into the main line, and so, through some superb rock scenery, the bed of the Inn was again reached, and shortly the hotel came in sight, and all pronounced themselves quite ready for the supper-dinner, after a very pleasant and interesting outing.

The above was the last excursion made from Tarasp, and two days after, the party having arranged accordingly, they started in the diligence for St. Moritz. This leaves Tarasp at 7 A.M., and places had to be engaged at this busy season of the year some time before hand. Lady Delamere and her sister-in-law took the *coupé*, the servants being in the body of the vehicle, Olive and Dick mounting themselves comfortable in the back seat, which indeed in anything like fine weather is by far the best



BY THE SIDE OF THE LAKE



PONTRESINA AND GLACIER ROSEG



place to take. Lady Delamere had rather protested against the diligence, but Olive wished to see what it was like, and so it was agreed that for once in a way the conveyance should be utilised. However, it was pronounced a failure. The *couffe* is a miserable contracted space in which it is next to impossible to cross one's legs, and as for parcels and such like there is no room at all. The seat at the back is better, but in inclement weather, no uncommon occurrence in the Engadine, it is not an agreeable coign of vantage, exposed as it is to the full force of the wind. The day was fine and clear, but cold, and there was a strong wind. The diligence itself is a great lumbering antiquated affair, just about half as heavy again as need be. Four very rough horses, changed every six or seven miles, drag it along at six miles an hour, except when there is the slightest rise in the road, when the pace at once sinks to a slow walk. The trappings are suited to the vehicle, which in its gaudy yellow and black looks like a great overgrown wasp. The gear is never cleaned or polished, and the harness, untidy, misfitting, and patched, would make an English Jehu weep. The three first miles from Tarasp is level, and there is a steady rise for a stiff two miles to Ardez.

St. Moritz was allowed by all to be a very much livelier and more interesting place than was Tarasp. To begin with, it is a great deal more beautiful, the hotels are large and numerous, and the crowds of people moving about necessarily impart plenty of animation. The Baths of St. Moritz stretch from the wooded slopes of Piz (pronounced Pitz) Rosatch to the shore of the Lake, the Baths and Pump Room being contiguous to and at right angles with the Kurhaus Hotel. The lower town is an open valley, which commands fine views in every direction. Ascending by the side of the Lake, you soon enter on the upper town, termed St. Moritz Dorf. Here there are many fine hotels, the largest and best of which is, as before mentioned, the Kulm, which is kept open all the winter, which none in the lower town are. St. Moritz Dorf is sheltered from the bitter wind which nearly every afternoon sweeps through the lower valley, and which so very materially takes away from the many charms of the place.

On the afternoon of arrival there was a quiet saunter through the street and shops, and the general "lie" of the place was taken in; but in the evening, over Baedeker and the various books on St. Moritz that they could possess themselves of, plans were made for excursions to the neighbourhood.

"For my part," said Mrs. Delamere, "I think there's a good deal to see about the place itself; but what is it, Dick, you are so anxious to take us to?"

"There's Pontresina, to begin with."

"Oh, yes, we must go there, of course, Aunt Mary," said Olive.

"Yes, dear," agreed her grandmother, "all in good time; but let Dick have his say."

"Pontresina," went on Dick, "is barely an hour's walk from here. It's on the further side of the Lake. I was asking about it below. That's a very easy business. But there's a carriage



SCHLOSS TARASP

and if she preferred to ramble after wild flowers, or go out sketching in the woods, Dick was quite agreeable, and contentedly sat beside her while she drew, and smoked his cigar in perfect happiness, if he could only but touch the hem of her raiment.

She, for her part, accepted his companionship with most evident pleasure, and yet not one word that any one might not have heard had passed between them, though it is true a species of shyness had come over Olive of late, and she had not been so ready as at first to seek for her cousin's escort. And when she spoke, and he looked up in his eager, impetuous way, seeming to hang on her words, the changing colour would come into her face, and she would hastily turn aside, half angry with herself for showing these pretty danger-signals. Certainly, Dick fell in love with her long ere she showed the very slightest signs of having let her own heart slip away from her charge, but who can say whether he or she had first entered into the sweet thralldom of true love?

The two elder ladies looked on and said nothing, but on one occasion, when the cousins left them, and Mrs. Delamere, looking after them with half tears in her eyes, unconscious that her sister-in-law's glance was on her, murmured her son's name in a soft whisper to herself, Lady Delamere's hand stole into hers.

"Dear Mary! I hope it may be so."

No other word was said, or confidence exchanged. Both felt it was hardly a matter to discuss till the principals gave some starting-ground for their elders to express opinions. But in Lady Delamere's heart there was a strong yearning that Olive might learn to care for Dick, though not by sign or word did she in any way attempt to guide her granddaughter's decision, for in this, she declared to herself, Olive should be absolutely free and unfettered.

It was arranged that the elder ladies should drive, and the young people walk, so the cousins went off by themselves, the others agreeing to meet them at about twelve at the Kronenhof Hotel at Pontresina.

The footpath ran by the side of the lake, which reposed in peaceful calm, the reflections from forest and promontory breaking the clear green of the waters. Then rising by the green pastures till a *café* was reached, the road to Pontresina lay before them. The day was a dull one, and hardly promised well for the excursion, but there was a chance it might clear, and, at any rate, thus far it had not rained, so the cousins stepped out, and now crossing some rising ground found themselves beside the mimic lake of Statz, which lies considerably higher than the lake just left behind. It was a gloomy sheet of water, and on such a day was not at its best.

The two had been conversing on general topics, but standing for a little to look at the lake, Olive remarked, "It reminds me of the Mere at The Fell."

"Ah, I never was there," said her cousin.

"Oh, no, of course not! Ah, how sad there should have been this family disunion—" Then she abruptly stopped. "But I should not have adverted to this."

"Why not?" cheerily replied Dick. "I hope yet to make up for past neglect. My aunt has very kindly insisted on our coming to see you at The Fell."

"That will be nice," brightening up. "But will you not—" and here she hesitated.

"I think I know what you mean. But let us be moving, for we have a good step to get over yet. You fancy that I might have some reluctance to go to a place my father thought ought to be his."

"Some such idea crossed my mind," she assented in a low voice.

"But why should I hesitate to go? My grandfather had a perfect right to do what he chose with his own. I never learnt why he was angered with his eldest son, but what is the use of troubling about such a thing now? The Fell is in very worthy hands, and I never let absurd fancies on the subject of our lost possessions enter my head."

And he waved his hand as if to emphasise what he said.

"Very few would think as you do," she persisted.

"Well, candidly, my mother, who naturally shares my father's feelings to some extent, does think he was unfairly treated, but we have agreed to differ. At any rate, I have views of my own which do not consort with hers."

"And she will come to The Fell, you think?"

(Continued on page 278)



VAL PLAFNA—"OLIVE HAD HER SKETCH BOOK OUT IN A TRICE"



LANDECK



FONTANA

road if a drive is preferable. We can either put up at Pontresina, and from thence drive over and see the Rosegg Glacier, or we can turn in the other direction, visit Camfer, and so on to Silva-Plana, and finally to Majola, where there is a lovely lake, and one of the best hotels in Switzerland."

Finally, it was decided that the Pontresina excursion should take place on the following day.

#### IV.

Now it is not to be supposed that a very charming and very lovely girl could be for three weeks in the society of a young fellow without that young fellow being to a certain degree impressed with the value of her companionship. True, their relationship to some extent drew the cousins to each other, and so bridged over what little of distrust there might have been at first between two entire strangers, and indeed threw them, perhaps, more in each other's way than might have been under other circumstances possible, or permissible; but, putting aside the question of kinship, here they were thus strangely thrown together in a foreign land, and the intimacy, at first more of that existing between brother and sister, gradually grew into a tenderer connection, without either of the two exactly caring to define the position into which they were rapidly drifting.

It was, however, none the less the case that it only required some unexpected incident to elicit a very clear expression of what was an unspoken thought. If Olive was going out Dick was always ready to accompany her, and she on her side was glad of his escort, and showed she was so. Her way was his way,



OLIVE SKETCHING AT FETTAN—"THE CHILDREN CROWDING ROUND WERE EVIDENTLY DELIGHTED"





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"I had totally forgotten again what I was going to say!"

## "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C., &C.

### CHAPTER XVII.

FOUR months in their passage leave traces, more or less perceptible, on us all. On the first evening of May's arrival, her grandmother drew her to the window, where the rosy light of a fine summer evening shone full on her face, and scrutinised her long and lovingly. Then she kissed her granddaughter's cheek, and tapping her lightly on the forehead, said, "This is not the big baby I parted from. You're a woman now, my lass. God bless thee!" May stoutly declared that she was not changed at all; that she had returned from all the poms and vanities just the same May as ever. But on her side she found changes.

On her first view of it in the glow of a rosy sunset, Jessamine Cottage had been looking its best. The little parlour was fragrant with flowers, and May's tiny bedroom was a pleasant nest of white dimity, smelling of lavender and dried rose-leaves. She thought the house delightful. But a very brief acquaintance showed it to be badly built and inconvenient—one of those paltry "bandboxes" of which Mrs. Dobbs had been wont to speak with contempt. Moreover, there was an indefinable air of greater poverty than she remembered in Friar's Row; and—last and worst of all—she thought granny herself looked ill. When she hinted this privately to Uncle Jo, he scouted the idea. Ill? No, no; Sarah was never ill. There was nothing amiss with Sarah. But the suggestion made him look at his old friend with new observation, and he was forced to acknowledge to himself that she was not quite so active as formerly. But he still would not admit the idea of illness. "She'll be all right now she's got you back again, Miranda," said Mr. Weatherhead, incautiously. "It's the sperrit, you see—the sperrit has been preying on the body. There's where it is."

The idea that granny had been fretting at her absence strengthened May in her resolution not to return to London. If it were absolutely insisted upon she must, she supposed, keep the compact and pay her visit to Glengowrie. But after that she would resume her place by her grandmother's side—the place to which duty and affection equally bound her. She wrote to her father announcing this intention. And she suggested that the money spent on her expenses in London would be far better employed in paying granny handsomely for her board. "I do not think she is so well off as she used to be," wrote May in simple good faith. "And I am sure, my dear father, you will feel with me that we are bound to do anything in the world we can to help her, after all her goodness to me."

The subject which mainly occupied Mrs. Dobbs's waking thoughts after May's arrival was the unknown "gentleman of princely fortune" who might turn out to be May's fate. But, try as she would, she could find no clue to May's feeling about this individual, nor

could she discover who he might be. Once she tried a joking question of a general kind about sweethearts and admirers, but May's response was as far as possible from the tone of a love-lorn maiden.

"Oh, for goodness sake, granny, don't talk of such things. It makes me sick!" was her very unexpected exclamation. And then, with a little judicious cross-questioning, the story of Theodore Bransby's wooing came out.

"Well, well, well, child, you needn't be so fierce! Poor young man! I can't help feeling sorry for his disappointment," said Mrs. Dobbs.

"Don't waste your sorrow on him, granny; he ought to have known better."

"Well, as to that, May—" began her grandmother, with a slow smile spreading over her face.

"Now, granny dear, only listen! At any rate he might have known better when he was told, mightn't he? But he would not take 'no' for an answer; and when Uncle Frederick spoke to him the next day, he was quite rude, and declared—it makes me so hot when I think of it!—declared he had been encouraged! The idea of his daring to say such a thing! And, you know, all the time I quite thought he was as good as engaged to Conny Hadlow. Everybody said so in Oldchester."

"Everybody" is a person who makes a good many mistakes about his neighbour's affairs, May. Mrs. Simpson says that young Bransby is not coming down here this summer."

"So much the better! However, in any case, he would not honour you with one of his condescending visits now. Do you remember that evening when he called in Friar's Row? How little we thought—"

May chatted with as much apparent candour and frankness as ever. But in all her descriptions of the people whom she met in London there was not one who seemed to fit Mrs. Dormer-Smith's unknown.

"Maybe her saying no word is a sign she likes him," reflected Mrs. Dobbs; "girls will keep a secret of that kind very close. They are shy of it even in their own thoughts. If I saw him and her together, I could make a shrewd guess as to how things are."

But there was no chance of her seeing them together, and the gentleman of princely fortune remained wrapped in mystery.

Meanwhile, May went to see her old friends, and was pronounced by most of them to be quite unspoiled by her London season. But one critical spirit, at least, there was in Oldchester, who did not look on Miss Cheffington with unmixed approbation: Mr. Sebastian Bach Simpson declared that she gave herself airs.

One of the first visits which May paid was to the old house in

College Quad. The Canon received her with his former paternal benevolence; but, at first, a slight indefinable chill was perceptible in Mrs. Hadlow's usually cordial manner. A little maternal jealousy on the subject of Theodore Bransby rankled in her mind. It was true that Constance did not seem to care for him; would not probably have accepted him had he asked her. But, under all the circumstances, Mrs. Hadlow was strongly of opinion that he ought to have asked her. And then a rumour reached Oldchester of Theodore's attentions to Miss Cheffington. But there was no resisting May's warm and single-minded praises of her friend. It seemed that Conny's prospects had grown unexpectedly brilliant. Mr. Owen Rivers, who had recently reappeared in Oldchester after his own erratic fashion, walking in one morning unexpectedly to his aunt's quaint old sitting-room, pronounced his cousin to have made a great social success. "You know my opinion of the worth of that game, Aunt Jane," said he. "But, such as it is, Conny has won it. Old Lord Castlecombe is in love with her. And—which is far more important—so is Mrs. Griffin. You and I always knew she was handsome. But there are certain people to whom the evidence of their senses is as nothing compared with the evidence of peers, and griffins, and such-like heraldic creatures."

"My Aunt Pauline is in love with Conny, too," declared May. "I ought to be jealous; for Aunt Pauline is always quoting Constance Hadlow to me as an example of everything that is delightful in a girl. But I knew it before. I didn't wait for the heraldic creatures, did I, Mrs. Hadlow?"

And so the old affectionate, familiar intercourse was resumed, and May was welcomed in the old way. The Canon missed his daughter, and had not consented easily to her prolonged absence. He liked to see young faces around him; and May's face was particularly pleasant to him. At first May had refused to leave her grandmother. But Mrs. Dobbs urged her to spend some hours every day with the Hadlows. "I have my own occupations in the daytime," she said; "and when you come home of an evening, and tell me all your sayings and doings, I can enjoy it comfortably. I don't want you hanging about this poky little place all day, my lass."

The girl was the more easily persuaded to do as her grandmother wished in this matter, from her own secret resolve to fix herself in Oldchester. She did not grudge the hours given to her friends. There would be plenty more time to be spent with granny. So she thought; reckoning on the morrow with the assurance of youth. Day after day she sat during the hot afternoon hours under the black shadow of the old yew tree in the Canon's garden; sometimes volunteering to do some task of needlework for Mrs. Hadlow, sometimes winding wool for the Canon's grey socks, sometimes



making up posies for the adornment of the sitting-room. And there was Fox, the terrier, dividing his attentions between her and his mistress; the peaceful Wend flowing by on the other side of the hedge; the garden blooming, the birds twittering, the distant schoolboys shouting, the sweet cathedral bells chiming,—everything as it had been last summer.

And yet not quite as it had been. There was some subtle difference between these afternoons and the afternoons of last summer.

It was not merely that Constance was missed, nor that Theodore Bransby no longer made one of the group beneath the yew tree. Of these changes one was scarcely to be regretted—for Conny was enjoying herself extremely, and only desired to prolong her leave of absence—and the other was undoubtedly satisfactory. But this could not surely suffice to make it a deep delight to sit silent and wind balls of grey worsted for half-an-hour at a stretch! Was it the negative joy of Theodore's absence which caused May to look forward with her first waking thoughts to those hours in the garden, and to live them over again in her mind when she lay down to rest at night? It seemed as if the London season, far from spoiling her for simple things, had marvellously enhanced the quiet pleasures of her home life, and given them a new intensity.

They were very quiet pleasures, truly. Mary Rayne and the Burton girls seldom appeared in College Quad now that Constance was away. Mrs. Hadlow had no lawn-tennis court, as has already been set forth; and persons who gave up their garden-ground to the frivolous purpose of growing flowers could not expect their younger friends to spare them many minutes out of a summer's day. Visitors of the sterner sex were chiefly represented by Major Mitton and Dr. Hatch, with a liberal sprinkling of the elder cathedral clergy.

The eldest Miss Burton said to May once, "I can't imagine how you stand the dull life down here after your aunt's house in town! But I suppose you are simply resting on your oars. We hear you are to go to Glengowrie in the autumn. How delicious! The Duchess is sure to have her house filled with nice people."

May emphatically denied that she was dull in Oldchester. Dull! She had never, she thought, been so happy in her life. "I wonder," said she to Mrs. Hadlow that same afternoon, "whether Violet Burton feels Oldchester to be dull. And if not, why should she assume that I do?"

"Violet has a serious object in life, you know. She is the best tennis player in the county. One cannot be dull with an absorbing pursuit of that sort," answered Mrs. Hadlow, who, with all her genial benevolence, had an occasional turn of the tongue which proved her kinship with her nephew Owen.

"The fact is," observed the latter, who was lying under the yew tree with a pipe in his mouth, and an uncut magazine in his hand, "that each of us carries his own supply of dullness about with him independently of external circumstances. Not but what there are conceivable cases where external circumstances would have a tremendous dullness-producing power: such as being banished to a desolate shore beyond the reach of 'baccy'; or having to read the Parliamentary debates right through every day."

"Or being obliged to attend a musical afternoon at Miss Piper's London lodgings three times a week," put in May, laughing. "You don't know what a hopeless heretic he is, Mrs. Hadlow. Even amiable Mr. Sweeting gave him up in despair. And Lady Moppett thinks he ought to be excommunicated."

"Well, I suppose he need not have gone to Miss Piper's unless he had chosen to do so," said Aunt Jane. "Owen is rather fond of being pitted for having his own way. He ate his cake in the shape of enjoying Miss Piper's music, and had it in the shape of declaring himself a victim."

"Enjoying—?" "Good heavens!" exclaimed Owen, waving his pipe in protest.

"Why did you go, then?"

To this simple query Owen made no other response than muttering, with his pipe between his teeth again, that there were "compensations."

"Owen," said his aunt abruptly, after a long silence, "you are a most unsatisfactory spectacle to behold."

"That's disappointing, Aunt Jane. I flattered myself that I was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever."

"I shouldn't care about your not being ornamental, if only you were useful. But it is dreadful to see you wasting your life."

"I assure you I am employing my life in a very agreeable manner just now," answered Owen, resting on his elbow, and glancing up from under the shadow of his straw hat.

"Agreeable! That is not the point."

"It's my point."

"Ah! Well, we won't begin a wrangle, Owen; but—"

"My dear Aunt Jane! Do I ever wrangle with you?"

"You do worse. I'm afraid you are incorrigible. But every one else sees that I am right. Ask May what she thinks."

May started, and coloured violently; but she kept her eyes on the needlework in her hand, and said nothing.

"No; I shall not ask Miss Cheffington. She is a partisan, and would be sure to side with you."

"Not at all. May has her own opinions; haven't you, May?"

"One can't help having opinions," returned May shyly.

"Good gracious! Miss Cheffington, what an extraordinarily wild assertion! Can't help having opinions—? One might suppose you had been nurtured among sages, and had never heard of Mr. Thomas Carlyle's celebrated majority."

"I have been nurtured by Granny," rejoined May, lifting her eyes for the first time with a bright, brief glance.

"Ay," exclaimed Mrs. Hadlow, "I'd advise you to ask Mrs. Dobbs what she thinks of a young man with your education and talents—oh, you need not disclaim having brains, it only makes your case so much the worse!—sitting lazily like a hare in his form, and letting all sorts of dunderheaded tortoisés win the race."

"Bravo, Aunt Jane! I like 'dunderheaded tortoisés.' 'Moble Queen is good.'"

"You wouldn't enjoy hearing Mrs. Dobbs's opinion, I can tell you. I know very well what she would say," pursued Mrs. Hadlow, more than half angry.

"I should like to ask her myself," said Owen, rising to his feet.

"Do you think I might, Miss Cheffington?"

"Of course! If you have courage!" answered May, looking up with a smile.

"I'm quite in earnest; I have long wished to know Mrs. Dobbs. Do you think she would consider it a liberty if I were to call?"

May cast her eyes down again, and became very busy with her needlework. "No," she answered, "I don't think Granny would consider it a liberty; she knows about you. I mean she knows you are Mrs. Hadlow's nephew."

Mrs. Hadlow gave no more thought to this conversation, and May, although she gave many thoughts to it, told herself that Mr. Rivers had only been jesting, and that nothing was more unlikely than that he should fulfil his words. She told herself so, with all the more insistence because at the bottom of her heart she longed that he and "Granny" should know each other.

Nevertheless, on the very next afternoon, when May was absent, Owen Rivers did call at Jessamine Cottage.

He was at once received with cordiality for his aunt's sake, but he soon earned a welcome for his own. Jo Weatherhead took to him amazingly. "That's what I call a gentleman," said he, "a real gentleman—sterling metal, and not Brum'nagem electro-plating. What a difference from that young Bransby! A stuck-up, impudent

—but, Lord! what could one expect from an old Rabbitt's grandson? There's where it is."

"Mr. Rivers is a good Radical, Jo," Mrs. Dobbs answered slyly. Whereupon Jo nodded his head with undiminished complacency, and declared that if it wasn't for such Radicals as *them*, Radicalism might soon shut up shop altogether; concluding with his favourite apophthegm that many good things came down from above, but very few mounted up from below.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

OWEN RIVERS was greatly attracted by Mrs. Dobbs. He admired her uprightness of character, and downrightness of speech; her shrewd common sense, combined with unpretending simplicity; her indomitable strength of purpose, tempered by broad good nature. At the very beginning of their acquaintance, he told her that he had been recommended by his Aunt Jane to take her (Mrs. Dobbs's) opinion as to his mode of life. And when Mrs. Dobbs tried to put him off by declaring that Mrs. Hadlow must have been joking, he answered that he, at any rate, was not joking; and begged her to speak candidly.

"If I speak at all, I shall speak candidly, you may depend," said Mrs. Dobbs.

And, in truth, Owen soon found that he had no cause to complain of her lack of plain speaking. Mrs. Dobbs was wholly and heartily on the side of Aunt Jane; and held many a stout argument with the young man.

"But, pray, how is one to manage?" asked Owen. "My aunt says 'Go into a profession.' Easier said than done! Besides, although I might not object to be Lord Chancellor—or even, perhaps, Admiral of the Fleet—I have no relish for the intermediate stages, which makes a difficulty."

"That's all stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Dobbs, bluntly. "It's a shame to see a gentleman with your book-learning, and good gifts, wasting the advantages God has given him."

"Wasting my advantages! That's Aunt Jane's pet phrase. But those are mere words, you know."

"Words are words, for certain. And nuts are nuts. Only some of 'em hold sound kernels, whilst others have got nothing inside but dust."

"Well, come now, let us get at the kernel," said Owen, half earnest, half amused. "What would you have me do, Mrs. Dobbs?"

"Do! Any honest work that's of use to your fellow creatures."

"Such as stone-breaking, for instance?"

"Better than nothing."

"And my 'advantages' would not then be wasted, I presume?"

"You might be getting a quarter per cent. for 'em—or maybe less—instead of doubling your capital. But that would be better than keeping all you've got in a stocking, like some ignorant old woman, and pulling out a shilling at a time whenever you happen to want it."

Many such passages of arms did they have; and Owen told himself that Mrs. Dobbs was a very interesting study. Meanwhile, from the superior vantage ground of her seniority, she had been making one or two studies of *him*; and the result of them induced her to give him a hint as to May's prospects. "I shall let him know how the land lies," said she to herself. "Very likely he's in no danger. So much the better. But I'll act fair by the young man. He's one of them quiet-looking sort that feels very deeply; though, for all his humble-mindedness, he's a deal too proud to show it."

Accordingly Mrs. Dobbs took her opportunity one afternoon when Owen strolled in somewhat earlier than usual. He and his hostess were *tête-à-tête*; for May had gone to lunch with Mrs. Martin Bransby, and to enjoy a romp afterwards with the children, who adored her.

"Do you know this Duchess my granddaughter is going to visit, Mr. Rivers?" began Mrs. Dobbs abruptly.

"To the best of my belief I never saw her in my life. My acquaintance among duchesses is not extensive."

"Nor yet her mother, Mrs. Griffin?"

"Mrs. Griffin I have seen; and I make her a bow when we meet. That's about all."

"They are very kind to May."

"Small blame to them! And yet I don't know; it is to their credit, when one comes to think of it."

"May talks of wishing to give up her visit."

"She is unwilling to leave you, I believe."

"Yes; bless her! But I mustn't give in to that." Then, with a little air of hesitation very unusual with her, Mrs. Dobbs proceeded: "I want you and Mrs. Hadlow and all her friends not to encourage her in that idea. The fact is, it is very important that May should not miss going to Glengowrie this autumn. More important than she knows."

Owen Rivers leant forward with a sudden attentive contraction of the brows. "What is it?" he asked brusquely. Then, remembering himself, he added, "I beg your pardon. I didn't mean to put a conversational pistol to your head; nor to demand any secrets from you."

"I don't know that there are any secrets, Mr. Rivers. But you understand there are certain—certain opportunities which I am bound to give May, if I can. I'm not one for forcing buckets of water down any horse's throat, but unless you take him to the water he can't drink if he would. The truth is, that I am anxious about my grandchild's future. When I am gone, she will be left very desolate, poor lamb!" She paused suddenly, and pressed her lips together. Then, after a minute's silence, she went on more firmly. "God knows I never wished my poor daughter to marry above her station; her marriage was a sore stroke to me. But now, whatever you and me may think about distinctions of rank, it's certain that May has a right to a lady's place in the world, through her father's birth and family. I sacrificed a good deal in parting from her at all—sacrificed my feelings, I mean—and I don't want it all to be wasted. I want the child to get some good out of it, do you see, Mr. Rivers?"

"I see."

"And don't you think I'm right?"

"Yes; the horse ought to have his choice in that matter of drinking."

"I'm glad you agree with me; my dear old friend Jo Weatherhead is half inclined to think me wrong. He says I ought to consider the child's happiness first and foremost, and that, if being with fine folks don't make her happy, I ought to let her give them up. But May is very young still—barely eighteen; she hasn't had time to judge. I wouldn't have her think, later on, that this or that good thing might have befallen her if she had had her chance and seen more of the world. It's bitter to look back on opportunities lost or wasted, and that," added Mrs. Dobbs, changing her tone, and shaking hands with the young man, who had risen to go away, "is why I take the liberty of scolding you now and then. But I hope an old granny like me may speak her mind without offence? That's one of our privileges."

It seemed clear that Owen Rivers, at all events, was not offended. His visits to Jessamine Cottage grew longer and more frequent. It became an established custom for him to drop in at tea-time. Very often when May had been spending the afternoon at the Canon's house, he would escort her home through the fields. That was a longer way than by the streets; but so much pleasanter, that their preference for it was surely very natural.

Oh, those rambles by the Wend, with the pearly evening sky above them, the dewy, flower-speckled grass under foot, and in their ears the sound of the sweet chimes, which seemed but to accompany some still sweeter melody, felt not heard! May gave herself no account of the charm which encompassed her. She looked not "before and after," but was happy, as youth alone can be happy, in the intense sweetness of the present. Later life has happiness of its own; but not that. It may be more or less, but it is different. Those young delights can no more return than a rose can furl itself again into a rosebud. And as to Owen, if his day-dream was sometimes pierced by a sharp ray of common sense from the work-a-day world, he turned his eyes away, and plunged still deeper into the rainbow-tinted Cloudland of young love.

It could not hurt *her*, he argued. It could hurt no one but himself, and he was prepared to suffer. She was sweet and kind; but she had not—she could not have—any special feeling of tenderness for him. If, indeed, that could be possible! But what was there in him to attract so lovely and loveable a creature as May Cheffington? A strongly-marked trait in Owen's character was what Mrs. Hadlow, being hotly provoked by some manifestation of it, had once designated as "pig-headed modesty!" It was obstinate enough, truly, at times; and it had a warp of inflexible pride in the woof of it. But it was genuine modesty for all that. Still he would not so resolutely have shut his eyes to the possibility that this matter of falling in love might be mutual, but for Mrs. Dobbs's well-meant words of warning. May was going away in a week or two—away out of his reach, perhaps for ever. Since she was in no danger, he need, surely, have no scruple in enjoying these few happy moments in her company. They would probably be the last. No one suspected his feeling, and he could keep his own counsel.

He honestly believed that no one suspected him. His Aunt Jane, whose observation might have been the most to be dreaded, was in truth blind to what was going on under her eyes. In the first place, it was nothing new or unusual for Owen to spend his afternoons under the yew tree in her garden; nor for May Cheffington to be there also. And it did not occur, it scarcely could have occurred, to Conny's mother, that Conny was being a second time supplanted by this girl so much her inferior in beauty. And then, too, it must be acknowledged that neither May nor Owen thought it necessary to trouble Mrs. Hadlow with any detailed report of the number of visits which her nephew paid to Jessamine Cottage; nor with a chronicle of their many evening strolls beside the Wend. Such strange tricks does love play with all: making the simple cunning, and the straightforward wily, almost in spite of themselves! While as for Mrs. Dobbs, her usual keenness with regard to her granddaughter was baffled by a vision of "the gentleman of princely fortune" on whom May had been said to look favourably; and there were but few opportunities for other eyes to note the behaviour of Owen and May towards each other.

The custom of the Saturday evening whist-parties, at which Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Weatherhead were the only guests, had been unavoidably broken through at the time of Mrs. Dobbs's removal from Friar's Row; and, although efforts had been made to renew it, it somehow languished, like a plant whose roots have been disturbed. Sometimes two or three weeks would elapse without the Simpsons appearing at Jessamine Cottage on the accustomed Saturday evening. The amiable Amelia tried to compensate for these gaps in their social intercourse by running in at odd moments to see Mrs. Dobbs. She would frequently call on her way home from Mrs. Bransby's, or some other house where she gave lessons, and chat in her discursive style: smilingly unconscious, for the most part, whether Mrs. Dobbs vouchsafed her any attention or not; but always too sweet-tempered to resent it, if she chanced to discover that Mrs. Dobbs had not heard three sentences of all she had been saying. On one topic she was, at any rate, sure of being listened to: the words, "our dear Miranda," were certain to arouse Mrs. Dobbs from her deepest fit of musing; and fits of musing had become more and more frequent with her of late.

It was not clear whether Mrs. Simpson had taken to call May "Miranda" by way of ceremoniously acknowledging her place in the world as a young lady who had been presented at Court, or whether she considered three syllables to be intrinsically more genteel than one, or whether she had simply caught the word from the fashionable journals which had chronicled the appearance of Miss Miranda Cheffington at various festivities of the season. Mrs. Simpson's reasons for doing or leaving undone were usually of a tangled kind, and an endeavour to extricate one of them often resulted in pulling up a number of others by the roots. At all events, Mrs. Simpson had taken to speak of May as "our dear Miranda," and the words infallibly insured her an attentive hearing from Mrs. Dobbs for whatever might follow them. If Mr. Weatherhead chanced to be present at any of Amelia's erratic visits, he listened willingly to all the gossip she might pour forth. It was always good-natured gossip. Sebastian might bear a grudge here and there, and might impute shabby motives to the conduct of his fellow-creatures; but Amelia never. There seemed to be an excess of saccharine matter in her disposition which flavoured every word she said. This species of excess being somewhat uncommon, many persons pronounced poor Mrs. Simpson to be an arrant humbug. But, had she been consciously a humbug, she would assuredly have distributed her sweet speeches with more discretion, for nothing is less popular than uncritical eulogy—of other people!

There was an unusual air of excitement about her when she appeared one afternoon in Jessamine Cottage. She found its mistress knitting in her accustomed arm-chair, with Jo Weatherhead seated opposite to her reading aloud paragraphs from a local newspaper.

"My dear Mrs. Dobbs," cried Amelia, bursting in breathlessly, "how do you do? And Mr. Weatherhead! Now this is quite against rules—or, at least, against custom; for I am sure you would never make such a rule. You are far too hospitable. But as I was passing—so nice to be neighbours instead of Friar's Row. Though I shall ever look on Friar's Row with affection for the sake of old times. What is it the poet says about 'portions and parcels of the dreadful past'? Only there was nothing dreadful in our little suppers; and Martha's stewed tripe beyond praise."

"I hope you are going to eat some of our little supper to-night," said Mrs. Dobbs, composedly. "It's Saturday, you know."

"How odd you should say that! It is exactly the remark I made to Bassy this morning! Oh yes; certainly. And, as I was saying just now, it's quite *hors ligne*, as the French express it, to inflict myself on you twice in one day."

"You know you are very welcome."

"You're always so kind, dear Mrs. Dobbs! I have been busy teaching all the morning. This very moment I have come from Miss Piper's, and —"

"You are not giving *her* lessons, are you?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, looking up with a smile.

"Oh, dear no! Not, I'm sure, that she would not be an excellent pupil; indeed, both of them in their different styles. One the accomplished musician, and the other so domesticated. No doubt you will hear of it from our dear Miranda, for of course she will be invited. But I thought I would mention it."

"Mention what?—eh?" asked Jo Weatherhead, with impatient curiosity.

"The party. They are going to give a musical party. Though really I might omit the adjective, for who could imagine the Miss Pipers giving a party that *wasn't* musical? To be sure some persons find it rather trying. Bassy, for instance, cannot altogether



approve the new school. But then he was brought up in the strictest classical principles, and he is so very clever himself, that of course —!"

Some native gift of incoherency which distinguished Mrs. Simpson's mind enabled her to reconcile the most conflicting claims on her admiration.

"Ho, ho! a party, eh? A musical party?" said Mr. Weatherhead.

"Yes; but of course there is nothing remarkable in that," replied Mrs. Simpson, very unexpectedly.

"Nothing at all remarkable, I should think," assented Mrs. Dobbs.

"Ah! But the point is—oh, pussy! Poor old pussy, did I hurt her? Dear, dear, dear!"

In the act of throwing herself forward from her place on the sofa, in order to touch Mrs. Dobbs's arm, and thus emphasise her communication, Amelia had accidentally set her foot on the tail of the old tabby cat, who at once protested in the frankest manner.

"I'm so sorry! I am so very nearsighted. Poor old pussums! Come and let us make it up—won't you, like a dear?"

Poor old pussums, however, declined these advances, and took up her position on the other side of her mistress's ample skirts; whence for some time she glared distrustfully at every fresh manifestation of Mrs. Simpson's playful vivacity.

"Well, for goodness sake tell us the point, if there is one!" cried Mr. Weatherhead, who had been irritably rubbing his nose during this episode.

"Ah! Naughty impatience! That is so like a gentleman! Gentlemen are dreadfully impatient in general; don't you agree with me, Mrs. Dobbs? However, it really will be quite a musical treat. Mr. Cleveland Turner is one of the most rising musicians of the day; I believe nobody can understand his compositions without severe preliminary training. Mr. Sweeting, too, is most amiable; he has taken a country house in the neighbourhood. And Miss Piper has invited a young lady down to stay with her who sings divinely—quite divinely, Miss Piper says; and, indeed, I have no doubt she does, for I saw her name mentioned in the *Morning Post* at a very aristocratic *soirée*. And Bassy and I are to be invited!"

"Are you, now? Well, I'm glad of it," said Mrs. Dobbs heartily; she knew this was a distinction which would give her friends pleasure.

"Yes; Bassy is to accompany the young lady's songs on the piano. Mr. Cleveland Turner will not accompany, or, at least, not anything of a tuneless sort. He doesn't like it. Well, you know, there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Most people think strawberries delicious, but I have known a person who couldn't touch them—invariably produced a rash!"

With which lucid illustration Mrs. Simpson rose, and declared she must positively be going. After an effusive leave-taking—in the course of which the old tabby leaped on to the back of Mrs. Dobbs's chair, where she sat arching her spine and growling—the good lady set forth on her way down the little garden-path in front of the house. But scarcely had she reached the gate, when she turned and tripped back again with a girlish step, which neither increase of years or flesh had much sobered. "I never delivered my message," she said; "and really it is an extraordinary instance of my absence of mind, for that was the chief reason why I came at all at this hour. I was at Mrs. Bransby's about four o'clock, and left our dear Miranda there."

Here she paused so long that Mrs. Dobbs replied, "Yes; I knew May was going to call there."

"Now I dare say you will scarcely credit it," said Amelia, with her head on one side, her spectacles glistening, and an arch smile illumining her countenance, "but, for the moment, I had totally forgotten again what I was going to say!"

"Lord bless the woman!" muttered Jo Weatherhead, in a tone not, perhaps, quite so inaudible as politeness required.

"But I have it now. This is the message; our dear Miranda begged me to tell you that she will remain at Mrs. Bransby's for afternoon tea, and come home in the cool of the evening. Mrs. Bransby—indeed all the family—are most kind to her. Of course I don't mean to say that after the brilliant scenes of London society it can be any particular treat to her, although anything more truly elegant than Mrs. Bransby's new cream *broché* I never beheld in my life. However, they pressed our dear Miranda to stay. And she remarked to me that 'Granny would not be left alone, for she knew Mr. Weatherhead was coming. And now,' looking at her watch, 'I must fly, or I shall be too late for tea; and then what would Bassy say?' She tripped once more down the garden path, stopped at the gate to wave her hand, and at length finally departed.

(To be continued)



MR. WILLIAM MORRIS we all know as the most cheery Socialist of the day. He has his serious moods: he is, for example, deeply touched by the piteous lives of the poor, and would do anything in his power to mend them. But he has such a store of healthy animal spirits, such a headlong method of attack, so much sensuous enjoyment of life, and such incurable optimism, that he always appears to us as an elderly boy. His desires he thus sums up in a lecture on "The Aims of Art": "I want to be happy while I live; for, as for death, never having experienced it, I have no conception of what it means, and so cannot even bring my mind to bear upon it. I know what it is to live; I cannot even guess what it is to be dead. Well then, I want to be happy, and even sometimes, say generally, to be merry; and I find it difficult to believe that that is not the universal desire." This frank and healthy Paganism is at the bottom of all Mr. Morris's Socialism. He is a Socialist because he wants people to be merry, and because they cannot be merry as long as they are "wage-slaves." How he would alter it all, and what it is that he particularly detests in our present social arrangements, the reader who peruses "Signs of Change" (Reeves and Turner) may find out for himself. The book consists of seven lectures delivered by Mr. Morris at different times and places; and it presents Socialistic doctrines altogether from the human, and not at all from the scientific, point of view. It is a breezy work, strongly characteristic, and vigorously written. His doctrines are of a kind to make old-fashioned Tories curl their toes in anguish; but not even they can afford now-a-days to neglect the study of Mr. Morris and those who act with him. "Feudal England" and "The Aims of Art" seem to us the best of the lectures; but all are worth reading.

Of books about Shelley most people will think that we have lately had quite enough; yet Mr. H. S. Salt comes before us with another: "Percy Bysshe Shelley: A Monograph" (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). Mr. Salt aims at making his book different to the others by making it more sympathetic. Other biographies, he says, have been written by hostile or indifferent observers, never by one who has been "heartily in accord with Shelley's social and moral doctrines." Mr. Salt's book is therefore a eulogistic narrative of Shelley's career, written lightly and easily, and in a manner which interests and pleases. It is not very critical, not very scholarly, nor very deep; but it is sympathetic and compact. Having read it,

you have a clear and pleasant impression of Shelley's character and doings, and that, we take it, is just what Mr. Salt intends. His book is certainly useful as an elementary handbook on Shelley.

"The Clyde, from its Source to the Sea," by W. J. Millar, C.E. (Blackie and Son), is a very thorough, solid piece of work. Mr. Millar seems to have set himself to record everything that he could possibly unearth about the river and the places on its banks. He delves into early history, searches the records of early engineering triumphs, and describes the different kinds of engines built upon the Clyde, gives statistics of trade, and figures as to the weather, the yachts, and the lighthouses. The book appears to be as complete as it could be made, and it is a very encyclopædia of facts. It is, too, a wonderful record of the progress of commerce in that part of the world. The description of Glasgow alone occupies over seventy pages. Though there is no pretension to literary style, the book is very far from being dull. Wherever it is opened the reader is sure to come upon some interesting facts. The illustrations are numerous, but some of them appear to have suffered from careless printing. Others, however, are excellent. The geological map of the Clyde is, for example, clear and good; the table of the comparative sizes of certain famous steamships is very interesting, and several of the portraits of eminent men connected with the history of the Clyde are of high interest and value. The book treats a great subject in a thorough, practical, and comprehensive manner.

"Les Grands Peintres," by Henri Axenfeld (Paris: H. Lecène et H. Oudin, 17, Rue Bonaparte), is one of those well-planned and well-executed works for which the French publishing houses are famous. It deals only with the Italian Schools, but these it treats with fulness. A lengthy introduction contains some general considerations on the art of painting; and separate chapters on colour, composition, choice of subject, idealism and realism, and so on, lead up to a consideration of the work of the three great Italian masters, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. Many illustrations are given of the famous works of all three painters. The text is thoughtful, and M. Axenfeld's judgment on all questions of Art is sound, and unprejudiced by the narrowness of devotion to any particular Schools. The book is admirable for its clearness, and interesting to students and others concerned with Art.

Another French firm, that of J. Rouam, 29, Cité d'Antin, is publishing, in separate volumes, "Les Artistes Célèbres." Each volume deals with one painter, and gives a biography of him, with some general criticism of his method and place in the Art-world, and many characteristic specimens of his work. These are useful and interesting volumes. Those before us deal with Gavarni, Ligier Richier, Eugène Delacroix, and Gerard Terburg. In London these books are issued by Gilbert Wood, 175, Strand.

"William Wordsworth: The Story of His Life," by James Middleton Sutherland (Elliot Stock), is a modest book, whose only object, as its author tells us, is to supply a popular account of the poet, the large biographies of him having been long out of print. Within its own limits, the little book is a success. It tells us nothing new about Wordsworth, nor is its criticism particularly valuable or suggestive; but it gives fairly and clearly a record of the poet's career, and a summary of his poetic theories. Mr. Sutherland, deep as is his admiration for Wordsworth, does not go to the extremes of hero-worship; he admits frankly, for example, that Wordsworth often carried too far his theory of poetic simplicity. The book is not very well written, and we note in it a complete absence of humour; yet it is by no means uninteresting, and it may well serve to bring to a study of Wordsworth many who are at present too ignorant of him.

That pleasant collection of books known as "The Book-Lover's Library," edited by Henry B. Wheatley, and published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is now enlarged by three new volumes—"The Book of Noodles," by W. A. Causton; "The Story of Some Famous Books," by F. Saunders; and "The Enemies of Books," by W. Blades. Of these Mr. Blades' book is the best, and the most important. From the fulness of his knowledge and experience he discourses of the dangers undergone by books, dangers from fire and water, gas and bookworms, binders and bigotry. Gas he entirely condemns for use in libraries, and this is a point on which every one will agree with him. Fewer people are aware, however, how much old books suffer at the hands of careless or ignorant book-binders. The chapter on the sins of the binder is, perhaps, the most valuable of all. Altogether this is an interesting and thorough book; unquestionably one of the best of the series. For Mr. Saunders' book less can be said. The collection of papers shows but little research or knowledge, and the criticisms are trivial. Mr. Causton's book on "Noodles" is amusing, and has a certain literary value. His collection of "Gothamite Drolleries" is full, and is not the less interesting because he shows how very ancient are the original versions of a number of "Joe Millers" which many suppose to be quite modern.

"The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by Dr. Richard Garnett (Walter Scott), stands side by side with his "Carlyle" as two of the very best books of that unequal series known as the "Great Writers." It is a model of clear and easy writing, and of just criticism. All the essential facts of Emerson's life are fully set forth, and the book gives back to the reader a clear reflection of the lineaments of his mind, as from a good mirror. There was but little incident in Emerson's life, and it is, therefore, all the more difficult to make a biography of him interesting. In this, however, Dr. Garnett has thoroughly succeeded. The last chapter, in which he deals with Emerson's strength and weakness as a writer, and attempts to assign his place in literature, is admirably done. Indeed, throughout the book there is scarcely one opinion with which we should disagree. We have said that the book is quite worthy to rank with the same writer's "Carlyle," and higher praise than that we should find it difficult to bestow.

The thoroughness with which everything connected with the great Glasgow Exhibition is carried out is shown by the excellent "Book of the Bishops' Castle and Handbook of the Archaeological Collection" (T. and G. Constable). It is an admirably printed and clearly arranged explanatory catalogue of the many interesting and curious relics which form so attractive a feature at the Exhibition. An historical sketch of the Castle of Glasgow precedes the catalogue proper. The little book is produced with much taste.

The third volume of Professor Morley's "English Writers" (Cassell and Co.), deals with the period from the Conquest to Chaucer. The volume is the most interesting yet published. Professor Morley has packed an enormous amount of information into a remarkably small space; he omits nothing that it is important to know, and never wastes a word. When complete the work will be of great value. Modestly enough, Professor Morley calls the work "an attempt towards a history of English literature;" but it will be found, we think, to be a great deal more than an attempt. It will certainly be the most complete work of the kind in existence.

A book of much interest and importance to the artist, archaeologist, and historian is "Kentish Brasses," by W. D. Belcher (Sprague and Co., 22, Martin's Lane, E.C.). We hope that Mr. Belcher's example may be followed by others in other counties, as a collection of rubbings from all the remaining brasses would be a work of much importance. Mr. Belcher gives reproductions of rubbings of all the brasses in Kent, arranging them alphabetically under the names of the churches, and giving a description of each brass, with some little account of the man or woman whom it commemorates. Over 2,000 brasses are said to exist in England, of which between 400 and 500 are in Kent. At the present time the earliest known brass is that of Sir John d'Abernon, at Stoke d'Abernon, in Surrey, the date being 1277; the latest is probably that in St. Mary Cray Church, 1773.

"Sketches of Hospital Life," by Honnor Morten (Sampson Low), is a book which it is a pleasure to read, so simply and earnestly is it written. Nor is it lacking in humour and in those touches of nature which give reality and vividness. Some of the sketches are pathetic (the death of "Lolo," for example, will bring tears to many gentle eyes); but most of them have the ring of hospital life. The little book deserves, and should win, a wide success.

Despite treacherous skies and a still reluctant sun, the annual eastward pilgrimage of English tourist has well begun. Welcome to many will be the new edition of the Great Eastern Railway Company's "Tourist Guide to the Continent," edited by Percy Lindley. Copiously illustrated, with new matter specially descriptive of the Brussels International Exhibition, and how to see it economically, Mr. Lindley's dainty little handbook, while eminently practical, is so utterly unpedantic as to be altogether unlike the conventional guide-book.



"A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT," by Lady Duffus Hardy (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is the old one of marrying a girl very much below her husband in station and breeding, whom he meets by chance, and of whose antecedents he knows nothing. In the case of Giles Morgan and Janet Brown, however, the experiment, as interestingly described by Lady Duffus Hardy, ought to have answered triumphantly, and would have done so but for a close which, on every ground, it is difficult to pardon. The authoress has, for once, forgotten the universal law that tragedy is never admissible except when it is inevitable; and if it was her purpose to prove that such experiments are bound to fail, somehow, even under the best conditions, she has certainly left far too much to accident to prove anything. Having said this much, there is very little further qualification for the praise which the novel deserves on the grounds of both conception and execution; and if the latter portion of the novel is the weaker, that is due mainly to the objection we have already taken, and—a matter which could not be helped—to the inferior interest of conventional society to the larger and freer aspects of human nature to which the bulk of the novel is devoted. The gradual development of Janet's mind and soul is admirable altogether; and the theme is taken out of familiar lines by the original character of the circumstances, as well as of Janet herself, who is certainly a heroine of no ordinary pattern. To her, an exceedingly effective foil has been artistically provided in the person of a cold coquette, whose portraiture has also considerable vigour. On the whole, Lady Duffus Hardy has never done better work than, at all events, the first two-thirds of "A Dangerous Experiment;" a statement which should suffice to commend it to all readers who like to find thought and purpose in their fiction. This, as will have been gathered, is essentially a study of character under the influence of exceptional circumstances of the kind under which character is always to be the most deeply studied; and the authoress has brought to her interesting task all the qualities which it demanded, from thoroughness to sympathy.

"Vaia's Lord" (3 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.) can scarcely be counted among Jean Middlemass's successes; and we very much doubt whether the authoress asked herself the exceedingly important question, before she began to write, what she was going to write about. She seems to have left her story to those chances which, no doubt, do sometimes come to the help of an author who trusts to fortune, but which are at least as apt to fail at need. Miss Middlemass has not been able to do better, or worse, for her heroine than to bring her between a prig and a lunatic, the prig winning easily. And as the lunatic is a real one, and not merely by a *façon de parler*, he gives an occasional touch of liveliness to pages otherwise overweighted with the influence of the heavy young nobleman who becomes "Vaia's Lord." There is really nothing in particular to say of what is really neither better nor worse than ninety-nine novels out of a hundred, and amounts to little more than a piece of unnecessary book-making.

Very different is "All Else of No Avail," by Ben Hayward (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett). This is essentially a novel of incident, as may be judged from the fact that it contains a shipwreck, a diamond robbery, two burglaries (one of a bank), one attempt at fratricide, another attempt at simple murder, a suicide, a case of supposed hydrophobia, and the joint destruction of a detective and a villain in the Falls of Niagara. Apart from its wealth of incident, surely enough to satisfy the most exacting appetite, the best thing that can be said of the novel is that it is written in a plain, straightforward style, and that the villains, male and female, act well up to their labels. An attempt at psychology is afforded by making the hero in love with two women at once, transferring himself from one to the other, backwards and forwards, at sight, in the most singularly feeble way, with the result of complications which he thoroughly deserves. For the rest, the story is one of those in which anything else might happen to anybody without making any difference, so that interest is represented by a mild and unsatisfied curiosity to discover what is the drift of the story, as well as the significance of the title. Ben Hayward will do well to remember that a series of inconsequent incidents does not constitute a story. It is like reading the crime and accident column of a newspaper.

"The Last Mackenzie of Redcastle," by Rosa Mackenzie Kettle (1 vol.: Weir), purports to be a passage of actual family history, coloured by the authoress to her own fancy. She has rendered it impossible to separate fact from fiction; but we should suppose that there is a great deal of fact, if only by reason of the rambling inconsequence of the whole, and its fertility in intensely uninteresting episodes and digressions. Indeed, the volume mainly consists of padding of all sorts—notably of long extracts from the poetical works of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rosa Mackenzie Kettle, and others; frequent dissertations on the career of the Portuguese Minister Pombal, who is not among the *dramatis personæ*; an account of the American rebel guerilla, Francis Marion, who makes one solitary and meaningless appearance to excuse its introduction; and a set treatise, illustrated by the poetry of Mackenzies and Kettles, upon family graves. Thus, in one short volume, scant space is left for the story, which is, to say the least, of no sort of consequence to anybody whom it does not genealogically concern, while even to the latter it loses value by its professedly imaginative treatment. Family histories are good things, and so is fiction—sometimes; and so are the verses (now and then) of Dr. Holmes. But they do not bear confusion, even at their best; and, in short, we are disposed to regard "The Last Mackenzie of Redcastle" as approaching the model of what "fiction founded upon fact" ought not to be.

"A Modern Delilah," by Vere Clavering (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), has, at any rate, the merit of a title which denotes the subject offhand. It is an unusually long novel; but for this its trite topic is by no means wholly answerable, descriptions of most of the sports and pastimes recognised by society constituting an exceptional amount of padding. We need hardly say that the leading lady is a married woman of the fascinations and characteristics inseparable from wicked wives when portrayed by writers of their own sex, that her victim is a puppet, that the catastrophe is very proper, and that the story which leads thereto is like a great many others. In short, it must be owned that the unfaithful wife has become a very considerable *locus*.





A FAMILY CRUISE THROUGH NORFOLK WATERWAYS  
FROM SKETCHES BY "THE SKIPPER"



## A Love Story of the Engadine

(Continued from page 272)

"I am sure she will. You see, she has become very deeply attached to your grandmother, and I also think, from what she has of late let drop, she begins to see we must accept things as they are, and not cry after impossibilities. And one good thing has certainly resulted, for now the feelings of distrust that were on both your side of the house and on ours have vanished."

"I never entertained such feelings," said Olive, looking at him.

"Nor I, Olive. You believe me?"

"Quite," she replied, with a bright smile.

"Then, at any rate, we two understand each other," he rejoined, with the first approach to warmth in his manner he had ever permitted himself.

"Yes," she somewhat shyly admitted.

"I am so very glad," he heartily added, "we are both of the same way of thinking."

"Perhaps I am also," she laughed, in reply.

"I wish—" and here he paused.

"What do you wish, sir?" she half-mockingly demanded.

"Oh!" he constrainedly laughed, "one can't always express one's wishes. But there, pointing down the path, "you can see Pontresina. The day, however, doesn't improve, and I doubt if we can venture to the Roseg."

"We can try it, though. At the very worst we can only turn back."

At Pontresina they met Lady and Mrs. Delamere, and as the rain held off they drove on to the Hotel du Glacier de Roseg. Here the party stopped, for the actual glacier was three-quarters of an hour's walk ahead, the ice-bed having of late years considerably receded. The glacier consists of two large ice-cataracts, the Vadret da Roseg and the Vadret da Tschierwa, which join below, passing in their downward sweep the green, isolated rock, Agaglioni, which juts up like a species of island in the vast waste of white.

The two older ladies declared they were not going to attempt the walk onwards; and so the cousins, having found a guide, set out. But they had not gone half-a-mile before the rain commenced, and, soon wrapped in mist, and almost drenched, they were perforce obliged to return.

Next day Lady Delamere received letters which necessitated her returning to England as soon as she could, and, feeling it a pity to leave without seeing all that was possible, she made arrangements, in concert with Mrs. Delamere, that very afternoon for going to the Maloja.

### V.

ACCORDINGLY at the time appointed they started, and got on well enough to Camfer, when it began to rain; but the clouds soon lifted, and the rest of the way it was fine. The road to Maloja from St. Moritz passes by a chain of lovely lakes—the Camfer Lake, a small sheet of water; the Silva Plana Lake, which is about twice as large as the one at St. Moritz; and the Silver See, or Sils Lake, which is of very considerable extent. These lakes are all connected by the infant Inn, which rises in the Piz Lunghino. Camfer is two or three miles from St. Moritz, and two miles further on Silva Plana is reached, which is close to the sheet of water to which it gives its name. The road now goes over a wide plain to Sils Maria; and the view on such a day, with masses of driving clouds concealing, and yet setting forth, the vast heights on every side, and casting great shadows on vale and mountain, was indeed a very wondrous one.

"Ah!" said Lady Delamere, "Sils Maria was one place I was advised by General Carew to go to," as the driver pointed out the village to the party.

"But I should not think," put in Dick, "that this village we are passing was a particularly lively place."

"No," remarked Lady Delamere. "This is Sils Baselgia. Sils Maria is further away to our left, and that certainly seems a lovely situation."

"It does, indeed," agreed Mrs. Delamere.

"Well, Granny, when we come again we will go there," said Olive.

"It's evident some one I know," laughed Lady Delamere, "is going to leave her heart behind in the Engadine."

"Oh, but I am in love with the Engadine; though," somewhat shyly added the young lady, "I don't think Dick is."

"Oh, am I not! That is not fair. And I will allow," looking around, "this is very beautiful."

"I'm glad there is at last something for you to go into raptures about, my cousin," with a pretty little mockery in her voice.

"But see," cried Dick, as they now again left the connecting Inn and passed by the banks of the Sils Lake, at the further end of which lay Maloja. "I declare I think this is the very loveliest sheet of water I ever saw."

"It is, indeed, worthy of even your fastidious taste, Dick," said his aunt. "But perhaps the wonderful play of light and shade, the result of these heavy clouds, has something to say to this."

And, indeed, the view was indescribably grand. The great mountains came crowding down into the water, here in soft and wooded banks, and again in jagged and bold promontories. In one spot a gleam of magic light would carry the eye from the far-off line of water right away to the everlasting snows, and against this would rise a break of dreamy, weird grey, rapidly darkening into the coldest, deepest blue. The play of light and shade gave a series of pictures which were perfectly entrancing.

Certainly the Maloja Hotel is a very magnificent establishment, and the proprietors have had the good sense to erect their edifice where it commands the most perfect views of the lake, which lies stretched out for miles before it, in all the glory of its green and limpid waters.

Our party only just reached Maloja in time, for the rain now descended in torrents, and it was as well they arranged to get under shelter. In this vast hotel, which puts up three hundred people, and is always permanently occupied in the winter, when it is said over a hundred English take up their residence in the building, there are reading and smoking and billiard rooms to suit all tastes and fancies, one immense large Salle being reserved for concerts or dances, or for the reception of the numerous chance visitors who drive over for the day. In this room coffee was ordered, and as they sat discussing this it could be seen they were by no means the only visitors. Indeed many of the hotel residents used the room, and presently an English party coming in who had been deprived of their lawn-tennis by the wet, one of the ladies was pressed to play a waltz, but declared her inability to do so. Lady Delamere perceived the dilemma, and at once asked Olive if she would mind playing, and being reassured on this point, in her courtly way went to one of the ladies, and proffered her granddaughter's assistance; and in a few minutes, for others now came in, half-a-dozen couples were swinging round the spacious room.

When the music ceased, Dick and Olive took a hasty run outside, and surveyed the country at the back of the hotel, and would have gone over to see the very quaint Oesteria Vecchia, with its wonderful wood carvings, but, alas! the rain and bitter cold wind which had

sprung up were too much for them, and they had to beat a retreat. The carriages were now waiting at the door, and finding their own trap, our party started homeward, and all declaring that if anything would again attract them to Engadine, a residence at the Maloja Hotel must form a part of the programme.

As they neared St. Moritz Dick declared he was tired of the cramped carriage, and he and Olive got out, saying they would walk the short distance home. The evening had already drawn in, but it was still light enough to see fairly well, and Lady Delamere waving her hand to Olive, unconscious for the moment she was giving her thoughts words, said to herself with a sigh:

"My poor little one! I wonder what your future will be."

"Surely, dear Jane," said her sister-in-law, "there is no uncertainty?"

"Oh! I beg your pardon, the words escaped me involuntarily. But you must know as well as I do how she is situated."

"I don't comprehend what you are saying. As to dear Olive's worldly circumstances, I can only suppose you hold her in the position of a daughter."

"Why, Mary! you surely are aware of the terms of our father-in-law's will?"

"Ah, dear, do not let us rake up the past. Dick and I are quite satisfied. Indeed, he ever was so."

"It is pleasant to hear you say this, but," protested Lady Delamere, "it seems there is some incredible misunderstanding."

"None, dear. Eustace told me everything."

"Then you must be aware that Olive can never have The Fell."

"What?" asked Mrs. Delamere, in amazement.

"I do not think, dear Mary, after all, that you have learned everything you should know. What do you know?"

"My poor Eustace told me, when he heard he was not to succeed his father, that he at once left the room where the will was being read out. What, indeed, was the use of his remaining?"

"But indeed there was much he would have been interested in hearing. And a copy of the will was sent to him."

"Yes, he told me some papers came, but he never looked at them, and, in his anger, he threw them into the fire."

"How could he do so!"

"But what, then, were the terms of the will?" asked Mrs. Delamere.

"The estate certainly was left to my husband, with power to bequeath to me if I survived him. But—and here comes the important point—I was left no other authority than to choose which male descendant of my father-in-law should inherit. I was barred altogether from letting the property descend to any other, except in default of a male descendant being alive. Now, as matters stand, Dick is the only male descendant alive."

"You astound me! But this is robbing Olive. Dick will never consent."

"Dear Mary, Dick can have no choice. Of course it is just possible that Olive may marry and have a son; but I am far past middle age, and if at my death Olive is not married and has no son, then assuredly Dick will inherit The Fell."

"May I tell Dick this?"

"Certainly. He ought to know it at once. I had no idea but that you both were aware how matters stood. By the way, I may mention that, by the terms of the will, I am allowed to settle 10,000*l.* to be divided in such sums as I may determine, among my female descendants who may be alive at the time of my decease."

"But that, taken at its best, is a very poor exchange for Olive. The whole thing seems to me to be robbing her of her birthright."

"Olive knows as much as is desirable. Nor will she be badly off, for I have, of course, taken care during all these years to make up a little purse for her."

They had now reached the hotel, and Mrs. Delamere asked her sister-in-law to come with her to her room.

"I must, dear Jane, speak of something that I am sure has been in both our hearts. I am convinced my boy is head over ears in love with Olive."

"I have thought so, too," responded Lady Delamere.

"Dick has hesitated to press his suit," said Mrs. Delamere, "probably for the very reason that Olive was an heiress."

"Yes, I have fancied that something seemed to restrain him."

"If Olive cares for him, you will not stand in his way, Jane?"

"Dear Mary," kissing her, "if the two could only come to an understanding, how delighted I should be. And you? Recollect Dick is the wealthy one."

"All I can say is, if Olive would consent to be my boy's wife I should be the happiest woman in the kingdom."

"Then there, dear, we must let it rest. I shall say nothing to Olive, and beyond telling Dick what I have mentioned about the will, it may be better to leave him quite to himself. For, indeed, I would not for the world that he should ask Olive to be his wife from any mistaken impulse of generosity."

"Trust me. I comprehend thoroughly. I will have a talk with Dick, and tell him just what he ought to know, and no more."

That same evening Mrs. Delamere had a long conversation with her son. It certainly was not the case that he was the absolute heir to The Fell, but it most certainly was the case that Olive was not, and never could be. He felt torn by many conflicting emotions, and yet in one way the path was clearer for him, as he need not now refrain from speaking to the girl he loved because she was an heiress. As his mother had said of him, he assuredly felt he was in a way cheating Olive of her rights, and yet, in puzzling it over, this he felt was not the case, as if primogeniture was to be considered at all, then he was in truth the rightful heir, and in one way or other, whether he inherited or not, it was a perfect certainty his cousin could not do so. And as for himself and his own hopes, he now felt there need be no false sense of honour to withhold him from telling Olive that he loved her. The only difficulty was as to what her opinion might be, and this it was for him to elicit on the earliest fitting opportunity.

After dinner—their last dinner in St. Moritz, as Olive reminded them—Dick came up to his cousin as they were sitting in the drawing-room, and asked her if she would be his Philippine?

"See!" he said, "I have two filberts. Will you take one?"

"Yes, of course, but I forget what one does."

"We will have the American plan. One of us has to ask the other for something, and if it is given then the giver is the loser, and has to make a present."

"That's capital," she laughed. "Very well, you will see I shall win."

"Oh, I am going to be tremendously on the look-out, I can tell you," he replied in the same spirit.

"Now we must be quite fair about this. Let us tell Granny and Aunt Mary, and they shall be the judges."

### VI.

THEY left St. Moritz at eight o'clock the next morning in two carriages, the servants and luggage having one conveyance to themselves, and starting an hour earlier.

The road as far as Silva Plana was the same as the one which led to Maloja, but they now proceeded under very different auspices, for the sun shone hot and bright, and hardly a cloud at this early hour showed, except over the tops of the jagged peaks of the snowy heights. From Silva Plana the ascent over the Julier commences,

and the pace was now but a walk almost the entire way to the summit.

As they advanced higher up the scenery became more wild and weird, but the road throughout was excellent. Dick got out to walk to ease the horses, and presently he asked his cousin if she would not do so also. Olive gladly consented, and as they went much faster than the carriage they were soon considerably ahead.

"I should like if I could," said Olive, "to walk to the very top of the Pass. How high is it?"

"About 7,500 feet. But won't it be too much for you?"

"I don't think so."

"If you are tired, you know, you must stop at once, and we can pick up the carriage."

The ascent was, however, easy, for the gradients are very imperceptible. This pass, from its great breadth, is nearly quite safe from avalanches, and is kept open later and is open earlier than is any other route into the Engadine. Long before the summit is reached all vegetation but grass dies out, and you pass through gorges flanked on one side by the frowning precipice of the Piz Julier, capped with vast beds of eternal snow, the heights on the other side being less broken, rugged and contorted though they are. The summit of the Pass is a bare grass-covered crest, broken but by a few boulders, the ascent from Silva Plana occupying about two-and-a-half hours.

The cousins, who had at first chatted away very pleasantly, seemed, as they entered deeper into the wild solitudes of Nature, to have a sort of revulsion of feeling, and had not now for some time exchanged more than a few monosyllables. Dick was the first to break the silence.

"Here we are at last, close to the top," he said, "and a very commonplace top it is."

"No," replied Olive, "there's nothing very unique about it. But see, the clouds have quite covered the Julier."

"Yes, we have not had a really good view of the snowy peaks since we started. Won't you take a seat? I'm sure you are tired."

"Well, as we have reached the top at last, I will. Here's a capital rock, and you must sit down also. What are those two stone pillars on either side of the road?"

"It is said they were erected by the Emperor Augustus."

"They don't look so very ancient."

"They certainly do not. But that's the tradition."

"But why should the Emperor put them here?" she asked.

"Who can say?"

"I can fancy," soliloquised Olive, "his standing where we are, and watching his legions pass before him."

"Well, this is the direct route from Italy, and the Roman armies would certainly have gone over the Julier Pass when marching into Germany."

"So strange!" said Olive, hardly listening to his explanation. "The great Emperor and his armies, and even his very kingdom, have all passed into nothingness; and here still stand these two pieces of rock, almost as fresh as the day they were sunk into the earth. Ah!" she went on, with a half-mournful cadence in her voice, "what in this world of ours does last?"

"What makes you say that?" asked Dick, sitting down beside her and looking into her eyes.

She coloured a little, and turned her face aside.

"It is true," she murmured, unconsciously plucking the little petals of some mountain flower.

"You dishearten me," said her cousin in a low tone.

"Why?" turning to him, and yet not meeting his glance.

"I have heard of something very old," hesitated Dick, "that is always very new."

In a nervous tremour she turned away from him, and, gladly seizing on the excuse of a slight rent in her dress, hurriedly said, "Oh dear, I have torn my skirt."

"Not badly, I hope," cried Dick, eager to come to her relief.

"I can do it up. Can you give me a pin?"

"I only have that one. I mean the one I showed you."

"That will do, if you can spare it."

"But you know," he laughed, as he exhibited his card-case, "I don't like giving it up. You will let me have it again?"

"I will promise so much."

"Then I resign my claim. Here's the pin."

"And I have won the Philippine," she laughed in great glee.

"Well, so be it," and then, in a changed voice; "but oh, dear Olive, give me something in exchange!" he passionately urged.

"What!" she faltered; and now the frank true eyes were fain to look away.

"Can you not guess, my darling, what I would dare to grasp at? Give me yourself. My heart went out to you in that London drawing-room, and how trebly dear have you become to me since then! Oh! Olive, say you will be my wife!"

"Do you really mean this?" with a surprised and yet shy gladness in her face.

"Mean it, my darling! My only dread has been you could not care for me," and he softly took her hands in his.

"Oh! Dick, you have made me very happy," she murmured.

"If you will have me, dear, I will be yours."

"Then thus I claim my Philippine," and he tenderly kissed her.

"But I won," she pleasantly laughed.

"In one way, yes," he rejoined, "for I was off my guard. All the same, I have the best of the bargain."

"Dear Dick, how can you say so?"

"Because it is the truth."

And then, as she rested in her lover's embrace, he told her how he had longed to speak before, but had been kept from doing so because he feared she was an heiress—Olive of course protesting that, even if she had great wealth, this should have made no difference to him. And so, passing from one joyous theme to another—and what is there that is not joyous in the summer's honey breath of ardent love?—they wiled away the happy minutes, till the crack of the coachman's whip warned them that the carriage must be close to the summit of the Pass.

"Dick, dear," asked Olive. "Will your mother like it?"

"Like it! I should rather think she would."

"I know Granny will be pleased, because she is so fond of you. But here they are!"

The cousins came together to the carriage.

"I have won my Philippine," said Dick, with a bright laugh, Olive not venturing to utter a word, though her tell-tale face told the pretty story better than could any words.

"Oh! how capital!" cried Mrs. Delamere. "You most sweet Olive!"

"Yes, dear Aunt; Dick has taken me with all my faults."

"All your faults, indeed!" laughed Dick.

"Come inside, you two," said Lady Delamere, in great delight. "Ah, how happy you have both made me."

What need to accompany our travellers any further? We have followed them all through the Engadine, and now, having seen them safely descending the Pass, we may wave our hands to them, and wish them "God speed" on their way to England, in the full belief that the marriage bells may soon sound out the signal for the sweeping aside of a long-standing feud, now happily put out of sight, while the two who so strangely met in a London drawing-room are vowing they will for ever and for aye be one in heart and mind.

THE END.





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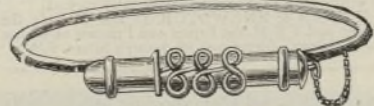
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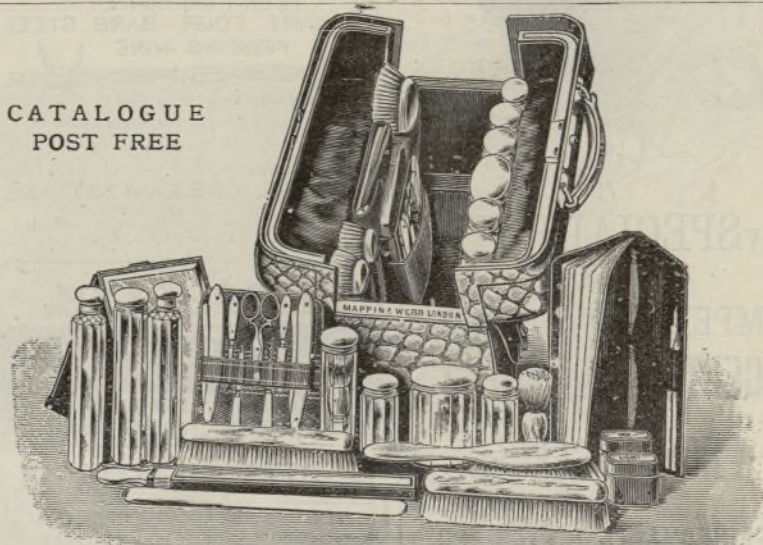
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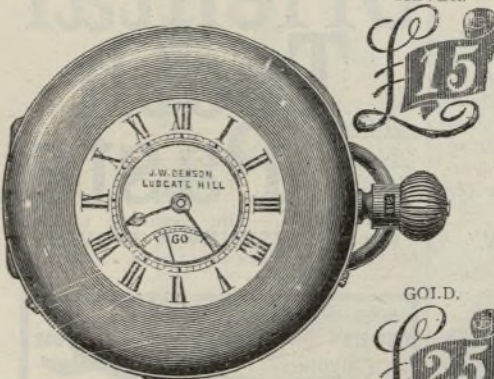
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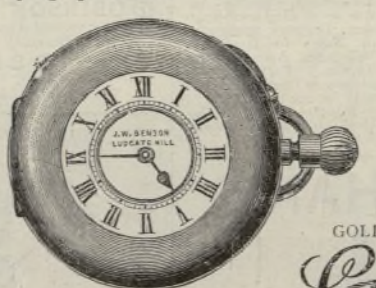
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