

THE GRAPHIC

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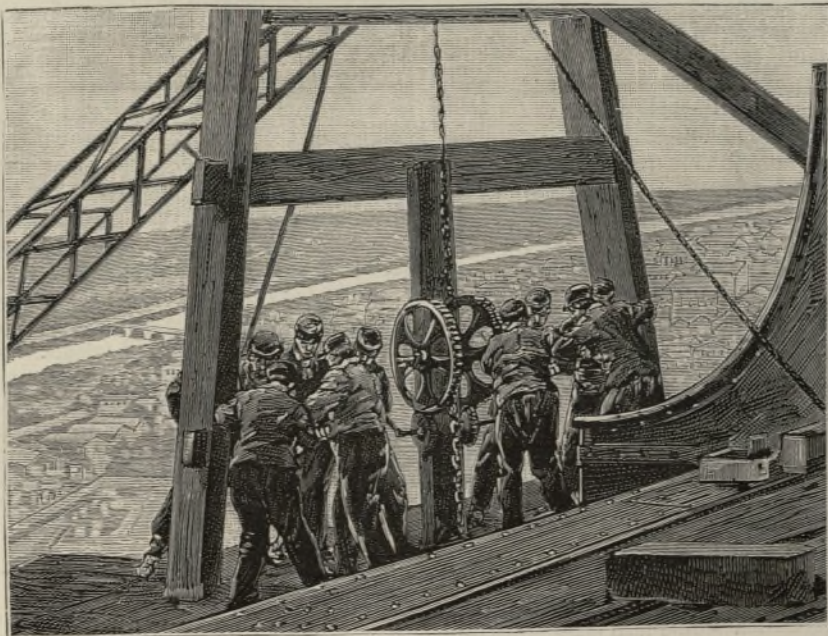
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WORKMEN COMING DOWN FROM THE SECOND STOREY



PLACING A GIRDER IN POSITION



AT THE CRANE



RIVETTING A BOLT

THE EIFFEL TOWER AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

Topics of the Week

SUAKIN.—The brilliant victory of Thursday morning will probably cause waverers to perceive more clearly than hitherto the necessity of England maintaining her hold over Suakin. In the district between that port and Berber there will some day be a great highway of commerce, and it would be extreme folly on our part to miss so good a chance of securing a fresh outlet for our trading energies. By retaining Suakin we shall not only obtain important advantages for ourselves, but may prepare the way for striking a mortal blow at the vilest of existing evils, since there can be no reasonable doubt that the most effectual way of checking the slave traffic is to develop and extend legitimate trade. It is deeply to be regretted that we ever allowed Khartoum to slip from our grasp, for, if we had kept it, Suakin would not afterwards have been in any kind of danger, and there would probably have been peace and prosperity all over the Soudan. That result of Mr. Gladstone's philanthropic statesmanship must, however, for the present be accepted; the immediate question with which we have to deal is one of much narrower significance. A powerful party, by no means consisting of Radicals alone, contend that fighting is wholly unnecessary; that all our objects can be attained by peaceful negotiation. Every one must wish that this were true, but unfortunately there is not a shred of evidence that any argument but that of hard knocks is likely to have the slightest effect on Osman Digma and his followers, all of whom, like the Mahdi, their master, are animated by the bitterest hatred of the Infidel. But there seems to be good ground for the belief that the tribes in the neighbourhood of Suakin are not irreconcilable. At any rate it would be well worth while to try and pacify them, and if all that they want is to get rid of even the semblance of Egyptian authority, it cannot be said that their demands are extravagant. Egyptian officials have never been of the slightest use to them, and the people are evidently competent to look after their own interests. Their claims are regarded with growing favour in England, and Lord Salisbury will act very unwisely if he sets himself in opposition to the general opinion of the country on the subject.

THE END OF THE SESSION.—It cannot be said that the second half of the Parliamentary Session of 1888 has been very productive of useful legislation. Except the passing of the Ashbourne Extension Bill, there is nothing to show for more than two months of labour. Yet we have gained one very valuable experience. It is now proved to demonstration that even if the House of Commons were to sit all the year round, business would be just as liable to deadlocks as at present. The appetite for talk grows, it is clear, with the opportunities for indulging in it. As for questions, the time seems to be within measurable distance when the daily papers will have to omit this portion of the Parliamentary reports. Why are members so desperately inquisitive when they are once within the walls of St. Stephen's? Outside those sacred precincts they do not display any more of the feminine weakness than other men. But the blame does not lie altogether with them; it is generally some fussy constituent who has to be placated by catechising an unfortunate Minister on, say, the relations of London and Timbuctoo, or the exact degree in which the deflection of the Gulf Stream by half a mile from its ordinary course would affect the bathing at Heligoland. But there is another sort of questioning which hides a considerable infusion of malice. In this department, the catechist so frames his query that, no matter what the answer may be, the public mind is perturbed with the sense of a coming exposure or scandal affecting the Ministry. There are one or two artists on the Opposition benches who have so sedulously cultivated this talent that even the impassive Mr. Balfour has been known to wince under their hands. But to arrive at such exceptional skill necessarily requires constant practice, and, as there are some scores of members striving to pass from the junior to the senior department, it is easy to understand why questions multiply so exceedingly.

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.—In the earlier days of the movement the Volunteers were treated by the War Office with studied neglect, and their claim to be treated as practical soldiers was pooh-poohed by the majority of military men. Gradually they began to be recognised as a valuable branch of the armed force of the nation, and Government assistance was given them in the shape of capitation grant and weapons. At present, and as a consequence of the hold which the Government has got over them, they are in danger of being interfered with too much. The outside world, who were unaware until the other day of the heart-burnings with which the Honourable Artillery Company has been for some time past afflicted, must have been astounded to hear of the *coup d'état* which has smitten this ancient and honourable organisation. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Portland (respectively Colonel and Lieut.-Colonel of the regiment) have resigned their commissions; the guns, rifles, and bayonets supplied to the corps by the War Office have been taken away from them; and they are

even in danger of being deprived of their Royal Warrant. One would fancy that the whole regiment was in open mutiny to justify such high-handed proceedings. Nothing, however, so serious as this is alleged against them. The head and front of their offending appears to be that, although they cheerfully accepted the provisions of the Volunteer Act, which places them on a footing with other Volunteer bodies, and also agreed to the terms of the National Defence Act, they refused to vote (at any rate immediately) the sum of 500*l.* for military purposes. This sum, it seems, included the salary of Colonel Borton, the Government Adjutant, and Colonel Borton is not popular in the regiment. It is alleged that, unlike other Volunteer adjutants, he only attends occasionally, gives little or no instruction, and yet insists on taking command on parade. As the matter will be discussed in Parliament before these lines are published, and as the War Office may prove a sufficient defence for the action they have taken, we forbear to say more, this final word excepted. The Honourable Artillerymen should cease to hanker after honorary officers of rank; they should, if permitted by the Government, reconstruct their arrangements on a more practical basis; and as, some forty years ago, they rather rashly gave up the right of electing their own officers, they should at least insist that henceforward every officer shall be an efficient worker, and not a mere lender of his name and title.

THE PANAMA CANAL.—Even now M. de Lesseps does not seem to have abandoned the hope of seeing his great scheme executed. At the end of next month a general meeting of the shareholders of the Panama Canal Company is to be held, and this assembly will be called upon to consider "the measures which appear best adapted to enable the undertaking to escape from its embarrassments." To the outside world failure seems, and has for a long time seemed, absolutely inevitable. Some hard things have been said about M. de Lesseps for having buoyed up his shareholders with what, it is thought, he must have known to be false hopes. It is not at all certain, however, that he ever intentionally deceived any one about the matter. M. de Lesseps is a man of most sanguine temperament, and having succeeded, in spite of severe opposition, in cutting the Suez Canal, he may very well have considered that it was within his power to create an even greater monument of his genius and energy. General Boulanger—always on the outlook for fresh means of advancing his own cause—has of course been prompt to turn the disaster to political account, and to some extent it will no doubt be of service to him. It has not, indeed, aroused any very violent excitement, for, as has been pointed out, most of the shareholders are only put to inconvenience, they are not ruined, by the Company's "embarrassments." Still, the excitement is considerable; and probably nine in every ten of the shareholders feel that all difficulty might have been overcome if the Chamber had not acted shabbily by them. General Boulanger expresses the warmest sympathy with them, and his sympathy, whether genuine or not, will add many a recruit to the already vast and growing number of his supporters.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW PROGRAMME.—It has been suggested by some would-be humourists that a considerable portion of Mr. Gladstone's speech at Limehouse acquired a foggy character from the dense atmosphere in which he spoke. Our view, on the contrary, is that he has not delivered himself with as much clearness for many a month. What could be more definite than the programme of work to be done which he placed before his audience? In addition to Home Rule—that comes first, of course—this Broddingnagian bill of fare includes "One man, One vote," Triennial Parliaments, Taxation of Ground Rents, Leasehold Enfranchisement, Artisans' Dwellings, Free Schools, and Disestablishment for both Wales and Scotland. That would be a pretty stiff list for even a juvenile statesman to contemplate. But there we have one of Mr. Gladstone's many peculiarities; he really seems to get younger as he grows older. A few years ago he used mournfully to declare whenever he had any especially tough job on his hands that it would end his Parliamentary labours. Even his followers, in spite of their belief in his staying power, often caught the tone of sorrow, and implored the world to help their aged chief in placing the coping-stone on his handiwork. The coping-stone indeed! Why, he is only just beginning to sketch the foundations! And, it must be confessed, they cover a sufficiently spacious area. Each of the sweet boons he holds up so temptingly would have to be fought for tooth and nail. Taken together, they represent an enormous mass of resisting power; even Hercules himself might draw back from such a terrific struggle. But Mr. Gladstone is ready to go into the fray with the lightest of light hearts. He makes one condition, however; that before he takes off his coat to tackle ground landlords, or to tumble over Churches, Ireland must be set free. Perhaps it is a safe bargain after all.

APPRECIATION OF GOLD.—Five and thirty years ago, when the Australian and Californian gold-fields were yielding their treasures so abundantly, financial pundits confidently prophesied that a serious depreciation would take place in the value of gold, or, in other words, that the price of all other commodities would be immensely enhanced. To a moderate extent their predictions were verified, but only for

a time; and during the last fifteen years the current has flowed in the opposite direction—gold has become dearer, and the price of commodities has fallen considerably. In his interesting lecture before the Royal Statistical Society Mr. Giffen gave some striking examples of this decline. For brevity's sake, we merely select the years 1873 and 1888. Iron has fallen from 127*s.* to 42*s.* per ton; wheat from 56*s.* to 31*s.* 9*d.* per quarter; coals from 30*s.* to 17*s.* 9*d.* per ton; cotton from 10*d.* to 6*d.* per pound; wool from 23*l.* to 11*l.* per pack; sugar from 21*s.* 6*d.* to 13*s.* 3*d.* per cwt. All these are articles in extensive demand, and as there has been no proportionate fall in wages and salaries, Mr. Giffen concludes justly that the workers are substantially better off now than they were fifteen years ago. But there is a disquieting side to this otherwise pleasant phenomenon. England is the most money-lending nation on the globe; her capital is distributed everywhere; and as it takes more labour and produce to obtain the equivalent of a pound sterling than it formerly did, her debtors in Australasia, North and South America, and elsewhere will find increasing difficulty in meeting their obligations. Mr. Giffen, apparently, does not regard bi-metalism as being likely to cure this complaint.

EMIN AND STANLEY.—Unhappily, it is only too probable that Emin is now a prisoner in the hands of the Mahdi. We know that his resources were all but exhausted, and it would not be surprising if, like Gordon, he fell a victim to treachery. It is more doubtful whether Stanley is also a captive. Mr. Joseph Thomson, who has a good right to express an opinion on the subject, is convinced that Stanley never reached Emin, and that he and all his followers have been "annihilated." The possibility of this disaster cannot, of course, be denied; but, as yet, Mr. Thomson's view is supported by no direct evidence. Upon the whole, it seems more likely that Stanley succeeded in making his way to Wadelai, and that he is now Emin's companion in misfortune. Mr. Thomson urges that, if the two men had met, the tidings would certainly have been carried to the coast. We know, however, too little of the actual state of things in Central Africa to be sure that this statement is correct. Besides, if Stanley was killed a long way from Emin, how are we to account for the fact that a copy of the letter which he received from the Khédive has been sent by Osman Digna to Suakin? The Mahdi's possession of the letter does not exclusively prove that Stanley is his prisoner; but it appears to be inconsistent with Mr. Thomson's pessimistic opinion. If Stanley and Emin are in the power of the Mahdi, it is hardly possible that anything can in the near future be done for them; for the German Relief Expedition could not hope to rescue them, and military intervention cannot, of course, be undertaken either by the German or by the English Government. The utmost we can expect is that, after the Suakin troubles have been got rid of, there may be an opportunity for negotiation. In the mean time there is no reason to suppose that, if the Mahdi has secured two such important captives, he will in any way injure them. It is more probable that he will carefully guard them in the hope of ultimately gaining some advantage through their release.

THE SACKVILLE INCIDENT.—Mr. Labouchere was not in a happy vein when he conjured up the idea of war breaking out between England and the United States, as the final result of the Sackville incident. The senior member for Northampton cannot, it is clear, have yet divested himself of his old character of privileged joker. He tries hard to cultivate a serious style, but every now and then there comes a dismal collapse, as in the present instance. Sir William Harcourt fell into the opposite mistake, by speaking of the rude dismissal of our Minister as a trumpery matter, not worth remembering. We cannot agree with the strange doctrine he laid down, that "an incident arising out of hostile electioneering ought not to interfere with diplomacy." According to that showing, Ambassadors should consider themselves lucky during election times if they escaped without broken bones. That may come to be the general usage when the "New Democracy" is enthroned on high, but, under our present effete systems of Government, every country is bound to have due regard to its own dignity, and to exact a full measure of respect and courtesy for those who represent its interests in foreign lands. It was no palliation whatever of Mr. Cleveland's rough conduct that he was suffering from electioneering fever: that might have served as an excuse had he behaved savagely to one of his own people, but not in the case of a British Envoy. That Lord Sackville exhibited anything but diplomatic caution is not to be denied; his falling into such a palpable trap does not give one an exalted idea of his professional talents. But, after all, his error was of an altogether venial character compared with that of Mr. Cleveland. The American people will, no doubt, see matters in this light before long. In the mean while, it will do no harm if Lord Salisbury takes an unusually long period to consider who will be the best representative of Her Majesty in a country where the usages of civilisation are still in a somewhat crude state.

MODES OF VOTING IN FRANCE.—Neither in France nor elsewhere are methods for ascertaining the will of the constituencies regarded on their abstract merits. When a change in the plan of voting is demanded, it is usually at the instigation of a party which is at present in a minority, but which hopes by the alteration to find itself in a majority.

The Boulanger boom, which shows signs of increasing rather than diminishing, has naturally an extremely disquieting effect on the present possessors of power in France. Even if nothing of a revolutionary character should occur previously, they are desperately afraid that, when the next General Election takes place, they may constitutionally be sent to the wall. Hence they intend to bring in a Bill next year, substituting *scrutin d'arrondissement* (that is the system of electoral districts with only one member) for the existing *scrutin de liste*. The Bill will, of course, be supported by the Opportunists and Moderate Republicans, and opposed by the Radicals and the Right. But even if M. Floquet should succeed in passing it, it does not follow that Boulangerism will receive a fatal blow. It is a matter of little practical importance whether General Boulanger is personally chosen by a number of Departments, or whether he is represented in a proportionate number of *arrondissements* by a body of devoted adherents. There is, however, one point which may have affected M. Floquet's decision. Government influence, during electoral contests, is still very powerful in France; and this influence can make itself felt much more effectually over a restricted than over an extensive area.

SERBIAN RADICALS AND KING MILAN.—The elections to the Great Skupschtina in Serbia have led to what may prove to be a very serious result, the Radicals having secured an overwhelming majority. It is expected that they will decline to accept the draft Constitution, and that the new Assembly will soon be dissolved. Whatever may have been King Milan's motives in proclaiming that he wished to have the Constitution revised, the decision was wise, for the existing Constitution is full of ridiculous anomalies, and it is extremely unpopular. Had he accepted frankly the necessity for free institutions, all might have gone well. A Radical Ministry would have come into power, and, conscious of their obligations to him, would have had solid reasons for serving him loyally. He declined, however, to sanction any important limitation of the power of the Crown. The consequence may be that he will have either to uphold by force a system which is detested, or, in the end, to give way in a manner that will secure for him no gratitude for his concessions. The latter is probably the alternative he will be compelled to adopt, since his recent intrigues with the Radical leaders have alienated from him the sympathy and confidence of the so-called Progressists, or Conservatives. The peril of the ultimate triumph of the Radicals in the existing circumstances of Serbia lies partly in the fact that they may be tempted to agitate for the King's dethronement. Personally, he is very unworthy of the position he holds; but to displace him might be to create difficulties which would lead to foreign intervention. Even if King Milan were allowed to retain the Crown, the influence of a Radical Government would hardly tend towards the maintenance of peace, for the Serbian Radicals are understood to be ardent Pan-Slavists. That the situation is full of danger is shown by the anxiety with which the progress of events is being watched from Vienna.

THE LAW OF DISTRESS.—All the efforts of Parliament appear to be unavailing to give the law of distress a more humane character. It was vainly imagined that the new law went some way in this direction, but, from the remarks made by Mr. De Rutzen at the Marylebone Police Court, it appears that the amount of progress is singularly microscopic. What practical benefit is it to an impoverished artisan that his tools are protected from distraint, if there be no punishment for that lawless act? The implements are seized and sold; if their unfortunate owner wants to get them back, he must go before a magistrate, who will order their restoration on payment—this is the most delicious feature of the comical process—of the rent for which they were distrained. In other words, if the tenant's poverty be real, and not simulated, the landlord can trample on the Act with impunity, whereas, if it be a case of sham inability, he may have to give up his plunder. In either instance, he gets off scot-free for riding rough-shod over an Act of Parliament. No doubt, there are a considerable number of tenants whose governing idea is to live rent free, just as there are many lodgers who hold on to their apartments in spite of repeated notices to quit. It is for the coercion of such tough customers as these and others of their kind that the law has been made so drastic. But it is equally true that numbers of poor creatures are subjected to terrible hardships by being sold up, stock, lock, and barrel. When once their bedding and tools are taken, it is the sheerest mockery to say, "Pay what you owe for rent, and the property shall be restored to you." It was just that very debt which brought the brokers in, and wonderful indeed would it be if the ejected family were better able to pay it than when they had a home of their own. The law grinds very small, especially when very little people get into its hopper.

THE RECENT FOGS.—Up to Wednesday morning a persistent series of fogs had affected the south-eastern district, and especially London, for about twelve days. Every Londoner knows that there are two distinct kinds of fog, although they sometimes invade each other's provinces. There is the fog which hangs overhead, like a funeral pall, causing midnight darkness at noonday, but which nevertheless leaves the atmosphere beneath tolerably

clear as far as density is concerned. Then there is the thick fog which clings near the ground, renders all objects invisible till close at hand, and causes many lamentable accidents. This is the fog with which we have been afflicted during the late brumous spell. In the suburbs it has been even denser, although whiter, than in the central districts, and has been accompanied by considerable moisture, the trees dripping as they are wont to do after a shower of rain. Everybody is inconvenienced by these fogs, but the chief sufferers probably are persons who are engaged in the traffic of the streets, the river, and the railways. The railway men are most to be pitied of all, for they hold their lives in their hands, and a station-master and a foreman of platelayers have been killed by passing trains during these recent dismal days. Any weather-wise person who remembered the winter of 1879-80 might have expected a foggy period during this winter also. It is the usual consequence of a chilly rainy summer. It is also worth noting that these wet fogs always take place under anti-cyclonic conditions, that is, with a high barometer. Directly the barometer begins to fall, westerly winds arise, and the fog vanishes.

THE GRAPHIC CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

IS OUT OF PRINT.

THERE WILL BE NO RE-ISSUE.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE SAVOY GALLERY,
see page 636.

SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.

New Pictures Painted by the following Artists:
L. ALMA-TADEMA, E. LONG, R.A., R.W. MACBETH, A.R.A.,
H. WOODS, A.R.A., F. DICKSEE, A.R.A.,
LUKE FIDES, R.A., HERBERT SCHMALZ, C.E. PERUGINI,
MARGUS STONE, R.A., VAL PRINSE, A.R.A., E. J. PONTIKER, A.R.A.,
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F. GOODALL, R.A., F. W. W. TOPHAM, R.I., A.R.A., R.I.,
SIR F. LEIGHTON, E. BLAIR LEIGHTON, W.F. YEAMES, R.A.,
Hart, P.R.A., G. D. LESLIE, R.A., MRS. ALMA-TADEMA.
OPEN DAILY.—Admission One Shilling, at the GRAPHIC
GALLERY, Brook Street (two doors from New Bond Street).

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—Brighton and South Coast Railway.—The availability of Ordinary Return Tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will be extended over the Christmas Holidays as usual, and in this arrangement will be included the Special Cheap Saturday to Monday Tickets between London and the S-side places on the South Coast and the Isle of Wight. On December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th Extra Fast Trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Eve an extra Midnight Train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, &c. On Boxing Day Special Cheap Excursions will be run from Brighton, &c., to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace and London and the Holiday Entertainments on Boxing Day, extra Trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West End Offices—25, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Friday, Saturday, and Monday, for the sale of the Special Cheap Tickets and Ordinary Tickets to all parts of the Line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD will open his Season at the GLOBE THEATRE, SATURDAY EVENING, December 22, in PRINCE KARL, at 8.45, with new scenery and new dresses. "Prince Karl" will be preceded at Eight precisely by EDITHA'S BURGLAR. Mr. Lionel Brough as the Burglar. Box plan now open.—GLOBE THEATRE.

OLYMPIA.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION. FAIR OF ALL NATIONS AND CHRISTMAS REVELS. Open Daily from 11 a.m. to 10.30 p.m. Admission—ONE SHILLING CHILDREN—SIXPENCE. GRAND CHRISTMAS FAIR. Toys of all Nations, the Turkish Bazaar, the Divan and Opium Den, MARIONETTES, MINSTRELS, PAUL MARTINETTI and PANTOMIME COMPANY, A GIANT CHRISTMAS TREE, PROFESSOR WARD, Dr. HOLDEN, &c. PROMENADE CONCERTS at Eight Every Evening. CHRISTMAS EVE—THE MESSIAH. Increased Band and Full Chorus. BOXING DAY.—SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS. Omnibuses and Trams from all parts of London to Addison Road. Ask for Cheap Railway Admission Tickets.

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL NEWLY and BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED, and ILLUMINED with the ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE MOST BRILLIANT AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT OF ALL for the CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S HOLIDAYS, Commencing on Boxing Day, at Three, when the world-famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS WILL RE-OPEN IN LONDON. After the most successful Provincial Tour on record, WITH THE STRONGEST AND BEST PROGRAMME THEY HAVE EVER PRODUCED, and their already magnificent company augmented for the Holiday Season.

EVERY SONG COMPRISED IN THE FIRST PART WILL BE SUNG FOR THE FIRST TIME

First appearance in England of MR. WEST, the famous American Comedian, First appearance of THE THREE KARNOS, Pantomime Sketch called

SUMMER BORDERS. Return of that renowned and universal favourite comedian, MR. G. W. MOORE, who will sing an entirely new and original comic song for the first time, entitled

"WHEN YOU HEAR THE BIG BELL RING." Beyond question, one of the best comic songs this favourite artist has ever introduced, and certain to obtain an immense success.

THE POWERFUL CORPS OF COMEDIANS, including EUGENE STRATTON, JOHN KEMBLE, SIDLER, MORTON, SAM RAEBURN, FREER, WEST, and THE THREE KARNOS, will all appear in the new entertainment.

MR. EDDIE QUINN, Whose wonderful and really charming solo on the American Sleigh Bells created such a marked sensation last season, will appear at every Performance.

"THE WHISTLING COON." Stratton's great Song of will also be sung every Afternoon and Evening. Tickets for all parts of the Hall and also Reserved Seats can be secured at Basil Tree's (late Austin's) Universal Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance. No charge for Booking.

DOORS open for the Day Performances every Day at Two, and for the Evening Performance at Seven.

Great Area and Gallery (12,500 Seats) ONE SHILLING.
Balcony TWO SHILLINGS.
Sofa Stalls THREE SHILLINGS.
Pantoile FIVE SHILLINGS.

For the convenience of families residing at a distance from London, places can be reserved, and tickets for any part of the Hall obtained by post, if a postal order for the amount together with a stamped and directed envelope, is sent to Basil Tree St. James's Hall.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPHTHA'S VOW. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES.—JEPHTHA'S RETURN, 1. ON THE MOUNTAINS, 2. THE MARTYR—are NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI ZEUXIS at CROTONA, &c. at THE GALLERIES, 154, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, and SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. ALL ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS issued on December 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 24th, will be available for the Return Journey by any Train of the same description and class up to and including Friday, December 25th, except those issued for a less distance of ten miles.

PORTSMOUTH and the ISLE OF WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS. December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th. The Fast Train leaving Victoria 4.55 p.m., and London Bridge 4.55 p.m., will take passengers for Ryde, St. Helens, Bembridge, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor; and on the 23rd and 24th to Cowes and Newport also (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

CHRISTMAS DAY.—Extra Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from Portsmouth Harbour 7.0 and 8.25 a.m. to London. Boats in connection from Ryde 6.30 and 7.30 a.m.

A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Ventnor 6.30 a.m., calling at all Stations to Ryde Pier in connection with the 7.30 a.m. Boat.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—And on CHRISTMAS DAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s. 6d. available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAIN.—A Special Train will leave Victoria 11.45 p.m., and London Bridge at Midnight, Monday, December 24th, for Redhill, Brighton, Lewes, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). A Special Train will leave London Bridge 3.30 a.m. (25th) for Brighton, calling at East Croydon and Red Hill Junction (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations, are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c. &c.

* The Company's West End Booking Offices, 25, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.

Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus and Euston Road.

Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.

Hays City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.

Jakins', "The Red Cap," Camden Town, and 96, Leadenhall Street.

* Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit the convenience of Passengers.

* These two Offices will remain open until 10 p.m. on Friday, Saturday, and Monday, Dec. 21st, 22nd, and 23rd.

For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all Stations, and at any of the above Offices.

(By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.—The Orient Company

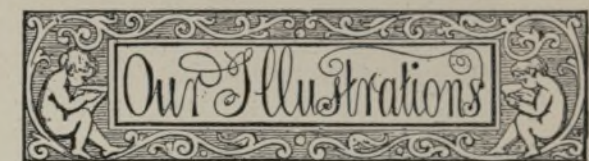
will despatch their large full-powered steam-ship "GARONNE," 3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse power, from London on the 20th February for a thirty-seven days' Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, Malaga, Cadiz. The "GARONNE" is fitted with the Electric Light, Hot and Cold Baths, &c. &c. Cuisine of the highest order.

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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT OF FOUR PAGES:—"THE QUARTER-DECK OF A 'P. AND O.' STEAMER," from the picture by W. Hatherell, exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; "THE DUCHESSE DE GRAMMONT," from the Picture by Sir Peter Lely, in Hampton Court Palace; "THE SPECTRE ARTIST," from a drawing by Charles H. Marshall; and "IT MAY BE FOR YEARS, AND IT MAY BE FOR EVER," from the picture by W. B. Wollen, exhibited at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours.



THE FORTHCOMING PARIS EXHIBITION— THE EIFFEL TOWER

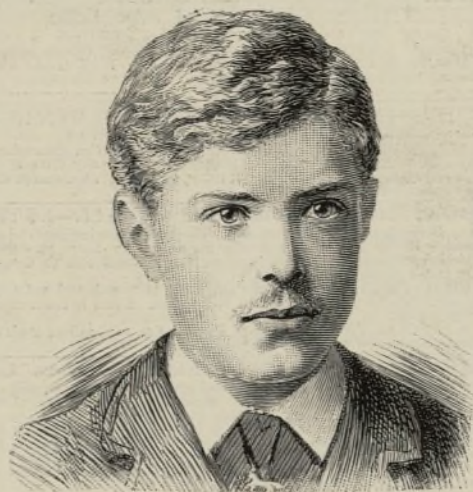
THIS monster structure reached the height of 660 feet at the close of last month, and is far the loftiest erection in the world, the spire of Cologne Cathedral being only 512 feet, that of Strassburg Cathedral 466 feet, and that of St. Stephen's, Vienna, 443 feet, the Dome of St. Peter's 433 feet, and that of St. Paul's 404 feet. The total height of the tower is to be 984 feet, and though the growing elevation and the wintry weather will render the work more difficult, M. Eiffel calculates that the work will progress at the rate of thirty-six feet a week, and that the tower will be ready for the painters and decorators by the end of January. The tower swarms with busy workmen, and while numbers are occupied at the top bolting and riveting the framework together, as quickly as the iron beams are hauled up, others are finishing the iron framework at the base. The framing of the large pavilion which will occupy the platform on the first storey is also far advanced towards completion. Although the elevation of the structure is unprecedented in building annals since the time of the Tower of Babel, the maximum oscillation of the summit of the Tower, *Engineering* tells us, will not exceed seven inches.

THE LATE MR. RICHARD WAKE

We gave last week a brief account of the sad death of this young and promising artist, who had gone to Suakin to make sketches for this journal, and who, on the 6th inst., was shot in the spine while talking with some officers at the Gemaizeh Fort. He died early the following morning, and his funeral took place on the 8th inst., being attended by General Grenfell and many of the chief military and naval officers at Suakin. Mr. Wake, who was only twenty-three years of age, was the son of Mr. Herwald Crauford Wake, C.B., who was Civil Magistrate of Arrah during the Indian Mutiny. His mother is a daughter of the late Sir George Sitwell, Bart., of Renishaw Hall, near Chesterfield. During the short time the late Mr. Wake had been at Suakin he had become a general favourite, and in the letter which accompanied the sketches published in this number he writes, "I like Suakin," and acknowledges the ready courtesy with which the authorities afforded him the facilities he wished for making his sketches.—Our engraving is from a photograph by J. Weston and Son, 20A, Sandgate Road, Folkestone.

MR. WAKE'S SUAKIN SKETCHES

In the above-mentioned letter Mr. Wake writes:—"One of my sketches shows the firing from the Gemaizeh Fort. I have got leave to sleep once or twice in the forts, where one officer remains every night. The enemy keep up a shell-fire upon the forts almost nightly, and a rifle-fire during the day. During one night forty shells hit the fort—one bursting in the ditch—but no one was hurt. Another night six shells fell inside one of the forts, and on one occasion four men were killed by the bursting of a shell, but days frequently pass without any one being hit. Yesterday a man was hit in the stomach as he was sitting down to breakfast, and died, while a sailor had a bullet through his hat when coming to the forts



MR. RICHARD WAKE

A NEW REDOUBT, PUT UP BY THE EGYPTIAN
TROOPS IN ONE DAY

FORT GEMAIZEH (THE LEFT WATER FORT) IN ACTION



WATCHING THE EFFECT OF A SHELL FIRED FROM FORT GEMAIZEH

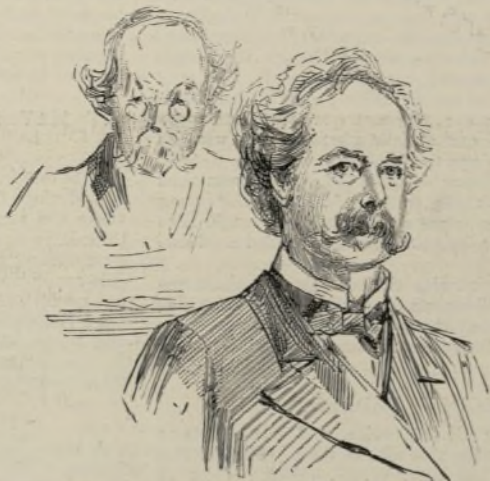
THE SIEGE OF SUAKIN

FROM SKETCHES BY THE LATE MR. RICHARD WAKE, SHOT, WHILE SKETCHING, AT THE LEFT WATER FORT, DECEMBER 6

The "Standard" Reporter



Pat Sloane, a "Gomleen" Man, beaten for paying his rent



Sir Robert Peel (a former Chief Secretary for Ireland) appears in Court



Hugh M'Call, a herd, hard of hearing, who was threatened with death if he did not leave the service of Mr. Sydney Smith



Thomas Wynne, a member of the Castlereagh branch of the Land League; afterwards boycotted as a "land-grabber"



Charles William Perry, an agent from Co. Clare. After the "No Rent" manifesto, the tenants came in a body and said they could not pay their rent. Michael and W. Moroney separated themselves from the rest, and paid. Michael Moroney was shortly afterwards murdered



James Connell, son of Hannah Connell. "How old are you?" "I don't know, Sir; I was nineteen at the time of the Crimean War"



Mr. Macdonald, Manager of the "Times"



Miss Lucy Thompson, who managed estates at Castleisland and Listowel, and who connected the Land League with outrages



Thomas O'Connor, who had to swear "queer things"



Mr. and Mrs. Donoghue, who kept a lodging-house at Tralee, and supplied food to prisoners, the money being supplied by Mr. Edward Harrington



District-Inspector A. Gambell, who gave evidence as to Moonlighting in Kerry



James Buckley, a Fenian, who gave evidence as to Fenian organization and operations, near Tralee



Mr. Henry Cunynghame (Secretary to the Commission) handing to the President more papers to be "put in." Sir James Hannen: "We shall be buried in papers." Sir C. Russell: "Indeed, my Lord, I think you will"



Sergeant Denis Feely, who gave evidence as to various speeches near Irish-town, in 1886



Patrick Walsh, bought some hay on Miss Lindsay Fitzpatrick's land. His hay was burned, himself and his wife fired at

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

from the town by the railway. Numbers of shells have fallen in the forts, and bullets whizz past our heads, but fortunately they hit no one. By daylight the rebels keep close, but now and then one shows himself, and crack go a dozen rifles—it is just like rabbit-shooting—down he goes into his trench, comes up a little way on, runs across the open, and bang go the rifles again. At night the Arabs come within fifty or even thirty yards of the forts, shouting out their war cries, and yelling like demons. It is so dark that you cannot see them until they fire, and then the soldiers fire at the flash. The enemy cut the telephones from the forts to the town, and one night tried to break the mortars with stones, and pulled up the foundation of a new fort, putting the stones down a well—all this just under a fort, and amid heavy fire. It was pitch dark, however, and if there were any killed, the bodies were carried off—the rebels being always very particular about this. My second sketch shows a brand new redoubt put up in one day. It has been subject to very heavy fire. We expect a big fight in about ten days."

NOTES FROM MR. WAKE'S SKETCH BOOK

A GYMKHANA MEETING, TANGIER

THESE sketches are also by the late Mr. Wake, who wrote:—"In a place like Tangier, where every one has horses, and every one rides, a race-meeting or mounted sports are easily got up, and the little European colony are delighted with anything to vary the monotonous afternoon ride. A splendid sweep of level sand, nearly two miles without a break, forms a capital course. In the first event (No. 1) all goes well, till the dismounting post is reached; then such a pulling and hauling at the hard-mouthed animals ensue, and such sudden stops and sliding with the handy subjects; one horse goes off at a gallop, pulling his owner off his legs; another plants his forelegs wide apart, with his head up, and refuses to move; while a third competitor trips over his own saddle-girths, and falls flat on his face. The Post Race falls, naturally, to the handiest pony. In endeavouring to circle the posts some cannot stop at all, others go racing off to the right, others, again, to the left. Wherever you look, horses are running away in every direction, whilst some quick-turning animal steers over the course in no time. In No. 3, some of the riders find great difficulty in pulling up, in order to get down to pick up the flags, and the excited horses are not easily remounted. The Coat-Race, perhaps, affords the most amusement. Each competitor fancies a different way of holding his bridleless steed: one chooses the ear, another the tongue, others the forelock. At the word, all start in a great hurry, putting their saddles on wrong side in front, or buttoning their coats the wrong way, one horse standing like a sheep, the next backing and wheeling in a way that prolongs the process indefinitely. This race vividly illustrates the different time that different individuals take to get into their clothes; one competitor canter past the post, whilst another is still struggling with his waistcoat. No. 5 shows men on horses matched against men on foot for a hundred yards round a post half distance. This contest caused much interest, betting being slightly in favour of the horses, but in almost each instance the pedestrian wins. The man gets off much quicker at the start, at the post turns quicker, and gets into his stride again before the horse. A few more yards, and the horse would win. The mounted jumping competition is amusing, with Barbs who have no idea of jumping; some jump as big as a house, others refuse, other fall—but sand is soft falling, and the day ends with no casualty. The Moor looks on with stolid gravity, thinking the Christians all mad, and the English maddest of all."

GREAT BUSTARD SHOOTING, MOROCCO

"THE great bustard," wrote the late Mr. Wake, "is certainly the bird *par excellence* of Morocco (he stands nearly three feet high, is the most difficult to shoot, and the best to eat). These birds come down in the spring from the interior into the cultivated districts as soon as the young corn is high enough to afford any covert, generally in flocks of about a dozen or fourteen, but they only stay for a very short time. The sport chiefly lies in getting up to them, as they are terribly shy. Our plan was to ride out in the neighbourhood where they had been reported to have appeared, and ask the natives we met, till we came across one who had seen them. We then took him to show us the way and hold our horses. When near enough we left the latter behind, and stalked the bustard on foot. The birds often get up and disappear over the hill long before one is within range. The only thing to be done then is to get into your saddle and ride after them. You may or may not see them again that day; as often as not you don't. If winged they run like racehorses, and if you want your bird you must go after him, and either get him pulled down by a dog or by a second shot kill him on the ground. He is well worth the trouble and a few blank days. The country is very rough in places, but the native horses can keep on their feet anywhere, and gallop down the most astounding places."

THE PARNELL COMMISSION

AMONG the witnesses examined on December 11th were Pat Sloyne, a small money-lender or "gombeen-man," who on February 5th, 1882, was pulled out of his house and beaten for paying his rent; David Freely, whose house was visited in like manner, and his son dragged out and murdered; Thomas Fahey, an army pensioner, who was shot at through his bedroom window for taking an evicted farm; James Mollowney, who, for a similar crime, was "carded," had his ears bored, and was otherwise badly assaulted; and Miss Lucy Thompson, owner of land in Kerry, who had been boycotted since 1880, had been persecuted in various other ways, had had her cattle mutilated, and, though getting no rent, had had to pay taxes. Next day was examined a witness from Castleisland, Thomas O'Connor, who said he had been a member of the Inner Circle of the League, and as such had taken part in the promotion of various outrages; Mr. E. M. Richards, of Ennisconny, a landowner, who proved that many of his tenants paid their rents secretly; Captain Boycott, whose name has given a new verb to the English language, a grey-bearded man of middle age, who was one of the first sufferers from the anti-rent agitation; and District-Inspector Gambell, from Tralee, who gave evidence tending to connect the Moonlighters with the Land League. On December 13th Sergeant Denis Feely gave evidence concerning several large meetings held in 1879, at which men were present who have since become widely known as agitators; and James Buckley, a Fenian, who avowed that he had attempted to shoot one Roche. On Friday, after complaints of contempt of Court alleged to have been respectively committed by Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and the Warden of Merton College, O'Connor, the informer, was cross-examined; and then Mrs. Connell, a decrepit-looking woman, told a pitiable tale of the boycotting and other indignities which she had endured, her statement being corroborated by her son James, farmer and fisherman. Lastly, Mr. C. W. Perry, agent for Mr. Browne, a Clare landlord, related the difficulties which he had had with the tenants on the property. After this, the President announced that the Court stood adjourned till Tuesday, January 15th. "For this relief, much thanks!"

ACROSS COREA WITH BREAD AND JAM

IN crossing Corea, the Land of the Morning Calm, the courage was in the idea and the starting. Little was needed after, the most truculent native was speedily mollified by buttered bread, and with jam thereto added their hearts became so full that they had to run to their homes to share the burthen, and temporarily admit their belongings into Paradise. Had it been otherwise they would at any rate have been awed by the superior stranger who carried such

mysteries as matches; lighting one on the box was a breathless revelation. However, the Colonel being some seventy-eight inches high, and with an eye, which though merry, was not of a quality to encourage practical joking—and being accompanied by a camera and another warrior—might have had some weight, though the people appeared to be not only good-natured, but a little cowed.

From Gensan to Seoul the journey was mostly over high ground, probably some 2,000 feet above the sea. It took five days and a half. The party turned out at four, started at six, went on till noon, rested, and on again from two to dark.

The women on the way, who most valiantly bolted, were remarked as being neither very young nor very pretty. An intelligent young interpreter was engaged, but he found one day quite enough. No English was understood either by suite, which included a soldier, or people from that time.

The gear was carried on ponies, also the cash, though there was small need for purchases; for silver was unappreciated. Ponies also carried the Englishman, what they thought of it we do not know.

After a short stay at Seoul our heroes went to Chemulpo, the port, and thence by steamer.

MR. WILLIAM GEORGE PEDDER, C.S.I.,

FORMERLY of the Bombay Civil Service, and late Revenue Secretary, India Office, died on the 21st ult., at West Dulwich. The deceased, who was a son of the Rev. W. N. Pedder, Vicar of Clevedon, was born in 1832, and, after taking his B.A. degree at Oxford (Exeter College) in 1854, was appointed in 1855 to the Bombay Civil Service, upon open competition. After acting as an Assistant Magistrate and Collector in his first probationary years, he was appointed on special duty under the Revenue Commissioner for Alienations in February, 1859, and Assistant Settlement Officer in March, 1860; on special duty as President of the Guzerat Watan Commission, September, 1864; Superintendent Revenue Survey, January, 1867; on special duty to reorganise the Salt Department of the Bombay Presidency, December, 1869; Officiating Commissioner Central Provinces (Nagpur), September, 1871 to December, 1872; Municipal Commissioner, Bombay, June, 1873; Acting Secretary to Government in the Revenue, General, and Financial Departments, May, 1875; on special duty, to reorganise the License Tax, April, 1878; and Commissioner of Customs, Salt, and Opium. In these various appointments Mr. Pedder rapidly gained the reputation of being an exceptionally able official; and in 1879, on the Revenue Secretaryship at the India Office falling vacant, he was selected to fill it as the highest living authority on the multifarious subjects comprehended within the revenue administration of British India. He was a Royal Commissioner for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition of 1886, in which year he received the distinction of the C.S.I. But Mr. Pedder was far more than a successful official. His literary capacity was marked, and his sympathy with the people of India deep and sincere, and the picture of Indian village life as seen in Gujarashtra, which he has left us in the fifth volume of the "Asiatic Quarterly Review," will long perpetuate his name in Western India. He was equally esteemed among his friends for his high social and personal qualities; and his characteristic cheerfulness and generosity of temperament never deserted him through all the long illness to which he at length succumbed last month. The India Office was largely represented at his burial in Norwood Cemetery; and among those present to do honour to his memory were Sir James Peile and Sir Charles Turner, both of whom were with Mr. Pedder at Oxford, and served with him in India, and in the India Office. Mr. Pedder married in 1863, Julia, daughter of Colonel Prescott, and it was in his father-in-law's house at West Dulwich that he died.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Bourne and Shepherd, India.

MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE,

WHO died at 50, Russell Square, on the 13th inst., was born at Brampton, in Cumberland, in 1812, and, after serving an apprenticeship to Mr. Thurnam, of Carlisle, came up to London in the year 1833, when he procured employment in the house of Messrs. Baldwin and Cradock, of Paternoster Row. Before long he quitted this to start in business in Ryder's Court, Leicester Square, with one assistant, his brother-in-law, the late Mr. William Henry Warne, then a lad of fifteen; but before long the business increased so much that larger premises were necessary, and in 1843 it was removed to 36, Soho Square. In 1851 Mr. Routledge took his other brother-in-law, Mr. Frederick Warne, into partnership, and at the end of the same year removed to Farringdon Street. In the year 1854 Mr. Routledge paid a visit to the United States, and there established a branch of his business in New York. On November 9th, 1858, he took into partnership his eldest son, Mr. Robert W. Routledge, when the firm, previously styled George Routledge and Co., became Routledge, Warnes, and Routledge; but it did not so continue long, Mr. William Warne dying in the following May. Mr. Frederick Warne having left the firm on the termination of the partnership, Mr. Edmund Routledge entered it in July, 1865; and the style was accordingly changed to that of George Routledge and Sons. Mr. Routledge was a Justice of the Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant of his native county of Cumberland, and served the office of High Sheriff in the years 1882-3. The funeral took place at Kensal Green Cemetery on Tuesday, December 18th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, 110, Regent Street, W.

"THE QUARTER-DECK OF A 'P. AND O.' STEAMER"

THOSE ocean steam-vessels which pass through latitudes where there is much heat accompanied by smooth water are notable for the number of chairs with which their decks are covered. These chairs are usually the property of the passengers, and an experienced hand always takes care to be thus provided before the voyage begins. Some of them differ little in construction from the easy chairs which may be seen in an English drawing-room, but some, like that occupied by the lady reclining at full length in the foreground of our picture, are only to be found in this country where there are roomy summer-houses or spacious verandahs. Though vast in size they are light, being made of bamboo, the part which supports the lower limbs can be pulled out or pushed in like the drawer of a cabinet, and there are ample side-rests for holding a tea-equipage, books, or work-basket. To recline in one of these luxurious contrivances, especially with an agreeable companion (of the opposite sex) alongside, compensates for some of the undeniable discomforts of tropical existence.

"THE DUCHESS DE GRAMMONT"

THIS engraving is from one of those numerous pictures by Sir Peter Lely at Hampton Court, between which, owing perhaps to the dress and the mode of arranging the hair, there is such a strong family likeness. The ladies depicted were all beauties of the pleasure-loving Court of Charles the Second, and not the least lovely or celebrated of the bevy was Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of Sir George Hamilton. She afterwards married the Count de Grammont, who, having had to quit France on account of a love-affair, came to England, and became one of the King's chief favourites. His celebrated "Memoirs" were written by his brother-in-law Anthony, generally called Count Hamilton.

"THE SPECTRE ARTIST"

THE gentleman who witnesses this unwelcome apparition has evidently been put to sleep (perhaps at his own request) in the Haunted Chamber. By this time, judging by his bristling hair, he

has had enough of psychical investigations. It will be noted that everything in the room, rats and mice included, is real, the artist, his easel, and picture excepted. They are ghostly and impalpable. Our idea is that this uncomfortable apparition has painted a picture showing the affrighted tenant of the bedchamber the accident which is about to befall him in the hunting-field.

"IT MAY BE FOR YEARS, AND IT MAY BE FOR EVER"

JUDGING from the costumes, the scene of this pathetic picture is laid during the later period of the Great War against Napoleon, while the struggle in the Spanish Peninsula was in progress. In those days Spain was practically as far off as India is now, letters were difficult of transmission, little or no information was obtainable concerning the fate of private soldiers; and above all the foe was no dark-skinned half-barbarian armed with obsolete weapons, but a European nation, brave to a fault, armed as efficiently as our own troops, and led by some of the most skilful captains of the age. No wonder then that mothers' hearts sank within them as they bade their boys good-bye.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is concluded in this number.

VIEWS IN THE KOJAK PASS, AFGHANISTAN

UP to the beginning of the present year the railway system on the Beluchistan frontier was open as far as Killa Abdulla, which is situated some sixty miles north of Quetta, and at an elevation of about 5,300 feet above the sea. Our most extreme outpost is at Chaman, about thirty miles due west of Killa Abdulla, and separated from it by the Kwaja Amran range of hills. The present means of communication between Killa Abdulla and Chaman is by a military road, which passes over the Kwaja Amran range by the Kojak Pass. Sanction has now been accorded for the construction of the railway between these two places, and work has already begun. The line, after leaving Killa Abdulla, will, owing to the steep nature of the country, follow a tortuous course, crossing and re-crossing the Kojak river-bed until the foot of the pass of that name is reached, when it will have to pass through the Kwaja Amran range by a tunnel 2½ miles in length. The tunnel runs due east and west, and is at a level at its highest point of 6,300 feet above the sea. The summit of the Kojak Pass itself is 1,000 feet higher, and the view thence towards Kandahar is very impressive, the hills in Kandahar, some seventy miles away, being distinctly visible. The line, after emerging from the tunnel, winds down in a succession of curves until Chaman is reached. The Afghans are making use of the railway, and large caravans of camels come from Kandahar loaded with wood, and during the summer with fruit. They take back hardware and bales of Manchester piece-goods. From the views given, which are all taken from places situated in the Kojak Pass and its approaches, it will be seen that the country is extremely desolate. The soil consists of loose shale, and the only trees are the stunted-looking wild pistachio. The line is finding such favour with our Afghan neighbours that, in the opinion of many well qualified to judge, it is only a question of time before the Ameer will ask for the loan of some of the Indian railway engineers to continue the line into Kandahar; and then its extension to Cabul will follow as a matter of course.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. R. D. Perceval, Assistant-Engineer Khwaja Amran State Railway.

THE ADVENTURES OF A "PLOUGH-TAIL BOB"

THESE engravings are sufficiently explained by the sub-titles.

NOTE.—We are requested to state that the picture of the interview between the late Emperor Frederick and the Pope (engraved in our issue of November 10th) was presented to the Emperor of Germany by Signor Belisario Gioja, the painter of the picture, through the German Ambassador.



POLITICAL.—In the present state of Europe no slight importance attaches to a passage of Lord Salisbury's brief and good-humoured speech in reply to the congratulatory address with which on Wednesday the Corporation of Scarborough welcomed the Prime Minister to the Queen of Watering Places. The half-jocular tone of his description of Scarborough at the mercy of a foreign cruiser does not diminish the gravity of the hint that the Government may think it right "to strengthen very considerably the naval forces of the dominions."—Lord Derby presided, and made an eminently sensible speech, at a great meeting of Liberal Unionists at Liverpool on Tuesday, convoked chiefly to hear an address from Lord Hartington. He looked forward, he said, without mistrust, to the next General Election. The inevitable tendency of a large majority was to fall off, and a loss in two years of six votes in a Unionist majority of more than a hundred did not point to any real change of feeling. He gave some very cogent reasons for the belief which he entertained, that the result of Home Rule would be a dead-lock within a very few years. To the frequent statement that the action of Parliament must be paralysed by Irish opposition, he replied that there never was a period of greater legislative activity than that between 1830 and 1834, yet at that time the condition of Ireland was much worse than now, being one not far removed from civil war, and that few Governments had passed more useful measures than the second one of Sir Robert Peel, at a time when the Repeal agitation was at its height and O'Connell in his glory. In a long and able speech, Lord Hartington, after dealing at some length with the causes of Parliamentary obstruction, pointed out that the distrust of the action of an Irish Parliament, which when expressed by Unionists, was condemned, had been shared by Mr. Gladstone even after he became a Home Ruler, as was evident from the provisions of his Home Rule Bills. For instance, in his scheme, one of the conditions precedent to the establishment of an Irish Parliament was that the relations between landlords and tenants should be previously settled, once and for all, not by it, but by the Imperial Parliament; and Mr. Gladstone proposed a plan having this object. It had been dropped, and now we were not told either what new plan of the kind was to be proposed, or whether the Land Question was not to be left to be disposed of by an Irish Parliament.—The number of Liberal Unionists who have followed Lord Hartington's example and withdrawn from the National Liberal Club is now two hundred, but it is expected that, during the next fortnight they will be joined by four hundred more.—After a strenuous contest, Colchester has returned Lord Brooke (C) by a majority of 439 over Sir W. B. Gurdon (G), the numbers being 2,126 and 1,687. The Conservative majority is larger by 273 than it was in 1885, and 144 more than that of 1886.—The Liberal Unionists and Conservatives of the Govan Division of Lanarkshire have invited Sir William George Pearce, only son of the recently-deceased member, to become a candidate. A Gladstonian candidate, in the person of Mr. John Wilson, is already in the field. At the General Election of 1886 the late Sir W. Pearce defeated his Gladstonian opponent by a majority of 362.

THE FAIR TRADERS have of late been decidedly quiescent. They will doubtless receive encouragement from the terms of the following resolution, the drift of which is unmistakable, adopted on Wednesday by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, the body most representative of the commercial interests of the metropolis of Free Trade, seventy-three members voting for it and only thirteen against it:—"That all goods of a nature and kind which we ourselves produce, offered for sale in the United Kingdom, should pay that equal proportionate share of Imperial and local taxation which they would have paid if produced or manufactured in the United Kingdom."

THE BULLETIN respecting Mr. Bright's health, made public on Wednesday, was, to some extent, re-assuring. "On the whole," a sentence in it ran, "his state, though not free from danger, is more hopeful than it has been hitherto."

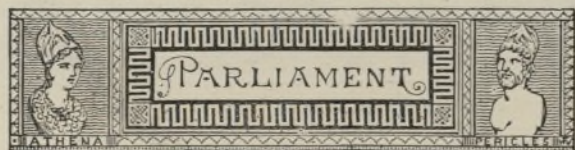
A MEMORIAL HAS BEEN SIGNED by a hundred M.P.'s requesting the Chancellor of the Exchequer to institute an inquiry into the cost of establishing penny postage throughout the empire. He has promised to give the scheme itself full consideration "without prejudice."—Mr. Goschen, presiding at the fourth annual dinner of the Civil Service on Wednesday, spoke highly of the valuable service rendered by its members to all governments, and vindicated them from certain aspersions which had been recently cast on them.

MR. GLADSTONE, who left London on Wednesday en route for Naples, has replied at some length to a memorial addressed to him by unemployed workmen at the East End, who seem to have expressed a hope that he would make some effort on behalf of their class in London. This must have been destroyed by the following sentence in it:—"I lament to say that I have not that close and accurate acquaintance with local conditions which I regard as a qualification indispensable for any one who is to undertake examination of a case of this kind with a view to a practical remedy."

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Salisbury has granted a reduction of 20 per cent. off the half-year's rent of the agricultural tenants on his Hertfordshire estates.—Notice has been given by the London School Board to the managers of theatres where children are employed in pantomimes that, to protect children from being illegally employed, the Board will enforce the law against such managers as employ in that way children of school age.—A Committee has been formed at a meeting presided over by Lord Coleridge to promote the erection of a memorial to Christopher Marlowe at Canterbury, the birthplace of that ill-fated Elizabethan dramatist.—The University Lectureship of Geology at Cambridge, of the value of 200*l.* a year, is vacant through the resignation of Dr. Guillemin.—Attempts are being made to start a movement for holding at Belfast in 1890 a grand International Exhibition of Art and Industry.

THE DEATH, in his sixty-sixth year, is announced, of Sir William Pearce, a Jubilee baronet, since 1885 Conservative M.P. for the Govan division of Lanarkshire, and since 1878 sole partner in the great Glasgow ship-building firm of John Elder and Co., which under his auspices has constructed whole fleets, home, foreign, and colonial, comprising the fastest-going ocean-steamers afloat. One of his most signal achievements was during the Soudan War, when he built in twenty-eight days eleven stern-wheel vessels for bringing the troops up the Nile. He was chairman of the Guion and the Scottish Oriental Steamship Companies, and served on the Royal Commissions on Tonnage, on Loss of Life at Sea, and on the Depression of Trade.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his eighty-eighth year, of Mr. Laurence Peel, last surviving brother of Sir Robert Peel, the statesman; in his seventy-sixth year, of Colonel the Hon. Augustus Liddell, third son of the first Lord Ravensworth, and since 1876 Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Great Park; in his seventy-first year, of Sir Brodrick Hartwell, Bart.; in his seventy-second year, of Admiral Sir Charles F. Hillyar, who was Captain of the *Gladiator* during the siege of Sebastopol, and Commander-in-Chief in the China waters, 1877-8; in his forty-ninth year, of Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur B. Coddington, R.E., Commanding Ordnance Survey of Ireland; in his ninety-fourth year, of the Rev. Henry Bull, Honorary Canon of Christchurch, Oxford, one of the oldest clergymen in the United Kingdom; in his fifty-seventh year, of the Rev. George French, H.M.'s Inspector of Schools; in his eightieth year, of Mr. Andrew Doyle, late H.M.'s Inspector in the Local Government Board; in his eighty-fourth year, of Mr. Richard Redgrave, the eminent R.A. (retired), author, with his brother Samuel, of that useful history and biography of British Art from the time of Hogarth, "A Century of Painters;" and of Mr. James Selby, the well-known whip of the "Old Times" coach, who recently covered the distance between London and Brighton and back in the unprecedentedly short time of 7 hours 50 minutes.



THE long Session of 1888 has practically come to a close; but not absolutely, for there will be necessity for both Houses to meet on Monday in order to accomplish the formality of the Prorogation. That on the 24th of December Parliament should be prorogued is a circumstance entirely due to the fact that the next day is Christmas Day. Had it not been for that fortuitous circumstance there is no reason why the House of Commons should not have gone on sitting for another month or six weeks. Having, however, no alternative between peremptorily winding up business, so as to be able to rise on Christmas Eve, or sitting over Christmas Day, things so fell out that the Prorogation on the 24th was made possible. But it was only just possible, and so narrowly were things run that it was only by taking the resolute course of sitting through Tuesday night to whatever hour was necessary for passing the remaining votes on Supply that the scandal of adjourning over Christmas Day was avoided.

It was on Thursday in last week that the clouds suddenly lifted, and the prospect of the Prorogation became clear. When the House met there remained to be dealt with what was practically the bulk of votes in Supply; there were all the contentious votes in the Navy Estimates and the Army Estimates, whilst of the Scotch and Irish, the nuts hardest to crack had been left over till now. Lord Charles Beresford was in his place with a portentous indictment of the Admiralty; Lord Randolph Churchill, supported by Mr. Hanbury, Mr. Jennings, and others, was ready to follow with an attack on the War Office. Then the Scotch members would bring up their criticism on the National Education System, upon the Crofters' Emigration Scheme, and other stirring questions; whilst, as for the Irish members, they had to discuss, amongst half-a-dozen other bristling questions, the Prison Vote—good, as long experience had shown, for several nights' debate. If Parliament were to be prorogued before Christmas Day, all these things must be disposed of before the House rose on Tuesday. Mr. Smith, sitting on the Treasury Bench, plainly fagged out, looked drearily before him and saw no prospect of deliverance.

But it is the unexpected that happens in Parliament, and the rule has been strikingly exemplified in the events of this closing week. Lord Charles Beresford fired his broadside into the Admiralty; and on the first Vote taken in hand there was a prolonged series of speech-deliveries, which brought the sitting up to midnight. If the remaining Votes were to be discussed in equal

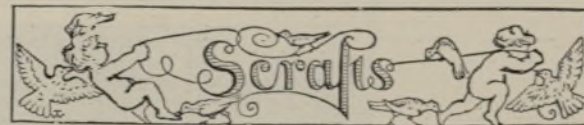
proportion, a fortnight would be required for the Navy Estimates alone. But the Vote having been agreed to without a division, the spell was broken. Mr. Courtney—breathless partly with amazement, and principally with the rapid recitation of particulars—ran through Vote after Vote, putting the question that each pass, and no one saying him nay. The House adjourned before one o'clock, and every Vote in the Navy Estimates was agreed to.

Much the same thing happened on the next day, when the Army Votes were taken. The process of agreement was in fact more rapid. There was a morning sitting, a dangerous situation for a Minister in charge of Votes threatened with organised opposition. It required only that members should talk on the first Vote submitted till ten minutes to seven, when, the sitting being peremptorily suspended, all the Votes must stand over. But on the very threshold opposition was postponed, and so rapidly were the Votes run through that forty minutes before the usual hour of adjournment after a morning sitting the House found it had no work to do, and accordingly went off to early dinner. The Scotch members had a gruesome day on Saturday, and the Irish members made the most of their last opportunity, which came on Tuesday. But there was no heart in either day's proceedings, and before Tuesday's sitting was closed Committee of Supply was concluded, and the road cleared for the introduction of the Appropriation Bill.

On Monday the Consular Votes being under discussion offered an opportunity for serious debate on Suakin, which was promptly seized from the Front Opposition Bench. Lord Randolph Churchill, just now in temporary alliance with Mr. Gladstone and his friends, had placed on the paper an exceedingly awkward question. Speaking in March last, without foreboding of a new Christmas campaign in the Soudan, Lord Salisbury had declared the retention of Suakin to be of no advantage to the Egyptian Government. "Speaking from the point of view of that Government's own interest," Lord Salisbury had added, "I should say, 'Abandon Suakin at once.'" Lord Randolph Churchill wanted to know whether in view of that statement Her Majesty's Government now intend to impose upon the Egyptian revenues the whole or any part of the cost incurred recently in the defence of Suakin. Sir James Fergusson read out a curious reply, declaring the statement made by the Prime Minister to be the expression of his own opinion, a novel construction of an announcement made by the Prime Minister from his place in the House of Lords, which greatly fluttered not only Lord Randolph Churchill, but Mr. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley. Mr. Gladstone, irresistibly drawn back to the House by the prospect of an important debate, took part in the proceedings with a moderation of tone and language that extorted a tribute of grateful thanks from Mr. Stanhope. There was nothing to complain of in the statesmanlike speech of Mr. John Morley, but Lord Randolph Churchill made amends for any shortcomings on the front Opposition Bench by the vigour and venom of his attack on the Ministry. The House was remarkably full during the debate, but fell away at the dinner-hour, and when the division was called only 241 voted in it—76 against granting the Vote, and 165 in its favour.

This was the last pitched battle of a busy Session. On the next night the Benches were almost empty, save for the presence of the fog that swooped down on the place and, in spite of cotton wool lavishly used in the ventilating chambers, filled every cranny. Mr. Gladstone, faithful to the last, looked in to put a question to Mr. Balfour, and then skated off, bound for sunnier climes. The honours of the evening rested with the House of Lords, where Lord Denman presented himself with a Bill designed to repeal the Local Government Act passed in the Summer Session. Lord Denman sometimes makes fretful complaint that the London Press do not do full justice to his eloquence, the originality of his inceptions, and the strength of his arguments. But he cannot complain of any discourtesy on the part of his peers. His motion was treated with delicious gravity. He made his speech, and the sixteen noble lords present seemed to pay courteous attention to his remarks. When he had quite made an end of speaking, the Lord Chancellor rose, and in the same matter-of-fact manner as he had put the second reading of the Local Government Bill when it had reached the Lords in charge of a Minister, he now put the second reading of Lord Denman's Bill repealing the great Act of the Session. "Those that are of that opinion say 'Content,' contrary 'Not content'; the 'Not contents' have it," said the Lord Chancellor, slowly looking round the House as if desirous of giving a full opportunity to anyone to challenge his decision. But even Lord Denman had nothing to say, and the closing Session leaves the Local Government Bill undisturbed.

ALMANACS, DIARIES, &c.—One of the most extensively used and widely known reference books is "Whitaker's Almanac" (J. Whitaker and Son), of which we have just received the latest issue (1889). There is an increase of some sixty pages over last year's, owing to the numerous additions to the present volume, chief amongst which we may mention, papers on Educational Progress; the new Local Government Act; Uniforms, Badges, and Rates of Pay of all Ranks and Departments in the Army, and a Return of the Commissions given to men who have risen from the ranks since the abolition of purchase in the Army. We may also mention that "Whitaker's Almanac" attains its majority next year.—We have to acknowledge from Messrs. Burns and Oates, 28, Orchard Street, W., the "Catholic Directory" for 1889, in which is to be found a great deal of information serviceable to the clergy. A useful feature of the book is a list of the priests of Great Britain.—"Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage" (Whittaker and Co., 2, White Hart Street, E.C.), of which we have received the forty-ninth annual issue, still maintains the reputation it has gained for being a compact, useful, and handy book of reference.—The diaries of Messrs. Eason and Sons, 80, Middle Abbey Street, Dublin, are both useful and novel productions, ranging from the usual pocket-book size to about two inches square. The "Princess" note-book, which is indexed for every month of the year, and for engagements, calls, letters, &c., is especially to be commended. We may also mention the "Perpetual Index Diary," which comprises several years, the "Index Diary for One Month," and several note-books, all capitally indexed.—The "Garden Oracle and Floricultural Year-Book for 1889," by Shirley Hibberd (Gardener's Magazine Office, 4, Ave Maria Lane, E.C.), makes its thirty-first annual appearance, full of interesting information useful to horticulturists. No one after consulting this book need be at a loss to know the best time of year for potting and cutting plants, disbudding, &c. The selections of plants and flowers for 1889, given at the end of the book, will no doubt also be serviceable.—Based on similar lines, and containing very similar information, is "Glenny's Garden Almanac and Florists' Directory" for 1889, which, we are assured "has become a household treasure in the home of many a gardener who has profited by the hints and suggestions given in its pages."—Excellent in its way too, is the "Live Stock Journal Almanac," for 1889 (Vinton and Co., 9, New Broad Street, E.C.), which contains forty-seven original articles on a variety of animals and birds—the whole business of stock breeding is fully discussed—and it is illustrated with a number of good engravings. All owners of live stock should find this an extremely handy book of reference.—Messrs. Cassell and Co. have issued a new edition of "A Year's Cookery," by Phyllis Browne, which gives recipes for dishes for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, for every day in the year. All housekeepers will find this book invaluable for preparing a variety of excellent dishes economically.—Some very pretty cards are those by Miss E. G. Cohen, published by Messrs. Mansell and Co. They are graceful studies of pretty girls' heads.



TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED LADY DOCTORS are now practising in the United States.

THE NEW ASTRONOMER-ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND is Mr. Ralph Copeland, Ph.D., P.R.A.S., who replaces Professor Piazzi Smyth, resigned.

THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT from his mother is a small white dog-cart, drawn by a spirited little pony harnessed in the Spanish colours.

PICTURE-THIEVES ARE ABROAD AGAIN, hunting up Old Masters. Thus, the Church of St. Peter at Perugia has just lost its altar-piece, a valuable Raphael, depicting the Entombment of Christ.

THE RECENT EMANCIPATION of all slaves in Brazil has depreciated the national prosperity for a time. Cultivated lands have decreased in value, as the old compulsory labour system is destroyed, and the former slaves do not yet understand voluntary work. So most industries suffer, and the Empire is now passing through a very trying transition period.

SOME RELICS OF KING CHARLES I. were removed from his coffin in the vault of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, during certain investigations, seventy years ago. After many vicissitudes, these relics ultimately came into the possession of the Prince of Wales, who, last week when at Windsor, replaced them in the vault without, however, disturbing the unfortunate monarch's coffin.

EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY is writing an account of his recent trip to Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, so a Hamburg journal states. Determined to banish French terms as far as possible, the Sovereign forbids the use of the traditional expression, "Maison Militaire," hitherto applied to the military members of his household. They must be called his "Militärisches Gefolge"—or military suite—for the future.

THE CHINESE NAVY is fast becoming a very formidable force, and the Colonies tell us that the Australians begin to think that in future immigration difficulties with the Celestial Empire they will have to reckon with China as a first-class naval Power. There are now three powerful squadrons of Chinese men-of-war, armed with the latest type of ordnance, and well manned and equipped, in every respect able to cope with European ironclads.

ANOTHER TAX ON TRAVELLERS passing through the Channel ports has been imposed by the French Government. This additional 7*d.* raises the tax to 1*s.* 6*d.* per head on persons entering or leaving the French harbours, so that, considering the traffic which may be expected next year during the Paris Exhibition, the revenue will pocket a fair sum. The tax is ostensibly levied on account of the outlay necessary to improve the French harbours.

PARISIAN CHILDREN MOURN A DEAR OLD FRIEND, just as small Londoners lamented for Jumbo. The big elephant of the Jardin des Plantes has died of lung-disease, after inhabiting the gardens for twenty-six years. She was not very young when she came to Paris, and lately had shown many signs of advancing age, having lost all her teeth but one, and trembling continually, as if troubled with palsy. When the keeper went into her house the other morning the elephant was lying down quite dead.

THE FIRST SERIES of the new French Bank-notes were issued on Monday. At present only the 500-franc notes are out; those for 100 francs will follow early in the New Year. To avoid further forgeries, considerable alterations have been made in the design and in the colouring, a light pink giving a violet tinge to the blue lettering, medallions, &c. A head of Mercury and an allegorical figure of Strength now occupy the centre of the note, the lettering being placed above, instead of the old design of two children and a caduceus.

THE COLD AND THE WARM WEATHER IN CHINA are respectively supposed to typify the predominant influence of the military and the civil power. Thus, whilst the civil officials go through the ceremony of "meeting the spring," the military officials duly "greet the autumn," and the latter ceremony was recently performed by the garrison of Canton. On the night preceding the "Festival of Descending Frosts," at the end of October, the garrison marched out, with bands playing and colours flying, to a neighbouring temple, where they offered sacrifices to the deity of the season, the Dark Goddess, according to ancient national custom.

TRAINING THE YOUNG IN ANARCHIST DOCTRINES is pursued most steadily just now in Chicago by the Anarchist Sunday Schools. These improving institutions were first started last summer, and have rapidly grown, till now some 3,000 children are taught in the various schools every Sunday. The scholars—aged from five to fifteen—are gathered in some room at the rear of a drinking saloon, and harangued by rabid Anarchists on the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. The gist of the teaching is that there is no God, Heaven, or future life, and that death ends all things; that the Socialist cause has its martyrs, such as Spies and Parsons, who died on the Cook County Gaol gallows—the "Anarchistic Calvary;" that the good, the rich, and the police are the enemies and oppressors of the people, and must be crushed, and that the sole means of remedying poverty is to rise in revolution and overthrow the existing order of things. Moderate minded people are asking why the law does not interfere.

MR. GLADSTONE'S ITALIAN HOME at Posilipo, near Naples, where he will spend the next few weeks, is reckoned one of the most delightful residences in the neighbourhood. This villa of Rocca Bella was the last house on the mainland occupied by Garibaldi before he retired to Caprera. It stands under a steep height, far below the main highway of Posilipo, sheltered from noise and the north and west winds, but commanding a splendid view of the Bay of Naples, Vesuvius, the Sorrentine Peninsula, and the Island of Capri. As the Italian correspondent of the *American Register* points out, Mr. Gladstone can revel here in his favourite classical memories. Not far away are the ruins of the villa of Vedius Pollio, from whose name, "Pausilipon," the promontory derived its own name of Posilipo, and where the Roman patrician entertained the Emperor Augustus. Climbing the hill of Posilipo, the statesman may find the farm of Virgil, where the poet wrote part of the "Georgics," and the "Æneid," and the whole district is associated with the great names of classical days.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,455 deaths were registered, against 1,461 during the previous seven days, a fall of 6, being 404 below the average, and at the rate of 17.7 per 1,000. These deaths included 154 from measles (a rise of 15, and 97 above the average), 17 from scarlet-fever (a fall of 13), 39 from diphtheria (an increase of 4), 14 from whooping-cough (a rise of 1), 18 from enteric fever (an increase of 6), 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 8), and not one from small-pox, typhus, ill-defined forms of fever, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 330, a rise of 53, but were 211 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 40 deaths; 33 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 10 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. There were 2,291 births registered, against 2,644 during the previous week, being 452 below the average.



HALF WAY ACROSS



SURPRISE



RESUMED APATHY



WELL PROTECTED FROM THE SUN

COREAN PORTERS



THE INTERPRETER GRACEFULLY (?)
TURNS BACK



THEIR FIRST TASTE OF BREAD
AND JAM

AN ENGLISHMAN'S JOURNEY ACROSS

It is considered dangerous for Europeans to penetrate into the interior of Corea. The plucky hero of this story determined, however, to run the risks. He took port, b



DEGREES OF ECSTASY: "BREAD AND BUTTER," AND "BREAD AND BUTTER WITH JAM"



HE MEETS HIS MATCH—AND STRIKES



SETTING PRELIMINARIES FOR THE START



BY PANTOMIME THEY SUGGEST THEIR LONGING FOR FIRE-WATER AND TOBACCO



THE SINEWS OF WAR—CASH



A CORDIAL RECEPTION AT THE JOURNEY'S END. THE COLONEL IS LEFT SAFE, SERENE, AND SMOKING

ROS COREA WITH BREAD AND JAM

He took no port, but provided himself with pots of jam and matches. With these simple means he propitiated the natives, and brought his journey to a safe conclusion



GENERAL GRENELL gained a brilliant victory on Thursday morning at Suakin. He advanced at seven o'clock with both the English and Egyptian forces, numbering some 4,000 men, and stormed the Arab redoubts and trenches with complete success, the enemy being driven out in about half an hour. The cavalry made a dashing charge upon the fugitives, who were driven into the bush, and fled towards Hasheem and Tamar, the whole affair being over by eight o'clock. Our troops were to encamp on the battle-field. Their loss was but slight, that of the Arabs being over 1,000 killed and wounded. The attack was fully expected, as reinforcements had been arriving throughout the week, and General Grenell had made several important reconnaissances. Heavy firing had been constantly maintained upon the Arab positions by the forts with considerable effect, and on Tuesday our guns demolished the enemy's redoubt in front of the Shahta or Right Water Fort. Colonels Shakespeare and Lewis had been appointed to the command of the Gemaizeh and Shahta Forts respectively, and had taken up their quarters there. The enemy kept up a desultory fire with little or no effect upon our lines, and were stated to have already sustained severe losses. Another report, however, stated that they had received reinforcements from Khartoum, and that the besieging force numbered 4,000. This force does not appear to have been composed of the neighbouring tribes, such as the Hadendawas, the Amaras, Gamilabs, and others, but to have consisted mainly of Dervishes from Khartoum, whose action is not wholly viewed with favour by the tribes, and who, now that they have been defeated, will be probably repudiated by them.

Much anxiety has been caused this week by a letter from Osman Digma to General Grenell at Suakin, announcing that Emin Pasha and a white traveller (supposed to be Stanley) were in the hands of the Mahdi, and enclosing a letter from Omar Salih, a Mahdist chieftain, who captured them. Osman's letter is in answer to one from Major Rundle in August, inquiring about the "white traveller" who had been heard of in the Soudan. Osman writes, "The Khalifa sent steamers to the Equator, commanded by one of our chiefs named Omar Salih; they reached Lado, and on their arrival there they found that the troops of the Governor (Emin Pasha), which were composed of military men and officials, had captured the Governor with a traveller who was with him; they put him in chains, and delivered them into the hands of our Chief. Now all the province is in our hands, and all the inhabitants have submitted to the Mahdi." In token of the truth of these statements, Osman sends a copy of the letter of authorisation which had been given by the Khedive to Stanley, and a dozen Snider cartridges, stated to have formed part of the captured ammunition. Omar Salih's letter goes more into details, states that he reached Lado on October 12th, that Emin Pasha and a traveller, whom he distinctly identifies as Stanley, had been handed over to him, that their followers declined to return to Cairo, but preferred remaining with him, and that he hoped to capture another traveller who came to Emin, but had returned. The pieces of evidence which Osman sent to General Grenell are not considered to be of any importance, as a copy of the Khedive's letter to Stanley would not have been difficult to obtain, while the Snider cartridges were dated 1879, and never belonged to Stanley. They have since been identified by Dr. Felkin as a portion of a camel-load which he threw away when he was leaving Khartoum. In many quarters the letter is looked upon as a ruse on the part of Osman Digma to induce the British at Suakin to suspend hostilities, and enter into negotiations for the release of the alleged captives, and there is a very general opinion that while the story of Emin's capture is very likely to be true, the traveller mentioned is certainly not Stanley, who would have found some way of sending word to Zanzibar had he reached Emin safely. It is also pointed out that had so important a capture been effected, the news would have spread far and wide, and that the Mahdi would have made much capital out of it, instead of merely announcing it in a letter to Osman Digma. Moreover, if dates are considered there would have hardly been time for a messenger to have reached Osman Digma with the letter in question. We may remind our readers that Stanley's last letter was dated June 19th, 1887, and that he was then in an entrenched camp at the point where the Aruwimi joins the Congo. Since that time there has been no authentic news either from or of him.

In GERMANY the reported capture of Emin and Stanley has created as much interest as in England, owing to the proposed expeditions of Lieutenant Wissmann and Dr. Peters for Emin's relief. The news, however, is not regarded as sufficiently authentic to justify the abandonment of the expeditions, and the promoters are continuing their preparations. Lieutenant Wissmann will shortly go to Zanzibar, and there be guided by the course of events. In July Mr. Mackinnon sent native messengers southwards from Suakin to gather news of Stanley, and he is daily expecting their return, when the truth of Osman Digma's statements will be practically tested. The debate on Dr. Windthorst's Anti-Slavery motion at the close of last week in the Reichstag showed that the Deputies (Socialists and German Liberals excepted) were perfectly ready to support the Government in a vigorous East African policy. Count Herbert Bismarck, who made his first speech on a matter of national importance, spoke warmly in favour of action in common with England, "with her spirit of enterprise and mighty capital," and announced that a Government Bill on the subject would shortly be brought forward. "We shall propose in it the enlistment of police soldiers," he remarked, "but shall not determine executive details till we receive hints from the House." He wished to come to an understanding with the leaders of parties in order to convince them that "we shall keep strictly within the limits prescribed by the attitude of the Empire towards Colonial enterprises. The disburdenment of the navy," he continued, "seems to us necessary, and we therefore intend to establish a land blockade, for which about four hundred negroes under thirty will suffice." Meanwhile, as a token of encouragement, the Emperor has already announced a distribution of medals for "distinguished conduct" among the officers and crew of the German blockading fleet, Rear-Admiral Deinhardt receiving the Red Eagle. At Zanzibar matters are evidently unsatisfactory. The Sultan has summarily executed some prisoners condemned to life imprisonment by his predecessor, and announced his resolution in future to govern strictly by the Mahomedan law. Much trouble is caused by the number of unemployed Germans, who get drunk and create disturbances in the street. In the interior there has been a great massacre of Masais by a neighbouring tribe, and a long tribal war is threatened.

In FRANCE, the financial failure of the Panama Canal Company, and the refusal of the Chamber to authorise a three months' suspension of payments, has been the all-absorbing topic. As 870,000 investors have already put 60,000,000 into the enterprise, it can easily be gathered that the interest in the matter is not confined to a few Parisian capitalists, but is spread far and wide throughout the country, down to the most obscure villages, where the peasants have devoted their spare francs to supporting M. De Lesseps's great scheme. At the same time, it is absurd to talk about the investors being ruined. The French are a very thrifty class, and these invest-

ments have, in the very great majority of cases, been made from savings, and not from actual capital, which the careful Gaul generally prefers to trust to the "sweet simplicity" of Four per Cent. Government Stock. To give a chronicle of events, the subscriptions to the bonds did not amount to half the sum which M. De Lesseps had put down as a minimum, so at the close of last week the Company officially suspended payment of all drawn bonds and coupons (save the Lottery Bonds, which are secured by a cash deposit), and, at the request of the Directors, three judicial liquidators, M. Hué, Baudelot, and De Normandie, were appointed. A bill was also brought into the Chamber by the Ministry to enable the Company to suspend payment for three months, which would afford time for a new temporary Company to be organised—the money for which was ready to be subscribed.

The Chamber, however, threw the measure out by 256 votes to 181, and declared that it was for the Tribunals to grant or refuse such a request. On learning the refusal, M. de Lesseps remarked that the Suez Canal Company had for two years suspended the payment of coupons, and the Corinth Canal Company had done the same, without Government or legislative intervention. He did not think that a declaration of bankruptcy would be applied for; and, as to what had better be done, the temporary directors would report upon this as soon as they had examined the books. The works were going on actively, and would not be stopped. A stoppage must be avoided, and the temporary directors shared his opinion. How the funds were to be raised for this, however, M. de Lesseps did not reveal; but it appears that there is still some available money in hand. There have been daily crowds in the Panama Company's Hall, where the deposit money on the abortive loan has been returned, and shareholders have been asked to sign a paper promising to take part in a new loan, and to agree to the suspension of interest. As might be imagined, some very lively scenes have taken place. Meanwhile, for fear of an outbreak in the isthmus, the United States, which has ever evinced a deep interest in the Canal, is very kindly sending two ships of war there—an example which has been promptly imitated by France.

In PARIS there are signs of the Christmas and New Year's festivities in the Boulevard shops, and the theatres are now in full swing. There have been two important novelties, *L'Escadron Volant de la Reine* (the Maids of Honour of Catherine de Medicis), a three-act comic opera, at the Opéra Comique, to which M. Henri Litoff has supplied the music and MM. Adolphe d'Ennery and Jules Bresil the libretto, and *La Sécurité des Familles*, an amusing three-act comedy, at the Vaudeville, by M. Albin Valabregue. The chief political event of the week has been a brilliant speech in the Senate by M. Challemeil-Lacour, who reviewed the situation with much force and shrewdness, attributing all the present evils to over deference to the Radical element, and exhorted Republicans, if they wished to save the Republic, to ally themselves with the Right. The Boulangists have been quiescent, and announce that they will not contest any more by-elections, but reserve their strength for the General Election. The General has now frankly acknowledged to a correspondent of the *New York World* that he would like to be French President, and is confident that he will be some day. There has been one big financial failure in consequence of the Panama Canal catastrophe, that of M. Bex, a well-known official stockbroker. A curious trial has taken place of the ex-Governor of Senegal, M. Genouille, for having by official neglect left four negroes to starve on one of the Alcatraz Isles on the Senegal coast. They had been placed in charge of the island in October, 1887, and were then apparently forgotten by everybody until their bodies were found by a captain of a gunboat who had landed on the island lying starved to death at the foot of the flagstaff. Judgment has been deferred until next month.

In INDIA the Marquis of Dufferin made a farewell speech before leaving Bombay, in which he said that he handed over India to his successor without a cloud on the horizon. The Tibetan difficulty might be considered as settled; the princes and people of India were contented; her finances were in a state of equilibrium, notwithstanding the Burma, Sikkim, and Black Mountain campaigns; and there were no internal questions on hand which could not be easily solved by "patience, firmness, and sympathetic sagacity, of which no one possessed more than the present Viceroy." He trusted that he had also done something towards enabling India to discriminate between vain dreams and possible realities, and to comprehend what she really wanted, as distinguished from that she neither needed nor wanted, and which could not be given to her. With regard to the little difficulties which, *pace* Lord Dufferin, are still on hand, the Chinese Envoy was expected at Gnatong yesterday (Friday), when the final negotiations on the Tibetan question would be discussed. Another little expedition of twelve thousand men is being organised—this time against the Chittagong tribes, who recently made a serious raid, killing twenty-two natives. In Burma, also, the time granted to Sawlapaw, chief of the Red Karens, to submit and pay an indemnity having expired, active operations are to be undertaken against him, and a force under Brigadier-General Collett is being organised for that purpose.

RUSSIA has not yet got over her ill temper at what her journals are pleased to consider the intrigues of Sir Drummond Wolff in Persia. The Shah has yielded to the pressure put upon him, and has allowed a Russian Consulate to be established at Meshed, and now influence is being brought upon him with regard to the frontier railway, and the free exportation of grain to the Russian frontier. In SERBIA the elections for the great Skupschtina have resulted in an absolute victory for the Radicals, who, when that body meets on Monday next, are considered certain to refuse to accept the draft constitution. The speech from the throne will be from the King's own pen, and it is stated that he will declare that there is no reason for a change of Ministry. Reports are rife of Russian intrigues. It is asserted that Russia openly supports the Radical party, and that Russian troops are being moved to the frontier so as to prevent all communication between Serbia and Hungary in case the crisis should lead to a revolution. The Secretary of the Russian Embassy at Vienna has also started in a Montenegrin yacht on a mysterious visit to the Pretender, Prince Karageorgievitch, who is at Abaziza. In the UNITED STATES the mere news of the despatch of two war vessels to Haiti has had its effect, and the captured American vessel has been sent to New York. In SOUTH AFRICA King Umbandine of Swaziland has massacred the Prime Minister and six chiefs and their people owing to an alleged plot against his life. This summary action of the King in nipping revolution in the bud will probably result, the *Times* correspondent tells us, in "a more complete recognition of his authority."



THE QUEEN is now in the Isle of Wight. Before leaving Windsor Her Majesty on Saturday gave audience to the Spanish Ambassador, who presented his letters of recall, and to the Marquis of Salisbury, who with the Bishop of Wakefield joined the Royal party at dinner in the evening. Next morning the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where

the Bishop of Wakefield preached, and after the service the Empress Frederick and Princesses Sophie and Margaret came up to town and lunched with the Prince and Princess of Wales. Subsequently they attended a special service at the Greek Church of St. Sophia, Bayswater, where they were received by the Church officials, the Greek Minister, and the German Ambassador. The church was strewn with laurel leaves in their honour. The Empress and daughters then returned to Windsor to meet Prince and Princess Christian, the German Ambassador, and the Bishop of Wakefield at dinner, Princess Christian having also lunched with the Queen. On Monday Her Majesty held a Council, attended by Viscount Cranbrook, Earl Cadogan, and the Marquis of Lothian, the Queen subsequently giving audience to Lord Cranbrook. Meanwhile the Empress Frederick and Princess Victoria came to town shopping, and visited the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street. The Queen, the Empress Frederick and her three daughters, and the little Prince and Princess of Battenberg left Windsor on Tuesday afternoon for Osborne, having delayed their departure two hours owing to thick fog. The Royal party took lunch in the train during the journey, and arrived at Osborne in the afternoon. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg will shortly rejoin the Royal party at Osborne after attending the funeral, at Darmstadt, of the Prince's father, Prince Alexander of Hesse, who died on Saturday morning, aged 65. Soon after their return, the Empress Frederick and her daughters will go to Sandringham to stay with the Prince and Princess of Wales before leaving England.

The Prince and Princess of Wales received another Silver Wedding gift on Saturday—a silver shield from the people of South Wales and Monmouthshire, which was presented by the Duke of Beaufort as Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, Mr. Alderman Evans, and Mr. J. C. Parkinson. In the afternoon the Prince and Princess, with Princes Albert Victor and George, and Princesses Louise and Maud drove to Ealing to open the Jubilee, or Victoria Memorial Hall, receiving an enthusiastic welcome in that suburb. Next morning the Prince and Princess and family attended Divine Service, and entertained the Empress Frederick to lunch, while in the evening the Prince went down to Wadhurst Park, Essex, on a visit to Mr. de Murietta. During his absence Prince Albert Victor presided on Monday as Sub-Prior at a chapter-general of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, where Prince George was received as a Knight of Justice of the Order. The Empress Frederick has also joined the Order. In the evening Prince Albert Victor went down to Dorsetshire to stay with Lord and Lady Wimborne, while the Princess of Wales with her three daughters and Prince George went to the Gaiety Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince of Wales returned to town, and with the Princess, Prince George and the three Princesses visited the Opera Comique. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince was to unveil the Wellington Statue at Hyde Park Corner. The Prince and Princess and family leave town at the end of the week for Sandringham to spend Christmas.

Prince and Princess Christian on Monday attended the funeral of the Hon. A. Liddell, in Clewer Churchyard. On Tuesday the Princess opened a sale of work and Christmas Fête at Christ Church Parish Room, Watney Street, St. George's-in-the-East.—The Duchess of Albany and her children have gone to Homburg.—The Czarina's health has been so shaken by the late accident at Borki that a special French doctor has been summoned to attend her at St. Petersburg.—The marriage of the Czar's youngest brother the Grand Duke Paul, with Princess Alexandra of Greece is fixed for June next, while that of the Duke of Sparta with Princess Sophia of Prussia will be celebrated at Athens in September.



THE BISHOP OF SYDNEY, DR. BARRY, intends to resign that See, and will return to England, about Easter, to act as Assistant-Bishop in the Diocese of Rochester.

THE *Record* intimates with regret that the accomplished Dean of Wells, Dr. Plumptre, is "seriously ill," and that the Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, Bart., is about to resign the living of St. John's, Paddington, which he has held for twenty-one years.—The same journal learns with much pleasure that the living of St. George's, Battersea, has been accepted by the Rev. G. F. Whidborne, "so well known to, and esteemed by, the Evangelical Churchmen of London."

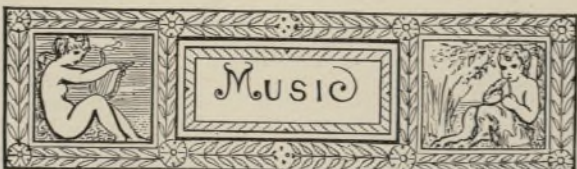
THE CORPORATION OF LONDON have appointed the Rev. H. E. J. Bevan, Rector of St. Andrew's, Stoke Newington, to be Gresham Lecturer in Divinity in succession to the late Dean Burgon.

UPWARDS of 43,000*l.* have been raised for the Clergy Distress Fund, separately administered by the Corporation of Assistants of the Sons of the Clergy for the relief of the many unfortunate among those clergymen who are dependent for their income on glebe or tithe. During the present year grants to the amount of 13,500*l.* have been made from it.

A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, the Rev. Dr. Rintoul, having been selected as the Conservative candidate for the representation of Woolwich in the London County Council, the Presbytery of London has been asked to say whether its members deem it legitimate and desirable for a minister of the Presbyterian Church of England to act in that capacity.

THE ELABORATE MEMORIAL WINDOW to Admiral Blake in St. Margaret's, Westminster, previously referred to in this column, was unveiled on Tuesday by Lord Charles Beresford. In an appropriate address he indicated the salient points in the character and incidents in the career of the great sailor of the Commonwealth, who was, he said, the first man that ever made the name of England respected abroad. In introducing Lord Charles Beresford, Archdeacon Farrar, to whose exertions the memorial is chiefly due, after referring to the death of Blake on board his ship as it was entering Plymouth Harbour after his splendid victory at Santa Cruz, said that the only other memorial to him being a simple bust placed in his native town of Bridgwater, they were assembled to do an act of national reparation just two hundred and thirty-one years since the news of Santa Cruz was received in England.

MISCELLANEOUS.—At Birmingham there is some talk of commemorating the Jubilee of incorporation by raising 100,000*l.* to give that newly-created city an Anglican Bishop of its own.—The Rev. H. L. Thompson, Rector of Iron Acton, Gloucestershire, has been appointed Warden of Radley College, Oxford, in succession to Mr. Wilson, who has been appointed Warden of Keble College.—The Wesleyan community have given up their intention to erect a Centenary Hall on the Thames Embankment, where they had agreed to lease a site for that purpose.—According to the "Catholic Directory" for 1889, there are in England and Wales 2,388 priests, who serve 1,306 churches, chapels, and missionary stations.—The historic ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, one of the most complete and interesting survivals of the kind in England, have been purchased by a number of Leeds gentlemen for the sum of 10,000*l.*, and the Abbey House for 3,000*l.* The ruins and the twelve acres of ground which enclose them will be retained for the use of the public.



THE present week practically closes the musical season, so far as 1888 is concerned. The recess will, however, be short, as the Ballad Concerts begin again on January 5th, and the Popular, London Symphony, and other performances shortly afterwards. The feverish activity of the past few weeks has told alike on artists and audiences. It is conjectured that, apart from Smoking Concerts, London amateurs have been offered something like one hundred and thirty musical performances in the course of a single winter month, a result which must necessarily have affected at any rate the finances of several concerts which, under less extraordinary conditions, deserved to have paid well. From now, however, till after the first week of January, we need not expect much more than Academy Concerts and performances of the *Messiah*.

CHORAL CONCERTS.—The Crystal Palace winter season closed on Saturday, when Dr. Parry's *Judith* was repeated by Messrs. Novello's Choir under Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. The cast and the manner of performance were pretty much the same as at St. James's Hall, save that Mr. Barton McGuckin replaced Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Brereton was engaged for the baritone music.—At the Albert Hall on the same afternoon, an enormous audience assembled for the *Golden Legend*, sung by the Royal Choral Society under Mr. Barnby, with Mesdames Nordica and Belle Cole, Messrs. Lloyd, Henschel, and Pope as leading vocalists. The singing of the choir was extremely good, and Mr. Barnby had great difficulty in preventing the public from encoring the unaccompanied "Evening Hymn."—On Thursday evening last week the lady students of the Hyde Park Academy of Music gave a successful concert, when among other things Henry Smart's *King René's Daughter* and Raff's *Vicissitudes* were performed by a female choir, under the conductorship of Mr. Henry F. Frost.—Cowen's *Rose Maiden* was sung on Friday by the Kensington Choral Society under Mr. W. Buels, and Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* was announced on Monday by the Westbourne Park Choir and Bayswater Orchestra.—On Tuesday Novello's choir gave a very good performance of the *Messiah*. Mesdames Hutchinson and Sterling, Messrs. Lloyd and Santley were the chief artists. Mr. Santley was in exceptionally good voice, but the peculiar style of Madame Antoinette Sterling is hardly suited to oratorio.

CHAMBER CONCERTS.—The Popular Concerts will close for Christmas after next Saturday, when Brahms' *Gipsy Songs* will be repeated. They were performed again last Monday, and in very excellent fashion, the chief vocalists then contriving to sing without endeavouring to shout each other down. Lady Hallé has happily sufficiently recovered from her illness to be able to appear at the Popular Concerts, but she still had to be assisted on and off the platform.—M. Henri Falcke, a Parisian pianist, and a pupil of M. Mathias, made his debut at a recital on Friday last week with moderate success.—Concerts have likewise been given by the Musical Artists' Society, Mr. Avant, Mr. Röver, and many others.

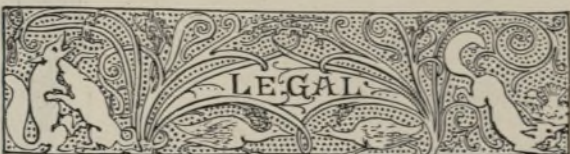
THE LYRIC THEATRE.—This new theatre, one of several contemplated along the line of Shaftesbury Avenue, was opened on Monday, when the 87th performance was given of *Dorothy*. Of the decorations of the new building, which being more or less original have called forth some criticism, this is hardly the place to speak. But it was at any rate obvious that the acoustical properties of the auditorium were excellent, the complete use of electric light and the total banishment of gas have rendered proper ventilation possible, the seats are commodious, the corridors are warmed so that draughts are avoided, and in short everything seems to have been done to render the house comfortable, even if some people could hardly consider it pretty. The second act was conducted by the composer, who was heartily cheered, but as all the performers, that is to say, Misses Marie Tempest, Augarde, Florence Perry, and Coveney; Messrs. Ben Davies, F. Cook, Coffin, King, Arthur Williams, and Hay—have been playing their several parts for nearly a couple of years, details would be superfluous. At the close of the performance Mr. Leslie, the proprietor, made a speech, promising a series of comedy operas of a similar character, and expressing a hope that he would be able to make the Lyric to London what the Opéra Comique is to Paris.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The students of the Royal College of Music gave a capital orchestral concert last week under the baton of Mr. Henry Holmes, the well-known violinist. Special praise is due to the playing, by Miss Ethel Sharpe, of Beethoven's C minor Concerto, and to Mr. Squire's performance of a violoncello solo. The programme likewise included Brahms' fourth Symphony and a prettily-scored *entr'acte*, for orchestra, by Mr. J. Barkworth.—A concert was given on Monday by the orchestra and choir of the Private Banks' Musical Society, which contains among its members gentlemen from most of the private banks of London.—On Monday, also, the students of Trinity College, London, gave a concert, the programme including Gounod's first Symphony, written in his early days, and originally produced here, in 1857, at the Crystal Palace, where it has since thrice been repeated. It contains no trace of the composer as he now is, and the minuet and *finale* are almost Mozartian.—On Wednesday afternoon an extra London Symphony Concert was given by Mr. Henschel. The programme was a popular one, including Beethoven's C minor Symphony, some songs, including Mr. Henschel's "Adieu de l'Hôte de l'Arabe," deliciously sung by Mrs. Henschel; and Wagner's *Faust* and *Tannhäuser* overtures.

MR. MCCUNN'S "LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."—The latest work (only his Opus 7) of the gifted young Scotchman, Mr. Hamish McCunn, was produced by the Glasgow Choral Union on Tuesday night, and in due course (on February 16th) it will be given at the Crystal Palace. The libretto, by the composer's father, illustrates certain scenes in Scott's poem, but the work is loosely strung together, and to those unacquainted with the original it will probably be totally incomprehensible. The music is framed more or less on the plan adopted by Dvorák in his *Spectre's Bride*, and by Mr. Corder in his *Bridal of Triermain*, that is to say, great use is made of choral recitative and choral descriptions, interspersed with, and accompanied by, illustrative orchestration of a most dramatic character. The most effective scenes in the first part are the opening choruses, the midnight ride of Sir William of Deloraine to Melrose Abbey, the description of the opening of the wizard's grave, and the death of the monk. At the commencement of the second part, the interest falls off, but it is revived when the borderers gather for war, and in the scenes of the siege of Branksome Hall, and of the tournament. The cantata, which will occupy only half a programme, ends with a massive setting of Scott's noble lines, "O Caledonia! stern and wild."

NOTES AND NEWS.—The reports which allude to a hitch in the arrangements for the next Royal Italian Opera season are understood to be without foundation.—The Leeds Festival has been fixed for October 9th to 12th.—At a meeting of the Bristol Festival Committee it was resolved to hold the next Festival two years hence, viz., in October, 1890.—Madame Patti was announced to make her reappearance in Paris on Wednesday. But she will return early in the new year to sing for Messrs. Harrison at the Albert Hall, on January 8th and 22nd.—A new violin suite by

Professor Stanford will be produced by Dr. Joachim, at Berlin, on the 14th prox., and will subsequently be heard at the London Philharmonic Concerts.—Mr. Sims Reeves has once more (this time on the fiftieth anniversary of his debut) decided to undertake a farewell tour of the United Kingdom. It will begin in March, and the great tenor proposes to make his last appearance on the concert platform next December.



SIR ROBERT STUART, Q.C., has been elected Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn in succession to Mr. Justice Kay.—Mr. Edward J. Castle, who was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1868, and this year became a Q.C., has been appointed Recorder of Winchester.—Mr. Poland, who has conducted so many Treasury prosecutions, has been made a Q.C.

THE POPULAR BOARD OF WORKS applied recently to the Queen's Bench Division for a mandamus to compel the East and West India Dock Company to make new bridges, or to improve the existing bridges, in order to facilitate the "public traffic" by high road and from the Isle of Dogs. It appeared that when bridges for that traffic were first built, in conformity with an Act of Parliament, its banks were nearly vacant, but now they are crowded with factories which turn out engines and other heavy machinery of great weight. It was not denied that the present bridges are sufficient for the kind of traffic which existed at the time they were made, though they may be insufficient to support the great weight of metal now sent out by the factories. The case was fully argued this week, when Lord Coleridge was of opinion that what was asked was not sought for in the interest of the public, but in that of certain manufacturers. The Act only required the bridges to carry "carriages, horses, and passengers" in the ordinary sense. In previous cases of a similar kind it had been decided that those requiring the carriage of extraordinary weights must pay for them. Mr. Justice Manisty concurring, the mandamus was refused.

A FEMALE PASSENGER alighting from a railway carriage at Heckmondwike fell, and suffered somewhat severe injuries. She sued the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company for damages, and a York jury gave her 396l. The Divisional Court, on the other hand, decided in favour of the defendants, on the ground that there was no evidence against them of negligence. The case was re-argued this week before the Court of Appeal. There was a foot-board about one foot below the floor of the carriage, and at a height of two feet above the platform. It was contended for the company that the passenger alighting in broad daylight, and not calling for assistance, deliberately accepted the risk. The Court of Appeal unanimously restored the verdict of the jury. It having been said that the defendant company had a large number of similar platforms on their railway, Lord Justice Fry remarked that the sooner the level of these platforms was altered the better it would be for the company.

IN A CASE, fully reported in this column at the time, and of some general interest from its connection with the licensing question, the Queen's Bench Division was called on to decide whether a licensing justice can legally refuse the renewal, as distinct from the original grant of a license, on the ground that it is not justified by the character and wants of the district. The Court decided that the justices at the annual licensing sessions had the same absolute discretion to grant or refuse renewals as they had to grant or refuse new licences. The Court of Appeal have affirmed this decision.



FOG has been the spoil-sport of the last few days, and has been almost as potent in this respect as his cousin Frost. The Windsor Steeplechase Meeting had to be postponed last week, and no end of minor events. The Fenmen, however, have had a little skating to amuse them.

MR. JAMES SELBY, the well-known "whip," died last week at the early age of forty-four. His most wonderful performance was in taking the "Old Times" coach to Brighton and back in less than eight hours last July. His funeral at Highgate Cemetery on Wednesday was very well attended, and more than a dozen coaches followed the hearse.

FOOTBALL.—That the Light Blue victory in the Inter-University Rugby Match was no fluke has been abundantly proved by the later doings of the teams, both of which have been on tour. It is true that Cambridge was compelled to succumb for the second time to Bradford, but on the other hand they beat Dublin University and Lansdowne. Oxford, on the contrary, were defeated by Edinburgh University and Manchester, and could only make a draw with Edinburgh Academicals, but beat Liverpool. There was some doubt on Saturday as to whether the fog at Blackheath would permit the match between North and South to be decided. It lifted sufficiently, however, and the result was a very even game. The Southerners were, perhaps, a little better individually, but this slight superiority was more than compensated for by the excellent combination of the Northerners, and by the loss of Mr. G. C. Hubbard, who unfortunately fell and broke his collar-bone in two places shortly before the end of the match; and the North won by a goal and a try to a try. The New Zealanders have been having matters all their own way lately. Their last victims are Broughton and Wigan, but Llanelli defeated them. On Wednesday their record was, 32 matches played, 20 wins, 9 losses, and 3 draws.

Saturday was a busy day with London Associationists, in spite of the fog, which did not conduce to accuracy of play. The match between London and the combined Eleven of Oxford and Cambridge had to be postponed, but several other important games were decided. At Leyton, the Casuals and Old Westminsters (holders of the London Senior Cup) met in the fourth round of the competition, with the result that the former, who have been in the final tie the last two years, won by three goals to one. The Casuals' victory was chiefly due to the fact that they had the brothers Walters at back. Chatham beat Crusaders in the fourth round of the Association Cup, and thus enter the final stage. The Old Etonians and Old St. Marks will have to meet yet a third time to decide their tie in the London Charity Cup, as their match on Saturday could not be finished owing to the darkness. Royal Engineers have fallen victims both to Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford also defeated the Casuals, but Cambridge easily succumbed to Aston Villa.

CRICKET.—Some fears have been expressed that the always pleasant Cheltenham week was going to be given up. It is not so, however, we are glad to say. The blunder has been rectified.—Leicestershire's celebrated Pougher, whose name is capable of so many different pronunciations, is going to forsake his allegiance and come

South.—Arthur Shrewsbury received on Saturday an illuminated address and a purse of sovereigns from some enthusiastic "lamps," among whom were Lord Belper and the Worshipful the Mayor.

COURSING.—There was coursing at Kempton last week, but owing to the fog the later rounds had to be dispensed with, and all the stakes were divided.—The gr at event in this department of sport was the sale held by Mr. Rym on Saturday. Extraordinary prices were given, for the most part by Colonel J. T. North. The "Nitrate King" gave 510gs. for Miss Glendyne, and 200gs. for Bit of Fashion, but topped everything by giving for Fullerton, son of the last-named by Greentick, no less than 850gs. And Fullerton, it must be remembered, has not yet run!

BILLIARDS.—To watch an all-in match is poor sport as a rule, but an exception must be made in favour of the match between Mitchell and White now in progress at the Aquarium. Mitchell, who gives 4,000 in 15,000, on Monday made a break of 739, and seemed to be coming up hand over hand when, just at the last moment, White slipped away again with a break of 997. The same thing, only better, happened on Tuesday. Mitchell put together 1,310, but White, nothing daunted, replied with an unfinished contribution of 1,579 which he increased to 1,666 on Wednesday. Roberts has been heard of again, in Manchester. Last week he gave Cook 1,300 in 6,000, spot-barred, and beat him comfortably. This week he gave North 1,500 in 4,000, and beat him by nearly 1,300. So he will probably be in pretty good form when he appears at the Aquarium on January 7th to give McNeill 4,500 in 12,000. The latter was easily defeated by Taylor last week.



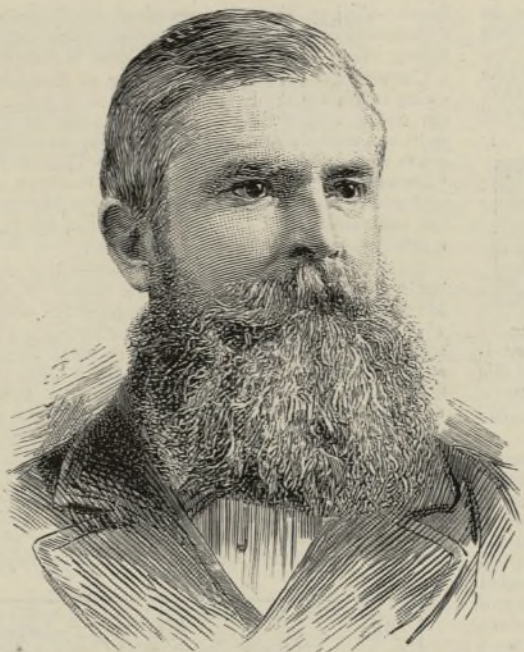
THE PRIVY COUNCIL estimate the wheat-crop of 1888 at 71,939,647 bushels, against 74,322,747 bushels in 1887. The yield is only 28'05 bushels per acre, against 32'07 bushels last year, but the deficiency is reduced by reason of the large acreage under wheat. The yield of barley is put at 68,182,089 bushels, against 65,300,994 bushels in 1887, and the acreage in the two years being practically identical, an increased yield per acre (32'84 bushels in lieu of 31'32 bushels) is indicated. Of oats, the yield is reckoned to be 107,344,099 bushels, or practically the same total as the 107,283,392 bushels of 1887. As, however, the area under oats was diminished by 200,000 acres, the yield per acre is seen to have increased; in fact, it is returned at 37'24 bushels to the acre, in lieu of 34'74 bushels, an increase of just five bushels on every two acres. The publication of these returns causes considerable interest on the corn markets, and last year's figures received general acquiescence. This year, however, the totals for wheat and barley are very seriously questioned. In each case the Government is thought to have made out things to be a good deal better than they actually are, and a deduction of about 8,000,000 bushels, or 1,000,000 qrs., would probably be made by most market authorities from the Government totals. The sales since harvest have been very much less than what we might have expected in an average year, and, unless farmers are holding back their grain with unusual tenacity, the Government's figures would seem to be optimistic, not to say exaggerated.

GRAIN SUPPLIES since harvest have been liberal, despite the small deliveries from farmers. This has been chiefly due to the extraordinary activity of Russian shippers. The scarcity of gold in Russia is very great, the growers of grain are generally in a hurry to realise, and the yield of the principal crops this year was far above the mean. Wheat, barley, and oats have accordingly been shipped with the greatest freedom in exchange for English sovereigns, while the marks of Germany and the Netherlands when offered in return for Russian rye have been by no means refused. Of wheat alone Russia and Roumania have sent the United Kingdom 1,950,000 qrs. against 700,000 qrs. sent by the United States, 750,000 qrs. by India, and about 500,000 qrs. from the Antipodean countries of Australia, New Zealand, La Plata, and Chile. Russia, therefore, has done as much as all the other leading wheat shippers put together, while the English market is now flooded with cheap grinding barley from Southern Russia, and with cheap oats from Russian Baltic and White Sea ports. This great export effort on the part of Russia seems to have deceived Sir James Caird into a belief that the deficiencies of America had ceased to be of any particular moment. The winter, however, is now upon us, and Russian ports are becoming icebound in the south as well as in the north. What we shall do when Russian grain no longer reaches us in any quantity is the problem which markets are already beginning to consider with some interest.

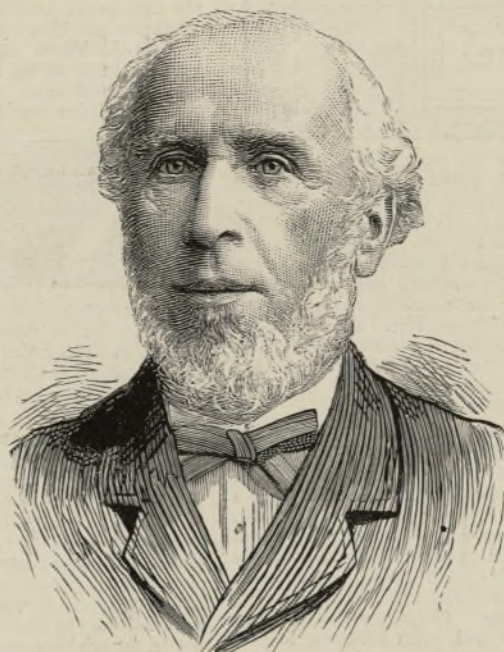
FINAL NOTES ON SMITHFIELD.—The foggy weather was against the health of the cattle, but the losses were less numerous than might have been expected. Our friends from the North-country had a very good cause for grumbling in the grouping together of such entirely distinct breeds as the Galloways and the Polled Aberdeen-Angus. The breeders of Galloways would come forward much more freely if a separate class was established. The prevalence of general utility over the fancy element in breeding was strongly marked at the Show, a great change for the better from a decade since. The attendance throughout was large, and the awards seemed to be generally approved, though the championship decision in favour of Mr. John Wortley's Devon caused some surprise. It was generally admitted that full justice was hardly done him at Norwich, or at Birmingham. The tussle finally lay between him and Mr. Bruce's two-year-old shorthorn, but the Devon was the more forward, and very fairly won. Mr. Ambrose Berry's excellent pen of Shropshire wethers took, and deserved, the sheep championship, while the Duke of Hamilton certainly breeds some wonderfully fine pigs.

SWEDES are yielding well this year, a matter of no small importance to the stock-farmer. The quality, moreover, seems generally satisfactory, and the specific gravity of many samples is exceedingly high. Dr. Voelcker always attached the greatest value to this test, and fixed the standard of good quality at 12 per cent. of solid matter to 88 per cent. of watery elements. The difference between a really good feeding swede and a poor one in this respect is about 5 per cent., a downright inferior growth being often about 93 per cent. water. Various experiments of recent years have shown that swedes as a rule attain the best quality where close planting is adopted. Roots of moderate size mature more readily than the mammoth growths, on which some seed firms seem to especially pride themselves. The closer plants do not attain any unwieldy size, but the yield to the acre is generally larger than where there is this planting of a mammoth root. The fashion of clamping swedes seems to be on the decline, farmers showing increasing disposition in favour of the less expensive and more rapid mode of moulding them up with the double-breasted plough.

OXFORDSHIRE DOWN SOCIETY.—Advantage was taken of the Islington gathering to hold a meeting for the regular establishment of this new Association. The Articles under which the organisation is to be conducted were approved, and the roll of members was started favourably with eighty names, including many of the most prominent sheep-breeders in the Southern Midlands, as well as several on the southern side of the Thames. Standing Com-



MR. WILLIAM GEORGE PEDDER, C.S.I.
Revenue Secretary, India Office
Born 1812. Died November 21, 1888



MR. GEORGE ROUTLEDGE
Head of the Firm of G. Routledge and Sons, Publishers
Born 1812. Died December 13, 1888



Captain Boycott, formerly a Magistrate
and agent to Lord Erne's Mayo estates



James Mallowney, who took a surren-
dered farm. Moonlighters pulled him
out of bed, "carded" him, tore his ears,
knocked him down, and kicked him. He
gave up the land



David Freely, farmer, and member of the Land League.
After he had paid his rent Moonlighters called for the
"rent-payer." His son was pulled out of the house and
shot dead



Michael Keefe, a farmer
near Millstreet; fired at
and boycotted for paying his
rent, dealing at Hegarty's,
and taking an evicted
farm



Mr. T. Quinn, M.P., for-
merly treasurer and secretary
of the National League of
Great Britain



Mr. Edward Moore Richards (Co. Wexford).
Attorney-General: "What is your profession?"
"I am an Irish landlord." He would not give
the name of a tenant (a Land Leaguer) who paid
his rent by stealth in a wood at night



Sergeant Elliott, R.I.C., proved the
prosecution of rioters at Ballinrobe, on
the occasion of Captain Boycott's visit



Viscount Castlerosse, eldest son of Lord Kenmare.
(An interested spectator)



Enter a Kerry peasant woman, heralded
by Mr. Soames, and conducted by the Usher
to the witness-box



Constable Peter Lavender, R.I.C., who
saw P. W. Nally encouraging a mob to
groan at Captain Boycott's Emergency men



Mrs. Hannah Connell, who declined to give her age, and
who spoke so crooningly that the shorthand writer had to
stand at her side



A "Refresher" for a junior (a lady drops her muff from the gallery)

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE
NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

POST RACE.—Round three posts, keeping posts on right hand, and finishing over a hurdle



UNSADDLING RACE.—About half-a-mile. 100 yards from home riders to dismount and come in leading their horses, carrying their saddles on their arms



MEN ON FOOT v. MOUNTED.—100 yards round a post



COAT RACE.—About half-a-mile. Horses or ponies to stand at starting place unsaddled and unbridled. Competitors to have coat and waistcoat, braces or belt off—unlighted cigar or cigarette in hand, with lights. The winner must pass the winning post with horse or pony saddled, properly dressed, and with lighted cigar or cigarette in mouth



FLAG RACE.—About one mile. Riders to dismount and pick up flags which will be placed at various distances. The first past the post with most flags to win, finishing over a hurdle



MOUNTED JUMPING COMPETITION

SOME NOVEL RACES AT A GYMKHANA MEETING AT TANGIER, MOROCCO



IN PURSUIT



"HAVE YOU SEEN ANY BUSTARD?"



WINGED



"THERE THEY ARE"

BUSTARD SHOOTING IN MOROCCO

JOTTINGS FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF THE LATE MR. RICHARD WAKE

mittees were appointed, and it was determined to issue the First Flock Book on the 1st of June. Entry forms will shortly be forwarded to members by the Hon. Secretary, who is not Mr. Reid, as the Field by some oversight has it, but Mr. Henry Rew, the energetic and well-known Secretary of the Oxfordshire Agricultural Society, to whom, at 137, High Street, Oxford, all inquiries with respect to membership of the new Association may be addressed.

THE ROYAL SALE of fat stock at Windsor was held on 12th December, when 67 bullocks, 365 sheep, and 100 bacon hogs were offered on behalf of H.M. the Queen, with 14 bullocks and 41 pigs from the Duke of Connaught's estate. The cattle made from 51 guineas downwards, while the finest sheep realised four pounds a-piece, and the bacon hogs up to ten pounds. Her Majesty's stock made 4,611l. 3s. 6d., and those of the Duke of Connaught 562l. 9s. 6d.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION on Horse Breeding is not very popular south of the Thames; for they only offer three premiums for all the Southern counties from Kent to Cornwall, albeit there are more colts bred in Devonshire than in any other English county, except Yorkshire, which of course is the horse-breeding capital, besides being virtually three single counties rolled into one. Some parts of Cornwall are 200 miles from the nearest Queen's premium stallion, and the scarcity of sound thoroughbreds fit to breed hunters is much greater in the south-west than most people imagine.

APPLES AND ORCHARD INSECTS.—We have received an advance copy of the observations on this subject to be published for the new year by the Consulting Entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, Miss Eleanor Ormerod. During the last season, it seems, enormous and quite unusually extensive damage was done by insects to orchards. The reports show that the damage was mainly caused by different kinds of caterpillars, the larvae of small moths, and by two kinds of beetles. The first of these attacked the leaves of the fruit-producing trees, while the second, in its larval form, preyed on the apple buds. The whole report is well worthy of study, and advice is given as to how to meet the attacks of these minute but dangerous foes to agriculture and the garden.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Bird life this season seems very disorganised. A cuckoo has been reported as having been heard in Norfolk, while a trustworthy correspondent informs us that on December 9th he watched a house-martin on The Lees, at Folkestone. An even more portentous appearance was that of herons in St. James's Park on the same day. They flew across the ornamental water there, but their northward flight was turned aside, possibly by the sight of people in the Mall, and they were again seen over the St. James's Park water a little later in the day.

ELEPHANTS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, DUBLIN

RAMA AND SITA, the hero and heroine of the famous Indian Epic, have recently had their names very much in evidence before the Dublin public, in consequence of the remarkable performances of two elephants at the Zoological Gardens, who bear the above titles, which are so much revered by the Hindoos. Some few months ago these elephants had become somewhat "out of hand"—neither the local



keepers understood, nor very much fancied, the charge of them. Consequently, to avoid possible accidents, the Council of the Zoological Society resolved to put the elephants into the hands of a professional trainer, and a well-known animal trainer, Captain Harrington, was engaged. His work of education at its commencement was marked by some exciting struggles, in which for a few moments it seemed doubtful whether the master or the pupils would be successful. This state of things has given place to one where the pupils prove themselves to be most diligent and docile. Having



within little more than four months acquired the ordinary rudiments of a well-conducted elephant's education, and learnt to pose in their most difficult positions in order to have their photographs taken they are now receiving the finishing touches—and Rama plays the barrel-organ, while his companion at the sound of its first notes flings forward her be-bangled heels as though she really enjoyed a dance, and never troubled herself with the sorrows of that Sita after whom she is named. The elephants are now about fifteen years old. The accompanying illustrations are from photographs from life.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL.—Over 700 infectious fever patients have been treated in the London Fever Hospital during the year—mostly for scarlet fever and diphtheria. There has been a serious falling off in the donation list of this year, and additional help is earnestly solicited. Contributions to this Charity not only help to minister to the sick in hospital, but they aid also in checking the spread of contagious diseases among the general mass of the people. Subscriptions or Donations should be sent to the Secretary at the Hospital, Major W. Christie, Liverpool Road, Islington, N.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT IN MADRAS

A PASSENGER train, consisting of an engine, one cattle-truck, eighteen passenger carriages, and a break-van, left the Madras station on the South Indian Railway on the evening of October 31st. At the time a violent cyclone was blowing, but all went well until Chingleput was neared. This town is approached from the north by the railway on an embankment forming the bund of a large irrigation tank. Along this bund the train felt the full fury of the wind, and suddenly all the vehicles were capsized, the engine alone remaining on the rails. The driver states that he felt a sudden drag on his engine, and, on looking back, saw through the driving rain that the first vehicle, the cattle-truck, was falling over. The train was travelling at a slow pace on account of the wind, and was at once stopped. The driver attempted to go and see what had happened; but the wind and rain were so furious that he dared not leave his engine, and there he stopped from 9.50 P.M. to 1.30 A.M., when the storm began to lull. The guard in the van at the end of



the train stated that on feeling the check he looked out, and found his van falling over. He scrambled out through the window, but could not leave the shelter of his van until the storm abated. The passengers, who numbered 136, fortunately did the best thing under the circumstances, and remained in the carriages, for, had any attempted to get out in the inky darkness, they would have at once been blown into the water. At 5 P.M. they were able to leave the carriages; and, with the exception of two, who were slightly cut, all were uninjured. The second, third, and fourth carriages were, by the sudden stoppage of the train, lifted up at an angle, and, as it fortunately happened, at a place where the bund is widened by a spur. If the accident had happened a few yards further, where the line is reduced to its ordinary width, these carriages must have fallen in the tank, and would certainly have dragged the remainder of the train after them into water some seven or eight feet deep.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. M. F. Spalding, Deputy Chief Engineer of the South Madras Railway.

THE LANDING OF WILLIAM III. AT TORBAY

This medal (of which we engrave the obverse and reverse), was struck at the time, and is commemorative of the Revolution of



1688. It has been lent to us by Mr. J. Conynton, of 1, Essex Court, Temple.



THEATRES

THE fates and Mr. Augustus Harris having once more exercised a restraining influence upon the output of pantomime, *The Bakes in the Wood* at DRURY LANE will this year flourish without a rival at the West End of the town, while COVENT GARDEN, converted for the occasion into a circus, and consigned to the "experienced hands of the Messrs. Hengler, will be given up to equestrian, acrobatic, and kindred performances. Even in the suburbs, there will be one notable hiatus in the list of pantomime-houses, for the NATIONAL STANDARD, which has long been renowned among the East End theatres for its Christmas entertainment, remains empty, after appeal-

ing again and again by public auction to capitalists and managers to try their fortunes in this once-popular house. Elsewhere in the suburbs, however, pantomime will, as usual, be in full vigour—the BRITANNIA, the SURREY, and the newly-rebuilt GRAND Theatre in Islington taking the lead.

By what accident it happens that Boxing Night—that great festival of the playgoing-public—will this year find the leading theatre of London with closed doors, has not been officially explained; but it is understood that Mr. Irving's determination to postpone the production of *Macbeth* to Saturday, the 29th inst., is due to no more recondite cause than the fact that the elaborate preparations are not yet quite complete. Meanwhile the ADELPHI takes time by the forelock, re-opening this (Saturday) evening with Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new romantic drama, which is to carry the spectator from the banks of the Thames to the wilds of Mexico, without bringing him back again. *The Silver Falls* is the name finally determined on for the new play.

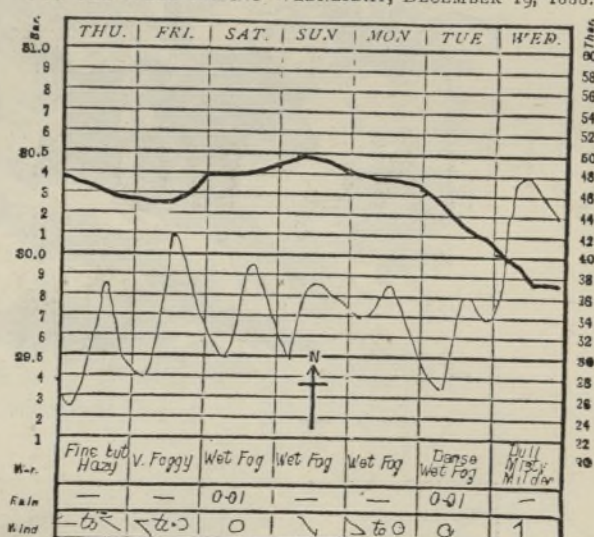
Nothing very striking in the way of novelty besides these two

items is promised for the moment. *Little Lord Fauntleroy*—we mean, of course, the "real" little nobleman, for has not the pretender been banished for ever by stern decree of Mr. Justice Stirling?—has returned to town as fresh and delightful as ever, and taken up his abode at the OPÉRA COMIQUE, where he will appear every afternoon till further notice. Mr. Savile Clarke's refined and beautiful version of *Alice in Wonderland*—produced, be it observed, with the consent and approval of Lewis Carroll, will in like manner be revived for the especial benefit of young playgoers at daily *matinées* at the GLOBE, where, with a humane regard for the over-taxed purse of Paterfamilias, the young folk will be admitted at half-price. At the new COURT also there will be—apart from the evening bill—afternoon entertainments for young people, in the shape of a fairy play to be called *Little Goody Two Shoes*, with music by Mr. Andrew Levey. The performers in this case will be all children.

Elsewhere there is little that is new to be noted beyond the fact that this (Saturday) evening Mr. Richard Mansfield re-opens at the GLOBE with *Prince Karl* as lately given at the LYCEUM; while Mr. Toole and his company, long absent from town, re-appear in King William Street, and on Boxing night Miss Patti Rosa, an actress more or less known in America, will make her first appearance in England at the JODRELL Theatre, in an American piece with the odd name of *Bo's*.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (19th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been somewhat changeable in the West, but very dull and foggy throughout over the greater part of England. At the opening of the period an anticyclone lay over Germany, while a large depression was skirting our Western Coasts in a North-Easterly direction. Thus, Southerly breezes prevailed very generally over our Islands, and blew freshly on the exposed Coasts in the West, and while fine weather was reported for a time in a few places, the conditions were on the whole dull and misty, and (in the South) very cold. During the following days (Friday and Saturday, 14th and 15th inst.) the high pressure area in the East still prevailed, while others spread in from the Westward over Ireland and England. The winds consequently fell very light generally, and finally became very variable in direction, while the weather remained cloudy or foggy in most places, with a little rain in the West, and sharp night frosts at many of the English Stations. After Saturday (15th inst.) the anticyclone over Ireland continued to advance to the Eastward, and subsequently to the Southward, and at the end of the week was lying over France and a part of Germany, while a depression had advanced to our North-West Coasts. During the greater part of this time dull skies continued to prevail in most places (although occasionally locally clear) with dense wet fogs in many parts of England, and rather low temperatures. Towards the close of the week Southerly breezes had begun to spread in from the Westward, and with the appearance of the depression in the North-West on the morning of Wednesday (19th inst.), a distinct change in the character of the weather was shown, the winds now blowing from the Southward generally, and freshening considerably with rain in the West, a clearance of the fogs, and a great rise in temperature at all but the extreme Northern Stations. The increase of temperature over England and in Central Ireland during the twenty-four hours ending 8 a.m. Wednesday (19th inst.) was as large as 19°. Temperature has been below the average over England, but has not differed much from the normal elsewhere.

The barometer was highest (30.40 inches) on Sunday (16th inst.); lowest (29.77 inches) on Wednesday (19th inst.); range 0.63 inch. The temperature was highest (48°) on Wednesday (19th inst.); lowest (25°) on Thursday (13th inst.); range 23°. No rain has fallen, but the wet fogs on two days yielded a measurable amount of water equal to 0.02 inch.

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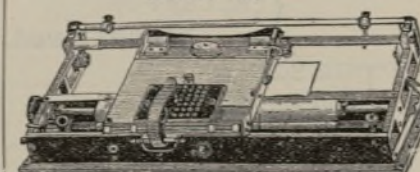
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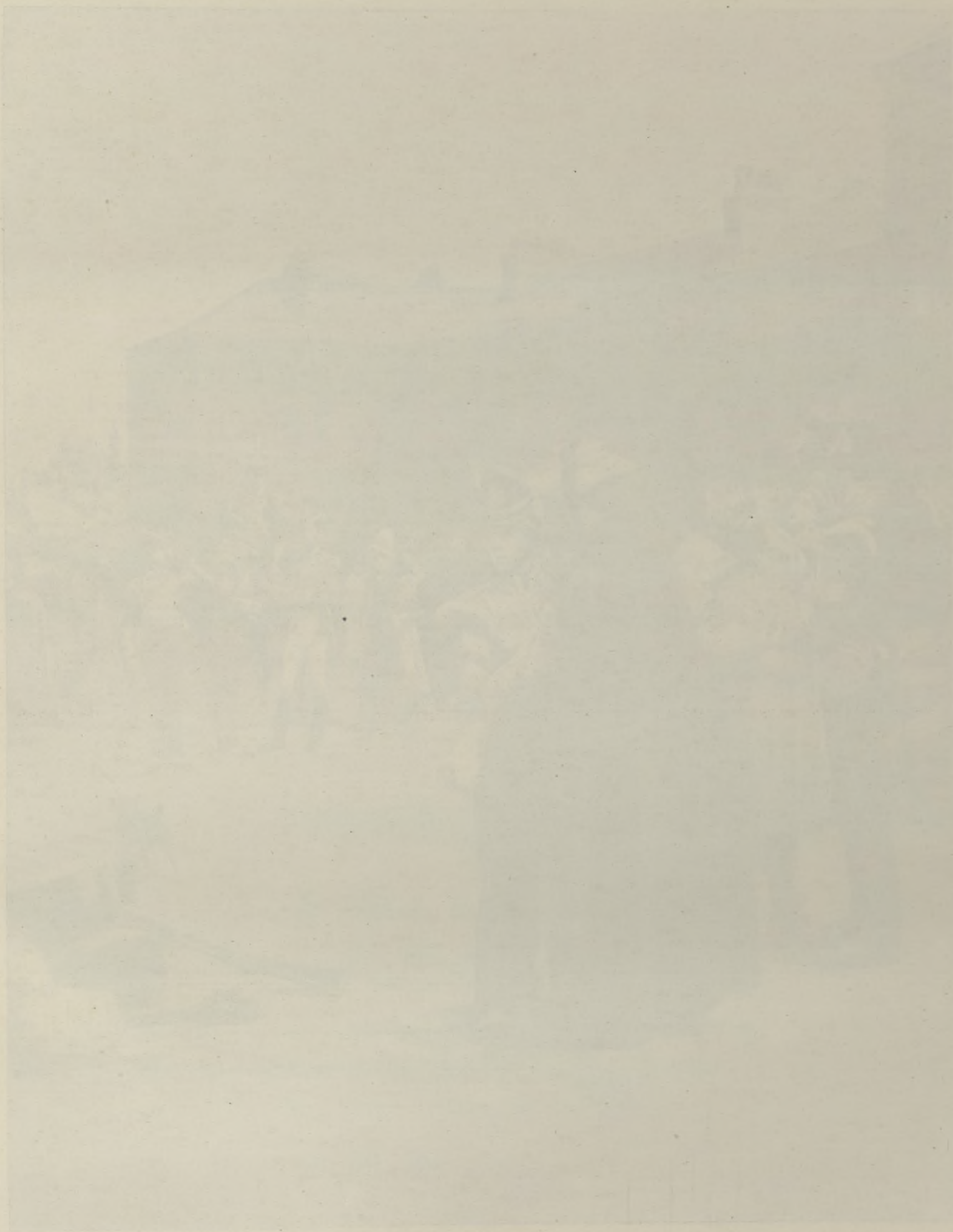
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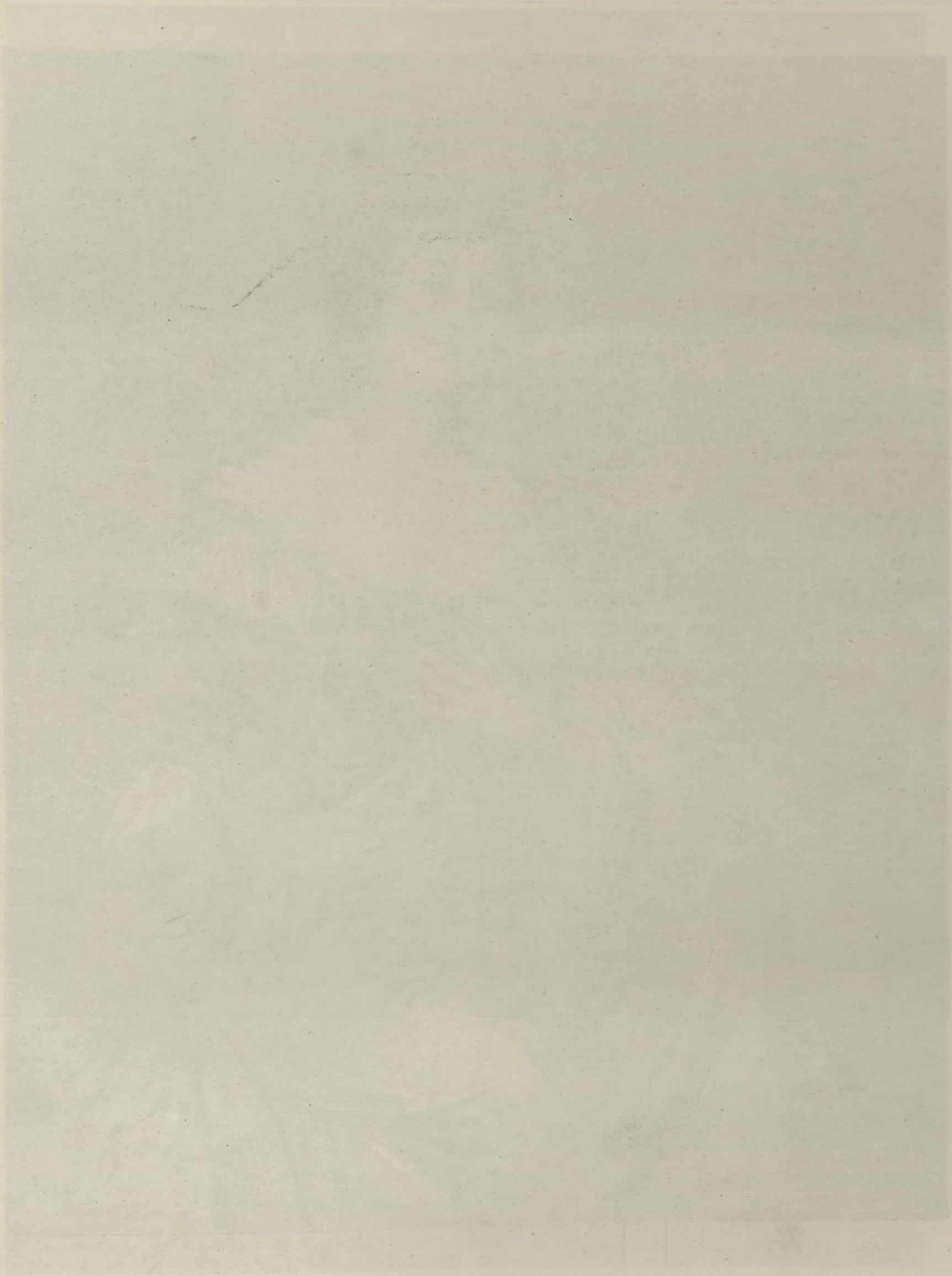
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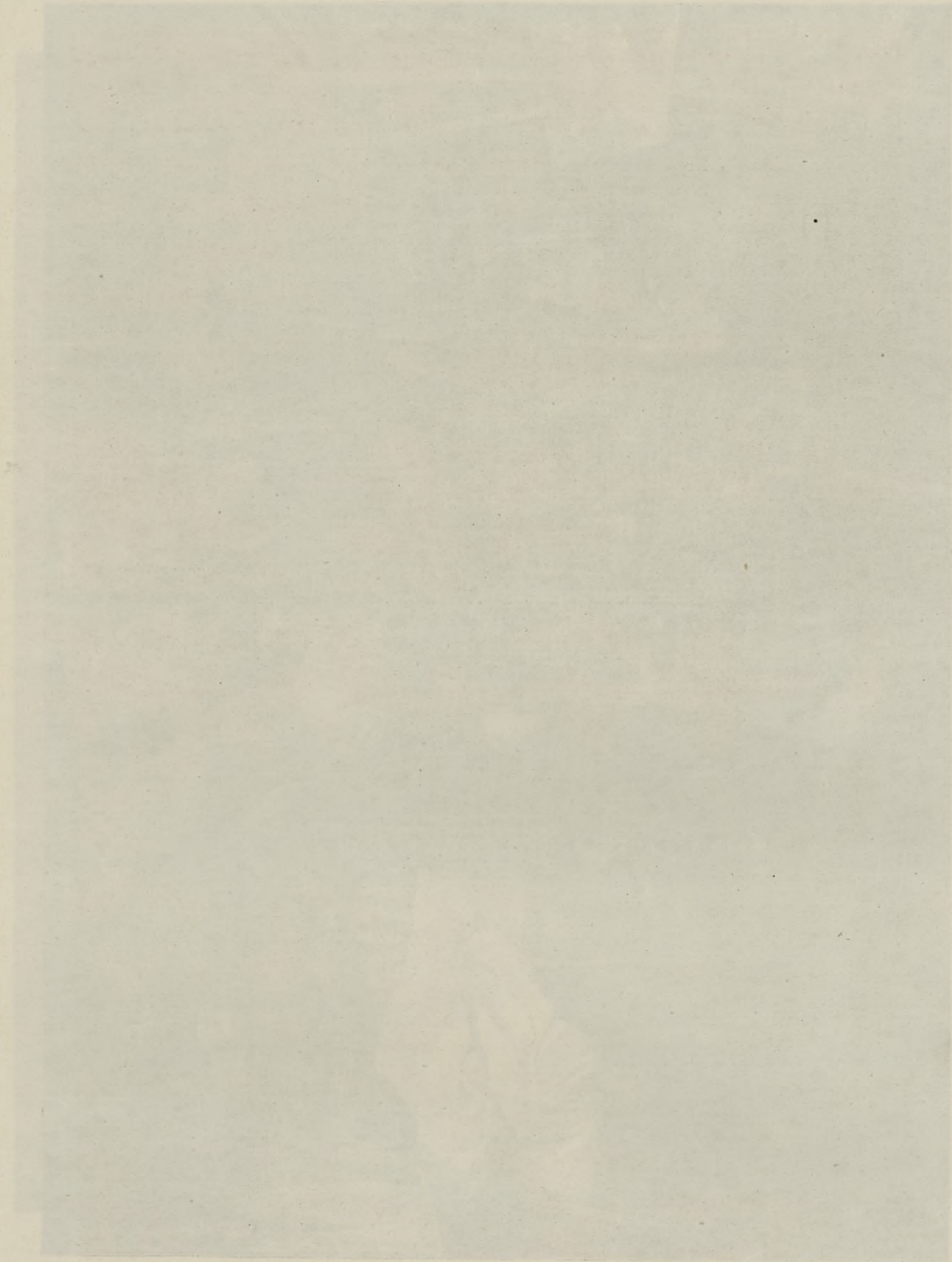


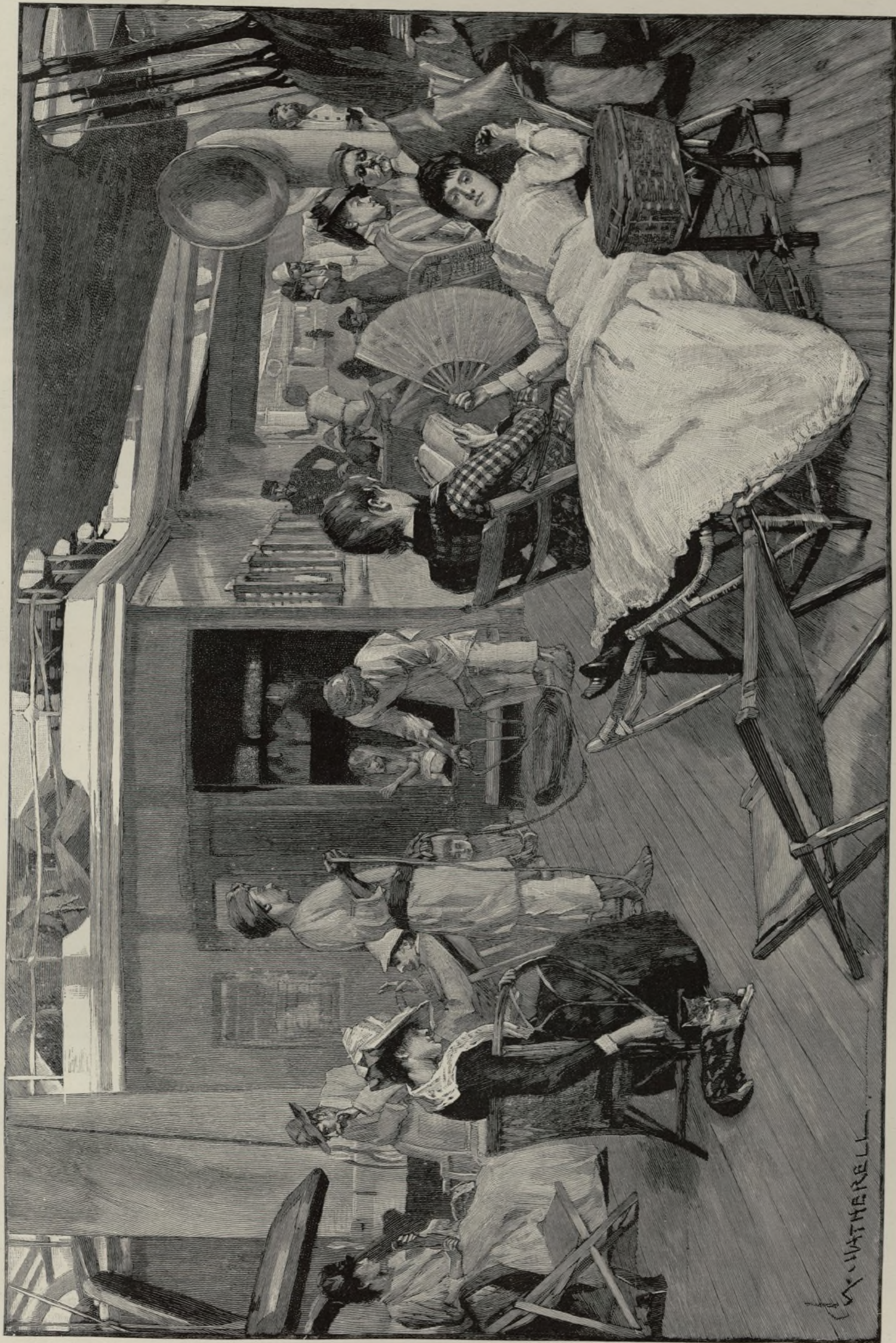


"THE DUCHESSE DE GRAMMONT"
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR PETER LELY, IN HAMPTON COURT PALACE

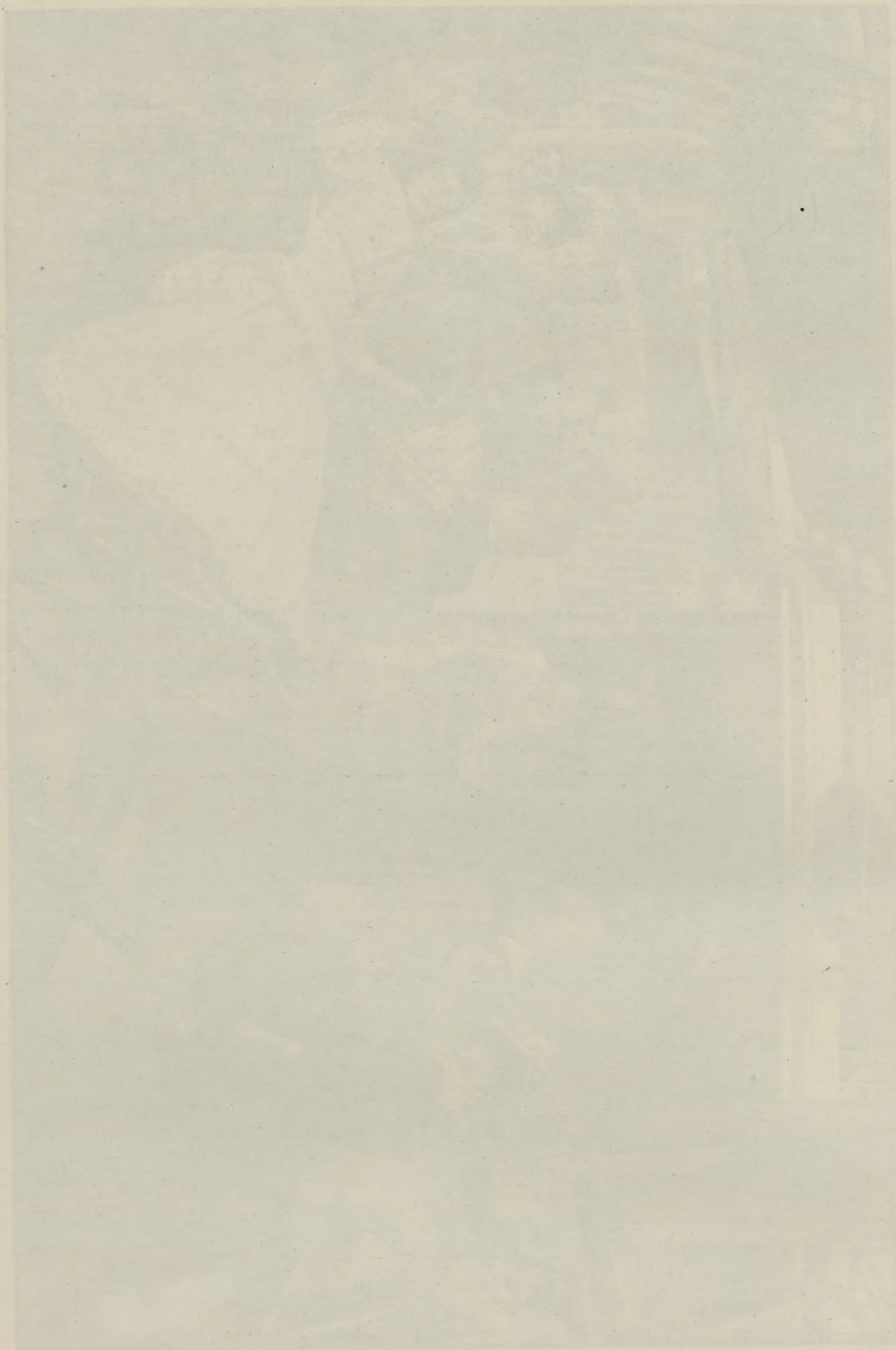


"THE SPECTRE ARTIST"
FROM A DRAWING BY CHARLES H. MARSHALL





"THE QUARTER-DECK OF A 'P. AND O.' STEAMER"
FROM THE PICTURE BY W. HATHERELL, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS





DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

As to "Uncle Jo," the honour nearly overpowered him.

66 THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

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

CHAPTER XLV.

CANON HADLOW had resolved that his daughter, when she returned to Oldchester for May's wedding, to which, she was, of course, invited, should remain in her own home at least for some months. He had grown very discontented with her prolonged and frequent absences. Mrs. Hadlow, at the earnest request of Constance, backed by a polite invitation from Lady Belcraft, went to Combe St. Mildred's to remain there one day, and bring her daughter back with her.

But, instead of doing so, she sent a telegram home, desiring that a box of clothes might be packed and sent to her; and, most surprising of all, the box was to be addressed to Dover. This item of news was disseminated by the Hadlows' servant, whose duty it was to see the trunk conveyed to the railway station. And the woman declared she believed, from what she could make out, that her mistress was going to France.

Of course, the Canon knew the truth. But the Canon was not visible to callers. He had a cold, and kept his room. All the circle of the Hadlows' acquaintance—and the circle seemed to be immediately widened by the dropping into its midst of this puzzling bit of news, as a stone dropped into water is surrounded by a ring of ever-increasing circumference—were, however, spared further conjecture by the publication, in due course, of the supplement to the *Times* newspaper of Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of February. It contained the announcement of the marriage at the British Embassy in Paris, on the preceding Saturday, of Viscount Castlecombe to Constance Jane, only daughter of the Reverend Edward Hadlow, Canon of Oldchester.

The general public, or as much of it as had ever heard of the parties concerned—for that vast entity, the general public is really as divisible as a jelly-fish; each portion being perfect for all purposes of its existence, when cut off from the rest—was ranged, as is usual in such cases, in two main camps; those who couldn't have believed it beforehand, though an angel from Heaven had announced it, and those who had all along had their suspicions, and were not so very much surprised as you expected. But only the nearest friends and relatives of the family enjoyed the not inconsiderable advantage, for judging the matter, of really knowing anything about it.

Owen was the first person whom his uncle admitted to see him. The old man was greatly overcome. His daughter's marriage was a blow to him. It gave a rude shock to the ideal Constance, whom he had loved and admired with a sort of delicate paternal chivalry. There could be no question of love in such a marriage as this—no question even of gratitude, or reverence, or any of the finer feelings. To the pure-hearted, simple-minded old man, it seemed to be a sad

degradation for his daughter. Not a soul except his wife ever fully understood his state of mind on the subject; for he spoke of it to no one. Mrs. Dobbs, perhaps, came nearest to doing so. She had a great reverence and admiration for the Canon, and considerable sympathetic insight into his feelings. And when, afterwards, people said in her presence how proud and elated Canon Hadlow must be at his daughter's making so great a match, she would tighten her lips, and observe *sotto voce* that you might as well expect a Christian saint to be gratified by being decorated with the peacock's feather of a Chinese mandarin.

When Mrs. Hadlow came home, of course more particulars were divulged. Many came out by degrees in confidential talks with her nephew. Mrs. Hadlow spoke to him quite openly.

Constance had earnestly begged her mother to go to her at Combe St. Mildred's, and almost immediately on her arrival there had announced that she was about to marry Lord Castlecombe, and that everything was arranged for the ceremony to take place in Paris; since, under the circumstances, they both felt that it could not be managed too quietly. She much wished her mother and father to accompany her to Paris, in order that everything might be *en règle*.

When the first astonishment was over, Mrs. Hadlow impulsively tried to dissuade her daughter from taking this step. It was dreadful, it was really monstrous to think of her Conny marrying that old man, who was several years the senior of her own father! A man, too, of a hard, unamiable character—one who was much feared, little respected, and loved not at all! She was revolted by the idea. And as to the Canon, she could not bear to think of what he would feel. He would never allow it! It was hopeless to think of gaining his consent.

When her mother's tearful excitement had somewhat subsided, Constance pointed out that she had a very sincere regard for Lord Castlecombe, who had behaved in every way excellently towards her; that as to "falling in love," as depicted by poets and novelists, she had her private opinion, which was, briefly, that all that was about as historically true as the adventures of Oberon and Titania; and that, at all events, she was sufficiently acquainted with her own character to be persuaded that she was incapable of that species of temporary insanity. Further, with regard to her father's consent, she deeply regretted to hear that he was likely to withhold it; since she would, in that case, be compelled to marry without it, which would be very painful to her. (And when she said that it would be painful to her, her mother knew that she spoke quite sincerely.) She was of full age to judge for herself in the matter, and could not think of breaking her word to Lord Castlecombe. She further pointed out that although, of course, Oldchester people would chatter about her—she spoke already as though she were looking down on

those common mortals from the serene and luminous elevation of some fixed star—yet there could be nothing scandalous said if she were known to be accompanied to Paris by her mother. As to papa, his health, and his duties, and many other excuses might be alleged for his not undertaking a journey at that inclement season.

Constance spoke with perfect calmness, and without the slightest disrespect of manner. But Mrs. Hadlow was made aware within five minutes that nothing on earth which she had power to say or do would, for an instant, shake her daughter's resolve to be a Viscountess. There was nothing to be done but to put the best face possible on the matter, and go to Paris. She could not allow her child to travel thither alone. The bridegroom had already preceded them, to make all needful preparations.

Poor Mrs. Hadlow was in such a whirl of confusion and emotion as scarcely to know what she was doing or saying. "Had Lady Belcraft known of this?" she asked. Constance smiled rather scornfully as she replied "that nobody would be more surprised than poor dear Lady Belcraft when she should learn the news." No; Conny was not going to share the glory of her capture with any one. And, in truth, such glory as belonged to it was all her own.

Mrs. Griffin, on hearing the news, was at first half inclined to be sharp and spiteful at being kept in the dark. (Although, of course, she did not allow herself to continue in that vulgar frame of mind.) But Lady Belcraft was subdued, and almost prostrate in spirit before this gifted young creature. "She's a wonderful young woman, my dear—a wonderful young woman!" declared Lady Belcraft.

Just before they landed from the steamboat at Calais, Constance said to her mother, "Mamma, I do think you and papa are the most unworldly people I ever heard of! You have never thought of saying a single word about settlements."

Mrs. Hadlow started, and looked blankly at her daughter. She stood rebuked. "I have felt, ever since you told me, as if I had received a stunning blow on the head which deprived me of half my faculties," she answered. "But I ought to have thought of that. It is not too late now, perhaps, to secure some provision for you; is it, Conny?"

"I should not have thought of marrying Lord Castlecombe without a proper settlement, mamma. We might have been married a fortnight ago if it had not been for the delays of the lawyers; although matters were simplified for them by my having nothing at all! I am quite satisfied with the arrangements, and I hope you and papa will be so too. I think you will admit that Lord Castlecombe has been very generous."

Mrs. Hadlow was a woman of bright intelligence; and she had

been apt to consider Conny a little below the Rivers' standard of brains. But now, as she looked and listened, she felt tempted to exclaim, like Lady Belcraft, that this was a wonderful young woman.

But what words can paint the effect of that fateful announcement in the *Times* on the family party assembled in Mr. Dormer-Smith's house at Kensington?

Augustus behaved so outrageously, used such vituperative language, and comported himself altogether with such violence, that his brother-in-law privately fortified himself by securing the presence of a policeman well in view of the windows, on the opposite side of the way, before requesting Captain Cheffington to withdraw at once from his house. Much to his surprise, and immensely to his relief, the request was complied with promptly. Captain Cheffington disappeared in a hansom cab, with a smart travelling-bag, and followed by a second vehicle containing two well-filled portmanteaus. Whereas, as James cynically remarked to the cook, a cigar-case and a tooth-pick was about the amount of his luggage when he arrived! James had not been fed. Augustus asserted his claim to be considered one of the family by swearing at the servants, and never giving any of them a sixpence. The explanation of this speedy departure was shortly forthcoming in the shape of a variety of bills, which poured in with astonishing rapidity. Augustus also, as has been stated, had been clever enough to raise a little money on the strength of his heirship. And Mr. Dormer-Smith had to endure some contumely from creditors who had looked to getting something like twenty-five per cent. above market-prices out of the Captain, and were roused to a frenzy of moral indignation when they discovered that he was safe out of England, and beyond their reach.

To Pauline the blow was the more severe because she persuaded herself that she had been the victim of black ingratitude on the part of Constance.

"That girl!" she would murmur, weeping. "That girl, whom I held up as a model—and who really did behave perfectly when she was here—quite perfectly—to think of that girl being the one to turn round on the family in this treacherous way! I do not know how I shall endure to see her face again."

"Then don't see it," suggested Frederick. "If you think she has behaved so badly, cut her, and have done with it."

"Cut her!" exclaimed Pauline, sitting up from among the pillows in her *chaise longue*, with a vinaigrette in one hand and a pocket-handkerchief in the other. "How can I cut my uncle's wife? She is now Lady Castlecombe, Frederick! You seem to have no idea that private feelings must give way to the duty one owes to Society. I wonder who will present her. I daresay Mrs. Griffin will persuade the Duchess to do it. It would not surprise me at all. Probably they will open the town house now, and come up every season. Cut her! Frederick, you talk like that Nihilist who is going to marry poor darling May!"

Frederick more than ever thought that "poor darling May" was to be congratulated on having secured the love and protection of the honest young Englishman to whom his wife persisted in attributing anarchical principles. He wrote a kind letter in which he proposed to come down to Oldchester and give his niece away at the marriage, if that would be agreeable to her and Mr. Rivers. May's affectionate heart was overjoyed by this proposal. A joint letter, signed by May and Owen, was sent by return of post, in which both Aunt Pauline and Uncle Frederick were warmly invited to the wedding. And May put in a special petition that Harold and Wilfred should be allowed to be present. Granny would find a nook for them in Jessamine Cottage.

May also sent an invitation to Mrs. Bransby to be present, but she replied that she would not bring her black gown to be a blot on their brightness, but that no more loving prayers would be breathed for their happiness than those of their affectionate friend Louisa Bransby.

Neither did Aunt Pauline accept the invitation. She did not write unkindly. Her reply seemed to be, indeed, a sort of homily on the text:—

How all unconscious of their doom
The little victims play.

It was a sad business, but she was mildly compassionate and forbearing. But the best of all was that Harold and Wilfred were to be permitted to come. In fact, their father insisted on bringing them, to their inexpressible rapture. They took to Granny at once, and she had to keep a watch upon her tongue lest she should let slip before Mr. Dormer-Smith the words she had said on first seeing the children.

"Poor dear motherless little fellows!"

On the wedding morning, a letter arrived for Mrs. Dobbs from Mr. Bragg. Mr. Bragg was about to sail for Buenos Ayres on a twelvemonth's visit to his son. Before going away, he thought it would be agreeable to May, and her husband, he wrote, to be the means of communicating something to Mrs. Bransby, which he hoped would be to her advantage. The new premises which he had taken for his office, now removed from Friars' Row, were to be furnished throughout, and a couple of rooms reserved for Mr. Bragg's use whenever he wished to come into Oldchester from his country house. Under these circumstances, a resident housekeeper would be required to look after the place and govern the servants. Mr. Bragg hoped that Mrs. Bransby would do him the favour to accept this post, and that she would find herself more comfortable among her old friends in Oldchester, than in the wilderness of London. Moreover, he enclosed a cheque for a handsome sum of money, as to the disposal of which he thus wrote:—

"The cheque I would ask Mr. Rivers to apply to paying young Martin Bransby's school fees for the ensuing year. And any little matter that may be over can be used for the boy's books, and so on. He is a fine boy, I think, and worth helping. Learning is a great thing. I never had it myself, but I don't undervalue it for that. I have thought that this would perhaps be the best way I could find of what you might call testifying my appreciation of Mr. Rivers's services to me. I hope he will accept it as a wedding present."

To May he sent no gift.

"I could offer her nothing but dress," he wrote, "and I don't want her thoughts of me to be mixed up with gold and diamonds, and such poor things as are oftentimes the best a rich man has to give. Some young ladies would be disappointed at this. I don't believe she will. When she's dressed and ready to go to church, just you please kiss her forehead with a blessing in your mind, and—you needn't say anything to her, but just say to yourself, 'this is from Joshua Bragg.'"

Of the wedding, it may be said that, although it was no doubt in many respects like other weddings, yet in several it was peculiar. And its peculiarities were in such flagrant violation of the regulations of Society, that it was almost providential Mrs. Dormer-Smith escaped witnessing it.

In the first place, although Uncle Frederick was present, a welcome and an honoured guest, May insisted that Mr. Weatherhead should give her away. And, perhaps, nothing she had ever done in her life had caused Granny more heartfelt satisfaction. As to "Uncle Jo," the honour nearly overpowered him. His appearance in wedding garments, with an enormous white waistcoat, and a bright rose-coloured tie, was an abiding joy to all the little boys of the neighbourhood who were lucky enough to behold him.

Then the Miss Pipers fluttered into the Church in such extremely bridal attire, with long white veils attached to their bonnets, as utterly to eclipse May, in her quiet travelling dress. May, however, wore two ornaments of considerable value: a pearl bracelet and

brooch, which had arrived the previous evening. Inside each morocco case had been found a slip of paper bearing respectively the inscriptions:—"To Miranda Cheffington, with the good wishes of her great-uncle;" and "To dear May, with the love of her affectionate friend, Constance Castlecombe."

Lastly, Amelia Simpson was so florid in her raiment, and so exuberant in her delight, as to be the observed of all observers. In her excitement, she backed heavily upon people behind her, and trod upon the gowns of people before her; knelt down at the wrong moment, and then discovering her mistake, jumped up again at the very instant when the rest of the congregation were sinking on to their knees; dropped her metal-clasped prayer-book with a crash in a solemn pause of silence; lost her pocket handkerchief, and, in her near-sightedness and confusion, seized on Miss Polly Piper's long white veil to wipe her tear-dimmed spectacles; and was, altogether, a severe trial to the nerves of the officiating clergyman.

Many other friends were there. Major Mitton, with his amiable face, and erect, soldierly figure; Dr. Hatch, who said he doubted whether he could snatch a moment to witness the ceremony, but who remained to the very last, to wish the young couple God speed! when they drove away from the door of the church on their honeymoon trip. Even Sebastian Bach Simpson was in a softened mood. The entire absence of pretension about the whole affair conciliated his good will; and he played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" as a voluntary, when the bride and bridegroom walked down the church arm in arm, with unusual spirit and heartiness. And so May and Owen began their voyage of life together, followed by many good wishes, and by less of envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, than perhaps falls to the lot of most mortals.

Marriage, which is the end of most story-books, is but the beginning of many stories; but this chronicle cannot follow the personages who have figured in it much beyond that fateful chapter of the wedding-day.

One or two facts may, however, be told, and a few outlines sketched in, to indicate the course of future events on a more or less distant horizon.

For a long time Pauline clung, with the soft pertinacity which was part of her character, to the hope that "poor dear Augustus" might yet inherit the Castlecombe acres, and resume his place in society. Uncle George could not live for ever! But one fine day the bells of Combe St. Mildred's rang a merry peal, and the news spread like wildfire through the village that an heir was born in a foreign city called Naples; and that my lord and my lady—who was doing extremely well—and the all-important baby were coming home to Combe Park as soon as ever my lady was strong enough to travel.

Then, indeed, Pauline felt that Providence had decided against her brother, and that her own duty to Society lay plain and clear before her.

During the following year or two she suffered considerable persecution in the shape of appeals for money from Augustus. The first were in a haughty strain, but before long they sank into the whine of the regular begging-letter writer. She gave him what she could, for to the last she had a soft place in her heart for her brother. But her husband, finding the case hopeless, forbade her to give any more, and, as far as he could, prevented Augustus's letters from reaching her.

Captain Cheffington then brought his wife to London. He had little fear of his creditors, having by this time sunk so low as not to be worth powder and shot. He got his wife engaged, under her real name, at a music-hall of the third class, and caused paragraphs to be inserted in sundry sporting and theatrical prints to the effect that "the Mrs. Augustus Cheffington, whose Italian bravura-singing was so successful a feature in the nightly entertainment," &c., &c., was the niece by marriage of a peer of the realm—Viscount Castlecombe of Combe Park; and he furnished his relations liberally with copies of these papers. Probably he had some hope that they would buy him off to save the honour of the family, but in this he was totally at fault. The old lord who, in the joy of his little son's birth, seemed to have taken a new lease of life, merely chuckled at "Gus's making such a confounded ass of himself," and cared not a snap of the fingers for anything he could say or do.

Owen Rivers privately supplied his father-in-law with all the necessities, and some of the comforts, of life, on condition that he was never to annoy May by making any kind of appeal to her; on the first infringement of this condition the supplies would be withdrawn. And in order to secure its not being all lost at the gaming-table, Owen paid the money into the hands of La Bianca, who, according to her lights, was by no means a bad wife, and was certainly a much better one than her selfish and graceless husband deserved.

Mrs. Bransby gratefully accepted the position offered to her, and fulfilled its duties entirely to Mr. Bragg's satisfaction. Indeed, when the latter returned from Buenos Ayres, he took the habit of spending a good deal of time in the apartment reserved for him over the office. The house—one of the roomy, old-fashioned mansions in Friar's Row—contained ample accommodation for Mrs. Bransby's family. Miss Enid completed, and maintained, her conquest of Mr. Bragg; and some persons thought that it was this young lady's personal attractions which caused him to spend so much of his time in Friar's Row. But other observers thought differently. And, indeed, quite latterly, Mrs. Dormer-Smith has had her ill-opinion of Mrs. Bransby strengthened by certain rumours touching the likelihood of that lady's promotion to a higher position in Mr. Bragg's household than that of paid housekeeper.

"If that should ever come off," says Mrs. Dormer-Smith, "I suppose poor dear foolish May's eyes will be opened at last; and she may repent when it is too late having thrown away her magnificent opportunity, to be picked up by that designing woman."

When these mysterious forecasts are imparted to Lady Castlecombe, she only smiles faintly, and says in her quiet, well-bred way, "Well, but why not?" My lady has her own views on the subject—views in which the discomfort and mortification of Theodore Bransby form a conspicuous and pleasing feature. But hitherto nothing has happened to justify the provisions of either lady on this score.

Theodore is not often seen in Oldchester now. The place is full of disagreeable associations for him. His political candidature was a failure: the Castlecombe influence on his behalf having been suddenly withdrawn after his lordship's marriage—greatly to the perplexity of his lordship's agent!

Nevertheless, Mr. Theodore Bransby by no means despairs of being able to write "M.P." after his name at some future time. But if he ever does enter Parliament, it will probably be on what our Continental neighbours term "the extreme Left of the Chamber." For Theodore's political opinions have undergone a great revulsion, and he is now loftily contemptuous of the territorial aristocracy. In fact, he has been heard to support advanced theories of an almost Communistic complexion—stopping short, however, at the confiscation of other people's property, and maintaining the inviolability of Government Stock, of which he is a large holder. This sort of theory he finds to be quite compatible with the pursuit of fashionable society.

Although surrounded by every luxury which can minister to his personal comfort, he is not at all extravagant, and, indeed, saves more than half his annual income. This he does, not from positive avarice, but because he feels ever more and more strongly that money is power. Moreover, it will be well to have a handsome sum in hand whenever he marries: for he is still firmly minded to find a wife who will devote herself to taking care of him. Quite

recently a paragraph has appeared in the Oldchester newspaper announcing the probability of a marriage between "our distinguished townsman, Mr. Theodore Bransby, whose career at the Bar is being watched with pride and pleasure in his native city, and the Lady Euphemia Haggistown, daughter of the Earl of Cauldkail, &c. &c., &c."

Lady Euphemia is a faded, timid, gentlewoman of some five or six-and-thirty years of age, with neither money nor beauty. She is sometimes haunted by the ghost of a romantic attachment to a penniless young navy officer lost at sea hard upon twenty years ago. But she has a soft, submissive desire to win the kindly regard of the remarkably stiff and cold young gentleman whom her father has decided she is to marry whenever he shall see fit to ask her. But poor Lady Effie does not succeed in softening the implacable correctness of her suitor's demeanour into anything very humanly sympathetic. Theodore is quite certain to make the most of his wife's title and social standing in dealing with the world in general, but it is to be feared that he may think fit to balance matters by tyrannising over her in private with some rigour.

Mrs. Dormer-Smith often moralises her family history, entangling herself in many metaphysical knots in the course of her cogitations as to what would have happened if something else had happened which never did happen!

Of course, if poor dear Augustus had not thrown himself away on Susan Dobbs things would have been very different. But even in spite of that, much might have been retrieved had he not made a second and still more shocking *mésalliance* with a strolling Italian singer; because, probably, if Augustus had come home after the death of his cousin Lucius in a proper spirit, and under not discreditable circumstances, and had conducted himself so as to conciliate his uncle, the old man would never have thought of marrying again. Constance Hadlow would never have become Viscountess Castlecombe, and no heir would have appeared to thrust Augustus from his inheritance.

There was an ever-recurring difficulty in fixing the exact point at which "poor dear Augustus's misfortunes" had become irretrievable. So that, although Pauline was on perfectly civil terms with the Castlecombes, and although Frederick was asked down to Combe Park for the shooting every season, and although my lady was happy to receive the Dormer-Smiths (with the least little indefinable touch of condescension) whenever she was at her house in town; yet, in her confidential moments, Pauline's intimate friends were never quite sure to which of the three momentous alliances she was alluding, when she talked plaintively of "That Unfortunate Marriage."

THE END.



In his "Colonel Quaritch, V.C.: A Tale of Country Life" (3 vols.: Longmans and Co.), Mr. H. Rider Haggard evidently meant to show the world that he can write a non-African novel. It was certainly time he did, seeing that the name of Africa has become as much a weariness to the general novel-reader as that of its most famous city became to the contemporaries of Cato. Save for the fact that Colonel Quaritch had served in the Soudan, and that Ida de la Molle had lost her brother there, the feat of leaving Africa out of a three-volume novel has been accomplished brilliantly. And yet, somehow, one lays down the result with a sort of feeling that something more is required for the justification of a new novel than the omission of Africa. It used to be a favourite feat among a certain class of poets to write long effusions from which some letter of the alphabet was rigidly excluded; but their achievements have never been among the poems that ordinary people care to read. In like manner, Mr. Haggard's *tour de force* has carried him triumphantly into the regions of the commonplace. We have the venerable story of how a young woman, urged by the purest self-sacrifice, sold herself, and a true lover's happiness, to a rich suitor whom she hated, and how she was spared from her bargain by the sudden discovery of a long-lost ancestral treasure. This is combined with the regulation elements of the marriage which is a failure, a bigamy, and a dash of murder. Apart from the Colonel and Ida, we are not brought into the best of company. There is an ex-housemaid and present music-hall singer, suggestively nicknamed "the Tiger," of a type much better left to the police reports; and yet, if the tale is to be taken seriously "as of country life," Londoners may congratulate themselves on being fellow-citizens even of "the Tiger." A great deal of light is thrown by "Colonel Quaritch" upon those absurd charges of plagiarism of which it is the proper thing to make Mr. Haggard a victim, for it plainly belongs to his genius to deal with characters and situations of an obvious kind.

"The Old Adam: a Tale of an Army Crammer," by Hugh Coleman Davidson (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is the rather confused story of the troubles which befel a country rector and highly successful "coach," partly through his own generosity in burdening himself with the misdoings of others, but a great deal more through his own folly. For the misdoings would not really have signified had they been known; while Dr. Copingstone behaved as if he were trying to hide a murder. Mr. Davidson has succeeded very fairly well in the portraiture of an exceedingly complex character—that of a weak man, compelled by circumstances to seem strong, and taking a pride in the futile cunning which he exercises for what he considers good ends, until the exercise of craft becomes a sort of pleasure for its own sake. Nor is his elaborate machinery for hiding what is not worth hiding, until he becomes an almost conscious charlatan, involved in an inextricable labyrinth from which any ordinary man would break with the utmost ease, by any means ill managed. But the humours of the crammer's pupils are, to say the least, not lively, and there is not a single character with whom it is possible to feel the smallest active sympathy. In short, Dr. Copingstone deserved a much better field for the unquestionable ability shown in his invention.

"Periwinkle: an Autobiography," by Arnold Gray (3 vols.: Ward and Downey), is a harmless, old-fashioned sort of story, a good deal spun out, but not unpleasantly so. A leading feature is a brilliant success made by a lady of refinement as a music-hall singer—which we wish merely to chronicle as a point in the novel, and by no means as if it were anything extraordinary. Indeed, there is nothing extraordinary in the work in any way. The interest is certainly not absorbing, but what there is of it is wholesome, and there is a certain amount of pathos towards the close.

If "The Blossom and the Fruit: a True Story of Black Magic," Mabel Collins and — (3 vols.: The Authors), professed to be a fairy tale, there might be some cause for treating it seriously, from that point of view. But the seriousness of Mabel Collins and her anonymous collaborator is so evident as to render serious treatment impossible. Its numerous prefaces and introductions demand, from the reader, an antecedent faith in what all but one in a million will assuredly regard as mere ravings. It is not for us to criticise the doctrines of re-incarnation, and so forth, in their last new form; but there is certainly this about them, that, be they true or false, they inevitably read like the most rabid nonsense whenever they appear in the form of fiction. They require all the support that the most solemn technical jargon and the most impressively philosophical airs can contrive to give them. A book like this is really distressing, if only because of its wasted ability.

"Undercurrents," by the indefatigable author of "Molly Bawn" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), depends for its interest upon flirtations and kisses, with the familiar element of the love which is originally mistaken for hate—a phenomenon which may possibly be as common in real life as it is in fiction. No doubt its school-girlishness is a considerable guarantee for popularity.



MR. A. J. COOPER is a strange mixture. He would abolish private property, at the same time he advocates the C. D. Acts with an energy of which the most Tory journalist might be proud. He would disendow the Church, and yet his forced-labour law is as stringent as the employer of a gang of coolies or Kanakas could desire. "The Direction of Our Civilisation" (Freethought Publishing Company) brings to the front a good many of those unpleasant facts which Society agrees to ignore. Carlyle startled us by throwing on several of them the glare of his lantern; Mr. Cooper does more—he suggests a remedy. Other civilisations, he warns us, have fallen; ours, too, will surely fall unless we find a way of basing it on something else than poverty. "The unskilled, unemployed victims of victorious labour-saving machines, the crowded asylums, the incurable rampant diseases—these signs will, sooner or later, compel us to give a different direction to our civilisation, or they will sink us in the biggest social revolution that ever loomed in the near future of a nation" (page 169), that is his summing up; and, though we may call it alarmist, every one feels in his heart of hearts that it contains a good many grains of truth. It is also too true that "politics, the game of party, is played so earnestly that there is no time for the business of patriotism. . . . What does the average M.P. who gravely votes with his party on a South African question know about it? Yet by his vote, perhaps, thousands are affected in mind, body, or estate." True it is, too, that our Government departments are not above suspicion; and a good many will sympathise with Mr. Cooper in the feeling that he who sells or buys secret information, or provides or passes pliable bayonets or uneatable supplies, ought to be "in self-defence extinguished" (page 174). Of course Mr. Cooper will get short shrift from the orthodox of all sects; "the Churches," he says, "have always cared more for what you say you believe than for what you do." Moreover, he ventures to dogmatise on his own account, ay, on such a subject as "The Origin of Evil:—its why must be the development of intelligence both in the individual and in the community. Happiness is the second consideration; had it been the first, the economy of Nature might be looked on as a failure" (page 141). But we wish people would read Mr. Cooper for themselves. Every reader will feel that he is a thinker, and that he has something to say for himself.

How far our speech is tinged with "Celtic" is a fascinating inquiry. More than once Dr. Mackay has yielded to its spell. In his "Glossary of Obscure Words and Phrases in Shakespeare," he showed that "Puck" is the Welsh *pwca*, the Irish *phouka*; and that "Queen Mab" is equally Welsh, "the queen of youth." His "Dictionary of Lowland Scotch" (Whittaker) not only supplements our meagre and tantalising glossaries, but also insists on the Gaelic derivation of many of the quaintest words. For *hallanshaker*, for instance, in Francis Semple's "Maggie Lauder," he scouts Jamieson's explanation: "He who with his noise shakes the *hallan*—partition between 'but' and 'ben,' preferring *alla*, wild, and *seachran* (Irish *shaughraun*), vagrant. Even for *haggis*, though he dare not reject *hachis*, he notes that *agassach* means *sonsie*, and reminds us that Burns speaks of "the haggis' sonsie-face." Again, for "mad as a hatter," Jamieson rightly says, "*hatter*, Scotch, is a confused heap, e.g., of stones;" but he might have gone a step further, for this *hatter* is clearly *aitearach*, a noisy crowd. In this, Dr. Mackay has his critics completely at his mercy; as when, through the Gaelic *uige*, a jewel, and *uigheamach*, to adorn, he connects *whigmaleeries* with Shakespeare's *owches*. We are more at home in his appendix of proverbs and his chapter on the humour and literary history of the Scottish language, all which we can heartily recommend.

In "The Evil of the East" (Vizetelly), the unclean side of things is laid bare with a frankness that M. Zola might envy. Keskik Bey (French, despite his name) takes us behind the scenes with a vengeance, and shows us that the man whose ancestors were described in the proverb "*fort comme un Turc*" is now "a weedy little voluptuary, lean, shrivelled, doubled up, a prey to consumption and to loathsome disease." Rousseau's dictum, *l'homme civilisé est un être dégénéré*, is certainly true of Turkey. Away from towns, the Turk is cleanly, sober, honest, strictly truthful, the exact opposite of what he is in the cities. Turkey's only salvation is "the removal of the gangrenous element;" and this is hard, for it includes not only Armenians and Levantines, but all "functionaries." Among all these "lying's the only wear." The system must be rotten when (to name only one folly) the coal comes from Cardiff, while there is a splendid coal-field at Heraclea. "Turkey is not to blame. The Great Powers treat her as a question, not as a nation; England jealously watches her every movement, and would rather have her paralysed than see her take a step which should profit a rival nation." Keskik Bey's readers will arrive at the old conclusion that if in Stamboul the Turk is bad, the Christian is far worse; but the road by which he leads to this conclusion is so new and so picturesque as to be quite worth travelling.

Russia is, Stepiak says, every whit as rotten as Turkey, one sign being the wholesale and shameless robbery of the peasants in the matter of land-sales. Readers of every class will find something in "The Russian Peasantry" (Sonnenschein). For the political economist there is a full account of the *Mir*, with its old-world axiom that "kinship gives no right to property;" for the student of religions the *rascol* and the incredible persecutions which helped to diffuse a wild sectarianism throughout the Empire; for the statistician the strange fact that the population is decreasing. Those who in looking at Ireland try to put party aside should read the chapter on "The Russian Agrarian Question;" "the embezzlement of sums sent to relieve the hungry, and of funds advanced for seed corn (vol. i., 104) had their parallels during the old Irish famine. "Stepniak's remedies are: Much larger grants of land to the peasants, who starve on their 'cat's plot,' while enormous tracts lie waste around them; and the establishment of land-banks—but this is hopeless under the existing régime of official speculation. The book (which does not at all collide with Wallace's great work) deserves to be not read only, but studied. It proves that "peasant ownership" is not such an easy settlement of the land difficulty as some imagine.

In two very interesting volumes Mr. J. C. Francis proves how completely the *Athenæum* under his father's management was a record of contemporary life. Everything was noted there:—Sale of the Pepys portraits; discussion about the name of "ragged" schools; founding of penny banks; removal of the archives to Fetter Lane; invention, by the sadly neglected Pickering, of cloth binding; public events, too, from the French Revolution of 1830 to Stanley's discoveries. Indeed, anybody who wants a complete summary of what the world has been thinking and doing since Silk Buckingham, with Dr. Stebbing and Charles Knight and Sterling and Maurice as his staff, started the *Athenæum* in 1828, will find plenty to satisfy

him in "John Francis, a Literary Chronicle of Half-a-Century" (Bentley). As Mr. Fox-Bourne reminds us in his introduction, the *Athenæum* began that newspaper-reviewing which is now so universal. In this it met a felt want. It was also a protest against the hireling press of the day, and especially against Jerdan's *Literary Gazette*, which was in Canning's pay. Mr. Francis's autobiography is not the least valuable part of this valuable record.

The new volume of the International Scientific Series, "On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals, with Special Reference to Insects," by Sir John Lubbock (Kegan Paul), is a valuable addition to the literature on this difficult subject. No one is more fitted to deal with the attributes of insects than the author, who, in a clear, lucid manner, treats of the mechanism of the senses and the organs by means of which the sensations of seeing, hearing, tasting, smelling, feeling are conveyed. Beginning with the organs of touch he points out how certain portions of the lower animals may be sensitive to light while not possessing the power to distinguish any form or being, and leads the reader further by detailing various experiments to show how the senses of hearing and smelling reside in the antennæ. While especially useful to the scientific student, the book is of considerable interest to the general reader, who will learn, probably for the first time, that crickets have ears in their legs, that bees have a keen sense of colour, but none of direction if familiar landmarks are removed, that a certain species of wasp in providing food for its young stings a caterpillar into paralysis, but not to death, so as to preserve it in the cell larder, which it constructs for its young, that ants are especially sensitive to blue, violet, and ultra-violet light rays, that spiders are exceedingly short-sighted, and many other curious facts of natural history, all of which have been tested by direct experiment. The concluding chapters deal briefly with the intelligence of the higher animals, such as the dog, and the problem as to whether animals can count—and if so, up to what figure.

"Birds in Nature," by R. Bowdler Sharpe, with coloured plates by P. Roberts (Sampson Low), is not only a handsome gift-book, but one of especial interest to all bird-lovers, and in particular to those who live in the country. Mr. Sharpe gives readable and popular notes regarding the thirty-nine birds which are illustrated, and where his own extensive knowledge fails, draws, as he frankly owns, from Mr. Seebohm for details of the habits and peculiarities of his subjects, many interesting details of bird-life being given. His remarks regarding the folly of killing owls, who feed so largely upon mice and other vermin, may be recommended to the attention of farmers, while his plea for the starling, so indefatigable in the pursuit of grub and worm as the best friend of the gardener, is well worth the attention of all. Mr. Bowdler Sharpe, apart from being an accomplished ornithologist, is heartily in sympathy with all the feathered subjects—and even with the all-but universally-condemned sparrow. The illustrations are particularly lifelike, the colours being true to Nature—take, for instance, the chaffinch, robin, goldfinch, skylark, and thrush—while each bird is pictured amid the surroundings which it most affects.

Instead of classifying our so-called Gothic architecture under four periods, Mr. Edmund Sharpe proposes to arrange it in seven, believing that the transitional (from 1145 to 1190) is important enough to make a distinct style; and that the curvilinear (1315 to 1360), a less pronounced flamboyant in which the ogee is the prevailing form, should be marked off from the "Geometrical," instead of both being classed together as "Decorated" or "Second Pointed." Mr. Sharpe writes well, and his illustrations are singularly good. Of cathedral elevations alone there are twenty very fine plates, showing all the periods, from Winchester (wholly rectilinear) back to the Norman naves of Ely and Peterborough. The choir of Ely is a beautiful example of the Curvilinear, as the nave of Lichfield and the presbytery of Lincoln are of the Geometrical. Mr. Sharpe might have noted that, although Rickman only gives four styles, he does allow that some of the so-called Saxon work is (as every one else admits that it is) pre-Norman. Altogether Mr. Sharpe's "Seven Periods of English Architecture" (Spon, London and New York) is one of the best manuals on its subject.

The "Dictionary of National Biography, Vol. XV." (Smith and Elder) ends, appositely in this Armada year, with "Drake." The editor contributes "Dickens," of whom he says: "If literary fame could be safely measured by popularity with the half-educated, he may claim the highest place among English novelists." The Rev. W. Ebsworth gives an appreciative sketch of the musical Dibbins, the elder of whom, Charles, began by "playing out the congregation of St. Bride's before he was sixteen." The bibliographer Dibdin, Dr. Luard reminds us, was characterised by Mr. Dyce as "an ignorant pretender without the learning of a schoolboy; who published a quantity of books swarming with errors of every description." Nevertheless, though he could not even read the characters of the Greek books that he described, his "Bibliomania" caught the taste of the time, and helped to excite an interest in rare books and early editions, while under his care Lord Spencer's library grew to be a really wonderful collection. Mr. Norman MacColl briefly sketches the lives of three generations of Dilkes—Charles Wentworth, many years editor of the *Athenæum*, his son, Sir Charles, founder of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, and his grandson, Ashton Wentworth, who, though he had lived for some time in a Russian village, was hindered by his editorship of the *Weekly Dispatch* from writing about Russia till his book was superseded by that of Mr.—now Sir M.—Wallace. We are glad that at last Mr. Stephen gives us an index. With such a crowd of Drummonds, Drury's, Duncans, Dundases, Dyers, Earles as fills the sixteenth volume, the value of the index is very apparent. It would be a still greater boon were the initials of the contributors appended to the indexed names. Were this done, one could fasten at once on the contributions of those in whose work one was specially interested. We are glad that Mr. H. R. Tedder gives due praise to Dunlop's too-much-forgotten "History of Fiction," and that Mr. J. M. Rigg has in Duns Scotus a worthy subject worthily handled.



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—To an earnest and diligent student "Treatise on Musical Intervals, Temperament, and the Elementary Principles of Music," by W. S. B. Woolhouse, F.R.S., &c., will prove a valuable assistance in the prosecution of his musical studies; this clever work is learned without dryness, and full of useful information.—A song with which an intelligent singer may make a very good effect is "A Spanish Lullaby" (*A Sesta*), with an *ad libitum* part for the violoncello; music by Gerard F. Cobb, words by William Cullen Bryant (translated from the Spanish *A Sesta*); the compass is from E first line to F fifth line.—Three poems by Shelley have been prettily set to music by Arthur Fox, they are respectively "Her Voice Did Quiver," "The Faded Violet," and "I Arise from Dreams of Thee."—A bright and melodious gavotte, "Sans Souci," by G. Saint-George, is arranged for the pianoforte both as a solo and as a duet; or with violin; we prefer it in the latter form.—Precisely the same may be said of "Les Contrastes," by T. Harrison Frewin, a gavotte which is not wanting in originality; it is arranged in five forms, from pianoforte solo to full orchestra.—A useful and pleasing drawing-room pianoforte piece is "Romance and Scherzino," by J. S. Shedlock.

MESSRS. RIVIÈRE AND HAWKES.—"Our Regiment March," by Charles Le Thière, is a fairly good specimen of its much-worn type.—"Sunrise in Summer," by the above-named composer, is a "Descriptive Fantasia" of a somewhat commonplace type, but useful for the schoolroom as a change from more classical studies.—"Mélodie Romantique," by Otto Langey, is a graceful trifle.—"Dilara Waltz," by Hervé, has already won public favour in the ballet from whence it is taken, which bears that name.—Simple and tuneful, "The Knight of the Thistle Caledonians," by S. V. Balfour, will be welcome to amateur players at carpet dances.

MESSRS. PIGOTT AND CO. (DUBLIN).—As the season for comic songs is close at hand, three of the latest facetious efforts of W. P. French will no doubt take a good place at a Christmas gathering. "Slattery's Mounted Fut," which has already reached the eighth edition, will be first favourite of the group; the fairly funny words and music are by W. P. French, who has also written and composed "Phil the Fluter's Ball," a meet companion to its predecessor. For "Andy McClive" J. Ross and W. French have collaborated with fair success.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is much true pathos in "Two Little Gloves," written and composed by Major John Gollop; whilst a very funny song, "You Can't Be Too Particular," music by the above composer, words by D. Simon Fraser, will prove a very acceptable encore song at a popular concert (Messrs. Reid Bros.).—There is spirit and vigour in a song of medium compass, entitled "No," written and composed by Gwen and Fred Alley.—"Gladys," a gavotte in F, by Fred A. Broxholm, cannot lay claim to much originality (Charles Woolhouse).—"Boobach Polka" and "Zuid African Marsch," by Gabriel Groenewald, are bright and taking specimens of their kind (The London Music Publishing Company).—"Who Can the Thrall of Love Deny?" from the operetta of *Nanine*, written and composed by Joseph Forster and S. R. Philpot, is a pleasing ditty for a tenor (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—Longfellow's popular poem, "The Bridge," has been fairly well set to music by R. K. Armitage (Messrs. J. and L. Hopkinson).—"Beatrice Valse," by John More Swinerton, is a tuneful and dance-provoking melody (Messrs. Methven, Simpson, and Co.).

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

THE year is old, the night is cold,
A cloak of snow lies over all;
Come maid and page, come sire and sage,
And join the revel in the hall.

Now higher, higher, heap the fire
Till rafters glisten with the glow,
Revealing there to every fair
The tempting sprays of mistletoe.

For every miss must yield a kiss—
Such is the meaning of the wreath,
Whose every berry seems quite merry
With thoughts of what will hap beneath.

Room for the dance! Advance! Advance!
Ye blushing maids, ye jovial swains,
Curtsey and bow, be ready now
To hear the music's op'ning strains.

At last the fun has quite begun,
The couples cross, link and unlink,
And twist and twirl till boy and girl
Are ready with fatigue to sink.

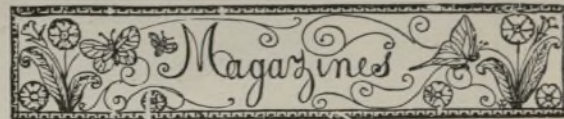
But rouse ye up, 'tis time to sup,
Beneath its load the table groans.
Turkey and chine none will decline
And soon the bird is nought but bones.

And then the ale! Not thin and pale,
But strong and brown; come, drink a flagon—
A single glass won't hurt thee, lass,
But give thee courage for snapdragon.

Then song and rhyme will pass the time,
And grisly tale of churchyard sprite,
Or goblin grim—till lamps burn dim,
Warning us soon to say "Goodnight."

The lamps burn dimmer: just a glimmer
Tells us "the witching hour" is here;
And bids us fly, with many a sigh
That Christmas comes but once a year.

W. A. L.



II.

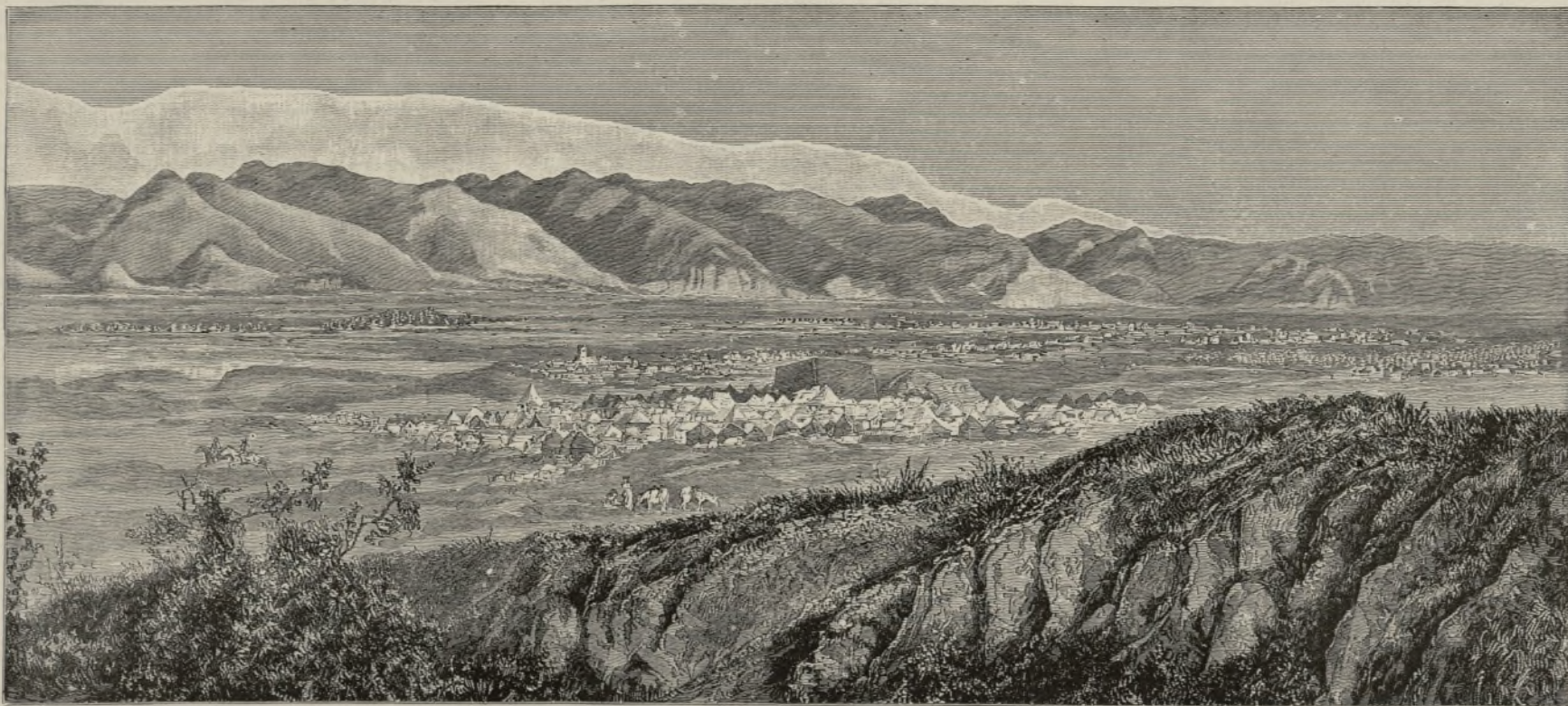
"LADY BABY" is the taking and quaint title of a serial which has a promising beginning in this month's *Blackwood*.—An adventurous journey is capably described by Mr. Walter B. Harris in "My Ride to Sheshouan." Sheshouan is a fanatical Berber city, situated in the mountainous district of Northern Morocco, between the large tribe-lands of Beni-Hassan and the Rif.—Sir Theodore Martin contributes a short poem addressed "To the Empress Frederic on her arriving in England, 19th November, 1888." The last six lines run as follows:—

With eyes of longing, not undimmed by tears,
England now greets thee, desolate and lone,
Heart-stricken, widowed of the twofold crown
Of love and empire; and the grief endears,
Remembering all the cherished hopes o'erthrown,
When at their height thy heart's lord was struck down!

Military men and others might do worse than read in *Macmillan* "How the German Soldier is Made," by an English Company-Officer. It brings home in the clearest manner the wonderful way in which every part of the Teutonic war-machine is intelligently drilled.—A seventeenth-century notability and his troubles are made very present to the reader in "Sir Richard Fanshawe," by Mr. J. W. Mackail.—Mr. George Saintsbury treats of "Names in Fiction;" while Mr. H. C. Keene is instructive on a more serious subject, in "Russia and England."

Mr. Alexander Innes Shand in *Murray* writes feelingly, and with lament, on "The Multiplication of Books," which he regards as bad for everybody, most of all for authors and publishers.—Mr. Fabian Bland strikes out a more or less original line of plot in "Which Wins?"

Men of weight will be attracted by Dr. Andrew Wilson's paper in



THE WEST SIDE OF THE KOJAK PASS



THE EAST SIDE OF THE KOJAK PASS—BIT OF THE MILITARY ROAD



LOWER KOJAK PASS, EAST SIDE, LOOKING DOWN



A CANDAHARI CAMEL DRIVER

THE LEADER OF A CARAVAN

DUMBAS, OR LONG-EARED SHEEP

FRONTIER DEFENCES IN INDIA—NOTES IN BRITISH BELOOCHISTAN
WITH VIEWS ON THE NEW KHWAJA AMRAM STATE RAILWAY



HE STARTS FOR THE FAIR, THE OLD MARE IN THE REAR



SHE HEARS A HORN, AND KNOWS WHAT IT MEANS



THEY FALL IN WITH THE HOUNDS, AND THE OLD MARE MAKES A BOLT



AWAY ACROSS COUNTRY: THE OLD MARE GETS OVER HER FENCES AND "PLOUGH-TAIL BOB" OVER HIS HORSE. HE HEARS SOME STIFF CRITICISM FROM THE WHIP



"I CANNOT JUMP THE OLD JUMPS," THINKS THE OLD MARE; "I HAD BETTER GO HOME"



THE SAD RETURN: THE NEWS HAVING SPREAD, "PLOUGH-TAIL BOB" IS CHEERED BY THE VILLAGE

THE ADVENTURES OF A "PLOUGH-TAIL BOB"

Longman on "Fat and Fat-Cures." He commends, herein, what is known as the Ebstein treatment.—"A. K. H. B." has a well-informed paper on "Lord Westbury," in which many examples of his galling wit are given.—Mr. William Black contributes a short and agreeable narrative, "A Day's Stalking."

"A Piratical F.S.A.," in *Cornhill*, is a brightly-written description of a cruise on the coast of Asia Minor; while "The Other Englishman" is an ingeniously conceived short story.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. W. R. Thayer, who is an enthusiastic writer on anything in which Italy is concerned, has an article on "The Close of Garibaldi's Career."—Mr. William Dewitt Hyde's paper, "The Future of the Country College," will be found suggestive by educationalists.

There is a pretty story in the *Gentleman's*, "A Stage Undine," and Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams makes the gruesome title "Moriendum est Omnibus" a peg on which to hang historical lore anent mysterious deaths.

The complete story in *Lippincott's* is a stirring tale of wild military border life, "Dunraven Ranch," by Captain Charles King.

A useful paper in the *Asclepiad* is "Practical Notes on the Morphine Habit;" in which it is insisted that when the symptoms induced by the habit have passed away, unbroken medical supervision must be maintained for three months at the shortest.

In the *Woman's World* Mrs. Harriet Brooke Davies writes sympathetically of poverty among the women of the metropolis, entitling her paper "Another Voice from the East End."—Miss Charlotte Stewart criticises "The American Girl in Fiction;" while the demands of a near season are not forgotten by Lady Laura Hampton, who gives us a ghost story, "My Grandmother's Jewels."

We have received the first number of *Beeton's Boy's Own Magazine*, edited by Mr. G. A. Henty. It is a capital sixpenny-worth, full of the fact, fiction, history, adventure, and the pictures that boys love.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is a heliogravure from Mr. Caton Woodville's fine painting "Saving the Guns at Maiwand," now in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation, which, as Mr. Rimbault Dibdin observes, could not well be surpassed for its wild dash and force, or for the terrible fidelity characteristic of the work of a painter who has seen war.—Among other interesting matter we may notice "Expression in Drapery," by Miss Annie Williams.

In the *Scottish Art Review* are an etching, "The Sower," by William Strang, and a reproduction of the late Mr. Frank O'Meara's "Evening in the Gatinais." The *Review* also contains a pretty poem by Professor John Stuart Blackie to "Venus Anadyomene," of which we quote the concluding five lines:—

Aphrodite, Ocean daughter,
Though I bear no heathen name
When I see thy fairest frame
Rising from the bright blue water,
I may worship without blame.

An engraving by L. Jacoby, from Fra Filippo Lippi's "The Nativity," forms the somewhat striking frontispiece of the *Art Journal*. The interesting wanderings of MM. Villars and Myrbach took them to Ramsgate and Margate, of which coast towns the foreign artist and the foreign author give their impressions.

We have before us, as the first part of a new volume, *Cassell's Family Magazine* for December. Prominent among its attractions are two new serial stories now begun, "Under a Strange Mask" by Mr. Frank Barrett, and "Mr. Trench of Brasenose" by Miss Mary L. Armit. The periodical also contains "The Art of Dramatic Recitation" most humorously illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss. Noticeable also is the admirable article by Professor J. Stuart Blackie, "Matrimonial Maxims by a Married Man, Addressed to a Young Lady about to be Married." This magazine seems peculiarly adapted for quiet home circles; containing, as it does, plenty of sound, entertaining, and instructive matter.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

VII.

REMINISCENCES of the Holy Land seem specially appropriate at Christmas, more particularly when they refer to the earlier scenes of Christ's ministry upon earth, like Dr. Porter's "Through Samaria to Galilee and the Jordan" (Nelson). In a previous work, the author led his readers around Jerusalem and Bethlehem, now he takes them over a wider district, while still preserving the chain of Biblical associations. Dr. Porter knows his ground so intimately, that each spot described stands out as a graphic word-picture, vividly presenting the surroundings of many important episodes of the Old and New Testaments. Written in simple yet dignified style, the book is admirably illustrated.—Another record of Eastern travel is Miss Amelia B. Edwards's entertaining diary of a dahabiyah trip, "A Thousand Miles up the Nile" (Routledge), now produced in a revised edition. Miss Edwards has not altered her lively narrative, but has added notes to bring the work up to date in the respect of recent discoveries, history, &c.—Still lingering in Bible lands, two more volumes press home Scriptural lessons, though to younger readers. "Favourite Bible Stories for the Young" (Nelson), tells the familiar histories in a style well-suited to children; while Miss Frances Clare's "How the Gentle Shepherd Careth for His Tender Lambs" (Roper and Drowley) provides some taking sermons and hymns for the little ones. Either book will be useful to mothers and teachers.

The biographies of two devoted students of Nature—Linnaeus and Charles Darwin—come fitly together, showing many near points of resemblance in the career of both great men. Unfortunately, Mr. Mawer's brief sketch of Darwin, "Truth for Its Own Sake" (Swan Sonnenschein), is rather bald and cramped. Too much space is given to Darwin's early life, so that the important work of his later years is hurried over. There is more living interest in Mr. A. Alberg's account of the Swedish botanist, "The Floral King" (Allen), despite the occasionally awkward English and tendency to grow long-winded. But Mr. Alberg gives plenty of personal details, and puts the actual man clearly before us. Both books would be good prizes for boys.—Speaking of the lads, Mr. Manville Fenn's latest boyish portrait, "Quicksilver" (Blackie), is one of the queerest heroes he has yet chosen. Mr. Fenn's boys are always brisk, flesh-and-blood creatures, not weak ideals, and this restless workhouse wail is depicted with just that mixture of humour and pathos which makes the author so great a favourite.—Three stories of school life are fair specimens of the class: "Ernest Fairfield" (Warne), by the Rev. A. N. Malan, and "The Mystery of Shoncliff School" (Cassell), by the author of "Mr. Burke's Nieces," being built on the ordinary foundation of the just suffering for the unjust; while "Academy Boys in Camp" (Nelson), by S. P. Spear, adds to much the same plot a bright description of an American school roughing it in camp life. Many boys will wish that their masters would institute such a jolly annual holiday.—In their more sober moments, too, schoolboys will find the teaching of the Collects brought home to their lives by Miss Grace Stebbing's "In All Our Doings" (Shaw), which weaves simple religious lessons into a story without unnecessary preaching. The religious element dominates all Messrs. Shaw's contributions, notably Miss Emily Holt's "The King's Daughters"—an effective picture of the Marian persecutions, with, however, a leaning to bigotry. Indeed, as a model for girls, Mrs. Marshall's "Bishop's Cranworth" is pleasanter reading, though only a simple modern provincial tale. One of the best stories in the batch is "Uncle Steve's Locker," wherein "Brenda"

draws with much charm the love between an aged man and woman and their little niece, framed in a queer sea-side home, which reminds us of old Peggotty's dwelling. The sea again provides the excitement for "Prison Bars," by Catherine Shaw, whose chief characters become converted through the terrors of a night in a cave; and there is a whiff of the briny in "Twice Rescued," with its pathetic theme of the child's sufferings amongst the gipsies. Here Miss Cornwall sketches Cornish scenes and people with a clever pen, and her chief characters are admirably quaint. The heroine of "Sybil's Message" also suffers from the loss of her home, though by her own fault; and Miss Brodie takes the opportunity to point out the value of the well-known Theatrical Mission to such little ones. To complete this packet, "To the End," by C. Lockhart Gordon, may be commended as a fair confirmation story for girls; while little people will like the merry autobiography of a terrier, "Pixie's Adventures," by N. d'Anvers.—Fictitious dogs bring us to the real animals in "A Book of Bow-Wows" (Charles), wherein Mr. Ascott Hope collects a host of anecdotes about "the friend of man," his fidelity, bravery, cleverness, and so forth. His pages are very amusing and plentifully illustrated, like yet another of the Rev. J. G. Wood's popular natural-history chats, "The Zoo" (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge), which deals with a wilder type of creation. Mr. Wood never writes over the heads of his young audience, but manages to amuse as well as instruct.

Mrs. Molesworth is so widely appreciated that young people will be disappointed to find her annual volume only a selection of short stories, "A Christmas Posy" (Macmillan). They are all as gracefully written as ever, but there is not enough of them. Mr. Crane again contributes the accompanying drawings.—We meet him, however, on far more important artistic ground in "Flora's Feast" (Cassell), a charming record of the flowers of the year, from snowdrop to Christmas rose. This is a true "masque of flowers," with each blossom transformed into a fairy-like being, delicately coloured and designed in Mr. Crane's most characteristic fashion. Among the most important illustrated books comes our old friend, "Rip Van Winkle" (Marcus Ward), dressed daintily in antique garb, with rough-edged leaves. But Mr. Goodman's etchings do not make us forget previous clever illustrations of Washington Irving's famous legend.—The childish picture-books are very pretty this year, and hitherto we have not seen a single specimen of crude colour or design. Look for instance at the dainty coloured landscapes and flowers, illustrating the rural verses of "Buttercups and Daisies" (Marcus Ward), the picturesque children in sepia of "Jottings for Juveniles" (Griffith, Farran), where Eva Pyne illustrates W. A. Gillespie's poems, or the merry black and white cuts, by M. Irwin, accompanying the old nursery rhymes in "Jingles and Chimes" (Shaw). In this book, however, the compiler has taken too much liberty in altering the traditional verses.—Many of these old rhymes appear again in "Little Boy Blue" (Marcus Ward) and in "Old Friends with New Faces" (Castell), by Will Gibbons, two most attractive volumes, with coloured illustrations.—But the children will be still more amused with the delightful cats and mice of "Three Old Friends" (Marcus Ward), which E. Caldwell depicts with true comic spirit.—Nor can they help laughing at the rustic troubles and successes of "Our Farm" (Clarke), gaily told in pen and pencil by F. W. Pattenden and Louis Wain.—Then the nursery may take a hint for a wet holiday from "A Gay Day for Seven" (Prang), wherein Mrs. R. M. Sprague pictures how an American birthday party succeeded in spite of the weather.—Lastly, the elders have a further share of picture and verse in Messrs. Walker's series of illustrated familiar poems, "The Village Blacksmith," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," &c., or the ocean jottings of "By the Sea" (Marcus Ward).—A dainty souvenir for a young girl would be "Harpsstrings" (Castell Brothers), where L. and F. Price add refined sketches to daily extracts from the Psalms; while those who enjoy selections from familiar authors may call many pithy sayings from the writings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, gathered by A. Fairfield, as "Flowers and Fruit" (Sampson Low); or pick out wit and wisdom from the "Happy Thoughts" (Bradbury, Agnew) of Mr. Burnand, arranged by Rosie Burnand, as a Birthday Book.

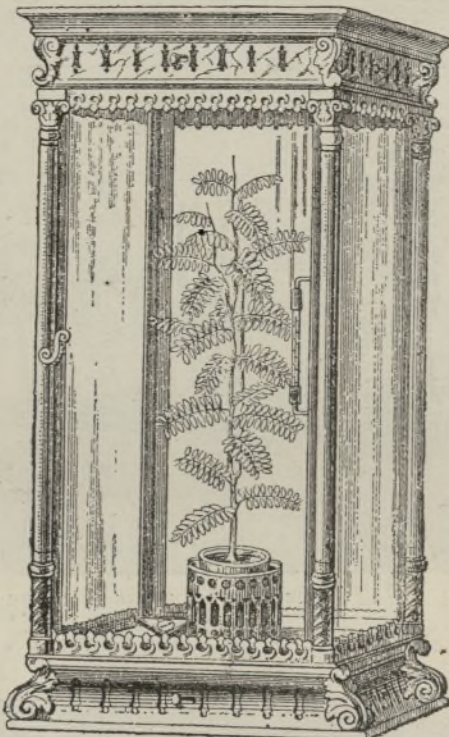
Fairy-land having been considerably neglected this season, it is quite a variety to dip into Mr. Mark Thornhill's interesting collection of "Indian Fairy Tales" (Hatchards), illustrated by E. Scannell. The author gathered his materials from the lips of the natives themselves, and the stories are original, and full of Oriental imagery.—Perhaps, however, no Eastern fairy-tales will ever be half so fascinating as the familiar "Arabian Nights" (Trübner), which Mr. Edward Hale now presents for young people, primarily his American compatriots. He bases his selection on Lane's translation, with some of Captain Burton's fuller renderings, and aims rather at presenting the best-known tales complete than briefer abstracts of the whole collection.—Crossing to another Eastern land, the traditions of the Mikado's Empire come to the fore in Messrs. Griffith and Farran's quaint series of "Japanese Fairy Tales." Not only are the tales most amusing, but they are capitally got up, in native style, on proper crinkly Japanese stuff, with queer native illustrations.—Though hardly a fairy-tale, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's chronicle of Old Japan, "The Curse of Koshu" (Ward and Downey), treats the same romantic ground. It is a gruesome page of Japanese history, of love and war, torture and bloodshed, in the days when the Mikados were only puppets, and the cruel Hojo family pulled the strings. Mr. Wingfield fairly thrills his readers with horror, while enchanting them by his descriptions of scenery and life in the "Land of the Rising Sun."—After these sensational treacheries the European Court intrigues of Mr. André's romance of olden times, "The King's Bell Tower" (Warne), seem very mild.—Nor is there much to commend in E. Ashe's poetic version of Hans Andersen's "Story of the Little Mermaid" (Griffith and Farran), which was far more poetic in its original prose form. Miss Laura Troubridge's drawings are the best part of the book.

Considering the mass of story-books issued, only the best can be mentioned. Girls needing Kingsley's reminder to "do noble deeds, not dream them," may read "Dulcibel's Day Dreams" (Nisbet), where Mrs. Marshall's moral advice is neatly wrapped up in an interesting story; the same authoress providing similar hints for boys in "Oliver's Old Pictures" (Nisbet).—This lesson was carried out according to their childish years both by Miss Maitland's "Nellie O'Neil" (Nelson) and by another Dulcibel—a name much favoured this year—in "Dulcibel and Tottie" (Nelson), who are a delightful old-fashioned pair as pictured by Evelyn Everett-Green.—Equally taking in their mischief are the boy and girl who play such pranks in "When I'm a Man" (Griffith, Farran), by Alice Weber; and the pickle hero whom his family styled "That Bother of a Boy" (Jarrold), by Grace Stebbing.—Misunderstood love is the keynote in the novelettes for older girls. It nearly shipwrecked the life of "Our Boy" (Roper and Drowley), by J. M. Barker, when he chose the wrong maiden, though all came right at last; it joined all the wrong halves in "The Vicar of Redcross" (Houlston), where Miss Doudney's tale is hampered by hideous old-fashioned deceptions; it made terrible trouble through the needless deceptions of "Geraldine's Husband" (Jarrold), by Mary Macleod; and it hampered the fulfilment of "Vera's Trust" (Nelson), till Evelyn Everett-Green cleared up her little mystery in due time.—Love again even penetrated through a London fog, and gave the answer to "Will it Lift?" (Nisbet), which the Rev. Jackson Wray seasons with salutary warnings against drink and dishonesty; and love taught the heroine of "Meg's Friend" (Blackie) to persevere and make herself contented in very untoward surroundings. Here Mrs. Cockran draws a charming lassie, who is matched in perseverance and decision by her American sister, Claire, of

"Out in the World" (Nelson), by Pansy, a pleasing sketch of girlish industry and self-reliance.—Finally the stories include a reprint of Miss Mateaux's popular history of the sea-waif "Wee Willie Winkie" (Cassell); and for the tiny mites sundry collections of short narratives and pictures, "Little Chimes," "Dewdrop Stories," and "A Sheaf of Tales" (Cassell), and "The Children's Treasury" (Shaw).

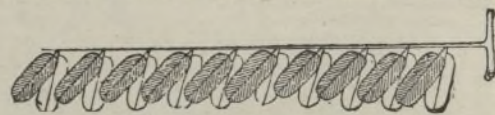
A BOTANICAL WEATHER-GLASS

HERR NOWACK'S much-talked-of weather-plant—*Abrus precatorius*—somewhat resembles an acacia, as may be seen in our illustration representing the plant grown in a special cultivating apparatus.



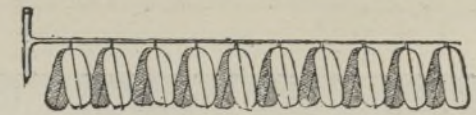
WEATHER-PLANT IN SPECIAL CULTIVATING APPARATUS

It requires an even temperature of 18 deg. Reaumur (nearly 74 deg. Fahr.), and must be kept moderately damp, and completely shielded from the sun. One plant of medium height will give three distinct grades of warning. The leaves become less sensitive as they grow older, and thus the oldest branches, near the root, only foretell the weather within a very limited zone—extending about half a mile, and sometimes further. Those a little younger are restricted to from half to one and a-half miles; while the freshest, at the top, predict throughout the furthest zone—from one and a-half to five miles. The leaves of all ages, however, agree in prophesying at the same distance of time—forty-eight hours in advance. When the leaves on either side of the stalk curl together and roll up they indicate an approaching storm, whose strength and duration correspond with the strength and duration of the curve of the leaf. Besides these curves the leaves move upwards and downwards. The latter



1. FINE WEATHER, LIGHT WINDS

position appears in Fig. 1, indicating fine weather with light winds; and where the movement of the leaves of each pair is not quite

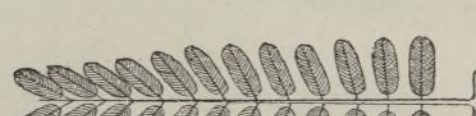


2. RAIN

identical. In Fig. 2, one of each pair of leaves points up and another down, indicating rain. If this difference were more



3. CHANGEABLE WEATHER—WIND



4. CHANGEABLE WEATHER—WIND RISING

accentuated it would signify a severe storm. In Figs. 3 and 4—denoting changeable weather and wind—the leaves move in pairs, and as they approach nearer at the tip of the stalk so the wind increases in force. Thus when the leaves droop almost close to the stalk a hurricane may be expected. For the special movements respecting clouds, frost, change of temperature, &c., our readers may study Herr Nowack's interesting pamphlet "Die Wetterpflanze," from which we have gathered these particulars. It is especially claimed that earthquakes are foretold by the curve of the stalk of each branch, which becomes sharper according to the distance of the shock. Specimens of the weather-plant have been growing lately in the Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, but have not yet been very successful as correct meteorological prophets. This failure, say their advocates, arises from the plants being too much exposed to external influences, and not being grown under the special circumstances which best develop their curious attributes. The plants, however, are shortly to be shown in London, in Herr Nowack's own apparatus. During the past three years Herr Nowack claims to have predicted 33,000 justified weather warnings, many of which have been particularly valuable to mine owners.



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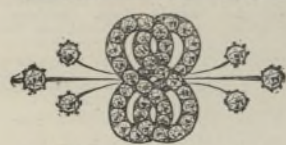
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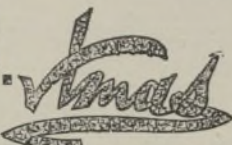
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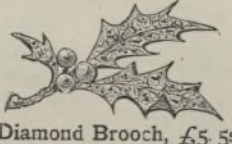
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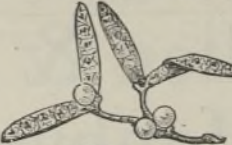
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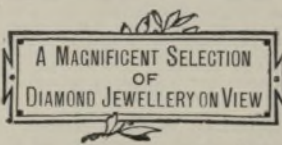
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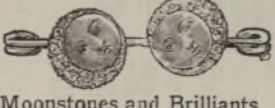
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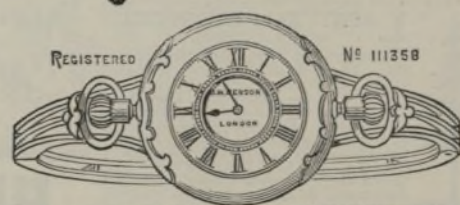
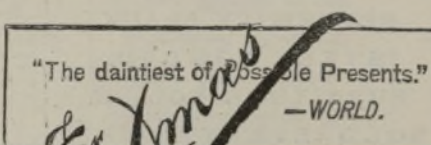


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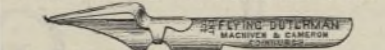
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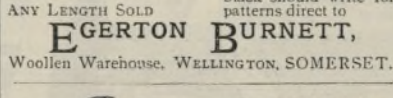
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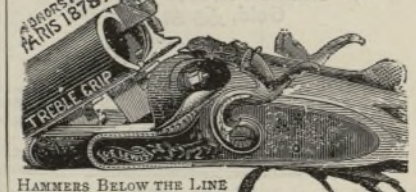
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