

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

Vol. VI.—No. 162.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895. [ONE PENNY.

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THE PALACE JOURNAL

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VOL. VI.—No. 162.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1890. [ONE PENNY.

PEOPLE'S PALACE Club, Class and General Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

FRIDAY 19th December—Library open 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—Day School and Evening Classes close for Christmas Holidays.
SATURDAY 20th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10 free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—“The Messiah,” in the Queen’s Hall by People’s Palace Choral Society and Orchestra.
SUNDAY 21st—Library open from 3 till 10 p.m., free.
MONDAY 22nd—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.—In Queen’s Hall at 8 p.m. a Gymnastic Display and Assault-at-Arms. Admission 3d., Students of Evening Classes 1d.
TUESDAY 23rd—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10 free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
WEDNESDAY 24th—Library open from 10 to 5 and from 6 to 10, free. Newspapers may be seen from 8 a.m.
THURSDAY 25th—Christmas Day.—Library closed.

THE Library will be closed on Christmas Day and Boxing Day entirely.

THE Sunday Organ Recitals will re-commence Sunday, January 4th, by which time the Organ will be finished.

A CLASS for teaching pianoforte tuning will be formed early in the new year.

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 take part 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. Should any member not have received a ticket, will they kindly apply to Mr. Osborn.

A COURSE of Penny Cookery Lectures will commence on Monday, January 12th, by Mrs. Sharman. The following is the syllabus:—January 12th—Fire and fuel; the management of gas stoves, kitcheners, open ranges, mineral oil stoves, spirit lamps.—January 19th—The choice and cleaning of cooking utensils; sanitary kitchen hints.—January 26th—Marketing; food from a general point of view.—February 2nd—How to choose butchers’ meat, poultry, eggs, fruit, vegetables.—February 9th—Fish as a flesh producer; how to choose and cook it.—February 16th—Boiled fish and egg sauce, fish pie; stuffed haddock or herrings.—February 23rd—Vegetable foods, their properties and nutriment.—March 2nd—Boiled artichokes, cabbage, mince, cauliflower, and cheese.—March 9th—Different kinds of flour; farinaceous foods; chemistry of food.—March 16th—Wholemeal bread; household bread.—March 23rd—Invalid cookery; beef teas, strengthening jellies.—These lectures will be given on Mondays, from 8 to 9.30, and will commence January 12th, and end on March 23rd, 1891.

OWING to the inclemency of the weather, the lecture, by Professor H. Marshall Ward, on Monday last, was very badly attended. Messrs. Burdett and Nelson gave a very clever exhibition of fencing, and Messrs. Hall and Millett a capital display with the Indian clubs.

PEOPLE’S PALACE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.—As we shall perform the “Messiah” on Saturday evening, in the Queen’s Hall, members are requested to be in their seats by 7.45.—Mr. Stainforth desires to thank the members for their generous subscriptions towards the Secretary’s testimonial, and he hopes that old members will accept this acknowledgment in lieu of a written one.

PUBLIC NOTICE.—As a new term will commence, Jan. 6th, the Secretary will be glad to hear from ladies and gentlemen playing violins, violas, cellos, basses, clarionets, oboes, bassoons, cornets, trombones, horns, and euphonium, who desire to become members. We have a valuable library of high-class music, which is lent free for rehearsal. This Society affords an excellent means of improving musical practice. Further information will be cheerfully supplied by Wm. Stock, Hon. Sec.

ON Tuesday evening last, the members of the Orchestral Society presented their Secretary, Mr. Wm. Stock, with a valuable violin and case. Mr. Cave, on making the presentation, said it had long been the members’ wish to show their esteem and appreciation for the great interest taken, and the work done, by Mr. Stock, for the welfare of the Society, and he could not find words strong enough to express the pleasure it gave him in carrying out their wishes, they desired that the violin should be a good one, and his only regret was, that it was not a real Stradivarius; Mr. Orton Bradley had just presented him with a bow, in place of one accidentally broken by him at a concert, in the Queen’s Hall, so it only required a box of resin to complete the present. Speaking personally, he had the greatest respect for him, and he should always have his warmest support. Mr. Stock replied, thanking the members for their kindness, and said, that what he had done he did not look upon as work, but as a pleasure; being the first member to join the society, he desired it should be a success. With this desire and a little perseverance, 117 members joined in the first year, which was a reward in itself, and, although the possession of the violin would be a source of great pride to him, the honour of receiving so valuable a testimonial, was far greater. He apologised for not attending rehearsals so regularly as at first; this was caused by the many pressing claims upon his services and time, but he was gradually reducing those claims, and hoped after this year to attend more regularly.

DRAPERS’ COMPANY’S TECHNICAL SCHOOL RAMBLERS’ CLUB.—On Saturday, twenty-nine members met at, and started from, the Royal Exchange, our destination being the British Museum. It was very cold and foggy, so a sharp walk was preferred to the omnibus. In spite of the dense fog all reached the Museum safely. As we had not applied for a guide, we were in the position of ordinary visitors, but this was of little consequence, as in the two hours we saw a great deal to interest us. We spent a considerable time in the galleries devoted to the exhibition of antiquities; before we left the Greek section some of our members were able to distinguish between Ionic and Doric columns. We also saw here the honeysuckle ornament as used by the Greeks. This was of interest to some of our art lads, as were the drawings of the statuary that were being executed by some art students. As was to be expected, however, the Egyptian galleries came in for most attention. When we visited the galleries containing the mummies, all were interested in these strange denizens of an English museum. One was marked Cleopatra; at first we thought we were standing before the remains of the queen, so well-known to readers of Shakespeare. Enquiries of the guide, however, elicited the fact that the remains were not those of the Cleopatra. Leaving the Egyptian department, we went towards the library, but it then being late, we agreed to leave the museum, which being done, on

Among Books and Periodicals.

ONE of the most interesting books I have come across in recent parcels from Mudie’s is *The First Crossing of Greenland*, by Fridtjof Nansen. (Translated from the Norwegian by H. M. Gepp, B.A. With five maps, twelve full-page plates, and 157 illustrations in the text. Two vols., 8vo., pp. 1068, price 36s. Longmans.) Dr. Nansen is a true descendant of the old Vikings, and, as one of the best-known heroes of latter-day Arctic exploration, needs no introduction to such omnivorous devourers of marvellous adventure as are the readers of these pages; briefly his story is as follows:—

“Dr. Nansen commences his book with a recapitulation of what has already been done in the way of exploration in Greenland. He then proceeds to describe the circumstances under which he set out upon the expedition; how he engaged a ‘sealer’ to take him from Iceland; how he shot seals under the most exciting conditions upon the ice; and how, finally he was landed, together with his five companions, upon one of the ice-floes which line the eastern coast of Greenland, and which had hitherto prevented explorers from entering the country. Planted upon the ice, the party drifted along for nearly a month. All this time they were in imminent danger of death; and among the most interesting chapters of the book are those in which the journey down the coast is described. At last they landed; and, leaving the shore, they made for the heart of the country, and were soon in the region of eternal ice and snow. The ground rose higher and higher, until eventually they found themselves some 9,000 feet above the level of the sea. At such a height and in such a latitude the cold was naturally most extreme. At night the thermometer occasionally registered a temperature of fifty degrees below freezing-point. The company travelled in *ski*—Norwegian snow-shoes—which Dr. Nansen had long previously decided upon as the only method of locomotion suitable to such an expedition. There were ice plateaux in abundance, but the ice was often treacherous. Without the *ski*, Dr. Nansen would never have projected his brilliant dash across the unknown interior of Greenland. Or if he had been so foolhardy as to attempt the journey without his seven-league boots, he and his comrades must have perished miserably ere half their task was done. Reading Dr. Nansen’s sober narrative of the feats of the latter-day *skilober*, it is not easy to believe that the element of the marvellous has been thoroughly eliminated. If, in the presence of the timekeepers, the referees, and the other presiding genii of modern sport, the snow-shoer can cover 1363 miles of Norwegian cross-country in 21 hours, 22 minutes, can rush down a mountain side at an angle of 45 degrees, and can jump 99 English feet from a projecting rock, what wonders might he not achieve if he could put the mists of a thousand years between us and his leaps? Dr. Nansen did most of the work of exploration himself—going ahead from time to time to find out the best course and the most steady ground—and he had more than one narrow escape from death. Upon one occasion it was only the pole he carried which saved him from falling to the bottom of an immense crevasse. At last—after many days of weary wandering in the ice and snow—a favourable wind sprang up, and, lashing together the sledges which they had hitherto been compelled to drag after them, the explorers hoisted some sails and sped along rapidly in front of the breeze. Dr. Nansen at one time thought of taking dogs with him, and of killing them when necessary for the purposes of food; but he subsequently changed his mind, and took nothing beyond the *ski* and the sledges. With these he managed to reach the west coast—too late, however, to catch the latest homeward-bound ship. The winter, therefore, had to be spent on the west coast of Greenland, and a considerable portion of the second volume of Dr. Nansen’s book is devoted to his adventures there, and to an account of the Eskimos, among whom he and his companions were for a time compelled to live. Dr. Nansen’s companions were three Norwegians and two Lapps, and he dedicates his book to ‘My five comrades, in token of gratitude and good-fellowship.’ One of the Lapps kept a diary, some extracts of which are given. The illustrations are reproduced from original sketches made by the author, and from a large number of photographs taken by him. Altogether it is a story of bold and self-reliant warfare with one of the most dread of the forces of Nature, one, too, with which she jealously guards the secrets of the frozen North, and bars the way to that open Polar Sea which some assert lies beyond the seemingly eternal barrier of ice. Dr. Nansen, it will be remembered, is now preparing for the ‘finding of the pole.’ I hope at a future time to give an extract or two from the book now under consideration.

That boy Mick! (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.) This is one of a type of stories that, to show up the ‘virtues’ of its hero, gathers around him surroundings of the saddest and worst kind. If *That boy Mick!* is intended for a child’s book, the authoress cannot be commended for her method of treatment, as it would implant a knowledge of drunkenness and neglect, such as surely all little ones should be spared till taught (if ever) by the actual experiences of life. Mick is depicted as a boy entirely devoted to babies, and his influence in his own squalid home is certainly overdrawn. Indeed, the tale is impossible, and leaves too saddening an impression for us to recommend it to young readers.

reaching Holborn a place was found in which our party could be accommodated with coffee, cocoa, or tea. In this we indulged, and started for East London about two o’clock. A.G.

PEOPLE’S PALACE RAMBLING CLUB.—From the records of government by tyranny to the abode of government by talk is an easy transition; though the House of Commons, the rendezvous of the club on Saturday, is by no means so replete with historical interest and associations as is the Tower of London. The Ramblers, thirteen in number, were fortunate, however, in having Mr. Billings, one of the members, as a guide; the lucid descriptions and racy anecdotes of this gentleman contributing not a little to enliven the otherwise somewhat gloomy precincts. Unfortunately, the day without was by no means full of sunshine, and there was a little difficulty experienced in gaining clear views of the many beautiful paintings and carvings. How different the Central Lobby appeared, and how great was the contrast between the House of Commons as we saw it, and the appearance it presents when great guns are firing heavy discharges of talk across the gangway! Mr. Billings’ audience was soon materially increased, a great number of visitors outside the Ramblers’ party following his descriptions with eager interest as he pointed out the Division Lobbies, Speaker’s Chair, Ladies’ Gallery, the seats most favoured by different members, and other objects of interest, interspersing his remarks with anecdotes of men well-known in political circles. It is but a faint idea of the work and functions of Parliament that can be gleaned from a cursory Saturday afternoon visit; Ramblers should procure from the M.P.’s of their districts an order for admission during the sitting, when the empty benches are filled with life, and the heavy roof resounds to the tones of earnest oratory.—Saturday, December 20th, Social Dance in Lecture Hall; there are only a few tickets left, which can be obtained of any of the members of the Committee.—Saturday, December 27th, no ramble.—Saturday, January 3rd, 1891, Christ’s Hospital, meet at Newgate St., corner of Old Bailey, 2.20 p.m.—January 10th, Doré Gallery, meet outside at 3 p.m.

A. MCKENZIE, } Hon. Secs.
W. POCKETT, }

PEOPLE’S PALACE CYCLING CLUB.—The new Committee had their first meeting last Monday, and covered a deal of ground before “time was called”—I am glad to hear that the Committee intend to issue their run cards monthly instead of for the season as previously.—The Committee are now engaged upon the next season’s programme, and a General Meeting will be called in January, to give their consent to the arrangements proposed.—Messrs. Bright, Farrant, Peel and Flanders, together with J. Burley, were elected to carry out the winter festivities of the Club.—The Goldsmiths’ Company are about to lay out a recreation ground and cycle track at New Cross, in connection with their Polytechnic there. How long will it be before the Trustees of the East-End Polytechnic follow this good precedent?—At the “London Tavern,” on Thursday night, the new London centre of the N.C.U. became an established fact. The new centre includes the counties of London, Middlesex, Kent, Surrey, Essex, Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, and Berkshire. A temporary Committee was elected, consisting of Messrs. Dalton, Smith, G. Green, F. T. Bidlake, J. A. Church, and James Blair. Mr. Church was proposed by J. Burley, and elected mainly by the strength of the Palace Club.—The country north of London looked very pretty on Friday last, at least so two members of the club informed me. They went on Friday to Messrs. Ransleys and secured their Buckingham and Adam Tandem, and from all accounts had a fine old time of it. Leaving London by the Edgware Road, they paid a visit to the Cathedral of St. Albans. The roads were like glass, and the machines seemed fairly to glide along. *On dit*. One of the partners of this firm becomes a Benedict on New Year’s Day.—H. L. W. Lawson, Esq., M.P., on Cycling: “He classed it as the grandest and most popular pastime of modern times. He spoke of the excellent results accruing from the voluntary discipline which clubmen undertook and cheerfully submitted to. He instanced the ready way in which cyclists acquiesced in the N.C.U. rules even down to those which limited the value of their prizes. Touching on racing, he congratulated wheelmen on having practically none of the professional betting element mixed up with their events.”—*Bicycling*.—The First Cinderella was held on Saturday last, at the Bromley Vestry Hall. The hall was full, but not crowded, as was the case last year. This desirable end was occasioned by the tickets being limited to 100. Rowe’s Quadrille Band played the latest music to the best time and tune, and gave every satisfaction. Messrs. Marshall and Rosenhayn M.C.’d in a manner showing conversance with their task, being ably assisted by Messrs. Bright, Farrant, Peel, and Flanders, as stewards. It is unnecessary to add the affair was a success, as all who are acquainted with the Cycling Club know that their social affairs are invariably all that could be desired. Amongst the assembly I noticed members of the Pilot, Alpine, Gleneagle, Granvilles, and Eastern Counties Road Club. Queries overheard at the Cinderella, with answers:—1. When and where will the next dance be held? A. January 13th, 1891, at Bromley Vestry Hall. 2. Whose work of art was the illuminated notice? A. H. Farrant, Esq. 3. Where were the Club’s racing men? A. Ask another!—Already fifty of the tickets for the next Cinderella have been sold, and only fifty remain for disposal, so friends who intend to be present must not procrastinate. A.J.A.

Gleanings—Grave and Gay.

WE talk of the "submerged tenth," and its relation to the dire results which still flow from drink, rightly laying stress upon the need of a drastic remedy. But, there is another side to the question, one upon which we may fairly congratulate ourselves. I refer, of course, to the marked change which has taken place in the national drinking habits. No feature of everyday life in our large centres of population attracts more attention than the small amount of drunkenness to be observed. The streets may be packed with people all day long, day after day, yet cases of inebriation are so infrequent that they attract attention by their very rarity.

THIS, too, in spite, be it remembered, of more drinking bars and saloons in our midst than ever before, and in spite, too, of the fact that we as a nation encourage the traffic in drink, and make a revenue out of it. Of course, the obvious deduction is that the people at large are gifted with good sense; and know how to use and not abuse, and in this respect have made great advances over the people of a hundred years ago.

THERE is no doubt that in regard to self-control the people of 1890 are superior to those of 1790, and that there is consequently less of drunkenness, and of the disorder which springs from drunkenness, on gala occasions now than in the days of our great grandfathers. Those were the days when people drank strong liquors, and were expected to get drunk on them, and did not suffer for getting drunk; when ministers and deacons went from the examination of a theological student's orthodoxy, and his consequent fitness to become a pastor, to a dinner where the board was graced with brandy, and rum; when the glass of toddy was religiously presented the young pastor at the house of every parishioner on whom he called; when ministers occasionally became intoxicated without incurring dismissal; and when public men of the highest standing might slip under the table at a banquet without forfeiting the confidence of their constituents. In those days tens and hundreds of thousands of people could not have assembled and shown only a rare case of drunkenness.

THIS improvement in the drinking habits of our century was well borne out a short time since by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who called attention to the fact that during the last five and twenty years there has been a great, a material, and a striking fall in the consumption of spirituous liquors, as shown by the receipts from the excise tax. "I have good news again for the friends of the temperance cause," he said, "though it has made and continues to make a gap in the receipts of the Exchequer. This great revenue does not grow in proportion to population. It might be thought, now that we are at a critical moment in the revival of trade, that this would again lead to an increase in the revenue from drink. But it has not done so." Such facts and admissions are, to say the least, of the utmost significance and augur well for the future. That in another hundred years England will be a nation of total abstainers, is in the highest degree improbable; but it is not too much to hope that it may find the country freed from the demoralizing influences of the present system of "stand-up drinking" in bars and saloons.

FEW persons, except specialists in electrical science are aware how rapid is the march of electric power over the world. Unused and disused water is everywhere going into the yoke of the dynamo. Mountain streams in Switzerland that have never before been used for any purpose except that of gratifying sight-seers, are now supplying power to mills five miles distant, and the manufactures of that country are having a great revival. It is the common observation of the electrical journals that all the manufactories of dynamos are running night and day, and cannot keep up with their orders.

THE dollar as all are aware is the principal silver coin of the United States, of the approximate value, in English money, of 4s. 2d. I wonder, however, how many reading this paragraph think that the word is of Teutonic origin, being a corruption of *Thaler* (Low German *Dahler*; Danish *daler*), and meaning "a valley"—English "dale." Its derivation is as follows:—The counts of Schlick, at the close of the fifteenth century, extracted from the mines at *Joachim's Thal* (Joachim's valley) silver, which they coined into ounce-pieces. These pieces, called *Joachim's Thalers*, gained such high repute that they became a standard coin. Other coins being made like them were called *Thalers* only.

TALKING of dollars, its distinguishing mark thus—\$, has been the subject of considerable discussion. Its derivation is variously put as follows: (1) It is supposed to be a combination of the sign of U.S., the initials for the United States; (2) that it is a modification of the figure 8, the dollar being formerly called "a piece of eight," and designated by the character 8-8; (3) that it is a com-

bination of H.S., the mark of the Roman unit; (4) that it is a combination of P. and S., from the Spanish *peso duro*, which signifies "hard dollar." In Spanish accounts, *peso* is contracted by writing the S over the P, and placing it after the sum; (5) and lastly, that it is taken from the Spanish dollar. At one time, on the reverse of the coin was a representation of the Pillars of Hercules, and round each pillar a scroll with the inscription *Plus ultra*. This device, it is thought, has, in course of time, degenerated into the sign which stands at present for American as well as Spanish dollars—\$. The scroll around the pillars represents the two serpents sent by Juno to destroy Hercules in his cradle.

THERE is no other work in the world of which so many copies are printed annually as of the Chinese almanack. The number is estimated at several millions. This almanack is printed at Peking, and is a monopoly of the Emperor. It not only predicts the weather, but notes the days that are reckoned lucky or unlucky for commencing any undertaking, for applying remedies in diseases, for marrying and for burying.

WE are so much accustomed to kings and queens and other privileged persons of that sort in this world that it is only on reflection that we wonder how they became so. The mystery is not their continuance, but how did they get a start? We take little help from studying the bees—originally no one could have been born a queen. There must have been not only a selection, but an election, not by ballot, but by consent some way expressed, and the privileged persons got their positions because they were the strongest, or the wisest, or the most cunning. But the descendants of these privileged persons hold the same positions when they are neither strong, nor wise, nor very cunning. This also is a mystery. The persistence of privilege is an unexplained thing in human affairs, and the consent of mankind to be "led in government and in fashion by those to whom none of the original conditions of leadership attach is a philosophical anomaly. How many of the living occupants of thrones, dukedoms, earldoms, and such high places, are in position on their own merits, or would be put there by common consent? Referring their origin to some sort of an election, their continuance seems to rest simply on forbearance. In America they are trying a new experiment; they have adopted the principle of election, but they have supplemented it with the equally authoritative right of deposition. And it is interesting to see how it has worked for a hundred years, for it is human nature to like to be set up, but not to like to be set down. Still, on the whole the net results of the experiment are such as to lend encouragement to the new principle by which the "rulers" of men are chosen.

IT is well known that tomatoes are extremely beneficial in affections of the throat, but it would appear that the juice of the pineapple is hardly less efficacious. At any rate, the American correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner* states that there is a very simple and yet most effective remedy for diphtheria, which has been used for many years past with great success by the negroes in the swamps of Louisiana. It is nothing but the juice of a pineapple, which the patient should be forced to swallow. This fluid is of so pungent and corrosive a nature that it cuts out the diphtheritic mucus, and causes it to disappear. Not only piccaninies, but also large numbers of white children, have been cured by the use of this simple yet effective remedy. The corrosive nature of the juice is shown by the fact that if a person in good health happens to take the juice of a pineapple before the latter is ripe the mucous membrane of his throat is apt to become sore.

SINCE Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, has chosen to enter into active competition with British novelists, her history has an enhanced interest to British readers. A biography of the royal romancer has lately been translated into English, and is made the subject of an article in the December number of the *Sunday Magazine*. As a child it seems she was very peculiar, being passionate, unyielding, and reserved in character. Her own recollections reach back to her third year. At that age the little girl was taken to stay with her godmother, Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, at Berlin. There the imaginative little girl fondled all the footstools, sofa-cushions, and bolsters with the greatest care, pretending they were children. One day she ran up quickly, took hold of the feet of the Queen, which were resting on a footstool, placed them roughly on the ground, and with the angry exclamation, "You must not stand on my child!" she carried the footstool off. Her first question to strangers generally was, "Have you children?" If they had none, they ceased to interest her. Her love for poetry early showed itself, and all the circumstances of her life fostered the poetic instinct. As a very little child she used to sit on the knee of the German poet, Ernst Moritz-Arndt, while he read his patriotic verses to her mother. Little Elizabeth would listen with flaming cheeks. Sometimes the venerable poet would place his hand on her head in an attitude of blessing. She took up everything passionately and impetuously, and when at play with children of her own age, was always over-excited. She did not merely play for fun; she was quite overpowered by the world of her imagination, and carried out the vivid thoughts of her fancy.

A Glimpse of the Unseen World.

THE unseen world breaks into men's thoughts in many ways. Sometimes the Unseen Father seems to lift the veil and bid the spirit wander dreamfully in halls of light and music. Sometimes the voices of the beloved seem to speak to us across the distance. Sometimes a great shock of joy or sorrow lifts us in rapture or in woe outside the gates of the visible and above the levels of common day. Sometimes the sweet song of the poet or sublime strains of music make us feel greater than we are here, and of kin and sympathy with the angels of light. In such ways, like the morning splendour kissing the mountain, the unseen makes its presence felt on the heights of life. And we may welcome such visitations; we should cherish such moments. They are, rightly used, a time for spiritual transfiguration; a partial seeing by the eye and hearing by the ear of the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. And have we not authority for believing that the things that are unseen are eternal, and, if eternal, fit subjects for devout imaginings and the yearning aspirations of hopeful prayer? Moments with the unseen may be transfiguring, glorifying.

The influence of the consciousness of the unseen world upon Jesus of Nazareth during His earthly life has not always been remembered. And yet His faith constantly read of the unseen, and dwelt therein. There is one occasion in His life, unique in other ways, and not less in this respect. At the time of His transfiguration the unseen world drew visibly near to Him, and He to it. There are many other aspects under which His transfiguration deserves consideration, most of all in its bearings upon the future. But this one aspect may be singled out for immediate attention. It was an interruption and invasion on the part of the inmates and powers of the unseen world into the scene of the visible and audible. A glory of piercing light, which the recorders labour in vain to picture by earthly analogues, swept over irradiate Hermon. And in that majestic glory appeared two forms, doubtless full of light as angels fresh from the Shechinah. These two were recognized by sign or speech, as beings who had long entered into their rest, and whose souls had not been left for this occasion in Hades. And they spake in the tongue of men with Jesus. And their words were intelligible to the three human witnesses, so the narrative appears to imply, or it may have been, were afterwards explained by Jesus Himself.

And the subject of their conversation was the victorious exodus or departure which would be accomplished at Jerusalem. No questions of present work, but the consummation thereof. No matters of earthly policy or knowledge; nothing that would interest the Cæsar at Rome or the imperial officers in a despised province of manifold empire. Nothing pertaining to art, science, or literature engaged their attention. But the question of all questions before God and man, towards which the ends of need and prayer and sacrifice and agony were marching; towards which they were moving all the complex activities of God's machinery of salvation; towards which were looking and waiting and hoping the children of the unseen rest and expectation—the departure, the death-victory to be fulfilled at Calvary.

This was the theme which interested the visitors from the unseen. Their talk, their communion, their adoring worship centred in this.

We find, then, that two beings of the unseen world spake with Jesus upon the Mountain of Transfiguration. And the subject of their conversation is expressly recorded. That holy debate turned upon the event in the future. When we come to consider who the privilege beings were, we shall be encouraged to raise up a structure of inference—not, it is to be hoped, either rash or unsubstantial or irreverent.

The two visitors who had come upon the wings of glory from Sheol were Moses and Elijah. Both had not died the death of ordinary men. Both stood above their fellows in life, as in death. Moses died mysteriously upon the mountain, and no man knoweth of his sepulchre to this day. Elijah had been translated by the chariot of fire. But as we have no reason to suppose that Moses did not die a natural, though extraordinary, death, it could not be that only those who had not passed through the portals of death into the unseen were invited to return to earth and sojourn awhile with Jesus of Nazareth. We seem, then to see in these two saints a representative character. Many others, faithful and true and righteous, had laid them down to sleep with a hope full of immortality. Many others had been looking for a promised Prophet and Conqueror and Messiah, and had passed in hope, not receiving the promise. Of that noble army, expectant and faithful, what fitter representatives than the law-giver and the prophet? The law-giver, who embodied in himself and impersonated the Divine law, the prophet the forerunner of the Baptist, not the least glorious of the goodly company.

In the person of these two the great society of the faithful departed expressed their sympathy with the long desired and prayed-for Messiah. The knowledge of future events is with God alone. Fragments of such knowledge, if revealed to the prophets in vision as the burden of revelation fell upon them even on earth, may, it is no unreasonable inference, be communicated to the faithful at rest. The prayerful will not cease to pray under wider horizons and

spiritualised environments; and to such prayers worlds of progress may open and the gates of the future turn on their hinges.

We are encouraged to believe that Moses and Elijah were privileged, yet representative, by the consideration that the three Apostles were, though privileged, undoubtedly representatives as eye-witnesses of the excellent glory. It must have been a temptation to open their lips and tell the tale when they came down from the Mount. But "something sealed" them—the express word of Jesus Himself—till the exodus had been accomplished and the victory won.

If the unseen world of the faithful was blessed before that victory was won, and was privileged to a foretaste and assurance thereof, can that abode of rest and its dwellers be less blessed after the victory? When Jesus entered the unseen world, bearing with Him the still living witness-soul, the first-fruits of His Passion, the redeemed robber companion of the Cross, can He have left there but a temporary glory, like a children's holiday which is past and gone? We cannot but infer that the triumphal proclamation yet rings in its results through the vast multitudinous halls of the Palace of the Unseen, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

But there is yet another consideration which shows the nearness of the Unseen at the transfiguration. A greater Presence even than that of Moses and Elias was there. The Father made Himself known. A Son heard a Father's voice. The Father's glory it was that shone. Upon no other occasion in the earthly life of Jesus was there a double manifestation, audible and visible, of the Father's presence. The voice of the Father was heard at the Baptism and at the week of the Passion. And what the rapture of Divine joy in the hearing of a Father's voice, who but a Son could faintly or reveal? But, never, but this once, was the glory revealed, which, like clouds of unseen angels, may always have hovered invisibly around the Lord's Anointed—never till He ascended, and a cloud of glory, and then not on earth, but in the distance, received Him out of sight.

The Father Himself was, if we may so speak, present at that royal conclave; and truly, like Moses and Elias, in their Father's safe keeping are the souls of the righteous in the unseen world. Into His hands they have been commended. If they do not see His face as yet, at least the outskirts of His glory may canopy them and the accents of His voice be heard. One word would be a rich Divine reward for years of labour and suffering.

Let us take these thoughts to heart, and in the words of one of these eye-witnesses of the glory on the Mount, "Beloved, now are we children of God, and it is not yet made manifest what we shall be. We know that if He shall be manifested, we shall be like Him"—Him who was transfigured—"for we shall see Him even as He is. And every one that hath this hope (set) on Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

Labour.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into heaven!

Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing,
Never the little seed stops in its growing,
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is given.

"Labour is worship!" the robin is singing;
"Labour is worship!" the wild bee is ringing;

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod comes the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect the rich coral bower;

Only man, in the plan, ever shrinks from his part.
Labour is life! 'Tis the still water falleth;

Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth;

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory! the flying cloud lightens;

Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;

Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.
Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;

Rest from all petty vexations that meet us;
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us;

Rest from the world-sirens that lead us to ill.
Work! and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;

Work! thou shalt ride o'er care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath woe's weeping willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will.
Droop not, though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee;

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look on yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee;

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod.
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;

Cheerish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labour—all labour is noble and holy;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Baffled! but not Beaten.

My life has, with one exception, been singularly free from sensational incidents. I say "singularly," because nearly every one can give you a half-dozen at least of personal experiences, which are either very strange coincidences or sufficiently uncommon to be called unnatural. You may regard the following story as a specimen of sensational romancing, but I venture to say that just as remarkable things have happened in your own life, though not perhaps resulting in so great an influence upon it, and they have, therefore, passed comparatively unnoticed.

How great an effect the incidents I am about to relate had upon me, you will understand better when they have been told.

I am a journalist by profession, and am often detained late in the City. Moreover, I was a bachelor when this affair happened, without any capacity for sentiment, so far as I then knew myself.

It was close upon midnight, in the month of December, 18—, when I ran down the steps at the Temple Station, and was just in time to fling myself into a seat in an otherwise empty second-class compartment of the District Railway. My destination was my home in a suburban district of London. The night was cold, foggy, and dank. I was chilled to the marrow, and very tired. I disobeyed the plainly-printed injunction in the compartment not to put the feet on the cushions, and stretched myself out for a nap of half an hour.

The train had no sooner left the station than sounds of subdued talking and of odd bustling movements reached me from the adjoining compartment. The partition did not extend quite to the roof of the carriage, many of the carriages on the "underground" lines being so constructed. One consequence is that noises penetrate from one compartment to another much more readily. The moment my attention was arrested by what was going on so near me I noted the following facts. I tabulated them mentally, as a journalist gets into the habit of doing when anything specially commands his notice.

There were at least two, and, perhaps, three voices, and though they were talking very rapidly and in considerable excitement, as it seemed to me, they were hushed, as though the owners of the voices were putting some restraint upon themselves. I felt at once that they were trying to avoid attracting attention. For some seconds I could not distinguish a word that was said. Then a word here and there reached me; enough to spoil my purpose of going to sleep, but no more. As I wanted to sleep and did not want to listen, it was very irritating to be kept awake in this way.

The stations on the District line, as you probably know, are only some three to four minutes apart, and as we drew up to the successive platforms the talking in the next compartment ceased, to be renewed again as soon as we started. At each station I devoutly hoped my neighbours would leave the train, but they did not, and the irritation they caused me increased, driving away all my drowsiness and making me more and more alert to the sounds that reached me, in spite of myself and my weariness.

We had thus passed four or five stations, for I was not quite sure at the time where we were, when the excitement on the other side of the partition appeared greatly to increase. More of what was being said reached me, and the bustling movements appeared to be increasing. Then suddenly the very blood in my veins ran icy cold.

"Thieves! Thieves!" exclaimed a voice so hoarse and muffled that it seemed to me that I could see the throat uttering the cry in the grasp of some murderous wretch.

"You have brought it upon yourself—you shall never go out of here alive!" broke on my ears from another voice, and I sprang to my feet in terror, and an agony of uncertainty as to what course I should take to prevent a crime, which was, perhaps already committed even while I hesitated.

The black walls of the tunnel were flitting past on each side, and to trust myself to the footboard might be death for me. For the moment in my intense excitement I forgot the space above the partition, but now a muffled shriek reached my ears so plainly that my eyes turned impulsively in the direction whence it came. It was the work of an instant only to mount the seat, grasp the top of the partition, and pull myself up till I could look into the next compartment.

But the partition came so close to the roof of the carriage that not more than half of the compartment was visible to me. In one corner of the seat facing me sat, if I could judge from the style of her dress and her figure, a girl. I could not see her face, for her hands covered it; but her frame shook with an emotion which I could easily understand. Upon the seat next to the partition, and therefore invisible to me, were other persons—two, I surmised. I could see a man's leg and arm thrown out partly across the compartment, and I could also see the arm of another man rise and fall with a fierce stroke—twice—thrice—as though it was plunging a knife or dagger into the breast below!

I tried to cry out, but the sound died in my throat. I felt myself growing faint, so completely unnerved was I by this frightful tragedy almost under my very eyes, but which I was powerless to arrest. If I had not let myself down upon the seat I should have fallen.

It required but a moment for me to regain command of myself

in some degree, but I was labouring under such intense emotion and stress of mind that I scarcely realised the fact that the train was coming to a stand at another station. I wrenched open the door of my compartment, shouted "Guard!" with all my might, flung myself out on the platform, rushed to the next compartment and tore open the door.

Then I stopped, transfixed with amazement. The compartment was utterly empty!

I could not credit my own senses. I put my hand out where a few moments before I had seen the girl sitting, expecting it to belie my vision and touch the soft folds of the dress that covered that quivering figure; but my hand fell upon the cushioned seat without resistance. I drew my fingers across my eyes to clear them, and looked again to find the two half-recumbent figures of the murderer and his victim, but there was nothing—absolutely nothing to indicate the tragedy which my own eyes had half witnessed, and my own ears had heard. I was fairly confounded!

I can understand now how my bewildered and dazed appearance, and my eccentric behaviour, must have impressed the three or four guards and porters who came rushing up to me. What could I say to them? The things I had seen and heard did not apparently exist, and yet I was as sure of them as I was of my own existence at the moment.

But something had to be said, for I had been asked for an explanation. I stammered out some incoherent statement about having heard a shriek issue from this compartment, and I thought something was wrong.

"No, sir, no one has occupied this compartment," was the reply I got, which I was on the point of hotly contesting, when I reflected that the evidence was really all against me, since it was, I knew manifestly impossible for three people to have left the compartment after the train stopped without my having seen them, for I was out of the train and on the platform as soon as anyone.

Then a sudden thought occurred to me. "You will find," said I to the guard, "either three bodies on the line just before this station is reached—or that I am mad."

"Not quite so bad as that I hope, sir," said one of them, "but we'll look." Nevertheless it became clear to me that they suspected that I was not altogether right in the head, for I was very closely watched until I left the train at my own station, and I strongly suspect that I was followed thence to my apartments.

You may imagine that I slept little that night. Over and over again I rehearsed in memory every detail of the ride, from the moment I entered the train till I left it, in the hope of detecting somewhere a plausible explanation of the mystery—but in vain. I have no doubt you have surmised that the solution is very simple—that in my weariness of body and mind I had dropped asleep almost instantly, and dreamed the tragedy with such vividness as not to be able to distinguish it from reality. I did not fail, however, to consider this view, and to ask myself if such a solution were possible; but I was absolutely convinced that it was not. No matter how brief or how vivid a dream may be, the dreamer, if he is sane, infallibly distinguishes the conscious from the unconscious operations of the mind. We may say of a dream—"It was as real a fact," but the very comparison shows that we do not confound the one with the other.

I therefore became convinced that I should hear something more of the occurrence—that the tragedy would come to light in some way. I searched the morning papers, half expecting that soon by that time the police would have made discoveries to confirm my experience. There was not a line—not a word!

I hurried earlier than usual to the City and sought out the well-known haunts of reporters, where any thrilling bit of news would be known at once, but here again I was disappointed. There had been no tragedy—no bodies discovered—no indication of the commission of a serious crime.

Then I went to Scotland-yard and told my experience there. At last I produced an impression. My report was carefully taken down in writing, and an investigation ordered. I was at the same time cautioned not to give the matter any further publicity until they had something further to report.

But this was not the only occasion on which Scotland-yard had been baffled. Days went by and no clue to the strange mystery was forthcoming. My reputation as a dreamer of dreams extended to that department, and though I knew that I was right, I was fain to hold my tongue over a matter apparently so hopelessly shrouded in mystery.

It was some months after my thrilling midnight ride on the "Underground" that I first met Jessie Fotheringay. Her father I had long known personally. In fact there were few newspaper men who did not know him as an actor of fair ability and a sterling, though not brilliant, man in every sense. Miss Jessie, too, had been trained for the stage, and had been taking some very subordinate parts for a few months prior to the time when I made her acquaintance. I soon became a rather frequent visitor at Mr. Fotheringay's house, and, moreover, I soon discovered that I had a capacity for sentiment, for I fell in love with Jessie, madly in love, but not hopelessly; for since I was wholly unable to conceal my passion, I began to take hope in time that I could trust to certain evidences of some return to my affection.

A happier, more loving household than that of the Fotheringays I never knew. Father, mother, daughter were devoted to each

other, and one who knew their home life would have said that hitherto at least no cloud—no shadow—could have ever fallen across their threshold. Surely, you would have thought, here at least there is no skeleton hidden away.

I had never mentioned to a single soul the awful tragedy I had witnessed on that grim December night, since my final interview with the authorities at Scotland-yard. Not even my most intimate friends knew what I had seen and heard; nor did I ever open my lips upon it here in this happy home circle, where I was welcomed as an intimate friend, and finally came to be welcomed with a closer interest when Jessie and I became engaged to be married, with the frank consent of her father and mother. Nevertheless, I had never forgotten—never could forget—those terrible moments, and I felt convinced that sometime and somewhere the secret would be revealed to me. There is no doubt that the inexplicable mystery which surrounded it served to keep the affair more vivid in my recollection. It was always present as an undercurrent of active memory in every conscious moment of my life, ready to burst into full and engrossing vigour with the slightest inducement.

Such, then, was the situation when, one perfect summer day, the Fotheringays and I, with two or three mutual friends, went for a day's excursion into the country. Everybody was in the highest spirits, and nothing happened to mar the perfection of the holiday until we were in the train on our return journey to London. We were all in one compartment, and no stranger to our party had intruded upon us. There was no necessity for restraint, therefore, and we could be as merry as we chose. Jokes, repartee, and harmless badinage flew fast and furious, and our peals of laughter must have awakened responsive smiles, if there was anyone in the adjoining compartment to hear them.

Of the little party, I am sure that none were happier than Jessie and I. We had never had an entire day together, a rare privilege indeed; and I had never seen her more radiant and bewitching than at this moment, when a terrible shadow was hovering over us. As for myself, I can only say that the day had been the most joyous I had ever spent, and now, with the consciousness that it was fast drawing to an end, I hardly took my eyes from Jessie's face, except to bear my part in the rollicking fun of my companions.

Suddenly, at some fresh witticism which sent us all into a roar, Jessie flung herself back into the corner of the compartment, where she was sitting, bursting into a peal of laughter, and impulsively covering her face with her hands, as if to stifle the outburst into more decorous limits. The attitude, the figure, the position, the place, the very quivering of the body under the effort to put a restraint upon an emotion which clearly bordered upon hysteria, made an exact reproduction of the vision I had seen months ago. The laughter died upon my lips. All the horror of that night returned upon me in an irresistible wave of recollection.

Someone caught sight of my face. I don't remember which of the party, but that is immaterial. "Look at West!" he exclaimed, "one would think he had seen a ghost." Every eye was drawn to me by this appeal. Jessie's hands dropped from her face, and the resemblance was no longer there before me in torturing likeness to the girl who had witnessed that awful tragedy. Nevertheless I could not at once shake off the oppression that weighed upon me, and my replies to the gay badinage that was showered upon me, were constrained and irrelevant as I well knew, in spite of every effort I could make to command myself.

Fortunately our journey was nearly at an end. Our party separated at the station, where I was again compelled to endure some good-natured jeers over my ghost-seeing, and then I started to walk home with the Fotheringays, father and mother going on in advance, while I took charge of Jessie. Gladly would I have avoided, for that evening at least, this *lita a lita* walk, for I knew that her love would not suffer her to treat as lightly as the others had done those signs of unaccountable emotion, and yet how could I explain? Was she or was she not the girl I had seen with covered face and trembling body on that December night? Absurd, you may say, to connect the two by an accident so slight, a resemblance so undefined and trifling. Not so, however, was I affected by it. Though it may have been the merest coincidence, yet something, inexplicable to myself even, impressed me far too acutely to be dispelled. I had been looking long for a clue. My anxiety to solve that mystery had become a passion with me. Was this a clue at last?

But until I had something more definite than I had as yet, I could not explain to Jessie what the cause of my emotion was. Though it was clear enough that her part in the tragedy was not an active one, to recall that scene to her must have a painful effect upon her, if she had indeed been a passive spectator. Do not let it be supposed that I ever for an instant suspected Jessie of being other than I had taken her to be since first I knew her, the purest, best, most worthy of women, but I could not help asking myself what possible dark page in her history did the events of that night point to, if I should discover that it was she whom I saw crouching and trembling, and covering her eyes from the murder which her presence could not prevent, and about which she had been compelled to silence from that day to this.

"What was it, Fred?" were her first words to me when we were clear of the others and by ourselves.

"Nothing, Jessie; at least nothing that I can talk about now."

"But you were gazing straight at me, and with such a look of anguish on your face. Had I done anything to offend you?"

"What folly, my darling! You couldn't do anything to offend me. It was merely nothing. I will tell you some day."

"There! see how you contradict yourself. You say it is nothing, and yet that you will tell me some day. I know it was something dreadful. Wasn't it?"

Her pleading tones and appealing eyes—the tender pressure of her hand upon my arm—the incongruity between this fair young face at my side and that scene of wrath and blood—all combined to make my task tenfold harder—yes, impossible at that moment, at all events. But I must know, I said to myself, sooner or later I must know. I owed that much to myself, and to both of us, indeed. There should be no shadowy past to rise up and plague us in after years. Whatever there was, she was innocent of all, save possibly the connivance that comes from keeping silent, and even so much might have been due, nay, *must* have been due, to the insistence, perhaps the threats, of others.

Jessie was waiting for my answer. "Dreadful!" I exclaimed with a shudder. "Yes; no one but you and I, Jessie, know how dreadful."

Her pleading gaze changed to one of bewilderment. "You and I!" she murmured; "why do you join me in it? What is it all about? Fred, why do you act and talk so strangely? You have never been like this before."

"I never had cause to be," said I.

"Well you are very trying and very provoking," she began petulantly, and then her love again gaining the ascendancy, the soft pleading returned to her voice. "But there, I am too impulsive, Fred; I know something must have happened very serious to change you so suddenly and make you so different from the Fred you have always been. Never mind! Some day you will trust me, and tell me, and I'll be patient till some day comes."

This was more than I could stand, and placed my hesitation and unwillingness to face the issue at once in a bad light. Why could I not trust her as she trusted me?

A sudden inspiration seized me. "Jessie—it was my turn to plead now—only give me till to-morrow evening and I will keep nothing back from you. God bless you, darling, for your love and trust, but you must let me put it to a further test—a strange test, too," I added.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

I hesitated, for the request I had to make would, I could foresee, sound strangely trivial, almost grotesque, and like a mockery in comparison with the incident which had led up to it, and the seriousness which was oppressing us both. But however unnatural my desire might seem to her, it was real enough, grave enough, to me. Upon its result might depend another and more convincing proof of what I already half believed. Oh! Why did I ever go a step further in my search for a key to that mystery which so haunted me? Why did I not then and there make some plausible excuse for the emotion I had shewn and dismiss the whole affair, past memory and present suspicions, from my mind for ever?

Instead of that wiser course, however, I allowed myself to drift onwards. "Don't be surprised," I half stammered, "at the oddness of what I am going to ask you, Jessie. Trust me that I have the best reasons for it, which I promise you shall know in good time." She assured me by a look, and I went on blindly to my fate. "I want to know, in the first place," I said, "if you still have the outdoor garments, hats, jackets, and the like which you wore at any time last winter?"

She gazed into my eyes, first with a puzzled look, as if she only half understood me, then with an expression of alarm, as if she doubted my perfect sanity, and finally with a quizzical archness, as though there was really something funny in my question. Poor girl! she little knew my real purpose. She saw, however, that I was at least in earnest, and presently she answered me, gravely enough, that she thought she had everything, and was I trying to find out whether she husbanded her wardrobe?

"Be serious, Jessie," said I, "I am not jesting—it is too serious for jesting. Shew them all to me to-morrow evening, will you? Then I shall know what to say."

Of course she assented, and then I lost no time in turning our talk to something else, lovers' nothings it may be. My only object was to keep away from the one dangerous topic. I know, however, that it continued uppermost in my own mind, and I have no doubt it was uppermost in Jessie's, during the remainder of our walk to her father's house. There we parted as we always parted, and as though nothing had happened to disturb the even tenor of our love-making.

How I got through my work of the next day I cannot imagine. I felt that the coming evening was to make a crisis in my life, and such a prospect is, to say the least, disquieting. I had as clear and perfect a vision in my mind of the appearance of the girl, whom alone of the occupants of that mysterious compartment I had plainly seen, as if she was then visibly before my eyes. Hat, jacket, dress—I should know them all. Only the face I did not see. And what would be the verdict of the evening? No one who realises a tinge of the emotions that possessed me can fail to understand what an overwhelming importance I attached to the test I was about to make.

And at last the evening came. I thought I detected, when Jessie came to welcome me, that her manner showed the least bit of constraint. At another time it might have passed unnoticed, but I was myself labouring under such a mental stress that every faculty was preternaturally acute.

Whenever I spent an evening at the Fotheringays, Jessie and I usually found ourselves in a little room, which was called the "music-room." It adjoined that in which Mr. and Mrs. Fotheringay usually sat, and over the keys of the piano or some neglected book we said those things which lovers never mean for other ears to hear. To this room on this eventful evening, too, and in no long time after my arrival, we betook ourselves, and hardly had we crossed the threshold when I whispered, "Are the things here, Jessie?"

"No, but I will get them," and slipping out of the room she soon came back with her arms full. My heart was beating violently, but it seemed to stop as if suddenly turned to ice, as I recognised, among the two or three hats she bore on one arm and hand, the identical one I had seen on that fatal night! Jessie herself must have felt by some occult sympathy that I was greatly moved, however unaccountable it was to her, for she looked at me gravely, and silently questioning, as if she would ask me what further wish I might have.

I took the hat in my hand, and picked out a warm fur-trimmed jacket, which I recognised only too well, and asked her to put them on, to seat herself in a chair I pointed out at the further side of the little room, and to cover her face with her hands.

Without a question she set about obeying me, while I turned my back upon her, asking her to tell me when she had posed herself as I desired. In a few moments I heard a soft "Now" from her lips, and nerved myself to meet what I now felt convinced was the truth. Summoning all my self-command, I turned, and literally staggered back into a chair, for there before me sat the unhappy girl who shared with me the guilty secret of that midnight assassination.

Jessie sprang from her chair and came hurriedly towards me, now thoroughly and genuinely alarmed at my emotion. "Take them off!" I implored her in a voice strangely unlike my own. She obeyed me without a word, and then, standing before me, simply asked! "What does it all mean, Fred?"

"Sit down here by my side, Jessie, and I will tell you all I know. It shall be for you to supply the sequel, and tell me what I do not know." Then I began, and in a faltering voice told once more the awful experience of that gruesome night. I told it all unflinchingly, and with my eyes fixed upon her face, and when I came to the end I said, "And you, Jessie, have just proved to me beyond the shadow of a doubt in my own mind that you were the girl I saw crouching in the corner of the compartment with her face covered by her hands to shut out the frightful scene that was being enacted before her!"

To my indescribable amazement, Jessie was as calm and unimpassioned as ever in my life I had known her. She simply turned her innocent eyes up to mine and asked, "What day in December was it?"

"The eighteenth," I answered coldly. She burst into a fit of laughter, so spontaneous, so overwhelming, so prolonged, that I trembled. Had my story and the memories it aroused—had the consciousness that another was in the dreadful secret—suddenly sapped the foundations of her reason, and driven her raving mad?

"Jessie! Jessie!" I implored, "Control yourself!" Mr. and Mrs. Fotheringay came rushing into room at my alarmed cry. "What is it?" screamed the mother.

With a supreme effort Jessie was able to put sufficient restraint upon herself to utter a few disconnected but intelligible sentences. "O mamma!" she gasped, "Mr. West has been telling me—such a curdling romance—how he witnessed—a frightful murder—in a second-class carriage—on the 'Underground'—last December—and he looked over the top—of the partition—and saw me shuddering—in one corner—with my hands over my eyes—and it was only papa and Tom Braden—rehearsing the cave scene—in the 'Forty Thieves'!"

Well, the murder was out last; the mystery was solved! When I recovered sufficiently to put some questions, and the others recovered sufficiently to answer them, I learned that Jessie and her father and a brother actor, named Braden, were just returning from a rehearsal of a Christmas pantomime, and Braden was showing Mr. Fotheringay how he had once seen Cassim killed in the cave of the Forty Thieves in a pantomime at a small provincial theatre. It was exclusively funny, and Jessie was shaking with laughter, not horror, in her corner of the compartment.

"But wait!" said I, as an unexplained circumstance rushed upon my mind; how is it that you were not in the compartment when I got to the door and opened it?"

"I can only account for that," said Mr. Fotheringay, "by supposing that when you tumbled from your perch your excitement unbalanced you a little, and that you got confused and rushed to the compartment on the wrong side of yours."

Mrs. West, *née* Fotheringay, and I have often talked it over since, and can never come to any other conclusion.

LAW PROFESSOR: "What constitutes burglary?" Student: "There must be a breaking." PROFESSOR: "Then, if a man entered your house, and took 5s. from your waistcoat pocket, would that be burglary?" Student: "Yes, sir; because that would break me."

Ladies' Column.

STIRRING events are taking place in Ireland just now, and what is most strange, the women of Ireland may be seen amongst the motley groups that side with Mr. Parnell.

These are women who should be the first to speak against immoral legislators and men whose acts are so false and crafty as those of their present hero.

Truly these are sensational times, and the case of the cruel murderess Mrs. Pearcey *alias* Wheeler has created much interest of an unwholesome nature. Meetings were held in several places on Sunday to promote a petition for her reprieve.

Photographs of Mrs. Pearcey may now be had from automatic machines at stations; and in such ways morbid horrors, for which the taste is so prevalent, are pandered to and kept up.

Very few of our girls know of the society called the National Vigilance Association, which might become of real use to them when answering advertisements for situations, either at home or abroad.

The Travellers' Aid Society is one whose work should not be forgotten by those in want of knowledge as regards the details of travel.

The *Women's Penny Paper* has an article this week to "Women concerning Women," which is well worth perusal.

The Speaker's wife has just died after a severe illness; and much sympathy has been expressed for Mr. Peel, who throughout the trying time has continued his arduous duties in the House of Commons.

One lady typist is now employed in a Government office; this is a triumph; where one gets in others are sure to follow shortly.

A lady in New York started the novel and expensive habit of wearing chrysanthemums as a boa for her neck, instead of fur.

The Deceased Wife's Sister Bill is to be read for the second time on February 11th, 1891.

Numbers of American ladies, especially those of New York, have white hair at a very early age.

King Milan wishes to suppress his wife's forthcoming memoirs, which are to be published in Paris. Poor Queen Nathalie has indeed much to suffer at his hands.

Mr. Augustus Harris has engaged the services of the Mdles. Ravogli, who will reappear in opera during May.

A lady has lately been studying leprosy in St. Petersburg with a view to working amongst Indian lepers.

A portrait of Miss Frances Mary Billington, a successful lady journalist, has been given this week in *Woman*, with a biographical sketch.

The latest about the Princesses of Wales is, that they much dislike the idea of matrimony, and in this, so it is said, the Princess, their mother, sympathises.

The ladies of Marunberg, East Prussia, are truly considerate: they have given out a notice to the effect that during cold weather gentlemen need only greet their lady friends in the street by a military salute, which will be acknowledged as if the hat were raised.

The sad death of the eminent sculptor, Sir Edgar Boehm, must be a great shock to the world of art. Apparently, he is another victim to the evils of overwork.

Drugged bon-bons are much used now by society dames, and much ill-health, it is conjectured, may be traced to this injurious practice.

Another girl has become the victim of her own folly, dropping dead at a dance in Ollenbach, from the effects of tight lacing.

Fuete playing for women is becoming fashionable, but it is supposed that the art was originally practised in ancient Egypt.

Miss Luckes, matron of the London Hospital, has just been the recipient of a silver lamp and gold bracelet, presented to her by over a hundred ladies who had served under her as nurses.

Two ladies are giving a series of Sunday Evening Concerts for the people, at the Athenæum Hall, in Tottenham Court Road; most of the seats are free.

There is quite a formidable list of women's unions now to be seen in the *Women's Union Journal*, and month by month the number steadily increases. M.S.R.J.

In Babylon.

Will no one rise, will no one cry,
Through cruel Babylon?
Must brothers see their brothers die
To fill the lap of luxury,
And suffer, suffer on?

Must brothers do a brother wrong,
Nor bind his bleeding heart?
Must joy be hoarded by the strong,
While brothers, weaker, suffer long
For one to take their part?

O face of prophets, rise again
With old Hebraic fire!
Denounce these tyrannies of pain,
Kudeem-us from the scourge of gain
Through cunning wage and hire!

The Technical World.

I HAVE been asked to explain how it is that County Councils and other Corporate bodies are just now enabled to spend so much money on technical education. I have already touched slightly upon the subject, but will briefly re-capitulate. The money in question was raised by the Government by way of increased duties on spirits, in order to provide a fund from which to pay compensation to owners of public-houses whose licences were cancelled by the County Councils under the proposed Act. The Act was, as we all know, withdrawn in consequence of very determined opposition from the temperance party, and thus the money raised could not be devoted to the purpose intended. It was, therefore, decided to use it for the promotion of education, and sums of money have been placed at the disposal of various Municipal and County Councils to be by them distributed among qualified educational institutions in their respective districts.

IN Liverpool, I see there are some seventeen separate Institutions, which will benefit, by the Technical Instruction Act of last year, with about 5,500 individual students. Of these not quite 2,000 are day scholars, the remainder attending exclusively in the evening, while rather more than 100 day scholars also attend evening classes. In all there are 2,805 students of science, the large majority in the evening, and 2,193 students of art, about equally divided between day and evening. This represents probably less than 4,000 individuals out of a population exceeding half-a-million. As about 75,000 of this population are between the ages of 14 and 21, it is clear, that there is still ample room for a very considerable increase in the number of science and art students.

HERE, however, to cut a long story short, is a brief summary of what has been done elsewhere under the Technical Instruction Act, 1889. Manchester has voted the sum of £4,000 in aid of technical instruction. Sheffield £4,534 in grants to various institutions, Nottingham has resolved to grant £6,000 to the University College of that town, in aid of the cost of building technical schools, Blackburn has voted the whole proceeds of a rd. rate in aid of a technical school now being erected. Bolton has accepted the transfer to the Corporation of a technical school to be maintained by the town; Birmingham has taken over the industrial department of the Birmingham and Midland Institute; Salford will erect a technical school; Northampton, Burnley, Wakefield, and other places have levied rates under the Act; Rotherham, Wrexham, York, New Mills, Rochdale, Stockport, Darwen, Birkenhead, Blaenau Festiniog, and other places have voted various sums in aid of technical instruction. Many of the County and County Borough Councils throughout the country are considering the use to be made of their respective portions of the English share of the local taxation (Customs and Excise) duties; and some of the Councils have already decided how the money shall be appropriated. Croydon has resolved to appropriate its share for the capital expenditure in providing technical instruction; Cardiff has given one-half of its share to technical instruction, and the other half to intermediate education; the Salop, Somerset, and Devon County Councils have devoted the whole of the money from this source to educational purposes; and the County Councils of Westmoreland, Leicestershire, Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, Cheshire, North Riding of Yorkshire, and Staffordshire have voted various sums of money—in most cases amounting to one-half of the total amount received—in aid of education.

At Newcastle the share coming to the corporation, amounts to upwards of £4,000, and arrangements are now in progress for the distribution of this sum.

A MEETING of the Parliamentary Committee of the Essex County Council was recently held in London, to consider the applications, for grants in aid of technical education. It appears that £21,000 would be available under the Act of 1889 for the purpose; and ten applications have been received:—Two from Corporations (Chelmsford and Colchester), two from Local Boards (Barking and Southend), one from a School Board (Walthamstow), and two from other bodies, viz., the Essex Agricultural Society and the Eastern Counties' Dairy Association. In the end a Committee was appointed to report as to the best method of carrying out the objects of the Act.

It has so long been the custom to point to the German educational system as one which in many ways it would be advantageous to copy, that it is rather curious to find the German Emperor, in a recent speech at Berlin, complaining that German teachers have not trained the present generation aright. In effect, the complaint appears to be the revolt of a practical mind against a form of education which in many respects fails to fit the student for active service in the world. Centuries ago, one of our great poets asked how the world should be served if men had to pore over books all day; and the German Emperor puts the question in a very similar form. It is true that the world of which he is mainly thinking is the political world. He sees that socialistic theories are gaining adherents among his subjects, and that, year by year, there is less hesitation to call in question the privileges which he regards as inalienable from the Throne and he thinks

that, had the teachers of the Gymnasias done their duty, these things could not have been. Now it may well be that in Germany too much attention is paid to scholarship, but the Emperor is assuredly in need of instruction if he believes that, in any European country, the schoolmaster is capable of becoming a machine for producing citizens all of one political pattern. The truth is, technical education in Germany has been allowed to run riot, so to speak, and, from being a means to an end, has become the end itself. It is to be hoped, that we in England may be able to steer clear of such an evil.

"I WANT," said Kaiser WILLIAM, "good soldiers and capable officials," and we, *mutatis mutandis*, may echo that sentiment as touching the future of our working classes. We want good workmen; and it is only by a well-considered and far-reaching scheme of technical instruction that we are likely to be able to supply that want as fully as it should be supplied. The educational future of our teeming population, increasing, as it is, in a ratio that is positively alarming, is beyond question one of the foremost problems of the day; and it is one which cannot be solved by any system of primary education, to however high a pitch of perfection primary education may be brought. Primary education will not suffice. The children of our working men must not stop short at that any more than the child of "the classes" who is destined for a learned profession must stop short at the public school and not aspire to the further training of the University. Fortunately there is every sign that the public mind is awake to the importance of the problem and is bent upon its solution.

THE following table contrasts the expenditure per head of population on war and on education in different European states:—

	War.		Education.		
	£	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
France	1	0	0	1	5
England	0	18	6	3	1
Holland	0	17	9	3	2
Saxony	0	11	9	3	4
Prussia	0	10	11	2	5
Russia	0	10	2	0	1½
Denmark	0	8	8	4	7
Italy	0	7	6	0	8
Austria	0	6	8	1	6
Switzerland	0	4	10	4	2

I AM asked to draw attention to *The Evening Student*, a Monthly Magazine of Education in Science, Art, and Commerce, the first number of which was issued with the December Magazines, and contained 16 pages of matter, inclusive of a portrait. Price one penny per month. From the prospectus I learn that *The Evening Student* will be conducted by a committee appointed by the teachers of the evening schools under the Manchester School Board, and will deal with matters of interest for students in Science, Art, and Technical subjects, and for pupils in evening schools of all grades. Whilst essentially a student's paper, it will, it is hoped, by the practical character of its articles, secure a large circulation amongst managers, teachers, and pupils of evening schools in all parts of the kingdom. The articles are divided into sections, and each section will be controlled by a sub-committee consisting of practical teachers. The following is a brief summary of the main features of *The Evening Student*:—(1) Articles of General Interest with monthly chronicle and notes; (2) Science and Art and Technical subjects; (3) Commercial Subjects of Instruction; (4) Literature: reviews of new books, and a series of articles on the best books in all departments of literature, dealing with standard works and giving hints to readers; (5) Places of Interest, Holiday Resorts, and articles descriptive of Natural History, Trades and Manufactures; (6) Recreation: football, cricket, athletic sports, &c.; (7) Questions on various subjects, and practical aids to students, examination papers, &c.; (8) Notes and Queries; (9) Correspondence Column. Each number will contain a portrait. The first of the series is Mr. Herbert Birtley, chairman of the Manchester and Salford School Boards. A special feature is worthy of note, viz., a series of practical papers on Manual Instruction. The notes and diagrams will be contributed by experts, and the whole revised by a sub-committee of teachers of public elementary schools. Practical directions will be given on the earning of Grants for the subjects coming under the designation Manual Instruction; the object of these papers being to set forth what is practical in the way of Manual Instruction for Day and Evening Schools. This series of papers will deal with:—(1) Work in Wood and Applied Drawing; (2) Instruction Room and Fittings, *i.e.*, Benches, &c.; (3) Instruction Tools, &c.; (4) Simple examples of Woodwork; (5) Laundry-work; (6) Fittings and Utensils; (7) Instruction; (8) Cookery; (9) Hints to Teachers desirous of obtaining Diplomas; (10) Fittings and Utensils; (11) Instruction; (12) Dressmaking; (13) Teaching by Measurement; (14) Requisites for Class; (15) Instruction. The notes given will be brief and to the point. The use of all expensive and unnecessary appliances will be avoided. When necessary the articles will be illustrated by diagrams, and plans will be given of the suitable arrangement of rooms. The cost of all articles needed for equipment will be given, based on actual purchases. The names of dealers in, or makers of, apparatus will not be specially mentioned.

In the Dead of Night.

It was a very terrible Christmas at Woodlands Manor.

Old John Festynge, the retired banker, of Lombard-street, who lived with his two sons and niece—his wife being dead—on his estate in Hampshire, had a terrible temper, and so it came to pass that when by accident he one day discovered that Peter, his eldest, had been robbing him, his anger burst forth in almost uncontrollable fury. The household heard him stamping up and down in his study and no one dared approach him, until, after an hour, and fearing in her tender heart that injury might come to his health from all this storm, Marjory, his niece, who had been under his care since her parents died when she was a child, knocked timidly at the door, and getting no answer ventured in.

At the sight of her, who had been his pet and darling companion for years, the old man's wrath subsided, and weakened by the paroxysm of his rage he sank with a groan into his chair and covered his face with his hands.

"Uncle—dear uncle," said Marjory, softly, touching his arm.

He looked up, and in a voice strangely altered from his accustomed tone, said, "Marjory, how can I tell you? Your fortune is gone."

"I would rather that," she said, "than see you so distressed." She spoke quite calmly, as if the intelligence had no shock for her.

"God bless you. I believe it. Yours is a good heart, child, and a brave one. You will not lose anything though. I did not mean that. Thank heaven, I am rich enough to make it up ten times over."

"If that is so, then, uncle, though I don't care about the money, why be so troubled? You will make yourself ill, and that would indeed be a misfortune."

"It is not the loss," cried the old man, with a return of some of the fury that had before moved him; "it is not that. Marjory, my son is a thief, Peter is a thief. My God, I cannot bear the thought. It will drive me mad; it will kill me."

His eyes had a wild frenzied appearance, and he wrung his hands in anguish.

"Think of it! think of it! my son—a Festynge—one of a family which, whatever its faults, has been upright, straightforward, trusted, honoured for centuries—my son, a common thief. He—to steal into my room at night, to open my safe to take your—your property, of all that was there, to forge my name so that he could change the papers into money—to do this, when, if he had wanted it and had honestly told me so, I would have put the ten thousand that he stole into his hand as a free gift. Oh, Marjory, Marjory, it will kill me!"

Shocked though she was by the disclosure, her only thought was to comfort the old man in his affliction. She kissed him again and again, stroked his wrinkled face and called him endearing names, until his passion subsided.

"Ah, my son, my son," he murmured, in a broken voice; "would that you had never been born! Would that you had died in your infancy, before this thing could come to pass!"

Again, as rapidly as it had passed, his anger rose, and striking the desk before him with clenched hand, he exclaimed—

"But the villain shall pay dearly for what he has done. That ten thousand is every penny of mine that he shall touch, every penny. From this moment I disown and disinherit him. Be my witness, Marjory. He is no son of mine, no Festynge, to do so low and mean a thing."

"Please, oh, please, uncle," said the girl, taking both his hands in hers and looking pleadingly into his face, "do not do that. Forgive him. There must be some mistake. Perhaps he can explain—perhaps he did not take it."

"There is no mistake, child. He avowed his guilt when I taxed him, with the most hardened effrontery, laughed me to the face, and taunted me because he knew my pride would not allow me to bring shame upon the name we both bear by punishing him as he deserves. Listen, child. He has sinned, and he must pay the penalty. He took your mite when ten times as much would have been his own portion at my death. Now he shall change places with you whom he has wronged. What is left to him shall be left to you. His share is the ten thousand he has stolen and already squandered away."

Marjory did not hesitate a moment before she spoke. "Uncle, I do not want the money. Replace what has been taken and what belonged to me, if you will—"

"I am bound to do that as your trustee."

"Let that suffice. Do not leave him penniless. Remember, uncle, whatever he may have done he is still your son. I could not accept what would belong to him and not to me."

The old man, in spite of the anger which still moved him, could not repress a smile of affection and admiration. "I expected this," he said. "It is like you, Marjory. You are a good, generous-hearted girl; and Fred—God bless him! At least is a true Festynge—when he marries you, will have the best wife man could be blessed with. No, I have made up my mind. Not one penny shall Peter have from me, but if you choose to give him anything when I am gone you can do so. I impose no conditions on you. Whatever you do, I know you will do wisely, and I am determined

that if he has anything, he shall have it from you, whom he has robbed. That shall be a part of his punishment, and if you give him anything at all, it will be more than he deserves. Oh, the meanness of it! A Festynge to be a common thief. It cuts me to the heart."

Marjory renewed her entreaties to him to reconsider his decision, but the old man was obdurate, and finally, with a fond kiss, he sent her away, bidding her tell the butler to fetch the coachman, and to see him immediately in the study.

"For," said old Festynge to himself, "God knows what may happen before that lawyer can get down from London. I won't lose any time, or the villain may cheat me of my revenge."

Bloxham, the butler, a thin-featured, oily-tongued fellow, and Wiggins, the coachman, who was fat and red-cheeked, and had tiny twinkling eyes, came in, and their master, whom they found busily writing at his table, bade them stand a minute until he finished.

"This," he said, "that I have written, alters my will. I am not bound to acquaint you with the terms, but that there shall be no mistake I will read it to you."

He proceeded to read in a clear, steady voice—

"I, Charles Medley Festynge, of Woodlands Manor, Hants, do hereby solemnly revoke all such parts of my will as refer to my son, Peter Medley Festynge, and direct that in the place of his name wherever it occurs shall be read the name of my niece, Marjory Ida Medley, to whom in addition to the bequest therein already stated in her favour, I give and bequeath, absolutely, all that in the said will is bequeathed to the aforesaid Peter Medley Festynge. And I hereby, being in my right mind, and knowing full well the significance of what I do, solemnly disown and disinherit Peter Medley Festynge. As witness my hand."

"There it is. You, Wiggins, and you, Bloxham—you understand that. If you do, put your names here as witnesses."

The butler looked at the coachman, and the coachman looked at the butler in amazement, but neither, knowing their master's temper, ventured any remark, and they signed in turn as he directed.

"That is well," said the old man. "Now, follow me." Taking the paper in his hand he led the way across the hall and up the staircase to his bedroom, and walking straight to the small safe built into the wall close by his bed-head, opened it with a key from a bunch which he took from his breast pocket. Without a word, whilst the two men looked on in silent wonder, he carefully deposited the document in a compartment of the safe, locked the door, and returned the keys to his pocket.

"You are both witness as to that," he said. "Very well. That will do, Bloxham; that will do, Wiggins. You can go now. When my lawyer comes from town to draw up another formal will, which he will do in a few days, I shall not forget either of you. There, go; no thanks."

The old man went back to his study with unsteady step, muttering to himself as he tottered along, and the two servants as they watched him go down, thought he had aged ten years since they had seen him in the morning.

When Fred Festynge, the banker's younger son, returned from a long stroll over the estate with a good appetite, Marjory, whom he kissed on both cheeks and on the lips with a lover's licence, told him all that had passed. And he, having as good a heart as ever beat in manly breast, made up his mind to at once intercede with his father on his brother's behalf.

"Peter," he said, "has not been altogether the best of brothers to me, but I can't see him done out of his inheritance in this way. Come Marjory, we will see what persuasion will do."

"I have tried already and have failed," she said sadly.

"Never mind, we will make a joint assault, and this time he cannot but give way."

So they went at once. When Fred, after knocking twice at the study door and getting no answer, opened it, a terrible sight met his eyes. There in his arm-chair, gasping for breath, with colourless cheeks and livid lips, lay the old banker, utterly unconscious, and to all appearance slipping fast over the brink from which there is no return.

Help was immediately at hand. Everything was done that the affrighted members of the household could think of to restore consciousness. The village doctor was sent for in hot haste, but on his arrival he shook his head. There was no hope.

"Oh," said Marjory, sobbing as if her heart would break; "if only Peter were here and could receive one little word of forgiveness."

In a few minutes all was over.

Reverently they bore the body up the stairs, and the last kindly office for the dead having been performed, left him on the bed where he had slept for years since he lost his wife. Then Fred, having telegraphed for the family solicitor in London, and telegraphed also for his brother, who, he believed, had gone to an hotel frequented by him when in town, went downstairs to comfort Marjory, himself almost stunned by the awful suddenness of the shock.

And where was Peter? Bloxham, the butler, knew, for as soon almost as the breath was out of his master's body, he sought out the coachman, and, after a long conference with that worthy, took him into his pantry, where sat the disinherited son, moodily puffing at his pipe.

"We don't see how it is to be done, sir," said the butlers. "It's not the danger of the thing; it's the principle. We are honest men, both of us, and we can't see wrong done."

"Well, haven't I been wronged, don't you think?" said the young man sulkily.

"Certainly you have, sir. And so have we. For the master promised us five hundred a-piece when he made us sign his will, didn't he, Wiggins? and we have lost that—which is as much to us, speaking comparatively, as what you have lost is to you, Mister Peter."

"Oh, stop that drivel," said Mister Peter angrily; "and let us come to terms. I don't want you to compromise yourselves. All you have to do is to keep quiet. I will take the risk."

"We couldn't take any risk, sir," said the butler.

"Couldn't think of it," chimed in the coachman.

"I don't want you. If that cursed piece of paper disappears, nobody need ever know anything of its existence. What is your price?"

"Well, sir," said Bloxham, eyeing him with a cunning look. "We have lost five hundred a-piece."

"And you want that five hundred?"

"Yes, to begin with. But we have got consciences, both of us, tender consciences, and it will be a twinge to—"

"Hang your consciences."

"That is exactly what we say, sir. And if we are to do that, we must have something, don't you see, to make up for it. We think—Wiggins and I think—that another five hundred would about meet the case. That makes a thousand pounds a-piece."

"Curse you," cried young Festynge, rising from his seat and pacing the room with angry energy, it is extortion—sheer robbery."

"Just so," said the butler, coolly, "but as I said before, we don't propose to have any hand in the robbery. All we undertake to do is to keep our tongues quiet."

The young man paced the room for some seconds, muttering occasional oaths, while the two rascals eyed him closely with cunning smiles lurking about the corners of their mouths; and then stopped short and said moodily, "Well, I consent, a thousand be it."

"We must have your bonds, sir. There is paper and ink, and you can write them whilst I go to make sure the coast is clear. And, of course, it is understood, Mr. Peter, that we both remain in your service, when you are master here, if we choose."

To this demand also young Festynge found himself forced to consent, and shortly afterwards Bloxham and Wiggins left him, the former carefully locking the door of the pantry when he got outside.

At a late hour the butler returned. "It is all right," he whispered. "Mr. Fred has gone down to the village to make some arrangements. Miss Marjory is in her bedroom with her maid, and I have so frightened the servants with ghost yarns that they daren't stir out of their rooms for their lives. He! he! The coast is quite clear."

Together the two men crept silently up the broad stairs and made their way to the door of the room where the dead lay.

"Here are the keys, sir," whispered the butler. "I took them out of his pocket. Mr. Fred has never thought to look for them. He will do so soon, though, sure enough. I will stay outside, sir, if you don't mind."

"You are afraid, you coward."

"No, no; but we must take care we are not overseen. I will keep watch." His teeth were chattering.

Peter Festynge, with an expression of contempt, took the bunch of keys from the man's hand, and entered the room. A deep gloom filled the greater portion of the apartment, but the rays of the moon, which was at full, found a way through the white blinds, and cast a subdued and supernatural light upon the bed and its immediate surroundings. The silence was complete, and, as the silence of a death chamber always is, oppressive and fearsome.

He walked straight across to the safe. Courageous as a rule, and by no means superstitious, he now felt unnerved and strangely apprehensive. The deed he had set himself to do was evil, and the knowledge of this made him a coward. He tried to keep his face averted from the bed whereon his father, sleeping the last still sleep, lay, but a sort of fascination, not difficult to account for, compelled him to look. This was the man, who, only a few hours before, had driven him with wrath and contumely from his presence! The face which loomed at him then so blackly was white and tranquil enough now; the eyes which shot out fury in their glance were closed and expressionless, the lips through which had poured a torrent of bitter words were silent now, though they seemed to move. He could almost have sworn that he saw them move. Was this his work? Perhaps; but for his crime and the shock which the discovery of it had given, this rigid lump of clay might have been alive still. He shuddered. He felt like a murderer, and the worst of murderers, for he had killed his own father.

By a strong effort he conquered the dread which was coming over him, and put the key, which previous experience enabled him to select at once, into the lock. The door opened easily, but with a creak which struck the blood in his veins with a sudden chill.

With feverish haste he thrust his hand into the safe, and knowing where to direct his quest, drew out the paper of which he was in search. He unfolded it, and drawing back a little into a

trek of light which came through an uncovered part of one of the windows, tried to read the words it contained.

What was that! A sound! A rustling of the clothes of the bed by which he stood, and which he almost touched. He trembled. A cold sweat broke out upon his brow.

The sound was repeated. He would have given his soul at that moment rather than have looked round, but some invisible force seemed to take his head in an iron grip and turn it round in spite of him.

The dead was coming to life!

There was no delusion, as the terrified spectator tried in vain to convince himself. The old man had half risen in the bed. The sheet with which alone he had been covered had fallen away, and he supported his body with both arms resting on his bed. His eyelids were open, and his eyes glowed like coals of fire. The lips moved, but no sound came from them. Was he really come back to life, or had this sacrilegious act stirred his spirit to return temporarily to its earthly tenement for the purpose of preventing the wrong?

Peter Festynge looked on in horror. He tried to cry out, but his tongue was fixed to the roof of his mouth.

The old man continued to look at him with increasing intensity, which acted like a fascination in drawing the wretched thief, step by step—step by step—to the bedside. Presently the dead man put forth one hand slowly, still keeping his gaze fixed upon his guilty son, until the long, white, quant arm was slowly extending to its full length, took the paper from the unresisting grasp, and as slowly withdrew it. Then, with a terrible cry, and a shudder which shook the bed, he fell back upon the pillows.

The spell was broken. Power returned to Peter Festynge's limbs, and he fled.

The butler heard the cry, and when he saw his young master rush past him with frenzy in his eyes, he too took fright and retreated downstairs to his pantry as fast as his legs could carry him. But Peter Festynge did not stop in the house. He sprang to the hall door, opened it, and disappeared into the dark.

That night the servants told themselves that the house was haunted. In the morning, when Fred and Marjory entered the death-chamber, they were horrified to find the body disturbed and were filled with unspeakable astonishment to see in one hand, which had been left folded over the old man's breast, a will, dated the day of his death, which disinherited his eldest son. The open safe, with the keys hanging from the door, did not lessen their wonderment.

The mystery was never solved. Some believed that the old man's spirit could not rest until the will, which had been hidden where it could not have been found, was brought to light. The village doctor declared stoutly that his patient was as dead at night after the seizure as he certainly was in the morning, but those who were thought to be more competent to judge, from their knowledge of these matters, averred that the old gentlemen was not dead when he was left in the room for such, and that he must have revived during the night, and have struggled, and perhaps called for assistance, but have died before day-break. How he could have procured the keys, have got open the safe and returned to the bed, they did not pretend to explain, nor could they believe him capable of it all. So a mystery; the whole strange business remained.

As to the butler and the coachman they discreetly held their tongues, and shortly afterwards the former left, declaring that he "couldn't abide the house since the old master died."

Peter Festynge never returned and was never afterwards heard of, so that Marjory, who in due time was married to Fred, could not bestow upon him, as she would gladly have done, a portion of her wealth. Search was made for him far and wide, but no tidings could be gleaned. It was believed that he had made away with himself in a fit of insanity.

The Great Eastern Railway, as is their wont at this season of the year, provide a goodly list of excursions for their patrons, and to prevent overcrowding at Liverpool Street, have opened booking offices in various parts of London, where tickets may be purchased at any time from the 18th to the 25th inst. On Christmas Eve special trains will run to all stations on the Colchester and Cambridge lines from 5.10 a.m.; while a special midnight train, leaving Liverpool Street at 12.15, for Ipswich, Bury, Norwich, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cambridge, etc., will enable all those who are detained in business till a late hour to reach home in time for the family gathering at dinner. Special facilities also are made for the various return journeys on the 28th, 29th, and 30th inst.

RAILWAY refreshment room proprietor: "If the new superintendent of this railway ain't discharged pretty soon I'll be bankrupt." Friend: "What's he doin' to ye?" "He's running the trains so regular that the passengers get plenty of time to eat their meals, hang him."

"JOHNNY, I hope you are agreeable to your fellow-pupils at the new school, and try to make them love you." "Oh, yes, ma! I've licked the usher, smashed the headmaster's winder, set off fire-crackers in the schoolroom, and hide the teachers' pens every day. All the fellows like me."

PROGRAMME OF CONCERT

TO BE GIVEN

ON SATURDAY, 20TH DECEMBER, 1890, AT 7.30 P.M.

HANDEL'S ORATORIO.

"MESSIAH,"

BY THE

People's Palace Choral Society and Orchestra.

SOLOISTS:

SOPRANO	MISS KATE FLINN.
CONTRALTO	MISS JESSIE KING.
TENOR	MR. HENRY BEAUMONT.
BASS	MR. WILFRID CUNLIFFE.

CONDUCTORS—MR. ORTON BRADLEY AND MR. W. R. CAVE.

ORGANIST—MR. B. JACKSON, F.C.O.,

Organist to the People's Palace.

Musical Director—MR. ORTON BRADLEY, M.A.

PART I.

No. 1.—OVERTURE.

No. 2.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(TENOR.)

Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem; and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness:—Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

No. 3.—AIR.—(TENOR.)

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill made low, the crooked straight and the rough places plain.

No. 4.—CHORUS.

And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

No. 5.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(BASS.)

Thus saith the Lord of Hosts:—Yet once a little while and I will shake the heavens and the earth, the sea and the dry land; and I will shake all nations; and the desire of all nations shall come.

The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; Behold, He shall come, saith the Lord of Hosts.

No. 6.—AIR.—(BASS.)

But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a refiner's fire.

No. 7.—CHORUS.

And He shall purify the sons of Levi, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering of righteousness.

No. 8.—RECIT.—(ALTO.)

Behold! a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call his name EMANUEL, God with us.

No. 9.—AIR (ALTO) AND CHORUS.

O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, get thee up into the high mountain: O thou that tellest good tidings to Jerusalem, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.

Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

No. 10.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(BASS.)

For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee, and the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

No. 11.—AIR.—(BASS.)

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

No. 12.—CHORUS.

For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given, and the government shall be upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

No. 13.—PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

No. 14.—RECIT. (SOPRANO.)

There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

RECIT. *Accompanied*—(SOPRANO.)

And lo! the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

No. 15.—RECIT.—(SOPRANO.)

And the Angel said unto them, Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people: for unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

No. 16.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(SOPRANO.)

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying:

No. 17.—CHORUS.

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will towards men.

No. 18.—AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Shout, O daughter of Jerusalem! behold, thy King cometh unto thee!

He is the righteous Saviour, and He shall speak peace unto the heathen.

No. 19.—RECIT.—(ALTO.)

Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened, and the ears of the deaf unstopped; then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.

No. 20.—AIR.—(ALTO.)

He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

Come unto Him, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and He shall give you rest. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

No. 21.—CHORUS.

His yoke is easy and His burden is light.

A SHORT INTERVAL.

PART II.

No. 22.—CHORUS.

Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

No. 23.—AIR.—(ALTO.)

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

No. 24.—CHORUS.

Surely He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows! He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

No. 25.—CHORUS.

And with His stripes we are healed.

No. 26.—CHORUS.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way. And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

No. 31.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(TENOR.)

He was cut off out of the land of the living; for the transgression of Thy people was He stricken.

No. 32.—AIR.—(TENOR.)

But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell; nor didst Thou suffer Thy Holy one to see corruption.

No. 33.—CHORUS.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is the King of Glory?

The Lord of Hosts, He is the King of Glory.

No. 37.—CHORUS.

The Lord gave the Word, great was the company of the Preachers.

No. 38.—AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things.

No. 39.—CHORUS.

Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world.

No. 40.—AIR.—(BASS.)

Why do the nations so furiously rage together, and why do the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth rise up, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against His Anointed.

No. 41.—CHORUS.

Let us break their bonds asunder, and cast away their yokes from us.

No. 42.—RECIT.—(TENOR.)

He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh them to scorn; the Lord shall have them in derision.

No. 43.—AIR.—(TENOR.)

Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; Thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

No. 44.—CHORUS.

HALLELUJAH! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The kingdom of this world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever. KING OF KINGS, AND LORD OF LORDS. HALLELUJAH!

PART III.

No. 45.—AIR.—(SOPRANO.)

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

For now is Christ risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep.

No. 46.—QUARTETT.

Since by man came death.

No. 47.—CHORUS.

By man came also the resurrection of the dead.

No. 48.—QUARTETT.

For as in Adam all die.

No. 49.—CHORUS.

Even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

No. 50.—RECIT. *Accompanied*—(BASS.)

Behold! I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet.

No. 51.—AIR.—(BASS.)

The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

No. 56.—CHORUS.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by His blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.

Blessing and honour, glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever.

No. 57.—CHORUS.

AMEN.

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

PROGRAMME OF GYMNASIATIC DISPLAY AND ASSAULT-AT-ARMS,

TO BE GIVEN BY THE MEMBERS OF THE ABOVE GYMNASIUM

IN THE

QUEEN'S HALL,

ON

MONDAY, December 22nd, 1890.

Under the Direction of Mr. H. H. BURDETT,

(Director of Exercises People's Palace Gymnasium).

Assisted by Messrs. D. M. NELSON and C. WRIGHT,

(Assistant Instructors People's Palace Gymnasium).

DOORS OPEN AT 7 P.M.

COMMENCE AT 8 P.M.

MUSIC BY THE PEOPLE'S PALACE MILITARY BAND.

(Conductor, Mr. A. Robinson, late Prince of Wales's 3rd Dragoon Guards).

EVENTS.

- 1.—BAR BELL EXERCISES AND FIGURE MARCHING. Arranged and conducted by H. H. Burdett.
2.—PARALLEL BARS. By Leaders C. Pugh, H. R. Jones, W. Whiting, W. T. Pentney, W. Chapman, A. C. Leach, J. H. Hulls, F. Box, E. Norford, W. Jones, H. Pope, P. Turtle and Mr. H. H. Burdett and D. Nelson.
3.—BOXING.—Mr. C. J. Funnell (Vice-Capt. People's Palace B. C.) v. A. Watts.
4.—FEATS OF SWORDMANSHIP by H. H. Burdett.
5.—DUMB BELL EXERCISES.
6.—FENCING. By Messrs. H. H. Burdett and D. M. Nelson.
7.—HORIZONTAL BAR (Led by Mr. H. H. Burdett). Messrs. D. M. Nelson, C. Wright, H. R. Jones, W. Whiting, T. Pentney, W. Jones, J. H. Hulls, C. Pugh, W. Chapman, H. Pope, F. Box, E. Norford, A. C. Leach.
8.—BOXING. Mr. H. H. Burdett v. H. Deane.
9.—INDIAN CLUBS. By Class.
10.—VAULTING HORSE (Led By Mr. C. Wright). Messrs. W. Whiting, H. R. Jones, W. Jones, C. Pugh, W. Chapman, J. H. Hulls, W. T. Pentney, A. C. Leach, F. Box, E. Norford, P. Turtle, H. Pope, F. A. Hunter, E. Tucker and E. Foreman.
11.—MUSICAL RUNNING MAZE. Led by H. H. Burdett.

MR. W. MILLETT WILL, DURING THE EVENING, GIVE AN INDIAN CLUB SOLO.

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 which they will be admitted on payment of One Penny. The Swimming Bath will be reserved for the exclusive use of Students on certain days and evenings in each 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. Governors reserve the right to abandon any Class for which an insufficient number of Students enrol. Each Student on taking out his or her Class Ticket will be provided with a Pass, upon which a deposit of 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 Draw, Perspective Drawing, Drawing from Antique, etc.

* Per Session. † Per Term of 12 weeks. ‡ 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-mkng & Desig. Lec., Carpentry & Joinery, Brickwork and Masonry, etc.

* Per Session (ending immediately after the Examinations of the City and Guilds Institute in May, 1891).

† 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, Chem., Inorg. Theo., Ele., 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 Practice Class.

Every facility will be given to Students of Chemistry desiring special instruction, or wishing to engage in special work. Students are supplied free with apparatus and chemicals. A deposit of 2s. 6d. will be required to replace breakages.

Students desirous of joining this Class will please see Dr. Macnair before enrolling.

Apprentices under 20 years of age will be admitted to the Science, Art, and Trade 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.

* 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-Elemen., CIVIL SERVICE, etc.

* 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 18th, 1891.

Special Lectures.

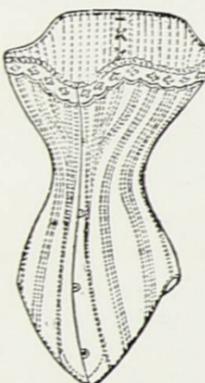
Table with columns: SUBJECTS, LECTURERS, DATES, HOURS, Fee per Crse. Includes subjects like Ambulance, Machine Design, Univer. Exten. Lectures, etc.

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Arrangements have been made for Members of the People's Palace to receive COURSES of PROF. LOISETTE'S MEMORY TRAINING 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. HAMMOND (Author of "Works on the Mind,"), and Dr. M. L. HOLBROOK (Author of "How to Strengthen the Memory"), testify that the LOISETTE SYSTEM is original and of GREAT VALUE. Opinions of Pupils who have passed Examinations, and of Members of the Medical, Scholastic, Clerical, etc. professions, post free from PROF. LOISETTE 37, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

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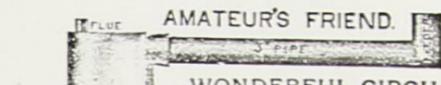
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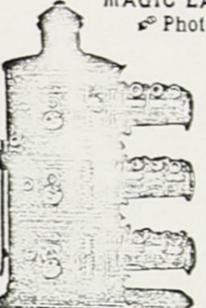
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