

**\* THE \*  
PALACE JOURNAL  
PEOPLE'S PALACE \* MILE END. E. \***

Vol. VI.—No. 161.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1890. [ONE PENNY.]

**VAN HOUTEN'S PURE SOLUBLE  
BEST & GOES FARTHEST COCOA**

STIMULATES AND NOURISHES.



Copyright by permission of Messrs. Chapman & Hall, London.  
Mrs. GAMP.  
(MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT).

*"I said to Mrs Harris, Mrs Harris says I try Van Houten's Cocoa"*

FOR PRINCE AND WORKMAN.

"HEALTH" says:—  
"None of the numerous cocoas have as yet equalled this inventors in solubility & agreeable taste and nutritive qualities."  
"..... Its purity is beyond question ....."  
"..... ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED ....."  
THIS COCOA SOLELY USED AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Applications for Advertisements in the "Palace Journal" to be made to SMITH & BOTWRIGHT, 6, Eldon St., Finsbury, E.C.

**DR. ROOKE'S SOLAR ELIXIR**

Is the most effectual HEALTH RESTORER recorded in the history of medicine. It is above all things serviceable in cases of weakness and exhaustion. As a medicine it far surpasses any known preparation, hence it has a most marvellous effect on all nervous complaints, whether arising from overwork or mental anxiety.

Sold in Bottles at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each,

by all Patent Medicine Vendors, or direct from **DR. ROOKE, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.**

**A BOON TO RICH & POOR ALIKE!**  
NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT THEM.  
**FIFTY YEARS OF UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS.**

**DR. ROOKE'S ORIENTAL PILLS.**

Recommended by Sir HENRY HALFORD, Bart., M.D., formerly President of the Royal College of Physicians, London, as being invaluable for Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious, and Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, and all affections and irregularities of the Bowels.

Never fail as a Special Remedy for Female Complaints.

Con. posed of the FINEST DRUGS only. Full Directions for use are wrapped round each box. Sold in Boxes at 1s. 1 1/2d., 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.

Can be obtained from all Chemists, Patent Medicine Vendors, and Stores throughout the World, or direct from **DR. ROOKE, SCARBOROUGH, ENGLAND.**

**CROSBY'S BALSAMIC COUGH ELIXIR**

Is specially recommended by several eminent Physicians. It is used with the most signal success for Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Influenza, Consumption, Consumptive Night Sweats, Sifting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, and all affections of the Throat and Chest.

Sold in Bottles at 1s. 1 1/2d., 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.



**SUN LIFE OFFICE**

For Assurances  
**"UNDER COST PRICE."**

Apply for NEW OPTION PROSPECTUSES to—  
**HARRIS C. L. SAUNDERS, General Manager,**  
63, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

**GENUINE ELECTRIC BELTS.**  
The only curative electric belts which are guaranteed to irreversibly generate mild continuous currents and which are recommended by the highest authorities are **HARNESSE' ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.** They are cool & comfortable to wear and have cured thousands of cases of *Neurasthenia*.  
**"ELECTROPATHIC."** Beware! Don't waste your money on BOGUS TOY APPLIANCES. Be careful to note our ONLY ADDRESS as under.  
HEALTH Giving Appliances have proved an inestimable blessing to sufferers from **NERVOUSNESS, Migraine or Organic Weakness, RHEUMATISM, (not Sciatica, Lumbago, Indigestion, Constipation, HYSTERIA, SLEEPLESSNESS, &c.**  
BOOK of TESTIMONIALS, PAMPHLET, and CONSULTATION FREE.  
The MEDICAL BATTERY CO., Limited,  
52, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.  
(CORNER OF RATHONE PLACE.)

**FOR COUGHS BRONCHITIS ASTHMA ETC.**  
**HALL'S LUNG RESTORER**  
Possesses the Power to SOOTHE, RELIEVE, and HEAL, which exists in no other preparation  
**NEVER FAILS TO GIVE INSTANT RELIEF**

DOES NOT CONTAIN LAUDANUM, NUT OPIUM, or MORPHIA.  
CAUTION.—When you ask for HALL'S "LUNG RESTORER" don't be persuaded to accept anything else. Any Chemist not having it in stock, can easily procure it. Upon the outside wrapper of every genuine Bottle appears my Trade Mark (the Figure of Hope) and Signature.  
SOLD IN BOTTLES, 2s. 1 1/2d. & 2s. 6d. *Wholesale only.*

ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS.  
Can also be obtained from GARMAN BROS., 278-280, Roman Road, Bow, E., and KNOWLES and PHILLIPS, 47, Minories, E.

JUST READY **TWO CHRISTMAS NOS. OF "HORNER'S PENNY STORIES,"** BY Favourite Authors  
**"WAITING FOR THE BRIDE: A WHITE WINTER'S TALE,"** By Fannie Eden and **"SILVER BELL: A STORY OF THREE CHRISTMAS TIDES,"** By Svd. Watson  
LONDON: W. S. HORNER & SON, 27, PATERNOSTER SQUARE, AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

# \* THE \* PALACE JOURNAL \* MILE END E. \*

PEOPLE'S PALACE

Vol. VI.—No. 161.]

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1890.

[ONE PENNY.]

## PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

### COMING EVENTS.

- FRIDAY, 12th December—Library open 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
- SATURDAY, 13th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Queen's Hall, at 8, Tableaux Vivants, "Faust," by the Garrick Company. Orchestra, People's Palace Military Band and Choral Society.
- SUNDAY, 14th—Library open from 3 till 10 p.m., free.
- MONDAY, 15th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In Queen's Hall, Lecture by Prof. H. Marshall Ward, to be followed by an exhibition of Fencing by Mr. H. H. Burdett and Mr. D. S. Nelson, to be followed by a performance by Messrs. Hall and Millet, with Indian Clubs. Admission 1d., 3d. and 6d.
- TUESDAY, 16th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Choral Society—Orchestral Society, 8 to 10.
- WEDNESDAY, 17th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Lecture in Queen's Hall at 8, on the "Phonograph," by Mr. Johnstone. Admission Two-pence. Students One Penny.
- THURSDAY, 18th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Queen's Hall, at 8, Girls' Gymnastic Display. Women only admitted. Admission Three-pence.

THE DUKE OF FIFE, on Wednesday night last, distributed the prizes and certificates gained by the students attending the People's Palace Technical Schools. The ceremony took place in the Queen's Hall, Sir John Henry Johnson, Master of the Drapers' Company, presiding, supported by Sir John R. Jennings, W. P. Sawyer, Esq., H. Cunyngbame, Esq., and Sir E. Hay Currie.

Sir Edmund H. Currie, in welcoming the Duke of Fife to the People's Palace, announced that the Drapers' Company, who had already done so much for the Palace, and erected the magnificent technical schools, had generously undertaken the future maintenance of the technical institution. It was a most happy thing for East London that the Drapers' Company had relieved the Beaumont trustees of this great responsibility, for the question of technical education in East London was now solved. A sum of about £6,000 a year was required for the maintenance of the institution, and the whole of this would in future be provided by this generous City company.

The Head Master (Mr. D. A. Low) then read the annual report, which was as follows:—

The Third Session of this School commenced on the 2nd September, 1889. The total number of boys enrolled during the session was 421. The largest number on the register at one time was 367, and the average daily attendance for the whole session 311. Of the 421 boys enrolled, 288 took the first year's course, 113 the second year's course, and 20 the third year's course. The ages of the pupils ranged from 12 to 17. The average ages were, 13 for first year's pupils, 14 for second year's pupils, and 15 for third year's pupils. Scholarships entitling the holders to free education were held by 244 boys. The subjects taught were as follows:—*First Year's Course:* Freehand Drawing, Practical Geometry, Machine and Building Drawing, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, French, the Use of Tools, and Gymnastics. *Second Year's Course:* Freehand Drawing, Practical Geometry, Machine and Building Drawing, Mathematics, Mechanics, Physics, Chemistry,

French, the Use of Tools, and Gymnastics. *Third Year's Course:* In the third year pupils specialise, taking up those subjects which have a more direct bearing on the trade or profession which they intend to follow. The instruction given has been of a thoroughly practical character. Wherever possible, each subject has been illustrated by models and experiments. The pupils have also had practical experience with tools and apparatus in the workshops and laboratories of the school. At the examinations of the Science and Art Department, our boys gained 814 second-class certificates, 500 first-class certificates, and 66 Queen's prizes. The advantages of a training in a technical school are now being felt by a great many of our old boys, who have been able to obtain situations, which they could not have taken without the special training which they had received at the People's Palace. Employers of skilled labour are also becoming alive to the fact that our boys, with their knowledge of science and drawing and their manual dexterity, are more useful to them than boys who have only had the education of the public elementary schools. This is shown by the frequent applications which we have from employers for boys who have passed through our school. Although the main object of the school has been to give a sound training in Science and Drawing and the use of Tools, recreation has not been neglected. We have had a most successful Ramblers Club, a Cricket Club, and a Football Club, which have been the means of providing pleasant and healthful exercise to the boys on Saturdays. Special facilities were also afforded in connection with the Swimming Bath, and nearly every boy, who has passed through the school, has learned to swim. In connection with this we might mention that not long ago two of our old boys, S. Davis and A. E. Paskell, bravely leaped into the Regent's Canal, and saved a man from drowning. There can be no doubt that that man owes his life to Lord Rosebery, for it was Lord Rosebery who presented a Swimming Bath to the People's Palace, and had it not been for that bath Davis and Paskell would probably not have learned to swim. The session was brought to a close in July last by a most successful nine days' excursion to the seaside by a party of 200 boys and masters. The party lived under canvas in a field at Dumpton Gap, near Ramsgate, and had a most enjoyable time. The expense of the excursion was defrayed chiefly by Mrs. Heywood, the wife of the Past Master of the Drapers' Company, and her friends.

**EVENING CLASSES.**—The Third Session of the Evening Classes commenced on the 30th Sept., 1889. About 100 Classes were held in over 60 different subjects, and were taught by a staff of 50 teachers. The total number of individual students enrolled during the session was 5,000, and the number of class tickets issued was 7,834. Classes were held to meet the special wants of Carpenters, Cabinetmakers, Bricklayers, Engineers, Plumbers, Printers, Photographers, Tailors, Shoemakers, Art Metal Workers, Wood Carvers, etc. Science classes were held in eleven subjects. There were special classes for women in Dressmaking, Millinery, Cookery, etc. There were twenty-seven classes in Commercial and General subjects. In the Art School there were classes in Freehand Drawing, Decorative Designing, Modelling, Etching, etc. There were classes for Singing, also Choral and Orchestral Societies, and a Military Band. Individual instruction was also given to a large number of pupils on the Pianoforte and Violin. In addition to the regular classes, special lectures and courses of lectures were given from time to time during the session on various Science, Technical, and general subjects. The Gymnasium, which was open four evenings per week for men, and two evenings per week for women, was attended by 1005 individuals. Each Wednesday evening during the session an entertainment was provided in the Queen's Hall, to which all students of the Evening Classes were admitted on payment of sixpence per quarter. In consequence of these entertainments, no classes were held on Wednesday evenings. We had also, in connection with our evening work, two important Junior Sections, one for boys, and the

other for girls. These sections are of the nature of continuation Evening Schools, in which instruction and recreation are combined. These Junior Sections were taken advantage of during the Session by 200 boys, and 102 girls.

The Duke of Fife, in an address to the students, said, while they could not all be prize-winners in the battle of life, all by courage and industry could do something to add to their own happiness and the welfare of their neighbours. He had not come there to read them a lecture, but he wished to impress upon them the fact that hard work and industry paved the road to success in life. He was sure that it was not without considerable self-denial that the prizes he was about to present were earned, but after all, self-denial and hard work became easier the more they were practised, until what at first seemed difficult and irksome ended by becoming a simple habit. In days gone by many a youth with far fewer advantages than they possessed by the exercise of these qualities had made for himself position and fortune, and had conferred great benefits upon their country. In these days of feverish competition, when our very existence as an industrial country depended upon the scientific knowledge and the artistic training of the working men, it was impossible to exaggerate the value of the noble gift which had been presented to their institution by the Drapers' Company. Their liberality and munificence deserved some recognition at the hands of the students, and he was sure that what would please them best was that the people of the East-end should use to the very full their splendid gift—(cheers)—so that in days to come they might have the satisfaction of feeling that their liberality had added well-equipped and worthy recruits to the great army of labour.—His Grace then presented the awards, to the number of nearly 700. Subsequently a concert was given by the People's Palace Choral Society.

Among the many holders of certificates we noted that the Art Classes had come out very well, four students having obtained Art Class Teachers' Certificates, and two prizes in design, their names being as follows:—Miss Attwell, Miss Colson, Mr. Jesseman, Mr. Croker, Mr. Evans, and Mr. Layton, some of whose work was hung in front of the platform for inspection.

THE Technical Day Schools' and Evening Classes' Christmas Holidays will commence on Friday, the 19th inst.

THE Evening Classes for next term, will commence on Monday, January 5th, 1891, with a Social Conversation, to which the Governors intend inviting the whole of the students. Each member will have the privilege of bringing a friend, but tickets should be applied for as early as possible. Mr. H. Capper will appear in his drawing-room entertainment; Mr. Orton Bradley, together with some friends, has promised to appear in an operetta; other members will give a dramatic sketch; while during the whole evening the Library (by permission of the Trustees) will be utilised as a refreshment department. Arrangements have also been made for a descriptive exhibition of Edison's phonograph in one of the class-rooms, at intervals during the evening. Members of the Choral Society, and also of the Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. R. Cave, will contribute to the evening's enjoyment by vocal and instrumental selections.

THE Concert on Saturday last, given by the Popular Musical Union, brought a good house together, notwithstanding attractive programmes elsewhere. Several of the choruses were given with great power, and the vocalists all entered with spirit into their parts. Mr. Thomas and his helpers deserve our best thanks.

OUR female members should not fail to remember the Gymnastic Display on Thursday next, the 18th, in the Queen's Hall.

THE Sign-Writing, Gilding and Graining Class commenced on Friday last. The Class is already full up.

ONE of the most successful of the present series of Popular Lectures, was given on Monday, the 8th December, by H. Cunyngbame, Esq., on the "Spanish Armada;" he graphically described the fight for civil and religious Liberty, and by the aid of dissolving views brought vividly before the audience the whole scene of the Armada. This was followed by a descriptive exhibition of Edison's wonderful phonograph, or Talking Machine, by Mr. Chas. R. Johnstone. Amongst the reproductions given from the instrument were banjo, cornet, trombone, bassoon, bagpipe solos, which were heard all over the Queen's Hall.

DRAPERS' COMPANY'S TECHNICAL SCHOOLS RAMBLERS' CLUB.—On Saturday last some twenty Members visited Messrs. Charrington's well-known brewery in the Mile End Road. On arrival we were welcomed by Mr. Courtland, who, after some kindly enquiries concerning our party, put us under the charge of one of the foremen. We first went to the engine-house. In this are two engines, a horizontal of 60 horse-power, and a beam engine of some 50 horse-power. These work the pumps, elevators, etc. It was surprising to see so much machinery arranged all very compactly.

There were shafts, vertical, horizontal, and inclined, in the working of which our engineering lads took much interest. We were then shown the "mash-tuns," "hop-backs," and "hop boilers," the latter being immense reservoirs of about 200 barrel capacity, which are heated by self-feeding furnaces. We next proceeded to the fermenting vats of which there are a great number. We also visited the cooling room in which the liquor is cooled before it is sent to the fermenting vats. This is done by allowing it to flow very slowly down the outside of tubes through which cold water passes. The last place to visit in the brewery house, was the room in which the malt is measured and crushed. The malt, after the husks are separated, is then sent to the mash-tuns as wanted. The time that now remained did not enable us to visit both the stables and the tower, which is so conspicuous an object in the East of London. Our guide wished us to visit the stables, but our members clamoured loudly to be allowed to ascend the tower, so that he at last consented. The tower is said to be 185 feet high and the ascent is accomplished by means of an iron spiral staircase which winds round a solid iron newel. On reaching the first stage some 90 ft. high, we were shown the places in which are stored the malt, these are of great capacity, each one holding when full 200 quarters of malt. The total capacity is 32,000 quarters. The tower is used for the purpose of distributing the malt. When malt is brought to the brewery it is unloaded into bins and is taken, by means of an elevator, to the top of the tower, whence it is discharged into channels to be taken to the store, or direct to the brewing house. On reaching the top we went on the balcony, but, owing to the mist, could not see far enough to make the view interesting. Descending, we thanked our guide and left the yard after an interesting two hours visit. A. G.

PEOPLE'S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—The Choral Society's Social on Saturday evening last, was a great success. Much praise is due to Mr. Fernley for the artistic taste displayed, and the able manner in which he carried out the necessary arrangements. In all, a most enjoyable evening was spent, and it afforded us great pleasure in proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Fernley and his colleagues; this, it hardly needs saying, was responded to by all present. W. Stock, Hon. Sec., P. P. Orchestral Society.

PEOPLE'S PALACE TECHNICAL DAY SCHOOL FOOTBALL CLUB.—On Saturday, our match was played against the Byron Street School Football Club. A short time after play began, the Palace boys scored a goal. The end of the first half left the score 1 goal to nil. During the second half the Byron Street scored, followed by another on the part of the Palace boys. Again, however, the Byron Street caught up, and the Palace not to be outdone, followed suit with a goal, which was disputed. The end of the game was a draw; two goals each.—Next week we play the Upton Cross, at Wanstead. A. E. McMILLAN, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL CLUB.—President, Mr. Low.—1ST TEAM v. GROVE.—Played at Wanstead on Saturday last, the teams being somewhat equally matched. The Old Boys scored a goal in the first half by an excellent side shot from Sawden, and at the interval led by one goal. But at the end of the second half the ball rolled through the goal from off an opponent's leg, causing the result to become a draw of 1 goal all. The latter end of the game was played in darkness.—Matches for Saturday next, December 13th.—1st Team v. Prisca Coborn, opponents' ground; 2nd Team v. Leopold, Club Ground, Forest Gate.—The Monthly Committee Meeting will be held on Thursday next, at 7.45. F. C. BIRKETT, Hon. Sec.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASTIC CLUB.—On Friday, December 5th, another very jolly evening was spent by some thirty members of the above. With interesting games, music, songs, and pleasant conversation, the evening terminated all too soon. The alteration in the day for our socials has, in most instances, proved more convenient, and it is hoped that all members will find Friday evening equally suitable for them.—Special arrangements having been made, twenty of our members, *en masse*, visited Madam Tussaud's Exhibition, and a most delightful afternoon was spent.—The attractions of the exhibition have lately been further augmented by the electric lighting and the recent addition of a group representing the execution of Mary Queen of Scots forms one of the chief features. After partaking of a substantial tea, we made our way to the room of horrors, where the perpetrators of the late crimes were well represented.—The concert given by the "Swiss mountaineers" was most enjoyable, at the conclusion of which we made for home, highly delighted with our first ramble.—R. JOSEPHS, Vice-Captain; ANNIE A. HEINEMANN, Captain.

We have received a copy of "The Association Football Handbook" for 1890-91, together with a handy little book of the Laws of Football and Rules for Umpires, prices 6d and 1d, respectively. The handbook is well got up and is very complete, and contains two portraits of Mr. Walters and Mr. Holden-White, both well-known players, a list of the principal Associations with their secretaries as well as a calendar of fixtures for 1890-91.

## Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

THERE are more ducks in the Chinese Empire, says an authority, than in all the world outside of it. They are kept by the Celestials on every farm, on the private roads, on the public roads, on streets of cities, and on all the lakes, ponds, rivers, streams and brooks in the country. Every Chinese boat also contains a batch of them. There are innumerable hatching establishments all through the empire, many of which are said to turn out about 50,000 young ducks every year. Salted and smoked duck, and ducks' eggs, constitute two of the most common and important articles of diet in China.

THE Vatican, as all the world knows, is the official residence of the Popes, and is so called because it stands on the Vatican Hill. It is an enormous pile of buildings adjoining St. Peter's, Rome, comprising thousands of apartments, and a hundred and fifty staircases, as also museums and an almost fabulous amount of art treasures in painting, sculpture and antiquities. Its exterior though not beautiful, is imposing in size, but on the interior is lavished everything that is magnificent and costly in adornment—the rarest and most splendid marbles, oriental alabasters, mosaic pavements—until the spectator is bewildered by the very extent of its richness. There are beautiful private gardens in which the Pope is frequently carried in a sedan chair.

I HAVE recently seen a curious collection of Yankee similes or figures of speech, and they are in the main so full of pith and point, so sententious, and so replete with "live" suggestiveness, that I fancy they will not be without a certain interest to the general reader; perhaps useful withal when opportunity requires the employment of drastic speech. The following are representative examples—Like all fury—As long as a thanksgiving sermon—As quick as greased lightning—As crooked as a Virginia fence—As tight as the bark of a tree—As hungry as a graven image—As handy as a pocket in a shirt—As small as the little end of nothing—Mean enough to steal acorns from a blind hog—Sungy enough to skim his milk at both ends—As proud as a mulatto in a negro congregation—As big as what hogs dream of when they're too fat to snore—So thievish that people have to take in their stone walls at night—To look as solemn as though a stone wall lay on one's grandmother—As busy as a negro in a sugar cask—Great on small wheels, i. e., large pretensions on a slight basis—Cheaper than bull-beef at a penny a pound—As scarce as hen's teeth—As melancholy as a Quaker meeting-house by moonlight—Thrashing round like a short-tailed bull in fly-time—He's a whole team and a dog under the wagon—As sleek and slippery as though he had been taking a hip-bath in a tub of soap-grease—Of no more use than it would be to stop up a rat-hole with an apple dumpling.

PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS has made an estimate of the population of England from 1259 to 1793 which seems to be pretty accurate. In 1631 the entire population of London and Southwark, a census being taken by the wards, was only a little over 131,000. It was not a quarter of the number in 1341. The population of England and Wales from the end of Edward I's reign to that of Elizabeth, a matter of three centuries, could not have been therefore more than two and half million souls, and was probably less. In 1377 parliament granted the king a poll tax of 4d. a head on all persons over fourteen years of age, the only persons excepted being known beggars and mendicant friars. In the light of the figures then collected, the population of London was 35,000, of York nearly 11,000, of Bristol 9,500, of Coventry about 7,000, of Lincoln 5,000. No other English town had more than 5,000 inhabitants. The result of this estimate gives a population of about 2,500,000, giving a liberal number to beggars and begging friars, for the actual numbers is 2,184,000, including children and those specially exempted. At the end of the seventeenth century there is evidence that the population of England and Wales was more than double what it was at the end of the previous century. From a return of all the houses in the country, in order that the hearth tax might be examined, it appears that there were about five and a half millions in England and Wales in the year 1690. At next year's census, a period of just 200 years later, the total is expected to reach nearly forty millions, a seven-fold increase!

THE missing-link has turned up again, this time in the United States. A coloured man in Burlington has been, for some years, troubled with a tail; report says that after futile attempts to put an end to the unwelcome appendage by cutting, the doctors are now trying to destroy the root. It would be a pity if they succeeded in removing this periodical contribution to sensational literature.

CURIOSLY enough, there is little or no demand for agricultural implements in Japan. An explanation is probably to be found in the fact that the land is divided into farms that never exceed five fens (one-quarter of an acre). Many of the lots are no larger than

an ordinary bedroom, they are divided from each other by a narrow bank about 1-ft. high, and just wide enough to walk along. In some places there is a stone wall instead of a mud bank. In the majority of the farms there would be hardly room to turn a horse round without having a plough attached to him; and a mowing machine or a stripper would more than cover a whole farm. In many cases a family will look after as many as twenty-eight lots sometimes more than a mile apart; and a great deal of time must be lost by the workmen walking along the tops of the banks or walls from one lot to another. Recently, the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce (Count Inoué) urged that some change should be made in the agricultural system, so as to keep pace with the wonderful improvements effected in other branches. There are immense plains of splendid soil, which, although highly cultivated, are divided into such small lots as to preclude the introduction of scientific machinery. In another part of his address the minister deprecated the invitation of European and American manufacturers. He admitted that the Westerns excelled in brain-work. But he claimed that in dexterity of manipulation, and in artistic taste, the Japanese were not surpassed by any people in the world. He asked them to cultivate the artistic instincts and traits which were their own.

APPARENTLY the largest land-owner in the world is the Emperor of all the Russias. He has one estate which covers over 100,000,000 of acres, and which is, in fact, more than three times as large as England. He has another estate which is more than twice the size of as Scotland. In comparison with such a man, all other land-owners are but poor fellows. But, after all, an acre in London is better than a hundred million acres in the Russian Steppes. The Czar's biggest estate brings him in only £95,000 a year. With great ease one might select an acre in London which produces a good deal more to its owner. Land there has been sold in recent years for £1000 a square yard. An acre at that price is worth £4,840,000; and the interest on that sum, at only 2½ per cent., is £121,000.

HEAVY public dinners are apt to generate high *salutin'*—sometimes to a very remarkable degree. At one such gathering, Daniel Webster is reported to have delivered himself of the following remarkable effusion:—"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls which, I am told, are a hundred and fifty feet high. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome, in her proudest day, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Demosthenes, her Pericles, her Socrates, but Greece, in her proudest days, had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high."

THE spider is, perhaps, one of the most curious of the remedies of "medicine" in the past, and even now the superstition is dying hard, for in central Illinois pills, made by rolling up spider-webs into small balls, are recommended to be taken for ague. In connection with this remedy, it may be interesting to notice that Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," tells how his mother, who was much given to doctoring the poor of her parish, had great confidence in the efficacy, in ague cases, of a spider enclosed in a nutshell wrapped in silk, to be worn as an amulet by the patient. Burton himself was at first incredulous, but after some observation he came to believe that the amulet was beneficial. His own conclusion was greatly strengthened upon his finding authority for this use of the spider in the writings of Dioscorides, the famous botanist, who lived in the early part of the Christian era, and whose *Materia Medica*, written in Greek, was for fifteen hundred years the highest medical authority.

THE practice, though peculiar, seems hoary with age, indeed, carrying spiders upon the person as an ague-cure must once have been somewhat popular in England. Brand quotes from the diary of Elias Ashmole, April 11th, 1681, the following: "I took early in the morning a good dose of elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drove the ague away. *Deo gratias!*" Indeed, a vastly greater antiquity may be assigned to this absurd practice, for the use of a spider's web or the creature itself as a specific for ague can at least be traced back to the first century of our era; for Pliny, in prescribing for this disease, says, "It may be worth while to make trial whether the web of the spider called 'lycos' is of any use applied with the insect itself to the temples and forehead in a compress covered with resin and wax; or the insect itself, attached to the body in a reed—a form in which it is said to be highly beneficial for other fevers." In the medical chapters of his Natural History, Pliny again and again speaks of the remedial virtues of spiders and their webs, and, among multifarious prescriptions of this kind, advises the application of a spider for three days as a cure for a boil, care being taken not to mention the animal's name before applying it; also of cobwebs wet with oil and vinegar for fracture of the skull, or of the web of a white spider for chapped lips.

## The Technical World.

REFERENCE has one or twice been made to the University Extension Lectures, concerning which a few correspondents do not seem to have very clear ideas. Briefly told, the object aimed at, and the methods employed, are as follows.

No one familiar with the history of our Universities, will deny that, until recently, the dominant spirit has been that of scholarly seclusion, and that the garments of Learning were carefully gathered up for fear of contamination with the unlearned herd. But the leaven of democracy, which is causing a mighty ferment in all strata of society, has now actually reached these venerable seats of learning. A few years ago the University Extension movement was started, the object of which was to extend the usefulness of the Universities—to utilise for the benefit of the people at large the vast intellectual capital which was then lying all but idle. The fellows at Oxford and Cambridge drew a certain sum of money annually, with the understanding that they were to devote themselves to scholarly pursuits and keep the lamp of learning brightly burning. But most of them rendered no actual service in return for their stipends.

Now, however, *nous avons changé tout cela*. When the idea had once found lodgment that it was a desirable thing to "make earning common"—to arouse the interest of the public at large in the work of the faculties—the great body of fellows was at once found to be available for this mission of the democratization of the higher knowledge. The governing bodies of the various colleges put themselves in communication with committees of responsible citizens in the different cities who were willing to guarantee the expenses of the lecturer and a modest compensation for his labours. A representative of the college, usually a fellow of distinguished ability, was then sent to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, or Liverpool, or wherever his services were demanded; and in almost every instance the interest aroused and the financial success of the lectures exceeded the expectations of the committee. University Extension is now fairly well established, and the results of the work so far are conceded to have been beneficial.

THIS ought not to surprise anyone. In the first place, it is a wholesome thing for a young scholar—who is prone to ossify in his learning, and to lose touch with humanity and all practical concerns—to come in contact with people whose sphere of thought and action is widely different from his own; and to be compelled to put himself *en rapport* with them, and communicate with them, not in the learned jargon of the specialist, but in common human language, intelligible to all. Secondly, whatever may be said to the contrary, a smattering of knowledge (to adopt an odious phrase) is not such a bad thing after all. To the vast majority of the human race, to whom the mere rudiments of knowledge are accessible, it is not a question between superficiality and thoroughness, but between superficial learning and no learning at all. In spite of all that has been said and written against the popularization of science, science is still being popularized; and it would be a hazardous thing to dispute the great benefits which have resulted from this admirable tendency. The improved sanitation of our cities, the more intelligent regard for health in diet and clothing, the increased comfort, and the diminished waste of human life and energy, are largely due to this general diffusion of scientific knowledge.

THE movement has extended to America; indeed, in embryo, it had already been in working for many years in a somewhat different form, in what is known as the Chautauqua movement, about which I shall have more to say later on. A correspondent writing on the subject of University Extension in America, says—"It was a natural thing that the idea should strike root and find enthusiastic advocates at Chautauqua; and, as a matter of fact, the movement took definite shape there, and is making rapid headway. But previous to this a number of gentlemen, mostly teachers in the public schools of New York, Brooklyn, and the cities of New Jersey, had undertaken a similar movement in that State, and they have now begun active operations. Prominent professors and tutors of Columbia and other colleges have been invited to deliver lectures on literary and scientific subjects, and their experience so far has been most gratifying. The attendance is large and increasing, and a most intelligent interest is manifested by their audiences. The credit for what has so far been accomplished in New York and vicinity is largely due to Mr. Seth Stewart, the energetic secretary of the University and School Extension, and the prime mover in the enterprise. At a dinner, attended by two hundred and fifty gentlemen vitally interested in this work, speeches were made by President Eliot of Harvard, and President Seth Low of Columbia, expressing their approval of the idea of University Extension, and promising their valuable co-operation.

In England there are now Extension lectures connected with Oxford and Cambridge, and the Victoria (Manchester) Universities, besides a London Society for the Extension of University Teaching. The scheme was instituted by the University of Cambridge in 1872; and similar arrangements were completed by the University of Oxford in 1878. Meanwhile the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching was instituted in 1876; and the Victoria University subsequently offered similar advantages. Guided by competent managers of high culture and wide experience, the various schemes are, as I have said, fairly at work, and their progress is so far encouraging; there has been a steady, continuous growth in the number of centres, courses, entries, and certificates.

SOMEWHAT akin is the University Settlement movement, of which Toynbee Hall is a noteworthy example, the main distinction being the greater prominence given to social education. The object of the Association as stated officially, is 'to provide education and the means of recreation and enjoyment for the people of the poorer districts of London and other great cities; to inquire into the condition of the poor, and to consider and advance plans calculated to promote their welfare.' The work of the Association is already considerable, and includes 'charity organization'; the residents and associates are, in increasing numbers, undertaking the duties of managers in 'board schools,' and encouraging children's swimming, and other clubs, games, and excursions; evening continuation classes; open playgrounds; children's country holidays; social and athletic clubs are encouraged, and even a 'streets' committee' has been organised; indeed every kind of useful work receives the cordial assistance of the Toynbee associates. Productive enterprises take the form of co-operative societies. The *Annual Report of the Universities Settlement in East London* from which we gather this information, also bears testimony of educational progress. There are lecture courses in connection with the University Extension Society (Whitechapel centre), reading parties, popular lectures, groups of classes, and a school of handicraft. The list of clubs, societies, etc., include the students' union, students' lodgings at Wadham house, Elizabethan literary society, Toynbee Shakespeare club, Toynbee Philosophical society, Adam Smith club, East London Antiquarian society, a natural history society, a travellers' club, a pupil teachers' debating society, a tennis club, smoking conferences, a free students' library of about 4,000 volumes—582, chiefly gifts, having been added during the past year.

In this direction, likewise, our American cousins are hard at work. There is what might be called a female Toynbee Hall in New York City and the secretary of the American College Settlements Association, formed in Boston early in February last, with the object of establishing similar colonies in all the large cities of the United States, thus describes the work:—

"This particular settlement is not a mission; it is a condition of life, and has been founded by college women in the poorer part of New York. It is based upon the belief of the power of friendship to shape character. Eight clubs are in operation. Four of them, for girls of various ages, meet twice a week. In all the girls' clubs sewing, gymnastics, singing, and games are prominent. The older girls are also taught cooking and dress-making, and are given talks on hygiene and dress. The Good Seed Society on Sunday is an attempt to appeal to the spiritual nature of the children. It was not the original intention to form any clubs for boys, but the claim made by the boys themselves was too urgent to resist. This branch of the work is proving most satisfactory, and the three boys' clubs are enthusiastic ones. They are taught singing and gymnastics, questions are given them to look up, and they listen to popular, scientific, and historical talks. The house is open on one afternoon and evening to members of the clubs and to other friends and neighbours. Books from the library are given out, and the games and picture-books are at the disposal of the children. This day has grown very popular. The library now numbers over six hundred volumes, and is in good use. Another feature of library night is the receiving of bank deposits, which range from one to fifty cents. The Settlement has been made a station for the Penny Provident Fund, managed by the Charity Organisation Society. One afternoon in the week is reserved for entertaining the older women, chiefly the mothers of the club members. General entertainments are occasionally given, centring, as a rule, in some club, the members of which are allowed to invite their friends. The public bath-rooms in the basement, where hot baths are given at ten cents each, are in surprising demand."

I HOPE, at the beginning of the New Year, to commence a series of illustrated articles dealing with the various centres of Technical and Social Education throughout the country, giving a brief and popular account of their rise, progress, and present position. I fancy, by this means, we shall get into closer touch with others who are working in the same direction and with the same end in view; at any rate it will do no harm to get a glimpse of what is going on outside our own little spheres. I also hope to give, week by week, brief notes of what is going on all over the country in matters relating to the Technical Instruction Act.

## This Modern Mystery.

"By Jove!" said I, flinging down the French scientific review I had been reading, "this is too preposterous!"

"What's that, Frank?" said my host, and his pretty wife looked up from her book. I was now making my first acquaintance with her, since my old college chum, Colin Melville, had married during my long absence from England, and I was spending Christmas in their home in the North.

"These articles by Professors—," I said mentioning two French physicians whose studies in the mysteries of hypnotism have become well known. "As if any human being could be permitted such enormous power over another. The 'subjects' are simply automatons, going here and doing this at the will of the operator."

I thought Colin and his wife glanced at each other, and she smiled rather oddly. "Do you think it impossible?" she said. "If you care to hear it, Colin can tell you a story just as extraordinary as those you object to, and which happened—well to him and me."

"I've never told that to anyone, Maud," said her husband.

"Then tell it now dear. I have to go and see to the arrangements for our guests who are coming to-morrow, and as you can't get out this snowy afternoon, you might convince Frank that these things he doubts can happen. I don't mind his knowing what a goose I was at eighteen—he's your oldest friend."

Hardly waiting for my thanks she went out, with a look at her husband that made me think it wouldn't be a bad thing to give up my bachelorhood.

"You see, Frank," said Melville, "you and I were such bad correspondents, and somehow I had such a dislike to putting these events in black and white, that you never heard of what led up to my strange story of mesmerism. You knew I had a sister Nellie, though."

"You used to talk about her, and you wrote to me of her death two years ago."

"Yes, so that I do her no wrong in telling you that as a young girl she ran away from home—with whom we did not know, or even if she were married. Her absolute silence for years led us to believe she was not. However, I myself never ceased to remember her, and when my father and mother died, I was frequently here at home, with the odd feeling that whenever she did return it would be to the old place. But I was also a good deal in London, where, as you know, I met Maud. What you didn't know is that at that time she looked on me as the most ordinary acquaintance. What she calls being a goose was her attachment for a man who used to be much at the house. I always did dislike that man—what are you laughing at, Frank?"

"My dear fellow, what a double distilled saint you would have been to like him."

"Well, you know he might have been a fellow one could like if he hadn't been a rival. But Gilbert Darnley wasn't that sort at all. He seemed devoted to Maud, but he was a great deal older than she. He passed as a rich man—I always thought he shammed this to hide his real design in securing Maud and her money. I had no proof at all of this. I had nothing to do but to enter the lists and try which of us could win. In sporting parlance, Darnley made the running. Do you remember our experiments at Magdalen with mesmerism, Frank, and how I always made the fellows do what I liked?"

"You didn't in my time," I said; "that must have been in the time after I left."

"So it was. Well, I did, though perhaps you will doubt that as you doubt Professor—. It's a practice I now consider reprehensible—playing with a half unknown power—but a young man doesn't see it like that. I didn't see it till some years after—the time I have come to when I was in London and breaking my heart about Maud."

"I used to use my mesmeric powers as a mode of passing an evening of pleasant excitement, and I was the more tempted in that Maud was very much interested in what to her was a new thing. One night, I remember, there was a party of us playing this dangerous game. Maud declared that I couldn't mesmerise her, and if I did I couldn't make her do anything. I said I could. We made a lot of fun of it, and persuaded her to let me try. She turned out the most susceptible subject I ever had. Not only did she obey with extraordinary promptness every command of mine, but even my unspoken wish. In fact, I was rather frightened, and willing enough to wake her when her mother desired it. Darnley was annoyed. I think he thought that there must be some ruffian between Maud and myself."

"Don't you think there might have been a certain harmony that made her so subservient to you?"

"Possibly. When I woke her I said, half laughing, 'I believe I could mesmerise you from a distance.' She said nothing then, but before I left got me alone and said she wanted me to make her a promise. I said certainly I would. Maud, looking rather scared, said 'Promise you will never mesmerise me.' I assured her I shouldn't dream of it. I considered a man who did such a thing ought to be thrashed, and said that I never mesmerised without full consent.

"I'll give the promise, of course," I said, "because you ask it, but it isn't necessary." "I should like you to promise," Maud said. So of course I did. I was only too happy to please her—as I am still, truth to say."

"It was after this, Frank, that I made my offer and was refused. She acknowledged she loved Darnley. I can smile at it all now, particularly as I know it was only a young girl's infatuation that she felt for my rival; but it was a cruel blow then—its being expected made no difference at all. And shortly after I heard that she and Darnley were engaged. I left town and came here, to be as miserable as a man can be under the circumstances; and I heard that Maud's people had also fitted, and would spend the autumn in travelling."

"I'd have given a lot to have had you with me then, Frank. I really thought there wasn't anything but misery to be got out of life. I suppose every man in my position thinks the same till he has had time to recover his balance. I recovered mine in a way I didn't expect—Nellie came home."

"How clearly I remember that night," Melville said, looking into the fire while he spoke. "It was getting towards Christmas, and I was by myself in this rambling old house. I've ceased to wonder since then why some poor devils who haven't been blessed with much pluck shoot themselves. For I'd had a letter that day from a friend in which he said, 'Do you know that Maud Bolsover, whom you were so sweet on, is in England? She is living in the country with her people, and is to be married the day after to-morrow to that Darnley we none of us liked.' The letter being dated for the preceding day, it followed that the day after to-morrow was the day immediately following this night. You can imagine why I shouldn't have minded a bullet through me. The worst of it was I was so certain of Darnley's falseness, and that he was the sort of brute who makes a wife a martyr. I was sure he didn't care for Maud half as much as I cared for my collier—in fact, she simply represented to him so much money to be got out of her. I was pretty nearly beside myself that night. I always tell Maud she's a lot to answer for. Presently there came a ring at the bell. I couldn't think who it was at this time—past nine, and the roads almost too snowy for a carriage. Nor was I pleased to be disturbed. However, a servant came in, and told me a lady wanted to see me. I just stared. But I think, Frank, trouble sometimes quickens all our senses—we are strung up to a state that one may call *exalté*, and this may also help to explain partly what followed. Being in this state my thoughts sprang suddenly to Nellie—tragic things seemed so natural that night. I told the man to ask the lady in."

"She came in, veiled and wrapped in a cloak—but I knew her—not exactly from recognition. I've always felt as if I'd a sixth sense that night. I just went to her and took her into my arms, and she, poor thing, began crying bitterly. I don't think she had expected to be remembered so keenly—to be welcomed as if she'd only come from a long visit to friends."

Melville stopped here—plainly the story tried him. I suggested gently that he should go no further.

"No—I'd like you to know the story," Melville said, recovering himself—"to me it's wonderful. Well, when my poor sister was calmer the first thing she said was, 'I was married, Colin.' 'Thank God!' I answered, and I couldn't say any more after that for minutes—a great relief is as hard to bear as the pressure that goes before it. I asked her why she had left us in ignorance of her marriage—an ignorance in which our parents had died. 'I'm rightly punished for my wickedness in leaving you all,' she said, 'I've led the most wretched life a woman can lead and live. My husband's name was George Sedley—he was the son of a barrister, and had been cast off by his friends, for his dissolute and dishonourable life. To me he represented himself as unjustly treated, and enlisted those foolish girlish sympathies that are so easily aroused by a soft tongue and a handsome face.' The man, no doubt, thought Nellie's friends would forgive her and make provision for her; but afterwards must have found out that my father had declared that Nellie should no longer be considered his daughter. This accounted for her silence, as Sedley would not allow her to write. Nellie was weak, and submitted. They went to America, and led a hand-to-mouth life, which at last she found so unbearable that she determined to escape. They had no children, fortunately. Sedley discovered her intention, and proceeded to stop it. I daresay you know that in America it is even more easy than here to incarcerate people in mad asylums."

"Good heavens, Colin," I exclaimed, "you don't mean to say the man was such a black villain?"

"He was a blacker villain even than that. In the end Nellie escaped, and by the kindness of people she scarcely knew was enabled to reach England."

"My mind was effectually diverted from my own griefs. They were brought back to me presently in overwhelming force. I asked her where this man was, swearing I would make him repent his dastardly conduct. 'I know,' she said, 'that quite recently he was in London, posing in society as a rich man.' I don't know why these words made me start, unless it was that in that sixth sense mood of mine they were like an echo of words I had so often heard and said. I asked Nellie to describe him. The man she described, Frank, was Gilbert Darnley. 'You have a photograph?' I said, 'I was a little dazed—one can't believe these things all at once when you come face to face with them. She had one, and showed it me."

I cried out wildly, 'Gilbert Darnley. My God!' I saw it all then. To-morrow this man—my sister's husband—was to marry Maud!

"That would seem an easy thing to stop, wouldn't it? Generally, perhaps; there are trains and telegraphs, and there were some hours before me. But in this case the last train to London had gone more than an hour before, and they wouldn't have put on a special in this snowstorm for love or money, even at York. There was no telegraph—I knew yesterday's snow had broken the wires. Therefore I couldn't get to London, which was the only possible place where I might get the address of the Bolsovers, which, remember, had not been mentioned by my correspondent. No letter could be of any use."

"When the most careless of us is quite helpless, Frank, he remembers that there is a God who can overrule as He wills. I was helpless here, as that child of mine in the nursery—helpless to save the woman I loved from dishonour. Then I remembered the God to whom I'm afraid I had given only lip service, and called on Him to help me. One would think such prayers weren't worth much, looked at from a human standpoint, but I think they are often answered—as was mine."

"There flashed into my mind my promise to Maud!"

"I said nothing of all this to Nellie—I accounted plausibly for my agitation, and after she had been served with supper and we had talked a little, I persuaded her to go to bed. Then I sat alone by the fire. I wouldn't wish any man to suffer as I did then. I can't think of it now, after these years of happiness, without a certain recurrence of what I endured. Think what it is to sit waiting for a great calamity to overtake you, and to go mad with your helplessness. As easy to beat down a mountain with your hands as for man, with all his science, to overcome the forces of nature that were baffling me. In this awful crisis there came to me the thought of impalpable forces of nature that are not dependent on time or place or catastrophe. I had somewhere in my being a great gift, that I had used at times carelessly, but never for evil—that lately I had come to look upon with awe as involving a measureless responsibility. I bent all the strength of that power I had to will this innocent child I loved to leave her home and come to me."

"You believed in your soul that she would come?" I said. I was intensely interested.

"No, it was not a profound faith—that is again another power. I invoked the extraordinary influence I had had over Maud—I did not implicitly rely on it—I did not know if it went so far. I passed the night in a sort of absorption in that gift I possessed—a putting forth of it in one concentrated effort towards my desire. I don't believe in such a case that one is in a normal condition. I know I lost all sense of my own personality, and time was non-existent. When I rose and drew aside the curtain, the dawn lay faintly on the snow outside, and it seemed to me but a few minutes that I had sat in that chair by the fire."

"I opened the window, and stepped out into the cold rarefied air, for it had ceased snowing. Then I saw a woman coming towards me under the white branches of the trees. I couldn't move—I wasn't faint, but paralysed. I knew it was Maud. I should have known it if I had been blind. The wet was on her dress and long hair, and she came on with the swift yet uncertain step that belongs to that strange mesmeric state. And I stood there waiting for her."

"I am here," she said, with a curious tone in her sweet voice. I took her hand and led her into the room I had left. I could have sobbed but for the terrible oppression on me. She was pale, with the strange look in her eyes—I knew the look well enough."

"You knew I wanted you?" I said. And she answered, 'Yes,' standing in a half expectant attitude letting her hand rest in mine. 'Where have you come from?' I said. She answered, 'from Clissold.' Clissold is a good-sized town, fifty miles south of us here. She told me clearly how she had come—by train to York. I ascertained afterwards that a London train that had been delayed by the snowdrifts on the line, had arrived at Clissold far beyond its time. She had walked from York a matter of ten miles. She stood passive between these questions as if she were the creature of my will—the automaton you have called mesmeric subjects. She had apparently no resentment against me. I took her to my sister to take care of her. Then I threw myself on the bed in my room, not to sleep—I was too stirred and excited—but my physical self seemed to collapse."

"As his story went on Melville had more and more told it as if he were going through it again. When he reached this point he rose and walked up and down, going once to the window and looking out on the white gardens. Then he returned to the fire, roused the red glow into a blaze, and went on—"

"When I saw Maud later, I noticed in her one slight change. Whereas she had hitherto kept her eyes fixed on me, they now wandered round the room from time to time with a wistful and somewhat puzzled expression. I knew what it meant; she was recovering gradually her normal condition, as hypnotised persons often will without intervention of the hypnotiser. She began also to show aversion to me—sat far from me, and glanced at me with something of anger. Nellie, to whom I had found an opportunity to explain matters, was in the room. Suddenly Maud got up and went to the door. I sprang after her. 'I don't want to stay here,' she said, shrinking away. I answered that if she would wait a little and then hear what I had to say I would take her home. I

wanted to rouse her. 'Home,' she repeated; 'what place is this then?' 'It is my house,' I said. She stood gazing at me with the strange look fading from her eyes. Then she put her hand up to her head. I waited anxiously enough; I dreaded her reproaches. 'Why,' she whispered at last, 'you promised—'

"Maud," I said, 'I broke my promise to save you from worse than death. Nellie will tell you.'

"And Nellie told her as gently as one woman can break to another such an awful thing. Maud wouldn't believe it; she defied us to prove it; she reproached me bitterly with my falseness, and I, while my heart was wrung by her agony, made no defence, not even when she taunted me with revenging myself on a successful rival. Poor Maud," Melville said, softly, "she never forgives herself for that natural outburst. Well, Frank, she saw it in the end, and cried bitterly in Nellie's arms. I left them together, and went over to Clissold, were, of course, I found consternation. Darnley—or Sedley—was not there; he had gone out to search for the missing bride. I told her mother what I had done, and why, and she came back with me. Of course Sedley's marriage was proved to the hilt—it had taken place in London, and Nellie remembered where. He wasn't prosecuted because we did not want an *escalandre* and I promised myself the satisfaction of private vengeance; but I think Nellie gave him a hint—he vanished, and no one heard of him again; whether he is dead or alive I haven't an idea."

"And Maud?" I said, smiling.

"She told me, before she and her mother went home, how strange a sensation had come over her that night. She had gone to her room, as had all the others, early, but sat aimlessly or got up to walk about the room, with a restless, excited feeling. This gave place to an impelling desire to leave the house, which of course was an unheard of thing for a young girl at that hour. As far as she remembered, she did not propose to go in any particular direction—her steps seemed led. As a matter of fact she did not know the way here from York, and never learned it till we were married and stayed here."

"But she thought of you—she meant to come to you?" I said.

"Yes—that was distinct. She resisted at first—set her will against the power drawing her—but, as you see, without avail. I never have used my gift in that way since."

"You have had no need."

"Thank heaven, no. I have learned to be thankful for the commonplaces of life. I mesmerise for healing, or to assist science, that is all."

"Maud, of course, forgave the broken promise?" I said.

"She couldn't thank me enough—if I would have let her. And I suppose if pity is akin to love, so also is gratitude, for I won her at last. Here she comes. Well, Maud, the story is done; ask Frank, if he believes it."

"Yes, thoroughly," I said, as Maud turned to me, "but it's a very strange faculty, and I'm glad to have met it, as it were, face to face."

Then we were all silent and thoughtful for a few minutes—the coming close to this Modern Mystery is a little awesome.

## The Bustling Shopper.

Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
With the morning clocks at ten,  
She skimmed the street, with footsteps fleet,  
And hustled the timid men;  
Tramp, tramp, tramp!  
She entered the dry-goods' store,  
And with echoing tread the dance she led  
All over the crowded floor.

She charged the throng where the bargains were,  
And everybody made way for her;  
Wherever she saw a painted sign  
She made for that spot a prompt bee line;  
Whatever was old, or whatever was new,  
She had it down, and she looked it through;  
Whatever it was that caught her eye,  
She'd stop and price, and pretend to buy.

But 'twas either too bad, too common, or good,  
So she did, and she wouldn't, and didn't, and would,  
And round the counters and up the stairs,  
In attic and basement and everywhere;  
The salesman fainted, and cashboys dropped,  
But still she shopped, and shopped, and shopped,  
And round, and round, and round, and round,  
Like a winding toy with a key that's wound,  
She'd weave and wriggle, and twist about,  
One way in and the other way out,  
Till men grew giddy to see her go,  
And by-and-bye, when the sun was low,  
Homeward she dragged her weary way,  
And had sent home the spoils of the day—  
A spool of silk and a bank of thread—  
Eight hours—ten cents—and a dame half dead.

Hints to Sunday School Teachers.

By REV. H. S. LUNN, M.D. (Continued.)  
 IN our previous consideration of this subject we have dealt with the position which the teacher should assume in his class, in order to secure the best discipline, and the method of teaching by question and answer, and by noting similarities and dissimilarities. There are a few other points which I wish, in concluding this series, to dwell upon. The first thing that I would emphasize is that in all your lessons you should have clearly in your own mind two or three leading thoughts. Let us take, for instance, the international lesson of last week—the denial by Peter of his Lord and Master. If in taking that lesson you have no clearly defined idea as to the leading thoughts which you wish to impress your lesson is not likely to do much good. If, on the other hand, you set before you definitely the purpose of bringing home to your children the sin of lying, or the danger of self-confidence, or the evil of moral cowardice, or all three of these, you will have a purpose, which will give a directness to your whole lesson. It is necessary, moreover, if you are to teach successfully, that you should have a clear outline in your own mind of the events contained in the lesson and of their relation to other events of Scripture history. You may rest assured that unless you have such a clear idea, your class will have a very muddled conception of that outline of Scripture history which is so important for the right understanding of the lessons which the sacred history contains.

No teacher will be really successful who does not endeavour to make the subject of his lesson live again to his class. I have just been reading Dean Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church." The great power of that history is contained in the fact that Dean Stanley, instead of giving dry descriptions of the great theological controversies which took place in the early history of Christianity, has endeavoured to depict the scenes at the great councils with the same animation and force which great historians put into their descriptions of the great battles of the world's history. I was very much impressed two or three years ago by reading in an Indian magazine a description, by Principal Miller, of the Madras Christian college, of some of the battle-fields on which Saul and David fought their battles. Dr. Miller had been over the ground himself, and had studied it with the same care with which Sir Walter Scott studied the field of Waterloo for his "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." The result was that these special events seemed to me, and I have no doubt seemed to other readers, as real and vivid as if they had occurred in the nineteenth century. Herein is contained one great secret of success in Sunday-school work. If you are to accomplish this object you must have a more distinct and intelligent conception of the great historical events of Scripture than is I fear possessed by most Sunday-school teachers. I am sure that there are many Sunday-school workers who would find it difficult to answer, if asked suddenly, which was the Northern, which was the Southern, and which the Central of the three districts, Judea, Samaria and Galilee? and I am certain that not one Sunday-school teacher in fifty would be able to give a clear and intelligent account of one of St. Paul's missionary journeys. You will see at once that any Board School teacher, whose duty it was to teach history, who could not give an account of the Peninsular war, or to teach geography, and was unable to name, say, the great rivers of Russia, would be disqualified for his task. The Sunday school teacher ought not to lag behind his secular brother, and, if he is behind, will certainly not succeed in making Bible characters live again in the minds of his class.

I wish now to say a few words with regard to the training of the memory, and first I would say that a verbal memory is a doubtful blessing. Memoritor work is only valuable in so far as it is clearly comprehended. Everything learned by heart should be carefully associated with previous knowledge. I remember one of my little sisters when a very wee child, was trained to repeat the kings of Israel and Judah, and the ten plagues, and sundry other miscellaneous items. It occasionally happened that when she was asked to repeat the ten plagues, she gave the kings of Israel, and vice versa. This kind of memoritor teaching is not worth much. Little children have a great power of committing passages verbally to memory, and this power may be utilised by teaching them some of the simple and beautiful passages of sacred Scripture, which may recur to them long years afterwards with force and power. At the same time it is well to guard even then very carefully against any misunderstanding. Mr. Moore gives in his little book, to which I have repeatedly referred, the following incidents from the experiences of a diocesan inspector of the result of unintelligent learning by heart:—"To renounce the sinful lusts of the Christian faith"; "the select people of God"; "hawthorns compose so rich a crown." These are but typical examples of many similar cases of misunderstanding.

In concluding this course of addresses on Sunday School teaching, there are three or four lessons which I wish to emphasize. The first is that hard work is the royal road to success in this department of Christian work, as in all others. My second lesson is to urge upon you to cultivate the simplicity which costs much and is worth much, and not the emptiness which costs little and is worth little. Thirdly, remember that your most troublesome pupils are often your most valuable. The very energy which gives you so much annoyance is the force which, rightly used, will be a blessing to the world. Lastly, love every pupil for his own sake and for Christ's sake, and your work will be blessed indeed.

Among Books and Periodicals.

*Applied Geography*, by J. Scott Keltie (George Philip and Sons, 3/6), is an extremely useful little text book. It is easy enough now-a-days to cram oneself, even to surfeit, with facts; how to apply them is quite another matter, and the object of this work is to show, what, in the author's estimation, are some of the bearings of geographical knowledge on human interests, especially in regard to industry, commerce, and the filling up of the waste spaces of the earth. A noteworthy chapter is that dealing with the commercial value of Africa, facts and figures being marshalled to show why it has been the last of the continents to be touched by European enterprise. So far Britain has not much reason to complain of its lot, for its share of the total trade of the continent, amounts to almost 45 per cent. of the whole; that is to say, supposing the total trade, imports and exports, amounts to 90 millions sterling, a high estimate, annually, Britain's share comes to 40 millions; France ranks next with 26 per cent; leaving the remaining 24 per cent. to be divided between Germany, Portugal, Spain, Turkey, Russia and other countries. A number of capital maps are scattered throughout the book, and add not a little to its value.

*The Author's Manual*, by Percy Russell (Digby and Long), claims—"to instruct and equip the young and inexperienced writer in all branches of literary work from paragraph writing to the production of a book." Hints and suggestions, may no doubt, smooth the pathway of an aspirant to the honours of the Fourth Estate; but, taking it all in all, there is no royal road to literature. To begin with, it is one of the hardest of the professions, and success is only won step by step by dint of hard and oftentimes weary work. It is to be feared this book will raise expectations against which the chances of realization are about 100 to 1. For the rest *The Author's Manual* compares favourably with others of its kind.

*Our Boys and Girls* (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 1s.).—A bright little annual, full of good things for the wee ones. It would make a nice present and is cheap withal at the price asked for it.

*Hazell's Annual for 1891* (Hazell, Watson & Viney).—This is the sixth year of issue of this cyclopaedic record of men and topics of the day, and it annually grows in size and usefulness. Tested in a variety of ways, it has proved itself a fairly accurate and impartial guide in regard to the questions which have agitated the public mind during the year. In one case, however, it is somewhat wanting, namely, in the short biographical notice of Mr. Quintin-Hogg, which is certainly not up to date as it only carries the record of his work among the young men and women of London as far as the Long Acre days—now quite ancient history! Additional information is certainly given under the heading "Polytechnic," but there is no cross reference. Still, it is easy enough to pick holes in a work of this kind, which must inevitably be chargeable with sins both of omission and commission; the fact must still remain, as a work of reference of its kind it would be difficult to produce a better.

To Thy Best Self be True.

Follow thy better heart,  
 Follow thy better will,  
 And so thy better self  
 In thy best self fulfil—  
 To thy best self be true.

Give thou thy better hand  
 To all who needeth thee,  
 And to the better world  
 Thy better angel be—  
 To thy best self be true.

To hold an honest hand,  
 To own an honest name,  
 To feel an honest heart,  
 Is more than wealth or fame—  
 To thy best self be true.

As thou to others art,  
 In help and charity,  
 So time and circumstance  
 One day will be to thee—  
 To thy best self be true.

Go, face the future, then;  
 Obey thy soul's best word,  
 'Twill lead thy steps to peace,  
 'Twill lead thy eye to God—  
 To thy best self be true.

So shall thy influence bless;  
 And when thy years are past,  
 So shall thy better self,  
 Thy angel be at last—  
 To thy best self be true.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

The Third Passenger by the Night Mail.

It was the 19th of December, two years ago, and it was very cold indeed, as generally is in Germany at that time; also one gets the full benefit of the cold when travelling by rail at night. I was en route from Berlin to London to spend Christmas, but I carried with me a divided heart, for I left behind me my *alter ego*, Conrad von Epstein. We had been fellow students at Heidelberg, where I went to learn German, and where we both smoked, played larks, and drank lager beer *ad libitum*; but we never quarrelled, no, not even when we both fell desperately in love with the same fair-haired Fraulein at the cafe (Minna, her name was, of course). Conrad—noble fellow that he was!—declared that I was first in the field—so I was, but what of that?—said "Ja wohl!" philosophically, and for a fortnight smoked twelve pipes per day instead of ten, drank a few more quarts of lager, tossed his coat over his shoulder with a more defiant air, and twisted his moustache into fierce spirals, and then—fell in love with somebody else! Minna is thirty now, and married to a waiter, and has three little boys with close-cropped hair, and two little girls with Kenwigian plaits and ill-fitting white stockings, and I am getting on fairly as a painter, having some money of my own to back me. And my friend and brother, Von Epstein, still unmarried—*sent mixus!* I want him for my pet sister Netta—is getting into practice as a doctor.

For three happy months we had been together again; and how warmly Conrad embraced me when we parted; how tenderly he bade me *auf wiedersehen!* And now, here I am, at 1 a.m., on this bitter morning, looking out of the window on to the desolate platform of Aix-la-Chapelle. I was second class, of course—only first-class in Germany—and I was alone. I hoped I should remain so, for I was tired and inclined for a nap, and some fidgety person or persons might chance to get in. But they didn't; the train went on, and I was almost dozing off, when in popped the guard, a Belgian now, and when I gave him my ticket informed me that I changed at Verviers and Louvain. I knew that, bother him! as well as he did, for I was going via Antwerp, having to stay a couple of days in that town to visit some friends. The guard slammed the door, and on jogged the train, and I nodded and dozed, and woke and dozed again. I woke up finally, but not thoroughly, when we stopped at Herbesthal, and then someone got in. I looked at him sleepily as he seated himself in the corner opposite to me, but he was muffled up in a cloak and travelling cap, and, in the semi-darkness of the carriage, I couldn't make much of him.

"A very cold night," he remarked to me in French, and in a pleasant tone of voice.

I roused myself a little, and replied, "*Mais oui, diablement froid!*" and shut my eyes again. On went the train once more; but my companion did not appear to be sleepy, and was disposed to be talkative. He asked me if I was going to Brussels. "No, to Antwerp," I said. Ah! *travail!*—so was he! A fine old city, Antwerp; did I know it? "Very well, I answered, and I had friends there. "Yes?" Monsieur spoke excellent French; he thought Monsieur must have lived long in France. I had travelled a good deal, I replied. (*His French was Belgian.*) He sighed—"Ah! lucky those who have the means to travel." I laughed. I had nothing to complain of, I said, in point of means; and so we chattered on. I really don't remember all that I told him—a good deal more, I daresay, than I should have done if my senses had been more alert; but I was too tired to reflect much, or to consider whether some of my companion's remarks were mere veiled questions or not.

Verviers at last! Thank goodness! another stage gained. Here we all had to turn out for the *douane*, and here I should lose my comfortable German carriage and have to exchange it for the less luxurious Belgian coach. I rose up, reached down my handsome valise—a gift from my *alter ego*—and went across to the *salle* where the baggage was examined. My companion had no baggage with him, and he remained outside on the platform. *Rien à déclarer?* Non!—and I was free. Belgium *douaniers* are the most easy going in Europe—bless them for it!

My late companion joined me when I reached the platform, and it was he who selected the carriage, an empty compartment, into which we climbed. We sat down as before, *vis-à-vis*, and my companion—who incidentally gave his name as Vermissen—again observed that it was very cold, adding that he was beginning to feel sleepy. I was glad of it, for I was really awfully tired, and it was quite a tax on my politeness to talk.

The train started, and I saw M. Vermissen drop his head forward on his breast. I leaned mine up against the cushion, and shut my eyes, and soon my thoughts became very mixed, and I didn't know whether I was in a train or on a dog-cart; and Conrad seemed to be talking to me, but all in jerks, just like the jerky motion of a train. "Roland—my—dear—boy—" he said, "You—and—I—will—" and then he went off into a wild shriek of laughter; and I don't know what followed. I didn't hear.

"What's the matter?" That was the first thing I did hear; and it was my own voice, and I was staring hard at M. Vermissen; and he—what the—I mean, what in the world was the matter with him? for his head was turned towards the opposite corner of the carriage, and I caught the gleam of his eyes, with a kind of fear in them; and I felt rather than heard that he was

breathing hard. That sort of thing isn't pleasant in the small hours in the twilight of a night train carriage. It makes one feel nervous—gives you a queer feeling down your back, and makes you angry. "What is it?" I said, quite sharply, but I involuntarily followed the direction of M. Vermissen's eyes, and saw, in the corner of the carriage, on a line with me, a man sitting, apparently asleep. For a moment I felt decidedly queer about the spine and the heart. Where had the man come from? was the thought that flashed through me. When had he got in? and then I remembered that I had been asleep, and my companion must have slumbered also, so soundly, that the stopping of the train had not awakened him. I turned round again with a half laugh.

"We must have slept soundly," I said; but M. Vermissen bent towards me and whispered,

"You must have been!" I replied, in a low tone; but there seemed little need for subdued speech. Even my loudly uttered "What is it?" had not disturbed our fellow-traveller. He sat enveloped in a large coat or cloak, I couldn't make out which, and a felt hat slouched low over his eyes, the lower part of his face hidden by an upturned collar, but his whole figure dim and confused in the uncertain light; and he was either asleep, or so much absorbed in his own thoughts as to be all but oblivious of the presence of other people in the carriage.

"I was not!" repeated M. Vermissen, peering into the gloom to try and make out who and what the man in the corner might be. I felt vexed, just because I was myself a little nervous; fear is so infectious—a person occupying the same room with you starting up and saying abruptly—"What's that?" will make your heart leap into your throat, and sorely incline you to box the other fellow's ears, too! Why couldn't Vermissen let the man alone? Of course we had stopped somewhere, and he had got in; surely Vermissen wasn't afraid of his having his throat cut? No one would be such a fool as to attack two men, whatever he might attempt with one. Still, there's something rather uncanny in the idea of a person stealing in upon you in that quiet, secret way. You drop asleep alone, and wake up, and lo!—a figure looming through the gloom like a ghost.

Let me see, I reflected, where should we have stopped? I have it!

"The gentleman got in at Liège!" I said, touching Vermissen, who had leaned back again, but who I was sure (though I could not see his eyes) was still watching that motionless figure in the corner.

Vermissen answered in a hoarse whisper, "We have not reached Liège. We have stopped nowhere."

But that was all nonsense; of course we had. I gathered myself into the corner again but before I could sufficiently get over my excitement to feel sleepy again, we stopped at Liège. I looked at the man in the corner, but he did not move. Yet I don't know what gave me the feeling that he was not asleep. "Here," I said, suddenly, "we'll ask the guard—" He was passing by. I leaned out and called "Conducteur," and he paused.

"Did we," I asked, "stop anywhere between Verviers and here?"

"Non, Monsieur!" he answered, and walked away. I sank back again, feeling "queer" for a moment.

"I told you so," said Vermissen, quietly. "Oh! the man must have made a mistake, or didn't understand the question," I said, hastily. Yet I wasn't quite satisfied with my own explanation. I began to think this new passenger had been hiding under the seat, and had crept out while we both slept. Yet, when I silently pushed my foot under the seat to ascertain the practicability of this escapade, I perceived that nothing larger than a child could have hidden itself in this manner. Then we must have stopped at some station between Verviers and Liège.

I began to think vaguely of the stories of men murdered on the railway, and to connect the man in the corner with such horrors; but presently the thoughts drifted off into dreams, from which I was roused by the stoppage at Louvain.

Well, we could shake off our fellow traveller now. He got up quickly, almost before the train stopped, and sprang out, and when we followed he was nowhere to be seen.

"I suppose this is his station," said I, as I followed M. Vermissen to the Antwerp train, "but let us wait till the last minute. I have my suspicions of that man."

We stood by until we had scarcely time to get into the train, and then we hurried into an empty compartment—Vermissen's choice again, or there was no time to choose another. We had scarcely sat down, and had not yet settled our wraps, etc., and the train was actually moving, when the door opposite to the platform door opened abruptly, and a man stepped swiftly and noiselessly into the carriage and sat down.

It was our fellow traveller—the man from whom, let it be confessed, we had fairly fled. He must have deliberately followed us, and at some risk, too; for here he was entering at the wrong side of the carriage; or was it only coincidence? perhaps he had nearly missed his train, and dashed across the rails, and ours happened to be the first compartment he reached?

I thought this afterwards; but at first I was very much startled, and began to wish I had a pistol or life-preserver about me; and

even when I had calmed down and assigned a perfectly innocent reason for the traveller's apparent *penchant* for our compartment, I could not help recalling that he had not appeared in the least hurried—had stepped into the carriage as quietly as a man would enter a drawing-room,—indeed, I had not even heard him, but that might be because of the noise of the train—and had instantly resumed his old attitude. Still, he might be one of those eccentric individuals who are never put out or flurried; and, after all, he was perhaps harmless enough; at any rate, he was a long time making up his mind if he meant mischief.

Vermissen seemed more disturbed than I was, though he did his best to conceal this fact, but when he put up his hand to pull his coat collar higher, I saw that it trembled very much; but he did not say a word—he drew back into his corner and pretended to doze. I say he pretended, for I am certain he did not sleep a wink; nor, to tell the truth, did I. I could hardly keep my eyes off our strange companion. I never saw a man sit so absolutely motionless, for hours together. It might have been a dead body propped up, for all the movement it had; and, try as I would, I could not distinguish any clear outlines. I began to get back the old nervous feeling—night travelling in dimly-lighted carriages is rather conducive to that temper of the imagination—and to fancy that this man would haunt me in Antwerp, follow me on to the boat, and dog my steps in Piccadilly. Then I wondered if he were a spy, or a nihilist, or a madman; no, a madman would never have sat so still. Confound him! I was angry with myself that that silent, immobile figure in the corner should have power to stir in me so many foolish fancies.

On, on! through the cold and darkness. I spoke to Vermissen once, but he either didn't hear or pretended he didn't—the latter, I think—and so another hour went by, and we began to slacken. Thank Heaven! we were nearing Antwerp. The intense relief I felt showed me that my nerves had been more on the strain than I had realised. I raised myself and drew a long full breath. Vermissen also lifted his head and glanced out into the darkness, but of course he could see nothing.

"Anvers," he said, sounding the *s*, as the Belgians always do, and then looked towards the opposite corner; so did I; but the man had not moved. I made pantomime to signify that our fellow traveller slept, not that I believed it; but Vermissen shook his head. He, too, was under the same impression; how was it? Well, at any rate, we were nearly freed from that nightmare presence that, with the outward semblance of sleep, gave you the impression of sleepless watchfulness. I have never been a nervous man; but that kind of thing is trying to the strongest nerves. I daresay Conrad would laugh at me when I told him about it; and talk his learned medical stuff about cerebral excitement induced by the abnormal conditions consequent on the time and other external influences, etc.; all the same Conrad would have felt as I did if he were in my place, despite his science and his fine reasoning, and double-barrelled German words.

"Anvers! nous y sommes—Dieu merci! What a weary thing is a long railway journey. I rose, stretched myself, reached down my valise, and opened the door; the guard came up at that moment, lantern in hand, and raising it, flashed the light full into the carriage, and illuminated the dark figure in the corner, which had not moved. Perhaps he was going on. I gave one backward look, and stepped down to the platform; Vermissen followed. There were a few other passengers near, but no officials, at that early hour, except a platform inspector, who unintentionally barred my progress as I was moving forwards. Stepping back to give way I found myself at Vermissen's side, and in the same instant I saw the guard of the train lift his lantern quickly, and shed a broad bright flash of light on Vermissen's face—the lower part of which was hidden by his coat collar. My late companion started violently, as any man might under the circumstances; but the guard gripped his arm and cried fiercely—

"Ah! scélérat! Andréol! je vous reconnais, moi!"

"How dare you? What does this mean?" exclaimed Vermissen, and I was about to ask an indignant question; but the inspector came up, and unceremoniously whipped off M. Vermissen's travelling cap, giving to view a pale, thin face, haggard with fear.

"C'est lui!" exclaimed the guard, excitedly. The two or three passengers who had not quitted the station ran to the spot. Those in the train looked out of the windows, and I instinctively glanced at the compartment we had lately quitted, just opposite to where this scene was taking place, but no one appeared at the window. The inspector had roughly seized Vermissen by the other arm; he was pinioned between the two men. "C'est lui!" continued the guard, "c'est Andréol! I thought I knew his figure when he descended from the carriage. It is his face."

Andréol! Where had I seen that name? It seemed familiar to me. "It is a mistake—a chance likeness," said Vermissen, boldly, "this gentleman—" half turning to me. I came forward. The inspector gave his prisoner a shake.

"Monsieur has had a lucky escape if he has travelled with you!" he said. "You would have treated him as you did M. Dumont and old Madame Bernard, eh?"

Instinctively I recoiled with a thrill of horror. Now I remembered. Andréol was a man whose name two years before was in all the foreign and English papers as the murderer of a gentleman named Dumont in a night train, and more than suspected of assassinating a Madame Bernard under very similar conditions. In both cases the victims had been stabbed while sleeping, robbed, and their bodies flung out upon the line. Was my harmless, pleasant companion this monster, or was it a case of mistaken identity? Vermissen certainly looked horribly guilty, but still tried to protest.

"Silence!" ordered the inspector. "Monsieur," to me, "you will be required, if you please."

Of course there was no help for it; besides I was bound to see the end of the strange drama, that might, good Heavens! have been a tragedy. Was it only the presence of that third passenger that had saved my life? and yet he was the one I had sometimes suspected!

The guard turned to me as Vermissen or Andréol was being led from the station, held by the inspector and a porter, his hands having been previously secured. We were following.

"Monsieur," said he, "you had a marvellous escape. *Ce monstre* was alone in the carriage with you all the way from Herbesthal, and yet you are alive!"

"But we were not alone," I exclaimed; "a gentleman got in somewhere between Verviers and Liège, and travelled all the way with us. You saw him in the carriage just now—"

I stopped, for the guard was staring at me blankly.

"Monsieur," said he, "it is not possible. We did not stop anywhere between Verviers and Liège. There was no one in the carriage save you and Andréol."

This was too much!

"Are you blind?" I said, quite testily. "You flashed the light right into the carriage; you couldn't have failed to see the man, sitting in the farthest corner, wrapped in a cloak!"

The train had gone on by this time, so I could not verify my statement. The guard looked at me and smiled a little, as if he thought I had been indulging too freely in cognac.

"*Il n'y avait personne dans le wagon,*" he persisted quietly.

"Monsieur was tired and dreamed."

"Look here!" I said. It was not merely the contradiction of things to me so obvious that annoyed me; it was something else—a kind of undefined fear. "I was neither drunk nor dreaming. When we left Herbesthal I fell asleep, so did Andréol, if that is his name; Vermissen he called himself. His starting woke me up, and I saw the man I have told you of, sitting in the corner. Andréol was staring hard at him. I thought we had passed Liège; but we stopped there next. We both saw the man plainly—that is, his figure; he had on a cloak and a felt hat—the guard was looking at me curiously, but still with a half incredulous smile. "When we changed at Louvain," I went on, "the train had actually started, when this gentleman opened the door farthest from the platform, and sat down in the corner again."

The guard shrugged his shoulders at this, which he clearly regarded as a Baron Munchausen.

"No one could have entered the carriage by that door, monsieur," he said; "it was locked!"

I stopped dead for a moment. I felt the cold perspiration break out over me. Who and what, in Heaven's Name! was this traveller, who, if the guard was to be believed, had entered a train at full speed, and came into a carriage through a closed door? But I rallied, seeing my companion's look of curiosity and compassion. He must think me a madman!

"But, you know," I said, with an effort, walking on again, "two men can hardly have the same fancy."

The Belgian was silent. An idea struck me. "Oh!" I said, "I suppose the fellow was a spy to watch this suspect, and you don't choose to own it?"

"A spy!" repeated the other, astonished. "Monsieur's companion was not suspect. It was I alone (with pride) who discovered him. He used to travel between Ghent and Antwerp a few years ago, and I knew him well. When M. Dumont was murdered, there was a description out of the assassin, and I said to myself 'it is Andréol,' and just now, as I have said, I recognised him. He meant to murder you, monsieur, *sans doute!* But assuredly, Monsieur, there was no one else in the carriage save you two."

I said no more. It was of no use; besides my heart was beating with very strange and inexplicable emotions which I could not have by any means defined.

We went before the commissary of police, and there Andréol or Vermissen was searched, and upon him was found a long and very sharp knife, as well as several ingenious implements for picking locks. I was questioned, and then I recalled Andréol's questions and remarks, by which he had elicited that I was well off, a man likely to have money about him; I remembered also how on two occasions he had chosen an empty compartment; and his dislike and fear of the stranger were accounted for; that individual frustrated his plans, and might, moreover, prove to be a spy.

"It is evident, monsieur," said the commissaire to me, as Andréol was removed in custody, "that your life has been saved by a miracle."

Yes, that was clear; but by what miracle? I said no more about that third passenger, and as for Andréol he was sullenly reticent. Perhaps he felt the game was up.

I was a good deal shaken and excited by the events of that journey. To know that you have narrowly escaped a horrible death is disturbing enough in itself, without the added elements of mystery, which I felt I must unravel at whatever cost.

## Ladies' Column.

It seems strange to hear of a woman carrying on the trade of gunmaker, yet, up to the age of eighty-one, a Gloucester woman has carried on her husband's business, which was most successful and thriving, and for thirty-two years or more, this lady was a widow.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fletcher, of whom we speak, was not only a good woman of business, looked up to and respected by all who knew her, but also a kind-hearted sympathetic womanly woman.

She was a descendant of Shakespeare, through Joan Hart his sister, and she possessed his stick and jug, relics much prized and valued by her.

We are glad to see that the New Skinners' School for girls is not going to neglect the physical side of education. Drilling and Swedish drill are among the prominent subjects studied, and lawn and asphalt tennis courts are provided for the use of the pupils.

A successful conversation has lately been held in the schools at Stamford Hill.

We note that the *Women's Penny Paper* will shortly change its name to that of *The Women's Herald*, under which name it hopes for a brilliant future.

Princess Victoria of Prussia has recently been the recipient of some beautiful wedding gifts, amongst which are some exquisite lace and a pendant of diamonds and emeralds from our Queen Victoria.

The Ladies' Art Club is doing well. An Exhibition is now on in Edinburgh, where some very good work may be seen.

The King of Holland has died, and his poor little ten year old daughter reigns in his stead; her mother, Queen Emma, is only thirty-one years of age.

Female post office clerks will soon have to work seven hours, but they will be considered as regards the monetary value of this extra hour.

Mdlle. Ravogli has surpassed herself in Gluck's "Orpheus," and loud are the praises of her performance.

The Stanley craze is not over yet. In Paris cloth is being sold as *drap de Stanley*, and a portrait of Dorothy Stanley *née* Tennant is thrown in.

The papers are many of them contradictory concerning the Parnell affair. The sooner they all agree that the same standard of morals should apply to men as well as women, the better for the nation.

The sad death of Lady Roseberry has been unfortunately followed by the death of her devoted nurse, Miss Nevill.

Mazzini used to say that he owed everything in his life to his mother, who taught him self-control and hardihood.

Mrs. Langtry's "Cleopatra" is a failure. She is picturesque and graceful, but never the haughty, proud, tyrannical Queen of Egypt as one imagines her.

Our Queen has been pleased to approve of the performance of Mr. George Crossmith, better known to the public as "Little Gee-Gee."

Queen Nathalie has written a most dignified letter to her son, who refuses to see his mother unless she conforms to rules of the Court.

The case of Annie Williams v. Great Northern Railway Company created much amusement the week before last in the Dublin Courts, but seriously, if the result of the accident to the then unborn child was that of crippleddom for life, she is entitled to some consideration, although not able to purchase a ticket. The Courts are thinking over the matter.

The Empress of Japan has issued an order that all the ladies of her palace are to wear European dress. This is sad, as the Japanese dress is infinitely more picturesque; but imitation is the sincerest flattery.

An interesting *résumé* of women and men clerks' salaries in the Post Office may be seen in this week's *Women's Penny Paper*. One of the reasons for female labour being preferred, appears to be that their salaries are so much lower than those of the ordinary male clerks, which, considering that the same amount of work is expected of them, is hardly fair.

The Tailoresses have started a Union, not before it was time, which is to include all classes and conditions of those employed in this most inadequately remunerated occupation.

Mr. Parnell, whose name is now ringing in everyone's ears, has just had bequeathed to him from a woman £1,896.

Nine lady candidates for the London M.B. have all passed, five in the first and four in the second class.

General Booth's Fund is rapidly growing, nearly every day one reads of fresh donations.

Oxford has again refused admission to women as regards the medical examinations of the University.

Another lady is about to publish her memoirs; this time it is Madame Rosalie, the former wife of Signor Crispi.

Mrs. Harriman, the market gardener, has filled her first house with students, and the scheme seems to take well amongst women.

Miss Kate Steel has been appointed as full professor of singing at the Royal Academy. She is the first lady professor the Academy has appointed.

Of course Andréol's trial would keep me in Belgium, but meanwhile I could go to my friends, and their hearty welcome was most delightful after all I had gone through.

I had just related to them, after a substantial breakfast, what had happened, including the mysterious traveller, when a telegram was handed to me.

From Berlin! I tore it open. It was from Conrad!

"Reply by return to say you are safe. Will write later."

I sat, white as death, staring before me. What could it mean? Conrad could not have heard anything. I was utterly bewildered. But as soon as I had recovered myself, I telegraphed back—

"Safe, by Heaven's mercy. Explain later."

The next morning's post brought me the following letter from my *alter ego*—

"Dearest Friend and Brother,—Ten thousand thanks for your telegram. It has lifted a load from my heart. Roland, call me woman—fool—what you will; but last night [the night of the 19th-20th] I had no rest—all on your account. I had an overwhelming sense of your being in some deadly peril. I slept fitfully twice, and when I slept I dreamed of you, and each time I seemed to see you in some small, gloomy cavern, and a man was close to you, hiding a knife with which he meant to stab you."

A mist came over my eyes. For some moments I was like one paralysed, but recovering myself, I read on—

"But in my waking hours there was no definite idea of the form the peril took; only that you were in imminent danger. I tried to reason—don't laugh at me, Roland—but it was of no use. I could get no rest, mind or body, until I had heard that my fears were groundless, or that, if there had been peril, you were safe. So forgive my telegram, and call me woman-heart, if you will. And yet your answer, my Roland, seems to justify me. I am burning to receive your letter."

His letter fell from my hand, and I covered my face. I was shaken to the soul. I scarcely dared breathe the answer to the question that wrote itself so clearly on my brain. This third passenger—whom no one had seen but the intending murderer and myself—who had entered the train where there was no station, had opened a locked door, made no sound in entering, and had sat through the long hours as motionless as a dead thing! Who was it? Can such things be as Conrad's letter unconsciously suggested? Could that silent, motionless presence have been indeed no creature of earth, but the spirit, similitude—let psychology give it a name, I am not learned in such matters—of my *alter ego*—my *ami de cœur*, so closely knit to me in the ties of a love "passing the love of woman" or was it a vision, having no special relation to Conrad?

Yet, why then his trouble and fear for me, his strange dream of a dark cave and a hidden knife, ready to do murder? How can mortal man answer these questions? But from the moment I received Conrad's letter, I felt no more doubts about the truth of the guard's assertions; and I loved to believe that it was to Conrad, "my dearest friend and brother," I owed my life that night.

My answer to his letter brought him in bodily presence to Antwerp, and our meeting—well, never mind, I don't care to say much about it. But Conrad did not laugh at me and talk about cerebral disturbance, and the rest. He hardly could, after his own confession and act. I don't think he used a single medical word. He was very solemn and hushed in his manner, and said Heaven had been very, very merciful, "to grant to him such power." He did not more fully explain then what he meant; but I am sure he felt that he had in some mysterious way been actually with me, and so preserved my life.

Andréol, when brought to trial, was convicted by irrevocable evidence of the murder of M. Dumont, and condemned to hard labour for life. In his prison he wrote, with a love of sensation common to criminals, a full confession of his guilt, and owned that he had intended stabbing me in my sleep, as he had the others; but the presence of a third man in the compartment prevented him. He added that he had also a superstitious fear of this man. "He seemed" (were the murderer's words) "neither asleep nor awake, and yet watchful all the time. And he was so silent and so motionless."

As that part of the criminal's confession, as well as my evidence, in which I spoke of this "third passenger," excited a great deal of comment and question—since there was so much evidence to prove that no third person could have been in the train—I wrote an account of the circumstances of that strange night, originally only for the satisfaction of my friends. But the matter coming before some persons deeply interested in psychological problems, I was desired to publish the story, which I now do, giving, as there is nothing to conceal, the real names of all concerned.

Readers will form their own conclusions. I am no metaphysical pathologist; I have my own work to attend to. I am quite content with my personal convictions, and leave reasonings and definitions to the more learned; and what are even they, after all, among the stupendous mysteries of the body and the soul, but children groping in the dark!

POPULAR LECTURES FOR THE PEOPLE.

A LECTURE  
ON THE  
ROMANCE OF PLANT LIFE,  
ILLUSTRATED WITH DISSOLVING VIEWS,

BY  
Professor H. MARSHALL WARD, M.A., F.R.S.

WILL BE GIVEN ON  
MONDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1890, commencing at Eight p.m.

This will be the sixth of a Series of "Lectures for the People," arranged by the Trustees of the People's Palace, and will be followed by an

EXHIBITION OF FENCING and the Salute in Quarte Tierce, by Professors H. H. Burdett and D. S. Nelson, and Messrs. Hall and Millett will give a performance with Indian Clubs.

The Purpose of the Science Lectures for the People.

It is the hope of the Trustees that these Lectures will stimulate an interest among the people in Scientific Study, and render possible the establishment at the People's Palace of a centre for continuous Courses of Lectures in connection with the LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING. During the progress of the Series, which is now under arrangement, circulars will be distributed in the Hall, explaining the object and method of "University Extension," and inviting all those who would care to attend a Course of Lectures, to fill in a form that will be provided for that purpose. Further particulars, apply to  
C. E. OSBORN, Secretary.

STUDENTS' POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS.

Under the direction of Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

On Wednesday, 17th December, 1890, at 8 o'clock,

MR. RUTLAND'S  
UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT,

(ILLUSTRATING HYPNOTISM)

INTRODUCING THE

Hypnotised Actor, Humourist, and Thought Reader.

(Mr. W. G. KING.)

CHAIR TO BE TAKEN, AT 8 P.M., BY MR. W. SLINGO, A.I.E.E.

Admission - - TWO-PENCE.

Students - - ONE PENNY.

PROGRAMME for SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1890.

POPULAR ENTERTAINMENTS,

Under the direction of Mr. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A., and Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

The Garrick Dramatic Company

WILL GIVE A SERIES OF

MOVING COSTUME TABLEAUX,

Specially arranged for the Company by

MR. J. HARTLEY KNIGHT & MR. ARTHUR E. WERE

To illustrate the Legend of

"FAUST."

THE ARGUMENT OF "FAUST."

The argument is briefly this: "An old man laments his lost youth. The Devil gives him rejuvenescence in return for his body and soul. To encompass, with the ruin of Faust, the destruction of Margaret, he brings about the girl's ruin. At the last moment, when both appear to be in his power, Heaven interposes, and the soul of Margaret is wafted by angels' wings to Paradise; while Faust is the prey of the Devil."—MR. JOSEPH HATTON in the "Lyceum Faust."

CHARACTERS.

Faust	.. .. .	..	MR. S. R. MEAD.
Valentine (Margaret's brother)	.. .. .	..	" FRED W. MEARS.
Mephistopheles	.. .. .	..	" ARTHUR E. WERE.
Brander	.. .. .	..	" ARTHUR LYTTON.
Wilhelm	.. .. .	..	" EDW. HOLTON.
Wagner	.. (Soldiers)	..	" JOHN HARGRAVE.
Altmayer	.. .. .	..	" FRED FOULSER.
Frosch	.. .. .	..	" GEORGE S. HAVARD.
Stibel	.. .. .	..	" CHARLES BLAKE.
Karl	.. (Citizens)	..	" MASTER HARRY ARTHURS.
Friedrich	.. .. .	..	" MR. JOHN STEVENS.
Helmuth	.. .. .	..	" W. MORRIS.
First Priest	.. .. .	..	" J. A. FIRTH.
			(Of the Ivy Dramatic Company).
Second Priest	.. .. .	..	" W. H. EYRE.
			(Of the Ivy Dramatic Company).
Third Priest	.. .. .	..	" HARRY MARSHALL.
Fourth Priest	.. .. .	..	" A. BLOXHAM.
Martha (Margaret's neighbour)	.. .. .	..	" MRS. THOMPSON WERE.
Bessie (wife to Frosch)	.. .. .	..	" MISS JENNIE RISLEY.
Catherine	.. .. .	..	" CLARA GRAY.
Karina	.. .. .	..	" EVELYN ELSTOB.
Elsa	.. .. .	..	" LAVINIA E. GOOD.
Margaret	.. .. .	..	" AMY ELSTOB.

EXPLANATION OF TABLEAUX.

ACT I.

Tableau 1. Scene: FAUST'S STUDY.

FAUST, tired of a life devoted to study, yet filled with an insatiable craving for knowledge, sits brooding over his lost youth. Obeying the impulse of a moment, he seizes a phial of subtle poison, and is about to quaff the deadly draught when his better nature suddenly returns to him through the singing of some unseen choristers celebrating the Easter Festival. He sinks into his chair overcome with grief and despair. Strange noises are heard: the lamp grows dim, and FAUST, alarmed, rises and peers fearfully at a mysterious and misty cloud at one end of the apartment. Through this vapour, presently, the malignant features of MEPHISTOPHELES present themselves, and FAUST for the first time is face to face with the SPIRIT OF EVIL.

Tableau 2.—Scene the same.

MEPHISTOPHELES, now thoroughly unmasked, endeavours to bargain with FAUST: and, in exchange for his body and soul, offers to become his slave, to satisfy his cravings for knowledge, and to transform him into a young man. FAUST hesitates and refuses to sign the contract. MEPHISTOPHELES thereupon cunningly reveals to him in a vision the figure of MARGARET. Fired with the prospect of regaining his youth and intoxicated with the beauty of the phantom MARGARET, the old philosopher seizes the pen and signs

away his soul. MEPHISTOPHELES, exultant, begins the compact by offering FAUST the "draught of youth." He stretches forth his hand to receive it, and, as he drains it to the dregs, his whole being undergoes a change. Strength returns to his feeble frame, his snowy hair and beard become an auburn brown, and, as his sober habit vanishes, he stands confessed in all the habiliments of gilded youth.

ACT II.

Tableau 3.—Scene: A STREET IN NUREMBERG.

The worthy folk of Nuremberg are discovered on the point of entering church. FAUST, in the first enjoyment of regained young-manhood, is brought to Nuremberg by MEPHISTOPHELES—whose fantastic appearance not a little startles a group of gossiping church-truants. The cathedral organ is heard, and FAUST, moved at the sound, is inspired with a longing for a better and purer life than that which MEPHISTOPHELES has so far allowed him to lead. Presently MARGARET, having finished her devotions, returns from the church, and in her FAUST recognises the beautiful reality of his vision. He accosts her and offers his escort, which she, but newly-awakened from her pious reverie, speedily declines, and hurries homewards. FAUST, infatuated, follows her, determined to discover her abode; and MEPHISTOPHELES, foreseeing, through FAUST, the downfall of MARGARET, suffers him to pursue her; himself remaining a prey to the liveliest anticipations.

Tableau 4.—Scene the same.

FROSCH and the wine-bibbers and toppers of Nuremberg are seen outside a tavern, tasting the quality of mine host's cellar. In the height of their hilarity BESSIE, the shrewish and strong-minded wife of FROSCH, stealthily approaches the party, and pounces on her bibulous spouse, whom she insists on taking home—much to his discomfort and the delight of his boon companions. Just as the guzzlers are taking their departure, FROSCH, having given his wife the slip, triumphantly confronts them, and more liquor is called for. At this moment appears VALENTINE, the soldier-brother of MARGARET, who is about to depart to the wars. He is lovingly regarding his sister's keepsake, when he is observed by the drinking party, who insist on his joining them. He does so, and more liquor is served, and VALENTINE's health is being drunk when MEPHISTOPHELES appears. He, unbidden, coolly annexes the goblet of ALTMAYER and alters the toast to that of "MARGARET." Stung by such insolence, VALENTINE draws his sword. The others follow suit, when just as they are about to strike down MEPHISTOPHELES, that worthy throws a spell upon, and transfixes them. He quickly, however, removes the enchantment, and they, suspecting their visitor to be a thing unholy and an enemy to God, reverse their swords, before which, the sign of the Cross, MEPHISTOPHELES cowers and vanishes.

ACT III.

Tableau 5.—Scene: THE GARDEN OF MARGARET'S HOUSE.

FAUST having made an impression on the beautiful but low-born MARGARET, seeks to strengthen his cause by costly presents of jewels, which are invariably taken possession of by MARGARET's mother. FAUST, however, commissions MEPHISTOPHELES to fetch yet another casket, which he leaves prominently placed in the garden. They then retire to watch the result. MARGARET with MARTHA, a confidential neighbour, appear upon the scene, the former bewailing her mother's cupidity. The new casket is presently observed, and, to the great delight of both, the jewels are displayed and tried on, and the casket finally committed

to MARTHA'S care. MEPHISTOPHELES and FAUST then reveal themselves: the former pairing off with MARTHA, and the latter with MARGARET—who, with a love test in the shape of a flower, satisfies herself that his professed affection is genuine.

MEPHISTOPHELES, bent upon the downfall of MARGARET, encourages her clandestine meetings with FAUST. She is discovered at her spinning-wheel. So enraptured are the lovers in their embrace that a couple of gossips, coming to pay their respects to MARGARET'S mother, go away astonished and unperceived.

Tableau 7. Scene: EXTERIOR OF A CHURCH. Evening. Some months elapse, nothing is heard of FAUST, and the unhappy MARGARET—kneeling now at the shrine of the Mother of Sorrows—is the scorn and derision of virtuous Nuremberg.

MARGARET'S FAUST waves him aside, whereupon VALENTINE flings his glove in his opponent's face. FAUST, maddened at the insult, whips out his sword, and, as the figure of MEPHISTOPHELES appears upon the darkening scene, they make ready to fight.

Tableau 8. Scene: the same: Night. A triangular duel: FAUST and VALENTINE engaged in a fierce combat, with MEPHISTOPHELES, invisible, interposing. The Spirit of Evil, by some mysterious agency, weakens VALENTINE'S right arm, and thus materially helps FAUST to conquer.

Tableau 9. Scene: INTERIOR OF A PRISON. MARGARET, cast into prison for infanticide, is visited by FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES. At the sight of the latter, she clings in terror to the Cross; but FAUST endeavours to calm her, and, presently, tries to induce her to quit the prison, through the instrumentality of MEPHISTOPHELES, and, by flying with him, for ever obliterate her former life of piety and goodness.

Scenery by Messrs. E. V. & A. WILLIAMS, Southwark Park Road, S.E. Costumes and Wigs by Mr. W. WALLER, Tabernacle Street, E.C. Effects by Mr. W. J. DOWNING. The Solo in Tableau II., Act III., will be sung by Miss M. A. CARTER. Vocal Selections by members of the P. P. Choral Society.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

Under the Direction of MR. A. ROBINSON.

Organist—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O. (Organist to the People's Palace). Stage Manager... MR. J. HARTLEY KNIGHT. Assistant Stage Manager... ARTHUR LYTTON. Business Manager... FRED. W. MEARS.

PEOPLE'S PALACE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM, MILE END ROAD, E.

PROGRAMME OF GYMNASTIC and CALISTHENIC DISPLAY,

By the Members of the above Gymnasium (under the management of Mr. H. H. BURDETT, Director of Exercises, assisted by Messrs. D. M. NELSON and C. WRIGHT, Assistant Instructors.)

On THURSDAY, December 18th, 1890, commencing at 8 p.m.

EVENTS.

- I. BAR-BELL EXERCISES AND FIGURE MARCHING, by Leaders and Students. II. GYMNASTICS ON THE VAULTING HORSE, by Misses A. Heinemann, M. Scott, J. Baxter, R. Joseph, C. Baxter, D. Joseph, C. Sinclair, C. Bonsieur, B. Huggett, D. Blinman. III. INDIAN CLUB SWINGING, by Class. IV. FENCING, AND THE SALUTE IN QUARTE AND TIERCE, by Messrs. D. M. Nelson and C. Wright. V. DUMB-BELL EXERCISES. VI. GYMNASTICS ON THE PARALLEL BARS, by the same exponents as on Vaulting Horse. VII. FEATS OF SWORDSMANSHIP, by H. H. Burdett, consisting of: 1. CUTTING THE RIBBON. 2. CUTTING A LADY'S GLOVE.

Pianist - - - - - WOMEN ONLY ADMITTED.

- 3. CUTTING AN APPLE ON THE BARE HAND. 4. CUTTING AN APPLE ON THE BARE NECK. 5. CUTTING AN APPLE IN THE POCKET HANDKERCHIEF WITHOUT INJURING THE HANDKERCHIEF. 6. CUTTING A SHEET OF NOTE PAPER IN TWO. 7. CUTTING A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF FOLDED IN SIXTY-FOUR FOLDS. 8. "THE SARACEN FEAT." 9. CUTTING A BROOM HANDLE IN TWO SUPPORTED UPON TWO TUMBLERS. 10. CUTTING A SOLID BAR OF LEAD IN TWO:—1st, Resting on Stand; 2nd, The Lightning Cut whilst the bar of lead is falling to grout d. 11. CUTTING IN TWO A LARGE SHEEP WITH ONE STROKE OF THE SWORD.

VIII. FREE MOVEMENTS. IX. MUSICAL RUNNING MAZE. MISS N. CONNOR. ADMISSION THREEPENCE.

PEOPLE'S PALACE EAST LONDON. DRAPERS' COMPANY'S INSTITUTE.

In connection with the Science & Art Department, South Kensington, the City & Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education, and the Society of Arts. Head Master, Mr. D. A. LOW (Wh. Sc.), M. Inst. M.E. Secretary, Mr. C. E. OSBORN.

TIME TABLE OF EVENING CLASSES FOR SESSION 1890-91. The Session Commenced on Monday, September 29th, 1890. Next Term Commences Monday, January 5th, 1891.

The Classes are open to both sexes without limit of age. As the number which can be admitted to each Class is limited, intending Students should book their names as soon as possible. During the Session, Concerts and Entertainments will be arranged for Students in the Queen's Hall on Wednesday evenings, to week during the summer months, and they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Governors will be pleased to consider the formation of Classes other than those mentioned in the Time Table, provided a sufficient number of Students offer themselves for admission. The Governors reserve the right to abandon any One Shilling must be paid; this Pass must be returned within seven days of the expiration of the Class Ticket, failing which the deposit will be forfeited and the Pass cancelled. Further particulars may be obtained on application at the Office of the Schools.

Art Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Freehand & Model Drawing, Perspective Drawing, Drawing from Antique, etc.

\* Per Session. 1 Per Term of 12 weeks. 1 Students of the Wood Carving Class may attend a Drawing Class in the Art School one evening per week free of charge.

Trade Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Cabinet-mkg. & Desig. Lec., Carpentry & Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, etc.

\* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891). † Per Course. ‡ Free to those taking the Workshop Classes in the same subject. § 12s. 6d. for both, but only Members of the Lecture Class will be allowed to join the Workshop Class in Plumbing. To persons joining the Trade Classes who are not actually engaged in the trade to which the subjects refer, double fees are charged. No one can be admitted to the Plumbing Classes unless he is engaged in the Plumbing trade. The above fees for Workshop instruction include the use of all necessary tools and materials.

Science Classes.

Specially in preparation for the Examinations of the Science and Art Department.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Animal Physiology, Applied Mechanics, Building Construction, etc.

Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the Science and Art Department in May, 1891). \* Free to Members of any other Science, Art, or Trade Class. † Only Members of these Classes can join the Electric Laboratory and Workshop. A very facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction, or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with reagents and chemicals. A deposit of 2s. 6d. will be required to replace reagents. Students desirous of joining this Class will please see Dr. Macnair online. ‡ Under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, de Classes at half fees.

Musical Classes.

(Under the direction of Mr. Orton Bradley, M.A.)

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Violin, Viola and Violoncello, Singing (Advanced), etc.

\* For Term ending 10th December, 1890. † In these subjects the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration. ‡ Half this fee to Members of the Choral Society.

General Classes.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Arithmetic—Advanced, Book-keeping—Elementary, Civil Service, etc.

\* For Term ending 10th December, 1890. † In this subject the Students are taught individually, each lesson being of twenty minutes' duration.

Special Classes for Women only.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, TEACHERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Dressmaking, Millinery, Cookery—Demonstrative Lec., etc.

For Term ending March 26th, 1891.

Special Lectures.

Table with columns: SUBJECTS, LECTURERS, DATES, HOURS, FEES. Includes subjects like Ambulace, Machine Design, Univer. Exten. Lectures, etc.

Author of THE MEDICAL SYSTEM LONDON

# HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Best Medicines for Family Use.

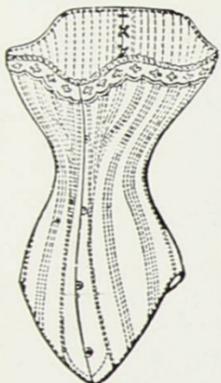
**THE PILLS** PURIFY THE BLOOD, CORRECT all DISORDERS of the INTERNAL ORGANS, and are INVALUABLE IN ALL COMPLAINTS INCIDENTAL TO FEMALES.  
**THE OINTMENT** Is the most reliable remedy for Chest and Throat Affections, Gout, Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Old Wounds, Sores Ulcers, and all Skin Diseases.

Manufactured only at 78, New Oxford Street, London, and sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.  
 N.B.—Advice Gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

THE  
**SCOTTISH**  
 Sanitary Laundry,  
**131,**  
**MILE END ROAD.**  
*Specialité*  
 Shirt and Collar Dressing.

**W. WRIGHT,**  
 Photographer.  
 NEW STUDIOS:  
**422, MILE END ROAD.**  
 Opposite People's Palace.

## CORSETS.



BUY OF THE MAKER.  
**C. J. RUSSELL,**  
 512, Mile End Rd.,  
 164a, ROMAN ROAD.

**GIVEN AWAY!**  
 Your Rubber Stamp.

NAME in FULL or MONOGRAM, mounted, post free for 3d stamps to CRYSTAL PALACE JOHN BOND'S GOLD MEDAL MARKING INK WORKS, 75, Southgate-road, London, N. EBONITE INK; NO HEATING; each containing a Voucher; 6 or 12 stamps. Nickel Pencil Case, with Pen, 7d stamps.

THE ROYAL MAKER.

**GEORGE HUNT'S**  
 Old Established High Class  
**PROVISION WAREHOUSE,**  
 WHOLESALE & RETAIL,  
**108 & 109, WHITECHAPEL RD., E.**  
 (Opposite the London Hospital.)

**JARRETT & GOUDGE'S**  
 High-class Iron Frame. Check Action  
**PIANOFORTES**  
 For Cash or by easy terms of payment. And AMERICAN ORGANS.

From **2/6** From **2/6**  
 Per Week. Per Week.

Highest awards obtained at Palace Exhibition for Design, Tone, Touch, and General Excellence of Workmanship. A Seven Years' Guarantee with every instrument.  
 STEAM WORKS AND FACTORY—  
**TRIANGLE ROAD, HACKNEY.**  
 6, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.  
 Show Rooms. **308, MILE END ROAD, E.**  
 (Nearly opposite the Palace).  
**401, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.**  
 Pianos Repaired, or taken in Exchange. Removals by our own Van.

For Christmas Presents go to  
**ALAN RAPER,**  
 ENTIRELY NEW STOCK  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS,**  
**JEWELLERY,**

DIAMOND AND GEM RINGS,  
 WEDDING RINGS, KEEPERS, &c., &c.  
 The largest selection in the East of  
 London at Manufacturers' Prices.

MONEY LIBERALLY ADVANCED UPON EVERY  
 DESCRIPTION OF VALUABLE PROPERTY.  
  
**610a, MILE END ROAD**  
 Facing Tredegar Square.

## PEOPLE'S PALACE MEMORY LESSONS

Arrangements have been made for Members of the People's Palace to receive COURSES of PROF. LOISETTE'S LESSONS for £1 1s. instead of £2 2s. (Private Lessons £5 5s.).  
 MR. D. GREENLEAF THOMPSON (Author of "A System of Psychology," Longman's, 1884), DR. W. A. H. (the Mind), and DR. M. L. HOLBROOK (Author of "How to Strengthen the Memory"), testify that the and of GREAT VALUE. Opinions of Pupils who have passed Examinations, and of Members of professions, post free from PROF. LOISETTE 37, NEW OXFORD STREET.



**G. SEADEN,**  
 Canning Town Cycle Works  
 166, BANK BUILDINGS,  
**BARKING ROAD,**  
**CANNING TOWN.**

Machines Sold on the Hire Purchase System, from 2/6 per week.  
 Repairs on the Shortest Notice.  
 EAST END AGENT FOR  
**RUDGE & NEW RAPID**

**H. Clogg**  
 175 AND 177,  
**HANBURY STREET,**  
 Mile End New Town.  
 ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS.  
 Cork and Deformity Boot Maker to the London, German and other Hospitals.

We are also the Makers of the SPRING WAISTED BOOTS, medically advised for the Remedy of Flat Feet, produced by many hours standing & general weakness.

**E. RICHARDSON,**  
 FAMILY BAKER,  
 Cook & Confectioner,  
**622,**  
**MILE END RD.**

Wedding Cakes, Luncheon and other Cakes. Biscuits of superior quality. Milk Scones. Confection for Wedding and Evening Parties. Public or Private Tea Meetings.

MESSRS.  
**C. C. & T. MOORE**  
 Respectfully announce the dates of their old established  
**Periodical Sales**  
 OF  
**ESTATES**

AND HOUSE PROPERTY.  
 (Held for 55 years), which are appointed to take place at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, on the 2nd and 4th Thursdays of the Month, as follows:  
 Feb. .. 27 Aug. .. 14, —  
 Mar. .. 13, 27 Sept. .. 11, 25  
 April .. 10, 24 Oct. .. 9, 23  
 May .. 8, 22 Nov. .. 13, 27  
 June .. 12, 26 Dec. .. 11, —  
 July .. 10, 24

Special attention given to Rent Collecting and the entire management of house property. Insurances effected.  
 Auction and Survey Offices:  
**144, MILE END RD., E.**

**E. SLATER & Co**  
 HIGH-CLASS READY-MADE AND BESPOKE  
**Tailors**  
 AND  
**Outfitters.**

WEST-END STYLE AND FIT.  
 MODERATE PRICES.  
 Makers of the Beaumont Club Bicycle Suit.

Large Selection of Latest Goods to select from.  
 Indian, Colonial, & Athletic Outfits on the shortest notice.  
 PATTERNS FREE.  
**143, MILE END ROAD, E.**

**S. BERNSTEIN,** ESTABLISHED 1876.  
 Watch and Clock Maker, Working Jeweller, ELECTRO PLATER AND GILDER,  
**170, SALMON'S LANE, LIMEHOUSE, E.**  
 (Opposite Lincolns Town Hall, corner of Commercial Rd.)  
 AND AT  
**356, MILE END ROAD** (opposite Bancroft Rd.)  
 Watches Cleaned & Regulated, 1/4  
 New Main Spring, best quality 1/0  
 New Hand to watch 0/1  
 Glass to Watch 1/4  
 Clocks Cleaned & Regulated, from 1/0  
 Pin to Brooch 0/1  
**ALL WORK WARRANTED FOR TWELVE MONTHS.**

**AMATEUR'S FRIEND.**  
  
 WONDERFUL CIRCULATION OF HOT-WATER IN A SINGLE PIPE. Apparatus 7 ft. long. Burns Gas or Oil.  
 Price, complete, 16s.  
**C. TOOPE, F.R.H.S., & SON,**  
**STEPNEY SQUARE, LONDON, E.**

**W. H. HUMPHRIES & CO.,**  
 MAGIC LANTERN, DISSOLVING VIEW  
 & Photographic Apparatus Makers.  
 SOLE MAKERS OF THE "DRAYTON" WIDE-ANGLE CAMERA.  
 Possesses every advantage, being very light, rigid and portable. Intending purchasers should see this and compare with other makes at exorbitant prices. Optical Apparatus and Slides of the highest quality. Binoculars, from £5. Single Lanterns, full size, 4-in. Condensers, £1 7s. complete in case. Slides on hire, 1s. per doz. See our special Contract System; lists free.  
**W. H. HUMPHRIES & CO.,**  
 SHOW ROOMS:  
 268, Upper St., Islington, N.  
 Omnibuses & Trams from all parts pass door.  
 FACTORY:  
 Elford Rd., Drayton Park, N.

The PALACE JOURNAL is the Best and Most Influential Advertising Medium.

**ROGERS' "NURSERY" HAIR LOTION**  
  
 Destroys all Nits and Parasites in children's heads, and immediately allays the irritation. Perfectly harmless.  
 Prepared only by W. ROGERS, Chemist, Ben Jonson Road, Stepney, E. Bottles 7d. and 1s. Of all Chemists and Perfumers. Special Bottles, post free from observation, 15 Stamps.

**LAMONT CYCLE WORKS,**  
 Beachcroft Road,  
**LEYTONSTONE, E.**  
 FIRST-CLASS REPAIRER by appointment to the G.T.C. Agent for all Leading Manufacturers.  
**High-Class Machines**  
 ON HIRE AND SALE.  
 Those about to purchase a machine should inspect the newly designed "Lamont" Cycles before deciding.

Boots! Boots! Boots!  
 BUY OF THE MAKER.  
**W. H. ELLIS,**  
 Until recently trading as O'CONNOR WOOD'S Boot Stores, (Same proprietor 13 years.)  
 11 & 12, Bridge Rd., Stratford, E.  
 75, High St., Deptford, S.E.  
 Wholesale Factory:  
 EAST ST., WALWORTH, S.E.  
 Note Address: Opposite entrance to Stratford Market Station, G.E.R.  
**BRING YOUR REPAIRS.**

**THE ALDGATE TURKISH BATHS.**  
 J. & H. NEVILL.  
 Gentlemen—44, High St., Whitechapel.  
 Ladies—7, Commercial Road.  
 (Next door to Gardiner's.)  
 2s. 6d. before 6; 1s. 6d. after 6 p.m.  
 And at London Bridge and Charing Cross.

Go To **Gapp's**  
**STORES FOR HERBS**  
 AND  
**HERBAL MEDICINES.**  
**104, GREEN STREET, VICTORIA PARK.**  
 Ten minutes' walk from the Palace, near Globe Road Station.  
 Evacinate Tacted and Glasses to suit the sight from 5/6d

**C. C. TAYLOR & SON,**  
**10 & 12, MILE END RD., E.**  
 SALES BY AUCTION of Every Description of Property. VALUATIONS & SURVEYS FOR ALL PURPOSES. RENTS COLLECTED AND HOUSE PROPERTY MANAGED.  
 Insurances Effected in the Phoenix Fire, London and General Plate Glass, British Empire Mutual Life, and the Accident Insurance Companies.

**W. S. CROKER,**  
 Cycle Manufacturer,  
 2, St. Stephen's Road,  
**BOW, E.**  
 Any make of Machine supplied at a large discount for Cash, or on easy payment system. Repairs of every description executed Promptly and Cheaply. All the latest pattern Machines let on hire.  
 Second-hand Machines Bought, Sold, or Exchanged. Fittings supplied and Repairs done for the Trade.  
**2, St. Stephen's Road, BOW, E.**

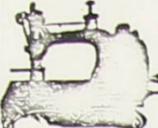
**MILE END AUCTION MART**  
 330 & 332, MILE END ROAD.

**Messrs. W. UPTON & CO.**  
 Sold by Auction every Tuesday & Friday, at 7 p.m., a quantity of HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE AND EFFECTS.  
 RENTS COLLECTED.

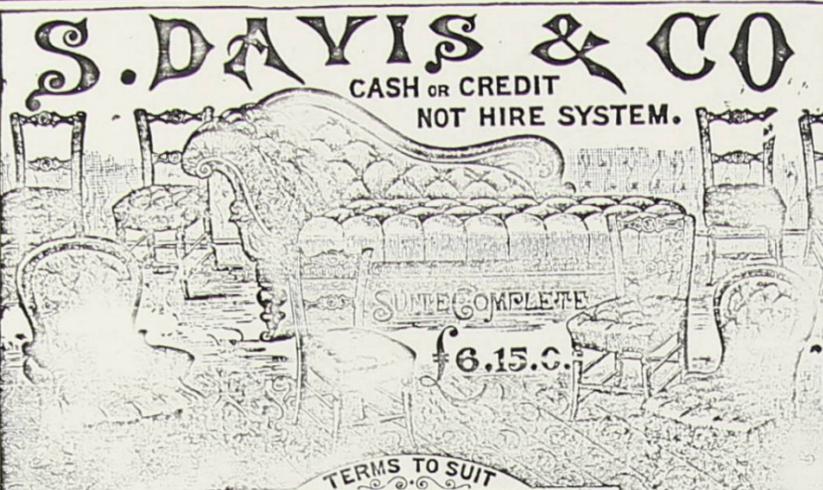
**IF YOU WANT TO KNOW**  
 The best and cheapest house for Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, and Spectacles, where you get full value and a written warranty, also every description of Repairs, Gilding, Engraving, Enamelling etc., where best materials are used, and the lowest prices charged, go to  
**J. TOBINS, 382, Mile End Road, E.**  
 (almost opposite the People's Palace).

Printed by THOMAS POULTER & SONS, LIMITED, for the TRUSTEES OF THE BEAUMONT TRUST, People's Palace, Mile End, E., at their Works, The Globe Printing and Paper Works, Rupert Street, E. Office: 6, Arthur Street West, E.C.—Friday, December 12, 1900.

MEMOIR  
 of  
 ALMOND (Author of  
 "The Medical System")  
 LONDON: Sch...

From 20/-  
  
 Complete, 55/-  
  
 1/- Weekly.  
  
 From 21/-  


**S. DAVIS & CO**  
 CASH OR CREDIT  
 NOT HIRE SYSTEM.



SUITE COMPLETE  
 £6.15.0.

TERMS TO SUIT  
 CUSTOMERS' CONVENIENCE.

From 7/- 3/-  
  
 From 21/-  
  
 Davie's Baker's Patent  
 Box Margler  
  


Send for Price List, Post Free. All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.  
**S. DAVIS & CO.'S LONDON BRANCHES:**  
 Period House, Borough, S.E. (nr. St. George's Church).  
 125, Tottenham Court-road, W. (near Euston-road).  
 10, Hackney-road, E. (near Shoreditch Church).  
 53 and 55, High-street, Peckham (facing Rye-lane).  
 18, Commercial-road, E. (near Leman-street).  
 144, The Grove, Stratford, E. (corner of Gt Eastern-st.).  
 24, King-street, Hammersmith (near Broadway).  
 498, Brixton-road (facing Coldharbour-lane).  
 (Chief Office and Wholesale Depot) **241, 243, 245, 247 & 251, HIGH ST., BOROUGH, S.E.**

**FROOMS & Co.**  
 239, Commercial Road, London, E.  
 Estab. 1854.] 3 Doors from Philpot Street. [Estab. 1854  
**HIGH-CLASS  
 Pianoforte Makers**

*WE are now offering High-Class Pianofortes for the remarkably low sum of 2/6 per week, sent home immediately, carriage free. No deposit required.*

**NEW CASH LINE.**

**12 Guineas.**—Iron frame, check action, seven octaves, handsome walnut and gold case and sconces; warranted for 10 years; the cheapest instrument ever offered to the public. Other classes equally cheap.

**AMERICAN ORGANS & HARMONIUMS**  
**From 5s. per Month.**  
 EVERY INSTRUMENT WARRANTED.  
 Tunings, Repairs and Removals AT LESS THAN USUAL CHARGES.

**CHARLES SELBY,  
 UNDERTAKER,**  
 Complete Funeral Furnisher, Car & Carriage Proprietor  
**31, CAMPBELL ROAD, BOW,**  
**15, HIGH STREET, BROMLEY,**  
 And 191, High Street, STRATFORD,  
 A FEW DOORS FROM BOARD SCHOOLS.

**OPEN DAILY, FREE!**

**W. SYMONDS,**  
 Musical Instrument Warehouse,  
 OLD CURIOSITY SHOP,  
**193, DRURY LANE, LONDON**  
 (One door from High Holborn).

Violins from 5s. to £10; Italian Strings, Best quality, 3d. each; Violin Cases, 3s. 9d. each; Violin Bows from 1s. upwards; Cornets from 15s.; Clarionets from £1 5s.; Accordians from 4s.; Harmonium Accordians from £1 10s.; Banjos from 2s. 9d. to £5; B flat Flutes from 2s. 9d.; Concert Flutes, 8 keys, from 15s.; Anglo-Concertinas by Lachenal and Jones, from £1 10s.; German Concertinas from 2s. 6d. each. A large quantity of other Musical Instruments too numerous to mention.

**METROPOLITAN HOSPITAL,**  
**KINGSLAND ROAD, E.**

Patron—THE PRINCE OF WALES.  
 Chairman—JOSEPH FRY, ESQ. Hon. Secretary—SIR EDMUND HAY CURRIE.  
**THE NEW BUILDING FOR 160 BEDS IS NOW COMPLETE**  
 The Hospital is conducted on strictly Provincial Principles.  
**ACCIDENTS AND CASES OF URGENCY ADMITTED AT ALL HOURS FREE.**  
**THE CHARITY HAS NO ENDOWMENT.**  
*Funds urgently needed for Furnishing Opening, and maintaining the New Wards*  
 Bankers { **GLYN, MILLS & Co.**  
**LLOYDS BANK, LTD.**  
**CHARLES H. BYERS, Secretary.**

**THE SCOTCH HOUSE. GARDINER & CO. THE SCOTCH HOUSE.**  
 Established 1839. Established 1839.

**Presentation to the Children of  
 ONE THOUSAND TOYS from the Christmas Tree.**

**GARDINER & COMPY.** will distribute to their Customers all the **Christmas Tree Toys** exhibited in the Boys' Clothing Windows of their Establishments in Whitechapel, Deptford, and Islington.  
**Every Purchaser** of Boys' Clothing from 22nd November to the 31st December will receive a Specially Numbered Check, with a printed announcement to the effect that the holder of the Check will be **entitled to a TOY** from the CHRISTMAS TREE, provided the "Toy Number" on the Check corresponds with the number on one of the Toys.  
 All the Toys on the Tree have been numbered and **all will be given away** in this manner.

The Successful "Toy Numbers" will be published for two weeks in the Weekly Newspapers, viz.: 3rd and 10th January, 1891, and also on a list exhibited in the Boys' Clothing Windows.

On presentation, either personally or by post, of the **Check** bearing a successful "Toy Number," the Toy of that number will be forwarded "Carriage Paid."

**A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO THE CHILDREN.**

**GARDINER & COMPY.**, according to their Annual Custom, are **GIVING AWAY GRATIS** a Finely Coloured and Artistically Illustrated Picture Book to all Purchasers of Clothing as their **Christmas Present to the Children.**

**1, 3 & 5, Commercial Road, & 30 to 35, High Street, Whitechapel, E.**

**CHINA & GLASS.**  
**BRUNSKILL,**  
**508, MILE END ROAD**  
 (NEARLY OPPOSITE PALACE).  
 Is now showing a well selected STOCK of  
**DINNER SETS! TEA SETS! TOILET SETS!**  
**At Low Prices.**  
*An elegant display of Flower Stands, Epergnes, &c.*  
 A LARGE STOCK OF USEFUL AND HANDSOME  
 ARTICLES FOR PRESENTS.  
 Jugs, Tumblers, Decanters, Wines, &c., in great variety.  
**GOODS SENT HOME FREE.**

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S**  
 ADJOINING BAKER STREET STATION.  
**THE MOST POPULAR EXHIBITION in LONDON**  
 Containing over 400 Portraits Models of the Celebrities of all Nations and ages, including—  
**H. M. STANLEY and EMIN PASHA.**  
 FINEST COLLECTION OF  
**NAPOLEONIC RELICS IN THE WORLD,** and of the  
 FRENCH REVOLUTION.  
**MUSIC ALL DAY.**  
 FULL ORCHESTRAL LADIES' BAND. ORGAN RECITALS, etc.  
**CHAMBER OF HORRORS** containing the most notable criminals of the century, including—  
 Richard and George Davies, the Crewe Murderers,  
 Also **BERRY, the HANGMAN.**  
 New Dining, Reading and Smoking Rooms.  
 Admission, 1/-; Children under 12, 6d. Yearly Tickets, 10/6.  
 MODELLER JOHN TUSSAUD.  
 EDWIN J. FOYSER Managing Director.

**The Educational Manufacturing School Stationers,  
 Supply Association, Limited, Publishers, Booksellers, etc.,  
 42A, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**  
 JAMES COLLINGS, Managing Director.

**SCHOOL STATIONERY** Manufactured on the Premises. Exercise and Manuscript Books of every Quality of Paper, Style of Ruling and Description of Binding are kept in stock. Drawing Books, Models and Materials of Exceptional Value.  
**REWARD BOOKS AND FANCY ARTICLES** are kept in stock for the Inspection of Customers.  
 ALL PUBLISHED BOOKS Supplied. Large discounts allowed.  
**SCHOOL FURNITURE**, including a Great Variety in Desks, Tables, Cupboards, Easels and General Apparatus, may be inspected at the  
**EXTENSIVE SHOWROOMS, 42a, HOLBORN VIADUCT.**